



M2F  
BODY THEFT

DEVIL  
*on your*  
Shoulder

MWILLS

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**Devil on Your Shoulder**

*M2F Body Theft*

**by M. Wills**

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## Devil on Your Shoulder

Daniel would have much preferred to be bullied by the guys in the school. At least that way the torment was just physical and over in a few minutes. The psychological torture of the girls was much worse. And when Daniel saw his friends jolt and stare past his shoulder with wide eyes, he knew that was exactly what he was in for.

“Ew,” Charlotte called out from behind Daniel, “Someone left a bunch of dorks lying around our table.”

Daniel quickly gathered up his Pokemon cards and turned to face Charlotte. She had her hands on her hips and was smirking at him. Her long, raven-black hair was held up in a perfect bun, her bangs precision curled over her forehead. One long leg jutted out in front of her, the pale thigh just hidden by the alarmingly short skirt of her school uniform. With her large glasses and delicate Asian features she could easily be mistaken at first glance for one of the nerdy kids. But her dad was the head of some tech company, which automatically put her in the top echelons of the school social hierarchy. Daniel, on the other hand, was only at this school because of a scholarship, and hung out with the other misfits and losers. Still, it beat being cast into the deepest depths of the perpetually underfunded public school nearer his neighborhood.

“Hi, Charlotte,” Daniel said, casting his eyes down from her face.

Behind him, he heard his friends zipping up their backpacks, preparing to make a run for it when Mirah and Emily appeared. Daniel had hoped that staking out

the worst table in the corner of the lunch room would have been enough to avoid the attention of Mirah and her gang. But no.

“Um,” Emily said, barely glancing at Daniel, “What are these doing on our table?” She sneered, looking to Mirah for approval.

Emily was super model gorgeous and the epitome of mean girl cheerleader: Big, almond shaped eyes and perfectly proportioned features many other people would have paid big bucks for a surgeon to provide. An ass to die for. Bouncy little breasts. Silky golden hair that hung down in waves, wafting out the light scent of vanilla whenever she passed.

Mirah snickered, and Charlotte and Emily followed suit. Mirah stepped forward and turned her full attention to Daniel for the first time, crossing her arms and glowering at him. Mirah was the unchallenged leader of the school, the alpha girl who kept Emily and Charlotte in line with a sharp word or some subtle gossip. As long as they were with her they could share in her glory. And she was glorious. A teenager of Indian descent with smooth mocha skin and impressively long legs. Daniel had been lucky enough to glimpse her in a bathing suit once (before getting pushed into a trashcan by her boyfriend at the time) and had taken himself in hand many nights remembering the way the red two-piece enhanced her hourglass figure and cupped her fantastic breasts. She wouldn't have looked out of place on a catwalk. Or in a porno. And she'd been in many of Daniel's imaginary pornos, large breasts swaying hypnotically as she prostrated herself before him.

Mirah's aching beauty was made worse by the immense awe she received from being the daughter of a man who basically owned the city. Just about everyone worked for her dad, a fact that had protected Mirah from any disciplinary action and enabled her to run the school like a dictator.

Daniel risked a quick glance up at the trio. He hated the power they had over him with their looks, the way his hormones insisted that he try to do anything in his power to sleep with them even as they teased him mercilessly.

“Oh, I don't think they're so dorky,” Mirah said, coming closer. “If you look past the glasses, and the terrible clothes, and the horrible acne, and the smell they're actually quite sweet.”

Behind her, Emily and Charlotte's grins faded. Mirah peered at Daniel as if he was a strange insect. Daniel looked up, wondering where Mirah was going with this.

“I think I'm falling in love. I'm going to marry this thing and have its babies.”

She stood back and laughed, and the other two joined in. “Oh my god,” Mirah said, “Can you imagine? Look, he thinks I would ever touch him.”

“Gross,” Emily said, covering her mouth with her slender hand and giggling.

“Don't ever come sit at my table again,” Mirah said, flapping an arm dismissively at Daniel and his friends.

“But you said that was your table,” Daniel said, nodding to the table that Mirah had evicted them from yesterday.

By now the students at the nearby tables had turned to watch the fun. Some were giggling to each other, passing whispers back and forth, but no one stepped in to help. It had always been like this. Ever since Mirah had singled Daniel out for attention, everyone else in school had given a collective sigh that she wasn't after them and turned away. No one was about to intervene, fearful of attracting the ire of Mirah, Charlotte and Emily. But especially Mirah.

Mirah narrowed her eyes. Daniel couldn't help but thinking that even her icy looks were hot. "Well now," she said, "They're both my tables. In fact, these are all my tables. Didn't you see my name over the door?"

The Acharya name actually graced most rooms on campus. Mirah's dad gave considerable sums of money to the school. So much so that not even the teachers were prepared to step in when Mirah singled out a student for humiliation. In fact, Daniel could see some of the teachers huddling around the edges of the lunchroom, conspicuously looking away and hoping the problem would resolve itself.

"W-where am I supposed to eat?" Daniel stammered. He was trembling now.

Mirah stepped around him and gracefully plucked the brown paper bag containing Daniel's lunch from the table. She peeked inside, sneered, then dumped the remaining contents out. Half a ham sandwich plopped onto the tile floor.

"I didn't think pigs were supposed to eat their own!" Charlotte giggled.

Mirah looked down and very carefully spit on the sandwich. Emily quickly came

up and snorted then spit, adding a gross lump of snot to the sandwich. Charlotte came forward and very carefully placed her pink flat on top of the sandwich and ground it into the floor, long legs twisting slowly, revealing an enticing flash of calf that Daniel couldn't ignore.

“You can eat your sandwich on the floor,” Mirah smiled.

Daniel slumped and turned to leave. A slender hand gripped his shoulders, the tiny fingers surprisingly strong. Daniel turned to see Mirah holding him. When she had his attention she released him and held her hand up in the air while staring at him. Emily handed her a tissue and Mirah wiped the hand that had deigned to touch Daniel, all while maintaining icy eye contact.

“I said, you can eat your sandwich on the floor,” Mirah repeated, her voice softer, menacing. “Sit. Eat. Or I'll have my dad fire your dad.”

The lunch room was silent. The teachers had disappeared and all the students were staring at Daniel. Even his friends had managed to slip away, leaving him all alone to face the terrible trio.

Daniel half fell to the floor and reached for the sandwich but Charlotte stomped on it. Mirah looked at her in astonishment and Emily said, “Piggies don't eat with their hands.”

Emily had been looking for approval but she'd stolen Mirah's thunder. “Don't you ever,” Mirah hissed loud enough for everyone to hear, “Do that again. Or I'll tell everyone about your little eating disorder.”

Charlotte colored and shrank back. Mirah turned back to Daniel, towering over him, her hands on her hips. “Piggies don't eat with their hands.”

Daniel knelt on hands and knees and crawled towards his desecrated sandwich. He closed his eyes and lowered his mouth, picking the sandwich off the floor with his teeth, chewing and swallowing as fast as he could, but still he could taste the ground-in dirt and spit. The sandwich kept falling apart after all the abuse, so he kept having to return his nose to the floor to grab another piece in his teeth. He forced himself to swallow, tasting the bile as it rose in his throat. After an eternity he'd eaten it all and at last Mirah was satisfied.

“Come on girls, I've lost my appetite,” she said. She turned on her heels and flounced out, Emily and Charlotte trailing in her wake.

Daniel slowly got to his feet, face burning with rage and embarrassment. But even after all the humiliation he couldn't tear his eyes off their little wiggling asses, wanting so badly to touch them, to be inside them.

## 2

Daniel tossed his backpack into the corner of his room and fell down on his back onto his bed. His eyes burned with tears and he angrily wiped his face. Not even his friends had stuck up for him. His stomach was tight with cramps, the rage and despair making his head throb. The room flashed red, accompanied by a dull ache spreading out from the very center of his head. How could he ever go back to school again? How could he face anyone there after what happened? He knew it would happen again and still no one would stop it. He entertained fantasies of gore and violence but was brought up short by a tiny voice.

“Hey, kid, I've never been shy about violence but I've got a better idea.” The voice seemed to come from the pillow by his head. It was high pitched, as if whoever was talking had just inhaled helium.

Daniel turned his head and came face to face with a demon. A very small demon no bigger than Daniel's thumb, but a demon nonetheless. Red skin. Horns. Pitchfork. Daniel's eyes grew wide and he scrambled up and away from the tiny figure standing on his pillow.

“Whoa, hey, watch it big guy,” the demon cried, struggling to balance as the pillow shifted beneath his feet.

“What...what...” Daniel rubbed his eyes but the demon remained standing on his pillow, looking up at him expectantly. “What are you?”

The demon gestured down at himself. “Pretty obvious, no? I'm a demon.”

“You're like a cartoon. Am I going crazy?”

“I took this guise because it's the most sensible for first time conjurers. You're not going crazy. I'm here to help you get what you want.”

Daniel's mouth moved up and down silently for a second before he managed to speak. So much was flying at him so fast. “Conjurers? You're here to help me?”

The demon put his his hand to his head theatrically. “Nobody told you nothing, huh? Yeah, your anger and despair called me up here. Gave me the power to take form. Small form, I admit. But we can help each other. I need anger and fear to eat, and you need revenge.”

“Like, smiting my enemies?” Daniel replied, intrigued now as he leaned down and peered at the demon.

The demon scoffed. “Feh. That's the way they used to do it. But we've got new ways. Your enemies don't deserve to die a quick death. Doesn't--” The demon closed his eyes and Daniel felt a brief jolt, like a muscle spasm in his brain. The demon opened his eyes again. “--Mirah need to be tormented just as she tormented you? No one else is going to do it, are they? You and me, kid, we can teach her a lesson.”

“Yes,” Daniel nodded before he could think about it. “How?”

“This is a bit unorthodox but stay with me. I'm gonna give you the power to possess her body. Control her. Take her over and make her do whatever you want. Humiliate her.”

“You mean...become here? I don't know.”

“Here, try it.”

The demon snapped his tiny fingers and suddenly Daniel was behind the wheel of a BMW, stopped at a red light. The world was tinted yellow and some sort of pop music was blaring. Daniel's arm, the one that held the steering wheel, was slender and smooth, the skin a delightful coffee-color, his fingers perfectly manicured. He turned to his left and saw Emily, fingers flying across the screen of her phone. Daniel looked up at the rear view mirror and saw Mirah's pretty face staring back at him behind yellow sunglasses. Her wide mouth was slightly parted, ruby lips agape and the absolute shock Daniel felt reflected across her perfect features. He looked down at the lacy yellow top that probably cost more than his entire wardrobe. It was cut low so that he was gazing into Mirah's cleavage, her breasts hanging there, ripe and waiting to be touched. He brought his hand up to her tits and had just about reached them when a car horn blew from behind.

Emily glanced at Daniel, then turned and shouted out the window. “We'll go when we're ready, fucker!”

And then Daniel was back in his bedroom, heart pounding in his chest. He remembered every sensation: how his smaller form fit into the seat, the weight on his chest, the slight taste of aniseed, even the way his teeth sat in his mouth.

Fuck, he'd wanted to touch himself so badly. Daniel looked down at his own body, which suddenly seemed boring and dull. He turned to the demon.

“Do it again!” He cried.

“Oh, ow, geez,” the demon said clutching his head, “That takes a lot of power to take her. She's got so much personality to tamp down. Plus, you gotta respect a narrative buildup. I think I can get you into that Emily chick for a little longer. Humiliating her should get me some more power.”

“How long can you give me in her?”

“Maybe twenty minutes or so.”

“Twenty minutes?” Daniel frowned.

“Hey, it takes a lot of power to shift minds around. But you can do a lot of damage in twenty minutes. Look, you think about what you want to do and when you're ready, just call out 'put me in, boss' and you'll be there.”

“Okay,” Daniel said, his mind already reeling with possibilities.

The demon disappeared in a tiny, acrid puff of smoke, leaving a slight charred spot on Daniel's pillow. Daniel lay back and plotted his revenge. What was the

best way to use twenty minutes? He thought about the problem all night and in the morning he had an idea.

### 3

For the first time in a long time, Daniel was excited to go to school. He had to wait until his third period English Lit class, which he shared with Emily. The students filed into the classroom, Emily taking her customary seat in the back. She was poured into her blue and white school uniform, the blazer fitting to her hourglass figure, the top clinging to her breasts and her tight skirt showing off her amazing little rear.

Daniel waited, fingers drumming his desk excitedly until Emily went up to the front of the classroom to fill in one of the exercises on the whiteboard. Her blonde tresses flowed down her back, and Daniel locked his eyes on her delicious ass as she picked up a marker and began writing.

“Put me in, boss,” Daniel whispered.

Immediately the world jumped, and suddenly the whiteboard was right in front of him. He was clutching a marker in delicate fingers, in the middle of writing the word 'Hamlet' in flowery cursive. Emily's fine hair tickled down his neck. He could feel the uniform clinging to his body, felt the new balance of himself with his wider hips and heavier chest. He ran his tongue along the inside of Emily's mouth, exploring the shape of his teeth, tasting her cherry lip gloss. Daniel looked down at himself and was met with a glimpse of Emily's cleavage below the white school uniform. The shirt was high cut and showed no cleavage, but the outlines of her breasts pushed out tight beneath the white fabric.

He dropped the marker and turned to face the classroom. He noticed his old

body in the back row was slumped across the desk, seemingly asleep.

“Thank you, Emily,” the teacher, Mr. Grimsley, said.

Daniel ignored him and unbuttoned his blazer with a hand that was now delicate and smooth, the nails polished and perfectly curved. He dropped the blazer to the floor and grabbed his breasts. He squeezed them as some students in the class tittered nervously. Emily's tits felt so good beneath his fingers. They had a wonderful perkiness and were fun to bounce in his hands. He bet they'd feel even better out of her bra.

“Emily?” Mr. Grimsley asked.

Daniel swiped a pair of scissors off Mr. Grimsley's desk. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and held it taut as he sliced through the fabric, cleaving the shirt in half. He had to really bear down to snap through the underwire of the bra but the scissors did the job. Daniel slipped out of both items of clothing and his breasts wiggled free, much to the awe of the class. His tits were small but magnificent, perfectly formed, the little strawberry-pink areolae studded with nipples that were already sharpening in the cool air. He brought his hands up and grasped them. He could easily fit one in each hand and he squeezed, enjoying the firm-softness of Emily's tits as he gazed down at himself. He jiggled them as he stared down at himself, enjoying the sensations as his breasts bounced, enjoying watching himself manipulating a body he'd been desiring for so long. His thighs grew warm with excitement.

“Oh, shit,” someone in the class called out in amazement.

Daniel looked up and winked as he continued playing with his perky little breasts.

“Emily!” Mr. Grimsley yelled, horrified but frozen in disbelief.

The class was staring at Daniel, dead silent, as Daniel continued making Emily caress herself. He brought a hand up over his face, feeling his soft new features, the tiny nose, the smooth skin, the slightly chubby cheeks, before returning back to his tits. God, Emily was amazing to feel, and the attention of the classroom on his golden body was delightful. He slid his fingers across his angel soft skin, tickling himself and releasing a tiny giggle.

Mr. Grimsley approached him but Daniel pushed him away. The teacher paused, unsure of what to do, before sprinting out the door, probably to the principal's office. Daniel quickly locked the door behind him, then turned back to the class. His hands slipped down the hem of his skirt and he wiggled it down his legs, teasing the guys in the front row who were staring at him, enraptured. He leaned forward as the skirt slid down his legs, so that his breasts dangled in front of one of the guys in the first row. Still bent over, he jiggled his chest, letting his tiny tits sway beneath him.

People in class were murmuring but still no one stopped him as he stepped out of his skirt and then yanked his panties down, revealing the bronze triangle of Emily's precisely trimmed bush. Daniel slid his fingers through his scratchy pubic hair, stroking the rubbery lips of his pussy as his other hand came up to fondle his tits. The heat was building throughout his entire body and he slipped a finger inside himself to meet his own warmth. He gave a cute, high-pitched gasp that he turned into an embarrassed giggle.

Daniel sat on the teacher's desk and spread his legs for the classroom. He made

Emily sink her slim fingers deeper into her wonderful new pussy, revealing little flashes of pink to the classroom. Daniel's fingers moved in slow circles as he traced back and forth across his little clit. The other hand massaged his tits, pinching each delicate nipple until they sprang out beneath his touch. All the time he cooed and sighed as his body lit up with warmth and he grew ever wetter. Daniel continued fingering Emily's tight pussy, slipping deeper inside himself, feeling the tight walls of his cunt as he fucked himself faster. The warmth burned through him, brighter and more intense. The slippery sound of his fingers in his wetness hit his ears and he orgasmed, throwing back his head and moaning as his entire body lit up with pleasure. And, god, his pussy was so wet. He could feel himself dripping onto the desk. Even as Daniel came down he knew he needed more.

He plunged his two fingers deeper inside himself, driving them in past the knuckle until he couldn't slide in anymore. He spread his legs to show off Emily's body to the class. Emily felt amazing on the inside, her little cunt so wet and tight. He thrust his fingers in and out, driving them deep, curving them up through the velvety walls of her pussy until he hit her center. He squeezed his tits harder and moaned, legs spread wide, fingers digging fast and fierce, urging the heat through his body. The expanding tendrils of pleasure grabbed him and he thrust harder, faster inside himself, moaning in Emily's high pitched voice until the heat exploded through him and he came, dropping his tits so he could lean back on one hand and thrust his hips up towards his fingers, the sound of his wetness hitting his ears and making him cum that much harder. He shut his eyes and cried out as he convulsed with pleasure, his entire body twisting and jolting, an orgasm bigger than any he'd had as a guy. The pleasure emanated from his cunt and poured through his body, less concentrated, more intense than he'd ever experienced before. He kept his fingers inside himself as he came down, slowing but still twisting through Emily's sopping wet pussy, enjoying the last dying embers of her wet pleasure.

When it was done, he opened his eyes and gazed out at the class. They were in shock. It was too bad there were no phones allowed in school to record this, but Daniel was sure word would get around.

He pulled his fingers out of himself and sucked on them, tasting Emily's musky pussy juices. Some of the girls looked disgusted but the guys were staring at him, rapt with attention. With a few seconds left in Emily's body, Daniel grabbed the scissors and cut up all her clothes into tiny strips. As he felt himself losing connection with her body he grabbed her tits in one hand and plunged his fingers deep inside himself, luxuriating in the wet heat of her cunt one last time.

And then he was back in his body. He lifted his head from his desk and watched Emily as she regained control of herself. She looked down at her own body, realized that she was naked and fingering herself as the whole class looked on in amusement and disgust. Her face went bright red and she pulled her fingers out of herself, still gazing around in open-mouthed astonishment. She began hyperventilating, backing towards the whiteboard on her long, elegant legs. When her bare ass bumped against the board she jumped, bringing her hands to her face as she whipped around, sending her long blonde hair flying across her face. She must have smelled her pussy on her fingers because her cute nose wrinkled in disgust, delicate cheerleader features squinting as she turned away and dropped her hand back to her side. Seeing the pile of clothes on the floor she dove for them and Daniel watched her face fall as she picked up the unusable scraps of cloth.

Someone began pounding on the door of the classroom and Emily ran behind the teachers desk, huddling up and drawing herself in close. Daniel could just make out one knee as she tried to take cover. Another student opened the door and Mr. Grimsley rushed in, along with the principal and the school nurse. They draped Emily in a blanket and gently escorted her out of the room. She was sobbing uncontrollably, mascara running down her pretty face.

Daniel grinned as he watched her. It served her right. She would never live this one down. And Daniel could treasure the memory of being inside her and feeling her cum around his fingers forever.

## 4

Daniel was washing his hands in a school bathroom—one of the self-contained units with one toilet and sink—when the demon appeared noiselessly at his side. The demon was bigger now, just coming up to Daniel's knee.

“That was delicious.” The demon licked his lips with an impossibly long, spiky-looking tongue. “She won't be messing with anyone anytime soon.”

“Mirah now?” Daniel asked.

“Hmm, not quite yet.” The demon rubbed his chin. “She's willful. I need to be stronger still. But Charlotte...that I can do. And for longer than Emily now. Maybe the best part of a day.”

Daniel gazed at his face in the mirror. Despite the deep sleep he'd gotten last night there appeared to be bags under his eyes, giving him a gaunt, skeletal look. He'd enjoyed being Emily but deep down he still had doubts about what he'd done. It wasn't fair to control people like this.

“But she did deserve it,” the demon spoke up, as if picking up his thoughts, “She helped Mirah prepare that spit sandwich yesterday.”

The anger flared bright within Daniel. He had no plan other than vengeance.

“Put me in, boss,” he growled.

He was suddenly in the lunch room sitting across from Mirah. Mirah was in the middle of some rant, rolling her eyes when Daniel appeared in Charlotte's body. Thick framed glasses were perched on his flat nose. He held a fork in slender fingers, a tiny morsel of carrot perched on the end. Just like in Emily, Daniel was immediately aware of the differences between this body and his old. Charlotte was tiny, for one, and he felt the lack of mass immediately. The lunch room seemed immense, everything seemed bigger, louder from his smaller perspective. His long, black hair tickled his cheek and as he brushed it away his fingers whispered against his smooth cheek. He shifted his legs beneath the table, feeling the skirt brush across the top of his thighs. He returned his hand to his lap and caressed his leg, fingers skating gently across Charlotte's warm thighs. As Daniel adjusted to his surroundings, he became aware that Mirah was ranting about Emily.

“I knew she was such a super slut. I'm not at all surprised. They say it was some sort of psychotic episode but I think she just wants attention, right?”

Mirah looked to Charlotte, clearly expecting contrite confirmation. Instead, Daniel lay his fork down and wiped his lips daintily with his napkin. His stomach rumbled with hunger and he looked down at his plate. It was empty, a minuscule smudge of oil on the surface indicating the previous existence of something slight and low calorie. Charlotte always did eat like a bird and now, in her body, Daniel could feel that she never filled up. No wonder she was so small and fragile looking.

“Hello?” Mirah waved at his face. “You agree Emily is out. I can't be seen with someone who does that.” Mirah wrinkled her nose in distaste.

“Oh, shut up,” Daniel said. His voice seemed tiny and high-pitched now.

Mirah froze, her mouth open in absolute surprise.

“I never liked you.” Daniel continued. “No one did. Emily may be a slut but you're a bitch.”

Mirah was too stunned to retort. Daniel stood and strutted out of the lunch room, aware that some of the guys were glancing at his legs and his little ass as it swayed back and forth beneath the tight skirt.

Daniel walked straight out to the parking lot, digging Charlotte's keys out of her ridiculously tiny backpack and clicking the button until he found her car. Brand new bright yellow convertible. Figured.

He hopped in and screeched out of the parking lot, using her phone to navigate to her own house. He didn't have any sort of plan in mind but he knew people would be talking about Emily for the rest of the day and he didn't want to take anything away from that. Charlotte's house was a hideous, sprawling McMansion. He parked in one of the three garages and strolled inside. The only people at home were the maids. They kept their heads down as Daniel searched through the house, opening and closing the seemingly infinite number of doors until he came to what had to be Charlotte's room.

It was decorated in rich-brat-teenage-girl style: big posters of boy bands he'd never heard of plastered on the walls, an elegant wood-carved mirror above a massive makeup desk crammed with bottles and tubes and brushes, overstuffed closet with expensive-looking clothes. The bed was raised high above the floor,

the mattress thick with fluffy stuffing. He pulled apart her room, searching for anything that looked fun. In one of her drawers he found a fancy red corset connected to some blue shorts. It was inlaid with gold and had two golden W's where the waist would be. On top were two golden bracelets, a golden tiara, and a golden lasso. Definitely Wonder Woman's outfit. But what was it doing in Charlotte's room?

Daniel found his answer in the messy piles of paper on her wardrobe. It was a flier for the local comic con, which was going on today and over the rest of the weekend.

So, apparently Charlotte was big into cosplay. Time to make a few nerds happy.

Daniel tossed his school uniform onto the floor, then slid off his bra and panties, freeing Charlotte's diminutive breasts. They were tinier than Emily's but no less perky. He pinched and pulled the nipple, stretching it out and letting it bounce back until it spiked out in pleasure. Charlotte also kept herself shaved, and Daniel took some time to examine her bare pussy, spreading himself to gaze into his plump pink folds. She was cute and tiny, and his stomach rumbled again as if to remind him how she managed to stay that way. There was no telling exactly how much time he had in her body, so he had to be quick.

He slipped into the Wonder Woman outfit, sliding the shorts up his legs and squeezing into the corset. The suit was tailor-made for Charlotte's body. The corset squashed her breasts up, making them appear much bigger. A wonder bra for Wonder Woman. He posed in the mirror quickly, Charlotte's large round glasses and wide Asian features incongruous with his outfit. But adorable in a way. The little shorts were basically underwear, clinging to his ass, slipping just across his butt cheeks before curving in between his thighs.

He skipped downstairs to the kitchen. Fuck this staying hungry. He was going to teach her to eat. Daniel grabbed a slice of chocolate cake that was sitting on the counter and crammed it into his mouth. He followed that up with a plate of lasagna topped with some hamburger patties and chased it down with as much ice cream as he could cram into himself. When he was finally done he wiped a little dribble of chocolate off his cheeks and sat back. He belched loudly, patting his stomach which was now distended beneath his tight outfit. That would do for now.

Daniel collected his keys and headed downtown to the convention.

He was a hit, naturally. A tiny Asian with big, dork glasses crammed into a superhero outfit made the other convention-goers swarm. The guards didn't even check for his pass, just assumed he was a booth babe. And he acted like one. He posed for pictures everywhere, thrusting out his chest and holding up a peace sign as he smiled for everyone's camera. Guys threw their arms around his bare waist for pictures and he pressed up against them. Occasionally a hand would brush against his ass and he would giggle. It wasn't his body and he didn't mind being groped. The attention was flattering, nearly overwhelming. Daniel sauntered around the booths, growing ever hornier as he flaunted Charlotte's body to complete strangers.

It was while posing for one picture that Daniel felt a hand stray down to his ass and stay there, squeezing his butt and making him jump as the camera went off. Daniel turned to the hand's owner, an older man in his thirties with a trim brown beard and mischievous eyes. He was inoffensively bland, not cute, not ugly. Though the guy wasn't tall, Daniel still found himself craning his neck up because of Charlotte's tiny stature. He was the kind of guy Charlotte would ignore walking down the street, passing right on by as if he didn't exist.

Something about being in a convention with a hand on a pretty girl's ass gave him the gall to ask, "You want to come up to my room?"

The guy probably expected Daniel to smack him and yell, but instead Daniel just batted his eyes and wrapped himself around the man's arm.

"Lead the way," he said.

As soon as Daniel entered the man's room he turned and launched himself into the man's arms. The man grabbed him in surprise, locking his hands beneath Daniel's tiny ass and pulling him close. Daniel was on his tiptoes, his lips pressed against the man's. Daniel stretched up his hand and curled it through the guy's hair, pulling their lips tight together. The man's tongue shot out and Daniel opened Charlotte's mouth, welcoming it inside. The man was warm and tasted minty as his tongue slithered around, his hands coming up to Daniel's tits, digging roughly into his sensitive skin, groping big handfuls of Daniel's breasts.

Daniel pressed Charlotte's nearly naked body against the guy, rubbing himself against the man's pants as the hidden erection pressed up between them beneath the guy's clothes. Daniel pushed the man back and giggled at his open mouthed astonishment, then leaned in close, his tits pressing against the man's chest as he brought Charlotte's lips to the man's ear.

"Keep your phone out. You're going to want a video of this." Daniel purred.

The man scrambled for his phone as Daniel got to his knees and tossed his long, coal-black hair behind him. He placed his hand over the bulge in the man's

pants, rubbing it, teasing the guy as he got out his phone. When it was recording, Daniel unbuttoned the guy's pants and yanked them down. He nearly laughed at the superman boxers, but turned it into a coquettish giggle, grinning up like a fox and licking his lips. Daniel pulled the boxers down, too, and was greeted with the sight of a cock that jutted out towards Charlotte's pretty little nose. The base of the man's dick was hidden in an unruly mass of brown hair, the head already swollen, the shaft thick.

Daniel gripped it in his hands. His tiny fingers made the cock seem that much bigger. He stroked slowly, gazing down adoringly at the dick in his fingers as he manipulated it. He looked up at the camera and grinned in delight as his fingers trailed up and down the shaft. Then he opened his mouth and quickly swallowed the stranger's cock, taking it into his mouth, letting the head glide across his tongue, bringing with it a slight salty taste. Daniel shoved his lips down greedily, swallowing as much of the cock as he could before coming back up, plump little lips wrapped tight around the man's dick. The shaft was now glistening with his saliva and he pushed his mouth back down swirling his head around, tongue undulating against the underside of the man's cock. He kept the pressure up, sucking hard, his lips concave as he filled himself with the man's dick, driving his lips up and down the veiny shaft as the man groaned above but kept the camera aimed squarely at Daniel's face.

Daniel showed off for the camera, stuffing the cock into one cheek, sliding his hand up and down the remainder of the shaft, jacking the man off into his mouth. He pulled his lips off and licked the man's dick from base to tip, the dick coming to rest on his little nose, his face growing slick with his own saliva. The man's moans grew louder and Daniel swallowed the dick again, faster this time, going down far enough to choke himself. He came up coughing and went right back down, torturing Charlotte's little body, shoving her face up and down the cock until he felt it throb in his mouth.

Daniel pulled the man's cock out of his mouth and aimed it at his face just as the man exploded. spurts of white cum jetted from his cock and Daniel caught it on

Charlotte's face, opening his mouth wide and letting the creamy cum drip over his nose, his glasses, sliding down his cheeks and onto his chest. It was hot as it hit his skin and made him squirm as his own body warmed with it, delighting in being used like this, in turning Charlotte into a little cumrag. When the man was finally done Daniel turned to the phone, saw Charlotte's beautiful face reflected back at him, her features slick and obscured with creamy seed. He licked his lips, tasting the deep, salty taste of cum. He rubbed his face and dragged the cum down his neck, squeezing his little tits and leaving a sticky trail of jizz down his lither body.

His other hand still grasping the man's dick, he looked up at him. "Got any friends?"

Daniel spent the next several hours going from hotel room to hotel room, blowing anyone and everyone, letting them cum on his face, his tits, his ass. His only rule was that they had to film it. And they did. Daniel sucked guys off until his jaw was sore and jizz dripped down between his tits and the crack of his ass. He made them bring him candy and sweets, taking payment in sugar and fat, which he messily stuffed into his mouth before plunging Charlotte's lips back down on another fat cock. He was the cheapest whore, available to everyone for just a hot dog or a soft drink. When he was done, his entire costume was damp with jizz and as he felt himself slipping out of Charlotte's body, he quickly set her phone to record directly to his private YouTube channel and poured the rest of a milkshake into his mouth, letting it dribble down his face as he forced himself to swallow it, his body so incredibly full, his stomach bloated.

Later, when Daniel was back in his old body, he watched the video of Charlotte coming back to herself. Watched the realization of what she was wearing, of what was dripping down her body and what she could taste in her mouth. Her stunned reaction was everything he'd imagined and more.

## 5

The next day the demon appeared and he was bigger still. His head now reached Daniel's waist. Daniel was walking through the school hallways with his lunch when the demon appeared in an acrid puff of smoke. Daniel peered over at him slowly, his head feeling strangely heavy.

“That was incredible, Daniel. You really showed her. Look, it's all over the internet.” The demon laughed as he held up a cell phone. Charlotte's face peered back from a hundred different thumbnails of videos on the website, each one showing her outfit more askew than the last, her hair and face stiffer with cum.

Daniel stared vacantly at the videos. He felt so hollow and used. “Yeah,” he agreed slowly.

“I'm now strong enough to put you into Mirah,” the demon said. His smile was too wide for his face, all teeth and gums.

“I don't know,” Daniel said, “I've done a lot.”

“But you haven't done anything to the person who really deserves it,” the demon said, coming in close, hissing in Daniel's ear, the cadence hypnotic, the voice steady and so sure of itself. “Mirah is the one who needs to learn humility. And she needs to bring it on herself. Remember all the things she did to you. The humiliation. The injury. The sandwich. Come with me.”

The demon led him out through the doors and towards the edge of the basketball courts. Across from them they could see Mirah lounging on the bleachers, surrounded by a new group of girls. Charlotte and Emily hadn't shown up at school that day but Mirah had just picked two girls out of her pack of hangers-on and lifted them up to be her new personal cheer squad. They were surrounded by a couple of drooling jocks all vying for her attention. Mirah ignored them, leaning back and flipping through her phone, looking up occasionally to toss out a comment that the guys jumped on like rabid dogs, each trying to outdo the other.

Daniel's rage burst up from inside him from out of nowhere. Of course the demon was right. He clenched a shaking fist as his humiliations came back to haunt him. There she was, surrounded by people who would give anything to be with her, totally unaffected by the misery she put out into the world. She needed to pay.

“Yessss,” the demon said, flicking his too-long tongue out as if tasting Daniel's rage. “She can be yours to do with as you will.”

“Put me in, boss,” Daniel growled.

Instantly he was lounging on the bleachers, his long coffee-colored legs stretched out in front of him. The tiny skirt rode up his thighs, just long enough to promise a hint of a view without ever delivering. His feet were clad with expensive sandals, his little toes painted a bright pink that beautifully set off his Indian skin. He held a pink phone in perfect fingers. Each digit was slender, the nails perfectly tapered, a picture of perfection afforded to her by her immense wealth. Her school outfit was perfectly tailored to her body, hugging her curves in all the right places, accentuating her hips, her ass, stretched taut across the swell of her breasts. And now that Daniel was inside her he could feel just how

big her tits were, heavier than either Emily's or Charlotte's, they rocked back and forth even beneath his bra as he sat up and stretched, enjoying every lovely motion of Mirah's lithe body. He turned a glaring eye on the guys around him, arching one perfectly sculpted eyebrow in disdain.

“I'm going to go, boys, don't wait up.” God, that voice, the voice of his tormentor now spilled from his lips, so fucking infuriating to hear and also so sexy. Light and teasing. Girlish and carefree.

He stood, aware that the guys were gazing at his legs, his ass as he strode away. The girls at his side didn't know what to do. They got up to follow but he turned and fixed them with a cold stare. “You stay here.”

He strode off towards the parking lot, Mirah's phone clutched in his hand, his little skirt swishing back and forth across her ass. He was going to humiliate her, but first, he was going to enjoy himself and her money.

Daniel strode into the virtual reality arcade, plunked Mirah's credit card down and paid for everyone's games. As the employee strapped him in, Daniel took the opportunity to press Mirah's delightful body up against the man. He played until he was hungry, then went to the greasiest dive he could find, someplace Mirah would never deign to appear, and ordered everything off the menu. He filled Mirah's tiny body with nachos dripping with cheese, greasy fried chicken, and pulled pork until he was bloated and full. After that he stopped by the electronics store and ordered the most expensive computer he could, shipping it to his own address. A little present from Mirah.

Everywhere he went he was the center of attention. His startling dark eyes and stunning looks had the employees knocking each other down to help him out. He

favored them with easy smiles, laughing at the worst jokes, and finding every excuse to bend down, or twist over to let his skirt slide up and reveal a glimpse of the stark white panties nestled between his cocoa butter thighs. Between stops Daniel sped down the road, blasting through stoplights and racking up scores of traffic tickets from the red light cameras. Whenever he pulled up next to someone at a light he would get their attention—waving or honking—before yanking up his top and flashing Mirah's tits at them. He got many appreciative honks back.

It was fun being inside her body. Partly because he was so carefree, little caring about the consequences that Mirah would face when she returned, and partly because of all the attention he got from being a beautiful bratty teenager. He bought whatever he wanted, ate everything, showed off his perfect little body. But he wanted to show off more.

Daniel's next stop was Stormy's, the strip club off the highway. The bouncer at the front door gave him a strange look but didn't stop him from sauntering in. His eyes adjusted slowly to the dim light as the thumping music assaulted his ears. There were a few groups of customers scattered around. A bored looking brunette danced onstage. She had small breasts and a rectangular figure and only a handful of guys were paying attention to her, half-heartedly waving dollar bills at her. Clearly she was the afternoon shift. She soon collected the money and disappeared backstage.

Daniel strode up to the bar. The barkeep, a skinny guy with sleeve tats up both arms came over and grinned crookedly at him.

“Can I help you?” He asked in a gruff voice.

Daniel shot him Mirah's sweetest smile. “I was hoping I could help you. How do

I get up onstage?”

“You ask me.” He looked her up and down. “How old are you?”

“Old enough.”

The barkeep shrugged. “We’re short staffed this afternoon. Have at it.”

The barkeep escorted him backstage, past a mostly empty dressing room and up to a sequined curtain that led out to the dance stage. Daniel tossed his keys and wallet onto an empty dressing table.

“All yours, sweetie,” the barkeep said, smacking Daniel’s ass.

Daniel strolled onstage, hips swaying back and forth as the music kicked up to a thumping beat. The guys in the audience looked up and hollered appreciatively as they noticed his schoolgirl uniform. Daniel let the music take him, gyrating his body and gradually peeling off layers of clothing, tossing them into the crowd as the guys crowded closer. Soon he was in nothing but a bra and panties and he leaned against the pole, sliding down as he felt himself up, hands wandering over his tits, his ass, sliding between his legs. God, Mirah’s body felt so nice. She was so limber and energetic. He lifted his leg up over his head, stretching as far as he could, enjoying the elasticity of her body while his panties tightened against his pussy.

He offered his back to a man in the front row and the guy obligingly unstrapped

his bra. Daniel tossed the bra away and let his tits bounce down. They were full and ripe, two perfect tear-dropped shapes. They were wonderful to stroke, the skin tender and warm. The crowd grew louder and more hands held up dollar bills. Daniel grabbed the pole, twirled around and jumped up, wrapping his legs around the pole as he slid down to the ground, the solid steel pressing hard against his clit, his boobs jiggling with each motion. The pressure coupled with the hooting attention made him moist. He crawled along the floor, enjoying Mirah's humiliation as guys pawed at his hanging tits, squeezing painfully, smacking them and watching them bounce.

Daniel arched his back and turned to the row of guys. Their musk was ripe in his nose and he nodded at one, offering up one hip. The man took hold of Daniel's panties and slid them off over his ass and down his leg. Daniel rolled onto his back and kicked the panties away before spreading his legs in the air. His breath caught in his throat as he stared down at his perfect body, the little lips of his pussy just visible beneath the dark thatch of pubic hair.

He rolled in the dollar bills, stroking his thighs and cooing like a whore. Daniel was so wet now, glistening drops of his juice sparkled from his pubic hair, reflecting the dazzling lights of the club. And then it was over. The music stopped and the barkeep appeared to usher him backstage.

“Holy shit,” the barkeep gushed, “That was amazing. When can you come back?”

“I don't know,” Daniel said, “You'll have to ask my dad.”

Daniel texted the barkeep Mirah's dad's number from out of her phone, making sure to accompany it with a topless selfie. He was about to leave when he realized that he didn't have any clothes.

“Um,” Daniel giggled, “I threw away all my clothes. What do you have in your wardrobe?”

School was out by the time Daniel got back in Mirah's car. He drove fast, hoping to make it there in time for his big finale. He'd chosen the sluttiest outfit he could find from the strip club and was now dressed in a belly shirt that clung to Mirah's heavy tits but left her trim stomach exposed. The stark white of the shirt contrasted nicely with his dark skin. The cutoff shorts barely even counted as underwear, which was fine because he wasn't wearing any underwear. Little rich girl Mirah was dressed like a cheap whore...and was about to act like one.

When he arrived back at school he saw the lacrosse team out on the field finishing up their practice. He jumped the car up onto the curb and hopped out, then snuck through the hallways and entered the men's locker room from the back. When the members of the lacrosse team came filing back into the locker room they were greeted with the sight of Mirah's body lying on one of the benches in the middle of the floor.

Daniel was on all fours, his head leaning on his hands, his back arched so that his lovely little butt was perched high in the air. The tight shirt did little to hide the sway of his breasts, and his tiny cutoffs rode high up his ass. He could feel the lips of his pussy giving way to the fabric. Daniel smiled up at the guys and batted his eyelashes. The team stood frozen, staring at him for a beat, unsure of how to react to seeing prissy, stuck up Mirah offering herself to them.

Daniel crooked a finger at the guy in front, the team captain, a crew cut blond with a jaw that could cut steel. As the captain came closer his astonishment turned into a wide grin, and Daniel sat up on his knees, gripped the captain's uniform, and pressed their lips together. Daniel twisted his tongue into the

captain's mouth. He tasted of sweat and grass. Daniel clapped his hand on the captain's ass and pulled him closer as they made out, closing his eyes as the captain explored Daniel's mouth, tongue thrusting eagerly between Daniel's wet, warm lips.

Daniel pulled away, still gripping a fistful of the captain's shirt. He peered over at the rest of the team and bit his plump lower lip.

“What are you all waiting for? Come join us.” He purred, his voice oozing with lust.

That was all it took. The team eagerly gathered around him, pawing at his body, squeezing Daniel's stolen tits, his ass. They passed him from guy to guy and he made out with each one as the others grew more bold. Someone pulled his shirt up and he lifted his arms, let them take off his top and free his breasts. A mouth was on his tits instantly, warm tongue lapping at his nipple while someone squeezed his other boob. There were so many hands on him, greedy for him, some rough, some tender. Someone helped him out of his pants and then there was a hand between his legs. He moaned into a guy's mouth as fingers dug into his pussy, finding his wetness and spreading it across his pussy lips.

Suddenly there was a cock in Daniel's face and he opened his mouth and swallowed it, lips gliding down as far as he could, until he choked and came back up spluttering. His lips were back down in an instant, greedy for dick, the musky taste of teenage cock filled his mouth as his tongue undulated against the slick warm shaft. The dick slid across his tongue and slammed into the back of his throat. They seemed to delight in making him choke, in fucking his mouth quick and hard, and he let them, punishing Mirah's body for everything she'd ever done.

As he sucked one dick, someone grabbed his hand and put it on another. Daniel wrapped his fingers around the shaft and slid his fingers up and down, slowly pumping the cock. He quickly brought his fingers between his legs, coated them with his wetness, and then used it as lube to continue stroking the dick. It grew ever harder in his hand, solidifying, throbbing every now and then as his fingers slid up the head and then back down the veiny shaft.

There was a dick between his breasts. Someone had Daniel's tits in hand and had shoved them together and was now fucking his amazing boobs. At the same time, hands found his ass and squeezed. Daniel arched his back and felt a dull pressure against his pussy as one of the team placed their dick up against Daniel's slick opening. The cock seemed so big against Daniel's tiny body, and whoever it was pushed inside hard and fast. Daniel gasped as the cock entered him, slid deep inside. The walls of his cunt wrapped around the shaft, bringing with it an incredible fullness. He felt that he might split as someone drove deep inside, planting their cockhead hard up against his center, a painful pleasure that reverberated through his body and made him moan with a small orgasm. He gasped as the dick hit his cervix, momentarily pausing in sucking the dick in his mouth until impatient hands gripped his hair and forced his mouth back down the slick shaft. And now the team was using him, fucking his body, squeezing his tits and smacking his ass.

Daniel moaned around the cock in his mouth as the guy behind him grew faster, driving his dick harder into Daniel's aching cunt, shooting white hot pleasure directly into Daniel's brain. And then the cock in his mouth erupted, throbbing suddenly as the man in his mouth came, jetting salty, warm cream down Daniel's throat. He gulped it down, swallowing as much as he could until he had to pull away and let the rest dribble down his chin. He turned his attention to the dick between his breasts, lowering his lips to swallow the head as it appeared between his pillowy boobs, sucking off the precum as the man squeezed his tits painfully hard and thrust up between them, again and again.

The man behind him fucked him faster, faster, and then drove balls deep and

came with a moan, gripping Daniel's ass in steel fingers and emptying his creamy seed into Mirah's body. Daniel could feel each throb, each spurt of seed as it filled his body and he came, too. He shut his eyes and moaned as his body vibrated with pleasure, mouth dropping open to cry out until he was suddenly silenced by another cock between his lips. He sucked eagerly, now into the rhythm, driving his lips down, down, deep-throating the dick in front of him as, behind, the guy switched out and someone else came in.

His ass was gripped again and he felt someone thrust forward, pounding into him quickly and violently, eliciting cries of pleasure from Daniel as his body burned with lust. Whoever it was only thrust a few times, until their shaft was covered with Mirah's juices. Then they pulled out and spread apart Daniel's ass. Daniel moaned, not ready for this, but he was surrounded, couldn't move for all the strong arms holding him down, petting him, fucking him. Someone grabbed a fistful of hair and jammed Daniel's mouth down hard. His lips slid down, down, little nose buried in someone's pubic hair as he swallowed the cock. At the same time, a warm, dull heat pressed against the tight hole of his ass. The pressure grew fiercer and Daniel felt his puckered hole opening, giving way. Lubricated by Mirah's pussy juices, the cock slid slowly into Daniel's asshole. All he could do was groan around the cock in his mouth, his body held fast by eager young men. The cock in his ass continued plunging in. It seemed to go on forever, each inch bringing with it a glorious mix of pleasure and pain. Finally, finally, he felt the man's groin touch his and knew he was as full as he could be and he came unexpectedly. A dizzying rush of pleasure flew through his body, making him squirm beneath the heavy touch of the team as his ass tightened around the dick inside.

The cock in his ass grew quicker, each thrust driving his little lips down the shaft of the cock in front of him. In and out, in and out, filled from one end then the other, growing in rhythm until both cocks throbbed and came. He was pulled back and forth as the cock in his ass sunk deep, shooting hot cum into his asshole as the one between his lips exploded into his mouth. He swallowed and moaned as pleasure twisted through him. He gave Mirah's virginal body over to the team with pure delight. Everyone got a chance to fuck him, to squeeze his tits, to slide into any hole they wanted. He tasted his pussy on one dick, his ass

on another, swallowing whatever was thrust in his face, quivering and driving hard down on whatever was pounded into his cunt and his ass until everyone had had a turn.

When the last team member was done Daniel was released, and he barely managed to soften his fall as he collapsed onto the bench. Cum dripped from his lips, ran down his tits. Rivulets of sticky seed were stuck to his thighs and he felt amazingly full and warm and used. Mirah's body had gotten everything she deserved. As his body came down from the orgasmic high he felt himself receding from Mirah's body and he laughed, imagining how she would feel coming back to herself, finding her body naked in the men's locker room, surrounded by guys who had just fucked her senseless.

Daniel awoke on his bed, feeling hollow and empty. His throat was dry and the air in his room felt stuffy and warm. A tall body loomed over him as he lay, weakened, on the bed.

“Yesss, Daniel, I hope you got everything you wanted. I know I did. But you have no more hate left and I need some more.”

The figure flickered and disappeared in a large puff of greasy smoke that hung in Daniel's room for hours afterwards.

## Epilogue

Emily sat on her bed, knees tucked up to her chest. She sniffed every now and then but had mostly gotten herself under control. They'd called it some sort of psychotic episode but it had felt so real. She had remembered every minute of it, could remember doing it and believing it was necessary at the time, until suddenly she'd come back to herself and realized what she'd done.

A shadow fell over her and she looked up, expecting to find her dad. What she saw instead was a demon. He was red-skinned and taller than a man, with sharp horns on his head and hypnotic glowing eyes.

“Hello, Emily,” the demon said,

Rationally, Emily knew she should be scared. But she was exhausted and spent, and had no energy left to care about anything. Until the demon spoke again.

“It wasn't psychosis, Emily. You were possessed. I can tell you who it was and how to get revenge. All I want is your hate.” He hissed.

And Emily gave it to him gladly.

###

## **Thank you!**

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