

Dancer's Body

A BodyPossession.com Story

by M. Wills

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Sexy Preview of *Dancer's Body*

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He slipped inside and locked the door before turning to face Kimmy's reflection in the mirror. A smile lit up his gorgeous face as he stared at the beautiful, athletic woman before him. The tight, spangly leotard clung tight to her body and emphasized her curves, gripping her body in a comforting hug. He stepped closer to the mirror and stared into her dark eyes until he could see the flecks of gold inside the green. Lifting a slender hand, he let her fingers trail across the smooth skin of her cheeks, over her shapely nose, tracing the soft contours of her chin, enjoying the simple pleasure of her own touch. His hand drifted down her neck, over her tight, spangly leotard, and down to her tights, snug between her legs. He watched as he made her touch herself, her gentle warmth growing to a fierce fire as her

fingers dug into the fabric that stretched so tight across her skin.

As one hand danced and tickled around her pussy, Ethan brought the other up to her tits, fondling Kimmy for the first time. The pleasant weight of his breasts spilled from his fingers. As he caressed himself, his nipples grew hard, spiking out against the sheer fabric of the leotard. A damp spot bloomed at the front of his tights, his own wetness beginning to seep out as he pleased Kimmy's body. He gripped the waistband of the tights just above his pussy and pulled up hard, the fabric clinging to his body and revealing the thick, ripe lips of Kimmy's pussy. God, it was so wonderful having a pussy, growing wet with arousal, a full body warmth he'd never felt before. He yanked up harder, the seam pressing against his clit and drawing a sigh from his lips. The pressure against his clit was amazing and he jerked the fabric up and down, using it to pleasure himself.

Read on for the rest...

Dancer's Body

Like far too many things, it ultimately came down to budget. The lump sum his parents had given him as a reward for nailing the SATs was sizable—and was bolstered by an equally big check from his grandmother - the Chase family had a long tradition of rewarding nerdery— but it wasn't infinite. Ethan had been refining his search criteria on [bodypossession.com](#) for weeks, trying to find something special in his price range.

He'd come to the website some time ago: for a fee you could possess the body of anyone in their database, slip into their body, take them over and become them utterly and completely. Ethan was skeptical at first, but that all vanished when he used his 5 minute free trial to possess a member of New York City Ballet's corps de ballet. He'd had a thing for dancers and actually being one was everything he'd ever dreamed. For five minutes he was limber, fit and graceful, before being spit back into his own dull form.

Now Ethan wanted more.

Big name celebs were out. So were international and long term possessions. But that didn't concern Ethan particularly; he knew what he was looking for. And a search for 'athletic and hot' had provided a range of good (if pricey) options. His watch list currently included a college gymnast with a shot at Nationals and a high school track star with legs for days. It was a list, in essence, of people entirely unlike him. A list of people with grace and dynamism. A list of people who didn't trip over their suitcase on the first day of a family Christmas vacation to Lake Tahoe, spraining their ankle and getting themselves sent home to 'rest up and study' while their parents enjoyed themselves on the slopes.

Ethan shifted his aching leg onto a pillow, grabbed his laptop and decided to look on the bright side. His clumsiness had provided him with a week alone in the house. And, if he could find anyone affordable, he was going to make use of it. He logged on to [bodypossession.com](#) and clicked on search. Three new faces appeared, so similar that, at first, he assumed the page had glitched. He hit refresh and watched the pictures appear again - three brunettes with killer smiles and tight, taut bodies encased in matching leotards. Peering closer, he realized they were, in fact, different women - sisters, clearly, with remarkable similar taste in glittery costumes apparently.

His eyes flicked to the little banner over each picture. The bodies were untried, never before possessed and were, therefore, as the banner blared - 50% OFF for FIRST TIME USERS. Ethan felt his heart begin to race. They were in budget.

His gaze moved unerringly to picture on the left - Kimmy. The smile had a hint of something complex and driven behind the perfect facade. He scanned the intro material, his excitement ratcheting up with each new detail. She was a dancer, mid-twenties and hot as hell. And she was only a couple of miles away (the only reason a woman with a body like that was even in his price range). He'd even have enough left in the kitty to buy the bonus

memories package which would allow him to mine her memories for anything useful.

Since no one had possessed her before, there were no reviews but there were pictures. A slideshow of perfect limbs and full lips and soft dark brown curls and a perfect smile. Pictures of her in various spangly dance costumes. Pictures of her yoga class, her body flexed, strong and utterly controlled. Pictures of her near naked—just a pink thong and grin—splayed on a girly bed. Ethan's eyes traveled over the taut lines of her body, the graceful little swell of muscle, the eager points of her candy-pink nipples. Unbidden, his dick nudged his zipper and his hand reached for his credit card.

Forcing himself to slow down, he clicked over to her stats:

Age - 25.

Height - 5 foot 7.

Weight - 116 lbs.

Occupation - professional dancer (currently – The Lion King on Broadway)

Average sleep per night - 6.9 hours.

Average daily calorie intake - 1156

Relationships - None currently. Favors long term but casual relationships. Never married.

Past experience - 7 male partners, 1 female.

Wealth - comfortable to affluent

Family - father and two younger sisters (also available)

Personality - driven, responsible, determined, occasionally jealous and overly competitive, friendly, kind and gregarious

Libido - moderate to high.

Body responsiveness - high: both vaginal and clitoral orgasms, twice from nipple stimulation alone.

Special skills/features - ballet, jazz, tap, conversational Spanish, extraordinarily fit and flexible, near perfect balance, superb kegel control, no gag reflex.

He wasn't going to lose this chance. Not giving himself time to second guess, Ethan moved Kimmy to his cart and hit purchase. He sat, heart pounding, as the 'payment accepted' screen appeared, informing him that he had purchased total body experience and control of Kimmy for one week with additional memory-access enhancement.

All that remained was to input the time and date for control and Kimmy's body was his.

The last thing he'd heard was the faint click of his mouse as he pushed the 'possess' button, then it was all swirling, frenetic noise in a cavernous room. He was sitting on a small stool in a packed communal dressing room, stunned into silence as a mass of dancers swarmed in around him, filling the space, completely oblivious to his arrival.

Kimmy's memories threw up the important info - dressing room, obligations, rehearsal starting in ten minutes. He needed to change, her memory made that clear - that's what she did on a Tuesday. Swinging around, he bent over and reached down for Kimmy's workout gear. And felt it immediately - the perfect grace of her body, it's ability to stretch and move with flowing ease. Raising up he caught his first view of himself in the mirror. Surrounded by lights, there was Kimmy, hair pulled up into a ponytail, full lips shimmering with a layer of gloss, mouth dropping open ever so slightly in surprise. Ethan knew he was gaping, knew he should look away, but it was near impossible. Nothing had prepared him for the reality of actually being Kimmy, of inhaling and feeling her chest fill. Of blinking and watching her lashes flicker. Of running a finger along her lower lip and feeling it drag, slow and sticky, through the gloss. Nothing had prepared him for the sensation of his nipples pressing against the rough fabric of her top.

"Hey, girl." A set of arms hugged him from behind and a face appeared over his shoulder - pretty girl with big blue eyes and a grin. "Am I late?"

"Hey, Beth." Ethan gave mental thanks for the memory upgrade. "Nope, right on time."

Beth, Kimmy's youngest sister and a fellow chorus girl, let him go and dropped onto the next stool. "Cool." And, with that she pulled her top over her head, revealing a black lacy bra. "Subway was a bitch; you are so lucky you live around the corner."

Then she unhooked the bra, and her breasts were suddenly just... there. Round and perky and right THERE. Inches from Ethan's eyes, bouncing and moving as Beth hunted around in her bag for sports bra. He could see the cold air move across her flesh, her nips pebbling under the blast of the A/C.

Completely missing Ethan's stupefied expression, Beth slipped on her lycra bra and asked, "Have you seen Sarah this week? She still fighting morning sickness?"

Struggling to sound casual, Ethan managed to reply, "Umm, no, second trimester now; she's feeling good."

"She as big as a house?"

"No." He dredged up the response he knew Kimmy would make. "Just has a cute little baby bump. And bonus, now people can finally tell us apart."

Beth was all mock outrage. "I can totally tell you two apart. I don't need no stinking bump."

Ethan raised a brow. "No you can't, not always."

"One time! One time I mixed you up." Beth protested. "But, in my defense, you are the most identical twins on the planet. You're serious freaks of nature."

Ethan grinned because a) Beth was entertaining and b) he had two other chorus girls in his eye line. Both were stripped down to bra and panties and both were just standing there chatting, their gorgeous tight little asses reflected directly into Ethan's mirror. Scanning the room as subtly as he could, he drank in the crush of girls: putting up their hair, pulling on leggings, stretching, chatting, spritzing scent, changing. Slivers of flesh on display everywhere. Shifting on the stool, he felt a delicious shiver of heat between legs, something new, delicate and tingly. He squeezed and felt the sensation sharpen into something more fierce.

Wanting to ease the ache, he cast a cautious glance over at Beth confirming she wasn't paying close attention, and spread his legs just a little. Leaning forward, he placed his elbows on the makeup counter in front of the mirror and rolled his pelvis forward, pressing the smooth flat span of his crotch against the corner of the stool.

Heat bloomed, a gentle warmth creeping over his pussy. Under the cover of the makeup counter, Ethan rocked, gently nudging his smooth crotch against the rough fabric of the stool. In the mirror he watched another dancer lean forward to apply a layer of gloss to her lips, her cleavage peeking out over her bra. She rubbed her lips together and caught Ethan staring in the mirror. For a second, he panicked, but the girl just shot him a friendly grin and started tying back her hair, her boobs shifting in their little sports top with every movement.

Ethan could feel Kimmy's skin humming, could feel her need starting to morph into something urgent. He needed to touch her pussy. He needed to feel his fingers slide over her. He glanced around for a door, a private place where he could go and rub her needy little clit until she screamed. He stared at the bathroom door - not a lot of privacy but at least it was close. The combination of his excitement and Kimmy's seriously responsive body would probably mean he could have her cumming in seconds, could probably get her—

“Hey!” Beth waved a hand in front of Ethan glazed eyes. “Rehearsal in 2 minutes. Get a move on.”

Ethan opened his mouth, ready to make an excuse and go enjoy this body in private, but Beth's slightly perplexed look stopped him in his tracks. Kimmy was never late for rehearsal. That wasn't who she was. Her body craved release but it craved discipline and dedicated effort just as much.

He grabbed Kimmy's work out gear and changed her top. Slipping off her skirt, she picked up a pair of fuchsia leggings, sliding them up her long legs. The crotch sat flat and fiercely snug between his legs. For just a moment, he let himself enjoy the delicious rasp of the seam against his oversensitive pussy; the subtle shift of material was just enough to trigger little flickers of pleasure along the smooth expanse.

As he headed for the rehearsal room, he had one overriding thought. These girls did pretty much nothing but kick for hours on end. And he was going to enjoy every single one of them.

It was torture. Slow, sweet, delectable torture. And Ethan didn't want it to end. Rehearsal had been a revelation. The thrill of using this body, of testing its flexibility, its stamina and its strength. Kimmy was a clockwork machine, never putting a foot wrong in a routine and completely indefatigable.

And, through it all, Ethan's arousal had hovered in the background, warm and coy. It infused his body with a heated sort of agitation that sat just at the edge of his consciousness. He quickly learnt that just the simple act of squeezing his tight little pussy was enough to elicit a shiver of sensation. Between routines he teased himself mercilessly, adjusting his leggings so his panties pressed against his clit, just enough to maintain a constant, teasing, drag that stoked the ache.

As rehearsal ended he could feel his pussy sliding against his panties, soaked and screaming for attention, his whole body demanding release. Defiant, self-controlled grin in place, he

grabbed his coat and headed across the road to pick up some food. Kimmy's body, he realized, liked a little discipline and denial both in and out of rehearsal.

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jerked the fabric up and down, using it to pleasure himself.

The dark spot spread out to his thighs as he grew ever wetter, fondling his tits and continuing to yank the fabric up and down, masturbating Kimmy's body with the coarse seam of the tights. Every time he yanked up the outline of his pussy appeared, a beautiful perfect sight that gave him his first orgasm. He moaned loud and slow as pleasure gripped him, causing his legs to shake. He leaned against the mirror, gritting his teeth and staring into his dark eyes, the look of lust across Kimmy's face was mesmerizing. He continued yanking his tights up and down, watching his breasts heaving, his pussy appearing and disappearing beneath the fabric, the perfect folds standing out, the coarse pubic hair just visible as a shadow. And then Kimmy's body exploded again. He bit his plump lower lip to stifle a gasp as the orgasm burned its way through him. "Ohhh," he whimpered, thrusting his hips forward, riding the burning wave of pleasure through his limber body until it passed and he settled back down to earth.

He remained leaning against the mirror while he caught his breath, his honey brown hair falling in waves down his shoulder. Fuck, his leotard was soaking wet, a long wet patch spreading down both thighs. He laughed, a tingly happy sound, as he stared at the mess he'd made of his tights. Good thing he had a change of clothes.

The rest of Kimmy's schedule for the day was jammed. A costume fitting, tap rehearsal and then dinner with Kimmy's sisters. Ethan's immediate impulse, on getting Kimmy's memory of the dinner, was to cancel. But, having never had a sibling, he thought hanging out with sisters might be an interesting experience. Plus, turning down dinner with two women who looked basically like Kimmy but with slightly bigger boobs just seemed foolish.

They gathered at Kimmy's apartment. Sarah arriving first, bearing takeout and a face so like Kimmy's that Ethan found himself doing a double take. The seconds ticked by as he stared and hunted for differences, eventually detecting only three: Sarah's fractionally longer hair, her glasses and her slight baby bump.

His examination was cut short by the arrival of Beth, bounding in with a bottle of wine and complaints about the Pinot Grigio selection at Kimmy's local bodega.

Sisters, it turned out, shared everything. It started with Sarah's protracted whine about the various annoyances of pregnancy and a horror story about a pregnant friend whose hands had swelled up so much she'd had to have her rings cut off. There was lots of commiserating and then high pitched squeaking about blurry images of baby-shaped blobs, followed by a lengthy discussion on the merits of sex for inducing labor.

No topic was apparently off limits. In the course of a two-hour conversation, Ethan got Beth's full and detailed reviews of Lelo Gigi 2 Rechargeable vibrator and Sarah's Top Ten tips for sex in the second trimester. And that was before the twenty minute discussion of common male mistakes made when going down. He had an overwhelming urge to take notes. Also an overwhelming urge to kick both women out and grab the Gigi 2 he knew Kimmy had in the nightstand drawer.

The part of the evening that really stood out, however, was the moment when Sarah's husband, Logan, arrived to pick Sarah's up. He'd let himself in—Kimmy had given Sarah and Logan a spare set of keys for emergencies. And, even though Ethan knew about the

keys, he still found himself leaping up in surprise when Logan appeared in the doorway. For a moment, Ethan couldn't understand what was going on, and put the strange sensation down to being startled by Logan's sudden arrival. But it was, he quickly acknowledged, more than that.

Kimmy's body reacted instantly to Logan's presence, her heartbeat skipping and her pulse leaping to her throat. Ethan fought to suppress the surprise at the realization. Her body clearly knew something that her memories did not - Kimmy was completely in love with her sister's husband.

It wasn't exactly hard to see why. Logan was all dark blue eyes and chiseled jaw. His current look was a perfect take on end-of-day business casual—expensive suit, hint of stubble, shirt open to reveal a sliver of muscled chest—but Ethan had a pretty strong feeling that Kimmy's body wasn't just reacting to the wardrobe. She wanted him. Had clearly wanted him for some time. And she wanted him in a way that was fierce and all-consuming.

Logan headed over to the table and leaned in to give Sarah a kiss. Looking up, he eyed Kimmy and Beth. "You guys finished doing whatever it is that sisters do?" He grinned, all charm and jaw and perfect teeth. "Can I steal my wife back?"

Beth waved at Sarah dismissively. "Take her. She can't drink so she's no use to us anyway."

Ethan watched Logan offer Sarah his arm and help up, his expression warm and protective. Snaking his arm around Sarah, Ethan saw rather than heard the words murmured in Sarah's ear - "Missed you, baby."

Ethan felt the harsh flare of jealousy and the pain of stifled desire just below the surface.

He also saw the flicker of Beth's concern - clearly he hadn't done a good job of hiding his emotions.

Beth shot him a careful smile. "You ok?"

"I'm good," he replied instantly, trying to smooth Kimmy's expression into something reassuring.

It must have worked because Beth turned to Logan and Sarah and asked, "Can I hitch a ride with you guys? I should get home and pack."

Sarah nodded. "Of course. " As Logan helped her into her coat, Sarah added to Beth, "You're off to Dad's right?"

"Yep," Beth confirmed, shrugging on her coat. "A week in the burbs. Wish me luck."

They exchanged hugs goodbye. Completely unbidden, Ethan found himself leaning into the brief hug with Logan, breathing in the scent of him and holding just a beat too long.

Over the next few days, Kimmy's memories were relentless. Ethan would be coming home from rehearsal or the gym or doing any number of other things...and Kimmy's mind would throw up images of Logan. Logan in swimming trunks on that summer vacation the whole family had shared a lake house. Logan buying Sarah flowers 'just because'. Logan at family dinners. Logan smiling. Logan fixing the dishwasher. Logan kissing Sarah. Logan leading Sarah towards the bedroom with an expression that left no doubt about what they were

going to do.

The memories gored at him, digging into his peace of mind, molding his desires into one overriding need - Logan. And that was clearly never going to happen. If there was one thing that was patently clear in all the memories, it was Logan's obvious devotion to his wife.

The frustration coursed through him, and regardless of how often he grabbed the Gigi 2, Ethan was never quite satisfied. The truth was irrefutable - his body didn't want silicone; it wanted Logan.

And something had to be done.

It had cost extra, more probably than he should have paid, but it was done. He'd logged on to bodypossession.com and (wiping out every cent of his savings) paid the transfer fee to spend the last two days of his week-long swap in Sarah rather than Kimmy. Taking a deep breath, he clicked the transfer button and waited to appear in Sarah and Logan's Brooklyn apartment.

He opened his eyes.

He was, inexplicably, in the burbs.

He was also, equally inexplicably, in Beth.

And, a protracted call to a customer service rep later, he found out why. Apparently, Sarah's pregnancy required a little additional programming that some bodypossession.com tech had failed to account for. The system had therefore glitched and sent Ethan to the closest match - Sarah's younger sister.

The customer service rep was apologetic. He was also tasked with informing Ethan that the mix-up would take 6 hours to fix before he could swap to Sarah. For now, he was stuck as Beth.

Ethan ran a hand his new body, a little curvier than Kimmy, hips a little wider, boobs a little bigger. And for some reason, when he appeared in her bedroom, she was wearing a sparkly dance outfit. There were worse places to spend a 6-hour sojourn.

There was no time to explore himself before someone knocked at his bedroom door.

"Hey, honey," a deep, male voice called through the closed door, "You ready?"

Thanks to the memory upgrade, Ethan knew that the voice belonged to Beth's dad, Kurt. Beth was home visiting him for the weekend. Kurt had invited some friends over to show off his daughter and had cajoled her into slipping into her old dance outfit and doing one of her routines. Ethan pulled the door open and smiled up at Beth's dad. He was on the heavy side and graying, but his eyes sparkled with mischief as they looked him up and down.

"Wow, you look gorgeous, sweetie!"

"Thanks, daddy," Ethan grinned sheepishly, "I'm ready for my big debut."

Ethan followed Kurt downstairs. In the living room, a random assortment of chairs had been pulled in from other rooms, all facing the wall that was to be Beth's stage. About half a dozen people were there, and the audience was made up of older neighbors and friends of

her dad. He knew from Beth's inner turmoil that she didn't like being put on the spot like this, but had agreed in order to humor her dad. Ethan took his place at the side of the cleared area in front of the wall that served as a stage.

"Hi," Ethan waved shyly to the group of people seated before him.

Beth was used to the anonymity provided by the spotlights and the huge group of girls onstage with him at the theater. This setup was much more intimate and somehow more intimidating than the sold out theater performances Beth was used to. Beth's nervousness pervaded Ethan's body, but he gulped it down.

"I guess I'll just do a few of my routines. You'll have to pretend there's a big group of us up here all doing the same thing. You're welcome to join me if you'd like!"

The audience tittered and Ethan brought up the music playlist on Beth's phone, which had already been connected to the living room speakers. The music began and Ethan let his muscle memory guide him.

He kicked and whirled his way across the room, smiling brightly just as Beth would on stage. As he lifted his legs high and strutted around, he admired Beth's body. It was a little thicker than her sisters but comfortable, and still just as athletic and flexible. The sparkly leotard glimmered even in the ordinary house lights and he shimmied and shook his body, enjoying the looks of admiration on the guests' faces. His feet and arms flew to the rhythm of the music as he stepped through Beth's routine, all the way to the big finale. He landed on his knees, arms outstretched, breathing heavily, to wild applause from the small gathering.

Beth's dad approached, clapping with the others, and took Ethan's hand to help him up. Kurt planted a kiss on his daughter's sweaty forehead and then turned to the audience and gestured to Beth.

"My daughter everybody, isn't she great?"

After a few more bows, the guests turned to each other and began chatting. Ethan took a seat beside Beth's dad on the couch as the conversations continued around them.

"That was wonderful, honey."

"Thank you, daddy," Ethan said leaning his head on Kurt's shoulder and letting his auburn mass of hair drape over Kurt's back. He placed Beth's hand on Kurt's thigh, leaning his body onto the older man.

The conversation around the room soon quieted as guests began taking their leave. They said their goodbyes to Kurt and Ethan before making their way out of the house. Even as the number of guests in the house dwindled, Kurt and Ethan stayed close on the couch. Ethan had noticed that Kurt's attention had been drawn to his daughter's hand on his thigh. Ethan thought he saw a stirring beneath Kurt's pants, which he encouraged by occasionally squeezing Kurt's thigh and finding excuses to touch Kurt on the shoulder. Ethan knew from Beth's memories that this was unusual and probably due in part to her dad's medications, which affected his judgment. But Ethan was curious and his body was buzzing. Performing for Kurt's friends, having all those eyes on him, had made him warm and aroused. Finally, the last couple left and Ethan and Kurt were alone.

Ethan slipped Beth's arms around her dad's neck and gazed into his eyes. "Would you like

some water, daddy?"

"That would be great, sweetheart."

Ethan pushed himself off the couch and headed to the kitchen, letting his ass and hips sway gently. He looked back and smiled at Kurt just before he turned the corner, giggling as he caught Kurt looking at his ass. Ethan filled a glass with water. His body was crying out for attention and he knew it was wrong to tease Beth's dad, that she would never do this herself, but Kurt's total devotion to her felt wonderful and the taboo-ness of it all just made him hornier.

Ethan brought the glass back into the living room. Instead of sitting next to him, Ethan surprised Kurt by sitting in his lap. Beth's heavier butt sat pressed against her dad's crotch. He could feel his erection poking up at him, twitching beneath his ass. He held the glass to Kurt's lips as Kurt sipped. When he was done, Ethan placed the glass on the side table next to the couch, leaning forward and pressing his breasts into Kurt's chest as he did so. He sat back up and wrapped his arms around Beth's dad, smelling his comforting masculine scent.

"Oh, daddy," Ethan whispered in Kurt's ear, "Your cock feels so good on my ass."

Kurt licked his lips and looked up at his daughter. His hand slid up Beth's thigh and Ethan began rocking slowly back and forth, grinding his pussy against the bulge beneath Kurt's sweatpants. Ethan thrust Beth's fingers through Kurt's gray hair and sighed softly.

"You're making my pussy so wet, daddy."

It was true. Beth's pussy was dripping. He continued rocking back and forth as Kurt's hands explored his daughter's legs. Ethan licked his plump lips and grinded harder onto Kurt's dick, his sighs turning into throaty whimpers as heat blossomed through Beth's body.

"You're so pretty, honey," Kurt said, staring up into Ethan's eyes, lust written across his face.

"Do you like imagining my little pussy? Do you like thinking about sticking your big cock inside me?" Ethan asked. Kurt could only nod and Ethan smiled, a burning pleasure circling his body.

Ethan continued grinding back and forth, feeling Kurt's sweatpants slipping down. And suddenly Kurt's erection escaped his pants and thrust up beneath Beth's leg. Ethan shuffled on the man's lap, spreading his legs until Kurt's cock thrust up between his thighs, the bulbous head pointing towards Ethan's face. Ethan wrapped his thighs around it, brought his fingers down and wrapped them around the older man's dick, enjoying the hot heat of his cock.

"Oh, daddy," Ethan moaned, "Your dick feels so good. Can I suck it?"

Kurt nodded and Ethan slipped off his lap and knelt before the older man. Beth's memories were screaming that this was so wrong, but Ethan was too horny to stop. He wrapped his fingers back around Kurt's erection, bringing his nose close, his eyes wide as he stroked slowly. Kurt's cock seemed so thick in Beth's tiny fingers and as Ethan watched a glistening bead of precum appeared on the tip.

He brought Beth's face closer, stuck out her tongue and licked her dad's fat cock. The salty taste of him was delicious and Ethan sighed softly before opening Beth's mouth and slipping her lips over the bulbous head of Kurt's cock. Beth's dad moaned, his cock sliding slowly

into his daughter's mouth. Ethan licked the underside of the shaft as he felt the shaft slip through his lips. Kurt's cock filled his mouth, and when he pulled out he left the shaft sticky with saliva, one string still connecting the tip of the dick to Beth's lips. Gripping the base, Ethan made Beth swallow her dad's dick once more, tilting his head and swirling his tongue around Kurt's delicious cock, using his hand to help jerk off Kurt's dick as he sucked.

Beth's dad groaned and Ethan sank his lips all the way down, holding him still in his mouth, enjoying the wonderful heat filling him, nearly causing him to gag, his tiny nose buried into Kurt's pubic hair. He dragged his lips up again, growing faster, up and down the shaft as Kurt's grunting intensified, "Oh, fuck, baby," he whispered.

Ethan himself was so wet, Beth's pussy practically dripping as he forced her lips up and down her dad's cock. She felt it twitch on her tongue and pulled off him, still stroking his saliva-slick dick.

"Cum for me daddy. Please." Ethan begged.

Beth's dad grunted and gritted his teeth. Ethan felt the cock between his fingers throbbing and he aimed it at Beth's face. He stuck out his tongue just as Kurt came, shooting a white hot load all over his daughter's face. The creamy seed splashed across Ethan's eyes, his nose, landing on his tongue and trickling down his neck. The spurting soon slowed, warm seed trickling down Ethan's hand.

"Oh, daddy, that feels so nice." Ethan said, wiping the streaks of cum off his face with a delicate finger. He stuck Beth's fingers into his mouth to suck her dad's cum and was rewarded with a small orgasm. He moaned around his fingers, lapping up every drop and enjoying the wonderful taste of his salty essence as Kurt looked on in utter lust.

"Mmmm." Ethan moaned, "Oh, daddy, your cum tastes delicious."

Ethan giggled, kissed Kurt on his forehead and wiggled off him, enjoying the coldness of the damp spot between his thighs as he made his way upstairs.

Ethan slipped into bed and watched the clock, feeling an odd mix of regret and anticipation. He was actually a little sorry to be leaving Beth so soon, but the thrill of heading for Sarah had his skin tingling. At midnight he felt it - he was moving bodies.

His response, on arrival, was succinct: "Fuck!" It's not that Kimmy's body wasn't a nice place to land, it was just that it wasn't what he'd paid for. At least bodypossession.com customer service was prompt and it didn't take long for him—after he pointed out that he'd just been shifted to the wrong body for the second time—to get bumped up to talking to the manager. And that's when he got the spiel, the explanation about gestational age and system recognition of individual entities and the complexities of switching into pregnant women and the complicating factors when identical twins were in the mix. Ethan understood about six words of it but they were the relevant words - for now, Sarah was a no-go.

He was somewhat placated when the manager refunded him for the transfer to Sarah and also applied a free week-long possession credit to his account. Flushed with the knowledge that he had, essentially, just got this entire week for free, he hung up the phone and prepared to thoroughly enjoy his final 24 hours as Kimmy. Sure, he couldn't get Logan but, with a body like this, pretty much the rest of New York was gonna be interested. And the night was

young.

Ethan took his time getting ready. Lingered in the shower, he soaped his body, letting his hands meander over slippery skin. He emerged from the bathroom in huge pink robe, soft and scented and went in search of clothes, clothes that made it very clear that this body was planning to enjoy the night.

He was reaching for a black lace bra when Kimmy's phone rang - Sarah.

Ethan reluctantly picked it up. "Hello."

"Hi, girl." She had the slightly flustered tone of woman trying to do eleven things at once. "Sorry, can't talk, racing to make prenatal yoga. But I just realized I left my bag at yours when I was over for dinner. Total preggo brain!"

"Yeah." Ethan glanced out into the hallway and saw the bag nestled in a pile of junk on the table. "I see it."

"Great. Dan's going to swing by and pick it up, okay?"

Inescapable resentment bubbled to the surface and Ethan heard his tone turn petulant. "Ok."

"Thanks Kim!" Sarah continued oblivious. "Oh and I told Dan I'd meet him at yours but I wanna make this yoga class. Can you let him know I'll make my own way home?"

"Sure." Ethan hung up.

Perfect! Now he'd have to deal with Kimmy's body going totally giddy at the mere sight of sister's husband; in fact, he could already feel it warming with anticipation. For just a moment, he let himself contemplate the possibility that he could just launch himself at Logan. But he knew it was futile - he had years of Logan memories and Logan was not a guy who would cheat.

Sighing in frustration, he headed into the hall and scooped up Sarah's bag from the pile of junk. It caught, a handle hooking onto some miscellaneous bit of clutter, and the bag's contents spilled all over the floor.

"Shit." Ethan crouched to pick up the mess: a book, makeup bag, bottle of perfume, spare glasses case. A shiny object caught his eye - Sarah's wedding ring. He stared at it in surprise; Sarah must have been freaked by her own swelling pregnant fingers story and slipped off her ring.

Not understanding the impulse, Ethan grabbed the ring and slid it on. It felt solid and binding, completely right. He knew his next move, felt himself reach for Sarah's glasses and put them on. He could feel the thump of Kimmy's heart beat against her ribs, the quickening of breath as he truly comprehended what he was about to attempt.

His next moves happened fast. Sarah's perfume spritzed on his neck, a dash between his breasts. He glanced in the hall mirror. The bulky robe hid his belly but his hair looked wrong. Grabbing a hair tie, he pulled his hair into a ponytail, a few wisps of hair curling around his face. He squinted through the glasses at the mirror and Sarah squinted back.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Peeking through the peephole he saw Logan standing in the hallway. Dreamy, muscular Logan. And suddenly Ethan was committed. He opened the door wide.

“Hey, baby,” Ethan purred.

Logan's brow furrowed as he took in Ethan's appearance, his eyes flicking down to the wedding ring, up to the glasses. “Oh...Sarah?” There was a beat when Ethan didn't know whether Logan was fooled. And then, “Why are you in a robe?”

“Because Kimmy's not here...” Ethan gripped Logan's shirt and pulled him close. “And I need you to fuck me.”

This close he could smell Logan's woody scent, could feel the heat of Logan's body beneath his button down shirt. And when Logan brought his lips to the lips of the woman he thought was his wife, Ethan was in heaven. Logan's hot breath filled his mouth and Ethan twined his fingers through Logan's thick hair before pulling him into the hallway.

Ethan didn't wait for Logan to recover, he couldn't take the chance Logan would see through the disguise. He kissed his way down Logan's jaw, lips landing on his rough stubble as his fingers scrabbled for Logan's pants.

“Oh, wow...pregnancy's making....you really...horny...” Logan said between kisses.

“Lucky for you,” Ethan said as he unzipped Logan's pants and knelt before him in the hallway.

Ethan pulled down Logan's underwear and Logan's cock leapt out, bulbous and warm, the head aimed right at Ethan's slender pink lips. He wasted no time in opening his mouth and swallowing Logan's delicious cock, swirling his head around as he thrust his lips down the rock hard shaft. Kimmy's body was on fire as Ethan plunged his lips up and down, wanting to please Logan, to hold him inside.

Logan moaned “Fuuuck,” and leaned back against the wall, eyes closed as Ethan continued licking his fat cock. The taste was divine, the feeling as it filled his mouth even better. The salty taste of Logan's precum hit Ethan's tongue and he couldn't control himself any longer. He was gushing, his pussy so fucking wet and needing to be filled.

He stood and turned around, his back to Logan to hide the lack of baby bump. Hiking up his robe to reveal Kimmy's plump ass he half turned and gazed at Logan under half lidded eyes. “Fuck me. Right now.”

Logan gripped Ethan's ass, fingers digging into Kimmy's soft flesh. There was a pressure against Ethan's cunt as the head of Logan's cock slid between his legs. The pressure built as the lips of his pussy slowly spread wide and then, with a pop that was more feeling than sound, Logan entered him. Ethan moaned as the cock filled him, traveling slowly towards his center as the walls of his pussy gripped the cock like a glove. He leaned against the other wall and arched his back as Logan slid all the way inside him until he was incredibly, unbelievably full.

Logan withdrew and slipped in again and again, quicker each time, building up a rhythm until Ethan's tits wobbled back and forth below him and the rhythmic smacking of Logan's groin on Kimmy's ass filled the room. God, he never knew having a pussy could feel so good, that being pounded so hard could create such a deep ache, a yearning for more, more!

“Oh, yes. Yes. Yes.” Ethan cried with each thrust of Logan's cock. He could feel Logan's desire, the desperate urge to plunge deep inside Kimmy's body driving him onward. And

then the pleasure ignited, sending fireworks through Kimmy's body. Ethan threw back his head and moaned as Logan grunted and sank deep, his cock spasming inside Kimmy's body, filling Ethan with cum, driving him wild with an impossible fullness he never knew was possible. With one final groan Logan drove deep, his entire body pressed against Ethan's back, every warm muscle covering Ethan's own as they came together, groaning and gasping to the end. Logan staying inside for a minute as Ethan just enjoyed the closeness of their bodies, before pulling out.

Logan leaned against the wall with a look of bleary-eyed wonder. Ethan could sympathize, his whole body was thrumming with residual pleasure; treacly, warm and deliciously full. He didn't want to go anywhere but the clock in the kitchen was ticking. His possession was almost over.

He stood up, making sure to keep the robe stayed firmly in place. "Logan?"

"Yeah?" Logan grinned the grin of the recently fucked and hopelessly infatuated.

"Gimme a minute, ok." Ethan headed for the bedroom door, turning back over his shoulder and adding with a coy smile, "And then get your ass in here and fuck me again."

Logan's eyes glinted, his expression sharpening from sated to hungry in a flash. "Not sure I can wait a minute, baby."

Ethan grinned. He could feel the tension coiling in Kimmy's body, desire ramping back up again. "Then get on over here."

He felt the moment, felt the tug back to his own body and his last seconds as Kimmy were spent pondering how Kimmy would handle arriving back in her body... and finding Logan bearing down on her with a hard dick and plan to fuck her into the floor.

Ethan shrugged as he crashed back into his own body. Kimmy would figure it out. She was a dancer; she was quick on her feet.

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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. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Be My Neighbor

When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.

Little Pink Pill

Dan and Michael are two brothers who've never been really close. But that all changes when Michael doses his brother with pills that instantly transform him into a smoking hot MILF.

Deep Undercover

Claire is an undercover detective, betrayed and forcibly body swapped by the stripper who pretended to help her. Now she's fighting the clock -- and her body's physical urges -- in an effort to get her own body back before the body thief can finish her for good.

Substitute Teacher

It was supposed to be Chris's dream come true: a body swap with his hot teacher for Swap Class. But then a troublemaker was plopped into his class at the last minute and ended up in the teacher's body. And the bully intends to explore every inch of her body while Chris watches on.

Primed for Takeover

Emily has the proverbial all - youth, wealth and a luscious body that's absolutely screaming for attention. But her life is about to change when she meets a mysterious older woman. All seems fun until Emily discovers that the woman wants to take over her life and her body...and has the means to do so.

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body

Swapping bodies with his sister for a day has given Neil the chance to finally punish her for her cruelty. And the best way to punish her is to give in to his every desire.

Mirror Mirror

Alyssa thought she'd lost everything when her twin sister imprisoned her in a cell and assumed her identity. Trapped and in despair, Alyssa thought she had nothing else to lose. She was wrong; she still had her body. Until her sister came to transform that, too.

Ticket to Ride

She's a gorgeous, sexy stranger and soon I'll be inside her body and able to explore at my

leisure.

BodyPossession.com

A young man's life is turned upside down when he finds a website that allows users to possess anyone's body...for a price.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

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

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

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Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

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Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories