

**M2F
BODY
SWAP**

SWAP
Brothel

IMMORTALS

Swap Brothel

M2F Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Swap Brothel

“Good evening, Mr. Watson. Can I see your ID?” The burly security man smiled.

“Hi, Andre. Every time, huh?” Tyler handed Andre his driver’s license and the security guard slid it through the card reader.

“Sorry, sir, protocol. Security, you know. Don’t want anyone escaping with one of the girls.” Andre said apologetically as he waited for the system to register Tyler.

“No, no, I get it.” Tyler loosened his collar.

It was only Wednesday but it had already been a long week and Tyler was exhausted. He couldn’t wait to get into the brothel and slip into a less tired body for some relaxation. As a member of the board of one of the country’s highest profile software companies, there was constant pressure to find the next best thing before the competition. He’d just successfully purchased a scrappy little startup that was sure to net the company millions and he was ready to celebrate.

Finally, the system dinged and the light above the steel security door flashed green. The door slid aside smoothly, revealing the plush interior of the brothel.

“Enjoy your visit, Mr. Watson.” Andre tipped his imaginary hat.

“I always do.”

Tyler stepped into the warmly lit lounge. Soothing music played from hidden speakers, and water gurgled down an intricate series of waterfalls at the far end of the room. At the other side, in front of the glass doors leading to the swap bays, was a large reception desk with two smart looking women typing away on keyboards. The décor of the room was clean and comfortable, with a few plush chairs scattered around a small table or two, and a long couch along one wall. The couch was currently occupied by Robert, the tall, suave man who owned the brothel, and an elegant African American woman Tyler had never seen before.

The African American woman looked up and saw Tyler. She beamed a bright smile and stood, coming towards him with her arms outstretched to greet him. She was statuesque, with lean, powerful legs, her beautiful hips swaying seductively. As she wrapped herself around him and pressed her body close for a hug he could feel her power, and her underlying softness. She had an exquisite fruity scent that made Tyler dizzy.

“Tyler, how are you?” She asked.

“Exhausted.” Tyler glanced over at Robert who shot him a timid smile. Tyler looked back at the woman, comprehension dawning. “Robert?”

“But of course,” the woman said. “I’m trying out the newest member of the family. Ownership has its perks, you know.” She giggled, bumping him with her butt. “What do you think of our newest host?”

She turned, allowing Tyler to admire her. “Looks nice,” he said, then turned to Robert’s body on the couch. “You look nice.”

“She does doesn’t she,” Robert agreed, wiggling the thick butt that he controlled for the moment. “Would you like to try her out?”

“Maybe some other time,” Tyler smiled. “You know who I’m here for.”

“Of course. I didn’t mean to keep you waiting.”

“Oh, no problem at all,” Tyler grinned, his eyes sliding up and down Robert’s borrowed body once again.

Robert escorted Tyler over to the reception desk. “Sara, can you please call Mia down to the swap rooms? Mr. Watson here needs some stress relief.”

“Yes, sir,” one of the receptionists said, standing to escort Tyler back into the rooms.

Robert turned to Tyler and winked. “Have fun.”

Robert turned and flounced back to his old body on the couch, clearly enjoying the strength and youthfulness of his new form. Tyler followed the receptionist back into the swap room. The room was divided in two halves by a reinforced clear window. Each half was dominated by its own large, metallic egg-shaped pod sitting on a pedestal about two feet off the floor, with steps leading up to a small dais to allow easier entry. The top of each pod was slid back, revealing a plush velvet interior fitted with an array of sensors. A technician Tyler hadn’t met before—a big burly guy with tattoos winding up each arm—sat at the controls in front of a bank of monitors. The receptionist left while Tyler moved to the phone against the glass wall.

Seconds later, the door on the other side of the screen opened and Mia entered. She was wearing only a white terrycloth robe, tied loosely around her waist. It showed off her impressive cleavage, the swell of her heavy breasts disappearing beneath the fabric. Her silky, auburn hair was tied back in a simple ponytail, just like Tyler liked it. She gave him a friendly wave, her adorably perfect face lighting up, two little dimples appearing. She hurried over to the phone on her side of the room, her incredible hips swaying with each step, the robe threatening to come undone and spill out her perfect body. She was so young and full of energy. Just what Tyler needed after a hard week at work.

Tyler picked up his phone and Mia picked up hers. It was a bit of security taken from prisons, but Tyler guessed you couldn’t be too careful about safety when someone else borrowing your body.

“Hi, Mia. I’ve been thinking about you all week.”

“I’ve been waiting for this, too,” Mia gushed, flashing her perfect white teeth and winding the telephone cord around her finger like a nervous teenager.

“Did you get the gift I sent you?”

“Yes, I did and you shouldn’t have.” She beamed. “You know, my girlfriend is jealous that no one ever sent *her* a new Porsche.”

“It’s the least I could do. Oh, and check this out.” Tyler positioned the phone against his neck so he could roll up his sleeve. He flexed his bicep and Mia squealed.

“Oooh. You know, I really appreciate a nice body. Other clients here don’t seem to care about their physical appearance. It’s like they forget that while they’re in *us*, we’re in *them*. And it’s no fun being old and fat.” She tuck out her tongue and wrinkled her adorable little nose. She leaned closer to the screen, green eyes sparkling. “I heard you had a rough week so I’ve set up a little solo session for you. I left your favorite toy by the bedside table and...I couldn’t resist trying it out a little beforehand. I’m already wet.” She put her fingers over her mouth and offered a wicked giggle.

“I can’t wait.” Tyler grinned.

The technician at the bank of monitors behind Tyler interrupted. “We’re ready, sir.”

“See you on the other side” Tyler said.

“Bye.”

He hung up and the technician helped him into the pod while, on the other side of the screen, a young orderly was helping Mia into hers. Tyler settled himself into the cushions. The pod cover slid down with a soft, hydraulic hiss. The interior was dimly lit by a calm blue light and Tyler lay still as the sensors connected to his body. There was a squeezing sensation on his neck as the rig clamped on. Then, on a small screen just in front of Tyler’s eyes, a ten second countdown began. When it reached zero there was that familiar swirling sensation as he was uncoupled from his body. For a brief instant he was a boundless consciousness, bereft of all senses, and then the world came back as his mind was nestled into Mia’s body and he began experiencing the world through her eyes.

The lid of the pod slid back and the young orderly’s face appeared. “How do you feel?”

Tyler pushed himself into a sitting position, Mia’s heavy breasts tumbling down his chest. Just as she’d told him, he was wet, the moistness a welcome comfort, promising delights to come. “Perfect,” he replied, reveling in the sweet girlish voice coming from his lips.

He climbed out of the pod one limber leg at a time and adjusted the robe around his lovely body. Mia’s body swayed and jiggled in welcome ways, her ponytail tickling

the back of Tyler's neck. He looked over through the glass to the other side of the room, and gave a shy wave to his former body. Mia waved back from inside his immense form, grinning as she flexed her bicep and gave it a light slap.

Tyler hurried out of the room and down the hall. God, how he'd missed the sway of her hips, the light bounce of her magnificent breasts at each step, the way the world looked and smelled through her senses. He stepped in through the door of Mia's room. The bed was made and his favorite pink vibrator was sitting on the bedside table, alongside a tube of lube. The room was composed of clean white lines. Crisp, linen bed sheets covered the small single bed, and mirrors lined the walls and ceiling, so that wherever Tyler looked he was greeted by Mia's lovely face.

He closed the door behind him and untied the robe, letting it drop to the floor to reveal his naked body. He stared at his reflection in the mirrors, moving close to examine Mia's pretty face, his eyes tracing the soft contours of her cheeks, her tiny nose, her perfectly sculpted eyebrows. He took a step back, hands coming up to his chest to stroke his breasts. They were heavy and taut, and they bounced gently as he jiggled them, watching them sway back and forth. He'd gotten to know her body so well from all his visits here, but it still surprised him anew every time.

He turned to the side, admiring his sleek profile, the way his ass flared out behind him, leading down to his sculpted calves. He gave his butt a light tap, watching it bounce, teasing himself. His eyes were drawn to the mirrors, Mia's body reflected back at him from a half dozen angles. *His* body now, so soft and squeezable and very, very warm. Grasping his breasts in both hands he turned his eyes back up to his face in the mirror. His plump lips were slightly parted, eyes half closed in a come-hither look.

"Oh, Tyler, you make me so wet," he moaned, hands gripping his breasts harder now. Hearing Mia's voice so horny for him doubled his pleasure. His fingers dug deeper into his sensitive skin, squeezing his tits up against his chest and then releasing in a slow rhythm. Was there anything more beautiful than watching her huge breasts jostle each other as they swung down his chest?

He sat on the edge of the bed, legs spread wide, and let his hands glide down his body, over his trim tummy and in between his legs. His fingers wound up and down his thighs, softly tickling himself, occasionally brushing across Mia's trimmed triangle of coffee-colored pubic hair. The warm desire for himself pulsed through him and he traced the delicate line of his slit with a finger, feeling himself opening, growing ever wetter. She was gorgeous and soft and all his. He dipped inside himself once, lightly, cooing as Mia's delicious warmth surrounded him, the moistened lips of his pussy gripping him. He stroked up and down his perfect pussy, steadily growing harder, faster, watching as the lips of his pussy grew wet and loose, flashes of pink appearing as he drew circles around his sensitive clit.

Tyler bit his plump lip and dipped a finger in, sighing as he watched it slide inside, feeling it penetrate his inner wetness and come up against the tight entrance of his cunt. He spread the dew up his clit, circling his little pleasure button faster, heat rising through him in steady waves. Now he could smell himself, the delicious musky scent of his pussy, and it made him shiver, a small sigh escaping his lips.

He stopped long enough to grab the vibrator—an oblong, vaguely dick shaped object slightly longer than his hand—and cover it in lube. He let the lube spill down his body and between his thighs, pooling beneath his padded butt. He dropped the tube to rub the glistening lube over his body, making himself slick and shiny. God, it felt good making her luscious body so dirty and slippery. Mia would clean this all up when she returned to her body. For now Tyler was only concerned with his pleasure.

He turned the vibrator on and slid the head against his entrance, the warm rubber finding his pussy lips, the vibrations seeming to reverberate deep down through his center. He grabbed a tit again in a slick hand, squeezing and caressing his fat breast as he stroked his pussy with the toy. He dipped in lightly at first, before sliding the toy inside himself for real, enjoying the tightness, the pressure as it built up against his pussy. With a light gasp he pushed it inside him, felt his inner walls clutch the smooth rubber. It was incredible to stare down past his breasts, watching the vibrator disappear inside him, feeling it buzz through his tight, wet canal. He drove the toy in deeper, his whole body buzzing now, mouth dropped open. Urged on by the pleasure humming through him, he moved faster and faster, fingers flying across his tits, plunging the buzzing vibrator into his wet cunt until fire exploded through him and he cried out for the first time “Oooh!” as his body shook.

He followed the desire, chasing it as it ebbed, only to return quicker, higher as he fucked himself with the dildo, gripping a breast tight, luxuriating in the softness of Mia’s body, her magnificent tits and the sopping wet cunt that he now owned and could do whatever he wanted with. The slurping sounds of the vibrator thrusting into his wetness hit his ears, and when the head of the vibrator hit his dimpled center he came hard, not trying to hide it, screaming out his orgasm to the room. “Oh, god, yes!” Mia’s voice was dripping with lust, his body burning with desire, wanting only to be fucked, to be filled as the orgasm blasted away all conscious thought.

When it was over and he could think again he fell back onto the bed, the vibrator still buzzing inside him, and stared up at Mia’s reflection in the mirrored ceiling. Her adorable cheeks were flushed, her pussy lips still wrapped around the toy, big natural breasts flopping to each side. He only lay there for a minute because he only had limited time in her body, and he was already aching to cum again.

By the time Tyler was done with Mia's body she was quite a sight in the mirror. Her ponytail had come undone and her hair was disheveled. Her face was flushed red, forehead slick with sweat, while the rest of her body was shiny and sticky with the lube. Tyler could feel it sliding in between his crack and it was sort of wonderful to feel her slick thighs as he walked her body back down the hall to the pod room. It was time to get back to his own body and back to his wife. The swap brothel was Tyler's little secret, one of the dirty but necessary secrets needed to keep a good relationship humming along. As far as Rebecca knew, Tyler was at another one of his weekly board meetings. She didn't need to know about what he did away from her, just as he didn't need to know what she spent his hard earned money on.

Tyler swept back into the pod room and glanced through the glass partition, expecting to see his old body preparing to get back into the pod for their reversal. But the room was empty of people. Neither Mia nor the swap technician were in their positions. That was unusual. Normally they were punctual for the reversal swaps, as every minute spent away from the original body added extra cost.

The technician on Tyler's side smiled up at him as he entered. "Ready to swap back?"

"Where's Mia?"

"Oh, I guess she'll be here in a minute. Let's go ahead and get you ready."

The tech helped him into the pod and slid the cover closed. The sensors positioned themselves around Tyler's head. When everything was in position...nothing happened. The message on the screen in front of him just read "Waiting to connect...". Tyler shifted in the pod, feeling the stickiness across his breasts. After about a minute of inaction, the pod cover slid back with a soft hiss and the technician's worried face appeared above him.

"Um, why don't you come on out for a second?"

"What's wrong?" Tyler asked, taking the technician's arm and stepping out of the pod.

The tech nervously ran his hand through his hair. "I...um, I think we need to wait for Robert."

Tyler glanced over to the other room. It was still strangely devoid of people. What the fuck was going on? In all the months Tyler had been visiting the swap brothel, nothing like this had ever happened. The business ran like clockwork both for the comfort of the clients and the hosts.

After a few awkward seconds, during which Tyler tried taking deep breaths to slow his pounding heart, Robert entered. He was back in in his own body and his long, lined face showed none of its usual cheer.

“What’s going on, Robert?”

“Please, have a seat, Tyler.” Robert said, shooing the tech out of the control chair and spinning it around.

“I don’t want to have a seat. I just want my body back. I need to get home.”

Robert sighed. “It is with great regret that I have to inform you that we don’t know where your body is. Mia appears to have left the premises.”

It took Tyler a beat to register what Robert was saying. “What?”

“I’m afraid that she’s absconded with your body, apparently with the help of one of our swap technicians. We will find her, it’s just a matter of tracking her down.”

“Hold on. Hold on. Are you fucking telling me that you lost my body?”

“Not lost, Tyler. She deliberately escaped. It appears she had help from inside.”

“What the fuck difference does that make?” Tyler exploded, his tiny voice quivering with rage. Mia’s breathy, high pitched voice that Tyler enjoyed hearing during the throes of pleasure didn’t carry the same gravitas as his normal bass voice did. “What are you doing?”

“I told you, we have our security on it. We will track her down and bring her back. It just may take awhile.”

“I can’t stay here awhile. I’ve got a job. I’ve got a life I have to get back to. Get the fucking police on it but get my body back!”

Robert shook his head. “I wouldn’t recommend getting the police involved in this matter. They have a somewhat dim view of the services we provide here and they would be rather unlikely to exert themselves to assist you.”

Tyler tossed his hands in the air and collapsed in the chair. He sniffed back tears. Christ, he was even crying now. No fucking way was he going to be able to manhandle the other board members at his company looking like an adorable, big-titted prostitute. They would devour him.

“Then give me someone else’s body. Someone who doesn’t look like this.” Tyler shouted gesturing to his breasts, still coated with lube.

“I’m afraid that’s out of the question. The quantum entanglements are such that a three way switch is an impossibility with our current technology.”

Tyler dropped his head into his hands and let lose a sob.

“Look,” Robert continued, “Given the circumstances, I can let you take Mia’s body out of the facility. I will contact you as soon as we have Mia back.”

“Are you serious? My wife would fucking kill me if I came home like this. Fuck it, let’s get the police involved.”

“I really don’t think—”

“I don’t care what you think!” Tyler exploded. “Call the goddamn police and tell them that bitch stole my body.”

Robert sighed wearily. “At least take a shower and change before we speak to them.”

By the time the police arrived, Tyler had showered and changed into Mia’s spare clothes. It didn’t help that her outfit consisted of a form fitting pink spaghetti strap top that fit his massive breasts snugly before curving back in to hug his stomach. It left much more cleavage than Tyler was comfortable showing off in public. His jeans, too, were tight, gripping Mia’s bouncy ass and taut thighs.

Tyler and Robert met with the police in one of the spare waiting rooms. There were two officers, both frat boy meathead types, one bald and one a blond with a mean looking crew cut. Robert was right about their reactions. Both were clearly amused about why any man would want to be a woman, even temporarily. They barely suppressed their grins as they questioned the two about the disappearance. Their eyes kept glancing down to Tyler’s breasts as they interrogated him about what he was doing in Mia’s body in the first place.

“It doesn’t matter why I wanted to swap bodies,” Tyler said between gritted teeth, “This is a theft. She’s got my phone, can’t you just track that or something?”

“Calm down, honey,” the bald one said, “You let the professionals handle finding your body. Just go on home and don’t worry your pretty little head about a thing.”

“Christ. Home. My wife’s going to go ballistic.”

“Well,” the one with the crew cut grinned, flipping his notebook shut, “If you want to come down to the station I’m sure we can find you somewhere to stay.”

From the look on his face, Tyler guessed any accommodation would only come about after they passed him around like a party treat. He crossed his arms beneath his breasts and declined with barely suppressed rage. When the two officers finally left, Robert helped him gather up Mia’s belongings from her locker. There weren’t much: a bright red clutch purse, a phone with a cracked screen, and a small ring of keys. The purse was empty except for a few small bills, a driver’s license, and some tampons. Tyler briefly glanced at the license. Twenty three years old. Christ. More than half his age.

Her phone opened when he swiped his finger across it. Some quick investigation for any hint of Mia’s plan came up empty. If she’d been messaging or emailing

someone to plan this body theft she'd covered her tracks. She was probably on her way out of the state right now, with his BMW and his body. Robert had offered to let him stay the night at the brothel, but Tyler couldn't face being surrounded by beautiful women happily enjoying their borrowed bodies as he fretted about whether he'd ever get his own back. No, better to face down Rebecca. She owed him too much to kick him out now, though he didn't relish the screaming match it was going to take in order to get back inside his own house.

Mia's keys unlocked a badly dented baby blue Honda Civic parked out behind the brothel, the gas tank nearly empty. Tyler wondered briefly what she'd done with the car he'd gifted her, but that was the least of his worries. He drove home through the city, arriving at his house a little past nine o'clock. He parked outside on the street and took a deep, steadying breath, before hoisting himself out of the car and hurrying up the front walk.

He rang the doorbell and waited, eventually hearing Rebecca's light steps as she approached the door and opened it. She stood in the doorway, one hand on the handle, her statuesque body blocking the entrance.

"Hello?" She said, warily.

"Hi, Rebecca. I'm Tyler. Your husband."

Her eyes flicked down his body then back up to his face, crinkling in confusion. "I'm sorry?"

Tyler sighed. "I went to a swap brothel and the woman ran off with my body. The police are looking for her but I'm stuck like this until they find her. Now, I'd like to go in and lie down."

He took a step towards her but she didn't move. Her eyes hardened. "Are you kidding me?"

"No, I'm not, baby, look—"

"Don't 'baby' me," she said, "You go out and rent some goddamn prostitute's body to do...god knows what...and then you come running back home still in her skin and you just want to walk in here? I don't think so."

"This is my house."

"How long have you been doing this behind my back?"

"Let me in and we'll talk about this. I don't need the whole neighborhood to hear this."

He put his hand on the door and she brushed it away. "You're a pig, and you are not coming back in the house looking like that."

She stepped back and shut the door. Tyler leaned against it and tried to push back but his weaker body was no match for her strength. She was forty three but she did

Pilates every day and was incredibly fit. He banged on the closed door in frustration. "Rebecca. Don't do this. Let's talk about this."

"Go away," she yelled, her voice muffled. He could still see the outline of her figure through the glass of the front door.

He pounded on the door some more. "Goddammit, Rebecca, let me in!"

Somewhere a dog started barking. Porch lights were flickering on from the houses on either side as neighbors came out to gawk. Tyler stopped banging on the door and moved close to it. "Please," he begged, hating how pathetic he sounded.

"Go away. I'm calling the police. You can explain it to them."

Tyler had no desire to speak to the police again. They'd probably shove him in a cop car and drive him back to the station and then who knew what they'd do? As a fine, upstanding—rich, male—citizen, the police bent over backwards to help. But in Mia's fragile little body they seemed almost gleeful to treat him as a poor prostitute.

Tyler hurried back down the path to his car, shaking with rage. He fell into the front seat and slammed the door. The tears came suddenly. He wiped them away but they dripped down his gorgeous little nose as his body shook. He hit the steering wheel with both hands, trying to get himself under control. Goddamn these hormones. He'd never experienced anything in Mia's body except ultimate physical joy. Finding his emotions so close to the surface was alarming, especially as Tyler had prided himself in being the ultimate cool headed businessman, and had made his reputation by doing whatever it took, whether that was destroying the competition or bullying underlings into submission. He'd even prided himself on making his competition do just what he was doing now: crying helplessly.

After a minute or two he got himself under control, the sobs reduced to little sniffs. He needed to figure out a place to stay for the night. Maybe they'd find his body by morning and everything would be fine, but he couldn't sleep out in the car like this, Mia had no money on her to pay for a room, and he sure as hell didn't want to slink back to the brothel. He couldn't think of anyone he'd be willing to reveal his dirty little swap brothel secret to and was almost ready to start crying again when a name popped into his head: Brad.

Tyler and Brad had been business partners, starting up their virtual reality tech company together right out of college. They'd grown bigger and bigger, until the day a huge tech company offered to buy them out. Brad had taken the offer, happy to retire with enough money to comfortably live on for a few years. But Tyler wrangled a better deal for himself, becoming head of the VR division (plus stock options) and quickly fought his way further up the chain. There was no ill will between them. They still traded the occasional email or Christmas card. Brad just didn't have the killer instinct that Tyler had. At least not for business. Personally, it was a different story. Brad used

to have a different woman on his arm every week when they worked together. Brad had made a comfortable life for himself as the owner of a local tech company that specialized in government services. Brad had always been open and non-judgmental.

Tyler hadn't seen Brad in person in years, but he still remembered where he lived, and he managed to get there without running out of gas. Brad lived in a modestly sized brick townhouse. He'd bought the place with the buyout money back when it was a seedy, crime filled area. Tyler scoffed at the time but Brad had been prescient. The area had gentrified in a few years and Brad had made an immense return on his investment.

There were some downstairs lights on and Tyler could hear the faint sounds of a television as he nervously approached the front door. He knocked and waited for what seemed like an eternity before Brad finally opened the door. Brad's dark hair now had flecks of gray that gave him a distinguished look, but his face was as handsome as ever, with a solid jaw and twinkling clear blue eyes. He wore a black turtleneck that clung to his body, highlighting his thick arms and solid build. He cocked his head, staring down at the beautiful stranger who'd randomly knocked at his door.

"Hi Brad. I'm Tyler. I need some help." Tyler's voice sounded small to his own ears.

The whole story came out in a rush on the doorstep, Tyler trying to explain quickly before Brad shut the door in his face and left him homeless. By the time he finished, a tear was trickling down Tyler's cheek and he wiped it away. He expected Brad to laugh, as anyone Tyler worked with would have done, given that Tyler's new body said a lot about his hidden sexual appetite. But Brad opened the door wider.

"Come on in, Tyler." Brad said.

Tyler followed him down the hallway to the living room at the far end. Their footsteps were loud on the polished wooden floor. Brad still had good taste. The house had to be over a hundred years old, and was tastefully decorated with mid-century modern furniture—straight lines and solid colors—that blended perfectly with the old architecture. Brad muted the television and invited Tyler to sit on the couch as he went to the liquor cabinet and poured a nip of whiskey into two glasses of ice. He handed one to Tyler before taking a seat in the arm chair across from him.

"You're welcome to stay here as long as you need."

From anyone else the line would have sounded creepy, but from Brad it was a sincere offer to help.

"Thank you," Tyler said, sipping the whiskey. It was sharp on his tongue and warmed his belly quickly.

They talked about old times, reminiscing like two long lost friends, catching up on years of stories. Tyler sipped his drink and soon the warmth had moved from his belly

to his head. The whole room was fuzzy and cozy and Tyler found himself leaning back on the couch, eyes closed. Mia's body obviously wasn't used to alcohol.

Tyler expected to wake in the middle of the night to find Brad on top of him, hands pawing at his body. And Tyler would have let him do whatever he wanted as payment for the night's stay. Hell, it's what Tyler himself would have done. Nothing in life was free and if you show up in a prostitute's body—especially a body as utterly perfect as Mia's—late at night pleading for a place to stay you had to expect to provide some form of payment. He wasn't exactly attached to Mia's body after she'd run off and he would consider any trouble he got into as payment for his inconvenience.

Instead, Tyler woke disoriented to sunlight peeking in through the curtains. He was lying on Brad's couch, covered with a warm blanket and still wearing last night's clothes. He sat up—heavy breasts swinging down his chest—and yawned, running his hands through wavy, sleep-tousled hair. Then he pushed himself to his feet and quietly tiptoed through the rooms downstairs, ending up in a quaint black and white tiled kitchen. Tyler's stomach rumbled and he wondered when Mia had last eaten. It had been years since Tyler had cooked a meal, but he felt he owed Brad something for his hospitality.

Tyler was scraping the overcooked eggs out of the pan and swearing at the toaster when Brad spoke up from behind him.

"Looks...good?" Brad said.

Tyler turned to him, the egg pan in one hand, spatula in the other and smiled apologetically. "Rebecca usually makes the food. I think there are some salvageable parts," Tyler said, leaning close to the egg pan and digging through the atrocity with the corner of the spatula.

Tyler's cheeks were flushed, and he thought it was the heat in the kitchen, though he'd first felt the flush creep up his body when he'd seen Brad in the doorway, collar unbuttoned as he fixed up his tie. In the light of day, and in a simple white and green checkered shirt fitted perfectly to his sculpted body, Brad looked incredible good.

"Uh, the toast," Brad said, pointing behind Tyler.

The curve of his arm was incredible beneath the shirt. Tyler imagined Brad swooping down to take him into those delicious arms, bodies pressed together until their lips—

"Right. The toast is— shit!" Tyler turned just in time to see two blackened pieces of toast pop out of the toaster. "Shit." He swore again, though whether at the toast or at the strange thoughts popping up in his mind he couldn't say. What the fuck was going on? He'd never been attracted to men. Was this what happened when you spent too

much time in someone else's body? Were Mia's natural inclinations subsuming his own?

Brad grinned at him and Tyler just shrugged back. "Guess I'm not cut out to be a housewife."

"I'm not saying a word," Brad laughed, stepping around Tyler and slotting in some more bread. "So in your present...condition are you going to work?"

"I have to. I'm not looking forward to it but it'll be much worse if I just suddenly disappear. I don't have my phone. None of my contacts. I have to go in. But I can't go in dressed like this. I really hate to ask but...can I borrow some money? Just enough for an outfit to get me through today. I'll pay you back with interest I swear."

"Sure, it's fine. Don't even worry about it." Brad grinned again.

There was that little tingle again. Tyler smiled back and stroked a lock of hair back behind his ear before looking away.

After breakfast (toast, unburnt) Brad scrounged around for an extra toothbrush for Tyler and then drove him to the mall. Tyler let the sales people think he was Brad's girlfriend, surprised to find his fingers slipping between Brad's as the girls lead them through the store pointing out various outfits. They always seemed to go to the skirts first. God knew Tyler would have loved to see Mia in a skirt, he just didn't want to be seen as her in a skirt. It took a few stores, and a few helpful assistants to measure him, but Tyler eventually put together a much more conservative outfit and—small favors—a bra that fit him and distributed the heavy weight. In the end, he walked out in a simple navy pantsuit over a white button down blouse. The blouse still strained to hold back his breasts, but in a much more office friendly way.

Brad gave Tyler a ride to his office: a huge glass tower in the center of the city. Brad dropped him off with some money to catch a cab back if he needed it. Tyler thanked him, hopeful that Mia would be found and captured by the end of the day. He set his delicate jaw and strolled up the steps of the building and through the glass and concrete atrium.

His first challenge was getting up to the PopTech offices. Without his swipe card, he was forced to approach the receptionist manning the imposing wooden desk in the center of the room. She was a bland looking brunette with wide, scared eyes.

"Hi," Tyler said, forcing a smile, "My name's Tyler Pritchard. I've had a very bad night. Through an unfortunate accident that I'd rather not go into, I'm temporarily stuck in this body. I don't have my swipe card or any ID but if you can get Lester Andrews from PopTech on the phone I'm sure I'll be able to prove it."

"Ummmm," the girl said, nervously chewing her bottom lip, "I can call his office?" She picked up the phone and spoke to Lester's secretary, relaying Tyler's story. "She

says she's Tyler Pritchard but, well, she's a woman." There was a pause as the secretary spoke. The receptionist listened, nodding, then looked back at Tyler, her eyes even wider. "She says she doesn't believe you."

Tyler leaned close to the phone and said in a voice loud enough for the secretary on the other end to hear. "Tell her to tell Lester that I've got the financial report and all the data on the new subsystems locked on my computer and if he wants to access it he better come down here and get me."

"She says..." the scared receptionist began, "...oh, you heard her. Right. That's what she, uh, says. Uh huh. Okay." The receptionist hung up. "He'll be right down."

A few minutes later Lester came out of one of the gleaming elevator doors. Lester was a big guy squeezed into a small suit. Most of the time he was deadly serious, but he had a big shit eating grin on his face when he saw Tyler standing by reception. Of course he would come personally, just to be the first one to gawk at Tyler.

"Tyler?" He asked.

"Don't start, Lester, it's been a hell of a night."

Lester led the way back to the elevators. He gestured for Tyler to enter first, and Tyler watched in the reflection of the mirrored elevator walls as Lester checked out Mia's ass. It was incredible, no doubt about it, which was why Tyler had checked it out many times before. It wasn't as exciting being on the receiving end of someone else's stare, though. On the way up to their floor, Tyler repeated his story about an accident. He didn't go into detail, but there was only one place swap machines were ever used outside of the military. Tyler was sure Lester would draw his own conclusions and they wouldn't involve the army.

Tyler hurried in to his office, stopping briefly at the desk of his secretary, Jenny, to explain what had happened.

"Oh my god," she said, hand over her mouth, "Have they caught her yet?"

"If they'd caught her I wouldn't still be looking like this. Look, if the police or anyone calls about that put them through right away. Doesn't matter what I'm doing."

She nodded, and Tyler disappeared into his office. He'd barely booted up his computer before the first of the executives popped in. It was Dylan from Personnel. He knew from the lecherous look on the Dylan's face that his story had already done the rounds through the office.

"You okay, Tyler? You need anything?"

"No, I'm good." He waved the question away.

Dylan stood in front of Tyler's desk, hands in his pockets, pretending like he wasn't trying to look down Tyler's top as Tyler typed at the computer. Tyler ignored him, too busy logging on to his bank find any evidence of where Mia had gone.

“You still up for the meeting this morning? I can take over if you want.” Dylan offered.

“You don’t need to pity me, Dylan, I’m still the same person I’ve always been. Aren’t we an equal opportunity employer anyway? And stop trying to look at my tits.”

Dylan grinned sheepishly and left. Tyler managed to remember his password and was unsurprised to find that Mia had been busy trying to clean out his accounts, maxing out his cash withdrawals. The next hour was spent changing account details and putting holds on all his credit cards. Shit. Until he could get replacements it meant he’d have to rely on someone else for money. And Rebecca made it clear—through a phone call Tyler attempted that morning—that he was forbidden from coming to the house. That was a bitter asset battle for another day. For now, he just needed to get back onto steady footing.

Even more worrisome for Tyler was that he was having strange thoughts and feelings, like Mia’s instincts were reasserting control from being in her body for so long. A little internet sleuthing brought up several studies that found, yes, people who’d swapped bodies for extended periods of time sometimes found themselves taking on certain preferences of their new bodies. The studies explored things like taste and smell, but Tyler found himself overwhelmed by more physical urges.

Later that morning, Tyler gave his presentation, keenly aware of all the eyes on him. He managed to get through it, his voice hitching only once when he cast his eye around the room and saw a young guy sitting on one of the chairs against the wall. A junior assistant to someone or other that hadn’t been remarkable or important enough for Tyler to notice before. But that morning there’d been a shock of warmth when he’d locked eyes with him, the same ‘god I want her’ feeling he’d had when seeing an insanely beautiful woman. The young man had a swoop of dark hair and intense green eyes that seemed to bore deep into Tyler. A brief flash of Tyler’s dainty hands running through his hair, their bodies crushed together, flashed through his mind before he broke eye contact and continued with his presentation. He sat down, glancing throughout the meeting back at the young guy. As the meeting broke up, Tyler saw the guy going away with Lester back up to Finances.

Tyler tried to forget about him. When that didn’t work, Tyler closed the door to his office and stroked himself to thoughts of them together. Yanking down his pants and panties, he circled his fingers across his little clit, feeling the pressure building through him. He got so close but it wasn’t enough, and in the end he was left wet and horny and frustrated.

Tyler made his way up to the Finance department on the floor above, taking the roundabout way to Lester’s office until he passed the young man in one of the cubicles. He noted the location and proceeded in to Lester’s office, making up some

bullshit about rescheduling a meeting. He left a minute or two later, returning to the young man's desk, where he stopped, pretending a thought had just occurred to him. He leaned on the cubicle and looked down at the young man.

"You were in the meeting this morning, right?"

The young man turned to look up at him. He was young, probably early twenties, in an off the rack suit with a European cut that hugged his body. Even with the suit Tyler could see he was well built. Probably had some sort of athletic background. God those eyes. That chin. Tyler had to have him, and he always got what he wanted.

"Yes," the young man nodded.

"I thought so. What's your name?"

"Uh, Andrew."

"Andrew. Come with me, Andrew, I want to get your thoughts on something."

Tyler turned without waiting for a response. Andrew followed Tyler back to his office. Tyler locked the door and pulled down the blinds, then turned to Andrew, who was standing uncomfortably in the middle of the room. Tyler approached him, the delightful scent of Andrew's spicy cologne tempting him as he got close up. Andrew was a good head taller than him, with a solid frame and chiseled good looks. Mia's body hungered for him.

"If you tell anyone about this, I will destroy you." Tyler growled, before grabbing Tyler's lapels and pulled him forward, planting their lips together.

Andrew was frozen with indecision for a beat as Tyler kissed furiously, and then Andrew opened his mouth and kissed back, welcoming Tyler's tongue inside as his solid hands reached around and clasped Tyler's waist. Tyler slid his tongue deeper into Andrew's warm mouth, tracing the contours of his teeth as he groped at Andrew's suit, pressing his body up against Andrew's chest, desperate with need.

Their hands flew up and down each other, petting, groping. Tyler found Andrew's manhood growing beneath his pants and growled, throaty with desire. Mia's body was so goddamn horny Tyler couldn't stop himself if he tried. There was an animalistic need forcing him to cling to Andrew, mouths together, arms entwined. Tyler scrabbled for Andrew's belt buckle, ripping it open and yanking down his pants, before pushing Andrew back into one of the leather chairs by the table.

Tyler was on his knees in an instant, Andrew's erection right in front of him. He grasped it, the welcome warmth of the shaft filling his fingers while he stroked, enchanted at the sight of Andrew's dick in Mia's slim fingers. He sent Mia's little fingers up and down the shaft as Andrew stared down at him in awe. Mia's impulses drove him on and he lowered his mouth to Andrew's cock, opening his lips wide to wrap them around the veiny shaft. Fuck, Andrew tasted divine. Warm and masculine, his

dick filling Tyler's mouth as he drove slowly down and up, pausing every now and then to pull off and lick slowly from base to tip until the cock was glazed with his saliva. A drop of precum appeared at the tip of Andrew's swollen head and Tyler licked it off. Delicious. It fit so perfectly in Mia's mouth, drove his body crazy in just the right way.

In a frenzy Tyler drove his lips down again, taking Andrew all the way in until Tyler's little nose was pressed into Andrew's groin and the head of the cock tickled the back of his throat. He held him there, tongue undulating against the shaft, before sliding back up, quickly reaching a rhythm, sucking a cock on pure instinct, his body warm with desire. And then he felt Andrew's cock pulse in his mouth and he drove his lips down just as Andrew grunted and came, thrusting up and spurting hot creamy seed down Tyler's throat. Tyler swallowed it, lips locked around Andrew's dick, each spurt perfectly delicious, warming his belly and making him ever wetter. Mia's body hungered for Andrew's cum, her mouth perfect for sucking dick, and Tyler swallowed it all, keeping his lips around the shaft until every drop was out.

He pulled off Andrew's dick with a wet pop and looked up into Andrew's steely green eyes. "I hope you know how to eat pussy."

Andrew nodded and Tyler leaped to his feet, wiggling out of his pants and panties, revealing Mia's trimmed bush and fantastic legs. His nether lips were already swollen with need, a drop of juice glistening in his dark pubic hair. Tyler lay back on the conference table and grabbed his breasts as Andrew buried his face between Tyler's legs. His tongue was warm on Tyler's pussy, licking up and down his sensitive little slit as Tyler caressed himself over his clothes. Andrew's tongue circled his sensitive little pleasure button, drawing a breathy moan from Tyler's lips. Two fingers pressed against Tyler's entrance, sliding easily into his wet heat and curling up to tease his center as Andrew's tongue put a steady pressure on Tyler's clit.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Tyler moaned in Mia's breathy little voice.

It was a hundred times better than pleasuring himself alone in the brothel. His belly was full of cum, the ghostly taste still faint on his tongue as Andrew expertly fingered and licked him, following the rhythm of Tyler's body, growing faster as Tyler approached the precipice. His body tightened and he came, thrusting his hips up towards Andrew's face. Andrew sunk deep inside, licking and fingering Tyler's tiny body, fingers curled up inside to hit the dimpled nub of Tyler's pleasure.

Tyler crammed the fingers of one hand into his mouth to stifle his moans as he came again, Andrew never letting him go, moving steadily in and out of Tyler's sopping wet cunt, slowing slightly as the orgasm pulsed through Tyler. Tyler gripped his breasts with his free hand, Mia's orgasm a blast of pure pleasure speeding through his mind. Finally sated, he pushed Andrew away and lay back on the table, breathing heavily, his thighs cold with his own juices.

After a minute he sat up and they both put their clothes back on and adjusted themselves.

“If you want more of that,” Tyler said, “You won’t tell a soul.”

Andrew nodded. Strong and silent. Perfect.

Tyler clapped Andrew on the back and led him out the door, saying just loudly enough for his secretary to hear, “So just go back and confirm those figure for me.”

Andrew left and Tyler returned to his work, his body finally sated enough for him to think clearly.

By the end of the day there was still no word from Robert or the police, so Tyler caught a cab back to Brad's place. He walked through the door and was greeted with an incredible aroma of garlic sauteing in butter. Entering the kitchen, he found Brad behind the stove, stirring something into a pan with one hand, a glass of white wine in the other.

"I didn't know you could cook," Tyler said, leaning against the counter so he could slip out of his flats.

Brad turned and flashed one of his incredible grins. "Be glad one of us knows how. Wine's in the fridge, glasses are in that cabinet," Brad said with a gesture of his wine glass.

Tyler grabbed a glass and filled it with wine before dropping into a chair. He always felt constrained at the end of the day, eager to shed the suit and tie. It was the same in Mia's body, except with his bra. He shrugged his shoulders, trying to shift the discomfort but the nagging soreness around his back and neck wouldn't budge.

"Heard anything about your body?"

Tyler sipped. "Not a thing. Robert's probably sick of my phone calls."

The tightness was unbearable. Tyler slipped out of his jacket and put it over the back of his chair, then unbuttoned his blouse and tossed that off, too. He tried to reach around to the bra clasp but wasn't experienced enough yet to do it by feel. He gave up after a few seconds and went around the kitchen counter to Brad.

Standing with his back to Brad he half-turned. "Can you unclasp my bra? The thing's bugging me."

Tyler felt Brad fumbling with the straps, and then there was blessed relief as the pressure loosened. He slipped the bra off his arms and tossed it on to the counter before massaging his aching breasts. Goddamn, he never would have thought there was such a thing as tits being too big before he had to lug a pair of them around all day. He noticed Brad keeping rigidly facing away, preserving Tyler's privacy.

"Anything I can do to help?" Tyler asked, once he'd buttoned his blouse back up.

Brad snorted. "After watching you make breakfast this morning? I think the best thing you can do is sit there."

"That's fair." There was a pause as Brad threw in some spices and tossed the spaghetti in the pot while Tyler sipped his wine, legs crossed, one dainty foot in the air. "What are you doing these days?"

Brad shrugged his broad shoulders. "This and that. Some IT security consulting whenever an interesting job comes up. I'm on a couple boards."

"Oh? Doing what?"

"Drug abuse recovery. Homelessness advocacy. That sort of thing."

"Taking in strays like me?"

"Something like that, yeah. What about you? How's life going?"

"Challenging at the moment because of, well, this. Rebecca's not speaking to me. She thinks borrowing women's bodies to masturbate with is some sort of betrayal of feminist values."

"You think she'll come around?"

"I don't know. Things weren't exactly great before with us. This might be the last straw."

"Sorry."

"Not your fault. Hell, you've been the only decent person through this whole ordeal."

Brad poured the spaghetti through the strainer and prepared two bowls. He carried them to the table and set them down, before returning to the oven and removing a hunk of crispy garlic bread. He sliced it carefully and then brought it to the table before taking a seat across from Tyler. Tyler took a bite, savoring the heady mix of fresh herbs and garlic.

"Mmm, this is good."

"You like it? I learned it from one of my ex-girlfriends. She was Italian, always insisting that there was only one way to make proper spaghetti. Got to be kind of a pain in the ass after awhile. Good cook though."

Tyler forked some more strands of spaghetti, noticing that some dots of tomato sauce had splattered onto his blouse. "Oh, fuck. This is my only outfit." He hurried to the sink, wetting a paper towel with cold water and dabbing it on his blouse. "I was so fucking sure this whole thing would be over with today. Now I've got to go back to the store tomorrow."

"Actually," Brad spoke up from behind him, "I had the sales lady pick out a few more outfits for you after you left. I figured it was better to have them just in case."

"Yeah?" Tyler turned, still dabbing.

"Yeah," Brad said. "I got a, uh, bra and panties, too." He cleared his throat and looked away. "I think you've done enough dabbing there."

Tyler looked down and found that he'd made a small portion of his shirt nearly translucent and his pale pink nipple was clearly visible. He laughed. "Oh well."

Returning to his seat, he noticed Brad still wasn't looking at him. "Hey," Tyler said, "This isn't my body. As far as I'm concerned, Mia owes me full use of it, and you've sure as hell earned the right to look at whatever you want."

Brad softened at that, but still seemed to hold eye contact with Tyler with an increased intensity while they talked, as if he was trying to not let his eyes flick down to Tyler's chest. The talk came easily, like old times. Tyler had forgotten how much he'd enjoyed hanging out with Brad; his ability to find the humor in anything buoyed Tyler's spirits. Tyler helped clean up and they laughed together, reminiscing about old times as the wine bottle slowly emptied. They ended the night watching a movie together in the living room. Tyler found himself glancing over at Brad every time his deep throated laughter filled the living room. His eyes lingered on Brad's solid jaw, his perfect, rugged profile. The same feelings that had been stirred up when he'd first seen Andrew at the office were resurfacing. Tyler tamped it down. The last thing he needed was to stir himself up again. And yet, Brad was there, just out of his line of sight, drawing his gaze.

When the movie ended Brad showed Tyler upstairs to a spare bedroom he'd made up. A towel was neatly folded on the bed and Tyler's few new outfits hung in the closet.

"Bathroom's right across the hall. Got a spare toothbrush and some deodorant in there for you. The sales lady suggested some makeup. I didn't know if you wanted to mess with it but I got it just in case. I think you know where everything else is."

"Thanks, Brad. I owe you. I'll pay it all back, I promise."

"Don't worry about it. Happy to help. I'm not hurting for money and it was good seeing you...er, uh, hanging out...again after so long."

Brad held Tyler's gaze for a beat, and Tyler felt that strange but welcome burst of heat. Tyler had no money, but he had something else Brad was certain to want and Tyler was happy to give. He moved closer to Brad and placed his hand on Brad's chest, feeling his heartbeat racing even through his shirt.

"Surely there's something I can do for you." Tyler said, standing up on tiptoes to be closer to Brad's eye level. Brad's big brown eyes were deep pools that Tyler longed to get lost in. He leaned closer, his lips inches from Brad, but Brad stepped back.

"I don't want you to feel like you have to do this."

"I don't," Tyler whispered, trying again. Again, Brad gently rebuffed him.

"Well I don't feel this is right."

Tyler frowned, his body already worked up.

"What I mean is," Brad continued, "I would love to, obviously, but I don't want to feel like this is transactional. I just...can't until I know you're not doing it out of a sense of obligation."

Tyler nodded and pulled away. "Okay. I understand."

"All right. Well, good night."

"Good night."

As soon as Brad shut the door Tyler scrambled to get out of his clothes, tossing them aside and falling back on the bed so he could finger his body once more. He was already so wet, and his hands circled his soft form, squeezing his wonderful tits, stroking his swollen clit. He came quickly, gasping and breathless, though not as intense as before, and only by fantasizing about Brad. Fuck, this body was ridiculously horny and felt too damn good not to release.

The next few days passed in the same manner: wake up, get dressed, go into the office, suck Andrew's cock, return home. Tyler got a naughty thrill every time he coaxed Andrew back into his office and then gorged himself on dick. The feeling of Andrew's cock throbbing in Tyler's mouth, the hot burst of salty deliciousness oozing down his throat, the sound of Andrew's eager grunting, was intoxicating. But it was all tempered by the fact that no one seemed to be any closer to finding his body.

Mia and her accomplice—apparently an ex-boyfriend—had been tracked through two states so far. But the evidence was vague. They'd taken out enough of Tyler's money before he changed his bank accounts that they could lay low and pay in cash for awhile. He didn't know what their ultimate plan was (or if they even had one) but every day spent in Mia's body brought new changes.

No longer could Tyler get off solely on the sight of Mia touching herself. He still found her body incredible to touch, but his sexual appetite was leaning more and more towards men. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than swallowing Andrew's heavy load, and then lying back as Andrew ate him out. And back at home Brad was tempting him through denial. It wasn't deliberately calculated to make Tyler dripping wet nearly constantly, but that was the outcome nonetheless. Tyler just wanted Brad's body, and the more untouchable he became, the more Tyler wanted him. Tyler became unreasonably dour when Brad announced he had a date on Friday and that Tyler would have to find his own dinner.

Tyler was working late that Friday, alone in his office, when he got a phone call.

"Tyler Pritchard?" Asked a bullish voice.

"Yes?" Tyler answered, gripping the phone tighter.

"This is the San Francisco Police Department. We've found your body trying to board a cruise ship."

"Oh thank God," Tyler said, leaning back in his office chair.

"We're transporting it back to Marshall County tonight. I expect you'll be able to meet it tomorrow morning and swap back. You'll just have to press charges for us to hold them."

"You're damn right I'm pressing charges."

Tyler wrote down the name and number of the local police contact he was to meet up with the next morning and hung up, exuberant. The office was empty. Everyone else had already left, so Tyler hurried back to Brad's place to share the good news, stopping on the way to pick up a bottle of champagne (still on Brad's tab).

The house was empty when he got home; Brad was still out on his date. So Tyler slipped out of his top and bra—he'd finally figure out how to do it himself—and popped the champagne alone. It would be his last night in Mia's body, so he sat on the couch downstairs fondling himself and drinking. His fingers stroked his heavy breasts, watching them bob back and forth on his chest. He would kind of miss these perfect tits.

Tyler was half a bottle in, his thighs growing warm with anticipation, when he heard a key in the front door. He jumped up and hurried through the hallway, breasts swinging free, excited to share his news with Brad.

"Brad!" He yelped excitedly.

Too late he heard a woman's voice and appeared around the corner just in time to see Brad ushering a slender brunette inside. The brunette looked up at him, eyes widening as she saw he was topless. Brad stared at him as well. All three were speechless.

Finally, the brunette asked, "Who is that?"

"She's my roommate," Brad replied.

"Your roommate. Right. I have to go."

She turned on her heel and was out the door. Brad followed her and Tyler could hear him apologizing and trying to explain. Then a pair of headlights flicked on and disappeared down the street. Brad returned alone a few seconds later, closing the door behind him.

"Sorry about that," Tyler murmured. And he was sorry, but also strangely relieved that Brad wasn't with anyone else.

Brad shrugged. "Well..." He trailed off.

"I'm sorry," Tyler repeated, "They found Mia and I'm getting my body back tomorrow and I was so excited and I just wanted to tell you." He said in a rush.

"That's good. Congratulations." Brad smiled.

Tyler moved closer. "I wanted to thank you for taking me in and buying me these clothes and, you know, just being decent."

"Anyone would have done it."

"No, they wouldn't have. You're a good guy, Brad." Tyler patted Brad's chest, looking up at him, nearly on his tiptoes so he could be closer to eye level.

And then their lips were together. Brad tasted faintly of beer and spices, and his hot breath filled Tyler's mouth as he opened his lips. They scrambled together, Tyler's hands digging through Brad's hair, across his rough, stubbled cheeks. Brad's broad hand fell across Tyler's back, the other hand coming up between the two of them to cup one

of Tyler's breasts. Tyler melted at his touch, moaning into Brad's mouth as they kissed furiously, exploring each other by taste and feel. A tendril of warmth flared to life between Tyler's thighs.

Tyler unbuttoned Brad's shirt with trembling fingers, throwing it open and sliding both arms inside, clutching Brad's warm, solid chest. His soft body needed the man in front of him with an intensity that surprised him. Brad kissed his way down the nape of Tyler's neck and Tyler threw his head back and sighed as Brad's hot lips found his sensitive little nipples. Tyler could feel them spiking up in Brad's mouth as he kissed one, then the other, wrapping his lips around them, tongue circling Tyler's areolae. Brad's desire for Tyler's body made him even hornier. He was aware that his panties were already damp with desire. Brad moved back and forth on Tyler's breasts with a surprising tenderness, his other hand coming up to fondle the free breast, switching back and forth.

"Harder," Tyler moaned, wrapping his tiny hand over Brad's paw and making him dig his fingers into Tyler's delicate breast.

Tyler's breath was coming faster now, heat burning through Mia's body as he clutched Brad's head to his breast, eyes closed as he enjoyed the delightful feel of warm lips on sensitive nipples. He needed more. His hands shot down to Brad's pants, scrambling for the belt buckle. They helped each other out of the rest of their clothes, throwing them aside without a care and then rushing back together, kissing again, their naked forms entwined. Brad's cock was trapped between them, a warm weight pressing against Tyler's belly. Tyler lifted his leg and Brad reached down and caught it, still kissing as Tyler rubbed his wet pussy against the underside of Brad's cock. He moaned again, deep and throaty as the cockhead slid across his clit, teasing without entering, lubricating the shaft on Tyler's dripping juices.

Brad wrapped both hands beneath Tyler's ass and hoisted him in the air. Tyler giggled and clutched at Brad, in awe at the difference in their sheer strength. They were still kissing as Brad walked him a few steps to the side table and set him down. One of Brad's hands gripped Tyler's back as the other gripped his cock and guided it towards Tyler's waiting pussy. Tyler looked down between them, watching as the glistening cock pressed against his entrance, dipping inside slowly. The pressure built and Tyler felt the cockhead sliding his pussy lips apart, slowly filling him. He held his breath as the head disappeared inside him, and then Brad thrust in, filling Tyler. Tyler moaned and closed his eyes, savoring the delicious feel of the cock traveling through his wet canal. He spread his legs wide, inviting Brad all the way in until his shaft was lodged deep inside Tyler.

Tyler clutched at Brad's body, pulling him close, their kisses growing ever more desperate as Brad withdrew and thrust in again, building to a rhythm. Soon he was

slamming into Tyler fast and furious. Tyler's tits bounced with each thrust, a groan escaping his lips as the hot cock pummeled him, driving the burning heat higher and higher until Tyler was consumed by flames and came hard, crying out in Mia's silky voice as Brad fucked him over and over. Tyler felt so tiny and delicate in Mia's slender form as Brad's brutish body slammed into him, the thick cock sliding through his wet cunt as he clawed and moaned, the biggest orgasm he'd ever had whiting out the world. All he could do was hold on as Brad fucked him, pressing their bodies together, begging for more until Brad came with a might grunt, thrusting deep and emptying himself into Tyler. The spasming cock inside him was divine, each spurt of wet heat making him more full than he ever thought possible. His entire body convulsed with ecstasy and he came hard again, orgasm on top of orgasm. His hand came down to his own breast and squeezed, fingers digging into his full tit as Brad filled him with cum.

Brad slowed and soon stopped, still lodged deep inside Tyler. Tyler dropped his breast and clutched Brad close, kissing his chest, inhaling his wonderful masculine smell. It was all his body needed, all he desired. He looked up at Brad's big brown eyes, then wrapped his hand around Brad's neck and gently guided their lips back together. They kissed slower now, savoring each other, the heat of their passion still smoldering. Brad's cock twitched once inside him and Tyler smiled, hopeful he could get Brad up again tonight.

Tyler released him and Brad pulled away, leaving Tyler horribly empty even as he could feel the trickle of cum escaping him.

"Can I stay here?" Tyler asked.

"You can stay as long as you like," Brad smiled.

Brad helped Tyler off the table. Tyler's legs were shaking and he could feel Brad's wet stickiness down his thigh. There was one thing he needed to do before he took Brad back upstairs and coaxed another orgasm out of him. Tyler pulled out his phone and dialed the number of the police department, leaving a message for the officer in charge of his case.

"Hi, this is Tyler Pritchard, I want to drop all the charges against Mia." He hung up and dropped the phone.

Brad was looking at him, his head cocked. "What was that about?"

Tyler beamed. "I'm keeping this body. And I'm keeping you."

He threw himself into Brad's arms and they held each other, kissing and petting, as Brad's cock grew hard between them once again.

#

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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Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

The Body Thief

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

What's Yours is Mine

Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.

Deviants (Part One)

Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.

Deviants (Part Two)

In the erotic conclusion to Deviants (Part One), the body possession machine has become incredibly popular, with guys lining up to have their fun inside the bodies of the high school girls that Ross has under his control. But Melissa and her friends have put together the clues and are determined to put an end to it all.

How to Host a Merger

Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London office, he does so without knowing the company has arranged to put him into the body of a gorgeous young woman for the duration of his contract. After some adjustment, Theo begins to plan on how he can stay inside her permanently.

Wishing Well

In this sexy gender swapping tale, an old man makes an idle wish that sees him swapping bodies with a young woman and taking over her life.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 2

This hot collection of body swapping and transformation erotica features 8 stories from 6 previously published books.

More Stories From the Global Shift

Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.

Transition

Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.

Virtual Worlds

Jay orders a virtual reality rig that offers to put him in the body of his favorite porn stars, only something's gotten mixed up and he finds himself on the receiving end inside several female performers.

Chemical Reaction

An experimental drug leaves Tony's mind stuck in the body of his sexy, vivacious friend, Rebecca. While trying to figure out a way to swap back, he takes advantage of his time inside by intimately exploring her body.

Forbidden Love

When Rachel finds a magic pendant that lets her transform into her hot friend, she uses it to explore her friend's body and tries to capture the attention of her own stepbrother, with unexpected results.

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