

Body Switch Collection

Volume 4

by M. Wills

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Little Pink Pill

Dan had barely a week of summer break before the boredom set in. He thought being out of college for the summer would be a blast. Dan had no responsibilities, free room and board, and no commitments. He planned to hang out long nights hanging out with his friends and late mornings sleeping in. Reality had other plans.

Dan's parents had gone off on a European tour for a few months and sent Dan to stay with his aunt in another city. The only person in town close to his age that he knew was his aunt's stepson, Michael, and the two were so different Dan might as well have hung out with a stranger. A stranger who was much better looking and barely tolerated him.

Dan spent most of the nights holed up in his room on his Xbox, and most of his days doing the same, in addition to ignoring or shrugging off the increasingly obvious hints from his aunt.

"I saw that the ice cream place on the corner is hiring," Dan's aunt, Charlotte, suggested hopefully over breakfast one morning.

Dan shrugged, tossing his mop of sandy brown hair out of his face. "I'll be back at school in a few months. I doubt they'd want me."

"You never know. What else have you got planned for the day?" She stared at him with her pale blue eyes and a flicker of a smile in a way that suggested she knew that the answer was nothing and so, really, why not go down and apply for the job?

Dan was momentarily saved from thinking up a synonym for the word 'nothing' by the entrance of his cousin, Michael. Michael bounded down the stairs, a ball of powerful, confident energy. He kissed Charlotte on the cheek and rummaged through the fridge, coming up with a small pot of yogurt.

Dan and Michael were complete opposites. Michael was obsessed with fitness. He kept himself in shape with a daily weightlifting routine and a healthy supply of protein shakes. His outfit nearly always consisted of jeans and a tight, black t-shirt designed to match his dark hair and show off his physique. Michael was calm and confident, with striking good looks and a silver tongue. This last Dan had assumed from perusing Michael's Instagram feed and seeing page after page of Michael with his arm around different beautiful women of all ages and races.

Dan, on the other hand, had enjoyed a little too much of the college lunch room and was only a few pounds away from gaining the so-called freshman fifteen. He wore his hair in a style best described as 'bedhead' and his clothes were a mixture of band t-shirts from the nineties and baggy sweatpants. He was smarter than his cousin, but he would have traded it all for his cousin's confidence and sexual prowess.

Michael settled into the chair at the kitchen table next to Dan as his aunt sighed and gathered up her purse and a small suitcase that contained the kit she always took to her weekly therapy session. Dan had snooped through it once out of curiosity and found only a few button down shirts and some dress pants designed to fit a much larger man. She never talked much about her therapy, and Dan figured it was a ruse so she could sneak out of the house to meet some guy. She probably wasn't

ready to reveal to Michael that she was back on the dating scene despite it being several years since her husband left. Though why she was carrying around his clothes was perplexing; maybe she was doing his laundry for some reason?

“All right, guys. I'll be home late tonight. I've got another therapy session. Try to get out of the house today, huh Dan?” Charlotte said, ruffling Dan's hair.

Dan nodded and yanked his head away. “Hey, uh, Charlotte? Can I have some money for lunch?”

Charlotte sighed again and poked through her purse, finally handing him a ten dollar bill.

“Thanks,” he mumbled, embarrassed to be even asking.

She smiled and headed out the door. Dan listened to the sound of the car pulling out of the garage as another full day of boredom settled on his shoulders. Behind him, Michael scraped the last of his yogurt out of the container and snorted derisively.

Dan turned to his cousin. “Why doesn't she bug *you* about a job?”

“I have one. I don't need to ask her for money.”

“Oh yeah?” He and his cousin had never been very close and this revelation came as somewhat of a surprise. In Dan's short time back at home his cousin never seemed to leave the house until late morning, and even then he never seemed to be wearing work attire. “Doesn't that cut into your weightlifting time?”

“Dan,” Michael said seriously, “Lifting weights only takes me one hour at the beginning and end of the day. Plenty of time for sales.”

“What do you sell?”

“Drugs.” Michael smirked.

Dan guffawed, and was surprised to find his cousin wasn't laughing with him. “What, you're serious?”

Michael shrugged. “It's completely safe and entirely legal. For the most part.” Michael looked Dan up and down. A slow grin crossed his face. “I think you might even enjoy it. Stay there.”

Before Dan could answer Michael was off upstairs, returning a short time later with two pills in his hand. He put one on the table in front of Dan and winked.

“*This*. Is some good shit. It will change your life.”

“The first one's free, I guess?” Dan joked, picking up the round, pink pill and rolling it between his fingers. There was an engraving in the center: MX. “What is it? Ecstasy?”

“In a way. It'll make you feel good. Real good. And it'll all be over in 12 hours. No harmful side effects.”

“You sound like a fucking drug ad.”

“That's basically what I am.” Michael laughed. “Come on. We'll do it together.”

Michael held his own pink pill up in the air as if giving a toast. He grinned winningly at his cousin. After a second, Dan raised his pill.

“Oh well, what the hell,” he said.

“Bottoms up.”

Michael popped his hand to his mouth as Dan placed the pill on his tongue. The coating tasted slightly sweet as he swallowed it down, chasing it with a glass of milk.

“How long does it take to kick in? Should I be sitting down?” Dan asked.

“No. Stand up. The change is the best part.” Mike took his hand from his lips and placed his pill on the table.

“Change?” Dan asked, standing up suddenly and approaching his cousin. “You said you were taking it!”

“Calm down, Dan. Trust me, it's better if I stay like this. That way we can both enjoy it.”

“Enjoy what?” Dan asked, his voice going shrill with nervousness.

Before he could utter another word his entire body shook. The room seemed to be growing around him but a closer look showed that, no, he was shrinking. He reached out toward Michael for help and froze, staring at his own arm. The light dusting of dark hair that spread across his forearm and knuckles was retreating into his body. His arms and legs quivered as well, becoming slightly wobbly. He held up his hands to his face and watched his fingers transform, becoming slender and longer, tapering to softly rounded tips. If this was a drug trip it felt real as hell.

His face wriggled painlessly and he gripped his cheeks just in time to feel them lose the stubble, grow smooth and fatter. His hands came around his new features, following the vibrations flowing through him and the stretch and flow of his skin, felt his nose shrinking, becoming a dainty little thing as his cheekbones shifted and his lips grew fuller.

Something tickled down Dan's neck and he reached back, grabbing hold of wavy brunette hair that continued growing even as he pulled it up to his eyes to look closer, the hair continuing to lengthen until it cascaded down his shoulders, ending at his chest. God, his chest. Even as he watched his t-shirt expanded, two bumps rising, swelling, becoming large, ripe breasts, huge even from this unfamiliar perspective. They strained against the fabric of his shirt, pushing it away from his belly, threatening to burst his baggy shirt wide open, the indentations of his fat nipples clearly visible.

His ass wobbled, growing heavier, rounding out behind him into a cute bubble butt while his thighs grew thicker, bones readjusting themselves through his pelvis. There was a pressure in his groin as his cock began retracting into his body, shrinking beneath the fabric of his sweatpants, which now seemed tight around his wide waist and heavier butt. Dan yanked at the waist of his pants and stared down, just in time to watch his cock and balls shrink to nothingness and retract inside himself. There was a moment where he was as smooth and hairless as a doll, and then soundlessly two pussy lips grew, accompanied by a dark triangle of pubic hair that spread out into a perfectly manicured 'V'. He could feel the folds forming within him, could feel his insides wriggling and twisting, presumably growing ovaries and Fallopian tubes. And now he was staring down at a slit between his own legs, magical and gorgeous and terrifying as hell.

The changes reached his calves, spread into his toes and they, too, became hairless and dainty. His big, hairy feet shrank, the muscles losing definition, becoming soft and feminine. The changes spread through his feet, causing him to shift and wobble for balance. And when his last pinky toe had become a pretty, shapely thing, the changes stopped.

Dan was breathing hard, staring down at his transformed body. His breasts were literally heaving, hanging from his slender form, rising and falling slowly with each breath.

Michael whistled and stared at Dan appreciatively. “Watching that never gets old.”

“What--?” Dan began, his new voice was higher pitched and sexily throaty. “What were those pills?” He looked up at Michael and pushed the wavy hair out of his face, his arm accidentally

grazing his chest as he did so and sending his tits wobbling.

“T-pills, little bro.”

Trans Pills. Dan had heard of them. Some sort of experimental pill that could temporarily alter a person's entire biology.

“Aren't they illegal?” He asked.

“Only if you don't have a prescription. So, in this instance, yeah. This is how I make my money.” Michael smiled, arching one dark eyebrow.

Dan wanted to be angry at his cousin, but something about that handsome smile on Michael's face quelled his anger. His cousin really was quite good looking. In fact, now that Dan *really* thought about it, he couldn't think of anything else. His eyes flew across his cousin's figure, taking in his muscular physique, his angular jawline, the sheer confidence in his eyes.

“Enjoying it?” Michael asked. “You're gonna look like that for the next twelve hours. You just took a MILF version of the pill and a damn fine mom you are. I can see a little of your own mom in you, in fact. Check yourself out.”

Michael stood aside and motioned to the downstairs bathroom. Dan headed towards it and Michael followed behind. Every step Dan took caused his body to jiggle in strange, but not unpleasant, ways. He noticed the bounce of his tits with each step, the brush of the hair across his face, the way he could almost *feel* the lips of his pussy sliding together, though that might have been his imagination. Dan turned the corner to the bathroom and stared into the mirror at the woman he'd become.

The brunette looking back at him was gorgeous. She was an older woman, maybe in her mid-thirties judging by the slight crow's feet around her eyes and the tiny wrinkles around her mouth. Dan saw the resemblance to his mother in the shape of his plump nose, the roundness of his baby-soft cheeks, and the perfect spacing of his almond-shaped blue eyes beneath dark eyebrows that angled down, giving him a perpetual slightly worried look. But Dan had much bigger breasts than his mother, much bigger breasts than anyone he'd seen in real life, in fact. They were round and gorgeous and *heavy*. His ass, too, stuck out behind him, tight and perfectly squeezable. He looked sort of like a porno version of his own aunt. And he didn't know how his aunt normally felt, but in his new body Dan felt amazingly sensual. Soft and curvy in all the right places and with a desire for something he couldn't quite identify.

In the mirror, Dan saw Michael standing behind him and noticed his eyes flicked down to Dan's heavy ass. But Dan didn't feel disgusted, quite the opposite. Michael's attention made him feel good. For the first time in his life he felt desired for his body and he slowly leaned on the sink and arched his back for his cousin, showing off his new form. As he gazed back behind himself at his cousin, looking down over the curve of his own ass towards the masculine figure in the doorway, Dan began to realize exactly what the feeling inside him was.

“You said this lasts twelve hours?” Dan asked.

“Yep.”

Dan turned to his cousin and wrapped his arms around Michael's neck. “Then we better not waste it,” he whispered as he stared into Michael's soulful brown eyes and pushed his breasts into Michael's chest.

Dan kissed Michael, pressing his soft body against Michael's hard one. Michael's hot breath filled his mouth with a delicious spicy scent as Dan welcomed his cousin's tongue inside and sucked hard, desperate for him. Michael gripped Dan's waist, fingers digging into Dan's soft flesh as he pulled

him close.

Dan melted into Michael, his feminine body warming, anticipating the touch of skin on skin. His own fingers crawled up Michael's chest, ran over the solid pecs beneath the shirt before pulling the shirt up and placing his hands on Michael's warm skin. Dan sighed into Michael's mouth as he traced the contours of his cousin's muscles. His feminine body stirred as an urgency grew within him. This man in front of him was everything his new body desired.

Michael helped pull Dan's shirt off, yanking it up over Dan's tremendous breasts and they bobbed down his chest, heavy and full. Dan pulled away from his cousin and looked down at his new tits. They were so big they blocked out the view of the rest of his body. His areolae were wide and pale pink, the nipples two hidden dots. His tits weren't gravity defying and perfectly round like fake breasts, but elongated and heavy and real, falling down over his slight paunch of a tummy. Dan was happy to find his body so natural-looking, lined here and there with slight stretch marks, a mole or two. He hadn't become any sort of super slender fantasy woman. His body was all-natural, the body of a late thirties-ish woman with delicious, heavy boobs. The body of a aunt. And it was delightfully real and intoxicating to be able to control his form, to watch as his slender fingers plucked at his own tits and felt them bob against his chest.

Then Michael's hands were on Dan's breasts. He gazed down at Dan in adoration and awe as he fondled Dan's massive breasts, pulling them to each side and releasing them to let them bounce back together, pawing at them like a new toy. The excitement on Michael's face sent a delightful grin across Dan's features and as Michael bent down to suck on one of Dan's fat nipples. An erotic pleasure shot through Dan's feminine body, a tension drawing up from between his legs, the slow build towards something momentous. Dan stuck out his chest and watched his cousin suckle his tits. It was an incredible feeling, watching this woman—*him!*—get her nipples sucked, feeling a man's hot breath on his own skin, experiencing every little joy about his curvaceous new body.

Dan's nipples spiked out and he sighed softly as his cousin gripped his tits and suckled ever more greedily, gripping and squeezing, burrowing his head between Dan's boobs as though he couldn't get enough. Dan bit his lip and moaned. His body was on fire, the tension ratcheting up inside him, needing a special kind of release.

Dan surprised himself by grappling with the zipper on Michael's pants, yanking it down, and taking his cousin's cock in his slender hand. Michael's dick felt so large in Dan's petite hand. Large and firm. Dan stroked slowly, enjoying the power his body commanded as Michael closed his eyes and gasped, his lips wrapped tight around one of Dan's nipples. Dan was so close to the edge, so close the relief he desperately needed. The urgency in his body was overwhelming.

“Fuck me,” Dan begged, “Fuck me right now.”

Dan turned and yanked down his pants, pressing his bare bubble butt back against his cousin as he leaned over the sink and faced the mirror. Dan stared into his own eyes, admiring his soft face, as Michael raced to drop his pants down and completely free his cock. Michael guided his dick up against Dan's pussy. Dan could feel his own wetness as the head of Michael's dick traced up and down his slit, dipping in slightly, gathering Dan's juices on the bulbous head. There was a pressure against Dan's pussy, growing stronger, and then Dan's pussy lips parted and his cousin penetrated him. The cock slipped inside, the thick head traveling ever deeper towards Dan's center. His pussy gripped the shaft as the soft-firmness slid ever deeper inside, filling him just as he needed. Dan groaned softly as a quick burst of pleasure hit him.

Michael's cock slid in, slowly filling Dan. It was strange, being filled like this, strange but oh so right to have cock lodged inside his cunt, pushing against the inner walls of his pussy. The walls of Dan's cunt gripped Michael's shaft. Michael grabbed Dan's slightly chubby ass and pulled towards him suddenly, thrusting Dan down on his cousin's cock and he moaned as he grew instantly full,

holding Michael's dick inside him. Michael slid out, leaving a brief feeling of emptiness that Dan barely had time to register before Michael was back inside, a quick thrust that drew a grunt from Dan's lips. Fuck, he felt so good.

His cousin picked up speed, thrusting in and out of Dan's soft body, picking up a rhythm and the slapping of Michael's groin against Dan's fat ass grew louder. Dan stared at himself hungrily in the mirror, watched his huge tits bounce every time Michel slammed in again. Dan grabbed a breast in one hand and squeezed, holding it out of the way so he could look down between his legs and watch his cousin fuck him. Seeing Michael's cock disappear into his cunt, feeling it slide deep inside his hot wetness drove Dan wild. The tension cresting through his body broke and he came, squeezing his eyes shut as he pushed himself back onto his cousin's cock, impaling his new body as hard and fast as he could. He cried out, deeply feminine howls of pleasure. And even then he wasn't done. His body craved more cock, needed to be fucked long and hard. And Michael was happy to comply.

Dan's free breast jiggled crazily as Michael pounded into him, redoubling his efforts, squeezing Dan's tender flesh and bringing tears to his eyes. The pleasure met the pain, building upon it as Michael thrust wildly until at last with a mighty groan he came. Dan felt his cousin throbbing inside him and came with him, the squirts of cum filling Dan's cunt and spilling out of his pussy. Dan cried out in utter delight as his body was filled beyond desire, the world disappearing in white hot delight.

His cousin rested his chest on Dan's back, breathing heavily, still slightly hard inside him but growing soft. Dan didn't want to let this go, couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to have a man inside him, filling him, pounding his pussy and then just being so close, holding him tightly. When Michael finally pulled out he left Dan with a disappointing emptiness and an already mounting horniness. Even as Michael's cum dripped out of Dan's cunt and ran in a tiny rivulet down his thigh, Dan wanted more. His body was horny, ready for more, *needing* more.

Dan spent the rest of the day naked. When he wasn't masturbating he was letting Michael finger him, eat his pussy, and then fuck him again and again. Dan's body was lovely, beautiful and insatiable. Each orgasm dulled the yearning for a little while, but it soon came back with a vengeance. His stamina was beyond Michael's and even after a full day of fucking, of orgasm after orgasm, Dan still masturbated up until the point that his body grew bulky and masculine, his breasts retracted into his chest and his cock reappeared. By the time his aunt came home, Dan was asleep, exhausted after a full day.

Dan was still naked when he woke up the next morning. He brought his hand up to his chest, disappointment filling him as he found only his familiar flabby pecs. He raised his head and peeked under the covers, saw his flaccid cock lying against his belly, and dropped his head back onto the pillow with a defeated sigh. He closed his eyes and thought back to the adventures of yesterday. It had been heaven enjoying his temporary MILF body. He wanted more pills.

Eventually Dan got out of bed and rummaged around on the floor for some clothes that smelled clean enough to wear. He finally slipped into a wrinkled gray shirt and yet another pair of sweatpants. He ran into Michael on his way down the hallway towards the bathroom.

"There she is," Michael grinned, "Did you enjoy being my little bitch?"

"Fuck you," Dan mumbled, blushing red.

"We did that all day yesterday," Michael laughed. "You're not looking too bright this morning. I'm told the hangover is the worst part. You miss yesterday's body and you feel uncomfortable in your own skin. Is that what it's like?"

"You've never taken them?"

"Fuck no. I never use my own product. Besides..." Michael said, stepping closer to Dan until the whiff of his woody cologne filled Dan's nose and caused his cock to twitch in his pants."...if I did,

how would I make you beg for more cock?” Michael laughed and continued downstairs.

Dan should have known better than to expect his cousin's uber-masculine attitude would change overnight. Even after everything they shared yesterday, Michael was still the same old womanizing asshole. And worst of all, the hangover still left some tendrils of attraction for Michael in Dan's mind.

Dan wandered into the bathroom and shut the door behind him. He looked bashfully at himself in the mirror, missing the swell of his breasts. With another sigh he pulled down his pants and pissed in the toilet, wishing he still had the sensitive pussy from last night. It had only been one night but already his cock looked alien to him. His head was stuffy and he felt clumsy in his own body, as if *this* body was the transformed one and his feminine form was the real one.

Dan finished up in the bathroom and made his way slowly downstairs. His aunt looked up at him over her phone.

“Oh, you feeling okay honey?” She asked.

Dan shrugged and flopped into the armchair in the living room. His aunt came over and placed her hand on his forehead. “Mmm. You don't feel hot.”

“Not anymore,” Michael snickered as he shoveled some more cereal into his mouth.

Dan's aunt gave Michael a questioning glance before returning her attention to Dan. “Well, take it easy today. I'll try to get out a little early.”

She kissed him on the forehead before gathering her briefcase and leaving for work. As soon as the door shut behind her Michael came and stood over Dan. He looked down on him with a shit eating grin.

“You liked it, didn't you?”

“No.” Dan lied.

“Yeah you did. You liked me licking those tits of yours. Fucking you like my little bitch. You've always been my bitch, little bro, you just didn't *really* know it until yesterday.”

Michael punched Dan on the arm and laughed.

“You lied to me. You said you were going to take the pills with me,” Dan said, rubbing his arm.

“And deprive the world of this?” Michael tugged at his crotch. “No way. Just don't think you're getting any looking like that. I don't touch cock. I ain't a queer.” And, still laughing, Michael wandered upstairs.

There were a lot of things about Michael that pissed Dan off: his selfishness, the way he acted like he was god's gift to women, the fact that he'd gotten the muscular genes in the family, the fact that he was the family's golden child and could do no wrong. But at that moment, the thing Dan hated the most was Michael's smug attitude. He'd tricked Dan into taking the pills alone so he could show him who the alpha was in the household.

So when Michael went out that afternoon for lunch with some friends—bragging about being able to throw money away—Dan snuck upstairs into his cousin's room. He rummaged through Michael's drawers, looked beneath his mattress, dug through his closet. After a long and fruitless search, just as he was about to give up because he was sure Michael would return at any moment, Dan found what he was looking for. Tucked back deep in the closet, wadded in the toe of one of Michael's dress shoes was a little baggie of pink pills. Dan pulled one out and examined it. The engraved “MX” on the label was proof that it was the same pill he'd taken yesterday.

Dan squirreled a pill away in his palm before wadding up the baggie and replaced it, being careful to return everything in the room exactly as he found it. He'd just closed the closet door again when he heard his cousin downstairs. Dan quickly tiptoed out of Michael's room and down the hall to his own room. He shut the door behind him and looked down at the pill in his palm.

One pill. Enough to turn him into a horny cougar for a single day. Dan wanted to swallow it then and there and luxuriate in his female form. He didn't know if it was still the hangover from the previous pill or if he'd just discovered a hidden side of himself, a side that yearned for the heavy breasts and padded thighs and completely unrestrained libido of his female self. But he managed to hold off.

For the moment, anyway.

Dinner that night was very subdued. Charlotte brought home some Chinese takeout and spread the boxes on the kitchen table.

"Feeling any better?" She asked as she scraped out some chow mein onto her plate.

"Yeah. I'm all right. Maybe just a cold."

Dan ignored Michael's Cheshire cat grin and continued eating. As he reached past Michael to grab some egg rolls his hand knocked Michael's glass over and sent soda splashing across the table. Michael jumped out of the way before any could land in his lap as Dan lunged for a handful of napkins to clean up the spill.

"Sorry. Sorry." Dan mumbled. When it was mostly contained he picked up Michael's glass. "I'll get you some more."

"Yeah you will." Michael grinned, clearly proud of how he'd broken Dan.

"Michael." Dan's aunt admonished him, but Michael didn't seem the least bit chastened.

Dan grabbed the bottle of soda from the fridge and, his back to Michael, refilled the glass. Dan returned to the table and set it down in front of his cousin apologizing again without meeting Michael's eyes. Michael picked up the glass and drank it with gusto, smacking his lips.

"Ah. Freshly served Coke. Delicious."

Dan watched his cousin from the corner of his eye. When Michael had drunk half the glass Dan turned to his aunt and said matter of fact, "Michael's been dealing drugs."

"What?" Charlotte yelped.

"Bullshit," Michael scoffed, "I-- I--" Michel gulped, his eyes bulged and he turned to Dan. "What did you do?"

"Taste of your own medicine. I put it in your drink."

Michel jumped out of his chair and froze, staring down at himself. All three watched as Michael's body transformed. The solid physique he was so proud of shrank and grew softer, muscles disappearing as his limbs grew fat and round. His hair changed color to jet black and grew down over his shoulders, straight and long, as his face wiggled. His features became broader and flatter, his nose shrank and his eyes darkened and grew wide and almond-shaped, turning him into a cute Asian. Michael's tight black t-shirt struggled to contain the softer, rounder contours of his body. His shirt strained against the breasts that leapt outwards from his chest straining and then ripping his shirt, revealing luscious curves and heavy, dangling breasts, the fat brown areola of one clearly visible beneath the ripped shirt.

Suddenly, Michael gritted his teeth and hurried to unbutton his pants and slide them down his legs

while his ass expanded, growing fat and round and perfectly pinchable. His thighs grew chubbier as the curves of his calves and feet lost their sharp angles and became soft and feminine. When the changes were finished, standing in front of Dan and his aunt was a cute, chubby Asian woman who was even now clutching the massive breasts on her chest, the remnants of Michael's t-shirt unable to hide the two huge tits swaying back and forth across her tummy.

“You've been dealing T-pills?” Charlotte asked, not half as surprised as Dan thought she should be, given what they'd both just witnessed.

Michael just nodded, unable to stop squeezing his tits and running his fingers over his wide, brown areolae.

“And you drugged him?” Dan's aunt asked, turning to Dan.

“He drugged me first.”

“Okay. That's it.” She pushed herself away from the table and stormed upstairs.

Dan watched her leave, wondering where she was going and so was surprised to feel Michael falling into his lap. The new woman wrapped her arms around Dan and pressed her breasts into Dan's face, already sighing with pleasure. Dan gripped Michael's fat ass tightly, his cock springing to attention beneath his pants and pressing up against his cousin's transformed ass as she shifted on his lap. Dan gripped her fat tit and dragged it to his mouth, sucking greedily as he wobbled the heavy flesh. Just like when Dan had transformed, Michael was an older MILF of a woman, with huge, enticing curves and a burning desire for cock.

Michael pulled Dan's head up and brought their lips together. Dan opened his mouth to receive Michael's tongue but instead got a mouthful of soda. Michael pinched Dan's nose and gripped his head, holding their lips together and Dan was forced to swallow the soda or choke. He swallowed and a few seconds later felt his body begin to change, even as his cousin continued kissing and caressing him.

The familiar sensations of transformation flowed through Dan's body and he grew soft and round. Breasts identical to his cousin's expanded from Dan's chest, pressing out beneath his shirt while his ass grew wide beneath his sweatpants. Dark hair fell down over his face and he pushed it out of the way and latched his mouth around one of his cousin's nipples even as Dan's own features matured and feminized. And now, God, he was horny, so horny, his body crying out for touch and each kiss of his cousin sent shivers through Dan's new body.

Michael yanked off Dan's shirt and Dan's tits tumbled down over his flabby stomach. He gripped a handful of his own tit, moaning at his own touch, his body already on the precipice of desire. The two Asian twins stripped off their clothes and continued making out, hands flying up and down each other's bodies. Dan was so soft, and it felt so amazing to be squeezed and fondled. His cousin's hand made it's way between Dan's legs, fingers slipping into Dan's pussy and he realized he was already so wet with desire. He moaned as he continued kissing his cousin's tits, stopping only when Dan's aunt called out from behind.

“Ok, boys. You need to learn a lesson. If you're going to use drugs there *will* be consequences.”

They turned to look, giving her sultry glances even as they couldn't keep their hands off each other. Dan was about to reply when his aunt popped a blue pill into her mouth and began changing.

She grew taller while her body expanded, arms becoming thick and muscular as her skin darkened to ebony. Her shirt and bra split, ripped apart as her chest expanded. Her face broadened, features hardening to become square jawed and masculine with a day's growth of stubble. Her legs grew thick, into huge trunks and she yanked her pants off just in time for a cock to sprout from between her legs, small at first but becoming larger and larger growing both bigger and more erect as she

stared at the two women in front of her. When she was done, she'd turned into a huge mountain of a black man, a body builder with a gleaming torso and a massive cock easily a foot long.

"You've got pills, too?" Dan asked, unable to tear his eyes away from his aunt's thick, black cock.

"Part of my therapy," she nodded. "Enough talk. Come here boys," she growled, her bass voice thrumming through Dan's body.

He had no choice but to obey, his body *needed* to obey, to worship that fat cock. The two Asian MILFs raced towards Dan's aunt, tits jiggling as they knelt before her, jostling each other out of the way just to get a taste of her massive cock. Dan licked one side of her veiny shaft, tasting the delicious muskiness of her cock while Michael licked the other side. Occasionally their tongues would meet and they took turns sucking on the bulbous head of Dan's aunt's dick and kissing each other across the vast expanse of shaft.

Dan's aunt leaned down and gripped Dan's waist, hoisting him easily into the air and kissing him. Dan's tiny nose pressed into his aunt's stubbly cheek as he wrapped his chubby legs around her waist. His breasts pressed against her warm, broad chest and sent shivers through Dan's body. He was so goddamn horny, practically melting into the arms of this perfect specimen of manhood. And then he felt himself sliding down her body, felt the cock pressing up between his thighs. The pressure built against his pussy, the massive, throbbing head pushing against him and then, with a sigh, his aunt entered him. Dan felt his pussy parting for the cock, felt the shaft traveling up between the walls of his cunt, impaling him. He felt as though he might split open. She was impossibly huge and he was impossibly full and yet still the cock kept coming until it was buried so deep within Dan's center it almost hurt to breathe. It was a perfect pain, melding with the pleasurable fullness and Dan quivered and came briefly, clenching the cock deep inside him as desire roiled his aching feminine body.

His aunt carried him over to the wall and leaned his back against it, pulling out slightly only so she could impale him again, harder and faster. She began pounding him like that as he clutched her, kissing her smooth, dark skin and crying out every time her cock slammed into him until his breathless moans became one long, loud groan, his high pitched voice undulating as his body shook with each impact of her thrust, slamming deep into his center. Dan felt Michael's head beneath his legs, and then there was something warm and wet against Dan's ass.

Michael licked his cousin's tiny, puckered hole, tongue traveling over to Dan's slit as Dan's aunt withdrew and Michael tasted his cousin's pussy as it dripped into his mouth. Then his tongue was back to Dan's asshole and Dan's aunt's huge black cock was slamming into Dan's pink hole, again and again. He dug his nails into his aunt as pleasure ripped through him, howling as he was fucked hard and his cousin licked at his sensitive asshole. The pleasure grew higher, more intense with each thrust and then Dan came, screaming out his pleasure as the cock filled him and fulfilled him. He lost all control of his body, melted into his aunt's arms as she continued thrusting and Dan squirted, drenching Michael with the heat of his lust. His body became a quivering mass of pleasure, the orgasm searing pleasure into his brain and pounding through his body.

When Dan had recovered somewhat, his aunt lay him on the floor and stood over his cousin. Michael eagerly sucked the huge cock in front of his face as Dan's juice continued to drip down Michael's chin, onto his tits, soaking the floor. Even so exhausted Dan wanted more, couldn't rest with the site of that wonderful cock in the room. Soon he was back on his knees, licking and sucking.

They fucked for hours in every conceivable position. Charlotte's stamina was incredible and they didn't stop until she'd filled every hole, only ending when Michael was laying on his back on the floor, legs spread wide. Dan's face was lodged deep in Michael's cunt, licking and sucking, while Dan's aunt grabbed Dan's ass in her thick hands and pumped hard into him. With a mighty roar she

came, sinking hard and deep into Dan's body as she throbbed. Dan was filled with her hot cum and he shouted out his pleasure into his cousin's cunt, shoving his face deep into Michael's juices as Michael quivered and came. Dan milked every spurt of cum from his aunt's body, pushing his ass back until the throbbing inside stopped and she pulled out, dripping cum down his thighs.

Dan crawled up Michael and wrapped his arms around him. The two chubby Asians hugged each other. Dan's body was still humming with pleasure and little jolts of aftershock hit him now and then, causing him to clutch Michael's perfect form tighter. Dan's aunt looked down at them, her cock flaccid but still so huge, like a massive rolling pin dangling against her leg.

“Now boys,” she growled, “I hope you learned your lesson. Don't do drugs.”

Michael smiled, his hand coming back to his pussy and dipping into his velvety folds. And then, Dan's masculine cousin, the one who claimed he would never touch a cock, said, “I'm a slow learner. You'll need to fuck us a few more times for me to catch on.”

Charlotte smiled, her cock already twitching and growing erect.

“Gladly,” she said.

She stroked her cock and advanced on the two transformed men, determined to teach them a lesson they would never forget.

###

Substitute Teacher

More often than not, life was just a bitch. Chris had long since accepted that fact as absolute truth. Life had dealt him an array of irritations—asthma, myopia, a complete inability to interact with girls/jocks/hipsters/basically any human being—all of which had turned high school into an ongoing source of torment and frustration.

But, every once in a while, life was kind. Every once in a while life did something generous... like move Miss Andrews into the house next door. Every once in a while, like today, life outdid itself and dropped the hottest, most lusciously curved and delectably ripe-looking teacher in school right into the small house located just feet from Chris's bedroom window. And Chris was suitably grateful.

He was grateful as hell as he watched her lug boxes in from her U-Haul. Grateful for the long, dark hair bouncing in her ponytail. Grateful for the yoga pants hugging her ass and for the jiggle of her perfect tits as she bounced up her front steps. Grateful for the four and half minutes she spent bent over a carton in her front yard giving Chris a clear view straight down her top.

Then she dropped the last box, a bundle of electronics and wires hitting the front path in a tangled mess, and Chris figured it was time to stop just being grateful and to be helpful instead. He headed for the front door and out into his yard. Giving what was, he realized, the most pathetic little wave, he called, "Hey Miss Andrews."

Looking up from her crouched position over the mess, she peered at him in surprise over her glasses. "Oh, hi Chris. You live here?"

"Um, yeah." Stating the obvious, he added, "You're moving in."

"Yep," she surveyed the mess, pushing her glasses up her nose as she did so in a way Chris found almost unbearably adorable, "though I'm clearly not doing a good job of it."

"You need some help?"

"No, no, it's fine. I'm almost done, just need to—" As she stood, the bottom of the cardboard box she was lifting collapsed and the remaining contents hit the ground, spilling a tangle of cables and remote controls across the pavement. She gave a defeated laugh. "Ok, maybe I could use a little help."

Chris didn't need to be asked twice and bounded over into her yard. Together they scooped up the scattered contents of the box and headed inside. The house was controlled chaos: piles of cardboard cartons, flatpack furniture waiting to be assembled, kitchen cupboards open and bare.

Chris looked over the collection of items he'd brought in as he dumped them on the kitchen counter and one item caught his eye - an elaborate home security system still in its box. Trying to make conversation, he said cautiously, "Wow, that's a lot of security. I mean, especially for this neighborhood."

Miss Andrews rolled her eyes. "Oh, I know. That stupid thing is courtesy of my *completely* overprotective mother. She's convinced I shouldn't be living on my own and made me promise I'd

set it up before I spend a single night here.” She pointed at a pile of hardware sitting next to the front door. “She’s also responsible for the two extra locks I apparently need to install.”

Not sure what else to say, Chris mumbled, “She’s just being, you know, cautious I guess.”

Miss Andrews grinned. “You say - cautious, I say - overbearing.”

Chris couldn’t quite believe what was happening. He was having a conversation—an actual conversation—with Miss Andrews. While standing in her house. While she was wearing frickin’ skin-tight pants and a low-cut top that gaped every time she bent over. He had to concentrate intently on her face so his eyes wouldn’t slide down her curvy body and land on her perfect rack, still peeking out from beneath the top of her outfit.

Hoping to keep things going, he asked, “You need any more help? I could carry... something.”

She shook her head. “No, all good. Everything’s inside, I just need to go return the U-Haul.”

Chris recognized his cue to leave and made one last desperate play for time. He held up the security system. “I could set this up for you. You know, if your mom’s all...”

For just a split second, she hesitated, then said, “That’s kind, Chris, but I really shouldn’t have you here doing my—”

“It’s not a problem.”

“Thanks but I’m sure I can figure it out.” Belying her words was her slightly trepidatious glance down at the complicated-looking system.”

Chris played his advantage. “Oh, so it’s just a plug-and-play system? You don’t need to configure the system? Just hook it up to your router? Although it’s only got a 16gb USB drive so I’m assuming you’ll need to set up cloud storage.” He shot her a look of pure nerd concern. “Have you even set up your router yet?”

She laughed and threw up her hands in surrender. “Ok, so I know the answer to exactly none of those questions.”

Chris doubled down. “I’m sure it’ll autosave to Dropbox if you prefer.”

“Now you’re just making me feel completely useless.” Biting her lower lip in a self-conscious way that rendered Chris temporarily immobile, she said apologetically, “I know I shouldn’t ask but, if you *really* don’t mind, I could probably use your help.”

Eyes glued to the plump, pink swell of her lip, Chris merely nodded.

She smiled and added, “If you’re sure it’s not a hassle?”

“No, no, umm, no hassle. Easy.” He shrugged. “I’m a nerd, this stuff is...” He made himself stop babbling. “Do you know where you want the sensors and security cameras?”

She waved a hand about dismissively. “Just spread them around the house wherever makes sense.” Glancing down at her phone, she squeaked, “Eek, I need to return the truck before they charge me for another day. Are you ok here on your own?”

“Yeah, I’m good.” He held up the security system. “I’ll get started.”

Heading for the door, she called, “You’re the best.”

* * * * *

An hour later Chris was staring at both a golden opportunity and a serious moral dilemma. He had

set up the router and security system, installed the sensors and hooked up all the cameras. A dozen unobtrusive little wifi devices now dotted the house. The final step was setting storage for the cam footage and access to the feed. The system allowed up to five users to access the data.

Hence the dilemma.

With just a couple of keystrokes, Chris could authorize himself to access all footage. Hell, a few clicks and he could have every frame of footage dropped into an anonymous Dropbox account. And, he was willing to bet that Miss Andrews would never be any the wiser. He was pretty sure she couldn't even get into the system settings, let alone dig through them to see who was getting the camera feeds. And... even say she did; he had a plausible excuse. He played the scenario in his head: "Oh, yeah, I remember, I *did* give myself access to the footage. I had to test to see if it was working. Huh, did I forget to change the settings afterwards?" It was credible.

Glancing into the bedroom, Chris stared at the camera mounted high on the wall. One thought played in his head: at some point, some point very soon in fact, Miss Andrews was probably going to come home and walk into that very room. And she was going to peel off her dusty moving day clothes. She was going to unhook the pink bra Chris had clearly seen down her shirt and she was going to release her gorgeous tits. And she was going take off her panties and every single inch of her flesh was going to be captured on camera. And he *had* to see it.

Not giving himself another moment to second guess, he gave himself a link to the feed.

* * * * *

Chris thought he knew a thing or two about torment—after all, he was an undersized nerd with inch-thick glasses and alarmingly underdeveloped muscle tone who had to walk the halls of high school every day—but, as it turned out, he knew nothing. Torment, as he now learned, was having to sit in class and listen to Miss Andrews drone on about some topic (today it was unconscious bias and institutional prejudice) and try to pretend that he hadn't almost seen her naked three times in the past 24 hours. Torment was watching her body move and shift under her clothes and knowing he'd almost seen it all. Almost.

She leaned over, her skirt cinching across her ass, and grabbed her glasses from her desk. "So, when we say 'unconscious bias' what do we mean? And what impact do these stereotypes have in real terms?" She crossed her arms beneath her breasts, supporting one arm so she could chew on the handle of her glasses.

Chris might have been vaguely interested in the topic if he wasn't busy picturing the three—three!—times she'd been on the verge of stripping in her bedroom (right in front of the camera)... and had then, at the last second, disappeared into the camera-free bathroom.

Frustration mounting, he watched her sit on her desk at the front of class, cross her legs and slip her glasses back on, peeking over the top of them to add, "And it's not just assumptions about race and sex; a quick glance at the average height of Fortune 500 CEOs give you a pretty clear indication that heightism is alive and well."

She droned on, and it was probably going to be on the exam, but Chris was a little distracted, mentally replaying the footage he'd watched that morning: Miss Andrews sitting in her bedroom with her back to the camera, blow drying her hair; her towel slipping gradually lower and lower and eventually pooling around her waist. Then the glorious few seconds when she'd put down the hair dryer and Chris had *known* she was about to turn around and he was finally going to see her tits.

And then she'd pulled up her towel and headed into the bathroom, leaving Chris rock hard and howling in frustration.

All of which left him here: blue balled in his Monday Citizenship and Civics class.

Oblivious to his pain, Miss Andrews continued, “So, as those of you who actually read the syllabus will remember, this week’s assignment will be an opportunity to truly examine the prejudices and privileges we all take for granted. You will be swapping bodies with a partner and I want you all to take an in depth look at life in someone else’s shoes. Essay is due Friday, two thousand words and I want—”

The collective groan from the class, made her pause momentarily then continue with a grin, “Two thousand words *minimum* on the topic.”

Amber, the prissy cheerleader in the back row, rolled her eyes and said, “Miss Andrews, do we have to swap? I mean can’t we just, like, explain that we *totally* get racism. And, I mean, I personally so don’t need to swap and, also, like, what if someone makes my body skip cheer practice.” Her eyes widened in horror. “Or eat carbs.”

Miss Andrews’s face remained impassive (which Chris thought was actually quite an achievement) and said calmly, “Amber, if you’d read the material that came home with the authorization forms that you and your parents signed last week, you’d know that the swap is mandatory. You’d also know that there are the same consents and protocols in place that we use every year. All students agree to respect and adhere to each other’s schedule, beliefs and diets. Not to mention, there are countless mental blocks automatically imposed by the swap system to ensure everyone’s privacy and safety.”

Amber looked ready to keep arguing, “Yeah but—”

Miss Andrews silenced her with a glare over the top of her glasses. “It’s mandatory, Amber.” Turning to the rest of the classes, she said, “Ok, so everyone pair up and let’s get underway.”

Chris sighed. If there were ever two words sure to strike fear in the heart of an asthmatic nerd, they were definitely ‘pair up.’ He scanned the room and briefly felt a spark of hope when he noticed Justin. Chris didn’t know Justin that well but they had Coding Club together, they talked occasionally - not friends but acquaintances at least. Justin, Chris thought hopefully, might be willing to pair up... but Justin never even glanced in his direction.

Chris watched on as the rest of the class picked partners, resigned now to the fact that he’d be left with whichever person held penultimate position on the social totem pole. His own position at the very bottom was immutable but who knew what the social jostling would produce for him as a swap partner. Hardcore nerdery? Friendless stoner? Antisocial delinquent?

Or, as it eventually turned out, no one. The class shuffled and paired up and Chris was left alone, an odd number of students leaving him without a partner.

And then, in a scene that reminded Chris distinctly of third grade gym class, Miss Andrews said with an overly bright and condescending smile, “Well, Chris, looks like you’re partnered up with me.”

And his brain short-circuited. He was going be *in* Miss Andrews. Have her body. Walk it home and move it, hold it, touch it for days on end. If third grade gym class was the nadir, then this was the corresponding zenith. For a solid minute, there was a ringing in his ears that made it hard to concentrate on anything else, barely aware of the room around him. In fact, he barely noticed as the classroom door opened and Principal Schneider walked in dragging a reluctant student behind him.

Chris didn’t really registered the words as Schneider announced, “Miss Andrews, I’ve got another student for your class.”

Miss Andrews murmured, “Ok, great.” Turning to the student, she said, “Come in, Eric. Take a seat next to Chris, we’re just about to get started.”

It was the name 'Eric' that caused Chris to emerge from his stupor. Because Eric, the school's resident thug, was impossible to ignore. Big, black and built, he was pretty much the walking antithesis to Chris's pale, scrawny bod. He also a fucking psycho, a gang banger hovering on the brink of expulsion and, if the rumors were true, incarceration.

And he was sliding into the seat next to Chris, the cheap plastic creaking under the weight of his muscle mass. Sliding a hand through his afro, he turned to look at Chris and growled, "You've gotta to be fucking kidding me. No way am I swapping with that pasty little asshole."

Eric, it emerged, didn't need to worry. Because Chris's body was equally concerned about the prospect. Chris felt the sudden familiar constriction, the tightening of his chest and closing of his airways that signaled an asthma attack. Within moments he heard himself start to wheeze and he made a dive for his inhaler.

Miss Andrews was next to him in seconds, hovering over him with concern. And then Principal Schneider was scooping up Chris's bag and helping Chris get to his feet. "Come on, let's get you to the nurse."

As he was lead out of the room, Chris heard Miss Andrews say, "Ok, everyone settle down. Chris is in good hands and we're running behind. Eric, you'll have to swap with me."

The door closed behind Chris on his beautiful dream.

* * * * *

That afternoon, Chris lay in bed trying to wrap his head around the emotional high and lows of the day. For the first time in his life he was just a little bit thankful for his asthma. While he didn't enjoy the indignity of having a sweaty-faced wheezing fit in front of the whole class and having the school nurse call his mom to pick him up... it had gotten him out of a fate worse than death. The idea of swapping with Eric's massive, pot-stenched body made him shudder.

His musing was interrupted by the sound of Miss Andrews's car pulling into her garage. And a thought crossed Chris's mind - now that Eric was in his teacher's body, would he shake up her routine? Would he change her clothes in the bathroom or the bedroom? The controls built into the body swap system would block out any prurient interest and permanent knowledge of Miss Andrews's body from Eric, but that didn't mean Chris couldn't get a show. He grabbed his laptop and turned on the camera feed in time to see Miss Andrews come through the door.

To Chris's surprise, Eric marched Miss Andrews straight upstairs, disappearing from one camera and reappearing in another until he in the bedroom. Eric unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it to the floor, then pulled down his skirt and stepped out of it. Chris's cock jumped to attention as he saw Miss Andrews in only a bra and panties for the first time. Her curves were impossibly perfect, her breasts heavy, her waist pleasantly thick, the cheeks of her ass plump and biteable. The only thing between her naked body and Chris's eyes were two thin pieces of fabric. And to think it was almost *him* in that body.

Then, to Chris's continued surprise, he watched as Eric forced Miss Andrews's hands up to her chest and jiggled her breasts.

Eric laughed as he watched them wobble. "Shit. Bitch got some nice titties," he said. It was incredibly disorienting to hear Eric's language coming from Miss Andrews lips, her delicate voice uttering things she would have never said. It was also disorienting—but oh, so sexy—to watch her play with her tits like that. In the brief time Chris had watched his teacher, she'd never shown the slightest inclination to masturbate. At least not where Chris could see.

Now, Chris watched as Eric reached around and fumbled with the clasp of his bra. It took him a minute or two but he finally managed to unclasp it and slip out of it, freeing Miss Andrews's tits.

They bounced free, two perfect melons with fat, pink areolae. Eric laughed triumphantly and rotated his torso back and forth to make his breasts swing out madly before crashing against each other.

“Oww!” He laughed, gripping his heavy tits.

Eric wrapped his fingers around each breast, holding them up to his face and examining them closely, before squeezing and exploring their soft contours. Chris's mouth dropped as he watched his teacher fondle her tits. She seemed to be enjoying it and Chris remained frozen as she jiggled her breasts experimentally, eventually grasping one in her hand and pushing it up towards her lips. Her boobs were big enough that, by bending her head down, Eric could reach them with Miss Andrews's mouth. She stuck out her little pink tongue, licking her own nipple before stuffing as much tit into her mouth as she could and sucking. Chris could hear the moans as she sucked on her breast, the fingers of the other hand holding her other fat breast and rolling the tender nipple between thumb and forefinger.

This wasn't supposed to be possible. The swap machine was supposed to prevent just this kind of sexual activity while in someone else's body. Somehow, Eric must have figured out a way around the blocks. And even as Chris realized that his attention turned back to the monitors. Miss Andrews was sucking hard on her nipples, gripping them gently between her teeth and stretching lightly, moaning appreciatively, her eyes closed in delight as Eric enjoyed the sensations running through Miss Andrews's body. Abruptly, she dropped her tits, letting them bounce down onto her stomach as she hooked her thumbs beneath the soft panties and rolled them down her glorious legs, revealing a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair nestled between her thighs.

The definition in the cameras was amazing. Chris could see every inch of his teacher's soft body, her soft flesh completely on display, his wildest fantasies fulfilled. His will broke and he unzipped his pants and took his cock in hand and began stroking himself as he watched Miss Andrews continue to fondle herself.

Miss Andrews turned, pointing her ass towards the direction of the camera, then bent back around to examine her butt. She gave it a quick slap and laughed as she watched her skin wobble delightfully. She gripped her heavy butt and jiggled, staring down in delight as she manipulated her own body. She returned her attention to her tits, pulling them to the side and letting them swing together. Then her hands came down to her legs and she tentatively brushed the pubic hair of her pussy. She was greedy for choice, going back to her ass, her tits, her pussy, as if Eric couldn't decide what he wanted to explore next.

Finally, Eric sat Miss Andrews's body on the bed facing the cameras and spread her legs. Chris found himself looking straight down at his teacher's pussy as she slipped a finger inside herself and began rubbing. Chris zoomed in until Miss Andrews filled the whole screen. Her eyes were screwed up tight, one hand on her pussy where she had two fingers inside herself now, the other on her tits, kneading and squeezing the supple flesh. Her fingers grew shiny with her juices and she gaped down between her legs as her tender folds revealed themselves around her fingers. Her breath came faster, her breasts heaving as she began moaning. Watching his normally reserved teacher drive herself crazy with lust made Chris rock hard. He could barely contain his excitement as she pushed her fingers deeper inside her pussy. God, he could see her glistening with desire.

She moaned, thrusting her chest out and bouncing lightly on the bed, fucking herself with her fingers causing her entire body to shimmy wonderfully. Her ponderous breasts jiggled as she squeezed and thrust harder, deeper inside. “Oh, fuck, Yes.” She cried, biting her lower lip. And then she gasped, her eyes opening wide, her mouth a little 'o' of ecstasy as her body shuddered in orgasm.

As soon as Eric recovered from his delight he thrust Miss Andrews's fingers back into her body, slamming her cunt hard as she wiggled and twisted, tits wobbling back and forth. Her cries grew

higher in pitch until she was squealing her pleasure and then with a deep guttural groan she came hard, body buckling, hips swaying and she squirted, fucking squirted, a jet of clear liquid from her pussy. Chris came with her, his cock throbbing as hot jizz spilled down his own fingers and onto the carpet. It was everything he'd imagined. If only Eric weren't the one in her body.

On the monitor, Miss Andrews was laughing and looking down at her soaking pussy. "Oh, shit! Bitch pissed herself!"

Miss Andrews disappeared off-screen and a moment later there was the sound of the shower running. Chris cleaned himself off. Now he had another dilemma. He knew Eric had broken the swap class rules by gaming the system somehow. But the only proof Chris had was an illegal video surveillance system he'd set up to spy on her. It was likely Chris would end up in as much or more trouble than Eric if that ever came out.

No, the only thing Chris could do was nothing. He made a bargain with himself. He'd watch, and if he saw Eric doing anything, well, more extreme, then maybe he could figure out how to anonymously send in a tip. Until then, he would just have to keep an eye on Miss Andrews in her bedroom.

For her own safety, or course.

* * * * *

Civics Class, the next day, was surreal. Dozens of bodies moving in unexpected patterns, sitting in unfamiliar seats, voicing incongruous opinions. Incompetent puppeteers filled the room. The footballer who hadn't figured out how to sit in a skirt. Justin—who was in Chris's coding club and only one step up the nerd ladder from Chris—had apparently somehow persuaded Amber to swap with him and clearly still hadn't got the hang of balancing both boobs and an ass while wearing a tiny cheerleader skirt. Alyson, a tiny girl, who was now in the body of a jock and clearly transfixed by her borrowed biceps. And, at the front of the class, was Eric's body giving Miss Andrews's earnest little lecture on wage disparity. It was beyond disturbing to hear her words in Eric's deep voice and to watch Eric's hands move across her computer, working the powerpoint presentation.

But infinitely more disturbing was watching Eric with free rein in Miss Andrew's body. Because, as Miss Andrews continued on oblivious, Eric was slowly sliding his fingers under his skirt. Chris watched in disbelief as the fingers moved inch by inch up her thigh, flicked up the skirt under the desk and pressed up against the front of her panties. Looking around desperately, Chris tried to see if anyone else was watching, but they were all staring ahead, locked in their own little worlds. Chris watched the slow smile creep across Miss Andrews's features as Eric's fingers moved a little faster under the desk.

He *had* to do something. His voice squeaked, "Miss Andrews."

She looked up... well Eric's body looked up. "Yes, Chris?"

He tried to figure out what to say. 'Eric's touching your pussy' somehow didn't feel like something he could announce to the class. "Umm..."

"What is it?"

"Umm he's—" Chris was interrupted by the bell.

Miss Andrews turned to address the whole class. "Ok, today's reading is *Judge Softly*. Let's be looking at it with an eye to both theme and historical context, people."

Eric pulled his hand out from his skirt, grabbed his bag and headed for the door, shooting Chris a look of menace that pinned him to his seat. *Did he know what Chris had been about to say?* And Chris let him go, assuaging his guilt at staying silent with two equally important thoughts. One, at

the end of the school day, the class would automatically swap back. And two, turning narc on the school's biggest shit kicker was a pretty clear invitation to have his shit thoroughly kicked. He might not like the situation but he *did* like having a full complement of teeth.

As the class filed out, Miss Andrews called to him, "You had a question, Chris?"

"Uh huh. Just... all good." And he headed out the door, resolved to keep his mouth shut.

His resolve was tested a dozen times by the end of the day. There was Eric in the corner of the basketball courts letting his friends feel up Miss Andrews's breasts. There he was coming out of the men's bathroom buttoning up his shirt, a huge smirk on his face and followed by a dozen laughing guys. There he was in the lunchroom, his friend's hands down his pants.

Never had the end of day bell sounded sweeter. Chris felt his body gradually unclench as he headed for Coding Club, passing student after student in the halls all happily back in their bodies, all bitching and joking about the experience. He smiled as he entered the computer lab and watched teeny tiny Alyson (no longer a possessor of insanely big biceps) working away.

She looked up at him. "Justin's running late; said to start without him."

Chris grabbed a computer, got to work and grinned. Nerds were nerds again, jocks were jocks, thugs were thugs, Alyson was writing flawless script again instead of flexing and Justin was late as per usual. The universe had righted itself.

He was late getting home; algebra ran long and he had a twenty minute wait for the bus. The twenty minutes had a been a unique kind of torture. The second he'd sat down at the bus stop, his mind had gone to the camera feed from Miss Andrews's house. He'd proceeded to spend nineteen minutes driving himself crazy with the thought that Miss Andrews—the real Miss Andrews—had probably beaten him home from school and he may have missed a live show. He spend the other minute comforting himself with the thought that the footage was all safely stored on Dropbox.

Either way, he had to get to his computer. Barreling through his front door, he headed for his room and locked the door. Seconds later he had his computer open and footage on screen.

And that's when he saw Amber (prissy, pain in the ass, cheerleader Amber) in Miss Andrews's bedroom. Just for moment, Chris grappled for a logical explanation - maybe Miss Andrews was tutoring her - but surely they wouldn't be in Miss Andrews house. Then Miss Andrews walked into the room, smiled and, without a word, pulled Amber's top off over her head. Chris watched in stunned silence as Miss Andrews trailed a hand down to cup Amber's boob, her thumb brushing her student's taut nipple through the material.

And Chris abandon the hunt for logical explanations.

Amber went up on her toes and kissed Miss Andrews. The teacher cupped one hand beneath Amber's tight little ass and drew the other through her blonde curls, pressing their bodies close. They sucked on each other's tongues, little moans escaping their lips. Miss Andrews slid her hands down Amber's back and unclasped the bra. Amber shrugged herself out of it, freeing her petite, perky breasts. Her nipples were bright pink bullets on her milky tits and Miss Andrews gazed down appreciatively.

"Damn, girl!" She said, before leaning her head down to suck on Amber's nipples.

It was just what Eric would say. Somehow, Eric was still in Miss Andrews's body. And Chris doubted that Amber would randomly start making out with her teacher. No, it must still be Coding Club Justin in her body.

Amber threw her head back and sighed, sending a cascade of golden curls down her back as she let her teacher suckle and caress her tits. Miss Andrews looked like she was enjoying herself, grabbing Amber's firm tits and kissing her way back and forth between them. Amber reached down and tugged at Miss Andrews's shirt. Miss Andrews raised her head and the two disrobed completely, tossing their clothes aside until they both stood naked in front of each other.

They could not have been more different. Miss Andrews with her school teacher glasses, dark hair and features, wide, curvy figure and heavy, luscious breasts. Amber, with her blonde hair and dimpled cheeks, slender frame and petite chest. They were each beautiful and Chris would have given almost anything to see them naked. And now here they were, naked and kissing each other, and Chris felt so wrong. Yet still, he couldn't prise his eyes away from the screen as the two women kissed and groped each other, their hands gripping, squeezing, exploring the soft, tender flesh, bodies swaying, tits bouncing, skin writhing seductively.

Miss Andrews pushed her young student on to the bed. Amber landed on her back and bounced, her tits and ass flying up in the air as she laughed. Miss Andrews took her glasses off and set them on the bedside table before straddling Amber's head backwards, until her two ass cheeks rested on Amber's forehead and her pussy rested on Amber's lips, completely obscuring her face, with her own face aimed towards Amber's supine form. Then Miss Andrews leaned down over Amber's lithe body and pressed her own tongue into Amber's pussy. The two women lay on top of each other, licking and sucking. Amber gripped Miss Andrews's plump ass and spread the cheeks, pulling her teacher's pussy down onto her face while Miss Andrews eagerly licked Amber's cunt. Chris could see Amber's pussy spread wide, watched the velvety folds dripping down Amber's thighs as Miss Andrews thrust her tongue against Amber's clit.

Amber buckled beneath her, crying out into Miss Andrews's pussy before raising her hips and thrusting against her teacher's face, trying to satisfy the urges of her body. Chris just stared, spellbound, as his teacher fucked the prissiest cheerleader in school. His cock grew hard as he watched delicate little Amber lose all control and bury her face into her teacher's wet pussy until her face was shiny with Miss Andrews's lust. He began stroking himself as their moans turned to high pitched cries, and their cries turned to shuddering orgasms.

Miss Andrews rocked back and forth, pressing down hard against Amber as she dug her own face deeper between Amber's legs. Miss Andrews threw back her head and sat back hard on Amber, riding her face as her entire body grew rigid in ecstasy. Her hands came up to her swaying tits and she gripped them hard as her cries rang out through the room. Then it was Amber's turn to gyrate, pressing her clit up against her teacher's greedy tongue until they were both sated and their cries slowly ebbed.

Miss Andrews rolled off Amber and sat up. As Amber continued playing with her own tits, Eric grabbed Miss Andrews's phone from the nightstand and typed a message. And, with a sense of impending doom, Chris heard his own phone ding with a text message.

The text was to the point: HEY PERV

Looking up from his phone, he saw Miss Andrews—no, it was somehow *still* Eric—look directly into the camera and beckon to him.

Unable to think what else to do, Chris obeyed. He headed over in a trance, walking up Miss Andrews's front steps and into the house still completely unable to process what was happening.

Eric and Justin had moved into the living room. They hadn't bothered to get dressed and wore nothing but smug smiles, lounging about on the couch in their feminine bodies. Justin was entranced with his own rack, pressing his arms together to push his tits up then releasing them and watching them jiggle back into place.

“So,” Eric announced, “Justin here thought it was all kinds of weird that lady in the suburbs had the place done up like Fort Knox. He checked out the security system. And guess what he found?”

Justin grinned, looking at Chris almost admiringly. “You are nasty! Getting a link to the feed? That is some creepy shit.”

Chris stumbled, “It’s not like that. I didn’t—”

“Not like what?” Eric sneered. “Not like you’re illegally filming your teacher and jacking your little virgin dick every minute of the day?”

Chris tried to keep his voice steady. “I’m not. And you can’t prove anything. I’ll delete everything and—”

Justin laughed. “Except I have your IP address and screenshots of everything. Oh, and Eric’s been practicing his outraged white lady act.”

Eric feigned a sob and said, voice quivering, “I just feel so violated. How did that monster even get access?”

Dread was coiling in Chris’s belly, no one but he and Miss Andrews knew she’d asked him to set up her cameras. “Where’s Miss Andrews?”

“Stuck in my body I guess.” Eric shrugged. “Don’t care.”

Almost shaking with outrage, Chris responded, “You can’t do this.”

Eric waved a hand down his body by way of proof, grabbed one of his massive tits and said bluntly, “Doing it.”

Chris gulped, trying to wrap his head around the situation. “How did you even... How did you get into the swap system? There are safety protocols and—”

Justin gave a sneer of a laugh. “It’s touch ID. They’re such morons. Put fingerprint ID on something and then just hand over the fingerprints.” He indicated Eric. “Once Eric let me borrow his finger for access, it was easy to change all the system settings.”

Chris shook his head. “But you’re going to change back?” He could hear the desperate little tone in his voice and added, “Right?”

Eric laughed. “Umm, let me see... I can go back to my parents’ shitty, little house, in my shitty neighborhood. Or I can stay here, with this place all to myself.” He ran his hands down to his tits, squeezing the flesh and tugging on his tight little nipples. “Stay in this tight, white bod with these tits to play with 24/7. Gotta say, it’s not exactly a difficult choice.”

Chris raised his chin, defiant. “I’ll report you. I’ll tell the school.”

Eric’s voice was taut with with menace. “Will you?” And then Eric was on his feet and up in Chris’s face. “You say one word—one *single* word—and we let everyone know what you’ve been up to with the cameras. Then I’ll let *my* buddies know all the pussy they missed out on ‘cause of you. What do you think they’ll do to you then?”

And Chris felt his defiance crumble. They had him over a barrel and they knew it. He dropped his chin, defeated.

Eric smirked, his malevolence dropping away, leaving smug satisfaction in its place. He gave Chris a dismissive wave. “Now get the fuck outta here.” And, dropping back down onto the sofa, he spread his legs, giving Chris a glimpse of his teacher’s pussy in person for the first time. A glistening drop of her juice was still lodged in her pubic hair, her ruby lips already swollen with lust

as she began fingering herself.

Chris watched as a smile of anticipation crept across Amber's face. She moved between Eric's thighs and sank to her knees. Her mouth inches from Miss Andrews's pussy.

Eric grabbed the back of Amber's head, fingers curling into the blonde curls, and tugged her closer. Looking up to give Chris one last smug smile, he added, "Go on home now. You don't want to miss the show."

Chris walk to the door and said resolutely, "Like I'm going to watch."

He headed home.

And opened his computer.

#

Deep Undercover

Claire opened her eyes slowly. Her teeth ached, her tongue felt thick, her head felt stuffy, and she was staring up at a huge water stain that resembled a laughing demon. Disjointed memories of the previous night's stupor flitted through her mind, half-forgotten visions of being taunted by the demon. Rolling clumsily onto her side, Claire let her eyes travel around the room, taking in her surroundings. She was lying on a filthy mattress, on a floor covered with mildew, filth and decaying trash. A cracked mirror sat up against the grimy wall across from her, propped against a patch of damp, black mold. She'd been in plenty of rooms like this in her time undercover, but she'd never felt this bad. There was a used crack pipe and a plastic bag holding a small quantity of brownish sludge on the floor beside her bed. She had vague memories of smoking it. But why? She didn't do crack. If only her head weren't so thick maybe she could remember what had happened and why she was...wherever she was.

Claire pushed herself up on one arm and licked her lips; they were dry and cracked. As she sat up, stringy blonde hair fell down in front of her vision and across her shoulders. Had she bleached her hair? She grabbed the unfamiliar hair and pulled. *Ow!* Not a wig. And, now that she was looking down at herself, her body seemed strangely wrong too. Her fingers were thinner and longer, and her body was leaner. She was practically skin and bones. A dirty pink crop top was stretched tight over heavy breasts, breasts much bigger and more perfectly round than she remembered.

Fragments of memories were starting to come back to her but they didn't make any sense: a strange chair, a fire, an old man stretched out on the floor, and then...did she give someone a blowjob? She'd definitely been on her knees; she remembered holding the man between her lips as he gripped her hair. There had been a sense of euphoria, a certainty that his cock was the most delicious thing she'd ever held in her mouth and she was giving him the blowjob of the century. She rubbed her eyes to try to blot out the image. Not the memory she wanted right now.

Claire stood, shakily, and saw a junkie looking at her. The junkie was a blonde woman, still on the pretty side of worn, with a gaunt face and large silicone-inflated breasts on a thin body. Claire recognized her as Ella, the junkie she'd befriended in her undercover effort. The one who'd led her to the warehouse yesterday—was it yesterday?—where the drug deal was supposed to take place.

Claire took a step forward. “Ella, what happ—” Claire began and froze.

Ella had started walking and speaking at the exact same time. She was mimicking Claire's every move. It was only then that Claire's drug-clouded brain realized she was looking into a mirror. Somehow she was in Ella's body.

Stunned, Claire brought her hands up to her face and watched in the mirror as she ran her fingers over her unfamiliar features. Ella's face was thinner than Claire's. Before Ella's drug use had become serious, she'd been a popular stripper, a man's wet dream of woman: statuesque with big, blue eyes, inviting lips and huge breasts. After months of addiction, though, Ella looked worn out, skeletal and fragile. Claire's muscular physique was gone, as was any ability to focus.

How long she had been like this she had no idea—a day? A week? Why couldn't she remember anything? Her brain was so clouded. Maybe another hit would help?

Claire had scooped up the pipe, loaded with the dregs of whatever she'd taken last night, and was just about to spark up when she stopped, appalled at herself. She stared down at the pipe in her unfamiliar fingers. Her body was craving it. Surely it would clear up her memory, help her focus. Just one hit. Just one.

Claire brought the pipe to her lips when BANG! Something crashed in the next room. . Claire dropped the pipe and crept to the door, peeking around the corner into the living room. BANG! Someone was slamming against the front door of the apartment.. BANG! It was a cheap door; the wood started to splinter. Another crash and the door flew open. Claire pulled her head back around the door, but not before she saw who had come in.

It was Claire's own body, her auburn hair tied up beneath her cap. The bright white letters on her jacket—NYPD—and the drawn gun evidence she wasn't here to talk.

As her footsteps slowly approached, some instinctual sense told Claire that her own body was something to fear. Frantically, she searched the room for somewhere to hide. The only exit was a window with a long drop to the ground several stories below. Desperate, Claire tiptoed to the flimsy shelter of a half-open closet and eased herself in behind the bi-fold doors, huddling against the wall.

A second later, she heard footsteps on the filthy bedroom floor.

“Bitch, I know you're in here,” Claire's own voice called out. Hearing her own voice was disorienting, like listening to herself in a recording. “And I know what you did last night, you little slut.” The voice had a smile in it Claire didn't like. “Zeke can't keep a goddamn secret to save his life.”

Footsteps approached the closet. There was a pause. And then the door was wrenched open and there was a gun pointed at her head.

Claire looked up into her own face, a vicious smile spread across her soft features. The impostor grabbed a fistful of Claire's stringy blonde hair and yanked her out of the closet. Claire tumbled out onto the floor with a cry of pain and found herself on her back on the hardwood floor, the barrel of the gun pressed against her temple as her own body straddled her.

“You're supposed to be dead. I'm gonna fix that,” Claire's body said. “A shame to waste such a pretty face but I got a nice new one. So long, Ella.”

Claire closed her eyes and waited for the explosion. Instead, a familiar male voice called out, “Claire, you okay?”

Claire opened her eyes in time to see a look of pure menace flash across her former face, but Ella (clearly already at home in Claire's body) recovered quickly. She flashed a reassuring smile over her shoulder, her gun still trained on Claire, and said, “All good, Jake.”

Her partner, Jake, stepped into Claire's line of sight. His gun, too, was drawn and pointed at her, but she was still relieved to see him.

“Jake! You've got to—” she began.

“Shut the fuck up!” Ella yelled. Then, turning to Jake, she said, “Cuff her.”

Ella stepped back and Jake took over, pulling Claire swiftly around so her face was pressed into the floor. Then her arms were pinned behind her back as Jake cuffed her and helped her to her feet—firm but with care—and marched her out the door. Claire heard her own body following behind. Claire didn't protest; she was stunned into silence, knowing how crazy it would sound, realizing she had been seconds away from getting killed by *herself*.

They led her down some derelict stairs and along a gray hallway with flickering lights. Doors stood

open on either side of the hallway like gaping mouths but no curious onlookers peeked out. Claire guessed that the only people in the building were other junkies who'd either scattered when the cops burst in or were too incapacitated to care.

Ella and Jake shoved Claire into the back of a black SUV, then strapped themselves in up front. Starting up the car, Jake turned to Ella and asked, "You sure this is the one from the warehouse?"

"Yeah. I'd know her face anywhere."

The warehouse! That's how it started.

“We're gonna be the new fucking kingpins of New York,” Ella whispered excitedly, brushing her stringy blonde hair behind an ear.

“You mean the queen-pins of New York,” Claire said, following behind as Ella led the way, threading a path around sea containers and past a dock that stretched out into empty waters. Ella was excited and breathing hard, not used to exercise. But Claire kept her body toned, her hard thighs and firm arms the result of regular training. Ella had to rest every now and then, but fortunately the wharf was practically deserted at this time of night and there was no one to challenge them.

Claire had been undercover for about three months when she met Ella, a junkie who seemed to know every dealer in the city, many of them intimately. She was becoming more gaunt every week, but still retained enough of her good looks and her false confidence—when she wasn't high—to talk herself into or out of most any situation. Ella had been a stripper—hence the enhanced, too-firm breasts—who developed a predilection for crack and had begun handing over the entirety of her paycheck to the dealers. At some point, she'd realized that, if she paid with her body rather than with cash, she could cut out the middleman.

Somehow, Ella had stumbled on a chance to be there in person when the drugs were delivered and had made the step up from junkie to dealer. Mostly importantly, though, Ella had caught the eye of a heavy hitter named Ivan Jovovic, a dealer who—though the police had never been able to pin anything on him—was estimated to be responsible for half of the heroin in the city. Claire wondered what kind of dealer would trust Ella with a stash of drugs to sell but she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Pretending to be a junkie, she'd gained Ella's confidence and trailed her up the drug chain to within shouting distance of one of the big bosses.

“There's something off about this deal,” Jake had said during his last phone call with Claire. She'd heard his hesitancy and could picture him running one hand through his thick, dark hair as he always did when he wanted to argue.

While she was undercover, Jake was her only regular contact with her old life and the only source of advice. She'd blown him off, just thought he was being too cautious and letting personal feelings get in the way of the job. Unbeknownst to the rest of the precinct, Jake and Claire were practically dating. They'd spent long nights and lazy days together and Claire missed him. And now she was eager to nab a higher target, get out of her cover and go back to Jake. And his bed.

“I'll be careful,” Claire had promised him.

“You sure you want to go in alone?”

“I don't want to spook 'em and Ella isn't saying where the pick-up is. Just track my phone and be ready if there's trouble. I can handle myself.”

Jake hadn't liked it, but Claire convinced him it was the only way. Now, wandering through the empty docks following a strung out junkie, Claire was having second thoughts.

“Lucky number 117!” Ella announced triumphantly as they approached a darkened warehouse. The numbers over the door were written in faded blue paint, barely visible under the harsh sodium streetlight playing over the warehouse facade.

“You sure?” Claire asked skeptically. It looked empty and abandoned, the wooden front wall rotted and jagged with holes.

“I know my numbers,” Ella said, pushing open the steel doors. They squeaked loudly on their hinges, the sound echoing through the cavernous warehouse. Claire could make out the dark shapes of crates and a forklift near the door, but beyond them the interior stretched into darkness.

Ella turned back and winked at Claire. “You ready to be rich?” She strolled inside without waiting to see if Claire would follow.

Inside, the wooden crates were piled high around them and Ella began to weave between them, leading Claire through the darkness. As they neared the center of the warehouse, Claire noticed a sliver of dim light through the stacks. The light grew stronger as they approached and was soon accompanied by a low hum. Ella turned a last corner and they arrived in a cleared space surrounded by tarp-covered crates. A giant, industrial lamp stood in front of a large metal box covered with switches and lights. Two helmets were affixed to seats on either side of the box, thick cables linking them to the machine and each other. A wild-haired man in a tweed jacket was connecting the contraption to a humming generator, his back to the women.

Ella stepped out into the pool of light but, wary, Claire hung back. Ella turned and smiled back at her, something shark-like in her grin. Instinctively, Claire took a step back. And then felt the solid barrel of a gun press against her lower back.

“Going somewhere?” a voice growled in her ear.

Then she was shoved into the light, just managing to keep her balance and stay on her feet.

“Hello, Claire,” the deep voice greeted her from behind. She turned and saw an immaculately dressed man approaching, light glinting off his bald head. Her eyes traveled over his muscular body and expensively tailored suit to the cocky sneer on his broad face. She knew Ivan Jovovic’s face well; she’d seen it in countless newspapers... usually as he strolled out of court due to a lack of evidence.

“I got her! I got her! I got her!” Ella was practically dancing with joy. Ivan shot her an icy look and she went silent.

The wild-haired man stopped fiddling and turned around, noticing the women for the first time. His face registered surprise and...worry?

“Dr. Vostok, is the machine ready?” Ivan asked.

“I, uh, well, yes, but I must register again—”

“Got it.” Ivan motioned Claire towards the nearest chair. “Sit down.”

With a gun pointed directly at her belly, Claire could do little but comply. Reluctantly, she sat down. Ivan tied her hands to the armrests with two thick pieces of rope and pushed her head back, holding her in place as Dr. Vostok nervously adjusted the straps of the helmet tightly over her auburn hair. When it was done she couldn’t even turn her head.

“I’m sorry about this,” Dr. Vostok whispered to her, then stood back.

Ivan turned to Ella. “Your turn.”

“What? But baby, I—”

"I know," Ivan stepped towards her and took her chin in two fingers, caressing her, "You did good. You got our little rat. But there's one more thing you gotta do. Sit in the chair."

His fingers tightened on her face and his eyes turned cold. There was no disobeying that voice. Ella sulked, but there was fear in her eyes. Ivan released her and she slid to the other chair. She sat facing Claire as Ivan tied her up as well and Dr. Vostok adjusted the helmet over her head.

As the doctor began fiddling with the machine, Ivan stepped back and turned to Ella. "You're a good girl, baby, but you got a bad drug problem. And I got a bad snitch problem. I'm gonna solve both our troubles." Ivan turned to the doctor. "Do it."

The doctor pushed a series of buttons with trembling fingers and the hum of the machine grew louder. Pressure began building in Claire's head. The force pounded against her skull, grew heavier, denser, and then there was an explosion—an impact felt rather than heard—and then her consciousness was ripped from her body, floating weightlessly through the air. In less than a second, she was back down to earth. She could feel the weight of the chair beneath her butt, the cold wood of the armrest beneath each hand. There was a taste of metal in her mouth and the world was blurry. She also felt...restless and giddy, like she had a million thoughts at once and wished she could slow them down. Everything seemed surreal, funny. Claire blinked several times until her vision sharpened into focus. The first thing she saw was herself, her own body, sitting in the chair across from where she now sat, still tied up with the helmet on her head.

The machine itself was silent.

"Ella?" Ivan asked, approaching Claire's body.

"Lookee me!" Claire's body smiled.

"What's wrong with her?" Ivan growled.

"Extreme giddiness and loss of equilibrium are symptoms of the swap. They'll pass in a minute as the minds adjust."

"Get her out of that thing," Ivan ordered.

Dr. Vostok stepped forward and unstrapped the helmet from Claire's body as Ivan untied her ropes. Claire watched in horror as her own body moved without her, controlled by someone else and displaying different mannerisms. Inexplicably, she laughed..

Ivan helped Ella to her feet and she braced herself against him, waving her new fingers in the air and looking at her body in amazement.

"I'm a cop!" Ella squealed. "You're all under arrest!" She dissolved into a fit of laughter. Claire joined in, the whole situation was like a dream, a true out of body experience.

Ella looked up at her old body, at Claire. "Oh, wow, is that what I looked like?"

"How do you feel?" Dr. Vostok asked.

"I feel...amazing. Like I could take over the fucking world. Look at this shit, I feel strong as fuck." She'd regained her feet as Claire felt her own sense of goodwill fading, replaced with a deepening terror as the initial side effects of the swap wore off.

"I knew you'd like it," Ivan said. "You've left all your old problems with that." He pointed at Claire. "You're clean, you're fit, and you're going to make us a ton of money." He leaned down and kissed her. Claire struggled against the straps as she watched her former body kiss Ivan. Dr. Vostok approached and unstrapped Claire's helmet.

"I didn't mean for any of this to happen," he whispered, "It's my daughter, she's—"

“Get away from her, doc,” Ivan ordered. “I’ve got something she needs to see.”

Claire stared at her reflection in the mirror of the interrogation room. Ella's thin face stared back, dark circles under her eyes, messy blonde hair falling over her shoulders. Her skin felt like it was crawling with bugs. She wanted to swat them away but she was handcuffed to the table. She'd been deposited here by Jake, then left alone to stew in her own thoughts while the cops decided how to handle her. Claire knew the drill well, she'd just never been on the receiving end before.

Claire's thoughts were frantic, bouncing back and forth and never settling. Her head was pounding and her mouth was dry. If only she could think straight, she thought she might be able to figure out a way to escape. But mostly, she was wishing she'd had a chance to do that last hit before Ella had found her. Her body was craving it.

The door opened and Jake entered, followed by Ella in Claire's body. She was holding a folder; her own police file no doubt. Claire wanted to wipe the goddamn smirk off her own face. Ella sat down across the table from Claire while Jake reached over and un-cuffed her.

He smiled reassuringly. "That feel any better?"

Claire sat back and rubbed her raw wrists, nodding silently. Jake was good cop. She knew how this would go down; she could handle this. If only her heart wasn't pounding and she weren't slick with sweat. Claire recognized the early symptoms of withdrawal and knew it would only get worse if she couldn't get out of here.

"So, Ella, we want to help you," Jake began. It took several seconds before Claire realized he was talking to her. "But you have to help us. We know you've seen some things."

Ella flipped open the file and shuffled through the pages. "You've been in here before. Prostitution. Drugs. Assault."

Jake was looking at Claire and didn't notice that Ella wasn't reading the papers, just reeling off the charges from memory.

Ella continued, "Burglary. More prostitution. How many guys did you fuck on the street for your last hit?" That goddamn smirk again. But she was right.

Jake shot Ella a quick glance as Claire squirmed uncomfortably in her chair. How many people *had* been inside this body? How many guys had this mouth sucked off? How many hands on these tits? Claire hung her head, hiding her face behind her curtain of hair, feeling dirty and pathetic. She clutched her arms across her stomach beneath her ridiculously large boobs and scratched almost subconsciously, trying to stop the crawling feeling all over her skin as she stared down at her bulbous breasts.

"Look, Ella," Jake jumped in. "We're not here to hurt you. We're the ones who want to protect you." He slid a black and white surveillance photo of Ivan across the table to her. "Have you seen this man?"

Claire's mind was racing, thoughts colliding. She kept her arms crossed, scratching herself with each hand. It felt like goddamn bugs were all over her body. This had to end, she had to try.

“This man switched our bodies. I'm *her*,” Claire said, pointing desperately at Ella. “You have to believe me!”

“Whoa, whoa, it's okay,” Jake said, holding both hands up, palms out in the universal sign for 'calm down crazy person'.

Ella laughed. “Shit, this bitch is high as fuck.”

Jake again shot her a look. Ella clearly wasn't doing such a great job impersonating Claire. On the other hand, Claire wasn't doing such a great job impersonating sanity.

“Is she right, Ella?” Jake asked. “Are you high right now?”

Claire took a deep breath and ran both hands through her scraggly hair, trying to calm herself, before shaking her head. It was hard to concentrate with her body screaming for another hit but a thought struggled through her brain. She *did* have some answers Jake wanted. “No. I— No. I was just— I know this guy. This is Ivan. I've seen him a lot.”

Ella's eyes turned hard and she sat up. “This bitch doesn't know what she's talking about.”

“This *bitch*,” Claire grinned, “is Ivan's girlfriend. All it took was a couple of cheap implants.” Claire grabbed a tit and jiggled it as she stared hard at Ella.

“We're not getting anywhere with this,” Ella said. “Look at her, she's tweaking out.”

Claire forced herself to stop scratching, but she kept glancing down at her arms, convinced there were bugs on her. And why was the room running hot and cold? She was soaked with sweat.

Ella turned to Jake. “I think a little detox tonight in the cell would do her good.”

“No,” Claire cried anxiously, “I'll tell you everything I know. Ivan's a drug dealer. I saw him kill someone.”

“You saw it?” Jake asked. “Who?”

“It was a...a doctor...” Claire racked her brain. “Dr. Vostok! He had a machine and he... something happened to him. I think he shot him.”

“Dr. Vostok shot someone?” Jake asked, writing the name down.

“No. Ivan did. Or something. He's dead.”

“Ivan's dead?”

“No. Dr. Vostok is dead.”

Jake turned to Ella and nodded towards the door. They both stood and went out into the hallway. Claire put her head in her hands, a tear rolling down her cheek. It wasn't even her cheek goddamn it. Not her tear. Not anything of hers. And was Dr. Vostok dead? It was so hard to remember when all she wanted was that sweet oblivion at the bottom of a needle or even the last bit of sludge in her pipe. That would make everything feel good. She could be comfortable in Ella's much-used body if she could just get to the refuge of the drugs. Her arms were trembling and a sudden cramp hit her stomach as the withdrawal symptoms grew worse.

Ella came back into the room, a wicked smile on her face. “Your partner agrees with me. You're going to spend the night in a cell down here and get sober. Better you than me.”

Claire didn't have the strength to resist as Ella awkwardly handcuffed her and marched her through the precinct. Ella handed her over to the night guard, who un-cuffed her and led her into her own cell. Claire collapsed into a cot as fever overtook her. She spent the night alternating between

boiling and freezing, tossing the thin covers off herself before puking on the floor, then curling up on her side in a ball. She was plagued by hallucinations, nightmares, and the memory of what had happened in the warehouse.

Dr. Vostok stepped back, still staring sadly at Claire. Her head was free but her arms were still tied to the chair. Claire stared over at her former body, watching herself make out with Ivan.

Ella, in Claire's body, had her eyes closed and her lips pressed eagerly against Ivan's own as his muscular arms wrapped around her waist. Claire could only watch helplessly as Ivan ran his hands across her former face, caressing her softly, letting his fingers trail down the nape of Ella's new neck. Ella shivered in delight and twined Claire's own hands around Ivan as he sucked on her tongue.

Ivan pulled back and stared into Claire's eyes, examining Ella's new face, her tiny slope of a nose and her full cheeks. Ella stared back up at him, a look of utter delight on her face, two dimples appearing on either side of her mouth as she smiled.

"How you feeling?" Ivan asked, stroking Claire's hair. Claire, the real Claire, struggled against her ropes.

Ella glanced over at her, then back up at Ivan. "I feel fucking amazing. My head's clear for the first time in years. I'm strong as shit. This is...amazing."

"Why don't we get a better look at that body?" Ivan asked.

He slowly unbuttoned Claire's shirt, revealing her body inch by inch: the graceful dip in her neck, the swell of her breasts, the rounded cups of her bra, her trim stomach. Ivan helped Ella slip out of her shirt and let his hands wander down her smooth arms as he admired her body. Ella looked down at herself, at her much smaller—but much more natural—breasts, then up to Claire. Ella winked as she reached behind her back, unclasped her bra and dropped it on the ground. Claire's breasts bobbed free on her small frame, her slight curves hanging lightly from her chest.

"Damn, girl," Ella said to Claire, "why didn't you show your body off more? I'm not gonna make that mistake."

Ella wrapped her fingers around her new breasts and squeezed gently. "Shit, I forgot how soft real titties are."

Ivan smiled as he, too, brought his thick fingers up to her breasts and they both caressed Claire's body. Claire felt queasy watching the mobster and the prostitute explore her skin, grabbing and pinching her stolen body. Ivan brought his head down and wrapped his lips around one of Ella's nipples, already red as a strawberry and growing erect. Ella tossed Claire's head back and sighed as Ivan tasted her body, his other hand wandering down and around her ass, pulling her close. He moved from nipple to nipple, enjoying himself as he feasted on Claire's body. Ella's sighs grew in pitch, her eyes closed and her head rolled back as Ivan teased her stolen body into fiery ecstasy.

Ivan continued to suckle Claire's tits as his hands slid down to her pants. He unbuttoned them and pushed them down Claire's thighs, his fingers sliding back up her legs to caress the soft mound beneath Claire's light pink panties. He pressed lightly against the fabric, stroking Claire's pussy through her panties as Ella bit her lip and moaned softly.

Then her panties were pulled down, the coarse, dark hair of her slit revealed to Claire from where she sat in her chair. She could only watch in disgust as Ivan's fingers pressed inside her former body, stretching her pussy lips wide before disappearing inside. Ella shivered again as ecstasy flooded through her.

Ivan burrowed his fingers inside Claire's cunt, pressing harder, rubbing, and then Ella's eyes shot open and she gasped, her breath hitching in her throat as pleasure sparked through her. Ivan withdrew, his fingers wet with Claire's dew. Ella took Ivan's hand and guided his fingers into her mouth, gazing deeply into his eyes as she sucked Claire's musk off her own fingers. Ivan smiled and unbuttoned his pants, slowly turning Ella around so her back was to him and she was facing Claire.

"I've always wanted to fuck the police as much as they fuck me," Ivan smiled.

Ella laughed, her eyes gleaming as she leaned against the machine and stared at Claire, her back arched out behind her, showing off Claire's perfect, rounded ass for Ivan's pleasure. The muscles of her legs and arms stood out in the sharp shadows thrown by the light. Ivan's cock was freed, one hand stroking slowly as he fixed his eyes on Claire's ass. He gripped her with one hand and slowly guided himself between Claire's legs and against her pussy with the other, and with one quick thrust he impaled her on his cock as she cried out and quivered around him. Ivan wrapped his thick fingers through Ella's hair and forced her head back as he withdrew slightly before burrowing back inside her.

Ella closed her eyes in bliss as Ivan worked himself faster, harder, pounding deeper inside Claire's body and they grew to a rhythm. The slap of Ivan's groin against Claire's ass filled the small space. Ella's whole body rocked up and down, her tits bobbing to the rhythm of Ivan's dick as he held her up by her hair. He yanked her head back hard as he pounded and thrust deep, powerful strokes into Claire's stolen body, taking out his anger at Claire as Ella lapped up the abuse.

Her breathing sped up and she cried out in total lust, her voice rising in pitch with each thrust, making Claire sound like a pornstar in the throes of ecstasy until finally Ivan pulled back Ella's head hard and grunted, forcing her off balance and back deep onto his cock, filling her with the heat of his cum. She came, too, impaled by Ivan's dick and held upright by the hand clutching her hair. The real Claire watched her former body shiver in orgasm, watched her former legs swaying, weak with desire.

When Ivan was done he let Ella down slowly and withdrew. She leaned against the machine, panting, as Ivan zipped up his pants.

"Get dressed," he ordered. Intimacy was apparently over.

Ella struggled back into her clothes as Claire hung her head, ashamed at what she'd just seen her own body do. Dr. Vostok sat frozen at the edge of the circle of light..

"Thank you, Dr. Vostok." Ivan said.

Ivan drew a gun from his jacket and shot the doctor, who fell to the ground beside Claire, writhing and gasping for air.

"Had to get rid of my little liabilities." He grinned at Ella. "This is our little secret, right?"

"What about her?" Ella asked.

Ivan handed her the gun. "What do you want to do with the traitor?"

Ella hefted the gun in one hand and turned her attention to Claire.

Claire stared at the gun, sick with fear but, after a moment's consideration, Ella lowered the gun and laughed, "She can burn." She kicked the industrial lamp onto a nearby crate crammed with fabric and

it instantly caught fire. The hungry flames licked the nearby boxes, spreading quickly through the dry, closely stacked wooden containers.

“You're a stone cold bitch,” Ivan said, smiling in awe. “I love it.” He took her hand and they headed for the door as Claire, still tied securely to her chair, watched the fire close in.

Claire opened her eyes slowly. Her teeth ached, her tongue felt thick, her head felt stuffy, and she was staring up at a plain, white ceiling set with fluorescent lights. The demon was gone. The craving that had dominated Ella's body was dulled and her mind was sharper than it had been since she'd found herself in this form.

She slowly pushed her way up into a sitting position. Her stomach still ached but she was sure there was nothing left in it. Everything that had been inside appeared to be all over the floor. She wrinkled her nose at the smell. Fuck, that was awful. But she was free of her addiction, for now anyway. There was a part of her that kept yearning for that sweet rush of pleasure, but it was not so immediate, easier to ignore.

Ella appeared at the door of Claire's cell, flanked by a guard. Claire watched her own tiny nose wrinkle at the mess. "Christ, that's disgusting. Get her out of there."

The guard began unlocking the cell, complaining under his breath about the mess .

"Make the next shift clean it up," Ella snapped.

Claire made her way carefully around the puke in her bare feet. When she got close enough, Ella grabbed her hands, jerked her forward and snapped on the handcuffs. Claire stared down in surprise at her hands cuffed in front of her; Ella obviously wasn't aware of procedures.

"Come on. We're going on a little trip." Ella dragged Claire down the hallway and out into the main offices of the precinct. Claire kept her eyes down as she was marched past her old colleagues.

"There she is!" someone called out, to general applause. Claire looked up to see most of the precinct clapping for Ella as she waved and acted bashful. "The woman who took down the Carter family!" Mario from the drug squad called out, smiling with glee.

Claire's mind reeled. *The Carters?* They were the only dealers in the city moving more product than Ivan... and they'd evaded arrest for decades.

"Yeah, it's easy if you get your ass off the desk once in a while," Ella retorted to laughter from the assembled crowd. "Excuse me, some of us have work to do!"

Ella led Claire through the crowd of well wishers .to the parking garage and shoved her into an unmarked black sedan. Biding her time, Claire acquiesced. Ella took a seat up front and started the car, driving them out of the station and towards downtown.

Glancing up at the rear view mirror, Claire saw her own cute face reflected back at her, smiling in delight.

"Isn't it funny?" Ella commented idly. "You do all the work and someone else gets the credit. How the fucking world always works isn't it?"

Claire kept her voice level. "So you and Ivan took down the Carters, huh?"

"Takes a dealer to catch a dealer."

“Let me guess,” Claire glared at Ella through the metal grill separating them, “now you're going to take over his territory, and then move on to someone else? Corner the market with the NYPD acting as your muscle?”

“You got brains *and* a body, huh? Well, just brains now, I guess.” Ella brought up one of Claire's hands and squeezed one of her stolen breasts. ““But, you got it about right. Basically, we're going to be rich and you're going to be dead.”

By now they'd reached a section of derelict buildings. Ella cruised down a deserted alleyway and stopped the car about halfway down, leaving the engine running.

“I should've shot you in that warehouse; now's my chance to finish the job.” Ella got of the car, and drew her gun. Gun leveled at Claire through the window, she opened the back door. “Get out of the car.”

Claire exhaled slowly. Ella wasn't going to kill her in the vehicle; too much mess and too many questions. How far away from the car before she pulled the trigger? Ten feet? Five?

Claire got to her feet and Ella shoved her down the alley past the front of the car. “Move.”

Ella had the barrel of her gun pressed hard against Claire's back. Rookie mistake. It told Claire exactly where the gun was.

Claire pretended to stumble and, for a split second, the gun left her back. Before Ella could react, Claire dodged to the side and slammed her hands into the gun. It went off with a sharp BANG, the bullet ricocheting off a brick wall. Still in motion, Claire drove an elbow into Ella's stomach and twisted her arm behind her back, jerking Ella's elbow up. With a gasp, Ella dropped the gun. Kicking Ella away down the alley, Claire picked up the gun and leveled it at Ella's head.

“What are you going to do?” Ella sneered. “Shoot yourself?”

Claire cocked the gun. “If I have to. I'll shoot us both. Better dead than a druggie mole.”

Fear flickered in Ella's eyes and she stayed silent.

Claire kept her eyes locked on Ella and slowly backed down the alley towards the car. Feeling for the door handle, she opened the driver's door, jumped in and reversed quickly down the alley. Ella ran after her, shouting obscenities Claire couldn't hear in the sound-proofed interior. She squealed the car out of the alley and drove away. Somewhere. Anywhere. It would take a little while before Ella could contact anyone to tell them what happened and put out an alert. Claire had some time, now all she needed was a plan.

Claire struggled against the ropes as the fire crept closer. Her new body was wiry, her wrists thinner, but still the ropes held her tight to the chair. There was nothing sharp to rub the ropes against, the chair was bolted to the floor, and the heat from the flames was licking her face. She was going to die in someone else's body and no one would ever know.

And then Dr. Vostok was rising with effort from the floor beside her, blood seeping from the wound in his chest. He'd left a red smear on the floor as he'd crawled towards her, gripped the arm rests of her chair and hauled himself painfully up to his knees. In his hand he held a screwdriver, which he thrust into the fibers of the rope, working it back and forth. Slowly, slowly the rope began to fray. He grunted with exertion; it was clearly taking everything he had to hold himself upright and hack at the rope. A strand came loose and he thrust harder, trying to chop with the sharp point of the screwdriver.

Claire could do nothing but watch his desperate struggles as the fire drew nearer, the air growing hot and choking.

Another strand of rope came loose. Claire gritted her teeth and pulled with all her might, struggling to snap the remaining strands. As her hand finally broke free, Dr. Vostok collapsed to the floor. Wiggling down, she grabbed the screwdriver and chopped at the other rope. The heat on her back was fierce and closing in fast. She was sure she'd be engulfed in flames any second.

And then finally she was free.

The fire had nearly surrounded them and the smoke was blinding. Claire sensed rather than saw a tiny opening in the flames on the other side of the machine but it wouldn't be open much longer. If she didn't get out quickly, she'd be trapped.

Claire knelt and grabbed hold of Dr. Vostok, dragging him towards the opening. Her body was so much weaker now, sickly and ineffective. She couldn't drag him more than a few feet before she had to stop. Sweat was pouring down her face, both from the effort and the hungry flames.

"I'm sorry," Dr. Vostok mumbled. "Leave me."

"No, we can get out of here."

Claire was choking, the suffocating smoke filling her eyes and mouth, but she grabbed Dr. Vostok's collar and dragged him a little farther.

"Let me go. Save yourself. I didn't want to give this to him...but my daughter. Please...make sure Laura is safe..."

His eyes closed. Claire fell to her knees, choking in the hot blaze. This body wasn't built to fight, to struggle. It would be so easy to give up. Just let the smoke fill her lungs and end her exhaustion.

But damn it, Claire wasn't going to let Ella destroy her reputation. She wasn't going to let the bad guy win. And there was Dr. Vostok's daughter to protect. He'd done this to her against his will and then tried to save her. She needed to live long enough to return the favor.

She rose to her feet and crouched, stumbling away from the fire. She could hear the flames crackling behind her, destroying the warehouse...destroying the machine. There was no way back to her own body.

She threaded her way out of the warehouse, half-blind, going by instinct, just moving away from the wall of flame that seemed to be following her. She was gasping and choking. Her eyes and lungs burned, her vision was blurry as she tried to stay low to avoid the worst of the smoke. Finally, she burst through a side door and out into the crisp night air of the docks.

She never thought she'd be so happy to smell old fish.

Claire collapsed in the shadows and listened to the sirens closing in. Her body was aching with more than exhaustion; it screamed with deep, desperate desire. She needed a hit more than anything now. All she wanted was a release from this madness. As the emergency crews rushed in, Claire snuck away. She knew where she could find drugs and her body moved instinctively towards one of Ella's favorite haunts.

As Claire half staggered down the street, people gave her suspicious looks, taking care to stay well back when she passed. A couple lowlifes approached her, whispering, "How much?" But Claire kept her eyes on the ground and ignored them, even as they yelled, "Fucking slut!" behind her back.

She paused to look at her reflection in a bar window and Ella's haunted face stared back at her. She had dark circles under her eyes, her face was drawn and her blonde hair hung in stringy tangles down her back. Her large, fake breasts were covered only by a dirty pink crop top and a lightweight jacket. She looked like a hooker. Christ, she *was* a hooker now. And she was, all of a sudden, freezing. She turned and broke into a desperate run..

When she reached the large apartment building, she hurried up the front steps. The blank windows, empty of glass and sagging with rot, gaped down on her like a vacant face, swallowing her up as she entered the darkened hallway. She made her way upstairs. She knew Zeke would be there. Zeke was always there. It was Zeke who'd introduced her to Ella in this same place.

"Ella," Zeke grinned, his scruffy face beaming with delight. "To what do I owe the honor?"

"I need a hit," Claire croaked, desperation in her voice.

"Don't we all?" Zeke laughed. He never used his own stuff. Bad for business. "What do you have for me?"

Claire had no money and no pride. All she had was a shaking desire for release. And a body that was already making Zeke hard.

So, without saying a word, she dropped to her knees in front of Zeke. He didn't move as she scabbled for his pants, pulling down his zipper to reveal his fat cock. It hung down in front of her nose, rising even as she stared at it.

"Hold on." Zeke reached over and shoved Claire's bra down, freeing her fake tits. His fingers squeezed her sensitive nipple as she wrapped her fingers around his cock, hating herself as she lifted it to her lips. She opened her mouth and swallowed him. He tasted musky and masculine and he was growing even as she held him in her mouth. His cock soon filled her throat, throbbed against her tongue.

She took him in, forcing her lips down his shaft until his head hit the back of her throat. Choking, she tried pulling away but his hand clamped onto the back of her head, grabbing her hair. "Keep going," he ordered, thrusting her back down his now rock hard cock.

Claire slid Ella's lips up and down, faster and faster as Zeke used her for his pleasure. The pressure on her head forced her lips down, down, until her nose was buried in his pubic hair, then he yanked

her back up so that she was holding just the thick head between her lips. The salty taste of precum landed on her tongue and she swallowed it. God help her, it tasted good.

Up and down she slid in a messy blowjob, swallowing him and withdrawing until his cock was slick and saliva ran down her chin. He wasn't guiding her anymore; he didn't need to. She was blowing him eagerly, taking him all in, holding his warmth inside her as she undulated her tongue against the underside of his shaft, then gliding her tongue up, up as he groaned above her. "Fuck. Good girl."

She looked up at him as she worked his cock. His eyes were closed, his mouth open in pleasure. Claire focused on the task at hand, trying to ignore the hunger growing in her body. She was just a cocksucking whore now. As the thought passed through her mind, Zeke grunted and came, forcing her head down his shaft once more. She tried to swallow the seed as it shot into her mouth but choked; felt the warm cum slide down her chin even as she swallowed as much as she could, his hands trapping her around his cock. She didn't have the strength to fight him, just swallowed great gulping mouthfuls of his hot seed until he was finished and softened in her mouth.

He finally released her, tucking himself back into his pants as Claire wiped her mouth with her fingers. She felt dirty and used but it was all worth it when he threw her a small baggie filled with some sticky brown goop. Avoiding eye contact, she took it and made her way upstairs to a dirty mattress and a room with a water stain on the ceiling that looked like a laughing demon. There she washed away all her thoughts and cares.

Claire had ditched the unmarked police car in an empty downtown street and made her way to Jake's apartment building. The gun she'd stolen from Ella was tucked into the waistband of her pants. She'd zipped her jacket over it to hide it and felt the metal pressing into her scrawny hips at each step. Her handcuffed hands, too, were hidden beneath her zipped jacket.

When she reached Jake's building she buzzed his apartment, angrily, annoyingly, leaning on the buzzer for a whole minute. No answer. Good. She hadn't expected one but she had to be sure.

She buzzed another apartment at random.

“What?” a man's staticky voice replied from the intercom.

“Hey, it's me,” Claire said. “I lost my keys.”

“Who the hell is this?”

Claire hung up on him and dialed another unit. It only took her three tries until some stranger buzzed her inside.

She made her way up four flights of stairs to Jake's unit. She'd been here many times before, usually late nights or early mornings after a particularly grueling case. Co-workers with benefits, as it were. Jake was the clingy one, Claire just needed a quick release and Jake was...well, he wasn't quick in all the ways that counted.

There was no one in the hallway on his floor and no one interrupted her as she jimmed open his lock with a screwdriver she'd stolen from the construction site next door. She paused after opening the door, but all was dark and quiet within. She slipped into the apartment and closed the door behind her.

God, the place smelled like *him*. He'd been her only contact for weeks while she was undercover. His voice on the phone reassuring her, his gentle pats during their face to face meetings. Those meetings had become rarer as Claire had dug deeper into her cover. She'd forgotten how much she missed him. No, that wasn't true. She never knew how much she'd missed him. And now, here she was, a stranger in a strange body who had just broken into his place. He would have to understand. She'd make him.

Jake's apartment was only one bedroom; the kitchen separated from the living room only by a small island. Claire took her time, examining Jake's handwritten notes to himself—Washing powder!—and letting her hands drift along the back of his futon. What would he think of her in this oversexualized body?

Claire sat on the futon to wait for him, the gun perched in her lap. The blood red sunset peeked through the blinds and sent thin shafts of light across the floor. She closed her eyes against the glare and she must have dozed off because, when she next opened her eyes, it was dark and she was lying across the futon. Voices were coming from just outside the door. It sounded like Jake and someone else.

Claire hadn't counted on Jake having guests. She pushed herself off the couch, grabbed the gun and scampered into the bedroom just as the front door flew open. Claire quietly hid in Jake's closet, nestled against his button down shirts. From her hidden vantage point she could see the bed through the slats, but not the door.

The voices were approaching the bedroom. There were muffled noises and a dull thump as they careened into the wall. Then the light in the bedroom flicked on and Claire saw her own body wrapped around Jake, their lips pressed together as their hands flew across each other's body, ripping off clothing and tossing it to the floor.

It took all of Claire's self control to not step out shooting. That bitch had stolen her body and now she was stealing her lover. Her grip on the gun tightened as she watched.

Ella's back was to Claire, allowing Claire to see her own shapely buttocks and the graceful curves of her muscular thighs. Jake's solid frame was pressed hard against Ella, the shadows thrown by the ceiling light playing over the hard lines of abs. Jake's hand slid around and clamped onto Ella's ass, his biceps bulging as he squeezed. Ella caught a glimpse of her former rounded breasts in profile, before Jake brought his mouth to her nipple and sucked. His other hand slid between her legs and Ella moaned like a whore at his touch.

Claire felt her breath hitch. Watching her body being manipulated by a stranger was incredibly invasive...but painfully erotic. She didn't know if it was a symptom of withdrawal or just Ella's natural tendencies, but her new body was growing warm watching the scene in front of her. Claire shifted slightly in the closet and slipped her hand into her pants. Her fingers slid across the coarse hair of Ella's trimmed pubic hair, only hesitating as she reached her new sex. But Ella's moans were sinking deep inside her, triggering something primal, and Claire penetrated her new body for the first time, felt her own warmth surround her. She knew it was dangerous, ridiculous, but *God*, she needed it.

Claire's own fingers pressed lightly inside Ella's body as she watched Jake's fingers disappear into her former body's swollen sex, watched as he moved in slow circles and Ella gasped and clamped his head to her breasts. Ella let him circle inside as his tongue licked her breast until, laughing, she pushed him back onto the bed. They were both clearly enjoying Claire's body. Jake looked up from the bed and smiled at Ella. Ella's gaze dropped to the beautiful curve of his cock. Claire couldn't tear her eyes away as Ella straddled Jake and guided him inside her, sighing as he disappeared into her wet heat. Claire sighed with her, felt Ella's strange body growing wet, and she slipped her fingers harder against her clit. Jake began slowly, rhythmically thrusting up and down as Ella rode him, growing in tempo along with Ella's rising gasps. From the closet, Claire kept tempo with them both, biting her lip to stifle her own moans. Her fingers landed on her clit—so sensitive!—and she threw her head back as her body was racked with an orgasm for the first time. Ella's orgasms were intense, filling her entire body, before dissipating to a steady thrumming need.

Ella grabbed Jake's hands and placed them on her breasts. "Squeeze my nipples," she gasped as she rode him. Claire listened as the cries from her own body grew louder, heard her own voice demand Jake pinch her harder, harder, abusing her stolen body. Claire's fingers pulsed inside herself, harder and faster, the tension winding through her body and then Ella threw her head back and cried as she came, her body shaking with orgasm. Her cries were joined by Jake's own groans as he raised his hips and embedded himself deep inside her, lifting her off the bed with the force of his thrust as he emptied himself into Ella's stolen body. Claire came with them from her hiding place as the tension burst and pleasure poured through her, emanating from the heat between her legs and rebounding through her as she rubbed her new pussy hard and fast, moaning between her clenched lips, her own moans covered by Ella's cries. She was wet. So wet. Her fingers dripping with her own juices as she pushed Ella's body over the edge and came in a knuckle grinding, body-paralyzing orgasm.

The tension fled from Jake's body and he fell back onto the bed. Ella rested her hands on his chest,

breathing hard. She slid her hand between her legs and raised her shiny fingers to her mouth. She giggled coquettishly and sucked their mingled essences off her finger.

Claire left her fingers still inside herself, pressed into her velvety folds, afraid to move for fear she would make a noise that would give her away. The echoes of her own pleasure slowly dissipated. *God*, Claire thought, *What the hell did I just do?*

Ella rolled off Jake and stood. "That was fun, but I've got to get going."

She started hunting for her clothes as Jake propped himself up on one arm. "Really?"

"Really. I've got some...friends to meet." She pulled on her pants and top, then leaned down to kiss him on the lips. "That was fun. We should do it again sometime."

She was halfway out the door when she paused and looked back. "Any lead on that Vostok guy yet?"

Jake hesitated for the barest fraction before shaking his head. "Nope."

"Ok. Let me know if you find anything."

Ella walked out, leaving Jake visibly confused. Claire sat in the closet, biting her lip, replaying in her mind everything she'd just seen. It had been like watching a porno starring herself. She was stunned, angry, and still very horny. Claire gathered her thoughts as she watched Jake head into the bathroom and listened to the shower running.

Decision made, she stepped out of the closet and sat on the bed facing the bathroom door. A few minutes later the shower turned off and Claire gripped the gun in her lap a little tighter. Then the bathroom door opened and Jake stepped out wearing nothing but a towel and a look of surprise. He recovered quickly.

"Easy now," he said, raising his hands.

Claire could see every muscle in his arms, his beautifully sculpted abs, the soulfulness of his eyes. Ella's body wanted to fuck him right there. "Don't move."

"You're the girl we picked up yesterday. The one who escaped custody. Ella, right?"

"Stop. Don't say anything else. Just listen."

He nodded.

Claire continued, "I'm not Ella, I'm Claire. The woman who was just here switched our bodies."

Claire told him about Dr. Vostok's machine, about the warehouse fire, about the promise she'd made to keep Dr. Vostok's daughter safe, about Ella turning in the other drug bosses so she and Jovovic could corner the market. When she was done there was a pause as she watched Jake try to process her story.

"Look...Claire," he said eventually, "look at it from my perspective. The whole thing sounds impossible. Do you have any evidence?"

Claire shook her head. "No. All I have is your gut. You were right about the warehouse; it was a trap. Last year, you were right about Jonah the Snitch being untrustworthy. You were right about Debbie in payroll being shady. You were right about that buffet at that Thai place on 7th Street being a bad idea."

She watched his eyes widen as she rattled off info only she could know. "You know the truth when you see it." Claire placed the gun on the floor and slid it towards him. Running her hand through her hair, she looked up at him. "I trust your gut."

“Jesus. You move like Claire.” Jake picked up the gun and hefted it, staring down at Claire. “You talk like Claire.” He sat beside her on the bed, the gun in his lap. After a moment he grabbed his pants from the floor and pulled the keys out of the pocket. Leaning over, he released Claire's cuffs, his body pressing against her own.

He smelled so clean, so masculine. Claire felt her body warming at his closeness.

“I thought...” Jake continued, “When you came back...you were different...I thought it was just being undercover.” He stared deep into her eyes, as if trying to find the real Claire. His rugged face was so close to hers, his big brown eyes searching, intelligent. “Jesus. Claire?”

She wrapped her arms around him and wept with great hitching sobs of relief. After the briefest of pauses, he put an arm around her and held her, patting her gently as she cried onto his naked shoulder. The horror of being trapped as someone else, and fear that Jake wouldn't believe her, released in a flood. After a few minutes, Claire got herself under control and was able to pull away and wipe her eyes.

“God, Claire...you're...you're...” Jake trailed off, looking her up and down in astonishment.

Claire smiled through the last of her tears and shrugged. She was conscious of the dirty jacket, the tight strip of fabric that held her breasts in place but left her stomach bare. The constricting pants that hugged her slim figure. She wasn't the cop next door anymore.

“I'm a stripper with fake tits now.” She barked a quick burst of laughter. “Anyway...we need to find Dr. Vostok's daughter.”

Jake nodded. “I was looking into it and I've got a few leads on possible addresses. I was waiting to go without Claire—Ella, I mean. There was something I didn't quite trust. I guess, now I know why.”

Ella hopped up. “Let's go, then!”

Jake rose slowly, a tight smile on his face. “Maybe you should...uh...you want to shower first?”

It was the first shower she'd had since she'd been switched with Ella and it was wonderful. She washed and scrubbed her body with Jake's soap and a washcloth, her hands sliding across the unfamiliar curves until her skin was pink and the bathroom was filled with steam. She stepped out, smelling like Jake and looking like Ella. She toweled herself off, running her hands down her slender legs, over the short thatch of hair leading down to her transformed sex, over her bony thighs and her stomach, her ribs sticking out beneath her pallid skin. Finally, her hands came to her fake breasts.

They were round. More round than breasts had any right to be, and very firm, the skin stretched tight across the implants. Heavy. And big. Bigger than her hands when she brought them up to push and prod. She was going to have back problems if she had to carry these around for the rest of her life.

Claire wiped away the fog from the bathroom mirror and looked at her new face. Ella looked much prettier now she'd been cleaned up. Her aquiline face was still slightly sallow, a consequence of too many drugs and too much crap food, but she looked a little less haunted. If Ella had taken better care of herself, she'd be a knockout. Instead, she'd turned to drugs and sex and...Claire shook her head, trying to chase away her thoughts of what this body had been through.

When she emerged from the bathroom, she found that Jake had left some clothes on the bed: a gray t-shirt, a pair of jeans and a belt. Picking up the shirt she brought it to her nose and sniffed Jake's wonderful, woody scent. It instantly reminded her of the nights spent in bed together, the days in the

office and out on the streets.

Jake's clothes were huge on Claire's tiny frame. The shirt stretched tight across her breasts and billowed out over her tummy. She was able to make herself look presentable by tucking the shirt into her pants and tightening the belt all the way. Her nipples stuck out from beneath the shirt and the pants were baggy, but it was as good as she was going to get in men's clothing. Claire tied Ella's long, blonde hair in a ponytail using a rubber band from Jake's desk. She took one last look at herself in the mirror, feeling better about her body now that she'd cleaned herself up.

When she came out into the living room Jake did a double take, probably as surprised as Claire had been to find such a pretty woman hiding beneath all the hard living.

"Feeling better?" he asked, handing her a cup of coffee.

"Much," she said, sipping gratefully. It tasted a little bitter, possibly the result of her different taste buds. She wondered how many hundreds of other things she'd find different in her new body. "So where's Dr. Vostok's daughter?"

"Hard to say. Dr. Vostok moved around a lot. Looks like he had some money problems."

"Not surprising. Probably why he started working for Jovovic."

"Yeah. I've got three possible addresses. I guess we just start looking."

Jake drove the unmarked car while Claire sat in the back. She felt like a prisoner again, but they'd both agreed it was for the best. If Jake saw anyone from the force, it would be hard to explain why one of their suspects, who'd escaped custody, was sitting in the front seat wearing one of Jake's own coats.

The first two places were busts. The neighbors hadn't seen the doctor or his daughter for months. Gossip from the next door neighbor was that they'd been kicked out for breaking their lease which, apparently, included a clause forbidding connecting directly into the power lines right outside the window and accidentally setting fire to a corner of their unit. Though not, presumably, in those specific words.

Jake kept glancing back at her in the rear view mirror as they drove to the third address.

"What?" Claire finally asked.

"I can't believe it's you in there."

"Me neither." She sighed, pulling her ponytail around to inspect her hair and smiling ruefully. "I never thought I'd be a blonde."

"Do you have her memories?"

"No. I've got all her physical urges, though. Even after the forced detox, I still have this craving for another hit."

"Sorry you had to go through that."

"No, it was probably the best thing that could have happened to me. It was even worse before. I can think more clearly now."

She let the conversation lapse into silence, not wanting to bring up the *other* urges Ella's body had. The urge to wrap her legs around Jake as he filled her. To have him take her from behind. To feel his solid manhood throbbing through her. She shifted in her seat as a spark flared up between her thighs.

“Here we are,” Jake said at last, pulling up in front of a decrepit townhouse in a seedy neighborhood. There was a light on behind a curtain-shrouded upstairs window.

They got out of the car and climbed the cracked concrete steps. The freezing winter wind whipped at Claire's borrowed coat. The solid metal of her gun, tucked into her belt at her back, gave her some comfort. She hung back while Jake rang the doorbell and, when that didn't make a sound, knocked loudly on the door. The upstairs curtains pulled back and Jake took a step back to look up.

“Laura Vostok?” Jake called up to the window. “I'm here about your father. I'm a police officer,” he said, holding up his badge. “I think you might be in danger.”

The curtains flicked closed. A few seconds later the sound of footsteps approached the door. There was a pause, and then the lock was drawn back and the door opened a crack. One dark eye of a young woman peeked out at Jake from the shadowed doorway.

“What do you know about my dad?”

“We have questions about some of his research. Can we come in and talk to you?” Jake asked, still brandishing his badge.

The young woman withdrew into the shadows and opened the door. Jake stepped through with Claire following behind. As soon as the young woman saw Claire in the light, her eyes went wide and she backed away.

“No! What is *she* doing here? She's with him!”

She ran up the stairs. Jake and Claire gave chase, as Jake called out, “Wait! I can explain!”

The woman dashed into a room and slammed the door behind her. Jake and Claire came up and stood just outside.

“Laura,” Jake said, in his best calm cop voice, “this isn't Ella. This isn't the woman you think it is. This is Claire. She's my partner. Her body was stolen using your dad's machine.”

“It's true,” Claire said to the closed door. “Jovovic and Ella tried to kill me. They destroyed the machine, and now I'm stuck as her...forever. And they...I'm sorry...they murdered your father. He told me to save you and that's what I'm trying to do.”

They could hear muffled sobbing from behind the door.

“I'm sorry,” Claire said again.

The door swung open. Laura Vostok stood in the doorway, tears running down her cheeks. Her frizzy black hair was a mess and she looked like she hadn't slept in days. She eyed Claire carefully. Finally, she said, “I knew...I knew they did...but hearing it...” She choked back another sob. “But you're wrong.”

“No. I tried to save him but he couldn't—”

Laura waved her off. “No. You're wrong about being stuck. There's a prototype swapping machine downstairs. I brought it here myself.”

As Laura led the way downstairs, Claire's heart was pounding in her chest. There was some hope after all. She could get her body back!

They turned the corner and headed down the hallway to a door near the end. Just past this doorway the hallway emptied into a kitchen, grimy black and white tiles were barely visible from the light of the dim hallway bulb. Claire stepped into the next room and saw a tangle of wires leading between two crudely fashioned helmets. The wires fed into a metal box that was studded with two switches

reading simply: “On/Off” and “Transfer”.

“Everything works. It sparks, but it works. My dad...he and I worked on it together so I know how it runs. He always thought if we could just show someone, then people would believe.” She snorted. “I guess he was right.”

“Laura, I...” Claire stepped towards her, then froze and put a finger to her lips. She drew her gun.

Jake had heard the noise of the door opening, too; he was already drawing his gun. He pointed to Claire, then to Laura, then to the door on the other wall leading into the kitchen. Claire shook her head but Jake pointed back at Laura and nodded vigorously before slowly creeping towards the hallway door. There was a creak of a floorboard from right outside the door.

Claire didn't want to leave Jake but she had to get Laura out of there. She grabbed Laura's hand and hustled her as quietly as she could out the far door and into the darkened kitchen.

“Is there another way out of here?” she whispered.

“You have to go past the hallway door,” Laura replied. Her eyes were huge and terrified. They crept towards the hallway door, the light from the doorway spilled into the darkened kitchen, leaving long shadows across the checkered tile floor.

There was a mirror hanging on one wall of the hallway. Claire could see her former body and Ivan—guns in hand—pressed against the wall just outside the room Jake was hiding in. Claire couldn't leave Jake alone. She guided Laura into the pantry.

“Stay down,” she whispered and grabbed a can off the shelf.

Laura ducked inside, making herself as small as possible as Claire tossed the can across the kitchen floor. It landed with a resounding thump. In the mirror, Claire watched her own body jerk and turn to the kitchen. Ella turned back to Ivan and mouthed something. Then they were both running, Ivan into the room where Jake was hidden and Ella into the kitchen. Claire set down her gun. She knew it was foolish but she couldn't kill Ella. Not when the way back to her own body was so close.

As soon as Ella entered the kitchen Claire grabbed Ella's hands, locking her fingers around the gun and jerking Ella's hand up. In response, Ella slammed her knee into Claire's gut, knocking the wind out of her. Her grip loosened momentarily and Ella yanked the gun away.

There was a gunshot from the other room but Claire didn't have time to think about Jake. She drove her fist up against her former chin. Her new slender fist wasn't as strong as her old but it was enough to knock Ella off balance. Ella reeled back and Claire wrapped her arms around her, struggling for the gun.

Ella fought hard, elbowing Claire in the chest and slamming into her breast. Claire howled with pain as Ella whipped around and tried to bring the gun up again but Claire kicked her hard in the shins and wrenched the gun out of her hands. Ella spilled onto the floor.

She stood slowly, laughter in her eyes.

“We've been here before. You still want to kill yourself?” Ella asked, wiping blood from the side of her mouth.

Claire fired, sending a bullet splintering into the floor at Ella's feet. “A shot in the leg is survivable.”

Ella's eyes hardened. Claire had never seen her own face twisted into such rage.

“How did you find us?” Claire asked.

Ella shrugged. “Ivan cracked a few skulls until someone gave up the doc's address. Didn't expect to

see you here..”

“Claire?” Jake's voice came from behind her.

She maneuvered around so she could see him out of the corner of her eye. He staggered towards her, one hand holding onto the wall for support, the other still holding onto his gun.

“You okay?” she asked, not taking her eyes off Ella.

“Fine.” He choked off a giggle. “Ivan's gone nighty-night.”

She felt Jake's gun coming up behind her head without seeing it. She pushed his arm away with one hand and slipped underneath it, twisting around him as his gun went off next to her ear, deafening her. She slammed the butt of her own gun into Jake's face, felt the satisfying crunch of his nose as blood splattered across his chest and he fell to the floor. She looked down at his unconscious form. If it wasn't for the side effect of giddiness she'd never have known it was Ivan in Jake's body.

There was a gurgling from across the room. Claire looked, saw her own body holding her stomach, blood soaking the front of her shirt, spilling from the sides of her mouth. She ran to Ella and dropped to her knee. It was too much blood. Too much. Even as Claire watched, Ella's breath stopped.

“Claire. Claire.”

A woman's voice in her ear. Shaking her.

“Claire. We've got to get out of here.”

Claire turned, stunned, still reeling. Laura was shaking her shoulder, a strange shifting light behind her. Claire's mouth felt filled with cotton. The world was spinning. She was dying. Her own body was dying right in front of her. She couldn't lose her body again. Not when she'd been so close. A sudden slap across her cheek brought her out of her trance. Her eyes focused on Laura. Now Claire could smell smoke. The shifting shadows were from a rapidly growing fire in the other room.

“Sparks from the machine must have set the room on fire. We have to get out of here.”

“No. Not without Jake.”

Claire grabbed Jake's unconscious body, pulling him back towards the smoking room.

“Claire!”

“No, goddammit!” she screamed. “We're not leaving Jake like this. Help me!”

Laura grabbed Jake's other arm and together they dragged him back into the room with the machine. The far wall was already on fire, fed by the dry wood and stacks of books. The heat made the room almost unbearable but they dragged Jake's body to one of the helmets and then Claire rushed to Ivan's body. His shirt was covered in blood from a bullet wound on his chest. Claire felt his pulse. Faint but still there.

With Laura's help she dragged him over and connected him to the other helmet. Smoke was filling the room, pouring from the machine itself, the rubber encasing the wires starting to smolder.

“Do it!” Claire screamed.

Laura scrambled for the switch box, choking and groping blindly. She flicked the switch. There might have been a hum, too low to be heard over the crackling of the flame.

“Did it work?” Claire demanded. Her eyes were streaked with tears and she was half blind from the acrid smoke.

Laura didn't answer, just crawled towards Jake's body and began pulling him to the door. Claire helped and together they got him out of the room. Smoke billowed through the hallway. The fire was climbing the walls, the ceiling already starting to peel with flames. The two women pulled Jake's unconscious body down the hallway, desperately trying to outrun the fire. Claire felt so small and helpless, not for the first time wishing Ella had treated her body better. She was puffing and out of breath, her legs felt heavy and every step was like trudging through molasses. She forced herself on, the door getting closer as the fire closed in, feeding on the dry timber of the house.

A beam fell from the ceiling and the floor began buckling. Just a few more steps to the doorway. There was a huge crash as another piece of the ceiling fell. Claire felt the cool night air on her back as they reached the threshold but Jake's shirt was caught on something, his body trapped half inside the open doorway.

Another loud crash signaled the roof coming down. The fire roared towards them. Claire and Laura gave one last, desperate pull and Jake came sliding out just as the roof collapsed. They pulled him down the steps and back to the car before finally toppling over, both breathing hard.

Claire's body was aching, exhausted. She turned to watch the house crumble in on itself and see any hope of returning to her body disappear. For good this time.

Claire was waiting on Jake's bed when he got home. A thin, black negligee clinging tight to her breasts and down her trim stomach. Her face had filled out in the few months she'd had this body; she no longer had the hollowed, haunted look and thin frame that had made her resemble a scarecrow. She could no longer count her ribs and her ass had become—in Jake's words—pleasantly plump. Her long blonde hair was luscious, falling down her shoulders in gentle waves.

“So,” Jake asked, a huge grin on his face, “did you get the job?”

Claire nodded. “And I thought we could celebrate.”

She stood, the negligee skimming her golden thighs, and draped her arms around Jake's neck. With a smile on her face, she kissed him, thrilling in the push of his mouth against her lips and the rasp of his stubble sliding across her soft cheek. Already her body was on fire for him; Ella's desire hadn't abated with time. And it wasn't unusual for Jake to come home to find Claire pleasuring herself and begging him to join her.

His hand reached behind her back and pulled her close, her breasts pressing hard against his chest, his erection already growing in his pants. His other hand slipped under the hem of her negligee and wandered up her thighs, stroking the light hair hiding her sex. He wasn't surprised to find her already opening and wet for him. His fingers pressed gently and she sighed in his mouth as he ran a fingertip across her budding clit.

Reaching down, she unbuckled his pants, pushing them to the floor followed by his underwear. She pushed herself into his erection, letting his manhood press hot and heavy against her belly. She was desperate for him and every touch made her body burn brighter. Their kisses grew harder, more passionate, as they stripped off the last of their clothes.

Claire lay back on the bed, her breasts bare and bobbling as Jake crawled towards her, kissing his way up from between her legs, over her tummy, his lips on her erect nipples and then back onto her mouth. His cock pressed against her warm opening and he slid inside. She gasped as he filled her, that perfect, glorious feeling of him inside her.

He withdrew and then plunged in again, sinking deep into her center. His mouth came off her lips and he bent to bite on her nipples, thrusting inside her once again as she did so. The pain burst through her, mingling with the pleasure and she thrust her thighs up towards him as she cried out lustily. Jake continued playing her now-familiar body like this and she came once, twice, the pleasure twisting through her and always leaving her wanting more, more. Her voice rose in pitch as his thrusting intensified, pounding into her body. She took him all, deep, his hot solidness striking deep inside her and then he groaned her name “Oh god, Claire” and throbbed, filling her with his seed as she climaxed around him, desire bursting from every pore, his warm body pressed hard against hers as they came and then slowed together.

He rested on top of her for a minute, his cheek on one of her breasts, then he rolled off and she snuggled against him. She was no longer on the force. It had been impossible with her body's history and no proof that she had actually been swapped with Ella. Instead, armed with her knowledge of the law, she'd started working on her degree and gotten a job with a legal firm. Her

breasts were more of a hindrance than an asset in this field, but she was sure it wasn't anything she couldn't overcome. She'd been through worse and come out on top...Or, on this particular occasion, on the bottom; didn't really matter as long as it was with Jake.

#

Dancer's Body

Like far too many things, it ultimately came down to budget. The lump sum his parents had given him as a reward for nailing the SATs was sizable—and was bolstered by an equally big check from his grandmother - the Chase family had a long tradition of rewarding nerdery—but it wasn't infinite. Ethan had been refining his search criteria on bodypossession.com for weeks, trying to find something special in his price range.

He'd come to the website some time ago: for a fee you could possess the body of anyone in their database, slip into their body, take them over and become them utterly and completely. Ethan was skeptical at first, but that all vanished when he used his 5 minute free trial to possess a member of New York City Ballet's corps de ballet. He'd had a thing for dancers and actually being one was everything he'd ever dreamed. For five minutes he was limber, fit and graceful, before being spit back into his own dull form.

Now Ethan wanted more.

Big name celebs were out. So were international and long term possessions. But that didn't concern Ethan particularly; he knew what he was looking for. And a search for 'athletic and hot' had provided a range of good (if pricey) options. His watch list currently included a college gymnast with a shot at Nationals and a high school track star with legs for days. It was a list, in essence, of people entirely unlike him. A list of people with grace and dynamism. A list of people who didn't trip over their suitcase on the first day of a family Christmas vacation to Lake Tahoe, spraining their ankle and getting themselves sent home to 'rest up and study' while their parents enjoyed themselves on the slopes.

Ethan shifted his aching leg onto a pillow, grabbed his laptop and decided to look on the bright side. His clumsiness had provided him with a week alone in the house. And, if he could find anyone affordable, he was going to make use of it. He logged on to bodypossession.com and clicked on search. Three new faces appeared, so similar that, at first, he assumed the page had glitched. He hit refresh and watched the pictures appear again - three brunettes with killer smiles and tight, taut bodies encased in matching leotards. Peering closer, he realized they were, in fact, different women - sisters, clearly, with remarkable similar taste in glittery costumes apparently.

His eyes flicked to the little banner over each picture. The bodies were untried, never before possessed and were, therefore, as the banner blared - 50% OFF for FIRST TIME USERS. Ethan felt his heart begin to race. They were in budget.

His gaze moved unerringly to picture on the left - Kimmy. The smile had a hint of something complex and driven behind the perfect facade. He scanned the intro material, his excitement ratcheting up with each new detail. She was a dancer, mid-twenties and hot as hell. And she was only a couple of miles away (the only reason a woman with a body like that was even in his price range). He'd even have enough left in the kitty to buy the bonus memories package which would allow him to mine her memories for anything useful.

Since no one had possessed her before, there were no reviews but there were pictures. A slideshow of perfect limbs and full lips and soft dark brown curls and a perfect smile. Pictures of her in

various spangly dance costumes. Pictures of her yoga class, her body flexed, strong and utterly controlled. Pictures of her near naked—just a pink thong and grin—splayed on a girly bed. Ethan's eyes traveled over the taut lines of her body, the graceful little swell of muscle, the eager points of her candy-pink nipples. Unbidden, his dick nudged his zipper and his hand reached for his credit card.

Forcing himself to slow down, he clicked over to her stats:

Age - 25.

Height - 5 foot 7.

Weight - 116 lbs.

Occupation - professional dancer (currently – The Lion King on Broadway)

Average sleep per night - 6.9 hours.

Average daily calorie intake - 1156

Relationships - None currently. Favors long term but casual relationships. Never married.

Past experience - 7 male partners, 1 female.

Wealth - comfortable to affluent

Family - father and two younger sisters (also available)

Personality - driven, responsible, determined, occasionally jealous and overly competitive, friendly, kind and gregarious

Libido - moderate to high.

Body responsiveness - high: both vaginal and clitoral orgasms, twice from nipple stimulation alone.

Special skills/features - ballet, jazz, tap, conversational Spanish, extraordinarily fit and flexible, near perfect balance, superb kegel control, no gag reflex.

He wasn't going to lose this chance. Not giving himself time to second guess, Ethan moved Kimmy to his cart and hit purchase. He sat, heart pounding, as the 'payment accepted' screen appeared, informing him that he had purchased total body experience and control of Kimmy for one week with additional memory-access enhancement.

All that remained was to input the time and date for control and Kimmy's body was his.

The last thing he'd heard was the faint click of his mouse as he pushed the 'possess' button, then it was all swirling, frenetic noise in a cavernous room. He was sitting on a small stool in a packed communal dressing room, stunned into silence as a mass of dancers swarmed in around him, filling the space, completely oblivious to his arrival.

Kimmy's memories threw up the important info - dressing room, obligations, rehearsal starting in ten minutes. He needed to change, her memory made that clear - that's what she did on a Tuesday. Swinging around, he bent over and reached down for Kimmy's workout gear. And felt it immediately - the perfect grace of her body, it's ability to stretch and move with flowing ease. Raising up he caught his first view of himself in the mirror. Surrounded by lights, there was Kimmy, hair pulled up into a ponytail, full lips shimmering with a layer of gloss, mouth dropping open ever so slightly in surprise. Ethan knew he was gaping, knew he should look away, but it was near impossible. Nothing had prepared him for the reality of actually being Kimmy, of inhaling and

feeling her chest fill. Of blinking and watching her lashes flicker. Of running a finger along her lower lip and feeling it drag, slow and sticky, through the gloss. Nothing had prepared him for the sensation of his nipples pressing against the rough fabric of her top.

“Hey, girl.” A set of arms hugged him from behind and a face appeared over his shoulder - pretty girl with big blue eyes and a grin. “Am I late?”

“Hey, Beth.” Ethan gave mental thanks for the memory upgrade. “Nope, right on time.”

Beth, Kimmy’s youngest sister and a fellow chorus girl, let him go and dropped onto the next stool. “Cool.” And, with that she pulled her top over her head, revealing a black lacy bra. “Subway was a bitch; you are so lucky you live around the corner.”

Then she unhooked the bra, and her breasts were suddenly just... there. Round and perky and right THERE. Inches from Ethan’s eyes, bouncing and moving as Beth hunted around in her bag for sports bra. He could see the cold air move across her flesh, her nips pebbling under the blast of the A/C.

Completely missing Ethan’s stupefied expression, Beth slipped on her lycra bra and asked, “Have you seen Sarah this week? She still fighting morning sickness?”

Struggling to sound casual, Ethan managed to reply, “Umm, no, second trimester now; she’s feeling good.”

“She as big as a house?”

“No.” He dredged up the response he knew Kimmy would make. “Just has a cute little baby bump. And bonus, now people can finally tell us apart.”

Beth was all mock outrage. “I can totally tell you two apart. I don’t need no stinking bump.”

Ethan raised a brow. “No you can’t, not always.”

“One time! One time I mixed you up.” Beth protested. “But, in my defense, you are the most identical twins on the planet. You’re serious freaks of nature.”

Ethan grinned because a) Beth was entertaining and b) he had two other chorus girls in his eye line. Both were stripped down to bra and panties and both were just standing there chatting, their gorgeous tight little asses reflected directly into Ethan’s mirror. Scanning the room as subtly as he could, he drank in the crush of girls: putting up their hair, pulling on leggings, stretching, chatting, spritzing scent, changing. Slivers of flesh on display everywhere. Shifting on the stool, he felt a delicious shiver of heat between legs, something new, delicate and tingly. He squeezed and felt the sensation sharpen into something more fierce.

Wanting to ease the ache, he cast a cautious glance over at Beth confirming she wasn’t paying close attention, and spread his legs just a little. Leaning forward, he placed his elbows on the makeup counter in front of the mirror and rolled his pelvis forward, pressing the smooth flat span of his crotch against the corner of the stool.

Heat bloomed, a gentle warmth creeping over his pussy. Under the cover of the makeup counter, Ethan rocked, gently nudging his smooth crotch against the rough fabric of the stool. In the mirror he watched another dancer lean forward to apply a layer of gloss to her lips, her cleavage peeking out over for bra. She rubbed her lips together and caught Ethan staring in the mirror. For a second, he panicked, but the girl just shot him a friendly grin and started tying back her hair, her boobs shifting in their little sports top with every movement.

Ethan could feel Kimmy’s skin humming, could feel her need starting to morph into something urgent. He needed to touch her pussy. He needed to feel his fingers slide over her. He glanced

around for a door, a private place where he could go and rub her needy little clit until she screamed. He stared at the bathroom door - not a lot of privacy but at least it was close. The combination of his excitement and Kimmy's seriously responsive body would probably mean he could have her cumming in seconds, could probably get her—

“Hey!” Beth waved a hand in front of Ethan glazed eyes. “Rehearsal in 2 minutes. Get a move on.”

Ethan opened his mouth, ready to make an excuse and go enjoy this body in private, but Beth's slightly perplexed look stopped him in his tracks. Kimmy was never late for rehearsal. That wasn't who she was. Her body craved release but it craved discipline and dedicated effort just as much.

He grabbed Kimmy's work out gear and changed her top. Slipping off her skirt, she picked up a pair of fuchsia leggings, sliding them up her long legs. The crotch sat flat and fiercely snug between his legs. For just a moment, he let himself enjoy the delicious rasp of the seam against his oversensitive pussy; the subtle shift of material was just enough to trigger little flickers of pleasure along the smooth expanse.

As he headed for the rehearsal room, he had one overriding thought. These girls did pretty much nothing but kick for hours on end. And he was going to enjoy every single one of them.

It was torture. Slow, sweet, delectable torture. And Ethan didn't want it to end. Rehearsal had been a revelation. The thrill of using this body, of testing its flexibility, its stamina and its strength. Kimmy was a clockwork machine, never putting a foot wrong in a routine and completely indefatigable.

And, through it all, Ethan's arousal had hovered in the background, warm and coy. It infused his body with a heated sort of agitation that sat just at the edge of his consciousness. He quickly learnt that just the simple act of squeezing his tight little pussy was enough to elicit a shiver of sensation. Between routines he teased himself mercilessly, adjusting his leggings so his panties pressed against his clit, just enough to maintain a constant, teasing, drag that stoked the ache.

As rehearsal ended he could feel his pussy sliding against his panties, soaked and screaming for attention, his whole body demanding release. Defiant, self-controlled grin in place, he grabbed his coat and headed across the road to pick up some food. Kimmy's body, he realized, liked a little discipline and denial both in and out of rehearsal.

He walked through the door of Kimmy's usual little french cafe across the street from the theater maintaining a face of pure innocence, a face that gave no indication that his pussy was dripping wet and begging for it. The innocent facade, it turned out, was essential because he was barely through the door before three different people leapt up to talk to him: A staff member rushing to get Kimmy's usual, a random customer asking for an autograph, a regular asking about rehearsal.

Ethan watched as the other customers in the cafe looked up and surveyed him, clearly intrigued by the minor stir his entrance caused and detecting the aura of local celebrity. The mutter was low and subtle - she's on Broadway. Carefully not taking undue notice of the whispers, Ethan took his food from a staff member with a thoroughly obsequious smile and sat down at a table.

Hidden from view under the table, he allowed himself one slow stroke of his pussy, one squirming touch to his clit through his leggings. His arousal leapt back to the fore - overeager and angry now. Then he eyed the clock—12:48pm—and made himself eat. For 12 minutes. Feeling his pussy pulse with every tick of the clock.

By the time Ethan got back to the dressing room, most of the dancers had cleared out. A few lingered girls packing up their gear and pulling on coats but Ethan ignore them and, grabbing his

bag, headed straight for the showers. Kimmy's perfect little ass—No, *Ethan's* perfect ass, now—wiggled with each step. He knew exactly where he was heading - the small shower room at the far end of the dressing room. The older one with just two stalls. The one that few of girls used unless it was really busy. The one with a full length mirror covering an entire wall. The one that had a lockable door.

He slipped inside and locked the door before turning to face Kimmy's reflection in the mirror. A smile lit up his gorgeous face as he stared at the beautiful, athletic woman before him. The tight, spangly leotard clung tight to her body and emphasized her curves, gripping her body in a comforting hug. He stepped closer to the mirror and stared into her dark eyes until he could see the flecks of gold inside the green. Lifting a slender hand, he let her fingers trail across the smooth skin of her cheeks, over her shapely nose, tracing the soft contours of her chin, enjoying the simple pleasure of her own touch. His hand drifted down her neck, over her tight, spangly leotard, and down to her tights, snug between her legs. He watched as he made her touch herself, her gentle warmth growing to a fierce fire as her fingers dug into the fabric that stretched so tight across her skin.

As one hand danced and tickled around her pussy, Ethan brought the other up to her tits, fondling Kimmy for the first time. The pleasant weight of his breasts spilled from his fingers. As he caressed himself, his nipples grew hard, spiking out against the sheer fabric of the leotard. A damp spot bloomed at the front of his tights, his own wetness beginning to seep out as he pleased Kimmy's body. He gripped the waistband of the tights just above his pussy and pulled up hard, the fabric clinging to his body and revealing the thick, ripe lips of Kimmy's pussy. God, it was so wonderful having a pussy, growing wet with arousal, a full body warmth he'd never felt before. He yanked up harder, the seam pressing against his clit and drawing a sigh from his lips. The pressure against his clit was amazing and he jerked the fabric up and down, using it to pleasure himself.

The dark spot spread out to his thighs as he grew ever wetter, fondling his tits and continuing to yank the fabric up and down, masturbating Kimmy's body with the coarse seam of the tights. Every time he yanked up the outline of his pussy appeared, a beautiful perfect sight that gave him his first orgasm. He moaned loud and slow as pleasure gripped him, causing his legs to shake. He leaned against the mirror, gritting his teeth and staring into his dark eyes, the look of lust across Kimmy's face was mesmerizing. He continued yanking his tights up and down, watching his breasts heaving, his pussy appearing and disappearing beneath the fabric, the perfect folds standing out, the coarse pubic hair just visible as a shadow. And then Kimmy's body exploded again. He bit his plump lower lip to stifle a gasp as the orgasm burned its way through him. "Ohhh," he whimpered, thrusting his hips forward, riding the burning wave of pleasure through his limber body until it passed and he settled back down to earth.

He remained leaning against the mirror while he caught his breath, his honey brown hair falling in waves down his shoulder. Fuck, his leotard was soaking wet, a long wet patch spreading down both thighs. He laughed, a tingly happy sound, as he stared at the mess he'd made of his tights. Good thing he had a change of clothes.

The rest of Kimmy's schedule for the day was jammed. A costume fitting, tap rehearsal and then dinner with Kimmy's sisters. Ethan's immediate impulse, on getting Kimmy's memory of the dinner, was to cancel. But, having never had a sibling, he thought hanging out with sisters might be an interesting experience. Plus, turning down dinner with two women who looked basically like Kimmy but with slightly bigger boobs just seemed foolish.

They gathered at Kimmy's apartment. Sarah arriving first, bearing takeout and a face so like Kimmy's that Ethan found himself doing a double take. The seconds ticked by as he stared and hunted for differences, eventually detecting only three: Sarah's fractionally longer hair, her glasses

and her slight baby bump.

His examination was cut short by the arrival of Beth, bounding in with a bottle of wine and complaints about the Pinot Grigio selection at Kimmy's local bodega.

Sisters, it turned out, shared everything. It started with Sarah's protracted whine about the various annoyances of pregnancy and a horror story about a pregnant friend whose hands had swelled up so much she'd had to have her rings cut off. There was lots of commiserating and then high pitched squeaking about blurry images of baby-shaped blobs, followed by a lengthy discussion on the merits of sex for inducing labor.

No topic was apparently off limits. In the course of a two-hour conversation, Ethan got Beth's full and detailed reviews of Lelo Gigi 2 Rechargeable vibrator and Sarah's Top Ten tips for sex in the second trimester. And that was before the twenty minute discussion of common male mistakes made when going down. He had an overwhelming urge to take notes. Also an overwhelming urge to kick both women out and grab the Gigi 2 he knew Kimmy had in the nightstand drawer.

The part of the evening that really stood out, however, was the moment when Sarah's husband, Logan, arrived to pick Sarah up. He'd let himself in—Kimmy had given Sarah and Logan a spare set of keys for emergencies. And, even though Ethan knew about the keys, he still found himself leaping up in surprise when Logan appeared in the doorway. For a moment, Ethan couldn't understand what was going on, and put the strange sensation down to being startled by Logan's sudden arrival. But it was, he quickly acknowledged, more than that.

Kimmy's body reacted instantly to Logan's presence, her heartbeat skipping and her pulse leaping to her throat. Ethan fought to suppress the surprise at the realization. Her body clearly knew something that her memories did not - Kimmy was completely in love with her sister's husband.

It wasn't exactly hard to see why. Logan was all dark blue eyes and chiseled jaw. His current look was a perfect take on end-of-day business casual—expensive suit, hint of stubble, shirt open to reveal a sliver of muscled chest—but Ethan had a pretty strong feeling that Kimmy's body wasn't just reacting to the wardrobe. She wanted him. Had clearly wanted him for some time. And she wanted him in a way that was fierce and all-consuming.

Logan headed over to the table and leaned in to give Sarah a kiss. Looking up, he eyed Kimmy and Beth. "You guys finished doing whatever it is that sisters do?" He grinned, all charm and jaw and perfect teeth. "Can I steal my wife back?"

Beth waved at Sarah dismissively. "Take her. She can't drink so she's no use to us anyway."

Ethan watched Logan offer Sarah his arm and help up, his expression warm and protective. Snaking his arm around Sarah, Ethan saw rather than heard the words murmured in Sarah's ear - "Missed you, baby."

Ethan felt the harsh flare of jealousy and the pain of stifled desire just below the surface.

He also saw the flicker of Beth's concern - clearly he hadn't done a good job of hiding his emotions.

Beth shot him a careful smile. "You ok?"

"I'm good," he replied instantly, trying to smooth Kimmy's expression into something reassuring.

It must have worked because Beth turned to Logan and Sarah and asked, "Can I hitch a ride with you guys? I should get home and pack."

Sarah nodded. "Of course." As Logan helped her into her coat, Sarah added to Beth, "You're off to Dad's right?"

“Yep,” Beth confirmed, shrugging on her coat. “A week in the burbs. Wish me luck.”

They exchanged hugs goodbye. Completely unbidden, Ethan found himself leaning into the brief hug with Logan, breathing in the scent of him and holding just a beat too long.

Over the next few days, Kimmy’s memories were relentless. Ethan would be coming home from rehearsal or the gym or doing any number of other things...and Kimmy’s mind would throw up images of Logan. Logan in swimming trunks on that summer vacation the whole family had shared a lake house. Logan buying Sarah flowers ‘just because’. Logan at family dinners. Logan smiling. Logan fixing the dishwasher. Logan kissing Sarah. Logan leading Sarah towards the bedroom with an expression that left no doubt about what they were going to do.

The memories gored at him, digging into his peace of mind, molding his desires into one overriding need - Logan. And that was clearly never going to happen. If there was one thing that was patently clear in all the memories, it was Logan’s obvious devotion to his wife.

The frustration coursed through him, and regardless of how often he grabbed the Gigi 2, Ethan was never quite satisfied. The truth was irrefutable - his body didn’t want silicone; it wanted Logan.

And something had to be done.

It had cost extra, more probably than he should have paid, but it was done. He’d logged on to bodypossession.com and (wiping out every cent of his savings) paid the transfer fee to spend the last two days of his week-long swap in Sarah rather than Kimmy. Taking a deep breath, he clicked the transfer button and waited to appear in Sarah and Logan’s Brooklyn apartment.

He opened his eyes.

He was, inexplicably, in the burbs.

He was also, equally inexplicably, in Beth.

And, a protracted call to a customer service rep later, he found out why. Apparently, Sarah’s pregnancy required a little additional programming that some bodypossession.com tech had failed to account for. The system had therefore glitched and sent Ethan to the closest match - Sarah’s younger sister.

The customer service rep was apologetic. He was also tasked with informing Ethan that the mix-up would take 6 hours to fix before he could swap to Sarah. For now, he was stuck as Beth.

Ethan ran a hand his new body, a little curvier than Kimmy, hips a little wider, boobs a little bigger. And for some reason, when he appeared in her bedroom, she was wearing a sparkly dance outfit. There were worse places to spend a 6-hour sojourn.

There was no time to explore himself before someone knocked at his bedroom door.

“Hey, honey,” a deep, male voice called through the closed door, “You ready?”

Thanks to the memory upgrade, Ethan knew that the voice belonged to Beth's stepdad, Kurt. He'd only joined the family when Beth was in her teens but he'd immediately fit right in. So much so that Beth often visited him for the weekend. Kurt had invited some friends over to show off his stepdaughter and had cajoled her into slipping into her old dance outfit and doing one of her routines. Ethan pulled the door open and smiled up at Beth's dad. He was on the heavy side and graying, but his eyes sparkled with mischief as they looked him up and down.

“Wow, you look gorgeous, sweetie!”

“Thanks, daddy,” Ethan grinned sheepishly, “I’m ready for my big debut.”

Ethan followed Kurt downstairs. In the living room, a random assortment of chairs had been pulled in from other rooms, all facing the wall that was to be Beth's stage. About half a dozen people were there, and the audience was made up of older neighbors and friends of her dad. He knew from Beth's inner turmoil that she didn't like being put on the spot like this, but had agreed in order to humor her dad. Ethan took his place at the side of the cleared area in front of the wall that served as a stage.

“Hi,” Ethan waved shyly to the group of people seated before him.

Beth was used to the anonymity provided by the spotlights and the huge group of girls onstage with him at the theater. This setup was much more intimate and somehow more intimidating than the sold out theater performances Beth was used to. Beth's nervousness pervaded Ethan's body, but he gulped it down.

“I guess I'll just do a few of my routines. You'll have to pretend there's a big group of us up here all doing the same thing. You're welcome to join me if you'd like!”

The audience tittered and Ethan brought up the music playlist on Beth's phone, which had already been connected to the living room speakers. The music began and Ethan let his muscle memory guide him.

He kicked and whirled his way across the room, smiling brightly just as Beth would on stage. As he lifted his legs high and strutted around, he admired Beth's body. It was a little thicker than her sisters but comfortable, and still just as athletic and flexible. The sparkly leotard glimmered even in the ordinary house lights and he shimmied and shook his body, enjoying the looks of admiration on the guests faces. His feet and arms flew to the rhythm of the music as he stepped through Beth's routine, all the way to the big finale. He landed on his knees, arms outstretched, breathing heavily, to wild applause from the small gathering.

Beth's stepdad approached, clapping with the others, and took Ethan's hand to help him up. Kurt planted a kiss on his daughter's sweaty forehead and then turned to the audience and gestured to Beth.

“Beth everybody, isn't she great?”

After a few more bows, the guests turned to each other and began chatting. Ethan took a seat beside Beth's dad on the couch as the conversations continued around them.

“That was wonderful, honey.”

“Thank you,” Ethan said leaning his head on Kurt's shoulder and letting his auburn mass of hair drape over Kurt's back. He placed Beth's hand on Kurt's thigh, leaning his body onto the older man.

The conversation around the room soon quieted as guests began taking their leave. They said their goodbyes to Kurt and Ethan before making their way out of the house. Even as the number of guests in the house dwindled, Kurt and Ethan stayed close on the couch. Ethan had noticed that Kurt's attention had been drawn to his stepdaughter's hand on his thigh. Ethan thought he saw a stirring beneath Kurt's pants, which he encouraged by occasionally squeezing Kurt's thigh and finding excuses to touch Kurt on the shoulder. Ethan knew from Beth's memories that this was unusual and probably due in part to her stepdad's medications, which affected his judgment. But Ethan was curious and his body was buzzing. Performing for Kurt's friends, having all those eyes on him, had made him warm and aroused. Finally, the last couple left and Ethan and Kurt were alone.

Ethan slipped Beth's arms around her dad's neck and gazed into his eyes. "Would you like some water?"

"That would be great."

Ethan pushed himself off the couch and headed to the kitchen, letting his ass and hips sway gently. He looked back and smiled at Kurt just before he turned the corner, giggling as he caught Kurt looking at his ass. Ethan filled a glass with water. His body was crying out for attention and he knew it was wrong to tease Beth's dad, that she would never do this herself, but Kurt's total devotion to her felt wonderful and the taboo-ness of it all just made him hornier.

Ethan brought the glass back into the living room. Instead of sitting next to him, Ethan surprised Kurt by sitting in his lap. Beth's heavier butt sat pressed against her dad's crotch. He could feel his erection poking up at him, twitching beneath his ass. He held the glass to Kurt's lips as Kurt sipped. When he was done, Ethan placed the glass on the side table next to the couch, leaning forward and pressing his breasts into Kurt's chest as he did so. He sat back up and wrapped his arms around Beth's dad, smelling his comforting masculine scent.

"Oh," Ethan bit his plump lip and whispered in Kurt's ear, "Your cock feels so good on my ass."

Kurt licked his lips and looked up at his stepdaughter. His hand slid up Beth's thigh and Ethan began rocking slowly back and forth, grinding his pussy against the bulge beneath Kurt's sweatpants. Ethan thrust Beth's fingers through Kurt's gray hair and sighed softly.

"You're making my pussy so wet, baby."

It was true. Beth's pussy was dripping. He continued rocking back and forth as Kurt's hands explored his daughter's legs. Ethan licked his plump lips and grinded harder onto Kurt's dick, his sighs turning into throaty whimpers as heat blossomed through Beth's body.

"You're so pretty, honey," Kurt said, staring up into Ethan's eyes, lust written across his face.

"Do you like imagining my little pussy? Do you like thinking about sticking your big cock inside me?" Ethan asked. Kurt could only nod and Ethan smiled, a burning pleasure circling his body.

Ethan continued grinding back and forth, feeling Kurt's sweatpants slipping down. And suddenly Kurt's erection escaped his pants and thrust up beneath Beth's leg. Ethan shuffled on the man's lap, spreading his legs until Kurt's cock thrust up between his thighs, the bulbous head pointing towards Ethan's face. Ethan wrapped his thighs around it, brought his fingers down and wrapped them around the older man's dick, enjoying the hot heat of his cock.

"Oh," Ethan moaned, "Your dick feels so good. Can I suck it?"

Kurt nodded and Ethan slipped off his lap and knelt before the older man. Beth's memories were screaming that this was so wrong, but Ethan was too horny to stop. He wrapped his fingers back around Kurt's erection, bringing his nose close, his eyes wide as he stroked slowly. Kurt's cock seemed so thick in Beth's tiny fingers and as Ethan watched a glistening bead of precum appeared on the tip.

He brought Beth's face closer, stuck out her tongue and licked her dad's fat cock. The salty taste of him was delicious and Ethan sighed softly before opening Beth's mouth and slipping her lips over the bulbous head of Kurt's cock. Beth's dad moaned, his cock sliding slowly into his daughter's mouth. Ethan licked the underside of the shaft as he felt the shaft slip through his lips. Kurt's cock filled his mouth, and when he pulled out he left the shaft sticky with saliva, one string still connecting the tip of the dick to Beth's lips. Gripping the base, Ethan made Beth swallow her dad's dick once more, tilting his head and swirling his tongue around Kurt's delicious cock, using his hand to help jerk off Kurt's dick as he sucked.

Beth's dad groaned and Ethan sank his lips all the way down, holding him still in his mouth, enjoying the wonderful heat filling him, nearly causing him to gag, his tiny nose buried into Kurt's pubic hair. He dragged his lips up again, growing faster, up and down the shaft as Kurt's grunting intensified, "Oh, fuck, baby," he whispered.

Ethan himself was so wet, Beth's pussy practically dripping as he forced her lips up and down her dad's cock. She felt it twitch on her tongue and pulled off him, still stroking his saliva-slick dick.

"Cum for me. Please." Ethan begged.

Beth's dad grunted and gritted his teeth. Ethan felt the cock between his fingers throbbing and he aimed it at Beth's face. He stuck out his tongue just as Kurt came, shooting a white hot load all over his daughter's face. The creamy seed splashed across Ethan's eyes, his nose, landing on his tongue and trickling down his neck. The spurting soon slowed, warm seed trickling down Ethan's hand.

"Oh, that feels so nice." Ethan said, wiping the streaks of cum off his face with a delicate finger. He stuck Beth's fingers into his mouth to suck her dad's cum and was rewarded with a small orgasm. He moaned around his fingers, lapping up every drop and enjoying the wonderful taste of his salty essence as Kurt looked on in utter lust.

"Mmmm." Ethan moaned, "Your cum tastes delicious."

Ethan giggled, kissed Kurt on his forehead and wiggled off him, enjoying the coldness of the damp spot between his thighs as he made his way upstairs.

Ethan slipped into bed and watched the clock, feeling an odd mix of regret and anticipation. He was actually a little sorry to be leaving Beth so soon, but the thrill of heading for Sarah had his skin tingling. At midnight he felt it - he was moving bodies.

His response, on arrival, was succinct: "Fuck!" It's not that Kimmy's body wasn't a nice place to land, it was just that it wasn't what he'd paid for. At least bodypossession.com customer service was prompt and it didn't take long for him—after he pointed out that he'd just been shifted to the wrong body for the second time—to get bumped up to talking to the manager. And that's when he got the spiel, the explanation about gestational age and system recognition of individual entities and the complexities of switching into pregnant women and the complicating factors when identical twins were in the mix. Ethan understood about six words of it but they were the relevant words - for now, Sarah was a no-go.

He was somewhat placated when the manager refunded him for the transfer to Sarah and also applied a free week-long possession credit to his account. Flushed with the knowledge that he had, essentially, just got this entire week for free, he hung up the phone and prepared to thoroughly enjoy his final 24 hours as Kimmy. Sure, he couldn't get Logan but, with a body like this, pretty much the rest of New York was gonna be interested. And the night was young.

Ethan took his time getting ready. Lingering in the shower, he soaped his body, letting his hands meander over slippery skin. He emerged from the bathroom in huge pink robe, soft and scented and went in search of clothes, clothes that made it very clear that this body was planning to enjoy the night.

He was reaching for a black lace bra when Kimmy's phone rang - Sarah.

Ethan reluctantly picked it up. "Hello."

"Hi, girl." She had the slightly flustered tone of woman trying to do eleven things at once. "Sorry, can't talk, racing to make prenatal yoga. But I just realized I left my bag at yours when I was over for dinner. Total preggo brain!"

“Yeah.” Ethan glanced out into the hallway and saw the bag nestled in a pile of junk on the table. “I see it.”

“Great. Dan’s going to swing by and pick it up, okay?”

Inescapable resentment bubbled to the surface and Ethan heard his tone turn petulant. “Ok.”

“Thanks Kim!” Sarah continued oblivious. “Oh and I told Dan I’d meet him at yours but I wanna make this yoga class. Can you let him know I’ll make my own way home?”

“Sure.” Ethan hung up.

Perfect! Now he’d have to deal with Kimmy’s body going totally giddy at the mere sight of sister’s husband; in fact, he could already feel it warming with anticipation. For just a moment, he let himself contemplate the possibility that he could just launch himself at Logan. But he knew it was futile - he had years of Logan memories and Logan was not a guy who would cheat.

Sighing in frustration, he headed into the hall and scooped up Sarah’s bag from the pile of junk. It caught, a handle hooking onto some miscellaneous bit of clutter, and the bag’s contents spilled all over the floor.

“Shit.” Ethan crouched to pick up the mess: a book, makeup bag, bottle of perfume, spare glasses case. A shiny object caught his eye - Sarah’s wedding ring. He stared at it in surprise; Sarah must have been freaked by her own swelling pregnant fingers story and slipped off her ring.

Not understanding the impulse, Ethan grabbed the ring and slid it on. It felt solid and binding, completely right. He knew his next move, felt himself reach for Sarah’s glasses and put them on. He could feel the thump of Kimmy’s heart beat against her ribs, the quickening of breath as he truly comprehended what he was about to attempt.

His next moves happened fast. Sarah’s perfume spritzed on his neck, a dash between his breasts. He glanced in the hall mirror. The bulky robe hid his belly but his hair looked wrong. Grabbing a hair tie, he pulled his hair into a ponytail, a few wisps of hair curling around his face. He squinted through the glasses at the mirror and Sarah squinted back.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Peeking through the peephole he saw Logan standing in the hallway. Dreamy, muscular Logan. And suddenly Ethan was committed. He opened the door wide.

“Hey, baby,” Ethan purred.

Logan's brow furrowed as he took in Ethan's appearance, his eyes flicking down to the wedding ring, up to the glasses. “Oh...Sarah?” There was a beat when Ethan didn't know whether Logan was fooled. And then, “Why are you in a robe?”

“Because Kimmy's not here...” Ethan gripped Logan's shirt and pulled him close. “And I need you to fuck me.”

This close he could smell Logan's woody scent, could feel the heat of Logan's body beneath his button down shirt. And when Logan brought his lips to the lips of the woman he thought was his wife, Ethan was in heaven. Logan's hot breath filled his mouth and Ethan twined his fingers through Logan's thick hair before pulling him into the hallway.

Ethan didn't wait for Logan to recover, he couldn't take the chance Logan would see through the disguise. He kissed his way down Logan's jaw, lips landing on his rough stubble as his fingers scrabbled for Logan's pants.

“Oh, wow...pregnancy's making....you really...horny...” Logan said between kisses.

“Lucky for you,” Ethan said as he unzipped Logan's pants and knelt before him in the hallway.

Ethan pulled down Logan's underwear and Logan's cock leapt out, bulbous and warm, the head aimed right at Ethan's slender pink lips. He wasted no time in opening his mouth and swallowing Logan's delicious cock, swirling his head around as he thrust his lips down the rock hard shaft. Kimmy's body was on fire as Ethan plunged his lips up and down, wanting to please Logan, to hold him inside.

Logan moaned "Fuuuck," and leaned back against the wall, eyes closed as Ethan continued licking his fat cock. The taste was divine, the feeling as it filled his mouth even better. The salty taste of Logan's precum hit Ethan's tongue and he couldn't control himself any longer. He was gushing, his pussy so fucking wet and needing to be filled.

He stood and turned around, his back to Logan to hide the lack of baby bump. Hiking up his robe to reveal Kimmy's plump ass he half turned and gazed at Logan under half lidded eyes. "Fuck me. Right now."

Logan gripped Ethan's ass, fingers digging into Kimmy's soft flesh. There was a pressure against Ethan's cunt as the head of Logan's cock slid between his legs. The pressure built as the lips of his pussy slowly spread wide and then, with a pop that was more feeling than sound, Logan entered him. Ethan moaned as the cock filled him, traveling slowly towards his center as the walls of his pussy gripped the cock like a glove. He leaned against the other wall and arched his back as Logan slid all the way inside him until he was incredibly, unbelievably full.

Logan withdrew and slipped in again and again, quicker each time, building up a rhythm until Ethan's tits wobbled back and forth below him and the rhythmic smacking of Logan's groin on Kimmy's ass filled the room. God, he never knew having a pussy could feel so good, that being pounded so hard could create such a deep ache, a yearning for more, more!

"Oh, yes. Yes. Yes." Ethan cried with each thrust of Logan's cock. He could feel Logan's desire, the desperate urge to plunge deep inside Kimmy's body driving him onward. And then the pleasure ignited, sending fireworks through Kimmy's body. Ethan threw back his head and moaned as Logan grunted and sank deep, his cock spasming inside Kimmy's body, filling Ethan with cum, driving him wild with an impossible fullness he never knew was possible. With one final groan Logan drove deep, his entire body pressed against Ethan's back, every warm muscle covering Ethan's own as they came together, groaning and gasping to the end. Logan staying inside for a minute as Ethan just enjoyed the closeness of their bodies, before pulling out.

Logan leaned against the wall with a look of bleary-eyed wonder. Ethan could sympathize, his whole body was thrumming with residual pleasure; treacly, warm and deliciously full. He didn't want to go anywhere but the clock in the kitchen was ticking. His possession was almost over.

He stood up, making sure to keep the robe stayed firmly in place. "Logan?"

"Yeah?" Logan grinned the grin of the recently fucked and hopelessly infatuated.

"Gimme a minute, ok." Ethan headed for the bedroom door, turning back over his shoulder and adding with a coy smile, "And then get your ass in here and fuck me again."

Logan's eyes glinted, his expression sharpening from sated to hungry in a flash. "Not sure I can wait a minute, baby."

Ethan grinned. He could feel the tension coiling in Kimmy's body, desire ramping back up again. "Then get on over here."

He felt the moment, felt the tug back to his own body and his last seconds as Kimmy were spent pondering how Kimmy would handle arriving back in her body... and finding Logan bearing down on her with a hard dick and plan to fuck her into the floor.

Ethan shrugged as he crashed back into his own body. Kimmy would figure it out. She was a dancer; she was quick on her feet.

#

XXX Factor

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” Will cheered himself on as he dropped a shot of whiskey into his beer and gulped the whole disgusting concoction down. Keith followed Will's lead, pounding the table with each gulp.

“Ha, no way, dude!” Syd yelled, grabbing a shot in one hand and a beer in the other. He swallowed the shot and chased it with the beer.

Bryan just looked on, a smile plastered onto his face as the others continued to get ever more wasted. While they were all otherwise occupied, Bryan slipped his own shot onto the empty table behind him and sipped his beer. His friends, thankfully, were too far gone to notice anything. Bryan wasn't usually one to get plastered on the weekend, preferring to stay at the frat house immersed in his Xbox. It was kind of nice having the whole place to himself while the other guys went out.

He'd tried to make that point earlier; tried to explain that he was happy just to chill at home. But the guys weren't particularly receptive.

“Dude.” Will had replied, shaking his head.

Bryan, stretched out on his bottom bunk, had just shrugged.

Will elaborated, “Dude. Seriously?”

Syd paused in trying on one of his many baseball caps and turned to Bryan. “Look, man, this is like our bonding time. This is how lifelong friendships are formed.”

“How?” Bryan retorted, “By getting so plastered you don't remember anything the next day?”

“Exactly,” Syd replied, shooting him two thumbs up. “That's how memories are made.”

“Sure. One day I'll look back on college and think fondly of the many gaps in my memory.”

Keith broke in. “You never come out with us. Why d'ya even join Pi Sigma Alpha if you don't want to participate in anything?”

“Seriously, dude?” Will agreed.

Truthfully, Bryan had felt pressured because his dad was a fraternity alumnus. Every one of his dad's college memories centered on frat life and Bryan had joined, in part, out of family obligation. Plus, joining got him an affordable room. A room he had to share with Keith, but still... Better than working an extra twelve hours a week to pay rent, which is what he'd been doing before.

By the time Bryan realized that there were almost mandatory parties every weekend, he was trapped. He tried to dodge as many social obligations as he could but sometimes, such as now, they were inescapable.

“If you don't start coming out with us more, you're gonna have to start looking for a new place to

stay.” Syd said.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, dude,” Will nodded.

“Hey,” Syd shrugged, “I can't change the rules.”

“You can, though,” Bryan pointed out. “You're the president.”

Syd sighed, “Yeah, well, I *won't* change the rules. Now...” Syd brushed aside the rest of Bryan's objections and held up two baseball caps differentiated only by their logo. “You guys think I should go formal or casual?”

And so Bryan had found himself out at a bar, slightly drunk with a crew of three other guys who were *extremely* drunk. Syd slammed his empty glass onto the table and howled like a wolf as Will and Keith burst into raucous laughter. Syd's glassy-eyed stare wandered around the bar, lingering on the girls on the dance floor. And Bryan knew what was coming next.

Syd had a reputation as a consummate ladies man. Maybe it was his strong chin and ripped physique that drove the women wild. Or maybe it was that he didn't tend to take 'no' for an answer, batting away at defenses with obnoxious persistence, until there was nothing left but for the object of his affection to go home with him. At least, that's how Bryan saw it.

“Oh, dude,” Will stage whispered as his eyes locked onto a point just behind Bryan. “Table of chicks right behind you. Four of them, four of us, you know what that means, dudes?”

“Time to carefully consider an approach that doesn't make us look like a bunch of douchebags?” Bryan murmured.

“We gonna get some pussay tonight,” Keith said, raising his hand for a high five. The other guys were too busy staring at the tableful of women to notice, so Keith slowly lowered his hand.

Bryan turned around to look and eyed the group. There were indeed four of them and Bryan recognized the auburn haired one: Emily from his chemistry class. He'd noticed her immediately and been smitten by her adorable, little ears and her perfect button nose. Through the luck of the draw, they'd been assigned to work on a project together and had seemed to hit it off. She was clever and funny but Bryan had never worked up the nerve to ask her out. He was terrible at reading signals and scared of rejection. And then the project had ended and they'd gone their separate ways, occasionally greeting each other as they filed in and out of class. He'd been waiting for the perfect moment, which never seemed to come.

Except now, apparently, the perfect moment was half-drunk in a noisy bar following behind his much more attractive friend. Syd made his way towards the booth where the women sat. Laughing, Keith and Will pulled Bryan along behind them as they all gathered round the table. Bryan hovered behind the others, trying to make himself inconspicuous.

As they approached, the women looked up at them suspiciously, and then at each other. None of them seemed exactly pleased to find a hulking bear of a frat boy and his wasted friends staggering towards them. Bryan caught Emily's eye and mouthed 'sorry' right before Syd leaned heavily on the table.

“Evening ladies. I couldn't help noticing this table had an absence of me. I've come here to rectify that. I'm Syd.” He thrust his hand out towards the nearest woman. She took it hesitantly and Syd pumped it with both hands as he stared into her eyes.

“Tracey,” she responded politely, withdrawing her hand as soon as she could.

Syd then did the same to the rest of the table, forcing his greeting on Emily and Jane, before coming to the last woman. She had pitch black hair and deep, dark eyes; and she didn't seem up for Syd's drunken come-ons.

She ignored his outstretched hand. "Hi Syd." Her smile didn't reach her eyes. "We're flattered, but we're just having a girl's night tonight."

"That's all right," Syd replied, and for a second Bryan thought he would just walk away. Instead, Syd doubled down. "We're having a guy's night, but the only thing missing is four women. And, hey, it looks like there's four women right here. That's kismet. You know what kismet is?"

"We're aware of the concept of destiny." Her tone was firm. "I said thanks, but no thanks."

Bryan piped up. "Come on, guys, no means no. Let's go."

"Hold on," Syd turned away from the girls and grabbed Bryan by the scruff of the neck. "Don't fuck this up," he murmured in his ear.

"Dude." Will agreed.

"Let Syd work his magic," Keith whispered.

Syd turned back to the table of women with a pleasant smile. "Come on. Let me buy you a round of drinks. Give us five minutes and I *guarantee* we will give you a night to remember."

The women were all looking at each other timidly. All except the dark haired woman. She was staring at Syd. Suddenly, an unpleasant smile crept across her face.

"And I guarantee," the dark haired woman said, "I'll give *you* something to remember."

With that she made a series of complicated hand motions and muttered something that Bryan didn't catch in the noisy room. She ended by thrusting her hands towards Bryan's group and, though her hands were empty, Bryan swore he could *feel* something hit his chest.

He looked down but there was nothing there. Except suddenly all the liquor of the night seemed to be catching up with him and his stomach rumbled. The other guys seemed to feel the same as their bravado disappeared. Even Syd stepped back, his face turning pale.

"Ok. Well then—" Was all Syd managed to get out before he turned and made a beeline for the exit.

Bryan, Will and Keith followed behind, all of them managing to clear the doors and get to the alley before they emptied the contents of their stomachs onto the ground.

Syd came up laughing and wiping his mouth. "Shit, did you see the looks on their faces?"

"Yeah," Keith said, still recovering, "Can you imagine the look if you'd just puked on them right there?"

"That would have been so...dude," Will agreed.

"Would have served those fucking sluts right." Syd said, clutching his stomach. "Well. Fuck. I guess that's our night. I don't feel like drinking anymore."

"What was all that crazy shit she was doing with her hands?" Keith asked.

Syd shrugged. "I don't know. Crazy Wiccan bullshit maybe? Looked the type to believe in that kinda crap."

"Well, it made us puke." Bryan pointed out.

"The drinks made us puke," Syd insisted. "Come on, let's get the fuck out of here."

As they headed back to the frat house to sleep it off, the creepy words of the dark haired woman echoed in Bryan's ears. And he hoped that tonight would soon be just a nostalgic gap in his collegiate memory.

Bryan woke with a dry mouth and a dull throbbing in his head. He rolled over and moaned, feeling his body shift strangely. Something felt decidedly wrong and, when he finally cracked open his eyes, he found he was wearing a woman's sheer, white negligee.

Was this some sort of joke? Frat guys were such dicks!

Bryan pushed himself up and stumbled out of bed. The dark shape of Keith was just visible, entirely wrapped in covers on the top bunk. Bryan crept out of the room quietly so as not to wake him. His brain was urgently trying to tell him something was wrong with his body but the throbbing headache made it hard to concentrate. He stumbled down the hallway to the bathroom, the negligee brushing against his legs, something heavy brushing from his chest. Switching on the light, he squeezed his eyes shut at the glare and felt his way towards the sink. Running the water, he leaned down to splash some on his face. When he stood up and looked into the mirror, he gasped at the unfamiliar reflection.

Staring back at him, where his own face should be, was a hot blonde woman. Long, wavy hair cascaded down her shoulders. Her pale blue eyes were wide and innocent. Her features soft and sexy. Her breasts... god, her breasts were huge, straining against the negligee. Bryan's jaw dropped open and, in the mirror, the woman's jaw did the same. And it was then that Bryan realized that the woman in the mirror was familiar... mostly because he'd jerked off to one of her videos the previous afternoon..

"Holy shit," he muttered in disbelief. In the mirror, porn actress, Jessie Carmichael said it simultaneously.

This was no prank. This was unbelievably yet utterly real. He stared into the mirror and brought his hands up to his boobs. Unable to resist, he pulled down the tiny straps of the nightie and watched as his breasts spilled out, heavy and firm. He squeezed them gently, hefting the weight in each hand. Keeping his gaze on the mirror as he caressed his own tits, he felt his body growing aroused, a squirming tension winding through him.

He brought his fingers beneath his breasts, hefted one up towards his face, then bent his head and watched in the mirror as the blonde wrapped her lips around her own nipple. Bryan could feel the hot breath on his sensitive skin as he sucked himself, could feel the pleasure coursing through him, his nipple pricking out. He moved from one breast to the other, kissing and licking himself.

Slowly, he released his breasts, watched them wobble back into place, his nipples shiny with saliva. He squeezed the tiny pinpricks of his nipples between thumb and forefinger as he leaned towards the mirror to examine his new face. He was gorgeous. His eyes traced across the delicate nose, the rounded curves of her cheeks, the smooth, golden skin. Just looking at her so close, watching as he moved her body caused the wonderful tension within him to rise.

He gripped his tits harder, digging his fingers into his soft skin and was rewarded with a quick blast of pleasure. Sighed softly, he watched Jessie's mouth gape open, her little pink tongue swirl around her lips. The tension within his body continued building as he grew rougher with his tits, digging deeper into their perfect heaviness, his body enjoying the harsher treatment. He arched his back and

moaned, his eyes glued to the hot blonde in the mirror as he pinched his nipples. His hands grew quicker, following the rhythm of his body, gasping as his pleasure quickened, his gentle girlish body responding to his every touch. Bryan threw back his head and moaned again, long and low as the tension snapped and his body trembled with orgasm. The heat spilled from his tits through his soft form, a warm full-body glow better than any orgasm he'd had as a man.

Fuck, that was amazing. He returned his gaze to the mirror. Jessie's face was flushed and her breasts heaved with each breath. The pleasure was slow to dissipate but eventually Bryan returned to reality. Somehow he was in a woman's body.

Slipping out of the bathroom, Bryan tiptoed back towards his room. As he reached for the doorknob, a door down the hall opened and Peter, one of the other frat members, stepped out wearing only his boxers. Bryan's new body took notice. Involuntarily, he felt his teeth sink into his plump lower lip at the sight of all the sharp angles and perfectly sculpted muscles.

Peter glanced at Bryan and did a double take, his eyes flicking down immediately to Bryan's breasts.

"Oh, hello," Peter grinned. "Here with Keith, huh?" He dragged his gaze up from Bryan's boobs and murmured, "Lucky Keith."

For a moment, Bryan found he couldn't look away from Peter's body, his eyes catching new details: the line of his jaw, the hard swell of his biceps, the size of his hands. . With supreme effort, he dragged his eyes away from Peter's and then felt a bashful smile curl the corner of his mouth.

Peter's eyes slipped across Bryan's body once more as he headed for the bathroom. Reaching the door, he turned back and asked, "Anyone ever tell you you look like Jessie Carmichael?"

Bryan just nodded and quickly slipped back into his room before anyone else could see him.

As he closed the door, a husky, feminine voice spoke up from the far side of the room. "Whoa, I definitely don't remember you from last night."

Bryan turned, startled to see a luscious black woman lying on Keith's top bunk blinking sleepily. Her head rested on the pillow, curvy outline of her body tucked beneath the covers. She had a broad face with striking dark eyes. Luxurious, long black hair spilled across her pillow.

"Wh- who are you?" Bryan asked.

"I'm Keith," she said, pushing herself up and sticking out her hand. The movement caused the covers to slide down her body and her hand bumped against her breasts, causing them to jiggle. The woman looked down at herself and saw them. Her mouth dropped open, ruby red lips forming an 'o' of surprise. She struggled to make a noise as her eyes grew huge, breath catching in her throat. And, instantly, Bryan understood.

"Keith," he said, drawing nearer. "Listen to me. I'm Bryan. We've been transformed."

Keith threw back the covers and revealed his elegant ebony body in all its glory: long, lean limbs with gentle swells of feminine muscle; a white bra contrasted against dark satin skin..

"I'm..." he began, then grabbed his tits and squeezed, ran a hand across his face, pulling back as if burned when he felt the new contours of his skin. "I'm a chick." He looked up, long lashes fluttering in confusion. "B-Bryan? What happened?"

"I don't know." Bryan chewed his plump lower lip in agitation. "I just woke up and—"

Bryan was interrupted by the sound of a woman's scream from Syd and Will's room directly across the hall.. He bolted out of his room and across the hallway, Keith jumping down and following

close behind. Throwing open the door, Bryan saw two women staring at themselves in the full length mirror on the closet door.

One was dressed in a black mini dress that hugged her ample breasts and just barely covered her ass. Rich ocher hair fell down her back, curling gracefully at the ends. When she turned to face Bryan, he saw she had an adorable face, slightly Thai in appearance, with alluring almond-shaped eyes and lips half open in a sexy pout.

The other woman was taller and wore a man's blue button down shirt...and nothing else. The back was tucked up so that half her ass was on display. And what an ass: perfect and full and deliciously biteable. The face reflected in the mirror radiated sex, with perfectly mussed coffee colored hair, a tiny slip of a nose, and deep bedroom eyes.

“Dudes?,” the Thai woman asked the assembled group.. “Why am I Tara O'Brien?”

“Will?” Bryan asked cautiously. “Syd?”

The woman with the biteable ass, tore her eyes away from her own reflection and stared at Bryan. “Who are you?”

“I'm Bryan. This is Keith. We're women, too.” Bryan said, stating the obvious as he stared at the woman who was—know that he looked closely—undeniably porn star Victoria Zade.

“Whoa,” said a voice from behind. The old frat house doors had a tendency to swing open. This one had swung open to reveal Peter standing in the doorway staring in at the four scantily clad pornstars.

Picking his jaw off the floor, Peter asked, “Will and Syd here?”

“Dude!” Will said, spreading his arms and presenting his body for inspection as if it were self-evident what had happened.

Bryan saw Peter's eyes dip down to Will's bouncing breasts then back up.

“They've, uh,” Bryan stumbled, “gone out.”

“Oh?” Peter's eyes darted around the room. “Well, look, you can't be in the house unaccompanied. House rules.”

“Right, but, you can make an exception, right?” Keith—who had clearly already figured out the possible persuasive advantages of his new body—sidled up to Peter and slid a dark hand across his chest. “For us?”

Peter reluctantly placed his hand over Keith's. “Syd would kick my ass if I did that.”

“Syd's 'not here.” Keith pointed out.

“True...” Peter's tone turned devious, “There is *one* way you ladies could stay - as my guests.” He arched an eyebrow. “If you want to accompany me to my room.”

Bryan couldn't believe what Peter was offering. He also couldn't believe how ready his body was to go with it, to press herself against those chiseled pecs.

Syd wasn't biting though, he just rolled his eyes at Peter's skeezy suggestion and asked, “You'd actually kick us out?” In his breathy voice even his incredulity came across as erotically charged.

“Rules are rules: no unaccompanied guests,” Peter stated. “So, you can stay with me...” He winked at Bryan, sending a blush across Bryan's cheeks, “...or I can escort you out.”

Tamping down the desire, Bryan said, “We'll go. Just let me get changed first.”

As they headed out through the frat house, every shiny surface drew Will's eye as he caught glimpses of Tara's reflection in her tiny dress. He had searched in vain for something less revealing to wear but, in the end, couldn't find anything better than the mini-dress he had on. It hid nothing, made every curve undeniable but still he was having a hard time believing he'd actually been transformed. And into Tara O'Brien, no less, his ultimate woman, a Thai beauty with plump, cocksucking lips, a mesmerising face, and a body that radiated sex.

Unsurprisingly the group garnered a lot of attention as they moved through the frat, passing by open doors, then heading down the stairs and out the front door.

Peter led the four women to the sidewalk, all the time keeping up a steady stream of amusing banter for the benefit of the stunning blonde—who was Bryan, Will reminded himself.

Eventually, Bryan managed to brush him off and Peter went back inside with a little shrug of his shoulders. The four stood, uncertain, in the cool morning air.

“So,” Will asked, “what now dudes?”

“This is fucked y'all.” The African American woman said.

That's Keith, Will reminded himself. Keith had hidden his athletic female body beneath a trench coat, leaving only his shapely calves and delicate feet visible.

“What the fuck happened and how the fuck do we fix it?” Syd asked angrily. His face was twisted in anger but still somehow managed to look sexy. He'd buttoned up his dress shirt and had found a dark blue skirt (leftover from a past girlfriend) in his closet. The skirt clung to his supple form and made Will feel weirdly warm just looking at it.

“Well, I've been thinking...” Bryan began. He'd traded his negligee for a pair of men's shorts and a t-shirt. A belt cinched around his waist held up his shorts while his breasts strained against the too-small shirt. Somehow he'd managed to make even Jessie Carmichael look like a nerd. “Clearly that incident with the raven-haired woman...”

Will's attention wandered immediately. He knew he was no good at figuring stuff out and he trusted his friends to find a solution. As the other three began discussing the events of the previous night, Will turned his attention to his own reflection in the window of the frat house. Tara O'Brien stared back as his ghostly reflection. Fuck she was hot. And he could make her do anything.

He put his hand on his hip and posed, making his beautiful mirror image show off her body for him. His mini-dress hitched up, revealing the dark triangle of pubic hair covering his pussy. He pulled it up further and moved closer to the window, tracing his finger along his slit. Suddenly, he became aware of Peter's face in the window staring at him through the reflection. Will blushed red, pulled his skirt down and hurried back over to the others, his little ass wiggling as he ran.

“One of the girls is in my chem class,” Bryan announced. “Maybe she'll help up find the witchy one so we can make her change us back?”

“Great,” Syd said, running his hand through his hair, “Call her. Let's get this done.”

“I, uh, don't have my phone.”

Nobody else did, either. In all the confusion, they'd neglected to grab anything other than the clothes on their backs.

“I've got her email address, though,” Bryan said.

“Come on - library computers.” Syd turned on his heel and walking quickly towards the library at the other end of campus, growling, “The sooner I'm back to being a guy the better.”

Will hurried after the others, lingering behind the group so he could watch the mesmerizing sway of their asses and their glorious, perfect legs as they walked. They attracted a lot of attention from the early morning rush of students. Guys stared at them greedily, smiling and greeting them as they passed. Will smiled back uncertainly. He was used to giving all the attention, not receiving it. In this new diminutive form, it was hard not to feel intimidated by the eyes and the comments from guys who now all towered over him. .

After what seemed like hours, they made it to the library and hiked up the steps, Will pulling his skirt back down at every step as it bobbed up to reveal the cute swell of his ass. Passing through the library doors, they headed down the large hallway lined in rich, dark wood. The slightly musty smell of old books hit Will's nose as the quartet reached the row of computers tucked away behind the service desk.

Just as Bryan sat at a computer, a young man in a dark blue sweater vest emerged from a door behind the service counter.

“Excuse me,” the librarian said, his eyes widening as he took in the appearance of the women, “these computers are for students only.”

“We're students.” Syd replied belligerently.

The young man looked at Syd dubiously over his thick-framed glasses. Running a hand through his neatly combed dark hair he asked, “Do you have a student ID?”

While the others demurred and exchanged worried looks, Will caught sight of his reflection in the window and fidgeted with his mini-dress. The damn thing showed either too much boob or too much pussy. There seemed to be no happy medium. He gripped his tits and adjusted them beneath the fabric, feeling the heavy weight shift beneath his fingers. When he'd adjusted it correctly he looked up to find the young librarian staring at him, mouth agape.

Syd stepped forward and placed an arm around the young man, letting his breasts press into the man's side. “So, you like my friend here?”

“What? I...? No...I—?” The librarian began, obviously flustered.

“It's okay, it's okay,” Syd said, placing a hand on the librarian's chest. “He likes you, too.”

“I do?” Will questioned.

Syd nodded. “Yeah, you do.”

Syd was usually right about these things and, now that Will was looking at the librarian, he did seem pretty good looking. Kind of nerdy cute.

“Why don't you take our librarian friend into that back room and show him a good time?”

“Like, have a party or something?” Will asked.

“Yeah. Something,” Syd agreed. “Unless you don't want us to use the computers, leaving us stuck like this forever.”

Will licked his lips. He knew what Syd was asking but he didn't know if he could do it. He'd never been interested in guys before. And yet, the body he was now in was built for sex. He could feel himself yearning for it with every step. Every time his nipples brushed against the fabric of his dress little jolts of electricity spread through his body. If this was what Syd was asking him to do, well, Syd knew best.

Will smiled and took the librarian's hand, leading him behind the desk to the back room. As he turned to close the door behind them, he saw the three women huddled around the computer and he knew he had a job to do.

Will turned to face the young man. The man smiled nervously but made no move. Will stared at him, confused. If Will had been in the librarian's position, and a hot Thai woman had taken him into a back room specifically to have sex, he would have had her on her back with her legs spread before the door was closed. Although, now that Will was the woman, he was actually rather grateful the librarian was letting him run the show. He wasn't sure he was ready to face the prospect of having his new body penetrated - he was used to being the one doing the penetrating. But still, there was something nice about the way the guy was looking at him, a look of suppressed but eager yet hesitant longing.

Clearly, Will would have to take control here. He glanced around the room, saw bookshelves full of broken books in need of repair, an old wooden desk nearly buried under surrounding paperwork, and a glass walled cabinet to the right that held some older, more well-cared for books. Will could see the reflection of his busty Asian body in the glass and he took a few seconds to admire the curve of his body. *He'd* want him.

He strolled towards the librarian, letting his hips sway back and forth beneath the mini-dress, feeling it hike up one leg and fall back down before hiking up the other, almost but not quite revealing the bottom of the dark triangle of hair between his legs. The young man licked his lips nervously as Will caressed his face, letting his eyes trace down the man's broad nose and angular jaw. Will found his own body warming, his heart beating faster in his chest. And suddenly he knew that all he had to do were the very things he wished the women attracted to *him* would do.

Will parted his ruby red lips and leaned close until he could feel the librarian's breath. Will's slender fingers swept across the nape of the librarian's neck and into his dark hair. He pulled the man's face close until their lips met. Will closed his eyes as he sank into the kiss, finding it surprisingly delightful. The man was comforting and warm as Will breathed in his sharp masculine smell, tasting the man with his new feminine tongue.

The young man eased into the kiss, slowly pressing his body against Will's, until his chest met Will's breasts, and his hidden erection pressed against Will's pussy. The young man's hands slipped around Will's nightie, gripping his soft body lightly and pressing him ever closer. Will let himself be pulled near, rubbing his rapidly moistening cunt against the bulge beneath the young man's pants. He didn't have to talk himself into doing anything, his body was *craving* this man's dick.

Without a word Will knelt in front of the young man and gently unbuttoned his pants. They pooled down around the man's ankles while Will reached over the elastic of the white underwear and gripped the bulge. The man's cock was wonderfully warm beneath Will's fingers, and Will pulled it out from beneath his underwear and held it up to his face. He'd never been this close to another man's dick before. Now he was close enough to smell the masculine musk, to feel the heat from the bulbous head radiating against his lips and it was wonderful. Glancing at his reflection in the glass, he saw a strikingly hot Thai woman holding a cock just inches from her lips. Will was that woman now, and suddenly, holding the dick so close just felt right. And his lips were made for this,

perfectly formed to wrap around the thick shaft, to suck and lick.

Still, he was slightly hesitant as he stuck out his tongue and kissed the tip of the cock, before darting out his tongue and tasting the slight salty taste of the young man's skin. It was delicious, throwing sparks through Will's transformed body, and he kissed his way slowly down the shaft, enjoying the warmth pulsing through his body as he nestled his nose into the man's pubic hair and ran his tongue up and down the veiny shaft. His body was crying out for more, and he finally opened his mouth and swallowed the young man's cock, driving his lips down and up, sinking deeper down the shaft on each downstroke as the shaft filled his mouth. It filled him perfectly, his lips, his mouth tailor made for dick. Then his tiny nose was pressed into the man's groin and he held him fully, felt the bulbous head nearly pressing against the back of his throat. Will undulated his tongue across the bottom of the man's cock like he'd felt some of his girlfriends do. The man groaned and gripped his hair. The power Will had over this man with just his mouth was incredible and his body grew warm and wet.

Will slid up, revealing the saliva soaked cock. There was a pressure on the back of the head as the young man urged him back down. Will eagerly obliged, taking him to the hilt, enjoying the deeply masculine taste of the cock in his mouth and the utter control this body had over the young man. Faster and faster Will sucked, slurping sounds escaping his lips as the dick in his mouth became ever slicker. The hand on his head pressed harder and Will let himself be guided down, swirling his mouth around, enjoying the taste of cock, the heat sliding across his tongue.

Will felt the first stirring of the dick in his mouth. At the same time, the man *shoved* Will's head down and moaned. The cock hit the back of Will's throat and he gagged just as the man came. The hot spurts of jizz filled Will's mouth and he had no choice but to swallow as fast as he could, gulping down great mouthfuls of cum, filling his belly with the man's seed. And he was glad the man held him there, glad he could swallow every delicious tangy drop. Finally, the cock slowed and stopped. Will sat frozen like this, his head still forced down into the man's groin, the cock growing soft in his mouth. Then the man released him and Will pulled his head up slowly. He wiped a drip of cum from the corner of his mouth and gave the cock a little kiss and a tiny wave goodbye, before standing as the man pulled up his pants.

"Thank you," the man mumbled.

Will giggled, enjoying his girlish persona, and returned to his friends in the main room. Syd turned to face him as he entered.

"Get what you needed dudes?" Will asked.

"Yep," the blonde said as she stood.

"You?" Syd asked, a knowing smile on his face.

"Yep." Will replied.

Keith wrapped his trench coat tighter around himself as they left the library and headed over to East Campus and Emily's dorm. It was way too hot for this outfit, but the alternative—having other guys ogle him like a piece of meat—was worse. Not that the coat really stopped people from staring. To be fair, though, Keith knew he would have stared too, if he'd seen Ruby Nixon and her porno friends walking through campus.

As they headed into Emily's building for their pre-arranged meeting in the with Emily and the witch—and how insane was that concept!—Keith mentally prepared himself; got ready to throw himself on the witch's mercy, to grovel and beg for his body back.

“Oh my God,” Emily said, covering her mouth with her hand as the four transformed guys came through the entrance. Her eyes went wide as she stared at them each in turn.

The witch clapped her hands in glee. “Wow, this is amazing. I had no idea!”

“Change us back you bitch!” Syd demanded, stamping his foot in impotent rage. Keith didn't know if Syd had any idea how cute he looked even when angry, his brow furrowing and the bridge of his little nose wrinkling in a way that definitely screamed 'Fuck me!' rather than 'Fuck you!'.

“Oh, no,” the witch said, raising a finger, “That's exactly why I changed you. That bullshit attitude. I warned you, didn't I?”

“Yeah, but...I didn't know you did magic!” Syd replied lamely.

It was even warmer in the lobby, with the sun streaming through the full glass windows. Keith unbuttoned his trench coat and let it hang open. In the window's reflection, his glistening black breasts hung heavy and solid from his chest.

“Whooaaa, dude,” Will said, staring at Keith's chest.

Keith watched Emily's eyes widened even more when she saw the size of his tits. After swallowing her surprise, she glanced over his shoulder at the others, clearly trying to figure out who was who. “Bryan?” she asked tentatively.

Bryan stepped forward, head down, fiddling with his perfectly manicured nails. “That's me.”

“Oh my God,” Emily said again, “I didn't know...I didn't want you...” She pulled Bryan aside and started whispering.

Keith ignored them and turned back to the witch. “Please change us back,” Keith begged. “It was Syd here who was the jerk anyway.”

Syd interrupted. “Yeah, blame me. I didn't see you stopping me.”

“I didn't know this would be the result!” Keith countered. “I don't care what you have to do. Grovel, beg, whatever, just get her to change us back.”

Syd puffed out his cheeks. “Ok, look, we learned our lesson. I don't like being ogled and treated like

a piece of meat.”

The witch looked up at him. “That's a start. And you're going to listen from now on when a woman tells you to go away?”

Syd nodded.

“Good. Then the transformation will only last one day.”

“What—” Keith began, but the witch held up her hand.

“If...” she smiled, you can manage to keep your virginity.”

“Easy.” Syd smirked.

Keith wasn't so sure. They had to keep their virginity despite turning into the very objects of their desire and being surrounded by three other women who oozed sex...not to mention a whole campus full of students Keith was pretty sure would gang bang them given half a chance.

Will spoke up. “What about...um...mouth...virginity?”

The witch laughed. “Did you give someone a blowjob already?”

Will nodded.

“Wow, it's not even noon and you've already blown some guy. But no, that doesn't count. There's no such thing as mouth virginity.”

Will smiled. “Cool.”

“Fuck this,” Syd snorted. “I'm not going to stand here while you make fun of us all day until we change back.”

“If you change back,” the witch smirked. “You better be careful with a sweet little ass like that.” She reached out and pinched his round bottom, causing him to jump and squeak in protest.

“Come on guys,” he said, gathering himself and shooting daggers at her, “Let's get out of here.”

Syd stormed off, his pinchable ass swaying back and forth. The others followed close behind.

They had no phones, no money and no other clothes. Luckily, Syd appeared to have a plan. He marched them off campus to one of the hiking trails that lead in the woods. About two hundred paces down the trail, he turned into the wilderness. Keith and the others followed, picking their way carefully over the fallen leaves and overturned logs until the trail was well out of sight. Eventually, they came upon a shaded clearing surrounded by tall trees. Syd stopped and sat on a fallen tree while the others caught up.

Keith threw off his trench coat and used it as a blanket to sit down on. His ebony body was shiny with sweat and he felt his large breasts swaying as he adjusted himself to get comfortable. He sat with his knees in the air and picked at some leaves. Glancing down, he saw the gentle outlines of the rough pubic hair covering his pussy beneath his sheer white panties, and snapped his legs closed.

He sighed and turned to Syd. “This is your plan?”

“Yep,” Syd replied. “We've got nowhere else to go. All we have to do is wait it out and we'll get our bodies back. Then we can show those fucking bitches what having a dick feels like.”

Syd's desire for revenge aside, it seemed like a good plan for the first hour or so. Then the boredom set in. It was followed some time later by the hunger. Keith's own stomach rumbled and he could

definitely hear the blonde's stomach rumbling in agreement as she stretched out on the ground next to him.

Keith broke down first. "Syd, this is a great plan and all, but I'm hungry as fuck."

"Yeah, dude, and bored as fuck," Will added.

The others muttered their agreement. "Yeah, yeah. All right." Syd sighed. "I'll go get us some food and *something* to do."

Bryan sat up suddenly. "I'll come with you."

Syd argued halfheartedly but eventually relented. The two stretched and walked back towards the path, their voices steadily growing fainter until they disappeared, leaving Keith and Will alone in silence.

The adorable half-Thai woman was sitting with her legs crossed opposite Keith in the clearing. Her black mini-dress had ridden up, revealing a delicately manicured bush. Her eyes were directed down at her chest and she bit her lip as she poked at her tits, sending them wobbling back and forth. Watching the gorgeous stranger poking at her breasts with a curious expression on her tiny face, Keith felt his own body responding, warming in unfamiliar ways.

"Dude, I can feel it," Will said, giving his breast another poke. "It's so weird."

Keith brought his hands to his own chest and gripped his tits. His hands filled with a wonderful weighty softness. As he squeezed, a gentle warmth flooded through him. Keith heard a noise and looked up to see Will approaching him.

"Can I try?"

Keith nodded and Will knelt in front of him, placing his tiny hands on Keith's massive breasts. Will's touch was gentle, his slender hands sliding around Keith's body, caressing his curves in wonder. Without warning, Will leaned forward and wrapped his pink lips around one of Keith's nipples. The pleasure spiked instantly, easing a sigh from Keith's lips. Will's hot breath caressed Keith's sensitive skin as his mocha colored nipple pebbled out in Will's mouth. Keith sighed as Will nipped him lightly with his teeth. His new body felt so alive, so sensitive, as an alien tension wound through him. The woman had her eyes closed in delight as she ran her tongue over Keith's tits, her slender brows furrowed in ecstasy.

Will kissed his way across Keith's tender breasts, up the nape of his neck and landed on Keith's lips. Will slipped his hand behind Keith's head and slowly lowered him to the ground, their lips still locked, tongues entwined. Will's feminine body tasted wonderful, pleasantly sweet and feminine with a hint of licorice. Her skin was soft and warm. They kissed slowly, tasting each other, muffled moans sometimes escaping.

Keith felt a hand traveling down his side, across his waist, and land gently on his panties, pressing firmly against the pussy beneath. And Keith could *feel* his pussy, could feel the heat rushing through him, could feel the pulse in his throat, could feel himself growing wet at Will's touch. Tiny fingers stroked Keith's pussy, encouraging the tension onward until it pounded through every inch of his body.

And then one slender finger entered him, the inner pinkness set off beautifully against his body's ebony skin. Keith's pussy wrapped around the dainty digit as it gently pushed against his velvety folds. Keith gasped into Will's mouth as Will's finger landed on Keith's swollen clit and a hit of pleasure poured through him. Will began rubbing expertly, working Keith's body, winding him up into a beautiful tension that filled him from head to toe. His body was screaming for release as Will pressed harder, deeper, adding another finger. He sped up, matching the rhythm of Keith's body, the

wet squelching sounds of Keith's pussy reached his ears and he came, throwing his head back and squeezing his eyes tight and moaning as pleasure exploded through him, throwing all thought from his mind as the world disappeared in a white hot orgasmic blaze.

When Keith came down he wanted more. His feminine body was ready, and so was Will. Will quickly crawled down Keith's body, his breasts whispering down Keith's tummy, past his pussy, landing on his legs, and then there was hot breath on Keith's pussy and before he could prepare himself Will's tongue was inside him. Keith dug his fingers into the earth, smelling the deep rich soil as he spread his legs wide and let Will's tongue explore his depths. He cried out again and again as Will lapped at his cunt, drinking down his juices and sending orgasm after orgasm through his body.

He lost track of time, living only for the next flare of delight through his buxom frame, until Will tired and eased out of him slowly, licking gently, still drinking up Keith's juices until he could at last open his eyes again and welcome the world back.

“Fuuuck,” Will whispered, already wondering how many times they could do that before the others came back.

Syd led the way back along the trail. He could hear Bryan following close behind.

“What's your plan?” Bryan asked.

Syd turned to him, his eyes taking in the body of the hot blonde that housed Will. “I don't have one.”

“But why—”

“Just had to get outta there,” Syd blurted out “Realized I didn't want to sit in the woods being cock teased by a bunch of hotties all day.”

“But what about Will and Keith?”

“They'll be fine, they're probably already fucking each other by now.” Syd turned on his heel and continued down the trail.

A second later, Syd heard Bryan's jogging footsteps behind him.

As he drew level, Bryan pushed his blonde hair behind his ear and said, “Look...Emily said I could stay with her for the rest of the day.”

“Good for you. If you hit that shit and film it you'll have some awesome lesbian porno.”

“I wasn't gonna... I don't think...”

“Hey, man, if she brings it up, just go with it, Bryan.”

“Syd, has anyone ever told you you're an asshole?”

Syd laughed. “Yeah, all the time.”

“No, for real. It's your shitty attitude to women that got us shoved into these bodies.”

Pissed, Syd slammed on the brakes and rounded on Bryan. He could feel his breasts jiggling, could feel the long waves of his hair tickling his cheek and his neck; constant reminders of the delicate body he was trapped in. He hated feeling so weak and powerless and lashed out, “Then just fucking leave if you feel that way.”

“I will,” Bryan snapped. He stormed off down the last few steps of the trail and back onto the campus. “And by the way,” he called back over his shoulder, “I'm quitting your stupid frat.”

“Good!” Syd retorted. “We'll get some real men to join us!”

A lanky looking student passed by snickering.

Syd glared at him but the student didn't stop staring. Dammit, this body couldn't intimidate shit.

Syd stood at the edge of campus and twisted a lock of hair around his finger as he thought. He wasn't going to just wander around broke, horny and aimless all day. A plan began to form. After

all, there was no reason having a pussy should prevent him from chasing it. Maybe being stuck in this sexy body could be a *good* thing. If he could find some hot lesbian, they could eat each other out for the rest of the day. Maybe that chick Christy from his Women and Culture class? (The class he'd taken to meet hot bitches only to find out that half were lesbians and the other half were dogs.)

But being a lesbian was a plus in this hot new body. And eating out Christy's pussy wouldn't count as losing his virginity. Then, if he stayed the night and woke up in his real body, he could give her the cock she was missing. Turn her into a *real* woman. Fuck, his cunt was getting moist just thinking about it. First thing, though, he needed to get his phone. The class contact list was somewhere in his email and Christy's info was on it.

When Syd got to his frat house, he crept down the alleyway along the side and picked up the hidden set of spare keys. Continuing along to the back door, he peeked through the window and scanned the hallway. Finding it empty, he unlocked the door and pushed it slowly open. He paused, hearing some voices—Peter and Trey from the sound of it—and the rhythmic bouncing of a ping pong ball coming from the living room at the front of the house.

Syd eased the door shut quietly and snuck down the hallway. The stairs were in view of the two guys playing ping pong but he'd have to risk it. He ducked down and cautiously peeked around the corner. Peter was barely five feet away, facing Trey at the other end of the room. Syd watched for a minute and, when the ball flew off the table and Peter turned his back to get it, Syd hurried around the banister and up the stairs.

His heart was pounding in his chest. Peter had a reputation around the house: a track record for getting into pretty much any woman's panties. It was great going out with him as a guy and pulling loads of pussy, but Syd didn't want to be on the receiving end of it. He raced upstairs without looking back.

Everything seemed quiet. Most of the other frat members were probably in class by now. Syd's eased open the door to his room and slipped in. He rummaged through his clothes on the floor and the detritus on his bookshelf until he found his wallet and phone. He was trying to figure out how to store them with no pockets when he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. His eyes flew to the door and realized it had swung open.

Syd made a dash for the closet to hide but was stopped by a voice from the hallway. “Yo!” Peter stormed into the room and grabbed Syd by the wrist. “What are you doing in here? Is that Syd's wallet?”

Syd froze, searching for an acceptable answer.

“Hey,” Peter continued, “you were here this morning, weren't you?”

“Uh, yes, I... Syd asked me to get his stuff for him.”

“Uh huh,” Peter replied skeptically. “You know this is breaking and entering, right? I think the police might be interested.”

Syd watched in panic as Peter dug his phone out of his pocket. If the police got involved who knows what would happen when they found he had no ID and no one who knew who he was. And then, if he changed back into his male body in his cell, that would just open up a whole bunch of other questions. The guy who turned into a woman. He'd never live it down.

“Wait. Don't.” Syd pleaded, placing a hand on Peter's chest. “I'll...we can sort this out here. Alone.” Syd looked up at Peter—who now, he realized, stood at least a head taller than him—and batted his eyes in what he hoped was an alluring manner.

Peter paused, his phone in his hand and a hint of a smile playing across his kissable lips. “How do

you think we should sort this out?"

Instead of answering, Syd took a step back. Peter let go of his arm and Syd swayed his hips back and forth as his fingers crept up towards his neck and slowly began unbuttoning his shirt. He went gradually, pulling his shirt open a little more with each button as Peter watched. Syd giggled, a tiny bubbling laugh, as he reached the third button, then the fourth. His breasts were still hidden beneath the fabric, but all he had to do was spread open the shirt and they'd be right there.

Syd watched Peter's face, watched the emotions play out across his handsome features. And he *was* handsome, any girl could see that, with his dark tousled hair and the muscles in his arms that rippled with each motion, sending echoing desire rippling through Syd's body. Syd felt so powerful using his body to hold Peter's attention. Had his mind adjusted to this feminine body so much that he could now feel a physical attraction for men?

"What's your name?" Peter growled, his bass voice sending shivers down Syd's spine.

"Sydney." Syd replied.

Syd teased Peter, running his hands along the side of the shirt but never opening it, revealing only glimpses of his beautiful, round breasts. Slowly he pulled the left side of his shirt open until the cool air caressed his nipple. He took Peter's hand and placed it on his breast. Peter's hands were warm and strong, but his grip was surprisingly gentle as he circled his fingers around Syd's bare boob, his head cocked slightly to the side, his whole attention focused on Syd's body.

Syd spread open the other side of his shirt and grabbed Peter's free hand, placing it on his other breast. Peter gripped him firmly and took a step closer, pressing his hard body against Syd's soft form. A sigh escaped Syd's lips; he was surprised by the intensity of the feelings pulsing through his body at Peter's touch. Peter's hands slid up his chest and nudged the shirt off. Syd let it slip from his arms and drop in a pile on the floor as Peter took in his body with delight. God, Syd was growing so wet watching Peter watching him. He bit his plump lower lip, felt his face reddening even as his body demanded more. He looked down at himself, enjoying seeing the huge jiggling breasts on his chest, the miles of golden leg and the chestnut hair of his pussy.

Suddenly Peter swept his hands around Syd's back, one sliding down to grip his plump ass, and pulled him forward into a kiss. Syd made a quick 'oh' of surprise at the speed of the motion, and then their lips were locked together. Peter's tongue invaded Syd's mouth, exploring his warm, wet contours, demanding in his intensity. Syd could feel Peter's erection pressing hard up against his stomach beneath Peter's pants. It was terrifying how much this was turning him on. He was a guy. He was supposed to be the one fucking chicks with his huge cock. And yet...his girlish body needed this now.

Instead of pulling back, Syd found himself pushing forward, wrapping his own arms around Peter's solid, masculine form, raking his fingers down Peter's back, running his fingers through Peter's hair, examining his entire body by touch as they continued kissing. Syd's body was singing with pleasure, drinking in Peter's touch, his kiss, his intoxicating woody scent.

Peter took a step forward, forcing Syd to take a step back. Then another, and another, until Syd's knees hit the edge of his bed and he fell onto his plump ass. In one quick motion Peter unzipped his pants and freed his cock, the massive erection throbbing gently as it pointed towards Syd's dainty body.

Peter grabbed the hem of Syd's skirt and yanked it up his thighs. Syd's eyes went wide as Peter grinned down at him. He couldn't have sex. If he lost his virginity he would be trapped like this forever.

But would that be so bad? His body was asking breathlessly, To be trapped as Peter's plaything?

Syd felt a trickle of juice escape his pussy and travel down his thigh. Looking down at himself, Syd saw his plump pussy lips open and ready. Peter came closer, his cock nearing Syd's pussy. Syd stuck out a trembling hand onto Peter's chest.

“P-Peter I—” He bit his lip as a tremor passed through his body, already on the precipice of ecstasy.

Peter clasped Syd's hand to his chest and pressed his cock against Syd's dripping cunt. There was an instant of pressure, and then he slid inside. Syd's protests died on his lips as he was filled for the very first time. His head dropped back and he sighed “Yessss” as Peter slowly entered him, penetrating deeper and deeper into his wet heat.

God, he could feel every inch of Peter's cock, could feel the head traveling deeper and deeper until it was lodged in his center and the world seemed to stand still, the walls of his pussy gripping Peter's shaft like a glove as he quivered around it, the first mini-orgasm shaking his body.

Peter raised Syd's hands to his lips and kissed it lovingly as he slowly withdrew, and just as slowly sank back inside. Syd was so full, so fucking full of Peter's cock and it was perfect. He wrapped his legs around Peter's waist and pulled him in, helping drive the cock deeper into his needy body. Fuck, his cunt was so tight, the walls stretched around Peter's dick as he drove himself gently in and out. Syd wanted to stop, but his body wouldn't let him. Not with Peter staring at him in utter joy, not with Peter's cock making his body perfectly fulfilled.

There was a voice from the door. “Hey, have you—”

Syd opened his eyes and saw Trey peeking around the door, smirking at the sight in front of him.

“Sorry, I—”

Peter paused and half turned, his cock almost slipping out of Syd's body and Syd heard himself whine with disappointment.

“No, it's okay. Come on in,” Peter said. “Sydney here wouldn't mind sucking your cock. She's a good little whore isn't she?”

This last comment was directed at Syd, who simply nodded.

Anything! Anything just to get Peter back inside him, to feel so perfect and warm again.

Trey didn't hesitate. He approached the bed and pulled down his pants. Syd eagerly reached for the dick that was shoved in his face, stroking the shaft as it grew in his hand. Peter resumed his slow fucking as Syd cooed on the bed, watching as Trey grew larger and firmer in his hand. Finally he took Trey's cock into his mouth. There was no hesitation. His body wanted to please Peter. Wanted to suck on this fat dick in front of him. Trey's cock was wonderfully hot and heavy in Syd's mouth. He wrapped his ruby lips around it and swallowed it slowly, licking the underside of the shaft and tasting the delicious manly musk.

Peter sped up, his cock driving harder and faster into Syd's body, spreading pleasure throughout every inch of her glorious form. Syd wrapped his lips more firmly around Trey's cock and sucked harder, one hand gripping the shaft to help plunge it into his eager mouth. His tits rocked back and forth on his chest as they got into a rhythm, Peter slamming his cock into Syd while Syd swallowed Trey.

“That's it,” Peter murmured. “You're a good little whore.”

Yes, yes he was so good! He gripped Peter with his legs and pulled him forward harder, moaning around Trey's dick in his mouth. His other hand came down to his clit and began rubbing fiercely, fireworks shooting through his brain until he suddenly came, his cries muffled by the cock in his mouth, his body quivering as Peter, beautiful, perfect Peter, watched in delight, slowing down to let

Syd enjoy his orgasm, before resuming his speed.

Syd's body was on fire, his only thought for *more, more!* He slurped greedily at Trey's dick, felt it start to throb in his mouth, then pulled it out and aimed it at his face. spurts of creamy white jizz blasted onto his lips, his chin, sliding down his forehead and his little slip of a nose.

“Oh, God!” Peter moaned, and released himself into Syd's body. Syd threw back his head and howled as he shook with orgasm, still gripping Trey's cock in one hand as Peter plunged deep inside, filling Syd's virgin cunt with his hot seed, pounding as hard as he could, desperately emptying himself into Syd's sexy body. Soon he slowed and stopped, coming to rest inside Syd's cunt. When he pulled out there was an aching emptiness left inside Syd's body and a slight feeling of dread as he realized he'd just sealed himself inside this form. The dread was overpowered by the heat rushing through him, and Syd knew it wouldn't be long before his body was desperate for more.

Fortunately, he had access to an entire frat house.

Epilogue

In retrospect, Bryan was willing to accept that his Dad was right - frat life had proved to be worthwhile. After all, the frat had lead him to Emily. He and Emily had spent the entire day he was in female form just chatting and getting to know each other. The next morning, when Bryan was back to his old self, they'd started dating. And it never would have happened if a bunch of loudmouth frat dudes hadn't pissed off the wrong witch.

He suspected the other guys regarded frat life as equally memorable...

Will and Keith had managed to stay awake until midnight, taking turns resting and pleasuring their new bodies. Will was buried between Keith's legs, licking his pussy when all of a sudden Keith's cock appeared, nearly choking Will. After a brief and awkward pause—and with some encouragement from Keith—Will returned his mouth to Keith's cock and gave him the best blowjob of his life. They got engaged at graduation and were married a year later..

Syd became the unofficial frat house fucktoy, willing to suck or fuck anyone at any time; eager to watch himself be penetrated over and over, to feel his pussy slide open for the next cock, to drink the next load. He was the only woman allowed to live in the frat house and was happily passed around like a joint at a party. He was never happier than when he was at the bottom of a pile of guys, all his holes filled, and with a line of frat dudes out the door. Anything for Pi Sigma Alpha.

###

Running Around

I knock on the elegant, wood door of my wife's office and—at her distracted “Come on in”—push it open.

Liz is still hard at work at her desk at the far end of the room. In the windows behind her, the campus quad is laid out, mostly empty but for a few students wandering across the grass here and there. The glow of the afternoon sun throws a comfortable warmth over the room, splashing across the polished wooden floorboards and illuminating the rows of leather-bound volumes that fill the shelves along each wall. The rich smell of oiled wood and old books mingles with the faint aroma of nervous undergrad that's a hallmark of any tenured professor's office.

Liz's glasses are pushed down low over her adorable little nose and her elegant eyebrows are scrunched slightly in concentration.. She doesn't look up from her computer as I enter; intent on grading some student's assignment which, from the frown on her face, doesn't seem to be going well. Pausing in her typing, she absentmindedly tucks some loose strands of honey blonde hair back behind an elfin ear before resuming.

“Hey, hon,” I say. “We're gonna miss our plane if we don't get out of here soon.”

She looks up at me with her deep blue eyes, noticing my intrusion for the first time. Her face softens and the familiar smile replaces her professorial frown. In her girlish smile I can still see the shy twenty-year-old I fell in love with so many years ago.

“Sorry, got caught up,” she says. “I didn't want to have to think about this on vacation.”

“That's why you should make the assignments due *after* spring break instead of before.”

“Ugh, can you imagine the complaints I'd get?” She pulls off her glasses and rubs her eyes.

“It doesn't seem to stop Professor Gregory.”

“Yeah, well, Zachary's an ornery old man who enjoys conflict.” She grins. “Don't tell him I said that.”

“My lips are sealed.”

Professor Gregory is in my department. Though he would, I'm sure, prefer that I say that *I'm* in *his*. True, I'm just the departmental administrator, but I'm the one who cuts the checks.

He's not a bad guy to work with; he's just very much the absent-minded professor. I think his waspish behavior is mostly just a reflection of his desire to concentrate on deep philosophical problems like what a machine consciousness would look like, rather than the more humdrum and vastly less important (to him, anyway) problems of proper workplace etiquette and scheduling. I don't bring any of this up to Liz; we've discussed it all before.

I cross behind her and place my hands on her shoulders, digging my thumbs into her tense shoulders.

In response, she moans and tosses her head back, eyes closed.

I lean down and kiss her cheek, catching her faint flowery scent. "Come on," I whisper, "I can't wait to have you alone."

She smiles and places a hand on mine. I gaze down at the smooth skin of her slender fingers, knowing that, in a couple more hours, they'll be mine to play with.

As if reading my thoughts she whispers, "I can't wait to have you inside me."

She turns off the computer and stands, and I take the opportunity to wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her. As she leans into me and wraps her arms around my neck, I reach down and squeeze her ass.

Giggling, she hits me playfully. "I thought we had a plane to catch."

"Yeah, we do." Reluctantly, I pull away and we walk out the door together.

I'd happily use my abilities to hop inside her body for the flight and save us a plane ticket, but we have the money and she wants someone next to her, someone to hold - so I go as myself.

It's been so long since I've used my powers, I'm itching to get out of my own skin. When I was younger, the airport offered me a sense of adventure. I could go anywhere in the world and experience anything just by hopping the right traveler. I'd gone to my share of weddings (as both bride and groom), visited exotic locals and, once, gotten involved in a shady drug deal. But now, being with Liz was all I needed.

I was terrified the first time I revealed my powers to her. It was several months into our relationship when I sat her down and told her what I could do. Naturally, I had to demonstrate. So I hopped into her body, letting her stay awake and experience my control of her body as I sipped her coffee briefly, then hopped out. She was a bit shaken but didn't run screaming from the room and, as she came to trust me, she learned to enjoy it. She could feel the pure pleasure I got just from moving about in her form. All the insecurities she had about her own body gradually disappeared, replaced with my own joyful exuberance. To me, she was perfect, and she felt that when I was inside her. I'd offered to hop anyone she wanted, bring home any body for her to have fun with, but she demurred. She didn't want anybody; she wanted me.

Now, sitting next to her on the flight and glancing over at her gorgeous face as she reads, I feel that old excitement for a hop. I can't wait to touch her, to feel her from the inside. To *be* her utterly and completely.

We finally arrive at Los Angeles and are waiting at the baggage terminal for our luggage when I hear a gruff voice behind me. "Excuse me, sir, would you mind coming with me?"

I turn with a start and find Dennis, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"I hope so. Otherwise we're renting a car," I say as I grip him in an awkward bear hug.

Dennis is a big guy and everything's awkward with him. He's one of my oldest friends and, in all this time, I don't think I've ever seen him comfortable in his own body. If anyone would benefit from being a hopper it's Dennis. Nothing gives you perspective on your own body quite like being in someone else's.

"You remember my wife, Liz, right?"

"Hi, Dennis," she smiles.

"Of course!" He smiles back and gives her the same awkward hug, his lower body planted firmly away from her body so he has to lean heavily on her to execute the hug.

“Where's Nat?” Liz asks.

Dennis grimaces and shakes her head. “Don't know. Probably still off with her piano instructor.”

“Oh, I'm sorry,” Liz replies, growing beet red. I realize I'd forgotten to fill her in on Dennis's current relationship status.

“Perfectly okay. They're more harmonious together than we ever were.” He guffaws loudly at his own joke.

Dennis insists on carrying our bags, hoisting them up in his beefy arms as if they weigh nothing. We climb into Dennis's car—a black Mercedes CLS—and I sit up front so he can catch me up on old friends and acquaintances. The L.A. traffic's bad, but then when isn't it? It takes us about forty five minutes to get back to Dennis's house. He's got a small place near the beach. At least, at one point it was small but he's added on to it over time. He guides us out back to a separate bungalow, chatting merrily all the while. Our bungalow is cozy and well-maintained, with a single large bedroom and a small bathroom.

“The kitchen's in the main house, which you're welcome to use any time” Dennis says, flipping on the light, “But you've got a coffee machine and a microwave here. All the comforts of dorm life.”

“Much better than dorm life I'd say. Remember the freshman dorms?” I shudder. “Cinder block walls and tiled floors? It was like living in a prison.”

“Not that you spent many nights in it anyway.” Dennis notes wryly.

“Oh really?” Liz interjects, wrapping herself around my arm. “And where did you spend most of your nights?”

I cough. “That was a long time ago.”

“Oops,” Dennis laughs, “And, with that, I'll leave you to get refreshed. I've got to go into the office tomorrow morning but here's a key to the house. Help yourselves to anything you need.”

Dennis leaves the key on the table and slips out while Liz and I unpack and prepare for bed.

We're standing next to each other brushing our teeth when Liz asks, “Does Dennis know about your ability?”

I shake my head and spit out my mouthful of toothpaste. “You're the only one I've ever told.”

“And did you ever use your abilities to...help Dennis with his dating life?”

I give her a sideways glance. “Once or twice. Never anyone crazy, no cheerleaders or our professors or anything. Only women I thought he could get if he was a little less awkward. It worked. He ended up dating one for a long time.”

“Would you ever do that for me?”

“Is that what you want?”

“I don't know.” She leans her hip against the counter. “Everybody fantasizes about someone else from time to time, right? In a purely theoretical way... But you can actually make it happen. And it'd still be you, just...as someone else.”

I take her in my arms and look down at her beautiful face, take in her delicate pixie features and kiss her on the tip of her nose. “You're the only one I want. But, if there's someone you want, I'll get him. Or her.”

She smiles, nods once in finality and we climb into bed. She falls asleep with her arm thrown across

my chest protectively.

I wake up inside Liz's body and curled into the back of her mind. The sun has slipped through a crack in the curtains and sends a sharp line directly across my side of the bed. I let her stay in control, happy just to be a passenger, waking up as a beautiful woman. I watch through her perspective as she rubs her eyes, enjoying the thrill of feeling her tiny body stretch and yawn. She rolls over and realizes I'm no longer in the bed.

“Tony?” she calls out.

Right here, I reply.

I feel Liz's mouth curl into a smile as her body sinks back onto the bed. “Couldn't wait, huh?”

You know it.

“Excited about this?” she whispers, one hand coming up to her pert little breast. She gropes it gently, squeezing her soft flesh. And I can feel *everything*: her breast, the touch of her fingers, the faint heat between her legs. She senses my growing desire and laughs, releasing her boob. “You'll have to wait until after my run.”

God, you're going to kill me!

She stands, my perspective shifting with her as she heads to the bathroom. “Don't look,” she says, as she sits. But I have no choice, I can feel her pee, hear the stream hit the porcelain, feel the relief flooding through her. I don't mind. This is the normalcy I enjoy. The consummate banality of being someone else is what I truly desire.

She brushes her teeth, making faces at herself—faces at me—in the mirror. Then she rummages through her luggage and finds her jogging gear. She squeezes the tight peach-colored running shorts over her legs, pulling them up over her calves, her thighs, adjusting them around her ass. It's criminal how short these things are; she's practically wearing nothing, but god it feels great to have my sexy body on display.

Then the fuchsia sleep top comes off and I get a quick glimpse of Liz's breasts, hanging down from my chest as she bends to pick up her top. I can feel her tits as my own, jiggling together, and I want to touch them, lick them, squeeze them. But I hold off. The anticipation is killing me, coiling in my belly and sharpening my senses.

She pulls on her jogging top and adjusts it over her tits, before tying her hair up in a ponytail. Lacing up her shoes, she looks in the mirror one last time. I stare through her eyes at the cute blonde, at my wife, at myself.

“Let's go,” she says, and heads out the door.

Racing down the beach I remember what a thrill it is to be Liz. She navigates the few short blocks to the beach slowly. By the time we reach the running path on the outskirts of the beach, her body is warmed up nicely. We turn away from the Ferris wheel at Santa Monica pier and head south towards Venice Beach, picking up the pace until Liz falls into what is apparently her usual rhythm. Our legs are pumping, our arms are swinging, our ponytail is jiggling, and our tits are swaying—even beneath the sports bra. Liz's body is a beautiful machine and I'm hypnotized feeling her move.

My breath comes faster as we run and my feminine body is soon covered in a light sheen of sweat, but Liz runs on. There's a determination needed to run, something I don't have. In my own body, I very quickly reach the 'this sucks, this sucks, this sucks' phase and quit. But Liz's body pushes on, down past the stalls setting up for the morning, past the cafes and shops, past the outdoor gym

where everyone's trying to be the next Schwarzenegger, all the way until the lane ends at Venice Beach and then back again. Only when we get back to our starting point, with the Ferris Wheel behind us, does she slow and then stop at a park near the edge of the path.

Liz's heart pounds while she walks around in slow circles, one hand on her back, taking deep breaths. Her body is slick with sweat. I can feel it running down between her breasts, down her legs. Liz wipes her forehead and her hand comes away shiny. Fuck. I want her so much right now. I want to push forward and take her right here and right now. I'm so goddamn slippery, something about running my hands over my slick body is almost too much. Her hand slips down across her crotch.

"Hello," she says, pleasantly surprised, "I'm not usually *this* wet after a run."

Can I take control? Please?

"Not yet," she says, then settles on a patch of grass for some stretches.

Liz puts one long limb out in front of her, leaning into the stretch, grasping one foot and leaning forward until her nose just about touches her leg. Then she repeats on the other side. I'm so limber and I'm so in love with Liz's body. She does a few yoga poses, arches her back and I'm hyper aware of my cute ass sticking out, my own curves driving me crazy. Every time she slides her fingers down her body I want to keep going, sliding down her thighs and into my dripping pussy.

Liz bites her lip and breathes heavily. "Fuck. Do I really turn you on this much?"

All the time. Can I have you now?

"Okay, but remember, it won't be all fun and games - I've got to meet up with Chrissy this morning."

Chrissy is a former colleague of Liz's. When they worked together they were extremely competitive, going after the same publications, the same promotions and, often, the same men.

No problem.

"Enjoy," Liz says.

I push forward and take control of my wife's body, leaving her awake and conscious. Finally, it's me as the cute blonde and there's only one thing I want. I usually hate running but, this is one time, I don't mind. I jog back to our bungalow, lock the door and close the curtains before falling onto the bed and plunging my hand down my sweat soaked shorts.

My fingers land on the lips of my pussy, already spreading wide for me, and Liz moans in my head as I moan in her gorgeous voice. I slide my fingers up and down my slit, just enjoying the rough pubic hair beneath my touch. I press lightly against my hidden clit, feel it begin to grow and reveal itself. I'm wet, so deliciously wet. I lift my legs in the air and yank off my shorts, gazing down at my pussy, nestled between my golden, sweat soaked thighs. My pussy lips are already swollen and, spreading myself with my fingers, I gaze into my wife's pink folds.

I usually hate looking at myself, Liz says inside my mind, but with you inside, it's the most amazing sight.

"I agree," I whisper, as I slide a finger inside myself, watch my lips fold around my digit, feel myself being penetrated as I watch myself doing the penetrating. I shiver uncontrollably, a mini-orgasm brought on as much from the resolution of anticipation as from the physical pleasure. The feeling makes my legs clench together and squeezes a gasp from my lips. My other hand comes up and grabs my sports bra, gripping hard at the tits beneath the slippery fabric. I continue slipping my finger in and out of my pussy, growing ever wetter, my clit expanding. I rub faster in time with the rhythm of my body. I'm making small, tight circles over my clit, squeezing my tits. My hips thrust

up and I bury my fingers deeper inside my lithe body. Liz's voice escapes my lips, her high pitched cries fill the room as her body vibrates with pleasure.

Oh yes! she screams inside my head as I thrust my fingers hard and deep inside her. I'm soaking wet, dripping onto the bed and it feels so perfect manipulating my wife's body. I can make her do anything, give her unimaginable pleasure, and enjoy it myself. Feeling her body I know exactly how to touch her, how to grip and caress, when to thrust hard and when to ease off. I need to get deeper, need to really pound myself.

