

Global Switch

Body Swap Erotica

by M. Wills

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Prologue

On February 3, 2022 everything changed. On that day, 75% of the world's population swapped bodies with each other. The swap was instantaneous and random, the only limitation being proximity. After much study, it seemed to be that everyone who swapped was within about fifty feet of the person they swapped with. Other than that, there seemed to be no rhyme or reason to who swapped with who.

Many died or were injured in the chaos of the immediate aftermath. The world ground to a halt as the majority of the population took in their new predicament. Some went crazy, others hunkered down for an apocalypse, awaiting the return of their chosen god.

But no apocalypse came and life moved on. People can adjust to anything, and eventually they adjusted to this, too. Governments reasserted control. New organizations sprang up to identify and help those in new bodies. Eventually, a new normal asserted itself as everyone adjusted and life moved on, though not without new challenges.

Scientists still don't know what caused the Global Switch, as it came to be known. The cause was unknown and reversal impossible.

The stories in this collection chronicle some of the survivors in the minutes, days, and months following the switch. Some ended up better than others, but all ended up changed.

Cayman Islands

Matt dove under the wave, feeling the power of the current as it passed over him. He surfaced and wiped the water from his eyes. A flash of pink and white—his girlfriend's swimsuit—was visible through the churning water and he dog paddled slowly as he watched Annie bodysurf the wave in to shore. She came up laughing and whooping, and she pushed her long, brunette hair back behind her head as she splashed back out towards Matt.

“Stop,” a hushed giggle from Matt's left drew his attention to his friend, Scott, and Scott's girlfriend, Lauren.

They had apparently ducked under the wave, too, and now Scott had his arms around Lauren's waist. His head was bent to her ear, whispering something, as one hand came up to caress her red one-piece just over her breasts. Lauren pushed him away and swam out of his grasp, splashing him playfully as he laughed. Scott never let a little thing like etiquette or manners stop him from getting what he wanted. He could sometimes be an asshole. Probably why women like Lauren were drawn to him. They were the perfect pair. Him with his ripped surfer bod and charming good looks, her with her huge breasts and bleached blonde hair. The surfer and the bimbo, Matt often thought but would never say out loud.

Scott went through girlfriends almost seasonally and Matt hoped Lauren's season was almost up. It wasn't that he hated her, he just found her excruciatingly annoying. She wasn't very bright or interesting and she had a nasally, high pitched voice that Scott probably found endearing because he liked that bimbo bullcrap, but Matt and Annie both found irritating. Or maybe Scott just liked her for her body, which was, admittedly, a red-blooded male's wet dream: perfect hourglass figure, full lips, upturned nose, big squeezable butt and huge bouncy tits.

Annie swam up to Matt and interrupted his thoughts by pressing her warm, wet body against his. She kissed him on the lips and wrapped her arms around Matt. This close he could see the little freckles on the bridge of her perfect nose, and the wonderful curve of her cheeks and jaw. Her pink and white bikini hid the slight slopes of her breasts but did little to hide her dark, tan skin.

“Did you see me?” She asked, blue eyes sparkling.

“Yeah, that was nice. I missed it, though.” Matt said, wrapping her up in his arms, kicking a bit harder to remain afloat for the both of them.

“Thank you for this trip, it's amazing.”

“You're amazing,” Matt replied, kissing her again.

“Why don't you two get married already!” Scott shouted, coming up to them.

“Yeah, get married!” Lauren agreed, paddling up to the group and laughing. Her idea of a joke was to repeat the funny thing the last person said, only louder.

“You sound like my mom!” Annie laughed.

Matt blushed red. He'd been dating Annie for three years and that question had been popping up

more and more whenever they visited their families. Matt wasn't ready for such a commitment and there were always excuses for putting it off. Currently he claimed he was waiting for Annie to finish her PhD. He loved Annie, but there was a small part of him that wondered what it would be like to be someone else. His eyes, almost subconsciously, flicked briefly down to Lauren's massive breasts, which were somehow still contained in the red one-piece she wore.

“Ooh, this looks like a good one,” Annie said, looking out to the ocean.

Matt turned to find a large wave bearing down on them. The foursome spread out, each angling to catch the wave at the perfect time. It approached quickly, cresting, becoming paler as flecks of white appeared on the upper edges. Matt pushed ahead, blinked, and suddenly the wave was crashing on top of him, sending him tumbling down into the water head over heels.

He held his breath, kicking for the surface and feeling strangely buoyant. He came up gasping, with something wet and stringy like seaweed hanging on his shoulders. The wave was receding and three other figures popped up from the water some distance away and closer to the shore. There was Scott and Annie and...a strange man Matt didn't immediately recognize.

Scott looked around wildly. “Matt?” He yelled out, before splashing about in the water for some reason.

“Over here,” Matt called, waving his arm. Only, the voice that came from his mouth was high-pitched and nasally. And his arm was slender and smooth. “The fuck?” He said to himself. And there was that little bimbo voice from his lips again. Looking down he was greeted with an immensely deep cleavage between two sets of breasts floating in a red one-piece. Long, bleached blonde hair—the 'seaweed' he'd felt—draped down over his shoulders.

The realization of what had happened caused him to freeze momentarily, dipping below the water before he caught himself and splashed up to the surface a moment later, coughing. He followed the others in to shore, stroking with arms that seemed entirely too thin, and kicking with legs that seemed much too fragile. When the water was shallow enough he stood, and only then realized the immense weight on his chest as the water stopped supporting his breasts. He staggered into shore, tits jiggling with each step, his taut rear end swaying behind him.

Matt caught up with Annie, Lauren and Scott as they gathered on the beach. Judging from the way they all stared at each other and themselves, all four had been swapped. The strange man in the water that Matt hadn't recognized was himself, seen from a distance and at an angle. Now Matt's former body was staring down at itself, lower lip trembling as he whimpered “Oh my gawd, oh my gawd,” over and over.

Scott—or whoever was in his body—shot Matt's body a look and then tried to assert some control. “Ok. This is real. Somehow. We should figure out who's who. I'm Annie.”

“Scott,” Annie's body spoke up, lifting her eyes from her slight chest and bikini-clad body.

“Matt,” Matt said in Lauren's annoying nasal tone.

“So we've all, like, changed around bodies,” Matt's old body spoke up, looking around at them with wide terrified eyes.

“Cool,” Scott spoke up, poking one of his new tits.

“No, not cool,” Annie angrily responded, grabbing hold of her former wrist. “Don't touch those. They aren't yours.”

“Okay, okay,” Scott placated. “So what the hell do we do?”

Annie ran her hands through her hair and puffed air out through her bottom lip. It was beyond weird

seeing her mannerisms play out on Scott's body.

“We should go back to our cabin and see if we're alone or if this has happened to anyone else,” Lauren spoke up from within Matt's body.

“Good idea,” Matt squeaked. He should have thought of that himself. But, in a way, he did. That thought made him titter and Annie shot him a look. Matt covered his mouth with his hand, fingers brushing up against his tiny nose.

They picked up their towels and tramped back through the dunes to their cabin. Matt had a hard time getting used to the way his body jiggled and swayed, to the way the sea breeze smelled so much crisper through his new nose, the way his swimsuit was bunching up between his ass. He fought hard to not stare down at his new huge tits, though he noticed that Annie's body lagged behind as Scott used the opportunity to check himself out. Matt glanced back once and saw Scott feeling up Annie's ass. He noticed Matt looking and winked.

None of their phones had reception on the beach and it wasn't until they got back to the cabin that Annie got one unsteady bar of service. She handed the keys to Matt wordlessly as she started trying to pull up a news feed. Matt struggled with the door, turning the key back and forth several times in the lock and pulling on the handle but the door wouldn't budge. He let out a little whimper of frustration.

“It's a push,” his old body finally spoke up, gently nudging him aside and pushing open the door.

“Oh, yeah,” Matt tittered again.

Not for the first time, Matt became aware that he was missing something intangible. It was as though his brain wasn't making the connections anymore. He hadn't absorbed Lauren's personality, but he could sense the loss of his intelligence, the way things didn't just click, like everything was a struggle to absorb.

Annie and Lauren strode inside and Matt and Scott followed after. Matt padded down the hallway toward the living room, his wide hips swaying enticingly. There was a sharp pinch on his ass and he gasped and turned around. Annie's beautiful smile greeted him, Scott's obvious intent glinting in her eye.

“What's up?” Annie asked from the living room.

“N-nothing,” Matt titter nervously. He felt so dumb doing that stupid titter but he couldn't help it. It was the easiest reaction through thoughts that had become dulled and less focused.

Matt made sure to sit far away from Scott as the group took up positions around the living room. Annie gave up on her phone and started flipping through channels on the small television. It didn't take very long to find the breaking news and they soon learned that the change was worldwide and indiscriminate. For a long time the group sat and watched the news, taking in their new reality. As the news anchor cut to yet another group of people that had been swapped, Matt leaned his head on a soft cheek. A lot of what was happening on the news didn't make sense. He had a hard time following what was going on and sometimes couldn't understand the big words they were using.

“I'm bored,” he yawned.

They all stared at him like he'd gone crazy.

“What?” He asked, staring around at them. “This is boring. I get it. We swapped. Can we do something else?” he whined.

“Something else?” Annie said, “This changes *everything*. What else could you possibly want to think about?”

"I don't know," he pouted, folding his arms across his jiggling chest. He couldn't explain it. He just didn't have the attention span to watch some guy behind a desk droning on about stuff that had already happened. "Ooh, let's tell ghost stories." He piped up.

This, too, was greeted by stunned silence and he hunkered down in his chair. Finally, Scott spoke up.

"I mean, I get it," he said, "I, for one, really need to change out of this bathing suit. It's starting to chafe." He stood.

"Uh uh," Annie shook her head. "No fucking way are you going to be left alone with my body."

"What about when I need to shower?"

"Shower when you get your own body back. Come on, if you need to change I'll come with you."

"I don't know," Scott teased, "How would your girlfriend like you being alone with a naked woman?"

"Come on." She glowered at him.

The two walked off to the bedrooms, leaving Matt and Lauren alone.

"Do you need to change, too?" Lauren asked him.

Matt nodded.

"Let's go to my room."

Matt pushed himself to his feet and Lauren followed him down the hall. He tried to open the door to his bedroom but it was locked.

"No," Lauren spoke up, "The clothes for you are in my room."

"Oh. Right." Matt said, continuing down the hallway. What the hell was wrong with him? Of course it was obvious now that she said it that the clothes for the body he was in would be in Lauren's room, because it was her body. But she said let's go to *my* room and she was in *his* body. It was just so confusing it made his little head hurt trying to think about it.

Lauren made him close his eyes while she stripped him and put her nightie on. Closing his eyes just seemed to make him focus on the other sensations: the way his breasts bobbed and then hung down nearly to his belly when she pulled his suit off, the way the cool air of the room licked at his naked skin, the soft, blonde hair falling over his shoulders, the emptiness between his legs. His butt itched and he scratched it, long fingernails scritchng over the soft bubble butt.

"Stop that," his own voice admonished him.

"What? My butt itches," he replied earnestly. He'd completely overlooked how it would appear to do something like that in her body in front of her. It was hard to keep so many things straight.

She must have sensed the sincerity in his voice because she finished dressing him in silence. They all returned to the living room, their new bodies much more covered. And yet, Matt's nightie still tented down over his enormous breasts and he couldn't forget that Lauren's enticing body was naked beneath the fabric that brushed across his soft skin. Neither could Scott, apparently, because Matt kept catching his little glances. Maybe Scott kept getting confused about who was who just like Matt did. But those glances didn't *seem* confused. They seemed...oh, what was the word for, like, being sexy towards someone? Desireful. That was it.

The ferry from the island wasn't scheduled until the morning, and Annie voiced her concerns that it wouldn't arrive at all. So they had no choice but to stay in their cabin overnight. They ate leftover

pizza from lunch, though no one had much appetite. There were a few remarks from Annie about how things tasted different with her new mouth. Lauren started to repeat Annie's phrase with a smile, as if telling another of her "jokes", but her voice petered out and a frown came across Matt's former lips, as if she was considering for the first time how inane she sounded. Mostly, though, they ate in silence.

There was some discussion about who would sleep with who—Matt grew bored, having a hard time following all the twists and turns of the discussion—and in the end it was decided that the bodies would sleep next to their original owners. With that, they all went off to bed. Matt brushed his teeth with Lauren's toothbrush, staring at himself in the mirror, trying to take in his new appearance. He looked like a little Barbie doll, with pretty, vacant blue eyes and kissable lips. The thought that he might be stuck as Lauren forever made him frown, or try to at least. The frown came out as a cute pout on Lauren's face, her little nose scrunched up adorably. Gawd, he couldn't even do anger right.

It was a long time before Matt managed to slip off to sleep, twisting and turning to get comfortable in his body, only just now understanding how difficult it was to sleep with large breasts.

Matt was awoken sometime in the middle of the night by a light poke on his chest and a soft, feminine whisper in his ear. "Matt. Matt, get up, man."

Matt opened his eyes groggily. In the dim moonlight he could just see Annie's adorable face. She was wearing the long t-shirt and light cotton shorts that she usually slept in. Matt got out of bed slowly so as not to wake Lauren and the two transformed guys crept out of the room and down the hallway.

Matt rubbed his eyes. "What's going on?"

Scott turned to him, Annie's eyes bright with excitement. "Look at us. We've got our girlfriend's bodies. This might not last long. We should take advantage of it."

"What do you mean?"

Scott stepped closer and wrapped Annie's arms around Matt's tiny waist. "What do you think I mean, dummy?"

"Don't call me dummy!" Matt pouted in his little girl voice. It was true he felt a lot slower than he used to, but name calling was a not nice thing to do.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it," Scott said, kissing Matt on his tiny nose.

Matt could feel Annie's hands on his back, caressing him softly through his nightie. Matt's breasts pressed against Annie's and suddenly her lips were on his. It was like kissing his girlfriend but not. Scott was rougher, more insistent with Annie's tongue, slipping into Matt's mouth as soon as Matt parted his lips. Annie's taste was comfortingly familiar, and he could smell her delicious citrusy scent as his nose pressed into her cheek. He gripped Annie's body gently as they kissed with hands that were more delicate and sensitive. Their tongues explored each other, slipping around and inside the other's mouths as Matt's body hummed with a distant energy.

Then Scott was pulling at Matt's nightie, lifting it up. Matt raised his arms and Scott lifted the nightie off over his head and dropped it to the floor. Matt brushed the soft, blonde hair out of his face and looked up at Scott. His eyes were locked on Matt's tits and he brought Annie's hand up to explore him, lifting his heavy boobs and circling her fingers around his soft skin.

"You got lucky," he whispered, lifting a breast to her mouth and sucking on Matt's nipple.

Her breath was hot on Matt's skin and her tongue gently tasted him, swirling across his sensitive

areola until his nipple spiked out in her mouth. "Ohh," Matt sighed softly, using his hand to massage his other tit gently. It was undeniably hot watching his girlfriend suck on his breasts, her eyes closed in enjoyment of his body. Matt's breast was impressive, spilling out of his hand as he squeezed the bulk of it against him, enjoying the rough touch of his fingers as he pinched and prodded his delightful body. He looked down at himself, seeing Lauren's naked body for the first time. She was so perfect with her huge sensitive breasts, her slender waist, and her incredible legs. The hum inside him grew and he felt himself becoming wet just admiring the body he was now in.

Matt lifted off Scott's shirt and was confronted with Annie's smaller, perkier breasts. She had a more boyish figure, but was so cute. Scott held Matt's tits in each hand, the little nipples hard as diamonds, and pressed Matt's nipples against his own, sliding them softly across Annie's tits. Both guys stared down at their chest, enjoying the touch and feel of their new breasts. Matt watched with wide eyes as Annie's nipples grew erect. Matt slipped his hands down his body, exploring the soft curves, the little waist, and gliding over his wonderfully tight ass.

Scott smiled at him with pure delight on Annie's face. "Fuck, you're making me so wet."

Matt giggled and Scott guided him down onto his back on the couch. Scott stripped off his shorts and lay on top of him, pressing his entire naked body against Matt, their tits squashed together, Annie's warm weight comforting on Matt's soft body. They kissed some more, hands exploring, little moans escaping Matt's lips. The hum was filling him now, spreading out from between his thighs through his arms and legs, bringing with it an urgent heat.

Scott kissed his way down the nape of Matt's neck to his breasts, sucking on his tits once again. Each touch of Annie's lips to Matt's skin sent glorious vibrations through him. He moaned, shifting his legs beneath Scott's weight, feeling his pussy growing wet and slick. Scott suckled on Matt's tits, eyes closed, clearly enjoying the taste of him, before kissing lower. Matt's excitement grew as Scott's lips kissed over Matt's mound and then found his waiting pussy. Matt gasped as Scott's tongue flicked inside and delightful vibrations pulsed through him. Scott took long, slow licks of Matt's pussy as Matt twisted and moaned. He watched down from between his massive breasts as his girlfriend's face licked his new pussy. It was so hot watching his girlfriend eat pussy, so amazing squeezing his new tits. His body felt wonderful, inside and out, and he moaned softly as pleasure flitted from between his legs, meeting the pleasure that came from squeezing his plump breasts.

Matt's pussy was throbbing, the hum building up behind his eyes now, controlling his whole body as Annie's tongue flicked inside him, pressing up against his clit over and over in a quick rhythm. Matt felt two of her fingers pressing against his opening, slipping inside his warm folds and wiggling just so. God, he felt so full, so wonderful as Annie's fingers slid deeper inside, her tongue pressed harder against his clit and then Matt came, pleasure lighting him up. He cried out in his tiny voice and Scott quickly pulled away and slapped his hand across Matt's mouth to quiet him.

"Shhh," he whispered.

Matt, roiling in the throes of ecstasy, just nodded. The hand over his mouth had just been inside him, and the sharp scent of Lauren's cunt filled his nose, driving his body wild with desire. He lifted his chin and sucked on Scott's fingers, tasting his own wonderfully musky essence.

"Please, finger me some more," Matt begged.

Scott grinned and returned to Matt's pussy. Soon enough his tongue was back inside, swirling around, joined by his fingers, sinking deep inside Matt's body, plunging in and out, then sliding deep inside and pressing hard up against the dimpled nub of his center. Matt came again, harder, pressing his hips up towards Annie's mouth as his entire body vibrated. Matt crammed his slender fingers into his mouth to muffle his cries, eyes shut tight as his body exploded in orgasm, a white hot pleasure that filled his entire body and left him dripping.

Annie's head came up between Lauren's legs, her mouth shiny with Matt's pussy juices. "My turn," she grinned.

The guys switched positions, and now it was Matt's turn to kiss his way down his girlfriend's familiar body, his new tits dragging across her warm skin. He lay between her thighs, breasts crushed up against Annie's legs as he shoved Lauren's face into Annie's pussy. She tasted delightful, her spicy scent filling Matt's nose as he licked and sucked, guided by her moans and the way her body shifted faster beneath him. Scott played with his small tits as Matt licked him. Annie's pussy was already so wet and Matt swallowed her juices as he opened Lauren's mouth wide and undulated his tongue against her clit. Scott shook quietly as he came, Matt staying inside her, sliding his long, silky fingers into Scott's cunt over and over, tasting him as he dripped down Matt's chin until Scott came again, thrusting Annie's hips up, twisting and turning with the pleasure driving through his tiny body.

When Scott was done, Matt crawled up Annie's body and lay on her chest, Matt's heavy breasts resting half on Annie's chest. They held each other, their two feminine bodies so warm, and shivering with aftershocks. Eventually Scott stirred, slipping his tits from underneath Lauren's.

"We should get back to bed before the girls wake up."

Matt nodded and stood. Scott gave Matt's tits one last squeeze. "That was awesome. I'm glad we got to do that."

Matt just nodded, his shame at what he'd done in Lauren's body overridden by the deep pleasure he'd experienced. "Maybe we can go again tomorrow night," Matt giggled.

They returned to their beds but would meet again, night after night, even as they came to realize the change was permanent.

Sydney, Australia

Frank was coming back up the elevator with a load of laundry when the doors opened and the neighbor who lived directly below his flat stepped on. The young man nodded to Frank as he entered, his shiny white teeth contrasting with his ebony skin. Frank didn't know much about his neighbor or what he did, but it must have included physical labor because the guy was a mass of muscle. And he was handsome, Frank had no discomfort about admitting that. The neighbor had movie star good looks, with a square jaw and bright eyes. Whenever Frank saw him around, the guy usually had a new woman with him. Tonight was no different.

His beefy arm was draped over a petite Asian woman who was achingly pretty. Gorgeous soft face with smiling eyes, pillowy breasts beneath a tight black dress, an ass to die for. Frank forced himself not to stare as he took a step back in the elevator to let them on, leaning his basket of laundry on the rails. It was really the perfect example of how different Frank's life was from that of his neighbor. Here he was, alone and in his mid-forties doing laundry on a Friday night, while his neighbor was out partying and bringing home hot women.

Although Frank hated going to bars—hated the artificiality of it, hated the noise and the crowds—there was some jealousy that his good-looking downstairs neighbor found it so easy. Their backs were to him, and Frank took an opportunity to check out the woman's ass. Her skin tight dress clung to tiny curves and Frank imagined gripping that cute little butt, sliding his fingers down between her legs as she squealed. He was sure he'd hear it in his apartment; the sound proofing in their units was terrible.

The elevator door dinged, interrupting Frank's imagination, and the two got off. Frank continued alone up to the fourth floor and hobbled to his room with a full basket of laundry and half an erection. He stumble inside and dropped the basket on the floor, then resumed playback on whatever Netflix comedy special he'd stumbled on as he finished folding his laundry. A half hour later, when everything in his basket was neatly folded, Frank had no other plans and so he prepared for bed.

He brushed his teeth, staring at himself in the mirror, taking in his sad eyes and wrinkled skin. He'd never been that athletic but lately he'd really let himself go. It was Barbara leaving that did it. Frank reflected that anyone would be going through a hard time if their wife of fifteen years walked out on them. Frank's gut hung over his belt and his shiny head was only covered by the thinnest strands of hair. No doubt about it, he was pathetic. For a long time he'd blamed the world for not giving him what he wanted, only recently coming to the realization that his problems were his own. He came to that understanding with his therapist's help and, far from being enlightening and making him vow to put forth a renewed effort, it was just demoralizing and depressing. Frank sighed heavily and slumped off to bed.

It was a hot night and he'd left the windows open. Apparently his downstairs neighbor had as well, because Frank could hear everything. First, the rhythmic creak of the bed springs, closely followed by tiny, high pitched cries from the tiny Asian. Frank could imagine his big, black neighbor going at it with his new pickup. The thought and the noise made him ashamedly horny. He rolled over and clamped a pillow around his head to drown out her squeals, which were rising in pitch and

enthusiasm. The pillow muffled but didn't completely block out tiny Asian woman's cries of pleasure.

Frank thought he must have dropped off to sleep quickly because suddenly the woman's cries were much louder, almost beneath him. He realized his eyes were shut tight, mouth gritting in pleasure. He was also on his knees and held someone's warm leg in each hand. Frank opened his eyes and stared down at the woman on the bed. It was the same woman from the elevator, only now she was naked, her hands gripping the bed, face contorted in pleasure. Frank was fucking her just as he'd guiltily imagined. Only, looking down, he saw the broad chest and the black cock of his downstairs neighbor. His thick dick was half inside the Asian woman's pussy, her pink folds visible, wrapped around his new cock. His whole body was tense, on the edge of orgasm and, god, she felt so good, slippery and hot.

Frank was confused. It felt so real but it had to be a dream. He paused, glancing at his muscular coffee-black arms, his large fingers gripping the Asian woman's slender legs and spreading her for his new dick.

She opened her eyes. "Please keep going," she begged in a tiny voice dripping with lust.

She didn't seem to think there was anything wrong. This must be a dream. He grinned and plunged inside her. His cock was so large he didn't think it would fit but, amazingly, she took it all in, squirming as he filled her. He watched her tits bounce with each thrust, pounding in and out of her tight pussy, growing faster with the urgency of his body. Hell, if this was a dream he was going to take full advantage.

