

Autumn wondered if she'd gone too far. Prince Albert and Princess Heather had been bickering yet again, and she'd taken it upon herself to get them to walk in each other's shoes for a mile or two. That wasn't a big deal, she'd done this a hundred times before. It was the twist she'd put on the spell that might be overdoing it.

Ah, whatever. These were pets to her, not people. Their kind had done so much worse to hers. They deserved it.

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Albert had felt dizzy for a moment and closed his eyes. He shook his head. When he opened them, he was in a bedroom that wasn't his. It took him a second to recognize it: it was his sister Heather's chambers. He turned around, somewhat disoriented, wondering how he got there and where his sister was.

There she was! She stood there, staring back at him with an expression of confusion that seemed to match his. Albert's heart skipped a beat and he clutched his chest. At that precise moment, two things happened at exactly the same time: his hand grasped a heavy breast instead of his flat chest; and in the mirror across from him, his sister did the same.

Holy fuck! It was *HIM* in the mirror! He *actually* was his own sister!

He recoil in shock, tripped in the folds of the dress, and stumbled back into a conveniently placed armchair. He stared at his own reflection—the body of his own sister—for almost half a minute before his horny teenage mind realized what an opportunity this was. He glanced at the door, confirming that it was latched shut and that no one could burst into the room while he did what he intended to do. Then he stood up in front of the mirror and began his examination.

First, he pulled out his collar and stared into the dress, finding his sister's pale, perfect breasts just hanging there. *Yeah, those are nice!* he thought with a wicked grin. He couldn't resist grabbing a handful of them. They felt pretty nice, though not as much as he imagined they would. The nipples tingled a little when he tweaked them, but it seemed like there should be an easier way to tease pleasure out of his sister's body.

His hands traveled down to his crotch and explored the flat area between his legs where a penis once stood proudly. It took him a minute of fruitless fumbling before he pulled the dress way up and plunged his right hand directly into his undergarments. He finally found what he was looking for—what he'd never explored or experienced before—and pushed a probing finger between the mysterious folds between his legs.

Oh! That felt...interesting.

His other hand came to join the first, parting the folds so he could reach deeper. He glanced at the image in the mirror and was shocked at the sight of his sister openly masturbating in front of him. It was so hot that he wondered if he'd ever be able to get that image out of his mind. He felt moisture dampen the fingers inside him. It was feeling better, now that his pussy was getting wet. His fingers pumped in and out of his slit in a rhythm that wasn't unlike the stroking of his dick when he masturbated.

Then an accidental brushing of a bit he hadn't paid attention to sent a shocking jolt of pleasure through him. He yelped in surprise, his legs almost giving out underneath him. He decided to kneel for safety, then spread his thighs wide. This was as much to ease the access to his sister's sloppy slit as it was to look at her lewd reflection in the mirror.

"I'm a slut," he told the image.

Cathol, watching her carrying on like this was an incredible turn-on. He grabbed a tit and made a lewd face as he tweaked his hard nipple.

"You want some of that, Albert, don't you?" he said to himself.

Oooh, now that he'd found that sensitive spot, every stroke was driving him insane. If at first his poses and expressions were forced, they were now as authentic as they were involuntary. He watched his sister writhe in delightful agony in the mirror, her hand pumping harder and faster between her legs. She was squealing and breathing hard, groping one tit after the other as if wanting to give each boob the attention it deserved.

Yes! It was about to happen! He was about to cum in his body's sister!

It was happening!

NOW!

And just at the moment of climax, all the pleasure evaporated. He hadn't cum. It was gone, just like that. It left him trembling and frustrated, his nipples still erect and that tiny nub between his legs aching hard with unreleased tension.

He tried again, and after a minute, he was almost there. Then, like before, the orgasm escaped him at the last moment. Albert sneered in frustration. What was going on? Was he doing it wrong? Or was it the fault of his sister's body? Was she unable to come? Was that why she was such a bitch all the time?

Albert wasn't done, though. He'd make this body come if it was the last thing he did. Cracking his knuckles, he got back to work...

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A few minutes earlier and elsewhere in the castle, a confused Heather was headed back to her bedroom, now stuck in her stupid brother's body. She was barely past the dining hall when that ugly penis in her pants suddenly got hard. It wasn't five seconds before the thundering orgasm rolled through her, making her lose her balance. She clutched helplessly at her crotch for nearly half a minute before it was over.

She glanced around. Two servants were staring at her—at Albert—with eyes as wide as saucers. Gathering what little dignity she had, she resumed her walk.

Then another orgasm hit her, and another, and another...