



FOREIGN
Exchange

**F2F BODY
SWAP**

IMMUNITIES

Foreign Exchange

F2F Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Chun's mom took her firmly by the shoulders and looked into her eyes. "You can't back out now, Chun, your father and I have too much at stake."

"Where even is dad?" Chun asked, her huge brown eyes trembling with tears.

Chun's mom sighed. "The provincial party leader unexpectedly arrived today. Your father had to meet him. They'll be watching from the observation room."

Chun drew away from her mom and wiped away the tears that threatened to fall. "He can't even say goodbye."

The head technician—a severe looking man with thick glasses and a tuft of gray hair on either side of his head that made Chun think of an owl—stopped pretending to tap the digital screen in his hand and looked down his glasses at them. "Is there a problem?"

"No problem. She's ready." Chun's mom jumped in before Chun could protest, as she gently ushered her daughter towards the transfer room.

Chun didn't really want to be the Chinese volunteer for this little tested technological marvel, but she had no choice. Her dad, despite his full-throated endorsement of the People's Party at every opportunity, had been passed over time and time again for plum positions. He had nearly resigned himself to be stuck as low level official in the township forever until this opportunity came along. The officials were looking for a teenage woman to match the profile of the American counterpart, and Chun's dad was looking for advancement. It was a win-win for everyone except Chun.

Chun followed the tech towards the door of the transfer room, fighting back her tears. It wasn't just that her dad wasn't here to see her off—she'd almost expected that—it was also that the night before Chun had had a fight with her girlfriend over this experiment.

"Some imperialist is going to be walking around as you!" Chun's girlfriend had raged.

"I don't have a choice," Chun sobbed.

In the end Chun's girlfriend had stormed off, wanting nothing more to do with her. To make matters worse, Chun had no one to share her grief with. Her parents were small province conservatives and, even in this day and age, would have been livid at the thought of their daughter being attracted to other women. Chun had hidden herself away in her room and sobbed all night, letting her mom believe it was all just fear over the experiment.

Back in the facility, the transfer room door disappeared silently into the wall, revealing a stark white room. At the center was a small platform, on which sat a chair that looked for all the world like an electric chair. A polished metal dome was angled above the chair, the arm rests striped with metal clasps. The seat was a deep velvety black that actually looked quite comfortable, despite the starkness of the rest of the machine. Behind it, a second technician was adjusting something on a small computer bank. Readouts and numbers flashed by on the screen. None of it meant anything to Chun. A large glass window took up most of the opposite wall, through which Chun could see her dad among some important bureaucrats. Their eyes met and he nodded at her without a smile.

The technician handed Chun a baby blue hospital gown and she looked at it doubtfully. “Do I really need this? I thought it was non-surgical.”

The head technician sighed, as if her questions were an annoying trifle. “We want to minimize excess stimuli after the transfer. Your mind will be dealing with enough just adjusting to your new body.”

Chun took the gown, trying to fight back the queasy feeling, the knowledge that someone else would be in her skin, walking around as her, talking as her. And she, of course, would be inside someone else. Some American. This joint US-China experiment was also functioning as a diplomatic gesture. A way for the two countries to continue reconciling after the Great Accident twenty years ago.

Admittedly, visiting the US was the exciting part. Chun had never been out of the country before. In fact, she'd only left her province once to visit the city. Her parents weren't rich or socially connected and she wasn't any sort of genius able to compete in the elite schools of modern Beijing. Barring a miracle, this single semester would probably be her only chance to visit anywhere outside of her tiny provincial town.

The technician pointed her towards a curtained alcove at the other end of the room, which hid a small stool and a mirror crookedly hung on the wall. Chun changed into the hospital gown, tying it around the back as well as she could before folding her clothes neatly and setting them on the stool. She turned to the mirror to take one last look at herself.

She had a rather unremarkable face, round and slightly pale, a little mole dotted beside her wide nose. Long, black hair cascaded down her back, tied in a simple ponytail. She was short and slightly plump, her petite breasts covered by the shapeless gown. She knew she was average at best. But it was *her* average face, *her* average body, and the thought of someone else inside it gave her the creeps. She sighed and returned to the room proper.

When she returned, the head technician helped her into the chair. The seat took her weight easily, contouring perfectly to her body. The technician was more gentle than Chun was expecting given his gruff demeanor as he adjusted the clasps around her wrists and connected the sensors to various parts of her body. He then lowered the silver hood down over her head. It cut out nearly all of the light, leaving her in darkness. She could still hear the muffled murmurs of the technicians and she wished she'd had a chance to wink or smile or *something* to her parents in the observation room.

“Initializing sequence,” the head technician said.

A low, throbbing hum seemed to emanate from the chair and spread through Chun, growing in intensity until it seemed like all she could see, all she could feel was this pulse of energy. She lost all sense of her physical body. The blackness was total but strangely peaceful. It was like her thoughts had been stripped of all emotion. No fear. No sadness. Just her pure self.

It ended just as suddenly as it began. The physical world reasserted itself and she gasped deeply, as though she'd forgotten how her lungs worked in that brief span of eternity. She could feel the seat beneath her, the clasps on her arms, hair tickling her neck. Her vision still obscured by the hood, she was aware that the room tone was different. The dome lifted up above her head and, instead of the owl-like technician, a handsome—if slightly geeky looking—young man peered down at her. He had wire framed glasses and tousled dark hair. His intense dark brown eyes were set in a charming face.

“Welcome to America, Chun,” the young man said, grinning crookedly.

“Thank you,” Chun said. The voice coming from her lips was lighter, airier. And, she realized with a start, she was apparently fluent in English.

The technician removed the straps holding Chun to the chair and helped her to stand. Chun looked around the room. It was almost identical to the one she'd just left, except for the people smiling at her from behind the observation window.

Chun took a halting step. Her blue gown—identical to the one she'd been wearing on her original body—caressed her legs. Chun realized she'd been primed to imagine her body aching or hurt or...something. But she felt completely fine, if a little disoriented. Looking down she saw her new toes. They were dainty little things, each one coated with shiny burgundy polish. She wiggled them, awed at the experience of moving this strange body.

The cute technician led her slowly across the room to the curtained alcove. Something tickled her neck and Chun reached up, fingers touching hair infinitely more silky than she'd ever felt on herself before. She paused and brought the lock of hair round in front of her eyes to try to peer at it. It was a glorious chestnut color with streaks of gold and it smelled deliciously fruity.

“Everything okay?” The technician asked anxiously, peering at her with much more care than the old owl-like technician back in her home country.

“Yes. It's just all so...new.”

The young man smiled. “I'm going to warn you that some people feel a little nauseous seeing themselves in a new body for the first time. It's a byproduct of the mind adjusting but I think the sooner you get used to it the better. You ready?”

Chun nodded, her heart racing in her chest. The young man held out his hand and Chun took it, leaning heavily on him. Together they shuffled around the corner and Chun saw Ashley's face for the first time. The slight nausea she felt was pushed to the back of her mind as she gaped at the body she now inhabited. She was adorable, with an oval face and petite, perfect features. Lovely jagged eyebrows arched over rich coffee colored eyes. She had a cute button nose with delicate rounded nostrils and full lips, slightly parted to reveal a hint of her teeth. Wavy chestnut hair cascaded down past her shoulders. Beneath the shapeless gown she saw the slight curve of her breasts. Chun realized she was staring at the kind of woman she'd love to take home to her parents, if they understood that sort of thing. Chun could hardly believe that this girl had voluntarily given this up for Chun's own dumpy form. Surely Ashley must have been coerced into it, just as Chun had been.

“Well done,” the technician smiled, “Take a look. That's going to be you for the next four months.”

“What's her name?” Chun asked, that delicious, soft voice spilling from her lips again.

“Ashley.”

“Ashley,” Chun repeated, smiling now.

In the mirror, Ashley's face broke into a gorgeous sparkling white grin. Even her teeth were perfect. She ran her tongue around the inside of her mouth, acutely aware that it actually belonged to someone else and she was just borrowing it.

“You took that very well. I'll leave you here to change into the clothes Ashley left here for you.”

The technician gestured to a pile of clothes thrown onto the stool next to the mirror.

“Thank you,” Chun said.

The technician left, tugging the curtain back in place to protect Chun's privacy. With trembling fingers, Chun reached around and untied the gown. She slipped each arm out of it and let it tumble to the floor. She stood naked in a stranger's body and couldn't help ogling it. Her breasts were firm and perfectly sculpted, each about the size of her hand and sloping slightly up at the nipple. She had

a trim stomach—nothing like her old oblong body—with luxuriously smooth skin, lightly tanned and practically glowing with health. Her eyes traveled slowly down her magnificent new self, landing on the light triangle of perfectly trimmed hair beneath her mound, which pointed to her entrance. Her long, lean legs were all tight muscles and smooth curves. Holy hell, Chun wanted this woman.

She slid the stranger's panties up her legs, nestling them over her mound, her thumb gliding across and behind her to pull the strap out of her crack, grazing one glorious butt cheek as she did so. She pulled the bra on, then adjusted each breast in its cup, taking the time to squeeze each one, curious to feel herself. The pink tank top and black leggings were both form fitting, clasping her body, squeezing her ass and emphasizing the cute figure she now possessed. When she was done she pushed the curtain aside. The technician was waiting for her.

“Ready to meet the rest of the family?”

Chun swallowed and nodded. The technician smiled back and led Chun to the main door of the room. The door slid back into the wall, revealing a waiting room decked out in calming foam green and cream colors. In the center was a soft looking cream couch and, seated on it looking anxiously towards Chun, were three people: two of them adults, the other a younger woman about Chun's age. The older woman had the same petite features Chun had just seen in the mirror. The man had a look of gentle concern as he stood and approached Chun. The younger woman had glossy blonde hair and a cute face with a sprinkling of freckles across her nose. Her sea-green eyes sparkled as she stood and marveled at Chun.

“Chun?” The man said, looking from her to the technician.

“Yes,” Chun nodded again.

“Welcome to America. I'm Ron Paulson, Ashley's father.”

Chun had heard of Ron Paulson. He was the one credited with perfecting the mind transfer technology. He looked a lot kinder than the stern formal pictures on all the news bytes.

The older woman approached and gently took Chun by the shoulders to stare into her eyes, searching for something. “Oh my goodness,” she murmured.

“Beth. Manners,” the father murmured.

“Yes, of course,” Beth blushed. “I'm Beth. Ashley's mother. You'll be staying with us for the next four months.”

“Thank you,” Chun said, feeling herself blushing as well. “I look forward to my stay.”

She chose her words carefully even though she found that the English came naturally to her.

Ron gestured to the other woman. “This is Felicia,” Ron continued, “Ashley's best friend.”

The young woman swept her blonde hair back behind a dainty ear and smiled. The smile lit up her face, turning her from cute to dazzling. It made Chun feel like she was the center of the world and perfect. They hugged tentatively, before Chun stepped back quickly.

“And this,” Ron gestured to the technician standing beside Chun, “Is Henry. Your—Ashley's stepbrother.”

The handsome technician nodded. His piercing brown eyes registered bemusement as he gave a little wave.

“I thought it best not to be in the room myself for my daughter's transfer, but I wanted someone there I could trust.”

“Everything went perfectly, dad,” Henry chimed in.

“Right. Sure. Well...Chun. We're all going to help you adjust,” Ron said. “Felicia and Henry will help you through Ashley's classes.”

Henry interjected. “You should find that the work comes easily to you, especially everything Ashley was good at it. Those sort of learning memories are in a different area of the brain unaffected by the switch, and your mind should automatically adjust to them in a few days.”

“And if not?” Beth asked, her brow creased.

“We can bring her back here and run some tests. The same if she suddenly starts panicking about her body. It just means that her insular cortex needs a little extra stimulation to incorporate the new sense of self. We can do that here.”

Felicia took Chun's hand and patted it. “This is so exciting, isn't it? Ashley's my best friend and everyone at school knows about this experiment so they don't expect you to be her. But I'll help you adjust to America. Oh my god, how does it feel to be in someone else's body?”

“Felicia...” Henry said, rolling his eyes. “How do you think it feels? Weird, right?”

“Yes. Strange.” Chun said. “But almost like a dream.” She turned to Felicia, who was staring at her with those perfect sea-green eyes that Alicia desperately wanted to get lost in. “A dream,” she repeated.

The car was on autopilot, allowing everyone a chance for some awkward conversation on the way back to Chun's new home. On the way, they dropped Felicia off at her house. She left with a quick hug to everyone and a promise she would be by tomorrow morning to pick up Chun and bring her to school. When they arrived back at Chun's new house, Beth showed her around. Chun's mind must have already been adjusting, because there was a weird sense of déjà vu as she was led through the lounge room with the huge television and then through the upstairs hallway, which had family pictures hung on either side, showing various members both alone and in groups. Chun stopped to look at a series of photos showing Ashley as a little girl in a peach dress.

Ashley's room was where the déjà vu was strongest. She knew before opening the closet that it would be filled with outfits, neatly arranged by season and color. Beth stood nervously in the doorway as Chun poked around.

"Is anything coming back to you?" Beth asked, and then rubbed her forehead and laughed nervously. "Sorry, I'm treating you like you have amnesia or something. I don't know how to treat someone who's my daughter and not my daughter."

"I don't mind if you treat me like your daughter, Beth. I sort of feel like your daughter."

Beth smiled sadly, and Chun had the feeling that the volunteering for the swap had been all Ron's idea. Maybe he was as obstinate as Chun's own father. At any rate, Beth did her best to make Chun feel at home before leaving her to her own devices and excusing herself to go start dinner. Chun had hardly been alone for a few seconds when Ron poked his head in to make sure she was getting along. He almost seemed more interested in examining her as a specimen than having an actual conversation. She half expected him to check her temperature and weight right there.

"Sorry," he grinned after questioning her, "Just scientific curiosity. And I want to make sure everything's okay. You're sort of like my sister, you know?"

"But also not your sister. I'm getting that a lot."

"No, you're definitely different. Not in a bad way," he hastened to explain.

Chun smiled and nodded, before excusing herself to help Beth with dinner just to get away.

"I wanted you to feel welcome," Beth explained as they took their seats around the table. "I know this probably isn't as good as back home but I hope it's sort of comforting."

Bowls of steaming hot orange chicken stir fry were placed in front of each member of the family.

"Ashley loves this dish," Ron said. "It will be interesting to see if you feel the same."

"It's delicious," Chun said, between mouthfuls.

"How does it compare to back home?" Ron asked.

"Hard to tell," Chun admitted, "Everything is filtered through a different sense of taste and smell. But it really is very good. Thank you."

Henry laughed and shook his head. “This Ashley's much more polite. Can we keep her?”

It was only after dinner had been cleaned up and everyone had retired to their rooms that Chun was left alone for the first time since landing in Ashley's body. Chun explored her new room, opening and closing drawers, both surprised and not surprised at what she found. In the bedside table there was a small diary with real paper pages—a rarity these days—but locked with a fingerprint scanner. Chun picked it up and hesitated. It was wrong to read someone else's private diary, but at the same time she felt a deep connection with Ashley. A part of Ashley was still inside her, as all the *deja vu* proved. Even so, she set the diary aside. It was all just a distraction from what she *really* wanted to see, which was more of Ashley. The full length mirror in the corner of the room kept drawing her attention as she moved around, glancing at this beautiful, delicate body that she now inhabited.

Chun went to stand in front of the mirror to look at herself, letting her eyes play across her body, blushing under her own gaze. She'd never been pretty before. The best she could say was that she wasn't ugly, but she'd never stuck out in a crowd. Ashley, though. Ashley was something else. Chun had certainly never desired herself as much as she did now.

Chun made sure the door to her bedroom was locked, then returned to the mirror. She adjusted it and flipped her silky hair back over her shoulders. Even the way she moved was delightful, with a grace and style apparently locked in her muscle memory.

She took the hem of her shirt in both hands and lifted it over her head before dropping it to the floor. Ashley's beautiful breasts were now covered only by a white bra, the two little dots of her nipples already indenting the fabric at Chun's excitement. Chun rolled down her pants slowly, peeling them off her long legs before kicking them aside. She half turned to the mirror, tracing the incredible swell of her ass with one hand. Seeing Ashley staring out from the mirror and fondling herself with undisguised lust made Chun warm. Her heart fluttered and her cheeks flushed. She wanted this girl in the mirror. And she could have her. A lover that would never leave her and would always be available. For the next four months anyway.

Chun reached around and unstrapped her bra, shimmying out of it until her new breasts bounced free. They were slightly dappled from where the bra had dug in and Chun massaged them gently, playing with their delightful heft. They were nicely firm, bouncing only slightly as she stroked them. The nipples felt divine and she squeezed them between thumb and forefinger before flicking them softly. The knowledge of what to do to this body was right there in Ashley's mind, waiting for Chun. Ashley had obviously never been shy about herself, and for good reason. Strange the things Chun was “remembering”.

Chun shimmied her panties down, her breath nearly hitching in her throat as she gazed at the beautiful naked body on display. A light tuft of pubic hair was nestled neatly between her legs, and beneath it she could just make out her entrance. She felt like the most beautiful girl in the world and she smiled shyly, her lips curling up in a grin, her hands still on her tits. She never stopped moving her fingers, circling them over and under her breasts, hefting and stroking them gently. Ashley's body was creamy smooth and growing warmer with each passing second.

A sudden thought hit Chun, sending her hurrying to the bedside table. In the middle drawer, near the back, she found Ashley's special toy. It was a little pink vibrator, about the size of her palm, that looked like a rubber asthma inhaler with a small divot on the end where the inhaler's hole would be.

She grabbed it and lay back on her bed, spreading her legs and letting the fingers of her free hand glide down her tummy, feeling up Ashley's body as she moved closer to the source of flame between her legs. Her fingers found her mound, slid up and over, landing on the rough trail of pubic hair. When her first finger landed on her opening she found she was already damp and loose for herself. She slipped in to stroke her dew, the warm lips of her pussy wrapping around her finger.

She let out a soft gasp as she dipped further into herself, as much in surprise and delight as any

pleasure. Ashley's body felt so right, so revved up and horny. Chun stroked herself, dragging her wetness up and down her entrance. God, she was so wet, so turned on for her own body. She flicked on the vibrator and placed it over her mound, letting the tip just sit above her clit, the vibrations spreading throughout her body, warming her with anticipation. She raised her head and stared down her beautiful form, watching her breasts rise and fall with each breath.

Using the fingers of one hand she spread herself, revealing her glistening velvet folds, the little pleasure button already enlarged and calling to her. As soon as she positioned the divot of the vibrator over her clit she was rewarded with a jolt of pleasure, her desire suddenly freed by the throbbing toy. Her head fell back and she sighed, biting her bottom lip as she arranged the vibrator until it fit perfectly on her clit and the throbbing coursed through her from head to toe.

She moved her hips unconsciously, legs bending and straightening again and again, her entire body dancing to the rhythm of the vibration inside her. She felt the wave of pleasure cresting, her body tensing and she pressed down harder, bringing her free hand up to stroke a breast, running it along her body, enjoying the touch of every inch of her new skin. Her breath came faster, sighs escaping her lips, and then she orgasmed, thrusting her hips up towards the vibrator. "Oh!" She cried, before clapping her mouth shut and cumming hard.

The unfamiliar contours of the face beneath her hand drove home that this was Ashley's body. Beautiful, perfect Ashley. And Chun came again, releasing a long, low moan as she bit her finger. The pleasure exploded through her with frightful intensity, driving away all other thoughts as she enjoyed Ashley's immense orgasm. The vibrations filled her completely. All she knew was pleasure and desire and delight as she hung in a delirious eternity.

Chun came down slowly, slightly guilty at what she'd just done but feeling too good to repent. She flicked the vibrator off and lay on her bed, gently caressing her lovely new body until she fell asleep.

The next morning Chun searched through her wardrobe but couldn't find anything resembling a school uniform. She slipped on the long sleep shirt that Ashley kept in her chest of drawers. It came down to her thighs and was made of a lightweight cotton that clung to her body as she walked. She opened the door just as her stepbrother was coming out of his room. Henry was topless, revealing a nicely contoured chest and muscular arms. He was definitely a hunky nerd, so Chun thought it was a good thing she wasn't attracted to men, otherwise there might be complications. She asked him about the uniforms.

"We don't wear uniforms," Henry laughed. "You can wear anything you want."

"Okay." Chun turned to go back to her room, then spun back around with another question. She thought she just caught Henry's eyes flicking up from staring at her ass. But surely not. "What kind of outfit should I wear?"

"I can't help you there. Something not too short. Ashley's already got in trouble for that once this year."

Chun hunted through the closet for a suitable outfit, changing her mind numerous times. She couldn't recall the last time she'd had a choice of what to wear, and the sheer variety of options was overwhelming. She finally settled on a white cotton tee with a swirly pink design across the front, and some jeans. She laid the outfit out on the bed and went to the bathroom to do her business. It was surreal grooming herself in someone else's body, using Ashley's intimate products, faced with unfamiliar scents of her deodorant, and the intense mint of her toothpaste.

After dressing, she found her backpack thrown carelessly in the corner and brought it downstairs, joining "her" parents, Ron and Beth, in the kitchen. Beth was behind the kitchen island, messing with the toaster. Ron sat at the kitchen table flipping through an electronic tablet. They both looked up as Chun came in.

"Morning, honey," Beth smiled. "Sleep well?"

"I did, even though I'm a little nervous."

Beth slid a plate of buttered toast in front of Chun and stroked her hair. "You'll do well. Felicia and Henry will help you."

Chun took a bite of the toast, tasting honey as well as butter on it. Ashley must have had a sweet tooth because the taste was a hundred times more delicious than when Chun had last had honey.

Soon after, the doorbell rang and almost immediately opened. Felicia joined them in the kitchen, apparently familiar enough with the whole family that the door recognized her fingerprints, allowing her to just walk right in.

"What's up. Chun?" Felicia said, turning her incredible smile on Chun.

Chun swallowed her toast, which gave her a moment to collect herself. "Good morning, Felicia."

Felicia let out a short burst of tingly laughter, before covering her mouth. “Sorry. It’s just funny seeing Ashley sound so formal. Come on, you can finish that in the car.”

Chun gathered her backpack and brought the last piece of toast with her as she followed Felicia out to the car. The car was an older model self-driver, boxy but with rounded edges. Felicia slipped in and gave the command for the car to drive to school. She talked happily on the drive, telling Chun about the school and which girls to hang out with and who to avoid. Ashley had also apparently recently broken up with her boyfriend and there was a lot of gossip flying around.

“I’ll try to help keep you out of that,” Felicia said, nodding with determination. “After all, *you* can’t really be held responsible for what Ashley did.”

Chun told Felicia a little about her life in China, avoiding the aloofness of her father and the desperate desire to please the Party. Felicia didn’t interject except for the occasional “oh” or “wow” as Chun explained the daily school regime. Everything back home was meticulously planned, with infractions given out freely, and repeat offenders sent to be behaviorally reprogrammed.

“They still do that?” Felicia asked, “We made that illegal a few years ago. At least for most people. They still brain chip some prisoners.”

“I think that’s the biggest difference. I’m not used to all this freedom.”

Chun took the opportunity of conversing to admire Felicia’s delicate face as they talked. She almost lost track of the conversation a few times from thinking about kissing Felicia’s soft lips and running her hands through her golden hair. The faint scent of Felicia’s peach shampoo wafted towards Chun every time Felicia tossed her head to flip her blonde bangs out of her eyes and Chun had to force herself not to inhale too obviously, delighting in the intoxicating scent.

“You and Ashley must be very close. She’s lucky to have such a good friend,” Chun said, then added: “*I’m* lucky she has such a good friend.”

Felicia blushed and looked down, before glancing shyly back up at Chun. “Aw, that’s so sweet.”

“I will probably just stay quiet and let you lead the way. I get a little nervous around new people.”

“Wow. You’re really nothing like Ashley! This will be interesting. I mean that in a good way, of course.”

* * *

True to her word, Felicia guided Chun through the halls, greeting people and introducing them to Chun. Everyone had a similar reaction at seeing Ashley’s familiar body with a different personality. They weren’t quite sure how to approach her until Chun settled on the technique of telling everyone to pretend like she was Ashley’s twin sister. Chun stayed close to Felicia, smiling and nodding as she took in the strange surroundings. Felicia seemed to delight in leading Chun around and several times introduced Chun as her new best friend.

Chun got a further glimpse of Ashley’s life when she arrived at Ashley’s locker and saw the digital display that took up the entire face as it cycled through pictures of Ashley at various events: there she was presiding over the student council, there surrounded by a group of smiling friends at some dance, there with Felicia on the bleachers. In that last picture Ashley was caught watching the action on the field, but the photographer had caught Felicia glancing over at Ashley with a peculiar emotion on her face. Wistfulness? Longing? The picture disappeared before Chun could look closer, replaced with an ad for some lime green soft drink.

Classes took some adjustment, too. Back home, every student would compete to volunteer answers, knowing that every answer would contribute to their overall participation and citizenship score. That didn’t seem to be the case here. When teachers did ask the class question they often had to call

on someone at random for lack of volunteers. Most of her subjects were similar to those back home, except for the American History class. Chun took her cue from the other students and didn't volunteer any information, even when the teacher mentioned that the Andalusian Conflict of 2043 had been started by a malfunctioning Chinese auto rocket, which was clearly incorrect, as she'd always been taught it had been started by the imperialist invaders.

Besides the technological and classroom dynamics differences, the biggest surprise for Chun was the social difference between her new body and her old. Previously, she'd gone through whole days mostly unseen and able to drift along in the background. She hadn't been particularly popular or attractive. In Ashley's body, it was completely different. People noticed her when she walked into a classroom. She caught shy glances from the guys and would turn at times to see someone flash her a smile. It was disconcerting but also nice. She'd never been pretty. Never been popular. She certainly had never had someone hit on her in the lunch room as happened on her first day.

Felicia had gone to grab some cupcakes and Chun had been sitting alone at the table when an attractive young guy in a crisp polo shirt sat down next to her.

“You must be Chun. Hi, I'm Sam.”

He offered his hand and she took it. “Nice to meet you, Sam.” The name sounded familiar but she'd met so many people she couldn't quite place it.

“I'd love to show you around some time. Our city's probably not as interesting as yours but it does have its charm.”

“That would be nice.”

“How about Friday?”

“Oh, um...” Chun was flustered.

Fortunately, she was interrupted by Henry, who dropped his tray heavily onto the table. “Sam, what are you doing, man?”

Sam grinned. “Just meeting the new girl.”

Henry shook his head. “Get out of here.”

“All right, all right.” He stood from the table and left, turning around only once to wink back at her.

Henry sighed. “Sam is Ashley's ex-boyfriend. She broke up with him so now apparently he's trying to get back together with you. He's a dick. Don't you make that same mistake.”

He looked into Chun's eyes just a beat longer than necessary. It gave Chun the same funny kind of feeling she'd had looking at the picture of Ashley and Felicia on the bleachers. But Chun had never had a stepbrother, or even a brother, maybe this was just how they were.

Felicia soon returned and slid into the empty seat next to Chun. She and Henry commiserated about Sam's dickishness.

“Seriously,” Felicia agreed, placing her hand on Chun's thigh for emphasis, her freckled face so close Chun could see the gold sparkles in her sea-green eyes. “Stay away from Sam.”

“Yeah, no kidding.” Chun hoped Felicia couldn't hear the quiver in her voice, so enraptured was she at the feel of Felicia's hand on her leg.

The three chatted happily through the rest of lunch until the electronic tone chimed for the next class.

“I'll take your tray,” Henry offered.

“Oh, thank you,” Chun replied.

“Think nothing of it,” he responded gallantly.

Felicia cocked her head quizzically as Henry walked away, but said nothing.

* * *

With Felicia's help, Chun eased into her new life. By the end of the week she had a better idea of the layout of the campus, and knew which students were friendly. She still had some trouble with the school interface on the desks in each classroom, but only because Ashley had customized each one differently during long periods of boredom in class. Felicia stuck by Chun's side every day and they were soon laughing and gossiping like friends who'd known each other forever. Still, Chun wished she could tell Felicia about her feelings, but she was worried about complicating things between Ashley and Felicia once Chun left.

There were times when Felicia made an offhand comment, or touched Chun in a certain way that made Chun think Felicia wasn't as into guys as she pretended to be. Though, admittedly, that could just have been wishful thinking on Chun's part, trying to read in an attraction that wasn't there and *shouldn't* be there. She contented herself by repeatedly drawing and deleting in her notebook Felicia's face along with both of their names outlined in red hearts.

What was definitely there was an intimate friendship Chun had never had before. The two girls stayed up talking long into the night and were nearly inseparable.

“I thought Felicia came over a lot before,” Beth commented one day after school when the two were lounging around the living room, “But she practically lives here now.”

“Oh yeah,” Chun giggled, “She followed me home. Can I keep her?”

“I'm yours!” Felicia chirped, sending them both into peels of laughter and making Chun feel warm and cozy inside.

Chun also soon adjusted to her new family life. Ashley's house was much bigger than Chun's, and Chun was enjoying the newfound privacy. Back home at their government issued house, Chun's family had been crammed together in rooms that were too small and spaces that left little room for privacy. As a consequence, Chun and her family had practiced a sort of polite blindness when getting dressed together. Modesty was a luxury they just didn't have.

Chun first realized this huge difference when she'd walked out of Ashley's room wearing only a bra and panties and run into her stepbrother. Henry had blushed bright red and gone speechless before turning around and disappearing back into his room. It was only later, after Chun had broken down and perused Ashley's diary, that she discovered the full truth of their relationship.

Henry had moved in about five years ago when Ashley's dad remarried. Ashley described him as a loner and a dork. She was annoyed by this newcomer living in her space, breathing her air. Part of the problem, as Chun saw it, was that Henry was way too smart for her. Where Chun found Henry's humor to be gently wry, it had apparently flown right over Ashley's head. From the way Ashley wrote about Henry, it was no wonder he was happy to have Chun in her place. Apart from the verbal abuse, Ashley sensed Henry's hidden lust for her and got her revenge for his imagined slights by parading around in just a bathing suit or her bathrobe, tempting him with her body. She was hot and she knew it. It was her only power over him and she abused it often, laughing about it in her diary. From Chun's reading, though, she got the impression that Ashley hated herself for secretly finding Henry attractive.

Chun's experience with Henry was the complete opposite. They would hang out at lunch during school or in the living room after dinner, just talking about whatever. She enjoyed his company and

encouraged his confidence, even going so far as to have a spa day with him where she forced him to come out with her to get a stylish hair cut and new glasses, bringing out the handsomeness hidden under the long, wavy hair. Henry made excuses to hang out with Chun whenever she was available. In between times he spent most of the day secreted in his room on his computer.

Henry took after his dad and was exceedingly knowledgeable about almost any subject. He and Ron would often have dinner conversations where they discussed theoretical concepts sprinkled with seemingly random acronyms that Chun and Beth didn't have a hope of understanding. It was all much too technical for her, but Henry seemed to know as much about the workings of the mind transfer process as his dad.

Henry was eager to show off to Chun, and one night he invited her up to his room where he opened up a program on his computer. Lines of code that may as well have been a foreign language to Chun scrolled across the screen.

"Isn't that incredible?" He asked, leaning next to her as she sat in his swivel chair, legs crossed.

"What is it?"

"That's Ashley. Her entire mental sequence converted to code. The human brain is basically a computer. Neurons fire in a set sequence to generate specific memories. This is record of that."

"Does that mean you could copy two people into the same body?"

"No. That's what my dad and I were talking about downstairs, remember?"

"I didn't even *understand* most of that conversation, much less *remember* it. Give me the dummy version." Chun turned and rested her cheek on her hand, gazing up at Henry.

The soft yellow light from the lone lamp by his bed sent shadows across Henry's face, emphasizing his sharp jaw and the muscles in his neck. He loved sharing his knowledge and his face lit up as he spoke. Chun could definitely see why Ashley was attracted to him, even apart from the forbidden nature.

"You're no dummy. But basically, we haven't figured out how to isolate certain patterns of personality yet. It's an all or nothing transfer. The brain can't hold two different concurring personalities without potential psychological damage, so you have to be either Ashley or Chun."

"But I've sometimes felt...different. Like I had Ashley's confidence, or grace, or whatever."

"Yes, when I say memories I'm differentiating between what you'd call memories of the past with memories of the body, or muscle memory." Henry licked his lips and thought, then murmured to himself. "My theory is that the interaction between the pre- and primary motor cortex generates its own unique pattern of activity and they work together as an additional memory storage. Unless..."

Chun stood and Henry took the seat, typing furiously.

"This is beyond me," Chun said.

He didn't answer. Too deep in thought. Chun slipped out of the room. When he attacked a problem he tended to ignore everything else around him. Chun would be surprised if he even noticed she'd gone.

* * *

Chun was just settling into her new routine when everything changed one night about three weeks in to the exchange. Felicia and Chun had spent that Saturday together going clothes shopping. Chun still found it a novel experience to be able to buy whatever she wanted. Back home she'd been limited to only the selection within her social access tier, which had been severely restricted after

her cousin had been caught speaking out against the government on an online message board some years ago. As a member of the family, Chun was therefore considered a potential submissive and her social score commensurately reduced.

Felicia and Chun returned to Ashley's house with an armful of bags and immediately locked themselves away in the bedroom to admire their purchases. Felicia took out a sea green silk wrap and posed in the mirror as she tied it on in different ways. Chun lounged on the bed, admiring Felicia from behind.

“What do you think about this?” Felicia asked, holding her golden hair up in a bun, the wrap thrown over her shoulders and loosely knotted around her chest.

Chun pushed herself off the bed and moved closer. She peered at Felicia critically before adjusting the wrap here and there. Felicia's glorious fruity perfume wafted into Chun's nose as she stepped around her friend, adjusting the clothing across her body.

“There,” she said, standing back. “You look so gorgeous. I'm jealous.”

Felicia turned her head to Chun, her sea green eyes set off incredibly by the matching wrap. “Aw, girl, you do *not* need to be jealous. You're incredible.”

Chun sighed and dropped her eyes. “You mean Ashley's incredible. This isn't really me.”

“No,” Felicia said, sliding her delicate fingers beneath Chun's chin and raising her eyes back up until Chun was gazing at Felicia's stunning face. “I mean you, Chun. You're sweet and kind and funny and even if you weren't in Ashley's body I'd love you.” Felicia blushed suddenly. “I-- I mean I-love you like a fr--”

Chun leaned forward and kissed Felicia suddenly, cutting off her feeble protest. Felicia's lips were soft and warm and inviting, and Felicia opened her mouth for Chun. Chun felt Felicia's hands wrapping around her body, clasping her close, and then the two were on each other, kissing fiercely, hands wandering across each other's bodies. Chun was hungry for Felicia, exploring her by touch, inhaling her delicious scent, flicking her tongue around the inside of Felicia's mouth and tasting her. They pressed their soft bodies close, stroking each other ferociously as Chun's body sang with desire.

Felicia pulled away and stroked Chun's face, gazing at her adoringly. “We shouldn't be doing this,” she whispered, her voice quivering.

“I know,” Chun replied.

They kissed again, hungry for each other, tossing off their clothes until they were naked and then tumbling onto the bed, side by side, skin to skin. The warmth of Felicia's skin on Chun's made Chun burn with desire, her hands gliding down Felicia's hips to her soft ass, stroking her curves, just wanting to touch every inch of this woman she'd loved for so long.

Felicia feasted on Chun, kissing her way across her cheeks and down the nape of her neck, pausing to nibble on Chun's ear and whisper, “I love you so much.”

Chun whimpered, her body flaring with delight as Felicia's lips kissed a trail down her chest, landing on her tits. Felicia took each nipple into her mouth one at a time, caressing it with her warm, wet tongue, sucking it between her teeth as her hands stroked firmly. Chun watched Felicia move across her chest, back and forth between her nipples, leaving each one wet with saliva and sharp as glass shards. Christ, Ashley's body was sensitive, and Chun's moans rose in pitch as Felicia licked and suckled each tit until a brief burst of heat flared inside Ashley's body, driving a cry from Chun's lips, pleasure and lust exploding through her and then dimming back down to an urgent ember.

Felicia's body was wonderfully soft, and Chun stroked her friend's perky tits while Felicia licked her, the soft blonde tresses tickling their way across Chun's body until Felicia moved down between Chun's legs. Now Chun had a clear view of Ashley's delightful body and she grabbed her tits with both hands while she gazed down at Felicia's face. Felicia's tongue flicked out against Chun's entrance, then slid slowly but firmly up and down, lubricating Chun with her saliva, leaving her glistening and wet and aching inside. Chun wriggled in anticipation, hands kneading her tits, legs moving in tight, agitated circles until Felicia's tongue landed on her clit and pressed firmly, undulating up and down, freeing the pent up energy in an explosive orgasm.

Chun gasped and Felicia gripped her thighs, pushing her face harder between Chun's legs, her tongue going deeper, tasting her best friend's salty essence. Felicia's eyes were closed in ecstasy, her perfect ass up in the air, tongue swirling around inside Chun, pressing against her clit faster, harder, until Chun came again. She cried out, throwing her head back into her pillow, squeezing her eyes shut tight, cramming her fingers into her mouth to stifle the yell as her other hand clamped down on her sensitive nipple. Felicia's tongue remained firmly inside Chun as the orgasm shook her, making her entire body tremble while the fierce fire of desire shot through her.

When she finally came down she was tingly and hot, her body trembling every now and then with aftershock. She pushed herself into a sitting position as Felicia knelt beside her, grinning, her chin still shiny with Ashley's juices. Chun slipped her hand through Felicia's blonde tresses and brought her face close to kiss her. Chun could taste her own acrid salty deliciousness on Felicia's tongue. Her hand shot down between Felicia's legs and landed on her dew. She stroked as they made out, finger slipping inside Felicia's warm pussy, sliding through her velvety folds.

With a laugh Chun pushed Felicia onto her back on the bed and knelt between her legs, fingers and tongue working inside Felicia's dripping opening. Felicia tasted salty and divine, and Chun slid her tongue ever deeper inside, lapping at Felicia's velvety folds while the fingers of one hand glided in to her friend's pussy and crooked up to press on the dimpled nub of Felicia's inner desire. Felicia went rigid and Chun felt the pressure building within her friend's body as she continued stroking and licking in a gentle rhythm until, with a gasp, Felicia came. She cried out in a tiny voice and Chun pressed her tongue hard against her friend's clit, drinking Felicia down as she rocked, whimpering with orgasm.

When Felicia's body finally loosened Chun relented, pulling her fingers out and lying on Felicia's thigh. Felicia stroked Chun's hair absently.

"I-- I think I just orgasmed," Felicia smiled. "I've never done that before."

Chun smiled back and crawled up Felicia's body. They lay together, cradling each other, stroking each other's faces and staring into each other's eyes, their bodies close and warm, limbs entangled. It was comfortable and peaceful and perfect.

"What do we do when Ashley comes back?" Chun murmured.

"We'll worry about that later," Felicia whispered, kissing Chun's nose lightly and stroking her cheek. "Let's just enjoy this now."

The fact that they had to keep it a secret made the frequent sex all that more intense. Though their friends and family thought nothing of the two of them hanging out so often, it was a struggle to keep their hands off each other in public. They sought privacy whenever possible, especially in those first few weeks when their supple bodies were new to each other and they were eager to explore every inch. At the end of the school day they'd race home and lock themselves in Chun's room in the empty house, which was the only place they could be sure of safety. There they would tumble into Ashley's bed and exorcise the lust that had been building up all day by giving each other howling, body throbbing orgasms.

They learned so much about each other, both physically and mentally. Chun adored the way Felicia's brow wrinkled when she was deep in thought, the way she was so eager to try anything and be first in line for new experiences, the expert way she manipulated Chun's body into thundering orgasms. Felicia would slip little gifts and love notes into Chun's backpack at school for her to discover when she was alone—which wasn't often in those first heady weeks of their new love.

But always there was the ticking clock hanging over Chun's head, the knowledge that this would end eventually. When she brought it up Felicia's answer was always the same: “We'll worry about that later.”

The whole thing almost came crashing down one day nearly three quarters of the way through the semester. Chun had just been pleased by Felicia and had to go to the toilet. She cracked the door, listening briefly for any sounds in the house but hearing nothing. She dashed across the hallway, completely naked, and into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. She'd grown complacent by the fact that none of Ashley's family had ever come home early before and so, upon stepping back out into the hall she was surprised to see Henry coming up the stairway.

There was no time to move and his eyes locked onto hers, dipping down to her naked breasts briefly. His face colored and his mouth dropped open. Chun squealed in surprise and hopped back through the still open bathroom door.

“What happened?” Felicia asked, rushing out of Chun's bedroom. She, too, was naked, her breasts bouncing delightfully.

Chun hurled herself out of the bathroom, wrapping an arm around Felicia protectively and shepherding her back into the bedroom. But it was already too late. Chun poked her head back out to see Henry still frozen in place, halfway up the stairs, not knowing whether to come or go. His eyes were as large as saucers.

“Henry, wait--” Chun shouted, flustered.

She grabbed her robe, which was hanging off a hook on the back of her door, and shrugged it on. Claspings it closed, she hurried down the hallway towards him.

“Please, Henry, you can't tell anyone.”

“Whoa,” Henry said. “How long has this been going on? Has Ashley been doing this or just you?”

“It's just me. Ashley can't know.”

Felicia came up behind Chun and peered over her shoulder. Chun glanced back and shot her a smile she hoped was comforting. Felicia had thrown on her clothes sans bra, and Chun could see the sharp peaks of her nipples pressing against the white cotton tee. Christ, even as everything was crashing down around her she still couldn't stop herself imagining Felicia's delicate form pressed against her.

“Henry,” Felicia stared at him levelly, “You *cannot* tell a soul.”

Henry raised his hands. “Hey, I understand. I just-- wow. I guess in retrospect I should have seen it.”

“Henry, please,” Chun begged, moving closer to him. He licked his lips nervously. “Promise you'll keep this secret.”

There was a brief pause that seemed to last an eternity before Henry finally spoke. “Look, what you choose to do in my stepsister's body is your business. She knew what she was getting into. It's not like you're doing anything to get her pregnant or anything.” He cocked his head. “Are you?”

“No. Of course not.” Chun said.

“Good,” Henry replied, taking off his glasses and cleaning them on his shirt. “Because that would cause problems.”

“With Ashley.” Felicia said, matter of factly.

“Well, yeah, her too. But I was talking about the transfer. The biochemical signal of each of your bodies has been meticulously mapped and has to match the corresponding V-T paranome with a displacement margin of less than a hundredth of a percent.”

“Is any of that English?” Chun ventured.

“Basically, if you get pregnant the transfer won't work.”

“I won't get pregnant.” Chun affirmed. “So you won't tell?”

“Your secret's safe with me.”

“Thank you,” Chun smiled, relieved. “You're a good man. For that you get a prize.”

Chun pulled her robe wider apart and Henry gaped at her breasts, hanging ripe from her chest, bold and beautiful. She let him look for a few seconds then shut her robe and kissed him on the cheek. He grinned bashfully. Then Chun took Felicia's hand and they went back down to Ashley's bedroom to get dressed, leaving Henry to whatever fantasies he could imagine.

* * *

Chun and Felicia were much more careful after that afternoon, double and triple checking the house, and setting an alarm on the door camera to alert them to anyone coming home. To everyone at school they were still best friends, but nothing more.

As Chun became used to her pretty new body she began growing more outgoing and flirtatious. A hidden confidence found its way to the surface and she didn't know whether it was really herself or some deep echo of Ashley's personality making itself felt from within the recesses of her mind. Either way, she liked it.

That flirtation was the source of one of her first big arguments with Felicia. Felicia was unusually quiet one day after school as they lazed about by her pool. Chun knew something was wrong and kept pressing for an answer until Felicia exploded.

“Do you really like me or are you just using me?” Felicia growled, crossing her arms beneath her chest.

“Of course, I like you. I love you,” Chun insisted.

“Then why were you flirting with Dylan this afternoon?”

“I wasn't flirting!” Chun insisted.

“You were holding his hand and whispering in his ear!”

“Ok, maybe I *was* flirting. But I've never felt so attractive before. No one's ever shown an interest in me except for one girl who-- nevermind. I'm sorry, this popularity is a new experience. But I only ever want to be with you.” Chun took Felicia's head in her hands and caressed her cheek. “You're the only one I want. I'm afraid to lose you. I'm afraid to lose everything.” And suddenly her fears came tumbling out of her. “I'm going to go back to China and I'll never see you again. They say Americans are a negative influence and my dad is trying to become a high ranking party member. You'll forget me and go on to fall in love with someone else but I'll never forget you. And I won't be allowed to move on. I'll be forced to marry some precinct captain or something so my dad can get a promotion and then I'll become be a fat, unlovable wife to some dumpy, stupid technocrat.”

Chun broke down sobbing. Felicia wrapped her up and held her close, stroking her hair as tears streamed down Chun's face.

“Shhh. Shhh. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.” When Chun's tears had slowed to sniffles, Felicia murmured. “I don't want you to leave either. But I will never forget you.”

Felicia kissed her long and slow, still holding her in those warm, soft arms.

Their desire to be near each other reached a fever pitch in the last few days before Chun was to switch back. Even as Ron and Beth began discussing how nice it would be to have Ashley back, Felicia and Chun were hiding away, wanting nothing in the world but each other. It was after one of those luxurious love making sessions, when Felicia was leaning up against the headboard of the bed, Chun's head in her lap, softly stroking Ashley's fine chocolate colored hair, that Felicia first brought up the idea of finding a way for Chun to stay.

“How would that work?” Chun asked, running her fingers along Felicia's inner thigh.

“Well, Henry said if you got pregnant you couldn't swap back.”

Chun snorted. “I thought of that, too. But everyone would know what I did and be super pissed at me. Plus I'd be pregnant. Plus that would only put off the inevitable.”

“You could pretend it worked and say you're Ashley. I'd vouch for you.”

“But the real Ashley and everyone in her receiving room would know. They'd contact the lab here and we'd be back to the above.”

“Is there any way that...I don't know...you could be copied into Ashley? Then you can stay here and she thinks she's been swapped back.”

“Theoretically, maybe. But not without overriding her,” Chun said, feeling Felicia shiver as she traced little figure eights across her stomach with a slender finger.

“She'd never know.”

“We'd have to get the swap technician to agree to switch up the data on the fly and keep it all a secret.”

“Your family has access to the lab, though.”

“Dad, I mean, Ron, would never agree.”

“I’m not talking about your dad.”

Chun sat up and stared at Felicia. “You think he would?”

“I’ve seen the way he looks at you. It’s the same way I looked at you when I couldn’t have you.”

“Would you still love me if I did this?”

Felicia kissed Chun long and slow before answering. “This is the only way for us to be together forever. No more hiding our relationship. I want to shout it out to the world. And I would do whatever it takes to keep you.”

“No way,” Henry said when Chun asked him about altering the transfer. “If there's a problem with the transfer the machine spits out an error and we try again.”

Chun sat on Henry's bed and crossed her legs at the knee, allowing the peach skirt she wore to slide up her thigh. Henry paced back and forth in front of her. She bounced her dainty foot up and down, drawing Henry's gaze momentarily.

“What if transfer is impossible?”

“Why would it be impossible?”

Chun looked down at her lap and fidgeted. “Maybe I could get pregnant.”

“Even if you were, Ashley would still be Ashley. Everyone would know and we'd do it all again as soon as we could.”

Chun looked up at him, blinking her big brown eyes slowly. “I assume you'd have my data loaded in. Could you copy it to my old body? Give her all the memories of being me?”

Henry thought it over, hands clasped behind his back. Finally, he looked up at her and nodded. “I could. I have to admit, you've been a much nicer stepsister than Ashley ever was. I think she was jealous of me or something.”

“In that case, I have a favor to ask.”

“You want me to do the tech work while you get pregnant?” Henry grinned his adorable crooked grin.

Chun stood and smoothed her skirt, then stepped closer to him until their bodies were touching. She looked up at his handsome face. “Actually, two favors.”

She slipped her hand around his head and through his short, dark hair to slowly bring their lips together. Henry didn't protest. In fact, she could feel him relax into her, his hands coming up to clutch her hips. Her tongue snaked out against his lips, licking him lightly until he opened for her and she slipped inside. She ran her tongue around the contours of his mouth, tasting her stepbrother while his hands grew firmer on her body, gliding around to her ass then up to the small of her back, pulling her closer until her breasts were pressed against him and she could feel his eager erection poking her between her legs.

Their kisses grew faster, harder, little gasps escaping her mouth as she delighted in his scent, his nearness. His hands continued stroking her, eager for her body, exploring this beautiful form that had been tempting him for so long. For all his eagerness he was surprisingly gentle, bringing one hand up to stroke her cheek before pulling back and staring into her mocha brown eyes as if he couldn't believe this was happening.

Then his lips were back on hers while his hands gripped the bottom of her tee. She raised her arms to help him pull it off over her head and then he fumbled with her bra until, with a tingly laugh,

Chun reached around and unstrapped it for him. His eyes grew wide as her breasts bounced free. He took one in each hand, stroking them, staring down at his stepsister's naked chest. He hefted her beautiful, curvy tits in each hand, stroking the nipples with a thumb. Then he lowered his mouth onto her, sucking her pink nipple into his mouth while softly kneading the other breast with his free hand.

His hot breath felt so wonderful on her tits, and Chun brought a hand beneath her skirt and between her legs to stroke herself, fingers following Ashley's little slit as her thighs warmed. Henry's touch grew needier, more urgent, and he worked his way back and forth between her breasts, staring at them close up as he made them bounce, mesmerized by them.

Her body grew wet watching him worship her, and her fingers circled faster against her budding clit. She could feel the dew collecting across her cunt and soon the wet squelching sounds of her pussy reached her ears. Henry pulled away, grabbed her hand from between her legs and brought it to his lips. He sucked on her fingers, tasting her pussy, eyes closed as he savored his stepsister's delicious musk.

When he opened his eyes his lust had turned hard. He tore off his clothes before yanking Chun's skirt down and pushing her onto her back onto the bed. He was a beast and he was on top of her in an instant, his hard body pinning her to the bed. There was something exciting about Chun's sudden loss of control, about this big, solid man on top of her who wanted her so badly and could do whatever he wished to her. He squeezed a tit hard, the gentleness gone now, only an animalistic desire for Chun's nubile body. His touch drew a gasp from her lips and an ache through her body. His rock hard cockhead pressed against her clit in a slow rhythm. She was so wet now, almost dripping down her thigh as Henry pinned her down on the bed and kissed every inch of her he could reach without letting go while rocking his cockhead up against her clit.

She burned for him and he seemed to sense it. He slid his dick up and down her entrance, lubricating himself on her juices as her sighs grew louder. Finally, she felt the head of his cock dip inside her. There was a pressure building, building, and then with an inaudible pop he was inside her. She moaned as he slid inside her tight cunt. He echoed her moan, closing his eyes as they both relished the sensation of his dick tunneling through her pussy. He moved slowly, as if each inch was too much pleasure. When at last his groin rested against her and his cock was lodged deep inside, Chun experienced a feeling of pleasurable fullness she'd never known. It was as though her body had been waiting for this, the walls of her cunt stretched tight against Henry's dick.

He pulled out and then thrust in slowly, still pinning her arms to the bed. She couldn't move and it just drove her even more wild with pleasure. With his teeth he nipped her neck, her tits, growling in her ear, all the while thrusting slowly in and out of her. Chun managed to wrap her legs around him and urge him deeper, clutching him tight between her thighs, willing him deeper inside her.

Henry sped up, pounding harder. He gritted his teeth, staring down at Chun's body as though trying to memorize her.

“Oh, god, fuck me, Henry,” Chun begged in Ashley's breathy voice.

The wet sounds of his cock thrusting into her pussy hit her ears, along with the delightful smell of her own musk. She drove her waist up, clutching her legs tighter around him as he slammed into her, again and again, driving the pleasure to a wild roaring wave that caused her cries to rise in pitch until the orgasm finally crested over her. She came hard, body quivering, toes curling as he drove deep, deep and emptied himself into her. His cock throbbed inside her—God she could feel every wonderful motion—and he came with her, spurting his hot seed into her forbidden body as he clutched her tight. The orgasm whited out her mind, left her gasping for breath and perfectly full.

Henry collapsed on top of her, his masculine scent invading her nose. He kissed her neck, the tip of her nose, as he grew soft inside her. She never waned to let him go, but at last he pulled out. She felt

him dripping down between her thighs. God, she was definitely going to have to teach Felicia to fuck her like that with their toys.

They both lay on their backs on the bed until their breathing slowed.

“I take it that's a yes?” She teased him.

He laughed. “Absolutely.”

“Good,” she climbed on top of him, tossing her long hair out of her face with a flick of her head.

“Because I think I'll need more of that later.”

She kissed him, hands caressing his stubbly cheek while she inhaled his delicious spicy scent.

Chun played her part, pretending to be sad as she said goodbye to the family. They drove to the lab, Henry noticeably quiet on the way. Chun gave Felicia one last hug in the waiting room and then Henry led her inside where she changed into the hospital gown and got strapped back into the chair.

She grew a little nervous waiting for the initiation to begin. What if, despite the numerous times she'd had sex with Henry in the last couple days, she wasn't pregnant and the transfer went through? What if Henry changed his mind? What if he couldn't transfer Chun's backup into Ashley?

“Initiating transfer,” Henry said.

There was a familiar humming and then...nothing. Chun was still in Ashley's body listening to Henry and the other technicians in the room.

“Problem Henry?” One asked.

“Nope,” Henry said. “False error. They're transferring right now.”

When Henry called out that the transfer was complete, that was Chun's cue to pretend she was back. It was with another sense of relief when Henry called out that the other lab had confirmed a successful transition. Chun had landed back in her body. Or, at least, Ashley had received the memories of always being Chun, which amounted to the same thing. Henry lifted the dome above Chun's head and Chun beamed up at “her” brother.

“Welcome home, Ashley,” Henry winked. “Everything went exactly as planned.”

He unstrapped her from the machine and she rushed into his arms. She changed out of her gown and went out to see her family in the waiting room, laughing and hugging as if she'd been gone for months. Felicia hugged her tentatively at first, until Chun buried her face into Felicia's golden tresses and whispered into her ear:

“It worked.”

Felicia clutched her tighter, the two girls looking for all the world like best friends who'd been apart. But secretly, they knew they were together forever.

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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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Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

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Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

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Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

Cheers

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

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

Swap Brothel

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

The Other Woman

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

The Body Thief

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

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

What's Yours is Mine

Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.

Deviants (Part Two)

In the erotic conclusion to Deviants (Part One), the body possession machine has become incredibly popular, with guys lining up to have their fun inside the bodies of the high school girls that Ross has under his control. But Melissa and her friends have put together the clues and are determined to put an end to it all.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.