



Romantic desires were an emotional mess of weeds that took root early in the hearts of most people. Influenced by entertainment media or out of simple longing for another, love and its associated quandaries was something most would inevitably come to face at least once in their lifetime. Whether they beat around the bush or took it head on, the outcome was never set in stone. What might look like a promising relationship could sour at any time, and while many would avoid such an outcome, others weren't so lucky.

Unfortunately for David, he was the sort to fall into a category far worse than those in the latter; people with no luck or interest at all in finding their significant other. The young man wasn't ugly per se, nor was he struggling to make ends meet. For all intents and purposes, David was just your average Joe working a well paying salary at a banking firm downtown. He had the looks, he had the money to ensure he could sustain a new family, so what was the problem?

A lack of confidence and an inability to face a pretty girl up close without breaking into a stammering fit. A detriment to his progress in finally getting the dream life he always wanted considering in all his thirty or so years alive on this Earth, he didn't need to look any further than outside the windows of his own home to grace his eyes with the beauty of his beloved Emma, a young woman living across the street he had only ever waved at in greeting whenever David drives off for work every odd morning or so.

A confident woman who worked a peculiar gig as a guitarist for a well known local bred rock band, Emma's flair had David hooked on her ever since she had gone out of her way to help him out.

It all started a few years back when he was at a terrible point in his life where he faced the very real possibility of being let go from his job. In the dumps, unsure of what to do while the workload continues to pile up. David had resorted to drinking, making a mess of himself and coming home way past midnight reeking of booze all while his physical and mental state continued to deteriorate. It was easy to see where he would go if he kept drinking himself stupid as he turned his fallback stress reliever into a deadly addiction. He just wanted to keep doing his job without a hint of concern, and the thought of his colleagues' livelihood being at risk just like him had elevated it from a subtle pang to an unceasing itch in his brain.

And after a particularly destructive night of bar hopping, the exhaustion and stress had simply been too much for the depressed paper pusher as he collapsed outside the steps to his home in a sorry heap.

But instead of the shame and reminder that his life was screwed come morning, David would instead be faced with a very pleasant surprise amidst the throbbing pain of a migraine as he awakens not on cold pavement but soft leather; a letter neatly folded on top of a still warm, wrapped plate of scrambled eggs and ham. He was too bewildered to believe this was all real when he remembered hitting the damp muddied streets outside smelling like rancid sewer runoff, but now here he was awakening on his couch in a fresh change of clothes with breakfast ready and waiting for him on the coffee table.

He still remembered the contents of the letter, which made his heart sting with guilt as his eyes skim through the contents of which could be summarized as a stern talking to written in an almost motherly tone with some encouraging tidbits sprinkled in here and there to lighten the mood while apologizing for having to fish through his person for his house keys along with a quip about his body being hard to move around. From the way it was written, he knew his savior was a woman when there was even a signature signed in cursive spelling **EM** with a heart at its end, but the implication of it was enough to make him tingle with paranoia at the thought of a person of the opposite gender undressing him while he slept in a coma. Rubbing his shoulders upon being reminded of his insecurities about women.

A quick look around the house and his soiled clothes were already washed and hung to dry while all his spilled belongings were neatly arranged and placed in his room. But David was still skeptical, unsure if a person could be so kind hearted without giving in to temptation considering the household was littered with some very expensive stuff. So after filling his empty stomach with the admittedly delicious meal considering it was a Saturday and he had nowhere to be, David had taken his time in extracting the replay from his home camera system...

That was the first time his eyes were opened to the presence of his neighbor across the street as he watched the brunette drag his stoned body through the halls toward the bathroom before tossing him onto the couch fully washed and changed, prying open the curtains to view the real deal with a measure of awe and respect. Feelings that would eventually develop into the love he had held for Emma, whose name he only heard by chance when a friend of hers over on a visit had called out to her. Coincidentally, it was also the driving force that made him pick up CD's of her band's performances to listen to her banging guitar riffs. Unable to believe it all came from the same hands who had reached out to help him.

It was thanks to her words that he eventually made a turnaround in his life. Weaning himself off of alcohol while doing his best to prove to his bosses that he had what it took to remain on staff. So by the time the layoffs actually began, David wasn't in their sights anymore and his infatuation with Emma had become an unbearable ache. He wanted to come forward and confess, but creeping doubts and his spastic self confidence issues stopped that from happening despite the occasional fumble earning himself a chuckle or two from Emma herself.

Ever since that night, the only contact the two ever had were simple waves of the hand and a cheerful nod. The spark he thought they shared wouldn't last for long, and now, years after, he was sure that if nothing was done, he'd probably become just another stranger in Emma's eyes. And that was something he didn't want to have happen. So when a chime alerts him to an email one lonely Friday eve, David was immediately entranced by the promise offered to him by the strange letter; the fulfillment of his romantic longing with but a single press of the button. He obviously wrote it off as a scam but having some knowledge in virtual machines and a sturdy firewall, David didn't hesitate to instantly click on the pink button that took up almost the entirety of the document.

At first, he thought the virus had taken the bait and shut off his computer screen, but that was when he realized it wasn't just the screen that had gone dark. Everything, from his desk to the walls, it was all gone in an instant and without a sound.

And as he brings his bare hands up to his face upon sensing a weird tingling sensation akin to static crawl up their length, his eyelids begin to slide shut from a heavy wave of exhaustion rolling over him as if he had woken up for a brief moment at night before being pulled back to bed by the overwhelming tiredness, the ache he felt in his joints and the terrible stiffness in his shoulders. Falling into a deep sleep all while a mesmerizing pattern wraps around David's body in the void.

It had all happened so fast he didn't even have the time to register the fear and shock of suddenly being teleported to an otherworldly realm devoid of color and sound where light didn't seem to work as it should; evident in the way David's unconscious body remains visibly illuminated with not a single shadow in sight.

But the man's time in this space was not forever, and as an unseen vortex begins to tug at his compliant form, another figure approaches from the opposite end, also fast asleep like David was. And as the two humans collide, a brilliant white envelopes the space, drowning everything in its simplistic purity. Before it all fades away once more, leaving David and the stranger to their fate as the sun begins to rise over the roofs of cozy suburban homes, painting the darkened streets with warm hues of pale blues and streaks of greenish yellow.

It would still be awhile before they would awaken considering the strange events of last night, but when they did, neither David or his unfortunate companion would be themselves ever again by the time the sun's rays had retreated back down the horizon.

Mumbling incoherently as she laid under the sheets, Emma's unconscious form jerks every so often, obviously in the throes of a bad dream, and it didn't help that the warm afternoon skies outside had gone a grayish blue thanks to the onset of heavy rainfall. It was unusual for the lady to sleep in, even rarer still to see her experience a dream so intense it had her thrashing and kicking on occasion, displaying none of the calm and tact people from both her work and casual life knew her for.

But this was not the same Emma that had gone to sleep staring wistfully out of her window at the home of the curious man she had picked off the road smelling like alcohol. While the body was hers, the soul inhabiting it has been swapped around by forces unknown. And as the nightmare, caused by the brain rejecting the intruding personality, hits its climax, 'Emma's' glassy violet eyes snap open as she lurches forward with a startled cry, launching herself out of bed and landing on the floor with a loud thump. An

expected outcome when all the movement earlier had left her in a prime position to fall off the edge with her left leg already hanging off the edge.

Rubbing her protesting behind with a slender hand without a care for her sloppy choice of clothes teasing the lower half of her globular breasts and delectable navel, the oblivious passenger in Emma's body clicks her tongue, failing to notice the lick of cooling air against creamy smooth, sensitive skin as they brush past a head of short trimmed, chestnut brown hair to check for injuries before planting both slender arms firmly against the floor with a sigh before perking her ears up upon hearing the clack of long, manicured nails scraping against the wood.

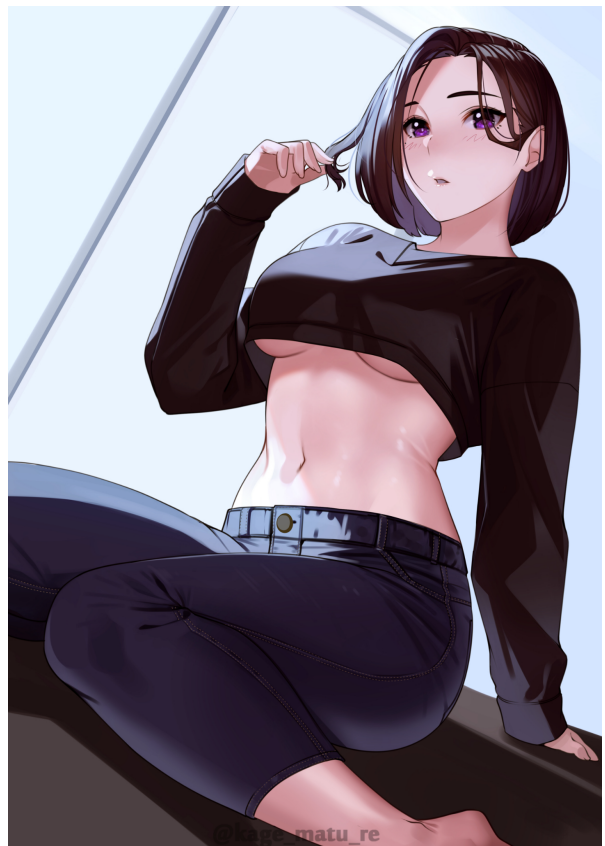
"Damn it, need to get my nails trimmed before I...hurt myself? Why's my voice sound so..."

Bringing up her long slender firm arms to marvel at the allure of their sleek silhouette and radiant skin as if she'd never seen them before, Emma's inspection of herself inevitably draws her gaze to other parts of her body, a gaze that remains stone cold even as she moves a hand to squeeze and poke at her right breast, cupping the creamy teat before letting it fall and watching the thing jiggle without so much as a word, as if her brain was struggling to comprehend that this impressive set of perky breasts that must've been somewhere in the C cup range were indeed protruding from her chest.

When her blank gaze turns to look at the full body mirror she now laid sprawled in front of however, another chance, an unconscious hope that this was all just a bad dream dwindles away as she rubs her gorgeous face down with both hands before releasing the ball of air she didn't even realize had caught in her throat in a gasp of disbelief, wide eyes remaining locked with her reflection before a sudden wave of nausea leaves her struggling to remain upright as a stray lock of hair falls down past her fringe and into her field of vision.

"How...is this...I'm Emma? But...if I'm...no, no that can't be!"

Rushing to her in a panic, David, now fully aware of his predicament, pushes open the door to her new vessels room decked in rock band posters and paraphernalia before looking around in shock, unable to recognize the layout of the home all while remaining blissfully



ignorant of the fact that she was piloting her new body rather well...almost too well in fact. From the gentle sway of her broad hips to the bounce of her unsupported rack going ignored, one might think the original Emma was still in control were it not for the look of desperation on her face as she hurried downstairs to pull open the familiar curtains she had never got the chance to lay her hands on until now to reveal her own home staring right back at her.

'Its true then! That stupid email!...oh god, what have I done...Emma!'

Rushing for the front door, David runs out across the empty streets barefooted before coming to a stop in front of David's home, ringing the doorbell and banging loudly on the door in an effort to rouse her original self from its slumber to no avail, only managing to attract the attention of other people nearby as parents cooking dinner open their windows to see what the fuss was all about while nearby children turn and stare. While David would normally not care too much about gossip and curious eyes watching his every move, the body he inhabited wasn't his to play around with willy nilly.

And as if it was trying to remind him of that, a sudden sense of embarrassment stops her assault on the door short as she finds herself gazing at the skeptical eyes scrutinizing her every move while her balled up hands move to unconsciously cover her exposed midriff and lower boobs, realizing her new place in the world as a bodacious woman dressed in an airy crop top without a bra to provide some modicum of modesty. It was a feeling eerily similar to how she felt whenever she had to speak to a fellow woman.

Taking a few unsteady steps away from the door to a house that was slowly starting to lose any familiarity in her mind, David retreats back into her home across the street, slamming the door shut before locking it tight with a heavy sigh in the face of the embarrassing situation she had just put herself through.

If she could just get through to David and explain it all, then maybe she could be forgiven for this mistake that would've no doubt harmed his public image? Would a simple apology even suffice?

"Wait...why am I so concerned about David? It's me...but not me...what the heck am ah even sayin' anymore?"

With her speech patterns beginning to slip with Emma's signature use of eye dialect to spice up her sentences with, the forces preventing David from fully realizing her continued descent into becoming the person of her dreams were beginning to do a number on her psyche as she stands there leaning with her back against the door and a hand to her sweat slick furrowed brow, wondering if she really was forgetting something or her mad rush over to her now forgotten home wasn't without reason. She felt like she wanted to check up on someone, to see if they were alright, but after that embarrassing display had jolted her brain, she just couldn't remember.

Unaware of just how right her suspicions were as more memories of David's past begin to grow muddled before fading away into the recesses of her altered consciousness, the confused Emma shakes her head before moving over to the kitchen and wincing as a sharp pain runs up the length of her bare soles, looking down to realize she had run outside without shoes or sandals. No surprise there that some debris had gotten caught on her feet.

"Gotta get it cleaned off 'fore I get hurt..."

Moving on upstairs to change up, with not a hint of worry about the void she now possessed between her legs as pillowy thighs rub against each other with every step forward, David remains ignorant as she confidently slides off her top, taking her time to bask in the cooling sensation of invisible air rushing in like the invisible hands of a masseuse to rub at her nude torso and heated navel, feeling the gentle pull of gravity tugging on her breasts while she arches her back to unclasp the buttons holding her suffocating jeans together before popping them open to reveal plain purple panties as she slides the stuff thing off her long supple legs before kicking them over into a pile while saving the best for last as she moves to open her wardrobe.

"Hmm...what should i wear fer tonight?"

With her eyes scanning over the usual assortment of singlets, crop tops and hooded jackets she had bought over the years, David pulls out a brooding, skull decorated singlet and another pair of jeans, this one being high waisted ones before returning to her bed to deposit them atop the sheets, and only just realizing the mess of toppled pillows and blankets lying on the floor.

"Huh...that's strange...can't say I'm usually too careless when gettin' out of bed..."

Shrugging her shoulders before tossing the pillows back onto the bed while tucking in the sheets, David strolls right back to the wardrobe seemingly forgetting the rude awakening she had suffered only a few minutes ago with her mind more focused on what underwear to wear for tonight, eventually settling on a matching set of ebony red lace bra and panties embroidered with thorny roses and brambles that joins the pile already on the bed as her hands move to release her current underwear from the burden of their duty, sliding each side down one shapely leg after the other until the winded thing lands on the floor to join the discarded clothes, leaving David naked. Standing still for a moment with her eyes locked on the reflection of her nubile young body with a look that seemed to balance concern with...euphoria.

The sight of her body felt strange yet familiar, while she couldn't tell at first glance considering she now believed she had always been born a girl with no idea on whose memories it was she was inheriting, an aching in her heart seemed to tell her that this was wrong. That she should be trying to make contact with her

neighbor instead of changing into new clothes as memories from David's faltering persona rush in a last ditch attempt to stem the growing seeds of Emma taking root in her very being.

'But why even? Isn't he that guy I...I'm not...there just ain't no way that's true!'

Trying to remind herself of who she was despite the backlash of her now dominant and altered self, David replays memories of her darkest moment in her past where, after a night of bingeing drinks and stumbling through unmentionable places, she had been saved by Emma, hoping to remind herself of the love she felt for her and the need to check to see if she was alright, only for her efforts to be thwarted by the mastermind behind the scenes, using David's resistance to its advantage as memories from Emma's perspective override his own, refreshing the woman on the events of the night as she finds herself walking home from an especially late night of practice to discover her neighbor splayed out on the roadside unconscious with a thick alcoholic miasma wafting off his unmoving body. Not a stranger to alcohol induced knockouts, Emma had dropped her belongings off at her front door before returning to rifle through the man's pockets in search of his keys, unlocking the door before hauling him back inside.

It came as a surprise to her considering the many times she had seen the man go about his life without a hint of worry on his face. She had thought him to be a simple man, not capable of anything drastic until a few days ago when a dark look remained plastered over his face. A look that only got worse as the days went by and he started to come home later and later.

Until it all culminated here; with her standing in his home above his deflated body, a shadow of its former self. She had found a strange charm in the way he seemed so straightforwardly focused on his everyday life at work before returning home seemingly unfazed by the rigors of it all. Many times now she had wanted to walk up to his door and check things out with a friendly greeting or two but with the hectic schedule she operated by, alongside the usual drink she downed to ease her mind meant she was rarely able to remember her unwavering neighbor.

But now as she stood over him, it was easy to see she had been mistaken. He was just as vulnerable as she was. Except unlike her, his method of stress relief seemed far more self destructive...or maybe things had taken a turn for the worse over at the workplace...either way, he was knocked out cold, and leaving him to sleep in a soggy mess of alcohol and grime stained clothes seemed careless despite her better judgment telling her to just leave him there and call it a day.

So why and how she had found herself tending to a naked David simmering in a tub of warm water whose name she had learned from his workplace ID card was something she still never knew why she had committed herself to doing. The only time she had ever washed someone else was her younger sister but that had been years ago. But David was a man, a man probably a year or two older than she was. And as she hesitantly rubs down his surprisingly well built frame with a sponge, her eyes would inevitably be drawn

toward his more...'*manlier*' qualities like the sizeable pecker he had between his legs, eliciting a wanton throb in her belly both in the dream and back in current space as her confused reminiscing soon turns into heated exploration, idle hands roaming her naked, slightly older form while envisioning David's member in her mind and how close she had come to touching it that night.

With her concerning case of mistaken identity pushed aside for more pressing matters like her rising libido, The remnants of Emma left behind in her after the swap were free to creep over and consume what little remained of David, using his memories like a staging ground to assert and supplant them with hers, spurring new yet familiar urges that direct her limbs like a puppeteer; crossing her legs at the knee, flicking her clitoris while probing her vaginal walls with an index finger and kneading her left breast with gusto, forgetting the familiarity of a throbbing erection as a longing need for something hot and hard to fill her empty loins.

The thrilling yet taxing life of a popular guitarist overrides a boring life as an office worker spent grossing down the same glaring white halls and offices every day. An expensive lifestyle spent on collecting guitars and wine to keep her cabinets and shelves stocked becomes more believable to her than a standard loop of work, eat, sleep with no social interaction outside of the office. And with a sonorous cry and a splurt of fluids from the sputtering lips between her legs, her identity as Emma firmly cements itself within her mind. Her orgasmic release acting like a visual metaphor for her former identity being ejected out of her in streaks of glimmering lubricant that begins to form into a pool between her legs with excess runoff dribbling down her trembling thighs.

By the time her body had calmed itself and her mind was set straight, the newly invigorated Emma was already cleaning up her mess before donning her salacious underwear and formal attire, decked with punk accessories like a thick leather choker, bangles and a navy blue bead bracelet. She was feeling particularly confident that something good was going to happen tonight, and from how reliable her intuition was before concerts and big decisions, she knew better than to go against it as she does a once over in the mirror before turning on her heels with a flirtatious wink and a happy giggle to walk out the door.

Despite there being a few hours left till dinner and her newly jogged memories telling her she had eaten lunch, Emma was feeling strangely famished. But with a well stocked pantry (with far more to drink than there was to eat), satisfying her hunger with a tasty morsel was an issue easily addressed as she whips up a simple layered sandwich and a piping hot mug of tea...alongside another serving that goes unnoticed as a sudden knock comes from the front door midway through her laying out a cup on the dining table.

"Hm? Who could it be at this hour...I don't remember anyone comin' over so...nah, it can't be. Hold on! I'm comin'!"

Setting down the tray before hurrying over to check on the peephole, Emma's eyes widen at the sight of David standing outside looking a little worried. Figuring she wouldn't get any answers just leaving him

hanging, the excited brunette unlatches the lock before putting on her normal face, looking the man straight in the eye despite his inability to do so, a little quirk she had taken note of the many times he had tried to



come to talk...although this was the first time he had managed to come face to face with her without turning tail now that he was locked into conversing with her.

“Umm...Hi...E-Emma right? The name’s David and I uhh...”

“The man who lives right across the street? I know ya...got something to talk about? You look funny.”

“I-I do? I mean...yeah, there is something I need to talk to you about but it’s not about my looks, its-”

“Ahaha! Calm down! Look, why dontcha come in and we can talk over some food hm? I think I...made some extras on accident so theres something to fill yourself up with while you tell me all about whats gotten you so worked up!”

“Food? I mean...sure I guess...but do you really-woah!”

Dragging the flustered man inside without another word, Emma slams the door shut with her feet while firmly shoving David towards the table, laughing in the face of his rapid fire protestations as she seats him down in the chair beside hers before casually taking her place next to him. Thanking her lucky stars and proving to herself once more that intuition certainly trumped logical thinking as she begins chatting the man up...every once in awhile at least.

With David now blissfully indulging in Emma’s role, the same had applied to the original Emma, who on the unfortunate side of things, remained asleep for far too long when her mind was clearly not used to David’s unrested body, giving the unseen force that had swapped their minds an easier time in forcibly conforming the guitarist into her new identity as the simple paper pusher who was insecure around women living directly opposite of her old house. Everything he was, she had become, including taking on David’s love for her as she awakens from her sleep a literal changed man.

But just like the being had used David’s futile resistance to its advantage, so too did it use the lingering emotions of Emma to guide the newborn David into finally gathering the courage to knock on the doors of his beloved, telling him that something had happened to her and that he needed to act now, he didn’t know

what danger it was exactly, but the very thought of Emma in peril seemed unshakable, real even. And now here he was wondering what to do or say in the face of his hyperactive angel as she takes swigs from her cup along with big bites out of her sandwich. She really hadn't been the person he thought her to be...but that brash, upfront quality didn't detract from his love for her, in fact, it only seemed to spur it on as the hours flew by and the two began to converse about their favorite movies and music amidst idle chatter about their individual lives.

Until the matter of 'that night' alluded to earlier by Emma eventually comes back into play, returning the exuberant mood into a slow burning serenade as Emma and David fall silent, long having emptied the plate of its sandwiches and their cups sapped dry.

"Hey...Emma?"

"Mm? Want more tea? I've still got a kettle at the back..."

"No...i'm not thirsty...when you let me in earlier...you said 'that night'...and 3 years ago, I remember waking up inside my house, instead of on the road outside...and when I read the letter, it sounded a lot like you..."

Pursing her lips while idly flipping her mug in her hands, a smile creeps across Emma's face as her lashes rise at the edges, clearly elated that he had remembered after all this time. But there was something nagging away at her mind, something she wanted an answer to;

"Why now? You said it yourself; 3 years...there was plenty a' time for you to come and say your thanks."

"Well...I am thankful but...I've got...issues...with talking to women. All those times you saw me mess up...that was me trying to...buck up...but I just couldn't do it..."

"So...somethin' special happen to you this afternoon?"

"Something like that...it was a feeling...I don't know what but...it told me you needed help and when I thought that I..."

"...Couldn't help but give in to it? As if somethin' really was going to happen to me?"

David's eyes widened a little, slightly perturbed by Emma's foresight, but before he could ask, the woman brings a dainty hand up to his lips, silencing him as she turns her body to face his, gaining uncomfortable distance enough for her mature assets to press into his shoulder. She knew because she had felt something

similar earlier, spurring her to visit him...before that sudden need to 'relieve' herself had interrupted her urgency, conveniently forgetting the embarrassing moment when she had run outside in her favorite albeit skimpy crop top. But unlike her, David had acted to see if she was alright...

With her bum lifting clear off her chair while a raised leg slips around David to lock him into a tight straddle, Emma was more than clear with her intentions as her wry smile widens upon the sensation of David's tent rubbing against her clearly defined cameltoe, only able to hope that the lingerie held the line before the main event as she leans in close, close enough for her to feel David's heated breath against the bridge of her cute nose.

"So...now that i'm...safe...is there anything else you wanna tell me?"

"You're...beautiful..."

"Mhm?"

"And you're...sexy..."

"Keep goin'~"

"And I...I've been...I've had a crush on you ever since you helped me out back then! W-What do you think?"

"Pipe down there cowboy, we don't want the neighborhood to hear that now do we...as for my reply...you'll have to earn it if you catch my meanin'...I did help you after all~"

Trailing off into a foxy purr as she grinds her crotch against David's, Emma's already reddened cheeks deepen further as her embrace tightens, pressing her pillowy melons into her man's chest while slowly gyrating her hips in a universally understood dance of coital demand. A dance that would be reciprocated by David's large hands unbuttoning her jeans before unzipping its length to reveal the steamy prize that waited him between trembling thighs while Emma returns the gesture, pulling down David's pants to release the beast as it springs forth to prod her belly with its swollen tip, aligning with the exact moment the two lovebirds close the tiny distance between them into a loving kiss right as David's eager hands move to caress Emma's bountiful ass as he lifts her up before bringing her exposed snatch down over his waiting javelin...

By the time night fell and Emma had collapsed into bed in the arms of David with a belly full of steaming spunk leaking from her freshly used lower lips, the former man's wish had been granted, just not in any plausible way he had ever thought possible. But with so many distressed lovers out there, the entity's work was far from over...

But for now, it had earned its rest with Emma and David seemingly set to live the rest of their lives happily in each other's embrace. And another couple in the world was more than enough for one night...right?

THE END