I sit up and lean my head down on the bed, ass up in the air. My cunt is wide open, sensitive and soaking wet. I twist my hand through my legs and finger myself hard, using gravity to sink down on my fingers. My head is turned to one side as I fuck myself hard. I'm screaming now, crying out again and again as I fuck Liz senseless, until I cum hard for a fourth time, a fifth time, and her pussy juices drip down my arms. I make her cum until I'm exhausted and my legs are quivering with effort. And only then do I drop onto the bed, curling my arms around my legs in a fetal position and rest, jolted every now and then by aftershocks.

I bring one hand to my nose, inhale the wonderful musky scent of Liz's pussy. *Of my pussy.* I caused this. My body aches wonderfully and Liz, in my mind, is so satisfied that she doesn't object as I lick the taste of her cunt off my fingers. When I'm in control, her feelings are mine, and only now does she realize how delicious her pussy tastes.

I get to shower in Liz's body, running my soapy hands over every inch of my skin, letting my fingers play across my springy breasts.

I only realize how warm I'm making Liz when she pipes up, *God, if you love taking a shower as me this much, maybe you should do it every time.*

I smile and arch my back, running my fingers across my little bubble butt and between the crack of my ass. "Just gotta make sure you're clean."

When I'm done, I dry myself off and, after surprising Liz with how adept I am at curling her hair and applying her makeup, I admit to her that I'm borrowing her own memories to do so. I'm pulling my favorite hair and makeup looks from her mind until I'm gazing into the mirror at the most perfect Liz: cute and sexy. I need to look my best to go meet Chrissy. It's a rivalry thing.

Liz helps me pick out an outfit: a light blue sleeveless blouse and white pants. The pants hug my small curves and it's a struggle to get them on but, when I do, I realize how perfect they are. They emphasize my figure, molding to my firm calves and strong thighs. The blouse is casual and pretty without being too revealing. Some small diamond studs complete the look I grab Liz's purse and walk down to the cafe where we're meeting Chrissy.

We're nearly there, when Liz speaks up, *Can I have control again?*

She *is* Liz's friend. So, even though I'm having fun in her body, I agree.

"Ok. Let me sit down so you don't get hurt."

Picking a seat in the corner, I scan the room for Chrissy, just in case, but she's not here yet.

"Ready?" I whisper.

Yes.

I pull back into her mind and push Liz forward. Her body sways slightly as she takes back control. Not a moment too soon, because Chrissy now coming towards us. I've never met her but Liz recognizes her and waves her over.

I have to admit, Chrissy is pretty. She's got long, dark chocolate colored hair, with sharp bangs cut short across her forehead that draw attention to her stunning blue eyes. Her nose and her cheekbones have a sharpness that saves her from bland beauty and pushes her into interestingly attractive. It's a face you want to look at, and a body to go with it. She's got a large chest, not impossibly Los Angeles huge, but heavy and natural. She wears a low slung red top that shows off the dark valley of her cleavage and shorts that reveal smooth golden thighs. As we hug I feel her breasts press against Liz.

“Oh my God, Liz, you look amazing!” Chrissy gushes as she takes a seat.

You're welcome, Liz, I say.

“You too!” Liz cries, ignoring me. “I love your outfit.”

“Oh, this old thing? I just paid an obscene amount of money for it and spent hours figuring out the perfect combination.” Chrissy grins. “You know, no big deal.”

“How's the architecture business going?”

“Oh, it's going. No one has vision anymore. Everyone wants to live in the same boring box with windows. I'd love a chance to do something else. A box without windows perhaps? I don't know, something.”

I let Chrissy and Liz talk. Chrissy's funny and outgoing, unafraid to speak her mind. I can see how she grated on Liz when they were in close proximity every day. Distance seems to have mellowed them but, every now and then, I get a hint of their rivalry... particularly when Liz starts talking about me and Chrissy admits she's not having much luck with men.

It's nice that Liz is enjoying herself, but I'm stuck with the selfish thought that this is running into my 'Liz' time. The two girls order coffee and chat, reliving old events, new boyfriends, and the daily trials of life. Liz could probably sit here for hours but I need to change things up. So, the next time Chrissy touches Liz's arm to emphasize some point, I hop.

In a flash, I'm looking across the table at Liz. I can feel the bangs tickling my forehead when I move. I'm immediately aware of my heavier breasts and the exposed flesh on my thighs. I scratch my nose, tracing my finger down the new contours of my face. Suddenly, Liz furrows her brow and I can see her muttering something.

“Something wrong, honey?” I ask.

“No. No. Just...” She stops and looks closer, staring into my eyes. “Tony?”

I nod. “Sorry, couldn't help myself. I wanted to see what it's like to be your rival. Trust me, she doesn't measure up.”

Liz sits back and appraises me. “Is she still in there with you?”

“Yes, but she's basically sleeping. Once I leave her, she'll remember doing everything as if it was her own choice.”

“How is being her different from me?”

I tap my fingers on the table as I consider my response, the heavy rings making a metallic clink. “Mentally, I can feel Chrissy's personality, just at the edge of perception. And I can either let myself be guided by it or go in a completely different direction.”

I shift in my seat, assessing my new shape. “Physically, my perspective's different. I'm taller than you, my eyes are spaced differently, my nose is picking up fainter smells...that sort of thing. I adjust to the changes with each body, but I still notice them.”

“Also,” I shrug and let my tits bounce up and down once, “I’m keenly aware of these.”

“I’ll bet. Sounds like it *is* still you.”

“Yep, it’s me, hon.”

I reach across the table and clasp Liz’s hand, circling my slender fingers around hers as I stare into her clear blue eyes. “Let’s go take a walk,” I suggest.

We wind our way slowly through the streets, Liz glancing at me every now and then, as if she still can’t quite believe it’s me in Chrissy’s skin. At some point, she lets me take her hand in mine while she continues quizzing me about my abilities.

Can I read Chrissy’s thoughts? (Sort of. Specific things are easy, but experiences are made up of hazy perceptions rather than words and take some figuring out.)

Can I plant fake memories in her head? (Not really. I can repeat certain things to myself, sort of like one would if they were rote learning, but these things are shallow and temporary at best, and without the full depth of a true experience.)

Can I block out things from her memory? (Again – not really. The best I seem to be able to do is make things seem like a dream.)

How do I make her think she *wanted* to do everything I make her do? (I don’t know, it just happens. The human mind has an amazing ability to justify the unjustifiable and toss away that which doesn’t make sense. It seems to be different if the host knows they’re being hopped.)

Liz’s palm is warm and soft and she grows more comfortable as I reveal the limitations of my powers. We amble through the streets and, I’m so intent on making sure Liz is comfortable, I hardly notice when we arrive outside the tall, wooden gate of Dennis’s bungalow.

“Should I leave Chrissy here?”

Liz stays my arm. “No. Come on in.”

I follow Liz through the gate and down the path to our room. When we get inside, Liz turns to me and takes my hands in hers..

“Would you mind...I’ve always been curious...” She glances down, her cheeks flushing, then back up at me. “Can I see Chrissy’s body?”

I nod, happy to oblige. Unbuttoning my top, I spread it open, each button reveals more of Chrissy’s heavy breasts. I drop my top on the bed and now I’m wearing only a satiny white bra and shorts. I reach around and unhook my bra; let it join my red top on the bed. My tits bounce free and I’m relieved of the uncomfortable pressure of my bra, the red marks where it dug into my skin still visible on my naked body.

Liz and I both stare down at Chrissy’s tits. They’re heavy and round. There’s a tiny mole on the left one and faint stretch marks around the side from carrying so much weight for so long. They seem huge from my perspective, more so having just been inside Liz’s tiny body.

“Can I...?” Liz asks, raising her hand.

I nod and Liz caresses one of my tits, petting it gently like touching a wild animal.

“Wow. They *are* real.”

She brushes one to the side and releases it, watching it wobble back into place. Her touch on my skin makes me glow, a warmth flaring between my legs. Her fingers lightly grasp one of my tits and stay there as she gazes at my body. Without thinking, I lean forward and kiss her, Chrissy’s plump,

soft lips landing on Liz's own. I inhale Liz's lilac scent as my nose presses close to her cheek and my tongue darts out. She's surprised at first, but then opens her mouth to my probing tongue, takes me inside and tastes me.

I step closer, wrapping Liz in my arms and holding her against my soft body, pressing my tits against the soft fabric of her top. One of her hands is caressing my breasts, the other slips around my back and strokes slowly up and down as we continue making out. I close my eyes and enjoy Liz's taste, the way her touch makes my new body flare with desire in strange but enticing ways. It's been so long since I've hopped a woman, and now here I am - two in one day. I've missed this feminine softness, the yearning for a delicate touch that was quickly expanding into a desire for something more intense.

Liz seems to be enjoying my newfound softness too. Her hand slides across my back, her fingers gently clutching at my skin. I pull away from her and cup her chin in my hand, and we stare into each other's eyes.

My hands drift down to her midriff, clutch the hem of her top, and begin slowly pulling it over her head. She helps me, raising her arms and then unclasping her bra as I drop her top to the floor. My nipples are tingling with excitement, much more sensitive than Liz's were.

“Suck on my nipples,” I half-plead.

Liz nods, hesitates, then leans and brings her face towards my tits, wrapping her soft cherry lips around her rival's nipples. I watch from Chrissy's perspective as Liz licks my tits. Her fiery breath warms my nipples, sending tremors of pleasure through my body. I clutch her head to my breast and moan softly. Liz closes her eyes, her kisses becoming rougher, tongue and teeth working together to nip me gently. I bite my lower lip as a brilliant pleasure flits through me, momentarily, leaving faint echoes that soon build on each other as Liz continues suckling. Fuck, Chrissy's tits are so sensitive.

Liz kisses her way across to my other nipple while bringing one hand up and squeezing the first one, still slick with her saliva and – oh, God! - my body is lit with pleasure. I throw back my head and let a deep moan escape my lips. “Harder,” I whisper once I catch my breath, and Liz scrapes my nipples with her teeth. My body is on fire with pleasure bordering on pain. My panties are soaking, the dampness cold against my skin every time I shift position.

Then I'm lying on my back on the bed and raising my hips to let Liz help me out of my shorts, followed by my damp panties. Chrissy's pussy is laid bare for both of us to see, the dark strip of hair leading down to my new slit. My pussy lips are swollen and Liz spreads me with her fingers and dips her tongue inside, licking long and slow. Fuck, it's like a firecracker in my head as she lands on my clit, her tongue undulating across my most sensitive spot. I can *feel* my pussy gushing, can hear Liz swallowing my lusty juices as she buries her face between my legs. I writhe and moan, spreading my legs for her as she pulses her tongue across my clit, matching the waves of pleasure roiling my body until I explode into her. I cry out in a deep, lust-soaked voice, thrusting my hips towards her face. She keeps her tongue inside me, slowing until the orgasm passes, before resuming, knowing what I need, manipulating my body perfectly up and down through my pleasure.

I open my eyes long enough to stare down my body, past my tits, heavy and fat on my chest, over my trim stomach, to Liz's blonde face between my legs. Her eyes are closed. She's enjoying herself as she licks me, whether it's hearing me moan or tasting my pussy I don't know and soon that thought is washed away by another orgasm, harder this time. My voice rises in pitch and I'm soaring, blasted by utter delight, my whole body vibrating, trembling as the orgasm floods me. I grip the sheets and cum hard.

I don't know how long it takes or how loud I am, but my throat is sore when I come down. The tension floods out of me like water from a breaking dam. I'm lightly coated with sweat, breathing hard, my breasts rising and falling with each breath. The aftershocks rock me, send my tits jiggling

even as Liz climbs up my body and rests against me. Her fingers play across my tits, her warm breath is in my ear.

After a few moments Liz rises and looks down at me. "How was that?"

"Holy shit, you were amazing. Chrissy's never felt like that before."

"Maybe she just hasn't found the right woman." Liz smiles.

"Shall we go again?" I ask, hopefully.

Liz sighs. "My jaw is exhausted. Plus, I should probably grade some more papers."

"Ok. Well...do you mind if I take Chrissy out? Maybe work out her anger issues?" I sit up and put on my bra and top as we speak.

"I guess, if that's what you want."

I kiss Liz on the lips. "I'll be back this evening."

"Ok."

And then I'm out the door and down the path. A pretty, single girl alone in Santa Monica. I should be ecstatic, and yet Chrissy's mind is weighing me down. There are some dark thoughts swirling somewhere inside making her unhappy.

I pause, one hand on the gate back to the street, and close my eyes to investigate. I can sense she was pleased with Liz's performance. Little wonder; it felt amazing. The physical sensations, of course, were incredible but it was also nice seeing Liz subservient to Chrissy. Remembering Liz's head buried between my thighs, licking my pussy, thinking only of my own pleasure as her lips ran wet with my juices was enough to make me moist once again. My thoughts and Chrissy's run together. She loves seeing Liz in that subservient position because she's jealous.

And there it is. I push this thought, trying to make sense of Chrissy's answering echoes. From what I can find, Liz has everything Chrissy thinks she *should* have but doesn't: a good job, a loving husband, a nice life. It hasn't worked out as well for Chrissy. She's single, her career is stalled, and her self esteem has taken a dive. Chrissy's hard on herself, scared she's too fat and too old to find love in this city. She's neither of those things, but simply trying to convince her of that won't work. I have to prove to her she's wrong. It can't be that hard. Chrissy's a fun, attractive woman. There must be a million men who'd be good to her. But I need to find someone who's good *for* her.

It's kismet when I see Dennis's car pull up to the curb in front of me and my decision is made in an instant. He nods to me as he heads up the short flight of stairs to his front door.

Giving it a shot, I call out, "Are you Dennis?"

He pauses on a step, a shy smile on his face. "Yeah?"

"I'm Chrissy, Liz's friend." I take a few steps towards the stairs and look up at Dennis with a warm smile. "We were just talking about you."

"Oh, yeah?" he says again, and I get the feeling this might take some work.

"Yep," I say, leaning on the railing. From this angle Dennis can get a view straight down my top and I'm very aware of my ripe breasts on display. Dennis's eyes don't even flick down to my tits. He's a gentleman. "And I told her that you sounded like the kind of guy I'd like to meet." I hold out my hand.

"Well, then it's nice to meet you." Dennis comes back down the stairs to my level and shakes my hand.

He's not a bad looking guy; quite handsome, actually, beneath that shock of unruly black hair. His face is broad but angular, with deep set eyes that draw me in. Definitely Chrissy's type.

"You run the Fifth Street Cafe, right? I love that place."

"Oh, thanks. It's just a little hobby of mine I like to do in between eating and sleeping."

Chrissy's tinkling laughter escapes my lips and I stroke his shoulder appreciatively. "Everyone needs a hobby. Hey, do you want to get a bite to eat?"

"Oh, I just ate."

I want to say 'Come on, Dennis' and smack some sense into him. A beautiful woman is hitting on him. Instead I bite my lower lip and say, "Neither am I. Come walk with me anyway?"

That gets to him. His eyes light up in realization and his cheeks flush pink. "Oh, yeah, sure. Love to."

It takes a bit of effort to crack through Dennis's shell, but he soon loosens up to my flirting. I'm careful not to take it too far; I don't want to scare him off or anything, so I leave it to smiling and laughing at his jokes, with the occasional light touch on his hand for emphasis. We find a little cafe overlooking the beach, and grab a sandwich and a seat.

"I thought you weren't hungry," he says, jokingly.

"Yeah, well, people don't always say what they mean."

He tells me about his work and it opens up a side of Dennis I didn't know about. He's different with Chrissy; more vulnerable, a little more willing to show his feelings. He's still got a little bit of his guard up, but I can't really blame him. After all, we only just met. And yet, he still manages to be funny and charming and self-deprecating. I didn't think he'd turn into an asshole or a nervous wreck around beautiful women, but it's nice to have that confirmed.

It's tricky navigating Chrissy's memories to share stories with Dennis. When we relate stories to other people over and over, we create a new narrative separate from the memory. And, at some point, we stop remembering the actual event and fall back on just remembering the narrative, tending to use similar words to set the scene and tell the tale. It's natural because most personal stories get better with telling. We learn to leave out the insignificant details and emphasize the points that will get the best reaction from the listener.

Chrissy has an awesomely funny story about the time she tried to catch a bus while traveling through Nepal which I try to relate to Dennis. He's appreciative but I don't think I do the story justice. The whole thing is difficult, which is why I try to stick to opinions and facts, covering over the cracks in my knowledge with wry observations.

Whatever I'm doing, it seems to be working, because the time flies and, before I know it, it's closing in on four o'clock.

"Well, I should get going," I say. "I've got a lot of nothing to do before bedtime."

It's at that point that Dennis surprises me and, I think, himself.

"If you've got nothing to do... Do you want to come back to my place?"

"So I can do it there? I mean..." I begin, as he joins me in embarrassed laughter. "I just meant, so I can do nothing there. Not, well, you know...unless..."

"No, I know. I got it." Dennis says, saving me from myself.

I wander through Dennis's living room, pretending to see it for the first time.

“Hope it's not too early for wine.” Dennis appears with a wine glass in each hand. He holds out one to me.

“Never.” I take it, letting my fingers brush against his in the process, and take a sip. Tastes like Dennis has brought out the good stuff. “Nice place.”

“Yeah, I got lucky.”

No shit. He outbid me for it. The realtor wasn't supposed to tell me. In fact, she didn't, but I borrowed her body and found out. I'm not bitter. Not anymore, anyway. It's what ultimately led to me moving away and ending up back with Liz, my college crush.

I know the answer, but I ask anyway. “Can you see the ocean from here?”

“Only up in the bedroom.”

If that's a pickup line I'm game. “Show me.”

Dennis leads the way upstairs. I tuck a strand of hair back behind one ear, trying to appear composed. My body is restless, fidgety. My eyes track Dennis's shape beneath his clothes. He turns to tell me something and I think he sees me checking out his ass. I blush and smile, sipping my wine to cover my embarrassment. I'm just so warm, what is going on? And then it hits me: Chrissy's body is horny as hell.

Dennis pushes the bedroom curtains aside and gestures. “Gorgeous isn't it?”

I walk up beside him, letting my hips press against his as I gaze out at the view. It *is* impressive. We're only four blocks from the ocean and the land slopes down so that we can see over the houses in front of us. The deep blue of the sky is mirrored in the calm blue of the ocean. Directly below us is Dennis's backyard and the bungalow. Somewhere inside, Liz is grading papers. Or maybe she's finished and is just relaxing, wondering where I am. I plan to come back with a story to tell.

“It's beautiful,” I say.

Dennis is looking at me with a playful smile. “Not as beautiful as you.”

It's cheesy but it works because he comes off as totally sincere. He's not trying on a line; he means it. I gaze up into his honest, brown eyes. In Chrissy's body he's a few inches taller than me. I start to rise up on my toes, my lips heading towards his. He meets me halfway. Our kiss is tentative at first. Two strangers, hesitant, gentle with each other.

I turn to face him and press my body against his, let my breasts press against his form as I slip my free arm behind his back, wine glass still clutched in the other hand, held out to the side so I don't spill. His lips taste slightly sweet with wine and his scent is woodsy and masculine. I run my tongue along his lips and, when he opens his mouth, I slip inside. His end-of-day stubble grazes my lips, both uncomfortable and arousing. Chrissy's body grows ever warmer and an aching need stirs between my legs, begins creeping through my body.

He pulls back and takes my wine, setting both of our glasses on the bedside table. As he turns back to me I can't help but rush towards him, clinging to him, my body needy and overeager. Our kisses are fierce, quick, we gasp as we devour each other, desire flowing faster and challenging our bodies to keep up. My hands grip, squeeze, caress. Dennis does the same, pulling me closer, *needing* me as I need him.

I scrabble for his shirt, rip it off over his head and toss it away somewhere behind me. Dennis has

been working out; his body is angular and defined, his pecs warm and solid. I run my hands over his chest. His heartbeat dances beneath my fingers, throbbing to match my own.

I pull my own top off and toss it away. Dennis stares at my body, eyes tracing my curves, my perfect tits held beneath the silken bra. He yanks down my bra in his eagerness. Pulling the cups out of the way and catching my nipples in his mouth as my tits bounce free. I unclasp the bra and slip it off my arms as he continues feasting, licking and suckling Chrissy's boobs. It feels so fucking good, feeling his hot breath on my nipples, watching him worship my body. I shudder as the furnace between my legs sends a blast of heat through my body. Dennis's tongue moves back and forth from breast to breast, his other hand coming up to squeeze and tweak, pinch and stroke. He is the master musician and I am his instrument, every touch sends another pulse of fire through me until I can't take it anymore.

I grip his hair and throw him onto the bed then straddle him. My hair cascades over both of us as our lips meet with a flurry of kisses. My tits rest against his chest, the nipples at attention. Everywhere our skin touches is vibrating, as though his own burning lust is being transmitted through his skin directly into mine, filling me. I rub my tits across his chest as he gasps into my mouth. I can't get enough of him, I need more of him. I'm so goddamn horny and everything about him feels perfect. I rock back and forth on his raging erection, still hidden beneath his pants.

I dismount just long enough to pull his pants off and free his cock. It stands tall and proud, waiting for me. For *me*. I yank my own shorts down, followed by my panties. The perfect musky odor of myself hits my nose and I realize exactly how wet I am as a drop of juice escapes my cunt and makes its way down my inner thigh.

I launch myself back onto him, climbing up his body, enjoying every inch as I resume my position until I'm sitting on his cock, pressing it up against his stomach as I slide my sopping cunt over his shaft, not letting him enter yet, teasing us both, scratching the desperate itch of my clit with the fat head of his cock as we kiss some more. I'm in control of Dennis now, I can use the power of my pussy to make him mine, bend him to my will. His hand comes down and grips my soft ass, fingers digging into my skin painfully in a way that telegraphs his utter desperation and need for me. To be wanted like this is intoxicating and then to have his cock rubbing against my swollen clit sends me over the edge and I shudder as a quick orgasm sears me. I moan into his mouth, feel his answering call through his hands as they clutch my tits, my ass, my waist, greedy for me, wanting every part of me.

I reach down between us, grasp his cock, now slippery with my pussy juices, and guide the head against my nether lips. I arch my back and sink back slowly, guiding him inside on my terms. The thick head of his cock presses against me and I open for him, pausing as his bulbous head enters my slick pussy for the first time. I want to be filled with him, yet still I pause, rocking gently back and forth on just the tip of his dick, building the anticipation. I smile against his passionate kisses as he breaks, grips my waist and *shoves* me down on his cock and suddenly I'm full of him and it's wonderful. He fits me like a glove as he pulls me deep and drives his hips up in a mighty thrust. The pleasure takes me by surprise as his cock lodges deep within my center and I moan. I begin rocking up and down on him, feeling him sliding in and out of me, filling me over and over again.

I sit up and lean back so that his cock slides up against my clit and pounds perfectly against my center with each thrust. His hands grip my boobs as he drives faster, harder. I bring a hand between my legs and rub my clit as he fucks me. I can feel his cock against my fingertips and inside me. My moans are growing louder, my voice higher pitched. How I love to hear Chrissy's voice from my own lips, crying out louder, higher, looking down and watching my tits held by Dennis, watching my body so perfectly used and then I cum hard.

Dennis slams into me and joins me, grunting as he feels me with his jizz. He squeezes my tits hard and we orgasm together. A bright light fills my brain, my body buzzes as we rock in tandem and he

fills me fuller than I've ever been before. My eyes are shut tight in pleasure, the only feeling I have is his cock plunging deep inside me, fulfilling me finally, sating my desperate need and I ride him until my cries slow and then stop, as my brain comes back down to the present and the last hiccuping spurt of his cum fills my pussy.

I lie down on top of him, his dick still inside me, and rest my head on his chest, listening to the comforting thump of his heartbeat as he strokes my hair and grows soft inside me. Only then do I roll off and lie on my back, staring up at the ceiling.

"I don't usually do this," he says.

"What? Fuck a woman 'til she comes? I have a hard time believing that."

He snorts. "No. I mean, have sex the first time I meet someone."

I roll over and face him, leaning my head on one hand. "Look at that, another thing we have in common."

"I know this is a little backwards, but, do you want to go out sometime?"

"Absolutely." Chrissy does. I can feel her happiness radiating through me.

"Come out with me tonight. I'm meeting Tony and Liz for dinner."

Chrissy really wants to see Dennis so, after some hesitation, I agree and make plans to meet at the restaurant in a few hours. That gives Chrissy time to go home and freshen up before meeting Liz arm and arm with a new man. I make myself presentable and kiss Dennis goodbye, both of us flushed and giddy. Chrissy *really* wants to stay here with him. I'm already getting wet imagining myself riding him again. But I need to get back to Liz.

I head downstairs, out the door, and around the side of the house. I lean on the gate to catch my breath and hop out of Chrissy, materializing on the other side of the gate. I freeze, motionless, not making a sound, until I hear Chrissy's footsteps fade away.

Returning to the bungalow, I'm just starting to tell Liz what happened when I'm interrupted by a knock on the door. It's Dennis, letting us know that Chrissy will be joining us at the restaurant. There's a giant smile on his face and, when he leaves, Liz turns to me.

"What did you do?"

A few hours later, we arrive at the restaurant with Dennis and a waiter leads us to our table. We're soon joined by Chrissy, wearing a midnight blue dress that flows around her body with each movement. Seeing her standing there, her hair done up, her eyes bright, I almost wish I was back inside her.

Dennis stands and hugs her, then turns back to the table with a sweep of his hand. "I believe you know Tony and Liz."

Intimately.

"Nice to meet you, Chrissy," I say, taking her hand briefly before Dennis ushers her into a seat.

I'm captivated by Chrissy, still feeling a subtle bond between us as I watch her fingers brush her bangs back from her face, the way she leans against Dennis.

Liz catches me staring and nudges me under the table. I shoot her an apologetic look and try to concentrate on our conversation but I know my glances keep slipping over. I can feel Liz noticing, wondering, clenching her jaw... getting jealous.

During a lull in the conversation, Liz pipes up. “Oh, I forgot to wash my hands. Tony did you wash your hands?”

I did, but that's not really what Liz wants, so I feign forgetfulness. “We'll be back in a minute,” I say as I rise. “Don't go anywhere.”

I follow Liz down the hallway towards the bathrooms. The lighting is dim and moody, but I can still see Liz's body language. Her hands are clenched and her movements wooden. Midway down, she stops and pulls me into a hidden nook.

“Why do you keep staring at Chrissy? Do you want to be inside her again? Is that it? This is why I didn't want you hopping I—”

“Whoa, whoa, honey, calm down. It's nothing, It's just, after I hop, there's still a sort of residual connection. I almost feel like two people and especially after what I did today.”

“Then why don't you just go and *be* Chrissy?”

“It's not like that.”

She glares. “Then what's it like?”

“I'll show you.”

I hop, becoming pure energy and flow into Liz. Less than a heartbeat later, I'm back in her petite body, but I don't have time to enjoy the softness of the dress on my skin, or my perky little tits held aloft by the push up bra. Instead, I play back the day for Liz, siphoning memories directly into her mind so she sees from Chrissy's perspective, feels Chrissy's body, thinks Chrissy's thoughts.

Liz closes her eyes and gasps as the sensations assail her. She lets her hands trail down her neck, playing against her skin before flitting down her chest as she enjoys vicarious sex with Dennis, lives in the tender moment they shared. When I'm done, Liz's cheeks are flushed and she's breathing hard.

And she's wet. So wet.

“Fuck,” she whispers, then turns and makes her way towards the women's room. She barges through the door, quickly checks to make sure it's empty, then ducks into a stall and locks it. My perspective bobs along with hers. She's still in control of her body and I'm just along for the ride. But we're both horny. We both need release.

She closes the toilet before sitting and wedging her feet up against the stall door so she can spread her legs. She yanks up her dress and pushes her fingers into her wetness, rubbing urgently. Fuck, she knows her body. I can feel her clit, wet and swollen, as she slides her fingers down and around, spreading her dew across her pussy. Liz's fingers are already slick, her body warm, aching for release. We're on the precipice, our fingers striking faster, deeper, feeling Liz's tiny body as we enjoy the sensations of her masturbating, of being penetrated and doing the penetrated, when suddenly the restroom door bursts open and Liz freezes. Our fingers are still inside our wet heat, our feet propped up on the door. She holds her breath and I hear a familiar voice. Very familiar. I've been hearing it all day.

“Come on in,” Chrissy whispers. “It's empty.”

A man enters behind her and they hurry into the stall beside us. I can see his shoes—Dennis's shoes—in the gap beneath the door.

“Are you sure?” Dennis whispers.

“I've never been more sure of anything.”

There's a rustling of clothes and through the gap I see Chrissy's heels turning around to face the wall, Dennis behind her.

“I need you,” Chrissy whispers, “to fuck me right now.”

The only reply from Dennis is the jangling of his belt. It's followed a moment later by a soft moan from Chrissy as the two pairs of shoes rock back and forth. The smack of Dennis's groin on Chrissy's ass brings back memories of my own session with Dennis and lights a fire within Liz's body. Liz resumes fingering herself as she listens to her friend fuck in the stall next door.

Liz stuffs her finger into her mouth and I taste the slight salt of her skin as she bucks gently, an orgasm riding through her silently. The sound of two bodies slapping against each other from the stall next door grows louder, harsher, and Liz quickens her own fingers. I help Liz by replaying my session as Chrissy, letting the memories flow through us both. When Liz cums for a second time it's fast and hard. She bites down harder to stifle her cries as she drips onto the toilet seat, practically gushing now as her fingers bury themselves inside.

At the same time, I hear Chrissy begin to cry out. The rhythmic slapping grows quicker, harder, and then there's a long groan as Dennis forces himself in deep. I remember when he did the same to me and the memory causes another chain reaction in Liz. All four of us cum together, Dennis and Chrissy oblivious to the orgasm they're giving us.

As she listens to Dennis and Chrissy scrabble with their clothes, Liz remains frozen in the stall, feet in the air. I take control of her finger, pull it out of my cunt and bring it to her nose and inhale the wonderful spicy scent of her pleasure before sticking it against her lips. She opens her mouth reluctantly and I make her lick herself clean, tasting herself, my desire driving hers. She doesn't protest for fear of alerting Dennis and Chrissy and, only when they finally sneak back out of the toilet, does she pull her finger out of her mouth and sit up.

You understand now? I ask.

Liz nods. “I do. God, I do. Is it like that with me, too?”

“Absolutely. Do you want to go home and try it?”

She nods again. We think of an excuse to leave early, return to our bungalow, and spend the rest of the evening exploring Liz's body.

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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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In the Game (Part 1)

A young man finds an app that allows him to place a copy of his mind in someone else's body, and he uses it to take over the girl he has a crush on and help himself to her body, though it also just might save his career as a pro gamer.

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

Swap Brothel

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

The Other Woman

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

The Body Thief

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

What's Yours is Mine

Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.

Deviants (Part Two)

In the erotic conclusion to Deviants (Part One), the body possession machine has become

incredibly popular, with guys lining up to have their fun inside the bodies of the high school girls that Ross has under his control. But Melissa and her friends have put together the clues and are determined to put an end to it all.

Deviants (Part One)

Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.

How to Host a Merger

Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London office, he does so without knowing the company has arranged to put him into the body of a gorgeous young woman for the duration of his contract. After some adjustment, Theo begins to plan on how he can stay inside her permanently.

Wishing Well

In this sexy gender swapping tale, an old man makes an idle wish that sees him swapping bodies with a young woman and taking over her life.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 2

This hot collection of body swapping and transformation erotica features 8 stories from 6 previously published books.

More Stories From the Global Shift

Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.

Transition

Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.

Virtual Worlds

Jay orders a virtual reality rig that offers to put him in the body of his favorite porn stars, only something's gotten mixed up and he finds himself on the receiving end inside several female performers.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.