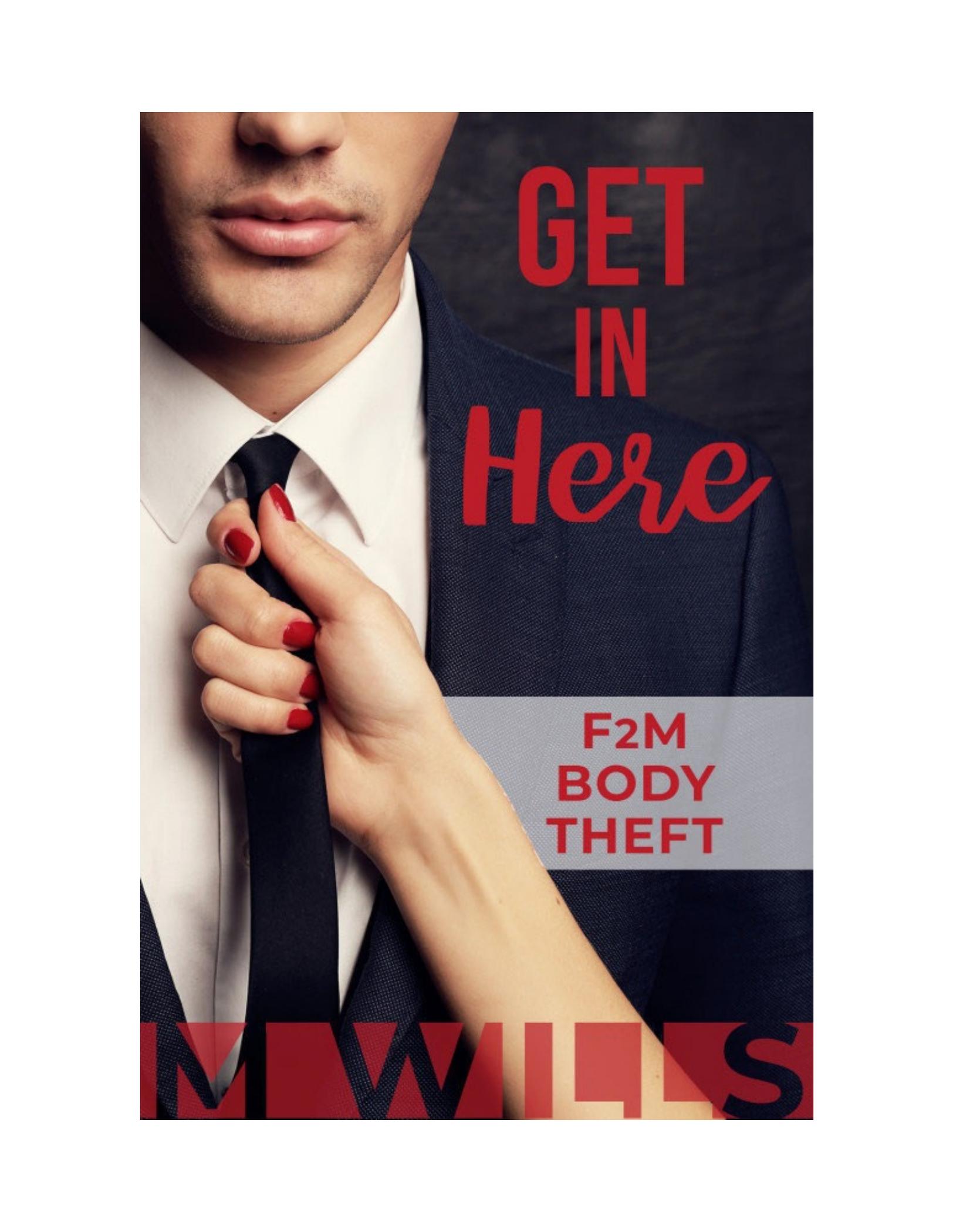
A close-up photograph of a man's face and torso. He is wearing a dark blue suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark tie. A woman's hand with red-painted fingernails is gripping the tie. The background is dark and out of focus.

**GET
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**F2M
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THEFT**

NEWS

A close-up photograph of a man's face and torso. He is wearing a dark blue suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark tie. A woman's hand with red-painted fingernails is gripping the tie. The background is dark and out of focus.

**GET
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**F2M
BODY
THEFT**

NEWS

Get in Here

F2M Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Get in Here

“Emily, get in here.” Her boss didn’t bother with the intercom, just bellowed through the open office door. “What’s that new chick’s name? The one in legal.”

Emily jumped up from her desk and headed to the doorway. “Helen?”

Dan was sitting at his desk typing on his computer and he didn't even bother to look up at Emily. He was obnoxiously sexy, all perfect lines and strong jaw. Rumor around the office was that he'd been an underwear model when he was younger.

“Nah, the other one,” Dan replied, offhandedly. “The one with the boobs and the laundry list of terms and conditions on the Hansard deal.”

Unfortunately, he was also just plain obnoxious, rude, and misogynistic.

“Jasmine,” Emily supplied.

“That’s her. We need to talk terms.” Dan finally looked up from his computer, his sparkling blue eyes meeting hers. “Set it up.”

“You’ve got a 4:30 available,” she offered, but she knew where this was headed

before the next words emerged from his mouth.

“Not in the office.” Dan shook his head. “We’ll do it over drinks.”

Resigned, she asked, “Do you want a reservation?”

“Sure, somewhere nice.” His deep voice turned pugnacious. “And not crawling with fucking hipsters like that shithole you booked last time. Seriously, I see one beard and I walk.”

The rest of the requirements were unspoken but understood:

A good table, secluded enough that Dan could grope Jasmine’s thigh during dinner. And Jasmine would let him - Emily knew enough about how L.A. worked to know that. Dan was a major league asshole but he had money to burn, a position of near-ultimate power, and looks that made panties drop and legs open wherever he went.

Requirement two was a hotel attached to the restaurant, so he could maneuver Jasmine directly from the table to the bedroom with the minimum amount of effort.

Third requirement was a clean change of clothes waiting in the office so (if he deigned to spend the whole night at the hotel with her) he didn’t have to duck home to change the next morning.

Lastly, all room and dining expenses needed to be charged to the company's account.

Emily knew the drill. She also knew Dan had made plans to see his girlfriend's new play that night. Mentally reviewing his schedule for the week, she said, "You could do tomorrow or Friday."

"Huh?" Dan was back staring at his computer. "Nah, tonight."

"Umm, you have tickets to Lindsay's play tonight."

