

Copy Paste
M2F Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Melissa

I struggled to maneuver the unwieldy particle board display through the classroom door. I knocked my foot on the doorway—a stab of pain shot up through my big toe—and the board slipped out of my hand, one corner banging against the ground and slightly denting our project.

“Watch it, Melissa,” Gary shot me a fake smile that did nothing to hide the concern in his voice. Concern for the presentation, not for me. He knelt down and tried to straighten up the bent edge.

“Don't worry, I'm fine.” I grimaced as I waited for the pain in my toe to subside.

“You'll heal. The presentation won't.” Gary said, looking up at me from where he was kneeling.

I sighed and flipped my long, black hair behind my head. Gary was always dour before class presentations. He treated being valedictorian—like he treated everything else—as a matter of life and death. I think Gary treated me with suspicion because he was generally socially awkward, but especially around beautiful women. I mean, I don't want to brag, and I would certainly never say it out loud, but I knew I looked good. I was tall and lean and graceful with, let's face it, an amazing figure. Gary was short and chubby, with soft, doughy features and a nasally voice. Even when he smiled it wasn't a really happy smile. There was an intensity there, a desperate drive to prove himself better than everyone about everything. Maybe it was his rotund body and stunningly below-average looks that drove him to compete so fiercely.

And his style. Ugh. It was like he was *trying* to turn people off. His “presentation” outfit today consisted of a starched white button-down shirt and pleated pants that looked at least a size too big. And to top it all off, he was wearing the gaudiest ring I had ever seen. It looked like a sundial, with a triangular protrusion in the middle and a bunch of notches around the outer edge. Was it some sort of ironic statement about the size of super bowl rings for athletes? I thought I heard him talking about something like that one night while our group was putting everything together. Honestly, though, I sort of tuned him out.

Paul appeared in the doorway behind Gary, note cards in hand.

“You guys ready for this?” Paul asked, glancing down at Gary then back at me.

Paul was a cute Filipino boy with mischievous dark eyes and a solid physique. He held my gaze for a beat too long before looking away. I knew he liked me but I wasn't attracted to him in the same way. I'd made it clear I only saw him as a friend and he'd never made it awkward between us by broaching the subject. I liked him for that.

I was glad for the distraction, and I slid the display through the door as Gary turned his ire on Paul. “Note cards? Really?”

“Not all of us can be Johnny Mnemonic.” Paul responded brightly.

“What?” Gary asked, crossing his arms and glaring at him.

“It's a cyberpunk story about a guy who's got to store...nevermind,” Paul sighed, waving away his explanation. “I've got my cards. I'll be fine.”

Paul, as ever, seemed nonplussed about the whole project, which just seemed to drive Gary even crazier. Paul hadn't even bothered dressing up today. He was wearing his usual scruffy shirt and jeans. At least, for once, he'd chosen a shirt without zombies on the front of it. For Paul, maybe that was dressing up. I watched as Gary twisted his bottom lip between thumb and forefinger, waiting for his inevitable explosion. Instead, to my surprise, Gary let it go.

"Well, I know your part if you don't." Gary said as Paul brushed past him.

"Not surprised," Paul mumbled, turning to me. "Here, let me help."

I smiled gratefully as Paul brushed his mop of black hair out of his eyes and took the other end of the board. We carted it up towards the whiteboard at the front of the class. When we set it down, Gary made little adjustments, unfolding the board to reveal the charts and graphs of water levels and pH balances in the nearby lake that we'd painstakingly recorded and converted to chart form. When he was done he stood and glanced around irritably.

"Where's Amara?" He asked.

"I saw her at her locker. She'll be here in a second." I said.

Amara hurried in just before the final bell rang, smiling apologetically as she pulled her wispy black hijab further down over her hair. Aside from this one nod to her culture, Amara dressed like many of the other students in class, if a little on the conservative side. Like, today she wore jeans and a modest gray long-sleeved top, which she yanked on nervously as she took her seat, avoiding Gary's glare.

"Remember to speak up," Gary told her.

Amara nodded, her long eyelashes fluttering as her cheeks reddened under her hijab. Amara was quiet and shy at the best of times, and I had no idea how she would be when faced with speaking in front of the class. Nor did I have any idea how Gary would react to anything less than a stellar performance, even from me. As salutatorian, my qualifications should have been obvious, yet Gary had still harangued me about the project every day for the last two weeks. Paul, Amara and I were close friends, and our conversations recently had turned towards Gary's attitude. About how he would be so...well, not *nice*, but certainly sufferable in person in normal social situations, but when his grades were on the line he became a complete dick. Paul, in typical Paul manner, would act nonchalant just to needle Gary. Amara took Gary's constant attention a little more seriously and seemed to be straining under his expectations until I had a quiet word with Gary. Gary had backed off, but I had the feeling I was now in his bad graces, though I didn't really care. In a couple months we'll all graduate and hopefully I'll never have to think about him again.

The science teacher, Mr. Hansen, started the class and called up the first group of students. Gary, uncharacteristically, seemed nervous, fiddling with his thrift shop ring as the first several groups presented. Finally, it was our turn. As I stood, I overheard Gary whispering to Paul.

"I can do your part if you want."

Paul frowned and shook his head as he gathered up his note cards.

Gary

I knew Paul would fuck up our presentation and it didn't take long for my worst fears to be confirmed. He read through his messy note cards with lots of stutters and annoying pauses. I smiled for the class and pointed to the various stats on our board as he mentioned them, hoping to distract them from Paul's embarrassing speaking style. Clearly, he hadn't rehearsed his speech enough. Luckily, I'd rehearsed it for him. I just needed to get him out of the way.

I rested my fingers on the dial of the ring my grandmother had given me before she passed. She'd explained how simple it was to use in her last night in the hospital a week ago. All I had to do was point to my target person and twist the dial up one notch. My soul—or my essence or my mind or whatever—would be copied and pasted into the target person. I would be able to control them completely, inhabiting both their body and my own simultaneously. Each body would contain a full copy of my mind and be independent of the other but lesser than the whole somehow. She explained it as a glass of water being split into two cups. When I was done and ready to recombine into my original body I just had to switch the dial back down to zero.

I'd thought about using the ring several times but hadn't quite worked up the nerve. But now, watching Paul stuttering through his presentation, I could practically see my grade nosediving and needed to do something. He'd been slacking this entire time, deliberately not doing the work and I was pissed.

I pointed surreptitiously at Paul and twisted the dial up one notch. Suddenly, I seemed somehow less present in my own body, as if the world was duller in an undefinable but noticeable way. There was a sluggishness, as though I hadn't slept well in a few days.

Paul suddenly stopped mid-sentence and turned around to look at me. His eyes flicked up to my face and went wide. There was a flicker of acknowledgment. It had worked. I was still in my own body but apparently I was also in his.

Paul turned to the teacher, Mr. Henson. “Uh, I feel sick. Gary's going to take over my part.”

He stumbled out of the room before Mr. Henson could stop him. I stepped forward and finished from where he left off. I wowed the class, obviously better and much more polished than Gary. Amara and Melissa were distracted by Paul's absence and I had to continually get them back on track, but I think I managed to salvage the whole thing and pull out at least an A-.

Paul didn't return until near the end of class. When he did walk in, his messy hair was spiked up and his face was shiny, like he'd rubbed some sort of gel all over himself. Where the hell had I taken him? As he passed my desk he muttered “Get me out of here.”

I'd completely forgotten about switching back. I dialed the ring back down to zero and the world snapped back into sharp focus. With it came all the memories of my clone inside Paul, layered on top of my original memories. I snickered quietly to myself at the memory of what I'd made him do.

I now remembered appearing in Paul's body in front of the class. I was staring down at some

indecipherable note cards, clasped by two fumbling hands, the nails bitten down to nubs. I turned to look back at myself in shock, then asked to be excused. Paul's rumbling baritone voice vibrated in my chest when I talked. Even more disconcerting, I could *hear* his thoughts in my mind. His essence was still in his body but I was in charge. He was confused, wondering why he couldn't control himself. I quickly made for the door, running on unsteady legs that were suddenly longer than I was used to, and a body that was lankier and taller than my own.

What the hell is going on? Paul's panicked thoughts shouted in my mind.

“Quiet.” I whispered, holding my hands to my ears as if it would make a difference. I made it down the hall to the toilets and ducked inside. Each step was strange, my body lurching forward, my mind conscious of Paul's new...weight in my pants rubbing against my underwear.

I turned on the sink and splashed water on my face with huge, unwieldy hands, then I leaned on the sink and stared into the mirror. Paul's reflection stared back at me. I could see why the girls liked him. He was sort of cute, in a dopey boy band kind of way. Good skin, nice cheekbones, dark features.

“Hello, Paul,” I smiled, a little dimple appearing in one cheek as I used his own voice to greet him.

Who are you? What's going on? Give me my body back! He begged.

“No. Not just yet. This is incredible. Don't you think so?” I said, enjoying the way my voice rumbled in my chest, so much deeper than my own.

I made Paul run his hands over his face, fingers feeling my new nose, cheeks and lips. I held up my arm and made a muscle, enjoying the feel of Paul's biceps as they stood out in sharp relief. He must work out.

“Not bad, Paul.”

What do you want from me? Let me go? I'll do anything.

“Yes, you will,” I grinned. “How's it feel to be so powerless?”

He didn't respond. I stuck my tongue out at myself in the mirror and looked down at Paul's body. My eyes traveled down the unkempt t-shirt to my pants. I was acutely conscious of my new dick. I unzipped his pants and let them fall to the ground. I paused a second with my thumbs hooked into the elastic of my underwear, enjoying Paul's futile struggles within my mind. Then I slid his underwear down my legs and gaped down at his dick. I was prepared to make fun of his tiny cock but, holy shit, Paul was frickin' hung. His penis draped down against my leg, the base hidden in an unruly mass of dark pubic hair, the bulbous head resting warmly against my thigh.

It both seemed like a stranger's dick and like something that was completely my own. I grabbed it and tugged lightly, squeezing it and rolling it between my fingers. It felt like my own except...I don't know...bigger. Nicer. It was warm and had a pleasant solidity to it. As I stroked myself a gentle pleasure began at the base of it. I continued stroking, staring at it while it grew in my fingers, becoming harder. The growing solidity was accompanied by a more intense desire that concentrated itself in my groin. I no longer cared that it was someone else's dick. It *felt* like my own. And the warmth, coupled with Paul's struggles within my mind and my new carelessness—it wasn't my body so who cared if someone saw me?—pushed me on.

Please let me go. Paul begged.

I ignored him, watching as my cock grew harder beneath my touch until it was rock hard and sprang out from the end of my clenched fist. I looked up at his face in the mirror, admired the boyish good looks as my fingers gently tugged at my dick. There was a desire in Paul's eyes as I stared at my new reflection.

“I bet you play with your dick all the time,” I said to the mirror image.

Paul's dick more than filled my hand and my fingers went gliding up and down his massive shaft. Jesus, hung like a horse and boyish good looks. My anger and jealousy sparked something inside me and I jerked the shaft harder, enjoying the hard-softness of the cock and the immediacy of the pleasure, as well as the quick shock of pain at my rough treatment. I pulled my hand away and pumped some soap onto my palm before returning it to my cock, lubing up my shaft. I didn't care how much pain this would cause him in the future, I just needed to cum now.

God, it felt good. My breathing came faster and a pressure rose within me. Even Paul, in my mind, was silenced by the pleasure, though I could feel his nervousness and discomfort sitting in the back of my head. I stroked faster as my body demanded it, riding the pressure up, up, until I exploded, bringing my other hand up to catch the spurts of hot, creamy liquid. I released a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding as I came, jetting Paul's seed into his hand. It pooled in my palm, a white, hot glob of cum. My pleasure abated quickly and then I was standing in the bathroom, warm jizz dripping through my fingers.

A wicked idea came to me and as Paul tried to recoil in horror in his mind I rubbed his cum through his hair and across his face, styling his mop of hair into spiky jets, held in place by his own jizz. I pulled my pants back up and hurried to class. My dick was burning from the soap now and I needed to get out of him. I whispered a plea for release to my original body, and “I” flicked the dial and returned my clone's mind to my full self.

I looked over at Paul. He was doubled over in pain, eyes squeezed shut. One hand came up to his face and tentatively touched his hair. He felt the dried cum and recoiled. I snapped my eyes away as his head snapped up to look around the class.

When the bell rang Paul scurried off without a word to his friends. I took my time gathering my things and collecting my thoughts. I passed by my locker to dump my books inside. Some girls from the cheerleading squad passed by, laughing. I glanced up, admiring the sway of their little asses, their little tits bound up in tight cotton tops. One glanced at me blankly. I blushed and looked down.

Would it be less intimidating if I was inside someone else? Maybe having Paul's big dick would give me the confidence to go up to them. It wasn't that I was unpopular. I mean, I think I was popular; people knew me and said hi to me. But I wasn't popular in *that* way. The way that could cause sexy little cheerleaders to melt in their pants. I think people were intimidated by my intelligence.

I shut my locker and made my way to the lunch room. I happened to get in line right behind Melissa and Amara. They were having a hushed conversation and they stopped as they saw me.

“Good job on the presentation,” I chirped.

Amara mumbled a “thanks”.

“Too bad about Paul,” I added, “But I guess it worked out.”

“Yeah,” Melissa said slowly. “What happened with him?”

I shrugged and looked away. They turned back and began talking to each other again, ignoring me. I knew I wasn't exactly friends with them but we'd just been through a whole group project together. I'd thought we'd bonded and now they were being pretty rude.

The line proceeded slowly. We collected our trays and moved down. Melissa ordered the pulled pork tacos but Amara stopped and, in her quiet voice, proceeded to question the cafeteria worker

about all the ingredients. I shifted impatiently. Did she not just look at the menu board? I mean, I understand some foods weren't Halal or whatever but the menu was *right there*. Now she was holding everyone up because she didn't have the foresight to read. Fuck this. I slyly pointed at her and flipped the dial on the ring.

I was suddenly in Amara's body and I stopped mid-sentence. I pulled the hijab slightly back from my hair, fingers brushing against my smooth, dark skin. Holy crap, I was a woman! I could practically *feel* the absence between my legs. My tiny physique made the whole world seem larger, more intimidating.

“Nevermind, I'll just have the tacos.” I said in Amara's soft middle eastern accent. She had such a delicate voice, even when I made her speak up.

“They've got pork in them,” Melissa warned.

I shrugged. Amara struggled in my mind as the cafeteria worker handed me the pork tacos.

I can't move! She freaked out.

I took a taco and stuffed it into my face, messily spreading ingredients all down my chin. The taste of pork was divine, but Amara didn't seem to think so. I made her chew it and swallow it in three bites, stuffing her mouth with the juicy pork as she wiggled and screamed in my head. Melissa stared at me as if I'd lost my mind. But I wasn't done. As I crammed another taco into my mouth I let Amara pee. I felt the warm stream running down my legs and puddle onto the floor as my jeans turned a darker color. I turned towards the lunch room as I made Amara piss her pants, ensuring everyone could see the darkening stain. My old body was laughing.

And then I was back in my—dry—body, laughing hysterically as Amara finished wetting herself. The others in line were staring and pointing, too. Amara froze for a second, her hand still cramming the second taco into her face. Then she spit it all out onto her plate and fled.

“Oh, gross,” I wrinkled my nose.

Melissa glared at me. “It's not funny.”

“It kind of is.”

“You can be a real asshole sometimes.”

I heard a sharp intake of breath from the crowd behind me. My mouth dropped open and Melissa hurried out the door after Amara before I could think of a comeback. Now everyone was staring at *me*. I stepped around the puddle on the floor and ordered my lunch. My face was burning from all the eyes on me. I gritted my teeth and plotted my revenge.

Melissa

I caught up with Amara beside her car in the middle of the parking lot. She was shaking as she unlocked the door, pushing her hijab back out of her eyes as great sobs escaped.

“Amara, are you okay?” I asked.

“Go away,” she said, without turning around.

I came closer and put a hand on her back to comfort her. She tensed but didn't push me away. “Shhh,” I said soothingly. I'd never seen her in such a state. Though, I'd never seen her eat pork and wet herself either. “It's okay. It's okay.”

“It's not,” she said in a small voice. She half turned to me. “I lost control of my body.”

“I know.”

“No, I don't just mean I lost control of my bladder. It was like my whole body was taken over by someone else. I tried to stop my hands from forcing the food into my mouth but I...” she sobbed, “I couldn't. I was trapped in my own body while someone else humiliated me.”

I continued rubbing her back soothingly, unsure of what to say. Was this some sort of disassociative disorder? Evidence of a mental pathology? Finally, I decided to just stick to being helpful. “I've got some spare clothes in my trunk. They might fit you.”

The spare clothes were my leftovers that my mom had packed for me to drop off at the homeless shelter, but Amara didn't need to know that.

Finally, she turned to me. Her eyes were red with tears and she wiped at her nose. “Thank you.”

She followed me over to my car and I rummaged through the boxes in the trunk, soon coming up with a pair of jeans with a hole in them and a green shirt my dad brought home from one of his company picnics. A semi-ironic quote across the back informed people that it was part of a company mandated corporate fun day.

“Melissa, how am I supposed to go back in there to school?” Amara said as she wiped her eyes. Everyone saw it. They'll never believe it wasn't me. *You* don't even believe it.”

What could I say to that? It was true. Before I could come up with an answer Paul approached us. His hair was damp and plastered to his head, and his face was red, like he'd scrubbed it with hot water. I saw his eyes glance down at Amara's pants, then up to me. I shook my head but Paul plowed ahead anyway.

“What happened?”

That set Amara off in a fresh wave of tears. She clung to me and I patted her back, aware that I was edging my lower body away from her to stay dry. “Amara...had an accident.”

She raised her head and looked me in the eye. “It was no accident. I was possessed,” she said in her softly clipped accent. Her fiercely earnest look floored me. Her big brown eyes searched mine,

looking for any hint of disbelief.

I expected Paul to say something practical and wave away Amara's wild claim. But to my surprise he said, "You, too?"

We both stared at him. I think Amara was just as surprised as I was. Paul pushed his dark mop of hair out of his eyes, leaving a damp streak across his forehead.

"When I was giving the presentation I suddenly...felt someone in my head. Controlling my body."

"And you couldn't stop them." Amara said.

Paul nodded. "Whoever...whatever it was made me leave class. They were talking to me, using my own mouth. So I knew they could hear me in their head and they just...just..."

"Enjoyed it." Amara finished for him. "Whoever it was enjoyed this humiliation."

"Exactly. They stared into the mirror as they talked to me, torturing me by moving my body around and making me...do things." He stopped, shifting his eyes down. It was clear that he didn't want to talk about what things he was made to do, but I guessed it had something to do with the spiky hair he'd returned to class with, and the fact that he'd apparently washed his face thoroughly since.

I bit my bottom lip thoughtfully as I considered what Amara and Paul had just told me. "Has this happened before to either of you?"

They shook their heads.

"So what's different about today?" I continued, determined to piece this puzzle together.

They looked at each other and shrugged. The bell rang for our next classes, and we agreed to think it over and meet back up after school. Amara went off to change as I returned to the school and hurried in to my chemistry class. I kept glancing around my classes, looking for anyone behaving strangely. If what Paul and Amara was saying was true—and I had to believe it was true, otherwise both of them were suffering the same delusion—then there was some sort of entity taking over people's bodies. Aside from a few stoners in the back, everyone else was acting normally.

When school finally let out I was no closer to figuring out the mystery. I was on my way to my car to head home when Gary stopped me in the parking lot. He had a big smile on his face but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Hey, Melissa. Is Amara okay?"

"Why do you care?" I frowned.

"Oh, I can't care because I'm such an asshole?" His smile grew wider, a twisted grimace.

"*You* said it," I replied, coldly.

He pointed at me, his other hand coming up and twisting the dial of his gaudy ring.

"I'll show you an asshole." A woman's voice said. It took a second for me to realize that the voice was mine.

The world tilted and I was looking down at my pink top, my head moving under someone else's command. I shifted my legs as my eyes traveled up and down my body, then my hands came up and squeezed my breasts painfully hard. "Oooh, nice tits," my voice said as my hands continued feeling myself up.

Stop it! I demanded, but my body just laughed.

“I’ll stop when I’ve had my fun and you’ve learned your lesson. Don’t ever call me names.” My hand came up and smacked my face, sending waves of my jet black hair across my vision.

Gary? Why are you doing this? I screamed, fighting to get control of my body but to no avail.

“I’m going to teach you a lesson you won’t forget you stuck up bitch,” my voice said.

My body hopped into my car and started the engine. My hands adjusted the rearview mirror and I glared at myself, my face scrunched up in anger, sharp eyebrows furrowed. Then I pulled out of the parking lot. It was terrifying, first having my body stolen and then driving so recklessly. Gary obviously didn’t care what happened to me; if he wrecked my car or injured my body he’d leave, just like he left Paul and Amara.

“Oh yeah, that was me,” My voice interjected. “I can hear everything you’re thinking. Did you see the look on Amara’s face? Hilarious. And, god, Paul. Now *that* was an experience. His dick is fucking huge. Have you ever touched a dick before?” My eyes glanced at the rear view mirror as my face twisted into an evil grin. “Probably not, huh? Well, we can change that.”

He took a hard right turn that made my stomach lurch and drove us into the downtown area, past the business to the seedier end of the city. He parked in an empty side street and got out, walking me towards a guy sitting on a dirty mattress beneath a rusted awning. The guy looked up at me as I approached. He had a bushy gray beard and a deeply lined face. His eyes raked up and down my body and he licked his chapped lips as I came near.

Gary, what are you doing? I asked, a horrible feeling rising in me.

My body knelt down in front of him. “You look lonely,” I said, my face pouting, “Would you like some company?”

“Sure, young lady. That’s nice of you.” The smell of cheap beer and bad breath hit me in the face and even Gary recoiled.

Gary made me reach out and stroked the crotch of the bum’s pants, my slender hands tickling over the homeless guy’s growing lump. “I’m soooo horny,” my voice said. My other hand came up and tugged at the neck of my top, letting it hang down. The bum peered down my top at my breasts.

Gary don’t. Stop. Don’t do this. I was in tears now, but my traitorous body didn’t respond to my grief. Instead, I felt my face form into a smile, and then my lips were on the bum’s mouth.

His beard was scratchy against my soft cheek, and as I slipped my tongue into his rank mouth I flicked it around and felt the gaps of his missing teeth. His hands came up quickly and squeezed my tits—no foreplay here. My other hand snaked through a hole in his pants and wrapped around his rapidly hardening cock. It grew between my fingers and I stroked it as we continued kissing, his rough hands groping my body.

I wanted to be sick, wanted to pull away, but Gary forced me to continue, forced me to suck on the bum’s tongue and yank my shirt up so he could grope my boobs. He made me offer my body to this homeless man in full view of anyone passing by, laughing in my mind as the bum’s tongue flicked into my mouth. The man’s dirty hands squeezed urgently, relentlessly exploring my body as Gary offered it up, moaning theatrically into the bum’s disgusting mouth. I felt my hands slip under my shirt from behind and undo my bra. Gary made me yank off my shirt and my bra and suddenly I was topless on the street. My perky breasts hung down from my frame, the nipples already two excited bullets. The bum wrapped his mouth around my nipples, biting and sucking as pain flared within me. Along with pleasure. God, Gary was getting off on forcing me to degrade myself. His own desire to humiliate me was making me wet and ever more prone to his humiliation.

The bum sucked on my tits, his other hand cupping my other breast, kneading it roughly, sending

sharp stabs of pain through my body. I hissed as the pain met the pleasure coming up from within. His hand wrapped around my tits and he kissed his way back and forth between them, his tongue shooting out to lick my nipples and kiss around my sensitive skin. Despite my disgust I shivered with pleasure—Gary's pleasure—and my pussy grew ever wetter.

I stood and took the bum's hand, leading him around the corner to an alley. Gary forced my pants off, all the time me pleading for him to stop, to not do this. Gary ignored me as he yanked my panties down, revealing the trim triangle of my bush. God help me my lips were already swollen with lust, flames of pleasure licking through me as the bum struggled with his own pants. Finally he yanked them down, revealing his erection. My eyes were drawn to it, the bulbous head and shaft swollen with lust, dirty with grime but huge and throbbing for me. I grabbed it in one hand and stroked, pressing my body closer to him. His disgusting cock was hot in my palm and I stepped forward until his dick was hard between us, pressed against my belly. His hands came around and squeezed my ass as we kissed again, his noxious breath filling my mouth. I don't know how Gary didn't gag, how he continued slipping my tongue further down the bum's mouth.

Finally, Gary turned and planted my arms against the wall, sticking my ass out behind. He turned and winked at the bum. "Come fuck me," he begged in a slutty voice.

I shouted for Gary to stop as the man's cock pressed against my pussy, his arms wrapped around my tits and fondled my ass. The head of the man's dick slipped beneath the taut cheeks of my ass, pressing up against my cunt. There was a pressure that grew, grew, and then quickly dissipated as he slipped inside me. Fuck, I could feel his dick burrowing into me, the shaft filling my tight pussy. Gary cried out in a burst of pain as the bum took my virginity, sliding his cock deeper and deeper into me. The walls of my cunt clenched around him and then he was pressing up against my center. His groin was against my ass, his disgusting, sweaty body leaning on me. One hand fondled my tits while the other reached around and pushed a finger against my clit, pleasuring me as he fucked me. His cock slipped in and out of my wet hole. Every time he pounded hard against me was an incredible sensation of fullness. Despite myself, I moaned, Gary's pleasure at my humiliation sending me into overdrive.

I came once as the bum fucked me, his finger digging painfully into one breast, the other sliding through my warm wetness. An unbelievable burst of pleasure made me quiver and turned my legs to jelly, which caused me to sink back even deeper on the bum's dick. Gary made me moan and beg for more, my voice crying out to be fucked, harder, faster, and the bum obliged, pounding deep into me again and again. His breath came faster as the rhythmic pounding of his groin on my ass filled my ears. Gary made me sound like such a slut, whimpering in delight after each painful thrust pushed the cock hard up into my pussy. And then with a tremendous grunt the bum burrowed his cock as deep inside me as he could go and came. I cried out with agonizing pleasure as he filled me with his seed, each spurt of cum making me more full than I'd ever been and driving my body wild with stolen pleasure. I convulsed unhappily on his cock, hating myself for cumming so hard, for enjoying this stranger's dick so much, for needing the hot seed that was even now shooting into my virgin pussy.

When he was finally done he released me and pulled out unceremoniously. I pulled up my panties even as I felt the man's cum dripping out of me and making them damp.

"Thank you, honey. You know, I've got some friends who could use a fuck like you." He said, smiling his gap toothed smile.

"I'm sure you do," my voice said, "Maybe I'll come back, if I'm badly behaved."

I slapped my ass hard, leaving a red welt, before pulling my pants back on. I winked and walked back to my car. I slid inside and howled with laughter.

"Oh my god, you came so hard!" My voice brayed. I was forced to flip the mirror down and stare at

myself. "Did you just lose your virginity to some homeless guy?" Gary squirmed in the seat and I could feel the jizz soaking into my pants. "Eww, I can still feel his stuff inside me. Good luck cleaning all that."

My hand slipped into my purse and I texted a strange number: *Get me out of here*

A few seconds later I was back in control of my body. I lay my head on the steering wheel and wept, feeling dirty, used, and entirely too horny. There was an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness and disgust and shame that I enjoyed it so much, enjoyed the first man cumming inside me, enjoyed losing my virginity to some old bum on the street.

When I recovered enough to drive I got the the hell out of there and went home. I fled upstairs into the shower and stood in the hottest water I could stand, scrubbing myself over and over until my skin was pink and tender. Only then did I get out and wrap myself in a towel before locking myself in my room.

I called Paul and started sobbing as soon as he picked up.

"Melissa? What's wrong?"

"It's-- I-- Gary." I sniffed, trying to get myself under control. I had to be calm about this. I had to be rational despite my discomfort in my own body. It was the only way to figure out how Gary had controlled us and prevent it from happening again. I forced my humiliation down, tried to temper it to make it into cold, hard steel of anger. "Gary is the one who possessed you and Amara."

"How do you know?"

"Because he possessed me."

"Fuck. What did she make you do?"

"I don't want to talk about it. It was bad. Real bad. We have to stop him."

"Right." Paul agreed. I could tell he was curious but I knew he wouldn't press the issue. After all, Gary had made him do something he didn't want to discuss. "So what do we do?"

I sniffed and stared at my face in my bedroom mirror. I still felt dirty, still had a hard time believing that it was my face that had been scrunched in ecstasy, my voice begging for more, my body growing wet and being penetrated.

"We have to keep an eye on him. Figure out how he's doing this. One thing I do know is he can't leave anyone's body by himself. When...ghost Gary, the Gary in me, was done, he texted real Gary to say he wanted to get out."

In the end we all agreed to keep an eye on Gary, taking turns following him around to see how he possessed people. I called Amara and had a similar conversation. I could hear her voice shaking with anger.

"It might be dangerous." I said, "I think he wants us to fear him enough so that we won't try to stop him."

"Or it could be something even worse," Amara said, "He might not care because he knows we *can't* stop him."

"But what else do we do? Just allow him to take us over whenever he wants?"

"No. We have to try to stop him. I'm just saying it might get bad."

I shivered as I had flashbacks to what he made me do. I wondered how much worse it could get. How evil could Gary be?

I gripped the phone harder. "I don't care. I need him to pay."

All we had to do was watch and wait for Gary to use his powers again. As it turned out, we didn't have to wait long.

Gary

When I collapsed my mind back together, the memories from my clone of being Melissa came flooding back as if I myself had done them. Which I had. I could remember how it felt for that thick dick to slide into my tight pussy, to feel the guy's hands pawing at my breasts, to taste his rank breath and hear Melissa screaming inside her mind as I thrust her little ass back against that big cock. Fuck, her body had been so tight, so eager to explode with pleasure. I'd never cum so hard in my life and I'm sure that bum hadn't, either.

The next few days were incredible. I got more comfortable with the ring and tried out being a variety of people. Anyone who pissed me off was a target. As was anyone I thought might be interesting.

I became the school quarterback as I fucked his girlfriend doggy style in the locker room after practice.

I became my science teacher, surreptitiously changing other student's grades, calling them out and embarrassing them in class.

I became the manager at Skybar, the fancy downtown restaurant, and gave me my meals for free.

I became some douchebag in a Mercedes who had cut me off in traffic, making him scrape up his brand new car and ram it into a statue, then sit there in his crumpled car and jerk himself off onto his new leather seats as people stared.

Over the next several day my powers grew. When I poured myself into people I felt more present in my body, not as drained as I had at the beginning. And I was enjoying them more, experiencing pleasure as they experienced it, which was sometimes wildly different from how I would feel on my own. Though always my own thoughts were overlaid on top. Once or twice I flipped the dial up to two and took over two people at once.

I became Amy Collinsworth for a bit, a prissy little cheerleader. I walked down the hallway and wiggled my ass as the boys stared. I kissed a few, teasing them in her body before going down on one behind the gym, making her suck dick like a wild little slut. Midway through I figured why should *he* have all the fun and I took him over. God, Amy was a fantastic little cocksucker. And it was even hotter watching myself cum on her face, then jumping out of them both and watching their surprise and disgust, as the memories of cumming on my face and having my face cummed on filled my mind.

I even went home as my hot gym teacher, Mrs. Brandywine, and discovered she was gay. Or at least, she was *that* night. I brought my original body to her house so I could take over her neighbor, a big breasted young mother, and make them pleasure each other before I fucked them both, drinking milk from her neighbor's big, fat tits. It was incredible owning four pairs of tits and sticking my dick into two different pussies.

Taking over two people was exhausting and I felt even more disconnected from my original body while I was split in three, each new takeover further diluting my presence in every body. I was so drained from that threesome takeover that I slept for about twelve hours afterwards.

By this time it had been a week since I'd had the ring. I knew Melissa and her friends were watching me and planning something but I didn't care. Who could stop me? I didn't even bother to hide my takeovers, pointing and twisting my ring at my newest acquisition, taunting Melissa by practically showing her how it was done.

To my surprise, Melissa had the fucking nerve to try to sneak up on me after school. I was half in the principal's body, sending him to the liquor store to load up his credit card for my benefit. My other half—my actual body—was daydreaming on a picnic bench at the edge of the school, so I wasn't completely ready for Melissa's attack. She moved quick, grabbing my hand and reaching for my ring. I grappled with her, clenching my fist but because I was split into two bodies everything felt sluggish, like moving through water. She was holding my hand up so I couldn't point at her, while she tried to pry my fingers open. After a brief struggle, I managed to click my ring back to zero and snap completely back into my own body. Suddenly, I had the advantage. We pushed and kicked, grunting as we knocked each other about until I managed to stick my legs between hers, tripping us up and sending us tumbling to the ground. She let go of me for a second to brace herself and as I landed heavily on my shoulder I pointed at her and flicked the dial of my ring.

The fight left her, and I saw my essence reflected in her eyes. She stood and helped me up.

“Look what you did to my clothes. And I think you bruised my shoulder.” I moaned.

“Nice try,” My clone growled to Melissa, who was now trapped in her own head, “But this ring doesn't come off. It's a part of me now and the second you come near me you're mine.”

“She clearly hasn't learned not to mess with me.” I said to Melissa's body. “Let's give her an experience she'll never forget.”

Melissa

Gary was back in control of my body and I felt myself moving to my car. I knew I should have waited for Paul and Amara, but the opportunity looked too easy. Gary was alone and clearly half his mind was somewhere else. By the time I'd returned with them Gary would probably have been gone. Now I had paid for that error with the loss of my body.

Gary moved confidently to my car. When he was in, he scanned my thumbprint across my phone and started poking through it.

“Gawd, you're such a daddy's girl. Look at this. Pathetic.” He chortled, scrolling through my texts to my parents.

You don't have to do this, Gary.

“The hell I don't.” My own voice was brusque and he impatiently swiped my long black hair out of my eyes. “Your hair's annoying the shit out of me. I'm just going to cut it off when I get to your house.”

I didn't know if he was serious or if he was just trying to get a rise out of me. I decided it was best to say nothing, though I'm sure he felt my anger filling his mind.

He pulled up my map app and used it to drive to my house. He didn't say another word, just let me stew in my own thoughts. He pulled into my driveway and the real Gary pulled up to the curb behind us in his own car. He got out and joined my body as we climbed the steps to my house and let ourselves in with my keys. They looked around the living room, opened and closed some closets.

“Fuck, this place is huge,” My voice said, neck twisting to gawp at everything.

“Come on,” Gary said, heading upstairs.

They found my room and began sifting through my stuff, pulling out drawers and digging around, throwing clothes onto the floor as they went. I was helpless as they invaded my privacy, making me toss everything to the floor, searching through my bedside table and recoiling when they found my vibrator.

“Oh, gross,” My voice said, my eyes forced to stare at my toy as I pinched it in two fingers.

Gary came over to look and wrinkled his nose in disgust. “Hey, maybe we should shove this up her ass?”

“Nah,” My voice responded, and I mentally heaved a sigh of relief. “I'm still in here and that shit would hurt.”

“Hmm,” Gary said thoughtfully.

There was a noise from downstairs and Gary froze. Someone was coming in the front door. My body and Gary snuck down to the edge of the stairs and peeked over. We saw my dad lay his briefcase on the floor. My vision swung back to Gary's face and he grinned. I had a bad feeling about this.

My body stood and tromped down the stairs, Gary in tow.

“Hi, daddy,” My voice said, cheerfully.

I tried to scream for my dad to run, tried to take back even the slightest control of my body but it was no use, Gary was too powerful. My dad turned to us, a smile on his handsome face. The top button of his shirt was undone, his tie askew.

“Hi, honey,” He said, kissing me on the cheek. “And who--”

He turned to look at Gary and paused. I saw him deflate a little, a tiny 'oof' coming out of his lips. At the same time, I felt Gary's hold on my body loosen. My vision swung towards the real Gary and I saw he was still pointing, his other hand clicking the dial on his ring. His chubby face was slack, eyes glazed. I reached out to grab the ring, felt my arm tremble forward under my command, and then Gary reasserted control. My face turned towards my dad.

Dad was looking down at his hands, then back up at me. Gary was inside him, controlling him just as he was controlling me. I knew my dad was terrified, had no idea what was happening. If Gary was just a little weaker I could have wrested control of my body from him. I could feel my limbs trembling when I tried to move them, just beyond the verge of my control.

Then my dad's lips were on mine, his hands reaching round to stroke my back, one hand gliding down to cup my soft ass. Gary made me slide my own hands around my dad's body and open my mouth, welcoming my dad's tongue inside. His familiar spicy scent was in my nose, his tongue swirling around my mouth, tasting me. Gary forced my body to press closer, grinding against my dad. I was sickened, but there was nothing I could do as Gary forced my lips to remain locked on my dad's mouth. Dad squeezed my ass, grabbing my buttocks and pulling me closer to him. His other hand came down between us and he squeezed my breast. My hands circled his stubbly cheek, sliding through his short, black hair. My eyes were closed in ecstasy, Gary's mind again forcing his pleasure through my body as I sucked on my dad's tongue. He made us make out like lovers, kissing and tasting each other, giggling and running our hands across each other.

Fuck, kissing my dad was making me so horny. Despite everything, Gary's emotions reigned, and feeling my dad press against me as his erection hardened between us made me damp. Dad grabbed the hem of my shirt and I lifted my arms to allow him to pull it off. Then he unfastened my bra and yanked it off. My breasts bounced free between us and my dad stared down at them for a beat before cupping them in his solid hands, his familiar fingers sliding around my tiny brown nipples, tweaking them gently, taking big handfuls of my tits and jiggling, enjoying the soft feel of my breasts. He squeezed and I winced as he roughly handled my breasts. Then my own hands came down and undid my pants. I slipped out of them and rolled my panties down to stand naked in front of my dad. I was humiliated and oh so turned on.

I giggled, turning around to show off my ass. Dad smiled and reached for me, his hands hot and firm as he squeezed the soft flesh of my ass cheeks. The bulge in his pants grew noticeably, pressing out for me. Gary made me shake my chest, sending my boobs swaying, knocking into each other. I hated him so much as he forced me to tease my dad, as he sent my body into a state of absolute lust for my own father.

Then my dad grabbed my tits again, harder this time, lowering his lips to kiss and suck my nipples. Despite my disgust my body burned at his touch and I moaned as he took my nipple into his mouth, sucking softly, flicking the nub with his tongue until it hardened with pleasure. His other hand came up between my legs, the fingers sliding against my pussy. And then he dipped a finger inside me and I spread open for him, giving myself to my dad as he filled me with desire. He found my wetness, fingers crawling into me, my body on fire despite myself.

I pulled away, thankful for a moment, until Gary made me kneel in front of him. My hands reached

out and unzipped dad's pants. I cried out for him to stop in my mind, fought valiantly for control even as my fingers wrapped around my dad's cock and I opened my lips. And then, oh god, I was sucking my dad's dick. I slid my lips over the head, welcoming it into my mouth, and lowered my face down. My dad's shaft slid across my tongue, the hard-softness filling my mouth, brushing against the top of my throat as I swallowed him. I took him as far as I could and came back up, his shaft glistening with my saliva. My hand slid up and down his shaft as I looked up from my position on the floor and met his eyes.

“Oh, daddy,” Gary made me say, “Your cock tastes so good.”

And then my lips were back around my dad's dick, gliding up and down his shaft. My head pushed down, down, until my flat nose was buried in his pubic hair and the musky smell of him invaded my nostrils. I came up, gasping for air, before swallowing him once more, faster and faster. I felt myself growing wet, a drop of juice escaping my pussy and sliding down my thigh as I sucked my dad's dick. I was voracious, hungry for dad's cock and I felt him throb once in my mouth. I steadied myself but he pushed me away and grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing until he had himself under control.

I wiped my lips, my eyes locked onto his dick. I couldn't look away no matter how much I wanted to. God, I couldn't stop staring at my dad's cock and my fingers slipped into my wetness, rubbing my swollen clit as I licked my lips and begged for more, thoughts of him inside me swirling through my mind both terrifying and rousing.

“Please can I suck your dick again, daddy?” I asked.

My dad looked down at me. “On your back,” he commanded.

I couldn't stop Gary from obeying, lying back on the floor and spreading my legs as my dad knelt between them. We both stared down at my pussy, the slit hidden beneath the dark pubic hair, though even now my lips were swollen with desire and shiny with my lust. Dad angled his cock against my slit and I felt the pressure building. *God no please stop! I'll be good!* I begged Gary, and then I felt my dad thrust inside my opening.

His dick slid inside my pussy, filling me, burrowing through the walls of my cunt, the shaft sliding into me, the head pressing ever deeper. I moaned with desire as the walls of my pussy gripped my dad's cock. My hands came up to my tits, fondling myself and tweaking my nipples as I stared down between my legs, helpless as I watched my dad fuck me. Watched his cock slide into and out of me, slick my own juices, my velvety lips spread wide and waiting for him. His cock slid out and plunged back in again hard, driving an “ooh” from my lips. He held me by the calves and spread my legs wide, staring down into my pussy, teeth clenched, grunting as he continued penetrating me.

“Oh, fuck, yes, daddy!” I cried. “Fuck me hard, I'm such a naughty girl!” Jesus, I sounded like a slut and it just served to make Gary hornier, which made me hornier.

Dad thrust in hard and deep, pleasure exploding through me despite my disgust and fear. His hands were clenched around my calves, holding them aloft as he slammed inside, thrusting fiercely. Gary forced me to watch as my dad disappeared inside me, burrowing deep into my warm wetness.

“Fuck me harder, daddy!” My voice begged, throaty with lust. “Harder!”

And he did, his grunts growing faster as he pounded me, slamming deep into my center, staring down to watch himself drive in and out of his own daughter's cunt. I exploded then, orgasming around his cock, thrusting my hips up to meet him on the down stroke and driving him as deep as I could. My body was electric with pleasure, the white hot orgasm making my whole body flex, and still he kept thrusting, again and again.

“Cum inside me, daddy!” I begged, hands gripping my tits hard, leaving red marks on my skin.

I felt Gary's hold slipping, I could feel my fingers release my tit, pull away on my own command. But then my dad grunted, thrust deep and came, and the ensuing pleasure whited out my mind. I threw my head back and moaned in absolute lust as my dad pumped me full of cum, each hot spurt filling my cunt and making me dizzy with rapture. The pleasure seemed to last forever, my dad and my body joined in an eternal ecstasy as he filled me with his jizz until he was empty and I was full.

I stared up at him lazily, Gary back in full control of my body. And then suddenly my dad's face fell. His mouth gaped open and he stared down in horror. He pulled out of me with a sick pop, his cum leaking onto my thighs.

“Oh my god, oh my god.” He repeated in stunned disbelief.

I sat up and covered my breasts, as if we hadn't just been intimate. And then I realized that we had control of our bodies again. Gary had left us to clean up the mess she'd made. Even his original body was gone, disappeared as my dad was fucking me. I got dressed as I tried to calm my dad and explain what had happened.

Even then I was forming a plan, trying to explain things to my dad as my body ached with the pleasurable echoes of my dad's dick.

Gary

Being both Melissa and her dad wiped me out, but it was the most fun I'd ever had. Hearing both of them begging in my head, disgusted at what I forced them to do even as I wrung pleasure out of their bodies was incredible. Melissa had been utterly humiliated and I expected her to warn her friends. What I didn't expect was that they'd try to take me on again the next day.

It was my lunch period and I was ambling around the track, my eye on the school's cheerleading squad as they practiced, pondering which of the many girls I wanted to take over. Melissa appeared from beneath the bleachers, looking smug as ever.

“Gary, this--” she began.

I didn't even let her finish, just pointed and lazily flicked the dial and suddenly I was in her body again.

“Ironic, that for the salutatorian you never learn,” I said, turning her face into a sneer.

Her mind was strangely subdued. Had I finally broken her? I started pulling her top off, intending to humiliate her right there. I'd just thrown her shirt to the ground and was reaching around to free her breasts when Paul appeared.

“Let go of her,” he said.

I looked to my original body. He shrugged and dialed the ring again. Once again my mind was poured into Paul. I turned to look at Melissa with a grin on my face. Even with my mind diluted into two people I could still easily control them.

“Paul's always had the hots for Melissa,” I said in Paul's voice, “Let's give him what he wants.”

I dropped Paul's pants and kicked them off, then approached Melissa, stroking my cock. My dick jumped to attention in my hand. My Melissa clone dropped to her knees and opened her ruby lips wide. I stuffed Paul's cock inside her mouth, making her gag as she choked on my dick, gripping her hair and forcing her head down my shaft. But, fuck, the heat of her breath as her wet mouth surrounded my dick was frighteningly intense. Her tongue glided up and down my shaft and she made little sucking noises as saliva dripped from her lips. I watched her adorable little Asian features as my cock disappeared into her mouth. She looked up at me with her big brown eyes full of lust. I could *feel* Paul's thoughts. He was both terrified and enjoying this fantasy of Melissa as his cock-sucking whore come to life.

And then suddenly Amara was there.

“That's enough, Gary,” she said.

I looked to my original body, slightly distracted by Melissa as she continued blowing me. My old body raised his hand with an effort, pointed and clicked the ring again. It was like a wave of tiredness washed over me as I landed in Amara's body. My mind was stretched thin and it took an effort to stay in control of her as I loosened her hijab and yanked it off. I pulled down my pants and got on all fours beside Melissa, sticking Amara's little ass in the air. My Paul clone pulled his dick

out of Melissa's mouth and grabbed Amara's ass, sliding his cock across the top of Amara's ass cheeks as Melissa helped finger Amara, her slender fingers sliding through Amara's rapidly growing wetness.

My original body sank to the ground, mouth agape. It took all my concentration to aim my cock between Amara's ass and slide in to her wet pussy. And then I was Paul fucking Amara from behind. And I was Amara arching her back and begging him for more. And I was Melissa...somewhere. I lost her for a second, came to an instant later and she was in front of me, the real me.

I struggled for control, finally taking her over and dropping onto her back, my fingers thrusting inside myself, fingering Melissa's tight little pussy.

And then Amara was in my real face. Somehow I'd lost control of her. I fought for it back, struggling to keep my concentration as all three of them fought me. My Amara clone dove her face in between Melissa's legs, hoping to disgust and distract her by flicking her tongue through Melissa's folds. But I was the one who was distracted. Paul had his hand on my arm, my original body too weak to resist. With an effort I took control of his body and pulled him off me, trying to leverage his desire for Melissa to distract him. I aimed him towards the two girls and watched him stumble away.

I was so weak. All of my clones were. I had diluted myself too much and needed to get back, to regroup. But my arm was so heavy and each time I concentrated on one of the three I lost the others. Even now Melissa had extracted herself and grabbed at my arm, Amara helping, their fingers still slick with their wetness. I could smell their musk on me as Melissa's fingers wrapped around the ring. She couldn't take it off so what was she doing?

She aimed towards the cheerleading team, some of whom had noticed what was going on by the bleachers and stopped. The two naked girls forced my hand to a point at one of the cheerleaders while the other one clicked the dial. Suddenly I was across the field, watching the scrum of naked girls. But I couldn't move this body. I felt my head turning to face the rest of the squad, my lips opening to ask what was going on. But I was powerless. Now *I* was the passenger.

Vaguely I was aware of another click, and another, and another. With each one I became someone else, but so weak that I was stuffed deep into their minds. I was just a breeze, then a whisper, then I was

everyone on the field and

no one,

thoughts assaulted me, twenty bodies moving independently...my mind diluted...beyond point of control...I was...

running...

what is she doing...

my best routine...

stopped her...

watch this...

hungry...

do I have any...

Melissa

There was no way for the three of us to explain our actions on the field to anyone. Paul grabbed the superglue from his pocket and we quickly squirted it onto the ring, filling the cracks on the dial and wiping away the excess. We dressed as quickly as we could and the others hurried away as I pretended to seek help for Gary's body, which lay prone on the ground, his eyes closed. His mind was shredded into the body of everyone on the field, everyone we could point and click to. Each click had given us more control over our own bodies and relegated Gary's influence to thoughts, then whispers, and then just a ghost of a feeling.

Paul and Amara didn't need to be involved. They'd done enough, agreeing to my plan despite the risks, despite knowing whether it would work or not, and despite the fact that we would be carrying around Gary in our heads for the rest of our lives. As a group of people gathered around Gary's prone body I claimed that Gary had had some sort of episode. He wasn't responsive to anyone, which drove everyone into a state of emergency long enough to distract them from what they may or may not have seen from the other side of the field. That is, me, Paul and Amara naked and pleasuring each other.

It was a lot to ask Paul and Amara for, risking their bodies, having Gary lodged in their heads forever. But they realized, just as I did, that it was the only way. Gary was taken to a hospital, never to return. I don't know what happened to his body but I know what happened to his mind. It's with me. It's with all of us. And when I'm weakened by tiredness or illness I can feel him there, trying to creep forward, only able to move one of my fingers. But it's enough to know he's there, in the back of my head, watching everything in my life. Forever.

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Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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A body hopper uses his power to take a vacation from his high powered executive job and experience the world as a cute blonde. She's shy and self-conscious about her body, but the hopper teaches her how to wring pleasure from every inch of herself and fully show off her sexuality.

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Ken and George have been best friends for years. They're both smart, nerdy, and complete virgins. But when they find a mysterious alien artifact that can transform them into their fantasy women, everything changes.

Mommy Dearest (M2F Family Swap) [Smashwords exclusive!]

All I had to do was use this old body swap spell I found to swap bodies with my teacher in order to convince my mom I was a great student. Only, I messed it up and now I'm inside my own mom's body. Although, now that I'm looking at the world through her eyes, there is something very enticing about my curves. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Body Swap Mega Bundle (M2F Body Swap/Theft)

A giant collection of 10 previously published tales of erotic boy swaps and body thefts.

Arabian Nights (M2F Transformation)

Chris's new sister-in-law has always wanted a sister who's more outgoing and unafraid of her sexuality. With the help of some magic, she's going to turn Chris into the sister she's always wanted, and the woman he's always desired, whether he wants it or not.

Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

Claire is an elegant housewife whose days revolve around organizing and looking good for her husband. Evan does odd jobs for cash while he goes through college. But his oddest job of all is swapping bodies with Claire and giving her body a workout. In every possible way.

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

I don't want to caress my friend, don't want to run my hands along her soft curves, press our bodies together and drive each other wild with lust. But we're not in control anymore. There's someone else in our bodies, fondling us with our own hands, making us do anything and everything they want. And all we can do is watch.

The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

Drew is planning to meet up with his ex-girlfriend for a last one night stand. But she has other plans and soon Drew finds himself slowly transforming into the woman of his dreams: soft, sensual and seductive. Can he turn back into a man before the transformation turns even his own thoughts towards feminine desires?

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

Melody has a crush on Daniel, but Daniel (and every other guy at their school) has a crush on Katie. Maybe it's Katie's delicate Asian features, or her perfect figure, or the way she excels at everything she tries. Whatever it is, Melody wants it. Then one day she wakes up in Katie's body and has it.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on [my website](#):

Student Body (M2F Teacher/Student Body Theft)

Hardbody (M2F Body Possession)

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Reunion (M2F Family Possession)

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up [Smashwords exclusive]

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

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Young Again

Coming Together

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Hostile Takeover

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Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

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Taking

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Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories