

Driving Her Wild

M2F Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Driving Her Wild

I clamp one hand over my mouth, trying to hide my derisive laughter as Becky presses her head against my shoulder. She's also trying to suppress her laughter, her bleached blonde hair tickling my neck as she giggles. Caroline looks over at the two of us, a self-satisfied smile on her lean face. At the front of the lecture hall, the professor glances up at us and loses his train of thought.

“But in *this* case the mitochondria-- uh...”

Shit, now the whole class is turning to face us. I bite my lip and gently push Becky up. Her freckled face is bright red and she twists her dyed blonde ponytail around her fingers nervously as she tries to control herself. I self-consciously adjust the cardigan tied around my neck and slide my thumb back and forth across my silver necklace.

“Do you have something to add, ladies?” Professor Taylor asks us in that snotty tone of his.

I can hear in his voice how he despises us, despite his best efforts not to let it show. Well, fuck him. His lectures are boring as hell and all I need to do is pass. It's not like I'm *ever* going to need to know about cell biology after this. My daddy's got a cushy position all set up for me in his office, and it's not like my Instagram followers give a shit. To them, I'm the bubbly blonde who's always posing somewhere in a cute halter top or a sexy bikini. The few times I did make a biology reference—joking about how the process of mitosis would be even better if it applied to the cute guy in my English lit class—I got very few likes. I don't think my audience likes bio jokes.

The professor is still waiting for us, hands on hips. God, what a jerk. He looks like every scrawny nerd who's ever stared at me, too scared to approach, only to scurry back to his computer and type vile things about me on the internet. Looking at his messy brown hair, I wonder if he's ever heard of the idea of combing or looking presentable. Oddly, his bushy beard is kept neatly trimmed. Probably to hide his lack of chin. Hell, if he looked more like Senor Garcia, my Spanish professor, I'd pay more attention. Talk about hot for teacher.

Professor Taylor pushes his glasses up his patrician nose and glares at us, waiting for an answer. Becky sits to one side of me, her brunette hair up in a messy bun, thin lips pursed. She's clearly not going to share with the class the sartorial snark about the professor's ragged polo shirt that she shared with us. The tension's unbearable to me. I shift in my chair and smooth out my black leggings.

Finally, I speak. “I was just wondering why the membrane blocked osmosis in this case, given that the modified molecules are compatible with the voltage-dependent anion-selective channels.”

The professor opens and closes his mouth once, clearly not expecting that question. I can tell he thinks I'm an idiot, when in truth, it's just that I really don't care. I don't need to know this. I'm set for life. I just have to stick this class out for two more weeks and then my real life can begin.

“That's-- that's a good question,” he says, picking up a marker and turning to face the whiteboard.

As he draws out an explanation Caroline turns to me. “Nerd.” She whispers in her throaty voice, her lips curled up in a half smile.

I shake my head at her, grinning. I like Caroline because she doesn't take shit from anyone. She's got an elegant face, with diamond sharp cheekbones and a slender nose. Caroline's one of those girls who's actually pretty plain, but knows how to use makeup to make herself look stunning, with dark, sharpened eyebrows that draw attention to her striking sea-green eyes. Her coffee colored hair hangs straight down either side of her face, giving her a severe look. And, okay, maybe I'm a little jealous of her perky breasts. I console myself in the fact that I've got better legs and a cuter face. Many guys have thrown themselves at Caroline, and almost as many have been rebuffed by her sharp exterior. She holds herself aloof. The first time I met her when we were both freshman, I thought she was a cold bitch. But we were put in a group together and she quickly grew on me with her acerbic wit.

Becky is almost her opposite: soft-spoken and shy. She can come off as silly sometimes, but I find her playful. Like me, she takes very little seriously and we often compete on Insta to see who can gain the most followers. Becky is a cutie, with a soft face, plump lips and a bright smile. She's little heavier in the hips, with a pear-shaped body and small breasts. I'm constantly surprised at just how many guys online prefer big butts.

I feel someone looking at me and I turn to the end of the row, where I briefly lock eyes with Steve. Now *he's* a cute nerd. Albeit one with some handsome arms and steely gray eyes. My heart flutters a bit and I wink at him. He smiles, and then his eyes flick back to his laptop where he's copiously taking notes. I know he thinks I'm a dumb blonde, because Caroline flirted with him at a party a few weeks ago and he let it slip. Maybe that's another reason I've started showing off in class more. It's okay for the professor to think I'm dumb because I don't care about him. But Steve is a different story.

He's good looking but doesn't know it, and I want to be the one to go over to him and ask him out. That would rock his world. And mine. But whenever I get near him my mouth goes dry and I can't think straight. Ok, I've got a little crush. Caroline has offered to go over and ask him out for me, but that seems too middle school.

Professor Taylor puts his marker down and turns to the class. "Ok. Remember projects are due next week. I'll email the exam schedule out to everyone."

There's a loud rustling as everyone packs up their bags and gets ready to leave.

"Jennifer?" The professor calls out my name. "Can I see you, Caroline, and Becky for a minute?"

I frown. It feels like I'm being called to the principal's office. The girls and I collect our things and head down the short flight of stairs to the podium where the professor is waiting. I pass Steve on the way and we trade shy "hi's". I put a little more bounce in my step for his benefit, brushing my golden hair back behind an ear.

The professor starts in on us when we get to the bottom. "Ladies, I don't appreciate those interruptions in my lecture."

It's hard not to roll my eyes as he goes on about "respect" and the importance of "not disturbing the others".

Caroline jumps in. "But Jenn was just clarifying the lesson," she says innocently, batting her eyes.

"Well, I..." The professor is interrupted by an older man entering through the door beside the podium. Judging by his untidy appearance, his thinning gray hair, and the way he strolls in like he owns the place I guess he's another professor. His eyes flick over the three of us, lingering briefly but significantly on Caroline—the old perv—before turning his attention to Professor Taylor.

"Hey, Jerry, we're all ready."

“Great, thanks Lew.” Professor Taylor says.

The old guy turns and heads out the door he came in through as Professor Taylor returns his attention to us. “Ok, thank you, ladies. You two--” he looks at Caroline and Becky “--can go. But Jenn, can I speak with you alone for a minute?”

“We'll wait for you outside,” Becky says, as they turn and head up the stairs to the main lecture hall exit.

I stare up at Professor Taylor expectantly.

“Jenn, why are you wasting your time?”

That floors me. “What do you mean?” I scowl. Not my sexy scowl, but my angry one.

“Can I be honest with you? I know you're an intelligent woman. You could be at the top of the class if you applied yourself. The work you've turned in is good but I know it could be better if you took the time. It's like you've got half the answer and don't care about the rest.”

“Look, Jerry, as long as we're being real with each other, I'm just not interested in the subject. I just want to show up, do the work, and get out of here.”

The sound of the door closing behind Caroline and Becky echoes through the empty lecture hall. Professor Taylor looks up, then back at me. He gives a sigh, takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. “Okay,” he says to himself, as if just coming to a conclusion about something. “I can't make you care right now. I'll keep working, though. There's talent in you. I'll see you soon.”

He collects his laptop as I make my way up the stairs. Opening the door to the hallway I find it empty. No sign of Caroline or Becky. That's odd. I head towards the doors out to the quad when I hear a giggle come from around the corner. A second later Caroline and Becky stroll up. Becky is beaming and Caroline's actually smiling a real, genuine smile.

“What's going on?” I ask.

“Nothing. Nothing,” Caroline shakes her head and brushes her bangs back away from her eyes. She brings her hand down to her side, pausing halfway and staring at her fingers as though she's never seen them before.

I lean forward into her line of sight. “You drunk or something?”

And then she's quickly back to her old self. “I wish. Did Professor Stick-up-his-ass have anything interesting to tell you or was he just hitting on you?”

“He's not interested in me. I'm not a single celled organism.” I retort as we head out the door and into the warm afternoon light.

“If you were an amoeba he'd want to divide you so hard,” Becky giggles, sending us all into spasms of laughter.

“What a nice day,” Caroline says as we recover. “Let's go up to the cliffs.”

“Oh, yeah,” Becky chimes in.

“Who are we making out with?” I ask.

The cliffs are a small promontory that stick out over the sand dunes, overlooking both the beach and the lower part of campus. The path is a gentle slope that rises and curves around enough to be secluded. I've been taken up to the hill several times by different guys thinking it was a romantic surprise, all unaware of just how unoriginal they are, and who expected I'd be totally blown away by this supposedly top secret spot. Okay, so I still slept with *one* of them.

“Maybe each other,” Caroline winks.

“It's too nice a day for me to go to comm class,” Becky moans, “Come on.” She tugs on my arm and I let them lead me to the outskirts of campus.

We wind our way up the path, the sound of the university receding behind us until all we can hear is the cries of the seagulls and the growing sounds of the surf.

“If I'd known you two wanted to go hiking I would have worn better shoes,” I say, as my Uggs slip on another rock.

“We're almost there,” Caroline says, taking my hand to steady me.

We soon reach the top and arrange ourselves around the picnic table sitting on the flat summit. I sit facing outwards. I tug the pink cardigan a little looser from around my neck and open the top of my collared shirt slightly before leaning my elbows on the table behind me to raise my head to the sun, closing my eyes and enjoying the alternating warmth of the rays and the cool breeze of the beach. After a minute I open my eyes and half turn to find Becky staring at me from across the table.

“What?” I ask.

“Oh. Nothing.” She looks away nervously.

Caroline's got one long leg crossed over the other, one elegant foot bouncing in the air and she keeps looking back down the path like she's expecting someone. Her fingers are playing absently with the bottom of her long shorts, stroking the bit of mid-thigh below where her shorts end. Suddenly, she turns to me.

“You ever thought about just going out to sea and never coming back?”

“Uh, no. But I've thought about skipping class and never coming back.”

She stands and takes my hand, leading me over to the cliff. Becky comes up on my other side and entwines her arm around my other arm. We all look out to the sea.

“You never wanted to just hop on some boat and have some whole other life?”

“I like my life just fine.” I say. Caroline's holding my hand in a firm grip.

“Maybe that's part of the problem. You're too comfortable. You think the whole world's going to be handed to you just because you're pretty.”

“Caroline?”

Her brow furrows as she stares at me. Her narrow face looks even more severe, darkly pretty even.

Becky speaks up from my other side. “We're going to teach you girls a lesson.”

I hear quick steps behind me but before I can turn my head, before I can respond to Becky, a wave of vertigo hits my body. It feels like standing on a boat as a big wave passes under. I try to untangle myself from their arms but my body refuses to obey.

My head turns towards Caroline and I can hear myself say, “Thanks, Lew, I'm in.”

But I didn't say that. My body isn't doing *anything* I'm trying to tell it. Becky and Caroline release me and my hands glide through my fine, blonde hair, stroking it and smoothing it away from my eyes. But again, it's not me doing it. My fingers are moving by themselves. The world tilts as my head looks this way and that, then down at my body, my eyes focused on the deep cleavage visible beneath the top of my button down shirt, lingering on the gentle curves disappearing beneath the soft fabric.

“About time you got here,” Becky says.

My head turns up to face her. “Sorry. I got held up.” Again, it's my lips forming those words, but it's not *me* speaking. It's like there's a stranger inside me, controlling me, leaving me trapped as a helpless passenger in my own body.

“Hey, I'm here now. Let's just enjoy this.” My voice says.

“I already am, Jerry,” Caroline exclaims.

Holy shit, Jerry, as in...my professor? Before this realization can sink in my head turns to see Caroline has pulled off her top and bra. Her fingers are circling her perky breasts as she stares down at herself excitedly. She squeezes her nipples and watches as they harden into sharp spikes beneath her fingers.

“Oh, man” she laughs, “Caroline *hates* this. She's such a prude. Look at these things.”

Caroline raises her hands and shakes her chest back and forth, then bounces up and down. I'm forced to stare at her heavy breasts as they bounce and jiggle. A part of me notes that they're perfectly formed, the skin smooth and evenly tanned, like the breasts of some porn star. Caroline's normally severe face is creased with laughter. I hear myself laughing, and suddenly my hands reach up and I'm fondling Caroline's tits. They're warm beneath my hands, firm but with soft skin. My head leans close, one tit filling my vision and then my mouth opens and I kiss her breast, my mouth landing on her nipple. I shudder—or try to—as my tongue flicks her nipple and the slight saltiness of her skin hits my tongue.

My other hand comes up and squeezes her other breast as I kiss and lick her, unable to stop myself as my body gorges itself, kissing back and forth between her breasts as she holds my head to her chest and sighs. Utter disgust fills me as I lick Caroline's boobs, but my body fails to respond. I don't want to be seeing my friend's tits, don't want to be kissing them and turning her on, but that's exactly what I'm doing. I'm not a lesbian. I'm not attracted to women. But whoever's in my body is. Despite my disgust I can feel myself growing moist, a low level hum of desire sparking through me as my hands fondle and squeeze Caroline's breasts outside my control.

“Becky's a hot one, she is,” Becky says.

My head pulls away from Caroline's tits—thank god—and turns to Becky. She's sitting naked on top of the picnic table, her clothes discarded in a pile on the sand. Her pale, freckled body practically glows in the sun. Her breasts are small but perky, big enough to cover in one hand. I know this because that's what she's doing: wrapping one hand around each breast and squeezing. Her nipples are dark pink, her breasts amazingly taut and bouncy. Her shoulders are a maze of freckles, and I can see now she's got a slightly chubby body. Her legs are propped on the seat, balanced on her toes, and my eyes are forced to trace the smooth line of her calves, up her thick thighs to her trim brown bush. My mouth starts watering—watering!—as I watch.

Becky's legs are spread and her pubes frame pink pussy lips that are even now swelling as she rubs herself with a finger. I catch glimpses of her inner pink as she fingers herself slowly, one finger stirring through her warmth while she stares down at her body in awe as though she's never seen it before. And whoever's in her body hasn't. I try to force my eyes to look away, to run, to do anything, but there's not even a hint of control. I don't want to watch Becky masturbate. It's gross. I've never found vaginas attractive and I hate even my own. And yet...and yet there's an attraction inside me. My body is growing wonderfully agitated and warm.

As if sensing these thoughts, my body moves towards Becky and kneels on the seat between her legs. My head leans on her thighs, my hair draping over her legs, my face so close to her pussy I can hear the squishing sounds of her finger rubbing her wetness, can see the glistening lips of her pussy. Becky uses two fingers to spread herself for me, revealing the deep velvet folds, the little nub of her

clit swollen with pleasure. Fuck, this is disgusting.

“How would you like to lick Becky's pussy, Jenn?” The body thief acknowledges my consciousness for the first time.

No. Please no. She's my friend.

“Too bad. College is supposed to be full of new experiences.” And it's somehow worse that the voice is mine, that my own body is betraying me.

Now my mouth opens, my tongue sticks out and my head slips between Becky's thighs. I reel with disgust as I lick her, my tongue gliding slowly up her slit from bottom to top, the scratchy feel of her pubes accompanying her salty taste on my tongue. I lick again and again, the body thief taking great delight in slipping my tongue into Becky's pussy, penetrating her as she moans. Her pussy is silky and warm, the tangy taste filling my mouth as my tongue slides inside her. I drink down her juices in greedy gulps, my face pressed into her pussy, her musky scent filling my nose.

Please stop. Please! I beg the body thief. My revulsion is mixed with the thief's pleasure, my body growing hornier under his command, overriding my own instincts and desires. He's completely taken me over. He can make me do *anything* he wants. And right now, he wants Becky.

He ignores me, twisting my tongue ever deeper into Becky, lapping her clit as she moans above me. I gag in my own mind, yet still slurp and lick Becky eagerly, now my tongue teasing her clit with little laps, now long, slow strokes up and down her cunt, her juices spreading across my chin and cheeks. She's so wet as I lick her, the deep musk cloying in my nose and yet making me ever wetter, my body enjoying this despite my mind's rebellion. The body thief has full control, even over my responses. Now I can feel my own hand pulling up my dress, my fingers gliding beneath my panties and stroking myself.

Don't touch me! I scream, but am powerless to stop myself from fingering my own pussy.

I feel so violated as my own hand rubs my pussy, and yet I'm so, so wet. I hate that I'm so turned on, hate that I *need* my finger to stroke myself, hate that I can feel the body thief's lust for Becky, a part of my mind enjoying sticking my tongue into her delicious pussy.

There's a breeze on my ass as my black leggings are yanked down. My face pulls away from Becky's thighs, thankfully. My head turns around to see Caroline kneeling on the ground, still topless, gazing at my ass. My back arches, sticking out my ass, making it even more rotund. My hands reach around and stroke my bare ass, gripping a cheek and jiggling.

“You have an amazing ass, Jenn.” My voice says. My hands give my ass a light smack and I'm forced to caress myself, my fingers sliding into the crack of my ass, then around my butt cheek and back into my pussy.

Caroline pulls my panties down grabs my ass cheeks. “Have you ever wanted to eat your friend's ass, Caroline?” She asks. There's a pause, the thief in Caroline's body listening to her denials and pleas for release. “Let me show you how it's done.”

She spreads my ass and bends closer, her straight hair hanging down her face. I can feel her tongue tickling along the outer edge of my puckered hole and despite myself it *does* feel good. I moan, my own fingers stroking my clit as I return my face to Becky's legs and resume eating her out. My other hand supports myself on Becky's thigh as I stroke my pussy and stick my tongue deep into her once more. Caroline's tongue continues tracing around my ass and I shudder as an electric shock of pleasure flits through me.

Becky moans above me, pressing her hips up towards my face. My fingers slide deeper inside me, rubbing faster, matching the vibrations of my body. Caroline's tongue darts into my asshole briefly

and I gasp, pausing with my face buried in Becky's pussy as my whole body shudders with a brief orgasm. My disgust only seems to make the body thief hornier. He resumes licking as Caroline grips my ass harder and licks my asshole more fiercely. The pleasure is so intense I can barely stand it and I moan into Becky's pussy, licking faster, all three of us girls now sharing a rhythm. And then my fingers curl around and hit my center at the same time as Caroline's tongue swirls all the way around the rim of my ass and I cum hard, knees shaking as my body jolts with the electricity of orgasm. I cry out, muffled between Becky's legs as she, too, shakes and cries, all of us cumming hard together.

