

AN EROTIC BODY SWAP FANTASY

THE
TRANSFORMATION
App

IMWILS

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The Transformation App

by M. Wills

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This story was previously published as “Alternate You”

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I.

It was the last Friday of Ethan's life, only he didn't know it yet. He sat back and scratched his beard absentmindedly as he stared at the screen. After a moment of thought he adjusted his thick rimmed glasses and began typing. His co-worker, Ken, was a nice guy and a decent graphic designer but his writing was awful. It was partly because he didn't know any better and partly because he didn't care. It was also partly because he was from England.

'The word 'knob' has a 'k' in it,' Ethan said to Ken, who hovered over his shoulder watching Ethan correct his memo. 'And management usually frowns on calling customers 'knobs' anyway. Even if they deserve it.'

'Well, he was a knob,' Ken said in his thick English accent. 'The logo would look fine if he 'ad 'is settin's adjusted properly.' Ken leaned forward and tweaked one of Ethan's many bobble head superheroes lined up on the shelf above the computer, sending the big head of Spiderman wobbling back and forth. Ethan put a finger on it to stop it.

'That's vintage.'

Ken leaned back. 'H'ow about...what do you say over 'ere? Dick hole?'

'Depends how fired you want to get.'

Ken shrugged.

'How did you get this job without basic writing skills?' Ethan asked.

Ken shrugged again.

'Let's just leave it at aggrieved customer,' Ethan sighed as he typed it out. Ken didn't seem to have any filter between his thoughts and his mouth, which was equal parts amusing and horrifying. In that lack of filter he was like Ethan, except more flippant. Though Ethan could at least tone it down in certain situations like, say, the office. Ken sat right behind Ethan in the big, open plan office and he was always swiveling his chair around to talk. Mostly it had to do with who was bothering him at any particular moment, though occasionally he'd

remark on the attractiveness of the few women in the office. There was no way Ken could be getting much work done but at least he kept things interesting, though Ethan could only take him in small doses.

'Oy!' Ken hissed and poked Ethan on the shoulder. Ethan jumped and slapped Ken's finger away. Ken ignored this reaction and stared towards the elevator. 'Look at dem birds going to lunch.'

He pointed towards the elevator where Alex, Nicole and Karen were waiting. They were some of the few women in the predominantly male office and Ken took every opportunity to notice them. They happened to sit near the office supply cabinet and, as a result of Ken's frequent excuses to visit, Ken had the most well stocked desk in the office.

Truth be told, Ethan was attracted to Alex. She had a deadpan sense of humor and she didn't take herself too seriously. She was skinny and tall, with long, graceful legs, a cute face and her blonde hair cut into a pixie haircut with long bangs that swooped down nearly over her eyes. The few times he'd talked to her he felt an instant connection. Unfortunately, it only seemed to be one way, as Alex was into women, leaving Ethan out of the running before the race even started.

'Hi, ladies!' Ken waved from across the room. They smiled and waved back. Ethan gave a sheepish grin and a little wave of his own as Alex's green eyes alighted on him.

'Have a good lunch!' Ken shouted after them as they stepped onto the elevator and the doors closed.

'Alex is pretty but I fink I'd have to take Nicole over her any day. And Karen on top of both of 'em. Know what ah mean? Long as she don't crush me. Eh?' Here he poked Ethan again. 'You could watch, Ethan, I don't want to hog your girl.' Ken continued, oblivious to decorum or decency.

Ethan had made the mistake early on of telling Ken about his attraction to Alex and Ken never failed to bring her up when discussing his plans for conquering the office with his dick.

'I can't believe nobody's taken a restraining order out on you.'

'I don't say dat to dem. To dem I'm just a charmin' English bloke who's constantly short on pens. You're de only one here wut knows what a dirty dog I am.'

'I can't believe I haven't taken a restraining order out on you.'

'Ethan, Ethan, Ethan. I know you upset a'cause Alex is into chicks and not into you, but don't take your anger out on me. You know I'm just jokin'. 'ow's me memo coming?'

Ethan pressed print. 'Coming out now. You better run it over to Jess before that customer calls her.'

Jess was the manager of the graphic design department. She was in her mid thirties and was cool without even trying. She'd only recently taken over and everybody liked her managing style, which was mostly hands off unless trouble arose. And the trouble arising was usually Ken.

'You're da best,' Ken said, tweaking the Hulkster's wobbly head again as he left.

At least it was Friday. Ethan was looking forward to another weekend of gaming and chilling. Maybe he'd even go do something crazy like go out to a movie with one of his friends. Ethan figured it would be a pretty ordinary weekend.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

Saturday was ordinary enough. Ethan got in a good several hours of Skyrim before heading out for some food. When he returned he logged back in and went on some more quests with his friend, Pete. They'd been friends since middle school and though they only occasionally saw each other physically, they spent many hours online together.

It's a cliché to say that people are more comfortable online because they can be whoever they want, but in Ethan's case it was true. In real life he was a decent sized guy, not fat but not exactly thin either, with a full beard and thick fingers that he thought of as clumsy and oversized. He wished he was more graceful, more able to open himself up to others but he was raised in a place where guys weren't supposed to open themselves up lest they be ridiculed as sissy. That

attitude had stuck with him his whole life. Sometimes Ethan even wondered if it would have been better had he been born a woman, but the closest he ever came to realizing this was to choose a female avatar for most of his games.

It was around midnight and Ethan was in the middle of one particularly tricky challenge when his phone buzzed. After slaughtering enough draugr to be able to take his eyes off the screen he picked up his phone. There was a message:

ALTERNATE YOU

DOWNLOADED.

RUN?

YES NO

Thinking it was some kind of virus Ethan pressed 'No' and put the phone back on the armrest of his Lay-Z-Boy before returning to his game. He'd have to wipe his phone later. A few minutes later the phone buzzed again. Ethan glanced down:

ALTERNATE YOU

DOWNLOADED.

RUN?

YES

This time there was no 'No' to press. Ethan swore and tried turning his phone off and on, but as soon as it reloaded the message popped up again:

ALTERNATE YOU

DOWNLOADED.

RUN?

YES

He couldn't access any other menus or close out the message except by pressing 'Yes'.

'Shit,' he swore to himself. He excused himself from the game and logged off. Ethan always felt a pressing need to fix problems right now, and if he couldn't they'd sit at the back of his mind and nag at him.

To be safe he popped out his sim card and turned off his router, hoping that at least whatever virus it was wouldn't be able to steal all his information right away. Then he pressed 'Yes'.

A loading bar appeared and quickly reached 100%. Then after a second the screen went black. Just when Ethan thought the virus must have killed his phone his name appeared:

ETHAN THOMPkins

Beneath that was an avatar of a naked man. Ethan's stomach dropped as his first thought was that it was some sort of porno virus. But as he looked closer at the figure he realized that it was him. And it didn't look like a computer generated simulation, either, it looked photo-realistic. More than photo-realistic somehow. It was his body exactly as it existed. He zoomed in and out, rotated the avatar around. It was him all right, every mole and hair in place.

'What the hell?' Ethan mumbled.

How were they able to get his body so exactly right?

Beside his body were a number of menus that popped up into scroll down sub-menus when pressed. They presented options for changing every part of the body from hair to toenails. At the top of the list was 'Sex'.

Curious now, Ethan pressed 'Sex', then scrolled down and chose 'Female'. The avatar's penis disappeared, replaced with mound of coarse hair but otherwise looked exactly the same. Ethan laughed out loud. That wouldn't do at all. He started cycling through the sub-menus.

Each sub-menu brought up a range of different options and a closeup of each choice popped up as Ethan scrolled through. Oddly, the closeups didn't look like the usual computer generated body parts; they looked almost real. Did they really take pictures of hundreds, or even thousands of women just for this? It was especially obvious in the eyes. Where usually avatars had dead looking eyes, the ones Ethan scrolled through were startlingly real and when he looked close enough he could even see the tips of the veins around the edges. If this was CGI it was incredibly detailed and unlike anything he'd ever seen. Another thought nagged at Ethan, why go through all this trouble for a virus?

He decided to follow it and see where it led. He slimmed down the avatar's body, removed all the hair except on the top of the head and between the legs. He selected trim fingers, arms and legs, making his avatar slim and graceful. He gave her light brown skin and straight, black hair that fell down to her shoulders. He made her face cute, with a tiny, gentle curve of a nose and dark almond shaped eyes. He left his glasses on, alternating the frame slightly to match her face, but he'd always had a thing for girls with glasses.

Ethan then played around with her breasts, pumping them up to see how big the app would let them go. There didn't seem to be any limit and he stopped when the breasts were as big as the rest of the figure. He chuckled and reduced them back down to a still big, but much more realistic, C cup. After playing around with a few more settings he sat back and examined the girl he'd created. She was gorgeous and Ethan felt a small pang of regret that she didn't actually exist.

There were seemingly hundreds of other options that Ethan scrolled through including 'History' and 'Personality' but he was getting bored of playing around with it and wanted to see where all of this was leading. He scrolled to the bottom

and pressed 'Save'. Another message popped up:

DEFAULT OTHER OPTIONS?

YES NO

Ethan didn't know, so he just pushed 'Yes'. The message disappeared, replaced with another:

ALTERNATE YOU INITIATING

Ethan watched it for a few minutes but nothing seemed to be happening. Probably because it couldn't connect to the internet and do...whatever it was supposed to do.

By now it was after two in the morning so Ethan brushed his teeth and went to bed. The last time he checked, right before going to sleep, the app was still initiating.

Oh well, he thought, I'll fix it in the morning. He placed his glasses on the bedside table and lay back. He was asleep in seconds.

II.

Ethan woke to the sunlight streaming in around the edges of his blinds. He rolled over onto his side and tried to eke out a few more minutes of sleep but his body didn't feel right. There was an uncomfortable weight resting on the top part of his arm. He wiggled back and forth, trying to get comfortable but the weight remained, hanging from off his chest. With his top hand he reached over and grabbed his chest to physically adjust it. His fingers wrapped around a round, firm breast and Ethan's eyes shot open.

He looked down at his body, tossing long hair out of his eyes to do so, and found himself looking down into a red nightie that barely hid two large breasts. The hand resting on top was slender, the fingers soft and delicate with glossy nails.

Ethan sat up in bed, the two breasts hanging down beneath his gaze jiggling and bouncing as he stared down into his own lovely cleavage. Further beneath him, two long, lean legs stretched out from beneath a pair of lacy panties. He hooked one tiny thumb under the elastic band of his panties and pulled them up just enough to see the coarse hair of his new mound. He let go of the elastic and it snapped back on him as he gasped out loud, a high pitched feminine sound that made him bring his hands to his lips. His soft, smooth lips. His hands wound around his face. His beard was gone, replaced with smooth skin and soft, gently rounded features.

Ethan threw the covers back and leapt out of bed. He grabbed his glasses and pushed them on as he rushed to the bedroom door and the mirror hanging from the back of it, his body jiggling and moving in unfamiliar ways. He closed the door and as the mirror slid into view so, too, did the image of a beautiful woman. Ethan stared at his transformed reflection. The woman in the mirror had hair disheveled with sleep and her pretty mouth gaped open in an 'o' of surprise. Her eyebrows were neatly trimmed, arching gracefully over her dark, almond shaped eyes. Ethan brought the fingers of both hands to his lips and the woman in the mirror did the same.

This was impossible.

Ethan's hands were shaking as he slowly rubbed his smooth cheeks and watched his new reflection imitate him. His broad nose, deep set eyes and heavy chin

were gone, replaced with a cute, upturned nose, gorgeous light brown eyes and narrow chin. He stared at the woman in the mirror—at himself. The form-hugging red nightie barely held his breasts in place and, together with the red panties, barely covered his new form. He traced a finger down one long, hairless arm, marveling at how sensitive his skin seemed.

He turned around to look at his backside. His butt was thicker, his thighs flared out slightly before tapering down to the legs of his dreams: tanned and golden and seemingly endless. He wasn't fat but he had a nicely shaped, full feminine body. He looked gorgeous. He looked...just like the avatar he had designed the night before. He remembered that short pang of yearning when he'd created her of never being able to experience her. Well, that was gone now, because he'd gotten his wish. Boy, had he gotten his wish.

It had to be the app. He rushed back to his phone and swiped to the app with one small finger. There was a message:

RESET AVAILABLE IN:

40:50:34

Ethan watched the seconds tick off. There didn't seem to be any other options but to wait.

He was stuck like this for two days! He was a girl—he looked down at the breasts hanging from his chest—a woman, really. What would he tell his friends? Could he avoid work for two days? He scratched his face but the smooth absence of beard just brought home how much his body had changed. This couldn't be happening.

'Ok, get a grip,' he said out loud, once again surprising himself with the sweet voice that dropped from his new lips.

He closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. Think. He tried to clear his mind and when he did, a little nagging thought that had been hidden away behind the sensations of his new body popped into his subconscious. He opened his eyes

and looked around the room. The large San Diego Comic Con poster still hung from a side wall, a memento of when he'd actually been. It was surrounded by the other posters of various video games and even a Halo stand-up figure he'd scrounged from the nearby Gamestop. It was all the same. Mostly. His eyes flitted over to his curtains. There. That was different. Instead of the dark blue and white striped curtains he'd always had there was a green and white striped curtain. A small difference, but still. His eyes swept back across his room and picked out other subtle differences: the small purse crumpled on top of his chest of drawers, the cream colored lampshade of his bedside table lamp, the brand of skin lotion sitting on his nightstand.

On a whim he crossed to his closet, his tiny toes sinking into the soft carpet. He opened it up and found a closet filled with women's clothes. He skimmed through the tank tops and skinny jeans, the small hoodies and dresses, the conservative blouses and the casual t-shirts. He flipped past a few shirts and found Minecraft's Steve staring back from one. He'd had this one as a guy, but here it was smaller and more form fitting. The whole closet, in fact, was packed with clothes he might have picked out had he been a woman. It appeared that it was more than just his body that changed.

He walked through the rest of his spacious apartment, picking out more small changes: the bathroom sink full of makeup supplies, a couple scented candles here and there but otherwise it was much as he'd remembered. He sat down on his familiar Lay-Z-Boy and folded one long leg underneath him, his mind crying out to explore the tanned, beautiful skin but he had a mystery to solve first.

Ethan opened up his laptop—a Hello Kitty skull sticker plastered on the front—and brought up Facebook. He stared at the auto-saved email address: vanessa.thompkins@gmail.com. He plucked his soft bottom lip in thought. It wasn't just his body; his whole life had changed. He was Vanessa.

Ethan logged in and scrolled through his own information. Ethan's hometown, same birthday, same parents. His new feminine face smiled out from a variety of photos, most of which he recognized from his old life. It was like he'd been transported into some alternate universe where he'd been born a girl. Only, he'd had a hand in his own creation, sculpting the perfect woman from the choices in the app. Did that mean somewhere Vanessa was waking to find herself in Ethan's body? Did he take her life or was it created for him? Ethan had no way to answer these questions. All he could do for the moment was live it.

He closed the laptop with a thunk and became aware of a new feeling. In all the excitement he realized he hadn't been paying attention to the usual signals from his body and now he felt his bladder sending urgent signals to his brain that he needed to pee.

Ethan returned down the hallway towards the bathroom, his breasts swaying gently with each step. It felt too weird, so at first he grabbed them to try to hold them in place, but that only felt weirder so in the end he let them be. He switched on the light, glanced at the beautiful woman in the mirror as he passed to reach the toilet. He hesitated briefly before dropping his panties and was confronted with the close-cropped hair surrounding his two currently folded lips. Ethan gingerly sat down, the toilet seat cold on his wide bottom.

The actual act of releasing his bladder was much like peeing as a guy. He could nearly feel his lips spread apart slightly as the stream of urine splashed into the bowl. Also noticeably absent was the usual faint feel of the urine flow passing through his dick. Now he just released and out it came. When he was done he grabbed some toilet paper and dabbed lightly at his nethers, not quite sure how much pressure to put on his new equipment.

He flushed and washed his hands, the beautiful black haired girl in the mirror copying each movement. He looked up at Vanessa—at himself—her blemish-free face stared back, a freckle here, a small mole there, each matching the position of his former male body. He turned his head this way and that, examining every gentle angle of his face. He ran his dainty fingers over his plump, pouty lips. He traced his thin, arched eyebrows with one finger, then gently ran it down the tip of his nose, the perfect upturn at the end giving his face a soft girl-next-door cuteness.

Ethan looked down at his breasts, curving gently away beneath the fabric of his small nightie. He hefted a breast in each hand; they were wonderfully heavy and firm. He looked up at Vanessa in the mirror, holding her breasts in her hands. No, he was Vanessa, they were his breasts. He smiled. His dimpled reflection smiled back at him.

Christ, he was cute.

A gentle warm feeling in his body urged him on and he slipped the nightie over his head and dropped it to the floor. Then he slipped the fallen hair behind his

ears, where it dangled down nearly to his shoulders, and stared at his topless form for the first time. His flawless body nearly took his breath away. His large chest tapered down to a taught stomach, then his body rounded out again around his butt and thighs in a perfect hourglass shape. Ethan picked up up his new breasts and dropped them a few times, watching them bounce and jiggle. He squeezed them, ran his gentle fingers over his curves until his tiny nipples puckered out and a warmth grew between his legs.

Ethan continued watching the girl in the mirror play with her tits, sliding her fingers around, squeezing the nipples in tiny bursts of pleasure that caused his breath to hitch in his throat, a soft, feminine gasp of desire. He hooked his panties with his thumbs and slowly slid them off, swaying his hips from side to side to slide them down over his long legs until he stood naked, the furry slit of his new body calling out to him as he stared entranced at the emptiness between his legs. He ran a few fingers through his light brown pubic hair and around his thighs until, with some trepidation, he lowered his fingers gently to his nether lips. He curled his index finger around his mound and pressed down against his pussy—his pussy—and his finger penetrated his sensitive new body. Pressed inside his warmth he began slowly rubbing his velvety folds, up and down in tiny motions as a soft buzzing grew between his legs.

Ethan dipped his finger down, running it across the length of his new pussy and felt his own wetness. He dipped his finger deeper inside himself, spreading the heat of his desire up and over the hood of his clit. He spread his legs apart slightly and continued sliding up and down, the pleasant warmth growing, urging him on as the other hand returned to massaging his tits. He felt a slight shifting sensation inside as his clit grew larger and he stroked harder. His breath came faster as a wave of pleasure built inside him. He was practically dripping now. His finger circled faster and faster inside his own hot, wet heat as he pinched his nipple and suddenly, with a loud gasp, he came.

'Oh!' Vanessa's beautiful voice cried out in pleasure as he continued, slipping another finger inside himself to rub his engorged clit. The wet sounds of his fingers inside himself reached his ears as he shut his eyes, forcing the waves of pleasure to build upon each other until, 'Ahhhh,' he came again, longer this time, harder, squeezing his legs together and rocking his sopping pussy back and forth, grinding against his fingers as the orgasm hit him, more intense than he'd felt as a man. God, his new body felt so good even as he slowly came down.

Ethan opened his eyes and was faced with Vanessa's blushing, disheveled reflection. His knees weak, he made his way to the bed to lie down. His naked fingers continued wandering absentmindedly over his delicious new form until he suddenly realized he was horny again. His fingers again slipped inside himself, no hesitation this time, and quickly brought his sexy body to orgasm, his hips bucking in pleasure as he sunk deeper inside himself each time.

Ethan stayed in bed for a long time, playing with his new body in a rising crescendo of orgasms. He made himself cum over and over, filling the room with his high pitched, feminine, cries of pleasure. He grew horny both through the manipulation of his fingers and by watching and hearing the gorgeous woman whose body he now controlled fuck herself as hard as she could, spurred on by the orgasms that grew more intense each time until at last, exhausted, his wide butt resting on the cold, wet spot of his desire, his stomach growling in hunger and his body aching, he had to stop.

III.

Ethan rolled off the bed and padded naked to the kitchen. The hips of his beautiful body swayed gently, naturally as he walked, without him even noticing. He pulled out a jar of peanut butter—his go-to comfort food—and dug a spoon out of the drawer. He licked a spoonful of peanut butter as he opened the fridge and poked around for something more substantial but the most interesting thing he found was a week-old sandwich. The slightly sour smell hit him and he wrinkled his small nose before throwing the sandwich in the trash. How had he not noticed the smell before? Maybe as Vanessa he had a better sense of smell?

His stomach rumbled again and he was faced with the idea that he'd have to venture out of the house to eat.

Ethan returned to his room and poked through the chest of drawers for some clothes. The panties were easy enough—one leg in, the other leg in, pull up, done—but the bra was a minor issue. He tried to picture how his ex-girlfriend put on her bra. He fiddled around with it for a bit, slipping his arms through the straps and placing the cups over his breasts before pulling it up and trying to reach around and get the clasp by feel. At one point he moved around to try to look in the mirror before eventually hooking it closed, more by luck than skill. The underwire pressed hard up against the delicate underside of his heavy boobs and he adjusted himself as best he could.

He opened up his closet and searched for a decent outfit, passing the skirts and dresses—he wasn't comfortable enough as Vanessa to pull it off—before finally grabbing some jeans and a plain, black top. The jeans were tight and clung to his long legs while the dark shirt seemed to hide the contours of his breasts. He brushed his hair out but didn't know exactly which way to style it, so in the end he settled for pulling it back into a ponytail. He didn't dare touch the makeup, fearful of botching it. Though if he stayed as Vanessa much longer he'd soon have to figure it out.

Ethan grabbed his phone (now a gentle rose color instead of jet black) and wallet (ditto) and tried to fit them into his pocket out of habit but with no luck. He remembered the purse on the chest of drawers and threw his things into it before slinging it over his shoulder, stepping into a pair of sneakers, and heading out the door, blinking in the afternoon sun.

Ethan strolled down to the pizza place on the corner, nervous in his new body, as though he might be spotted as an impostor at any time. Nobody called him out on not being Vanessa but he did notice a lot more glances from people than he was used to. The attention was flattering in a weird way, but with an added undercurrent of intimidation. He could guess the thoughts running through the minds of some of the men he passed; they were the same thoughts that ran through his own when he first saw Vanessa's captivating image in the mirror.

The pizza place on the corner was relatively empty with only a few people sitting at tables here and there. Just like in Ethan's universe, Antonio was behind the counter, but he didn't immediately recognize Vanessa. She must not come in as often as Ethan did.

'What kinnna get ya?' He asked in his casual drawl.

'I'll have a pepperoni calzone,' Ethan said in his sweet, new voice.

'Take away?'

'No, I'll eat it here.'

Antonio raised an eyebrow and glanced up at her. 'Ok. Thirteen-fifty. What's the name?'

'Sa—uh, Vanessa.'

Vanessa, he was Vanessa, he had to remember that.

Ethan plopped his purse on the counter and dug through it before coming up with his credit card—the name VANESSA THOMPkins emblazoned on it in bold—and handed it over. Antonio swiped it and handed it back before Ethan took a seat at an empty table. He pulled out his phone and began scrolling through it, examining his new life.

The bell over the door rang as someone came in. Ethan glanced up right into the most heart-stoppingly blue eyes he'd ever seen. They belonged to a man who looked to be somewhere in his early twenties with the soft good looks and hard body that reminded Ethan of Chris Hemsworth. An electric spark seemed to shoot through Ethan as the corner of the man's mouth turned up in a fraction of a smile. Ethan blushed and returned to his phone, feeling curious and strange.

He'd never been attracted to men as a man. But those eyes, that smile had done something for Vanessa. Ethan thought he could ignore the urges of his new body, for now anyway, but a moment later he sensed someone approaching him. He looked up and straight into those deep blue eyes he had been trying to avoid. Again, the man smiled.

God, that smile. That body.

'Is this seat taken?' He asked, his voice a nice baritone that seemed to shoot right to that unfamiliar place between Vanessa's legs.

'Uh, um, no? But, I mean, this place is pretty empty so you don't have to sit here. It's pretty much take any seat you want as long as no one's in it.' He laughed nervously, aware he was babbling but unable to help himself.

'I'd like to sit here if you'll have me, I think this table has the most spectacular view.'

Such a corny line, and yet Ethan melted. 'Ok,' he managed, nodding towards the seat.

The man sat and offered his hand, 'Brad.'

'Vanessa.' No hesitation this time as Ethan offered his hand. Brad's large, warm hands enveloped Ethan's in a firm, but surprisingly gentle, grip. Ethan wondered what else about Brad was firm but surprisingly gentle. The thought sent warm shivers through Vanessa's body.

They chatted about this and that as they waited for their food to arrive. Brad seemed nice enough, if a bit humorless, but Ethan felt he could overlook that with the lust pounding through Vanessa's slim frame. Brad was gorgeous, simple as that.

When Ethan's calzone arrived, Brad gave Ethan the same raised eyebrow Antonio did.

'What?' she asked.

He shrugged, 'I didn't think you could finish something like that.'

And in fact Ethan only got through about a quarter of it before his small stomach filled up. He sat back and watched as Brad made short work of his own slice of pizza.

'That was good,' Ethan said, 'I'm pretty full.'

'Me, too,' Brad replied.

'But I could be fuller,' Ethan grinned, his new hormones getting the best of him.

It was probably the easiest pickup Brad had ever made.

Brad drove her to his house, Ethan's body tingling every time he glanced over and grinned. They'd hardly gotten through the door of Brad's apartment before his lips were on hers. Ethan wrapped her arms wrapped around his neck, pressed her soft body against his hard form. Ethan could smell Brad's faint sandalwood cologne as she opened her mouth and welcomed his probing tongue, tasted his hot breath as her body burned with desire. His hands roamed around her body, sliding and grasping, gripping her tight. She was his.

Then her shirt was off and Brad's lips were kissing down her neck, every kiss sending sparks of pleasure through Ethan's body. He pulled down the cup of the bra, revealing her firm breast and he slipped her fat pink nipple into his warm mouth. He gently suckled, his teeth nipping her. Shooting stabs of pleasure-pain made her cry out once, short and sharp. Then her bra was off and he eagerly attacked her breasts, licking and tickling as the warmth burned through her.

She pulled his shirt off, ran her hands down his hard pecs. He had a surfer's body, lean and tan, the muscles standing out as he gripped her. She'd never felt like this before, certainly not towards a man, and she wanted him with every inch of her body. Wanted him to take her, wanted to feel him inside her.

She dropped to her knees and unzipped his pants, his erect cock already standing up to greet her as she wrapped a soft hand around his meaty warmth. It seemed so big in her little fingers as it throbbed beneath her touch, the massive head pulsing gently. She'd never done this before but now she wanted to, needed to, her body ached for it. She opened her mouth and licked the throbbing head, the slightly salty heat landing on her tongue and lighting up the warmth between her

legs. She licked around and up and down the shaft as he moaned above her. Then she opened wider and slipped his cock into her mouth, closed her lips around him and began slowly bobbing up and down, Brad's cock alternately filling and withdrawing from Ethan's mouth. The feeling of power she felt taking this into his mouth was amazing.

Brad placed a hand on her ponytail and began pushing her down deeper each time until Ethan's tiny nose pressed into Brad's pubic hair and the head of Brad's cock hit the back of her throat. She gagged and tried to pull back but his hand gripped her hair and pressed her back down, forcing his cock into her throat. She was so full of him, she could feel his cock throbbing in her mouth threatening to fill her at any moment. He grunted in pleasure as she covered his shaft with her saliva. She was being used and her body was loving it, her panties growing wetter by the second as she swallowed his engorged member.

Then the hand in her hair pulled her back and up, the sharp pain forcing her to stand as he pressed her face to his, his tongue inside her mouth again, probing deep. Then she felt both hands on her ass as he picked her up, still making out wildly, desperately, and dropped her onto the couch. He forcefully pulled off her pants and Ethan lay naked and vulnerable on the couch, her velvety lips unfolded and nearly dripping with desire as Brad knelt over her. Then he grabbed Ethan's legs, spread them wide and pressed the head of his cock against Ethan's aching need. The pressure built until with a final pop Ethan felt him sink inside her new pussy. Brad sunk deep until his balls bounced against Ethan's ass, the cock felt massive inside Ethan's tiny body, like she would split open, but oh God, it felt so good, so full.

Brad began thrusting immediately like a beast, grunting, wrapping his steel arms around her legs and pounding furiously. Ethan could do nothing but moan as the aching, pounding pleasure reverberated through her body, faster and faster. She slid one finger against her swollen clit as they fucked, doubling her pleasure until at last, with a rising cry, she came, her hips buckling, twisting up to meet his cock as he pounded down. Ecstasy flooded through her.

'Oh, oh—G-g-god--M-more--' she cried as the waves of pleasure ebbed. She could feel their gathering strength ready to flood her body once more.

Then Brad pulled out, grabbed her by the waist and forcibly turned her over, her tight ass in the air, wiggling for him. Then he grabbed her waist from behind and

slammed his cock back inside her as she cried with delight, her head pressed into the couch cushions, her tits swaying back and forth with each thrust. Brad redoubled his efforts, grunting harder and the head of his cock hit her g-spot deep inside and she cried out again. She could feel everything, his slick shaft inside her, his hands gripping her waist and pulling her to him, his balls slapping against her wet pussy. And then he came hard, 'Uh-uh-uh-aahhh' as he sunk deep, flooding her pussy with his hot seed. Each throb of his dick filling her more full than she ever thought possible and all she could do was scream as the waves of pleasure rocked her to her core, her body filled with his cum.

'Oh yes! Yes! Yes!' She shouted into the cushions as his groin thumped against her.

And then with one final, dying thrust it was over. Brad leaned over, resting on Ethan's back, his panting breath hot on her neck. She wanted to lie here with him inside her in this moment forever. But after a few moments he sat up and pulled out, leaving an empty, aching void inside Ethan. She felt the trail of cum trickling down her thighs as she turned onto her side, her eyes closed, her body pulsing every now and then with an aftershock.

She heard Brad stand and walk into another room. Then the clink of a glass and running water. Soon after, he returned, sipping on a glass of water.

'Water?' He offered some to Ethan.

Ethan sat up, Brad's flaccid cock, slick with Ethan's juices, hung in front of her face as she took the glass and drank deeply. Brad picked up her clothes and dropped them on the couch.

'Here you go,' he said, 'You have to get out of here before my girlfriend gets home from work.'

It was like a punch to the gut, so unexpected. Suddenly Ethan was filled with a deep sense of shame and embarrassment. She couldn't meet Brad's eyes, just mumbled an 'Okay' and got dressed. She hadn't done anything wrong, so why was she the one embarrassed while he, the asshole, just had this smug look on his face? The blue eyes she'd found so inviting an hour ago now seemed dark and uncaring.

She grabbed an Uber and sat silently in the back. The driver soon gave up his attempts at conversation as Ethan stewed in her own thoughts. Her panties were wet and uncomfortable and, even though she knew she shouldn't have expected anything more, she felt used, like some unspoken deal had been broken. Brad was an ass and she'd fallen for him, been nothing more than a quick lay and probably something to brag about to his friends. She knew she had no reason to think otherwise and yet.

And yet.

She wanted to believe in the instant attraction of the movies. A handsome stranger sweeping her off her feet. An intense, antagonist relationship between two people who refuse to admit they're in love. What she got instead was a good screw and then the boot. The good screw was nice, it was the boot that dampened her faith in humanity.

The driver dropped her off and she listlessly returned to her apartment. She took a long, hot shower, scrubbing every trace of Brad off her and out of her but even when she was done she still felt slightly dirty. She picked up her phone and looked at the Alternate You app. It was still counting down so this life was hers for a little bit longer.

Hers.

Ethan had barely noticed but in just that afternoon she'd begun thinking of herself as a woman. It was...nice, right somehow. As she stared at her pretty reflection in the foggy bathroom mirror she realized she was feeling comfortable in her new skin. She liked feeling soft and girlish. But then her thoughts flitted back to Brad and how he'd unceremoniously used her and kicked her out and her mood darkened. Is this what it was like being a woman? Is this what she really wanted? She'd thought being a woman would end all her doubts, but it just brought up new ones.

As she lay in bed her thoughts twisted back and forth between gratitude for her new life and misery for being such a sucker, until eventually she thought nothing at all and passed into sleep.

IV.

Vanessa woke up to a loud ringing sound. Disoriented, she slapped at her alarm clock but the ringing continued. It was coming from her phone. She picked it up.

'Hello?' she answered, groggily.

'Hey, Vanessa, it's Nicole. Where are you?'

She wiped the sleep from her eye and tried to think. Who was Nicole?

'Um, in bed.' And, because she couldn't think of anything else to say it seemed polite to ask: 'Where are you?'

'I'm at work. Are you coming in today?'

Suddenly Vanessa realized who Nicole was: One of the three women who worked on Vanessa's floor at work. Or, rather, one of the four women now Vanessa thought, looking down at the breasts hidden beneath her nightshirt.

'Oh, yeah, I'm- uh, does work start in the morning now, huh?'

Nicole chortled. 'We'll see you in a bit, then?'

'Yeah. See ya.'

Vanessa hung up and stretched her graceful body. She arched her delicate toes and tucked her hair back behind her ears. She wondered what, if anything, had changed at work with her new life.

She got up and brushed her teeth, all the while picking up a few of the makeup jars and investigating the contents. She knew she had to do it—something deep inside told her the other girls may ask questions if she came in with no makeup—but she had no idea where to start. Unfortunately, Vanessa's body didn't seem to have all of Vanessa's knowledge. So she did what everyone does when they have a question: she googled it.

A search for a makeup tutorial brought back thousands of hits and Vanessa cycled quickly through a couple until she found a basic one. Basic would have to

do for now. She was already late for work. It took a few false starts but Vanessa soon felt she'd powdered her face and blushed her cheeks passably. The eyeliner was a failure for now—just made her look like a raccoon—and she wiped it off with a pad. Some light red lipstick completed her look. She brushed her silky, black hair out until it hung loosely about her ears and down to her shoulders. Already, she'd spent more time just on her makeup than she ever had getting completely ready as a guy.

She searched through her closet until she found a nice pair of black pants and a black and white dotted blouse—not too frilly. She matched these with some white heels and took a quick look at herself in the mirror. Beautiful. She grabbed her purse and headed off to work.

The elevator opened onto an office that was both excitingly new and dully familiar. She walked to her desk. It seemed cleaner than normal and there were none of her familiar decorations. She chalked it up to another change in this new universe and had her hand on the chair, ready to sit down, when a British voice spoke up from behind.

'Hi, Vanessa, what brings you over to our little island?'

Vanessa turned to see Ken beaming at her, a friendly smile on his face. She was about to ask him what he meant when the realization hit her. She looked back at “her” desk and noticed a few framed pictures she hadn't seen before. They featured a few kids and Lenny, the forty-ish coworker who had a desk at the other end of the room.

Used to have a desk at the other end of the room, she corrected herself. She hadn't recognized anything on the desk because it didn't belong to her. She wondered if she'd have to casually stroll through the office until she found something she did recognize.

She turned back to Ken. 'Just making sure you have enough pens today.'

If Ken got the hint he gave no sign. He just picked up the cup on his desk, filled to the brim with pens, and shook it.

'Can never have enough pens, love.' He replied.

At that moment Alex came over and saved her.

'Vanessa, there you are. Come here, I need your help with something.'

Alex was as gorgeous as ever, and seemingly taller than before. It must be Vanessa's new smaller stature because although Alex had seemed tall and angular in Vanessa's previous body, she towered over Vanessa now. Alex's slightly upturned green eyes made it seem as though she was always on the verge of smiling. She motioned for Vanessa to follow her away.

'Come visit anytime, ladies.' Ken shouted as they left.

'Oh, my god,' Alex whispered, 'What were you doing over there with Chester the British molester?'

Vanessa thought Ken had been surprisingly well restrained. Although, looking back, she probably should have realized it was because of her breasts.

'I asked him if he had enough pens.'

Alex covered her mouth to stifle a short laugh and placed her other hand on Vanessa's arm. Her green eyes glinted with mischief as Vanessa's body thrilled to her simple touch. Already this was much more interaction with Alex than she was used to and she liked it. She especially liked the way Alex's rapturous look was focused on her.

'You didn't! Did he say anything?'

'He was too busy not looking at my tits.'

Alex laughed again. 'You're too much.'

Alex lead her over to the desks near the stationary cabinet where the other girls, Karen and Nicole, sat and typed away. Vanessa recognized her desk immediately and was relieved to see it had changed very little. Her collection of superhero bobble heads still lined one shelf along with a picture of herself with a team of people dressed in elaborate Street Fighter costumes from a long ago Penny Arcade Expo. Whereas before she had gone as Ryu, in this life she'd been Chun Li. And God, her legs in that skirt. With a tiny smile Vanessa realized she was turned on by herself.

'Nice of you to join us,' Karen said dryly. Karen was a short, chubby woman in her early thirties with curly brown hair that fell down nearly to her waist. Her broad, unsmiling face hid a sharp wit.

Nicole tittered at Karen's comment. Nicole was a young, blandly pretty brunette about Vanessa's age. She was the administrative assistant for the department and knew very little about design but a lot about organization.

Vanessa booted up her computer and chatted with the other girls. Following their lead, Vanessa found herself opening up slightly more than she ever had. Something about being a woman and being with these other women who were also sharing made it easier to talk about opinions she would have held back. The mental barrier in place when she was a guy was, if not gone, then steadily eroding. She told them about her hookup with Brad yesterday—leaving out some details, like how eagerly she threw herself at him—and how she'd felt let down somehow by the whole thing.

'Men are bastards,' Karen said.

'Even your husband?' Nicole asked.

'Yeah, but he's my bastard.'

The rest of the morning passed like this and Vanessa threw herself into her work, oftentimes getting so involved that she forgot about her new body and was brought back only when she turned and felt her body jiggling in strange ways. At lunch all the women went out together. Ken called out to them from the other side of the room and they politely nodded, but as soon as they stepped into the elevator and the doors closed they let out a burst of laughter. It seemed Ken wasn't quite at good as hiding his creepily sexist vibe as he thought he was.

They grabbed some sandwiches and ate them at a nearby park. Vanessa had never realized how funny Karen was until she started sharing some of her horror dating stories. Several times Vanessa caught Alex looking over at her but each time Alex looked away without catching her eye. Vanessa, too, kept glancing over at Alex, drinking in little sips of her long, narrow face and graceful, almost elvish appearance. Every now and then, after glancing at Alex, Vanessa saw some other sort of look pass between Nicole and Karen, like an inaudible sigh.

Soon they returned to the office and resumed their work. As the others were

shutting off their computers for the day and grabbing their purses, Alex turned to them. 'Let's go out for a drink tonight.'

'It's Monday,' Nicole said.

'So?'

'Can't', said Karen, 'I've got to pick up the kids. You have to give me more notice.'

'I'll go,' Vanessa piped in, too eagerly.

That same look Vanessa had seen at lunch passed between Karen and Nicole. Alex's pretty face lit up in a sexy smile.

'Ok, cool. Let me just run to the bathroom and then we can go.'

As soon as Alex left, Nicole and Karen turned to Vanessa.

'Don't start this again.' Karen said.

'Start what?' Vanessa asked.

'This whole on-again off-again, will-they won't-they stuff. It was fun to watch on "How I Met Your Mother" but in real life, not so much.'

'Yeah,' Nicole agreed.

'What are you talking about?' Vanessa asked, awareness slowly dawning.

'You two have been flirting all day. When you broke up last year you were a wreck and none of us got any work done.' Karen said. 'All I'm saying is if you want to go out, fine, but stay strong. Don't let her into your pants if you know what's good for you.'

'Don't get into any monkey business,' Nicole added.

Alex came back at that moment. 'Ready?' she asked Vanessa, gazing at her with her piercing, upturned eyes.

Vanessa nodded, her head still swimming with the realization that, in this

universe, she had dated the wonderful girl of her dreams. She wished, not for the first time, that she had all the memories to go with this body. Though from what Karen and Nicole said, it had ended badly. But maybe this time would be different; after all, this time she was different.

They all rode the elevator together. At the bottom Nicole and Karen told them goodnight and headed off in one direction while Alex lead Vanessa to the Irish pub across the street. Vanessa couldn't help admiring Alex's tall, lithe figure and her small hips wiggling from side to side beneath her tight, black leggings as she walked. Alex turned at the door and caught Vanessa staring. A smile flitted across her lips as she held the door open.

The two girls got a drink and chatted. Alex had a light, easygoing manner and her excitement about everything was infectious. She had a habit of twirling the single thick swoop of blonde hair that draped across her forehead from her otherwise close cropped blonde hair and after a few glasses of wine it spiked out in amusing ways. Maybe it was the wine, or maybe it was Alex's relaxed manner, or maybe it was Vanessa's implicit trust in friends, but Vanessa felt comfortable with Alex. In Vanessa's warm, alcohol fueled glow, she and Alex were the two romantic leads in their own movie, destined to be together but unwilling to admit it, until something happened—an alternate personality landing in Vanessa's body?—and they fell wildly, desperately in love.

The stoic, sarcastic shell she'd had as a man seemed to be cracking even more as she opened up to Alex, admiring her clothing and praising her for her warmth and character, something she certainly never would have done as Ethan. Maybe it was dumb but she trusted Alex, despite the warning from her co-workers. And, as the night grew on, the two began flirting more and more. Eventually Alex said she had to leave.

'You look a little drunk, girl,' Alex said, 'Do you want a ride home?'

'You've had just as many as me had...as me...as I have. Can you drive?' Vanessa asked.

'Yes,' Alex said, leaning in close so Vanessa could make out every pore, 'But I can hold my alcohol. See.' She held up her hand and shook it. 'Steady as a rock,' she giggled.

Alex lead the way back across the street to the office parking lot and up to a jet

black motorcycle. Of course she drives a motorcycle, Vanessa thought. Alex unlocked the two helmets and tossed one to Vanessa, who fumbled it but caught it before it hit the ground.

Alex climbed on and revved it up, a deep throbbing sound that seemed to reverberate through Vanessa's body. Alex motioned for Vanessa to hop on. She did and wrapped her arms around Alex's body.

'Hold tight,' Alex said, and gunned the engine, speeding out of the parking lot with a roar.

Vanessa squeezed her arms tight around Alex as the motorcycle throbbed between her legs. She felt warm, happy. There wasn't a care in the world, only a faint growing need.

Alex pulled up to Vanessa's house and Vanessa hopped off. She turned to Alex, her body still vibrating with the motorcycle's power, still flush with alcohol and the delightful feeling of having the woman she lusted after within her reach.

'Do you want to come inside for some coffee?' Vanessa asked.

Alex killed the motorcycle and pulled off her helmet, a confident half-smile on her face as she flipped her hair back. 'I'll come in but you know I don't drink coffee.'

'You know I don't have any,' Vanessa replied, taking Alex's warm hand and leading her up the steps to her apartment.

Vanessa ushered Alex inside and closed the door. The instant she turned around Alex lowered her head and placed her soft lips against Vanessa's. Alex's thumb caressed Vanessa's cheeks as the rest of her fingers entwined themselves in Vanessa's hair. Vanessa tasted the warm slight fruitiness of the wine on Alex's soft lips as she pressed her own body closer, felt Alex's small breasts press against her as she wrapped her arms around Alex's skinny frame. Her hands gently stroked up and down, eager to explore every small curve of Alex's long body. Alex's probing tongue pressed against Vanessa's lips and Vanessa opened wide for her, sucking on Alex's warm, wet tongue as Alex's hands wandered through Vanessa's hair and pushed their lips together harder, a deep, passionate

lusty kiss. Vanessa felt Alex's hunger for her as the probing tongue throbbed inside her mouth.

Alex spun Vanessa around and roughly pushed her onto the Lay-Z-Boy. Vanessa flopped into the chair as Alex tore Vanessa's shoes off, then her pants, Alex's green eyes staring hungrily at the wet spot already forming on Vanessa's panties. Alex leaned forward and again pressed her lips forcefully against Vanessa's lips, hungrily, like a woman possessed. She kissed her way roughly down Vanessa's neck as Vanessa panted, the pleasure swirling around her body. Alex's lips found Vanessa's nipples beneath her top and she breathed deeply, the hot breath radiating through Vanessa's bra. Her nipples spiked up as Vanessa's body warmed more, quicker, growing hornier. Alex wrapped her lips around the jutting nipple bit gently, Vanessa feeling the teeth even beneath the protective fabric of her shirt, driving her crazy with lust. Alex lowered one hand into Vanessa's panties, pressing four fingers quickly inside Vanessa's sopping wet pussy as Vanessa gasped in surprise and delight. Alex was rough in a way Vanessa never expected, pushing Vanessa's new body to the limit. Vanessa's hips bucked up in pleasure, driving Alex's fingers deeper inside as Alex kissed her way down Vanessa's stomach to the trim strip of pubic hair below her waist.

She squeezed Vanessa's clit and Vanessa groaned in excited anguish, pleasure pounding through her. Alex slid the rest of her hand inside Vanessa's cunt and she gasped at the intense fullness, squealing in anticipation of whatever intense pleasure was coming. Alex curled her hand into a fist, the ball of pleasure pounding through Vanessa's body. God, it was so full, it was too much, it was not enough, Vanessa's body hungered to be filled and used. Alex's tongue danced across Vanessa's clit as her fist opened and closed, turning this way and that as Vanessa's world spun into ecstasy and she cried out 'Oh g-god yes, y-yes!'. Her body thrummed in orgasmic vibration as Alex sucked her clit and pumped her fist inside Vanessa, biting her delicate clit and pumping her fist, again and again. Vanessa squirmed in pleasure until the waves pounded her once more and she screamed, pain and relief and ecstasy flooding her mind. She pushed Alex's head down, wanting more, more and Alex was happy to oblige, lapping up her juices with vigor until with a final yell, Vanessa's body vibrated one last time and the room went delightfully black and she was just an echo of her own pleasure. And then it was over and she collapsed back into the chair.

Alex pulled her fist out and Vanessa whimpered softly, her pussy feeling even emptier than before. She ran a hand through her black hair as she tried to regain

her breath.

'Oh my god, Alex, that was amazing.' Vanessa sighed.

'I forgot how much I love making you scream. You're such a girl!' Alex gave her a cockeyed smile.

They lay side by side in the Lay-Z-Boy, entangled in each others arms for the moment, then managed to stagger drunkenly down the hallway, hanging onto each other until they collapsed into bed, barely managing the effort of taking off the rest of their clothes.

The next morning Vanessa woke up with the room spinning and what felt like two tiny construction workers hammering in her skull. Alex was still passed out asleep beside her, one beautiful naked leg dangling out from under the covers. Vanessa slowly made her way out of bed and into the bathroom, her stomach threatening to rebel at every step. When she first ended up in her beautiful new body she'd thought there was no way she would ever seem ugly. But that morning, staring at her disheveled, pallid, slightly sweating face in the mirror, she realized she'd been wrong. But, to be fair, a night full of drinking would do that to anyone.

She chugged some water straight from the tap then went slowly rummaging through the cabinet under the sink until she came up with some ibuprofen. She swallowed a few pills along with some more tap water and stared into the sink, concentrating on keeping everything down. Once she was sure she had it under control she returned to her room. Alex was awake and looking slightly better than Vanessa felt.

'You all right?' Alex gave Vanessa a worried smile. Vanessa shot her a thumbs up and gently lowered herself face down onto the bed.

'I didn't realize how drunk I was,' Alex said, 'Or how drunk you were, for that matter.'

Vanessa stretched out her arm, felt around for Alex's leg and tapped it in acknowledgment without raising her head.

'Shit, we gotta get to work,' Alex said, sitting up in bed.

Vanessa managed to look up at her. 'What do we tell them about us?'

'Nothing. They don't need to know any of this.' Alex stood and began picking her clothes off the floor and sliding them on. Vanessa watched Alex's graceful body from her prone position on the bed.

'But, like, are we back together?'

'Oh, god, oh,' Alex rubbed her eyes, 'Vanessa, honey. I was drunk, you were drunk. I was having a dry spell, you were, well, I don't really know but whatever it was it was enough for you to break your promise.'

'What promise?'

She sighed, 'I don't want to do this again.'

'Do what?' Vanessa felt like she was playing an unending game of twenty questions.

Alex flipped her swoop of hair back over her forehead and sat down on the bed. She'd pulled her pants on but she was still topless, her small breasts dangling invitingly. 'We're not good for each other. This...fling, or whatever was a one time thing. I think you know that.'

Maybe the original Vanessa would have understood, but the new Vanessa didn't have those same memories and she was left confused, her head still spinning too much to put up an argument.

'It won't happen again,' Alex said, with a note of finality. 'I should go. I'll see you at work.'

Alex left Vanessa alone with her spinning thoughts. She heard the door open and shut, then a few seconds later Alex's motorcycle revved to life and sped off into the distance.

Vanessa reached for her phone and brought up the Alternate You app. For the second time in two days it dawned on her that her new life wasn't the perfect world she'd hoped for; it just brought its own set of identity problems. True, they

weren't fundamental problems—she felt more comfortable in her new skin than she ever had in her old—but she had basically jumped into someone else's life and was winging it. Everything seemed fine and then—bam—problem. For now she didn't have a choice, she still had another day to go according to the app.

Vanessa had to get to work. She had to lie to her colleagues. But first, she had to stay on the bed moaning for a little bit longer.

V.

When Vanessa finally pulled herself out of bed and into work—after a long shower and several attempts at makeup to cover the dark shadows under her eyes—she found Alex had beat her there. Somehow the alcohol hadn't affected her as much. Maybe she was just a lush, Vanessa thought, spitefully. She felt used but she didn't want Alex or any of the others to see that, so she pretended to be happy and upbeat, blaming her tiredness on a screaming match from the couple in the apartment next door that lasted into the night.

Alex seemed mostly the same as all the girls chatted. Only she didn't make as much eye contact with Vanessa, looking away as if she was embarrassed. Good. God knew Vanessa was.

When the other girls left for lunch Vanessa begged off. She didn't feel like she could fake happiness through a meal with the others. She bought a small sandwich and an apple from the deli downstairs and returned to eat at her desk. Ken came around the corner, pretending once again to head for the supply shelf.

'ello, Vanessa, not going out with de uvers?'

She saw his eyes glance quickly down at her chest, then back up as he smiled wide.

'Look, Ken, why don't you just download porn on your computer like a normal perv instead of coming around here to stare at us like a super creepy perv? Or a dirty dog?'

It was that last comment that got him, she saw it in his eyes. He was wondering where she'd overheard him use that expression, and if she'd overheard anything else. Little suspecting that he'd told Vanessa himself, back in her former life.

'Wha' a you mean?' Ken asked, affecting an air of nonchalance.

Vanessa stared at him coldly. 'I mean, next time you come over here for a pen I'm going to check your desk and if it has so much as half a broken pencil I'm going to report you for weeks of sexual harassment. I've heard the other stories the girls told about you.' It was just a guess, but she could see by the way his eyes

shifted around that she'd hit the mark. 'You hear me?'

Ken nodded.

'Good. Get out.'

'Ok.' He paused. 'But I do actually need some staples.'

'What part of "get out" do you not understand?'

Chastened and seemingly a little scared, Ken slunk off.

Vanessa returned to face her computer. She was chewing her sandwich absentmindedly and browsing aimlessly through the web when the new manager, Jess, came around the corner. Jess had only been hired about a month ago. She was in her mid-thirties with wavy, auburn hair and a friendly face. She seemed pretty lively, though Vanessa hadn't spent much time with her.

'Hey,' Jess said, 'Did the others go out to lunch?'

'Yes,' Vanessa said. Jess must have sensed something in her voice because she came a little closer.

'You all right, Vanessa?'

For a minute Vanessa didn't say anything—how could she explain everything she was actually going through? That she had this new life that she thought would make her happy but ended up having different versions of the same problems of loneliness and isolation. Her eyes welled with tears and she wiped them away.

'I'm okay, I'm okay,' she said, 'Just going through a hard time.'

'Do you want to get a drink tonight and talk?'

Vanessa stuck out her tongue, 'Ugh, no drinks.'

'How about a girl's night out then? Just you and me? I'm pretty new in town and they say the best way to make friends is to meet people at work. So...what do you say?'

Vanessa agreed. It would be nice to finally have someone to talk to outside of

work, even if that person was technically inside of her work.

Vanessa and Jess agreed to meet after work at the downtown mall, an open air mall situated in the well-maintained older part of downtown known for its boutique shops and nightlife. Vanessa let Jess lead her around and surprised herself with how eager she was to slip into some of the little stores and try on some outfits. Something about shopping with someone else made it fun. They tried on clothes and compared outfits, chatting easily like old friends.

'Wow, that looks great on you,' Jess gushed as Vanessa turned this way and that, analyzing a sheer white blouse she'd picked out.

'You think so?'

'Absolutely. You really need something that kind of hugs your form. You've got an amazing figure. I would kill for your figure.'

Vanessa smiled shyly at her image in the mirror, the cheeks of her beautiful reflection reddened in embarrassment.

'There's your first target,' Vanessa pointed to a woman standing at the checkout counter.

'Peyoo!' Jess fired her imaginary gun. The woman looked up and Jess gave a little wave, then it was her turn to flush red. Vanessa giggled, for the first time in a long time feeling more comfortable with who she was and where she was. It helped that Jess was easy to talk to.

Later, as they wandered down the wide boulevard, their hands full of shopping bags, Jess suddenly stopped and looked up at one of the shops. A huge smile lit up her face.

'I know what you need.'

'What?' Vanessa looked where Jess was looking and saw a hair and nail salon.

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' Jess asked.

'Getting out of here.' Vanessa said.

'Makeover!' Jess cried at the same time.

Jess grabbed her arm and pulled her inside. A few minutes later they were both surrounded by busy attendants polishing their nails. Surrounded by people, watching her nails slowly be transformed Vanessa had a sudden inspiration. She turned to one of the manicurists.

'I want to dye my hair red.'

'Ok, I'll get the stylist.'

'Quickly, before I change my mind!' Vanessa called after her.

Jess clapped. 'Ooohh, this is exciting.'

It turned out to be rather more exciting than Jess could have imagined. Unbeknownst to them both, the stylist didn't have much experience and when she finished, Vanessa stared at herself in the mirror. Jess gaped with her.

'Wow,' Vanessa said.

'Yeah, wow's one word for it.'

Vanessa didn't respond, just gaped at the weird blend of red and pink her hair had now become. She looked ridiculous. She looked like a woman who looked ridiculous, but cute and familiar and comfortable and...and...right. Suddenly she burst out laughing, the weight of all her present failures lifted and for the first time she judged them against her total transformation. Yes, some things were shit but there would always be some things that were shit. There was no perfect but her new body, her new self, her new incredible, sensual femininity, that was what was important. That was what she wanted, needed, desperately. And, incredibly, it had come true. Everything else was just details. So she laughed in pure delight and Jess laughed with her. She could work with this.

On Jess's suggestion, Vanessa had the hairstylist cut it shorter, styling it into a cute punk hairstyle with jagged bangs and short sides. Some dark lip gloss and eyeliner completed the transformation. Soon, she'd transformed the mistake into a stylish look. The waves of dark red and pink hair cascaded and spiked around

her cute, angular face. And it really worked. Vanessa felt so good she even went along with Jess when she suggested they go to the nearest bar.

In the dark, chic confines of the bar Vanessa really opened up, confessing her deepest feelings and emotions to Jess. She shared the awkward and sad moments of her life as Ethan—leaving out the transformation of course—truly opening up to someone for the first time in her life. Vanessa made a friend that night, the first in her new life, and she decided to try another first: she was going to pick up a guy at the bar. This time she'd be the one in charge of the one night stand.

A man at the far end of the bar caught her eye. He had a rugged attractiveness that reminded her too much of Brad, the asshole from the pizza shop. Pass. She kept gazing around the bar until she saw two guys sitting at a table by the wall. One caught her eye instantly, he was handsome in a boy-next-door kind of way, with dark, Mediterranean features and short brown hair.

'Jess, you have to be my wingman on this. See those two guys over there? I'll take the one wearing the I heart New York shirt ironically.'

'You sure he's wearing it ironically?'

'I hope so. Come on.'

Vanessa slide out from the table. Jess didn't move.

'No, I don't know.' Jess said.

'No, uh uh, you can't do that. This will be good for both of us. You said yourself you don't know anyone in town, well, now's your chance to meet someone.'
Vanessa thrust her hips suggestively.

Jess put her head in one hand and laughed.

'Please, please, please, please?' Vanessa begged.

'Ok. Ok!'

Jess pulled herself to her feet and, still smiling, followed Vanessa over to the two guys.

'Hey, guys, my friend here bet me I wouldn't come over here and sit down with you. Do you want to help me make her lose?'

They looked stunned, as if two beautiful women had never invited themselves over before. Which was probably true.

After a moment, the cute one slid over and smiled. 'Yeah, ok, I guess she loses.'

The two girls sat down next to the two guys, who turned out to be named Dave and Spencer. Despite his dorky name Spencer turned out to be a really nice guy. Vanessa had every intention of taking him home to love him and leave him, but as they talked she started to like him more and more. In some ways he reminded her of her former self, except a little more self-deprecating and with a quiet confidence she'd never had.

Eventually Jess started giving Vanessa subtle looks, then subtle nudges under the table, then not so subtle clearings of her throat. She was ready to go and, as it happened, so were the guys. They all made their way to the front of the bar. As Vanessa passed the Brad look-alike at the end of the bar he again gave Vanessa an appreciative glance. She took no notice of him. He seemed like trouble.

Outside, Vanessa traded numbers with Spencer. She wanted to give him a chance to be more than just a one night stand. Her body was sending all sorts of unfamiliar signals and she didn't quite trust her instincts yet. Maybe he was the guy for her, but maybe tonight wasn't the night.

The guys went one way while the girls went the other. Chris and Jess walked to their cars and hugged their goodbyes. As Jess drove off, Vanessa sat in her car, her fingers tap dancing on the steering wheel, thinking. She had psyched herself up and now it was hard to just come down and drive home to sleep. Tonight was her night. She needed to own it somehow. She needed to make a little trouble.

When she returned to the bar the Brad look-alike was still there. He glanced up at her and smiled. It didn't take much work on Vanessa's part; Vanessa didn't have to hide her usual forthrightness and they were back at her place within the hour.

The door had barely closed when her lips were on his, her arms wrapped around his muscular body. He kissed her back, smart enough to not say anything. He couldn't say anything even if he wanted as Vanessa pushed her tongue inside his

mouth, tasting his faint manly, whiskey breath. He sucked on her tongue, drawing her in closer.

She grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head, breaking his kiss for only an instant before returning, her nose pressing into the scratchy stubble of his cheek as her lips again found his. She was already aching for him, a hard warmth this time, an urgent, desperate need blossoming quickly between her legs, swallowing her. She felt his hands on her top and she raised her arms as he jerked it over her head. She reached around and unclasped her bra, let her breasts bounce free and he stared, mesmerized. His hands rose to caress her lovely tits, squeezing and lowering his head to kiss. She could see the desire for her body in his eyes, feel the control she had over him. It was intoxicating, increasing her own desire tenfold.

She broke away long enough to pull him into the bedroom, her body protesting even this short break from his needy caress. She unbuttoned his pants and slid them down, then did the same with his briefs. She grabbed his erection in one hand, felt the warmth pulsing beneath her dainty fingers as he sighed. She wanted her inside him, her body ached with her desire, but first she wanted to make him earn it.

She slipped out of her own pants and he eagerly helped throw them to the side, followed by her panties, already damp with her lust. She sat on the bed and pushed his head down between her legs. He knelt before her, eager and willing, his hands sliding up and down the inside of her smooth thighs, teasing her, stoking the fire inside her. Her hand still on his head she gently pushed down until she felt his hot breath against her folded lips. His warm tongue danced out, licking and suckling as she unfolded, sighing deeply as warmth shot out from between her legs. He ran long, slow strokes up and down her velvety lips, pressing hard against her blossoming clit. His tongue entered her and she drew in a sharp breath as pleasure spiked quickly, her head raised, eyes closed, sinking into the ecstasy floating through her.

She lay back on the bed as his finger joined his tongue, pressing deep inside her sopping pussy as she began to quietly moan. Her hand still entwined in his hair she pushed him up and down, pressing his tongue hard against her clit, his mouth and nose inside her, tasting her, worshiping her womanhood. The pleasure crested quickly and she cried out, her hips bucking up into his busy mouth and he suckled. She could stand it no longer. She sat up and pulled him onto his back

on the bed, his erection so huge and inviting. Vanessa threw one trim leg over it and sank slowly, enjoying the steady pressure of the head of his cock against her pussy until it popped in. The shaft slid deep inside her as she sank down, down, filling herself and she gasped again. She wiggled her hips, sinking deeper, deeper until she was sitting on him, desperately, incredibly full of him.

Vanessa began grinding back and forth, slowly at first but picking up the pace as the pleasure inside exploded through her. His hands found their way to her breasts where they squeezed. She could hear his breathing intensify, see the unearthed yearning in his eyes. She leaned back, resting on her hands as she continued to rock, now the cock was hitting her clit each time it slid in, filling her then hitting her G-spot and she cried out as the pleasure came.

'F-fuck! D-don't stop. Fuck me. Ah! Fuck me harder!' she cried in a rising voice dripping with lust and need.

He obliged, grabbing her hips and pushing upwards, slamming his cock deep inside as she rocked down, intensifying every motion and she came again, harder and slower this time, the world disappearing in a haze of pleasure.

'Cum for me, cum for me!' She screamed out needing this one final push to send her over the edge and he came. She cried out as the hot seed filled her belly and ecstasy exploded through her. The feeling of fullness intensified and she gripped his cock tight between her pussy lips as she milked his hot cum and they both cried out, him grunting, her screaming, rocking together as one.

Little by little the throbbing cock inside her slowed as they both came back down. After a few seconds she rolled off him, his seed dripping down her thighs and onto her bed but she didn't care. She lay on her back, trembling every now and then as the aftershocks rocked her. She was spent. After a few minutes of silence she looked over at him. He looked back at her, his eyes half lidded in post-coital exhaustion.

'I've got to get up early tomorrow,' she said, 'So you should probably go.'

A look of surprise flashed across his face. Probably because I've stolen his line, she thought. If he was expecting her to be clingy, well, he should have realized this was a one night stand. Vanessa was in control.

When he left she rinsed off quickly in the bathroom, then returned to bed. As she

was just turning over to sleep her phone chimed. She picked it up.

ALTERNATE YOU

RESET READY.

INITIATE?

YES NO

Without hesitating Vanessa slid one slender thumb over the 'No.' She was happy with her life. Her life. It felt so good to say, to think. She closed the app and deleted it from her phone. She didn't know where it had come from but she was happy it had found her. She was happy for this miracle.

She was happy.

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About

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