



## THE BODY SWAP INCIDENT

"気分が良くなったらいつでも電話してね。それが親友というものです。"

*(Just give us a call whenever you're feeling better alright? That's what best friends are for!)*

Waving goodbye to a group of her classmates before letting out a weary sigh once she was sure the gaggle of girls were out of earshot, the lone student left in the room gives her slender wrists a once over, dull ochre eyes giving the sores and welts that dotted their length a good long look before another huff brimming with disappointment escapes her mouth, shrugging on a suffocating jacket in preparation to head home for the day, frowning a little as she slots her dainty little arms though the baggy sleeves...

At first glance, the girl seemed like your average highschool girl in modern day Japan, except she had an obvious air of dour depression hanging over her head. Struggling with her studies perhaps, or maybe a bit of family trouble back home that left her at a crossroads on what to do? These days there were many things that could plague a youth no matter their nationality, but in the case of this plain Jane, her ailment was one that could not be diagnosed through conventional means. A problem beyond simple flesh and blood matters regarding the human body, roiling away in her mind as the girl turns on her heel to leave the classroom, heading in the opposite direction her friends had gone down toward the other end of the hallway where the school's facilities were nestled in like a core, the beating heart of an educational institute.



On paper, her name was *Yuki Watanabe*, born and raised in Japan, currently attending her second year in a local highschool not too far away from her home where she lived merrily with a family that showered her with love and praise. Her studies were on point and her social life wasn't even that bad despite her meek yet adorable appearance. She even had a boyfriend after all, a young man who seemed to gel well with her, understanding what made her tick and vice versa. But in recent days, behind her cloudy brown eyes, there burned a small smidge of magenta heralding a shift in her behavior. Where she had once been the sort to never turn down a friend's invitation to hangout or study, Yuki had begun to excuse herself from such things. Claiming ill with an odd quirkiness she never showed before. And even stranger still; her former eagerness to seek Tai out like a magnet whenever they were free to do so in school had faded somewhat. She would still cozy up whenever he came to find her, but never the other way around now. A

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strange 180 turn that had many of her closest friends and family wondering if their dear girl was hiding something from them.

And indeed she was, for the Yuki they knew had temporarily departed, leaving Japan a long time ago ever since the sudden heel change the girl they knew now had suffered only a few weeks ago...

Forcefully ripped from the body he'd been born into the world with and trapped in a foreign one, Adam Hawthorn had, at one point in time, been an American college student vacationing in Japan for a short period of time, amounting to a week at most. But on his fifth day in the land of the rising sun, a chance encounter with a phantom would end with him waking up in a small, well made bedroom somewhere in the middle of Saitama, far removed from the busy tourist destination of Tokyo. Except Adam wasn't really a he anymore, a fact that cements itself in his mind the moment slender legs carry her over toward a full body mirror, groggily wiping away dried tears and silky locks of hair sticking to puffy cheeks reflecting the face and body of someone else entirely.

A pinch on the wrist, a slap on the face, but still nothing. The reflection of a Japanese teenager in the prime of her youth remained in the polished glass looking back at her with wide eyed surprise, standing with knees buckled together, arms pursed in overt feminine fashion...alongside a few burgeoning additions that added a hefty bit of jiggle and sway that left her manly mind in a tizzy...one moment she'd been wandering back to the hotel with her friends thoroughly addled with alcohol, spotting a shady figure standing alone in a dark alleyway that looked alot like the girl whose body he now found himself inside of (quite literally) upon waking after blacking out at the strange sighting. Unknown to her at the time however, more concerning things than trying to find ways to fix the problem alongside adapting to life on the other side of the fence were already reading their heads the instant she had woken up in that foreign vessel. Triggering a countdown of sorts with an indeterminate length that could only end badly for her...

Thanks to the seasoned mind of a twenty one year old man, 'Yuki' knew to keep quiet about her predicament, something she really had no other choice but to adhere to when she put two and two together after shuffling downstairs for an awkward greeting with her new parents when she had enough of scouring her bedroom for anything she could use to get her bearings, startling herself when she realized that perfectly fluent Japanese flowed seamlessly out of her mouth without so much as a stutter despite intending to say 'Good Morning'; who could she really talk to about being an American man named Adam stuck in the body of a native girl? They'd think her insane or trying to pull a really bad joke. Either way, Adam had sensed she was all alone on this one, and that no matter what, she had to try and get back to her body before detriments like being forced to speak a language that wasn't her own began to take effect.

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Except they already had. Normally, someone waking up to find themselves would no doubt be left rattled and horrified no matter how level headed they were. But Adam hadn't even screamed, let alone entered into shock or hyperventilated right then and there the moment she realized she wasn't herself anymore. Instead, she'd looked around the room for records to identify her new vessel with before hobbling over to the bathroom, finding little trouble with sitting her rear down before flexing the muscles in her new reproductive and waste disposal systems, letting go her morning load without issue besides an awkward tingle in her mind from how it still remembered pee flowing out of a pecker, not a tiny hole beneath a even smaller nub...but it wasn't perfect of course, just a simple veil over her mind to prevent it from falling into a crippling state of confusion and terror.

Over the next few weeks though, the veil would begin to grow stronger and sturdier, becoming a mask with which Adam was forced to view the world through; a mask modeled after Yuki as each hour spent in her new body begins to take its toll on the displaced American as she realized how fruitless her efforts were when it came to looking for her old body...the first problem being the distance. She had no way of traveling all the way out to Tokyo when the town she now lived in was an almost backwater locale located quite a stop away from any functioning bus lines headed toward the busy heart of Saitama, even more so when she had a busy schedule to adhere to if she hoped to stick to Yuki's cover without ruining her reputation, never once thinking that the girl whose life she was trying not to tarnish might've been the one to cause this whole mess in the first place, showing little progress all while the mask soon begins to merge with her psyche...

During what little free time she had, Adam would spend her time looking up online sear he's about topics related to inexplicable body swapping, taboo rituals dealing with the displacement of souls and other myriad topics related to what had happened to her. But as expected, nothing credible could actually be gleaned from her internet trawl, only managing to dig up erotica and kinky material that only aided in providing a visual representation as to what had happened to her.

But living another life in adherence to the residual memories she'd been left with that had only begun to grow stronger was starting to have an effect on Adam's mind the longer she went about 'acting' the role of Yuki Watanabe, falling seamlessly into her role without question by the time a month had passed with only a few exceptions still keeping Adam's mind intact as her efforts to find a solution continue to end in failure. Beginning with her slowly rejoining her friends instead of distancing herself with excuses of illness to scrounge up more time for her new past time of looking into body swapping and the like, realizing too late she'd been spending most of her afternoons like a highschool girl without a care in the world. But that wasn't even the worst part.

The aforementioned Tai would only grow more concerned when his dear Yuki began to withdraw from her life, doing whatever he could to help her solve her problems while being careful not to encroach upon her personal space. And that effort hadn't fallen on deaf ears, resonating clearly in...Adam's mind when

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she realized Tai's place in all this...but it only served to confuse her further. Hadn't her mind swapped? Why was she starting to feel and act like a giddy girl having the time of her life? It all didn't make a lick of sense, and even though she knew she should've been scared or at the very least, furious at the helplessness of her predicament...she couldn't feel a thing, scratching and pinching at the skin of her wrist every night before going to bed in foreign sheets, hoping one of those pinprick moments of pain would jolt her back to reality and out of a dream she was starting to fall in love with...whether or not something was influencing her or not however, she couldn't really tell. Only with every passing day, her will to deny Yuki's increasingly attractive lifestyle kept growing weaker and weaker, doing things she never once thought to.

Like how she was heading for the library instead of home to a pile of notes on her desk containing half hearted scribbles in an attempt to retain and memorize the knowledge she was steadily losing from her days as a college student mixed in alongside what could only be described as wayward scribbles with vague mentions of body swapping and other oddities. It had been days since she added pages to the pile anyway, not when she lacked the focus and intent to continue after doubts about why she was even doing this soon seeded themselves in her mind. She had better things to do after all, like studies regarding subjects she actually needed to memorize to heart instead of thesis papers. Not to mention maintaining relationships but friendly and...intimate.

And as she pushes open the doors to the library, a few steps inside would reveal her reason for coming here, seated in the far corner of the room nearest to the row of untended shelves; Tai...

She hadn't actually gone out with him, not as she was now, not Adam. Even though Yuki's memories had already supplanted most of her own to the point where she couldn't even remember her own childhood in...wherever she came from somewhere in the Western nations, they were still memories at the end of the day. And at this point, Adam wasn't entirely hesitant to rekindle the dent in their relationship after avoiding him and her other friends too many times now...and the fact that she was still here and not back in a body that had left Japan a while ago just proved to her that it wasn't going to be worth making them worry for nothing.

If she couldn't go back...then the best she could do was to make do with what she had now...she knew she'd be pissed if there wasn't this confuddling mind play at work here but a part of her knew when to concede defeat, even finding some sort of admiration for the perp if it was indeed the original Yuki...locking her into a degrading scenario from which there was no hope of escape.

“タイ...話せるかな？”

*(Tai...can we talk?)*

“ユキ！聞かなくても、いつでも話せるよ！ほら、座って...疲れたでしょ...”

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*(Yuki! No need to ask, we can talk whenever! Come on, sit down...you must be tired...)*

Nodding her head in thanks and greeting while seating herself before her boyfriend, Yuki's visage softens upon feeling Tai's gaze fall on her, scanning her from head to toe with a concerned look, nothing too special. But yet, her heart was beating rapidly, thumping like a rocker band's climax as Adam fiddles with her fingers beneath the baggy sleeves of her jacket, unsure of what to say or do next in the face of a man who had started out as a familiar stranger in her earliest days as Yuki, now wholly perceiving him to be the one she had an honest to god bond with.

And the eagerness to see that bond go further would be the kicker that seals the deal as Adam takes one final step forward, never to look back ever again as she reaches across the table, sighing for the last time as her arms find purchase in the grip of Tai's, pulling him toward her across the short distance between them, using her other hand to stabilize herself as her eyes close tightly while something warm plasters itself over her lips before a wet serpent slides inside of Yuki's throat before her longing tongue does the same to Tai, spending the next minute or so glued to her man, basking in the euphoric sensation of a heavy weight being lifted clean off her shoulders before an airy gasp escapes the gaps between her mouth from the sensation of a warm hand brushing against her cheek...

Unbeknownst to the original Yuki and Adam thanks to how muddled their minds were after the initial swap, something had heard the words that escaped their mouths on the very night of the swap. Of course, they were long lost to them now. But at that moment in time, both parties had dismissively wondered what life could have been like for them if they had been born under drastically different circumstances stemming from an innate dissatisfaction with their own lives that had instantly hooked the being listening in on them.

In Adam's case, the decisions he'd made regarding his educational path were beginning to appear doubtful in his eyes. Sure, he had friends and drinks to pass the time with, but the above average grades he was getting and the tiresome work he had to put in to get them was beginning to chip away at his confidence in securing a job he'd enjoy doing despite the need for a well paying one. And expensive jobs were rarely ever 'fun' to partake in...that, and he'd been a loner with no girlfriend to speak of for company...

On the other side, Yuki had begun to wonder what her life would be like if it had been a normal one instead of the high expectations set up for her by her parents and peers. Like how the students who seemed so lax in their studies or how those adults who frequented bars often drowned their worries in hooch, none of that prim and proper stuff she'd been trained to follow all her life. Not to say that she didn't enjoy her life though, she had a great family, amazing friends and an even more lovely boyfriend.

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Except higher beings above the comprehension of humans weren't so empathetic. And so a connection had been made, allowing for some tomfoolery in the form of a forceful soul swap that left Yuki stuck in Adam's body and vice versa, and whether they liked it or not, a gradual side effect would see their souls slowly being painted in new colors to live the other's life to its fullest, but not without change.

In Yuki, or rather, Adam's case. The once uncertain man would see a marked increase in self confidence and the ability to perform in turn. Boosting his grades up by a significant margin in addition to some self help methods he'd been using to make the final strenuous months of college just a little bit more bearable. And he wondered how stupid he must've been to miss the likes of Cheryl, a classmate and fellow aspiring engineer, hitting things off with her shortly after his return from Japan, hoping to see more of her once they'd swapped contact details.

And as for Yuki? Her relationship with Tai would only grow after that sudden kiss she initiated on that warm Friday afternoon in the library. After talking things out with everyone and assuring them it had been a simple mood swing and nothing else, the comely girl would make a swift recovery, getting back with her friends and family alongside cleaning out her desk of all the random scribbles and notes. Written in foreign handwriting and English before gradually making a transition to Japanese, and in her handwriting no less...how strange.

From what little she could understand, the opening scripts seemed to be written by someone called Adam, documenting his ventures about a phenomenon called body swapping? It had her confused upon the initial discovery of the papers but eventually, she would drop the matter entirely, dumping the entire stack into the paper shredder after a day or two of trying to make sense of it all without success. Maybe she mixed up her notes at school or something, but as of now, it didn't matter. Not when Tai's birthday was soon coming upon the arrival of the coming week. That meant she needed to pick out a gift, outfits to wear as well as how to carry out the plan she had in mind after the celebratory outing with his family...

Her birthday had come earlier that year, and at her age, she was already eligible. Ready to take their status as boyfriend and girlfriend one step further, she had done half of it in the form of that loving yet daring kiss.



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And come next week? The thought of giving herself to Tai as his present only served to make her heart beat faster, planting a fist over her bosom before drawing them downward to rub at her warm navel, feeling the all too familiar sensation of budding arousal steaming in her belly. For her newfound sense of 'maturity' had also brought with it a hunger for adulterous acts she had no choice but to keep stowed away in the back of her mind...at least, until next week...

**THE END**