

THE PRINCESS

proxy

A
F2F
BODY
SWAP
STORY

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The Princess Proxy

A F2F Body Swap Story

by M. Wills

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The Princess Proxy

It paid well. Significantly better than any other part time job on offer to a high school senior. So it was worth it, Allison mused, even if it did involve sign-up meetings like this one. For \$425 per assignment, it was even worth dealing with entitled assholes like Edward Manus.

He was currently scrutinizing her without even trying to hide his distaste. Probably people like Edward Manus thought they were too rich to bother with manners on the little people. Sinking back into the visitors chair, he protested disdainfully, “She’s a kid.”

“She is,” Greta, Allison’s boss, conceded and then launched into her sales pitch. “She’s also an honor roll student with a 4.0 GPA and two perfect SAT scores under her belt.”

Edward wasn't the type of person who was easily placated. “Your brochure mentions a Yale history professor, and you bring me this.” He flicked his wrist in Allison's general direction. “Why use a kid?”

Greta’s smile was practiced - a little conciliatory, a little condescending. “We have done this before, Mr. Manus. And we find, when dealing with high school academics, invariably the best proxies are other high school students. They understand what examiners are looking for and, just as importantly, are best able to mimic the personality and parlance of their hosts.”

Edward's brow wrinkled. “Show me her stats again.”

Greta handed him the printout: Allison's record as a proxy in stark black and white; all the aced tests, all the academic achievements, all the perfect scores.

"At the end of the day, Mr. Manus," Greta concluded, "there's no point dropping in a Rhode Scholar as a proxy and having them write a brilliant but clearly forged essay that simply raises suspicions. Your best guarantee of a clean result... is Allison."

Edward was still scanning the printout but now, at least, looking fractionally mollified. "For the money I'm paying I want the best. I always want the best." He turned his gaze back to Allison.

Allison tried her best to return his stare. She kept a pleasant smile on her face even though she felt like an object being examined and bartered over which, in a way, she was. Allison was distinctly conscious of her own appearance in the presence of someone who'd obviously spent more money on his own appearance than Allison would see in a year. Allison wasn't ugly, but she wasn't the prettiest girl in school. Even she admitted that 'plain' would be her most flattering descriptor. Her dark copper colored hair hung down across her shoulders and curled at the edges, slightly frizzy and nearly always unnameable. Her face was rather broad, with more chin than she would have wished to have given a choice, and a figure that was barely visible even beneath the tightest of clothes. She didn't turn any heads and was more often than not ignored, fading into the background.

"I promise you, you're getting the best with Allison," Greta assured. "With the added bonus that, as a student at the same school as your daughter, Allison already has a specific understanding of what each teacher is looking for and how best to ensure results."

Taking the sales pitch reins, Allison turned to Mr. Manus. “Every teacher has their foibles, sir, and the best results come from knowing and exploiting them. Brianna’s history teacher is Mr. Kern. He has an unconscious bias for format over content. Give him good, solid essay structure and he barely looks at anything else. And he’s giddy for classical historians. Throw in a Herodotus quote or two, maybe a little Thucydides, and he’ll practically gift wrap an A for you.”

Edward stared at her for a beat, expressionless, which seemed to Allison to be a big step up from the sneer he'd had on his face ever since he walked in the door. He dropped the printout back on Greta’s desk. “Very well. Let's draw up the contract.”

Allison suppressed the urge to sigh, unsure whether to be thankful or disappointed. \$425 was, obviously, a seriously good payout for a two-hour job. But she wasn’t entirely certain it made up for helping Brianna Manus (possibly the most vapid and entitled bitch ever to parade the halls of Elmore High) ace a history exam.

Her resentment still bubbled the next day as she stood in the school hallway and watched Brianna saunter towards her, soft, blonde hair and perfect boobs bouncing with every step.

On the up side, at least Brianna seemed as put out by the situation as Allison was. Brianna didn’t bother with a hello, just demanded, “Are you Allison?”

Refraining from pointing out that they’d had classes together four years straight, Allison stuck to simply nodding.

Brianna scanned her once from head to toe and announced, “I can’t believe you’re doing this to me.”

“Umm,” Allison put her hands up defensively, “Just doing my job here.”

“Well, it’s fucking creepy.”

“Look, your dad hired me,” Allison sighed, “so, if you’ve got an issue with—”

Brianna cut her off, mention of her dad seemingly grinding her to a halt. “Let’s just get it over with.” Swatting a blonde curl away from her face, she demanded, “How does this work?”

“All the details and parameters are pre-programmed. We just tap hands to initiate the proxy.”

Brianna shifted uncomfortably. “Will it hurt?”

“No, might be a little disorientating for a moment but it’s momentary.”

“And how do we make it stop?”

“Same thing,” Allison explained, “we just tap hands. I’ll meet you in the library after the exam and—”

“Ok, fine. Let’s just...” Brianna held out her hand, then added nervously. “I can’t believe I’ve gotta go through with this.”

Allison didn’t bother responding, just reached out and tapped Brianna’s hand.

There was a satisfying thump to it, a solid sense of landing and an immediate awareness of the nuances of the new body. Every person, she had learned, felt a little different. Blood pumped at a different pace, lungs filled to a different depth, muscles clenched and stretched in their own unique rhythm. A million little things varied—balance, senses, agility—but, in her experience, every single body had a defining trait.

Brianna’s body immediately felt willowy - long, slim and supple. Allison ran inventory, casting about for the right description. Her rib cage felt too narrow, her features too delicate, her limbs too long. Her hair, gently curling over her shoulders, was too fine and too soft. She felt ornamental. Everything from her porcelain skin to her precariously perky tits. She felt like a performance piece; like the good china, too precious to for everyday use.

“Ugh.”

A voice interrupted Allison’s musing and she turned to look at her own body.

Brianna, looking thoroughly ungainly in her switched skin, said, “Is the head spinning normal?”

“Yeah,” Allison said, getting a feel for her new vocal cords and the way her new voice seemed so much cuter than her old. “Should pass in a second or two.”

Brianna slumped against the wall and asked, “You don’t feel dizzy?”

“Nah.” Allison shook her head and was momentarily distracted by a soft curl falling over her eye. “I’m used to it.”

And she was used to it. Fifteen proxy jobs in the past two months: two SATs exams, a bunch of tests, and an interview for a scholarship program. She didn’t even find the body switch shocking anymore; just another body, another job, another exam to dominate.

Brianna looked down at her new body and wrinkled her nose. “Gross. I don’t want to be here a minute longer than necessary.” The ringing bell announced it was time for class. Brianna pushed off the wall, still a little unsteady in her bland body and stated categorically, “You’d seriously better nail this exam.”

It was almost funny seeing her own body threaten her.

Allison snorted, finding contempt a little closer to the surface than usual - Brianna’s brain chemistry making its presence felt. “It’s a twelfth grade history exam. I think I got it.”

Truth be told, she could write twelfth grade history papers in her sleep. The only actual challenge involved was carefully modulating the essay to be a guaranteed A and yet still, conceivably, the work of Brianna's lackluster mind. It was a juggling act: tweaking vocab, holding back a few details, and inserting a sentence or two with markers that reeked of Brianna's voice. Brianna's stupid girly penmanship did add an air of authenticity... even if it was seriously lacking in dignity. Allison hadn't been able to hold back the snicker when muscle memory informed her that the girl even signed her name with a little star on the 'i' in Brianna.

She glanced up at the clock as she finished the paper, noting there were still twenty minutes left. For as long as she could, she made an effort to look busy, to look for all the world like a typically mediocre student writing the best essay of her academic life. But, as the clock ticked away, she became aware of the guy next to her, Mark Thompson (smart, cute, popular, loaded parents who didn't seem to mind that their son hosted parties every time they were out of town). And he was, she noted, currently partially turned around in his seat, with his eyes on Allison's—well, Brianna's—legs.

Allison followed his line of sight and looked down. Her short skirt had hitched up, her crossed legs pulling the fabric taut and revealing a long stretch of perfectly smooth thigh. Mark's gaze was lazy and appreciative, slowly wandering across the revealed flesh. Allison felt her blood warm ever so slightly - the subtle, unexpected flush of attention creeping across her skin.

Keeping her eyes on her essay, she shifted uneasily in her chair, unused to the attention and unsure how to react. His gaze was blatant now, unwavering and eager. And she moved, unbidden, slowly uncrossing her legs and letting them fall apart ever so slightly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the corner of Mark's mouth curl up into a hint of a grin.

Looking up and carefully avoiding Mark's eye, she peered around the room, making a show of pausing for thought before returning to her essay. A picture of innocence, seemingly oblivious to his leering.

The other students in the room were still, studious and silent, no one paying the least bit of attention to Mark's smirk. So she opened her legs wide, curling her calves around the chair legs and feeling the cool air of the air conditioned classroom on her inner thighs.

She wondered what Mark could see. What color panties was Brianna wearing? Were they lacy or plain? They felt smooth against her pussy but were they cotton or satin? Safe or slutty?

Whatever he was looking at, Mark was clearly enjoying the view. In her peripheral vision, she watched his eyes widen and body tense. She let the seconds tick by, let him look his fill, aware there was absolutely no justification for exposing Brianna... and, at the same time, reveling in the rare opportunity to make a guy like Mark pant. A guy who wouldn't even know she was alive before was now practically drooling over her.

"Alright, pens down." The teacher's voice cut through the silence and Allison slowly closed her legs. She watched with a hint of a grin as Mark turned back around in his seat, reaching under the desk to adjust what was (she assumed from his slightly pained expression) a pretty solid chunk of wood.

And then she chastised herself. It had been a momentary and moronic risk. If Mark ever said anything to Brianna, if Brianna mentioned it to her dad, if Mr Manus brought it up with Greta... That was the end of Allison's job. Still marveling at her lack of discipline, she gathered up her Brianna's pens and headed for the door.

* * *

Brianna had headed straight to the library after the switch, determined to find a completely secluded corner in which to hide for the duration. The last thing she wanted to deal with—on top of the gross indignity of her dad actually hiring some rando nerd to sit her frickin history test—was to have to pretend to be said rando nerd to cover up the switch.

Turns out, she hadn't really needed to hide. No one came near her. In fact, no one so much as looked at her for two hours straight. Rando nerds were apparently pretty much invisible. So she'd just sat in library basically staring into space, unable to use her phone or even check her Instagram because (as her dad had pointed out three times, like she was a total imbecile) she wasn't supposed to leave any evidence that the girl in the history classroom wasn't her.

She was bored out of her mind, staring around at all the stupid books and with nothing to do. She contemplated the unfairness of the whole thing, let herself steep in the bitter resentment. Her dad hadn't even bothered asking permission; he'd just announced one night during dinner that he'd got a tip from a colleague about some cutting-edge tech. Something new and hush-hush - a company guaranteeing exam results for the select few in the know (and able to pay).

A few cursory details thrown her way. A few lectures on what was going to happen. And then boom - this. Dumped in a lump of a body while Miss 4.0 GPA took her test.

Most galling was the fact that was that it wasn't even like she was failing History. But B's, she knew, weren't good enough for Edward Manus. Clearly,

her recent spate of B minuses—coming not long after her announcement that she wanted to go to UC Santa Barbara—had sent her dad into a tailspin. Edward Manus (Stanford alum and Senior Executive Development Engineer at SC Tech) clearly wasn't happy about his only child attending 'that fucking kindergarten on the coast.'

And he'd taken steps.

Which left her here.

So, in what she knew was a pretty transparent 'fuck you, Dad,' she opened up her Instagram account and spent the last five minutes left before the bell looking at pics of hot Scandinavian dudes in saunas. After all, it wasn't like anyone would ever check her browser history and question who took the test - her frickin body was sitting there in class for all to see. That was the whole point of this high-tech, high-cost, low-dignity charade. And, fuck it, she was going to look at Insta.

A voice cut through her Scandi-appreciation sesh. "Hi."

She looked up from a pic of Erik (a built Norwegian with a piercing blue eyes) and at her own body standing in front of her. Thanking various gods (Norwegian and otherwise) that this ordeal was almost over.

She demanded, "The test?"

Allison shrugged, a move that looked clunky and foreign in Brianna's body.
"Got you an A."

"Ok. Good." Brianna stood up, properly registering the differences in her borrowed body for the first time. Allison's body felt compact... squat even. She wasn't fat, just sorta solid - only a smidge above five foot with a build that edged towards stocky. It was, Brianna decided, a lump of a body, too cumbersome to bother lugging around and with no hidden beauty there to uncover. It was a nothing body.

Allison stuck out her hand. "We switch back now. You— and your dad actually, since he's the account holder—just need to sign the contract, stating that you're happy with the results of the proxy and we're done."

Brianna gladly extended her hand. "Fine."

She slapped Allison's hand and the universe righted herself.

* * *

Allison had learned early on - proxy jobs required a little recovery time. The human mind was not really built to cope with the enormity of shifting to an entirely different shell. It had gotten easier, the more she'd done it, but it still took a day or two to re-find her equilibrium after a switch. And yet, for some reason, two full days after her latest proxy, the effects of switching with Brianna were lingering.

Perhaps, it was because, for the first time, the switch had been with someone she vaguely knew, someone she still saw every day. Someone with a locker four down. Someone who walked the school halls trailed by her adoring acolytes. Someone with a body that, for the first time, Allison had actually found intriguing. Someone who paraded her flawless skin and perfect body past Allison with almost painful regularity.

Or perhaps it was lingering guilt - the suspicion that, any day now, Brianna would ask why Mark Thompson had got a look at her panties.

Whatever it was, she found she couldn't stop looking at Brianna. She kept looking for her in the crowd. Allison could feel her eyes roving over Brianna's body—remembering the sculpted perfection of it; remembering the details - the curl of her plump lower lip, the soft, smooth skin of her thighs and the jutting weight of her boobs—and being unable to stifle the little flare of jealousy.

Which is why she found herself hovering in the school bleachers after school that day, ostensibly writing a grant application but, really, watching cheer practice. Specifically, she knew, she was watching Brianna - watching her flex and bounce and giggle. And then, after a while, she was watching Brianna flirt, because Rex Branson—golden boy QB with D1 college prospects and the kind of face that, apparently, reduced even an ice princess-y girl like Brianna to mush—had wandered past the cheerleaders, pausing to chat to Bri.

Allison watched Brianna smile at him and reach over to touch his arm for emphasis. Her fingers lingered, trailing just for a moment over the swell of Rex's bicep.

Rex leaned in, his hand landing lightly on her waist, and whispered something in Brianna's ear that curled her smile into something anticipatory and sly. Pulling

away, Rex jogged after his teammates, casting a quick grin back at Brianna as he went.

Allison became aware that she'd given up any pretense of doing work; she was now just staring down at Brianna, eyes fixed. She was still surprised, however, when Brianna glanced up at the bleachers and their eyes met. Brianna apparently knew she was there. Was the switch still affecting her too? Was she as aware of Allison as Allison was of her?

In the next second, she had her answer - apparently not.

Brianna didn't acknowledge her, just turned and went back to cheer practice, clearly completely unfazed by Allison's presence.

Allison sighed and tried to drag her mind back to the Google doc in front of her. Another day, another grant application. She had a full ride college scholarship already lined up, but she still needed cash for living expenses. And it wasn't like her Dad's measly (and recently intermittent) salary as a long haul trucker was going to keep her in food and lab fees. So she dug back into her application, carefully trying to emphasize both her precarious financial situation and academic achievements.

She wondered briefly how the grant committee would feel if she just told the truth: I'm currently so desperate for cash that I loan out my brain, temporarily hopping into the bodies of rich asshole seniors and helping them cheat their way into decent colleges.

But the truth, she knew from bitter personal experience, rarely yielded financial

results. She stuck with what worked when begging for money (part sob story, part sales pitch) and wrapped up the application.

Glancing up from her work she watched Brianna finish up cheerleading practice, saying her goodbyes to the other girls before pausing by the edge of the football field to take a call. Allison couldn't hear the words but could track the progress of the phone conversation from Brianna's changing expressions: calm, then pleading, then pissed, and then finally resigned.

Hanging up the phone, Brianna did the inexplicable: walked across to the bleachers and climbed up, stopping and dropping to sit on a bench a little ways from Allison. Voice flat, she announced, "You aced the history test."

"Um...good?" Allison tried warily, already suspecting that Brianna was not exactly overjoyed at the fact.

Brianna simply glared, her beautiful blue eyes dangerously dark. "My dad wants to talk to you."

* * *

At least Brianna's dad had actually bothered to bring her to the meeting at the proxy place this time. Although, clearly, he wasn't particularly interested in letting her contribute.

Brianna tried anyway, interrupting her dad's conversation with the sales lady—

Greta or something—to point out, “Dad, I really don’t need any more help. I can just study extra hard this week, hit the books and—”

“I’m afraid we’re a bit beyond that, Brianna.” Her dad didn’t look up from the pamphlet in his hand. “If you were going to hit the books, perhaps the best time for that would’ve been before you brought home a B- in chemistry.”

“But, I can—”

“Can you match Allison’s test scores?”

“No.”

His expression was immutable. “So you agree this is the best option?”

“I guess,” she murmured. Arguing with her dad over anything to do with school was futile. The man was pretty much a legit genius whose idea of a leisure activity was finding holes in his co-worker's coding. And that meant he had zero sympathy for the fact that, sometimes, cheering and a social life had to take precedence over her studying.

And he was now turning back to Greta. “Can we work out some sort of package deal? We are talking about four separate exams this week, plus all the homework.”

Greta smiled. “As I’m sure you can understand, Mr Manus, the bulk of our billing is to cover the expense of the swaps themselves. Unless you’re interested in the longer-term proxy, I’m afraid there’s little I can do to reduce—”

Brianna watched her dad’s eyes light up as he interrupted to ask, “What’s longer term?”

“I can offer you an excellent rate on a week-long proxy,” Greta suggested.

Brianna opened her mouth to protest but a silencing glare from her dad made her slump back in her seat.

A week. A fucking week! Two hours had been bad enough... but a fucking week!

Brianna could feel her anger ready to boil over but she just managed to hold her tongue as her dad focused his attention on the lump of nerd, giving her (the lumpy nerd - Allison) the third degree: Was she as strong in math as she was history? Stronger - great! Could she handle a week-long proxy assignment? Four exams in five days? Plus rewrite a back-log of ‘subpar’ (her dad’s word) homework?

Then he turned to Greta and asked the question that Brianna knew would seal her fate for the next week: “How much?”

And that was it.

Her role in the scheme was as straightforward as it was depressing. For one week she had to live in the lump of nerd. Had to go home every night to the lump of nerd's (probably skeevy) house. Had to promise not to tell a soul about the switch. Had to promise—under contractual threat of serious financial and legal penalty—not to harm the body, welfare or reputation of the lump. Had to—for all intents and purposes—be the lump of nerd.

In exchange, the lump would ace her tests, do her homework, submit her extra credit assignments, and schmooze her teachers. Not to mention, sleep in her bed, eat at her dining table and drive her car.

Well, Brianna summarized, twenty minutes later, as she walked out of the proxy office in the lump's body: fuck.

She climbed into the lump's shitty Hyundai and scanned the document Greta had handed her - four pages of a signed contract covered with legal fine print, plus bullet point details of the lump's shitty life. At least, it turned out, she wouldn't have to deal with parents for a week. The lump's mom was apparently long gone and her dad was a trucker (natch!) and he was on the road for the next ten days. But that wasn't a lot of compensation for having to drive to the seriously crappy neighborhood the lump called home.

It bore repeating - fuck.

Putting the key in the ignition—and who the hell still had a frickin car key anyway?—Brianna let herself enjoy the one point of victory in this whole mess. Her brainiac dad had grounded her for a week for getting a B- in chem... and he had just effectively hired the lump to serve the sentence. It was a small victory

but it was all she had, so she clung to it.

* * *

Allison had never done it before, never switched into a body for a second time. There wasn't the usual sense of foreignness, wasn't the swift need to inventory the body and learn its nuances. Instead there was just the rush of the landing, the thrill of inhaling in her own body and exhaling in another. There had been something new, though. A slight tautness in Brianna's muscles (a hangover from cheer practice presumably) that hinted at the strength lurking in her willowy frame. This body was lean and delicate, but there was clearly strength under the surface.

Also new was the thrill (the little tingle of satisfaction) at get this body back. And the strange anticipatory quiver born of knowing that she had a week alone with it.

She'd driven home (well, to Brianna's home) in a daze, careful not to ding the Brianna's brand new Beemer, trying to wrap her head around the new assignment. There were elements that were routine (pass exams, do homework, wow teachers) but there were also elements that were entirely foreign. She had to walk, talk and live like Brianna, had to get her dressed, eat her food, take her showers, hang out with her friends. Strange, intimate details that seemed completely implausible and awkward.

Most daunting was that she'd signed legal documents pledging as a proxy to 'act in a manner in keeping with the typical behavior of the host body' and to 'maintain the reputation and routine of the host.' Despite the 22 separate stipulations in the contract, there was surprisingly little elucidation. What exactly constituted typical behavior? For that matter... what the hell was Brianna's

routine? Allison suspected it probably involved torturing the less fortunate and watching Youtube makeup tutorials 24/7. Was she contractually obligated to care about bronzer? To watch Real Housewives? To ignore the existence of anyone without a trust fund?

And it wasn't like Brianna's dad seemed particularly interested in helping her acclimate. He'd greeted her at the door when she'd arrived at Brianna's, confirmed she had the essentials (house keys, Brianna's phone, knowledge of the house alarm code, and passwords for Brianna's school login) and then pointed her upstairs to Brianna's room. Apparently, as long as she nailed the academics, he'd didn't much care about the rest. It showed such spectacular parental negligence, that Allison had actually felt her first ever twinge of sympathy for Brianna. Brianna's dad was, evidently and irrefutably, a shit.

But he did provide a nice house.

Allison climbed the stairs, absorbing the screaming evidence of wealth around her. Everything was on a scale that begged to be noticed: the massive rooms, the cutting edge tech, the statement art pieces. It all reeked of financial confidence and was a stark contrast to Allison's own living situation. She got the feeling Brianna and her dad never debated whether it was preferable to cut off the cell phones or the cable. Walking past a sculpture she suspected could pay her dad's rent for a year, she decided it was equally unlikely they had ever discussed the long term implications of the loss of dental coverage.

Allison had formed a pretty good mental picture of what Brianna's room would look like and she was not disappointed. It was palatial. Plush and painted a deep peacock blue. Whoever Brianna had hired to decorate it had leaned pretty hard on the harem aesthetic: piles of pillows, acres of fabric and soft lighting. Opening adjoining doors at random, she found a bathroom, a private balcony and a dressing room heaving with expensive clothes and what was, she assumed, a shrine to shoes.

Feeling somewhat overawed, she decided to simply focus on the job - fix Brianna's grades. Determined to get some of the homework backlog out of the way, she went in search of Brianna's computer, eventually locating a Macbook under a copy of British Vogue and a pair of pink and black panties that somehow managed to straddle the aesthetic between sophisticate and streetwalker. Allison tossed the panties aside—expensive lace and lurid colors (Brianna's entire persona summed up in underwear form) sailing across the room—and got to work on rewriting an overdue biology assignment.

And then Brianna's phone chimed with a text:

REX: Still grounded?

Allison flicked a thumb across Brianna's phone and went to the messages. There was a long string of conversations between Rex and Brianna. Apparently they'd been flirting for some time. Allison decided to reply with something innocuous.

Yeah. Who even cares about grades anyway?

REX: I missed you after school. :(

You too.

REX: So....about that thing we talked about. Can I get a pic of your tits?

Allison chortled. Was this really happening? She quickly skimmed the message history and found, sure enough, Brianna had hinted that she would send some pics of her tits Rex's way. Allison considered her contractual obligation to 'act in a manner in keeping with the typical behavior of the host body' and to 'maintain the reputation and routine of the host'. In the end, the memory of her flashing her panties was too much. Still, thought, it was nice to flirt.

Why does the girl always have to send pics? She texted, When do I get my dick pic? :p

There was no response for a minute. The next time her phone dinged there it was: a picture of Rex Branson's cock. Holy shit! She stared at it, both intrigued and appalled. It filled his underpants, apparently at half mast and looked dangerous, like a snake waiting to strike. She wondered what it would be like to hold in her hands. Would it feel big? Heavy? What would it feel like to stoke it? To listen to Rex groan appreciatively? To have it inside her?

Allison couldn't concentrate on the homework in front of her, not with her thoughts twisting towards desire and her panties growing damp. She managed to text back: Mmmm, yummy. Then she slid her skirt down her legs and pressed her fingers against Brianna's dampening white panties. Her panties, like everything else about Brianna, were lacy and intricately feminine. As she pressed her fingers against the sheer fabric she saw the indentations of the lips of her pussy and the short blonde pubic hair surrounding it.

Fuck, she'd never done this in anyone else's body. She'd never had the urge to. But there was something about Brianna's perfect legs, her smooth golden skin, that called to Allison. Allison pressed harder against her panties, rubbing slowly as warmth began filling her. She looked back at the picture of the phone, imagined Rex's thick cock sliding against her.

Allison couldn't hold back any longer. She yanked her panties down and gaped down at Brianna's perfectly trimmed pussy. A little triangle of blonde hair pointed down to her delicate opening. Allison pressed her fingers lightly into herself, watched the lips of her pussy wrap around her finger, felt the gentle pressure on her rapidly swelling bud.

Allison bit her plump lip, smelling Brianna's flowery scent, tasting Brianna's cherry lipstick. Her body was divine, a ticking bomb ready to explode. Allison continued stroking herself, hypnotized by the sight of her hands fingering Brianna, the sight of Brianna's pussy lips growing engorged, sliding open to reveal glimpses of the pink folds within. Allison slid her fingers down into her dew and spread it up against her bud, rubbing faster now, her fingers moving in time with the rhythm of her body.

Her breath came hard, breasts heaving as she bent over herself, the tangy scent of Brianna's musk filling her nose as she rubbed faster, circled her clit harder, harder, until a brilliant explosion of pleasure took her breath away. She hovered there, her body freed with release for a moment, before coming back down to earth, if anything even hornier than before.

She slipped two fingers into Brianna, fingering her hard and rough. There was something delicious about pounding her fingers into Brianna's cunt, something wonderful about being so brutal with herself, torturing this mean-spirited princess even as it made her vibrate with pleasure. A deep, husky moan of need escaped Allison's lips as she dug her fingers into her new body. Her fingers were slick with her wetness and she curled them up deep, deep inside her, pounding into her center, the thumb pressed hard against her clit until the pleasure exploded through her once more. This time it was total, her whole body shaking as she bit her lip to muffle her high pitched cries. The pleasure filled every inch of her body, an earthquake she'd never experienced before.

She came down slowly, shaking slightly, excited at what she'd just done in her borrowed body. Allison withdrew Brianna's fingers from herself, marveled at her wet stickiness, at the breadth and depth of Brianna's pleasure.

The week just got a whole lot better.

* * *

They (her dad, Greta and Allison) had all agreed that the simplest thing was for Brianna to lay low for a week at school. Under no circumstances was she to open her mouth in class or attempt anything academic - just turn up for class, keep quiet and submit work completed in advance by Allison.

She had wondered how she was supposed to deal with Allison's friends but, as it turned out, that wasn't a problem; Allison didn't have friends. There were a few hardcore nerds who mumbled at her between classes but no one actually in her life. Clearly, Allison's life revolved around schoolwork and her job as a test cheater. She even had two sad little charts tacked up on her bedroom wall that kinda said it all: one counting down the days until college and one tracking the slowly increasing balance of her college fund bank account.

Following Allison's routine was beyond dull but, far worse Brianna had slowly discovered, was just simply lugging around Allison's body. She was solid, her center of gravity far too low. And she was completely inflexible, hard to maneuver and tedious to look at. It wasn't even that she was a total dog, she was just absolutely nothing special. Nothing at all. No features worth looking at or trying to enhance. Hair - boring brown. Skin - fine. Eyes - dull sorta blue-ish color. Body - totally forgettable. She'd taken to closing her eyes while getting dressed and showering, anything to blot out the total blah-ness of her new form. She had zero interest in seeing Allison naked and, despite herself, was growing

used to her new form. Sometimes, while engaged in yet another YouTube video, she forgot she was in it for minutes at a time.

For three days, Brianna simply survived. Went to school, went home to Allison's crappy apartment, and then went back to school the next morning. She walked the school halls ghost-like and insignificant; not a part of the school, not a member of any group or club or anything communal, just a lump moving through the crowd.

She was used to contributing, used to being part of the cheer squad, used to being part of social group that lived in each other's lives. She missed the group text chains, missed the synchronicity of cheer practice, missed human contact, missed just being visible and included. Which is why, on day four, she scraped together a passable outfit from Allison's painfully limited closet and headed out the door.

Under normal circumstances, Brianna rarely attended Mark Thompson's parties—too many high school juniors puking in the pool and nowhere near enough cute college guys—but she'd heard a rumor that Rex and his crew were going to show, so she was willing to make an exception. Not that she could actually do anything with Rex under the current circumstances but, after four days of solitude, she was happy enough just to be near people who knew how to party.

Parking Allison's crappy car, she headed round the back of the house, through the gate and past the poolhouse. The usual crowd was spread out across the patio: the popular kids, a bunch of the footballer players, and a couple of the cheerleaders - the social elite of Elmore High with drinks in hand. Scanning the group, Brianna spotted her bestie, Tia, lounging under a cabana. Starved of human contact and not stopping to consider, she headed over and sank into the chair next to Tia. "Hey, girl."

“Umm.” Tia shot her a look that was midway between pity and contempt. “Hey.” The greeting was mostly a question - an unmistakable ‘Why the fuck are you talking to me?’

Brianna felt the blood rushing to her face, suddenly aware of just out of place she looked. For a moment, the temptation to tell Tia everything was overwhelming. But, as she opened her mouth to let it all pour out—her father’s plotting, the agony and isolation of spending a week trapped in the body of a nobody—she remembered the detailed contract she’d signed, the one she’d initialed in eleven direction places indicating that she wouldn’t reveal any details of the proxy under penalty of legal action and massive financial penalties.

She closed her mouth; her dad would kill her if she got him embroiled in a legal mess.

Tia pivoted sharply to talk to one of the other cheerleaders, a pointed move that left Brianna looking at Tia’s back. Humiliated, Brianna stood and headed for the den. She might be a social pariah now but at least she still knew where Mark’s parents kept the liquor.

She made a jack and coke, defiantly using real coke; it wasn’t like she had to deal with the consequences of the calories. Knocking it back, she made another and headed back into the party. Tia might not be willing to talk to her but there were fifty people scattered through the house; she was going to have a fucking conversation if it killed her.

It was odd, she reflected an hour later, how the visceral meaning of a phrase had to be felt to be properly understood. Brianna had never given much thought to the expression ‘cold shoulder’ before but now she felt the chill of it in her bones. It wasn't that anyone was cruel, exactly; it was just that they were devoid of

warmth. She'd appear at the edge of a conversation, and they—her friends, ones she'd known for years; girls she'd comforted through break-ups and pregnancy scares, and guys who'd worshiped her and begged for attention—turned away, uninterested and unwilling.

The third jack and coke was comforting.

The fourth was a mistake.

She was alone, back in the den, halfway down a drink she really didn't need when Mark turned up. Glaring, he demanded, "What the fuck are you doing in here? This room's off limits."

It was the icing on the shitcake of the evening. Last time she was in this house, Mark had personally invited her into the den and made a big show of offering her anything she wanted from the liquor cabinet. Now he was booting her from the room like she was nothing.

He looked her over. "Look, we both know you're crashing, so can you, like, get out before I have to—"

"Fine! Just give me a minute." Suddenly, there were tears pressing against the backs of her eyes. Being thrown out was almost too humiliating to comprehend but she was not going to walk out through the house in tears.

"Uh...no." Mark responded with all the belligerence of a guy who'd spent most

of the evening doing shots. “This is my house, my party, and I sure as shit didn’t invite you.” He stepped closer and got in her face. “Get the hell out.”

It was so many different impulses at once: the desire not to be seen in tears, the craving for human touch, the clawing need to be wanted (even just for a few minutes), the necessity of calling the shots after days of simply acquiescing, the determination not to kowtow to someone like Mark Thompson... They all melded and drove her to act. So she reached over and ran her hand over his crotch, palming his dick through his jeans.

His eyes widened in shock and his voice turned breathless with disbelief. “What the fuck are you doing?”

She smiled, her first smile in this body. “I’m stroking your dick.”

“Jesus!” He took a step away, putting his arms up defensively. Running his eyes over her, he snickered disparagingly, “Oh my god! Do you seriously think I’d fuck someone like you?”

For a second, she faltered. Mark Thompson—renowned and indiscriminate man-whore—was backing away from her and calling her unfuckable. But the need for something, for some connection, was so great that she simply pitched her dignity aside and heard herself say, “Just let me blow you then?”

She hated that it came out sounding like a question, like a plea. It was so achingly pathetic that she couldn’t meet his eye... but it did make him stop moving away. So she played her advantage and stepped in closer. Not giving him time to react, she undid the button on his jeans.

His hand jumped out and stopped her as she reached for his zipper. His voice was quiet, steely. "But you don't tell a fucking soul, alright?"

She simply nodded and dropped to her knees on the carpet.

He put a hand under her chin, jerking her head up so she was forced to meet his eye as he added, "And you swallow."

It was so humiliating but after days of nothing at least this degradation made her feel something. Brianna yanked down his pants and was suddenly staring at his dick. Jesus, it wasn't even erect. She'd used to guys straining in their pants just from watching her stroll through the room, and now, face to face with a cock in this dishwater dull body, there was no reaction. The drinks she'd had caused her to sway forward, her nose pressing briefly up against Mark's warm dick.

She giggled and wrapped Allison's hand around the shaft, felt it jump beneath her touch. There was the longing she was after. She may have lost her looks, but she knew exactly what guys liked. She ran her fingers up and down the shaft, enjoying the heft as it grew in her hand, becoming more solid, the blood pulsing through the shaft until he was rock hard. The head of his dick pointed right at Brianna's lips. She had no compunctions about abusing Allison's body like this. In fact, the thought of forcing geeky little nobody Allison to suck off Mark Thompson was exciting. For the first time that week, she felt herself growing wet with arousal at the humiliation she was about to put Allison through.

Brianna kissed the head of Mark's cock, letting her lips linger over the tip, her hot breath concentrated just on the end. Then she held his cock with one hand and kissed her way down his shaft until her face was nestled in his curly bush.

Then she stuck out Allison's little pink tongue and licked her way back up the shaft slowly. Up and down she went, alternating between kissing and licking, teasing Mark, never breaking eye contact with him until the time she opened her lips and swallowed his dick.

Fuck, even more amazing than the taste was the attention. Mark was riveted, staring down at her as she sucked him off, Allison's lips sliding up and down his shaft, leaving a trail of saliva. Brianna had met prissy little Allison had never sucked a cock before and here she was giving Mark the blowjob of his life. She took her time, enjoying the spicy scent of him and the tangy taste of his dick as it slid over her tongue. She opened her mouth wide and took him all the way, pushing Allison's head down until the cock hit the back of her throat and her bulbous nose was pressed into Mark's pubes.

She held him there, fighting her gag reflex, as she sucked him, her tongue undulating softly against the underside of his shaft. Mark started moaning, "Fuck, yes," and Brianna took that as her cue to speed up. She released him and gazed up into his eyes once more, a strand of saliva still connecting her mouth to his cock, and then she went back down on him, faster, lips blowing him as his breath grew faster, faster, and then without warning his cock throbbed between her lips and he came. He groaned as he shot his load into her mouth and she gulped it down, drinking every spurt of the delicious creamy seed, moaning in satisfaction as she filled Allison's belly with Mark's hot cum.

When he was finally done she held him in her mouth for a few seconds more. Brianna was on fire now, her pussy wet with the humiliation she'd just forced Allison to endure. She pulled off Mark's cock and lay on her back on the floor. She thrust a hand down her pants and began fingering herself, hand rubbing across her wetness. She moaned, legs scissoring as her fingers found her nub and she pressed hard, arching her back. Her fingers slipped inside her tight little opening, thrusting hard and fast.

She heard a clicking noise and looked up to see Mark taking pictures of little Allison masturbating on the floor of his room. It only served to make Brianna that much hornier. God, she need to fuck herself, drive as hard as she could into her aching pussy. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth sinking deeper into this stupid, worthless body, wringing all the pleasure from her humiliation she could until she came once, a quick, hard orgasm that caused her to squeal, disappearing before she could really enjoy herself.

When she was done she opened her eyes. Mark was gone, no doubt running out to brag to his friends what had happened. By next week Allison's humiliation would be all over the school and she would be forbidden under serious penalty of ever revealing what had really happened. Brianna grinned at the thought as she pushed herself off the floor and wiped her sticky fingers on Allison's clothes. As for Brianna's own deeds, well, she hadn't actually told anyone what had happened. And who could ever prove that Allison wouldn't actually do any of this? No one knew her to defend her.

It was fucking perfect.

* * *

Allison had learned over the past few days that the academic side of being a long term proxy was the easy part; the real challenge was maneuvering through her host's private life. The academics were simplicity itself: a bunch of tests, some overdue assignments, some carefully negotiated extra credit work. Every day, she headed home to Brianna's house after school and ran through her completed work with Mr Manus. He'd read over her essays and chem papers with an expression that shifted between intellectual curiosity and smug satisfaction with his investment. It was almost pleasant actually, having a parental figure pore over her school work; her own dad hadn't bothered to look at any of her assignments since middle school.

The part that was actually taxing was negotiating the ins and outs of Brianna's daunting social life.

Underpinning everything was the need to return Brianna's body, reputation, and life back in good condition. After all, the final 50% of her proxy fee wouldn't be paid until after they swapped back and Brianna and her dad were satisfied that Allison had done her job - delivered the grades without causing damage to Brianna's life.

So it was a constant, exhausting juggling act.

Her solution, so far, had been to pretty much avoid all human contact for the past five days; turning up at school for Brianna's classes, hiding in the disused locker room next to the old gym during lunch and fleeing the campus the moment the final bell rang each day.

The problem was, simply avoiding everyone was far harder than she'd anticipated. Wherever she went in Brianna's body, people followed. It was like the entire student body was heliotropic and Brianna's body was the sun - students pivoted toward her as she moved through the halls, desperate for her notice and attention, desperate to talk about inane topics and invade her personal space. And Allison was rapidly running out of excuses for avoiding them all.

She'd already feigned illness (twice) and claimed that 'her' dad had both grounded her and barred her from social media. But still the requests to hang and the invites to parties appeared, and batting each one away (while trying to sound like Brianna) was becoming beyond stressful.

And it seemed her luck in ducking contact had officially run out, because Rex was heading down the hallway towards her. She'd been avoiding him—her experience with dealing with dudes who'd send her dick pics was limited, to say the least, and she didn't know how to act—but now he was heading straight for her. Quickly slamming her locker shut, she turned to scurry away but he scooted in front of her and jammed an arm either side of her, boxing her in against the lockers.

A grin teased at the corner of his mouth. “You’re avoiding me.”

She fumbled for a response. Something that wouldn't discourage him entirely—she had the feeling Brianna would not be pleased to return to her body and discover that Allison had scared off the guy she'd been flirting with—but something that would get her out of the immediate situation. “Umm, no, just... busy.”

His tone was indulgent. “Really?”

“Super busy.” She pushed back a golden lock that had fallen across one eye.

“See, I think, you’re trying to kill me?”

“What?”

He leaned in, his warm breath on her neck and his body an inch from hers.

“Because I can’t stop thinking about you, can’t stop picturing you. I’m so fucking horny for you I can’t think straight. I dream about you and wake up so hard I can barely see straight.”

He pressed closer, his chest almost flush against hers. “And you promised me a pic.” His lips grazed her neck before he added, his voice still silky and smiling, “Send it; I’m dying, Brianna.”

With that, he pulled back a little and dropped a kiss on her mouth—not long but weighted, determined and filled with promise—and then peeled away from her, grinning as he headed down the hall.

Her head fell back against her locker as she watched him walk away. She could feel her heartbeat racing, her breath hitching in her chest. Her whole body felt tight and antsy as she scrambled to get her breathing back control. She’d never been that kind of close to a guy before, never felt the weight of muscle up against her, never been near enough to catch the subtle scents on his skin - Dove, deodorant, and dude.

Involuntarily, her tongue peeked out and skimmed her lower lip, dragging over the spot that Rex—perfect, pretty, pouty-mouthed Rex!—had put his perfect, pretty, pouty mouth. And, for a moment, she let herself indulge the fantasy that maybe, just maybe, it would be ok to play along. To just drag Rex into the disused locker room and experience what it was actually like to have a guy dying to get into her pants. After all, she was supposed to be following Brianna’s routine, and it was pretty obvious from Brianna’s text history that dragging hot footballers with perfect jawlines and lickable abs into empty rooms was pretty much Brianna’s standard MO.

An angry female voice cut through her daydreaming. “What the fuck was that?”

One of the many rules Greta had outlined prior to the proxy was that Allison and Brianna should not be seen together during the swap. The last thing they needed was people questioning why the two were suddenly communicating. But Brianna clearly wasn't paying any attention to that rule. She reached over and grabbed Allison's hand, pulling her into an empty classroom and slamming the door behind them.

"Hey!" Allison yelped, "We're not supposed to interact."

Brianna looked ready to do bloody murder. "I don't care. What the hell were you doing with Rex?"

"Nothing."

"Really?" Brianna fumed. "Because I just saw you kissing him."

"No," Allison corrected, "he kissed me. What did you want me to do? Push him away?"

"Yes!"

"And say what?"

“Say...I don’t know,” Brianna stumbled for a moment, “something...anything.”

“See,” Allison pointed out, “not that easy.” Deciding the best defense was a good offense, she folded her arms and added, “And you should’ve told me you were seeing Rex. Given me some warning so I could figure out how to avoid—”

“Oh,” Brianna rolled her eyes contemptuously, “Come off it.”

“What?”

“Like you’d try to avoid him. Do you see yourself right now? All flushed and eager just because a boy finally touched you.” Brianna's expression turned hawkish and gleeful. “OMG, is that the first time you’ve been kissed?”

“No, I’ve been—”

“I’m not counting spin the bottle in middle school.”

Apparently, Allison realized, her silence was answer enough.

Brianna laughed. “Wow, that’s, like, the saddest thing I’ve ever heard.” Then her tone turned warning. “But it doesn’t change anything. This little sojourn in my body is not your chance to finally get to second base. You do not touch Rex. Understood?”

Allison nodded.

“Nothing to say?” Brianna asked with a smirk that looked even uglier on her borrowed face, clearly enjoying her victory.

Allison knew she should keep her mouth shut but getting slapped around by Brianna (a girl who, with every financial and physical advantage available to her, chose to spend her days engaging in petty cruelty and educational mediocrity) was more than she could take.

So she smirked back and said carefully, “Sorry, I was just shocked into silence by the fact that you used ‘sojourn’ back there correctly. All those tutoring sessions your daddy bought you really paid off didn’t they? Well... except for the fact that he’s having to pay someone else to sit your exams because you’re apparently too profoundly and embarrassingly stupid to—”

“I am not stupid,” Brianna hissed. “Just because I don’t dedicate my every waking hour to schoolwork doesn’t make me stupid. ”

Allison shrugged. “Your dad thinks you are.”

“My dad doesn’t think...” Brianna trailed off weakly, apparently unable to finish the rebuttal.

Allison went for the kill. “You should’ve seen him last night when I ran through

my test results this week. He was... What's the word I'm looking for... proud. Giddy even, to finally have a daughter with decent grades." She parroted back Brianna's words, "It was, like, the saddest thing I've ever seen."

Brianna was studying the floor and unnaturally quiet. Then her head popped back up and her expression was defiant once more. "Like you're so perfect."

"Never said I was perfect just..."

"Just better than me, right?" Brianna questioned.

Allison shrugged an elegant shoulder in response.

But Brianna clearly read her silent agreement because she responded, "Why? Because you aced the SATs? No one cares! Seriously, no one. No one even knows you exist."

"What?" Allison questioned, "I'm not popular so—"

"You're not just unpopular; you're invisible. Seriously, I've been you for five days and I'm ready to put a bullet through your head. I don't know how you deal." Brianna shook her head in bemusement. "Your sad little life in your sad little apartment. No friends, no family, no guy willing to ever look at you. With nothing but your precious grades and your sad little 'Countdown to College' chart."

Brianna didn't slow down, just leaned forward, her expression all faux concern, and continued, "And you should know... I know you think things will be better in college. You probably imagine that college will be filled with other desperate virgins just like you and you'll fit in perfectly. And you'll find some other desperate virgin who gives a shit about your perfect SATs and will overlook your dumpy little body and sorry little tits. But you're deluding yourself."

Allison eyed the floor, not willing to let Brianna see the hurt.

Brianna continued, "Take it from someone who has been you"—Brianna waved a hand down Allison's body—"no one, and I mean absolutely no one, wants this." Then she turned for the door, self-satisfied smirk back in place. "Stick to what you know, lump. Fix my grades and keep your hands off my guys."

For several minutes after Brianna left, Allison simply leaned against the wall. The problem, she decided, with intellect was that it made it significantly harder to refute painful but self-evident truths. If she were an idiot, she could simply brush off Brianna's rant. If she were stupid, she would probably comfort herself with a bevy of trite reassurances about the value of education and the nobility of higher learning and the inane idea that hard work would win the day.

But she wasn't a moron and she didn't believe in self-delusion. The world was not a meritocracy. Her intellect was a boon but it wasn't a silver bullet. And, at the end of the day, Brianna with her perfect tits and B- minus brain (not to mention her daddy's money) had a better shot at success than she did. After all, an A+ brain was hardly an important commodity in a world that lauded looks over intellect and cash over kindness.

It was bitter and painfully bulky pill to swallow... which was the only justification Allison could find for what she did next. Stepping away from the

door, she pulled off her top, and nudged down the cups her bra a little. Not in the habit of taking selfies, she'd been prepared to take a bunch of pictures in an attempt to get it right but, as it turned out, the very first picture she took was perfect: the swell of Brianna's perfect tits and her candy-pink nipples just peeking over the top of her black lacy bra. Her golden skin glowing and the smile on her face half-coy, half-hungry.

Just as the bell rang, she clicked Rex's name and hit send. Then pulled on her top and headed to class.

Everyone checked their phones in class. It was forbidden, obviously, but that didn't stop anyone from doing it. Still, there were limits and—when Allison checked her phone for the seventh time—Mr Nichols apparently had had enough. She watched in dismay as he picked up her phone and added it to the confiscated stash in his desk drawer.

Not that she needed to worry. As she discovered, somewhat gallingly, when she retrieved the phone at the end of class, Rex hadn't responded. Trying not to read too much into it—maybe he was just stuck in class and hadn't seen the pic yet—she headed for the school parking lot. But it was kinda disappointing - her first ever attempt at flirting and she'd apparently failed. She glared down at Brianna's infuriatingly silent phone.

And then a voice greeted her. "You are trying to kill me." Rex was leaning against Brianna's Audi. "I mean... seriously! Do you have any fucking idea how hard it was to sit through an hour and half of bio?"

Allison couldn't help the smile. "You liked it then?"

He approached Allison with a slight grin on his lips and gripped her waist gently. The smell of him so close was intoxicating. “Come back to my place and I’ll show you how much I liked it.”

Allison nodded and Rex took her hand, his calloused fingers wrapping around her dainty hand, and led her to his car: a silver Mustang. Allison knew it was wrong to go with him but it was so wonderful having a guy so obviously crazy for her—especially one as sexy as Rex—and, besides, this was what Brianna would be doing. Allison was just following the rules of the contract, she rationalized.

They roared out of the parking lot, the engine of the car throbbing deep into Allison's center. As they talked, Allison took the opportunity to stare at Rex and admire his handsome jawline, his dark features and the muscles in his arms that rippled every time he shifted gears. He was also, Allison was pleasantly surprised to discover, as smart and funny as he was attractive. She'd known he was one of the top students in class, in the way that everyone understood the school's social hierarchy, but here he was dropping casual references to Sisyphus and Caligula when discussing his feelings about football practice.

Allison giggled and replied, “Maybe you can consider it the nadir of your hero's journey to greatness just around the corner.”

He gave her a quick look, one eyebrow arching up. Allison feared she may have betrayed an intelligence Brianna didn't normally show, but the next second she put it out of her mind, determined to enjoy the moment. Besides, Rex seemed happy with Brianna's new persona, and before they were halfway to his house they were laughing and joking, connecting on a personal level Allison had never felt with anyone else.

“Did something happen today, Brianna?” Rex asked.

“Why?”

“I don't know,” he shrugged, “You're...different. I mean...I like it, but you're, like, in a really good mood.”

“Nothing happened. I just like being here with you.”

Allison shifted in her seat, her skirt slipping up to reveal her inner golden thigh. Rex glanced over, his eyes slipping down her body in a way that made Allison shiver with excitement ever so slightly. Allison readjusted her skirt back down, stroking her leg lightly as she changed the subject. But Rex kept glancing over at her and she knew she was leading him on, teasing him with hints of Brianna's body. The attention felt too good to stop and, besides, her own body was warming gently.

Rex reached out and placed a hand on her thigh. His huge fingers were so warm even over her skirt. She could feel her own heat rising. On a whim, she took his hand and slid it up beneath her skirt until his fingers landed on her panties. He continued looking at the road, even as his fingers began caressing her skin, whispering over her thighs and then back across her panties. Allison spread her legs and leaned back in the seat as his fingers pressed harder against her dampening panties.

He turned to her suddenly. “Take off your panties.” His voice was confident and quietly demanding.

“What?”

“Take off your panties,” he said again, evenly.

It was so hot hearing him demand that. The hint of eagerness in his voice betraying his affected stoicism. Trembling with raw excitement, Allison did as she was told, shifting in the seat so she could slide her lacy white panties down her legs. Rex's fingers found her entrance and slipped lightly against her wetness. He was both strong and delicate, pressing lightly into Allison, his fingertips grazing her hidden bud. Allison sighed and closed her eyes as his fingers circled her. She grew wet and he pressed deeper inside. His fingers urged on an electric buzz in her body, like a high voltage wire, crackling and sparkling with desire.

She bit her lip and squirmed in her seat, moaning lightly as Rex continued stroking her, slipping in and out of her. She was dripping now, her skirt wet, the musky smell of herself hitting her sensitive nose. Her hands came up to her new breasts and she began stroking, gripping and squeezing, partly for Rex's benefit, partly for his own. There was silence in the car now, broken only by the occasional sigh from Allison as Rex continued fingering her, driving her wild with desire.

By the time they reached Rex's house she was on fire. She barely registered the elegant house and the huge, winding staircase as Rex led her up to his room. As soon as the door closed behind them they were on each other, arms entwined, lips together, kissing, tasting each other. Rex's hard body pressed against her soft one, his hands squeezing urgently, caressing, pulling her close as she did the same to him. They kissed voraciously, Allison eager for each taste of him, for every lingering scent of his body.

He yanked off his shirt and, oh god, his body was amazing. Sculpted and bronzed, like something out of a magazine. And the desire in his eyes was for her. Looking deep into those intense brown eyes she could see his need for her, a need that was echoed in her own face. She wanted to grab everything, examine every inch of him. Her eyes traveled across his angular chest and she caressed his thick muscles gently, marveling at the power there. And then the pause ended, the trance was broken as she threw herself back into his arms and they kissed passionately. They helped each other undress, clothes thrown aside carelessly until their naked bodies were pressed together. Rex's thick cock stuck up between them, pressing urgently against Allison's trim tummy.

He walked her back onto the bed. She fell on to her back and he straddled her, kissing her lips, her cheeks, her little nose, then heading down across the nape of her neck. Allison moaned as the sparkling electricity filled her again, more intense than before. Rex's mouth found her breasts, her nipples. His hot breath moved across her skin, his warm tongue lovingly tasted her until her nipples were pointed spikes and she could barely think for desire.

It wasn't just the feel of him, though his solid body felt amazing, it was how he looked at her, as though she was the only thing in the world he wanted, the only thing he needed. Staring down at Brianna's body, Allison could understand why. She was gorgeous, model thin and with perfect, perky breasts. A teenager's wet dream. She could have anyone she wanted. And the only one she wanted was currently having her.

And then his cock was pressing against her entrance, the head slipping in between the lips of her pussy. The pressure built and built, until suddenly he slipped in. Allison gasped as he filled her, felt every inch of his cock as it traveled slowly inside her, the walls of her pussy gripping him tightly as he filled her. He moaned, closing his eyes as he enjoyed her body, penetrating her slowly until he reached her inner depths and they were body to body. One hand gripped her hair urgently and they stared into each other's eyes as he slowly withdrew

and then pushed back inside, building a slow, steady rhythm.

She memorized his face, falling in love with every small mark, the tiny wrinkle of his eyes, the solid shape of his nose. His eyes were a furnace, the desire pounding inside her reflected back at her and she knew he felt the same way. He moved in and out of her slowly, moaning, sighing, “Goddamn, you feel so good,” as he sank deep inside her. She welcomed him, clasped her legs around his waist, her arms around his back and urged him ever deeper. They moved as one, gradually growing in rhythm as he slipped in and out of her, the electricity between them building to a crackling energy, barely contained.

And then he was thrusting faster, desperately needing to be inside her just as she desperately needed him. Her body ached for him and her breath came fast, her cries growing ever higher pitched, her own lust urging him on until at last she came, trembling and shaking, as he groaned and released himself into her, filling her with his seed. She felt him filling her, felt him throbbing, his hot pleasure striking her center and making her shake uncontrollably with lust. Her legs locked around his body and she gripped him hard, wanting him deep, deep, wanting every drop of him as he came hard, teeth gritted, still staring down at her in utter awe.

She took him in and pleasure whited out the world for an incredible, agonizing eternity that was too short. He was so perfect inside her and she lived in utter bliss for a moment. When she came back down she was still breathing hard, still flushed with excitement. He pulled out of her, leaving her aching empty, and lay beside her. She threw a leg over him, rested her head on his chest and listened to the heavy thumping of his heart as he caressed her hair. She turned to look up at his face, her chin on his chest, and giggled lightly, giddy at what they'd shared, desperately wishing there was a way to enjoy this life forever.

All too soon, Rex had to get to practice. They dressed and Rex drove them back to school to get Brianna's car. Before he left, he wrapped his arms around her

and kissed her once more, their tongues entwined. He pulled away and stared into her face for a beat, his look betraying his desire, telling her everything she'd always wanted to hear. She watched his retreating figure as he made his way to the football field, turning once to smile and wave.

As she arrived back at Brianna's house, Allison contemplated the strangeness of her situation. Was she the first person in history to have had sex and still technically be a virgin? In two days she'd switch back to her virginal body but her new knowledge would remain. The memory of it—the heat and weight of a man on top of her, the feeling of his long fingers tweaking her nipples, the fullness of having him inside her—was hers to keep.

The memory made her thighs tighten and her pussy clench. She needed more and she wasn't altogether certain that two days was going to be enough. But it was going to have to wait, because Mr Manus was in the kitchen and he glanced up at the clock as she came through the back door. "You stayed late after school?"

"Yeah." Then she added, not quite lying outright, "An extra credit human bio assignment."

"Great," Mr Manus nodded approvingly. "And everything else is handled?"

"Yep, Brianna's exam and test results from this week will all be As and I just need to wrap up the extra credit work over the weekend. I think, net result, the majority of her grades should now be solidly in the A or A- ranges."

"So she's on good academic footing? It's getting to crunch time for college and I was looking at the UCLA..." He looked over at her hopefully. "USC maybe?"

“Well, I mean, maybe if she re-sat the SATs but, umm, having read the bulk of her submitted work this term, I don’t think she has the ability to—” She cut herself off, suddenly aware that she was basically telling a man that his daughter was a moron.

But Mr Manus just sighed. “Yeah, I...” His tone was resigned. “I’d just hoped for... more.”

Not knowing what else to say, Allison simply went with: “I’m sorry.”

He gave himself a visible shake, “No, no. Nothing for you to apologize for. You’ve done your job. Given her the best shot at achieving... something.” He gave a thoroughly defeated smile. “I loved college. Loved the labs, loved the library, loved the professors....”

He stood up abruptly and headed the kitchen cabinet, opening it to grab a glass and a bottle of scotch. Pouring himself a tumbler, he said with a heavy sigh, “Brianna’s only going to college because she thinks it’ll all be guys and Greek life.”

Trying to give him some shred of hope, Allison said, “Look if she really knuckles down for the rest of the year and re-takes the SATs (maybe with more additional tutoring... or, or I could take them for her) then maybe she could—”

“No,” he said simply. “She doesn’t want it. and she doesn’t care that I do. Doesn’t care that it’s the one thing I’ve ever asked of her.” He took a glug of his

scotch. “I just don’t get where I went wrong. My colleagues’ kids they’re all off to Berkley, CalTech... My boss’s kid’s a Junior at MIT. And what am I gonna say in response? ‘I’m so proud, my daughter rushed Alpha Delta Pi at UC Santa Barbara.’”

Allison wasn’t sure what prompted it (cunning or malice) but she heard herself say, “I’m going to MIT.”

“Yeah?”

She was bragging now, just a little. “Full ride scholarship.”

“Good for you.” Mr Manus’s smile was weary and defeated. “Bet your dad’s proud.”

“He...” Allison found herself admitting the truth. “I’m not sure he even knows what MIT stands for. Mostly he’s just glad he doesn’t have to pay for it.”

The silence stretched. The unfairness of their situations apparently leaving them both with very little to say.

The quiet was eventually broken by Brianna’s phone pinging with a text. Glancing down, Allison tried not to smile as she read Rex’s message: Practice over at 7. I’ll be at your bedroom window 7:12. Get naked.

And she made a decision.

Turning to Mr Manus she said, “Sir, of course, it’s not for me to say... but you might want to look at item number twelve in the contract. I mean, it might not be of interest but...”

He studied her for a moment, clearly faintly intrigued, then headed for his study, emerging a minute later with the contract in hand. He scanned the document, then read aloud: “Twelve - If both the proxy and the account holder—”

Allison interrupted, “The account holder is you, by the way, not Brianna. You paid, so you maintain control over proxy details.”

Mr Manus began to read again, “If both the proxy and the account holder are in agreement, the length of the proxy’s assignment may be extended (up to and including permanent proxy) at any time.” He looked up at her slowly, “Permanent? That’s possible?”

Allison nodded. “The switching’s the hard part. Just pay a small admin fee, and it’s locked.” She headed for the stairs. “Just know that, I’ve got into MIT once already... and I’m sure I can do it again.”

Turning back, she watched Mr Manus take a sip of his drink. As he lowered the tumbler she saw an anticipatory grin begin to spread across his face.

And she headed up to what she was pretty damn sure was her new bedroom for

the foreseeable future.

#

Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Four frat guys are punished by being transformed into their ideal pornstars:

the blonde bombshell

the Thai goddess

the ebony beauty

and the sexy girl next door.

All they have to do to get their bodies back is go the whole day without sleeping with a man. But in their new sex starved bodies, and on a college campus surrounded by eligible guys, that's easier said than done.

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Ethan uses BodyPossession.com to control the bodies of three sisters and indulges their deepest, darkest desires.

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories