

Yummy Mummy
MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Yummy Mummy

“You excited to be going back to school next week?” Scott asked, peering at the computer screen, which showed the pixelated face of one of his grandsons, Jayden.

Jayden shrugged and swept the long, dark hair out of his eyes. “I guess. I mean, I miss my friends but I don’t miss my teachers. I’ve learned much more at home than I did at school.”

Jayden had his dad’s dark good looks and his mom’s drive to overachieve. School closing during the pandemic was a blessing for him because he got to go learn on his own.

“The other kids slow you down, huh?” Scott sympathized.

“Yeah,” Jayden agreed.

“I got a horsey,” Addy spoke up from Jayden’s lap, waving a pink and purple stuffed animal at the camera.

“Very nice, sweetie. Can you ride it?”

“Noo! Silly granda.” She laughed.

Scott missed hearing his granddaughter’s little laugh in person. Scott’s stepdaughter, Courtney, had moved her family away to New Jersey shortly before the lockdown last year. Scott and his wife, Kathleen, had kept up with them over weekly internet calls but it wasn’t the same as actually being there in person. That would change soon. Scott was scheduled for his second COVID shot and already had plans to go visit.

“I can’t wait to see you all,” Scott smiled.

In the background Scott saw the eldest child, Jaxon, stomp down the hallway, a frown across his face. The frown turned into a, well, not quite a smile but a neutral look, as he saw Scott onscreen. He nodded, which was all the greeting Scott expected from a teenager.

“Hi, grandpa,” Jaxon mumbled, disappearing offscreen before Scott could respond.

There was some noise in the background. Low voices and the sound of something being rolled around. Scott had to turn up the volume to hear Addy tell him more about her horse. He didn’t know whether it was hard to understand her because of the background noise or the fact that he was getting old. She looked up offscreen and then Courtney poked her face into view. Her wavy blonde hair fell down across an ear and she smiled a crooked smile at Scott.

“Hey, Scott. Sorry, Brett’s just getting ready to go away for the long weekend so he’s packing up.” Brett was Courtney’s husband.

“That’s alright, Courtney.”

The two still called each other by their first names, a hangover from when Scott had married Kathleen and butted heads with a then pre-teen Courtney. She resented him for taking her father’s place, lashing out and insulting him in ways that stung deep. Scott, for his part, didn’t handle her

rebelliousness very well. Maybe it was their clashing personalities. She was a striving overachiever, unreasonably—in Scott’s opinion—concerned about how others saw her. He was a little closed off and had a hard time admitting his feelings. Scott had never had a daughter before and he made all his mistakes with her. There was much yelling, confinements to her room and privileges denied. None of it seemed to help, though. The only thing that made it better was Courtney going away to college. When she returned they were both a little older, a littler wiser, and a little more subdued. By then Scott had a daughter of his own with Kathleen, which made him more empathetic.

They’d reconciled their differences just in time for Courtney to start her own family. Even when Courtney made poor choices in life—like dropping out of college and getting pregnant—they no longer fought. Though Scott sometimes wished he could change her, fix the mistakes in her life that were so obvious to him.

Scott’s thoughts were interrupted by the sight of Brett in the background, wheeling his suitcase down the hall towards the front door. Courtney followed behind, her jeans stretched tight around her big butt. A leopard-print cashmere sweater hung loosely down her body. She really was looking more and more like her mother.

Scott saw Courtney walk Brett to the front door and give him a last kiss. Then she returned to the couch and scooted Jayden over before plopping down next to him.

She took Brienne from Jayden before ruffling his hair, “Just us this weekend.”

She looked at her image on the screen and primped herself, fluffing up her wavy blonde hair and closing her lips to cover her slightly crooked front teeth. They were an imperfection that Scott thought made her all the cuter. Courtney had always been a perfectionist and the rise of social media hadn’t helped. She presented herself online as a supermom with a perfect family, never revealing any of the daily trivialities or misfortunes except with an ironic smile.

“I wish your mom and I could come over,” Scott said, wistfully.

“We’ll be all right,” Courtney chirped. “I haven’t had the kids to myself for a long time.”

Scott couldn’t tell if she was just posturing or if she really was excited, and he didn’t have a chance to ask. Kathleen walked in through the kitchen door behind him. Her eyes lit up when she saw her daughter onscreen and she pulled the other kitchen chair around the table to sit next to Scott. Scott folded his arms and leaned back in his chair, just listening as mother and daughter talked. Their conversation was always so much easier and more intimate than Scott could manage with his stepdaughter. Courtney really came alive when talking to Kathleen.

Courtney juggled Brienne in her lap until she became too antsy, after which she set her down and shooed her away, then sat back and folded one leg beneath her on the couch, the jeans stretching tight over her wide thighs.

That was the other thing that had changed about Scott’s assessment of his stepdaughter over the years. Her maturity had come with a little weight gain, making her pleasantly plump. Scott knew many boyfriends over the years who he suspected had been attracted to her solely due to her large breasts. They’d sagged somewhat over the years, but still bounced pleasantly beneath her top whenever she walked. She was attractive in a mom-ish sort of way and had all the best parts of Scott’s wife in a younger package. Scott struggled with these thoughts, though he didn’t dare reveal them to anyone.

The conversation between Kathleen and Courtney soon came to an end and Kathleen signed off. Scott closed the lid of the laptop with a sigh as Kathleen stood and left the room with hardly a word. They didn’t speak to each other much these days. She spent most of her time on the couch playing with her iPad while he either went to work or spent time out in his shed.

Maybe it had been that loneliness that had driven him to purchasing the spell from the old woman at the flea market. She told him it would allow him to possess anyone's body for a limited time. His own body would disappear and the spell would alter the memories of those around him so they wouldn't notice anything out of the ordinary while he was away. He'd been sitting on the spell for a while, thinking maybe he would possess his wife. But after the last conversation with Courtney another idea crept in.

That night, Scott crept down to the basement clutching the little scrap of paper with the spell written on it in the old woman's spidery handwriting. Kathleen was in bed on her iPad and he was sure she wouldn't disturb him. Her routine for the past several months—or was it years now?—was to play iPad games into the late hours of the night before finally falling asleep.

Ever since Courtney mentioned Brett would be gone all weekend the thought of the spell had nagged at Scott. He'd be able to see his grandkids in real life. Yes, he'd have to be inside his stepdaughter's body. But that thought wasn't unappealing. Scott had been fighting thoughts like that all his life. Not about Courtney in particular, but about the ability to try out being a woman. And Courtney's figure was similar to her mom's, an endearing plumpness that Scott couldn't get enough of. Kathleen had tired of sex some time ago but in Courtney's body, well, Scott could find some satisfaction.

The paper trembled in his hands and the words caught in his throat as his excitement grew. His body began tingling as he recited it, like his entire body was going numb. When he finished the last word of the spell the basement vanished.

Scott was lying on his back in a warm, soft bed. His head was propped up on some pillows and the bright screen of an electronic tablet filled his view. On it was some sort of game where you competed to build a kingdom. A pair of glasses were perched on the end of his nose. But the most wonderful thing he saw on first glance were the hands holding up the screen.

The fingers were feminine and slender, curving to soft ends. The nails were French manicured and sculpted to perfection, the knuckles hairless. He turned and set the tablet down on the nightstand, noticing as he did so the way his breasts tumbled down beneath the pink nightie clasping his body. He clicked on the light and pushed himself into a sitting position. Gazing down at Courtney's petite hands, he wiggled the fingers and turned them this way and that, just enjoying the ease of control he had, letting his eyes skim across the smooth skin. He stroked his own arm, admiring the soft skin, the supple flesh. The movement felt natural even if the body did not.

Scott grabbed a silky strand of hair and brought it up to his new nose, inhaling the wonderful floral scent of Courtney's shampoo. Scott had always used the sharp masculine scented stuff, and to be in a body that smelled so wonderfully girly was refreshing. He tucked the hair behind a petite ear and ran his fingers along his cheeks and down the elegant line of his nose, exploring the new contours of his face.

Courtney's skin was soft and smooth, her eyebrows slender little things. Even her mouth felt different from Scott's own. He ran Courtney's tongue along the inside, probing at her crooked front teeth. His tongue flicked out, licked lips that were plumper and shaped differently in some ineffable way. It suddenly hit him that the saliva in his mouth was hers, that he was tasting her with her own tongue. It gave him a thrill.

Scott pushed the covers off himself and stood on unsteady feet, his excitement rising as he gazed down at his stepdaughter's body from his new perspective behind her eyes. Her curves hung beneath him, the nightie falling in gentle billows over her fulsome breasts and across the swell of her ass.

"This is unreal," he breathed in Courtney's light alto voice, giggling to hear himself speak. "Testing. Testing. My name is Courtney." He laughed again, his own chuckle filtered through her vocal cords.

Scott hadn't intended to explore Courtney's body so soon after landing in it, but the combination of her voice and the way her body jiggled and moved made him desperate to see the shape he would be inhabiting for the weekend. He pulled the nightie over his head and dropped it to the floor. Courtney was topless beneath, clad only a pair of light blue panties tucked between her legs. Her two breasts hung down, heavy and ripe, almost to her little pouch of a tummy. The areolae were wide pink circles, the nipples mere hints of dots at the center. The skin of her breasts and pouch of a tummy was lightly striated with a few stretch marks, evidence of Courtney's natural curves. So like her mother. Scott gathered his new breasts in his hands, holding them up to explore.

They were heavy, spilling from his tiny fingers as he grasped them. The sensations running through Courtney's body themselves weren't automatically erotic, but his excitement at having breasts—*these* breasts—so big and full, at being able to caress and squeeze them, lit a warmth between his

legs. He fondled himself, fingers exploring the giant new contours, squeezing his tits together to form massive cleavage before letting them drop to sway back down together. There was a part of him that hesitated at doing this to his stepdaughter's body, but that part was silenced by the excitement building within him. This wasn't his stepdaughter's body for the moment, it was *his*, and he was eager to enjoy himself. It was so mesmerizing to watch her breasts sway, to feel them bounce on his own chest, to make her hands clutch at her body in a way he'd dreamed of doing.

Scott took a handful of his belly and jiggled it, his eyes running over the faded C-section scar. He knew Courtney was always fighting to lose weight but as far as Scott was concerned the few extra pounds only made her more natural and enticing. He slipped his thumbs beneath the straps of the panties and slid them down his wide thighs, wiggling his fat butt from side to side as he did so. Kicking the panties aside, he gazed down in wide wonder at the strange smoothness. Courtney's pussy lay in his line of sight, the lips tucked together in a tight slit, lined with light tufts of neatly trimmed blonde pubic hair. Courtney's thick, pale thighs stretched out below, smooth and wonderfully warm. He could see each freckle, each small blemish that just made her that much more perfect.

Scott half turned to look at Courtney's pinchable butt. He reached back and gave it a squeeze, sinking his delicate fingers into his soft butt cheek, jiggling it and releasing to watch it wobble back into place. What an ass she had! There was so much of Courtney's body he wanted to explore. He returned his attention to her huge breasts, gathering them back in one arm while the fingers of his other hand danced across their expanse, tweaking the nipples into sharp peaks of arousal as the flame within him grew brighter. Looking down from his new perspective and seeing those beautiful tits hanging from his chest made him warm.

Scott lay back on the bed, his head propped on a pillow so he could gaze at the delightful body stretched out beneath him. Courtney's tits fell down either side of his chest. His knees were in the air and he let them fall to each side as his fingers came down between his legs to caress his entrance. He traced the little slit, up and down, fingertips dipping lightly inside and coming away moist with his dew. He could feel himself grow slippery as he caressed his stepdaughter's perfect pussy using her own fingers. Up and down he moved, dipping deeper into his rubbery folds with each stroke. He gazed down at his pussy lips spread out for him, watched his fingers disappear into his warmth, felt himself be penetrated, the lips of his pussy clasp his fingers, leaving them moist and shiny.

Scott took long strokes up and down the length of his slit, feeling his way between his new velvety folds. His whole body was filled with a restlessness, like a tension winding up inside him, building to release. He continued running his fingers in and out of himself as he gathered up his tits with the other hand to fondle himself some more. God, his pussy was so wet and slippery beneath his touch. And then his fingers landed on his clit and a desperate urgency made itself known. His breath hitched in his throat and he stroked small circles around the little spot that had so enflamed him.

Pleasure pulsed through him, making him gasp. He stretched his legs back and forth as he uncovered the pleasure. The tension grew within him, building to something incredible. He fingered his pussy faster, enjoying his weighty tits, the sights and sounds of Courtney fucking herself. The view was delightful and he was sopping wet now, the sounds of Courtney's wet pussy loud in the room.

His little cries came faster, rising in pitch and he clenched his eyes tight. The tension reached a climax and broke, making him cry out softly as pleasure exploded through him. He thrust his hips up, sinking his fingers deep, deep into his wet pussy. Fuck, to be inside Courtney's glorious canal was heaven. The moist sounds of his fingers inside himself were beautiful in his ears and he twisted and turned on the bed while the orgasm pounded him, so intense he could only hold on, thrusting in deep and crying out with delight, pushing the remains of lustful pleasure through him until the fire in his body cooled to glowing embers.

He came back down slowly and lay on the bed until his breathing slowed. Courtney's body was incredible, and tomorrow he would enjoy the rest of her life. It would be a much-needed vacation from his own.

Scott awoke early the next morning, before even the kids got up, when the house was still quiet and dark. There was a moment of disorientation when he opened his eyes to an unfamiliar room, but the heavy weight on his chest quickly reminded him of where and who he was. He rose and stretched before quietly padding to the bathroom to do his business. Courtney's body bobbed and swayed in new and exciting ways with each step.

There was a moment that his instincts rebelled at using someone else's toothbrush and he had to remind himself that this was her body, her mouth, and her germs. He eyed himself in the mirror as he brushed his teeth, turning his body first one way then the other to look at his wonderfully feminine form. He rinsed and spit, before making faces at himself in the mirror, delighting in the way he could contort Courtney's face as though it were his own. His laugh transformed her face into gorgeous delight, her nose wrinkling exquisitely.

Returning to her bedroom, he threw open the door to her walk-in closet and flipped through Courtney's selection of clothes to dress her in his favorite outfit. He slipped on some panties before wiggling into some jeans that clung to his broad butt and his shapely calves. The jeans were tight enough that they shaped his body into an enchanting figure. He picked through her bras, marveling at how big they all seemed. He struggled to put one on, finally putting it on over his head, clasp it in front of him and maneuvering it into place.

Courtney had a huge selection of cashmere in all sorts of colors and patterns, and Scott took his time slipping them on and admiring each outfit in the mirror. They were so soft on his more-sensitive new skin, and he breathed in the mingled aroma of fabric and Courtney's feminine scent that clung to each article of clothing. He slipped the mon one at a time over his head, adjusted the downy fabric over his body, and turned to the mirror to pose for himself. Each one was better than the one before, and he finally settled on one of the cute pink ones that he adored before quietly leaving his room to explore the house.

There were a few doors on either side of a short corridor, with a small flight of stairs at the far end leading down. Scott had never been in Courtney's new house before and he walked slowly, admiring the pictures of Courtney and her family that lined the walls.

One of the doors was ajar and Scott poked his head in to find what looked like the kids' bathroom. From behind one of the other closed doors he heard what sounded like science fiction lasers firing. Probably Jayden watching his movies. Scott was halfway down the hallway when the other door opened and a sleepy-looking Addy wandered out, clutching a small pink blanket. She had on the cutest little onesie.

"Mommy!" She cried, wrapping her arms around Scott's midsection.

"Hey, baby girl," Scott said, hefting her into his arms and planting kisses across her rosy cheeks. "You want some breakfast?"

Addy gasped. "Can we have pancakes?"

"Sure."

“Yay!”

Addy wrapped her legs around him and Scott carried her downstairs. It had been so long since he'd seen his granddaughter in person he just wanted to hug her tight. He took a cursory glance at the living room as he passed through, then set Addy down in a kitchen chair. She was out of it in an instant.

“I want to make them!” She shouted.

Scott laughed and agreed, setting about poking through cabinets and cupboards to try to find the ingredients and the bowls. About ten minutes later the kitchen was starting to fill with the smell of cooking pancakes. The door just off the kitchen opened and the eldest child, Jaxon, appeared in the doorway, wearing boxer shorts and a tee and rubbing his eyes sleepily. Behind him, stairs led down into what was probably the basement.

“Morning,” Jaxon mumbled.

Scott ran to him and clasped him in a hug, grateful once again to be able to hug his grandchildren. Jaxon shrugged him away in the manner of all fifteen-year-old boys and slumped off to the downstairs bathroom. Scott resumed watching over Addy as she flipped pancakes until the smell of breakfast brought Jayden downstairs to join them. Scott flitted about the kitchen, preparing the table, getting out the silverware and pouring juice, all the while doting on the kids, giving them little pecks on the cheek or ruffling their hair. It was fun being the mom, and Scott spent a good portion of breakfast just admiring the kids and the way they looked at him.

Jaxon caught him staring and mumbled, “Take a picture. It'll last longer.”

“Oh!” Scott said, remembering Courtney's social media life.

He ran upstairs to grab her phone and returned to take some pictures of the family at breakfast, angling the phone around and adjusting the lighting until he got the perfect shot. He uploaded it, captioned it and hashtagged it, taking his cues from Courtney's many other posts:

Just mom and the kids #bigbreakfast #lazyweekend

Scott especially enjoyed pampering Addy, letting her sit on his lap so he could run his fingers through her hair, just like her mom always did. She was such a loving child and would sometimes turn around and kiss him on the cheek for no reason.

“Hey, boys,” Scott clapped his hands when they'd finished eating. “Let's go to the beach today!”

“Yay! Beach!” Addy yelled, throwing up her hands.

Jayden's eyes lit up. “You mean it?”

Scott nodded. Jaxon just nodded with the usual teenage insouciance but Scott got the impression he did like the idea.

“Ok. You all go get your trunks on, I'll pack us up.”

Scott set down Addy and dumped the dishes into the sink before returning to his bedroom. Hunting through Courtney's drawers, he found her black one-piece. He knew she wore it to hide her belly, as she was constantly fighting with her weight and carried a slight pouch of a tummy around. Scott would have preferred to show off his beautiful figure but he didn't have another option. He undressed and stuffed himself into the black swimsuit, which smoothed out the curves of his body, tightening and toning him into a sensual shape, pushing his breasts together to form a wonderful bouncy cleavage. He pulled his blonde hair back into a ponytail and found Courtney's sunglasses on the top of the chest of drawers.

Scott helped Addy into her pink swimsuit before searching through the house for towels, sunscreen and beach toys for Addy. He found them in one of the laundry cupboards, along with an old, sandy backpack. He stuffed everything in, along with a change of clothes for the youngest. The two boys met him down in the kitchen. Jaxon's eyes were glued to his phone, but he'd at least changed into a swimsuit. Jayden was hopping from one foot to the other with excitement as Addy zoomed around the room making airplane noises.

They all piled into the car. Scott adjusted Addy into her child seat and booped her on the nose, delighting in her easy toddler laugh. As he drove to the shore, he kept glancing in the rearview mirror at his family. He loved the grandkids but there was a totally different feeling being a mom. A sort of unconditional love and fierce protectiveness, tinged with a constant edge of light worry.

Scott turned the radio up and sang along with the songs, to the embarrassment of Jaxon. Addy clapped along, making up the words and, often, the tune. When they pulled into the parking lot at the beach everyone piled out. Scott tucked his phone into his cleavage and hauled the bag down to the sand, letting the boys take off towards the water but admonishing them to stay close. Addy took his hand and they walked down to the water's edge, where she sat down and began making a sandcastle with her little red spade and bucket.

Scott soaked up the sun, keeping an eye out on the older boys. Jaxon and Jayden were perfectly capable of looking after themselves, but Scott had a mother's worry. Even so, it didn't stop him from pulling out his phone and taking picture after picture of his precious baby girl, tagging them and uploading them. Addy was absolutely adorable, and he caught her impish grin and her wide smile of satisfaction when she finished her castle. That went up on Courtney's social media as well.

Jayden came out of the water and carefully and deliberately stomped on Addy's sandcastle. As Addy cried Scott admonished him.

"Why did you *do* that?"

Jayden shrugged and Scott took Addy into his arms to shush her. He'd just gotten Jayden to agree to help build it up again and Addy was down to sniffles when Jaxon ran out of the water, splashing through the surf and spraying the whole family. This set off Addy again and distracted Jayden, so Scott had to gather everyone up and go through the whole calming down routine again.

None of this got uploaded to Courtney's social media.

Scott had restored calm and was lying back on his towel as Addy played beside him when his phone rang. He dug it out of the bag and, when he saw the caller was Brett, considered not answering. What if he said something wrong? But then again, how fun to *really* play the part of Courtney. He answered it.

"Hey...babe," he said. There was a dissonance at greeting Brett so intimately, but Scott batted it aside by reminding himself he was playing a role.

"Hey, babe, miss me yet?" Brett joked.

"Actually, having the bed to myself has been pretty nice. Think you can extend your trip?"

"That's so sweet," Brett chuckled. "Just called to say hi."

"Hi."

"Kids okay?"

"Yep, we're out at the shore--"

"Who is it?" Addy asked, toddling over.

"It's daddy, want to say hi?" Scott held out the phone to Addy.

"Hi, daddy! Me and mommy are making sandcastles." Addy yelled at the phone.

"Oh, wow. Big ones with dragons?"

"No dragons!" Addy said with the seriousness of a two-year-old who doesn't get the joke.

Scott took the phone back and talked a little more to his husband, relishing the fact that Brett had no idea who was inhabiting his wife's body. They chatted about nothing in particular before finishing up the conversation.

"Bye, love you, see you tomorrow," Brett said.

"Love you, too," Scott replied, before hanging up.

He laughed at the sheer exhilaration of having fooled Brett. Despite inhabiting Courtney's body, despite the fact that no one would ever think it wasn't her inside, there had been a nagging worry in Scott's mind that he'd be called out as an impostor. The phone call with Brett made it clear that he could fool anyone.

Scott lounged around on the beach for a while longer. At one point he lay back on the towel and crossed his legs to snap a picture of the beach looking down his body, his long smooth legs in the foreground, one little foot up in the air to frame the tattoo on his ankle, the beach in the background. *#dayatthebeach #nocares*

A little before noon, after the kids had some snacks and had jumped back in the water for a final swim, Scott packed up their bag and herded his family up to the car. Addy gave him a kiss on his cheek as he strapped her into her child seat.

"I love you, mommy," she said.

Scott's heart melted. "Aw, I love you too, pumpkin."

"Can we do burgers for lunch?" Jaxon asked.

Scott paused, unsure how Courtney would respond. By Jaxon's tone it seemed burgers were unusual. But he wanted to indulge his children and soak in their stolen love, and if it meant bribing them with food that was a small price to pay.

"Sure!"

The kids cheered and Scott drove out of the parking lot, stopping by a fast food restaurant on the way home to pick up lunch. No Instagramming this one. Bright yellow and red packaging, and cheap burgers didn't exactly scream 'supermom'.

He indulged the kids some more when they got home, letting them have as much screen time as they wanted. Scott changed out of his bathing suit and into a flowing aqua-colored dress, taking his time in the bathroom mirror to carefully tie his hair back in a ponytail except for one strategically free lock that fell down over one cheek. He left off the bra so he could enjoy the easy sway and bounce of Courtney's generous body.

Jaxon disappeared into his room but the other two kids wandered in and out of the living room where Scott sat, variously asking to play with him or set up another activity when they got bored. Scott had a wonderful time having his grandkids all to himself and smothered them with kisses. Addy laughed and Jayden shrugged him off.

Scott managed to keep up Courtney's social media postings, avoiding the chocolate spill on the rug to capture Addy engaged in a game of Candyland. The light streaming through the window behind

her caught her hair and made her look angelic. He even managed to snap a few good pictures of Jayden and, of course, himself, taking the time to admire the beautiful face in the phone. *His* face, the coy little smile across his lips exactly mimicking Courtney.

Scott spent the rest of the day playing with Courtney's kids. There were the usual arguments about who wanted to play with what. Addy tried to chase Jayden out of the living room and banged her head. Jaxon appeared in the kitchen throughout the day to gather food with barely a grunt at Scott. The normal trials and tribulations of a family at home.

None of this got uploaded to Courtney's social media but Scott thoroughly enjoyed the banality of being mom.

By dinnertime Scott was exhausted from child-minding. His grandkids were lovely but much more work when they were with their mom. Not at all like the docile way they acted when with their grandparents.

Scott made spaghetti and meatballs, which was one of the only meals he could cook as he hadn't gotten Courtney's skills to go with the body. Fortunately, it was also a meal the kids loved. Addy slurped up a strand of spaghetti, spraying sauce across her cheek in a way both hilarious and adorable.

This *did* get uploaded to Courtney's social media.

Afterwards, it was a matter of getting the kids through the shower and to bed, reading to the two little ones and stopping by the basement to check on Jaxon, eventually finagling a peck on the cheek out of him. When the kids were in bed and Scott was lone he felt the nervousness flow out of his body. It was time to indulge himself.

He searched through Courtney's nightstand, digging into the back of the drawer until he found the vibrator he'd assumed was there. It was a palm-sized oblong with a curved nub at one end, the whole thing covered in pink rubbery material. He took it into the bathroom and locked the door before tossing off his dress. Courtney's body stretched beneath him, the nipples of her heavy breasts already perking out with excitement at just the thought of what he intended to do.

Standing in profile, Scott admired her body in the mirror, enjoying the generous curves, the bouncy bubble butt, the full mom-figure that she owned and he now possessed. She strategically hid her unsightly curves under baggy clothing, but Scott enjoyed the natural look and feel of her body. He didn't want to be a supermodel; he wanted to be a mom.

Scott turned on the water and stepped into the shower, putting the little pink vibrator on the edge of the tub as he luxuriated in the hot water. It poured over his skin, sluicing between his breasts. He took his time, soaping his body up with Courtney's peach scented body wash, hands sliding across skin that soon became erotically slick. He lingered on his breasts, rubbing the body wash over and under them, holding them up and letting them bounce back down, gliding his hand down over his tummy, around his back and between the crack of his butt, circling over each jiggling butt cheek until he could feel an inner warmth even beneath the hot water splashing over him. Feeling himself up like this was wonderful.

Picking up the vibrator, he turned it on and slipped it between his legs, adjusting by feel against his opening, fingers brushing against the coarse pubic hair. He moved it around inside him, experimenting with different angles and pressures until the vibrator nub landed on a place near the top of his pussy that sent exciting shivers through him. He held it there as his body warmed, his pussy becoming wetter than water.

He took one of his breasts in his free hand. It was deliciously heavy and he brought it to his lips to suck on a nipple. He flicked his tongue across the little nub, nipping gently with his teeth and sending little electric pulses through him that joined with the warm waves creeping up from

between his thighs. Wrapping his fingers around his tit he squeezed, enjoying the perfect give of his skin, the feel of his tit between his fingers. His pussy was wet and aching now. He could feel the little lips expanding, his clit rising to meet the vibrator.

A sweeping wave of pleasure crested through him and he moaned, shivering, making his breasts dance. He gazed down at Courtney's body, enjoying the physical pleasure as much as the sight of her naked body beneath him, under his command, one hand between her legs, the other still gripping a tit. He flicked the vibrator up another level. The intense pulse made him moan. His legs shook and he leaned against the cold tile wall for support.

Scott continued working his gorgeous body, stroking and squeezing. Between his legs his fingertips grazed his wetness and he came suddenly, biting his lower lip as his body convulsed with orgasm. A little cry escaped his lips as the beautiful pleasure spread through him, raising him up into ecstasy and dropping him back down all too soon, leaving him still horny, needing more.

The vibrator buzzed between his legs as his other hand grew greedy for his body, gliding around, feeling up every curve, circling around to squeeze his ass, enjoying the fleshy firmness that he now owned. The second orgasm came quicker, hit him harder. He clenched his eyes shut and cried out in Courtney's wonderful voice, his tits swinging as his whole body jiggled with pleasure. The pleasure whited out the room and it was all Scott could do to remain standing, leaning against the wall as the orgasm blasted through him.

The pleasure abated slowly. Scott flicked off the vibrator and stood in the shower to enjoy the last dying embers of desire. Finally, he shut off the water and stepped out. He dried himself and wrapped up in a towel, giving his long blonde hair a quick brush to get the tangles out before returning to his bedroom. He slipped into Courtney's nightie and snuggled into her soft bed.

With the excitement of the day and the workout he'd just given his body, he was asleep in moments.

Addy woke him up the next morning, slumping sleepily into the room and burrowing beneath the covers against him. Scott held her, stroking her hair, just enjoying a lazy Sunday with his grandchild. Addy soon grew antsy and Scott was forced to get up and set her up with the television in the living room while he made coffee and breakfast.

Jayden came down as Scott was finishing up the eggs, and Jaxon was lured up from the basement by the smell of the bacon sizzling. Scott bustled around, setting the table in a picturesque manner and staging the kids around it. He took enough photos to be sure he had one perfect one before serving up the eggs and bacon. *#breakfasttime #mommascave*

He crossed his leg beneath his robe and sipped his coffee, savoring the rich hints of caramel he could pick out using Courtney's palette, as he enjoyed a quiet breakfast with his family. Well, as quiet as any three kids could be.

When they were done the picturesque table was no more, and Jaxon and Jayden pushed themselves away.

"Hold on, you two," Scott said. They turned to look at him. "You need to help clean up."

"What? Whyyy?" Jayden asked, melodramatically throwing his head back.

Scott wasn't sure whether Courtney made her kids clean up but he felt they should have some responsibilities. And today was as good a day to start as any.

The two boys took the dishes to the sink, washed them and set them in the dishwasher under Scott's supervision. He took some pictures of them and posted it to his accounts. *#mommastitlehelpers*

Scott leaned his plump butt against one counter as he supervised the boys, absently flipping through Courtney's social media while he did so. Having been in her life for just a day he could already see the disconnect between how she presented herself to the world and how her life actually was. Not surprising, really, as most social media postings were glorified bullshit. But Courtney was exceptional at it. There were only the barest hints that she ever had to discipline her kids and even those were presented ironically. The whole thing presented a sort of *laissez faire* attitude towards child rearing, as if Courtney and her family were only ever faced with minor inconveniences instead of major hassles. He could only wonder at the effort it must take to keep up the appearance all day every day.

When the kitchen was clean the two boys ran off to their rooms. Addy was busy playing with her ponies in the living room so Scott left her and snuck off to the bathroom to get ready. Faced with Courtney's array of hair products and makeup, Scott felt it a shame not to use them to look his best. The only problem was that he had no idea where to start. He knew Courtney sometimes straightened her hair, but beyond that he was lost. So he found some YouTube tutorials and set about learning how to do it.

He found her straightener and hair pins beneath the sink, and followed the instructions in the video. He soon got the hang of it and when he was done his wavy blonde hair hung straight down each

side of his head, beautifully framing his plump young face. He tried some different hairstyles: tying it up in a variety of buns, combing it to one side or the other, before finally settling on just simply tucking it behind his ears. Simple.

The makeup was harder. Fortunately, Scott was confined to the makeup Courtney already owned, which narrowed down the possibilities considerably. Still, he didn't know which look to go for so he flipped through Courtney's history until he found a picture of her with some friends. Her face was done simply, eyes lightly outlined, pale brows slightly darkened to enhance the contrast with her blonde locks. It took some doing, some trial and error, a lot of makeup wipes, but in the end Scott had a look he liked. Not too made up and able to come off as easy, despite the many, many attempts.

Returning to Courtney's room, Scott searched through her drawers for a bra and panties. So much of what Courtney had was everyday wear, when what Scott wanted was something that would make his body look and feel wonderful. Maybe he should go shopping. Get a little thank you present for Courtney for "letting" him use her body this weekend. He'd just made the decision to go shopping when his phone rang and he picked it up off the nightstand.

It was his wife, Kathleen. Scott had been on the other end of these conversations long enough to be able to fake it through another one from Courtney's perspective. This would be fun!

"Morning," Scott chirped, stifling a giggle at the strange dissonance of calling his wife by another name.

"Hi, honey, it's your mom."

"I know, mom, you don't have to say it every time!"

"Oh, okay, okay. Has being a single parent for the weekend been going okay?"

"As well as can be," Scott sighed. "Oh, you would not *believe* what your grandson did."

Scott went through their day at the beach, nestling the phone against his ear so he could pick out some clothes as he talked. Bra, panties, jeans, and an undershirt with a nice black top. Kathleen responded with reassuring noises. Every time Scott called her 'mom' he had to fight off the urge to giggle.

"You were just like that when you were his age," Kathleen laughed, as he finished his story.

"Surely not. *I* was perfect." Scott joked, remembering his own troubles with Courtney when she was a teenager.

Scott posed for himself in the mirror, eyeing his outfit critically as he continued his conversation with Kathleen. The top was quite baggy and he wished he had something tighter. Still, with the makeup and the hair Scott looked much more put-together than he felt. He said goodbye to Kathleen, making sure to tell her to send his love to Scott, then hung up.

He gathered one of Courtney's purses and picked out a pair of shoes. Her shoe selection was almost as large as her cashmere selection. Did she have a different shoe for every day of the week? Scott settled on some black sneakers to match his top.

He got Addy dressed in an adorable little dress and combed her hair. Scott didn't want to have to keep an eye on all three kids as he shopped and he knew Courtney had made Jaxon watch Jayden before, so he put Jaxon in charge.

"I'll only be gone about an hour. Listen to your brother," he ordered Jayden.

"Yeah, do whatever I say," Jaxon grinned.

Scott shot him a warning glance, which Jaxon snickered off. Then Scott gathered up Addy and they headed out the door. From overhearing countless conversations between her and Kathleen Scott knew Courtney's favorite place to buy clothes.

Scott and Addy spent the drive singing along to a playlist Courtney kept on her phone. It was a mix of silly kid songs and pop tunes. Addy clapped along in the back, a huge smile on her face. When they pulled into the parking lot, Addy sang out the store's name. It seemed she had her mom's taste.

Addy clung to her as Scott placed her in the cart and wheeled her through the store. He went right to the women's section. There was again that feeling of being an impostor, a man looking at woman's intimates, but the feeling was much duller now. Scott flicked through a selection of nighties and lingerie and bras and stockings. His excitement grew at the thought of trying these garments on, seeing Courtney's body draped in the silky, clingy fabric. It was only when he started to pick out items that he realized he didn't know Courtney's size.

Scott pondered his predicament for a moment, two sizes of a particularly sexy negligee in his hand. He put them both in the cart behind Addy and covered them with a shirt before pushing the whole cart towards the change rooms.

"Mommy needs to try on some things. Can you come in to the dressing room and be my little helper?"

Addy nodded. Scott took her out of the cart, picked up his clothes, and led them into the changeroom. It was tough trying on the nightie over his bra, especially with Addy squirming and trying to peak under the walls at the neighbors. Definitely no time to enjoy himself now. Scott did the best he could, making a quick decision before getting dressed again and hauling Addy back out into the store before she could wiggle under the dividing walls. Scott blew a loose strand of hair out of his face as he finally settled Addy back into the cart, earning a sympathetic look from an older woman browsing through clothes next to him.

Still, Scott managed to squeeze out a picture of Addy looking wide-eyed at the store sign, which he put up on Courtney's social media pages. *#girltrip #shoppingwiththekid*. Looking at the picture, it would be easy to think that the whole trip was a breeze.

Addy was getting more and more fractious so Scott wheeled her over to the toy section and let her have her pick. She wasn't used to such indulgence from her mom, and stared wide-eyed at the selection, finally settling on another toy pony. With that in her hands, she was content to play by herself while Scott browsed the women's section, picking up some sexy panties, a few bras, and some sexier nighties. Brett would be coming back tonight and he would surely appreciate some of these. The thought made Scott blush. Was he ready to share Courtney's body with someone else?

They stopped at the grocery store on the way back so Scott could pick up a pre-cooked chicken and some sides, all of which he planned to re-plate and pretend he had made for Brett's homecoming. By the time they got back home it was a little later than planned, but the house was still standing and the kids hadn't killed each other.

Scott just had time to dump his new clothes onto his bed when Jaxon came upstairs asking for some money to buy an app on his phone. Then Jayden wanted to do a science experiment with vinegar and baking soda that he'd seen on YouTube. Then Addy was back asking for a snack. Then Jayden got hungry. Then Jaxon. Rinse, repeat.

Scott's time was taken up doting on the kids and taking perfect pictures to make it look like a *#lazysunday*. But it was a lot of work playing supermom for the internet. By the time the kids had settled down and everything was tidied up, Brett was due home. Scott just had time to put the chicken in the oven when the door opened.

"Daddy!" Addy cried, toddling over to him, her arms wide.

“Hey, pumpkin,” he said, swooping her up into a big hug.

Scott wiped his hands and came around the kitchen island to hug Brett as well. Brett switched Addy around to sit on his hip before reaching around and pinched Scott’s butt, making him jump. Before Scott could respond to that Brett kissed him. The warmth flooding Scott was sudden and unexpected, and his cheeks were flushed when he pulled away.

“Missed you, babe,” he managed to say, putting a hand on Brett’s warm chest.

“You too,” Brett smiled, brushing Scott’s cheek.

Jayden ran up and interrupted them by throwing his arms around Brett.

“Wow,” Scott joked, “You’d think they’d had such an awful time with mommy.”

Scott pulled the chicken out and set the table while Brett put his bags in the bedroom. Brett returned to the kitchen and grabbed a beer from the fridge before leaning back on the counter and watching Scott bustle around.

“More new clothes?” Brett asked.

“I think you’ll enjoy a few of them,” Scott winked.

“Ooh. Can’t wait.”

Brett set his beer down and wrapped up Scott from behind. His body pressed against Scott’s backside, warm and solid, while his hands slid around Scott’s stomach. Brett’s hot breath whispered across the nape of Scott’s neck as he kissed his wife’s bare skin. Scott sighed, closing his eyes as a warmth spread through him.

“I missed you,” Brett murmured lovingly in Scott’s ear.

Scott felt something hard pressing up his soft butt cheeks, and understood exactly what Brett missed. The hands around Scott’s stomach moved up to cup each breast. Scott didn’t know what to say. Being fondled like this was making his body warm and hungry. The touch was so nice across his skin as Brett got to squeeze the body Scott had been enjoying all weekend.

Fortunately, Scott was saved from having to respond by the entrance of Jaxon, who announced he was hungry. Brett reluctantly untangled himself from Scott and the family sat down to eat together. Jaxon regaled them with stories of what he’d done on his trip with his siblings. Scott was sure this was the G-rated version of things but he didn’t press the issue. It was just nice admiring Courtney’s little family sitting around the table together. God, how he’d missed all this being locked away from them all.

He sighed and Brett looked over at him, putting his hand on Scott’s thigh. “You okay?”

Scott nodded. “Can’t a girl just love her family?”

Brett gave Scott’s thigh a squeeze and left his hand there, warm and firm, a promise of what was to come.

Scott cleaned up dinner as Brett wrangled the kids, hustling them through the showers and setting Addy up with some kid friendly cartoons on her tablet. Courtney’s husband settled on to the couch and Scott sat next to him while they streamed some sort of home improvement show. With the boys occupied in other rooms and Addy oblivious to everything from her focus on her own cartoons, Brett nuzzled closer to Scott and stroked his thigh, his hand tracing its way up and between Scott’s legs as he gave him an amorous look.

When the show was over Scott took Addy to her room and lay in bed with her, reading one of her

books while Brett put Jayden to bed. When Scott finished he kissed Addy on the forehead and she hugged him.

"I love you, mommy." She said.

"I love you too, sweetie. Goodnight." Scott kissed her tiny forehead and left, glancing back once to see his sweet granddaughter snuggling under the covers.

Brett was still with the other kids so Scott took a shower, enjoying Courtney's body in private one last time. When he stepped out he wrapped his body in a towel and returned to his bedroom. He was in the closet, bent over the chest of drawers and searching for some panties when he heard someone come in from behind.

A hand slipped beneath the towel and pulled it up above his ass. Another hand grabbed a butt cheek and squeezed. Scott jumped and straightened as a body pressed behind him.

"I missed this," Brett murmured in Scott's ear.

Maybe it was Courtney's body memory kicking in, but Brett's hot breath against Scott's little ear sent shivers through him. Brett circled his arms around Scott again, like he'd done in the kitchen, only this time he slipped Scott's towel off and cupped his bare breasts. Scott's tits filled Brett's hands and Scott looked down at his body while Brett fondled him. Brett's fingers splayed over Courtney's tits, grabbing great handfuls and squeezing while he nipped tenderly at Scott's neck with his teeth.

Brett knew just how to treat Courtney's body and all thought of escape quickly evaporated, pushed away by the growing desire making itself felt between Scott's legs. That and the sight of Courtney's body spread out beneath him, the deliciously fat breasts, the slight pouch of her tummy, the mound and the light tuft of hair below, the thick thighs and perfect dainty toes, combined to drive warm pulses of desire through him. He leaned his head back and grabbed for Brett's crotch. He could feel Brett's erection beneath his pants and Scott managed to unzip him from behind and grab his dick.

There was that dissonance again as he grabbed another man's cock, wrapping Courtney's petite fingers around the shaft and stroking up and down. Brett's hands released Scott's tits, letting them bounce back together gently as he followed the curves of Courtney's body. The warm, heavy hands stroked down his tummy, over the thick waist, teased between his legs and over his mound before returning to his tits and doing it all again. Brett's desire was evident, his kisses growing harder along with his dick. He was so excited at the sight of his wife's mature, curvy body, and Scott was excited at his excitement.

"Oh, baby," Brett moaned in Scott's ear. "Suck my cock."

Scott hesitated for a fraction of a second, but his own body was so eager to please. He turned and knelt before Brett. Brett's cock hung in front of him, fully erect, the head pointing right at Scott's lips. He took it in one hand and kissed his way up and down the shaft. Brett moaned as Scott took a long luxurious lick up and down the shaft, dragging the head just against his lips without opening. The tangy taste of Brett was on Scott's lips, the heat he held in his hand promising such temptation. Brett sighed above him. The power Scott had with just his lips and tongue was intoxicating, and he opened his lips wide and swallowed Brett.

Brett gasped as Scott took him, dragging his lips down the rock-hard shaft. The cockhead slid across Scott's tongue, the dick filling his entire mouth as he pushed his lips down as far as he could, coming up again and leaving Brett's cock shiny with saliva. Scott licked up and down the length again before swallowing Brett's cock once more. This time he didn't let go, sliding his lips up and down, up and down the veiny shaft, exploring every contour with his tongue, savoring Brett's delicious musky taste. He drove his lips down, burying his nose in Brett's black curly pubic hair. His mouth was full of dick and he was near to choking but he held on, undulating his tongue along

the shaft while Brett gasped and moaned above him. The sound of his husband under his control made Scott grow wet, his little pussy lips opening in expectation.

Brett slipped his hands through Scott's blonde hair and guided him up and down his cock. Scott looked up at him, saw Brett staring down in awe, and a surge of desire surprised Scott as they made eye contact. Suddenly Scott wanted this dick, and he drove his lips down again, guided by Brett's hand on the back of his head. He felt Brett press into his mouth, gently fucking him. Brett's cries grew more urgent and Scott pulled off before he could finish.

Scott's pussy was sopping wet. He could feel the little lips sliding back and forth. He couldn't miss this opportunity to satisfy Courtney's body with what it so dearly wanted.

"Fuck me," he ordered, standing and leaning on the dresser, arching his back for Brett. Facing this way, Scott could watch in the floor to ceiling mirror as Brett approached him from behind. Courtney's tits swung down in front of Scott and he grabbed one with his free hand, squeezing it to his chest, a look of utter desire written across Courtney's features.

Brett grabbed Scott's fat ass, fingers digging into his delightfully soft flesh and aimed his dick between Scott's nether lips. The head pressed against Scott's entrance, slid in, and then Brett *thrust* deep into Scott's aching canal, driving a moan from Scott's lips. Brett drove deep inside, burying himself to the hilt and filling Courtney's pussy with dick. Scott could feel the walls of his canal curving around the cock. It felt so perfect, just touching the dimpled nub of his inner pleasure.

He stared at himself in the mirror, watching Courtney's face, eyes half lidded with lust, mouth partly open, as Brett fucked him from behind. His tits swayed with each thrust. Scott came at the sight of himself being fucked, crying out in a strangled voice as the first blush of orgasm burned through him. Behind him, Brett gritted his teeth and drove in harder, faster, filling the closet with the slap of his groin on Scott's ass.

Scott fondled his tits, thrust back his pussy to impale himself on Brett's wonderful cock, wanting only to fill himself, to sate the burning itch inside him. The fire consumed him as Brett came, the cock throbbing, filling Scott with such an intense heat it sent him over the edge. He orgasmed hard, body convulsing in delight, fingers groping his own tit as they came together, Brett driving in deep to empty himself into Scott's pussy as Scott took it all, the delight white hot in its intensity. He cried out, the desire unable to be contained within him.

When Brett finally finished he visibly relaxed, draping himself across Scott's back, still lodged inside him as he grew soft. He pulled out, leaving Scott with a strange aching emptiness and a drip of cum down his inner thigh.

Brett stroked Scott's cheek and kissed him tenderly. Scott could feel all the loving warmth Brett had for his wife and even though he hadn't planned on doing something like this in Courtney's body it was certainly an incredible experience. He felt himself smiling, saw in the mirror Courtney's face, self-satisfied and sated.

As they returned to bed together Scott felt that tingle all over his body that signaled the end of the spell. Maybe next time he took Courtney out for a spin he'd leave Brett to watch the kids and see what fun a woman could *really* get into on her own.

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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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