



EATING *Out*

MtF POSSESSION

MVVILLS



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MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Eating Out

“Apparently they gave her a really hard time about inviting you here,” my friend, Riley, whispered to me as we stepped into the velvet-lined foyer of the restaurant.

“Really?” I asked.

She nodded and swiped her dark bangs out of her eyes. “I guess they had a last minute cancellation, though.”

The foyer was dark and understated in the way of extremely fancy restaurants. There were two blondes in front of us chatting with the hostess, and seeing them both in their fancy evening dresses made me feel hopelessly out of place in my ill-fitting button-down and borrowed tie. The blondes both had elegant hair that fell down around their shoulders and looked poured into their tight dresses. Riley caught me staring at their incredible figures and elbowed me in the ribs.

“Stop staring, Jason,” Riley hissed.

My cheeks reddened and I looked away until the hostess led the two blondes around the corner and out of sight. The only reason we were even at this fancy restaurant was because Riley’s roommate, Kaitlin, had recently started working here and was going to tap us into her employee discount. The restaurant was downtown, behind a nondescript steel door that looked like a service entrance. One of those strange secret bars that big cities have hidden away. Fancy décor

behind a shabby façade.

“Come here,” Riley said, taking hold of my tie and fixing it up. “This might be hard for you but we need to impress these people,” she deadpanned.

“Cool. I’ll try not to break any dishes or set anything on fire.”

I’d never before seen Riley wear the black dress she had on now. Straps crisscrossed across her slender figure, giving glimpses of the pale skin of her sides and just below her collarbone. The dress clung to the light swell of her breasts, hugging her figure as it spilled down to just below her knees. She was even made up, her black hair done in a bob that framed her face. She was shorter than me by about a head, and as I watched her adjust my tie I really, really concentrated on not staring down her dress. I really did. She was my friend.

“Good start,” she agreed, finishing with my tie and patting my chest.

Fuck, I had such a huge crush on her. We’d known each other since high school when she dated one of my other friends. They broke up when they went away to different colleges but Riley and I attended the same university shared some classes. I’d never hung out with her away from my friend before, and soon discovered how great she was.

The more we hung out, the more I liked her. She had a droll sense of humor and enjoyed campy horror movies. Plus, she was cute in a door-next-girl kind of way with a slender button nose and expressive green eyes. We just fit together. By the time I realized I had a crush on her we’d been friends long enough that asking her out would be extraordinarily awkward. Especially because, even though she

was naturally flirty, it didn't seem like she had a thing for me and I didn't want to ruin our friendship.

"The hostess is coming back," Riley said. "Act fancy."

I stepped up to the hostess. "Ah-pardon me," I said affecting an over-the-top posh accent. Riley snickered and poked me in the back. "We have reserved ah-one ah-table for two. Should be under ah-Kaitlin."

The waitress was a busty blonde squeezed into a tight navy dress. She didn't even crack a smile as she ran her finger down the guest list.

"There you are," she said, crossing off our name. "Right this way, please."

"Doofus," Riley whispered to me, a flicker of a smile across her pretty lips.

We followed the hostess around a corner and into the main dining room. The soft clink of silverware filled the air as we were guided through the exquisitely decorated room. The lights were low, the wall decorations simple in the way only extraordinarily expensive furnishings can be. Riley and I sat across from each other at a small table and gawked at our surroundings. The hostess handed us menus and disappeared back to the front.

I perused the menu and sucked in my lips. "No prices."

“Think that means it’s free?” Riley joked, scanning her own menu.

“I would assume.”

“Hi, guys, thanks for coming,” a familiar voice said.

Riley’s roommate, Kaitlin, stood by our table. Her long-sleeved button-down white shirt strained against her ample bust. She’d swept her shoulder-length burnt-orange hair up in a fancy bun, one long lock hanging artfully down the side of her pretty face. Riley was cute but Kaitlin was hot. She could have easily settled down with any of the string of rich boyfriends she introduced us to, but she wasn’t content to be some rich guy’s trophy wife. Kaitlin was nice but she always struck me as kind of fake. Her reactions to other’s problems seemed alternately contrived or way over-the-top, like she was really pretending to care.

“Thanks for inviting us,” I replied.

“Is it a problem I can’t pronounce most of the words on this menu?” Riley asked.

Kaitlin laughed. “I don’t think anyone can. That woman over there...” Kaitlin said, nodding to a table to her left, “Has been trying and failing all night. Don’t worry about it. I’ll get you what’s good.”

“Sounds good,” I nodded agreeably.

Kaitlin swept away, leaving Riley and me to study our surroundings some more. Riley glanced this way and that, then leaned over the table and whispered to me: “Hey, Jason, notice anything weird about the people here?”

I casually cast my eyes around the restaurant and immediately saw what she was talking about. “Is this lady’s night or something?”

The room was filled with gorgeous women. I was one of only three men that I could see, including the waitstaff.

“I haven’t seen this many beautiful women in one place outside of a beauty pageant,” Riley said. “Why’d they let you in here?” Her lips quirked up into that impish smile again.

She was right. Everyone here was at least a nine. I included Riley in that assessment.

“Gender equality?” I guessed.

A waitress brought around some sliced bread, along with a small bowl of olive oil and another of butter. She returned a moment later with two glasses of wine and set them in front of us.

“Guess this is from Kaitlin,” I said.

“Here’s to eating in restaurants that are way out of our league,” Riley said, raising her glass.

I toasted and we both sipped. A soft chime rang out and everything changed. The first thing that happened was that Riley jumped in her seat and nearly choked on her wine. She set the glass down on the table.

“Forget how to drink?” I snickered.

She ignored me and looked down at herself, bringing her hands up and wiggling her fingers as if she’d never seen them before. She chuckled, a sly smile spreading across her adorable lips. Then she gaped down at her chest and reached up to squeeze her breasts. She sighed in contentment and felt herself up while I stared, too stunned to do anything for a moment.

“You okay?” I asked.

She looked up at me, hands still on her tits, and nodded, then returned her attention to her breasts. I looked around to see if anyone was watching. No one was looking at us. In fact, they were all looking at themselves. Just like Riley, almost every woman in the restaurant was staring at themselves and feeling themselves up. Hands were on tits, yanking up skirts, running down bodies, like they’d all had the same idea at the same time.

“Riley? What’s going on?”

Riley stopped struggling with her dress and looked at me, a strange wide smile on her lips. “You don’t know what’s happening?” When I shook my head she laughed. “You’re in for a treat. Help me get out of this dress.”

She stood and came over to me, turning so I could unclasp the back of her dress.

“Uhh...” My brain froze. This was exactly what I wanted. But here? Now?

She turned to look at me, in exasperation this time. “Look, buddy...” It was her voice but a different cadence, like someone else was operating her body. “Here’s the quick rundown.” She motioned at the women around the restaurant, who were now busily undressing themselves, flinging their clothes away. “This restaurant runs a special night. We paid big money to possess these chick’s bodies for an hour. I don’t want to waste it, so are you gonna help me out of this dress or do I have to find someone else?”

I nodded and sprang up, fingers shaking as I unclasped her dress. Was this really happening? She shrugged out of it and it slipped to the floor. I gaped at her perfect backside, the taut swell of her buttocks clad only in black lace panties. She turned to me and beamed.

“How do I look?”

It was a fantasy come true. Riley stood before me, topless, wearing only a skimpy pair of panties. My eyes traced her slender figure, pausing on the light swell of her perky breasts. How many times had I imagined seeing them? Somehow they were even more perfect in real life. My cock twitched in my pants.

“Speechless, huh?” She said, that strange smile—a stranger’s smile—still on her face. “You want to touch these titties?”

I nodded.

“Come here,” she purred.

I was there in an instant. I grabbed her tits, releasing a breath I hadn’t realized I’d been holding as I felt Riley up. Her tits were exquisite. Taut and bouncy. A wide pink areolae capped each one. She ran her hands down her thighs and over her ass, touching herself as I groped her, plucking gently at her nipples, afraid that this strange spell would break at any moment.

“Mmm,” Riley moaned, a sound that sent a tingle straight down my spine and right into my cock. “I was going to do this solo but this don’t feel so bad.”

I leaned down and kissed her on her lips. She hesitated for a second and then kissed me back. I slid my hands around her backside, cupping her bare ass as my tongue snaked into her mouth and I tasted her. I squeezed her butt then dragged my hands back up the small of her back and around to her chest. God, I was desperate for her, wanted to touch every inch of her body. I moved faster and faster, desperate for her, wanting to both savor and devour her.

I rolled her panties down her legs and she stepped out of them, then I pressed myself closer to her. She scrambled for my pants, unbuttoning my fly before pushing her hand down my boxers and wrapping her fingers around my rapidly

rising cock. I sighed into her mouth, hands still eagerly exploring her young form as she slowly stroked me. I kissed my way over her cheeks, down her neck, delighting in each soft inch of her skin. My hand skated down her belly, over and around the curve of her ass, then back around to her thighs. I found the coarse hair between her legs and my fingers came away damp with her desire. Riley sighed into my mouth, enjoying touching herself as much as I did.

Riley pushed away and grabbed the small bowl of olive oil of the table. She knelt in front of me and drizzled it on my cock, then tossed the bowl aside and stroked me with both hands, swirling the olive oil over my cock until it was glistening. Each stroke was gloriously slick and I almost came right there.

When my cock was coated, Riley stood and bent over the table. She wiggled her cute ass in front of me, the pink folds of her pussy visible between her perfect thighs, calling me.

“Come on and fuck me in the ass, pal,” she said.

I didn't need a second invitation. I grabbed her hips and slid my cock up against her puckered entrance. She arched her back and her breath hitched in her throat as I met the pressure of her asshole, my cockhead just spreading her apart. I sank inside slowly, her whimpering with each inch. Her ass was incredibly tight but my cock was slick with olive oil and, inch by inch, I disappeared inside her. She clutched at the table, wiggling as I filled her asshole. I could hardly breathe as all my fantasies came true. I was inside Riley, staring down at her perfect buttocks as my cock disappeared into her completely, surrounded by her slick heat. I paused, savoring the sensation of my cute friend wrapped around me, the sight of my cock disappearing inside her butt cheeks.

I withdrew slowly and then slid in again, my eyes wide and locked on her

gorgeous curves. Riley, face pressed on the table now, mouth agape, eyes closed, slipped one hand between her legs and began fingering her pussy. I slid in and out of her ass slowly, the tightness of her around me threatening to make me cum at any moment. I held on, gripping her ass cheeks as I continued sinking in and pulling out, my tempo rising along with my lust.

I soon sped up, my eagerness overcoming me, building to a steady rhythm with the thump-thump-thump of my groin on Riley's ass. All around me women were sighing and moaning as they ate each other out or fingered each other. But I was focused on Riley as she wiggled her butt, moaning as her fingers slid deeper into her wet folds and I slid deeper into her tight ass. I pounded her harder, gripping her ass, grunting as I thrust over and over. She whimpered beneath me, body tightening and then quivering around me as she came. Her tiny cries were beautiful and desperate. I gritted my teeth, holding on, savoring this moment as long as I could until my need broke over me and I sank deep and came.

The relief of emptying myself into Riley's ass was breathtaking. With each spurt I felt her tight hole filling as she clutched me. I rammed into her while she fingered herself, both of us grunting with need, animalistic in our desires, until I slowed and was empty, my lust spent. I pulled out and she wiped herself with one of the cloth napkins.

“Help a girl out?” Someone said from behind me.

Riley half turned and her eyes went wide. I turned, too, and saw Kaitlin standing behind me. She was completely naked. I knew Kaitlin had an incredible body but seeing it for myself...damn. It was like she stepped out of a porn film. She was all bouncing curves and taut lines. Christ, her tits were huge. They bobbed from her chest hypnotically. The light thatch of hair between her legs matched the burnt-orange of the hair on her head.

Riley pushed herself off the table and began making out with Kaitlin. The two women caressed each other, tits pressing together, hands wandering over each other's bodies. I was left out and spent, but it looked like the people inside the girls' bodies were down for more.

Riley maneuvered Kaitlin around and helped sit her up on our table. She spread her legs and pushed aside the plates before lying back while Riley dove between her legs, licking madly. Riley clearly savored Kaitlin's pussy.

"Fucking is nice but, goddamn, I love eating pussy," Riley said, when she came up for air.

Then she dove back down, licking and sucking on Kaitlin's sensitive clit until Kaitlin rocked and came, sighing around her roommate's pretty face. Kaitlin gripped Riley hair, thrusting her hips up to Riley's yearning tongue as she shook and cried out orgasmically. I was jealous. All I could do was watch as my friend ate out her roommate. As everyone in the room fucked everyone else.

After a while there was another chime and then people finished up. They struggled back into their clothes, hiding their bodies once again. Kaitlin disappeared back into the kitchen. I helped Riley back into her black dress. She sat back down and I followed her lead as we set the table again.

There was another chime. Riley paused, her eyes refocusing. And then she was back. She grinned at me, shook her head and laughed, then reached for her wine. Neither of us spoke about it as we ate and drank. And drank. I was almost prepared to believe that it never happened, except that my dick was still damp, and the image of her naked body was burned into my mind.

When I woke up the next morning I almost thought that the events of last night had been a dream, except for the fact that I was lying on the couch in my friend's living room where I'd crashed the night before. But still...there was no way the whole restaurant had spontaneously erupted in an orgy. Had I really fucked my friend in the ass? The thought was alarming and exciting. Maybe my drink had been spiked with something and I hallucinated it all. I lay on the couch, the blankets bunched up around me, and let my thoughts drift. The thought – or memory? – of being surrounded by Riley's heat was enough to stoke my morning wood.

From the kitchen came the sounds of Riley and Kaitlin preparing breakfast. The clink of silverware, the rumble of pans, the soft click of the fridge as it opened and closed. The smell of the coffee percolating was enough to rouse me to a sitting position. I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and yawned.

I slept in my boxer shorts and nothing else, so I was topless, the thin sheet pooled in my lap when Kaitlin peeked around the corner from the kitchen.

“Morning,” I grinned, sleepily.

“Morning,” she said, padding into the room and setting down a mug of coffee on the coffee table in front of me.

Kaitlin wore a baggy, oversized tee shirt that fell down to just below her thighs

and apparently nothing else beneath it. As she bent towards me to set the mug down, gravity tugged the long neck of her shirt open and my eyes were drawn right down her cleavage. Her bare breasts swung, heavy and round, beneath the fabric.

She looked up right at that moment and saw what I was staring at. I blushed and looked away, focusing on the coffee she'd just set down. One of her burnt-orange bangs slipped from behind her ear and she tucked it back.

“Looks like someone had exciting dreams,” she said, pointing to my lap and giving me a warm smile.

I looked down and saw my erection straining against the sheet.

“Yeah, uh, I, um...” I shifted, covering myself with more sheet.

Kaitlin tittered and returned to the kitchen. A few seconds later I heard giggling. I wanted to defend myself and say I couldn't help it, but I also didn't want to draw even more attention to my erection. So I just picked up the coffee and sipped it slowly in silence.

Last night was weird and awesome, but what if it was all in my head? I wasn't about to march into the kitchen and just blurt out how much I'd enjoyed having that orgy at the restaurant. If I really was imagining it, I'd never live that embarrassment down. Word would definitely get to my parents and the rest of my family. But how else was I supposed to figure out whether it happened or not?

I picked last night's rumpled clothes off the floor and put them on before heading to the bathroom. The scent of bacon hit my nose as I passed the kitchen. I didn't even glance in, not yet ready to face them.

The bathroom counter was a mess with Riley and Kaitlin's products. I found an extra toothbrush under the sink and used it to brush my teeth. My black hair stuck up at crazy angles and I combed it out in the mirror as best I could using just my fingers.

By the time I returned to the kitchen, Riley and her roommate had set out breakfast on the table. Eggs and toast and bacon. My stomach rumbled at the sight.

"Look who's up," Riley deadpanned. "Sleep well?"

"Couch was okay, I hope?" Kaitlin added brightly.

"Yeah. It was fine," I said. "You know, for a couch."

Riley wore a sheer nightie that draped over her slender frame. The black of the nightie matched the black of her hair. The lacy fabric fell down to just below her knees and as she moved I could see the outlines of her legs. She grabbed some silverware from the drawer and set it on the table. I couldn't help but let my eyes graze up the light curves of her body as her nightie wafted against her skin, clinging to her soft outline when she bent over. Kaitlin saw me watching but instead of admonishing me she just smiled knowingly. What the hell did that

mean?

We sat down to breakfast, helping ourselves to the platters of food. Their dining area was more of a nook, mostly filled by a square table with one end up against the wall. I sat in the middle, with Riley and Kaitlin to either side. The table was small enough that we had to dodge arms and shuffle mugs and plates around as we served ourselves. I buttered my toast and tried to steer the conversation around to yesterday.

“The restaurant was fun last night,” I said. “I really enjoyed it.” Subtle.

“Yeah, thanks Kaitlin,” Riley agreed.

“Any time,” Kaitlin said, crunching on some bacon.

Hmm. Nothing. I tried again: “The food was really good.” A pause when neither spoke up. “And the entertainment was nice.”

Riley and Kaitlin shared a mysterious glance and giggled. Riley propped one elbow up on the table, the fork grasped lightly in her fingers. Her other hand sat in her lap. Kaitlin had both elbows on the table as she tore her toast into small pieces and nibbled on them.

“Entertainment?” Kaitlin asked, popping a piece of toast into her mouth and looking at me with wide, innocent eyes.

“Yeah, you know the...” I gestured vaguely, hoping they would respond with some clue.

“Of course. The entertainment,” Riley deadpanned. “It was so entertaining. That’s the word I would use.”

She was definitely teasing me, but I didn’t know in what way. I wasn’t ready to bring the whole thing to a head. As I mulled over a response, Riley sat back in her chair and kept her gaze on me, an enigmatic smile playing across her lips.

“Entertaining how?” Riley asked. She set her fork down and leaned forward, balancing her chin on one hand to stare closely at me. She flicked her head to toss her black bangs out of her eyes and then resettled herself, waiting for my answer.

“I mean, well, the food was delicious,” I stumbled.

“Yeah?” Riley said.

“And the whole...atmosphere...was very...freeing,” I said, gesturing vaguely and looking from Riley to Kaitlin, hoping for a glimmer of acknowledgement.

“Mmm, uh huh,” Riley sighed. Her eyes were closed now and I couldn’t tell if she was listening.

“Very, like...anything could happen, right?” I said.

“Oh, yes,” Riley whispered in a breathy voice.

It was only then that I realized that while she’d had her chin in one hand, beneath the table she’d pulled up her nightie with the other and was now wiggling it about between her legs.

“What are you doing?” I asked her.

“Oh. You want to see?” Riley asked.

She leaned back in her chair and turned to face me, spreading her legs. She’d pulled her nightie up so it pooled at her belly, pinned in place by her arm as the fingers of that hand slipped into her dark bush and began drawing tight circles across the top of her pussy. I caught a brief flash of pink and she moaned again, soft and sultry. I gulped, not knowing what to say. Riley tossed her head back and sighed as she fingered herself.

A giggle from Kaitlin drew my attention and I turned just in time to see her duck beneath the table. A second later there was a hand on my jeans, pulling the zipper down. On instinct I caught Kaitlin’s hand and stopped her, pushing back slightly from the table to look down at her. She peered up from between my legs, her hand caught beneath mine, trapped against my rapidly rising cock.

Riley sighed softly, and now I could hear the slick sounds of her pussy as she grew wetter. Her other hand drew up to play with her lip as she eased into her pleasure. I released Kaitlin's hand. She bit her lower lip and hurriedly unzipped my pants. She helped me wiggle out of them, then she reached into my boxer shorts and withdrew my manhood. Her fingers were warm on my shaft and she cooed softly as she stroked me, her eyes locked on to my dick as it rose in front of her face.

“You like watching Riley finger her little pussy?” Kaitlin asked, talking dirty again, just like she had last night at dinner.

“Yes,” I whispered, knowing now that it had been no dream.

Riley wiggled in her chair, her pussy glistening now. Her mouth dropped open and her fingers circled her rich red lips. She sighed softly, shivering as she did so.

Between my legs, Kaitlin shrugged out of her oversized shirt and dropped it to the floor. Her huge breasts hung from her chest, heavy and unwieldy. She grabbed her tits and wrapped them around my dick, and I leaned back in my chair so I could better thrust up between her pillowy cleavage. God, her tits felt so good to fuck. Warm and jiggly and perfect. She helped stroke my cock with her tits and I looked back and forth from her to Riley.

Riley bit her finger, her legs moving restlessly, fingers of her other hand sliding inside her more rapidly as her breath came faster. Between my legs, my cock slid through Kaitlin's soft cleavage, the head of my cock poking out just beneath her mouth.

“Lick it,” I whispered.

“Ewww,” she wrinkled her little nose. “I don’t like giving blowjobs.” She must have seen my disappointment because she added with a wink, “You’ll just have to cum on my tits.”

That I could do. As Riley masturbated in the chair, Kaitlin used her tits to stroke my cock. A bead of precum lubricated her breasts and I began thrusting up harder as desire rose within me. Fuck, it was hot watching my cock disappear between Kaitlin’s pillowy tits, the head reappearing at the apex of her cleavage.

Riley shook and cried out, voice rising in pitch as she came around her own fingers. She was gorgeous when she orgasmed, head thrown back to reveal her long neck, eyes closed, mouth open, pussy spread, hand whispering down her body. The sight of her and the feel of Kaitlin’s tits around my cock were too much. The need to drive up hard overcame me and I thrust up, erupting over Kaitlin’s breasts.

She jacked me off with her tits as bursts of my creamy seed coated her tits, spilling down over each pale. I gazed at her in utter need as I came on her chest, my cum spilling down her tits and over her fingers. I thrust until I was empty and she was glazed with my desire.

When I finished, Kaitlin slid out from between my legs and resumed her place at the table before daintily wiping my cum off her tits with a napkin. Riley shuddered one last time before withdrawing her fingers and bringing her legs back together.

“Was that entertaining?” Riley asked with a smile.

“Holy shit,” I gasped. “So...so the orgy last night...?”

“That was real,” Kaitlin said, putting her hand on my arm. “We just wanted to tease you.”

A million thoughts ran through my mind. They were acting so completely different. The restaurant must have changed them. Strangers being in their body must have changed them. They’d taken on those strangers’ attributes, becoming more overtly sexy and willing to do things with me.

“You didn’t tell me it would be that kind of restaurant,” I said to Kaitlin.

She shrugged. “I didn’t know. I’ve only been working there a week and a half.”

“So you don’t, like, have orgies every night?”

Kaitlin laughed. “We wouldn’t be able to cook very good food if we did that every night. No, I think that was just a one-time thing.”

“Did you know about any of this?” I asked Riley.

She shook her head. “I just saw other people doing it that night and thought it looked like fun, so...”

“Are you going to do it again?” I asked, hopefully.

“Don’t think so,” Kaitlin said. “It was a one-time thing. I mean, what are the odds that everyone there will spontaneously start an orgy again?”

“Probably the same odds as winning the lottery,” Riley added.

It didn’t sit right with me. The whole thing seemed too well planned to be a singular event. Everyone in the restaurant was possessed at the same time. No one tried to break it up and then everything went quickly back to normal soon after a chime. Who were the people running this? What was their goal? Did they know that this was changing the people that were being possessed?

“Come on,” Kaitlin said, jumping up, which caused her still-bare breasts to jiggle delightfully. “We’re going to go hang out with some friends. Want to come?”

I did want to see if anything else about them had changed. And, honestly, I hoped that another orgy would spontaneously break out with their friends.

3

We'd been walking through the woods for an hour with two of Riley and Kaitlin's friends and there didn't seem to be any danger of another orgy breaking out. Their friends were completely normal, quizzing me about myself, gossiping about others, sharing their opinions on the latest news. Riley and Kaitlin had changed into shorts and tee shirts for this small hike through a wooded local park. I'd gone home briefly to change and shower and put on some new clothes before joining them, hoping I'd be walking into another surprise orgy. No one had yet even hinted at the events of last night or this morning. Their behavior in public was chaste and, well, normal. A far cry from the sex kitten act they'd put on when we were alone. My ears perked up when one of Kaitlin's friends asked her how her job was going.

"I'm still getting used to it but it's the usual collection of misfits you find in the back of any restaurant," Kaitlin joked.

"It's not really your normal restaurant though, is it?" I asked, prodding to see what she'd say. "I mean, last night was unusual."

"What do you mean?" One of their friends asked.

"Ask Kaitlin," I replied.

"What's not normal about it?" She asked Kaitlin.

“Nothing,” Riley broke in. “The only abnormal thing there last night was him.” She jerked her thumb at me.

That earned a chuckle from the group and a friendly punch on the shoulder from Kaitlin.

It seemed Kaitlin and Riley weren’t about to tell anyone who wasn’t there about the events at the restaurant. Even when we stopped on a bridge and Riley leaned over the railing, providing me a perfect view of her perky rear, Kaitlin said nothing when she caught me looking. Neither of them flirted with me. It was like Kaitlin had never jacked me off that morning.

After the hike we went for brunch. I sat next to Riley and tried to slip my hand onto her leg beneath the table but she brushed me off. As long as people were around, Riley and her roommate acted as they usually did. When their friends split off from us after lunch, Kaitlin turned to me.

“Want to come back to our place?”

Hell yes I did. When we got home, the minute Kaitlin walked in the door she tossed her shirt off and unclasped her bra, letting her breasts spill out.

“Oh, god, it’s such a relief to get out of this,” she said.

Riley grabbed Kaitlin's ass and pulled her close for a kiss. I gaped at them, open-mouthed. They made out for a few seconds, slowly and sensually, before Riley finally pulled away and grabbed a handful of Kaitlin's breasts. "You've got the best tits," she muttered. "I wish I had them."

"Mmm, you can," Kaitlin purred, snuggling up close. "If you promise to let me taste your pussy."

It was like a switch had been flipped. They were all over each other. Riley's hands squeezed and pinched Kaitlin's heavy breasts, staring at them in delight. She was acting like a guy, obsessed with Kaitlin's impressive chest. I guess it made sense. If they were changed by the people inside them, then they would have taken on all the mannerisms of those people. In this case, a guy who loved big tits. So...most guys.

Riley bent and brought one of Kaitlin's breasts to her mouth. She popped Kaitlin's pink nipple into her mouth and sucked as she squeezed Kaitlin's other breast. Kaitlin clasped Riley's head to her chest and ran her fingers through Riley's short black hair. Riley's eyes closed in ecstasy as she grew wilder, kissing her way back and forth across Kaitlin's chest, nipping and kissing one nipple as she tweaked and rolled the other between her fingers. Kaitlin sighed beneath her touch as her cherry ripe nipples spiked to attention.

Kaitlin glanced at me as I ogled them. Her eyes slid down to my lap and she giggled. "Someone's excited," she said.

"No shit," I said, not ashamed of my erection. "My friend and her hot roommate just started making out. What do you expect?"

I made a move towards them but Kaitlin held out her hand. “No,” she said, closing her eyes briefly and sighing as Riley continued to feast on her breasts. She opened her eyes and smirked at me. “We need some girl time.”

“Can I at least film you?” I pleaded.

“No,” Kaitlin said vehemently. “We like our privacy.”

“Not for...public consumption,” Riley added from between Kaitlin’s tits.

Kaitlin clasped Riley’s cheeks and pulled her face up so they were kissing again. Riley swept Kaitlin’s burnt-orange hair back from her face and closed her eyes, savoring her roommate’s touch, her taste as their tongues played against each other. Riley’s hands wandered down to Kaitlin’s pants and unbuttoned them. Kaitlin stepped out of them, then Riley gently guided Kaitlin down into the easy chair behind her. Kaitlin reached up to grab her own breasts in each hand. They spilled from her fingers, and she pinched her nipples before bringing one breast to her mouth and sucking on herself.

Meanwhile, Riley knelt between Kaitlin’s legs and gently tugged her panties off. Kaitlin lifted her legs and Riley gripped her inner thighs and kept her spread apart, knees bent and resting on Riley’s shoulders while Riley gazed longingly into her friend’s light bush. Watching them made me so horny. I couldn’t help myself. I unzipped my pants and began stroking my dick as Riley lowered her head between Kaitlin’s legs and licked once, long and slow.

Kaitlin shuddered and released a long breath, closing her eyes, one tit still in her mouth. Riley kissed her way up and down her roommate’s pussy, tongue darting

out quick as a flash to tease Kaitlin's rich velvety folds. She pressed her mouth harder against Kaitlin's opening and I could see her tongue working madly across her entrance. I wanted to see her. I wanted to taste her. But I was only able to watch from afar as my friend pleased her roommate.

Kaitlin's eyes closed in ecstasy and she gripped her tits in both hand, kissing her way back and forth between them, enjoying them as much as Riley had, as much as any man would have. As much as a man probably did last night at the restaurant, leaving the ghost of his desire in her mind. Kaitlin's breath came faster and she began whimpering, her voice growing higher in pitch as Riley licked her pussy. The slippery sounds of Riley's tongue on Kaitlin's sex were music to my ears and I stroked myself faster.

Kaitlin's cries grew faster, louder, her hands greedier for her own body, stuffing as much of her breast into her mouth as she could until she finally came. She threw her head back and squeezed her breasts, mouth agape, eyes squeezed shut as she shivered and gasped with orgasm, a delightfully girlish sound that made me explode. Hot seed jetted down my fingers as Kaitlin writhed beneath Riley's delicate tongue, coming back down only for Riley to urge her back up with eager laps of her glistening folds. And then it was Riley's turn to shudder as she ate out Kaitlin. She moaned into her friend's pussy and it seemed like she came just from tasting her. Kaitlin must have enjoyed three orgasms before Riley finally pulled away and looked up at her, her chin glazed with her friend's juices.

"Fuck, you're delicious," Riley said.

Riley raised her head to kiss Kaitlin but Kaitlin wrinkled her nose and turned away. "Uh uh. Not when you've just been eating me out. I don't want to taste myself."

Amazing that Kaitlin could still retain some elements of distaste and squeamishness. She was still very much about keeping clean and maintaining appearances. Maybe whoever had possessed her hadn't gotten rid of those particular quirks. Obviously, neither of them had ever fucked me before, and I seriously doubted they'd ever had sex with each other before, either. Maybe having someone else be in their bodies and doing it, making them say how much they loved it, was enough to convince them that they actually did want it. After all, they'd apparently thought everything they did at the restaurant was of their own free will. Having sex there made them more free to have sex with each other at home. So maybe simply making them state new intentions while possessed would be enough to change them, make them substitute a new worldview for their current one.

I was lost in thought and so didn't even realize they were pointing at me until I heard a soft giggle.

"You made a little mess there," Kaitlin said.

"Here," Riley said, standing and offering me a box of tissues. "If you get that on our sheets you're doing the laundry."

I wiped myself off absently, still ruminating on what this all meant. How could I find out? I needed to go back to the restaurant and investigate.

4

Kaitlin wasn't scheduled to work that night, so I went to the restaurant alone. I approached the front door, examining my surroundings more closely this time. If they were going to possess people again I wanted to know how it worked.

Now that I was looking for clues, I noticed it was impossible to see into the dining room from the street. As I opened the outside doors I found myself in a small lobby, with a bubbling fountain to my left. The interior was dark and radiated a quiet excess from the understated but expensive furnishings. To my right and through a wide entryway was the dining room. The entry could be closed with a set of heavy wooden doors. Hung to either side of the doors were thick velvet curtains, currently tied back to either side. The curtains looked like they would be good for dampening sound. In fact, the whole dining room area looked like it could easily be closed off and hidden from anyone passing by outside. A few small black domes in the ceiling no doubt held security cameras.

The busty blonde hostess from last night was gone, replaced with a more severe-looking brunette wearing a long-sleeve black dress. She was hot in that stern school teacher kind of way. Slender body. Sharp features. I approached her nervously and she looked down her nose at me.

"Hi, do you have a table for one tonight?" I asked, trying to project a confidence I didn't feel.

"Just one?" She asked, before consulting a list. She screwed up her lip and then looked up at me. "Ah, yes, I can fit you in. Follow me."

She swept in through the dining room and I followed behind. The dining room was as grand as I remembered, though now that I was looking I could see the ubiquitous security camera domes were in the ceiling here, too.

It was less crowded and there was more mix of patrons from the night before. Last night the room had been filled with gorgeous women and only a few men dotted here and there. Certainly all the waiters had been good-looking women. Tonight the gender balance was more even and the people dining looked, well, normal. As did the staff. Old people. Fat people. Average-looking people. Just your everyday upscale American restaurant.

The hostess seated me at a table near the kitchen. Whenever the doors swung open the clatter of pans and the rumble of the kitchen staff spilled out. I pretended to peruse the menu as I looked around, waiting for some sign. There was nothing out of the ordinary. But then again, there had been nothing last night to suggest what was about to happen.

I'd arrived a little earlier than we'd arrived the night before, hoping to scope out the place and see some hint of how it worked. But the time passed and nothing changed, except the mustachioed waiter got a little frustrated when I just asked for a cocktail. I knew I would miss Kaitlin's discount so I ordered nothing, even though my stomach rumbled.

I sipped my cocktail and waited. After a half hour of nothing happening I went to find the bathrooms. They were down a short hallway that dead-ended at an unmarked door. I tried the handle. Locked. I looked up at the security camera in the ceiling, wondering if someone was watching me.

There was nothing unusual in the bathroom, so I returned to the main lobby where the hostess stood. She looked up as I approached.

“Hi, I’m wondering if there are any, uh, special events happening tonight?”

She quirked an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“I heard sometimes there are special events.”

She shook her head and her frown deepened. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Never mind,” I muttered.

I returned to my table, where I was finally forced to order something from the waiter before he completely lost patience with me. I ordered a small appetizer and sat back, observing some more. The kitchen doors swung open again, the buzz of activity within momentarily spilling out into the dining area. Maybe there was something back there?

I glanced around for my waiter but he was nowhere to be seen. I quickly got up and slipped through the double doors into the kitchen. I was assaulted by noise and a clash of scents. I had a brief chance to glance around before a heavysset approached me and quickly shooed me back out. In that moment I hadn’t seen anything unexpected. I wasn’t really sure what I was even looking for. Some sort of mind control ray gun maybe? All I saw were a bunch of chefs slaving over hot

pans.

I finished my appetizer as slowly as I could, waiting to see if anything changed. Patrons came and went. It grew ever later. But the restaurant never filled with supermodels, nor did any orgies break out. Finally, after about two hours, a well-dressed man approached my table. His blond hair was clipped short and he wore a midnight-black suit that fit to his muscular body. There was an air of menace about how he stood over my table.

“Was everything satisfactory tonight, sir?”

“Yes, very good.”

“If you wouldn’t mind, we have other guests coming and need this table.”

I glanced around but the restaurant was only half full. “Aren’t there other tables?”

He put a heavy hand on my shoulder. “We want you out.”

I stood and whispered to him. “Look, I know something is going on here. I was here last night—”

“Stop.” He gripped my elbow hard and steered me out of the dining room and

back into the parking lot.

“If you know what’s good for you,” he growled, when we were alone in the darkened parking lot. “You’ll stop poking around in our business. If you know what we do you also know that we could ruin your friend’s life. Yes, we know who you are. I don’t want to see you around here again.”

“You’re changing then permanently, you realize,” I blurted out.

He cocked his head. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know how this all works here but after last night my friend and her roommate have been acting different. More...sexual than normal.”

“Interesting,” he said, and he looked like he meant it.

I pressed on. “I think whatever they’re made to do when they’re taken over becomes a part of their personality.”

“And you want to stop it, I suppose?”

“No, no, no. I want to participate. Tell me what’s going on.”

He snorted, but released me, then looked me up and down. Finally, he spoke. “It’s a \$25,000 fee. Money up front. That gets you one session. They happen every Wednesday.”

“How does it work?”

“If you can come up with the cash,” he scoffed. “We’ll tell you everything.”

5

Over the next two weeks I sold off everything I owned: my car, my video game consoles, my cell phone, my furniture, most of my clothes, and even subleased my apartment. If my plan worked I'd only have to live like a pauper for a little while. But I was still a couple hundred dollars short.

I also spent more time with Riley and Kaitlin than ever before. My place was nearly bare, everything gone but for a mattress on the floor and some clothes in bundles around the room. So I took any invitation to go back to their place, not just for the comfort but also in the hopes that we'd have sex again. Oftentimes they'd want to be alone and I just knew what they were doing and was insanely jealous not to be allowed in.

I kept tabs on Kaitlin's work schedule. She was working two Wednesdays from now. That gave me a natural deadline. I was still wondering how I'd get the extra money when I stopped by my Riley's place on the Tuesday beforehand and knocked on the door. Riley greeted me with a big smile.

"This is a surprise!" She said, grabbing me in a hug.

"I thought I'd come over and see how you two are doing."

She released me and pouted. "Kaitlin has to work tonight so it's just me." She looked up at me with hungry eyes and bit her lower lip. "I'm glad you came.

Come on in.”

She opened the door wide and gestured at the couch. “You thirsty? Want some wine?”

“Sure. A white is good.”

I sat on the couch and she disappeared into the kitchen, reappearing a moment later with two wine glasses. She handed me one and sat next to me, crossing one lean leg over the other, her foot tapping anxiously in the air. Her shorts slipped up, revealing acres of her golden thigh as we talked about nothing in particular.

“Is it nice having the apartment to yourself?” I finally asked.

“Sort of,” she said, sipping her wine.

Her foot kept tapping the air. Finally, she set her wine down, took my glass from my hand and set it on the coffee table as well, then straddled my lap. She looked down at me and flicked her head to knock her black bangs out of her eyes. “Oh, god, I’m so horny. I can’t wait for Kaitlin. Do you think you could help me out?”

I reached up and grazed her cheeks with my hand as I slid my fingers into her silky hair. I brought our lips together. She moaned with relief as she kissed me, her lips tasting of wine and her lithe body pressed against mine. She began grinding herself on my lap as she gripped my shirt in her fingers. Her tongue slid into my mouth, tasting me. She rocked against me and I grew hard beneath her.

Riley helped me toss off her shirt. She was braless and her little pink nipples were hard as diamonds when I grasped them. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me harder, her hair tickling my cheek. Her breasts were pleasantly firm and I squeezed them before running my hands across her bare back and then down her side before returning to her tits, tracing her figure with my fingers. Christ, I'd longed to do this for ages and finally having her naked and throwing herself at me was a fantasy come true. I wanted to make it last, but at the same time I wanted to ravage her, bury myself deep inside her, take all my pent-up lust out in one long fuck.

She rocked faster, kissing me harder, deeper, before pulling away with a gasp. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. She slipped off me only long enough for us both to pull off our pants and undergarments. My cock was rock hard when she straddled my lap again, trapping it up against my belly while she pulled me in for another kiss, her bare breasts resting against my chest.

She grinded herself along the underside of my shaft, her wetness lubricating me, the moist sounds of her so delightful as she teased me. Her kisses were greedy, her hands yearning as she stroked me, pulling me closer, whimpering with desire. Finally, she slid a hand between us and grabbed my cock, aiming it at her dark entrance. She slid down on me and my dick met the pressure of her pussy lips. With a soft moan she plunged down and I grunted as her wet heat surrounded me and she lodged me deep, deep inside her.

The sweet anticipation gripped me, the itching desire at the base of my dick urging me to thrust up into my friend's little body as she wrapped her arms around me once more. I gripped one of her tits hard, my other hand gliding down around her back to cup her taut ass. She was a creature of need, her horniness building up without her roommate. Taken out on me.

Riley sighed into my mouth as she rode my cock, me thrusting up with each of her downstrokes, burying my cock deep into her velvety folds. She rocked on me in a quick rhythm, one hand sliding between us to land on her clit, rubbing herself as her desire built with mine. I held off as long as I could, enjoying the anticipation of release, the need building inside me as I held her in my arms and fucked her. Her whimpers became cries, growing higher in pitch and I gritted my teeth and held myself in, willing myself not to break until she threw her head back and came. She shuddered, her pussy gripping my dick. I couldn't hold back anymore and came with her, thrusting up into her, emptying myself into her slick pussy, driving up and up as she cried out "Yes! Yes!", both of us rising together as one until I was spent and collapsed back onto the couch.

We lay naked on the couch, one of my arms thrown over her, spooning her, her warm backside pressed against me and my nose in her hair, the scent of her strawberry shampoo lingering in my nostrils. Her breathing slowed and after a while I had to get up. She stirred as I untangled us.

"You coming back?" She mumbled, sleepily.

"Just using the bathroom," I assured her.

I did use the bathroom and came back out into the hall. There wasn't a sound from the living room. The bedroom was dark. On the spur of the moment I turned to Kaitlin's bedroom and snuck inside. I wasn't proud of snooping through their things for money, but if I just got what I needed they would get it back in spades.

I found what I was looking for back in a drawer in her bureau. A wad of cash from her tips at the restaurant. There was a little more than I needed so I stuffed the rest in the back where I'd found it. I tiptoed back into the living room where

Riley dozed on the couch. I stuffed the cash into my pants pocket and got dressed.

“I gotta go,” I whispered to Riley. “But let’s meet at Kaitlin’s restaurant tomorrow night.”

She sleepily murmured an assent and I left, feeling both bad and good.

The next night I showed up at the restaurant with a backpack full of cash. The hostess was the same busty woman as the last Wednesday I was here, her curvy body poured into a tight black dress. I skirted her and went down to knock on the locked door near the toilets. After a minute the solid blond guy who’d accosted me two weeks ago opened the door.

“You’re back,” he said.

“I’ve got the money.” I shrugged the backpack off my shoulders and unzipped it to show him the wads of cash, which I’d bundled up as neatly as I could.

“Come in,” he said, standing aside.

There was a short corridor that led to a large room lined on either side with about forty padded chairs. They looked like easy chairs, except for the array of wires leading out from them and the blinking diodes set into the side of each. Small computer screens faced each chair. Some other people – all men of varying ages

– milled around near the back.

The blond guy dumped my backpack out on a small table near the entrance and sighed when he saw the bills.

“Most people just bring hundreds,” he said, holding up a roll of five dollar bills.

“It was all I could get.”

“Ever heard of a bank?”

“I can go get it changed...?” I ventured.

“It’s fine,” he mumbled.

He began counting out the money, not saying anything further. I stood by as he counted every last dollar and finally grunted in satisfaction.

“It’s all here.”

“Awesome. So...how does this work?”

He explained that the paying users would be wired into the chairs with special helmets and equipment. Sensors built into the restaurant walls would then be able to beam each person's consciousness into someone in the restaurant. They always made sure to have as many users as women in the restaurant. On these nights, users would invite people they wanted to possess to the restaurant and the blond guy would make sure to fill the room with hot women.

"Most guys just want the lesbian experience," he said. "The other option, as you already figured out, is to dine at the restaurant and then you can have your own fun. Usually that's a fee, too."

"Guess I got the free taster thanks to my friend's roommate's invite," I grinned.

"Guess so," he said without a smile.

"Do I get to choose who I possess?"

"Did you invite someone special?"

"Yes, but she's not who I want to become."

"Who then?"

"Kaitlin."

“Your friend’s roommate?”

“Yeah.”

“Sick puppy. I like it.” He finally cracked the hint of a grin.

He sent me to the back of the room to mill around with the others until it was time. We all made awkward small talk, pointing out on the security monitors which person we’d invited to possess. The guys bragged about what they would do to each other. A squat, balding middle-aged guy with a weak chin said he hadn’t invited anyone.

“I don’t know any hot women. Not any that would accept my invitation. So I’m just going to take the luck of the draw.”

Through the monitor, I saw Riley was sitting at a table for two. She was checking her phone and looking around, no doubt wondering where I was. I texted her that I would be on my way. Hopefully that would hold her off until we got this thing started.

“You see her?” I asked the squat, balding guy, pointing to Riley on the monitor.

He nodded and licked his lips. “She’s pretty.”

“She is. She’s my friend.”

“Whoa man, I didn’t mean—”

I waved him off. “It’s okay. I invited her. Do you want to possess her tonight?”

“Fuck yeah,” he said, peering closer at her.

“I know exactly how to make her feel good. I’ll do it but can you do me a favor?”

“What kind of favor?”

I explained what I wanted. He looked a little confused but agreed.

“Just follow my lead,” I said. “And say what I tell you.”

“Sure, man. I don’t fucking care as long as I get my taste of her.” He licked his lips again.

He was kind of a creep and I hoped his creepiness didn’t rub off on Riley. I

thought I'd be able to reign him in and direct him to change Riley for me. At least...I hoped.

More people had been filing in and now the blond guy came up and got everyone's attention.

“Doors are locked. Time for the show!” He exclaimed.

A number of guys had clearly been here before and they made their way to chairs where technicians bustled around, hooking them up to the machines. Us newcomers waited our turns until we were plugged into our own chairs. A monitor in front of my station held a small television screen that was tracking Kaitlin. She'd just taken an order and was returning to the bar to plug it into the system.

The squat, middle-aged guy was beside me, his monitor showing Riley. She had her hand on her chin and was tapping her fingers on the table, clearly bored and probably fed up with my tardiness.

“Remember what I said, right?” I told the squat guy.

“Yeah, yeah, I got it,” he said, licking his lips again.

“All right gentlemen,” the blond guy called out. “Remember, you have one hour. Now you might experience some vertigo at first. Transfers happening in three... two...one.”

I was dizzy and off balance as I suddenly went from lying in a chair to standing behind a bar. I grabbed at the bar to steady myself, the hands reaching out for purchase had petite fingers with manicured nails. Kaitlin's fingers.

I paused for a few seconds to take in all the strange sensations of my new body. Kaitlin's silky burnt-orange hair swept down my face, tickling my cheeks. The waitress uniform—white button-down top and black pants—covered my body, rendering me almost shapeless except for the swell of my breasts. God, my breasts. They weighed heavily on my chest.

I licked my lips, my mouth suddenly dry. I was in Kaitlin's body!

When I thought I had my balance under control I released the bar and stood up straight. My tits bobbed gently when I moved. I brought my hands to my face, touching Kaitlin's features, running her own fingers along the soft curve of her nose, her slimmer forehead, her rosy cheeks. Then my gaze fell to my chest. I had to see these things.

I unbuttoned Kaitlin's shirt. With my shaking fingers and the new proprioception of my body it was more difficult than usual, but in a few seconds I had the buttons undone and I dropped the shirt to the bar. Kaitlin's bra strained to contain her tits, and then I strained to unclasp her bra, reaching around awkwardly, fumbling until I found the clasp and freed myself. The release of pressure felt amazing and I slipped off her bra and gathered my new breasts in each hand. They spilled out of my fingers, looking even bigger from my new perspective, so big they blocked out the sight of the rest of my body and I couldn't get my fingers all the way around them. Goddamn, I was hot as hell.

I giggled and groped myself, fondling Kaitlin's tits with her own hand while lust began burning between my legs. The sight of Kaitlin's slender hands playing with her tits was exciting, the feel of my hands on my own tits even better. With an effort, I forced myself to stop groping my tits. I knew that Kaitlin was still conscious and thought everything she was doing was of her own volition as I piloted her body. She would incorporate everything said and done tonight into her personality. That was hot as hell, and with that in mind, I had two missions tonight.

Looking around the restaurant, the thirty or so hot women in the place were already in a state of undress. Some were touching themselves, others were touching each other. It was enticing but not what I was looking for. Yet. Instead, I found one of the few men in the restaurant and hurried towards him. My tits bounced at each step and my hips swayed back and forth in a way that made me feel a little lopsided, like I would fall over at any moment. Somehow I made it to his table and leaned on it, my huge tits swaying down in front of his eyes as I stared at him hungrily.

He was slightly chubby with a Grecian nose and stubby fingers. Not ugly but not what I'd call attractive. His clothes were slightly shabby and he sat at a table by himself. From the way he was calmly looking around the room, it was clear he'd paid for the experience. Maybe had even been here before.

"Hi," I said, Kaitlin's cute voice dropping from my lips and urging another surge of warmth through my body. "I really love sucking cock. Can I pleeease suck your dick?"

"All right," he grinned.

He pushed his chair back and I knelt between his legs. When he unzipped his

pants he was already at half-mast and I gripped his cock. His warm hardness filled Kaitlin's small fingers. I'd never sucked a cock before. Wasn't even sure I wanted to. But if I wanted to change Kaitlin to suit me, to make her hungry for blowjobs, this was the only way.

I stroked him a few times, gathering my courage. He grew in my hand and gazed down at me. There was something sexy about watching Kaitlin's fingers stroke a cock, my huge tits just at the edge of my peripheral vision.

"Tell me how much you love my dick," he said.

This I could play along with. "Oh my god, your cock is amazing. I want to lick it so badly." Kaitlin's voice fell from my lips.

"Then do it, you little slut."

I stuck out my tongue and tentatively ran it up his shaft. It was warm on my tongue, and the spicy scent of his musk hit my nose. I opened my mouth wider and brought his cockhead closer, kissing it slowly as he sighed above me. Gently wrapping my lips around his dick, I slowly lowered my mouth. His cock slid across my tongue, slightly salty as it filled my mouth. I lowered my lips as far as I could, until his dick hit the back of my throat and I started to gag, pulling back off him.

I stroked his dick some more, spreading the saliva up and down his shaft. "Fuck, I love the taste of cock," I said, priming Kaitlin. "I could suck so many dicks."

I swallowed him again, gliding my lips down his veiny shaft, dipping farther down this time, filling my mouth and dragging my tongue across the underside of his shaft. He groaned and pushed my hair back out of my face so he could watch his cock disappear into my mouth. I kept my lips around him, sucking slowly, dragging up and down his shaft.

He began to pulse and gripped my hair. "Stop!" He hissed, holding me still, my mouth full of him.

He pulsed once, twice. A few drops of salty cream spread across my tongue. When he had himself under control he released me. "Keep going."

As I continued to suck he moaned and urged me on. "You're suck a good little cocksucker," he groaned as I feasted on him.

Every now and then I would pull my lips off and tell him how much I loved to suck dick, how much I loved the taste, the feel of a huge cock in my mouth. Anyone's cock. Everyone's cock. Now Kaitlin's body began to respond to all my suggestions. A funny warm tingling began deep inside me, that familiar horniness playing out across my female body.

I sucked him and stroked him, moving faster, before finally pulling off and looking up at him, Kaitlin's fingers still wrapped around his dick. "Cum in my mouth. I love swallowing cum."

Before he could answer I plunged my lips back down on him. He groaned, his cock straining between my lips. There was something powerful about holding him like this, controlling him with just my lips and tongue. I moved faster,

gliding up and down his shaft until with a long sigh he came. His cock pulsed between my lips, jetting hot cum down my throat. I swallowed as fast as I could, slightly disgusted by the creamy saltiness of this stranger's cum but forcing Kaitlin to drink it all down, drinking every drop. When he finally stilled, I pulled my mouth off him and licked my lips.

“Yummy,” I giggled, making myself even hornier hearing Kaitlin talk so dirty. “I love sucking cock,” I reiterated once more, though I could feel Kaitlin's body, her pussy wet and ready. My commands had already taken hold. “Cum tastes so delicious.”

Now to find Riley.

I stood and looked around the restaurant, spotting Riley at a table in the corner by herself. One hand had plunged into her pants, her head thrown back as she fingered herself, mouth open, eyes closed. I approached her just as she came, gasping, clenching her legs together and bending forward suddenly, her dark hair spilling down in front of her eyes while her body shook.

“Ready for some real fun?” I said as I reached her.

She opened her eyes and looked up at me, licking her lips, adopting the mannerisms of the squat, middle-aged guy who inhabited her. “Fuck, you got some big titties,” she said. “Give ‘em here.”

Riley grabbed me and pulled me forward, burying her head in between Kaitlin's pillowy tits. I laughed as she attacked me with her lips and tongue. Watching my cute friend suck on my tits with such abandon made me deliciously warm. I

stroked her dark hair as she kissed her way back and forth across my tits, making them bounce so beautifully. One hand snaked out to grab my ass while the other reached up to grope my free breast.

“We should film this and sell it online,” I said. When Riley didn’t respond I repeated a little louder. “We should film this and sell it online.”

She looked up from between my tits, her forehead wrinkled in confusion for a beat. “Huh?” Then the guy inhabiting her remembered. “Oh, right. Yeah, we should sell videos of us online. We’d make a killing.”

Riley returned to sucking my tits, popping one of my tiny nipples into her mouth and sucking with her eyes closed. Her teeth raked gently across my sensitive nipple, sending shivers through me and growing the ache between my thighs. Now I was well and truly wet. All around us, women were doing the same, climbing on top of each other with reckless abandon, kissing, sucking groping, squeezing.

I pulled Kaitlin’s phone out of her back pocket and snapped some pictures of Riley nuzzling my breasts. She looked up at me with her big brown eyes and smiled, her head framed with my massive tits. I switched it to video and kept it on as I turned around and scooted up onto the table. Riley swept the dishes off with a crash and I lay back, spreading my legs for the guy in my friend’s body as I aimed my camera down myself, framing Kaitlin’s tits as Riley slipped in between my thighs and appeared onscreen.

“Make sure to get all of this,” she said. “This will be super hot online. The thought of strangers watching us fuck makes my cunt wet.”

She dipped her face between my legs and licked me. I trembled as her tongue slipped across my slick folds, nearly dropping the camera as pleasure shook me. With my free hand I grabbed one of Kaitlin's huge tits and stuffed it in my mouth, tasting my salty skin as Riley's tongue played my pussy expertly. Watching her eat me out was as hot as feeling her, and between the multiple sensations the tension climbed within me, growing towards an immense release. Cries escaped my lips, the sound of Kaitlin growing horny making me even hornier, creating a feedback loop as my body wound tight.

Riley gripped my thighs and plunged her face hard up against my pussy, tongue undulating on my slick clit while I tweaked my nipple. My legs grew taut, voice rising in pitch until the tension snapped and I came hard around Riley's head. I clapped my thighs around her cheeks and forgot all about the camera as my eyes shut tight and the orgasm swept through me. Someone was crying out and it took a second to realize it was me. The orgasm was beautiful, propelling me up, up and slow to release.

Soon Riley raised her head and grinned, her chin slick with my juices. "My turn," she said, licking her lips.

I sat up and she pulled my lips to hers. The taste of Kaitlin's pussy was delightful, as was the musky scent that filled me. "Fuck, I love the taste of my own pussy," I said, pushing another change into Kaitlin.

We switched positions and then it was my turn to dive between Riley's legs and lick her tasty pussy. I slid my tongue deep into her folds until I found her salty essence. She moaned around my head and I licked faster, tongue pressing up against her clit, fingers of one hand crooking in and spreading her apart as I glided up through her wet canal. I fingered her and licked her while she rocked around my head, moaning louder and louder until she shook and came, trembling around my head, rocking with a powerful orgasm.

“Fuck, I’m still so horny, though,” I made Kaitlin say. “I really wish Jason was here so I could fuck him. Oh my god, I’d let him plow me so hard whenever he wanted.” I nodded knowingly at Riley. “His cock would be so perfect inside me. He’s got the most amazing dick.”

“Oh, yeah, uh,” she licked her lips. “Yeah, me too. I want to fuck Jason’s awesome dick. We should have a threesome. All the time.”

“Yes!” I agreed. “And film it and sell it online.”

“Yeah. Film us fucking each other and sell it,” Riley nodded.

He continued copying me as I said variations of the same thing: how much I wanted my own dick, how I was a horny cocksucking slut, how I wanted the whole world to see. It felt a little corny and staged, but I hoped it would do the trick and alter the mindsets of my friend and her roommate.

The ten minute warning alarm sounded. Around us, women finished their final orgasms before everyone once again got dressed and cleaned up their mess, resuming their positions from before the swap. I got dressed again and went back to the bar where I’d first possessed Kaitlin. There was a countdown and then the world spun as I was placed back in my body.

I blinked my eyes open. On the screen in front of me, Kaitlin resumed punching in her order as if nothing had happened. Riley’s eyes were bright and she was no longer looking bored, only spent. I, on the other hand, was rock hard from all the

excitement. I couldn't wait to see the changes I'd made.

6

As expected, Riley had blown up my cell phone wondering why I'd stood her up for dinner. I apologized, made up a lie about having to help out a friend in a tight spot, and then invited myself over to her place. I watched from the monitor as she accepted, licking her lips like the guy who'd been inside of her.

The middle-aged guy who'd been in her body leaned over to me. "She was a fun ride, man. Hope everything works out."

I hung around until Riley left, giving her a head start before I drove back to her place. The restaurant would be closing soon and Kaitlin would be home soon after.

I knocked on the apartment door and Riley opened it a few seconds later. She'd changed into a flimsy nightgown that did little to hide her body. It was practically see through, and her nipples pushed out the fabric. When she saw me her pupils widened and she embraced me in a hug, pressing herself against me. When she released me I was hard already. I mean, the whole possessing their bodies was fun and all, but it didn't do anything for my own body. I was still horny.

Riley bounced to the couch and patted the seat next to me. I joined her and she lay back, putting her feet up in my lap and letting her nightgown slip up her pale thighs. I rested my hands on her shins, gliding my fingers up and down her calves, slowly moving up to the warm skin of her thighs. We streamed something on her laptop, which she had propped on the coffee table. I was barely

paying attention. I think Riley was also distracted because she kept glancing at me and chewing on her bottom lip. She squirmed, her legs wiggling in my lap, brushing against my erection.

I waited for her to make the first move, wondering which of my changes had taken and how. All the time I teased her, gently massaging up and down her legs, my fingers gradually pushing up the nightie until I got a glimpse of her dark bush.

There was the sound of keys in the door. Riley jumped to her feet as Kaitlin came in through the front door. “Oh thank god!” Riley squealed, pulling Kaitlin to the couch. “I’ve been waiting for you so we can fuck Jason’s brains out.”

“I’ve been thinking about that all night, too,” Kaitlin said.

Kaitlin and Riley sat on either side of me. Kaitlin kissed me first, her soft warm lips pressing against mine. She grabbed my cheeks and pulled me close, making out with a passion. Her tongue snaked across my lips and when I opened my mouth she slipped inside. She tasted sweet, like wine, and I wondered if she’d had a glass after work. I didn’t wonder long, though, because Riley had pulled up my shirt and was kissing her way down my bare chest.

Kaitlin sighed into my mouth then pulled away and flicked her head to toss her burnt-orange hair off of her face. She gazed into my eyes with delight, as if memorizing me. Meanwhile, Riley had reached my lap and was running her hands across my legs and over the bulge in my pants. When Riley began unzipping my pants, Kaitlin reached down to help. Together, they tugged off my pants and my underwear and knelt on the couch beside me, one head on each thigh as they gazed at my cock, nearly breathless with wonder.

Kaitlin's eyes were wide and she wrapped her fingers around my shaft, stroking slowly. "You have the most amazing cock," she whispered, hypnotizing herself as she stroked my slowly.

Riley ducked her head and licked my shaft from base to tip, tongue gliding over Kaitlin's fingers. "Mmm," she moaned. "It tastes awesome, too."

They took turns licking me, first Kaitlin, swallowing my head and lowering her plump lips down my veiny shaft until I was completely surrounded by her hot wet breath. Riley lowered herself to nuzzle my balls, gently tickling the sensitive area beneath my sack. They serviced me like this, and I gazed down in wonder as my cock disappeared into Kaitlin's mouth, reappearing seconds later slick with her saliva. They made little moans and cooed with excitement, enamored with my cock just as I'd hoped. Kaitlin sucked slowly up and down, savoring each inch.

She only reluctantly traded places, allowing Riley to suck my dick with a vigor Kaitlin lacked. Riley was more hungry, more desperate, and her lips moved up and down quick, stoking the tension at the base of my cock. I was rock hard as she held me in her mouth, swirling her head, devouring me and moaning as if it was the most delicious thing she'd ever put in her mouth. Because to her, with my commands, it was.

We threw off our clothes and I lay Riley down on the carpet. Her small tits fell to the side and she gripped them, fingers pinching her nipples while she wiggled. I knelt between her legs, my angry red cock pointing towards her entrance. As I spread her legs, Kaitlin threw a leg over Riley's face and straddled her, facing me.

Kaitlin was already wet, and she plunged her sopping pussy onto her friend's mouth. Riley gripped Kaitlin's ass and stuck out her tongue, licking her roommate's glistening entrance. Kaitlin leaned forward, her tits jiggling, and grabbed me to pull me in for a kiss. As I kissed her, I slid my cock against Riley's tight entrance, pushed aside her pussy lips and driving deep into her slick heat. She welcomed me, gasped, "Oh my god, your cock feels amazing," and thrust up, before resuming her tongue's motion in her friend's pussy.

I made out with Kaitlin as I slid in and out of Riley. Her pussy gripped my cock, so wonderfully warm and wet. The tension at the base of my dick grew with each thrust until I hovered on the edge of explosion. I pulled away reluctantly, my cock leaving Riley's gloriously warm insides so I could hunt through my pants for my phone. As I searched, Kaitlin knelt over and began licking Riley's pussy, her tits resting on her friend's belly.

I found my phone and switched on the video. "You don't mind if I record, do you?" I asked.

Kaitlin looked up at me, her cheeks glistening with Riley's desire. "I was going to suggest that. I thought maybe we could even sell it online."

I grinned and hit record, then set up the camera against the leg of the coffee table so it could get all the action. I shuffled around to Riley's head and thrust my cock into Kaitlin's slick hole with a quick motion. She moaned into Riley's pussy as she took my entire length and my balls slapped up against Riley's forehead. Riley began licking Kaitlin's pussy as I slid in and out of her, teasing her clit as I spread her apart, Riley's tongue sliding against the underside of my cock, licking her roommate's juices off my shaft.

Kaitlin's muffled moans grew louder, louder, until she couldn't concentrate on

sucking Riley's pussy and just lay there, moaning until she suddenly burst with orgasm. She twisted her body, tits jiggling, as she convulsed hard around my cock. Now she was dripping down her thighs, making a wet mess of Riley's face.

I pulled out of Kaitlin and she whimpered. Shuffling around, I aimed my cock at Kaitlin's mouth and she gorged herself on it, plunging her lips down my shaft until her nose was buried in my pubic hair. Riley resumed licking Kaitlin's pussy as she blew me slowly.

Kaitlin released my cock with a wet pop and looked up at me. "God, I love the taste of my pussy." She lowered her lips and began sucking again.

We changed positions whenever I pleased, holding off on my own orgasm so Kaitlin and Riley could rock together, licking and groping and grinding against each other. I fucked one, then the other, my cock slick with both their juices as I moved from Kaitlin's mouth to Riley's pussy and then back. I'd made both of them horny for my cock. They couldn't get enough and would sometimes push each other out of the way so they could gorge themselves.

Finally, I couldn't hold it anymore. As Riley lay on her back, legs spread, Kaitlin eating her out with her curvy ass bouncing in the air, I grabbed Kaitlin's butt cheeks and slid deep inside her, filling her. She was so slick and the lewd sounds of her sex combined with Riley's cries as they grew in pitch made me even hornier. I gritted my teeth and pounded into her, watching Kaitlin's juicy butt wobble with each thrust, her tits bounce, her tongue work deep inside Riley's wet pussy. The tension burst suddenly and I came, grunting as I emptied myself into Kaitlin's perfect pussy, filling her with my hot seed while Riley came beneath her.

We rocked like this, me cumming inside Kaitlin as she shivered with her own orgasm and made Riley cum. Our moans combined, filling the room as I emptied myself into my Kaitlin's sweet pussy. I came down much quicker as a guy than I had as a woman. Maybe at some point it would be worth going back to the restaurant to have that experience again. I would need more money, but with both Riley and Kaitlin eager to show off online I didn't expect that would be much of a problem.

I started uploading videos the next day, charging fans to watch and to talk. Riley and Kaitlin were good. I would say they were naturals, but there was nothing natural about what I'd done. It didn't hurt that they really were horny for my dick. After a few weeks we were making enough money for us all to quit our jobs and to concentrate full time on our new sex business. I had a ton of money and all the sex I wanted. Riley and Kaitlin were eager to service me—and each other—and I was eager to take my pleasure from them.

And if I ever wanted to change anything, all I had to do was make another reservation at the restaurant.

#

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

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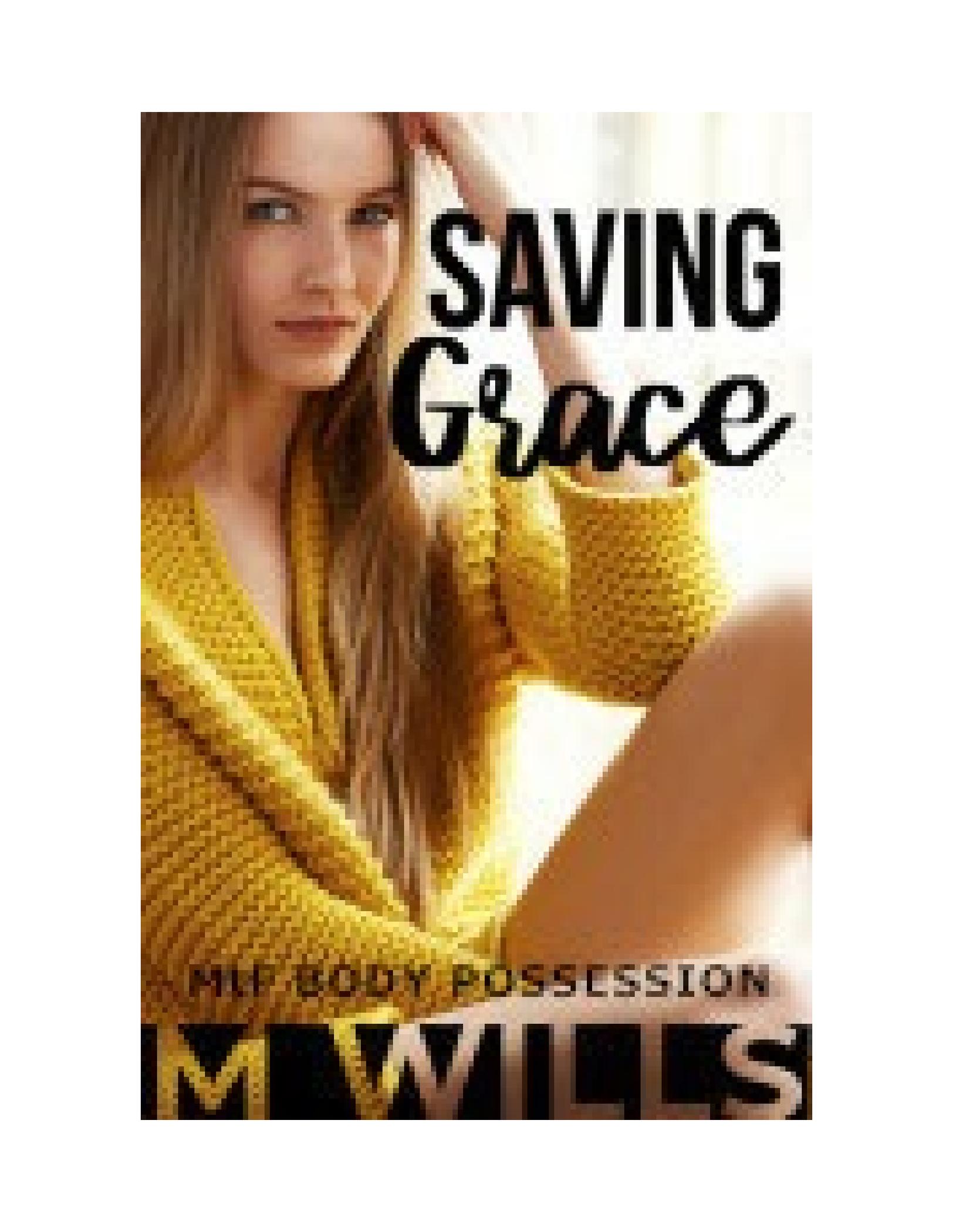
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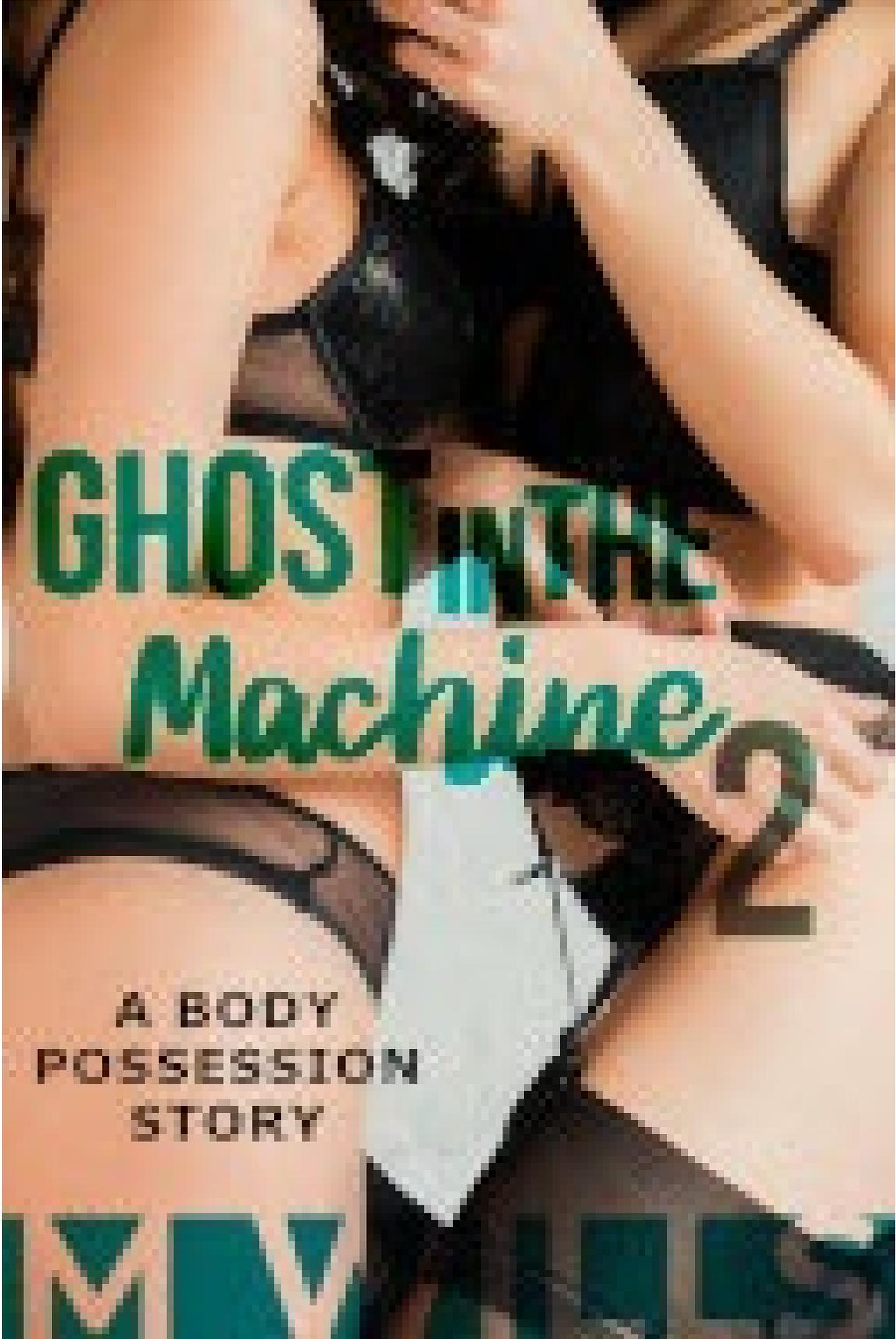
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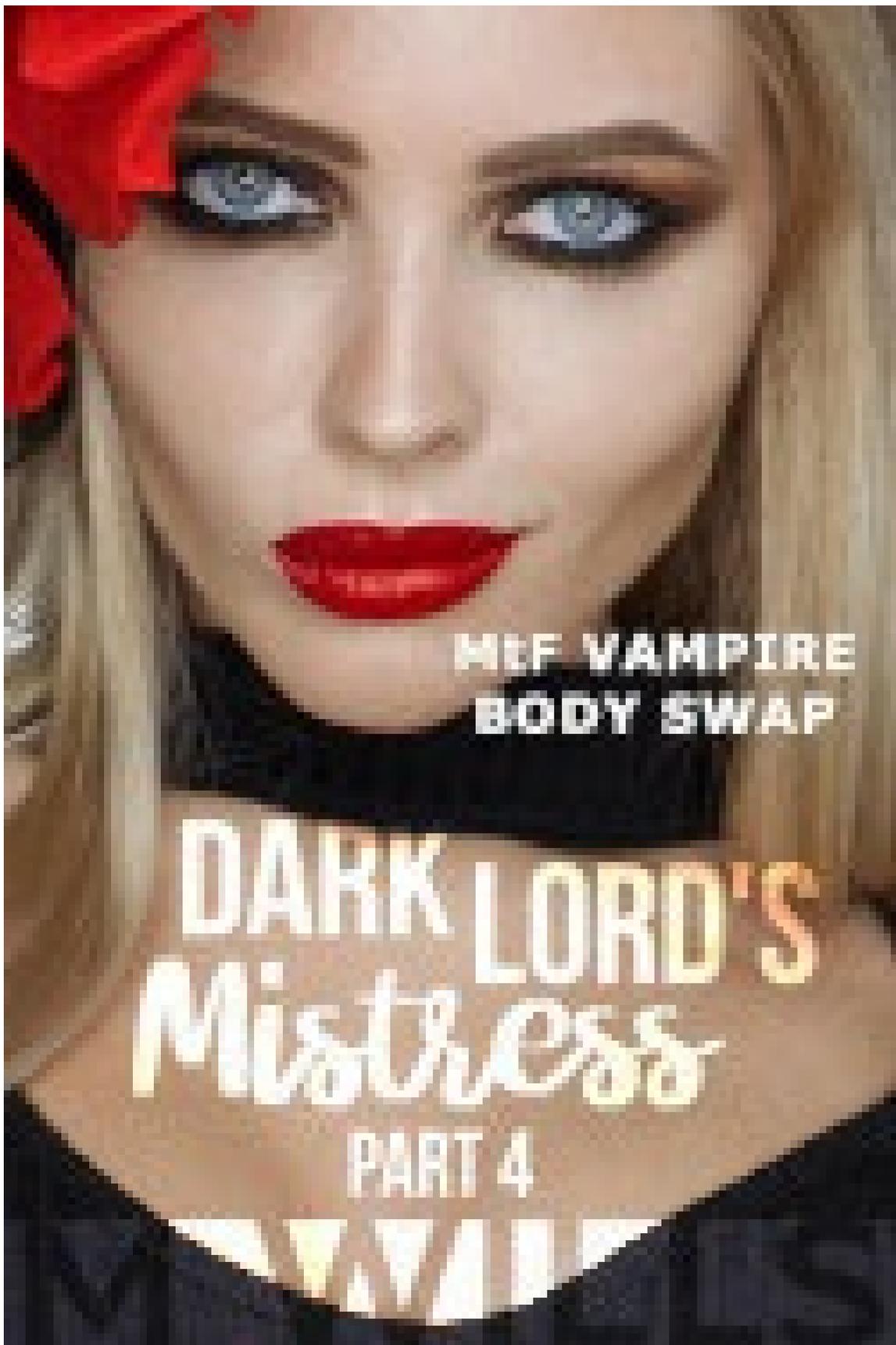


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