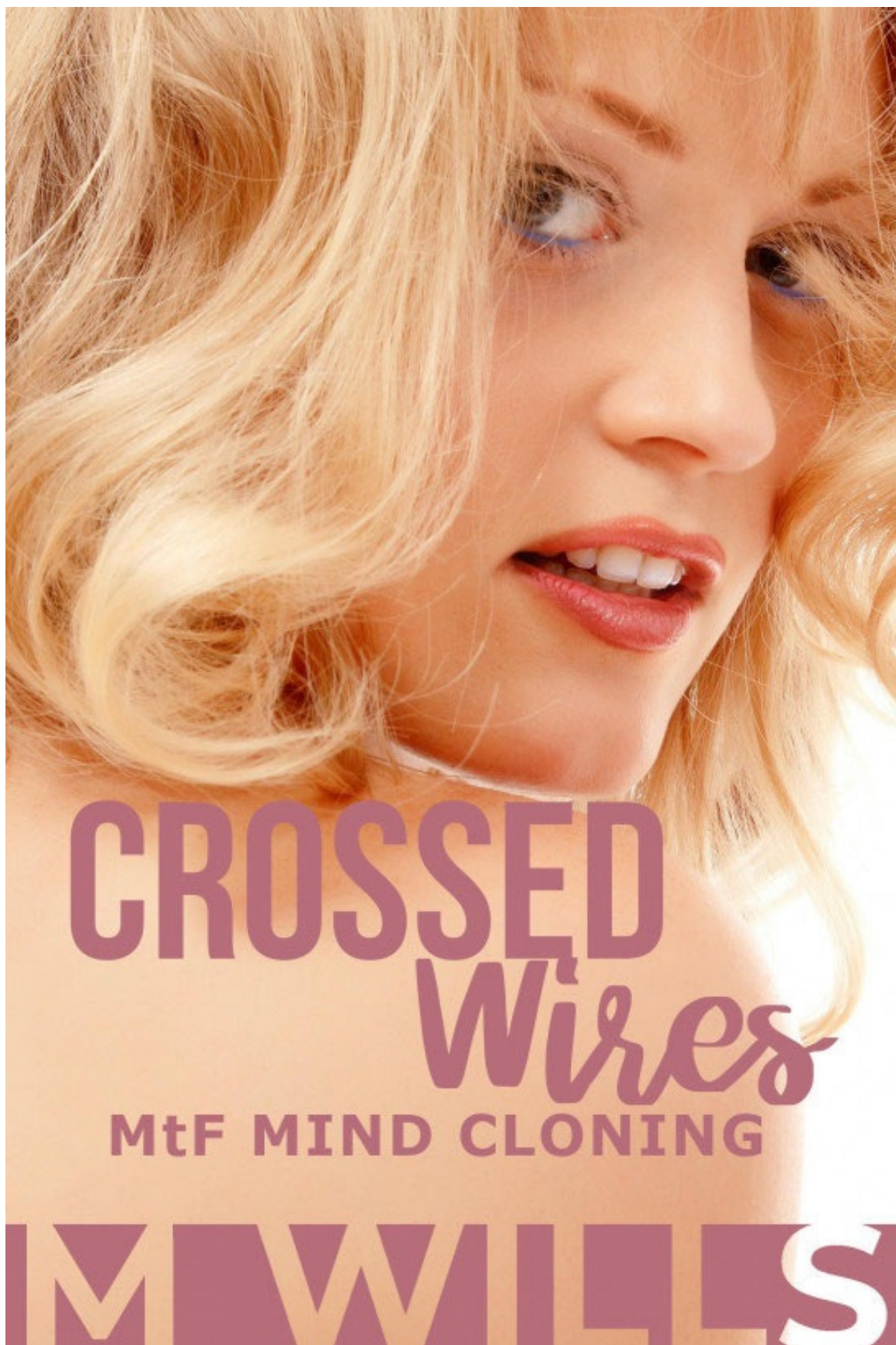


CROSSED *Wires*

MtF MIND CLONING

IMMERSIVE



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Crossed Wires

MtF Mind Clone

by M. Wills

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Table of Contents

[Crossed Wires](#)

[Thank you](#)

Crossed Wires

I'm not nervous at all but my girlfriend, Keri, is a little tense as she pulls into a parking spot outside of the institute. She cuts the engine and turns her wide sea-green eyes to me. The top of her lemon yellow tee shirt is cut in a V-neck, allowing me a slight glimpse of her wonderfully deep cleavage.

"You ready?" She asks.

"Yeah." I squeeze her hand. "It's no big deal. It's a pretty routine procedure now."

She chews on her lower lip, a habit she has when she's fighting the urge to argue. "They're not going to, like, fry your brain or anything?"

I laugh. "It doesn't work like that. Haven't you ever done it before?"

She shakes her head then sweeps her dirty-blonde hair behind one ear. Her brow is slightly furrowed, her slim eyebrows arching down in the middle. She's really worried and I feel bad for laughing. I admit, I had reservations, too, when I found out Sierra had booked this particular transfer center. I could understand why, though. It's one of the newer budget options that's become popular as the technology has become more widely available. Not as flash as the original center and not able to do everything the original can, but for most people it's enough.

“All I do is put on this metal helmet thing and do some typing,” I explain. “They identify that language processing activity in my cortex and essentially copy and paste that knowledge over to Sierra, overwriting her dyslexia. So they’re not actually changing anything on me.”

Keri’s shoulders relax and her natural half-smile returns to her lips. “And that’s it?”

“That’s it. Then we can get some breakfast.”

I lean over and kiss her on the lips, enjoying the lightly floral scent of perfume that I forever associate with her.

We get out of the car and hurry through the parking lot to the front doors of the institute. Heat rising off the pavement warps the air around us. Despite the oppressive heat I like this time of year because I get to see more of Keri. She’s usually shy about her body because she’s not a skinny blonde, like many of the women in Los Angeles, including Sierra. Keri’s got a wonderful slightly plump figure, and I glance down at her delightful bubble butt as it wiggles in front of me, fighting the urge to reach out and give it a pat like I do when we’re home alone. We’ve been together four years and we still want each other every day.

The crisp air conditioned lobby of the transfer center is a welcome relief. The reception area is bland and corporate. A cheap looking beige couch faces two matching armchairs. An ugly coffee table sits in between them, neatly stacked with some recent copies of Los Angeles Magazine. The walls are hung with inoffensive corporate art featuring landscapes and vases of flowers.

As Keri and I approach the reception desk the pleasant-looking Latina looks up at us with a smile. “Can I help you?”

“I’m here for an appointment for Sierra Everly.”

I slip my arm around Keri’s waist and lean down to kiss the top of her head as the receptionist looks up the details on her computer.

“Found you,” she says. “Is Sierra with you?”

“No, she’s—”

The sound of the glass doors swishing open behind me draws my attention. I turn as Sierra rushes inside. “Here she is,” I tell the receptionist.

Sierra slides off her sunglasses and shoves them in her purse as she nears us. She wears a modest light pink tee shirt, and her khaki shorts reveal long, incredible legs.

“I’m not late!” Sierra insists jokingly, reaching up to hug me and then turning to hug Keri.

“Take a seat and the doctor will be right with you,” the receptionist says.

We move over to the seating area. Keri and I sit on the couch as Sierra drops into one of the chairs across from us, tucking one slender leg beneath her before pushing her fine blonde hair out of her eyes. She digs through her unwieldy purse for her phone, pushing whatever other detritus she keeps in there out of the way before finally finding it. She checks it briefly then carelessly tosses it back in and turns her bright blue eyes to us.

“Thank you so much for doing this,” she chirps.

“No problem,” I say, waving it away.

Despite Keri’s antipathy towards the skinny blondes who make up a large portion of the Los Angeles population, Keri likes Sierra. How could anyone not? Sierra’s down-to-earth and effortlessly cute, a sharp contrast to the carefully manufactured and heavily made-up blondes trying to become actresses in this city. I know that Keri harbors some jealousy towards Sierra and, despite my insistence otherwise, probably thinks I have a little crush on her. She’s actually right about that, though I would never admit it to either of them.

“Oh my gosh,” Sierra says, emphasizing her excitement with her hands. “I clipped this guy’s car backing out of the coffee place this morning. He gets out of the car and I thought he was going to be all upset and do that big puffed-up man thing...” Here Sierra holds her arms out to her sides, raises her shoulders and affects a deep voice “Yo! That’s my precious baby. Look at this dent.” She drops her arms and laughingly twirls a lock of blonde hair around a finger. “But he asked me out. I think he was almost glad I clipped him. He even offered to pay for my car.”

That's Sierra in a nutshell. She doesn't rely on her girl-next-door looks and charm to ease through life, but things just work out for her. I glance at Keri and notice her slightly tense smile. She's thinking the same thing—that Sierra's effortless cuteness has allowed her to escape yet another problem—but Sierra is so impossible to hate.

The receptionist speaks up from the other side of the room. "Sierra? They're ready for you." She gestures to a door on one side of the room where two technicians in blue scrubs wait patiently, each with a clipboard in hand.

"Back in about thirty minutes," I say to Keri, before giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

Sierra and I are taken into the back and down a short hallway with rooms on either side. Through the glass square inset into each door I see other people here for treatment. The rooms on the right clearly contain the recipients. They lie back in padded chairs, seemingly asleep, the cybernetic helmet pulled down to cover their eyes.

Across the hallway, the donors practice whatever knowledge they're transferring so the machines could read it from their minds. They're engaged in various activities from strumming a guitar to doing some sort of complex math.

When we reach two empty rooms Sierra is escorted into one. She shoots me a quick reassuring smile before disappearing into the room. The remaining technician escorts me into the room across the hall and ushers me into a chair in front of a computer.

“You’re here to transfer written language?” He asks.

“Yes.”

“Great. Do you know how this all works?”

“I’ve done it once before.”

“Excellent. So you know when it’s all set up you just do the skills concentrating as much as you can.”

“Got it.”

“Ok. You can find and load up the program while I get the equipment ready.”

The technician picks up a large helmet and begins sterilizing the inside of it with a wet wipe. The helmet looks like the kind a fighter pilot would wear, going down over the ears and the back of the head. My donor helmet leaves the face visible but I know that the receiver helmet completely covers the eyes to prevent disorientation.

I pull up some writing programs and find a prompt on the internet to help me get

started. It doesn't have to be a work of genius. It's just to target my copywriting skills: spelling, punctuation, grammar. That sort of thing. Apparently, dyslexia has been a minor annoyance for Sierra's whole life and she finally has enough money to get rid of it through the magic of modern science.

When I have the programs up, the technician slips the helmet on over my head and clasps it firmly in place. He runs some diagnostics test first as I wait. There's a slight electronic hum but beyond that I don't feel a thing. After a minute he speaks up.

"You're good to go. The receiver is all set up. Whenever you're ready you may begin."

I start typing, taking care to ensure that I'm thinking things through and my grammar is impeccable. My fingers fly across the keyboard as I get in to the story. I expect the helmet's hum to increase in intensity and for the whole process to take about twenty minutes. What I don't expect is that everything suddenly goes black.

2

One second I'm madly typing away and the next I'm resting in a padded chair. I can see nothing but darkness but even through the muffling effect of the helmet I can sense something is different about this room.

"Remain still please," a man's voice speaks up. It doesn't sound like the same technician that was in the room with me before and I detect a strain in his voice.

Still, I wait in the chair like he told me. I hear him typing madly away on a keyboard. A minute passes. Two. This didn't happen last time and I'm getting nervous.

"Is something wrong?" I ask, but the minute I speak my question is answered.

The voice leaving my lips isn't mine. It's softer. Slightly higher pitched and distinctly feminine.

"Everything is under control," the technician says. But now he's really worried. "Let me just get the manager."

I hear him leave the room and the door shuts behind him. I reach up and feel around the back of the helmet for the clasps. This helmet feels bigger but soon I find the clasps and snap them open. The pressure around my head eases and I

pull the helmet off.

Fine blonde hair drifts across my face. I set the helmet on the thick arm of the chair and find myself looking down at my body. Only it's not my body. A light pink tee shirt fits snugly to a petite form. Two slight bumps press out from my chest.

Breasts. I've got breasts.

Khaki shorts cover only half of my thigh. They're entirely too short, and I find myself staring at long, golden legs. I push the ticklish hair out of my face and as I do so I feel my bicep jostle a breast. I stare down at my fingers. The hand is tiny, the fingers slender and with rounded nails. The knuckles are hairless and the arms dusted with nearly invisible blonde hair. I know those arms. This outfit. This is the outfit Sierra was wearing. Somehow I'm in her body.

I push myself out of the chair and stand on shaky legs. I take one stumbling step and grab on to the chair for support. My whole proprioception is off. My body is out of balance. The room seems bigger, colder.

I turn around and look down at my backside. Sierra's perfect ass wiggles beneath me. I reach down and touch it using her own fingers. Shit, that feels good. But, damn, this is so weird.

The door opens and I whip my hand away from my ass and back down my side. I'm still leaning on the chair, my new breasts pressed lightly against the upholstery. The technician slinks in and stares at me with wide eyes. He's followed by a bearded man in a suit, who takes in my appearance and remains

calm.

“What the hell happened?” I demand. God, that’s Sierra’s voice coming from my lips.

The man in the suit closes the door and tries to calm me down. “I’m Tony Madson, the Manager of this facility. There’s been a power fluctuation that’s caused some abnormalities in your equipment. Everything’s under control and you shouldn’t have any problems but—”

“Shouldn’t have any problems?” My voice is quivering. “I’m in my friend’s body.”

Now Tony looks shocked. His mouth opens and closes once before he can speak.
“I...I’m sorry?”

I spread my arms and angrily present Sierra’s body to the two of them. “This is not my body. I’m a guy. I was across the hall!” I point at the door behind them, a gesture that makes my chest jolt and reminds me of the breasts I now have. “I came in to donate my language skills to Sierra and now I...I am her?”

“You’re...? Are you sure?”

“Uh, I think I would know who I am,” I reply sarcastically. “Or who I was at least.”

Tony licks his lips and glances at the technician. “This shouldn’t be possible.”

“Well, it is. Where’s my body?”

“Your...body?” Tony still looks shellshocked.

I brush past them into the hallway, weaving slightly. I can’t quite get my legs and hips to coordinate. I’m smaller in some places, bigger than others and it’s throwing me off. Also throwing me off is that the corridor looks much wider and taller than I remembered. Maybe the effect of me being in a smaller body.

I throw open the door to the room across the hall where I was sitting. It’s empty.

“Where’s my body?” I ask Tony again.

He’s come out into the hallway after me. He glances down the hallway towards the entrance and then back at me. I hurry down the hallway in a slight zig zag, pushing myself off the wall occasionally, trying to get the hang of my shortened limbs. I ignore Tony’s entreaties behind me and burst through the main door into the reception room. There I stop short because staring back at me, a puzzled grin on his face is...me.

It’s my body at least. His arm is around Keri and they’re both looking at me.

“Everything okay, Sierra?” My body asks.

I blink once and start to nod but I can’t stop staring at my former body. He stands like me. Moves like me. So weird to look at myself from this angle, to watch my body move outside of my command. I’m so...huge. I have to look up at my old body and now I’m even slightly shorter than Keri.

Tony comes through the door behind me and places a hand on my shoulder. “We just need to do a few final tests,” he says, trying to lead me back down the hallway.

“You okay?” My body asks again, slightly worried this time.

“Yeah...I’m...I’m fine.” I fake a smile.

I’m too stunned to resist as Tony leads me back to the room and shuts the door behind us. He’s sweating now, his hands fidgeting. “I’m really, terribly sorry about all this. We will fix it. Just please give us time. I’m sure we can figure it out.”

He’s babbling now and I hold up my hand to quiet him while I rub my brow with my other hand. I can’t help but notice the difference in how my skin feels, how smooth and supple it is.

“How long will it take to fix it?”

He pauses and moves to the computer terminal. He types something in and clicks through a few pages, mumbling to himself.

“I think...” he begins slowly, “We have to reverse engineer the copying mechanism. Once we find out the changes we’ve made we can undo it and put it back right.”

“How long?” I ask again.

“I don’t know. This has never happened before. A few days. Maybe a week?”

“I have to stay like this for a week?”

“Hopefully not, but we’ll have to create a new program to sort this out. We will work on it as fast as we can. In the mean time we will refund your money and provide some extra for your troubles. We just ask that you do not tell anyone. This could ruin us.”

I slump into the chair and lean my head on my hands. Fine blond hair brushes across my cheek and, this close, I can smell the faint scent of Sienna’s vanilla hand lotion. I stare down at my new body, eyes tracing across the lean legs down to the dainty feet, all of which I now have complete control over. Sierra did always like to dress girly so it’s no surprise my fingernails and toenails are painted pink to match my shirt and sandals. The khaki shorts seem even tinier

than when I was looking at her back in my old body and I feel uncomfortably naked.

I have none of her memories and yet somehow I have to pretend to be her for a week? I know from what she's told me that she has some important projects coming up so calling in sick isn't an option without wrecking her life. The prospect of pretending to be her for a week isn't appealing, tempered only slightly by the slow realization that I'm in control of her body now. A body I've been secretly delighted by.

I agree to Tony's offer. It's the best option for everyone right now and, frankly, I'm still in too much shock to put up much resistance. I somehow convince Tony I'm okay to leave, just because I don't want strangers fussing over me. I need some time to process this. I'm halfway down the hall when the technician comes hurrying up behind me.

"Miss! Miss!"

Shit, that's me. I'm Miss. I turn and he hands me Sierra's oversized purse. I take it and mumble a thanks, then head out through reception. I've got better control over my body and am now weaving only slightly. I pause to slip on Sierra's oversized sunglasses and then push out into the heat.

2

Her car door swings open with a creak and a wave of heat blasts out. I slide into the seat and start the car to get the a/c going. My body is so tiny. Her seat is pushed way up to the steering wheel and raised up high so I can see over the dashboard. The back of my neck tickles with sweat as I back out and drive to Sierra's apartment.

Driving is slightly easier than walking, though it still requires a degree of coordination to get used to my smaller body and the position of my hands on the seemingly-huge steering wheel. Somehow I manage to get back to her place without incident. I've been here many times before so I have no trouble finding her place. I sling her purse awkwardly over my shoulder as I walk up the front steps and through the lobby to her apartment.

I unlock the door and walk inside. It's cool and quiet. I feel like I shouldn't be here, like I'm invading her personal space while she's away.

I drop Sierra's purse and sunglasses on the couch then slip off her sandals before poking around her house. I'm not sure what to do with myself. I don't know what she's got planned for the rest of today. Was she meeting friends? Was she going out? Whatever she was doing, she's not anymore.

I walk into her bedroom, again feeling like I'm invading her personal space. Her bed is unmade. A collection of knickknacks are splayed out across the top of her chest of drawers. Her closet is half open, revealing some summer dresses and part of a shoe rack holding some heels. An acoustic guitar sits on a stand in one

corner.

I flip on the light in her bathroom and look around. The mirror is right across from the door and I find myself looking at my reflection. Sierra gazes back at me from the mirror. Her body is still hugging the door jamb, one hand on the light switch. Her pink lips are slightly parted, white teeth just visible as she stares back at me, excitement and fear battling in her baby blue eyes. Blonde bangs curl gently over her forehead, the rest of her hair tucked behind each ear. She's cute and innocent and I just want to take her into my arms and comfort her, kiss her tiny nose and tell her everything will be okay. But she is me, and I'm alone. And I don't know if it will be okay.

I move closer to the mirror, entranced by my own gaze. My eyes flit over the gentle slope of her nose, the smooth cheekbones, the delicate chin and eyebrows and ears. I touch my face, running my fingers lightly over the new contours. I notice that the fingertips of my left hand are slightly calloused from playing the guitar. I can't take my eyes off Sierra's gorgeous reflection in the mirror as she copies me. I turn my head, tucking the blonde hair back behind my ear whenever it comes loose.

My hands glide down my neck and come to a rest on Sierra's breasts. My breasts. My chest rises and falls faster with the quickening of my breath. I'm getting turned on by myself. A rising anticipation flits through me. In the mirror, there's a suggestive smile on Sierra's face. I reach down, grab the bottom of my pink top and peel it off my head before dropping it to the floor and sweeping my blonde hair aside.

A pink bra covers two breasts, the curves disappearing beneath each cup. I knew Sierra had a killer body but seeing it in real life, moving it from within, is a whole different experience. I unbutton the khaki shorts and shimmy out of them before kicking them aside. Light pink panties are now the only thing clasping my gentle bottom. The only thing between me and my new sex.

“Fuck, what an ass,” I whisper to myself as I half turn and admire my peach of a butt.

A slide a hand across one soft butt cheek and squeeze gently, giving it a little shake. Mmm, it feels so good. It looks so good. I arch my back and admire myself. Sierra always did have such a pinchable ass. I know other guys have pinched it before and now it's my turn. I give it a little squeeze, let my fingers lightly dimple the skin. It's taut with a little bounce. Fuck, that feels nice. I let my hands play across my body, exploring my supple curves by touch as the tiny anticipation inside me grows into a need.

I reach around and struggle the clasp open on the bra. It's a wholly different experience when wearing one but I soon manage. I slide it off each shoulder and let it fall to the floor, releasing a quiet breath at the sight of Sierra's perfect breasts. They're perky, the little pink nipple at the end of each one like a bullseye I can't take my eyes off of. And when I reach up and caress them they've got a delightful firm bounciness.

I squeeze my tits, smiling at myself. I can be rougher with them than I thought and I take my time, pushing them together into large mounds before dropping them and letting them bounce back into place. I splay my fingers across them and grab them, my palms pressing against my sensitive nipples. The sight of Sierra playing with her tits in the mirror and grinning lustily makes me even hornier, and when I look down and realize the hands are mine for now, the tits are mine for now, it makes me lightheaded with longing. I turn in the mirror, arch my back, stick out my ass. Jesus, I want myself so badly right now.

I know this is wrong. This isn't my body. I shouldn't be doing this to Sierra but I'm too far gone now. I don't have a choice. I need this. Urgently.

I hook my thumbs beneath the hem of the panties and shimmy them down my legs. When I stand I find myself gazing at a very naked Sierra. The hair around her pussy is shaved into a light blonde landing strip that leads to her entrance. Her cheeks are blushed pink, the pupils at the center of her sparkling blue eyes are wide in longing. I can feel the absence between my legs, can feel the lips of my pussy unfurling beneath my touch, growing warmer and more moist.

My hand wanders down between my legs, my fingers resting on Sierra's entrance. I trace the delicate lips, feeling the heat just below my fingertips. I dip in. My pussy lips clasp my finger and I land on my velvety folds. I stroke up and down slowly, watching in the mirror as I make Sierra finger herself. I follow my slit down and plunge deeper inside, surprising myself. A tiny gasp escapes my lips as I land on my dew.

I spread my legs and trace my fingers up and down, dragging my moisture across my pussy, over the hood of my clitoris. Touching the little button makes me shake, the first stirrings of real pleasure. I lay my fingers on my clit and stroke in small circles, the motion tighter and faster as I find my pleasure. My other hand comes up to a tit and kneads it, squeezing greedily while my fingers plunge in and out of my wet heat. I'm so slippery now, the need twisting through me with each stroke. I feel so good, inside and out. Little cries escape my lips and the sound of Sierra in heat just makes me even hornier.

I rest my knee on the counter by the sink to spread myself further apart. In the mirror I can see my dripping pussy lips, little flashes of pink as my fingers circle back and forth. My tiny moans are rising in pitch, my mouth open, white teeth flashing. I stare at myself as I finger my tight body, watching as Sierra—as I—approach the precipice. I slide two fingers inside me, moaning as I slip through my tight, wet canal. I finger myself faster, staring at my pussy as my fingers disappear inside myself, reappearing wet with my juices. My fingers continue the rhythm of my body, plunging in and out, in and out until the need breaks and

the orgasm washes over me.

I cry out, cupping my tit, the wet sounds of my fingers in my pussy so loud in my ears as I cum, enjoying Sierra's orgasm. It shakes me from head to toe and I go weak, dropping my breast to prop myself up on the mirror while my fingers remain thrusting deep inside my pussy, slowing with my body.

I stare at Sierra's image in the mirror, a tiny smile curling my lips. The delicious tangy scent of her pussy meets my nose. I'm filled with a mixture of relief and embarrassment. My entire body is stilled, my mind calm, but I still have no idea what I'm going to do with myself.

3

I wash my hands and get dressed again. Then I lie on Sierra's bed and flip open her laptop, trying to kill time by binging some shows. But her body is stretched out beneath me, her knees in the air, bare legs propped on either side of the screen. It's too much temptation. But before I can give in there's the sound from the living room. The ding of a message.

I rummage through her overstuffed purse until I find her phone. It opens on my face. There's a message from me. My old body anyway:

How you doing? Did you try out your skills yet?

I bite my lower lip and debate whether to tell him what happened or not. How would I react if Sierra told me this had happened? If I don't tell myself I can't tell anyone and I really need to get it out, to talk it through. It's so fucking lonely holding on to this. I need to bring someone else into this secret. But I need to do it in person. I text him back:

Can I come over?

Predictably, his answer is yes. I don't give any hint as to what I'll say. Hell, I don't even know how I'll say it. I just know I need to confide in someone.

When I get there, my former self answers the door. He goes in for a hug and I find myself pressed against him. The scent of me is strange. A not unpleasant masculine scent. Again, I find myself thinking how tall he is, or how small I am now. He's more than a head taller than me.

He invites me in to my own house and I take my usual seat on the far corner of the couch, propping my back up on one of the chocolate colored pillows. It's almost automatic and my former body looks at me for a beat as if he knows something is off but just can't place it. Then he takes a seat in the opposite corner of the couch and goes through the same pillow-propping routine.

"Is Keri around?" I ask. "I think she needs to hear this, too."

He's worried now, but he calls out to her and she joins us a moment later.

"Hi, Sierra," she says cheerily as she settles herself on the wide arm of the couch, her feet in my male body's lap. "How's the language processing going?"

Her almond-shaped eyes settle on me and I wonder if she has any inkling that I'm not who I appear to be. The former me looks uncomfortable, as if he knows something is wrong even though he doesn't know exactly what.

"That's kind of why I'm here."

"Did something go wrong? Did you not get the skills or something?" The old me asks as he places one hand on Keri's shin.

“Well, um,” I pinch my lower lip as I do when I’m nervous. “Something transferred.” I take a deep breath. “There was some sort of power surge and my—your—entire mind was cloned into Sierra.”

“What does that mean?” My male self asks.

“Oh my god,” Keri says, understanding it quicker. Her hand goes to her mouth and her eyes widen.

“I’m not Sierra. I’m you in her body.”

He stares at me. I know he has a thousand questions. I know what he’s thinking. I know what he would do in Sierra’s body because I’ve done it and I know he wants to ask about it.

“That’s impossible,” he says after a moment.

Keri moves closer to me, kneeling on the couch beside me and staring deep into my eyes. Her face is so close I can see the tiny freckles on the bridge of her nose. I want to kiss her as she searches my face for any sign of the male me. After a minute she sits back and lets out a breath.

“Holy shit,” Keri whispers, looking back and forth between the two of us. I realize that our body positions are mirror images, each of us resting one elbow

on the arm of the chair, our legs crossed at the ankle.

“Are you saying--? Where’s Sierra? What are they going to do?” My old self asks.

I explain the little I know - that I’m stuck in Sierra’s body until they figure out a way to reverse the memory swap.

“I have to assume it’s at least a week and I needed someone to talk to. I really need...someone to help me.” Here I look at Keri.

“Help you?”

“I don’t know how to be a woman. There’s makeup and hygiene and...what if I have my period? And...I’m lonely at home by myself. I miss you.”

I place my hand gently on her thigh. She doesn’t flinch but she also doesn’t move closer.

“What do you want me to do?” She finally asks.

“Come back to my place and help me be a woman.”

She takes a beat and then nods. “Let me go get dressed.”

When she leaves, my former body leans close to me. “What’s it like?”

“Weird and...weirdly hot.”

“Did you...?”

“What do you think?”

“Do you think she’ll remember any of this?”

“God, I hope not.”

Keri returns and the two of us head out the door. It’s strange following behind her from within Sierra’s short stature. In my old body I would have to lean down to kiss the top of Keri’s head but now I almost have to look up to meet her eyes. And still I want to reach out and pinch her butt like I would do if we were at home.

As we drive she peppers me with questions, wanting to know what happened and how and what’s it like for me. I answer as best I can, avoiding the specifics of exactly what I did when I was home alone. I’m sure she wants to ask me about that. Maybe she even has an idea.

“Overall I just feel small and still a little unbalanced,” I say. “Like I’m constantly thinking my arms are longer than they are.”

“You’re super short now,” Keri agrees. “How’s it feel to have tits?” She asks suddenly. I cough and she laughs. “Come on. I know that’s the first thing a heterosexual guy would do if he suddenly found himself in a woman’s body.”

“No comment.”

A small smile plays across my lips. I sense her appraising me so I keep my eyes on the road.

“You have to admit, she’s an attractive woman.”

“She is,” I agree.

“And you haven’t taken a look at her?”

“Well,” I shift uncomfortably in my seat. “I never really thought about anything like that with her until I found myself in her body.”

“Did you touch yourself?” Her tone is more curiosity than accusation.

I blush red but don't answer. Fortunately, she doesn't pursue that line of questioning and we make it back to Sierra's place with only minor embarrassment on my part.

"So..." Keri says when we're in Sierra's apartment. "Where do you want to start?"

"Makeup, I guess?"

"You don't have to use makeup, you know. Not everyone does."

I shrug. "I feel like I should keep up as much of Sierra's routine as I can."

"Okay."

"After you."

I gesture down the hall to the bathroom then follow after Keri. On force of habit, I reach out and squeeze her bubble butt. She jumps and turns to face me.

"Sorry," I say, my face blushing red. "Habit. I still like your butt!"

“You know you’ve got your own,” Keri smirks. “And it’s not half bad.”

She walks into the bathroom before I can figure out how to respond. Sierra’s makeup is spread around the counter and Keri looks it over.

“Where do you want to start?” She asks, chewing on her bottom lip.

“Start at the beginning and when you get to the end, stop.”

“Okay,” she grabs a circular jar. “Let’s wash off the makeup you have and start over.”

She finds a bottle of makeup remover and some cotton pads, then walks me through the steps as I wipe Sierra’s face clean. When that’s done, Keri starts going through the jars and bottles that Sierra owns. I can’t recall Sierra ever seeming to wear that much but there still seems to be a lot. I try to take it all in, nodding as Keri explains what everything does. Sometimes she applies some to my face, brushing or wiping across my cheeks. At these times her face is so close to mine as she appraises me I just want to lean forward and kiss her. As she works on my face, I reach up and lightly grip her wide waist. She pauses and looks down at my hands, then back into my eyes.

“Sorry,” I say again, dropping my hands. “I’m still me and I still want you.”

She cocks her head, a small smile on her lips. “I think we’re done here, anyway. Any questions?”

I turn and look into the mirror. It's the same Sierra I've always known. She's used the same makeup style for years and Keri has recreated it. Though there's one style I've always wanted to see on her.

"I like it. But can you do those side wing things on the eyes?"

"Winged eyeliner?" Keri searches through the makeup collection and picks up a small bottle. "Yes, I can do that."

She shows me how to carefully apply it. When she's done, Keri turns me towards the mirror and leans down to put her face next to mine as we gaze at my new look. It's a look I've never seen on Sierra but I like it.

"That looks good on you," Keri whispers, her lips so close to my ear it makes little goosebumps shoot across my arms.

"I agree."

"Sierra's makeup is actually pretty simple."

"That was simple?"

Keri laughs. “Welcome to being a girl. You could be wearing fake eyelashes. Those were always such a pain in the ass for me. Now, let’s talk about your hair.”

I drag a seat into the bathroom and place it in front of the mirror. She stands behind me and helps brush out Sierra’s hair before pinning it up in a few styles. Some of the braids seem more complicated than I could manage without a lot of practice but Keri seems to be enjoying herself.

“Do you like having a boyfriend that will let you style his hair?” I ask as she brushes out my golden locks.

She laughs again. “So fucking weird. I mean, you sound like yourself and you act like yourself.”

“I am myself. Except for my looks.”

“Everything else is the same, huh?” She asks.

The way she says it is unusual, as if she’s gently probing for something. She rests her hands lightly on each of my shoulders and I’m keenly aware of her tremendous breasts straining against her grey shirt and almost resting against the back of my head.

“It’s all me.”

“Okay,” she says with a final look at my hair. “What now?”

“Can you help me with clothes? I have no idea what to wear to Sierra’s office on Monday.”

We move to the bedroom and flip through the clothes hanging in Sierra’s closet. So many dresses and skirts and blouses. Keri picks out a few outfits and sets them out on the bed.

“Try these on.”

“Here?”

“Why not?” Keri takes a seat on the bed and looks up at me with a little smile. Her cheeks are slightly pink, her eyes bright. “We’re both girls here.”

I strip down to my bra and panties and try on the outfit with the pleated white skirt and top with the blue vest. Keri stands and adjusts my outfit here and there before taking a step back and nodding.

“That looks cute on you. But most things do, you lucky bitch,” she says with a grin. “Try the next one on.”

I try on a few more outfits. A dress. Jeans and a tee shirt. Another skirt. Some shorts. Sierra looks good in all of them and it's kind of fun dressing her up and parading my body in front of the mirror. I end with a baby blue summer dress that clings gently to Sierra's soft curves, pulling taut across her perky breasts and leaving enough of her legs bare to keep things interesting.

"What's your favorite one?" Keri asks as I unzip the dress and let it drop the floor.

"I don't know." I pick the dress off the floor and slip it back onto a hanger. "I like the second skirt. What about you?"

"I like that one."

"Which one?"

"The one you've got on now."

I'm wearing only a bra and panties. My whole body is on display and Keri drinks me in. I've seen that hungry look in her eye before after a date.

"I can't go to work like this," I say softly, attempting a joke. My mouth is dry and as I stare into her eyes the blood rushes to my cheeks.

Keri stands and takes a step towards me. She's close. Intimately close. I'm trembling.

"Don't go to work. Don't go anywhere," she whispers.

She rests her forehead on mine and gently grips my hips, running her slender, warm hands up and down my body.

"I didn't know you were into women," I whisper.

"I've always been curious. I just thought if I told you you'd get weird about it. But having my boyfriend in this cute little body is driving me crazy. Do you have any objections?"

"None."

We kiss. She has to bend her head down slightly for our soft lips to meet. Her floral scent fills my nostrils and I moan, eager for her. I slip my arms around her waist and we pull each other close. Our bodies press together, her heavy breasts against mine. I'm dizzy with lust.

Our kisses are slow at first, tentative, but grow deeper the longer we stay together. I clasp her cheek gently and press my body harder against her, opening my mouth to welcome her tongue inside. She's warm and sweet and soft, just like me.

I help her pull off her tee shirt and then her bra. Her heavy breasts drop down into my waiting hands, into Sierra's hands. It's incredibly hot watching a woman's fingers caress my girlfriend's tits. I bury my face between them, grabbing the heavy weight and pushing them together as Keri chuckles and clasps me close. As I kiss back and forth across her tits, sucking on each tiny pink nipple in turn, she unclasps my bra. I stand and let it slip to the floor.

Now our hands are back on each other, exploring each other by touch. Fingers glide up and down soft curves. Mouths and tongues meet with bobbing breasts as we feast on each other. Deep need sparks within me, making me urgent for her. She must feel the same because she begins moving faster, hands gripping tighter. Even in my wildest fantasies I never imagined I would be watching my girlfriend make out with my cute best friend, that they would both be into it, panting with desire.

Keri pauses long enough to guide me on to my back on the bed before straddling me. Her breasts sway down pendulously and I take them in each hand as she kisses me again. I tweak her tiny nipple as she grinds her body against mine. The slight scratch of her pubic hair feels so welcome against my mound and my thighs. Fuck, I'm so wet.

She kisses her way down my neck and over my tits, pausing to suck on one of my nipples. She nips it gently with her teeth, flicking her tongue against the sensitive nub. Her hot breath whispers across my skin, making my inner warmth flare to life. Sierra is so sensitive.

Now Keri kisses her way down my stomach and over my mound, stopping only when she gets to my entrance. Then she kisses back and forth across my thighs, her hands stroking my inner thigh down to my calves. I'm wet and anxious with lust. I can't keep still. My legs twist and tense as the lustful need winds me tight.

I stare down my body, past the tits I hold with both hands, past Sierra's trim stomach to watch my girlfriend burrow her face between another woman's legs, her ass in the air, wide curves disappearing behind her. Her tongue flicks out, tasting me, licking up and down my entrance and making the tension burn through me. She stares into my eyes as she slowly bobs up and down, her tongue following the line of my slit.

She presses the broad path of her tongue against my clit, driving a moan from my lips. Her tongue swirls in elegant crisscrosses over my pleasure button. I writhe on the bed, grabbing my own tits, body undulating with desire. Her tongue sends short waves of delight through me, each one building on the last.

"Oh, yes," I sigh in a tiny voice.

She closes her eyes and pushes her face harder into my pussy. The pressure of her tongue inside me is divine and I raise my hips to meet her. My fingers splay across each tit, squeezing myself as my voice rises in pitch, higher and breathless until her touch pushes me over the edge and I cum. The orgasm fills me from head to toe, a wicked desire that makes me warm and lightheaded. My pussy is so sensitive and Keri understands. She pauses as I climax around her head, body roiling in orgasm.

When my thighs relax Keri picks up where she left off. Fuck, unlike a guy I'm ready to go again. This time my body is closer to the precipice and it doesn't take much for Keri's tongue to work its magic. She licks and tastes me, using her fingers to slide into my tight canal, curling around to press up against the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure. It's strange and amazing being penetrated, feeling someone inside me. My canal clasps her fingers and I can hear the slick sounds of myself.

I cum again, hard and unexpectedly. My cries are higher now, breathier, and hearing Sierra in the throes of lust, watching her body clutch herself, only makes me that much hornier. The second orgasm is as wonderful as the first, a full bodied release that pushes the tension out of me. I clap my legs around Keri's head and she pauses, moaning inside me. I think she's had her own orgasm just from licking my sweet pussy.

When I release her, she starts up again. The third time is even quicker. She's barely slid her fingers inside me. I've hardly parted for her when her tongue brushes my clit and I cum. This orgasm burns me and I cry out, my body desperate for this release, as if I've been waiting for it my whole life. I'm moaning, writhing, fingers clutching at myself as I cum harder than I've ever cum before. My mind is empty of anything but pleasure.

When I finally come back to earth I can feel the trickle of juice making its way down to my ass, can feel Keri's warm breath on my pussy, can feel my tits aching and used. As Keri crawls up my body I shudder in aftershock. She clutches me close and kisses me again. I taste Sierra's pussy on her lips, delicious and musky. My fingers wander down between Keri's legs and find the moisture there. She's dripping. As wet as I am.

"I loved that," I smile, gently tucking her dirty-blond hair behind an ear.

"That makes two of us."

We kiss again and she holds me as the aftershocks slow and my body cools.

4

I drop Keri back off at my former house. We're both quiet on the car ride back, contemplating what we just did and what it might mean. In the end she gives me a quick kiss on the lips and then disappears back into the house. The taste of her lingers on my lips, and I can smell her delightful fragrance on my fingers.

I keep to myself the rest of the day, returning to Sierra's apartment alone. I'm still enamored with her body so I strip naked when I get inside and recline on the couch to watch some television. When I'm hungry I dig through Sierra's fridge for something to eat. There's soy milk instead of regular, which reminds me that Sierra is lactose intolerant. Good that I remembered that now instead of when it's too late.

I munch on some carrot strips and hummus. They taste more intense on Sierra's tongue, as if I can pick out more of the flavors. When I've had my fill I return to the living room and lounge on the couch, my fingers absently stroking my new sex as I stream some shows. We've got different tastes and I'm probably completely fucking up her algorithm.

When I get hungry I eat. When I get horny I masturbate. When I get tired I sleep.

Her alarm wakes me the next morning. I do my morning routine, trying not to think about how I'm brushing someone else's teeth, because that will just make me think of how my tongue is in someone else's mouth. I try some simple makeup like Keri taught me yesterday and I think I make a passable attempt. Afterwards, I slip on a bra and the skirt and blouse combo I picked out yesterday.

After a bowl of granola and soy milk I'm out the door. I picked up her work address from an email and navigate there on her phone.

The PR firm where she works is on the fifth floor of an eight story glass and steel building. I've got butterflies in my stomach as the elevator takes me up. It only gets worse when I step into the cubicle farm that takes up most of the floor. I feel like an impostor and any second someone will call me out for not being the real Sierra.

I don't know anyone here so I give reserved, generic responses when they greet me: "Hey, you." I wander through the rows of desks until I find a cubicle with Sierra's nameplate and title on it. Looks like she works in a public relations department.

Her papers are scattered about her desk. I dig through her various unfinished projects and notes as I wait for her computer to boot up. It stops on the password screen. Crap. She hasn't written her password on a handy sticky note anywhere nearby. As I'm sitting there pondering what to do, a young brunette waltzes in to my cubicle. She's about Sierra's age but with a more serious demeanor and a long face.

"Hey, Sierra, cute outfit."

"Thanks."

"How was your weekend?"

“Good. Just hung out with some friends. Pretty low key, really.”

“Did you go to that show?”

I have no idea what she’s talking about so I just mumble something about a change of plans. She’s not really interested anyway and she shifts gears to talk about work. I have no idea what Sierra’s relationship is to this woman. Is she Sierra’s boss? A colleague? An underling? I just smile and nod as she reminds me of the morning meeting and then leaves me to go talk to others.

I end up calling IT to get Sierra’s password reset. They don’t ask any questions. When I get log in, I look through her email. It’s worse than starting a new job. At least when you start at a new place everyone expects you to know nothing about the work. But Sierra has been here for a while so I’m supposed to be speaking from experience.

There’s a lot of jargon in her emails. Lots of references to metrics and first names of people in her organization that I don’t know. I start making a list of questions to surreptitiously answer so I can do her job. There are a few jobs due. Some press releases to write. Website info to update.

The morning is a whirlwind. I’m not even up to speed on what exactly I do when I’m called in to a meeting. Fifteen of us in a room and when it’s my turn to give an update I just say, “Just plugging away. Everything’s on schedule so far.”

I sit down and hope no one has any questions.

The woman leading the meeting looks up from her electronic tablet. “I’ll need you to get on to that Darby stuff this morning so we can shoot it out by noon.”

“Right,” I nod, vaguely remembering something about that in one of Sierra’s emails.

I shouldn’t be surprised that Sierra is a social butterfly but I’m still not prepared for the way people stop me in the halls for some gossip, or exchange pleasantries, or just come hang out in my cubicle and shoot the shit. In a way it makes it easy to get my questions answered. The young guys, especially, are like putty in my hands. All I have to do is flutter my eyes, show some leg and laugh at their jokes and they don’t question why I’m asking basic information about my job. I make it sound jokey so I can play it off if they ever question me. They’re too busy flirting with me to notice.

The easiest part of her day is the actual writing. She’s got a template and some bullet points in a file on her desktop labelled “Darby”. Another trawl through her emails uncovers some sites she’s done before so I have a template to work off of.

Turns out Darby is the last name of some up-and-coming actor. I’ve never heard of him but you wouldn’t know that from my release: “phenomenal talent”, “fresh off his MTV award-winning role”, etc. etc.

I don’t reply to any emails I don’t understand, hoping that Sierra will be back before they actually need a response. It’s my experience that most emails can sit for a week before anyone chases them up anyway.

During lunch I call the transfer center for an update. No luck yet but they’re

working on it. Shit. I hang up, upset that I have to fake my way through the rest of the work day, but not entirely angry that I'll have Sierra's body for a little while longer.

I continue bluffing my way through the rest of the day. Using the corporate map on the internal homepage I'm able to find who else is in her department and I shift questions to them whenever I can. Thankfully, there are no emergencies, but I do get the sense that Charlotte, across the hall, is getting fed up with me pushing my work on to others and spending inordinate amounts of time talking to people.

I only leave at the end of the day once I see other people start to trickle out. By the time I fight the traffic back to Sierra's place I'm exhausted from the stress. I order some dinner and eat in front of the television.

Keri calls me just as I finish washing up the dishes. "Hey, how was your first day at work?"

I sigh and slump onto the couch. "You ever had one of those dreams where you have to take a test about a subject you know nothing about?"

"Yeah."

"Like that. Except you're also naked and falling." Her laughter is musical. God, I wish she was here with me. "I miss you."

“I miss you, too. Even though I have you.”

“Have you told him what we did?”

“No.” She pauses, then: “I thought we could tell him together.”

“Uh...what?”

“Come over for dinner tomorrow. Wear the blue dress.”

How can I say no?

The second day in Sierra’s office is easier than the first. At least I don’t spend most of it trying to remember people’s names. Still, I do get in trouble a few times for not knowing an answer. I somewhat make up for it by the speed at which I crank out releases.

The transfer center still has no further updates that day.

After work I drive to my old apartment. I’m nervous, though I shouldn’t be. I’ll be facing myself and I know what I would think. I just don’t know what Keri is thinking. Why do we both need to be there for the reveal?

My former body has dinner in the oven when I arrive. We all sit down in the living room. I sip on a glass of wine, trying to sit like a woman on the couch with my legs crossed at the knee. The atmosphere is friendly and the dinner is delicious. I've never seen Keri this at ease around other people and it's probably because it's not other people; it's two of me.

I tell them about my day over another glass of wine, relieved to finally have some people in which I can confide. After dinner we retire back to the living room. My former body and I sit on either end of the couch and Keri takes the spot between us. There's a tension in the air as Keri looks back and forth between us. She chews on her lower lip. When there's a pause in the conversation she puts a hand on both our legs and turns to my old self.

"I want to show you something I think you'll like."

"Okay."

She smiles and then turns to me, cupping my cheek and pulling me in for a kiss. I'm surprised and delighted by her intensity. I kiss her back hungrily. She pulls away after a few seconds, leaving me wanting more. My former self is staring at us, mouth open.

Keri rises and takes both our hands. "Come on. Help me show Sierra a good time."

I follow her down the hallway in a daze. My male body is beside me, a goofy smile plastered across his face. When we reach the bedroom Keri turns to us.

“Kiss her,” she says.

I look up at my male body towering over me. He bends his head and I rise on tiptoes to meet his mouth. Our lips connect and I lean on him as we kiss. Fuck, it's strange kissing myself. His stubble presses against my lips. He's so solid, so tall, compared to my current light body. And he tastes delightfully masculine and familiar. I know what he likes and what he wants. The answer on both counts is Sierra. Me.

Keri slips her arms around the both of us and we trade kisses. My male self nuzzles my neck as I kiss Keri. He nips gently at me and I sigh into my girlfriend's mouth. Both their hands are on me and mine are on them. So many sensations assault me as two lovers kiss up and down my body. My skin is so sensitive and their caresses send little goosebumps up and down my arms.

My body warms as we make out. I taste each of them in turn as Keri moves to stand behind me, pressing her heavy tits against my back, reaching around to grab my own light breasts while she kisses the nape of my neck. He runs his hands up and down my body, our lips still together. My breath quickens, my body warming with desire. I feel so beautiful. So wanted. So needy.

It's my turn to take control. When my male self pulls away from my lips I turn, slipping out of Keri's grasp. I sit her gently down on the bed and let her lie back before straddling her and kneeling over her. My petite ass is in the air and I can feel a cool breeze caress my moistening pussy lips. Keri's body is warm beneath me. I lower my head and kiss her breasts, first one then the other, my tongue sliding over each nipple, teeth nipping them while she gasps beneath me. I begin moving faster, greedy for her feminine body as my own body burns with shared pleasure.

I look over to see my male body standing beside the bed. He's naked and stroking himself while he watches his girlfriend make out with his friend. A little bead of cum appears on the tip of his cock. I've never seen my dick from this angle. I admit, I've always been curious about what it would be like to suck my own dick and now's my chance.

As Keri raises her head to suckle on my breast I nod my old self closer. When the cock is close enough I open my lips and swallow him. He's warm and soft-hard in my mouth. I let my tongue skate against the underside of his shaft as I take in as much of him as I can. My mouth is soon full of my own dick. I drag my lips up and down, lubricating the shaft. I stare up at him with Sierra's baby blue eyes, my gaze filled with want. He stares back down at me. It's so intoxicating controlling his pleasure with just my lips and tongue. A drop of juice slides down my inner thigh.

As I suck my own dick, beneath me Keri squeezes each of my tits, her lips moving back and forth, teasing each of them. I drag my body up and down hers, leaving a slight trail of moisture along her skin.

I drive my lips down and hold hi there, undulating my tongue beneath the shaft like I always enjoyed Keri doing to me. He grunts in pleasure and I pull my lips up, then back down, my body moving on instinct, grinding, head bobbing up and down the slick shaft. The salty taste of pre-cum hits my tongue and I pull off his dick with a wet pop, suddenly not ready. I don't want a mouthful of my own cum, but I do want something else.

I repeat what Keri did to me the day before, kissing my way down her body, pausing at her breasts to squeeze them into huge mounds and lick back and forth. I let them bobble down her chest and continue my journey down to her legs.

I kneel, my ass in the air, waving gently back and forth as I bury my legs between my girlfriend's thighs. I inhale her wonderfully musky scent, knowing that it mirrors my own. Her pussy is beautiful and tasty as I glide my tongue up and down her entrance. She tenses beneath me as I suckle her pussy, bringing her pleasure to the fore. I've always loved this and my joy is no different from being in Sierra's body. I tremble once, closing my eyes and moaning into her as I enjoy a small orgasm. The scent of her surrounds me, intoxicating and delicious.

The bed shifts beneath me and then two strong arms grip my waist. Something warm and hard lines up beneath my legs, slides across the outside of my pussy lips, lubricating itself on my wetness. I tremble, knowing what's coming, and bury my face deeper between Keri's legs.

There's a pressure against my wet pussy as the head of my own cock begins to slide inside. I can feel myself part so slowly for my former dick. I pause and my eyes go wide as he enters me for the first time. It's better than Keri's fingers, bigger, more filling, stretching my pussy apart in a way that's wonderfully comforting.

Fitting. That's the word. He fits me. I sheath him like a sword as he buries himself to the hilt inside my wet heat, until his groin is pressed against my perfect ass. The tip of his cock is so deep inside me and my canal clutches his warm shaft. It's just what Sierra's body needed and I tremble with joy.

I resume my kissing and caressing of Keri's delicious cunt. Propping myself up on one arm, I bring in two fingers, slipping easily into Keri's sopping pussy. Her pink folds are right in front of my eyes and I stare at them in delight. I have these now, except mine is filled with cock. Delightfully filled.

My old self slides in and out of me while I continue to finger and suckle on Keri. She tenses beneath me, crying out in a trembling orgasm. I pause, my tongue inside her, up against her swollen clit, but he continues moving inside me. His cock at this angle glides up and lands deep inside me, just touching my center. It's delightful, and makes me ever more needy, driving the welcome anticipation through me.

He moves faster inside me and I move faster inside her. The three of us are locked in pleasure. I'm being fucked for the first time and I love it. The hands on my hips grip tighter. I hear him grunting. The sound of my wet pussy grows louder. I suckle on my girlfriend while I get pounded from behind. God, Sierra's pussy is just made for fucking. I can feel her lips slipping apart, clinging to the shaft as it pulls out, then grabbing it tight as it plunges back in to my wet heat.

Each thrust drives a deeper pleasure through me. I can sense our desire increasing in tandem. The hands grip my ass tighter, plunge deeper, faster. My breath comes quick. My tongue flicks out to taste more of Keri's pussy. I'm moaning into her, my body rising to meet his as I feast on Keri's pussy.

And then he's grunting, a sound that pushes me over the edge. I cum as the cock throbs inside me, jetting hot cum into my quivering cunt. I raise my head and moan, driving back to fill myself on his dick as the pleasure twists through me. The orgasm is magical, sating my body with a pleasurable fullness I never knew I needed until it happened. Each throb inside me is so wonderful, bringing with it another burst of sharp heat as he fills me with his seed.

I cum hard on my former dick and he thrusts inside me until he's empty and I'm full. My fingers slide deep into Keri, hooking up to hit her dimpled nub and making her orgasm with us. The three of us moan and cry, bodies quivering with lust as the orgasm explodes through us, and we rock together for a blissful eternity.

I come down oh-so-slowly, returning to earth with a body that's warm and calm and sated. My former body pulls out of me and the three of us lie together in bed, stroking each other, giggling shyly like new lovers. I can't believe this just happened. Neither of me can.

"It's too bad we can't do this when Sierra comes back," Keri says.

"Why not?" My male self asks.

"She would never go for this."

"No, I mean, why not stay?"

"Me? Stay?" I ask, turning to face my male self.

"Yeah."

"I can't take Sierra's body forever."

"Well if they replace your mind it will be like they're killing you. You'll cease to exist."

“Shit.” I hadn’t thought of it that way.

“Maybe there’s a way everyone can be happy,” Keri suggests.

It makes sense when she explains it.

5

After a blissful two weeks in Sierra's body, where I visited my house every night and the three of us enjoyed our bodies like familiar lovers, the transfer center finally called and told me they'd figured out a way to swap us back. I explained Keri's plan to them. They argued at first, saying they couldn't do it, but I threatened to go public with what had happened and that shut them up.

The three of us returned to the institute. I went in to the receiver room and put on the helmet as my male self went into the room across the hall. I was still a little trepidatious. If Keri's plan worked I wouldn't be dead, but I would be changed. But then the transfer was in progress and it was too late for second thoughts.

The machine began humming and a few seconds later I blinked as if I'd just woken from a deep sleep. Sierra's memories merged with mine. The previous two weeks felt like a wonderful dream but I knew it had actually happened. Thinking back on what I'd done with Keri and my old body, there was a little surprise that I had done something like that with a friend and his girlfriend. That Sierra had done something like that. That we had done that. Because there was no separation between our minds and our desires. We were the same person, though slightly changed from who either of us had been before. We weren't a lesbian, exactly, but there had been something wonderful about pleasuring Keri. And something fantastic about getting fucked from behind by my friend.

When the process ended, I took off the helmet and returned to the reception room. Keri and the man I had been were waiting for me.

“Did it work?” Keri asked, stepping forward and looking into my eyes as if she could see who I was inside. “Are you Sierra?”

“I am, and...” I kissed her on her lips, sliding my hand against her soft cheek and enjoying her briefly. “Does that answer your questions?”

We left the institute to enjoy our new life.

#

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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