

Moving On
A Body Swap Story

by M. Wills

© 2023 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

Table of Contents

[Moving On](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Moving On

Being back home from college for spring break should have been relaxing. Instead, it just served to remind me of how much better things had been when I was in high school. Back then I didn't have a roommate whose stinky socks choked up the small dorm room we shared. The sheets on my bed were changed every week. I wasn't on the verge of flunking out and desperately trying to keep that secret from my parents.

"Carter?" My dad knocked on the door and I roused myself from the bed, shuffling around the dirty clothes on the floor to unlock the door.

"Yeah?"

"You've been holed up in your room all day. Come downstairs. Your mom wants to see you while you're home. And comb your hair."

I glanced at the mirror hanging askew from my closet. I had a serious case of bedhead and dark circles under my eyes despite how much sleep I was getting. Stress does that to you.

Dad had already gone back downstairs without waiting for a response, expecting me to obey just like I had when I was younger. I noticed he didn't say anything about *him* wanting to see me. That would have been just a shade too close to showing some affection. Oh, it was just fine to show affection to my sister, apparently. That's because she was a girl. But guys didn't do that to each other. A hearty handshake and a slap on the back was about all I ever got. And yet here I was still terrified of disappointing him.

I scrounged about for the least stained pair of pants I could find and slid them up my tubby waist. They were tighter than they'd been even a few weeks ago, a testament to the amount of junk food I'd been stress eating. Fortunately I bought my shirts large so they obscured my growing gut. I ran my hand through my hair, pushing it down as best as I could before slumping downstairs.

"I thought you'd be in bed all day, sleepyhead!" My mom chirped when I finally made it downstairs. "There are some leftover pancakes in the fridge."

"Thanks, mom." I kissed her on the cheek and retrieved the plastic tub of pancakes from the fridge before settling down at the kitchen table to eat them cold.

"Do you want to heat them up?" My mom asked.

"Nah. These are good," I said, stuffing another one in my mouth.

Maybe if I just kept my mouth full I wouldn't have to answer questions about college. Or why I'd not gotten that internship last fall. Or when I was going to bring Emma home to meet my family. If my dad cared too little my mom cared too much.

"So, how are you and Emma?" My mom asked, as if reading my mind.

I took my time chewing before responding. "We broke up." As if it was mutual.

"Ohh," she pursed her lips. "That's too bad. I liked her."

Way to rub it in, mom.

Thankfully, my little sister, Daisy, traipsed down the stairs at that moment, interrupting me from further interrogation. I say “little” but Daisy had grown into a young woman since I’d been away. She was eighteen now—I’d remembered to call on her birthday at least—and much livelier, blonder and prettier than I’d ever been. With her sun-kissed skin, petite frame and adorable features it was no wonder she was the school heartthrob. It was hard to be jealous of her because she was just so goddamn *nice*.

“He’s alive!” She shouted when she saw me.

“Hey, scrub,” I said, using my pet name for her.

“Hey, dinky” she replied in kind.

I set the pancake container on the table, stood and affectionately ruffled her silky blonde hair into a mess like I knew she hated. She pushed me away, laughing, and made a face before smoothing her hair back down. I glanced at her outfit: tight jeans and a flowery top. A little gold pendant hung down between her...holy hell when did she grow breasts?

“Got a big date tonight or something?” I said, flustered.

“Not tonight.”

“Ooh.”

And...when did my little sister start dating?

Mom answered, again like she was reading my mind. “Daisy and Jefferson are dating now. Isn’t that sweet?”

“Mom!” Daisy squeaked.

“Well, it *is*,” mom insisted.

“Honey, don’t embarrass her,” dad spoke up from the living room where he’d stretched out to read the newspaper.

“She’s not embarrassing her,” I joked. “Mom’s just saying it’s cute the way Daisy has smoochy woochies with her boo boo.”

“Carter!” Daisy turned her ire on me. She had that edge in her voice that told me I *really* needed to knock it off.

“Carter!” My dad echoed from the living room.

Christ. Take her side all the time why don’t you, dad?

I raised my hands in mock surrender. “Sometimes I forget how old you are.”

Mom turned to me, opening her mouth like she was about to say something so I looked quickly to Daisy.

“Want to go for a drive?”

“Sure.”

“It’s raining,” mom said.

I put on my sandals and grabbed my keys off the side table in the hallway. “They’ve invented this new thing called a roof. My car has one. It keeps us from getting wet.”

“It will be fine, mom,” Daisy assured her, before pecking her on the cheek and slipping out to the garage with me.

Daisy and I often took drives together. It was one of the few times we could be away from my parents and we used the opportunity to talk about stuff we didn’t want them to hear.

The rain beat down on the roof as I slowly made my way through our suburb to the highway in my beat up white Civic. I had a quarter tank of gas left before I’d have to beg dad for gas money.

“You doing okay, Carter?” Daisy asked when we were on the highway.

“Yeah. I don’t know. No. Not really.”

“I got some whiplash on that one. You look a little down. And are you packing on the senior fifteen?” She asked, poking my stomach.

“Quit it,” I said, a little too harshly and pushed her hand away, the car swerving slightly on the slick surface of the road as I did so.

“Sorry,” she replied quietly.

I sighed. “It’s not you. Just everything else. God, I think I’m going to flunk out and then dad will kill me.”

There. I said it. There was silence for a beat.

“Well... are you sure? Can you do some, I don’t know, extra credit or something? Talk to a teacher?”

That was Daisy’s attitude. Everything could be fixed with enough resolve. But not this.

“It’s not just the grades; it’s everything. I just don’t care anymore. Emma dumped me. Half my work apparently isn’t up to standards. College isn’t for me but I’ve already put so much time into it.”

“The sunk cost fallacy,” Daisy muttered.

“What’s that?”

“*You’re* the sociology major. You should know.”

“Obviously, not a very good one.”

I gritted my teeth and gripped the wheel tighter. The downpour had increased and it was getting harder to see the lines on the road. The roar of the rain thudding on to the roof made it difficult to hear Daisy when she replied.

“The sunk cost fallacy is the idea that you’ve already invested so much time or energy into something that you keep putting more and more in even though you don’t have a chance of winning. The only way to win in that scenario is to quit.”

“Right. You explain that to dad. I’ve never been good enough for him and this is just gonna prove he was right. What the fuck am I gonna do when he kicks me out?”

“Carter, we can—”

I never did get to figure out what we could do because at that moment a large truck sneaking up on my left skidded in a puddle. It lurched towards my car. There was a horrendous bang as it slammed against my door and sent the world spinning and lurching.

Blackness. Flashing lights. Voices. I was lifted up. Driven somewhere. Wheeled beneath fluorescent lights. More blackness. Longer this time.

Slowly I became aware of a steady beeping somewhere up near my head. I was lying on my back on a mattress and as I groggily blinked my eyes open I saw the plasterboard ceiling tiles typical of some sort of institution. My vision was blurry. My throat was raw. My body felt uncomfortable.

“Hey. Hey, honey.”

A man’s calloused hand reached under the blanket and took my hand. With an effort I swung my head to the right. My dad sat by my bed. Dark circles under his bloodshot eyes. His usually brushed back hair was messy and stuck up at odd angles.

“Dad?” I whispered through parched lips, not even recognizing the sound of my own voice.

“It’s okay. You’re back. You’re back.” He was nearly crying now. I’d never seen dad cry. He stood and hurried over to throw open the hospital room door. “She’s awake,” he called out to someone.

A few seconds later my mom came rushing in. She stroked my cheek and stared down at me with huge worried eyes. My dad sat on the other side of the bed.

“Thirsty,” I croaked, my voice strange. Jesus, how badly had I hurt my throat?

As my dad held my hand my mom poured some water from a nearby jug into a small plastic cup. She held it up to my lips and I sipped gratefully. I gently tugged my hand out from under the cover and reached up to take the cup from my mom. She relinquished it, and I could feel the cup beneath my fingers but even through the blur of my vision it looked like she still held on to it. Certainly those weren’t *my* fingers with the polished nails.

I handed the cup back to my mom and paused, my arm outstretched. The arm – my arm – not my arm – poking out from beneath the hospital gown was slender and hairless, ending in a hand with dainty fingers. And then it clicked that my dad had called ‘*she’s awake*’.

I tried to raise my head. My dad saw me struggle and told me to wait as he moved over and pressed a hidden switch. The bed whirred as it raised me into a sitting position. I stared down at my body, still covered by a paper gown and a light hospital blanket. Yet I could still see the outlines of a chest that wasn’t mine, two breasts just pressing up the fabric.

I raised my hands to my face and stared at them. A woman’s hands. A *young* woman’s hands. The fingers slender and long. Unrecognizable veins tracing across the back of each hand. The skin altogether too smooth. Too soft.

I struggled then, legs weakly wiggling. “N-no. W-what?” And that voice. Not mine but coming from my lips. Lighter and airier than my own.

Mom touched my arm. “Daisy, are you okay?”

“N-no. I’m not—I can’t—”

I was hyper ventilating. Dad pushed the call button and seconds later some nurses streamed into the room. They grabbed the arm I possessed but which wasn’t mine. I tried to argue and thrash, but I

was still so weak. They plunged something into the IV line leading into my arm. A few seconds later the world passed into a dull gray nothing.

The next time I awoke there was no light from the curtains. The room was dark. I was still in the hospital. And when I raised my head I saw I was still in someone else's – my sister's – body. But I was more lucid now and prepared. What had happened to me? To us? Where was my sister?

I wiggled my legs with the aim of getting out of bed and felt something pull uncomfortably against my insides. I managed to reach behind my head and hit the call button. A nurse appeared a minute later. Kind face. Graying black hair up in a bun.

“You're awake.”

“I'm feeling better,” I said. “Can you unhook me? My back is sore and I want to move around.” Fuck, it was bizarre hearing Daisy's voice as echoed through her own head.

I gave her Daisy's best smile and she soon relented, flipping up the covers to gently tug the catheter out. I looked away, not ready to see *all* of my sister's body just yet. When the nurse was done she tugged the gown back over my – Daisy's – whatever – legs and helped me to stand. My legs took my weight and I slowly hobbled around the room with her help.

My sister's body moved differently than my own. I could tell that even through the weakness from lack of use. My hips wiggled. My breasts bounced lightly at each step. Hair tickled down the back of my neck.

She walked me over to the tiny bathroom and I peered into the mirror above the sink. My sister's adorable face stared back at me, tiny pink lips open in an 'o' of surprise mirroring my own. There was her soft nose. Her golden cheeks. The little curve of her chin. She had one black eye that was already starting to heal but she otherwise looked okay. Except, of course, that I was inside her head.

I closed my mouth. Licked my lips. Tried not to think that it was my *sister's* lips I was licking. My *sister's* tongue I was using. Goddamn, this was so weird piloting her body around. I could feel *everything* down to the strange absence between my legs.

“Where's Carter? Where's my brother? Is he okay?” I asked the nurse.

“He's next door.”

“Can I see him?”

“It's after hours. You need to be in bed.”

“I've been in bed for—how long have I been in bed?”

“Three days.”

“Right. I don't want to lie down anymore. I want to see my brother.” There was an edge of insistence in my voice and she relented once again.

“But quietly.”

She guided me out into the hallway and into the room next door. I was getting used to moving about on my sister's legs and needed less help from her. Coming through the door to the room that held my body, I saw it in the bed. Stretched out and seemingly asleep. The chest rose and fell with a steady rhythm accompanied by the beeping of the heart monitor.

“Is he--?” I asked.

“He’s in a coma. Some broken ribs. Possible neck injury. Internally everything is stabilized.”

I was sure she wasn’t supposed to be telling me all this but maybe she felt sorry for me. Or maybe my sister’s earnest look atop her cute features made the nurse relent.

I moved closer to the bed and leaned on the railing as I looked down at my old body. A cut had been stitched above my left eye and a nasty looking bruise colored my cheek and jaw, disappearing down beneath the neck brace.

“Has he woken up?”

“No. But his vital signs are good,” she added, probably trying to reassure me.

I didn’t know whether that was good or bad. It gave me some time to figure things out. Obviously, I was in Daisy’s body. The question was whether she was in mine. The question was also: what the hell did I do now?

If I told people what had happened they’d think that *I* was the one with the brain injury. So I did the only thing I could do. What I’m good at. I kept what was happening to me a secret.

I was discharged the next day and sent home with my grateful parents. They doted on me, insisting I rest in my room while they brought me food and drinks, hugging and kissing me whenever they came and left. Even my dad. That was weird but... nice to get *some* form of affection. Even if I had to be someone else to get it. Of course, it wasn't *my* room they'd put me in. I was in my sister's room.

Her light pink curtains fluttered in the breeze of the open window. Her stuffed animals—remnants of an unfamiliar childhood—stared down at me from the dresser in the corner. Her school books were spread out around the desk. Her lavender bed sheets covered her slender form. And none of it was mine.

This was impossible. I was still me. I *know* I was still me because I still *remembered* being me. I remembered the last few weeks at college so vividly. That flare of sadness and despair when Emma left. The terror that my dad would find out. I knew I wasn't really Daisy with some sort of weird brain injury that made her think she was me thinking she was her. How meta would that have been?

Still, knowing I was inside her body didn't mean I could *do* anything about it. My only choice was to fake my way through her life in the hopes that she woke up soon and we could tackle this together. If we both had the same story we couldn't be taken as crazy. Probably.

My plan was to lie in bed all day but mom had other ideas.

“You'll feel a lot better to wash all that grime off you. It's been four days since you had a shower.”

The last thing I wanted to do was get this body naked—I'd shut my eyes just changing from my hospital robe to my street clothes—but mom insisted. She had a surprise for me and wanted to make sure I looked my best for it.

So I was forced out of bed and down the hall, each step closer to the bathroom making my heart pound even more. Mom closed the door behind me and I was left alone, facing the reflection of my scared but beautiful sister in the bathroom mirror. Her blonde hair was a mess and she had the remnants of a black eye but she *still* looked fucking gorgeous. How?

I stripped out of Daisy's clothes and dropped them to a pile on the floor. I looked up at the ceiling, avoiding looking at myself as I groped my way to the shower. Bending down to turn on the spray I felt the weight of my breasts shift on my chest. The way my legs bent and pressed my thighs together really brought home that there was nothing now between my legs.

I stepped into the shower. The hot water felt glorious. It sluiced down my body and I ducked under it, closing my eyes as it washed the dirt away. I wiped the water off my face, fingers running down the soft contours of my new features. The only soap was my sister's honey oatmeal body wash. I squirted some on my fingers and lathered it up before spreading it over my body. My gentle curves yielded to my touch but with a muscly hardness beneath. It had been so long since I'd touched a woman. I found it nice to run my hands over the hourglass of my hips, down my legs, over my bouncy little ass and then finally to my chest.

Daisy's breasts were firm as I stroked them. They bobbed gently beneath my fingers, less sensitive than I'd feared and more delightful than I was prepared for. Jesus, I could feel them bounce on my chest as I released them, a feeling that was both awkward and wonderful. I chanced a glance down. My sister's slender body spread out beneath me, the long limber legs, the heavenly breasts, the light tuft of blonde hair between my thighs.

I reached a hand down between my legs, fingers grazing my new opening. A fuzzy sort of warmth blossomed inside me. Different than the tart hardness of an erection which used to demand instant gratification. This feeling needed to be teased out. Enticed.

I gently stroked up and down my sister's pussy, fingers delicately prodding her crevasse. My fingertips sunk into my body and I gasped at the sudden light penetration as I touched my folds. I followed the line of my new slit up and down. So odd to feel fingers inside of me. This pussy was so sensitive. At the top of my stroke I felt a brief flush of heat as I landed on my sister's clit.

I slipped two fingers atop my little pleasure button and began stroking in tight circles. A heavy feeling of arousal built deep in my core. I tempted it up, playing with Daisy's clit as my pussy grew wetter than water. With my other hand I reached up and grabbed one of my tits, squeezing it gently. It was just as fun playing with tits as a woman as it had been as a man. More so, because I could feel it from the other side as my hand lightly pinched each wonderful mound. I bit my lower lip, moaning as the pressure took hold within, forcing me to stroke myself faster, to propel my body onwards to the glorious release I now desperately needed.

I couldn't stop if I wanted. I circled my slippery clit as colors sparked in my mind. My hands grew greedier, more urgent for this nubile body I now possessed. I wanted every inch of it. My free hand wandered up and down each curve, following the hourglass contours of my sister's body, growing bolder, squeezing harder. Fingers splayed out over my tummy, my hips, my ass, greedy for this form I now possessed and which was bringing me such delight.

Tiny moans escaped my lips as my wandering hand ratcheted up the pressure deep within. I stroked my pussy faster, little caring that this was my sister's cunt that my slick fingers were sliding into, my sister's tits that bounced beneath my hand. I just *needed* that blessed relief.

The tension spiked within me and I came, gasping as the pressure deep in my core released to pulse through me. I threw my head back and cried out in absolute delight with my delicate new voice, a yearning feminine sound of a woman in heat that only served to make everything that much *hotter*. My entire body was wracked with pleasure. My legs went weak and I leaned on the tiled wall for support as I quivered. The orgasm filled my entire body. Bright sparkles burst forth beneath my closed eyes as I shook and held on, fingers working away inside my slick cunt until the pressure slowly dissipated and the orgasm released me.

I came back down to earth. I was still warm from the shower spray, along with an inner warmth from the orgasm. I shut the shower off and stepped out, delightfully calm. The stress of the day had been blasted away.

I towed off my sister's body, no longer averting my eyes, but rather enjoying each soft curve as the towel whispered across my skin. I wrapped the towel around my waist, leaving my chest bare. My sister's face in the mirror was flushed, eyes bright. Her tits hung from her chest, the nipples atop her perfect flesh still at sharp peaks of arousal. God, if this was what it was like to orgasm as a woman I needed more.

I knew to comb out her hair of tangles and blow dry it but otherwise had no idea how to style it. I'd never really done hair before. Especially not long hair. In the end I just tucked it behind my ears and returned to Daisy's room.

Rifling through my sister's bra and underwear drawer was another strange experience. I felt like the world's worst pervert. Except this body was mine, which meant these clothes belonged to me. For now, anyway. When I got back to my own body I sure as hell wasn't going to tell Daisy *everything* I'd done as her.

