



**INTO
HER
*Body***

MWILS

Into Her Body

by M. Wills

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Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

I place my palm on the touch pad beside the door and stare into the retinal scanner. The green light briefly blinds me and I say my passcode, "All the king's men eat bologna", my secret nonsense phrase. Next comes the whistling as I jog in place to get my heartbeat up so the computer can match my change in biorhythms and the tone of my song. All that done I scratch my head, not for any particular reason, just because it itches. My passwords accepted, the door slides soundlessly into the wall and I step in to the pristine, artificially cooled lobby that separates the materials sector from the research sector of Station Alpha. Everything in the room is white. The floor, the walls, the furniture, everything except the security guard, Mr. Cargill, who I believe is from India. He looks up at me and smiles. "Welcome back, Mr. Parker."

"I'm just here for the money." This too is a code, and my little joke. Truthfully, I love this job and I'd do it for free if my body didn't need food and shelter.

Mr. Cargill relaxes, barely, and I know that under his desk he's released his grip on the blaster.

"Blue tie, today?" I ask as he keys in his code for the inner door.

"Casual Friday." he replies just before I step into the heart of Station Alpha that houses my research labs and living quarters.

A wide hallway leads to a row of elevators at the far end. I pass door after door of laboratories, each one sectioned off by other corridors that lead to yet more laboratories. A few other scientists are roaming the hallways and I catch random bits of conversation as I pass them. Nothing I can understand "...synclastic infindibula isn't registering the power levels..." just as I'm sure they wouldn't understand my jargon.

Everyone here is a mastery of their field, specially chosen to perform the cutting-edge science in this top secret facility and everything here in Station Alpha is top secret. Secrets classified even to the people who classify secrets. Our mission is to research pie in the sky ideas. Theories so out there it's almost impossible to tell who's a genius and who's just insane. Although I hear one of our departments is working on a machine to help us do just that.

There are almost 200 researchers in this fully self-contained underground sprawling maze of laboratories. We've got everything one could ever want: food replicators capable of creating any meal, virtual reality simulators allowing us to go anywhere, and two entire internet's worth of cat videos (on clear days we can get pretty decent internet from the

future). Why would anyone ever leave?

Suddenly there's a loud roar as a small dragon careens around the corner and flies towards me. I cling to the wall as it swoops past me and down another corridor. Seconds later a small group of scientists wielding strange weapons, military by the look of their outfits, rounds the corner in pursuit. The leader, a greying, bearded man with a look of guarded authority stops me.

"Did you see any sort of thing that may or may not have been a kind of animal fly by here?"

"You mean the dragon?" I ask.

He somehow becomes even more serious. "I can neither confirm nor deny the existence of a dragon."

"Right, I saw nothing. And it went that way," I point to the corridor.

"Thank you." There's a slight pause as he realizes he may have given something away. "Or maybe or maybe not thank you because this conversation never happened." He shouts back to me as he leads his group away.

I round the corner to my department and nearly run into Sophia, jogging along the corridor in her workout gear.

"Whoa! Hi, Kevin, I almost crushed you." she deadpans, looking at me with her beautiful grey-green eyes. Her dark blonde hair is pulled up in a loose bun with a few strands that dangle down over her ears. Susan's oval face has just a hint of the plumpness of middle age, complimented nicely by her sharply elegant nose. Dark, straight eyebrows and wide set eyes lend her a constant look of slight wonder. She's pretty in a girl next door way, well, maybe a mom next door way seeing as she's nearly old enough to be my mother. Though that's where the similarities between her and my mother stop, thank god, otherwise my secret fantasies would be more disturbing than sexy. I've been harboring a secret crush on her ever since we worked on a project that successfully fooled the world into thinking a country called 'Canada' existed. Just seeing her in the flesh makes my heartbeat rise. If it wasn't for the age gap...oh, who am I kidding? I've never been particularly good with women my own age, either, preferring hard science over soft women because it's easier to understand. My devotion to science is how I ended up the youngest member of Station Alpha, by far.

But still, I can't help but admire her nicely toned arms, her curvaceous butt and her thick, strong thighs. Her workout bra hides two smallish,

but firm breasts that I swear are growing larger every day, because they are. Sophia is now on the team researching the fitness drugs and, since test subjects are difficult to come by in Station Alpha, were testing it on themselves and finding the results amazing. It seems that while on the drug, with just a little exercise not only can a body grow muscle faster, it can also, well, 'enhance it's overall attributes' as they put it in the newsletter with an emoticon wink and a nod. Needless to say there's a high demand for it but limited supply. It's still quite tricky to make.

"Off for your ten minute run?" I ask.

"We only need eight minutes now. I bet we'll be down to five by the end of the month. Gotta keep my heart rate up, I'll see you around," she says as she jogs off.

I sigh, another missed opportunity, and continue on to my lab. As the door slides silently open I find Kim and Gregor already inside bickering merrily.

"I steel say what's de point?" Gregor bellows in his Russian accent as he rubs his thick beard vigorously with one hand, a sure sign he's deep in conversation, "Why bother stretching out de time at all if you just lose eet de moment you come back?"

"Because you get to experience it in a longer present!" Kim yells back at him, the way you would only to a good friend. "That is all that is experienced of a life." Though Kim was born in Korea and speaks several languages fluently she does have some linguistic oddities.

She stops to smooth her straight, dark bangs into place and I take this moment to step in.

"Can I interrupt this cold war to ask what's going on?" I ask, looking from the husky Russian to the petite Korean.

"Do you know who is Kevin Laherty?" Kim asks.

"Skinny guy with the weird laugh? Like 'heem heem heem'?"

"It ees more like 'harrm harrm harrm'" Gregor fake guffaws.

"Yes, that is him, weird-laugh-Kevin." says Kim. "He is working on time dilation and evidently he has been in Saturday since last Tuesday."

"And I vas saying ven his dilation stops he vill still be at our point in de present so what's de point? He'd be better off staying in the past."

"That is not how it works, only the present matters!"

"Bah!" Gregor waves a beefy arm.

"All right, all right." I calm Kim down before Gregor can get rile her up again. "Where are we at with the calculations?"

A few days earlier we'd set the computer up to run some final calibrations in preparation for today's experiment. For months we'd been working on a machine that would enable a person to physically explore an N-th dimensional perception. People claiming to have had out-of-body experiences have only really had experiences of perception, meaning the brain is tricking itself into thinking it's somewhere else. The illusion would break down if the person attempted to, say, leave the operating room they're inevitably in and fly across town. Our machine would enable the perception-body link to split in actuality. Basically, if it works, we'll be generating an actual out-of-body experience.

"Ve're done." Gregor beams, "Did you get the plutonium?"

I pull the small, metal vial I retrieved from the materials sector out of my pocket and hold it up. The lab provides us with all the plutonium we can eat, figuratively speaking. Doc Brown would eat his heart out.

We look at each other nervously.

"Shall we fire it up then?" I ask.

"Let us do this!" Kim smiles.

"Eet's okay to use contractions." Gregor says as he takes the vial.

"It is okay to use the letter 'w'." Kim replies as she loads the program.

There's a slight hiss as Gregor places the vial into the pneumatic power beam. Then he begins plugging in the equipment and checking the on-line systems.

An air of nervous expectation pervades the room, tinged with jealousy. They each want to be the first to try out the machine and they're trying to be good sports but, thanks to the strict selection criteria known as Rock-Paper-Scissors, I won the honor of going first.

I recline on the operating table and wire myself up to the heart rate monitor while Gregor places a large metal cap tightly over my head, then attaches it with metal struts to what looks like a large colander. It's difficult to get comfortable as the helmet protrudes well past my head and lying flat results in my neck being bent forward in an uncomfortable angle (a design flaw we'll have to fix for the consumer version). Eventually I settle for lying as far up the table as I can and letting the struts hang off the edge.

Kim looks up. "Are you ready?"

I came up with an amazing history-making speech last night. Unfortunately in my current nervous state I can't remember any of it. "Uh, yeah." I manage. Poignant and true.

Kim pushes some buttons and Gregor pulls the switch. A hum quickly builds up, seemingly from inside of me.

Then the world explodes into fragments.

Images overlay themselves in front of me and all around: other rooms, other people. It's like I'm looking through twenty different pairs of eyes in different places all at once. Maybe it's fifty, maybe it's four. Whatever it is my brain can't process what I'm seeing and everything is distorted into a blurry image that's somehow a mix of all of them. As the hum builds and turns into a screeching whine I try to close my own eyes but I don't seem to have any. Just when I think I can't take anymore the hum abruptly stops and I come crashing down.

A steady stream of water blasts into my face. I put my hand up to block it and jerk my head around to get out of the way, coughing for air. Somehow I'm now standing and jets of water are spraying into my face. I briefly open my eyes and get a glimpse of tiles, a shower curtain. I grasp blindly for the knobs I infer must be there and finally find them and twist them until the water turns off. As the remaining water trickles down my body I lean over to catch my breath and get the shock of my life.

My hands aren't mine. They're responding to my commands and they seem to be part of me but as I hold them up to examine them more closely I see they're slender, hairless and smoothly rounded. The fingers delicate with glossy, manicured nails. A woman's fingers. I gasp in someone else's voice and stare down at myself. Just below me, two small breasts gently curve out from my chest, rising and falling with each panicked breath. Below them is a slightly chubby stomach, followed by a curvaceous waist and just below that is a triangle of short, blonde hair between my legs, followed by two smooth thighs and some dainty feet. I run one trembling hand between my legs to watch and feel my delicate hand examine my gentle folds, I slip one finger inside myself and gasp (that strange voice again!) in surprise. I knew I was a woman the instant I saw my new breasts but now I *know* I'm a woman, you know?

I shake my head to clear it, wet hair slapping against my neck, and step out of the shower. Water drips down my curves and the cool air blows across my skin making my nipples perk up. I peek into the mirror hanging above the sink and Sophia stares back at me. Her mouth is open in an 'o' of surprise and I run one dainty hand along my narrow face, watching my new mirror image do the same. I gently caress my cheek, my narrow

and somewhat pointed freckled nose, run one finger over my dark, straight eyebrows. I lean in close to the mirror, close enough to examine every pore and tiny blemish, even the small freckles running down my nose. I look back and forth into those grey-blue eyes, trying to see some sign of myself but all I can see is her. Sophia's body, Sophia's face staring back at me, responding to my commands. Yep, it's real. I'm inside the body of my crush. I'm Sophia. *I'm Sophia.* I grapple with this thought as I stare at myself, at my new face, at my new body. Curiosity gets the better of me. I stand up straight and tentatively run my hands over and around my breasts, cupping them in my hands and feeling their pleasant weight. I move my head left and right, examining Sophia's face, my face now, from different angles. Her body responds easily to my commands, like I was born with it. Staring at myself in the mirror my eyes again slip down over my slightly pouchy tummy to the light triangle of my new womanhood. I turn my head and examine the rest of me, hardly believing this is all happening, as if seeing my whole new body will make it seem more normal. My butt gently bubbles out behind me and I run one hand down a smooth cheek and give it a squeeze, shaking it to feel the soft jiggle. This is incredible, but it's not my body and I should give her...me...her some privacy. I wrap the towel around my naked body but it doesn't make me forget the fact that I'm a woman. A very naked woman.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out what happened and who caused it. We must have miscalculated something. Does this mean Sophia is in my body? And did anyone else get affected?

My second question is answered first when the holo-display lights up for a general announcement and Kim's image appears.

"Attention everyone, dis ees an all rooms announcement." It's weird hearing a Korean speak English with a Russian accent. "If you have noticed anything...unusual about yourself in de past five minutes, please meet in lab 405 for an explanation right away. Thank you." I'm glad that despite Gregor ending up in Kim's body he still had the sense to send out an announcement. After all, it's not like we have emergency protocols for this. Fires? Yes. Earthquakes? Yes. Genetically modified rampaging monsters? Yes. But not body swapping.

I dry Sophia's body gently, almost as though I expect to hurt myself if I'm too rough. I slide the towel over my arms, my breasts, my waist, over my curvaceous butt and thick thighs down to my slender toes, admiring myself as I go. Then I draw the towel between my legs. Until this moment

I never thought you could feel the absence of something, but I do.

I head out of the bathroom into Susan's bedroom to look for a change of clothes. She keeps her room tidy, almost spartan. No clutter on the floor or her bedside table. The view of the forest from the videoscreen taking up the whole of the far wall combined with the artificial sunlight from the ceiling panels (complete with dappled light to simulate the effects of light streaming through the trees) makes it appear as if I've entered some sort of shady glen. I pad over to her dresser and pull open the top drawer where I find her underwear and socks, all neatly folded and organized. I grab something that doesn't look too lacy and slip it on, one dainty foot at a time. Searching the rest of her drawers I find some jeans. I pull them on but they're tight. I already feel restricted in this unfamiliar body, I don't want to wear clothes that make it worse. I pull the pants back off and move to her closet, where I find several dresses, arranged by color. I find the most conservative one I can and pull it over my head, then adjust it down my body and look at myself in her full length mirror.

If I was myself I'd say it's not particularly revealing, but wearing it on Sophia's form feels like my whole body is on display, but at least I'm more comfortable. My arms are bare up past my shoulders and everyone can see my legs. My lovely, perfect legs. Ok, I have to get a grip. I'm just thankful the dress is high cut so at least my unfamiliar breasts aren't on display. My hair hangs down limply around my shoulders and I rummage through the bathroom until find a hair band to tie my hair back into a ponytail where at least it's out of my way. I slip out of the room and head to my lab, noting how my perspective is slightly off. Everything seems a bit taller and I don't exactly walk with feminine grace, despite my feminine form.

When the door to my lab slides open I find half a dozen people already there in various stages of shock and excitement. Kim and Gregor stand in front of the machine having a quiet argument. My body strides up to me, a shy grin on my face.

"Hi, Kevin, you must have had a shock." It's my voice with a slightly different tone, like when you hear yourself on a video.

"I nearly drowned." I say in Sophia's voice, "Have Gregor and Kim explained anything?" Seeing my body move and talk outside of my control just drives home the fact that I'm someone else for the moment. I try to concentrate.

"Only the obvious. So far it's only the people in the nearby rooms and

everyone seems to have swapped bodies with the person nearest them.”

“Except us.” I absent-mindedly begin to rub my lip in thought but am thrown by the strange contours and the smoothness of my new skin. “I, um, I’ll be right back.”

I approach Gregor and Kim, who are still deep in conversation. They don’t look up until I speak, “So, what are your thoughts?”

“And who are you being?” Gregor’s deep voice booms.

“Kevin.”

“Kevin! Thank God.” says Kim’s body in Gregor’s Russian accent, “I don’t know what happened. There must have been an error in the proximity code.”

“The problem is not in my coding. It is in the calculations of yours.” Kim barks from Gregor’s body.

“Don’t yell at me!” Kim’s face crumbles and she wipes the tears from her eyes.

“I am sorry. I do not know what is happening. I just feel...very tough, very...argh.” Kim says as she ruffles her hair with Gregor’s meaty arm.

“I don’t know why I am crying.” Gregor sniffs, wiping the tears from his pretty face.

My body steps up. “It’s the estrogen and hormones flooding your body. It seems like our brains are still wired up like our original bodies, but we’ve got a whole cocktail of new chemicals. I want to test everyone here. Obviously this is a rare phenomenon and it’s a great opportunity for study. The psychology alone is just...this is exciting, I’m excited.” He smiles at me. Was my jaw always so chiseled? A flush runs through my new body. I try to cover.

“I guess, while we fix it. If everyone agrees.” I say and turn around to face the others.

They look up at me, expectantly. I would normally put my hands in my pockets but this dress doesn’t have any, so I clasp them together behind my back, which ends up being a mistake because they press against my plump rear and all I can think is how incredibly different my whole body feels.

“Obviously you all know what happened now.”

“How soon can you fix it?” a young woman interjects, “I was going to have a date night with my wife but I can’t go like this.”

“We have to find the problem first, we don’t even know what happened.”

Murmurs of disapproval break out.

“Everyone, just wait, please.” I’m losing it. I’m starting to panic, I think I’m going to cry. My body steps up.

“Quiet! Let her finish!” My body snaps, then looks shocked at himself but recovers nicely. “Like all of you, I’ve been having some rapid mood swings. While Kevin and his colleagues work on fixing the machine I’d like to give everyone a check up in my lab. While we’ve got this...unique experience we should study as much as we can.”

“Right.” I agree. “To make everyone comfortable I think we should remain in our rooms and try to keep up a sense of normalcy. You should arrange with whoever’s body you’re in to get some clothes that fit.” They continue looking at me. “So...yeah...that’s it.”

The small group breaks into a babble of excited voices and I turn to Sophia. “Thanks for the help.”

“No problem.” God, was my voice really that deep? “I looked a little flustered...you looked a little flustered, whatever.” He giggles, a weirdly feminine affectation from such a male body. He suddenly reaches over and grabs my dress, pulling the fabric up. “You were starting to slip out a little. Maybe wear a bra?”

I blush and reach down to adjust my breasts, sure it won’t be the last time. These things are uncomfortable.

Sometime later I return to my room. It’s just how I left it but it feels different. This body is shorter than my own and the angles are off, almost like I’m slouching. And it’s not just the sights but the air smells different and the sounds, um, sound different. My brain must be filtering everything through different shaped body parts. Altogether it’s like walking into a stranger’s house, except I’m not put off by the state of the bathroom. And I have a mild urge to tidy things.

I gather some clothes in a backpack to give to Sophia. I try to avoid looking at my new body in the bathroom, this unfamiliar stranger I’m controlling, as I gather up my soap, shampoo, deodorant and...the toothbrush gives me pause. Do I include it because it belongs to my body? On the other hand it still *feels* like mine and the idea of brushing my teeth with a stranger’s toothbrush is gross. I catch sight of my new body in the mirror, Sophia’s little nose wrinkled in disgust and her tongue slightly out. My tongue. Her tongue. Her tongue in my mouth? It’s more than just a pronoun problem, it’s a ‘feeling of self’ problem. I roll my tongue

around the inside of my mouth, forcing myself to become familiar with it, and watch my reflection do the same. In the end I leave the toothbrush out.

The door chimes. It's Sophia with a suitcase. She grunts as she drops it onto the floor by the couch.

"Wow, that's heavy even for your muscles. I've got some underwear, some bras, a pile of shirts and several pairs of pants (I figured I'd stick to clothes you'll be comfortable in) various shoes, toiletries, a coat, make-up if you want it, and some hair bands. Trust me you'll need a bunch of these, they're constantly disappearing. What do you have for me?"

I glance down at the small backpack. "Um, underwear, pants and a shirt?"

She rolls her eyes. "Men. Give it here."

She takes the backpack. "So," she says as I watch my body rummage through the chest of drawers in my bedroom, "How long do you think this will take to fix?"

"I'm not sure, we don't know the problem yet. My money's on a field miscalculation but we're going to have to go through everything line by line to find out."

"Wow, really?" she stuffs some more clothes into the backpack.

I cross my arms, having some trouble with the breasts getting in the way and eventually cross them underneath, as I lean against the doorway, watching my masculine body bend and flex, solid arms gripping the clothes. A fleeting thought, both alien and familiar, flashes through my mind of that body, my former body, on top of this soft, beautiful form, the two of us pressed together. Close and hot. Then it's gone, and all I'm left with are some vague, tingly goosebumps.

She finishes packing and looks at me. "Have you noticed anything strange?"

"You mean beyond this?" I point to my borrowed body.

"I mean any thoughts or...feelings you haven't..." She pauses, her eyes momentarily flick down to my breasts and she becomes flustered. "Sorry, I feel...I should go. I'll talk to you later."

She turns suddenly and walks out with a strange gait. It takes me a minute to realize that's the same walk I have when I get an unwanted erection.

I collapse onto the couch in silence. There's so much to take in, starting with my body. I look down at my hands and the unfamiliar shape of my

fingers. Each finger is slimmer, more tapered, each nail glossy and rounded. I rub a small scar on the back of my thumb. Where did it come from? I've got someone else's body and by extension their history.

I look down to my breasts. They seem large to me but as I remember from when I was the other side they weren't overly huge. I push and prod them, exploring their weight underneath my dress, as they jiggle back and forth. I examine the small marks and moles I've never noticed because I've never been so close up. I've often thought about Sophia and her body, I just never thought I'd be inside looking out. I run a hand up my smooth leg, feeling the contours of the muscles, the shaved skin so smooth on my dainty fingers. I slowly pull up my dress and trace my fingers around some small, white stretch marks on my thighs, further evidence of how much more mature my temporary body is compared to my real one. I slide my dress up further, revealing thick, healthy thighs and my pink panties. I brush the fabric with one hand, curious about the outline of my nether lips visible beneath.

The door chimes, startling me. I quickly pull down my dress and answer it to find Kim's body, still inhabited by Gregor.

"Hello, my friend. I am too excited to relax, can I come in?" Once again I'm struck by the incongruity of such a heavy Russian accent coming from this petite Korean woman.

"Sure," I say.

We sit on the couch. I shift uncomfortably in order to pull down my dress before deciding to cross my legs. Gregor has no such qualms, or such a dress, and sits with his legs far apart as usual.

"This is absolutely fascinating. I cannot get over it." He says excitedly as he turns Kim's hands this way and that. "I was such a big man and now I am...well, I am a small woman and yet...and yet for such a big change it was surprisingly easy to adjust, no?"

"That's true. There was a little disorientation at first but aside from that I don't feel as awkward as you'd expect...in terms of motion I mean. Socially, yes."

"Agreed. You would think our center of gravity is different, our body shape, our senses, it would all make it impossible to walk and yet here we are. And tell me, do you have any memories that aren't yours? Anything unusual?"

"My emotional state has been a bit...off."

"Yes, some emotional changes but that is to be expected from the flood

of new chemicals.”

Gregor puts Kim's hands on his legs and leans towards me, Kim's straight dark hair framing her rounded face. Her dark eyes stare into mine.

“I think this means our minds hev control. But ees et complete?”

“What do you mean?”

He holds one delicate hand up and slowly dances it through a range of motions. “We hev adjusted quite quickly to the physical changes, our minds hev become adept at moving in our new form. We are fully connected, I can see you, I can smell you, I can feel you.” He runs the back of one finger across my cheek. “I can feel your face, your cheeks, your lips.” He lightly brushes each one in turn. They feel different, yet de same. Some areas not so much, but others so much more.” I stare entranced at Kim, inhabited by Gregor's mind, as her finger glides down the nape of my neck, sending a tiny shiver down my back. “But how much do ve really control? Our thoughts? Our feelings?” he leans closer and glides his hand down my feminine body to my bare knee, poking out beneath my dress, which suddenly seems too tight. “Our desires?”

I lean towards Kim's face and we kiss. Kim's lips warmly pressed against my own, against Sophia's. She smells lightly of perfume and her dark hair tickles my cheek. Even as I grow warmer I gently push her away.

“But this is Sophia's body. It doesn't seem right.”

“You think they're not experimenting in our bodies? Besides, how can it be wrong when it feels so right?”

I stare into Kim's big, brown eyes, her cheeks flushed, like mine must be. Then we're kissing again, passionately. I run my fingers through Kim's dark hair and gently pull her towards me, opening Sophia's mouth I feel Kim's tongue enter, her heat exploring, probing my new body as I taste her. My body responds to her touch, differently than when I was a man but still familiar. My breathing quickens, a slow warmth spreads from my chest, gradually fills my body as Kim slides her hand down my sensitive thighs, her dainty hand preceding a gentle wave of warmth. Kim kisses her way across my jaw and over the nape of my neck, each kiss leaving a warm echo across my desire, amplifying my own heat. Then Kim's warm, wet mouth is over my breasts, gently kissing through the fabric of my dress and my nipples stand out as though reaching for her. I close my eyes and lean back, sinking into her kisses, my breath coming

faster.

She tugs up the bottom of my dress and I shimmy out, pulling it over my head and dropping it onto the floor. I'm wearing nothing but some thin panties as Kim's warm mouth returns to one bare breast as she gently fondles the other one while the heat inside me grows. She alternately kisses and nibbles my nipple, then sucks it gently into her mouth, just scraping her teeth and the pleasurable pain makes me gasp. Her hand glides down my stomach to my waist, to my thigh and she gently massages, moving ever upward towards my moistening desire. She places her hand between my legs and gently rubs, pressing down to make her petite fingers tease my sensitive hood, her hot hand presses the patterned fabric of my panties into me, amplifying my desire.

She lays me down on the couch and teases her thumb around the top of my clit. I place my smooth legs on Kim's shoulders, one on each so her head is between my legs, as she pulls my damp underwear off. One leg up, then the other. I look down past my naked body, past my small breasts and over each mole and line of my beautiful but unfamiliar skin to the rounded mound of coarse hair between my legs. There's a sense of absence, I can feel the cool air of the room against every part of Sophia's body, of *my* body. Gregor, through Kim's eyes, stares down at my body, just as new to him as it is to me. Kim's body has a lust in her eyes I've never seen before. She lowers her head between my legs, kisses up one thigh, over my slick opening and I raise my pelvis towards her, but she kisses back down the other thigh, teasing me. Then again, and again. Each time her hot breath just skims my moistening folds, burning me with anticipation, and my chest rises and falls to my quickening breath. She kisses back up my thighs and finally, finally sticks out her tongue and slowly licks me from bottom to top. I draw a quick breath as the hot tension hits me. My body slightly releases and I look down between my legs as Kim's face looks up at me and smiles then she lowers her mouth and begins exploring my wet desire in earnest.

I briefly wonder what Kim would think to see her usually staid body now. What she would say as she watched her face streaming with juices as her head is buried in a colleague's pussy. Then a new surge of pleasure drives all thought from my mind. Kim's movements quicken, her tongue steadily flicks against my newly revealed clit, each flick amping up my body's tension and I push my pelvis into her seeking mouth. She gently sucks my clit while her tongue presses into me and I'm burning. I moan,

sensuous and feminine, growing louder as the hot tension winds my body up, driving me onwards towards the crest of my pleasure, and the room disappears and I'm one with my body and it's just Kim and me, passion unfolding in endless waves as she works her magic inside me with her tongue and fingers and I cry out, over and over and when I think I'm down I climb some more and then suddenly with a final cry the sweet release hits me. My legs shake and I coast down the wave of pleasure, backwards through my journey as the tension floods out of me replaced with a warm glow, a still burning ember as Kim's motions between my legs slow. But she doesn't let me go. She senses the spark of lust still inside me and begins building once more and I build with her, quicker, more intense this time as her tongue laps against my folds, tastes my clit, my juices on her tongue, and before I know it I'm rushing through the heat again, my moans build as the hot tension returns, more intense than before and Kim slides her finger into me and pushes deep inside and I thrust towards her again and I can feel my own wetness and the pleasure, the heat, the tension, the release, blast me once more and I cry out again and again, lost in my orgasm until finally, slowly I come down, tired and spent, the spark exhausted from my body and I'm flooded with a pleasant light-headed warmth.

Kim sits up and wipes my juices from her mouth. I dreamily smile at her, absently running one slim hand through my blonde hair as I catch my breath, "That was amazing."

Before Gregor can respond my door chimes, on the viewscreen we see Gregor's body waiting outside.

"Uh oh," Gregor says.

"You go hide in the bathroom," I say as I throw my dress back on and adjust my breasts. When Kim's body is safely hidden I open the door.

"Hi, Kim." I say, trying to nonchalant.

"Kevin, I have come to see you," she responds in her usual odd speech patterns but with Gregor's voice. She nervously rubs her thick hands together. "I am come to see if you have found Gregor. That is, my body."

"No, I haven't seen her...him." I respond.

"Hmmm, that is unusual." She pulls at her lip and seems surprised to find a beard. "I would like to speak to him. It is not usual to be in such a... man body. I have hair, I have...weight. I would very much like to talk to Gregor to get back to myself. If you see him tell him I am waiting in my room."

“I will. Goodnight.” She shuffles away in her oversized body as the door slides shut. Kim's petite body walks out of the bathroom.

“I guess I should be going.”

“I think so.”

“Vell, goodnight, it vas a most enjoyable experiment. For science.”

“Yes, for science.”

“Next time I vill go first.” She says as she walks away.

I close the door and head for my room. I'm beat. Sifting through the suitcase Sophia left me I find a pink nightie and some sweatpants. No toothbrush, though. I guess she was thinking the same thing I was. I pull the dress over my head and drop it to the floor. Once again I'm confronted with my new breasts, but each time they seem more familiar. I slip on the night clothes and brush my teeth while watching my strange face in the mirror, then tie back my blonde hair in a ponytail. As I lie on my back in bed and consider the strange events of the day my hand gradually, almost unconsciously, slides down my body to the space between my legs. I absent-mindedly run my delicate fingers gently back and forth over the short, coarse hair as I consider possibilities for fixing the machine. I'm wondering why I feel so good about everything when with a start I realize where my hand has wandered to. I quickly pull it back. Then pause, and glide my hand back down between my legs.

I gently rub my fingertips over the top of my mound, exploring my new contours. One finger slips lightly inside my delicate opening, pressing against the warm hood and sending not tremors but the expectation of tremors through my new body. I slowly slide several dainty fingers around the outside of my pussy, exploring the unfamiliar contours, occasionally dipping a finger or two inside myself, as a slow warmth begins in my moistening opening, radiating outwards gradually as my exploration of Sophia's body, of my body, quickens. My fingers dance inside me more and more and my breath quickens, my breasts rising with each muted sigh. Once again I slide my fingers inside my body, wetting my fingertips with my quickly flowing juices and trailing them up towards my unfolding clit. Touching it sends a slight spark through my body, providing a hint of more to come as I rub, faster now, pulses of pleasurable anticipation throb through me and I tense my legs reflexively, stretching all the way down to my toes. The heat from my wet pussy winds my body like a spring as I ride each pulse higher, rubbing faster, my fingers and my pussy slick and wet. I groan, unable to suppress it any longer, a low,

guttural yet feminine sound.

My other hand kneads through my blonde hair, gripping a handful and pulling as if I can control the delight emanating from within, the pain sweetly pleasurable as the waves of ecstasy cascade on themselves throughout my sexy body. My hand slides down from my hair, over the unfamiliar, enticing new contours of my face, my cheekbones, my nose, my eyebrows, reminding me of the body I'm in and driving my pleasure on to new heights as I hear Sophia's voice moan louder.

I'm rubbing my clit faster, faster, chasing the waves, building towards an unknown beautiful as my body writhes with desire. I sink a finger deep inside, my sopping pussy offering no resistance as I finger myself deeply, reaching in and curling my fingers around and now I'm gasping as the pleasure slams me, driving me on and my voice cries out higher, faster, harder and then my body seems to explode from within and all I feel is the aching, wonderful fulfillment as my body sings with delight and the tension releases and I yell, Sophia's throaty voice heavy with lust, my pussy wet and filled with my curling fingers as I ride the orgasm, urging my body on as far as it will go with my curious fingers until at last with a final, long moan of fulfillment my wonderful body is sated and I begin the slow descent back down. The world gradually returns as my body floats back to earth, my heartbeat loud in my ears, then softer, slower and I drift off to sleep.

I wake and my first thought is that yesterday was just a dream, but looking in the mirror it's as plain as Sophia's nose on my face that it wasn't. I take a quick shower, yelping as the hot air hits my sensitive skin, then rush through a morning routine, remembering to sit down to pee only after I've pulled down my pants and seen what's there, or rather, what's not there. I run a comb through my hair and brush my teeth, generally trying to make Sophia's body as presentable as possible without delving into the complicated world of make-up. Finally, I dig through Sophia's suitcase, ignoring the dress to put on some pants, struggle with a bra and throw on a conservative top. I look at my body in the mirror, adjusting the top to make sure I'm fully covered and give myself a smile, Sophia's eyes crinkling adorably up at the corners. I can't help but think that even without any make-up I'm pretty cute.

As I head towards my lab my thoughts are racing about where to start with the machine. When I arrive, Kim and Gregor are already there as

usual. But, unusually, they're quiet. Each concentrates on their own tasks. Kim's body pokes around inside the machine's panels and the steady tapping of Gregor's hands on the keyboard is the only sound in the room.

"Morning," I say.

They mumble some 'mornings' without looking at me.

"So...find anything yet?"

"Ve had sex last night."

"I thought it was a secret!" I blurt out, while at the same time Kim yells "You weren't supposed to tell!"

Kim and I look at each other, then back to Gregor, who keeps his eyes focused on the keyboard, allowing Kim's hair to hang down and block his face from us. "I thought I should just put dat out dere. I do not know why, I just need to get dis all off of my chest," his words come out in a rush. "I'm trying to vork through my feelings, ya? It made me feel good. Both of you."

I turn to look at Gregor's body, his face going red as Kim struggles to speak from within. "That is very much unacceptable to lay with a woman in someone else's body."

"You lay with a woman." I point out and she glares at me.

"I lay with myself. Gregor gave permission to myself as himself to take himself with myself."

"That ees true."

"This is all very confusing."

"That ees true, too."

"The point is that is not your body to do anything with as you please." Kim slams the wall with one of Gregor's meaty hands.

"For science," I mumble, lamely, but she's right. Somehow I have to remember that this body that feels like mine isn't really mine, I'm just stuck in it for a while.

"I am sorry for outbursting. Since I have been in this body I have had much more anger."

A familiar voice from behind me says, "That would probably be the hormone changes."

I turn and face the stranger and find I'm looking at the man in the mirror. At least the man I used to see in the mirror. My body wears a half unbuttoned shirt under an open lab coat and my face sports a layer of stubble. Guess I didn't pack a razor for Sophia. She's managed to tame my naturally wavy hair into something resembling a deliberate style.

She's made me look...rather handsome actually.

She saunters into the room, appearing quite comfortable in my body and takes everything in. Do I imagine it or do her eyes linger on me for a beat too long? Not like I care. But despite my attempt to actively not care I feel a slight flush in my cheeks.

"I've found a lot of the opposite sex body swappers exhibiting similar symptoms," she continues. "It's a product of your female self getting overwhelmed by male hormones. And vice versa of course."

"You appear to be taking it well," I say.

Her dark eyes stare into mine. "If you know what's going on it's easier to control. Mindfulness. Zen. And also I punched a hole in the wall so my anger's burnt out at the moment." She holds up one bandaged hand. I rush over to look. I may not be in it but it's still my body. I gently clasp my old familiar hand in both of my new ones and inspect it.

"I'm okay, you're okay, we're okay. Whatever." She says.

"You punched a wall." I run Sophia's delicate hands over my former arm, hold it up, look for permanent damage. My fingers trace over the scratches as Sophia stares at me. I can sense Sophia in my former body focused on me, I'm intensely aware of the presence, I hear the breathing, smell a faint whiff of my not-unpleasant odor. The very male-ness of my former body pulls at me in a way I can't explain, revealing tantalizing hints of my new body's desire.

"It was a plaster wall. I'm fine." She sputters as she pulls her arm away nervously. Interesting.

"Uh, anyway, I, uh, think I should continue examining everyone who swapped bodies."

"I vill go, I need a break." says Gregor.

"Ok, who are you?" Sophia asks.

"I'm him." he points to his old body.

"All right. Follow me."

They leave and it's just me and Kim. She continues typing listlessly as I go to Gregor's monitor to see what progress has been made.

"So," I ask Kim, "Have we discovered anything?"

"Yes, it is very peculiar, but I have made the discovery that I like to have my scrotum massaged."

"Kim, I didn't need to know that, I meant about the accident."

"Ah, I thought we were sharing our sexual discoveries."

"I don't want to hear about your sexual discoveries I just want to get

this thing working so we can switch everyone back.”

“You do not like your woman body?”

Truthfully, there is a part of me that does. I'm finding I enjoy the sensual sexuality of this body and in this body. There's something about controlling and just being in the body of this woman I lust after that feels good. There's a certain sexual power I can show off through a simple crossing of the legs or the quick, delicate stroke of my fingers. That combined with access to boobs anytime I want and the swap seems like a dream. But I know I don't want to stay like this. Much as I enjoy temporarily being a seductive woman physically there's a lot of emotional and societal baggage I either don't want to deal with or would fail miserably at: make-up, bra shopping, men. Also, I never thought I'd think this because I never thought I'd be in this position, but I miss my dick.

“I don't want to stay like this forever,” I say, “Any discoveries about the machine?”

“Gregor found a binary encoding loop that was supercharging the focal point through a stray ionic field in the core so I'm rewiring the kinetic router to focus on a single point of charge.”

“Ah. I was just going to bang on it a few times.”

“No more banging. You are in enough trouble for that already.”

Over the next hour or two Kim reroutes her thingamajig while I correct some technical aspects of the machine that I'm not allowed to discuss because they're classified. We run the test simulator several times, tweaking it each time until it seems focused enough. Fortunately the system had logged the original bodies and their destinations, meaning once we worked out the kinks we could just reverse the program to put everyone back in their own bodies.

Gregor and Sophia return to the room and I update Gregor on what's left to do. When I'm done I turn to see Sophia staring at me through my own eyes.

“Kevin? Do you have time to run through some tests with me?”

“I'm pretty much done, it's all Gregor at this point.”

“Great.”

I follow Sophia out the door and we make the short, awkward trip down to her lab, neither of us saying much. It's amazingly awkward to be wearing someone else's body when they're right next to you. It's like being an antiques cleaner in a museum with the head of the department staring at you. You want to be extremely careful not to break anything, but at the

same time you have to keep acting as normal.

I may not be very good at metaphors.

We reach Sophia's lab and she does the usual doctor stuff: heart rate, breathing, pulse. But she's very clinical about it. Extremely clinical. Extremely awkwardly like-she's-covering-something clinical. I notice a slight flush on my former face and she refuses to meet my eyes. I also notice the warmth in my current body wherever my former hands touch me; as she grabs my wrist to take my pulse, as she lifts my shirt for the stethoscope and her fingers briefly tickle my back, as she looks deeply into my eyes, deeper than any man has looked at me before, albeit while shining a bright light into my eyes to test my vision. After ticking off everything on a clipboard he looks up at me.

"So...do you feel like a woman?" she asks me with a hint of a smile, my former voice deeper than I remember. His dark brown eyes stare into mine. Being outside my body and really looking at myself for the first time I realize I'm quite attractive. Sophia's body begins blushing and I look down to cover it.

"I don't feel like I've been thrown into another body anymore, not like I did when it first happened if that's what you mean. Everything seems more...normal now. Your hands, your face in the mirror, the way your body moves, I don't know it's like I've adjusted to your body. It doesn't feel quite so strange."

"Yes, it seems that the brain is very quick at adjusting. Even more interestingly, some of the bodies, uh, emotional memories still remain." He shifts uncomfortably as I gaze at him, is she feeling the attraction I had for her, is that the memory that she's talking about? My blush grows and my pulse quickens. Fleeting images spark through my mind of us, together.

"I was hoping you knew something about that. I could use your opinion on this. I look like a woman, and I sound like a woman but do I feel like a woman?" I grab my former hand and guide it towards my slim waist as I stare into his eyes. "You tell me."

We stare at each other for a beat, and I recognize the passion in his eyes. Then his lips are on mine. His scratchy stubble against my face both wonderful and painful as I open my mouth and welcome his tongue. His hands travel up my body, her body, feeling herself for the first time as a man. His strong hands pull me closer to him and I press my feminine body against his, my hands around his back pulling him closer, against

me, his body pressed against mine, strong and solid, just what Sophia's body is yearning for and warmth envelops me. I can feel the eager desire of his hands as they slide up and down my feminine body, taste him on my lips and smell him, inhale him. The desire in Sophia's body is so strong, coupled with my own desire of wanting Sophia it creates a powerful surge of pleasure. As the heat grows between my thighs I'm hyper-aware of everything and my senses explode as he kisses my cheek, my neck, then nibbles his way across the top of my shoulder, sending a shockwave through my body with each gentle bite.

I slide my feminine hand down his chest, his stomach, feel the bulge under his jeans, powerful with lust, and I free him. I unzip his pants as he kisses my breasts beneath my shirt and I grasp his hot manhood. It pulses with desire and I stroke. I have to release momentarily as he pulls my shirt off over my head and rips off my bra to eagerly suckle my breasts, then I grab him again. Feel the hot head and the shaft that my body is crying out for. The heat between my thighs is consuming me, pushing me onward and I stroke his shaft, it feels so massive in Sophia's small hand and it drives him wild and he bites my nipple, a painful pleasure and I gasp, feminine and throaty. I need him. I need to taste him.

I push him away gently then kneel in front of him. I rub my hand over his bulging underpants, feeling the power underneath waiting for me to unleash it. I slip down the elastic and free him. Suddenly I'm head to head with my own cock from a completely different viewpoint. I'm entranced and my body yearns for it. I run one hand down the shaft, feeling every familiar bump and bulge, knowing what I like and what I want, my exploring my old friend with a delicate new touch. I hold the base of the shaft and tentatively bring Sophia's lips towards my former cock to kiss the head. It's warm, both soft and hard and it makes something deep inside Sophia's body ache in anticipation. I stick out my tongue and run it up the underside of his shaft. His cock pulses slightly and he gasps as I do it again, tasting each inch. I look up at him and he's staring down at me, mouth open, unthinking, looming over me as I have his powerful desire in the palm of my hand, trapping him in the glorious moment of anticipation. I smile, and continue staring up into his eyes as I open Sophia's mouth and swallow him slowly, lips slipping down his hot shaft towards his body until I have his whole cock in my mouth, my whole cock in Sophia's mouth, it's all the same now. I slide my lips up and down, his taste sending my body into overdrive and my pussy becomes wet as he

gasps in enjoyment. I close my eyes, enjoying the hot cock inside my mouth as the taste of his salty pre-cum lights up Sophia's desire. His hands grip the back of my head and he guides me up and down, using my mouth for his pleasure and making my new body so horny. He pulls my head up and down his cock, faster and further until Sophia's nose is pressed into his curly hair and his cock hits the back of my throat. I gag slightly and pull back and he pushes me back down, the force of his masculinity and the loss of control dangerously arousing as he pushes my head down and down. I give up control letting my body be used and ashamed to enjoy it so much. Then he holds my head down, the cock filling my mouth as it pulses once, twice and I prepare to be filled, but I only get a small taste, then he sighs and releases my head. I pull back and look up at him.

With a lustful grunt he stands me up and spins me around and I fall against the table and before I realize what's happening he's inside me and I moan because I'm complete and I'm so wet. This cock inside me, filling me is all Sophia needs, all I need, and he thrusts and the pleasurable tension builds as I thrust back, pushing my wonderful ass into him and he grabs my waist and forces me onto him further than I thought possible and I watch my breasts bounce beneath me as sparks fly through my head and my lust grips me and we thrust together, me pushing and him pulling, back and forth as I cry out and tense up and I feel so wonderfully full, so complete, and the world grows smaller and it's just him and me and then with a loud cry I snap and he pounds faster as the colors dance through my head and I need more I need his cock so bad it's all I want and he knows and he redoubles his efforts and I'm screaming, crying out for more, more, more and he gives it to me and the tension eases for a second, then doubles and I tell him to fuck me, to come inside me hard and pound me and with a final yell and a mighty thrust he does and he empties himself inside me, fills me with his yearning and we cry out together as he throbs all of himself into my hot heat and I want to live in this moment forever, him and me full with each other. And then he relaxes, and I relax, his cock still inside me, its dying spasms like echoes of my own lust and I want to hold onto his heat, it feels so right and then he pulls out and I feel empty as our mingled juices drip down between my thighs. We're both breathing hard and I turn to look at him and he looks at me and we smile bashfully at each other like two young virgins, which in a way we are even if these bodies are not.

“You do feel like a woman,” he grins.

“I hope you don't do this to all your patients.”

“Like I said, residual memories. I think we got each others.”

The meaning of his words hits me a split second before the world spins. I squeeze my eyes shut tight and when I open them I'm looking at Sophia. In Sophia's body. I look down at myself, I'm still naked and I'd know that cock anywhere.

“I guess Gregor must have fixed the machine,” I say, and my own voice startles me after being so used to hearing Sophia's.

“I guess...” she clears her throat and I guess she feels the same familiar unfamiliarity. “I guess so. So I guess all this--”

I lean in and kiss her deeply, taste Sophia, her soft body wonderful and lovely, and I feel her melt into me. And I finish her sentence, “Is just the beginning.”

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