



GIRL Next Door,

A F2F
BODY THEFT
STORY

WWW.S

Girl Next Door

F2F BODY THEFT

by M. Wills

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Girl Next Door

Tricia pulled into her driveway behind her husband's truck and killed the engine. She leaned her head back on the headrest and closed her eyes, just enjoying the silence in the car for a bit. It had been a hell of a week. They were trying to switch over to a new payroll system and somewhere someone had messed up some inputs. While shit flows downhill, responsibility rises up, so as Executive Manager of Internal Resources, Tricia was called in to the CEO's office and grilled for an hour. Eventually she'd managed to make sense of the fuckup and after some extensive overtime from her and her staff had finally set things right.

With an exhausted sigh, Tricia opened her eyes and grabbed her briefcase before stepping out of the car. She caught sight of her reflection in the car window as she shut the door and was relieved to see she didn't look as exhausted as she felt. Though she was in her mid-forties she took care of herself and was lucky to have good genes. Her mocha colored skin hid the dark circles she was sure were beneath her eyes. Her thick, dark hair was clipped up behind her head in a way she hoped radiated professionalism. One of the things she'd been taught from an early age was that black women had to work twice as hard and seem twice as put together as their white counterparts. Tricia was glad to get home where she could finally let her facade drop and find comfort in the arms of Leonard, her cuddly bear of a husband.

The sky was getting dark but the air still held the midday heat. As she made her way up the steps of her porch she could hear the whir of sprinklers and the happy shouts of the neighborhood children as they chased each other through the park. She'd just shut the front door behind her and was breathing a sigh of relief when someone started knocking.

Tricia let out a puff of air from her cheeks before turning and opening the door again. Alyssa, the neighbor's daughter, was on her stoop, smiling cheerfully. Alyssa was a lithe eighteen year old beauty with fair skin and dark hair that reminded Tricia of Snow White from the old Disney cartoon. She was apparently a cheerleader at her school and had a tendency to wear tight outfits that clung to her—admittedly impressive—chest and showed off her long, perfect legs.

Tricia suspected Alyssa had a crush on Leonard. No concrete evidence.

Just little things, like the way she seemed to show up just to chat when Leonard was out shirtless and mowing the lawn. Lord knows Alyssa wouldn't be the first woman to flirt with him. Leonard had a broad chest, a lantern jaw and a welcoming smile. When he was out doing the yard work, ebony chest bare, beautifully dark muscles glistening...well, Tricia knew what *she* was thinking. And when Alyssa came up to him her gaze lingered a little too long and her cheeks blushed a little too deeply.

Whatever Alyssa really thought of Leonard—or of Tricia for that matter—she kept it hidden and was excessively polite. Tricia wasn't the jealous type but if she had been, Alyssa would be the perfect reason. With Alyssa standing in the doorway, Tricia put on a pleasant smile, noticing that Alyssa had some sort of gadget in her hand.

“Hi, Mrs. Winters,” Alyssa chirped. “Do you have a second?”

“Sure, what can I help with?”

Alyssa put one hand on her hip and flicked her head to toss her long, coal black hair out of her eyes. “I've been working on this thing for my science class, I was wondering if you could help me out?”

“You mean, be a guinea pig?” Tricia laughed.

Alyssa grinned. “Sort of. I just need to touch you with this thing.”

She held up the device in her hand. It was about the size of a brick, with a black handle and a trigger at one end, and a flat metal strip across the other end. A yellowish LCD screen took up most of the face of the machine except for three small, red buttons directly beneath it. The whole thing looked cobbled together out of bits of other machines; wires poked out here and there and the case was scratched and chipped as if it had been broken apart and put back together several times.

Tricia arched an eyebrow. Reading her look of reluctance, Alyssa hurried on, “It just reads your skin type and temperature and calculates it on a plot ratio against the z-deltazoids to generate a non-comparative typology.”

Tricia was pretty sure most of that was gibberish. “It does what now?”

“Nothing, really, but I'm humoring a friend.” Alyssa held out the gadget,

flat metal strip pointing towards Tricia.

“It's not going to electrocute me or anything is it?”

“No. You won't feel a thing.”

Reluctantly, Tricia held out her arm. Alyssa pressed the gadget to her skin, the metal was cold to the touch. Alyssa pushed the trigger and there was a faint beep but otherwise nothing seemed to happen. Alyssa looked at the screen and smiled.

“Perfect. Thanks!” She skipped away, leaving Tricia confused.

She shook her head and mumbled to herself about the kids today as she closed the door. Leonard came downstairs and squeezed her in a gentle bear hug, the comforting smell of him surrounding her. He pulled back, smiling down at her, his strong arms still clasped around her waist.

“Hey, honey, how was your day?” His deep voice reverberated through her body, brought to mind pleasant evenings snuggled in bed.

Tricia opened her mouth to answer but before she could say a thing the world changed.

Between one breath and the next, Tricia found herself in someone else's bedroom. On the floor were some skirts and baby doll tees strewn about. The brass bed upon which Tricia found herself was covered with a comforter decorated in muted pink and white. Posters on the wall featured bands Tricia had never heard of but with names and poses that suggested they were favorites of a teenage girl.

“What the hell?” Tricia cried.

Her voice sounded alien to her own ears, slightly higher pitched and softer. Looking down at herself she immediately knew why: she was in someone else's body. From her new perspective she gazed straight down into someone else's cleavage. The neck was cut low and the gentle curves of her breasts disappeared beneath the low cut top of a plain white shirt. Coal black hair drifted lazily across her shoulders. Two tawny beige legs stretched out beneath a blue ruffled skirt. Her feet were crossed at the ankles, the skin smooth and supple. Tricia recognized the skirt; she'd just seen it on Alyssa mere moments ago.

Tricia stood unsteadily and walked to the ornate mirror above the dresser. She knew what she would see but, even so, the image elicited a quick shriek. Alyssa's face stared back at her. Tricia brought her hands up to her cheeks, mouth agape, and watched Alyssa's stunning mirror image do the same. She was so young and baby-faced and...white.

"Hello? Alyssa?" Someone called from down the hallway, followed by the sound of footsteps on the floor boards.

Tricia froze in uncertainty as the footsteps grew louder, closer, until the bedroom door swung open and a young man walked in, probably eighteen years old as well, with thick framed black glasses, an unruly mop of brown hair that stuck up at odd angles, and a look of concern on his long face.

"Are you okay, Alyssa?" He asked, stepping towards her uncertainly and reaching out as though he was going to hug her.

Alyssa drew back. "Who are you? What happened?" Her voice was quivering and she took a deep breath trying to get herself under control. This was impossible.

"I'm Liam. Your boyfriend."

Liam reached out and took her hand hesitantly, before patting it awkwardly. Alyssa jerked her hand back, stared at her slender fingers for a second, the nails a dark blood red, before turning her attention back to Liam.

"Did you do this?"

Liam looked confused. "Do what? Babe, what's wrong?"

"This isn't my body. Did you do this? Was that your machine?"

Liam tried to put his hand on her arm again but she jerked away. "I don't know what you're talking about. Look, let's sit down and we can figure this out, Alyssa."

"No, I'm not...I'm..." Tricia looked away towards the window, realized she was directly across from her own house and could see partially into the living room, where her husband was now kissing her former body. Her

old body was leaning into the kiss, hands caressing Leonard's biceps as she pressed closer. *Someone* was in Tricia's body, and that someone was showing none of the disorientation Tricia herself was feeling.

"Oh, no fucking way." The world flashed red in anger.

Tricia pushed her way past Liam and hurried to the front door. She heard Liam cry out as he followed behind her. Tricia's perspective was off and her gait was different. Alyssa's entire body moved and jiggled in unfamiliar ways. The air wafted across her legs and up her skirt and there was something pleasing about the way the fabric clung to her body, but Tricia couldn't let that distract her as she made her way across the lawn and up to her own front door. She rapped hard on the door before crossing her arms beneath her breasts and scowling. The door was opened a minute later by her own body, face lit up in a pleasant smile.

"Hi again, Alyssa, did you forget something?"

Hearing her own voice was strange, seeing her mature ebony body moving totally outside of her control was even stranger. But what really threw Tricia was how normal her former body was acting. Tricia paused, doubt creeping into her mind. Maybe she *hadn't* been switched into Alyssa's body. Maybe she'd been Alyssa all along and just had a psychotic episode.

"You...did you..." Alyssa began.

Leonard stepped up behind the fake Tricia and placed his thick hands on Tricia's former shoulders. Tricia gazed back into her husband's face from her new perspective inside Alyssa's body and her train of thought utterly derailed. All she could think of when she looked into Leonard's face was how hot he was, how much she wanted him to throw her down and fuck her right there. She shifted her legs uncomfortably, felt Alyssa's growing dampness between her legs as she imagined his thick cock burrowing into her body. It brought her no comfort to know she'd been right about Alyssa's feelings for Leonard.

This was unreal, impossible, but undeniably happening. Tricia looked back and forth between the two of them before mumbling an apology and returning to her house. Everyone else was acting so normal, so was *she* the crazy one? Liam was waiting for her on the steps of her house and she

ran to him, embracing him, just needing to cling to someone. She buried her nose into his shirt and felt her body responding to the heady, deep masculine scent of his sweat. He wrapped his arms around her and soothed her, whispering that everything would be okay. She let herself be soothed by Alyssa's boyfriend, let herself be taken into the trappings of Alyssa's life.

She clung to the idea that she wasn't going crazy, that the only explanation, fantastical as it may be, was that Alyssa had somehow stolen her body. It must have had to do with the device Alyssa had brought over. Tricia couldn't find it in her room and Liam claimed to have no knowledge of any device when she asked. It had to be around somewhere because there hadn't been much time between Alyssa showing up on her doorstep and this body swap. But even if she could find the device, could she figure out how to make it work? At least Liam was nice. He offered to help look for it and there followed a long and fruitless search.

Tricia had never met Liam before but he seemed a little nervous, chatting away as he searched, his conversation dotted with references from everything from local politics to gender roles. Tricia found him charming in an unassuming, kind of nerdy way, and wondered that someone like Alyssa—a pretty, popular cheerleader from all accounts—would date someone in such a different social strata. Teenagers seemed to have become more welcoming since Tricia's day, when class was organized along a rigid hierarchy with the brainy students and the athletic ones rarely interacting.

After they'd given up, Liam stayed to make sure she was all right before kissing her goodbye. Liam's kiss was tentative, as though he could hardly believe he was kissing her. Tricia couldn't blame him, she'd been acting strange all afternoon, at least compared to the *real* Alyssa.

That night, Tricia lay in a stranger's bed trying to make sense of the day. Dinner had been awkward. She didn't know what to say to her parents, how to speak. She remembered herself as an older black woman and had no connection to this young white teenager she'd become. Showering was an experience of itself. She'd felt like she was violating someone's privacy as she slipped off Alyssa's clothes and stepped naked into the shower. She couldn't help but explore her new body as she soaped herself up. It was

such a pale, delicate thing. compared to her old form which was just *there*. Her hefty curves and cocoa butter skin replaced with small, perfectly shaped breasts and lean muscles. As she groped her new body a wonderful heat bloomed between her thighs. God, her body seemed to be in overdrive, constantly horny and waiting only the slightest provocation. She forced herself to stop, but this had only hidden the desire. Now, lying in bed wearing only the flimsiest top and panties, the gentle breeze from the open window wafting across her skin, surrounded by darkness, Tricia had nothing to distract from her new body's urges.

It was while fighting off the urge to touch herself that she first heard it: a repeated, high pitched cry from next door. The cry was urgent and sexual, the sound of someone deep in the throes of ecstasy. It took Tricia a moment to realize the voice was her old one, the cries those of her former body probably getting pounded by her husband.

And that was all it took to push her over the edge. Suddenly, Alyssa's body *needed* to be touched. There was no stopping the urgent demand and Tricia didn't try. She let her hands move up to her breasts, so perky and firm beneath her fingers. She squeezed her nipple softly, before letting her fingers circle down and brush against the sensitive skin beneath her breasts. Alyssa's body was incredibly responsive and a small sigh escaped Tricia's lips as her fingers returned to her little pink nipples, gently squeezing and releasing in time with the cries from next door. Her nipples pearled out in desire, sharp flashes of lust radiating down her body with each squeeze.

Tricia arched her back and drew a hand across her forehead, down the strange contours of her nose and cheeks, resting her hand on her chin as she bit her pinky. Her legs writhed slowly in anxious anticipation, the heat from her pussy growing, pulsing through her youthful body until it filled her completely, a gentle burn of desire. She drew her fingers down her body, across her trim tummy, sending shivers through her young body as the cries from outside the window continued. Tricia's fingers trailed down over her mound, followed the trail of coarse hair between her legs until they landed on her entrance. She brushed her fingers over and lightly down her thighs, Alyssa's body thrumming now. When her fingers returned to her pussy she found the lips open and ready and she sunk gently inside the heat and wetness of her new body.

A moan escaped her lips as she slipped inside herself for the first time, fingers searching, rubbing against her inner folds until she found the perfect angle, the perfect pressure against her budding nub of desire. Bliss exploded through her and she gasped, spread her legs, sunk her fingers in deeper as she rubbed herself. Alyssa's body was on fire, soaking wet and trembling on the verge of ecstasy. The cries across the way intensified and Tricia fucked herself to their rhythm, fingers sinking deeper inside her wet heat, curling up to land against the dimpled nub of her center. Her breasts rose and fell faster, her breath hitched in her throat, and when the final gasping cries came from outside the window Tricia joined them. Her body crested and she came, back arched, head thrust deep against the pillow, eyes clenched shut as pleasure burned through her.

Her unfamiliar voice cried out at the peak—high pitched and full of lust—as she came hard around her fingers, the bright, blinding pleasure more intense than she'd ever known. Her body floated through pure bliss, leaving her gasping and short of breath as the orgasm reverberated through her tiny body. When she finally came back down to earth her fingers were still inside her. A cold, wet patch had spread beneath her tiny ass, and the cries from next door had stopped as the impostor had finally been sated in her old body. And Tricia herself had satisfied Alyssa's body. Tricia rolled over and curled up to fall asleep in a cocoon of bliss.

Tricia woke disoriented the next morning, wondering why she was in a strange bedroom. After a few seconds the memories of yesterday came flooding back. She was still in Alyssa's body and no closer to understanding what had happened. No one else seemed to be acting strange and she had no clue as to where to begin investigating. Either she was going crazy and she really *was* Alyssa with memories of being her neighbor, or someone—possibly multiple someones—had stolen her life. She knew how insane it would sound if she told anyone what she was thinking so she decided to keep it to herself and quietly try to figure it out on her own. Until then, she guessed she would have to live Alyssa's life.

She thought about claiming to be sick so she could follow her own body around that day, but ditched the idea when she saw her body leaving the house, dressed in—slightly too sultry—business clothes, at the normal time. If this switch was deliberate there had to be clues somewhere. Tricia

knew there was nothing hidden in her house and had searched Alyssa's house pretty thoroughly the day before with Liam. No, it was better to get to know Alyssa's friends and see if they knew anything. Surely Alyssa wouldn't be able to keep a secret as big as a body swapping machine.

Tricia relieved herself in the bathroom and did her makeup, choosing from Alyssa's extensive collection and lightly dabbing the makeup along the unfamiliar contours of her face. Alyssa was adorable, no doubt about it: big brown eyes, a cute upturned nose, and soft, delicate features. There was a girl-next-door innocence about her. Tricia batted her eyes at herself and made some faces in the mirror, stuck out her tongue and wrinkled her brow, exploring her new expressions, the way her face responded to her commands.

Alyssa's closet was full of tiny outfits, low cut blouses and tiny skirts. Tricia picked out the most conservative outfit she could find—a pale pink, frilly skirt and white blouse—but still felt like she was showing too much skin. It was something she'd have to learn to get used to for the moment.

There was more awkwardness to be had at breakfast. Tricia had a passing acquaintance with Alyssa's parents, having seen them around the neighborhood and at the odd block party, but being in their daughter's body was another level of intimacy. They seemed nice enough, though the conversation was a little stilted, thankfully interrupted by the arrival of Liam at the front door.

Alyssa's mom answered. “Oh hi...Liam,” Tricia heard her say, a note of uncertainty in her voice.

“Hi, Mrs. Marsh, I was just seeing if Alyssa wanted a ride to school.”

Tricia grabbed her backpack and scooted around the edge of the door. “I'd love one, thanks.”

She leaned up and kissed his cheek, playing the role of dutiful girlfriend. Tricia turned to Alyssa's mom to say goodbye and caught a quick look of something—befuddlement?—that disappeared before Tricia could really register.

Tricia's nervousness grew as they neared the school. She'd found Alyssa's schedule on her laptop but she had no idea of the layout of the school, nor

of Alyssa's friends, and only the vaguest notions of Alyssa's schoolwork. She needed Liam's help.

"Feeling better this morning?" Liam asked.

"Yeah. More like myself, anyway." She smiled to try to prove it was a joke. Liam grinned back at her. "Were we doing anything yesterday that might have triggered the...episode?"

"I don't think so. I don't know. School. Cheerleading. You were acting weird by the time I got to your house."

"It was a little scary. I'm still a little fuzzy, actually."

"Really? Should we go to a doctor?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. But...do you have a copy of my class schedule?"

"Um, I thought all the cheerleaders just moved in a herd through the hallway like wildebeests. Not that you're a bunch of animals...I mean..." He blushed red.

"It's okay. I get it. We travel in packs."

"Right."

Liam swung into a parking spot and turned off the car. "All right, well, I'll meet you at lunch in our usual place out by the trees behind the basketball court. We can graze there like wildebeests."

Liam had such a sweet grin despite his gawky appearance and was charmingly open. Tricia was beginning to get what Alyssa saw in him.

"You're *my* wildebeest." She said.

She leaned over and kissed him slowly, let her tongue trace its way lightly against his before retreating back to her seat. She took his hand and they walked through the parking lot to the school. His skin was warm against hers and even this simple touch was creating strange thoughts. Alyssa's body seemed to have a constant, low-level arousal that would be set off by even simple things, so Tricia was glad to be broken out of her daydream of riding Liam on the steps of the school by someone calling Alyssa's

name. Liam let go of her hand as two plasticky, overly made-up blondes approached. They appeared to be twins, with the only difference seemingly that one wore a red top and had dark red lips, while the other wore a pink top and had bubblegum pink lips. Fellow cheerleaders from their appearance.

“Oh my god, you missed Katie's whole rant last night. Where were you?” Bubblegum said.

“I had some stuff to do.” Tricia said.

“Katie was totally dumping on Janet for being such a bitch,” red lips said, “It was...oh my God...amazing.”

“Yah,” Bubblegum added, “Janet's been, like, cheating with Katie's b-f and Katie's totally mad because Janet's not even really that hot.”

“I know!” red said, “It's like, okay, we get it, you have big boobs, but who cares?”

“Mark Lucent does!”

They both broke into hysterical laughter. She doubted either of the two blondes could have anything to do with the machine Alyssa had been holding. The bell rang and the students milling around the entrance began heading inside.

“I'll see you!” Liam said, moving off towards the entrance.

Tricia nodded, but the two blondes didn't even acknowledge him as they headed up the steps, still gossiping. Tricia stuck close, following them into the first class and zoning out on the vapid chatter.

Tricia tried to hang back in her classes and avoid notice, which was easy to do. Apparently not much was expected of Alyssa. This gave Tricia lots of time to think and worry. Not only did she not remember anything of any of the subjects from her own high school days, she didn't know anyone in the school except Liam. Alyssa's friends seemed to consist mostly of other cheerleaders, none of whom seemed the type to build a machine. They were more interested in sharing gossip and talking about other girls in class. They seemed slightly put off that Tricia wasn't participating, but she didn't want to have anything to do with their petty chatter.

By the time lunch rolled around Tricia was depressed. She obviously should have followed her old body to see where it went. There were no answers to be had in school.

Tricia followed the giggly group of cheerleaders outside to the bleachers where they set up camp, lazing about and talking about guys. Again. Looking around the field, Tricia saw the basketball courts on the far side of the football field. Beyond it was the woods where Alyssa and Liam apparently met up at lunch.

“I’ll catch you girls later, I’m going to meet up with Liam.”

Her declaration was met with an immediate silence and they all stared at her like she’d just shot someone.

“Liam?” Bubblegum said.

“Oh my God,” red chimed in, “Why? He’s like such a loser.”

“He’s my boyfriend,” Tricia blurted out.

“Since when?” Bubblegum cried. “Just a few days ago you were complaining about getting paired with him in physics. And now you’re, like, doing him or something?”

The others laughed as a dawning realization grew on Tricia. She gritted her teeth and stomped away towards the basketball courts, ignoring the laughter that continued behind her.

Liam waved to her from the edge of the woods as she got closer. His grin faded as she closed in on him and grabbed him by his collar.

“How long did you think you’d be able to trick me into thinking I was crazy? That I was your girlfriend?”

“I don’t know what you’re--”

“Just stop.” She stared into his dark brown eyes, close enough that she could see the flecks of gold swimming in them, could smell the woody scent of his cologne. Jesus, it was like anger supercharged Alyssa’s body. Tricia tried to smother the desire growing within her. “You lied to me. Alyssa wanted my body and you wanted hers. You built the machine that

swapped us and then tried to pretend that we were dating. Isn't that right?"

"Yes. She wanted your life. Your husband. Said you had it all together."

"Goddammit! And you wanted to fuck Alyssa so you offered her the use of the machine." Tricia screamed as rage and lust and frustration melded together inside her. "Well, shit, here's your chance."

She locked her lips to his, taking him by surprise and forcing him back into the cover of the trees and up against an elm. Her body was clamoring for his touch and she gripped and squeezed him greedily, felt his own hands on her, grabbing her ass. He opened his mouth and welcomed her inside. She dove in, tasting every inch of him. She was pissed but he tasted so goddamn good, felt even better, and her body desperately needed release.

Her nose pressed into his cheek as she sucked his tongue, tasting his spicy scent, lips brushing painfully against his stubble. She forced a hand down into his pants, felt the heat rising from his cock as she grabbed it, let it fill her hand. She'd never wanted someone as much as she did him in this moment. Her body was crying out for touch and a moan escaped her lips as she thrust her hips towards him, dry humping him, the pressure through her clothes so amazing on her clit, the desire for his cock both shameful and wonderful.

She yanked his pants down, freed his dick and licked her lips as she stared down at it. It was magnificent. Perfectly average size but magnified by her desire into thick, huge perfection. The bulbous head pointed towards her and she grew so wet just staring at it, imagining it inside her. It looked too delicious to pass up.

She dropped to her knees and swallowed Liam's dick fast, greedily, lips sliding up and down the shaft as the taste of him landed on her tongue. His heat filled her mouth as her tongue undulated against the underside of his shaft. She dipped her head down, down, forcing Alyssa's lips all the way down until her nose rested in Liam's pubic hair and his thickness filled her. She gagged and came up coughing, but didn't stop, dropping her lips right back down she swallowed him again. Her head bobbed up and down quickly, eagerly as he moaned and leaned back against the tree.

She felt him throbbing in her mouth and quickly pulled out and clamped her fingers at the base of his cock.

“Don't you dare cum yet,” she growled. He gritted his teeth and got himself under control, a single drop of precum appeared at the end of his dick which Tricia eagerly licked off, savoring the salty taste of him. Fuck, he was her everything. She hated him for how much pleasure he brought her.

She stood and yanked her own skirt up, her panties down. The cool air brushed against her wetness as she turned so that her cute little ass faced Liam. She leaned against a nearby tree, arched her back and looked over her shoulder.

“You wanted to fuck me, so do it already,” she ordered.

Liam grabbed her squeezable ass, his fingers digging into her soft cheeks. He spread them wide and then there was a pressure against Tricia's pussy as Liam's cock pressed against her slippery orifice. The head of his dick pushed, pushed, and then her pussy lips spread wide and he thrust inside her. She cried out as he filled her, relief and desire burning through her. She felt him slam into her center, felt Alyssa's pussy wrap tight around his shaft, fitting him like a glove. He withdrew and slammed in again, pounding her hard and fast as she urged him on “Yes. Yes. Oh. Yes.” She moaned, her only thought was of wanting more, more.

She leaned back, pushed her ass into him so he could fuck her hard, fast. Her tits swayed crazily and Alyssa's voice grew higher in pitch as her body approached the precipice. Alyssa's young body was so much hornier, so much easier to please, more ready to explode than her own and when she brought one hand down between her legs to massage her clit she came hard at first touch. She closed her eyes and threw her head back, moaning like a whore as Liam fucked her harder.

Her fingers joined his cock inside her, rubbing her clit, quickly growing soaking wet, revving her body up once more and then they came together. Liam grunted as he slammed deep inside her, held himself there as his cock spurted and she was filled with heat of his seed. Her legs quivered as she came, the hot jets of his lust pounding inside her while she cried in total desire. She felt so wonderfully, perfectly full as he filled her.

Liam soon slowed and stopped. Tricia came down slower, breathing hard, her breasts heaving as she leaned against the tree, just wanting Liam's cock to stay inside her. He soon pulled out and Tricia turned around and pulled up her panties even as she felt a trickle of Liam's cum sliding down her thighs.

“Don't think this means I forgive you. We're going to get my body back.”

Liam just nodded.

They waited in the woods until they heard the distant ringing of the bell and saw the other students file back inside. When the field was empty, Tricia and Liam snuck back around to the parking lot to Liam's car. The ride back to Liam's place was quiet and awkward. Tricia twisted some strands of dark hair around a finger as her excitement at returning to her own body built.

The machine that had started this whole thing was in Liam's room, sitting on a desk cluttered with tools. Tricia picked it up, relief flooding her. Soon this whole thing would all be over .

“So how does this work?” She asked.

Liam sat on the bed and looked up at her gloomily. “Can I just say, I know what I did was wrong but...you've probably guessed I'm not very popular. When Alyssa became my partner for the physics project I was totally excited but she just treated me like crap.” He ran his hands through his thick brown hair. “At least, until I told her what I'd invented. She really liked your life. Your husband. And then she made *me* feel really good but she was just using me for my machine. I went over there last night after I left you to try to talk to her. See when she wanted to swap back.”

“And?”

“She said never.”

Tricia sat next to him and placed her hand on his thigh. “Liam, you're a good kid. You deserve someone better than Alyssa.”

“I know. I just thought, you know, I could make her better.”

“You can't change people, Liam.”

He sighed, then looked up at her with his soulful brown eyes. “Unless you can. Let me show you how to work the machine. It's fairly simple. You load the subject into the machine by pressing the flat metal part against the skin and recording it against the first two buttons. Once you have two people loaded, the third button activates the swap.”

Tricia nodded. “Ok.”

“Try it on me.”

“What?”

“If Alyssa sees you with this thing she's going to know you know everything and she'll never let you get close. But if you pretend to be me you can swap and then destroy the machine.”

“But that means...”

Now it was Liam's turn to nod. He whispered. “Yes. That's what I want. That's what I've always wanted.”

Tricia pressed the metal against Liam's skin and loaded him into the machine, then did the same to herself. She looked at Liam.

“You ready?”

“Yeah.”

She pushed the third button. The effect was instantaneous. The room jumped as her perspective shifted. She felt stronger, more solid. She looked down, saw Liam's body beneath her, then looked over at Alyssa. She was grinning broadly, staring at her fingers, grabbing her hair, running her fingers over her bare legs.

“Wow,” she whispered.

Tricia felt Liam's cock rising to attention beneath her pants as the hot cheerleader checked herself out, standing and twisting back and forth to catch a glimpse of her own tight little ass in the mirror. The desire spinning through Tricia's male body was much more concentrated and immediate than when she was a woman. Fucking teenage hormones.

She stood and nearly lost her balance. She towered over Alyssa's body, tall

and gangly. She pushed her mop of hair out of her eyes and it simply fell back down.

“How is it?” Tricia asked.

“Wonderful,” Liam replied from inside Alyssa's body.

“Let's get back to your new home. We'll wait for Alyssa there.”

Liam gathered up Alyssa's school bags and they headed back to the car. Tricia couldn't keep her eyes off Alyssa's ass, hidden beneath the skirt that threatened to fly up at any moment and reveal her dripping pink pussy. Liam's body was even hornier than Alyssa's had been. Tricia felt strangely aggressive, moody and horny all at once, the heady mix of Liam's testosterone flooding her brain. She wasn't quite sure how to deal with it.

The wait for her own body to return home was interminable with Alyssa there. Now Tricia understood what Liam had gone through when he hung out with Alyssa. His hormones were in overdrive and made it hard to concentrate, to think, to be casual and sociable. It took all her might not to simply be a drooling hornbag as Liam pranced around in his dainty new body. When Tricia saw her car pull up next door and her old body step out she turned to go.

“Wish me luck.”

“Good luck.” Liam said, standing up on his toes to kiss her on the cheek. And that kiss. Oh. Tricia wanted to throw her down and fuck her right there, knew Liam would probably let her just to experience the pleasure of his new body. But Tricia forced herself to walk out of the house and knock on her own door. She stood waiting on the porch, hands behind her back in a way that she hoped was casual, hiding the machine behind her.

Her old body answered the door, dressed a little more risqué than Tricia would have liked. Alyssa was already dressing her body as a teenage girl. In a way, it was flattering that she wanted to show off Tricia's body. Liam's dick seemed to be responding. Tricia could feel her heart hammering faster in her chest. Her eyes widened as she took in her former body's outfit: Sheer, black stockings clung to her legs. Her former dark,

thick thighs partly visible beneath a burgundy skirt that didn't even reach her knees. The white top was form fitting and wispy, clinging to her ample breasts and waist. Jesus, had Alyssa gone in to work dressed like that?

“Get in here before she sees you.” Alyssa grabbed Liam and pulled him inside, so intent on keeping an eye out for her own body that she didn't notice Tricia twisting awkwardly so as to keep the machine hidden behind her back. Alyssa slammed the door and looked at Tricia.

“What are you doing over here? Is Tricia starting to believe she's me?”

It would take a few seconds for Tricia to activate the machine. She had to get Alyssa distracted. For the moment she played dumb, hoping an opportunity would present itself.

“She doesn't know what to believe,” Tricia lied, “She's half convinced she's going crazy.”

Tricia's own body smirked. “Great. Fine. Whatever. As long as she thinks I had nothing to do with it. She doesn't does she?”

“Well...not really.”

Alyssa mistook Tricia's hesitance as a request. She leaned in closer. “So that's what you're here for? You want an early payment? How about just a little teaser?”

Before Tricia could answer, Alyssa went to her knees and tugged at Liam's pants. Tricia couldn't resist without revealing the machine, and was forced to watch as her own body gripped Tricia's new cock in her fingers and pulled it out. Tricia stared down at Liam's cock from her new perspective. It throbbed once as her former ebony fingers wrapped around it. A part of Tricia wanted to protest, but a bigger part wanted Alyssa to continue, wondered what it would feel like to have her cock sucked. She watched her own dick, entranced, wondering how such intense feelings could grow from such simple motions as Alyssa lightly stroked. And then Alyssa stuck out her pink tongue and licked Tricia's shaft from base to tip and it was almost too much.

“Fuuuck,” Tricia whispered, eyes going wide, aroused as much by the

feeling of Alyssa's tongue as by the sight of this gorgeous black woman worshiping her dick. Somehow the feeling only intensified as Alyssa wrapped Tricia's own lips around Liam's cock. Tricia's dick was surrounded by wet heat as an intense pleasure gripped her entire body. All she could think of – all she wanted – was for Alyssa to continue sucking her cock.

She moaned as the black woman continued to gulp it down, wet slurping sounds filling the air as Alyssa enthusiastically sucked Tricia's cock, swirling her head around the shaft as she drove her lips up and down. Tricia knew this was the perfect time to swap back, but it was hard to fight against the deliriously intense feelings burning through her. Her entire concentration was focused on her dick as Alyssa sucked faster and harder. Tricia watched as her amazing new cock disappeared into her former mouth, between the pink lips, reappearing slick with saliva. Fuck, she just wanted to push her dick as far down Alyssa's little lips as she could, be surrounded by that glorious wet heat, and empty herself in between those pillowy lips.

With an effort, she dragged her mind back to the device, shifted slightly against the wall so she could bring it around to the back of Alyssa's head. Tricia steadied Alyssa's head with one hand, her fingers digging through the dark hair, guiding Alyssa's lips up and down her cock. And, oh, how she wanted to cum, wanted to empty herself into her hot, wet mouth, watch Alyssa gulp it all down. But if she did she'd never get back. With her other hand, Tricia lightly touched the metal end of the machine against Alyssa's bare neck and pressed the button. The machine registered Alyssa's body without Alyssa breaking her rhythm.

The intensity of the pleasure bursting through Liam's body was building, building towards a sweet release. Tricia leaned her head back against the wall as Alyssa sucked, feeling the end coming, moaning around the cock in her mouth, loving every second. Tricia felt her dick start to throb and pressed the button that swapped their bodies just as the lust boiled over and she came. "Oh-" she began.

"--God." Alyssa cried from inside Liam's body as Tricia suddenly found herself back in her own body.

She was on her knees, her mouth full of Liam's dick. Before she could

register anything else the cock throbbed against her tongue and hot spurts of cum jetted down her throat. She swallowed the first reflexively, drinking the salty, viscous liquid. She pulled her lips off as the cock continued spurting warm seed across her nose, her cheeks, her chin. Alyssa was roiling from the sudden pleasure pounding through her as she came, still not fully comprehending what had just happened. This gave Tricia enough time to reach behind her back, grab the machine out of Liam's hand, and smash it to the floor.

Alyssa stared down at Tricia, as realization dawned in Liam's eyes. Alyssa was now trapped inside Liam's lanky form. Her cock continued to drip onto the floor as Tricia hauled herself to her feet and mustered as much dignity as she could with cum trickling down her face.

"It's over, Alyssa. I think you better get back to your new life before my husband gets home."

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Tricia never told her husband what had happened, and had gotten assurances from Liam that he wouldn't build another machine. She spent the next day making up for Alyssa's mistakes at work and trying to put the whole situation behind her. She wasn't worried about Alyssa telling anyone; who would believe her?

Alyssa wasn't happy in her gangly new body. She was unpopular at school and, unused to the hormones flooding her body. She'd tried masturbating in the school bathroom, desperate to relieve the aching need. She'd been caught, which had been a further blow to her popularity, and was soon transferred to another school. Without Liam's brains she had no hope of rebuilding the machine.

Liam loved his new body and made Alyssa a much nicer person than she had ever been. He quit cheerleading and took up his former geeky hobbies, rewarding his friends by giving them full access to his perfect young body. He often came over to Tricia's place for advice on girl troubles and other things that Alyssa, as an eighteen year old woman, should have already known. The rest of the time was spent either masturbating alone, or enjoying a succession of young men fucking him raw. And with Alyssa's beauty, there was no shortage of takers.

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