

BODY SWAP EROTICA

TRADING  
*Places*

MWILLS

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**Trading Places**

***Body Swap Erotica***

**by M. Wills**

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## Trading Places

The front gate squealed on its hinges as Cam pulled it open. No doubt his dad would ask him to work on it this weekend as part of his new desire to teach Cam ‘important life skills’ before he graduated high school. Cam would much rather spend his weekend immersed in video games. But Cam’s counter-argument that he should enjoy his lack of responsibilities while he could didn’t seem to resonate too much with his dad.

A package sat beneath the mailbox on the inside of the peeling white picket fence. The package was wrapped in brown paper and addressed to ‘The Occupant’. The street number was smudged out and there was no return address. Cam tucked it under his arm and trudged up the cracked paving stones to his house, pausing as he heard a car pull up behind him. The muffled sound of loud bubblegum pop music was audible even with all the windows up.

He turned, knowing exactly who it was. The purple Toyota shut off and a second later Harper threw the door open and stepped out.

Harper rented the house next door with her friend, Olivia. Apparently, a house out in the burbs was a lot cheaper than an apartment closer to the city. Cam didn’t mind because otherwise he probably would never have met someone like Harper in real life.

Harper was, simply, a goddess. Silky blonde hair fell down in waves around her innocent face. Slender dark eyebrows arched above baby blue eyes. She worked as a fitness instructor at one of the big corporate gyms, so her body was tight and

toned and featured in Cam's every fantasy. She moved like a dream, light and carefree. Cam ogled her as she stepped out of the car, still dressed in her aerobics outfit: a pink and black top that held fast her succulent breasts and left her trim tummy and shoulders bare. Black athletic shorts seemed molded to her body, highlighting her amazing ass.

"Afternoon, Harper," he called as she headed up the path to her front door.

"Hey, Cam," she said, shooting him a bright smile as she proceeded up the front path to her own house.

They were friendly but not friends. Cam had thought about joining the gym where Harper worked but worried it would look creepy. And, frankly, it would have been a little creepy. Besides, Cam wasn't the exercising type. And probably not Harper's type, either, judging by the preppy boyfriend Cam had seen come and go recently. Plus, Cam had already been given 'the talk' by his dad and knew full well what could happen to a young Black kid if he—Cam had to be honest about his motivation—stalked a young white woman.

Cam was a scrawny kid in his senior year of high school. Not much into sports—or, at all into sports, really—Cam preferred to practice on the drums in his basement and kick back shooting zombies online. He could just barely grow a mustache and had no luck in growing muscle mass. Partly for lack of trying. In fairness, he had gone to the gym at his school once or twice but had been intimidated by the size of the wrestlers milling around, and his complete lack of knowledge about weight training.

None of this, though, stopped Cam from staring at Harper's delectable ass as it swayed through her front door and out of sight. Because he was also a horny teenager. He'd pleased himself to many fantasies about going over to Harper's

place and having a threesome with her and her roommate.

When she'd gone inside, Cam turned and went up the steps to his own house. He let himself in and set the package on the kitchen counter while he fixed himself a ham and cheese sandwich. He chewed the sandwich and pondered the plain package.

It was about twelve inches tall, wrapped in plain brown paper and tied together with twine. Curious at the lack of any markings, he opened it to see what was inside. Maybe it was a late birthday present from one of his aunts.

Beneath the paper wrapping was a cardboard box. He cut the tape around the edges with some kitchen scissors and opened the flap. A shiny black object was poking out of the Styrofoam peanuts that filled the box and, pulling it out, Cam found it was the head of a small statue.

The statue was jet black and glossy, shaped roughly in the shape of a human, with long, skinny arms and legs, and an overly round head and body. Despite the fragile appearance, it was heavy and solid. There was no letter or invoice or anything else in the package that gave a hint as to who it was for or where it was from. Cam checked the address on the wrapping paper. The street number was smudged so as to be unrecognizable. Maybe it was destined for next door? Even if not, it was an excuse to go over.

Cam wiped the crumbs off his mouth with the back of his hand and dumped his plate in the sink. He had to remove a few handfuls of Styrofoam peanuts from the box before he could fit the statue back inside. Then he gently covered it with the peanuts until only the head was poking out. He carried the package back outside, hopped the gate between his house and Harper's, and knocked on the door. A few seconds later he heard footsteps coming down the hallway. Harper



cracked open the door, and when she saw it was Cam she opened it all the way.

Cam paused for what seemed a few seconds too long as he took her in. Her blonde hair was wrapped up in a towel and she'd changed into a tight white tee shirt that strained to contain her breasts. Tiny athletic shorts barely covered her perfect thighs. Cam swore she had no bra—he could glimpse the outlines of her nipples—but forced his gaze up to her baby blue eyes.

“Um, this package ended up at our house but, uh, maybe it's for you?” He stuttered, wishing he sounded more confident and, frankly, manly.

Cam held up the package. Harper cocked her head and took it from him. She gently tugged out the black statue and frowned.

“Hmm. Nothing I ordered.” She turned and called back down the hallway, “Olivia?”

Olivia poked her head out of the living room. She had black hair in a pixie cut, and was as girl-next-door cute as Harper was hot. What made her even more delectable, as far as Cam was concerned, were her piercings: three in her ear, one in her eyebrow, a stud in her nose. She was also, as Cam heard, a lesbian. That just added fuel to his fantasies.

“Yah?” Olivia asked.

Harper turned and held up the statue. “Did you order this?”

“Nuh uh.” She said, before disappearing back around the corner.

“Maybe try the other neighbors?” Harper suggested.

She tried to stuff the statue back in the box but the foam peanuts made it impossible.

“I’ll do it,” Cam offered.

Harper handed him the box and held out the statue. He grabbed it, both of them touching the statue at the same time for an instant. An electric jolt shot through him, like the whole world...wobbled. He started.

“Did you feel that?” Cam asked.

Harper didn’t answer. She was staring at the statue, which both of them were still grasping. Cam followed her gaze and found that the statue had turned from a midnight black to an alabaster white.

“Weird,” Harper murmured. She took the statue back and shook it gently before turning it upside down and examining it closely. “How did it do that?” After a few seconds of examination she gave up and handed it back to Cam.

Cam returned to his house and left the statue on the bookshelf in his room, planning to ask his parents about it when they came home. But he got engrossed in a video game and forgot about the statue. He didn't forget about Harper, though. All through dinner he kept thinking of her in that tight white shirt. He was brought out of his reverie by his dad turning to him over dinner.

"Cameron, you'll need to check and make sure your suit still fits."

"Why?" Cam asked, poking at his green beans.

"You'll need it for Aunt Shirley's wedding this weekend."

"That's this weekend?"

"Mmm hm," his mom affirmed.

Aunt Shirley was super religious and still treated Cam like a young child. He anticipated a boring weekend trapped at the kids table at the reception and sharing a room with two other cousins. Maybe he could find some time to sneak away and play some games on his phone in peace.

Later on, after Cam's shower he slipped on his boxer shorts, locked his door, and stroked himself to thoughts of Harper. He imagined how the afternoon could have gone differently, a fantasy world where she giggled as he slipped off her tight white tee shirt and invited Olivia to come join, letting him fondle two pairs of glorious breasts. Cam came quickly and disappointingly into a tissue before

rolling over and going to sleep.

## 2

Someone's obnoxious chime alarm woke Cam. Cam kept his eyes closed, trying to will himself back to sleep, hoping whoever owned it would shut it off soon. But the alarm kept going on and on. It took a few loops of the alarm for him to realize that the sound was actually coming from somewhere in the room with him.

Cam cracked his eyes open, surprised to find himself staring at a bedroom that wasn't his. A small white nightstand was right next to the bed, upon which sat a pink phone that was apparently the source of the alarm. Beyond the nightstand was a cheap white chest of drawers, the top holding a jumble of jewelry and knickknacks. Through the half-open closet door he could see a selection of women's shoes on the floor and a few silky blouses hanging from the rack.

He reached out to shut off the alarm and froze, his fingers hovering over the nightstand. Only they weren't his fingers. Nor his arm. This arm was a light bronze color, hairless and feminine and well-toned. The fingers were dainty things, the nails glossy and tapered to rounded edges. A woman's hand. And he was controlling it.

Cam pushed himself up on one elbow and felt silky hair fall down his face while something shifted beneath the white tee shirt he was now wearing. He grabbed the phone long enough to turn off the annoying alarm and then returned his attention to his body. He struggled to sit up, finding himself encased in unfamiliar bed sheets. When he did finally right himself, he gazed down at an oversized tee shirt hiding a slender body. Two mounds pressed out beneath the fabric and Cam stretched out the neck of the tee shirt and gazed down it. Yep. Those were tits. Magnificent tits. Perfectly formed. Heavy and bouncy.

He gasped—a light, airy sound—and his hands came up to his face. His fingers traced the unfamiliar and too-soft contours of lips and nose and cheeks, before running up to his hair. He tugged a lock of silken hair around in front of his eyes and found it was a light blonde and smelled faintly fruity. Cam’s mind was racing, half panicking, half in denial.

Casting the covers off himself entirely he discovered his legs were bare. Like his body, they were strange and feminine, but elegantly toned and smooth, with muscular thighs and solid calves, ending with surprisingly dainty feet. He wiggled his tiny toes and watched them respond to his command. The large shirt pooled down in his lap, hiding the most worrisome change from view.

He reached for the phone and it unlocked as he looked at it. He searched for the camera function, pushing the icon with his tiny finger. Flipping the camera around he was greeted with Harper’s face. Her blonde hair was slightly disheveled, her cupid’s bow lips open in a little ‘o’ of surprise, just like his, and when he closed his mouth so did the image on the screen. He brought his fingers to his face again, tracing over the light slip of his nose. The image in the screen copied him.

No fucking way. Somehow he was in Harper’s body.

He tossed the phone down beside him and yanked off his shirt. He tossed it aside and pushed the mass of silky hair out of his eyes before looking down at his chest. Harper’s incredible tits greeted him, the curves as perfect as he’d always imagined. He took them in trembling hands and hefted them, hardly daring to believe that he was actually touching her breasts, that he was in her body. A part of him wanted to continue panicking, but the teenage guy part of him didn’t know when he would ever get this opportunity again. The teenage guy side won.

There was a full-length mirror leaning on one wall. Cam pushed himself to his feet and crept towards it. His body swayed in strange and wonderful new ways. He shuffled unsteadily, trying to get the hang of his hips and his legs and his new proprioception. When he stepped in front of the mirror, Harper's image appeared in front of him.

Fuck, she was gorgeous. He stared at his new face, following the contours once again, astounded and delighted at being inside her, at controlling her. Her ample tits hung from her chest and bounced as he turned this way and that to run a hand across his sleek ass. He gave it a little smack and watched the butt cheeks bounce. He giggled, Harper's reflection showing a bright smile. He stared into his baby blue eyes and bit his plump lower lip, then ran his tongue lightly around his lips. He made sexy faces at himself in the mirror, watching as he manipulated Harper's features to make her do all the things he'd dreamed.

Finally, Cam clutched his new breasts to his chest, feeling the weighty give as his fingers dimpled his soft flesh. He cooed in delight, enjoying feeling up his tits from inside and out. Christ, just having tits made a warm anticipation blossom within him.

"Hi there," he said to his reflection, just to hear his delicious voice. "I'm Harper. And I want you to fuck me."

Christ, it was hot watching her say that, hearing her voice fulfill his dirtiest fantasies. He giggled and smiled at himself, running his tongue along his lips seductively.

He rolled his tiny nipples in each finger, squeezing gently, which started an ache

deep inside his body. He slid his hand over and under each delicate breast, pulling them to each side and releasing them to watch them bounce back together. He stroked Harper's tits until his nipples hardened to sharp spikes. Now, squeezing them resulted in a delicious burst of pain-soaked pleasure that made him close his eyes and sigh, leaning in to his desire.

"Mm, yes, you like playing with these titties?" he asked his reflection, thrilling at the sound of her voice, a powerful pulse pounding through him.

Cam dropped his breasts long enough to shimmy out of his underwear. Harper's pussy was right there between his legs, surrounded by a light tuft of blonde hair. The delicate lips were folded closed but he could feel them already growing loose and wet, responding to his desire for his own body.

He returned to the bed, stacked another pillow against the headboard and lay back down. From this angle he could see every inch of Harper's naked body. His heavy breasts flopped down each side of his chest

His fingers trailed down the coarse pubic hair, down between his legs and back up over his slit. He sank just slightly in between his pussy lips, felt his pussy grasp his fingertips, the warmth calling to him. He couldn't keep his eyes off his new pussy, the smoothness so different from his own cock. He'd imagined slipping into Harper's velvety folds so many times and the first time he did it for real, with two of her own fingers, penetrating and being penetrated, was divine.

Cam's new pussy parted for him and he skated across his dewy folds. He shivered on the bed, fingers of his other hand digging deeper into his tits. He stroked up and down his slit and when his fingers landed on his swollen clit he arched his back and moaned. Wiggling his hips, he circled the wonderful pleasure button, experimenting until he found the perfect angle, the perfect



speed.

The sweet anticipation built within him, his body humming like a car revving up the engine. Faster and faster he circled his clit. Now he could feel his wetness as his fingers glided inside himself. Now he could hear the wet sounds of his fingers in his pussy. Now he could feel the wave rolling through him, growing bigger, bigger until it broke over him. He stared down at his body, watching his fingers disappear inside his pussy as he fingered himself, feeling them twist through his tight wetness.

He clapped his legs together and moaned loud and long as the orgasm roiled him. The beautiful pleasure filled his body, curling his toes and making him clench his new body tighter. He wrung every last bit of pleasure out of himself, fingers flying over his skin, luxuriating in his new softness as he thrust his hips up to meet his welcoming fingers, over and over, fucking himself while he cried out until the heat dissipated.

Finally, he was done. He lay back on the bed, breathing hard. He stared down at Harper's body as he recovered, tickling his tummy with soft fingertips. Only now, once the curiosity had been sated, did Cam's thoughts turn to how this had happened, and what the hell he was going to do.

There was a frantic knocking on the front door. Poking his head out the bedroom door, he looked down the hallway. Through the frosted glass he saw the shadowy figure of a lanky black teen. His former body. Was Harper inside? He couldn't imagine anyone else knocking on the door so early.

Olivia poked her head sleepily out of her bedroom across the hall. "Wazzat?" She mumbled.

“It’s okay. I’ll get it,” Cam replied, loving the sound of his sweet voice. Then he called out: “Just a second!”

The knocking stopped. Cam ducked back into his bedroom and slid Harper’s panties and sleep shirt back on. He took a quick look in the mirror to make sure he didn’t look like a woman who’d just had an enjoyable orgasm, then padded down the hall to open the door.

His former body stood on the front stoop. It was much taller than his new one and Cam had to look up at himself. His old body stared down at him in shock.

“Cam?” Harper whispered.

Cam nodded. “How did this happen? What do we do?”

“I don’t know.”

They paused for a few seconds, each one looking their former body up and down. Finally, Harper broke the silence.

“Oh shit,” Harper said. “Oh shit, shit, shit. I can’t be a teenage boy.”

“Well, I can’t be a girl but here we are.”

“What the hell are we going to do?”

“Hey,” Cam reached for her hand to calm her down. “We’ll figure it out.”

“What about my life? My job?”

“Your job? What about my classes? I can just call in sick but—”

“No. You can’t, Cam. I don’t have sick days. I need this paycheck. Oh shit, shit, shit.” She took a beat to get control of herself. “Okay. I can go through my routine with you before you go. I’ll pretend to be sick.”

Cam snorted. “Good luck fooling my mom. She’s like a fucking bloodhound for that sort of thing.”

As if on cue, they heard his mom call out from next door. “Cam? Where is that boy?”

“You have to go. My mom will go nuts if she finds you over here,” Cam said.

Harper’s eyes went wide. “Okay. Okay. Um...oh! There’s a binder under the

computer on the first floor of the gym. It's got a list of exercises for new teachers. Just choose one of those programs and follow it."

"What? You want me to do, like, aerobics?"

"Cam?" Cam's mom called out, closer this time.

"It'll be fine," Harper hastily assured him, before adding: "I hope. My first class is beginner's cycling so that should be easy. Directions to work are in my phone. Just...be me."

"Ok. Go. Get out of here." Cam shooed her away and she hopped awkwardly over the fence that divided their yards before scrambling through the front door and out of sight.

Cam heard his mom's voice asking where he'd been as he closed the door behind him, frantic himself. How the hell was he supposed to pretend to be someone he hardly knew?

### 3

“Let’s pick it up! Go hard for the last twenty seconds!” Cam called out as he pumped his legs up and down on the stationary bike. He was feeling great. Near the end of a thirty-minute cycling class and hardly winded.

This early in the morning only a handful of the twenty or so bikes were occupied and everyone on them was exhausted. They leaned, exhausted, over the pedals, pushing themselves for the last stretch. Cam, meanwhile, had no problem pushing on. He usually hated to exercise and had been expecting a hellish experience, but Harper’s body was so powerful, so athletic. Her stamina was incredible.

Cam counted down the final ten seconds of the class and then celebrated their victory. “You made it! Top of the hill!” He led them through a three-minute cooldown—just like the book had suggested—and then told them they were done.

The announcement was met with sighs of relief and the silence of people who were too winded to talk. Cam hopped off his bike and stretched his limber legs as the class fumbled with their towels and water bottles. He acknowledged their goodbyes as they filed out of the room, leaving him alone. A cloth and a spray bottle hung from a hook on the wall and Cam turned to grab them. This wall of the exercise room had a floor to ceiling mirror, and Cam paused to take in his appearance.

His body glistened. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright. And that outfit.

Christ. Form fitted to his body. Small wonder he'd caught a few guys ogling him. Hell, he was ogling himself whenever he could.

Getting dressed had been easy. Harper had an array of spandex tops and bottoms, and Cam had plucked an outfit from her drawers and shimmied into it, reaching under his top and shoving his tits this way and that until they felt comfortable. He was surprised at how rough he could be with his tits. He'd always imagined them as sensitive things, as though his nipples were on/off switches sensitive to the slightest touch.

Then he'd brushed his teeth with her toothbrush (weird) and used the toilet (weirder) before gently wiping himself. Harper's makeup was neatly arranged in the medicine cabinet. An array of bottles and tubes and jars that baffled Cam completely. In the end he opted to not put on any of it rather than make a bad attempt. He brushed out his hair and, after a few tries, managed to get it back into a long ponytail before grabbing a cereal bar and heading to the gym to start Harper's morning.

When Cam finished wiping down the seats he returned to the main floor of the gym and logged into the computer with Harper's swipe card. He didn't have anything else scheduled for the next half hour, but after that it was a personal training session followed by a yoga class. There should be plenty of time to memorize a routine.

One of the other trainers, Becky—thank God for nametags!—came up and leaned on the desk as Cam flipped through the book. She'd already helped him out once today, providing the code for the break room door after Cam lied and told her he was having a 'blonde moment'. Becky was a bubbly redhead who, when no other customers were around, had a dirty mouth.

“Looking for inspiration?”

“Yeah. Something different,” Cam said.

“My inspiration’s over there at the free weights.” She said, nodding to a point behind Cam.

Cam turned and saw a broad, muscular guy in a sleeveless shirt doing bicep crunches. He looked young and boyishly handsome. His biceps rippled as he hefted each weight. Cam watched him work for a few seconds. There was something mesmerizing about the guy’s form, the way his body moved. Cam briefly wondered what it would feel like to have those broad arms around his waist, then he blushed and shook off the thought. Becky noticed his reaction and laughed.

“Whoo,” she said, fanning herself, “Sploosh, right?”

“Yeah,” Cam agreed, “So why don’t you go get him?”

“I’m still dating Adam,” she said. Then added, “For now, anyway.”

It wasn’t the first time Cam had felt that funny feeling while in Harper’s body. A fit college-aged guy had chatted with him briefly before the cycling class and Cam’s eyes had grazed down the young man’s solid form. Something was calling to him. Maybe in Harper’s body he was also getting her desires? The thought of actually doing anything specific with a guy still didn’t quite turn him

on. But he'd be lying if he said he would totally reject the chance to experiment.

Once Cam had memorized the routines for his next sessions he slipped into a stall in the locker room with Harper's phone. He opened it up and skimmed through it, telling himself he was just doing it so he could act more like her. It was partly true but he was also intensely curious about her life. He barely knew her, and he took in the history of her friends and family and relationships through texts and emails and messages. Cam read through a steamy set of message back and forth to Harper's boyfriend. He seemed sort of douchey to Cam but, then again, this wasn't his life.

The rest of the day was a blur of classes, one-on-one training and maintenance. He wandered the gym, trying not to look too knowledgeable so that people wouldn't ask him questions, while at the same time trying to look as available to patrons as Harper was supposed to be. He got through the day with minimal embarrassment, mostly by mimicking exercises he'd seen other people doing and reading off the laminated sheets posted next to each workout machine detailing the muscles worked and the proper technique. He chatted amicably with the other trainers, though he suspected he wasn't as talkative as Harper normally was. But he had a lot on his mind.

It was a relief when his shift ended and he could finally return to the peace and quiet of Harper's house. Olivia was out so Cam didn't have to keep pretending to be someone he wasn't. All the exercise of the day had pumped up his endorphins and he felt better about being in Harper's body than he had that morning.

Stripping off his sweat-damp clothes he padded to the shower and scrubbed himself off with Harper's honey and lemon scented body wash. It was divine running his hands cross his breasts and making his body clean and slippery. He slid his fingers down between his legs and stroked himself until he was wetter than water. His little high-pitched moans echoed through the bathroom as he came, leaning his ass against the cool tiles as his knees grew weak and pleasure



flooded through him. He was getting better at that.

He stepped out and dried himself off, then hung up his towel and returned to his room. He expected to still be alone so he was surprised when he was halfway past the living room and he heard Olivia call out to him.

“Hey, Har-” She cut off mid-sentence as she finally looked up and saw Cam completely naked.

Cam blushed and tried to act casual. “Oh. Sorry, thought I was alone!”

“What are you trying to do to me?” Olivia called out to him, half in jest as hurried down the hallway to his room.

He put on some comfy clothes: navy blue sweat pants and a loose tank top. Cam was pondering what to say to Olivia when someone knocked on the front door. Olivia’s footsteps passed his doorway on her way to the front door. There were voices—one Olivia’s, one a guy’s—coming towards his room.

Then two quick taps on his door and Olivia called out, “Boyfriend’s here,” as she continued back down the hall to the living room.

Shit, shit, shit. Cam knew next to nothing about Harper’s boyfriend, Daniel, only what he could glean from flirty text messages. They’d been dating a few weeks so Cam figured they couldn’t know each other that well so he had a little more room for error. Cam mentally went over what he knew about Daniel as he

opened the door: junior lawyer, swam competitively in college, loved Mexican food. Still, he didn't expect to feel his heart jump into his throat when he saw him.

Daniel was a tall, confident blond with a dimpled smile. Cam felt a longing and a need to be with Daniel that didn't belong to Cam. Harper's residual feelings again. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that he now had Harper's brain, with her hard-wired feelings and sub-conscious emotions underlaid beneath his own conscious thought. It brought up a lot of philosophical questions about what made up the uniqueness of a person. Questions Cam couldn't really deal with in the moment. Especially when Daniel leaned down and kissed him on the lips.

It was more than a friendly kiss, less than a makeout session. Daniel's lips lingered on Cam's, warm and comforting. His other hand slid behind Cam and gently caressed the small of his back. When Daniel pulled away Cam was dizzy with conflicting emotions. Which ones were Harper's and which were his? Why was he only getting her emotive memories and nothing useful, like her password at the gym?

"You don't look like you're dressed to go out to dinner," Daniel said, then murmured in Cam's ear, "But maybe I can just eat out here."

"Hey, uh, Daniel," Cam said, taking a step back. The Harper part of him wanted Daniel so much it was almost a physical ache. But Daniel was a stranger and Cam wasn't quite ready to go that far in a woman's body. "I've had kind of a rough day and...maybe we can do this another time?"

"You okay?" He asked, tucking a strand of Cam's hair behind an ear and cupping his chin.

God, he was making it so hard for Cam to push him away. “Yeah. Might be coming down with something and don’t want to give it to you.”

It took some convincing but Cam soon got Daniel to leave. Daniel was a little put out by it, wondering passive-aggressively why Cam didn’t text him about this sooner so he could have saved himself a drive. Daniel’s reaction was a little off-putting and Cam was glad when he was gone.

He heard the television on in the living room and joined Olivia on the couch. She was watching some sort of trashy reality show.

“Where’d Daniel go?” Olivia asked.

“I’m not ready for a man right now,” Cam joked.

“Good,” Olivia said, turning off the TV. “Then you can come with me to get another piercing. Kimmy bailed and I don’t want to go alone.”

Cam agreed and glanced up and down Olivia’s body to get a sense of how he was supposed to dress. Olivia was slightly plumper than Harper, and her baby blue tee shirt hung down loosely over smaller breasts. Two metal studs—one in each nipple—were visible beneath the fabric. Her jeans hid her wide thighs and a cute bubble butt that Cam would have loved to grab. She saw him looking and cocked her head. He grinned and then they both giggled nervously, something passing between them both that Cam couldn’t quite catch. He only knew that it felt slightly awkward and weirdly flirty.

## 4

Olivia reclined back in the chair as the piercer readied her tools. Cam gazed around at the pictures of former customers sporting various piercings.

“You should get one!” Olivia insisted.

“I wouldn’t know what to choose. It’s so...permanent. I’d want something good.”

“If you change your mind just take it out and let it heal.”

“Maybe,” Cam said, looking down at Olivia.

The piercer wiped Olivia’s nostril with an antiseptic wipe and then readied the equipment.

“Ready?” She asked.

“Do it,” Olivia replied.

The piercer put some pinchers against one of Olivia's nostrils and then, after a quick pause, slid the needle in. Olivia tensed in the chair and the piercer finished up, cleaning and attaching the stud to the needle before drawing it back up and connecting.

"Done," she pronounced, holding up a mirror.

Olivia smiled at herself, another ring in her nose.

"Cute," Cam said.

"You should get one," Olivia insisted again.

Olivia looked even cuter with the extra ring and, besides, Cam rationalized, if Harper didn't like it she could take it out if she got her body back. When she got her body back, he amended.

Cam picked out a simple titanium stud and took Olivia's place in the chair. The piercer went through the same procedure, cleaning and testing the placement before sliding the pinchers up against his left nostril.

"There might be some pain," she said.

Cam grabbed Olivia's hand. "Ok."

There was quite a lot of pain as the piercer stabbed through his nostril and then attached the stud to the bottom of the needle to pull it back through the skin. When it was over Cam realized he was still crushing Olivia's fingers in his grip and he released her with a quiet "Sorry".

"Don't worry about it," Olivia said. "Oh my god, you look fucking cute."

Cam looked at Harper's image in the hand mirror. The silver stud glinted in the light. Even though he did look cute as hell he was having second thoughts. Way too late for that now. The piercer talked him through the care routine, Olivia promising there was nothing to it and she'd help him out.

Olivia and Cam stopped for dinner on the way home at a little hole-in-the-wall Thai place Olivia knew about. The conversation between the two flowed easily, greased by a few beers and their shared piercings. Olivia wasn't shy about sharing her opinions, and her cute appearance belied her harder personality. Cam was put at ease by the alcohol and the camaraderie and slipped up a few times telling Olivia stories that had happened to him and not Harper.

"When I was in boy scouts..." Cam began, only to be cut off by Olivia.

"You mean girl scouts?" She laughed.

"Yeah, right. I mean, I wanted to be in boy scouts."

“Same,” Olivia agreed. “I wanted to be out camping and making fire with twigs, not selling fucking peanut butter cookies.”

“They’re good cookies.”

“Fuck yeah, but someone else can sell them to me!” Olivia laughed and Cam joined in.

By the time they finished eating and returned home it was dark. Cam came through the gate and paused, catching a glimpse of a figure huddled on the front porch. A lanky Black teen unfolded himself and Cam realized it was Harper. She held the statue in her hand.

“Can I speak to you for a second?” Harper asked.

Olivia glanced at Cam questioningly but he nodded and she went inside, leaving them alone. Cam stepped up on to the front porch and into the light.

“The thing that caused—” Harper began, stopping when she really looked at Cam for the first time. “What the fuck did you do to my nose?” She hissed.

“It’s just a little piercing. I thought it would look good.”

“That is my body. You do not have the right to do what you want with it.”

“Sorry, I just got...carried away. It will heal if you leave it out.”

“You better do that. I can’t believe you got my fucking nose pierced. What were you thinking? You need to get rid of it before Daniel sees it.”

“Um, about that...”

“Yes?”

“Daniel is...nevermind. I’ll take it out,” Cam lied. “What were you saying?”

“The statue that we touched. It must have been what switched our bodies. When I left this morning it was pure white and when I got back from school it was a light grey.” She held it up for Cam’s inspection. “It’s got some sort of magic. Touch it so we can switch back.”

Cam paused for a beat, wondering if he really wanted to switch back. But it wouldn’t be fair to steal Harper’s life. But she was gaining a few more years and a nice family, wasn’t she getting the better end of the bargain? Cam reached out and touched it, sad to see his fantasy disappear so quickly. But when he touched it, nothing happened. There was no flash like last time.

“Did it work?” Harper asked.



“Don’t know,” Cam said, “I didn’t feel anything. Maybe it has to recharge. Like, when it’s black that means the magic or the power or whatever is full and we can switch back.”

“God, I hope not. I want my body back now.”

“Me, too,” Cam agreed. It was the second lie he’d told Harper in just the last minute.

When she left, Cam went inside. The TV was on in the living room, Olivia splayed across the couch surfing through the selection of streaming options.

“Here, move over,” Cam said.

He could have sat anywhere on the couch or even on the arm chair on the other side of the coffee table. But he wanted to sit right next to Olivia. And she welcomed him. They sat close together, his crossed legs touching hers as they argued about what to watch. Olivia wanted to watch nature documentaries but Cam wanted something light and comedic. Olivia mocked all his choices as ‘typical romance bullshit’ while he mocked her choices as something she could see if she just went into her backyard with a camera.

He grabbed for the remote but she held it up and away, and he climbed up on her, straddling her lap to reach it. Olivia screamed in mock-terror as they both grappled for the remote control, giggling and calling each other names. Cam didn’t know which one of them kissed the other first, but suddenly they were

both frozen. Olivia still had her arm in the air, Cam's fingers clasped against her palm, paused in the fight for the remote as their soft lips parted and their tongues found each other.

Olivia's tongue ring clinked on her teeth. She tasted sweet and Cam's nose pressed against her cheek, allowing him to inhale her faint lilac scent. The remote dropped to the couch, forgotten, as their hands sought out each other's bodies. Fingers groped across bodies, yanking off clothes and caressing bare skin. Cam's heavy tits pressed against Olivia's lighter ones, her nipple ring tickling Cam's own nipples.

They continued kissing as Cam stroked Olivia's tits.

"Here," Olivia muttered between kisses, guiding Cam's fingers to her nipple rings and twisting them slightly. She grimaced and bit her lower lip, her body bucking slightly beneath Cam as he played with each stud.

She hefted one of his own breasts and brought it to her lips, kissing around the circumference before landing on his sensitive nipple. She nipped it with her teeth, tongue flicking out to taste him. Each time she took him in between her teeth his sensitivity grew to a pleasure verging on pain. It was nearly as wonderful watching Olivia feast on his tits as it was feeling her touch his delightful new body.

A delicious warmth began between his legs and he started gridding himself on Olivia's lap. She sensed his need and turned around to lower him onto the couch. Cam's legs were still tucked around her and she shifted until she was resting on him. She tugged down his sweatpants and he released her long enough for her to slip them all the way off. She knelt between his legs and stroked his entrance, gathering his dew and spreading it up and down his folds.

Cam's hands came to his own tits, kneading them as Olivia brought her tongue down to help her fingers. She licked his slit up and down, her tongue gently gliding inside him as she spread him apart with her fingers until he was completely open for her. Her hot breath and wet tongue on his slippery folds made him moan with desire, his body flexing uncontrollably, yearning to sate the itch growing inside him.

Olivia was a master with her tongue and her fingers. She licked his clit, laying the broad length of her tongue on it and undulating slowly as she slid into his pussy with two fingers. Cam could feel her pushing apart the walls of his canal, sliding in deeper, deeper, until she was massaging the head of his inner pleasure. The delight whirled through him, making him clutch his breasts tighter and wiggle his ass into the couch, restless with need.

Olivia licked faster, fingers moving in and out of him with a steady rhythm, driving his body mad with lust until the warmth overflowed and pulsed through him. He clutched himself tighter, legs growing taut, lust-soaked voice growing ever higher in pitch. Olivia stayed inside him, teasing him all the way up to the height of pleasure. He cried out his orgasm, bucking beneath her touch as she stroked every bit of his pleasure, fingers sliding in and out of his delicious wet folds.

She brought him down slowly, only to rev him up again, fingers working through his pussy as he enjoyed her touch and the slick sounds of himself. She seemed to be enjoying his pussy as much as he was, and she licked and sucked and fingered him to another orgasm. He clutched his own body as he shook, eyes squeezed tight, mouth agape as pleasure spilled through him, greedy for his own body as another orgasm took him.

Olivia guided him up once more and then slowly back down, finally looking up

from between his legs with a huge smile. Cam smiled back. Her chin was slick with his wetness and she looked gorgeous.

She withdrew her fingers from inside him and climbed up his body to cuddle him. The smell of his own sex was heavy in his nostrils and he took her fingers to his lips and tasted Harper's pussy on them. His pussy. Everything about it was his now. His delicious musk. His slick folds. His screaming pleasure.

When the afterglow pulsing through him had burned down to embers they went their separate ways. Cam knew he shouldn't have done that but, fuck, it had been incredible. Only, what would it do to Harper and Olivia's relationship when Harper returned? Cam pondered it only for a few minutes before sleep overtook him.

## 5

The second morning started much the same as the first, including the gentle wakeup to the pleasures of Harper's body. When he was done showering he surveyed Harper's makeup. Pulling up some tutorials on his phone, he attempted to copy some of the simpler looks. He tried a little basic concealer and some blush, wiping it off and trying again until he looked natural.

As he was in the middle of this, he received some texts from Harper reminding him not to do anything else to her body. He texted back, assuring her he wouldn't even as a part of him was already considering it. She sent him a picture of the statue, which was a shale grey now. It was Friday and Cam figured he had at least through the weekend as her, especially as she would be going away to his aunt's wedding until Sunday.

Olivia was leaning against the counter in the kitchen, waiting for her toast to pop when Cam came in. Cam could feel the awkwardness in the air as he rummaged through the fridge for his own breakfast, coming up with some yogurt. He added some granola from another cabinet and joined Olivia, who by now was at the kitchen table.

When the silence had become suitably awkward, Cam cleared his throat. "About last night..."

"Yeah. I don't know what came over me."

“Well, I did,” Cam grinned.

“Yes, well...” Olivia returned his grin.

“I’m in a weird place right now,” Cam continued, pressing on in order to repair Harper’s relationship with her roommate. “It’s not that I didn’t enjoy it. Because, God, I did. But...I don’t know if that’s what I want right now. I’m so confused.”

As Cam tried to explain he realized he was explaining as much for his real self as for Harper. What did he want? His body had reacted so beautifully to Olivia last night but there was something different today. The thought of being with her again wasn’t as immediately exciting as it had the first day of his switch. Cam had no idea what that meant but he fumbled through an explanation to Olivia that she might understand.

“That’s all right,” Olivia assured him. “Don’t feel like you have to explain anything to me. I feel bad about pressuring you into—”

“You didn’t pressure me,” Cam assured her. “I wanted to try it. It was one hundred percent me.”

Olivia seemed to accept that and they finished their breakfast in more comfortable silence. On his way to the car, Cam ran into Harper. One of Cam’s friends, Jamal, was parked out front and they were heading to his car.

“Morning, Cam,” Cam called out.

Harper waved, unable to say anything with Jamal right there.

“Morning,” Jamal replied, and his deep honey voice made something echo within Cam.

Jamal had a reputation as being good with women. Handsome and suave, he’d dated most of the girls at their school and, looking at him from within Harper’s body, Cam could see why. He had an athletic frame with muscles that rippled as he waved back. Oh, those biceps. That smile. Cam had seen Jamal a thousand times before, but now, with Harper’s synapses, he was having a much more intense reaction. Cam slowed down so he could have an excuse to talk to Jamal.

“You look like you’re off to the gym,” Jamal said, slowing down with him.

Cam stopped and leaned on the small fence between them, aware that his breasts were hanging down beneath him, shapely and enticing. He saw Harper’s eyes flick to his chest and then away, before she began fidgeting in embarrassment. If she was taking on Cam’s physical reactions like he was taking on hers, then looking at her own tits would have had quite the reaction. And, judging by the way she was angling her lower body away from him to hide something, it did.

“That’s my job. Teaching people how to sweat correctly.”

“Really? Have I been doing it wrong my whole life?”

“Possible,” Cam laughed, “Come down to my gym some time and I’ll correct you.”

“Maybe I will,” Jamal said.

Harper pulled Jamal away. “Have a good day, Harper. Don’t do anything foolish,” she said.

Cam sauntered out to his own car and drove to the gym. He was slightly worried about the comments Jamal might make about Harper when they were alone, not knowing that he was revealing his hand to the actual owner of the body. But there was nothing for it but to get through Harper’s day.

Cam’s first class was a senior’s fitness class. Nice and easy. One or two of the old leches ogled his body when they thought Cam wasn’t looking. That was okay, because Cam was ogling himself whenever he demonstrated exercises. He would turn to the mirror, ostensibly to show them proper technique, but really to check out his athletic form.

God, Harper’s body was tight. Her arms and legs were lean and muscular, her tummy trim and with just a hint of abs. Not for the first time Cam thought Harper’s body was a dream to move in. He had so much energy, so much agility. When he led the class in stretches he did a full split, lowering himself to the ground and bending out to reach his toes. He never would have gotten anywhere close to reaching his toes in his former body.

Between classes he texted Olivia and Harper’s boyfriend, patching up the former relationship and ending the latter. Daniel was a prick about it, which only served



to reinforce that Cam had made the right decision.

Cam got so many compliments on his nose stud and, staring at himself in the mirror, he began to dream up other add-ons that would make Harper even hotter. He tried to convince himself he was doing her a favor, making over her body in an image of his choice. But he knew he was being selfish and just...didn't care. He was more comfortable in Harper's skin than he'd ever been in his own. By the time he finished his last class he'd made up his mind. He returned home, showered, and asked Olivia to come with him.

Less than forty minutes later, Cam was on his back in the piercing parlor. He lay there topless, squeezing Olivia's hand as the piercer opened and sterilized her tools. The piercer took hold of one nipple in something that resembled a tong, pulling his skin up and away enough to get the needle up against his nipple.

"Deep breath in, then let it out," she said.

Cam took a deep breath, felt the stinging sensation of the needle sliding through him, a sharp, lingering pain while the piercer pulled through and capped the stud. By the time he let his breath out it was over.

"How was that?" The piercer asked.

"Let's do the other one," Cam said.

He walked out with both nipples pierced and lightly aching. God, Harper's tits

looked incredible with the little titanium stud through each perky pink nipple. He couldn't wait to play with them, though the piercer told him that would be several months. If Harper had her way he wouldn't be in her body in several months.

When they pulled up to their street Cam saw his family was loading up the car. The backseat was already full of luggage. Harper came out while Cam was walking up his front path. She looked to make sure Cam's parents were occupied then motioned him over. Olivia went inside while Cam met up with Harper at the side fence, where they were hidden from view of Cam's parents by a leafy bush.

"The statue still isn't black yet," Olivia said, "So I have to go to your aunt's wedding. I'll be back Sunday and we can swap back as soon as I get home."

"Is the statue safe?"

"It's in my closet, hidden behind my shoe rack."

"Good."

She was about to turn and go when Cam stopped her. He wanted her to see what he'd done to her body. It wasn't gloating, exactly, more like...ownership. Showing her how much he'd moved into her life.

"Look what I got tonight." Cam lifted his tank top to reveal his breasts. The little nipple studs gleamed from each pink nipple. "Aren't they fabulous?"

Harper gritted her teeth. “What the fuck are you doing to my body?”

Cam gently hefted each breast, holding them up for Harper’s inspection. “You can’t tell me it’s not hot. Besides, it’s sort of my body for the moment so I made myself more comfortable.”

“You little shit,” she hissed. “When I get my body back—”

“If you get your body back,” Cam corrected her. “We still don’t know whether the statue will actually change us. Maybe it’s a one-time use.” Harper was speechless. Cam wiggled his chest, making his breasts bounced gently up and down. There was a little pain from the piercings but it was worth it to see the look on Harper’s face. Cam dropped his shirt. “Oh, I also broke up with your boyfriend. Frankly, he was an asshole.”

“I’ll fucking kill you,” Harper growled.

“Better watch that,” Cam smiled. “Black teenager threatening a hot white girl? That’s not gonna look good.”

Cam tossed his hair back and walked away without looking back, though he could feel her murderous gaze on him as he slipped inside the house. God, it had been fun teasing Harper. The incredible power of his body was a dangerous thing and Cam was happy to enjoy it.

## 6

Cam had Saturday off work and used it to turn Harper into his dream girl. He made an appointment at a specialist hair salon and had them braid his silky golden hair into dreadlocks. While two women worked on his hair, another one worked on his nails, buffing them and painting them a girlish pink. He figured as long as he was in the chair he should get the works and had them do his makeup as well.

When they finished, Cam took in his new appearance. He'd given Harper a harder-edged beauty, dangerous and hot as hell but with just enough femininity. Cam snapped a quick selfie of his new hairdo and sent it to Harper. She replied almost immediately, imploring him to stop. He ignored her and went clothes shopping.

Cam usually hated clothes shopping, but it was surprisingly enjoyable trying on clothes in Harper's body. He had the sales ladies help him figure out his size and then carted handfuls of clothes to the dressing rooms where he tried on dresses and blouses and skirts and shorts and leggings and jeans and tank tops and tees. He particularly liked the cutoff jean shorts matched with the simple spaghetti strap top and no bra. A sort of trashy hot look. The shorts were barely more than underwear and only kind of covered him. One wrong move and his panties would be flashed to the world. It was such a fun tightrope to walk. The outlines of his nipple piercings were visible through the sheer, tight top. Cam walked out of the store in that outfit and with an armful of clothes.

Cam took another selfie outside, capturing all of his new look in another picture that he sent to Harper. She didn't respond. Maybe she was busy. Or maybe she'd resigned herself to the fact that this was no longer her body. Just to be sure, Cam

lifted up his top and took a topless selfie, sending that to Harper as well. Still no reply. He dropped his shirt and was just about to text her something else when a familiar voice spoke up from behind him.

“Hey, aren’t you Cam’s neighbor?” Cam turned to see Jamal in the parking lot of the mall, a huge grin on his face. “Harper, right?”

“Right. Jamal, was it?” Cam feigned not remembering him.

“That’s right. Damn, girl, you look good. I like the hair. You got a whole badass new look going on.”

“You like it?” Cam asked, smoothing out a braid.

“Harper, you got it going on. Your boyfriend’s a lucky man.”

“I’m not with anyone anymore,” Cam said, noticing how Jamal perked up at that. And Jamal’s attention, his beautiful face, his solid body, was too much to resist. Cam let Harper’s emotions take over. “Unless you’ve got some free time.”

Jamal’s wide smile grew even wider.

There was a reason Jamal was known as a ladies’ man. He was smooth and easygoing, cracking the occasional joke and tossing off sincere compliments. It

was the sincerity combined with the sparkle of wit that drew Cam to him. Not to mention Jamal's incredible arms.

They had an immediate ease as they wandered around the strip mall. For Cam, it was exactly like being in his own body, clowning around and joking with Jamal. Though now there was the undercurrent of attraction. Cam couldn't deny it. In fact, he fed it, flirting back with Jamal over coffee.

Before he knew it Cam was driving back to his house, Jamal following behind in his own car. He made sure Olivia wasn't home—too many questions bringing home a young Black friend of the next-door neighbor—before hustling him inside.

"Nice place," Jamal said, looking around.

"Do you want the tour? Or do you want to cut to the chase?"

Cam pulled Jamal into his room and shut the door before jumping on him, the passion that had been building up all day finally released. Jamal kissed him back, his lips just as needy, his body hard in all the right places. Cam gripped his friend and pulled himself close to Jamal's taut body. His tongue shot into Jamal's mouth, his hands into Jamal's hair, needing Jamal inside him.

Jamal's hands slid beneath his top, stroking the small of his back as he tasted Cam. Cam lifted his hands to allow Jamal to pull off his top. His tits hung down bare between them and Cam stopped Jamal before he could grab them.

“Be gentle. They’re still sensitive from the piercing.”

Jamal nodded and kissed Cam again. His hands came to the underside of Cam’s breasts, stroking them oh-so-gently. There was a hint of pain, overwhelmed by the heat rising through Cam and making his panties damp.

Then it was Cam’s turn to yank off Jamal’s shirt and splay his hands against the sharp pecs. Jamal’s body was hot against Cam’s skin and Cam brought his nose to Jamal’s chest and breathed in his masculine odor. It tickled him deep inside, bringing forth a restless itch, a yearning for more.

They clutched each other tightly, hands grabbing and squeezing, tongues sliding into each other’s mouths. They tore off their clothes and fell into bed together. Jamal was on top, straddling Cam, pinning him delightfully to the bed with the heft of his body. Cam felt Jamal’s restless heat throbbing between them, trapped against his tummy as they continued making out. The need in Jamal’s gaze was intoxicating. Cam had never been wanted like this before.

Cam had sense enough to grab a condom from Harper’s nightstand and hand it to Jamal. Jamal sat up, his black cock erect as he fought with the packet. Cam reached up and stroked his friend, surprised at how comfortable he was with a cock beneath his fingers, how large it felt in his small hand. Cam danced his fingers up and down Jamal’s shaft, eyes locked on the cockhead where a little bead of pre-cum was forming. That was for him. Cam’s body was doing this. Jamal’s dick was warm and hard-soft and wonderful. Cam’s body ached in longing.

Jamal rolled the condom on and slid down Cam’s body, pressing his chest against Cam’s tits once again. Now he aimed his cock between Cam’s pussy lips, dragging the head up and down across Cam’s wetness until he was slick. The

cockhead was so close to sliding in it made Cam moan in anticipation. His body was crying out for it, and then Jamal slid in, his cock meeting Cam's entrance and pausing as the pressure built, built, and then dissipated as he slid in.

Cam sighed as he was filled for the first time, his friend's big black cock slipping into this little blonde body. Jamal's cock pressed against the walls of Cam's slippery pussy as he burrowed in ever deeper. Cam's pussy parted for this Black dick, his body accommodating this strange welcome feeling. And then Jamal was all the way in, the tip of his dick just grazing the inner nub of Cam's pleasure.

Jamal slid out and drove in again, never letting his lips leave Cam's. Cam spread his legs and wrapped them around Jamal's back, urging him deeper, faster. Each desperate thrust drove the anticipation up, up, towards the peak. A woman's voice was crying out, high-pitched and desperate, and it took Cam a second to realize that was his voice. He urged Jamal on, begging for his dick, clutching Jamal closer as Jamal moved faster, deeper, until he thrust deep into Cam's tight pussy and groaned into Cam's mouth.

Cam felt Jamal's cock pumping inside him, felt it bump up against his dimpled G-spot and drive a tremendous orgasm through him. Cam raised his hips to meet the cock, desperate for it to be deeper, for Jamal to slide as far as he could go inside Cam's precious body. They came together, clutching and grunting and moaning and kissing as Jamal throbbed inside Cam.

Cam came down slower than Jamal and let him grow soft inside him before dropping his legs. Jamal pulled out and lay on his back in bed. Cam rested his head in the crook of Jamal's arm, one leg thrown carelessly over his friend. He traced Jamal's pec with slender fingers as his body shook with aftershock.



Cam kissed Jamal on the cheek. “We should do this again sometime.”

Jamal looked at him and grinned that beautiful impish grin. “Hell, yeah.”

Harper texted Cam a few hours after Jamal left, sending him a link to Jamal's social media page. It sported a recent photo of Jamal and Cam from earlier that day. Jamal was kissing Cam's cheek as he laughed and, even in the closeup photo, it was evident they were both topless.

*What the hell is this? Harper texted. Who's that and what did you do to my hair??*

*That's your new boyfriend, Cam replied, You'll like him.*

*The fuck I will, she replied. Tell him it's over before I get back.*

*It's a little hard to tell him anything, Cam replied, and then snapped a photo of his face, tongue poked out so Harper could see the brand-new tongue ring.*

*That's my body you're destroying!*

*Relax. Enjoy your life.*

Cam turned his phone to silent. He didn't want to be distracted while sneaking

around his own house in a stranger's body. The statue was trivially easy to find, right where Harper said it would be. Cam did a good job trashing her bedroom as well as some other rooms, making it look like people broke in and robbed the place. The statue he left in the middle of the floor. It had been nearly coal black before Cam had smashed it on the floor. Now it lay in two pieces, both stark white.

Harper couldn't prove it had been Cam who'd broken into the house and smashed the statue. Cam feigned shock and dismay, though he thought Harper might have seen through the latter when he showed up the next day on Jamal's arm. Harper didn't want to have anything to do with Cam, but Cam knew she was still turned on by her own body and it was fun teasing her. He especially loved dancing about in skimpy clothes as Harper mowed the lawn, or leaning over the fence to greet him as he came home from school, Harper's own luscious breasts drawing her new eyes.

She could do nothing as he got piercings and tattoos and let Jamal come over again and again and again. He wasn't shy about his howling orgasms and knew Jamal couldn't help but brag to Harper about Cam. Cam had built himself a whole new life and adjusted his body to suit. If Harper was going to ignore her opportunities and hold a grudge just because Cam had stolen her body and her life, well, that was her problem. Cam was a young, athletic blonde, and nothing was going to stop him from having fun.

# # #

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