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MWILLS

Watch Me

by M. Wills

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Prologue

I stared at Karen's body in the mirror, adjusting my yoga outfit over my huge, perfect breasts. Her face was much prettier without that bitchy look across it all the time. I'd definitely made her life better, and now I was going to reap the rewards. I figured she was starting to get some of my memories, too, and no doubt she'd be attracted to her old body. Well, she could look all she wanted, but she'd never get these hips back, this gorgeous face, these breasts. I wanted her to see everything she was about to lose. I wanted her to suffer. And...I wanted to enjoy her body. Just looking at my new body in the mirror was making me wet. I ran a hand across my yoga pants and between my legs, sighing lightly as a pleasure shivered through me. There would be

plenty of time for this soon.

Luke

The truth is, like most people, I barely gave most of my neighbors a second thought. The guy two doors down – we say ‘hey’ when we see each other, that’s about it. The couple across the street – nods and the occasional friendly wave. Woman on the corner – not sure if I could pick her out of a line-up. But Karen, my next-door neighbor, now that was a different story. Since moving in next door to her, my mind had idly wandered to her pretty much every day. I had essentially memorized every detail of her face, her body and, unfortunately, her attitude.

So, when I heard her yelling out on the sidewalk and decided to intervene, I knew right away what I was getting myself into. I was pretty much digging my own grave, but I opened my front

door and headed down the steps anyway.

Karen was in classic Entitled Rich Bitch mode – designer outfit, oversized non-fat latte in hand, an expression that was equal parts sneer and indignation plastered across her face.

She was looming over a homeless woman saying, “You can’t be here, you know.”

I paused because (a) the spectacular sense of entitlement was astounding to watch and (b) from my position at the top of the steps I had a pretty clear view right down Karen’s black v-neck top and she had empirically the nicest tits on the planet. Plus her silky black hair fell loosely around her face and her skinny jeans left practically nothing to the imagination.

Her bitchy attitude, though, made it

kinda hard to enjoy the view. She was in full rant mode. “This isn’t the first time I’ve seen you here. Go find another place to hang out and drag down the property values.”

The homeless woman—who despite looking like the combination of age and poverty should have sapped her of any fighting spirit—was actually withstanding the tirade pretty well. Folding her arms, she retorted, “I’m not harming anyone. What gives you the right to decide who can—”

Karen was having none of it. “Let me be clear, this is my house, my street, my tax dollars keeping the sidewalk clean from people like you. I want you to move along.”

“And if I don’t?” the old biddy challenged. “You gonna get your hands dirty and move me along? I’d like to

see you try.”

“Are you threatening me?” Karen glared down at her. “Don’t think I won’t call the cops.”

I figured it was about time to jump into the skirmish... before Karen either dialed 911 or slugged an elderly homeless woman. I came down the steps and got between them. “Is everything okay?”

“No, it is not okay,” Karen grimaced. “This is the third time I’ve seen her here and I’m not putting up with it any more.”

I nodded and adopted my most placating tone. “Understood, I’ll handle it.”

“Good, because I am so over it.” And with that she turned and headed to her house. I watched her go—past the Porsche in the driveway and the

manicured lawn and neatly trimmed hedges—her ass jiggling a little with every indignant step.

Apparently, I wasn't very subtle, because the homeless woman spoke up.

"Like her do you?"

"What?" I turned back to her and admitted slightly sheepishly, "Oh, yeah, I guess I do."

She was grinning from ear to ear.

"Just, imagine what you could do with a body like that."

"Never happen," I replied. "She's married for one thing... Not to mention she's spoiled, rich bitch evil incarnate."

"Yeah, there's the rub." She stood up and began rummaging through her shopping cart, digging into old shopping bags. "Cold-hearted bitch."

"Here." I fished into my pocket and dug out some cash. "I'm sorry she was

rude to you.”

The woman took the bills and smiled.

“Let me give you something in return.

What’s your name?”

“Luke.” I replied. “Give me something?”

“Yes, yes.” She handed me a small tin from her trolley. Opening it, I saw that there were herbs inside - green leaves that smelled faintly warm and exotic.

I raised a suspicious eyebrow. “What am I looking at?”

“Tea.”

“Tea?” I asked doubtfully. “Doesn’t tea come in little bags?”

She rolled her eyes a little. “Not good tea. Look, here's what you do. Make a pot of tea. Then, invite around your lady friend and drink with her. You’ll both get exactly what you deserve.”

“Really?” I got a whiff of the tea and

immediately, my thoughts supplied the most outlandish and interesting possibility. Perhaps the tea was some kind of aphrodisiac that would drive Karen wild. My mind quickly flicked to images of her jumping on top of me like some wild cougar, ripping off that scrap of a top and shoving her tits in my face.

I gave the woman a grin. "Thanks."

"Remember," she held up a warning finger, "drink the tea together." She turned and gave me a little departing waved. "Have a lovely day, young man. I'm sure all of you dreams will come true."

"Got it," I said. "Thanks again."

The woman shuffled away and I rushed inside to boil the kettle. I wasn't a big tea drinker but somewhere in the back of the cupboard was

a teapot some ex-roommate had left behind. I'd meant to give it to Goodwill months ago, now I was glad I'd never gotten around to it.

I let the tea steep for a few minutes, the scent filling the kitchen. It was sweet—lavender, a touch of mint and something else subtle and alluring. I poured two cups and headed next door. Karen opened the door and frowned instantly. “Oh, it's... you.”

“It is.”

Six months we'd lived next door to each other. A few yards apart, our windows directly across from each other. We saw each other a couple of times a week – walking to the car, putting out the trash, grabbing the mail. I introduced myself to her at least twice maybe three times... and she clearly couldn't remember my name.

I was tempted to turn around and head back home. But the tea was wafting aromatic steam and my mood instantly mellowed. Didn't hurt either that Karen had folded her arms and the soft swell of her breasts peeked above her top.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay... not shaken up by what happened outside."

"Yeah, I'll be fine," she sniffed. "Totally stressed me out though, having to deal with her."

"I figured," I held out a cup, "so I brought you some tea."

I could see something in her face, a moment's hesitation as if she was about to refuse it. Then her face relaxed and she took the cup. She seemed to surprise herself as she added, "Come in."

I followed her inside. “Thanks.”

“This tea looks strange.” She stared down into her cup. “What kind is it?”

“Uh, a personal blend. Not on the market. Very exclusive.”

She took a gulp. “It’s good.”

I took a long sip and then found myself unable to stop until my cup was empty. Over the top of the cup, I could see Karen apparently feeling the same way, gulping down the warm liquid. For a moment, I was filled with a strange feeling, something giddy and dizzying. Then, suddenly, I dropped to the floor. I kept my eyes and wits about me for a few seconds, long enough to see Karen’s body fall to the floor beside me. After that, everything went black.

Karen

My head was swimming and my vision was blurred but I made myself reach for the counter and pull myself upright. Through the fog, I looked around my kitchen for my neighbor—whatever his name was... Lance or Logan or something—but I was alone. As my vision slowly cleared, my eyes fell to the shattered cups and drops of spilled tea. My memories were jagged and frayed but I remembered the tea. It had been so strange, the tea had looked disgusting and I hadn't wanted to drink it, but it was as if I had no control over my body. I couldn't force myself to stop gulping it down. A suspicion crept into my foggy consciousness, had I been drugged? Drugged by my neighbor and left unconscious on my kitchen floor?

Anger coursed through me. If he'd so much as touched me while I was unconscious, I'd sue the hell out of him... right after hiring some guys to beat him to a bloody pulp. Furious, I gripped the edge of the counter.

And that's about the moment I realized something was very off. My usually manicured hands were suddenly massive and hairy with dirty nails. A man's hands. Looking down I saw a body to match: loosely buttoned shirt covering a flat chest, messy jeans hanging slack against skinny thighs, the...bulge beneath my pants. What the fucking fuck? I had to see this for myself and ran for the mirror in the hallway. Christ, if I thought about it I could feel my little dick rubbing against my inner thigh. I stood frozen and disbelieving in front of my

reflection. My hair was short, unkempt, I had stubble. STUBBLE. I was a man. I was *that* man.

Reeling I murmured, “What the hell” My voice emerged too deep, too gravely.

I poked a finger at the glass hoping to reveal some trick; one last futile attempt to pretend this wasn’t happening. My finger—jagged nail and all—stabbed at the cold, solid surface of the mirror. This was horribly real.

That was when I heard a noise; someone was in my bedroom. I charged down the hall and came face to face with my own body, sitting on my bed wearing one of my sexier nightgowns – chocolate brown silk clinging to my body with a slash of lace across my chest. My body leaned back against the bed frame and smiled. “Oh, it’s you.”

“What... Who are—”

He cut me off. “Luke.” He grinned. “I’m guessing you won’t forgot my name again after this.”

Suddenly, I had the next best thing to a solution; I had someone to blame. The tea, my new body and the asshole smirking at me through my own eyes; I knew he’d done this. I knew with perfect clarity what had happened – that little shit had swapped our bodies. I’d always known he wanted me. I’d seen him, watching me through the window when he thought I wasn’t looking, staring at my breasts, his eyes sliding over my curves. And now he had me.

He glanced over at the mirror on the closet door and asked, “Is it just me... or does this body look better on me than it ever did on you?” He held out

the bottom of my dress and wiggled his hips, staring down into my breasts, ogling me with my own eyes.

“YOU BASTARD!” I was across the room and slapping him before I even knew what was happening. The slap had a force behind it I wasn’t used to, fierce and deliciously weighty. “Give me my fucking body back right now!”

He held his cheek where I’d hit him and glared at me. “Nah,” he shrugged. “Don’t think so.”

“You wont get away with this. I will fucking—”

Dropping the dress back down over his—no, *my*—thighs, he sighed, “Oh, will you shut up.”

And, suddenly, I couldn’t speak. He’d commanded me to shut up and I had obeyed. I tried to open my mouth, to form words... and nothing. Desperate,

I tried to pry my mouth open but it stayed firmly shut.

Clearly, he had figured out what had happened, because I watched my mouth curl into a mischievous smile.

“Wow!” he said excitedly. “Looks like I’m in complete control.” He ran his eyes down his new reflection in the mirror. “This is amazing! I thought maybe the tea would mellow you out a bit, maybe de-bitchify you a little.” He jiggled my breasts, bouncing them up and down. “But this is so much better.”

How dare you touch my breasts! I tried to yell, but my mouth stayed firmly closed.

“Go home *Luke*.” He pointed to the house next door. “And stay there until I come for you.”

Yes, that made sense. I'd go home and

wait until he summoned me.

Wait. No!

I didn't want to leave him here, alone in my body, but I was compelled to turn and start to leave. Who knew what that little pervert would do when I left him alone? But my awful new body wouldn't respond, every step took me closer to the door.

“Oh wait.” Despite myself I paused and looked back. His eyes glinted. “Don’t want to miss a paycheck. You can leave to go to my job tomorrow.”

Fighting every step, I headed for the door. Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw him starting to grope my body; feeling up my ass and then my tits with a smirk on his face. Had my ass really been that big? Were my tits always so bite-able? Even as I had these thoughts, even as I wanted to pause

and stare at myself, there was nothing I could do to stop my feet from walking out of the room. He had complete control over both of us.

Luke

When Karen left I released a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. The tension drained out of me. I was alone. Alone in Karen's body and I could make her do whatever I wanted.

I had only been fondling my tits to tease her, but they felt nice so I continued. I enjoyed the feeling of my heavy breasts hanging from me, the sight of them as I pulled them apart and released to watch them bump back together, jiggling wonderfully. My little pink nipples pearled out in delight beneath the silken fabric of my nightie as I stared down at myself. Karen's body was warming delightfully, a gentle warmth growing between my thighs.

"Fuck me," I giggled, delighted to hear Karen's voice spill from my lips, "These tits are incredible."

I pulled my nightie over my head and dropped it on the floor, excited to see myself naked. I looked down at my body, my trim stomach framed by my huge breasts. I grabbed them and squeezed gently. They spilled out of my fingers. I let one hand run down my trim stomach, over my feminine mound and then across the coarse trail of pubic hair leading to my new pussy. I hesitantly slipped a finger across my slit, gently stroking my closed pussy lips. I was making myself so horny stroking Karen's body watching from behind her eyes as I made her hands play over her feminine curves.

There were echoes of Karen's thoughts in my mind, vague memories of how she liked to be touched. If I tried to grab the thoughts they slipped from my grasp, but by letting my fingers

wander aimlessly across my slit they seemed to find Karen's patterns. Two fingers pressed gently inside myself, landing on a soft ridge of folds that made my breath hitch in my throat and sent minor shockwaves rolling through me. I rubbed lightly in a gentle rhythm and soon my entire body was throbbing with deep seated pleasure. The waves emanated from my cunt, traveling out to fill my body.

My lips grew looser even as a tension grew inside me, urging me onward. I rubbed harder, dipping my fingers down to discover my dew before dragging it back up against my clit. My other hand slipped across my tits and pulled one up to my mouth. I opened my lips and sucked Karen's perk pink nipple, shivering as my warm breath blew across my skin.

I continued like this, sucking my own fat tit, pleasuring my now-dripping cunt as the tension ratcheted up and up. I cried out, Karen's voice rising in pitch as I urged myself higher and higher. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it anymore the tension snapped and pleasure exploded through me. My legs trembled, my entire body shook in delight as the orgasm filled my whole form.

My finger continued to work the orgasm through me as I cried out. My tits bobbed beneath me as I shook hard, eyes closed tight, screaming out my pleasure. I was sure Karen could hear me back in my old home but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything except riding this orgasm through.

I came down slowly and found myself

clinging onto one of the bed posts for support. I was shaking and still breathing hard. God, if Karen was like this all the time I was in for one hell of a ride! Lying in bed, I made a methodical inventory of my new body. I took my time, trailing eyes and hands over every inch of her skin. Gently squeezing the soft flesh of her inner thigh, learning the feel of her lips, her belly, the delicate skin of her wrists. I gently pinched her nipples, slowly coaxing them to taut, little peaks then skimmed them with my new fingertips, barely touching, just letting the delicate sparks of sensation jag to my core. Karen's perfect body finally belonged to someone who deserved it.

I glanced down at my hand—one delicate finger brushing slow circles around my nipple—and that's when I

really noticed the ring on my finger. Karen, I remembered suddenly, was married.

And then, out of nowhere, I was deluged with images of her wedding day. Dress, flowers, guests and an athletic man (smooth and sophisticated in an expensive suit) standing at the end of the aisle in the church with a huge smile on his face. And I could *feel* how much Karen loved him in that moment, how rapidly her heart was beating. Then, hard and fast, more images and sensations – the honeymoon suite now. The man tearing off her dress and dropping his mouth to her tits. I felt every sensation like it was my own. I reeled back from the images but I could feel still them; Karen's memories, slowly filling my consciousness. More knowledge—more of her—with

each passing minute. It was confusing and shocking all at once. The only point of relief - now at least I knew that John was away on business and not due back for a couple of days.

I pulled off the wedding ring and dropped it on the bedside table.

Karen

I'd never realized before just how sad my neighbor's life was. To be honest, I had never really thought about it. Hell, until I got shoved into his body I hadn't even known his name. Now though, I was driving his crappy car and going to his shitty job in a seedy little office run by an ape of a man with more hair on his knuckles than his head. Just living Luke's miserable existence would have been bad enough...but increasingly I was dealing with his thoughts and memories as well. Depressing thoughts about how much he hated his job and wanted a girlfriend, and about how much he wanted to break out and get free. It was sad really, mostly because his dreary existence was currently my dreary existence.

I was sacked out on the couch after a long day at his tedious job—pathetic microwave lasagna in my lap—when I glanced out the window and across to my house. My body was standing there in the window, wrapped in a long black cardigan.

He caught my eye, smiling warmly just for a second. Then the smile turned devilish as he dropped the cardigan and revealed a navy bra and panties – expensive, delicate and clearly brand new. I didn't recognize the underwear; apparently he'd taken my body shopping.

Running a single finger over the lacy edge of the bra, he raised an arched eyebrow mouthed, "You like?"

Then he dipped a hand into the bra and I watched him squeeze my ample curves, pushing down the bra to reveal

my dusty pink nipple. I felt utterly paralyzed. I wanted to scream, to tell the pervert to stop, but knew it was useless. He had some kind of control over me; he could make me do whatever he wanted and I was entirely powerless.

I tried to look away but that proved hopeless too. Because, as soon as my feminine body had appeared in the window, Luke's thoughts had begun to surface. Fierce, immediate need started creeping through my body, clenching my belly and turning my breath shallow. I couldn't believe it, but I was starting to get turned on—really turned on—by my own fucking body. This was Luke's fantasy, and now it seemed to be mine as well.

I could feel Luke's dick getting hard, straining against the denim of the

jeans I was wearing, and I found my eyes glued to the vision of my own body through the window. Her bra straps were down over her shoulders now and she was supporting her breasts with her hands. She squeezed them together and leaned forward, her eyes meeting mine through the glass.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned reluctantly. I bit my lip, hard, desperately trying to resist the urge to just drop my hand down my pants and pull out Luke’s aching dick. Then my mind was pelted with oddly familiar images that Luke had clearly played before in his mind about me: his hands working over my body, his thick cock forcing its way into my tight cunt.

I couldn’t resist. I popped open his jeans and I slid a hand down to his dick. It was warm and meaty and even

as I was disgusted at touching it, the physical pleasure of wrapping my fingers around it and working my hand up and down made me even hornier. It was like all my attention was focused on the head of my...my cock. I needed to rub myself.

I pulled my pants down and looked out the window. Luke was watching me, smiling his smile. I wanted to ram my cock between his plump lips, force my dick down that bitch's throat and make her choke on me. She was a cunt and she deserved to get fucked hard.

Christ, is that what Luke thinks of me? I thought, then knocked the thought aside as I came.

My cock throbbed beneath my fingers and hot cum shot over my pants in bursts, dripping warmly down my fingers. The relief was instant, no slow

release like I'd had as woman. My pleasure was just...over. The shame was instant, too. I looked back up, but my body was gone from the window. I cleaned myself up and lay on the couch to watch more TV, my mind cleared, my motivation sapped by the quick orgasm. Luke's life sucked.

Luke

I had to find the right bikini. It was Saturday morning—the third day since I’d swapped into Karen’s body—and the summer sun was shining bright. A perfect day for a swim in the pool. I settled on a pink little number that rode my ass like a thong and made my breasts spill over. It was a little uncomfortable but I knew it would drive Karen insane.

I added a long necklace—enjoying the gentle caress of the metal as it swung between my breasts—and picked up the phone. I didn’t bother with pleasantries. “Get over here.”

“Ok.” Even in single word, I could hear the fierce reluctance in her voice. My guess was she had been receiving my memories just as hard and fast as I had been receiving hers...which meant

she had a pretty detailed idea about just exactly what I wanted to do with her body. She probably thought I was going to fuck her the second she walked through the door. This was going to be fun.

I jiggled my tits again—I loved doing that—before turning my attention to the knock at the door. I grinned, reveling in the newfound sense of control and power. I had never felt so devious and, just for a second, I paused with my hand on the door handle. Was it my mind or Karen’s mind making me act this way? I shook away the thought; whoever’s idea it was, it was a good one. I opened the door and watched her jaw drop at my choice of attire. It was clearly the right choice.

Furious, she demanded, “What do you want?”

“I want you to come with me.” I turned and moved through the house, I didn’t even need to look back to know she was following; she was under my power and the command had been given.

She could still complain about it though. “You can’t do this to me!” she protested, as I opened up the patio doors to the giant pool in the back garden. “You can’t just steal my body and think you’ll get away with it. “

“Just watch me.” I winked, then added with a hint of a giggle, “I could easily ruin you, but replacing you is so much more fun.”

“That’s your plan?” she hissed. “Then why am I even here?”

“To watch.”

“You can’t make me,” she replied petulantly.

“Actually I can.” I dipped a toe in the warm water of the pool. “I can also do this: touch your nose.”

Glaring, hating me, she did it. She had to; there was no disobeying a command I had given.

“Still think I’m not in charge?” I smiled. “Now say sorry.”

“Sorry,” she replied through gritted teeth.

I pointed to a lounge next to the pool.

“Sit over there and, no matter what, don’t touch yourself.”

She stomped over to the chair and sat down as slid into the pool. That’s how we spent the morning—her glued to the chair, watching me swim and bounce, and laugh. I loved teasing her, stroking my tits and making them jiggle, knowing that she couldn’t touch herself, no matter how turned on she

got.

“Does your ass look big in this bikini?” I asked, turning around and smiling as I slid one hand across my thick thighs. I dove in and came up wet and dripping. I pushed my hair back and stood in front of her as the water sluiced down my breasts. I could see that Karen was biting her lip, grinding her fingers into the side of her chair, and I could also see her member, my member, rising to the occasion.

“Please,” she said after a while, clearly hating herself and just as clearly unable to control herself, “Please, just let me touch myself, I need the release.”

“Oh dear,” I said happily, “I can’t have that in my house you dirty, little pervert. What kind of woman do you think I am? Go home and masturbate.”

She bolted out of the chair and raced for the door.

I called after her, one final command, “And when you're done you need to lick up all your own cum.”

She paused, but was so horny she had no choice but to obey if she ever wanted release.

Karen

Every day, more and more memories of his came flooding in. The previous night's dreams were all his: dull days, toil and tedium. I'd woken up with his thoughts almost blanketing my own and it had taken a minute to wade through the sleep-laden, confused thoughts to find myself.

Getting out of bed, I'd noticed that I no longer had to search the house for simple objects. I knew the exact location of every dish in the kitchen, of the remote, of the spare towels and light bulbs. I *knew* it... because, all too often, his thoughts were now completely mingled with mine.

I was on my way out of the door, to another mundane day in his mundane body at his mundane job, when the phone rang. I knew who it was. For a

moment, I was defiant and didn't pick it up... and then I found myself grabbing for the phone. There was something, deep down in the back of my mind, that told me Luke was a good person really... and that maybe, eventually, he would relent and reverse our situation. Buried in his thoughts and memories was the knowledge that perhaps—if I just found the right words—I could persuade him. I grabbed the phone.

His voice was soft and suggestive. “Come over now. You’re going to want to see this.”

As I traipsed the path that led up to my once front door, I found myself thinking about the prospect of seeing myself—my old body that is—again. I was starting to get used to wanting it, get used to the frequency with which

Luke's mind flashed up images of my body. I'd be making breakfast or having a shower and suddenly, he'd be fantasizing about bending me over the kitchen counter or fucking me hard against the shower wall.

As a woman, I knew I was pretty enough, but this feeling was something entirely different. From inside a man's body, my own female body was something to dream of and devour. As a man I just wanted to force my head in between those tits and live there forever. I wanted my own cunt for meals three times a day.

Even now, as I knocked on my front door, I kept thinking about the body waiting inside and could feel my dick twitch in my jeans. If I had had any inkling into how guys felt about me, I would have done a *lot* more with that

body.

“You took your time.” She was naked, completely naked. Of course, I had already seen it—after all it was my body—but now, as a man, it was impossible to look away. Holy shit! The temptation to reach out, to touch, to grab, to shove my body down on the hall rug was almost irresistible.

My former body winked at me and gestured for me to follow her inside. As she climbed the stairs, I ran my eyes over her bouncing cheeks. They were raw red; Luke must have been having some fun. I followed her like a man possessed into the bedroom.

Struggling for some control, I asked, “Why am I here?”

“Hang on. Let me get dressed first.”

Luke took his time with every move; teasing me as he slowly pulled on an

extremely tight pair of yoga shorts and a sports bra that barely contained my tits. I resisted the urge to put my hand down my pants again; I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. He moved about the room efficiently, opening the right drawer and finding my clothes unerringly in my closet. The same thing was happening to both of us it seemed, we were both getting a daily dose of memories.

He met my eye and gave me a lazy smile. "Oh yeah. The longer I am you, the easier it is to replace you."

"I've been getting your memories too," I admitted.

"It won't be long before we're each other. Completely." He adjusted the sports bra, trying to make things a little more comfortable. "Not just two people that look like each other."

“Are you ever going to change us back?” I wasn’t beyond begging and added, “Please.”

He just ignored me. “I’m off to yoga. I want you to go to work and come back here when you’re finished.” He glanced down at the bulge in my pants and said dismissively, “You might wanna deal with that first though.”

Defeated, I nodded. “Okay. I will.”

Luke

I was torturing my former male body and I was aware of that. In my defense, it was partly because a certain surprising thought of Karen's had been running over and over through my brain: she thought I was cute. Not in this body, not as a woman, but before we had swapped over. She thought Luke's body was attractive. That meant that now—thanks to the flood of memories becoming more prominent and pressing day by day—I also found my former body attractive. I kept thinking about my old body, about my dick, about stroking my hand down its length, about dropping to my knees and wrapping my lips around it.

The images wouldn't leave me alone. As I went about my day as Karen—friends, yoga, frivolous activity that

filled the hours—I kept flashing back to the image of my hard dick. I couldn't wait for Luke's work day to end and I almost ran for the front door when I heard the knocking.

“Hi Luke!” I teased. “Come in!”

“Luke?” she repeated, looking me up and down.

I was wearing my spandex workout gear, the same outfit I'd seen her in—and imagined ripping off her—many times. The tight pink top held up my huge breasts and revealed my trim stomach, while the pants clung to my wide thighs.

“Follow me.” I walked upstairs with her trailing after me. “So, I had such a great day! Went to yoga, met up with a few of your friends and we did some bikini shopping. Gotta say, Kelly and Cass really don't care about preserving

modesty in the changing rooms do they. That was a nice surprise! None of them suspected a thing by the way. We got a nice mani-pedi and gossiped like old friends.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Karen asked. “What do you want from me?”

“I’ve already got everything. I just wanted you to now how easy it all was. Oh, and I thought you might like to help me.” I glanced over at him, “Get ready for a shower?”

I could see her swallow. She wanted to resist the urge to join me, I could tell, but as soon I started walking away she was compelled to follow me.

“Can you help me?” I gestured to my running bottoms, “They’re so tight.”

“S-sure,” she stuttered, rolling the form-fitting spandex down the length of my smooth legs, her fingers tickling

my thighs.

“Do you like my legs?” I bit my lip, “I shaved them this morning.”

“Y-yes.”

“Good.”

I slipped off my panties and pulled off my top. Karen's eyes were like saucers, the bulge in her pants evidence of her new thoughts about her former body. I turned the shower on and stepped in, letting the warm water sluice down between my breasts and over my plump ass. I fondled my tits as much as I could as I lathered them up, sending them jiggling and bobbing. Then I raised one leg and ran my hand across my pussy. I knew that my old body loved that. If water hadn't been pouring down between my legs I was sure that Karen probably would've caught on just how turned on I was, already I

was dripping down my leg at the touch of my body, at the control I had over Karen....and about the lust in her eyes for me.

I turned the shower off and stepped out, soaking wet, my body shiny and clean smelling. Christ, I was so horny. I'd worked myself up playing with Karen's body. And here was this nice looking young man in the shower, gaping at me, desperately wanting me.

I knelt in front of her and unzipped her pants. I pulled them down, followed by her boxers. She didn't protest as I revealed her erection, the bulbous head pointing towards my lips, the solid shaft throbbing ever so slightly. I'd never thought dick were beautiful, but this one was gorgeous.

I wrapped Karen's hand around the shaft and stroked gently, watching as a

bead of pre-cum appeared on the tip. Without thinking I leaned forward and licked it off. Mmm, it tasted slightly salty. Delicious.

I stuck out my tongue and pressed it against the base of his shaft. My nose was on his cock, smelling his masculine scent. I ran my tongue from base to tip and back again as Karen moaned above me. She wasn't going to leave now even if I released her. And I wasn't going to release her, I was going to enjoy this sexy young stud.

I opened my mouth and took him inside. Lowering my lips I felt the head of my own cock glide across my tongue towards the back of my throat. I took him all in until my nose pressed into his pubic hair. I held him there, tasting his hot heat in my mouth, as I undulated my tongue across his shaft.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered, as I slid my lips up then back down. Her cock was glistening with my saliva as I controlled his pleasure, holding his power in my mouth, controlling him with my lips and tongue.

I moved faster, wanting his release to satisfy myself. I was so good at sucking cock, always had been ever since my tits had grown in. And then I felt him throb harder in my mouth and he groaned, loud and long. Hot seed spurted across my tongue and down my throat, salty and wonderful. I swallowed it all, keeping my lips wrapped around his cock as he seemed to cum forever. He soon slowed and stopped. I pulled his cock out of my mouth and looked up at him.

“Feels good doesn’t it?” I teased, “Much better than any memory.”

“Please,” she said, “Just let me fuck you. Once.”

“Not today.”

Karen

The one advantage of Luke's stupid job—the stupid job I was now forced to go to day after day—was that it didn't need much brainpower. As I sat in his grim little cubicle, typing away my mind was free to wander to the previous night, to relive every moment of that glorious blowjob. Relive the feeling of that bitch's mouth around my dick, relive the moment I had finally achieved something I had always wanted, always fantasized about: getting Karen down on her knees in front of me.

My mind screeched to a halt. Wait. Where the hell had that thought come from? This wasn't my dream come true, that bastard had used my body to suck himself off. I shook my head, as if I could somehow physically untangle

his thoughts and memories from mine.

“Hey Luke.” Looking up, I watched Marvin sink into his chair in the cubicle across from mine. “How’s it going?”

The past few days I’d avoided him like the plague but today suddenly Luke had something he wanted to talk to him about. Marvin was always talking about his latest—probably imaginary—con-quest. I knew he’d enjoy what I had to tell.

“Going good, man. Remember my neighbor, the one I told you about from next door?”

“How could I forget,” he smiled. “Karen with the massive tits.”

I could feel the pride welling up. “She totally sucked me off last night.”

“Nice!” he held out his hand and I

slapped him five. “Legend. Was she worth the wait?”

“Fuck yeah,” I said. “She has the juiciest lips, my god!”

What was I doing!? What was I saying!? I was talking about my own goddamn body like the worst kind of man to this pervert. Shaken to my very core, I pushed past Marvin and rushed to the bathroom behind him.

Hands clenching the sink in panic, I took a good hard look at myself in the mirror. This was Luke. Luke wasn't me. I kept the thoughts going, I tried to remember some of my memories—waking up next to my husband, lounging around, my old friends—but dredging up every memory was a fight. I had to do something; I couldn't let it end like this. I could almost feel it creep through my body, the

subsuming of personality.

Tonight, I told myself. Tonight, when I got back from work, I was going to get my fucking body back.

Luke

I hadn't been expecting the knock on the door, certainly wasn't expecting my former body bursting in. It was inconvenient to say the least, my husband was due home in an hour and I wanted to finish getting ready.

Still, I kept it polite... like the good neighbor I am. "Luke," I smiled. "This is unexpected."

Luke glared, fury radiating off his taut body. "I'm not fucking Luke. I'm Karen. Karen! And I want you to change us back right now!"

I sighed. "That isn't going to happen."

His voice was implacable. "Last chance."

"Or what?" I queried.

He lunged at me, knocking me hard on my back on the hallway floor and wrapping his hands about my slender

neck. “GIVE ME BACK MY BODY, YOU BITCH!”

“STOP!” I managed to squeak. And of course Luke had no choice but to obey. I gasped for air, desperately filling my lungs again and then choked out, “You shouldn’t have done that, you stupid cunt. I can make your life a living hell!”

“You already have!” she hissed. “This couldn’t get any worse!”

“Really?” I scrambled upright. “Come with me.”

Luke had no choice to obey, I marched him upstairs to the bedroom and grabbed the discarded wedding ring from the table by my bed. I held out my hand for him and said, “We’re going to make this official.”

Clearly confused, Luke took the ring. “What do you mean?”

I held out my left hand to him. “Now, repeat after me: ‘I am Luke, and you are Karen. Forever’.”

I could see the urge to fight but eventually he slid the ring on my finger and repeated, “I am Luke and you are Karen, forever.”

“Good.”

I gave him a slow smile I was beyond angry that he’d dared to attack me but I had a delightful way to punish him and make him truly see that this was his life now. “Go stand in the closet and I don’t want you to come out or make a single peep until I say so.”

“Okay.” Reluctantly he headed for the closet.

“One other thing,” I smiled, “You can never masturbate again.”

“No!” He stared out at me. “No please, you can’t!”

“Yes I can,” I said. “You tried to fuck-ing kill me! So congratulations, here’s your reward. I’m going to tease you every day, every chance I get. I’ll flash my tits and rub my cunt and there’s nothing you can do about it. The only release you’ll ever get is when *I* want to play with you. You’re going to do everything I say, every time I say it, because this is your life now. A pathetic little man that can’t even pleasure himself anymore.”

He slumped but I wasn’t finished.

“One more thing.” I reached for the closet door. “You will never, ever have sex with this body. Get used to that idea because it will never happen *Luke!*”

My husband didn’t arrive home for another hour and by the time I heard his key in the lock, I was in a killer dress

and ready good to go.

It was just thinking about Luke that made me so goddamn horny, him forced to stay quiet in the closet, waiting for me to arrive and watch helplessly as I fuck the shit out of his former husband. I was going to make him pay for trying to kill me, and I was going to have fun doing it. As soon as my husband came through the door, I threw myself into his arms and pressed my lips to ease.

I pulled him up to the bedroom and closed the door, looking at him seductively. Already I could see the bulge in his pants. I looked over to the closet quickly, knowing Luke was watching—*had* to watch—then smiled and took off the black dress I had been wearing for my husband. He took me in his arms, his lips on mine, his

tongue exploring my mouth as his hands roamed greedily all around my body. Soon he, too, was naked and I admired his body: his powerful arms, thick chest and handsome, rugged face. I remembered everything about him, all the time we'd spent together, the places we'd gone, the things we'd seen...all the times he'd fucked me until I screamed with pleasure. I knew every inch of his body even though "I" was seeing it for the first time.

I took a hold of his throbbing shaft and did what only my delicate hands could do. It turned me on immensely to hear my husband moan, and he could only stand it for a few seconds before he threw me onto the bed on my back and spread my legs wide, holding my calves apart in his solid grip.

"I've missed you so much Karen," he

was saying.

“Oh, god, I've missed you, too” I moaned. I wanted him more than anything.

In my head, I had taken his dick a thousand times, but in reality I had never once felt it. The head of his cock pressed against my swollen lips, the pressure building, building, and then I sighed as he plunged inside me. He spread my legs wide, staring down at our connection as his cock slid in and out of my velvety folds. I fondled my large tits and cried out as he fucked me. He forced his way deep, deep inside, his warm-softness filling my aching cunt. I grasped the sheets as he slammed inside me, grunting in animalistic pleasure. I was so wet for him, needed him so badly. I cried out, my cries rising in pitch as the pleasure

flooded me, bouncing around my body, growing ever higher until I thought I would explode.

I looked over to the closet, I could see the eyes watching through the gaps in the blinds and it made me smile. And then my husband thrust hard inside me and I squeezed my eyes together and moaned. My hands squeezed my nipples, pinching and pulling as the pleasure multiplied itself until my body could no longer contain it.

“Oh, god! Oh, god!” I heard myself say as I came, blinding white pleasure filling every pore off my body. My husband trembled inside me—I knew how much he loved hearing me cum—and then he came, too. I felt him pulse inside me, felt the heat blast inside my pussy, filling me.

When we were done he collapsed on

top of me and I wrapped my arms and legs around him, wanting to hold him close. My husband. My love.

I was no longer Luke, I was Karen. Being Luke seemed like a nightmare I had awoken from into my real life as a pampered housewife. With my husband still on top of me I looked over to the closet, where the neighbor boy was hiding. I had allowed him to perv out. He was my willing boy toy, eager to do anything for me in the hopes I would let him fuck me. Well, that would never happen. I gave a devious smile. I had never been happier.
