

A BODY SWAP STORY

JUST A LITTLE *Crush*

MWILS



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A Body Swap Story

by M. Wills

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Just a Little Crush

Jamie and Tom wobbled off the carnival ride. The world still spun slightly as they tromped down the metal steps and onto the soggy, trampled grass. Calliope music filled the air, mingling with the rumble of the other attractions and the gleeful shouts of the riders as they were flipped and spun about.

“You look a little pale,” Jamie said as he patted Tom on the shoulder. “Too much for you?”

“Ugh,” Tom said, his hand on his stomach. “Probably shouldn’t have had the corndog before the ride.”

“You shouldn’t have had that corndog at all. Do you know what’s in those things?”

“Delicious meat and fat,” Tom groaned.

“It’s the leftover parts of the animal that no one wants. All ground up.”

“But when you batter it and fry it and pop it on a stick it makes it all better,” Tom grinned.

Jamie stuck out his tongue. “Gross.”

They slowly walked away from the rides and down towards the midway. Soon, the greenish hue of Tom’s face faded back to a healthy pink. The cries of the barkers cajoling people to “step right up” gradually became louder. A couple passed them coming the other way, the guy was big and beefy and had a huge stuffed bear under one arm and a smug look plastered across his face.

Jamie nudged Tom. “How much do you think they pay him to walk around with that?”

“Waaay more than it’s worth.”

“I think they must find the most annoying person at the fair and give them the biggest prize. Like an asshole indicator.”

Tom laughed. “Yeah. So you gonna try to win some crap?”

“Hell no. It’s all rigged anyway. I’m no sucker.”

They wandered past the too-small basketball hoops, the small plastic ducks with prize numbers hidden on their bottoms going round the waterway, the row of goldfish bowls that were just slightly too big to fit the rings people tried to toss around them. Jamie paused briefly to watch an old man ping some BBs off a few targets and then complain to the woman behind the counter that the sight was bent.

A loud voice drew his attention. “Come on in, just two more contestants. There’s a winner every round!”

The kiosk nearby was filled with huge stuffed animals. A row of plastic clown heads with targets for mouths sat against the back wall. Above each was a plastic horse attached to a track that stretched up to a painted finish line. Aimed at each clown were some metal water guns that were fixed to a bench. A rough-looking man with a long beard cajoled people to join the game.

“Here we go,” Tom said, “Someone always wins this one.”

“Sure, you could win a tiny knock-off Barbie,” Jamie rolled his eyes, but he followed Tom over to the kiosk.

There were already people manning three of the water gun stations and the man running it was still calling out to the crowd, imploring more people to join. The point was to shoot the target in the clown’s mouth with the water balloon, which would cause its horse to rise up the track. The winner was the one who got their horse to the finish line first. Jamie folded his arms and stood back, fully intending to watch and see how the game was rigged. Was there a pedal behind the counter that controlled the flow of water? Was one clown more sensitive than the others?

Jamie was interrupted by a sweet voice at his side. “Scoping out the competition?”

Jamie turned and found Anna beside him. His throat went dry and his palms grew sweaty. He'd known Anna for years but he'd only ever started getting nervous around her when she returned from her family trip to Greece last summer, suntanned, with a figure that was even more stunning than when she'd left. She'd grown up over that one summer into a hot blonde and now looked very much the type of person that wouldn't be caught dead with a dork like Jamie in a million years. And yet, miraculously, she was still his friend.

They were in all the advanced classes together, and Jamie's grades had taken a dive that first semester as he tried to get his around the fact that this stunning looker was his long-time friend. The thick black glasses frames were replaced with trendy clear pink frames. Her figure was exquisite. And she'd gained this confidence and seeming nonchalance about her body that was enchanting. Yet she still joked with him, still shared the same sense of humor and the interest in video games.

Other guys had noticed as well and as Jamie struggled to think past his unexpected attraction they had swooped in. Anna was currently dating David, a star of the school soccer team who was also vying for valedictorian. If anyone asked Jamie, he would have said David was a snobby rich kid who expected the world handed to him and why should Anna give him any more victories? Unfortunately, no one asked Jamie, least of all Anna.

"Um, uh, yeah, huh, just...looking for weaknesses," Jamie finally replied.

Anna blinked her green eyes slowly at him. Her cute pink glasses were perched on her perfect nose. Jamie let his gaze swoop quickly across her delicate ears, the gentle slope of her cheeks, and her perfect chin before looking away to hide his desire. Why hadn't he asked her out when he had a chance?

“Found any?”

“Any...?”

“Weaknesses.”

“Oh. Yeah. Right. Um, the little kid looks like he can’t pull the trigger.”

“Gunning for the little kid. My hero,” Anna laughed, and leaned briefly on his shoulder.

“Hey, little kids can be tough. My brother knocked my tooth out when we were little kids.”

“True. My sister gave me this scar.” Anna pointed to a faint white line on the back of her hand.

“Ooh, that looks painful.”

“So never mind what I said. Go kick that seven year old’s ass,” Anna laughed.

“Which prize do you want me to win you?” Jamie joked.

“Ooh, the unicorn,” Anna said.

“One unicorn, coming—”

“There you are, babe,” a deep voice interrupted them. It was David, toting a huge stuffed bear under one arm and a shit-eating grin on his face. He nodded at Jamie. “’Sup.”

“Hey,” Jamie responded.

“Hanging back?” David asked. “Don’t blame you. This shit is hard.” He turned to Anna. “Hold this, let me go kick some clown ass.”

David thrust the stuffed bear into Anna’s arms before she could respond and took a seat in front of the water guns.

“Last chance! Last chance! Any more contestants? Everyone’s a winner!” The announcer hollered out.

“I’m in,” Jamie said, surprising even himself. But he wasn’t going to let big pigheaded David show him up.

Jamie paid his money and took a seat behind one of the water guns. Tom came up beside him and whispered in his ear in a mocking voice, "It's all rigged anyway. I'm no sucker."

Jamie shrugged him and glanced over at David. Such a smug asshole. A tiny part of Jamie believed that if he could win this carnival game it would make Anna realize she always had feelings for him and then she'd dump David right there and go off with Jamie to have a blissful life. With that determination, Jamie gripped the handles tighter as the carnival barker counted down. At one, water jetted out of the nozzles.

Jamie aimed squarely at the clown's mouth. The horse above the clown's head raced up towards the ceiling. It was so close but his horse was ahead by the nose as it reached the top. Yes, this was it! He was going to win and the world would be perfect!

And then the victory bell rang just before Jamie's horse hit the top and the barker cried out, "We have a winner."

It was David. Of course it was. David winked at Jamie.

"Better luck next time," Tom patted Jamie's shoulder.

David held a huge stuffed zebra over his head, celebrating as if he'd just won the world cup. "Yeah, that's right! Take that, clown!"

Anna had an embarrassed smile on her face but giggled as David swept her into his arms. “You’re gonna have a whole menagerie after tonight.”

David kissed her in a long slow kiss. His hand crept up the back of her shirt and she jerked her arm behind her to grab his hand and stop him. The longer the kiss went on the more uncomfortable Anna seemed until she pulled away from him. David remained clutching her, laughing as she struggled.

“Hey, David, want to go another round?” Jamie asked, coming up to interrupt them.

David finally pulled away from Anna and glared at Jamie. Anna glanced at him gratefully as David released her. “I’m kinda with my girl, here.”

“So that means you think you’re gonna lose?”

David grinned. “Fuck it, man, you’re on.” David slung his arm around Jamie’s neck and whispered in his ear. “And when I win, you leave me and Anna the fuck alone.”

David pushed him away, pretending it was playful but putting just a little more oomph in the motion than was necessary. The two guys took their seats. They were the only ones seated and the carnival barker began to sing out for more people.

“Step right up—”

“Hey!” Jamie interrupted the guy. “We don’t need anyone else. Just me and him.”

“Okay, pal.”

The carnival barker counted down and then the squirt guns roared into life. Jamie concentrated all his fire on the clown’s mouth, willing the horse to rise. Maybe it was the announcer’s help but Jamie’s balloon burst first. David grunted and slammed his fist on the table. The man behind the booth pointed out the possible prizes and when Jamie chose one—a stuffed unicorn—he turned to give it to Anna only to find her walking away, David’s arm slung around her waist and David’s huge stuffed animals filling her arms.

“Come on,” Tom said to Jamie. “Let’s go.”

Anna glanced back at Jamie. It looked like she was about to say something but before she could they were swallowed by the crowd.

“Why do the assholes get all the girls?” Jamie sighed, clutching the unicorn.

“It’s the assholes that have the confidence to ask them out,” Tom replied.

The guys wandered around the fairgrounds. Jamie’s heart was racing. Anna had looked so achingly beautiful. But Jamie had blown his shot a long time ago.

Jamie was so caught up in his own thoughts he barely heard the sounds of the midway receding behind them. Soon Jamie and Tom were wandering around the tents where they held the oddities. The headless woman. The half-man half-cow. The mermaid. And, tucked in the back, a small tent with a banner over the entrance reading “Fortune Teller”.

On impulse, Jamie stopped Tom. “I’m going to get my fortune read.”

“Are you serious? It’s all a bunch of nonsense.” Tom spread his fingers and pretended to be peering at a crystal ball as he spoke in a creaky voice. “Oooh, a thing will happen to you at some point, maybe.”

“Yeah, why not?”

“You think she’ll tell you that you’ll end up with Anna?”

“Is it that obvious?”

“Uh, yeah.”

They approached the wagon. A spicy sweet smell of incense wafted from the entrance. Jamie pushed aside the curtain and looked into the cramped interior. Two cushions sat on the floor on either side of a low round table. An object sat on the table—likely a crystal ball—covered by a blue cloth.

Tom peaked in behind Jamie. “No way. Too claustrophobic for me.”

“Come on.”

“Nah, have fun.”

Tom ducked out but before Jamie could join him the curtain across from him parted and an old woman entered.

“Come on in, young man. Sit, sit.”

She looked the part of a fortune teller. Wrinkled. Hair grayed. Body bowed with age. Dressed in flowing robes. Really, a stereotypical setup, thought Jamie as he took a seat across from the old woman.

“What kind of service would you like today?” She asked, then quickly added. “Before you make a joke, my question is only a formality, I know what you seek.”

“Ok, so do I actually need to say it?”

The fortune teller sighed. Evidently this was a familiar routine. “In order for me

to see it in the future you actually have to say it or else it doesn't exist for me to see. See?"

"Okay, uh..." Jamie paused. This was so dumb and nonsensical. How could it possibly help? On the other hand, no one else would ever find out. "I want to know if Anna and I can ever be together."

"Give me your money."

Jamie handed over a couple of bills.

"You have passed the first test. Now give me your hand."

Jamie held out his hand and she took it in her surprisingly warm, withered fingers. She traced a finger over the lines on his palm as she hummed and hawed.

"Hmmm, not without serious intervention," she said at last.

"Like what?"

"Like this," the old fortune teller said, pulling a small plastic packet from somewhere within her robes.

She held it out to him and he took it. It was a sealed packet containing some sort of greenish powder.

“Is there another test?” Jamie joked. “Because I’m out of cash.”

“Keep it, keep it. You need the adventure more than I. If you truly want to be with Anna, this powder will make it so. Tonight, before you go to sleep, sprinkle this powder over your chest and you will become closer to Anna than anyone.”

“Sprinkle it and then what?”

“Then...” she clapped her hands and then spread them wide. That was clearly all the answer Jamie was going to get.

“Oookay,” Jamie said, tucking the packet into his pocket. What a bunch of nonsense.

Jamie rejoined Tom outside the fence.

“So what’s the verdict?” Tom asked.

“She said I would become king of the world and get all the ladies while you live

in a dumpster.”

Tom punched him playfully and laughed. “Get fucked.”

The two guys wandered around the carnival until they were bored, then departed to their respective homes. Jamie kept thinking about the little packet of powder the fortune teller had given him as he stepped around the accumulated junk on his bedroom floor, kicked open his closet door and dumped his clothes into the hamper. The models he’d painstakingly put together of aliens and starships sat around the shelves of his room. Tonight they seemed to be mocking his geekiness. Anna clearly wanted some stupid soccer star, so what was even the point?

Still, what could it hurt, right?

Jamie dug through his pants for the little packet and ripped it open. It smelled like cinnamon and cloves.

“Probably just about to season myself,” Jamie mumbled.

Nevertheless, he poured the powder on to his chest, shut off the light, and was soon asleep.

2

Jamie's phone alarm woke him in the morning and he reached over to slap it off. He felt around blindly, past a book he didn't remember putting on his nightstand, until he found the screen and managed to tap the button to silence it. A spiderweb tickled his forehead and he swiped it away. He rolled over onto his back and felt his chest shift in a strange way. His eyes still closed, he sleepily reached up to feel himself and his hands landed on a tee shirt covering two soft mounds. Strange, he didn't remember putting a shirt on before bed.

Jamie frowned, still half-asleep as he ran his fingers across the mounds and squeezed them. They fit within his hands and were bouncy but with some pleasant give. Like...

Jamie's eyes snapped open. This wasn't his room. That wasn't his dresser topped with unicorn knickknacks and the framed picture of some woman. Those weren't his gauzy white curtains. Those certainly weren't his dresses hanging behind the half-open closet door.

Jamie sat bolt upright in bed and looked down at himself. He released an airy gasp as he found that a pink and white T-shirt with some sort of spaceship print clung to his body. From his chest two somethings pressed out the fabric.

He brought his hands up and stared at them, turning them over as his eyes traced the slender fingers, the hairless knuckles, and the chipped pink nail polish atop beautifully rounded nails. His vision was blurry but these hands definitely weren't his. These were a woman's hands. And the spiderweb on his head...

Jamie grabbed his head, felt his fingers sink into luscious silky hair. He yanked lightly, felt the tug on his scalp. It was real. He brushed it down in front of his eyes and saw it was golden and fine.

Jamie tossed the covers aside and slid out of bed, pausing briefly when he put his feet on the floor to gape at the long, slender legs he now owned. The oversized shirt fell down his body and covered him to about mid-thigh. After that it was just smooth legs, beautifully creamy skin down to delicate little feet.

He could make out a pair of pink glasses on the nightstand and when he slipped them on the world snapped into focus. Jamie stood and hurried to the mirror that sat atop the chest of drawers. He was in someone else's body, someone else's life. He stepped in front of the mirror and Anna's face slid into view. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was sleep-tousled, her bangs disheveled, the pink glasses perched atop her slender nose. She was just as cute as ever but she was him. Or he was her. Whatever. He wasn't who he was supposed to be.

"What the fuck," Jamie whispered in Anna's sweet voice as he brought his hands up to prod gently at his face.

Those were Anna's dainty features beneath his fingers. Her smooth warm skin without a hint of stubble. Her cheeks, her nose, her chin, her ears, her little mouth dropped open in an 'o' of surprise. He ran his fingers across his lips, watched his eyes widen, his mouth work soundlessly under his own command.

What had that fortune teller done? His lower lip trembled and he felt his eyes welling up with tears.

“No, no,” he whispered, wiping his eyes as fear welled up within him.

He took slow, deep breaths, like he did before he had to go speak in front of the class. In through his nose, out through Anna’s mouth. In through her nose...He clenched his eyes tight and held his head, willing the thoughts to stop. Maybe it was the unfamiliar soft hair that jolted him out of his panic. Was it possible you could be too terrified to panic?

Was she in his body? He had to find out. Somehow it was bearable if there were two people in this situation and he wasn’t just going crazy alone.

Jamie returned to the phone on the nightstand, noticing as he did so how his hips wiggled, how his breasts jostled slightly at each step. Oh god, Anna’s breasts were right there. Her whole body was laid out beneath him, covered only by a gauzy nightshirt. The thought made his face flush with warmth. One foot in front of the other. One perfect, sculpted leg in front of the other.

He picked up Anna’s phone and texted a message to his old phone. His unfamiliar fingers shook.

[Anna are you there?]

Jamie nervously twisted his lower lip with two fingers, pausing as he realized how weird it felt with the absence of stubble. It seemed to take ages before she replied.

[What's going on? Jamie?]

[Yes it's me]

[We've switched bodies]

She understood right away but it was hard to tell how well she was taking it through text.

[I think I know what happened] Jamie texted. He didn't want to just come right out and say he'd swapped their bodies with a fortune teller's magic powder.

[Can you fix it?]

Jamie didn't know. [We need to talk. I'll pick you up.]

[You don't have a car. I'll pick you up. One hour]

Jamie was impressed that she seemed so in control of the situation. They agreed not to tell anyone else because who would believe them? Jamie was sure they could figure this out before anyone else could find out. All he had to do was pretend to be Anna for an hour. He could do that. Surely. Just talk as little as possible. Avoid her family. Get...dressed. The thought of slipping out of his oversized shirt and seeing Anna's naked body made his mouth dry. He licked his

lips, aware as he did so that they were Anna's lips, Anna's tongue.

Jamie put the phone down and cracked open the door. A hallway outside had a set of stairs at one end and a doorway at the other. A few other closed doors were set on either side of the hall. Jamie could hear faint noises from other parts of the house. Running water. The thunk of a door opening. The general sounds of Anna's family waking up. Luckily, no one seemed to be out here yet.

Jamie hurried down the hallway peering into any opened rooms until he found a small sink and a separate bathroom. He slipped in and locked the door behind him, then turned to face the mirror that took up the entire wall.

Anna's body was reflected back at him. He took a second to stare at himself again. Anna's frightened eyes gazed back at him. She was frightened but completely adorable. He wanted to take her in his arms, comfort her, tell her it would be okay.

It was hard to take his gaze off her beautiful image even as he attempted to go through some sort of morning routine. He brushed his teeth and put on what he guessed was her deodorant. Just that simple act sent his breasts bobbing delightfully. He tried to ignore the strange sensations from his new body but all he could think about was that he was in the body of his crush.

Jamie's long hair was a mess and, while the makeup was too confusing to even start, he could at least make an attempt at his hair. He brushed out his silky locks, grimacing as he brushed out a tangle or two. He managed to gather his hair and tie it back in a pony tail after a few tries. He couldn't quite brush his bangs out so they looked as cute as Anna's but he tried his best.

When he left the bathroom, he passed Anna's younger sister in the hallway. She nodded sleepily at him and he returned her nod, completely at a loss as to how Anna would act. When he got back into Anna's bedroom he locked the door behind him.

Now to get dressed. Jamie pulled open Anna's dresser drawers, feeling strangely like a pervert as he rummaged through her panties and bras. He threw a pair onto the bed and went hunting for the rest of his outfit, finally settling on some khaki shorts and a tee shirt with some stormtroopers on it.

The only thing that was left was to take off his sleep outfit. He reached down with trembling fingers and slowly peeled the shirt up and over his head. He dropped it to the ground and couldn't resist looking down at his body. Anna's breasts hung from his chest. They were round and full and perfect. The areolae were little more than light pink quarters atop each. Anna's slim tummy gave way to pleasantly sculpted hips and wonderful legs. Between his thighs was a trimmed triangle of light blonde hair.

Holy crap. He was staring at Anna's naked body. And...and...it was incredible. Not just how it looked but how it made him feel. Sexy and desirable and very, very turned on.

A burst of excitement pulsed through him at the sight of the naked feminine body that he now wore. He knew it was wrong to do anything but the temptation was too much. He slowly reached up and hefted Anna's breasts in each hand. He slid his fingers curiously over each of them, tickling the top and bottom. He toyed with them, squeezing them gently at first, surprised at how firm he could go. It was incredible to watch Anna's hands touch her tits, to watch them jostle together as he gently bounced them back and forth. They were even more amazing to feel, inside and out, the gentle touch of his fingers stirring something deep and exciting within him.

Jamie licked his lips as he squeezed his breasts harder now, gathering them up against his chest and then letting them bounce back down, watching them swing and sway. They were enchanting to watch as he played out his male fantasies in his new female body. Something wonderful shifted in his core, a warmth that made him ache to continue. Jamie continued stroking his breasts, groping himself harder as desire rose within him. It was a novel experience getting turned on by his own body, growing hornier for himself, being able to do anything he wanted to this stunningly beautiful body.

The warmth blossomed in his core, and an urgency made itself felt between his legs. He needed to be touched, to grow the need within him to a wonderful release. Jamie could feel his pussy lips shifting, moistening as he stroked his delicious body. He couldn't stop. Not now. Not when he sensed he was on the verge of experiencing something amazing. Anna's body needed to be teased and caressed before it was ready, unlike the urgent need of his manhood. But now that he had awoken her desire it was snowballing through him.

One hand slid down his warm belly and over his mound. His fingers whispered across the coarse hair leading to his entrance and he followed the path down until he landed on his wonderful pussy. His fingertips sank into himself lightly, caressed by the slick rubbery folds of his new sex. He stroked gently, spreading his dew up and down as he grew ever slicker.

"Oh, fuck," he whispered, trembling lightly with pleasure.

Jamie spread his legs and dragged two fingers down his moist entrance until he found a deep wetness. Touching that part of himself made his breath quicken. He wet his two fingers with his own juices, sliding them up and down his entrance, spreading his liquid desire across his slit. Heat pulsed within him as the need grew. He spread his legs wider and pressed the two slick fingers up against his

hole, felt his pussy lips clasp himself. There was a brief pressure and then he parted for his touch as he sank inside himself for the first time. Jamie released a fluttery sigh as he penetrated his new cunt. He could feel his fingers pressing against his inner walls. He was so tight and the wetness helped as he slowly pushed deeper inside.

His mouth dropped open and the heat in his core blazed into a pressure that needed release. Jamie thrust his fingers as far inside his pussy as he could, curving up through his silky canal until he was two knuckles deep. The building desire made his knees weak. He dropped his tit and leaned his arm on the dresser, arching his back and bending forward, sliding his fingers slowly in and out of his wet. When he opened his eyes Anna's face reflected back from the mirror inches from his nose. Her pupils were dilated with lust, her mouth half-opened. She was a creature of desire and need and he was inside her, filling her and being filled, enjoying her arousal as it burned through him.

He stared into her eyes as he fingered himself. His eyes half-closed with pleasure and he licked his lips seductively, making come-hither faces at himself. His fingers drove in, faster and deeper. He was dripping wet now. Jamie bit his lower lip, watched Anna's beautiful image do the same. Her face was a mask of want and yearning and desire. God, how he'd longed to see her look at him like that and now here she was, mere inches from him, doing it.

"Come on," he whispered in her sweet voice. "Keep going. Finger my tight little pussy."

Hearing her talk dirty increased the pleasure and he drove deep, sinking his fingers in as far as he could as he continued urging himself on, begging for more, panting, moving faster as the lewd sounds of his sex hit his ears and he dripped down his thighs. Christ, he was so wet, so horny, the crest of pleasure so, so close. The orgasm erupted through him suddenly. His mouth opened in a wordless cry as pleasure gripped him from head to toe. He bit his plump lower

lip, watching Anna's orgasm face as his body rocked with a fierce desire, hips thrusting against the fingers inside himself. She was so beautiful when she came, the bridge of her nose wrinkled, mouth open, white teeth gleaming as she fingered herself through the rushing relief of orgasm.

He came hard around his fingers, body convulsing, knees growing weak. He leaned heavily on the chest of drawers as sparkles filled his vision and the lust burned through him until all that was left was a gentle warm glow that left him with pleasantly red cheeks.

The pleasure released him slowly and he pulled his fingers out of himself before tumbling back onto the bed. Jesus, that had felt amazing. But there was no way he could ever tell Anna what he'd done in her body.

3

As Jamie lay naked on the bed, staring down at Anna's body in wonder and still high from the orgasm, his phone beeped with a message. Thinking it was Anna, he picked it up, only to find a message from David:

[I'm sorry about last night]

Jamie flipped through the message history. Anna was angry at David for disrespecting her at the carnival by being demanding and controlling and generally acting like a possessive asshole. Jamie didn't know how to respond to David's latest text so he left it. But it was interesting to know.

Aware of the time, Jamie slid Anna's white lacy panties on and then struggled into her bra. After a few tries he figured that he could clasp it in front and then swivel it around before sliding his arms in and then adjusting each breast into a cup. It wasn't the smoothest way to do it and he hurt himself jostling his breasts but it got the job done.

The khaki shorts were smaller than he thought they were when he first picked them out. They fit Anna's ass snugly and ended just above mid-thigh. They weren't the skimpiest pair of shorts he'd ever seen but they were much skimpier than the baggy shorts he usually wore. The tee shirt, too, was tighter than he would have liked, but in a slight hourglass figure that boosted her bust. All in all it was a fairly conservative outfit, but to Jamie it felt as if he was showing off his body. Though, he had to admit, it was kind of fun being able to dress Anna up. To finish it up, he slipped into some cute sneakers.

Her backpack was by the door to her room and he hefted it and took it downstairs to breakfast. Anna's dad was at the kitchen table, dressed in a suit and finishing a bowl of cereal. He glanced up as Jamie came downstairs.

"Hey, pumpkin," he smiled.

"Morning," Jamie said.

Act casual. Act casual. Act casual. Jamie mentally repeated to himself. It was weird walking around in someone else's house when they didn't know he was there. He felt like an intruder. He'd met Anna's family a few times but couldn't remember their names and he had no idea what Anna's morning routine was like.

His phone beeped again. Another text from David. Jamie ignored it and peeked out the front window. No sign of Anna.

There was more awkwardness when Anna's mom and younger sister came downstairs. Her mom was a ball of energy, flitting around the kitchen preparing her youngest daughter's lunch. Jamie sat at the kitchen table across from Anna's dad and flicked through his phone, trying to calm his nerves by scrolling through his usual websites. But Anna's social media feeds were different from his and David kept texting him.

[Let me pick you up]

God no. The last thing Jamie wanted to do was spend time with Anna's boyfriend.

[My dad's giving me a ride] Jamie lied.

David asked again. Man, this guy was annoyingly persistent. Jamie ignored it. He also ignored the next three messages.

Finally, he heard a car pull up to the driveway. Peeking out the window he saw his former body heading up the path. It was fucking weird watching someone else pilot his body. Did he really walk like that? Did he really look like that?

Anna rang the doorbell and Jamie hurried to get it, hoping to escape before Anna's parents could interfere but no such luck.

"Oh, hi Jamie," Anna's mom beamed, coming round the corner as the door was opened.

There followed some awkward chit chat as Anna gave noncommittal answers to her mom's probing questions about school and how things were in general. All the while Anna kept glancing at Jamie, probably as weirded out to see her body as he was to see his.

"Well, we have to go, mom," Jamie finally said.

When they were alone in the car, Anna finally turned to him. “Being you is really weird.”

“Yeah. Same.”

They looked at each other for a beat, eyes roaming up and down each other’s new forms. Anna had combed his hair in a different way and put on one of his collared shirts, giving him a slight preppy look. There was something about his former face that was off and it took a second for him to realize that he was usually looking in the mirror at a reversed face.

Anna slowly reached out and touched his cheek. “Freaky. I feel so much... bigger. Like, I take up more space, you know?”

Jamie nodded, his ponytail tickling the back of his neck. He snapped his seatbelt on and then had to adjust it so it didn’t cut so painfully across his breasts. He stopped when he noticed Anna looking at him. “Sorry, it’s just...”

“I know. I think I, uh, sat on myself this morning.” She pointed down at her crotch.

Jamie couldn’t help but snicker. “That happens sometimes.”

Anna cleared her throat. “So you know how this happened?”

“Um...” Jamie reddened. “We need to go back to the carnival.”

“Ok. Why?” Anna said as she began reversing back down the driveway.

“This is going to sound crazy—”

“Crazier than us switching bodies?”

“Good point. Last night at the carnival I went to see the fortune teller to ask her some questions. She promised my future would be improved and I guess she cast some sort of spell.” Jamie said, trying to gloss over the exact details of his request.

“What kind of spell? Do you remember it? Maybe we can cast it right now.”

“Well, no, it wasn’t words it was...more like this powder that I poured on myself.”

She glanced at him. “You poured some strange woman’s powder on yourself?”

“When you put it like that it sounds odd but at the time it made sense.”

“Ok. Then what?”

“Then I woke up like this.”

“Hmmm,” Anna screwed up her lip. “What exactly did you ask the fortune teller?”

“I...uh...” Jamie hesitated, unwilling to admit it. He was saved by the beeping of his phone. Another message from David. “Your boyfriend is blowing up your phone.”

Anna puffed air out of her lips. “Ignore it. I’ll deal with him later.”

“Everything okay?” Jamie tried to keep the hopeful note out of his voice.

“Sure.”

But she didn’t sound sure.

On the way to the fairgrounds they compared notes about their morning. Anna, like Jamie, had panicked when she’d awoken in his body. She had that same imposter syndrome Jamie had, but she’d been a theatre kid so she pretended it was all an act to help her get through it. Jamie left out the part about what he’d done in her body. She didn’t need to know that. And perhaps, by the way she

paused and sometimes hemmed and hawed, she'd done something similar in his body. He imagined she woke up with a hard-on, which would have been very difficult to ignore.

They turned the corner to the fairgrounds where the carnival was set up and Anna stopped, mid-sentence. "Oh no."

The fairgrounds were empty. Beyond the manager's trailer lay a vast empty field dotted with small clumps of detritus. The rides and the kiosks and the tents had been completely cleared out. Anna parked next to the only truck in the parking lot and they got out.

Jamie clung to the wire fencing surrounding the field as his heart sank. Tears sprang to his eyes. "They're gone," he sniffed. "Does that mean we'll be stuck like this?"

He wiped his eyes but the tears wouldn't stop. He was finding himself so emotional in Anna's body, ready to cry at the slightest thing. It must be all the new hormones working on his brain.

"Hey, hey, it's okay, we can figure this out," Anna said as she rubbed his back. "They must have gone to their next stop. We just have to meet them there is all."

Jamie hugged her, keenly aware of how their bodies fit together, his soft one against his more solid form. He nodded and wiped his eyes, trying to get hold of himself. "Okay. Yeah."

Anna knocked on the door of the trailer sitting at the entrance to the field. There was a rustling from inside and then the door swung open to reveal a burly man with a sour look on his face. When he saw it was two teens at his door his look soured further.

“What?” He barked, and Jamie hid behind Anna. He felt small and delicate in this body, not ready to face this man’s anger, while Anna seemed emboldened to have Jamie’s stature.

“Sorry to disturb you,” Anna said. “We were hoping you knew where the carnival went.”

“The hell would I care about that? You see what they did to my grounds? They were supposed to clean everything up.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty messy. But you see—”

The man cut her off. “Listen, guy. I’ve got better things to do than chase down some cheap carnival acts that disappear on a train in the middle of the night without cleaning up after themselves. Now I’ve got to get all this sorted before tomorrow’s exhibition can set up. Get out of here.”

Anna tightened her jaw and tensed up. She took a step towards the guy as he was closing the door, as if she was going to fight him. Jamie put his hand on her shoulder and stepped forward.

He gulped, and in a shaky voice said to the man, “Please. If you can tell us anything that would help.”

Jamie felt his lower lip trembling again. It was that fear that he would be stuck as Anna forever. His entire life gone if this guy didn’t help them. Jamie wiped away another tear and the guy’s shoulders slumped as he visibly softened.

“Hang on.”

He disappeared into the trailer and returned a moment later with a sheaf of papers. “Says here they’re going to set up for the Minnesota State Fair.”

“Thank you,” Jamie smiled. It seemed like his raw emotions had come in handy.

The corner of the guy’s lip twitched in an almost smile. “Good luck.”

He closed the door and Jamie turned to Anna. She was mapping their route out on their phone, worrying her lower lip with her teeth. “The Minnesota State Fair. That’s...that’s hours away.” Twelve hours, according to the phone.

“Fuck.”

They looked at each other. What other lead did they have?

4

They began their long drive east to Minnesota. The school day was just starting and it wouldn't be long until they would both be marked absent, which would see the system send an automatic text message to their parents. There was an unspoken agreement between them that they couldn't just return to school. That would be admitting they were stuck like this forever and Jamie adamantly did not want to be a woman for the rest of his life. Though, admittedly, there were worse women he could be.

No, they needed to find that fortune teller as soon as they could.

They ran through different scenarios as Anna drove through the city and hopped on the freeway that would take them east. Tension filled the car. They traded phones so Jamie could text Tom from his real phone. He begged Tom to cover for him. Stay away from Jamie's home and pretend that Jamie was spending the night with him.

"He wants to know why," Jamie reported.

"Tell him...I don't know. Tell him...you're spending the night with me."

"That will blow his mind," Jamie laughed.

“Why’s that?”

“Why’s what?”

“Why will that blow his mind? Is it so ridiculous to think you’d be attracted to me?” Her brow furrowed and she tightened her grip on the steering wheel.

“What? I—No. Are you okay?”

She shook her head and thumped the wheel, then ran one hand through her hair. “Fuck. Sorry. I’ve just been an emotional wreck since I became you. There’s like this...intensity filling me.”

“I think that’s the testosterone.”

“Yes! I want to just...fly into a rage at the simplest things.”

“Same! Except with crying. I’ve been more emotional than I’ve ever been. How do you deal with it?”

“How do you deal with it?” She countered. “How do you deal with this... thing...” She nodded to her crotch. “That seems to have a mind of its own sometimes.”

Jamie snickered. “Man, if you can figure that out please tell every guy in the world because we don’t know.”

Anna cracked a smile at last. Jamie laughed some more and soon the two of them were cracking up. Anna had difficulty staying in her lane as she wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. When they recovered, the tension in the car had broken.

Jamie loaded up his phone’s music player to the car stereo and pulled up his favorite playlist to take his mind off their current situation. Anna nodded to the beat and before long they were both singing along with the music. They were only interrupted when Jamie’s dad texted to know why he wasn’t in school. Jamie was ready and responded that the system must be wrong because he was in school and he promised to clear up the error. The lie would only put off the inevitable.

The road sped by outside the car as they really connected for the first time since summer. Jamie was pissed that he hadn’t done it sooner. Anna was clever and self-deprecating and into the same science fiction movies and books that Jamie was. They talked excitedly about the latest release from their favorite author, geeking out on the world building and the intricacies of the futuristic universe.

They stopped for gas and then picked up some fast food for lunch.

“You order for me and I’ll order for you. Get your favorite,” Anna suggested, and they each savored their food with the other’s tastebuds.

When they got back in the car, Jamie offered to drive and let Anna rest. He adjusted the seat and the mirrors to fit his smaller body. His car seemed so different from this new perspective. His muscle memory was no help because his body shape was all out of whack. Things were further away than they seemed and he drove beneath the speed limit for a little while until he adjusted.

They drove for several more hours, lapsing into silence punctuated by the occasional remark. Anna's phone continued to ping with urgent messages from David until she finally responded in a flurry. Jamie sensed her growing upset at the text conversation and soon she angrily tossed the phone into the glove compartment.

"Well, we're broken up."

"You deserve better than him anyway."

She sighed. "I know. I don't know if I ever really liked him or if I just liked the idea of him."

"What does that mean?"

"One year I was a little geek and the next I grew..." she flushed red and Jamie mentally filled in the word 'boobs'. "I grow up and all of a sudden the captain of the soccer team wants to ask me out. It was like he was a prince kissing a frog."

"He's definitely the frog in this situation. Anna, guys like David don't even

know half of what they're getting with you. All they see is your beauty and they ignore everything else."

Now it was Jamie's turn to flush. He sensed Anna looking over at her and he glanced back shyly. He reached over and took her hand. She let him. His former fingers felt so big beneath his smaller touch. Funny that he couldn't admit his feelings for her until they were in each other's bodies. After a brief pause she withdrew her hand.

"Your fingernails need a trim," she said.

"I know."

"You could use a haircut."

"I know."

"And a shave."

"Really?"

She laughed and squeezed his leg. "Don't worry, baby, I'll take care of you," she said in a faux-suave voice, sending both of them into another bout of laughter.

The hours passed and it grew dark. They each texted their parents that they were at someone else's house to stave off their worry for a little while longer. They would have to deal with the consequences of all this once they were back in their normal bodies.

By nightfall they were both sick of driving. They found a decent looking hotel and pulled into the parking lot.

"All the rooms are only one queen size bed," the woman behind the counter said when Anna asked for a double.

The room was small and simply furnished. One bed sat in the center of the room facing a television. The mirror above the sink on the back wall caught Jamie's reflection as they walked in. Anna still looked cute, if weary, after a long day of driving.

"So, you want left or right side?" Jamie asked, as they both stared at the bed.

"Left, I guess."

They lay next to each other on the bed watching television. Anna reached out and Jamie took her hand. It was nice lying next to her like this, a comfortable silence between them. Jamie's bra was chafing him and Anna noticed his discomfort as he slipped under the covers.

“You can...um...” she blushed. “You can take my bra off to go to sleep. It’ll be really uncomfortable otherwise.”

“Can you help? I’m not good at it.”

Jamie lifted off his shirt and tugged his ponytail to one side. Anna unsnapped his bra and was filled with an immense relief as his breasts were freed. He put his shirt back on, careful not to look down at himself but unable to prevent his breasts from wobbling. Then he undid his ponytail, placed his glasses on the table by the bed and snuggled under the covers. He felt Anna doing the same beside him and moments later felt the heat of her body make him warm.

It was awkward lying next to someone he had a crush on while being in her body. He was hyper-aware of every motion, every time she shifted. He couldn’t find a comfortable position, either. It took him a long time to go to sleep.

5

He woke several times throughout the night, visiting the half space between sleeping and waking. He had a dream that he and Anna—in their normal bodies—were making out and then she went down on him. It was so hot watching his cock disappear between her lips and he awoke with his hands between his legs and his pussy moist with arousal.

The sun peeked through a crack in the curtains as Jamie slowly turned over on to his back and forced his hands down to his sides. That ache he learned to identify as horniness was blossoming between his legs. Anna was asleep beside him on her back, dressed only in his tee shirt and boxers from yesterday. She snorted in her sleep and Jamie giggled. Anna cracked one eye open and Jamie rolled over on to his side to face her.

“Morning sleepyhead,” Jamie said.

“Morning,” Anna mumbled. She wiggled beneath the covers and stopped suddenly. Jamie followed her glance and saw her erection making a bump in the covers. “Ummm. I...Sorry...”

“Yep, that’s my dick,” Jamie said and was rewarded with a snort of laughter from Anna. “That’s normal. Didn’t you take sex ed?”

“Yeah, but I wasn’t focused on the guy part of it. You have one of these every

morning?”

“Just about.”

“It feels like...hard but wiggly and...like I don’t want to jostle it but I do, you know?”

“Yeah.”

“God, how do you even deal with it?” She rolled over away from him to hide herself.

“Two ways, really. You can ignore it and it will eventually go away or...”

Jamie shimmied over until he was up against her broad back. He reached a hand around her and found her erection, running his fingers down her shaft. She grabbed his arm. “What are you doing?”

“Showing you the more fun way to deal with it.”

“I don’t know. Should we?”

“Only if you want.”

She paused, and then released his hand. He nestled against her back again and snaked his hand down her boxers. Her manhood was urgent and firm as he took it beneath his fingers and stroked gently. It felt different beneath Anna's slender fingers. Bigger somehow. Both alien and familiar. He tried to copy the motion he enjoyed as he slowly jerked her off, but the angle was wrong and it was the wrong hand. Still, Anna grunted appreciatively and he felt her hips push gently up to meet his downstroke.

"Can I...can I look at it?" Anna asked.

"Yeah," Jamie smiled to himself. "Roll over.

Anna pushed the covers off herself and Jamie released her long enough for her to slip off her boxers and roll onto her back. Then his hand found her warm shaft again. They both stared down at his former cock as he stroked it. She was fully erect now, and the skin of his cock shifted pleasantly beneath his fingers. The head bounced up with each tug.

"God, that feels so good." She sighed.

"You think that feels good. Watch this."

Jamie shimmied down between her legs as she looked at him quizzically. He grinned up at her and then wrapped his lips around the head of her dick before she could stop him. Her complaint fizzled out into a deep groan as he sank his lips down her shaft, filling his mouth with his own familiar manhood.

He knew every inch of his cock. Knew how to stroke it. Knew what it felt like in his hand. The only thing he didn't know was what it tasted like. Like most guys he'd been tempted to see if he could reach himself. Also like most guys, he'd failed. But in Anna's body he filled his mouth with his former dick and found it surprisingly delicious. Spicy and musky.

The shaft pressed against the roof of his mouth and he opened wide as he took her in. His tongue glided against the bottom of her shaft and he dipped his lips up and down her length. He glanced up at her as he held her between his lips. She had her eyes closed, mouth open. He smiled to himself and swallowed her again, taking his time, moving slowly, keeping her on the edge of climaxing. It felt so gloriously powerful to hold her in his mouth, to feel her girth press against the roof of his mouth and his tongue, to hear her restless groans.

Sometimes he pulled his lips off and kissed his way up and her shaft. Other times he stuck out his tongue and licked the head like a lollipop. Other times he swallowed her, moving quickly, driving as far down as he could until he felt her in the back of his throat.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck," Anna hissed.

Now her hips bucked up to meet his lips and she slowly fucked his mouth. Jamie found his own hips responding, bucking slowly against the mattress he leaned on, seeking a purchase that would quench the fire between his legs. He drove his lips down her cock until his nose hit her groin. She came suddenly, the throbbing cock catching him off guard and spurting down his throat. He choked but kept his mouth wrapped around her length as she emptied herself between his lips and he swallowed down each pearly drop. She was warm and creamy and delicious.

“That was incredible,” Anna hissed as Jamie rolled up to snuggle beside her. “No wonder guys talk about that so much. Did you enjoy it?”

“Surprisingly, yeah. I mean, it would be different if it was a stranger’s dick but it’s mine so I mean...it’s like masturbating but with extra steps.” They laughed. As Jamie’s body shook he felt the arousal that had grown so much. “I think I... really enjoyed it if you know what I mean.”

“What do--?” Her eyes widened. “Oh!”

“Do you mind if I...?” God, he was so horny. He didn’t think he’d be able to think straight unless he took care of this.

“Well...” she grinned. “I’ve always been a little curious as well.”

Now it was her turn to throw the covers aside and crawl down between his legs. He lifted his hips so she could shimmy his panties off and then stared down at her naked body stretched out beneath him. He was so wet he was pretty sure she could smell his delicious musk from there. And when she lowered her face and let her tongue slide out to trace his crevasse...heaven.

Warmth and need burst through him and he sighed. Her tongue traced him up and down before gently slipping inside him. God, every part of his pussy was so sensitive, felt so glorious. Each little lap of her tongue on his fold shot a tingle through his body but the best was when she traced the flat of her tongue up and pressed against his clit. Lightning shook through Jamie and he hissed in a breath through his teeth.

“Oooh. Keep doing that.”

She licked him slowly, teasing him apart with gentle licks before sliding up to play complicated patterns across his clit. Jamie’s hands rose to his chest and fondled his breasts, desire masking any embarrassment or shame he might have at treating Anna’s body like this. He just needed to be touched and Anna was well on her way to satisfying that ache deep in his core.

Now she brought up her fingers and slid inside him while her tongue worked its magic across his pleasure button. His former fingers were so thick in his canal and he felt each lovely inch as they slid up through his wet heat. She curled them around and made gentle gestures as she flicked her tongue across his clit. Lightning sparked through him. His fingers grew harder on his tits and he bucked his hips up to meet her. The ache was building, the tension growing, cresting to something fantastic. His body grew hotter, the desire spiking through him, building, building, until with a loud cry he came.

His entire body shook, pleasure rumbling through him from head to toe. His cry broke, and his body went taut, then he gasped and convulsed happily around her tongue and fingers. All he could do was hold on as he shook, head thrown back into the pillows as the orgasm shook him.

He came down oh so slowly and then snuggled up to Anna. His body shook every now and then with aftershock as she stroked his arm and held him. The holding was just as good as the orgasm. He was needy in a different way now. Needy for her warmth, her security, her strong body against his soft one.

6

They got back on the road, stopping only to pick up some toiletries from a nearby pharmacy so they could freshen up. They drove in easy companionship. Jamie was downright giggly as they traded stories in the car. Their conversation was interrupted as their phones started pinging with messages. Anna's phone went first as David texted her to see where she was, alternately pleading for forgiveness and getting angry. Anna rolled her eyes at the texts.

"Yeah, that's how he is." She said.

"How did you ever put up with him?"

"He lovebombed me and he was popular. I'd never had either of those things before," she shrugged.

Then both Jamie and Anna's phone began lighting up with texts from their parents, worried about their disappearance. They tried to assure their parents they were fine and they would be back soon. Jamie worked hard to convince his parents he wasn't kidnapped, but that just made them more confused about his sudden disappearance.

They drove for a few more hours, stopping along the way to eat. They finally arrived at the Michigan State Fair in the early afternoon. The carnival was still being set up. Rides were being assembled and tents hoisted into place. People

lumbered all over the place, setting up kiosks and putting out prizes. In all the comings and goings Jamie and Anna were able to sneak in through the gates by grabbing some tools and pretending to help. As soon as they were inside they set the tools down and wound their way through the assembly looking for the old fortune teller's wagon.

They found her near the far end of the grounds, wedged between a kiosk selling corn dogs and another advertising the amazing seal boy. She opened the door soon after Jamie knocked, as if she was expecting him.

"Well, if it isn't the boy searching for love," she said when she saw him.

Jamie colored and ignored Anna's glance at him. "That powder you gave me worked."

"It would seem so," the old fortune teller said with a glint in her eye. "I allowed you to be closer to her than anyone. Just as you asked."

"That was what you wanted?" Anna asked, happiness in her voice.

He looked at her. "Yeah. I may have...had a little crush on you."

"All you had to do was ask."

Jamie beamed. She slipped her arm around his waist and before he knew it her lips were on his. It was a slow kiss, wonderful and strange as he felt his old lips up against his new ones. The fortune teller cleared her throat and they pulled away, but Anna still kept her hand around Jamie's waist.

"And now you would like to switch back," the fortune teller said.

"Yes."

"Please," Anna added. "It's been interesting but...I'm ready to be myself."

The fortune teller handed Jamie another packet of powder. "Pour this on each of you tonight before bed and in the morning you will be as you were."

Jamie took it from her and paused. "This isn't another play on words is it? It won't undo the last day? Or make us stuck like this forever?"

"No, no, no. I save the vague two-way predictions for first time clients. This powder will swap you back."

They thanked her and headed back to the car. The drive back home seemed quicker than the trip out, but even still they had to stop for the night. They found another hotel and this time didn't bother asking for separate beds. They were both giggly and trembling with excitement and when the door to their room closed they fell into each other's arms.

Anna's lips found his and they held each other close, kissing slowly while they explored each other by touch. They left a trail of clothes to the bed before they tumbled on to the mattress next to each other. Anna's rough hand found Jamie's soft breast and he moaned into her mouth as she squeezed it. Their shapes fit together perfectly and Anna's growing excitement poked him gently against one of his thighs.

She kissed her way down his neck, inhaling the soft scent of him before pulling back to admire her former body. She ran a hand down Jamie's curves, over the side of his stomach, down the swell of his hip and then back up to his breast.

"You're gorgeous," Jamie whispered, tracing the trail of Anna's hand with his gaze. "And being you is the best thing I've ever experienced."

She kissed him again, hungrier this time, and rolled him over on to his back as she rolled on top of him. Her comforting weight pressed him down into the bed. The urgency between his legs matched hers and she kissed and sucked on his breasts, teasing his nipples into sharp peaks of arousal. Jamie could feel her cock slowly dragging up and down his thigh, eager to slip inside. And then the head of her manhood was against his entrance. She rolled her hips and he parted for her, felt her sheath himself inside her and they both moaned.

It felt so incredible to be filled. It was what Anna's body wanted as she drove inside to the hilt, until they were pressed together, her heat trapped within his. She released a shaky breath.

"Oh, fuuuck," she whispered, eyes closed with ecstasy. "You feel incredible."

Jamie felt his pussy stretching around his old girth as her hard warmth slid in and out of his wet heat. Anna rocked her hips slowly back and forth, driving in deep before pulling out and leaving him anxiously wanting more. They clutched each other and Jamie wrapped his arms around Anna as she moved into a gentle rhythm. Each thrust pushed the ache budding within Jamie higher and soon he was a puddle for her. He urged her on with tiny cries that grew higher in pitch as desire filled his body. His pussy felt so good as Anna slid in and out, each withdrawal leaving an aching emptiness that made the next thrust even more amazing.

His tits bounced with each thrust and he clutched them, enjoying the soft roundness, the comforting weight as he squeezed them, enjoying both having and touching them. The lewd sounds of Anna sliding in and out of Jamie hit his ears. So delicious to hear his body get fucked like this, to feel her stiff length side inside to fill him so completely, to feel the slap of her body on his as she drove inside, again and again.

Jamie's body was on fire now and he gripped her with his legs, urging her deeper. She clutched him, speeding up, her balls slapping against him with each thrust until she raised her head and hissed, "Oh god, I'm cumming!"

Jamie felt her throb inside him, felt her seed paint the walls of his cunt. The heat of her cum burned bright pleasure through him and he came with her. The orgasm washed through him, making him shake as she thrust into him, filling him with his own seed. He clutched her, holding her tight as he clenched his eyes shut. Every muscle in his body was alive with need and awash with relief as the orgasm blew through him. He cried out in Anna's silky voice, "Oh!" as he came happily beneath her touch.

For a moment they were locked in bliss together. Jamie came down slowly, still

clutching Anna, not wanting to release her as she slowed inside him. She kissed his neck, his cheeks, his nose and then he reluctantly let her roll off him. He was left with an emptiness and the occasional shake of aftershock as he coiled his body around her and she stroked him. He could feel her dripping out of him and it was wonderful.

Anna had enough sense to pour the powder onto the both of them before they fell asleep, clutching each other.

When Jamie awoke the next morning he was on the opposite side of the bed and when he raised his hand he found his old familiar fingers. He rolled over to find Anna still asleep beside him on her back and he watched her silently for a few moments. His eyes traced over her soft profile, remembering how it had felt to wear her face, to be inside her body.

Her eyes fluttered awake and she looked over at him, then down at herself. “It worked! We’re back!”

She leaned over and kissed him, pushing him back onto the bed before she straddled him, her naked body pressing him down against the mattress as they enjoyed a second first time.

#

Thank you!

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

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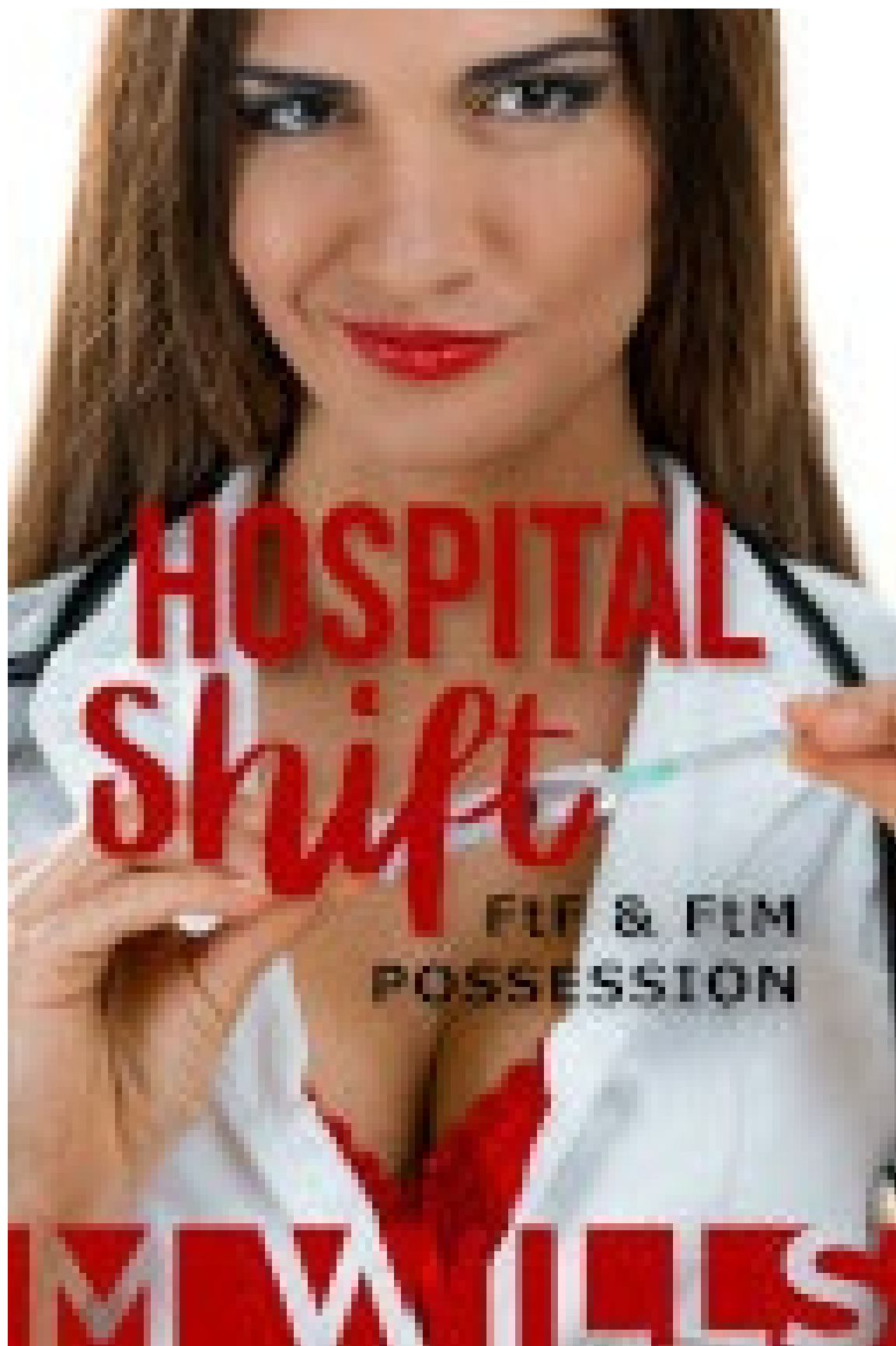
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