"Cancel." Rolling his eyes, he added, "And send Linds... I don't know. Does she like flowers? Chocolates?"

"She likes tulips and poppies. Prefers cake to chocolate. Loves the spa."

"Fine." He waved a hand dismissively. "Send flowers and, like, a gift certificate for a day at... Where's good?"

"Hotel Bel Air, One Spa, The Raven." Emily rattled off the names of spas she could never afford and spent her life booking for Dan's aggrieved women.

"Yeah, one of them." He had the decency to look momentarily chagrined, contrition apparent on his stupidly handsome face. "And tell her... I'm sorry." And just as quickly the look was gone.

Emily just nodded and headed for the door.

Dan's voice stopped her. "Oh, hey. I need cash for tips."

Emily turned just in time to catch his wallet as he threw it at her. Extracting his debit card, she asked, "You want me to go to the ATM?"

"Yep, get \$200."

"What's your pin?"

He scowled and ran a hand through his short dark hair. "You have all my info; don't you have it written down somewhere?"

Emily shook her head. "I've got your company passwords and things but—"

"It's the same as my apartment alarm code - 0422." Waving her back out the door, he added, "Make it \$300 cash and pick me up an espresso from Emblem. Oh, and swing by Rite Aid; I need condoms."

"Ok, anything else?" she murmured, not quite managing to keep her attentive-dutiful-assistant smile in place.

“Yeah, remember to smile more. I spend all fucking day with producers reaming me about budget, I don't need that shit from you, too.”

Emily closed his office door behind her and resisted the urge to punch the nearest wall. She had a degree. A good degree. Four years. From a seriously competitive school. With an excellent GPA. And yet she spent her days fetching coffee and condoms for a fuckwit who expected her to plaster a huge smile to her face as she complied with every demeaning request.

The only thing keeping her sane was the project she'd been working on for three months. She sat down at her desk and opened the Excel spreadsheet. Scrolling down the long list, she got to the codes section. Plugging '0422' into the two remaining blank spaces, she grinned and hit save. She had everything, the man's entire life—passwords, security codes, family's full names and birthdays—contained in a single document.

“Is he in?” Startled by the voice, Emily looked up from her computer and found Lilah, one of the senior VPs, standing in front of her desk. She wore her trademark big red glasses to match her auburn hair and her impeccably tailored suit. How she could appear so calm and together in this office was anyone's guess.

“Yes.” Emily glanced at her phone and saw that Dan's light was red. “But he's on the phone.”

“I'll wait.” Lilah smiled tiredly and sank into a guest chair.

Emily eyed Lilah and then casually scanned the Excel doc. It was fitting really, that Lilah be there as she completed the list... since Lilah was the reason it existed in the first place. Lilah had joined the company a month after Emily and she'd come in full of big ideas. Her most ambitious plan—considering she was the only woman in a management position—was to do something about the boys club atmosphere within the company. She'd proposed a bunch of reforms to address the problem: a quota for management positions, a rewrite of the company's workplace conduct rules, and a mentor program for junior female staff.

She'd been roundly laughed out of every meeting. The all-male board had, in fact, literally laughed in her face. Rumor was, if Lilah hadn't had two big-name clients speak up for her she would've been out the door. The board's one concession (made presumably in an effort to not upset Lilah's clients) was to set aside a single morning for 'The Advancement of Young Female Staff'.

Two hours total. In which a couple of dry speakers came in and talked about gender inequality and the importance of representation. Followed by an hour of excruciating team building exercises meant to highlight inherent bias. It was so dull that Emily had actually been pleased when Dan had barged into the room and ordered her back to her desk.

The facilitator, however—a far too-perky woman called Marie—had protested, informing Dan that they had 45 minutes left and that the role reversal exercises were vital for 'a clear understanding of the gender dynamics at work within a company environment.'

Dan's response had been declarative: 'I pay her to answer the phone, not role play. The only role play I'm interested in involves a Catholic schoolgirl uniform and a bullwhip.'

And with that, he'd shooed Emily out the door and back to work.

But too-perky Marie was evidently not a quitter. An hour later she'd swung by and dropped a business card on Emily's desk. Walking away, she'd called over her shoulder, "Your boss is misogynistic despot. Turn the tables, honey."

The business card was mostly blank, just a single url: a-mans-world.com. And a meaningless code: 2769AGx43.

Curious, Emily had opened the website and started reading. She read about the need to empower women in the workforce, about the lack of female voices in management position, about tyrannical bosses and downtrodden assistants and toxic culture of masculine workplace management, about the need for change, about the need for women in the highest levels of the corporate hierarchy.

And then she read about what the meaningless code on the business card could do. About the power she'd just been handed on this little rectangle of cardstock.

She hadn't really believed she'd follow through and actually use the code...but that hadn't stopped her from entertaining the possibility. It didn't stop her playing out the scenario in her mind day after day and picturing how it might work. It didn't stop her plotting as if she might actually go ahead - gathering the info she'd need to make the plan work.

So, she'd slowly collected every detail of Dan's life, recording them all on her Excel sheet as Dan unwittingly revealed them. And it was a fun little implausible fantasy. An underhanded, malicious scheme that she would never actually put in play. Even if she wanted to, what the website promised was a magical

impossibility. Surely.

But, now, the information-gathering was suddenly complete and the desk drawer which contained the business card weighed heavily on her mind. She looked up at Lilah, who was by now a pale shadow of her former self. Lilah had joined the company full of gusto and drive, and now—after months of being ignored, ridiculed and overlooked by the testosterone brigade in senior management—she looked worn and cowed.

Surreptitiously, Emily swiveled her laptop screen a little further away from Lilah and typed in the url: a-mans-world.com. Digging out the business card, she typed in the code.

Seconds later, she had a confirmation email sitting in her inbox. It was succinct: Tables turn at 6:30pm tomorrow night. Enjoy. Marie x

“Emily, get in here.” Dan gave her three or four milliseconds to get to his office door before launching into instructions. “Order dinner. Steak salad and onion rings from that place on 4th. And tell Hank I want to see the final estimate for post production tonight. And read that bullshit email from the colorist and compare it to the bid, ‘cause we had a ton of contingency in that bid. Oh, and book me another ticket for Lindsay’s show; she’s giving me shit about missing last night.”

Returning to her desk, Emily checked the time—6:27pm—and made her first executive decision.

Picking up the phone, she dialed Canyon Kitchen (aka ‘that place on 4th’).

“Good evening. Canyon Kitchen.”

Emily watched the clock tick over to 6:28. “Hey, Julie. It’s Emily at Shadowbox Studios.”

“Hey, girl. The usual?”

“No, mixing it up.” Emily smiled, absently brushing back the long dark bangs from her forehead. “Can I please get the rocket and pear salad? And zucchini fries.” She considered for a moment, then added, “And a pistachio macaron.”

“Wow,” Julie commented, “your boss is finally branching out, trying something other than dude food.”

“Yep, he’s like a whole new man.”

Hanging up, Emily eyed the clock and waited.

And then Dan’s voice—deep, dictatorial, demanding as ever—boomed out of his office. “Emily, get in here.”

She headed into the office to find Dan wiping ineffectually at a spill down his pant leg.

“Spilled my fucking bourbon.” He waved a hand at the damp patch on his Armani suit. “Can you deal with this?”

Emily grabbed a handful of napkins from a drawer in the sideboard and offered them to Dan. But he simply leaned back on his desk and started scrolling through his phone. Apparently he was too high and mighty to wipe up his own mess and expected her to clean him up. It was a douche move, even for Dan.

Suppressing the sigh, Emily smoothed her skirt as she sank to her knees on the carpet and dabbed at the wet patch on his thigh.

And then, from out at her desk, she heard the 6:30 alarm on her phone.

“Umm, Dan...”

“What?” he responded, entirely distracted by his phone.

“Well, it’s just...”

“Spit it out, sweetheart.” He looked up from his phone and smirked at her as she

knelt in front of him. “And that’s not something I usually say when a girl’s in this position.”

And that was all the fuel Emily needed to complete her sentence. She smiled sweetly and looked up at him, all innocence and affability. “Just wanted to say - you’re a real piece of shit and this is gonna be fun.”

Indignation flared across his face. “What the hell did you—”

But he never got to finish.

The switch was instantaneous. One second Emily was on her knees; the next she was standing, leaning against the desk, too far off the ground, staring down at her own body. She sucked in a breath and felt the difference immediately - the breadth of her chest as she inhaled, the size of her hands as she clutched the edge of the desk.

Below her, her own body reeled back in shock. She watched Dan—now trapped in her slender body—gape and struggle for words.

Emily straightened, pulling Dan’s body up to its full 6’3 height. “In case you’re wondering, I switched us.” Hearing her voice emerge as Dan’s deep baritone was seriously odd and incredibly exciting.

But not quite as odd as hearing Dan ask, in his new feminine voice, “What the hell’s happening?” He gaped down at Emily’s body, then back up at his former

face.

It was sort of like hearing her own voice on a recording, but the cadence was slightly off.

“Told you - I switched us.” She smirked—the smirk she’d seen on his face a thousand times but never felt from this side—and added condescendingly, “Come on, Dan, keep up. Me in your body, you in mine.”

“But...how?”

“Wrong question.” Emily ran a hand over her cheek and was momentarily distracted by the rasp of end-of-day stubble. Letting her fingers linger over her new jawline, she said, “The important question is ‘why?’”

“Why?” Bewilderment was written all over his (well, her) face. Her own little brow was wrinkled in confusion and her eyes were wet. It looked very much like Dan was about to cry. Emily, on the other hand, was enjoying her newfound position of power.

“As I said, you’re a piece of shit and I’m sick of it. I’m sick of the condescension and the dismissal just because I’m female. I’m sick of all the demeaning errands; none of which, I feel I have to remind you, actually fall within my job description. I’m sick of the constant skeevey comments. I’m sick of—”

“This is bullshit.” He was up, combative and snarling now. “Fix it.”

Emily laughed down at him, enjoying every inch of the 11-inch-height-advantage. “Nope, not yet. You can sweat a little first.”

“Change us back!” His voice turned part pleading and part defiant, masculine and feminine in equal measure. He stared up at her. “I mean, why are you even doing this? What the fuck do you want from me?”

“Hmm.” Emily considered. “I wanna see contrition. And humiliation. Definitely humiliation. Penance would be good. And I totally wouldn’t say no to remorse, an unequivocal apology and a promise to fix your entitled, misogynistic crap.”

He stared at her in disbelief. “This is some kinda sick game for you? You want to see me suffer.”

“God yeah!” Emily nodded emphatically.

“You fucking bitch. You—”

“Uh uh, see, calling me a bitch isn’t going to get it done.” She wagged her finger, muscle memory guiding her to bust out one of Dan’s classic supercilious gestures. “There is exactly one way to get me to change us back: demonstrate that you’ve learned your lesson.”

Dan made a visible (if transparent) effort to appear conciliatory. He clenched his tiny fists and bit his bottom lip. “Fine. I’ll fucking change, ok?” His body language screamed with belligerence. “What do you want exactly? I’ll... keep my language strictly PG around you, I’ll get someone else to do the personal errands. Is that what you want?”

Emily shook her head. “I don’t think you’re quite getting this.”

“Jesus, you want a raise as well? Fine! Done.” He took a step forward, apparently trying to intimidate but, without his usual size, the move lacked a little something in menace. Regardless, he demanded, “Change us the fuck back now or I will end you.”

“How exactly?” Emily gesture down her new body—180lbs of toned muscle—and laughed. “You think you can take me?” She watched his defiance begin to ebb, and sank the boot in. “You think anyone will even believe who you are? One call to security and I could have you dragged from the building.”

Dan sank into the chair in front of the desk, completely failing to take into account Emily’s short skirt and manspreading as usual.

Emily found her eyes leaping, unbidden, to the long length of inner thigh revealed beneath the material. The surprising and involuntarily little thrill of heat that flared in her belly, made her hiss, “Shut your legs.”

Dan slammed his knees together, looking forlorn. “How long?”

Emily dragged her mind back to the conversation. “What?”

“How long until you change us back?”

“Couple of days maybe. A week.” She tested out Dan’s oiliest smile. “All depends on you, sweetheart. Live a little in my shoes, see what it’s like, and then show me you’re ready to change.”

Dan got to his feet, tottering slightly in his high heels. “Ok, couple of days.” He reached out a hand. “Gimme my keys, I wanna get out of here ASAP.”

“Dan, you heard the bit about living my life right?” Emily gave him a withering look. “You’re me! Emily - a lowly assistant so far down the company food chain, you barely constitute a snack.”

“But I—”

She cut him off. “Your entire job, for the next few days, is to make your boss look good. You do everything your boss asks, you hold your tongue when your boss pisses you off and you don’t leave until your boss tells you to leave. That’s life as Emily. And, when you’re done for the day, you can head home to your crappy apartment and get ready to do the whole thing over again the next day.”

Dawning realization spread across Dan’s face, the clear acknowledgment of the full depth of his situation. Clearly reaching for whatever comfort he could find, he clarified, “But just a couple of days right? Just until I demonstrate that... I get

it?”

“Yep.” Emily nodded. “So, now... go back to your desk, call Hank and tell him that your boss needs the post production bid. Then play compare and contrast with the colorist’s email and their original quote.”

Dan opened his mouth to speak, but Emily cut him off. “Answer my phone and, when my dinner gets here, plate it and bring it on in. You think you can do that, sweetie?”

Dan bit his lip again but didn't retort. Instead, he just asked “Umm, where are the plates?”

“Wow.” Emily rolled her eyes in disbelief. “Kitchen.” She dismissed him with a little flick of her head, watched him wobble gracelessly to the door, his little rear end swishing back and forth under the dress and then added, “Oh, and Dan.”

“Yeah?” He stopped, leaning on the door for support as he half turned to face her.

She sank down into Dan’s ridiculously plush office chair and ran an eye over her former body. When she was in it, she'd often thought that she'd been carrying a little too much weight and compared herself unfavorably with the other assistants in terms of looks. Maybe it was the feeling of power from being in her boss's body, or maybe it was the unfamiliar testosterone flowing through her, but she found her eye slipping down the gentle curve of her backside, dress clinging to her supple form. Amorous thoughts began to whisper through her mind.

Emily smiled Dan's handsome grin. "Don't be slow about it, gorgeous. I'm a busy man."

* * *

Waking up the next morning in Dan's massive bed (on silky sheets that probably cost more than her car) was sheer bliss. She'd been so exhausted the night before—body switching and totally dominating your alpha boss really drained the batteries—that she'd crashed as soon as she reached the condo. But, this morning, she was alert and enjoying the multiple perks of Dan's life. The palatial rooms with expensive tech and subtle luxury at every turn: the expensive Italian coffee maker, the private gym, and, mostly, the enormous rainfall shower.

Stepping into the spray, she turned on the waterproof, touchscreen TV and wasn't particularly surprised when it opened to Dan's pornhub page. Idly, she scrolled through the links and selected a vid. Hitting play, she stood, letting the water cascade over her, inhaling the scent of Dan's expensive shampoo and enjoying the gentle little itch of anticipation, the slow movement of desire gradually pumping through her new body. She lathered and rinsed, eyes flicking down to her dick, transfixed by the transformation as it gradually grew hard and increasingly impatient.

For minutes, she studiously avoided touching her aching cock as she rubbed body wash over the lines of Dan's muscles, fingers scrubbing the taut ridges of his body. He did look amazing, Emily gave him that. Then, finally, she relented and took her twitching dick in one big hand, stroking once smooth and slow, loving the obvious, efficient ease of her new body. Just a hard dick - so accessible and so easy to please. Just needed to watch tits and pussy for a few minutes and then it was ready to respond; already eager and needy. So male, so ready to oblige her and cum.

Smiling, she reached for the tube of Soak n Stroke lube sitting nestled next to the shampoo, and squirted a little into her palm. She looked down and watched her dick twitch again, impatient for the pressure and pull of her hand. Resisting the urge to stroke, she instead tapped the tv screen cranking the sound, letting the shower fill with the sound of a woman—a cute brunette with a filthy smile and dripping wet pussy—moan and gasp as she stroked her clit.

Turning slightly, Emily let the spray fall on her back only, denied herself even the teasing caress of the falling water on her dick. Caught in a moment of both fierce need and delicious restraint, she let herself really examine her new organ. She had to admit something: Dan was a serious asshole but he also had a seriously gorgeous dick - long, thick, and hard as a fucking rock. It was also desperately responsive. She'd barely touched it and it was ready to blow. She watched as pre-cum bubbled up from the slit, a small viscous drop that grew and lingered at the tip.

Emily struggled with her thoughts. The cries from the woman on the video were making her almost as hard as just watching her new cock. It was as if her mind's desire was joining with that of her body's physical need.

Fascinated, Emily waited, her palm still filled with lube, hot shower on her back and the increasingly urgent moans on the woman onscreen echoing against the tiles. She waited, as another drop formed on the tip, this one bigger. Swelling and seeping from head of her cock and then, finally, spilling over, hanging in a string before dripping to the floor. Fuck, the anticipation was killing her. Her body was begging to be stroked, the tension wound up tight, desperately needing release.

And then she wrapped her fist around her cock and pumped. Sucking in the pure bliss of finally relieving just a little of the aching tension as her slick palm

stroked up and down her flesh. It felt so fucking good. Why the hell Dan did anything else with his time, she didn't know - not when his body could feel this good. She closed her eyes and wondered if he jerked off in his office. If, when he locked the door 'to work', he really just opened his pants right there at his desk. Honestly, knowing now what it felt like to have a hand moving over a hard dick - she didn't blame him if he rubbed one out every time he closed the door.

She couldn't last. Heat was building, suffusing her body with every stroke. Her breath was shallow, her heartbeat firing as she picked up the pace just a little, increased the pull and the friction. And then she felt it: the pressure; the urgent, anxious need for release and the total loss of control.

But she was still unprepared for it - jizz spurted out of her dick. The first violent stream arced up and hit the TV screen, leaving a pearly, white streak across the picture. The second spurt hit the shower wall hard, slithering down the tile. The third spurt dribbled; slow, thick and decadent over her hand, bubbling up and spilling over her fingers as she milked the last drop of feeling.

For a minute, Emily didn't let go; just let her dick soften slowly in her light grip. Then she stepped fully back into the shower and let the warm water pour over her. Grabbing a squirt of body wash, she carefully soaped herself, washing away the lube and jizz.

She was still smiling when she dressed, texted her breakfast order to her assistant, stepped into Dan's Mercedes-AMG GT Coupé and headed to work.

* * *

“Emily, get in here.” And, damn, was that satisfying to say .

Dan scurried in, clearly doing his best to appear dutiful and conciliatory. “Umm, what do you need?”

Emily noticed he was wearing flats—the better to balance in, probably—and his hair was pulled back in a ponytail. Simple but hardly Emily's normal office look. There was also a noticeable lack of makeup. Given Dan's former disinterest in anything feminine besides tits, Emily was almost glad he hadn't attempted anything. He would probably have come off looking more like a teenager who'd got her first ever makeup kit than a respectable assistant.

“Did you update the budget on the Tommy Hansard job?” She asked him.

“I tried, I just didn't know how to—”

“Don't care,” Emily said dismissively. “You don't know how to do something; do what I did when I started - learn.”

“Yeah but—”

“And learn fast, baby.”

“Ok,” Dan mumbled, expression defeated and eyes suspiciously bright.

Emily drank in the sight. Seeing Dan hurting and humbled was a whole new level of delicious. The man had spent the past year slowly stripping her of her confidence, her self-worth and her ambition; watching him flail and cower, fed her soul.

Dan was trying visibly though, she had to give him that. Less than a day in her body, and he'd already dropped the entitled dude 'tude. He was trying to appease her, trying to do a good job and get back his body. And she'd didn't blame him for wanting it back - his body was a pleasure to walk around in... even if it was a little difficult to control. Emily hadn't been quite prepared for the extent to which his new body affected her actions; hadn't been prepared for the perpetual male awareness of women, her new body's need to follow the line of legs under the assistant's skirts and the curves of boobs. The desire was a constant buzz in the periphery of her mind now...it was disconcerting to say the least.

And it lead her to moments like this. One minute she was reveling in Dan's dismay, the next she was completely distracted by his (well, her) boobs. Dan's hand had dropped to his chest and was resting over his heart, fingers grazing the top of his breasts. And, suddenly, Emily found herself wondering if Dan had started his day the same way she had. Had he explored her body? Had he made her body cum as hard as she had? She sort of wished she had been there to see it. Oddly, just thinking about it made her new cock twitch. Had she swapped desires with him, too?

Dan interrupted her train of thought. "Umm, it's time for your 9:30."

Emily gave herself a shake. "Let's move then." She grabbed her phone and added, "Oh, and a tip for you - if your boss is late for a meeting, it's your fault. Next time, warn me before 9:30."

The daily status meeting was the same every day and Emily had been sitting in on them since the day she was hired, so playing Dan's part wasn't exactly difficult. Plus, she had spent months noting down every nuance of his job and ensuring she had access to the info she needed.

Leaning back in her chair and doing Dan's obnoxious pen-spinning trick—a move that seemed strangely easy with Dan's muscle memory—she rattled off her update. “Maxwell deal is with the lawyers, just minor quibbles on hiring discretion. Should be inked by Friday at the latest.” Enjoying the dexterity of Dan's long fingers, she flipped her pen around one more time before continuing, “There's a little delay on the dailies for the doco—colorist was being an asshole about transfer costs—but we've got it sorted and we'll make up time over the weekend.”

Tobias—the company head and your basic toxic, moneyed, Baby Boomer asshole—asked, “Additional overtime costs?”

“Nah,” Emily replied, Dan parlance in place, “It was their fuck up; they'll eat the cost.”

“Ok, nice. That about wraps it up.” Tobias glanced around the outskirts of room at the various assistants sitting in and taking notes. “Right, anyone who hasn't signed the studio's NDA on the Tommy Hansard project needs to skedaddle.” Giving them mere seconds to move, he added, “Chop chop, girls. We've got important shit to discuss.”

When the women had left the room, leaving only the male management team, Emily leaned forward and asked, “What's up with the Hansard project?”

“Nothing.” Tobias grinned. “Just got a clip of dailies footage you all oughta see and I didn’t think the ladies would appreciate it.”

With that, he turned his computer screen to the assembled table and hit play on a clip. It was an outtake from a movie currently shooting on the lot next door, featuring an eighteen-year-old up and coming actress in her first lead role.

Tobias played the clip: a wardrobe malfunction, the actress’s tank top getting caught during what was supposed to be a completely PG-rated love scene, the top getting pulled to one side to reveal the entirety of her boob. The actress gasped in shock and rushed to cover herself.

And Tobias hit replay.

The take would, of course, never make it to screen, but that didn’t stop the guys in the room giving it a thorough viewing and review.

Emily sat, faintly horrified, listening to the guys salivate over the body of a girl young enough to be their daughter. Her silence must have been atypical because she felt a nudge in her side.

Tobias looked over at her quizzically. “What’s the matter, Dan, cat got your dick?”

The others laughed.

“Umm.” Emily cleared her throat and forced a smile. “Just admiring the view. Send that clip to me would you?”

“Yeah,” Tobias winked. “You enjoy it on your own time.”

As the meeting broke up, Emily found herself oddly relieved to realize something - Dan was a womanizing asshole but at least his body (unlike the rest of the board members' apparently) didn't get hot and bothered over a clearly-distressed and humiliated teen. She walked back to Dan's office slowly, running through fun and violent fantasies of hurting the other various board members.

* * *

At 6pm, Emily watched Dan nervously approach her office door and say, “I finished the budget. And rescheduled the pre-production meeting for next week. Can I—” He cut himself off with a self-disgusted grimace.

Emily grinned. Apparently asking permission to leave was just a bridge too far... but she didn't really mind. He really had been docile and un-Dan-like for the majority of the day and she was feeling magnanimous. “You can go.”

Dan nodded. Then said quietly, “I've... You've got a ticket to Lindsay's play tonight.” He shifted uncomfortably. “Are you... going to see her?”

“Why? You jealous?”

“No!” But his expression didn’t quite sell the statement

“Huh, who knew?” Emily raised a brow. “You give a shit.”

Dan was glaring now and responded petulantly, “She’ll know something’s wrong; she’ll know it’s not me.”

“Really?”

Dan leant his hip against the doorframe and folded his arms beneath his breasts, a flicker of his usual tenacity shining through. “It’s one thing to imitate me at work - you’re here every day, you know what I do. But you have no fucking clue how I behave with Lindsay and you’re going to fall on your face.”

“You think I have no clue how you behave with women?” Emily made no attempt to rein in the mocking laugh. “I’ve got the Dan Mitchell playbook memorized, dude. You’ve had me schedule every hook-up for a year now. Had me book every hotel room, buy every gift, take calls from every discarded girl you’ve fucked and ditched when ‘she got too clingy.’ I know how you play.”

For moment, Dan was quiet, as if weighing the validity of the argument. His response, when it came, was almost pleading: “Just a day more, right? Or two? Then you’ll...”

“Yeah,” Emily said with a shrug, “a day or two.” And, with that, she grabbed her

keys and headed for the door.

Emily had attended the play mostly as a fuck-you to Dan; what she hadn't expected was to enjoy it. Nor had she expected Lindsay to both funny and talented. In Emily's experience, actresses as hot as Lindsay rarely had to bother displaying talent. But Lindsay was apparently the exception. She had a small role but, even sharing the stage with an Emmy winner and Broadway vet, she was magnetic.

There was something authentic and compelling about her. It was, in part, the way she moved on stage - fluid and thoroughly assured, the lights glinting on her the gold of her hair and catching the shadows of her cheekbones. She was hard to ignore... Certainly the two guys in the seats next to Emily's left weren't ignoring her - their eyes hadn't moved off her tits for the past twenty minutes.

On stage, the Broadway vet was delivering a powerful monologue but Emily felt her focus shift to Lindsay, acting in background - sitting in front of a giant mirror, slowly applying a layer of bright red lipstick.

It was the climactic scene of the play, superb dialogue and a clever bit of staging with the Broadway vet slowly appearing and disappearing in the mirror. But Emily barely heard it, just stared at Lindsay's scarlet lips as she pressed them together, delicately smoothing the color.

"So," Lindsay asked from the passenger seat, "what did you think?"

Still faintly stunned, Emily told the truth. "You were mesmerizing."

Lindsay smiled nervously, a brilliant smile that lit up her entire face. And up close she really was stunning, all high cheekbones, upturned little nose and perfect skin. “Really?”

Gripping the steering wheel a little too hard, Emily repeated, “Umm, just... yeah... mesmerizing.”

And then she was completely surprised when Lindsay leaned over, kissed her cheek and said, “I don’t care if you’re just being nice. Thank you for being that nice.”

“I’m not just being nice,” Emily said. Because, seriously, the girl needed to know she was amazing.

“Of course not.” Lindsay grinned. “You’re never nice.”

They sank into silence for which Emily was profoundly relieved. She was having a hard time getting a grip on the situation and had been flying by the seat of her pants since the play ended. She’d been heading out of the theater when her phone had buzzed with a message from Lindsay - I’ll be out in 15. Take me home?

Almost before she’d had time to consider, she’d texted back - Sure.

Equal parts panicked and excited, Emily had headed to the valet and retrieved

Dan's Merc. And then, 17 minutes later, Lindsay was sliding into the passenger seat and Emily was, for some reason, taking her home (to an address she'd carefully recorded on her Excel doc and committed to memory).

Lindsay's place was a typical West Hollywood apartment - small, antiquated, charming, loaded with art deco features and too much stuff. Emily tried to keep her observation subtle but apparently she wasn't subtle enough.

Lindsay gave her an odd look. "Nothing changed. Same ol' crappy apartment." She stroked a reassuring hand down Emily's arm and added, "You ok? You seem different."

"Different how?" Emily tried to lean nonchalantly against the wall in the little hallway.

"Well, for starters," the corner of Lindsay's mouth turned up just a little, "usually you have me up against the wall the second we walk through the door."

"Right." Emily gave a nervous laugh, spiky heat lapping in her belly. "Umm, usually."

"In fact... You've got me trained," Lindsay added, her tongue darting out to drag across her bright red lower lip. "I get wet as soon as I turn the key in the door."

Emily felt the panic start to creep up the back of her neck. At no point, in all her plotting to mess with Dan's life, had she planned to end up here. Because she

didn't hook up with other people's girlfriends. Hell, she didn't hook up with girls. Period. Despite the current baying of her borrowed body, she didn't.

Yet she was getting hard. And it wasn't the gentle, gradual arousal she'd experienced in the shower. This was sharp and urgent, her dick moving entirely of its own accord, aching and suddenly begging to be touched. And she couldn't stop looking at Lindsay, eyes drawn to the deep dark red of her lips, down the dress that curved perfectly with her form.

She heard herself blurt out, "I can't stay."

"Ok," Lindsay said quietly, her eyes meandering down Dan's body. "I'll be quick then."

She knelt in front of Emily and reached for Emily's belt buckle. Emily tried to back away but bounced into the door behind her. Lindsay looked up and giggled, hand still on Emily's pants, clearly thinking this was a game. And, god, looking down at Lindsay's gorgeous face, her radiant smile, and then beneath to the slight swell of her breasts visible down her top from Emily's vantage point took Emily's breath away. The overwhelming urges of her new body to give in fought with Emily's desire to pull away, giving time for Lindsay to unbutton Dan's pants and pull them to the floor. She reached down into Emily's boxer shorts and wrapped her fingers around Emily's growing member. Lindsay's warm fingers clasped Emily firmly and the instant uncoiling of desire chased all thought of escape out of Emily's mind.

Her desire intensified in an instant and she stared down as Lindsay slid her hand slowly up and down Emily's shaft. Lindsay was staring at Dan's dick as if entranced, the tip of her little nose nearly touching it, her hot breath just grazing Emily's skin.

“Mmm, you're hard tonight,” Lindsay cooed.

The deep pleasure grasped Emily firmly, held her still, and she didn't think it could get any more intense until Lindsay opened her lips and brought them over the tip of Dan's dick. She took him in her mouth slowly, Emily's burning pleasure intensifying with every inch. The tension building within Emily was nearly unbearable, caused by both the feeling of Lindsay's wet heat wrapped around her cock and the sight of Emily's shaft disappearing between Lindsay's lips.

Emily leaned her head back against the wall, fingers gripping her short hair as she moaned in pleasure. Lindsay swallowed her slowly, tongue undulating gently against the underside of Emily's dick, until Lindsay's nose was pressed into Dan's pubic hair and she held Emily entirely in her mouth. Then she slid up and almost as suddenly back down, quickly moving into a steady rhythm that matched the pulse of Emily's body.

“Oh, fuck,” Emily whispered, unable to move, unable to breathe as the pleasurable tension built and built, driving towards a climax that became ever more urgent the longer Lindsay kept her lips wrapped around Dan's dick. She wanted to stare at the vision of loveliness worshipping her cock, wanted the feeling to last forever, just wanted to stay inside Lindsay forever. And at the same time Emily wanted to cum hard, slam deep into Lindsay's mouth and empty herself into those perfect plump lips. The twisting tension of these two desires held her in stasis while Lindsay swirled her head around as she drew her lips up and down, moving faster, little slurps escaping her mouth that only served to intensify Emily's desire. Emily's body ratcheted up, cock throbbing, aching for release, and then the pleasure filling her body reached the breaking point and Emily lost control. She came hard, beautiful release unspooling the tension within her at each spurt of her cock. Lindsay kept her lips wrapped firmly around Emily and sucked, drinking down Emily's seed and, god, that made it all the hotter. Emily moaned as she emptied herself into Lindsay's

waiting mouth, enjoying every last throb of her cock as it slowed and finally stopped, Emily's pleasure dissipating suddenly, leaving an aching emptiness of relief.

Lindsay slid her mouth off Emily's dick and wiped her lips as she stood.

“That was amazing, Linds,” Emily whispered. “You're amazing.”

Lindsay smiled. “Thank you.”

“No,” Emily said wrapping her hands through Lindsay's soft hair, “I mean it.”

She kissed Lindsay slowly and deeply, feeling Lindsay's soft body melt into Dan's hard one, inhaling Lindsay's flowery scent, memorizing the feel of her, the taste of her. Emily finally drew back and stared into Lindsay's sea green eyes. There was a deep love there, a need for Dan's affection, and suddenly Emily was unsure of herself. What was she doing? Was she just leading Lindsay on? Would Dan just go back to being an asshole when he returned to his body? Surely there was no future here and it was foolish to pretend like there was.

And yet, the feelings were real. Emily wanted to stay with Lindsay. She wanted to wake up and see her lying in bed next to her. She wanted to breath Lindsay in, soak up her essence every day, reach over and touch her, talk to her, laugh with her. But was this what Dan's body wanted? Or what Emily wanted?

Confused, Emily murmured “I have to go.”

She pulled up her pants and slipped out the door, forcing herself to walk away when every bit of her body wanted to stay.

* * *

The guilt—that letting Lindsay go down on her was a dick move—was hard to shake. The feeling was still lingering the next morning when Emily headed into the office. Compounding the guilt was the screaming temptation to head straight back to Lindsay’s and do it all over again. Her brain whispered plausible excuses and encouragement: Dan deserved everything he got... and Lindsay didn’t seem to mind (or even notice) that there was someone else at the wheel. It wasn’t, Emily justified, like she was treating Lindsay any worse than Dan did. Better, in fact. Dan didn’t know what he had with her.

Plus, she couldn’t believe how amazing every part of it had been. Seeing Lindsay on her knees, feeling Lindsay’s hot, wet mouth, hearing her tiny moans. Emily felt herself growing hard again and shook the memory away. Was this what being a guy was like? Or was this just Dan?

She rounded the corner and reached her office to find Dan seated at her desk, Tobias hovering behind him. She knew Tobias’s stance and expression well; she knew that he’d just made his signature move - the shoulder squeeze culminating in an ‘accidental’ grazing of his thumb over an employee’s breast. Plus, from Tobias’s vantage point Emily knew he was looking right down Dan’s blouse. Dan was frozen, Emily’s former face rigid with shock and anger. And, for the first time ever, Emily felt a little stab of sympathy for Dan’s situation.

Clearing her throat, she asked, “You need something, Tobias?”

Tobias's eyes hovered for a moment over Dan's boobs, before he announced, "Just coming by to share the good news." He waved a sheaf of paper. "Hansard contract is signed. We're a go."

Emily affected Dan's smuggest smile. "Good to hear."

Tobias shook Emily's hand. "Nice work, man. Appreciate the hustle on this one." He leaned in a little closer and murmured. "Accounts will email the details, but I think you're gonna be happy about the size of your bonus on this one."

Emily nodded, trying to wrap her head around why exactly Dan needed yet more cash. His regular salary had him rolling in more money than he could ever spend. What was he going to buy with a bonus? A fifth car? Another palatial condo? A race horse? Perhaps, she ought to say something...

But Tobias had already turned back to Dan and was regarding him with a slight sneer. "Smile, sweetheart. Your boss just inked a big deal."

Dan gave watery excuse for a smile. But it was clearly enough for Tobias because he gave Dan a condescending pat on the arm.

"That's better." With that Tobias headed out into the hallway.

Emily walked into Dan's office, murmuring over shoulder, "Emily, get in here."

She took a seat behind Dan's desk and added, "And close the door."

Dan looked dangerously close to tears. He was so timid in his new body, clearly not used to being ordered around and made to feel like a constant object of male attention. Voice unsteady, he asked, "Is Tobias always like that?"

"Like what?"

"The wandering hands," Dan said, then swallowed, looking down and playing nervously with his fingers. "Is he always like that with you I mean?"

Emily shrugged. "With me. With the receptionist. With Lilah and the PR assistants and the makeup girls and, you know, anyone female who walks into the office."

Dan's response was succinct: "Oh."

Dan went silent after that but Emily wasn't paying attention, because Lindsay had just sent her a text: Coming over tonight? And suddenly she needed all of her concentration to resist the urge to reply: Hell yeah!

"This is bullshit!" Dan blurted out, his voice dragging Emily back to the conversation at hand.

Emily looked up from her phone to find Dan looking furious and asked, "What?"

“Why the hell did you single me out?”

“Dan, what are going on about?”

Dan looked on the verge of tears. “You decide you want to go on some man-punishing, body-switching, feel-my-pain crusade... and you pick me. Why the hell not Tobias? He’s the one groping the chicks in the office, not me.”

“Yeah,” Emily responded sarcastically, “like you’re treating the women in the office with respect.”

“I’m not coping an unearned feel,” Dan countered defensively.

“No,” Emily conceded, “you just choose to let it happen while you demean us, insult us, ogle us, devalue us, and steal our ideas.”

“I...” He trailed off, apparently not quite confident enough to voice the denial. And then his bluster fell away. “I... These past few days have been... I’m sorry.”

And, suddenly, it was all there in his expression, all the things that Emily had said she wanted to see: contrition, understanding, remorse. She simply nodded in response. “Good.”

Outside, at Emily's desk the phone began to ring. Heading out towards the ringing, Dan's eyes lifted to Emily's, a tiny spark of hope evident. "So you'll change us back?"

Emily knew she should say yes. Dan had done everything she'd asked. He'd learned his lesson.

And yet...

And yet he was just one person. Did he really get it enough to attempt the herculean task of changing the office culture? Or would he buckle? Return to the good old boy mentality. As Emily watched his little butt wiggle out the door she considered that maybe she could do more good by staying in Dan's body. And surely he still had a hell of a lot to learn as a woman? Emily was sure she could change this place. And, ironically, coming from a man, it would be easier for the management team to accept.

Plus, there was Lindsay. Was Dan's contrition enough to make him a better boyfriend? A better lover? And hadn't Emily felt a connection with Lindsay? Seen the spark as she stared into Lindsay's gorgeous eyes? Emily didn't know what was true and what was her justifying a decision she suddenly realized she'd already made.

Her phone chimed - Lindsay again: To hell with waiting for tonight. Get over here.

When Dan hung up the phone Emily called out to him, "Emily, get in here."

He stood in front of her desk, hands clasped together in front of him dutifully.

“There's a card in my top desk drawer with a web address and a code. Bring it in here.”

Dan hurried out. Lindsay heard him rummaging through his desk.

“Your top drawer?” Dan called out.

“Yeah,” Emily replied, typing out a message to Lindsay: On my way.

“I don't see it.” Dan's voice had taken on a hint of panic.

Lindsay strode out to the desk and helped look. They dumped the random bits of paper and office supplies onto the top, sorting and sifting through for any sign of the card.

“I don't understand. I left it right here.”

“Well, it's not here now!” Dan cried, drawing the attention of a couple of passing assistants.

Emily grabbed his arm. “Shhh. It can't have just disappeared. I mean...it did just appear on my desk.”

Dan's face was priceless. His jaw quivered and his eyes grew watery. Emily almost felt bad for him and had to steel herself. She'd made the right decision.

“You mean...we're stuck like this?” He asked.

Emily nodded.

* * *

Lindsay opened the door and Emily stepped in. She wrapped her arms around Lindsay's waist and pulled her close.

“Hello, gorgeous,” she whispered, “I've been thinking about you all day.”

Emily pulled Lindsay into a kiss, drinking in the delicious flowery scent of her, hands wandering down each other's bodies as they tasted each other. Emily's cock throbbed once in anticipation.

Lindsay pulled away from the kiss but stared into Emily's eyes as she pressed her body close. “What took you so long?”

“My assistant had a minor freak out. Personal stuff,” Emily shrugged. “I sent her home early. She'll get over it. Kiss me again.”

Lindsay did, passionate and desperate. The two made their way to the bedroom, detaching from each other only long enough to shed their clothes, before returning hungrily to clasp each other's naked bodies. Emily's hands greedily explored Lindsay's supple form, squeezing and grabbing, Dan's body hungry for her softness, her warmth. The desire flaring through Emily was even more intense than before, and she had a desperate need to grip Lindsay, squeeze her close, devour her. Emily's cock was hard as steel, pressed against Lindsay's belly as Lindsay lay on top of her on the bed.

Emily's hands wandered over Lindsay's chest as they melted into each other, both of them moaning as pleasure built within Emily. Lindsay spread her legs and shifted atop Emily, and suddenly the head of Emily's cock was pressing against Lindsay's gently opening womanhood. The anticipation of being inside her was divine. There was a pressure, building, building, and then blessed relief as Emily entered Lindsay for the first time. It was perfect, made Emily more fulfilled than she had ever thought possible, and yet still there was a driving desperation as she sank deep inside Lindsay's wet heat. She needed more, needed to go deeper, to bury herself deep into Lindsay's center and rock together as one.

Lindsay rode her, controlling the rhythm as her body swayed atop Dan's rock hard form. Emily's hands came up to Lindsay's breasts and she wrapped her fingers around them, tweaking the nipples until they stood to sharp attention. Emily had never seen the appeal to breasts as a woman, but in Dan's body, it was hard to think of anything more amazing than the wonderful warm teardrop shapes that she was now gripping. She stared at them, hypnotized as they jiggled with every bounce. Lindsay rode Emily hard, throwing back her head, arching her back and crying out as Emily pressed a thumb against Lindsay's sopping bud.

Emily was filled with utter bliss, eyes drinking in Lindsay's body, utterly

smitten. Suddenly everything about Lindsay was perfect: the curve of her nose, the swell of her ass, the way her hair bounced across her shoulders, the light flecks of gold in her perfect green eyes. Emily had never wanted anyone on earth more than she wanted Lindsay in that moment.

Emily moaned and thrust up, her body needing to sink ever deeper, impossibly deep, into Lindsay's warm folds. She wanted to be surrounded by Lindsay's body, bury herself into Lindsay's essence, live on the edge of this pleasure forever. And then the desire became too much, spun out of control and escaped. Emily thrust up hard as the tension inside her broke, driving her cock deep into Lindsay's center and throbbing with a needy urgency of relief until she was empty and Lindsay was full.

When they were done Lindsay lay beside her, and Emily cuddled her, masculine fingers running gently across the curve of Lindsay's breasts, memorizing her by touch.

Later that night, after Lindsay was asleep, Emily slipped out of bed. She rummaged through Dan's wallet, coming up with the business card containing the access code to swap bodies. She'd swiped it off her old desk the day after the swap and had never told Dan.

Emily crept into the kitchen. Turning the knob on the stove, she ignited one of the burners and held the card over the flame until it caught. She let it burn until it had decimated the website url, the access code, and the flame was nearly down to her fingers, before she turned and dropped it into the sink. She washed the ashes down the drain and returned to bed, slipping a strong, masculine arm around Lindsay's tender body and holding her close, breathing in her girlfriend's flowery scent and luxuriating in her soft warmth.

There was no going back now. And that was exactly how Emily wanted it.

#

Thank you!

Thank you for 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. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Time for an Upgrade

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

Running Around

Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.

XXX Factor

Four frat guys are punished by being transformed into their ideal pornstars:

the blonde bombshell

the Thai goddess

the ebony beauty

and the sexy girl next door.

All they have to do to get their bodies back is go the whole day without sleeping with a man. But in their new sex starved bodies, and on a college campus surrounded by eligible guys, that's easier said than done.

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story

Ethan uses BodyPossession.com to control the bodies of three sisters and indulges their deepest, darkest desires.

Be My Neighbor

When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.

Little Pink Pill

Dan and Michael are two brothers who've never been really close. But that all changes when Michael doses his brother with pills that instantly transform him into a smoking hot MILF.

Deep Undercover

Claire is an undercover detective, betrayed and forcibly body swapped by the stripper who pretended to help her. Now she's fighting the clock -- and her body's physical urges -- in an effort to get her own body back before the body thief can finish her for good.

Substitute Teacher

It was supposed to be Chris's dream come true: a body swap with his hot teacher for Swap Class. But then a troublemaker was plopped into his class at the last minute and ended up in the teacher's body. And the bully intends to explore every inch of her body while Chris watches on.

Primed for Takeover

Emily has the proverbial all - youth, wealth and a luscious body that's absolutely screaming for attention. But her life is about to change when she meets a mysterious older woman. All seems fun until Emily discovers that the woman wants to take over her life and her body...and has the means to do so.

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body

Swapping bodies with his sister for a day has given Neil the chance to finally punish her for her cruelty. And the best way to punish her is to give in to his every desire.

Mirror Mirror

Alyssa thought she'd lost everything when her twin sister imprisoned her in a cell and assumed her identity. Trapped and in despair, Alyssa thought she had nothing else to lose. She was wrong; she still had her body. Until her sister came to transform that, too.

Ticket to Ride

She's a gorgeous, sexy stranger and soon I'll be inside her body and able to explore at my leisure.

BodyPossession.com

A young man's life is turned upside down when he finds a website that allows users to possess anyone's body...for a price.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories