

**The Mix Up**  
*M2F Body Swap*

by M. Wills

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## Table of Contents

[The Mix Up](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## The Mix Up

I didn't think much of the explosion in the basement, they were a pretty regular occurrence. I simply opened the door and yelled down: "Mom? You okay down there?"

"All good, Andrew," came the reply from deep in the basement.

There was only a whiff of black smoke and no fire that I could see, so I didn't investigate further. I just continued on to the fridge and grabbed a soda. My mom was always working on some new invention down there. Most of the time her tinkering resulted in just making things more dangerous, like the supposed shrink ray that just set fire to the wall, or the supposed time machine that just set fire to the ceiling. Come to think of it, most of her inventions ended up with something catching on fire.

She had one useful invention a few years ago. It was a sensor that was installed on electric table saws as a safety switch and would automatically shut the saw down if it sensed blood. She'd patented it and made a fortune when new regulations came into effect basically requiring it in order to improve safety. That's how we had the money to kit out her lab. Ever since then, though, I'd stopped hoping that her inventions would do what they were supposed to, and hoped only that the resulting fires were contained quickly.

I popped the top on my soda and sipped it as I returned to the living room, where my textbooks were spread out across the couch and my laptop sat on the glass top coffee table. I plopped onto our lumpy plaid couch and resumed studying for the SAT. The test was tomorrow and, though I'd been studying for several weeks and taking practice test after practice test, there was always room for more study. I was sort of a perfectionist when it came to academics. I guess I was like my mom in that respect.

A few minutes later I heard the creak of the basement steps and then my mom appeared in the doorway. Her cheeks were smeared with grease and her coal-black hair was tied back in a bun. She was wearing her usual inventing outfit: old torn jeans and a worn extra large t-shirt, both resembling a sort of Rorschach test with their random splashes of stains, streaks, and spots.

When I was younger I was always embarrassed by my mom. She was intelligent and wasn't ashamed, unlike most people. She was very direct which, if you didn't know her well, came off as rude. She preferred dressing casual to the point of slovenly, but she could clean herself up when she wanted to. Beneath all the dirt she was—even *I* had to admit—pretty, with an intense, dark-featured face, cute pixie ears, a little slip of a nose and deep blue eyes. It's gross to even think about, but honestly, I knew some of my friends mostly insisted on hanging out around my house to check out my mom. They liked to tease me about her in a good-natured way but still with a hint of lasciviousness. I couldn't really blame them. They were horny teenagers and mom was very well endowed. Plus, her inventing outfit was usually worn sans bra which meant her—ug—breasts swung freely and her shirt was always threatening to slip off her shoulders.

When I'd confronted her about this one time she said: "In order to focus my mind I have to complete physical comfort."

“Yeah, but, can't you wear something a little less revealing? God, I can't even believe I'm having this conversation with you.” I replied.

“*This* is too revealing?” she asked, looking down at her oversized t-shirt. “What should I wear instead, a burqa?”

“No, just...how about try to look normal for once?”

My mom smiled and brushed a lock of hair back behind one tiny ear. “Sure. You just tell me what normal is and I'll do it.”

“Normal is...normal.”

“You want me to put on my best dress before I work on a project? Maybe a suit and tie?”

“That's a straw man argument and you know it.”

She'd smiled. “Okay. Warn me when your friends are coming and I'll put on something different.”

At least she'd agreed to that. Though that didn't save me when we were all alone, like today. I kept concentrating on the papers in front of me. A minute later I felt a presence behind me and I looked up to see her leaning against the wall, a glass of water in one hand.

“I don't understand how you can drink that,” she said, motioning to my soda, “It's way too sweet.”

I shrugged. “I like it. How's your project going?”

“Pretty well. Very well, actually.” She took a long drink of water.

“So that explosion was good news.”

She smiled. “It wasn't *terrible*. Do you want to know what I'm working on?”

I could see she was eager to show me, though she didn't want to force me away from my studies.

“Sure.”

“Come on down. I need some help trying it out anyway.”

That sounded ominous. Nonetheless, I stood and followed her down into the basement. I rarely came down here but I was still surprised at the banks of computer equipment lining one wall and the jumble of wires in the middle of the room. She'd long ago replaced the bare bulb in the ceiling with a series of LED lights and had made the basement into her own private laboratory.

“Ta da!” She said, picking up what looked like a miner's helmet from the jumble of wires. A thick strand of wires led out the back and into one of the computers on the wall. Another thick strand of wires led out of that computer to a second helmet.

“Yay? What am I looking at, mom?” I ran my hand through my short, blonde hair and tried to look excited.

“Ah, I forgot, you're not a mind reader. Yet.” She held out the helmet. “Put this on.”

I took it from her and looked at it dubiously. “This thing reads minds?”

She nodded. “I call it electro-telepathy. It's a working title. Anyway, the brain wave frequencies of the cerebrum of one person are translated into the cerebrum of another. You see, people operate at different frequencies and in order to get the hertz output the same you have to--”

“Ok, ok, I'll take your word for it. It's not gonna, like, zap my memories out of my head is it?”

“Only if I've done something wrong.” The corners of her mouth turned up in an impish grin.

Not very reassuring.

I took the helmet and put it on, adjusting it so the thin electrode wires on the inside were touching my head. It was uncomfortable, like wearing a dull porcupine. My mom put on the other one and adjusted it on her head, then turned to the machine. She fiddled with some buttons and a low, electronic hum began.

“Ok. Think of something simple. You think of a place you've been and I'll see if I can figure out where it is.”

“Ok.”

“Try to use all your senses. Really remember what it was like.”

She turned to watch the readout on the monitor as I closed my eyes and imagined the last time I went to the beach. I'd just learned how to surf and had worn myself out after about two hours, so I was resting on my towel. I could hear the waves crashing on the shore. Smelled the salty breeze and caught the faint calls of seagulls crying in the distance. The memory became ever more vivid. I was so relaxed and happy. I turned to my left and saw my dad next to me—he was still alive back then—also lying down and enjoying the sun. I asked him to put some more sunscreen on my back and he'd squirted it onto his hand. As he rubbed it up under my bikini strap he accidentally unhooking it. I grabbed it quickly before my breasts were exposed and—hold on. This wasn't my memory, and yet it felt so real, like something that I did indeed remember.

“Uh, mom?”

“Hold on,” she said, typing something in, “I'm getting some interference. I'll just see if I can adjust.”

The hum in the room grew louder.

“Mom?” I licked my lips. My hands came up to the helmet and I thought about ripping it off right then but had a sudden fear that removing it while the machine was running would make my brain explode or something. “I think we should shut it off.”

She fiddled with some dials. “We're almost there. I just need to line up these waves.”

Waves. We swam out, laughing and splashing in the water. I got rolled by a wave and my dad pulled me up. I was laughing and spluttering. And that's the first time I kissed him. He tasted so nice, warm and—no. No. This wasn't my memory. It could only be--

“Mom!” I cried.

The hum increased in volume and before my mom could even turn around sparks shot from the machine. The basement lights flickered and went out, along with every other piece of equipment in the room as the fuse blew. The smell of burning rubber filled the air. It was so dark I couldn't see a thing but I could hear both of us coughing. I unstrapped the helmet and pulled it off.

“What happened?” I asked, and froze. My voice was different. Higher pitched. Feminine.

I brought my hands to my throat and instead of feeling my stubble I only felt smooth skin.

“Andrew?” A male voice coughed out from somewhere in front of me. “Oh god. Hold on, I'll get some light.”

I heard her scramble through the mess, bumping into things. Then there was the creak of the basement steps and finally the door was opened, letting in the light from the kitchen and illuminating a young man at the top of the stairs. It was me.

“Um...” he said, looking down at himself, “Come up here.”

I made my way towards the stairs, my body swaying and moving in strange ways. As I approached the light, I looked down at myself and confirmed my suspicions. Below my nose I saw my mom's stained work shirt. Two tremendous breasts pressed out from beneath, jiggling slightly with each step up the stairs. My mom's invention had caused the two of us to swap bodies.

I came up into the kitchen and found my old body, presumably with my mom inside, staring down at her hands.

“Well, this is interesting,” she said.

I sank into a kitchen chair, feeling my more padded butt squish onto the seat. Everything was so different. My body image, my sense of my self and my physical relationship to the things around me was completely off. My chest was too big. I was too short. My thighs and butt were thicker. My sense of smell must have intensified because I could still smell the faint scent of burning rubber from downstairs. I took some deep breaths, breathing in the air through mom's nose and mouth, filling her lungs as my breasts rose on my chest.

“Interesting?” I said, looking down at myself, at my hairless arms, my slender hands and dainty little fingers, the nails uneven from chewing but still coated with splashes of red polish. The unfamiliar little moles and marks that mom had earned over a lifetime of living, and which I now inherited through some freak accident. “It's gross. I don't want to be my own mom.”

Even talking was strange. Not just hearing my mom's voice coming from my own lips, but the shape of my mouth and my teeth were different. I was uncomfortably aware that I had mom's tongue in my mouth. Even licking my lips reminded me that the puffy, pink lips were hers.

She looked up at me and chewed on her lip. So strange seeing mom's mannerisms on my own body.

“It's fascinating, don't you think? This is a first in human history. We should take time to explore this opportunity.”

I glared at her. “I am *not* going to stay in your body. Find another guinea pig.”

She sighed. “Fine. Let's get the power back on and I'll see what I can do.”

As she went out to reset the switches I remained seated, trying not to move much because every motion just reinforced the altered shape of my new body. I sat back and crossed my arms, but that was a mistake because I knocked against my mom's heavy breasts and felt them wobble. Curious, I hooked a finger into the neck of my shirt and pulled it out. I got a brief glimpse of two, heavy tits before the lights came back on. I quickly released my shirt and sat back just as mom returned. She was rubbing her fingers together experimentally, as though she'd never really seen them before.

“You even *feel* different, you know?” She asked, already caught up in her own scientific observations of her new skin.

“Mom!” I moaned, “Please just fix this.”

She looked down at me, her eyes tracing their way down my body. I felt strangely exposed and shifted uncomfortably in the chair. I felt every bit of my body wobbling in new ways.

“This is really odd.” she said.

“Oh, I know.”

She returned to the basement, leaving me alone. I had to distract myself, so I went into the living room to try to resume my studies, trying to ignore how my breasts bounced at each step, or the way my ass jiggled. Even sitting didn't help much. I was looking down past the swell of my breasts to

my thick thighs and I had to hold the papers closer because I was now a little farsighted. After about an hour of unsuccessful studying, my mom came back upstairs. I hurried to the kitchen.

“Well?” I asked.

She rubbed her eyes. “The good news is I can fix it. Bad news is I have to order some parts online. They’ll only take a few days to get here and I thought we could use this opportunity--”

“Wait. I’m stuck in your body for a *few days*? No, no, no. I can’t be-- I’ve got the test-- I can’t be like...this.”

Mom put her hands on her hips and blew a puff of air through her lips in exasperation, another classic mom gesture on my body. “I’ll have to take your test for you. Honestly, Andrew, I’d have thought you’d be excited to experience something no human being has ever experienced.”

I said nothing, though I had to admit I was curious to see how it felt to walk around as a woman. I scratched my little nose, my finger tracing the unfamiliar contours of my nostrils.

My mom nodded as if my silence was assent. “I’ll make dinner. You need to go get cleaned up.”

“Umm...”

“I’m sorry, I made myself pretty dirty, but you can’t just not shower for a couple days. Close your eyes if that helps. I don’t know about you, but I’m already starting to think of this--” she gestured to herself “--as me. The brain is remarkably adept at adjusting.”

Mom opened her laptop and ordered some food while I headed upstairs to the bathroom. I flicked on the light and was confronted with my mom’s image in the mirror. I stared at myself as I approached. My mom’s big blue eyes stared back at me. I brought my face closer, examining the tiny freckles on my grease-stained cheeks, the little upturned nose, the nostrils curved and delicate. I stood back and grasped the hem of my shirt. I paused, steeling myself, then pulled it up and over my head.

My mom’s tits hung from my chest. I knew they were big, but from my new perspective they looked enormous, blocking my view of the bottom half of my body. I stared at the huge, beautiful raindrop shaped breasts hanging down partly onto my little pouch of a tummy. Each boob was capped with a wide strawberry-pink areola, a little nub of nipple in the center. Fuck, it was weird staring at my mom’s tits.

I unbuttoned my pants and pushed them down to my ankles, my heavy tits hanging down and jiggling in front of my nose as I leaned forward to pull the pants off. Standing up, I was confronted by my mom’s naked body in the mirror. My eyes grazed over her deliciously wide thighs, towards the dark brown triangle of her pubic hair beneath her mound. I turned and gazed at the curve of mom’s pleasantly plump ass. My mom had been right, it wasn’t *exactly* like someone else’s body. I had already come to think of it as belonging to me.

I turned on the shower and stepped in, letting the hot water wash over me and sluice down between my breasts. I squirted some soap onto my fingers—the smell of my mom’s peach bodywash hitting my nose—and rubbed it gently on my breasts, unsure as to how sensitive they would be.

Unsurprisingly in retrospect, it wasn’t like touching them caused me to orgasm, or to drop to my knees in ecstasy, but it did feel nice. I still had the excitement of feeling tits I’d had as a hetero guy, only now those tits were on me and I could grab them whenever I wanted. I was every bit as attracted to them despite the fact that they were my mom’s boobs. They still felt nice to grab and squeeze, to circle my fingers across the warm skin. I lifted them and let them bounce back together, ran my fingers under and over them as my nipples pearly out at my touch.

I hefted a breast in one hand, wrapping my fingers under it and squeezed one of my nipples lightly

between thumb and forefinger, just as one of my past girlfriends had liked. “Mmm”, I sighed, as a warm urgency spread through my body. I continued playing with mom's tits, staring down at her body as I made her hands wander across her skin. I began to feel a familiar sexual tension winding through my body, and knew that I needed to continue. I ran one hand down my soft tummy, across my mound, and between my smooth thighs. I caressed the coarse hair of mom's pussy—*my* pussy now—rubbing up and down with a few fingers while I continued fondling one breast. My pussy grew looser, slippery and wet, while a deeper tension continued to ratchet up inside me. I stared down at mom's body and tentatively stuck one of her fingers into her cunt, felt myself being penetrated, the lips of my pussy wrapping around my digit and disappearing into her body. God, it felt amazing fingering my new body, feeling my mom's warm cunt from the inside.

I angled my finger around, sliding up and down, pressing here and there until I landed on a little nub that sent a shiver through my body and forced another moan from my lips. I rubbed the spot, feeling my mom's clit slip back and forth beneath my fingers, growing engorged as my body thrummed with a pent up energy. I brought my tit to my lips, opening mom's mouth and sucking on her nipple. It spiked out beneath my warm tongue and the wonderfully salty taste of her skin filled my mouth.

I sucked harder as I slipped another finger inside me, rubbing my clit and sending waves of pleasure through me. I sped up, fingers sliding through my pussy, rubbing faster, matching the burning rhythm of my restless body, urging my desire on and on. Beautiful tension wound its way through me and I chased it up, up, rubbing mom's pussy hard until I came, “Oh, oh, oh” my mom's high pitched voice cried out around my breasts as I shut my eyes and enjoyed the pleasure pulsing through me. It was a full body feeling of ecstasy and seemed to last forever. Nothing like the quick orgasm and immediate relief as a guy. This pleasure seemed to build slowly, pounding into me as I worked my body faster and harder. I slowed as I reached the crest, enjoying my first orgasm as mom. When it passed I was still horny, so I thrust my fingers back into my pussy, filling myself, rubbing furiously. The second orgasm was quicker and even more intense. I shut my eyes and threw back my head, unable to control myself as I moaned out loud as I gripped my tit. My entire body shivered and thrummed with the explosion of mad energy and I came hard, gripping and squeezing my soft curves, milking every last bit of pleasure from mom's body.

I came down slowly, releasing my tit and letting it jiggle back down across my chest. I pulled my hands out of my pussy and let the water wash everything away, before squeezing out some more bodywash and thoroughly cleaning my mom's body.

Shit, that was amazing. Maybe a few days in my mom's body wouldn't be so terrible.

I shut off the water and stepped out to towel myself off. I took some time, turning to look at my body in the mirror, my eyes running over the beautiful curve of my mom's tits, her little tummy, her plump ass. Her face was slightly flushed from my exertions. I smiled at myself, an impish little grin spreading across my cute face. I really was adorable. No wonder my friends had a thing for mom. Hell, now that I was in her body, *I* had a thing for her.

I returned to my mom's room and opened her drawers. Mom's panty drawer seemed to be full of thin string-like panties. Surely they'd keep slipping into the crack of my ass? I picked out some black panties and slid them up my legs, adjusting them over my ass. Then I put on my mom's loose fitting pajamas, figuring I wasn't going out of the house for the rest of the day and I didn't want to fumble around with a bra. Besides, I was kind of enjoying feeling mom's tits bouncing beneath my shirt. Fuck, I was turning myself on just watching my body, some weird combination of comfort in my new form and residual lust for women's bodies from my old form.

When I came back downstairs, there was a paper bag of what smelled like Indian food on the table and my mom was scribbling in her notebook. She didn't glance up at me as I came in.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Making some observations,” she said, without looking up. “I figure, even though this is an accident, it's a great chance to understand more about individual human perception and consciousness.”

I grabbed a soda from the fridge and popped the top. I started to take a long gulp but was overwhelmed with the sickly sweetness of the drink. I spit it out into the sink and washed my mouth out with water.

“Weird,” I murmured.

“What's that?”

I turned to her. “The soda tastes different. Way too sweet.”

She looked up at me. “Ah, interesting. I guess it makes sense that you've got my tastebuds. You'll probably like the coriander chicken I ordered.”

“I hate coriander.”

“No, *your* body hates coriander,” she gestured to herself, “My body loves it.”

I grabbed some plates and cutlery and we served ourselves. Sure enough, the coriander was delicious. Whereas before I always thought it tasted like dirt, through my mom's senses it had a pleasant deeply herbaceous taste. My mom tried a piece and quickly spat it out.

I laughed at the look on her face. “Now you know why I hate coriander.”

I'd filled my plate as though I was eating as normal, but I was full before it was even halfway empty. My mom, on the other hand, worked her way through a third helping before sitting back.

“Oh, wow,” she said, “You can really pack it away.” She burped and giggled. It was my mom's giggle, but deeper, pushed through my vocal cords. “Look, I want you to keep a diary of the next few days. Write down your own observations. What's different, what's changed. Keep a note of everything you do and we'll compare at the end.”

I nodded, though I had no intention of keeping a note of *everything*. Definitely not my experience in the shower. Though I did wonder how she was faring with my dick between her legs. Did she think about it all the time, like I did with her breasts?

She continued. “I've also been thinking, to get the most out of this you should keep to my schedule and I'll keep to yours. That means I'm going to school and taking your test, but you have to go shopping for some parts to fix the machine and go to my pilates class.”

“What? I'm not going anywhere in your body. It's bad enough just sitting around the house.”

She gave me *the look* which, in her body, would have been devastating, but seeing it on my own features just made me laugh. “You need to take care of my body while you're in it, and that means keeping up with my exercises. If I miss a session I'll be incredibly sore next time.”

I finally agreed and we traded details of each other's lives. I told her about my friends—most of which she already knew—and she told me about the people in her class. She also wrote down a list of components I'd need to get tomorrow while she was taking my test. After that, the evening was strangely normal. I watched some TV and went to bed. We each slept in our real rooms. It was bad enough being in her body without having to be in her bed. Though I did smell my masculine scent that had permeated the sheets, and I found it strangely comforting. I tossed and turned a lot—my breasts kept getting in the way—before finally finding a position that would let me sleep comfortably.

\* \* \*

“You'll be all right?” I asked again, following my mom out to the front door.

“I'll be fine. If I can't ace this test I'll eat my degree. How do I look?”

She was wearing my usual outfit of jeans and a baggy shirt. She'd combed my hair a little more neatly than I would have, but otherwise there was nothing out of the ordinary.”

“Good.” I said, “How about me?”

She peered at my face and gave a satisfied smile, just as she'd done when she'd finished my makeup this morning. Like this whole ordeal, it had been weird seeing my body move so confidently around my mom's makeup, watching my own face close up as my mom applied a light layer of blush to my lips and helped with my lipstick.

“You look good,” she said. “You got the list?”

“Right here.” I held up the list of components I needed to pick up from various electronics stores.

“Good. Any questions just text me.”

“Will do. Bye.”

“Bye.”

She leaned down and gave me a quick peck on the cheek, just as she always did. Only this time I felt the scratchiness of my own stubble against my mom's smooth skin.

When she was gone I went upstairs to get dressed. Despite this body belonging to my mom and knowing that she'd seen every inch of it, it still felt wrong to get naked in front of her. I'd turned down her offer to help me dress, preferring to wait until she'd left for the day. Now I went back to her bedroom and dug through her closet for a suitable outfit.

I thought about just wearing jeans and a t-shirt, but my mom's exhortations to try new things had got me thinking. I *was* curious about being a woman, so I figured I might as well explore my feminine side. I mean, I'd already adjusted somewhat to having breasts. The jiggle and bounce of my chest didn't feel so alien. I pushed aside the clothes until I found her baby blue summer dress. It was a simple cut with a slightly flowery neckline, and was one of my mom's favorites.

I took off my mom's pajamas and rummaged through her drawers for a bra, coming up with a silken white one. There was no way I'd be able to close the clasp behind my back, so instead I put it around my waist, clasp front, and snapped it together. Then I rotated the bra around and slipped each arm through the hole before womanhandling my breasts into each cup and adjusting until they were snug. It made a huge difference in my weight distribution and really took the load off my chest. Plus, it pushed my tits up and made them look *amazing*.

I stepped into the dress, pulling it up my smooth legs and slipping my arms into the sleeves. I managed to get the zipper on my the back most of the way up before hooking the top clasp together. Then I fluffed out my hair, combing down the fine strands with my fingers, and adjusted the dress, pulling down here, smoothing this out, until I looked presentable. So many more steps than my usual grab pants, grab shirt, done.

I put on some matching low heels and grabbed a purse to complete the look, then stepped in front of the mirror and gave my mom's body a long glance. The dress clung to my curves, accentuating my

hourglass figure. The flowery neckline was cut low enough to give an ample view of my cleavage without being obscene, while stopping at the bottom just below my knees, leaving my perfect calves bare. I had to admit, my mom really did have a nice figure and once again I was struck that the cute, older woman in the mirror was me. But there was something missing, some part of my mind was trying to tell me the outfit wasn't yet complete. I cast my eye around the bathroom and saw a simple baby blue hairband. I slipped it into my hair—noting that the motion came naturally—and I fiddled with it until it looked adorable. This was more than just my own opinion; it was almost like tapping into my mom's memories of dressing. Was it muscle memory? Or some latent opinions in her brain that were intruding into my conscious thoughts? I made a note of it for later comparison when mom got home.

I was nervous when I stepped through the doors of the hardware store, feeling very much like an impostor. There was an underlying fear that someone would call me out for pretending to be someone I wasn't, though the notion was ridiculous. I didn't know anybody here and, even if I did, they would never suspect that it was someone else in mom's body. Yet still, the notion persisted, and it made me acutely aware of the shape of my body: the way my thighs swished together beneath the dress, the way the fabric clung to my body, the alien feel of my smooth skin whenever I tucked some hair back behind an ear. And then there was the attention.

As a guy strolling through a public place, whenever I made eye contact with another man we'd dismiss each other, no hint of anything other than pure environmental observation. But from behind my mom's eyes, every glance was different. Maybe it was me, but some men seemed to linger just a bit longer than usual, or give a slight smile or nod as I strode past. I was acutely aware of the male gaze, hell, I'd done it to my mom's body myself only recently. I imagined a lifetime of this would be draining, but as a unique experience it was nice to be noticed.

An older man in the signature red polo shirt of the store came up to greet me.

“Hi, ma'am, can I help you find anything today?”

“Yes, um...” I stammered, then rummaged through my purse and pulled out my mom's list. “I'm looking for a couple things.”

The man took the list from me and looked at it. I hadn't exactly offered the list to him; I guess he'd just assumed I had no idea what I was looking for, maybe because I was a woman in a hardware store, a traditionally male place. He was right I didn't know what I was looking for, of course, but for the wrong reasons.

“Oh, yep, we've got these. Follow me.”

He guided me throughout the store, placing everything in a basket, before helping to ring me up.

“So,” he asked as he scanned the wires and bits of electrical equipment through the register, “Your husband must have some project going on.”

“Oh no, my...husband's not around. This is my own project. Very secret.” I smiled.

It was like his entire demeanor changed. Suddenly he was leaning a little closer, smiling a little more. And then after I'd finished paying he asked, “Hey, if you'd like to talk a little more I'd love to hear about this thing you're working on. Let me give you my number.”

I felt my cheeks growing warm. He wrote his phone number on the receipt and handed it to me with a wink. I took it and mumbled thanks, then grabbed my bag and hurried out of the store. I didn't look back but I was positive his eyes were on my ass.

Holy crap, he was hitting on me. That had never happened to me before and, honestly, it was sort of

flattering. I'd always been the one doing the pursuing but here was someone after *me*. I mean, I wasn't interested in him but still, it was a confidence boost. Though again, I could see how it would get wearying after awhile if I was a woman forever.

I was in a good mood when I returned home to drop off the supplies. I left the box of parts on the kitchen table and made my way upstairs to change into my mom's pilates outfit. I'd just pulled off my dress and was standing in my mom's room wearing only a bra and panties when I heard a noise from my room.

"Hello?" I called out, but there was no reply.

I peeked out into the hallway and noticed that my bedroom door was partially closed. I snuck over and slowly pushed it open and poked my head in just in time to catch my mom hurriedly pull the covers over herself. She lay in my bed, looking up at me innocently.

"I didn't know you'd be home so soon." She said.

"I didn't know *you'd* be home so soon."

She shrugged. "I decided to leave after the test. Aced it by the way."

"Nice. So...what are you doing up here?"

I advanced into the room and stood above my former body, hands on hips. I was still naked except for my bra and panties and I noticed mom's eyes sliding down to my breasts then back up to my face.

"Nothing."

"Mm hmm." I said. I grabbed the covers and flipped them up. Just as I'd suspected, mom had my pants around my ankles and her cock was at half mast, leaning against one of my hairy thighs.

"I might have been...experimenting."

I bit my plump lower lip. "Maybe I can help you out."

I sat beside her, leaning over my former body, one elbow resting on the bed so that my breasts lay on my male legs. I wrapped my slender fingers around my mom's cock and slowly drew them up and down the shaft. Such a strange sight to see my dick from another angle. It didn't feel alien, not like I was holding someone else's cock, anyway. My dick was warm and perfect in my hand. It had the familiarity of masturbation about it, while my feminine body flushed with excitement at holding a cock. Mom grew hard as I stroked her. I brought my face closer, until my little nose was almost pressed against the shaft, examining my dick from new angles.

"Does that feel nice?" I whispered, looking up at my former face.

"Yeah," my mom murmured.

"How about this?" I whispered, and kissed the head of my dick slowly, my lips lingering on the warm-softness, tongue dancing lightly across the head.

I shifted onto the bed, lying beside her and continuing to stroke her dick. My fingers traveled up and down the shaft slowly. It was such a gorgeous sight and I felt so powerful controlling mom with just one hand. I was growing warm with desire when I finally stuck my tongue out and licked my cock lovingly, slowly, from base to tip and back again. My mom moaned and I felt an answering echo deep in my core. It was exciting holding this dick in my hand, wondering what it would feel like inside me, what it would taste like. Without pausing, I opened my lips and swallowed my own cock. My mom sighed as I slid my lips down the shaft, the head of the dick sliding across my tongue. I'd never sucked a dick before but I knew how I liked it. I couldn't go as far down as I knew

my mom needed—my gag reflex was strong—but I used a trick one of my old girlfriends used. I stroked my fingers up and down her dick, dragging my saliva across the entire shaft. Mouth and hand worked together, covering every inch of throbbing flesh, jacking myself off as I sucked my own dick slowly. I tasted deliciously salty and the feeling of her cock sliding across my tongue, filling my mouth, was divine.

My mom twisted and groaned on the bed. “Fuuck,” she whispered. She brushed my hair out of my face and I could sense her looking down at me, watching her new cock disappear into her former mouth. Nevermind that this was my mom's body and my own dick, it felt too good to stop. For both of us. The deep musky taste of my own cock filled my mouth, my mom's sense of smell so much more enhanced than my own. I continued working my lips up and down the shaft, dragging my tongue across the underside of my own dick, sucking harder, working up to a faster rhythm as my own body responded to the urgency in my mouth. I moaned around the cock in my mouth, eyes closed in ecstasy so I could enjoy the deep taste of myself, the tangy precum dripping across my tongue.

I couldn't take it anymore, my body was burning up. I straddled my mom, yanking my panties to the side as I grasped her slick cock in one hand and guided it up against my quivering pussy. I was so wet, practically dripping as the head pressed harder against me, harder, harder, and then with an inaudible pop my mom's dick filled me and I sank down, sighing my former cock sunk deep inside mom's pussy. I sank down, down, her dick penetrating me until I was sitting on her and she was lodged deep inside. The fullness was incredible. My pussy walls stretched tight against the thick shaft inside me. I sighed in pleasure, body shuddering at the perfect fullness inside me, then slowly dragged my cunt back up my shaft and then down again, riding mom's dick slowly, pleasure filling my new body.

I unclasped my bra and threw it to the floor. My tits dangled down, bulbous and heavy. I grabbed my breasts in each hand, kneading them gently, squeezing the tiny nipples until they spiked out between my fingers. Gripping them up against my body, squeezing and enjoying their soft ripeness. I rocked slowly on my own dick, grinding my pussy across my former body, fucking myself exactly as I knew I wanted. I looked down at mom as she gritted her teeth, trying to hold back the mounting tide of pressure. Little groans escaped her lips and her eyes were glued to my tits as I played with them for her. I put on a show, letting them bounce gently back and forth, squeezing and caressing my skin, all the while slowly rocking back and forth.

“Fuck, this feels amazing,” she groaned, her voice deep and guttural, sending shivers right down my spine.

She grabbed my ass, fingers digging into my fat, soft flesh, guiding me back and forth across her dick. I leaned forward, my breasts dangling down over my former face, and guided one tit to my former mouth. She opened my lips and sucked eagerly, hot breath on my new skin, tongue flicking across my nipple. She played my body perfectly, matching my rhythm as we thrust together, enjoying each other totally and completely. I was so goddamn wet and I needed to cum, needed to feel the release. I sped up, grinding harder, faster, as she thrust up into me, pushing her hips up and lodging her cock ever deeper into my pussy. We rocked quickly, breath moving in time, fucking each other as one. I was bouncing on my cock by now, enjoying it as it pounded deep into my center, hitting my pleasure spot and forcing moans from my mouth until our pleasure exploded and we cried out together.

“Oh, god, mom, your pussy feels so fucking good!” I cried.

She lifted her hips and thrust deep, deep inside me. Fuck, I could feel each throb of her cock, every spurt as her hot seed filled me and I came with her, moaning and shivering, my entire body aflame with desire. Her fingers dug into my ass and she pulled me down, needing to sink as deep as she could, to fill me utterly and completely, and I let her, crying out in mom's utter lust as she emptied

herself into me and slowly sputtered to a stop.

I sat on top of her, hands pressed against her solid, masculine chest. I never wanted to let her out of me, wanted to stay filled, to stay connected like this forever. But I eventually had to move and, with an effort, rolled off my mom's body and lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Cum trickled out of my pussy and down between my thighs, forming a wet spot on the bed.

My mom spoke first. "Wow."

"Agreed. So...another thing to add to your diary?"

"I might leave this part out."

"Ohh," I pretended to pout.

She looked over at me, my former face so close I could feel her hot breath on my cheek. "It doesn't mean we can't do it again."

My mom spent the next several days fixing the machine. She took her time, stopping occasionally to come upstairs and have a bite to eat or a long, slow fuck. I let her take me in a variety of positions:

Pounding me from behind as I bent over the kitchen table, my tits swaying with each thrust as I gaped down at the uniquely feminine view of a cock entering me framed by my swaying breasts.

Missionary style as the comforting weight of my body lay on me, dick thrusting inside while she moaned in my ear.

Gripping my legs apart as I lay on my back, both of us staring down into my pussy, watching my former cock slide in and out of me, wet with my mom's juices, as I played with my tits.

It was almost a letdown when we finally swapped back into our own bodies. But we did keep exploring, trying out all our newfound knowledge of each other's bodies, my mom crying out as I gave her orgasm after orgasm.

After you've been in someone else's body, there are no more barriers to lust.

###

## **Thank you!**

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

Thanks!

M

## Also by M. Wills

Visit [www.bodyswapfiction.com](http://www.bodyswapfiction.com) for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

### **Training Days (M2F Body Possession)**

*A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.*

### **Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)**

*Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.*

### **Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)**

*Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.*

### **Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)**

*Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.*

### **Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)**

*Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.*

### **Stripped (M2F Transformation)**

*Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.*

### **The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)**

*When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.*

### **Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)**

*Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.*

### **XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)**

*Four frat guys are punished by being transformed into their ideal pornstars:*

*the blonde bombshell  
the Thai goddess  
the ebony beauty  
and the sexy girl next door.*

*All they have to do to get their bodies back is go the whole day without sleeping with a man. But in their new sex starved bodies, and on a college campus surrounded by eligible guys, that's easier said than done.*

**Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)**

*Ethan uses BodyPossession.com to control the bodies of three sisters and indulges their deepest, darkest desires.*

**Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)**

*When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.*

*And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:*

**Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)**

**Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)**

**Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)**

**Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)**

**Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)**

**Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)**

**Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)**

**BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)**

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up [Smashwords exclusive]**

**Becoming His Crush**

**Transformed**

**Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]**

**Mystery Man**

**Taboo Swaps**

**The New Mom**

**Watch Me**

**Potions**

**Boldly Coming**

**Young Again**

**Coming Together**

**Pleasureville**

**Demon Seed**

**Hostile Takeover**

**Ghosted**

**Mind Games**

**Someone Else**

**I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)**

**In the Doghouse**

**Thought Experiment**

**Possessive**

**Alternate You**

**The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story** [Smashwords.com exclusive]

**Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story**

**Into Her Body**

**The Swapping Stone (Book 1)**

And check out these sexy story collections:

**Enchanted**

**Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Her: Stories of body theft and possession**

**Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection**

**Changing Minds**

**Taking**

**Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection**

**Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories**