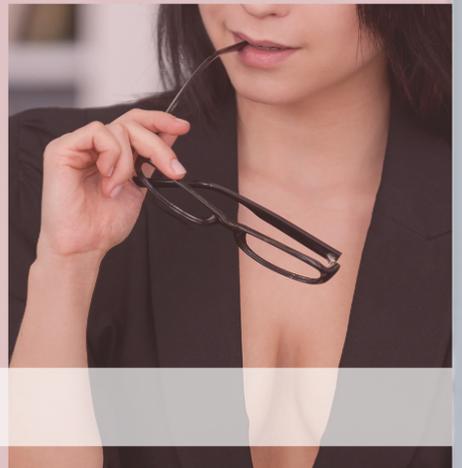


**HOURLY**



**WEEKLY**



**M WILLS**

**BodyPossession.com**

**by M. Wills**

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Sexy Preview of \*BodyPossession.com\*](#)

[I](#)

[II](#)

[III](#)

[IV](#)

[V](#)

[VI](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by M. Wills](#)

## ***Sexy Preview of BodyPossession.com***

Brian let out a breath that he hadn't realized he was holding and turned his attention to the reviews under Sally's profile..

*Soooo my bro and I were totally pissed when our parents said theyd hired us an afterschool babysitter. I mean serious WTF! We're leegaly adults yo! Anyway. hella pissed off until we found out that the chick they hired is on Possession. We're serusly low on funds so our visits are short but that doesnt mean there not fun! ;) Sally has a killer body. She's like a x rated afterschool special! We've done everything with her. One time we even got her jerkwad of a boyfriend to come over and fuck her while we were in her body. Awesome! LOL!!1!*

Brian stopped reading; he had to, panic gripped him. The review went on:, grisly details of their sex together... but Brian didn't need to read the rest of it. He remembered it, remembered the clues he'd missed, the ones that now seemed obvious as he recalled the afternoon at the Blakemores...

\* \* \* \* \*

Sally was smiling seductively when she opened the door. It was a huge, fancy house but Brian didn't see much of it. As soon as he was through the door, Sally grabbed him by the shirt, pulled him over to the couch, threw him down and straddled him. Her lips found his and her tongue forced its way into his mouth. It was way more aggressive than Sally's typical M.O. but, with a hot, squirming girl in his

lap, Brian wasn't really interested in stopping to comment.

Then an alarming thought hit him. "Whoa, whoa," he said breathlessly, pushing her back for a second. "What about the guys you're babysitting?"

"Don't worry about them," Sally said with a sly grin, trailing insistent, heavy kisses down his neck. "They're occupied. And we're gonna fuck."

She pulled up her shirt and her perky breasts bounced free, bra-less and right in Brian's face. Brian wrapped his hands around them, squeezing their silky weight gently in his fingers.

"Mmm," she moaned, "Suck on my boobies."

He'd never heard her use that word

before, but he didn't stop to think about it. He wrapped his lips around one pink nipple and sucked greedily, pinching it lightly between his teeth and flicking out his tongue. Her skin tasted faintly of vanilla and her nipple grew erect in his mouth. Sally was soft and supple, her hips bucking against his, grinding into his rapidly hardening cock. She was uncharacteristically aggressive, moaning loudly as she reached down to play with her free nipple, twisting and pulling, and she seemed to be horny as hell.

*Read on for the full story...*

## ***BodyPossession.com***

They'd had a routine. Home from class, raid the refrigerator, nuke some food, turn on the XBone, sit, chill, compete, repeat. Eventually their parents would get home full of complaints about the TV volume, the violent games and the mess in the kitchen; and they'd demand that the kids start their homework and unstack the dishwasher. But, for that first hour and half after classes, life had always been good—sacrosanct, parent-free, school-free, trouble-free bro time.

And then one Thursday, it has just ended. James had walked through the front door, headed to his room and shut the door. Brian had looked up from microwaving their pizza pockets and shrugged.      Whatevs,      little

brothers—hormonal creatures, whatcha gonna do? But the next day had been the same drill. And the day after that. Overnight, Brian had watched his younger brother shut down and withdraw. Brian wondered if he'd changed as much when he was 18 and just didn't notice?

Today, Brian decided, he was going to make an effort: drag the tedious bag of hormones from his cesspit of a room. He hammered on James's door. When it opened, Brian waved a controller in James's face. "You up for Borderlands?"

James shook his head. "Nah."

"Halo?"

"Maybe later," James muttered. "Real Madrid v Bayern starts in five."

“Seriously? You’re choosing soccer over Halo?”

James shrugged. “It’s Champions League semi-finals.”

“It’s *soccer!*” Brian said incredulously. “Since when do you care about Spanish dudes playing soccer?”

James glanced down at the soccer uniform he was wearing. “Since I made the team.”

Brian stopped short, surprised. “You made varsity?”

“Yeah, this week.” James turned and grabbed his beeping phone. “New assistant coach, new tryouts, new team.”

“Oh right. They finally replaced Coach

Arnett? He never showed up?”

James didn't look up from his phone.  
“No.”

“So weird, the way he just disappeared.”

James was back to monosyllables.  
“Yeah.”

Brian sighed. It used to be that he couldn't shut James up; the guy could *talk*. Now it was a miracle when he strung together a sentence. He gave it one last try: “Come on, dude. One game. I'll even play FIFA.”

For a moment, it looked like James was about to agree but he was interrupted by the sound of the back door slamming open. Brian heard his girlfriend, Sally, yell, “Hey guys. Did I leave my

charger here?”

“Yeah, in the den.” Turning back to James, Brian gave it one last try: “FIFA? One game?”

James studied the floor. “Maybe another time.” And closed the door in Brian’s face.

“Fine,” he snapped at the closed door.

He headed to the den and found Sally, leaning down to yank her charger out of the outlet. He paused for a moment to admire her tiny skirt: short, hugging her ass and riding up as she bent over. Eyes firmly glued to her thighs, he said, “Didn’t expect to see you. Thought you were babysitting today?”

She stood up and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. “Am, but my

phone's on 6 percent."

Brian grabbed her as she turned for the door. The skirt was seriously too hot to be wasted on babysitting. "Can you be late?"

She grinned. "Not really, not if I wanna get paid."

He slid his hand up her skirt. "Come on. It's the Blakemore twins, right? Aren't they about ready to graduate? They can be left home alone for a little bit longer surely?"

"Legally they're 18, so, yeah, but not responsible enough according to their parents. They're worried they'll return home to a find a crater in the ground where the house once was." She gave him another quick kiss and wiggled free. "I'll come by after, if I'm not too

tired. Last few times I've been wiped; they are way too much work."

Sally raced out the door, blonde hair bouncing, and Brian cast an eye around the empty room. Equal parts resigned and bored, he headed for his room.

When all else failed, Brian found that Wikipedia was a passable source of entertainment. It was that or homework. So he sat in bed with his laptop, clicking the random article button over and over again until he found something worth reading. Click - an article on Nathaniel Farnsworth. Click - an article on White Witch of Rose Hall. Click - an article on some body swap website called [bodypossession.com](http://bodypossession.com). Brian paused, that last one sounded vaguely interesting. He scanned the

article and found the website link.

It was a stark-looking website, just an endless grid of profiles: pictures with brief descriptions and a price listed underneath. He sighed. Not interesting, probably just porn and expensive porn at that. He scrolled down and idly clicked on a pic of a woman: late twenties, cute smile, huge tits. A review popped up:

*Had an excellent time being Mary. When I saw her profile, I just thought she was a busty woman, but turns out she has a few kids with another on the way. Never been a mother before but it was an amazing time and I would definitely do it again.*  
10/10

Faintly intrigued Brian clicked on another picture and read another review:

*David is just what I wanted from a body experience. He's 6'3 and an amazing basketball player. It was unreal being able to play again... and his girlfriend, Michelle (what an ass on her), is a serious selling point. This website is amazing. Can't wait for the next switch!*

Still not really sure what he was reading, Brian clicked on a teen girl and scanned the review:

*I've had a few body experiences now and it's really given me an opportunity to see things from the other side (especially the sex haha!). Jessica has been the best one yet. Definitely worth the extra money to be a cheerleader. One word: flexibility! And her boyfriend Brad really knows how to show a girl a good time LOL ;) Her best friend is a bitch though – avoid!*

What the actual fuck? The reviews made it sound like the users were inhabiting the people in the profiles. Brian clicked on the 'about' button at the top of the site and read. The claim was insane: pay up and possess someone... simple as that. Minutes, hours, days – apparently the only limit was cash. Shell out enough money and you could apparently possess someone for years and, at the end, the possessed person would have no memory of the possession, just a hazy blur.

They even offered celebrities. Brian clicked on another profile, this one with a little gold star in the corner. The reviews were glowing:

*I can't believe I got to be Sasha Grey for two whole days. Got to do a porn shoot (!!!) and then just spent the rest of the*

*weekend in bed because—Oh My God—her body! Wow, it was like groping the woman of my dreams. I don't think I stopped cumming the entire weekend. Can't wait to go again, saving up now!*

*Seriously, you got the cash to pay for Sash... just do it!*

*Could only afford ten minutes but soooo worth it. Stripped Sasha naked in front of her full-length mirror and went to town. Her body is insane and so responsive. Came twice before I swapped back. Five stars!*

Brian kept scrolling through profiles: men, women, young, old, celebrities and ordinary people. He clicked the 'sort by price high-to-low' button. The celebrities jumped to the top, even just a minute or two costing a small

fortune. He was browsing the profile for Daisy Scott, an athletic brunette actress with a both a blockbuster action movie and an Oscar nod to her name, when a pop-up appeared offering a free five-minute trial. Still completely skeptical, he shrugged and clicked 'accept'.

## II.

“What the hell!”

It was like waking up suddenly from a dream. His body was taut, eyes locked on the floor, chest heaving and adrenaline pulsing through his body. One moment he was in his bedroom, the next he was here: standing in someone's bathroom... with, he realized, a silvery woman's voice... and a woman's delicate fingers and pedicured toes and... his eyes snapped up to the mirror. “Oh my god!”

The mirror revealed a woman with brown curling hair and a wide curving mouth. She was dolled up for the night, ready for something important: smokey eyeliner framing her eyes, hair loose and full, sparkly black dress. He

gaped at the mirror and Daisy gaped back at him. Her mouth was hanging open in surprise, watching as Brian moved her, lifting and examining his new hands, looking on in amazement as he raised a hand to his face and stroked the fingertips across the skin. It had to be a dream, yet it felt like skin. And he could feel the heat of her body. He could smell the sweet scent of her perfume.

“Hello?” he said timidly and heard her English accent emerge. Brian laughed. “Hello, I’m Daisy Scott. Pip pip toodle-oo. Biscuits and tea.”

Brian smiled at himself, his mirror double did the same. This was her body, he was in a woman’s body and, dream or not, he wasn’t going to waste his chance to experience it. He gulped

and started exploring, trailing her fingertips over her. She was taut and slender; her waist felt tiny even in her delicate hands. Her breasts were small; delicate little swells under the soft material of her dress. Gliding his fingers over them, Brian realized she wasn't wearing a bra. Intrigued, he jiggled her boobs up and down and watched Daisy do the same in the mirror.

He slid her fingers into the dress, her hands cold against the warm flesh, and sucked in a tiny breathe as the fingers founds her hard nipples. Either he—or Daisy—was rapidly getting turned on by the sensations. His hands flew over his new body, marveling at the curve of his hips, the plumpness of his ass, the smoothness of his legs, and the long dark hair tumbling down his

back.

He smiled at himself, Daisy's cute reflection smiling back, her eyebrows arching over her darkening eyes as he pulled up the hem of her dress. She was wearing tight cotton panties that contrasted beautifully with her darker skin. Brian slid Daisy's fingers over her panties, feeling the tender lips of her pussy beneath the thin fabric. Brian pushed his fingers gently inside his warmth and held himself there for a moment, taking in the warmth slowly pulsing through him. And then suddenly it was gone.

### III.

Brian was back in his own body, in his own room, his breathing erratic. He looked around in a daze and his eyes landed on a message telling him his five-minute trial was over. Brian sunk against his headboard, his brain whirring. *Had he really been Daisy Scott or had he just dozed off?* One thing was for sure, if it was real, he was pissed he'd wasted his free trial doing nothing as Daisy Scott.

Brian tapped the keyboard and started searching for cheaper options. Celebs were out. And geography was apparently a price factor, the cost skyrocketed for the exotic locations and foreign countries. He glanced at the search bar at the top of the page and typed in his hometown. Immediately, the site

brought up a list of locals and he found himself staring at people he knew.

He scrolled in disbelief: there were other seniors he recognized from the halls outside class, there were friends of friends, the quiet girl from his Chem class, the loudmouthed jerk on the school's wrestling team, mothers of friends, the woman from the corner store, the guy Brian was pretty sure had sold him his car. And then he stumbled upon something that made him freeze in place, his finger poised over the mouse. There, side by side, were two profiles, two people he knew at a glance: his brother, James, and his girlfriend, Sally.

“No, no, no, no, no.”

Horrorified, he clicked on James's profile

and found himself staring at the most recent:

*Friend of a friend told me about this site. Said it was exactly what I was looking for and he was for sure right about that! As a fifty-something assistant coach with tired knees, I was thrilled to find I could take anyone on the team. I've tried a bunch but James is the best! His body pumps up real quick and he's smart too. Wasn't a hard decision to put my life savings into inhabiting James long-term. I couldn't be happier! I love his body. So youthful! And his loner tendencies at school have left me a lot of room to start from scratch. He's like a social blank slate. This site is a life-changer and more people should know about it! Five Stars!!*

Brian read through the review a few times before he could really

comprehend it. Suddenly, so many things fell into place: James's sudden personality shift, his new interests, his out-of-the-frickin'-blue gym membership. For months his parents had just watched on amused, muttering about moody teenagers and fazes and fads... and Brian had agreed with them. He'd just ignored the weird metamorphosis that overtaken his brother. The truth now screamed at him: James was gone and Coach Arnett had settled into his body.

It was Coach Arnett who didn't care about video games and after school rituals. It was Coach Arnett dragging James's body to gym and soccer practice. It was Coach Arnett walking James around shirtless and locking him away in his room. Brian let out a breath that he hadn't realized he was

holding and turned his attention to Sally's profile..

*Soooo my bro and I were totally pissed when our parents said theyd hired us an afterschool babysitter. I mean serious WTF! We're leegaly adults yo! Anyway. hella pissed off until we found out that the chick they hired is on Possession. We're serusly low on funds so our visits are short but that doesnt mean there not fun! ;) Sally has a killer body. She's like a x rated afterschool special! We've done everything with her. One time we even got her jerkwad of a boyfriend to come over and fuck her while we were in her body. Awesome! LOL!!1!*

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and flicking out his tongue. Her skin tasted faintly of vanilla and her nipple grew erect in his mouth. Sally was soft and supple, her hips bucking against his, grinding into his rapidly hardening cock. She was uncharacteristically aggressive, moaning loudly as she reached down to play with her free nipple, twisting and pulling, and she seemed to be horny as hell.

Brian slid his hands down her warm body, over her taut stomach and down to her skirt. With his mouth still latched on her tit, he slipped his fingers under her skirt and up to her bare pussy. She *was* horny. Wet and warm for him, practically dripping. He pushed two fingers inside her warm folds and she gasped as his thumb landed on her clit. She began grinding

harder, faster, her throaty moans rising in pitch as Brian rubbed and suckled her.

“Fuck me,” she demanded, “Fuck my tight little pussy.”

Brian didn't stop to ponder her new vocab as he scrambled to unbutton his pants. Sally didn't stop either, grinding against him as he fought with the zipper and finally freed himself. He helped shift her around above his cock, then wrapped his hands around her slim waist he guided her onto him. The head of his dick pressed against her swollen lips, harder, harder. She moaned as he entered her wet heat and sank down to the hilt. Then she rose slowly and plunged down again, and again, crying out each time in aching need.

Brian gripped her hips and lay back to watch her gorgeous body. Her eyes were shut tight, her face screwed up in pleasure, her breasts bouncing with each thrust. Her hands circled her own tits, squeezing and massaging as if experiencing them for the first time. He'd never seen her like this and it was driving him wild. He felt the tension building as she slammed herself down on him again and again, driving his cock deep inside her. Throwing her head back, she cried out as he thrust his hips up and drove deep, his cock throbbing inside her, emptying his cum into her tight pussy as she quivered around him.

He sank slowly sat back on the couch, breathing hard and looking up at her in wonder.

Sliding off him with a sated smile, she said breathlessly, “You’d better get out of here.”.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brian wanted the comfort of denial. He wanted to shake his head and disbelieve and list the hundred different reasons why the idea was illogical, impossible and just plain insane. But he couldn’t; the evidence was piling up in front of him. He forced himself to read the rest of Sally’s review. It went into detail—minute, 100% accurate, gory detail—about their encounter that day on the couch. And he knew, with sick horrifying certainty: that day, he hadn’t fucked Sally, he’d fucked one of the Blakemore twins. It was probably Jonathan. Jonathan was a total dick in school, pushing kids around and

talking shit about every girl that was unlucky enough to cross his path. Possessing Sally was exactly the kind of sick crap Jonathan would be into.

“Please not Jonathan,” Brian pleaded desperately... knowing that, really, the other twin was no better.

He felt utterly destroyed. James was being possessed by some sadistic middle-aged assistant coach and Sally was being abused like a sex doll. He had to do something, *anything*. He had to make it stop. He grabbed his laptop and started searching the site for a solution.

What he needed first was proof and what he found (tucked away at the bottom of the merch section) was a possible answer. It was a pair of glasses

that, when worn, would allow the wearer to see who was possessed... and who was doing the possessing. At \$299, they very nearly wiped out every bit of his savings. And express delivery sucked up his last few pennies. He hit purchase, took a breath, and allowed himself one last comfortable moment of denial: maybe his brother and his girlfriend were part of some elaborate prank. Maybe they would all be laughing their asses off about this by the next day.

## *IV.*

Brian watched the FedEx guy get back in his van and drive away. He stared down at the package in his hands and was just about to tear it open when he heard footsteps coming up the path: James back from his run, shirtless as per the new normal. James pulled out his headphones and headed up the steps towards him.

James gestured to the package. “What’s that?”

“This, it’s...” Brian slid his hand to hide the logo. “A new game controller, trigger button keeps jamming on mine.”

“Right.” James barged past him.

Brian let out a quick sigh of relief. “I’m

heading out. See you in a bit.”

James, true to new form, ignored him and headed inside.

Tearing open the packaging, Brian pulled out the glasses. They looked like a pair of cheap 3D glasses: cardboard sides and flimsy translucent lenses. For a moment he paused, suspecting that he'd been seriously ripped off. Still, he thought, only one way to find out for sure.

Brian headed inside and silently climbed the stairs. Reaching the hallway outside James's bedroom he slid on the glasses. The door was open just a sliver and Brian could hear the low rumble of the TV coming from inside. Holding his breath, he pushed the door open a fraction more and peered

inside. Brian looked at James in horror, seeing the truth through the lenses of the glasses.

His brother was still there, an eighteen-year-old kid with a bright future, but he was a puppet to someone else. Coach Arnett's image was overlaid on top of James's image like a spectral ghost, following James's movements exactly.

After a second, Brian saw past the shock of the ghostly image and realized what he had stumbled into. He had clearly looked into the room at exactly the wrong time because he had caught James in the middle of masturbating. Rooted to the spot in shock, Brian watched the pair for a few moments more, unable to look away. James, his little brother, and the old

coach were both stroking their dicks, their eyes glued to the porn onscreen. There was little doubt who was in charge of selecting the porn, it was two mature ladies pleasuring themselves and each other. Judging by the amount of cum on James's bedspread, Coach Arnett was enjoying himself. He was breathing heavily, one hand pumping his dick and the other rubbing his new body up and down, feeling the sweat of his now youthful veneer. The slippery sounds of Coach Arnett groping James's sweat-soaked body made Brian sick.

He retreated down the hallway and took a moment to breathe, willing the bile back down. It was unreal, and yet more real than he could comprehend. He had to do something, he couldn't let James be... and then he

remembered something, a shred of a conversation from earlier in the week: Sally was babysitting this morning. He practically fell down the stairs in his rush and raced out the front door.

Brian didn't stop running until he reached the Blakemore house. He paused on the sidewalk to catch his breath and put on the glasses, then made his way around the back, checking every window as he went. There were a bunch of cars parked in the garage: he recognized the twins' matching cars and the showy sports car that he vaguely remembered belonged to, Tom, their older brother. Tom had been in Brian's year at school, another asshole in the classic Blakemore mode.

It only took a few moments to find the

right window. Brian looked inside and had to stifle the yell. Inside the living room were three people... or four, depending on how you wanted to count. Jonathan was visible, overlaid on Sally's body, moving with her. Brian watched as Jonathan, in his girlfriend's body, worked the dicks of his two brothers: his twin Jake, and his older brother, Tom. They were both lying on the couch, Sally kneeling on the floor between them, a dick in each of her hands, jacking them off. They were leering down at her, fondling her bare tits.

Brian was about to turn away when he saw Jake tense. Jonathan leaned Sally's face down over his twin's dick and smirked as Jake released a shot of cum all over Sally's cheek and lips. Jonathan didn't seem to mind as it dripped

down his chin and onto his tits. He licked up what he could and doubled down on his other brother, forcing Tom to cum faster.

As Tom exploded onto Sally's face, Sally stuck out her tongue, laughing as she tried to catch some in her mouth. Brian watched on as Tom's jizz splattered across her nose and forehead. Sally grinned, clearly delighted to be covered in their cum, and trailed a finger across her face and wiping cum down her breasts.

Brian retreated from the window, helpless and reeling. "Fuck! Holy Fuck." It was true. All of it was true. The two most important people in his life were being used and abused by a website and a bunch of assholes with more money than morals.

James was having his life stolen by a dirty old man and Sally was being forced to jerk off—and probably more—with the twins and their older brother. And he had no idea how to save either of them. All Brian had been able to do... was watch.

He couldn't stay at the Blakemores. He couldn't watch anymore knowing he couldn't get Sally away from them, not three on one. He couldn't go home, didn't want to be in the house with James's body... knowing who was in control of it. He yanked off the glasses, and headed out into the street, no destination in mind, just a desperate need to get away.

## V.

Brian wasn't sure how long he'd been walking—an hour maybe, just weaving through streets, unable to process everything he'd seen—then a voice startled him out of his daze.

“Hey, dude. What's up?”

Brian heard the *smack smack smack* of a dribbled basketball and looked up to see his best friend, Darren, shoot a basketball and send it through the hoop over his garage. Brian shook his head in surprise; apparently muscle memory had led him across town to Darren's place.

Darren tossed him the ball. “What's going on?”

“Nothing.” Brian shook his head and

amended, “I mean a bunch of shit... but I don’t wanna—”

Darren cut him off. “K. First to 21?”

Brian nodded. Anything to shut out the images from the past few hours. “Sure.”

Darren was a tough opponent: couple of inches height advantage and a crazy-muscular build, not to mention four years on the school basketball team. It was just what Brian needed: a challenge, something he could at least try to win. After fifteen minutes of shooting hoops, he could feel the sweat of the day bleeding through his shirt.

“Bit warm isn’t it?” Darren commented, taking his shirt off.

“Yeah.” Brian did the same.

“Ready to quit?”

Brian shook his head. “Nah.”

He knew he was going to lose and didn't care. He just wanted the fight.

Darren clearly read his mood and grinned. The next time Brian headed for the basket, Darren slammed into him, chest against chest, and smacked the ball down. It was on. The next ten minutes were pure aggression: smacking into each other, driving to the basket, posting up and getting in each others face, slick chests sliding together as they fought for position.

Brian was down 18 to 8 and facing defeat. It didn't stop him feigning left and heading in for the lay-up. Darren took him out, shoving him body to body against the garage door.

Winded Brian conceded, “Ok, I give.”

Darren smiled and helped him to his feet, clapping a hand across Brian's sweaty back. “Wanna drink?”

Parched and sucking in air, Brian nodded and followed Darren inside to the kitchen.

Darren grabbed a couple of sodas and tossed one to Brian. Lost back in the sick haze of morning, Brian missed and watched the soda smack him in the gut.

Retrieving Brian's drink, Darren laughed, “What's going on with you today, man? Seem kinda out of it.”

He grimaced but he needed to tell someone, had to get it off his chest. “So it's seriously twisted. The thing

is—”

Darren cut him off and said quietly, “Hang on, parents in the other room. Hold that thought, let’s go upstairs.”

Darren dumped Brian in his room and ducked out for the bathroom. Once alone, Brian sipped his drink, and tried to gather his thoughts, tried to come up with a way to explain everything to Darren that didn’t make him sound insane. Sighing he sank into Darren’s chair and glanced around the familiar room: the shelves full of video games, the big screen at the end of his bed where they had played hours of games. His eyes fell on something new: a full-length mirror standing next to the closet and then on a stack of clothes on the floor.

Brian peered at the clothes, a massive pile of discarded skinny jeans and clingy t-shirts. *Weird*. Darren had never given a shit about clothes. For a good-looking guy he had always been seriously unserious about his looks; had just dragged on whatever piece of clothing was closest and most comfortable for basketball. A faint, unwelcome suspicion bloomed in the back of Brian's mind.

He stood and studied the mirror more closely... and then winced in disgust. A massive glob of cum was splattered on the glass, dripping down the surface. Brian quickly read the scene: Darren had been masturbating in the mirror... while trying on a bunch of clothes. Brian's suspicion was no longer faint but there was a way to be sure. He tamped down the wave of nerves and put on

the glasses.

Brian snuck along the hall, brain whirring. *Please, not him too. Please just let me have one person.*

Silently, he pushed on the bathroom door and saw his friend staring at himself in the mirror. Darren was smiling, nose buried in his pits, sniffing deeply, his breath turning ragged. He ran his fingers over his glistening chest, gathering the sweat and then sucked his fingers greedily into his mouth, dragging them against his tongue and groaning at the flavor. The glasses showed the reality: Darren's body was overlaid with an older man, in his sixties at least. Glancing up at his face, Brian recognized him as the old pervert from down the street, Mr Copp. Brian had heard a lot of rumors about

him and his obsession with the just-out-of-high-school crowd. Apparently the rumors were all true. Unable to stay quiet, Brian let out a gasp of pure horror and disgust.

Darren, and the old guy in his body, looked up and laughed as if nothing strange was happening. “What’s with the glasses?”

“Nothing,” said Brian frantically. “I’ve got to go.”

Darren grinning and wiped a streak of sweat off his stomach. “So soon?”

He headed for the door. “Yeah I’m... fuck, I’ve got to go.”

Brian couldn’t move fast enough down the stairs, couldn’t put enough distance between himself and Darren’s

body as a realization struck him: the old pervert had wanted to play basketball to get him nice and sweaty. He'd got him to take his shirt off. The asshole had had his hands all over Brian's chest. He'd slammed into him and rubbed his bare skin against him. And it had been a ploy, all part of the old guy's perverted fantasy. Brian sprinted out the door, slamming it behind him.

“SHIT!” Brian paced around his own bedroom. His girlfriend, his brother, his best friend - all of them were the vessels of strangers. How many more? Was it everyone in his life? Brian grabbed his laptop and clicked on the website. He was systematic this time, no random scrolling, he searched for every person he came into contact with: parents, teachers, friends. And then a new terrifying thought occurred

to him. He pulled up the search page and typed in his own name... and then watched in horror as his own face appeared. There was one small mercy – no reviews yet. No one had possessed him. Yet.

Then he noticed the icon on the corner of his picture: a little hammer. Heart pounding, he clicked on the icon and watched the screen in horror. People were currently bidding on him like an auction, he watched a scroll of names and prices roll across the page. Not sure what else to do, he clicked on the ‘bid’ button and started bidding on his own body. He *couldn't* let someone take him over. He thought about Darren and the old pervert inside of him, about his brother with his long-term possession, and about his girlfriend who was at the mercy of three of the

biggest assholes in town. Brian *had* to win the auction, he couldn't let himself be used up like that.

And then a pop-up announced that his bid was not accepted. No funds currently in his account. *Shit! He'd used every last cent for the glasses!*

Maybe his parents had some money? He rushed to their room and started searching. They *had* to have a credit card lying around somewhere. He ransacked the desk, their nightstands, every place he could think of... and came up empty-handed.

Out of options, he returned to his room and picked up his laptop. He watched the bidding climb higher and higher, stared in frozen horror until the auction was won. He'd been

bought for a month. Brian shook the screen and screamed. He would refuse to go, he would refuse to be possessed, he would...

## VI.

It had finally happened, Jennifer had finally won an auction and seconds later she was sitting in Brian's room, far away from her fat, disgusting body. She had failed in her first few auctions—not willing to pay the big bucks—but when she saw Brian's body up for sale, she was ready to pay any price. Brian had always been that cute guy at the back of class, a reserved kind of dude with nice hair, a tight ass and a strong jaw. Jennifer had fancied him since the first days of high school. To have the chance to be him and play around with his body was just too divine.

Jennifer stood and moved to the mirror on the closet door. She watched Brian's muscles bunch and flex as she

stretched.

Testing her new deeper voice, she said, “Oh my God, you are so hot... and we are gonna have so much fun, baby.”

Jennifer smiled at herself and Brian's mirror image smiled back. She ran a hand over her face, feeling the unfamiliar coarseness of stubble, then stroked her new body, taking in the hard wall of Brian's chest and the flat plane of his stomach, until she reached her new dick. It was bigger than she expected. She watched Brian's face grin with pure glee as she wrapped her fingers around it. She didn't have any experience with dicks and was surprised by its warmth and by how eagerly it grew hard in her hand. It was like all her desire was concentrated in her core, a deep itch she could only

scratch by stroking herself.

The whole thing was so much better than expected. Initially, she been disappointed when she'd lost the auctions for Brian's brother and then Brian's best friend, but now she could see that *this* swap was the one worth holding out for. This body, this dick, this much access to Brian, *and* the added bonus of being close to both James and Darren. She licked her lips at the thought; this was going to be something else altogether.

She dragged Brian's fingers up and down his cock as she flirted with herself in the mirror, making Brian give himself a 'come hither' look, his eyebrows up. He looked horny as hell and Jennifer felt the intensity of his desire mixing with her own—her lust for his

body, her excitement at seeing the hard dick in her hand and feeling herself thrusting into her own warm palm. Her cock was incredible.

“You want this cock, don't you?” She growled in Brian's voice, smiling and staring into her new eyes.

Brian's fingers slid up and down her hard shaft, the tension rising through her as the head of his cock disappeared and reappeared through her fingers with each stroke. Her whole body undulated, Brian's abs rippling as she flexed for herself. A bead of precum formed on the end of her new dick as her desire intensified. She stroked harder, surprised at how rough she could be with her new dick. The lust built within her and then, with almost no warning, the tension released and

she exploded, groaning as she spurted jets of cum onto the mirror. They splashed across her image and she wished they were splashing across her new face, too. God, she'd love to see tasty Brian covered with cum. The hot seed dripped down her fingers, warm and sticky. She brought her hand to her mouth and made Brian lick himself off. He tasted delicious. Sweet and tangy.

And Jennifer could have as much as she wanted.

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