He pulled out and flipped her over. She laughed with delight and got on her hands and knees, arching her back so her perfect ass was towards him. Frank gripped her soft butt cheeks in one solid hand and wrapped the fingers of the other around his warm black cock, still sticky with her juices. He aimed it back I between her lips, pushing inside her as she opened for him, driving deep until he was surrounded by her wet heat. He began jackhammering her, pounding her sweet little ass, listening to the rhythmic slam of his balls against her pussy, the moans as she gripped the sheets and thrust back, the jiggle of her breasts as he pounded her. He grew faster, harder, until he could stand it no longer and he thrust deep and came, his black cock buried to the hilt inside her, filling her with spurts of cum. He grunted in his neighbor's deep baritone, pulled her towards him, yearning to sink his dick as deep as he could as she howled with pleasure.

When he was done he remained kneeling between her legs, his cock slowly coming back down. If this was a dream it should be over. He should be somewhere else, naked in a classroom or something. But it was too real. The young woman who was impaled on him stirred and he pulled out, dripping cum down her thigh. She reached for him and he lay beside her, stroking her warm skin. She fit her body to his, his cock pressed up against her tiny ass, his nose buried in her hair so he could smell her faint lingering scent of vanilla.

Now that the urgency of sex had dissipated, Frank began to worry. Outside he heard sounds of commotion. People crying. Angry yelling. Sirens going off. The Asian woman lifted her head, cocking an ear to the window. She turned to him, her adorable face filling his vision.

"What's going on outside?"

Frank shrugged. What the hell was he doing here? Why was he in his neighbor's body?

There was a frantic knocking on the front door. After neither of them moved for a few seconds the woman asked, "Are you going to get that?"

Wordlessly, Frank slide out of bed and groped about for some clothes. His neighbor's body moved beneath him, the strange, large cock heavy between his legs, swinging against his thighs, still glistening with the woman's cream. Fuck, this was someone else's cock. Someone else's body. Shit,

he didn't even now what his name was.

Frank got himself dressed. Somehow it was better when he was covered up and couldn't see the immediacy of the changes. He could sort of pretend he was his normal self. Though his entire perspective was different. He was in a large, hulking body and things seemed so small. Plus, his skin was a gorgeously deep shade of black. Frank opened the front door, startled to find his old, sad sack body looking up at him with mournful eyes, mouth agape.

“Oi, what the fuck, mate?” His old body stammered.

Frank shrugged, avoiding the man's eyes as if this whole thing was his fault, while outside the flats, chaos reigned.

Frank could tell the man in his old body was angry, but also sort of intimidated by their vast difference in size. The guy tried to push his way past Frank and into his apartment, but Frank's solid body didn't budge to the weak effort. Only when Frank decided to stand aside could the man enter, a little more cowed at Frank's physical presence.

Frank had no answers for the man, and they switched on the TV, hoping for an explanation. The breaking news was on every channel. The one they stopped at featured a disheveled blonde guy in a t-shirt and jeans. His voice still carried the commanding cadence of a news reporter, but he looked like he'd been working all night at a convenience store. Frank and his neighbor learned about the Global Shift, though no one was calling it that yet. They sat glued to the TV, hoping for an explanation. Eventually the young woman came out to see what was happening. She was confused to see Frank's old body there, but Frank shushed her when she tried to talk. She sat on Frank's lap—his new lap—and feeling her tiny body so close made his cock stir again.

As the woman gathered what the news was telling them she looked at Frank and then his neighbor. She jumped off Frank's lap, realization dawning in her eyes.

“Did you two swap?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Frank said, and her eyes went wide.

She stared back and forth between them, eventually moving to take a seat on the floor. She gathered her purse and began flipping through her phone, occasionally giving updates on who had switched with who, and what had exploded, and what the government was saying. But several hours passed with no explanation of exactly *how* this had happened, and nothing to show how to swap back.

“This is messed up and all,” Frank said, his deep voice vibrating through him, “But I need to go to sleep. I guess I'll go back to my place?”

His old body nodded and returned his attention to the screen. The young woman jumped up.

“I should be going, too,” she said.

Frank's body turned to her. “It's not safe out there.”

God, Frank thought, did I really sound like that? My voice so whiny and small?

“Why don't you stay here until morning?” Frank's neighbor continued.

The woman looked from Frank to his neighbor. “I think...I think I'm going to go stay with him,” she said, pointing to Frank. “It just feels like, I know him and I don't know you.”

Frank lead her up to his room. She walked so close to him he could smell her sweet scent and it made him hard, his cock pushing out his pants. And what a difference that was. To have a cock so huge, so ready for sex. Frank couldn't help but be a little sorry for his neighbor when he found out how much Frank was lacking in both physical build and drive. The woman noticed the funny way

he was walking, her eyes sliding down to the bulge in his pants then back up to his face, amusement in her eyes.

“Where you him when you were in me?”

Frank's face grew warm and he looked down. “Yeah. At the end.”

“I can't quite make myself believe it. But I know I enjoyed that dick. You wanna go again?”

“Yeah,” Frank grinned.

It was the new start to Frank's life that he desperately needed.

Durham, North Carolina, USA

“Man, I just can't get this!” Lucas moaned as he watched the basketball bounce off the edge of the rim. His wavy, coffee-brown hair blew across his face and he angrily pushed it back, annoyed at the length. “Argh, and this stupid hair!”

“It's all right mo-,” Kyle stopped himself, “--man, just take it easy.” He jogged over to retrieve the ball.

“Easy for you to say,” Lucas said, “At least you're still a dude.”

As far as Lucas was concerned, Kyle had traded up during the switch. Kyle had been a tall, lanky guy with bad acne and one leg shorter than the other. But he'd been the water boy for the school's basketball team and he'd happened to be handing a cup of water to Jordan Carver, the school's star center, when the swap happened. Kyle had always had a head for basketball, if not a body. Now he had both and, as things slowly returned to the new normal, Kyle was a rising star. He still hung out with Lucas, but Lucas thought it was more out of pity than anything. Kyle was enjoying his newfound athleticism and popularity, and was leaving Lucas behind. Lucas could hardly blame him because it was awkward between them. Mostly, of course, because Lucas had ended up swapped with Kyle's mom, Karen.

Her name was Karen because of course it was. She *was* a Karen. Made up. Well dressed. Demanding. But also gorgeous. Used to getting her own way.

Lucas put one hand on his hip and looked down at his body as he waited for Kyle to retrieve the ball. Lucas was dressed in a baggy shirt and jeans, but there was no hiding the feminine nature of his body. Karen's body was tall and willowy, with long arms and aching beautiful legs. Legs that Lucas had secretly fantasized about and an ass to die for, though he hadn't yet touched either due to a mixture of embarrassment and modesty, as though to touch himself would be to do something uninvited to a woman's body.

At least he didn't have to worry about having big tits hanging from his chest like some of his other friends. Two indentations stuck out from beneath Lucas's shirt, Karen's breasts so small he didn't really need a bra. He hadn't cut Karen's hair yet, either. He didn't want to do anything different in her body, hoping that a cure would be discovered soon. He still dressed like a guy and pretended to be the same, though as the months passed it was looking more and more likely that he'd be stuck in the body of his friend's mom forever.

Kyle bounced Lucas the ball and he grabbed it in hands that were too small for his liking. His tiny fingers barely gripped it and he paused, gazing down at the hairless fingers, the nails chipped but still rounded and soft. The ball felt heavier and more unwieldy to hold than when he was a guy. He bounced it back to Kyle.

“Nah, I don't feel like it. I think I'm gonna head home.”

“Ok. You need me to walk you?”

Lucas shot him a look. He hated the way Kyle made him feel so delicate. He knew he *was* delicate

—Karen had been one of those trophy mom's whose only job had been to look good for her husband—but Lucas hated feeling that way.

“Whoa, you got my mom's look down,” Kyle joked, then immediately looked ashamed. “I'm sorry, man.”

Lucas waved him off. “That's fine.”

Kyle got lucky and Lucas didn't and that's just the way things were.

* * *

“And I say to you that this Global Shift, as they call it, *is* our challenge,” the preacher's voice rang out from the television set as Lucas slipped through the front door of his apartment. Onscreen, the preacher strutted back and forth in front of a huge cross. Her enthusiastic sermon about God's challenge was greeted by loud 'amens!' from the studio audience and quieter 'amens' from Lucas's mom. She was perched in her wheelchair close to the screen, her eyes glued to the body of the former black prostitute as she delivered her sermon.

“Hey, mom,” Lucas said.

“Hey, honey,” Lucas's turned and maneuvered her wheelchair through the living room. She'd cleared out a path, getting the rest of the family to push the furniture aside.

“You're getting better in that chair.”

“Yeah. Watch this.” She popped up into a wheelie, holding herself aloft for a few seconds before thumping back down, her now-useless legs wobbling. “Pretty cool, huh?”

She grinned up at him through a chubby face so unlike the one she was born with. Lucas's mom had lost a lot in the switch. She ended up seven years older and in the body of one of her wheelchair-bound coworkers. Her new body was a lot heavier, with flabby arms and a huge gut. It seemed like a big blow for a woman who'd been so active, but Lucas's mom had remained cheerful in spite of it all, learning how to make do with her new life. A lot of it, Lucas had to admit, probably came from her newfound dedication to the preacher.

She saw the look on Lucas's face and her grin faltered. “What's wrong, Lucas?”

He shrugged and looked down. His mom wheeled over and took his hand. “Oh, it's your body isn't it?”

Lucas nodded, his lip quivering. He felt like he was going to cry. He could feel the tears building up behind his eyes and he sniffed. “It's not even just the physical stuff, the...you know,” he gestured at his chest. “It's like I feel emotional and I just...” He shrugged again and wiped his nose, too aware of how dainty and soft his whole face was, how his contours were all off. Ever since becoming Karen he'd been more prone to swings of emotions, seemingly going from happy to crying to rage at the drop of a hat. “How do you do it, mom?”

“I know, honey, come here.” She opened her arms and Lucas leaned down and hugged her, clasping her chubby body to his. She patted his back and whispered in his ear. “It's going to be okay. You'll get used to it. It's just like William Barlow said, you just have to accept that this is who God made you now.”

Lucas pulled away and wiped his eyes. “Mom, William Barlow is just some TV preacher who got caught having sex with a prostitute and used it as an excuse to delude people.”

Barlow had never adequately explained what he was doing with a black prostitute when the switch happened. His believers insisted he'd been ministering to her. Lucas and most everyone else

suspected that he'd paid her to minister him.

“God chose him to deliver this message to *deluded* believers like me.” She said firmly.

Lucas slumped. “I'm going to my room.”

Lucas shut the door to his room and leaned against the cool wood. His mom had never been into religion until the switch, and Lucas supposed that if it helped her cope then it was okay. But, Jesus, he was sick of being preached to. Acceptance and perseverance were all very well and good when you could parlay your indiscretions into becoming rich and famous, but for an ordinary person like Lucas, finding himself in the body of a mature woman that he'd fantasized about was too much. Though, maybe there was something in the preacher's words. Not the God stuff, but the acceptance.

Lucas stepped in front of his full length mirror and looked at his new image. The image of Kyle's mom peered back at him. He took in her elegant face, the crisp, jagged brows that arched above brown eyes flecked with gold. He turned his head, examining himself, eyes tracing down her thin, angular cheekbones. She appeared French in some indefinable way. Something about the dark bedroom eyes and sultry lips. His little pink tongue slipped out and licked his lips, running long his startlingly white teeth. When he rested his face his lips were naturally parted, showing a hint of teeth. He had gotten used to eating with someone else's taste buds, brushing someone else's teeth, and running his tongue along the inside of someone else's mouth. Maybe he *could* get used to everything.

He pulled his shapeless white t-shirt off over his head and tossed it to the floor. Brushing his hair out of his eyes, he forced himself to look at his chest. Kyle's mom's small breasts protruded from his chest, two quarter-sized areolae capping the end, the tiny nipples a light shade of pink. Lucas slowly brought his hands up to his breasts and clasped them with his long, elegant fingers. He could cover his tits completely in each hand. They were soft and slightly jiggly, bouncing back as he gently squeezed and released, the nipples poking out beneath his softly probing fingers. When he fantasized about her in the past he'd imagined her with huge tits, though now, in her body, he was glad her breasts were manageable. Not big, but definitely *there*. They complimented his shapely hips and trim tummy, the result of her many yoga sessions.

Lucas unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to the floor, then kicked them aside. Now he was dressed in just some boy boxer shorts that looked incongruous on his willowy body. He hooked his slender fingers under the waistband of his boxers and took a deep breath. He'd avoided looking too closely between his legs even in the shower. Now he slid his boxer shorts down and stepped out of them, one lean leg at a time. Lucas forced his eyes to roam up and down his new body, taking in his altered appearance.

Lucas now had a trim tummy and a gentle hourglass figure with a wonderful ass. His legs were shapely and golden, with lean calves and taut muscles. A year ago, Lucas would have killed for this view of his friend's mom standing naked in front of him. He tried to get back in that mindset, hoping it would help if he could remember what it was like enjoying the sight of this body. Karen really was pretty, and he ran his hands up and down his skin, marveling at how smooth and soft he felt.

He caught sight of himself in the mirror, his friend's mom little mouth open in awe, her hands touching herself, and he giggled, a deliciously light sound. His body was beginning to feel strange, both loose and tense at the same time.

Lucas kept fondling himself, turning to look at his ass, his hand running over his little bubble butt, squeezing his angel-soft cheeks and giving a light smack, watching them wobble gently. He turned back around and his eyes were drawn to the unruly mass of dark pubic hair between his legs. He hadn't trimmed himself since, well, ever, but there was something delicious about seeing his friend's mom, who used to be so put together and trendy, a little more loose and wild. His fingers came

down his breasts, over his tummy, and slid into the tangle of hair, landing on his slit. He pulled back for a second, took a breath, and then touched himself again.

He pushed into his slit until he was just inside himself, fingertips pressing on his new warm, rubbery folds. Fuck, he was inside himself for the first time, inside Karen's body. The thought made him shiver with delight, little goosebumps appearing up and down his slender arms. Something deep and wonderful inside him urged his fingers on and he pressed harder, slipping deeper into his folds and rubbing slowly, almost on instinct. His body responded quickly, the tension creeping through his legs, crawling up through his belly, bringing with it a pleasant heat.

He watched in the mirror as he touched himself, watched Karen's other hand return to her breast and cup it, pinching the little nipple between thumb and forefinger until it spiked out. Lucas's fingers continued sliding back and forth inside his pussy, dipping down to follow the warmth growing there and landing in his wetness. The lips of his pussy had grown looser, opening at his touch, spreading apart for him and it felt wonderful.

He dragged the moisture back up to his nub of pleasure and a brief flare of heat burst through him as he did so. He released a little moan, fingers pressing against his budded clit, rubbing harder now, following the pleasure flowing through him.

Lucas lay back on the bed, head propped up on a pillow so he could look down at Karen's delightful body as he played with his pussy, watching his fingers disappearing inside his wet cunt. His knees were in the air, swaying back and forth. His body undulated softly while he fingered himself, little sighs escaping his lips. He grew fiercer with his body as the tension grew more urgent, until he was rubbing in tight circles, the squishy sound of his pussy hitting his ears, reminding him of the body he now possessed. He came suddenly, clenching his legs together, fingers pressing hard against his clit as he moaned, Karen's passion driving out all thoughts but pleasure.

Lucas continued circling inside his pussy. He was now soaking wet, his pussy lips wide and welcoming, velvety smooth and wonderfully warm. He dipped two fingers inside himself, curling around on instinct to drive up through his body. He could feel the walls of his pussy stretching around his fingers, and his fingers brought a delightful fullness that just made him hornier. He squeezed his tit more forcefully, wringing delight from his body as he pressed deeper inside himself. His fingertips landed on the dimpled nub of his center and he came suddenly, crying out in a needy, high pitched voice as he convulsed on the bed, every inch of his body on fire with pleasure as the tension snapped and he orgasmed hard, thrusting his fingers deeper into his new body, hard, fierce, fingering himself as deep and as long as he could to try to quench the flames inside him, moaning in his sweet voice.

He eventually came down, breathing hard, fingers delightfully deep inside him. He pulled them out and held them up to his face. They were shiny with his juices, and the musky smell was surprisingly delightful. This was *him* now. This was what he *felt* like. What he *smelled* like. And what he *tasted* like as he brought his fingers to his lips and sucked Karen's essence off his fingers. It was the first time Lucas had truly given in to his body and enjoyed himself in his new form.

And it wouldn't be the last.

Redondo Beach, California, USA

“Ooh, you like that baby?” Dean said, looking up at the man towering over him.

The man grunted, his eyes wide open and staring down at Dean's tiny form. Dean had his shirt off and his hands around the man's dick, fingers stroking the warm cock, jerking the man off roughly. Dean's knees were starting to itch from kneeling on the patchy beige carpet.

“Yeah, oh god, oh, fuck, Taylor, I'm going to cum.”

“That's right, cum for me,” Dean said, aiming the man's dick towards his breasts.

With a moan the man came, spurts of warm, white seed splashing across Dean's chest and dripping down his tits. Dean continued jacking the man off, letting the cum fall on his breasts until he was done. Dean stood and wiped his hands on the chintzy bed cover, then tossed his light brunette hair back behind his head and held out his hand.

“Three hundred dollars.”

“Right, yeah, right,” the man said, pulling up his pants and digging for his wallet. “Oh my god, I can't believe I just did that. I loved you so much, I've got all your albums and I--”

“Yeah, I'm not her, dude. I'm just in her body.” Dean said, motioning for the cash.

These superfans were the most annoying but they formed the bulk of his business these days. It was strange the way they idolized this pop star's body but were so eager to humiliate her by cumming on her tits or her ass. Their happy ending would inevitably be followed by professions of adoration for everything she did. Or had done, back when Dean's body sang and danced in music videos.

The guy handed him the money and Dean ushered him out of the motel room. Then he grabbed a damp towel off the bathroom rack and wiped the cum off his chest. He caught sight of his reflection in the bathroom mirror: straight nose, slightly narrow, bedroom eyes, milky-coffee brown hair that Dean managed to keep silky and soft, and makeup that made him look sexy and fierce. He kept his nails manicured and glossy, sticking to a strict diet and exercise regime to maintain Taylor's good looks. He had to spend some money on his appearance. It was part of his image for his clients. They came for the squeaky clean pop star who's body Dean now inhabited, and they stayed for what they came on. They had an image in mind and Dean had to match it.

Dean slipped his top back on, the clean, white belly shirt hugging his body and leaving his trim stomach bare, his little nipples poking out from the fabric. The slim jeans seemed molded to his form, accentuating his cute butt. He had to admit he was hot as hell. *He'd* fuck him. But no way was he fucking other guys. That was too far. It was bad enough letting them jizz on his tits.

Fuck, there had to be a better way to get money. A lot of it at once. Maybe Saul had another idea.

Dean called a cab and a few minutes later it pulled up into the cracked parking lot outside the shabby motel. Dean jumped in the back and gave the driver the address. The driver was an older, Middle Eastern-looking man with a heavy mustache. His radio was cranked way too loud and, Christ, Dean recognized the sound of his former male voice over the bouncy beat. How the fuck

could the courts say it was okay for her to make money off his voice, but not okay for him to make money off her image?

“Can you turn that shit off?” Dean leaned forward and shouted over the music.

The driver clicked off the radio and Dean sat back in silence. As they drove past a scungy block of flats, Dean noticed the driver's eyes continually flicking back at him in the rear view mirror. Dean steadied himself for the inevitable question.

“Hey, aren't you Taylor--” He began in a thick, Grecian accent.

“Yes,” Dean said, returning his attention to the window and attempting to give off a vibe of 'shut up and drive'.

The driver either didn't get it or ignored it. “I love your music. Da da da...Oooh what you want from me,” He sang, screwing up both the rhythm and lyrics. “Is good.”

“Not my music, dude.”

Dean ran his hands through his fine hair. The first few days in this body had been amazing. He couldn't believe his luck ending up in the body of one of the biggest female pop singers in the world. He lived in her mansion, used her money, screwed in her body. Hell, the best time of his life was being someone else. Everything really went to shit when the world righted itself. Next thing he knew he was kicked out of her huge house and had to rely on his wits once again, scrounging money from job to job until he'd been desperate enough to let lonely men jack off on his tits. It was easy money but, man, was it degrading.

Dean told the cabbie to let him off at the street outside the gates to Saul's studio: a squat nondescript building in the middle of a group of warehouses. He handed some bills to the guy and walked to the guardhouse. The studio was surrounded by a wrought iron fence with spikes at the top. A couple of posters had been stuck to the few sections of solid wall. They were now faded and peeling, but Dean could still make out the one for the Department of Identities. The plain white background and black font telling the passersby to contact the department to reclaim their old lives. Dean snorted through his pretty nose. Taylor had been one of the first people to be processed by the Department, raising such a fuss about what Dean was doing in her body and with her life that the media had to take notice. It didn't take long for the Department to find out which of them was which, and his old body got possession of all her things, while Dean, as Taylor, swiftly found himself back in his dingy little apartment.

Dean walked up to the gatehouse and was greeted by a scrawny, acne-scarred teenager who used to be a hefty, middle aged cop.

“Hey, Lucius, Saul in?”

“Yep. He's here. Just sign in for me. Real name, please.”

Dean scrawled his signature and passed through the gate, making his way around the studio to the back where Saul kept his office. He greeted the few people he saw on the way in. Everyone here knew him from the debacle with his first porno film. The film itself was a massive success. Dean had been the first neo-celebrity to capitalize on his new image. But then Taylor had take him to court for defiling her image and now all proceeds were tied up indefinitely as the case wound it's way through the system. Even if the case was successful, by the time it was finished and the lawyers had taken their share there would be nothing left.

Dean poked his head around Saul's door. Saul sat behind an overflowing desk in a cramped office. DVDs were stacked up on the floor and old movie posters covered the walls, advertising porn stars providing all sorts of erotic pleasures. As was his usual habit, Saul was topless, his fantastically fake

breasts protruding from his chest, nipples sticking up like thimbles. Saul looked up and smiled at Dean, his cute, Japanese features beaming in a bright smile.

“Dean, what a surprise,” he said. “Come on in. Have a seat,” Saul gestured with a cigar clenched in his tiny fist to the only other seat in the office. Dean carefully lifted the pile of scripts and DVDs off of it and settled down, crossing one long leg over the other.

“How've you been, Saul?”

“Oh, can't complain. Business took a hit for a while, as you know, what with everyone being so...free, I guess. But people want variety, so...” Saul shrugged and chomped on his cigar.

“I thought you were gonna quit smoking.”

Saul looked at the cigar in his hand. “Just an affectation. Don't want to give myself any new bad habits. The poor girl in my body. Jeez. She had a lot to deal with.” Saul shook his head ruefully. “But, I mean, fuck, she got my smoking and my drugs. I got her horniness. This body is insatiable. I'm wet, like, twenty four hours a day.”

“You should use that.”

“Oh, I have,” Saul said, motioning to one of the posters on the wall that featured his new body and the promise that it was the world's biggest gang bang. “But big fake tits and pornstars are a little passe these days. Anyway, what brings you into my den of iniquity, he asks him knowingly?”

Dean clasped his slender fingers in his lap. “I need some money.”

“I thought as much.”

“I didn't get anything from the last film and I feel like my time is slipping by. It won't be too much longer before my body will just be some has-been.”

Saul nodded. “I don't want to say I'm excited, because I can see you're in a tough spot. But I'm fucking excited. This is an opportunity, Dean. Here's what I'm thinking: live sex show. We sell subscriptions build it up huge. You and three guys.”

“One guy.”

“Two guys.”

“One guy.”

“One guy. But you do anal.”

“Fuck, no.”

“You gotta give me something. Taylor alone isn't enough anymore. You saw I got the girl in Britney's body to do a threesome? That was huge. And you're bigger than she ever was. So, a dick in the ass is worth two in the bush.”

Dean sighed. “All right. Fine. But how do I get the money? Won't the courts just freeze it?”

“We do it offshore. Thailand. Anything goes in Phuket.” Saul winked. “The money goes through an offshore account. I think we can get a decent haul before the government steps in to stop us. And then we just go through back channels. People will pay for this.”

“Ok. But you gotta get me someone good to work with.”

“I know. You're fragile. Don't worry. I don't want to wreck you, I just want to hear you moan. Oh, fuck there I go again,” Saul said looking down in his lap. “Just thinking about you naked is making

me all wet. Look, I'll be in touch. Close the door on your way out.”

Dean left and shut the door behind him, Saul already moaning as he fingered his sensual body.

Two weeks later, Dean touched down in Thailand. He was met at the airport by a slight, smiling Thai woman, who took his bag and heaved it into the back of a waiting limo. Dean was whisked away to a large mansion—Saul had presumably rented it for the day's shoot—and was ushered upstairs to an ornate bedroom with windows that looked out onto the ocean. He closed the door behind him, shutting out the noise from the hustle and bustle of the small film crew setting up in the living room downstairs. He'd just glimpsed the set as he was ushered upstairs: plush velvet bed set in the middle of the room, curtains draped over the windows. Sexy as hell.

Dean gingerly sat down on the bed. As advised by Saul, he'd been wearing butt plugs for a day or two to get himself loosened up. He was just settling down when the door opened again and Saul bustled in. Saul was dressed this time, but in schoolgirl style, a pretty white blouse stretched across his magnificent bust, and a frilly blue skirt barely covering his long legs. The only thing he was missing was giant lollipop. Behind him came a tall, handsome man Dean recognized from some of Saul's other films. He had a broad chest and a day's worth of stubble across a square jaw. He smiled, revealing a row of dazzling white teeth. It was the body of John Hungwell who had demonstrated through over a hundred erotic films that he was, indeed, well hung.

“Dean, this is John. John, Dean.” Saul said.

Dean stuck out his hand and Dean's large paw engulfed it. His grip was firm without being overbearing, and he yielded to Dean's soft touch as Dean pulled his fingers back.

“Pleasure,” John said, in a rumbling bass that thrilled Dean in some strange way.

“I'll let you two get to know each other. We go live in about two hours.”

Saul swept out of the room and Dean could hear him yelling something at one of the lighting guys as the door closed behind him.

“So,” Dean ventured after a short silence while John dropped his duffel bag, “You were never swapped.”

“Oh, I was,” John said, “This is my husband—well, now *ex*-husband's—body. I used to be Velvet.”

Dean remembered watching pornos of Velvet back when Dean was a man and Velvet was a woman. She'd been tall, with an aquiline face and tattoos up one arm. She was also, Dean remembered with some apprehension, into S & M. John saw his look and laughed.

“Don't worry, I'm not into torture anymore. John's body doesn't like it. Saul told me about you. Said he needed someone gentle for their first time.”

She stepped towards him. Dean blushed and turned away, pretending to look out the window to the beach below as he changed the subject. To his credit, John let him have his space.

“Where's your old body?” Dean asked.

“Don't know. Don't care.”

“Really?” Dean turned, one slender eyebrow arched.

“Really. *That* took a while, I'll tell you. But I accepted this is who I am.”

“Wasn't it hard?”

“Fuck yeah. He was an asshole and changing bodies didn't change that. It sucked to wake up every day and see his face in the mirror while he went out and did...whatever. The only way I could really be free is to accept it and move on. Be like water.”

“Easy for you. You're not confronted with your old body every day in the tabloids.”

“It's not easy for anyone,” John said, stepping closer. This time Dean didn't shrink away. There was something comforting in his voice and, for the first time in a long time, Dean felt his guard slipping.

“Do you think I wanted to have a dick?” John continued. “Not everyone wants to be a guy. I was happy then. And, actually, it's easier for us than lots of people. What finally made me realize how lucky I was was seeing other people and being thankful I wasn't them. You and I are both lucky, actually.”

Dean snorted.

“No, really,” John went on, “We could have died in all the shit that followed the switch, or ended up in someone confined to a hospital bed, or with severe mental issues, or in constant pain. But we're young and good looking. I'd say that's pretty fucking lucky. And I'd say you're actually being pretty brave right now doing this.”

“It doesn't feel brave.” Dean folded his arms and stared down at his feet.

“Hey,” John placed his hand under Dean's chin and lifted her eyes to his gently. There was so much power in his touch. He was holding back but Dean could still feel it and his body trembled in response. “Would you have done this as a man?”

“No,” Dean whispered.

“When you came to Saul for help, you must have known what his answer would involve. The fact that you agreed to do this must mean that, deep down, you're okay with who you are.”

Fuck, what was going on? Why did Dean suddenly want John to pull their lips together? Taylor's body was suddenly calling out for John in a way Dean had never experienced before. Instead, John released him and returned to his duffel bag.

“Let's get ready for this scene, huh?”

Dean nodded and went downstairs to get into hair and makeup.

Sunlight filtered down through the large living room windows, landing on a circular bed, covered in red velvet, that had been positioned in the center of the room. It was artfully decorated with a variety of pillows. Three cameramen stood ready, along with Saul, when Dean entered.

“There he is,” Saul cried, “Wow, you look lovely.”

Dean bit his lip and blushed. He'd watched his transformation in the makeup artist's mirror as he went from cute to hot as his glam makeup was applied. Saul had set out a wispy negligee that was sheer enough to just give a hint of the curves beneath and it flowed across his body as he walked through the room. John joined them. He was shirtless, displaying his ripped chest, and wearing only a pair of jeans. His eyes moved approvingly up and down Dean's form and somehow it didn't seem as lecherous as when Saul stared at him.

“Where's *your* makeup and outfit?” Dean teased him.

“The price of being a man,” John smiled.

“Okay,” Saul said, “Listen up. We're just going to do this. We've been building it up all week. Our

audience is fucking ready. We'll go live and we've got a basic intro cued up and then you two hit it. Start off slow and end when you're ready. Or if I tell you to.”

Saul positioned Dean in the center of the bed, one leg curled under him, the other knee raised in the air with Dean's arms draped over it, seductive but lonely. John was just off-camera.

Saul went back to the control cart, which was lined with a bank of computers and monitors and, presumably, ready to stream directly to the world. When Taylor's people got wind of Saul's plan they'd tried to stop him, but as everything was happening overseas, there was nothing much they could do. Their efforts to block the streaming site had only been met with an uptick in VPN services to get around the censorship blockade.

Saul counted down, and then pointed to John to start off. Dean gulped, his mouth suddenly dry. What the fuck was he doing? Was he really ready for this? He smiled nervously up at John as John joined him on the bed. He took Dean's chin in his hand and they stared into each other's eyes.

“You can do this,” John whispered.

And this time John did bring their lips together. They kissed slowly, John's tongue gently probing Dean's lips until he opened his mouth and John slipped inside. John ran his tongue along the inside of Dean's mouth and Dean could taste John's faint minty breath. Dean's hands came up to John's chest, his slender fingers bracing against the tight muscles. John's skin was so warm and his touch was so gentle it sent a slight ache through Dean's body.

This was new. At first when he'd been with a guy it had been with the pure pleasure of thinking this was all temporary. But then it had become permanent and he'd been shut off from the pleasure of Taylor's body, only doing what he had to do to make money. But this longing inside him, the heat from the simple touch of John's fingers was exciting.

Dean kissed with more urgency, opening his mouth and rolling his tongue deep inside as John sucked on him. Dean's hands wandered down John's solid chest to his steel abs as he pressed Taylor's nose into John's cheek, inhaling his faint sandalwood scent. John's hands were on Dean's cheek, in his hair, pressing their faces close. They went slow, sensual, exploring each other like two young lovers experimenting for the first time.

John's hands came down slowly to Dean's breasts, cupped one, his hand circling around Dean's soft skin. He gently opened Dean's negligee and Dean let it slip off his arms, lips breaking away from John for an instant—a long, agonizing instant—and then John's touch was on him again, Dean's body burning with desire. And Dean was naked, his petite tits hanging down, nipples growing hard as John's fingers brushed across them.

John kissed his way across Dean's jaw and down the nape of his neck. Each kiss sent a warm shiver through Dean's body and he closed his eyes and sighed softly through parted lips. John's hot breath landed on Taylor's nipple and Dean sucked in a breath as John nipped him gently, tongue swirling around Dean's sensitive tits, other hand fondling his other breast as Dean's own hand wandered down between his legs. The need to touch himself was overwhelming, and his fingers slid across his coarse thatch of pubic hair and found his slit. Dipping inside himself for the first time, he was delighted to land on his own wetness. His fingers gently stroked as he unfolded for himself, growing warmer and wetter beneath John's caresses and Taylor's own slender fingers.

Dean reached for John's crotch, felt the hard bulge of his manhood beneath the jeans. It made him lick his lips and giggle, knowing that was for him, wanting it inside him. He unbuttoned John's pants and helped him out of them. Just this short time away from John's touch made Dean crazy with need, and heat sang through him when John again took him in his arms and lay him down on the bed. John's hand slid down between Dean's thighs, spreading him gently as they stared into each other's eyes. Dean stroked John's cheek, his body desperately on fire, desperately in love with John's

nearness. John turned and sucked on one of Dean's fingers, tasting the ghostly echoes of Taylor's pussy.

And then, as the cameramen circled the two lovers, John straddled Dean, lifting Dean's glorious legs in the air and spreading them wide. Dean and the world looked down at Taylor's pussy, her folds glistening beneath the tawny brown pubic hair. John brought his cock closer, the head pressed against Dean's opening and he pushed slowly. Dean moaned as the head sunk in slightly, the pressure building, building, and then dissipating with a pleasant quickness as John entered him.

Dean moaned and grabbed his tits, enjoying his soft body, as John took his time, driving himself slowly inside, through Dean's tight pussy until he was lodged deep in Dean's center. John held himself there, Dean so full he felt he would burst, and then John pulled out. He went slowly, Dean staring down at himself, watching John's cock enter him, fill him, and then pull out slick with Dean's juices.

John gradually sped up in time with Dean's moans. Dean gripped his tits harder as John thrust and they were soon in a rhythm. Dean's tits bounced on his chest as John held his perfect legs and thrust inside, grunting manly and deep, staring down at Dean's pussy, hypnotized by lust. He held one of Dean's legs out so the world could watch John sliding in and out of Taylor's cunt, building up to the finale. Dean slipped his fingers down against his clit, rubbing his wet folds, finding the nub of his pleasure that sent heat roaring through him.

John moved faster, pounding harder, and then an explosion gripped Dean, the warmth igniting into a red hot heat that filled every pore and made Dean gasp and quiver. He threw his head back on the bed and orgasmed hard around John's cock, the walls of his pussy squeezing John's shaft, and, oh god, it was perfect. Dean forgot his embarrassment, his terror. Everything pushed out of his mind by the all-consuming pleasure.

When Dean finally opened his eyes John's face was right in front of him, John's body pressed against his own, still connected to Dean's warm insides.

“Are you ready?” John whispered.

Dean bit his lip and nodded, and John helped him shift into position on all fours. Dean put his elbows on the bed and arched his back, his taut little ass waving invitingly. The cool air of the room hit his pussy, making him aware of just how soaking wet he was.

John took up position behind him and placed one hand firmly on Dean's ass, the other stroking his cock, lubing himself up thoroughly before lubing up Dean. John's slick fingers circled Dean's ass, teasing him, gliding around his puckered hole, bringing with it a surprising—and surprisingly intense—burst of pleasure. Dean's breath quickened as his body shook with another orgasm, the sound of his own high pitched moans only making him hornier.

And then the pressure on his asshole disappeared, replaced a moment later with a larger firmness of the head of John's dick. John pressed gently, going slow, and Dean forced himself to relax, to spread his legs and open his asshole for John, desperately wanting John back inside him anywhere and everywhere. Dean was tight, so tight, and John's cock pushed in slowly. Dean gritted his teeth and pushed back, his body balanced on a knife edge of pleasure and pain as John sank inside, each glorious inch filling him in a strange and wonderful way.

And then the head was inside, and then the shaft. Two hands were on Dean's ass cheeks, clenching them firmly as John sank in, a tight, overwhelming pleasure. John slid in for an eternity and, oh god, how long was his cock? Dean gripped the bed cover in sweaty hands and moaned as John's groin finally hit his ass and Dean was full, so goddamn full. John's cock was lodged so deep in his asshole and Dean's body spasmed with an orgasm. Oh, fuck it felt so good. John pulled out and thrust in again, building up a rhythm. And Dean's ass was so tight, every motion magnified and

enhanced, sending tremors through Dean's body. He cried out in a high pitched voice, cries growing more urgent as John picked up steam. Dean couldn't help himself, he *needed* this. He pushed his little ass back on the mammoth cock, forcing John's dick to impale him again and again. He rested his head on the bed as one hand snaked back down between his thighs to rub his clit, sinking into his own wetness and circling urgently. Their bodies were joined together, rising in ecstasy, and then Dean came hard in an earth-shattering orgasm more pleasurable than any he'd ever known. He was flying, the heat burning him up so wonderfully as he screamed and cried and begged for more, John pounding him in and out until Dean was used up and exhausted and slick with sweat.

John pulled out, gripped his dick, and came over Taylor's ass. The world watched as delightful hot spurts of cum spurted onto Dean's backside, dripped down his gaping ass, a river of cum splashing down his thighs and joining the ocean of wetness between his legs. Only then did Dean collapse, breathing hard, his body delightfully sore and used.

After some unknown length of time Saul yelled cut and came up to the bed, where John now held Dean in his arms.

“That was awesome, Dean. You let me know when you want to do this again.”

Dean looked up at him through half lidded eyes, his body roiling with aftershock, John's warm hands circling his naked waist. “Please,” he said in his delightfully soft voice, “Call me Taylor.”

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Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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

First Time for Everything (M2F Possession)

A body hopper uses his power to take a vacation from his high powered executive job and experience the world as a cute blonde. She's shy and self-conscious about her body, but the hopper teaches her how to wring pleasure from every inch of herself and fully show off her sexuality.

The Device (M2F Transformation)

Ken and George have been best friends for years. They're both smart, nerdy, and complete virgins. But when they find a mysterious alien artifact that can transform them into their fantasy women, everything changes.

Mommy Dearest (M2F Family Swap)

All I had to do was use this old body swap spell I found to swap bodies with my teacher in order to convince my mom I was a great student. Only, I messed it up and now I'm inside my own mom's body. Although, now that I'm looking at the world through her eyes, there is something very enticing about my curves. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Body Swap Mega Bundle (M2F Body Swap/Theft) [Amazon exclusive!]

A giant collection of 10 previously published tales of erotic boy swaps and body thefts.

Arabian Nights (M2F Transformation)

Chris's new sister-in-law has always wanted a sister who's more outgoing and unafraid of her sexuality. With the help of some magic, she's going to turn Chris into the sister she's always wanted, and the woman he's always desired, whether he wants it or not.

Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

Claire is an elegant housewife whose days revolve around organizing and looking good for her husband. Evan does odd jobs for cash while he goes through college. But his oddest job of all is swapping bodies with Claire and giving her body a workout. In every possible way.

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

I don't want to caress my friend, don't want to run my hands along her soft curves, press our bodies together and drive each other wild with lust. But we're not in control anymore. There's someone else in our bodies, fondling us with our own hands, making us do anything and everything they want. And all we can do is watch.

The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

Drew is planning to meet up with his ex-girlfriend for a last one night stand. But she has other plans and soon Drew finds himself slowly transforming into the woman of his dreams: soft, sensual and seductive. Can he turn back into a man before the transformation turns even his own thoughts towards feminine desires?

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

Melody has a crush on Daniel, but Daniel (and every other guy at their school) has a crush on Katie. Maybe it's Katie's delicate Asian features, or her perfect figure, or the way she excels at everything she tries. Whatever it is, Melody wants it. Then one day she wakes up in Katie's body and has it.

Student Body (M2F Body Theft)

Jeff is a sixty year old high school teacher who's disappointed with his life. Heather is a gorgeous, popular cheerleader with her whole future ahead of her. But when ancient magic causes the two to accidentally swap bodies, Jeff finds himself back in high school, and in the body of a petite blonde sexpot.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on [my website](#):

Hardbody (M2F Ebony Body Possession)**Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)****Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)****Reunion (M2F Possession)****Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)****Madam President (M2F Transformation)****The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)****The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!****Training Days (M2F Body Possession)****Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)****Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)****Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)****Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)****Stripped (M2F Transformation)****The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)****Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)****XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)****Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)****Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)****Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)****Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)****Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)****Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)****Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)**

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

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

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

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Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

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

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The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

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Her: Stories of body theft and possession

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All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

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Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories