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BODY POSSESSION  
EROTICA

CHEMICAL  
*Reaction*

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BODY POSSESSION  
EROTICA

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# **Chemical Reaction**

*Body Possession Erotica*

**by M. Wills**

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# Table of Contents

[Chemical Reaction](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## Chemical Reaction

The first four chemical compounds I make have no effect on my rats. They might as well be drinking water and I'm looking at a lot of lost grant money. I'm most of the way through my fifth attempt when I realize I'm lacking a spare test tube. I don't have the patience to clean out one and I don't know how quickly the liquid will evaporate, so I swipe a test tube from Greg's station, making a mental note to clean it and return it later. When I drop the mixture into Greg's tube it unexpectedly turns a bright blue. I'm running out of time and money so I'm going to have to give this a try.

I fill a dropper with the blue liquid and carefully drip a few drops of the synthesized chemical onto the rat pellets. Then I slip them into Minnie's cage. She comes running up, eager for some food. Mickey, in the cage next to her, smells the pellets and begins scratching at the wall, his whiskers wobbling.

“Easy boy,” I say. “You'll get yours next.”

The lab is dark except for the corner where my equipment is set up. I'm all alone. Again. Everyone else is probably eating dinner or having fun on a Friday night, and here I am holed up in my lab feeding experimental drugs to my lab rats. In other words, a perfect evening. I think I'm in the lab more often than Professor Harkaway, and he's supposed to be my mentor.

I prepare Mickey's pellets with the same chemical, then slip them into his cage. I push the record button on the camera aimed at the cages, then set the dropper down and take off my goggles. I perch on the edge of my desk to watch the two

rats devour their pellets. I'm hoping it won't take too long to have an effect. When they're done eating, I slide open the insert connecting their two cages and let them play together. I watch them closely as they tumble playfully, Mickey chasing Minnie around the cardboard tubes. Minnie's always been the more standoffish one and she occasionally jumps back and swipes at Mickey in a warning to back off. I don't know how long the chemical will take to kick in, but I'm keeping my eye out for any sort of personality change. I know these rats well; we've spent many nights together in the lab. The drug I've been working on, and that I've just fed them, is supposed to alter their minds and make them more open with each other.

In the same way that ecstasy has recently been found to have beneficial therapeutic effects for humans, my new chemical will, hopefully, be able to help people form deeper emotional connections by activating a little-used portion of the brain. My theory is that there's sort of a universal subconsciousness underpinning everything, and if we can utilize those energy waves we can connect on a mind-to-mind level. It's sort of philosophy meets chemistry.

My observations are interrupted by the sound of the lab doors opening, followed by a familiar and welcome voice.

"I thought I'd find you here."

"Where else would I--" I turn, not surprised to find Rebecca, but completely surprised to find her wearing a radiant white gown, cut to her figure. "--be?" I manage after a short but noticeable beat.

Rebecca comes towards me, the dress spilling down over her legs so it seems like she's gliding but I can still hear the click of her heels. The dress clings lightly to her hourglass figure, clasping her breasts gently before contouring in to

her stomach and then following the gentle swell of her hips. Her midnight-black hair drifts in little waves down her back, curvy bangs swooping over her forehead. Her bright blue eyes sparkle gaily. Her face—beautiful even when plain—is made up to match her fancy dress, accentuating her alluring eyes and exquisite brows. Her smile lights up her face and takes my breath away.

I recover quickly. “Trying to impress my rats?”

“Maybe I'm trying to impress you.” She giggles and lets my hopes creep up on me for a beat before dashing them gently. “No, I'm going to a homecoming ball. The dean's pimping us all out to impress some donors and I'm supposed to be on my best behavior ”

The dean's not quite pimping us all out. Like me, Rebecca's a teacher's assistant working on her PhD. Unlike me, she's a people person, so it's no surprise the dean's using her to rope in some more donors and he conveniently forgot to invite me.

“Is it homecoming weekend already?”

“How long have you been cooped up in this lab? Banners have been up around campus all week.”

“I don't get out much.”

“That's what I like about you.” She nudges me playfully. Minnie squeaks once



and Rebecca leans down towards their cage. “What's going on in here? Hey, little guys.”

“Technically, only one is a guy.”

“Technically correct. The best kind of correct.” She says without turning.

My eyes flick down her long form, admire her taut little butt beneath the dress. I step up close to her to look at my rats. Rebecca's familiar floral scent hits my nose and makes me dizzy with longing. Rebecca and I have known each other a couple years and I've never asked her out. She flirts with everyone, not just me. But she's also crazy intelligent and she's always easy to talk to. As a fellow Chemistry major she gets what I'm doing. And she's much easier on the eyes than the other predominantly male TAs.

“I'm working on a, uh, ring-substituted amphetamine derivative to enhance intra-species communication.”

Rebecca looks at me with her wide blue eyes. “You're giving ecstasy to rats?”

“Not exactly ecstasy. Though the chemical compound are similar.”

Rebecca stands and quirks an eyebrow at me. I laugh and lean casually against my desk. My hand lands on the dropper bulb and there must have been some of the chemical still in there because it squirts into my palm. I jerk my hand up in surprise and stare at it, wondering how I could be so stupid. Rebecca comes

close.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, just...my hand.” I say, not wanting to admit that I failed to practice basic lab safety.

She takes my hand in hers and examines it. Her touch is warm and tender. “I don't see anything.”

She runs her fingers over my palm, right through the little streak of liquid. She must feel the liquid because she holds up her fingers and rubs them together. She looks up at me, her gorgeous face so close to mine I could count every freckle on her perfect nose.

“That's what you're complaining about?” She asks.

“I...I thought it was something else.”

I pull my hand away. How long until the effects kick in? And what exactly will they be? I don't think I've absorbed enough for it to do anything. But then again, this is all experimental.

“Anyway,” Rebecca says, “Just wanted to drop in and say hi. You've been holed

up in here for a few days and I just wanted to make sure you're alive.”

“I'm alive,” I grin.

“Good. Want to hang out and watch crappy movies tomorrow night?”

“Sure, sounds good.”

“I'll text you.” She says, gathering her dress and swooping out.

I clean up the liquid on the table, slipping on gloves before wiping everything down and carefully disposing of it the cleaning wipes. By the time I'm done I'm starting to feel strange. Sort of calm and almost loosely connected to my body. I stare at my fingers for the longest time, marveling at how they move back and forth. Whoa. Fingers. Crazy. When I look back up, the clock on the wall seems to have jumped forward an hour. I swing my head towards my rats, everything suddenly moving in slow motion. Even through my daze, I can see Mickey and Minnie are being affected.

Minnie is lying on the floor of her cage, immobile. I step closer, the room spinning as I do so. She's still breathing. That's something. Mickey, on the other hand is walking around as though he's drunk. His legs aren't quite coordinated, as if he's forgotten how to walk.

But soon I can't concentrate on any of that because the room is shrinking, my vision reduced to a pinprick, and soon even that is gone, leaving me in total

darkness yet somehow still conscious. I can't feel my body. The darkness is broken occasionally by a bright flash somewhere around me. There's a sense of motion, of being pulled towards something. There appears, on what I think of as the horizon, a solid spark that grows as I'm propelled towards it. It expands, filling my vision and I feel a slight jolt as I seem to hit it. Suddenly the world snaps back into being.

Only I'm no longer in my lab. I'm now sitting at a circular table in a large hall filled with other similar tables, all of them decked out with fancy place settings, the seats around each filled by people in formal wear. In the middle of the hall is an open area with a dance floor. I'm staring at an older, silver-haired woman I recognize as Professor Winthrop. She appears to be in the middle of a conversation with me, and she doesn't react to my sudden appearance.

“--st as ridiculous. But trying telling that to the board and they say it's not flashy enough.” She sips from the glass of red wine she holds in one hand. “Ah, well, same as it ever was, really.”

My lips move and a voice comes from my mouth, only it's not mine and I didn't consciously start to speak. “Still, at least some funding came through.”

I've got a slightly familiar feminine voice. I turn to look down at myself—or I try to anyway. My head doesn't respond. But the world swoops in a dizzying fashion as my head turns towards the table and I can feel myself reaching out to grab the glass of wine sitting in front of my plate. Only the hand reaching for it is slender and feminine, the nails delicately rounded. It's a woman's hand, and yet I can feel the glass beneath my fingers as my body—still completely beyond my control—lifts it and sips. When I put the glass back on the table I catch a glimpse of myself in my peripheral vision. All I can see is a gorgeous white dress.

Rebecca's dress. And then it hits me: the voice I spoke with was Rebecca's voice, only heard through her own head which is why I didn't instantly recognize it. My hand rises by itself to push back my ticklish bangs from my face, fingers grazing

against my soft forehead. Oh god, I'm in Rebecca's body. All I can do is watch, experiencing the world through Rebecca's senses but without any control. My body shifts in the chair and I can feel the smooth dress hugging my curves.

*Rebecca! Can you hear me? I cry out in her head. No response. But then, I can't hear her thoughts either.*

“Well, that's why we're here, dear,” Professor Winthrop says, “Let's go get our research funded.”

She raises her glass and I find myself raising mine before taking another sip. As if on cue, we're interrupted by the dean of our faculty, Drew Tillmore. He's got a slightly younger, handsomely dressed man in tow.

“Rebecca. Alice.” Drew says, “I want you to meet Peter Hollingsworth. Peter here owns Fuller Pharmaceuticals.”

“I only own half of Fuller Pharmaceuticals,” Peter says with what he must think is a wry grin as we all shake hands.

“Professor Alice Winthrop is our Senior Professor of the Sciences, and Rebecca Atwell has got some promising work going on in the field of chemistry. I think you two might have a lot to talk about.”

“Subtle,” Rebecca murmurs under our breath.

After a little more small talk, Peter asks if I'd like to dance. I find my body rising, getting a brief glimpse of myself as I do so. Despite my fear, I can't help being excited at feeling Rebecca's supple body, at seeing a glance of her petite figure from behind her own eyes. Rebecca is so comfortable in her body, and she takes Peter's hand easily, even though he's a stranger. She laughs as we twirl around the dance floor, a bright, cheerful sound coming from my own lips. I can feel everything: the warmth of Peter's hand in mine, the swish of the dress around my legs, even the subtle bounce of my breasts at each step.

Through the rest of the night, Rebecca flirts and charms the donors and then has fun with her own friends. She takes to the dance floor with a couple other grad students and they laugh and talk. The wine keeps coming and we get drunk, the room sparkling and spinning. Rebecca is constantly surrounded by a group of eager guys, all competing for her attention. She cajoles some of the other donors on the sidelines to come dance with her. It's as though she can't help challenging herself, like she needs the eyes on her. Her flirtations are subtle, in the way she positions herself close, or reaches out and touches an arm, or just challenges some of the donors on their bullshit. She gets away with it, too, as they laugh and she smiles.

We're drunk and it must be well after midnight when Rebecca returns to her apartment. She strips out of her dress and tosses it to the floor, followed by her bra and her panties. She moves to the bathroom, her tits bouncing so beautifully from her chest. I want to touch them, it's all I can think about in my alcohol induced haze. She turns on the shower and, without warning, I'm suddenly in control of her hand for an instant and I reach up to fondle one of her tits. My fingers land on her breast and my control is then broken, even as I can feel the warm, heavy weight against my fingertips. Fuck, they're fun to touch. She looks down at herself, at her hand holding her own tit. She jiggles it and laughs. Then she steps into the shower. It's heavenly as she glides soap around her body and I feel every inch of her, my hands circling over my curves and between my legs, brushing up against my coarse pubic hair.



When she's done she towels off and slips into some panties and a long nightshirt. I try to make her pause, to look at herself, but she just dresses and falls into bed, the room spinning gently. She curls over and closes her eyes. Whatever brief influence I had over her is gone and sleep takes us.

## 2

The next morning, I'm jolted awake when my body rolls over in bed outside of my command. My eyes open groggily and my hands rise up above my head in a slow stretch. I'm still inside Rebecca and still without any control. My entire body stretches, limbs flexing, and then I toss the sheets aside and lie there, just waking up. One hand comes up to gently scratch my breast.

*Mmmm, that feels nice.*

Her hand lies there, gently stroking herself, fingers moving across her bouncy breast. She stares up at the ceiling and I get flashes of last night, faint memories of the dance floor, like her thoughts are bleeding into mine. I wonder, does it work the other way?

*Get up. I will her. Get up, get up, get up.*

She pushes herself to a sitting position, and our hand comes up to our head, brushing the dark hair back. Rebecca's long, lean legs stretch out beneath the billowy nightshirt. She pushes off the bed and I find myself walking through her sparsely furnished bedroom to the bathroom. She flicks on the light, glancing at herself in the mirror. She's still waking up and her eyes are half-opened. Her dark hair is a mess, spilling down her shoulders in unkempt waves. And yet I still think she's gorgeous and yearn to look at her.

She stops and checks herself out in the mirror, wiping the sleep from her eyes as she peers closely at her own angelic face. Her eyes graze over her perfect eyebrows, the shapely nose dotted with tiny freckles, the wide mouth. God, I could stare at her all day. She stays like this, looking at herself for a while, then shakes her head and breaks away. Was it my influence that made her stare so long at herself?

She gets herself ready, pulling her hair back in a ponytail and dabbing on a little bit of makeup. She returns to her room and digs through her creaky wooden drawers for a bra. She pulls her nightie off and slips her arms through the straps. Suddenly I'm staring down at her breasts. They're perfectly formed teardrop shapes tipped with pale pink areolae. They shake hypnotically as I slip the bra on, covering and clasping it at the back before adjusting her tits. The whole thing feels incredibly intimate and incredibly voyeuristic. What what she say if she knew I was in her head, feeling and seeing everything?

She opens another drawer full of pants and digs around. Her hand lands on some blue leggings I know she looks great in.

*Put on the leggings. Put on the leggings. I implore.*

She hesitates for a second, then grabs the leggings and tosses them onto the bed. She opens another drawer of tops and I try my influence again, willing her to grab a tight-fitting sweater, which she eventually does, along with a plain white undershirt. She sits on the bed and pulls the leggings up her body. I can feel each inch of the fabric as it clings to her supple calves, her thighs, pulling tight against her waist. The shirt and the sweater complete the outfit, and she stands in front of her full length mirror, adjusting her clothes. Fuck, her ass looks fantastic in this outfit. As if she can hear my thoughts her eyes linger on her own ass and she turns to wiggle it. Then she smiles at herself, grabs her wallet and keys, and heads out the door.

As we walk through campus, I reflect on the fact that it's clear there's some degree of influence I have over her. There's also a definite sharing of thoughts that's more distinct than last night. I catch flickers of her thoughts now, which is how I know she's going to her favorite cafe to grab a coffee and a croissant. She strolls through campus, completely unselfconscious. I, on the other hand, can't stop thinking about the delicious body I now inhabit. At each step I'm keenly aware of the leggings clinging to my legs and against my pussy. The swish of my thighs is intoxicating. I love feeling her clad in these leggings, feeling them brush against my skin. As we move through campus her pace slows and she grows fidgety. A warmth blossoms between her legs. Is that my doing?

She reaches her coffee shop and orders her usual to-go. She waits along the side of the counter, flicking through her phone. But her mind is distracted. Her eyes stay on one article for way too long as her thoughts are dragged by mine down between her legs where we've grown ever warmer in our short walk. She grabs the coffee as soon as her name is called and hurries back through campus. Her heart is beating fast and her shapely legs pound rhythmically, body jiggling with each step. The leggings slide against me and then, oh, there's dampness between my legs.

She bites her lip as she fumbles for the keys to her room, an unstoppable tensions twisting through her body. She hurries inside and lets the door slam behind her. She sets her coffee and croissant on the small living room table, then leans forward and plunges one hand in between her legs and strokes herself, fingers pushing the leggings against her clit. There's only a slight relief but I can feel her wetness on my fingers through the leggings. She gasps and rubs faster, pressing hard into the fabric but it's still not enough.

She pulls away, then slides her hand beneath the top of her leggings and against her skin, her fingers following the coarse hair of her pubes down to her slit. She's already open and warm, her pussy lips welcoming her finger inside. Fuck, this

time the relief is immediate and deeper and she moans with growing anticipation. She lies on the couch and spreads her legs as her fingers circle around her rubbery clit, already moist with her dew. She follows her slit down, rubbing her velvety folds, dipping inside herself as she gasps.

Her body is delightful and I urge her on, both of us taken by her physical pleasure. My desire to watch her masturbate in her leggings must be influencing her, because she stares down at herself, one hand unseen beneath the tight fabric as she continues fingering her pussy. God, her wet heat feels incredible, her fingers sliding into her little cunt send shockwaves through her that makes her wriggle and twist on the couch, little moans escaping our lips.

She rubs faster, circling her clit and driving the pleasure through us. Suddenly, there's an immense pressure followed by an immediate release as she cums. "Oh, fuuuck," she cries. And hearing her voice just makes me hornier even as we orgasm. Her legs clap together, trapping her fingers inside her tight little cunt, as her body throbs with sudden pleasure. She almost stops, and begins to pull her fingers out of herself.

*No. More. I order.*

She sinks back inside with a soft coo, two fingers sliding into her wet hole, curling around to finger herself harder. The shockwaves are coming faster again as she slides in and out of her pussy, fingering herself as she continues twisting on the couch. She closes her eyes, little mouth open. She pushes her head back into the pillow as she chases the pleasure through her body, fingers moving in and out, in and out, until she comes again in a burst of heat. The pleasure makes her cry out and I revel in the incredible orgasm flooding every inch of her body, enjoying the feel of myself her inside and out.

When she comes down she's breathing hard. She laughs in surprise and pulls her fingers out of herself. They're glazed with her juices. God, I want to watch her suck on her fingers, want to be inside her as she tastes herself. She starts to raise her fingers to her lips then pauses, her nose wrinkling as her own musky scent hits her nostrils. Apparently even my influence is not enough because instead she rises and goes to the bathroom to rinse herself off.

