

MtF BODY SWAP

WIFE
Swap

IMMOWILS

Wife Swap

1

When Shawn returned home from work, Deborah was still sitting on the couch where she'd been that morning, and just as absorbed in her iPad. She didn't glance up from the screen as Shawn came through the room.

"Hey, honey. Miss me?" Shawn asked, passive-aggressively.

Deborah just mumbled "Mm hmm" without looking at him.

The rest of the house was dark and there was no sign of dinner. Shawn and Deborah had a clear division of labor: Shawn went to work and earned enough money that Deborah didn't have to do anything. In return, Deborah kept the house clean and had dinner ready when he got home. It was a very 1960s relationship and it had worked for a time. But more often than not these days,

Deborah sat engrossed in her social media feeds all day, leaving Shawn to scrounge up some food on his own in a dirty house.

Shawn didn't have it in him at the moment to argue with Deborah. He just sloughed through to the kitchen and gently set his messenger bag down on the kitchen table before rooting around in the fridge for some cold spaghetti. Digging through the pile of dirty dishes in the sink, Shawn found a fork and a bowl. He cleaned them and warmed up his dinner, then sat at the stained dining room table alone. From the other room he could hear Deborah chortle to herself at whatever the latest meme was making the rounds on her feeds.

Shawn sighed. It wasn't just the house she'd let go. She'd tried and failed (and failed) to lose weight, rolling out trendy new exercise plans with grand ambitions only to sabotage herself days or weeks later, convincing herself it wasn't worth it. A garage full of dusty workout equipment was testament to her past attempts to better herself. She'd also stopped dying her hair, allowing the grey roots to show beneath the dark brown, and she rarely even wore makeup anymore. God forbid she should ever wear something other than her ugly baggy jumper around the house.

Shawn liked curvy women, and Deborah still had some spectacular breasts, though she constantly complained about how they were too heavy and always got in the way. But what Shawn wouldn't give to be annoyed by them constantly. She had a bit of a stomach which she hid beneath baggy sweatshirts and the occasional sweater, which Shawn loved because her heavy breasts billowed out the top and swayed with each step. Whenever Shawn gently hinted that she should put one of her sexier outfits on (of which there were many, all purchased by Shawn) or try to make herself look good (for her sake if not his own), he got the litany of excuses that all boiled down to her low self-esteem and the fact that she didn't think she was pretty. But didn't Shawn tell her she was pretty all the time? Yeah, she carried a little extra weight, but it was the perfect amount for him to grab. Not that there'd been much grabbing going on in the last seven years or so. Sex was more a memory than an event these days.

Shawn's eyes kept going to the messenger bag and he slipped his hand beneath the flap to touch the mirror and make sure it was still there. The cool glass against his fingertips reassured him and he trembled with excitement.

One day after work he'd been driving aimlessly through the streets, putting off going home because he'd been dreading the depression of the house with Deborah in it, when a shop caught his attention. At first glance it seemed to be just a normal antique shop. But there was something about the composition of objects in the window that drew his eye. They were...fuzzy, for lack of a better word, seeming to fade out of existence when he looked away but snapping back into solidity when he stared at them. Maybe that was why he'd driven this street a dozen times and this was the first time he'd noticed the store.

He parked on the street right in front of another minor miracle! and went inside for a peek. The store was crammed with furniture and artwork and housewares. But, like the window display, everything seemed just a little off. He could swear that the hazy reflection in a polished brass plate was not his own. And the tiny figures in the pictures he passed seemed to move whenever he looked at them side-on.

But it was the small hand mirror that caught his eye. It appeared to be made of cheap red plastic, with an indentation around the handle. The reflection was his but the image in it was just slightly behind his own, like watching video footage of himself on a few milliseconds' tape delay.

"Ooh, good choice. That's a very special mirror," a woman spoke up from behind him.

Shawn turned to see an attractive, slightly graying blonde in a black business suit and heels. The suit was cut to her body, showing off her slender hourglass figure. Shawn usually hated being interrupted by pushy salespeople, but she had an incredible smile that put him at ease and made him instantly trust her.

"All right, what's your pitch?" He asked, amicably.

"This mirror can make two people switch bodies." Off his disbelieving look she took the mirror from his hands. "Here, I'll show you."

She tapped her thumb in a quick pattern on the little indentation on the handle. When she turned the mirror to Shawn he was astonished to see it still held the blonde's reflection. She handed it to him "So you don't drop it" and instructed him on the correct sequence of thumb taps. Shawn dutifully followed her instructions and as soon as he did the world seemed to flip. Next thing he knew he was facing the other way and staring at his former body, who was holding up the mirror and smiling.

"Whoa," Shawn gasped, noticing as he did the higher pitch of his voice.

He took a step back, stumbling on his high heels and the saleslady in his former body grabbed his arm to steady him. Shawn gazed down at his suit, noticing the way the form-fitting contours hugged his body and emphasized his bust and hips.

"The first time is always confusing," his former body smiled.

She handed him the mirror back and walked him through the reversal process. Shawn followed along, still slightly stunned to find himself in her body and wishing he had more time to try it out. As soon as he finished the sequence of thumb taps the world flipped once again. This time he was ready for it and barely swayed as he landed back in his own body. Of course, he'd purchased the mirror immediately and stowed it in the gun safe in his bedroom closet.

He spent the last few months after that purchase studying Deborah more carefully than ever before, and laying the groundwork to take over her body: new clothes, new passwords for her dormant social media accounts. He just needed to get the timing right. Some night when his youngest daughter, Rachel, wouldn't be around so Deborah could get over her shock in silence.

And it better be soon. Shawn's marriage had become even more unbearable once he realized the end of his trouble was in sight. Recently he'd taken to carrying the mirror with him everywhere, illogically afraid that it would somehow get lost on the very day he needed it. As he sat back and sipped from his beer he heard the sound of heavy footsteps going up the stairs. Sounded like Deborah had finally got herself up and about. Possibly for the first time all day. At about the same time, Rachel slouched into the kitchen and sat heavily on one of the kitchen chairs.

"Oh, god, what a day," she said, theatrically.

Shawn had always babied Rachel and he was secretly pleased that she hadn't moved out yet. Did she know she was his favorite? He slid the remainder of his spaghetti across to Rachel.

"Dinner?"

She eyed it and grimaced. One of Deborah's favorite expressions. "Mom didn't cook again?"

Shawn silently took the bowl back as Rachel looked around the dirty kitchen. "Dad, you really need to talk to her. It's not fair that you have to work all day and come home to this."

"I know," he sighed.

She ran her hand through her curly brown hair. God, she looked so much like her mother. Deborah used to be just as full of life, and it was more than the years that weighed her down now. Something seemed to have gone off inside her, sapping her spirit. That young, vivacious Deborah appeared sporadically in fits and bursts, when they went on vacation or he surprised her with a night out at dinner. But otherwise she remained dour and withdrawn.

"Sure you don't want any?" Shawn offered again.

She shook her head. "I'm going to meet up with some friends. I'll eat out."

She pushed herself to her feet and kissed him on the forehead before turning and going upstairs to her room. Tonight was the night.

Shawn gathered his bag and stowed it in his bedroom closet before changing out of his work clothes and into some old jeans and a tee shirt. Rachel stopped by his room to say goodbye before disappearing out the door with her friends. Shawn waited until he heard the sound of the shower shutting off.

He grabbed the mirror and hurried into the bathroom to meet Deborah. She was just stepping out of the shower, still naked and glistening, her tremendous breasts bobbing from her chest, hanging down across her slight pouch of stomach. God, her body excited him. Curvy and thick. Real, not airbrushed and siliconed to some advertiser's ideal of perfection.

She stared at him as he interrupted her, blocking her path to the towel rack.

"Let me show you something, Deborah," Shawn said.

"Can't it wait?" She sighed, scooting past him to grab her towel.

Shawn gave her wet ass a light tap, watching her butt jiggle so wonderfully.

"The hell was that for?" She scowled at him.

"What? I can't enjoy my wife's body?"

"No," she said, starting to towel herself off.

"I think I can," he said, aiming the mirror at himself and tapping the indentation in the rhythm he'd been shown.

"What does that mean?" Deborah asked, drying her breasts.

Shawn didn't answer. He just pointed the mirror now with his reflection at Deborah and repeated the series of thumb taps. The world flipped and suddenly he was the one clutching a towel to his chin. The difference in their body types was immediately apparent. He was shorter and plumper, with thick thighs, a pleasantly plump ass, and a heavy weight on his chest.

His old body's eyes went wide with shock. Shawn dropped the towel and took the mirror from her limp fingers before she accidentally broke it. He stood grinning at her as her mouth opened and closed and she looked down at herself, clenching and unclenching her fingers, then looked back up at him.

Shawn let her sit in her shock for a minute as he looked down at himself with a slight smile, taking in the body of his wife which he now possessed. Her tits rounded out below him, full and weighty, her skin striated with slight stretch marks but so much silkier than his own. Her little pouch of a stomach nearly hid her mound from his view. Leaning over and clutching his tits to steady them, he saw Deborah's little slit now his! tucked neatly between his legs, surrounded by a coffee-brown strip of curly pubic hair. Wide thighs led down to surprisingly dainty little feet, and he wiggled his tiny toes.

"I think I can enjoy my wife's body after all," Shawn chuckled, enjoying the sound of Deborah's voice that he now owned.

"What did you do?" Deborah finally managed to say. His voice sounded deeper and more grating to his new ears.

Shawn set the mirror on the floor and picked up the towel enjoying how his tits bounced whenever he moved and resumed drying himself off. He took his time, running the towel around his new body, over each breast and across his fat butt while Deborah gaped.

"You weren't using your body, Deborah. So I'm taking it. I hate to see such a beautiful body wasted."

"You--? What?"

Shawn sighed and wrapped the towel around his waist like a man, allowing his breasts to remain free, as he spelled it out for her: "I've swapped our bodies with this mirror. I'm taking over your life and you can have mine."

Shawn cupped Deborah's wonderful boobs in each hand, staring down in delight at the wide pink areolae and the little dots of nipple on each one. They were so heavy and jiggly, and he squeezed them lightly. God, he'd missed doing this so much.

"Stop that, don't touch my body!" Deborah yelled, grabbing him.

"It's not your body anymore." Shawn grinned. "And if you don't let go of me and do as I say, it will never be your body. Shawn."

She released him and stepped back in horror as he folded his arms beneath his ample breasts.

"You won't get away with this. You can't be me!" She was bordering on hysterical now.

"Oh really?" Shawn arched an eyebrow in that dismissive way Deborah had, shooting her own disdain back at her. "What are you going to do? Tell people that your husband swapped you into his body? Who do you think is going to believe you? I can be you better than anyone. I've been living with you for years. I know everything about you. When your daughter tells me that her poor dad's lost his mind I'll nod and agree and then we'll have you committed."

"Then I'll switch us back," Deborah said, lunging for the mirror. Shawn let her have it, watching her as she turned it this way and that, trying to figure out how it worked. She soon gave up in frustration and thrust it towards Shawn. "Switch us."

"Or what?"

"Or I'll...I'll hurt your body."

"You hurt my body and I'll never switch back." Deborah's face fell and Shawn went on, triumphant. "Things are going to change around here. I'm going to be a much better Deborah than you ever were. And you're going to be me. You're going to obey me, act like me, go to work like me, and play the dutiful husband. If you do all that then maybe you can have your body back. Besides, I don't know what you're really complaining about. You lost two years in age."

Shawn turned to the clothes Deborah had laid out by the sink: a ratty old nightie and loose drawstring sweatpants. Ugh, no thanks. Shawn turned and walked out of the bathroom.

Deborah followed him, scared and angry, making empty threats. Shawn ignored her, focusing on the way his new body swayed so delightfully, at the way his plump ass wiggled back and forth, the way his thighs whispered together, the way everything jumped and bounced at each step. Shawn went right to the chest of drawers in the closet, opening the one Deborah stored all her best undergarments in. He rummaged through, coming up with a white set of panties and a bra. He slipped the garments on easily, gathering his tits into each cup and adjusting the strap around himself casually. He paired that pink and white-trimmed leggings, a white t-shirt that billowed over his breasts, and one of her pink cashmere sweaters, the one that always drove him wild. When he was done he looked at himself in the mirror. It was definitely one of Deborah's hottest outfits and she still looked great in it. The fabric was so soft against his skin and the sweater clung to his body, accentuating the heavy curve of his breasts.

"I've always liked how this body helps the fabric pill in all the right places," Shawn said, turning this way and that as he admired himself.

Deborah gaped at him from behind, perhaps worried about how effortlessly Shawn could impersonate her after seeing the casual way he picked out her clothes.

"What do you think?" Shawn asked, fluffing up his wavy hair.

He took a bottle of the hairspray from her dresser and, along with the comb, spruced up Deborah's hair so it fell delicately down around her ears in soft waves.

"See? I even know how to do your hair," he bragged. "Oh, I almost forgot."

Opening up the jewelry box on the dresser, he found her wedding and engagement rings and slid them on to his new fingers. He admired them there, glinting on the slender digit of his wife's elegant hand.

"These haven't been on my fingers for a while. I think you look great, what do you think?"

Shawn asked the still-silent Deborah. "Speechless, huh?"

Shawn strutted over to her and leaned his breasts against her chest. He had to look up at his former face, having lost some height. He took Deborah's masculine hand and placed it on his chest, resting it on the soft cashmere sweater that he so adored. Deborah opened her mouth to say something but then paused, shifting uncomfortably and looking down at herself as her cheeks reddened. Shawn followed her gaze, taking a half step back so he could see what was bothering her. It was the bulge in her pants, her new cock pressing out, hard and urgent.

"Looks like you're enjoying the sweater as much as I did. I wonder what other feelings we swapped?"

One hand still guiding Deborah's male hand across his chest, Shawn slipped his other hand down her jeans and found her hardening cock.

"Ooh, someone's happy to see me," he purred.

Deborah tried to pull away but he tightened his grip around her dick and grinned, pulling her close. He continued forcing Deborah to stroke her own breast, hand circling over the soft cashmere sweater while he tugged on her cock. His fingers slid up and down his former shaft, and there was a moment of surprise as he felt how big it seemed from smaller hands. It had an appealing hard-softness and the warmth of it echoed in Shawn's new body.

Deborah either didn't have the control he had or else his body was extremely horny from lack of sex, but in seconds he felt her cock throb beneath his fingers. She groaned, closing her eyes as she spurted into her pants and onto her former fingers. Her hot cum dripped down Shawn's new hand and he laughed as she came. When she was done he pulled his hand out of her pants. Her milky cum ran down his fingers in slick rivulets.

"Wow, can't believe that worked. I just gave you more sex in ten minutes than you did in the last ten years," Shawn laughed. "Now it's my turn. Stay here and watch me. Consider that an order."

The warmth between Shawn's legs was calling to him, and he joyfully tore off the clothes he'd put on only moments earlier to luxuriate in his naked, feminine body. He stretched out on the bed and spread his legs, hands coming up to Deborah's wonderful tits. He fondled them, fingers splayed over their sheer immensity, juggling them and squishing them together, fingers dimpling the soft skin. The pleasant weightiness was intoxicating, and it was nice to know he still had his own desires for Deborah's body. How he'd longed to bury himself in her tits and now he could do whatever he wanted with them.

He couldn't remember the last time she'd played with her tits, and the sight of her hands on them from his new point of view from behind her eyes sent little shivers of heat through him. He stroked and caressed her breasts as he'd longed to do almost nightly for seven years, pinching

each little nipple and enjoying the stolen pleasure as it flitted through his body, gathering between his legs. As he twisted his legs back and forth in restless anticipation, he felt the slight slipperiness of his pussy and he released a breathy sigh.

Deborah hovered in the doorway, too afraid to leave, forced to watch as he made her own hands fondle herself. Shawn's fingers slid down Deborah's plump form, over her round tummy and then over her mound until his fingers grazed the coarse hair leading to her entrance. He followed the trail of hair, stroking gently up and down the line of his slit as he grew warmer. His pussy lips grew looser at his touch, soon opening for him and he dipped a finger inside himself. He shuddered as he touched Deborah's little pink pussy. God, he missed it. And to feel it from both outside and in, well, that made it even more special.

There had been times during sex he wondered what it was like to be Deborah, and now he let his hands explore his new pussy, fingers sliding into her velvety lips and experimenting, doing everything he'd always been jealous to think of her doing. Her pussy was his now, and he sighed happily as he stroked himself, spreading his growing wetness up and down his opening. His other hand continued caressing his heavy tits. Stroking up his pussy, his fingertips landed on Deborah's clit, the little button engorged and slick. Touching it caused a spike of warmth, and he rested his finger on it, circling his little clit while pleasure raged inside.

His breath came faster and he twisted his legs back and forth, riding the gathering anticipation. The slick sounds of himself came louder, and his finger flew faster across his clit, following the rhythm of his body. He slid down into himself, this wonderful cunt he now owned, penetrating himself, fingers slipping through his velvety folds, growing ever slicker with his moisture. The anticipation grasped him with a sudden tightness, followed by a long, slow release. Shawn cried out in Deborah's throaty voice as he came, waist bucking up to meet his fingers as they continued stroking into him, the wet sounds of his pleasure music to his ears. Deborah watched on in horror and dismay as he came, stealing her orgasm as it burst through his body, filling him with a delicious heat that made him cry out. He gripped his tits tighter, fingered himself faster as the orgasm pounded him, until it left him breathless and warm. His body returned to earth slowly. When it was done he lay on the bed, breathing heavily. "Goddamn," he finally moaned, turning to look at her. "Why haven't you done that in years?"

Deborah was sullen and silent the rest of the night, which was fine with Shawn. He got to practice his new routine Deborah's routine undisturbed. She had to pee a lot more than he did, and he had to adjust to his new body. Sitting his plump butt on the cold toilet, he tried tensing and relaxing various muscles and was soon rewarded with the sound of his urine splashing into the toilet in a rushing torrent. His bladder released with an urgency he'd never known, and the liquid streaming from out of his new opening was a pleasantly strange sensation. There was something about peeing in her body that was even more intimate than when he'd made her touch herself. He was careful to wipe properly from back to front when he was done.

Beside him, Deborah tossed and turned in her solid new body as Shawn adjusted to a much softer, curvier form. Deborah seemed to have trouble falling asleep, and it might have been because Shawn felt the need to masturbate once more beside her, reveling in his wife's delicious body and enjoying the pleasure she'd denied both of them for so long.

Shawn woke up first the next morning and slipped silently out of bed, leaving Deborah to snore away. He first snuck into the bathroom to retrieve the swapping mirror. After securing it away in his safe in the back of his closet, Shawn picked up the clothes lying around the bedroom floor and dumped them into the laundry basket, then carried the basket downstairs and started a load of laundry. Afterwards, he set to work on the dishes in the sink, washing the pots and loading up the dishwasher. Soon the kitchen was clean, the pots drying by the sink and the counters wiped with Deborah's favorite lavender cleaning spray.

Shawn tapped Deborah's fingers on the counter. Deborah's body felt a desire for something but he couldn't quite figure out what it was. Gazing around the kitchen, his eyes landed on the espresso pod machine. Deborah's addiction tugged at his mind. Of course, coffee! Shawn had never had the taste for it, but Deborah loved it.

Shawn slipped a pod into the machine and set up Deborah's favorite mug. He'd seen her do it enough times that he knew the process. He even steamed the milk like she did, setting it for low froth. By the time Deborah wandered downstairs, Shawn was at the table sipping his coffee. Damn it was good filtered through Deborah's tongue. Not just the taste but the hit of caffeine. No wonder she loved it.

"Can we swap back now?" Deborah asked meekly.

"I'm just getting started," Shawn snickered. "I've been a better housewife than you already. Did you even notice I did your morning routines? When's the last time the kitchen was this clean?"

"Ok, I get it."

"I don't think you do. But you will."

Deborah pulled out a mug and a pod to prepare a cup of coffee for herself. Shawn watched silently, a little smirk on his face. When the coffee was done she sipped it and grimaced.

"I think the coffee's gone bad or something."

"We've switched tastes as well. I've got your mouth so I love coffee. You...not so much."

She left her mug on the counter and took the chair opposite him at the kitchen table.

"This isn't going to work. You're not going to be able to fool everyone. You don't know everything that I do."

"I know enough. And I know what people think you act like."

"What does that mean?" Her brow furrowed, Deborah's look of confusion strange across his

broader features.

"Remember when you gave up your social media accounts a few months ago? Well, I took them over. I've been pretending to be you online, studying you and sharing details about us in my own way. I've basically been you virtually, now I'm you in reality."

Deborah wasn't ready to give up and pressed Shawn on more details, quizzing him about her life and personal details about her family. Shawn confidently answered them all, telling her which high school she went to, what her pet peeves were, and even showing her the scar on her own arm.

"I got this when an iron fell on my arm. Hurt like hell." He said.

When he couldn't name her high school friend she yelled "Ha!" and sat back, crossing her arms confidently. "You don't know everything about me."

"Maybe not, but I know enough. Anything I don't know I can fake. Nobody's going to suspect it's not you inside here."

"Well, what about me?" Deborah asked, changing tact. "I don't know anything about your business or what you do during the day. How am I supposed to keep your life running?"

Shawn nodded and sipped his coffee. "I've already thought of that. You've got a day off today. Plenty of time to learn how to do my job. You're going to study up, read through my emails and get up to speed. Anything you don't know just ask your boss or text me. You're no dummy, Deborah...er, Shawn."

That seemed to quiet her for a while. He set her up with his computer and passwords and she started studying to be him. She was surprisingly docile, perhaps realizing he had all the power and her only option was acceptance. While she studied, Shawn popped some bread in the toaster for Rachel.

Rachel joined them downstairs a few minutes later. She was made up and dressed for work. She did a double take at the sparkling kitchen, then kissed Deborah on the cheek. Shawn rushed over and gave her a long hug and a kiss of his own, before handing her a plate of her usual morning breakfast of peanut butter toast, which surprised her.

"Oh, thanks, mom," she said, surprised at her mom's attention. "Kitchen looks nice."

"Yeah," Shawn agreed, "I finally got off my fat ass and did it."

Rachel let out a surprised laugh, covering her mouth daintily with her fingers. She took a bite of toast and turned to Deborah. "You got today off, dad?"

Deborah glanced up at Shawn before nodding. "Yeah. Work said I could have some time between projects," she mumbled.

"Good. You deserve it. Don't work too hard."

With that she set the plate down and was out the door, the toast still in hand. Shawn relaxed a little. He'd been worried Deborah would say something about the swap, which would then necessitate him making up some sort of excuse for her senility. Instead, it seemed Deborah was admitting defeat. At least for now.

As Deborah set to work on his life, he set to work on her body. She'd been too sedentary for too long, and while Shawn did like his women plump, Deborah's diet and lifestyle was pushing her body towards the unhealthily fat end of the spectrum.

He dressed in her bike outfit: pink spandex top and biker shorts that clung tight to her wide

thighs, with a chamois thrown casually around his neck. Her electric bike was in the garage gathering dust, one of the many casualties of Deborah's exercise fads. Shawn pulled it out and wiped it down before filling up the tires with air.

The first time he hopped onto the saddle he nearly fell off. The combination of the new center of gravity, Deborah's own weight, and the feeling of the saddle pressing between his legs was dizzying. Even after managing to get his balance, the pressure on the saddle as it pressed against his pussy was too exciting and novel to easily adjust to. He was keenly aware of his little pussy lips sliding slightly against each other with each stroke of the pedal, and the warmth crawling through his body wasn't just from the physical exertion.

He was already puffing and sweaty by the time he reached the bike trail around the lake near his house. Deborah's thighs were burning and her breath came in deep gasps. That first day he had to switch on the electric motor early and often just to make a single circuit. By the time he returned to the house his thighs were chapped and he was a sweaty, red-cheeked mess. He wiped his face with the chamois and strolled past the door of the study off the bedroom, where Deborah was still poring over his work laptop. She looked up as he came in and he saw the surprise on her face. "You went biking," she said, confused.

He patted her on the hand. "I'm fixing your body up. When I'm done you'll be the best Deborah you've ever been."

He winked and made his way to the shower. Peeling off his clothes, he stepped into the hot water and let it run down his body. He soaped himself up using Deborah's sweet fruity body wash, paying special attention to his breasts. Running his hands over and under his huge tits, he explored his slippery skin by touch until his nipples stood to attention. God, her body felt so good. Why had she kept it from him all this time?

Shawn was warm and aching when he got out of the shower. He dried himself and then hurried naked back to the study where Deborah sat. Leaning against the door frame seductively, he purred, "You've been working so hard. You need a little reward."

Shawn moved towards her, letting his hips sway back and forth, his hands gently fondling his bare breasts.

"What are you doing?" Deborah asked.

"Something I've been wanting to see you do for a long time."

Shawn swiveled the office chair around and knelt between Deborah's legs, adjusting himself so he could watch Deborah's naked body in the full-length mirror on the wall nearby as he tugged open the clasp on Deborah's jeans.

"Stop," Deborah said, Shawn's deep voice cracking. But her cock evidently didn't want him to stop. It sprang to attention beneath Shawn's touch and he laughed as her rock-hard dick pointed directly at his new lips. She tried to push him away but he grabbed her dick, claspings its warmth beneath his slender fingers and looked up at her.

"I'm going to turn you into the cocksucker you should have been."

His fingers still wrapped around her dick, he kissed his way up and down the shaft, little pink tongue coming out to tease the head. He kissed slowly up and down, worshipping his cock. His body still felt so familiar that his kisses seemed natural, more like masturbating himself. A little bead of pre-cum appeared at the tip of her dick and he licked it off, a silvery strand connecting his lips to her cock for a moment. He licked down the underside of her shaft until his nose rested against his own groin. The next time he came back up he opened his mouth and swallowed her

dick. She gasped as he enveloped her with his warm, wet lips, and drove her mouth down his former cock. It was divine feeling his own dick on Deborah's tongue. What guy hadn't imagined sucking his own dick? And now here he has the opportunity to do it.

Looking in the mirror, he watched himself as he made a naked Deborah suck his cock. Her enticingly plump tits swayed back and forth beneath her, her plump butt wiggled erotically as his own cock disappeared into his new mouth. Fuck, Deborah looked amazing with a dick in her mouth, and the sight of it sent a fresh wave of warmth through Shawn. He took her dick in as far as he could go, sucking on the head, the shaft, letting it fill his mouth and press against his tongue, taking it in until he nearly choked, making his wife deep throat him in the way he'd missed.

He grabbed the base of Deborah's dick with his fingers, helping to stroke her off into his lips. He knew just how to pleasure himself, his other hand coming up to tickle his balls, the fingers sliding underneath to the sensitive spot beneath. Deborah groaned above him and he moved faster, watching in the mirror as the dick disappeared into her mouth, returning a second later slick with her saliva. Shawn was surprised at how good it tasted, how incredible it felt to be able to control her with just his lips and tongue.

His own pussy was getting warm and wet, and he released Deborah's balls to thrust his hand between his legs and finger himself, landing on his wetness immediately and urging a sigh from his lips. He swallowed her dick again, swirling his tongue around her shaft as he fingered his pussy, closing his eyes to savor the taste, the sensations of his new body. And when he opened them and stared into the mirror he was greeted with the wonderful sight of Deborah naked, fingering herself and with a dick in her mouth. The perfect position for her.

He moved faster, lips gliding up and down the shaft. Deborah groaned above him and then her dick throbbed across his tongue. He pulled Deborah's cock out of his mouth and aimed it at his face as she came, letting her warm seed pulse onto his nose, his cheeks, his lips. It dripped down his face and Deborah could only watch on as he covered her former face in cum.

He turned to the mirror, and the sight of Deborah's naked body, her face dripping with cum, made him orgasm. Shawn shut his eyes tight and slid his finger deep into his wet canal, thrusting fast as the orgasm burned through him. Crying out, he continued fingering his wonderful pussy, hungry and needy, some of his own cum dripping into his mouth, tasting deliciously creamy and salty.

When he'd recovered enough he stood and wiped his face, spreading his sticky cum over Deborah's enormous breasts, dirtying her with himself. Even after that orgasm he was so horny, and making Deborah normally fastidious about sex and all its fluids—filthy with jizz made him cum again. He sucked on his finger, tasting Deborah's pussy, inhaling the wonderful musky scent that he now owned.

Deborah looked up at him, ashamed at what he'd made her do. She gingerly tucked her cock back into her pants.

"Oh, Deborah," he said, "If you'd been doing that to me for the last seven years maybe you wouldn't be in this position."

He had to take another shower after that but it was well worth it.

Shawn did the grocery shopping and made baked salmon with a side salad for dinner. He was glad to know he still retained his cooking skills. Deborah looked at the healthy dinner suspiciously when he placed it in front of her. He took his seat on the opposite side of the table and started eating.

"You made dinner," she said, poking at the fish as if it might be poisoned.

"I told you. New Deborah. I make dinner for my husband. And no more of those frozen meals. Let's be honest, Shawn, this body could stand to lose a few pounds. You've really let yourself go."

Deborah's jaw tightened. "Then why did you even steal my body if you hate it so much?"

"I never said I hated it. I love it. I'm gonna stay inside here for a while yet. It just needs a few improvements. In the meantime, I'm interested to see if you can be a better husband than you were a wife."

After dinner Shawn Deborah cleaned up the kitchen and then jumped on to Deborah's social media feeds, catching up on the news of the day and posting some new pictures. He ended the night with another wonderful masturbation session.

The rest of the week went by like that. Deborah went into work as Shawn, while Shawn stayed home cleaning the house and enjoying his body. He stayed naked most of the day, interspersing the housekeeping activities with intense masturbation sessions, really getting to know his new body. By the end of the week he knew exactly how to touch himself to get off.

Shawn's health improved as well. His biking sessions grew longer and less reliant on the electric motor. He cut out the sugar from his diet, switching to eating mainly vegetables and a little bit of meat.

Deborah staying at work late gave Shawn time alone with Rachel. At first, she was standoffish and ready to take offense at any comment as if it was a critique, treating him as she would treat Deborah. But they bonded over the meals Shawn made for them, which they shared together at the kitchen table. They sat side by side on the living room couch, yelling at the contestants on the trashy dating show they both unironically loved. Rachel opened up to him about her work and this guy she liked, and Shawn offered his comfort and advice. It was a whole new relationship with his daughter, deeper and richer than when he'd been a man.

Deborah texted him a few times while at work that week to ask some questions, but she otherwise seemed to handle herself well. She was still sulky at night when she came home but Shawn did his best to make her feel good. After all, it made him feel good, too.

That part was easy. Shawn knew his old turn-ons, and would dress Deborah's slimming body in a light sundress and lay back on the bed, jerking her off onto his clothes. She really didn't have a lot of control over his dick so those sessions ended quickly, Deborah grunting and spilling her cum over his dress and down his little fingers. He found that he didn't have to order her to watch him finger himself much anymore. She did it on her own, Shawn's old desires manifesting in the way he stared at her as she slid her fingers into her slick pussy, writhing on the bed and moaning, her legs clamped tightly together as the tension twisted through her until it snapped, the moist sounds of her sex so loud in the quiet room.

Shawn enjoyed teasing Deborah with his new body, making her cum at inopportune and embarrassing times. Her favorite was when he kissed her goodbye before work. His hand snaked into her pants and he jerked her off quickly. She didn't resist, enjoying the pleasure until she came, spurting into her work pants. Then she had to go upstairs and change. It was the power as much as anything, the knowledge that his old body was so smitten he could do practically anything and Deborah would desire him.

That weekend was probably when Deborah first realized how well Shawn could impersonate her. The doorbell rang in the morning while Shawn was upstairs getting dressed. Deborah answered the door and Shawn moved out into the hallway to listen while putting his earrings in. He heard the cheery voice of his granddaughter, Ashley.

"Hi granddad," she said.

"H-hi," Deborah replied. "What brings you over?"

"Grandma and I are going out for makeovers!" She clapped.

"You are?"

Shawn came downstairs and opened his arms wide for a hug. Ashley bounded towards him and he clasped her close, kissing her on the forehead. Deborah stood dumbfounded in the hallway, scowling at Shawn as her granddaughter treated him as she used to treat Deborah.

"That's right," Shawn grinned, still hugging Deborah's beloved grandchild. "I've made an appointment with my hairdresser to get our makeup done and make us all fancy! Don't wait up." Shawn laughed, grabbing his purse. He gave Deborah a quick peck on the cheek and then was out the door with Ashley in tow. Shawn had already studied the directions and he chatted happily with Ashley on the ride. It was so freeing being Deborah. Ashley certainly treated him differently than when he was his old male self.

She was more open, more gossipy, ready to share her feelings. And Shawn felt himself reciprocating. Maybe it was the sisterhood of women, or maybe it was the effect his new body was having on his mind, but Shawn was much chattier than he'd ever been. They laughed and joked and commiserated and gossiped all the way to the salon.

Deborah's hairdresser sat him in the chair and stood behind him, looking at him in the mirror.

"So, what are we doing today?"

"I'm thinking something totally different. I want to look like a whole new Deborah."

Along with his haircut and blow-out, Shawn chose to dye his curly hair a dark black the old Deborah never would have chosen. Then he joined Ashley in the chair for mani-pedis.

"Wow, you look amazing!" Ashley gushed when he sat down beside her. He slid his feet gratefully into the hot water as an attendant got to work on his hands, massaging them, before moving to the nails, cutting, shaping and finally giving them a girly pink polish. Other attendants offered them mineral water and the two girls chatted merrily. Halfway through, Ashley was interrupted by some texts. After a little bit of fishing from Shawn, Ashley finally admitted they were from a boy she liked.

"Oooh!" Shawn clapped. Ashley sighed and explained the difficulties she was having telling if the boy liked her or not. Shawn offered her his advice and before he knew it they were deep in girl chat, exclaiming over what Ashley's crush had liked on social media and parsing his return texts for hidden meaning. Shawn found himself slipping into Deborah's role as grandmother easily. He was having a won-

derful time, and all the while people were making his body more beautiful than it had been in years.

Shawn finished up the day with a wax, and paid for one for Ashley as well. They were shepherded into different rooms where they were plucked and waxed and smoothed over. Shawn had never felt so feminine as he did when he was smooth and hairless that first time. If only Deborah had kept herself so delightful he never would have had to steal her body. Then again, maybe if she'd looked like this he would have just done it sooner.

Shawn enjoyed the stunned look on his former body's face when he returned home and paraded Deborah's own transformed body in front of her. He fluffed up his silky hair and smiled widely as Deborah gaped. The best part was that Ashley was still with her so Deborah had to act like a man and couldn't immediately vent his anger at Shawn for so totally transforming her look.

"You like it?" He asked.

"Looks good," Deborah agreed.

Shawn made excuses for Ashley to stay a little so Deborah had to stew quietly. Shawn took great joy in indulging his granddaughter in front of her. It was a demonstration of how easily and completely he had replaced her. When Ashley left in the early afternoon Deborah finally let her anger out.

"What the hell did you do to my hair?" She cried.

"It's not your hair anymore," Shawn sniffed. "And I look damn good. Better than you ever did. I think I even already lost a pound or two."

"Can I please have my body back?" Deborah begged. "I get it. I'll change. I can do better."

"I don't know," Shawn mused. "I like being the woman. There's a power here I never knew. And I like being you especially. You don't know how often I've coveted your body, imagining what I wanted you to do to me and for me. And now I can make that happen any time I want. Plus, you know, the tits are nice, too."

"But I don't want to be a man! I don't want to have a dick or go to your job or...or..."

"You don't have a choice," Shawn cut her off, his voice hard. "And you're going to play the part of me or else I'll ruin your fucking life."

Shawn yanked Deborah's zipper down and reached in to grab her cock. She backed up against the living room wall as her cock sprang up in his fingers. She couldn't help herself; the physical desire within Shawn's old body was too much, breaking through whatever hesitance she may have felt at the touch of her own fingers on her new cock. Shawn stroked her dick, his hand moving confidently up and down his former shaft, the intensity of emotion robbing her of the power to speak.

"You be a good boy or I'll tell everyone you've been cheating on me, hooking up with random men at bars. That's why you were always home so late. Of course, if you behave yourself, I'm also prepared to give you more reward."

Deborah opened her mouth to speak but before she could Shawn sank to his knees and took her dick into his mouth. He slid his lips down the shaft until it was shiny with his saliva, moving faster, moaning around the cock as it filled him until Deborah uttered a low groan. Her dick throbbed between Shawn's lips, spurting hot, creamy cum into his mouth, which he swallowed greedily. When he was done he wiped his lips, then turned and walked upstairs, leaving Deborah panting against the wall.

Once in the bedroom, Shawn undressed, shucking his dirty clothes into the hamper before rummaging through Deborah's immense wardrobe for her loungewear. He slid into the pants and the hoodie, the soft fabric swaddling him, gently hugging his wide hips and heavy breasts. It was more comfortable than it was stylish, and Shawn decided to keep it for wearing around the house.

As for the rest of Deborah's wardrobe, Shawn dug into it, culling all the outfits he hated and dumping them into a growing pile on the bed. Out went the baggy pants and the ugly shorts, the faded panties and stained bras, the high neck tops and the formless sweaters. He discarded everything that was too modest, that hid all the parts of Deborah's body that Shawn liked best. He even dug through her sweater collection, though most of that stayed. Just running his fingers across the soft fabric brought back the memories of seeing them on Deborah's body, and the thought of what he'd wanted to do to her back then made him moist now. No, he would keep these. Judging by Deborah's reaction to everything else, she no doubt had his erotic desire to see her former body in these outfits. And that was a power Shawn could use.

Deborah joined him in the bedroom as he was dumping the clothes into black garbage bags.

"What are you doing?" She asked, indignant but worn down.

"Changing your wardrobe. You don't wear these ugly things and I sure won't. I'm keeping all the outfits I bought for you. Most everything else is going to charity."

She watched him silently as he bagged up the clothes. He hefted some of the bags over his shoulder and made his way out of the room. Deborah hesitated in the doorway and for a moment Shawn thought she would try to force him to switch back, but she simply stepped out of the way, head down. Shawn filled the car with the bags and returned to the house to make dinner.

Rachel came home as Shawn was taking the tray baked chicken out of the oven.

"Oh, wow, you're cooking," she exclaimed, as she came in and set her bag on the kitchen counter.

"Smells good." She looked up at him and her eyes widened. "Oh my god, your hair! It looks amazing!"

"Doesn't it?" Shawn remarked, fluffing it out. "It's the new momma. Wild and crazy." He kissed her on the cheek. "I've been so selfish but I've been doing a lot of thinking recently and I'm going to make more of an effort around the house."

"Okay," Rachel said warily, perhaps remembering all the times Deborah had excitedly set out on a new self-improvement regime only to sabotage herself and quit weeks or months later. Still, she lingered in the kitchen talking to Shawn longer than usual, only going up to her room when Shawn told her dinner was almost ready.

That night it was like Shawn and Deborah had reversed roles in addition to bodies. Rachel was more talkative to Shawn while Deborah sat in silence. Shawn showed off his nails and joyfully discussed the day he'd spent with Ashley.

"Hey, why don't we go out shopping tomorrow? Just you and me." Shawn asked.

"I'd like that," Rachel agreed, beaming. When was the last time he'd seen his daughter so happy? All she needed was a mom who liked herself.

The next day he piled into the car with Rachel. They dropped off the bags of clothes at a donation store, Rachel marveling at the amount of clothes Shawn was getting rid of.

"Wow, mom, do you have any outfits left?" She joked.

Together they hit the strip mall, wandering from one end to the other, accumulating a new outfit or several at each store. Shawn had always had excellent choice in clothing, and it was even better now that he could try it on himself before buying it. He loved taking an armful of clothes back into the dressing room, slipping them on and modelling Deborah's luscious body in the mirror, choosing low-cut tops, V-necks, body-shaping underclothes, and salaciously short skirts and dresses. He and Rachel took turns parading around in their various outfits, critiquing each other and offering suggestions. If Rachel was surprised at the revealing outfits her mom was picking out she didn't show it.

By the end of the afternoon the car was once again stuffed with bags. The two stopped for lunch at one of Shawn's favorite cafes and he treated both of them, ordering a light chicken salad for himself.

"Salad, mom?" Rachel asked. "I thought you hated those."

"Tastes change. People change." Shawn shrugged.

Rachel cocked her head, her lips quirking up in a smile. It was the beginning of a beautiful new relationship between mother and daughter.

* * *

Over the next few weeks, Shawn kept up his exercise and diet regime. His new body responded well, slimming down noticeably. He was riding his bike longer and had much more energy. His clothing size dropped and he got more compliments, more looks whenever he went out. Plus, the better he made Deborah's body look the more he desired himself. He was like a bird, pausing at every mirror to stare into his beautiful hazel eyes, in a constant state of wonder at the body he now possessed.

Deborah stopped complaining when he masturbated in bed every night, fingers roaming over his amazing curves, feeling himself inside and out until he came in a quiet, quivering orgasm. Often she even jerked herself off with him, desire and disgust evident in her face. But Shawn's body had a power over her she couldn't deny, and he used it all the time, teasing her and jerking her off at the most inopportune times:

He gave her a blowjob while she was on a conference call with work in the study, swatting away her hand as she struggled to keep her composure to the client while Shawn sucked her dick, lips moving up and down so easily, enjoying the taste of his former body as she exploded into his mouth, pulling his head up and letting her watch the cum drip down her chin. In the car, stopped at a red light, he reached over and slipped his hand into her pants, grabbing her cock and masturbating her. The light turned green and forced Deborah to put her hands on the wheel and drive as she came in her pants.

Out at the restaurant he ducked his hand beneath the table and into her pants as she gave her order to the waiter. He made her cum hard and grip the table, trying to keep a straight face. Still, she didn't complain. She seemed to even look forward to it and, if anything, it made their relationship stronger. Deborah stopped asking where the mirror was hidden and Shawn stopped teasing her. They grew into their new lives and became comfortable in their new roles. Shawn's resentment towards Deborah dissipated as she threw herself into Shawn's life. Maybe she was

trying to prove to him she could do it, maybe she was just behaving to convince him she'd changed so they'd swap back. Whatever it was, they both excelled at their new lives.

The only skill Shawn had trouble with was sewing. He didn't have Deborah's skills, so her high end sewing machine sat unused for a while. It was the last piece of the puzzle and even Rachel remarked on it when he ceased turning out new clothes for his grandchildren. He made some vague excuse about needing to get the machine fixed, then secretly signed up for sewing and knitting classes until he could manage a decent outfit. He found that he liked the relaxation that came with it, the creativity and the exacting nature of the work. In just a few weeks he was as good as Deborah had ever been, perhaps better.

So it was, six months after they'd first swapped, that Shawn and Deborah found themselves alone at home. Rachel was out for the evening and Shawn cuddled up with Deborah on the couch watching television. Her arm was around his shoulders, his fingers absently stroking her. At a commercial break Deborah muted the television and turned to him.

"Shawn, honey," Deborah began they'd taken to calling each other by their new names "I've been wondering. Do you think, maybe we can switch back sometime soon? I mean, if you want to."

This new Deborah was deferential, her fire put out by the knowledge that Shawn held all the power.

"You've been so good," Shawn agreed. "But will you keep it up once you're back in here? You won't undo all this hard work?"

She clutched his hand. "I won't. I promise."

Shawn nodded. "Okay. But there's one thing I've wanted to try while as you."

He kissed her then. Her breath was hot, her lips warm and inviting. It was strange kissing himself, a body he'd grown up with. Deborah must have felt the same way at first. She hesitated, then kissed him back, her fingers slipping against his cheek and lightly through his hair to pull him closer. They started tentatively but their desire grew, the lack of physical intimacy over the past few months suddenly bursting forth in wild desire. In no time they were kissing deeply, passionately, Deborah welcoming Shawn's tongue into her mouth, where he slipped around her teeth and tongue, exploring his former body by taste.

He lifted her shirt and slid his hands beneath, pushing up the shirt as he stroked her chest, so warm and firm beneath his soft fingers. Their bodies echoed each other's desires, and soon they were clinging to each other, gripping and squeezing, hands moving up and down each other, greedy like long-lost lovers reunited.

Deborah helped him take off his sweater and his tank top, freeing his mighty tits. She took them in each hand and burrowed her face between them, kissing and suckling as Shawn held her to him and laughed at her eagerness for her own tits. He played with one while she sucked on the other. He rolled the little nipple between thumb and forefinger, pinching in short, sharp beats in the way he'd learned her body enjoyed.

Her warm mouth circled his areola, tongue flicking out against his nipple before she sucked it gently into her mouth, nipping on it, tasting his skin as his body flared with pleasure. That welcome, familiar warmth began between his legs as he watched Deborah suckle her own tits. He'd had her breasts for six months and still he couldn't get enough of them. Even now as she turned her attention to the other one, he hefted the free breast and stroked it, admiring the wonderful weight, the bouncy flesh.

Shawn's body ached with desire and when he could stand it no longer he scrambled for Deborah's jeans. They tore off their clothes and embraced, naked, before Shawn straddled her as she sat on the couch, her cock trapped between them, his breasts pressing lightly against his chest. And, oh, the wonderful movement of those tits as he shifted his body. He never tired of that.

He kissed her again, his hand sliding down to grip her cock as her hands came up to stroke his tits. They knew each other's bodies, knew how to touch, how to caress, how to kiss. Shawn was desperately horny, his pussy lips wet with desire, sliding back and forth at each small motion, the hard cock beneath his fingers so close to being inside him. And Deborah had learned such control over these few months. She held on as he giggled in her mouth, feeling the precum running down his fingers.

Finally, he could stand it no longer, his emptiness needed to be filled. He clasped her cock and shifted on her lap, raising one leg to slip her dick between his thighs, the cock head pressing up against his entrance. He parted for her, felt the pressure as his dick met her opening. With a soft sigh he lowered himself slowly, luxuriating in every inch as his former cock filled his delightful new body. God, it was better than his fingers had ever been, the welcome shaft pressing against all sides of his wet canal, the warm hard-softness filling him as he sank down. Then she was all the way inside him, his heavy thighs spread, his tits leaning on her chest as they gazed at each other.

She gripped his thighs and thrust up and oh! Shawn clenched his eyes tight and took a deep, shuddering breath as her cockhead pressed against his innermost pleasure. He played with his own tits, taking first one, then the other into his mouth, sucking on each nipple, squeezing his breasts into soft mounds against his chest before letting them swing back down and bounce together, entranced by the sight of Deborah's body, by the feel of his own cock inside him. He rode her, sinking down as she thrust up, their moans growing louder, gasps coming faster. Shawn's body was on fire, an expectant tension mounting within him. His hands moved faster on his tits, squeezing, urging the pleasure through him. Deborah followed his lead, thrusting up, pumping into him, gritting her teeth and grinning as she fucked her own body.

He rocked back and forth, faster, faster, until he crested and came, singing out with a long moan, joined by Deborah's grunting as she thrust up deep and emptied himself into her. The orgasm pulsed through him and he cried out, the pleasure deepened by the wonderful fullness of her hot heat pumping into him, filling his beautiful pussy. He clutched his tits and they rocked together, her heat becoming his, the pleasure brighter and more intense than any he'd ever known.

He stayed on her, sinking down on her dick until the last wonderful spurts subsided. He was so, so full, his body warm and bright. He quivered with the aftershock as he kissed her on the lips again, his body needing more than just the physical desire, needing the intimacy of her love.

This need was so strong and her love so fulfilling he never wanted to leave.

Eventually he shifted off her and stood. He felt her spill down his thighs but he took her hand and led her up to the bedroom. Unlocking the gun safe, he brought out the mirror.

"I think we can swap back now," he said.

Deborah smiled and he walked towards her, his eyes flicking down to the floor briefly to find an obstacle. He stumbled on an errant shoe and fell to the floor, dropping the mirror so that it shattered against the chest of drawers.

“Oh god, oh god!” He cried, affecting sorrow, as if he hadn’t meant to break their only way to swap back, as if he hadn’t wanted to stay as Deborah forever.

Deborah’s face dropped and she fell to her knees, trying to piece the mirror back together with trembling hands.

“We can fix this,” she insisted.

But the damage was done. Shawn placed his hand on hers. “I’m afraid not, my love. This is us now.”

She sank to the floor and put her head in her hands as Shawn stroked her back. In time she would adjust to her new reality. In time they would enjoy each other once again. But for now he held her until she realized she had no choice but to be him. Forever.