



THE
OTHER
Woman

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M W I L L S

The Other Woman

F2F Body Possession

by M. Wills

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The Other Woman

“Come on, Veronica, what are we even doing here?” Annie yelled over the thumping bass of the club speakers.

“Having fun, right?” Veronica replied, not taking her eye off her fiancée, Leo, who was huddled with his friends just in front of the stage.

Leo was sitting just in front of center stage, trying to entice the stripper over from the pole by holding up a wad of dollar bills. He seemed a little too excited to be looking at someone else's tits for Veronica's taste. The subject of his attention was a typical big breasted blonde with a perpetual dumbfounded expression on her face. Veronica couldn't decide whether the stripper's look was a deliberate affectation or actually just a reflection of her empty head. Veronica guessed it was the latter. Why else would she be a stripper? It seemed to work for her, though, because the guys hooted appreciatively and waved money at her as she swung from the pole, body moving to the music, tits bouncing around jauntily.

Veronica sipped her cocktail and smoothed back her midnight-black hair, glaring as the blonde bimbo crawled towards Leo and let him stuff a dollar bill into her g-string. Annie, resigned, sat back and sipped her beer, casting her eye around the room. Veronica noticed that Annie's eyes lingered on some of the topless waitresses, and figured that maybe her friend's brief flirtation with being a lesbian in college wasn't just a fling. Veronica wasn't interested in that at the moment. She returned her glare to Leo, who seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

Veronica had agreed to let Leo go to a strip club with his friends for his bachelor party on the condition that she accompany him. He argued at first, growled that she was being unreasonable, but she put her foot down. It wasn't the first time she'd won an argument by simply digging in and it made her even more suspicious of her fiancée's motives. Was he really such a commander in the boardroom and a pushover at home? Or was it all an act? His friends certainly appeared to be deferring to him at the moment, though maybe that was just because it was supposedly his party.

Veronica had cajoled Annie into coming along with her, not wanting to be the only woman in the strip club that wasn't topless. She hadn't told Annie exactly where they were going so Annie had turned up with her auburn hair in a complicated bun and her slender body stuffed into a cute little dress, only to be somewhat disappointed at the type of club at which they'd ended up. She'd since spent the majority of her time here staring down at her phone.

A text message lit up Annie's face. She read it silently and leaned towards Veronica.

“Becky and Jamilah are heading to the Brass, why don't we meet them there?”

“Maybe,” Veronica said, bringing her cocktail to her ruby red lips and draining the glass. The Brass was a fun bar for a girl's night out and Veronica was half tempted.

She murmured a spell and the cocktail glass refilled itself in her hand, alcohol burbling gently up from the bottom like a gentle spring. Veronica supposed there was probably some spell somewhere in her grandmother's collection that could make Annie stop nagging her and make Leo ignore other women, but that felt like a cheat. It was one thing to use her magic to save twenty five dollars on a

shitty cocktail, but it was another to change people. Ever since being taught magic as a teenager by her mother, Veronica felt there was something cheap about using it to influence other people. Veronica would rather sway people naturally, using her striking figure and her force of will. Using magic to make Leo attracted only to her seemed like an admission of failure. Like she wasn't good enough with her natural abilities that she had to cheat.

Annie leaned over again and echoed Veronica's thoughts. "If you have to keep such a close eye on him, maybe it means you don't really trust him."

"Well, maybe I don't."

"So what are we even doing here, then? Let's go have fun and you can dump his ass later."

Veronica was about to agree when the stripper shook her chest in front of Leo and let him bury his face between her—admittedly incredible—breasts as she laughed and Veronica remembered why they were here. When the music ended the pole dancer disappeared backstage, returning through one of the side entrances a few minutes later to circulate through the crowd. Leo saw her and called her over. Veronica watched the blonde stripper join the rowdy group of guys. When the music changed, the blonde straddled Leo and gave him one hell of a lap dance as his buddies looked on eagerly.

Watching Leo so excited as another woman thrust her breasts in his face made Veronica insanely jealous. No matter that she had agreed to it. No matter that she knew exactly what would happen in a strip club. It was one thing to know it and another to see it. No, Veronica needed to know how Leo felt, and what he would do if the opportunity came up to cheat on Veronica. She needed to know before they were married. She needed to know tonight.

“I’ll be right back,” she said to Annie, leaping up and striding off before Annie could stop her.

Veronica left the club, the booming music dampened to a dull thump as she closed the outer door. She hurried to her car and popped the trunk, then rifled through the junk in the back until she found her grandmother's faded and worn spell book. There must be something in here that would let her know whether Leo was faithful. She flipped through several pages, translating from the old English as she went, but nothing seemed to leap out at her. No mind reading. No invisibility. Not in this volume anyway; maybe in one of the several volumes back home. Then Veronica found a recipe for a potion that might help right now. She managed to translate the recipe and instructions with a little difficulty, but she didn't bother translating the remaining few paragraphs. Those bits were mostly bullshit about respecting the goddess or not killing deer or whatever. She'd got the gist the first twenty times she'd translated spells from her grandmother's books.

The recipe was simplicity itself. It was a common misconception that potions required esoteric ingredients and complicated mixtures. The real magic came from within the magician, the chaotic waves of force roiling Veronica's body. The ingredients were just an easy way to channel that energy into something that could be controlled. Everything she needed could be found behind the bar in the strip club, and some quick flirting with one of the bar men was all it took. She soon had a glass of the potion that was just missing one final ingredient—the stripper's hair—before it could take effect.

Veronica intercepted the blonde stripper as she was circling through the room.

“How would you like to make an easy five hundred dollars?” Veronica asked.

The stripper quirked one blonde eyebrow. Her mouth was still half open in that vacant expression. Stupidity probably wasn't an affectation, then. She really was an airhead. Whatever. The stripper nodded her head and led Veronica into a back hallway and then into an empty private alcove along the side, drawing the velvet curtain shut behind them. The sound of the club was muted in here and they could talk more easily.

“Where do you want to start, honey?” The blonde asked, placing a hand on Veronica's thigh. She had a bubbly, high pitched voice that did nothing to dispel Veronica's notion that she was a bimbo.

Up close the blonde was even more of a Barbie doll. She had plump lips, cherubic cheeks, and a perfectly upturned nose. Now that Annie was closer, she detected a sparkle of shrewdness in the blonde's sky blue eyes. She also had a phenomenal body, with a heaving chest, incredible legs and a svelte ass. A pinup model come to life. A little tremor of excitement floated through Veronica as she imagined herself the temporary owner of that perfect body.

“I'd like to borrow your body,” Veronica said.

“And what would you like to do with me, sweetie?” The blonde leaned closer, until Veronica could see the little freckles on her upper lip.

“Not like that. No offense, but I'm not into women.”

The blonde sat back, folding one arm beneath her tremendous breasts and resting

the other on it, her chin on her hand as she eyed Veronica shrewdly. “So why are we here, then?”

“Look...sorry, what's your name?”

“Candace. But everyone calls me Candi.”

Of course they do. Veronica had to fight hard to not roll her eyes.

“My name's Veronica. Look, Candi, I'm a witch. A real, magic using, spell casting witch. I'm getting married soon but I'm not so sure about my fiancée's faithfulness. I want to use your body to test him.” She held up the cocktail glass. The potion was a bright green with little bubbles floating to the top. “If we both drink this potion we'll turn into each other for twenty four hours. All you need to do is pretend to be me while I pretend to be you.”

Candi looked skeptical. “Ooookay. And then what would I do as you?”

Veronica shrugged. “Go hang out with my friend, Annie, out there. Let her take you to another bar. Have fun. Your night's on me, plus I'll throw in five hundred bucks. Cash. We meet up tomorrow when the spell wears off.”

“And you would be me? You'd do this?” She jerked her thumb back to the main room. “Go out there and dance for the guys? Don't get me fired?”

How hard could it be to go out and shake her tits for money?

“I have no intention of getting you fired. Like I said, I just want to test my fiancée. I'll do that, do your job, and go home.”

Candi thought about for a second, then shrugged. “Sure, what the hell? Beats an evening of working.”

“Great.” Veronica ran her hand through her hair, took hold of a single strand and plucked it. “I'll need a hair from you.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Now it seemed to be Candi's turn to just barely restrain herself from rolling her eyes as she plucked a blonde strand from her head. Veronica held up the glass and they both dropped their single strand of hair in. The mixture bubbled briefly, then turned clear. Candi's eyes widened.

“What was that?”

“Magic.”

Veronica smiled and drank half the potion, then held the glass out to Candi. Candi took it and paused, looking from the glass to Veronica. For a second, Veronica thought she would change her mind, but then she tossed the drink back in one gulp. She placed the glass on the small table and wiped her lips.

“Now what?”

Veronica didn't have to answer because they both felt the changes. It started in Veronica's face, a squirming, itching sensation as her features rearranged themselves. Her lips and cheeks became plumper as her nose softened and gained a little upturn. Her eyes widened, the world seeming to stretch until her brain grappled with the new perspective. In her mouth she felt her teeth and tongue morphing, while her long, black hair crimped into golden waves.

There was an aching in her chest as her breasts grew larger, straining against her bra and making it hard to breathe. Veronica quickly slipped out of her maroon top and unhooked her bra. Her new breasts bounced free. And what breasts! Perfect and full and ripe. Now topless, she could see the changes moving down her body to her tummy, tucking here and there, the sinewy muscles of her abs now visible. Her hips flared out and she had to unbutton her jeans and pull them down slightly as her ass grew plumper. Her legs, too, stretched out, becoming longer, with exquisitely shaped calves. Veronica's fingernails and toenails changed, taking on the bright pink color of Candi's polish. She even smelled like stripper, Candi's sickly sweet fruity scent of whatever he'd doused herself in permeating the air.

Across from Veronica, Candi was going through the same changes in reverse, staring down at herself in amazement as her body became sleeker. She took on Veronica's exquisite angular beauty, losing the baby doll girliness and growing darkly sexy. Her body followed, tightening and shrinking in some places. The

changes only took a few seconds and when it was done Veronica found herself staring at her own face. Her sharp features were arranged in shock.

“What the fuck?” Candi gasped, her hands coming up to her throat. She stared at Veronica, mouth agape.

“I told you. Magic. What did you think I meant?” Veronica smiled. Her voice was high pitched and incredibly feminine, but it didn't have that lilting bimbo feel to it. So Candi had been putting on an act to some extent. Still, getting used to this new voice was going to take some getting used to.

“Yes, but...I mean...I thought you were crazy.” Candi's shock seemed to be under control, and she was now looking down at herself with interest.

Candi was still topless, wearing only a sparkly blue thong, so Veronica now found herself looking at her own nearly naked body. Veronica's old body had a catlike sleekness that hinted at a dangerous sexuality, whereas her new body was just a man's wet dream, all bouncy curves and baby soft features. Her former breasts were smaller, two nicely formed teardrop shapes, not overly big, just the right size for her body; her new breasts were weighty and enormous and just completely in your face.

They had to trade clothes, and Veronica tried to avoid her discomfort as she slid the thong that had recently been tucked up against Candi's ass up against her own. Though, technically, the two asses were one and the same now. Candi tucked her breasts back into Veronica's bra and fixed herself up. The last thing they did was trade phones, each copying the other's info into their phones before handing them over.

“How do I look?” Candi asked. She seemed almost excited now.

“Perfect. Anything I need to know?”

Candi briefly filled Veronica in on the job and the people she should know. Pretty basic, really. Show off her tits. Get guys to come back into the champagne room. Any problems hit the buttons that were hidden in each room or call for Jimmy. When Candi was done she stood and reached for the curtains leading out to the hallway and paused.

“Oh. I guess you better lead the way, seeing as you work here now.”

Veronica smiled and led Candi out and back to the main room. She had to admit, Candi's big breasts were incredible, bouncing gently with each step. Veronica pointed out Annie in the seat in the middle of the room. Annie was trying hard not to stare at the elegant black stripper attending the two guys at the seats beside her.

“Just agree to go with Annie to the Brass,” Veronica said. “She'll give you a ride home or get a cab or something. I'll meet you there in the morning.”

“Ok. Be good. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.” Candi giggled, before leaving to join Annie.

Veronica watched her go, critiquing the way she moved. Not as fluid as Annie herself, and with a slightly different gait. Still, if anyone had any questions they

would never suspect the truth. She surveyed the room, spotting Leo and his friends at a table near the raised dance floor. She made her way over, letting her hips sway seductively. As Veronica neared he looked up, caught her eye and grinned, before leaning down to yell something into his friend's ear. Then they were all looking up at her, waving her over.

“Well, hey, guys,” Veronica said, with what she hoped was just enough bimbo flair, “I had such a good time I just had to come back.”

She leaned over and tousled Leo's hair, letting her breasts bounce in his face. His eyes were locked on her tits. So what, she reasoned, it was a strip club and this was expected. Still, the lust in his gaze was almost a physical thing.

“How about you hop on up here, honey?” Leo said, patting his lap.

Veronica straddled him, placing a sculpted leg on either side of his lap and lowering herself onto him, facing him. She rested her arms on his shoulders, forcing a smile to her lips. Leo's friends scooted in and she could feel their eyes perusing her body, moving up her legs, her ass, to Candi's insanely incredible breasts. If Leo could resist these then he could resist anything. She felt his hand resting on the curve of her ass.

“Dance for me,” he ordered, grinning crookedly and holding up a twenty dollar bill.

When the next song started up Veronica let her body sway along to the thumping beat, slowly getting into it. She gyrated back and forth, her lips coming up so close to Leo she could smell the beer on his breath. Her hands roamed down his

body as she shook her chest in his face, before holding onto his arms and leaning back, until she was nearly upside down, her breasts bobbing down in front of her. Leo's friends shouted appreciatively, clinking their beers together like their team had just won the Superbowl. Veronica pulled herself back up to a sitting position and swayed back and forth before leaning and forward and bobbing her breasts against Leo's face. He sank gratefully in between her cleavage until she pulled away, affecting a smile for him. Between her legs she felt him growing hard, the bulge pressing up against his pants. She teased him, lifting herself up to just barely scrape her pussy over his manhood. Veronica had to admit that Candi's body was a dream to move in. Limber and athletic.

When the music stopped she ruffled Leo's hair again and leaned in close. "Why don't you and I go into a private room?" She whispered.

He nodded and lifted her off his lap. She took his hand and led him back to the hallway. His friends cheered him on as they ducked around the corner. Veronica nodded to the bouncer as they passed, keeping hold of Leo's hand, following the darkened hallway until she found an empty curtained alcove. She ushered Leo inside and then untied the black velvet curtains, letting them drape shut.

Leo sat relaxed on the leather couch, arms resting across the back, legs wide as he grinned up at her in his roguishly handsome way. Veronica felt herself growing warm at the look of desire in his eyes, and tried to remind herself that he wasn't seeing her, he was seeing some bimbo stripper. It didn't help all that much. Leo was one of those abnormally good looking guys, with a jaw that could cut glass and mischievous brown eyes. He was perfume-ad handsome and he knew it, the cocky son of a bitch.

"You got me here, now what do you want to do with me?" Veronica smiled, her mind desperately hoping Leo would fail her test of seduction, even as her body welcomed him.

“Why don't you come a little closer?” He motioned for her to sit on his lap again and she did, kneeling on the couch so that she straddled one of his knees.

His hand came up to her breast and they both stared down at it as he stroked experimentally, running his fingers around her skin. His wonder at her body was palpable and her heart thrummed in her chest. His fingers sent little bursts of warmth through her as they slowly followed the curve of her breast, lingering on her nipple. He gently plucked at it, tweaking her rubbery pink nipple between his fingers, pulling it lightly and watching it snap back to attention.

Suddenly he leaned forward and kissed her tit, his lips lingering on her nipple. She could feel his tongue swirling gently around as he sucked on her. Veronica released a hitching breath she didn't even realize she was holding.

“What about your fiancée?” She asked.

He looked up at her, his chin resting on her tit, and cocked his head, affecting innocence. “I don't have a fiancée.”

That fucking bastard.

“Who was that black haired woman that's been watching you all night?” Veronica tried again.

“Oh her? She's no one.”

She should have slapped him. She would have slapped him if he hadn't latched his lips back onto her nipple and sucked once more. The burst of heat made her pause long enough for him to wrap his other hand around her other breast and nuzzle them both. Goddamn, he knew just how to touch a woman. Just his hand on her breast was already making Veronica moist. She tossed her blonde hair back and held him to her chest as he kissed and sucked on her. Her hands slid through his black hair and she gripped him, forcing his head against her skin. She wanted to kill him. She wanted to fuck him.

She grinded herself against his knee, dragging her pussy back and forth, urging the heat within her to burn brighter. Her mouth dropped open, a little moan escaping her lips. Leo redoubled his efforts, burying his head between her tits as one hand followed the length of her body down and around to cup her ass. She was on fire now, their bodies gyrating together.

Veronica pushed him away. He started to protest but stopped when she got on her knees between his legs and scrambled for his zipper. He shimmied out of his pants as she yanked them down. His cock popped free from his boxers and she wrapped her fingers around it, bringing Candi's slutty little face right up to it. She rubbed it across her cheeks and nose, eyes closed, inhaling the delightful musky scent, worshiping his dick as he gazed down at her. Her mouth was watering now and she opened her ruby red lips and took him in, letting his head glide over her tongue and down her throat as she stuffed her mouth with his cock. He was so goddamn warm on her tongue, his hard-softness filling her mouth as she drove her lips down as far as she could, pulling up again and leaving his shaft glazed with saliva. She dipped her mouth back down his shaft, faster this time, deeper, until the cockhead lightly touched the back of her throat. She forced herself not to gag, holding him in her mouth as she undulated her tongue against the underside of his shaft. He tasted divine, musky and manly and completely stuffing her.

“Christ, you're incredible,” he moaned, his hand digging into her hair.

Candi's body was so wet now, hungry for dick. Veronica drove her lips up and down the cock, the hunger driving her on, making her crave his cum. She was so angry and hurt and horny. Fuck Leo, and fuck Candi.