Funnily enough, it's Rebecca who reminds me of my own body. When she gets out of the bathroom she shoots my phone a text asking if I want to hang out. It's only then that I realize I don't know what's happened to me.

*We need to go to the lab. I concentrate on sending her the message.*

She pauses, her finger on the power button of her laptop, about to browse the news. I keep repeating the message. She bites her lip. I can sense she's agitated and maybe she doesn't quite understand why. I'm her hunch and eventually she follows me. She grabs her wallet and keys and heads out the door. She's still in her leggings and though it's delightful to again feel them between my legs, I'm too worried about myself to get truly aroused.

“Tony?” Rebecca's voice asks as she pushes open the doors to the lab.

Everything's exactly as I left it last night. As she comes around the corner of my desk she sees my body lying crumpled on the floor. Her hand rises to her lips and she runs to me, kneeling to check my pulse. I'm still breathing. Still alive. That's something. But how do I get back? The test tube's been left out and the chemical's evaporated. Rebecca's eyes flick to the test tube as I think of it.



Rebecca calls the ambulance and as she waits for them to arrive she looks around. Minnie is still collapsed in the cage, her chest rising and falling. That's a good sign at least. Rebecca stares at Mickey. He's not right.

*Go closer.*

Rebecca stands and gets closer to Mickey. He's walking around as though he's drunk, his four paws uncoordinated, his head darting this way and that in short, jerky motions. It looks as though he's lost control of his nervous system. If that's my future in Rebecca's body I need to get out of here before I hurt both of us. But I don't have enough control. She's certainly not going to try to recreate my experiment with just a gut feeling.

Rebecca jumps into the back of the ambulance and escorts me to a hospital. My body is checked in and taken to a private room where it's hooked up to some tubes. The doctor comes in sometime later. There's nothing apparently wrong with my body apart from a cut to the head from when I passed out. That's good to hear at least. Brain activity is minimal and the doctor has no idea why. I need to get us back in the lab but Rebecca fights it. This is something different from just a nudge, and it's so far from what Rebecca would ever actually do that she continually rejects my commands.

She walks back to her place in a daze. It's late in the day. We're both worried about me. As she opens the door to her apartment complex someone pushes the door open from the other side, bumping her arm into one of her soft breasts. They say excuse me and Rebecca continues inside but it reminds me of last night when I had control of her hand and touched her breasts. Maybe it was the alcohol. If I can get her to drink some more it may weaken her mind enough for me to take control so that I can recreate the experiment.

I start thinking about going out to a bar. Get dressed up. Have a drink. Or two.

Alone, I add as she pulls out her phone to text some friends.

Rebecca is alert to my thoughts a little sooner, for she puts her phone away and starts getting ready to go out, humming something tunelessly to herself. She slides open her closet door and looks through her outfits.

*The sundress. I suggest.*

She grabs the paisley sundress and slides it off the hanger. Then she strips off her sweater, the shirt and her leggings.

God, her body is beautiful.

Even that simple thought is enough to give her pause. She looks down and admires herself. I can hear bursts of her thoughts now, criticism of her own body. Her legs are too fat. Her stomach too big.

*Nonsense. I say, concentrating on what I like about her body.*

She runs a hand along her taut ass and for a moment I think I have control as I make her fingers squeeze gently. And then it's gone as I'm forced to the back of her mind again. But Rebecca's admiration for her body remains. A ghostly

tendrils of heat flit through her at the sight of herself in the mirror. She goes to put on the sundress but I stop her.

*No panties. I say. She pauses, biting her lip. No panties. I repeat. It seems like our minds are closing to melding now. I hope that's a good sign in terms of being able to recreate the experiment to find my way back to my old body, but I don't want to hurt Rebecca in the process.*

We slide our panties down our legs, revealing our dark bush, the hair trimmed into a delicate 'v' that points to our slit. We slip the sundress on over our head and adjust it down our body, feeling slightly naughty at the thought of going naked beneath. I don't interfere when she does her makeup in the mirror. I'd make a total mess of it. Instead I just watch from behind her eyes as her nimble fingers dab and brush and comb us to perfection. When she's done she looks radiant. She grabs a cute clutch purse and throws her phone and keys inside, then heads out.

I know just the place and I guide her steps to a quiet little bar on the corner. From the glimpses of her thoughts I can tell she thinks she's wandering aimlessly, and when her eyes alight on my destination she thinks she's choosing to go in on impulse. The bar is small and quiet. A young couple plays pool in the back while a few other people sit scattered around drinking and talking in hushed voices. We order a cosmo from the bar and retreat to a small empty table in the corner. We cross our lean legs and sip, just surveying the place.

Her memories are coming to me more easily now and I catch a fragment of one of her last dates, which was at this bar. There's a flash of sexy dark eyes and a chiseled jaw. The whole thing is tinged with an aura of anticipation. I encourage the thought, push into it and suddenly we're reminiscing together.

He was in her first year chemistry class. Quietly intelligent. They studied for a test together, Rebecca moving closer, dropping more and more hints until finally her lips were so close to his he couldn't deny it any longer. The study session became a makeout session became a series of dates became her first college love. He was gentle, kissing his way up her body, treating her like a goddess as her flower opened for him and she gave him her virginity. The first time was quick, the next times less so as they grew to luxuriate in their bodies,. His hard, hers soft. Him moving gently in and out of her heat as she moaned and clutched at him. Sometimes she can still taste him on her lips, smell him on her clothes.

In the present, our hand slips down into our lap and we begin stroking gently, pressing the fabric of the sundress against our bare pussy. A growing need blossoms between our legs, the tension rising as we stroke. She's hesitant to do this in a bar, but I'm insistent and the drink has loosened her inhibitions and her control. I continue to lead her thoughts on to her previous romantic encounters.

There was the guy she met at the triathalon. They watched each other's sharp bodies at the races, each moving with a powerful quickness. Afterwards, once the changing rooms had cleared out, she pulled him back there and let him take her, quick and hard. Her tits swung back and forth as she bent over the bench, arching her back as he gripped her hips and plunged into her sopping cunt, both of them grunting as he filled her, sating their needs. She can still feel his hands on her, his thick cock filling her.

Our hand slides down our leg and slips under the dress, following our warm thigh back up towards our waiting wetness. The cool air of the room hits our pussy as we pull our dress all the way back, revealing ourselves to the room. Though it's dark and there's a chair blocking anyone's view, it's still so naughty. Our fingers follow the coarse triangle of hair down over our slit, tickling our body gently, our nether lips slowly unfolding as tension builds within us. We tease our body with a fingertip, up and down, up and down, as the tension ratchets up inside us. We dip a finger gently inside, feeling our pussy swallow our finger, feel our own heat and moistness. We bite our lip and shift in our seat.

Then there was our professor. God, that was so wrong. But Rebecca knew what she was doing, playing the part of the innocent, flirty student. She shut the door to his office behind her, saw his eyes flick to her legs then away as his face reddened. He wanted it as much as she and she shifted closer, leaning over his desk to point out a certain exam question and letting the neck of her shirt fall down, presenting her delicate breasts. The next time she was leaning over the desk she was moaning as he thrust inside her, his body covering hers. He was firm but tender, and the danger of getting caught made her cum hard.

In the present, a waiter comes by to collect Rebecca's empty glass. We freeze, our finger inside us, trying to judge whether he can see our nakedness from his angle, whether he can smell our delicious musk as much as we can. Our heart hammers in our chest and our body tightens even as our pussy loosens, the pleasure building.

“Can I have another cosmo?” We ask, hoping the waiter doesn't notice the tremble in our voice.

He nods and disappears and we sink back, letting our finger play up and down and then slip inside. We gasp as we land on our clit and rub in tight circles, up and down our wetness. Our pussy spreads eagerly at our touch and we gaze down at ourselves, our breasts jiggling slightly as our legs twist beneath the table. We pause as the waiter comes back, nodding in thanks, afraid that if we open our mouth our gasp will give away our secret. He glances at us as, beneath the table, we slip two fingers in deeper, sliding through the walls of our cunt, the slick warmth so amazingly divine. Then he leaves and we release a sigh, partly of relief, partly of pleasure. We spread our legs and thrust our fingers in deeper, and now we're sliding as deep as we can through our pussy from this position, in and out fingering ourselves to orgasm. Christ, we can hear the squelch of our wet pussy as our fingers penetrate our sopping cunt. The tension grows tighter, tighter until we're fit to burst, all the time we're plunging in and out, leaning back

in the seat so we can drive deep into our pussy. Then we squeeze our legs hard as the tension breaks and we cum, biting our lip to stifle our gasp, throwing our head back against the cushioned seat as pleasure floods our body and liquid drips down our thighs, soaking into our dress.

Fuck, we want to touch our tits but that would be too much. Instead we bring our other hand into our lap and rub our clit as we finger ourselves. Our waist thrusts up as our fingers circle our clit, spiking pleasure through us. We plunge our fingers deep in as fast as we can, fucking ourselves hard as we rub our little clit faster, faster, until a deep moan escapes our lips and we clamp a hand over our mouth. The musky scent of our pussy invades our nostrils and we cum hard, harder than we've ever cum because we have to try to hold it in and that just makes it much more heavenly.

We slow our fingers in and out of our body as we come down. The hand over our lips loosens and I slide Rebecca's fingers into her mouth, tasting her cunt on her tongue. It's delicious, salty and sharp with the taste of Rebecca. She suddenly reasserts control and pulls her fingers out of her mouth. There's a faint disgust registering in her mind, battling with my own desire for her taste. She pulls her fingers out of herself from below and adjust her dress, then takes another sip of her drink, eyes darting around. Her bangs have drifted down over her forehead, tickling us. Her other arm lies loose at her side. I swipe her bangs back behind an ear with that arm, only realizing upon Rebecca's shocked glance at herself that I have complete control of that one arm. I flex her delicate fingers as Rebecca stares down at herself.

“The fuck?” She whispers.

“Rebecca,” I whisper, using her lips and her voice. “Listen to me, let me explain what's happening.”



She claps the hand she still has control of over her mouth. I use her other hand to try to pry it away. Anyone watching would see a brief struggle between Rebecca's two hands. I manage to pry her hand away long enough to say:

“Rebecca, it's Tony. I'm in your body.”

Her eyes go wide and she stops struggling. I pick up the drink with one hand and bring it to her lips, but I can't make her drink.

“I'm going crazy,” she mutters.

“No, you're not,” I reply with her voice. God, it feels so good to be able to move myself, even if I'm someone else. “Let me explain. But first take a drink. You're going to need it.”

She sips and I replace the drink, then explain everything that's happened along with my theory of how. During the course of it, we order a third drink. When I get to the end of the story Rebecca pauses.

“You've been in my body since yesterday?”

I nod.

“So you saw...” She blushes.

I can feel her shame and her fear but I match it with my own delight at seeing her, my joy at being inside her and sharing her life.

“But you seem to be gaining more control of me. What will happen to me if you...completely take over?”

I shrug, a one shouldered gesture in the half of her body I can control. “I don't know. Do you feel any different? I mean, besides me being in here, do you feel like you're transferring to my body?”

“No.”

“Hmm,” I pinch my lip in thought. The sudden fruity scent of Rebecca and her lingering musk makes me inhale deeply. God, she smells lovely.

Rebecca giggles.

“What?” I ask.

“That's a you gesture. Pinching your lip. It just seems weird on me.”

“We need to get back to the lab.”

“Tonight?”

“Yes.”

“I don't know if I can.”

“Why not?”

She giggles. “I'm so drunk I'm already talking to myself.”

Indeed, the room is swirling lazily. I don't trust my coordination to measure out tiny amounts of chemicals. I push my chair away and stand, leaning on the table as a wave of dizziness overcomes me. I lean on the table for a beat too long, my eyes staring straight down Rebecca's top at her breasts. It's only then that I realize I have complete control of her body.

“Rebecca?” I whisper, standing up as straight as I can.

I feel her affirmation in my mind.

“I have control of your whole body now but I can't go back to the lab drunk like this. We'll have to sleep it off.”

I pay for the drinks with her card and walk out into the brisk evening. Despite my underlying trepidation, it feels wonderful to move again. I stretch my limbs and do a little jump, enjoying Rebecca's limber, graceful body. The night has been sweetened with alcohol and everything seems so hopeful. Rebecca guides me back to her place and I feel her as she felt me, as something more than an impulse but less than a decision. I'm very careful how I treat her body, her consciousness ever present to remind me that I'm not alone. But, God, I want to touch myself.

We get back to Rebecca's place and I shed my clothes in the bedroom and walk, naked, to the bathroom. I know Rebecca can feel me growing wet, and as I wait for the shower to warm up my eyes linger on my reflection. My bare breasts are glorious, swaying from my chest with every slight motion. I know Rebecca is sharing in my delight at her body. I don't feel her shame anymore. But I finally tear my eyes away and step into the shower.

The warm water hits my skin and I soap myself down, taking my time to run my hands along each curve, over and around my breasts, picking them up and letting them bounce back together. Rebecca is no longer fighting, she's enjoying her breasts as much as I am, my lust and our drunkenness pushing her own hesitance aside. Between my legs I'm wetter than water. I turn off the shower before I can do anything, before I can take Rebecca in her own body. I towel myself off and fall into bed. The room is spinning gently and I'm so warm, Rebecca's sweet body so close. Sleep is an agonizingly long time coming.

### 3

I wake once more in Rebecca's room. I push myself into a sitting position, still not used to the ways my body shifts with each motion. I stretch and yawn, and only then do I realize I'm naked. I take half a beat longer than necessary to stare down at my amazing breasts and the little tuft of hair between my lean thighs.

“Rebecca, can you still hear me?”

There's no answer from within. She's where I was a day ago, trapped as a passenger with no influence. Only its her own body she's trapped in. I hurry to the bathroom—still naked, my tits swaying with each step—and peer into Rebecca's face in the mirror, searching her blue eyes for any hint of her.

“It's okay,” I tell my reflection, hoping Rebecca can hear me. “We'll get you back in your body. We just need to get to the lab.”

I hope she's there and hasn't disappeared. The last thing I want is to return to my own body and leave Rebecca a vacant shell. I hurriedly get ready, brushing my teeth and raising her arm to roll on her deodorant. There's no avoiding my nudity and my eyes are drawn again and again to my body, taking in Rebecca's breasts, her taut ass, her luscious legs. I know I'm forcing her to lust after herself but I can't help it. I return to her room and dig through her chest of drawers, coming up with a cute black spaghetti strap shirt and matching skirt, along with some grey leggings.

I grab some panties from the drawer. There's something about going through her panty drawer that makes me feel more of a voyeur than just being in her body. I slide the panties up my legs and slip on a bra with only a little bit of fumbling. The shirt is cut to fit my body, and the neck shows off my wonderful cleavage. It's almost too tempting to look down and see Rebecca's breasts nestled within the top. God, I want to stroke and lick them. But this is my chance to dress Rebecca and I want to put her in an outfit I like best.

The little leggings cling to her legs and the skirt falls down her butt, ending at about mid-thigh. It's tight, and accentuates her ass. I do my hair up in a ponytail because it's easy, and I take some time to brush my bangs down like I saw Rebecca do. Finally, I slip on some black boots. I take one last glance at Rebecca's body in the mirror. She's perfect. I bite my lip, feeling the warmth start to build between my legs. With an embarrassed little giggle—I know Rebecca can feel what I feel—I turn and head out the door. I hop on Rebecca's bike and ride for the chemistry lab on the opposite end of campus.

I feel so incredibly fit. My legs peddle hard with minimum effort and I breathe deep through her nose. The main thing distracting me is, once again, my thighs rubbing against the leggings with each peddle, and the seat I'm seating on. I lean a bit forward to let the hard, leather saddle press against myself. Christ, I'm getting hotter with each push on the peddles and its not long before I can feel the delightful loosening of my pussy, the tender lips opening for myself. I ride the bike and the saddle slower, hoping to stay in control of myself, but it only prolongs my delicious agony. Now each time I push down on a peddle my moistening pussy lips slide against each other and the seat digs up against my clit. The closer I get to the lab the hornier I get. When I finally arrived my cheeks are flushed and my heart is racing, but not because of the ride.

I jump off the bike and I can feel the dampness of my leggings. Christ, my fingers shake as I lock her bike to a rail. I turn and take one step, and the feeling of my legs sliding together makes me shiver. It's early. There's no one around.

I duck behind some bushes and up against the chemistry lab, hiding in the corner where the steps meet the building. I lean against the wall, yank up my skirt and thrust my hand into my pants. I moan in Rebecca's throaty voice as I find my wetness, fingers sliding across my pussy. I can feel Rebecca guiding me, telling me exactly how to pleasure her body, and I follow her instinct. Three fingers rub against my clit as my other hand comes up and squeezes my breasts. I stare down at Rebecca's tits as I jiggle and shake them, the hand in my pants moving faster. Fuck, I'm so wet. My hand is sandwiched between my damp leggings and my dripping cunt. I rub myself faster, gripping my tit harder as the tension rises and then I cum. Leaning forward, I moan out my pleasure, my breasts dangling below me, hand still sliding back and forth over my wetness. I continue rubbing myself until the first orgasm passes. I need more.

I slide my fingers down my slit, following my soft pussy lips until my palm is pressing against my mound and over my clit. I thrust my middle finger inside myself, sliding in and out of my tight, wet hole. My body feels amazing and I finger myself harder, sliding in and out, enjoying the feeling of my cunt wrapped around my hard digit. I pound myself harder, driving my finger as deep into my wet heat as I can, the walls of my cunt gripping me. Pleasure explodes suddenly through me and I throw back my head, fingers tweaking my nipple, hand squeezing my breasts together as I cum, Rebecca's sex soaked voice exploding from my lips. "Oh fuuuck," I cry. And I can feel Rebecca's pleasure inside me as her mind revels in the orgasm, fueling my own desire. My entire body shakes with a brilliant orgasm, whiting out any thoughts except of my own delight.

When I finally come down my knees are weak, and I slid into a crouching position. I wipe the hair from eyes and only then do I peek through the bushes to make sure no one is around.

"Sorry, Rebecca, I needed that," I whisper.

When I've recovered enough I stand and go into my labs, trying to ignore the cold, wet leggings now dripping with Rebecca's juices. Minnie is still lying on her side in the cage. She's breathing but I can't imagine a day without food or drink is good for her. Mickey is running in Minnie's wheel and when I lean down to look closer he hops off and comes to investigate. Just like Minnie.

“Hey, there, little girl.” I say, poking a slim finger through the cage and stroking his head, “We're going to get you back in the right body. Both of you.”

My work station is a mess so my first job is to clean everything up. As I'm rinsing out the tubes in the industrial sink I hear the door open. I look up and see Greg, one of the grad students I've worked with on a few projects.

I shut off the water. “Hi, Greg,” I say.

He gives me a quizzical look. “Hi...I'm sorry I can't remember your name.”

Oh, shit. Of course.

“I'm Rebecca,” I say, holding out my hand.

He shakes it, then looks around at my workstation. “I haven't seen you in this lab before.”



“Oh, yeah, Tony asked for my help.”

“Tony's awake? Is he okay?”

“I mean, uh, he asked before the accident. I don't think he's awake. Is he awake?”

I close my mouth before I can babble any further. I laugh nervously and turn back to setting up my station. Greg doesn't ask any questions but I can see him glancing at me out of the corner of his eye. I unlock the cabinet and pull out the chemicals, glancing up at Greg every now and then and smiling when I meet his eye. I can't help it. Something about being in Rebecca's body calls me to flirt. I feel so confident.

That confidence wanes as the day goes on. I mix the chemicals, diluting and heating and concentrating, but the liquid stubbornly refuses to turn blue like it did the last time. I use up most of the day, getting more and more irritated. Finally, I set down my tools with a grunt of despair.

Greg looks up from his station where he's carefully pouring something into a range of test tubes.

“Problem?” He pauses, a test tube in his hand.

I pull my safety goggles off and stroke my hair back out of my eyes. “No. Yes. But I don't know what it is.”

I cross my arms beneath my breasts and try to think. It's a little harder with Greg staring at me. I look up at him but he looks away and resumes filling his test tubes. And that's when it hits me. I used one of Greg's test tubes last time. Whatever residue was still in it must have been the activating ingredient. But I've been working beside Greg for a while now. He treats everything he does as top secret and would never voluntarily tell me what he was working on if I just asked.

“I need a break,” I say. “How about you, Greg? We've been cooped up in her all day, want to take a walk?”

He's clearly torn between his desire to finish his work and his desire to be with a pretty woman. In the end, Rebecca wins, as she usually does.

“So what's your area of interest?” I ask Greg as we wander through campus together.

“I do environmental toxicology.” He says, adjusting his glasses above his patrician nose. “Right now I'm trying to see if the organic compounds naturally present in top soil are impacted by a range of herbicides.”

“Interesting. So you want to be a farmer.” He raises an eyebrow. I laugh and casually touch his arm. “Kidding. No, that's really interesting.” There's a sudden impulse for me to say something that can only be coming from Rebecca inside my mind.

I let the words come without thinking about them: “The EPA did something similar with their acid rain test mimicking the leaching of pollutants from a mono-disposal landfill.”

“That's right!” He says, surprised.

He starts drilling into the results, which I only vaguely understand. Fortunately, Rebecca is following it and I let her words flow from her own mouth. I don't really know what I'm going to say until I say it, and then I don't understand lot of it. But like a cartoon character walking on air, if I don't look down—or overthink it—I'm fine. I can tell Greg's enamored with Rebecca. With her providing a quick grasp of the concepts and me providing the physical flirting and Rebecca's infectious smile, we soon have Greg laughing and giving us all the answers.

But a strange thing happens as we converse. The more I touch Greg, the more I look into his eyes and smile and laugh, the more my body gets turned on. Rebecca's amazingly sensitive, ready to get revved up at the slightest opportunity. No wonder she's such a modest flirt. All I'm doing is trying to get info out of Greg and my panties are already damp. I stop and pull back before I lose control.

Greg stops at the bathroom before going back into the lab, which gives me time to get to the lab first and swipe the necessary chemicals I need. After some more work I reach the final stage of my own experiment. Combining the new chemicals with the old, I'm ecstatic to find the liquid turning the deep blue that it was when this whole thing started. I quickly put on some gloves before dabbing some on Minnie and Mickey. Then I wait, staring at the rats in anticipation. After a few minutes Minnie opens her eyes. Shortly after, she's up and running around like nothing happened.

I put a stopper on the test tube and hurry out of the lab to the hospital, a spring in my step. I can feel Rebecca's excitement in my mind.

“Hold on, Rebecca, we're going to get our bodies back soon,” I say as I jog.

I enjoy my last moments in her body, my legs dashing so quickly, body moving in such a fluid motion. I'm going to miss this.

## 4

I close the hospital room door behind me and slowly walk towards my former body. Its lying on its back in bed, eyes closed, a hospital gown covering the chest. An IV tube snakes from my arm to a drip feed, and the heart monitor next to the bed emits a steady, if slow, beeping. My former mouth is slightly open and a trickle of drool falls down the chin. Wonderful. Just how I want Rebecca to see me.

I unstop the test tube and dab some on Rebecca's arm, then do the same to myself. This should open up the connection between us and then I just need to slip back. And, indeed, I'm starting to feel drowsy. I sit on one of the seats to the side of the room and cross my legs as sleep overtakes me. Once again I'm in darkness. Lights twinkle off in the distance—which I take to be other people—and one bright spark so close by, which I assume is my real body. The pulling feeling starts up but before I can respond another spark races out of me and into the bright spark in front of me. The pulling feeling stops and I immediately regain consciousness.

I'm still in Rebecca's body.

“Rebecca? You there?” I ask myself.

The body on the bed mumbles something. I snap my head up in time to see my former eyes opening groggily, one hand coming up to rub them.

“Tony?” My former voice says. He starts, hands coming to his throat, before staring down at himself. “Oh no.”

I stand and approach him, my mouth agape. “Rebecca?”

She nods and looks up at me. I'm staring into my own brown eyes but I can see a strange mind behind them.

“I saw--” she clears her throat and starts again. “I saw a light and I felt...this...urge pulling me forward.”

I nod. “That's how I got into your body.”

I sit on the side of the bed and she shifts to sit up, wincing as the IV needle snags her. I pull it out of her as she pulls off the pulse sensor around her finger. The machine flatlines and I switch it off. We stare at each other for a beat, eyes tracing each other from our new perspective. Her hand comes up and touches my face.

“So weird,” she whispers.

Her fingers are warm and I rub my cheek on them gently. “It is, huh?”

Her eyes trace down to my chest and pause on my breasts. She licks her lips.

“You never realize how others see you until, well, you're not you.”

“I think we can switch back. We just both rub the chemical--” I start to remove the test tube from my pocket but she puts a strong hand on my arm.

“We don't have to switch back just yet. I mean, you've seen everything of me and I haven't seen anything of you.” She leans closer and now our lips are nearly touching. “I think it's only fair I get to ride you for a while.”

My heart hammers in my chest as she kisses me. She opens her mouth wide, tasting me, inviting me in. I slip my tongue inside and explore the contours of my former mouth from my new perspective. My nose presses against her cheek and fills my nostrils with her masculine scent, which sets my body on fire. Her hand rests gently on my cheek, fingers sliding through my hair as she brings me closer. I can feel her hunger for me and as I lean forward I shift my hand up the bed for balance and land on something hard beneath the covers.

We both pause in our kissing and look down. My hand is on top of my former cock. It twitches beneath me as Rebecca smiles and my body twitches with it. I stroke her through the covers as she returns her lips to my mouth. Her other hand slides up my leg, beneath my skirt, towards my silky heat. Our kisses grow faster, more desperate as our bodies hunger for each other.

Her hands are on my shirt and I help her pull it off over my head, brushing my hair back out of my eyes before reaching around to unstrap my bra. I shrug it to the floor and my perfect breasts bounce free. I grab them in my hands, massaging gently. Rebecca's on them in an instant, wrapping her warm lips around my nipple, her tongue flicking out, teeth nipping at my skin. I sigh as a bolt of pleasure flashes through me, the grand desire building between my legs. Fuck, she knows exactly how to please herself. I gaze down at my beautiful

breasts as she licks and sucks, squeezing gently. Heat travels up through my pussy. My entire body is restless with desire.

I reach around her back and slide the paper gown off her masculine shoulders, pulling it down to reveal my former broad chest. She shifts her body back and forth and eases the gown off before dropping it to the floor. Her cock is between us, hard and proud. Before I can even think about it I lean forward and bring my lips to meet it. I've never sucked a dick before, never had the urge, but Rebecca's body needs it. So I wrap my lips around my own shaft and slowly sink my mouth down. My former cock fills me, sliding across my tongue. It's warm and with a pleasant hard-softness that fills my mouth, bringing with it a slight tangy deliciousness. I push my head down, welcoming my dick inside, sucking my own cock as deep as I can go until it hits the back of my throat. I pull up, leaving the shaft slick with saliva, then drop my head back down again, wanting to take it all in. I rise up and down, my tongue dragging underneath the shaft and undulating up and down as I suck her cock. It's delicious, so perfect between Rebecca's lips. Like her body was made for this.

I move faster, driving my lips up and down harder. Her moans increase above me. She's breathless with anticipation. I can feel her approaching the crest but my body needs more. I pull my lips off with a wet pop.

“Fuck me right now,” I beg.

She nods. I'm off the bed in an instant, my own body right behind me. I unzip my tight skirt and yank it down, then roll down the leggings but there's no time to roll them all the way down because I need to touch myself right now. My hand lands on my wetness, fingers stroking my already swollen clit. God, I'm sopping wet. I lean on the bed, one arm supporting myself, my head pushed into the sheets, my ass in the air, still stroking myself. My fingers circle my little clit, growing faster, matching the rhythm of my body.



Heavy hands grab my waist and pull me close. I turn around and arch my back, watching as Rebecca guides my former cock towards my pussy lips. There's a pressure there, building, building, and then with a long groan she slides in. I can feel it all, her tip, her shaft, every inch. Her cock feels so huge as she slides it through my wet, tight hole. Still rubbing my clit, I can feel her cock beneath my fingers as she fills me, pushing her dick in all the way until her groin is on my ass and her cockhead is lodged deep in my center. It brings an incredible fullness that makes me sigh. Then she withdraws and plunges in again, in and out, soon reaching a rhythm.

I gaze down between my legs, watch my tits bounce crazily as she fucks me, her hard cock appearing between my legs, glazed with my juices, only to disappear into my wet cunt. Watching Rebecca get fucked while being in Rebecca getting fucked is incredible. The sound of my cock plunging into my former wetness, along with the slap of her groin on my ass is delightful. The tension spikes in me, the heat exploding into pure pleasure and I cum. I wriggle and twist on my own incredible dick, my body humming to an immense pleasure. I muffle my cries in the covers and push my ass back against Rebecca, begging her to keep fucking me with my body, before I'm rendered speechless with pleasure.

And she does continue. She grips my hips hard, plunging in and out. Now she's grunting and all I can do is hold on, spread my legs as she slams into me, the pleasure cresting once more and suddenly she explodes. Her cock throbs, hot seed pumping into me and I orgasm around her cock. I squeeze my eyes shut as my body burns bright with pleasure, gripping the covers in clawed hands as her cum fills me more full than I've ever been. It's what my body needs. The orgasm is massive. I tremble from head to toe, feeling each pump inside until she slows and stops.

She rests on my back, breathing hard. The heat of my hard body is so nice. Her weight on top of me is euphoric and I nestle closer to her. Eventually she pulls

out, leaving me disappointingly empty. Then she crawls back into bed and motions for me to join her. I curl up my soft body in her masculine arms. I'm still trembling with aftershocks as she strokes me, each touch sending pleasant tingles through my body.

“Don't open that test tube,” she whispers, kissing me on my nose, “Until we've had a little more fun.”

# # #

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