

Family Body Swap Erotica



The New Mom

M WILLS

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by M. Wills

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Alyson ran her hands through Brent's close-cropped blonde hair while she sucked on his tongue. His muscular hands wandered across the small of her back, brushing against the bare skin below her crop top. He pushed her against the wall of the hallway with his insistent kisses, both of them oblivious to the kegger raging on around them.

Brent suddenly pulled back and smiled down at her. "Come up to my room."

She smiled back and slowly pushed his hands away. "Mmm. Another time, maybe, I really need to go."

She slipped out of his grasp and began walking back down the hallway, teasing him with the sultry sway of her ass. He yelled after her, "What the hell? I gave you my only joint."

She turned, tossing her long, raven black hair over one shoulder and smiled seductively. "And that's why I made out with you."

Alyson laughed as Brent swore after her down the hallway, his vulgar cries drowned out by the music thumping from the frat house living room-cum-dance floor. Alyson didn't care. She'd gotten what she wanted: the thrill of teasing him. That was the real prize. She loved proving who had the real power, getting anything she wanted just by showing a little skin. Promising everything and delivering nothing. It was so easy with her dark, exotic features and her slender hourglass figure with her gently swaying breasts and oh-so-biteable ass. Men liked to think they were in charge, but they were putty in Alyson's hands.

Alyson slipped outside and walked down the stone steps to the street. The cool night air caressed her long, tanned legs. The tiny mini-skirt wasn't doing much to keep her warm, nor the barely there white top that practically all the guys in the frat had tried—and failed—to get her out of. Even her mother had balked when she saw Alyson walking out the door in this outfit ("What are you wearing?!"). Alyson grinned again, thinking of the quarterback's frustration.

She pulled out her phone to order an Uber, then saw a lone young man walking back to his car and had a better idea. She ran down the steps and reached him just as he closed the door of his car. She knocked on the passenger side window and when he rolled it down she leaned on the sill, making sure to lean low so he got a good glimpse down her top of her tits.

"Hey, my friends left me. Do you think you could give me a ride home?" She asked, running her fingers through her hair and playing the part of the innocent young maiden.

It was a lie but he didn't know that. Alyson's friends were still in the party, but Alyson had already scored her victories and was bored.

The guy looked at her from the driver's seat. He wasn't bad looking, with scruffy dark hair and a handsome face. Alyson shifted, making it look natural but allowing her breasts to sway gently.

"Sure," he said, unlocking the door.

"Thank you!" Alyson beamed, jumping in. "I'm Alyson, by the way."

"Peter."

His hand was warm and firm. Now that she was closer she could see that he looked familiar. "Aren't you in my Chemistry lab?"

"Yeah."

"Thought so. I never forget a pretty face."

He grinned, and even in the faint lights from the dashboard she knew he was blushing. Fuck, men were so easy.

When Peter pulled up to Alyson's house she said a quick "Thanks" and "Goodnight" before hopping out the door and heading inside without looking back. She quietly unlocked the door and slowly turned the handle before silently slipping inside. She needn't have bothered, because her mom was still awake and waiting for her.

Paula stood in the living room, her arms crossed beneath her ample breasts. "Where the hell have you been? It's a school night!" Paula hissed

"Jesus, mom, I'm 21, I'm not a kid anymore, I can do what I want."

"You still act like a kid so I'm going to treat you like one."

Alyson shot her mom a look of disgust. Her eyes flickered across her mom's once impressive figure, now fattened and soft with age. Paula's wide hips and chubby breasts were covered by the shabby old t-shirt and striped cotton pants she always wore to bed. Alyson shuddered inwardly. When, exactly did her mom give up on her appearance?

"God, mom, just because you don't have a life doesn't mean nobody does." Alyson said, as she sidestepped her mom and headed towards her own room.

Paula could only watch her go in frustration. "You know, I pray every day that you'll improve your life instead of throwing it away."

"And I pray that you'll stop nagging me all the time." Paula said over her shoulder, before disappearing into her room.

Alyson dreamed she was floating in a void, weightless and formless while a booming, echoey voice spoke to her. Though she had no ears, no body at all, she could hear the voice as if it were right next to her.

"You have been selfish and so you shall be taught a lesson. You must learn what it is like to be someone else and to watch what you love disappear."

"What do you mean?" Alyson asked, even though she had no mouth.

"You will see." The voice replied. "This lesson will last one week."

And then, very quickly in a softer tone the voice reeled off a list of conditions like the disclaimer after a drug commercial. Alyson could only catch a few bits here and there: "...your mileage may vary..." and "...side effects include increased empathy..." and "...pregnancy will cancel the contract...". The voice ended louder: "If you agree to those terms just say what."

“What?” Alyson asked, thoroughly confused.

“It is done.” The voice boomed.

Alyson woke slowly on that first fateful Sunday and cracked open her eyes. In the dimness of the room she could see a strange man sleeping next to her in the bed! She jerked slightly and opened her mouth to cry out before recognizing the man. It was her stepad. What was he doing in her bed? Looking around, she noticed she was in her parents' bedroom.

Alyson quietly pushed herself out of bed. Her body felt all wrong, heavier and wobblier. Looking down at herself she found she was wearing her mom's shabby sleep t-shirt. Even in the darkness of the bedroom she could see her figure had changed. Heavy breasts tented out the front. Alyson made her way out of the bedroom and into the bathroom across the hall. She quietly shut the door and flicked on the light before looking in the mirror. There, staring back at her, was her mom.

Alyson's mouth dropped open and her mom's reflection mirrored her. Alyson pinched her fat cheeks, pushed and prodded at her jowls, manipulating her mom's image, hoping it was a dream. But her image repeated her movements, and she could feel every inch of her changed features, every wrinkled line etched into her mom's nearly fifty year old face. Alyson yanked open her shirt and gaped down at her mom's heavy pancake breasts hanging off her chest and sagging over the top of her stomach. Each breast was lined lightly with stretch marks and hung against her soft belly. Her perfect youthful figure was gone, replaced with her mom's middle aged body.

Alyson fled down the hall to her room, her body jiggling in strange ways. She burst in the door and saw herself—her own body—lying in bed, still asleep. She ran to the bed and nudged herself awake while fighting back tears.

“Mom. Mom!” She whispered. She knew even then what had happened.

Her own body opened her eyes with a scowl, that immediately turned into wide eyed alarm as Paula woke to see her own face staring down at her. Paula scrambled to sit up in bed, noticing her own transformed body as she did so. She gasped, nearly hyperventilating with shock as she pushed herself up to a sitting position and stared down at her arms, at her youthful body clad in the thin pink shirt, her jet black hair tangled in a long mess across her shoulders. Her mouth opened and closed but no words came out as she looked up to her own face, then back down at her daughter's body, which she now inhabited.

“Oh my god, what's going on?” Paula finally managed.

“We've...we've switched bodies somehow.” Alyson started, and briefly explained what the voice in the dream had told her.

“So...we have to pretend to be each other for a week?” Paula said, after taking it all in.

“According to my dream. What do we do?”

Alyson was in full in panic mode, and it was disorienting for Paula to watch her own face desperately staring at her, searching for answers. She was silent for a moment as she considered what to say, her mind still grappling with what had happened.

“Well, I don't see we have a choice. We just have to hope your dream was right. And this isn't...” Paula trailed off. “I mean...what can we do? Even if we do convince someone of what happened, what are they going to do?”

There wasn't much argument; Alyson realized her mom was right. The situation seemed pretty hopeless. Alyson collapsed on the bed, sobbing as her own body comforted her. Paula stroked her former back soothingly. As Alyson cried out her anxiety, Paula realized that she felt better than she had in years. Despite going to bed late and being woken up early, she felt energetic. The back pain that had been a constant for several years was gone.

When Paula finally got her daughter under control, they each shared with the other what was expected of them in order to play their parts. There was nothing for it but to split up to get dressed and accustomed to their temporary new lives.

A little while later, Alyson was downstairs drinking coffee—black, like her mom's taste buds seemed to enjoy—when Paula came downstairs. Alyson gasped at the sight of her.

“*What* are you wearing?!” Alyson hissed.

Paula had dressed her daughter's body in an ill-fitting shirt, long khaki pants and casual tennis shoes. Alyson's long,

black hair was tied back in a loose ponytail that jiggled across her back with each step and her face had only a light layer of makeup.

“This is the only outfit I could find that didn't leave me practically naked.”

“It's called style, mom.”

“It's called being slutty, honey. And as long as I'm in your body I'm making a few changes.”

“It's still *my* life! And I don't dress like a blind man stumbling through a bargain bin!”

“I'm just helping you get back on track.”

Alyson couldn't stand being lectured by her mother, and to hear the lecture coming from her own lips was even worse. She scowled and crossed her arms beneath her tremendous breasts. Paula came up and kissed her forehead.

“Trust me dear, this is for your own good.”

Paula waltzed out the door, feeling happier than she had in years.

Paula followed her daughter's instructions and parked in lot 'A' of the college and walked towards the building for her chemistry class. Her daughter's words from that morning stuck with her. Should she be changing Alyson's life? Maybe she should try to fit in a little better. Paula looked down at her rather frumpy outfit. Well, she could start by dressing a little better.

She tied a knot in the shirt so that it stretched tight across her body and revealed some of her trim tummy. Then she rolled up the hem of the khaki shorts a little to show some of her legs. Paula had to admit her daughter was stunning, and there was an...intensity to her gaze now when she looked at some of the other college guys as she strolled through campus. It took Paula a while to identify this strange feeling that she hadn't had in years.

She was horny.

It was as she realized this that someone called out to her.

“Yo, Alyson. Alyson!”

It took Paula a second to remember that she was now Alyson. She looked up and saw striding towards her a muscular young man with a handsome face and close-cropped blonde hair. He had an air of supreme confidence about himself that Paula admired. His shirt was practically painted on over his muscular torso and Paula longed to be taken in the thick trunk of his arms and held tight. She was surprised to feel herself blushing as he stared at her with emerald grin eyes and a sly smile on his face.

“Why'd you run out on me last night?” He asked.

Paula had no idea what he was talking about. All Alyson had told Paula was that she'd gone to a party last night at some frat house. Apparently, Alyson hadn't told her everything.

“I...wasn't feeling well.” She ran her hands through her hair just for something to do. The way this guy was looking at her made her knees weak. No one had looked at Paula with this intense lust for such a long time. Not since she herself was Alyson's age. Before she grew older. Fatter.

“You look better now.” He said. “Why don't you come back over to the house and we can finish what we started?”

Would it be so wrong to go with him? She was young again. When would she get another chance to feel like this? To be wanted by such a gorgeous hunk? But this wasn't her body forever. Just for now.

As soon as the guy closed the door to the bedroom Paula launched into his arms. She needed him so badly, every fiber of her being was screaming for his touch. He grabbed her, held her in the air and against him as she wrapped her legs around his waist and planted her lips on his. Her nose pressed into his rough cheek and she caught the faint scent of sandalwood. Paula's hands roamed around his rugged physique as his tongue thrust into her warm welcoming mouth and she tasted him for the first time.

He gripped her ass tight in both hands and Paula felt his erection pressing against her beneath his pants. They kissed voraciously, devouring each other like two starved lovers. His hands squeezed her ass as hers roamed up and down his body, grasping and squeezing, greedy for him.

The man threw her onto his bed and they each scrambled out of their clothes. Paula's body was on fire, and the heat doubled when the man was finally standing naked beside the bed. His body was sculpted and perfect, bare abs rippling as he stared down at her. And his cock. His cock was massive and pointed directly at her.

Paula tossed her clothes aside and lay naked in her daughter's body. She looked down at herself, at the petite breasts, nipples already erect in longing, down to the trimmed triangle of hair pointing towards her unfamiliar sex. Her skin was so perfect and flawless, glowing with the radiance of youth. The man looked down at her, too, devouring her with his eyes before launching onto her.

His body covered her, their heat mingling as their skin pressed together and their mouths locked onto each other once more. His thick arms gripped her tight and she felt a pressure building against her pussy as he pressed his cock against her. He guided himself against her, pushing the head of his cock inside her, inch by inch, until with a gasp, Alyson's pussy opened for him and he burrowed into her. It was painful at first as he filled her and with a start Paula realized she must have lost Alyson's virginity.

He pushed himself up on his hands so he could stare down at her face, gazing at her while he fucked her hard. His confident grin filled her vision as he impaled her. She brought her hips up to him, meeting each thrust. Her hands flew to her tits, squeezing her daughter's rubbery nipples and a burning painful-pleasure scorched her.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, taking in his girth and feeling as though she would split in two as he sank deeper into her daughter's hot cunt. When he was completely inside she held him, trembling on the edge of pleasure and pain, gasping at the wild heat at her core, before he withdrew, thrusting in again before Paula could recover. She cried out as the pain doubled the pleasure and he thrust harder, ramming into her, taking his frustration from last night out on her tender body.

Paula took it all, crying out each time he hit her center as pleasure built within her in waves, each pound causing the crests to rise higher and higher until they finally broke and she yelled out in Alyson's high pitched voice as he throbbed inside her. She orgasmed hard while he filled her with his seed. She could feel every twitch, every spurt of cum into her daughter's body and it felt so wonderful, so perfect.

When he pulled out Paula whimpered at her new emptiness as the seed slid down her thighs. He lay beside her on his back, arms behind his head, supremely confident in his abilities. Other women might have found the over-confidence annoying. But to Paula, it reminded her of how her husband used to be. He, too, used to be a muscular jock, before an injury and bad decisions had ended his career before he'd hit it big. Maybe this would be different. For her daughter of course. This was all for her daughter. Paula kept trying to convince herself of that even as she stroked his pecs and imagined fucking him again and again.

Alyson grumbled to herself as she lugged her mom's body down the hall with the basket of laundry. She'd spent most of the day cleaning and tidying the house just like her mom had asked. It was pathetic that her mom had no life.

Alyson dropped the basket in front of the washing machine and filled it up. Every time she bent over for another handful of clothes she could feel her whole body jiggling in strange ways and it sent an ached down her back. Even with a bra on her mom's fat breasts were heavy and uncomfortable. The whole day had been awkward.

She'd misjudged the placement of furniture and had knocked over the lamp several times with her wider hips. She still wasn't used to seeing her mom's lined face in the bathroom mirror. And her flabby arms. She supposed her arms were good enough for a woman of her mom's age, but compared to Alyson's tight, toned body, she felt fat. Even Alyson's taste buds were all messed up. She'd tried the Oreos she always loved but they seemed to taste sickeningly sweet. Instead, she was drawn to the licorice that her mom always ate and it tasted pretty good. Before she knew it she'd eaten the whole package.

Whoops she chuckled to herself Looks like mom's just gonna have to work that off when she gets her body back.

When the laundry machine was running, Alyson pushed her graying hair out of her face and consulted her mom's list. Next up was grocery shopping. Her mom had left her a list for that night's dinner of chicken and potatoes. Pretty basic. Apparently her mom had little faith in Alyson's ability to cook, and with good reason. Alyson had never bothered to do it before.

Well, at least it would get her out of the house. She was going stir crazy being stuck inside with no company.

As Alyson was going through the grocery store aisles dutifully checking items off the list, it struck her that she had the credit card now. She could buy whatever she wanted. In addition to the dinner, she loaded up on snacks and desserts, making sure to choose the same ones her mom liked so they'd taste delicious in her new body. She was going to have at least a little enjoyment in this fat, out of shape body.

Alyson pushed her loaded up cart to the checkout and, as she did whenever she was at a store, chose the aisle with the hottest cashier. He was a young guy, college age, rather plain looking. Not the sort of guy Alyson would ever be interested in, but it wasn't about *her* interest, it was about *his* desire.

But, much to Alyson's chagrin, the guy barely batted an eye at her and responded to all her usual sure-fire flirty lines with monosyllables. And even more hurtful—to Alyson's pride, anyway—even bending over to reveal her mom's cleavage didn't draw his eye. Even when she "absentmindedly" scratched an itch and sent her mom's massive boobs swaying he didn't stare at her. It was like he didn't care. Everyone at the store had acted the same way, as if becoming a nearly fifty year old woman rendered her invisible. Being practically ignored was a new thing to Alyson and it frustrated her to no end.

Things didn't get much better back home. Alyson's stepdad, Vernon, came home while Alyson was massacring dinner. He leaned in and kissed her quickly on the lips. She was caught by surprise, even more so when his hand swept down behind her and lightly squeezed her ass. She jumped and he laughed, grinning like a shark. It was the first time all day anyone had shown any interest in her new body, and Alyson was almost ashamed at how good the attention felt. It was over as soon as it started, though. Her dad grabbed a beer and sat on the couch, ignoring her until dinner.

Alyson overcooked the chicken and burned the potatoes. It was partly because she kept watching the clock wondering when Paula would bring her body back home, and partly because she wasn't a very good cook. As it happened, Paula waltzed back home just in time to sit down for dinner. Paula frowned at the unappetizing meal on the plate, peering at it critically before daintily eating only a few bites.

Paula kept up a steady stream of chatter, going into detail on all the interesting things she'd learned and the people she talked to. When she was done she turned to Alyson and asked about her day.

"Well I...I went to the store." Alyson responded lamely, staring down at her own plate.

"Exciting." Paula practically sneered.

God, how Alyson wanted to wipe that stuck up smile off her own face. But she wasn't about to hurt herself no matter how much her mom seemed to be enjoying her body. Instead, she just sat and stewed silently.

After dinner Alyson cleaned up. It seemed all her mom did all day was clean. Paula disappeared into Alyson's room and when Alyson tried to join her there followed a whispered conversation where Paula demanded Alyson go watch television with her father as usual.

Alyson sat silently in the living room with her stepdad as they watched television. Maybe it was being home alone all day that made even dull things interesting. Maybe it was that her aged mind couldn't keep up with intricate plots and surprise twists. Whatever the reason, she found she was now really into CSI.

Alyson snuggled in close to her dad, hoping he would stroke her body, show some kind of attention to her, but nothing. Not until they were in bed with the lights out did he reach over and spoon her. His giant hand grabbed one of her meaty breasts as he pressed his body against hers. His hot breath was in her ear, his erection pressed against the curve of her ass. She knew she should be disgusted—it was her dad after all—but she craved this need for her body. Only here, in the dark with her dad, could her mom exert the same powerful lusty attraction that Alyson's body exerted on every male who saw her. After being so lonely all day her dad felt wonderful.

Her dad's hand snaked underneath her mom's nightshirt and grabbed a handful of bare breast, his fingers spayed over Alyson's nipples. He bit her neck gently, sending shivers down her body. Alyson sighed and rolled her head to one side. Her dad knew exactly how to treat her mom's body, knew how to kiss her, how to gently pinch her nipple and slide his cock up and down the crack of her ass. He drove Alyson crazy and soon her mom's body was burning for him.

Alyson's fingers slipped beneath her pants and she pressed against her mom's swelling clit as her juices moistened her hand. Her dad guided his cock in between her legs, rubbing up against the bottom of Alyson's nether lips and he dry humped her slowly. Alyson pressed her ass back into his warmth. She grew wet and her breath came faster as she played with her new clit.

Alyson twisted over onto her belly and pushed up onto her hands and knees, presenting her ass to her dad. Her dad followed, stopping to grab something from the nightstand drawer and then positioning himself behind her. Alyson couldn't believe she was about to have her dad fuck her but she needed it so badly. She was nearly whimpering with desire, biting her lip. What was taking so long? She *needed* him inside her. Then she heard him squirt lube onto his hand, heard the wet sounds of her dad rubbing himself, and then he spread her ass and pressed his cock against her asshole.

Oh, God, was her dad about to fuck her in the ass?

He gripped her butt cheeks and pushed harder. Alyson thought she should protest but he seemed to take this as normal. And even as he pressed inside her the feeling was amazing. Her breath hitched in her throat as he penetrated her, moving slowly until he was deep inside her. And she was tight. So tight. Her ass gripped his cock and she could feel every amazing inch. He withdrew and pushed in again slowly, until his balls bounced up against Alyson's pussy. She felt so wonderfully full as her ass clenched around his cock and her mom's heavy breasts bobbed beneath her nose as she stared down at herself.

She reached one hand between her legs and began playing with her mom's pussy as her dad continued pounding her. Her hands found her swollen clit and she circled it, matching his rhythm until her body was humming and she began moaning. Her dad sped up, thrusting faster inside her as her fingers grew slick with her mom's juices. Alyson's head was pressed against the pillow, her cries of lust muffled as she pushed herself back onto him, urging him on, driven by his own desire for her.

And then he throbbed and came, jetting his seed into her asshole as she cried out. The pulsing was painful and wonderful and when he was done she felt full and sated for the first time in this body.

He pulled out and lay behind her again, his cock pulsing slowly against her lower back until they both drifted off to sleep.

Alyson was never sure where her body was during the next week. Paula would come and go without saying exactly where she was going. The one time Alyson caught Paula sneaking back inside late at night with her hair and clothes disheveled Paula had refused to say where she'd been, only assuring her daughter she was taking care of her body.

"Are you having sex in my body?" Alyson demanded.

"No. Of course not," Paula reassured her daughter. And yet Alyson could catch a faint hint of her musky fragrance, and found Paula's panties still moist when she put them in the laundry. Alyson continually nagged Paula about it, which only made Paula withdraw further.

For Alyson, the days crawled by slowly. More cleaning, more being left alone, more being virtually ignored. She came to long for those nights when her dad would shove his cock into her hungry body and she would spread herself for him as he drove deep into her. Otherwise, she detested her mom's life and was looking forward to being herself again.

Paula was just the opposite. She loved being young and energetic again. Loved being envied by other women and wanted by other men. It was just like when she'd been in college. And Brent—she eventually discovered the name of the man who she'd let take her daughter's virginity—was incredible. An alpha male who took what he wanted.

And what he wanted Paula was only too happy to give.

Everything came to a head on the Saturday at the end of that week. Paula had come home and announced that Brent was picking her up at 9 that night. This led to a loud discussion of who Brent was and exactly what was going on. Paula refused to admit it was anything other than a first date and insisted that she'd been respectful with her daughter's body. It ended

with Paula storming off to her room and slamming her door, just like Alyson would have done had their positions been reversed. Or not reversed, as it were.

Around 9 o'clock Paula came out of the bedroom wearing a black mini-skirt and a pink top that stretched across her supple breasts and hugged her trim form. Her long, black hair hung down her back and her makeup made her face look dark and sexy. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, either; her nipples dimpled the fabric of the shirt.

"What are you wearing?" Alyson cried in dismay when she saw what her mom had dressed her body in.

This started another argument that was only topped by the arrival of Brent, who at least had the decency to look awkward and ashamed when he found himself in the middle of a mother-daughter argument.

"I'm a grown woman, *mom*, I can do what I want!" Paula snapped. "Come on, Brent, let's go."

"Um," Brent said as Paula stormed out, "It was nice meeting you." He smiled bashfully before following Paula out.

In the car Paula fumed. She knew what she was doing. *She* was the responsible one. It was her daughter who was young and impetuous. It just made her so goddamn mad to be spoken to like that. She was all worked up, her jaw tightened, her pulse raced. She needed to get over this fight. She needed some relief from this tension.

Paula leaned over to Brent and whispered in his ear: "I need you to fuck me *right now*."

Brent barely had time to pull over into a parking lot at the edge of a strip mall before Paula had clambered onto his lap. Her lips were on his, devouring him hungrily as her dark hair swirled down around both of them. Her skirt slid up her thighs and she ground herself against his lap, felt his manhood rising once more to meet her, as it had every night that week. God, she couldn't get enough of being young and sexy again.

His flipped her top up and grabbed her tits, squeezing them hard. Paula cried out into his mouth as the pain met the pleasure shooting through her. Her tits were sensitive and he was so rough, pinching and pulling, fitting his entire hand over her supple breasts and jiggling them roughly, torturing her body into ecstasy.

She fumbled with his pants, pulling the zipper down just enough to allow his erection to jump into her hand. She stroked him as they continued making out, her own panties already wet with lust. She yanked them aside forcefully and guided his cock inside her. He shoved himself inside her and she gasped as he filled her. Again that wonderful fullness of nearly splitting open, and yet somehow her nubile young body contained him.

His hands slipped up into her long hair and gripped tight as she rode him, deep moans escaping from her ruby red lips. He yanked her hair back, forcing her head up painfully. He was a beast and she loved it, loved how he was so ruthless with her body, as if it was he who owned it and could treat it how he liked. She wanted to give herself to him, let him use her for his pleasure. And he did, driving his hips up to meet her center as she gasped and cried out, quivering around his cock in orgasm after orgasm. She loved that he could do this to her, could fill her with a full body pleasure that drove away all conscious thought. She loved that her body was so intoxicating that it drove him mad with lust.

And when he'd had his fill he thrust a final time, forceful and deep, and she felt him throb inside, felt her daughter's pussy fill with the wet heat of his seed and she came once more. When at last he was empty she sat on his lap for a moment more, just enjoying the warm fullness. He released her tit—it ached now from the grip of his hand—and she rolled off him and back into the passenger seat, adjusting her mini-skirt back over her luscious ass.

She looked over at him and smiled. He wrapped his hand through her hair and pulled her close, kissing her hard and firm and causing her to quiver with need already.

Her daughter had no idea what she was missing being a virgin.

Alyson woke slowly on Sunday, chagrined to find herself in her parents' room and still in her mom's body. She slipped out of bed and silently left the room. A sense of *deja vu* crept in as she padded down the hallway towards her own bedroom. She'd gotten used to the sway of her mom's heavy hips and the jiggle of her breasts beneath the frayed shirt and night pants. She placed her hand on the doorknob and slowly opened the door of her former bedroom.

Alyson had stayed up until two in the morning but Paula still hadn't returned by the time she went to bed. So it was with some relief that Alyson saw her own body in bed, fast asleep. Her body was still there, still okay. But why hadn't they switched back?

Alyson sat on the side of the bed and gently roused Paula.

"Alyson. Alyson," Alyson whispered as she gently shook her former body, unaware that she'd called out her own name. After a week in her mom's body she'd also gotten used to their different names so that it was second nature by now.

Paula woke slowly. "Morning mom," she said. "I mean...morning, honey."

"It's Sunday."

"Ok. Can I go back to sleep, then?" Paula started to roll over but Alyson stopped her.

"It's been a week. This thing was supposed to be over in a week. I want my body back!"

"I don't know what happened, mom, I really don't." Paula said, also slipping unconsciously into their role reversal.

But after a few weeks, Paula could no longer hide the baby bump protruding from her slim frame. Alyson broke down,

railing at her mom in a long, drawn out fight. But in the end there was nothing she could do. The deed was done. All she could do was watch as Paula took over her life.

Paula married Brent and prepared to birth her own granddaughter. She moved out of the house, unable to watch her daughter grow older and more miserable while trapped in her body. And Paula soon focused on her own life, enjoying being 21 again and pregnant with a loving, rugged husband who treated her like a princess in the streets and a whore in the sheets, satisfying her every desire.

Alyson, meanwhile, faced the waning years of her life. It was way too late to start over, so she resigned herself to her new existence. The only bright spots were the nights her dad climbed on top of her and fucked her. Then she could imagine she was herself again, and the sweating, grunting old man on top of her was the quarterback, or the rich lawyer, or anything but what he was, and she was anyone but her mom.

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Also by M. Wills

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