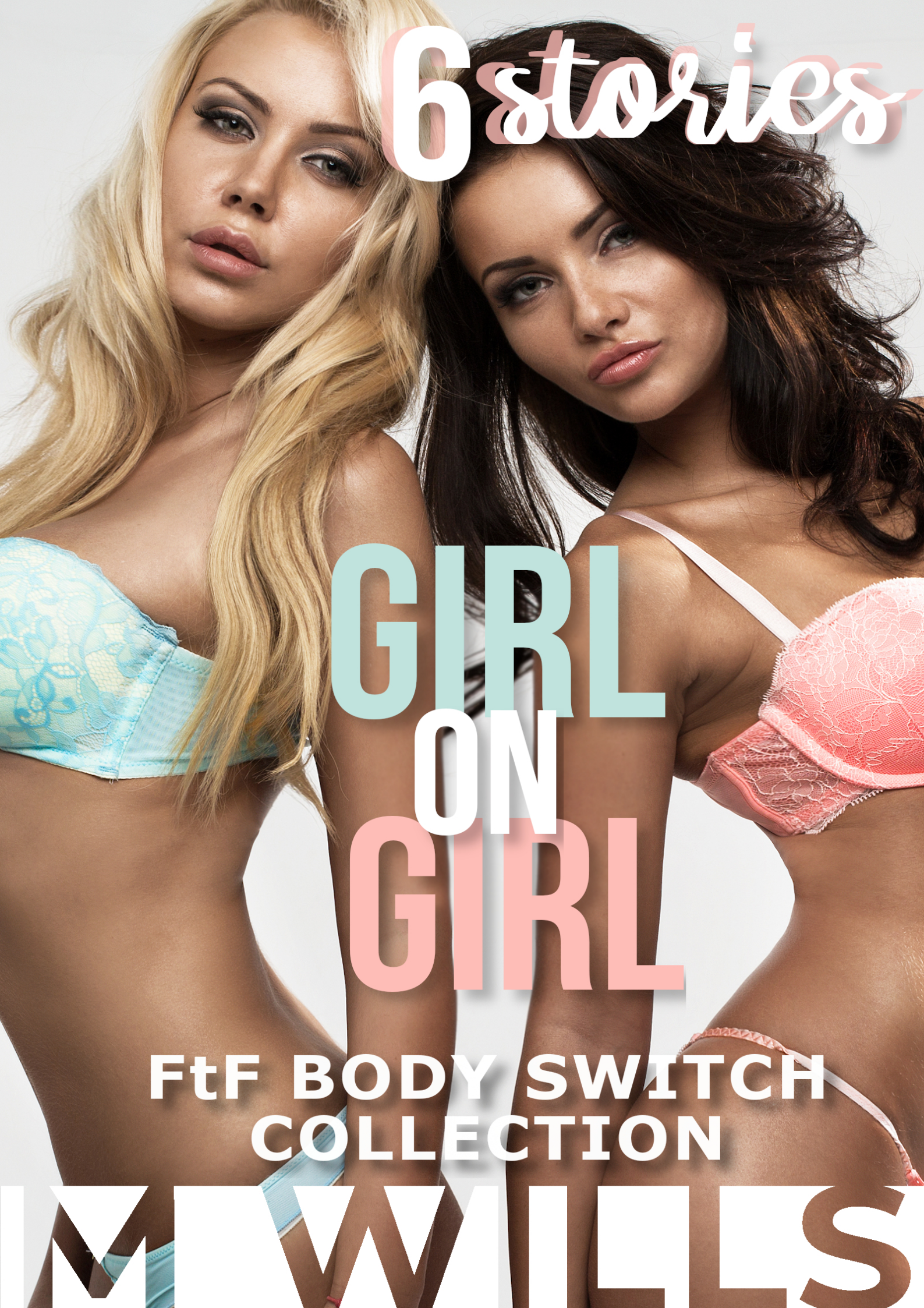


A promotional image for a collection featuring two women. The woman on the left has long blonde hair and is wearing a light blue lace bra. The woman on the right has long dark hair and is wearing a pink lace bra. They are both looking towards the camera with neutral expressions. The background is a plain, light color.

6 stories

GIRL
ON
GIRL

FtF BODY SWITCH
COLLECTION

MWILS

Girl on Girl

6 FtF Body Switch Stories

by M. Wills

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**LONG
LIVE THE
*Queen***

F2F BODY THEFT

MWILLS

Long Live the Queen

Her mistake, of course, was having a daughter. Though, technically, the daughter wasn't actually hers, though she was now the only one alive who knew this. Oh, Isabelle had raised her and, eventually, loved her as her own. But still, life would have been so much simpler had the king's little wench managed to produce a son. Boys were biddable. Offer them comfort, easy conquest and a decadent life, and they'd agree to virtually anything. Girls, however, had their own ideas. Ideas like casting aside the opportunity to fill the royal coffers and make a strategic alliance that virtually guaranteed the realm's supremacy... in order to marry a man who smelled faintly (but permanently) of horse.

Isabelle the Third, Empress of Bohem, Queen of the United Provinces of Gaulaya and its Dominions within the Acardemian Sea, Defender of the Faith, and mother of a tedious and suddenly headstrong daughter, glared down the table at her privy council. "Do I have to physically drag the princess to altar myself?"

Her question was met with shifty eyes and silence.

"Have I ever," she asked in tones dripped with regal weariness, "given the impression that I require anything other than the barefaced truth from you, my lords?"

The Council shook their heads subserviently.

"Then why," Isabelle continued, "am I finding it near impossible to get an accurate report?" When no one answered, she turned her attention to her Lord Chamberlain. "What exactly is the current talk of the city regarding my daughter?"

The Lord Chamberlain shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "There is a rumor, ma'am, that she is unhappy with the proposed marriage."

Isabelle resisted the urge to roll her eyes. "I don't require her to be happy about it; I simply require her to bloody do it!"

"Quite so, ma'am." The man ducked his head ever so slightly. "But it appears the general populace is rather apt to take her side in the matter."

"Do they not understand the wealth an alliance with King Nikolaj will bring to the realm? The money that will filter down into *their* pockets?" Isabelle snorted contemptuously. "Remind them that the man brings with him enough gold to sate a dragon, not to mention a navy unrivaled by any in the four seas; they'll soon abandon this love affair they have with the princess and her equine-scented paramour."

"Far be it from me to contradict you, Your Majesty, but—"

"But you're going to," Isabelle pointed out, folding her arms majestically.

The Lord Chamberlain nodded feebly. "It is my belief that the princess's popularity is such that, whatever her wish, the people simply hope to see it fulfilled. Even if that means foregoing a profitable alliance in favor of marriage to a..." he paused to consult his notes, "...a horse trainer with

a mere twelve acres of land and a single dwelling to his name.”

“Good god! This fawning adoration for my daughter is rapidly spinning out of control. What on earth has she done to generate so much goodwill?”

“Nothing.” The Royal Mage spoke up from the end of the table in a faintly lecturing tone. “She’s done nothing.” He shrugged an elegant shoulder. “But the people are simple, drawn to the facile and uncomplicated. Your daughter is pretty. She gives coins to the penniless urchins and smiles winningly at the aged. She is the glowing little jewel in the crown: unchallenging, ornamental and easy to adore.”

“That’s it?” Isabelle asked incredulously. “She’s pretty?”

“And young.” The mage shrugged again. “The people like their icons nubile.”

Isabelle wanted to tell the man to go to hell but she knew the uncomfortable truth of his words. She had been new and pretty once; she knew the power of youth. Instead, she sighed, “Then I cannot simply compel the princess by royal decree to marry.”

The mage shook his head. “Not if you don’t want a revolt on your hands. Drag her to the altar and they’ll loathe you for it.”

Isabelle leaned back in her chair and concluded briskly, “Then we must simply persuade the princess to at least *appear* willing. As long as the public believe she is a bride glowing with matrimonial happiness, all will be well.”

“Yes, ma’am. Quite.” the Lord Chamberlain agreed haltingly. “If I may ask, how exactly do you plan to achieve such a thing? The princess remains adamant that she will not marry King Nikolaj... let alone act in public as if the marriage is her heart’s desire.”

Isabelle waved her hand dismissively. “I leave the details to you, my lords.” She stood and a cacophony of chair-scrapping followed as her councilors scrambled to their feet. She waited patiently for silence, and then added unequivocally, “The king arrives in three days. Prepare for his arrival and the princess’s acceptance of his offer. I expect you to have a workable plan in place to achieve that goal before the king’s entourage reaches the palace gates.”

Sweeping out of the chamber, she stormed down the stone hallway of the East wing in the direction of the royal stables, her waist-length, meticulously braided coffee colored hair sweeping behind her. Entering the palace gardens, the temptation to kick one of topiaries was almost overwhelming, but the act lacked dignity and she managed to rein in the impulse. Not that dignity would be the hallmark of the Royal House of Bohem much longer if the princess had her way. The outright *gall* of the girl, imagining she had a right to impede a crucial alliance simply because she fancied a man she’d met in the stables.

With a snort of self-derision, Isabelle remembered how pleased she’d been when she’d realized early on that Princess Alinne was horse-mad and wanted to essentially live in the stables. Isabelle remembered her own naive relief that the girl seemed happy to ride and hunt all day long, never showing the least bit of interest in the flirting and fawning of court life. Naturally, Isabelle had assumed that a girl who never so much as *looked* at any of the noblemen making advances would be safe from falling victim to romantic whims. How achingly wrong Isabelle had been.

Shortly after Alinne’s eighteenth birthday, the marriage offers had begun to appear. Dukes, barons, social-climbing merchants with endless ambition and endless money, some minor royalty, nothing particularly tempting and then... King Nikolaj, ruler of the country on Bohem’s southern border and possessor of the most powerful fleet in the known world. Isabelle had consented to the match the very day she had received the offer, requesting that Nikolaj travel to Bohem as soon as feasible to solidify the details and begin the engagement celebrations. Handing her letter of formal assent to

her fastest courier, she'd rushed to the stables to tell Alinne the good news...

And had found Alinne in the arms Theodore Kerr, a man responsible for training the royal hunters. He was a man so far beneath royal notice that Isabelle hadn't, well, noticed him, and she could do little but shudder in contempt at Alinne's choice.

What followed was one of the more trying weeks of Isabelle's reign. Her typically compliant daughter had dug in her heels, refusing to marry King Nikolaj and instead announcing her intention to marry Theodore. At first, Isabelle had been so astounded by the refusal that she'd simply retreated to her suite in shock. Twenty-two years as a supreme ruler of her realm (appointed by God, answerable to few, and defied by no one) had not prepared her for her previously soft-spoken daughter's outright defiance.

However, when she'd emerged from her shock, annoyance had set in and she'd tried everything to change Alinne's mind: threatening, bribing, cajoling, begging, demanding. Nothing had worked.

All of which left her here: marching to the stables for yet another attempt at convincing her daughter to put country before her silly schoolgirl crush. Pausing as she rounded the corner of the stable courtyard, she spied Alinne brushed down her favorite mare. The girl was (as bloody ever) smiling, muttering endearments to the horse and chattering away to a nearby groom.

The groom was sitting up high on some bales of hay, gazing down at Alinne adoringly. Edging closer but remaining out of sight, Isabelle saw the reason for his look of slack jawed adoration: from his aerial perch, the groom had a clear view down Alinne's billowing shirt. The girl never bothered with a riding habit, preferring the freedom of breeches to a starched gown while she was in the saddle. And clearly the groom was benefiting from that decision. Not that Isabelle could exactly blame him; Alinne was infuriatingly pleasing to the eye. Despite her current thoroughly un-regal garments, she was a princess through and through: delicate complexion, perfect features, willowy curves, and blonde tresses that hung down her back in a single golden braid. The shirt and breeches clung to her body, highlighting her tiny waist and the delicate swell of her breasts. She had everything Isabelle lacked.

Isabelle was plain. Even she would admit that. There was nothing notable or interesting about her looks and if she hadn't been a princess no one would have looked sideways at her. She'd had to fight and scrap—in an elegant, royal way, of course—to become the queen of this country. It was her own clever machinations that enabled her father to suggest she marry the king of Gaulaya, the doddering old fool. She played the council well, bargaining favors and quietly growing her power so that when the king *did* die there was no real support for any ruler but herself. And here Alinne had been handed every opportunity of genetics from her perfect little nose to her perky breasts and was completely uninterested in carrying on Isabelle's rule.

Alinne turned to feed the mare a hunk of carrot and Isabelle watched the groom take the opportunity (while Alinne's back was turned) to adjust himself, giving himself one long, slow stroke in the process. How long, Isabelle wondered, had he been watching? Did Alinne have any idea of the power she held over men? That she could make their heart grow soft and their dicks grow hard with just a glimpse of breasts?

The girl appeared to have no idea. Picking up nearby a bucket of water, she began to wash down the mare, splashing water across the horses flanks and wetting the front of her shirt in the process. Tiny beads of water ran down the graceful curve of her neck, over her chest and into the deep valley between her breasts.

Looking up at the groom, she smiled and ran a hand through her hair, inadvertently tugging loose one golden curl. The groom threw a nonchalant arm over his groin and, clearly besotted, returned her smile.

Isabelle had had enough. Stomping out in the stable courtyard, she cast a glare at the groom that sent him scurrying into the tack room. She would deal with him later. Turning to Alinne, she said acidly, “You know why I’m here.”

Alinne sighed, a pretty little sigh to go with her pretty little grimace. “To have the same conversation for the hundredth time.”

“The repetition,” Isabelle pointed out, “would be unnecessary if you just agreed to do your duty.”

Aline brushed the last of the water from the horse’s withers. “I’m marrying Theo and you can’t make me change my mind. I *love* him. I’ve always loved him and—”

“Oh good god! What does love have to do with it? We’re talking about marriage not love.” Isabelle shook her head in disappointment. “What you *clearly* fail to comprehend is that love and marriage are two entirely unrelated concepts.”

“For you maybe,” Alinne said quietly.

“For us!” Isabelle yelped. “When I was your age, I had to marry—and not a strapping young man like King Nikolaj—but a cantankerous, old widower nearly three times my age. In your opinion, ought I to have refused? The realm would have been doomed to penury. Fallen to the mightiest army simply because my proposed bridegroom didn’t appeal.”

“Yes, you should have refused,” Alinne said simply, “if the idea of the marriage made you unhappy.”

Isabelle made herself take a long, slow breath and tamp down the rage. There was, quite simply, no point talking to the girl. It was like trying to make an impression on diamond; rational argument simply glanced off her shiny exterior.

“You’re just a foolish young girl. You haven’t yet learned that not every story is a fairy tale.” Turning to leave, Isabelle simply said declaratively, “You *will* marry him.”

And Alinne, showing a hint of the steel beneath her soft exterior, answered quietly, “I won’t.”

Queen Isabelle’s privy council was comprised of men of great learning and ingenuity, and yet, at present, they were failing her. It was the eve of King Nikolaj’s arrival and they still hadn’t presented her with a workable plan. She had been reduced to pacing her private study and fantasizing about having them all beheaded.

Distraction came in the form of a knock at the door. Bellowing in the general direction of the footman in the hallway, she called, “Enter.”

The door opened to admit the Royal Mage. He bowed and asked, “A word, Majesty?”

“If this is about your ill-disguised desire for a barony, your timing could not be any worse,” Isabelle scoffed. The man had been none-to-subtly angling for a position in the peerage for months. Glaring at him, she added, “I’m currently contemplating execution, not elevation, of most of my privy councilors.”

The mage stepped in and closed the door behind him. “It’s not about the barony, ma’am. At least,” he coughed into his fist, “not directly.” He approached the desk. “I have a proposal: a way in which you might compel the desired behavior from Princess Alinne. Now, of course, if such a proposal were to meet with your approval and a barony were forthcoming as a reward, I would not decline such an honor or—”

“Just tell me your idea.”

“Of course.” He smiled obsequiously and began, “You remember, ma’am, that last year Lord Darlington bid me research spells capable of tracing and detecting family lineage?”

“I remember.” Isabelle settled into a chair. “He was concerned about the legitimacy of his son.”

“Exactly. And, in order to assist him, I spent a considerable amount of time researching and testing any and all magics concerning progeny, many so obscure and complicated they’ve been abandoned by mages for centuries.”

“Your point?”

“Well, in my research, I found something, ma’am. A spell—difficult to cast and requiring ingredients near-impossible to find—but it has the power to not just identify family lineage but also swap members within that line.”

“What do you mean ‘swap’?”

“Simply put, ma’am, it would allow your essence—your mind, your memories, your spirit—to swap places with that of your daughter. You would inhabit her body.”

For possibly the first time in her reign, Isabelle didn’t know what to say.

Clearly taking her silence as leave to continue, the mage added, “You see, it occurred to me that, if you had temporary control of you daughter, you could ensure that she publicly reject her current paramour and accept King Nikolaj. Doing it all with a smile on her face and no suggestion of coercion that might be damaging to your own reputation.”

Isabelle sat silent for a full minute, allowing the idea time to marinate. Then she slowly raised her eyes to the mage and asked, “But what of after? When the spell breaks and she has her body back... and she announces that she has been forced?”

“Who would believe her?” The mage gave his signature shrug. “The world believes what it sees with its own eyes. Everyone will have seen the princess happily agreeing to marry Nikolaj. If later they hear she suddenly claims it was all trickery, they will take it as an excuse from a girl unhappy with her newfound position.” He snorted contemptuously. “After all, the common man’s arrogant assumption that the evidence of his own eyes is infallible is the best friend of tricksters the world over.”

“But some will believe her surely?” Isabelle raised a questioning brow. “And someone else might identify the spell. If you found it, what’s to say some other mage won’t also?”

“The spell is recorded in a single text hidden within the vaults of the palace’s mystical library.” He smiled. “Only you and I have unlimited access to the vaults, ma’am. And, even if the original spell were found, I have made modifications to it that makes it unrecognizable. No one reading the original spell would comprehend its potential power.”

“You did,” Isabelle pointed out.

“Yes, well,” the mage smiled arrogantly, “no one but me.”

Isabelle pondered a moment longer, teasing out the threads of the idea. “But, wait, what of the princess? She’ll be in my body. Won’t she simply raise the alarm immediately?”

“I have a suggestion for that, ma’am.”

“And that is?”

His arrogant smile grew, if anything, more arrogant. He glanced away momentarily and then swung back to her, saying breezily, “Apologies, majesty. I was just thinking of something I overheard at

luncheon... the lords commenting on just how *long* the Barony of Rune and Upper Clyne has sat vacant.”

Isabelle raised a slender eyebrow. The man was completely transparent... but if he truly had a way out of her current problem, she'd give him the bloody barony in a trice.

The councilors looked apprehensive as she entered the chamber mere hours before King Nikolaj's arrival time. As well they bloody should, Isabelle thought. With the exception of the mage, they'd all been useless of late. The temptation to send them all the gallows was still ever-present but she resisted because, in spite of the council's lack of assistance, she now had a plan.

Sinking into her seat with theatrical weariness, she announced, “The princess has agreed to the alliance.”

There was a general murmur of relief and surprise before the Lord Chamberlain spoke up above the noise. “Most excellent news, Your Majesty. Might one be permitted to ask what prompted her change of heart?”

“I believe,” Isabelle gave a hint of a cough, “that she has recognized the duty she owes to her country and her people.”

The murmurs began again: a pack of old men roundly praising the beautiful, dutiful princess.

Isabelle allowed it to continue for as long as she could stand and then asked, “Are the preparations for King Nikolaj's arrival in place?”

“Yes, ma'am,” the Lord Chamberlain piped up. “Our scouts report he should arrive mid-afternoon. He is planning a two-night stay.”

“And what entertainments are we providing for him?”

“Just introductions today, Your Majesty. Then hunting tomorrow—it was thought that Princess Alinne might be comfortable becoming acquainted with the king whilst on horseback—and then a reception in the Great Hall tomorrow night, at which the engagement will be announced formally.”

Isabelle nodded. Then swayed a little in her chair.

The Lord Chamberlain was at her elbow immediately, “Your Majesty, are you quite well?”

She waved a hand dismissively. “Just a little faint.” She pulled herself shakily to her feet and headed for the door, stumbling sightly at the threshold, well within sight of the entire council.

Once she was out the door and out of sight, she accelerated, sweeping down the halls to the princess's chambers.

One of the many perks of being queen was the ability to simply barge into any room she pleased but, looking to curry favor (and compliance), she did the princess the courtesy of knocking on her door.

The princess's lilting voice called out, “Come.”

Isabelle stepped inside, closing the door gently behind her. “I have come to apologize.”

Alinne looked up in surprise from the letter she was writing. She was, for once, dressed in a deep

maroon crinoline and lace gown befitting her status as royalty. Her golden hair cascaded down her shoulders as she looked up with wide, pale blue eyes, the very picture of a princess.

Isabelle continued, "I ought to have more thoroughly considered your wishes. I have been... hasty."

Alinne stood and asked disbelievingly, "About the marriage?"

"Yes." Isabelle suppressed the urge to snap. "I want what's best for the realm... But you're my daughter, and I also want what's best for you."

"I-I..." Alinne stumbled. "Thank you."

Isabelle sat down on the bed. "I have a proposal, if you'd care to hear it."

Alinne nodded.

"King Nikolaj arrives this afternoon. All I ask is that you meet him and get to know him. If, at the end of his stay, you still wish to marry that man... Kerr, I will grant permission."

Alinne leaned against one of the ornate bedposts and gave a knowing smile. "I *have* heard the rumors about Nikolaj, you know: that's he's the most handsome man in existence." She raised a perfect eyebrow to her perfect hairline. "Do you hope that I'll be so dazzled by his looks that I'll simply abandon Theo without a thought?"

Isabelle grinned ruefully. "Yes."

Alinne returned the smile. "I won't."

"Can't you at least let me hope?" Isabelle asked, still grinning. Standing, she crossed to the sideboard and poured two glasses of ratafia from the decanter. Flicking open the secret compartments of the poison rings she wore on each hand, she emptied the powder contained in each into the drinks. Turning back to Alinne, she announced, "Let's toast to our agreement."

Crossing back to the bed, Isabelle handed one glass to Alinne. Clinking their glasses together, she took a large gulp of the sickly sweet liqueur.

The sleeping draught she'd emptied into her own drink was powerful, a single mouthful was enough to make her head swim. But, through sheer force of will, she made herself remain conscious long enough to sit down primly on the bed and watch Alinne take a sip of her own drink. She never felt her body fall backwards onto the bed in a deep mystical sleep. What she felt instead was the rush of heady magic and then she was sitting there...

In the body of princess.

Staring at her own body lying limp and immobile across the bed.

"Holy fuck!" It was a thorough undignified and unregal expression but it felt warranted. Her tiny hand went to her mouth, bumping her new larger breasts, and Isabelle could smell Alinne's lavender perfume on her fingers, could feel the princess's heart racing in her new chest. The speed and enormity of the swap sent adrenaline spiking through her veins. She was also immediately aware of the difference; her body was all at once too slim, too strong, too supple, too soft.

But there was no time for self reflection. Hurrying to the door, she pulled it open and summoned a footman from across the hallway. Her voice emerged, slightly breathless and harried. "The queen has taken ill. Fetch the mage from the council chambers immediately."

The footman scurried off, leaving her to return to the princess's room and hover awkwardly over her own body, anxiously awaiting for the next step in her plan.

She didn't have to wait long. The mage swept into the princess's suite with the rest of the privy

council trailing behind him. He moved immediately to the queen's motionless body and examined her quickly, declaring loudly, "No cause for alarm, my lords. I believe the queen has simply contracted a chill."

The council made all the necessary rumblings of relief.

The mage summoned two footmen and bade them carry to the queen to her chamber. He then announced to the room at large, "Of course, the queen must rest. I fear she will not be able to attend the festivities today." He turned to Isabelle. "In her absence, perhaps the princess might deign to..."

Isabelle made sure to inject a shy quiver of trepidation into her voice. "I shall greet our visitor."

The Lord Chamberlain swooped in, placing an entirely inappropriate hand on Isabelle's arm. "How gracious of you, Princess Alinne."

Isabelle resisted the impulse to bat away his hand like the gross intrusion it was. Forcing herself to simply endure, she ducked her head in an Alinne-like manner and murmured bashfully, "It's my duty."

The Lord Chamberlain smiled and squeezed her arm just a little. "And I understand you intend to fulfill another duty and accept King Nikolaj?"

Isabelle slithered away from his grip. "Yes, my lord."

Over the Lord Chamberlain's shoulder, she watched two footmen heft her old body up off the bed and carry it out of the room. Her body was still plain and not much better from this angle, head lolling between two footmen. Lord Chamberlain nodded to Isabelle and left as the maidservants fussed over her.

They helped her out of her clothes, layers of crinoline and lace falling to the floor. One unbraided her hair as another set about untying her corset and the third began drawing a bath. Isabelle had been undressed by servants many times, but she felt strangely self-conscious being undressed in this new body, as if she were violating her daughter's privacy. But that thought was plainly ridiculous. This was her body—at least for now—and she could do as she wished with it. Soon she stood naked as the maidservants finished their duties. They kept their eyes down, seemingly ignoring Isabelle as she stared down at her naked body for the first time. She admired the gentle curves of Alinne's body, the baby-soft skin, her limber long limbs and the swell of her breasts. God, had Isabelle's body ever been like this? Had her boobs ever been so taut and perky? Had the curves of her buttocks ever been so intoxicatingly perfect?

The tub was overflowing with bubbles and the rich scent of flowers and exotic spices from the oils filled the room. Isabelle dismissed the servants with a flick of her hand and they disappeared, leaving her alone in her daughter's body for the first time.

Isabelle dipped a toe in the water, tentatively at first, expecting the usual aches and pains as she stretched out her body, but was delighted to find that Alinne's body had none of that. Isabelle eased herself into the bubbly water up to her neck. She lay back and sighed contentedly, stretching out her limbs slowly.

She held one hand up in the air, turning it this way and that, admiring her daughter's youthful fingers. She brought her fingers to her face and ran them across Alinne's features, searching for the differences between old and new. Alinne's nose was slightly more curved, her skin softer, and she noted the presence of a tiny bump here, a little mole there she'd never noticed before.

Her hands wandered down to her chest, feeling her new breasts. They were firm and perky with youth, two teardrop shapes curving out delicately from a slender form. Isabelle ran her fingers across her breasts, exploring with gentle tugs and squeezes, sending a warm tingle down her body.

They were much bigger than her own, full and ripe, the elastic skin snapping back into place as she prodded and jiggled them. She urged the soothing warmth on, letting her fingers play over her new breasts, circle her daughter's tiny pink nipples. Isabelle watched her hands fondling her new body, excitement growing within her as her nipples grew into tiny spikes. She shifted restlessly in the water and let her other hand dip down between her legs, landing on Alinne's trimmed pubic hair and following it down to her opening.

A little moan escaped her lips as her fingers dipped inside herself, the warmth growing in intensity and sending little shivers through her body. She lay her head back and ran her hand down her neck, biting her lower lip as she spread her legs and slipped a finger deeper inside herself. Her inner folds were warm silky smooth. Isabelle found her daughter's clit and pressed lightly. A thrill of anticipation and heat ran up her spine and she pressed harder. Isabelle could tell even beneath the water that Alinne's pussy was wet. Her finger met little resistance as she sank deeper into her pussy, moving faster, circling harder around her clit.

She bit her finger and moaned again, raising her hips and thrusting deeper inside herself. She slipped another finger into herself, struggling at first because her daughter's pussy was so tight, but soon she was penetrating herself deep, curving around and up to hit her center. She landed on the dimpled nub inside her and cried out as an orgasm shook her body like thunder, reverberating across her entire skin, a full body intensity of relief. Jesus, Alinne's body was responsive, and ready for more.

Isabelle kept her fingers inside her daughter's pussy, stroking and penetrating deeper, rubbing harder, faster, following the rhythm of her body as she crested up, up and then came. "Oh, fuuuck," she moaned, her body vibrating with pleasure like a plucked string, hips thrusting up, causing water to splash over the rim of the tub and onto the floor. She could do nothing but hold on as her conscious thought was blasted by the pleasure shooting through her, her fingers wiggling inside on their own accord as she fingered her daughter's tight, young pussy. Finally, she came down and pulled her fingers out of herself. She lay her head back on the edge of the bath and laughed. She'd thought being Alinne would be a pain, but it was turning out to be such a pleasure.

Protocol demanded that she must formally receive all visiting royalty in the throne room, but Isabelle had long ago learned the advantage of arriving at these meetings forewarned and thus forearmed. The palace architecture was her ally. All visiting dignitaries arrived at the palace forecourt and were escorted at first into the blue parlor to shed their travel dust before their formal presentation. Early in her reign (and insecure in her power), Isabelle had made a habit of sitting in a hidden nook, situated high over the blue parlor and watching the arrival of palace visitors. And more importantly, listening to them chatter.

The reconnaissance all too often proved invaluable. Before the visitors even entered the throne room, she knew what to expect. She knew who was afraid to appear and who was nonchalant. She knew who was noteworthy and who was beneath her notice. She knew their hopes and plans before they even appeared before her.

Her reputation for shrewdness, which bordered on clairvoyance, was well (if not fairly) deserved.

And, if ever there was a time for shrewdness, it was now. So, when she heard the arrival of King Nikolaj's party in the forecourt, she settled into her secret alcove and waited. Presently the doors opened and a footman ushered two men into the parlor. The short one was clearly a trusted adviser of some sort; he had the important but slightly deferential look of man who knew he had the ear of

the king.

The other man was obviously King Nikolaj. His back was to Isabelle so, at first, she had little to go on. He was tall with close-cropped hair, well-formed and lean. The murmur of his voice was deep and a little gravelly. He was older than she expected—thirty-five perhaps—the voice told of years of command.

And then he turned to take a glass of wine from the side table and Isabelle understood why he was considered the handsomest man in the known world. The ballads to his beauty began to make sense. He had cheekbones that could cut glass and eyes of inky dark blue.

He also, apparently, had the arrogance of king. As soon as the footmen withdrew and left Nikolaj and his companion alone in the room, he yanked his cravat loose and said in bored tones, “Well, this is going to be bloody tedious.”

“I suspect so, sire,” his companion replied.

“And there’s really no room to negotiate on the redeployment of the fleet off Acardemia?”

“Not if you want to move the garrison at Phennish Point.”

A muscle was ticking in the king’s perfect jaw but he betrayed no other sign of emotion. “So I should sign the deal and marry the girl?”

“We have made concessions, such is the nature of negotiation, but this alliance will be worth the concessions, sire.”

Nikolaj took a gulp of wine. “What’s her name again?”

“Who?”

His scowl was withering. “The princess.”

“Alinne.”

“Wonderful,” Nikolaj replied sarcastically, “not remotely insipid. Exactly what I need in a wife.” He took another drink and added, “Though I shouldn’t imagine there’s much need to actually *see* her at all, not once the treaty is inked.”

“I should think not,” his adviser agreed. “I mean, you’ll have to get an heir from her at some point of course, but no need to actually interact with the girl more than is strictly necessary.”

Isabelle gave a quiet grunt of agreement. At least *someone* understood the manner of royal marriages.

Nikolaj drained the last of his wine. “Anything I need to know before we head in?”

“She is reputed to be a beauty.”

The king snorted with contempt. “All princesses are reputed to be beauties.” He grinned and added, “And yet, oddly, none seem to be when one meets them in person.”

“Well, we’ll find out soon enough,” the adviser said dismissively. “The queen is ill, so we’re being greeted by Princess Alinne, herself.”

“Fine. How old is she, by the way?” The king’s grin faded. “Please tell me she’s not fresh from the schoolroom, all squealing immaturity and missish bloody tears at every slight.”

His companion coughed uncomfortably. “She’s nineteen, sire.”

“Well, fuck.” Nikolaj grimaced. “She’d going to be a chore and half isn’t she?”

The door connecting the blue parlor opened and a steward invited the pair to follow him.

Nikolaj quickly retied his cravat and muttered quietly, "Let's get this over with." And left the room.

Isabelle rose from her hidden seat and headed for the throne room with a smile on her face. Her secret alcove hadn't failed her, and she was armed with three vital pieces of information.

One, King Nikolaj was clearly a man of some sense. He knew this was an alliance pure and simple, a mutually beneficial deal that would enrich both countries. Iron out the details regarding the fleet, and he was sold.

Two, if anyone were suspicious as to why Alinne had abandoned her principles and agreed quite so quickly to marrying Nikolaj, their suspicions would be put to rest when they got a look at Nikolaj's jawline. The man was patently irresistible.

Three, Nikolaj was completely unprepared for Alinne's beauty. And that meant Isabelle had the upper hand.

Entering the throne room through the back door, she arrived just in time to see Nikolaj striding through the ante chamber.

Beginning the long walk through the throne room, he paused to bowed reverentially. "Princess Alinne. An honor." And then arose slowly and approached, getting his first clear view of her.

It was gratifying... to say the least. She heard his breathing actually stumble and watched the movement of his eyes as they skittered over her body. She let the seconds tick by and enjoyed the long-forgotten pleasure of holding a powerful man completely in her power.

His eyes finally meandered up to her face, flitting over her mouth before meeting her gaze.

She smirked—Alinne's innocent smiles would be wasted on this man—and returned the favor, letting her eyes caress his form just a little. Her voice emerged silky and just a little arch, "Majesty... welcome."

It was almost galling... how simple it was. The moment Nikolaj had got a look at her, his entire demeanor changed. Gone was the uninterested cynic from the blue parlor. In his place was a man who looked ready to start producing heirs as soon as possible. In fact, she had the distinct impression that he was willing to do his dynastic duty there and then, perhaps bending her over the throne with regal efficiency and going to town on the line of royal succession. It was a thought that sent a little tingle down Isabelle's own body.

Isabelle had kept her body, plain as it was, well cared for and even though she was forty-one she prided herself on having a much more graceful figure than women half her age. But she had never, even in her prime, held a candle to Alinne, and she had never experienced anything akin to the adoration that Alinne seemed evoke. When Alinne's body walked in rooms, all eyes caught and held. They latched onto her features—her hair, her hips, the swell of her bottom, the curl of her smile—and lingered. Obstacles just withered before her, grown men and kings willingly bowing down before her.

And yet, with so much power as her disposal, she elected to wield none. She instead chose to linger in the stables, cleaning tack and unwittingly giving penniless grooms erections.

Isabelle cursed silently at the injustice of it all as she headed for her own chambers. Entering her

suite, she dismissed the maid sitting by the bedside. Crossing the giant room, she stood next to the curtained bed and looked down at her own body splayed out on the sheets.

Last time she had seen it, it had been motionless. It was restless now, shifting in sleep, eyes still closed but fluttering. Surely, the sleeping draught wasn't already beginning to wear off? It had been less than six hours since she'd administered the dose, nowhere near the day of slumber the mage had predicted.

She stood for several minutes, anxiously watching for signs of wakefulness but, gradually the movement stopped and her body seemed to sink back into deep sleep. Sighing with relief, Isabelle sank down to sit on the bed. The last thing she needed was Alinne waking up prematurely and interrupting all of her carefully—

“Where am I?”

Isabelle leaped up in fright, reeling in shock at the sudden sound of her own voice emerging from the body on the bed. She watched the eyes open slowly and a look of panic cross her features as she took in who was standing in front of her. Her mouth opened to scream but Isabelle's hand clamped over her mouth before the sound emerged.

“Be silent, girl!”

As it turned out, the order was unnecessary. Alinne seemed temporarily frozen in shock. Her eyes were the only thing moving, darting around the room: over Isabelle and down her own new body. Isabelle could almost see the moment when she seemed to put together that their two bodies were swapped. When Isabelle tentatively removed her hand, Alinne's voice emerged as a trepidatious whisper. “How... how is this possible?”

“Magic,” Isabelle replied. Then, stung by the look of betrayal etched on Alinne's (well, her own) face, she added, “I gave you *every* opportunity to be your duty of your own accord. You chose to disobey and I was forced to act.”

“So,” her voice hitched, a sob audible just below the surface, “you took my body.”

“Just until everything is settled.”

“How dare you.” It was said at a whisper but it was blatant defiance nonetheless.

And Isabelle felt her patience snap. “How dare *me*? How dare you!” Her voice was a low hiss. “I am your mother and your sovereign; by law you must render unto me all that is mine, and that includes your body.”

“But you can't! You can't just take it.”

Isabelle could help but smirk just a little. “I already have.”

Alinne made an attempt to stand up but the sleeping draught was clearly still sapping her strength. A simple hand on her shoulder was enough to keep her pinned to the bed. But apparently Alinne was not ready to give up. No sooner had Isabelle pushed her back onto the mattress, than she started thrashing about and screaming at the top of her lungs, “Help me! Please! She's trying to—”

Isabelle got a hand back over her mouth but not before the door opened and people began to tumble into the room: maids, a steward, and a pair of guards. Instantly turning her clamped hand into a gentle caress, she cried out in Alinne's most plaintive voice, “Help her, please help her! Fetch the mage; I fear the illness has made the queen insensible.”

Still thrashing about on the bed, Alinne screamed, “No, please listen. *I* am Alinne and my mother has done something, some magic, to make it seem as if she is me.” She stopped to gulp for air.

“Please believe me. It’s a scheme, a plot.”

Isabelle dropped one delicate hand on the arm of the closest of the two guards. Letting Alinne’s plump lower lip quiver just a fraction, she looked up at the man through her lashes and said, “She is not well. Please summon the mage; I can’t bear to see her like this.”

The guard appeared to give approximately a quarter of a second of consideration to the matter before electing to follow the wishes of the beautiful girl gently squeezing his arm rather than his queen and sovereign. The want of fealty to the crown was irritating—a palace guard swayed by a pretty face while their queen was screaming about treason—but it did serve her immediate purpose.

The guard turned to leave but, as it turned out, the mage was already en route. He burst through the door announcing, “I was just coming to assess the queen’s condition.”

Isabelle leaped in to explain, “She’s been ranting, telling the most fantastical stories.”

The mage simply nodded. “Yes, just as I expected with a fever of this nature.”

Alinne made another attempt to stand, this time succeeding in sitting up and getting her feet under her. She glared at the mage. “Don’t you dare come near me.” Turning to the guards, she demanded, “Seize him and have him taken to the dungeons this instant.”

The mage looked thoroughly bored and murmured condescendingly, “Yes, yes, quite so, Your Majesty. The whole world is against you.”

Alinne hissed in frustration and attempted to stand but ended crumpling to the ground in an undignified heap.

The mage took the opportunity to take charge. Turning to the guards, he snapped with steely command. “Get her back onto the bed. I have to get her fever down before there’s serious damage done.” When the guards hesitated to manhandle the queen, the mage growled, “Good god, hurry, men. Do you want to be responsible for letting the sovereign expire on the floor?”

It was enough to force them to act. They scooped up the still squirming Alinne and placed her back on the bed.

Grabbing her jaw, the mage forced her mouth open and forced her to drink a small vial of liquid. She fought, spluttering and thrashing on the bed, and then went limp, her eyes closing and her head dropping back onto the pillow.

The mage stepped back. “She will sleep now. With any luck her fever will break before she wakes.” Turning to Isabelle, he said, “Princess Alinne, I’m sure this has been most distressing for you. Please let me escort you back to your room.”

Isabelle waited until they were in the corridor and out of earshot and said accusingly, “You said the sleeping draught would last a full day.”

The mage shrugged. “Magic, alas, is not an exact science, ma’am. I made the best estimate I could.”

“When will she wake again?”

He pondered for a moment as they walked, “I gave her a much larger dose this time, not the mere sip she received in the drink you gave her. It might be a week... but she is clearly somewhat resistant to the magic.” He shrugged and concluded as they arrive at the door to the princess’s rooms, “Two days maybe, I can’t promise more.”

Isabelle headed into the princess’s bedroom with a dozen different emotions stirring. Adrenaline was still spiking through her veins at the close call with palace guards. She could also feel the flare of indignation at the disloyalty of the guards to their queen’s body, not to mention the anger at

Alinne for her spiteful defiance.

She ought to get a good night's sleep, ensure she was at her sharpest for tomorrow, ready to charm Nikolaj and formally accept his proposal. But instead she found herself too wound up to sit still. She was reduced to pacing back and forth across the room, agitation building with every step.

And then she saw it, the note sitting on Alinne's desk. It was cheap paper, rough and poorly made. The ink, too, was subpar, and the handwriting was messy and uncultured. Before she even lifted it to read, Isabelle knew the note came from the stables. It was curt and to the point:

Tack room. 8pm. Theo

Isabelle glanced at the clock. It was already quarter past eight. Would the man still be waiting? She snorted; it was Alinne, of course he'd still bloody be waiting. Well, at least she could achieve one thing tonight. It was time for Alinne to end things with her common little lover.

Theo was indeed waiting for her. As soon as she shut the door behind her he was on her, wrapping Isabelle up in his arms and pulling her close. His muscles were surprisingly taut, his body long and lean, and she could feel every inch of his solid form as he pulled her close. Isabelle managed to get a hand up in between them and stayed him as his lips were just inches from hers.

"Theo, there's something I need to tell you," Isabelle said, her heart beating so hard she felt sure Theo could feel it. What *was* this? Her daughter's body seemed to be responding to the mere presence of Theo's warmth, his own masculine smell mixed with that of the stables to create a heady, strangely intoxicating scent.

Theo paused. "Whatever it is it can wait." He whispered, sending a thrill down Isabelle's spine. And then he crushed their lips together, firm and wanting, his desire for her body evident. And, god, she wanted to keep kissing him. Her daughter's treacherous body was already growing warm and tingly all over as his hot breath filled her mouth and her tiny nose pressed into his scratchy cheek.

With an effort, she pulled away again. His face was just inches from hers, his big, brown eyes fixed on her. "No, Theo, we can't keep seeing each other."

"I know," he said, surprising her.

"You do?"

"Yes," he clasped her hand, kissed her fingers gently. "You're going to be a queen. You're going to marry a king." He clasped her hand to his chest and she could feel the throbbing of his heart. A lock of his hair hung down, partly obscuring one eye. He had a look of such rugged masculinity combined with a youthful naivete. Isabelle's breath caught in her throat. An aching need grew between her legs. "But I will always love. I will always be here for you. But everyone knows the king has his mistress. So why can't a queen have one, too?"

"Oh, Theo," Isabelle whispered, surprising herself at the tenderness she felt for the young man. She'd come in expecting a ruffian. A lout who only wanted her for her body. And maybe that was still true. Maybe he just spoke the words she wanted to hear. But, god, she wanted to hear those words. Had she gained her daughter's naivete along with her body? Or was her youthful form just so sensitive to a man's touch? Or maybe it was a combination of his rugged body and his evident practicality.

Either way, Isabelle allowed the emotion to overcome her. Without another word she let him lay her down in the stables. He leaned on top of her, his weight pressing comfortably against her, the hardness of his manhood throbbing against her waist beneath his tunic. His hand came to her breast, tickling, teasing. He was so gentle with her body, treating Alinne as a delicate flower as she opened for him. As he kissed her lips, Isabelle began growing wet.

Theo kissed his way down Alinne's body, Isabelle watching as his lips traveled over her daughter's breasts, down past her stomach, and between her legs. He pulled up her dress and his hot breath landed on her panties. She moaned and squirmed as he kissed her fiercely, lips whispering back and forth over her thighs, across her sopping pussy. At last he pulled down her panties and Isabelle gazed down at her daughter's pussy, wet with need, her lips spread for the young man.

Theo dipped his head between her thighs, licked long and slow, his hot tongue traveling up, up her unfolding lips, bringing with it a delicious heat that shot through her body. She threw a hand on her head and moaned as his tongue found her opening, slipped inside and pressed up against her swelling clit. His calloused hands gripped her thighs, holding her in a steel grip as he kissed and licked, enjoying the taste of Alinne as Isabelle enjoyed her daughter's lust.

"Oh, god," she cried as a burst of intense pleasure pulsed through her, leaving a warm tingle in its wake. She was soaking wet and still Theo continued his tongue sinking deeper inside, moaning as he tasted her. And then another burst of fire flared through her, more intense, longer than the first. She bucked her hips up towards his waiting mouth and he buried his face inside her, bringing in the fingers of his right hand to help. He slipped inside her velvety folds, penetrating her sodden body as Isabelle cried out. He thrust with his fingers as his tongue pressed against her clit, driving a wonderful tension through her body, winding tighter, tighter, until it finally snapped and Isabelle cried out in the throes of pleasure, her voice dripping with lust as she orgasmed hard. Theo continued slipping in and out of her warm wetness with fingers and tongue, easing her back down, until she was done and he pulled away.

She twined her fingers through his hair and brought his lips back to hers, kissing him even as she tasted her daughter's pussy on his lips. No wonder Alinne had been into Theo. And yet, Isabelle still had a job to do. But it seemed Theo would no longer pose any obstacle.

The day had been spent mostly in the saddle: a hunt, a picnic luncheon on the heath and then a ride with Nikolaj through the forest just east of the palace. Isabelle had begun the day with a single purpose in mind: convince all and any who saw her that she, Princess Alinne, was entirely in favor of the proposed marriage. She had expected the day to be a chore; lots of laughing at the man's jokes and pretending to be interested in his banal conversation, but Nikolaj was surprisingly good company. Clearly arrogant and ambitious to an alarming degree but also wry and intelligent... not to mention, implausibly delicious to look at in breeches. It hadn't exactly been a hardship to sit next to him at luncheon, discussing military matters and expansion plans and the burdens of royal rule... and ensuring that every single one of the hundred people in attendance believed her to be smitten.

After lunch, Isabelle suggested a ride to Prince Aspenine's Folly, a crumbling building, deep in the woods, built by an imaginative (and possibly faintly dotty) royal prince a couple of centuries earlier.

As they followed a slightly overgrown path through the trees, the hangers-on and the attendants fell back to a discrete distance, giving the courting couple a little space. Isabelle waited until they were out of earshot and murmured, "I expected today to be a chore: a dreary faux courtship ritual with a tedious royal." She smiled Alinne's sweetest smile, softening the ground just a little more before

adding, "Necessary but tiresome.

Nikolaj looked over, a hint of surprise at her candor evident in his expression, then replied, "So did I." He grinned. "I heard you were nineteen and I...made assumptions."

"You saw I was young and pretty and assumed I was incapable of holding a conversation, let alone a comprehensive plan for overhauling the western wall fortifications."

His grin turned wry. "Such has been my experience of pretty young girls."

Isabelle reached down, adjusting her foot in the stirrup and revealing a flash of her silk stockings in the process. She waited for his eyes to travel back up to her face and said, "I'm not like other girls."

"That," he said, quietly, "is obvious."

Isabelle made a decision—she wanted things settled with the man as soon as possible—and announced suddenly, "Race you."

"What?"

"I'll race you to the folly," she said, smirking ever so slightly as she issued the challenge. "Loser agrees to man the Gualayian Sea."

"Are you serious?" he smirked, clearly assuming she was delusional in thinking she stood a chance against him.

And he had a point. His gelding was at least two hands bigger than her mare and Nikolaj had already shown himself to be a horseman to be reckoned with.

But she had faith in Alinne's mare and Alinne's innate riding skill. So she nodded and replied, "The deployment of your fleet in the seas is, I believe, the last sticking point in the negotiations. Why don't we settle it here and now?"

Nikolaj's smile was indulgent. "You're side saddle, ma'am; I hardly think it a fair competition."

She shrugged, "I know the terrain and you do not. Makes us even." She raised a challenging brow and said, "Take your marks."

Nikolaj hesitated for a moment, then nodded his consent.

Isabelle tried not to smirk as she continued, "Get set. Go." And took off at a gallop.

Five minutes later—flush with exertion and success—she slid from the saddle. Grinning triumphantly over her shoulder at Nikolaj as he arrive seconds after her, she led him into the stairwell of the narrow folly.

The moment that were inside and alone, he stalked up to her, his long, lean frame impossibly close in the tight space. His eyes glinted, "You never let on that you ride like that."

"You should have done some reconnaissance." Isabelle couldn't wipe the grin off her face. "Anyone in the realm could have told you Princess Alinne is unparalleled in the saddle."

"More bloody fool me. I underestimated you again," he said ruefully. Conceding defeat, he added, "My fleet in the Gualayian Sea is yours, Majesty."

Alinne's body was thrumming with adrenaline from the race and the unexpected proximity of the man. Unbidden, Alinne's tongue ducked out and dragged over her lower lip. And then she heard herself blurting out breathlessly, "I'm glad it's you."

“What’s that?” he asked, stepping a little closer.

“As princess I must marry whomever my sovereign chooses...” She dropped her eyes to the floor and murmured in Alinne’s most delicate of whispers, “But I’m glad it’s you, Your Majesty.”

He put a hand under her chin and gently raised her gaze to his. “Nik.”

“What?”

“Call me Nik.”

She smiled shyly. “Alinne.”

He was still breathing heavily from the ride, his chest rising and falling a mere inch from hers. And Isabelle saw an opportunity. It was a gamble but, if there was one thing she was willing to wager on, it was man’s inability to deny a pretty young girl.

Leaning forward, she dropped a soft kiss on Nikolaj’s lips. At first, she kept her touch tentative—a naive young princess tasting temptation for the first time—but when he responded, pulling her closer and deepening the kiss, she let go just a little.

She slid a hand down his back, smoothing over the taut muscles and ducking under his jacket. She found a sliver of bared flesh between his shirt and breeches and dragged a thumb along it. In response, he backed her up to the wall, trapping her against the stone.

It was a delicate balancing act, shy little slides of her tongue against his, innocent squirming of her breasts against the wall of his chest. Perhaps hardest of all was containing the flare of desire curling through Alinne’s body; she was all eager young flesh begging to be touched.

She made herself let out a shocked, little gasp as she felt his hardening dick push against her.

Pulling his mouth from hers, Nik said, “Forgive me. I got carried away.”

“No,” she said shyly, “my fault. I’m not sure what came over me.”

Taking a step back, he was clearly trying to get himself back under control but his eyes were still locked on her lower lip. Giving himself a shake, he said sheepishly, “Suddenly, I find myself wishing for a very short engagement.”

With every fiber of her being (not to mention every inch of Alinne’s clearly eager and long-frustrated body), Isabelle wanted to simply turn around and demand that he fuck her hard and fast against the jagged, stone wall.

But she had a job to do. She ignored the fierce lick of anticipation and said sweetly, “No, forgive me... If you can. Obviously, such behavior is unconscionable before the wedding night.” She dropped an innocent hand to his chest and smiled up at him through her lashes. “But would it be very wrong to admit that I hope that night comes soon?”

Nik’s gaze dropped to her breasts which were peeking over the top of her gown and rising and falling with her shallow little breaths. “How soon were you thinking?”

“Tonight, Your Highness?” The Lord Chamberlain repeated incredulously. “You wish to marry tonight?”

“Yes.” She made a conscious effort not to sound too smug. “King Nikolaj and I both feel there is no reason to delay.”

“There is the matter of the fleet in the Gualayian Sea. We have yet to determine—”

She cut him off. “The king has agreed that his navy will take responsibility. He is inking the final agreement as we speak.”

The privy council appeared stunned into silence. The idea that Princess Alinne might have single-handedly negotiated the final wording of the alliance had clearly never occurred to them.

Isabelle found herself adding another item to the list of advantages of youth and beauty. Not only could Alinne apparently bend any man to her whim, she also had the upper hand because not a single man seemed to anticipate her intelligence. Youth really was entirely wasted on the young.

And the next words were out of her mouth, before she had paused to consider. “On an unrelated note, in thanks for his years of sterling service to the crown and, in particular, the excellent care he has provided for the queen during her current illness, I am going to recommend to the queen that she reward the Royal Mage with the Earldom of Dunverne.”

The murmur from the council was ostensibly congratulatory but Isabelle could hear the underlying envy and annoyance... which made sense. Dunverne was one of the more profitable estates in the realm and gifting it to a low-born mage was just the sort of things to raise hackles.

She silenced them all with the most cloying of Alinne’s smiles and said in dulcet tones, “I’m sure you all agree, that the queen’s health is of the utmost importance and such care as has been provided by the mage is worthy of reward.”

With a smile on her face, she turned to the mage. “A word with you, if you will.” She stood and swept out of the room. Behind her, she heard the mage scramble to his feet and follow.

Once they were round the corner, he murmured obsequiously. “My thanks, Majesty. An earldom—particularly one such as Dunverne—was quite beyond my wildest dreams. I never expected to receive such an honor.”

Isabelle paused and turned to face him. “You haven’t received it yet.” She gave him a shrug. “After all, only the queen can bestow honors... Well, a queen or a regent.”

“Majesty?”

Isabelle smiled. “I need you to do one more thing for me.”

“Anything, Your Majesty.”

“The spell to swap us back.”

“Yes?”

“Burn it.”

Like everything she’d attempted in Alinne’s body, it was easier than it ought to have been. An hour before the wedding, Isabelle convened the privy council and gave them an update on the queen’s condition. She explained that, what had first appeared to be fever, now seemed to be more grave. With a tear in her eye, Isabelle told of her mother’s mad ranting.

The mage jumped in and spoke of alarming signs of damage to the queen’s faculties.

They had then all proceeded to the queen’s chamber to observe, and Alinne had rather obligingly emerged partially from the sleeping spell. Slurring and stumbling she’d screamed, “I’m not the

queen. Please believe me, I'm not." She'd then started falling about weeping and wailing like a banshee.

The mage had shrugged the shrug of the heartbroken and declared the queen's condition likely permanent. Conversation had shifted (with what Isabelle considered undignified haste) to the necessity of appointing Alinne regent. As luck would have it, the mage was able to quickly recall the statute that automatically entitled the princess (as heir) to exercise sovereignty during the monarch's incapacity.

There was just enough time to for her formal investiture as Princess Regret before she walked down the aisle.

The wedding ceremony seemed to last an eternity and by the time that Isabelle and Nikolaj were alone in their room she was already wet with anticipation. She threw herself into his arms and they kissed, fast and eager, hungry for each other. He backed her towards the bed, both of them shedding clothes as they went before finally tumbling into the downy soft bed naked, their warm bodies pressed against each other. Nikolaj's cock throbbed against her thigh as he kissed her, suspending himself over her soft body with arms like two steel girders.

Her hands were through his hair, around his body, everywhere gripping the hard muscle. He leaned on one elbow and his other hand came to Alinne's breasts, such heavy, ungainly things but oh-so-sensitive. Nikolaj's hot palm wrapped around her tits and squeezed urgently as he kissed his way across her neck and down to her other breast. Now he was lying on her, pressing her slender body into the mattress as his hot breath found her nipple, his rock hard cock pressed against her pussy.

She moaned as he suckled her breast, hands wandering down to her ass, squeezing her, his need evident. She grabbed his dick, Alinne's tiny hands so small around his massive girth. Isabelle spread her daughter's legs and guided Nikolaj against her opening. He needed no further invitation, pressing against her sopping wet nether lips and then suddenly he was inside.

Isabelle squirmed as he slowly penetrated her, the walls of her pussy gripping his cock as it filled her tiny body. She moaned as he continued entering her, feeling every inch of his dick as he slid slowly inside, until he was lodged deep within her, the wonderful curve of his cock hitting her center. He held himself there, sighing into her ear with delight, before pulling out and thrusting slowly in again. He moved so haltingly, clearly enjoying her body, trying to keep himself under control. Their breathing grew heavy as they picked up their rhythm, Isabelle wrapping her legs around Nikolaj's strong waist and urging him ever deeper. Alinne's pussy was so tight and Nikolaj's cock so big it felt she might split, a wonderful, painful pleasure as he grew faster, harder, until he was slamming into her, grunting with exertion as his cock pounded her sopping wet pussy and she gripped his back and urged him on faster, calling out for more, more, until with one mighty thrust he sunk deep inside her and came, grunting with release as he emptied his hot seed inside her. Isabelle cried out with him, quivering and shaking as she came hard, a blissful, powerful orgasm spilling through her and blowing away all conscious thought.

Nikolaj finally pulled out of her and stood, kissing her softly, he went to the privy. But Isabelle was still so horny. God, no wonder Alinne had been seeing the stable hand if she felt like this, her young body so eager and ready for more. While Nikolaj was out of the room, Isabelle scribbled a note and handed it to her most discrete servant. It was a simple message:

Tomorrow. Tack room. 8pm.

Isabelle had it all: a youthful body, a handsome king as a husband, and a studly young man who could satisfy her on the side. Alinne had no idea what she was missing.

###

F2F BODY POSSESSION

LITTLE
MISS
Perfect

MWLS

Little Miss Perfect

Melody munched her sandwich slowly as she considered her speech. Her lunch was competing with the butterflies in her stomach. She glanced up at Daniel and saw he was staring back at her with his deep chocolate brown eyes with such an intensity it made Melody's cheeks burn red and her stomach do back flips. It was one of the things she liked about Daniel, the full-bodied attention he gave as he listened, as if the person he was listening to was the only person in the world. Melody broke his gaze and stared down, focusing on the wood grain of the picnic table between them.

"What's up?" Daniel smiled, two rows of perfect white teeth contrasting beautifully with his rich mocha skin. He pushed his adorable flop of black hair back across his forehead.

Melody had started to ask the question that had been on her mind for months, wondering how Daniel could not see it coming. Hadn't they been hanging out more and more often? Hadn't she dropped enough hints that she not only liked him but she *like* liked him? Or maybe he did see it and he was just playing ignorant, hoping that Melody wouldn't ask and embarrass them both. After all, the pessimistic part of Melody reasoned, what would a cute Filipino boy like Daniel who's smile could light up a room want with a frumpy nothing of a girl like Melody who wouldn't even be noticed in that same room? Melody tried to push that negative part of her mind aside and work up the courage to ask Daniel to be her boyfriend. She'd practiced her speech over and over at home last night and it had gone over well each time. Better than well. Perfect. Sometimes they'd even gotten married.

But now faced with Daniel rather than her stuffed bear, she was having second thoughts. And third thoughts, quickly followed by fourth and fifth thoughts, all screaming *abort abort!* But, having just stopped all conversation and now having his full attention she pressed on.

"I was..." she stopped to swallow her bite of sandwich, which was made more difficult by the sudden drying of her mouth. She took a sip of water and looked back up at Daniel. "You know, I was thinking about, like, last week when we were at your house..."

"Yeah?" Daniel prodded, and she was urged on by his bright smile.

"And we were talking about, you know, um, the kind of person you, like, like? Yeah? And you said about the dark hair and cute and funny and all? And I told you I liked someone, um, cute and athletic, and, well, uh, I think the person I *really* like is, um, you?"

She forced herself to hold his gaze, hoping that, despite her abysmal delivery, he would respond in kind. She was sure that when he was describing his perfect woman it was her, nearly positive that he was hitting on her in a roundabout way. But she understood she'd been totally and completely wrong only when she sat there at the picnic table and watched his shoulders sag a little and the smile dim, replaced by a tight-lipped look of embarrassment.

"Melody...I...look, I just like you as a friend."

Melody bit her lip and nodded. "Yeah, sure, no, that's, yeah, I just thought I should say something...but it's totally okay if you don't, I mean, we're still friends, I understand..." she trailed off.

Inside she was kicking herself. Suddenly, the entire world seemed a little darker, a little more dull.

"I love doing stuff with you. You're really fun to hang out with, but..." he shrugged, "I'm sorry, I just don't have those feelings for you."

And Melody could tell that he *was* really sorry. That was the thing she loved so much about Daniel. The way he said it seemed to mean that he wished very much he could have those feelings. It made Melody feel both better and worse.

And it was while she was taking her time chewing her sandwich, trying to figure out how to eject them both from this hideous situation, that Katie floated over.

"Hey, there you are, Daniel," she said, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

Daniel turned and looked up at Katie with the barely restrained longing that Melody wished he'd shown her. Daniel had confided in Melody his crush on Katie, she of the willowy frame, perfect heart-shaped face, soft Vietnamese features, and—even Melody had to admit—an incredible body. Where did someone even get jeans that clung to your calves and emphasized the swell of your perfect ass like the ones Katie was wearing? Everything probably looked good on Katie. Melody doubted Katie had ever struggled to find an outfit that would hide her frumpy body, or put on makeup that didn't cause acne, or worry about adjusting her pants to hide her roll of fat like Melody did. Katie was like a perfect fucking doll.

Daniel wasn't the only one smitten by Katie. The gossip around the school was that nearly every eligible male with any courage had asked her out, but she had no time for it. Her strict family rationed her time and kept careful check on her waking hours. Even Daniel had gone for it, finally working up the courage to ask Katie out only to be soundly rejected. Oh, they'd remained friends, but even looking at him now, Melody could see he was still head over heels for her. That was what made Melody think that Daniel would finally—she had to be honest with herself—*settle* for Melody. Because Katie was smarter, prettier, and more popular than Melody, and it made Melody seethe with a quiet rage to see her own unattainable crush crushing on someone so unattainable.

"Hey, Katie, want to join us?" Daniel asked, pushing his lunch to one side.

Katie giggled at his enthusiasm, a tingly good-natured laugh that just made Melody all the angrier for how fucking nice Katie was.

"Love to, but I've got to meet up with Mr. Holland."

"Oh, right."

Katie's family had set up private flute lessons for the last twenty minutes of lunch with the music teacher at school. It was like they were trying to cram academics into every waking minute of her life.

"I just wanted to remind you to send me your chapter for the geo project tonight and I'll put it all together."

"I can put it together," Daniel volunteered eagerly, pushing his mop of hair back from his eyes.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, yeah, no problem. Just send me what you have."

She rewarded him with a genuine smile that lit up her perfect face. "Thank you, that would be fantastic." She turned to Melody, "Hi Melody, bye Melody," she waved merrily.

Melody offered a tight grin and a small wave as Katie hurried away. Daniel's eyes followed the sway of Katie's ass as she disappeared behind the building. He turned back and grinned sheepishly,

knowing he'd been caught.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Melody mumbled miserably and finished her sandwich.

* * *

Daniel and Melody walked home from school together as usual. As they talked, Melody had to force the happiness into her voice, her mind still fixated on her lunchtime rejection. But she wanted to prove to him that it meant nothing, that things could still continue as usual, even as it hurt to hear him talking about Katie.

“I mean, how does she even eat lunch? She had a bonus chemistry for the first half and then an extra music class.”

“Maybe she just lives on the dreams of eager men,” Melody muttered.

“What?” Daniel asked.

“Nothing,” Melody said, mentally making a note to add that line to her poetry notebook when she got home.

“You okay?” Daniel said, rounding on her. “I meant what I said about us wanting to be friends.”

Melody sighed. “I know. Just give me, like, a day, okay?”

“Yeah, I know, you like to process things. Want to come over to my house and watch me play Xbox?”

“I think I'm just gonna go for a walk today.”

“Okay. Sure?”

“Sure.”

They parted ways, Melody turning towards the nearby park. She adjusted her pink backpack on her shoulders as she trudged through the shady park. There were a few couples holding hands, some kids in the sand pit holding hands, a mother and a child holding hands. Goddammit, everyone had someone to hold hands with except Melody.

She wandered aimlessly, lost in her dark thoughts, and soon found herself at the wishing well in the center of the park. It was a newer well, a glass and steel monument to the city's original well. The low rock walls had been replaced with a small metal structure, a series of tiles set into the face that were patterned to represent the landscape around the city. A little plaque indicated that tossing a coin into the well would maybe grant a wish, but would definitely be donated to a local charity every year.

Melody dug through her pockets, coming up with some pocket lint and—miraculously, considering she couldn't remember the last time she'd used cash—a silver coin. She tossed it in, watched it spin end over end and plunk into the shallow water.

“I wish I had everything Katie had,” Melody whispered.

It was sort of cathartic to vocalize her thoughts but, Melody thought dourly, if wishing wells really worked then everyone would be a millionaire. She hitched her backpack up on her shoulders and trudged home alone in her thoughts and alone in her lumpy body.

The rest of the night was uneventful: homework, dinner, TV, bed. By the time she slipped beneath the cool, white sheets of her bed that night, she'd forgotten all about her wish.

Melody woke up disoriented. The ambient noise in the room was all wrong. At first she thought she'd overslept because she didn't hear the sound of the pipes running water to the shower. But within a few blinks she realized it was much more than that. Her bookshelf was gone. And her desk. And her posters. And...this wasn't her room at all. It was much tidier and brighter. In the corner was a music stand, heavy with sheet music. A dresser next to it was covered with makeup, all sorted neatly by color. A small desk covered in papers sat beneath a window on the far wall. Even the posters on the walls depicted some sort of Asian boy band she didn't recognize.

Melody rolled to the side of the bed and threw back the covers as she gaped around a bedroom she'd never seen before. She twisted around and put her feet on the floor, only to realize that they weren't her feet. The toes were tiny and painted a bright pink. And the floral nightie that Melody was wearing hid a body that she didn't recognize. The body was slender, for one thing. Her chubby ass and slight paunch of a stomach were gone. And her legs...god, her legs were amazing. Perfect and dainty and smooth.

Melody stood carefully, feeling quite fragile in her new tinier form. She made her way towards the dresser. There was a mirror fixed to the top of it and as Melody stumbled in front of it, she saw that the face reflected back at her was not her own. She found herself looking at Katie's very startled face. Melody gaped in surprise and stumbled backwards as a strangled gasp escaped her lips. She fell heavily on the bed, scrambled to keep her balance, then stood again, slowly this time.

Katie's shocked face rose into view, hair disheveled from sleep, almond-shaped eyes wide with surprise, little red lips in a puckered 'o' of amazement. Melody licked her lips, watched Katie's reflection do the same. She realized she was licking Katie's lips and she brought her hand to her mouth to wipe her lips, then realized that the hand was Katie's, too, as was the saliva. Her hands came up, feeling Katie's little heart shaped face frantically, fingers sliding across the new contours, the flawless skin, the perfect nose. She held Katie's face in her hands and shook her head. This couldn't be happening.

Melody looked down at herself, saw Katie's perfect body stretching out beneath her. Looked back in the mirror, saw Katie's frightened face staring back. Holy crap, she was in Katie's body. How? This had to be a dream; it couldn't be real. She brought both hands to her heart and tried to steady her breathing, fighting against the intruding thought that even the heartbeat she was feeling was Katie's. She closed her eyes. Opened them again. Still Katie.

The terror was abating, replaced with a growing calm and a curious desire to see more of the girl who was being chased by every boy—and some of the girls—at school. When would she ever get another opportunity like this? There was no way this was real so why not take advantage?

Melody pinched the pink nightie between her fingers and pulled it away from her chest as she gazed down into the lacy neck hole. There was the swell of Katie's breasts: delicate, shapely curves, hanging from her body. She pulled the nightie off over her head, bringing with it a cascade of long, dark hair over her face. She dropped the nightie to the floor and pushed her hair back behind her ears. She stared down at Katie's naked body and her breath caught in her throat. It wasn't fair that someone could be so popular and perfect and so fucking gorgeous.

Katie's breasts were perfect teardrops, which was apt because they would make grown men cry. The light swells ended in tiny beige areolae. Her stomach was trim, a straight line leading down to her mound, already so different from Melody's former chubby stomach. Between her legs was a light thatch of dark hair, short and meticulously trimmed into a perfect triangle. Her ass was incredible, carved by a master. And her legs. God, her legs were perfection. Lean and taut, ending in tiny, gorgeous feet.

Katie traced her fingers down her breasts, following the smooth curve of her body down to her nipples. She slipped her fingers beneath her breasts, grasping Katie's tits lightly in her hands and squeezing, experimenting with boobs so different from her own. Hers had been small and shapeless, just lolling from her chest, not like Katie's at all, which were firm and warm and practically begging to be touched. A warm shiver shot down her spine as she continued caressing herself. It felt nice to stroke her tits, to feel the body that was the envy of the school from the inside. She could do anything she wanted to this body and no one would ever know. The thought made her shiver again and a smile crept across her face.

Melody wrapped her fingers around her new breasts, her thumb and forefinger coming up to lightly squeeze her delicate nipples. She watched in the mirror as she made Katie caress herself, fingers playing across her skin as her nipples grew into tiny thimbles. She rolled her hard nipples back and forth between her fingers, releasing a deep, satisfied breath as her body grew warm. She turned to the side and admired her profile in the mirror as she continued playing with her tits, enjoying the sight of proper little Katie playing with herself.

She bit her lip and moaned, Katie's face in the mirror now a reflection of the lust strengthening through her body. One hand crept down between her legs, slipping over her mound and nestling between her curly pubic hair. Melody's new skin was smooth and warm, and she slipped her forefinger over Katie's opening, gliding back and forth as she grew wet at her own touch. She pushed inside her nether lips gently, resting with a gentle pressure on her hidden hood, rubbing in a rhythm that matched the pulsing desire flowing through her body. Melody was swaying slightly now as she urged the pleasure through her. Her finger found her dew and spread it over her clit, up and down, slow and firm, growing ever wetter. She felt herself opening, pussy lips parting and allowing her to slip deeper into her warmth. God, Katie even felt amazing on the inside. Her velvet folds were wet and tight, and Melody pushed deeper inside, her palm now resting on her mound.

She threw back her head and moaned, Katie's body bursting with warmth as she fingered herself harder, deeper, curling up and around to land on her dimpled nub. Her legs shook with orgasm and she collapsed onto the bed, legs spread, finger still working in and out harder, faster, while she squeezed her breast with the other hand. She felt magnificent. Hot and restless and *needing* more. She grew faster, her finger working deep inside Katie's body, rubbing furiously, beautiful to behold as she disappeared inside herself and reappeared slick with her lust. Flames licked her body, the heat rising, rising, and then she came, shuddering and clapping her thighs together as she leaned forward and let out a long, high pitched breathy squeal. Melody shivered with pleasure as the orgasm flitted through her, making Katie's entire body sing with pleasure.

It was over all too soon. And with the desire temporarily sated, her mind pulled her back to reality, and she realized she was sitting on a stranger's bed with a finger deep inside Katie's pussy. Melody pulled her finger out. It was shiny with her lust and she could smell Katie's not unpleasant musk, a reminder of the pleasure she'd just experienced.

A sudden knock on the door made Melody start. She hurried to put her nightie back on as a woman's voice called out from the other side. "Morning, Katie, ready for me to check your homework?"

"Uh, yeah," Melody said, flipping Katie's silky, coal black hair out of the back of her nightie.

The door opened and a short Vietnamese woman entered, presumably Katie's mom. She gave Melody a quick peck on the cheek on her way to the desk, where she began perusing the papers laid out on top. Melody was half expecting Katie's mom to turn on her and accuse her of being an impostor, but she just stood there, chewing on the end of a red pen as she scanned through the papers.

"I'm going to...go get ready," Melody said after a few seconds of awkward silence. Katie's mom just nodded.

It was only when she was halfway down the hall that Melody realized she'd just been conversing in Vietnamese, a language she'd never learned. Additionally, she seemed to know exactly where to go on instinct, heading straight for the bathroom without getting lost in the long corridor. She relieved herself then brushed her teeth, pausing slightly as she brought the toothbrush to her mouth, deeply aware that it was someone else's toothbrush. She wrinkled her nose and brushed, then combed out her long hair. All the while she watched herself in the mirror. Katie's body was so elegant, moving with a grace Melody had never had. Her face, even without makeup, was gorgeous, the little blemishes here and there only serving to make her that much more normal, not like an airbrushed supermodel.

When Melody returned to her room, Katie's mom was waiting. "Ok, honey, I've marked a few for you to check. Come on downstairs when you're done."

Katie's mom kissed her on the cheek once again and disappeared. Melody picked up the papers on the desk, saw it was math homework, a few answers marked in red. Jeez, Katie's mom marked her homework and made her correct it every day? Melody scanned through some of the questions. Katie was doing AP Calculus, a course beyond Melody, but Melody could understand it. Apparently, she'd not only got Katie's body but Katie's smarts as well.

Melody threw open the closet and found it stuffed with clothes, all neatly arranged by color. She picked out a modest gray top with a black skirt. Rummaging through Katie's drawers she came up with a plain black bra and panties, along with some leggings. She slipped them on over her taut calves. It was amazing how beautiful Katie looked even with such a modest outfit. Her curves, while not ostentatiously on display, were evident. Melody did her makeup in the mirror above her dresser, still nonplussed to see Katie's cute face reflected back at her. Her hands moved by muscle memory until Katie's face looked gorgeous as ever. When she was done, she returned to the desk and struggled through the rest of the homework, correcting the answers Katie's mom had marked before heading downstairs for breakfast.

Moving through Katie's routine, Melody felt like a traveler returning from a foreign country after several years. There was a familiarity cloaked in strangeness like she *knew* Katie's family, the way they went about their business, and Katie's own obligations, but was observing it from a distance. Katie's memories were in her head, slowly uncoiling for Melody.

Katie's mom dropped Melody off at school. Melody hiked her simple, black backpack over one shoulder and slipped out of the car. She walked slowly into school, waving to various classmates as they called out to her. When she was at her locker, Daniel approached her.

"Morning, Katie," he said with a broad smile.

Melody looked up at him and her heart skipped a beat. Here he was, so close, and staring at her with a longing intensity she'd always yearned for.

"I printed out that report," he continued, handing her a small sheaf of pages.

"Thanks, Daniel," she smiled, and was rewarded with another one of his honest grins.

Melody was aware her cheeks were flushing red and she used the papers as an excuse to break eye contact with Daniel, shuffling through them quickly. Here she was in Katie's body with her crush obviously crushing on her.

"These look great," she said, and impulsively kissed him on the cheek.

Now it was his turn to grow beet red and flustered, even as his scent lingered in her memory.

"Yeah...well...I..."

Melody noticed someone approaching out of the corner of her eye and looked up to see her old body. She froze for a second, staring in shock. Looking at herself critically from her new perspective she couldn't help but notice how plain she'd been. Nothing about her old self was displeasing exactly, but nothing would make anyone take a second look. From the slightly furrowed brow on her old face, Melody knew she'd seen the kiss. Was it Katie in that body, angry that Melody was doing something she would not? But then the brow softened as Melody's former body recovered and called out.

"Morning Daniel. Hey, Katie."

"Hi," Katie said, searching for any sign that would tell her what was happening with her old body.

Everything appeared to be normal. There was some awkward conversation before the first bell rang and they all headed to their classes. But Melody's body never pulled her aside, never looked confused at the apparent switch. She acted, well, normal. Melody's old body was continuing on as though nothing happened. What did it say about the nature of souls that Melody's body was continuing as normal and that Melody herself was now in Katie's body with Katie's knowledge? Or maybe Melody was straddling two parallel universes—one in which life continued as usual and one in which Melody was in Katie's body—that had merged? Melody puzzled over the possibilities as she sat in class, barely aware of the teacher's lecture.

Melody found herself tapping her lips with the end of a pencil as she thought, a habit she'd seen in Katie but, until this moment, had never done herself. She tamped back an urge to raise her hand and answer the teacher's questions like Katie would have done, preferring instead to sit silent in class. She was *not* Katie, she insisted to herself. She was Melody, just in Katie's body.

When they divided into small groups to discuss Shakespeare, Melody was keenly aware of the difference her new body had on people. They seemed more interested in her, would look to her for confirmation and agree with her analysis of the text. The two guys in the group would smile at her jokes, their eyes sliding briefly across her body. She knew that she could have them if she wanted. If she leaned over and kissed one of them right now he would kiss her back. The thought made her smile and blush. One of the guys thought she was smiling at him and his grin grew even wider. Katie's beauty was a new and intoxicating power.

Katie sought out Daniel during lunch on the picnic tables near the basketball court. He was sitting with Melody—the old Melody—and they both looked up as new Melody approached.

"Hi, Melody. Hi, Daniel," Melody said, tucking some strands of dark hair behind her ear. Daniel looked up at her eagerly. She clutched her books to her chest and tried to suppress a smile. "Can I speak to you for a second, Daniel? Alone?"

Daniel glanced over at old Melody. "Sure."

He followed her around the bushes beside the school's gym. A quick glance back showed her old body watching them go, a melancholy look on her face. Melody knew how she must feel, to have the guy she really cared for following around someone else like a puppy dog. But now that someone

else was also Melody, and she intended to enjoy her new body.

She turned to face Daniel, who was all eager smiles. "Thanks again for doing that paper," Melody said, "It really helped take some pressure off."

"Sure. You do so much work for our group I figured it was the least I could do."

"I really appreciate it," she stepped closer to Daniel, "I mean that. And I think...the person I like...is you."

She placed her hand on his arm and brought her face to his. And then she was kissing him. Their warm lips pressed together as their breath mingled. Her heart was pounding furiously in her chest. She was kissing Daniel and he was kissing her back! She pressed closer to him, closed her eyes and let her tongue lightly slip into his mouth. His hands were on her waist, gentle but insistent, holding her there as they made out for a blissful eternity.

When she finally pulled back Daniel's face was flushed red. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. Melody laughed shyly, enjoying the full force of his affection.

"What—I mean—I didn't know..." He trailed off.

Melody brushed her thumb across his cheek, her eyes so close she could see the tiny mole just beneath his jawline. She'd seen it a thousand times, memorized his face, but had never been able to touch him like this. Only in Katie's body could she have the boy she was attracted to. She bit her lip coquettishly. "Take me out tonight," she whispered.

He nodded.

Melody stepped back. "I have to go to practice. Text me later."

She walked away, looking back once to see Daniel still gazing after her. He was just as smitten with her as she was with him. If it wasn't for Katie's demanding schedule she would have spent the rest of the lunch period with him. She paused. Why couldn't she do that? Why not just skip practice and do what she wanted now that she had Daniel? But no, she didn't want to mess up Katie's life.

But what if this was *her* life now? What if the change was permanent? Was she supposed to spend the rest of her life aping Katie's choices? Or could she make her own? Maybe she should start a new life with her old desires and a body and mind that could take her wherever she wanted. For the moment she just continued to music practice, but the thought still gnawed at her.

Melody had enjoyed the rest of the school day. She held hands with Daniel as they walked down the hallway, drawing jealous glances from the other guys. They'd kissed as often as they could, Melody being sure to draw her body near to Daniel. She caught her old body a few times looking jealous and standoffish, just as Melody would have had she been stuck inside her frumpy old form and watched Katie making out with Daniel, instead of here inside Katie's delectable body.

Home was, if anything, busier than school. Her mom had a literal schedule hanging on the refrigerator, color coded and printed neatly on a large sheet of paper: snack, reading (homework), flute practice, math homework, dinner, shower, SAT prep, free time (15 minutes), reading (pleasure), lights out. Katie's mom enforced the schedule as soon as they walked in the door, unwrapping a small plate of vegetables she'd prepared earlier for Katie's healthy snack.

Between bites, Melody conversed with Katie's mom in Vietnamese. Katie's mom was a short woman with intense brown eyes who continually prodded Melody for more information. Melody was itching to ask her mom if she could go out with Daniel on the weekend but was worried how Katie's mom would react. Melody's old family was quite conservative and would have absolutely forbid Melody to go out alone with a boy. Even at 18, Melody still obeyed her parents' rules, whether that meant only going out with approved friends, or not partaking in any activities deemed unladylike, and absolutely not skipping Sunday church. So it was that Melody sought permission from Katie's mom out of habit.

"Mom, I'm going out with some friends tonight." Melody began, expecting to have to promise that it would be with a group of friends, and she'd come back early, and she'd text regularly, just like when she went out as herself. Instead, Melody was shocked by how quickly Katie's mom shot the idea down completely.

"Oh, no, honey, you know the rules. No going out at nights until you graduate. If you don't rest after studying you won't remember as much and you need to pass these tests next week if you want to get into UC Irvine. Now, you can tell those friends that I can drive you over to the mall tomorrow afternoon. I'll sit a few tables away. I promise you won't even see me."

"The mall? Mom no one goes to the mall these days. Besides, we're just going to hang out as a group. I think I'm old enough to hang out with friends on my own."

"Katie!" Katie's mom thumped the table with the palm of her hand, her eyes flashing. "No. I will not have you ruin your future over one night of fun."

"I'm not ruining my future, I'm being normal! One night is not going to keep me out of college!" Melody shouted back. She couldn't believe that Katie's parents were somehow even more strict than her own.

"Do not raise your voice with me! Go upstairs and do your reading. Get this silly 'going out' nonsense out of your head."

Melody stormed upstairs and threw herself down on the bed. She'd thought being Katie would be a breeze and while, socially, it had been, dealing with Katie's parents was going to be difficult. They

apparently *really* wanted her to go to UC Irvine. Melody had been headed to UCLA, not least because she knew that's where Daniel was going. Katie may have had the drive and ambition to get into UCI, but Melody wasn't so sure she wanted it enough. Being Katie for a day had proven that she'd gained Katie's knowledge, but she still had her own motivation and drive, and she didn't want college right now. What she really wanted was Daniel. She couldn't stop thinking about him and every time she did it gave her warm butterflies in her stomach.

She scrolled through her phone and texted him:

My dumb parents aren't letting me go out. :(

He replied: *:(I really wanted to see you.*

She texted back: *I wanted to see you.*

A wicked thought struck her. She texted: *Can I see you now?*

You want me to come over???

Can't. Mom's home. Let me see your dick.

What???

Come on. I bet it's nice. I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

There was a long pause. Melody would have never asked him to do that in her own body but there was something freeing about being someone else. It was almost as though she still felt she was just visiting Katie's life, so what would it matter if she had a little harmless fun? Her phone dinged with a message and she was suddenly staring at a picture of Daniel's dick. He was clutching it in one hand, the shaft hard, the bulbous head so perfectly inviting. Melody wiggled on the bed, feeling herself grow warm as she imagined what she would do with it.

Yummy. She texted him.

Now you :) :)

Melody made sure the door was locked, then pulled off her top and bra. Katie's magnificent tits hung down in front of her, firm and ripe. She held her phone out and posed for some pictures, shuffling around to get the right light until she got a picture that perfectly framed her broad, smiling face and her heavy breasts. She sent it to Daniel and waited for his response, her heart thumping in her chest nervously. As she waited she played with Katie's tits, squeezing them lightly, caressing them and enjoying their heft. Her phone dinged.

You're so beautiful. I wish I could kiss you right now.

I'm running my hands over your body. She shot back, squeezing her breasts harder, enjoying the slight pain shooting through her body as she pinched her nipples.

I'm kissing you.

She closed her eyes and imagined Daniel's lips on hers. They continued to text back and forth as Melody grew warmer, imaging Daniel as a tender lover, hands sliding across her body, caressing her gently, his warm hands tender and urgent on her skin. She lay back on the bed and slid a hand down her panties as she texted him back, told him how she was kissing his dick, stroking him, his hot shaft between her fingers. Her own fingers found her furry slit, slipped inside and stroked her wetness. God, Katie's body was so delightfully soft and warm. She took a picture of her fingers inside herself, her pink pussy lips wrapped around her slender digits. Daniel responded with a picture of him stroking his dick, rock hard now, a drip of pre-cum appearing on the end. Melody stroked herself harder, body writhing, legs sliding back and forth across the bed as she rode the

waves of pleasure.

Melody's fingers were deep inside her wetness now and she opened her eyes briefly to enjoy the sight of herself stroking her new body, to enjoy the feel of herself, the knowledge that she was making her rival masturbate and stealing Katie's pleasure for her own. It was joyous watching her perfect tits bounce, seeing her fingers disappearing into her velvety folds. It felt so good to fuck herself, knowing Daniel was on his phone stroking himself to her body.

Melody's fingers sank deeper inside, moving faster. She was dripping with desire, her slick fingers making slight squishing noises as she rubbed her clit faster, harder, until finally dropping the phone and clamping her other hand over her mouth to stifle the long moan that escaped her lips as she came. She could feel Katie's lips and nose beneath her hand, enjoyed her perfect new features as she wrung the physical pleasure from her exciting and exotic body. The orgasm burned through her entire body, thrumming with an energy that left her breathing hard, her fingers deep inside herself. She pulled her fingers out of her warm cunt and brought them to her lips, inhaling the scent of her rich musk before slipping her fingers into her mouth and sucking, enjoying the tangy taste of her new body, a part of her enjoying making Katie—the girl she'd been jealous of for years—suck her own juices off her fingers like some sort of porn star. And, god, she tasted good.

Melody reluctantly stuck to Katie's schedule, finishing her homework before setting up her flute and practicing for an hour. The actual mechanics of the instrument were a breeze; Melody had Katie's muscle memory and her fingers fluttered along the keys as she warmed up with scales and arpeggios. Katie's fingers felt dainty and light, in contrast to Melody's heavy, plodding ones, and she enjoyed flying through the warmup. It was a different story when she got to the Nielson Concerto, Katie's performance piece. The page was a mass of notes and she had to go slow, repeating the same rhythms over and over and over until she was ready to throw down her flute in frustration.

This was ridiculous. Katie's life wasn't the cake walk she'd thought it would be. She couldn't go out and all this work was driving her crazy. It was the same thing her sister went through. She paused, flute to her lips. It was an odd thought because Melody didn't have a sister, but Katie did. Thinking about it, Melody found memories that weren't hers. Memories of Katie and her sister, Layla. Layla had survived this family and was now at UCI, maybe she'd have some advice.

Melody ended flute practice a little early and called Katie's sister. She picked up on the second ring.

“Hey, Mel!”

“Hey, Layla. I just had to talk to someone who understands mom and dad.”

“Oh, god, what did they do now?” Melody could hear the eye-roll in Layla's voice.

Melody told Layla everything: about kissing Daniel, about not being allowed out, about the fight with their mom.

“They just don't get it,” Melody finished.

“I *know*,” Layla agreed. “It was bad enough when I told them I was dating Brian here. They don't like to see other people have fun.”

“Yeah.”

“Well...you *could* always sneak out. I did.”

“You what? Really?” Melody was truly astonished. Her memories of Katie's sister were of someone who would obey their parents no matter what. The idea that she had snuck out was shocking and exciting.

“Oh, yeah. That's the only thing that kept me sane.”

“How did you do it?”

“Ok, first you have to go downstairs and apologize to mom. You act contrite and obedient for the rest of the night until they go to bed. Then you tell your boyfriend to meet you at the top of the hill and you sneak out the garage door. The alarm's broken over that door.”

It was thrilling to think about defying Katie's mom and dad. And even more thrilling to think about being with Daniel tonight. The sisters said their goodbyes and Melody texted Daniel:

You still want to go out?

Yes!!!

Park your car at the top of my street at 10.

Melody spent the rest of the night playing the dutiful daughter, and when the family went to bed Melody quietly picked through Katie's closet for some clothes, coming up with a cute burgundy dress that showed off her legs and left her shoulders bare. It was otherwise conservative—as were all of Katie's clothes—with a high neckline that nevertheless clung to her curves and gave just a hint of cleavage. She snuck out the garage just as her sister had suggested and met Daniel at the top of the hill.

She slipped into the car and kissed him, running her hands through his thick black hair. “Take me somewhere fun!” She yelled, slumping back in her seat. Finally, *finally* she'd be able to really enjoy being inside Katie's body.

“Let's do it!” Daniel agreed.

The dance floor was hot and crowded, the air thick with the body heat of hundreds of dancers jumping to the thumping bass, and Melody's brow was slick with sweat. But she'd never had more fun, throwing her body around with reckless abandon, her self-consciousness gone along with her old body. She shook and moved, enjoying how light she felt on her feet, how responsive Katie's body was, such an utter joy to move and breathe. She could have any guy on the dance floor, and more than a few had tried to horn in on her, but Melody had pressed herself closer to Daniel and with their arms around each other they let the pounding music take them away.

They were crazy about each other. Neither could keep their hands off the other, kissing and holding and touching. Melody was ecstatic that Katie's body had finally let her have the guy she'd been crushing on for ever and, judging from the look on Daniel's face, he felt the same.

It was around one in the morning when they left, leaning on each other and laughing, drunk with love. They got in the car but before Daniel could start it Melody leaned over and kissed him. He dropped his keys, and stroked her cheek with his hand as their tongues explored each other. Daniel tasted deliciously sweet, his hot breath filling Melody's mouth. Her nose pressed against his cheek and she inhaled his heady scent. Her whole body seemed to be vibrating, echoing from the bass of the dance floor and the nearness of Daniel's warm body.

She swung her leg over the gearshift and clambered on top of Daniel, straddling him, her dress rising up, exposing her bare thighs. Her white panties, damp with her moisture, pressed against Daniel's pants. His bulge pressed against her, throbbing once beneath her as they continued making out. Daniel's hands slid down her body, slipped around her back and paused on her ass. She could feel that he wanted to slip beneath her dress but was too afraid to do so. Without breaking her lips from his, Melody reached around and grabbed one of his hands and guided it down the back of her thigh, under her dress, and back up to her warm ass cheek. Then she wrapped her arms around his neck and sat back, letting him take the weight of her in his hands, rubbing herself up and down his still hidden dick as his fingers moved closer and closer to her slick opening.

Daniel was eager then, his other hand following, clasping her in both hands. Melody sighed into his mouth, pausing to toss her black hair out of her face and stare down at Daniel. He looked up at her with a goofy smile on his face, utterly smitten. She giggled once, melodious and light, then pulled her dress up over her bra, revealing the perfect swell of Katie's breasts, hidden beneath the silky fabric of her bra. She leaned forward and Daniel's head came up to meet her, face slipping in between her cleavage, kissing and licking. His hot breath on her nipples made her shudder lightly, a moan escaping her lips. She grinded down on him, growing ever wetter, pressing herself against the hardness just beneath his pants.

She was quite sure Katie would be aghast at what Melody was doing in her body, but she didn't care. It felt so damn good squeezing herself against the boy she loved, his hands gripping her solidly, his lips exploring her body. She slipped a hand between her thighs, beneath the lacy fabric of her panties and fingered herself, sliding into her wet heat and rubbing as she continued grinding against Daniel. She was so fucking horny, *needed* to satisfy herself, but even her finger wasn't enough.

She pulled away. "I need you inside me, Daniel."

"You sure?"

She bit her lip and nodded, then helped him unbuckle his pants and free his cock. She gasped when she saw it, stroking it with the hand that had been inside her, rubbing her wetness down its length. It was warm and hard beneath her fingers, the bulbous head pointing up at her, throbbing already in desperate yearning. And it was perfect, made her mouth water, made a thrill run down her spine.

She positioned herself over the head of his cock and guided it against her. There was a pressure as his dick met her swollen lips and pressed. The pressure built, built, and then she felt herself give away as he pushed inside, penetrating her for the first time. She cried out as he entered her, wrapping her arms around his neck as she lowered herself onto him. It was painful at first and she was oh-so-tight, afraid for a minute she wouldn't be able to take his girth. But as he inched inside her she felt her pussy giving way, the walls of her cunt stretching around the beautiful cock as she pushed downward, driving it ever deeper inside until she was on Daniel's lap and full of him and pleasure burst through her. It occurred to her that Katie had been a virgin until this moment, and now Daniel was the first man inside her.

She continued kissing him as she raised herself and lowered back down, helped by Daniel's hands as he guided her sopping wet pussy up and down his cock. Her breath came in ragged gasps as he filled her and withdrew, pausing to sink down deep and grind on him, back and forth, his cock filling her as her clit rubbed along his shaft. She cried out in his mouth, a high pitched cry of delight as she shook with her first orgasm. She pulled away and placed her forehead on his. They stared into each other's eyes as she rode him, up and down, her cunt sliding along his dick. The lust on his face, the longing in his eyes was gloriously intoxicating and she found herself cumming again, high pitched, girlish gasps of wonder as Katie's tight body burst with pleasure.

Suddenly he gritted his teeth, grunting as he gripped her ass and *shoved* her down on him, while raising his hips up, burying himself to the hilt inside her dripping pussy as she howled with desire. He emptied himself into her then, she felt his hot seed pulsing inside her, the head of his dick pressing against her center and she came again, her entire body on fire, moaning and writhing as she sank down as deep as she could go, willing him to fill her. And the world was frozen, the two of them locked in an embrace, their bodies moving as one as he filled her with his seed and she shook with pleasure. He throbbed again and again and she clutched at him, not wanting to let this moment go, enjoying the feel of him deep inside her.

When he was done she sat atop him, both breathing hard. She kissed him ferociously, lips moving across his lips, his cheek, his nose. She leaned on him, her hands stroking his hair, her tits resting on his chest.

"That was amazing," she whispered in his ear.

And it was. She bet Katie would never have done this. Hell, Melody *herself* would never have done this. But she was free to act as someone else. And what freedom! It had made Melody realize just how many mental barriers she'd constructed around herself. As Katie, this was her chance to escape the parts of herself she didn't like. And she was going to use Katie's abilities to the fullest.

Epilogue

Daniel placed the broken cardboard box onto the floor with a sigh, before standing and taking in Melody's dorm room. It was typical student accommodation: small, threadbare, simple. But it was hers. Here at Irvine she could finally break free of both her own past and Katie's and re-make herself into the person she wanted to be.

Melody had her back to Daniel and was arranging her desk when he came up and held her from behind. She laughed as he swept her into his arms.

“You promise you'll visit on the weekends?” Daniel asked.

“We're only twenty minutes away from each other,” Melody said, stroking his cheek.

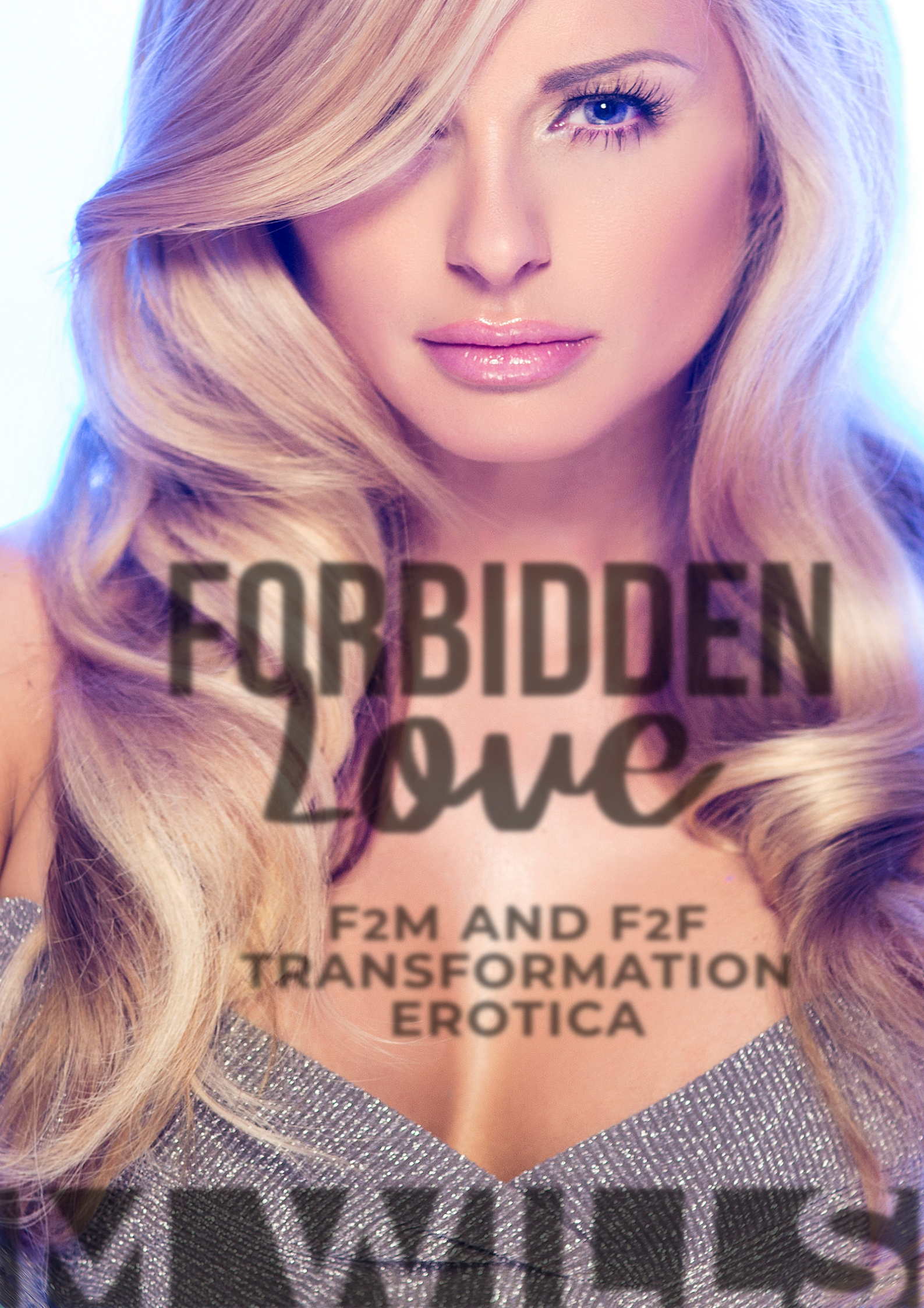
“More like an hour with traffic,” Daniel grinned.

They kissed, something they'd had a lot of practice doing the last few months of the school year and all of the summer before both heading off to college, Daniel to UCLA and Melody to UCI. Melody had decided to use the gifts of her body and brain that she'd miraculously received. She'd studied hard and was finally away from Katie's controlling parents. She was determined to reap the rewards of her freedom.

“Hey,” she whispered, her hands slipping down Daniel's body, “How about you close those blinds and we christen my bed?”

Daniel obliged and soon he'd slipped into Melody with a sigh, as she clenched around his hot cock she moaned, satisfied with her physical pleasure and her new life.

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FORBIDDEN *Love*

F2M AND F2F
TRANSFORMATION
EROTICA

WILLIS TOWERS WARRICK

Forbidden Love

"I had to practically drag him home. He passed out on the floor of his room and didn't get up until noon the next day." Wyatt laughed, his voice tinny through the speakers of Rachel's computer.

"Wow!" Rachel said, "What a great roommate."

Rachel lay stretched out on her stomach across her bed, the laptop in front of her. Her lean legs were up in the air and crossed behind her. She rested her head on one hand, occasionally sweeping her curly brunette hair behind her ear, as she gazed at her stepbrother on the laptop screen.

"Other than an insane roommate," Rachel said, "How's college going?"

"College is...a lot to get used to." Wyatt smiled, his sparkling blue eyes twinkling. "It sort of feels like starting over. I mean, *you're* a senior, so you're, like, the top of high school. And it's obvious. Graduating is like starting all over again. Except some of my friends can legally drink. And I don't have a curfew."

Rachel shifted on the bed, keeping an eye on her image in the bottom corner of the screen. Her light pink top fell open slightly, just enough to give a glimpse of her petite cleavage. She left it like that, but it was impossible to see through the monitor whether it was drawing Wyatt's eye.

"I'm not looking forward to starting over," Rachel grimaced. And then, as casually as she could: "So...met any girls?"

Wyatt smiled and looked down. He ran a hand through his clipped hair as Rachel's heart beat madly in her chest.

"Not any that are interested in me."

Rachel was at once relieved and ashamed for being relieved. She kept telling herself that Wyatt being single didn't make her chances any better, and him being in a relationship would only make him happier. Rachel and Wyatt had practically grown up together and she loved him like a brother. Well, that wasn't exactly true. She loved him differently than a brother. She loved him in a way that made her squirm when she thought about him too long—which was often. There had been many nights before he'd graduated and gone to college that Rachel had lain in bed and touched herself to thoughts of him, knowing he was lying shirtless only a short walk down the hall. Her fantasies began with her walking in on him unexpectedly as he was stroking himself, and ended with an immense orgasm that left a growing wet spot on her bed. It was so wrong, and yet she couldn't help herself.

"I'm sure you'll find someone," Rachel said.

"Yeah, well..." He trailed off.

"Oh, look what I got." Rachel sat up on her knees and turned to the bookshelf behind her. She arched her back slightly, stretching up to let her cut-off shorts pull up her thighs and giving Wyatt ample time to ogle her lean legs. She'd spent an hour trying on different outfits and doing her makeup for this casual call with her stepbrother. She couldn't help it, though. She wanted him to

want her. She grabbed her tennis trophy and lay back down. “Ta da! First place!”

“Oh, congrats!” Wyatt said. “You use that technique I showed you?”

“Yep. Killed that little Kimmy bitch this year.”

“Nice.” Wyatt grinned. Then he looked offscreen. “Oh. I gotta go. I told my roommate I’d go to the gym with him this afternoon.”

“Ok. I’ll see you later.”

“I’m coming home next weekend so I’ll see you for real in a week.”

“Can’t wait!”

“Bye.”

“Bye!”

Rachel signed off and rolled over onto her back with a sigh. Her feelings for Wyatt were so wrong. But it wasn’t like they were *really* brother and sister. She grabbed her pillow and hugged it to her chest. Her thoughts kept dragging back to Wyatt: his smile, his body, his kindness. Her thighs grew warm and she promised herself she wouldn’t touch herself. But it didn’t take long for her to break down and slip her hand beneath her little jean shorts and dip into her moistening heat as she thought of all the things she wanted Wyatt to do to her. She stroked herself, fingers sliding against her little button as she imagined his arms around her, his mouth on hers, their bodies moving together in tandem. She muffled her moan with the other hand as her body seized with orgasm, guilty pleasure lighting her from within.

When she came down her cheeks were flushed and her thoughts were swimming. She needed a distraction, so she picked up her cell phone from off her nightstand and texted her friend, Jessica, to go out for some retail therapy.

“Oh my gawd, you would look amazing in these,” Jessica gushed, holding up a pair of artfully ripped jeans to Rachel.

Rachel added them to the small pile of clothes already in her arms as Jessica continued flipping through the racks. Jessica was effortlessly trendy, and had a knack for finding amazing clothes at secondhand stores like the one they were in. She also had a knack for attracting guys. Yet another college aged guy began flipping through the jeans on the other side of the aisle, glancing up now and then at Jessica.

“How do you find the good stuff?” The young guy finally asked.

Jessica turned her emerald green eyes on him and flipped her blonde hair out of her face. “You just have to have an eye for fashion.” She smiled.

“Ah, that's my problem,” the guy responded. “What about these? Are these stylish?” He smiled impishly as he held up a pair of fake leather pants.

“You do not have an eye,” Jessica laughed, pausing in her searching to turn her full bright smile onto the guy.

Jessica was a merciless flirt, and Rachel tried not to roll her eyes as she watched her friend banter with yet another guy. Still, Rachel couldn't help but feel the teeniest bit jealous at how easily Jessica caught and held attention. She had a supreme confidence about her body that Rachel lacked, and moved her body with an easy grace. No doubt Jessica's large, buoyant breasts, angelic face and perfect hourglass figure had something to do with all the attention. The guys flocked to Jessica and she encouraged them, as Rachel stood alone on the outside observing.

Jessica was obviously enjoying herself, so Rachel interrupted briefly. “I'm going to go try these on.”

She left before Jessica could respond, moving towards the changing rooms at the back of the store. Closing the curtain behind her, Rachel dumped the clothes into the chair and stripped down to her underwear. She took a moment to look at herself in the mirror, sighing as she took in her small breasts and petite figure lacking all but the barest of curves, and mentally compared herself to Jessica. Rachel was cute, though, wasn't she? Just not hot. Maybe if Rachel was a blonde bombshell she'd have better luck with guys.

Or at least one guy in particular.

Rachel shook that thought away before it could take hold and began trying on the outfits Jessica had found for her. She had to admit, the girl had style. Rachel soon settled on a faded concert t-shirt and some cute shorts with little red and purple flowers on the back pocket. She pushed the curtain aside and returned to the clothing area. As she passed through the furniture section, an old writing desk caught her eye. It was made of rich mahogany, and had delicate floral designs engraved in the wood. It hardly seemed like it belonged here with the bric-a-brac of the rest of the used furniture.

Rachel opened the drawers—real wood, not this Ikea cardboard that Rachel had in her own room—and peeked inside a few of them. She loved this old furniture. Wyatt always teased her that she was

kind of old fashioned like that. As she shut one of the small drawers along the side she heard a rattling noise. She opened the drawer again and found nothing but, poking around, she discovered the bottom of the drawer was loose. She was able to pry it up and beneath the fake bottom was a small gold pendant on a chain. It, too, looked old.

Rachel took it out and examined it. It sparkled in the light. The pendant on the end was a perfect sphere crisscrossed with some sort of lightning pattern. It was gorgeous. Rachel added it to the clothes and met Jessica up near the register. The young guy was just slipping her his number on a scrap of paper.

"Call me sometime," he said, before turning and walking away.

"I can't take you out anywhere," Rachel chided Jessica.

Jessica rolled her eyes. "Ug. It's easier just to take it and not call them."

Rachel dropped the few items of clothes on the checkout counter and the cashier began ringing them up. Rachel held up the necklace she'd found.

"How much is this? I didn't see a price tag on it."

The cashier peered at it, shrugged, and then said, "Five dollars?"

"Ok."

She slipped everything into a bag and forgot about it as she went to the cafe to grab a coffee. Once again, all eyes were on Jessica. Rachel felt almost invisible. It almost would have been better if Jessica was a bitch, because then at least Rachel would have a reason to feel resentful. But Jessica was sweet and kind to everyone.

Rachel returned to her house in the late afternoon and went up to her room. She emptied out the bag of clothes she'd bought that day onto her bed. The pendant spilled out with a musical tinkle. Rachel picked it up and examined it. It was shiny gold, slightly tarnished in places. She unclasped it and slipped it around her neck, flipping aside her curly brown hair to do so. When she'd clasped it on, she fluffed out her curls and stood in front of the full length mirror in the corner of her room. The pendant sat just above the neckline of her shirt. It was strangely warm against her skin as Rachel eyed it in the mirror. It looked nice. She thought it would have looked even better if she had a bigger chest. But then wasn't that thought giving power to the patriarchy? She should be happy with her body. She knew she was in no way ugly. But seeing all those guys throwing themselves at Jessica. Well, she wished she had Jessica's figure.

The top of her head itched and she scratched it. Somehow that still didn't sate the itch. Now it had spread across the whole back of her head. She leaned her head down, running both hands through her hair, scratching harder. When she looked back up at her image in the mirror she froze, both hands entwined in her curly hair. But even as she watched, her curls straightened and the hair lightened to a golden blonde. At the same time, it began growing, falling down Rachel's shoulders. In seconds she had a head of lustrous, shiny blonde hair that tumbled straight down her back.

The itching sensation spread to her face, and Rachel dropped her hands to her side and stepped closer to the mirror, her mouth agape. Her whole face was wiggling and, as she stared, the contours of her face changed. Her eyebrows thinned and grew lighter, arching beautifully over eyes that changed from a coffee brown to a startling emerald green. The shape of her eyes and cheeks changed, becoming rounded and softer, as her nose slimmed out, the tip turning up slightly to give her a perfect button nose. She could feel her teeth shifting, her entire mouth changing from the inside. When the changes finished Rachel found herself staring into Jessica's perfect face. She

gasped and stepped back from the mirror, the reflection of Jessica's head on Rachel's body doing the same.

Her arms were now wiggling madly, changing contours, growing lean. A mole here and there disappeared, reappearing somewhere else. A weight began growing on her chest and she could see her shirt pressing out even as she felt a pressure growing in her bra. Her chest grew larger, pushing against the bra in a way that was quickly becoming painful. Rachel hurriedly reached around and unclasped her bra. There was an instant relief and her breasts continued to grow, swelling to Jessica's ample proportions and tenting out Rachel's already tight shirt, lifting it up and away from a tummy that was already showing the ghostly hint of Jessica's tight abs.

She grabbed onto the wall for support as the room seemed to grow, soon realizing that she had lost some height. Her hips shifted and Rachel's gaze was brought down to her pink shorts. They, too, were feeling tighter and she could see her ass and thighs expanding. She quickly unbuttoned her pants and slid them down her legs before they became painfully tight, and continued watching as her butt expanded until it was a perfect little bubble butt hanging behind her. Her white cotton panties barely contained her supple new ass. Rachel's legs became tighter with lean muscle and her entire skin darkened slightly to a golden tan. Her fingers and toes itched and changed, becoming slightly shorter but daintier.

When the changes were done and the itching had stopped, Rachel found herself gaping at the reflection of Jessica, wearing only panties on her perfect legs, and a too-tight top over her heavy breasts.

"Holy fuck," Rachel whispered. Her voice sounded like Jessica's, slightly throaty and higher pitched than Rachel's own. She brought her hands to her new, pouty lips in astonishment, noting that they smelled faintly of the flowery lotion Jessica had been using. She ran her fingers over her features, touching her friend's face, exploring her flawless new skin. Her eyes dropped down to her body. Holy shit, she was a bombshell! She turned and wiggled her ass, giggling in amazement.

Rachel pulled her shirt off, swept the silky blonde hair from her face, and then shrugged her bra off. Jessica's breasts bobbed down her chest and she grabbed them in both hands. Shit, these things were heavy, but perfectly smooth and teardrop shaped. She bobbed them in her fingers, let them sway back and forth, then gathered them up again and squeezed, her fingers digging lightly into her creamy flesh. Her excitement grew and she turned around again, angling her head to check out every inch of her body.

Rachel's panties were so tight around her thicker ass and she rolled them down her legs and kicked them off. Now she was naked except for the pendant that dangled between her tremendous breasts. Rachel's eyes were drawn to the perfectly manicured triangle of blonde hair pointing to her new pussy. She brushed her hand across it, following the trail down to her new sex. Her other hand came back to one of her breasts and she hefted it as she fondled herself, groping and squeezing her wonderful new tits. The fingers between her legs traced the outlines of her slit, gently prodding and pushing down, penetrating her body slightly, fingertips landing on the hood of her clit and sending tendrils of warmth flickering through her. It was exciting wearing Jessica's perfect body, watching her play with herself. Her little blonde form was so responsive. Already, Rachel could feel wetness gathering between her legs. She dipped her finger down and found her dew, then dragged it back up her warm, rubbery folds. She stroked in tight circles, feeling her nether lips grow looser as anticipation climbed through her.

She caressed her tit, pinching the little strawberry-pink nipple until it stood erect with excitement and pleasure coursed through her. Rachel slipped her fingers deeper inside herself, stroking faster, her swollen clit revealing itself as Jessica's pussy grew wet. It was so intimate watching her friend masturbate in the mirror, seeing her half-lidded eyes and feeling the pleasure rising within her. Rachel spread her legs wider and slid her fingers deeper inside, exploring her rich, pink folds. Her

fingers were glazed with her juices and her mouth gaped open as she fingered herself faster, harder, squeezing her fat tits as the intensity captured her body like lightning and then there was a sudden release that made her tremble and gasp. "Oh," she cried, her legs trembling as she orgasmed, her body rocked with a deep pleasure as the tension released her.

She dropped her breast and it swayed down her chest as she leaned against the wall for support while her knees grew weak. Her fingers were still plunged into her wetness, and the tension was back in an instant. She fingered her new pussy hard, sliding her fingers in up to the knuckle, twisting through her folds, spreading her legs farther, squatting down to dig her fingers deeper into her center, pounding herself as the moist sounds of her fingers hit her ears.

She came again, even harder, crying out in a strangled cry as she tried to keep quiet. Pleasure rocked her body, made her squeeze her eyes shut as she fingered herself all the way through the orgasm, sliding in and out of her sopping wet pussy, slowing down as her body slowed, easing herself back down from her orgasm.

When she was done she pulled her fingers out of herself and fell back onto her bed, breathing hard. She propped her head up on a pillow and looked down at Jessica's naked body. So that's what Jessica felt like physically. But Rachel couldn't help but wondering what it would be like to go out in the world *as* Jessica. To get that attention. To have that confidence.

Rachel poked through her drawers until she found an outfit that would fit on Jessica's body. The black shirt was a little tight and she didn't have a bra that fit so the shirt stretched across her breasts, leaving the imprint of each nipple visible. There was a matching skirt that her mom had bought that was a size too big for her. Rachel wiggled into it, finally managing to get it over her friend's ample thighs and zip it up. Shit, she looked amazing, the clothes squeezing her curves into perfect, bouncy shape. She slipped out of the back door and away without her family noticing.

Rachel drove to a little open air mall full of trendy cafes and shops on the other side of town, where she would be unlikely to run into anyone who knew Jessica. Just walking around in her curvy blonde body was a different experience. Guys took notice of her. She was being used to being glanced at in public—hell, every woman was—but this was different. These were longer looks. Conversation stoppers. These were groups of guys pointing her out to their friends. It was dangerous and exciting and hot as hell.

The two guys behind the counter at the cafe practically fell over themselves trying to flirt with her. She could sense the change as she walked into the cafe, the eyes on her body. It was unnerving. Inwardly, Rachel was still her shy, introverted self, but that didn't stop anyone. All it took was a little smile, a toss of her blonde hair, and one of the baristas slipped her his number along with her coffee. Too easy. Almost disappointingly so. Rachel barely had to say two sentences and only chuckled lightly at their jokes. Her body did all the work.

It did give her a strange boost of confidence. When she went into the cute boutique clothing store, the sales lady fawned all over her, and Rachel had her running off to bring back different sizes to try on, something she never would have ordinarily done in her own body. She would have either accepted the ill-fitting clothes or tried to find the size herself without bothering anyone. But the sales lady waited on her hand and foot. Was this what it was like being Jessica every day?

After a few hours Rachel tired of the attention. She returned to her car, feeling very much as though she'd just gotten offstage from a one woman play. She could finally breathe again. She returned home and parked a little ways down the street to change back. There was a moment of panic as she failed to transform when she removed the pendant. Her mind was racing with how she could ever explain to her parents what happened. Or how she would resume her life as her best friend's doppelganger. But she collected herself and slipped the pendant back around her neck. Then she imagined becoming herself, picturing her own familiar body as best she could.

The changes happened in reverse. Her legs lost their perfect muscle and became rather ordinary. She could feel her ass deflating as her thighs pinched back together into her plain, straight-waisted figure. It was a relief to feel her breasts shrink, the weight disappearing from her chest. The clothes she'd put on now fit her better, and she could breathe without feeling like her outfit was strangling her. Plus, the shirt now had some slack so her little nipples were once again invisible.

Her hair pulled back into her head, twisting and browning into dark tawny curls once again while her facial features remade themselves. In seconds she was looking into her familiar face in the rear view mirror. Cute but undistinguished—in Rachel's mind anyway. A far cry from the hot model she'd been just moments before.

Rachel slipped off the pendant to avoid any unfortunate accidents before driving the rest of the way home. She shrugged off the questions from her parents and went to bed soon after dinner. She had a lot to think about.

“Hey, Rachel, how you doing?” A sweet female voice chirped up from beside Rachel.

Rachel froze for a beat, halfway in her school locker in the process of looking for her math book for her next class. She turned to see Jessica leaning against the locker next to her, smiling beatifically.

“Hey. Uh, good.” Rachel said, faking a smile even as the only thing going through her mind was how intimate she'd been with her best friend's body.

Fortunately, two guys from the school soccer team walked by just then and said hello to Jessica. Jessica turned her back languidly against the locker and gave them a little wave. Rachel gulped watching Jessica move, remembering how wonderful it had felt to be in her body and have her confidence. If there was any doubt Rachel was back to normal, it was vaporized by the fact that the guys had barely glanced at her. She was once again being outshone by Jessica's supermodel looks.

Jessica turned back to her. “You gonna take your brother out to visit the town when he visits next weekend? Show him everything he's missed?”

Rachel had forgotten she'd told Jessica about her stepbrother coming back home this weekend and for a split second there was a red hot jealousy that Wyatt and Jessica were conversing privately and that Jessica had somehow “stolen” Wyatt from her. But that was ridiculous. Wyatt wasn't hers and her daydreams about them together were just impossible fantasies.

“Yeah. You mean, like the new sign at the mall or the Forever 21 that moved in to the old Old Navy?” Rachel grinned.

“We can all go out and look at the pothole they just filled in in front of my house.”

“Ooh, he'll love it!”

The girls giggled together. But still, there was something about Jessica's apparent nonchalance that made Rachel think maybe she had the hots for Wyatt. Rachel couldn't shake the thought even as the conversation turned, and then the bell rang and they hurried to class. Rachel spent the rest of the day watching Jessica, seeing how she was treated from outside, wondering if Wyatt was into her, and if so, wondering how much she, herself, would roast with jealous anger if they actually did get together. Surely Wyatt was much too sophisticated to fall for the stereotypical blonde beauty. He must like mysterious, shy, gentle girls, right? Girls he shared a house with for a number of years and had ample opportunity to see in various modes of undress?

As class gave way to lunch, Rachel found herself wondering about what guys thought when they looked at Jessica. What did it feel like for a guy? Did they get that same flushing warmth and desire to be close? Or was it much more physical and intense? Rachel knew well how *she'd* felt when she'd stroked Jessica's heavy breasts and slipped inside her wet warmth. As she picked at her lunch she allowed herself a little smile at the thought that every guy in school would have *killed* to be in Rachel's position yesterday, when she had Jessica's body all to herself and could make her do anything. Was that desire for control what it was like for guys?

“Hello? Rachel you there?”

Rachel blinked and shook her head, pulled out of her thoughts by Jessica, sitting next to her on one of the bleaches, sandwich in hand.

“Yeah. Sorry. I didn't get much sleep last night. What did you say?”

Jessica rolled her eyes and tucked her long hair behind one ear. “I said, can you believe Tricia Wong and Andrew Banner are going out? I mean, what does she see in him? He's, like, ew.”

“He's your prototypical good looking bad boy,” Rachel said thoughtfully, “She's probably just doing it to make her parents mad. They want her to settle down with a nice Korean boy.”

“Even irritating my parents wouldn't be worth that.” Jessica nodded towards the far end of the bleachers, where Andrew, dressed in a studded denim jacket and jeans, nuzzled Tricia's neck. Every time she pushed him away he just came back, clearly enjoying her growing irritation.

Rachel watched him with interest, wondering what *he* was thinking. Did he think it was charming being so annoying? Did he care? Did he just want in her pants? Did he think that strategy would work? And what would it be like to *be* with Tricia anyway? She always seemed so goody-goody, but how far did she go with Andrew? Jessica's pussy was so tight; was Tricia's the same? Was it smaller? Wetter? Did her breasts feel different to touch? Fuck, the pendant had seriously screwed up Rachel's thoughts. She knew there was one way to answer her questions. But she fought the urge to change.

Rachel wrestled with the temptation of the pendant for the rest of the week, managing to employ enough self-control to refrain from using it even as the weekend grew nearer. Finally, just as she was about to break, she came home on Friday afternoon, swept through the door and was heading up to her room to put the pendant on when she saw Wyatt in the living room. She froze, heart hammering madly in her chest. It was unreasonable to feel this way about her stepbrother and yet, in the instant before he looked up at her from the armchair she took in his appearance.

Her eyes landed on his rugged face, memorizing his sharp jaw line and lean face. His hair was still cut to a crew cut, his body still trim and athletic. She drank in the way he sat there in the chair, arms crossed, staring down at his phone, oblivious to her hungry gaze. His shirt was tight around his biceps, and they worked gently as he shifted in the chair and flicked through some message on his phone. He looked up and caught her gaze with his impossibly blue eyes and his face cracked into a smile that shot through Rachel and made her knees weak.

“Hey, little sis,” Wyatt said, pushing himself up off his chair and crossing the floor in three quick strides.

“Wyatt!” Rachel managed to get out. “You're home early.”

He towered over her and enveloped her in his arms with a giant hug. She hugged him back, pressing close, smelling his spicy masculine fragrance. Her body stirred at his nearness and she pulled away first. She couldn't stop smiling. Couldn't stop staring up at him as he grinned back at her.

“Yeah, one of my friends gave me a ride back so we beat the traffic. Wow, look at you. Why, you don't look like you've aged more than six days since I last spoke to you.”

“That was only five days ago. What are you saying? I'm an old hag now?” Rachel grinned.

“Of course not. You're gorgeous.” There was a pause, just long enough to be noticeable as Wyatt's cheeks flushed red, and then he started babbling as he sometimes did when nervous. “You know, for a girl. For a sister. For my sister. You're looking good. I mean, you're not looking bad. I mean...you know.” He rubbed the back of his neck with one of his meaty paws.

“College sure has made you super smooth.” Rachel laughed to break the tension.

She slung her backpack down and lounged on the couch as Wyatt resumed his seat in the chair. She made him tell her all about his new college life: his friends, his dorm, his classes. After an hour that passed in what seemed like the blink of an eye, their parents came home and welcomed Wyatt back. Rachel took the distraction as an opportunity to head upstairs, glancing back only once at Wyatt as he settled back down and began repeating the stories he'd just told Rachel.

Rachel slipped into her room and let the door close behind her. She hurried to the pendant, which she'd stashed in the bottom of her bra drawer. Having Wyatt home again only made the itch to have him even stronger. Surely, he'd want Jessica. *Everyone* wanted Jessica. Rachel just had to figure out a way to change into her best friend again, and then get Wyatt alone. She fingered the pendant as she thought, finally coming up with the idea of slipping out after dinner and getting Wyatt's attention through the window later that night.

Waiting was an agony. She managed to forget her nervousness during dinner, where she laughed and joked with her family around the table. When it was over, she excused herself and hurried back to her room. Her thoughts were racing, her body already burning with anticipation. She lifted the pendant from the secret hiding spot before undressing. Now that she knew what to expect, she didn't want to burst out of her clothes again.

Rachel slipped the pendant around her neck and thought about Jessica. Thought about pressing herself close to Wyatt, stroking his arms, kissing his lips, running her hands along his firm body. In seconds she could feel herself transforming, but it didn't feel quite right. Her head itched madly again. Her hair was lightening to blonde but grew shorter, retracting into her head until it stopped, close cut and spiky. Her face wiggled and seemed to grow broader, her cheekbones and jaw becoming sharper, more pronounced. She gasped and ran her fingers along her face just in time to feel stubble across her cheeks and jaw. She rushed to the full length mirror and aimed it up at herself to see her eyes lighten in color, going from a rich brown to a crystal blue. Her jaw dropped as she stared at Wyatt's head atop her own feminine body.

Even as she watched, her slim breasts were sucked into her body, reforming as flatter, more solid pecs while her torso stretched and grew upwards, adding on inches of height. Her stomach tightened, outlines of her firm abs appearing through the taut skin. Her arms stretched, muscles blossoming along her biceps and triceps, while her fingers thickened, the nails toughening, a light dusting of hair appearing on her knuckles.

The changes moved down between her legs. The light dusting of her own pubic hair grew longer, wilder, into an unruly light bush. Something quivered deep inside her and, as she watched in astonishment, her slit sealed up and a dick appeared, tiny at first but growing rapidly, forming a thick cockhead and a long shaft that hung down against her thigh, heavy and warm. Her legs, too, thickened, becoming tight masses of lean muscle as they lengthened. Finally, her feet widened and spread outward, the toes thickening, until her petite foot had been replaced with Wyatt's masculine, slightly hairier one.

When the changes were done Rachel hardly dared move. Her mouth was still agape as her eye wandered up and down her stepbrother's delicious form, roaming across his solid physique and down to the cock that dangled between his legs. It seemed huge, though she thought that was just her perspective. Finally, she had Wyatt naked for her, only the circumstances were wildly different than anything she could have imagined.

Rachel should have changed back right then, but curiosity got the best of her. She slowly touched her cock, watched it dangle back and forth before taking it in solid fingers and stroking it. It was so warm and comforting in her hand. The physical sensations were more immediate, and just her simple touch was already sending flares of desire through her, concentrated in the base of her new dick and radiating outwards through her solid body. She squeezed her cock experimentally, running it through her fingers. It was surprising how rough she could be with it, nothing at all like the

delicate strokes she gave herself. She could feel the muscles within her as her dick twitched, and when she dropped it she saw that it was already firmer than it had been just a few seconds ago.

She was interrupted from further exploration by a knock on the door. "Rachel?" Wyatt's voice called out from the hallway.

Rachel froze, unsure what to do. She couldn't very well answer Dave. Not with a man's voice. Not with *his own* voice. As she hesitated he knocked again.

"Rachel, you in there?"

With mounting fear she watched the doorknob begin to twist. The door creaked open, seemingly in slow motion. At the last second Rachel dove for her bed and burrowed under the blankets. She heard the door hit the wall.

"Rachel?" Wyatt asked, his voice closer now.

Rachel shut her eyes. There was no way she could avoid revealing what just happened, but maybe she could limit the fallout.

"Wyatt, please close and lock the door." Rachel called out, still buried under her covers.

"Who are you? Where's Rachel?"

Rachel felt Wyatt grab the covers and try to yank them off but she gathered them tight.

"Wyatt, close the door and I can explain everything." She called out again.

"If you've done anything to my sister I'll kill you."

"Your sister's safe."

There was a pause. Then footsteps moving away. The door closed and the lock clicked in to place.

"Now, who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my sister's room?"

"Now. Don't scream."

"Why would I--?"

Wyatt's last word was cut off as Rachel pulled the covers down to her neck and he froze. His eyes grew wide as he stared at his own face, his mouth working up and down but with no sound. He looked towards the door and seemed to be about to bolt.

"Wyatt. I'm Rachel. I've turned into you."

"That's-- what--?"

It was hot under the covers. Rachel pushed them off her chest and sat up, the pendant swinging across her pecs. She grabbed it and held it up.

"This thing is magic. It can transform me into someone else just by thinking about it."

Rachel could tell from the way his face was working that he wanted to dispute the existence of magic. But the evidence was lying in bed right in front of him.

Wyatt crept closer and reached out his hand. He touched Rachel's chest, poking and prodding gently. He slid his fingers up and over the distinctive little pattern of moles that mirrored the ones around his own collarbone.

"What the fuck?" He whispered, sinking slowly to the bed. He looked her up and down, and from side to side. "Why...why did you become me?"

Rachel hung her head. "I wasn't trying to. I was trying to become my friend, Jessica, so you would like me but I guess I got distracted."

Wyatt furrowed his brow. "Ok, but, I guess... You were trying to become Jessica so I would like you? But I like *you*."

"No, I mean. Oh god." Rachel put her head in her hands and squeezed her eyes tight. "This is so embarrassing. I guess... I like you. A lot. I've always-- loved you."

She looked up at him and slid her hand across his face. They stared into each other's eyes. Finally, Wyatt broke the silence.

"This is so weird having this discussion with myself. But... I've always fantasized about you, too. I thought it was impossible, but if I'd had any idea you felt the same way..."

"I can change back and--"

"No." Wyatt stopped her. For a second she thought he was going to tell her it was too late and all so impossible. But instead he said: "Stay like that. Give me the pendant."

She unclasped it from around her neck and handed it to him. He stood and put it around his own neck. "And now I just think of who I want to be?"

Rachel nodded. Wyatt closed his eyes and Rachel watched him transform.

His hair darkened to a rich mocha as it grew, spiraling into curls that spilled down to his shoulders. His stubble disappeared as his cheekbones and jaw softened, growing slimmer as his eyes narrowed and his nose shrank slightly. His unruly eyebrows became more delicate, softer, arching over almond-shaped eyes. Rachel gasped, suddenly staring up into her own face atop Wyatt's body.

The changes flowed downward. First his torso shrank, then his pecs softened, the shirt deflating as his body shrank. Two small points pressed out, growing slightly larger, wobbling into place as Rachel's own perky little breasts appeared beneath the fabric. The nipples tented out to hard points. Wyatt's arms lost their muscle mass and the light dusting of hair. They becoming slender and feminine, as his fingers elongated and thinned, the tips of his fingernails rounding to gentle points.

He opened his eyes—Rachel's own deep chocolate eyes—and gazed down at himself in astonishment, fingers hurrying to his belt and pausing as he felt himself changing. Rachel could imagine his cock withdrawing into his body before her delicate little slit appeared, just like her own transformation but in reverse. His shorts became baggier as the muscle of his legs became lean and tight, Rachel's cute butt hidden beneath oversized shorts. The final changes shrank his feet and toes, until they became delicate little things.

When it was all done, Rachel was looking at a duplicate of herself, dressed in Wyatt's clothes. He looked down at himself and a smile lit up his face.

"You- you're me? You could be anyone... why me?" Rachel asked.

Wyatt sat back down on the bed, brown eyes sparkling. He took Rachel's hands. She could hardly believe how soft her own skin felt from within Wyatt's harder body.

"You're the only one I want. I want you from the inside out. I want everything about you. I love you, Rachel."

Rachel leaned forward and Wyatt mirrored her until their lips touched. She closed her eyes as she tasted her own cherry lip gloss. Wyatt opened his mouth and welcomed Rachel's tongue inside. She tasted him slowly, following the contours of his mouth, his teeth, feeling her own body from the outside. She'd never been more attracted to herself. When she was a woman, she'd known she was

cute. But in Wyatt's body, having such a graceful feminine form so close, feeling his breath in her mouth, his hands in hers, she wanted her former body more than she'd wanted anything before. She gasped, pulling back and looking down into her lap. Beneath the covers, she could feel her cock stirring, growing harder as a desperate need overtook her.

Wyatt grinned and ran his hand across the covers. "Mmm, does that feel nice?"

Rachel nodded. Wyatt pulled his arms through his t-shirt and took it off, dropping it to the floor to gaze down at his new body.

"Oh my god, this amazing. You have no idea how long I've wanted to touch you." Wyatt whispered.

He brought his hands up to his new chest and gathered his petite breasts in his fingers, digging gently into his soft skin. There was a look of pure delight on his face as he played with his new breasts, knocking them back and forth gently to watch them sway on his chest. He grabbed them, tentatively at first but growing rougher, his fingers squeezing his tits together while Rachel watched. Wyatt looked up at her, his hand on his new breasts.

"This is so fucking hot." Wyatt said.

"Here." Rachel reached out and engulfed her breasts with her massive hand. She circled her fingers under her soft curves and across the nipples, back and forth, knowing exactly how her breasts liked to be touched. Wyatt watched, and when his little nipples poked out in excitement Rachel pinched them gently between thumb and forefinger.

"Fuuuuck." Wyatt bit his lip and hissed.

Rachel's cock was rock hard now. She'd never been so turned on by a woman—by herself—and her eyes skated across her former body as her hands grew greedy for the perky tits in front of her. She groped and squeezed, growing rougher as her own body burned with desire. Wyatt pulled the covers down and Rachel's cock sprang up to greet them, the cockhead bulging, the thick shaft throbbing as it pointed up towards Wyatt. With Rachel's hand still on his tits, Wyatt wrapped his delicate fingers around his former shaft and stroked slowly. The pleasure was immediate and intense, but instead of satisfying her, it just drove her on further.

She thrust up slowly into his fingers as she continued squeezing her tits, bringing her lips to his skin on impulse and sucking on one fat, pink nipple. The taste of her own body filled her mouth and she nipped at Wyatt's skin, sucking and licking, making him moan with delight. With one hand on his other breast, her free hand reached around and followed the supple curve of his back. The hand on her cock grew harder, quicker and she had to pause for a deep breath, pulling back from Wyatt and closing her eyes as an unexpected jolt of pleasure rocked her.

Wyatt took the opportunity to settle himself in bed on his stomach, Rachel's body stretched out below him, cute little ass in the air, his nose inches from his former cock. He grinned, glancing quickly at Rachel before sticking out his tongue and licking her cockhead. He licked slowly, kissing around the tip, teasing her. Her entire body grew taut and she thrust up towards his lips even as he moved away. Her eyes wandered down her former backside, the perfect golden curves so near. She had to reach out and touch. She sat up and gripped her former ass, squeezing the delicate little butt cheek.

Wyatt opened his mouth and swallowed her dick and she sank back onto the pillow with a moan. "Oh...shit." She opened her eyes to watch her own solid pecs rise and fall, thrilling in the power of her body. Below, Wyatt slid his mouth lower on her cock. Rachel's eyes lit up as she watched herself disappear into his wet warm mouth, her cock reappearing slick with his saliva. He went up and down slowly, sometimes stopping and holding her in his mouth, his tongue undulating against the shaft. "Goddamn, you're such a good little cocksucker," Rachel moaned, the words spilling out of her lips without thought.

Wyatt smiled and went faster, dragging his lips up and down his former shaft, as deep as he could go, using his saliva-slick hand to jack Rachel off into his mouth, pausing when she gripped the bed sheets and thrust up into him, holding her there on the edge of ecstasy until she recovered, and then sucking her dick some more. The way Wyatt's new lips moved, the way his little ass swayed, the desire in his eyes all drove Rachel crazy with lust. She grabbed his tit.

"Fuck me." She moaned.

Wyatt pulled his lips off her cock with a wet pop and smiled. He scooted up on to her, raising his pussy above her and preparing to lower himself onto her dick. Rachel caught a glimpse of her own velvety folds, a sight that thrilled her to no end. And then Wyatt's pussy was on her cockhead, now sliding down her shaft and she entered him. He was dripping wet and wonderfully warm as Rachel slid into him, her cock plunging into his wet canal. The feeling of being surrounded by his hot cunt was perfection, and Rachel gripped his thighs and thrust up, driven by the desire in her new body. Wyatt grabbed his tits and squeezed, playing with himself as Rachel fucked him, driving her cock up, up into his wet hole. He grinded against her, one hand coming down to play with his clit, rubbing himself faster as Rachel plunged up, deeper, slamming into him until he was crying out, moaning, and then he threw his head back and came.

Rachel gritted her teeth and grunted, doubling her efforts, enjoying the force of her body, the power rushing through her as she slammed her cock hard and fast into the sexy young woman above her. Watching her own face twist in pleasure, feeling the little body convulsing around her new cock was enough to make Rachel cum with Wyatt. She clutched him and orgasmed hard, exploding into him with a burst of force. She could feel each magnificent throb of her dick as she filled him with her cum, grabbing his hips and pulling him down hard and fast onto her. She squeezed herself into him, emptying her cock inside his slick cunt, enjoying the dying pulses of her dick. And then she rested there inside him, breathing hard.

Wyatt opened his eyes and looked down at her. His face was flushed and he pushed his hair back out of his eyes.

"Your body's incredible," he whispered.

"So is yours," Rachel grinned.

Wyatt leaned down and kissed her, long and slow, letting his soft body rest atop her hard one. Soon he pulled away and slid off Rachel's cock, lying in bed next to her.

"I guess we should change back," he whispered.

Rachel grabbed his delicate little fingers and kissed them. "We should," she agreed.

But neither moved, content to just lie in each other's arms. It would be much easier for them to date once Rachel was away at college and out of her parent's house. But for the rest of that weekend, they managed to find ways to carve out time for themselves, with each other and, sometimes, *as* each other again.

###



THE OTHER Woman

F2F
BODY SWAP

MILWAUKEE

The Other Woman

“Come on, Veronica, what are we even doing here?” Annie yelled over the thumping bass of the club speakers.

“Having fun, right?” Veronica replied, not taking her eye off her fiancée, Leo, who was huddled with his friends just in front of the stage.

Leo was sitting just in front of center stage, trying to entice the stripper over from the pole by holding up a wad of dollar bills. He seemed a little too excited to be looking at someone else's tits for Veronica's taste. The subject of his attention was a typical big breasted blonde with a perpetual dumbfounded expression on her face. Veronica couldn't decide whether the stripper's look was a deliberate affectation or actually just a reflection of her empty head. Veronica guessed it was the latter. Why else would she be a stripper? It seemed to work for her, though, because the guys hooted appreciatively and waved money at her as she swung from the pole, body moving to the music, tits bouncing around jauntily.

Veronica sipped her cocktail and smoothed back her midnight-black hair, glaring as the blonde bimbo crawled towards Leo and let him stuff a dollar bill into her g-string. Annie, resigned, sat back and sipped her beer, casting her eye around the room. Veronica noticed that Annie's eyes lingered on some of the topless waitresses, and figured that maybe her friend's brief flirtation with being a lesbian in college wasn't just a fling. Veronica wasn't interested in that at the moment. She returned her glare to Leo, who seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

Veronica had agreed to let Leo go to a strip club with his friends for his bachelor party on the condition that she accompany him. He argued at first, growled that she was being unreasonable, but she put her foot down. It wasn't the first time she'd won an argument by simply digging in and it made her even more suspicious of her fiancée's motives. Was he really such a commander in the boardroom and a pushover at home? Or was it all an act? His friends certainly appeared to be deferring to him at the moment, though maybe that was just because it was supposedly *his* party.

Veronica had cajoled Annie into coming along with her, not wanting to be the only woman in the strip club that wasn't topless. She hadn't told Annie exactly *where* they were going so Annie had turned up with her auburn hair in a complicated bun and her slender body stuffed into a cute little dress, only to be somewhat disappointed at the type of club at which they'd ended up. She'd since spent the majority of her time here staring down at her phone.

A text message lit up Annie's face. She read it silently and leaned towards Veronica.

“Becky and Jamilah are heading to the Brass, why don't we meet them there?”

“Maybe,” Veronica said, bringing her cocktail to her ruby red lips and draining the glass. The Brass was a fun bar for a girl's night out and Veronica was half tempted.

She murmured a spell and the cocktail glass refilled itself in her hand, alcohol burbling gently up from the bottom like a gentle spring. Veronica supposed there was probably some spell somewhere in her grandmother's collection that could make Annie stop nagging her and make Leo ignore other women, but that felt like a cheat. It was one thing to use her magic to save twenty five dollars on a

shitty cocktail, but it was another to change people. Ever since being taught magic as a teenager by her mother, Veronica felt there was something cheap about using it to influence other people. Veronica would rather sway people naturally, using her striking figure and her force of will. Using magic to make Leo attracted only to her seemed like an admission of failure. Like she wasn't good enough with her natural abilities that she had to cheat.

Annie leaned over again and echoed Veronica's thoughts. "If you have to keep such a close eye on him, maybe it means you don't *really* trust him."

"Well, maybe I don't."

"So what are we even doing here, then? Let's go have fun and you can dump his ass later."

Veronica was about to agree when the stripper shook her chest in front of Leo and let him bury his face between her—admittedly incredible—breasts as she laughed and Veronica remembered why they were here. When the music ended the pole dancer disappeared backstage, returning through one of the side entrances a few minutes later to circulate through the crowd. Leo saw her and called her over. Veronica watched the blonde stripper join the rowdy group of guys. When the music changed, the blonde straddled Leo and gave him one hell of a lap dance as his buddies looked on eagerly.

Watching Leo so excited as another woman thrust her breasts in his face made Veronica insanely jealous. No matter that she had agreed to it. No matter that she knew *exactly* what would happen in a strip club. It was one thing to know it and another to see it. No, Veronica needed to know how Leo felt, and what he would do if the opportunity came up to cheat on Veronica. She needed to know before they were married. She needed to know *tonight*.

"I'll be right back," she said to Annie, leaping up and striding off before Annie could stop her.

Veronica left the club, the booming music dampened to a dull thump as she closed the outer door. She hurried to her car and popped the trunk, then rifled through the junk in the back until she found her grandmother's faded and worn spell book. There must be something in here that would let her know whether Leo was faithful. She flipped through several pages, translating from the old English as she went, but nothing seemed to leap out at her. No mind reading. No invisibility. Not in this volume anyway; maybe in one of the several volumes back home. Then Veronica found a recipe for a potion that might help right now. She managed to translate the recipe and instructions with a little difficulty, but she didn't bother translating the remaining few paragraphs. Those bits were mostly bullshit about respecting the goddess or not killing deer or whatever. She'd got the gist the first twenty times she'd translated spells from her grandmother's books.

The recipe was simplicity itself. It was a common misconception that potions required esoteric ingredients and complicated mixtures. The real magic came from within the magician, the chaotic waves of force roiling Veronica's body. The ingredients were just an easy way to channel that energy into something that could be controlled. Everything she needed could be found behind the bar in the strip club, and some quick flirting with one of the bar men was all it took. She soon had a glass of the potion that was just missing one final ingredient—the stripper's hair—before it could take effect.

Veronica intercepted the blonde stripper as she was circling through the room.

"How would you like to make an easy five hundred dollars?" Veronica asked.

The stripper quirked one blonde eyebrow. Her mouth was till half open in that vacant expression. Stupidity probably wasn't an affectation, then. She really was an airhead. Whatever. The stripper nodded her head and led Veronica into a back hallway and then into an empty private alcove along the side, drawing the velvet curtain shut behind them. The sound of the club was muted in here and they could talk more easily.

“Where do you want to start, honey?” The blonde asked, placing a hand on Veronica's thigh. She had a bubbly, high pitched voice that did nothing to dispel Veronica's notion that she was a bimbo.

Up close the blonde was even more of a Barbie doll. She had plump lips, cherubic cheeks, and a perfectly upturned nose. Now that Annie was closer, she detected a sparkle of shrewdness in the blonde's sky blue eyes. She also had a phenomenal body, with a heaving chest, incredible legs and a svelte ass. A pinup model come to life. A little tremor of excitement floated through Veronica as she imagined herself the temporary owner of that perfect body.

“I'd like to borrow your body,” Veronica said.

“And what would you like to do with me, sweetie?” The blonde leaned closer, until Veronica could see the little freckles on her upper lip.

“Not like that. No offense, but I'm not into women.”

The blonde sat back, folding one arm beneath her tremendous breasts and resting the other on it, her chin on her hand as she eyed Veronica shrewdly. “So why are we here, then?”

“Look...sorry, what's your name?”

“Candace. But everyone calls me Candi.”

Of course they do. Veronica had to fight hard to not roll her eyes.

“My name's Veronica. Look, Candi, I'm a witch. A real, magic using, spell casting witch. I'm getting married soon but I'm not so sure about my fiancée's faithfulness. I want to use your body to test him.” She held up the cocktail glass. The potion was a bright green with little bubbles floating to the top. “If we both drink this potion we'll turn into each other for twenty four hours. All you need to do is pretend to be me while I pretend to be you.”

Candi looked skeptical. “Ooookay. And then what would I do as you?”

Veronica shrugged. “Go hang out with my friend, Annie, out there. Let her take you to another bar. Have fun. Your night's on me, plus I'll throw in five hundred bucks. Cash. We meet up tomorrow when the spell wears off.”

“And you would be me? You'd do this?” She jerked her thumb back to the main room. “Go out there and dance for the guys? Don't get me fired?”

How hard could it be to go out and shake her tits for money?

“I have no intention of getting you fired. Like I said, I just want to test my fiancée. I'll do that, do your job, and go home.”

Candi thought about for a second, then shrugged. “Sure, what the hell? Beats an evening of working.”

“Great.” Veronica ran her hand through her hair, took hold of a single strand and plucked it. “I'll need a hair from you.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Now it seemed to be Candi's turn to just barely restrain herself from rolling *her* eyes as she plucked a blonde strand from her head. Veronica held up the glass and they both dropped their single strand of hair in. The mixture bubbled briefly, then turned clear. Candi's eyes widened.

“What was that?”

“Magic.”

Veronica smiled and drank half the potion, then held the glass out to Candi. Candi took it and paused, looking from the glass to Veronica. For a second, Veronica thought she would change her mind, but then she tossed the drink back in one gulp. She placed the glass on the small table and wiped her lips.

“Now what?”

Veronica didn't have to answer because they both felt the changes. It started in Veronica's face, a squirming, itching sensation as her features rearranged themselves. Her lips and cheeks became plumper as her nose softened and gained a little upturn. Her eyes widened, the world seeming to stretch until her brain grappled with the new perspective. In her mouth she felt her teeth and tongue morphing, while her long, black hair crimped into golden waves.

There was an aching in her chest as her breasts grew larger, straining against her bra and making it hard to breathe. Veronica quickly slipped out of her maroon top and unhooked her bra. Her new breasts bounced free. And what breasts! Perfect and full and ripe. Now topless, she could see the changes moving down her body to her tummy, tucking here and there, the sinewy muscles of her abs now visible. Her hips flared out and she had to unbutton her jeans and pull them down slightly as her ass grew plumper. Her legs, too, stretched out, becoming longer, with exquisitely shaped calves. Veronica's fingernails and toenails changed, taking on the bright pink color of Candi's polish. She even *smelled* like stripper, Candi's sickly sweet fruity scent of whatever he'd doused herself in permeating the air.

Across from Veronica, Candi was going through the same changes in reverse, staring down at herself in amazement as her body became sleeker. She took on Veronica's exquisite angular beauty, losing the baby doll girlishness and growing darkly sexy. Her body followed, tightening and shrinking in some places. The changes only took a few seconds and when it was done Veronica found herself staring at her own face. Her sharp features were arranged in shock.

“What the fuck?” Candi gasped, her hands coming up to her throat. She stared at Veronica, mouth agape.

“I told you. Magic. What did you think I meant?” Veronica smiled. Her voice was high pitched and incredibly feminine, but it didn't have that lilting bimbo feel to it. So Candi *had* been putting on an act to some extent. Still, getting used to this new voice was going to take some getting used to.

“Yes, but...I mean...I thought you were crazy.” Candi's shock seemed to be under control, and she was now looking down at herself with interest.

Candi was still topless, wearing only a sparkly blue thong, so Veronica now found herself looking at her own nearly naked body. Veronica's old body had a catlike sleekness that hinted at a dangerous sexuality, whereas her new body was just a man's wet dream, all bouncy curves and baby soft features. Her former breasts were smaller, two nicely formed teardrop shapes, not overly big, just the right size for her body; her new breasts were weighty and enormous and just completely in your face.

They had to trade clothes, and Veronica tried to avoid her discomfort as she slid the thong that had recently been tucked up against Candi's ass up against her own. Though, technically, the two asses were one and the same now. Candi tucked her breasts back into Veronica's bra and fixed herself up. The last thing they did was trade phones, each copying the other's info into their phones before handing them over.

“How do I look?” Candi asked. She seemed almost excited now.

“Perfect. Anything I need to know?”

Candi briefly filled Veronica in on the job and the people she should know. Pretty basic, really. Show off her tits. Get guys to come back into the champagne room. Any problems hit the buttons that were hidden in each room or call for Jimmy. When Candi was done she stood and reached for the curtains leading out to the hallway and paused.

“Oh. I guess you better lead the way, seeing as you work here now.”

Veronica smiled and led Candi out and back to the main room. She had to admit, Candi's big breasts were incredible, bouncing gently with each step. Veronica pointed out Annie in the seat in the middle of the room. Annie was trying hard not to stare at the elegant black stripper attending the two guys at the seats beside her.

“Just agree to go with Annie to the Brass,” Veronica said. “She'll give you a ride home or get a cab or something. I'll meet you there in the morning.”

“Ok. Be good. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.” Candi giggled, before leaving to join Annie.

Veronica watched her go, critiquing the way she moved. Not as fluid as Annie herself, and with a slightly different gait. Still, if anyone had any questions they would never suspect the truth. She surveyed the room, spotting Leo and his friends at a table near the raised dance floor. She made her way over, letting her hips sway seductively. As Veronica neared he looked up, caught her eye and grinned, before leaning down to yell something into his friend's ear. Then they were all looking up at her, waving her over.

“Well, hey, guys,” Veronica said, with what she hoped was just enough bimbo flair, “I had such a good time I just had to come back.”

She leaned over and tousled Leo's hair, letting her breasts bounce in his face. His eyes were locked on her tits. So what, she reasoned, it was a strip club and this was expected. Still, the lust in his gaze was almost a physical thing.

“How about you hop on up here, honey?” Leo said, patting his lap.

Veronica straddled him, placing a sculpted leg on either side of his lap and lowering herself onto him, facing him. She rested her arms on his shoulders, forcing a smile to her lips. Leo's friends scooted in and she could feel their eyes perusing her body, moving up her legs, her ass, to Candi's insanely incredible breasts. If Leo could resist these then he could resist anything. She felt his hand resting on the curve of her ass.

“Dance for me,” he ordered, grinning crookedly and holding up a twenty dollar bill.

When the next song started up Veronica let her body sway along to the thumping beat, slowly getting into it. She gyrated back and forth, her lips coming up so close to Leo she could smell the beer on his breath. Her hands roamed down his body as she shook her chest in his face, before holding onto his arms and leaning back, until she was nearly upside down, her breasts bobbing down in front of her. Leo's friends shouted appreciatively, clinking their beers together like their team had just won the Superbowl. Veronica pulled herself back up to a sitting position and swayed back and forth before leaning and forward and bobbing her breasts against Leo's face. He sank gratefully in between her cleavage until she pulled away, affecting a smile for him. Between her legs she felt him growing hard, the bulge pressing up against his pants. She teased him, lifting herself up to just barely scrape her pussy over his manhood. Veronica had to admit that Candi's body was a dream to move in. Limber and athletic.

When the music stopped she ruffled Leo's hair again and leaned in close. “Why don't you and I go into a private room?” She whispered.

He nodded and lifted her off his lap. She took his hand and led him back to the hallway. His friends

cheered him on as they ducked around the corner. Veronica nodded to the bouncer as they passed, keeping hold of Leo's hand, following the darkened hallway until she found an empty curtained alcove. She ushered Leo inside and then untied the black velvet curtains, letting them drape shut.

Leo sat relaxed on the leather couch, arms resting across the back, legs wide as he grinned up at her in his roguishly handsome way. Veronica felt herself growing warm at the look of desire in his eyes, and tried to remind herself that he wasn't seeing her, he was seeing some bimbo stripper. It didn't help all that much. Leo was one of those abnormally good looking guys, with a jaw that could cut glass and mischievous brown eyes. He was perfume-ad handsome and he knew it, the cocky son of a bitch.

"You got me here, now what do you want to do with me?" Veronica smiled, her mind desperately hoping Leo would fail her test of seduction, even as her body welcomed him.

"Why don't you come a little closer?" He motioned for her to sit on his lap again and she did, kneeling on the couch so that she straddled one of his knees.

His hand came up to her breast and they both stared down at it as he stroked experimentally, running his fingers around her skin. His wonder at her body was palpable and her heart thrummed in her chest. His fingers sent little bursts of warmth through her as the slowly followed the curve of her breast, lingering on her nipple. He gently plucked at it, tweaking her rubbery pink nipple between his fingers, pulling it lightly and watching it snap back to attention.

Suddenly he leaned forward and kissed her tit, his lips lingering on her nipple. She could feel his tongue swirling gently around as he sucked on her. Veronica released a hitching breath she didn't even realize she was holding.

"What about your fiancée?" She asked.

He looked up at her, his chin resting on her tit, and cocked his head, affecting innocence. "I don't have a fiancée."

That fucking bastard.

"Who was that black haired woman that's been watching you all night?" Veronica tried again.

"Oh her? She's no one."

She should have slapped him. She *would* have slapped him if he hadn't latched his lips back onto her nipple and sucked once more. The burst of heat made her pause long enough for him to wrap his other hand around her other breast and nuzzle them both. Goddamn, he knew just how to touch a woman. Just his hand on her breast was already making Veronica moist. She tossed her blonde hair back and held him to her chest as he kissed and sucked on her. Her hands slid through his black hair and she gripped him, forcing his head against her skin. She wanted to kill him. She wanted to fuck him.

She grinded herself against his knee, dragging her pussy back and forth, urging the heat within her to burn brighter. Her mouth dropped open, a little moan escaping her lips. Leo redoubled his efforts, burying his head between her tits as one hand followed the length of her body down and around to cup her ass. She was on fire now, their bodies gyrating together.

Veronica pushed him away. He started to protest but stopped when she got on her knees between his legs and scrambled for his zipper. He shimmied out of his pants as she yanked them down. His cock popped free from his boxers and she wrapped her fingers around it, bringing Candi's slutty little face right up to it. She rubbed it across her cheeks and nose, eyes closed, inhaling the delightful musky scent, *worshipping* his dick as he gazed down at her. Her mouth was watering now and she opened her ruby red lips and took him in, letting his head glide over her tongue and down

her throat as she stuffed her mouth with his cock. He was so goddamn warm on her tongue, his hard-softness filling her mouth as she drove her lips down as far as she could, pulling up again and leaving his shaft glazed with saliva. She dipped her mouth back down his shaft, faster this time, deeper, until the cockhead lightly touched the back of her throat. She forced herself not to gag, holding him in her mouth as she undulated her tongue against the underside of his shaft. He tasted divine, musky and manly and completely stuffing her.

“Christ, you're incredible,” he moaned, his hand digging into her hair.

Candi's body was so wet now, hungry for dick. Veronica drove her lips up and down the cock, the hunger driving her on, making her crave his cum. She was so angry and hurt and horny. Fuck Leo, and fuck Candi.

He groaned and began to throb in her mouth. She pulled off him and stroked his dick fast, aiming it at Candi's perfect little face. She was rewarded with spurt after spurt of warm, creamy cum. It splashed across her nose and her eyes, dripping down her face. She stuck out her tongue, licking as much of the delicious salty treat off herself as she could while she continued jerking him off, catching it all on her body, covering this little stripper bitch in his seed. He slowed, the bursts growing smaller, until they just dripped down her fingers. Veronica stuffed her fingers into her mouth, body delighting at the wonderful deep taste of him as she let his cum drip down her perfect little face.

When she was done she looked up at him from between his legs. “Yummy,” she said.

Her body was already beginning to come down, the warmth and desire replaced with anger and despair. She understood now that Leo didn't care about her and was willing to throw it all away for a blowjob from some cheap whore.

She cleaned herself up as best she could and sent Leo back out to meet his friends. He winked and left a fifty dollar bill on the table for her. When he was gone, Veronica covered her face in her hands and sobbed. But it wasn't her face. It felt all wrong. It was the face of that little bitch who'd sucked her fiancée's dick. Veronica knew it was unreasonable to be upset at Candi, but she'd found that reason and love were sometimes incompatible.

Veronica spent the rest of the night getting drunk and flirting with other inebriated strangers. They offered her shots, which she tossed back quickly. She flew past the stage of pleasantly tipsy and soon was so inebriated she kept forgetting who's body she was in and was constantly surprised whenever she looked down to find a stranger's tits on her chest. It didn't seem to hurt Candi's job much. If anything, guys were even more eager to paw her when she was too drunk to realize what they were doing. Her dances became sloppier and sloppier until the manager Candi had told her about, James, finally pulled her aside.

“Candi, have you been drinking?”

“Jush a li'l bitch. A li'l bit.” Veronica said as the room swayed beneath her. She grasped onto James with a giggly laugh and he stood her up, looking into her red rimmed eyes.

“You need to go home,” he sighed, “You can't be here like this.”

“But I'm doing sho good. Look at all thish shtuff,” Veronica slurred, yanking a handful of bills out of her g-string and flashing them around.

“Yeah, yeah,” James said, trying to calm her, “But you can't be out on the floor like this.”

“Right. Right. I can go-- oh my gaaaawwwddd, loook at theshe tits,” Veronica said, casting her eyes down and bouncing her breasts up and down. “Oooh, yeah, they're mine.”

“I'll get someone to take you home.”

The rest of the night was a blur of people helping her into clothes, an argument with the blonde bitch who'd blown her boyfriend (and who turned out to just be Veronica's own reflection in the backstage mirrors) and a long, winding ride back to a dirty camper van in the middle of a seedy trailer park. There might have been some singing out the window during the long car ride, and some attempted directions when she found she had no idea where she was. When the driver stopped there was another argument, the bouncer assuring Veronica that this trailer was actually hers. This argument was soon won by the bouncer seizing the keys from her purse and using them to unlock the door.

“Welp. Guess thiz *ish* mine,” Veronica mumbled, collapsing face first onto the shabby plaid couch just inside the doorway. Mercifully, reality receded almost as soon as her head hit the cushion.

Veronica didn't know which was worse: the pounding headache or the stiff, scratchy couch that scraped her body whenever she moved. No, it was the headache. Definitely the headache. It was like someone was bashing a rock on her brain. Her mouth was parched and tasted of bile. She had to push herself to a sitting position and make her way over to the sink on the kitchen side of the trailer in stages, pausing after every change of position to let the crashing headache subside. Eventually she made it and picked the first glass off the counter she could find, rinsing it before gulping mouthfuls of water. She froze, eyes closed, as her stomach protested. She gritted her teeth and eventually thought she had it under control, until the nausea came roaring back and she sped through the tiny trailer, slamming open both doors until she found the toilet. She hung over the bowl and heaved into it, before slumping down onto the floor.

Well, she felt a little better now. Good enough to open her eyes more than a crack, anyway. She pulled herself to her feet, brain still flickering back into awareness, no idea where she was. But when she saw the reflection of Candi's face appear in the mirror over the sink it all came flooding back. Fuck. She hoped she hadn't messed up this poor girl's life. It wasn't her fault that Leo was a grade A asshole. Candi's yellow blouse was poorly buttoned, nipples visible as two points sticking against the thin fabric. Her blonde hair was a frizzy mess and her eyes were red-rimmed and dark. She still smelled like stripper, the peculiar overpowering sweetness of Candi's body spray.

She brushed her teeth and tried to make herself more presentable. She found some expired ibuprofen, which helped dull the headache as she made her way through Candi's depressingly squalid trailer. The only food in the fridge was a half a loaf of stale bread, some leftover pizza, and an opened yogurt. Veronica chewed on the pizza, hoping it wasn't more than a few days old. She just needed something in her stomach to absorb the alcohol and take away the persistent dizziness. Veronica wondered whether the hangover would stay with her when she changed back into herself, or whether it would transfer to Candi.

Candi's phone was tucked into her purse, which Veronica had dropped onto the floor during her late night face plant onto the couch. She pulled it out and found a string of increasingly frantic messages from Candi asking where the hell she was. Veronica unlocked the phone with one manicured thumb, wondering how someone could be so physically perfect but have such a wreck of a life. She responded to Candi's texts with a brief: *sry. Got caught up. Meet now?*

Veronica collapsed onto the scratchy couch, her head between her hands as she waited for a response. It came less than a minute later: *Yes. Leo is out. Come over now.*

Veronica bristled at what seemed like a summons and almost shot back a response telling Candi to come to *her*. But she realized that the sooner she got out of this ratty place the better she'd feel. She agreed and managed to overcome her revulsion at the state of Candi's hair-covered sink enough to wash her face and swish some mouthwash (no way was she touching Candi's toothbrush). She primed her hair, brushing up her long, golden locks and fixing them into a gorgeous wave. She removed the copious amounts of stripper makeup. Candi didn't need all that. A little blush, some highlighter, some eye liner, and she was gorgeous. It was kind of fun making up this little Barbie doll body. She could see the appeal as she watched Candi's reflection blink back at her from the

mirror.

Her clothes were a mess so she unbuttoned the top and dropped it to the floor, pausing to admire her breasts. She'd seen them last night, but that was only in the course of her plan. She hadn't really had a chance to take a look at them from her new perspective. They hung heavy from her chest, perfect oblongs, each kissed with a little pink areola. Christ, some people had all the genetic luck.

Veronica posed for herself, turning to the side and gazing critically at her reflection. Though she didn't really have much to be critical of. Veronica grasped her breasts in each hand, fingers roaming over the plump softness. There was something so nice about the touch of her breasts, as if Candi's body was constantly on the edge of excitement, just waiting for a chance to grow hot and bothered. The warmth crept up from between Veronica's legs as she watched Candi fondle herself in the mirror. She held up her breasts and bounced them, admiring the firmness, the way they jiggled against each other when she let them swing back together. Her hands slid down her body, gliding along her creamy, smooth skin, admiring every soft curve as she unbuttoned her pants and let her hands make their way between her legs. She shimmied out of the jeans and then out of the thong that had been riding up her butt all night.

"Whoa," Veronica giggled when she saw Candi's pussy for the first time.

Candi was shaved bare, perfectly smooth, revealing only her enticing little entrance. Veronica slid one finger along her slit, tracing it. Veronica had never touched a completely waxed pussy before. Her light touch made her tremble slightly, cherry red lips parting in a light sigh of pleasure. Goddamn, Candi's body was sensitive, already buzzing with excitement. She hesitated a moment, unsure of whether she should be doing this to a stranger's body, but then figured she'd already done much worse the night before so what the hell? She dipped her finger inside herself, felt her nether lips open and grasp for her, felt her moistness growing. She began circling her finger around her opening, easily finding the hood of her clit, which was even now swelling to meet her. She bit her lip and glanced at herself in the mirror. Candi looked every inch the blonde lust object: lower lip bit, sky blue eyes wide, one hand cupping her own breast, fingers of the other twisting slowly inside her wet cunt.

Veronica's fingers moved faster inside her, pressing harder against her clit, growing quickly wetter, until the slippery sounds of her fingers inside herself hit her ears. Her breathing came faster, a breathy moan of desire. She threw back her head, closed her eyes and thrust her hips towards her hand, all of her fingers now sliding up and down her sopping wet pussy, before curling around and sliding up through her canal. She was so fucking wet, the tension there, just out of reach. She fingered herself harder, curling her fingers around inside herself to land on her dimpled nub, dropping her tit to place one hand on the basin so she could lean forward and spread her legs wide, fingering herself faster, deeper, until she came with a hitching moan, her entire body shaking as the tension snapped and pleasure poured through her.

The first orgasm wasn't enough. If anything her stupid bimbo body was even hornier. Her hand thrust up and down between her legs, covering her with her slick juices. The musky smell of her pussy filled her nose as the tension gripped her once more. She slid inside her slick pussy, pounding herself harder, her voice rising in pitch "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and then she shuddered and came hard, tits jiggling, ass wiggling, entire body throbbing as she thrust her hips towards her fingers and fingered herself as deep as she could, the pleasure of the orgasm blasting away the hangover.

When she was done she pulled her fingers out of herself and leaned on the basin, breathing heavily. She could feel herself dripping down her thigh, could smell the musky inviting scent of her wet pussy. She tossed her blonde hair back with a flick of her head and looked at Candi's face in the mirror.

"No wonder guys want you," she said to herself.

She cleaned herself off and went into Candi's bedroom, searching through the mess of clothes on the floor for something moderately clean. She could handle strapping on one of the bras she found on the floor, but she drew the line when she could find nothing other than some stripper thongs scattered here and there. Fuck it, she'd just go without panties. She shimmied into a tight-fitting pair of jeans—did Candi own any jeans that *didn't* fit tight to her body?—and returned to the living/dining/kitchen/lounge/study/entertainment room, ready to get the hell out of Candi's shitty little life.

There was no Uber app on Candi's phone, so Veronica resorted to calling a cab, trying to gauge her location from the map app on the phone and a peak out through the bent and broken blinds of the trailer to try to spot a road name or the name of this trailer park. She eventually pieced it together and waited inside the trailer for the cab to arrive. When it pulled up, she grabbed Candi's purse, jumped up and hurried out to meet it. The cabbie glanced appreciatively at her cleavage as he turned to her and asked her for her destination. She told him, and then spent the rest of the trip ignoring his attempts at conversation.

The driver looked amused when he turned into Veronica's neighborhood, a winding road with beautifully landscaped houses to either side, each grander than the next as they approached the top of the hill. He pulled up to the house—an immaculately kept three story house with panoramic views—and turned to her.

“Here we are,” he said, sounding very much like he was asking a question.

Veronica pulled out Candi's credit card and swiped it through the driver's card reader. Declined. She tried again. Decline. She huffed.

“I'll be right back with some money,” she said, sliding out of the car.

“I'll be here,” the driver said, no doubt watching her ass sway back and forth as she hurried up the steps and knocked on her own door.

The door opened and Veronica paused, the two women staring at each other. Candi was still wearing Veronica's gauzy nightgown.

“Well, good thing you came back,” Candi finally said, breaking the silence.

Veronica still couldn't get over seeing her own body moving and talking completely independent of her mind. Like watching a recording of herself, but in real life. Veronica gestured to the cab idling on the street.

“I need to pay for the ride,” Veronica said.

Candi peeked out and Veronica brushed past her. Her wallet was on the side table near the door where she usually put it—strange that Candi left it in the exact same place—and she grabbed her card before hurrying out to take care of the cab fare.

“So,” Veronica said, closing the front door behind her and turning to Candi, “Let's change back, huh?”

Candi nodded and accompanied Veronica through to the garage to retrieve the spell book from the trunk.

“How was your fiancée?” Candi asked.

Veronica thinned her lips. “He failed.”

“Oh. I'm, uh, I'm sorry.”

Veronica waved it away. “Not your fault. The fucker.”

She slammed the book down onto the counter and flipped through until she found the spell for the potion. She remade it with ingredients from her own bar as Candi told her about the events of last night. How she'd gone with Annie to the bar and partied with the group of friends for a couple of hours, laughing and playing pool before returning home and crashing asleep in bed with Leo.

“*With* Leo?” Veronica eyed her.

“Well, he was asleep in bed and I slept next to him. What? I should have slept on the couch or something?” Candi put her hands on her hips, challenging Veronica.

“Whatever. It's fine. Hair.” Veronica held out her hand.

Veronica plucked a hair from her head and Candi did the same. They dropped them into the cup, watched it boil up briefly and turn clear, then they both drank. The changes reversed themselves, Veronica's body growing leaner and taller, losing the Barbie look and resuming her dark-featured beauty. Her golden hair turned midnight black once again and fell down her shoulders in a straight cascade as her bust shrank and resumed its normal proportions, the bra loosening across her chest. It felt so good to be home.

Candi transformed as well, losing a few inches as her breasts inflated beneath the nightgown. Her hair lightened and curled, and her face lost the dangerously sexy curves and became once again soft and cute. Her brows furrowed and she rubbed her forehead, her complexion a little pale.

“Ohh, how much did you drink last night?” Candi asked.

“Sorry,” Veronica murmured, secretly glad she didn't have to deal with the hangover anymore.

“Anyway, you should go. I've got to meet Annie at the spa and, apparently, cancel my wedding.”

“Oh, ok. So, you'll see Annie today?”

“Yeah. Why?” Veronica raised a dark eyebrow.

“Well, um,” Candi looked away, “You should probably know that we kissed last night.”

“What?”

“We were drunk and she was so nice and funny and, you know, pretty, too.”

“Fuck. What were you thinking?”

“Hey, it wasn't my idea to swap bodies.” Candi exploded. “I didn't know a damn thing about you. Maybe you and Annie make out all the time! What did you do in my body, huh? And why do I have such a headache?”

“You're right. I'm sorry. Look, let's just change clothes and I'll give you a ride home.”

Veronica was eager to be done with the conversation before Candi questioned her too much on what *she'd* done last night. As they exchanged clothes Veronica told Candi the general story without going into specific details of what—or, in this case, who—she did while in Candi's body.

“Look,” Veronica concluded, after returning from her bedroom having just slipped back into her favorite Versace jeans and silky black top, “If I've jeopardized your job I'll pay you while you audition for another club, or whatever it is strippers do.”

Candi glanced around the spacious living room studded with fine art and expensive antiques, before settling her glare on Veronica. “Yeah, I'm sure me being unemployed will really put you out.”

Candi angrily picked up her purse from the table. Veronica heard a small clink, like two bottles knocking together and suppressed an urge to say anything. So what if she stole some of Veronica's good liquor? Let her have it and get her the fuck out of here.

The ride back to Candi's trailer park was awkward. *But at least*, Veronica thought as Candi slammed the door behind her, *that will be the last time I ever have to deal with her*.

Veronica leaned back in the salon chair and sighed as the assistants flitted about her. The hand massage was fine. The nail trim and polish was fine. Annie's company was fine. It was all just fine, tempered by the overbearing fact that her fiancée didn't love her.

"I always thought there was something about Leo I didn't trust," Annie said from the chair beside Veronica. "Even when you guys were first dating he always had a wandering eye."

"I should have listened to you."

"Yeah. I've got great asshole radar." She smiled a crooked grin at Veronica.

Annie's phone beeped with a message. She picked it up and read it, her brow briefly furrowing.

"Something wrong?" Veronica asked.

Annie looked at her. Her pale green eyes were slightly anxious and she paused briefly before she spoke. "No. Just...drama. How did you find out about Leo anyway?"

"I used my magic to keep an eye on him. I made a crystal ball and replayed his night with Ca-- that stripper."

It was half truth. Annie knew that Veronica had powers, she just didn't know exactly how strong they were. The most Veronica had admitted to so far—beyond the ability to get free refills—was the ability to change lead into gold, a gift that she'd willingly shared with her friend so they could both enjoy the lifestyles to which they'd become accustomed. She wanted to keep the extent of her powers secret, fearful of how people might react if they found there was a real life witch in their midst. Besides, it wasn't like she used magic all the time. Just when she needed to. She preferred to rely on her non-magical abilities to get through life.

Veronica also felt strange about admitting she'd swapped lives with someone else for a night and had sent her doppelganger out with Annie. It felt like playing a mean spirited trick on her friend. What would Annie think if she knew she'd been hanging out with a stranger all night? No, better just to make something up.

The two women sat in silence as Annie silently replied to her text message. Veronica started to say something but a brief, dull headache made her grimace. Annie had some more back and forth with her texts and then put down her phone.

"What were we talking about?" Annie asked. "Oh yeah, Leo. I didn't want to say anything but I knew he was trouble when you guys first met at...which bar did you two meet at again?"

Veronica opened her mouth to respond when another brief headache flared up. It, too, disappeared quickly. She went to answer Annie's question but realized suddenly that she didn't know the answer. She could vaguely remember a dark club with a heavy, vibrating bass playing. She'd been up on stage, topless, her blonde hair curling down her shoulders when-- But no, that wasn't right. She'd never been blonde. Or onstage topless. That seemed to be Candi's memory.

"I-- I can't remember. Guess I drank too much last night," Veronica finally responded, hoping Annie didn't hear the quiver in her voice.

What the fuck was going on? Was it a side effect of the swap potion? Maybe she really should have translated the whole warning before she did it. She never was one to be careful.

"Yeah, guess so." Annie's lips quirked up in a slight smile, but she still looked worried.

"Look, about what we did last night..." Veronica began. "I don't want you to think that our kiss was--"

Annie waved it away. "I know, I know. We were drunk. I just, you know, last night, the bar. It just made me remember our time together in college. That night on the rooftops we kissed. Remember?"

That strange, quick headache made itself felt once again. When it was over Veronica searched her memory but couldn't remember any night in the dorms. Hell, she couldn't remember being in college, much less a dorm. She'd dropped out of high school and started stripping-- No, there were Candi's memories again.

Shaken at the loss of her memory, Veronica nodded and lied. "I remember."

Annie's phone went off again. She picked it up and responded, biting her lower lip in thought. By now the salon girls had nearly finished their feet. When Annie put her phone down she looked over at Veronica.

"Shall we go?"

"Let's get out of here." Veronica agreed.

They gathered their things, strolled to the front and paid, then pushed open the door out to the sun drenched sidewalk.

"Hey," Annie said, "You seem a little lost about this whole Leo thing. I don't blame you. Want to head back to your place and talk about it?"

"I think-- I'd really rather have some time alone. I need to go home and-- think about things."

Veronica needed to get back to her spell book and figure out what the hell was going on with her memories. If this was a byproduct of the swapping potion she needed to fix it immediately.

"I'll come with you. You always said you did your best thinking by bouncing ideas off me."

Veronica couldn't remember that. She couldn't remember if Annie was always so insistent. But she trusted Annie, so she reluctantly agreed.

When Veronica arrived at her house, she pushed the button to raise the garage door and was surprised to find that Leo's gray Audi was there. He was supposed to be at work. Something strange was going on. By now, though, Annie had parked in the driveway and Veronica couldn't leave. She drove into the garage next to Leo's car and hurried out to join Annie in the driveway.

"Oh, god, Leo's home," she gasped.

Annie took her hand and gave it a quick squeeze. "Confront him. Get it out of the way now, otherwise it's just going to eat you up." Annie's eyes were hard.

"Wow, girl, *I'm* usually the confrontational one."

Annie shrugged. The two made their way in through the front door, Veronica leading the way. She burst open the door, ready to stalk Leo through the house and unleash her anger. But she was caught short when she found Leo in the foyer waiting for her, standing calmly against one of the decorative

pillars.

“Hey, Veronica,” he grinned.

“Don't 'Hey Veronica' me, you asshole,” Veronica hissed.

It was the first time she'd seen Leo since she'd left the stripper's body and her anger came rushing out. She rushed over to slap him but he grabbed her arm, that self-satisfied little smile never leaving his face. She raised her other arm and he grabbed that one, too. His grip was like steel and she struggled in his grasp. This close up she saw that his eyes had a strange, yellow glow about them.

“Annie, help!” She shouted as she struggled against Leo.

“I don't think so. *Candi*.” Annie replied from behind her.

Veronica, stunned, paused in her struggles. “What?”

Annie came up to the side of Leo and glared at Veronica. “Did you think you could fool us? You think you could just steal my friend's life? She's a witch, bitch, and you're just a dumb stripper.”

“No, Annie, I'm Veronica.”

A familiar high pitched voice spoke up from Veronica's other side. “I told you she was convincing.”

Veronica, still caught in Leo's grip, turned her head, her black hair flying. Candi stood in the doorway, her blonde tresses cascading down her shoulders. She was dressed in a loose fitting white t-shirt and cut off jean shorts, and she had her hands behind her back.

“Candi?” Veronica gaped.

Candi giggled mirthlessly. “You can drop the act. They know all about you stealing my body. The trade was only supposed to last for one night but you broke our agreement, didn't you?”

“What-? Candi I-” Veronica appealed to Annie and Leo, “Baby. Annie, she's lying. *I'm* the real Veronica.”

“Bullshit.” Annie hissed. “I quizzed you, remember? You couldn't remember where you met your fiancée or anything that happened in college.”

“She must have stolen my memories. You have to believe me.” Veronica had ceased to struggle in Leo's grip.

“I told you she was a tricky one,” Candi said, approaching them.

Now Candi brought her hands out from behind her back. In one hand was a cup, the liquid a dark green. Veronica started struggling again.

“No. No!”

“Hold her,” Candi commanded.

Leo pulled her close and spun her around, pinning her arms by her sides. Candi snagged a single strand of black hair and plucked it painfully from Veronica's head. She dropped it into the glass and the liquid bubbled then turned clear. Candi drank and then grabbed Veronica's cheek. She forced Veronica's mouth open and poured the liquid in before clapping her hand over Veronica's mouth and holding her nose. Veronica struggled but eventually was forced to swallow the liquid so she could draw a breath.

Leo released her, and he and Annie stared as the changes began. Veronica's body shrank slightly as her bust and ass took on Candi's ridiculous proportions, her skin wriggling as her face became soft

and gentle, with plump lips and big blue doe eyes. She looked up to see her old body across the room, now hand in hand with Annie. There was a wicked smile on her face. Leo stood apart, just staring blankly at Veronica, his eyes still with that slight golden glow.

"Thank you so much, Annie, I knew I could count on you," Candi said, then leaned over and kissed Annie.

Annie paused for a second, then kissed her back, her hand slipping around Veronica's limber form as they made out, their breaths going deeper as their tongues sought each other out. They soon pulled away, both breathing hard. Candi caressed Annie's cheek.

"I didn't realize how much I loved you until you saved me," Candi said.

Veronica was on the verge of tears. "You can't steal my life!" She stamped her foot in impotent rage.

Annie ignored her and spoke to Candi. "How can we be sure she won't make another potion and try again?"

"She can't, my sweet," Candi kissed Annie on the forehead, then turned to Veronica. "I read the fine print on the spell. If it's taken three times in twenty four hours the change is permanent."

"Annie! Leo!" Veronica pleaded. But Annie glared at her, and Leo didn't respond, that far away look still on his face.

"Now Candi," Candi said, "Let me walk you out."

Candi slipped out of Annie's embrace and put a hand on Veronica's back, ushering her to the front door. Veronica was stunned into inaction and let herself be led outside. Strangely, she didn't seem to want to fight. When they got to the porch, Candi turned to Annie.

"I just want to have a last word with her."

"Will you be okay?"

"Oh, yes, she can't do anything to me now."

Candi closed the door behind them and smiled at Annie. "Fuck, girl, that was almost too easy."

"What did you--? Why?" Veronica stared at Candi.

"I admit, giving up my body was hard, especially for this," Candi motioned down at herself and grimaced, her sharp nose wrinkling. "But your life for mine? That's no contest. Look at this place. Besides, now I can use your magic to change my body in any way I want."

"Your life for mine?" Veronica asked. She felt in a daze. She knew she should be angry, but the anger just wouldn't come.

Candi tossed her black hair back and crossed her arms. "I don't understand why you were so hesitant to use magic. Hell, I was in your body for less than a day and I looked through just about every spell book I could find. Made a few potions for later. How do you think I stole your memories? Don't worry, I gave you mine. You should have read the fine print. And your fiancée..." Candi rolled her eyes. "He was a total ass. Even *I* could see it. But not anymore. Now he's my obedient little slave, thanks to your magic."

Veronica reached up to grab Candi, intending to strangle her, to hurt her, to do *something*. But her arms froze halfway up, refusing to go any nearer. Candi's smile grew wider.

"I told you. You can't hurt me. You should have used your magic while you had it. Now be a good little stripper and go home to your new life. You can wait out on the street for your cab."

Candi slapped Veronica on her ass and Veronica found her body walking down the steps and out to the street. With each step the memories of her former life dissolved, replaced with Candi's memories. By the time she reached the street her old life had completely vanished from her mind. She turned back to look at the magnificent house where she'd spent the night. She had an extra five hundred dollars in her bank account and several hours until she had to be at the club. She was a little jealous of the big house and nice life that she got to briefly enjoy, but there was no sense in wanting what she could never have.

Epilogue

Candi closed the door behind her and rushed into Annie's arms. Annie was so soft, and her body fitted perfectly against Candi's own like they were made for each other. Annie tasted like cinnamon and spice, her tongue slipping in to tease Candi into a state of low arousal. They pulled back, still clutching each other, forehead to forehead, staring into each other's eyes.

“What about him?” Annie asked, nodding towards Leo.

“What do you want to do with him? He's a snake, but he's our snake. Why don't we put him to work on lunch while we go upstairs?”

That's just what they did. Leo obeyed unquestioningly as the two women went upstairs to the bedroom, giggling like schoolgirls. Candi pinched Annie's butt, and Annie turned to swat at her playfully. They fell onto the bed, arms wrapped around each other, hungry mouths exploring each other, kissing urgently. Candi opened her mouth and sucked on Annie's warm tongue, her hand coming down between Annie's legs. She could feel the heat even through Annie's jeans, and she squirmed as Candi stroked her.

Annie rolled off her and they flung their clothes off with reckless abandon before joining their bodies once more. They lay beside each other, Candi propping herself up on one arm as she kissed her way along the light trail of freckles across Annie's nose, down her chin and the nape of her neck. Annie released a stuttering sigh of desire, growing antsy beneath Candi's firm kisses. She stroked Candi's body, gently teasing Candi's strawberry pink nipples until they stood erect.

Annie was so soft, so delicate and yet so strong. It was so wonderful to feel her light fingers sliding across Candi's stolen skin. Men were always so rough, grabbing her tits like they were the handlebars of a bike, squeezing almost painfully in their intensity. Annie was softer, teasing Candi's body into a slow arousal that was much more pleasing for the anticipation. It was why Candi had always preferred women.

She felt Annie's hand slip in between her legs, fingers following her opening as she grew slick. She paused, eyes closed, as Annie's tiny fingers slipped briefly inside her, stroking her budding clit before retreating. Annie rolled Candi onto her back and kissed her way down Veronica's slender body. Candi gazed down at her stolen form. Veronica's body wasn't so bad, really. Tight and firm, her breasts small but sensitive. The nipples already risen to twin peaks. She stroked Annie's hair as Annie suckled Candi's breasts gently, tongue circling the little nipple. Candi sucked in a breath as Annie took her nipple between her teeth and nipped gently. Fuck, those little nipples needed sucking. She grabbed her other breast, exploring the foreign curves as she wrapped her hand around it, finding her new nipple and squeezing gently between thumb and forefinger. Light pulses of pain spurted through her, mixing with the heat coming up from between her legs to cause her body to wriggle and moan.

Annie moved lower, until her mouth was between Candi's thighs, just above Candi's wet heat, lips hovering so close Candi could feel her hot breath on her body. She kissed her way slowly down, following the line of Candi's slit, gently licking but never sliding inside. Not yet. She teased Candi's body and Candi spread her legs, pressing her head back into the pillows, hands still working across

her new breasts. When Annie finally slipped her tongue inside Candi's pussy it set off a roaring inferno inside her new body, the delightful anticipation snapping briefly in a warm burst of pleasure, before beginning to ratchet up again. Veronica's body was aching, building to a crest as Annie's tongue lapped at her, growing harder, deeper, pressing up against her clit. Candi moaned, a throaty growl of deep desire. Annie brought up her hand and Candi felt two fingers pressing gently against her opening. Annie slipped inside, fingers curving perfectly through Candi's wet canal, thrusting slowly and in time with Annie's tongue.

Candi's moans grew louder. God, she was dripping wet. Annie's fingers were deep, deep inside, her broad tongue undulating against her swollen clit. And then Annie's fingers curled around and hit Candi's dimpled center and the orgasm unexpectedly exploded through her. She cried out "Oh, fuuuck," as she came, fingers digging into her sensitive breasts, wringing every last drop of pleasure from her stolen body.

Annie paused briefly while Candi crested and came, then resumed, her tongue slipping against Candi's clit, tasting her again, as her fingers returned. Candi could smell herself, the delicious acrid smell of her wet pussy even as the wet sounds of Annie's fingers inside her hit her ears. The next orgasm was quicker, more intense, and Candi cried out again. This time Annie didn't let up, pushing Candi's pleasure to new heights as she exploded, the orgasm curling her toes and making her howl. Her entire body had been wound up like a rubber band and snapped, the pleasure coursing through her and whiting out the room.

When her vision returned she gazed down between her legs and found Annie's face looking up at her. Her chin and cheeks were glazed with Candi's wetness and there was an intense smile on her face.

"My turn," she growled.

Candi nodded weakly. They spent the rest of the week in bed together, Leo dutifully serving them in between orgasms. It sure as hell beat dancing on stage.

###



F2F BODY SWAP

COMPACT
Mirrors

COMPACT

MWILTS

Compact Mirrors

Ellie

“Happy birthday, Ellie,” Jeff said, kissing me on the cheek before placing a small, poorly wrapped present on the table in front of me.

“Oh, Jeff, thanks but I told you no presents,” I reprimanded him gently.

Jeff's budget was as meager as mine. Most of our money went to our respective college tuition and rents. I knew he didn't have a lot left over and many nights we'd dined on Cup of Noodles. Even tonight, for my birthday, I hadn't been able to scrounge up much for a celebration. Not that I wanted a big party (or even knew enough people to *invite* for a big party). I was happy just to spend the evening watching movies in my sparsely furnished apartment with my two closest friends, eating cheap Chinese takeaway and day old chocolate cake from the grocery store bakery that had been marked down.

I was touched by Jeff's thoughtfulness with the present but also conflicted. He was funny and kind and cute in a film geek kind of way, and though we'd known each other for months we'd only been officially dating for a few weeks. I liked being with him, but love? I wasn't sure. I suspected he loved me and that just made it more awkward. My uncertainty had been building up for a couple days but I had yet to gather up the nerve to open up the discussion. I'd always been non-confrontational and he was the first person I'd ever really dated. Maybe this was how I was supposed to feel this early in a relationship?

Jeff sat up in the high backed wooden chair and shrugged with a gentle smile. “I saw this and thought of you.”

“Aww,” Charlie said, playfully punching Jeff's shoulder before turning to me. “Come on, open it!” she cheered, clapping her hands together.

I looked at Charlie with a half smile. Her hazel eyes were locked on mine, crinkled in happiness. She pushed back the sleeves of her sweater, revealing trim golden arms, before propping her elbows up on the table, resting her cheek on her palms. Her long, chocolate colored hair draped down the side of her face in waves.

I picked up Jeff's present. It was lightweight and fit neatly in the palm of my hand. It was wrapped up with newspaper comic strips, obviously Jeff's own wrapping. I slid my finger beneath the tape and gently tugged the paper open. Inside was a beautiful compact mirror of mid-century modern design, silver and elegantly simple with a stylized 'S' across the top in pale rose.

“It's gorgeous,” I whispered in awe.

Jeff knew I had an affinity for this type of sixties mod design, though I couldn't afford much of it. The compact had a satisfying heft for something so small. I flipped it open. The mirror was pristine, reflecting back my long, thin face, freckled nose and bushy black eyebrows. I took a second to adjust my coal black bangs to curl down over my forehead just so.

“*You're* gorgeous,” Jeff said, leaning forward to kiss my cheek.

“Awww,” Charlie said again, making doe eyes at Jeff. She held her hands out eagerly to me, “Let me see! Let me see!”

I handed it to Charlie and she flipped it over, examining it from every angle.

“I hope you didn't spend too much,” I said.

“No, no,” Jeff said, taking my hand and stroking the back of my hand with his thumb. “I got it at a yard sale last weekend. I saw it and thought of you. There were actually two of them but this high school girl had just bought the other one.”

I blushed at Jeff's intense attention and looked down, stroking the little stud in my nose nervously. The stud was the only thing left of my brief goth period in high school. Back then it had been a big black ring, but I'd replaced it with a much simpler sparkly turquoise stud.

Charlie was now eyeing herself in the mirror, fluffing out her hair and peering at her reflection critically. She glanced up at Jeff briefly as he kissed me again, then returned to primping herself. I knew it was hard for Charlie seeing herself in the mirror. She'd confided in me that she always felt self-conscious, like someone would see her in the wrong light, or her makeup wouldn't conceal her male features enough and they'd know she was a trans woman with all the social baggage that entails. To anyone else Charlie seemed bubbly and happy, but I could see the little frown of worry as she primped. I gently took the compact from her hands.

“You're beautiful, Charlie,” I assured her.

“Seriously,” Jeff agreed, “You're the most put together woman I know.” He turned to me. “No offense, Ellie.”

I shrugged. “None taken. I can't even remember if I put on deodorant today.”

Jeff and Charlie laughed, Charlie's eyes again flicking to Jeff. Did he know she liked him? I mean, it was obvious to me, but guys were so obtuse sometimes. At any rate, it would have made things so much easier if he liked her as much as she liked him. Then I could avoid all the messy confrontation I was more and more sure would have to occur sometime before my relationship with Jeff got serious. Was it already serious? I was caught in an eddy of indecision, flipping back and forth on what to do. It was so much easier when we all moved into the cramped living room to watch a movie and I could just sit alone with my thoughts without having to talk.

When the movie ended, Charlie politely—reluctantly?—excused herself and went home, leaving Jeff and me alone. I walked him to the door and when he leaned forward to kiss me I kissed him back. There was no denying he tasted nice, and I let his tongue circle my mouth as we clung together. I finally broke it off and put my hand on his chest.

“Goodnight,” I said.

“Goodnight.”

I was no closer to figuring out how to handle everything the next morning when I woke up. My first class was early and I was late, as usual. I blearily got ready, picking out a cute green skirt with black leggings and boots, then brushed my hair and held it in place with a green band the same color as my skirt. I went for my phone on the nightstand where I usually kept it, then remembered that it had been stolen two days ago—happy birthday to me!—so just grabbed my backpack off the floor. I threw the little compact mirror into the backpack along with some makeup, intending to make myself presentable on the go. Then I was out the door and speed walking to Psych 101.

I met Charlie outside class. She had on a cute pink shirt, over which she'd thrown a lightweight vest,

and tight jeans. I joined her and we jogged up the stairs and in to class together. We took a seat near the back just as the professor clicked on the PowerPoint on and began talking. I slipped the little compact mirror out of my bag and prepared to surreptitiously do my makeup. But when I popped open the compact and looked in, I saw the face of another woman. I had just enough time to register that she was young and blonde and incredibly gorgeous when my stomach lurched and the world seemed to revolve.

Suddenly I was in the passenger seat of a car. The compact mirror—or an identical one—was in one hand, a soft black blush brush in the other. The hands holding the two were long and petite, with screamingly bright pink nails. My face—my real face, freckled and dark haired—was in the mirror looking just as startled as I felt and I dropped the compact mirror with a little yelp. It clapped shut and bounced down into the crevice between the seat and the gear shift box at the same time as the little pad of blush sitting in my lap fell to the floor.

Someone—a girl—was talking a mile a minute “...so Mark thinks Lisa's hot but Mark is soooo lame I can't believe she'd like him but I think maybe she does but I think maybe not, too, you know? Because the other day...”

She kept blabbering about people I didn't know as I stared down into my lap. I was wearing some kind of white skirt and a sleeveless top, both of which showed off much more skin than I was comfortable with. Especially skin that was so obviously not my own. The skirt was cut short enough to reveal bare, golden thigh, while the top hugged a trim body with some impressive cleavage that I gaped into. My feet were clad in matching white sandals, the toes painted the same sickeningly pink color of my fingernails. Golden waves of hair fell down each shoulder.

I scrambled for the compact but it had dropped too far down in the tiny space next to the middle console. Now the driver had paused her monologue and was looking at me.

“Oh no, Summer, what happened?”

I looked up at her. She was young as well, probably a senior in high school, with perfectly coiffed coffee brown hair glinting with gold highlights. She had a lovely face (though with too much makeup) and was dressed similarly to me in a too-cute skirt and sleeveless top. She looked like one of the popular girls in high school. The kind that terrified me. Moved in packs. Always put together and perfect.

“My mirror...I dropped it,” My voice was slightly different, higher pitched, more, I don't know, buoyant somehow.

“And your makeup!”

I reached between my legs and grabbed the seat lever, scooting the seat back until I could slide my hand down into the crevice where the compact sat. I just managed to grab the compact between two fingers and pulled it out. It looked exactly the same as the one Jeff had given me for my birthday: silver with a stylized 'S' in rose metal. I flipped it open expecting to, I don't know, go back to my body I guess. But I was instead greeted by my new reflection. A gorgeous slender face stared back at me, framed by golden tresses, the ruby red lips dropped open in an 'o' of surprise. Perfectly plucked dark eyebrows arched over wide sky blue eyes. My face was slender, perfectly composed with delicate features and the most exquisite cheekbones. The nose was finely sculpted with a slight upturn at the tip. Jesus, I'd become some horny teenager's wet dream. And worse, I had no idea how to get back to my own body.

I tried opening and closing the mirror several times but no luck. The blonde face stubbornly refused to change. By now we were pulling into the parking lot of a high school and the brunette in the driver's seat shot me a confused look.

“What are you doing, Summer?” Her voice had the incredibly annoying valley girl lilt at the end.

I snapped the mirror shut. "I need to go home. I think I'm going to be sick."

"No way, babe, you're gorgeous. You're still, like, a million times the prettiest."

Did she think I was going to be sick about my appearance? I guess she was right, just not in the way she thought. It was a telling clue about the person I'd become.

She drove through the parking lot in a series of lurches that made my stomach twist, pulling into her parking spot and missing the truck in the space next to her by inches.

"Oh, god," I said, clutching the handle above the window.

"Oh no! I'm really, really sorry. I'm working on my driving. I can do better. I promise!" She babbled obsequiously, looking at me with huge frightened eyes.

"No. It's okay. I'm fine. Just a little...weird today."

The girl—and I really did need to find out her name—nodded uncertainly. We both opened the door and got out. I walked around to the back of her car, which was a brand new baby blue Miata with the license plate 'DADZGIRL'. Ugh. The other girl hurried around to meet me, proffering an impossibly tiny pink backpack that looked more like a purse than anything that could hold textbooks. I took it from her and slid the compact mirror inside on top of the makeup that filled the rest of the bag. I slung it over my shoulders and we both started walking towards the school.

I didn't really see what choice I had but to pretend to be this Summer girl I'd become. I would just make myself look crazy if I said I was an impostor in her body. I—the old me—didn't have a phone so there was no way to contact her. Me. Whatever. If Summer had ended up in my body then she would be missing memories of my life, too, so she wouldn't even have my email. I would just get through this day at school and then try to get over to my dorm later tonight to try to fix this. I could do one day as a perky cheerleader. Right?

"So," the other girl began as we crossed the parking lot, "what do you think we should do about Lisa and Mark?"

"Who? Oh, I don't care."

"Really? Yesterday you were being so funny about Mark and Lisa. The horse and rider, remember? Because Lisa's face makes her look like a horse and Mark wants to ride her? Hilarious!"

"What does Lisa think about that?" I was overwhelmed with all this. Names of people I didn't know doing things I didn't care about. And I was starting to get the feeling that Summer was kind of a bitch.

The other girl screwed up her face in utter confusion. "Uh, I don't know. Oh my god, do you think Kayla told Lisa what you said? That would be hilarious."

"You and I have a different definition of hilarious," I mumbled.

"Huh?"

"Nothing. Never mind. Can you stop talking for a minute?"

She shut her mouth and nodded and we walked up to the school entrance in silence. She didn't seem to mind me telling her to shut up. In fact, she hurried ahead of me and pushed open the door, eager to serve. As soon as I stepped inside I was greeted by a group of about five girls, all similarly dressed and made up as the two of us. Which is to say, too little and too much respectively.

"Summer! Summer!" They shouted as they fussed and fawned over me, forming a semi-circle around me, complimenting my hair and my nails.

The girl who had driven me was being shoved to the back of the pack but I turned and grabbed her arm, pulling her up to walk beside me. I needed some stability and hers was the only other face that had been with me since my appearance. She beamed as if she'd just won the lottery and the other girls glommed onto her, taking her sudden reversal of popularity in stride.

"I love your earrings, Lucy," one said.

Lucy. That was the name of the girl who'd driven me. Great.

I walked slowly through the hall, letting Lucy lead me. I assumed we all had the same classes together. If not, this was about to get really weird. I mean, weirder than it already was, which was a lot. It wasn't just the gaggle of girls around me, it was also the way the other students we passed treated us. I sensed some of the guys giving me shy glances. Their eyes were on me. I'd never been the center of attention before and it was startling. But before I could even take that in, a deep male voice called out my name:

"Hey, Summer. I missed you."

I turned and saw him leaning against a locker, exuding confidence. He was tall and broad shouldered, with a square jaw and an easy smile. He wore a school letterman jacket, and it was stretched across a vastly muscular chest. He was rugged and handsome. Like a cowboy. Or a movie star. Or some combination of the two. Like something out of *my* wet dream.

The girls around me had paused, leaving a respectful distance between us. I suspected this was Summer's boyfriend. Probably the quarterback of the team or some shit based on what I'd learned of her life so far. I moved cautiously towards him and he nonchalantly pushed himself off the lockers. He towered over me. Reaching out a hand he stroked my cheek and brought our lips together. I could feel the power running through him in our kiss. His tongue brushed against my lips, urging me to open my mouth but I refused. Yeah he was hunky but I didn't even know the guy. After a few seconds he pulled back.

"Did you miss me?" His bass voice seemed to reverberate through my petite body.

Hold it together, Ellie. What would a queen bee of the school say to him?

"Not as much as you missed this," I gestured to my body in a way that I hoped was suitably sassy.

His eyes flicked down to my breasts and he grabbed my waist in both hands, nuzzling my neck.

"You know I did."

"Uh uh." I pushed him away, which took some doing, both because of his size and because I really *really* didn't want him to stop kissing me like that. His breath was hot on the nape of my neck, and then he straightened. He looked down at me with big puppy dog eyes, his hands still on my waist.

"You'll mess up my makeup," I said, flustered.

"Girls and their makeup." He rolled his eyes.

The bell rang, saving me from any further conversation. In a flash of inspiration I said, "But I will let you walk me to class."

He held out his hand and I took it. His massive fingers enveloped my dainty digits, but he was surprisingly gentle. I followed him through the halls and down to one of the classrooms. A few of the girls in the group had peeled off, but Lucy and two others remained and looked as if they were going into the same classroom I was.

Romeo—and damn I really needed to find out the name of Summer's boyfriend—kissed the back of my hand and surprised me by saying "Adieu mon amour" in a passable French accent. So cheesy.

But also kind of cute.

I strode into class, Lucy and the others following right behind. Most of the seats were already filled and based on the way Lucy and the other two girls split off and took seats scattered around the room, I figured there must be assigned seats. That left me with a puzzle. There were three seats to choose from. I moved slowly. Another student rushed in and took one of the seats just before the bell rang. I looked at the students near the two remaining empty seats. A tall, lanky kid sat in front of one of the seats. He glanced at me with a bored look and nodded when he saw me looking at him. I took it as a sign and slipped into the seat behind him. Nobody said anything so I figured I was right.

The teacher began going through the lesson. It turned out to be an English Lit class. I'd aced it in high school, so I was able to zone out while the teacher droned on about symbolism in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It was the first time I'd had a chance to sit and really consider what had happened. I was very clearly in someone else's body, and I assumed Summer was in mine. Or there could have been some sort of clone of myself in this body and my real body was moving around like normal with no one the wiser. Or maybe my real body died and I was Summer forever? Okay, don't go there. Assume I could find my body again, then what? I was sure it had something to do with the compact mirror. Jeff had said there had been two of them at the yard sale. They must be connected. Was it as simple as looking into it? Then why hadn't I swapped back the second time I'd looked in it?

Just to be sure, I slipped the mirror out of my bag. Holding it down by my leg and out of view of everyone else, I flipped it open. Summer's reflection stared back at me. I snapped it closed and dropped it back into my bag. I propped my elbow on the desk and leaned my head in my hands. This close I could smell the sweet strawberry hand lotion Summer used. I stroked a hand through my long hair. It was incredibly silky smooth. My own hair, in contrast, had been coarser and a little more knotted. I wouldn't be surprised to find Summer used eight different hair care products to keep her hair so soft. Such a high maintenance body.

The teacher, a matronly woman in a bright floral dress, had been talking about the play for a little while and at this point she stopped and threw out a question to the class, "What do you think the tempest symbolized in the play?"

There was awkward silence around the room. God, this was so boring. Just to break the silence I raised my hand.

"Yes, Summer?"

"It represents the suffering that Prospero went through and mirrors the time when he was put out to sea. It's sort of like the symbol of his power and his anger."

The teacher looked at me in a way that I could only interpret as surprise. "Very good, yes..."

She moved to the blackboard and began jotting down various other symbols in the play. I figured Summer would have never voluntarily answered the question but, fuck it, I was here and she wasn't. Maybe having all those girls stroke my ego was boosting my confidence?

The rest of the day passed in much the same way. I surprised teachers by actually responding correctly in class, even volunteering to speak. In between classes and during lunch the other cheerleaders clustered around me at the table as if seeking words of wisdom from on high. I refused to be drawn in on gossip, though, partly because I had no idea who these people were, but mostly because, frankly, I wasn't a mean girl.

I was glad that I kept Lucy close. It turned out she wasn't into being mean either. She was actually a pretty, quietly confident girl. The real Summer would have chewed her up.

It was all going very well until school ended. I followed Lucy through the halls but grew worried as I realized we weren't going towards the parking lot. I grew even more worried as we headed out to the sidelines of the football field and were soon joined by the other cheerleaders. Fuck me. Cheer practice.

When everyone was gathered round, the coach, an aging blonde, looked at me. "Summer, you want to take us through the routine?"

"Umm," I hesitated as twenty pairs of eyes turned to me, "I'm not feeling great. I think I need a few minutes. Woman's trouble, you know. Why doesn't Lucy do it?"

The coach frowned and Lucy beamed. "I can do it!"

I sat on the bench and watched the routine, concentrating as hard as I could on what I was supposed to be doing. Fortunately, it was early in the season so they hadn't gotten to the complicated stuff yet. But still, it was way more splits and cartwheels than I'd done since I was a kid. I was able to join them on the third go round, and was pleasantly surprised at the athleticism of my body. Summer's body was limber and elegant in motion, her legs were lean and muscular, propelling me up into the air in graceful arcs. By the end of practice I was exhausted but I think I had a slight handle on the routine. My optimism was destroyed when the coach gathered us all up for the final pep talk.

"Good job tonight, ladies. Nice work there, Lucy. Summer, I hope you're feeling better in time for the game tomorrow." After a little more talk she let us go, but I was still dwelling on the fact that there was a game tomorrow. With any luck I'd be out of Summer's body before I had to perform.

My football quarterback boyfriend, Ben—I'd discovered his name during lunch time gossip and, yes, obviously he was the quarterback—caught up with me as I was leaving the field.

"Hey, Summer, you want a ride home?"

He was wearing a tight t-shirt that clung to his rippling pecs and he slipped a muscular arm around my waist. He smelled sweaty but in a nice way. A hard working man and his body was comforting. How could I say no?

Ben drove me to Summer's home, which turned out to be a sprawling McMansion surrounded by well kept green grass and carefully trimmed trees. We talked on the way, a lot about football, but also easing into the state of the world. He was surprisingly intelligent and well-spoken with a boyish charm, completely upending my idea of him as a dumb jock. Plus, you know, hunky. So when he leaned in to kiss me before letting me out of the car I kissed him back. He was warm and solid, and I let my hands clutch his hard pecs. This time I did open my mouth and sucked his tongue inside, tasting his heat. His fingers slid through my hair and he pressed me close, our kisses growing faster, more urgent. An ember of desire flared between my legs and I reluctantly pulled away from him.

"I'll see you tomorrow," I said, climbing out of his truck.

"I'll dream about you tonight," he replied. Cheesy, yeah, but it also gave me another little warm thrill.

I hurried inside the house. It was empty except for a maid finishing the vacuuming downstairs. My heart was fluttering like mad and my thoughts were all over the place. I still felt the ghost of Ben's touch on my face and wished I could have let him do more. Rushing upstairs, I eventually found what must have been Summer's bedroom: a girly monstrosity decorated with yellows and pale pinks. It was huge. A vanity stood in an alcove, cluttered with more makeup than I would normally use in a year. A giant king sized bed took up one wall, covered by a daffodil yellow comforter.

I quickly locked the door and threw myself onto the bed. I knew this was someone else's body, but

Christ I was so horny. I slid one hand beneath my top and grasped a warm breast as the other hiked up the hem of my skirt. I squeezed Summer's gentle breast with one hand, fingers sliding across her slick warm skin. Yanking up my top, her tit fell down across my chest. Perfectly sculpted, of course, like everything about her. And big. I gathered it up in one hand, toying with the pale pink nipple as I grew flush with heat. My other hand pulled my panties aside and my fingers followed the coarse pubic hair across my entrance.

I was burning up. Maybe it was the hormones, or the stress, or the thought of Ben, but I was so unbelievably horny. My fingers slid up and down my nether lips, sinking in gently and caressing my pleasure button. Summer's pussy lips wrapped around my fingers and I clutched my heavy tit in my other hand, drawing a sigh from my lips. I spread my legs, two fingers pressing down on my clit, circling faster and faster as I played with my perfect breasts. My breath came faster, little moans escaping my lips as the heat blasted through me. It didn't even matter anymore that this was someone else's body; I had a desperate desire for release.

I was so fucking hot and I paused just long enough to yank off my top and kick off my panties, throwing both to the floor. I couldn't be bothered with taking off the skirt. I stared down in awe at Summer's body. Somehow this golden, long-limbed form was mine. These massive, round breasts, mine. The creamy thighs, the aching pussy, the delicate little toes. Mine, mine, mine.

I slid my fingers back inside myself writhing and moaning as I once again found my clit. Summer's pussy was hot and wet and oh-so-sensitive. I gazed down at myself as I made Summer clutch her breast again, fingers squeezing her soft, youthful skin. I slipped into myself, gliding into her wonderful wetness. Fuck, her body was so responsive. My pussy lips wrapped around my fingers and I thrust deeper into my warm wetness, the walls of my canal clutching my fingers tight. I fingered myself harder, needing to drive deeper, imagining Ben on top of me, tasting me, inside me. My fingers continued circling, exploring my wet folds, driving the heat higher and higher. And then I came, crying out, driving my fingers in fast and clutching my heavy breast as Summer's orgasm filled me. I spread my legs and welcomed my fingers inside as the pleasure filled me, the sound of my wetness hitting my ears as I continued to stroke, slowing as the pleasure ebbed, until I was pleasantly tired and warm with endorphins.

And that's when the doorbell rang.

Summer

I had never, ever been so grossed out and totally disgusted as when I found myself in this girl's body. Seriously, it was like a freak show. Her hair was really tangled and just, like, not even cared for. I could grab a hunk of her stomach in one hand. I don't think she was wearing any makeup, which was a pity because, ew, freckles? And don't even get me started on her breasts. Tiny little things.

But that was all stuff I realized later. The first thing I did after finding myself in some sort of big classroom hall type thing was scream. Everyone turned to look at me but right then I didn't care. This brunette next to me calmed me down. Shushing me and calling me by someone else's name. Who the hell was Ellie?

The brunette—I later found out her name was Charlie—led me out of class and talked me down. She wanted me to go to the doctor but I wasn't crazy or anything. I knew I wasn't this Ellie person. I wanted to call my real body but I didn't even have a phone. Charlie took me to her dorm room and calmed me down some more by letting me try on a bunch of her outfits. Charlie was nice but not someone I would have ever hung out with. There was something about her face and her body that was a little, I don't know, man-ish? But she did have a great wardrobe, and she even let me borrow one of her cute little top and skirt combos so I could ditch this hideous green dress this Ellie girl had been wearing. I left Ellie's ugly ass purse and dress at Charlie's place. I wouldn't need it anymore. I'd be back in my body before night. Things usually work out that way for me.

I'd waited all day to return to my real house, knowing my body would have to come back eventually. My impatient doorbell ringing was answered by one of the maids, and I sent her to fetch whoever was pretending to be me. When the other me came downstairs, even though I knew it was someone else inside me, it was still a shock seeing my body being moved without me in it.

“You must be Ellie,” I said, hands on my hips. “I want my body back.”

“I want mine back, too,” she replied.

I snorted, “Yeah, right. You really want *this* back?”

“Look, I don't have any idea what happened. I just ended up in your body. I didn't want to be you. You're such an insufferable brat.”

“How dare you!”

“Oh, just shut up for a second.”

My jaw dropped open. “Nobody tells me to shut up!”

“Maybe they should. You're not as clever as you think you are, but you sure as hell are entitled.”

I stamped my foot and tears welled up in my eyes. I sniffed and wiped them away. “I just want my body back.”

She sighed. "I'm sorry. This is weird for both of us. There's just been a lot going on today."

I let her hug me, pressing my nose into my golden hair and inhaling the delicious scent of my familiar fruit shampoo. I really missed myself.

"Look," she said once I'd recovered, "It has to have something to do with that compact mirror. We both have an identical one."

I nodded. "I've been looking in it occasionally all day but nothing happened."

"Maybe we have to look into it at the same time or something? Come on up, we'll try it right now."

"Oh no. I just realized I left the mirror at Charlie's place."

"Are you serious?" She looked at me with my own look of disdain. "It's the one thing that could change us back and you just left it at Charlie's place?"

"Well, I didn't know it was the mirror that changed us," I said.

"What else could it be?" She looked me up and down. "Uh, where did you get those clothes? And that makeup?"

I shrugged. "They're Charlie's clothes. They were the cutest things I could find for you. Charlie's got good taste in clothes, even if she looks a little like a guy playing dress up."

She pinched the bridge of her nose. Of *my* nose, and said, "Look, you go back and get the mirror. We'll both look into it tonight. Nine o'clock. If that doesn't work we'll have to think of something else. I don't want to be in your life any more than you want to be in mine."

It meant that I would have to stay as dumpy Ellie for another couple hours but it seemed like the only way. I agreed and drove back to Charlie's place in Ellie's old beat up Honda. Ick. I was glad no one knew who I was riding around in that thing.

When Charlie opened up her dorm room door there was a guy sitting on her bed. I glanced at him, but he looked a bit theater nerdy for me.

"Hi, Charlie, I think I left my stuff here."

The guys stood up and came towards me. "Ellie, are you okay? Charlie told me something happened in class. You had some kind of episode?"

Oh, great. Of course this was Ellie's boyfriend. He's just her type. It was all I could do to not pull away when he took my hand.

"I'm fine," I lied, "Just stress from all the..." Being poor? Being ugly? "...school." I finished.

He kissed me and I froze, letting his lips sit on mine. No. Fucking. Way.

He pulled back, looking somewhat confused. "Are you really okay?"

I nodded and he finally backed away. Charlie was looking at the both of us.

"Okay," he said, "It's just that my frat's having a party tonight and I was just seeing if you wanted to come."

A real frat party? Suddenly things were getting interesting. I mean, I'd seen movies with frat parties but I'd never been to one myself. I was intrigued. As long as I had the mirror, though, I could switch back with myself later. It *did* mean spending the night in Ellie's body. But also drinking and parties and boys.

"Yeah, I'm in!" I chirped.

* * *

Of *course* it was a fucking theater frat party. I didn't even know there was such a thing as a theater frat. There was no beer pong at the house for me to show off my skills. Instead, a group of guys sat around and played some old video game system while others hung out and chatted behind them. Shoot me now.

Jeff—I'd found out his name on the way over when Charlie called him that—and I were standing by a window when Charlie returned with three red plastic cups full of foamy beer.

“Cheers,” Jeff said.

We clinked our cups and drank. Well, at least there was beer. Jeff knew a lot of people and they came up to talk to him. Weird theater folk. A lot of their jokes went over my head and I had to fake laugh. There was one guy who was a costume designer and I had fun talking with him. He knew so much and he had an incredible sense of style. I think Jeff thought it was weird I was interested in different things than the real Ellie, but I wasn't going to pretend to be her. Unfortunately, I couldn't really be me, either. The guys at the party didn't flock around me as much, or laugh at my jokes, or just invent excuses to make conversation. I guess I was finding out what it was like to not be so incredibly pretty and popular. I hated it.

At some point Charlie got some texts from someone on her phone and slipped out of sight to answer them. I'd already missed my nine o'clock compact mirror opening meeting with Ellie, but I occasionally flipped open the compact just to check. Each time I just saw Ellie's long, thin face. I tilted my head back and forth until I found her best angle, where the freckles weren't so prominent, her hair covered a part of her face and more attention was drawn to her expressive dark eyes. See? Everyone has *one* pretty about them. Others are lucky like me and have more. Ellie wasn't ugly, exactly, she was just sort of...there.

I had more beer. Jeff kept touching me and stroking my hand. As the beer made everything fuzzy I moved closer to him. He was the only one really paying attention to me and making me feel pretty, and I needed that. At some point Charlie returned and I felt there was something different about her attitude towards me.

“That's a pretty necklace, Charlie,” I said, reaching for conversation about something other than jokes I didn't understand, “Where did you get it?”

She gave me a weird look. “You gave it to me for my birthday. It used to be yours, remember?”

“Oh, yeah, ok.” Oops. Hey, it wasn't like I'd been given a book about Ellie's life.

“Hey,” she said, pressing on, “Do you remember that guy we saw on the street outside my dorm the other night?”

“No.” I shook my head and had another swig of beer.

“The one with his pants down? It was hilarious.”

“I don't remember,” I shrugged and excused myself to go to the toilet. What was this, an interrogation?

The bathroom sort of tilted and spun as I leaned on the sink. There was Ellie's body in the mirror and I tried not to look at myself. I wanted to feel pretty. When I came out I tugged on Jeff's arm.

“I'm ready to go,” I said.

“All ready?”

I grabbed him in a sloppy hug and giggled. “Take me to bed or lose me forever!”

Charlie came up to us then. "Everything okay? I'll take her home."

"No. No," I said, gripping onto Jeff. "He's my big strong man."

"Okay, okay." Jeff peeled me off him and shot Charlie an apologetic grin.

I grabbed Jeff's hand and led him out the door before anyone could stop us. We stumbled back through campus and into what I assumed was Jeff's apartment. Because he had the key to it and all. As soon as the door was closed I threw myself into his arms and kissed him. He kissed back eagerly, scented of beer and man and deliciousness. I craved his attention, and I got it. His hands circled my back and pulled me close. I melted into him, our lips still together, tongues exploring each other.

He was gentle and slow, but I was rough and eager, laughing as I unbuttoned his shirt and slid my hands against his chest, nails digging lightly into his hot pecs. We kissed like this, our bodies pressed against each other as the anticipation inside me grew. I would have never had sex like this as myself. I was saving myself for marriage. But this wasn't my body and I felt much freer. Ellie's body felt like it wanted to have sex so who was I to stand in the way?

I pulled my shirt up over my head, then reached around and unclasped my bra. I shrugged it off and we both looked down at Ellie's small breasts. They were about the size of my fist, rising to little peaks of nipples. Jeff leaned down and licked one before sucking it into his warm wet mouth. Mmm, that felt so good as he teased my nipple. His hand came up to the other one and he squeezed gently. He released my nipple and kissed his way over my sensitive breasts, before latching gently on to my other nipple and suckling. Ellie's body was on fire now, the dampness growing in my panties as Jeff continued to stroke and suckle and pinch. He was so good with my tits and I soon ached for him.

I pulled his shirt the rest of the way off and started to unbutton his pants. He paused and placed his hands on mine.

"Are you sure?" He asked me, apprehensive and hopeful.

"I want this so much," I whispered.

He smiled and kissed me again, a long, slow kiss this time. I unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down his legs. Now he was wearing just white underpants, a huge bulge straining against the fabric, pointed right at me. I reached in and grabbed his cock. It was my first time touching one and I was surprised at the combination of softness and rigidity. He kissed me again and I stroked him with Ellie's fingers, feeling him grow beneath my touch. Now *this* was power.

I took his hand and led him over to the couch, where I lay down on my back, wiggling my butt, placing my hands over my head. He looked down at me, admiring my body, drinking me in. It felt so nice to be wanted like this. At least *someone* was enjoying this body.

Then he knelt between my legs and kissed his way up my thigh. I tightened up involuntarily, but his gentle kisses eased me back down. Soon he was rolling my panties down my leg, and then he pushed up my skirt. Ellie's pussy was surrounded by unruly black hair that Jeff seemed to adore. He burrowed his face in it until I could feel his tongue sliding against my entrance. My hands came down to play with my tits as Jeff took long laps of my pussy lips. I was so hot and wet already and when his tongue landed against my swelling clit I shivered, a light pulse of pleasure dancing through me.

He was good at licking Ellie's pussy, his tongue working away inside me as I fondled myself. Soon I was writhing on the couch, his tongue deep inside me, and I came with a quivering, moaning cry. That was his cue to lift himself from between my legs and crawl up my body. He held his torso suspended above me, his lower half resting on mine, his cock poised right near the lips of my pussy.

“Do I need to get condom?” He whispered.

I shook my head. “No. I’m on birth control.” I lied. I just didn’t want him to leave me and my body was aching and it would probably be all right and even if it wasn’t it wouldn’t affect me.

The head of his cock pressed against my pussy and I wriggled in anticipation. He reached in between us and aimed his dick against my entrance. I could see the head slide in between my glistening nether lips. A pressure built within me, released as he sank in. I moaned as he entered me, his cock driving slowly up through Ellie’s tight pussy. He fit me like a glove, moving gently as every wonderful inch filled me and he landed deep within my center. He pulled out slowly, his cock glistening with my juices, before thrusting in again.

And now I pulled him close and kissed him, fingers twining through his hair as I felt him move within me, in and out, filling and releasing in a beautiful rhythm that urged the anticipation through my body. My hands slid down his back and I spread myself for him, wrapping my legs around him.

“Faster,” I moaned.

He thrust in faster, deeper, the two of us breathing as one. All I could do was hold on tight to him as he fucked me, the pleasure buzzing through my brain. Breathy sighs fell from my lips, rising to moans, and then a throaty cry that made him cum. He grunted and thrust deep, his cock throbbing inside me, making me so utterly, wonderfully full of his incredible heat. Everywhere our bodies connected was electric and the orgasm made my toes curl, made me throw my head back and cry out in a strangled breath as I came hard around him.

We lay together like this, his delicious weight on top of me as our bodies slowly cooled. He kissed the tip of my nose and then pulled out, leaving an aching emptiness in his wake. We both stumbled to bed and I fell asleep with his arms around me, the only beautiful girl in the room.

I woke up disoriented and with a throbbing headache. It took me a second to remember that I was still Ellie, and the strange bedroom I was in belonged to Jeff. He was beside me, still asleep. I untangled myself and stood on shaky legs, pausing to let the sudden stab of headache drop down to a dull roar. I was naked from the night before and I could feel a stickiness between my thighs, but I was long past being embarrassed. I slowly made my way to the bathroom and did my business, stopping every now and then to close my eyes against the wave of pain in my head.

Jeff had some aspirin in his medicine cabinet and I swallowed a few, staring into Ellie’s dark eyes as I leaned heavily on the sink. Her small but perky breasts hung below me, dark tangled hair falling across her shoulders. God, I couldn’t wait to get back into my own cute body. I gingerly turned the shower on and stepped in, figuring that I was already naked so what the hell. I didn’t want to run my hands down my new body, or accidentally feel myself up, so I got my body as clean as I could without touching it.

Jeff was awake by the time I came back to the room wrapped in a towel I’d found folded up beneath the sink. He was sitting up in bed, leaning against the wall, bleary eyed and drinking from a giant bottle of water. He smiled up at me as I came in and beckoned me closer.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said.

“I’m hungover,” I croaked.

“Still.”

My alcohol-fueled hunger for him from the night before was gone. I just wanted to get dressed and get out of here. I would bring the mirror and meet Ellie after school and we could—oh shit, I just remembered there’s a football game tonight. Ellie’s not going to be home until late and I still had to

explain about missing our switch back last night.

Jeff pushed himself to his feet and wrapped his arms around me. He smelled like stale beer as he kissed me. I stayed passive in his arms for a second, but then wiggled out.

"I've got to go," I said.

"Really?"

"I've got a class," I lied. "Can you take me home? I need to change."

Really, I needed him to take me home because I had no idea where Ellie lived. Presumably the keys in her purse fit somewhere. Jeff went into the bathroom to clean himself up while I gathered up all my things, making sure I had the compact still in my purse. The headaches were starting to ebb by then but I pretended otherwise so I wouldn't have to make conversation on the way home. Jeff walked me up to my apartment and kissed me on the lips before I could stop him. I kissed him back this time, a little reward for being so nice.

I changed into new clothes and hid out in Ellie's apartment for the rest of the day. It was really hard because she had the slowest internet connection ever and only Ramen Noodles to eat. Still, it was better than going out and running into her friends. I was tired of pretending to be her. I just wanted to get back to myself.

I tried to make Ellie's body look cute, if only for myself. I chose a pink top and leggings combo that clasped her body, pushing and pulling her shape into a beautiful form, giving her the appearance of a firmer butt and some bigger breasts. I did her makeup and her hair as well. That was kind of fun. Like dressing up a doll. It took a while but I think I really did manage to make her look as spectacular as possible, with smoky eyes and perfectly smooth, bronzed skin.

I drove myself to the football game in Ellie's crappy car. As I walked through the gates of the stadium I passed a few people from my classes. They barely glanced at me. I so wanted to go up and greet them but I knew how weird it would look to see this weird-ass body rush up to them as if it knew them. I took a seat near the front of the bleachers, right where the cheerleaders would be. They rushed out right before the game to pump up the crowd.

Man, I wanted to be down there doing their routine. I slyly did it with them from my seat, critiquing them as they went, prepared to whip them into shape when I returned. My old body wasn't with them and, looking around, I found her sitting on the sidelines. The coach went up to her and asked her a question, to which she shook her head slowly. Feigning illness probably. I guessed that was better than totally embarrassing me. Except that Lucy was taking my position on the field! I focused on her, tssking at the lack of height in her jump, and her inability to do a 180 degree split. That was a 175 at best. When I got back I'd really have to knock her down a peg or two. Remind her who was boss and why.

The cheerleaders disappeared into the tunnels at half time, so I wasn't even able to corner Ellie until after the game (that we won despite Lucy's shocking performance at getting the crowd to cheer). She was walking out of the lockers when I came up to her.

"Summer! There you are!" I said.

She looked at me, startled. Lucy turned to her. "Who's that?"

"That's my...cousin, Ellie," Ellie said. "Can you give us a second?"

Lucy shrugged and Ellie came over to me. "Where were you last night?" She hissed.

"I got distracted." Fucking your boyfriend, I didn't add.

“You got drunk. Don't you have any respect for anyone else?”

“How do you know I got drunk?”

“Do you want to change back or not?” She asked, avoiding the question.

“Yes, of course! Let's go right now.” I started to look through my purse for my compact but she put her hand on mine.

“I don't have the mirror here. You'll have to wait until I get home. Nine tonight okay? For real this time.”

“Oh god, yes,” I agreed. “Get me out of here. No offense. I mean, you're probably used to looking like this all the time but when you start out beautiful it's really hard to suddenly be plain.”

She did something weird with her mouth, like she was biting back a reply, then shrugged her duffel bag up her shoulders—why she wasn't making one of the other girls carry it I had no idea—and joined up with Lucy. I hurried back to my car and drove back to Ellie's place.

Nine o'clock seemed to take forever to arrive. A few minutes before nine I flipped open the compact. There was Ellie's reflection. As the clock ticked down to nine I took one last look. So long, freckles.

Ellie's reflection shimmered briefly, replaced with a new one. I had half a second to realize I was looking at a pixelated image of Charlie's brunette bangs and thick jaw before that stomach churning world flippy thing happened.

Now I was staring at a computer screen showing my body. My *real* body. Blonde and adorable and me definitely not in it. It was holding up the compact mirror to the screen. In the upper right corner, where it usually showed the face of the person at the keyboard, was Charlie's face. I grabbed at my face, watched Charlie's image do the same, felt my hands land on cheeks that were too broad and ever so slightly stubbly.

I screamed, “What did you do?”

The onscreen image of my cute blonde body waved at me. “Giving everyone what they deserve.”

She brought the compact down hard on the edge of my vanity, smashing it to pieces, then logged off.

Oh god, oh god, oh god, I was trapped as an ugly girl. I stood up suddenly, the chair falling back to the floor behind me. My pants felt strange, like they were too tight in the crotch. I grabbed them to adjust and felt a bulge. Oh god. I yanked down my pants and then my panties. A dick unfolded between my legs, dropping down against my thigh, alien and unwelcome. It was small. A tiny head and a scrotum. But I was undeniably a guy. I howled.

Charlie

No one could have given me a better present than when Ellie gifted me her body. I'd always been envious of her easy womanhood, the way she could show off her gorgeous body without fear of failure. And now I had her pretty brown eyes, her dark, elegant features, her wonderful perfect breasts, and a vagina of my very own. What's more, I had Jeff.

It had been startling to get a text message from a stranger out of the blue claiming to be Ellie, but she proved it beyond a shadow of a doubt when she easily answered questions about the things we'd done together, whereas the impostor in her body knew nothing about us. Ellie was happy to leave her life behind and get a second chance at high school. She'd never been the happiest here anyway, and she knew I would treat her body right. And the first thing I wanted to do in my new girly body was Jeff.

I hurried over to his apartment and the minute he opened the door I threw myself into his arms. He staggered back, wrapping me in a hug as he did so. I planted my lips on his, hungry for him. He was taken by surprise but a second later he began kissing back. He tasted divine. Warm and masculine. I caressed his rough cheek with my hand, just eager for his touch. I pulled away and stared into his sparkling sea green eyes.

"I love you, Jeff," I said.

He beamed. My god he was gorgeous when he smiled. "I love you, too, Ellie."

Ellie. That was me. I was a *real* girl. I pressed myself closer to him, feeling my body warming as we kissed some more, our hands squeezing, groping, caressing each other. He was tight in all the right places. He moved backwards and I followed, still kissing, as we maneuvered down the hallway and to his room, shedding our clothes as we went until we toppled naked into bed together, me on top of him. The length of our bodies pressed together, so wonderful to feel every inch of his skin, to feel his heart thumping against my chest. I laughed and kissed him some more, ruffling his hair as his hands glided up and down my body to the curve of my ass. I didn't have to worry about hiding my dick anymore, about wondering how he would react. Now I was growing wet, a delicious new experience for me.

His cock was trapped between us, rubbing up against my mound, so thick and hot. I pulled away and he reached for my swinging breasts, grabbing them with greedy fingers and caressing. I sighed, letting him suckle on my pink nipples until they grew to spikes in his mouth, watching my breasts as he fondled them. They were weighty and warm and wonderful.

I continued climbing down his body, kissing my way down his stomach, letting my breasts drag against his skin until my mouth was positioned over his cock. I stroked his dick, my little nose so close, just admiring his cock so close. It was divine, hot and throbbing with a perfect hard-softness. I took it into my mouth, closing my eyes as I savored him, swallowing his dick just as I'd always dreamed. He moaned above me as I slid my lips down the shaft, taking him all in and pausing when I was full. My tongue undulated against the bottom of his shaft and he stroked my hair.

"God, that's incredible," he whispered.

I drew my lips up and down in a slow rhythm as his cock grew slick with my saliva. I swallowed him as much as I could, pressing my new nose down into his pubic hair and fighting to hold on as the tip of his cock nearly hit the back of my throat. My other hand slipped between my legs and into my wetness. I orgasmed then as I felt my pussy for the first time, moaning around the dick in my mouth as I spread my slick pussy lips and pushed a finger inside myself. I ran my finger up and down my slit, circling my clit as I continued sucking Jeff's cock, enjoying my newfound femininity until my body was crying out to be filled. There was an aching emptiness I'd never felt before.

I pulled my lips off Jeff's dick with a wet pop and climbed back up him, positioning my entrance over the head of his slick cock. I reached between my legs and grabbed hold of his dick, aiming it at my opening and slowly sitting. The cockhead pressed against me, impossibly big and firm as it entered me for the first time. There was a pressure as he found my entrance, and with a sigh he pushed inside me. I closed my eyes, wanting to enjoy this moment of his dick traveling through my wet canal. Every inch was delightful and I slowly sat, welcoming him through me until I was all the way down and he was lodged inside me. I was so incredibly, wonderfully full.

He gripped my waist and I slid up and down on him, controlling the rhythm, exploring what my new body liked. Everything was the answer. I filled and emptied him, luxuriating in each bump of his cock as it stroked through me. I stared down at myself while Jeff stared up at me, both of us in ecstasy just as seeing my body. My hands came to my breasts and I fondled myself, enjoying them for the first time. Real tits, so wonderful to hold and touch. Then I leaned back on both arms slightly so I could watch Jeff disappear inside me. The velvety lips of my cunt clutched his shaft and I came again at seeing my beautiful pussy, at watching it filled with Jeff's solid cock. Gazing down into my folds I saw the brief flashes of pink, the slick pussy lips gripping his dick as it alternately emptied and filled me.

He grabbed my waist harder, slamming up inside me when I came down, doubling the pleasure rushing through me. Our rhythm quickened until I was driving fast up and down, my tits bouncing as I begged him to cum inside me.

"Oh god, please, Jeff, I want to feel you cum."

He thrust up to me as I came down, pounding deep and releasing, throbbing inside me. I was delirious with pleasure, crying out as each hot spurt filled me more and more. He fit my cunt like a glove and the incredible spurts of heat seemed like they would burst out of me. I grabbed his chest and rode him, cumming hard around him, my entire body convulsing as I clutched his dick with my perfect pussy.

When he was done I slid off and cuddled up against him. His heat dripped out of me, a welcome reminder that this was all real. I kissed him, clutching him tight. And we were so happy.

###



FOREIGN *Exchange*

F2F BODY
SWAP

IMMATURE

Foreign Exchange

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Initializing sequence,” the head technician said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes. It's just all so...new.”

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

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

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

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

“Ashley.”

“Ashley,” Chun repeated, smiling now.

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

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

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

“Thank you,” Chun said.

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

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

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

“Ready to meet the rest of the family?”

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

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

“Yes,” Chun nodded again.

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

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

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

“Beth. Manners,” the father murmured.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I think that's the biggest difference. I'm not used to all this freedom."

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

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

Felicia blushed and looked down, before glancing shyly back up at Chun. "Aw, that's so sweet."

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You must be Chun. Hi, I'm Sam."

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

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

"That would be nice."

"How about Friday?"

"Oh, um..." Chun was flustered.

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

Sam grinned. "Just meeting the new girl."

Henry shook his head. "Get out of here."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll take your tray," Henry offered.

“Oh, thank you,” Chun replied.

“Think nothing of it,” he responded gallantly.

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chun stood and Henry took the seat, typing furiously.

"This is beyond me," Chun said.

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know," Chun replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Henry, wait--" Chun shouted, flustered.

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

"Please, Henry, you can't tell anyone."

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

"It's just me. Ashley can't know."

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

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

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

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

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

"No. Of course not." Chun said.

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

"With Ashley," Felicia said, matter of factly.

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

"Is any of that English?" Chun ventured.

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

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

"Your secret's safe with me."

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I wasn't flirting!” Chun insisted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She'd never know.”

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

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

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

“I'm not talking about your dad.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What if transfer is impossible?”

“Why would it be impossible?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He laughed. “Absolutely.”

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

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

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

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

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

"Initiating transfer," Henry said.

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

"Problem Henry?" One asked.

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

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

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

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

"It worked."

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

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Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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Taking Stock

Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their

new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

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

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

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