





First Time for Everything

M2F Body Possession

by M. Wills

© 2020 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com / Markomarcello

[Other books by M. Wills or visit bodyswapfiction.com](#)

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

Table of Contents

[First Time for Everything](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

First Time for Everything

I sigh and push back from my office desk, leaving the email unfinished. Leaning my head against the leather headrest I stare out the window to the wide expanse of sky visible my office. The city spreads out beneath me, from the bank at midtown to the line of trees marking the edge of the local university. It's too nice a day to sit here in my office composing yet another email about the finances of the computer system upgrade. Besides, the holidays are only a few weeks away and I'm already feeling the lack of inertia.

I need to get away. Money is no object for me. I'm a senior executive at SolarTech and I can cash in on my stock options and bonuses whenever I want. What keeps me working in the office instead of out on vacation is not lack of money but lack of exciting possibilities. Sure, I could fly off to some island and pay for one of my girlfriends to come with me, drink myself stupid and play the part of the fabulously wealthy sightseer. I've done that, and that's not the experience I crave. This restlessness is familiar, the result of not using my powers in the longest time.

I sigh again and crack my neck. Through the frosted glass door of my office I can see the fuzzy outline of Amy, my assistant, her back to me, probably doing thirty things on her computer at the same time. She's amazing and dedicated; I don't know how I'd survive in this job without her and I make sure she's paid accordingly.

It also helps that she's plain looking. See, I've got a weakness for a pretty face. Not sleeping with them but using my body hopping powers to become them, taking over their bodies temporarily. I'd hopped my previous secretary—a young blonde who always wore scandalously small dresses—and had some fun as her,

nearly getting caught with my hands up my dress in the break room. It was exciting being her. She was a party girl and I had a fantastic time dressing up and going out with her friends, sleeping with them on more than one occasion. And sleeping with more than one of them simultaneously on more than one occasion, too. Fuck, I ran her ragged. Or maybe she ran me ragged. Hard to say who's sex drive was higher but together we were a fuck machine. But when I hopped out of her it was weird between us.

I knew too much about her and kept thinking about what I would do as her in every situation. Having her so close was too much of a good thing and she would often find her lunch breaks had been spent masturbating in my office. I'm sure she wondered why she was doing it so often, little suspecting that I was inside her, controlling her actions. She didn't last long here, anyway, unable to keep up with the quick pace and never-ending demands even when I wasn't inside her.

When I was a younger hopper just learning my powers, I hopped anyone and everyone, flitting from one life to another. My appetite for physical pleasure was unrivaled and rarely sated. Eventually, though, I decided to settle down, in a way. Concentrate on my real life before I got too old. Of course, my powers helped. It's always nice to be able to jump into the body of a boss or rival to see what's what and use that knowledge to my advantage. But my body hopping outings for leisure grew fewer and farther between.

I realize as I stare out the window that I miss the excitement of being someone else. That's really what I need now. A break from myself. Experience the thrill of my glory days when I was young, dumb and full of cum in more ways than one.

I turn off my computer, leaving the email unsent. I adjust my tie as I walk to the door and open it up.

“Hey, Amy, I'm going to take off early. Just text me if there's anything urgent.”

“You got it.”

I head towards the elevators, pausing to chat briefly with an employee here and there. Soon enough I'm marching out of the revolving door and into the crisp autumn air. I loosen my tie and sling my jacket over my shoulder. It's a little chilly but feels so much better than the stuffy office.

Soon enough I've reached the shady, tree-lined avenue that borders the university campus and I head through. If I'm going to do this I want to be someone completely different. Someone youthful and up for new experiences. I pass a couple of prospective women, backpacks slung over their shoulders, as they head towards one of the stately old college buildings. I surreptitiously glance at them, taking them in in an instant. Dark haired and sexy with the cutest little butts. Hmmm...nice but not exactly what I'm looking for.

And then I turn the corner and see her. She's striding through a shady stretch of path, the sunlight glinting off her long, golden hair. She's got a pleasant face, a cute girl next door innocence with a wide grin she's currently aiming at the student next to her, though he seems oblivious. And her body...wow. A white tank top stretches over a slender torso, and the outline of two perky breasts bounce beneath the fabric. My gaze glances over her cleavage, the two perfect hills stretching down into her delicious valley. Her jeans are practically painted on, accentuating the taut curve of her ass. The calf high boots are a nice touch, clasp her shapely calves. I don't let my eyes linger on her, don't register anything other than the trace of her presence. I don't want to come off as creepy and, besides, there will be plenty of time to ogle her when I'm deep inside her body.

As they pass me I overhear them chatting about the finals for their chem class. I pause at the side of the path, pulling out my cell phone and pretending to fiddle with it. I keep her in the corner of my eye and when they've reached a safe distance I follow them surreptitiously. After a short walk towards the administrative buildings, they split off. He goes north to central campus and she heads off to the dorms.

I quicken my steps, trying to get close enough to hop her before she reaches the dorms. She passes behind a section of path blocked from view by a thick row of bushes and I follow close behind, practically running now to reach her while she's alone. She hears me coming and starts to turn but it's too late. I hop, my body becoming pure energy as my essence flies into her body, filling her from head to toe.

In the next blink I'm looking out from her eyes, breathing in through her exquisite nose and laughing with joy in her delightful giggle. God, I feel so young and energetic. I've nearly forgotten what it was like to not have a random twinge or throbbing back ache as a permanent companion. My new body is spry and delightful. She's asleep in my mind, and when I hop out she will believe that everything I've done while in her body was a choice she, herself, made. I rummage through her memories pulling out her name: Madison.

“Well, Madison,” I say to myself just to hear my sweet new voice, “We're going to have some fun.” I stretch out my limber arms, enjoying the tight muscles beneath the smooth skin. I flex my arm, admiring the shape of my bicep, the way the shadows play across her form. She keeps herself fit. Good.

I can see from her memories she was heading back to her dorm so I continue on my way, delighting in each step of my long, legs, the feel of the fine hair brushing across my soft cheeks, the little bounce of my breasts at each step. When I reach her dorm I retrieve her keys from her backpack and unlock the door with her slender fingers. I trade pleasantries with some of the other girls I

pass, pulling whatever Madison knows of them from her mind.

Her room is on the third floor. It's cozy; the bare, cinder block walls hidden by billowing fabrics of various colors and patterns, putting me in mind of an Indian bazaar.

I drop my backpack on the floor by Madison's bed. Just walking back to the dorm, just being in her body for mere moments has already got me excited, and my excitement has already made Madison moist, a delightful warmth curving through my belly.

I stare down into her perfect cleavage, the two round curves held softly in place by a white tank top and bra. Fuck, I'm coveting myself. I have these tits now and I still want them.

“Wow, these tits are amazing,” I say and, man, is her voice adorable.

My fingers come up—each one slender, the nails gently curved and polished—and I run them across my skin, tracing the delicate swell of each breast, fingertips whispering across the warm skin. She's so sensitive, the lightest caress sends a shiver down my spine and my lips part slightly. I jiggle her tits lightly, watch them bounce, the flesh smooth and taut. Just that simple motion makes my nipples jut out, two indentations pressing out beneath my top. My fingers land on them, pinch gently through the fabric, and I sigh as I explore my new body.

I tease myself, leaving my tank top on, leaving something to save for later, as my hands glide up my swan-like neck and brush across my soft features. I trace my smooth cheeks, the gentle curve of my nose, the soft eyebrows and then ruffle

through my fine, blonde hair, just getting the hang of my new face, exploring my beautiful body by touch, the gentle curves so different from my rough, masculine outline. And then my hands return to my tits. God, they're so perfect I can't not touch them. They feel delightful as my fingers splay and squeeze them. And now there's a growing urgency beneath my pants as my pussy becomes warm and needy.

I glide Madison's hands down her trim tummy, find the buttons on her pants and unsnap them, push them down just enough to reveal her pink satin panties. One hand returns to caress my breasts as the fingers of the other slide beneath the hem of my panties. I follow the scratchy trail of her pubic hair as it gives way to her pussy lips. They part gently at my touch, and suddenly my finger is dipping inside myself, pressing lightly against Madison's still-hidden clit. I love this part, the double feeling of penetrating myself and being penetrated. My fingers circle around my new clit, pressing and rubbing to the perfect rhythm I've stolen from her mind. She's not an expert by any means. Too self-conscious to really know what she wants but I aim to fix that. I'm not self-conscious about her body. Just the opposite, in fact. I want to fully explore every inch and show it off. But for now I just dip my finger harder up against her clit, sliding over her rubbery softness as the warm tension rises within me.

I watch as I make her hands stroke her boob, still beneath the tank top. Seeing her manipulate her own body, her own hands down her pants stroking herself makes me wet. This feedback loop of growing horny, and becoming hornier watching myself play with myself quickly grows, spiking the tension within me. I lean back against the wall, throw my head back and sigh as my fingers find my wetness. I drag it up over my clit, rubbing with the fierce urgency of Madison's lust. I spread my legs, slip another finger against my clit and, oh god, I'm so wet.

I bite my plump lip as a guttural moan escapes. The squelching sounds of my fingers inside me reaches my ears and my cries grow higher in pitch. My fingers move faster, dipping inside, squeezing my tits hard, and suddenly I cum, my breath hitching in my throat followed by a long, sustained moan. I'm so wet,

practically dripping as I fondle myself. The orgasm courses through me and I follow it up, continuing to stroke my wet cunt as I wallow in pleasure, enjoying the touch of my body, inside and out. Another moan escape my lips and my body grows taut with pleasure, the orgasm flooding every inch of my perfect body and I cry out in unbelievable ecstasy, until the pleasure slowly abates and I return to earth.

My legs are jello and I plop down onto the bed, breathing hard. My panties are soaking and the quick hit of orgasm has left me hungry for more. I decide to save it, let the feeling build until I can't take it anymore. In the meantime, I'm going to enjoy being a young college girl.

2

When I've recovered somewhat I zip up my pants and make myself presentable, using the mirror on the wall to brush my hair out. I stare into Madison's gorgeous brown eyes, taking in my new appearance. She's sweet looking and innocent. Not smoking hot, but girl-next-door cute, with plump lips and wide brown eyes. A body that curves gently in all the right places. As I search through Madison's memories I find just how innocent she is.

She had one long term boyfriend in high school. She was crazy about him but the most they ever did was kiss. He turned out to be gay and they're still friends. She's been in college two years and though there have been a handful of men she's been interested in—even some she's dated—she never really clicked with anyone. She's attracted to dorkier guys, the cute nerd rather than the big hulking he-man. Sigmund Freud would say it was on account of looking for someone like her dad. Madison, being a psych major, would say that Freud was full of crap. Still, her dad was kind of dorky. But weren't all dads?

At any rate, she's tried masturbation with varying degrees of success, and the orgasm I just had was her biggest. Lucky her. Because I plan to have much bigger ones. Shy and soft spoken, she's often the chased, never the chaser. Maybe that's why she's never dated anyone she clicked with. She would always wait for them to come up to her, and those that did tended to be the opposite of the type of guy she likes.

I break out of my reverie with a new understanding of Madison's life. I've hopped into her body to get some new experiences, but it looks like I'm the one who's going to introduce her to a whole new world. And the first thing I'm going to do is get some new clothes.

I pull her room keys and clutch purse out of her backpack and head downstairs. There are a couple of cute clothing stores just a few blocks away and I stroll towards them, taking in the world through Madison's eyes. I'm conscious of just how different it is moving through the world as a pretty woman. There's a feeling that I'm constantly being noticed, that the men I pass along the street are checking me out, usually on the sly but sometimes brazenly making eye contact. And then there are the creeps, like the guy who lets his eyes travel up and down my body as I pass. I ignore him, but it is a little creepy being eye-fucked by a total stranger.

At last I reach one of the little clothing boutiques. A jingling bell announces my entrance as I push open the door and I take my time perusing the shop. I pick out a few things to try on: a chic summer dress, a cute pink top, and a slinky white skirt. Taking my clothes back to the changing rooms, I'm greeted by the sight of Madison's gorgeous face in the mirror. I lock the door and pull my top off, then peel off my boots and jeans. I toss my blonde hair out of my face and pose in the mirror, one hand on the warm skin of my hip. This is the most of Madison's body I've seen so far and I love it. Wearing just a bra and panties, I pose, turning and flexing my long legs, gaze longingly into the deep cleavage of my bra. I caress my tits briefly and then stop myself. Later. Later.

The dress clings lightly to my form, the periwinkle blue accentuating my outline, making my already irresistible figure ever more perfect. The neck is a low v-cut, that gives an ample view into my cleavage. It really makes my ass look good, clinging to my butt and tapering slightly to my legs.

The skirt is a little tight and high for Madison's taste but it goes well with the red top. The top is simple in design and hugs my body, clinging to my breasts down over my little tummy. Staring back at me from the mirror is a ravishing blonde. This outfit radiates sexiness in a new way for Madison. It's like putting herself out there and somehow seems sexier than showing off a lot of skin. It lets the

viewer's imagination run wild. And I guarantee, when they get me naked they won't be disappointed.

I purchase the clothes and head down to the next store, trying on outfits for a variety of occasions, including some new workout gear: tiny Lycra shorts and a matching top. It looks like I'm going running in lingerie and is so incredibly hot I nearly succumb right in the changing room and finger myself. But I hold back. In the end I pick out several outfits, including a slinky black dress I intend to wear out this evening. I know from Madison's memories that she doesn't go out to bars very often, preferring to stay home or hang out with friends. Well, tonight that's going to change. I'm taking Madison's body out on the town so that other people can enjoy her.

I return to her dorm, my purchases packed in bags slung over my shoulder. As soon as I get back I strip off my clothes and slip into the sexy black dress I just bought. It's a tight fit, hugging my body and accentuating my breasts and the perfect curve of my ass. The hem ends just above the knee. Sexy without being slutty.

Using her memories, along with my own memories from long ago when I used to go out regularly as a woman, I brush on some makeup, giving myself some smoky eyes and enticing ruby lips. I tint my lashes a dark color to contrast with my blonde hair and pink-hued skin. The effect draws attention to my eyes. God, I'm a ravishing beauty. I make kissy faces in the mirror at myself as I pose, eyeing the makeup from every angle to make sure it's perfect. I'm going out alone tonight as most of Madison's friends are home studying or watching TV. That's fine. It's easier this way. I don't have to pretend to be anyone else and I can focus on pleasing myself.

The bar I choose is one I read about a few months ago. Called the Wylde Rose, it's located in an up-and-coming neighborhood. From the outside it looks pretty tame as far as bars go. The interior is done up in enchanting hues of deep red and

gold. It's already pretty lively by the time I arrive and I slip through the crowd to the bar. A heavy woman with a shaved head and tattoos down her arm is tending bar. She smiles as she looks me up and down.

“What can I get you?” She asks.

“Umm...” Madison doesn't drink enough to have a drink so it's up to me. A beer doesn't seem classy enough. “I'll have an Old Fashioned.”

“Ironic. You got it.”

She moves around to the back of the bar and starts whipping up my drink before I can ask her what she meant. I lean one elbow on the counter and look around, taking in the atmosphere. It's dimly lit, like most bars, but doesn't feel threatening. Maybe it's the newness of the place. Small groups of mostly women cluster here and there around the tables, chatting and laughing. There's a distinctly feminine vibe.

The bartender returns with my drink and I hand her my credit card. I take a sip and continue looking around the room. The clientele seems to verge on the punk side. My dress and long, blonde hair makes me downright conservative looking in this crowd, and the similarly dressed women are outnumbered by those wearing less revealing clothes and with hairstyles ranging from crew cuts to pink spikes. I feel like I'm really standing out by being so—for lack of a better word—normal. I don't see any guys here that Madison is attracted to. In fact, I don't see any guys here at all.

It's just as that realization hits that a woman approaches me.

“You know,” she says, shooting me a crooked smile, “They say you should never drink alone.”

She's dressed in black pants and a plain black t-shirt. Her shirt doesn't cling to her body, like mine, but pools off her heavy breasts and dangles over her trim belly, giving me brief glimpses of her bare skin when she moves. Her brunette hair is shaved along the sides of her head but long on top, where she's styled it down to arc over half of her face. And her face is cute as well: pretty nose, soft lips, deep blue eyes. She keeps eye contact with me in a friendly way, but clearly looking for a signal.

I run my hand through my blonde hair and fluff it out down my back, arching my back slightly to show off my chest. “Now that you're here I'm not. But don't they also say never drink with a stranger? I'm Madison.”

Her smile softens and she takes me in more fully. “I'm Felicia.”

Felicia's hand is warm and tiny, and her simple contact sends a shiver down my spine and awakens something deep in Madison. This is going to be a new experience for her.

“Now we're no longer strangers,” I say, arching one slender eyebrow, “Why don't you join me for a drink?”

Felicia's funny and warm and soon we move to a table in the corner, laughing and talking the whole time. The bar gradually gets louder and we have to move

closer to each other to hear, until I'm right next to her. As I lean over to shout in her ear above the noise, I take the opportunity to put my hand on her knee. This close I can smell her delicious floral scent, my lips practically kissing the gentle slope of her jaw. When I'm done she gives me another one of her adorable crooked smiles and leans close to me.

“It's getting loud in here. Do you want to go back to my place?” The heat from her breath on my ear travels through my body and warms my thighs.

I nod, and she stands and takes my hand.

Felicia's got a studio apartment in the middle of a four story apartment block. It's small but cozy. The décor is spare in a just-out-of-college way. She grabs some beer from the fridge as I settle myself on her bed in the corner of the room. There are no other chairs in the small space but that's fine with me. I cross one leg over the other, my dress rising up to mid-thigh and exposing Madison's lovely skin.

Felicia hands me a beer and sits close to me, the weight on the bed causing me to lean lightly against her. Our shoulders press together and we look at each other. Her face is so close to mine and my eyes trace over the delicate contours of her cheeks, the little slope of her nose.

“Have you ever slept with a woman before?” She asks in that forward way of hers.

I shake my head and giggle shyly, tossing my hair back from my face. “No. Be

gentle.”

She leans toward me and our lips meet. Her lips are soft and warm and I can taste the beer on her breath as I open my mouth for her. I close my eyes and bring one hand up against her jaw as we kiss, my fingers brushing across her soft cheek. In my head, Madison is a little uncomfortable, having never been with a woman before. But my own desires override hers and soon she shares in my pleasure. Felicia's hand slips across my back and she gently pulls me closer, her fingers exploring me, whispering down my side and over my dress. My heart is hammering in my chest, my body pulsing with a light warmth as her fingers caress me.

She takes the beer from my hand and puts it on the floor. When she sits back up I kiss her some more. Now it's my turn to explore her, and I slip Madison's tongue into Felicia's waiting mouth, tracing the contours of her teeth and lips. My fingers slide through her hair as we kiss, gentle and hesitant, but our lips grow ever more urgent as my body warms.

Her hands have moved around behind my back and they unzip my dress. I help her take it off and toss it to the floor. I flick my blonde hair behind my head and stand in front of her, my breasts even with her face. Felicia takes the opportunity to burrow her face in my sensitive boobs, kissing and caressing. I gasp. Her hot breath feels wonderful on my nipples, even through the bra, and I stare down at Madison's body as Felicia kisses me. I reach around and undo my bra, then slide it off and grab my perfect tits. My nipples are hard as diamonds and Felicia's tongue finds them, her teeth nipping gently as I play with my other breast.

“Ooh, that feels good,” I whisper, my body shivering in anticipation.

Now I lean forward and peel off Felicia's shirt and bra. Her tits are smaller than

mine, each nipple pierced with a silver bar. I sit beside her and run my hands over her breasts, her soft body so delightful to touch and caress. When my fingers come to the nipple I fumble with the bar, unsure of myself.

“Slowly, like this,” she says, grabbing one of the bars on her nipples and twisting gently. She sucks in a breath through her teeth, then looks up at me.

I smile and do as she showed me, gently twisting the nipple as a flash of pain washes over her. I lean forward and kiss her nose, her cheeks, and then our lips are together once more. Now her hand is between my legs, fingers pressing against the damp fabric of my panties. I know she can feel how wet I am for her and having her fingers so close, feeling them press hard against my clit makes my breath come faster.

She guides me off her and lays me on my back on the bed, before kissing her way down my neck, my breasts, my tummy, until her hot breath plays across my panties and her tongue licks up and down my thighs. She peels my panties off and we both stare down at Madison's pussy. I realize this is the first time I've seen Madison naked and it's glorious. My tits are amazing; heavy and ripe. My fingers gently knead my soft flesh, playing with my nipples, enjoying the heaviness of my breasts as Felicia's lips find my pussy.

I moan softly as her tongue flicks inside. I'm already so wet, trembling with expectation. I look down Madison's body, watch Felicia's face between my legs, her tongue running up and down my pussy, dipping in gently at first, now harder. She flicks her eyes up to me and I can read the desire in them. I tense with anticipation as she dive into my pussy, licking and sucking my clit as she slides her fingers into my opening.

“Oh fuck,” I whisper, bucking gently at her touch, rapidly growing hornier, the

ember between my legs soon becomes a roaring fire as flames lick my body.

I continue to play with my tits, stretching my long legs and moaning as Felicia devours me, tongue, fingers and lips all working together to ease the pleasure from my body. I'm so wet, so horny, and then my body explodes and I thrust my hips up, crying out in Madison's voice as I cum hard. I squeeze my nipples, enjoying the pain as Felicia keeps her tongue pressed hard against my clit. She's wonderful with my body, knows exactly how to touch and suckle, how hard to kiss, when to stop and when to move on and it's not long before I'm moaning with desire, my entire body aflame. I cum again and again, pleasure burning through me from the physical pleasure and the sheer delight of being such a beautiful woman, of watching another woman sucking on my pussy.

After the third orgasm my entire body is jelly. Felicia seems to sense this because she raises her head from between my legs, her cheeks and jaw shiny with my lust. She crawls up my body and I reach out and bring her lips to mine, tasting my pussy on her tongue, my own musky odor filling my nose.

I push her on to her back with a giggle, and then it's my turn to peel off her clothes, until she's naked below me. She's surprisingly shy for someone who just ate my pussy. She folds her legs, hiding herself, and I gently spread her thighs and kiss my way between them, my lips finding her pussy. In my mind Madison is both disgusted and intrigued. She's been inculcated with the idea that pussies are somehow gross. I shove my face between Felicia's legs, tongue and lips grazing her clit, sucking and licking until it comes out of hiding and she's crying out in soft mews. I look up from between her legs to see her playing with her nipple rings, twisting them back and forth, her eyes squeezed tight in pleasure. As I press my tongue against her clit I slide two fingers into her pussy. She's warm and wet for me and I can feel her quiver as I thrust in and out gently, licking her as I finger her, tasting her wonderful musky essence. My tongue and fingers grow faster with the rhythm of her body and soon she cums around me, her body shivering as her thighs press against my head. Her moan is high pitched and delightfully girlish as she cums.

I give her several orgasms and then crawl up beside her, the taste of her still in my mouth, her smell deep in my nose. We cuddle together, our naked bodies pressed against each other, fingers softly stroking each other until we fall asleep.

3

I'm a little disoriented when I wake up, tangled in feminine arms and legs, only some of which are mine. To my left is Felicia's face, just inches from my own. She looks so peaceful in her sleep, the gentle glow from the sun creeping in behind the blinds smoothing her already cute features. Her eyes blink awake as I stare at her. She smiles at me, her face lighting up.

“Morning,” she croaks.

“Morning. I should really be going.”

I ease myself out of bed despite her protests. My panties and bra are strewn about the room, my dress crumpled next to the bed. As I gather my clothes she leans her head on one hand and watches me from the bed. I dress in last night's clothes, my panties still smelling faintly of my own pussy. Hell, my hands and lips smell faintly of Felicia's pussy, a musky slightly pleasant smell. I slide into my crumpled dress and adjust my tits.

“Thank you for a fun evening,” I say.

“You know where to find me if you want some more,” she says, lying back on the bed and closing her eyes.

I give her one last glance, my eyes brushing over her slender form beneath the covers, then I turn and walk out the door.

Madison has never done the walk of shame before, and the embarrassment/humiliation/excited naughtiness of it all is new to her. I giggle to myself as I head out the door. Everyone else is in business attire, or casual jeans and t-shirts. It's obvious from the remnants of my makeup and the wrinkles across my sexy dress where I've been and what I've been doing. I don't care, though, because Madison and I had fun.

I enter her dorm, head held high, ignoring the glances from the other girls I pass. I drop my clothes on the floor in my room, wrap a towel around myself, and head for the showers. The hot water feels wonderful on my skin and I soap myself down with Madison's orange peel scrub until I feel and smell fresh. I take the time to scrub my breasts, examining my naked body, luxuriating in Madison's soft skin and exquisite form.

I follow her day normally, just enjoying going through life as a beautiful college girl. Classes are uneventful but that very ordinariness is what I crave. This is my vacation, living someone else's life, experiencing the minutiae of their lives. Of course, that's just during the day. By night time I've driven myself crazy being so close to Madison's body and yet resisting the urge to touch myself. God knows I could do what I want. It's not my life. I could fondle myself in class, masturbate on the floor and let everyone touch my tits. But I'm not here to ruin her life. I'm here to enjoy it and push her towards some new experiences.

So that night I get dressed in a simple white top and dark pants, an outfit that covers my skin but clings to my curves in a delightfully sexy way. I then head out to another bar. This time I do my homework, making sure it's a co-ed bar. I can tell from the pleasant buzz of Madison's mind that she enjoyed experimenting but when it comes down to it, she's attracted to men.

The bar is spilling over with students, flirting and dancing as the blue lights flash and strobe across the dance floor. I grab a drink—a Cosmo this time—and saunter around the club, squeezing my way past crowds of men and women. I'm looking for someone that Madison's body sparks for. While I, personally, could go for just about anyone, tonight is for Madison.

And then I see him. He's in the corner of the room, alone at a high table with a few other empty drinks on it. Waiting for friends? His eyes scan the room, somehow both anxious and bored behind his glasses with the fashionable thick black frames. His short dark hair is beautifully messy and his face is handsome, with an exquisite jawline and kissable lips. The top button of his shirt is unbuttoned and, while he's not the height of fashion, he's not completely clueless. Definitely giving off the nerdy-cute vibe that Madison likes.

I make my way towards him slowly, pretending as though I'm just looking around, practically ignoring him until I'm almost up at his table. From the corner of my eye I can see him looking at me every now and then as he sips his beer, his gaze returning to my body whenever he thinks I'm looking away. I slide towards his table, hips swaying seductively and catch his eye as I approach.

The music is incredibly loud and it gives me an excuse to lean close to his ear. “You drinking for three?” I ask, pulling away from him so he can see my half-smile as I gesture to the two empty glasses on his table.

“My friends left me to go dancing.” He gives me a shy smile.

“Not a dancer?” This time my hair brushes against his face and I'm certain Madison's spicy perfume has invaded his nose. I let my breasts just touch his

arm.

He shake his head.

“Me neither.” I shout over the music, “My girlfriends left me to go dancing also,” I lie. “Maybe our friends will find each other out there.”

His name's Warren. He's cute and funny and charming and later that night I hustle him up the stairs to my dorm, carefully making sure the hallways are clear because there is a 'female's only' policy here. As soon as the door closes I'm in his arms, my lips pressed to his. He wraps his arms around me and I press my soft body snugly his hard one, closing my eyes to taste him on my lips, smell his spicy scent in my nose. My fingers curl through his hair, glide across his cheeks and over his chest, which is surprisingly firm beneath his shirt.

He takes me in his arms, tentatively at first but with rising confidence as I press myself closer and slide my tongue in between his lips, swirling around his mouth. His hands slide up and down my back. I can sense his yearning for Madison's body, while at the same time he's hesitant, maybe afraid of coming on too fast. But, god, I want him now.

I break away and grab his hand, leading him over to the bed where I cling to him again, kissing deeply as I unbutton his shirt, my slender fingers unpicking each button, revealing a broad expanse of chest. I kiss my way down his pecs, inhaling his masculine smell, the rich odor of sweat and bar and masculinity. It's making me wet and I press against his leg, dragging the lower half of my body up and down. Madison's body is humming with energy.

Now Warren's hands are sliding under the hem of my top and I lift my arms as he pulls the shirt off me, breaking away from his kiss only to remove the shirt and brush my golden hair out of my face. And then I'm back against him, our lips together, hands over each other as Madison's body lights up. I reach around, undo my bra and slip out of it. His hands find my breasts and stroke. He's greedy for me, fingers desperately circling my tits, exploring my body by touch.

I push him down into a sitting position on the bed. He watches me with those handsome, dark eyes as I unbutton my pants, acting playful as I slowly strip for him, letting my hips wiggle as I push my pants down my legs and kick them aside. Then I do the same with my panties, rolling them down slowly, teasing both of us until my pussy is revealed, my lips already glistening with lust.

I launch myself into his arms, sliding my tongue into his warm mouth as I fumble with the button on his pants, finally getting it undone. I pull away and grab his pants to tug them off. He lies back so I can take his pants off, and then his underwear. As my fingers pull down the elastic band his cock springs into view. I'm on it in an instant, Madison's lips hungry for his dick. I swallow him, enjoying the hardness, the musky taste of him as his dick glides across my tongue and I sink down on him. He moans, a sound of pure enjoyment that makes Madison's body thrum even harder. Madison's never given a blow job before so I teach her how to do it right, how to move, how to change the rhythm to make the moment last, all the time forcing my enjoyment of dick into her own mind, until she, herself, is hungry for it, desires to suck and lick this wonderful cock.

I stroke him with one hand, pushing Warren's dick deep into my mouth while I slip my other hand in between my legs and finger myself. I'm so fucking wet, my little pussy dripping with desire. I can't hold back anymore. I slip my lips off his dick with a wet pop and climb on top of him. I grab his dick and guide it against my pussy as I lower myself onto him to ride him cowgirl. There's a pressure as the head of my cock presses up against the lips of my pussy, building until he suddenly slides inside of me and I gasp, my body alight with pleasure.

I sink down on him slowly, enjoying the feel of his cock as it fills me, the head traveling deep into me until it's lodged in my center and I hold his entire hardness inside me. I rock slowly, my hands on his chest, looking down at Madison's tits as they bounce up and down. I glide my pussy up and down him, filling myself, enjoying being on top, being in control. And Jesus, Madison's body is fun to watch, her bouncy tits swaying back and forth, her smooth tummy rippling as she takes in the cock, her little ass sticking out behind, the feel of her skin, hot and slick with sweat. Warren must think so, too, because his eyes are wide, staring at me, his obvious pleasure making Madison even hornier. She loves being the object of this physical desire, confident in her own body.

His hands come up to my tits, squeezing and bouncing, enjoying my body as much as I do. I rock faster, grinding my cunt down onto him and moaning. I hold his hand against my tit. "Oh, yes, oh, yes," I cry in a tiny voice. I can feel myself on the crest of vast mountain, the pleasure pushing me closer to the edge as his hands squeeze harder and he thrusts deep inside me. I throw my head back and moan as I fall over the edge of the cliff, pleasure roaring through my body in a wild, pulse pounding orgasm. I shut my eyes tight to better enjoy the physical pleasure of Madison's body as I lose all control, howling and grinding and orgasming hard as he fucks me. And then, oh fuck, I can feel his cock throb inside me, feel the hot seed spurting into my pussy as he grips my tits and thrusts into me, emptying himself into me, needing me as much as I need him.

With one last grunt he pounds deep inside me and I take him, his heat joining my wetness, his hands gripping my ass cheeks. When we're done I lie on top of him, enjoying the feeling of him still being inside me, the little tremors of his dick, the heat of his body beneath me. I quake occasionally with an aftershock, kissing his cheek and ruffling his hair as he strokes my back, hands exploring the perfect curves of Madison's ass.

Eventually I roll off him and turn away, pressing my backside against his until he

spoons me, hot dick pressed against my butt cheeks, hand draped over me, idly fondling my breasts. I kiss his hand, bringing it up to my face to examine. Madison wants him, wants to know every inch of him, wants him to make her feel like that again and again. But she also doesn't want him to think she's a slut, nor does she want the rest of the dorm to find out, so eventually I have to sneak him out. He's understanding and kind in a way that makes Madison's heart soar. Outside the door we trade numbers and I leave him, glancing back once with a shy smile to see him watching me go. He smiles and gives a half wave, which I return before slinking up to my room and into bed.

4

The next day is Saturday. I rise slowly and take a long, hot shower. When I finally step out my skin is pink. I wrap a towel around myself, folding it over my front. Little drops of water slip down my breasts as I brush my hair out in the mirror, using Madison's memories to comb my hair and style my makeup. I take my time, enjoying watching Madison's body move in the mirror, knowing it's me inside controlling her, understanding that this is how the world sees me in her skin: as a lithe, gorgeous blonde with a dazzling smile.

I dress in a black dress. Simpler than the one I wore to the bar, this one is more of a casual sundress. It's longer, covering my body nearly to my ankles, and it flows gently over my legs with each step. Still, I look radiant, and the neckline plunges down to show off my tits. I tie up my hair in a messy bun and head downstairs to Madison's favorite coffee shop.

I get her usual—double shot latte—and grab a seat outside in a shaft of sunlight on the back patio. I let Madison's thoughts wander back to the last day and all she's been through. She feels better about herself, more confident in her sexuality. And she likes Warren. Her thoughts keep coming back to him.

I know I probably shouldn't, but I pull out my phone and dial his number. He picks up after two rings.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Warren? This is Madison.”

“Oh, hi!” He sounds genuinely delighted to hear my voice and my heart flutters.

“I know it's probably not cool to call so soon after...well, after last night. But I just want you to know I really enjoyed your company.”

Madison was so nervous about making a good impression it was rubbing off on me. Fortunately, Warren didn't notice or didn't care about my formal language. He chuckled happily.

“No, not at all.”

As we talk some more about nothing in particular—what we've got on for the day, continuing our discussion about the new Star Wars movies from last night—Madison's body starts to go prickly. A pleasant warmth races up and down my spine. I shift my long legs beneath the table and drop one hand into my lap as Warren's soothing voice comes through the phone. My table is in the back, with a planter full of flowers in the way, so no one can see me as I pull up my dress and press my fingers against my panties. I'm not surprised to find them slightly damp already. Madison's sexuality is coming more and more to the forefront.

Warren and I continue talking, his voice so close to my ear it's like he's right there. He's clever and attentive and my fingers slide beneath my panties and into my pussy as he talks. My fingertips land on my clit and I rub gently, trying to control my breath as my body sings with pleasure. Fuck, Madison's clit is so sensitive and the hood slides away beneath my touch. I bite my plump lower lip and lean back in the chair, adding another finger to my quickly wetting pussy.

Warren's still talking to me, and his voice is amazing, sending shivers down my spine as my fingers circle inside myself faster. Christ, Madison can't believe she's fingering herself in a cafe...and that she's enjoying it so much. A sudden jolt of fire licks through me and I gasp, fingers sinking deeper into my wetness.

“You okay?” Warren asks.

“Fine,” I reply breathily, “Never better. What were you saying?”

There's something delightful about masturbating in public while talking to an unsuspecting man on the phone. Some exhibitionist streak of Madison's is coming out. No one's looking at me and there's quite a lot of noise in the cafe. I turn to face the corner, trying to look like I'm having a personal conversation because the need to touch my tits, to enjoy every inch of Madison's soft body right here right now is overwhelming. I crook my neck and lean the phone against the shoulder, my other hand coming up to my tits, squeezing the soft flesh beneath my dress. My fingers dig into my cunt faster, harder, as I squeeze my breasts, biting my lip to hide my sighs as my body burns brighter.

And then, with a quick, sudden breath I cum, biting my tongue to stifle my moans, nearly heedless of where I am, who I am, only knowing that I need to touch myself, to stroke my perfect breasts, to sink inside my sopping wet cunt. My tits nearly spill out of my dress from my efforts, my fingers jiggling them and sending them bouncing but I'm too orgasmic to care for a moment. Pleasure fills my brain and I cum quietly and hard in my chair, fingers sinking deep inside me.

When I finally do come down I notice I'm a disheveled mess. One of my tits is

nearly hanging out of my dress and I stuff it back in with a hand slick with my juices. Then I lick my fingers clean, enjoying the taste of my pussy, enjoying the delightful musky scent on my fingers. I must have made some strange noises because Warren pauses.

“You okay?” He asks.

“Yeah...I'm...fine,” I manage, pulling my dress down and turning back to the cafe. No one's looking. That's a relief. “There was just a...a waiter asking for something.” It's out of character for Madison to ask a guy out but I think she's ready for it. My mouth goes dry and my heart hammers in my throat but I force the words out. “This may be a little forward but, do you want to go out this weekend?”

“I'd love to,” He replies, and relief floods my body.

He likes me! He likes me!

I want to get up and dance, shake my fist at the sky and cry with delight. Instead, I just say, “Cool.” And we arrange a time and place.

As I hang up, I realize I may have found Madison the first boyfriend she really likes.

5

I'm restless now, the brief relief at the coffee shop more of a tease than anything. Plus, the coffee's got me jumping and I need to get up and move around. I decide to take this opportunity to take Madison's body for her gym routine. First stop: her dorm, where I put on the new Lycra outfit I picked out.

I roll the shorts up my long legs, where they lie tight against my ass. The shorts are tiny—practically underwear—and show off my long legs and cute butt. I slip out of my top and bra, briefly caressing Madison's tits, my fingers gently pinching her soft breasts, before slipping on the top and adjusting my boobs inside. I tie my blonde hair back in a long ponytail, which jiggles against my neck with each step. Glancing in the mirror, I'm astonished that even dressed down she's gorgeous.

The university gym is pretty empty at this time of day and I've got my pick of the machines. Using Madison's memories, I start out with some light leg work. I do squats with the medicine ball in front of the mirror so I can watch my technique and enjoy the site of Madison's body as she moves through her routine. I crouch down, my beautiful ass out, before leaping up and tossing the ball into the air, then I catch it and repeat in a steady rhythm. My heart rate goes up quickly and I've soon got a nice sweat.

She's wonderfully athletic and it's a joy to move about in her body. I'm amazed at the number of crunches I can do, my hands wrapped around my head, huffing and puffing as I make my abs stand out. Then it's on to my arms. I push my body, testing Madison's limits. I'm not the only one enjoying the sight of myself. I catch some men checking me out, but no one approaches. I don't know what I would do if they did. On the one hand, I've got Madison set up with a pretty

good guy. On the other hand, I'm horny as fuck from manipulating Madison's body and watching her buff form in the mirror as she becomes sweatier and her muscles stand out beneath her golden skin. My workout shorts are dripping with more than just sweat.

I can't stand it anymore. I head to the locker rooms. They're empty, thank God. I head to the mirrors, my breasts bouncing delightfully at each step. Madison's face swings into view and I admire myself, turning my body to check out my perfect ass, the curves so round and inviting. My face is shiny with sweat and my coffee-brown eyes are bright. I force Madison to look at herself in the mirror, forcing my own feelings for her cute face onto her, until she realizes just how beautiful she is, with her slender nose and high cheekbones.

I pull off my top, fighting to get it over my head and drop it to the floor. I grab my breasts and massage them, enjoying being free of the restrictive fabric. I again make Madison watch herself, my lust growing as I run my fingers over my tits, stroking and fondling myself. Madison has never had much use for her breasts, but under my watchful eye that changes. I wrap a thumb and forefinger around one of her strawberry pink nipples and pinch gently, pulling the nipple out and watching it snap back into position, sending a jiggle along the rest of my boob. The gentle pain is delightful and soon enough my nipple spikes out. I continue caressing my heavy tits, fingers splayed across my skin as I pinch the other nipple. My little mouth is agape, ruby red lips parted with pleasure as I grip my body.

I release my tits only long enough to slide my shorts down and kick them off. I watch the very naked Madison in the mirror as she plays with her boobs, my eyes dancing up and down her body, down to the light triangle of pubic hair between her legs. My little slit is visible beneath the fur, the lips of my pussy loosening and growing slick, while at the same time a wonderful tension winds through me.

I glide one hand down my body, tracing my soft tummy, over my mound, until my fingers find the coarse pubic hair. I press two fingers inside myself, watch my fingertips disappear inside, the tips swallowed up by my pussy as I rub myself. Contented little noises escape my lips and my eyes shift up and down in the mirror, from my angelic face, brows furrowed in concentration and the stirring of delight, to my pussy, which is growing ever looser, ever wetter. I dip my fingers down inside myself, find my wetness midst my velvety folds and drag my juices back up over my clit, over and over, until I'm slippery and the sound of my fingers sliding through my moistened cunt hits my ears.

I lean forward, my face close enough to the mirror to see the tiny freckles on my nose. I lift one leg, place it on the counter top so I can spread myself and thrust my fingers in deeper. My whole body is throbbing, tits heaving as I fuck myself harder, staring straight into Madison's deep brown eyes. I lick my lips, whisper dirty words to myself in Madison's tiny voice, "You like that don't you?" I urge myself on, "You like having those fingers inside your wet cunt. God, you're a horny fucking slut."

She's getting off on denigrating herself and a tremendous orgasm shakes me suddenly, I let out a slow hiss of breath as I squeeze my eyes shut and tremble, pleasure spilling through me. My fingers rub faster as the orgasm explodes. I come back down slowly. I'm still so fucking horny. I open my eyes, stare at my body draped over the counter, my perfect ass swaying in the air, heavy tits dangling in front of me. I stare into my eyes and resume the dirty talk that's making Madison so fucking wet and horny. "You're a horny little bitch, huh? You need those fingers inside you. You just want to be fucked like the dirty slut you are. Oh, fuck!" This last is said in a high pitched squeal as my body burns bright with another orgasm. My legs shake as I thrust my fingers inside, pussy juices trickling down my thighs. This orgasm shatters me, fills my mind with white hot pleasure and leaves me breathless.

And still I'm horny. I reach around behind my ass and finger myself like that, fingers thrusting in the other way, filling myself, rocking back and forth on my

hand, too horny to speak, too horny for anything other than thrusting and moaning uncontrollably until I cum hard at last in the biggest orgasm of my life. “Oh fuuuck,” I moan, fingers flying inside Madison's body, tits pressed against the cold tiles, my little nose nearly touching the mirror. It's heaven. Pure pleasure fills me, a combination of the physical pleasure and the delight at being inside such a perfect body, at discovering such a depth of hidden sexuality. My orgasm is long and loud, echoing through the bathroom. I'm sure people outside can hear me but I don't care in this moment. I just need to keep fingering myself.

Only when I come down do I realize just how noisy I've been, and I quickly slip into a nearby shower stall and shut the door while I recover. I lean against the shower wall, breathing hard, hands still circling my tits, enjoying the last of the pleasure filling my body. I'm aware that I'm covering Madison's tits with her juices, and that alone is enough to make the tension begin rising within me. I've opened up a floodgate in her mind. She's no longer the demure, timid creature I hopped into. She's openly sexual, confident in her femininity, and she knows what she wants. Plus, I had fun while inside. Not bad for a few days vacation.

I shower and dress, then hop out of her body on the way back to her dorm. She falters slightly as she regains control of her body. She senses me behind her and turns, giving a shy smile. I'm just another stranger on the street. She has no idea what I've done inside her, with her. To her. She thinks she did it all herself. And she knows she wants more. She walks away to her new life and I return to my old, loaded with exciting, sensual memories of being Madison.

#

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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

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

The Device (M2F Transformation)

Ken and George have been best friends for years. They're both smart, nerdy, and complete virgins. But when they find a mysterious alien artifact that can transform them into their fantasy women, everything changes.

Mommy Dearest

All I had to do was use this old body swap spell I found to swap bodies with my teacher in order to convince my mom I was a great student. Only, I messed it up and now I'm inside my own mom's body. Although, now that I'm looking at the world through her eyes, there is something very enticing about my curves. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Body Swap Mega Bundle (M2F Body Swap/Theft) [Amazon exclusive!]

A giant collection of 10 previously published tales of erotic boy swaps and body thefts.

Arabian Nights (M2F Transformation)

Chris's new sister-in-law has always wanted a sister who's more outgoing and unafraid of her sexuality. With the help of some magic, she's going to turn Chris into the sister she's always wanted, and the woman he's always desired, whether he wants it or not.

Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

Claire is an elegant housewife whose days revolve around organizing and looking good for her husband. Evan does odd jobs for cash while he goes through college. But his oddest job of all is swapping bodies with Claire and giving her body a workout. In every possible way.

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

I don't want to caress my friend, don't want to run my hands along her soft curves, press our bodies together and drive each other wild with lust. But we're not in control anymore. There's someone else in our bodies, fondling us with our own hands, making us do anything and everything they want. And all we can do is watch.

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.

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

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Reunion (M2F Possession)

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

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

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

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

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

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories