

## **Deviants (Part 2)**

*M2F Body Theft*

by M. Wills

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*Tim*

The meeting place was a picnic bench near the lake that no one ever went to. By the time Tim arrived, Ross and Sam (better known on the message boards as Zealous1) were already there, though Tim didn't immediately know who was inside who but he definitely knew the girls at the table were inhabited. There was no other reason that chirpy blonde cheerleader Piper would have her face thrust deep between nerdy Kimmy's legs.

Kimmy was on her back on top of the picnic table, her shirt up around her neck, grabbing two handfuls of her own breasts. Her fingers never stopped moving, squeezing her own slender tits. Her eyes were shut tight, mouth open to let out occasional little cries. Piper was kneeling between Kimmy's legs, her face firmly planted between Kimmy's creamy thighs, tongue deep in her pussy. Piper's ass was in the air, her skirt hiked up and she had her free hand between her own legs, fingers sliding through her slickness as she licked Kimmy.

The two girls moaned louder as they stroked and approached their orgasms. Kimmy flopped back onto the table and arched her back, fingers digging into her soft tits as she cried out, her entire body trembling as she came. Piper moaned, too, her cries muffled by Kimmy's pussy, her orgasm much more subdued.

Ever since Tim had become permanently stuck in Faith's body he'd been reluctant to join in the orgies. A part of him wanted to do it, knowing how easy it would be to explore their ripe young bodies. Another part of him understood that this was his new life now and he didn't want to get the reputation that the other girls were getting. So he simply waited patiently until the two on the picnic table were done and then cleared his throat.

“Hi, ladies, sorry to interrupt.”

Kimmy's eyes snapped open but when she saw it was Tim they softened. She slowly pushed herself into a sitting position as Piper sat up, wiping her face and adjusting her skirt back around herself. Piper's laughing eyes were unusually somber as she shifted on the bench. Though her black skirt was now pulled down, she sat with her legs apart, like a guy, allowing Tim to see the white flash of her panties. He could imagine just how damp they were but he tamped down his excitement. Kimmy pushed her glasses up her nose and folded her arms beneath her tiny chest as Tim approached.

“That was...interesting,” Tim chirped.

“You can cut it out,” Kimmy said, “I've adjusted the helmets so the girls are asleep while anyone's inside them. They won't remember a thing.”

“Good,” Tim said, dropping his fake smile and addressing Kimmy, who was apparently inhabited by Ross at the moment. “Cause I don't want you to mess this up for me.”

“Mess this up for *you*?” Ross said, jumping down from the bench, causing Kimmy's black hair to fall across her forehead where he pushed it back out of his eyes, “We don't want *you* messing this up

for *us*.”

“That's right,” Sam agreed, twisting a strand of Piper's blonde hair between his fingers. “We want to know who's side you're on.”

“I thought you wanted me to come here so we could figure out what to do about Melissa.”

“Who's Melissa?” Sam asked.

“My-- Faith's older sister,” Ross said, tossing his auburn fringe back out of his eyes with a flick of his head that was now practiced and almost unconscious. “She knows all about the message board and the helmets and what you guys are doing.”

“How?” Ross said, arching one of Kimmy's thick brows.

Tim pushed Faith's glasses up the bridge of his freckled nose. “Apparently there was a lot of talk when the girls were possessed but still conscious.”

“Does she know about you?” Ross added.

“I don't think so. She doesn't seem suspicious. But it sounds like she's been all over the message boards.”

“That's impossible,” Ross said, “I locked the boards down. There haven't been any new members for a while.”

“How can you be sure that Melissa's not one of the old members?”

Ross tugged on Kimmy's lower lip in thought. “Then we have to take her and her friends.”

“I've only got one tab left.”

“I'll make some more. You need to talk to Melissa and find out what she knows.”

“That's going to be hard without Kimmy's memories. If Melissa is wary of impostors I'm going to have to act like Kimmy. But I have no idea what she's like when she's at home.”

“There's got to be a way to interface with their memories,” Ross mused. “For now just keep an eye on Melissa.”

“I can't believe I skipped band practice for this,” Tim grumbled, turning on his heel and stalking away down the path.

Of course, Tim knew that Ross and Sam didn't give a shit. They had lives they could go back to. Tim was seriously beginning to doubt Ross was concerned about Tim at all. If all Faith's friends were infected with horny guys it would make a chance at a normal life for Tim that much harder. Maybe he was on the wrong side here.

Tim pondered his predicament all the way back to Faith's house. He tensed up when he saw Melissa's car outside the house. Melissa had come home from law school a few days ago after her midterms. She'd apparently been in contact with some of her high school friends, a group that included some of the girls that had been controlled. That first night back she'd mentioned to Tim that something strange was going on. Tim (before he realized he'd be stuck in Faith's body forever) had been pretty careless, doing and saying things the real Faith probably wouldn't. Now he found himself nervous in Melissa's presence, wanting to assure her that he was actually Faith but having no way to reliably do so.

Entering through the front door, he heard voices in the kitchen and followed them to find Melissa and Katie sitting at the kitchen table talking quietly. They looked up as he entered, faces carefully neutral.

With Melissa's wavy auburn hair, heart shaped face and sea green eyes, there was no doubt that she and Faith were sisters. Melissa carried herself a little more conservatively and was slightly more serious, but with the same pale features as her younger sister. She sat at the table, legs crossed at the ankle. She wore some loose fitting black pants and a loose, long-sleeve blouse that covered her body and didn't show much skin.

Katie sat next to her, slender ebony hands resting around a cup of tea. Her face was a bit plain but expressive, with large dark eyebrows and plump lips. Katie's t-shirt had the logo of Dark Horse Kill, which seemed to be some sort of metal band. The cotton fabric clung gently to her slender figure.

"Hi, Mel," Tim said, dropping his backpack on the kitchen counter and coming over to give her a squeeze, which she returned.

"Hey, Faith. How's things?"

"Oh, nothing new, really," Tim replied as he busied himself in the cupboards, pretending to look for an after school snack but really just buying time to think of how he could find out what Melissa knew and how she knew it.

"Band practice okay?"

Tim grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl and joined them at the table. "I actually skipped it."

Melissa glanced at Katie. "Oh yeah?" Melissa raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah. Kimmy and Piper wanted to meet me after school. Said they had something they needed to talk to me about. Important and secret."

"How is Piper?"

"She's, um—" Tim took a bite of his apple. "She's a little weird lately. You noticed that?"

"Weird how?" Melissa pressed.

Tim shrugged. "I don't know." He leaned close, conspiratorially. "She's, like, not herself. Doesn't act the same. She's a lot more, uh, sexual?" He finished, his cheeks coloring slightly.

Katie nodded. "I heard that she and Ariel had a...um...blow job contest at the mall."

"What?" Tim said, truly shocked. He was no longer a regular user of the message boards and this was the first he'd heard of this.

"Yeah, it was all over the school. And that's not all. I've heard that Ariel and some of her friends have gone, like, all the way with each other. Full on lesbian stuff." Katie sipped on her tea and blushed, both scandalized and amused to share such gossip.

"There have been some particularly gross stories going around," Melissa wrinkled her nose. "But Katie and I think there's something deeper happening."

"What do you mean?"

Melissa leaned close. "This is going to sound crazy. But we think there's a group of girls at your school, Piper and Kimmy included, who are being controlled or possessed or something by a guy."

"Or a group of guys," Katie added.

"That's crazy."

"I know, it sounds it," Melissa continued placing her hand on Tim's, "But I have reason to believe it's true. Faith, look at me."

Melissa slid her hand against the back of Tim's head and brought their foreheads together gently. Melissa's hair tickled Tim's face and his entire vision was taken up by Melissa's sea green eyes and her flowery perfume filled his nose.

"Sister to sister," Melissa continued, "I need you to believe this. I need you to help us."

"Okay," Tim replied. "I will."

Melissa's fingers slid down the back of Tim's head and across his neck as she released him. "Good. We need you to keep an eye out on your friends. See who's acting strange. I think I know a way to free them but we'll need to know *everyone* involved." Melissa turned to Katie. "Your parents are out of town, right?"

"For another couple days."

"Good. Tell the other girls to meet us over there tonight. We've got to stop these guys."

"Agreed," Tim said.

Melissa and Kate pushed themselves away from the table. Tim hurried upstairs to tell the message board what he'd discovered. This whole thing seemed to be on its way to crashing down around them and Tim wanted to escape unscathed. If the only way to do that was to capture more girls then so be it. He would deal with the consequences of that behavior later, but it was important to secure his own life now.

Tim was halfway up the stairs when a bout of dizziness hit him and he stumbled against the wall. Memories welled up from his mind, like a dam had burst, images from Faith's perspective: Faith's fifth birthday party when her parents had rented a horse and put a horn on its head to call it a unicorn, Faith's first furtive kiss in the closet at a middle school party, the stress of her driver's test that she'd aced with ease. Suddenly Tim knew everything about her life as if he'd lived it himself. He could remember the excitement and nervousness as her breasts started to grow, as she became interested in boys, as she touched herself for the first time.

Tim entered Faith's room and looked around, everything transformed by her memories. There was a depth of history that he'd been missing: The gaudy little glass unicorn on the dresser was a final birthday gift from her grandfather; the emerald green dress peeking out of the closet her favorite outfit; the band poster on the wall the reminder of her first concert.

Tim rushed to the mirror and looked at Faith's face. His usual desire for her was there as he traced his eyes across her pretty freckled nose, her gorgeous cheeks, down the slight swell of her breasts—so perky beneath her shirt—and down to her nicely shaped legs. But it was bound up with an intimate familiarity with her body, as though he knew every inch from living inside it for eighteen years. He smiled at himself, watching Faith's face beam in the mirror as he let the memories drift through his mind. He'd come up to Faith's room to do something that totally escaped him now as he stared into his own eyes while the familiar mixed with the new inside his head.

Melissa drove them both over to Katie's house that evening after dinner. They'd slipped away from their parents on the premise of sister time. Tim used his full depth of Faith's memories during the car ride, bringing up the last time she and Melissa had gone out together right before Melissa had gone off for her first semester in law school.

"Oh, that restaurant was so good but I haven't been back there," Tim said, "What was it? La Mescuccio?"

"Il Vespucci," Melissa replied, glancing at him briefly.

“That's right,” Tim cried, excitedly.

Now that Tim had Faith's memories, he knew that Melissa was acting strange. She was more subdued than usual, more serious. Tim tried to joke with her but was met with half-hearted laughter. Tim chalked it up to nerves. The last five minutes of the drive were in silence, the only sound that of the wind whistling through the windows.

Melissa parked in front of a large two story house at the end of a cul-de-sac that looked similar to all the other houses in the neighborhood. A few other cars were parked out front and there were some lights on downstairs. Melissa and Tim got out and Tim followed her down the few steps to the front door.

Melissa pushed the door open and they found themselves in a large front hall. Double doors led off to some sort of living room and wide, carpeted stairs stood directly in front of them.

“Hello?” Melissa called out.

Katie poked her head out from the living room. “Hi Mel, Faith. Come on in.”

Melissa gestured for Tim to go first and he rounded the corner. Katie took a seat on the couch and glanced behind his left shoulder. Before Tim could move two people swooped in and grabbed either arm, yanking them roughly back behind his back.

“Hey!” Tim shouted as something twisted around his hands, tying them together.

He was spun around and pushed onto the couch as Melissa called out, “Careful, she's still my sister.”

Tim found himself sitting on the couch looking up at Melissa and two other girls whose names he plucked from Faith's memories: Jessa and Alex.

Jessa was chewing nervously on a strand of her wavy blonde hair. The expression on her normally kind face was one of anger and fear. Faith's memories bubbled to the surface and Tim recognized the tie dyed spaghetti strap top that draped from her slender frame as one they'd picked out together at a little shack on the beach during summer break.

Alex was a petite Japanese girl a year older than Faith who was studying to become a vet. She had a wide innocent face and black hair with chocolate brown highlights from being out in the sun. She shifted uncomfortably and adjusted her large round glasses as she glared down at Tim.

Katie moved in on one side as Melissa leaned over him. “Get out of my sister, you creep!” Melissa growled, shaking with rage.

“What are you talking about, Mel?” Tim tried.

She slapped him suddenly across the cheek. It snapped Tim's head to one side, his auburn hair flying across his face. He felt his cheek burning. Tears came to his eyes.

“Melissa, it's me, Faith. I don't know what you're--” Tim tried again.

Melissa slapped him on the other cheek, and now *she* was crying. “You piece of shit. You're not my sister. I felt that *thing* on the back of your neck this afternoon. I've been on your message board. You're some creepy guy doing who knows what to my sister and I want you out.”

Tim hung his head as a tear dripped down his nose. “I can't,” he whispered.

“What do you mean you can't?” Melissa growled as Jessa and Alex traded looks.

“I mean...my original body died. I can't go back. I've got nothing to go back *to*. This is my life now. But, Melissa, I *am* Faith now.”

Melissa's face dropped. "So where's my sister?"

"I'm telling you, I'm your sister," Tim sniffed. "I have her memories. Her life. I remember everything she does. I remember when we were on vacation in Florida and we snuck out to go that cheesy club and we just ended up sitting in a corner and laughing at everyone else acting dumb. I remember--"

"Stop." Melissa said, taking off her glasses and rubbing her eyes. She was crying now and Katie stood to comfort her. "You're just some...impostor."

"I don't want to be. I want to be Faith. I want to be Faith." Now Tim was sobbing, great hitching gasps as he wished to fit in to his new life.

"Oh, yeah?" Jessa said, "Then help us stop these guys. Break the uplink or whatever. Find out who's got a tab on their neck. End this."

"Yes!" Tim nodded his head, sniffing.

"We have to get to the guy that started this whole thing," Kate said, patting Melissa. "Shut down the message board. Destroy everything. You help us do that and then maybe I'll believe that you want to be Faith."

"Yes. Absolutely! The guy's name is..." Tim paused, searching for the name of the guy who'd started it all. "His name is..." Tim tried again, but there was a blank spot in his memory, like the guy's name was just on the tip of his tongue. He couldn't remember what he looked like. Couldn't remember where he lived.

"Well?" Jessa smirked.

"I don't know. He's...my memories. When he gave me Faith's memories he must have taken away my own. That fucking bastard." Tim spat.

Melissa wiped her eyes and glared down at him. "Do you remember anything?"

"I...yes. I remember where I used to live. I remember...I had a helmet!"

"A what?" Alex asked.

"A helmet. It interfaced with these...shit I can't even remember what they're called. This thing in my neck. There's got to be a way we can reverse engineer it."

"What do you mean? Reverse engineer it to do what, exactly?" Alex asked. Now they were all staring at him.

"I mean...we can use the helmet to take over *their* bodies. Control *them*. The connection has to work both ways. I just need to figure out how."

"Mutually assured destruction," Jessa muttered.

There was a silence as the girls looked at each other, hope appearing on their faces. Finally, Melissa broke the silence: "We need to jump on this now before anyone else gets infected."

"Can you get to your place tonight?" Jessa asked Tim.

Tim nodded. "It's not that far away. I hid a spare key in one of my plants. As long as no one's taken all my stuff there shouldn't be a problem."

"How do we know we can trust you?" Jessa asked again, folding her arms.

"You can't," Tim said. "But you have to."

*Melissa*

Melissa and Faith drove in silence, the only sound the voice of the phone calling out directions. Melissa had conflicting feelings towards the impostor sitting in the seat next to her. It was some fucked up amalgamation of a shithead stranger and her own sister. She looked like Faith and she had all Faith's memories, but she wasn't Faith. God, she even moved like Faith, fluffing up her hair just as she used to. But she had a whole other life. Hell, *she* used to be a *he*. Probably did all sorts of perverted things to Faith. Melissa forced her thoughts away from that path. It seemed the Faith part of her personality was winning and right now Melissa had to concentrate on making sure what happened to Faith didn't happen to anyone else.

“That's the one,” Faith said, pointing to a dark house.

They parked and got out, sneaking around to the back of the house so no one would see them. Faith poked around in the small rock garden and came up with a spare key that unlocked the back door. A darkened kitchen faced on an even darker hallway. They used their phones as flashlights to go up the stairs, not wanting to alert the neighbors to the presence of two strangers by turning on any light.

“In here,” Faith said, leading them into a bedroom.

A small mattress with a tangle of sheets sat on the floor. Most of the rest of the room was taken up with wires and computer parts. Faith shut the blinds and dug around the junk on the table for the helmet. It was a sleek looking modified motorcycle helmet with various wires and sensors poking out. She plugged it into the computer and booted everything up.

“They haven't canceled my power yet. That's good.” Faith watched the computer loading as Melissa took a seat on the low bed, her knees practically up to her elbows.

Melissa watched Faith pick up the helmet and start to slip it on.

“Hold on,” Melissa said, “How do I know you won't just meet up with them and betray us all?”

Faith paused. “Well. *You* could go in.”

She offered Melissa the helmet. Reluctantly, Melissa took it. There was no other option. Not when it seemed that the takeover of her remaining friends was imminent. Faith helped adjust the sensors over Melissa's eyes and down beneath her hair onto the back of her neck. Faith flicked the switch on the side of the helmet.

“Let me know what message you see.”

There was a brief loading screen, diagnostics flashing across her field of vision. And then...

“Nothing.” Melissa said.

“Hmm, figured.” Melissa heard some typing. “Looks like this unit's been disconnected from the system.”

Faith helped Melissa remove the helmet and then turned to the computer, opening programs, typing here and there, consulting various websites.

“Fortunately,” she continued as she worked, “He left my computer abilities in tact. Big mistake...guy who's name I don't remember.”

After about an hour of Faith making various noises ranging from frustration to happiness, she finally turned to Melissa.

“Ok, the helmet should work now.”

Melissa put the helmet back on and booted it up. This time a simple menu came up with five options.

“What are subjects one through five?” Melissa asked.

“That means there are five girls with those things on their necks that are able to be controlled.”

Melissa gritted her teeth. It was even more than they had suspected.

“I have to warn you,” Faith continued, “The only way this is going to work is if someone else is already in the person you pick. So they could be doing...anything. Once I've got a lock on the other person I'll push you into their body.”

Faith helped Melissa lie back on the bed. Melissa tried not to think of when the last time the sheets had been washed. She had to focus.

“When you're ready,” Faith continued, “Say 'Begin program subject five'. When you're done say 'end program'.”

Melissa took a deep breath. Might as well see who was last to be taken. “Begin program subject five.”

Her body blinked out of existence. Suddenly she was standing in someone else's bedroom staring at Jessa, who was staring back at her. Someone—a young man—was standing behind Jessa, his arms wrapped around her waist. Melissa could feel the pressure of the man's arms, feel his gentle kisses on her neck, and realized she was looking in a mirror. Jessa had been taken, and now Melissa was inside her.

It was difficult for Melissa to get her bearings at first with all the sensations from Jessa's body assaulting her mind. Jessa was plumper than Melissa, heavier and with wider thighs and a bigger butt. She had a cute face, with wide, innocent green eyes. Her jean shorts were already unbuttoned and her plump ass was pressed back against the man behind her, already a throbbing hardness was making itself felt from within the man's pants. Jessa's dirty-blonde hair tickled Melissa's shoulders, and her brow was wrinkled, eyes half closed as she stroked the man behind her. Melissa could feel the contrast between Jessa's body type and her own. Jessa was balanced differently, the extra padding in her butt and thighs shaping the way she shifted and moved. The sights and sounds of the world were slightly different filtered through Jessa's senses.

Suddenly, the man's hands were sliding up her new body, lifting Jessa's white v-neck shirt, revealing a little hint of her slight paunch of a tummy. Melissa went to stop him, to grab his hands and thrust him away, but Jessa's body didn't obey. Instead, Melissa found her arms rising into the air to let the man pull the shirt up and over her head. She tossed back her blonde hair and the man—a young guy with spiky blond hair and a sharp, weasle-ish face—leaned on her shoulder, wrapping his hands around her and clasping them across her tummy as they gazed at Jessa's body together. Melissa felt a smile appear on her face, reflected on Jessa's face in the mirror, as her hands began roaming across her new form, jiggling her little stomach. Melissa had no control over Jessa's body. She was stuck as a passenger, forced to experience her own friend getting naked with a stranger.

With no control she couldn't even end the program. She just had to hope Faith worked fast. Melissa tried to look at the man behind her, to remember his appearance so she could pick him out later, but she was distracted by the strangeness of the situation, and the way her body *yearned* to give itself to the man.

The man kissed Jessa's shoulder and a delicious shiver went through her. Then he unclasped her bra and Melissa found herself slipping it to the floor, her hands coming up on their own accord to grasp her friend's tits. They were smaller than Melissa's, just two slight peaks topped with pink nipples that were already growing erect. But they were much more sensitive. As her new fingers pinched the fat nipples, her body shook with a brief flare of pain-mingled pleasure. Despite Melissa's disgust at seeing her friend naked, at being manhandled by this creep, Jessa's body was warming, a growing desire building within her. It must be the man inside Jessa, pushing his desire through her body to be picked up by Melissa.

Melissa wanted to scream, to run away. She didn't want to watch her friend get topless and fondle her breasts, didn't want to watch Jessa wiggle her butt back against the man and squeeze her tits, but she had no choice. The stranger inside seemed to take great joy in Jessa's body, running her hands up and down herself, taking a handful of her stomach and jiggling happily. The young man's hands slid up behind Melissa, and now he, too, was fondling Jessa's tits. Melissa found herself sighing and laying her head back. His hands felt so incredible across her body, as though that was exactly what she needed. The man's desire grew and he pressed his hardness against her backside, both of them wanting it.

Jessa's body turned and draped her arms around the man's neck to kissed him. Her tongue slipped into his mouth as Melissa felt herself grind against him, blonde hair falling down her cheeks. Her hand wandered down the guy's body and Melissa felt it slip beneath his pants.

*God no*, Melissa begged helplessly, even as her fingers wrapped around the man's solid shaft and her lips curled into a smile. Jessa's hand stroked the guy slowly as they kissed. He slipped his fingers through her blonde hair and forced their lips together as his other hand came back to her tits, squeezing almost painfully in his eagerness for Jessa's body. She moaned into his mouth, a desperate sound of arousal that rose up from her depths. God, Melissa felt her own wetness, couldn't escape the delight lighting a fire within her body.

Then Melissa was on her knees, Jessa's blonde hair tossed over her shoulder as she unbuttoned the guy's pants, pulling them down and freeing his cock. She grasped it again, its welcome warm-hardness filling her fingers. And now Melissa was forced to stroke it with her friend's hand, her head coming closer and closer to the swollen tip before her mouth opened and she swallowed it. Melissa wanted to gag as her lips were forced down the shaft, but Jessa's body only registered delight as she coated the shaft with her saliva, lips rising and falling. The cock seemed huge in Jessa's mouth, dragging across her tongue nearly to the back of her throat as his musky scent filled her nose. She swirled her head around, tongue pressed against the underside of the shaft, lips concave with effort as she blew the young man faster and harder. He moaned above her, hands twisting through her hair as her head moved up and down, the cock filling and retreating Jessa's mouth as Melissa begged futilely for it to end, her pleas amounting to nothing as she was forced to continue sucking him off.

Melissa felt Jessa's body turning towards the mirror, lips coming off the cock as her hand continued stroking the slick shaft while she grinned at her reflection, the topless teen stroking the saliva slick dick. Jessa's eyes were half lidded as she continued jerking the man off, body undulating, lowering her face to lick the drops of pre-cum off the head before returning her attention to the mirror. Melissa found her body getting off on the site of her plump body on her knees worshipping this cock. She found Jessa's lips opening, swallowing the cock again, quicker this time, urgent and needy as she grunted and moaned around the dick, driving her lips down as far as she could along the shaft with an utter desire to taste his release.

With a groan he came. There was a brief instant of warning when his cock throbbed between her lips, and then his hot cum jetted across her tongue. Jessa swallowed it all, lips clamped around the hot shaft as spurt after spurt of hot cum filled her. Melissa tasted it through her friend's tongue, the creamy seed filling their belly as Jessa drank it down, moaning like a whore. It seemed to go on forever, spilling from her mouth and dripping down her chin..

When at last it was over, Jessa pulled the dick from her mouth and licked it slowly, savoring the last few drops of cum before kissing her way down his sticky shaft and nuzzling against the base, rubbing the mix of saliva and cum across her chubby cheeks and nose. Melissa found herself standing and helping the young man sneak out of Jessa's darkened house. Jessa returned to her room and had just started stroking her bare breasts again when Melissa pitched forward, her hands coming out to catch her, only then realizing that she had control over her friend's body. The man had left but Melissa was still here. What the hell had happened with Faith? Much as Melissa wanted to clean Jessa off and help her back into bed, she needed to get out of this body before she got trapped again by the next visitor.

“End program,” Melissa whispered.

Darkness surrounded her and she felt the lumpy mattress beneath her. Her neck was sore and her throat dry. She scrambled for the straps and felt Faith helping her. Pulling off the helmet, she dropped it onto the bed. She ached from where one of the sensors had been digging into her neck and she brought her hand up to feel the sore spot, a horrible premonition running through her. But all she felt was her own skin. No metal disk inside her, thank god. For an instant she had expected Faith to betray her. She dropped her hand and covered her eyes, feeling the tears welling up. She'd been helpless to stop them and had just left her friend confused and alone and covered with a stranger's filth. And worst of all she'd loved sucking the stranger's dick so much. She could still remember how she'd been forced to enjoy Jessa's body as it burned bright with desire.

*Tim*

Tim stroked Melissa's hair and comforted her. Her sobs slowed even as Tim's thoughts raged in conflict. He remembered being himself, remembering the joy at taking Faith's body for the first time. But he also had Faith's memories of being taken, and the terror at finding his body no longer his own. He felt sad for Melissa, remembering her as a sister. And he was disappointed she still saw him as a stranger. He was both, trapped between two lives.

“Who was it?” He asked.

“Jessa. They got Jessa now. What happened? Why didn't it work?” Melissa glared at him, shrugging off his arm.

Tim moved over on the bed and sighed. “I tried but I couldn't get a lock on him. His helmet kept switching protocols. If we can get a direct IP address and some more power to the helmet I can work around it but I don't know how to get that.”

“Can you get their IP address if they've logged onto the message board?,” Melissa asked.

“What message board?” There were annoying blank spots within Tim's memory. He remembered the helmet but couldn't remember anything else about who or what was involved.

Melissa stood on shaky legs and went to the computer on the desk. Tim stood over her shoulder as she typed in a url and logged in to a message board that triggered a vague feeling of *deja vu*.

“Good. I haven't been deleted yet,” Melissa said, swinging around to face him.

Melissa explained how she'd made her username before the message board operator had gotten suspicious and began purging people. In fact, Melissa's friends had also created usernames, but the others had been booted during Ross's paranoid phase. Melissa had been careful to comment believably on a post every now and then, forcing herself to participate in order to keep her cover.

Melissa stood and Tim took her place at the keyboard, browsing through the headings. “Wow, I don't remember any of this.”

He poked around a bit, opening a thread and then quickly closing it as the pictures started loading, a quick flash of one of Faith's friend's naked bodies appearing onscreen. After a few minutes he was able to identify one of the recurring IP addresses.

“Ding! Ding! Ding!” Tim said, a mannerism he'd taken directly from Faith. He felt Melissa hugging him from behind, which gave him a warm glow.

“So you can do it?”

“I think so. But it's going to take some work and some supplies.”

“What do you need?”

Tim spent the next two days tinkering with the helmet and testing for security vulnerabilities inside the possession program, trying to do it in a way that made it seem like an anonymous hacker rather than a deliberate targeted attempt. Fortunately, his computer knowledge was untouched, though the great gaps in his personal life still bothered him. He was determined to get those back, to reconcile who was then with who he was now. Faith could be his second chance at life.

Melissa ran errands and hung out with him for most of the day. They only returned home at night for dinner and sleep, covering to their parents by claiming they were having “sister bonding” time. But for Tim it really did seem like bonding time. Melissa seemed to open up to him the more they hung out, as if she was seeing him more and more like the old Faith and eventually they were even giggling like, well, school girls. While he worked, she kept an eye on the message board. They gained access to the schedule and found that their high school friends were now booked solid from morning to evening. Melissa hadn't needed to pretend to be unaware Jessa had been taken, as Jessa's behavior had altered significantly. She hung out with the four other taken girls, all of them joining in the filthiest deeds imaginable. The gossip spread quickly through the school, and the four were soon known as the easy lays. Pictures of their exploits filled the message boards.

On the third evening, everything changed. Melissa was lying on Tim's bed in his old room (she'd changed and washed the sheets) and Tim was at the computer, modifying some of the helmet code when all of a sudden his fingers paused, refusing to obey his commands. He couldn't all out a warning, finding himself suddenly trapped in Faith's body. His eyes flicked across the screen and his mouth tightened. Tim found himself turning to Melissa.

“I've got to use the toilet,” he said, his body standing and walking out.

No matter how much Tim tried he couldn't fight the person in his mind, couldn't warn Melissa of what was happening. His body strolled to the bathroom, shut and locked the door, then turned to the mirror. Faith's cute face was set in a scowl as she leaned over the sink, staring into her own eyes, so close he could see the pores in Faith's freckled skin.

“What the hell do you think you're doing?” Faith's voice demanded. After a beat, during which Tim didn't try to speak, his body added: “You can say something. But if you scream or alert Melissa in any way you will never get this body back.”

“I was...” he began, finding he had control of Faith's mouth but nothing else, “I was getting my memories back.”

“I thought you didn't need your memories. You said Faith was your life now.”

Tim realized that he could only be talking to Ross.

“She is. But I want to know who I was. Not a very good second chance at life if I can't remember my old mistakes.”

“You're trying to stop us.”

“Yes.” There was no point in Tim denying it. “How long have you been inside me?”

He felt his head cock to one side. “Off and on for a while. I've heard everything. It doesn't have to be this way. We can both get what we want. I can give you your memories back, and you can give us some more acquisitions.”

“You want my sister.”

“Melissa. Yes.”

“First you give me access and allow me to decouple this body from your machine. Permanently. Remove the little thing in my neck. I don't ever want to be taken over again.”

There was a pause, then: “Agreed.”

*Melissa*

Faith returned to the room in tears. “Melissa,” she sobbed, “They know everything.”

“What?”

Melissa rose from the bed and Faith rushed into her arms. Between her sobs Faith explained how the tab in her neck was still active and that she'd been taken over and offered a deal to betray her friends.

“I lied and told them I would help, but no way they're going to let me go. We have to get them now.”

Faith pushed away from Melissa with renewed determination. Wiping her eyes, she sat at the computer and logged into the message board.

“There's a new girl. She's being taken over right now. You need to jump into her and follow the attacker's mind back to his body.”

“How do I do that?” Melissa asked as Faith helped strap her back into the helmet.

“You need to immerse yourself in his thoughts. Hide inside them and I'll connect you together from my end. When he returns to his own body he'll take you with him.”

“You mean I have to basically become him?”

“Yes. You have to embrace it fully.”

Melissa lay back on the bed and adjusted herself into a comfortable position. She didn't much like the idea of becoming the guy who was using one of her friends but they didn't seem to have many other options. She heard Faith typing and then the menu appeared in front of Melissa's eyes. There was a new subject.

“Begin program subject six.” Melissa said.

Melissa was suddenly standing at the front of her history classroom. It was empty except for her—whoever she was now—and the history teacher, Mr. Foster. He was an older guy with neatly combed black hair starting to gray. Sophisticated. Popular with the students. And now Melissa found herself gripping the bottom of her lacy top and peeling it up, showing off an exquisite ebony body with a trim tummy and slender breasts clasped by a plain white bra. Melissa's new face and Mr. Foster were both staring down at Melissa's new tits.

“What do you think, Mr. Foster?” Melissa's new voice asked.

“You're a beautiful girl, Katie.”

“And you're a lucky man. Because you can have me.”

So Melissa was inside Katie. Katie the good girl. Katie, the exemplary student. Katie the shy,

introverted virgin. And Melissa found Katie's hand reaching out to grab Mr. Foster's hand and guide it to her breast. He didn't resist as his warm palm landed on her bra. His long fingers covered Katie's breast and he squeezed softly, barely breathing, so taken with Katie's body.

Melissa fought her disgust as Mr. Foster pawed at her friend's body. She reached out with her thoughts to touch the other strange mind controlling Katie. As their minds connected she felt an instant of desire for Katie, the warmth cycling through her, before she pulled away again with revulsion. The stranger's desire was so raw, delighting in Katie's skin. It was repulsive.

Melissa found her fingers tossing away her top and unclasping her bra. Dropping it to the floor, her hands came up to her new breasts. They were soft peaks, elegantly curved, the tan nipple topping each one like a cherry on a sundae. She grabbed one of her breasts, fondling herself, as Mr. Foster joined in, cupping Katie's other little tit and leaning down to kiss the nipple.

“You're so beautiful,” Mr. Foster breathed.

Melissa had to do sacrifice her discomfort to save her friend. She steeled herself, and then opened her mind wide. Suddenly she could feel every inch of desire, a startling delight in the strangeness of her supple body. The hand on her breast was welcome now, and she felt herself squeezing her other tit harder, a little moan escaping her lips. Mr. Foster knelt and kissed one tit, his hands sliding down her tummy, over the delicious curve of her ass, around her tummy and back, circling her body, greedy for every inch. His touch was both tender and firm, sensitive to how Katie's body reacted.

Melissa shared in the stranger's desire for Katie's body, suddenly wanting to see her friend naked, wanting to watch her beautiful black body twist and wiggle as someone slipped into her wetness. Still kissing Mr. Foster, she unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down. Standing on one leg at a time she pulled them off, losing her balance and placing a hand on Mr. Foster's chest for balance. He pulled back and she giggled shyly. And now it *was* Melissa controlling Katie. Her desires entwined with the attacker and she wanted what he wanted: to be taken as Katie.

Mr. Foster brushed a lock of her thick coffee-brown hair behind an ear and cupped her chin. He stared deeply into her eyes and she blushed. Then he brought their lips together again, one hand sliding down her back to cup her ass and gently pull her towards him. Melissa pressed Katie's body against her teacher, feeling the hard bulge beneath his dress pants as she gave herself to him, opening Katie's mouth and letting Mr. Foster's tongue circle inside, tasting her. She stroked the bulge, feeling her own body grow warm and wet.

Mr. Foster pulled back and helped her onto his desk. The wood was cold beneath her butt and she instinctively crossed her legs. But Mr. Foster shook his head and placed a heavy hand on each leg, spreading her apart slowly. She let him, and all three of them gazed down into Katie's folds. Her black bush was wild and untamed, but beneath Melissa could see the cocoa lips of her pussy. She knew how wet she was, knew she wanted to share it with the teacher. She had never thought pussies were particularly beautiful, never really thought about them at all, actually. But now it was the sexiest thing she'd ever seen, nestled between her smooth, chocolate thighs. Her silky body was so naked, so gorgeous. It would be even prettier with a hot cock slamming inside it. The thought came suddenly and made her burn with desire. Melissa embraced it, urging Katie's desire through her.

Mr. Foster knelt between her legs and nestled his face in her lap. He inhaled deeply, sighing, enjoying her scent before sticking out his tongue and running it slowly up her slit, tasting her. His hot breath filled her and Melissa shuddered, squirming as he spread her apart and lapped at her unfolding clit. She moaned, her hand returning to her tit as though she'd never felt a breast before, fully immersed in the stranger's lust for Katie's body. Staring down at her naked body, she saw the brief flash of pink between her legs, felt Mr. Foster tasting her, making her body wonderfully tense in a way that cried out for release. Mr. Foster continued licking at her pussy and she grew ever wetter, slippery with her own juices as pleasure gnawed at her, a tension building inside her that

broke suddenly, making her clap her legs together around Mr. Foster's head and gasp "Oh!" in a tiny voice. Her body quivered as Katie's first orgasm breezed through her.

Mr. Foster stood, his face shiny with her juices. He unzipped his pants and freed his cock. It sprang up, fully erect, the head engorged and thick, a little bead of pre-cum already appearing at the tip. Melissa kept fondling Katie's breasts, her eyes locked on Mr. Foster's cock as he moved towards her and pressed the tip between her sensitive nether lips. She could feel him there, sliding against her wetness as the pressure built, an urgency burning within her. He pushed in slowly, her pussy gradually opening for him, the tip of his cock slipping in. He paused as he sighed, nearly enveloped by her, enjoying being just in the precipice of sliding inside. Then the pressure resumed and she felt Katie's lips stretching as he entered her. The resistance gave away suddenly and he slid in with a groan. She gasped as he penetrated her, his cock sliding through the slick walls of her canal. She watched in awe between her legs as he disappeared into her pink folds, his cock swallowed by her cunt until he was lodged in her center. Her virgin pussy felt so stretched around him, gripping his dick like a glove.

He slowly withdrew and returned, building to a gentle rhythm. His eyes played up and down her body, greedy for her. She smiled, leaning back on her elbows so she could fondle both breasts, pinching and squeezing herself. Katie's body was incredible, so sensitive. She could feel each inch of Mr. Foster as he gripped her thighs and slid in and out of her, faster, harder, until her body was rocking back and forth and little moans escaped her lips. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!" She heard Katie's voice cry, head thrown back, rising higher in pitch until she reached a crescendo and came, clenching her pussy around Mr. Foster's cock as he grunted and thrust deep, emptying himself into her.

The heat was immense and she thrust her hips up to meet him, wanting only to be filled with each spurt of hot cum, taking him all in as she convulsed happily beneath him, Melissa and the stranger moving as one, desires and minds entwined, delighting in taking Katie's virginity and stealing the pleasure blasting through her. Mr. Foster seemed to cum forever, each burst of seed renewing the delight through her perfect body. They both eventually slowed as one, his cock resting inside her, shrinking slowly. God, how she just wanted him to stay inside her. He leaned down to kiss her on the nose.

"Nobody needs to know about this," he whispered.

"This is our little secret," Melissa and the stranger and Katie's voice agreed.

He pulled out, leaving a trail of cum down her thigh which she scooped up on one finger and swallowed.

"Mmm, yum," she said, closing her eyes and relishing the salty taste of their mingled juices.

She got dressed, grabbed her backpack, the stranger—and Melissa—already thinking of the next girl she was going to take. Katie's body was in the hallway when she felt the stranger's mind being pulled away. She let herself go, Katie's body disappearing, replaced with the sensation of being someone else, somewhere else.

The school was gone and there was only the blackness of the inside of a helmet. The message "End of Session" filling her vision. Melissa was resting on what felt like a leather recliner, legs slightly elevated in front of her. Her body felt strange, all the proportions and weight somehow different. It must have worked.

She fumbled with the straps with her unfamiliar fingers, aware that she seemed to be in complete control of this new body. She wondered how the former owner was enjoying it, trapped in his own head. Fuck him.

Melissa was surprised to find her fingers touching long, thick hair as she struggled with the straps.

Pulling the helmet off, she tossed it aside and brushed the hair from her face. But there was something wrong. She held her hands up to her face, her vision blurry. Her fingers were delicate, the nails gently tapered to rounded curves. A woman's hands. Looking down the rest of her body, she saw a petite female form leaning back in a recliner. A cute outfit of yoga pants pants and a sleeveless shirt clung to a slender, feminine figure.

Melissa struggled to right herself in the chair, her gaze glancing down to the stranger's cleavage beneath her. This seemed all wrong. She could have sworn that everyone on the message board was a guy, though maybe she'd just been making assumptions. Maybe this woman was in on it, too.

The shades on the window were drawn, the sunlight peeking around the edges only dimly revealing a computer desk in front of her. Melissa fumbled her way over to the window, the darkness not doing anything to improve her blurred vision. Clearly, this body needed glasses. She found the chain on the window and pulled it up. Sunlight flooded the room and she squinted. She didn't recognize the street outside. Turning to the room she froze. An IKEA bookshelf stuffed with fantasy novels stood against one wall. There was a bed in the corner and a body laying on it. A man. He was wearing a helmet that looked more sophisticated than the one Melissa had been wearing.

Something was definitely wrong.

Melissa hurried to the door and grasped the worn handle then froze, her body suddenly ceasing to respond to her commands. She felt herself straightening and breathing deeply.

“That was close,” her voice said.

She was helpless in a stranger's body as whoever was in control moved them to the bookshelf and grabbed some keys and some familiar oval glasses. Melissa found herself walking out the door and down a hallway. Turning into a bathroom her body flicked on the light and stared into the mirror.

It was Alex. Melissa's eyes slid down Alex's wide face and she pushed the hair back behind her ear. Alex's body was petite with slight breasts, lean legs, and a wonderful mocha colored skin from her Indian heritage. Her cute face was usually demur, but was now stretched in a gleeful smile.

“Hi, Melissa, I know you're in there,” Alex's voice said.

*Alex? Melissa thought. You're in on this?*

“Whoa, I can hear you,” Alex said, stepping back, surprised. “But no. I'm Sam. Alex is asleep. It's just you and me and her body. Come on, I'm going to show you to some friends and they'll explain everything.”

Alex's body strolled out the door and hopped into a dull blue Camry. Melissa tried to ask questions but Sam just turned up the radio and sang loudly along with the songs, ignoring her desperate pleas until she gave up. They soon turned into a familiar neighborhood and parked in front of Tim's house. They got out and strolled inside and upstairs.

Faith was at the computer when Alex's body walked into the room. Faith spun her chair around and looked at Alex.

“Sorry,” Faith shrugged, “It was the only way to get this tab thing out of me and ensure I'd never be taken over again. After this you'll be asleep next time someone takes your body. You won't even remember a thing. Ross will make sure of that.” She gestured to the bed.

“Don't apologize,” came a strangely familiar voice, “I'm sure she'll enjoy it.”

Melissa's gaze swung over to the bed where she saw her own body sitting. One leg was crossed over the other and her own smiling face looked up at her, chin in hand.

“This took some doing,” Melissa's body continued, “But Tim here managed to slip a little tab onto your neck while you were under and Sam volunteered to have a tab put into himself so we could do this. A little programming and, voila.” Melissa's body spread her hands as if presenting herself.

Melissa's former body stood and walked up to her, slipping her hands around Alex's waist.

“This is going to be fun,” her former voice whispered.

And then she leaned forward and Melissa found herself kissing her old body with Alex's lips. Her hands came up and stroked her auburn hair, brushing against her chin, exploring her former body from her new perspective. She couldn't pull away as Sam made her slip her tongue into her own mouth, made her hands grope her old back, slide around and grip her former breasts.

Melissa's body pulled away from her and smiled before ripping off her clothes, tossing her shirt and bra to the floor, then stepping out of her pants and rolling her panties down her legs. She wiggled her bare chest, giggling as her tiny breasts bounced back and forth. Melissa watched as Ross slid her own hands across her tits, pinching the little pink nipples until they stood erect. Meanwhile, Melissa found Alex's hand sliding down her new body, pressing between her legs and against her shorts. It was terrifying watching a stranger control her body, knowing he could do anything to her and knowing exactly what he wanted to do. At the same time, Alex was already growing damp with desire and Melissa couldn't stop herself from wanting to taste her old form.

Movement to her left dragged Alex's attention away from Melissa's body even as she continued to stroke her breasts. Faith had risen from the chair and was tossing off her clothes. Soon she, too, was naked. She crossed to Melissa's former body and Melissa reeled in disgust as her stepsister embraced her old body. They grabbed each other and kissed as their hands squeezed each other's naked flesh, wandering up and down each other's backsides, around between their legs and over each beautiful ass, grabbing and holding each other close, their breasts pressing together.

“Hey, don't leave me out,” Alex said.

Melissa found her new body getting undressed and joining the others as her hand came down to her bare pussy, stroking through the coarse black pubic hair to land on the slippery lips, finger sliding inside Alex's body for the first time.

They fell onto the bed in a giggling tangle, Melissa's original body on her back. Alex knelt beside the bed and Melissa found herself ogling her former tits from up close, her new hands coming up to stroke them while Faith kissed her way down her sister's body, finally landing in between Melissa's legs. Melissa shuddered inwardly as her sister stuck out her tongue and licked slowly up her former pussy, but she couldn't do anything except watch and feel the warmth spreading through Alex.

Faith licked long and slow, clearly enjoying the taste of Melissa. Ross brought Melissa's hands up and pinched her tits as he sighed, his body undulating, the acrid smell of Melissa's sex filling Alex's nostrils. Alex wrapped her lips around one of Melissa's tits and Melissa was forced to suckle her own breasts, let her hot breath whisper across the skin she knew so well as one hand came down to her former pussy, fingers landing on her warmth, pressing lightly inside and stroking her little pleasure button. Melissa was forced to finger her old body with Alex's fingers, watching the stranger wiggle her body with pleasure. Occasionally Faith's tongue would lick across her fingers and soon they were all soaked with Melissa's juices as she quivered beneath them before coming quick and hard, moaning as her sister licked her cunt, bringing up two fingers to slide inside her wet warmth.

They switched around like this, Melissa forced to bury her face in between her former legs and taste herself, feeling Sam's delight as he drank her delicious musky juices and felt her own body convulse happily beneath his tongue. As Melissa was forced to plunge her new face into her own pussy, her back was arched, ass in the air, and Faith spread her cheeks before licking her long and slow, tongue

trailing around her puckered hole, the two girls licking faster and faster until they came, Melissa finding herself moaning into her former pussy, drinking down the delicious salty wetness.

Sam's raw delight was infectious and, despite herself, Melissa grew slippery and wet, sharing in Sam's enjoyment as he watched the two sisters kiss and finger each other. God, she wanted her sister so badly, wanted to watch Faith wiggle as she licked her, drinking in her delicious musk. The girls shifted positions again, Faith draped across Melissa's old body, faces between each other's legs, while Melissa watched and fingered herself, enjoying plunging into Alex's dripping heat. Melissa couldn't take her eyes off her own body and she came hard, moaning in delight as they all took each other. They twisted and turned as desire flared through them and made them cry, again and again, wriggling their sweet bodies against each other as they came in many different positions until they were all exhausted, soaked and sticky with each other's juices.

Finally, Alex's body collapsed onto the bed and the girls all clung to each other in a warm heap, arms and legs entangled as they shivered every now and then with afterglow.

Melissa cried inside Alex's head, even as her new fingers slid back down between her former legs and began stroking, warming her old pussy back up again for another round. She'd lost, and she'd be lucky to ever get her body back.

## Epilogue

“Can I get a picture?” A young man asked, grinning at Kimmy.

The darkness had disappeared suddenly and she was in some sort of exhibition hall, surrounded by people and in the middle of an aisle bounded on each side by various booths. Had she really come back to herself? Had everything just been a dream from the moment she was first possessed?

“Sure,” she said to the man, her mind still reeling. But the instant she spoke she knew it hadn't been a dream. Her voice was throatier. Her lips felt too big, like her entire face was stuffed with cotton. And there was a huge weight on her chest.

Kimmy looked down and got an eyeful of her cleavage. Her tits were massive, sticking out from her chest like two basketballs and feeling just as hard. She couldn't even see the rest of her body; her tits took up the entirety of her vision. As she gaped down at herself she heard the camera click. The man looked at the picture on his phone and turned it to her.

“Perfect. Looks like we both can't believe we're looking at Miss Kitty!”

In the picture they were both staring at Kimmy's tits. Only, Kimmy didn't immediately recognize herself. The body in the picture was like a parody of a woman, with massive fake tits, lips pumped full of collagen, and a face that had gone through a dozen rounds of plastic surgery that made her look like a walking sex doll. Her eyes were wide and astonished and she couldn't close her mouth.

The man walked away and Kimmy turned, not knowing where to go. Her gaze landed on the booth directly behind of her. It was wallpapered with hundreds of DVDs, all featuring her. There she was, this cosmetically altered body she now owned being taken in every conceivable way by every conceivable person. She'd come back to herself a star of conventions, but not exactly the ones of which she'd dreamed. Judging from one particular DVD cover, her greatest achievement had been as the sole woman in the world's largest gangbang.

If it wasn't for the Botox she would have cried.

\* \* \*

Danika woke up in a bedroom she didn't recognize. She had no idea how much time had passed since she'd lost control of her body and then lost consciousness. There were brief moments of awareness between long gaps. She lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, waiting for the next bout of sleep to come over her, for the next stranger to take her body. When she'd been lying there for some minutes it occurred to her that maybe it was over. Maybe they'd tired of their fun and had finally left her to have her life. She tried to sit up, struggling and failing to push herself up. It was then that she understood why her body had lost its appeal.

She was hugely fat. Her breasts flopped down a stomach that was like a beached whale, huge and shapeless. She was wearing a dress or a large bag or something—likely the only thing she could fit into—that was covered with stains and only hid her top half. Her arms and legs were beefy, folds of fat dangling down and wobbling as she rolled over and heaved herself into a sitting position, out of breath from just that simple motion. Her skin, which she remembered as being beautifully mocha

colored and flawless, was speckled with age spots and striated with cellulite. The dark hair that hung down her face was matted and clotted with bits of food. Great lumps of flesh tumbled down her stomach, myriad folds overlapping in a grotesque display. As she shifted, a half eaten hot dog fell out of one of her belly folds. She grabbed it and chewed on it, disgusted at herself but already ravenous.

Danika had apparently been used for the guys to eat, to stuff themselves stupid with no consequences for themselves. She was back, but the best part of her life was gone and she was too fat to do anything other than sit and eat some more.

\* \* \*

When Katie returned to her body permanently, a sweaty, overweight man was just pushing himself off her. She felt him pull out from inside her and then something warm dripped down her thigh. She looked down at herself, her joy at being able to move on her own accord instantly outweighed by dismay at the sight of her body. Her torso was covered in tattoos that snaked up her arms and down her legs. She gasped, feeling a tongue stud clink up against her teeth.

“That good, huh? Here you go.” The sweaty man tossed a small handful of bills on the dresser by the bed and left.

Katie sat up and stared down at her body, completely transformed from the last time she saw it however many years ago. She was definitely older and plumper, piercings and tattoos covering every inch of her formerly smooth black skin. She ran her hands across her face, feeling innumerable rings poking out of her lips, eyebrows, nose and ears. There was even a little stud on her clit, which sent pleasant sensations every time she moved. As she was recovering from the shock the door opened and a well dressed man appeared.

“The fuck are you doing? Get cleaned up, bitch, you've got another client in five minutes.” He growled, grabbing the money off the dresser left. He slammed the door behind him, mumbling, “Stupid, fucking hoes.”

\* \* \*

Piper returned to her body just in time to get a mouthful of cum. A hard dick was thrust between her lips, already throbbing as she started to pull off, but a hand twisted through her hair and pushed her back down on the slick shaft, forcing her to deep throat the stranger's dick as he came.

“Suck it, bitch,” the man murmured.

His hot cum jetted down her throat and she was forced to swallow it, gagging and choking as he emptied himself into her mouth. When he finally released her she sat up and wiped her mouth, scraping her tongue across her teeth and immediately noting the state of them. A few were missing, the rest were crooked and soft with rot.

The man in front of her was an old man with stringy hair and few teeth, reclining on a dirty mattress. They appeared to be in a boarded up house. Matted hair fell down Piper's shoulders and she looked down to find she was topless, her tits small and shriveled, her entire body stick thin and festooned with sores. She was shivering, alternately too cold and too hot.

“You did your part, now I'll do mine,” the man said.

Piper froze, unsure how to react as the man heated up something on a spoon and then sucked it up into a needle. He tied a hose around her arm and felt for a vein among the half dozen other needle marks on her arm. He finally found a good one and jabbed the needle in, pressing the plunger and filling Piper's body with sweet relief. The shivers stopped, replaced with a deep, cleaning calm as she sank down into a heroin stupor that made her forget about the cum dripping down her lip and

the sores on her body.

\* \* \*

Jessa came to stretched over some sort of hard, leather frame in an unfinished basement made out to look like a dungeon. Her hands and feet were strapped down tight and she was naked, the leather already warm against her skin. Her ass was in the air, as if she were on all fours, and her blonde hair tumbled down her face already tangled with sweat. There was a gag in her mouth rendering her unable to talk.

There were also two hands on her butt and a cock shoved into her ass. She could feel her tight hole stretched around the dick as the man plunged in and out of her, her body already warm with desire. She grunted around the gag in her mouth but couldn't do anything as the man continued to thrust inside her, slamming into her ass again and again. All of a sudden he gripped her ass hard, spreading her cheeks apart and driving in as deep as he could, his cock convulsing inside her as he came, filling her gaping hole with his hot seed. She groaned and closed her eyes as she felt it fill her and spill out down her legs.

He pulled out and Jessa heard him walking away. A second later, a dapper looking older man appeared in her vision. He pulled the gag away from her mouth.

“There's more unless you want to say the safe word.”

“I don't know the safe word,” Jessa groaned. Her body burned, both her pussy and her ass throbbing and full. She'd been filled who knew how many times and could feel the cum dripping out of her, some of it crusted around her mouth. Her tits were rubbed raw from the saddle she was tied to and her wrists ached.

“That's my girl,” the man said, and readjusted the gag in her mouth before she could explain.

A few minutes later another man came in, spread her ass, and began fucking her hard.

\* \* \*

Unlike the rest of her friends, Ariel had been returned to her body several times over the ensuing years, all when she was in the hospital giving birth and the labor pains were too much. It seemed the guys enjoyed being pregnant in her body, feeling her tits fill with milk, but they left the pain to her. She had just enough time to give birth, feed the baby for a few days, and then she was unconscious again as they played with her fat tits.

She finally returned to her own body for good years later, waking to be surrounded by dirty kids of various ages filling the dumpy trailer where she now lived. A baby was latched onto one breast. Her body was now stretched out of shape; fat and saggy, the hair thin and graying, tits still swollen with milk. A man she'd never seen before—likely her husband, of which she'd seen many over the years during her brief bouts of consciousness—sat on a raggedy easy chair next to her, occasionally yelling at her to make those damn kids shut up.

\* \* \*

Alex thought she'd escaped when she woke up one day in a clean bedroom, lying next to a sleeping older woman, and in complete control of her body. She silently slipped out of bed. Her body felt strange but she chalked that up to not having actually been in it for years. But when she flipped on the light in the bedroom she got a shock.

The face that stared back from the mirror was older, sure, but also masculine. A light shading of stubble colored her cheeks and her jaw was more solid. The hair was cut short and her breasts were gone, replaced with the harder pecs of a man. When she rolled down the boxer shorts that clung to her thicker frame to pee, her dick bounced out and she gasped at the alien thing as it hung down

between her legs, warm on her thighs.

She touched it, fingers grazing over the skin. She could feel the sensations in it. It was real. She had a dick. Not only had they taken her body they'd taken her sex and turned her into a man.

\* \* \*

Faith remained trapped in her own mind as Tim lived her life. She was unable to stop him, unable to have any influence on the world at all except as an observer as Tim changed her, molding her life to his own interests. It had been bad betraying her sister, worse having sex with her, again and again until they lost interest. Faith had lost track of Melissa after she'd been kicked out of the house and disappeared.

In a way, though, Faith was lucky. Tim cared about his life and studied hard, using his new looks and previous intelligence to get a job as a programmer and quickly began developing best selling games. Faith wasn't a lesbian and had never been interested in women but, with Tim inside her, she had no choice, forced to explore herself and every beautiful woman he became enamored with, watching her life as it passed by.

\* \* \*

Melissa had been conscious through it all, trapped helpless in her own body, experiencing everything the succession of strangers did to her. She couldn't resist as they made her the school slut, the strangers forcing her to return to her high school to fuck anyone who wanted her. She was the hit of every party, taking up a position in a vacant bedroom as a succession of guys came in her and on her, soaking her body with their cum and filling every hole. She was forced to lap it up, smiling and begging for more as they came on her face and her chest. She would wipe it off and gulp it down greedily before offering her sweet little ass to the next available guest.

She became the go-to girl for threesomes, stretched out between guys as they plunged into her from behind and forced her deep down on the cock between her lips. Her nickname was "The Whore" and she was the girl who would do anything and everything. She lost track of the number of different objects they'd shoved up her pussy as a circle of guys stood around chanting her name. When her parents finally kicked her out it was easy to find another place to stay. She just went down to the frat house and offered herself to them in exchange for room and board.

When Melissa was finally left to herself she was old and fat and used, her ass stretched out, her tits wrinkled, her body baggy. She was a tired old whore with no money and no accomplishments. The best part of her life was behind her, lost in the machine.

# # #

## **Thank you!**

I hope you enjoyed 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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at [bodyswapstories@gmail.com](mailto:bodyswapstories@gmail.com) or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus 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:

### **Deviants (Part One)**

*Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.*

### **How to Host a Merger**

*Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London office, he does so without knowing the company has arranged to put him into the body of a gorgeous young woman for the duration of his contract. After some adjustment, Theo begins to plan on how he can stay inside her permanently.*

### **Wishing Well**

*In this sexy gender swapping tale, an old man makes an idle wish that sees him swapping bodies with a young woman and taking over her life.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 2**

*This hot collection of body swapping and transformation erotica features 8 stories from 6 previously published books.*

### **More Stories From the Global Shift**

*Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.*

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*Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.*

### **Virtual Worlds**

*Jay orders a virtual reality rig that offers to put him in the body of his favorite porn stars, only something's gotten mixed up and he finds himself on the receiving end inside several female performers.*

### **Chemical Reaction**

*An experimental drug leaves Tony's mind stuck in the body of his sexy, vivacious friend, Rebecca. While trying to figure out a way to swap back, he takes advantage of his time inside by intimately exploring her body.*

### **Forbidden Love**

*When Rachel finds a magic pendant that lets her transform into her hot friend, she uses it to explore her friend's body and tries to capture the attention of her own stepbrother, with unexpected results.*

### **Stuck Inside**

*When Oliver's machine malfunctions it causes his family to swap bodies with his friend's family next door, leaving Oliver in the body of a hot MILF. They're all quarantined for two weeks, which gives them plenty of time to explore their incredible new bodies.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 1**

*This hot collection contains 9 explicit stories from 6 previously published books by body swap erotica bestseller M Wills.*

### **I Wish**

*Three explicit short stories of people finding themselves in someone else's body and enjoying -- or being forced to enjoy -- their new pleasure.*

### **That B\*tch From Work**

*When Felix ends up in the body of his girlfriend's rival, his girlfriend finds more and more ways to humiliate him. She mocks his small stature and forces him into degrading and humiliating situations. But rather than make him angry, the humiliation just makes Felix's nubile new body eager to please.*

### **Learning Curves**

*Will's never been in trouble in his life, until the day he gets caught with a joint and threatened with expulsion from school. This simple misunderstanding threatens to derail his life and strip him of his valedictorian status. But his gorgeous, young teacher, Mrs. King, gives him an option: if he agrees to try out her invention to let them swap bodies for a day, she won't report him.*

***And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.***