



**F2F BODY SWAP**

**COMPACT**  
*Mirrors*

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**MWILS**



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**MWIS**

# **Compact Mirrors**

***F2F Body Swap***

**by M. Wills**

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## Ellie

“Happy birthday, Ellie,” Jeff said, kissing me on the cheek before placing a small, poorly wrapped present on the table in front of me.

“Oh, Jeff, thanks but I told you no presents,” I reprimanded him gently.

Jeff's budget was as meager as mine. Most of our money went to our respective college tuition and rents. I knew he didn't have a lot left over and many nights we'd dined on Cup of Noodles. Even tonight, for my birthday, I hadn't been able to scrounge up much for a celebration. Not that I wanted a big party (or even knew enough people to invite for a big party). I was happy just to spend the evening watching movies in my sparsely furnished apartment with my two closest friends, eating cheap Chinese takeaway and day old chocolate cake from the grocery store bakery that had been marked down.

I was touched by Jeff's thoughtfulness with the present but also conflicted. He was funny and kind and cute in a film geek kind of way, and though we'd known each other for months we'd only been officially dating for a few weeks. I liked being with him, but love? I wasn't sure. I suspected he loved me and that just made it more awkward. My uncertainty had been building up for a couple days but I had yet to gather up the nerve to open up the discussion. I'd always been non-confrontational and he was the first person I'd ever really dated. Maybe this was how I was supposed to feel this early in a relationship?

Jeff sat up in the high backed wooden chair and shrugged with a gentle smile. “I saw this and thought of you.”

“Aww,” Charlie said, playfully punching Jeff's shoulder before turning to me. “Come on, open it!” she cheered, clapping her hands together.

I looked at Charlie with a half smile. Her hazel eyes were locked on mine, crinkled in happiness. She pushed back the sleeves of her sweater, revealing trim golden arms, before propping her elbows up on the table, resting her cheek on her palms. Her long, chocolate colored hair draped down the side of her face in waves.

I picked up Jeff's present. It was lightweight and fit neatly in the palm of my hand. It was wrapped up with newspaper comic strips, obviously Jeff's own wrapping. I slid my finger beneath the tape and gently tugged the paper open. Inside was a beautiful compact mirror of mid-century modern design, silver and elegantly simple with a stylized 'S' across the top in pale rose.

“It's gorgeous,” I whispered in awe.

Jeff knew I had an affinity for this type of sixties mod design, though I couldn't afford much of it. The compact had a satisfying heft for something so small. I flipped it open. The mirror was pristine, reflecting back my long, thin face, freckled nose and bushy black eyebrows. I took a second to adjust my coal black bangs to curl down over my forehead just so.

“You're gorgeous,” Jeff said, leaning forward to kiss my cheek.

“Awww,” Charlie said again, making doe eyes at Jeff. She held her hands out

eagerly to me, “Let me see! Let me see!”

I handed it to Charlie and she flipped it over, examining it from every angle.

“I hope you didn't spend too much,” I said.

“No, no,” Jeff said, taking my hand and stroking the back of my hand with his thumb. “I got it at a yard sale last weekend. I saw it and thought of you. There were actually two of them but this high school girl had just bought the other one.”

I blushed at Jeff's intense attention and looked down, stroking the little stud in my nose nervously. The stud was the only thing left of my brief goth period in high school. Back then it had been a big black ring, but I'd replaced it with a much simpler sparkly turquoise stud.

Charlie was now eyeing herself in the mirror, fluffing out her hair and peering at her reflection critically. She glanced up at Jeff briefly as he kissed me again, then returned to primping herself. I knew it was hard for Charlie seeing herself in the mirror. She'd confided in me that she always felt self-conscious, like someone would see her in the wrong light, or her makeup wouldn't conceal her male features enough and they'd know she was a trans woman with all the social baggage that entails. To anyone else Charlie seemed bubbly and happy, but I could see the little frown of worry as she primped. I gently took the compact from her hands.

“You're beautiful, Charlie,” I assured her.



“Seriously,” Jeff agreed, “You’re the most put together woman I know.” He turned to me. “No offense, Ellie.”

I shrugged. “None taken. I can’t even remember if I put on deodorant today.”

Jeff and Charlie laughed, Charlie’s eyes again flicking to Jeff. Did he know she liked him? I mean, it was obvious to me, but guys were so obtuse sometimes. At any rate, it would have made things so much easier if he liked her as much as she liked him. Then I could avoid all the messy confrontation I was more and more sure would have to occur sometime before my relationship with Jeff got serious. Was it already serious? I was caught in an eddy of indecision, flipping back and forth on what to do. It was so much easier when we all moved into the cramped living room to watch a movie and I could just sit alone with my thoughts without having to talk.

When the movie ended, Charlie politely—reluctantly?—excused herself and went home, leaving Jeff and me alone. I walked him to the door and when he leaned forward to kiss me I kissed him back. There was no denying he tasted nice, and I let his tongue circle my mouth as we clung together. I finally broke it off and put my hand on his chest.

“Goodnight,” I said.

“Goodnight.”

I was no closer to figuring out how to handle everything the next morning when I woke up. My first class was early and I was late, as usual. I blearily got ready, picking out a cute green skirt with black leggings and boots, then brushed my hair and held it in place with a green band the same color as my skirt. I went for my phone on the nightstand where I usually kept it, then remembered that it had been stolen two days ago—happy birthday to me!—so just grabbed my backpack off the floor. I threw the little compact mirror into the backpack along with some makeup, intending to make myself presentable on the go. Then I was out the door and speed walking to Psych 101.

I met Charlie outside class. She had on a cute pink shirt, over which she'd thrown a lightweight vest, and tight jeans. I joined her and we jogged up the stairs and in to class together. We took a seat near the back just as the professor clicked on the PowerPoint on and began talking. I slipped the little compact mirror out of my bag and prepared to surreptitiously do my makeup. But when I popped open the compact and looked in, I saw the face of another woman. I had just enough time to register that she was young and blonde and incredibly gorgeous when my stomach lurched and the world seemed to revolve.

Suddenly I was in the passenger seat of a car. The compact mirror—or an identical one—was in one hand, a soft black blush brush in the other. The hands holding the two were long and petite, with screamingly bright pink nails. My face—my real face, freckled and dark haired—was in the mirror looking just as startled as I felt and I dropped the compact mirror with a little yelp. It clapped shut and bounced down into the crevice between the seat and the gear shift box at the same time as the little pad of blush sitting in my lap fell to the floor.

Someone—a girl—was talking a mile a minute “...so Mark thinks Lisa's hot but Mark is soooo lame I can't believe she'd like him but I think maybe she does but I think maybe not, too, you know? Because the other day...”

She kept blabbering about people I didn't know as I stared down into my lap. I

was wearing some kind of white skirt and a sleeveless top, both of which showed off much more skin than I was comfortable with. Especially skin that was so obviously not my own. The skirt was cut short enough to reveal bare, golden thigh, while the top hugged a trim body with some impressive cleavage that I gaped into. My feet were clad in matching white sandals, the toes painted the same sickeningly pink color of my fingernails. Golden waves of hair fell down each shoulder.

I scrambled for the compact but it had dropped too far down in the tiny space next to the middle console. Now the driver had paused her monologue and was looking at me.

“Oh no, Summer, what happened?”

I looked up at her. She was young as well, probably a senior in high school, with perfectly coiffed coffee brown hair glinting with gold highlights. She had a lovely face (though with too much makeup) and was dressed similarly to me in a too-cute skirt and sleeveless top. She looked like one of the popular girls in high school. The kind that terrified me. Moved in packs. Always put together and perfect.

“My mirror...I dropped it,” My voice was slightly different, higher pitched, more, I don't know, buoyant somehow.

“And your makeup!”

I reached between my legs and grabbed the seat lever, scooting the seat back until I could slide my hand down into the crevice where the compact sat. I just

managed to grab the compact between two fingers and pulled it out. It looked exactly the same as the one Jeff had given me for my birthday: silver with a stylized 'S' in rose metal. I flipped it open expecting to, I don't know, go back to my body I guess. But I was instead greeted by my new reflection. A gorgeous slender face stared back at me, framed by golden tresses, the ruby red lips dropped open in an 'o' of surprise. Perfectly plucked dark eyebrows arched over wide sky blue eyes. My face was slender, perfectly composed with delicate features and the most exquisite cheekbones. The nose was finely sculpted with a slight upturn at the tip. Jesus, I'd become some horny teenager's wet dream. And worse, I had no idea how to get back to my own body.

I tried opening and closing the mirror several times but no luck. The blonde face stubbornly refused to change. By now we were pulling into the parking lot of a high school and the brunette in the driver's seat shot me a confused look.

“What are you doing, Summer?” Her voice had the incredibly annoying valley girl lilt at the end.

I snapped the mirror shut. “I need to go home. I think I'm going to be sick.”

“No way, babe, you're gorgeous. You're still, like, a million times the prettiest.”

Did she think I was going to be sick about my appearance? I guess she was right, just not in the way she thought. It was a telling clue about the person I'd become.

She drove through the parking lot in a series of lurches that made my stomach twist, pulling into her parking spot and missing the truck in the space next to her by inches.

“Oh, god,” I said, clutching the handle above the window.

“Oh no! I'm really, really sorry. I'm working on my driving. I can do better. I promise!” She babbled obsequiously, looking at me with huge frightened eyes.

“No. It' okay. I'm fine. Just a little...weird today.”

The girl—and I really did need to find out her name—nodded uncertainly. We both opened the door and got out. I walked around to the back of her car, which was a brand new baby blue Miata with the license plate 'DADZGIRL'. Ugh. The other girl hurried around to meet me, proffering an impossibly tiny pink backpack that looked more like a purse than anything that could hold textbooks. I took it from her and slid the compact mirror inside on top of the makeup that filled the rest of the bag. I slung it over my shoulders and we both started walking towards the school.

I didn't really see what choice I had but to pretend to be this Summer girl I'd become. I would just make myself look crazy if I said I was an impostor in her body. I—the old me—didn't have a phone so there was no way to contact her. Me. Whatever. If Summer had ended up in my body then she would be missing memories of my life, too, so she wouldn't even have my email. I would just get through this day at school and then try to get over to my dorm later tonight to try to fix this. I could do one day as a perky cheerleader. Right?

“So,” the other girl began as we crossed the parking lot, “what do you think we should do about Lisa and Mark?”

“Who? Oh, I don't care.”

“Really? Yesterday you were being so funny about Mark and Lisa. The horse and rider, remember? Because Lisa's face makes her look like a horse and Mark wants to ride her? Hilarious!”

“What does Lisa think about that?” I was overwhelmed with all this. Names of people I didn't know doing things I didn't care about. And I was starting to get the feeling that Summer was kind of a bitch.

The other girl screwed up her face in utter confusion. “Uh, I don't know. Oh my god, do you think Kayla told Lisa what you said? That would be hilarious.”

“You and I have a different definition of hilarious,” I mumbled.

“Huh?”

“Nothing. Never mind. Can you stop talking for a minute?”

She shut her mouth and nodded and we walked up to the school entrance in silence. She didn't seem to mind me telling her to shut up. In fact, she hurried ahead of me and pushed open the door, eager to serve. As soon as I stepped inside I was greeted by a group of about five girls, all similarly dressed and made up as the two of us. Which is to say, too little and too much respectively.

“Summer! Summer!” They shouted as they fussed and fawned over me, forming a semi-circle around me, complimenting my hair and my nails.

The girl who had driven me was being shoved to the back of the pack but I turned and grabbed her arm, pulling her up to walk beside me. I needed some stability and hers was the only other face that had been with me since my appearance. She beamed as if she'd just won the lottery and the other girls glommed onto her, taking her sudden reversal of popularity in stride.

“I love your earrings, Lucy,” one said.

Lucy. That was the name of the girl who'd driven me. Great.

I walked slowly through the hall, letting Lucy lead me. I assumed we all had the same classes together. If not, this was about to get really weird. I mean, weirder than it already was, which was a lot. It wasn't just the gaggle of girls around me, it was also the way the other students we passed treated us. I sensed some of the guys giving me shy glances. Their eyes were on me. I'd never been the center of attention before and it was startling. But before I could even take that in, a deep male voice called out my name:

“Hey, Summer. I missed you.”

I turned and saw him leaning against a locker, exuding confidence. He was tall and broad shouldered, with a square jaw and an easy smile. He wore a school letterman jacket, and it was stretched across a vastly muscular chest. He was rugged and handsome. Like a cowboy. Or a movie star. Or some combination of the two. Like something out of my wet dream.

The girls around me had paused, leaving a respectful distance between us. I suspected this was Summer's boyfriend. Probably the quarterback of the team or some shit based on what I'd learned of her life so far. I moved cautiously towards him and he nonchalantly pushed himself off the lockers. He towered over me. Reaching out a hand he stroked my cheek and brought our lips together. I could feel the power running through him in our kiss. His tongue brushed against my lips, urging me to open my mouth but I refused. Yeah he was hunky but I didn't even know the guy. After a few seconds he pulled back.

“Did you miss me?” His bass voice seemed to reverberate through my petite body.

Hold it together, Ellie. What would a queen bee of the school say to him?

“Not as much as you missed this,” I gestured to my body in a way that I hoped was suitably sassy.

His eyes flicked down to my breasts and he grabbed my waist in both hands, nuzzling my neck. “You know I did.”

“Uh uh.” I pushed him away, which took some doing, both because of his size and because I really really didn't want him to stop kissing me like that. His breath was hot on the nape of my neck, and then he straightened. He looked down at me with big puppy dog eyes, his hands still on my waist.

“You'll mess up my makeup,” I said, flustered.



“Girls and their makeup.” He rolled his eyes.

The bell rang, saving me from any further conversation. In a flash of inspiration I said, “But I will let you walk me to class.”

He held out his hand and I took it. His massive fingers enveloped my dainty digits, but he was surprisingly gentle. I followed him through the halls and down to one of the classrooms. A few of the girls in the group had peeled off, but Lucy and two others remained and looked as if they were going into the same classroom I was.

Romeo—and damn I really needed to find out the name of Summer's boyfriend—kissed the back of my hand and surprised me by saying “Adieu mon amour” in a passable French accent. So cheesy. But also kind of cute.

I strode into class, Lucy and the others following right behind. Most of the seats were already filled and based on the way Lucy and the other two girls split off and took seats scattered around the room, I figured there must be assigned seats. That left me with a puzzle. There were three seats to choose from. I moved slowly. Another student rushed in and took one of the seats just before the bell rang. I looked at the students near the two remaining empty seats. A tall, lanky kid sat in front of one of the seats. He glanced at me with a bored look and nodded when he saw me looking at him. I took it as a sign and slipped into the seat behind him. Nobody said anything so I figured I was right.

The teacher began going through the lesson. It turned out to be an English Lit class. I'd aced it in high school, so I was able to zone out while the teacher droned on about symbolism in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It was the first time I'd

had a chance to sit and really consider what had happened. I was very clearly in someone else's body, and I assumed Summer was in mine. Or there could have been some sort of clone of myself in this body and my real body was moving around like normal with no one the wiser. Or maybe my real body died and I was Summer forever? Okay, don't go there. Assume I could find my body again, then what? I was sure it had something to do with the compact mirror. Jeff had said there had been two of them at the yard sale. They must be connected. Was it as simple as looking into it? Then why hadn't I swapped back the second time I'd looked in it?

Just to be sure, I slipped the mirror out of my bag. Holding it down by my leg and out of view of everyone else, I flipped it open. Summer's reflection stared back at me. I snapped it closed and dropped it back into my bag. I propped my elbow on the desk and leaned my head in my hands. This close I could smell the sweet strawberry hand lotion Summer used. I stroked a hand through my long hair. It was incredibly silky smooth. My own hair, in contrast, had been coarser and a little more knotted. I wouldn't be surprised to find Summer used eight different hair care products to keep her hair so soft. Such a high maintenance body.

The teacher, a matronly woman in a bright floral dress, had been talking about the play for a little while and at this point she stopped and threw out a question to the class, "What do you think the tempest symbolized in the play?"

There was awkward silence around the room. God, this was so boring. Just to break the silence I raised my hand.

"Yes, Summer?"

"It represents the suffering that Prospero went through and mirrors the time

when he was put out to sea. It's sort of like the symbol of his power and his anger.”

The teacher looked at me in a way that I could only interpret as surprise. “Very good, yes...”

She moved to the blackboard and began jotting down various other symbols in the play. I figured Summer would have never voluntarily answered the question but, fuck it, I was here and she wasn't. Maybe having all those girls stroke my ego was boosting my confidence?

The rest of the day passed in much the same way. I surprised teachers by actually responding correctly in class, even volunteering to speak. In between classes and during lunch the other cheerleaders clustered around me at the table as if seeking words of wisdom from on high. I refused to be drawn in on gossip, though, partly because I had no idea who these people were, but mostly because, frankly, I wasn't a mean girl.

I was glad that I kept Lucy close. It turned out she wasn't into being mean either. She was actually a pretty, quietly confident girl. The real Summer would have chewed her up.

It was all going very well until school ended. I followed Lucy through the halls but grew worried as I realized we weren't going towards the parking lot. I grew even more worried as we headed out to the sidelines of the football field and were soon joined by the other cheerleaders. Fuck me. Cheer practice.

When everyone was gathered round, the coach, an aging blonde, looked at me.

“Summer, you want to take us through the routine?”

“Umm,” I hesitated as twenty pairs of eyes turned to me, “I’m not feeling great. I think I need a few minutes. Woman’s trouble, you know. Why doesn’t Lucy do it?”

The coach frowned and Lucy beamed. “I can do it!”

I sat on the bench and watched the routine, concentrating as hard as I could on what I was supposed to be doing. Fortunately, it was early in the season so they hadn’t gotten to the complicated stuff yet. But still, it was way more splits and cartwheels than I’d done since I was a kid. I was able to join them on the third go round, and was pleasantly surprised at the athleticism of my body. Summer’s body was limber and elegant in motion, her legs were lean and muscular, propelling me up into the air in graceful arcs. By the end of practice I was exhausted but I think I had a slight handle on the routine. My optimism was destroyed when the coach gathered us all up for the final pep talk.

“Good job tonight, ladies. Nice work there, Lucy. Summer, I hope you’re feeling better in time for the game tomorrow.” After a little more talk she let us go, but I was still dwelling on the fact that there was a game tomorrow. With any luck I’d be out of Summer’s body before I had to perform.

My football quarterback boyfriend, Ben—I’d discovered his name during lunch time gossip and, yes, obviously he was the quarterback—caught up with me as I was leaving the field.

“Hey, Summer, you want a ride home?”

He was wearing a tight t-shirt that clung to his rippling pecs and he slipped a muscular arm around my waist. He smelled sweaty but in a nice way. A hard working man and his body was comforting. How could I say no?

Ben drove me to Summer's home, which turned out to be a sprawling McMansion surrounded by well kept green grass and carefully trimmed trees. We talked on the way, a lot about football, but also easing into the state of the world. He was surprisingly intelligent and well-spoken with a boyish charm, completely upending my idea of him as a dumb jock. Plus, you know, hunky. So when he leaned in to kiss me before letting me out of the car I kissed him back. He was warm and solid, and I let my hands clutch his hard pecs. This time I did open my mouth and sucked his tongue inside, tasting his heat. His fingers slid through my hair and he pressed me close, our kisses growing faster, more urgent. An ember of desire flared between my legs and I reluctantly pulled away from him.

"I'll see you tomorrow," I said, climbing out of his truck.

"I'll dream about you tonight," he replied. Cheesy, yeah, but it also gave me another little warm thrill.

I hurried inside the house. It was empty except for a maid finishing the vacuuming downstairs. My heart was fluttering like mad and my thoughts were all over the place. I still felt the ghost of Ben's touch on my face and wished I could have let him do more. Rushing upstairs, I eventually found what must have been Summer's bedroom: a girly monstrosity decorated with yellows and pale pinks. It was huge. A vanity stood in an alcove, cluttered with more makeup than I would normally use in a year. A giant king sized bed took up one wall, covered by a daffodil yellow comforter.

I quickly locked the door and threw myself onto the bed. I knew this was someone else's body, but Christ I was so horny. I slid one hand beneath my top and grasped a warm breast as the other hiked up the hem of my skirt. I squeezed Summer's gentle breast with one hand, fingers sliding across her slick warm skin. Yanking up my top, her tit fell down across my chest. Perfectly sculpted, of course, like everything about her. And big. I gathered it up in one hand, toying with the pale pink nipple as I grew flush with heat. My other hand pulled my panties aside and my fingers followed the coarse pubic hair across my entrance.

I was burning up. Maybe it was the hormones, or the stress, or the thought of Ben, but I was so unbelievably horny. My fingers slid up and down my nether lips, sinking in gently and caressing my pleasure button. Summer's pussy lips wrapped around my fingers and I clutched my heavy tit in my other hand, drawing a sigh from my lips. I spread my legs, two fingers pressing down on my clit, circling faster and faster as I played with my perfect breasts. My breath came faster, little moans escaping my lips as the heat blasted through me. It didn't even matter anymore that this was someone else's body; I had a desperate desire for release.

I was so fucking hot and I paused just long enough to yank off my top and kick off my panties, throwing both to the floor. I couldn't be bothered with taking off the skirt. I stared down in awe at Summer's body. Somehow this golden, long-limbed form was mine. These massive, round breasts, mine. The creamy thighs, the aching pussy, the delicate little toes. Mine, mine, mine.

I slid my fingers back inside myself writhing and moaning as I once again found my clit. Summer's pussy was hot and wet and oh-so-sensitive. I gazed down at myself as I made Summer clutch her breast again, fingers squeezing her soft, youthful skin. I slipped into myself, gliding into her wonderful wetness. Fuck, her body was so responsive. My pussy lips wrapped around my fingers and I thrust deeper into my warm wetness, the walls of my canal clutching my fingers

tight. I fingered myself harder, needing to drive deeper, imagining Ben on top of me, tasting me, inside me. My fingers continued circling, exploring my wet folds, driving the heat higher and higher. And then I came, crying out, driving my fingers in fast and clutching my heavy breast as Summer's orgasm filled me. I spread my legs and welcomed my fingers inside as the pleasure filled me, the sound of my wetness hitting my ears as I continued to stroke, slowing as the pleasure ebbed, until I was pleasantly tired and warm with endorphins.

And that's when the doorbell rang.

## Summer

I had never, ever been so grossed out and totally disgusted as when I found myself in this girl's body. Seriously, it was like a freak show. Her hair was really tangled and just, like, not even cared for. I could grab a hunk of her stomach in one hand. I don't think she was wearing any makeup, which was a pity because, ew, freckles? And don't even get me started on her breasts. Tiny little things.

But that was all stuff I realized later. The first thing I did after finding myself in some sort of big classroom hall type thing was scream. Everyone turned to look at me but right then I didn't care. This brunette next to me calmed me down. Shushing me and calling me by someone else's name. Who the hell was Ellie?

The brunette—I later found out her name was Charlie—led me out of class and talked me down. She wanted me to go to the doctor but I wasn't crazy or anything. I knew I wasn't this Ellie person. I wanted to call my real body but I didn't even have a phone. Charlie took me to her dorm room and calmed me down some more by letting me try on a bunch of her outfits. Charlie was nice but not someone I would have ever hung out with. There was something about her face and her body that was a little, I don't know, man-ish? But she did have a great wardrobe, and she even let me borrow one of her cute little top and skirt combos so I could ditch this hideous green dress this Ellie girl had been wearing. I left Ellie's ugly ass purse and dress at Charlie's place. I wouldn't need it anymore. I'd be back in my body before night. Things usually work out that way for me.

I'd waited all day to return to my real house, knowing my body would have to come back eventually. My impatient doorbell ringing was answered by one of



the maids, and I sent her to fetch whoever was pretending to be me. When the other me came downstairs, even though I knew it was someone else inside me, it was still a shock seeing my body being moved without me in it.

“You must be Ellie,” I said, hands on my hips. “I want my body back.”

“I want mine back, too,” she replied.

I snorted, “Yeah, right. You really want this back?”

“Look, I don't have any idea what happened. I just ended up in your body. I didn't want to be you. You're such an insufferable brat.”

“How dare you!”

“Oh, just shut up for a second.”

My jaw dropped open. “Nobody tells me to shut up!”

“Maybe they should. You're not as clever as you think you are, but you sure as hell are entitled.”

I stamped my foot and tears welled up in my eyes. I sniffed and wiped them

away. "I just want my body back."

She sighed. "I'm sorry. This is weird for both of us. There's just been a lot going on today."

I let her hug me, pressing my nose into my golden hair and inhaling the delicious scent of my familiar fruit shampoo. I really missed myself.

"Look," she said once I'd recovered, "It has to have something to do with that compact mirror. We both have an identical one."

I nodded. "I've been looking in it occasionally all day but nothing happened."

"Maybe we have to look into it at the same time or something? Come on up, we'll try it right now."

"Oh no. I just realized I left the mirror at Charlie's place."

"Are you serious?" She looked at me with my own look of disdain. "It's the one thing that could change us back and you just left it at Charlie's place?"

"Well, I didn't know it was the mirror that changed us," I said.

“What else could it be?” She looked me up and down. “Uh, where did you get those clothes? And that makeup?”

I shrugged. “They're Charlie's clothes. They were the cutest things I could find for you. Charlie's got good taste in clothes, even if she looks a little like a guy playing dress up.”

She pinched the bridge of her nose. Of my nose, and said, “Look, you go back and get the mirror. We'll both look into it tonight. Nine o'clock. If that doesn't work we'll have to think of something else. I don't want to be in your life any more than you want to be in mine.”

It meant that I would have to stay as dumpy Ellie for another couple hours but it seemed like the only way. I agreed and drove back to Charlie's place in Ellie's old beat up Honda. Ick. I was glad no one knew who I was riding around in that thing.

When Charlie opened up her dorm room door there was a guy sitting on her bed. I glanced at him, but he looked a bit theater nerdy for me.

“Hi, Charlie, I think I left my stuff here.”

The guys stood up and came towards me. “Ellie, are you okay? Charlie told me something happened in class. You had some kind of episode?”

Oh, great. Of course this was Ellie's boyfriend. He's just her type. It was all I

could do to not pull away when he took my hand.

“I'm fine,” I lied, “Just stress from all the...” Being poor? Being ugly?  
“...school.” I finished.

He kissed me and I froze, letting his lips sit on mine. No. Fucking. Way.

He pulled back, looking somewhat confused. “Are you really okay?”

I nodded and he finally backed away. Charlie was looking at the both of us.

“Okay,” he said, “It's just that my frat's having a party tonight and I was just seeing if you wanted to come.”

A real frat party? Suddenly things were getting interesting. I mean, I'd seen movies with frat parties but I'd never been to one myself. I was intrigued. As long as I had the mirror, though, I could switch back with myself later. It did mean spending the night in Ellie's body. But also drinking and parties and boys.

“Yeah, I'm in!” I chirped.

\* \* \*

Of course it was a fucking theater frat party. I didn't even know there was such a thing as a theater frat. There was no beer pong at the house for me to show off my skills. Instead, a group of guys sat around and played some old video game system while others hung out and chatted behind them. Shoot me now.

Jeff—I'd found out his name on the way over when Charlie called him that—and I were standing by a window when Charlie returned with three red plastic cups full of foamy beer.

“Cheers,” Jeff said.

We clinked our cups and drank. Well, at least there was beer. Jeff knew a lot of people and they came up to talk to him. Weird theater folk. A lot of their jokes went over my head and I had to fake laugh. There was one guy who was a costume designer and I had fun talking with him. He knew so much and he had an incredible sense of style. I think Jeff thought it was weird I was interested in different things than the real Ellie, but I wasn't going to pretend to be her. Unfortunately, I couldn't really be me, either. The guys at the party didn't flock around me as much, or laugh at my jokes, or just invent excuses to make conversation. I guess I was finding out what it was like to not be so incredibly pretty and popular. I hated it.

At some point Charlie got some texts from someone on her phone and slipped out of sight to answer them. I'd already missed my nine o'clock compact mirror opening meeting with Ellie, but I occasionally flipped open the compact just to check. Each time I just saw Ellie's long, thin face. I tilted my head back and forth until I found her best angle, where the freckles weren't so prominent, her hair covered a part of her face and more attention was drawn to her expressive dark eyes. See? Everyone has one pretty about them. Others are lucky like me and have more. Ellie wasn't ugly, exactly, she was just sort of...there.

I had more beer. Jeff kept touching me and stroking my hand. As the beer made everything fuzzy I moved closer to him. He was the only one really paying attention to me and making me feel pretty, and I needed that. At some point Charlie returned and I felt there was something different about her attitude towards me.

“That's a pretty necklace, Charlie,” I said, reaching for conversation about something other than jokes I didn't understand, “Where did you get it?”

She gave me a weird look. “You gave it to me for my birthday. It used to be yours, remember?”

“Oh, yeah, ok.” Oops. Hey, it wasn't like I'd been given a book about Ellie's life.

“Hey,” she said, pressing on, “Do you remember that guy we saw on the street outside my dorm the other night?”

“No.” I shook my head and had another swig of beer.

“The one with his pants down? It was hilarious.”

“I don't remember,” I shrugged and excused myself to go to the toilet. What was this, an interrogation?

The bathroom sort of tilted and spun as I leaned on the sink. There was Ellie's body in the mirror and I tried not to look at myself. I wanted to feel pretty. When I came out I tugged on Jeff's arm.

"I'm ready to go," I said.

"All ready?"

I grabbed him in a sloppy hug and giggled. "Take me to bed or lose me forever!"

Charlie came up to us then. "Everything okay? I'll take her home."

"No. No," I said, gripping onto Jeff. "He's my big strong man."

"Okay, okay." Jeff peeled me off him and shot Charlie an apologetic grin.

I grabbed Jeff's hand and led him out the door before anyone could stop us. We stumbled back through campus and into what I assumed was Jeff's apartment. Because he had the key to it and all. As soon as the door was closed I threw myself into his arms and kissed him. He kissed back eagerly, scented of beer and man and deliciousness. I craved his attention, and I got it. His hands circled my back and pulled me close. I melted into him, our lips still together, tongues exploring each other.

He was gentle and slow, but I was rough and eager, laughing as I unbuttoned his shirt and slid my hands against his chest, nails digging lightly into his hot pecs. We kissed like this, our bodies pressed against each other as the anticipation inside me grew. I would have never had sex like this as myself. I was saving myself for marriage. But this wasn't my body and I felt much freer. Ellie's body felt like it wanted to have sex so who was I to stand in the way?

I pulled my shirt up over my head, then reached around and unclasped my bra. I shrugged it off and we both looked down at Ellie's small breasts. They were about the size of my fist, rising to little peaks of nipples. Jeff leaned down and licked one before sucking it into his warm wet mouth. Mmm, that felt so good as he teased my nipple. His hand came up to the other one and he squeezed gently. He released my nipple and kissed his way over my sensitive breasts, before latching gently on to my other nipple and suckling. Ellie's body was on fire now, the dampness growing in my panties as Jeff continued to stroke and suckle and pinch. He was so good with my tits and I soon ached for him.

I pulled his shirt the rest of the way off and started to unbutton his pants. He paused and placed his hands on mine.

“Are you sure?” He asked me, apprehensive and hopeful.

“I want this so much,” I whispered.

He smiled and kissed me again, a long, slow kiss this time. I unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down his legs. Now he was wearing just white underpants, a huge bulge straining against the fabric, pointed right at me. I reached in and grabbed his cock. It was my first time touching one and I was surprised at the combination of softness and rigidity. He kissed me again and I stroked him with Ellie's fingers, feeling him grow beneath my touch. Now this



was power.

I took his hand and led him over to the couch, where I lay down on my back, wiggling my butt, placing my hands over my head. He looked down at me, admiring my body, drinking me in. It felt so nice to be wanted like this. At least someone was enjoying this body.

Then he knelt between my legs and kissed his way up my thigh. I tightened up involuntarily, but his gentle kisses eased me back down. Soon he was rolling my panties down my leg, and then he pushed up my skirt. Ellie's pussy was surrounded by unruly black hair that Jeff seemed to adore. He burrowed his face in it until I could feel his tongue sliding against my entrance. My hands came down to play with my tits as Jeff took long laps of my pussy lips. I was so hot and wet already and when his tongue landed against my swelling clit I shivered, a light pulse of pleasure dancing through me.

He was good at licking Ellie's pussy, his tongue working away inside me as I fondled myself. Soon I was writhing on the couch, his tongue deep inside me, and I came with a quivering, moaning cry. That was his cue to lift himself from between my legs and crawl up my body. He held his torso suspended above me, his lower half resting on mine, his cock poised right near the lips of my pussy.

“Do I need to get condom?” He whispered.

I shook my head. “No. I'm on birth control.” I lied. I just didn't want him to leave me and my body was aching and it would probably be all right and even if it wasn't it wouldn't affect me.

The head of his cock pressed against my pussy and I wriggled in anticipation. He reached in between us and aimed his dick against my entrance. I could see the head slide in between my glistening nether lips. A pressure built within me, released as he sank in. I moaned as he entered me, his cock driving slowly up through Ellie's tight pussy. He fit me like a glove, moving gently as every wonderful inch filled me and he landed deep within my center. He pulled out slowly, his cock glistening with my juices, before thrusting in again.

And now I pulled him close and kissed him, fingers twining through his hair as I felt him move within me, in and out, filling and releasing in a beautiful rhythm that urged the anticipation through my body. My hands slid down his back and I spread myself for him, wrapping my legs around him.

“Faster,” I moaned.

He thrust in faster, deeper, the two of us breathing as one. All I could do was hold on tight to him as he fucked me, the pleasure buzzing through my brain. Breathy sighs fell from my lips, rising to moans, and then a throaty cry that made him cum. He grunted and thrust deep, his cock throbbing inside me, making me so utterly, wonderfully full of his incredible heat. Everywhere our bodies connected was electric and the orgasm made my toes curl, made me throw my head back and cry out in a strangled breath as I came hard around him.

We lay together like this, his delicious weight on top of me as our bodies slowly cooled. He kissed the tip of my nose and then pulled out, leaving an aching emptiness in his wake. We both stumbled to bed and I fell asleep with his arms around me, the only beautiful girl in the room.

I woke up disoriented and with a throbbing headache. It took me a second to

remember that I was still Ellie, and the strange bedroom I was in belonged to Jeff. He was beside me, still asleep. I untangled myself and stood on shaky legs, pausing to let the sudden stab of headache drop down to a dull roar. I was naked from the night before and I could feel a stickiness between my thighs, but I was long past being embarrassed. I slowly made my way to the bathroom and did my business, stopping every now and then to close my eyes against the wave of pain in my head.

Jeff had some aspirin in his medicine cabinet and I swallowed a few, staring into Ellie's dark eyes as I leaned heavily on the sink. Her small but perky breasts hung below me, dark tangled hair falling across her shoulders. God, I couldn't wait to get back into my own cute body. I gingerly turned the shower on and stepped in, figuring that I was already naked so what the hell. I didn't want to run my hands down my new body, or accidentally feel myself up, so I got my body as clean as I could without touching it.

Jeff was awake by the time I came back to the room wrapped in a towel I'd found folded up beneath the sink. He was sitting up in bed, leaning against the wall, bleary eyed and drinking from a giant bottle of water. He smiled up at me as I came in and beckoned me closer.

“You're so beautiful,” he said.

“I'm hungover,” I croaked.

“Still.”

My alcohol-fueled hunger for him from the night before was gone. I just wanted

to get dressed and get out of here. I would bring the mirror and meet Ellie after school and we could—oh shit, I just remembered there's a football game tonight. Ellie's not going to be home until late and I still had to explain about missing our switch back last night.

Jeff pushed himself to his feet and wrapped his arms around me. He smelled like stale beer as he kissed me. I stayed passive in his arms for a second, but then wiggled out.

“I've got to go,” I said.

“Really?”

“I've got a class,” I lied. “Can you take me home? I need to change.”

Really, I needed him to take me home because I had no idea where Ellie lived. Presumably the keys in her purse fit somewhere. Jeff went into the bathroom to clean himself up while I gathered up all my things, making sure I had the compact still in my purse. The headaches were starting to ebb by then but I pretended otherwise so I wouldn't have to make conversation on the way home. Jeff walked me up to my apartment and kissed me on the lips before I could stop him. I kissed him back this time, a little reward for being so nice.

I changed into new clothes and hid out in Ellie's apartment for the rest of the day. It was really hard because she had the slowest internet connection ever and only Ramen Noodles to eat. Still, it was better than going out and running into her friends. I was tired of pretending to be her. I just wanted to get back to myself.

I tried to make Ellie's body look cute, if only for myself. I chose a pink top and leggings combo that clasped her body, pushing and pulling her shape into a beautiful form, giving her the appearance of a firmer butt and some bigger breasts. I did her makeup and her hair as well. That was kind of fun. Like dressing up a doll. It took a while but I think I really did manage to make her look as spectacular as possible, with smoky eyes and perfectly smooth, bronzed skin.

I drove myself to the football game in Ellie's crappy car. As I walked through the gates of the stadium I passed a few people from my classes. They barely glanced at me. I so wanted to go up and greet them but I knew how weird it would look to see this weird-ass body rush up to them as if it knew them. I took a seat near the front of the bleachers, right where the cheerleaders would be. They rushed out right before the game to pump up the crowd.

Man, I wanted to be down there doing their routine. I slyly did it with them from my seat, critiquing them as they went, prepared to whip them into shape when I returned. My old body wasn't with them and, looking around, I found her sitting on the sidelines. The coach went up to her and asked her a question, to which she shook her head slowly. Feigning illness probably. I guessed that was better than totally embarrassing me. Except that Lucy was taking my position on the field! I focused on her, tssking at the lack of height in her jump, and her inability to do a 180 degree split. That was a 175 at best. When I got back I'd really have to knock her down a peg or two. Remind her who was boss and why.

The cheerleaders disappeared into the tunnels at half time, so I wasn't even able to corner Ellie until after the game (that we won despite Lucy's shocking performance at getting the crowd to cheer). She was walking out of the lockers when I came up to her.

“Summer! There you are!” I said.

She looked at me, startled. Lucy turned to her. “Who's that?”

“That's my...cousin, Ellie,” Ellie said. “Can you give us a second?”

Lucy shrugged and Ellie came over to me. “Where were you last night?” She hissed.

“I got distracted.” Fucking your boyfriend, I didn't add.

“You got drunk. Don't you have any respect for anyone else?”

“How do you know I got drunk?”

“Do you want to change back or not?” She asked, avoiding the question.

“Yes, of course! Let's go right now.” I started to look through my purse for my compact but she put her hand on mine.

“I don't have the mirror here. You'll have to wait until I get home. Nine tonight okay? For real this time.”

“Oh god, yes,” I agreed. “Get me out of here. No offense. I mean, you're probably used to looking like this all the time but when you start out beautiful it's really hard to suddenly be plain.”

She did something weird with her mouth, like she was biting back a reply, then shrugged her duffel bag up her shoulders—why she wasn't making one of the other girls carry it I had no idea—and joined up with Lucy. I hurried back to my car and drove back to Ellie's place.

Nine o'clock seemed to take forever to arrive. A few minutes before nine I flipped open the compact. There was Ellie's reflection. As the clock ticked down to nine I took one last look. So long, freckles.

Ellie's reflection shimmered briefly, replaced with a new one. I had half a second to realize I was looking at a pixelated image of Charlie's brunette bangs and thick jaw before that stomach churning world flippy thing happened.

Now I was staring at a computer screen showing my body. My real body. Blonde and adorable and me definitely not in it. It was holding up the compact mirror to the screen. In the upper right corner, where it usually showed the face of the person at the keyboard, was Charlie's face. I grabbed at my face, watched Charlie's image do the same, felt my hands land on cheeks that were too broad and ever so slightly stubbly.

I screamed, “What did you do?”

The onscreen image of my cute blonde body waved at me. “Giving everyone what they deserve.”

She brought the compact down hard on the edge of my vanity, smashing it to pieces, then logged off.

Oh god, oh god, oh god, I was trapped as an ugly girl. I stood up suddenly, the chair falling back to the floor behind me. My pants felt strange, like they were too tight in the crotch. I grabbed them to adjust and felt a bulge. Oh god. I yanked down my pants and then my panties. A dick unfolded between my legs, dropping down against my thigh, alien and unwelcome. It was small. A tiny head and a scrotum. But I was undeniably a guy. I howled.



## Charlie

No one could have given me a better present than when Ellie gifted me her body. I'd always been envious of her easy womanhood, the way she could show off her gorgeous body without fear of failure. And now I had her pretty brown eyes, her dark, elegant features, her wonderful perfect breasts, and a vagina of my very own. What's more, I had Jeff.

It had been startling to get a text message from a stranger out of the blue claiming to be Ellie, but she proved it beyond a shadow of a doubt when she easily answered questions about the things we'd done together, whereas the impostor in her body knew nothing about us. Ellie was happy to leave her life behind and get a second chance at high school. She'd never been the happiest here anyway, and she knew I would treat her body right. And the first thing I wanted to do in my new girly body was Jeff.

I hurried over to his apartment and the minute he opened the door I threw myself into his arms. He staggered back, wrapping me in a hug as he did so. I planted my lips on his, hungry for him. He was taken by surprise but a second later he began kissing back. He tasted divine. Warm and masculine. I caressed his rough cheek with my hand, just eager for his touch. I pulled away and stared into his sparkling sea green eyes.

“I love you, Jeff,” I said.

He beamed. My god he was gorgeous when he smiled. “I love you, too, Ellie.”

Ellie. That was me. I was a real girl. I pressed myself closer to him, feeling my body warming as we kissed some more, our hands squeezing, groping, caressing each other. He was tight in all the right places. He moved backwards and I followed, still kissing, as we maneuvered down the hallway and to his room, shedding our clothes as we went until we toppled naked into bed together, me on top of him. The length of our bodies pressed together, so wonderful to feel every inch of his skin, to feel his heart thumping against my chest. I laughed and kissed him some more, ruffling his hair as his hands glided up and down my body to to the curve of my ass. I didn't have to worry about hiding my dick anymore, about wondering how he would react. Now I was growing wet, a delicious new experience for me.

His cock was trapped between us, rubbing up against my mound, so thick and hot. I pulled away and he reached for my swinging breasts, grabbing them with greedy fingers and caressing. I sighed, letting him suckle on my pink nipples until they grew to spikes in his mouth, watching my breasts as he fondled them. They were weighty and warm and wonderful.

I continued climbing down his body, kissing my way down his stomach, letting my breasts drag against his skin until my mouth was positioned over his cock. I stroked his dick, my little nose so close, just admiring his cock so close. It was divine, hot and throbbing with a perfect hard-softness. I took it into my mouth, closing my eyes as I savored him, swallowing his dick just as I'd always dreamed. He moaned above me as I slid my lips down the shaft, taking him all in and pausing when I was full. My tongue undulated against the bottom of his shaft and he stroked my hair.

“God, that's incredible,” he whispered.

I drew my lips up and down in a slow rhythm as his cock grew slick with my

saliva. I swallowed him as much as I could, pressing my new nose down into his pubic hair and fighting to hold on as the tip of his cock nearly hit the back of my throat. My other hand slipped between my legs and into my wetness. I orgasmed then as I felt my pussy for the first time, moaning around the dick in my mouth as I spread my slick pussy lips and pushed a finger inside myself. I ran my finger up and down my slit, circling my clit as I continued sucking Jeff's cock, enjoying my newfound femininity until my body was crying out to be filled. There was an aching emptiness I'd never felt before.

I pulled my lips off Jeff's dick with a wet pop and climbed back up him, positioning my entrance over the head of his slick cock. I reached between my legs and grabbed hold of his dick, aiming it at my opening and slowly sitting. The cockhead pressed against me, impossibly big and firm as it entered me for the first time. There was a pressure as he found my entrance, and with a sigh he pushed inside me. I closed my eyes, wanting to enjoy this moment of his dick traveling through my wet canal. Every inch was delightful and I slowly sat, welcoming him through me until I was all the way down and he was lodged inside me. I was so incredibly, wonderfully full.

He gripped my waist and I slid up and down on him, controlling the rhythm, exploring what my new body liked. Everything was the answer. I filled and emptied him, luxuriating in each bump of his cock as it stroked through me. I stared down at myself while Jeff stared up at me, both of us in ecstasy just as seeing my body. My hands came to my breasts and I fondled myself, enjoying them for the first time. Real tits, so wonderful to hold and touch. Then I leaned back on both arms slightly so I could watch Jeff disappear inside me. The velvety lips of my cunt clutched his shaft and I came again at seeing my beautiful pussy, at watching it filled with Jeff's solid cock. Gazing down into my folds I saw the brief flashes of pink, the slick pussy lips gripping his dick as it alternately emptied and filled me.

He grabbed my waist harder, slamming up inside me when I came down, doubling the pleasure rushing through me. Our rhythm quickened until I was

driving fast up and down, my tits bouncing as I begged him to cum inside me.

“Oh god, please, Jeff, I want to feel you cum.”

He thrust up to me as I came down, pounding deep and releasing, throbbing inside me. I was delirious with pleasure, crying out as each hot spurt filled me more and more. He fit my cunt like a glove and the incredible spurts of heat seemed like they would burst out of me. I grabbed his chest and rode him, cumming hard around him, my entire body convulsing as I clutched his dick with my perfect pussy.

When he was done I slid off and cuddled up against him. His heat dripped out of me, a welcome reminder that this was all real. I kissed him, clutching him tight. And we were so happy.

# # #

## **Thank you!**

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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*Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of*

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*Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?*

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*Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.*

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*Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London*



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