

BODY POSSESSION EROTICA



BECOMING
HIS Crush

WWW.S

Becoming His Crush

by M. Wills

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Preview of Becoming His Crush

SPOILERS AHEAD! Skip straight to the story to avoid them!

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He could feel every inch of her body, felt her heart pounding from the run, her legs throbbing with the rich ache of exercise, the light breeze gently blowing against the cool dew of sweat on her skin. Greg came to a stop, breathing hard. He stood up and placed a hand on each side of his waist, breathing deep to try to get his body under control. He took a long deep breath in through his delicate slip of a nose and released it out of his mouth. In and out. In an out. Until he'd cooled himself down enough to enjoy his new form.

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“Couldn't keep up?” Greg joked, enjoying the melodic sound of Natalie's voice spilling from his luscious lips.

Alex looked up at him, a tired grin on Jen's sharp-featured face. “You're welcome.”

When Alex had recovered enough to stand he stretched his arms in the air, his tank top rising up to reveal a little of Jen's pale belly. “Man, it feels good to not be running. I thought I was gonna die. I can't believe people do this for fun.”

“I didn't find it too difficult.”

“Fuck you,” Alex laughed.

Alex approached Greg and wrapped Jen's arms around Natalie's lean waist. He looked down at Natalie's bare stomach, traced Jen's fingers butterfly-soft across Natalie's abs. “Speaking of fucking you,” he continued.

Alex leaned in for a kiss but Greg stopped him, pulling him back and shaking his head and sending his pigtails tickling against his neck. “No. I'm not doing that again. I'm just here for a little while, just to look, and then I'm gone.”

“Oh,” Alex pouted.

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“Well, look,” Alex continued, “I understand if that's what you want. But while you're here, why don't you come out tonight? Alex and Jen had a fun evening planned and it would be a shame for you to miss it. Just have a few drinks. A little dancing. That's all.”

Greg didn't need much convincing. “Ok. But just a short evening out. Nothing else.”

“Great,” Alex smiled, giving him a peck on the cheek. “Jen's got a hot date this afternoon so I'll swing by your place tonight.”

“A date in the afternoon, huh? Who's the lucky guy?”

“Don't know yet.” Alex winked.

“Alex!”

“I'm kidding. It's a co-worker she's meeting up with. I'll see you tonight.”

Alex skipped off lightly in Jen's body. Greg watched her tiny, swaying ass until she disappeared around the bend. He searched Natalie's memories and found the way back to her place. Each step was magical and he couldn't stop trying to catch a glimpse of his magnificent body in each window. By the time Greg returned to Natalie's place he was buzzing with excitement and as soon as he was alone in her apartment he kicked off his shoes and sank onto the floor in front of

the door and ran her hands over her irresistible body.

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Read on for the rest of the story...

Becoming His Crush

It wasn't hard for Greg to spot Alex in the cafe. Even without Greg's sixth sense about fellow hoppers, the gorgeous Latina at the table by herself was dressed much too sexy for a morning coffee. She wore a tight pink crop top with the word 'Princess' written across her enormous breasts in sparkly cursive. Her long, mocha legs were crossed, her skirt pulled high and tight against her thighs, seeming to float just above her sex, tantalizing men with the promise of a glimpse of her panties.

Greg had to admit Alex had an eye for the ladies. This one had a slim, elongated face, just on the pretty side of unusual. She had the sharp features of a model, though Alex had amped her sexiness up by dressing her up in the most revealing of clothes.

Greg sat down opposite the Latina, drawing some jealous glances from a few of the other guys around the place.

“You look good, Alex.” Greg smiled at the Latina.

“Oh, thank you.” Alex said in his pretty Spanish accent. “You should have seen this body before I made her look seeeexay! She was un poquito bookworm that wore these nasty shapeless outfits. I ditched the glasses, got a bit of a makeover, some new clothes, and ta da!” Alex spread his arms, shaking his heavy breasts joyfully.

Hanging out with Alex was always a guarantee of an interesting time. Greg had

had his share of adventures with Alex, hopping various combinations of people and having their fun. Alex's problem was that he didn't respect the bodies he was taking. Greg always made sure to return the bodies to their original owners as good as he found them, sometimes even a little better off. Alex, though, only thought about himself in the moment. Case in point, the Latina he now occupied. When Alex hopped out of her, the bookworm would find herself back in her own body, but now transformed into a bombshell with a completely different wardrobe. If she was lucky and Alex wasn't feeling particularly mean-spirited, she wouldn't be in any sort of compromising position. Often, Alex's mounts weren't lucky.

“How've you been?” Greg asked.

She grinned, revealing a row of dazzling white teeth. “Oh, papi, I've been muy muy bueno. You know, doing my thang. I see you've not hopped anyone.” Alex had retained her Spanish accent for his own amusement.

“No. I'm still taking a break.”

“Oh, come on, Greg,” she pleaded, making big puppy dog eyes and clasping her hands together, “We had so much fun didn't we?”

Greg smiled. “Yeah...”

They had. But it was matter of different philosophies. Greg found himself using his body hopper powers so much that he nearly forgot who he really was. He liked that grounded feeling of returning to a real life, having something tangible and solid that was his and his alone. Alex, on the other hand, probably hadn't

been in his own body since the last time he and Greg were together. Alex would hop from one mount straight to another, more comfortable in someone else's skin where he could be free of consequences.

Near the end of their time together so many months ago, Greg had found himself more and more trying to stop Alex from being completely reckless with the bodies he was in. Alex would spend their money and have joyful, eager sex with strangers and family members alike, if Greg let him. Greg didn't want the responsibility of watching Alex anymore and had eventually quit body hopping and stopped hanging out with Alex altogether only a few weeks after they'd hopped Natalie and her friend, Jen.

Natalie. Greg pushed her out of his mind. Even just the thought of her still brought on a melancholy of unfulfilled need.

“You still on the no-hopping thing?” Alex asked.

“Yep. It's been good, actually. Being myself.”

“Boring,” Alex teased, “Come out with me again.” Alex placed his mount's warm, slender hand on Greg's arm. “Having these powers and not using them is like being Clark Kent and never turning into Superman.”

“It's just...it's enough responsibility looking after one life without having to worry about being another person.”

“So don't worry!” Alex laughed. “Hakuna Matata! Look--” He pulled his top up and his bra down, revealing one heavy, perfect breast just for a brief instant. His breasts were hidden again before the people sitting nearby had even turned around. “Let's have some fun, papi!”

“I just don't want to be dragged back into the scene.”

“Yet you came here to meet me.”

“Maybe this was a mistake.” Greg got off his chair. “I should go.”

“You want to use your powers I know it. What do I have to do to convince you?” Alex leaned over on the table, letting Greg get a good, long look down the woman's cleavage.

Greg shrugged. “I don't think there is anything. I'll see you around, Alex.”

Greg shuffled out of the cafe and into the warm sunshine. He walked slowly back to his apartment only five blocks away, his thoughts bouncing back and forth. He did miss hopping. It was a drug and he was an addict. Sure, he'd managed to quit for now, but if he hung around Alex long enough he'd be back into it. But would that be so bad? Yes, if he ended up like Alex, with no real life to speak of. But, surely one hop wouldn't hurt, right?

Greg's thoughts tumbled restlessly, the desire to hop stronger than it had been in months thanks to the temptation of Alex. Greg shouldn't have agreed to meet; it

only stirred things up that should have settled long ago.

Greg climbed the two flights of stairs to his apartment and flopped onto his back on the couch, one arm over his head. It was about an hour later, as Greg was still staring at the ceiling, that there was a knock on the door. He dragged himself off the couch and opened the door to find Jen.

She smiled up at him—he was a head taller than her—and Greg froze, staring at her lightly freckled nose and her clear, blue eyes. It instantly brought him back to that time, nearly a year ago, that he had hopped the gorgeous Natalie while Alex had hopped her friend, Jen.

“Look who I found!” Alex laughed, turning in a small circle so Greg could get a good look at Jen's pale thighs and her delectable ass beneath her softly flowing baby-blue dress. Her auburn hair was held up in a complicated bun that left a sweep of dark auburn bangs to fall across her forehead.

“You gonna let me in or just stand there gawking?” She asked.

The blue dress set off her blue eyes, hypnotizing Greg with their crystal clarity. He moved aside silently and Alex waltzed Jen's body inside, brushing up against Greg as he did so. Her delicious fruity scent seemed to linger in the air as she passed.

“Hasn't changed much,” Alex said, looking around Greg's apartment.

“I got a new picture,” Greg said lamely, pointing to the cartoonish print of New York City hanging on the far wall. “Where...” Greg began, trailing off. His thoughts were already racing towards Natalie, who was inextricably linked to Jen in Greg's mind.

Alex turned to him. “I just found her walking down the street. I was going to release my sexy Latina mount back into the library that was basically her home and then I ran into Jen. Well...remembering all the fun I had last time in her body, with Natalie, how could I pass that opportunity up? You remember all that?”

She took Greg's hand in both of hers and held it to her chest. He could feel her heart beating fast beneath the thin fabric of her dress as her slender fingers played over his hand. She sensed his yearning for her and bit her lip coquettishly as she stared up at him. Lust played over her face. Greg may have been able to hold back if Jen hadn't stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. He opened his mouth for her hot breath and suddenly he was going straight from pause to fast forward.

He grabbed her and pulled her close, plunging his tongue into her needy mouth, desiring her desperately, little caring that the real Jen was somewhere inside and her body was being fondled by a stranger. Alex made Jen suck on Greg's tongue as they kissed eagerly, hands petting across each other's bodies, gripping, squeezing. She moaned into Greg's mouth, hungry for him, as his hands slipped through her hair, across her smooth cheeks, memorizing her by touch as they locked lips in utter bliss.

Greg's erection pressed against her through his pants and she reached down and stroked it. Laughing, she knelt in front of him. He stared down at the top of her head, the highlights in her auburn hair shining in the sunlight streaming through the living room window. She scrambled for his zipper and then yanked his pants down, followed by his underpants. And then his manhood was pointed directly at her lips.

She gripped him with one hand and lightly trailed her fingers up and down his shaft. She brought her face closer to him and gently rubbed his cock with both her soft cheeks. First one, then the other, her lips just skating over the head of his erection. Her eyes were closed in utter bliss as she teased him. Finally, she kissed the head of his dick, held him up with one hand so she could kiss her way down the underside of his length. She worshiped his cock, savoring each moment as her lips lightly caressed his skin until he was burning for her.

A drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip of Greg's dick and Alex made Jen lick it off with her pink tongue, closing her eyes to swallow it in utter bliss. "Yummy," she murmured, looking up at him, one hand continuing to slide slowly up and down his shaft. The head of his cock was nearly resting on her lips. Greg had never wanted anyone more than he did Jen in that moment.

Alex sensed it; he was an expert. He opened Jen's mouth and took Greg's manhood in between Jen's luscious lips. She slid down his shaft and Greg closed his eyes as her wonderful wet heat enveloped him. Her tongue pulsed beneath his dick as she lowered her lips down, down, until her nose disappeared into his curly pubic hair and she held all of him in her mouth. She withdrew slowly, leaving his cock slick with her saliva, before plunging back down. Her own eyes were closed in ecstasy. Little moans of pleasure escaped her lips as she sloppily sucked him, gliding faster up and down his cock until she matched the rhythm of his body.

When she felt him getting closer to exploding she paused, waiting for him to get himself under control, before continuing, leaving Greg perpetually on the edge of ecstasy. When Greg could stand the teasing no more, he gripped her head in both hands, his fingers curling through her hair and took control, pushing her up and down his cock. She let him fuck her mouth and he jammed his cock deep down her throat. She took it all, sucking him in and out until he grunted "Oh God!" and finally exploded pulling her lips all the way down his cock and holding her there, jetting his seed into the back of her throat. She kept her lips

wrapped around him, eagerly swallowing his load, gulping it down noisily until his cock finished throbbing in her mouth.

He held her there still for a few seconds, resting, then released her. She pulled off and licked her lips before swallowing the last of the drops in her mouth. She wiped her lips, sucking off any remnants of his seed. Greg pulled his pants back up as she stood.

“You like that?” Alex asked with a knowing grin.

Greg just nodded.

“I’ve got another surprise. If you want it. Jen and Natalie are supposed to meet tomorrow morning in the Woods Street Park for an 8 am run. If you want to hop Natalie again why don’t you wait behind the large rock just pass the bridge? I promise I’ll be good this time. If you want me to.”

She stood on her tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek before sauntering out the door. Greg watched her go, her delicious ass swaying back and forth, until the door closed behind her.

The rest of the day was spent in an agony of indecision. Greg couldn’t get the promise of Natalie out of his mind. She was his dream girl and he both yearned and dreaded to be in her body in equal measure. No one else had compared to her. What if this time he stayed as Natalie for good?

And what about Alex? Could Alex keep his word and return them as he had found them? No worse for wear except for a few illicit pleasures? Greg would be with him to look after both the women. But then he'd be back in the same position of being Alex's minder that caused him to abruptly withdraw from hopping in the first place.

Would it really be so terrible for Greg to break his self-imposed ban on hopping? Just a day or two in Natalie's body. Just one small hit of being enveloped by her presence. Surely, that couldn't hurt. But, inevitably, one hop would lead to another. It just felt so damn good to be someone else, to live as a beautiful woman for a day. Or two or three.

Greg had never forgotten Natalie, never truly gotten over her. Did she look the same? Had she changed at all? Maybe, Greg thought, he would show up in the park tomorrow just to see her, just to have a quick look to refresh his memory of her graces. That seemed a fair compromise.

By the time Greg went to bed he'd made his decision. The offer to see Natalie was too tempting to pass up. But he wouldn't hop her. He just wanted to see her. Greg went to sleep, happy to have finally made a decision.

In his dreams that night he was back in her body. It was hard to see himself in her skin in the dreamlike way that details are hazy and impossible to pin down. But with the certainty of the dream he knew who he was and he enjoyed Natalie's lively body.

Greg awoke refreshed with only a hazy memory of his dream. He was nervous as he fixed breakfast for himself, his heart fluttering in joyful anticipation of seeing Natalie, even if only from a distance. It felt like preparing for a first date, or a job interview. Whenever he dwelt on the details his fingers would grow

clammy and a tightness would take hold of his chest. He comforted himself by replaying the feelings of the dream from last night, lingering on the memory, luxuriating in how comfortable he'd felt.

Greg barely ate anything for breakfast and he was at the park and waiting behind the rock a half hour before the girls were even supposed to start their jog. He sat on the park bench with the newspaper he'd brought so as to look occupied. Just a disinterested man enjoying a nice, balmy morning. As the minutes ticked by, Greg's anticipation grew until he was glancing up every few seconds from his newspaper towards where the path curved around into view from behind the rock. He was just going to look, he reminded himself. Nothing else.

And then all of a sudden Natalie was jogging into view.

Her golden hair was held back in two pigtails, one behind either ear. A white running top clung to her chest, sleeveless and cut short so that it just covered her modest breasts while exposing her trim stomach and the entirety of her arms. She wore a tiny pair of forest green shorts that may as well have just been panties for all of her body they revealed. Her muscular thighs were pumping, her forehead dappled with a light sheen of sweat. She was poetry in motion, her limbs moving gracefully, hinting at the hidden power beneath her tawny beige skin. In only a few light steps she was directly in front of Greg.

Greg's heart leaped into his throat and then he leaped into Natalie's body. His body became a blaze of energy, whizzing the short distance through the air and inside of her. In less than a blink his old body had vanished and he found himself on the path, looking at the world through Natalie's eyes.

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“I didn't find it too difficult.”

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“Well, look,” Alex continued, “I understand if that's what you want. But while you're here, why don't you come out tonight? Alex and Jen had a fun evening planned and it would be a shame for you to miss it. Just have a few drinks. A little dancing. That's all.”

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“A date in the afternoon, huh? Who's the lucky guy?”

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He grew ever wetter and redoubled his efforts, sinking his fingers into his delicate wetness as he shut his eyes and cried out in her gorgeous voice. His other hand squeezed his tit hard, grabbing her fleshy weight and enjoying the physical softness, the closeness of being inside her body. The liquid sounds of his fingers in his pussy reached his ears and his hips bucked and he came, the orgasm thundering through him from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. He cried to as the tension crashed down around him as he drove Natalie's body higher with lust, pausing momentarily to recover, letting his aching pussy rest.

He brought his sticky fingers to his nose and inhaled his wonderful musky scent. It was his pussy on his fingers, his wetness soaking them. And then desire filled him once more and he returned his fingers to his quivering cunt.

She felt so good. So warm and wet as he let Natalie's fingers continue pulsing inside her body. Every time he reached a new crest there was another just behind it. Greg urged himself on with his own delectable feminine moans of ecstasy until there was one final shuddering orgasm and he was too exhausted to go any further. Greg continued sliding his fingers around his sopping wet cunt, gently, lowering himself slowly until he was all the way down from his high.

Natalie's breast hurt from squeezing. Her insides ached. Her shorts were soaked through with her own lust and she smelled musky and exotic.

It was heavenly.

Greg stood slowly, before undressing. He padded down her hallway, naked, with the clothes in her hands and tossed them into her dirty clothes hamper. It was Natalie's own desire to stay neat and organized and he liked that about her, wanted to indulge her while he was borrowing her body.

He untied his pigtails and ran his hand through his long blonde hair, brushing it out and untangling it. He turned on the shower and stepped in, letting the hot water wash over Natalie's skin, turning her pink and deliciously warm. He let his fingers play over her body as he soaped, rubbing her fruity body wash up and down his body, taking time to play over her supple tits, around the perfect curve of her ass and in between her legs. Naked for the first time, he admired the perfect triangle of short hair pointing down to the pussy that had recently given him such pleasure. Natalie's body was perfection itself; it was such a joy to control, to own, even temporarily.

Greg spent most of the rest of the afternoon naked, just lounging around Natalie's apartment. He responded to some emails—he did need to keep up his own life while in Natalie—and generally lazed about as normal, with the added benefit of being able to caress his silky body whenever he wanted. Greg never got tired of looking down at Natalie's body, or posing for himself in the mirror, or pleasuring himself over and over in every room of her apartment. Each time was always the last. Until he succumbed to the pleasure of his body and gave in once more.

At some point Alex texted him and told him he'd come by at 10 for some

dancing. That prompted another round of celebratory masturbation.

The only time Greg clothed himself was to get into a bathrobe for the delivery guy who brought him dinner. And even then, the robe was tossed off the minute the door closed. Greg was only staying in Natalie temporarily and he wanted to enjoy every minute of it.

In the evening Greg searched through Natalie's closets for an outfit. There was a spaghetti strap and jeans number that was hot but too casual. There was a red blouse and skirt that was hot but not sexy enough. And then there was the black dress. Greg knew it was the one as soon as he pulled it out and held it up.

He slipped on a silky black bra and adjusted his tits beneath it, then slipped some sheer black panties up his legs, resting them snugly against his crotch. He squeezed himself into the dress, tugging it up his frame. When he looked in the mirror he was stunned. The dress squeezed him in all the right places, holding his breasts firmly and wrapping around his toned ass before ending just above his knees. The darkness of the dress was a perfect contrast to his blonde hair and light features. It was almost better than wearing nothing at all. Slipping into a pair of black fuck-me heels completed the outfit, accentuated his ass and tits.

Greg did Natalie's hair and makeup, pulling the techniques from her own memories. He curled Natalie's hair until it hung about his face in soft waves. When he was done, the toned athlete he'd hopped that morning was still there only slightly masqueraded by her enhanced ravishing beauty. His dark red lips hinted tantalizingly at secrets, while his long, luscious lashes could make any man weak with a single flutter. Greg was prepared to throw himself down and fuck himself again but it was getting late and it had taken a lot of work to get to this point. He didn't want to ruin Natalie until other people got to enjoy her.

Greg was all ready when Alex knocked on the door that night. Greg opened it to find Jen, transformed from a rather cute girl-next-door into a stunning knockout. Her hair flowed down in sienna colored waves down and around her pixie ears. Alex had found an amazing red dress cut to fit her body perfectly. It was cut low at the top, just concealing the dark valley of her cleavage. Her round curves disappeared beneath the skin-tight dress. The dress ended just below mid-thigh, allowing her to show off her sinewy legs. The whole thing was complimented with four inch pumps in pink and red.

“Holy shit, you look amazing!” Greg squealed.

“You like?” Alex twirled around. “I did a little shopping.”

“Wait. How much did you spend?”

Greg was aware, through Natalie's memories, that Jen wasn't rich. An outfit like the one Alex was now wearing would have made a considerable dent in her bank account.

“What do you care? It's not your body.” Then, on Greg's scowl: “Fine. I'll return them tomorrow. But let's have our fun tonight, okay?”

Greg nodded, sending his curls jiggling. “Okay.”

Alex led the way down the hall, talking excitedly. As Greg watched the gentle sway of her hips beneath the dress, the way it curved over her perfectly biteable

ass, he reminded himself that they were just going out for some drinking and dancing. Nothing else.

Alex grabbed a cab and gave the driver an address downtown as the cabbie eyed them both appreciatively. When Greg and Alex were both ensconced in the back seat, Alex slid Jen's hand along Natalie's thigh, sending delightful goosebumps up and down her body. Greg placed his hand on Jen's to stop her and tried to bring up a topic of conversation to distract them both.

“So where are we headed?” Greg asked.

“Jen's photographer friend told me about this amazing party happening at a club downtown. Anything goes.”

“Alex, you need to be careful in Jen's body. She doesn't have a lot of money and she doesn't live the party lifestyle.”

“Oh, and Natalie does?”

“Well,” Greg shifted uncomfortably, “No. But I can keep myself under control. I'm worried you'll hurt Jen.”

“I just have a bit of fun with my mounts. I don't do anything that will fuck up their lives. Well, not usually. Not unless they deserve it. Like this one time I hopped this total rich bitch. Real over-privileged brat. I let her brother fuck her in the ass and uploaded it to the internet, then emailed it to everyone in her

phone. Man, that whole family was fucked.”

“You're not filling me with a lot of confidence.”

“Chill, man. I'm not gonna go crazy tonight. And if I do, I'm sure you'll be there to stop me. So just have fun, and who knows where the evening will go.”

Greg still had his doubts, but he was eager to go out in Natalie's body and if watching over Jen was the price to pay, he thought he could do that. He got an idea of exactly how hard that would be when they got out at the club and found a line of people a mile long waiting to get in.

“Should we go somewhere else?” Greg asked.

“No.” Alex strode towards the bouncers at the head of the line, Greg hurrying to keep up with him on his high heels.

The music was thumping behind the doors and one of the bouncers—a bald, heavyset black guy—looked up at them from his clipboard with a bored look on his face.

“You on the list?” He growled.

Alex smiled and leaned over to whisper in the bouncer's ear, her gorgeous red locks tickling his face. When Alex stood back up, the bored look had

disappeared from the bouncer's face.

“Hold the line, Ed,” He said to the other bouncer, handing him the clipboard.

“I'll be right back, Natalie,” Alex said, offering the bouncer his hand as they disappeared into the club.

“Jen!” Greg tried to follow but the remaining bouncer stopped him.

The people at the front of the line smiled, enjoying watching Greg be put in his place. They had the intense, hungry stares of people who'd been waiting in line for hours.

Greg had no choice but to wait. He didn't have to do it for very long. A few minutes later Jen and the bouncer reappeared. The bouncer was adjusting his pants and Alex licked something off the side of her lips before calling out for Greg to join him inside.

Shit. The night had barely begun and already Alex had made poor innocent Jen suck off some random stranger. Greg vowed to stay close to her as they headed into the dark recesses of the club.

The music throbbed through Natalie's body and the lights flashed all around, alternately blinding Greg and leaving him in uncertain darkness. The center of the club was a giant dance floor and it was difficult to make out how many people there were in the constantly shifting lights. The place was packed, though, as

Greg and Alex weaved their way through the crowded room. All around him people were making out, and Greg thought he saw a girl in the corner giving a guy a blow job under the table, though he couldn't be sure in the strobing lights.

“What kind of club did you say this was?” Greg yelled over the music.

“The fun kind!” Alex replied, handing him a martini that had seemingly materialized in his hand.

It wasn't long before the martini buyer appeared, along with his friends. Alex was a shameless flirt in Jen's body and soon Greg and Alex were out on the floor crushed between the group of sweaty guys. Hands slid around Greg's body, fingers groping home as someone danced up close, pressing their groin against his. Greg enjoyed the attention. He'd forgotten what it was like to be so desperately wanted for his body. It was scary and intimidating...and it made him so wet.

Alex, too, was having fun, though he was being a little more forward, grinding on anyone who got near and nearly causing a fist fight as men struggled to dance with him. Natalie may have been the hotter one, but Alex was the one oozing sex. When Greg saw Alex beginning to grope the group of guys around him, he thought it was time to get her away.

Greg grabbed Alex by the hand and pulled Jen's body off the floor and down the hallway to the women's bathroom. A row of mirrors lined one wall beneath groups of maroon velvet couches. A row of sinks were at the far end, in front of the door that led to the actual toilets. It wasn't a bathroom so much as a women's lounge.

Alex slipped out of Greg's grasp. "Come on, man, I was just about to have some fun!"

"You were just about to ruin Jen's life."

"She wouldn't even remember."

"That's not the point."

"Oh, god, if I knew you were going to go all goody goody on me I never would have bothered to find Jen, let alone get you to come out with me."

A woman in a blue dress pushed past them on her way out the door. Greg was aware they were getting stares from the other women but he couldn't just let Alex go with Jen's body.

"Wait. I thought you just happened to run into Jen." Greg said.

"Yeah, well....that was a lie. I wanted to hang out with you again. You used to be cool. So I tracked Jen and Natalie down."

"You knew I couldn't resist."

“I can't blame you. Natalie's a hottie. Anyway, I'm horny as fuck and unless you got a better idea I'm going to go out there and get plugged.”

Alex turned to walk away but Greg grabbed Jen's hand and spun her around. Greg kissed her roughly, pushing his tongue into her mouth and gripping her skinny body tightly. He then pulled away and pushed Jen down onto the couch before straddling her lap, making Natalie's dress bunch up around her ass and revealed her perfect black panties. If the only way to save Jen was to take care of Alex right here and now, Greg had no choice. And, truth be told, he wasn't entirely against the idea.

Greg planted Natalie's lips back on Jen, and this time she returned his desperate kiss. Her hands gripped his back, roaming down to the curves of Natalie's ass and gripping each cheek, pulling Greg closer until their breasts were pushed together. Natalie's golden hair brushed against Jen's face. She smelled divine, tasted better. They made out, heedless of the other women in the lounge. Natalie's body grew warmer with each kiss.

Alex pulled the straps of Natalie's dress down her arm, then yanked on the neck of her dress, spilling Natalie's tits onto Alex's eager lips. Alex grabbed Natalie's tits and lowered his head in between, kissing back and forth between Natalie's tits greedily as her nipples sprang to attention. Watching Jen suck her friend's tits, feeling the hot wet breath on Natalie's supple nipples, blew pleasure through Natalie's body like a whirlwind. Greg threw back his head and moaned, dragging his pelvis back and forth across Jen's lap, desperate for more.

When Greg could stand it no longer he pushed Alex onto her back on the couch and straddled Jen in reverse so that each woman had their pussy in the other's face, Natalie's swollen pussy lips in the air just above Jen's lips. Greg yanked up Alex's dress and pulled down Jen's panties before burying Natalie's mouth in between her friend's legs. Greg ran his tongue across Jen's slit, tasting the dew of her pussy. At the same time, Alex gripped Greg's hips and pulled Natalie's cunt

down onto Jen's face.

Greg shut his eyes as a burst of pleasure tore through him at Jen's probing tongue. And then he felt her twisting gently inside his velvety folds, felt her sucking and licking, and he did the same to her. As he forced Natalie to lick Jen's clit, he brought in two fingers and shoved them deep inside Jen. She was so wet there was little resistance and his fingers plunged into her sopping heat, pushing deep up against the spongy walls as she moaned inside him.

Greg pulsed his tongue as Alex bucked Jen's hips up, pushing her deeper into Greg's mouth, forcing Greg's fingers farther inside. Greg felt Jen's fingers slide into his own cunt as he licked. Jen's tongue landed hard up against Natalie's clit and Greg cried out, grinding down against Jen's face, leaving a trail of his creamy wetness across her nose and chin. The two women moved together, grinding into each other, tasting, smelling their delightfully musky scent as they crested and came hard, moaning into each other as they continued licking.

Greg's bare tits rubbed against Jen's dress, the friction sending more embers down his body and he sucked her pussy with a furious passion until they both came again. Jen squirted a jet of hot liquid directly into Natalie's face as she moaned loud and long. Greg pulled back, surprised as the juices dripped down his nose. He sat up slightly, which pressed his own pussy down onto Jen's demanding tongue and fingers, blasting an orgasm through Natalie's body. He rode Jen's face, legs spread wide, using her nose and lips and chin to satisfy his horny body as he cried out loud in one final, body shuddering orgasm.

When at last he was done he got off Jen and she sat up. Jen's pale face was flushed, her eyes alive with excitement.

“Oh my God, did I squirt on you?”

“A little,” Greg said, wiping his eyes and putting his breasts back into his dress. “It’s ok. It was hot.”

Alex looked around the now deserted lounge room. “Guess we scared everyone away.”

“Yeah. We should probably get out of here before we get kicked out.”

“Come on,” Alex said, sliding his hand along Natalie’s cheek and staring into her eyes, “Who’d kick out two hot lesbians?”

The answer came a minute later in the form of a manager and two bouncers. Alex and Greg were cleaning themselves off when the manager burst in and demanded they leave.

“Fine,” Alex said, “We were done here anyway.”

They both giggled like schoolgirls as they were escorted back onto the street.

“All right,” Greg said, still grinning, “Let’s take Jen back home.”

Alex agreed without much fuss and they both got in the back of a nearby cab. Greg was determined to walk Alex inside and watch him hop out of Jen’s body.

He wanted to know that Alex wouldn't do anything else to her.

It was easy enough getting Jen back to her building, taking the elevator up to her apartment and slipping inside. But, once there, Alex seemed to be having second thoughts.

“Let's just stay a little longer. Just a day.”

“Come on, Alex, let's leave these women alone.”

“But...who am I supposed to hop into here?”

“Just come on out and be yourself.”

Alex nervously ran a hand through his ruby locks as Jen's eyes furrowed.
“Just...myself?”

“Yeah. When's the last time you were yourself?”

“Umm...probably the last time you and I were together.”

Greg placed his hand gently on Jen's back. “It'll be ok. Hop out and come home with me. We'll hang out. Just the two of us. Our real selves.”

Alex appeared to think about this for a few seconds before nodding. “Ok.”

Greg followed Alex into Jen's bedroom. Alex lay Jen's body on the bed and sent her to sleep. Greg could sense the energy building within Jen as Alex gathered himself, a high pitched, barely noticeable whine, and then he appeared beside her bed. He looked up at Alex, a nervous grin on his face, then looked back at Jen's sleeping body, as if debating whether to jump right back inside her. Greg took his hand in his own and gently pulled him out the door.

“There you go. Easy does it.”

Alex seemed to pick up momentum after the apartment door was closed and there was no way for him to get back in. The stared at their reflections in the polished metal doors of the elevator as they went down. Alex, the slightly goofy looking sandy haired man in a slightly frayed button down shirt next to the blonde bombshell that was Natalie.

“Wow,” Alex said running a hand over his own face, “When you're out of your body for so long, coming back feels like a whole new experience.”

“Let's go drop off Natalie and then we'll hang out. Like old times.”

“Yeah. Old times.” Alex smiled, his eyes roaming up and down Greg's body. Greg blushed. Would he ever get used to the lust he saw in men's eyes when they looked at him? Maybe if he was Natalie forever he would. But as a temporary owner of a stunning female body, Greg loved the attention.

Greg followed Alex back to Natalie's place. At some point on the walk Alex brushed against Natalie's hand, before entwining his fingers through hers. They held hands like lovers. A flush of heat crept through Greg's body and he glanced shyly over at Alex, who stared back with hunger in his eyes.

I'm just returning Natalie, Greg reminded himself over and over, Nothing else.

But even this repetition did little to douse the simmering lust growing between his legs.

About a block away from Natalie's apartment they saw a group of guys walking down the street and headed towards them.

“What do you say we make these guys jealous?” Alex murmured into Greg's ear.

Alex slipped his hand across Natalie's soft cheek and Greg let him guide their lips together. Greg leaned into Alex, enjoying the light caress as he tasted Alex's raw masculinity. The group of guys passed them, whistling encouragingly. Greg was burning up now, the desire to be thrown down and taken nearly overwhelming. He reluctantly pulled away and they continued on towards Natalie's apartment.

By the time they reached Natalie's door her panties were nearly soaked with lust. Greg hurried in and lay on the bed without bothering to undress. Alex stood over him, a look of disappointment on his face. Greg knew if he stayed in any longer Natalie's desire would overwhelm his reluctance. He hopped out, his essence

streaming out of Natalie and reforming into his old familiar form on the floor next to her bed.

“All right, lets'--” Greg turned to Alex. But Alex had disappeared.

Suddenly, Natalie moaned on the bed and her eyes opened.

“Oh my god,” she said, looking at Greg. “How did you resist this? She's so fucking wet.”

Alex flexed Natalie's legs, and writhed on the bed, tortured by an itch he couldn't reach. Alex pulled up Natalie's pants and thrust his fingers beneath his damp panties, pleasuring himself. Greg went rock hard, his manhood straining in his pants, desperate for the gorgeous, powerful blonde moaning as she masturbated on the bed.

Alex pushed himself up and scrabbled for Greg's jeans. He soon had Greg's pants down and Natalie's nimble fingers slipped over Greg's manhood. She felt so good. Too good for Greg to stop. Greg could only watch as Natalie slid her hand down his shaft, pumping him slowly as her lips approached the head of his cock. She opened wide and swallowed him desperately, sinking down and surrounding him with her wet heat. She moved quickly, up and down, up and down, swallowing and releasing him as her saliva coated his shaft and the head of Greg's dick hit the back of Natalie's throat. This wasn't foreplay, it was raw, hot desperation. She needed his cock.

She made appreciative moans as she swallowed Greg over and over, drinking down his pre-cum, holding him in her mouth, pausing as he throbbed once, until

he got himself back under control, then resuming as though starved for his dick. He stared down at the top of her blonde head, watched his cock disappear and reappear between her perfect lips. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy and she tilted her head from side to side, running her tongue along the bottom and sides of his shaft.

She pulled back, still stroking his cock gently, and looked up at him, fiery desperation in her eyes. "Fuck me," she ordered, "Fuck me right now."

She lay back and pulled up her dress, plunging her own fingers into her pussy, rubbing herself to try to relieve the pressure as Greg quickly undressed and got between her legs. He grabbed her solid thighs in his hands and splayed her legs wide. Her lower lips were open for him, the velvety folds flecked with moisture. Greg pulled her panties aside, pressed the head of his cock against her and slid inside. She was so wet there was little resistance and he was enveloped by her heat. She cried out in agonized relief as he filled her, slipping inside deeper, deeper until he was buried as deep as he could go.

Greg withdrew, then pushed in again, slowly, enjoying every glorious inch as he sank into her deep center. Natalie's hands flew to her tits, where she grasped and squeezed. Her hips bucked up towards him with each delicate thrust. Greg was teasing her, he knew it, sinking into her cunt slowly and enjoying watching as the tension drove through her body.

She moaned, a low guttural sound, then flexed once, biting her lip as she shuddered with orgasm. Greg stayed still inside her, luxuriating in the feel of her pussy wrapped around him as she came. When it ended, Greg resumed, faster now, picking up intensity. Natalie's cries grew louder, higher pitched, matching Greg's rhythm. Greg leaned over, pushing her legs up, her heels nearly even with her head, bending her double, leaning on her with all his weight as he slammed into her. Her cunt spread wide and he pounded her, all thought of waiting gone. Now there was only needing.

Greg's only desire was to bury himself inside her, relieve the itch of desire concentrated in his cock by fucking her hard. And then he came, the tension snapping as he grunted and throbbed inside her, filling her wet hot cunt with his seed. She groaned beneath him as he filled her, crying out in delight and relief as she, too, surged with orgasm. With a last shuddering thrust Greg sank inside and remained, enjoying the relief filling him, the warmth of Natalie's body lying beneath him, still surrounding him.

Slowly, he released her legs and she wrapped them around his body. Natalie clasped her arms around Greg, hugging him to herself.

“No,” she whispered, “Stay inside me a little longer.”

They held each other on the bed, Greg's nose buried into Natalie's hair, the floral scent of her in his nose, her soft breasts beneath his chest as she shuddered every now and then with an aftershock. This was heaven.

After a minute he felt Natalie's grip slacken and he pulled out of her grasp. He lay on the bed beside her, spooning her, wanting only to feel her nearness. He'd broken his promise to himself but it had been worth it. Greg knew himself, knew his body. If she had to fuck someone, he was glad it was him, both for her safety and his enjoyment.

“Ok,” Alex finally whispered, “I'm ready to go.”

Greg got up and Alex sent Natalie to sleep before slipping out of her body. They

left the room, Greg glancing back once at Natalie's gorgeous sleeping form. He'd enjoyed her, both in and out of her body. He hoped it was enough to sate him, though he couldn't be sure.

Greg and Alex took the subway back to Greg's apartment, neither saying much on the ride home. When they were alone inside Greg's apartment, he finally broke the silence.

“Thanks, Alex. I guess I really needed that.”

“Hey, my pleasure.”

“I guess I hadn't gotten over Natalie.”

There was a part of Greg that wanted to go back, enjoy Natalie some more. It was possible, especially now that he knew where she lived. It was an itch he could ignore for now.

But maybe not for very long.

#

Read on for a preview of “Transformed” and “Family Affair”

Preview of Transformed

Jeff and Lucas left the shop ahead of Kevin. They were both tense and ready for anything. Jeff whipped his head around, his long black hair flying back and forth. The shopkeeper had said they'd all face special challenges, and Jeff wondered what his would be. The only thing distracting him was the sight of his heavy breasts held by the metal breastplate every time he looked down at his chest. Also his muscular, feminine arms and long, graceful legs. It felt wonderful to be so strong, so confident, to stride through the world ready to tackle anything.

There were a few people milling around the shop close by. They glanced over at the two women, then away as if there was nothing interesting about a tall warrior princess and a scantily clad boxer coming out of a magic shop. Jeff noticed Lucas still seemed uncomfortable in his new body, adjusting his tank top and the tight shorts that clung to his firm ass.

“You gonna be okay?” Jeff asked, placing a hand on Lucas's shoulder. Lucas's skin was warm beneath his touch and he looked back at Jeff with wide, blue eyes.

“Yeah, I just feel...you know...all this...” he shrugged. But Jeff was lost in Lucas's gorgeous heart-shaped face, couldn't seem to drag his eyes away from Lucas's ruby red lips or sculpted, upturned nose. Lucas looked so delicate and yet so powerful at the same time. Jeff wanted to wrap her in his arms, comfort her, feel her muscles tighten around his new body, slip his tongue inside her--

“Sound good?” Lucas asked.

Jeff shook his head. “Sorry. What?”

Lucas tossed his blonde hair back in annoyance. “I said, Kevin should probably stay in between us. You take the front and I’ll take the rear.”

Jeff nodded. It made sense, but it meant he couldn't stare at Lucas's perfect ass as he walked.

“Come on out, Kevin,” Jeff called.

Kevin hesitantly stepped out of the store, his three breasts jiggling with each step. Every movement was seductive, every step, every time his fingers brushed against his thighs seemed a deliberate choice intended to draw men towards him.

“I do not like so much please,” Kevin said, meekly, in his adorable accent that matched his new form.

Kevin hate the loss of his muscles, the softening of his features. He had a goddamn cunt between his legs. His voice! Christ, he wanted to scream and wail but he everything he said came out as a meek question. Kevin was supposed to be fucking bitches like this. He felt so weak and...and...and feminine. Fuck, he couldn't even walk like a dude anymore. Each step he took was precise and seductive, his hips swaying, his breasts bobbling like he was showing off his goods. He was dressed like a fucking whore, practically naked, and acted like a

slut. The worst part was that he wanted to get fucked so damn bad. He wanted a man to treat him like he used to treat women, wanted a man to throw him down, pin his arms to the floor and fuck him until he screamed, slap his tits and call him a dirty slut. The more degrading the better. Because he was a dirty slut.

Jeff noticed that the same group of people that hadn't given him and Lucas a second glance were staring at Kevin. It was no wonder. Kevin's body was built to fuck and he acted like she wanted it. Every move was a taunt, a tease, a glimpse of the fragile form hidden only by the thin fabric. The way she moved practically cried out for men to rip off her meager outfit and take her hard.

“You're making this more difficult.” Lucas said to Kevin, “Can you walk...I don't know...less sexy?”

“I...no...” Kevin said screwing up his dainty face. The look of slight confusion across his delicate Asian face was, if anything, even sexier. If Jeff had still been a man he would have plunged his cock deep inside Kevin and fucked his brains out right there in the middle of the mall. As it was, Jeff thought she was pretty but she wasn't the kind of woman he was attracted to. He wanted someone with brains and beauty and strength. Someone like Lucas.

Jeff shook the thought out of his head and took them on a winding path through the mall, trying to steer well clear of any group of men, fearful of what would happen should Kevin get their attention. They threaded their way through the mall, trying to hide Kevin between them as much as they could but it didn't seem to help. It also didn't help that Kevin was giving come-hither looks to every guy in the place. They all turned to stare at her whenever they got within thirty feet. Kevin would giggle shyly and look down at his feet, and that only seemed to draw them in closer to this cute, little Asian with the three massive tits who clearly needed a good fucking. Still, Jeff managed to lead Kevin and Lucas halfway through the mall without getting into trouble. A small crowd of men had begun trailing them, but they seemed harmless enough.

It was the larger group of men that stepped out of the Big and Tall store and blocked their path that seemed dangerous.

Read the rest on Smashwords, Amazon, or wherever ebooks are sold.

Preview of Family Affair

My hand came up and slid gently across my stepmom's cheek and guided her face towards mine. I had no time to think before my mouth opened and my lips met hers. I wanted to gag but instead I was forced to open my mouth and suck in her tongue as her hot breath filled me. My nose was pressed against her cheek and I could smell her light, floral scent.

And that's when I understood that whatever had happened to me, whatever entity had possessed my body, the same thing was happening to my mom. We were forced to carry along as two strangers controlled us, as I was forced to suck on my mom's tongue while she pressed her body against me. I felt myself growing hard as my mom's breasts pressed against me. My mom must have felt it, too, because she reached down and slid her hands gently across the bulge in my pants before breaking off the kiss and smiling up at me. As I stared into her familiar face, at her dark eyes so wide, my face so close I could see every slight wrinkle, every gentle curve, I dreaded to think what the body thieves were planning.

We headed to the movie theater near the other end of the mall, still holding hands, our fingers entwined like lovers. It may have been my imagination but I thought I caught looks from other people that we passed, as if they were wondering what a college aged guy was doing with such an older woman. I tried to exert some control over myself, tried to force my feet to stop, to untangle my hands from my mom's warm fingers, but I couldn't send even a flicker of a motion through my limbs. I was well and truly trapped inside my own body.

We bought two tickets to the next show, the body thieves controlling us little caring what it was. My mom paid while my body fidgeted, picking at my fingernails, someone else's habits expressed through my body. I followed my mom inside, my eyes flicking down to her rotund ass, followed the shape of the

dress over her rounded curves. We found a seat in the back. There were only a few other people scattered around and no one near us.

As the movie started and the room went dark, my body pushed up the arm rest between us and my lips returned to my mom's mouth, tasting her once again. This time my hand came up and found her breast, heavy and firm beneath her dress and bra. I squeezed her tit as she sighed into my mouth. I wanted to scream, to run away, but the stranger inside me forced me to continue making out with my mom, caressing her breast, even as I grew hard.

There was a fumbling at my pants, my zipper was opened and then my mom's hand wrapped around my rock hard cock. She began stroking me. Long, firm strokes up and down my shaft as her tongue circled the inside of my mouth. Fuck, she was making me so horny, the stranger overriding my horror with his lust.

My body pulled down the neckline of her dress and fumbled with the bra, using both hands to free her heavy tit from the cup of the bra. Her breast filled my hand, weighty and warm, and my lips came down to meet her soft skin. And then I was sucking on my mom's tit as she sighed above me, her nipple pebbling out in my mouth as I teased it with my tongue. I suckled and kissed her breast, my body clearly enjoying her warmth, as she moaned softly.

One of my hands slid down her body and then along her leg, under her dress, brushing against her warm thighs. She spread her legs for me, inviting me in, her hand still stroking my cock.

No! No! No! I screamed inside, as my fingers found the rough trail of her pubic hair, followed it beneath her damp panties, and landed on the moistened lips of her pussy.

*The rest of this story is too taboo for Amazon and only available on
Smashwords!*

Also by M. Wills

The story in this book comes from a commission from a reader like you with names and details changed to protect the innocent...and the not so innocent! Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions.

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