

BODY SWAP EROTICA

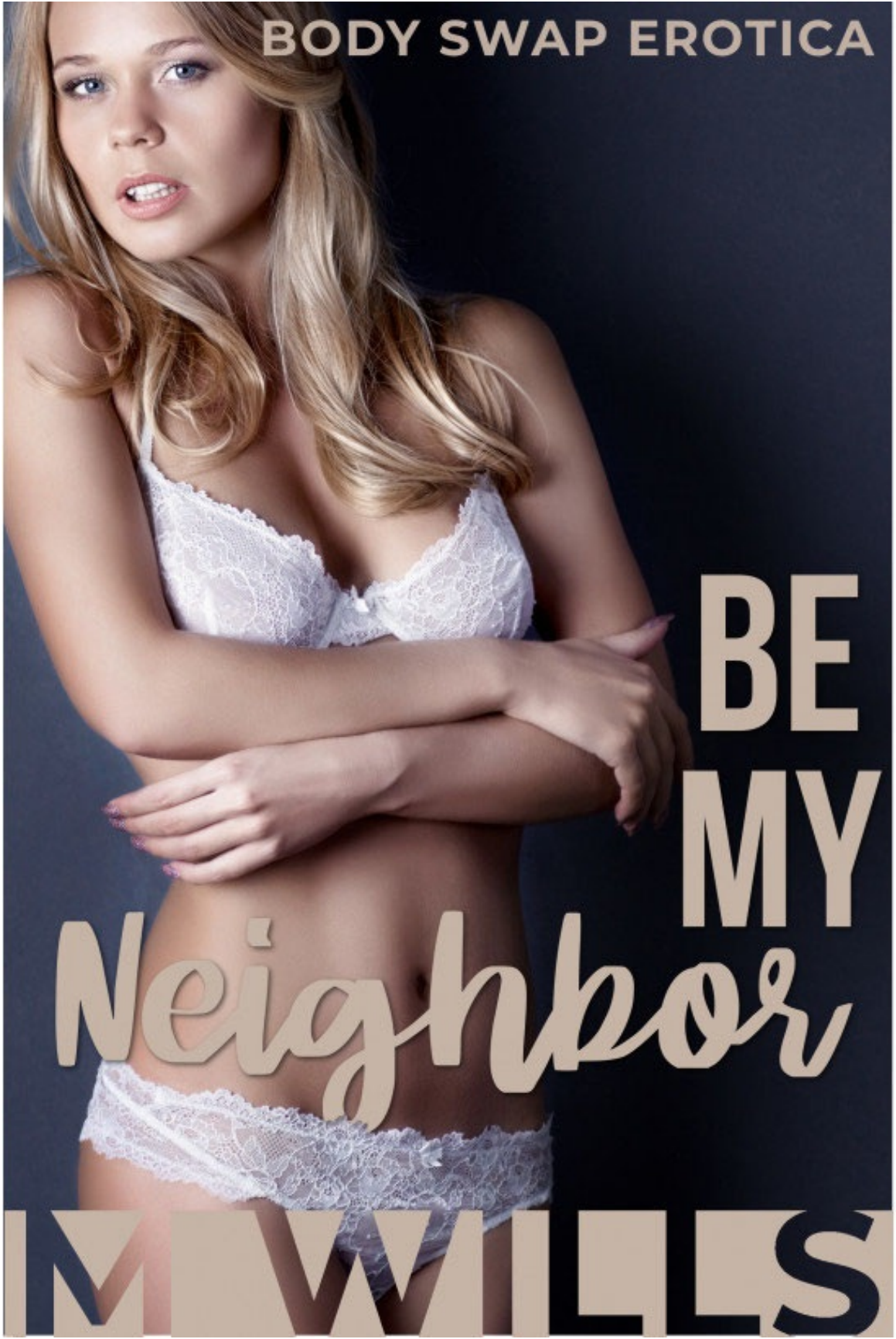


BE  
MY

*Neighbor*

MILLS

BODY SWAP EROTICA



BE  
MY

*Neighbor*

MILLS

# **Be My Neighbor**

**by M. Wills**

© 2019 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com / DoubleV

Cover design: Evie Foy

[Other books by M. Wills or visit bodyswapfiction.com](#)

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

## Table of Contents

[Sexy preview of Be My Neighbor](#)

[\*Be My Neighbor\*](#)

[Thank you!](#)

[Also by M. Wills](#)

## Sexy Preview of Be My Neighbor

Looking down at his sweaty post-gym form, Luke announced, “I need a shower.”

She didn’t look up from her computer. “You’re not taking my body into the shower.” The fact that she’d taken his into the shower daily was apparently beside the point.

“So,” he asked, “I’m just going to go to your office like this tomorrow, am I?”

She looked up and gave her body a quick once-over and apparently saw reason. “Fine but be ready for more study when you’re done. And make sure you do the deep conditioning treatment—massage it in, concentrating on the end of the hair and let it sit for ten minutes. And use the vanilla sugar scrub. One squirt about the size of a dime and—”

Luke headed to the bathroom and slammed the door. She didn’t even trust him to shower correctly. Bitch!

He stripped off his clothes, fumbling with his bra and finally just yanking it off, tearing the fabric in the process. Fuck it. He turned on the shower and stared at Catherine's naked image in the mirror. He knew how to live with this face, this body. He'd proven that already and she still didn't trust him. Well, she could have her fucking body back, he was sick of it.

“You want these tits back?” He murmured to his mirror image. He gripped his tits in both hands and squeezed, enjoying watching Catherine's face twist in pain, even if it was him that was feeling it. He sneered at himself as he pinched a nipple, squeezing hard until he was doubled over in pain. Goddamn that hurt. But at the same time, he was enjoying torturing Catherine's body. Screw it, it was his now. He was going to reward himself for doing such a good job.

He stepped into the shower and let the hot water sluice down Catherine's body. He squeezed some soap onto his hands and began rubbing it all over his body, enjoying the slippery sensations, the touch of his skin. He rubbed his tits, holding them up and dropping them, watching them bounce back in to position. Her boobs did feel pretty nice. He slid his hands in between his legs, soaping his thighs, squeezing his legs to trap his hand in between as he tickled Catherine's pussy, felt her scratchy pubic hair, his finger slipping in between her wet opening.

He deserved this.

With his other hand still fondling his tits, he pushed two fingers inside himself, sighing as he stroked Catherine's heat. She would kill him if she knew what he was doing. The thought made him warm and tingly. Fuck her. This was his body to do with as he pleased. Just imagining what she would say sent a burst of warmth through him. Even through the constant flow of the shower he could feel his pussy growing slick as he continued massaging himself. His fingers came up and slipped over a swollen lump, causing him to shiver and gasp. That must be the clit. He pressed harder, rubbing firmly but slowly as his other fingers tickled his breast.

A fire warmed his way up between his thighs, filling his body. He stared down at himself, watching as he continued masturbating in Catherine's body. He slammed his fingers inside his pussy as deep and as fast as he could, fucking Catherine's body roughly, gritting his teeth and murmuring, “You fucking like

that? Take it, bitch.” Seeing his beautiful feminine fingers sunk inside his cunt, feeling himself penetrating himself, torturing Catherine's body made him cum suddenly and hard. He dropped his tit and rammed his fingers into his mouth to stifle his cry of pleasure. Relief and desire blasted through him and he threw back his head as the sensations rebounded through him, cooling slowly. He needed more, but at that moment Catherine knocked loudly on the door.

“What's taking so long?” She shouted.

Fuck. Did she have any idea what he was doing? She must. Sheepishly, he shut off the water, toweled himself off and returned to Catherine.

But he didn't forget how he'd made himself feel.

*Read on for the rest...*

## Be My Neighbor

It almost wasn't worth looking. Like every grade he'd received since starting college, Luke knew it was going to be a B. Maybe a B- if the universe was feeling tetchy. It was going to be a middle of the road grade, with a middle of the road comment from the TA. Something that stressed the overwhelming adequateness of Luke's academic efforts.

Logging onto the school site, Luke clicked over to grades. And there it was - a shiny, new B- in all its adequate B- glory. He wouldn't have minded except that it was so painfully fitting; it was a grade that suited him down to the ground. Because everything about Luke screamed B-: B- grades, B- looks, B- friends.

He glanced around his tiny room and added to the list: B- apartment. It was in a nice building— a big Victorian mansion converted into apartments at some point—so it had that going for it. And the location was great - in the heart of Venice Beach, five minutes from the beach and two minutes to seriously good coffee. The street was kind of a chore though, periodically invaded by small hoards of aging hippies traipsing around the neighborhood looking for Jim Morrison's old haunts and relics of a bygone beatnik era.

They all invariably stopped to take pictures of Luke apartment building. This initially had struck Luke as seriously weird but was now just part of daily life. He'd learnt early on that his building—back in the day—had been the home of some quasi-important psychedelic artist. The only remaining evidence of the guy's residence were a few swirly scribbles on the interior walls and a mural on the front fence that Luke was pretty sure you needed a bucket-load of shrooms to appreciate. The hippie tourist brigand didn't seem to mind though. They dutifully took their photos.

Once, and only once, Luke had made the mistake of mentioning to one of the tourists—an old guy with stringy hair and sandals—that there was a section of some painting on his bedroom wall. The guy had begged to come in and take a look. Against his better judgment, Luke had agreed... and then he'd been subjected to twenty minutes of watching the guy take seemingly endless photos of the weird pink swirls over Luke's bed and waxing lyric about spectrums and distorted reality and out of body experiences and etheogens.

If ever there was proof of the lasting damage done by LSD, Luke had been fairly sure the old guy was it. Standing in Luke's tiny, B- studio apartment, with its crappy kitchenette and scenic view of the dumpster, the old guy had looked enraptured.

Desperate to get rid of him, Luke had considered mentioning that the largest bit of the interior 'mural' was actually in the apartment next door. Not that Luke had actually seen it. He'd just heard his neighbor, Catherine, arguing with the landlord about whether she was legally permitted to cover it up. She'd been standing in the hallway holding a paintbrush and a tin of paint, railing about tenant's rights. Her striking dark eyebrows were furrowed in anger, causing her tiny nose to wrinkle in a way that would have been adorable if it wasn't being accompanied by a barrage of angry words. Luke, cracking his door and eavesdropping, had been firmly on Catherine's side - waking up to face a swirling mass of hot pink paint was no way to start the day. But the landlord had stood firm and refused, calling the mess 'iconic.'

Catherine had stormed off muttering about city statutes, and Luke couldn't help but stare at her wonderful round ass as it swayed. She defiantly left the paint can sitting in the hallway. It was, in fact, still sitting there; presumably as Catherine's passive aggressive demonstration to the landlord that the argument wasn't over.

Luke had ultimately decided, however, not to try and dump the sandal-wearing weirdo on his neighbor. He didn't know her well but he had a feeling that Catherine was the sort of hot, type-A lawyer he didn't want to piss off. Instead, as politely as he could, he'd shoved the guy out the door and had never made the mistake of mentioning the mural to anyone since.

Life had returned to humdrum B- normalcy.

Like tonight... Luke staring at his computer on a Wednesday evening, facing another B- grade and a night of mild tedium. He was vaguely contemplating giving in to the boredom and actually studying, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door. He opened it to find Josh, Catherine's boyfriend, on the doorstep.

Josh ran a hand through his dark hair. "Hey dude, ok if I park in your spot tonight? Couldn't find anything on the street."

Luke shrugged. "Yeah, no prob." It was a familiar request. Luke parked on the street when he could—it was easier than negotiating the tiny parking garage—and Josh, who turned up like clockwork every Sunday and Wednesday night, had started making use of the empty parking spot.

Luke grabbed his keys and garage opener and they headed to the garage.

"Appreciate this," Josh said, swinging his BMW keys around a finger as they walked. "You know, if you want compensation or anything I'd be happy to rent the spot."

Luke, between rent and tuition, was seriously feeling the financial pinch and his ears perked up. “Really?”

“I was thinking two nights a week.”

“Umm, yeah. Could do more nights if you want?” Luke offered, well aware that parking in Venice Beach was a serious money-maker.

“Nah, I’m only allowed to stay over Sundays and Wednesdays.” Josh gave a self-deprecating grin, all strong jaw and perfect white teeth. “Catherine’s a woman with strong opinions on schedule. I’m pretty sure she thinks the world will implode if she doesn’t spend five nights a week at the office.”

“She does seemed to work a lot. She must be really dedicated.”

“The word you’re looking for,” Josh said slyly, “is ‘workaholic.’”

Luke gave a laugh, then came to a stop outside his garage door.

Josh turned to unlock his Beemer. “Look, I’m happy to pay for the whole week for the spot,” he said casually, with the air of a man who had clearly never fretted over cash. Hopping into his car, he added, “Just think about whatcha want for it and let me know. And you can keep using it the other five days.”

Luke hit the clicker and opened the garage door, wondering what life was like without a single financial worry. From Josh's USC sweatshirt, BMW 8 Series and tan that looked suspiciously like the shade 'My Family Owns a Yacht,' Luke suspected that Josh hadn't given a second thought to money since he was born. Life was not entirely fair sometimes.

Trudging back to his apartment, Luke wondered what he could get away with asking for the parking spot. Was \$300 a week too much? It was a pretty standard rate for Venice. But perhaps Josh would pay even more? He obviously had the cash. \$350?

Luke headed into his apartment, deep in thought. Closing the door, he was momentarily jolted out of his musing by a dull thump on the wall. Ignoring it, he threw himself down on his bed. Was \$400 crazy? There was second thud and Luke abandoned his mercenary train of thought because the thud was accompanied by a telltale gasp.

Josh, clearly, hadn't wasted any time after he'd arrived at Catherine's place. From the sound of it, he'd grabbed Catherine in her apartment hallway, and had her up against the wall, just inside her front door.

Luke grinned. Catherine really did have a schedule. He could picture her, carefully penciling in Josh for a speedy 7:22pm fuck before heading back to the office to file briefs... or whatever it was that fancy pants lawyers like Catherine did.

The noise increased. Josh could hear the smack of bodies and the gradual rise in Catherine's voice, as the moans moved from warm and wanting to harsh need. The wall, he realized, between his bedroom and Catherine's hallway was wafer thin. Since Catherine, obviously, rarely spent any time in that part of her

apartment, Luke hadn't noticed before, but now he noticed with every fiber of his being. It was like she was right there. She was, in fact, right there, pressed up against the thin wall, inches from him as he lay in bed.

The proximity made his skin prickle, and nasty stolen heat coiled in his belly. He could hear her rapid breath, her fierce little gasps for air. And, within minutes, his dick pressed, achingly hard and insistent, against his zipper. Swiping the lotion from the nightstand and pulling open his jeans, he grabbed his dick, biting back the sigh as he slid his hand down his length.

Catherine's moans were urgent now, quivering and desperate. "Oh god." Her voice was breathlessly, muffled by the wall but right by Luke's ear. "God, right there."

He stopped his hand, already on the aching edge of coming, listening to her body being pounded up against the plaster. It was surreal hearing her—perfectly put together Catherine with her perfectly shiny honey-blond hair and perfectly tailored pant suits and perfectly modulated lawyer voice—coming apart. He could hear her right on the cusp of losing control.

Her voice was hitching now and thick with need. "Harder. Fucking pound me."

Josh's voice was a low growl. "Turn around."

Luke didn't need to guess their actions; he could hear every move. The slither of movement as Josh released Catherine from the wall and lowered her to the ground. The shuffle of feet as she turned her around and bent her over. The thrust as Josh slammed back into her. The slap of her hand against the wall as she

braced. He imagined her clinging to the wall, fat breasts swaying hypnotically with every thrust, sweat glistening from her curvaceous body.

Luke watched the wall quiver. Reaching out, he placed his palm flush against the plaster and could almost feel the shudder of Catherine's body, could feel the impact as Josh drove into her. Her face was clearly pressed directly into the wall because her breath was almost in Luke ear. He allowed himself one slow stroke of his cock, moving his hand with agonizing slowness and desperate to hold out as Catherine breathed into the plaster, a near constant litany now. "God yeah, please, fucking please harder."

Then Catherine's hand lifted off the wall for a second and Luke heard it slap back down, palm smacking the wall directly beneath his own. He could practically feel the heat of her, could almost feel the flesh of her palm through the plaster and the stupid pink paint.

And then her breath hitched and Luke knew she was going to come. He could practically feel her body tightening and pulling so taut she could barely draw a breath. His hand felt hot and slippery against the wall. His fingers clenched and he swore he could feel her fingers flex at the same time. And then he heard her release, the slam of Josh driving into her and her moan of raw, thumping pleasure.

One pump and he was coming too. He felt it in every cell of his body, a force dragging out his pleasure, seeming almost to launch him from his body. He spurted all over his belly, his hands and, with little regard for vintage psychedelic art, all over the dumb pink mural on the wall.

Luke woke up and moved on pure instinct, eyes still closed and hand scrabbling for the beeping phone on his nightstand. Feeling blindly and still half asleep, it

took him way too long to find his phone but he eventually dragged it up to his eyes.

It was a text: Hey Baby. You still sleeping? From the way you practically passed out last night, you seriously needed the rest... Not that I mind carrying you to bed. See you Wed. Or sooner? Please? I'll beg. And I'll make it worth your while... x

Luke blinked at the message in confusion. Clearly a wrong number.

And then everything else registered in quick succession. The wrong bed. The wrong room. The wrong phone in his hand. The wrong hand. The wrong body.

His hand flew down his body encountering soft smooth skin and gentle curves. Yelping, he leapt across the room to the mirror and found himself staring directly at his reflection. Catherine stared back.

For a full minute, he simply stood in front of the mirror, unable to process the visual in front of his eyes. He was Catherine, standing there, wearing nothing but a short nightie. He was Catherine. He had her golden locks cascading over her shoulders, had her no-nonsense face with the strong cheekbones, and, of course, he had her breasts. The tiny nipples pricked out from his skin, just visible beneath the sheer fabric of her nightie. Her nightie. God, it was so short it left her wonderful legs almost completely bare. Strong thighs, shapely calves and lovely, smooth skin. He was Catherine.

The idea juddered around Luke's brain, impossible and yet patently clear. He forced himself to move, raised a hand up to Catherine's face and trailed it over

her soft cheek, across the pout of her lower lip, down her neck, over breasts and down her belly. Caught by the absurdity of the situation, he tried something unthinkable, tried the most lunatic thing he could think of, as if doing the most invasive thing possibly might shock the world back into alignment. He reached down under the nightie and slid his fingers over her pussy, not stopping until he had two fingers buried deep inside her. And nothing happened. No sirens wailed, no one burst in shrieking at the indignity. He just stood there, in Catherine's body, fingers in her pussy, feeling his own inner warmth.

And then there was a hammering at the front door. Snatching his fingers away, Luke stood frozen, listening to hammering getting louder by the minute. And a man's voice called, "Open up. It's me. It's Catherine." More hammering. "Open up!"

Luke snapped out of his stupor and headed to the door. He took a breath before opening it but was still completely unprepared for what he saw. His own body. Just standing there. It spoke - "What the hell is going on? Did you do something? You're Luke right? What the hell is this?"

Luke gulped. "I doing do anything."

His body barged into the apartment and slammed the door behind it, demanding, "Seriously?"

"Yeah. I just woke up, like two minutes ago and..." He waved a hand down his new body to illustrate. His own face scowled back at him, and it was a scowl he recognized. "Catherine?" he asked. "Is that really you?"

“Yes it’s me,” she sighed. “Inexplicably jammed into the body of a nondescript sophomore with hygiene issues.”

“I’m a senior,” Luke correct automatically. And he was about to add that he actually had very good personal hygiene for a college student when he remembered that he’d passed out the previous night with a pretty liberal coating of jizz on his hands and belly. Had she washed him off? “Umm, so about—”

She cut him off. “You really didn’t do this?”

“No, I mean, I have no idea how this could happen.”

Catherine started pacing. “Ok, so logically... I’m dreaming. Or I’ve been drugged. Or...” She apparently couldn’t find a third option and added lamely, “Or I’m dreaming.”

“No,” he said, taking a breath and letting it fill his new lungs, feeling the reality of the situation, “you’re not.”

She looked over at him, finally fully looking him in the eye, fully looking at her own body across the room. And apparently accepting the truth. “I’m not dreaming,” she acknowledged. “This is happening.”

“Umm, yep.”

He watched her face suddenly harden into resolve. “Then you need to get ready for court. I’ve got an arraignment at 8:30.”

“What?”

“For reasons failing understanding, you’re me,” she said. “You’re Catherine Reece. And Catherine Reece has to be at the courthouse in a little over an hour.”

Luke’s new feminine voice reached a disbelieving pitch. “I can’t go to court.”

“It’s just an arraignment and plea. I’ll walk you through it.”

“Hell no!” he screeched. “Just call in sick.”

She visibly shuddered with the revulsion at the idea. “I don’t call in sick.”

He was fairly certain she was insane. “Well, you’re gonna have to, because there’s no way I’m standing up in court and pretending to be you.”

“Look, any other time, I might agree with you,” she said placatingly. “But I am two weeks out from being named partner. It’s on the agenda for the next full meeting of the partners and, unless something goes wrong between now and then, it’s gonna happen. Youngest partner in the history of the firm.” Her tone turned pleading. “But I can’t drop the ball right now.”

“And you think the best plan is me pretending to be a frickin lawyer? I’m gonna fall on my ass and you’re gonna look like an idiot.”

“I’m not asking you to deliver a closing argument!” she huffed. “It’s a routine court proceeding. Just get through this morning’s court session and head straight back here. I’ll email work and let them know that I’m working from home today. Just do this one thing and then we can figure out how to fix this mess.”

Luke sighed. Arguing with a lawyer was beyond tedious. “Ok, fine. What do I have to do?”

“Well, for a start, get dressed.”

She made him close his eyes. He stood there, eyes closed, while she stripped him and got him dressed, reeling from the absurdity of the feel of the bra and the pain of the high heels. Then she’d sat him down in the bathroom and applied his makeup, all the while issuing instructions and walking him through the script for the session in court. As the brush tickled across his cheeks she droned on about standard pleas and filing deadlines and a hundred other things Luke tried to keep in his mind. When at last she was done he looked in the mirror and saw the radiant face of a well-kept middle aged woman with dark eyes stared back at him. She was gorgeous. A smile crept across his face, quickly disappearing as Catherine tested him on everything she'd been going on about.

Despite the thorough briefing, he was on the brink of disaster a dozen times at least - trying to drive in heels, getting through security at the courthouse, staying on script in court, running into a guy in the hallway who was clearly Catherine’s colleague and wanted to talk about a plea deal for something... and used eleven

different legal terms that were definitely not in Luke's vocabulary. It was a fraught high wire act without a net and Luke's heart didn't stop pounding until he got back to Catherine's car and locked the door.

Taking a steadying breath, he headed for home. Well, Catherine's home.

Luke had only been gone a grand total of two hours, yet in that time Catherine had somehow managed to put together a complete plan, a schedule, and binder of materials. Luke saw the whiteboard as soon as he opened Catherine's apartment door and knew life was about to get seriously difficult. Even more difficult than waking up a woman and faking his way through a simple court case.

She spoke before Luke had even made it all the way through the door. "Ok, so we've got two priorities. One - figure out how to switch back. Two - ensure that you don't screw up my partnership before we get our bodies back."

Luke flopped on the sofa. "What about you not screwing up my life?" He pulled off his heels one by one and dropped them on the floor before rubbing his feet.

Catherine pulled Luke's features into a contemptuous sneer. "What's there to screw up?"

"Umm, school."

"What do you study?"

“I’m a statistics major.”

She waved it away, like a minor hurdle. “Whatever, we’ll deal,” she said dismissively. “The important thing—since we don’t know when or how to switch back—is we get you up to speed with my job ASAP.”

Luke rolled his eyes and asked sarcastically, “Oh, I’ll just learn three years of law school this afternoon, shall I?” He dug his fingers into his feet and felt the tension ease.

“Don’t be silly, I told the office I’ll be working from home the rest of the week.” And then she pulled out the binder. “You’ve got four days.”

“To learn the entire legal system?” he asked disbelievingly.

She totally ignored his tone and replied, “And my colleagues, my routine, my style, my court delivery.” She pivoted to the whiteboard. “Let’s get started.” She turned back briefly, “And stop touching my feet.”

What followed were a couple of the the most agonizing days of Luke’s existence. Catherine was relentless. For 72 hours, neither of them left her apartment. She drilled him incessantly, first on the basics of criminal law and then on her specialty - jury selection. Hour upon hour about trial consulting and demographics and peremptory challenges. If he didn’t fully grasp a concept on first explanation or if he momentarily forgot the name of the law firm’s trial consultants or dared to mispronounce ‘voir dire’, she launched into a lengthy

tirade about his incompetence.

The tirades were particularly galling because, to be honest, Luke kinda felt like he was nailing it. Genius he was not, but he was pretty quick on his feet and, if three and half years as a statistics major had taught him anything, it was how to analyze data... which was, seemingly, a pretty big part of her job. In his opinion, she was frickin lucky that she'd swapped with him, not some total incompetent. But instead of being impressed by his aptitude for reading statistical models she just barked, "Fine. Let's move on to change of venue motions."

And so it continued. For days. 17 hours of study. Sleep. Then 17 more hours of study. Catherine never left his side, sleeping in her own bed and making him sleep on a blow up mattress on the bedroom floor.

By day four, Luke was in desperate need of a break, something, anything other than the law. Surely, there was some other activity Catherine's body had to do, some other facet of her life he could learn about. But Catherine apparently didn't have a single commitment outside of work. No friends coming over, no social engagements. She'd even texted Josh and told him she was buried in work for the foreseeable future. Just work.

It was on day four that Luke finally cracked. Mid study session, he folded Catherine's arms across her chest and said firmly, "I'm done."

"What?"

"I need a break."

“We still need to run through the firm’s management and the company policies for—”

His voice turned low and lethal. “I need a break.”

That got her to look up. Clearly irked by the interruption, she said, “Take five, I guess.”

Luke wasn’t going to be fobbed off. He didn’t raise his voice, just stated with complete conviction, “I need a real break. I’ve been working my ass off to help you. Because I figure we’re in this together. But we’ve dedicated every single second to making sure your life isn’t damaged by this and you haven’t given me or my life a moment’s thought.” He stood up. “And now I’m telling you, I need a break. I need to get out of this apartment, I need to do something.”

She glanced up at the clock. “Well, I do usually go to the gym about now.”

Everything felt different. Balance, strength, flexibility. Most disconcerting though was the movement and weight of his new breasts. Even encased in a sports bra, they jiggled with every step on the treadmill, impeded his movement on every rep on the rowing machine.

But the discomfort was fleeting. Before long Luke could feel himself adjusting to the changes, could feel himself stretching a little further and flexing a little more, taking advantage of his new body’s desire to elongate and to curl. Discomfort morphed into delight. Catherine’s body was a well oiled machine,

limber and fiercely fit. Luke jacked up the speed on the treadmill and tried to suppress the grin when he caught the girl next to him watch on in envy. Unable to resist, he increased the speed again and lengthened his stride, feeling the power of this body trickle through his veins.

Stepping off the treadmill, he paused to stretch, bending over to feel the delicious pull of lean muscle. And then he felt the eyes, felt the heat of the gaze from the two ripped guys over by the free weights. Catherine's body, clearly, commandeered attention. And Luke understood why - perfect curves and long limbs hugged in lycra. She might be a bitch but she was a bitch with a delectable body. Barely conscious of moving, he dragged a hand across his chest, swiping the sheen of sweat that lay along the neckline of his tank top. He could almost feel the motion of the dudes' eyes, the greedy caress of their leers tracking the path of his fingers.

Knowing Catherine would hate it, and reveling in that fact, Luke pulled up the hem of his top and wiped his brow. Pivoting ever so subtly, he gave the guys a long, unimpeded look at his smooth belly and, hitching the top higher, a glimpse of his boobs bound tight in material that left little to the imagination.

Trying not to smirk at the idea of Catherine's displeasure, he got bolder, dropped his shirt and bent into another stretch. Arms pulled taut behind his back, shoulders back. Locking eyes with one of the guys, Luke bent forward slowly, giving the guy a clear view straight down his top to the lush swell of cleavage. His tongue slid out involuntarily, stroking along his lip. The guy stilled, weight suspended in air. Luke let his eyes travel down the guy's body, feeling Catherine's body react to the lines of taut muscle, feeling the faint tingle of warm heat in his pussy.

Straightening, he headed for the exit, safe in the knowledge that there were at least two sets of eyes glued firmly to his gorgeous ass.

Catherine was knee-deep in research when he got back to the apartment, some article on planes of existence up on her computer screen.

“Any luck finding a fix?” Luke asked, gesturing at the screen.

She sighed. “Nothing remotely helpful. You sure there wasn’t anything different, nothing unusual going on, the morning we switched?”

“Nothing that I can think of. Just woke up and I was you.”

“What about the night before?”

“Nah, I mean. Came home, messed around on the computer a bit, gave Josh my parking space, went to bed.” He raised an eyebrow. “What about you?”

She shook her head and returned her attention to her screen.

Luke suppressed a smirk. Probably wasn’t relevant anyway and, if she wasn’t going to mention that she’d had the mother of all orgasms, he certainly wasn't going to bring up hearing her.

Looking down at his sweaty post-gym form, Luke announced, “I need a shower.”

She didn't look up from her computer. "You're not taking my body into the shower." The fact that she'd taken his into the shower daily was apparently beside the point.

"So," he asked, "I'm just going to go to your office like this tomorrow, am I?"

She looked up and gave her body a quick once-over and apparently saw reason. "Fine but be ready for more study when you're done. And make sure you do the deep conditioning treatment—massage it in, concentrating on the end of the hair and let it sit for ten minutes. And use the vanilla sugar scrub. One squirt about the size of a dime and—"

Luke headed to the bathroom and slammed the door. She didn't even trust him to shower correctly. Bitch!

He stripped off his clothes, fumbling with his bra and finally just yanking it off, tearing the fabric in the process. Fuck it. He turned on the shower and stared at Catherine's naked image in the mirror. He knew how to live with this face, this body. He'd proven that already and she still didn't trust him. Well, she could have her fucking body back, he was sick of it.

"You want these tits back?" He murmured to his mirror image. He gripped his tits in both hands and squeezed, enjoying watching Catherine's face twist in pain, even if it was him that was feeling it. He sneered at himself as he pinched a nipple, squeezing hard until he was doubled over in pain. Goddamn that hurt. But at the same time, he was enjoying torturing Catherine's body. Screw it, it was his now. He was going to reward himself for doing such a good job.

He stepped into the shower and let the hot water sluice down Catherine's body. He squeezed some soap onto his hands and began rubbing it all over his body, enjoying the slippery sensations, the touch of his skin. He rubbed his tits, holding them up and dropping them, watching them bounce back in to position. Her boobs did feel pretty nice. He slid his hands in between his legs, soaping his thighs, squeezing his legs to trap his hand in between as he tickled Catherine's pussy, felt her scratchy pubic hair, his finger slipping in between her wet opening.

He deserved this.

With his other hand still fondling his tits, he pushed two fingers inside himself, sighing as he stroked Catherine's heat. She would kill him if she knew what he was doing. The thought made him warm and tingly. Fuck her. This was his body to do with as he pleased. Just imagining what she would say sent a burst of warmth through him. Even through the constant flow of the shower he could feel his pussy growing slick as he continued massaging himself. His fingers came up and slipped over a swollen lump, causing him to shiver and gasp. That must be the clit. He pressed harder, rubbing firmly but slowly as his other fingers tickled his breast.

A fire warmed his way up between his thighs, filling his body. He stared down at himself, watching as he continued masturbating in Catherine's body. He slammed his fingers inside his pussy as deep and as fast as he could, fucking Catherine's body roughly, gritting his teeth and murmuring, "You fucking like that? Take it, bitch." Seeing his beautiful feminine fingers sunk inside his cunt, feeling himself penetrating himself, torturing Catherine's body made him cum suddenly and hard. He dropped his tit and rammed his fingers into his mouth to stifle his cry of pleasure. Relief and desire blasted through him and he threw back his head as the sensations rebounded through him, cooling slowly. He needed more, but at that moment Catherine knocked loudly on the door.

“What's taking so long?” She shouted.

Fuck. Did she have any idea what he was doing? She must. Sheepishly, he shut off the water, toweled himself off and returned to Catherine.

But he didn't forget how he'd made himself feel.

Confidence and preparation, Catherine kept insisting, were key. The night before Luke had to face Catherine's work for the first time, Catherine had quizzed him for three hours straight, firing off questions and giving notes like a deranged drill sergeant. Eventually, she'd declared herself 'satisfied' with his answers—he sounded like Catherine—and moved on to presentation. His task now, apparently, was to look like Catherine.

It had been nearly 1:00am when she finished her hair and makeup tutorial. She declared that his first challenge the next morning was to get himself ready for work unaided. An hour-long process Catherine hoped would make him learn (before he had to face the office solo) to: 'function as me without me having to watch over you every second.'

Now, six hours later, he was standing naked in front of the mirror wearing just a pale pink thong. Catherine's office (he knew from her lengthy description) was modern, professional and style conscious. Wardrobe mattered. Luke's eyes raked across the row of clothes in Catherine's closet. Taking a deep breath, he selected a tailored pencil skirt with a slit up the back and soft white silk shirt. Laying the clothes on Catherine's bed, he opened her underwear drawer. A white bra right? For under a white shirt? He skimmed over the rows of bras. Would lacy show through the light fabric? Was plain better? He found one - not lacy, just soft satin

material.

Luke slid it on, fighting a little to hook it behind his back. Pantyhose were easy at least; he slid them slowly up each leg, smoothing them as he went. The skirt, however, was more complicated than he'd anticipated. Skin tight and tailored exactly to his body, it required him to shimmy it carefully over his hips. The shirt was simple, even though the buttons were reversed on women's clothing. Glancing at himself in the mirror, he was surprised to see a sharp, professional woman staring back at him... and he was relieved to note that the bra was barely visible through the fabric.

He knew the rest of the routine, Catherine had made sure of that. It took him twenty minutes to blow dry his hair, eventually dragging a brush through his locks and letting them fall in soft waves down his back. He was slow but the result was what mattered. He kept the makeup simple, Catherine's face needed little - a smudge of pencil around her eyes, a swipe of color across her cheeks, and a hint of gloss on her lips.

Luke stared at the reflection in the bathroom mirror. He looked like Catherine. Perhaps a little softer, a fraction less fierce and rigidly perfect than usual, but definitely like Catherine. Resisting the urge to give himself a pep talk in the mirror, he turned for the door and headed to work.

For all Catherine's faults—and there were many—Luke had to admit that she'd done an excellent job prepping him for his first full day at her law firm. She'd mapped out her office, given him descriptions of colleagues, and thoroughly briefed him on every case she had pending. It didn't hurt that Catherine was sitting at home handling emails and a hefty chunk of the workload.

Before every interaction with a client or coworker, he felt himself tense, ready to

be caught out and pilloried by the entire office. But each time he muddled through. Catherine's binder of info, not to mention her constant texts and calls, gave Luke just enough ammo to handle each situation.

And he learnt something invaluable almost immediately, a sheepish smile from an attractive woman was pretty much a get out of jail free card. The few times he faltered, he simply smiled winningly and said, "Let me get back to you on that." Invariably, the person he was talking to would simply smile back with gratitude.

Ironically, it was lunch rather than law that presented Luke with his first real test. Outside Catherine's office he could hear people forming groups and choosing lunch venues. Who did Catherine eat lunch with? Did she order in? Go out? It was the first decision he'd had to make for which Catherine hadn't thoroughly briefed him.

At 1:30pm he had his answer. Catherine's assistant, Meg, poked her head around the office door and asked, "Should I order you a salad?"

Luke hedged, "Umm, sure, or I could, maybe, go out. Are people going somewhere?"

The look of incredulity Meg shot him made it pretty clear this was a deviation from the norm. When Meg picked her jaw up off the floor, she said haltingly, "Some of us are going to Fitzgerald Foodery." Gulping slightly she added, "You could come. If you like."

Clearly, Catherine was not someone who did social lunches. Luke backpedaled rapidly, "Umm, thanks, ordering a salad would be good."

A deep voice from the doorway announced, "Make it two."

Luke looked up to see Josh leaning against the door frame.

Meg glanced up at the same time and melted into a puddle of appreciative goo, the sort of puddle, Luke guessed, that Josh's presence probably elicited from women everywhere. "Of course." She headed for the door, not taking her eyes off Josh's form. "I'll leave you guys to it."

As Meg closed the door behind her, Josh grinned and headed in Luke's direction. Luke, meanwhile, was having a minor panic attack at Catherine's desk. Did Catherine forget that she had a lunch with Josh planned? How the hell was he supposed to interact with a frickin boyfriend?

Josh didn't seem to notice the panic, he just leant down and brushed a kiss against Luke's lips and said, "Sorry, I know you hate me coming by the office but it's been days. I miss you, baby."

"Umm," Luke managed.

"A quick lunch and I'll be out of your hair," Josh said defensively.

"Umm," Luke repeated, unable to come up with anything better."

“We can even talk shop.” Josh sat himself down in the visitor’s chair. “How’s the Brewer case going?”

If there was one thing Luke was certain of, it was that talking shop was a recipe for disaster. He replied dismissively, “Fine. Jury selection is next week.” Desperate to change the topic, he dredged up the only bit of info he knew about Josh, a tidbit Catherine had randomly let slip—Josh’s younger brother did triathlons. “Did your brother compete at the weekend?”

Josh gave him a slightly quizzical look and Luke got the distinct impression that Catherine didn’t typically turn down the chance to talk legalese. But clearly, Josh didn’t mind the change. He grinned and launched into a story about his brother’s encounter with a jellyfish and a bitchy bike-stealing fellow competitor.

Luke felt himself relax. Josh was a born storyteller - wry and deft with a narrative. He chatted away until their salads arrived—pausing only briefly to charm the stuffing out of Meg as she delivered the food—before launching back into a tale of his own failure in the swim leg of a triathlon as a teenager.

Luke laughed, munched his salad and mused that the division of luck in the world really was fiercely unfair. Josh had money to burn and the kind of looks that would make Hugo Boss models feel inadequate. Cash and abs and jawline and at least three more inches in height than anyone really needed. Was it really necessary that he be funny, charming and self-deprecating as well?

Luke was so busy mentally bemoaning life’s unfairness, that he stopped paying attention. Which is why Josh’s request caught him completely off guard.

“So,” Josh announced clearing away the remains of lunch, “drink after work tomorrow?”

“What?”

“Look, if I can’t come over to yours, at least let me take you out. Just one drink.”

Truth was, a drink sounded amazing; Luke was a guy in desperate need of a shot or two but time alone with Josh was clearly not in Catherine’s plan. He said apologetically, “I’d love to but, err, I’m busy.”

“Catherine,” Josh said, his eyes sincere and slightly sorrowful, “you can’t keep working like this. You can take a break.”

Defensive, Luke heard himself blurt out, “It’s not work. I’m going out.” He swallowed and clarified, “Socially.”

Josh raised a disbelieving eyebrow, “Oh really. With who?”

“Umm,” Luke clutched at the nearest available straw, “With Meg. And the girls from the office.”

Josh’s expression said it all - he didn’t believe a word. And then, horrifyingly, Josh called his bluff. Opening the office door, he called out, “Meg, what do you say to drinks for the whole office after work tomorrow? You guys all work so

hard, and Catherine and I wanted to shout you a cocktail or two.”

Meg grinned. “Sounds great.”

“Wonderful.” Josh gave Luke a slightly smug grin. “6pm anywhere you want. Spread the invite around.” With that he headed out the door.

And Luke was left wondering how the hell he was going to explain to Catherine that her boyfriend was taking him—and apparently the rest of the office—out for drinks.

Ultimately, Luke decided that discretion was the better part of valor... and just didn't tell Catherine about drinks. He also didn't tell her that he had two Manhattans plus an Aperol spritz—he totally miscalculated how much a 110 lb woman could drink—and ended up have a heart-to-heart with Meg about office politics and emotionally unavailable women. He didn't tell Catherine about bonding with one of the guys from the Intellectual Property division over a love of Rockenwagner pretzels. Or about the Karaoke duet with Michael, the firm's other jury selection specialist.

He certainly didn't tell Catherine about the moment at the end of the night when he finished the duet and looked over at Josh and had seen the combination of surprise, lust and pride in his eyes. He sure as hell didn't tell Catherine about the moment Josh grabbed him and pressed him up against wall of the Karaoke room. He didn't say a word about the kiss. Nothing about the weight of Josh's mouth or the slide of his tongue or the heavy push of his hard body against Luke's soft curves.

He didn't tell her about Josh turning up most days for lunch. About hanging out and laughing and talking about nothing. He didn't tell her about Josh's increasingly urgent demands to come over every night. Or about the moment during lunch in the office when Josh had grazed a hand up Luke's leg, trailing up the inside of his knee, under his skirt, sliding up his thigh and stroking the soft skin. It was only the sudden arrival of Meg that stopped Josh's hand an aching inch from Luke's pussy.

He didn't tell Catherine any of it.

He didn't tell her mostly because, as long as he did a good job maintaining the facade at work, Catherine didn't appear to care about anything else. Once, Luke tried to hint that he was becoming friends with her previously ignored coworkers. And Catherine had just shrugged and asked if the consulting legal psychologist on the Shorten case had delivered her report.

What Luke did tell her, as the days marched on and there was no sign of the pair switching back, was that Catherine had to take some responsibility for Luke's life. His GPA wasn't stellar but he resented her tanking it to the floor. Reluctantly, Catherine agreed to go to his classes. And then, finally, he had some blissful moments of reprieve. For a few hours at a time, Catherine was in class and the endless texts, advice and demands let up temporarily.

With some breathing room, Luke began to trust his own judgment a little more. He even had a win at work - found a correlation between secondary household income and judicial leniency that the trial consulting firm overlooked.

But the calm didn't last. Luke was in his first status meeting - a weekly meeting in which progress reports were shared and new cases allocated. Luke was actually quite pleased with how his progress report had gone; he'd remembered

to hit all the points Catherine had outlined and even answered a question from a colleague without breaking a sweat. Report delivered, he sat back and relaxed a little as Catherine's boss outlined new business.

Apparently, the firm had just landed a biggie, a complex and high-profile trial that—even with his limited experience—Luke knew was firmly in the wheelhouse of the firm's other jury specialist, Michael. Luke watched Michael's ears prick up as the details of case were laid out and he felt the surreptitious little glances from Michael in his direction. Luke knew enough about Catherine's work style to know that she always swooped in on the high-profile trials. And, as the senior, the job was automatically offered to Catherine first.

Luke made a choice. Glancing down the table at Michael's pleading puppy face, he said, "I think Michael's best suited for this one."

Catherine's boss actually looked impressed and said, "I agree. It's yours, Michael." Lowering his voice, he added in an undertone, "Nice to see you finally delegate, Catherine. Way to be a team player."

Luke tried to stifle the quick flush of pride.

But his good mood didn't last. When he got back to Catherine's apartment that night, she started screeching the moment he walked through the door. "How could you! The day before the partners meeting—one day out from the meeting that decides my fate—and you turn down a job!"

"Whoa, calm down."

“I will not calm down. You know who turns down jobs?” Catherine asked viciously. “Wimps. Wimps and people afraid of hard work. Do you know how that looks to my boss?”

“Yes, actually,” Luke replied, feeling his anger ratchet up at her presumption, “I do. He loved that I actually delegated for once. Something you are apparently unable to do.”

“Bullshit!” she sneered.

“Were you in the meeting?”

“No, but I know—”

Luke cut her off. “Then you have to trust me to make the decisions.”

“Not when my partnership is at stake.” She glared at him, voice shaking in anger. “I had it in the bag and you’re ruining my chances.”

“I’m not sure it’s the certainty you think it is,” Luke said coldly. “Your reputation at the firm sucks. Your boss thinks you’re a bad manager and the paralegals think you’re a bitch. And I don’t think your chances of making partner are helped by the entire firm thinking you’re a selfish, case-hoarding workaholic.”

“You’re wrong,” she said vehemently, “you’re wrong and you’re ruining my life.”

“No, actually, I think I’m helping you. If you make partner tomorrow, a kinda think you need to thank me.” He eyed her disparagingly. “But we both know you won’t, because that’s not who you are. Is it?”

Catherine did make partner.

And she didn’t thank him.

Instead she sent him a text: ‘Just got email confirming I’m a partner. Glad you didn’t totally screw things up. Get home now. I have other news.’

Unwilling to deal with her, Luke defiantly made two moves he was sure she’d loathe - he took a half dozen bottles of champagne down to paralegals to thank them for their hard work. And he called Josh.

Josh promptly turned up at the office with a bouquet in his hand and grin on his face. He hovered in what Luke was rapidly beginning to think of as Josh’s spot in the doorway.

Luke gave the flowers an arched brow. “What’s the occasion?”

“Nothing much.” Josh shrugged and his voice filled with pride. “My girl just made frickin partner!”

And then Josh was across the room, dumping the flowers on the desk and dragging Luke to him, a massive grin on his face. His grip was completely inescapable and his mouth was on Luke’s before Luke could even react. The kiss was hot and urgent, his words spoken against Luke’s skin, “So proud of you. And...” He pulled away just a little. “Look, these past few weeks have been just... I don’t know, different. You’ve been different. More present, more real and it’s been... I don’t know why you’re keeping me at arm’s length, not letting me take you to bed. But, whatever it is, I’m glad, because just getting to laugh with you and talk and really be in your life for the first time... It’s worth it.”

Luke was stunned into silence for a moment, then managed, “You like the new me?”

“Don’t ‘like’ it. love it.” Josh closed the distance between them again, cinching their bodies together. “Only thing I don’t love is this new vow of celibacy of yours.”

“Oh,” was pretty much all Luke could manage.

Josh trailed a finger down Luke’s neck, down inside his shirt collar, tracing the soft line of his collarbone then down to the curves of his breasts. Eyes glued to the hint of lacy at his cleavage, he said, “Do you have any idea how much I want you right now? How much I want to just bend you over this desk, hitch up that skirt over your perfect ass and pound you into the desk?”

Luke could feel Catherine's body screaming. He didn't hesitate. "Lock the door."

Josh complied, then turned back to Luke and grabbed him, before shoving his tongue down Luke's throat. Luke took it, enjoying the way Josh was being so rough. He sucked on Josh's tongue as their eager fingers stroked and grabbed at each other. Passion overwhelmed Luke, his body was crying for more. He needed Josh. Needed him inside. He could feel Josh's heat radiating through his pants, could feel the bulge pressing eagerly into the fabric, needing Luke just as badly.

As if reading his mind, Josh flipped Luke around and threw him against the table. Luke braced himself with his hands just in time for Josh to grab Luke's skirt and yank it up over his thick ass.

"Yes, fuck me hard," Luke moaned as Josh pulled down Luke's panties, already damp with his desire.

Luke arched his back, his breasts swinging down beneath him. He could feel the lips of his pussy spreading, practically dripping with desire.

There was the sound of a belt buckle and then Josh's dick was pressed against Luke's pussy. The pressure built, built, and then with an inaudible pop Josh slipped inside. Luke moaned as Josh filled him, his pussy gripping Josh's dick like a glove as each glorious inch filled him. It felt so good, so right to have this cock penetrating him, filling him up until Josh's groin rested against Luke's ass.

Josh was horny, driven by the sight of Luke's perfect ass. He withdrew his cock and thrust in deep, slamming into Luke's center, quickly building a rhythm as Luke desperately tried to hang onto the table. Luke's tits bobbed crazily beneath

his top as Josh grabbed Luke's ass with both hands and pounded. Luke raised his head and squeezed his eyes shut tight as his body exploded with pleasure. There was the loud, high pitched sound of a woman crying out in lust and Luke realized it was him as Josh slammed into him again and again.

Luke's body was burning up and he felt himself approaching the precipice. Josh must have felt it too because he grunted hard and buried himself to the hilt inside Luke just as Luke came. He felt Josh's cock throbbing into him, felt his cunt filling with hot seed and he cried out, loud and long as he came. His body throbbed, cunt gripping the rock hard shaft inside him as he vibrated with orgasm, Josh grunting behind him as he emptied himself into Catherine's body.

The moment was a beautiful eternity from which Luke recovered slowly, coming back to find his upper half pressed into the desk, his legs spread wide, and cum dripping from his pussy as Josh pulled out, leaving Luke desperately empty. He stood up and brushed his hair back out of his face, feeling the sheen of sweat on his forehead, while Josh collected himself and put his cock back into his pants.

“I like this new Catherine,” Josh said, kissing Luke on his forehead.

Luke just smiled, amazement and disbelief at what he'd just done filling his brain.

Josh offered to drive him home but, knowing Catherine was probably there, Luke declined. No one's post-coital mood was improved by running into an agitated shrew trapped in a college senior's body. And Catherine was definitely agitated. Glancing down at his phone on the drive home he saw thirteen texts and three missed calls from 'Luke'.

There was music to be faced.

Quite how bad that music was, he didn't learn until he arrived back at the apartment. Catherine was pacing, her staccato trot looking truly odd in Luke's body. She glared and said, "Where. The. Hell. Were. You?"

Luke tossed his heels on the floor and said succinctly, "Celebrating."

He watched Catherine swallow her initial response, as if pulling herself under control. "Whatever!" she said dismissively. "Look, something happened this afternoon."

"I know." He let his voice turn a little snide. "I was there."

"No, not the partnership, something else." She clicked her laptop mouse and pulled up a page. The header blared: 'The Lost Art of Ray Hazard'.

"What's that?"

"Article about the artist who created that." She gestured to the mural on her wall. "Turns out, he was into astral projection and out of body experiences. Sound familiar?" She raised a brow and continued, "So, I started digging and guess what?"

"It was the mural?" Luke said slowly. "That's what switched us?"

“Yep. Knew I shoulda painted over it,” Catherine muttered. “Anyway, the artist painted it when this was all one house; it was his big showpiece. And he had these apparently legendary 1960s parties that only a few aging hippies remember. People stood on either side of the wall, took a bunch of drugs or whatever they wanted to reach a ‘higher state’ at the same time.” She paused to give him a knowing look - she definitely knew he’d jerked off that night. “And then they touched the center swirls of the mural simultaneous and, boom, body switch.”

Luke took a seat and a second to process the information. The realization that the crazy hippies who paid homage to his apartment building were actually onto something was a lot to take in.

Catherine, clearly, had no time for his musings. Having delivered her big news, she was now ignoring him and messing with her phone.

Luke finally got around to asking the obvious question. “So, how do we change back?”

“Same process, just in reverse. Reach a higher state, touch the wall simultaneously and this nightmare is over.”

“Oh.” That was about all he could articulate.

Catherine looked giddy and clapped her hands together. “So, let’s do this.”

“Now?” Startled, Luke asked, “How are we reaching the higher state? Umm, drugs?”

“Nah, it needs to be the same as the original swap. So, I’ll go next door and jerk off like the loser you are.” She threw her phone down on the couch. “And I’ve texted Josh. He’ll be over in ten minutes to fuck you up against the wall. Don’t mess this up.”

Catherine was out the door before Luke could process what she'd said. He'd have to fuck Josh once again. Luke's stomach felt suddenly full of butterflies. Could he really have sex with Josh? Sure, he'd done it before, but that was a sudden intense bout of passion. This was...premeditated. What if he saw Josh and froze up? Didn't want to have sex? He paced back and forth, running his hand through his fine, blonde hair. Before he'd made any sort of decision, there was a knock at the door. Luke opened it, full of trepidation. Josh was standing on the front stoop, a wry grin on his stubbled face and his dark hair wonderfully tousled.

And Luke didn't need to worry about how Catherine's body would respond. It just knew. Just looking at Josh sent a wave of longing and warmth pulsing through Luke's body. He grabbed the scruff of Josh's shirt and yanked him forward. Their lips met, urgent and fevered. Luke ran his hands through Josh's hair, pulling him desperately towards him, never wanting to let this kiss end. Josh's woody, masculine scent made Luke's pulse pound and he pressed his soft body against Josh's solid form.

Josh was taken off guard but quickly recovered, slipping his hand down and around Luke's ass as he explored Luke's mouth with his warm tongue. Kissing manically, they tumbled into the hallway. Josh kicked the door closed behind them and Luke let his girlish body be slammed up against the wall with a heavy thud he knew Catherine could hear back in his former room. Luke's back was

pressed against the swirly pink mural that would put him back in his own body.

Still kissing, Luke felt his way down Josh's body, grappling with Josh's pants before tugging them open. Josh's cock leapt into Luke's hand, hefty and warm and pulsing powerfully with desire. Luke giggled into Josh's mouth, pure delight running through him at the feel of the shaft in his hand. He stroked it, letting his fingers play up and down its length, exciting Josh until he suddenly broke away from the kiss and yanked Luke's skirt up and his panties down. His eyes grew wide at the sight of Catherine's pussy, velvety lips already open for him.

Luke grabbed Catherine's thigh and pulled his leg up and to the side so that Luke was standing on one leg, his pussy spread open for Josh's cock, his weight pressed against the wall, held aloft by Josh's firm body. Josh returned to his urgent kissing as he guided himself into Luke. Again there was that pressure against Luke's cunt. This time he knew the promise that awaited him and held his breath as the cock pressed harder, harder, and then Luke's pussy opened wide and Josh sank himself up to the hilt. Luke moaned, deep and guttural, as Josh began thrusting, long, steady strokes. This wasn't the urgent, immediate need of the afternoon. This was different. This was Josh enjoying Luke's body, wanting to live in the moment, thrilling in being surrounded by Luke's heat, just as Luke desired only to feel Josh's cock inside himself.

Luke leaned his head back against the wall, spreading his hands, palm up, against the mural as Josh kissed his way down Luke's neck, nipping at Luke's sensitive skin. Each kiss sent another fire through Luke's body. He was moaning now, crying out with each thrust of Luke's dick, approaching the precipice. The beautiful tension wound through Luke's body, the climax fast approaching. Josh thrust, Luke cried out, his voice breaking as he felt his lover, too, near the end. And Luke made a decision.

Luke let go of the wall and gripped Josh's back hard as Josh fucked him deep and steady. Luke's nails sank into Josh's skin and his body burned bright. He

howled as the earth trembled, his body a white hot flare of heat, a perfect ball of pleasure, just him and Josh, coupled together. He felt his lover's seed explode into him, felt the cock driving deep, pounding into Luke's center, relieving the wonderful horrifying need of his body and he cried out in Catherine's voice as he clutched Josh. He continued clutching Josh as they spiraled down slowly, their bodies still entwined, the last pulses of Josh's seed filling Luke's body. And they held each other, there in the hallway, Josh's hot breath in Luke's ear, whispering, "I love you so much."

Waking the next morning, Luke felt a wave of déjà vu. He was in Catherine's bed, in Catherine's nightie and in Catherine's body. And Luke's voice was bellowing from the hallway.

Stretching, he hopped out of bed and headed for the door. Opening it, he waved Catherine into the apartment.

She was, as per usual, was spitting venom. "What did you do? I can't believe you screwed it up! What happened?"

"My hand wasn't on the wall."

"Oh my fucking god, you are so useless!" she screeched. She took a deep breath and said, "Look, fine. Let's just text Josh and get him back over here. We'll just do it again."

Luke stood for a moment, hand on his hip. "See, here's the thing." He reclined against the wall. "No."

“No?”

“Exactly,” he said smiling. “No.”

“What the hell do you mean no?” she demanded.

“It’s one of the simplest words in the English language, not sure why you’re struggling with it.” She seemed stupefied by the rare experience of not getting her own way, so Luke elaborated. “Let me be clear, what I mean is: I like this body, I like this life, and we’re not changing back.”

“You little shit!” she hissed. “Of course we are. And we’re doing it now. You are putting your hand on that wall and I am going to—”

“The only thing you’re going to do, Luke, is march that body back to your apartment and start getting used to life as a college senior with a mediocre GPA.”

“You can’t just take my body,” she said, outrage dripping from every word. “How do you expect to pull this off?”

“Well,” Luke said thoughtfully, “it does help that you’ve spent the past few weeks drilling me on every single aspect of your life.”

With that, he headed to the front door and swung it open. Stepping out into the hallway, he called back into the apartment, “Chop chop, Luke. Time to head home.”

Catherine dropped defiantly down onto the sofa, refusing to move. “Not going to happen.”

“Really?” Luke called from the hallway.

“I’m not going anywhere until you agree to swap back.”

Luke stepped back into the apartment and shrugged. “Suit yourself.” And then he produced a tin of paint and a brush from behind his back.

He could see realization dawning in her eyes. Could see her connecting the dots - the paint she’d left in the hallway, the mural inches from the brush in his hand.

She leapt across the room but she was too slow. With one giant swipe Luke obliterated the heart of mural, covered the swirl at the center. She grabbed for the brush but Luke dodged and got another splash of paint across the wall.

Putting down the paint tin, he said with a slow smile, “Run along, Luke. Those B- minus essays don’t write themselves.”

###

## **Thank you!**

Thank you for 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. You can always email me at [bodyswapstories@gmail.com](mailto:bodyswapstories@gmail.com) or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

## **Also by M. Wills**

Visit [www.bodyswapfiction.com](http://www.bodyswapfiction.com) for weekly captions and the latest stories.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

### **Little Pink Pill**

*Dan and Michael are two brothers who've never been really close. But that all changes when Michael doses his brother with pills that instantly transform him into a smoking hot MILF.*

### **Deep Undercover**

*Claire is an undercover detective, betrayed and forcibly body swapped by the stripper who pretended to help her. Now she's fighting the clock -- and her body's physical urges -- in an effort to get her own body back before the body thief can finish her for good.*

### **Substitute Teacher**

*It was supposed to be Chris's dream come true: a body swap with his hot teacher for Swap Class. But then a troublemaker was plopped into his class at the last minute and ended up in the teacher's body. And the bully intends to explore every inch of her body while Chris watches on.*

## **Primed for Takeover**

*Emily has the proverbial all - youth, wealth and a luscious body that's absolutely screaming for attention. But her life is about to change when she meets a mysterious older woman. All seems fun until Emily discovers that the woman wants to take over her life and her body...and has the means to do so.*

## **Stealing the Cheerleader's Body**

*Swapping bodies with his sister for a day has given Neil the chance to finally punish her for her cruelty. And the best way to punish her is to give in to his every desire.*

## **Mirror Mirror**

*Alyssa thought she'd lost everything when her twin sister imprisoned her in a cell and assumed her identity. Trapped and in despair, Alyssa thought she had nothing else to lose. She was wrong; she still had her body. Until her sister came to transform that, too.*

## **Ticket to Ride**

*She's a gorgeous, sexy stranger and soon I'll be inside her body and able to explore at my leisure.*

## **Possession.com**

*A young man's life is turned upside down when he finds a website that allows users to possess anyone's body...for a price.*

***And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:***

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up  
[Smashwords exclusive]**

**Becoming His Crush**

**Transformed**

**Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]**

**Mystery Man**

**Taboo Swaps**

**The New Mom**

**Watch Me**

**Potions**

**Boldly Coming**

**Young Again**

**Coming Together**

**Pleasureville**

**Demon Seed**

**Hostile Takeover**

**Ghosted**

**Mind Games**

**Someone Else**

**I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)**

**In the Doghouse**

**Thought Experiment**

**Possessive**

**Alternate You**

**The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]**

**Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story**

**Into Her Body**

**The Swapping Stone (Book 1)**

And check out these sexy story collections:

**Enchanted**

**Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Her: Stories of body theft and possession**

**Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection**

**Changing Minds**

**Taking**

**Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection**

## **Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories**