

BODY SWAP EROTICA

**DAY
OF THE
*Switch***



MWILLS

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Body Swap Erotica

by M. Wills

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Day of the Switch

“How’s that look?” I asked, stretching up on the ladder to hold the homecoming banner an inch higher.

Makayla eyed it critically from her position on the floor before finally giving her approval. “Perfect. Tape it on.”

She made a note on her clipboard as I turned back around and began taping the banner to the wall. It was fiddly work because the tape didn’t stick easily to the plastic but eventually I got it to hold. I climbed carefully down the ladder and looked around for Makayla.

She had moved further down the hallway and was instructing two other students on the placement of the bunting. If life was a romance movie this would have been the moment where Makayla undid her ponytail and tossed back her head to shake out her long chestnut hair. She would have leaned back and twisted slightly to the side so the audience could appreciate her svelte figure and petite curves. The sun would have hit her just right through the windows above the lockers to spotlight her almond-shaped eyes and the faint splash of freckles across her nose. Our eyes would have met and she would realize she was in love with me.

Instead, I was smiling like a goofball when the banner fell down on my head. She groaned in disapproval. Back up the ladder. More tape. Back down.

By now the other students had cleared out, eager to finally get home after school. Except for Makayla. She was heading down the hallway towards me and appeared to be taking a last critical look at the decorations.

I didn't have much interest in decorating the school for the homecoming game. But I had a lot of interest in Makayla. We'd had a handful of classes together and we were both quiet and smart. She was more of a perfectionist than I was, hence why she was taking a second walkthrough down the hallway to check the decorations were just right. My thought was: if they were up they were good enough. But then, I wasn't class president.

Her cell phone rang and she stopped a few paces from me to answer it.

"Hey mom," she said, turning to the side, allowing me to study her perfect profile. She paused for a few seconds and then frowned. God, I just wanted to kiss the tip of her tiny nose. "Oh. Well, when will you be here? I mean...I guess I'll have to hang out on the front steps because they're gonna lock up soon. Fine."

She hung up and sighed.

"Problem?" I asked.

She swiped her hair back behind an ear. "Nothing. Just my mom's gonna be late today so I'm stuck here for, like, another hour."

“I can give you a ride home,” I volunteered much too quickly.

“Yeah?”

“Sure. Yeah. Absolutely, No problem at all. Super...swell.”

“Super swell. That’s...super.” She agreed, cracking a smile.

There was a too-long pause while I frantically tried to think of something witty to say and eventually managed: “To the Zach-mobile.”

The Zach-mobile? FML. But, thankfully, she didn’t comment on it. Just texted her mom as we headed out the door.

We chatted as we strolled across the school parking lot. It was so cute seeing her enthusiasm for the decorations as she told me all about the work she’d done to get the school ready for the pep rally. I nodded along, just happy to be in her company. I unlocked the door to my car and apologized for the mess as I collected the trash that was strewn over the passenger seat and dumped it into an empty fast-food bag. I babbled as I did so, my cheeks blushing, avoiding her eyes. I mean, obviously if I’d have known I’d be giving my crush a ride home I would have cleaned my car.

She got another text as I started the car and her shoulders slumped. “Oh. I’m really sorry to ask but, can we pick up my sister? She’s at a friend’s house.”

“No problem. Just give me directions.”

She set them on her phone. It turned out her sister’s friend lived a few streets from me so I’d have to backtrack to bring them both home. I didn’t tell Makayla that, though. I was just happy to be able to spend more time with her.

She was unusually fidgety and she kept up a steady stream of nervous talk throughout the ride. We both did, really. I wondered why she was so nervous. I mean, I knew why I was so nervous. The girl I had a huge crush on was in my car! But why was she so nervous around me?

The phone directed us in a winding route through a subdivision full of houses that all looked roughly the same. I stopped outside of one and Makayla ran in to grab her sister. When she did I flipped down the visor and slid back the mirror to make sure I didn’t have anything on my face. A little bit of acne that was starting to flare up but hopefully the hint of beard could distract from that. I combed back my short blonde hair with my fingers and made sure there wasn’t any dirt on the front of my shirt.

Makayla’s sister slid into the back, knocking aside another fast-food bag full of trash. She looked like a younger version of Makayla, except with glasses and her hair pulled into a long ponytail.

“Savannah this is Zack. Zack, Savannah,” Makayla said before sliding back into the passenger seat.

“Howdy,” I replied.

“Howdy? What are you, a cowboy? Giddyup!”

“Don’t mind her,” Makayla patted my arm, “She’s going through a sarcastic phase.”

I pulled back out into the street and began the drive to Makayla’s house. Now I was really starting to sweat trying to keep up a conversation with Makayla and her sister, who was all too eager to try to make me look like an idiot.

The houses we passed grew closer together as the area became more commercial. We were on a street between a house and a retirement home and I’d just opened my mouth to say something that was probably super witty and would have made Makayla fall instantly in love with me when the world shifted.

Suddenly I was on my knees straddling someone, my hands on their warm chest. My lips were open wide and there was something warm and hard-soft thrust into my mouth, nearly choking me, accompanied by a slight musky scent. My eyes were inches from someone’s groin, their blonde tuft of pubic hair all I could see. Hands gripped my hair, preventing me from pulling away, and something heavy jiggled from my chest. More hands gripped my waist and my butt, and I felt... constricted and weirdly full, as if something was inside of me.

Two somethings in fact. My ass was tight, something thick and meaty filling it, almost uncomfortable if I started to tense up but also strangely pleasant. There also seemed to be something filling me from the front of my groin somehow, like it was slid into me where my dick should have been. All this came to me in an

instant, accompanied by the rawest, purest pleasure I'd ever felt. It was like my whole body was a penis and I shook in ecstasy, even as my brain scrambled to figure out what the hell was going on. All of the people surrounding me appeared to have paused.

“What-?” A voice from in front and above me began. Whatever he was going to say was stopped by his groan, and the hands gripping my hair tightened.

The warm thing between my lips throbbed, spurting hot liquid into my mouth as it thrust in a little deeper. The liquid was slightly salty and viscous, hitting the back of my throat and causing me to swallow involuntarily. I coughed and spluttered, pushing my head back up, planting my hands on the man's groin and trying to push away to get the thing out of my mouth. The hands in my hair released me and I pulled away, only to find my nose inches from a saliva-slick cockhead that was still erupting. The last few spurts hit my nose and my chin even as I jerked away. They slid down my face, leaving a warm trail.

My whole body wobbled strangely and, looking, down I found I was now the owner of two huge, dangling tits. White splatters slid off my chin and landed on them as I stared down in shock. There was also a man lying beneath me, his hands gripping each of my breasts, squeezing them hard and—oh shit—I just realized that the feeling of fullness from the front of me was the man's dick in my...my pussy.

The man beneath me—a dark-haired handsome twenty-something—looked as startled as I did. His eyes met mine, his mouth dropped open, and then he looked down my body to where the two of us were joined.

“Who--? Oh!” He too was interrupted as his desire carried him away.

I tried to push myself off him but someone was gripping my hips from behind. The man beneath me thrust up into me as he came. I could feel his cock throbbing within me, each burst filling me with heat. And before I even came to terms with that, a third man grunted from behind. He slammed into my asshole and I jumped, throwing my head back as pain met pleasure. My jump only served to drive the cock in my pussy even deeper, but now both men were cumming inside me and all I could do was lean on the warm chest beneath me and grit my eyes tight, holding on as they filled me from both ends. The residual pleasure spun through me, making me warm and excited, though I was too startled for the pleasure to be orgasmic. Oh god, two men were cumming inside me, pumping their dicks into a pussy and an ass that I'd never seen before but now apparently possessed.

When the throbbing inside me had subsided the man beneath me looked up apologetically. "Sorry."

The man behind me pulled out, leaving my ass thankfully empty but dripping. "Oh, dear," he said.

I untangled myself from the man beneath me as he scrambled to sit up, his cock slipping out of my pussy and leaving a trail down my thighs. Oh shit, his dick had been inside me. I couldn't help but stare down at the pussy between my legs. The lips were still swollen with arousal. The dark pubic hair glinted with beads of cum. That was mine now. And someone had been inside it.

I looked away from the body I now possessed and up at the three men surrounding me. The man who'd been beneath me had dark hair and masculine dusting of stubble. The man who'd been standing above me was a distinguished blonde who looked a little older. The man behind me was bald and beefy.

They were all staring down at themselves in confusion and disgust. I arranged myself on the couch, feeling self-conscious in my nudity as my bare tits swayed beneath me. I felt their cum dripping out of me and the stickiness as it dried on my face. I raised my hands to my tits to try to cover them but thought it looked like I was fondling myself, so I dropped them and just let them swing back and forth.

“What happened?” The distinguished blonde asked, looking from his hands back to the three of us. “Who are you? Where am I? Who am I? I’m not a guy!” He was slipping into panic.

“I don’t know,” I shook my head, feeling silky hair slip across my shoulders. “I was just in my car and then all of a sudden I was here. In someone else’s body. This isn’t me, either.”

“Oh god!” He said again.

I stood suddenly, causing my tits to jiggle. “Hey. Get it together. We’re all in the same predicament. I don’t think anyone here is...anyone here.”

“You’re not?” He asked. And having another person in the same position seemed to give him some reassurance, drawing him back slightly from the edge of a total meltdown.

“Oh my, oh my!” The bald man kept repeating, and then gasped when he looked down at his cock. It was still shiny with our mingled juices.

“I’m not, either,” the dark-haired man who’d been beneath me chimed in. “I’m a teenage girl. Or I was. What the fuck happened?”

“I don’t know,” I repeated. “I’m—my real name is Zach and I was—”

“Zach?” The blonde’s eyes widened. “Oh god. I’m Makayla.”

Before I could even process that, the dark-haired man spoke up. “I’m Savannah.”

“This is a penis!” The bald man said, staring down at himself. Something in his manner of speech seemed old-fashioned.

We all tried to speak over each other for a few seconds, confused about who we were and what was happening.

“I tried to stop myself but I didn’t know what was happening and I just felt so good and before I knew it I was doing whatever it was...” Savannah said to me, launching into an embarrassed explanation at the same time as Makayla talked over her, trying to explain her own actions and why they’d...released themselves inside of me.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t control it, I didn’t know what was going on and then before I figured it out it was too late and I tried to let you go but then your face was

right there and...”

“Lord have mercy!” The bald man exclaimed. “Is that what sex feels like from the other side?”

“Whoa, hold on, stop!” Makayla said, clapping her hands and taking charge of the situation. We all looked at her. “Something happened to all of us and it sounds like it’s not just us. Let’s stay calm and figure this out. But first...get some clothes on.” This last was accompanied by a glance at me and then away.

Now I became aware of sounds from outside in the street. Car horns. People screaming. Alarms going off.

One thing at a time.

The rest of us were content for Makayla to take charge, happy to have someone pretend like they knew what they were doing.

There were clothes piled on the floor. It was obvious which ones were mine: a purple bra, panties and an insanely short black skirt that lay crumpled in a heap. My body swayed and jiggled in strange new ways. My hips felt fuller and the tits on my chest bounced at each step. My whole sense of self was off.

I leaned over to pick up my clothes and my huge new breasts swung down to obscure my view. I held my breasts to my chest with one hand and picked up the clothes with fingers that were slim and elegant, the nails beautifully manicured. I

pushed the hair out of my eyes and shimmied into the top and the skirt, not bothering with the bra and panties just yet, only wanting something to cover all of me and quick. I had a mom body - all curvy hips, breasts and thighs. The skirt was a tight fit, clinging to my ample butt.

When the others had dressed in the jumble of other clothes lying around, Makayla pushed aside the curtain and we stared out into the chaos. At the retirement home across the street, several older people were out milling around in confusion. A young woman was being sick in the bushes near the street. Two cars had sideswiped each other and were sitting motionless in the middle of the street, smoke pouring from one of the engines. And further down the street was my own car, one wheel completely crumpled from where it had hit the curb. It was empty, no sign of any of our bodies.

“What do you reckon we should do, dearie?” The bald man asked.

Makayla turned to him. “We know who we are. Or were,” Makayla said, motioning to me and Savannah. “We’re all friends. Who are you?”

“I’m...her,” the bald man pointed to a woman in the yard of the retirement home who was leaning heavily on a walker. “Mavis.”

Makayla introduced us again and chewed on her lower lip. It was odd seeing this dapper gentleman with Makayla’s mannerisms. Savannah had taken a seat on the bed and was nervously squeezing her fingers together. Every now and then she would start to cross her legs and then get a strange expression on her face. Probably about to squish her balls.

I remained standing but kept shifting my hips back and forth, not quite comfortable in any position. I was also aware that there was...stuff inside me and dripping out of me. I pushed the thought away and we all looked to Makayla for an answer.

“The best thing—”

She was interrupted by a frantic knocking on the front door. Familiar voices were yelling to be let in. The three of us followed Makayla downstairs to the front door. I still couldn't get the hang of walking. My hips kept swaying back and forth so much. My thighs kept rubbing together. And my tits bounced all the time. Plus the air smelled different and everything looked so much more vivid. I was seeing the world through someone else's senses and having a hard time of it.

Makayla cracked open the door, gasped, and then flung it open all the way. Three people rushed in, all of them as terrified as we were. One of the bodies was mine, the other two belonged to Makayla and Savannah.

Fuck, it was weird watching my own body watching me. The six of us eyed each other, all talking over each other as Mavis stood to the side. I understood through the noise and confusion that the person in my body used to be the woman that I now inhabited. Makayla stuck two fingers in her mouth and whistled loudly to get everyone's attention. Everyone paused and turned to look at her. She was an even more commanding presence in her tall, solidly built body.

“Ok. We all appear to have swapped bodies, and it looks like it's happened everywhere.”

“I need to get home to my kids,” the man in Savannah’s body protested.

“I don’t think it’s safe to go out there just yet,” Makayla replied. I admired how calm she seemed. I was anything but. “For now let’s just watch the news and see if anyone knows anything.”

As we all began making our way to the lounge room, I pulled my former body aside. I was slightly shorter than I had been, and now had to look up at myself.

“Um,” I began, not quite knowing how to explain. But then I figured she knew exactly what she’d been doing at the time of the swap. “Can I use your shower? I’m um...”

“Oh, god,” her eyes widened. “I’m so sorry. Of course. I take it they, um... finished? Inside?”

I nodded.

She tried to hide a smile. “We have a deal that we all...you know what? Nevermind.”

As she led me upstairs to the shower I babbled. It’s what I did when I got nervous. I explained that I was a high schooler and I was driving Makayla and her sister home and it was strange that Makayla was a month or two younger than me and now she appeared to be slightly older. The woman in my former body nodded along politely and led me to the bathroom.

She left and I locked the door behind her. I turned to the mirror hanging over the sink and stared at the reflection of the body I now inhabited. As I'd thought, I seemed to be an older woman, maybe somewhere in my thirties, with dark good looks. Coal black hair swept down the side of my face in jagged bangs. Slender dark eyebrows arched above seductive mocha brown eyes. My skin was smooth and of a darker complexion, maybe slightly Mediterranean. My lips were full and plump, and I tried my best not to think about what had been inside them recently.

Then, of course, there were my tits. The dress crushed them together into incredible cleavage, but even without the help they were heavy and full. I slipped out of the top and let it fall to the floor. My breasts bounced free, bobbling together slightly. Christ, they seemed huge. I could barely hold them in each hand. They were warm with some slight give, heavier but less sensitive than I expected. I squeezed them in my fingers experimentally, watching them balloon up and outwards.

My eyes traced down my body. A little bit of a tummy. A full swell of ass. Wide thighs and toned calves. A thatch of dark hair between my legs, hiding the new pussy I owned. Fuck, I was like a hot mom.

I dropped my tits and they bounced together hypnotically. I half turned, admiring the curve of my back, the swell of my ass. I could totally see myself having wet dreams about this woman. As I stroked a hand down my smooth skin I became aware of a gentle warmth spreading upwards from my middle. I dropped my hand and turned away. Not now.

The shower was warm and I used the woman's peach-scented body wash to rub myself down. It was odd cleaning someone else's pussy and asshole, swiping my hand between the crack of my ass, spreading my butt cheeks wide to get all the

cum out. Then I did the same with my pussy, my fingers caressing the soft scratch of pubic hair beneath the slickness of the soap. Just touching myself gave me a delightful little tingle. Man, I hoped this body was on birth control. I dreaded the thought of being a woman and pregnant.

After getting out and drying off I shimmied back into my outfit. My ass was hot in that tiny skirt, and I paused to check myself out in the mirror. I was turning myself on, my old attraction at this new body. But even so, there was something about this body that was ready to get turned on. Like I was constantly on the edge of arousal. Was this woman always so horny?

I returned downstairs to find everyone in the living room. Makayla stood in front of the television, chewing on her thumbnail as she watched the news. The others variously stood or sat, flicking through their phones. When my former body saw me she handed me my cell phone.

“Here,” she said. “Your girlfriend suggested we unlock our phones and give them to each other.”

“My...Makayla?”

“Yeah.”

I took my phone. There were already dozens of messages from my friends and family. I texted my mom and dad, assuring them I was okay. I wasn't quite ready to tell them who I was and I definitely wasn't ready to tell them what I was doing when I swapped. When I'd finished texting, I turned my attention to the television.

A grizzled old man in a black tee shirt sat behind the anchor desk. The chyron beneath him gave his name as Stephanie Wong. He was checking in with other news anchors around the world, a motley collection of men and women who'd obviously been swapped. They were calling the event the Global Switch. The cause was unknown but it seemed like most people in the world had swapped bodies. There was no rhyme or reason to who swapped with who. Some swapped with people right next to them, while others swapped with people up to a mile away. A small percentage of people were unaffected.

"No word yet from the White House?" Stephanie asked.

"That's right, Stephanie," a ten-year-old kid with an earpiece responded. "And at this point we're not even sure who the president has become. We'll keep you posted."

I moved next to Makayla. She looked up at me and smiled. "Hey."

"Hey. What's happening?"

"No one knows. Could be an attack, but it's weird that it seems to have affected the whole world."

"What are we supposed to do?"

“I don’t know.”

I glanced at the others in the room and then leaned closer to whisper in her ear. As I did so, I got a quick hit of her sandalwood scent and it sent a little thrill up and down my body. “I don’t really want to stay here with these people. I want to make sure my family is okay.”

“Me too,” she agreed. “But I also don’t want these people to do anything to my body.”

“I don’t know that there’s really anything we can do about that except trust them.”

“You saw the position they were in when we swapped. What makes you think they won’t try that out with our bodies?”

“I think they’re too scared of everything that’s happened,” I said, hoping it was true. “But I can’t stay here. I have to get home to my family and see what’s happened to them. Come with me. My house is pretty close. Closer than yours. And it’s safer than being with strangers.”

She eventually relented, and we had a whispered conversation with Savannah to convince her. Before leaving, we all traded phone numbers with our original bodies and promised to get together as soon as someone figured out a way to switch back.

It was getting dark and my car was wrecked so we had to walk. Maybe it was being in the presence of two solidly built guys, but no one approached us. Even so, I stayed close to Makayla and Savannah. Every now and then I had to ask them to slow down, as I couldn't match their long strides, especially not when I was still distracted by the jiggling of my new body with each step.

“What do you think caused all this?” Makayla asked.

I shrugged. “Terrorists? Aliens? The fact that it’s worldwide might mean it’s a total accident.” After a short pause I asked her: “Have you heard from your family?”

“Yeah,” she pulled out her phone and flipped through it. “This is apparently my mom.”

She handed me the phone. On it was a photo of a very scared thirteen-year-old girl with braces. Her red hair was in pigtails and she had a spray of freckles across her face.

“You’re older than your mom.”

“Uh huh,” Makayla said. “Does this mean I’m in charge?”

She started laughing, but soon hid her face in her hands as her laughter turned to sobbing.

“Hey, hey,” I said, hugging her. “It’s going to be okay.”

She grabbed me back, her broad hands pulling me close as she shook on my shoulder. After a few seconds she pulled herself together, sniffed and stood up.

“Come on,” I said. “One step at a time. Let’s get to my house.”

She nodded and I took her hand. Savannah was watching us, a worried look on her face as well.

2

There was chaos on the roads. Cars blocked lanes, the doors thrown open as the occupants ran wild. We passed groups of people who seemed just as confused as us. A total mishmash of people. Businessmen in suits strode hand-in-hand with long-haired hippies. A rough looking biker with a swastika on one arm tenderly shepherded two Black women around. A group of school kids vandalized shop fronts, smashing glass and jumping on cars. We made a wide berth, watching as they eyed us. I was glad Makayla and Savannah were muscular guys because the kids left us alone.

When we arrived, I found my dad's car already in the driveway. I pushed open the front door, not knowing what to expect.

"Mom? Dad?" I called out.

I heard voices from the living room and rounded the corner to see three strangers sitting on the couch. A young Latina sat between a man and a woman. The Latina had long, dark hair that draped around her shoulders and spilled down her ample breasts. Her stomach was round and firm, and it took me a second to realize she was pregnant.

The young man beside her looked like a twenty-something nerd. He had bad skin and round glasses that gave him an owl-like appearance. He wore a button-down shirt and a half-apron, as if he'd just gotten off shift from a restaurant.

The older woman on the other side I recognized immediately as my hot math teacher from school. A busty thirty-something woman with a short blonde pixie cut. She was sitting like a man, legs spread wide beneath her black skirt, hunched over and leaning her elbows on her knees so that her cleavage hung down for anyone to see.

The young nerd looked up at the three of us in the doorway.

“Zach?” He asked.

“That’s me,” I said, stepping forward.

“Oh god,” she stood and rushed over to hug me, crushing me to her. “I’m your mom. I’m glad you’re all right.” After a few seconds she pulled away and looked me up and down. “Oh my god, oh my god,” she murmured.

I introduced Makayla and Savannah. It turned out that the pregnant Latina was my dad. The body he was in belonged to a receptionist at his work who’d gone on maternity leave. She’d returned to the office to talk to some of her friends when the switch happened.

“I can feel the baby kicking,” he explained, rubbing his huge stomach with a slender hand.

“When are you due?” Savannah asked.

“Any day now,” my dad gulped, looking down at his round belly.

My brother, Jacob, ended up being in the math teacher’s body. He’d stayed after school for some tutoring sessions and had been in the middle of a lesson when he suddenly found himself leaning over his own body. I knew he’d lusted after her—hell, most of the school probably did—and wondered how he felt suddenly being inside her body. We’d have to compare notes.

Makayla’s phone rang. It was her dad. She and Savannah went into the kitchen to talk to him while I remained with my family. We were all glued to our phones, waiting for the latest updates. There was very little conversation but every now and then someone would look at themselves or at the others around the room.

“They’re locking down the whole country,” my brother said, flicking through his phone. He was slumped back on the couch and I wondered if he was aware that his skirt was riding up his legs, allowing me to see his creamy golden thighs. I felt a little tingle in my own body and shifted in my armchair.

“Good luck with that,” I said. “How do they know who’s supposed to be in the military? They just gonna give out guns to anyone who asks?”

“This is going to be bad,” my dad muttered, absently rubbing his stomach.

Makayla and Savannah rejoined us a few minutes later. They were both paler and trembling. I pushed myself out of my chair and went over to console them, yanking my too-short skirt back down over my legs as I did so.

“How’s your family?” I asked.

Makayla shook her head and Savannah snorted. “Our dad’s a stripper. Says he was just driving by but...” Savannah shrugged her broad shoulders. “Mom is pissed and terrified. She wants us to come home.”

“It’s not safe out there,” my mom said.

“Yeah,” dad agreed, “Lots of crazies out there. You should stay the night.”

Makayla and Savannah protested lightly, but soon relented. My dad needed help in getting off the couch, and he wobbled around the room, trying to help mom get out blankets for the bed in the downstairs guest bedroom. Mom soon told him to sit down and rest, and he collapsed back onto the couch with a weary sigh.

“Sorry, you’ll have to share a bed,” mom said to the two transformed sisters, tugging the covers on the spare bed.

“We’ll be okay. Thank you,” Makayla said, rubbing her arms.

“There are towels if you want to shower. I mean, I don’t know if you want to see yourself naked...that is...” my mom started babbling. Guess it ran in the family.

Makayla smiled to try to put her at ease. “It’s okay. Thank you. Really.”

My mom nodded and we left the sisters in the guest room to return to my family. We were all still in shock, repeating the stories of how we’d found ourselves in these bodies. I didn’t tell my parents any details, just that I’d been driving by and found myself in this woman’s body. At one point my dad paused and lifted his blouse, exposing his pregnant belly.

“You can feel him kicking.”

My brother put his hand on my dad’s stomach. “Weird.”

My mom quizzed me about my body: Where was my old body? Who was in it? Did I have any questions about being a woman? She seemed hopeful that there would be a way to reverse all this, and urged us all to check in with our former bodies. Mom always was the optimistic one. I didn’t want to be stuck like this forever, and I could tell dad was nervous about giving birth. My younger brother...well...he seemed pretty comfortable in our teacher’s body.

As we told stories, I heard the downstairs shower come on and wondered how Makayla felt about her new dick. Did she feel just as funny as I did? Did she have this sort of constant warmth that I did? A warmth exacerbated whenever she came close to me? Why was I so restless?

When Savannah and Makayla returned my mom poked through the refrigerator to try to put together some sort of meal for us. We ate leftovers in front of the

TV, watching the news roll in. Tanks were rolling out through the streets and chaos spread throughout the world. There was no information on what had caused this whole thing, just a rolling stream of who had swapped into who. The president and vice president had swapped, so at least the whole leadership thing wouldn't be too hard to figure out. The same couldn't be said for other countries. In several of the more conservative countries right wing men had swapped into the bodies of petite women. Maybe this would cause them to rethink their whole stance on gender and something good would come of this.

It grew late and the conversation petered out. One by one my family went up to their rooms. I stayed downstairs, watching television until I was sure no answers would be forthcoming anytime soon. The light was still on in Makayla's room and I could hear the two sisters talking. Occasionally an oddly girlish male giggle would emanate from the room.

I slid open the glass doors to the patio and stepped out onto the back porch. Leaning on the rough wooden balustrade I gazed out at the line of houses beyond our fence. There were still lights on in a few of them. People like me, trapped in another's body. A cool breeze ruffled my hair and I pushed my silky locks back out of my eyes. My tits hung down below me, pressed out into incredible cleavage.

Behind me, the patio door slid open and then closed. I pulled my eyes away from my tits in a hurry and looked over as a dapper blonde man settled himself on the balustrade next to me. Makayla. She folded her arm and the stark blue moonlight made cliffs of her biceps.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey."

“Thanks for talking me down when we first...you know.”

“You’re the one who organized everyone.”

“Yeah, but my first instinct was to panic.”

I leaned my head on one hand, shifting my legs as I did so, and looked over at her. She looked back at me. The man Makayla now inhabited was gorgeous. All rugged lines and crisp angles. I found myself staring into her dark eyes. My body had a heightened sense of smell, and I could pick out her masculine scent through the breeze. It stirred something in me. Made me long to be touched. I shifted my legs again, still restless, still needing something.

“So, how is having a penis?” I asked playfully.

“My sister and I were...looking at them,” she confessed, not meeting my eye.

“Comparing sizes?”

She smiled. “Just looking. How do you deal with these things between your legs all day? I think I sat on my balls and...ugh. And I’m so big. Here, hold up your hand.”

She held her hand up, palm facing me. I spread my fingers and placed my palm against hers. Her fingers dwarfed mine. Seeing this comparison made me feel even smaller and more delicate. But feeling her skin against mine sent a warm flush through me. The restlessness intensified, concentrated in my middle, and I realized at last what it was: I was horny.

“See? Huge!” She exclaimed.

“Maybe I’m just the one who’s small.” I slid my fingers in between hers and gently clasped her hand. I didn’t know if Makayla liked me as much as I liked her, but I knew that in that moment I needed her like never before and hoped she needed me too.

“I keep thinking about that moment we both found ourselves in these bodies. It felt so good. I might like to try it again.”

I brought her hand to my lips and kissed her fingers. She didn’t let go, just stared at me, entranced. I stood and moved closer to her, dropping her hand to slide my arms around her waist. My breasts pressed against her chest as I stood on tiptoes and brought my lips to hers.

She didn’t draw back. Her lips were warm and solid beneath mine. Her masculine scent intoxicating. Then she kissed me back and I melted into her. My brain was fuzzy, desire slowly overtaking me. As we continued kissing, tasting each other, I felt her hands grip my waist, slide around to cup my ass.

She pulled away, breathing hard, and gazed down at me. “Oh my god this feels so...intense. How do you fight this all the time?”

“You don’t.”

I kissed her again and this time I felt her urgency. She drew me close, hands gripping my waist to pull me in as I welcomed her tongue into my mouth. Her hard body perfectly fit against my soft one. I could feel the stirrings of her erection beneath her pants. Every second our lips touched increased the delicious desire filling me. My hands sped up, grasping and sliding across the contours of Makayla’s formidable body. Every inch of me wanted her, wanted to somehow nestle inside her, combine the both of us into a single being. As she pressed against me again I felt her cock straining now beneath her pants and knew I had to have it.

I dropped to my knees and undid her pants, freeing her cock. It was rock hard and so big up against my tiny nose. I wrapped my fingers around it, shivering as I grasped her strong warmth, knowing it was for me.

“Zach—” She started to protest.

But her protest died as I took her into my mouth. Her cock tasted divine, and I slowly drew my lips down the length of her shaft, opening my mouth as wide as possible, sinking down as far as I could go until I was full of her. Her hard-soft heat pressed against the roof of my mouth, and I undulated my tongue against the underside of her dick. She was delicious. No wonder the woman had been giving a blowjob when I became her. It seemed my tastebuds had a thing for cock.

Makayla moaned, “Oh fuck”, and gripped my hair in a fist. I slid my mouth up and down her shaft, never releasing her, wanting to keep her intoxicating cock

between my lips. I'd never been turned on by men before but my new body ached for her. The wetness grew between my thighs as desire made itself known. I was so turned on just by sucking her cock.

I slowed when I sensed she was on the edge, when I felt the first quick jolt of her dick, followed by the salty taste of her pre-cum. I moaned around her cock as I swallowed her, remaining still so she could get herself under control. She gasped and pulled away but I grabbed her ass and yanked her back towards me, driving my lips down her shaft and holding her there. She pulsed once, twice, and I felt a few drops of warm cum splash against my tongue.

When she got herself back under control I released her, my lips coming off her dick with a wet pop. I looked up at her handsome face staring down at me in lust and desire.

"I need you to fuck me," I whispered.

She nodded and I stood, shimmying out of my clothes and tossing them to the patio floor. We both gazed down at my body, draped only in moonlight. The swell of my breasts was gorgeous, each of them heavy and full. My body was curvy, hips flaring out, tapering into trim legs.

I turned and rested my arms on the balustrade, spreading my legs and arching my back. My long hair tickled down my back as I half-turned to face her.

"Fuck me," I begged again, my voice dripping with desire.

I felt both weak and strong, needy and powerful. She gripped my hips and slid her cock between my legs. It parted my pussy lips, the cockhead meeting my entrance and pausing there. I took one of my tits in my hand, holding it in my palm as I teased the nipple into sharp arousal with my fingers. Watching this woman I'd become playing with her tits, feeling everything as she did so, made me even hornier. The pressure of the cock built against my entrance, and then Makayla slid inside me with a soft moan.

I cried out as she filled me, clasp my tit to my chest and raising my head back in the air, eyes closed. Makayla drove in slowly, her own breath hitching in her throat as she filled me, until her groin rested against my ass and I was full. With my pussy clasp her cock like a glove I felt whole, complete, in a way I'd never felt before.

She pulled out and drove in again, pushing another gasp from my lips. I spread my fingers across my tit, pinching and groping myself harder as Makayla picked up the speed. In and out, in and out. Our bodies joined in rhythm and we gasped in harmony. Delight pulsed through me, the anticipation growing towards a beautiful climax. I could feel it coming, could feel the pressure building, needing to be released.

Makayla grunted as she thrust harder and faster inside me. Her cock was magnificent, burrowing through my slick folds as I wrapped around her. I leaned back, pushing myself down on her, willing her to impale me, to slide in to the hilt each time. Now the slapping of my ass was loud in the quiet night and my groans rose in pitch. She fucked me harder, driving deep, her need pushing on my own until I came.

"Oh!" I uttered a short, sharp cry and then was paralyzed with pleasure. My cunt squeezed around the dick inside me, my entire body pulsing as the orgasm rushed through me. Pleasure filled me, a combination of gratefulness and sated need, made even more wonderful by the pulsing of Makayla's cock inside me as

she came. Her hot cum filled me and she thrust in deep, emptying herself into me. I gripped my tit harder and cried out again and again, eyes clenched tight as each spurt of her seed made me dizzy with delight.

The moment lasted forever until, my fierce need finally satisfied, I slowly returned to earth. Makayla was still lodged deep inside me, just as when we first appeared in these bodies. Only now I loved it. Now I needed it. Fuck, I was ready for another orgasm already.

Makayla pulled out and I turned and draped my arms over her shoulders, pulling her in for another kiss. My body shivered with aftershock as her strong hands caressed me. I pulled away and rested my forehead against hers, my tits crushed against her chest.

“I love you,” I said. It came out of me unexpectedly, a culmination of the deep feelings I had for her and the physical pleasure she’d given me.

“I love you, too,” she said.

And I was weak and warm, relief flooding through me. I laughed and kissed her again, deeper this time. We gathered our clothes and snuck up to my room. I fell asleep with her curled around me, cock pressing against my bare ass.

3

I woke up to Makayla's hand on my breast. I was on my back and she was leaning her head on one arm staring at me in wonder and need while the fingers of the other hand explored my tit, gently grasping and squeezing. Both of us stared at my breast as she manipulated it. Her rock-hard cock pressed up against my leg.

"Just seeing you naked makes me so horny," Makayla sighed when she saw me awake. "And tits. My god, I've never been so excited by them. Is this what it's like all the time for guys?"

"Mmm," I sighed and snuggled closer to her, my body already echoing the want in hers. "Pretty much," I said, in a voice lustily scratchy with sleep and desire.

She climbed on top of me and we fucked quickly and quietly. Her weight rested on me as she slid inside me again. I wrapped my legs around her, urging her deep as I clutched the sheets in hands made claws through pleasure. My body really was a delight. Horny and ready to fuck. I came easily, covering my mouth to stifle the moans as my tits jiggled with each thrust. Makayla's hot spurts once again filled me, and she groaned as she emptied herself inside me.

When she was done she rolled off and I rested my head in the crook of her arm as she held me. Noises from the rest of the house alerted me to the fact that the others were up.

“Will we still feel like this when we switch back?” Makayla asked.

“I think so,” I said, though I was far from sure we would ever switch back, and was beginning to think that I didn’t want to.

After a brief pause she sighed. “Savannah’s gonna be wondering where I am. I should go.”

She slipped out of bed and I turned onto my stomach to watch her dress, eyeing her cock, still slick with our mingled juices, until she’d hidden it beneath her underwear. She slipped quietly out the door.

I snuck into the bathroom and closed the door behind me. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. My long dark hair was sleep-tousled, my cheeks still blushed with exertion. I liked this body. I liked looking at it whenever I wanted. Controlling it. Owning it. Even though I could have been somewhere around my mom’s age and had lost several years I wanted to keep it, excited at all the pleasure it had already brought me.

I used the toilet and showered. I scrubbed myself down with my soap, tracing around each breast until I was sudsy and slick everywhere. It was enjoyable groping myself, squeezing my tits together and letting them fall back down against my tummy. Christ, this body was constantly horny and made even worse by my own desire for it. Eventually I pulled myself away and stepped out.

After drying off and slipping into some sweatpants and one of my old shirts that was way too big for me, I joined my family downstairs. My dad was back on the couch, nursing a mug of something hot. Mom was next to him.

“Uh, dad, I didn’t think pregnant women were supposed to drink coffee.”

“Yeah, your mom told me. This is tea. But it’s just not the same.”

“Anything new?”

He shook his head and then angrily swiped the hair out of his face. “Still no answers. It’s chaos right now. A lot of people are claiming to be other people but no one can—oh!” He stopped talking and started taking quick breaths, clutching his stomach with one hand. Mom stroked his cheek and encouraged him to take deep breaths. After a second or two the pain subsided and he got himself under control.

“You okay?”

He shook his head.

“Contractions,” mom said. “We think this baby is coming.”

Before I could remark on that, Makayla and Savannah joined us in the living room. “Thank you for letting us spend the night,” Makayla said, “But I think we should be getting home. My parents are worried about us.”

“And we’re worried about them,” Savannah added.

My dad still didn’t think it was a good idea but they insisted and he had his own problems to distract him. I pulled Makayla aside.

“You going to be okay?” I asked.

“I think so. You?”

“Yeah. I don’t know how long we’re going to have these bodies. I thought maybe we could...take some more advantage.”

She smiled and stroked my cheek. My body flared bright at her touch.
“Definitely,” she agreed. “Text me.”

She put her number in my phone and we hugged each other one last time. My mom filled up some water bottles and gave them to Savannah and Makayla. According to the news the roads were still jammed with abandoned vehicles so they would have to walk.

“Be safe,” she said.

“We’ll be fine,” Makayla assured her. “It’s only about a forty-minute trip.”

“There’s no telling what kind of crazies are out there,” my dad chimed in, “It’s almost like—” He stopped as another round of contractions hit him. “The apocalypse,” he finally finished.

We said our goodbyes, Makayla promising to text me when she was home safely. When they left my mom cornered me in the kitchen.

“I’m worried about your dad,” she confessed. “The contractions are coming faster. We need to get him to the hospital so he can give birth.”

“Are the hospitals even open?”

“They are. It’s chaotic but...yes. I’ve called Olivia—that’s the name of the person your dad’s become—and they have a four-wheel drive. They said they can still get around, sort of. They’re going to bring it over here and take us to the hospital.”

“Honey!” Dad called out from the living room.

Mom hurried back to take care of him. I couldn’t watch my dad like that so I went upstairs to my room. I fell onto the bed and texted Makayla. She texted back as she walked. Her parents were having a fight. Her mom didn’t believe her dad’s story about why he was stuck as a stripper.

I miss you, I texted.

Miss you too, she replied. Want to see you again.

Want to see you.

She narrated through text the sights she saw on the trip home. The cars vandalized. The people in the streets. It was still crazy. And added to all that stress was her parent's marriage. It apparently hadn't been solid to begin with and this was just another crack.

I kind of accidentally made my sister cum last night. That's why we were laughing. Makayla confessed.

Being in someone else's body seemed to have made all of us a little freer to say and do things we wouldn't normally. Like being in a story featuring someone else where consequences didn't matter. If Makayla had ever told me she'd accidentally made Savannah cum back in our old bodies it would have fed my fantasies for months. As it was, I could imagine them laughing in their room as Makayla stroked her sister's dick, only to have it explode sticky warm cum over her fingers.

I set my phone aside lay back on my bed. The only thing distracting me now were the little excited moans coming from my brother's room. He seemed to have made himself right at home. My own body was warming gently at the thought of Makayla stroking her sister's dick. I needed to distract myself so, once the moans stopped, I knocked on Jacob's door.

It took him a few seconds to open it. The room was warm and heavy with the musky scent of his pussy. Our teacher's cropped blonde hair stuck up at crazy angles and her cheeks were flushed. Jacob had put on one of his own shirts, and his sharp nipples indented the fabric.

"What's up?" He asked.

"You look like you're having a good time."

"Yeah." He smirked, an unusually arrogant look on my teacher's soft features. "Figure they'll probably find out how to fix everything eventually. May as well get some enjoyment out of it. You can't tell me you haven't wanted to see Ms. Baker naked."

That was my brother. A *laissez faire* attitude towards life and a general optimism that everything would get better. I wished I had that. I was a worrier by nature.

"Dad's having contractions."

"Shit."

"Mom's gonna take him to the hospital once the real parents get here."

“What do you think’s gonna happen?”

“I think he’s going to give birth whether he’s ready or not.”

The doorbell rang.

“That’s probably dad’s body now,” I said.

“I gotta see this,” Jacob said, brushing past me and heading downstairs.

My dad’s body was in the living room, along with another woman, helping dad to his feet. It was weird seeing his body acting so un-dad-like. The woman in his body held herself differently and moved awkwardly, as if still getting used to the shape of her body. There was another woman in the room. Overweight verging on obese. Thick rolls of fat stretched out her shirt and her massive pants That must be the father of the baby. They had dad between them and he paused as another contraction hit him.

“Breathe,” dad’s receptionist said. “Slow, deep breaths. We need to get to the hospital.”

“Oh shit. What if I can’t do it?”

“You can. You will,” the fat lady said. “Women have been giving birth for

thousands of years.”

“But I’ve only been a woman for one day,” dad insisted.

“Still. We can do this.”

They helped him outside to the car, mom following behind. She gave me one last hug.

“Lock the door. Don’t let anyone inside,” she said, before ducking into the backseat.

The vehicle rolled off down the road, bumping up onto the sidewalk every now and then to avoid a pileup in the street. I closed and locked the door.

“That was fucked,” my brother said.

“Yeah, I—” I turned to face him and stopped.

Jacob was naked, his clothes lying in a pile on the floor beside him. He stood before me in Ms. Baker’s body and my eyes wandered down across his breasts, admiring his hips and the light tuft of hair between his legs. My own body stirred at the sight. God, I was constantly horny, aroused at the simplest things. And my teacher’s mature body was anything but simple.

“What are you doing?”

He strolled towards me, letting his hips sway back and forth. I was mesmerized by his new figure. My eyes were drawn to his tits, which jostled against each other at each step. Mine were bigger, but his were still incredible.

“When the mice are away the cats will play.”

“It’s the other way around.”

He caressed my cheek and leaned close, his breath warm on my ear. “My pussy really wants to play.”

He nipped my neck before I could respond, teeth grazing my sensitive skin and sending a little shiver through my body. He kissed up my jawline to my lips. He was so different from Makayla, softer and with a sweeter scent. But much more eager. He lifted my shirt off over my head and I held my arms in the air to help him. I tossed the hair out of my eyes with a flick of my head and watched as he ducked down to my chest and took my bare tits in each hand.

He kissed one breast, then the other. His tongue worked its way across my skin, tasting me, delightfully warm and wet. My body responded eagerly, growing warm with desire as he sucked on each tiny nipple. He enjoyed my tits, burying his face between them, squeezing them together and then gently brushing them against his own. And it was hot as hell watching my teacher play with someone else’s tits, feeling her tongue on breasts that were now my own, watching her

fingers squeeze tits that I possessed.

He rose and kissed me again, his hands still on my tits. He leaned against me, forcing me to step back until my butt hit the front door. Then he knelt in front of me and unbuttoned my pants. I gazed down at him, past my tits to watch as he revealed my pussy. My little lips were already loosening with desire, growing damp with need. When he buried his face between my legs I groaned, pleasure flitting through me.

He licked me slowly, tongue following the line of my slit up and down while I played with my own tits. I pinched my nipples before bringing a breast up to my lips. Bending down, I could just reach my own tit and I sucked one as much as I could while Jacob worked his tongue deeper inside me. His eyes were closed with delight as he licked me. Fuck, it was hot watching my teacher between my legs licking pussy. I'd always imagined her on her knees sucking my dick, but this was just as good.

Then Jacob brought his fingers up to help, gently easing me apart before sliding in. My pussy wrapped around his fingers, and they brought with it that delightful feeling of perfect fullness that I'd enjoyed with Makayla's cock. I shivered and moaned, leaning back against the door, still playing with my tits as the heat unspooled inside me. I heard the slippery sound of my wetness as Jacob feasted on me, teasing out my pleasure. His fingers slid in deeper, curling up to hit my inner pleasure. I gasped as he filled me, his tongue undulating across my swollen clit. My breath came faster as he urged the pleasure on through me, fingering me, licking my pussy, until I came. The orgasm was tremendous, making me weak at the knees. I cried out, shivering in delight, as he continued tasting and fingering me, all the way up through the climax and back down.

When I was done he looked up at me, Ms. Baker's chin slick with my juices. She was beautiful and I still ached for her.

Jacob lay down on the floor and spread his legs. His puffy pussy lips were visible beneath the golden pubic hair, a little dot of moisture already gleaming. I got to my knees between his legs and buried my face in his pussy, surrounding myself with his delicious musky aroma. I licked him long and slow, dragging his juices across my chin, swallowing him down as he writhed and moaned beneath me. I was so turned on just by eating his pussy. Our bodies rose in tandem and we climaxed together. I growled out my pleasure, surrounded by him, tongue and fingers deep inside his wet warmth. He howled on the floor, clutching himself as he shook with ecstasy. Feeling my teacher's body vibrate around me made me cum again, and I moaned, inhaling a mouthful of my teacher's musky aroma and her delicious wetness.

When I was done I sat up and wiped my chin. My brother's new scent still clung to me. He sat up and kissed me again. I could taste my own pussy on his lips, delightfully tangy.

"Hopefully we'll get to do that a few more times before we get our bodies back," he said.

4

It turned out that we'd have plenty of time in our new bodies. As the days passed there was no solution forthcoming. The latest advice was that everyone would just have to live with it. I stopped following the news for a while. It all got too depressing and confusing trying to figure out who was who. Besides, there was plenty to do at home.

Dad and mom returned with a new baby. Dad had been in labor for nearly eight hours, scared out of his wits. His old body and her boyfriend, now the obese woman, moved in with us to help raise the baby. Dad still had to breastfeed the baby and I think he was even falling in love with it. He was certainly getting used to his body and was moving around the house with a grace he'd never had before.

The baby was oddly calm, rarely crying, instead peering around at the world as if studying everything. I wondered if he was some forty-year-old man in a baby's body who'd spent the last several days inside someone's womb, fully aware of who and where he was. And if somewhere there was a newborn adjusting to being a full-grown man.

Makayla and I kept up our romance as the world fell apart and rebuilt itself around us. She would make the trip to come visit me and we would hide away in my room. She was not used to being so horny, having her dick do all the thinking. And I was hornier than I'd ever been. Maybe the woman I'd swapped with was a sex addict because I needed it. Even when Makayla left I would sneak into Jacob's room and we would lick each other to orgasm.

I'm pretty sure mom started fucking dad once he'd recovered. I heard noises from their room at night. They were now much younger than they'd been, and their bodies were as horny as mine. Hell, I'd fuck dad now. I wondered how his secretary felt about that. If she even knew what he was doing. If she even cared or had resigned herself to her new body.

By the time school started up months later, Makayla and I were officially together. We held hands as we walked through the halls, ogling the changes the rest of the students had gone through and thankful that we'd avoided some of the worst possibilities:

Two of my friends had swapped bodies with their sisters but still acted as dorky as ever.

The quarterback had swapped with his cheerleader girlfriend. He'd cut his hair short and strolled through the halls looking like a tomboy, while she kept pace beside him, still swaying the quarterback's hips as if she was a woman.

A handful of students were grey-haired and bent with age, while an equal number seemed just out of diapers.

A lot of people had been at home and so had swapped with their families, guys and girls coming back to school in the bodies of their moms and dads. Sometimes gender swapped, sometimes not, but always with a doleful look.

One or two, like my brother, had swapped bodies with the teachers, while most of the teachers were indistinguishable from the students until I saw them seated at their desks.

By now everyone had somewhat adjusted to their new bodies, and we had to introduce ourselves all over again. I was glad I had Makayla at my side to help me and comfort me. And I was glad I had my brother home every night to pleasure me. There were worse people I could have swapped with, and I was grateful every day. Especially when Makayla and I snuck away during lunch so she could fuck me beneath the bleachers, my ass in the air, all the pleasure pent up since my morning masturbation sessions released in a grunting, groaning orgasm.

Yep. There were certainly worse things.

#

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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