He groaned and began to throb in her mouth. She pulled off him and stroked his dick fast, aiming it at Candi's perfect little face. She was rewarded with spurt after spurt of warm, creamy cum. It splashed across her nose and her eyes, dripping down her face. She stuck out her tongue, licking as much of the delicious salty treat off herself as she could while she continued jerking him off, catching it all on her body, covering this little stripper bitch in his seed. He slowed, the bursts growing smaller, until they just dripped down her fingers. Veronica stuffed her fingers into her mouth, body delighting at the wonderful deep taste of him as she let his cum drip down her perfect little face.

When she was done she looked up at him from between his legs. “Yummy,” she said.

Her body was already beginning to come down, the warmth and desire replaced with anger and despair. She understood now that Leo didn't care about her and was willing to throw it all away for a blowjob from some cheap whore.

She cleaned herself up as best she could and sent Leo back out to meet his friends. He winked and left a fifty dollar bill on the table for her. When he was gone, Veronica covered her face in her hands and sobbed. But it wasn't her face. It felt all wrong. It was the face of that little bitch who'd sucked her fiancée's dick. Veronica knew it was unreasonable to be upset at Candi, but she'd found

that reason and love were sometimes incompatible.

Veronica spent the rest of the night getting drunk and flirting with other inebriated strangers. They offered her shots, which she tossed back quickly. She flew past the stage of pleasantly tipsy and soon was so inebriated she kept forgetting who's body she was in and was constantly surprised whenever she looked down to find a stranger's tits on her chest. It didn't seem to hurt Candi's job much. If anything, guys were even more eager to paw her when she was too drunk to realize what they were doing. Her dances became sloppier and sloppier until the manager Candi had told her about, James, finally pulled her aside.

“Candi, have you been drinking?”

“Jush a li'l bitch. A li'l bit.” Veronica said as the room swayed beneath her. She grasped onto James with a giggly laugh and he stood her up, looking into her red rimmed eyes.

“You need to go home,” he sighed, “You can't be here like this.”

“But I'm doing sho good. Look at all thish shtuff,” Veronica slurred, yanking a handful of bills out of her g-string and flashing them around.

“Yeah, yeah,” James said, trying to calm her, “But you can't be out on the floor like this.”

“Right. Right. I can go-- oh my gaaaawwwddd, loook at theshe tits,” Veronica

said, casting her eyes down and bouncing her breasts up and down. “Oooh, yeah, they're mine.”

“I'll get someone to take you home.”

The rest of the night was a blur of people helping her into clothes, an argument with the blonde bitch who'd blown her boyfriend (and who turned out to just be Veronica's own reflection in the backstage mirrors) and a long, winding ride back to a dirty camper van in the middle of a seedy trailer park. There might have been some singing out the window during the long car ride, and some attempted directions when she found she had no idea where she was. When the driver stopped there was another argument, the bouncer assuring Veronica that this trailer was actually hers. This argument was soon won by the bouncer seizing the keys from her purse and using them to unlock the door.

“Welp. Guess thiz ish mine,” Veronica mumbled, collapsing face first onto the shabby plaid couch just inside the doorway. Mercifully, reality receded almost as soon as her head hit the cushion.

2

Veronica didn't know which was worse: the pounding headache or the stiff, scratchy couch that scraped her body whenever she moved. No, it was the headache. Definitely the headache. It was like someone was bashing a rock on her brain. Her mouth was parched and tasted of bile. She had to push herself to a sitting position and make her way over to the sink on the kitchen side of the trailer in stages, pausing after every change of position to let the crashing headache subside. Eventually she made it and picked the first glass off the counter she could find, rinsing it before gulping mouthfuls of water. She froze, eyes closed, as her stomach protested. She gritted her teeth and eventually thought she had it under control, until the nausea came roaring back and she sped through the tiny trailer, slamming open both doors until she found the toilet. She hung over the bowl and heaved into it, before slumping down onto the floor.

Well, she felt a little better now. Good enough to open her eyes more than a crack, anyway. She pulled herself to her feet, brain still flickering back into awareness, no idea where she was. But when she saw the reflection of Candi's face appear in the mirror over the sink it all came flooding back. Fuck. She hoped she hadn't messed up this poor girl's life. It wasn't her fault that Leo was a grade A asshole. Candi's yellow blouse was poorly buttoned, nipples visible as two points sticking against the thin fabric. Her blonde hair was a frizzy mess and her eyes were red-rimmed and dark. She still smelled like stripper, the peculiar overpowering sweetness of Candi's body spray.

She brushed her teeth and tried to make herself more presentable. She found some expired ibuprofen, which helped dull the headache as she made her way through Candi's depressingly squalid trailer. The only food in the fridge was a half a loaf of stale bread, some leftover pizza, and an opened yogurt. Veronica chewed on the pizza, hoping it wasn't more than a few days old. She just needed something in her stomach to absorb the alcohol and take away the persistent

dizziness. Veronica wondered whether the hangover would stay with her when she changed back into herself, or whether it would transfer to Candi.

Candi's phone was tucked into her purse, which Veronica had dropped onto the floor during her late night face plant onto the couch. She pulled it out and found a string of increasingly frantic messages from Candi asking where the hell she was. Veronica unlocked the phone with one manicured thumb, wondering how someone could be so physically perfect but have such a wreck of a life. She responded to Candi's texts with a brief: sry. Got caught up. Meet now?

Veronica collapsed onto the scratchy couch, her head between her hands as she waited for a response. It came less than a minute later: Yes. Leo is out. Come over now.

Veronica bristled at what seemed like a summons and almost shot back a response telling Candi to come to her. But she realized that the sooner she got out of this ratty place the better she'd feel. She agreed and managed to overcome her revulsion at the state of Candi's hair-covered sink enough to wash her face and swish some mouthwash (no way was she touching Candi's toothbrush). She primped her hair, brushing up her long, golden locks and fixing them into a gorgeous wave. She removed the copious amounts of stripper makeup. Candi didn't need all that. A little blush, some highlighter, some eye liner, and she was gorgeous. It was kind of fun making up this little Barbie doll body. She could see the appeal as she watched Candi's reflection blink back at her from the mirror.

Her clothes were a mess so she unbuttoned the top and dropped it to the floor, pausing to admire her breasts. She'd seen them last night, but that was only in the course of her plan. She hadn't really had a chance to take a look at them from her new perspective. They hung heavy from her chest, perfect oblongs, each kissed with a little pink areola. Christ, some people had all the genetic luck.

Veronica posed for herself, turning to the side and gazing critically at her reflection. Though she didn't really have much to be critical of. Veronica grasped her breasts in each hand, fingers roaming over the plump softness. There was something so nice about the touch of her breasts, as if Candi's body was constantly on the edge of excitement, just waiting for a chance to grow hot and bothered. The warmth crept up from between Veronica's legs as she watched Candi fondle herself in the mirror. She held up her breasts and bounced them, admiring the firmness, the way they jiggled against each other when she let them swing back together. Her hands slid down her body, gliding along her creamy, smooth skin, admiring every soft curve as she unbuttoned her pants and let her hands make their way between her legs. She shimmied out of the jeans and then out of the thong that had been riding up her butt all night.

“Whoa,” Veronica giggled when she saw Candi's pussy for the first time.

Candi was shaved bare, perfectly smooth, revealing only her enticing little entrance. Veronica slid one finger along her slit, tracing it. Veronica had never touched a completely waxed pussy before. Her light touch made her tremble slightly, cherry red lips parting in a light sigh of pleasure. Goddamn, Candi's body was sensitive, already buzzing with excitement. She hesitated a moment, unsure of whether she should be doing this to a stranger's body, but then figured she'd already done much worse the night before so what the hell? She dipped her finger inside herself, felt her nether lips open and grasp for her, felt her moistness growing. She began circling her finger around her opening, easily finding the hood of her clit, which was even now swelling to meet her. She bit her lip and glanced at herself in the mirror. Candi looked every inch the blonde lust object: lower lip bit, sky blue eyes wide, one hand cupping her own breast, fingers of the other twisting slowly inside her wet cunt.

Veronica's fingers moved faster inside her, pressing harder against her clit, growing quickly wetter, until the slippery sounds of her fingers inside herself hit her ears. Her breathing came faster, a breathy moan of desire. She threw back her head, closed her eyes and thrust her hips towards her hand, all of her fingers

now sliding up and down her sopping wet pussy, before curling around and sliding up through her canal. She was so fucking wet, the tension there, just out of reach. She fingered herself harder, curling her fingers around inside herself to land on her dimpled nub, dropping her tit to place one hand on the basin so she could lean forward and spread her legs wide, fingering herself faster, deeper, until she came with a hitching moan, her entire body shaking as the tension snapped and pleasure poured through her.

The first orgasm wasn't enough. If anything her stupid bimbo body was even hornier. Her hand thrust up and down between her legs, covering her with her slick juices. The musky smell of her pussy filled her nose as the tension gripped her once more. She slid inside her slick pussy, pounding herself harder, her voice rising in pitch “Oh! Oh! Oh!” and then she shuddered and came hard, tits jiggling, ass wiggling, entire body throbbing as she thrust her hips towards her fingers and fingered herself as deep as she could, the pleasure of the orgasm blasting away the hangover.

When she was done she pulled her fingers out of herself and leaned on the basin, breathing heavily. She could feel herself dripping down her thigh, could smell the musky inviting scent of her wet pussy. She tossed her blonde hair back with a flick of her head and looked at Candi's face in the mirror.

“No wonder guys want you,” she said to herself.

She cleaned herself off and went into Candi's bedroom, searching through the mess of clothes on the floor for something moderately clean. She could handle strapping on one of the bras she found on the floor, but she drew the line when she could find nothing other than some stripper thongs scattered here and there. Fuck it, she'd just go without panties. She shimmied into a tight-fitting pair of jeans—did Candi own any jeans that didn't fit tight to her body?—and returned to the living/dining/kitchen/lounge/study/entertainment room, ready to get the hell out of Candi's shitty little life.

3

There was no Uber app on Candi's phone, so Veronica resorted to calling a cab, trying to gauge her location from the map app on the phone and a peak out through the bent and broken blinds of the trailer to try to spot a road name or the name of this trailer park. She eventually pieced it together and waited inside the trailer for the cab to arrive. When it pulled up, she grabbed Candi's purse, jumped up and hurried out to meet it. The cabbie glanced appreciatively at her cleavage as he turned to her and asked her for her destination. She told him, and then spent the rest of the trip ignoring his attempts at conversation.

The driver looked amused when he turned into Veronica's neighborhood, a winding road with beautifully landscaped houses to either side, each grander than the next as they approached the top of the hill. He pulled up to the house—an immaculately kept three story house with panoramic views—and turned to her.

“Here we are,” he said, sounding very much like he was asking a question.

Veronica pulled out Candi's credit card and swiped it through the driver's card reader. Declined. She tried again. Decline. She huffed.

“I'll be right back with some money,” she said, sliding out of the car.

“I'll be here,” the driver said, no doubt watching her ass sway back and forth as

she hurried up the steps and knocked on her own door.

The door opened and Veronica paused, the two women staring at each other. Candi was still wearing Veronica's gauzy nightgown.

“Well, good thing you came back,” Candi finally said, breaking the silence.

Veronica still couldn't get over seeing her own body moving and talking completely independent of her mind. Like watching a recording of herself, but in real life. Veronica gestured to the cab idling on the street.

“I need to pay for the ride,” Veronica said.

Candi peeked out and Veronica brushed past her. Her wallet was on the side table near the door where she usually put it—strange that Candi left it in the exact same place—and she grabbed her card before hurrying out to take care of the cab fare.

“So,” Veronica said, closing the front door behind her and turning to Candi, “Let's change back, huh?”

Candi nodded and accompanied Veronica through to the garage to retrieve the spell book from the trunk.

“How was your fiancée?” Candi asked.

Veronica thinned her lips. “He failed.”

“Oh. I'm, uh, I'm sorry.”

Veronica waved it away. “Not your fault. The fucker.”

She slammed the book down onto the counter and flipped through until she found the spell for the potion. She remade it with ingredients from her own bar as Candi told her about the events of last night. How she'd gone with Annie to the bar and partied with the group of friends for a couple of hours, laughing and playing pool before returning home and crashing asleep in bed with Leo.

“With Leo?” Veronica eyed her.

“Well, he was asleep in bed and I slept next to him. What? I should have slept on the couch or something?” Candi put her hands on her hips, challenging Veronica.

“Whatever. It's fine. Hair.” Veronica held out her hand.

Veronica plucked a hair from her head and Candi did the same. They dropped them into the cup, watched it boil up briefly and turn clear, then they both drank. The changes reversed themselves, Veronica's body growing leaner and taller,

losing the Barbie look and resuming her dark-featured beauty. Her golden hair turned midnight black once again and fell down her shoulders in a straight cascade as her bust shrank and resumed its normal proportions, the bra loosening across her chest. It felt so good to be home.

Candi transformed as well, losing a few inches as her breasts inflated beneath the nightgown. Her hair lightened and curled, and her face lost the dangerously sexy curves and became once again soft and cute. Her brows furrowed and she rubbed her forehead, her complexion a little pale.

“Ohh, how much did you drink last night?” Candi asked.

“Sorry,” Veronica murmured, secretly glad she didn't have to deal with the hangover anymore. “Anyway, you should go. I've got to meet Annie at the spa and, apparently, cancel my wedding.”

“Oh, ok. So, you'll see Annie today?”

“Yeah. Why?” Veronica raised a dark eyebrow.

“Well, um,” Candi looked away, “You should probably know that we kissed last night.”

“What?”

“We were drunk and she was so nice and funny and, you know, pretty, too.”

“Fuck. What were you thinking?”

“Hey, it wasn't my idea to swap bodies.” Candi exploded. “I didn't know a damn thing about you. Maybe you and Annie make out all the time! What did you do in my body, huh? And why do I have such a headache?”

“You're right. I'm sorry. Look, let's just change clothes and I'll give you a ride home.”

Veronica was eager to be done with the conversation before Candi questioned her too much on what she'd done last night. As they exchanged clothes Veronica told Candi the general story without going into specific details of what—or, in this case, who—she did while in Candi's body.

“Look,” Veronica concluded, after returning from her bedroom having just slipped back into her favorite Versace jeans and silky black top, “If I've jeopardized your job I'll pay you while you audition for another club, or whatever it is strippers do.”

Candi glanced around the spacious living room studded with fine art and expensive antiques, before settling her glare on Veronica. “Yeah, I'm sure me being unemployed will really put you out.”

Candi angrily picked up her purse from the table. Veronica heard a small clink,

like two bottles knocking together and suppressed an urge to say anything. So what if she stole some of Veronica's good liquor? Let her have it and get her the fuck out of here.

The ride back to Candi's trailer park was awkward. But at least, Veronica thought as Candi slammed the door behind her, that will be the last time I ever have to deal with her.

4

Veronica leaned back in the salon chair and sighed as the assistants flitted about her. The hand massage was fine. The nail trim and polish was fine. Annie's company was fine. It was all just fine, tempered by the overbearing fact that her fiancée didn't love her.

“I always thought there was something about Leo I didn't trust,” Annie said from the chair beside Veronica. “Even when you guys were first dating he always had a wandering eye.”

“I should have listened to you.”

“Yeah. I've got great asshole radar.” She smiled a crooked grin at Veronica.

Annie's phone beeped with a message. She picked it up and read it, her brow briefly furrowing.

“Something wrong?” Veronica asked.

Annie looked at her. Her pale green eyes were slightly anxious and she paused briefly before she spoke. “No. Just...drama. How did you find out about Leo anyway?”

“I used my magic to keep an eye on him. I made a crystal ball and replayed his night with Ca-- that stripper.”

It was half truth. Annie knew that Veronica had powers, she just didn't know exactly how strong they were. The most Veronica had admitted to so far—beyond the ability to get free refills—was the ability to change lead into gold, a gift that she'd willingly shared with her friend so they could both enjoy the lifestyles to which they'd become accustomed. She wanted to keep the extent of her powers secret, fearful of how people might react if they found there was a real life witch in their midst. Besides, it wasn't like she used magic all the time. Just when she needed to. She preferred to rely on her non-magical abilities to get through life.

Veronica also felt strange about admitting she'd swapped lives with someone else for a night and had sent her doppelganger out with Annie. It felt like playing a mean spirited trick on her friend. What would Annie think if she knew she'd been hanging out with a stranger all night? No, better just to make something up.

The two women sat in silence as Annie silently replied to her text message. Veronica started to say something but a brief, dull headache made her grimace. Annie had some more back and forth with her texts and then put down her phone.

“What were we talking about?” Annie asked. “Oh yeah, Leo. I didn't want to say anything but I knew he was trouble when you guys first met at...which bar did you two meet at again?”

Veronica opened her mouth to respond when another brief headache flared up. It,

too, disappeared quickly. She went to answer Annie's question but realized suddenly that she didn't know the answer. She could vaguely remember a dark club with a heavy, vibrating bass playing. She'd been up on stage, topless, her blonde hair curling down her shoulders when-- But no, that wasn't right. She'd never been blonde. Or onstage topless. That seemed to be Candi's memory.

“I-- I can't remember. Guess I drank too much last night,” Veronica finally responded, hoping Annie didn't hear the quiver in her voice.

What the fuck was going on? Was it a side effect of the swap potion? Maybe she really should have translated the whole warning before she did it. She never was one to be careful.

“Yeah, guess so.” Annie's lips quirked up in a slight smile, but she still looked worried.

“Look, about what we did last night...” Veronica began. “I don't want you to think that our kiss was--”

Annie waved it away. “I know, I know. We were drunk. I just, you know, last night, the bar. It just made me remember our time together in college. That night on the rooftops we kissed. Remember?”

That strange, quick headache made itself felt once again. When it was over Veronica searched her memory but couldn't remember any night in the dorms. Hell, she couldn't remember being in college, much less a dorm. She'd dropped out of high school and started stripping-- No, there were Candi's memories again.

Shaken at the loss of her memory, Veronica nodded and lied. "I remember."

Annie's phone went off again. She picked it up and responded, biting her lower lip in thought. By now the salon girls had nearly finished their feet. When Annie put her phone down she looked over at Veronica.

"Shall we go?"

"Let's get out of here." Veronica agreed.

They gathered their things, strolled to the front and paid, then pushed open the door out to the sun drenched sidewalk.

"Hey," Annie said, "You seem a little lost about this whole Leo thing. I don't blame you. Want to head back to your place and talk about it?"

"I think-- I'd really rather have some time alone. I need to go home and-- think about things."

Veronica needed to get back to her spell book and figure out what the hell was going on with her memories. If this was a byproduct of the swapping potion she needed to fix it immediately.

“I’ll come with you. You always said you did your best thinking by bouncing ideas off me.”

Veronica couldn't remember that. She couldn't remember if Annie was always so insistent. But she trusted Annie, so she reluctantly agreed.

When Veronica arrived at her house, she pushed the button to raise the garage door and was surprised to find that Leo's gray Audi was there. He was supposed to be at work. Something strange was going on. By now, though, Annie had parked in the driveway and Veronica couldn't leave. She drove into the garage next to Leo's car and hurried out to join Annie in the driveway.

“Oh, god, Leo's home,” she gasped.

Annie took her hand and gave it a quick squeeze. “Confront him. Get it out of the way now, otherwise it's just going to eat you up.” Annie's eyes were hard.

“Wow, girl, I'm usually the confrontational one.”

Annie shrugged. The two made their way in through the front door, Veronica leading the way. She burst open the door, ready to stalk Leo through the house and unleash her anger. But she was caught short when she found Leo in the foyer waiting for her, standing calmly against one of the decorative pillars.

“Hey, Veronica,” he grinned.

“Don't 'Hey Veronica' me, you asshole,” Veronica hissed.

It was the first time she'd seen Leo since she'd left the stripper's body and her anger came rushing out. She rushed over to slap him but he grabbed her arm, that self-satisfied little smile never leaving his face. She raised her other arm and he grabbed that one, too. His grip was like steel and she struggled in his grasp. This close up she saw that his eyes had a strange, yellow glow about them.

“Annie, help!” She shouted as she struggled against Leo.

“I don't think so. Candi.” Annie replied from behind her.

Veronica, stunned, paused in her struggles. “What?”

Annie came up to the side of Leo and glared at Veronica. “Did you think you could fool us? You think you could just steal my friend's life? She's a witch, bitch, and you're just a dumb stripper.”

“No, Annie, I'm Veronica.”

A familiar high pitched voice spoke up from Veronica's other side. “I told you she was convincing.”

Veronica, still caught in Leo's grip, turned her head, her black hair flying. Candi stood in the doorway, her blonde tresses cascading down her shoulders. She was dressed in a loose fitting white t-shirt and cut off jean shorts, and she had her hands behind her back.

“Candi?” Veronica gaped.

Candi giggled mirthlessly. “You can drop the act. They know all about you stealing my body. The trade was only supposed to last for one night but you broke our agreement, didn't you?”

“What-? Candi I-” Veronica appealed to Annie and Leo, “Baby. Annie, she's lying. I'm the real Veronica.”

“Bullshit.” Annie hissed. “I quizzed you, remember? You couldn't remember where you met your fiancée or anything that happened in college.”

“She must have stolen my memories. You have to believe me.” Veronica had ceased to struggle in Leo's grip.

“I told you she was a tricky one,” Candi said, approaching them.

Now Candi brought her hands out from behind her back. In one hand was a cup, the liquid a dark green. Veronica started struggling again.

“No. No!”

“Hold her,” Candi commanded.

Leo pulled her close and spun her around, pinning her arms by her sides. Candi snagged a single strand of black hair and plucked it painfully from Veronica's head. She dropped it into the glass and the liquid bubbled then turned clear. Candi drank and then grabbed Veronica's cheek. She forced Veronica's mouth open and poured the liquid in before clapping her hand over Veronica's mouth and holding her nose. Veronica struggled but eventually was forced to swallow the liquid so she could draw a breath.

Leo released her, and he and Annie stared as the changes began. Veronica's body shrank slightly as her bust and ass took on Candi's ridiculous proportions, her skin wriggling as her face became soft and gentle, with plump lips and big blue doe eyes. She looked up to see her old body across the room, now hand in hand with Annie. There was a wicked smile on her face. Leo stood apart, just staring blankly at Veronica, his eyes still with that slight golden glow.

“Thank you so much, Annie, I knew I could count on you,” Candi said, then leaned over and kissed Annie.

Annie paused for a second, then kissed her back, her hand slipping around Veronica's limber form as they made out, their breaths going deeper as their tongues sought each other out. They soon pulled away, both breathing hard. Candi caressed Annie's cheek.

“I didn't realize how much I loved you until you saved me,” Candi said.

Veronica was on the verge of tears. “You can't steal my life!” She stamped her foot in impotent rage.

Annie ignored her and spoke to Candi. “How can we be sure she won't make another potion and try again?”

“She can't, my sweet,” Candi kissed Annie on the forehead, then turned to Veronica. “I read the fine print on the spell. If it's taken three times in twenty four hours the change is permanent.”

“Annie! Leo!” Veronica pleaded. But Annie glared at her, and Leo didn't respond, that far away look still on his face.

“Now Candi,” Candi said, “Let me walk you out.”

Candi slipped out of Annie's embrace and put a hand on Veronica's back, ushering her to the front door. Veronica was stunned into inaction and let herself be led outside. Strangely, she didn't seem to want to fight. When they got to the porch, Candi turned to Annie.

“I just want to have a last word with her.”

“Will you be okay?”

“Oh, yes, she can't do anything to me now.”

Candi closed the door behind them and smiled at Annie. “Fuck, girl, that was almost too easy.”

“What did you--? Why?” Veronica stared at Candi.

“I admit, giving up my body was hard, especially for this,” Candi motioned down at herself and grimaced, her sharp nose wrinkling. “But your life for mine? That's no contest. Look at this place. Besides, now I can use your magic to change my body in any way I want.”

“Your life for mine?” Veronica asked. She felt in a daze. She knew she should be angry, but the anger just wouldn't come.

Candi tossed her black hair back and crossed her arms. “I don't understand why you were so hesitant to use magic. Hell, I was in your body for less than a day and I looked through just about every spell book I could find. Made a few potions for later. How do you think I stole your memories? Don't worry, I gave you mine. You should have read the fine print. And your fiancée...” Candi rolled her eyes. “He was a total ass. Even I could see it. But not anymore. Now he's my obedient little slave, thanks to your magic.”

Veronica reached up to grab Candi, intending to strangle her, to hurt her, to do something. But her arms froze halfway up, refusing to go any nearer. Candi's smile grew wider.

“I told you. You can't hurt me. You should have used your magic while you had it. Now be a good little stripper and go home to your new life. You can wait out on the street for your cab.”

Candi slapped Veronica on her ass and Veronica found her body walking down the steps and out to the street. With each step the memories of her former life dissolved, replaced with Candi's memories. By the time she reached the street her old life had completely vanished from her mind. She turned back to look at the magnificent house where she'd spent the night. She had an extra five hundred dollars in her bank account and several hours until she had to be at the club. She was a little jealous of the big house and nice life that she got to briefly enjoy, but there was no sense in wanting what she could never have.

Epilogue

Candi closed the door behind her and rushed into Annie's arms. Annie was so soft, and her body fitted perfectly against Candi's own like they were made for each other. Annie tasted like cinnamon and spice, her tongue slipping in to tease Candi into a state of low arousal. They pulled back, still clutching each other, forehead to forehead, staring into each other's eyes.

“What about him?” Annie asked, nodding towards Leo.

“What do you want to do with him? He's a snake, but he's our snake. Why don't we put him to work on lunch while we go upstairs?”

That's just what they did. Leo obeyed unquestioningly as the two women went upstairs to the bedroom, giggling like schoolgirls. Candi pinched Annie's butt, and Annie turned to swat at her playfully. They fell onto the bed, arms wrapped around each other, hungry mouths exploring each other, kissing urgently. Candi opened her mouth and sucked on Annie's warm tongue, her hand coming down between Annie's legs. She could feel the heat even through Annie's jeans, and she squirmed as Candi stroked her.

Annie rolled off her and they flung their clothes off with reckless abandon before joining their bodies once more. They lay beside each other, Candi propping herself up on one arm as she kissed her way along the light trail of freckles across Annie's nose, down her chin and the nape of her neck. Annie released a stuttering sigh of desire, growing antsy beneath Candi's firm kisses. She stroked Candi's body, gently teasing Candi's strawberry pink nipples until they stood erect.

Annie was so soft, so delicate and yet so strong. It was so wonderful to feel her light fingers sliding across Candi's stolen skin. Men were always so rough, grabbing her tits like they were the handlebars of a bike, squeezing almost painfully in their intensity. Annie was softer, teasing Candi's body into a slow arousal that was much more pleasing for the anticipation. It was why Candi had always preferred women.

She felt Annie's hand slip in between her legs, fingers following her opening as she grew slick. She paused, eyes closed, as Annie's tiny fingers slipped briefly inside her, stroking her budding clit before retreating. Annie rolled Candi onto her back and kissed her way down Veronica's slender body. Candi gazed down at her stolen form. Veronica's body wasn't so bad, really. Tight and firm, her breasts small but sensitive. The nipples already risen to twin peaks. She stroked Annie's hair as Annie suckled Candi's breasts gently, tongue circling the little nipple. Candi sucked in a breath as Annie took her nipple between her teeth and nipped gently. Fuck, those little nipples needed sucking. She grabbed her other breast, exploring the foreign curves as she wrapped her hand around it, finding her new nipple and squeezing gently between thumb and forefinger. Light pulses of pain spurted through her, mixing with the heat coming up from between her legs to cause her body to wriggle and moan.

Annie moved lower, until her mouth was between Candi's thighs, just above Candi's wet heat, lips hovering so close Candi could feel her hot breath on her body. She kissed her way slowly down, following the line of Candi's slit, gently licking but never sliding inside. Not yet. She teased Candi's body and Candi spread her legs, pressing her head back into the pillows, hands still working across her new breasts. When Annie finally slipped her tongue inside Candi's pussy it set off a roaring inferno inside her new body, the delightful anticipation snapping briefly in a warm burst of pleasure, before beginning to ratchet up again. Veronica's body was aching, building to a crest as Annie's tongue lapped at her, growing harder, deeper, pressing up against her clit. Candi moaned, a throaty growl of deep desire. Annie brought up her hand and Candi felt two fingers pressing gently against her opening. Annie slipped inside, fingers curving

perfectly through Candi's wet canal, thrusting slowly and in time with Annie's tongue.

Candi's moans grew louder. God, she was dripping wet. Annie's fingers were deep, deep inside, her broad tongue undulating against her swollen clit. And then Annie's fingers curled around and hit Candi's dimpled center and the orgasm unexpectedly exploded through her. She cried out "Oh, fuuuck," as she came, fingers digging into her sensitive breasts, wringing every last drop of pleasure from her stolen body.

Annie paused briefly while Candi crested and came, then resumed, her tongue slipping against Candi's clit, tasting her again, as her fingers returned. Candi could smell herself, the delicious acrid smell of her wet pussy even as the wet sounds of Annie's fingers inside her hit her ears. The next orgasm was quicker, more intense, and Candi cried out again. This time Annie didn't let up, pushing Candi's pleasure to new heights as she exploded, the orgasm curling her toes and making her howl. Her entire body had been wound up like a rubber band and snapped, the pleasure coursing through her and whiting out the room.

When her vision returned she gazed down between her legs and found Annie's face looking up at her. Her chin and cheeks were glazed with Candi's wetness and there was an intense smile on her face.

"My turn," she growled.

Candi nodded weakly. They spent the rest of the week in bed together, Leo dutifully serving them in between orgasms. It sure as hell beat dancing on stage.

###

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed 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.

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