In the end I slid on some panties and struggled with a bra before sliding into some simple jeans and a tee shirt. Mom came in and—despite my protests—helped cover up my black eye with some makeup. I watched what she did, trying to memorize which concealers and blushes she used from my sister's collection. The doorbell rang when we were just about done.

“Ooh! Sounds like your surprise is here,” she sang out.

I didn't like the sound of that.

Mom ushered me gently but quickly down the stairs, giddy at her “surprise”. I opened the door to find Daisy's boyfriend, Jefferson, on the front porch. He looked adorably dorky in khaki pants and a button-down shirt. Jefferson was tall, with broad shoulders, carefully combed dark hair and thin-framed glasses. He smiled at me and held out a small bouquet of flowers. He made to lean in to kiss me or hug me but stopped short when he spotted mom behind me. Thank god. Instead he took my hand, gently encasing my tiny fingers in his large palm.

“I was so worried about you. I visited the hospital every day.”

“You did?” I asked, unsure what else to say. I knew Daisy was supposed to be crazy in love with Jefferson but I couldn't muster the enthusiasm for this complete stranger.

“How are you feeling?”

“I'm, uh, better.” I put on my best smile, especially when mom took the flowers and “left us two cuties alone”.

That was the excuse Jefferson needed to pull me into an embrace. I let him, torn between playing the part of my sister and being intensely uncomfortable at being so intimate with a guy I didn't know. He leaned down and kissed me. I froze with his lips on mine, him towering over me, surrounding me, making me feel so tiny and delicate. When I pulled away he gazed into my eyes and tucked a loose strand of hair behind one ear.

“God, I've missed you so much. I was so worried. Come on, come on, let's sit you down. You're looking a little pale. And you're shivering.”

He didn't let go of my hand but followed me down the hallway. We sat on the couch together as my mom bustled around in the kitchen. My dad was in the armchair across from us, having given Jefferson a hearty handshake when he came in before resuming his customary seat. The three of us made awkward small talk. I was grateful that my dad was there with us, otherwise I was positive Jefferson would have wanted to speak more intimately. As it was, he kept it pretty chaste, doing nothing more than holding my hand and listening as I did my best to describe what I remembered of the accident.

When the table was set mom called us to dinner. It was the most awkward meal of my life, pretending to be my sister worried about my brother still in the hospital while sitting next to her boyfriend. I could get away with not speaking much under the guise of recovering but I knew sooner or later questions would start to be asked about why I was acting unusually quiet. Feigning too much memory loss and undergoing such a drastic personality change was liable to lead to some sort of psychiatric treatment.

I was thankful when the meal was finally over. Mom gave Jefferson and me a little more alone time outside on the porch as I saw him to his car. It was another excuse for him to kiss me, longer this

time. I could feel his need for me through his firm lips. I wondered how far my sister had gone with him. What was he expecting me to do? I kissed him for as long as I could before the awkwardness won and I pulled away. I then had to slide out of his embrace and he shot me a worried look.

“Sorry,” I mumbled, “I’m still not quite feeling myself.”

That seemed to ease his mind. He got into his truck and drove off. I returned inside and told my parents I was feeling tired. I went upstairs to bed. There was an awkward moment when I had to undress and slip into Daisy’s nightgown and the tiny pink shorts she wore to bed. For a few moments I was naked and staring down at her body and it looked...nice. The memory of how it had felt in the shower to touch myself rushed back to me, tempting me, but I resolutely refused to do it again, trying to pretend it was a one-time thing and that I would respect my sister’s body from there on in.

Of course, it proved to be futile.

School was still on break, thank god, or I would have had to face whole classrooms full of people who knew Daisy in a way I did not. Instead, Ron, Daisy's manager from the restaurant, called about mid-afternoon, after my parents had returned from visiting my still-comatose body in the hospital. I had begged out, claiming I wasn't feeling well but really just not up to seeing my body lying there immobile while I wondered whether anyone was inside.

"I was glad to hear you got out of the hospital," Ron said. "How are you feeling?"

"Much better. I've still got a little bit of a black eye but otherwise I'm feeling fine."

"That's good. That's good. Very lucky. My brother was in a car accident and had to do rehab for about a year. I was just calling to check in and make sure you're okay and to tell you don't worry about your job. Whenever you want to come back you just let me know."

"Well..." I said, considering. I should be resuming Daisy's life, keeping it warm for her while she was away so she could slot back into it easily. I fucked up my life; I shouldn't fuck up hers, too. Plus, staying home alone with mom and dad all day was driving me crazy. They kept popping in to check on me, asking me if I needed anything, generally doting on me. Especially dad. It was sweet and weird and way too much. It was why I'd agreed to have Jefferson take me out tonight, and why I ultimately told Ron: "I think I'm ready to come back to work."

"You sure?"

No. "Yes."

We arranged for me to start back slow with the small mid-morning shift. I'd worked in a restaurant while in college so it wouldn't be entirely alien to me. Still, I figured seeing Daisy's coworkers would ease me into her life.

After hanging up I prepared to meet Jefferson. Mom was only too happy to help do my makeup and brush my hair. She liked Jefferson. Thought he was a good guy. Sweet.

"And handsome," she added with a little wink and a smile.

"Mom!" I whined, finally understanding Daisy's irritation.

"Just saying..." She smiled, as she styled my long golden hair up into a complicated bun.

In my reflection, Daisy's cheeks were a gentle red, the remnants of her black eye concealed. Mom had done a great job with her makeup. Was it weird that I felt pretty? I tried to remind myself it wasn't actually me, but it was hard when faced with someone else's face in the mirror, someone else's perfect nose and adorable dimples and big blue eyes and hair and arms and breasts and hips and...all of her. I had to face it: I was cute. Combine that with the form-fitting jeans and curve-hugging blouse and I was a knockout. The neck of the blouse was high cut, but I could still see my sister's cleavage every time I looked down at myself.

Jefferson arrived as I was getting dressed. I came downstairs to find him chatting awkwardly with dad. His face lit up when he saw me. His Polo shirt stretched tight across his broad chest. Okay, he was a decent-looking dude. Still dorky but, like, *hot* dorky.

Now that the novelty had worn off I found it easier to give Jefferson a quick peck on his cheek. I caught a hint of his sandalwood cologne and thought how nice it complimented my sister's floral scent.

Jefferson took me to what was apparently one of Daisy's favorite spots: the pier. Each side of the walkway out over the water held little kiosks selling various foods or novelty items or were set up for carnival games. A carousel sat near the entrance but the far end of the pier was quiet, away from the lights and the noise, reserved for the lovers and the occasional fisherman.

It was awkward at first, walking around with this stranger that I was supposed to know intimately. Jefferson filled me in on what I'd missed during the three days I was out and kept flitting around me as if I was a precious vase that might break at the slightest touch until I stopped him.

"Honestly, I'm *fine*." I insisted. "Just treat this like we were on any normal d-date."

I stuttered at the last word, admitting to myself that this was, in fact, a date. A date with my sister's boyfriend. What was I doing?

Jefferson smiled sheepishly. "Sorry."

To his credit he did as I asked. He bought me food and cotton candy, which I picked off the stick as we walked and talked and people-watched. In my old body I'd thought cotton candy was too sweet but it delighted Daisy's tastebuds.

Jefferson's spirits rose and he turned out to be funny and charming. Chivalrous but without being full of himself. He made me feel...protected. Wanted. Like the best of times with Emma. Several times I found myself laughing as he played out some imagined scenario like a seasoned comedian. I discovered he was a theatre kid at heart, which belied the decently muscular arms and solid chest. I'd been a theatre kid, too, but more the backstage kind as opposed to Jefferson's leading man status.

The casual interplay of our bodies, the brief caress of our fingers, the touch on the shoulder, increased as I grew more comfortable with him. We strolled past the lights towards the far end of the pier. I did my best to flirt while trying not to flirt *too* hard. Yet before I knew it were ensconced in darkness, looking out over the edge of the pier to where the moonlit water met the horizon.

He wrapped his arms around me from behind and I leaned back against his solid form. I stroked his arms as they hung around my stomach. He leaned his head on my shoulder, whispering how much he missed me into my ear and sending little goosebumps up and down my body. Why did I feel so nervous and giddy? When did I go from pretending to like Jefferson's affections to *actually* liking them? Why did it feel so *right* to have my petite body engulfed by his bulky form? Why did I slip around in his arms and kiss him on impulse?

His lips were warm and his mouth tasted sweet like the cotton candy we'd been sharing. I melted into him. Felt his hands grip my waist. Our kisses became more urgent and I draped my arms over his shoulders, pressing my soft body against his hard one. I took his cheeks in my hands, pulling him close as if trying to bury him inside me.

Little tendrils of warmth flicked up through me. Like when I was in the shower. That had felt so incredible and wouldn't it feel incredible to have *more*? My teenage hormones said to hell with caution. To hell with consequences. My body needed satisfaction *now*. But I pulled away reluctantly. Not here.

“Let’s go out to the bluffs,” I said, gazing up into his eyes and stroking his cheek.

“Really?” He asked.

I nodded and he swept me back to the car, both of us giggly with expectation.

The bluffs had a small parking lot overlooking the ocean. Some walking trails lead down and around to the beach. The place was usually deserted this time of night, making it a good place to come for lovers.

It was deserted when Jefferson pulled in to the furthest parking spot from the entrance. Our car faced the ocean giving us a magnificent view. But we only had eyes for each other.

We kissed again, hot and heavy, our lips coming together, mouths opening, tongues exploring. I couldn’t believe I was doing this. My heart was beating madly even as my hands reached out for him to explore his chest. He was delicious. He stroked me as we kissed, hands tentatively investigating my body in our awkward position in the front seats.

I escaped from his embrace, ducked out of the car and slid into the back seat. He joined me, and soon our bodies were entwined again, deeper this time, hands groping, mouths seeking out and finding each other. I was surrounded by his solid muscles. Our shapes fit together so well, even in the cramped confines of the backseat.

I struggled to remove my top and then turned so he could unclasp my bra.

“You sure?” He asked, hope and fear in his voice.

I half turned, holding up my silky hair. “Yes. I’m ready.”

He fumbled with my bra. Clearly he had very little experience doing this. That’s okay. I would lead. My body was burning with desire and nothing was going to stop me.

I shrugged off my bra and turned back to him, letting my sister’s tits bounce down into his outstretched hands. He squeezed them gently, awe written across his face. They *were* incredible tits, I has to agree.

“Here,” I said, slipping one hand beneath a breast and holding it up for him. “Suck on my nipple.”

He opened his mouth and wrapped his warm, wet lips around my nipple. The heat was intense and he flicked his tongue across the sensitive nub, making me shiver and close my eyes.

“Yesss,” I moaned softly.

He enjoyed each perfect breast, moving from one to the other as his desire took hold and his hesitance faded away. There was a lump in his pants. For me. Watching from behind my sister’s eyes as Jefferson played with her tits was intoxicating. I was almost jealous he could lick those perfect breasts when I could not. Lust spun through me and I grabbed whichever breast he wasn’t licking so I could play with it and enjoy my own softness.

I reached for his shirt and helped him pull it off, both of us giggling awkwardly as he maneuvered in the confines of the back seat until he was shirtless. The outlines of his impressive chest were even more magnificent in the stark light of the moon. I grabbed him and pressed him close, my tits to his chest as I kissed him once again, trying to climb on him in my anticipation.

My hand slid down and over his hidden member. He was hard and ready for me. I reached between us and unzipped his pants. Reaching in to his boxers I grasped his cock. It was solid and warm and filled my fingers. He moaned as I took him in hand and slowly slid my fingers up and down his shaft. His hands still gripped my tits and his mouth slowed as he concentrated on what I was doing to his cock.

I could feel myself now. My pussy wet and ready just from having him in my hands. I released him and he opened his eyes, disappointed until he saw me struggling out of my pants. He helped me and then I helped him until we were both naked. I positioned myself on my back, him above me, my legs spread to accept him as he rested against my chest, pressing me down with his heavy weight. I felt his cock against my thigh, solid and warm, pulsing with his desire. He grinded against me, not penetrating me yet but teasing me, making me feel so damn good as he rolled his hips against mine and skated through my dampness.

“Are you sure?” He asked again.

“Yes. Yes, I’m sure.”

In the back of my mind I wondered what he was so hesitant about. And then he adjusted himself and the head of his cock pressed against my entrance and I forgot everything but *need*. His cockhead pressed up against my clit, gliding over my entrance, teasing me with his ribbed length across my pleasure button. When I could stand it no more I reached between us and grabbed his dick. It was slick and warm with his precum and my juices. I aimed him at my opening and he pressed against me. My eyes went wide as he slid in slowly, slowly.

I felt my pussy being spread apart as I took his girth. I was so tight but his heat felt so good as he penetrated me. There was a spike of pain and I gritted my eyes, clutching him reflexively as he slowly thrust all the way in until we were fully connected. He remained there, frozen, and I opened my eyes briefly to see him looking down worriedly.

“Are you okay?”

“Y-yes,” I said. “Just wait.”

I clutched him as the pain slowly subsided, his heat pulsing inside me every now and then as I grew accustomed to it. It occurred to me then that I’d just lost Daisy’s virginity. But my body was crying out for release and it was too late to go back.

“Okay,” I said, softening my grip around him.

He withdrew and then rolled his hips and sunk in deeply again, moving slowly. The second time was better. I could enjoy each lovely inch as it spread the walls of my canal apart and curved up through me. I sighed as he came to rest deep, deep inside. Utterly full and wanting more.

Jefferson felt it, too, because he began to speed up. Suspending himself above me on one hand, his other came down to squeeze my tit. I cooed into his mouth as he moved faster inside me, alternately filling and releasing me as my body wound with a beautiful tension.

I clasped my legs around him, urging him faster. He sped up, grunting with each thrust, driving deeper, faster. He moved with quick thrusts, his teeth clenched as I begged for more, more, my voice fluttery with lust. My tits shook at each pump, my entire body flexed around him, spreading open for him.

He came suddenly and with a long groan. I drove my hips up to meet him, his cock curving around to reach my inner core just as his hot cum splashed inside me. It was enough to send me over the edge and I orgasmed with him. Our bodies convulsed wonderfully together. I shivered from head to toe, clutching him against my breast, each wonderful inch of his seed filling my cunt, filling me until I thought I would burst as lust and desire and need pulsed through me. I cried out in Daisy’s silky voice, each pump of creamy seed inside me sending me into the stratosphere.

I don’t know how long I was filled with bliss, but when I came back down Jefferson lay on top and inside me. We were both breathing hard and he kissed my cheeks, my nose, my lips, my chin.

“That was incredible,” he whispered in my ear, his hot breath sending little thrills through my body.

We got dressed then, me apologizing for the blood spots on his car seat from my virgin pussy, him waving away my apology. I could feel him oozing out of me as we drove home. It was a strangely wonderful feeling of dirtiness and ownership and intimacy. We kissed again at my doorstep and then I slipped inside, answering my parents' queries with generic words of comfort and escaping to my room at the earliest opportunity.

My room looked different and at first I thought someone had been messing with my stuff. Then it occurred to me that the feeling was familiarity. The objects in my sister's room had meaning they hadn't had before. The posters on the wall, the decorations, even the clothes in the closet. I knew their history. Remembered putting them there. They felt like mine. Not like I was a stranger in borrowed skin. Mine.

Strange.

After a brief shower I fell asleep in bed, exhausted and sated and comfortable in Daisy's body for the first time since I awoke in the hospital bed.

The events of last night with Jefferson were still fresh when I awoke the next morning. I rolled over in bed, hugging my breasts, re-living the loss of virginity and making myself flush with warmth. I reached over and picked up Daisy's phone off the nightstand, then rolled over on to my back, legs crossed.

Daisy's phone opened at her face and I flicked through her messages. The names of her friends brought little flashes of memory to me. A thin ghost of a personality of each haunting my mind. I'd never met them before so how could I know anything about them? And yet I was absolutely sure that these were memories. That I *knew* these people.

Setting it aside for the moment, I flicked to the chain of messages between Jefferson and me. *Daisy*. Jefferson and Daisy, I mentally corrected myself.

I was filled with happiness as I texted Jefferson good morning, throwing in some emojis that just felt right. I wasn't an emoji guy normally but the kissy face was just too perfect for my boyfriend. *Daisy's* boyfriend.

I wiggled my foot in the air, nervously awaiting his reply. When it came I was overjoyed. Just a simple good morning with a wink at first. Then came the rush of emotion as we both texted about last night. How we couldn't believe it had happened. How we enjoyed it. How it had made us feel so together. How we could never *ever* tell my dad.

Eventually I rolled out of bed and went through Daisy's morning routine. I dressed in her work clothes: simple black dress pants and a clean white top. I was bubbly with excitement from last night as I skipped downstairs. I kissed dad on the cheek and chirped a cheerful "Good morning."

"Morning, honeybunny. Are you sure you're okay to go into work?"

He looked worried for me. Now *that* was novel. My dad had never expressed that kind of worry for the male me. It was nice to be the favorite child for once.

"Positive, dad," I said as I pulled open the fridge and got out a banana yogurt. I'd taken a few bites before I realized that I didn't even *like* banana yogurt. Daisy did. What the hell was going on with me?

I left for work a little earlier than I needed to, hopping into my sister's pink retro VW bug that dad kept tuned up for her. The events of last night had still keyed my body up so much. I needed to make one stop before work.

The sex shop had a subtle front. A mannequin in the front window in a fairly conservative nighty. The rest of the windows blacked out. Or pinked out, actually.

I picked out a vibrator that curved around like the letter 'C', one plug for my front, one for the rear. Battery powered and controlled via an app on the phone. The woman behind the counter promised it would be mind-blowing, though cautioned that I might not be ready. I assured her I was.

I unboxed the toys and dumped them into my purse. When I got to work—a little café outside the mall—I parked and walked in, feigning confidence. Ron, the manager, was a big man with a bushy mustache. He greeted me warmly.

“Daisy! Welcome back!”

A few of the other waiters waved to me as I walked through the café and back towards the kitchen. One of them—a towering blonde marine with a crew cut, rugged features like an action hero and a body to match—patted me on the shoulder.

“Good to see you, Daisy. We were all really worried. Did you get the flowers?”

Probably. There were a bunch in the hospital room when I woke up. “Yes. Thank you.”

In a lower voice he confided: “I, uh, came to visit you once.”

“Oh?”

Who *was* this guy? And why did I like looking at him so much? He was *very* easy on the eyes. Jesus, I needed to tamp down my hormones. I had a man’s sex drive in a woman’s body.

“Yeah.”

There was brief pause, and then Ken—I glanced at his nametag—was called away to serve his table. I continued into the kitchen and discovered a back room with a few lockers. I stowed my purse in there, plugging in the vibrator by stringing the cord through one of the vents in the locker like I saw that some others had done.

Okay. I could do this job.

I slid on my apron and then affixed my name tag to my front. I realized Ron was easing me in when he assigned me to the small section in the back. He gave me an electronic tablet to put the orders in to the kitchen and reminded me of my sign in. I took the time before anyone arrived to flip through the menu and acclimate myself to how the whole thing was set up.

A few minutes later the hostess set me up with a two top consisting of a mother and her ten-year-old son.

“Hi, I’m Daisy, I’ll be your server today. Can I get you some drinks?”

Coffee. Juice. Sandwiches. Macaroni and cheese.

My table was pleasant enough. I just had to clean up a few spills. It was a quiet day in the restaurant which left me with some time to talk with Ken between orders. It was always Ken. Every time I was free there he was. I didn’t mind. There wasn’t a whole lot to him but it was nice to have eye candy. It took me way too long to realize he was flirting with me.

I hustled around as my tables filled but Ken was always in the back of my mind. He looked like he was in the military, his broad chest filling out the tight black tee shirt very nicely. And his smile was so enchanting.

I continued bringing out the brunch orders to my rapidly filling tables. Any lapses in Daisy’s memory I blamed on brain fog, though I had to be careful not to seem *too* flighty lest they think there was something seriously wrong with me.

Late in the morning I had a six top and Ken helped me bring them their plates, balancing four of the plates atop his solid right arm like a pro. He flashed me a brief smile before he left that made me melt but I had to turn my attention back to my table.

Still, I couldn't help but wonder what sex with him would be like. It had felt fantastic with Jefferson. Slow and romantic. I had a feeling Ken would be somewhat different. I was still vaguely guilty about losing my sister's virginity for her. On the other hand, it was gone, so what was one more time?

Perhaps that's why I ended up alone in the back room with Ken during a break in our shifts. He untied his apron, muscles rippling as he lifted it over his head and tossed it on to a chair. His shirt pulled up, revealing the hint of a six-pack.

"You've got a little something right there," I said, on impulse reaching over and tugged his shirt back down for him.

He grinned at me, white teeth and a chin like granite.

"You've got something there," he said pointing at my stomach. When I looked down he tapped my nose. "Boop."

I gave him a look. "Real mature." He shrugged and grinned again. "You've also got something right there."

I reached up to tap his cheek but he ducked away and grabbed my slender arm in a firm grip. Laughing, I went to tap his other cheek with my free hand and he grabbed that, too, holding both of them over my head. His touch seared me. Made me ache deep inside. I grinned up at him and he looked down at me. There was a beat as something passed between us, some shift, a common agreement.

I stood on tiptoes to meet his lips as he lowered his head. We kissed. He was firm. Rugged. His stubble rough against my sensitive lips.

He pushed me back against the wall and I gasped, still kissing, his hands still gripping my arms above my head. He was so much bigger than me. So much stronger. I was completely helpless. And I loved it.

We made out, heedless of who could walk through the breakroom door at any moment. All I wanted were his lips on mine. I undulated my body, trying to press up against his but he held me there, teasing me. I was wet already. Fuck, that was quick.

He pulled away and reached over to open the bathroom door. We ducked inside and he locked it behind us. I jumped into his arms, clinging to him, my hands running through his hair, across his face, down his chest, greedy for him. His huge warm hands gripped my waist, my ass, sliding around my front to stroke between my thighs. He must have felt the bloom of heat there even through my pants.

Our lips locked together, tongues seeking each other out. This wasn't gentle love making, like with Jefferson. It was pure, desperate need. Both of us knowing we didn't have much time so this needed to be fast. And hard.

Fortunately, Ken was already hard. A fact I discovered when I slid my hands between us and unzipped him. His manhood thrust out into my hand, huge between my tiny fingers. He yanked my top up over my chest and his hands found my breasts. He squeezed, running his fingers along my curves as if he owned them and, god, I was ready to give them to him.

I yanked my pants down and spun around, leaning on the sink and facing Daisy's reflection in the mirror. My cheeks were flushed, eyes bright. My tits wiggled delightfully beneath my eyes as I arched my back. Ken gripped my waist. I felt the head of his cock slide beneath the cheeks of my ass and up against my glistening entrance. With one smooth motion he sheathed himself deep inside me.

My mouth dropped open and I gasped. He was massive and I was so tight. I felt as if I would split, yet somehow my pussy stretched around his girth as he filled me, his length travelling deep, deep into my core. It was painful and pleasurable and so, so much, He held me there for a second, a pleasure bordering on pain, almost hard to breathe I was so full of him. And then he withdrew and began pumping in to me. His hands gripped my ass cheeks and the rhythmic slap of his cock into my pussy filled the bathroom.

I leaned on the sink, eyes nearly rolling into the back of my head with want as he slammed into me again and again. He went fast. Urgent. Needy.

I gazed at myself in the mirror, at my sister's cute face now a mask of lust and desire. I bit my bottom lip as Ken's manhood pounded my insides, growing the deep ache in my core. I began crying out and he reached around with one huge paw and cupped it over my mouth. He pulled me back up until my back was resting against his chest, holding me in the air as he continued driving deep into me.

"Shhh," he whispered into my ear.

I closed my eyes, body bright with the rich tension of a cresting desire. He gave me the fucking my body needed, jackhammering into me. My tits bounced as his groin slapped against my ass. I was a puddle in his arms, my legs jelly, staying aloft only because he held me up. I was his little fuck doll and I came in his arms, shaking in his solid grip as he continued driving into me, snaking up through my deepest crevasse. My tiny body was his and I gave myself up, cumming again as he grunted in my ear, a deep, needy sound.

He sensed my body rising to another tremendous orgasm, pounded into me and released himself as I crested so that we orgasmed together. He moaned into my ear as he pulsed inside me, warm shaft shooting bursts of hot cum into my dripping cunt. I cried out in hunger and want and relief, muffled by his hand as my body shook and he seared my insides with his seed. I watched in the mirror as my sister came, knowing it was my own face that had become a mask of lust.

He held me against him and I held him inside me until I'd recovered enough to stand on my own. He pulled out of me all too soon. I could still feel his warm seed inside me and I ached from the girth I'd held. He pulled up his pants, then winked and slipped out the bathroom door after making sure no one was around.

I got dressed as well, ducking out to the breakroom to grab the C-shaped vibrator from my purse. I returned to the bathroom and pulled my pants down. My pussy was still glistening. Christ, I still wanted it. I'd been so horny for a while. It had been hard to put off Jefferson for so long. We'd almost had sex after prom but I'd chickened out.

I paused. How had I known that? The memory was vivid. I remembered picking out the dress, remembered gossiping with my girlfriends, Clara and Charlie. But "I" didn't know those things. I'd seemed to have gained more of Daisy's memories. It happened after Jefferson as well. Perhaps... sex unlocked my sister's memories.

Interesting.

But I had a more immediate need right then. I slid the smaller end of the vibrator gently inside my pussy, lubricating it with my juices and Ken's cum. Then I flipped it around, spread my legs, and pressed both ends up against me. One end slid quickly into my still-wet entrance, the other end pressed up against my puckered rear. I gently nudged it in, moving slowly, concentrating on staying loose. It took some work but soon my tight asshole gave in and the vibrator rested just inside me on both ends.

I slid my panties back up and felt the warm rubber nestle ever farther into me. Then I pulled my pants back up and went to my phone. I brought up the vibrator app and set it on low. Warm pulses

filled me from both ends. The nub in my ass was unexpectedly pleasurable and I stood in the middle of the room, just enjoying the light sensations. I was growing wet again—had I ever stopped?—and I bumped up the speed. Once. Twice. Up to max power. Now my entire body was humming, a vibrating string as the toy worked my most sensitive nerves in my ass and my cunt.

Ron chose that moment to come in.

“Daisy. Put your phone away. You’ve got to get back out there.”

“Sorry,” I said, stuffing my phone back into my purse and then into the locker on impulse.

Ron held the door back to the kitchen open for me and I went through. My phone was locked in the back room and the vibrator was buzzing madly between my legs. Knowing that the nub inside my pussy was wet with Ken’s sperm made it that much hotter.

I managed to take the first table’s drink orders without incident. But each second was delicious agony as that incredible ache built in my core. I smiled, barely paying attention as I told my table I’d be back for their food order. I had to scuttle around to the next one. I’d only taken three steps when I knew I was in trouble. Each step cause the vibrator to bump up against my clit and then slide a little deeper into my tight ass.

I paused in the middle of the floor, clenching the tablet in my hands, trying my best to remain calm as I came. I bit my lip as I orgasmed silently. The release burst through me and all I wanted to do was drop to the floor and enjoy it. Instead, I hung on to a nearby table for balance and tried not to shake too hard.

When I’d recovered the damn vibrator was still going. Why had I locked my phone in my locker?

My other table was looking up at me. I shot them my best smile and took their orders. It was so hard to concentrate with my body building to another orgasm. The warm pulses filled me and I could hardly believe that no one else could hear the tell-tale whir of the toy inside me. It was so loud in my head. All I could think of was how horny I was, how much this pressure was building inside me, how much I *needed* this release.

I came again as I walked away from the table. My sensitive body was on fire and it was so hard for me to keep a straight face as pleasure pounded me. I bounced on my toes, pretending this lust bursting through me was nervousness.

I couldn’t get away for the rest of my shift. I ran from table to table, sometimes cumming as people were giving their order and I had to ask them to repeat it. Each time was a blissful relief, only for the toy to ramp me up again. I tried to stay on top of it, to balance just on the crest long enough to get away from people. But I always lost it at some point, cumming hard with a suppressed whimper.

My shift lasted for a blissful eternity. It was hard to think at the end. Hard to do anything other than enjoy each release of tension. My panties were soaking and my juices were beginning to run down each leg. I swiped my purse out of my locker and hurried to my car. I was so keenly aware of the bounce of my tits, the sway of my hips, my most sensitive holes being filled by a buzzing beast. Everything was erotic. My entire body was aching for one final release.

I got in my car, slammed the door and came. I threw my head back, gripping the wheel as I clenched my eyes and howled. My hips thrust down unconsciously, grinding on the vibrator, pushing it deeper into my tight ass, my dripping wet pussy. Noise and colors filled my brain. I could do nothing but ride this pleasure as it wracked my body and made me shiver happily. I must have cum for five minutes straight, all the tension disappearing, replaced with an abject relief.

Finally, finally I came down and managed to turn off the vibrator. The car smelled of my musk. There was a puddle beneath my ass. My legs were weak and I had to sit there, gasping for air as I recovered from the most full-bodied, intense ecstasy of my life.

Epilogue

Over the next several weeks I slipped into Daisy's life. It was easy with her memories, which I got whenever I snuck out to fuck Jefferson. Soon, I knew all about my sister's life as if it had been my own. All her embarrassments, her joys, her sadness, her love.

And I loved Jefferson. I did. My sister's feelings became mine. Even though I remembered being "me", being Daisy felt almost more real. More immediate.

Plus, sex in her body was mind-blowing. It was also interesting to know I was still a breast man. Sometimes I came just playing with my sister's perfect tits. Though they were mine now and I was beginning to think they would be mine forever.

I regularly visited my body in the hospital. I would sit by its side, confessing everything about what I'd done and how I felt. Treating it like my silent therapist. Sometimes Jefferson or my parents would join me. Sometimes not. But I shared my life with my former body, wondering if there was anyone in there to hear but never getting a reaction.

And when I was done sharing, I went out to live.

###

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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available through my [author page on Smashwords](#):

I, Copy

A young man uses nanobots to transform himself into an exact copy of a family friend and steal her life.

Hot for Teacher

A young man gains the ability to possess people and uses his newfound power to boost his crush's self-esteem while enjoying her pleasure along the way.

Wish on a Star

A young man's wish comes true when he swaps bodies with his aunt.

A Friend in Need

A young woman secretly uses some body transforming pills to turn into a sexy man so she can flirt with her mom's friend and give her a confidence boost, but she soon gives in to her new body's urges.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.