

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a black top. She is holding a pair of black-rimmed glasses to her mouth with her right hand. The background is blurred, showing hints of a colorful environment.

A MULTIPLE
BODY SWAP
ADVENTURE

**SWITCHING
CAMPUS**

IMMIGRANTS

Switching Campus

by M. Wills

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All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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About this book

I hope you enjoy this book. I've tried to include something for everyone who's ever wanted to be in someone else's body, to feel what they feel, to possess them utterly and completely. To be them.

And we all know the first thing we'd do if we ever swapped bodies with someone of the opposite sex.

With that in mind, you can read the story straight through, without following the links, to see what happens. Or you can click the links as they appear, follow a side passage to watch people who've been thrust into different bodies as they explore themselves, and who they've become.

Thank you for reading. And if you enjoy it please leave a review or a good word on whatever website you purchased it from.

-M

Discovery

Frankie crushed out his cigarette and kicked some dirt over it. With his friends, Jimmy and Rocks, he leaned against the broken picnic bench and stared out at the football field from the hidden nook in the woods. They made the occasional derogatory remark about the football players—the dumb jocks—but mostly ogled the cheerleaders as they practiced their routines. It was a little hard to ogle from their vantage point, hidden just back in the woods at the other end of the football field behind the bleachers, but they managed with a little imagination.

‘What a stupid game,’ Frankie sneered and raised his hands, mockingly. ‘Look, at me, I can catch a ball and run at the same time.’

Jimmy snickered at this brilliant remark, his pinched weasel-like face breaking into a toothy grin behind his scraggly mustache. His smooth, preppy outfit—collared shirt and khaki pants—at odds with his course personality.

‘Ooh, look at me, too,’ Jimmy chimed in, pantomiming big, lumbering steps, ‘I’m getting in line, now I’m running, now I’m getting in line again. Fucking stupid.’

‘Yeah,’ Rocks added, ‘Running. Ha.’

Jimmy and Frankie ignored this remark, as they did most of Rocks’s interjections. Rocks thought he got his name because of his large size and his rock-like fists, but actually his name came from the fact that people often remarked that he was as dumb as a box of rocks. Though never to his face because of his large size and rock-like fists. Rocks thought Jimmy was called Jimmy because of his talent for opening locked doors, but actually Jimmy was so called because his mom had a grandfather named Jimmy of whom she’d been fond.

Frankie continued kicking absentmindedly at the dirt as his friends finished their cigarettes. He was sweating in the early summer heat but that didn’t stop him from wearing his customary black outfit: black pants, black jacket, black shirt. And white and green shoes. His dad had bought him the white shoes in a half-hearted attempt to win over his son but, like most things his dad attempted in his half-ass manner, it was so far off the mark as to create even more animosity between the two. Frankie was only wearing them now because his old black shoes had finally worn down and his dad refused to buy him another pair. He was doing his best to dirty them up as he stared hard at the cheerleaders.

‘And look at *them*, flipping around, chanting, fucking chanting! What is this a church or something? None of those sluts would be allowed in a church with all their...sluttiness.’ Frankie finished lamely, jabbing his finger in the air as if making an excellent point.

‘Yeah,’ Jimmy added, ‘Their slits are probably like a mile long. Fucking everyone except us.’

‘That’s what I said, sluts. They’d never in a million years fuck us.’

‘Yeah, stuck up quarterbacks wouldn’t suck any of our dicks.’

The other two shot him a look. A confused scowl thundered across Rocks’s broad forehead, ‘Are we still talking about the footballer players?’

Jimmy turned back to Frankie. ‘Why wouldn’t they fuck us?’ Jimmy asked, picking at one of the scabs on his face. It would have been remarkable had Jimmy’s appearance belied a sterling personality and intellect but, to date, no one had ever made such a remark. However, just now he’d managed to grasp the tail of an idea.

‘Cause they’re fucking sluts.’

‘Yeah, but...’ Jimmy tried again, ‘They’re sluts, right? So, then they should fuck everyone, even us.’

Frankie didn’t have an answer for this so he instead gave Jimmie a withering look, ‘Sometimes I think you’re the one who’s dumb as a box of rocks.’

Rocks laughed, ‘Yeah, we should call you Box from now on.’

Jimmy ground out his cigarette with a boot, avoiding Frankie’s eyes. Frankie didn’t take shit from anyone, which was cool, but he didn’t always make sense, which was also cool in a way. Jimmy chalked it up to Frankie’s experience. After all, this was Frankie’s second time through twelfth grade.

‘Heh,’ Rocks snickered again, ‘Box.’

'Shut up, Rocks,' Jimmy gave him a shove. Rocks pushed him back and soon the two were in a scuffle, grabbing each other and pushing this way and that while Frankie looked on in amusement. Frankie continued to kick at the dirt and soon heard a soft 'ping' as something bounced off his shoe. He looked down, not seeing anything at first, then his gaze landed on a ring half buried in the dirt. He picked it up, brushing the dirt off to examine it.

The ring was a simple gold band with a small green stone, dirty from being half buried in the ground. The band itself was relatively small and didn't seem big enough to fit Frankie's fingers. But something, some strange urge, compelled him to try. He easily slipped it onto the ring finger of his left hand, like it was made for him. Frankie had the weird feeling it had actually grown to fit his finger, though that was ridiculous.

He was abruptly knocked out of his examination of the ring when Rocks and Jimmy bumped into him, Jimmy pummeling Rocks as best he could from within Rocks's solid headlock.

'Stop it, you're gonna get my shoes all dirty.'

Rocks paused and stared at Frankie, while Jimmy continued his futile attempts at pummeling Rocks while stuck in a headlock. 'I thought you were trying to get them dirty,' Rocks asked, in a rare moment of clarity.

Frankie had temporarily forgotten he was wearing the shoes from his dad but saying that would be a sign of weakness. 'Yeah, but, it's my dirt I want on them, not yours.'

Rocks accepted this without comment. He was Frankie, after all. The leader. And Frankie didn't get to be the leader without...doing whatever it was he did to get to be the leader. But it must have been something because he was the leader.

'Let him go, Rocks,' Frankie said, 'Let's get the fuck out of here.'

The three skulked out of the woods and piled into Frankie's boxy, old Volvo. They drove off in a plume of dirty white smoke and diesel exhaust.

That evening Frankie sat sullenly on the couch, his dinner plate resting on his knees, as he continued to glance at the ring on his hand. It was oddly compelling, seeming to draw his attention back to itself even when it was interrupted by the bellowing of his dad who sat in the chair directly across from the TV. He only stopped bellowing at the Cowboys for playing like shit long enough to bellow at Frankie's mom for another beer.

'I'm empty,' Frankie's dad said, shaking his beer can towards Frankie's mom, eyes never leaving the TV. Frankie's mom sat on the couch beside Frankie, her long black hair tied back in a bun, her dark face with her slight Persian features staring at the screen.

'Sorry,' she said, placing her plate on the coffee table as she took his empty can back to the kitchen to grab another.

Frankie glared at his dad, hating him. Hating his stupid balding head and his stupid crooked nose from getting in one too many fights at the stupid bar and the stupid way he treated everyone.

Frankie's mom returned from the kitchen with a cold beer, which his dad accepted wordlessly. Frankie almost felt sorry for his mother, with the lines of sadness now perpetually etched onto her face. But she was the one who married the guy, it was her mistake. Screw 'em both.

Frankie turned his attention back to the ring. It was weird the way it almost demanded his attention, compelling him to do...something. It was like having an itch inside, he had no idea how to scratch it. He held his hand up to his face to examine the ring closer, fingers splayed, and when he did he noticed a white aura suddenly appear around his dad. Frankie dropped his hand and the aura disappeared. He held his hand up again in a fist. Nothing. But when he pointed one finger at his dad the aura reappeared. Neither Frankie's dad nor his mom seemed to notice. Still pointing at his dad, Frankie mentally tensed, an indescribable sensation, like clicking a button inside his mind, and when he did a red line branched out from his dad. By moving his finger Frankie stretched the line, drawing it across the room, and still no one noticed. He had no idea what he was doing but it felt correct. When he had stretched the line almost across the room he reached his mom, and, upon dragging the line onto her saw an aura appear around her as well. Both his mom and his dad now had a small, white aura around them and a very solid red line connecting them, yet they seemed

oblivious. Curious, Frankie clicked his mental button again. It didn't look like anything happened, but Frankie's mom dropped her fork mid bite.

She looked down at herself, 'What the fuck?' she roared, then clamped her hands to her mouth in astonishment. Frankie had never heard his mom swear before and initially thought the look of astonishment was from that escaping word. But then she ran her trembling hands over her face, stared at the palms of her slender hands, turning them this way and that, before grabbing her chest and squeezing her small breasts.

Frankie's dad was sitting straight up in his chair, staring down at himself as well. He had his arms akimbo as though he had dropped something hot on his lap. His eyes were wide, his mouth frozen open and a low moan escaped his lips which rose in pitch, slowly growing louder until Frankie's mom snapped her head up and glared at him.

'What did you do to me?' she yelled.

Frankie looked on in awe as his dad's jaw worked slowly up and down. He seemed chastened for perhaps the first time in his life.

'I don't...I didn't...' he said in a quiet voice.

Frankie's mom sprang off the couch and flew at his dad, 'Give me back my body!' she cried, attempting to hit Frankie's dad over the head. Frankie's dad held up an arm to protect himself and the fist of Frankie's mom glanced off it.

'Ow,' she yelped, shaking her hand in pain, 'I'm so weak and...girly,' she spat, 'Switch us back!' she cried, running in for another punch. This time Frankie's mom, in his dad's body, reflexively caught the feminine hand mid-swing, surprising both of them. Frankie's dad, inside his wife's body, twisted her arm this way and that, trying to escape his grip.

'Let go of me,' he screamed in a voice that was probably meant to sound commanding and authoritative but in his new body just came out as panicked and shrieking.

'No,' his mom said, her new male voice seeming to boom in her own ears. Again, both of them seemed surprised.

'What?' Frankie's dad asked, trying to shake his wife's long hair out of his face.

'I said no. Not until you calm down,' Frankie's mom responded, her male face set with a look of determination.

Frankie's dad struggled for a bit longer but it was no use, his slight, female body was no match for the muscles of his previous one. Soon he realized the futility of his efforts and calmed down, still breathing hard and staring down at his old body sitting in the chair.

Frankie had watched the ensuing events with fascination slowly turning to glee. The ring had a power, and it was awesome! Possibilities flitted through Frankie's mind. Curious, he pointed it at himself and tried to mentally 'click'. No aura appeared. No line connected outwards from his body. Apparently it could only work on others. Still, there was almost no end to his excited imagination. The power he had and the revenge he could take was intoxicating. He could swap anybody into anybody else's body. For the first time in ever he couldn't wait to get to school tomorrow. He'd get Jimmy and Rocks and then, well, then he could do almost anything he wanted.

Frankie slunk out of the room up to his bedroom to think. His parents didn't even notice him go, so caught up in their new situation were they. He debated switching them back but then thought better of it. His dad was a prick, always using his strength to terrorize his mom. [Let him feel what it was like being stuck](#) on the other side in a woman's body for a while.

Hot for Teacher

Frankie woke up practically whistling. He was so busy thinking about the possibilities of the day ahead that he nearly forgot what had happened last night until he came downstairs and saw his mom, or her body, rather, trying to make breakfast.

His mother's hair, usually swept back from her head and tied in a neat bun, was a mess. Her body clomped around the kitchen, Frankie's dad's lumbering mannerisms still intact even as he was stuck in a smaller feminine body. Frankie found it comical the way his dad seemed to be lurching from stove to toaster to fridge, trying and failing to throw a simple breakfast together. Even now Frankie could smell the toast burning a few seconds before his dad yipped and hurriedly popped the toaster lever to try to save it. Frankie decided that either his dad was taking exceptionally well to becoming Frankie's mom—at least attempting to—or the two had decided to try to keep up appearances as normal as possible, which meant pretending to be each other. Either way Frankie was enjoying his father's evident desperation as he tried to fulfill Frankie's mom's breakfast duties.

'Hi. mom,' Frankie said, stifling a grin as he sat at the kitchen table, 'You look pretty today, did you do something different with your hair?'

His mom's body turned around, flustered, 'I, uh, yes, I thought I'd just try something different.'

'It's much more, I don't know, girlie today,' Frankie continued, rubbing it in and enjoying his dad's evident discomfort.

'Well-'

'I think the eggs are burning.'

'Oh!'

She turned and jabbed at the stove. Frankie snorted and pulled out his cell phone to shoot a quick text to Rocks and Jimmy 'Meet in woods b4 class. Don't be late.' This last sentence was for Jimmy, who'd be late even if he had a time machine.

A few seconds later his phone whistled. 'K' from Jimmy and 'ijkm' from Rocks. Rocks's large fingers often had trouble hitting a single button at once. Frankie needed his friends to be on board with the ring's power. What good was causing havoc if there was no one there to cheer you on? When it came right down to it that's what Jimmy and Rocks were to Frankie: his cheerleaders.

Frankie's dad's body entered the room. In contrast to Frankie's dad, his mom seemed pretty put together in her new male body. Although, Frankie conceded, all she really had to do was find a clean shirt and pants and not piss on herself and she'd already be better than the original.

As Phil dumped the eggs onto plates, Sophie slipped up behind him and pinched his big, round butt. Phil yelped and jumped, then turned around and glared at his old body. Sophie just smirked back, obviously enjoying her newfound power. Phil felt humiliated, powerless...and strangely turned on, a warmth emanating from between his legs at the aggressive display of his former body.

Sophie dropped into a kitchen chair and started reading the newspaper. Soon, Frankie's dad deposited two plates onto the table consisting of solid chunks of egg and toast in a range of colors from charcoal to midnight black. Frankie turned up his nose.

'Ugh, you fucked that up, *mom*,' he said. Frankie wasn't usually that openly hostile but he figured, correctly, that his parents were so caught up in their situation they wouldn't call him out on his needling. Frankie's dad glowered at him from inside his mom's body but what could he do? He had to play the game.

'Yeah,' his mom added, 'Do it again and make it better.' She rifled through the newspaper, ignoring her former body. Frankie thought his mom must be enjoying this change of power while his dad was clearly annoyed but trapped in his role as homemaker. Frankie's dad scraped the plates into the trash and started again.

The school bus pulled up outside Frankie's house with a loud screech of brakes and Frankie climbed on. He trudged to his usual seat at the back, which was left empty just for him, the other students on the bus having learned early on to avoid his wrath. Frankie felt humiliated being well past driving age and yet still forced to take the bus because he lacked a car. He often took out his anger by tormenting the kids nearest him. But today was different. Today he sat quietly, staring out

the large rear windows of the emergency exit and waiting for an opportunity with a smirk on his face. The kids on the bus were easy targets, too easy, and Frankie had already proven his dominance over them so they no longer held his interest.

Mid way to school the bus stopped at a red light and a new Porsche pulled up behind. The driver—a youngish white guy with slicked back hair—talked animatedly on his Bluetooth as he sipped a cup of coffee. Waiting at the bus stop next to the Porsche sat an older black lady, purse daintily perched on her lap and large purple framed glasses on her wrinkled face.

Frankie pointed the ring at the woman at the bus stop and the white selection aura lit up around her body. He then dragged the line across to connect to Porsche guy and the aura appeared around him. Frankie waited until the guy was about to take another sip of coffee before he mentally clicked. The effects were immediate.

The guy dropped the coffee onto his lap and screamed in confusion and pain, trying to brush the hot liquid out of his lap. The black lady at the bus stop yelled out '-if he does...' before trailing off, leaving the sentence he had begun in his old body unfinished as he stared around then down at himself, at his wrinkled black arms and pantsuit hiding his wide bottom. He stood and tottered unsteadily to the Porsche and banged frantically on the window. Porsche guy looked up at her former body, mouth agape, then the school bus pulled forward, leaving the two behind as Frankie guffawed at their predicament.

At the last stoplight before they reached the school another interesting car pulled up behind the bus. In the passenger seat a bored-looking young teenager sat with his cheek in his hand staring out the window. His short, dark blond hair was swept neatly over his head and he wore a white collared Polo shirt. The driver—his mom—had her hair pulled back in a tight bun, a sharp, narrow nose and a conservative suit. In the back seat sat a girl in a blue dress and large, nerdy glasses.

An idea popped into Frankie's head and he aimed the ring, lighting up the mom's aura. He then drew the line through the teen, through the girl and back to the mom, lighting them all up, before clicking and swapping them all at once.

The mom—now in her son's body—jerked her head back and looked down at the young hand her cheek had been resting against, then down at her new body before finally over to her old. The girl in the back sported a look of anguish as the teenager realized he somehow now inhabited the body of his sister. The mother's body, meanwhile, grabbed the steering wheel tight and stared straight ahead, the girl shocked to suddenly be in her mom's body and in control of the car, which began creeping forward as she took her foot off the brake. The mom had it together enough to realize the car was moving and reached over to pull the handbrake, jerking it to a stop. She turned to calm the girl in the back—not at all calmed by the sight of his old body inhabited by his own mother.

To Frankie this was all great fun and he only wished the light had stayed red a little longer so he could see more of the action. When the bus pulled up to the school Frankie jumped off and sped to the bench in the trees to meet his friends. Today was going to be a great day.

Frankie sat on the picnic table in the cool, morning breeze, already finished with his second cigarette when he heard Jimmy and Rocks clumping through the undergrowth into the clearing. Rocks appeared first, his beefy body stuffed into his older brother's hand-me-down Nirvana t-shirt and jeans, a large scowl across his broad face. Jimmy followed close behind in his white, collared shirt and pressed khaki pants as usual. He was laughing his high pitched, annoying guffaw.

'Hey, Frankie,' Jimmy said with glee, 'Get this. Pillsbury asked Rocks to the prom!' Pillsbury was the nickname for Kyle Pilberton, a chubby kid with a personality that tended towards the flamboyant. 'That's so gay!' Jimmy continued.

'Shut up,' Rocks grumbled, 'He didn't ask me to the prom, he asked me if I was going with anyone.'

'That's practically the same thing!' Jimmy shouted, triumphant. 'I'm really happy for you two, you'll make a cute couple.'

'I said shut up!' Rocks said as he shoved Jimmy, who just laughed.

'Isn't that funny?' Jimmy asked Frankie.

'Yeah, hilarious,' Frankie deadpanned, then quickly moved on, 'Now both you guys shut up, I got something big. You see this?' He held up the hand with the ring on it. 'This ring's got some sort of power, like magic or something. I can, like, move people around into other people's bodies. Like that Freaky Friday shit. We're going to have some fun with it today.'

Jimmy and Rocks stared at him. Finally Jimmy spoke, 'Ok. Is there a punchline or something?'

'No punchline. I'm one hundred percent real about this. I can swap people's bodies. I swapped my mom and my dad last night. You should have seen the look on his face. And her face. Holy shit, it was hilarious.'

'Right,' said Jimmy, 'So why haven't you swapped bodies with, like, Jennifer Grillis and felt her all up?' Jennifer was one of the school's cheerleaders.

'I can't swap myself, only other people.'

'Oh, that's convenient.'

'Not really, that's why I wanted you two here.'

'I don't get the game here, Frankie.'

'Me neither,' said Rocks.

'Look, if this ring swaps people prove it,' said Jimmy.

'Yeah, prove it,' said Rocks.

'Swap me and Rocks,' said Frankie.

'Yeah, swap me and Rocks,' said Rocks. 'Wait, what?' He added.

Frankie smiled. 'I thought you'd never ask.'

He pointed at Jimmy, connected the line to Rocks and clicked.

Jimmy and Rocks had identical reactions. Both looked down at themselves, then gaped at each other.

'Fuuuuuck,' Jimmy said softly in Rocks's low rumble. He stared back down at his new body and flexed his meaty hands, squeezed his thick arms one at a time, then cracked his knuckles.

Rocks, meanwhile, pinched his skinny arms disapprovingly then rubbed his hands around his strangely thin face and over his thin mustache. He looked up at his former body, and Rocks was not used to having to look up to anyone.

'What do you think now?' Frankie asked. He jumped down from the picnic table and clasped his hands in glee.

'I'm huuge,' Jimmy said, then turned to his old body, 'You're huge, I mean. Were huge. Whatever. This is crazy.' He grinned, then grasped the picnic table in Rocks's large hands and flipped it over without breaking a sweat.

'Shit, Rocks, you're a monster! That's awesome!' Jimmy laughed, an oddly incongruous sound coming from Rocks's large body, but still unmistakably Jimmy's high pitched, annoying laugh.

'Fun, huh?' Frankie smirked. 'Now come on, let's have some more fun.'

'Uh, aren't you going to change us back?' Rocks asked.

'Let's see how the day goes.'

Rocks and Jimmy looked at each other. This was not the answer they were expecting.

Frankie set off away from the school grounds.

'Where are we going?' Jimmy managed.

'You'll see.' Frankie said.

'Hold up, Frankie,' Jimmy said again, 'I can't ditch school, my dad will kill me.'

Frankie gave him a quizzical look and stomped up to him. He tried to glare Jimmy down but the effect was somewhat lost by the fact that he had to look up at him to do it.

'Are you kidding me? I just showed you a ring that can switch people's bodies and you're worried about ditching class?'

'Um, yes? I mean, my body shouldn't ditch class but I guess I can-'

'No!' Rocks interjected, 'I'm not going to class like this alone.' He spread his arms as if presenting Jimmy's body for inspection. 'If you're skipping, I'm skipping.'

'You can't skip!'

'Says who?'

'Says me- you-. Says Frankie.'

'Unbelievable,' Frankie sighed. 'Fine, we'll go to class. Fuck sake.'

Frankie stormed off towards the school. Jimmy and Rocks dutifully followed, moving awkwardly in their new bodies. Rocks had his usual stamping gait in a smaller body while Jimmy bumped and tripped over every obstacle in his giant new body.

Frankie, Jimmy and Rocks slipped into class as the tardy bell rang and made their way to their usual seats at the back. Mrs. Bright was walking between the rows of desks handing back graded tests. Her dark, curly hair fell down around her shoulders and her nearly floor length floral dress—a staple of teachers everywhere—swished around her legs.

Mrs. Bright was short but not excessively so. Still, a good number of the boys in the high school were taller than her. She had a nice face—dark features, large eyes and a broad nose that gave her face an unusual but cute character—that was starting to show the pudginess of middle age. Her stocky arms were bare and the high neckline of the dress covered her pendulous breasts from the prying eyes of the students—being young and full of hormones Mrs. Bright didn't blame their eyes for straying, however briefly, down to her chest despite even her modest attire. She was acutely aware of the size of her breasts; they swayed noticeably as she walked even with the support of her bra. Mrs. Bright had seriously considered undergoing breast reduction surgery at various points during her life but so far had found reasons to put it off, being queasy at the thought of any sort of surgery.

At 34 years old Mrs. Bright wasn't the youngest member of the faculty nor the oldest but she was by far the favorite. She'd found early on that she had much more success controlling the class through piquing their interest than in trying to enforce strict discipline. To the students she was an endless font of unusual facts, stories—some bordering on the risqué—and classroom activities that kept them paying attention.

Mrs. Bright finished handing out the tests to Frankie, Jimmy and Rocks and headed back to the front of the class. Jimmy glanced at the test, then glanced at Mrs. Bright's backside, each swish of the dress briefly hinting at the outline of her curvaceous butt.

Rocks nudged him from behind and Jimmy turned to face his former body.

'Better than usual,' Rocks smiled, holding up the test marked with a barely passing grade.

'That's my test, dummy.' Jimmy ripped the test out of Rocks's hand and passed Rocks his actual score.

'Hmm, usual,' Rocks said, looking at his nearly passing grade.

Rocks turned to Frankie, 'What did you get?'

'Who cares?'" said Frankie, balling up his test. 'I got better things to do, now listen up...' Frankie leaned forward and began whispering to the other two as Mrs. Bright launched into a discussion of the test results.

'I am not wasting the whole day in class,' Frankie whispered.

'My dad will kill me if he finds out I ditched class,' Jimmy replied.

'Then we'll find someone to stay in class for you.'

'There's no guarantee they'll do it. And what if we get caught? I mean, no matter who we are we can't just walk out.'

Margot, the girl sitting directly in front of Frankie, turned around and loudly shushed them, which got Mrs. Bright's attention.

'Frankie, what's going on back there?' Mrs. Bright called.

'Nothing. Just...excited about this test.' Frankie said. Mrs. Bright returned to her lesson and Frankie glared at the back of Margot's head. That little, mousy brunette was such a kiss up, rule-following bitch. Thought she was so hot just because she was the valedictorian. But Frankie had power now. He looked around the room for another target and saw Kelly in the next row, one of the goth girls and Margot's polar opposite.

Where Margot was stick thin with straight, shoulder length brown hair Kelly was fat with a crew cut dyed jet black. Margot's face was thin with a smooth complexion and a nose so upturned she

always seemed to be looking down it. Kelly's fat cheeks were always bright red and pockmarked with acne, her nose squashed and flat with a stud through one nostril.

Frankie had heard that they used to be friends but had some sort of fight and now they hated each other. In other words, a swap was the perfect punishment.

Frankie pointed and drew the line through the air. The result was better than he ever imagined.

As soon as the swap occurred Kelly's half-lidded eyes flew open and she looked wildly around the room. She saw her old body, looked down at her fat, new form and screamed. She jumped out of her seat, knocking it over as her flabby hands flew to her mouth.

Kelly was busy looking down at her new body when she heard the scream and her head snapped up to stare, straight hair flying into her face as she gaped at her former self, down to her thin body, then back up as she started to hyperventilate.

By now the whole class was staring at the two girls as Mrs. Bright attempted to calm them down.

'Kelly, what's going on?' Mrs. Bright asked, approaching the standing girl who was now flapping her arms wildly.

'I- I- Kelly-?' Margot attempted from within her new form. She turned to her old body. 'What? What-?' She gaped like a fish, her fat cheeks wobbled up and down.

Kelly opened her mouth to respond and stopped. If Margot hadn't caused this switch then it must have been something else. Kelly was torn: on the one hand she loved to see Margot freaking out in front of the whole class, on the other hand it was Kelly's body she was freaking out in so it would be Kelly people would be talking about. Unless Kelly could do something more remarkable in Margot's body.

'Kelly, calm down.' Mrs. Bright said, laying a comforting hand on Margot's fat shoulder.

'I don't know what you're talking about,' Kelly said calmly, standing up from her seat. 'But I love you. I've been in love with your for ever.' This last was said to the class before Kelly stepped forward and kissed her shocked former face full on the lips to surprised gasps from the class. 'And I want to help you. Mrs. Bright, let me take her to the nurse. I love her.' She said again, because subtlety was not her strong suite.

Margot looked like she'd been slapped, her mouth working up and down silently from the betrayal of her own body as Kelly took her by the hand.

Mrs. Bright looked back and forth from one girl to the other, not a clue what was happening, before finally deciding that having Margot accompany Kelly to the school nurse was probably for the best. Margot, still stunned, allowed herself to be [lead out of the classroom by her enemy](#) to the astonished murmurs from the other students.

Frankie sat silently, secretly disappointed that Kelly had handled herself so well in that bitch's body. Frankie needed to find someone like that to take Jimmy's body so Jimmy would stop his bitching. He needed someone who could remain calm and in control but who would still do what Frankie told them.

'All right, that's enough,' Mr. Bright said, silencing the room. 'Let's get back to it.'

Mrs. Bright returned to the front of the room and Frankie again caught Jimmy staring at her backside. In a flash Frankie had an idea.

Frankie could hardly wait until class was over, he toyed with the ring and stared at the clock until finally the bell rang and everyone got up to leave.

Frankie grabbed Rocks and Jimmy, 'Hang back a second. Rocks, when the last person leaves you lock the door.'

'Should I close it first?'

Frankie stared at him. He turned to Jimmy. 'Jimmy, when the last person leaves you lock the door. And give me your phone.'

'Why?'

'Because mine sucks.'

When the last of the students filed out Frankie approached Mrs. Bright, looking especially mischievous. She looked up at him, not in the least intimidated by their difference in stature. Rocks closed the door and hung back with Jimmy against the front row of desks.

'Hey, Mrs. Bright,' Frankie asked, 'I need help with something.'

'Sure, Frankie,' Mrs. Bright replied, confusion written across her gentle face. 'Is it about the test?'

'No. I just wanted to borrow you for a little bit.'

Before Mrs. Bright could respond Frankie pointed and flipped her into Jimmy's body, which placed Rocks into her body. Rocks had already been through one swap but being in a woman's body was completely different. The massive weight on his chest was unable to be ignored. He looked down at the two large bumps straining against his dress; somehow they looked even larger from this perspective. He felt himself tipping off balance, thrown off by the weight distribution of his new body and exacerbated by the low heeled slip-ons this body was wearing. Rocks saved himself from a complete fall by grabbing onto the desk with his small hands—the lacquered nails and petite, hairless knuckles driving home the strangeness of his new situation.

To Mrs. Bright, the room seemed to shift suddenly and she took a step back, bumping into a desk that she was suddenly standing in front of and spilling to the ground to land on her back. She lifted her head and saw she was controlling an unfamiliar body. Stretched out on the floor she seemed to be a young man wearing khakis and a white shirt. She sat up quickly and gasped, staring down at her new body in surprise.

Frankie pulled out Rocks's phone and flicked to the camera.

'Ok, Rocks,' he said, pointing it at Mrs. Bright's body, 'Why don't you check out your new body?'

Rocks stared at the prone form of Jimmy, then back at Frankie, 'But, um-'

'What's happening?' Mrs. Bright called out.

Frankie turned to her, 'We're taking your body out for a little spin. You get to stay here and act the part of Jimmy. Now come on everyone, let's have some fun or else I'll pop you into the body of one of those pigeons outside.'

None of the others knew whether he was bluffing or not and no one wanted to find out. At that moment someone turned the handle to the locked classroom door.

'Go away!' Frankie called out.

A young man's muffled voice called back, 'But this is our next class!'

'For fuck's sake,' Frankie rolled his eyes and peeked through the small window set high in the middle of the classroom door at the small group of seniors lining up to come in.

'Here, deal with this,' he yelled, pointing his finger and dragging the line randomly around the whole group. He released and returned to the desk, not even bothering to stick around to see the [pandemonium he'd just caused](#).

'Now Mrs. Bright,' Frankie said, holding up the camera and addressing Rocks in the teacher's body, 'Why don't you slip out of that dress and show us your body?'

Rocks wasn't exactly sure how to get out of a dress. He started by lifting up the bottom, slowly revealing bits of Mrs. Bright's hidden body: the smooth calves, the pale skin of her thick thighs. He pulled the dress up past her white panties, over her large butt, the slight paunch of her stomach, then finally up to her enormous bra that held back her massive breasts. Each part of his new body intrigued Rocks; he felt small and delicate, a huge change from his normal hulking body. Rocks tried to lift the dress over his head and got stuck, Mrs. Bright's curly hair bunching up around his soft face as he struggled to take off the dress.

Frankie motioned for Jimmy to give Rocks a hand. Jimmy stepped behind Mrs. Bright's struggling body and gently pushed the dress down enough to unzip the back, then helped Rocks pull it over his head and drop it to the floor.

Finally Rocks stood next to the desk, his new curvy body clad only in a bra, panties and heels. He tossed his curly hair back behind his head and looked down at himself, admiring every inch of his womanly form, sliding his hands up along his soft curves. Jimmy, in Rocks's body, stood behind, entranced by the sight of his fantasy woman standing nearly naked in front of him, her back to him as he admired her ample figure and the smooth contours of her ass hidden beneath the panties. Lust stirred inside Jimmy and he shifted uncomfortably as his emotions affected his friend's body and he began growing hard.

Frankie, camera still in hand, said, 'Enough with the teasing, let's see those tits everyone

talks about.'

Rocks reached around to try to remove the bra. He struggled for a few seconds, wiggling this way and that as his body shifted unfamiliarly until Jimmy reached forward to help. Jimmy, too, fumbled with the bra until at last he pulled too hard, unused to the strength of his new body, and snapped the clasp. Rocks shrugged off the bra and his breasts fell pendulous before him.

'That feels so much better,' he sighed in Mrs. Bright's voice, 'How do you wear that thing all day?'

Rocks hefted his newly freed breasts, one spilling out of each hand, feeling the weight, examining the large nipples and the faint stretch marks, before gently releasing them. Jimmy, urged on by an uncontrolled lust, reached around from behind to grab Mrs. Bright's breasts. Rocks gasped in surprise as his two large, former hands wrapped themselves around his tender new breasts and hefted them, Rocks's large former body pressing intently against his current feminine form from behind, large bulging pressing urgently just above the cheeks of Rocks's new soft butt. Rocks leaned back, pressing his soft form into the solid body behind him as Jimmy greedily explored the teacher's body, large hands squeezing and sliding up and down Mrs. Bright's curves, relishing the cool, smooth skin, every slight dimple, the soft bump of her waist.

Rocks was surprised at how good the masculine hands running up and down his new body felt, he could practically smell the desire coming off his former body and Mrs. Bright's body was becoming strangely warm, a deep warmth emanating from between her legs, and he sighed contentedly as he guided the masculine hands down towards his panties, the fingers pressing eagerly against the thin fabric to the moist warmth beneath. The large fingers teased his new opening, sliding up and down his pussy, pressing the fabric against his clit and his body grew ever more wet, yearning radiating through his body like an itch that needed scratching, driving him onward until he could stand it no more and at last slipped his panties off and stood naked in the classroom. Rocks leaned his head back, curly hair cascading around his shoulders and whispered to his former body.

'Fuck me,' he pleaded, before leaning over the desk, his massive breasts falling against the cool desktop and his large ass up in the air.

Jimmy didn't need to be told twice. He practically ripped off his pants to free his cock—pausing for just a second at the strangeness of seeing someone else's massive cock on his body—before sliding it between Mrs. Bright's curved cheeks, slipping the head into her hot wetness with a sigh. It was all he wanted, all his body wanted to be inside her but he was so big, and Mrs. Bright felt so small, so tight.

Rocks slowly pressed himself back against his cock, the massive head filling his pussy completely, followed by the long shaft, the soft heat sliding between his nether lips. He thought he was full but still the cock pressed on, further, deeper inside and Rocks bit his lip as Mrs. Bright's body was fuller than he ever thought possible, like he would burst, and yet his body desired it, the itch somewhat sated by the throbbing heat inside and he gasped in lovely pain, in lust, as the cock retreated slightly, leaving him empty, but he had no time to complain before it was back, thrusting gently in and out, filling and retreating, scratching the lusty itch but not all the way as his body burned and he pressed his ass deeper toward his friend, urging him to pump faster, harder and he did.

Mrs. Bright could do nothing but watch in horror as her former body moaned in pleasure, pounded by a student with his giant cock. Her former face now pressed up against the desk, eyes closed, tits mashed beneath her, living in the pleasurable moment.

Rocks felt his round ass grabbed by large hands and squeezed, pulled, impaled back upon his own cock again and again and he cried out as the pleasure drove him ever higher, ramping his body up until he could take it no longer and with a loud 'Yees' the wave exploded over him and Jimmy exploded inside him, filled his beautiful body with spurts of heat as the pleasure washed through him, cascading and rebounding and he could think of nothing but the desire inside him.

And then slowly Rocks came down, back to the classroom, aware that his head was sweaty where it pressed against the desk, his breasts ached from being squashed beneath him. Then Jimmy pulled out and Rocks felt empty once more, a greater emptiness than before because he now knew what it

was to be full, as a few streaks of cum dripped down his slightly chubby legs.

'Perfect,' said Frankie, shutting off the phone. 'Nice acting Rocks, you really sounded like you wanted that dick.' Frankie grinned nastily as Rocks struggled to get his body back in the dress, his face flushing red in embarrassment. Frankie then turned to Mrs. Bright, who had watched the whole episode unfold in stunned silence from Jimmy's body on the floor.

'Now, Mrs. Bright, or should I say, Jimmy? I've got some nice, sexy footage here that'll ruin your career unless you do what I say. Now, my pal, Jimmy, the real Jimmy, is a bit of a pussy, scared whoever's in his body will skip school or act up or whatever. So your job is to be the best Jimmy you can be. You'll go to his classes, you'll do his work and at the end of the day you'll get your body back. If you don't, well, I'm sure the news would love to have this video. You understand?'

Mrs. Bright nodded, mutely.

'Now what's your name?' Frankie asked.

'J-Jimmy,' she mumbled.

'Good. Get your stuff and get to your next class, Jimmy.'

Frankie tossed Jimmy's backpack to her. She got to her feet awkwardly in her lanky, teenage body.

'Where am I going?' she asked, quietly.

'Schedule's in the front pocket.' Jimmy chimed in.

'Uh,' Rocks began. He'd made it back into his dress and was holding the broken bra in front of him, his large breasts hanging heavily underneath the dress. 'What do I do with this?'

'Stick it in your purse,' Frankie snicker, 'Now let's get out of here guys...and girl.'

Frankie unlocked the door and they all filed out past several students, still so surprised and puzzled over the new bodies they'd found themselves in they didn't even notice Frankie and his crew leaving.

The Next Step

Frankie led Rocks and Jimmy down one of the now deserted hallways, the bell having rung moments ago for the start of the next class. Jimmy lumbered along in Rocks's body behind Frankie while Rocks followed behind. Rocks swayed back and forth unsteadily on the low heels worn by Mrs. Bright's body. His thighs were still sticky and he held his giant breasts in both hands to stop them from bouncing around uncomfortably at each step.

'Where are we going?' Jimmy asked.

'The principle's office, but we gotta make a quick stop first.' He turned and winked. 'I'm going to make sure we all graduate.'

They came around the corner of the hallway and Frankie stopped at the entrance to the women's locker room. They could hear the chatter of the senior girls inside.

'Megan's in there,' Frankie said, looking at Rocks, 'Go bring her out here.'

Megan was a senior girl on the gymnastics team. She looked a lot younger than she was and had shown just about everyone her driver's license to prove she was actually 18.

'How am I supposed to do that?' Rocks asked.

'You're a teacher, dummy. Just tell her to come out in the hall to have a talk.'

Rocks had been excited and intrigued when he first swapped bodies with Jimmy, the whole thing seemed like a fun adventure. But Frankie's repeated and indifferent body swaps among other students worried him. That and the way he had started ordering everyone around as if they were his slaves. As Rocks had watched Jimmy moving around in his old body he'd started to understand how others felt about the whole thing and was beginning to come to the conclusion that maybe they should stop now, or at the very least respect their borrowed bodies a little more. That was what Rocks would have thought if he'd been any brighter anyway, as it was he just knew this whole thing was starting to make him feel ugh and not good.

'Get in there!' Frankie urged, breaking Rocks's train of thought, which was already partly derailed at any given time. 'And take your hands off your tits, you look weird.'

Rocks reluctantly trudged into the women's locker room. He'd never been in the women's room before, obviously, and he'd sort of expected it to be covered in flowers and fresh paint and smell like a perfume counter. In fact it was exactly like the men's locker room, only with women in it.

These particular women were senior students dressed in short shorts and sports bras mostly. Rocks spotted Megan in the middle aisle, amidst the tanned and limber flesh of the other gymnasts.

Like many gymnasts, Megan was short with a slim but muscular body. Her tiny breasts were covered by a tight, purple sports bra and her blonde hair was held back in a loose ponytail.

'Megan,' he called out. She looked up at him, then her carefully sculpted eyebrows creased in bewilderment. Rocks looked down and realized he was holding his breasts again. He quickly dropped them—ouch!—and looked back up. 'Can I speak to you out in the hallway?'

'Is something wrong?' she asked in her high pitched voice. Her chipmunk voice as Frankie called it.

'Just come out in the hallway.'

She slipped on a white t-shirt and followed Rocks out into the hallway where Frankie stood waiting.

'Hi Megan,' Frankie grinned.

Megan looked from Frankie to Jimmy to Rocks, her ponytail swinging crazily back and forth.

'What's going on?' she asked, looking to Mrs. Bright's body with her dark blue eyes.

Frankie didn't say a word, just pointed from Megan to Jimmy, swapping her into Rocks's body and Jimmy into hers.

Rocks's body took a step backwards, looked up at her old body, then fainted, her large body slowly crumpling to the floor.

'Am I ok?'" Rocks asked, kneeling down to check out his former body.

'Well, that was convenient,' Frankie said.

Jimmy looked at his tanned and toned body. He lifted his legs up and down, as if marching in place, trying out his flexible new body. He flexed his tiny fingers and ran them up his taut arms. He

looked up at the others; they all seemed so much taller from this perspective, everything did.

'You done?' Frankie asked.

'Yeah, I guess. Wow, I sound like a munchkin!' he squealed, causing his cute nose to wrinkle in laughter.

Frankie set off back down the way they'd come, leaving the other two no choice but to follow him.

When they reached the door of the principal's office Frankie turned to them.

'Ok, this is how it's going to work.'

Frankie was no stranger to the principal's office and the secretary Ms. Carver. He explained the plan, being sure to go over Rocks's role several times.

When he was done Rocks and Jimmy traded a look. Jimmy, like Rocks, was starting to feel remorseful about violating the bodies they'd swapped into. He'd been curious and, yes, even a little excited about becoming a girl for a little bit but after what they'd done to Mrs. Bright and now this next plan, it all seemed a bit wrong. Frankie noticed their hesitation and held up the hand with the ring on it in warning.

'Listen, you two, if you ever want your own bodies back don't even think of crossing me,' his scowl quickly turned into a manic grin, 'Smile, ladies, you're about to have a whole lot of fun. Frankly, I'm jealous!'

Frankie opened the door to the principal's front office and nudged Rocks inside.

Ms. Carver, Principal Harkin's secretary, was filling in time sheets when she noticed Mrs. Bright enter the office dragging two students behind her. Ms. Carver looked up, her severe, narrowed eyes staring at these intruders who had interrupted her day. Ms. Carver was almost ready to retire and had perfected the rhythm of her day for maximum efficiency. Interruptions, such as students acting up or Principal Harkin asking her to do anything, were barely tolerated. And a teacher bringing in two students at once—a male and a female at that!—could only mean trouble.

'I need to speak to Principal Harkin right away,' Mrs. Bright told her.

Ms. Carver's eyes narrowed even further, her withered mouth turned down in a scowl. From the way Mrs. Bright fiddled with her hands Ms. Carver suspected copulation. She suspected all teenagers of copulating, what with their hormones and their hot pants and their co-ed classes. Ms. Carver believed it to be a great sin for a husband and wife but an even greater sin for two unmarried teens.

Also, and perhaps more unforgivably even than an interruption, Ms. Carver could not abide a teacher giving her orders. She barely tolerated it from Principal Harkin so she certainly wasn't going to take it from some nervous teacher who, from the look of it, wasn't even wearing a bra.

'What is this about?'

Rocks glanced nervously over to Frankie, then back to Ms. Carver. 'Cop...ulation?' Rocks stammered, repeating the word Frankie had taught him but not really sure what that was nor why Ms. Carver seemed so averse to it.

Ms. Carver's wrinkled face lit up in a triumphant grin. 'You dirty, little monsters.'

She stood, walked to the principal's door and opened it without even a knock.

'Mr. Harkin, you have some students and a-' she practically spat the next word, '*teacher* to speak to you.'

'Ms. Carver, please at least knock before opening my door.'

'You may enter,' Ms. Carver said, ignoring him.

Mrs. Bright and her charges entered Principal Harkin's office, followed immediately by Ms. Carver. Principal Harkin was seated at his desk, still on the phone.

Principal Harkin was a solidly built black man with small glasses and a bristly mustache. His head was bald on top and what little hair he had on the sides was graying. Despite his large stature and heavyset build he was quite soft spoken. He often mopped his broad forehead with a spotted handkerchief he kept close at hand.

'I'll call you back,' he whispered into the phone before hanging up. He looked up at the trio

standing in front of him.

Before he could say a word Frankie shouted 'Go, Rocks!' then quickly pointed from Principal Harkin to Mrs. Bright's body, swapping Rocks into the principal and the principal into Mrs. Bright's body.

Rocks was ready for it and before the stunned newly female principal could utter a word, Rocks spoke from Principal Harkin's body, 'Ms. Carver, could you see Mrs. Bright out, please?'

'With pleasure.' Ms. Carver grabbed Mrs. Bright's arm and dragged her out the door. Frankie ran over and locked it behind them, then pulled out Jimmy's phone.

'All right, you know what to do,' he said as he started recording.

'Hello, Megan,' Rocks began, turning to Megan's body and reciting the scene Frankie had outlined. It was so simple even Rocks couldn't screw it up, despite his misgivings.

'Hello, Principal Harkin,' Jimmy said, his petite fingers playing nervously with the bottom of his shirt, winding and unwinding the fabric to reveal brief glimpses of Megan's sculpted abs.

'If you want to stay on the gymnastics team,' Rocks said with the flat intonation of one reading off of cue cards, 'Then you know what you have to do.'

Jimmy glanced at Frankie, Megan's ponytail bouncing off his face, hoping desperately Frankie would call the whole thing off. He may have been in a girl's body but his sexual preferences remained the same. Frankie just waved him on.

Rocks swiveled his chair to the side and Jimmy knelt down in front of him, easing to the floor on his smooth, perfect legs. It was a little unnerving for him as Megan's petite body was dwarfed by the principal towering above her. As Frankie moved in for a better view, Jimmy slid his tiny hands up Principal Harkin's pants and unzipped them. He reached in and pulled out the black cock, which seemed massive from Jimmy's perspective. It was still flaccid, but even as he fondled it he could feel it stirring to life, slowly pulsating and firming under his touch.

Jimmy brought his new lips towards the black cock with trepidation, he paused, trembling gently, then he kissed the dark head of the cock with his soft, full lips. Rocks gasped softly and his borrowed cock stiffened further in Megan's hand as it reached its full length. The difference in their sizes meant Jimmy had to grasp the newly awakened cock with both hands as he opened his lips and slowly guided it into his mouth. He closed his soft lips around the head, tasting the slightly salty, masculine cock, forcing himself to run his tongue along the bottom of the shaft, making it slick with his saliva as he began rocking his head backwards and forwards, swallowing more of the black shaft with each rock forward, his small mouth stretched open wide to take as much in as he could. Soon he was moving in steady rhythm, gliding up and down, still with one hand on the base of the shaft, the cock filling his small mouth entirely.

Rocks closed his eyes and slid a large black hand onto Megan's blonde hand, winding his fingers through her hair, and began gently pushing her head up and down, matching Jimmy's rhythm, before slowly speeding up, pushing harder.

Jimmy's head was forced down further with each thrust, the black cock filling his eager mouth more than he thought possible and, despite himself, he felt his body getting excited, aroused from the control he could exert over this man with his sexy body. The principal's cock was slick with Megan's saliva and Rocks pushed his friend's head down further, Jimmy's head neared the base when he felt the head hit the back of his mouth. He nearly gagged and his eyes watered as all he could taste was this man. He wanted to go all the way, take the whole enormous dick into his mouth, and by the pressure on his head, so did Rocks. Jimmy stopped fighting, let his head be forced down as he fought the urge to gag until his upturned nose was pressed into the principal's pants, against his skin before Jimmy had to slide his lips back up. He took out the cock to cough once before Rocks forced his head back down on him. Jimmy had no choice but to suck it back in, gliding faster and faster as Rocks pushed him up and down, using Megan's mouth for his own pleasure, and his grunts grew louder, their urgencies growing in time until Jimmy felt the principal's cock began to spasm in his delicate mouth.

Jimmy pulled the principal's cock out of his mouth and continued stroking it as he aimed it at his gorgeous face. With a final long grunt Rocks came, his black cock spurting thick wads of cum over

Megan's cute face. The warm liquid dribbled down her eyes, her nose, into her mouth as she continued milking the cock, a satisfied smile on her face until he was empty.

Jimmy wiped the cum out of his eyes and looked up at the principal's face, 'Now it's my turn,' he said in Megan's squeaky voice.

Rocks looked to Frankie—this wasn't in the plan—but Frankie motioned to keep going.

Jimmy quickly stripped his new body, throwing his bra and panties to the floor before sweeping everything off the desk and pulling his small body up onto it. He faced Rocks and spread his legs wide one hand already between his legs playing with Megan's newly uncovered clit.

Rocks didn't know what to do so Jimmy grabbed his friend's bald black head and shoved him down between his waiting legs.

'Lick me,' he murmured. Megan's voice, like her pussy, dripping with lust.

Rocks slipped his tongue inside the small, blonde's body, the musky taste of her urgency filled his mouth as Jimmy tried to guide him.

'Up. No, more. Here. A little bit...oh,' A spark flew upwards through Jimmy's slight frame, 'Right there. Right there. Long and slow.'

The principal's tongue was wide and Rocks firmly licked Jimmy's clit from bottom to top as he squirmed, his blonde body swirling with ecstasy, his hands going to his small breasts to squeeze his new nipples as his breath came harder and faster. Jimmy felt Megan's body tensing, building up to an explosion as his body burned brighter. The principal's tongue continued lapping at his sweet spot and he clenched his eyes tightly, riding the building tension as his cries grew louder, his new voice squealing in delight and urgency.

'Suck it, suck it!' he squeaked as the tension neared its peak.

Rocks obliged, sucking on Megan's clit and flicking it with his broad tongue and then Jimmy's world exploded, pleasure coursing through his veins as he convulsed on the desk, the sweet release of tension bringing a sigh to his soft lips. And still Rocks licked his clit. Jimmy wanted to tell him to stop but as he looked down the sight of his body, his pussy, being eaten by a powerful black man caused the pleasure to burst forth once more. Another wave built and then Jimmy couldn't do anything but moan, his legs flexing as the pleasure drove all thought from his mind, and he cried out again in Megan's voice, her sexy body rocked by a powerful orgasm. And then all too soon it was over and Rocks's pleasurable licking was now too much.

'Stop, stop,' he muttered, pushing the principal's bald head away and lying back on the desk breathing heavily, his body exhausted, a wet patch spreading across the principal's desk from between his legs and his adorable face still sticky with cum. 'Oh, god. Oh god that was amazing,' he whispered to himself.

'That was amazing,' Frankie agreed, turning the camera off, 'I almost believed you were into it.'

Jimmy got to his feet unsteadily and began dressing.

'Don't bother getting dressed, I'll just get you a new body.'

In his short time inside Megan's body, Jimmy had started to grow protective of it. He knew what he just did was wrong but he didn't have a choice. At first anyway. And after that it had felt so good, but still...Jimmy was conflicted but he was sure that parading Megan's naked, cum-stained face through the hallway was a step too far. What happened in this room would stay in this room. Except for what was on the camera.

'No, I want to get dressed,' he said, surprisingly forcefully even with his high pitched voice.

Frankie just shrugged. 'Whatever,' he said. He was feeling great. Before today he wasn't sure he was even going to graduate but now he figured he had enough dirt on the principal to bump himself up into the top ten percent. Studying was for chumps.

Rocks and Jimmy got dressed and cleaned themselves up as best they could.

As Jimmy wiped his face with some spare tissues Frankie finally grumbled, 'Okay, come on, we're not going to the Oscars here. Let's get a move on.'

'Can we go get our old bodies back?' Jimmy asked.

'Yeah,' Rocks chimed in, 'This is fun and all but...it's not that fun.'

Frankie rounded on them angrily, 'You two fucking babies want to just stop now? Not a chance!

We've got the whole world at my feet! We can do anything! Jesus, you two whine any more like babies and maybe I'll swap you into babies. Now come on.'

Frankie threw open the door and strode out into the empty office. Rocks and Jimmy looked at each other. Frankie had lost it and it didn't seem there was anything they could do to stop him.

End of the Road

Frankie strode through the empty hallways like he owned the place as Jimmy and Rocks trudged wearily behind. Rocks rubbed a hand over his smooth, bald head. He was glad to at least be closer to his own size again but he really missed his hair. Jimmy, meanwhile, was uncomfortable in his tight fitting sports bra and his shorts that seemed to him more like underpants. When he was a guy he loved the sight of the girls in these tiny shorts, but as a girl he was showing way more leg than he felt comfortable. He felt practically naked, like his whole body was on display. Not to mention he still smelled like sex.

Every now and then Frankie would stop and peer through one of the small windows set into each classroom door. He would do his pointing thing and switch one or two people, then watch with glee at the pandemonium that unfolded before moving on. At the last door before the exit to the parking lot he peered into the band room where the school orchestra was practicing.

'I bet those dorks have never seen a naked girl that wasn't on the internet!' he cackled to Jimmy and Rocks. Jimmy and Rocks chuckled mirthlessly, playing along with Frankie. Truthfully, until today the guys hadn't seen a naked girl in real life either. And that included Frankie.

'I'll help them out with that,' Frankie continued, pointing into the room and connecting lines all around to swap everyone into a random body. When he released the chaos inside was everything he could have hoped for. The music stopped immediately and Frankie watched the unfolding scene for [a few minutes in glee](#).

Finally, having seen enough, Frankie marched out through the doors to the school parking lot. He blinked in the bright afternoon sun and looked around.

'The principal's bound to have a sweet car we can use,' said Frankie, 'He must make like 50, 60 thousand a year. If I made that kind of money I'd get an awesome, souped up Mustang. Click the keys, Rocks, let's find it.'

Rocks dug through the pockets of his suit and pulled out a set of keys. He stared at them for a second.

'There's no button on these keys,' he finally said.

'You gotta be shitting me,' Frankie exploded. 'What the fuck kind of car doesn't have automatic doors?'

Jimmy pointed a tiny finger at a beat up baby blue Toyota parked in a spot marked 'Reserved – Principal'.

'That kind?' he squeaked.

'Oh, hell no.' Frankie said.

At that moment a police car pulled into the school parking lot and up to the entrance. Frankie beamed.

'Come on,' he shouted to the others as he walked quickly towards the car.

A burly policeman, identified by his name tag as Officer Tagart stepped out.

'Hey, officer!' Frankie shouted. Tagart looked over and saw several people approaching. His instincts told him this was trouble.

'Yes?' Officer Tagart said as Frankie rounded the car.

'We're taking your car,' Frankie said and pointed from Officer Tagart to Megan, swapping Jimmy into the officer's body and the officer into Megan's body.

Officer Tagart suddenly had the unnerving experience of looking back at his own body from a much lower viewpoint. He looked down at himself, recognizing the tight sports bra and the lithe body of the female student who'd just approached him. Despite the impossibility of what had just happened, Officer Tagart managed to remain somewhat calm.

'What the hell?' he yelled, his normally deep, commanding voice replaced with a young girl's high pitched yelp.

Frankie rounded on him, 'How's it feel, officer? Not such a big, strong guy now, huh? Feeling a little vulnerable?' Frankie reached out and squeezed one of Megan's small breasts. Officer Tagart slapped Frankie's hand away and stepped back as Frankie laughed.

'And now-'

'Take the ring off, Frankie,' an authoritative voice rumbled from behind him.

Frankie turned. Jimmy, in Officer Tagart's body, had drawn his gun and was pointing it right at Frankie.

Frankie's eyes flashed in anger. 'What do you think you're doing?'

'I'm stopping this. You've done enough. Take off the ring. You point at me I'll shoot you right now.' This last was said as Frankie began raising his hand to point at Jimmy. 'I'm not doing this again. I'm done.' Jimmy's voice broke and he sniffed. 'Now take off the ring. Slowly.'

Frankie glared at Jimmy, but he slowly twisted the ring off his finger.

'Now give it here,' Jimmy held out one hand.

'Go get it.' Frankie tossed the ring over Jimmy's head into the parking lot. When he turned to look Frankie took off in the other direction. Jimmy looked back and aimed his gun at Frankie's retreating back. A small, firm hand grabbed onto his arm. It was Megan.

'No. Let him go. I assume the ring is what made him able to do this.' He motioned to his feminine body.

Jimmy nodded.

'Ok, then, let's get the ring and sort things out here, first.'

EPILOGUE

There were a few scattered reports of 'mass hysteria' at the local school that made it into the news but it blew over after a few days. A small task force, led by Officer Tagart, collected all the victims who'd come forward claiming to have been body swapped and after less than an hour of counseling they all seemed to come out themselves again. There was no known cause.

Jimmy came out of the ordeal a little wiser, a little more respectful of women. He even got himself a girlfriend and was able to use his first-hand knowledge of a woman's body to her great delight.

Rocks, too, had learned a lot about himself and eventually ended up with a boyfriend. His admission of who he was making him happier than he'd ever been.

Frankie's dad, Phil, saw the article calling for people who may have been victims of this specific hysteria to contact the police and made sure that page disappeared from the morning newspaper before his 'husband' saw it. Sophie punished him for the loss of the paper, scolding him and spanking him severely, which only served to make his wonderful, female body wet with lust until, after considerable begging on Phil's part, Sophie handcuffed him to the bed and screwed him senseless.

Even Frankie returned to school after a few days, looking much less scruffy. He'd cut his hair and dressed in preppie clothes. The improvement carried over to his grades and, seemingly out of nowhere, he began excelling, surpassing every member of the class. He convinced the principal, with an elegant argument, to let him sit for the college exams where he again excelled and was accepted to State. It was quite the turnaround from the kid whom, just a month before, everyone had expected to drop out, turn to drugs and start a gang.

After a little while everything returned to normal. Well, almost normal. In the Broughton Home for the Elderly and Infirm, Peter Stewart had just sedated an old resident. She'd had another one of her incidents, a bad one this time. Peter checked her pulse and tried to make the old girl comfortable as the medicine knocked her out cold.

Peter shook his head. Poor Gloria Tagart. Her dementia seemed to have gotten worse which was usually a sign that the end was near. It was a good thing her son—a local policeman—had taken her out during his last visit because she probably wouldn't be leaving the home again.

Peter got up and walked to the door. It was an unusual presentation of dementia in that she had recurring episodes where she would insist that she was actually a young man named Frankie. She often got violent, although in her condition she was more at risk of hurting herself than anyone else. Peter, with his hand on the doorknob, took one last look at the ancient woman asleep on the bed, her breathing now deep and regular. 'Ah, well,' he thought as he shut the door behind him, 'I guess everyone gets theirs in the end.'

###

His Parents

That night while Frankie dreamed, his parents fretted in their room, trying to come to grips with their new situation. Frankie's mom, Sophie, still in her husband's body, sat on the bed with her chin in her unfamiliar rough hand while Frankie's dad, Phil, paced back and forth, his feminine body swinging in strange ways he couldn't ignore, especially the unfamiliar weight on his chest. His breasts. *His* breasts, jiggling gently with each step. Even hidden under a modest dress they still commanded his attention. He spat his long hair out of his mouth for what seemed like the hundredth time that evening and brushed it forcefully back behind an ear. Damn this body.

'This isn't something that just happens,' he said, still adjusting to speaking in his wife's higher pitched voice.

'Maybe we've gone crazy,' Sophie murmured, running her hand over her bald head.

'We haven't gone crazy, don't be stupid. We both agreed it happened so, what, are we both crazy in the same way?'

'Don't call me stupid,' Sophie said, shooting daggers at her old body. She was beginning to adjust to her new body, feeling the newfound strength and power she had. She was sick of taking Phil's abuse and now she could stop it, she was stronger than him for once.

Phil must have sensed some of this in the look she was giving him and he backed down, aware of his own body's relative fragility.

'Sorry,' he said, surprising them both once again.

Phil resumed pacing. His calm didn't last long, however, as once again some strands of hair drifted down into his face.

'Goddammit,' he cried.

'Don't swear in my body,' Sophie said. She never swore and she wasn't about to start now, even if she wasn't herself.

'I'll fucking swear if I want to. And I'm cutting this damn hair off,' he said, rummaging through his wife's sewing box. He picked up the scissors but before he could do anything his former body was on him from behind, grasping his hand in a solid grip.

'You will not do anything to my body. When I get it back I want it to be exactly the same as when I left,' Sophie growled, her masculine voice soft, low and menacing in her husband's ear.

'How do you know we'll ever switch back?' Phil grunted as the two struggled for the scissors. Sophie easily peeled Phil's delicate fingers off the scissors, despite his protests, and threw the scissors onto the floor. Phil turned and tried to push her away but she grabbed his other arm and spun him around so they were face to face. Sophie held both Phil's arms above his head so his new breasts heaved back and forth as he struggled to free himself from her grip. Sophie threw him onto the bed—his feminine body so light with her newfound strength—and quickly sat astride his waist, leaned over him and pinned Phil's skinny arms down to the bed above his head. He shook his head back and forth vigorously, long dark hair flying, Sophie's beautiful Persian features twisted in rage.

'I'm going to be stuck like this,' she shrieked, 'We don't even know what happened? How the fuck are we supposed to change back?'

'I said don't swear in my body. If this is happening, and it has, you will have to act like me.'

This sent Phil into another rage. He twisted his feminine body and kicked his legs, sending his dress whirling up over his knees and against Sophie's back. Still grabbing his arms she shifted, sliding down his body to pin him completely to the bed, her strong, masculine body tight against his soft form.

Phil buckled, pressing his slender hips up towards his former body to try to force him off but the solid bulk of his old body pinned him down. His female form didn't have the strength to escape. He was trapped, pinned to the bed in a soft, weak female body, helpless and captive to the man leaning above him. Phil's small breasts bobbed from side to side with each thrust, reminding him of the fragility of this body he was trapped in. Yet he continued to thrust in futile rage, his slender arms caught in an iron grip, the full weight of his former male body pressing down on him, rubbing against him.

The only result of his struggle was a hardening beneath the pants of his old male self, a blunt

spike that grew with each thrust from within his wife's body. Phil thought he should feel terrified and yet his new helplessness and the urgent rod he now felt pressing into his soft abdomen tickled him with a welcoming warmth. He was surprised by the stirrings from within his new body as he continued to gyrate his hips back and forth against his former male body, encouraging his wife's awakening excitement, his thoughts and feelings mirrored in her body as she grew rigid with anticipation.

'I'm in charge, now. Understand?'

Sophie watched her face set into a grimace.

'I said, do you understand?'

A begrudging 'Yes,' finally escaped Phil's soft lips.

'Say it again. And call me sir.' Sophie smiled gleefully, reveling in the powerful role reversal.

Phil was trapped, tired, his only way out to acquiesce. 'Yes...sir.'

'Now you've been a bad girl haven't you?'

'Yes...sir.' Phil said again, his lip trembling.

'Say it.'

'I've been a bad girl,' he whispered.

'And you need to be punished.'

'I need to be punished,' Phil's whole body was trembling beneath Sophie's grip, partly out of fear and partly something else. Longing? No! He struggled to push that thought from his mind but it only grew stronger. He thrust his body up, towards the rod pressed against his stomach. He tried to convince himself that he was still trying to escape but his body had other plans.

Sophie stared at the woman struggling beneath her, trapped helpless under her massive weight. She wanted to punish her husband, to force him to confront his new weakness, to dominate him fully and completely, to command her old body to her new will. But most of all she desired this body beneath her. She wanted to own it, to devour it, to fill it with her unfamiliar urgent manhood. Driven by a newly discovered passion she brought her lips close to her former neck, breathing in the delicate aroma mingled with the sweat from her former body's gyrations, and clasped the soft skin of the feminine shoulder between her teeth, biting once and eliciting a sharp yelp of surprise from the body that used to be hers.

Phil, too, was surprised, this time by his new body's desire for the pain, the warm pleasure he felt from the stubbly chin grating against his smooth shoulder. He had no time to consider this before she bit him again and he gasped, the pain-mingled pleasure tingling through his body, joining with the deepening heat between his legs, each sensation radiating like separate waves through his body as his thrust slowed, became deeper, more sensual.

Sophie continued short, sharp nips up Phil's delicate neck, driven onward by his increasingly urgent gasps and his willing helplessness as he remained pinned beneath her. Her stiffened urgency reached its peak, demanding to be released immediately, now, into the searing want of the delicate woman beneath it.

Phil's body ached, the warmth now a burning heat, radiating outward from between his legs, up and down his limbs as his body hungered for more and he cried out in Sophie's voice as each crest of passion grew closer, higher. Sophie released Phil to unzip her pants, freeing her cock as she continued to bite his neck, making the painful pleasure nearly unbearable. She then reached down between their two entwined bodies with a powerful, muscled arm and pulled the dress up, ripping the fabric in her passion to expose the panties underneath, which she forcefully pulled aside, pressing the head of her cock against Phil's moist desire. He gasped as he felt her cock—his cock—push against his center, the pressure building up until, with a final thrust, she entered him. The hot, hard-softness filling Phil and he pressed his hips upward, wanting more, wanting to be pounded, to be punished, and Sophie obliged, grabbing Phil's slender arms once again and pinning him to the bed as she proceeded to thrust deep, filling Phil with his own cock as his cries of passion rose. Phil's pussy ached with lust, with warmth, with pain passing beyond pleasure at each thrust, still unable to move and it drove him wild until his body, pulled tight, finally released, the burning tension snapped, reverberating throughout as he gasped, and still Sophie thrust, her shaft filling him, the

head pressing deep inside where he wanted it most. Phil wound up again like a spring, the waves of pleasure cascading upon each other, quicker now until he came again and this time Sophie came with him. Phil's pussy filled with the hot heat from Sophie's spasming cock as she grunted and Phil cried out again, knowing what it was to be filled, to be used, to be taken and claimed and full as never before and to want it all, every bit.

Sophie's cock spasmed a final time and she lay on him, her full weight pressed against him, still, empty, breathing hard into Phil's ear. After a few seconds she slipped out of Phil and the sudden emptiness from his sopping pussy was almost unbearable. God help him, he wanted more. Instead, he lay there, traces of cum dripping down his leg and feeling exhausted, satisfied, and oddly happy.

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Enemies

Kelly led the way down the hallway as Margot waddled behind, still in shock. It was only when they were both halfway to the nurse's station that Margot regained her voice.

'Kelly,' she whimpered to her former body, 'Whatever you did, change us back. Please.'

Kelly turned and placed her hands on her bony hips. 'I didn't do anything. I don't know what happened. But how does it feel being a beached whale?'

Margot reared back as if stung.

'That's right,' Kelly continued, 'I heard all the names you called me. I may be fat, but I'm not deaf,' Kelly choked back tears. 'What's wrong with you? Why would you do that?'

Margot hung her head. 'I didn't mean it.'

Kelly snorted. 'Whatever. I don't even want to be around you.'

Kelly turned and walked off down the hallway. Margot tried to follow, calling for her to wait but Kelly took off around the corner, running much faster in her skinny body than Margot could ever hope to go in Kelly's large form and soon Kelly had disappeared.

Kelly slowed down when she felt she was far enough away from Margot. She was breathing hard and she leaned over on her knees to try to catch her breath. The neck of her shirt hung down enough for Kelly to see the bra supporting the two small breasts of her former friend's body. Kelly was shaking with rage and fear as the awareness of her predicament caught up with her. She was stuck in the body of her former best friend-now her worst enemy-with no way back. After all the things Margot had said about her behind her back, maybe this was Kelly's chance to get even. After all, whatever she did now Margot would get the blame.

Kelly straightened up and brushed the hair out of her face. Looking around she saw that she had ended up just outside the locker rooms. An evil smile crossed her new face and she slipped into the men's locker room.

It stunk like, well, like a men's locker room. Dampness, mildew and body odor filled the air. The room was empty but some clothes and backpacks were slung around carelessly. Kelly sat on a bench in front of the row of lockers and prepared herself for the guys to return.

Rick was mid-laugh when he rounded the corner of the lockers and froze. His three friends behind him nearly bumped into him. One opened his mouth to say something but stopped when he saw Kelly.

Kelly had stripped Margot's clothes off and sat her naked, borrowed body down on the bench with her smooth legs spread apart. She was leaning forward on her right hand, which allowed the guys only a tantalizing glimpse of the promise between her legs, and her short hair hung down over her eyes alluringly.

'Hi, boys,' she smiled, 'You like what you see?'

Rick just nodded. By now the rest of the guys from the gym class had rounded both corners of the locker and stared at amazement at the real life wet dream occurring.

Kelly stood and twelve pairs of eyes ogled the skinny body, lusting over each curve of her taut buttocks as Kelly slowly made her way towards the still frozen Rick one sensual step at a time. Most of them knew, or at least knew of, Margot and had vague ideas that she was some bookish, nerdy student. None of them were prepared for what was about to happen, but they all waited with baited breath as Kelly approached Rick, then stood on her tiptoes and kissed him on the lips. Rick eagerly returned the kiss and Kelly opened her mouth wide, sucking Rick's tongue in, inviting him to explore Margot's body. With her right hand she reached into Rick's pants and wrapped her fingers around his quickly stiffening cock.

'Hey,' said one of Rick's skeazy friends, stepping forward and grabbing Kelly's ass, 'I want some of this, too.'

Kelly smiled, only too happy to offer up Margot's body to anyone who wanted it. 'You can have it.' She thrust her left hand into his pants and grabbed his cock as a smile lit up his face.

She turned and spoke to the locker room at large, wiggling her small butt back and forth, 'You can

all have it.'

With that invitation they surrounded Kelly in a rush, eager hands pawing at her stolen body, grabbing her breasts, her thighs, her legs. One of the guys pulled his cock out and shoved it in front of Kelly's face. She quickly opened her mouth and he plunged it in as she eagerly sucked, her saliva dripping down his cock as he slid it in and out between her lips.

Margot's body grew wet from the attention and Kelly thrust her butt out even more, welcoming them inside her while she continued to suck the cock between her lips. One finger, two fingers, entered her moist pussy, tickling her clit almost by accident as the heat flowed out from between her legs. Kelly had thought this would be purely for revenge but to her surprise was discovering she enjoyed this, enjoyed the attention, the eager men who wanted her so badly, enjoyed bending her enemy's body to her will. She continued to stroke the shafts in each hand as she slid her lips up and down each ridge of the shaft in her mouth.

Without warning the cock inside her mouth exploded, the sweet-salty taste of his cum washed across her tongue and she swallowed each spurt. No sooner had he left when another cock was in front of her face, which Kelly devoured even more enthusiastically, to the groans of the two men she controlled in her hand, as they came over her face, across her back, and then someone grabbed her waist and pressed against her from behind. A slight pressure, then he slid inside her, bringing a delightful fullness as she rocked back and forth, two more cocks in her eager grasping hands, her tiny waist gripped by the man behind her as he thrust hard. Pulling back from the cock in her mouth just forced the man behind her deeper inside, pulling forward from him she was forced to deep throat the one in her mouth. Pushed and pulled like this they thrust against each other, pounded by their lust as they used her body to fulfill their passion until they were overcome and, groaning nearly in unison, erupted inside her, inside her hands, her mouth, her aching pussy, their wet heat burning her passion higher and she came with them as cum dripped down her hair, her breasts, the arch of her back, and still there were more guys who hadn't had their way. A muscular dark haired guy sat in front of her and lifted her—her stolen body so light!—onto him, plunging her dripping pussy onto his massive cock and she gasped as he sunk deep, deeper than before, finally filling the deep ache inside her. And then another cock pressed tight against her ass, so wet with her dripping juices, and forced himself on her, she turned to pull back but her hair was grabbed and her mouth forced onto another waiting cock and she sucked. The cock from behind forced itself into her tight asshole—a brief moment of pain—and then a burning pleasure, she couldn't think, she couldn't react, she could only be, sucking and fucking, all her holes filled with cock, as the desire concentrated within her, her body wound tighter than a spring as she was pounded and then the spring snapped, pleasure deeper, more intense than she had ever felt reverberated through her body as she came, tensing all her muscles, pulling the men inside her along and they came with her, filling every inch of her with their burning lust, each cock emptying their desire into her as they all used Margot's body for their own ends.

Finally the last one emptied into her and they pulled out, leaving Kelly empty and alone and full in her friend's body, sticky with rivulets of cum that dripped down her stolen legs. She lay back on the bench, exhausted and warm, idly playing with her still wet clit as the guys dressed in silence, avoiding each other's eyes. None had ever done anything like this and weren't sure of the proper etiquette, didn't know what to do after being caught up in such a scene so they did nothing. Not even a thank you when the bell rang for the change of class.

Kelly didn't mind, she'd gotten everything she wanted and more.

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Boyfriend-Girlfriend

Noah had one arm draped over his girlfriend, Steph, as they walked to English class. They were quite an interesting pair: he was loudly confident, a tall, lean basketball player with smooth, ebony skin and a face that drove girls wild. Rumor was he'd be the star freshman for State next year. She was quietly funny, short with ample curves, thick, creamy thighs and a large bubble butt that drove Noah wild.

Steph looked up at Noah as they walked, her pale brown eyes framed by the brunette bob of her hair. 'I can't stick around for your practice today, I've got to pick up my little sister.'

'That's all right, babe, I'll come over to your place after.'

'My mom's suspicious after last time, she said I'm not allowed to close my door when you're over anymore.'

Noah leaned down and whispered, his hot breath tickling her ear. 'I can be quicker, can you?'

'I didn't think it was possible to be any quicker,' Steph smiled.

Oh, come on now!' Noah pushed her playfully.

For some reason, when they got to their English class the door was locked and a small group of students was waiting outside. One boy, Tommy, was speaking to someone inside but all Steph could see through the small window in the door was a pair of mean looking eyes.

'But this is our next class!' Tommy whined.

'Here, deal with this,' the voice behind the door shouted and pointed out at the group of six students standing in the hall.

Suddenly, Steph's perspective shifted to the right and up. Way up. She shook her head and blinked. The dizziness subsided quickly and she looked around. To her left and below her was the top of a strangely familiar blonde's head. The person looked up at her and Steph gasped as she realized she was looking at herself. Well, her body anyway, because the gasp she'd just made definitely didn't come from a girl.

Steph gaped down at herself now, taking in the chocolate colored skin of her muscular arms and long fingers, the clothes hanging loosely from her athletic frame and her height—her height!—the distance from her head to the floor was almost enough to give her vertigo. She understood immediately that she was in her boyfriend's body even though she couldn't fathom the how or why.

A babble of voices surrounded her from the small group in the hallway: people were looking around wildly, several of the boys were crying in confusion and at least one of the girls was squeezing her breasts in awe. Even Steph's former body was pulling at her hair, brushing her hands up and down her arms to confirm this was real. Whatever happened had happened to all of them.

'What the fuck?' cried Noah in Steph's deliciously smoky voice, looking up at his old body in astonishment, 'Steph?'

Steph nodded.

'This isn't...this...is this...?'

'I don't-' Steph stopped to clear her throat, unaccustomed to the deep baritone coming from her lips, 'I don't know, but I think it had something to do with that guy in the classroom who pointed at us.'

'Then let's go kick his ass and change us back.' Noah made a move towards the door but Steph grabbed his arm in alarm, 'No! If it *was* him who knows what else he could do. We need to get out of here before he comes back and just...stay hidden for a little while.'

Noah let himself be pulled away from the door, 'Where do we go?'

'Backstage.'

They walked off unsteadily in their new shapes, holding each other up like two drunks at first. But they got used to the motion of their new bodies fairly quickly and by the time they reached the back of the school's theatre they were walking almost normally.

Although the theatre's changing room were locked during the day, most of the seniors knew where the Key was kept. At one time you could open every door in the theatre wing with the Key, but over the years nearly all the locks had been changed leaving the backstage changing rooms as the only door it worked in now. The Key had become a tradition, passed down from one senior class

to the next. No one knew where it started or how the first student got hold of it but now it was everyone's secret. The Key was stashed behind the ceiling tile at the far end of the hallway, and if it was missing it meant the room was being used, usually for sex, drugs and—very rarely—rock'n'roll.

Steph lifted the ceiling tile and grabbed the key, not even standing on her tiptoes. They slipped into the changing rooms together, locking the doors behind them.

They switched on the light and saw their new bodies reflected in the wall of mirrors on the far wall. Noah looked down, avoiding the sight of his new body but Steph couldn't stop staring. There was something incredibly alluring about this powerful, sexy body she was now controlling.

'So, is there anything else to this plan besides hiding out?' Noah asked, looking up at her.

'It wasn't really a plan, it was just a feeling I didn't think we should stick around. Call it a woman's intuition.' A smile flickered across her handsome face.

'That's not funny.' Noah said. He began to cross his arms but they bumped up against his weighty breasts and he awkwardly dropped his hands back down to his side.

'No, it's not funny. But...isn't it kind of amazing?'

Steph approached the mirror slowly, enthralled by the body she had been thrust into, intimately familiar yet so strange. Her dark arms swung easily back and forth and her tall, muscular frame was surprisingly graceful. She stared deep into the dark eyes of her boyfriend's mirrored image, searching for any difference, any trace of herself. The rough fingers of her right hand skimmed lightly across her face as she explored the new contours of her faintly stubbly cheeks, across her broad nose, then down to her thick lips—so kissable from the outside!—with the faint trace of a smile.

She saw movement from the corner of her eye and turned to find her boyfriend next to her, examining his new body in the mirror the same way she was examining hers. He hefted his breasts, tentatively.

'Damn, girl, I never realized how heavy these were.'

'Wait until you have to cart them around all day.'

'The hardest part would be keeping my hands off them.'

He looked up at her, a question hidden in the gaze of Steph's own large, brown eyes. After a beat he looked back at the mirror, examining his new form from all sides.

Steph watched him as he turned this way and that revealing the alluring curves of her former body, flashing a glimpse of skin every now and then as her shirt slipped up. Steph's gaze drifted from the silly pouty faces Noah was making in the mirror, over his large breasts hidden beneath a snug red shirt, down to the tight pants that hugged her former body's thick thighs. Inside Steph's shorts her borrowed manhood throbbed, rising slightly as she covered it with her hands, feeling the growing hunger beneath the fabric of her shorts as she averted her gaze.

When she looked back up he was looking at her, holding a breast in each hand, a mischievous expression on his cute face. 'It's ok. It's nothing we haven't seen before.' There was a question there, like he was asking permission.

Steph nodded silently.

Noah grabbed the bottom of his shirt and pulled it up over his head and off, brushing to the side the mass of hair that fell over his face, before reaching behind his back and unclasping his bra. Or trying to anyway. After a few seconds he looked up at Steph.

'Little help?'

Steph unhooked the bra and Noah shrugged himself out of it, his heavy breasts swinging gently. His thin fingers danced around his nipples, exploring Steph's body as she watched on, stirring the lust within Noah's body.

She unbuttoned her shorts and stretched open her briefs with her thumb to gaze at her resting manhood. With her other hand she tentatively reached in and wrapped her long fingers around it, feeling the heat—feeling *her* heat—pulse lightly. It was odd having it attached to her, feeling the slow pleasure of her boyfriend's most intimate sensations as her own as she alternately squeezed and rubbed, dropping her pants to the floor as the body she controlled reacted to her touch, stiffening gently, the sensations pleasurable and tinted with a desire for more, as she watched her

reflection in the mirror, her powerful body growing hard.

And then there was another hand on her cock, slim and white and slightly cooler to the touch. Noah, kneeling in front of her, ran Steph's slender hand up and down his former shaft. The two watched each other, taking in their former bodies, surprised and intrigued by their own reactions. Steph watched her body from above as Noah stared at his former body, entranced, a ghost of a smile on his lips before he gently parted them just enough to kiss the tip of his former manhood, his warm breath urging Steph's body on, teasing her for more as he continued stroking her rapidly rising erection.

Noah opened Steph's thick lips once more, wider now, wrapping them around the head and sucking gently, releasing with a soft 'pop' and leaving Steph's cock slick with her saliva and her body demanding more. Noah obliged, his new body responding in kind, a growing moistness between his legs.

Noah took Steph into his mouth once more and an electric heat shot through her, catching her off guard and she moaned. It felt so good being inside Noah's mouth, surrounded by the slickness and his hot breath so close, sliding up each ridge, building a pressure inside her body that grew and spread as Noah glided his wet tongue up and down.

Then suddenly Steph couldn't take it any more, she needed him now. She pulled out, slick with saliva and stood him up. She fumbled briefly with the buttons on her pants before sliding them down roughly—along with the cotton panties—hungry for the smooth expanse of thighs that revealed themselves beneath, the tantalizing strip of hair that promised his pleasure.

Noah turned, presenting her with his smooth, bubble butt and Steph broke, carried away by an unstoppable yearning she slid her cock between his legs from behind as Noah braced himself against the mirror, watching Steph's beautiful body from inside as she got fucked, her pleasure was his.

Steph's body urged on as much by the feeling as by watching her cock disappear under Noah's ass, surrounded by the slick heat of her femininity and creating a yearning for more. Just more. She wanted more of everything—of this feeling, of the beautiful woman leaning over in front of her—to have it, own it, control it and use it. Without conscious thought she wrapped both hands around Noah's thick thighs, grasping solidly and controlled, pushing him down onto herself slowly, then releasing, up and down again and again, the skin gripped red beneath her fingers as she used Noah's beautiful body for her pleasure.

Noah found he liked being used as Steph forced him to slide up and down faster, deeper, as the gentle expanse of his ass bounced against his former body, craving to be filled. He couldn't resist—her grip was too hard—nor did he want to. The dick inside his aching pussy was his world, his desire. His womanhood grew wet as pleasure burned through him, the voluntary ceding of power, the seeming helplessness as Steph forced him down deeper, fuller than he ever thought possible, the hard masculinity inside him dancing on the end of pleasure and pain. And now Steph was thrusting with all her might, driven by the urge to conquer, to be inside, and the pleasure and desire crashed together and took her as she exploded, filling Noah's soft body with her cum, each spasm wracking both their bodies, the mirror reflecting their ecstasy, their faces twisted in pleasure as a seemingly never ending series of waves hit Steph, somehow driving her to push deeper, emptying herself into Noah's small body until she slowed and emptied. Soon her cock pulsed to a stop and she stayed inside her former body, both of them breathing heavily as they watched themselves in the mirror.

Soon Noah smiled, 'That was...amazing.'

'When we switch back you owe me one.'

'You got it. But how are we going to switch back.'

Steph didn't have an answer for that one.

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Friends

Nathan was sitting in band class daydreaming. He placed his trumpet in his lap as the teacher, Mr. Gilles, worked with the flutes, re-playing a particularly tricky part of the piece. At the moment Nathan was thinking of the second flute player, Christen, imagining a smooth way to ask her out. Or any way at all, really, he wasn't picky at this point. He'd had a crush on her for some time and she'd shown up in more than a few of his fantasies, often clad in a tight fitting top and skirt—if clad in anything at all—long, auburn hair tied up in a ponytail and a mischievous smile on her face that caused her freckled nose to crinkle cutely. Just the thought of her made his palms sweat and his mouth dry, something that made asking her out a near impossibility. That and the fact that he seemed to be stuck in the much-derided 'Friend Zone'.

Nathan's friend, Dave, nudged him on his leg, knocking Nathan out of his reverie.

'Can I get a lift home today?' Dave asked, talking out of the corner of his mouth to avoid being caught by Mr. Gilles, who was notoriously short-tempered when it came to distractions. 'My car's in the shop.'

'Still?' Nathan whispered. Dave drove exactly how he behaved: fast and reckless. That was what made hanging out with him such a thrill. It was a wonder his accident hadn't resulted in any serious injuries.

'Something about a carburetor not...carburing or whatever.' Dave's family came from money, so his response to everything was to let his dad or a lawyer handle it.

'Sure, ok. But why don't-'

'Nathan! Do you have something to tell the flutes?' Mr. Gilles's nasally voice called out.

Nathan looked up to see Mr. Gilles and the entire flute section—and, in fact, the entire band—staring back at him.

'No, um, keep up the good work?'

'Let's not have any more talking.'

Nathan saluted silently, sending a titter through the band and getting a 'harrumph' from Mr. Gilles, who returned to the front of the room and leafed through his music. Nathan caught Christen whispering to, Lisa, the Japanese exchange student currently staying at Christen's house. Lisa had been in the country for two months and the two women quickly became close friends. They glanced back up at Nathan and giggled. Nathan had the feeling that Lisa liked him, further complicating the issue of asking Christen out.

Mr. Gilles tapped his stand for attention and everyone readied their instruments. Behind Mr. Gilles, outside the window set in the door of the classroom, someone poked their head up and pointed around. Nathan brought his trumpet up to his lips, took a breath, and then the world flipped.

In an instant his perspective shifted to the other side of the classroom. And he had a flute to his lips. He dropped the flute to his lap and several realizations hit him at once: his legs were now feminine and smooth and poking out from shorts that seemed too small to cover him, his fingers were slim with glossy fingernails, and his shirt protruded from his chest, the fabric loosely draped over what he realized were two smallish breasts. Nathan recognized the shorts, the shirt, the legs, the breasts—he'd just been fantasizing about them. He was in Christen's body. With a sharp intake of breath his hands flew up to his face to feel the smooth skin, high cheekbones and pert, little nose of his crush.

He turned this way and that, wisps of hair falling over his ears to look around the room. Gasps and cries filled the air as everyone took in their new bodies, seeming to be in a similar state of shock as Nathan.

Dave stood up and tried to quiet the room down, 'Everyone. Everyone, let me have your attention. I don't know what's happened but we need to stay calm. I'm Mr. Gilles.'

Beside Nathan, Lisa groaned quietly, 'Ugh, that's my body.'

'Dave?' Nathan whispered as Mr. Gilles continued to try to quiet the room.

Dave turned to Nathan, Lisa's dark eyebrows raised questioningly. 'Who are you?'

'I'm Nathan,' Nathan pointed to himself, his finger accidentally poking the soft breast underneath his shirt and he pulled it away in alarm.

Lisa's face lit up, her eyes crinkling in delight, 'You got lucky, huh? I guess I did, too.' Dave rubbed the soft arms of Lisa's body. 'I never realized Lisa was such a fox.'

Mr. Gilles's body stepped up and looked at Nathan, 'That's my body. Who are you?' His shaky voice gave away his apparent calm demeanor.

'I'm Nathan.'

'Well, I'm glad it's a friend in there and not, like, Dave or someone.'

A tiny cough from Lisa's body. 'I'm Dave.'

'I just meant...you know-'

She was saved from formulating an answer by the approach of Jason, one of the trombone players, who looked at Dave. 'Who are you please?' he asked in a Japanese accent. It could only be Lisa in that body, because Jason was possibly the most redneck kid in school.

'Dave,' he said again, 'Now that we've all been introduced-'

Another interruption as Mr. Gilles, in Dave's body, stepped up to his old body while at the same time three other students came up to Jason's body, all of them apparently part of a sequence of switching that left them all mixed up. In the ensuing commotion Dave grabbed Nathan's slender hand and weaved through the crowd to slip unnoticed out the door to the inner hallway.

Several sound-proof practice rooms stood open. Dave pulled Nathan into one and closed the door.

'What are we doing?' Nathan asked, Christen's voice spilling from his lips.

'I'm not standing around out there sorting shit out all day.' Nathan had never heard Lisa swear before, he wasn't even sure she knew how to swear in English. 'Not when I've got the chance of a lifetime right here.'

He tugged his shirt over his head and looked down at his partially undressed body, his jet black hair in a bob framed his slim Asian features. He whistled as he cupped the white, cotton bra that covered his two small breasts.

He shook them up and down at Nathan. 'Do you like these titties?' he asked in a grotesque mockery of a Japanese accent, 'Me love you long time. Much sucky suck.'

He doubled over with laughter, Lisa's face twisted in a huge smile, her hands still squeezing her breasts. 'Oh, shit dude, this is awesome.'

'That's so wrong and also really, really...not right. What if she was doing that in your body?'

'Whatever. I've got Mr. Gilles in my body, a man with a stick so far up his ass I'm surprised it doesn't come out his mouth. And I've got this.'

He pushed up his breasts again.

'This isn't right,' Nathan began, but Dave shushed him, holding one slender finger up to Christen's lips.

'I know how much you like Christen, how much you fantasize about her. You're in her body now, isn't it driving you crazy just standing there? When you can smell her? When you can touch her?'

Dave reached behind Nathan's head and gently brought Christen's long hair to Nathan's nose. Nathan inhaled deeply, closing his eyes as the scent of her invaded his being. When he was himself, just the merest tantalizing whiff was enough to make Christen linger in his thoughts for hours. Now that he was in her, in her scent, her essence, his desire was amplified.

He didn't resist as Lisa's body slipped him out of Christen's top, revealing the gentle slope of his chest, the two silky breasts disappearing beneath his white bra, framed by his auburn hair. As Dave drew close and the two women kissed, Christen's soft lips against Lisa's own, the taste of Lisa's bubblegum lipstick on Nathan's lips. Dave aggressively slipped Lisa's tongue into Nathan's mouth, tasting Christen with his urgent explorations, wrapping Lisa's slender arms around him and pulling them close, their breasts pressed together as Nathan slowly melted, hyper-aware of every inch of his sensual body and the warmth unfolding from between his legs.

Lisa's hands slid behind Nathan to unclip his bra. Christen's breasts fell free, the cool air sending tiny shivers of expectation through him. Dave kissed Nathan's breasts, Lisa's lips soft and hot on Nathan's sensitive nipples, Lisa's hair tickling Nathan's bare stomach. Nathan closed his eyes and ran his fingers through his long hair as Lisa's mouth continued suckling, her other hand rising to grasp Christen's other breast roughly. Nathan brought Christen's hair to his nose again, her silky hair

covering his face as he inhaled deeply. Christen's scent surrounded him, her body warming to his thoughts and Dave's touch, as turned on by the thought of who he was as to what they were doing in these bodies, controlling them, making Lisa and Christen do things to each other they never imagined.

Dave dropped to his knees and unbuttoned Christen's pants, hastily tugging them down—and Christen panties with them. Nathan looked down at his slender body, the trim, dark triangle of hair between Christen's legs—his now!—as Lisa's mouth slipped over the waiting emptiness between Nathan's feminine legs. Nathan took a step back and felt the cold wall against his butt. Lisa's body followed, her tongue making broad strokes over the course hair of Nathan's new pubes, stoking the heat already coursing through his body and he grew wet. He ran Christen's hands over her own breasts, stroking, massaging, pinching her nipples, urging the heat onwards, filling him with a rising urgency.

A jolt of electricity as Lisa's tongue found Christen's center and Nathan gasped, light and feminine, at the sudden intensity. Lisa licked him harder, deeper, sucking Christen's tender clit, making Nathan cry out as a small wave of pleasure burned through him. Lisa continued sucking, pushing Christen's body higher, up and up and pleasure tore through Nathan and he cried out again and again in a voice pitched high with unconstrained longing, his new body wracked with orgasm, his thighs wet with his own pleasure until a wave of ecstasy rolled over him, high and deep, and he was floating in a pleasure he'd never known. After a few seconds of ecstasy it slowly subsided, his hands still wandering over his sensitive body as he drifted down to earth.

Nathan opened his eyes and saw Lisa's face looking up at him, wet with Christen's juices and a hungry smile on her face.

'My turn,' Dave said, a twinkle in Lisa's eye. In a flash he'd unbuttoned Lisa's pants and removed her bra to stand naked, facing Nathan, her large, unruly bush already wet with desire.

'Lie down,' he commanded. Nathan obeyed meekly, still warm with desire and Dave straddled him, sliding Lisa's wet opening over Christen's face as her musky smell invaded Nathan's nose and he licked greedily, sucking in Lisa's essence as she rocked forward and back, fucking Christen's face and moaning gently. Lisa's salty tenderness forced into Christen's mouth as Nathan licked passionately, Christen's tongue deep inside her friend, their illicit passion pushing them on and Lisa began moaning louder, pushing down harder, burying Christen inside herself. Nathan was forced to drink in her juices and he guzzled greedily, grazing Lisa's clit gently with his teeth and she cried out again and again, her wet essence enveloping Nathan and he felt the orgasms literally rock her body until finally she slowed and slid backwards, her moistness leaving a trail along Nathan's slowly heaving bosom, her taste still in his mouth, in his nose, wet upon Christen's chin.

He looked up at Dave in Lisa's body and he looked back.

'What do you say we get out of here? Take these bodies out to the mall?'

'But, what if they change everybody back and we're not here?'

'Whatever, it will all work out. We've got these banging bodies, we should take advantage of them.'

'I think we already have.'

Dave snickered, Lisa's eyes wrinkling at the corners, 'True. But we could do so much more. Look, I'm going, you can come with me or not. If it helps you can tell yourself you're just keeping me out of trouble.'

It helped.

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About the Author

M. Wills is an erotic author who's always fantasized about what it's like to be in someone else's body. If you enjoyed this story, you can find similar stories and captioned images on the website www.BodySwapFiction.com.

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