

BODY SWAP EROTICA

# THE Sub

IMMORTALS



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**The Sub**

***Body Swap Erotica***

**by M. Wills**

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This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

## **Author's Note**

Regular readers may recognize the beginning of this story. It starts off the same as one of my previously published stories “Substitute Teacher”, but it branches off when the swap partners change. This is a completely standalone alternate version commissioned by a reader. Enjoy!

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## **The Sub**

More often than not, life was just a bitch. Chris had long since accepted that fact as absolute truth. Life had dealt him an array of irritations—asthma, myopia, a complete inability to interact with girls/jocks/hipsters/basically any human being—all of which had turned high school into an ongoing source of torment and frustration.

But, every once in a while, life was kind. Every once in a while life did something generous... like move Miss Andrews into the house next door. Every once in a while, like today, life outdid itself and dropped the hottest, most lusciously curved and delectably ripe-looking teacher in school right into the small house located just feet from Chris's bedroom window. And Chris was suitably grateful.

He was grateful as hell as he watched her lug boxes in from her U-Haul. Grateful for the long, dark hair bouncing in her ponytail. Grateful for the yoga pants hugging her ass and for the jiggle of her perfect tits as she bounced up her front steps. Grateful for the four and half minutes she spent bent over a carton in her front yard giving Chris a clear view straight down her top.

Then she dropped the last box, a bundle of electronics and wires hitting the front path in a tangled mess, and Chris figured it was time to stop just being grateful and to be helpful instead. He headed for the front door and out into his yard. Giving what was, he realized, the most pathetic little wave, he called, "Hey Miss Andrews."

Looking up from her crouched position over the mess, she peered at him in surprise over her glasses. "Oh, hi Chris. You live here?"

"Um, yeah." Stating the obvious, he added, "You're moving in."

“Yep,” she surveyed the mess, pushing her glasses up her nose as she did so in a way Chris found almost unbearably adorable, “though I’m clearly not doing a good job of it.”

“You need some help?”

“No, no, it’s fine. I’m almost done, just need to—” As she stood, the bottom of the cardboard box she was lifting collapsed and the remaining contents hit the ground, spilling a tangle of cables and remote controls across the pavement. She gave a defeated laugh. “Ok, maybe I could use a little help.”

Chris didn’t need to be asked twice and bounded over into her yard. Together they scooped up the scattered contents of the box and headed inside. The house was controlled chaos: piles of cardboard cartons, flatpack furniture waiting to be assembled, kitchen cupboards open and bare.

Chris looked over the collection of items he’d brought in as he dumped them on the kitchen counter and one item caught his eye - an elaborate home security system still in its box. Trying to make conversation, he said cautiously, “Wow, that’s a lot of security. I mean, especially for this neighborhood.”

Miss Andrews rolled her eyes. “Oh, I know. That stupid thing is courtesy of my completely overprotective mother. She’s convinced I shouldn’t be living on my own and made me promise I’d set it up before I spend a single night here.” She pointed at a pile of hardware sitting next to the front door. “She’s also responsible for the two extra locks I apparently need to install.”

Not sure what else to say, Chris mumbled, “She’s just being, you know, cautious I guess.”

Miss Andrews grinned. “You say - cautious, I say - overbearing.”

Chris couldn’t quite believe what was happening. He was having a conversation—an actual conversation—with Miss Andrews. While standing in her house. While she was wearing frickin' skin-tight pants and a low-cut top that gaped every time she bent over. He had to concentrate intently on her face so his eyes wouldn't slide down her curvy body and land on her perfect rack, still peeking out from beneath the top of her outfit.

Hoping to keep things going, he asked, “You need any more help? I could carry... something.”

She shook her head. “No, all good. Everything’s inside, I just need to go return the U-Haul.”

Chris recognized his cue to leave and made one last desperate play for time. He held up the security system. “I could set this up for you. You know, if your mom’s all...”

For just a split second, she hesitated, then said, “That’s kind, Chris, but I really shouldn’t have you here doing my—”

“It’s not a problem.”

“Thanks but I’m sure I can figure it out.” Belying her words was her slightly trepidatious glance down at the complicated-looking system.”

Chris played his advantage. “Oh, so it’s just a plug-and-play system? You don’t need to configure the system? Just hook it up to your router? Although it’s only got a 16gb USB drive so I’m assuming you’ll need to set up cloud storage.” He shot her a look of pure nerd concern. “Have you even set up your router yet?”

She laughed and threw up her hands in surrender. “Ok, so I know the answer to exactly none of those questions.”

Chris doubled down. “I’m sure it’ll autosave to Dropbox if you prefer.”

“Now you’re just making me feel completely useless.” Biting her lower lip in a self-conscious way that rendered Chris temporarily immobile, she said apologetically, “I know I shouldn’t ask but, if you really don’t mind, I could probably use your help.”

Eyes glued to the plump, pink swell of her lip, Chris merely nodded.

She smiled and added, “If you’re sure it’s not a hassle?”

“No, no, umm, no hassle. Easy.” He shrugged. “I’m a nerd, this stuff is...” He made himself stop babbling. “Do you know where you want the sensors and

security cameras?”

She waved a hand about dismissively. “Just spread them around the house wherever makes sense.” Glancing down at her phone, she squeaked, “Eek, I need to return the truck before they charge me for another day. Are you ok here on your own?”

“Yeah, I’m good.” He held up the security system. “I’ll get started.”

Heading for the door, she called, “You’re the best.”

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Chris was staring at both a golden opportunity and a serious moral dilemma. He had set up the router and security system, installed the sensors and hooked up all the cameras. A dozen unobtrusive little Wi-Fi devices now dotted the house. The final step was setting storage for the cam footage and access to the feed. The system allowed up to five users to access the data.

Hence the dilemma.

With just a couple of keystrokes, Chris could authorize himself to access all footage. Hell, a few clicks and he could have every frame of footage dropped into an anonymous Dropbox account. And, he was willing to bet that Miss Andrews would never be any the wiser. He was pretty sure she couldn’t even get into the system settings, let alone dig through them to see who was getting the

camera feeds. And... even say she did; he had a plausible excuse. He played the scenario in his head: “Oh, yeah, I remember, I did give myself access to the footage. I had to test to see if it was working. Huh, did I forget to change the settings afterwards?” It was credible.

Glancing into the bedroom, Chris stared at the camera mounted high on the wall. One thought played in his head: at some point, some point very soon in fact, Miss Andrews was probably going to come home and walk into that very room. And she was going to peel off her dusty moving day clothes. She was going to unhook the pink bra Chris had clearly seen down her shirt and she was going to release her gorgeous tits. And she was going take off her panties and every single inch of her flesh was going to be captured on camera. And he had to see it.

Not giving himself another moment to second guess, he gave himself a link to the feed.

## 2

Chris thought he knew a thing or two about torment—after all, he was an undersized nerd with inch-thick glasses and alarmingly underdeveloped muscle tone who had to walk the halls of high school every day—but, as it turned out, he knew nothing. Torment, as he now learned, was having to sit in class and listen to Miss Andrews drone on about some topic (today it was unconscious bias and institutional prejudice) and try to pretend that he hadn't almost seen her naked three times in the past 24 hours. Torment was watching her body move and shift under her clothes and knowing he'd almost seen it all. Almost.

She leaned over, her skirt cinching across her ass, and grabbed her glasses from her desk. "So, when we say 'unconscious bias' what do we mean? And what impact do these stereotypes have in real terms?" She crossed her arms beneath her ample breasts, supporting one arm so she could chew on the handle of her glasses.

Chris might have been vaguely interested in the topic if he wasn't busy picturing the three—three!—times she'd been on the verge of stripping in her bedroom (right in front of the camera)... and had then, at the last second, disappeared into the camera-free bathroom.

Frustration mounting, he watched her sit on her desk at the front of class, cross her legs and slip her glasses back on. She perched them on her adorable little nose and peered over the top of them to add, "And it's not just assumptions about race and sex; a quick glance at the average height of Fortune 500 CEOs give you a pretty clear indication that heightism is alive and well."

She droned on, and it was probably going to be on the exam, but Chris was a little distracted, mentally replaying the footage he'd watched that morning: Miss Andrews sitting in her bedroom with her back to the camera, blow drying her hair; her towel slipping gradually lower and lower and eventually pooling around her waist. Then the glorious few seconds when she'd put down the hair dryer and Chris had known she was about to turn around and he was finally going to see her tits.

And then she'd pulled up her towel and headed into the bathroom, leaving Chris rock hard and howling in frustration.

All of which left him here: blue balled in his Monday Citizenship and Civics class.

Oblivious to his pain, Miss Andrews continued, "So, as those of you who actually read the syllabus will remember, this week's assignment will be an opportunity to truly examine the prejudices and privileges we all take for granted. You will be swapping bodies with a partner and I want you all to take an in depth look at life in someone else's shoes. Essay is due Friday, two thousand words and I want—"

The collective groan from the class, made her pause momentarily then continue with a wry grin that made Eric fall even more in lust with her, "Two thousand words minimum on the topic."

Amber, the prissy blonde cheerleader in the back row, rolled her eyes and said, "Miss Andrews, do we have to swap? I mean can't we just, like, explain that we totally get racism. And, I mean, I personally so don't need to swap and, also, like, what if someone makes my body skip cheer practice?" Her blue eyes widened in horror and her hand came up to her bubblegum pink lips. "Or eat

carbs.”

Miss Andrews’s face remained impassive (which Chris thought was actually quite an achievement) and said calmly, “Amber, if you’d read the material that came home with the authorization forms that you and your parents signed last week, you’d know that the swap is mandatory. You’d also know that there are the same consents and protocols in place that we use every year. All students agree to respect and adhere to each other’s schedule, beliefs and diets. Not to mention, there are countless mental blocks automatically imposed by the swap system to ensure everyone’s privacy and safety.”

Amber looked ready to keep arguing, “Yeah but—”

Miss Andrews silenced her with a glare over the top of her glasses. “It’s mandatory, Amber.” Turning to the rest of the classes, she said, “Ok, the computer’s paired everyone up, so I’ll read out the names.” She picked up a printout from her desk and went through the list: “Ryan and Craig. Julia and Julio. Amber and--” Miss Andrews frowned slightly, “...Justin.”

Chris glanced over at Justin. He didn’t know Justin that well but they had Coding Club and chemistry together, they talked occasionally - not friends but acquaintances at least. It seemed that they had a lot in common: both geeky loners. Justin had a huge grin on his face and he looked over at Amber. She looked back at him and wrinkled her nose in disgust then raised her hand quickly.

“Miss Andrews! Miss Andrews! Isn’t there a way we can...switch partners?”

Miss Andrews shook her head. “Your partners have been chosen randomly. That’s the only way it’s fair.” She continued reading from the list.

Chris began sweating profusely as Miss Andrews failed to call out his name and the remaining possibilities dwindled. What life would he be forced to endure for the next two days? Hardcore geekery? Friendless stoner? Antisocial delinquent?

Or, as it eventually turned out, no one. Miss Andrews finished the list and looked around the classroom. “Is that everyone?”

Chris slowly raised his hand. Did this mean—thank God—that he didn’t have to swap with anyone? Maybe he lucked out of it entirely.

And then, in a scene that reminded Chris distinctly of third grade gym class, Miss Andrews said with an overly bright and condescending smile, “Well, Chris, looks like you’re partnered up with me.”

And his brain short-circuited. He was going to be in Miss Andrews. Have her body. Walk it home and move it, hold it, touch it for days on end. If third grade gym class was the nadir, then this was the corresponding zenith. For a solid minute, there was a ringing in his ears that made it hard to concentrate on anything else, barely aware of the room around him.

When he came back to reality the first swap had already started. Two students Chris barely knew had entered the double pods at the front of the classroom. A minute later they’d come out, both staring down at their temporary new bodies in awe. They moved to the side of the room and shared their excitement as Justin and Amber stepped up to the pods. Amber had to be cajoled with a warning

glance from Miss Andrews. Finally, she tossed her blonde hair back and walked in.

The doors closed for a minute, and when they opened a very excited Amber, and a very pissed off Justin, emerged. The new Amber shot his old body a condescending smile and patted her arm.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of it,” Justin said.

Amber scowled, a look that didn’t have the force behind it coming as it did from Justin’s pale, pockmarked face. “You better not skimp on my diet,” she warned.

Chris’s eavesdropping was interrupted by Miss Andrews. “Well, Chris, are you ready?”

Chris’s mouth was dry as he stepped up to the pod. He glanced over at Mrs. Andrews but she was already slipping inside, her plump butt wiggling beneath her skirt as she walked. A plump butt that would soon be his Chris realized with a start.

Chris ducked into the pod and shut the door. He could feel the sweat stains pooling beneath each arm, leaving huge marks on his pale blue collared shirt. Oh god, what would Miss Andrews think? He didn’t have much time to wonder about that because there was a flash of red light and then a brief instance of dizziness, as if the world had rotated around him. He fumbled the pod door open with gloriously dainty fingers and stepped out, one gloriously long leg at a time brushing against the light fabric of his skirt.

The room was slightly off from this new angle, and the distance between his new eyes required a few minutes of adjustment. His whole perception of his body no longer matched his physical form, and he leaned on the door for support. He made the mistake of glancing down and found himself staring right into Miss Andrews's deep cleavage, the round tops of her heavy breasts clasped tight by a white bra, all hidden from everyone else's eyes beneath her floral top. Oh, man, he could feel the weight of his tits hanging from his chest.

"How do you feel, Chris?" A strangely familiar voice asked.

Chris looked up to see his former body peering down. His old body was a head taller than his new one, and the smile on his face was Miss Andrews's wry grin.

"I'm okay," he said, marveling at the soft new voice that spilled from his lips.

"Come over here and sit down and we can talk about the next few days."

Miss Andrews motioned to a desk and Chris moved towards it. He was ungainly in this new body, unused to the wider hips, the plumper butt, the swaying breasts. His ponytail danced across the back of his neck and he sat with none of Miss Andrews's usual grace.

"The program should help you adjust to the physical body soon. In the meantime, is there anything I should know? Any dietary restrictions? Medication?"

Miss Andrews was taking this so casually. She couldn't know that Chris was dizzy with the possibilities of being in the body he'd so recently fantasized about. God, it was weird looking at his own face from this angle. Chris folded his arms across his chest, felt them bump up against his breasts, and dropped them back down to the desk. He was aware that the pause had gone on for too long and shook his head.

"That makes things easy," Miss Andrews continued. "You'll have to avoid milk and cheese. My body doesn't do well with lactose."

Chris was able to collect himself enough to warn Miss Andrews about his asthma and where he kept his inhaler. Conversations like this were playing out all around the classroom as students swapped and began adjusting to the bodies and the lives they would live for the next several days.

"Do you have any questions for me?" Miss Andrews finally asked.

"What about...um...driving? I bike to school so...um..." Chris asked, focusing on practical matters and trying very hard not to think about what he planned to do when he got home.

"Well, you won't be allowed to drive. You can still take your bike. Just wear a helmet. Protect that head of mine!" She seemed to be taking this awfully well.

They were interrupted by the arrival of Principal Schneider, who had a kid hovering morosely behind him.

“Miss Andrews?” he asked, looking at Chris.

But it was Chris’s body who responded: “Yes?”

Principal Schneider realized his error. “Ah. I see you’ve already swapped. I have a latecomer. Eric here is signed up for Swap Class.”

Eric, the school’s resident thug, stepped forward. Big, black and built, he was pretty much the walking antithesis to Chris’s pale, scrawny bod. He also a fucking psycho, a gang banger hovering on the brink of expulsion and, if the rumors were true, incarceration.

“Oh,” Miss Andrews pursed her lips, another expression that looked so fucking cute on her but not as cute on Chris.

“If everybody already swapped, that mean I gotta be her?” Eric asked, nodding to Justin.

Miss Andrews’s eyes flicked around the room and Chris got the distinct impression that she didn’t want Eric to have the run of her body for the rest of the week, mental block or no. Then her eyes lit up and she said, “Justin, you’ll have to swap bodies with Eric.”

Justin turned towards Miss Andrews and his face fell. He tried to argue but Miss

Andrews and Principal Schneider were having none of it. In the end, Justin-in-Amber walked into one pod while Eric entered the other. A minute later Eric returned, now in Amber's slender cheerleader body, while Justin plodded out of his pod inside Eric's heavy, hulking form. Justin's scowl of displeasure was even more impressive written across Eric's broad features. Not that Eric seemed to be enjoying himself any better. He was looking down at the new cheerleader body he now possessed with a look of disgust. Amber-in-Justin approached Eric.

"Don't you do anything to my body," she warned.

"Bitch, I don't even want your body," Eric replied.

"Eric!" Miss Andrews shot.

Eric rolled his eyes but didn't say anything more. Miss Andrews returned to the front of the classroom and got everyone's attention. They filed back to their desks, most shifting uncomfortably in their new forms. Chris was filled with a weird vertigo watching his former body lecturing in front of everyone.

"Now the program comes with a mental block so that you can't do anything inappropriate in your bodies, so there's no need to worry about anything like that. Each of you needs to take good care of your borrowed bodies and return them in the same condition."

As Miss Andrews continued explaining the rules—again!—Chris kept his hands clasped together on the desk in front of him and gazed around the classroom in an effort to avoid thinking about who's body he was inside. It was kind of funny to see Steven's body, in his preppy collared-shirt and khakis, slumped back in his

chair like the stoner Keith. While Steven looked aggravated as he tried to tame Keith's long, wavy hair with his spindly fingers.

Eric didn't seem to be paying any attention to Miss Andrews. He, too, was reclined back in his chair, but his gaze was directed straight down his own top at Amber's bouncing breasts and he didn't seem to be too happy about having them. Chris so wanted to look at Miss Andrew's body, but not in front of her. And, besides, the mental block would probably stop him from doing all the things he dreamed of doing. Maybe he could get a glimpse of himself in the shower, at least.

Miss Andrews seemed to be winding down: "And, as you all know, the rules of the swap are that you have to live in the house associated with your new body, so please be polite to your host parents. If you have any problems you can call the hotline number in the email that was sent out. Otherwise, have a good week."

The bell rang soon afterwards and Chris collected his backpack, hoisting it up onto his more slender shoulders. Hooking his thumbs through the straps as he usually did, he found that his hands were resting on his pleasant new breasts. He pretended not to notice as he hurried out the door, but it captured most of his attention.

God, it was weird walking around as Miss Andrews. He could feel his breasts bouncing at each step. A lock of hair had escaped from his ponytail and every time he swiped it behind a dainty ear his fingers would graze across his smooth face. His bare thighs occasionally swished against each other beneath the skirt, sending a little thrill through him.

Walking down the hallway, students would glance over at him and grin. Word that he was in Miss Andrews's body got around the school quickly and several

times during the day kids that Chris barely knew would call out his name and invite him into their group. Chris ignored their invitations, just concentrating on getting through the last class of the day. He'd been trusted with Miss Andrews's body and he wasn't going to abuse that trust.

At least, not for anyone that wasn't him.

It was agony waiting for the end of school bell. He'd never been less interested in calculus. When the final bell rang he hurried out.

Biking home was an experience. He had to adjust his seat to the right height and slide the skirt tightly around his legs and beneath his butt so it wouldn't billow up and give everyone a view of Miss Andrews's panties. It worked, just, and he biked to his temporary new home.

### 3

Even though Chris knew he was supposed to be in Miss Andrews's home, it still felt sort of creepy walking around alone, like he was a burglar or something. There were still quite a lot of boxes around the place from her recent move. The kitchen was mostly put together, and the living room had a small couch and a television. But a few bookshelves up against the wall still stood empty and a pile of unlabeled boxes took up a small office.

Chris wandered down the hallway towards Miss Andrews's bedroom. The mental block was designed to prevent people from having sex, or taking pictures, or even looking at their new body in the nude. People's eyes sort of glanced away from their body, and even if they caught a glimpse the sight of their new bodies wouldn't be stored in memory. Chris had heard from some other kids who'd been through the swap program that, though there was no way to break through the mental block, you could still sneak a peek at your body if you were careful. The trick was intent and using your peripheral vision. Though you wouldn't remember later what it looked like.

*I need to take a shower, Chris repeated the thought over and over to himself, like a mantra, hoping to convince the mental block.*

He reached around behind his back and unbuttoned the top button of his blouse. Then he pulled the top over his head and brushed his silky hair back out of his eyes. He couldn't resist, and looked straight down at himself. Miss Andrews's huge breasts hung from his chest, straining against a plain white bra. The cups looked enormous, as did the curves that disappeared into them.

Still repeating his mantra, Chris reached around and struggled with the clasp of the bra. He had to wiggle around a little but soon had it apart. Shrugging it off his shoulders he couldn't help but look down at his bare chest. There hung Miss Andrews's tits, looking even better than he'd imagined. The wide expanse of both breasts protruded from his chest, so big they obscured the view of the rest of his body. Each breast was capped with a quarter-sized areolae.

Chris forgot to breathe for a second as he stared down at his teacher's tits. His tits now. It occurred to him that the mental block should be preventing this. But then maybe he'd understood wrong and the mental block would just impact his memory of the event? Whatever. Best to live in the moment.

Chris cupped his huge tits in each hand. They spilled out of his fingers and he hefted them, watching as they wobbled in his grasp. They were heavier than he'd imagined. Plump and ripe and so wonderful to squeeze. He let out a long slow breath as he gaped down at his body, making Miss Andrews's hands grasp and caress her own tits. When he released them they bounced back together. He took them up again and watched them bounce back together, enjoying the elasticity of his skin, the slow, ponderous motion of his tits, and their wonderful weightiness. Chris could have stared at his new tits for hours, watching his new skin jiggle as he fondled himself. But there was a warmth steadily growing between his thighs.

Wondering how far he could push it, Chris reached around and unzipped his skirt before letting it drop to the floor. Now he stood wearing just Miss Andrews's white panties, clasped between her smooth, creamy thighs. Hooking his thumbs beneath the panties, he rolled them over his fatter butt and down his legs, his tits dangling beneath him as he leaned forward.

He was totally naked now and staring down at the light tuft of hair between his legs. Holy fuck, Miss Andrews was hot. She must have been somewhere in her early thirties. Slightly plump but not quite mom-ish, with a jiggly bubble butt and grabbable hips.

There was a full-length mirror against her closet wall and Chris stepped in front of it. His breath hitched in his throat as he gaped at his image. Miss Andrews's reflection stared back at him, wearing only her glasses. Her mouth was open in a little 'o' of surprise. Chris's eyes crept up and down her body. Bringing his hands up, he began sliding them around his curves, exploring the new shape of himself. His fingers whispered over his plump butt and he grabbed a handful to squeeze, then gave it a light tap and watched the ass cheek bounce. He turned back and forth to admire his figure, his breasts swaying gently as he did so.

As he stroked himself his hand neared his mound and he soon followed the coarse trail of pubic hair down between his legs. He stared at himself as he made Miss Andrews's fingers trace the soft line of her slit. There was a warmth inside him yearning to be set free, and dipping his fingers lightly into his pussy made him burn bright.

Christ, she felt so good. He traced the line of her slit up and down, watching as her pussy lips gently opened for his touch. He took a breast in his other hand and squeezed it, letting his fingers stroke the little areola until the nipple stiffened and sent wonderful tingles through his body. They joined up with the warmth, the feelings combining to urge him on.

His fingers quickened up and down his pussy and now he landed on the first hint of his dew. The slight slick feeling was delightful and he slid in further. Now he felt his pussy lips grasping his finger, felt his fingertip lightly graze over his silky folds and a sigh escaped his lips. His knees grew weak and he sat on the floor in front of the mirror, legs spread, watching his reflection, turned on by himself as he stroked and caressed his new body. His pussy spread open for him and his pink lips appeared, already shiny with need.

He gripped his breast harder now. His body demanded more and he obliged, stroking his pussy faster, up and down, until he landed on his swelling clit and a little gasp escaped his soft lips. There! He stayed on that exquisite spot, stroking in tight circles while the heat coiled through him. His eyes were locked on his teacher's naked body in the mirror. He smiled and licked his lips seductively, little tongue sliding out as he made sexy faces at himself. Watching Miss Andrews get horny was hot, feeling her get horny was even hotter.

His fingers were now wet with his juices and the slick sound of himself hit his ears. He stroked faster and faster, chasing the heat as it rose higher and higher before exploding suddenly. He cried out in Miss Andrews's high-pitched voice, one hand gripping his breast hard, the other moving fast and firm across his clit while he enjoyed her wonderful, full-bodied orgasm. His mouth dropped open and his eyes clenched shut as pleasure shot through him, uncontrollable and desperate. He continued stroking himself all the way through the long tail of orgasm until he was back down. Still warm, still horny, but also ashamed.

Holy shit, he'd just masturbated in Miss Andrews's body! And he still remembered every moment. Only once his head was clear did it occur to him what this meant. Something had gone wrong with the mental block. Chris knew he should report this to someone so they could fix it. But...that meant it would get fixed. But...it was the right thing to do. Chris vowed to do it.

Right after one last orgasm.

## 4

One orgasm had become another, and another. He moved to the bed where it was more comfortable and spent a good part of the afternoon enjoying Miss Andrews's body. At one point he remembered the cameras in the room, but reassured himself with the thought that Miss Andrews wouldn't be poking around on his computer. And, even if she was, she'd be unlikely to find the camera program. Plus, it was too late now and she hadn't come over to stop him so that must mean his secret was safe. Before Chris knew it, it was too late to do anything but eat a hastily thrown together meal and go to bed.

Chris dreamed he was touching his teacher's breasts and awoke to find it was true. His hand was resting on his soft chest, fingers splayed across his tits. He was already a little wet from the dream so he made himself even more wet before getting up. Nothing like a quick orgasm in his teacher's body to start the day. By now he was quite adept at manipulating Miss Andrews's body and came within minutes.

He took a shower, covering himself in Miss Andrews's fruity body wash and shampoo. He'd often caught whiffs of her body wash and the scent was associated with her in his mind, so it was incredible to bathe in it. When he stepped out he surveyed the makeup laid out on the sink. He had no idea what to do with any of it so in the end he just brushed his hair and put on deodorant.

Chris tried to find the most gender-neutral outfit he could, but even the slim-fit jeans and tight white tee shirt looked good on him. The clothes clung to his body, highlighting his curves.

He was in the kitchen, digging around in the fridge for something to eat when the doorbell rang. He was surprised to find it was his former body at the door, dressed in a shirt and tie.

“Morning, Chris,” Miss Andrews said, “I thought I’d stop by to see if you needed help with anything.”

“Well...I don’t know what to do with your makeup.”

“I can help with that.”

They dragged a chair into the bathroom and then Miss Andrews fussed over him. He watched her work, trying to memorize the routine as she brushed and dabbed the various bits of makeup on.

“How was your night?” She asked, peering closely at his face, a tiny brush in hand.

“Good. A little hard sleeping, though.”

“Yeah, the first night in a new body is hard.”

“Have you had to swap before?”

She nodded. “It’s a learning experience for me, too. Close your eyes.”

He did so and felt her gently brush his eyelids. When she finished there was a pause. “Can I open my eyes now?”

“Yes, we’re all done. Let me put this away and I’ll meet you in the kitchen.”

She’d turned away from him and was busying herself with some of the containers, but Chris saw that she had an erection. He wondered if she’d had one last night. He had them all the time, just part of being a teen. Had she done anything about it?

Miss Andrews drove him to school and they split up. Chris had first period with Justin, and Eric’s massive body seemed so out of place in the advanced chemistry class. Chris noticed how Justin fumbled with the test tubes, not quite getting the hang of his thicker fingers and beefy body. After spilling for the third time he slammed his fist down on the desk. The loud thump drew everyone’s attention and it was the first time Chris had ever seen Eric look apologetic.

Chris’s lab partner, Kelly, was a bookish girl who was usually quiet around him. But today she was more open, sharing her opinions and joking around. She seemed more at ease talking to another woman, as if she’d forgotten who was really inside.

It was like that all day. People treated him differently in Miss Andrews’s body. A table of girls—some of whom were also swap program students—let him join in

their little circle at lunch. Some of the guys also offered him a seat, but Chris was more wary of their intentions. The girls gossiped and joked, sharing their experiences in their strange bodies so far. Amber was there, too, sitting morosely in Justin's body. Chris noticed her tray was piled high with junk food and when he pointed it out she just shrugged.

"I've got to get something good out of this swap. May as well eat what I want," she said, stuffing another chocolate cake into her mouth and closing her eyes in delight. "Oh my god. Carbs are amazing."

As they talked, Eric entered the lunch room. It was the first time Chris had seen him all day. He still had his same menacing walk but it was less impressive in Amber's sleek feminine body. He was certainly much less graceful than the real Amber. He wore a baggy shirt and sweatpants, and was a far cry from Amber's perfect made-up self. His hair was tangled and he had a stain on his shirt.

Eric sat heavily at a table with his other friends, who began teasing him. Amber looked up, saw her former body, and stuffed another piece of cake into her mouth in despair.

Justin entered a little while later, scanning the lunchroom until he saw Eric. He stalked over to Eric's table and Chris heard him order the other guys to move. Eric had the biggest body in school and Justin looked pissed, so the others cleared out. Justin took a seat beside Amber's body and leaned close. Chris couldn't hear what he was saying but he looked upset.

The others at Chris's table were also watching what was going on and began speculating among themselves. Chris picked up his trash and, on the pretense of going to dump it in the garbage, walked slowly by Eric and Justin. He caught snippets of Justin's conversation, something about how he'd been "planning this

for so long” and now it was ruined.

“Shit, man,” Eric responded, “You think I wanted this?” And then, seeing an opportunity to bully Justin, added: “How’s my body been treating you? Dick big enough for you?”

Justin crushed his soda can in one beefy hand and rose suddenly, almost knocking into Chris. Justin sneered at Chris and stalked off. Eric tossed his blonde hair out of his eyes and shook his head. He caught Chris looking at him and sneered.

“What?” He said, and then smiled as he realized who he was looking at. “Oh, shit, you got Miss Andrews’s body. How is she?”

“She’s all right,” Chris replied, not knowing what else to say.

“Yeah, I’ll bet she is!” Eric laughed at his own private joke.

When the bell rang Chris went to his next class, accompanied by Steven, the preppy turned stoner. Steven had managed to find a dress shirt in Keith’s wardrobe and had pulled his hair back into a man bun. As they walked to class, Steven confessed to Chris that Keith’s mom had been only too happy to help with his hair and his outfit.

“Small consolation,” Steven sighed. “I think Keith has been smoking weed in my body.”

“Why do you say that?” Chris asked.

At that moment, Keith passed by them both. His eyes were bloodshot and half-closed. He glanced at Steven and burst out laughing as he continued down the hallway.

“Cause of that.”

“Don’t worry, the mental block makes that impossible,” Chris said, though he had his doubts about the efficacy of the block given his own experiences last night.

That period was spent sitting at his desk, watching Miss Andrews in his body give another lecture about civics. It was funny the way her mannerisms played out on Chris’s body. Like the way she would go to swipe her hair back only to find she didn’t have much of it. Or the way she carefully positioned herself behind her desk so nobody could see the bottom half of her, likely because she had an unexpected hard-on.

When the final bell rang Miss Andrews asked Chris if he wanted to share a ride back home. They’d just pulled out of the school parking lot when Miss Andrews jumped right into her concerns.

“Chris, have you noticed anything...unexpected during this swap?”

“Aside from wearing your body?” he giggled, blushing red. “No.”

“No sort of...feelings or urges?”

“Nope,” Chris lied. “Why?”

She sighed. “I’ve been seeing some unusual things with this round of swap students. And I, myself, have been experiencing certain...feelings that aren’t quite right.”

“Like what?”

“Well,” she glanced at him. Now it was her turn to blush. “Never mind. Maybe it’s nothing.”

She turned the conversation back to Chris for the rest of the ride home until she pulled up into his driveway.

“Oh,” she said, “I forgot to tell you, I have a skin care regimen I do. It’s kind of important. Can I come over and show you?”

“Sure.”

They walked over to Miss Andrews's house and to the bathroom. She pulled a few creams out of the bathroom medicine cabinet and explained how to use them. Chris nodded along, making sure he got every word.

"You sure you can do this for me?" Miss Andrews asked.

"Of course. I'll take good care of your body."

"I know. Thank you for doing this."

She bent and kissed him on the cheek. When she stood back up they stared at each other for a beat. Chris was aware of his heart pounding in his chest. His own face was so close to him, so clearly wanting what he was willing to give.

He didn't know who made the first move but suddenly their lips were locked together in an urgent kiss, their hands clutching at each other. Her hands roamed across his back and down to his ass, squeezing gently before sliding back up. He clutched his former body to him as his tongue snaked out into his former mouth.

Kissing a guy wasn't as strange as he thought it would be. It helped that the guy was him and a body he was intimately familiar with. Even so, he felt a strange aching between his legs, and Miss Andrews warm touch was more exciting to his body than he thought it should have been.

She pulled away, gasping. "We shouldn't be doing this," she said, barely in control of herself.

“You’re right,” Chris replied, standing on his tiptoes and kissing her again.

She lost all control, pressing her mouth tight to his, sucking on his tongue as her hands came up to squeeze her former body. She was so eager with her hands, and so good, pinching and plucking, teasing Chris’s new body into a state of warm arousal.

They undressed each other and Chris bounced onto the bed. He lay on his back, leaning on his elbows in what he hoped was a sultry look. One leg was bent, the other lay straight on the bed. Miss Andrews loomed over the bed in Chris’s naked body. His cock looked so impressive from this angle and they both admired each other.

“Goddamn,” Miss Andrews whispered, her eyes wide as her gaze travelled up and down her naked former body.

Chris smiled and cupped a fat breast, spreading his fingers out over the heavy expanse and squeezing gently. How he loved Miss Andrews’s body!

She knelt on the bed and gently pushed his legs apart, gazing down at his beautiful pussy. Her eyes were wide and she stroked him softly with trembling fingers.

“Oh god,” she whispered again. “I just want to...”

She lowered her face between Chris's legs and he felt her warm wet tongue slide up his slit. Christ, it felt good, pushing apart the little lips of his pussy and just grazing his velvety folds. Chris sank back into the bed, hands coming up to knead his bobbling breasts as Miss Andrews worked her way up and down his entrance.

She was incredible with her tongue, teasing him with the tip, drinking his salty essence down before pressing the flat of her tongue against his clit. She undulated against him as he moaned and shook with desire. A beautiful tension began winding through him. His body grew taut beneath her tongue, an expectant tension growing to an urgent release.

Now she brought in her fingers to help, licking his clit slowly as she entered him. Her fingers slid inside his wet canal, pressing apart the walls of his cunt. He moaned again, his body needing this feeling of something warm and hard inside him. He wiggled his butt, spread his legs out and welcomed her deeper.

Still licking his pussy, she crooked her fingers and followed his canal up, landing on the dimpled nub of his innermost pleasure. The tension increased tenfold, making his toes curl, his body growing ever closer to the precipice. He continued staring down at himself, watching Miss Andrews's body from his new perspective. Her tits wobbled on his chest, and his former face was locked between his legs, eyes closed in ecstasy.

The sound of his wet pussy hit his ears. His fingers dug into his soft tits, plucking each nipple, making his body sing. The tension grew with every stroke of her fingers, every lick of her tongue, until it snapped and Chris exploded beneath her. He uttered a high-pitched cry, throaty with lust as he came, the tension disappearing and leaving only pleasure. The orgasm was intense and long-tailed, leaving him warm and wet as Miss Andrews continued working her magic on her former body.

Suddenly, she pulled out and straddled him. Her face was shiny with his juices and his cock was rock hard, dripping with pre-cum. Chris still had his tits in hand, and Miss Andrews grabbed her cock and aimed it into the valley of her breasts. She stroked back and forth, the cock disappearing between Chris's tits, the tip reappearing so close to his face. Her pre-cum spread across his skin, shiny and slick. He pushed his tits together into huge mounds so she could fuck them harder and looked down at himself, delighting in the sight of Miss Andrews's tits being fucked by his own cock, just like he'd always imagined.

She grunted and thrust deep. Chris felt her cock throbbing between his tits. Her cockhead poked out the top and she came, shooting hot bursts of cum onto his face and down his chest. He closed his eyes and it dripped into his mouth, warm and tangy. She emptied herself onto him, thrusting into his breasts until she slowed and stopped.

Miss Andrews remained straddling him as she grew soft between his breasts. He grinned up at her, loving that she loved his body so much. Even though comforting on a deep level, this was an alien feeling. Someone else's pleasure. Had the mental block gone so wrong as to gift him with her desire?

"Oh god, oh god," she said, climbing off him. She picked up her clothes and hurriedly dressed. "We shouldn't have done that. That was wrong."

He sat up and touched her arm. "No. It was what we needed."

"I have to go."

She left him in her room, his body cooling, his mind a whirlwind. Would she report him? Would he get in trouble? How awkward would it be when they swapped back?

## 5

Chris kept expecting Miss Andrews to knock on his door the next morning but she never did. A part of him was grateful, as it allowed him to enjoy an orgasm or two without interruption. He threw back the covers and enjoyed staring down at his body as he stroked and squeezed himself, the pleasure growing inside him until it released as he clutched at his tits and stroked his needy pussy, Miss Andrews's voice filling the room, her cries high-pitched and strangled with want. It was his last day in her body and he intended to enjoy it.

Afterwards, he showered and curled his hair. He didn't exactly know why or how, but it just felt right to grab the curlers and tease his hair into soft waves. Similarly, the makeup wasn't so intimidating, and there was a strange ease to the way he applied it. It was partly from memory of Miss Andrews doing it yesterday, but also partly from a sense that this was his proper and normal morning routine.

Chris didn't know if these feelings were part of swapping. No one had mentioned anything like this. Maybe whatever had messed up the mental block was also allowing Miss Andrews's hardwired impulses to bleed into his own. If he stayed inside long enough would he become some sort of amalgamation between himself and Miss Andrews? A Miss Andrews who got off on the sight of her own naked body? The thought wasn't exactly terrifying.

Chris rode his bike to school (easier in jeans this time) and shrugged his backpack over his shoulders. Amber's body bounded up the stairs in front of him and Chris was so self-absorbed it took him a few seconds to realize what was odd about her: she was dressed, as usual, in her cheerleading outfit. The red and white skirt danced across her heavenly thighs. The top was emblazoned with the

school's logo of a lion, the roaring mouth stretching across one of her taut breasts. Her long, golden hair was back in a ponytail, light bangs flicking down into her eyes. And strangest of all, considering who was inside her, she was wearing makeup.

"Eric?" Chris said.

Amber's body paused at the top of the steps and looked down at him. Her face was heavenly, red lips spread in a smile. No wonder all the guys wanted her. Chris felt a little longing himself, the tiniest ache between his legs.

"Yeah? You got a problem?" Eric said flirtatiously and without a trace of anger.

"No," Chris said, frowning.

Eric beamed him a bright smile back and turned away. Chris stared at Amber's trim little ass as she bounded through the doors into school. Was Eric plotting something? Or were Amber's impulses melding with his?

Justin was at Eric's locker and as Chris walked by Justin grunted in frustration and slammed his giant fist into the metal locker with a loud bang. Chris jumped.

"Justin!" He shouted. Justin turned, a scowl on his face. When he saw Chris he tried to shake it off. "Are you okay?"

“I don’t know. I can’t...do things like I used to. Computers just used to make sense and now...shit, now I struggle just to type a few sentences. Now that asshole gets what I was gonna get, and do I get any thanks?”

He stared down the hall at Eric, who was surrounded by a group of guys. Eric appeared to be flirting, throwing his hair back, laughing and joking around. He saw Justin looking at him and winked.

Justin continued, “How many times you think he’s gotten in her panties?”

“Well, I mean, the mental block...” Chris mumbled.

Justin snorted. “Yeah. Right.” He looked Chris up and down, then smirked. “The mental block.”

Something Justin said clicked for Chris. “What do you mean ‘do you get any thanks’? Thanks for what?”

Justin leaned in close and whispered. “There is no mental block. I hacked the swapping program to get rid of it and then set myself up to be in Amber’s body. Fuck, man, I was gonna wreck her.”

“You did this?”

“Yeah, man.” Justin winked. “I did it. I don’t even have the fucking mental brainpower to code anymore so I can’t fix it even if Eric would help.”

“Well, at least this is the last day.”

“Right,” Justin agreed, then hardened. “If you tell anyone you’re dead.” Justin’s voice had Eric’s edge to it and Chris had no doubt that he meant it. Chris hurried to reassure Justin he would do no such thing.

“Yeah, I won’t say anything. I’ve already done a lot in Miss Andrews’s body that I could get in trouble for.”

“Good. I’m watching you.”

With that, Justin walked towards Eric and broke up the group of hangers-on just with his presence. Eric looked up at him and held his books across his incredible chest. Chris couldn’t hear what they were saying but Eric stroked Justin’s arm comfortingly and didn’t seem the least bit scared.

Chris didn’t see Eric and Justin again until the afternoon swapping class. Justin walked in behind Eric. Eric pointed to a seat and Justin dutifully sat, while Eric took the seat next to him. Whatever had happened they appeared to have made up.

Miss Andrews didn’t meet Chris’s eye as everyone filed in. She pretended to busy herself with some papers on her desk until the bell rang. Then she stood

and got everyone's attention. The students sat down and quieted.

"We are going to be trying something different this year. Because this swap group has been so successful we've decided to extend it until the end of the week."

There were a few groans and Amber even shouted, "That's not fair."

Chris was elated. He'd come to school prepared to see the last of Miss Andrews and here he was with more time to enjoy her. He feigned disappointment, along with the others.

"I know, I know," Miss Andrews said, trying to calm everyone. "But this gives you more opportunity to learn how other people live. And you get an extension on your paper."

After the news, no one was much interested in the rest of class. Miss Andrews tried to lead some discussions, calling on people to speak, but the whole class was listless and uninterested. Some, like Amber, were too upset to really participate, while others were dreaming of what they'd do with the extra time in their bodies. Chris caught Justin peaking over at Amber's body several times during class, a distracted look on his face.

At the end of class, Miss Andrews again asked him to stay behind. After the last of the students filed out Miss Andrews locked the door and drew the blinds. She leaned against her desk and put her head in her hands. Chris approached her.

“You okay?”

She sniffed and shook her head. “Oh god, I don’t know...” She looked up at him. “I have to tell someone. Can you keep a secret?”

Chris nodded.

“There’s something wrong with the swapping program. They don’t know what’s wrong and it may...it may be permanent.”

“Oh, wow.”

“And, there’s more. It’s not just the program to swap back that’s broken. The whole mental block has issues.”

“Oh, really?”

“You’re a terrible liar.” She smiled and fixed him with his own brown eyes. “I found the surveillance camera program on your computer.”

Chris froze.

“I saw what you did with my body. All the things.”

“I...Miss Andrews there was...I...”

“And I liked it.” Miss Andrews hurried on, her cheeks going bright red. “I’ve never seen myself like that before and I guess that’s what swapping is about. Seeing through someone else’s eyes. I’ve never had their feelings before, though. It’s...a lot. And I know we have that connection...”

Chris silenced her with a kiss. This one was slow, lingering, and she sank into him. Her tongue slid around his lips and he opened for her, welcoming her inside. She gently explored the contours of his mouth, savoring the taste of him for a few seconds before pulling away.

“Oh god,” she grinned, “Is this what teenage guys always feel like?”

“Yeah. But they don’t always have a teacher who’s so understanding.”

Chris kissed her again and they pressed close. Their hands roamed up and down each other’s bodies, stroking softly. Chris pressed his tits against her chest and slid his hand into her pants. She was hard already and he grasped her warm cock. He felt her moan into his mouth as he stroked her, loving the power he had over her with just his fingers.

She pulled his top up over his bra and grabbed his tits, kissing and squeezing as much bare skin as she could find. “I never...knew...tits were...so wonderful...” she breathed between kisses.

Chris pulled off his top and then removed his bra, shrugging it to the floor. She dove on his tits, gathering them in each hand and pushing her head in between them. They were each nearly as big as her head and she kissed and suckled her way around the wide expanse of skin. Chris laughed as she tickled the sensitive underside of his breasts with her rough cheeks. She took each nipple into her mouth one at a time, grazing it with her skin until it spiked to attention.

She was greedy for his tits, enamored with them. She teased him into arousal, his body warming to a fiery need beneath her touch. They tore off each other's clothes, flinging them around the room. Chris turned and swept everything off Miss Andrews's desk. Pens and papers and markers went flying. Before he could turn back he felt her hands between his legs, stroking his clit.

Chris paused, closing his eyes to enjoy her wonderful fingers. She knew just how to touch him, following the line of his slit up and down, spreading his dew across his pussy. He arched his back, his tits bouncing down beneath him to rest on the desk. Christ, she made him so wet, teasing him with her fingers.

She pressed herself against him and kissed his neck. He could feel her cock between his legs, sliding back and forth across his entrance, not entering him yet, but lubricating herself on his juices. He sighed, deeper this time, and leaned his elbows on the desk so he could fondle his wonderful breasts.

She knew just where to touch him, following the line of his slit up and down, teasing him with hot breath on his neck while her fingers worked their magic inside him. She eased him apart and slid ever deeper inside, now gently stroking up and down the length of his entrance, gathering his dewy warmth on her fingers. He trembled when her fingers found his clit, gasping and pressing back towards her.

It was all she could take. She grabbed his hips, turning him and lifting him onto the desk. She spread his legs wide and thrust into him. He parted for her instantly, staring down at himself as she penetrated him. His pussy lips gripped the shaft as she slid into him, disappearing into his body. It felt so good to be so full, to feel the warm-softness of his cock fit perfectly into his needy pussy until he was full of her.

His body was hot with need. He wriggled on the desk, moaning now. He returned his hands to his tits, loving the feel of his heavy breasts. Miss Andrews sank in deep and pulled back out, her shaft now wet with his juices. She slid in again, moaning as she did so and he held her inside him.

He lay back on the desk and uttered a strangled gasp as she plunged into him suddenly. Her need broke and she became a beast. Gritting her teeth, she gripped his thighs and held his legs apart, spreading him open while she slammed into him. He cried out in delight and played with his tits. She took him over the desk and he loved it, moaning, his voice rising in pitch with each thrust. He wrapped his legs around her back, using her as leverage to urge her incredible cock deeper into her body until the heat exploded within him and he came. He thrust up into her and she drove down, hard and warm and so, so welcome.

His body needed to be filled, and he bit his plump lower lip, hands like claws savoring the perfect tits that he now owned as she pounded him, gritting her teeth, redoubling her effort. She felt him convulsing around her and grunted, driving in deep and cumming as he wiggled happily around her. He could feel every throb of her cock inside him as she filled him with his own cum. He cried out in delight and pleasure, his high-pitched voice throaty with desire and desperate with need. The release was incredible, pleasure whiting out his world as he drove his hips up to meet the cock on the downthrust, gorging himself on his former dick. Each burst made him so wonderfully full he never wanted it to end.

Miss Andrews soon slowed and then stopped inside him. She felt so perfect, fitting him exactly right. He just wanted to lie there panting, feeling her grow soft inside him. If this was a side effect of the lack of mental block then let it be permanent. He had a feeling Miss Andrews would feel the same right then. She helped him to his feet and they both dressed, giggling shyly like new lovers.

## Epilogue

The three-day swapping extension became a week, and then two. By then it was obvious something was wrong. Not just with the length of the swap but with the mental changes everyone was experiencing. They were becoming some combination of their old minds and new bodies, with impulses of one and memories of the other. By then they'd all figured out that there was no mental block.

Some decided to give in to all their worst impulses and do everything they'd wanted to do in their bodies, thinking it was still temporary, that their consequences would be someone else's responsibility. Several of the swapped class students got their new bodies pregnant. Others got fat. Still others took dangerous risks.

Chris and Miss Andrews clung to each other for support, teaching each other about their new bodies and learning how to urge the greatest pleasure from their new forms. When the school finally revealed the swaps were permanent Miss Andrews moved in with Chris. The secret was out now but Chris didn't mind. He liked having Miss Andrews's curvy body. He was still enamored with her, and now he had someone to help him explore, someone who delighted in listening to his throaty cries as he orgasmed around her fingers and tongue and cock. Sure, it was still a little odd when people mistook him for a thirty-six-year-old woman, especially when older guys hit on him. But he comforted himself in Miss Andrews's arms, and pleased himself on her young cock.

## Epilogue 2

Eric's big mistake was trusting Justin. Eric had been disoriented in his petite blonde body, especially when the urges came to dress sexy and attract the attention of the guys at school. Every time he looked in the mirror and saw his classically pretty body it became harder to recapture his old, brooding self. Especially when he gave in to his urges to carefully apply the makeup until he looked pretty and girly.

Justin had found him at his most vulnerable, when Eric was surrounded by guys in the hallway, all of them flirting with him, and all of whom he was finding attractive. Eric was profoundly grateful when Justin scared them away. He assumed Justin hated being in his new body as much as Eric hated being Amber, and clinging to his old body gave him some hope.

He was even more grateful when, soon after Miss Andrews's announcement about the prolonged swap, Justin promised he could switch them back sooner. All Eric had to do was stick by Justin's side until the time was right.

Of course, there would be a price. Eric had to act the part of Justin's girlfriend. It all came to a head one afternoon after school. Justin led Eric out to the football field and beneath the bleachers. Eric had come here with plenty of girls and knew what Justin wanted. Secretly, Eric kind of wanted it, too. He would never admit it but he'd been exploring Amber's body when he was alone. So when Justin kissed him that first time, hard and urgent, Eric sank into it, pressing his slender soft body up against his former massive one.

Justin squeezed him close, his massive hands wandering all over Eric's body.

Justin towered over Eric, making him feel small and insecure and desirous all at once. He kissed awkwardly, stroking Eric's body up and down, more needy than skillful.

Justin couldn't contain his passion. His cock was rock hard and he needed this woman in front of him. The floral scent of her perfume drove him mad. He tore Eric's top off, ripping it in two with his hands and would have done the same with the bra, but Eric beat him to it, unclasping it and letting it slip from Amber's gentle shoulders.

Justin took Eric's tits in each hand and squeezed them lightly in his meaty fingers. Eric trembled at Justin's touch, afraid of the power but growing wet at the way Justin handled him. This novelty of being the one being chased, being taken grew an ache between his thighs. He couldn't believe how wet he was getting, and how quickly.

When Justin couldn't take any more he yanked his own pants down and spun Eric around. Eric squealed, caught off balance and grabbed onto one of the rails beneath the bleachers for support. His blonde hair tickled down his back and his breasts bobbed beneath him, each one perfectly formed teardrops, small and perky. He felt a massive hand on his ass, spreading him, and then something warm and hard slipped up against his entrance. Eric felt his former cock press up nearly inside him, parting his pussy lips. Justin lubricated himself on Eric's wet pussy, stroking up and down the length of Eric's slit, grunting in satisfaction at the sight of Amber's perfect little ass wiggling beneath him.

Then he began sliding inside Eric, the massive cockhead parting Eric's tight pussy. Eric gripped the girders and moaned in Amber's soft voice, clenching his eyes as he took in his own cock. It was so huge, pressing apart the walls of his canal, each inch filling him, pleasure bordering on pain. God, he was going to split apart. Surely his tiny cunt couldn't handle the massive cock? And yet it kept coming, sliding inside until it was lodged deep within him. Their heat mingled

and the cockhead pressed up against the top of Eric's canal.

Justin withdrew, marveling at the way Eric took him, at the sight of his big black dick dripping with this little blonde's pussy juices. He gripped Eric's ass with both hands and spread him apart so he could fuck him some more. He moved into a slow rhythm, eyes tracing up and down Eric's backside, enamored with his body. The desire built within Justin, urging him on, and soon he was slamming into Eric's tight pussy, driving deep, his groin thumping against Eric's taut ass. Eric cried out louder on each stroke as his body burned with desire, the thumping cock driving him up, up, until he exploded, quivering round his own thick cock.

Justin came with him, grunting and sliding in as deep as he could, needing to sate the desperate itch at the base of his dick by shoving into Eric's warm, wet hole. He came hard, a massive rush of cum, throbbing out his desire that had been saved up over days. Eric seemed to cum forever, his pleasure made even greater by the feel of his pussy filling with hot seed. He pressed his ass back against Justin, willing himself further down the shaft, needing the beautiful fulness, the mingling of their heat, as they came together.

From then on the two were inseparable. Justin never did get enough of his skills back to fix the swapping program. But he was happy enough now that Eric was his bitch on the side.

# # #

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