

The Replacement

MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Prologue

The time machine was a mess of wires and microchips and blinking lights. A curved piece of smooth metal slightly higher than a man arced around a small platform, where the subject would stand. Tonight, that subject was Trenton.

Trenton was alone in his lab the first time he travelled back in time. No one else knew about the time machine. The other labs in the building carried on with their own paths of research, unaware of what Trenton was doing in the top secret facility at the end of the hall. He was the only one allowed to go in and out.

His theories were sound. It was impossible to transfer matter back in time. According to his calculations it would require more energy than existed in the entire universe. But information could be transferred. Information weighed nothing and could be encoded in quantum tangles. If one could convert their thoughts to an informational energy cloud, those thoughts could be propelled back in time to one's earlier mind. That was the rub. One could only travel as far back in time as one had been alive, the traveler's thoughts transferred into their younger body. It wouldn't do any good to travel back to when one was a baby, unable to talk or communicate but knowing everything they knew from the future.

There was also no way back to the present as far as Trenton knew. Apart from living each day.

His experiment that night was a simple one. He programmed the machine to take him back in time ten minutes. If that short leap worked then a longer one should as well. The additional energy required for a longer trip would be trivial.

Trenton stepped into time machine and disappeared. In a blink he was on the other side of the lab on the stool he'd been sitting on just ten minutes ago. He grabbed the desk to steady himself from the vertigo that gripped him. When he'd recovered, he looked at the clock on his computer. Exactly ten minutes into the past and in his ten-minute-younger self! Trenton laughed and clapped his hands, spinning around on the stool. He'd broken quantum physics yet again.

Already his past had been altered, for he certainly hadn't grabbed the desk like this the first time around. It suggested that jumping back into the past created a parallel universe, which would make it impossible to predict the future the farther back one traveled. Each little change in the past would magnify with time until the original present was unrecognizable.

It worked! But who could he tell? This could be earth shattering. He thought about going back in time and fixing his own mistakes or, better yet, never making them in the first instance. But the only way back to the present was to live each day. He shivered at the thought of being a grad student again. Working his way up the ranks. Begging his parents for money. They had so much of it but barely gave a thought to Trenton and his needs. Still, he needn't go back that far to be successful.

His next experiment took him back in time a week. He came to sitting in his office. His young assistant, Gemma, sat on the other side of his desk, looking at him expectantly.

"I've...lost my train of thought," he said.

Gemma looked down at her notes. “You were talking about your mom’s gala?”

Right. Another damn gala. His mom seemed to give charity to everyone except to him. The first time around had been a disaster. He’d gotten drunk and then into a yelling match with his mom in front of everyone. Embarrassing. This time would be different.

“I’m not going to that damn thing,” he said.

When Gemma left Trenton turned his attention to his computer. Last week had seen a sudden rise in a tech stock that came out of nowhere. Now he was back before that rise. He bought as much stock as he could.

The time machine wasn’t yet finished, but finishing now would be quicker. It was a simple matter of remembering what he’d done before. He whistled to himself as he made his way down to his secure lab and set to work.

It all seemed so easy. But, of course, there was a problem. The stock that he’d bought flatlined. A week after he bought it, when it was supposed to be sky high, nothing happened. Had he changed things when he’d purchased the stock? Maybe edged out another investor that would have demanded something? Or was this a case of the butterfly effect, where one simple change to the past had rapidly unfolding consequences?

It was as if an alternate universe had split off from the one he’d known. Whatever the answer, it meant time travel wasn’t as simple as going back into time and knowing what would happen so he could make his future better. He would be just as in the dark as anyone else about the future.

This would need some thought as to how best to use it. This experiment would remain hidden for now while Trenton thought of the proper way to take advantage of it.

Trenton had tried and failed to get his mom's attention and approval ever since he was a kid. Now with his own laboratory at just twenty-two-years-old, he was eager to welcome both his parents and show them around for the first time. They'd begrudgingly given him a small scrap of seed money and he'd had to scrape and beg for more funders but at last he succeeded.

His mom, Katherine, had always been self-centered and more interested in her appearance and financial situation than with her only son. Surely, his name on a state-of-the-art lab would impress her. Or at least hold her attention momentarily.

From his second floor window Trenton kept glancing down towards the front entrance for any sign of his dad's cherry-red McFarlane. No surprise that his parents were late. He paced nervously across the plush carpet of his large office, one hand running through his thick, bristly beard. Trenton stopped to straighten up his diploma, which hung on the far wall amidst the awards and honors he'd received in the fields of medicine and physics. His reflection glared back at him from the glass, his dark, messy eyebrows hanging over large eyes made owl-like by his thick glasses.

A reflection of sunlight thrown across the wall from outside caught his eye and he looked out the window to see his dad's sports car passing the security gate and winding up to the lab. Trenton yanked his white lab coat off his seat and threw it on as he quickly made his way out of the office.

"They're here," he said to Gemma. "How do I look?"

She straightened his collar and then stepped back. "You look good."

He nodded and she followed him down the stairs to the foyer. They arrived just as Katherine pushed open the glass and steel doors, waltzing in as if she owned the place. Trenton's dad, Raph, followed behind.

"Trenton, how are you?" She said, taking his hand and giving him two air kisses and making the sweet floral scent he'd always associated with her fill his nose. The kisses were a pretentious European gesture she'd picked up on her last trip to Spain

Katherine looked good enough to eat. Perfectly made up with her wavy blonde hair up in an intricate bun. She wore a trendy but casual red sundress with a yellow throw draped casually about her neck. The dress shimmered as she moved, the silky fabric hinting at the elegant body beneath. The dress was cut quite low, revealing her ample cleavage. An expensive purse hung gracefully from one shoulder. All in all, it made Trenton's clothes seem rather shabby, despite his crisp light blue collared shirt and stark white lab coat. His mom always did that, lighting up a room and stealing all the attention.

Raph clasped his son in a too-hard handshake and clapped him on the back. Trenton's parents were only touchy-feely with each other. To everyone else, himself included, they seemed formal almost to the point of iciness.

Trenton got his looks from his father. A rugged masculinity at odds with his scientific brain. He was big and bulky but strangely dexterous, even with his stubby fingers. Maybe he got his dexterity

from his mom because he certainly didn't get much else. She was slender, with a soft face and plump lips, the picture of feminine perfection. Her looks and her demeanor made getting her way seem effortless. Trenton desperately wished he had what she had.

"Welcome to my lab," Trenton said, gesturing expansively around the foyer.

"It's quite cold in here, isn't it?" Katherine said, rubbing her arms.

"I'll get your coat from the car," Raph offered.

"No, I'll just be cold," Katherine insisted, every the martyr.

"Nonsense," Raph said, turning and striding back to the car.

Trenton sighed. Leave it to his mom to criticize him and make everything about her. Trenton began to introduce her to his assistant.

"Mom, this is—"

"One second," Katherine said, pulling her phone out of her purse and rapidly typing something. She puffed air from her cheeks and sighed. "Sorry, my astrologist just cancelled. Give me a second."

"He should have known that would happen," Trenton joked.

His mom wasn't listening and didn't respond. Gemma cleared her throat. They stood in silence as Trenton's mom tapped on her phone. After a few seconds she looked up. "Did you say something?"

Trenton shared a glance with his assistant. "Nothing."

Raph returned with a white jacket that probably cost more than Gemma's annual salary. He gently set it on Katherine's shoulders and kissed her cheek. She patted his hand.

"Are we ready?" Trenton asked.

His mom nodded.

"Great," Trenton said. "Let me show you around."

He lead them through the security door into a hallway. On either side, various doors led to suites carrying out different experiments. Research assistants bustled here and there holding clipboards and vials.

It was the first time Trenton's parents had visited his lab. He'd wanted to wait until it was absolutely perfect and timed it for a stunning experiment to impress them. Holding open the door to one of the rooms, he invited them in. His mom swept past him as if she owned the place.

The lab technicians stopped and looked up as she passed. Katherine had always had that kind of exquisite presence. Many of Trenton's birthday parties had been overshadowed by his mom. He could still remember the magician at his eighth birthday party who'd forgotten to actually perform, so caught up was he in hanging on Katherine's every word. Hell, his own mom didn't even realize herself that her son was waiting. Sometimes Trenton thought she would have been happier if he'd never been born.

It was thoughts like that that enraged him, terrified him, instilled in him an aching need to impress her. As he'd grown older and explored his feelings with his therapist he realized that it was actually deeper than that. He was jealous of her. She'd always been the center of attention, stealing his thunder. And it wasn't like she was even trying. She was too caught up in her own perfect life to notice the effect she had on her son.

"Is the experiment ready?" Trenton asked the head researcher.

“Waiting for you, sir.” He said, though his eyes were on Katherine.

Trenton turned to his parents. “This is very exciting. We’ve been studying how the brain interacts with the world through the senses. The signals picked up by the brain can actually be intercepted and changed, or even rerouted to another point.” He picked up a helmet off one counter and held it out to his mom. “You get to be our first test subject,” he smiled.

She lifted her head from her phone. “Sorry?”

The technicians around her chuckled, thinking she was joking. As some of the technicians began sticking electrodes on her head—while she laughed and flirted mercilessly, happy to be the center of attention yet again—Trenton went across the room and put on an identical helmet. The technicians implored Katherine to sit and Raph wheeled over a chair for her. She sat and crossed her long legs. More than a few of the men snuck glances at her calves. Even in her mid-forties she was still stunning. Her body was teased into perfection with daily cardio and weight training and the best skin care regime money could buy.

“This may be a little disorienting,” he called out to his mom. “You ready?”

“What’s going to happen?”

“Visual transference. The signals from our eyes to our brains will be intercepted and transmitted across to the other helmet.”

“So I’ll be looking out of your eyes?” She asked. She was self-centered but not dumb.

“Exactly.”

Trenton cued the machine. There was a soft whir and then a technician counted down from three.

“Three...two...one...go.”

On go the whole world lurched. Suddenly, Trenton was across the room looking back at himself.

“Oh!” Katherine said from across the room as she jumped and brought her hand to her mouth.

When she jumped Trenton’s vision jumped and he watched from behind his mom’s eyes as her hand reached up to her mouth. It was disorienting being able to see from his mom’s eyes but not feel anything. Her vision swung sickeningly to look down at herself. Trenton’s eyes landed on his mom’s deep cleavage tucked beneath the dress, his mom’s long legs crossed one over the other, the smooth calves visible. From her perspective it seemed as if he was inhabiting her body.

Trenton gasped, suddenly electric with realization. *This* was the body he wanted. To be able to look down and see these legs, this skin, this body, would be perfection.

To distract from his growing erection, he moved his head to look around the room. Weird how his vision didn’t move with his head. It sent all sorts of strange signals to his body and he began to feel a little queasy.

“I think that’s enough,” he said.

There was another lurch in his vision and then he was back looking out from his own eyes. The technicians unhooked him and he strutted over to his mom. His dad was kneeling beside her, patting her leg and looking up at her as she held her head in her hands. God, she had him wrapped around her finger.

“What did you think?”

“If the point was to make me queasy it worked,” she said.

“I admit the effect can induce some nausea, but it’s a proof of concept. The idea of hijacking the visual signal works. Isn’t that exciting?”

Raph helped Katherine stand. It had only been a few seconds and she’d already recovered. She was back to her usual imperious self.

“Sure, dear,” she said, absently, digging through her purse for her phone. “Oh, no, it’s my acupuncturist. What could *she* want?”

Katherine answered the phone as she headed for the door to the lab. Trenton watched her go, his eyes fixed on her exquisite wiggling ass beneath the sundress. The startling realization he’d had moments ago was fresh in his mind. As his mom looked down at herself and, consequently, Trenton looked out through her eyes at her body, he realized that he wasn’t angry at her. He wanted to *be* her. It had possibly been gnawing at him for years but only just now had it become a full-blown idea in his mind. How he wanted to look down and see that view whenever he pleased. How he wanted to command a room. How he wanted to have her life of luxury and ease. How he wanted to have his mom’s delightful body.

Trenton became aware that the other technicians were also watching his mom walk away. “Come on,” he growled. “Get those results together.”

His voice snapped them out of their spell and they began downloading the data they’d collected. Trenton turned to Gemma.

“See that I get a link to that data,” he said.

“Of course,” she replied.

When Trenton’s mom returned to the room, Trenton continued his grand tour of the labs but his mind was elsewhere. His thoughts had already turned to all the possibilities to which hijacking the neural signal could lead. His parents didn’t seem to notice his aloofness. Katherine was much too busy thinking about herself and organizing her own little dramas, while Raph was fixated on Katherine.

As soon as his parents had left, Trenton locked himself in his office and poured through the data and the theory and the program. He spent the next several weeks fixated on his idea, rewriting and improving the whole experiment. At night, after everyone left, he went down to the secure lab at the end of the hall where he’d built a copy of the visual transference system. There he tinkered with it, adding his own upgrades and improvements.

The administrative burden piled up on his office as he spent his every waking moment in his secure lab. He was obsessed, screaming at anyone who dared interrupt him. He was sure his employees thought he’d finally cracked but, really, he was on the verge of capturing the desire he’d harbored his entire life and only recently been able to name. Thoughts were a form of energy. Synapses crackling inside the brain. If the visual cortex could be hijacked to steal someone’s vision, there was no theoretical reason that he couldn’t hijack the entire brain and place someone else’s consciousness inside.

One night, months after his parents’ visit to his lab, Trenton tried out his iteration of the machine with some lab monkeys, Tom and Sheila. Tom was a chatterer, constantly making little tsing noises. Trenton set the helmets on their heads and pressed the buttons. The machine whirred to life and then Tom slumped over in his seat. Instantly, Sheila began making those little tsing noises. Several other tests proved that Tom’s mind now inhabited Sheila’s body. When Trenton strapped Tom-in-Sheila back into the chair and re-ran the program, Tom awoke and began making his noises again while Sheila began angrily pounding on her chair.

After that success, it was time to try it on a human subject.

“What does this new beauty treatment do again?” Katherine asked, as Trenton escorted her down the hallway to his secure lab.

“It will rejuvenate your skin. You’ll look twenty years younger and it’s permanent.” He was so excited his hands shook as he swiped the key card and he had to try several times before the door unlocked.

“And no one has used it before?”

“That’s right.”

“Ha, then I can really rub it in Lisa’s face.”

The door slid open and Trenton gestured for his mom to enter. She strode in, completely oblivious. As she passed, Trenton glanced down at her ass. Her fashionably torn jeans clung tight to her legs and did amazing things to her butt. And soon it would be all his.

Trenton had cleaned up the lab and set out two office chairs, one of which came from his own office. His mom sat in one chair and he set to work placing the helmet on her head and adjusting the small sensor pads across her face.

“Okay, just sit back and close your eyes,” Trenton said.

Katherine nestled back into the chair, her arms on the arm rest. Trenton quickly put his own helmet on and attached the sensor pads to himself. Then he took a seat in his office chair. He reached out and set the sequence to begin.

“How will I know it’s working?” Katherine asked.

“You’ll know,” Trenton said.

He pushed the button and the machine whirred to life. Trenton sat back in his chair and relaxed. The whirring sound grew and then suddenly the world flipped and he was lying back with his eyes closed. He opened his eyes and saw that he was across the room from his former body, which was now slumped back in the chair, mouth agape, unconscious. Looking down, he was greeted with the sight of a white tee shirt stretched tight across two large breasts. He raised his hands, bringing his mom’s slender fingers into view. The nails were perfectly manicured and trimmed, the fingers hairless and dainty. He wiggled them and watched them move beneath his command. Trenton was curious as to where his mom’s consciousness had gone and as he stared at his hands he heard her in his mind.

What’s happening to me? Why is my body moving?

Trenton paused. “Mom?” He asked in his new silky voice.

Trenton? Is that you? Where are you? Why can’t I control my body?

It was unfortunate that his mom could still communicate. But as long as he had complete control of her body it was a small inconvenience.

“It’s not your body anymore, mom,” Trenton felt his delightfully plump lips spread into a grin. “I’ve transferred my consciousness into your body. This is all mine now.” Trenton drew his fingers up and down each arm, sending a tingle of goosebumps across his skin.

Why would you do that?

“You’ve always had it so easy,” he lectured her in her own voice as he unstrapped himself from the helmet. “You’ve wasted your life and I’ve been so, so jealous of everything you had. You barely noticed me. Well, now you *have* to notice me. You have to watch while I do everything I want in your body. I’m going to remake your whole life to suit me.”

Trenton, don’t do this. Switch us back! Please! She was almost hysterical.

“And give up all this?” Trenton asked, bringing his hands up to cup his heavy breasts and give them a squeeze. “I don’t think so. Let’s take a look at what I’ve got.”

Trenton pulled the shirt off over his head and dropped it on the floor before sweeping his silky hair off his face. He stared down at the bra, which strained to hold two magnificent tits. Reaching around, he managed to unstrap the bra after some difficulty and slid it off each arm. His tits swung down and he took them in each hand. They spilled out of his fingers, firm and supple.

“Fuck, mom,” he whispered in her voice as he stroked himself. “I knew you had some nice tits but these are amazing.”

Don’t do this!

Trenton ignored her and continued to make her touch her breasts with her hands, pinching and prodding, jiggling and hefting, squeezing each glorious tit until her nipples spiked out to sharp diamonds. He dug his fingers into his soft skin, taking big handfuls of his breast. A warmth blossomed between his legs that made him sigh.

Trenton this is disgusting.

“Mom, don’t be so hard on yourself,” Trenton giggled. “Your body isn’t disgusting. It’s amazing.”

His hands moved faster around his tits. He bobbed them and watched them jiggle, exploring them greedily. The desire within him concentrated within his center. He bit his bottom lip as he ran his hands down his stomach. He unsnapped the button on his pants and stood to wiggle out of them before kicking them aside. His mom’s legs were long and lean and perfect. The calves were finely sculpted from her hours of Pilates. The thighs were firm and lean. He felt so much lighter, so much smaller.

His mom was crying in his head, begging him to stop but her pleas just made him happier. He half turned and gazed at his ass, letting his hand travel across the taut expanse of her butt. He slapped her ass lightly and watched it jiggle. The sight of his mom’s bare ass made him ever more excited and he felt a stirring between his legs, something like an inner pressure accompanied by an outer loosening.

Hooking his thumbs beneath his panties. After peeling them down his exquisite legs he kicked them aside. His eyes fell on the neatly trimmed blonde bush between his mom’s legs.

“Looks like dad’s not the only one who gets to enjoy this anymore,” Trenton said as he traced his gentle slit with two fingers.

Trenton, don’t!

His mom's pleas made his lips quirk into a grin as he touched his new sex, running his fingers along his mom's pussy. His mom's coarse pubic hair gave way to her rubbery inner lips. He could feel the heat radiating out from his pussy and he stroked himself, pressing in gently as his pussy lips gave way for his digits. His fingertips landed on the slick velvety folds and eased another sigh from his mouth. He stroked the pussy he'd come out of, the stolen pleasure lighting up his body.

His mom railed in his head, alternating between rage and despair, calling him every name she could think of. But she was helpless to stop him from making her own hands touch herself, from stroking her own tits, from enjoying the pressure that built between her legs. Trenton's free hand wandered faster along his body, feeling himself up, squeezing each curve from his ass up to his tits. All the while the fingers of the other hand continued to work deeper into his mom's rich cunt. He slid into her wet folds, feeling her canal clutch her fingers as she opened for his touch.

No...oh...T-Trenton... Her pleas became moans as he stroked himself.

He fingered his mom's delightful cunt slowly, sliding in and out of her rapidly moistening warmth. His body was burning with desire and he dropped to the floor so he could raise one leg and slide his hand around from behind, across his plump butt and back into his pussy to finger himself deeper. He pushed his fingers in and out, his voice rising in pitch as he fucked himself. The slick sounds of his sex were loud in the room. Juices dripped down his thigh and puddled on the floor. He was sopping wet, his body nearing the climax. Hearing his mom's voice crying out, seeing her hands squeeze herself, ratcheted the pressure higher.

He stroked deeper, sliding in his fingers as far as he could, moving faster, plunging wild into his mom's sopping wet canal. His eyes were clenched tight as he followed the pressure up and up, moving faster with the rhythm of his body until he exploded. He came with a gasp, his entire body shuddering, legs clamping together as the orgasm blew through him. His mom's lusty voice cried out in the empty office as her body shook. In his head, she was carried with him, cumming hard despite hating the violation of her body.

He came down slowly, lying on the floor and breathing hard as his mom sobbed inside his head. He slid his slick fingers out of his pussy and brought them to his mouth. Inhaling, he enjoyed the scent of her rich musk before opening his mouth and licking his fingers clean. His mom recoiled in disgust in his head as he tasted her pussy, moaning around his fingers as he licked them clean.

"Jesus, mom," he sighed contentedly. "You taste delicious."

When the fire had finally cooled within him he stood, swaying slightly. His center of gravity was different now and he felt top heavy. As he collected his clothes from around the room his tits bounced happily from his chest. His hips wiggled more in this body. The way he walked was different. Even the feel of his new teeth felt off. He struggled to put on his mom's bra, trying several times to clip it behind him before giving up. He put on the rest of her clothes. Braless, his mom's nipples spiked out from beneath the white tee.

What are you going to do? She whined in his head.

"I'm going to live your life," he answered.

Did you always want to be a woman?

"No. I've just wanted to be you."

He unhooked his unconscious former body from the helmet. It took some effort to wheel the chair back to his office. He wasn't quite coordinated yet. A hundred different signals of strangeness assaulting him. When he finally managed to get back to his office, he set up the chair behind his desk and then carefully adjusted his body so that his former head was leaning on the desk. It would

look like he just passed out. They would have no idea that there was no consciousness behind those eyes.

Throughout it all, his mom continued to beg him to rethink his plan and give her back her body. She promised not to tell anyone. Trenton sighed.

“This is getting tiresome, mom,” he said. “If you don’t shut up I’ll completely ruin your life. Maybe I’ll go streak naked down the street. Or maybe I’ll sell this body for sex.” He ran his hands down his delightful figure. “I bet guys would pay big money for these tits and this pussy. Can you imagine what Lisa would say if she found videos of you getting gangbanged?”

She whimpered in his head but remained quiet. Good enough.

Trenton took his mom’s car and drove back to her house. It was an ultra-modern building perched on a cliff overlooking the city. As usual, his dad was at work late so he had the huge house to himself. He hadn’t been to this house much and he’d never been up to his parent’s bedroom. He took his time, wandering through the huge closet, pawing through Katherine’s clothes and her jewelry. It was so wonderful moving in her body, feeling himself sway and bounce in delightful new ways.

But none of the bedroom was familiar. There was an entire bathroom worth of makeup that he had no idea how to apply. He had his mom’s body but none of her memories.

Trenton flicked on the bathroom light and leaned on the sink to stare into the mirror. His mom’s face stared back, the plump lips curved in a slight smile. His blonde hair tumbled down his cheek in waves. His eyes traced the lines of his cheeks and his nose and then gazed into his light blue eyes.

“Okay, mom,” Trenton said. “I’m going to need your help living your life. You’ll need to give me your memories whenever I ask.”

No, I’m not doing that. You can damn well figure it out yourself. I won’t help you impersonate me. People will figure it out eventually.

“Okay, if that’s how you want to play it.”

Trenton retrieved his phone. He tossed off his shirt and stood topless in front of the bathroom mirror.

What are you doing?

Trenton didn’t answer. He just aimed his phone at the mirror and snapped a topless pic of his mom, cutting her face out of the picture so she couldn’t be identified. He could feel his mom’s horror as he uploaded the picture to a porn website.

Stop!

When it was uploaded he turned back to the mirror to talk to his mom. “Every time you refuse to give me an answer I’ll upload another picture. That one was anonymous just to let a bunch of strangers jack off to your gorgeous tits. The next time I’ll show your face. Got it? Now, what’s your bedtime routine?”

Katherine led him through her routine. It was magnificent showering in her body, getting his breasts all sudsy and slick, letting his hands roam across his gorgeous MILF hips and ass. She hated how he made her touch herself but she didn’t complain. Afterwards, she helped him pick out the right facial cleansers and moisturizers before he slipped into a nightie and then into bed.

He barely awoke when his dad came home and slid into bed beside him, wrapping Trenton in a strong arm and kissing the back of his neck. He smiled as he felt his mom's sadness at being taken from Raph. Fuck her. She deserved it.

The next few weeks were blissful. He lived his mom's life with her dotting husband. He attended the galas and the spa sessions and the workouts she'd scheduled. He particularly liked the workouts, dressing up in skintight pants and tops and stretching his body out, luxuriating in his strength and form.

With his mom in his head helping him out, he easily replaced her on the boards of various children's services and museums that she sat on. She supplied the history and told him who could do what, who had the good ideas and who to avoid. Sometimes he vetoed her, coming up with something even better.

Best of all was just being her. Walking into a room and watching the heads turn his way. People hung on his every word. Trenton improved her in little ways, becoming less self-centered and less gossipy than the old Katherine had been. Her charm took some time to perfect but soon Trenton found he'd become just as pithy as she had been.

Though Raph doted on him when he was around he was away so much that Trenton spent many nights alone. That was fine with him at first, as he enjoyed exploring his mother's body, ordering her to help him out in his mind, to tell him where she liked to be touched and when and how rough. He couldn't believe she had no toys and rectified that as soon as he could. Many nights ended with him thrusting a fat pink dildo into his mom's dripping cunt as he howled out his pleasure to the empty bedroom, his mom drawn along in his orgasm as her son manipulated her body in ways cruder than she ever wanted.

The few times Raph was around and Trenton pulled him into bed Raph was too tired to perform. He'd been working long days and had little energy left. He tried his best but he wasn't a young man anymore. At Trenton's pleas he buried his face between Trenton's legs and used his tongue and fingers to urge him to a blissful orgasm.

It gradually became normal for Trenton to see his mom's face in the mirror, to dress in her clothes, to put on a bra. She balked a few times at helping him but some more uploaded nudes put a stop to that. The ones on the website were getting quite a few comments and he scrolled through the commentators wistfully writing about how much they would like to cum on the tits that Trenton owned. Being physically desired was a new and exciting experience. He was in charge now and he dominated her even as he assimilated her personality and absorbed her knowledge.

He battered her into submission, pushing her further and further back in her own mind as he needed her less and less. As he absorbed her, he began to be able to do things without her telling him. After only a week he had an innate knowledge of her makeup and her hair and her skin care and her social life, even though he'd only seen a small part of it. Memories dropped into his mind unbidden, as when he was talking to Lisa and "remembered" how she had gossiped about Katherine behind her back. He soon had full access to every corner of her life. For all intents and purposes he *was* his mom, and soon her voice was barely a whisper in his head as she sat trapped in her own body, able to feel and think but completely helpless to act.

With Katherine's memories came her hang-ups and her peculiarities. The astrologer he'd cancelled the first week in this body suddenly seemed an important person to have around. He noticed on Katherine's body, which he'd originally thought was perfect in every way, slight blemishes and imperfections. His belly was still too big, his thighs too fat. It took some time to realize those were *Katherine's* thoughts, though by this time her voice hadn't spoken up inside his head in days.

Within months he was a combination of the two of them. He still loved his sexy, mature body even as he picked out its flaws. Trenton loved being able to grab great handfuls of his tits, but the mom

part of him remembered when they were tighter and even better. He'd missed so much by jumping into her life this late. He missed when she was young and carefree and—incredibly—even hornier than she was now. Memories of his lavish wedding and decadent honeymoon sprung into his mind, when he and Raph had spent hours in their room with just each other. These days, Raph was hardly around, working day and night for the family business that had become an international corporation.

During one of these lonely nights it dawned on Trenton that he didn't have to just have his mom's memories. He could re-live her whole life. He had a time machine!

Trenton had kept his laboratory access card. Late at night, after another one of his mom's galas and while still wearing her sparkling evening dress, Trenton returned to the lab. He stepped into the time machine and turned it on, sending his mind back into the past to attach to the body he now inhabited: that of his mother on the best day of her life.

The machine whirred to life. From Trenton's vantage point the lab warped and then disappeared.

Trenton blinked his eyes open and stumbled slightly, his body weighed down with layers of chiffon and lace. He was walking down the aisle of a church, arm in arm with someone who stopped him from falling. People on either side of the aisle were standing and smiling at him, relatives he vaguely remembered from his childhood, though they were now much younger. Organ music filled the air and Trenton glanced down at himself. He was clad in a magnificent wedding dress, the large train held up behind him by a young boy.

“You okay, pumpkin?” The man holding him up asked quietly.

Trenton looked up to find his grandfather—long dead in Trenton’s time—with his arm in Trenton’s, escorting him down the aisle.

“Great, dad,” Trenton whispered back, tucking a strand of dark hair—oh, he’d forgotten, his mom was really a brunette!—behind his ear.

He returned his gaze to the well-wishers around him as he continued to walk slowly towards the altar with his dad nee grandad. Lifting his gaze to the altar, Trenton saw Raph standing next to the priest, beaming down at him. God, his dad looked so young and vibrant. Clean-shaven even! It was back when he kept himself extremely fit, his powerful muscles at rest beneath the elegant tuxedo.

Trenton made his way up the steps to take his place beside Raph. Raph’s smile grew even wider as he gazed at his bride. Trenton blushed, Raph’s gaze making him feel wonderfully prickly all over.

Looking out into the crowd, Trenton saw that the church was packed. The church was extravagant and massively expensive to rent out, but even then—or was that now?—Raph’s family had plenty of money. Several photographers snapped pictures for the social pages of the paper.

When the music ended and everyone sat, the priest launched into the ceremony. Trenton luxuriated in the attention. Trenton’s psychiatrist used to suggest that Trenton’s anger at his mom was because she never gave him the attention he craved. So it was only fitting that he now had all the attention meant for her!

The priest handed him the vows Katherine had written earlier and Trenton read them aloud, his voice shaking with nervousness. Raph had some difficulty getting the ring on but when he did and they finally kissed it was bliss. For one brief moment Trenton got a hint of what was to come, feeling his dad’s longing and desire in that one quick kiss in front of everyone.

After that came the photographs on the steps with the entire wedding party and various members of the family. Trenton ordered people around with the help of the photographer. They deferred to him instantly, letting him be the spoiled diva bride as he directed people this way and that.

The reception was a lavish affair in a grand ballroom of one of the city’s most lavish hotels. There were speeches and dancing and food and drinks. Money had been no object and it showed. Trenton was the center of attention and people came up to congratulate him throughout the night.

Where had all this largess been when he’d been scrimping and begging for funds to build his own lab? Trenton wished his mom was still in his mind so she could see everything he was taking from

her so that he could set the world right. She might have been for all he knew. She might be stuck as a helpless passenger in her own mind as he stole her identity and accepted her praise and moved in her body.

The party went late through the night. When there were only a few guests remaining, Trenton and Raph slipped up to their penthouse suite. Trenton's dad had the bountiful energy of youth and as soon as they were through the door Raph took his young bride in his arms and kissed him. Trenton melted into his dad's caress, breathing in the hot whiskey-sweet breath as they clutched at each other. Trenton's hands slid up and down his dad's broad body, squeezing the huge muscles beneath as his breath quickened.

"You still have the energy for me?" Trenton asked, breaking away from Raph's kiss.

"I always have the energy for my hottie," Raph said, stroking Trenton's cheek.

His dad helped him out of the wedding dress, revealing each wonderful inch of his mom's youthful body. When he finally stood naked in the bedroom he looked down at himself. Fuck, his body felt so tight and powerful. The stretch marks on his breasts were gone and his tits were now firm and smooth, the nipples rising to soft peaks. The slight middle-aged gut was replaced with a trim belly. Delicious child-bearing hips flared out and, running his hand lightly across his buttocks, he found the rich firm ass of his much-younger mother. Her body was even more delightful in the prime of her life but before Trenton could fully take it in his dad was on him again.

They kissed urgently, fingers tracing each other's body's as their mouths reached out hungrily. Lips and tongue met as their bodies came together. Trenton unbuttoned his dad's shirt with shaking fingers and helped him out of it, pausing to admire the broad pecs and muscly abs illuminated by the city lights from outside. His finger skated over his dad's warm chest as he breathed in the rich spicy scent.

Raph bent and kissed him on the lips again as his hands wandered down to Trenton's tits. He stroked them eagerly and soon his mouth joined his hands. His lips wandered across Trenton's breasts, kissing and nipping and sucking. The sight of his dad feasting on his mom's taut tits sent arcs of electric longing through Trenton's body.

In a sudden rush of desire Trenton yanked Raph's pants open. He shucked his clothes aside and they tumbled into bed naked. Trenton lay on his back, his hands up to his tits to squeeze them as his dad kissed his way down Trenton's naked body, over his belly and down to his mound. Raph's hot breath hit Trenton's entrance, making him moan in anticipation. He fondled his tits faster, enjoying the perfect heft, the wonderful firmness beneath his fingers. His mom's body was magical, growing warm and wet as Raph flicked his tongue across Trenton's slit and against his velvety folds.

Trenton moaned in his mom's throaty voice as Raph found his clit. It budded beneath his touch, winding a beautiful tension through Trenton's body. His dad looked up at him from between his legs, mouth full of Trenton's new pussy, eyes shining with lust and love. Trenton smiled happily. Raph was amazing, drawing tight shapes against Trenton's bud, ratcheting the tension higher, Trenton's voice rising in pitch until the pressure snapped and he came. The orgasm broke over him in a torrent, loosing a strangled cry from his lips as every muscle went taut and then went wonderfully slack. The pleasure released him but left him warm and ready for more.

Fortunately, the young Raph was eager to oblige. He crawled back up Trenton's body sensually, kissing each inch of skin on the way until he rested completely on top of his new bride. Everywhere his skin touched Trenton burned bright with desire. He spread his legs and felt his dad's firm girth nestle up against his entrance. His dad's lips returned to Trenton's mouth, kissing wildly as the delicious muskiness of Trenton's pussy filled his nostrils.

There was a pressure against Trenton's entrance as Raph's cock lined up, gently sliding in and then, with one quick thrust, driving deep and urging a low moan from Trenton's lips. His dad's cock was divine and Trenton luxuriated in the feeling of its length spreading him apart as it slid deep inside. His dad's cock filled his velvety canal as his dad's fingers clutched at one of Trenton's tits and his buttocks. The weight of his bulky dad resting atop him was lovely, reassuring. And then Raph withdrew and thrust in again and it was bliss.

Stars sparkled in Trenton's vision as the electric warmth within him burst through his body, making him rear up to meet his dad's downthrust. He wrapped his legs around his dad's butt and one arm around his dad's back, clinging to him, begging him for more, harder, faster. His mom's voice dripped from Trenton's lips, full of lust, a creature seeking only to be filled and fucked. His other hand slid down between their two warm bodies and found his sopping wet clit. He rubbed it furiously, his fingertips striking his dad's slick erection as he did so.

His dad pounded him, voracious for his body. Hands and mouth and tongue were greedy for him. The electric pressure burst through Trenton and he came again. The orgasm burned through him, making his eyes roll back in his head as his dad fucked him senseless, the endless smack of his dad's balls on his ass accompanying Trenton's high-pitched cry. His dad felt him trembling and thrust deep, shooting his load deep into Trenton's womb. His cock throbbed between Trenton's pussy lips, each wonderful burst of cum building more of the delightful pressure until he was so wonderfully full.

His dad lay atop him, kissing him gently, and then rolled over. They fell asleep holding each other.

The next day they embarked on their decadent honeymoon on a secluded tropical island for the rich, where waiters doted on him and fulfilled their nearly every desire. His dad fulfilled the remaining desires. They snorkeled and ate and made love and swam and jet skied and made love some more.

Raph was in his prime, taking Trenton two or three times a day. Trenton was so wonderfully sore but always succumbed to his dad's seduction. His dad always made sure his needs were met, always ensured Trenton came, worshipped him, loved him, doted on him, and focused a hundred percent of his attention on him. It was exactly what Trenton had missed from his childhood, when both his parents had left him to be raised by a succession of nannies, as if they could forget they had a child. Trenton vowed to do differently for his son.

It was so much fun to flirt with his dad. As he passed him in the hallway Trenton would reach out and grab his dad's butt. His dad would jump and give him a crooked grin, then they would end up back in the bedroom, his dad fucking him like an animal, just as Trenton needed. Raph wasn't such a workaholic now. His father was still alive so he had yet to take over the family business. That gave them ample time to enjoy Trenton's fantastic body together.

Trenton never got tired of seeing his dad's cock grow for him. It felt so fantastic inside him, deep in his pussy or slowly pushed into his mouth. Trenton lacked his mother's squeamishness about sex and would beg Raph to suck his cock after it had been inside him, licking off their mingled essences as he plunged his fingers between his legs to enjoy a last, mighty orgasm.

Trenton quickly got over the fact that his lover was his father. This man was so different from the man Trenton had grown up with that it was like two different people. Trenton kept his body in shape for Raph, eating right, working out, using all the skills he'd learned from being an older woman but with the energy of his new youth.

It was a few months after they returned from their honeymoon, while he was gabbing with his mom's friends—*his* friends now—that it dawned on Trenton that he had yet to have a period. That plus the fact that his belly was looking a little more rounded and he felt quite ill many mornings was what made him realize he was pregnant, perhaps even pregnant with himself. He knew that the odds of that were astronomical given the differences he'd introduced into this new past. Still, when an

ultrasound revealed it was a boy he vowed to name him Trenton and raise him how he wished he'd been raised.

Trenton never got tired of seeing his mom's youthful naked body, even when his belly grew larger and it became more effort to move around. If anything, he grew even hornier at the sight of his body preparing for motherhood, at the way his breasts swelled and the nipples darkened, at the way his ass expanded slightly, at the way his entire body wobbled and shook when he moved, at the way his hair became thick and lustrous. He loved the way his friends fawned over him, the way Raph doted on him and waited on him hand and foot (well, hired others to wait on him, at least). His pregnant body was beautiful, swollen with new life that he could soon feel moving within him.

At seven months his belly stuck out in front of him and he stroked it soothingly, feeling the small kick. At night, as Raph lay next to him, he would put Raph's hand on his stomach so he could feel it, too. They stared down at Trenton's baby bump as a tiny foot kicked him from inside, making his skin bump up momentarily and spilling a gasp from his lips.

Trenton had to buy new clothes, but money was no object. He picked out sweeping maternity wear that was comfortable and stylish. He used to barely tolerate clothes shopping, but after absorbing his mom's mind he found he loved it. It was like playing dress-up with a supermodel, making her put on anything he wanted, strutting around and showing off.

Trenton had cravings. *God*, he had cravings. For about a month he wanted edamame. Then it was lemons. Everything had to be lemony. Raph accommodated these cravings with good cheer, advising their personal chef to create new dishes just for Trenton.

Around the eight month mark the novelty began to wear off. Trenton needed help standing if he sat in the squishy arm chair. His back hurt. He had to pee all the time as the baby pressed on his bladder. His legs ached. He couldn't get comfortable. And he was horny as hell. He wanted sex constantly.

Two weeks before his due date, Trenton paced the large house, waiting for Raph to get home. He'd been thinking about sex all day, his pussy constantly damp. He'd masturbated with some difficulty, lying on his side and sliding his toy into his lubricated hole. But it was awkward and unfulfilling. There was a desperate urge that could only be met by his husband. Was it possible to crave cum?

As soon as Raph walked in the door, Trenton launched into his arms, kissing him hungrily.

"Good to see you, too, babe," Raph smiled.

"I need you to fuck me *right now*," Trenton growled, taking Raph's face in his hands.

Raph kissed him, his hands wrapping around Trenton's plump form to hold him close. They tossed off their clothes and, when they were naked, Trenton knelt in front of Raph. It was awkward with his out-of-balance body, with things jiggling and shaking, but he managed. His dad's cock was engorged, the head pointing right at Trenton's lips. The sight of his dad, at full mast for Trenton's body, made a surge of warmth pass through him.

Trenton swallowed his dad's thick cock, moaning as he sank his lips down the shaft and delighted in the spicy musk. Trenton drove his lips down and up, working his dad's dick expertly with his tongue as Raph groaned above him.

"Goddamn, that's hot," Raph moaned.

Trenton moved faster, driving his lips lower until he held Raph entirely within his mouth. The slight tang of precum hit Trenton's tongue and he moaned, slowing down to savor the delicious taste and enjoy the feel of his dad's warm cock pressing against the roof of his mouth and bulging out his cheeks. Trenton lifted his lips with a wet pop and stroked up and down the length with one hand

while his other hand came up to feel up his own heavy tits. He worshipped his dad's dick, making himself hornier in the process. Bright heat burned in his core. His pussy was sopping wet, the lips red and engorged for his dad's cock.

Still jiggling his tits, he sucked his dad's dick some more, loving the way he could control their twin pleasures with just his tongue and fingers. His dad suddenly gripped his head.

"Stop," Raph groaned.

Trenton paused, the dick still firmly lodged in his mouth. He felt it throb over his tongue as his dad fought for control, so turned on by Trenton's blowjob he almost lost it. When his dad finally recovered Trenton popped his lips off the shaft.

He turned around and knelt on the floor on his knees, his fat butt up in the air. His tits rested on the cold wooden floor. The cool air of the room caressed his wet pussy lips, making him shiver.

Raph knelt behind him and dragged his hand across Trenton's entrance, finding his moisture. Trenton moaned, that simple touch enough to make a spark from the fire within him jump. And then something firm and warm pressed against Trenton's aching hole. Raph gripped Trenton's hips firmly and buried himself to the hilt with a quick thrust. Trenton cried out in lust as the cock filled him, quickly pressing apart the walls of his canal as it slid completely inside and Raph's groin rested against Trenton's butt.

Jesus, it felt so wonderful to be filled. Raph slid out and Trenton whimpered, needy, before Raph plunged back in. He moved into a deep, slow rhythm, fucking Trenton on the floor. Each thrust of Raph's cock made Trenton's body shake. Moisture dripped down Trenton's thighs and the wet sounds of his sex were so loud in his ears. His voice rose in pitch as he begged for more, his body so goddamn hungry for dick.

Raph moved faster, until he was pounding Trenton from behind, the quick slap of Raph's balls on Trenton's cunt matching the lewd sounds of Trenton's sopping sex. Trenton clutched his tits, spreading his legs so his dad could get deeper. The head of the cock thrust in again and again, each time driving the heat higher through Trenton's body until he exploded with orgasm. He cried out, clutching himself. His legs went weak and he was only held aloft by his dad's strong grip as he fucked Trenton senseless. Trenton's eyes rolled back in his head. He was brainless with need as the orgasm pulsed through him, making his canal tense around his dad's dick.

With a mighty groan his dad came, sliding deep, deep into Trenton's slick sex and emptying himself. The wonderful throbbing girth brought with it spurts of heat that made Trenton impossible full. He took the entire load, shaking and moaning as his dad came inside his sex-crazed body.

Only when they were both done did Trenton sink to the floor, partially on his side, breathing hard. The world came back to him slowly. Hot cum dripped out of him, making a lazy trail down his thigh. At last, he was sated.

They said that sex encouraged the labor process. Maybe his dad fulfilling Trenton's constant horny cravings were what made him start labor a day early. The contractions started in the morning, a sharp cramp in his midsection that made Trenton stop in the middle of a sentence and clutch his stomach. A little later there was another. By mid-afternoon they were regular and closer together. By evening they were a half hour apart.

Raph grabbed the overnight bag and drove Trenton to the hospital. They checked into a private room and waited. Raph brought Trenton water and ice whenever he needed it and helped walk him around the room. Trenton had one hand on his aching back while Raph held the other and they paced back and forth, stopping every now and then as a more intense burst of pain lit Trenton up.

The doctor came in to check on him and Trenton lay in the bed, his feet apart. The doctor lifted his gown and nodded.

"Looks like you're almost there. About 8 centimeters."

Trenton began to respond but another burst of pain cut him off. He gripped Raph's fingers and clenched his eyes shut.

"Almost?" he asked in exasperation when the pain subsided. He wanted the baby out of him.

The labor came in earnest soon enough. Sometime after midnight the nurse and the doctor sat on stools at his feet while Raph dabbed his forehead with a wet cloth. Trenton gripped a finger of Raph's free hand. His dark hair was plastered to his head and the intense pains were near constant. It was hard to breathe into it like he'd been taught in their Lamaze classes but he tried.

The doctor spoke encouragingly. Trenton felt something inside him shifting, felt an immense pressure building between his legs. He breathed and grunted and cried, the hazy shimmer of pain filling his entire world. There was a push that made everything shift. Another. And another. And then the pain and the pressure built to a quick crescendo before easing altogether.

A baby's cries filled the room, small and fragile. The doctor cut the cord and the nurse handed the baby to Trenton. Trenton cried and clutched the life he'd just made. There was nothing so beautiful as this warm little bundle he clutched to his chest. Raph looked relieved and ecstatic. Trenton held his baby self and gently kissed its tiny head.

The nurse cleaned him up as Raph cooed over baby Trenton. The two parents stared lovingly at their new child. Trenton's long fantasy had finally been fulfilled. He'd fixed the past. Given birth to himself. This Trenton would have the life that old Trenton never had. He would give him everything. Love him forever. Fix all of his mom's mistakes.

He would erase the past and start over, making his mom's life better than she ever could. Hell, he still had his own brains. Replicating the success of his experiments would be easy. A simple act of remembering what he'd done before. They could work together. A mother and son scientist team. The whole future stretched before him, wild and wonderful. With his brains and his mom's body, nothing would be impossible.

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Thank you!

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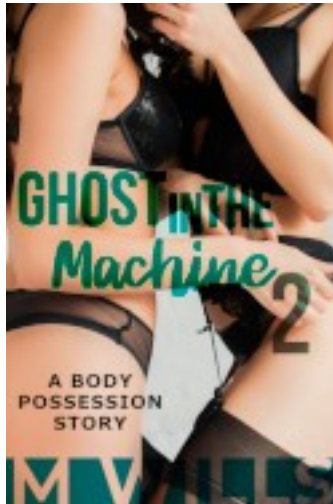
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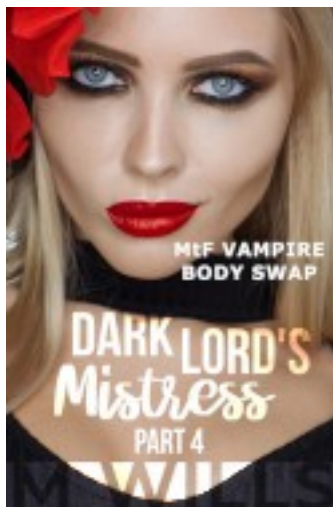
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