

MtF BODY POSSESSION

CHANGE
OF
Plans

IN WITH IT'S

Change of Plans

MtF Possession

by M. Wills

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Prologue

As Andrew strummed his peeling guitar, Craig held up a paper cup and rattled the few coins in it at passersby.

“Spare change, dude?” Craig asked, trying to catch the eye of anyone who walked past the little square of carpet they’d set out on the street corner at the edge of the Berkeley campus.

Students, especially Berkeley students with moneyed parents, were usually pretty good about dropping some coins in the cup and they’d already amassed enough money to pay for lunch. It didn’t hurt that Andrew was good with the guitar, the classical melodies he played incongruous with the two men’s ragged appearances. They wore their best when going begging for change, but for Craig that just meant a less faded polo shirt with fewer stains and which had been washed in the past week. Craig was well aware of how appearances—and smell—would affect donations, and had managed to convince Andrew to freshen up in the river near their encampment before joining him on the corner.

A group of students passed by and Craig flashed his most charming grin as he waved the cup. “Spare change?”

One of the girls, a cute one with wavy brunette hair and a delicate face, rummaged through her pockets, pausing to drop a dollar bill into the cup. She was slender, and the black tee she wore was nearly a belly shirt, clinging to her soft breasts and allowing a little glimpse of her tummy. Gray pants and sneakers completed the outfit. There was something casually sexy about her, an ease of movement that made Craig want to stare.

“Vivaldi?” she cocked her head and smiled. She had an incredible smile, radiant and gorgeous, and it made Craig ache for what he could never have.

“It is. Concerto in D,” Andrew nodded, smiling back at her, his fingers still dancing across the guitar.

“I’m Craig, this is Andrew. Remember us when we play at Carnegie Hall,” Craig grinned, and the girl aimed her sparkling smile at him.

The others had moved on and one of the girls in the group, a striking blonde with an angular face and an athlete’s body, looked back at the girl.

“Come on, Avery,” she called.

The girl, Avery, hurried to catch up with them. Craig glanced once at her wiggling ass as she bounced away, then returned to his panhandling. Andrew reached the end of his piece and placed the guitar on his lap, shifting to retrieve the crumpled cigarettes in the jacket draped across his knees. He stuck the cigarette in his mouth and lit it, sucking in the smoke in and sitting back, surveying the street.

“Lunch?” Andrew asked, his voice raspy.

Andrew was the older of the two, still thoughtful and calm even after years of living on the streets.

He'd taken Craig under his wing, weaned him off the heroin that was destroying him, and now the two panhandled together. Andrew was a big believer in surrounding himself with friends and he made them easily.

"Yeah, dude," Craig agreed.

They packed up their meager possessions and strolled down the street, Andrew with the guitar under his arm, Craig with the roll of carpet. Craig was accustomed to the way people reacted to him in public, well dressed men and women staring daggers at him, silently willing him to leave them alone. Or just ignoring him entirely, focusing straight ahead on the street as if he didn't exist.

The two passed an alley next to one of the labs at the end of campus. Craig glanced down it and saw a scratched green dumpster brimming with garbage, a broken monitor facing the street.

"Hold up, dude," Craig said, motioning Andrew to follow him down the alley.

"We don't need another TV. We already have three and nowhere to plug them in."

"I can sell them," Craig insisted, pushing up the heavy black lid of the dumpster and rooting around through the garbage. It looked to be a mix of electronic components. With any luck there would be something salvageable.

"You've been saying that for three months."

"Yeah, well, it's not my fault Jonathan insists on watching his favorite shows."

Jonathan was the other homeless man that lived under the overpass with them. He either had an active imagination or vivid—and harmless—hallucinations, because he spent hours staring at those screens, enthralled by something only he could see. Occasionally he would react, laughing or gasping to the story playing out in his own mind.

Andrew set down his cracked and threadbare guitar case and lit another cigarette as Craig searched. Dumpster diving was for the young 'uns. Andrew's belly was too big to scrabble over the lid, his knees too arthritic to jump inside and root around.

"Ah," Craig said, pulling out what looked to be a computer case.

He hauled it out and set it down on the ground. On closer inspection, though, he found that there were none of the usual markings or openings. Instead, there was a dial on the top next to a red button and some flashing diodes. A black switch sat at the top. Craig flipped the switch and the diodes briefly flashed green.

"What do you think this is?"

Andrew shrugged. "Can we sell it to someone?"

"Yeah, dude, if we can figure out what it does."

The two guys stared down at the box. Andrew scratched his long, scraggly beard. Craig knelt on the ground and inspected it closer. There were no markings or labels. Nothing to indicate what the machine was or what it could do.

"See what the button does," Andrew suggested.

Craig looked up at him. Movement caught his eyes and he glanced towards the street. The girl who'd given him money earlier, Avery, was passing by the head of the alley with the blonde model in tow. Avery looked pissed off. She glanced down the alley and caught his eye. Craig felt faintly embarrassed to be seen like this, diving for trash, as if he would have had a chance with her otherwise. Idly, he looked away and pushed the red button. There was a deep electric zap he felt in

his bones, and then the world spun.

I stooped to drop a dollar into the younger man's cup.

"Vivaldi?" I asked, though I recognized the tune, having had classical pieces drilled in to me back when my parents had hopes that I'd be a piano prodigy.

"It is. Concerto in D," the older bearded guy said in a raspy voice, his fingers never stopping.

"I'm Craig, this is Andrew. Remember us when we play at Carnegie Hall," the younger guy said, smiling up at me from where he crouched.

Craig was missing one of his front teeth but he didn't seem strung out on drugs or anything. He was sort of thin, and with stringy red hair and patches of scraggly stubble. I wondered what had happened to him that he was begging on the street.

"Come on, Avery," Hannah chirped.

I hurried to catch up with my friends. Stephen stepped into pace with me. "I wish you wouldn't give those bums money, it just encourages them."

Stephen was a good guy but a little judgmental sometimes. That was one of those things I'd come to notice about him now that the serotonin hit of our first few months together was wearing off.

"Encourages them to what? To stay homeless so they can earn a couple more bucks?"

"You know what I mean."

I swiped my hair back behind an ear and huffed. Yes, I knew what he meant and it was infuriating how he would talk around these subjects. Stephen claimed to be passionate about social issues but, of the two of us, I was the only one he ever seemed to do anything about it. I was feeling a little tense and I was halfway prepared to get into it with him there and then when Hannah looked back at me.

"What do you think, Avery?"

"Huh?"

Hannah paused and let me catch up, then linked arms with me. "About the talk this weekend. I was just saying it's nice that the problem is being recognized. Finally. But a shame that the panel is mostly white men."

Hannah had been the president of an organization dedicated to increasing women's representation in the field of video games last year, a position she'd stepped back from when her MBA coursework got to be too much for her. I'd taken over the group's mission of empowering women gamers and gotten us both seats at the round table discussion of safe spaces online at the games expo in San Francisco this upcoming weekend. It was to be our first discussion at a major event. Held in a small back room, but still.

"Yeah," I agreed, "It's like they're looking for a solution from the same people who've caused the

problem.”

“At least they're trying,” Stephen said.

“But they're going about it in a way that makes it almost worse than if they continued ignoring it.”

“What do you want them to do?”

From Stephen's tone it seemed like he was getting ready for an argument as well.

“I wouldn't expect you to understand,” I replied bitterly.

“Why? Because I'm a white man?”

“Guys,” Hannah said, trying to calm us down.

I looked from her to him and bit my lip. “I don't think I need lunch after all.”

I wanted to have it out with Stephen but not here. Not in public. I gave Hannah an impassioned look and she turned to Evan and Stephen.

“Hey, we'll catch up with you two later, okay?”

Stephen shoved his hands in his pockets and looked sullen. Evan, the other member of our group, raised both palms out, as if to say 'leave me out of it'. I turned and stormed back the way we'd come, Hannah following me. The two guys didn't try to stop us and we walked back in silence.

We passed an alleyway and I glanced up, saw two homeless guys—the two I'd recently given money to—looking at some old electronic junk on the ground. One of them fiddled with something. There was an electric zap I felt in my bones and then both men just disappeared, leaving their clothes to fall to the ground, empty. I was dizzy for a second and I closed my eyes, catching myself on the brick wall for balance.

I opened my eyes and blinked around, looking up at the street then back down the empty alley, the only evidence those guys had been there were the pile of clothes and the guitar case. Then I looked at my hands holding on to the wall. I held them in front of my face and wiggled my fingers, mouth agape as if I'd never seen them before.

“What the fuck?” I muttered, and my hands went to my throat.

My hands seemed okay and I seemed to be all right. My throat felt fine. My mouth was a little dry. But at least I was still here, unlike those two homeless guys who'd been zapped by something. I looked down at myself and squeezed my breasts, then gaped down at the rest of my body just to make sure I was okay, twisting around to look at my legs and run a hand down my butt. Everything seemed in order.

I looked back down the empty alleyway. A strange noise drew my attention to Hannah. She was standing in shock, gaping down at herself. Her hands flew to her face, then she pulled some silky strands of blonde hair in front of her eyes. She released it, her hands dropping to her tits before pulling away quickly. She looked like she was about to cry, her lower lip trembling. A student passing by us shot her a wide-eyed look but kept walking. I grabbed Hannah by the shoulders.

“Andrew?” I asked her. I thought I could confuse her out of any shock she was in by calling her a different name, and chose the first one I could think of, which happened to be the same as one of the homeless guys from earlier.

It seemed to work, because Hannah looked up at me, her bright blue eyes big and scared. “Craig?” she asked, playing along with my game, “What-? What happened?”

She moved back down the alleyway, taking tentative steps. I followed her. My balance was a little

off, probably from the shock, and I moved different. Less...I don't know...gracefully, as if I couldn't quite get the hang of how all my body parts worked together. Hannah pushed her straight blonde hair behind her face and knelt over the strange box the two homeless guys had been fiddling with. She pushed the button a couple times, flipped the switches, tapped it, but nothing happened.

“This thing,” she said, standing on unsteady feet, “Must have turned us into chicks.”

“Fuckin' hell, dude,” I said.

Hannah was acting very strange but I humored her, speaking in a different way myself to put her at ease. I knelt down and fiddled with the box but none of the buttons seemed to do anything. I stood and ran a hand through my hair, grabbing a handful and bringing it up to my eyes to investigate. I sniffed it, inhaling the sharp, fruity scent of my shampoo.

“Well...” I began, “Here's a thought. What if we don't try to switch back? These girls seem pretty well off. We're young. Healthy. Why not...just...stay?”

“What about the girls, though? If we're in their bodies where have they gone? I don't know if I can live like this.”

I shrugged. I didn't have any idea what Hannah was talking about, but it seemed like by playing along I'd at least helped her over any shock she may have had.

“Let's get something to eat and just think about it.”

Hannah nodded, then knelt and began digging through the disgusting pile of clothes on the ground, collecting the change from the pockets. I patted my own pockets, found my cell phone and wallet and stopped her.

“We don't need the change, dude,” I smiled, waving my credit card, “This is on the house.”

Between the two of us we were able to hide the box with the button beneath some other garbage. Hannah picked up the homeless guy's guitar case and followed me out of the alley. We huddled together, walking back down the street, no real direction in mind. Hannah kept switching the guitar case from hand to hand as it banged against her legs. I don't know why she'd stolen it but I didn't want to get into it right now. I'd already had enough of that from dealing with Stephen.

I kept looking down at myself, skipping occasionally, calling out to Hannah and telling her how great I felt. I didn't really have a destination in mind, I just knew that I didn't want to go to the first day of the expo where I might run into Stephen. I soon found that we'd reached the shopping district near the train station. We headed into Excelsior, a pizza and microbrewery I'd never been into before. We took a seat in the courtyard and perused the menu. Hannah kept playing with her body, patting her cheeks, stroking her skin, and then staring at her fingers.

“Goddamn, this is weird. What do you think that box was?”

“I don't know. Some sort of science experiment? Let's just forget about it and enjoy our new lives for a little.”

We both ordered beer and a pizza loaded with meat. I was nominally a vegetarian and Hannah didn't much care for red meat, but it was a day for trying different things. Like, I tried looking down the top of my shirt at my bra and wiggling my chest to make my tits bounce. I giggled and Hannah gently pulled my hands back down.

“We should respect their bodies,” she said.

“They may never be coming back. This may be us forever. Let's enjoy this, dude.”

As we waited for our food we continued our philosophical conversation. Hannah and I had talked

many times about our shared interests in gaming, and the psychological underpinnings of misogynistic behavior from anonymous people online, but we'd never had a conversation like this. Sort of like discussing Plato's cave, we delved into what was real and what wasn't. We took the perspective of two homeless men who'd suddenly become us. I argued in favor of staying in my body. I knew if the situation had been reversed I'd jump at the chance for a new life.

I think the argument that really won Hannah over was the food and the beer. As soon as the pizza appeared she dug in, cramming it into her mouth as though she were ravenous.

“See?” I said, between greasy mouthfuls of my own meal. “Isn't this better than some cheap ass burgers or something?”

We ate the entire pizza and I even picked up the little balls of ground beef that had fallen off the slices and popped them in my mouth. I sat back, utterly sated and slightly warm from the beer. I didn't usually drink at lunch time, or drink beer at all really, but it was a nice change of pace. I patted my stomach and burped loudly, little caring for being polite at the moment.

“That was awesome,” I said.

“Yeah,” Hannah admitted, a small smile appearing on her cute face.

“Hey, we've got a credit card. Let's fucking use it.”

A little retail therapy sounded good.

We wandered around the open air mall of downtown buying whatever caught our fancy. I got a new cell phone and a gold ring, Hannah got herself a computer and some gold necklaces. We put it all on our credit cards and kept walking. After getting some strange looks we agreed to call each other by our real names shown on our credit cards and drop the pretense that we were Craig and Andrew. It was so much fun just forgetting about all responsibility for the moment, ignoring the upcoming round table, the class work, all the stresses of life and just buy stuff. Stereotypical, sure, but fun nonetheless.

“Shit, dude,” I said to Hannah as we were between stores. “I think I gotta piss.”

My bladder was uncomfortably full. Even as I had that thought, I was experimenting with different muscles and suddenly there was a torrent of warm liquid down my legs. I look down to see I'd pissed my pants, my light gray pants turning dark. The pee ran down into my socks and they squished with each step. I laughed at the absurdity of the situation.

“Well, I guess I figured out what *not* to do.”

Hannah looked at my pants and covered her little mouth. “Let's get you cleaned up.”

She looked around and saw a nearby clothing store. It was one of those chains ostensibly catering to young women, but really just supplying skimpy outfits for male fantasies. I normally wouldn't have been caught dead inside but I was desperate. I squished through the doors and Hannah directed me to the changing rooms in the back while she gathered up a new outfit for me.

I slipped into the booth and closed the door behind me before kicking off my shoes and peeling off my pants and panties. I wiped myself down with the dry part of my pants and then tossed them to the floor. I stared down at my pussy.

“Whoa, shit,” I whispered.

I stroked the coarse brown hair, then spread my legs and faced the mirror. I used my fingers to spread my pussy lips, staring into my rich red folds. I'd never looked at myself before but maybe I should have, because it was kind of turning me on. I felt an ember of warmth flicker to light inside me as I played with my pussy lips, spreading and stroking myself. A sudden knock at the changing room door made me jump.

“Avery?” Hannah whispered.

I unlocked the door and Hannah slipped in with a bundle of clothes over her arm. “I didn't know what size you wore so I got a few.”

She glanced down at my pussy and blushed, then dumped the clothes on the little chair and turned to go. I put my hand on her shoulder and stopped her.

“Hold on,” I purred, “This is kind of cool. Why don't we look at our bodies together?”

It suddenly hit me that I was attracted to Hannah and I wanted her to feel the same way. I'd never

realized these feelings before but they were undeniable. Looking at myself, and looking at her I had to admit I was attracted to the female body.

Hannah chewed her bottom lip. "I don't know, I'm still feeling weird about this whole thing."

She slipped out before I could stop her. I huffed and locked the door behind her, then returned my attention to the mirror. I pulled off my shirt and fumbled with my bra before finally slipping it off. I dropped it on the table and gazed down at myself, hands coming up to my breasts.

My tits were small but perky and I could easily take one in each hand, my fingers curling over the soft skin. I wobbled them on my chest, enjoying the feel of my bare breasts. I took my time, caressing myself slowly. I'd never paid this much attention to my body before, the physical reaction of each small touch, and though I was a little embarrassed to be doing it in the changing room of a store I didn't want to lose this incredible erotic connection I'd suddenly made with myself. My body felt so good and I let my hands linger on each part, teasing a little ache inside me while I bounced my tits up and down.

I let my eyes roam up and down my slender body in the mirror as I jiggled my breasts, admiring the curve of my ass and the creamy smoothness of my thighs. I smiled at myself in the mirror, batting my eyes seductively, sticking out my pink tongue and laughing at myself, just enjoying being a woman alone. My gaze returned to my tits. I was feeling incredibly lascivious about my own body, wanting to touch and squeeze and caress and enjoy every inch. I sucked on my fingers and tweaked my tiny pink nipples. I teased them between thumb and forefinger, squeezing lightly, pulling them up and letting them bounce back down, until they hardened to sharp points. I was getting so warm just watching my hands fumble with my own breasts.

One hand still on a breast, I slid the other down my stomach, over my mound. My fingers followed the coarse hair down to my slit, where I stroked up and down. It was thrilling doing this in a public place, and I quickly grew moist, my dew sparking beneath my fingers. I jammed two fingers into my pussy, too fast as it happened, and released a little squeak of pain before pulling out. I laughed to myself and then resumed stroking my slit, watching the rubbery lips pull apart. Heat twisted through me and my fingertips found my dew.

"There's my wet little pussy," I whispered, clutching my tits and looking down over my body.

I went slower, slipping in to my moisture, spreading it up and down my center until I was slick. I was probably a little nervous about doing this in a changing room and having people hear me because I was clumsier than usual, not quite hitting my favorite spots. It was almost like I was thrusting around blind and only discovered the little nub of pleasure by chance when my fingers landed on it and a burst of heat made me pause.

"There we go," I sighed, stroking my clit as it budded out beneath my touch.

My god, my body felt amazing. I'd never watched myself grow horny and wet before, but it doubled my pleasure, making me hornier and wetter even quicker. I let my hips wiggle back and forth, stroking up and down my slit faster, in time with the vibrations buzzing through me. When I was good and wet I plunged a finger deep into my hole. My tight canal surrounded me and I pushed in and out slowly, turning to the mirror and letting my free hand slide down over my ass, squeezing my little butt cheeks.

Fuck, I was so horny for myself. I fingered my pussy faster, eager to unleash the heat burning through me, fingers disappearing inside myself, traveling through my slippery canal, reappearing shiny with my lust. I came suddenly and unexpectedly, a rush of heat bursting through me as I moaned and sank my fingers deep inside. My knees grew weak and I staggered into the chair behind me, quivering, still fingering myself.

It was like I couldn't stop, couldn't get enough of the pleasure, or enough of staring at myself. I

spread my legs and watched my delicious pink folds as they clasped my fingers. I brought my other hand down and stroked my clit. I moved faster and harder than I ever had before, greedy for myself, wanting to explore the limits of my own body, to experience new heights of pleasure. Fingering myself and stroking my clit soon unleashed another torrent of pleasure and I orgasmed again, my moans slightly louder now, heedless of anyone else in the store. I just needed to fuck myself. And I did. Fingers gliding into me, the creamy sounds of my cunt hitting my ears, the musky smell of myself filling the room as I delighted in the sights and sounds and smells of myself.

I came down slowly, lying back on the chair breathing heavily. Judging from the intense orgasm I think I enjoyed doing this in public. I certainly was learning a lot about myself today.

I pulled my fingers out of myself and stuck them in my mouth. It was the easiest way to clean them off without leaving the room. I licked my own musky juices off, surprised at how deliciously tangy they were. When I was clean I got dressed, trying on a few of the outfits Hannah had brought me until I found one I liked.

It was a little skimpier than I normally wore. Tight across the breasts, barely covering them and leaving my trim stomach bare. The cutoffs were little more than underwear, clinging to my wide bottom, threatening to ride up and reveal the thong that Hannah had helpfully thrown in. I looked like a fantasy woman straight out of a gamer's sex dream, a petite brunette who enjoyed video games and seemed ready to fuck, rather than a serious representative of feminine identity in gaming. It was a fun subversion of expectations and I was glad Hannah had picked the outfit out for me, because I might not have chosen out myself. I gave my ass a little slap and a quick wiggle, enjoying the little prick of warmth that was already renewing itself at the sight of me in this oversexed outfit.

Hannah was waiting for me when I came out and her eyes lit up. "Shit. You look hot."

"I told you we could have some fun in these bodies." I primped in the mirror, tossing my hair this way and that, trying out different looks.

"Sounds like you already did," Hannah smirked.

I blushed and half turned to her. She came up behind me and slid her arms around my waist, nestling against my back. I could feel her breasts press against me, her hot breath on my neck as she whispered, "Maybe you can show me what you learned later."

We paid for my clothes and then continued shopping, buying anything that caught our eye as if we'd never had money before. Eventually our arms were full of bags and our credit cards were maxed out. The sun was setting and the afternoon rush hour was well under way when we returned to the street and paused, unsure of what to do now. Hannah leaned against the wall and tapped out a cigarette from the fresh pack she'd just bought. She lit it up, barely sucking it in before she broke out in a coughing fit.

"Damn," she sputtered, when she'd finally recovered. Her face was bright red and the lit cigarette was still clenched in her shaking fingers. She flicked it to the sidewalk and looked at the pack of cigarettes. "Maybe it's time to break this habit."

"Hey, uh, Hannah was it?" I asked, not sure if we were using our homeless aliases again.

She nodded.

"Uh, where the hell do you think we live? I don't think we can sleep under a bridge like this."

"Um, it should say in here," Hannah said, pulling her own phone out of her back pocket.

The guy behind the counter had helpfully transferred all our data to our new phones, but neither of us could figure out how to navigate our way back home. I guess we were still recovering from our

shock at seeing those guys disappear.

“Jonathan knows how to work these things,” Hannah finally said. “Let's ask him.”

“All right.” I didn't know who this Jonathan was, but if he could help get our phones set up then I was all for it.

Hannah set off towards the river and I followed her.

The path leading down from the road to underneath the bridge wound through thick grasses. I would never have thought to look for it. I didn't know how Hannah knew about it but I didn't ask. We made our way down the incline and around under the bridge. There was a tent set up, a few sleeping bags strewn about, and bits of detritus here and there. Near the banks of the river there was an old fire pit. Beside it sat a homeless guy. He reclined on a broken plastic chair staring out at the river, his back to us.

“Jonathan!” Hannah called out.

He turned, startled and looked at us before quickly standing. He brought his hands together, fingertips playing against each other in some sort of rhythmic tic. He wore a few layers of mismatched clothing and a beanie pulled down low. His beard looked like it had exploded and it was hard to tell what he really looked like under all that, but he had kind eyes. He nervously watched us as we put down the bags and approached.

Hannah held her hands out, as though she were calming a wild animal. “Jonathan,” she repeated, “This is going to sound weird, but I'm Andrew and this is Craig. We found some sort of machine that put us in these bodies and we can't get back.”

I had to hand it to Hannah, she sounded convincing. If that had been true I'd be really grossed out about someone controlling my body without my knowledge. I shuddered to think what some old homeless guy would have done with my body. Oh god, I suddenly imagined the thrill he would have gotten watching me masturbate in the changing rooms. Thankfully there was no way that was true. I scratched my tits, letting my hand linger on my chest, squeezing thoughtfully.

“Yeah, all right,” he nodded, “This is all part of the Martian plan. I didn't see the comet come, though. The retrograde orbit isn't in it's prime.” His eyes were wide and he gazed off into the distance.

“No, Jonathan, there's no comet. Please don't start that right now. We just...” Hannah broke off and looked at me helplessly as Jonathan kept going on about planetary alignments and conspiracies.

“Hey, we brought you something,” I said, setting the bags down and pulling out a new laptop.

His eyes lit up and it seemed to break his rambling. He tore open the packaging and held it in his hands, eyes wide.

“It's beautiful. Thank you, ladies. But I don't have a present for *your* birthday.”

“We don't need a present,” Julie said softly. “We just need some help with finding out where we live. Can you find our home address with this?”

She held out her phone and Jonathan took it, suddenly alert and present.

“Oh yeah,” he said, pushing some buttons before holding up the maps app to show us. On the screen were directions back to our apartment.

“You make it look easy,” Hannah smiled.

“Hey, come with us,” I offered, feeling sorry for him having to stay under the bridge all alone.

From the looks of it there were a few other people that usually stayed with him. I wondered where they were. What did homeless people do all day?

“Yeah!” Hannah agreed. “Oh and here, have some of this.”

She handed him a few bags and he went through them, slipping one of the gold necklaces around his neck and a ring on his finger. He stood back and admired the sparkling diamond.

“Come on,” Hannah said, leading the way.

Jonathan and I followed her. Despite Jonathan's thin tether to reality I liked him and felt instantly at ease. He was non-threatening and eager, like a puppy. A smelly puppy, but that could easily be fixed with a bath back at our place.

* * *

We got some looks walking through town trailed by Jonathan but no one stopped us. When we walked through our door, Hannah and I poked through the apartment, opening the doors and going through each other's things. I pretended all these material goods were new to me because I felt guilty for owning so much when Jonathan had nothing. Hannah and I even had a brief discussion about who's room belonged to who before eventually just choosing one at random.

I ended up making myself at home in Hannah's room, dropping my bags on the floor and snooping through her drawers. I flipped through some of her textbooks but none of the business jargon made much sense to me. Hannah rinsed herself off, then filled the tub for Jonathan and dumped a heap of bath soaps in. While he soaked in the tub, Hannah and I lounged around the living room discussing our plans.

“This is a chance to start over,” I said. “We can build new lives. Do everything right this time, dude.”

“Yeah, true,” Hannah said thoughtfully. She was reclined back on the couch, legs spread wide. I would have called it manspreading if she hadn't been a woman. “And I mean, it's not like we did this on purpose or anything. We can't go back. All we can do is go forward.”

I stroked my lower lip thoughtfully, coming to a decision. “Right. Good. Okay. So, we go to class, do everything they would have done. Nobody ever knows, right?”

I thought it might be a lot harder to pretend to be someone else, but I didn't bring up my doubts. Better for both of us to start this experiment brimming with confidence. At any rate, we were interrupted by the arrival of Jonathan.

I was surprised by how well he cleaned up. He was wearing only a towel around his waist and he was actually pretty fit. I admired the broad sweep of his shoulders, the carved pecs, the solid biceps. He'd shaved his scraggly beard off, leaving his sharp jaw clean shaven, and had trimmed the wild blonde hair into something resembling a careful cut. His ice blue eyes were bright and fixed on me and for once he looked alert.

“You have any more clothes? I don't think I should get back into those.”

I had to agree. I barely wanted to touch the fetid pile of clothes on our bathroom floor. Hannah and I

searched each other's rooms, eventually scrounging together a pair of sweatpants that had been baggy on me but fit snugly on Jonathan. A loose, oversized shirt I usually slept in covered his torso. It was comically big on him, and the faded cartoon mouse on the front was incongruous with his serious face.

Jonathan fell asleep on the couch and eventually I went into Hannah's room to sleep and she went into mine. As I drifted off to sleep I thought I heard a little whimper from Hannah's room, the pleased gasp of a muffled orgasm.

I awoke late the next morning to the sound of my cell phone ringing. I slid it off the nightstand next to my bed and rubbed my eyes. I'd already missed my first class but I felt no sense of urgency. Sometimes you need a break. The caller ID showed it was Stephen. I really did not want to get into this early but I answered it anyway.

“Hello?”

“Morning. Where did you go yesterday? We were supposed to meet at the expo.” He sounded more worried than angry.

“Oh, uh, things came up,” I said cautiously, not wanting to tell him every detail.

“I was worried about you when you didn't show up. Look, I'm sorry I got upset yesterday. I've been dealing with some stuff.”

“That's okay, dude,” I said hesitantly.

As Stephen continued to apologize I stretched and absently played with my breasts, wobbling them around with one hand. Eventually he wound down.

“Hey, dude, it's okay. I just need some time to myself. I'll call you later.” I said.

After a few more assurances I hung up the phone, threw the covers aside and headed out to the hallway. Jonathan was just waking up when I poked my head around the corner. Hannah was in the kitchen, searching through the cupboards. She was wearing one of my Berkeley shirts that rose up on her back whenever she stood on her tiptoes, revealing a pair of my pink panties clasp her butt. I found myself unable to look away, enjoying the sight of my friend and roommate's youthful body. It made me warm in an exciting way.

“There's no fucking coffee,” Hannah grumbled, turning to me and pushing her hair out of her face with a huff. “And this goddamn hair is getting on my nerves.”

“You're just grumpy. You'll see this is the best thing that ever happened to us.”

“Right,” she grumbled.

I left her and went into the bathroom to do my business. I brushed my teeth with Hannah's toothbrush. We were close enough we could share everything. I mean, we'd already decided to share rooms and clothes today. Afterwards I returned to Hannah's room and changed into her clothes, finding some of her plain white panties, a tan shirt and some jeans. I struggled with putting on my bra—distracted, I suppose—then tossed it back in the drawer. I was about to return to the living room when my phone rang again. This time the caller ID said it was my mom and dad. Again I answered.

“Hello?”

“Avery is everything okay? I got a call from the credit card company saying someone had used up all the money on your cards. Has it been stolen?” My dad asked.

“What?” I asked, furrowing my brow.

“Did someone steal your card? Otherwise how do you explain the series of charges on it from yesterday? Twelve hundred dollars worth of jewelry? That card was for emergencies.”

“Hold on, Jesus, dude, slow down. I can't understand a word you're saying.”

That got him to slow down. In fact, it got me a few seconds of stunned silence, after which my dad resumed questioning me more slowly. The confusion of my response helped to take the edge off his anger. In the end I lied to him, claimed it had been stolen. That seemed to placate him even more. I'd never lied so brazenly to my dad before and I was surprised he accepted it without question. I felt a little bad but at least I wasn't in trouble. When I finally hung up I returned to the living room and relayed the conversation to Hannah and Jonathan, who were sitting at the kitchen table eating cereal right from the box.

“Sounds like you didn't get any of their memories or skills,” Jonathan said around a mouthful of Maple O's.

“Shit, he's right” Hannah agreed.

“Well, what do we do?”

“You can keep faking it. Or you can make new lives.” Jonathan shrugged, emptying the box of cereal into his mouth. “Got any more?”

The rest of the week turned out to be a disaster. I was so out of it and I just didn't feel like trying. Maybe it was a quarter life crisis, but I found myself lost in the two lectures I did attend, after having some trouble even finding where they were. Luckily, all my schedules were on my phone and I showed up only a few minutes late. But I didn't feel like taking any notes and I was more interested in checking out the other women in the class than listening to the professor.

Running into Stephen was awful. We seemed to have lost our chemistry. I acted distant and out of sorts, shrugging off his touch. It was my way of breaking up with him without having to do all the messy breaking up arguing. Maybe I could let us just drift apart.

I spent more time hanging out with Hannah and Jonathan, and less time with my other friends. I could just talk to Hannah and Jonathan in an easy way that I couldn't to anyone else. At least those two didn't keep questioning why I sounded different, or why I kept calling people 'dude'. I was just trying to find myself.

Hannah and I didn't even attend the round table at the games expo. The organizer left more and more frantic voicemails as the time approached and I finally called her back and made some excuse about why I couldn't come. Over the next two weeks I failed to turn in two assignments and then flunked a test, completely blanking on themes in Hemingway's novels. Instead I just drew a dinosaur in the margins. A pretty good one, but the professor wasn't impressed. After that I stopped even showing up to classes. It was enjoyable just hanging with Hannah and Jonathan, masturbating every afternoon, and generally living off the money my parents transferred to me.

It was the same with Hannah. She sort of lost interest in her school work. She even lost interest in gaming and her passionate advocacy for women. Instead, she seemed more and more interested in women's bodies, which is how we ended up tangled in her sheets one afternoon.

It was a few weeks after my change in attitude to life. Jonathan was out wandering the streets as usual. It was a habit of his he kept up even after moving in, returning to our room at night with little offerings he'd collected: spare change, an interesting leaf, fliers for someone's band. Trinkets, really, but we pretended they were enough to cover the rent.

I was lying on my back in bed, a textbook on my chest, puzzling through one of my assignments (we'd gone back to our correct bedrooms sometime after we matched the textbooks in each room up with the class schedules in our phones, like a fun game of pretending to be detectives) when Hannah slipped in and sat on the edge of my bed. I didn't look up but I felt her weight sink into the mattress beside me.

"Hey, Avery, I've been thinking," she said.

I looked up at her, and that's when I realized she was wearing nothing but a soft pink nightie. The spaghetti straps left her shoulders and arms bare, and the indentation of her nipples could be seen pressing out beneath the thin cotton fabric. As I had so many times recently, I felt a pang of longing deep inside.

She twirled a lock of silky golden hair around one finger and continued, "We've been in these bodies for a while and it doesn't look like there's any way back."

I lay the book down and sat up. Our faces were so close to each other I could see the little gold flecks in her dark brown eyes, could smell the faint lilac scent of her perfume.

"Seems that way," I agreed, searching her eyes. For what, I didn't know, but it was pleasant to look at her, to let my gaze trace her wide face, the curve of her cheek.

We'd been back to the alley where we'd seen the homeless guys disappear. The dumpster had been emptied. We'd searched through the remaining debris around it but found nothing. The device we'd hidden there was gone. I felt bad about the two homeless guys. We'd never be able to bring them back but hopefully they were happy wherever they were.

"And who knows where the girls are. So, I was thinking," Avery said shyly, glancing away and then back at me. "Why not enjoy ourselves?"

I leaned forward and kissed her then, surprising myself at my eagerness. Her lips were soft and eager, her breath hot as she welcomed my tongue inside. I caressed her cheek, slipping my fingers through her hair. I'd never been sexually attracted to women until a few weeks ago. And then...shit, I found myself ogling Hannah. To finally kiss her was divine. My entire body responded to her touch, warming, a sweet tension winding through me. We kissed softly, like lovers, our tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths, exploring each other's contours bit by bit.

We grew more eager and soon Hannah's hands were on my body and mine were on hers, roaming up and down over her light cotton nightie, tracing her curves. She kissed me deeply, slowly forcing me to lie back on the bed. I knocked the textbook onto the floor as Hannah straddled me. She took her glasses off and placed them on the nightstand before slipping her nightie off over her head. She

tossed it aside then brushed the hair out of her eyes. She was naked, her slender breasts so perky and beautiful. I couldn't keep my eyes off of them. I had to grab them, so I did, taking one in each hand and exploring them. Her tits were slightly larger than my own but just as bouncy, just as soft. I ran my fingers around her skin as she watched me, a shy smile on her face. She bit her lower lip and cooed as my fingers found her nipples. She placed her hands on my chest, guiding me over her tits, showing me just where to squeeze and how hard.

I'd known Hannah for years but never like this. She leaned down and kissed me on the lips again. By the warmth twisting through me I could tell I was eager for her, but she moved away, kissing a trail down my cheek, the nape of my neck, across my chest. She ran her hands beneath my shirt and pushed it up until my breasts fell free. She smiled when she saw them, and that smile made me burn so bright with desire. Slowly, she lowered her mouth to one of my nipples and kissed it. I never realized how sensitive they were, and Hannah was magical with her tongue and lips, biting oh so gently, her fingers dancing lightly across my skin, teasing me, making the heat pour through my body.

I melted beneath her kisses as she slowly crawled down my body. She unbuttoned my jeans and hooked her fingers beneath the waist. She dismounted and I raised my hips, helping her peel off my jeans, followed shortly by my panties. My pussy lay bare to her, the coarse honey colored hair like a sweet invitation. She buried her face between my legs, kissing her way across my thighs, up and down my opening. Every now and then her tongue would snake out, lick quickly, leaving a wet trail of heat. I grabbed my tits, fondling myself and moaning while the desire gripped me.

I parted for her, felt her tongue slip inside, graze my folds and land on my pleasure. I released a sharp breath as she placed her hot mouth over my clit and pressed her tongue slowly but firmly across it, undulating over me in the rhythm of my body. Little moans escaped my lips, breathless with intensity. I squeezed my tits harder, forcing the heat through me. Hannah was amazing and I was soon wet, the heat joining with a wonderful anticipation as my body wound up and up. Hannah continued kissing and licking, bringing her fingers in to slide slowly through my tight canal, pushing gently inside me. All the while she continued her firm tongue strokes until I lifted my hips and came with a cry.

The orgasm shook me to my core and I stared down at Hannah's face between my legs, her eyes closed in happiness. I'd never been with a woman before but Hannah made me feel incredible. The orgasm was also aided by the eagerness I had for my own body, the familiar excitement of stroking my own skin, watching my hands tease and fondle myself. Hannah made me cry long and loud, my body twisting beneath her touch as I rode another orgasm to its peak, coming down only slowly.

And then it was my turn. I raised her head, kissed her, then guided her on to her back and straddled her. I tasted my own tangy pussy on her lips as we kissed again. I didn't take my time but headed straight for her pussy, burying my face between her silky legs and inhaling her liquid musk. She was already wet for me and, though I wasn't skilled, I was eager. I hadn't had any experience with women, and in my excitement I even forgot how I liked to touch myself. I was too quick, too hard, and Hannah had to place her hand on my head and guide me.

“Slowly. Right there. Just flick your tongue and then press, just like—oh!—that.”

I licked her, enjoying the sound of her, the taste of her as she wriggled and bucked beneath me, culminating in a joyous, groaning orgasm. Her body went taut, her toes flexing and then a burst of liquid hit me in the face as she squirted. The warm, salty juice spilled down me and I licked my lips, tasting her. In the past I would have been disgusted, but right there, in the moment, I reveled in it, letting it trickle down my face.

When Hannah recovered we held each other close, kissing and caressing. I thought the fire was out but Hannah surprised me by slipping two fingers into my tight, wet pussy and stroking again until I

came. We stayed in bed, teasing each other to another rolling orgasm until we were both exhausted, and ended up lying in each other's arms for the rest of the afternoon.

I never wanted the day to end.

I opened the door to find Stephen standing in the hallway, a scowl on his face. He glanced down once at the little negligee I was wearing, his eyes lighting on the curve of a breast before looking back up at my eyes.

“Where have you been? You don't answer your phone. You haven't been to class all week. What's going on?”

I sighed. “Hey, dude, this isn't working out. You and me, we're through.”

I wanted to be casual, successfully hiding my sadness beneath an air of ennui. Stephen struggled to find something to say so I pressed on.

“Hey, it's not you it's me. I'm into chicks now.”

Stephen's eyes went even wider. “I had no idea.”

I shrugged. “Me neither, but what are you gonna do? Anyway, have a nice life, dude.”

I shut the door before he could protest further and returned to bed where Hannah was waiting for me. Unfortunately, the visit from my parents the next week was harder to brush off. My mom stormed inside, furious.

“How many classes are you failing?” She demanded as my dad stood behind her, looking disappointed.

“I dunno,” I shrugged, “Probably all of 'em now. I just don't have the head for this, dude.”

Hannah and I had had a similar conversation with each other when our grades had come through. It wasn't that we'd lost interest in college, exactly, it was just that there were so many other, more fun, things to do. Hannah and I had spent aimless hours in bed together, or in the park, me curled around her as she strummed the guitar and people tossed coins into her open case. I never knew Hannah could play the guitar so well. We'd even pawned some of our jewelry so she could get a nice one.

Hannah and I had talked about our past lives, making up rich imaginary histories for ourselves. I'd pretended to be a teenage runaway who'd taken solace in drugs, while Hannah pretended to be an older guy with a history of alcoholism. Neither of us in our past lives had had the brains for college, and we both felt the same way in our present lives. That was hard to explain to my parents.

It was even harder to explain the existence of Jonathan, who walked in halfway through my mom's tirade, so I didn't even try.

“That's Jonathan. He lives with us.” I explained.

“You live with a boy!” Mom looked like she was about to explode.

Both my parents were furious but I figured dropping out would be easier without them complaining at me all the time, so I played it cool. If they disowned me I'd be more able to do what I really wanted. I didn't know what that was, exactly, but I was sure I'd find something.

Mom and dad left after a couple of hours. They cut me off. No more money. No more credit cards. No more anything. That was nice for the tension, but it did mean that Hannah and Jonathan and I had to find a way to pay rent.

I applied for every service job I could find but there was always some obstacle. I didn't know enough about fashion to work at a clothing store, and I'd never been a waitress before but every restaurant wanted someone with experience. As for experience, I didn't want them contacting anyone I'd worked with before so I left all the employment history blank. That didn't help.

I was desperate when I visited the seedy little construction office on the outskirts of the city. I'd found the help wanted ad and had come down in person, knowing that I had no resume to catch anyone's eye. The office was small, nothing more than a few rooms on the second floor of a squat, brick building.

The owner, Don, was a guy who looked to be about the same age as my dad. He was slightly heavyset and with salt and pepper hair and graying stubble. I could tell from his rosy muscles and weathered face that he used to work out on the construction yards. He took one look at me in my simple blouse and suit pants and dismissed me.

"I don't think this is gonna work out."

"I really need this job." I cried. I was tired of hunting for work and with rent due soon. "I'll do anything to get it."

He looked at me hungrily, the corners of his mouth tugging up. "Sorry. You just don't have the experience."

I looked into his eyes and smiled shyly, stepping towards him until I was right next to him. He towered over me and I put a hand on his warm chest. I could feel him hard and hot beneath my palm, and he didn't step away.

"Let me show you just how much experience I have."

I stood up on my toes and kissed him, my soft lips pressing against his. I slid my tongue around his lips until he opened for me, at the same time his solid arm gripped the small of my back and held me tight. His other hand came up and gripped my breast hard. I sighed into his mouth as he squeezed me. And then his lips were pressing hard, insistent, against mine, his whole body on me, crushing me into him. I couldn't have escaped even if I wanted to as he took me, his hand snaking up beneath my blouse to land on my bra. His calloused fingers scraped against my skin as he kneaded my breast.

I shrugged off my coat and unbuttoned my blouse. He grinned at me, advancing on me and grabbing me again as I slipped out of my bra. His hand landed on my tit and squeezed, greedy for me. My body ached for him. This was so much rougher than with Hannah. We weren't lovers. I was his play thing and he *had* to have me.

I felt his hand yank my skirt up, fingers sliding beneath the hem of my panties to dip down against my pussy. He pushed inside, slipping in between my folds. He was hard and forceful and needy. And it made me wet. He used my body, sucking on each tit, fingering me fast, as though unused to the sensitivities of a woman. He yanked my clothes off and tossed them aside before flipping me over and hoisting me onto the desk. I was on my hands and knees, my bare ass facing him. I turned to see his pants already down, his cock hard and ready.

He slapped my ass and I cried out, then he gripped my cheeks and aimed himself at my center. I felt his cockhead press up against my opening. I bit my lower lip as he pressed into me. I was so tight and he felt so big. I parted slowly and he inched inside. His warmth filled me, the cock pressing hard against the walls of my canal as he slid inside, releasing a rasping gasp. I never would have

thought I'd have lost my virginity like this, but the pleasure was exquisite as he gripped my ass and thrust inside. All my talk of women's equality and I just wanted to be used, to be fucked over some stranger's desk like a whore.

He pounded into me and I was so wet. I watched between us, at my jiggling breasts, at his cock entering me, pulling out slick with my juices.

“Oh, yes, harder,” I cried.

My voice rose in pitch as he fucked me, the sound of his groin slapping against my ass like gunshots through the room. My whole body ached with need. His cock thrust in, filling me, stretching out my hot cunt, the cockhead pounding up against the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure and driving ragged, rough cries from my lips until I exploded, cumming around his cock. I gripped the desk and arched my back, wanting him to fill me, wanting to surround that wonderful warmth with my own. He thrust deep and released with a final groan. I felt him spasm inside, the blast of heat as he emptied himself into me so perfect, so hot.

It was over all too soon and I lay, breathing hard on the desk as he pulled out.

“Let me clean you up,” I begged, sliding off the desk to kneel in front of him.

I took his cock in my hand, guiding it to my lips where I sucked off our mingled essence, tasting the tangy deliciousness of my cunt mixed with his salty seed. I licked long and lovingly, until I couldn't taste us anymore. He dripped out of me as I squatted, leaving a warm trail down my inner thigh. When I was done I stood and we got dressed.

“When do I start?” I asked.

“You already have,” he grinned.

I wasn't a particularly good secretary, but then Don didn't care. All he cared was that I was ready and horny for him. It was an easy job for me. I rarely had to do anything more than come in to work dressed sexily, give a blow job or two, sometimes lay on my back and take a pounding from whatever client Don wanted to sign, and that was it. I couldn't believe my luck.

Jonathan found a job cleaning dishes, and Hannah made money playing music on the streets. I was surprised how good she was with hardly any practice, though she did complain about a lack of callouses for awhile. Between the three of us we earned enough to pay the rent.

Hannah and I both dropped out of Berkeley, later taking a few night classes at the community college. I'd lost all interest in gaming and social issues, preferring a much simpler life. I just took it day by day, coming home to jump into bed with Hannah and the next day going into the office to service anyone who needed it. It was just a body and it was just sex.

It wasn't the life I used to want, but it wasn't bad.

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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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Taking Stock

Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

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