

BODY SWITCH EROTICA



Virtual Worlds

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Body Switch Erotica

by M. Wills

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Virtual Worlds

As the mailman lugged the brown box up the steps, Jay tore out of his front door without bothering to throw on a shirt. He grabbed it from the surprised mailman's hands—social distancing be damned—and shouted a hasty “Thanks!” before hurrying back inside the house.

Jay carefully placed the box on his kitchen table. It was unmarked except for his address, and wrapped in plain, brown paper, heavily sealed with layers of tape. Jay dug through his kitchen junk drawer for some scissors, then eagerly sliced through the tape and opened the cardboard box. The virtual reality rig was buried in a thick layer of packing peanuts and the chemical smell of plastic hit his nose as he gently cut through the cellophane wrapping around each piece of the rig. He placed each piece on the table: helmet, connectors, and a small black box that housed the hardware.

He unfolded the instructions buried in the bottom of the box:

Congratulations! As a loyal customer, you've been chosen to beta test Brilliant Entertainment's virtual erotic adventures. You're about to set off an an incredible journey where your wildest fantasies can come true. Here's how to setup the system...

It went on to detail instructions on how to connect all the hardware and login to the private network as well as how to operate the program. Jay glanced at it once and tossed it aside. It seemed pretty self-explanatory, and he was pretty good at figuring out computer programs anyway.

Trembling with anticipation, Jay carried the equipment back into his bedroom and began plugging everything in and setting it up. He'd been a subscriber to Brilliant Entertainment's porn network for years. Sure, he could have found free pictures on the internet, but Brilliant always had high end production values and was on the cutting edge of content, providing a variety of offerings that really couldn't be beat. He'd entered their beta testing contest not expecting to win, and was ecstatic when he was contacted to be one of the first to try out their new suite of VR erotica. They boasted that they could put people in the bodies of the performers and Jay was getting hard just imagining watching his favorite porn stars giving him a blow job.

The headpiece wasn't a typical VR headpiece. It had internal sensors that looked sort of like suction cups and which mapped onto the user's skull and spine, directly interfacing the brain. That avoided the need for bulky gloves and allowed the user to be fully immersed in the world.

When Jay had connected everything he lay down on his bed—the only bit of the instructions he'd bothered to remember—and slipped the headpiece on over his head, making sure that the sensors connected directly to his skin. The helmet covered his face, leaving him in darkness, and he felt along the side for the little button to power it on. He pushed it and heard a slight electronic whir as the system started up. A blinking green cursor appeared in front of him, filling his view. Then a soothing female voice spoke up.

“Welcome, Jay. This system has been pre-programmed for your exclusive use.” The voice seemed to be bypassing his ears and speaking directly inside his head. “The first program will start in a few seconds. Please relax your body and get comfortable.”

Jay made an effort to loosen his shoulders and sink into the bed.

“You may feel a slight buzz as the system maps your neural waves. This is normal.”

Indeed, Jay felt a pleasant buzz. It was a similar feeling as to when his foot was just about to go to sleep, only all over his body. It only lasted a few seconds.

“Thank you. Neural mapping complete. If you are ready to begin, think 'yes'.”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Program one beginning in three, two, one...”

The Biker

Jay was sitting on a bar stool in front of a nicked and stained wooden bar. There was no sense of movement or transition. Just one moment darkness, the next he was here. The bar seemed completely real. There was no lag, no sense that anything was special effects or computer graphics. Something cold was in one hand and looked down to see that his fingers were wrapped around a bottle of beer. Only, the fingers were slender and feminine. He followed the line of his bare arm. The contours were soft, delicate but still toned. Every inch of skin was covered in intricate tattoos.

Movement in front of him drew his attention and he looked up to see that directly in front of him, behind the bar, was a large mirror. His mouth dropped open. There was a woman staring back, her mouth just as open as his. His reflection. The woman in the mirror wore a maroon singlet with a skull across the front. The plunging neckline dipped down to just above his breasts, which were tiny but still strained against the fabric of the tight top. The nipples poking against the shirt looked odd and, pulling the top open to gaze down at his petite breasts, he found that each nipple was pierced with a metal stud.

Tattoos of words and symbols and images ran across both arms, over his chest, and down across his taut stomach. His hair was shaved just above one ear and brushed over the other side to fall in a plunging deep maroon waterfall down his shoulder. His nose and ears were pierced and, licking his lips, he felt a tongue stud knock against his teeth. His entire body was petite, and his dark shadowy eyes glared out from beneath spiky brows, which were also pierced. Glancing down at himself, past the perky tits, he found he was clad in skintight jeans, ripped here and there to show off some of his beautiful skin. Thigh high leather boots finished off the outfit, each with a small heel that was somehow both delicate and dangerous.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. This was not what he signed up for. He hadn't wanted to be a chick. He grabbed his little tits, squeezing them. They felt so real. He could feel everything, both his hands on his tits and the way his skin gave in so gently.

“Cancel program,” he called out in a tiny voice. There was no response. “Um, end. Escape. Quit.”

Each attempt was more frantic than the last, until Jay gave up. There was no indication of what he was supposed to do here. There had been no directions, no objective, unless it was in the instruction booklet he hadn't bothered reading. He took a swig of the beer, surprised at how accurate the simulated beer tasted. He had to give it to the designers, they did amazing work. Jay could feel every inch of his new female body even—as he shifted in his seat—the emptiness between his legs.

The door of the bar opened with a bang and three large men strode in. They were all beefy and walked with a distinct swagger, like they would kick the ass of anyone who got in the way. The leader was a blond wearing an immense leather studded jacket stretched across a broad chest. The guys to either side—one brunet, one with jet black hair—weren't as big but were still intimidating, with beefy arms studded with tattoos. They were all dressed in worn leather gear, possibly Hell's Angels, possibly something even more dangerous. They radiated an aura of supreme confidence as they zeroed in on Jay and walked slowly towards him.

The blond leader stopped in front of Jay and the other two moved around and behind him, surrounding Jay as the leader stared at him with a hard smile. They were so close Jay could feel the heat radiating off their bodies. Jay gulped.

“Hey, honey,” the leader said, “We're looking for a good time.”

“You found it,” Jay was surprised to hear himself say. What the fuck? He'd said it on impulse, as though prompted by the program. Like his mouth wasn't completely under his control.

The leader shot out his hand and grabbed a handful of Jay's hair, jerking their lips together roughly. The leader's spicy scent filled Jay's nose as his tongue invaded Jay's mouth, thrusting deep, claiming ownership of Jay's body. There was another hand sliding around from behind that landed on his tit and squeezed painfully. Jay's breath hitched in his throat and the leader pressed harder against his little mouth as Jay squirmed. Another hand latched on to his other tit, caressing his skin, twisting the little metal bar embedded in his nipple and causing wonderful pain to shoot through Jay's body, radiating down to his thighs and sparking an ember of lust. Their greedy fingers explored Jay's body roughly as he was forced to keep kissing, forced to be their little playtoy. And, despite the outer hardness of his new form, the sheer unfamiliarity of it all, his body clearly enjoyed being taken like this. He could feel himself warming, his thighs growing wet.

The blond finally released him and grinned, then slid an arm against his side and pulled Jay roughly to his feet. As a team they undressed him. He raised his arms in the air—again, motion not entirely under control, as though commanded by the program—as the brunet peeled off his top, freeing his little tits and they bounced wonderfully, the nipple studs briefly catching against the shirt causing a slight pinch that made Jay shiver in delight. The black haired guy had unbuttoned Jay's pants and yanked them down, revealing slender legs, a snake tattoo winding up across one calf and around his thigh, the tongue flicking at Jay's pussy. Jay kicked off his pants, feeling a slight tingle of pleasure and realizing it came from the piercing on his clit. The leader snaked his hand into Jay's white cotton panties and pulled him close, his fingers grazing against Jay's shaved cunt as his lips latched onto Jay's nipples and sucked. Jay arched his back, sticking out his perfect, sleek ass into the waiting hands of the guy behind him.

He felt fingers digging into the skin of his ass, spreading his cheeks apart. And then there was a warm tongue circling his hole. Jay started, opening his eyes and catching a brief glimpse of the biker chick—of himself—half naked and being pleased by three guys. He was held fast by all three and couldn't even move as the warm tongue slid across his asshole, sending a deep pleasure through him. Jay grabbed his own tit, filling his fingers with his soft form, clutching at his nipple stud and twisting until the pain met the pleasure radiating through him and he moaned again, louder this time, his head dropping back as the men pleased him.

One of the leaders hands snaked down between Jay's legs, landing on his glorious slit, thick fingers sliding into his moist opening, playing with his clit ring and sending arcs of electric pleasure through him. The fingers in his pussy were rough, just what his body craved, sliding across his wetness and circling his little nub of pleasure. Each tap against the clit ring caused a shock of desire through him. Jay's other hand was by his side and he felt something hard and warm press into it. His fingers wrapped around the strange cock, stroking up and down, delighted at the attention, delighted that it was his body that was getting these men so worked up. He stroked the cock, craving the hardness between his fingers. The tongue flicked across his asshole and Jay's knees buckled with a sudden wave of pleasure. He was held up by the men, wonderfully helpless as they fingered and licked and tasted and squeezed his body.

Jay's hesitance evaporated as he gave himself over to the program and the delight filling his feminine body. Jay was guided to his knees, the hands leaving his clit as wetness dripped down his thighs, and the tongue leaving his ass. There was a cock thrust towards his lips. He grabbed it and sucked eagerly, his plump lips fitting perfectly around the cock head. He swallowed it, letting the dick fill his mouth, the hard-softness pressing against the top of his mouth and his tongue. It's heat filled him and he drove his lips down, pulling back up to leave the cock glazed with his saliva. It was deliciously musky, a hint of tang as the drops of pre-cum hit his tongue and he swallowed gratefully.

Then two more cocks thrust themselves urgently towards them. He took one in each hand, stroking up and down the thick shaft while he continued working one cock with his mouth. He pulled his lips off one with a wet pop, trading the one in his mouth for one in his hand, stroking his saliva down the throbbing shaft as he gulped down the next dick. He went in turns, greedy for the three cocks, sucking on them, running his hands down the glorious shaft as his body hummed with electricity. He was their little cock slut, content only to suck their dicks, to be their pleasure. They tasted divine, their cocks slick with his saliva as he continued stroking, rubbing his hands between his legs, gathering his wetness and using it to lubricate the shaft, wrapping his lips around it and tasting his own musky flavor as the three dicks were thrust towards his parted lips and he sucked voraciously. A drop of his own juices made its way down his leg and he sighed as he filled his mouth with cock.

The leader pulled away and slid over a chair from a nearby table. He grabbed Jay by the waist, hoisting his small body into the air and back onto the naked biker. Jay squealed, whimpering as the cock left his mouth and his body was wrapped up from behind and held fast in the biker's strong arms. There was a pressure against his ass and he shifted, feeling the thick cock head press up against his asshole, teasing his puckered entrance. The leader slid his cock beneath Jay's petite butt cheeks, covering himself in Jay's slippery juices before returning to Jay's asshole and pressing harder.

Jay's cry was muffled as a cock thrust into his mouth and deep down his throat, forcing him to concentrate on sucking, on undulating his tongue against the underside of the shaft as his asshole stretched to make room for the leader's dick. The pain lit up Jay's body and he gasped around the dick in his mouth, finally feeling the cockhead sink into his tight hole. He forced himself to relax as the man burrowed deeper, stopping his ass from clenching around the throbbing shaft that was filling him and causing him so much pleasure. The dick seemed to slide slowly inside forever, impossibly big, until at last Jay felt the man's groin resting against his taut butt and the cock was lodged deep into his center. He barely breathed, so painfully tight was his asshole. The leader gripped his thighs

from behind and spread them, pulling them up in the air. Without the support, Jay was forced to lean back on the cock as it plunged deeper inside his asshole. He pulled his mouth off the cock and continued stroking as he gazed down at his little body, legs spread wide, his clit ring sparkling with his own juices, the shaft disappearing into his ass.

And then the brunet approached, naked, his dick already dotted with a drop of pre-cum. He approached Jay's pussy, spread apart by the man beneath him, pink folds glistening. The man plunged in, driving a gasp from Jay's mouth at the sudden fullness as he was filled from in front and behind. His pussy was so wet the dick slid right in, burrowing through the walls of his canal and striking his center, sliding across the clit ring and vibrating directly into Jay's brain with pleasure. He groaned, and the third biker took the opportunity to thrust his dick in between Jay's lips.

They rode Jay like this, a cock in every hole, thrusting in and out in a brutally-pleasurable rhythm. His body was theirs to control and they pounded him hard, taking him as they pleased, trading out until they'd each filled all his holes and his mouth was buzzing with the taste of himself, his ass was gaping wide, and his pussy dripped down his thigh in rivulets. Only when Jay was sore and begging for their cum did they oblige, holding his body tight between them, thrusting and pounding until pleasure surged through Jay and he came, body convulsing around the shaft, his head lit up with the most powerful orgasm he'd ever experienced. His body tightened and relaxed from his head to his toes as they came inside him, filling him with a wet heat, their throbbing cocks so delicious in his mouth, so wonderful inside him as they filled him with their seed, thrusting and plunging, until they'd completely emptied themselves into his body.

They pulled out, the leader smacking his ass and making him tighten briefly around the dick still lodged inside, before he jumped up. Cum dripped down Jay's chin and he felt so amazingly used, his body still breathless, still recovering from being so empty and already desperate to be filled.

The bar faded to black, and Jay found himself back in his bed at home.

The Granny

Jay had control of his own arms and legs again and was suddenly aware of the VR helmet covering his face. He felt around for the straps, disconnecting them before pulling the helmet off over his head. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. For a split second he missed the weight on his chest, before adjusting to being back in his own body.

“Fuck me,” he whispered.

The program hadn't been what he'd ordered at all. He'd been fully prepared to rail on Alison Tyler or Nadia Styles with a thick cock, not take one from behind as a plump granny.

And yet.

The pleasure had been so all-consuming and intense. Psychologically, Jay was spent with a round of orgasms. But physically, he was still horny.

He was struggling with how much he'd enjoyed it. He was definitely going to return the unit and get the one he'd signed up for. But maybe he should check out the next program, just in case.

After getting some water, he returned to bed and slipped the helmet back on. He felt around for the start button, finally managing to press it.

The soothing female voice spoke up inside his head. “Welcome, Jay. If you're ready to begin the next demo, think 'yes'.”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Next program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was lying in a bed in a seedy motel room. The antiseptic smell of cleaner hit his nose and he took a moment just looking around at his surroundings. He was in a dumpy hotel room, with tattered curtains and peeling yellowed wallpaper. Jay pushed himself into a sitting position, eager to see himself.

There was a huge weight on his chest and he glanced down to find a black negligee holding two massive, floppy breasts. The neck swooped down, revealing a huge expanse of cleavage that would have been saggy had it not been contained by the tight clothing. The top of his chest was lightly striated with stretch marks and spotted with age.

“Oh, fuck.” He gasped in awe. The voice that came from his mouth was husky and sightly creaky.

He brought his hands up, finding that they, too, were wrinkled and spotted. The fingers were slender, the nails manicured beautifully. His arms were flabby and soft. He felt up his face experimentally, fingers gliding across heavy jowls and a gentle nose. His hair was curly and fine. Pinching a lock and pulling it around to

look at it, he found it was silver colored.

His eyes were drawn once again to his tits. They were huge. He slipped his nightie down his shoulders so his tits fell out of his top. He grabbed them with both hands and hefted them. They spilled out of his fingers and he jiggled them, watching his skin rolling with motion. When he dropped them they flopped down against his doughy stomach. He marveled once again at the complete feeling he had. They really felt like his breasts, his body.

He lifted up the hem of his nightie and gaped down at his flabby legs, the flesh dimpled with cellulite. Between his legs was a wild gray bush, a little hint of his slit visible through the unruly hair. He slipped a hand down between his legs and touched his pussy, feeling the rubbery lips of himself on his fingers, and feeling his touch between his legs. It all seemed so real. There was no sense of wearing a suit or being in a program. For all intents and purposes he was this big breasted granny.

He slid off the bed, feeling the weight of his ample thighs wobbling as he walked around the room to investigate his surroundings. His butt and breasts jiggled with each step as his thighs swished against each other. There was a mirror in the bathroom and he stared at the aged face looking back at him. She must have been over 60. He brought a hand up and moved it around, watching his reflection do the same. He turned and wiggled his body, laughing as he watched her fat ass bobble back and forth. He patted his doughy stomach, watching the ripples roll across the surface of his body.

He went to the front door of the motel room and grabbed the handle but it wouldn't turn. Looking out the window to the motel parking lot beyond, it seemed two dimensional, like a picture backdrop. Clearly, he wasn't supposed to go outside. Jay wondered what he was supposed to be doing in this scene.

As if on cue, the front door opened and a burly African American man came in. His arms were each as thick as Jay's legs, and his shirt was stretched across a massive chest. He towered over Jay. His handsome face was in a wide grin, bright white teeth flashing like a shark.

“Looks like someone needs to suck a dick.” He rumbled, the bass in his voice causing wonderful vibrations through Jay's body. “You ready for granny's first big black cock?”

Without any further preamble, the mountain of a man unbuttoned his jeans and dropped his pants and underwear. His cock spilled out, flopping down his leg, thick and veiny. Jay gasped, his hand coming up to his lips. He stepped backwards, the man following him, until Jay's plump ass hit the bed.

“Go ahead. It won't hurt.” The man rumbled again.

Jay's eyes were drawn to the cock dangling between the man's legs. He'd never been the slightest bit interested in other men. He didn't mind watching a gangbang or three where several guys competed to fill a single woman, but it had never been the dicks that had turned him on. But for some reason—maybe it was the programming—there was something enticing about the thick cock in front of him.

Jay sank to his knees—they popped loudly as he did so—and tenderly grasped the huge monster in front of him. The cock was hot beneath his fingers and it sprang to life as he awkwardly stroked it, jutting up and growing ever harder until it pointed at his little lips. He lowered his mouth towards it, until the cockhead was positioned just inches from his mouth. The tip was already glistening with pre-cum. Jay opened his lips and slowly swallowed the head. It was warm and slightly salty in a pleasant way. It filled him, the shaft pressing up

against the roof of his mouth and down towards his tongue. Jay had never given a blowjob before but he did his best, sucking on the dick as he lowered his lips as far down as he could, which wasn't very far. He came up coughing, the top half of the shaft slick with his saliva.

The man grabbed his head and gently urged him back down. Jay was forced to open his mouth as the man pushed his cock closer, and then he held Jay's head as he gently forced his dick down Jay's throat. It was so huge and the pressure on the back of his head wouldn't let up. Jay was forced to take in even more of it, willing himself to relax as he felt the head press against the back of his throat. Maybe it was the program, but Jay found himself deep-throating the huge black cock with a little effort. He could feel his baggy tits bouncing on his chest as his lips went up and down the shaft, wet sucking noises and the man's grunts the only sound in the room. As Jay continued sucking the cock he was surprised to discover a pleasant heat between his legs as his body grew wet. Jay continued slurping on the cock, plunging up and down, enjoying himself now as he stroked and sucked the delicious shaft. One hand sliding up and down the cock, aiding his tongue, the other hand played with his own saggy tits, squeezing them against his chest, feeling the delightful weight as he teased his own body into desire.

Suddenly, the guy pulled out and helped Jay onto the bed. Jay let himself be guided up and onto his back. Then the man yanked Jay's negligee up and they both gaped at Jay's jiggly body. His puffy fat stomach lay awkwardly between them, his two massive tits flopping to each side of his chest, the areolae huge and light pink. The guy grinned and guided his huge shaft towards Jay's silver bush. Jay watched in surprise as the head pressed against his nether lips, the pressure building slightly before his loose pussy opened up and swallowed the dick. Jay moaned, feeling every inch of the thick cockhead as it slid between the slick walls of his cunt and landed against his center. The man withdrew and pushed back in again, slowly reaching a rhythm. Each thrust sent heat blazing through Jay's mind even as it caused waves to travel through the fat across his doughy stomach and tits. He was soon moaning, his body cresting to an orgasm. Fuck, his body needed this fat cock, and it stuffed his loose pussy so full. His body grew hot and wet, approaching the precipice. But before he could get there

the man pulled out and flipped him over.

Jay yowled as he squashed his fat tits, getting onto his knees just as the man grabbed his wiggly ass and thrust his cock back inside. The pleasure was immediate and Jay moaned as he was fucked hard and fast. His heavy breasts dipped down to the bed and they swung crazily beneath him. The cock was so thick, filling his loose pussy and pounding hard. Jay gripped the sheets in his hands and arched his back, eyes closed, pushing against the cock as it slammed into his gaping cunt, forcing his eyes open now and then to look down at himself, between the heavy bobbing breasts to the black cock appearing and disappearing into his pussy. A sudden orgasm caused him to shiver. He clutched the covers tighter and moaned, pushing his fat ass back against the massive cock and driving it deep into his body. He shuddered, his flesh jiggling as he cried out in a lust filled voice, pleasure filling his entire body.

In the back of his mind, Jay was embarrassed to be seen like this, to be some fat old whore getting fucked by a black stallion. But it did nothing to stop the physical pleasure as he was fucked hard, hands gripping the bed sheets as the orgasm rushed through him. As soon as the orgasm abated the black man pulled out.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

Jay turned and sat up awkwardly in his paunchy body. He was still breathing heavily, his tits rising and falling with each breath. The black guy grabbed his boobs in his massive hands and thrust his cock in between, rubbing Jay's juices on his tits, fucking his massive cleavage. His breasts were so big they easily wrapped around the thick cock, and Jay had no choice but to let himself be manhandled, the cock disappearing between his weighty breasts and reappearing inches from his nose, the musky smell of himself hitting his nostrils and making his body ache with pleasure. Jay didn't think anything could top getting fucked doggystyle, but then the man came with a grunt and pleasure exploded through

Jay as hot cum splashed onto his tits and chin.

Jay clasped his own breasts as the guy fucked his tits, hot jizz running down Jay's skin and his body on fire with ecstasy. His creaky old voice cried out for more, even as splashes of hot cum rolled down the rolls of fat on his stomach. The man came for what seemed like an eternity, and all the while Jay came with him, pleasure burning brightly as his body jiggled and shook, from his porky tits to his fat ass.

And then it was over. The man pulled away with a grin, leaving Jay sticky and warm. Cum dripped down his wrinkled old tits.

“See you next time,” the man rumbled.

The scene faded to black.

The Pregnant Wife

Jay didn't even remove the helmet. He just waited for the soothing female voice.

“If you are ready to begin--”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Next program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was stretched out on his side across the white comforter of a bed in a nicely furnished bedroom. The room looked more like an actual couples' bedroom—family pictures on the wall, bookcase stuffed with books, half open closet—than a movie set. Jay was propped up on one arm and silky brunette hair draped down one shoulder. He looked down at his body, eager to know who he was now. His tender, feminine body was wearing a pink spaghetti strap nightie and, from the smoothness of the skin, he must be somewhere in his early twenties. Two plump breasts hung from his chest, looking round and juicy. He hefted one with his free hand, surprised at the heavy weight and the firmness, as if it was full of milk. Tracing his eyes down his nightie he saw why. His nightie jutted out over a distended belly. Jay touched it, surprised to feel a strange hardness. Pulling wide the top of the nightie he looked down beneath his heavy tits and discovered his round, pregnant belly. He ran his hand over his baby bump, exploring himself, fingers brushing across his solid stomach. Jay flexed his leg, staring down at his lean calf and delicate toes. Running an exquisitely manicured finger along his golden thigh sent little shivers through him. He bit his lip as his body warmed at this simple touch, only then realizing how incredibly erotic he felt, how hot and

bothered his body already was.

He heard the soft shuffle of feet across the carpet and then a young man stepped into view. He had stylishly messy dark hair and piercing eyes. He wore only a pair of jeans, leaving his chest bare, and Jay ran his eyes across the man's broad chest.

“Hi, Constance,” the man smiled, his eyes lighting up, “I see you're all ready for me.”

Jay could only nod as the man sat on the bed next to him, leaned down and kissed Jay gently on the lips. Jay closed his eyes as a pleasant anticipation immediately spiked through his body. The masculine smell of sandalwood filled Jay's nose as they kissed. One of the man's hands came down, caressing Jay's thigh, up over the curve of his ass and across his hard stomach. Jay sighed into the man's mouth as the simple touch burned through him. Fuck, he was getting wet already. This body was divine.

The man's other hand came up, pushed aside one of the straps of Jay's nightie and took a breast in one hand. His fingers explored gently, sliding across Jay's warm skin, teasing his nipple with little pinches that made Jay gasp lightly into the man's mouth. Jay felt a wetness on his breast and pulled away from the kiss to stare down at himself. The man kept stroking and pinching Jay's breast and, as Jay watched, a little squirt of milk spilled out of his tit and onto the man's fingers. The man brought his fingers to his lips and sucked the milk off his fingertips, staring at Jay with a deep desire, then he brought his lips down to Jay's nipple and wrapped his lips around Jay's sensitive nipple.

Jay threw back his head and sighed gratefully as the man drank from his tits. There was both a release as his milk spilled out of his full breast and a gently

rising eroticism that made him shudder. As the young man suckled at Jay's tit, Jay slide his hands down between his legs. His fingers slipped between his thighs and he found he was shaved smooth. He slid into his gaping pussy lips, pressing a finger against his rapidly swelling clit.

The young man moved back and forth between Jay's breasts, suckling milk from each while Jay stroked himself and moaned. God, he was so wet, his thighs already slippery as he continued fingering his delightfully pregnant body. His breath came faster and he felt a blush rising in his cheeks. The man gently guided Jay onto his back. Jay's entire body wobbled as his breasts flopped down to his side and he felt the weight of his heavy belly sitting above him. His stomach rose beneath his vision, obscuring the view of the rest of his body. He continued stroking himself by touch, dipping into his wetness and spreading it up and down his slit as the man quickly slipped out his jeans. His cock was rock hard already, the cockhead glistening with a drop of pre-cum that made Jay horny.

The man positioned himself over Jay, suspending his body above Jay with the force of his two muscly arms. He slowly pressed his dick against Jay's wet opening. Jay spread his legs and wrapped his fingers around the man's cock and guided the dick inside his entrance. There was a brief pressure and the man pressed harder, harder, and then he man slipped in. Jay moaned as the guy's cock slid in oh so gently. The man held himself up on solid arms, staring down at Jay with a look of lust as he slowly fucked him, in and out, clearly enjoying each inch of his his wife's warm, wet body. Each gentle thrust increased the throbbing tension inside Jay's body and his voice rose in pitch "Oh. Oh Oh.". He came quickly, his hands running across his solid baby bump, feeling up his own body as he shook in ecstasy, dizzy with pleasure.

The man slid out and guided Jay onto his hands and knees. They had to go slowly, Jay clutching his heavy belly as he rolled over, his breasts spilling down to the side, jiggling as they knocked together. Then he pushed himself to his knees, his belly and tits hanging so heavy beneath him. He looked down at his

wonderful body, at his swaying breasts. He leaned on one arm and took hold of one of his tits with the other. He brought it to his lips and sucked on himself, teeth nipping at his nipple as he spurted little shots of his own milk into his mouth and drank it down. The taste was slightly sweet, warm with his body heat.

The man came up behind him and slid his cock into Jay's pussy from behind. Jay was so wet the man slipped inside easily. He thrust into Jay's wet canal, driving deep into Jay's center, resting inside him for a moment, leaving Jay so pleasantly full, before pulling out and gently pumping in again. Jay continued licking his own tit, enjoying the taste of his body while the young man fucked him from behind. It was glorious, slow and sensual, like two lovers. The young man sped up, driven by his desire. He drove his cock in deeper, harder, as Jay moaned around the tit in his mouth, eyes closed, still sucking on himself. His whole body jiggled with each thrust, heavy bobbing belly brushing against the covers, dangling tit sloshing with milk as it swayed back and forth. The tension wound through him, breaking suddenly in a second, bigger orgasm. Jay opened his mouth and moaned, long and low, as the orgasm crested through him. He pushed his ass back against the young man, driving the cock deep up against his center as he shook with orgasm.

And still the man wasn't done. But neither was Jay. The man lay down and Jay climbed on top of him. His pregnant body was heavy and unwieldy, tits and tummy bobbing around as he tried to balance his pussy over the man's glistening dick. He managed to guide the cock inside himself once again and sat down on it, feeling every inch as it slipped inside him. And then he was riding the young man. The man's hands on his tits, squeezing his fat breasts, splashing milk down Jay's chest and across his thick belly. Jay clung to his own belly, delighting in his top heavy form as he grinded his pussy against the young man's dick, filling himself as deep as he could.

Fuck, Jay's nipples were so sensitive, and the man's hands worked wonders, squeezing them and sending little jolts of almost-pain to meet the pleasure flooding through him, ratcheting up the tension until it consumed Jay and he had

to cry out, to scream out his pleasure as the third orgasm blasted through him. He rode it, grinding down on the cock, willing it deep inside him as the young man gripped his sensitive breasts and his own hands held on to his solid, pregnant belly. Then the man grunted and came, thrusting up inside Jay and driving the orgasm even higher, whiting out all thought but the physical pleasure of his body. Jay threw his head back and cried out as he orgasmed hard, his jiggly body still moving back and forth, still driving the cock inside him to milk every drop of cum out of the man's dick.

He slowly came back to his body and opened his eyes. He stared down at the young man beneath him, at his own glorious, pregnant body that had brought him so much gentle pleasure. He wanted to stay here forever, the man's cock softening inside him but still connecting them with a divine intensity.

But the scene faded and Jay found himself back on his own bed.

The Maid

Yes, yes, yes, Jay thought before the female voice could even speak.

“Final program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was standing in a spacious, ornate living room. Huge picture windows filled one wall of the house, the light coming through them flashing off the polished silver furnishings and the gleaming wooden floors filling the room. The view to the outside world was slightly flat, as though it hadn't been rendered completely. Jay was standing in front of a large leather couch, bending over in the act of dusting the side table, a black and white feather duster in one hand.

He straightened up, his outfit crinkling, and looked down to see that he was clad in a typical French maid uniform. It was low-cut, revealing firm cleavage, held up by a tight black and white uniform that functioned somewhat as a bustier, lifting his breasts into ample mounds. Delicate white straps crisscrossed the black fabric across his tight stomach, a little white apron hanging down his pleated skirt. The skirt itself was frilly and lacy, stopping at mid thigh. His skin was a light mocha. Jay didn't have much time to see what he looked like beneath the outfit because no sooner had the scene started than he was accosted by the woman of the house.

“Lupita! How dare you?” The woman huffed.

He turned to her. She had her hands on her hips and was glaring at Jay. She had a face that was beautiful in an icy sort of way, her brunette hair tied up in a tight bun. She was well made up and put together, with a low-cut top and skirt that contained her tight body. Perky little tits stretched out her top, and her calves were lean and shapely. She looked like a woman used to getting her own way. A bitch on wheels, as Jay would say.

“What ees wrong...” He paused, noticing the program had gifted him with a light Spanish accent. And then he added, after some thought, “Miss?” There was some impulse to role play, and a little spike of satisfaction from the program told him he was doing the right thing.

“You know exactly what's wrong. There was a little bronze Buddha statue right here on this table and now it's gone. What did you do with it?”

“Nothing, ma'am, I swear I deed not touch it.”

“A thief and a liar,” the woman hissed, growing angrier. “You will never work in this town again. You just wait until my husband comes.”

“Please, Miss, I deed not steal anything.”

“A likely story.” The woman stepped closer, and now Jay could see the flecks of gold in her startling green eyes. “And I suppose you'll do anything to prove it.”

As a prompt, it was a little heavy handed. But it let Jay know exactly what he

was supposed to do next.

“Yes, miss.”

She stepped closer and slipped her arm around his waist, then brought their lips together. Her mouth was warm, her tongue eager, and he opened his lips for her, let her slip in and explore the contours of his new mouth. Her other hand came up to his chest and grabbed his breast, squeezing gently as they continued making out. He reached up and slid one of her breasts out of her top, hefting it in his hand and running his fingers along the tight skin. She'd clearly had implants, and her tits were hard but still nice to fondle. Her nipple spiked out beneath his touch.

She leaned down and kissed his breasts, hot breath sliding between his tits and over his nipple, making him warm gently. Something shifted between his legs as his body grew eager. The woman's hand left his breast and trailed down his outfit, slipping beneath the pleated skirt and coming back up his bare thigh. Her fingers landed between his legs and she pulled her head back, eyes wide.

“What's this?” She asked.

She flipped his skirt up and they both stared down, both surprised to find a cock between Jay's legs, her hands already on it. Jay's dick grew hard as she smiled and stroked it, her gentle fingers running up and down his shaft, slowly jerking him off. She returned her lips to his, hand still on his cock. Jay grabbed his own breasts and fondled himself. Fuck, that felt magical, having both a cock and tits. He pinched and pulled his little nipples, enjoying the feel of his soft breasts as his dick grew rock hard.

She slid her body against his, trapping his cock against her warm stomach and still stroking as best she could with her fingertips. He began grinding against her, his cock urgent with need as he pressed it into the fabric of her skirt. She tasted like licorice and her fingers were at once tender and firm, exerting the perfect amount of pressure, teasing his dick with long, hard strokes, backing off as she felt his cock begin to throb.

“What the hell is going on?” A man growled from behind the woman.

She jumped and half-turned, her hand still gripping Jay's shaft, holding him there. One of her tits was still bouncing free and Jay noticed her pale pink nipple was still a sharp point. Jay followed the wife's gaze to find a man standing in the doorway, his eyes blazing with anger.

The top button of his work shirt was undone, revealing the hint of a broad chest. He was lean and athletic, with a handsome face. His hair was dark and shaved close at the sides, longer on top. He gave off the air of a corporate man, one who was used to getting his own way.

“Henry,” she said, “Our maid here has been very naughty.”

“Oh, has she?” The man said, approaching slowly. His every move was deliberate, radiating power and control.

His eyes flicked over Jay's new body, tracing the swell of his breasts, the fantastic legs, and then arriving on the cock still grasped in his wife's hand. His eye widened and he grinned.

“She has been,” his wife said, “But I think we can forgive her if she lets us use her as our fucktoy. What do you say?”

“What do I say?” And now he was next to his wife, leering down at Jay who suddenly felt tiny even in his statuesque body. “I say get on your knees.”

His hand shot out and he grabbed a mass of Jay's hair, yanking him down to the ground as the wife released him. Jay grunted in pain, having no choice but to follow the hand or risk his hair being yanked out. In an instant he was on his knees in front of the husband. Jay's cock was still hard, his cockhead throbbing against the crinoline and lace of the maid outfit.

The man released him only long enough to unbuckle his belt and drop his pants. Then he grabbed Jay's hair in one hand. With his other, the husband grabbed his dick and held it up, then yanked Jay's face forward. Jay found himself opening his mouth, and then the cock was on his tongue. It was warm and soft in his mouth, growing even as the man crammed his dick deeper down Jay's throat. Jay wrapped his soft lips around the dick as his head was jerked roughly up and down the shaft. The cock grew in his mouth, slowly filling him, getting larger and firmer until he was scared he would choke on it. The husband drove Jay's lips down, down his rock hard shaft, then back up, using Jay as his own personal fucktoy.

Jay was dimly aware of the wife standing next to her husband, her hands down her skirt, fingering herself as Jay was forced to give a blowjob. The hand in his hair wouldn't let up and Jay felt so used as his mouth slid up and down the shaft. But his body ached for it, his cock growing harder—and bigger—than he'd ever felt. Fuck, he was going to cum in his dress just from giving head.

But then the man yanked Jay's lips off his cock with a wet pop. Jay came up, sputtering, a strand of saliva still linking the throbbing cockhead to Jay's lips. The wife had slipped out of her skirt and was leaning over on the couch, her ass swaying in the air inches from Jay's face.

“Fuck my wife,” The husband commanded.

Jay stood and raised his dress, his cock already dripping with pre-cum. He grabbed the wife's fleshy buttocks and guided his cock towards her wet hole. He slid in beneath her plump ass and up against her pussy, his dick rubbing the underside of her slit. She was dripping wet and he lubricated himself on her wetness, before pushing into her entrance. There was a huge pressure, and then he slid inside her. His dick traveled through her hot, wet cunt. He plunged in, driving deep, then pulling out before plunging in again. Jay's own tits bounced wildly on his chest as he fucked the wife, and he brought one hand up to play with them, gripping their heavy weight in slender fingers.

He felt someone pulling up his skirt from behind and turned to see the husband getting closer. Then two hands were on Jay's ass and the pressure of a dick against his asshole.

“What are you-?” Jay began, but the husband grabbed his ass hard with one hand and spanked him hard with the other.

“Shut the fuck up,” the man ordered.

Jay whimpered as he felt the thick cockhead press against his puckered hole. It felt massively big, how could he ever take it even in this body? There was a

tremendous pressure as the man pushed harder, trying to force his way into Jay's ass. Jay's own thrusts slowed as his asshole gaped to try to take in the thick cockhead. It slid in slowly. He was so tight and on the verge of pain as the head passed his entrance and continued filling him. Now the shaft. He could feel each painful inch as it slid inside. He was so tight and the cock was so big, and yet it still came until finally, mercifully, the man's groin pressed against Jay's ass. He felt so full, his ass gaping around the thick cock in him as he, himself rested deep in the wife's pussy. It was a painful pleasure, a balancing act that made his body tremble and his knees weak.

Then the husband slid out and Jay did as well, feeling an immense relief, ended when the cock behind him almost immediately slid back in, easier this time through his tight hole. The pressure pushed Jay's own dick into the wife's sopping pussy. They grew into a rhythm like this, the husband fucking Jay, who, in turn fucked his wife, each thrust inside bringing with it a pleasure tinged with pain as Jay was simultaneously fucked and filled. Delight raged through his body and they all picked up the rhythm, bodies slamming together, Jay's tits swinging crazily from his chest once again as he enjoyed the sense of fullness and of being filled. The husband was so rough, squeezing Jay's sensitive ass and fucking him as hard as he could, grunting each time his cock slammed into Jay's ass until, with a last growl, he came. Jay felt the hot cum fill his ass, the cock throbbing inside his tight, puckered hole as he released into the wife, jetting his own cum into her sopping wet pussy while they all orgasmed together, their bodies climaxing in time, pounding and thrusting and pulling until they slowed and finally stopped.

The husband pulled out, and relief filled Jay's body as he was emptied. Hot cum trickled from his ass and down his thigh as he pulled out of the wife and adjusted his skirt.

“All right,” the husband said, “We'll let you off with a warning this time.”

Jay sank to the couch as the whole scene faded to black.

“Demonstration ended.” The female voice said. “If you would like more programs like this, please sign up for our subscription service.”

Jay hurried to get his wallet. He intended to ride out the rest of the pandemic—and possibly the rest of his life—in that amazing world of feminine pleasure.

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Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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When Felix ends up in the body of his girlfriend's rival, his girlfriend finds more and more ways to humiliate him. She mocks his small stature and forces him into degrading and humiliating situations. But rather than make him angry, the humiliation just makes Felix's nubile new body eager to please.

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Noah's stepsister has swapped their bodies so she can take his vacation while he's stuck at home. But Noah soon discovers that being in the body of his hot stepsister more than makes up for anything he'll miss on the trip.

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Daniel's always being picked on by the trio of mean girls at his school, so when a demon appears and offers him the chance to possess their bodies for some humiliation, Daniel jumps at the offer. But there's always a catch, and Daniel may soon find that his anger comes back to hurt him.

Side Hustle (M2F Transformation)

Ben's life changes forever when he gets some pills that can transform him into a gorgeous, curvy woman. But after finding online fame as a pornstar, will his marriage survive when his side hustle becomes his main hustle?

Couples' Weekend (M2F Body Swap)

When my wife's best friend invited us to join her and her husband for a couples' weekend at their beach house, my wife and I jumped at the chance. But a special weekend away became even more extraordinary when they explained that we'd all be spending the weekend in someone else's body.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.