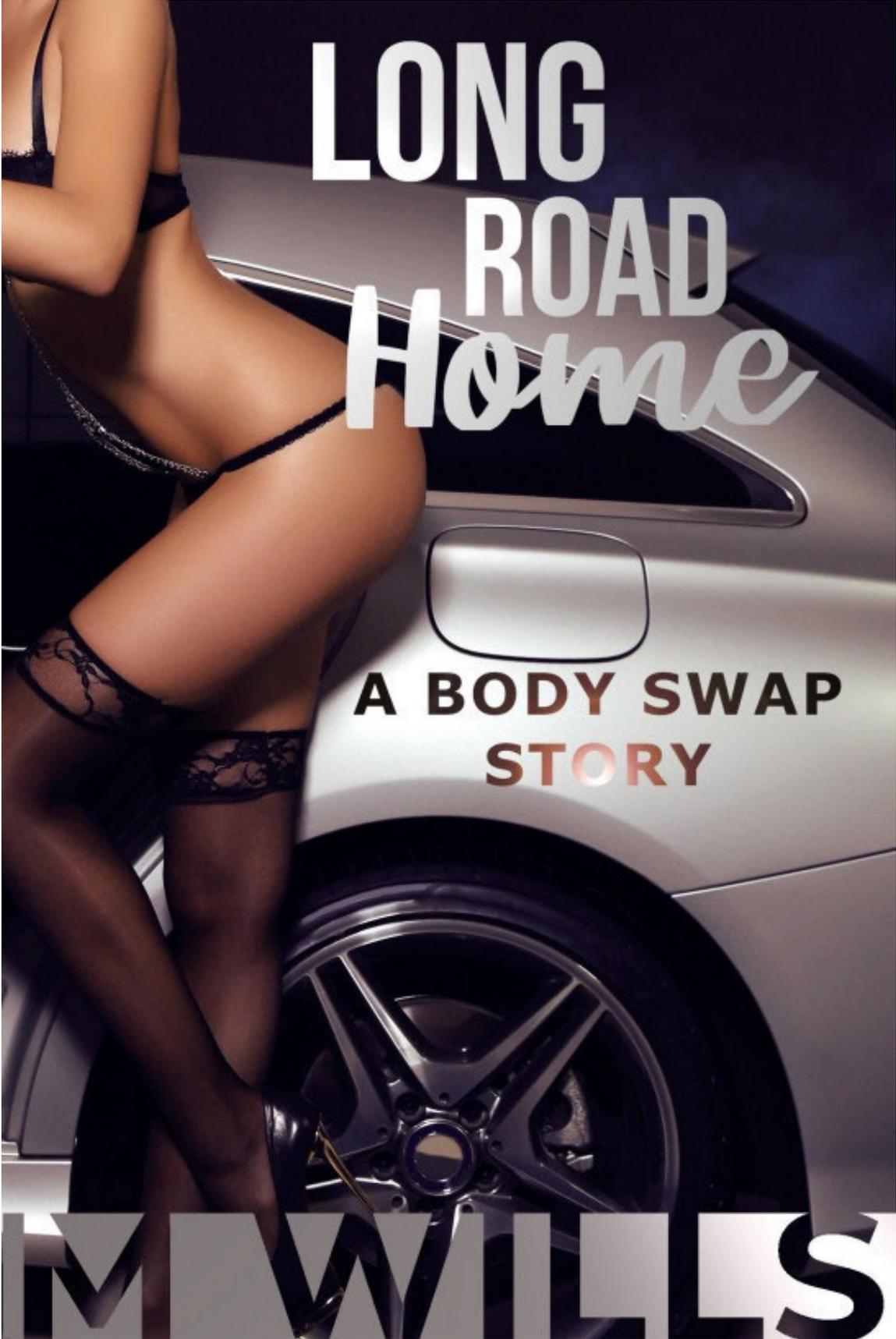
A woman in black lace lingerie is leaning against the side of a silver car. The car's door handle and a multi-spoke alloy wheel are visible. The background is dark, creating a moody atmosphere.

LONG ROAD *Home*

**A BODY SWAP
STORY**

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A Body Swap Story

by M. Wills

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Long Road Home

Ryan guided his character across the room, firing his weapon until the player in front of him dropped to his knees and disappeared from the game. As he hooted in triumph, he returned to the window to cover his teammate and best friend, Anthony, as he unlocked a treasure chest.

“You hear back from any colleges yet?” Anthony asked over the headset as Ryan foraged around the house for ammo.

“Naw. They said I probably won’t hear anything until next week. You?”

“Same. What about—Behind you!”

Ryan whipped around and fired at the player who had popped up outside the window. He took a few hits but managed to dispatch the enemy without losing all his shields.

With the danger past, Anthony resumed his question. “What about the scholarship? Same deal?”

“Yeah. Nebraska should let me know about my placement and the scholarship on the same day.” Ryan ran a hand through his short curly hair and adjusted the headset over his ears. He lay back against the headboard of his bed and casually crossed his legs beneath the covers as he maneuvered his character through the village.

“What if you don’t get it?” Anthony asked.

Ryan shrugged, though Anthony couldn’t see the gesture. “Probably go anyway and just be in debt.”

He left unsaid the fact that if he didn’t get the soccer scholarship to University of Nebraska-Lincoln, he was unlikely to become a professional soccer player. Then he’d never play for Manchester City F.C, which had been his dream since he was five. It was that desire that had driven him to wake early on the weekends and head out to his dad’s barn. He didn’t have a real soccer goal but he’d painted a regulation-sized goal across the side of the barn to aim at.

His whole childhood had seemed like a rush from one type of training to another, and Ryan had loved it. There was nothing like the feeling of being on the field, juggling a ball around other players and whipping it into the back of the net. Ryan was toned and fit and he could easily run laps around the soccer field with barely a sweat. A side effect of all the exercise was that, as he neared the end of the twelfth grade and turned 18, the girls at his school had started to take notice of him as well. Ryan was shy and hadn’t made a move on any of them, though they were making moves on him and he would have to make a choice soon.

“Eat it, biyatch!” Anthony crowed triumphantly as he killed another enemy.

Anthony had been Ryan’s best friend since middle school. Where Ryan was lean and athletic and with features that were growing more handsome each day, Anthony was what Ryan’s mom called ‘cute’. But like a fuzzy kitten is cute, not the type of cute that made girls swoon. They made an odd couple but they were inseparable. Ryan was looking forward to sharing a dorm room with Anthony next year. He couldn’t begin to imagine what they would get up to away from the watchful eye of their parents.

It was while Ryan was running his character down the street chasing after another team that everything changed. The world went black, like he'd passed out. There was an instant where he had no consciousness, no feelings, and then the world splashed back into clarity.

He was lying on the floor. As he blinked his eyes open he saw a room that he didn't recognize. The carpet beneath him was a cream color, and from his vantage point he was looking towards an unfamiliar bed spread with a stark white comforter. A dark wood wardrobe loomed over him. Something silky hung over his head, obscuring his vision and as he brushed it out of his eyes he realized it was long, black hair. And the sharp pain as he tried to pull it away meant that it was attached to his head.

Ryan pushed himself into a sitting position and felt a weight swing down his chest. Still leaning on one arm, he looked down to see what the strange feeling was. A gasp escaped his lips as his eyes fell on two beautiful breasts nestled beneath a black fitted tank top. The tank top was fitted to a woman's body. Where was his own? His eyes trailed down the arm he now controlled. It was slender and hairless, the skin a light beige. The arm ended in dainty fingers, each one with gentle rounded nails. As he moved his hand he saw this woman's arm move under his command.

"What the fuck?" He muttered. The voice that spilled from his lips was softer and higher-pitched than his own.

His hands flew to his lips and found the unfamiliar contours of a new face. His stubble was gone, replaced with wide, smooth cheeks. His hands dropped down to his breasts and he gave them a squeeze. He could feel his tits being touched just as he could feel touching them. This was real. Somehow he was a woman. He dropped his tits again in shock. Felt them sway back against his chest.

Ryan staggered to his feet and swiped the long hair back out of his face. The bedroom he was in was small and decorated in a monochromatic manner. On top of the vanity and hanging from the wall were pictures of people Ryan had never seen. Several of them seemed to feature the same beautiful brunette.

A window to his right looked out on an unfamiliar sight. Townhouses crowded together across a busy street. A bodega on the corner store advertised some potato chip specials. As he stood there frozen, he became aware of a cacophony of noise from outside on the street.

Peering out from his vantage point on what he guessed was the third floor, he saw scenes of madness. Cars filled the street crookedly, as if part of a giant fender bender. People on the sidewalk were picking themselves up and staring down at themselves in shock. There was yelling, screaming, crying, horns honking, smashing windows.

Where was he? Who was he? He watched as one woman yanked her top up and grabbed her breasts. Was everyone out there going through the same thing?

Ryan moved away from the window and towards an ensuite bathroom. His entire body felt different, moved differently through the room. His hips felt wider, his chest heavier, while at the same time his entire body felt as if it took up less space. Plus the silky hair kept tickling down his neck and shoulders, and parts of his body wiggled differently at each step.

He moved awkwardly, not having the hang of this body. His center of gravity and his depth perception was all off. He eventually made it to the bathroom by leaning on the walls. When he flipped on the light he found himself staring

directly at his reflection in a mirror over the sink.

A gorgeous brunette stared out at him, her mouth open in surprise just like his. She had delicate features, with stunning cheekbones, a delicate nose, and two perfectly crafted eyebrows arching over dark chocolate-brown eyes. Her figure was incredible and his eyes were drawn right to his new cleavage, the taut curves nestled beneath a black top. Tight jeans clung to a wide flare of hips. His arms were bare and everywhere there was smooth warm skin.

Ryan brought his trembling hands up to his face and watched her do the same. Her eyes were wide with shock as she copied him and traced the contours of his face, skating over the soft skin and the smooth cheeks. This was real. He'd become someone else. A woman. An attractive woman, Ryan amended as his eyes flitted back down his gorgeous body. But who? How?

Ryan returned to the bedroom, moving slowly, still in shock from finding himself behind someone else's eyes. He sat on the bed, shell-shocked, and felt the way the mattress conformed to his plumper ass. He stood again, at a loss as to what he should do. He wandered towards the window and the continuing chaos outside. As he watched the street, a man below stripped off his pants and danced around naked.

Ryan's thoughts were jumbled. This was impossible. This couldn't be real. He looked down and got an eyeful of incredible cleavage. He gave his breasts a squeeze. They were real.

Okay. He needed to get hold of himself. Calm down. Think.

He closed his eyes and took deep breaths in through his nose and out through his mouth, as he'd learned to do before important soccer matches to calm himself. He focused on his breathing and in a minute his heart slowed. One thing at a time, he thought to himself as he opened his eyes.

What did he need to do and in what order? He was safe but had no idea where he was, or who he was, or if anyone he knew had changed. He needed to get back home to Nebraska. But he knew no one's phone numbers; they were all on speed dial back on his own phone. And even if he had their numbers there was no guarantee they would still be themselves. But he did know his social media password.

In the small but immaculately kept combination kitchen and living room he found a silver laptop on the couch. It was locked, but it opened when he placed his slender finger on the sensor. He logged in and was immediately met with hundreds of posts from strangers and friends alike. He scrolled through the most recent ones and found people panicking or despairing or, in some cases, rejoicing at the bodies they found themselves in.

It seemed to be a thing that people posted a picture of who they were, so Ryan followed their lead. He used the laptop camera to snap a photo and then uploaded it to his page. He found the address of the apartment he was in through the maps app—a place near Greenwich Village in New York City—and posted it, along with his photo and a message asking for help from anyone nearby.

As he waited he flicked over to CNN's website to see if they knew what was happening. On the live feed a burly man in a black T-shirt sat behind the anchor desk, mid-sentence. The chyron beneath him read 'Alison Thomas'.

“—live as soon as we know more. There are reports pouring in from all over the

globe of this same phenomenon. It's unknown at this time how many people have swapped bodies but it appears to have affected every country in the world. An unknown percentage of people seems to be unaffected by this phenomenon. We go live down to—”

A phone rang from somewhere in the apartment and Ryan snapped his head up. He muted the news and hurried to the bedroom where he found a cell phone had fallen beneath the bed close to where he'd woken up. He recognized the number of the caller. It was his own.

He flicked it on. “Hello?”

“Hello? Who is this?” A deep male voice responded. It was his own voice but odd through new ears, like listening to a recording of himself.

“I'm Ryan. I'm guessing I'm you and you're me?”

“I guess so.”

“What's your name?”

“Selena.”

They traded info on what they knew of the swaps so far, which wasn't much.

Though she did tell him that his parents hadn't swapped with anyone and she'd had a hell of a time convincing them she wasn't insane. She seemed calm now, but Ryan didn't know if that was because of her nature or if, like him, she'd just had some time to process things. She wanted to come to him at first but he persuaded her not to.

"We have to treat this like an apocalypse scenario," Ryan told her. Finally, all his zombie movie knowledge would come in handy. "There's chaos going on outside. Probably rioting as well. No telling when or if the government will be able to get anything under control anytime soon. You stay put and I'll meet you at my house."

She didn't need much convincing and readily agreed.

"Be careful out there," she said. "It's different being a woman, you know."

"I don't, but I guess I'll find out," Ryan said.

By the time Ryan had hung up there was a message on his Facebook feed from Anthony. They opened up a chat.

[Anthony! Did you swap too?] Ryan asked.

[Yes. I'm in an office building somewhere in New Jersey], came the reply.

[I'll meet up with you. My home is safer than the city. Let's go there.]

[It's crazy outside. You stay there I'll come get you.]

[We can meet in the middle.]

[Ryan, have you seen yourself? I wouldn't want you out there with all the crazies.]

[I can protect myself.]

[But you can't! You don't have the muscles anymore. Your body wouldn't stand a chance against a gang of guys.]

Ryan rubbed his face, felt the strange, smooth contours. He was still thinking of himself as a powerful man but Anthony was right. He had a hard enough time just walking. If anyone confronted him he'd be at their mercy. Ryan sent Anthony his address and Anthony said he would leave right away.

[How will I know who you are?] Ryan asked. [Send me a picture.]

[I'd rather not. I'll knock on the door three times, then two, then four.]

[Ok]

Ryan sat back and puffed air out through his mouth. This was good. He had a plan and something to do. It occurred to him that if he was going back to his old home he would need some clothes for this body.

There was a backpack in the closet which Ryan filled with clothes, trying to pick out the least revealing outfits. He felt a little creepy going through Selena's bras and panties, like he was invading her privacy, so he grabbed a random handful and shoved them into the bag without much thought. Tucked in the back of her sock drawer was a blue oblong object slightly longer than his hand. He picked it up and peered at it. It took way too long for him to realize it was her vibrator and he dropped it in surprise.

Moving to the bathroom, he added some toiletries and even some makeup. If Selena got her body back he thought she might like to have that on hand. When she got her body back, Ryan mentally amended. Surely they would figure out a way to reverse all this.

By the time he threw in some snacks the bag was completely full with only enough room for him to add the laptop. He surveyed the small apartment, making sure there was nothing he was missing. Then he sat down on the couch and waited, flipping through various news websites to see if there were any updates. It was the same on all the channels. Most anchors had been swapped. The entire government was in disarray. It wasn't a foreign plot because it was happening worldwide. When they started repeating themselves Ryan muted it and fell back on the couch with a sigh. No telling how long Anthony would take to get there.

From somewhere outside came the sound of distant sirens. Ryan returned to the

bedroom and looked out the window. It was getting dark and the street lights had come on only to illuminate the carnage in the streets. He had no idea how he and Anthony were going to get through the mess of cars and out of the city. At least the people seemed to have disappeared. Only a few pedestrians picked their way carefully through the carnage.

Ryan folded his arms beneath his breasts. He looked down at himself and was again met with the sight of this woman's perfect cleavage on his body. He had to admit to himself that he was curious what it would be like to experience a woman's orgasm. Surely they would all switch back soon and he would never get this chance again. Plus, Selena would never know.

A rush of anticipation welled up as he crossed to the wardrobe and retrieved the vibrator. He felt the tense desire in his core that came upon him when he was getting ready to masturbate. The feeling wasn't all that different than when he was a man. Anticipation. Desire. Guilt.

He dropped the vibrator on the bed and peeled off his black tank top. He was braless and his new breasts swung free as he pushed the long, silky hair out of his eyes and back behind his head. Ryan gazed down at the beautiful curves hanging from his chest. They were some of the most perfect tits he'd ever seen. Round and full, each swell ending at a tiny pink areola. They weren't massive but fit well in his hands.

Ryan squeezed himself, taking the opportunity to fondle Selena's amazing tits, exploring how the touch of his fingers and the gentle pressure fed the ache in his core. He experimented with squeezing them, increasing the pressure and pushing them against his chest so they splayed out in huge mounds. He played out his male fantasies from within his female form, bobbing them back and forth and watching them swing on his chest. His fingers dug into his sensitive skin as he grew hungry for himself, coveting the body he was in. His touch grew more firm and the ache in his core blossomed, spreading out through his whole body and

making him desire more of her.

His hands slid down the warm trim tummy to his jeans. He unbuttoned them and slid them down his legs with mounting excitement as the rest of his body appeared. He kicked off the jeans and let his hands whisper across the swell of his hips, the beautiful curves of his ass and down to his smooth creamy thighs. The sheer white panties stretched across his waist and he carefully peeled them off, revealing a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair leading to a landing strip that hid the lips of his new pussy.

Ryan touched himself lightly, experimentally, following the hidden line of his slit up and down. It was so freaking weird feeling his body opening at his touch, growing looser on the outside even as the inner tension ratcheted up. Dipping a finger inside himself, Ryan felt the lips of his pussy clasp him, felt his fingertips land on his warm rubbery folds. In all the pornos he'd watched the women seemed to orgasm at the slightest touch of their pussies but it wasn't like that at all. This desire was a gentle feeling creeping up through him. Unlike his cock, which had been urgent and insistent and ready to explode practically on contact, this female form needed to be teased and seduced into higher arousal.

Ryan picked up the vibrator and lay on his back on the bed. His breasts tumbled down each side of his chest as he spread his legs. He looked down at his long, gorgeous body as he stroked himself, clicking on the vibrator and resting his hand on his mound so that the tip of the toy just dipped into his slit. The vibrations flooded through him, growing the erotic tension as he traced the vibrator back and forth along his pussy. He began moving harder, dipping into himself, feeling his pussy lips clutch at the toy. And there was the incredible feeling of growing wet. As he plunged the vibrator into himself he felt it land on his moisture. A soft sigh escaped his lips and he wiggled his legs as restlessness took hold. It was amazing watching this woman masturbate, feeling her pleasure build, hearing her tiny moans.

With some experimentation, Ryan found the best angle for the toy so that it pulsed against the hood of his clit. God, that felt incredible, and he slowly circled that little nub. The horniness made him ever more restless. His hands gripped his tits harder as his legs began to tense up, tiny toes wiggling while he stroke himself. His pussy grew looser, wetter, and then he slid the vibrator inside himself and – oh Christ! – it was blissful. His pussy clutched the buzzing toy while his body danced with need.

His toes curled and he thrust his head back into the pillow as a louder moan escaped his lips. He plunged the vibrator in faster, deeper, sinking into his wet canal and enjoying each blissful thrum as the vibrations rocketed through his body. He was moaning wildly now, the ache throbbing in him, matching his rising heartbeat. He stared down at his body, watched as he fucked himself with the toy, watched his breasts rise and fall, wild with desire for this body he possessed. And then with a wild gasp he came. His eyes rolled back in his head as the tension snapped and a wonderful relief filled his body. The pleasure was immense, whiting out his mind and making his voice rise in pitch as he let out one last howling cry and orgasmed hard around the buzzing toy.

The bliss was slow to leave him and even when it was over he was pleasantly warm and fuzzy headed.

2

About an hour later, Ryan was dressed again and scrolling through his news feeds. A message from his cousin, Charlie, popped up. Charlie was a true New Yorker. A heavysset guy with a don't-take-shit attitude and a love of greasy street food.

Charlie agreed it was probably safer in rural Nebraska and offered Ryan a ride if they could get out of the city. Charlie refused to tell Ryan who he'd become and would only say that he had a better ride than Ryan would ever be able to get.

[It's a surprise. But you won't be able to miss me!] Charlie said, after sending Ryan an address.

Soon after, there was a knock on the door. Three knocks, then two, then four. Anthony.

Ryan hurried to the door, unlocked it and threw it open. Even though he knew Anthony was someone else it was still a shock seeing a stranger in the hallway.

“Anthony?” Ryan said.

Anthony nodded, his eyes wide as he stared Ryan up and down. “Holy shit,” he murmured. “You're—you're even hotter in person.”

Ryan's friend had once been a small, unassuming teen. The man standing in Ryan's doorway was broad-chested and put together in an expensive-looking button down shirt and tie. He had a solid jaw and neatly trimmed black hair that swept back over his head. He looked like a frat boy that had found success in the world of high finance. Anthony used to be the smaller of the two but he now towered over Ryan, who instinctively took a step back as Anthony moved towards him, his jaw open in wonder. There was a loud bang from downstairs that shook Anthony out of his reverie.

"Come on," Anthony said. "We have to go. There are reports that the national guard is being mobilized to lock down the city."

Ryan tucked the laptop into his backpack and slung the whole thing over his shoulders. "How did you get here?"

Anthony grinned. "Come see."

They made their way carefully downstairs and outside, Ryan noting in the back of his mind how elegantly he could move in this new body if he didn't think about it. Anthony explained to Ryan in snippets how he'd found himself in some fancy office in front of a screen full of numbers he didn't understand.

"Most of the office freaked the fuck out. I huddled in an empty conference room as the chaos started." He said.

Anthony had remained there, following the news on his phone until it occurred

to him that he could contact his friends and family through his socials. He'd found Ryan's message, then he found his new body's ride.

"Where is it?" Ryan asked.

"Right here," Anthony grinned, pointing to a shiny metallic Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

"Jesus! Do you know how to drive that thing?"

"It's weird," Anthony explained. "But I think I have this guy's muscle memory because I picked it up real quick. Especially if I don't think about it."

"That doesn't fill me with confidence."

Down the road someone screamed. They both looked up to see a man and a woman fighting with each other.

"Hop on. We have to get out of here," Anthony said, sliding onto the seat and revving the engine.

Ryan got on the back and clung to Anthony's broad body. He pressed his cheek against Anthony's back and held on tight as Anthony wound his way through the mess on the street as quickly as he could.

“I had a hell of a time getting here,” Anthony yelled over his shoulder as the wove in and out of broken-down cars and avoided the groups of people. “It’s actually pretty calm up here. Lower Manhattan is a nightmare.”

“What’s your plan?” Ryan yelled over the noise of the wind.

“Get to the nearest bridge and get out,” Anthony said. “Once we clear the city it should be easier. Though it might be hard riding this thing all the way home.”

Ryan explained that his cousin had offered them a ride and shared the address with Anthony. Neither of them knew much about New York but they figured the Lincoln Tunnel was closer and the opposite direction from lower Manhattan. Some people appeared to be calmly moving through the streets, probably trying to leave as well. Sometimes other cars tried to drive around the mess in the streets. Several times they passed roving bands of people, men and women alike that, judging by their dress, would never have congregated together. Windows were already smashed and more than once they passed people having sex right in the street. They looked to be treating their new bodies as disposable, seemingly confident in the fact that they wouldn’t have them forever.

By the time they got to the tunnel it was packed with cars and Anthony had to weave slowly in between them. The loud noise of honking and screaming made it impossible to talk. Ryan clung to his friend and, even in all the excitement, the throbbing of the motorcycle engine between his legs made him warm and excited again.

Anthony seemed much more confident in his body. He also smelled much nicer. With Ryan’s face pressed so close to Anthony’s leather jacket he caught the

spicy hint of sandalwood cologne. It was certainly a change from their usual dynamic, where Ryan had been the calm, confident one. Now it was Anthony casually telling people to fuck off and threading through the tight spaces between cars at a speed much faster than Ryan was comfortable with.

The reason for the traffic soon became apparent as they reached the midpoint of the tunnel. Multiple cars were tangled across all but one lane, the vehicles having smashed into each other in the aftermath of the global switch. Anthony nosed the bike in between two cars. The front of one clipped his back tire but he just raised his middle finger to the angry honks and sped on.

As they came out of the tunnel, they found two Humvees almost completely blocking the road. Soldiers were shoving around outside it in a state of barely controlled chaos illuminated only by the headlights of the Humvees and the dancing flashlights of each soldier. A young girl not much older than nine, with long blonde pigtails and a coat that was way too big for her small frame seemed to be in charge and she ordered the soldiers around. The soldiers, similarly, were a mishmash of types of people. Only a very few seemed to be in their original bodies. Most of the rest wore ill-fitting suits. Some were elderly and frail while others seemed to be high schoolers. One very young boy who stood at attention appeared to be just out of diapers.

The blonde with pigtails jerked her head towards Anthony and Ryan as they came roaring out of the tunnel and two soldiers ran over to them.

“Stop!” One of them—a motherly type—ordered. “Get off the motorcycle and return to your home.”

“We’re trying to!” Anthony yelled back. “We don’t live in the city.”

“Well you do for now,” the other—an ancient Japanese man—replied.

Anthony revved the engine and they paused. “Hang on,” he called to Ryan.

Ryan clutched Anthony’s waist tighter as they began speeding towards the two Humvees. There was barely enough space between them for the bike and Anthony was sure they would clip it. Soldiers yelled at them and dodged out of the way. Ryan closed his eyes as they approached the narrow gap between the vehicles. He could almost feel the fender brush by his legs on either side. And then they were out and speeding down the road.

Soon the roadblock was in the distance and traffic eased. The cars they passed held a motley crew of swapped passengers. Ryan regained his wits enough to release his grip on Anthony and fed him directions to the spot where they were meeting Charlie. The internet was still sluggish, likely a result of everyone trying to use it at once and a lack of technicians. But he managed to get enough to get them there around ten at night.

The meeting place turned out to be a grand manor that had been converted into a boutique hotel. A single car was parked in the lot: a Bugatti with a sleek blue and white frame. Ryan hopped off the bike and they went in to investigate the hotel. No one answered the bell at the front desk so they went upstairs and began knocking on doors and calling out Charlie’s name.

Finally, on the third door, Ryan heard footsteps.

“Who is it?” A woman’s voice called out.

“It’s Ryan.”

The door unlocked and was flung open. Standing there was Marie Taylor, a 26 year-old heartthrob and mega movie star who’d most recently appeared in a series of action movies about robots who could transform into vehicles. Ryan’s jaw dropped as he realized who she was.

Marie stood there, one hand on the doorknob, and let him look. Her straight blonde hair fell in a waterfall down her back and Ryan stared into the huge sky blue eyes he’d only ever admired in the movie theatre. She looked the part of a movie star, with exquisite features and soft smooth skin. The knowing smile that drove men crazy hung on the edge of her lips. A simple sleeveless black dress clung to her slender form. It was made of lace so that it showed off glimpses of her trim sides and tummy. Her looks didn’t demand to be noticed but once you noticed her you couldn’t take your eyes away.

“Fuck, man,” Marie said crudely, “You look just like me when I found myself inside this broad. You know, you don’t look so bad yourself.”

Ryan closed his mouth as she swept towards him and gazed at him hungrily. “You’re—you’re—you’re Marie Taylor.”

“That’s right, man. Can you believe this shit? I just found myself in here. No idea where the real Marie was.”

Marie was usually so put-together and eloquent on talk shows, so hearing Charlie make her speak so crassly was shocking.

“Wow,” was all Ryan could say.

Anthony came up behind Ryan and Charlie’s eyes flicked to him. Anthony was just as astonished as Ryan to see a movie star.

“Is anyone still in the hotel?” Charlie asked after Ryan had introduced them.

“Don’t think so,” Anthony replied. “We knocked on every door.”

“Good. Place was a fucking madhouse. I just locked myself in here in hopes things would calm down.”

“New York was bad, too. We got out on Anthony’s motorcycle.”

“Shit, man, I got a better ride than that. You see my car downstairs?”

“The Bugatti?”

“That’s right! Pretty fucking sweet, huh?”

“Grab your stuff and let’s go,” Ryan said.

“Hold on,” Anthony interjected with a yawn. “Maybe we better stay here. It’s late and I don’t think we should be driving with the roads how they are.”

Ryan desperately wanted to go back to the comfort of his home but they all soon agreed it was best to spend the night there.

“There are plenty of rooms,” Charlie explained. “And no one to disturb us,” he added with a wink at Ryan.

After getting the keys from the front office, they discovered that many of the rooms had been left a mess, their occupants having left in a hurry and the cleaners obviously having decided not to show up. There was a clean room directly next to Charlie’s room, which Ryan took. Anthony found some sheets in a closet and fixed up a mattress in his own room down the hall from the two of them.

Anthony threw together some food from the deserted kitchen while Charlie raided the liquor cabinet. Charlie sat on a counter in the kitchen, legs crossed at the knee as he sipped on a wine.

“These tastebuds don’t like beer,” Charlie explained sheepishly, as if Ryan and Anthony were judging him for not guzzling beer like a man.

Ryan hovered around behind Anthony, offering to help. Anthony waved off all his assistance and soon they gathered around the dining room table for the meal.

“Tonight’s dinner is a stir fry special of whatever there was lying around,” Anthony said, as he set the plates on the table.

They talked amicably as they ate. Ryan and Anthony sat next to each other, with Charlie across the table. Ryan still had a hard time believing that his cousin had ended up in the body of the world’s hottest movie star and he kept glancing at the blonde across from him to make sure she was real.

Anthony didn’t seem as enamored with Charlie as Ryan did. In fact, every time Ryan looked over at his friend, Anthony’s eyes were on Ryan. Ryan blushed warmly and grew giggly and more relaxed as they finished the bottle of wine.

Several times, Charlie met Ryan’s eyes with a laugh. Midway through the meal Ryan felt someone’s foot caressing his beneath the table and he glanced up at the blonde. Charlie gave him a sly side eye as he sipped on another glass of wine and curled a lock of hair around one delicate finger.

Afterwards they retired to their rooms.

“Good night, Ryan,” Anthony said, turning with his hand on the knob of his door.

“Good night,” Ryan replied and they paused for just a beat. For a moment Ryan

could almost read Anthony's intentions. 'Come in' he seemed to say 'and we can explore your body together'. Ryan didn't have those feelings for his friend. At least, he didn't think he did. He certainly hadn't when he was a guy but now, with new hormones and with Anthony in a new hot body, he definitely felt some sort of attraction. Which feelings were his and which belonged to the person he was now inside?

Charlie broke the spell by drunkenly calling out, "See you chumps in the morning."

When he disappeared into his room Ryan turned to Anthony, intending to take him up on his unspoken offer. But Anthony had already slipped into his room and closed the door.

Ryan lay in bed unable to sleep. He didn't know how to rest in this new body. Too much hair and breasts and hips. Too many slightly drunken thoughts twirling through his head about all the divine ways in which this female body was different from his own.

There was a soft knock on his door and Ryan went to answer it. He wore only panties and a loose-fitting tee shirt that hung down to his thighs. There was a rush of anticipation as he opened it, expecting Anthony, only to find it was Charlie there instead.

"Mind if I come in?" Charlie giggled in a light whisper.

He strode into Ryan's room without waiting for an answer. He'd wrapped a white fuzzy bathrobe around his body and when he reached the bed he turned to

Ryan and let the robe slip from his shoulders, revealing Marie's perfect body. She was toned into perfection and Ryan's eyes traced down her perky breasts, down her wide hips, lingering on the gently trimmed blonde bush between her shapely thighs.

"Come on and make a woman out of me," Charlie laughed, all white teeth and sultry lips.

How could Ryan resist such an invitation from a movie star? He closed the door and was in Charlie's arms in three steps. Ryan released a long breath of tension he didn't know he'd been holding as their lips met. Charlie was so soft and deliciously girly, his breath fruity with the wine they'd shared.

Ryan slipped his hands behind Charlie's back, caressing his shoulders, gliding down Charlie's perfect hourglass figure to his taut rear and then back up. Their tongues met and Charlie moaned into his mouth as he squeezed Ryan's svelte figure. Ryan grew eager for Charlie's body as their tongues met and they fit their bodies together, perfect tits pressing against perfect tits.

A tense ache began in Ryan's core, that feeling of longing he recognized from when he was a man but deeper somehow, blossoming out through his whole body and making him warm. Charlie squeezed Ryan's ass and Ryan moaned into his cousin's mouth as his body lit with lust. Their hands moved faster across each other, gripping, squeezing, as both gave in to their male lust through these female bodies.

Charlie bent and popped one of Ryan's nipples into his mouth. Ryan closed his eyes and moaned as Charlie's hot breath brushed across his sensitive skin, his teeth gently nipping Ryan's nipple as he squeezed the other breast. Ryan ran his hands through Charlie's silky hair and looked down at him as Charlie looked

back up at him. His eyes were dark with lust as he ran his tongue around Ryan's nipple and it spiked out between his lips.

"Fuuuck," Ryan hissed, as Charlie moved to the other breast and did the same, teasing and squeezing and kissing and sucking. He moved back and forth, eager for Ryan's body and all Ryan could do was stand there and enjoy the fire licking him from between his legs.

Charlie gripped Ryan's hips and kissed his way down Ryan's tummy, over his mound, until his mouth landed on the warmth of Ryan's slit. Ryan hissed a deep breath as Charlie's tongue flicked out to taste him, dragging a long line down and then back up his pussy. Ryan shuddered and took a few steps backwards until his ass bumped into the wall and he leaned against it. Charlie followed on his knees, laughing as he chased Ryan's retreating pussy until he finally caught it, thrusting his face between Ryan's creamy thighs.

The ache within Ryan began pulsing steadily as a beautiful tension began twisting through him, heralding an even more beautiful release. Ryan gripped his soft breasts, luxuriating in the feel of himself as he played with his tits. Pushing his dark hair behind one ear, Ryan looked down to watch the movie star eating his pussy.

Her eyes were closed in ecstasy as she dragged her tongue up and down him, burying her face in his pussy, inhaling his musky scent. Charlie opened his eyes and stared up lasciviously into his cousin's face as he flicked Ryan's swollen clit. The sensation was instant, making Ryan's knees quiver and causing a low moan to spill from his lips. He rested his head against the wall, still playing with his tits as Charlie feasted on his pussy.

Ryan felt two fingers slide into him, felt his new pussy clasp them as they

pushed past his tight entrance. Charlie's tongue still teased Ryan's clit as his fingers shoved gently up through Ryan's wonderful canal. The tension twisted through Ryan and his voice rose in throaty cries of desire. Charlie continued licking and fingering Ryan's wonderful new cunt until juices ran down Charlie's face and Ryan's voice cracked and was cut off by a sudden orgasm.

The tension snapped inside him and he moaned as his body shook. His knees went weak and the wall was the only thing holding him up as pleasure roared through him. Blissful relief filled him as the orgasm released him. When he came back down to earth he was breathing hard and Charlie's hot breath was still on his cunt. Charlie lifted his face from between Ryan's legs.

"You are one hot bitch," Charlie grinned, his gorgeous face streaked with Ryan's juices.

God, Ryan wanted him more than anything in that moment. He stooped and gently grabbed Charlie's cheeks, guiding him to a standing position so they could kiss. Ryan's own wonderful musk filled his nose as he tasted his new pussy on Charlie's tongue. Ryan slid his hand between Charlie's legs and found his wet hole, urging a gasp from Charlie's lips.

Ryan spun Charlie around and now it was his turn to kneel before this movie star goddess and pleasure her. Her pussy tasted deliciously exotic. It was warm beneath his tongue and soon his fingers were slipping up through her wet heat. He imitated what had just made him feel so amazing and soon Charlie was gasping and cumming around Ryan's head. Charlie's voice grew strained and higher in pitch as the salty taste of his cunt filled Ryan's mouth until Charlie's voice cracked and his thighs flexed and wiggled around Ryan's eager mouth in welcome orgasm.

When they were done, Charlie leaned against the wall, his eyes closed. “Shit. So that’s what a pussy feels like. That ain’t so bad.”

Charlie retrieved his robe and gave Ryan one last kiss before sneaking out of the room. Afterwards, Ryan had no trouble going to sleep.

3

Ryan was the first one awake next morning. Anthony met him downstairs as he was scrambling some eggs.

“Sleep well?” Anthony asked.

Anthony had the tiniest hint of a smile on his face and Ryan couldn't tell whether he was genuinely asking or whether he'd heard what Ryan and Charlie had gotten up to last night.

“It was all right,” Ryan said with a shrug. “Weird sleeping in someone else's body, though. I had a hard time getting comfortable. Eggs?”

“Sure.”

Ryan served up some eggs on to two plates and buttered some toast before sitting down to eat with Anthony.

“So...um...” Anthony began nervously after he'd finished eating. Ryan thought for sure he was going to ask about the moans from last night, but instead he said: “I know it must be weird for you being a girl now, but it's not that much better for me. I mean...I've got someone else's dick!”

“What’s it like? Bigger than your normal one?” Ryan teased with a sly smile.

“A lot bigger,” Anthony affirmed. “Stroking it is like touching someone else’s —” Anthony blushed and stopped mid-word as he realized what he’d just admitted to doing.

Ryan grinned. “Sounds like someone had fun last night.”

Anthony wiped his mouth and sat back. “What about you? I mean, if I was as hot as you I’d be constantly turned on by myself.”

Now it was Ryan’s turn to blush. “I, uh, I did try out the goods.”

“And?”

“A woman never tells.” Ryan teased.

“I bet this big dick would get those secrets out of you,” Anthony joked.

“Size doesn’t matter if you don’t know how to use it.” Ryan retorted good-naturedly.

“With this master schlong you just aim it and pump and it does the rest.”

“You really know how to turn a woman on!”

It was just like old times when they used to shit-talk each other as they played video games. Ryan was glad of that. It was something constant in a world where everything else had changed.

After they finished breakfast they went up to wake Charlie. After knocking on the door several times Charlie finally opened the door looking bleary-eyed and hungover. He was wearing the same robe he'd had on when he showed up in Ryan's room last night and the sight of him sent pleasant warmth through Ryan's body, though Charlie avoided his gaze.

“What?” Charlie asked Anthony.

“Come on. Get some breakfast and let's go.”

“I feel like shit.”

“Feel like shit on the road. We want to get out of here.”

Charlie disappeared into his room, mumbling profanities. Ryan collected his own bag and met the two of them back out in the hallway. When Charlie came back

out he was dressed in tight jeans and a cute emerald green top that looked so simple it probably cost more than Ryan's entire wardrobe.

Charlie wheeled his suitcase out the door and tried to wrestle it down the stairs. Anthony saw him struggle in his dainty form and offered to take it. Ryan couldn't help but notice Anthony's muscles beneath the tight work shirt. He was more stacked than Ryan had ever been and Ryan was kind of jealous.

Ryan managed to grab some road maps from behind the front desk because the cell phone service was unreliable. Charlie crammed their bags into the car's tiny trunk, tossed the keys to Anthony, then laid out on the small backseat, his eyes closed. Ryan slid into the passenger seat as Anthony took the wheel.

"I've been wanting to drive one my whole life," Anthony said as he revved the car to life. "Sweet."

"Pretty cool," Ryan agreed.

They began the long journey to Nebraska, intending to avoid the major cities and stick to back roads. They each shared their stories of finding themselves in their new bodies and updated the others on what they knew about family and friends.

"Heard one dude became a dog. You believe that?" Charlie spoke up from the backseat.

"Are you sure?" Ryan asked. Charlie was notoriously unreliable.

“Yeah, man. Had to communicate by tapping his paws and shit. Still think he’s in to sniffing other dog butts, though,” he added with a chuckle.

The conversation with Charlie was a little awkward in the manner of people who didn’t interact with each other much—Charlie’s hangover didn’t help—and eventually they lapsed into silence.

Sitting in the front seat next to Anthony, Ryan noticed that his friend had such a presence. Something about Anthony’s new body – the mass or the confident swagger – drew Ryan to him. To distract himself, Ryan suggested they turn on the radio to see if there was any more news.

Cities around the country were attempting to lock down to keep order but it was a nearly impossible task when the soldiers themselves were suffering from the same affliction. There were snippets of dialogue from an old woman and a prepubescent teenager that the news anchors swore were the President and the Secretary of State. Basically, no one knew the hows or whys of the swap but they all agreed it was worldwide. Most swaps were between two people, though there were verified reports of rare swaps between three and sometimes even four people. Rumors were circulating that some people had even been swapped into animals (To which Charlie laughed triumphantly, “Told you!”).

It was a sudden worldwide crisis and it was likely that the only reason that no country had bombed any others was because they were all too disorganized to figure out how. By the time the countries had a handle on the problem, they were aware that there was no one to blame. That didn’t stop some people from blaming it on everything from God’s revenge for society’s hedonistic ways, to a random Boltzmann brain-like switcheroo due to quantum flux or whatever.

Anthony nosed the car onto the back roads as Ryan navigated. They couldn't go very fast for fear that there would be a wreck or a roadblock around the next corner. Ryan flipped around to other radio stations but most were either static or just repeating the news. By now, even their cell phones had ceased working reliably so they shut them off. Ryan navigated from the passenger seat using his stolen map. A few times they had to slow down to drive around a pileup in the road and once they even had to get out and drive some dinged-up cars out of the way.

Passing through small towns, they occasionally saw people going through some semblance of normalcy: walking a dog, working behind the counter of a store, driving past to somewhere or the other. Though the actions were normal, many of the people were not. There were more than a few children driving cars.

Hours into their trip they managed to find an open gas station. As Anthony filled up, Ryan and Charlie went inside to get snacks. As Ryan perused the drinks, Charlie sidled up to him sheepishly.

"Hey, man," Charlie began. "About last night. That was a mistake. I just ain't ever had no pussy before and I was curious and drunk."

"There was nothing wrong about it," Ryan insisted.

"Fuck," Charlie snorted. "You might not miss your dick but I sure as fuck do. I can't be seen getting fingered like a woman."

"All right, chill, I won't tell anyone."

“Promise?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Charlie had weird ideas of masculinity but if that’s what he wanted Ryan wasn’t going to push it. It wasn’t that he was in love with Charlie, anyway. Last night had just been an opportunity that would never come again.

Behind the counter of the gas station was a grizzled old woman with mountainous breasts and a stomach to match. She stared at them over the top of her breasts. Ryan stared back at her. There was something in her look he didn’t like. Hungry, like Charlie had been last night.

“Why are you still working after all this?” Ryan asked as he put his snacks on the counter.

The woman shrugged, sending her breasts wobbling. “Still gotta earn money. Damn fool better pay me. After all, I got his momma’s body.” The woman barked a harsh smoker’s laughter.

Ryan dug through his small purse and handed some cash to the old woman. She grabbed his slender arm in a meaty paw that was surprisingly strong.

“You two girls look like you lucked out with those tits. Why don’t come back

here and I'll show you how to use that twat?"

"No, thanks," Ryan mumbled, struggling to escape her grip as Charlie looked on, aghast.

"Let her go," Charlie finally said.

The old woman looked at him. "I can teach you, too. My old body's around here somewhere and we can all relieve some pressure. Why do you care, anyway? It ain't your body. Live a little."

The door hissed open and Anthony strolled in. He paused when he saw the scene. "Everything okay here?"

The old woman released Ryan's arm and looked Anthony up and down. "Oh, I see how it is," she smirked.

She snatched the money from Ryan and thrust it into the register. Ryan collected his snacks and hurried to the door, where Anthony stood.

"What about your change?" Charlie asked.

Ryan paused and found himself huddling up next to Anthony. There was something protective about his friend's big, strong body. "Leave it," Ryan said.

They hurried out to the car. The old woman watched them from the window as they drove away.

“What was that about?” Anthony asked.

“The world has gone insane,” Ryan shook his head.

After that they were careful to stay together whenever they had to get out of the car. They wound their way around the major cities towards home. Once it got dark they decided to stop for the night. There were too many accidents on the road, both old from the original switch and new from people getting the hang of their bodies behind the wheel.

They found a small hotel that was open and Charlie paid for all their rooms. “This body can afford it,” he grinned.

Anthony took the room next to Ryan and, again, Ryan had difficulty sleeping. Though this time it was because he could practically feel Anthony’s presence through the thin walls. Why was he so drawn to Anthony in their new bodies? Was he taking on the persona of the woman he now was?

4

The rest of the trip was fairly uneventful. Charlie started to open up on the second day and they played games and told stories to pass the time. It was early evening when they finally snaked their way up the dirt road to Ryan's house in rural Nebraska.

Anthony killed the car in the driveway and looked over to Ryan. "You ready?"

Ryan realized they were both nervous. Their former bodies could be inside, piloted by strangers. Ryan didn't know whether he was ready for that.

"Don't have a choice."

Anthony squeezed Ryan's hand and then quickly released it, as if embarrassed. But Ryan felt Anthony's warm palm in his for minutes afterward.

As they got out and approached the big, sprawling farmhouse, the front door banged open and Ryan's parents came out. They paused when they saw the trio coming up the steps.

"Ryan?" His mom asked, looking at all three of them.

“Hi, mom,” Ryan replied.

His mom raised her hands to her mouth in shock and then ran forward and hugged him. “Oh my god. I don’t care what you look like. I’m just glad you’re safe.”

Charlie and Anthony introduced themselves and they were all welcomed inside.

“I have to warn you,” Ryan’s dad said as he opened the front door. “We’ve got a few guests.”

Ryan paused as he stepped into the living room. A sense of vertigo washed over him as he saw himself sitting on the couch next to Anthony’s body. His old body brought a hand to its chest and gasped softly as Selena took in Ryan. Anthony’s body looked equally as shocked to see himself. They introduced themselves awkwardly.

There was another person in the room that Ryan hadn’t noticed right away because he was so focused on himself but now he and Anthony looked at the woman in the easy chair.

“Imani?” Anthony’s eyebrows shot up in confusion.

Imani was Anthony’s ex-girlfriend. A beautiful mocha-skinned underwear model with tight braids that fell down to her shoulders. She had full, kissable lips and an inviting face. She also, for some reason, had a hamster sitting in her lap. She

shook her head at Anthony's exclamation.

"I'm Otto," she said with a thick German accent. Otto was a foreign exchange student from Germany that was staying with Ryan's family. He was a quiet guy, goofy-looking teen with curly blonde hair. He held up the hamster. "This is Imani."

Anthony's jaw dropped and he leaned close to the furry white and brown hamster in Otto's palm. "Imani?"

The hamster nodded and wiggled its whiskers. Ryan put a hand to his mouth and drew back. "Oh my god. I'm so sorry." He looked around at everyone in the room. "I—" Shaking his head, he pushed past Ryan's parents and left the room.

Ryan glanced around the room and then followed Anthony out. He found Anthony on the porch, leaning against one of the posts with his head in his hands. Ryan gently placed his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Hey, you okay?"

Anthony sniffed and turned to look down at Ryan. That was another strange thing. Ryan had always been the tall one but now here was Anthony, practically a head taller.

"I don't know I—I guess I feel guilty."

“You didn’t do anything.”

“I know but I mean, look at me,” Ryan held his arms out. “Feel that.” Ryan curled his bicep and Ryan rested his slender hand on it, feeling it tense beneath his touch and fill his fingers. “I gained so much and they lost...Imani’s a hamster now! You’re a woman! You’ll never get that soccer scholarship and I...I shouldn’t like this body as much as I do.”

“It’s okay, Anthony,” Ryan said, rubbing his arm comfortingly. “It’s not your fault. It’s no one’s fault and you shouldn’t feel guilty. It’s not so bad being who I am now. The whole world is gonna change and there might not be any soccer for a long time anyway. I’ll find other things I’m good at.”

“Are you sure?” Anthony wiped his nose with the back of his hand and stared down at Ryan.

Ryan stared up at him, finding himself swimming in Anthony’s deep brown eyes. Anthony’s lips were so inviting, his body so comforting and right. He paused in soothing Anthony but left his hand resting on Anthony’s shoulder, the taut muscle resting just beneath Ryan’s delicate fingers. Ryan felt a sudden heat come off Anthony and he shivered, opening his mouth to reply. Instead, Ryan found himself standing on tiptoe and kissing his friend.

Anthony paused and then kissed him back and Ryan let himself melt into Anthony’s solid new body. Anthony gripped his waist and Ryan threw his arms around Anthony’s neck as they tasted each other and a warmth began humming through Ryan.

There was a sound from the doorway and they both drew back just as the front door opened. Ryan put his hands behind his back demurely and turned just as his mom poked her head out.

“Everything okay out here?”

“Yeah,” Anthony said. “I’ll be okay.”

“Dinner’s about ready, so come on in. We’ve got a lot to talk about.”

“We’ll be in in a second,” Ryan said.

His mom gave them one last knowing glance and then shut the door. Ryan felt Anthony’s hand on his butt and there was a gentle squeeze. Ryan whipped around to find Anthony grinning down at him like an idiot.

“Stop!” Ryan hissed with a smile, playfully slapping Anthony’s chest. “Not out here where everyone can see.”

“When, then?”

“I’ll find you tonight.”

They kissed once more, fleeting but full of promise, and then joined the others in the dining room. They pretended like nothing had happened but Ryan couldn't keep the grin off his face every time he looked at Anthony.

Imani was set down on the table with a few vegetables to nibble on as everyone else served themselves. Ryan, Anthony and Charlie took turns telling the group about their adventure home. They all had questions about their new bodies and Ryan's dad, who'd been listening to what news there was on the radio, filled them in.

No, they still didn't know what happened or how to reverse it. They found the leaders of the country—at least they thought. The government would set up a national database to try to clear up identities and get property and assets back to everyone. They were proposing that things like property would go with the mind of the owner rather than the body. Of course there were disagreements, as people who'd suddenly found themselves in the bodies of the ultrawealthy weren't about to give that all up. The process of setting things back to normal would be long and difficult.

For now there was no plan except to live and wait. Ryan's dad assured them they would adjust, but Ryan thought that was easy to say when you hadn't changed. For now, they would have to lean on each other, surviving out away from the chaos of the cities until they could establish new lives.

Ryan's family home had several bedrooms but not enough for all the visitors. Ryan slept in his own room, sharing a bed with Otto. Imani had a box filled with straw and fluff which her hamster body seemed to enjoy. Selena and Anthony's old body shared a room, as did Ryan's parents. Anthony was left with the couch.

“It’s all we’ve got,” Ryan’s mom apologized.

“I’ll be fine,” Anthony assured her as she made up the couch with some sheets.

It was so hard waiting until the house had settled and everyone seemed to be asleep. Ryan’s heart was racing as he carefully slipped out of bed so as not to wake Otto. He tiptoed downstairs and saw the outline of Anthony’s new body lying on the couch in the darkened room. As Ryan shuffled closer Anthony’s head moved and he blinked up at Ryan.

“Took you long enough,” Anthony whispered with a grin.

He sat up on the couch and Ryan straddled his lap. Anthony wore only boxer shorts and a white tee shirt. The moonlight creeping in from the window cast a bluish light across Anthony’s chest, making hard shadows of his muscles. Ryan grinned down uncertainly at Anthony, who slid his hands through Ryan’s silky hair and gently brought their lips together. Ryan closed his eyes as he tasted his friend, his tongue exploring Anthony’s mouth. Anthony’s grip was steel on Ryan’s hips and Ryan’s hair tickled down his cheek to dance across Anthony’s forehead.

Anthony pulled away and gently tucked the hair back behind Ryan’s ear, letting his hand drift down Ryan’s cheek, holding him there and gazing at him so intently it made Ryan blush. If Ryan had been a woman but Anthony had never swapped bodies, Ryan didn’t think he would feel this way. It would have been too weird kissing his best friend. There was too much past between them to forget it all just because Ryan’s body was different. But with Anthony swapped as well it changed the dynamic. This was a broad, handsome man with Anthony’s sense of playfulness and camaraderie. Anthony with different packaging. It was all Ryan needed to give in to the desire warming him.

Ryan rocked on Anthony's hips, grinding down against Anthony's still-hidden manhood. It grew between them, lengthening and hardening beneath the thin fabric between them. Soon, the rough undershaft was gliding up and down Ryan's rapidly moistening panties. Their kisses grew more urgent and Ryan's sighs went fluttery with desire.

Anthony suddenly yanked up Ryan's shirt and grabbed a breast. He paused to stare at it, wide-eyed with lust.

"Your tits are incredible," he marveled.

To someone who'd always been a woman it would have deserved a typical eye-rolling response, perhaps a giggle of nervous laughter to shake off the moment. But to Ryan, who was still worried about how people might look at him, it comforted him. He gazed down in wonder at his beautiful breasts as Anthony played with them, gently squeezing them and nuzzling each tiny nipple with his lips and tongue until they hardened to diamonds and each little nuzzle sent tiny electric buzzes to Ryan's core.

Ryan rocked back and forth, letting his hands explore his own form, whispering up and down the beautiful new body he owned. The anticipation grew within him, that strange tightening inside accompanied by the loosening of his pussy lips. He could feel himself opening, his pussy sliding up and down the underside of Anthony's veiny shaft. His breath came faster and he felt Anthony thrust up more powerfully as he, too, gave in to the desire flooding them both.

Anthony was teasing him, following the line of his slit with that beautiful warm cock but not entering him, turning Ryan into a puddle as he feasted on Ryan's

tits. Ryan's breath came faster and he reached between them, fumbling in the darkness until he found the hole in the boxer shorts and tugged Anthony's cock through. Christ, it was big. It certainly felt big in his small fingers.

The idea that he was holding another man's cock turned him on unexpectedly. Again he wondered, how much was him and how much was the arrangement of neurons in his physical new mind? He shifted on Anthony's lap, yanked his panties aside, and guided Anthony's cockhead up against his waiting entrance.

The warm pressure built up against his pussy. Ryan bit his lip. Surely it was too big. Surely he couldn't take it. But suddenly there was a quick thrust that made Ryan's breath hitch in his throat as Anthony entered him for the first time. Ryan paused, not knowing if he was ready, but Anthony was too caught up in his lust and gripped Ryan's hips while he thrust slowly up, moaning as he entered Ryan. Ryan gave in and sank down, biting his bottom lip to hush a sigh as his friend's cock curved up through his canal. It spread him apart, the warmth filling every inch of him, up and up and up until it felt like it rested in his chest.

They paused there, Anthony's eyes squeezed tight as he held himself together, Ryan willing himself to relax as their groins lay connected. Ryan was so exquisitely full, a pleasure bordering on pain. When Anthony briefly withdrew he left a longing ache within Ryan that was quickly filled on the next thrust. Anthony moved slowly, letting Ryan slide up and down on him at his own pace. Each wonderful inch of his friend's veiny cock slid in and out of him, slick with his own juices.

As Ryan grew used to the sensations he began to crave them, to yearn for the deep thrust, the complete and utter fullness. He moved faster, dipping down, driving harder onto Anthony's cock. Their breath came fast and hard and Anthony yanked Ryan's lips to his again. He kissed Ryan fiercely, tongue sliding into Ryan's mouth and Ryan gave himself to this man, agreed to be taken, pummeled, owned for the pleasure it would give them both.

They rocked faster, bodies fitting together like puzzle pieces until the anticipation within Ryan broke. He shook hard, throwing his head back and cramming his fingers into his mouth to stifle the broken moan that escaped. He clung to one of Anthony's broad shoulders with the other hand as Anthony slid into him, the slick sounds of their sex so wonderfully loud in his ears. Anthony grunted, gripped Ryan's hips and thrust up as he came. His dick throbbed inside Ryan, spurting hot seed that filled Ryan's aching pussy, was just what he needed. Each wonderful pump of Anthony's cock made pleasure pulse through Ryan. His orgasm unfolded within him, fire bursting through every inch of him as he clung to his lover, riding the perfect cock as it stretched him out in unimaginably wonderful ways. He rode the orgasm long, each blissful second an eternity as they rocked together.

When Ryan came down he found Anthony's broad arm supporting his back and he grinned down at his friend. There was laughter in Anthony's eyes, too. They kissed again. Ryan's new body needed this soft recovery, just desiring to be near to the man he loved.

Love. That was a strange thing to realize. Ryan wasn't ready to say it out loud yet.

He slid off Anthony and nuzzled next to him on the couch, their bodies entwined. In time Ryan might say it. But for tonight, having Anthony near was enough. If they were trapped in these bodies for the rest of their lives, well, there were worse things.

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Thank you!

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

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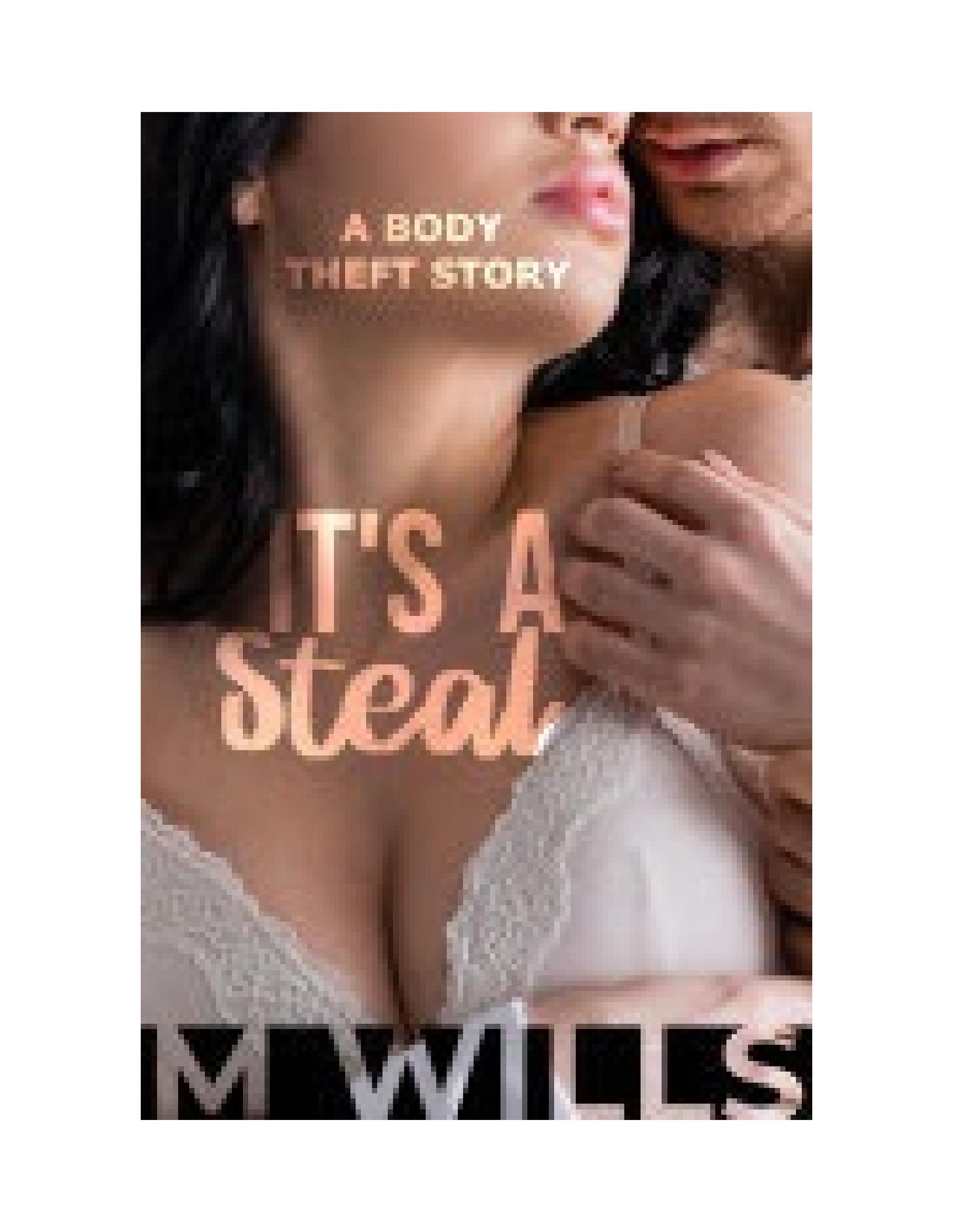
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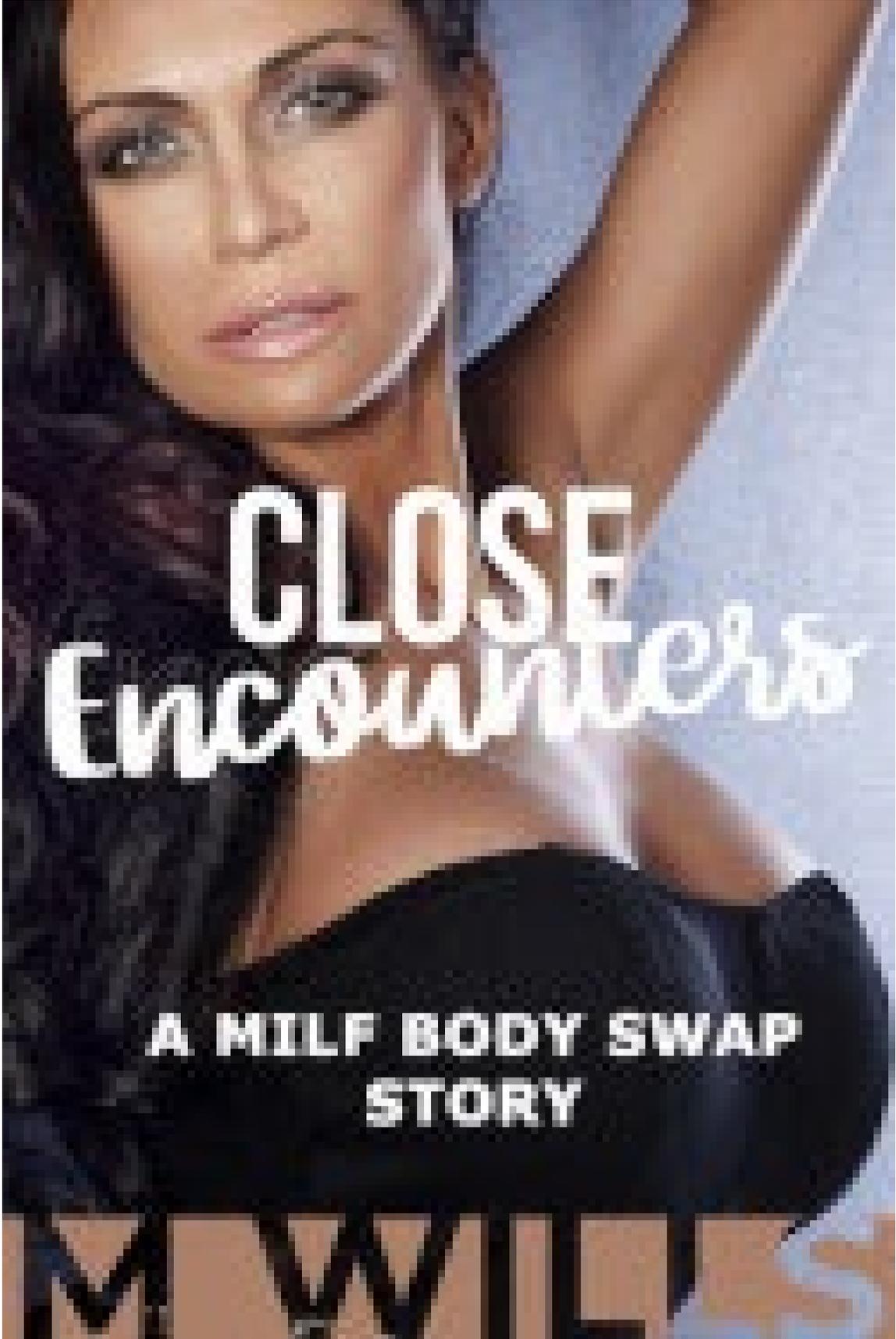
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