My orgasm is frighteningly intense, leaving me tingly and breathless. I pull out from between Becky's thighs, my eyes looking lovingly one last time at her pussy, the lips swollen and red with her lust. Becky's face is glowing. My own face is sticky with her pussy juices, which I desperately want to wipe away but the body thief won't let me. Even through the sea breeze I get the occasional whiff of Becky's cunt and there's a whisper of longing in my treacherous body.

We all three sit at the table and stare out at the ocean. My body slowly comes down as we sit in silence. Finally, my voice speaks.

“Consider this the start of a lesson, ladies.”

Who are you? I beg.

“We're body hoppers. Maybe you've heard rumors of us. Some people say we're just folklore, but I can assure you we're very, very real.”

“Oh, stop crying,” Caroline's voice interrupts. Her face turns towards me and rolls her eyes as she points to her own head where Caroline sits trapped. “And here I thought *she* was the calm one.”

Becky's body is still playing with her tits, bouncing one then the other. “Did you know Becky's a virgin?” she asks.

“We'll have to fix that,” Caroline smirks. Then adds to herself, “Oh, you will too like it. I'll make sure of that.”

“Anyway, as I was saying,” my voice resumes lecturing us. “You don't respect education and you don't respect all the opportunities open to you. If you don't work hard. If you choose to waste your life, then you'll just become a piece of meat for some of our rather more intimidating hopper friends. As a sort of punishment taster, we'll be taking over your lives for the next couple days, monitoring your thoughts and...guiding you to better decisions.”

A couple days? I don't think I can live like this for a couple days.

“Oh, you *can* live like this. And I'll make sure that it's enjoyable for all of us.” My hands reach over and give Becky's bare tits a little squeeze. She giggles and sticks her chest out for me to fondle some more. Then my body stands.

“I'll meet you guys later. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!”

I head back down the path, and soon Becky and Caroline disappear behind a bend, leaving me and the body thief alone in my body. He walks me back through campus, teasing me all the while, whispering in my voice:

“I could strip off your clothes right here, make you run around naked in front of everyone.”

Please don't. I sob in my head.

As we pass a group of guys playing frisbee my head turns towards them. I make eye contact with one shirtless guy and he grins. I smile back and flick my head to toss my blonde hair back behind

my face.

“Can you imagine yourself on your knees as those guys go to town on you? Fucking you doggy style while they force their cocks down your pretty little throat? Oh man, just the thought of that is making me wet.”

And, indeed, my inner thighs throb once.

“Lucky for you, I want to enjoy myself alone. For now, anyway.” My voice whispers, both threat and promise.

The thief walks me back to my dorm and up to my room. I can feel him rummaging through my mind, almost like a physical presence as he slithers through my memories to guide us back to my dorm room. He unlocks the door to my room and tosses my backpack to the floor.

“Looks like your roommate's going to be out for awhile. Perfect.”

A fear flits through me. I find myself opening the closet door so the full length mirror hanging from the back swings around to face me. The thief makes my body pose, hands on hips, twisting and flexing as he explores his new form. My body moves back and forth, showing off for him, helpless under his control. He leans my face close to the mirror and I can see the flecks of green in my pale blue eyes. He makes my hand trace my delicate nose, turns my face this way and that so he can examine me, my own eyes traveling up and down my body, pausing on my tits, my ass. I feel like a piece of meat, an object, but this is what is so pleasing to the thief. I can feel his excitement manifest itself through my body as a gentle but insistent warmth building between my legs.

“Let's get a *real* look at you, Jenn,” My voice says as a lusty grin spreads across my face.

The pink cardigan drops to the floor before my fingers unbutton my top and I slip out of it. I kick off my Uggs, roll my leggings down and step out of them, then yank down my panties, still damp from my earlier exertions. Without ceremony I reach around and unclasp my bra, letting it fall to the floor. My breasts bounce down as they're freed and my hands come up to them as Jerry makes me touch myself seductively.

My head tilts down and I'm forced to stare at my perky breasts as my fingers explore them. The thief is surprisingly gentle with my tits, gliding my fingers across my skin and forcing me to coo softly. He holds one up as much as he can, examining it critically, before letting it drop and bounce back into place.

“I think you've got the best tits of all your friends,” My voice says. “I just wish they were big enough to suck,”

My hands continue squeezing and groping. He's enamored with my tits, staring down at them and despite my efforts it's making me ever warmer. My thumb and forefinger comes into my mouth and I wet them, then use my slick fingers to pinch my nipple, squeezing and pulling gently, then letting the rubbery skin pop back into place. I can't look away as he forces me to play with my boobs. The pinches grow rougher as my body warms. My head lolls back and my eyes close as I pinch harder, the magnificent spikes of pain meeting the gentle waves of pleasure splashing through me, growing them. “Oh, fuck,” I whisper, opening my eyes once more and staring into the mirror as I fondle myself. God, I'm getting so turned on by the sight of myself.

My hand slides down my tummy and brushes across my pale golden pubic hair. *Please please please no.* I beg, to no avail as two fingers slide in between my pussy lips and press on the hood of my clit. I bite my plump lower lip and look down my long body, watching as one hand fondles a breast, the other rubbing my pussy gently, fingers disappearing into my warm folds. The thief loves making me watch myself despite, or maybe *because of*, my aversion to masturbation. The more disgusted I am at the thought of touching my pussy the hornier I become.

The fingers in my pussy dip down, following my slit to land in my dew. They spread my moisture back up and I feel them circling inside me, can feel my own velvety folds gripping my finger. I shudder as a brief spasm passes through me. A little breathless “oh” escapes my lips.

“Fuck that's nice. I need a toy.”

Again that rummaging through my mind. I don't have one but—oh god no. My face smiles and I walk to my roommate's chest of drawers. Opening the bottom-most one I find her bullet vibrator, a slender pink oblong.

“Good thing you're such a nosy little bitch,” my voice says.

I walk to my bed and lie back, adjusting the pillow so I can look down at my lean body. I spread my legs and switch on the vibrator. I can do nothing but watch as my roommate's vibrator slips between my legs. Oh, god, the thought that this *thing* was in her pussy and is now in mine is disgusting...and that just makes me hornier. The delicious vibrations are soothing despite my efforts. My other hand returns to my tit as I dip the tip of the vibrator slowly in and out of me. I straighten my legs, aware that my body is growing wet, the onrushing orgasm imminent, spiking a tension through me. My little toes are taut, my legs pressed together as my hand dips the vibrator in deeper and deeper, pressing hard up against my clit. Now the buzzing is inside me, flowing through my entire body, pushing my delight to the surface as I strain to guide my pleasure. My breathing grows faster, hand clutches my breast harder, vibrator thrusting in deeper and suddenly all I can do is hold on as the tension snaps within me and I moan, pushing my head back into the pillow, raising my hips to meet the down-rushing vibrator as it buzzes deep inside my center.

“Oh, fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” I hear my voice say, rising in pitch, sounding like a slut as I'm forced to fuck myself with the vibrator. As soon as the first orgasm passes the wonderful tension twists through me, quicker this time. And I'm thrusting deep and fast, gripping and twisting my tits, torturing my body into pleasure as I gasp, cumming hard again, a mind-blowing earth-shattering spasm of pure pleasure that whites out my every thought. We share this desire, the thief and I, the forced orgasm exploding through my head as I twist and moan on the bed, continuing to thrust my stolen vibrator in and out of my pussy.

The pleasure slowly abates. I'm so wet, dripping onto the bed, a cool puddle beneath my ass. My hands and the vibrator are slick with my juices. I flick off the vibrator.

“Time to clean it,” My mouth says. I can't stop myself as my hand brings the vibrator up to my mouth, my lips open, and the taste of myself hits my tongue as I suck on this toy that was just inside me, that's covered in my juices, that was inside my roommate. I want to gag as my tongue swirls around the metal toy and I swallow greedily, but my disgust just makes the thief giggle in delight. I continue sucking until I can no longer taste my own deep, salty flavor, then I pull out the toy and lay it on the bed next to me.

“Was it good for you?” I ask myself, fingers resting on my chest, idly fondling my breasts. It seems the thief is endlessly delighted with my body. He can't stop touching it, and through our mental link I'm forced to share in his pleasure.

Fortunately, he dresses me before my roommate returns. I'm constantly on edge in my head, waiting for the next humiliation. I've given up pleading for my body back. There's no use. The thief has already proved I'm helpless and he'll leave when he's ready.

He goes through my routine just like me, snaking into my memories to steal what he needs. I even find myself sitting down to study, my hands taking notes in my own curly handwriting – he's even stolen that from me – as I read through the text. It's comforting, in a way. It means that there's some goal here other than sheer humiliation and it makes me hopeful that this nightmare will end soon.

But it doesn't end tonight. I go to bed, still a prisoner in my own body and when I sleep I share his

dreams. I wake up the next morning and go to rub my eyes, but my body doesn't respond. That's when the events of yesterday come flooding back, dragging with them a deep, hopeless despair.

“Oh, come on now,” My body yawns, rising and stretching. “You'll have your body back soon. I just want to have some fun.”

My roommate's still sleeping, so I move quietly to the closet. My hands search through my clothes as the thief searches through my mind. He comes up with my usual outfit of black yoga pants and a green and white flannel shirt. He holds them up and my face contorts into a sneer.

“Christ, such a basic bitch outfit. Come on, we'll find you something better.”

I get dressed in the outfit he's picked out, finally slipping into my comfy Ugg boots before heading out the door. After stopping in the bathroom to do my business, he takes me out and down to the main row of shops across from campus. He's so much more flirty than I ever wanted to be. He forces me to make eye contact and smile at every guy I see, making himself a little warm between the thighs, which makes *me* a little warm. At least he hasn't dressed me like a slut.

I find myself entering a little boutique woman's clothing store. It's full of frilly, upscale clothing that is sooo not me: elegant dresses, flowery tops and lots of pink, flowing fabrics.

“Now this is more like it,” my voice says as my body saunters over to the racks and the thief starts flipping through the clothes. “Classy and cute. Just like you.” I pick out a few outfits, including a slinky blue dress that will set off the pale blue of my eyes. On the way to the dressing rooms, he picks up a matching bra and panties set, each time forcing his way through my mind to find my size.

I walk back to the changing rooms and close the door behind me. The clothes are carefully placed on a hook or on the little chair before I find my body turning towards the mirror. There's an impish grin on my face and I flip my blonde hair back out of my eyes with a practiced motion. I undress slowly, the thief forcing me to stare down at my body, forcing my hands to run slowly up and down my skin as I cast off my clothes and stand in just my bra and panties. Then I slip into the blue dress. It hugs my figure, with a low cut neck that shows off my beautiful cleavage. The back and sides are a series of criss-crossed strings. The light fabric falls almost to the floor, with a slit up one leg. I feel both nearly naked and elegant at the same time.

The thief makes me pose, turning this way and that, fluffing out my hair. “God, you look gorgeous.” He says. I'm thinking the same thing but no way am I going to give him the satisfaction. He rummages through my bag and pulls out my phone. He takes some selfies and posts them, just like I do when I look this hot. Then he puts my phone down and turns his attention back to the mirror, my hands on my hips. One hand slides down over my ass. I turn and arch my back, watching as the fabric clings to my taut ass.

He leans against the mirror, one hand on the wall for support. The neckline hangs down and I find myself staring at my own breasts, my body growing ever more excited just looking at myself. “Fuck,” my voice whispers, “How do you not just masturbate all day? I would. In fact, I will.”

Before I can realize the import of that, my hand snakes between the leg slit of the dress and lands on my panties. My lips turn up in a smile as my hand presses firmly against the silken fabric. I stare into my eyes as I stick my ass out, my fingers pulling the panties aside to slip underneath and land on the coarse hair of my pussy. Christ, I'm so wet already. His desire is controlling my body and all I can do is come along for the ride as he teases me into full on lust.

My fingers move quick within me as I stare into my own eyes in the mirror. The lust I see in them, the lust for myself, is deep and intense. I'm wet for myself now, my fingers slipping through me, one on either side of my clit, half-pinching, rubbing back and forth. My little pink tongue shoots out and glides across my lips, my mouth is half open, my eyes half shut as I finger myself faster. My

breath comes harder, fogging the mirror and still my fingers stroke my clit, digging deep through my smooth folds. I take in a deep breath as the burning tingle spreads up from my pussy through my body.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” I moan to myself as the thief forces my fingers in deeper, curving around and inside me to touch my innermost pleasure and—oh god!—my thighs shake, my entire body trembles in thunderous rapture as I cum, moaning long and low, both in my mind and through my lips as I stare deep into my own eyes, watching the pleasure and the lust flit across my face.

The raging flames inside me die down slowly and I slip my fingers out of my pussy. They're wet with my lust, and the thief makes me stare into the mirror as I drag them across my lips, spreading my musk across my face. It invades my nose, deep and fragrant, and I'm ashamed to realize it turns me on, this smell of myself, the taste of my pussy as I suck on my fingers. I smile, then slip out of the dress and back into my yoga pants and flannel.

“Guess I'm getting these,” I hear myself say, picking up the dress.

I carry it out to the register where the lady bags it and charges me, making small talk like I didn't just masturbate in the changing rooms. God, I hope she didn't hear me. She certainly doesn't act like it, but then again, maybe she's just trying to act normal. Is that disgust at me in her eyes? Glee at the story she'll tell about the girl who fingered herself in the dressing room? Or is she just naturally smiley?

The thief takes my body down a few stores to a local cafe and orders my favorite: a caramel latte.

“You've been such a good girl, you get a little treat. I hate when they fuss and cry in my head. So bothersome. And then I have to do things they'll *really* regret. But you've been great.” He whispers, so low only I can hear.

As he waits he keeps making eyes at a guy in the corner. The guy's dressed in a tight white t-shirt that shows off his impressive sculpted body. His face is all angles, with a day's worth of stubble, and his eyes look tough as steel. He keeps grinning at me, shark-like and predatory, and the body thief seems to be leading him on, smiling coyly, standing with one hand on my hip.

That guy gives me the creeps. I tell the thief.

“Oh, he's harmless. Just admiring the view. As you would.” My voice whispers back.

The barista calls my name and I strut over to the counter to grab my drink. The thief takes the long way back to the door, circling around to pass by the staring guy and letting my fingers drag across his table, before turning and giving a quick bat of my eyelashes. It sickens me how much he's flirting with the guy. The shark-like smile on the guy's face grows wider and he stands, following us out the door at a slight distance.

Oh my god, he's following us.

“You're paranoid. Look.”

My body stops and pretends to admire a window display. In the reflection, the guy passes behind me, staring at my ass but continuing on his way. I breathe a sigh of relief in my head.

“See? Come on, let's get back to your place and I'll let you go. But I need to know that you'll try harder in class. Don't waste what you have or I'll take it again.”

The feeling of relief at knowing the end is near is incredible. *Thank you, thank you, Yes, I promise!* I yell. Anything to get him out of my head, to get my body back and make this nightmare end.

Halfway back to my apartment he turns down the path to the botanical gardens.

This isn't the way to my apartment, I say, trepidation rising within me. Oh, god, he's going to make me masturbate again. In public this time.

“Will you just let me enjoy the last few moments as a beautiful woman?” My voice says.

I look up just as someone steps out of the bushes. It's shark grin guy from the coffee shop. He's even taller than I thought, with a chest wider than my shoulders. His eyes are fixed on me, looking down with an evil grin. Before my body reacts his hand shoots out and he grabs me, twisting me around and crushing my back against his chest. His arm pins me against him in an iron grip as his other hand snakes around my neck and over my mouth, muffling the start of my scream. My bag falls to the ground and he pulls me into the bushes.

I cry out but he's too strong for me, handling me like a rag doll as he drags me into the undergrowth, finally reaching a small clearing where two trees are twined together, their leaves hanging low around us, completely concealing us from the outside world. My body is struggling weakly and I note absently that the hand around my mouth smells of sandalwood. I kick and pull but the guy only grips me harder.

“Stop struggling,” he whispers in my ear, his hot breath rushing across my neck, “It will just make it worse.”

It's futile to struggle; he's much stronger than me. The body thief stops, my breath coming in ragged gasps.

The guy whispers in my ear again. “I'm going to let go of your mouth, but if you scream it will go badly for you. Understand?”

My head nods and the guy releases my mouth, the hand coming down to squeeze my breast painfully. My back is still crushed against his and—oh god—I can feel his rising erection poking against the curve of my ass. His hand wanders across my chest, the other arm still pinning me against him. The man's erection presses against my yoga pants and the body thief pushes my ass back against it. I'm surprised to find myself growing wet as the body thief enjoys my suffering.

Now the guy is thrusting against my ass, dry humping me, before ripping my top open, the buttons flying into the undergrowth. His hand forces its way beneath my bra and now he's on my breast, his hand covering my entire tit. He squeezes again and I moan as the pain flares through me, bringing with it an unwelcome tingling between my thighs.

“Please don't hurt me,” I whisper.

“Shut up,” the guy says.

He throws me to the ground and I land on a small pile of leaves. He's on me in an instant, the full weight of his body pinning me to the ground as his arms shoot out and clamp both my arms to the ground. My body is splayed beneath him, his for the taking. Now he's thrusting his groin against me, rubbing himself on my pussy and it's making me so unbelievably wet.

I moan, my head laying back in the leaves, my hips thrusting up. What is the thief doing? He's enjoying this assault, and forcing me to enjoy it as well. The guy is breathing hard in my ear, kissing my lips, my cheeks, enjoying the power he has over me as I meekly resist. Fuck, why do I like this so much?

He releases my arms and grabs my yoga pants, fumbling to pull them down and the body thief doesn't help him. I'm too afraid to cry out in my head, afraid of what he'll do to me, and afraid that I like it so much. The man gives up trying to yank my pants off and instead just grabs the crotch in two hands and rips a hole in my pants. And still, even with my arms free, the thief doesn't run, doesn't fight, just makes us both watch as the guy yanks his own pants down. His cock is huge,

though it may just be my terror magnifying everything. Then his hand is around my neck and he forces my head back onto the ground. He resumes kissing and suckling my breasts, a stranger's lips on my skin, hot breath on my nipples. Oh god, I can feel him pull aside my panties, the head of his cock pressing against my pussy lips. He pushes against me and I open for him. I'm sopping wet, so horny, so ashamed to enjoy this.

And then the stranger is inside of me, his thick cock burrowing deep into my pussy. He thrusts quickly, powerfully, wanting only his own release. His breath is hot in my ear as he murmurs:

“You little basic bitch. You like this, don't you? Tell me you like this.”

“I like this,” I say in a voice tinged with delight.

“Tell me you want this big cock.”

“Please fuck me with your giant dick,” I beg. And god help me, I *do* want him.

He thrusts deep and hard, pounding up against my center as he continues to hold me still with his other hand, fucking my body, using me like an object, dominating me. It's the hottest thing I've ever experienced. He's fast and furious, moving easily through my wet pussy, the walls of my cunt stretching around his girth as he grunts and pounds deep. God, I'm so full, his massive cock filling me, driving my body wild and to my shame I cum, moaning through gritted lips as I orgasm, the stranger's cock deep inside me is a fiery delight. He grows faster and my body trembles, the tension growing again, ready for another orgasm. Now he's thrusting wildly, driving deep, and all I can do is take him, my legs spreading wider, god help me I'm welcoming him inside, wrapping my legs around him and pulling him in deeper. He obliges, fucking me hard, growing faster and faster until with some final, desperate thrusts he moans. I can feel him cum inside me, can feel the spurts of white hot cum filling my pussy as I cry out and thrash beneath him in ecstasy and terror.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck,” I cry, eyes shut as pleasure washes through me and I enjoy an orgasm that whites out the world, dazzling in its intensity, pleasure spilling through my every pore.

When he's done he pulls out of me, dripping down my pants. He stands and adjusts himself, gives a little smile, then disappears through the bush. I push myself up to a sitting position and stare down at my ruined outfit.

“That was hot,” My voice finally says.

Hot? Are you crazy? He fucking raped me!

I laugh. “No, no, I know that guy. We arranged this little rendezvous beforehand to give you just a little teaser of what I could do to your body if I *really* wanted. It might have backfired because it seems you really liked it.” He laughs again and dips my fingers into my pussy, coming up with a hand shiny with the stranger's cum and my own juices. He forces me to suck on it and swallow the stranger's load. In my head I want to gag, but the thief makes my body savor it.

Only then does he take me back to the dorm and he leaves when I least expect it. One minute I'm standing in my doorway, a passenger in my own body, and the next my body goes nearly limp and I stumble before realizing that my body is my own again. I fall into my bed and cry, swearing I'll do whatever it takes to prevent that from happening again.

I invite Becky and Caroline over and we all share our stories. They're much the same. The body thieves humiliated us and degraded us while sexually enjoying our bodies. The only difference is the details. I comfort Becky as she describes being forced to go onstage at a strip club for amateur night and get topless in a room full of strangers. Like me, she was humiliated but turned on as the guys threw money at her and she let them touch and fondle her as she scrabbled around on the floor for dollar bills. She even gave a blow job to the fat bouncer at the end of the night, sucking him off

until he came in her mouth and then swallowing it all down.

The thief in Caroline's body forced her to take a bunch of naked pictures and videos and upload them to the web. She told us how degrading it was to moan like a whore as she touched herself, and the alarm at how quickly the video spread. As a "favor" the thief had made Caroline have sex with Steve, the hottie from our bio class. The thief made her beg him to fuck her in the ass, treat her rough and call her all sorts of degrading names. Needless to say, he hadn't called her back.

The thieves told all of us the same thing: we have to work harder in class or they'll come back for us. So we do. I help the others study, staying in on the weekend to work on our final projects and prep for the following week's exams. I know I can ace it but I have my doubts about Becky and Caroline. Even with the threat of having her body stolen Becky is flighty and distracted. Maybe she's got ADD? I lose my temper at her once or twice. There's much crying, then hugging and making up.

On the day of the exam there's a strange sense of calm. The three of us walk into class as prepared as we can be. I stare at Professor Taylor as he passes out the test, waiting for him to acknowledge me, to acknowledge what he did in my body. But he barely glances at me and I put my head down to concentrate on the test.

I glance over at the other girls from time to time during the class, trying to read on their faces how well they're doing. When we compare notes at the end we're confident we did well. Much better than we would have done before the threat of the body thieves at any rate.

So I'm surprised when I return to my dorm room in the afternoon a few days later and I sense someone creeping up behind me. Before I can turn around I feel the invasive presence inside my mind and suddenly my body's not my own.

No! I scream inside my head at the thief, as my fingers slip my keycard back into my purse and my body turns to head downstairs. *I studied. I aced the test!*

"Yes, you did," My voice says as I head out the door and across the quad. "But Becky and Caroline...not so much. You failed as a group. So you'll be punished as a group."

Becky and Caroline join me on the path down to the gardens. We hold hands and giggle like schoolgirls as we follow the shady path down to a semi-secluded picnic area. And then the body thieves turn us towards each other and we make out, the three of us taking turns kissing. I taste Becky's sweet lips. The thief glides my tongue into her warm mouth and forces me to taste her as she sucks on my tongue. Then I pull away and Caroline's oval face comes towards me and now I'm kissing her. She tastes like licorice as her hot breath fills my mouth. Then it's Becky and Caroline's turn to kiss each other as my hands wander over their bodies, pinching and exploring Becky's soft curves, then turning to Caroline and nipping her neck. Her hair brushes against my cheek and I can hear a sigh escape her lips. We go back and forth like this, taking turns kissing and fondling as my body is teased into ecstasy. I don't want to see my friends naked, don't want to fondle and caress, them, don't want to fuck them.

But I don't have a choice and it feels so goddamn good.

Caroline grabs my hair and yanks my head back, forcing our lips together again. I kiss and moan as she grips a fistful of my hair and bends me back further, hungrily devouring me, thrusting her tongue into my mouth, nipping my lips with her teeth. The animal intensity of her lust is frightening and also serves to drive the pulsing pleasure quicker through me.

All three of us pull back, pausing just long enough to strip off our clothes and toss them to the ground, followed by our panties and bras. Now we're standing naked, three nymphs in a glen. Becky's hands come up to my breasts, fondling them. My eyes are forced to stare at her own freckled tits, the pale pink nipples already at attention as her warm hands circle my breasts. Caroline

kneels between us and places her head between my legs, licking me long and slow. I close my eyes and shudder with delight as her warm tongue follows the line of my slit, her breath hot on the lips of my pussy. Becky bends and sucks on one of my nipples, her warm lips wrapped around me, playing the sensitive nub with her tongue and I hate myself for how good I feel, for how readily my pussy grows wet.

Caroline pulls out from between my legs—god, I want her back in, I need her tongue inside me—and moves to Becky, pleasuring her like she pleased me. She licks long and slow as my own fingers wander down and land in my wetness, pushing inside my warm, velvet folds as I chase the pleasure through my body. Becky lays me down on the grass and kneels over me, leaning forward until our breasts press together as we kiss. She slowly drags her pussy down my stomach, leaving a slick trail of her lust across my bare skin. As we kiss I can feel Caroline's lips back on my pussy, her fingers sinking inside me and I moan once into Becky's mouth as an orgasm flits through me.

Becky raises herself off me and lowers a breast against my mouth, I open wide and suck eagerly as it obscures my vision. I grab her breasts, spreading my juices over them as I do so, and press my head between them, licking and sucking, pure delight sighing through my body as I kiss her tits. Below us, Caroline circles back and forth, licking and sucking my pussy, then Becky's. Her fingers are magical, landing on my pleasure and making me cum, then pulling out and doing the same to Becky. I can feel Becky dripping onto me, our mingled juices running down my leg as we cum again and again.

Then Caroline pushes Becky off with a laugh and throws her legs over my face, while at the same time planting her own face between my thighs. I just have time to see Becky roll onto her back and begin fingering herself before Caroline's pussy fills my view. Her plump lips are deliciously ripe and red and I suck eagerly. God, she tastes delicious. And now I don't know whether it's the thief or me—maybe there's no difference anymore—but I've never tasted anything as delicious as Caroline's cunt. Her musky, salty taste fills my mouth and my nose as my tongue presses deeper into her opening. Meanwhile, she does the same to me, both of us licking and sucking, our moans rising in pitch until I cum, thrusting my face deep into Caroline's pussy as she presses down. My hips thrust up and she buries her face in me. I cum hard, bucking and thrusting as the electric currents fill my entire body. It's the most incredible orgasm I've ever had and I come down slowly, still licking every now and then, still desiring the taste of Caroline.

It's only as I'm rubbing her clit for the third time that I realize my body is back under my control. I quickly pull my fingers out, They're coated with Caroline's musk. She rolls off me and sits up, her tits swaying back and forth. My eyes are drawn to them and a part of me wants to suck them. Has the thief left a part of himself inside me? It's a frightening thought.

My thoughts are interrupted by some giggling. Back on the path, three Kappa Sigmas are laughing at us. I don't know them personally but the sorority is well known for being composed of the rich and powerful. Their perfect, blonde tresses glint in the sun. Their outfits are immaculate.

“Gross,” One says, “Those are some serious super sluts.”

They all laugh. One takes out her camera and begins taking pictures as me, Caroline and Becky scramble to find our clothes and throw them on. The three sorority girls standing there continue to make jokes about us for another minute or so, admiring the pictures on their phone. Then they turn and walk away, still laughing and talking about us. One turns back and winks at me.

“You are, like, total trash.” She yells at me.

The three of us say nothing. What can we say? No one would believe this anyway. We can only be thankful that the whole ordeal is finally over.

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Thank you!

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

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The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

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

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

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

Student Body (M2F Body Theft)

Jeff is a sixty year old high school teacher who's disappointed with his life. Heather is a gorgeous, popular cheerleader with her whole future ahead of her. But when ancient magic causes the two to accidentally swap bodies, Jeff finds himself back in high school, and in the body of a petite blonde sexpot.

Hardbody (M2F Body Possession)

Tina's a personal trainer and she's just beginning to build up her client list when she starts losing time. Little instances at first, a few minutes here and there. But then the stretches get longer and she finds that her body has been doing things during these blackout periods. Dirty things. Sexy things. Things she, herself, would never in a million years do.

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Queen Isabelle's daughter is refusing to marry and nothing will change her mind. So Isabelle swaps their bodies, intending to do so just long enough so that Isabelle can marry her daughter off to the prince. But her young, new body is much more exciting than she ever dreamed, and there are so many perks to remaining young and beautiful.

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Vic is sick of his wife, Karen, moaning and complaining about their daughter's wedding. He's annoyed at the way Karen seems to be ashamed of her own body, hiding her curvy figure behind shapeless clothing. Vic figures if Karen's so sick of her body then it's only fair that she gives it to someone who appreciates it. Like him.

Reunion (M2F Possession)

Max is at another boring family reunion. But things get a lot more interesting and he finds a magic stone that transports him into the body of three different family members with very different body

types.

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

I've always had the ability to possess other people's bodies and control them, but I haven't used it in so long. Until the day I find Cassie. She's irresistibly gorgeous and I have to hop inside her right away. I'm going to intimately explore her body and help her become comfortable with her sensuality, while having my own fun in the process.

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

Jeremy is about to become a body double for the first female African American president of the United States. He's got to learn to cope with being the most powerful woman on the planet. And for Jeremy, enjoying her shape, her smooth ebony skin, her stunning curves, and her amazingly responsive body is just one of the perks of the job.

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

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

When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

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

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

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

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

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

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

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Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

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

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

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