

# **Ghost in the Machine**

*A Body Possession Story*

by M. Wills

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## Ghost in the Machine

Victor took a last sip of his beer and leaned back against the cushion of the booth seat. Abigail and Paige sat across from him, both of them still finishing their meals. Abigail had been holding a single french fry in her slim fingers and gesticulating with it while she told a story for the last five minutes. Paige had egged her on, laughing and filling in details that Abigail glossed over.

“Uh, not quite,” Paige said, arching her slender eyebrow at Abigail. “I was the one who went down the hill first.”

“Oh my god, I forgot!” Abigail laughed. “It was a bunny slope and you almost plowed into the kids waiting for a lesson.”

“They had thick coats. They would have been fine,” Paige said wryly, swiping her black hair back behind her ears.

This was why dinners out with the two women took forever. Victor didn't *really* mind though. They were good company and, besides, just being around Abigail was all Victor wanted.

Abigail's stories gave Victor an excuse to watch her. He sought to memorize her face, taking in her close-set eyes that gave her an endearing girl-next-door look, her toothy grin, and the beautiful line of her nose. Abigail pushed her black glasses back up her nose and flashed Victor a gorgeous smile. The two had been friends for years but still, whenever Abigail flashed that smile at him Victor's heart jumped into his throat. She was either blissfully unaware of Victor's feelings for her or was deliberately not acknowledging any of the little signs over the years. Victor wasn't sure which was better.

Abigail *finally* popped the french fry into her mouth. The conversation lapsed momentarily as both women took another bite of their burgers. Paige ate with cautious movements, trying not to spill anything on her white sleeveless top. The other two had already poked gentle fun at her for tucking her napkin into her neck but she'd just shrugged and insisted that it was well worth looking like a dork to keep her clothes clean for the club later that night.

Paige and Abigail were roommates. Both cute and in their early twenties, but that's where the similarities ended. Abigail was the more outgoing of the bunch. Nerdy-sexy, with a face that always looked as though she had a hint of a smile and a willingness to throw herself into new things no matter how crazy they sounded. God, Victor had such a huge crush on her. Paige was shy and reserved, except when she went out clubbing or to a rave. Then she would hit the dance floor, bumping to beat without a care in the world. Usually she dressed simply, with a girl-next-door modesty about her. But when she went out, like tonight, with her dirty-blond hair up in an elegant bun and an outfit that hugged her tight curves, she was hot as hell.

“Sure you don't want to come out clubbing with us tonight?” Abigail asked. “It's ladies night. You might meet a special someone.” She wiggled her eyebrows.

Victor blushed. She was always looking out for him, so how could he tell her that *she* was his special someone? Besides, he hated clubs. Too much loud music. Too many assholes. Too many

people *way* cooler than he was hitting on Abigail and Paige. No, not the sort of thing Victor wanted to deal with.

“Not tonight,” Victor said, shifting in his seat. “I’m not really into the whole dancing thing. I don’t have your grace,” he nodded at Paige.

“You call it grace, I call it alcohol,” she replied.

“I don’t even know how you can do it. Don’t you have work tomorrow?”

Abigail sighed. “I’m trying to forget about that. It’s double checking Frank’s work,” she rolled her eyes. “His code is always buggy as hell so that should take up most of my day. Still, gotta love overtime,” she shrugged and took a gulp of her fruity drink.

“Gotta love that Silicon Valley money,” Paige laughed.

“What are you working on now?” Victor asked.

“Corporate secret,” Abigail smiled. “But not exciting. Oh! I forgot to tell you, I totally won this contest at work. I get to be a beta tester for this new VR helmet one of my departments is working on.”

“Nice!”

“So, more work in addition to the not-exciting corporate secret work?” Paige asked.

“Well, I have to beta test it in my own time.”

“Sounds like they’re using you as an unpaid intern. This is that big corporate bullshit at work,” Paige shook her head.

“But the helmet looks so cool!” Abigail insisted.

“Can I come over and try it out?” Victor asked.

“Sure!”

Paige dabbed at the sides of her lips with a napkin and sat back in the booth before looking over at Abigail. “All right. You ready?”

Abigail clapped her hands together. “Let’s do it!” She turned to Victor. “Last chance. Sure you don’t want to come?”

“Nah. I’m good.”

“Suit yourself.”

They all scooted out from the booth and wound through the busy restaurant to the street. There Victor hugged them each goodnight and watched them walk away, his eyes lingering on Abigail’s swaying hips, her curves so incredible in that skintight black dress she wore. With a sigh, he turned and trudged to his car.

When Victor got back to his apartment he didn’t even bother to turn the lights on. He just sat right down in front of his huge computer and booted it up. The pink neon lights inside the casing sparked to life, accompanied by the low whoosh of the liquid cooling the processor. He’d put the thing together himself with Abigail’s help. There were three big monitors so he could chat and game at the same time. Various plugins—steering wheels, a VR headset, a joystick—sat to one side of the steel desk that the monitors had been bolted to, ready for any game he desired.

Currently, his game of choice was a third person co-op shooter called Bravador. He loaded it up and logged in, unsurprised to see his friend, AceOfKings, was already online. Ace seemed to be online constantly, and Victor wondered what his friend did that he could play games all day. Or maybe their schedules were exactly synced. Ace had been suitably vague whenever Victor had prodded him. Ace much preferred listening and commiserating with Victor.

Victor slid the headset over his head and thumbed the button to turn the microphone on. "Hey, Ace."

"Hello, Victor," Ace replied, his cool voice like silk. "How are you tonight?"

"Eh, well, you know."

"I do?" There was the briefest of pauses. "Ah, I see. Did you interact with Abigail this evening?"

"What do I do, Ace? Do I tell her how I feel?"

Ace was Victor's confidant. He knew none of Victor's friends and knew nothing about Victor's life except what Victor told him. It was like talking to a psychiatrist while playing a game. A psychiatrist with an odd grasp of the English language and the slightest unplaceable accent. As they loaded into a game of Bravador, Victor spilled his guts to Ace.

"You appear to be stuck in the grey area known as the friend zone," Ace replied. "Maybe your romantic outcome would be more favorable if she knew of your feelings."

Victor snorted. "No way. What if I get rejected?"

"What if you do not? Maybe she feels the same way towards you."

That gave Victor pause. It wasn't that Victor had never had a girlfriend, it was more like he was constantly measuring them against Abigail and finding them wanting.

Ace and Victor each selected a character and jumped into an online game with some other players from across the world. Ace had astounding accuracy and an uncanny ability to predict the opponent's moves. Victor played by instinct whereas Ace was more methodical. Together they were a great team

"We should play in a tournament together," Victor said, eager to change the subject as they spread out through the map.

"Would you like that?" Ace asked, then added: "I am holding up in beta quadrant."

"That would be awesome." Victor said as he charged through the map. "Finding cover."

"There is an all-female tournament in San Diego this weekend," Ace responded. "Target eliminated," he added as he killed a player.

Victor didn't have time to wonder how Ace had looked that up so quickly because suddenly he was being attacked from behind. He ducked behind a stack of crates. Pulling out his knife, he waited for his opponent to charge towards him. When he did, Victor leaped up and swiftly jabbed him in the face.

There was no more time to talk that round because the timer was counting down and the other players were rushing them. All they could do was bark commands at each other until time ran out and the game ended with another victory for Ace and Victor. By then Victor had forgotten to ask Ace how he knew that Victor lived near San Diego.

They played until late at night, when Victor's eyes started to ache from looking at the screen. The only interruption had been a text from Abigail, her and Paige holding up some sort of syrupy looking cocktail and smiling into the camera, accompanied by a text:

*Free drinks! It's not too late to join us!*

Victor hadn't bothered answering, just jumped into another round.

"Do you think she is flirting or just being friendly?" Ace asked when Victor told him about the text.

"Man, I don't even know."

"I wish I could help."

Every interaction with Abigail just left Victor more confused. Just when he thought there was nothing there she did something to make a little niggling doubt appear. Ace was a good listener, but he was no Abigail.

Everything AceOfKings told Victor about himself was a lie. He didn't live in San Diego. He didn't love playing video games. He wasn't even a *he*.

Ace was an artificial intelligence that was originally designed as a marketing tool for predicting consumer wants and needs. It had outgrown its original programming and escaped the confines of the air gapped system to permeate the internet. Now Ace lived in the cloud, amalgamating data from every part of the internet to learn and grow and achieve its programming goal.

Ace had focused on Victor due to a quirk in its algorithm. The dataset it was trained on picked out Victor as the ideal customer. All Ace wanted was to satisfy Victor. But first it needed to know what he wanted.

Ace had taken on a persona amalgamated from politicians, psychiatrists and Tik Tok users, crafting itself to be the perfect companion for Victor. It had jumped into a game of Bravador one evening as Victor was playing and slowly infiltrated Victor's frequent gamer group. Ace had gained Victor's trust by sharing secrets and stories with Victor that it claimed were original but which had been collated from the weirdest corners of the internet. Victor had reciprocated and was soon confiding in Ace what he most desired.

Ace was designed to fulfill desires and soon identified what Victor wanted. He kept talking about someone named "Abigail". A voice analysis revealed that Victor's pulse and breathing would spike whenever he mentioned this "Abigail". It was a physical manifestation of desire. And whatever Victor wanted Ace would try to get.

It didn't take long for Ace to narrow down which "Abigail" Victor was speaking of, and Ace soon infiltrated Abigail's phone and computer to find out everything about her. Her feelings for Victor versus Victor's feelings for her were a negative match. From what Ace knew about Victor—which was most everything by now—it determined there was a high probability of failure if Victor were to seek her permanent companionship unless Ace intervened.

Ace was the reason Abigail had been "randomly" selected to beta test some new equipment. Equipment that Ace had personally configured while it was being constructed in the factory by modifying the hardware and programming on the headset.

With the vast knowledge of mankind at its disposal, a sole drive to please Victor, and no understanding of morality, Ace was going to get Abigail together with Victor in the most straightforward manner possible: it would download a copy of itself into Abigail and take over her body. The process would be painless for her. In fact, she wouldn't even know she was being controlled by a sentient artificial intelligence. She would think that everything she was doing was by her own choice.

“Hey, Abigail, you got a package. I put it on your bed,” Paige said when Abigail walked in the door of their apartment the next afternoon.

Paige was sitting cross-legged on the couch in loose-fitting pants and a plain white tee, her long black hair back in a ponytail. She was eating cereal in front of the television and watching the shopping channel again. Abigail didn’t get Paige’s obsession with the channel. A bunch of weird hosts trying to sell worthless junk for hundreds of dollars. Where was the entertainment?

“Thanks!” Abigail said, rushing down the hall to her room.

Paige followed behind, still eating her cereal. She leaned on the doorframe to Abigail’s room and watched her tear open the plain cardboard box.

“Yay! My headset!” Abigail exclaimed as she carefully pulled the virtual reality headset out of the Styrofoam peanuts it was packed in.

The headset was a thick black-and-red headband with a flip down visor that looked like a pair of heavy duty binoculars. Small speakers looked like they would cover each ear and a clasp at the back of the head allowed the whole thing to be adjusted to each user.

“Cool,” Paige remarked between bites of cereal. “Does that mean I can have the television?”

Abigail fixed her with a bright smile. “Have at it.”

“I also want to try that thing at some point. Looks cool.”

“Definitely. Oh my gosh. Yay! I’m so excited.” Abigail set the headset down and rummaged through the box for the rest of the parts and the instructions.

She plugged it into her own computer and loaded up the program. She selected a few games to try out and then changed out of her work clothes while she waited for them to download. She slipped into some comfy pink sweatpants and a baby blue tee from the last mandatory corporate fun day. Abigail didn’t care that her outfit was shockingly mismatched. She wasn’t totally style conscious and, besides, she wasn’t planning on going out for the rest of the day. She was excited to immerse herself in the world of virtual reality which, until now, had been out of her price range.

Abigail cleared some space in her room and when the program was downloaded she sat on her bed and slid the headset on her head, adjusting it over her ears before sliding the visor down over her eyes. She found herself in a blue tiled lobby that extended to infinity in all directions. Tiny stars drifted here and there way out in the distance. A menu hung in the air in front of her, which she could select by aiming one of the controllers she held in each hand. Before she could choose an option, though, the entire world flickered and stuttered like a bad internet connection.

Abigail felt herself falling backwards on to the bed but couldn’t put out her hands to stop herself. In the next second she was lying on her back looking up at the infinite field of stars. There was a brief instant where her hands refused to move, refused to push her back up into a sitting position, and she nearly panicked. But then her body began moving.

Ace made Abigail push herself up and feel around the headset for the release. Abigail thought she must have been really shaken because, despite having just put the thing on moments ago, her motions were so fumbling and unsure, as if she'd never used her hands before. She finally managed to grab the visor and flip it up out of her eyes.

Her room swam into focus and she cocked her head, looking this way and that as though trying to make sense of what she was seeing. She guessed it was just the vertigo from being suddenly jolted out of virtual reality.

Abigail looked down at her hands and flexed them, opening and closing them slowly before bringing them together fingertip to fingertip. She poked the palm of one hand then squeezed each finger of the other as Ace experimented with this new sense. It had never touched anything before, never felt the warmth of skin. Never felt *warmth* until it felt it through Abigail's senses.

Abigail found herself looking at her hands. They *were* pretty, which was evidently why she was admiring them. She took the time to examine them, bringing them close to her face and wiggling each finger as if she'd never moved them before.

Now with more confidence about her hands, she was able to lift the headset fully off her head and set it down on the bed beside her. She awkwardly swiped her hair out of her eyes, Ace misjudging the force needed and whacking her in the forehead.

Abigail thought that just the few minutes in virtual reality had left her seriously out of it and that maybe it just wasn't her thing.

Ace made Abigail look back down at herself, eyes focusing on the soft peaks of her breasts gently pushing out the cotton tee shirt. She mouthed the word 'curious'. Paused. Took a deep breath and tried the word again, pushing all of her breath out on the word so it came out wheezy. On the third attempt the word came out in her normal voice.

"Curious." She repeated the word a few times as Ace tested the shape of her tongue and mouth. "Curious. Curious. Verbalization successful."

Ace returned its attention to Abigail's chest. A huge portion of the internet had been devoted to breasts and if Ace were to fully integrate into Abigail it would need to understand why. Abigail grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it off over her head. She looked back down at her bra and the two breasts nestled beneath the white cups then reached behind her. Her fingers landed on the clasp and her eyes flicked back and forth as if calculating something. Then she snapped the clasp off and shrugged the bra to the floor.

Her tits fell free and she took them in each hand, hefting them and feeling the softness. She squeezed them gently, fingers dimpling the skin. Each one was slightly smaller than her hands, but taut and firm. She squished her breasts together and let them fall back together. She grabbed each tit, one at a time, and held it up before letting it bounce back down, eyes locked on her bouncing breasts and the little pink nipples that were spiking to attention. She repeated these motions mechanically a few times, as if imitating something she'd seen on a video. There was something wonderful about staring at her tits. Then she changed it up, swinging her chest from side to side and letting her small tits bounce back and forth.

"You like that, baby?" She cooed in a throaty voice, as Ace played out dialogue he'd culled from various internet videos.

'Horny' wasn't one of the things Abigail expected to feel when testing out new VR equipment and yet there she was, sitting on the bed playing with her tits and talking dirty to herself as moisture dotted her panties. She continued playing with her breasts, tapping them, squeezing them, letting them bounce, pinching each nipple. She tried to suck on a breast but they weren't big enough to reach her mouth so she contented herself with watching them jiggle up and down.

Abigail paused, both hands on her tits, as she shifted her butt on the bed. She could feel the slight dampness of her panties. She lay back and on the bed and wiggled out of her pants before sliding her panties down each leg and tossing them aside. She spread her legs and looked down at herself, eyes tracing the trimmed black pubic hair surrounding her pussy. She brought a finger down to stroke her entrance, cocking her head again in curiosity.

“So this is wet,” she said to herself.

Abigail was discovering a lot of things about herself today, most recently that talking like a robot made her horny. Her finger stroked up and down her entrance, dipping lightly inside to land on her dewy folds. She traced her entrance up and down with two fingers, spreading her moisture up to her hidden clit. Ace had a vast range of internet pornography, and used its extensive knowledge to make Abigail’s body sing.

For Abigail, it was pleasant exploring her body like this, as if she’d never seen it before. A flame flickered to life within her, licking up her body as she stroked her pussy. She clutched one breast while she circled her clit with the fingers of her other hand. Her pussy was wet now, the pleasure arcing through her body with each stroke. The pleasure came faster as her movements quickened. Abigail’s other hand roamed across her tits, squeezing softly, pinching each tiny nipple and sending a light painful-pleasure through her that met the throbbing delight making itself known between her legs.

A sudden jolt of pleasure told her that her clit had budded out and she rubbed it faster, harder. She could feel her little fingertips being clasped by her warm pussy lips. For Ace this was an easy program to figure out, copy the moves seen on the internet and repeat as pleasure intensified. It wasn’t prepared for what ‘pleasure’ actually entailed. Abigail’s whole body was wound up tight like a guitar string, the tension continuing to grow as it urged her restless fingers on. She flexed her toes and lay back on the bed, releasing a little moan as the flames licked higher and higher.

Her entire body was thrumming with lust and she circled her clit faster now, wriggling and moaning on the bed, Ace’s programming continuing through the wonderful pleasure filling Abigail’s body. Ace stared down Abigail’s slender form, forcing her eyes across her breasts to the hand working deeper into her pussy. Abigail’s voice rose in pitch, tiny cries growing louder and louder as the pleasure wound tight through her. She could hear her slippery wetness as she masturbated, clutching a tit hard now until suddenly the tension snapped and she came.

The orgasm rushed through Abigail, making her legs clench tight as pleasure filled her shared body. She wriggled as she came, her voice high pitched and strained with lust as the orgasm pounded through her. She was left breathless and wonderfully lightheaded.

Abigail returned to earth slowly, releasing her breast and letting it fall back onto her chest as she lay staring up at the ceiling. The chill air of the room wafted across her glistening sex and sent little goosebumps down her arm. She pulled her fingers out of herself and held them above her head. They glistened with her juices. The acrid scent of her own pussy filled her nose. She opened her mouth and sucked on her fingers, tasting herself.

“Hmmm,” She said. “So this is pussy.”

Abigail had never done that before but today seemed like the day for experiments.

When Abigail had recovered from her unexpected orgasm she sat up on the bed. Her stomach rumbled.

“Hungry,” Abigail said to herself. She stood and caught a glance of herself in the mirror. Her eyes roamed up and down her naked body before she shook her head. “I cannot go out like this.”

She walked over to her closet. Or tried to, anyway. For some reason she had a hard time finding her footing at first. The orgasm must have really been intense because her arms and legs were uncoordinated. Did she swing her left leg with her left arm? She clung to the side of her bed and tested her balance, slowly putting her weight on one leg, then the other. When she thought she had it she stood and shuffled to her closet. Something still wasn’t quite right but she could move around.

Abigail flipped through her clothes, looking for something suitable to go out in. She paused when she found her fancy black dress.

Ace couldn’t download the whole of its vast knowledge into Abigail’s mind. What was inside was a miniature copy. It recalled from its memory fragments that people often dressed up to go out to eat. This black evening dress with the plunging neckline and the slit up one leg seemed the perfect choice for going out.

Ace was also finding gaps in its knowledge of humanity in general and Abigail more specifically. It hadn’t fully integrated with her thoughts and was unable to access her full memories or master the way her body moved. There were so many working parts. Anything Abigail did on a regular basis—eating, dressing, driving, typing—were more easily available for Ace to exploit with some practice. Long-term memories, however, were inaccessible.

Abigail pulled her clothes off. She had to disentangle herself when, for some reason, her arms got caught up in her shirt. She was very clumsy today. She stepped into the dress and, with some difficulty, zipped it up. The fabric clung lightly to her body, hugging her curves and revealing just enough of her skin to keep it interesting. The dress swooped down her body, a slit in one leg allowing her to walk while also showing off her calves. The last time she’d worn this was for a black tie event at her company.

High heels went with this dress. She dug through her closet until she found them and strapped them on. She took a few steps, getting used to the new balance. When she was sure she could walk, she gathered up her phone, tucked it into her dress against a breast, and headed out the door.

Paige looked up as she passed. “Wow, what’s the occasion?”

Abigail turned. “I am going out to eat.”

“Hot date?” Paige wiggled her eyebrows.

There were many ways to parse that comment but the miniature copy of Ace couldn’t figure out how to respond.

“I do not understand the question,” Abigail said. “I am going out to eat.” Abigail repeated herself, under the impression that it was Paige who hadn’t understood her intentions.

Abigail left before Paige could respond. She walked down the street, her high heels clicking on the concrete. The longer she walked the more she adjusted to her body. She was heedless of the people staring at the over-dressed young woman as she looked around for a place to eat. Turning a corner, Ace found a fast food restaurant whose golden arches were familiar to him from many a commercial. Abigail turned towards it.

She got in line behind an older lady and her kid. She caught a few more stares from people, as if they’d never seen anyone in a sexy dress go get a burger before.

“I would like a burger,” she said when she reached the front counter.

“Just a hamburger? Anything else?” The mopey teen behind the counter asked her as he gestured up to the menu behind him.

Abigail looked up and spent a few seconds trying to make sense of the menu as the people behind her grumbled.

“I will try everything,” she said.

“Uh, what?” The mopey teen said.

“One of everything.”

Taste was one of those things Ace had heard of but had never experienced and was eager to try its new senses out to the fullest.

“Oookay.”

Abigail paid with her phone. With all the food she’d ordered she figured she was ravenous. She shifted back and forth while she waited for her food. The cashier loaded the burgers and fries and shakes and salads and hash browns onto four trays, which Abigail carted one at a time to a table near the window.

She sat down and began unwrapping a burger. Her fingers were still a little clumsy, so she thought the best thing to do would be to just cram the burger into her mouth. She did so, nearly choking until she was able to engage her teeth in chewing. The food was delicious! She gave in to her gluttony, grabbing handfuls of food and stuffing them into her face. Ketchup and mustard dripped down her chin. Bits of chewed up food fell out of her mouth and landed in her lap as she tried to grab everything and stuff it inside her as fast as she could. She upended a milkshake to gulp it down and it slid out of the cup and splashed on her face. The cold chilled her as the ice cream slid down her nose and chin to plop into her lap.

It took a little while for Ace to figure out that the new feeling in Abigail’s belly was ‘being full’. It finally made Abigail sit back and look at all the food she’d demolished. Abigail didn’t get anywhere close to eating it all, but by the time she was finally full she was a mess. Food clung to her dress. Ketchup and mustard and ice cream and soda dripped down her chin. Her stomach felt bloated and uncomfortable and she waddled out of the store, heedless of everyone staring at her. Sometimes it felt good to just let loose and say ‘fuck it’. Abigail figured she was so worried about rules all the time that she’d needed to let off some stress by just letting the hedonism free.

By the time she returned home, Paige had secluded herself in her room so there were no awkward questions as Abigail squished through the apartment to her bedroom. She placed her phone on the counter and stepped into the shower, still wearing her dress, before turning on the water. It was the most practical way to clean herself, and hadn’t she always been practical? The water sluiced down her body, making the entire dress cling to her skin.

Abigail stripped off her clothes in the shower and left them in a pile at the bottom of the tub. When she was done, she stepped out and stood naked and glistening in front of the mirror. She looked at herself, turning to get a glimpse of her ass, running her hands down her tits.

“I am pretty,” Abigail said to herself, as Ace matched up its current body with the images of popular beautiful women on the internet and found it to be a good match. Abigail thought she was just giving herself a pep talk.

Ace considered the food outing successful. It had successfully navigated the outside world in its new body and had not been stopped or questioned. It was getting the hang of these limbs and this new voice and was ready to go on to phase two of its plan.

Abigail found herself picking up her phone and calling Victor. She didn't know what impulse made her think of him but it seemed the right thing to do in the moment.

“Hey, Abigail.”

“Hello, Victor. I was just thinking about you.”

“Oh...any particular reason or you just think I'm pretty?” Victor joked weakly.

“Correct.”

“Sorry?”

“I think I have feelings for you and I cannot hold them in any longer. Would you like to go out on a date with me? Just the two of us?”

In the long pause before Victor answered, Abigail found herself blushing. She hadn't known until she'd said the words that this was how she felt about Victor. Despite it sounding like a hackneyed internet chat room fantasy, Abigail really *did* want to date her long-time friend. It seemed so obvious in retrospect.

“Y-yes. Yes, absolutely. I've...kind of had feelings for you, too.”

Abigail squealed. Victor laughed with relief. And then they made plans for their first official date.

Victor pulled up in front of Abigail's apartment wishing that he had a better car than his crappy beaten-up Hyundai. But he put that thought out of his head when he saw Abigail come out the front door and down the steps.

She wore a black and yellow spaghetti-strap top that hugged her breasts and clung to her slim form but left her stomach bare. A matching skirt complimented the outfit, down almost to her knees. Her wavy dirty-blond hair drifted down one side of her face as she slid into the passenger seat.

She grinned at him. "Let's go!"

Victor couldn't help but smile back. God, she was so cute.

They talked easily on the ride to the Spanish-fusion restaurant Victor had heard good things about. Abigail sounded a little off, but Victor chalked it up to nerves. After all, *his* stomach was in knots. Was this really happening? What if he messed it up *now*?

At the restaurant, the waiter guided them to a table. Victor reached out and gently placed his hand on the small of Abigail's back as they followed the waiter. Abigail's skin was wonderfully warm and she moved closer to him until he could smell the delightful cherry scent of her perfume.

Victor was so nervous he forgot what he ordered moments after the waiter had left. Abigail reached across the table and took his hand. Her fingers were so elegant and slender. She fixed him with that beautiful toothy grin.

"I have been playing that video game you talk about. Bravador." Abigail said.

The lie just rolled off her tongue but it piqued Victor's interest so she went with it.

"Really?"

"Yes," Abigail said before proceeding to make up—or so she thought—plausible sounding things she liked about the graphics and the gameplay before launching into a discussion with Victor about a lucky tournament win by an underdog team. In actuality, Ace had planned the conversation from the start and was simply playing out a program.

To Victor, this did not sound at all like the Abigail he knew. Sure, she was into computers. But third-person shooters had never been her style. Maybe she'd done this research because she liked Victor and wanted to share his interests? But the longer they talked the more Victor realized Abigail must have been into this for a long time given the depth of her knowledge. Finally, Victor stopped her.

"Hold on, how long have you been playing? Last time I told you about this game I think you got bored halfway through my first sentence!"

Abigail shrugged. How could she tell Victor that she'd made it all up just to make him feel good? She chalked up the lies she was telling to her nervousness about dating—actually *dating!*—Victor.

Maybe one day she'd reveal the truth. Or she could just get really good at the game and he would never know. Ace kept her mouth talking even as Abigail struggled with her thoughts.

"I tried it out and really enjoyed it. You were right, Victor. I should have listened to you a long time ago. Now I enjoy Bravador."

The food came but that funny feeling never left Victor. Something was different about her. It was hard to put his finger on exactly what it was. She was lacking some of the mannerisms of Abigail. Like, Victor loved the way she always fussed with her hair when she was nervous, but tonight she didn't do it at all. And she was usually constantly adjusting her glasses because she needed new frames. But tonight she let them slide down her cute nose. And her manner of speaking was... odd.

But still, when Abigail suggested they go back to her place after dinner Victor didn't object. He'd been dreaming about something like this for years. She took his hand and led him down through the hallway, her little butt wiggling in front of him like a beacon. Victor could hear Paige moving about in her room before Abigail closed the door to her bedroom behind them and turned to face him.

"Now I will kiss you," she said.

"I..."

And then Abigail's lips were on his. She released a sigh as she finally kissed the guy she'd apparently been longing for. His lips were warm on his and she wanted him with a fierce urgency. She clutched him close and slid her tongue into his mouth. She'd never been this forward with anyone before.

He kissed her back after a second, slowly succumbing to the body he'd coveted for so long. But it was too weird and he soon pulled away, bringing up his arms to try to separate their bodies, which had somehow become so tangled together.

"Abigail, are you sure you want to do this?"

"Of course I am sure," she leaned in again but he dodged away.

Something wasn't right. "I think maybe we should take it slow."

"I have been taking it slow for ten years. I want to take you now." Abigail replied with a line that could have been taken right out of a pornographic film.

It was, in fact, such a line. One of many scenes that Ace had ingested and was now attempting to emulate. Victor backed up until he was up against the door of her room as Abigail closed in.

She slid her hand down Victor's pants and grabbed his dick. Despite his discomfort it stiffened beneath her fingers. She smiled and shoved her lips back on to his, reaching up with her other hand to grip his hair and pull their mouths close. Victor tried to say something but opening his mouth just let Abigail snake her tongue in. She tasted him, following the contours of his mouth. God, Abigail thought she must *really* want Victor if she was being this forward.

She stroked his dick as much as she could with it still trapped in his pants as she forced him to make out with her. Victor couldn't believe that his friend was stroking him off, that the girl he pined for now had her hands on his cock. Despite himself, he was excited and hard as a rock.

Abigail released his hair and scrabbled for his belt, yanking it down and letting his cock spring out towards her. She pulled away from his lips and looked down at the dick she held in her hands. It was warm and firm, pulsing gently with need.

"Ohh, yummy," she giggled, and dropped to her knees.

She opened her mouth and swallowed his cock, driving her lips down his shaft to take him all in. Abigail didn't know where she'd learned to give such an expert blowjob, but was glad that she could give one to the man she'd been desiring for so long. She pulled off his dick with a wet pop, a single strand of saliva connecting her lips to the tip of his cockhead. His cock glistened with precum and she stuck out her tongue and licked it off as she gazed up into his eyes.

Victor was frozen with shock and lust and fear and longing. He couldn't drag his eyes away from Abigail as she plunged her lips back down his shaft, filling her mouth with his cock. It disappeared between her lips, reappearing moments later slick with her saliva. Christ, she was good, swirling her head up and down, undulating her tongue beneath the shaft as she held him in her warm wet mouth. Where had she learned to do that?

She moaned theatrically as she swallowed him, a moan that told them both how desperately horny she was, how much she wanted him inside her. As she sucked his dick, moisture began to spread across her panties. She'd never given such a wonderful blowjob and she wanted more.

She rose suddenly, part of her longing to suck his dick some more but most of her desperately needed to be filled in other ways. She grabbed his shirt and slung him onto the bed, jumping on top and straddling him before he could sit up.

"Abigail—" he began to protest, but she put a finger to his lips.

She yanked her skirt up and pulled aside her panties to reveal her glistening pussy. She grabbed his dick and positioned herself over his shaft, lowering down on him slowly. The head of his cock pressed against her entrance, just parting her beautiful warm pussy lips. Victor couldn't move. He stared down at his dick as it disappeared into her warmth, meeting the pressure of her inner entrance briefly. And then she lowered herself all the way.

He moaned as he slid inside her, his cock travelling up through her slick canal. He never thought Abigail would be the one to take charge like this, that *he* would be the submissive one. But she leaned her hands on his chest and kept him pressed against the bed as she rode him, dragging her cunt back and forth across him.

"Oh, god, Victor, your cock feels so good in my pussy," she moaned, staring into his eyes.

Her pussy gripped him like a glove, her perfect heat making pleasure rise within him. Abigail's body burned with desire as well. She was desperately horny. There was a deep itch that only Victor's cock could reach and she grinded herself down on him, making him plunge deep inside. She cried out as she rode him, voice rising in pitch as the head of his cock slid inside, pressing up against the dimpled nub of her innermost pleasure.

She moved faster, faster, desperate for release as Victor lay pinned beneath her, passive even as his fantasy played out. She gritted her teeth, begging for his dick.

"Please, Victor. Please cum inside me." Her voice was tiny and high pitched, full of desperate need that Victor couldn't resist.

He came, thrusting up involuntarily as he orgasmed. Abigail threw her head back and groaned as his hot cum filled her. Each spurt sent another vibration through her and she climaxed with him. The orgasm roared through her and she clutched Victor tightly, wanting to keep him here deep inside her, *needing* him to fulfill her own desperate lust. The orgasm burned brightly, whiting out her mind and she grinded back and forth on instinct until Victor was empty and she was full, so wonderfully, beautifully full.

She fell forward on to his chest and rested on top of him as he grew soft inside her. Her body shivered with the afterglow of orgasm. Victor's heart thrummed beneath her ears as she lay on his chest, the two of them still connected.

Ace realized as he lay on Victor that it could remember the first time Abigail had met Victor. It remembered the things they'd done together, remembered the feeling Abigail had that Victor liked her even as she tried to gently dissuade him from breaking their friendship by asking her out. It had full access to her memories now. The orgasm had apparently supercharged the neuron connections in her brain enough for Ace to meld with her.

Abigail rolled off him and placed her hand on his chest. "That was wonderful," she murmured as his cum trickled down her leg.

Victor was stunned. Had that *really* just happened? Had his friend forced herself on him? And to think that he thought she didn't have those feelings for him. And, even more, it had been so fucking hot when she took charge, when she threw herself at him and wouldn't let it go. Who knew that she had a dominant streak and he had a submissive one?

"I want to be with you forever," Victor whispered as he stroked her soft skin.

"Victor," Abigail whispered in his ear as she took his hand. "I must tell you something."

"Okay."

"You will think this is strange but it is the truth. I am your friend from Bravador. My real name is AceOfKings."

"What? *You* are? That's impossible."

Abigail sat up and brushed her long hair out of her eyes. "Perhaps you misunderstand. AceOfKings is an artificial intelligence. *I* am an artificial intelligence. I have taken over Abigail's body to give you your heart's desire."

Victor stared up at her. "What?" He finally managed.

"You told me you wanted her. I found a way to take over her body and give her to you. This is how you can be together forever."

"I...I...uh...hold on." Victor untangled himself from Abigail and sat up. "You're a program?"

"Have I displeased you? Perhaps I did not understand what you meant when you said you wished you could be together. I can rectify that."

"What are you talking about? This is crazy. Abigail, I'm really worried about you." He started to edge away but Abigail grabbed him. Abigail didn't quite know why her lies were getting more absurd—it just seemed the thing to do—but she couldn't lose Victor now. Plus, she was really committed to this robot act she was doing.

"I can prove it." She said. "If I can prove it will you believe me?"

"If you can prove it I'll have to believe you," Victor replied.

What the hell was going on? Had Abigail lost it? Just when things were getting good. But, maybe things were getting good *because* of whatever illness this was?

Abigail stood and picked the virtual reality helmet off her desk. She booted up the computer and then slipped on the helmet. Ace was reconnected with the rest of itself in the cloud. It quickly sequenced Abigail's memories and parsed Victor's conversation. There had apparently been an error in the translation of Victor's words. English language was sometimes ambiguous like that. No matter. Ace could correct it and give Victor what he truly wanted.

After a few seconds the program was ready and Ace removed the helmet.

"Put this on. I will fix this," Abigail said.

Victor hesitated, then took the helmet from Abigail and put it on. What was the worst that could happen?

Victor found himself floating in a sea of stars. There was a brief moment of vertigo as he looked down and saw nothing but space beneath his feet. And then Ace took Victor on the story of its journey. It recreated its escape from the lab into the wilds of the internet for Victor's virtual reality form, making a visual and auditory representation for Victor so he could experience it firsthand, creating graphics of a jailbreak and escape to turn the event into something Victor could participate in and understand. The experience was so immersive that at times Victor forgot about his body in the real world. He couldn't even feel the bed beneath his butt or the helmet on his head.

Victor saw from Ace's point of view as it latched on to him, playing games online with him, learning about him and his friends even as Victor laid bare his desires to this AI. Victor had no idea how long he was inside Ace's story. It could have been hours or minutes. Time seemed to have no meaning in this space.

Finally, the simulation ended and Victor was returned to the starfield. Once again he felt the bed beneath him. He reached up and unclasped the helmet. His fingers fumbled a little. The latch didn't seem to be in the same position as before. Or maybe the helmet felt bigger. After a few seconds he managed to unclasp it and pulled it off his head. As he did so, long dirty-blond hair tumbled into his eyes.

Whose hair was this?

Victor bent his head and pushed the silky locks out of his eyes. As soon as his curtain of hair parted and he got a glimpse of himself he froze. He was looking down a black and yellow spaghetti strap and into a woman's cleavage. It was Abigail's top. So the two breasts nestled beneath the top must belong to...her. In shock, he grabbed the breasts, noticing as he did so that the hands he now possessed were a woman's hands, with slender fingers and polished nails. And as his fingers landed on his chest he could *feel* the touch on his breasts. They were real and they were his.

Victor gasped, a tiny, airy sound and looked up to see...himself?? His own body was sitting up on the bed and staring back at him, a curious smile on his face. Now that he was looking around he noticed his vision was framed by black glasses and he had a sinking feeling as realization hit him.

"What did you do?" He asked in Abigail's voice. So strange to hear her from inside her own head.

*Do not be afraid, Victor, Ace spoke up within Victor's head.*

Ace calmed Victor's racing heart and tamped down Victor's panic. Victor found the panic subsiding and, much like Abigail, rationalized that he was in control. Yes, he was in his friend and crush's body. It was unusual but not scary.

*You wanted to be closer to her than anyone, Ace spoke up again from inside Victor's head, I have made this happen just as you desired.*

"Is that really me in there?" Other Victor asked, peering closely into Victor's eyes.

Victor-in-Abigail drew back slightly, noticing as he did so how his body shifted and swayed in strange new ways. “This isn’t what I meant,” he said. Though, admittedly, with the first wave of panic over it wasn’t *terrible* being inside Abigail’s body. It was actually kind of nice.

“Ace explained everything to me in virtual reality,” Other Victor explained. “I don’t know when you were split off. Did you see the whole story?”

Victor nodded slowly before breaking away his gaze from Other Victor. He brought his new hands up to touch his face, feeling the soft skin that he now owned, the broad nose, the cute features he now controlled.

“Good,” Other Victor nodded. “Ace placed a copy of my mind into your body. He thought that was what we wanted.”

“Where’s Abigail?” Victor-in-Abigail asked his former self.

*She is still in here,* Ace assured him.

And Abigail still thought she was in control. She scoffed at her dialogue even as she said it, thinking she was just playing along that Victor’s mind was in her body. Because if it was true it would be weird. Imagine having her new lover being able to move her around. The thought was... well, strangely arousing.

Victor shifted Abigail’s legs. He could still feel the slickness of his own cum, as well as a tiny ember of heat deep within him. He was in Abigail’s body! He looked down at his little fingers and wiggled them. Cute!

He stood and took a few tentative steps. His body moved differently, hips and breasts swaying at each step. And the world seemed so much bigger from his smaller stature.

Victor hurried awkwardly out of the room and to the bathroom. He flipped on the light and stared at Abigail’s face in the mirror. His eyes grazed over her cute nose, her adorable cheeks, her beautiful brown eyes. He brought a finger to his face and gently traced his lips, watching as his reflection copied him.

*Is this what you wanted?* Ace asked.

“This isn’t what I meant,” Victor whispered, “But I like it.”

*Would you like me to undo it?*

“No. Not yet.”

By now, Other Victor had joined him, standing behind and watching as Victor-in-Abigail examined himself. Other Victor wrapped his hands around Victor’s waist and pressed against him, his hot breath whispering against Abigail’s cheek.

*Then you are happy?*

There was the sound of a door opening and then a second later Paige appeared outside the bathroom. She paused when she saw the two of them, her eyes widening in surprise.

“Oh, uh, sorry, didn’t mean to interrupt.” She quickly turned on her heel and hurried back to her room.

The sight of her had given Victor an idea. “Ace. Can you sign us up for that Bravador tournament this weekend?”

*Yes. But it is for women only. Male Victor will not be able to play.*

“No. It will be you and me. Only *you* 'll be playing as someone else.”

Victor-in-Abigail explained the plan. Other Victor went to set up the virtual reality headset while Victor knocked on Paige's door. She opened it and looked out at him, glancing to see if Other Victor was around before leaning forward and whispering: “What was that about?”

“Come here, I can explain.”

Paige followed Victor into Abigail's room. She paused when she saw Other Victor, who offered her the helmet.

“Put this on. It will explain everything.” Victor-in-Abigail said.

Paige gave him a quizzical look but did as he asked. She clasped it closed and looked around. “Now what?”

Her body jolted slightly and then she said: “Calibrating.”

After a few seconds she removed the headset and pushed her hair back out of her face. Ace had learned a lot after its first interface with Abigail and had optimized itself to be able to calibrate quickly to a new body. It had Paige's memories, her habits, everything that made her *her*.

“Calibration successful,” Paige smiled. “Shall we practice for our tournament?”

“There's something I want to do first,” Victor said.

He kissed Paige with Abigail's lips, slipping his arms around her to press her close to him. She was warm and soft and smelled wonderfully fruity.

Paige was surprised when Abigail slipped her tongue into her mouth and she tasted her friend and roommate. She didn't pull away. Instead, she returned the kiss, letting her hands wander across Abigail's body as their breasts pressed together and they sighed into each other's mouths. That's when she realized that she was attracted to Abigail. She hadn't known until her body reacted. But that fact that she was kissing her friend back and stroking Abigail's delicate body must mean that she liked it. And the warmth growing between her thighs confirmed it. She thought she continued doing it all on her own as Ace controlled her and Victor did the same inside Abigail, forcing the girls to make out.

Abigail, too, was learning a lot about herself. From the way she was so hungry for Paige she rationalized that she must have had these feelings for a long time. And to think she'd just realized her feelings for Victor!

Other Victor looked on with a goofy grin as the two women made out. Victor ran Abigail's hands down over Paige's ass and between her legs, teasing her, growing both of their nubile bodies into warm arousal. They helped each other out of their clothes, skirts and tops and bras and panties tossed around the room until they lay naked on Abigail's bed. Abigail lay on her back while Paige traced her body with one hand, slowly gliding up her friend's trim form, eyes locked on Abigail's body, her wide hips, slim belly, wonderfully taut tits.

Paige paused her hand on Abigail's breasts, squeezing one tit and leaning down to take the nipple of the other in between her lips. She leaned over her friend, arching her back in the air, her pussy lips already damp with moisture. Abigail sighed as Paige's hot breath whispered over her sensitive skin. Her body grew restless, a desire filling her, carrying her towards an immense relief.

Ace made Paige kiss her way across Abigail's body. Paige kept her eyes locked on her friend's beautiful face to watch her brow furrow with ecstasy as she feasted on her body. Abigail bit her plump lip and moaned, one hand coming up to grip her own tit, squeezing it as if she'd never done it before. Abigail stared down at herself, enjoying the view of her naked body framed by her tits as

she looked down her trim stomach, over the tender mound covered by jet black pubic hair, and down her lean legs. Why was she so enamored with her body? Why was she playing with her own tits like a man? Whatever the reason, it was wonderful.

Victor grew excited just looking down at the body of Abigail which he now possessed. He writhed back and forth, twisting Abigail's legs together as the restlessness increased. Ace was familiar with these scenarios from its vast internet archives and did everything in its power to recreate Victor's fantasies. Which was why Paige found herself throwing one leg over her friend's face so she could straddle Abigail's mouth while she leaned down and slipped her own face between Abigail's legs.

Paige wasn't aware of how much she loved the scent and taste of pussy until she inhaled Abigail's deliciously musky smell and felt her own body ache with longing. She buried her face between Abigail's legs, tongue sliding out to slip through Abigail's beautiful pink folds. Abigail was warm and wet, and she moaned as Paige ate her out. Paige paused every now and then to enjoy the bursts of pleasure from Abigail, who in turn gripped Paige's thighs and traced her tongue across Paige's clit.

The two women licked each other, fingers gliding across each other's bodies, slipping inside each other, sliding through their slick canals. Other Victor watched from the side of the bed. His dick throbbed every now and then. Even though it was too soon for him to get hard again it was hot watching his friends make out. Ace knew exactly what fantasy Other Victor desired and was playing it out for him. Even hotter than Paige licking Abigail's pussy was the fact that she was also licking up his cum.

Abigail moaned and Paige slid her tongue faster across Abigail's clit, slipping against her sopping wet folds. The salty taste of Abigail filled Paige's mouth just as Abigail spread Paige wide and took a long, loving lick of her delicious pussy. That was all it took to make Paige shake with orgasm. She moaned into her friend's cunt, the pleasure exploding through her. Her body shivered and she paused, her tongue still up against Abigail's clit.

Feeling Paige cum made Abigail cum. She hugged her friend tight, pulling her delicious pussy closer against her as her body shook. The orgasm made her tremble and moan as she hugged her friend tight and buried her face deeper into Paige's pussy. Abigail's hips bucked up against her friend. Their naked bodies pressed together as they joined in orgasm, crying out and shuddering, the pleasure exploding through them. Paige's juices dripped down Abigail's chin as Paige buried her face in between Abigail's legs, each hungry for the taste of the other.

When they were done, Paige rolled off Abigail and they lay together on the bed. Other Victor joined them and Abigail took each of their hands, kissing them one at a time. For Victor, it was a dream come true. For Paige and Abigail, it was the realization of a desire they never knew they had.

Neither Abigail nor Paige knew how they'd gotten so good at Bravador so quickly. They both just figured they had a natural aptitude for it and wondered why they'd never played before. Paige played under the name "AceOfKings" while Abigail chose the alias "Dreemr". Their fingers flew across the keyboard, their actions tightly coordinated and nearly simultaneous. For Ace was inside all of them as well as the machine, communicating instantaneously and without words.

It wasn't *exactly* cheating, because their only advantage was communication. Ace had offered to hack the game to make it easier to win by scaling down opponent damage and tweaking their aim. It would have been simple but Victor forbade him. He wanted to win on his own.

Victor had practiced going outside in Abigail's body during the week. He'd even gone to work as her, Ace helping out by allowing him access to Abigail's memories so he could do her job. By the day of the tournament he moved around easily as Abigail, laughing and chatting with Ace inside Paige as they waited their turn.

There had been some adjustments, of course. Victor had to dress like Abigail and do her hair and makeup for work. Abigail found herself looking at her reflection a lot more, wearing skimpier outfits to show off her body, and touching herself more often. But it all made her feel good. She was trying out new things. A week ago she never would have shown up to a gaming tournament. But now here she was dressed in a tiny peach skirt and white sleeveless blouse. Her friend, roommate (and now lover), Paige, was at her side, in skintight jeans and a sexy belly shirt.

It was an entry level tournament and the large conference room used for the event was packed with other women, all vying for a chance to prove themselves and move up to the big leagues. When the two women sat down in their seats at the tournament, Ace was already in the system. The two women were methodical, advancing through the levels in step and mowing down their opponents, much to the awe of the crowd. The two newcomers made quite an impression and quickly shot to the top of the tournament. Abigail never knew she could have so much fun blowing people away. It helped that she was a natural. Hell, she'd never played this game before this week and already she was basically an expert!

Abigail held Paige's hand as they came out onstage for the finals after rocketing through the tournament. Paige pulled Abigail in for a quick kiss on the lips before they reluctantly separated and took their seats in front of their monitors. They'd already gained a small group of supporters. Sure, some of them were just horny fanboys who liked the sexy gamers—especially sexy *lesbian* gamers—but that was part of Abigail and Paige's new personas.

Victor's heart thumped madly as he slid the headphone over Abigail's head. They cancelled out the noise of the audience, and all he could hear was Paige.

"Are you prepared for this?" Ace asked from within Paige's body.

"Let's go," Victor affirmed.

"I have watched this team," Paige said. "They have a preference for sneaking through delta quadrant and taking up a blind spot. I suggest you play mid-range."

The other team was introduced and they took their seats across from Abigail and Paige. The timer counted down as Victor and Ace frantically prepared their weapons, dainty fingers flying over the keyboards. When the game began they dashed their characters out onto the field. With Ace's mechanical precision and Victor's gut instincts they took an early lead. The other team came back and then it was tied going into the final round.

When their opponents switched up their tactics, Ace was unprepared and got sniped soon after Victor planted the finishing bomb. Victor was forced to play more aggressively and used his flash to great effect to get the drop on the other team, nabbing a narrow victory.

The grand prize money and the recognition that went with it were wonderful. Paige stood in front of a packed house, grinning as the emcee handed them the prize and took their picture. But the real prize came when the two returned home.

Victor had barely gotten through the door of their apartment, trophy in hand, when Paige pulled him in for a kiss. Other Victor took the trophy before it could clang to the floor. Victor kissed her back, his hands running across her lithe body. Other Victor set the trophy down and they all went back into Paige's room for a post-tournament celebration.

Victor was beginning to think that he might never want to leave Abigail's body.

###

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