

# **What Happens in Vegas**

*Body Theft Erotica*

by M. Wills

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## **Table of Contents**

[What Happens in Vegas](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## What Happens in Vegas

I sit out on my mom's back porch, taking a last toke from my joint and enjoying the sight of the setting sun bathing the clouds in pinks and golds. My sister, Chrissy, is still inside with her fiancé, Brad, and our stepmom. I can hear mom cackling with them even through the thick sliding glass doors behind me.

From behind me comes the sound of the glass patio door sliding open. My mom and my sister's voices escape briefly from inside before they're hushed again as the door slides closed. From the heavy steps on the deck I'm guessing it's Brad who's behind me. I don't turn around but I'm proven right seconds later when he takes a seat opposite me at the glass-topped outdoor dining table. I give him a nod and he raises his bottle of beer in acknowledgement, eyeing the joint in my hand.

"Want a hit?" I ask, holding up the joint.

"Absolutely," he grins, and pinches the joint between two fingers.

"I thought big shot lawyers needed to keep their minds clear." I sound bitter, despite my attempt to play it off as a joke.

I can't help it. Coming home does that to me. Having my stepmom on my back for my lifestyle while my sister rubs her perfect life in my face—albeit unintentionally—sets me on edge. Mom is so easy-going around my sister and so hard on me. Ironically, they've always been so close, even though Chrissy wasn't mom's to begin with. Maybe she's the child my mom wished she'd had—they certainly look like they could be mother and daughter. I'm the one left out. The black sheep that makes all the bad decisions while perfect Chrissy skates by in life. As if to punctuate that thought, there's another burst of laughter from Chrissy and mom in the living room. But Brad just takes my comment in stride and shrugs his broad shoulders.

"Even the law has to rest," he says, blowing a plume of smoke into the air.

He hands the joint back to me and sits back in his chair to gaze out at the sky. My masculinity isn't so fragile that I can't admit Brad's a handsome guy. Chiseled jaw, dark features, tall and muscular. Every woman's wet dream, basically. Hell, he was a college quarterback when he met my sister and now he's a partner in a successful legal firm. It's like he stepped out of a fairy tale, which makes sense that he's a part of my sister's charmed life.

God, the pictures my mom's hung in the hallway and living room recount the story of their seemingly perfect lives. Chrissy was a cheerleader. A vivacious, bubbly blonde with an incredible body. The life of the party. She always had admirers and could take her pick. I know that growing up some of my friends secretly—and not so secretly—lusted after her. Then she met Brad. Got her dream job as a teacher and got engaged. They're like a movie star couple, which makes sense why mom would fill the house with pictures of them and just have a single picture of me back when I was dour and depressed in high school. I mean, I'm still dour and depressed now, so I get it. But at least my acne's cleared up. Chrissy's clearly the favorite. Maybe I'm too much like our dad.

But tonight, hopefully, all that will change. Soon I'll be the golden child, with the help of some magic I bought off a strange old woman at the market.

I didn't believe the old woman at first, thinking she was only peddling useless trinkets. But she called me by name and knew my deepest desire: to be loved. She gave me a little satchel of powder and promised it could give me the life I wanted. When I asked why she was helping me she just shrugged, a twinkle in her eye, and said something about making the world a little more interesting.

"So what's up with you?" Brad turns his dark eyes to me, interrupting my thoughts. "How's the job hunt going?"

I shift in my chair and tap the ash of the joint into my empty beer bottle. "Had a few interviews but nothing panned out. Everybody says they're desperate for workers. Apparently not desperate enough."

"Hey, it'll happen," Brad reassures me. Damn him for being such a nice guy I can't even get angry at him. "If you ever need any help, just ask. Chrissy worries about you."

"Does she?"

"Of course. You're her big brother."

"I'll be all right."

The sliding glass door opens behind me and my mom and sister step out onto the deck.

"Hey babe," Chrissy says, taking a seat on Brad's lap and kissing him lightly on the lips. He folds his broad arm around her waist and she sets her half-empty bottle of beer down on the table with a soft clink.

Mom sits between us at the table. It's clear where Chrissy got her looks from. Mom is an older version of my sister. Her figure is slightly plumper but still stellar. I'm pretty sure my friends fantasized about her, too.

I've overheard from mom's conversations with my sister that single life is treating her well. I try to tune those conversations out but I still know more about my mom's sex life than I ever cared to. She's had a succession of sugar daddies, finding them easily and then tossing them aside when she gets bored. I wonder if even *she* knows what she wants in life. Besides my sister, clearly. They're attached at the fucking hip.

"Nice night," Mom says.

I stub out my joint in the ashtray, ignoring mom's disapproving look. Chrissy is murmuring something to Brad, her hand stroking his cheek as they stare into each other's eyes. They're so in love. Jealousy flares inside me again.

My eyes flick to Chrissy's half-drunk beer and my heart starts pounding in my chest. The little satchel of magic powder is in my pocket, ready to slip into her drink. Once we both sip from it, the old woman said all I have to do is touch Chrissy and the magic will put me into her body. I don't want to ruin my sister, I want to *become* her. I want to have that closeness with my mom, that perfect life, and that incredible body.

As the others talk I reach out for my beer bottle and tip it strategically against my sister's, knocking them both over. She jumps up from Brad's lap as the beer spills towards her and I grab both bottles.

"Logan!" Mom yells. I'm always the clumsy one.

"Sorry! Sorry! I'll get you another one," I apologize, grabbing the bottles and disappearing inside before anyone can stop me.

Pulling a fresh beer from the fridge, I twist it open and quickly dump half the powder into it before gently swirling the bottle around to mix it in. Half now so I can always go back to my old body if I desire. Otherwise, finishing off the powder will seal the spell.

I take a sip from the bottle and I can't taste the powder. Good. I return to the table outside with the beer and a handful of paper towels. I hand the beer to my sister and mop up the spill, keeping one eye on her. She shakes her head at my clumsiness and swigs the beer. I smile. No turning back now.

Mom and Brad mostly focus on Chrissy, as usual, leaving me to brood silently. A few minutes after I've sipped from the beer with the powder, my head begins to feel slightly fuzzy. I think Chrissy feels something, too, because she puts her hand to her head and winces.

"You okay, baby?" Brad asks.

She waves him off. "Yeah. Just weird headache."

"Maybe you should get some rest. Don't want to be sick for our trip tomorrow!" Mom chimes in.

Chrissy smiles. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Usually they do a mother/daughter thing once a month. Mani-pedis. Spa day. Drinks. Tomorrow, though, they're going all out and heading to Las Vegas. Meanwhile, I'm crashing on the couch while my apartment gets gassed for fleas. It's like we're living exactly opposite lives.

Brad yawns and kisses Chrissy goodnight before heading out the door alone. He's got an early start tomorrow and Chrissy's flight leaves early as well, so she's staying with mom. As am I, but guess whose old room is still a bedroom, and whose is junk storage?

I distract myself by picking up the beer bottles and dirty plates and ferrying them to the kitchen as everyone else says their goodbyes. Mom stretches and gives Chrissy a hug and a kiss before heading off to bed with a wave and a 'goodnight' to me. Chrissy furrows her brow and rubs her head. I know what she's feeling because I feel it, too. An odd kind of dizziness, as if my whole body is vibrating.

"Goodnight, big bro," Chrissy says as she walks down the hallway to her room.

I give her a few second's lead then follow after her. Her door is closed by the time I get there. I knock and she opens it a moment later.

"Can I come in?"

"Okay," she says, standing aside.

I slip in and close the door behind me, then reach out and touch her bare arm. I'm not sure how the spell is supposed to work, so I'm surprised when my fingers meet the brief resistance from her skin and then slide *into* her arm, melding with her. There's no pain, but suddenly my fingers end at the knuckles and are connected directly into her arm.

I stare down at it in amazement and she follows my gaze. When she sees what's happening she lets out a little yelp and steps back. But we're connected now so she pulls me with her. I grab her other arm to steady myself and that, too, sinks inside her as my weight lands on her and she steps back. Now there's a sucking sensation and the rest of my body is getting pulled inside her, first my hands then my forearms.

"Logan? What-?!" She starts to panic and I can sense she's going to scream and the only way to stop her is to kiss her. As she draws in a breath I cover her lips with mine.

She tastes slightly of beer, and I feel her waxy lip gloss as her soft lips press against mine. She struggles but now our lips are as one. I fall further into her arms and feel her breasts briefly on my

chest before I become a part of them. She's still fighting but we both know it's futile. I inhale the sweet honey scent of her bodywash and then my nose is pressed into her cheek, soon followed by my face. I'm being absorbed into her body as she struggles. In seconds there's no part of me left and for an instant I can feel her surrounding me but all is black.

And then the world flips and I take a step back, my body suddenly free, lighter and unbalanced but facing the door. My back leg hits the bed and I sit heavily on it, landing on a more padded butt. A weight bounces on my chest and golden hair drifts into my eyes. Looking down at myself I see my sister's white tee shirt, her breasts tenting out the fabric. *My* breasts now, I guess. My tiny shorts barely hide wide, golden thighs.

I push the hair out of my eyes, noticing as I do the softer contours of my cheek, and I let my hand wander back around to my lips. I stare down at my sister's hands and wiggle her fingers, laughing in delight as I move her body. My laugh is a tinkly, airy sound of pure pleasure. My fingers are long and slender, the nails delicately rounded and painted a glossy pale pink. So beautiful and delicate.

I turn to the mirror and my sister's face peers back. I smile radiantly, watching her face light up, and gaze at my reflection, drinking myself in, eyes running down my delicately crafted nose, across the slender dark eyebrows, the smiling blue eyes. Holy shit, it worked! I'm a fucking hottie.

I take my breasts in each hand. They're heavy and ripe, even beneath the bra, and big enough so I can only just cover them with my fingers. I pull off my top and sweep the silky hair out of my eyes. My sister's bra lays strapped across her breasts and, my god, they're perfect. The tits of a goddess. The rounded curves disappear beneath the simple white bra. She keeps herself in shape, and her stomach is taut, hinting at the abs beneath.

I reach around and fumble with my bra before finally unclasping it and shimmying it down my arms to the floor. My breasts tumble free and they're even more magnificent bare. I gather them in my hands, enjoying the warm weight of each of them. I heft them and squeeze gently a few times, stroking them softly, adjusting to how they feel.

"Holy shit, I've got tits," I whisper, just to hear my sister's voice falling from my own lips.

I play with my breasts for a bit, bobbling them back and forth, tapping them lightly and watching them sway. They're hypnotic in their motion. My areolae are about the size of quarters, small and pale pink, the little hint of nipple on each rising as I grope myself. My hand on my tits feels so strange and wonderful it makes my nipples spike into sharp points and brings a welcome warmth between my legs.

I lie back on the bed, which causes my breasts to tumble down my sides. I lift my waist in the air to shimmy out of my shorts. My hand glides down my long, smooth legs. After I slide the panties off my feet I wiggle my tiny toes in the air and swing my foot back and forth, enjoying watching the control I have over this amazing body. I bring my sister's panties to my face and inhale the musky scent of pussy. That's my scent now. I fling her panties to the floor and my hands fly joyfully up to my body.

I glide my hands up and down, enjoying the curves, the smooth skin. Up and down I roam, gathering my tits and releasing them again to trace a line down my stomach and over my mound. I grab a pillow and put it under my head so I can gaze down at my sister's body as I touch myself, watching her delicate hands tease and entice her body.

My fingers rest on my mound, just above the light dusting of pubic hair leading to my pussy. I follow the coarse trail of hair down between my legs and stroke myself up and down, reveling in the absence between my legs as I tickle the delicate lips of my pussy.

I trace around the outside of my slit, making the heat inside me rise. My pussy lips grow looser and a line of heat curves through me. I return one hand to my tits, fondling myself while continuing to

stroke my pussy. I dip a finger lightly inside myself, feel the slightly damp lips cling to it as I touch my velvety folds for the first time. I shiver all over, continuing to stroke up and down while feeling up my tits with the other hand.

It's both strange and wonderful touching myself from the inside for the first time, feeling my beautiful wetness growing. Stroking down my pussy, my finger lands on my dew and I spread it back up my entrance, lubricating myself with my own juices. I begin flexing my legs as the heat turns to anticipation, rising towards a crescendo and making my body tense. Feeling my pussy get wet makes me even wetter. I'm turned on by myself and I continue fingering this tight little pussy I now possess. This body feels incredible, inside and out.

My clit buds out beneath my touch and a sigh escapes my lips as I circle over the tiny nub, experimenting until I find just the right amount of pressure, just the right angle. Another sigh escapes my lips, soft and needy. I move faster, circling my clit harder, following the rhythm of my body up, up. The slick sound of my wetness hits my ears and I cum hard with a long moan. My legs clap together, fingers still circling my clit, other hand gripping a tit as the orgasm pounds through me. My mouth drops open and I cry out briefly, still fingering myself, enjoying the sights, the sound, the smell of my new body.

The orgasm spills through my entire body and all I can do is go with it, twisting and turning as pleasure racks me hard and fast. It's slow to fade, gently bringing me back down. When it finally releases me I lie on the bed, breathing heavily and staring up at the ceiling as I stroke myself soothingly, playing over the tits and the pussy that just gave me such pleasure while the warmth dissipates and sleep overtakes me.

I'm woken by someone sitting on the bed and gently rubbing my shoulder.

"Time to get up, honey," mom whispers. "We've got to catch our plane."

I roll over to face her. For an instant I've forgotten where and who I am, and am surprised by the shifting weight on my chest and the silken strands of hair across my forehead. Then it all comes back to me and I smile up at mom and rub my eyes. She kisses me on the forehead and gazes down at me for a beat, gently stroking a loose strand of hair to the side. As she stands, her hand trails down my chest, almost over a breast before she leaves me to get dressed.

I rise and stretch and pad to the bathroom to do my business. Urinating in my sister's body is a strangely intimate affair, somehow even more intimate than what I did last night. Maybe it's that this is always done alone while that is sometimes done with others. The thought makes me smile.

I brush my teeth, making faces at myself in the mirror and laughing as I contort Chrissy's face. I put away the toothbrush and pause, staring at the array of makeup lined up across the counter. For the first time it hits me: I don't have Chrissy's memories. Well, that's not quite true. I do have vague memories of this honey-scented lipstick, but the memories slip away before I can grasp them. None of the rest of it looks even remotely familiar and I'm at a complete loss as to what to do with them. Looking at my lovely face in the mirror, I can see the slight wrinkles and tiny blemishes normal to a thirty-year-old woman, and which she would normally cover up. Still, I'm beautiful and it's not terrible so, as I don't really have an option, I leave her face natural.

Returning to my room, I find her black Chanel suitcase already packed and a light cotton sundress laid out on top, along with some matching sandals. Thank god for my sister's organization. I slide on some panties and a bra, adjusting myself into the undergarments and wishing I had time to enjoy my body one last time before the flight.

The sundress looks incredible on me. Hell, most things do, now. The flowing material drapes elegantly down my body, curving gently over my breasts and wisping down my form. I wheel my suitcase out to the kitchen. Mom is already at the kitchen table and she slides a mug of coffee over to me. I sip gratefully.

"Oh, that dress looks so cute on you," mom gushes. "I'm going to *have* to borrow it."

She wears a similar sundress, though hers is a light teal blue to match her eyes. I vaguely recall seeing it on Chrissy a few weeks ago. They share everything like sisters. And why not? Even the curves of their body are similar.

"Only if I can borrow yours," I agree.

"Deal!"

"I didn't see your brother this morning. Did he say anything to you?"

Thinking quickly, I come up with a lie: "Oh...he said he got an early morning job interview and had to go."

“Ok. Well then, let’s get the show on the road!”

My surprise at my mom even noticing my disappearance is dampened by the cavalier way she accepts that I’ve left. Mom strokes my back and rises from the table. We grab our bags and wheel them out to the car. Just two girls out for a fun weekend.

\* \* \*

I’m aware of the eyes on me while strolling through the airport, the shy glances at my legs. In fact, with my mom and I together we’re both getting looks. The attention is new and exciting. I’ve never turned heads before and I like it.

I’m browsing through the small bookstore in the airport lounge when a handsome man in a business suit approaches me.

“That’s a good one,” he says, nodding to the spy novel in my hands. “I hear they’re making a movie out of it.”

I swipe my hair back behind an ear and smile up at him. “That doesn’t mean much. They’ll make a movie about *anything* he writes.”

“True,” the man chuckles.

I’m not even aware he’s hitting on me until my mom alerts me that it’s time to board and he hands me his business card.

“Call me when you’re back in town.”

I pause for a beat before taking the card. The man smiles at me once more before turning and walking away. My mom leans in towards me, giggling like a teenager and nudging me.

“We haven’t even left the state and you’ve already picked up someone. I need to stay close to you.”

I laugh uncomfortably, unsure of a response. So this is my sister’s life? I like it.

The attention continues all through the plane ride to Las Vegas. It’s not just men, either. The flight attendants dote on us and the other passengers look up at us with curiosity and interest. And why not? We’re two bubbly blondes out for a good time. The attention makes me bold, as if I’m on stage so I have to perform. I find myself falling into my sister’s role and becoming the center of attention, fun and flirty, quick with a compliment and a light touch.

When we finally check into our room in one of the middle floors of the grand hotel it’s a relief. I walk in through the door and it feels like a weight is off. Much as I enjoyed the rush of acting the part of my sister, it’s tiring.

Mom and I have splurged on a higher end suite with two bedrooms and a living area. We run through the apartment, opening cabinets and exploring the space, squealing like little girls at each new discovery: the five types of fancy soap and shampoo, the heated bathroom floors, the automatic curtains that open to reveal the magnificent view of the strip.

Finally, my mom shouts, “Let’s go out! Evening dresses!”

We each disappear into our rooms to change. I slip out of my sundress and into a fancier sleeveless black dress that leaves my back mostly bare and is cut low to show off my breasts. Chrissy has a pair of black heels that I slip on in order to practice walking. It takes some getting used to with my new sense of balance and all, but soon I think I can pull off a passably sexy walk.

I'd really like to do my makeup and look the full part of Chrissy but I'm at a loss, so I take Chrissy's makeup kit over to mom's bedroom and knock on her door. She's topless when she opens it, and my little mouth drops open as I glance down at her heavy breasts. They're bigger and juicier than my own, and the sight makes me pause.

"S-sorry, I can wait."

"Nonsense. What is it, honey?"

Jesus, I never knew my mom was so casual around my sister. The sight of my mom's bare breasts hanging in front of me, jiggling slightly with each movement is not unattractive. She's a beautiful woman and, clearly, she knows it. I have a fleeting impulse to stroke her beautiful tits but I stifle it.

Instead, I hold up my makeup kit. "Could you help me with my makeup? I want to look amazing and I'm not quite sure what to do."

"I'd love to!"

She ushers me over to the bathroom mirror and digs through my kit. She brushes the blush on before moving to the eyeliner and the rouge. She's still topless and her bare breasts brush against my arm. They're just so...*there* I fight to contain the urge to reach out and grab them.

She continues working, pausing every now and then to eye me critically. Her face is so close to mine I can see the little pale flecks in her sky-blue eyes and feel her warm breath on my cheek. There's a weird intimacy to the whole thing that both confuses and arouses me, making a little hint of warmth dance between my legs. When she's finished she steps back to admire her work.

"There. You look gorgeous. Let me get dressed and let's go have some fun!"

Mom's black dress compliments my own and together we could almost be taken for sisters. She certainly doesn't act the part of a 47-year-old as she flirts mercilessly with anyone and everyone. We travel down the Las Vegas strip together, our heels clicking on the pavement while we soak in the nightlife.

People try to jam flyers into our hands. A street musician asks us to sample his beats. And everywhere tourists spill out of their hotels into the warm Nevada air, gawking at the flashing lights. Mom and I point out each new spectacle to each other. The festive atmosphere invites us to stare, which means I don't have to talk with mom much. That saves me from having to do a poor impersonation of Chrissy.

It's one of the most frustrating things about this whole possession. I'm winging it based on what I know about my sister, and what I was able to glean from the emails and messages on her phone. Thank god she uses face ID so I can even unlock the damn thing.

From peeking through her phone I found out a lot about her private life. Handsome perfect fiancé Brad also has a kinky side. He likes Chrissy to go out and fuck other guys, then come home and tell him all about it. It gets him really fired up, from what I can gather.

While waiting in line for our first club I find the message she sent to him just last week, accompanied by a topless selfie, some stranger's hands on her tits. From Brad's response he was loving it. I'm sure they've got an agreement for her to do the same in Vegas, though I'm not ready to try that out in Chrissy's body just yet. I'm intrigued, but I don't think my sexual orientation has changed.

Mom covers my phone with her hand, interrupting me. "Put it away, we're in Vegas!"

She pulls me into a bar and flirts with the bartender for free drinks. As he's pouring us cocktails a group of five well-dressed guys surrounds us.

"I'll pay for those," one of them—a blonde with movie star good looks and wearing a thousand-dollar suit unbuttoned at the collar—says. He turns to me and flashes a brilliant smile. "Pretty women shouldn't have to pay for their own drinks."

I blush and smile back. Is it always this easy for Chrissy?

The guy's name is Eddie and he's so charming it's impossible to hate him. Mom and I join their group at a corner table in the back. I scoot into the booth and mom sits across from me. Eddie sits next to me as the others jostle for position around us.

Mom flirts with them all, telling jokes and wringing raucous laughter from the group. Eddie cozies up to me, flirting privately, muttering quick jokes and asides into my ear. Funny, rich and charming. Chrissy sure can pick them. Or, get picked by them, I guess.

As the drinks flow I ease into my new body. The alcohol makes my mind warm and fuzzy and I can almost see myself from outside Chrissy's body. Watching this sexy blonde get hit on by a handsome man starts to make me warm. As the blush creeps up my cheeks I lean into Eddie more

and more, stroking his sleeve and whispering into his ear. When he whispers into mine his warm breath on my neck makes me shiver. Mom looks over at me once and a brief flash of jealousy appears across her face before she covers it up with more laughter.

Once we've had enough we move out of the bar and into the casino. Eddie hands me a pile of chips, which I split with mom, and he suggests I try my luck anywhere I want. Mom takes my hand and pulls me towards the roulette wheel.

"What's your lucky number?" I ask Eddie.

"Twenty-nine."

I drop some chips on twenty-nine and stand back next to him, pressing my body against his. His hand slips up and caresses my side, his warm fingers landing on the bare skin between the straps that make up the back of my dress. The ball spins around the wheel before bouncing into number thirteen.

"Ooh, unlucky," I half turn around, my back still pressed against Eddie, and look up at him over my shoulder, teasing him.

"Maybe my luck will turn later on."

I smile and toss my golden hair out of my eyes. "Oh, I think it will," I agree.

The drinks have made me warm and fuzzy. My body is soft and curvy and feminine. It would feel so right against someone who's bigger and harder and masculine, wouldn't it? I like watching Chrissy move. I like watching my tits bounce and my ass wiggle. I like watching my bare legs, and I love being the center of attention. I'm on the constant edge of arousal and the alcohol pushes me over the cliff, making me wonder what it would be like to go all the way in this body?

With that in mind I reach up and stroke Eddie's rough cheek, gently scraping my fingernails across his stubble before hooking my fingers behind his neck and ushering his lips down to mine. His hand slides across my stomach, holding me like he owns me as his mouth meets mine and our tongues find each other. He tastes like the cocktails he's been drinking: sweet vermouth and oaky whiskey, a delicious combination. I place my hand over the one he's got on my stomach and we kiss slowly. An ache makes itself known within me.

The walk back to our hotel is a blur. My mind is lost in the sensations running through my body, the utter nervousness around what I'm about to do, and the sheer excitement of what I'm about to feel. My mom is there with the rest of the group, but I only have thoughts for Eddie. I'm in control, and I lead him back to our hotel. We slip into the elevator alone and our lips find each other. I welcome him into my mouth and he slides around the contours of my teeth. My body is burning bright, calling out for him.

I fumble with the card key to the door before finally pushing it open. I'm on him again before the door shuts, throwing myself into his arms. Our lips meet, his warm taste fills my mouth as I clutch at his chest, yanking him close. I scrabble for the buttons on his shirt as we walk backwards through the living area and into my bedroom, discarding shoes and clothes as we go.

He unclasps my bra at the bedroom door and I toss it aside. My sister's tits hang down from my chest and we both gawk at them for a beat before he gently caresses them. I shiver under his touch, knees going weak as he kisses up and down my neck. His broad naked chest presses against mine, warm and solid to compliment my softness.

His cock presses against my belly and I take a step back, my foot hitting the bed and causing me to fall on it. Eddie looms over me, eyes wide with appreciation as he gazes at my naked body. I look

up at him, feeling so vulnerable as he looms over me, my tits on full display. He grins and my pussy throbs at the sight. The bedroom light casts sharp shadows over his pecs and his broad biceps. He's so big and I'm so small. I want to please him as much as I want to be pleased.

I grab one breast and stroke it, enjoying the heft, the bounce of it, the squeezability beneath my fingers. He stares at me, a slight smile on his face, as I fondle myself. I bring a breast up to my mouth and suck on my nipple, closing my eyes and cooing as I taste myself.

Then Eddie kneels on the floor and gently begins sliding my panties off. I shift my hips to help him. My pussy appears, the golden hair surrounding the perfect slit. Eddie climbs up on me, stopping when his face is over my pussy. He inhales my musky scent, then leans and kisses his way up and down my slit. I lie back on the bed, trying to master my nervousness. Oh god, I'm about to have my pussy fucked for the first time. I drop my tit and cover my face, sucking in a quick embarrassed breath, even as my body warms at Eddie's touch.

Eddie is gentle and nimble with his tongue, flicking out here and there, teasing, before licking long and slow. I part for him, pussy lips growing loose and wet as the heat climbs through my body, overpowering my nerves. When his tongue makes its way inside and glides against my folds I sigh, a soft, breathy sound, and drop my hands. He presses his face against my pussy, his broad tongue landing against my clit and licking urgently.

Christ, he's good. My hands slip back down to my tits, feeling up my sister's wonderful body as her pleasure builds within me. I'm so warm, so tense. But it's a good kind of tension. The kind that builds to a wonderful release.

My breath comes faster and I moan as Eddie slides two fingers inside me. My pussy parts for him and he slips through my velvet folds. His fingers are thick, pushing my canal apart and sliding in so deep it takes my breath away. I cum suddenly, body tensing, toes flexing, and then cry out in a breathy moan as the first small orgasm tears through me in a rush. A flash of heat sparks through me, filling my body before dissipating and leaving me aching and needy for more.

He kisses his way up my body until he's lying on top of me, his heavy body pressing me down into the bed, the weight so careful and comforting. Our lips meet again and I can taste my pussy on his tongue, salty and divine. He reaches between my legs and strokes me again, causing me to moan into his mouth, wiggling beneath him as the tension builds again.

I grab him and push him to one side then straddle him, laughing as I stare down at him, pushing my golden locks out of my eyes. His cock is trapped beneath me, the underside of his shaft pressed against my pussy. He grabs a tit with one hand and wraps his other hand behind my neck, pulling me close. My tits rest on his chest as we make out. His hand is magical, squeezing my tiny nipple in sharp pulses, matching the rhythm of my body. I rub myself against his cock, lubricating him on my juices. Christ, I'm soaking.

I'm aching with need and my emptiness needs to be filled. Reaching down between my legs, I find his dick, warm and thick. I shift slightly in order to guide his cockhead up against my entrance. Slowly, I lower myself onto him. He travels inside me, my pussy lips gliding apart for him. His cock meets the resistance of my opening and quickly overcomes it, sliding inside. He feels so good as his dick pushes against the walls of my canal. I sink down until he's completely inside me. I never knew it could feel like this, that a dick would feel so perfect inside me. And, god, I'm so full, so wonderfully, achingly full.

I rock slowly, experimenting with different angles until I find one that floods me with fire. I lean on his chest, my tits bouncing back and forth beneath me. He grips my waist and thrusts up gently into me on each downstroke, anticipating my body, sliding in and out of me.

As I rock I think I hear the door open. Movement in the corner catches my eye. It's mom. I pause but she puts a finger to her mouth and motions for me to continue. I'm so fucking horny I don't think I can stop even if I wanted to, so close to the edge. I rock back and forth some more, following the rhythm of my body, growing faster. I'm moaning now, throwing my head back and riding Eddie. His cock is perfect inside me, fitting me like a glove.

I glance over at mom and see she's pulled up her dress. Her legs are spread to show off her pussy, which she's fingering. Her hand glides over her clit in tight circles. She stares at me, desire on her face as she strokes herself, her other hand coming up to play with her breasts. And, fuck, her body is hot, her pussy wet and glistening for me.

I don't have time to wonder at this because suddenly Eddie thrust inside me, his cock throbbing hard, which sets me off. My body trembles and I fall over the edge, crying out and gripping Eddie's chest as the orgasm shakes me. I drive down on him, willing his cock to fill me as deep as he can. Each pulse of hot cum is divine as it spurts into me. I rock fast and Eddie grips me and yanks me down, thrusting deep, emptying himself inside me.

Mom moans in the corner, cumming with us. She strokes fast. Her pussy lips are glistening and I can hear her wetness as she circles her fingers around and around.

I throw my head back and cry out, my hair tickling down my shoulders as my sister's pleasure floods through me. I sink down, down, *needing* every last drop of cum. The emptiness is finally sated, the heat within me cools, and I rest on Eddie. My head is on his chest, the sound of his thumping heart fills my ears. He strokes my back and softens inside me while I shiver with aftershocks. But god, I still want him inside, want to hold him close. From this angle I see my mom, quietly sliding her dress back down and slipping out the door.

I wonder what else I don't know about my mom and sister?

I wake up the next morning with a slight headache and an empty bed. It's a relief—the empty bed, not the headache—because I'm not quite ready for a man in my bed while sober. As I recall looking down at my sister's body from behind her eyes the night before, watching those incredible tits bounce as a cock parted my pussy, a little tendril of warmth flits through me. Before I can act on it, mom opens the door.

“Morning, sweetie,” she says.

She parts the curtains, flooding the room with light. I moan and bury myself under the covers, the mild headache threatening to spill over into something more serious. The bed shifts as mom sits beside me. She pulls the covers back down to my waist.

“Come on. We can't waste the day in bed.”

“Mmm. Fine,” I say, rubbing my face.

I'm aware that I'm topless, my bare breasts spilling down each side of my chest. Mom doesn't seem to care so I figure maybe this is normal with her and my sister.

“I've got us scheduled for mani-pedis after breakfast. We're gonna pamper ourselves.”

She leans towards me, resting a hand on one of my breasts as she kisses me on the forehead. I can feel her own breasts land on my arm, heavy beneath her flimsy nightie. The hand is gone and mom is out of the room before I can fully come to terms with what just happened. Echoes of my first morning as Chrissy. Shrugging it off, I slide out of bed and move to the bathroom. My sister's face greets me in the mirror, a little worse for wear after last night but still hot.

I take a quick shower, the hot water sluicing down my body while I soap myself up, hands gliding over curves that are becoming more familiar by the hour, but no less exciting to touch. As my hand glides between my legs I'm reminded of last night's adventure and a little surge of warmth sparkles through me. Have to remember to tell Brad all about it. The thought of my fiancé adds to the warmth. Do I...miss him? Strange.

When I get out I blow dry and comb my hair, then dab on some light makeup. It's only when I've capped the bottle of eyeliner that I realize what I've just done. The motions were all natural; I didn't even have to think about applying the makeup. Why are my sister's thoughts coming back now? Whatever the reason, I'm grateful.

I rummage through the suitcase for something suitable to wear, soon coming up with some jeans and a cute blouse. After dressing, I still feel I'm forgetting something. Oh yes, Brad.

I text him, hinting about my adventure last night, about getting fucked by a stranger. He replies back quickly, asking for a picture but I have to disappoint him. Next time, I promise.

I meet mom out in the living area. She's wearing high waisted jeans and a breezy blouse that clings softly to her body. We go down to breakfast together and she quizzes me about last night.

“So, how was he?” She asks between mouthfuls of scrambled egg.

“He was good. Real good.” He was.

“Was that a real orgasm?” She smiles. “It looked real.”

This takes me aback. Even though I’m aware from Chrissy’s thoughts that she and mom have intimate conversations, this seems unusual. The memory from last night flashes back. Oh god, mom was masturbating to me!

“It was,” I agree, then more boldly: “Was yours?”

She doesn’t even blush. “Seeing you ride that hot stud was incredible,” she whispers.

I sip on my coffee to recover from my shock. Just how intimate *are* mom and Chrissy?

“Maybe I’ll find someone else tonight.”

“Maybe.” She winks.

The rest of the morning is spent pampering ourselves in the hotel spa: mani-pedis, massages, saunas, facials, the works. It’s glorious and relaxing, and when it’s all done my nails are glossed, my skin is glowing, and I smell like tropical massage oil.

Mom and I gossip through it all, howling with laughter at each other’s jokes. Even the women in the spa like me, and I’m on top of my game, quick and witty. Chrissy’s body gives me a new confidence.

When we’re done we return to the room to change into swimwear. Chrissy’s brought a tiny bikini that, yesterday, I would have hesitated to put on. But now I’m more comfortable in my body and I slip it on easily. It barely covers me, leaving my bouncy breasts almost free, two small squares just covering each nipple. I comb out my blonde hair so it falls down the side of my face in gentle waves.

When mom comes out of her room I’m surprised she’s wearing a similar outfit, and her body is banging. I can imagine Chrissy will look like that when she’s older. It looks good on her, revealing the gorgeous swell of her hips and her heavy tits. I even check out her jiggle butt when she turns away, giving it a playful smack. She smiles up at me.

“Looking good, mom,” I say.

“Thanks, honey. You too. Ready to go get some boys?”

“You bet!”

We take the elevator up to the rooftop pool. Even though it’s only early afternoon there’s already an EDM party in progress. I can hear the beat before the elevator doors open to reveal the gorgeous tiered pools, each splashing a small waterfall down to the next. Men and women lounge everywhere, talking, dancing and drinking. There’s so much skin on display. Young woman in bikinis, topless men in swim shorts.

My senses are overwhelmed. It should be odd wearing only a bikini in my sister’s body. After all, I feel almost naked. But I’m comfortable, like I’ve worn it before. Must be more of my sister’s memories.

It’s so hot I’m already glistening as we grab some drinks from the bar, then slip into the pool and join the dance party. Mom throws her hands in the air, shaking her body, and I do the same. God, I love how this body moves. Everything’s so sensual. As I sway my hips back and forth my tits bounce merrily beneath my bikini.

The music's so loud and we're having so much fun, already drawing attention. Some guys flock to us and we dance with them, splashing in the pool and pressing our nearly naked flesh close to them. A guy says something to mom and she smiles, before coming over to me and putting her mouth up to my ear, one hand on my tummy, just over my bikini bottom. It's strange that hand, somehow sensual, as if she could slide down at any moment and press her fingers across my pussy. Is she attracted to me? While my sister may find that thought disgusting, my perverted mind is in control of her body and I'm intrigued.

"We're being invited to a VIP cabana," she says over the blaring music. "Let's go!"

I nod and mom takes my hand. We follow the guys out of the pool and up to the cabana, passing a bouncer at a velvet rope who nods us through. The hot wind rushes across my body and the misters hanging from the roof do little to cool me down. Someone puts an icy beer in my hand and I drink and dance.

Mom and I shake our asses, always staying close to each other in the crush of bodies. It's crowded and we're pushed together, nearly breast to breast. Mom smiles at me as she dances back and forth. Her tits are right there. They're bigger than mine and I'm slightly jealous.

"Whoo, are you two sisters?" A beefy guy asks us as he dances up to us.

Mom laughs and nods, pleased at the flattery. The beefy guy's friend comes up on the other side of us. He smells like beer and has the glassy eyes that tells me he's already mostly drunk.

"You know what would be hot? If you two kissed!" He exclaims.

I smile awkwardly, not wanting to admit the same thing, and look over at mom to roll my eyes. To my surprise she's staring at me expectantly, her eyes flicking down my body. A little grin curls her lips.

"Why not put on a show?" She suggests.

I lean in slowly and she leans towards me. We kiss, our soft lips meeting. She tastes like beer and massage oil and I lean into her, our tongues meeting. The guys around us cheer but I realize we're no longer just putting on a show. Mom is hungry for me, her tongue flicking in between my lips and tasting me, swirling around the contours of my mouth. I let her, sucking on her tongue to encourage her as I close my eyes to enjoy it. Her closeness makes me tingly and warm.

I pull away, breathless and blushing. Did that really happen? My mom sips on her beer and looks over her bottle with a sultry smile. My body is singing just at her kiss. The music, the noisy crowd, the frat boys high-fiving around us all become background noise. I move close to mom and put my hand on the small of her back as I lean towards her ear.

"How about we take a quick break in our room?"

We escape the crowd, holding hands in the elevator back to our room, shooting sly smiles at each other. Mom unlocks the door and turns to me. She grabs my face gently and guides our lips together. I slip my hands around her thick waist and press my body against hers until our tits are touching. We kiss in the hallway then move into the living room. Our hands are all over each other, our mouths parting only to navigate around the obstacles in the room in order to fling ourselves into bed together.

Her body is similar to my own but plumper, the hips and butt wider, the breasts heavier. I can imagine it's what this body will look like when I'm older and it's so beautiful. We lie on our sides, facing each other, kissing and caressing. I pull away from her kiss and stroke her cheek, staring into her face. My gaze traces the slight freckles above her nose, the sleek line of cheekbone, the plump lips.

One of my hands glide down to her butt and I squeeze a handful of her ass while nuzzling closer to her. One of my breasts has come free of my bikini top and my mom wiggles down to take it into her mouth. She kisses around the nipple, stroking the base with her other hand. It's so hot watching her suck on my tits, her eyes closed in ecstasy as her tongue plays around my tiny pink nipple.

I can feel my wetness as I shift on the bed to kiss her neck. I roll on top of her, our bodies pressed together, my tits hanging down against hers. Now it's my turn to suck on her wonderful breasts. I kiss my way down to her chest and pull down her bikini, freeing her tits to grasp them in each hand. Pushing them together I nuzzle my sister's face in between mom's pillowy breasts, kissing and licking, tasting her as she sighs above me. Her breasts are gorgeous, the slight hint of stretch marks evidence of their natural size.

I'm straddling one of mom's legs and as I continue suckling on her breasts I grind my pussy up and down her thigh, almost unconscious, the want inside me rising. I need the pressure against my pussy, and I can feel the slick trail of myself that I leave across mom's leg with each motion. She strokes my hair and whispers into my ear, "Oh, honey," as she holds me close to her chest.

She tastes delicious, her body so plump and warm and perfect. Her tits fit perfectly in each hand, my head fitting nicely in between. I don't want to release them but I need something more. When I let go her breasts spill back down her sides.

I kiss my way down her stomach until my face is nestled between her legs and I can smell her delicious musky scent. She's ready for me and I want to taste her. Rolling down her bikini bottoms, I'm greeted with the magnificent sight of her pussy. Only a tiny strip of hair leads down to her slit, the rest has been shaved smooth.

I kiss my way down her pussy, feeling her part beneath my lips. She spreads her legs and I stick out my tongue, teasing her little folds as she grows wet. I grow wet with her, my pleasure rising as I continue licking her pussy. My tongue slips inside and her salty essence fills my mouth. I moan in ecstasy, buried between mom's legs. Stroking her clit with the tip of my tongue, I move in slow patterns as she wiggles beneath me, her breath coming faster.

Each time I pull away to draw breath I'm gazing into her pink folds, a mirror of my own, and just as wet. I kiss her pussy again, using two fingers to slide into her. She parts for me and I enter, gliding through her slickness. I crook my fingers up until they're pressed against the dimpled nub of her innermost pleasure. I stroke her from the inside while continuing to feast on her clit. With my tongue and fingers inside her I can feel the tension mounting through her. She twists and turns and finally cums with a loud moan that makes me shiver in an echoing delight as she presses her delicious cunt up against my face. The heady scent of her fills my nose as her taste fills my mouth. I'm surrounded by her and it's deliciously sexy.

When she's done we switch positions. She strips off my bikini and feasts on my tits. Christ, it's so hot watching my mom suckle on my sister's breasts, feeling her tits gliding up and down my body, seeing her plump ass wiggling in the air.

Mom knows how to please me, and soon her face is between my legs, licking my entrance. I grab my tits and play with them, fingers dimpling the soft skin as I squeeze, my legs spread wide so mom can enter me. She slips her fingers inside me, filling my tight canal. I'm sopping wet, a tension gripping me, making my toes curl.

I continue playing with my tits as I stare down Chrissy's beautiful body, watching my mom enjoy herself between my legs. The tension crests suddenly and I cum hard. My fingers dig into my sensitive breasts and I thrust my waist up towards mom's face. She keeps her tongue flat up against my clit, which makes the burning orgasm last so much longer. I cry out, my voice strangled and high-pitched as the orgasm blasts through me.

When it's done mom doesn't let up, her tongue still circling, fingers still working inside me. There's another orgasm lurking behind the first. Mom keeps sucking on my pussy and my body responds, the heat and tension reappearing quicker this time. The next orgasm is even better. I cry out mom's name and grip the sheets, pleasure whitening out all conscious thought. I'm pure need, my whole desire concentrated on those wonderful feelings pulsing through me, beginning inside my pussy and reverberating through my entire body.

We switch positions a few more times, less urgent but no less erotic. We take our time, getting to know each other's bodies until at last, exhausted and naked, we lie in bed cuddling each other, staring into each other's eyes.

"I've been wanting to do that for so long," mom whispers.

I stroke a strand of hair gently out of her face. "And you'll get to do it again," I assure her, before kissing her on the lips again. I can still taste my pussy on her, intoxicating and musky.

It's while we're resting there that I get another jolt of my sister's memories. I remember mom's second marriage from my sister's perspective, the conflicting feelings she had at this new family. I remember meeting Brad and falling in love. I remember the lessons I've put together for my class next week, and wonder what the PTA would say if they found out my relationship with my mom. Or Brad's desire to watch me get fucked.

Along with my sister's memories come her feelings of disgust for what I've just done with mom, but the ecstasy I feel is more than enough to compensate for that. And, besides, it's kind of hot making her do something she hates.

It hits me as I'm lying there these memories seem to come to me after I orgasm. If I do it enough, maybe I'll have all of my sister's life. I can stay here, enjoying being a beautiful woman, fucking my perfect husband, and coming home to fuck my beautiful mom. The thought makes me blush and smile.

"What are you thinking about, lovely?" Mom asks.

"You and me," I say.

We hold each other until the warm glow fades, then get dressed and return to the pool party to dance some more.

Mom and I spend the rest of the weekend drinking, flirting and fucking. We get to know each other intimately, over and over. I learn what she likes, what makes her cum, what she tastes like. We become experts in each other's bodies and spend most of Sunday afternoon in bed, experimenting with each other, pausing only to order room service.

But finally we have to pack up and prepare to leave. I shower and dress before expertly applying my makeup. I've got all of Chrissy's memories sitting beside my own. I almost feel like two people.

Mom is waiting for me in the living room of our suite, her suitcase beside her, sunglasses covering her eyes.

"I guess this is the end of the weekend," she says with a small sigh.

I understand what she's asking, and I wheel my bag over and take her in my arms, my hands gliding down to squeeze her wide butt. "What happens here doesn't have to stay here," I say, before kissing her once again.

This kiss is slow and lingering, heralding a deeper love and a promise of more intense physical pleasure. When I pull away it's mom who's blushing.

We're a little more subdued on the trip home, but a little more touchy. I can't keep my hands off mom and she can't keep her hands off me. We don't tell anyone we're mother and daughter. Let them think we're just two lesbians. It's easier that way.

I pause in the hallway just outside the baggage carousel of the airport to kiss mom once more on the lips.

"We should keep this between us," I say.

"Absolutely. But I think girl's day just got a whole lot more interesting."

We walk out to claim our luggage like mom and daughter. Brad is waiting for us, a big smile on his face. I throw myself into his arms and he wraps me up, kissing me. His kisses are different, rougher, firmer, but nice in a different way than mom, showing me the promise of his hard body.

Brad drops mom off at home, then we head back to our place. I tell Brad I have to freshen up a little, then pour a glass of water for myself. I retrieve the little baggie of magic powder from my purse and dump the remaining powder in before downing the entire thing, sealing the spell.

I pad into the bedroom where my perfect husband is waiting for me. He takes me into his arms and I tell him about the trip, enjoying it as he grips me harder while I describe the guy fucking me, until his passion overwhelms us both and he throws me onto the bed to fuck me hard. I cum quickly, crying out my husband's name for the first of many times.

I'm taking Chrissy's perfect life and I'm not going back.

###

## **Thank you!**

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

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M

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