

F2F BODY THEFT

TIME
FOR
AN

Upgrade

M W L L S

Dave

Dave sat back in bed and watched Lucy getting dressed. She slid on stockings and shimmied into a clingy skirt, her soft blonde waves bouncing as she moved about their room. Her nails—meticulously painted in deepest red—swept over her shirt, buttoning it up, a stark contrast against the white, silky material. Dave already missed the gentle swell of her breasts as they disappeared beneath the shirt.

It wasn't particularly fair, and it certainly wasn't kind, but he found himself playing compare and contrast, reflecting back on the times he'd sat in a similar position and watched Kendra getting ready for work.

Lucy was all polish and lingerie; everything about her a little delicate and a little frilly, the epitome of form over function. Kendra, in contrast, had been pure function. No lace, no lingerie, no polish; just shapeless scrubs and a utilitarian ponytail - the same outfit every workday for two years.

Reminiscing about Kendra stirred up the usual combo of feelings - a twinge of guilt for dumping her so suddenly... immediately countered by a hefty dose of smug satisfaction at the girlfriend upgrade.

Dave resented the sliver of lingering guilt. Dumping Kendra—though admittedly a little harsh—was all but inevitably, really. It was the way the world worked. Opportunities presented themselves, needs changed, people moved on.

They'd been 24 and perfectly suited when they'd met. They'd spent three—busy and exhausting—years together. Three years of trying to get their careers off the ground. Three years of long hours, late nights and cheap takeout. Three years of crappy rented apartments and shitty Ikea couches. Three years of grungy road trip vacations in budget hotels. Three years of weighty grown-up responsibilities and very few grown-up perks.

And then Dave had finally been promoted. And then, almost immediately, promoted again. In the space of six months his salary doubled. For the first time, they'd actually had disposable income. And for one crazy week they'd reveled in the possibilities opening up in front of them. They'd discussed a real vacation and nice dinners and a bigger apartment and waving goodbye to the cheap, lumpy couch. Dave had finally bought new suits for work and then, in a self-congratulatory frenzy, an Audi TTS Roadster - black, convertible, ostentatious and completely indulgent.

Life looked good. And so—Dave suddenly realized—did he. He was no longer the most junior guy in the firm; he was management with an expense account, an overpriced haircut and a panty-dropper of a car. The secretaries paid attention when he walked through the office bullpen. Women who had looked straight through him for years suddenly let their eyes linger.

Including Lucy. Lucy Fucking Lang! Out-of-his-league Lucy with her perfect perky tits and her trust fund and her sweet, silvery giggle. Lucy from legal who was only a year out of college and still retained the slightly bouncy, optimistic outlook reserved for the young and independently wealthy.

She started coming by his office. Dropping off documents and lingering, sitting her biteable little ass on the corner of his desk and folding her long legs so that her skirt rode up to reveal the bare flesh of her thigh, chatting about idiot clients and the tyranny of the admin staff as he concentrated on maintaining eye contact and not letting his gaze linger down her perfect little body. Sinking her teeth into her plump lower lip, she'd asked him out, trying to play it off as a group office hang. But the little flutter in her voice told Dave what she was really offering.

He'd gone home to Kendra that night and found her looking through resort reviews, trying to find the perfect location for their upcoming Dave-Now-Makes-Bank vacation. He'd taken a long look at her: pretty enough but no knockout, and more than a little tired and grubby-looking after her nursing shift, her long ponytail frizzy and unkempt, slight bags under her eyes.

Not looking up from the computer screen, she'd said, "Hey, babe. What about Jamaica? I emailed you a link. There's this resort with these little cottages on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The spa looks amaz—"

He'd cut her off. "I think we should split up."

She'd cried. And yelled. A lot. Alternating between crying and yelling for the week it took to divide their lives. On day seven she'd sent him a long email, begging and angry in turn, demanding to know what she'd done wrong, peppering him with

questions, and ending with a long tirade reminding him of the eight months she'd carried the couple financially while Dave searched for a new job with room for career growth. In response, he'd moved out and left her all the furniture as compensation. Including the lumpy couch.

He'd felt like a total shit that week. But he'd also felt up Lucy Lang in the copy room at work. He'd got his hands on her silky, warm flesh; felt her nipples hardening as he'd slid a hand into her siren-red bra. And, after that, it was kinda hard to give a shit about Kendra. Not when he was perma-hard for Lucy.

So he'd taken Lucy to Jamaica and spent a week fucking her in a luxury cottage on a cliff.

And he'd left Kendra far behind, studiously trying to avoid thinking about her.

He'd mostly been successful, quashing any lingering shreds of guilt whenever they bubbled to the surface. Kendra didn't make it easy, though. For weeks after the break up she found ways to intrude upon his new happiness. A few petty little acts—changing all his passwords, texting him demands for his share of the utilities at 2am—none of which he really blamed her for. He did, admittedly, deserve a bit of punishment.

But eventually, the contact tapered off. In fact, other than one random morning that he'd been sure he saw her standing outside his gym, she'd cut off all contact.

Now, six months later, he was sitting in bed, watching Lucy slip into her stilettos, her skirt sliding up, revealing the barest hint of curve of her perfect ass as she leaned down and fiddled with the straps. She turned to him and caught him staring. Running a hand over her hip and smoothing her skirt, she asked, "Whatcha looking at?"

The tented sheet made the answer pretty clear but he responded anyway. "Come back to bed."

A smile teased the corner of her mouth. "You wanna fuck, baby?"

What he was actually idly thinking about was a blowjob. He wanted to see her sink to her knees, still dressed in her prissy outfit and ridiculous spiked heels, and wrap her bright, red lips around his dick. But Lucy was firmly anti-blowjob, thought it was disgusting. The one time she'd consented to do it neither of them had had much fun: she'd been tentative and meek, grazing his cock with her teeth so much he began to have fears she'd accidentally bite it off. It would have been a serious bummer, except that she was up for literally everything else.

And all thoughts of Lucy on her knees were soon obliterated, as she turned away from him and slowly slid her clingy skirt up her legs, revealing the long lines of her bare thighs and swell of her ass. Spreading her legs, she bent forward slightly and grabbed the dresser. Then turned back to him, smiling over her shoulder.

Dave pounced up from the bed and got behind her, grinding his hard dick against the lace of her underwear. He dropped his mouth to her neck, kissing a trail down to the collar of her shirt, breathing in the perfume on her skin and sweet, expensive scent of her shampoo. Nudging her feet further apart, he shoved aside the strip of lace, his dick straining against her.

And, in that moment, he knew he was going to propose. And soon. Because she was fucking perfect - gorgeous, sweet and bubbly - and he was completely addicted to her. Addicted to her curves and her confidence. Addicted to her poise and to the pampered perfection of her skin. Addicted to the perks of her family's wealth - the borrowed holiday houses, the season tickets, the lavish parties. Addicted to the cache of being the guy fucking Lucy Lang. Addicted to the thrill of watching other guys panting over her and know she was his.

And he didn't want it to end.

Dave let himself enjoy the moment, grinding against her warm ass, teasing her. Feeling her start to squirm and become demanding, pushing back against him and asking for it.

And then he fucked her. And watched her teeter on her heels as she came, her pouty little mouth gasping and her flawless, red nails clutching the dresser, little voice crying out in abject pleasure. He pounded into her and came and didn't give Kendra another thought.

Two months later he was engaged to Lucy and planned a wedding. Lucy wanted to have the ceremony at her parents' Palm Springs estate and, not wanting to subject the guests to too much desert heat, they'd elected for a speedy engagement and a February wedding ceremony.

A week out from the wedding, Dave was pretty much buried in work—trying to wrap up everything before he went on leave for the wedding and his honeymoon at the Lang's private resort in the Seychelles—so he wasn't paying attention and picked up his ringing phone without checking the number. "Hello."

The voice on the other end was taut. "It's Kendra."

He swallowed uncomfortably. "Um, hi."

"Our lease is up."

"What?"

She sighed angrily. "Your name is still on the apartment lease. I need to renew it but the landlord says we need to sign papers to transfer it to my name."

"Ok. When?"

"Tomorrow. Can you meet me at the apartment? My shift finishes at 8."

Dave momentarily considered coming up with an excuse but decided it was better just to get it over with. "Sure, I'll be there about 8:30."

Kendra's tone lightened a little. "Great. See you then."

He knocked on their—her—apartment door with had no idea what to expect. They hadn't spoken in person since the day he'd moved out. Would there be recriminations? Yelling? Or would it just be awkward as hell?

She answered the door and led him into the apartment. Immediately, Dave knew something was different. He knew what Kendra typically did after a shift: grab takeout and collapse on the sofa in her scrubs. Being a nurse on the psych ward was no joke. But tonight, Kendra was showered and coiffed, wearing tight black pants and a halter top - just three skinny little ties keeping the scrap of material in place. He eyed her body through the material, feeling a slight pang of regret as he remembered the times he'd run his hands down those familiar curves.

The apartment was filled the warm aroma of home cooking. A big bowl of penne, a loaf of fresh bread and an open bottle of wine were sitting on the table.

Dave asked in surprise, "Didn't you just get off work?"

"Got out early," she replied, pouring herself a glass of wine.

"I thought the hospital shift schedule was totally sacrosanct?"

"Wasn't at the hospital. I took a second job. Had to." She took a sip of wine and added, "Couldn't afford rent on my own."

The faint note of accusation in her voice wormed into Dave's gut. Seeking distraction, he grabbed a glass from the shelf and poured himself some wine. "Where are you working?"

"Dr Balding opened a new clinic."

Dave's eyebrows jumped in surprise. "I thought you said he's a total kook. Crazy theories about personality disorders and experimental treatme—"

She cut him off, noting succinctly. "He pays well."

"Right." Dave felt the guilt wash over him. Kendra had to be really hurting financially to work for Balding. "I thought he lost his license after that experiment with the twins?"

Kendra clearly decided to change the topic and motioned to the pasta. "Have some if you want; I made too much."

Not waiting for his answer, she grabbed two bowls and started dishing out food. Dave took the proffered plate because a) he didn't want to seem rude and b) Kendra made crazy-good penne.

Which is how they came to be eating dinner together. Sitting in the tiny apartment they'd once shared, making small talk and glugging wine to fill the awkward silences. And, for the first time in months, Dave felt the dull ache of guilt he'd always associated with Kendra begin to lift. Sure, he'd dumped her—suddenly and for no reason other than he had a chance at someone hotter—but Kendra was clearly doing ok. Pinching pennies and a little bitter... but fine.

Kendra was okay, he wasn't a grade A asshole and he was getting married to the most perfect woman on the planet. He relaxed.

And then, out of nowhere, just as the empty bottom of the bottle came into view, Kendra leaned over and stroked a hand up his thigh. It was so unexpected, so casual, so unprovoked, that he sat paralyzed in shock.

She smiled over the rim of her wine glass, skimming her fingertips over the outline of his cock, and said, "Miss this." She increased the pressure, squeezing just a little through the rough material of his pants. "Miss how this feels inside me. How it hardens and throbs it my hand." Her tone was light, almost conversational, until she grinned and added, "God I miss how it tastes. How it fills my throat, how it slides all hot and sticky on my tongue."

Every nerve in his body screamed in shock and confusing, involuntary arousal.

She pressed her palm against him as he began to harden and smirked, "You miss me too, huh?"

It was her smugness that broke through his shock. Jumping to his feet and taking a big step away from her, he blurted out, "I'm engaged."

She didn't blink, just countered, "But not married yet."

"I will be in two weeks." Then he added firmly, "And we're done."

He watched her expression harden, twisting into something furious and bitter as she hissed, "That's what you think."

Shaken by her fury, he wanted out of the apartment—out of her life—as soon as possible. He scanned the kitchen quickly and located the lease documents. He could feel her, watching him and almost quaking in anger, as he scribbled his name next to the 'sign here' tabs.

As he headed for the door, he felt a small stab of conscience and made a parting attempt at placation. He turned back and said, "Look, I'm sorry, ok? I never wanted it to be like this."

In response, she slowly picked up her full wine glass, took a small sip and pitched the glass at him. The glass hit the wall by his shoulder, exploding and raining red wine and shards of glass all over his shirt.

The seconds ticked by as Dave recovered from the shock. Kendra had always had a temper but this was something new and terrifying. The glass had hit full force just inches from his head. He was lucky not to be cut to shreds. As it was, he was drenched and could feel the slivers of glass cutting into the sleeve of his shirt.

Pulling himself together, he said carefully, "Well, at least I don't have to feel sorry for dumping you anymore. You've proved I made a wise decision. Thank you for making this easier, Kendra."

And, with that, he closed the door.

Wanting to spare himself an uncomfortable conversation with Lucy about his angry ex, he headed to the gym to get cleaned up and changed out of his wine-soaked clothes. Peeling off his shirt he discovered the red stain on his sleeve wasn't just cabernet sauvignon. A piece of glass must have cut through the fabric and the resulting gash was still gently oozing blood. Grabbing a bunch of paper towels, he fashioned a crude bandage to stem the flow.

It wasn't until he was in the shower, reflecting back on the whole weird exchange, that he realized something odd - Kendra hadn't seemed the least bit surprised to hear he was engaged. In fact, he was sure from her tone that she'd already known about it.

That was seriously strange. They'd been living entirely separate lives for months. They had no mutual friends. He hadn't bragged about it online.

He scrubbed at his shampoo and contemplated, searching for an explanation. The Langs—Lucy's parents who were old school and moneyed—had put an announcement in the paper. Maybe Kendra had googled him and found that. The idea that

she was checking up on him online was disconcerting. In fact, everything about Kendra was disconcerting. He still couldn't quite believe she'd pitched a fucking glass at him. And couldn't quite believe his luck at not getting it directly in the face - Kendra had played softball in college; she typically had serious aim.

Still pondering his lucky escape—from both the glass and Kendra herself—he headed home. And arrived to find chaos.

Lucy was in the front yard.

Inexplicably, so was Kendra. She looked wild-eyed and more than a little drunk, turning as Dave leapt out of his car, to hurl abuse. "You think you can just walk out on me. Again?" She stalked towards him. "You fucking owe me!"

Eyes whipping between the two women, he asked, "What the hell is going on?" Moving to Lucy's side, he saw her stricken face and he threw a protective arm around her. "You okay, baby?"

Lucy nodded hesitantly. "She just turned up and started screaming. And I didn't know what to do or—" Lucy stopped and took a breath, visibly pulling together. She added firmly, "I'm okay."

Dave gave her a reassuring squeeze. "I'll deal with this."

Kendra rolled her eyes. "Want some free advice, Lucy? Enjoy the loving boyfriend act while you can, because it won't last. In a couple of years he'll be trading you in for a newer model without a backwards glance."

Lucy had clearly had enough of being cowed. "Not boyfriend - fiance." Her tone got a little more strident. "And, in a few days - husband."

And Kendra lost it. "Oh hell no!" Eyes flashing, she screamed, "Dave and I had something. Something real. Not this stupid infatuation he's got with your tits. If anyone's marrying him, it's me."

Dave tried to wrap his head around this version of Kendra. She'd always been a little volatile but this was a side of her—ranting psycho—he'd never seen. "Kendra, you need to leave. Now."

She simply glared. "Make me."

It felt surreal, threatening someone he'd spent years with, someone who'd shared his bed and looked after him when he got migraines. But, clearly, it had to be done. Voice implacable, he repeated, "Leave now." Then added, "Or I'm calling the cops."

She was practically growling. "You are such a shit! Dumping me with no explanation and running off to this vapid kindergarten. All I'm asking for is—"

A new voice broke through the screeching. "You guys ok?"

Dave looked over to see their next door neighbor, Jeff, in his front yard. Shooting him an apologetic glance, he said, "Sorry, Jeff. Yeah, we're dealing with it." He turned back to Kendra. "She's leaving."

For a moment, Kendra stood utterly still. Then she stalked forward and got right in Lucy's face, hissing loudly, "If you think I'm just gonna stand by and let you marry him, you are delusional. I will end you first. I will fucking finish you."

With that, she stomped to her car, absently calling over her shoulder, "That cut in your arm needs sutures, Dave."

And she drove away, leaving Dave to deal with Jeff (who wanted to launch into stories about his own psycho ex) and Lucy (who was shaken to the core).

Dave spent the next four hours in the ER getting his cut cleaned and stitched while trying to placate Lucy. Trying to explain that—despite tonight's performance—Kendra was generally a sane human being.

"She was drunk, Luce. I don't think she meant a word she said. I guess she just learned about the wedding and she was just..."

Lucy nodded and squeezed his hand. "I get it. If I lost you, I'd probably go a bit nuts too." Leaning over she kissed him. "She'll probably feel like an idiot when she sobers up."

Seemingly, Lucy was right. They had three days of peace. No Kendra. No drama. And, the day before the wedding, Dave was in the driveway, loading up the car for their drive to Palm Springs. Lucy, who never traveled light anyway, had a serious mountain of wedding luggage. Dave rapidly filled the trunk and then started piling the remaining bags into the seats of the convertible.

He'd just managed to fit the last of the cases into the car, when Lucy emerged from the house. She was desert-ready: bouncing blonde ponytail, daisy dukes and teeny little scrap of a top.

Dave took one look at her and made a call. Trailing his eyes up her legs, he said, "Turn around, go back in the house and get your ass upstairs."

She grinned. "Uh uh. We've got traffic to beat."

Dave rolled his eyes. "Fine, but if you think we're sleeping in separate beds tonight - you're crazy."

"Of course we are. Night before the wedding, it's tradition."

"It's inhumane!" he yelped. "Expecting me not to react to that outfit."

"Dave, we can't see each other tonight. It's bad luck." She gave him a stubborn, little pout. "Like it or not, you're staying in the guesthouse."

Dave was willing to negotiate. "Fine. Then, I repeat, ass upstairs."

Giggling, she turned and headed back into the house. Dave was right behind her.

Half an hour later they returned to the driveway... to find Kendra standing next to Dave's car, calming going through Lucy's open luggage.

She held up a pair of Lucy's panties. "These kinda say it all don't they - flimsy, frivolous, completely lacking in substance." She waved a hand in Lucy's direction. "A perfect summation of their owner."

Hooking a thumb into the elastic, she slingshot the lacy panties at Dave. They smacked him in the chest and fluttered to the ground.

He surveyed the mess of clothes and toiletries Kendra had strewn across the driveway. "Kendra, what the hell are you doing?"

In response, she just smiled—a cold, calculated smile that Dave didn't recognize—and she flew at Lucy, grabbing at her hair and yanking. Dave got between them, dragging Kendra off and holding her back as she squirmed.

He turned to Lucy. "Get inside. Now."

Lucy scurried for the front door, pulling out her phone and dialing as she went. "This is insane. I'm calling the cops."

When Lucy was safely inside, Dave let Kendra go and tried to reason with her. "This has to stop."

Kendra shrugged. "It will - soon. When I get what I came for."

"And what's that?"

"You, baby," she said coyly.

And then she turned and walked to her car, calling up to the house, "Bye, Lucy. See you at the wedding."

Dave reflected that, if Kendra's plan was to simply make him miserable, she had succeeded admirably. The rest of the afternoon sucked beyond the telling. There were cops to deal with and a near hysterical Lucy to take care of.

The cops, when they finally arrived, proved only fractionally helpful. Apparently hair-pulling and throwing panties didn't constitute arrestable offenses; so they simply took a report and advised getting a restraining order.

Lucy had immediately jumped on the phone to her Dad... who inevitably had a golf-buddy judge on speed dial. Armed with the corroborating evidence of Dave's stitches and a witness in the form of their neighbor Jeff—they had a restraining order by mid-afternoon. At Mr Lang's insistence they also had a security company hired to look after the wedding.

It was 5 o'clock before they got on the road for the desert - Friday night, rush hour traffic in LA. What followed were four torturous hours on the 10 freeway, crawling toward Palm Springs with a tense and argumentative Lucy in the passenger seat.

When they finally reached the Lang's mansion, Lucy jumped out of the car and said sullenly, "Guesthouse is that way." She jerked a thumb at a path trailing down the side of the main house and sighed. "I'll see you tomorrow."

He caught her hand, stopped her. "Luce. I know today's sucked but we're getting married tomorrow and—"

"And she's ruined it!" Lucy interjected.

"Only if you let her," he said gently. "Please, let's not give her the satisfaction."

"I know. It's just..." Clearly at the end of her rope, Lucy asked bewildered, "How could you be with someone like that?"

"She wasn't like that. Not when I was with her." He quickly realized it was the wrong answer and changed tack. "And I seriously, seriously traded up."

She gave the tiniest hint of a smile. "I'll see you tomorrow, Dave. 4pm in the garden."

That night, Dave was getting ready for bed when there was a soft knock on the front door of the guesthouse. He opened it and was surprised to see Lucy standing in the doorway. A soft, pink nightdress clung to her petite form. The material was so flimsy he could see the shadow of her body outlined beneath. He hadn't expected to see her after the events of the day and he let her inside wordlessly. She looked around as though she'd never seen the place before, letting the finger of one hand skim across the marble counter.

"Nice room, huh?" She said. "And it's all ours now."

Her back was to Dave and he couldn't keep his eyes off her tiny ass as it wiggled and shimmied beneath the silky material. He wanted to rip it off her and have his way with her right there, but he kept his hands to himself, not wanting to anger her anymore today. She turned to him, a sultry look on her face and came closer, until her body brushed against his and she looked up at him with her big blue eyes, affecting a look of pouty desperation.

"What's the matter? Don't want me anymore?"

"No...I thought you..."

She put her finger to his lips. "Shhhh."

She knelt in front of him and he stared down at the top of her blonde head as she slowly pulled down his pajama pants. His cock was already semi-erect and the heat of her fingers as she grasped him was electric. He sighed involuntarily as she gripped him. His dick jumped the rest of the way to attention as Lucy stroked him slowly, staring down at his cock and licking her lips as if it was the most delicious thing she'd ever seen. She giggled and looked up at him, her hand continuing to

glide up and down his dick as she shot him an impish smile.

Remembering her previous attempt at a blowjob, Dave started to protest, to volunteer *another* way they could enjoy each other that night. "You don't have to--"

Then she opened her little pink lips and swallowed him and the words died on his tongue. She was gentle and warm, slowly dragging her lips down his shaft, her tongue licking the underside as she took him inside her. The pressure was perfect, the way she swirled her head lightly, changing the pressure as she slid down and up him, the way she held his cock perfectly in her wet heat, the way she was kneeling before him, subservient and worshipful, all made Dave moan again. Even stranger, she appeared to be enjoying herself, sighing softly as she swallowed him, his cock disappearing between her lips, reappearing slick with his saliva.

She swirled her head around as she came back up, swallowed him and held him deep inside. His cock must have been tickling against the back of her throat as she pushed her tiny nose deep into his pubic hair, taking him all in, yet she didn't pause, didn't gag. God, it was amazing watching her gorge on his dick, worshiping it with her lips and tongue, little wet pops and slurps emanating from her mouth as she filled herself with him. Every now and then she would pull her lips entirely off and just stroke his cock, staring at it, little upturned nose nearly touching it, before swallowing it again.

"Fuck," he moaned, "Where did you learn to suck dick like this?"

She pulled off and smiled up at him, still stroking him, then returned her attention to his dick. Her lips moved faster, the pressure increasing as Dave's desire built within him, the tension rising until with a long moan he came. She pushed her lips down deep on his dick and swallowed as he spurted his seed into her mouth. He watched her drinking it down, eyes closed in ecstasy while he emptied himself into her. When at last he was done she held him there, swallowing every drop, before gently, almost regretfully, pulling his cock out of her mouth.

She stood and wiped a drop of cum off her lips with a slender finger. "Your fiance's never done that before, huh?" Dave just nodded silently, afraid to break whatever spell had come over her, as he followed Lucy to his bed.

Kendra

The next morning, Kendra awoke curled around Dave.

In a luxurious guesthouse.

In a giant bed.

In Lucy's body.

She grinned in satisfaction. Dr Balding had warned her that the real test—the real indication of whether the body swap would be permanent—was falling asleep. The doc's only lingering concern was that the loss of conscious might cause her and Lucy to switch back. Clearly, he didn't have to worry. When she had a moment, she'd give him a call and let him know. But, for now, she had a new body to toy with. And a sense of smug satisfaction to indulge... because every element of her plan had lined up.

The moment she'd heard that Dr Balding was looking for guinea pigs for his body swap experiment she'd signed up and started plotting. And there was only ever one candidate she had in mind for the swap.

Taking Lucy's body was the answer to so many problem in one tidy package. An escape from a life of hard work and little reward into one of ease and money. A chance to be near Dave again, to possess him again, to use him and punish him and suck every ounce of satisfaction from him that she deserved. A chance to torment his insipid, barbie doll girlfriend, to make her experience what it felt like to be thrown aside.

And, as an added bonus, it didn't hurt that taking Lucy's physical form was like trading in a 2012 Toyota for a showroom Maserati. Kendra ran a hand up her new body, gliding over the smooth, flat expanse of her belly and up to the perky, little curves of her new breasts. Teasing a nipple into a taut, pink bud, she felt a flush of heat curl immediately in her belly.

Damn, this body was responsive!

She gave silent thanks again that Dr Balding hadn't concern himself with who she swapped into. The ethics of taking someone's body without their consent apparently didn't worry him and he hadn't asked questions. He'd just requested a DNA sample from Kendra's desired swapee. And that had been easy enough to obtain. Especially after Dave had left Lucy's luggage sitting out in the open in his stupid new car. She'd pilfered a hairbrush from the very first bag she'd opened... Yanking a chunk of hair out of Lucy's head had really just been a (very satisfying) backup sample.

And the hair-pulling had helped with the other part of her plan: the need to ensure that Lucy (upon finding herself in Kendra's body) wouldn't be in a position to make trouble. That part of the plan had been surprisingly easy. Decimating her own credibility and cutting off her own access to both Dave and Lucy had been the work of mere minutes really - a manufactured rental agreement, a projectile glass of wine, a few threats, some idle vandalism and, boom, she was served with a restraining order.

She'd tossed the legal papers on the table and, deciding the last of the ducks were in a row, she'd grabbed Dr Balding's drug cocktail—laced with Lucy's DNA and probably any number of other unethically sourced ingredients—from the fridge. Carefully, she filled the syringe and injected herself in the thigh.

And when she opened her eyes, she'd been sitting in Lucy's bedroom in the Lang's Palm Springs mansion. She had given herself a couple of minutes to adjust to her new body and then headed out to the guest house to suck Dave's dick. And fuck if it didn't taste every bit as delicious as it had in her old body.

He had obviously enjoyed it, because he was currently sleeping the sleep of the thoroughly sated and completely spent. Kendra slid out of bed but he didn't stir, so she headed for the bathroom.

She closed the door softly behind her and turned to stare at her stolen body in the mirror. The little blonde airhead stared back, her hair disheveled from the night before, the nightie clinging to her delicate curves in all the right places.

Look at her little Barbie doll face. Kendra thought. *Cute little nose. Glowing cheeks. Bedroom eyes. I'd be jealous if it wasn't me!*

She smirked, watched the stupid bimbo smirk back at her. Of course, she was no longer a bimbo. She had brains *and* a body.

And what a body.

No wonder Dave fell for the little slut. Kendra thought as she half turned to examine her backside in the mirror, wiggling her hips seductively. Her ass was amazing: perfect and round and pinchable. Wars were fought over an ass like this. And her tits, well, they were small but perfectly shaped teardrops hanging magnificently from her chest.

She imagined that poor Lucy would be frantic by now, stuck in Kendra's mediocre body all night with realization dawning that this wasn't a dream and was, in fact, a horrifically permanent reality. Kendra couldn't imagine Lucy would do well without her perfect body and her daddy's money, having to rely only on what little smarts she had. Lucy was probably wailing helplessly for her body. A wicked thought came to Kendra and she decided to show Lucy just how well she was caring for her stolen form.

Kendra slipped quietly out of the bathroom, returning a moment later with Dave's phone clutched in her hand. Luckily, he hadn't changed his password—date of birth backwards—and Kendra easily unlocked it. She selected the camera app and held it up, smiling for the lens. Click. She slipped a strap down her shoulder. Click. Another one. Click. Let the fabric drop to the floor. Click. Click. Click.

Kendra looked down at herself from behind Lucy's eyes. Fuck, this body was amazing. Perfect and tight. Perky little tits. Squeezable ass. Legs for days.

Kendra set the phone to record video and propped it up on the sink so she could see herself.

"Oh my God, Lucy," she said into the camera, "Your body looks so great. Props to you. But I wonder how it *feels*."

Kendra brought one hand up and dragged her fingers lightly across her shoulder, down her front and gently brushed across one breast. She shivered lightly, a smile forming at her lips.

"Oh, God, you feel wonderful." She whispered, bringing both hands up and taking turns brushing the fingers of one hand across the arm of the other, examining her skin closely, sticking her nose close and sniffing Lucy's flowery scent. Her fingers circled down around her tits, clasped them gently and tickled. Thumb and forefinger of each hand reached up and pinched each delicate nipple, prodding, stretching lightly before letting them snap back. Her body warmed wonderfully as she forced Lucy to play with her own breasts. She dropped her tits and gave them a light smack, watched them wobble back and forth.

"You like that? I can do *anything* to your body."

She smacked Lucy's tits harder, a stab of pain twisting through her as heat bloomed between her legs. She gripped her tits and squeezed tight, digging her fingers into her delicate skin, enjoying the pain coursing through her body. She squeezed them together and yanked them back apart, treating her delicate body roughly as red patches appeared across her pale skin where she punished herself. Watching Lucy smack herself, torture herself just as Kendra had imagined doing to her for so many months was invigorating and the heat between her thighs grew to a furnace.

Her fingers wandered down her tight abs, stroked her mound softly before landing on the coarse hair of her bush. Lucy had her blonde pubic hair trimmed into a neat little strip, which Kendra followed until her fingers landed atop her slit. She was delighted to find she was already moist as her fingers sank inside her new body.

"Oh, shit," she whispered, closing her eyes and enjoying the pleasure reverberating through her as she stroked her pink folds. Her pussy lips unfurled and she grew ever wetter. Her fingers sank inside, stroking, exploring, until she landed on her budding flower and a gasp escaped her lips. *Right there.* She stroked, gently, evenly, her body pulsing with heat.

She put one foot on the toilet and spread herself for the camera, let Lucy see down into her pink cunt as her fingers pushed in harder. She came suddenly, unexpectedly, moaning as a small shudder of delight flitted through her, fading but not disappearing. She chased it with her fingers. One hand came to her breast and she tweaked her nipple until it sprang out beneath her fingers. The fingers of the other hand slipped deeper inside her. She was so wet, her fingers soaking as she urged the pleasure on. Her body burned bright and the ache in her swollen tits met the heat from her pussy and she came again. Head thrown back, mouth open, a long groan of delight. Her body shook with ecstasy, knees going weak as she came hard, every bit of Lucy's body burning with orgasm.

She propped one hand on the sink to steady herself as she came, twisting her legs back and forth, riding the pleasure through and out of her. When the bliss finally subsided she opened her eyes and stared into the camera.

"This is mine. Forever." She sneered.

She sent the pictures and the video to Lucy. Next time she opened her email she'd get a hell of a surprise. Kendra deleted all the evidence of what she'd just done off of Dave's phone, before slipping back to the bedroom and returning it to the bedside table. She snuck out of the guesthouse while Dave was still sleeping. This was her big day and she had a lot to do.

Kendra ran a hand over the curves of her new hips, caressing the soft, clingy fabric of her wedding gown. Glancing up, she surveyed herself in the giant mirror in Lucy's bedroom. The dress was pure Lucy - feminine, figure-hugging, and fucking expensive. Innocent in color and indecent in cut, scooping low at the back to reveal miles of flawless golden skin. Her veil would cover her back during the ceremony but Kendra planned on flaunting her flesh the second they finished their vows. After all, it's what Lucy would have wanted.

Speaking of Lucy... Kendra suspected the lady herself was trying to make an entrance. The muffled noise emanating from the front yard had a strident, deranged psycho sound to it. Opening her french doors, she stepped out onto the terrace and rounded the house. She was greeted by the glorious sight of her former body being manhandled by two burly security guards. Mr Lang was standing nearby in his wedding tux, talking into the phone. "Yes officer, she tried to break into the house. My security has her for now but she's clearly unhinged and a danger to my daughter."

Lucy was pleading desperately at her father. "Daddy it's me. It's Lucy. You have to recognize me."

Mr Lang was studiously ignoring her and said into the phone. "The sooner you can get here the better. The ceremony is due to start any minute and I won't stand for her ruining my daughter's—" He broke off as he looked up and saw Kendra standing on the terrace. He finished abruptly, barking into the phone, "Just get over here." And hung up the phone.

Striding towards Kendra, he took her arm and said, "I'm sorry, sweetie. I didn't want you to see this. Let's get you out of here."

Lucy turned and her eyes moved down Kendra's body. She went crazy - screaming with a raw, furious energy that defied full description. "You fucking bitch! How did you do this? What the fuck did you do?"

Kendra turned to Mr Lang, the pouty little-girl lip of her stolen body fully extended. "What's happening, Daddy? Can't you get her out of here?"

"Of course, sweetheart." He turned to security and ordered, "Take her round back and wait for the cops there."

As they dragged her away, Lucy kept protesting, "Daddy, please, you have to listen. I'm Lucy and that woman has some-how..."

The noise faded as Lucy was pulled around the other side of the house.

Mr Lang and smiled reassuringly. "She's gone and you never have to see her again."

Kendra gave a meek, little Lucy-esque smile and leaned up to kiss him on the cheek. "Thanks. I knew I could count on you."

"Always, princess." He offered his bent arm. "Come on. Let's go get you married."

The wedding was bliss. Kendra was the center of attention, all eyes were on her and none suspected that their ditsy little blonde had been replaced. Dave walked up the aisle, his adoring gaze fixed on her, a stupid happy grin on his face. The moment was made all the sweeter by the faint sounds of Lucy screaming in the distance as the police hauled her away.

It was easy being Lucy. Whenever she discovered Lucy was allergic to something, or didn't know someone's name, or, really any basic information about Lucy's life at all—which was nearly always—she just claimed to be having a blonde moment. It never failed. Kendra thought if it was anyone but this idiotic pampered little hussy she'd become they would have called an ambulance hours ago to check for brain damage. As it was, apparently Lucy wasn't expected to do much thinking.

Kendra pulled Dave up to their room early in the night, escaping the party briefly so she could fully enjoy her new body.

"We're supposed to be downstairs at our party!" Dave laughed as Kendra launched into his arms, landing kisses on his face, his neck, eager for his touch.

"I know," Kendra said in between kisses, "Just fuck me real quick. Husband."

Dave scrambled to pull down his pants as Kendra hiked up her layers of white crinoline and silk, revealing her glossy white panties, already spread with a line of moisture. She'd been thinking about defiling Lucy's pretty little body all night. Dave was hard just looking at her strip and she turned around, wiggling Lucy's perfect ass for him. He yanked aside her panties and plunged his cock into her sopping wet pussy. A surprised moan escaped Kendra's lips as he filled her, the head of his cock burrowing straight to her center.

Dave gripped her ass and thrust hard and deep, pounding into her. The desire burned through Kendra, ratcheted up with each thrust as her body jiggled and she cried out, Lucy's delicate voice growing harsh and throaty with need. Dave was an animal, his cock plunging deep inside as her pussy gripped him tight, the heat of him so delicious, so perfect in Lucy's tight little body. And then he was grunting and she felt him release. She came with him, pushing her little ass back and impaling herself deep, deep on his cock as he thrust forward hard. His dick pumped into her, filling her with his seed as she moaned and gripped the wall, riding the waves of pleasure as they washed through her, never wanting this moment to end.

He stayed inside her for a minute, slowly growing soft. She enjoyed this connection. The feel of him inside her. And she knew she'd be having it for years to come. The two returned to the wedding party where Kendra continued playing the part of the blushing bride, enjoying her new forever life with the one who (never) got away.

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