

Getaway
MtF Possession

by M. Wills

© 2023 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

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

[Getaway](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Getaway

The tech bro I currently possess has a sugar craving. I gather up a handful of candy bars from the rack below the cashier and drop them on the counter next to my energy drink. This guy can afford it. I flip through my phone while I wait for the cashier to ring me up. My super special electric vehicle—a model 6, duh—still has 8 minutes until it's charged.

“Hey, let me get a bag for all this stuff,” I tell the cashier. “Please,” I add after a pause.

God, I've only possessed the body of this douchebag one week and I've already nearly internalized his entitlement and inflated sense of ego. I have to get out of him. Take a break after a week of intense computer programming/deal-making assholery. It's done wonders for my bank account, though. My *actual* bank account, not the one belonging to this body. I siphon off a percentage of his earnings for my trouble.

I'm a hopper, jumping from body to body, possessing people and enjoying a little bit of their lives. And a bit of their money. I've made oodles of cash doing this. It's easy when I can hop anyone for a little insider information or a quick infusion of funds to my anonymous account. The guy I'm in right now sold out the privacy of his users to cash out so I figure some of that money belongs to me anyway.

This is how I live. Investments. Free money. Free housing. I can go anywhere and do anything. It's liberating sometimes, lonely other times. That's why I like to live as someone for a week or so. Gives me a chance to pretend I'm normal.

But subsuming myself into other people's personalities takes its toll. Their traits can influence me as much as I can influence them. The borders between my true self and my mount start to blur after about a week. Stay too long and I just might be stuck in this body.

I could do it. I've got his full memories and his personal tastes to guide me. No one notices anything out of the ordinary because, in most respects, I'm able to act *completely* ordinary. In this case that means late nights with my coding partner, stupidly big parties and making deals for insane amounts of money over the most trivial of things. Half the time, though, most people don't notice small day-to-day personality shifts. We're all human. We contain multitudes. In my case, multitudes contain me.

I grab the bag with my candy from the cashier without even a thank you—I know, I know—and return to my sleek grey fancy car. I refuse to call it by its name. Branding is just another way of name dropping. Something I've also done *waaay* to much of this week.

It's late at night on a holiday weekend and I've badly mistimed my car's need for a charge. On the plus side, there are very few reservations for the power charger this time of night. I lean against my car and break open a candy bar. Chocolate and peanuts. Yum.

A peanut tumbles out, bounces off my gut and hits the pavement. I look down at myself and sigh. My stomach is hanging over my belt. I'm hairy and gross but still somehow think I'm god's gift to mankind. I seriously need a vacation. Someone new. Someone nice. Or maybe I shouldn't even find out whether they're nice or not. Maybe what I need is to just do what *I* want to do. Not what my

next mount wants to do. The less I meld minds with my mount the longer I can stay inside consequence-free but the less I know about their life.

I've got enough money that I don't have to hop out and become myself anytime soon. It's not like anyone is waiting for me back home. I don't have a job. No friends. Not even a cat. I did at one point, until I made the mistake of caring for him in the body of someone severely allergic. No, better to be unencumbered.

I often leave my mounts better than when I found them. My little gift to them. Leave them clean and well-cared for. Like a vacation home. Do the metaphysical dishes and take out the mental trash before I go. The cat allergy guy ended up okay. I compensated him for his troubles. Landed him his dream girl. It all worked out. Dude-bro here, though, can fend for himself.

A car pulls up to one of the gas pumps. I idly glance over and pause, the candy bar halfway to my mouth. Hell if it isn't *my* dream girl climbing out of that car, dressed as if coming from a party. She wears a conservative black dress that ends above the knees. It's matched with calf-high leather boots and dark tights. She's just my type: the fabric clings to her powerful legs and supple figure. Statuesque and taller than average, her chocolate-brown hair spills down either side of her face in soft waves. Those eyes. That chin. That nose. That face. She's perfect. I *have* to have her.

Flipping through techie boy's mind I find no reaction at all to the cutie that just appeared. He likes the blondes with the big fake ta-tas. Just goes to show money can't buy taste.

Ta-tas. Huh. I really have to get out of here before I go full bro-sef.

She brusquely slides her credit card into the machine while I munch on my candy bar and consider my approach. Then she yanks the nozzle out of its holster and jams it into her car. One hand clutching the handle to fill up, she taps the fingers of her other hand impatiently on the trunk of the car. Looks like she's upset about something. Maybe her boyfriend dumped her. Maybe one of her friends upset her. I don't know. I *do* want to hold her close and tell her it will all be okay. Seems like she could use a vacation just like me.

I drop the bag of candy by my car and casually walk towards her, trying not to spook her. She's leaning over, her back to me and I allow myself to admire the gentle curve of her buttocks beneath the dress. She senses me coming and looks up as I quickly lift my eyes from her ass. I give her my best smile, still approaching her, needing to get near enough to hop from one body to another.

"Hi, sorry to interrupt," I say, looking as innocent as possible while I close the gap between us. "You look like you've had a bad night."

She snorts and tenses up as I near her. I don't blame her. Weird guy at the gas station approaching her at night. I'm lucky she doesn't pepper spray me right there.

I'm four steps away. Three. Two. One. She opens her mouth to say something and I hop from the tech bro into her. My essence fills her up and in nanoseconds my perspective flips as I'm suddenly peering out at the world from behind her eyes and looking back towards my former body. It's a dizzying sensation but I've grown used to it.

I can feel the change in my proprioception immediately. I'm lighter. More slender. Graceful. Beautiful. I want to explore this divine body but there are some things I have to do first.

There's tension running through my new mount from whatever happened to her tonight, along with a wariness at this approaching stranger. I bury her thoughts and feelings. This is my vacation and I want a clean slate. Just me wearing someone else's body and letting their mind piggyback along to join in my fun.

“Yeah. Not in the mood for talk, buddy,” I say to the tech bro, my former self. And, god, my voice is musical even as I reject him.

I know from my experience as him that if I’m anything less than blunt he’ll see it as an opening for flirtation. He manages to read attraction into every interaction but this time he raises his arms in a gesture of surrender, turns and walks back to his car.

I feel clean. Unencumbered by another person’s thoughts. Like I can be myself again. Hell, I can be better than myself in this body.

Leaning on the trunk of the car I look down at my new form. The black dress covers my body leaving not even a hint of cleavage. It’s conservative but form fitting. The outlines of two magnificent breasts swell out from my chest. I hold up my hand to my face and admire it. My fingers are slender, the nails gently curved and painted a glossy pale pink. My long brunette hair tickles my cheek and I flip it off my face with a toss of my head. As I shift my weight from one leg to the other I feel the smoothness of my thighs as they rub together beneath the dress. I’m wonderfully sleek and slender. Such a great change from being bulky and balding.

The gas tank clicks off, telling me the tank is full. I replace the nozzle and slide into her car, shutting the door and closing out the outside world. The first thing I do is to set myself up in her life and ensure I won’t be disturbed. I skim the surface of her memories looking for only the base information. The important stuff is always on top.

It seems my name is now Amber Watson. Twenty five years old. No allergies. No medical conditions I need to know about. No boyfriend or husband. Well, not anymore, at least. She had an argument with – no. I pull out of her mind before I can find out anything else about her. This is my clean slate body.

I rummage through her purse for her phone, chancing upon a press pass. Huh. So she’s a reporter working for a little local station by the looks of it. I set the pass down, hoping I haven’t already learned too much.

Her phone opens with my face and I set it to “Do not disturb”. Then I change her payment options, setting my bank up in her auto pay (It’s a pain in the ass to do in a stranger’s phone but I’m practiced at it by now). This vacation will be on me. When I’m done I drop the phone back in her purse and heave a sigh of relief. There’s still some of her residual tension floating through me that I need to work out.

I reach out and adjust the rearview mirror until my gorgeous eyes swing into view. Look at that face. Slender eyebrows arching over wondrous blue eyes. I trace my soft features with my long, dainty fingers, running them down the slope of my nose, across my cheeks, just enjoying the warm tender skin I now possess. I take a lock of hair and bring it to my nose, inhaling the delicious fruity scent of myself. I smell so feminine and clean and soft. So much different from the hard spiky masculinity I’ve been living with for the past week. So much better.

My hands wander down my neck to my breasts. I gaze down at my body as I fondle myself and find myself staring at the twin mounds straining against the fabric of the dress. I spread my fingers and grab each breast. They just fit within my hands. They’re taut and held close by a bra. I continue staring at my new body as I run Amber’s hands over her breasts, lightly fondling myself, whispering across her body and exploring my new curves. Just the sight of this beautiful woman touching her own chest turns me on. As I stroke myself my nipples press out. I can feel them growing hard, fighting against the confines of the bra. I reach up and pinch my hidden nipples to feel the electric shock of desire flit through me. Seems like rubbing her nipples turns her on. Interesting.

She's so responsive. Her thighs are already growing warm and moisture is budding in her most hidden of places. Holy hell, I am going to have fun *ruining* her. The thought makes me grin.

A small ache grows deep between my thighs. A hint of needing more. I continue to caress myself with these beautiful hands, gripping these amazing tits, moving faster, harder, as the ache grows sharper and begins expanding through me. Now my entire body is growing more sensitive and I run my hands down my curves, faster and greedier for myself, enjoying my hips, my waist, my legs. I bite my bottom lip as I return to stroking my nipples. I release a fluttery sigh as the first spark of pleasure flits through me.

This body is exquisite. My hips begin rocking as the need fills me, urges me onward. Amber craves this touch. *I* crave this touch. My legs grow fidgety and my cheeks warm. Suddenly I *need* to touch my bare skin.

I pull my dress up and jam my hands between my legs, moaning softly as my fingers land on my tights and I press them into my pussy. They soak up my juices, quickly growing damp with my lust. I stroke across the fabric, pressing down hard to dip into myself as I follow the line of my slit up and down with expert fingers. The tights grow ever more soaked as I thrust them into me.

My hips are rocking now, pressing up against my fingers to meet them on each downstroke. My fingertips land on my swelling clit and I hiss with gratification. Yes, that's the spot. I press down harder, circling my pleasure button faster because my body demands it. The ache within me is rising towards a wonderful release.

My desire increases. I feel so wonderful but I need more, *more*. I stroke my glorious pussy faster, digging my fingers deeper into myself but stifled by the tights, which are now sopping wet. I can't take it anymore and I haven't the patience to undress. I drop my tits long enough to grab my tights in both hands. I grip the fabric in a fist and yank it up until I get enough slack that I can thrust a fingernail into it, digging a hole into the sheer fabric. I can barely think, my mind so overrun with need. I'm an animal, tearing at my tights, ripping them open so I can reach my pussy.

When the hole is wide enough I thrust my hand in, fingers diving into my pussy. I sigh with wild relief as I slide two fingers deep into my tight hole. Fuck, it feels so good to be filled like this. My sopping wet canal clutches my fingers and I'm surrounded by my own rich warm cunt. I stare into Amber's eyes in the mirror, my lust and desire reflected back at me as I finger myself.

I've got both hands on my pussy now, desperation making my hips thrust up against them. The fingers of one hand circle my clit while the other thrust inside, curving up and around to land on the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure. I finger myself faster, fingers disappearing inside me, reappearing slick with my juices. I cry out in a fluttery voice as the pressure continues to build.

The delicious musky scent of my pussy fills the car. Spicy and exotic. God, I need this. I continue stroking my pussy, thrusting up, groaning as I strain to sate myself. Finally, finally I reach the precipice and orgasm hard. My body tenses, my eyes snap shut as I enjoy the tremendous relief of pleasure. My entire body shakes as indulgent delight fills me from head to toe. I cry out, high pitched and needy, as I stroke my pussy all the way through the heat of the orgasm, riding the wave of pleasure up and over and slowly back down. Amber's body is so glorious, so amazing to touch and own and be inside.

It takes me several seconds of bliss before I start to come down. Soon I'm just a woman sitting in a gas station parking lot with her fingers inside herself. But goddamn she needed that. The tension in my shoulders is gone. I'm relaxed. Amber's relaxed.

I pull my fingers out of myself and only now do I look around. The car with my former body in it is gone. Good riddance. I notice a few cameras dotted around the parking lot and wonder how much they caught. Hope someone else enjoyed that as much as I did.

I dig Amber's keys out her purse and start up her car. Time to get out of town.

It's late by the time I arrive at the airport so parking spots are abundant. I prepay her car in the lot for several days and hurry into the airport. Looking up at the board showing the departing flights I ponder my destination. Chicago, Illinois. No. Montgomery, Alabama. Ha. Grand Bahamas. Perfect.

The red eye leaves in forty five minutes. I saunter up and bat my eyes at the sleepy looking young man behind the counter.

"Any chance there's a seat on that Bahama flight?"

He taps out something on his keyboard. I wind a strand of silky hair around one finger as I lean on the counter and wait. After a few seconds he looks up and frowns.

"Just a first class seat, I'm afraid."

"I'll take it."

"Any luggage?"

"Nope."

I whisk through security. They're all smiles for the pretty girl I am. A few of them even surreptitiously check me out as I slip out of my heels and toss them onto the x-ray conveyor belt. I flip my hair back, preening for them. It feels so good to be wanted again. To be the chased and not the chaser. Though I'm *never* the chaste.

An hour later we're taxiing for takeoff. Once in the air I kick off my heels, lie back in absolute comfort and drift off to sleep. My barrier against Amber's mind relaxes in my sleep and our dreams tangle together. I'm in her apartment (though, in the way of dreams it doesn't look anything like her apartment) and I'm taking care of a dog (though not her dog because she doesn't have one). He keeps breaking the rules: shooting holes through the ceiling with his doggy gun, disappearing into thin air. You know, the usual.

Clearly there's still some anxiety here.

A flight attendant gently awakens me to ask me to put my seat up for landing. I yawn and stretch, running my hands gently down my curves, assuring myself I'm still in Amber's beautiful body. When we land I slip the heels back on my feet. Definitely gonna need some new shoes and some new clothes. This outfit is made for looking good, not comfort.

I rent a convertible and the attendant points me towards the line of resorts and the fashionable stores along the coast. I drive out, top down, hair blowing in the warm breeze. I inhale deeply, enjoying the smell of the salty ocean air as I near the coast.

Wondering what sort of clothes Amber likes, I peek through her mind again. Images of running. Basketball. Tennis. She's an athlete. Well, that explains the body.

There's a marketplace just opening and I pull in to a nearby parking spot. I start with the swimsuits. This little body needs to be shown off. I sense Amber's reluctance as I pull her size from her mind

and begin flipping through the skimpy bikinis. She would never dress in something so revealing. Well, she's not here and I want to show her off. I pull up the failing barrier between our minds again. Clean slate.

I buy a variety of bikinis. Dainty things barely more than a few strings crisscrossing my body. Along with that I pick out some athletic gear. Tight pink sports bra tops and hip hugging shorts. Black jogging pants and sleeveless tops. I'm not allowed to try them on but the thought of undressing Amber excites me.

I take my bags and walk down to the next store where they sell some professional attire. These I *can* try on. I take outfits by the handful back into the change rooms: suit pants, blouses, dresses, skirts. I untie my party dress and shimmy out of it, letting it drop to the floor. Turning to the mirror I take the time to admire this delicious body.

My arms are toned, my stomach trim, my ass taut. My skin is the color of warm sand. My tits are clasped by a white bra and I gaze down into the beautiful cleavage. The soft rounded mounds are wonderful to admire at and I trace them delicately with one hand, sending shivers through my body. My gaze follows my hourglass figure down to my panties. They're white and sheer enough that the dark outline of my pubic hair is visible beneath. I move with a wonderful grace in just my bra and panties, flexing for myself, admiring the tight muscles of each arm, the line of each smooth calf. I'm aware I'm turning myself on but I feel so goddamn good.

Eventually I pull away from the mirror and get into the business of trying on outfits. It's amazingly fun dressing up this little body. Women have so much more clothing options than men. I try on a million different outfits. How many different ways can I show off? How many looks can I have? It's divine but I find myself searching for something more.

I roam through the racks of sexy formal wear, flipping through the tight dresses, the skimpy tops. Yes. Sexy and elegant. As I slide a dress off the rack and hold it up to my body something catches my eye a few rows down.

There's a guy here with his girlfriend. He's young, blond and fit in a surfer aesthetic. She's a bleached blonde with an attitude. The kind of woman who demands attention. Unlike Amber, who just draws it effortlessly. They're obviously tourists, like me, but don't seem to be having a good time of it.

He keeps glancing up at me when he thinks his girlfriend isn't looking. I catch his eye and smile. He smiles back, looking away when his girlfriend starts talking but returning his gaze to me when she resumes flicking through the racks. We flirt through pure eye contact. I hold up various outfits, deliberately facing him or bending over and arching my back so he can look at my ass. There's a sleeveless teal dress that is absolutely stunning. I wiggle my hips and stick out a leg beneath the dress as I hold it against my body, showing off for him as I judge the fit.

I glance up at him. Hold his eyes. A little smile flickers at the corner of his lips. His attention is making me warm. A spark of desire flares to life between my legs. Then his girlfriend is looking at him. She shoots daggers in my direction then turns back to him and begins chewing him out. Whoops. I snicker to myself.

I take the dress back to the change rooms as the couple begin arguing. He's protesting his innocence but everyone knows he's been caught. The argument recedes behind me as I round the corner to the change rooms. I slip into the teal dress. God, it's perfect. It hugs my body, accentuating my slim curves, revealing my lean arms. The color fits perfectly with my eyes, making them even more striking. I gaze into the mirror and pose for myself, moving these perfect limbs. My body is warming so delightfully just staring at myself.

Still in the dress, I return to the main part of the store. The girlfriend is still berating the guy. He's getting more furious but trying to remain calm. I sneak towards them on the pretense of looking for more clothes but really checking him out. His arms are delicious. Mmm, that jaw. I wonder how he would feel inside me. She raises her voice, knowing I'm there, her words intended for me.

"...and you can't even take your eyes off of some slut!"

I shake my head laughingly and glance up at him. Meet his eyes and wink. That's the last straw for her. She dumps the clothes she's collected onto the floor and storms out. He turns to follow but I scoot up to him and grab his wrist. He turns to me, eyes wide but interested.

"I think you're better off without her," I say.

He smiles ruefully. "Sorry about her. I'm sure you're not a slut."

"Well," I say, sauntering closer to him. "Don't judge too soon."

I know Amber would never do this but this is *my* vacation and I'm free to act as slutty as I want. I run my fingers down his chest to his shorts then look up into his eyes and bite my lip. From this close his masculine scent is intoxicating. The curve of his arm is so dreamy. I've made myself so horny just dressing up and now I want to put my new body to good use.

I hook my finger into the waist of his shorts and tug him towards me. "Looks like we're both single now," I purr. "How about we be single together?"

I bite my lower lip. My desire is no act. I'm needy and warm. My panties are already dotted with moisture and I can feel the slight slickness of my pussy lips gliding together at each step as I drag him slowly backwards towards the change rooms, my finger still hooked into the waist of his shorts. He follows me, shooting one quick glance behind him to see if anyone's watching.

I'm trembling with lust as I pull him into a change room and lock the door behind us. When we're alone I can't hold myself back. I throw myself at him, pulling him towards me and we kiss. I gasp as his tongue darts against my lips and his hands wrap around my body, sliding down my back to cup my ass. I lean into him, closing my eyes to savor his masculine taste. I dip my hands beneath his shirt and grip his bare back. His skin is warm and I pull him towards me.

We make out desperately, lips meeting, tongues flicking out to taste each other. I can sense he needs me as terribly as I need him. Maybe his girlfriend wasn't good in bed. Maybe she was saving herself for marriage. Whatever. I don't care right now because I have him wrapped around me and my pussy *aches* for him.

His hard body presses against my soft one. Even with Amber's muscles I'm soft compared to him. His erection strains beneath his shorts, rubbing up against my thighs. I yank his shorts open and dart my hand inside his boxers as his manhood leaps up to greet me. I giggle into his mouth as I stroke him, my fingers running up and down his length. He presses me up against the mirror of the changing room, both of us growing more urgent by the second.

His hands trace down my ass, slide beneath my dress and then up my bare thigh. I'm a puddle for him. Practically dripping down my leg with the anticipation of finally filling this delicate body. He squeezes my ass, enjoying my tautness as his other hand slides up and grasps a breast. He grips my tit in one hand and squeezes hard, urging a moan from my lips. His hot breath fills my mouth and his tongue darts between my teeth as I gasp beneath his strength.

His cock is warm and hard in my hands. My fingers glide up and down the veiny shaft, exploring the bulbous head and then back down, down. God, it feels so huge beneath my fingers. And now the slickness of his precum is on my fingertips. I hold him in my hand as he desperately makes out with

me, his hands wandering faster up and down my body, squeezing, gripping me tight. I moan and writhe beneath him in beautiful ecstasy, practically grinding myself on his erection.

Finally, I can take it no more. I pull away from him with a gasp and turn, facing the mirror as I hike the dress up above my ass. I lean against the cold glass, staring into the reflection of Amber's beautiful face, her eyes hard with desire, lips half open with lust.

The man's hands grip my ass and spread me apart. I'm putty in his hands. There's a raging river between my legs. I lean against the mirror and arch my back, staring at myself as his cock presses between my soft butt cheeks and up against my pussy. The cockhead pauses at my entrance and I'm briefly aware of how big it seems before he rolls his hips and sheathes himself inside me. I moan as he fills me, closing my eyes as I take him all in.

I can feel each lovely inch of his cock as it curves through me, spreading my canal apart so it can fill me. Now he's lodged deep inside me, his groin resting against my ass. My pupils are wide. I *need to be fucked right now*.

As if he can read my mind he begins gliding in and out of me. Each thrust builds the throbbing ache between my legs. He fills my pussy, moving in a deep, slow rhythm as he takes his time, enjoying this body as much as I do. His breathing is quick and his guttural moan as he fills me makes me quiver. I love that my cunt has this power over men, that they would do anything to be inside me.

He speeds up, gripping my ass harder. Now he's pounding into me, the rhythmic slap of his groin on my ass filling the change room. In the mirror Amber's face is a mask of lust and desire. It turns me on as much as the cock inside me. The ache in my core grows, filling me, making my body taut and needy for release. I cry out with each thrust, soft at first but rising in pitch.

"Oh. Oh. Oh!"

My mouth drops open and I throw my head back, pushing my ass back against him, willing him deeper, harder inside me. He curves up and pumps against my innermost pleasure and I lose it right there. Pleasure pours through me. The orgasm is tremendous, making me shake and cry. My eyes roll back into my head as I cum around his gorgeous cock. My cheeks rest on the mirror, my legs weak, as he sinks deep, deep into me. The only thing holding me up is his hands on my ass. I'm jelly as he pounds me, grunting, gritting his teeth and then finally he explodes.

He throbs inside me, each hot spurt of his seed filling me. The tension inside snaps again and I enjoy my second orgasm. My mouth drops open and I cry out, cheeks sliding against the mirror as he fucks me long and hard. It's what my body craves. It's what Amber deserves. My entire body shakes as he fills me with his seed, cock sliding in and out of my slick cunt until he's empty and I'm full.

Only after that can I think again. We pause, me leaning against the mirror, him half-collapsed on top of me, his warm chest leaning on my back. We're both gasping as he grows soft inside me. After a few seconds he pulls out. I can feel his seed dripping down my leg. I feel so sexy-dirty, having just fucked a stranger in a change room. I wonder if everyone could hear us. I wonder what they'll think of me.

I guess I need to buy this dress seeing as I've ruined it. There's a wet patch from our mingled juices as I adjust it back down over my legs.

"Fuck, I think we both needed that," I say.

"So, I, um..." he glances at the closed change room door.

I shake my head and wave my hand at him. "No need to be sweet. We both just needed a quick fuck. Just go."

He smiles in relief at being excused from awkward small talk. He cracks open the door, peeks out, and then darts away.

Now *that's* a great start to a vacation.

I throw my bags into the convertible and get back on the road, cruising towards the large hotels. I find one that looks nice and go in to see if they have a room. The lobby is big and airy, decorated in the same island theme as every other place here. It smells clean and new. This is one of the more upscale places.

The young man behind the counter is stunningly handsome but seems new here. He looks to be somewhere in his late teens or early twenties. He's not confident with the procedures and "ums" and "ahs" occasionally. It takes more time than it should to check on rooms. His fingers grow even more shaky as I flirt mercilessly with him.

"What do you do for fun around here?" I ask as he hands me the key card to the most expensive room available. It's my own money—not Amber's—and I've got plenty of it.

"Our dining room is open every day from—" He begins in his hot island accent.

"No." I cut him off gently, reaching out and letting my hand linger on his rich mocha-brown arm. "I know what tourists can do for fun. What do *you* do for fun around here?"

He gulps, visibly nervous but just as visibly into me. His pupils widen and the hint of a nervous smile flickers across his lips.

"I, uh, well...I like to scuba dive."

"Me, too," I smile. Maybe not in *this* body but I've certainly done my fair share.

"There are some dance clubs around here I go to with my friends."

"That sounds fun. Well," I glance down at his nametag, "Kristiano, if you're out late one night and want some *personal* entertainment, you've got my room number."

I wiggle my key card at him and laugh at his stunned look. I walk away as he's processing that. A bellhop is standing around outside and he wheels his cart over to my convertible. The bellhop is another young native, even more stunningly gorgeous than Kristiano. His name tag reads "Montez". He's got intense dark features and rich ebony skin. His smile is majestic. If he's surprised by the lack of a suitcase and the huge number of shopping bags he doesn't say a word.

My room is almost on the top floor. It's a decadent suite with a bedroom and a huge living room overlooking the ocean. Montez does the usual routine of showing me around the room, introducing me to all the features. He returns to the door and pauses. It's at this point I realize he's expecting a tip.

I dance up to him on light feet. "Sorry, I don't have any cash," I say, putting a hand on his chest and reaching behind him to close the door. "Let me give you some other reward."

I kneel in front of him and reach for his pants. He grabs my hands and stops me. "What are you doing?" His voice is a rich, deep baritone that vibrates deep in my center.

“This is my tip. But first, I need *your* tip.” I unzip his pants and tug them down, followed by his underwear. His beautiful Black manhood appears inch by inch, thick and flaccid, protruding from a nest of dark hair to rest against his thigh. “Mmm, yummy,” I say, looking up at him with a grin.

His hands are down at his sides and it looks like he’s trying to decide whether to stay or to go. I can help him with that choice. I wrap my fingers around his member and stroke gently, moving my face close to him. I stick out Amber’s pink tongue and lick his cock from base to tip once, twice. On the third time I open my lips and swallow him.

He tastes divine. God, I love the feel of him growing in my mouth. I have to open my mouth wider as his dick rises to attention, poking at the back of my throat. I pull off with a gasp and stroke my saliva down his dark length, loving the hot wet feel of him beneath my fingers. Then I swallow him again, driving down to take as much in as I can. I feel his cock between my lips, gliding over my tongue, pressing against the roof of my mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispers.

He’s rock hard now which allows me to really suck him. I play up my slutty persona, moaning as I fill my mouth with him. I’m a master at shutting off my gag reflex and I drive down until my nose is pressed against his pubic hair and his cock is lodged deep in my throat. He thrusts forward slightly and now I do gag on him, coming up coughing and then driving my lips back down before he can apologize. I love it. Love turning Amber into a whore for strangers, using her body for my own pleasure.

I grab his hips and yank him towards me as I move faster, swallowing him, tongue swirling patterns up the length of him as I move. His masculine scent fills my nose. His groans come faster and then his cock throbs in my mouth.

“Oh god!” He cries.

I grab his ass and *yank* him towards me. He can’t get away now. Not when the fun part is about to happen. My mouth is filled with spurt after spurt of delicious creamy seed from his big Black cock. It burns down my throat and warms my belly as I keep my lips locked around his shaft. I swallow every delicious drop, moaning in ecstasy as I do so, enjoying this every bit as much as he does.

I use my lips to finish him off, milking the last of him and still salivating as I gulp him down. When I’m sure he’s done I pull my mouth off him and daintily wipe my lips. I stand as he pulls his pants back up and adjusts himself. He’s flustered. Unsure how to act. It’s so cute.

“I, uh, um...thank you.”

I giggle. “No. Thank *you*. And if you want to bring any friends around for another taste of my hospitality, I’ll be here every night for the next four days.”

He grins and leaves, glancing back once as if reassuring himself that everything that just happened did, in fact, just happen.

When he’s gone I rummage through the bags for the athletic gear I just bought. Amber’s body is anxious and full of energy. I’ve felt this before in other athletic bodies I’ve inhabited. It’s as if exercise is a drug and they crave it. The sex and the blowjob weren’t enough. I need to release a different kind of energy.

I slip out of my dress (making a note to have it dry cleaned) and my bra. I shrug it to the floor and gaze down at myself. This is my first time seeing Amber’s bare tits. They’re magnificent. Taut but jiggly. Perfect bouncy curves topped with ripe pink areolae. I take them in my hands where they fit perfectly. I fondle them, enjoying their ripe firmness. But my body needs a release that’s more than

sexual right now. Reluctantly I drop them and squeeze into the tiny black running shorts and tight black top I just bought.

I walk quickly down to the beach, enjoying the subtle looks I get from people. They seem to like this body as much as I do. When I get to the sand I stretch my limbs and take a few deep breaths, preparing for the run. I take off, slowly at first, sticking to the hard sand near the water. The occasional wave splashes up to my ankles and cools me with its spray.

As I jog along the beach, I feel my body coming alive. Amber is a well-oiled machine. Sleek and powerful and with a deep well of endurance. One of the enjoyable things about hopping someone is I get to experience their joys. I hate running in my own body, but Amber's body craves it. Each stride of my limber legs, each breath from my lungs sends another burst of Amber's endorphins through me.

The steady rhythm of my feet on the sand makes my heart beat faster. Sweat begins to form on my skin. Amber's body responds to the movement - her thighs rubbing together, her breasts jiggling with each step, her ponytail tickling my neck. A wave of arousal washes over me, and I have to stop myself from letting out a moan.

I run far down the beach, past the tourists sunning themselves and playing in the waves, to where the resorts end and there's no one else around. I slow and then stop well back from the beach on a small cove. Down on the water a single fishing boat rocks gently. I walk in small circles with my hands on my hips until I catch my breath.

My body is warm and slick and wonderful. I find a patch of sand and sit for a rest, wrapping my arms around my glistening knees. My legs are tired but the rest of my body is still calling out for release.

I lie back on the warm sand, my knees in the air, and slip one hand down my athletic shorts. My fingertips trail over my skin until the slickness of my sweat gives way to the slickness of my pussy. God, I've gotten so worked up. I'm warm and ready.

I dip two fingers into myself, exploring each fold, tickling up and down until the dew becomes a torrent. I slide my fingers deeper inside, feel my canal clutch them tight. I explore the wet heat of my pussy, thrusting up slowly but firmly as my gasps increase along with my heartbeat. Now my fingers are deep inside my perfect cunt and I feel so wonderful, inside and out.

I yank up my bra and let my tits bounce down my chest before wrapping my fingers around a taut tit and massaging gently. My hips begin rolling with desire, thrusting up slowly to meet my fingers on the downstroke, driving deeper into my body. I close my eyes and moan as I stretch to hit that itch deep in my core. My knees wriggle as the tension builds within me. My fingers move faster and the slick sounds of my sex hits my ears.

"Oh!" I whimper, and the sound of Amber's voice, fluttery with lust, makes me so much hotter. I let myself cry out, uninhibited, my cries rising in pitch as my fingers work their way faster and harder inside my dripping pussy. My other hand squeezes my sensitive tit, rolling the nipple between two fingers so that the wonderful pain meets the glorious pleasure pulsing up from my thighs.

I bite my lip, thrusting my hips up again and again, desperate for the release until with a final thrust of my fingers deep into my sopping canal I cum. I quiver uncontrollably as the orgasm rushes through me, filling me with pleasure from head to toe. My head digs back into the sand as I cry out, loud and long, sharing my desire with anyone who might hear. "Oooohhh!"

When the orgasm releases me I remain lying on the sand for a few minutes, my fingers still inside me, just enjoying my inner warmth. Finally, I rouse myself and begin the long trek back up the beach to my hotel room.

I run Amber's body ragged over the week. I become so familiar with her body and enjoy long, languid orgasms the rare times I'm alone. Most of the time I'm with others, men and women both. I'm sure I'm becoming known as the hotel slut but it only brings more people to my door.

Kristiano and Montez both stop by, alone at first, both on the pretense of ensuring my stay has been pleasant. But I can tell by the way they eye me that they're fishing for my response, waiting for me to make the first move. I don't disappoint. Before Kristiano returns to his duties he enjoys the sight of me moaning as I ride his cock. It's thick and filling. As beautiful as he is. Montez gets the pleasure of pounding me from behind as I arch my back and moan for him, my tits swinging with each thrust.

I join them on the beach with their friends for a night of partying. Every now and then I pull one of the beautiful women or handsome men into the bushes and let them enjoy Amber's body. Their hands roam over my soft curves. They finger me, fuck me, fill me in every hole. There's no jealousy because I've made it clear I'm everybody's toy. Everyone gets a turn to do what they want with me. I cum so many times with so many dicks clenched inside me.

I enjoy myself so much I almost miss my flight back. I wake in a stranger's room, her body stretched out beside me.

"Sorry, I have to go," I say, giving her a quick peck on her bronzed cheek.

I throw my clothes into a bag—no time to change—and do the walk of shame through the hotel lobby and the airport. I'm still wearing the black leggings and sports bra beneath a now-wrinkled dress. I'm certain I smell of sex. I've tried to comb my hair into some semblance of order with my fingers but with limited success. I'm tired and sore in the most wonderful way.

It turns out my hasty departure was all for naught because I miss my flight. The next one is several hours away so I set up camp at the departure gate. The time alone allows me to reminisce about all the fun I've had that week. I'm going to miss this body. Miss this responsiveness. Miss feeling something hard and throbbing inside this pussy. Miss the incredible orgasms. Just thinking about it all is getting me wet. Jesus, I'm insatiable.

I cross my legs and jiggle my foot, looking around the airport at the other travelers, trying and failing to distract myself. I've got needs. I want to touch Amber's body, make her feel wonderful one last time.

Finally, I stand and go off in search of a private sleeping lounge. It's expensive but I've got the money. The room is tiny, not much more than a bed and a small cabinet built into the wall but it's all I need.

I wiggle out of my dress then peel off my sports bra and drop it onto the mattress. My tits hang down from my chest, heavy and perfect. I grab them, digging my fingers gently into my soft flesh. I'm going to miss these breasts and the way they bounce. Their warm and wonderful weight.

I pat my tits and watch them wobble, bouncing back into position. Under my touch my nipples begin to harden. I continue fondling myself until my nipples are hard as diamonds and that familiar and wonderful itch blossoms within me. One hand still on my bare tit I let my other hand whisper over my stomach and curve around to grab a handful of ass. The leggings tighten my already toned buttocks into perfection and I half-turn to admire the shape of myself. I toss the hair out of my eyes with a practiced shake of my head and let my hands pinch and squeeze all of my curves.

Now I'm wet once again. Maybe for the last time in Amber's body. I'm exhausted but I want this so badly. I've really worn out her body this week but I can still feel her responding. My hand slides across my leggings and the feel of the fabric clinging to my thighs and hips and calves make me feel so sensual. I glide around to my front and dig my fingers deeper into the stretchy fabric of the leggings until I'm pressing up against my little nub of pleasure. I moan at the sudden slight release, throwing my head back and stumbling to lean against the wall behind me.

I stroke myself up and down through the leggings. The fabric dampens then grows sopping wet as I continue circling my clit. My other hand continues roaming across my chest as I feel up Amber's delicious body one last time, squeezing her tits even as I stroke her pleasure button in tight circles. I'm sweating now, my body wiggling of its own accord, desperate to press on as I rise to one last immense release.

My moans fill the room, throaty with lust. I can't fight the desire pulsing through me. All I can do is urge it on until it fills me. I stroke, caress, squeeze, pinch this little body until the spark explodes within me. I moan loud and long as I roll my hips against my hand, the orgasm bursting through me, sending bright sparkles across my vision. My legs go weak and I struggle to stand as my body shakes with the powerful orgasm. I hope the walls are soundproof because I'm moaning loudly. The unmistakable sound of a woman getting off fills the room.

When the pleasure finally releases me I flop onto the bed, staring at the ceiling and breathing hard. I'm completely spent. Amber's never fucked so many people, never had so many orgasms. I don't know how this will all affect her when I hop out. She'll remember everything as if it was all her idea, as if she chose to be an island slut for a week. I wonder if she'll embrace it or if she'll try to forget it.

Either way, my time inside her is almost at an end.

Epilogue

It's about a year later when I next see Amber. I'm in the body of a curvy redheaded mother. The kids are having their nap and I've just enjoyed a lazy orgasm in my bedroom. I'm flipping through some social media feeds on my phone when I see Amber's face. She's anchoring a morning news show on a network.

I click on the thumbnail and the video opens up. She's gorgeous as ever. Confident and charming and intelligent even though the content she's pushing is just everyday vapid filler. Seems like she's really moved up since I was inside her. The outfit she's wearing is sexy. Like something I would pick out for her. It hugs her curves and has a plunging neckline that's sexy but not *too* sexy for daytime television. Got to bring in the male audience, I guess.

I open up her wiki page and peruse her bio. Shortly after I left she began her meteoric rise up through the station and was picked up by a national network. Good for her. Maybe it was my fashion sense, or the 'don't give a fuck' attitude she developed while I was inside her. *Something* appealed to the network executives and I can't help but feel a little pride in thinking it's something I instilled in her while piloting her body. Her confidence is sexy and makes me long to be in her one more time.

It takes me a few days but I finally track her down. The combination of internet sleuthing and then being able to take secrets out of the mind of those I possess means there's no one hidden from me.

I'm in my own body and waiting in her parking garage early one morning. I've stopped at a special store on the way here to pick up a present, which I leave on the ground at my feet so that it won't get absorbed into her body with me. The elevator dings and she steps off, radiant as ever. She clicks to her car, her heels echoing in the basement parking lot.

When she's close enough to me I hop, evaporating into particles and rushing into her body. In less than a second I'm once again experiencing the world through her senses. I pick up my package and get into her car before tearing open the box. Inside is a small remote controlled vibrator. I pull up my dress and yank down my panties before nestling the vibrator gently inside my pussy. I've got to get myself a little wet before it slides into my opening but that's not a problem. Hell, it's fun. Just being inside Amber is enough to make me horny.

The vibrator curves up through the walls of my canal and has a little nub that remains out and presses against my clit. I pull the panties back up and adjust it inside me until it feels comfortable. Then I download the app.

It takes some effort to push all this into Amber's mind and make it seem absolutely normal to pick up a strange vibrator and slide it inside herself right before going to work. From her strength of will she's definitely grown more bold. But I've got years of experience and I convince her that this is what she *wants* to do.

Having set her on the path I slide back into the depths of her mind, giving her complete control of her body. It's disorienting at first as I peer from behind her eyes while her body moves outside of

my control. But this gives me a chance to learn about her, something I declined to do the first time around.

It seems she's been picked to be an evening anchor. The details from my time inside her are a hazy memory but she remembers growing confident in her body, excited by the delight it could generate. And she remembers getting fucked. A lot. She enjoyed it. I was right. It *did* change her attitude. She knows she can have anything she wants. That the only thing holding her back is herself.

She hasn't fucked her way to the top, though she could have if she wished. My sensuality remained and she's enjoyed herself with many, many lovers. It's that sexuality that the network saw in her.

She's got a growing online fanbase, some of whom claim to have topless photos of her. Some of the photos circulating are other woman, but some are, in fact, of her. She released them herself and she gets a little thrill thinking those photos are out there. She likes to imagine nameless people are stroking themselves to thoughts of her. She was careful to obscure her face so as not to ruin her career. Her dirty little secret makes her so hot.

I sit in her mind as she drives to the studio and sets her things down in her office. She visits makeup, talks to her producers, grabs some coffee. There's a whirlwind of activity as the countdown to air begins. I'm set up on the couch with my cohost, some vapid but handsome man. Makeup runs in to do a quick touch up and then we're live.

"Good morning!" I chirp, my hands demurely in my lap. "I'm Amber Watson."

"And I'm Richard Heart."

"And this is Good Morning Chicago."

The theme song kicks in and we're off and running. I don't interfere. I just continue to watch from within as the show goes on. A few minutes before the end of the broadcast, during a commercial break, I make her slip her phone out of her pocket and discretely turn on the vibrator. It whirs to life inside her cunt, becoming more intense as I cross my legs so that it presses harder up against my clit and deeper inside me.

When we're back from the break she smoothly goes through the last segment. She's a true professional and I'm the only one who knows how horny she's getting. The toy vibrates madly within us. It feels so good but she doesn't let on that she's growing wetter and wetter. The only outward signal is the way she runs her hand through her silky hair and perhaps the sweat on the back of her neck.

As the pleasant vibrations hum through us it takes a tremendous effort for her not to touch herself. She wants to. God, she wants to. Now she keeps her legs clapped together even as she fakes a laugh for whatever the guest just said. She can barely focus. Her pussy is so wet. Her body is humming with electricity that needs to be unleashed. She holds off her orgasm through sheer force of will.

Several times I feel us rising to the crescent, only for her to shift or bite her lip so that we don't spill over and orgasm live on air in front of thousands of viewers. Wouldn't that make for quite the online clip? That thought alone is almost enough to send her over the edge and she hides her throaty gasp with a fluttery laugh.

Finally, finally the broadcast finishes and she says goodbye. As soon as the producer says they're out she unclips her microphone and hurries back to her office. She ignores her colleagues. Need is the only thing driving her on now. She's sopping wet, dripping down her leg and it's a miracle we make it back and close the door without embarrassing ourselves.

Reason has completely left her mind now. She's pure lust. The instant her office door closes she pulls up her dress and *jams* her hands down her panties to press the vibrator hard inside her. In her mind I share in her pleasure.

Leaning against the door we moan, finally freeing that tension that's been building up for the last twenty minutes. Our fingers slide into our wetness, stroking urgently while we quiver and enjoy the first blessed orgasm.

But it's not enough. That was just a teaser. We flop onto her couch and spread our legs wide, propping one leg up on the back to open up her pussy. The cool air of the room breezes over our damp thighs. We're dripping down onto the couch but we don't care. We can't think of anything right now except to sate that desperate need within us. We grab the vibrator, which is now soaked with our pussy juices, and press it hard up against our clit. It vibrates within us, massaging our cunt, filling us with pleasure.

Our other hand comes up to grip a breast. Our hips thrust up, riding the toy, urging it ever deeper until it presses up against the dimpled nub of our innermost pleasure. Our eyes go wide and our voice squeezes through strangled vocal chords as the sudden touch makes us cum. It's the most powerful orgasm we've ever experienced. Our body shakes, our toes flex. Every inch of our skin is alive with pleasure and the lust roars through us. We close our eyes, savoring the white hot pleasure searing our mind and which wipes out all conscious thought.

I don't know how long we soar in this orgasm. When we finally come back down we're damp with sweat. Our body feels boneless, bereft of strength. It's all we can do to turn off the vibrator. We lie on the couch, staring blankly up at the ceiling and shivering every now and then with aftershock. We needed that.

When we finally regain our strength I prepare to leave her. This is my last time. For real, I tell myself. Though even as I hop out of her as invisibly as I entered her, I know that the temptation will be there. I could always come back and enjoy Amber once again.

###

Thank you!

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

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

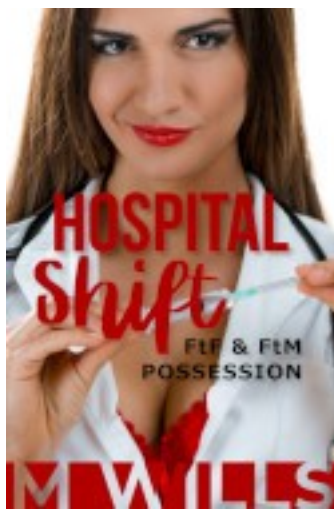
Thanks!

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 through my [author page on Smashwords](#):



Hospital Shift

A woman confined to a hospital bed gains the power to possess people and uses it to live out her sexy fantasies inside the nurses around her.



Swap Resort

A boyfriend and girlfriend find themselves transformed into the opposite sex after checking in to Swap Resort.



I, Copy

A young man uses nanobots to transform himself into an exact copy of a family friend and steal her life.

And many more!