

Going Down
MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

© 2024 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

[Going Down](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Going Down

Aaron's old man was passed out on the couch again. He didn't even stir when Aaron let the flimsy door slam behind him. Aaron grabbed a beer from the fridge and guzzled it while standing in the tiny kitchen of their mobile home. He couldn't legally drink for another year but no one was going to stop him.

Aaron leaned on the cracked and splintered lino counter and uttered a loud belch. He'd just finished his late night shift at Speedy's and returned home smelled of fry grease and hamburgers. The wind whistled through a crack in the door, sending a freezing blast of air around Aaron's ankles and making his dad snort in his sleep. Aaron picked some newspaper pages off the stacks of detritus around the living room, balled them up and shoved them in the crack beneath the door to keep the wind out.

His dad would be out for hours and Aaron left him on the couch. The television was still on and the anchors on the news channel were bleating about immigrants overrunning the country, men dressing as women, and other horrors that were certain to destroy America somehow. Aaron went back to his room, which was almost entirely taken up by a small cot scattered with clothes. He brushed them onto the floor before collapsing onto his flimsy mattress.

Aaron pulled out his phone and jumped onto the neighbor's mobile network. The old bag had been too stupid to set it up on her own so Aaron had volunteered to help and swiped her password in the process. He'd also swiped her cigarettes and would have taken anything else worth stealing, but there was nothing but a bunch of worthless old lady knickknacks lying around.

He thought maybe one day he'd get out of this place. Just had to save up his money. Unfortunately, the local pigs kept fining him for bullshit: trespassing, breaking and entering, speeding. It wasn't Aaron's fault there was nothing to do in this shithole of a town.

Aaron lay on his back, scrolling aimlessly through his social media feed. Some jackoff from high school had friended him a while ago and now the news popped up on Aaron's feed that that jackoff had recently gotten promoted at his job. Whoopy fucking shit.

That, of course, led down a rabbit hole as Aaron followed the links from that high school friend back to other students he'd known from high school. He couldn't really say he was friends with any of them, but he knew of them. There was that annoying fatass kid with the asthma who was, no surprise, some sort of IT nerd. Ooh, there was Melissa, the big-titted cheerleader. Aaron saved a photo of her in a bikini to his phone for a spank session later. There was Bradley, one of the football players, now selling shoes. What a loser. And then he found Mrs. Green.

Courtney Green. Aaron's English teacher. The one who'd failed him and gave him detention so many times and set him on this downward spiral. She'd had it out for him from the beginning. Hated him. Punished him for the tiniest thing because she had the world's biggest stick up her ass. A nice ass, to be sure, and one which Aaron wanted to shove *his* stick up. Aaron was confident if he'd graduated high school he wouldn't be living in this dump of a trailer with his drunken dad. But Courtney godamn Green had fucked all that up for him.

More like Cunt-ney Green, Aaron chuckled at his own wit.

Was it worse that Courtney was, as well as the world's biggest bitch, a hot piece of ass that gave Aaron a little chub? She had a pretty face, a wicked figure, tits to die for, and the aforementioned ass. Too bad she couldn't dress worth a shit, always wearing these ugly floral blouses that sagged down her body.

Aaron flipped through the photos and the wall of messages on Courtney's feed. There were lots of sappy engagement photos and messages of congratulations for her and some asshole named Christian. He looked like some sort of Army dude. Blonde crew cut. Muscly arms. White-toothed smile.

Fuck, why did Courtney get everything good after fucking Aaron's life up? She didn't deserve it. There was no justice.

Looked like she was getting married soon. Her best friend, Steph, was to be her maid of honor and was setting up some sort of engagement party for the two of them next week. Steph wasn't bad looking either. A pretty brunette with wavy hair and an enticing grin on her cute face. Aaron wouldn't mind ruining her and Courtney both.

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, stroking himself off to thoughts of Courtney and Steph on their knees as he coated them with cum. He finished just as his phone ran out of battery. Aaron had a knack for perfect timing. Aaron plugged in his phone before rolling onto his side and settling in for sleep.

Aaron's alarm jolted him awake the next morning. Way too fucking early but he had to pull a turnaround shift because nobody wanted to work anymore. Fortunately, he was still dressed in his uniform so he just threw on some deodorant, rinsed with some mouthwash, and was ready to go.

Aaron's dad was still asleep when he left. The frigid wind whipped through Aaron's threadbare jacket and he shivered and hugged himself as he waited for the first bus of the morning to take him back to Speedy's.

Fucking Courtney.

Aaron worked the grill so he didn't have to deal with customers, thank god. They'd tried him on cashier once and it had been an utter disaster. It wasn't Aaron's fault. The stupid dickhole customer had kept changing his mind and gotten Aaron all confused. It was perfectly reasonable to shout at a customer that had shouted at him first. Aaron stared blankly at the sizzling meat in front of him, lost in thought.

Fucking Courtney.

Aaron couldn't get her out of his head. He'd done a good job of forgetting since high school but seeing her smiling face brought it all back. Why did she get to be so happy and he didn't? Such bullshit.

After his shift that afternoon he sat outside on a plastic chair and finished his giant soda while he flipped through his phone. The pictures of Courtney's smiling face just made him angrier until he was rage-scrolling through her pictures, glaring at the happy faces of her and her fiancé and her friends. Dark notions of revenge flared to light in his mind. He wanted to make her life as miserable as his.

He didn't know how he came about it. Maybe a pop-up ad, or an accidental click on another link, but he suddenly found himself on a site called bodypossession.com. The motto at the top of the site

“Be the person you want to be” sounded like trite new age bullshit and he was about to click away when he caught site of the smiling photo of someone who looked exactly like Courtney.

Clicking on her face brought him to a page with a bigger picture. Her name was splashed above a copy of one of the photos Aaron had rage-scrolled past that very afternoon. Beneath was a list of what purported to be her physical measurements—not bad!—and some basic information about her life. Beneath all that was some text describing how one could have everything Courtney had by using this website to put one’s mind inside her body.

The hell?

Aaron clicked on the price list. Damn, she was expensive. Much more expensive than Aaron could afford. But beneath that was a button offering a one minute free trial.

Aaron grinned as he thought of all the mischief he could get up to inside her body. It was obviously impossible but intriguing. What was the catch? He cocked his head and pushed the button for a free trial.

In an instant he was no longer sitting outside the Speedy’s parking lot. Between one blink and the next he suddenly found himself standing at the front of his old high school English classroom. Thirty or so students were looking at him expectantly, some with more glazed expressions than others.

Aaron was holding a book in his hand which he dropped, startled to find himself the center of attention in his old high school. Some of the kids laughed and Aaron blushed a deep crimson. It was like a nightmare. He bent to pick the book up and froze. The arms reaching for the book weren’t his freckled, hairy arms. The skin was smooth, the muscles slender, the fingers thinner than his own. Feminine. The nails were a light pink.

Aaron gasped and heard a fluttery feminine voice escape his lips. He glanced down and found he was wearing a floral blouse. From his vantage point he also found himself looking right down the neck of his outfit. Two nicely plump breasts were held in place by a black bra.

Aaron stood slowly, gazing down at the cleavage that hung just below his nose. He swiped at something silky that fell across his face and found that he’d grabbed a handful of fine brunette hair.

“Mrs. Green, are you okay?” A student in the front row spoke up.

Aaron looked up at her, his mouth opening and closing wordlessly. Then he looked back down at himself, his lips quirking into a devilish grin. He raised his hand towards his chest to fondle Mrs. Green’s sweet globes but before he could make contact he was suddenly back in the Speedy’s parking lot.

Aaron was lying on the ground with his manager hovering over him, a look of concern on his face. “Are you okay?”

Aaron sat off and shrugged off his manager’s help. “Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. What happened?”

“I don’t know, you just slumped over.”

“I think I’m just...I need...sleep. I’m going to go home.”

Aaron picked himself up in a daze and walked to the bus stop. On the ride home he flipped back to bodypossession.com. The damn thing had worked! But his free trial was over and Courtney was completely out of his price range. Fuck. It would have been so sweet. Complete control over the body of the teacher who’d wrecked his life. There was no way he could afford her but, in a flash of inspiration, he went looking for other people. Her fiancé was a little cheaper but still more than Aaron had.

And then he found Steph, Courtney's maid of honor. It would take every bit of savings he had, plus some "borrowed" from his dad, but he could afford one hour in her body. Courtney's stupid engagement party was this weekend. Aaron would start with her best friend and work his way to her. One way or another, Courtney Green was going down.

It was agony waiting for the weekend, but at least it gave him time to siphon off some of his old man's welfare check. Hell, better than him wasting it on booze. The day of Courtney's engagement party Aaron registered on bodypossession.com and lay down on his bed. He gave the party thirty minutes to really get started, then pushed the "Possess Her Now!" button.

Steph had arrived early and helped Courtney set up for the party. They rearranged furniture while the caterers laid out a variety of foods on the long table in the kitchen. The sliding glass doors were open out onto the back porch and a tent had been set up to extend the outdoor area while still protecting from the frigid air.

Steph was outside setting up some balloons when Courtney joined her. Steph had on a grey and pink puffer jacket that clung to her shapely figure. She'd curled her blonde hair so that it fell down one shoulder in a silken wave. She was tying up the balloons, her back to Courtney.

"Hey," Courtney said, "Thank you so much for helping us out."

"Not at all!" Steph gushed, pulling Courtney in for a quick hug.

The two had been friends since high school and trusted each other with every secret. They were inseparable. Christian sometimes joked that Courtney would be the third person in their marriage.

Courtney slid her hands back into the pouch of her dark green puffer jacket. "Can I help you with that?"

"No, I've got it," Steph replied, cheerily, finishing tying up the balloons. She turned to Courtney and fixed her with those startling blue eyes. "Is there anything I can help *you* with?"

"No, I think we're all ready."

"Oh my god, can I tell you again how excited I am for you?"

Courtney grinned and shook her head. "I think I'm past excitement and now the reality of organizing everything is hitting me."

"It'll be fine," Steph assured her, patting her back. "And if isn't, you can always elope," she added with a laugh.

"Can you imagine what my mom would say?" Courtney said, rolling her eyes.

"I think that would be the most fascinating part," Steph replied, twining her arm through Courtney's. "Come on. Let's get this party started!"

The guests began arriving and soon the house was filled with noise and excitement. People stood in groups, chatting away, as Christian and Courtney slipped through the crowd to greet people. About thirty minutes into the party, Christian and Courtney were standing around with a small group of people. Steph was standing next to Courtney laughing gaily about something someone had said when she suddenly stopped and looked woozy. She began to topple over and Courtney grabbed her arm to steady her. The conversation in the group stopped as everyone looked on in concern.

"Are you okay?" Courtney asked.

Steph put her hand to her head, then blinked and looked at Courtney. A flicker of emotion passed across Steph's fine features, causing her brow to wrinkle momentarily. But then she brightened and stood and waved Courtney off.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. Just...too much to drink."

It was an odd comment to make because Courtney wasn't serving any alcohol. "Come here," she said, starting to guide Steph away from the group.

Steph shrugged her off more forcefully. "I said I'm fine," she hissed, and then immediately went back to smiling again. There was something off about her smile. It was like a stranger trying out her facial expressions.

"Okay, okay," Courtney said, backing off, unsure of how to react. This was completely new behavior.

As the group resumed talking, Courtney noticed that Steph was much more subdued. She wasn't laughing anymore and she kept looking around the room, though her gaze always seemed to come back to Christian. He also noticed it and glanced over a few times, only for Steph to glance away.

Courtney was pulled away by some other guests and put the incident in the back of her mind, though she knew she would need to talk with Steph later and find out what was bugging her. Courtney was in another conversation when she got the sense that something wasn't right. Looking across the room, she saw that Steph had cornered Christian and was saying something to him. His tense body language signaled to Courtney that something was off. Courtney kept half an ear on the current conversation while she watched her fiancé and her best friend.

Steph put her hand on Christian's shoulder and stroked his arm. She moved closer to him and Christian tried to step back but he was against the bookshelf. And then—Courtney couldn't believe it—Steph leaned in and tried to kiss Christian. On the lips.

Christian dodged her, gently nudging past her shoulder and escaping from the corner. Steph turned and watched him weave through the crowd with a hungry eye.

Courtney excused herself from the current group and followed Christian out to the back porch.

"What was that?" Courtney asked her fiancé.

"Did you see that?" Christian asked.

"Did she try to kiss you?"

"Let's not talk about this now."

"No, I think we need to," Courtney insisted. "Did she say anything?"

Christian sighed, clearly reluctant to tell her. Finally, he said, "She told me she's been in love with me since we met."

Courtney's jaw dropped. "She what?"

Christian shrugged. "Yeah. Then she tried to kiss me and I had to get away."

Courtney stormed back inside, ignoring the greetings from the other guests as she stalked around the downstairs rooms in search of Steph. Courtney was equal parts furious and confused. How could her best friend betray her like that? She did the rounds several times but found no sign of Steph. When she went back out onto the porch, there she was.

Steph was reaching for Christian's crotch with one hand while the other had a tight grip on his shirt. She was pressing her body against him and rubbing herself on his chest, kissing his neck as he tried to gently but firmly push her away as he protested.

Courtney stalked up to Steph and yanked her back by her puffer jacket. "What the hell are you doing?" She shrieked, loudly enough to grab the attention of the other people on the porch.

"I'm trying to fuck your fiancé," Steph responded nonchalantly. "I've always wanted to. We belong together."

Courtney was speechless. Finally, she regained some manner of sense. "Are you--? What--? Get the fuck out."

Courtney grabbed Steph's arm and swung her around towards the side gate.

"Christian should be with me!" Steph shouted gleefully as Courtney pushed and prodded her out of the crowd.

They shouted at each other, Steph proclaiming her undying love for Christian and her jealousy of Courtney, while Courtney shouting that Steph was a backstabbing bitch. People stared as Courtney yanked her best friend to the gate and shoved her out down the little path that led to the front of the house and the street.

"I don't want to see you ever again!" Courtney screamed in tears, slamming the gate shut behind her former best friend and maid of honor.

The gate slammed shut behind Aaron with an angry clang. Aaron swept Steph's blonde hair out his face. The puffer jacket was all out of place from where Courtney had grabbed him and he pulled it back down his slender form as he stalked down the side of the house.

He couldn't believe Christian had snubbed him. Steph was hot as fuck. If someone like Steph had offered to fuck Aaron's brains out like he'd just done to Christian, Aaron would have been all over them in a heartbeat. Christian was probably gay.

Whatever. Aaron had some more time in this hot bitch's body and he wasn't going to waste it.

Aaron hurried around to the front of the house and ducked back inside the front door. The drama out on the porch hadn't trickled inside yet so he was able to weave his way through the crowd without undue attention. He slipped upstairs and the noise of the crowd faded behind him.

Aaron ducked into what was obviously Courtney and Christian's bedroom. He rummaged through their closet, yanking Courtney's clothes off the hangers and tossing them onto the floor. Then he rolled down Steph's skintight leggings, squatted, and pissed on the pile.

When Aaron was done he yanked his pants up and pulled out the drawers, looking for any valuables. A wad of cash was tucked back in one drawer, which Aaron crammed into the pockets of his puffer jacket. A jewelry box sitting beneath the bathroom vanity held gold rings and necklaces, which he added to the wad of cash. Looking up into the mirror above the sink, Aaron caught sight of Steph's tight body, looking catlike and hot with the tight pink and grey puffer jacket on. He grinned at himself, Steph's cute face lighting up in a wicked smile that really made Aaron want to fuck the hell out of her.

Yanking open each bedside table, he dumped the belongings onto the floor, taking anything that looked like it could be easily pawned. Out of one drawer tumbled an oblong pink rubber object. He picked it up and studied it. It was about as long as his hand, with two prongs on the end, one thicker than the other but both gently curved and soft-looking. There was a button on the end. Pushing it made the whole thing buzz softly. It took Aaron a second to realize it was Courtney's vibrator.

Oh, fuck yeah.

Aaron returned to the bathroom with the vibrator and gazed at Steph's reflection. He rolled down her leggings, revealing her slim but powerful thighs. He kicked the leggings aside then peeled down the black panties and stepped out of them. A gorgeous tuft of trimmed blonde hair sat between her perfect thighs.

Aaron ran one hand up and down his legs, enjoying their smoothness, their warmth. Excitement grew within him as he stroked Steph's wonderful legs. His hand glided up and rested on the coarse tuft of hair between her legs. He stroked up and down, fingers following the hidden line of his slit.

Aaron flicked the vibrator on and gently ran it up and down his pussy. He sighed softly as the vibrations thrummed through him, bringing to life a deep need within him. He was growing antsy and strangely—wonderfully—tense as he slid Courtney's vibrator up and down Steph's perfect

little pussy. With a soft 'oh!' his pussy lips suddenly opened and welcomed the vibrating toy deeper inside him.

Now he was growing slicker with each stroke. The toy pressed up against his velvety folds and he aimed the broad end down towards his rapidly wetting entrance while the shorter prong nestled against his clit. Goddamn that felt good. He raised one leg and set it up on the bathroom sink so he could spread himself. In the mirror, Steph's pink pussy lips appeared. The sight brought a flush of warmth through him and sharpened the desire that was building within him.

Aaron sunk the toy inside him slowly, gently working it deeper into his pussy. He felt it curve up within his canal as his pussy clutched it tightly. The little prong resting on his clit buzzed madly, driving hot desire through him. He began rocking slowly on the toy as the buzzing filled him. Soon he was slowly thrusting the vibrator in and out of himself, watching it disappear inside and reappear slick with Steph's juices.

He stared at the mirror, watching in lust as he made this blonde bitch fuck herself with her (former) best friend's vibrator. Her face was a picture of lust, mouth half open, pupils wide, cheeks flushed. She was bottomless, wearing only her puffer jacket and a smile. The warmth crept through him, becoming a roaring inferno. Aaron moved faster, driving the toy ever deeper into his sopping pussy accompanied by the wet sounds of his new sex. His mouth dropped open and his moans echoed through the bathroom as he plunged the toy into himself again and again until the fire exploded within him. He gasped as his body lit with pleasure, throwing his head back as he came hard around his toy. Steph's juices dripped down his thigh as he enjoyed her long, lazy orgasm.

When he was done he leaned on the counter, panting as the fire burned down to embers within him. He flicked off the vibrator then pulled his panties and leggings back on. The vibrator was still wet with Steph's lust when he tucked it back into its place in the nightstand. Then he snuck back downstairs.

By now the gossip of Courtney and Steph's drama had started to filter through the crowd and Aaron caught some shocked looks from a few of the guests. He hurried out the front door and used Steph's clicker to find his car. Checking her phone, he found he didn't have much time left in her body. He raced to a secluded park near his trailer home and buried the cash and valuables in a forest. He returned to Steph's car just as the car and the forest disappeared and he was lying on his back on his crappy old mattress once again.

Aaron's mouth was dry and he guzzled some water directly from the sink. He threw on a ratty jacket and walked down to the forest to retrieve the cash and jewelry he'd stolen as Steph. Her car was gone but the valuables were still there where he'd hidden them.

Aaron spent the next week pawning Courtney's jewelry and following her social media feeds. At first he didn't see anything amiss except for a slower frequency of posts. Eventually she put up pictures from the party but with little commentary. Aaron managed to track Courtney to a semi-anonymous message board and it was there he got his first hint of revenge. The names were changed but, judging by the details, it was obviously Courtney.

She'd had put up a long post detailing how her former best friend had been plotting to steal her fiancé, attempted to kiss him and grope him at their engagement party, and then peed on her clothes and stolen their jewelry when Christian refused her advances. The former best friend had been thrown out but then had the gall to return a little later like nothing was wrong and feigned complete innocence when Courtney confronted her again. Steph had denied doing any of the things Courtney accused her of and claimed she must have been in some sort of fugue state where she was conscious but didn't have control of her actions. Courtney wasn't buying that bullshit. The engagement was still on but the former best friend was out.

Aaron's plan had sort of worked, but Courtney was still on track to have a happy life. Even with the money Aaron had earned from pawning her stuff he still didn't have enough to purchase Courtney, even for the minimum of an hour. Though, interestingly, her price was a little cheaper than last time he'd checked. Perhaps it was because her life wasn't so rosy now.

Christian was cheaper but still just outside his price range. He could make it if he earned some extra cash. Aaron plotted his revenge over the next two weeks as he worked at his dead end job. He took on extra shifts and stopped buying booze and cigarettes, saving up every scrap of money he could until he had enough to afford an hour as Christian. One Saturday night, three weeks after the disastrous engagement party, Aaron made his move.

Courtney was in the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her midsection as she blow-dried her hair. She and Christian were going out tonight with some friends for the first time since the awful engagement party. It had taken that long for Courtney to come to terms with her best friend's betrayal. To be honest, she still couldn't believe it and it filled her with rage just thinking of Steph's backstabbing face. She needed to go out, though, just to get her mind off of everything.

When Courtney's hair was brushed into silky waves, she did up her makeup in the mirror. When she looked gorgeous she went to her closet and flipped through for a nice outfit. She'd had everything dry-cleaned after Steph had soiled them. She was stepping into a cute skirt when she heard a noise from downstairs.

Courtney paused and heard it again. The faint sounds of a woman repeatedly crying out in pleasure.

Going halfway down the stairs, she peaked into the living room. Her fiancé, Christian, was on the couch watching television. He was dressed to go out in the slacks and button down shirt that looked so fetching on him. But his pants were around his ankles and he was—masturbating? Courtney was horrified. When had Christian ever done that? The woman's orgasmic cries were louder and when Courtney went down another step she could duck down and see the television where a woman was getting gangbanged by a bunch of guys. It was degrading and brutal and Christian seemed really excited about.

"Christian?" Courtney squeaked.

Christian looked up at her, his hand still on his cock. It was at full mast, the head an angry red. He didn't look the least bit ashamed. "Yeah, babe?"

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"I'm draining the snake," he replied casually. Courtney had never heard him utter such an awful phrase but before she could even process that he continued, "Gotta empty it before we go out. Otherwise just about any chick will make me horny."

He'd completely lost his mind.

"You're watching—porn?"

"Yeah. What else am I supposed to jack it to?"

"B-b-but... aren't I enough for you?" Courtney's brain was overloaded and she could only process one thing at a time. She chose to focus on the pornography.

"No offence," he said, resuming stroking himself. "Guys need variety. It's hardwired into our brains. I figured you should know this about me before we get married. I mean, I don't *have* to watch it. I can cum on your face and that'll work, too."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Courtney snapped. She ran back upstairs, sobbing.

She locked herself in the bedroom but Christian didn't follow her. She collapsed on the bed and cried. First her best friend and now her fiancé. Was everyone going crazy? Was *she*? She could not even look at Christian right now. She didn't even want to be in the same house as him. She finished getting dressed and stormed back downstairs, past Christian who had now zipped himself up.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself?" she growled.

He shrugged. "Not really. You yelled at me so I didn't cum and I'm still kinda horny. Let's go out."

"No. No way. I'm not going anywhere with you. I need some time to think. I'm going out and when I get back you better not be here."

"Oh. Damn. Okay."

At least he looked somewhat chastened. Courtney yanked her jacket on and stalked out to her car, slamming the front door behind her.

Aaron laughed as Courtney slammed the door behind her. This was so easy! Yeah, he'd had to touch some other dude's dick, but it was well worth it. Besides, the dick was on his body now and it *did* feel pretty good.

This body was stronger than his own. The muscles were harder. Bigger. He felt so huge. So powerful. Christian was an ex-marine and apparently still kept in shape. Aaron ran his hand along his new chiseled jaw, fingers grazing the rough stubble. With his new appearance came a big boost of confidence.

The first thing Aaron did was log into Christian's bank account on his phone. Fortunately, Christian had set the passwords to unlock with his face, giving Aaron access to *everything*. Holy shit, this guy was loaded. Four figures! Aaron had a hard enough time getting three in his. This guy really did have it all. Aaron transferred as much as he could to his own account before hitting Christian's daily transfer limit.

Aaron called up Ava, one of the prostitutes he'd researched on the web over the past week. They'd set up a date for tonight. Aaron just had to call her with the address. While he waited for her to arrive, he set up the bedroom, positioning his phone so it got a clear view of the bed before setting it to stream live to the internet.

He waited until Ava had just about arrived before texting Courtney. He apologized profusely. Claimed it was pressure from work. He'd started drinking early. It was all his fault. She was right and he was wrong. He begged her to take him back. He wore her down and she promised they would talk when she got him. He begged her to come home now, claiming her absence was killing him. She reluctantly agreed.

Ava arrived soon after the last text. She was a smoking hot blonde with a big fake rack. Her bangs cascaded elegantly over her forehead. She had a tiny upturned nose and plump red lips, perfect for sucking dick. Her outfit consisted of a skintight leopard-print top and a tight red skirt. A beefy looking guy in a suit stood just behind her.

"Who the fuck are you?" Aaron asked the guy.

"He's the bodyguard," Ava said. "If he don't come in, I don't come in."

"He gonna watch or something?"

"Naw. He'll stay downstairs. He's here to keep me safe."

"Ok, sure," Aaron shrugged and stepped aside for them both to come in.

The bodyguard took a seat on the couch and Aaron gestured for Ava to head upstairs. He followed her hot wiggling ass, pausing when he was halfway up to turn to the bodyguard.

"Hey, a woman is going to come here soon. Stuck up, school teacher type but a real freak in bed. She's cool but just say you're a friend of mine and Christian is upstairs waiting for her. We've got an open relationship and I want this to be a surprise."

The guy nodded and proceeded to get lost in his phone.

Ava waited for Aaron at the top of the stairs and then followed him into the bedroom. He turned to her and put his hands on her hips. He leaned in to kiss her but she laughed and stopped him.

“You’re an eager one,” she said, seductively, batting her big eyelashes at him. “Gotta do a little business, first. What are you looking for tonight?”

“I want to fuck,” Aaron grinned.

“Okay, sweetie. Here’s the deal,” she said, suddenly business-like. She named a price and then added the rules: “No kissing on the lips. You gotta wear a condom. If you get too rough I’ll tell you. Keep it up and I’ll call my boy downstairs. Got it?”

“Got it.”

“Good,” she purred, back in seductive mode. She ran her hands along his body and exclaimed. “Ohh, nice body.”

“I know,” Aaron grinned, bending down to kiss her neck as his hands slid up her waist.

He buried his nose in her hair, inhaling her deliciously fruity scent. Her skin was soft and warm and she trembled beneath his touch. His huge new hands wandered up to her tits and he squeezed them, fingers roaming around the hard circumference of each.

Unbuttoning her top revealed a tight bra sporting cleavage that seemed to be bottomless. He nuzzled his face against her breasts, kissing her skin and gently pinching her nipples. His new cock grew hard as he kissed Ava and she sighed beneath him. Her hands ran through his hair and she clutched him to her body, really playing up her horniness.

He squeezed and batted her breasts, motorboating her big jugs and laughing as they bounced. Christian’s big old cock was a rock, now, urgent for the hot piece of ass that Aaron was fondling. Aaron helped Ava out of her outfit and then she did the same to him. He stood behind her and pressed his borrowed cock against her broad backside, reaching around to stroke her tits and nuzzle her neck. She reached up behind and tousled his hair as she leaned her tight body back against him and sighed happily.

Aaron’s new hands could really grope her, and he took huge handfuls of her tits, reveling in the absolute control he had over his new masculine body and the soft woman beneath his touch. She arched her back against him and his cock rubbed up against the swell of her buttocks, leaving a trail of precum up and down her lower back.

“How do you want it, baby?” She purred, loosing another moan that made Aaron’s stolen cock quiver with excitement.

“I want to fuck you from behind,” he growled into her ear.

He maneuvered her over so they were opposite the camera and facing the door. The livestream would get a clear view of his face as he railed Ava. She bent down on the bed and arched her back and—oh!—her ass was divine. Shapely and round.

Aaron yanked his pants down while Ava moaned for him. She reached into her purse and handed him a condom before slathering her hand in lube and sliding it in between her legs to rub herself. Christian’s cock rose up at full mast beneath Aaron, urgent and needy. He slid the condom on with some reluctance. It was weird touching a stranger’s dick but he rolled it down his length, concentrating on Ava’s wiggling ass.

She removed her hand and spread her legs, revealing her glistening entrance. Aaron lined his cock up to her pussy and sheathed himself to the hilt in one quick thrust. He hissed in a deep breath of longing as her hot cunt surrounded him. Jesus, she felt good. Warm and wet and ready.

Aaron gripped her hips and slid in and out, slowly at first, enjoying the feel of her pussy as it clutched him. He sped up gradually, accompanied by Ava's theatrical moans.

"Oh, yes, give it to me, baby!" She cried.

Her tits bounced with each thrust. Aaron gripped her hips harder and *shoved* himself balls deep. The rhythmic thump of his groin on her ass filled the room. His stolen balls bounced against her thighs at each thrust. His groans grew faster, louder and—perfect timing!—he came just as Courtney rounded the bedroom corner.

"Oh, god!" He moaned, throbbing into Ava as she clutched at the bed.

Each spurt of Christian's cock was delightful and Aaron emptied himself into the prostitute while Courtney watched from the doorway, mouth agape, completely dumbfounded. He held onto Ava's warm hips as he fucked her until every last drop of cum was out of him. His timing was even more impeccable, because just as the post-orgasmic relief was beginning to flow through him, his time ended and he landed back in his body in his dinky trailer.

Aaron immediately picked up his phone and went to the livestream to watch the fireworks between Courtney and Christian play out.

Courtney gaped in utter astonishment as her fiancé finished fucking the prostitute, groaning and clenching his eyes as he came inside her. He opened his eyes and grinned wickedly at Courtney, as though he'd planned this whole thing. The next second his face went blank. His eyes fluttered and he looked from Courtney down at himself.

His face went white, as if surprised to find himself fucking a prostitute. Like she'd just slipped and fallen on his dick.

He gasped and pulled out, frantically trying to pull his pants up as the prostitute finally registered Courtney in the doorway. She had the gall to smile seductively at her.

"Well, hello there," the prostitute said.

"Courtney," Christian said, yanking up his pants and attempting to come around the bed. "I don't know what happened. I just found myself up here."

"Get. The. Fuck. Out." Courtney growled through her clenched jaw.

"Courtney I didn't—" He tried again.

"Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out!" She screamed at him, hitting him over the head with her purse.

She swore at him as he scurried away from her. The prostitute looked alarmed and hurriedly grabbed her clothes as the bodyguard from downstairs ran up to see what was going on. Christian kept trying to talk to Courtney but she didn't want any of it. Nothing he could say would justify what he'd done.

The bodyguard led the prostitute downstairs, grumbling the whole time. Courtney chased Christian downstairs behind them, giving him one final shove out the front door before slamming it shut and locking it behind him. He banged on the door as Courtney collapsed onto the floor and sobbed. She could hear the bodyguard arguing with Christian for his money. No way in hell was she marrying him. He'd just proved what kind of person he was. Moral and ethical her ass!

Mascara streaked down her face. She was a mess. Christian continued to bang on the door until Courtney shouted at him in rage.

"I'm calling the police if you don't leave right now you asshole! Take your prostitute with you!"

"Where am I supposed to go?" He shouted back from behind the door.

"I don't give a shit! Go stay with Steph, you two assholes deserve each other!"

Courtney grabbed a bottle of wine from the fridge and collapsed on the sofa, still in tears. What the fuck was happening? First, her best friend betrayed her and now Christian? It was like they'd become two different people. Her whole world was turned upside down. Two weeks ago she had everything and was supremely happy. And now she had nothing. She hugged a pillow and drank until nothing made sense and then she blacked out.

Aaron laughed to himself as Courtney chased Christian and Ava out of the room on the live feed. Goddamn, that had gone perfectly. Aaron's revenge was almost complete. Almost. The old bitch had lost her friend and her lover, but there was one more thing Aaron could take from her so she would have nothing, just like him.

When Aaron checked bodypossession.com the next day he saw that Courtney's price had dropped dramatically as her life had gotten worse. That, combined with the money he'd siphoned from Christian's bank account while inside him, meant that Aaron could possess Courtney herself for a few hours. It took an effort for him not to possess her right there and then. In order to really fuck her over like she fucked him over he would need to go slow.

Sure, he could have become her, torn of her clothes and gone running down the school halls. But that could have been explained away as an act of her mind breaking from too much stress. Not that he couldn't *also* do that but Aaron wanted his revenge to be so much deeper. The odds of a student agreeing to what Aaron had in mind off the bat were slim. This had to be a slow build.

He possessed Courtney the following Monday in the late morning. As soon as he pushed the button on his phone the world changed.

Aaron was suddenly sitting at Courtney's desk at the front of the room. His chin was resting on one hand and he was looking out at the sea of students. They all had their heads down, working on some sort of test.

Aaron looked around, silently judging which of the students would make the best target. Who was struggling? Who needed someone to talk to?

There was a brawny guy at the back of the room wearing a Letterman jacket. He scratched his head and looked around, dropping his eyes when he saw that Aaron was looking right at him. There were others, but Aaron doubted he could entice any of the women in the class to do what he had in mind with Courtney, and he certainly didn't want to sleep with any of the nerds. He had standards.

Courtney's laptop was out on the desk and Aaron went through it as the students dutifully scribbled. Aaron's dainty fingers clicked over the keys as he searched up the records and the roll. Courtney always sat her students in alphabetical order by last name, so it was simple to find the name of his target: Tanner. A simple search of the records told him that Tanner was eighteen years old and a baseball player. Aaron had figured he was some sort of jock with that chiseled jaw and all-American good looks.

When the bell rang signaling the end of class, Aaron stood and went to the door. His delectable little ass wiggled even beneath the baggy black dress pants, and his breasts bounced wonderfully beneath the ugly pink floral blouse. God, Courtney was a bitch but she had a banging body.

Aaron collected the tests as the students left, just as Courtney had always done, holding them in a pile against his breasts. Tanner approached, his backpack slung over one broad shoulder and handed over his test.

“Tanner, can I see you a minute?” Aaron asked, looking up at the huge baseball player looming over him.

Tanner sighed and stood aside so the last of the students could hand over their tests. When the classroom was empty, Aaron put the pile of tests on Courtney’s desk and turned to Tanner. He leaned his butt on the desk and folded his arms beneath Courtney’s breasts.

“Tanner, are you okay?”

He shrugged. “Yeah. Fine.”

Aaron had looked at Tanner’s grades and he was obviously not fine. He may have had a body for sports but he had a head for, well, whatever was the opposite of rocket science.

“I’d like to give you some personal help. I really want to see you succeed,” he said, placing a hand on Tanner’s huge bicep. “You’re amazing out on the diamond, and I want you to be just as amazing in here with me.”

“Uh, okay.”

“Seriously, if you need anyone to talk to, here’s my number.” Aaron scribbled his phone number—his, not Courtney’s—on a piece of scrap paper he tore off one of the tests and handed it to Tanner. “And let’s just keep this between you and me, okay?” Aaron winked.

Aaron nearly laughed at the conflicting emotions passing across Tanner’s face: astonishment, amusement, desire. Tanner took the number and then Aaron let him go. The last thing Aaron did before his next class was to rummage through Courtney’s phone and put all her passwords into an email to himself which he then deleted from her sent folder so as to leave no trace.

Courtney’s next class had filed into the room and taken their seats by the time Aaron finished. He still had some time left in her body. He stood in front of the class awkwardly. It was bad enough that they were all staring at him, but he also felt self-conscious in Courtney’s body.

“All right, uh, who remembers where we were last class?”

There was a giggle and a long pause but eventually someone raised their hand and told him they had formed groups to work on some assignment.

“Great. Well, do that again,” Aaron said.

The students formed up into groups and Aaron circulated through the room. He took the opportunity to talk to some of the students, leaning down on the desk so that the top of his blouse hung open. Courtney’s big, juicy tits hung right in the eyeline of whoever he was talking to. He loved listening to them babble as they desperately tried not to stare at their teacher’s tits. It was in the middle of one such conversation when the classroom blinked out of existence and Aaron was back on his bed.

Aaron didn’t have to wait long for Tanner to text him, thinking it was Courtney’s number. The first one was innocuous, asking about an answer on the test. Aaron responded quickly. The next day Tanner had baseball practice (Aaron had seen it on his schedule when he roamed through the school system). That night, Aaron texted him, pretending to be Courtney: *You looked good out there on the field last night.*

There was a message back: *Thanks*

Aaron responded, *You look like someone who can really slam things when needed! ;)*

He got a laugh emoji out of Tanner.

The flirting picked up quicker after that. With all of Courtney's passwords, Aaron could spy on everything she did and even get into the school records. He found her emails to her parents where she cried about her fiancé and told them how hard it was to keep going into school when she was so sad. He found Christian's desperate emails for forgiveness, saying he had some sort of fugue state and remembered nothing until he was caught in the bedroom. She didn't believe him.

Aaron worked a few night shifts and didn't have a chance to possess Courtney again until mid-week. He waited until the evening and then clicked the button.

Courtney was in her pajamas downstairs eating ice cream straight from the carton and watching some shitty romance on TV. Aaron put the ice cream down and pulled off his pajama top. Courtney's tits bounced free. They looked bigger from his perspective, or maybe his hands were just smaller as he reached up to fondle them. He squeezed the soft skin, pinching each tiny nipple until they stood sharp as diamonds.

"Damn, you got some nice titties," he said, giggling with her voice as he made her touch herself.

He grabbed Courtney's phone from her purse and went into the bathroom. After fluffing up his hair to look sexier, he took a series of topless photos while making seductive faces at the camera. When he had some good ones, he went to Courtney's closet and picked out several outfits. He put them on, one a time, and snapped photos giving a glimpse of his tits with different outfits and different backgrounds. When he finished, he sent them all to his real phone and deleted all evidence from Courtney's phone.

There was still some time left. He had the evening to himself. All alone.

He shucked off his last outfit and stood naked in the bedroom, looking down at himself. He traced the soft contours of his body with his hands, letting them roam over his tits, down his belly and over the smoothness between his legs. Courtney's bush was dark and wild and he ran his hands through the coarse hair slowly. The view from behind her eyes was magnificent as he gazed at his hands tracing across her skin.

He let his fingers slide down between his legs and felt Courtney's pussy lips spreading for his touch. Bitch was horny as hell! His fingers came away glazed with his juices.

Aaron lay back on the bed and spread his legs, stroking himself as a delightful tension wound its way through his body. He began twisting his legs back and forth as the tension grew. His other hand came to his chest and played with his tits while he fingered himself. Up and down his slit, sinking deeper in each time until he found a rich well of dew. He dragged it up his velvety folds, stroking faster and harder as his body began rocking.

Soft sighs escaped his lips and his hands grew rougher on his tits, squeezing them, bouncing them about. He was getting turned on from playing roughly with her body and eventually began smacking her breasts, enjoying the crack of his hand on her tits, the sharp pain, the growing red handprint.

Soaking wet now, he jammed his fingers as far as he could into his pussy. His toes flexed and he thrust his head back into the pillow as he cried out in a strangled moan. He was so wet and warm and soft. Courtney's pussy felt wonderful to stroke and thrust inside. He moved faster, fingering his tight cunt harder and harder, almost bent double with effort until the tension snapped within him. He came hard, throwing himself back on the bed and driving his hips up to meet his finger, fucking himself as fast as he could, his digits thrust in to the second knuckle. The pleasure was white hot and fierce, meeting the pain from his tits. At the very top, just as the pleasure began to ebb, the bedroom disappeared in a blink and he was back in his own dingy bed.

Aaron laughed to think of Courtney suddenly finding herself with her fingers deep inside her cunt and the remnants of a roaring orgasm bursting through her.

With Aaron's new topless pictures of Courtney, he began upping the flirtation with Tanner, sending them at strategic times. As they got flirtier and dirtier, Aaron continued to insist that they act like nothing was going on between them when they saw each other in person. If Tanner thought that was suspicious, like maybe he was being catfished, Aaron convinced him with the topless pictures he'd taken of her. He'd made sure to get Courtney's face in the shots so there was no doubt it was her.

Aaron sent a picture of his tits. Tanner replied with a picture of his dick. Aaron replied with a desire to ride him. Tanner replied with an offer anytime anywhere. That's when Aaron knew it was time to finish his revenge.

He possessed Courtney one morning, about a month and a half after he took the topless photos. This time she was in the middle of a lecture when he landed in her body, stopping mid-sentence while pointing at something on the whiteboard. He turned around and straightened up, letting the silence lengthen.

"Fuck, I can't do this," he said in Courtney's voice. "Get out your phones and do whatever for the rest of class."

The students murmured as he fell heavily into his seat and began surfing the web. When the bell rang he once again called for Tanner. Tanner waited as the rest of the students filed out.

"Yes, Mrs. Green?" He had a pleasant grin on his face.

A month of flirting and teasing had led to this. Aaron quickly locked the classroom door after the last student had left and advanced on Tanner.

"I can't get you out of my fucking mind," Aaron said. "I'm so fucking wet for you. I need you right now."

"What about your next class?"

"Forget about them," Aaron said, before grabbing the neck of Tanner's shirt and yanking their lips together.

Tanner let his backpack slip to the ground and reached for Aaron. His hands felt so huge on Courtney's tiny body. Hell, everything about Tanner felt huge to Aaron. He melted into Tanner, running his hands across Tanner's chest as they made out like teenagers. Tanner tasted like spearmint gum as Aaron slid his tongue into the young man's warm mouth. Tanner ran his hands through Aaron's hair, down his cheeks, across his body, wanting to touch every single bit of his teacher's delightfully curvy form.

Aaron moaned into Tanner's mouth as Tanner's wandering hands found his ample breasts and squeezed. Aaron scrambled for Tanner's shirt and Tanner took that as his cue to do the same to Aaron's blouse. Their clothes were tossed off and they clasped each other naked. Tanner's cock rose between them, hard and warm, trapped against Aaron's belly as Courtney's lovely tits mashed into Tanner's broad chest.

Aaron reached for Tanner's cock, wrapped his slender fingers around the girth with a certain amount of hesitation. The last time he jacked off a dude he'd *been* that dude. This was different. But the feel of the seemingly massive dick between Aaron's tiny fingers was enough to make heat burst through his body. He stroked Tanner's length, gliding up and down as Tanner pulled away from his mouth and bent to latch his lips on to his tits.

"You've...got...an...awesome...body..." Tanner moaned between kisses, before grabbing Aaron's tits and thrusting his head into Aaron's modest cleavage.

Aaron's nipples were at full attention and heat seared his insides, ready for the sweet release that only Tanner's cock could provide. Aaron turned and swept everything off Courtney's desk onto the

floor with a clatter. He leaned on it and arched his back before spreading his legs, revealing the glistening clit perched beneath the delightful bubble butt he now possessed.

“Fuck me, Tanner,” Aaron begged. “Fuck me hard.”

Tanner grinned and aimed his cock between Aaron’s legs. Aaron felt the pressure as the cockhead met his opening, building, building, and then Tanner sunk into Aaron with a deep sigh. Aaron had been worried about being penetrated for the first time but it was delightful, hitting the desperate itch and making him sigh with pleasure. Tanner’s cock slid deep inside Aaron, following the slick path of his canal up, up, until they were connected and Aaron held Tanner so incredibly deep inside it was almost painful. When Tanner withdrew Aaron moaned with need, until Tanner shoved himself back inside.

Fuck, Aaron hadn’t known how much he needed it until it was inside of him. Tanner gripped his hips with heavy hands and began slow, rhythmic thrusts. Each thrust sent Courtney’s tits bouncing and urged another moan from Aaron’s lips. Tanner sped up and was soon pounding Aaron. Aaron’s arms went weak and he dropped to the desk, cheek and tits against the cold wood as Tanner pounded him from behind like an animal.

Aaron was boneless with pleasure as Tanner fucked him senseless, the heat of the cock searing his inside so wonderfully. Aaron’s eyes rolled back in his head and he was held aloft only by Tanner’s strong hands as the cock pounded into him, fast and hard, until there was a crack of thunder in his head and he came. Aaron didn’t try to hide it. He howled in delight as he was filled, moaning like a whore as the orgasm exploded through him.

Aaron gripped the desk, entire body shaking with need as the first great explosion abated and quickly built to the next.

“Oh, god. Oh, yes. Yes!” He cried, voice rising in pitch until it cracked and sharp desire burst through him once again.

This time Tanner joined him, grunting, grabbing Aaron’s ass and *yanking* him backward, impaling him on his blessed cock as he emptied his load into Courtney’s tight cunt. Aaron was filled with heat, each burst of seed making him more full than he’d ever known and finally sating the itch that had been building since he locked the door. His head filled with white light and his whole body sagged with the sudden relief of sexual tension as the orgasm rebounded through him.

When Tanner finished he leaned heavily on Aaron, both of them breathing hard as they recovered. Aaron became aware of someone knocking on the classroom door. With an effort he rose and Tanner pulled out of him, dripping cum down Aaron’s thigh.

“Get dressed,” Aaron told Tanner.

Tanner quickly pulled on his clothes while Aaron checked the time. Perfect. Still naked, his sex still full of Tanner’s hot seed, Aaron made his way to the door. He unlocked it and threw it wide to lean against the doorway and look seductively out at the seniors lining up in the hall. The last thing Aaron saw before blinking back to his body was the eyes of the students going wide with shock.

I'd been losing time ever since I caught my fiancé with that prostitute. An hour here and there. The doctors could find nothing wrong with me but I was still searching when the worst of my time loss hit.

One second I was in the middle of a lesson, and then next I was leaning against the doorway of the class while everyone stared at me. It took me a blink or two to realize what was wrong. I looked down and shrieked. Somehow I was naked and warm and...and...something was leaking out of me. My body was trembling with the remnants of what felt like a massive orgasm.

Some of the students began laughing as I slammed the door and stared around the classroom. My clothes were strewn about and Tanner was standing there looking aghast.

"Are you okay, Mrs. Green?" He asked, coming towards me with his arms out, like he was going to hold me.

"Oh, shit, shit, shit," I ducked away and ran around the room to gather my clothes.

I frantically yanked on my panties, my pants, my blouse. The bra I tossed into a drawer, my only goal to get dressed and salvage some semblance of dignity.

Of course, I was fired. I don't blame the school. Hell, I felt like I was going crazy. In a matter of weeks my entire life had been derailed. At least the school didn't make a statement to the media beyond the fact that I'd apparently had a relationship with a student, though the rumors were flying about exactly how far that had gone. I didn't even really know myself. Was that the first time I'd had sex with Tanner? He seemed very comfortable with me. Like he knew me. But I, apparently, didn't even know myself.

I hunkered down. Lived off my meagre savings for a little bit and waited for the media attention to fade. I was national news for a while. I was lucky Tanner's parents didn't press charges but I didn't dare show my face in public.

With no job I eventually I lost my house and moved back in with my parents. Depression set in, but at least the missing time seemed to stop. At some point I needed a job and took whatever I could get. The only place that would hire me was a dinky little fast food restaurant called Speedy's.

I showed up on my first day in that depressing uniform and tried to fake a smile while inwardly despairing that this was what my life had come to. The manager showed me around and introduced me to my coworkers. Imagine my surprise when I saw one of my former students manning the grill. It was Aaron. He'd been such a troublemaker in my class. Perhaps by now he'd shaped up and turned his life around.

He turned and grinned at me. "Hey, Mrs. Green, do you remember me? I was in your senior English class."

"Of course, Aaron," I replied cordially.

He seemed nice enough. Polite and encouraging. Perhaps he'd changed since I'd seen him last. I knew I had.

"Mrs. Green here is going to start training on the grills," the manager proclaimed, putting a heavy hand on my shoulder.

Aaron laughed. "Look at that, the student has become the teacher. Funny, huh?"

"Yeah, funny," I agreed with fake enthusiasm.

I turned my attention to his instructions. This would be my life now. Maybe it wouldn't be all bad. Aaron seemed like he'd become a responsible young man and he joked around as he taught me the finer arts of frying meat. Maybe one day I, too, could be as happy as he seemed to be.

###

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](#):



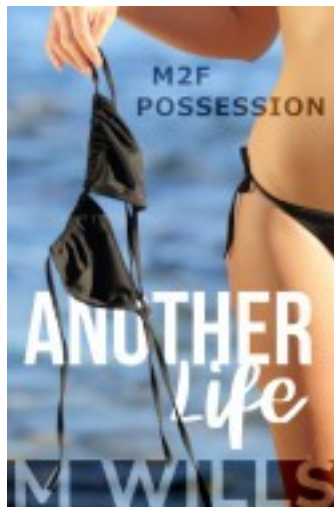
[Dark Lord's Mistress 1](#)

A chaotic vampire mistress flees her lord by swapping bodies with a blacksmith's apprentice, leaving him in her sexy undead body. Part 1 of 4.



[Payback \(Chapter 4\)](#)

In Chapter 4 of this multi-part serial, Peyton learns how much work he'll have to put in to keep his new body looking good, which he'll need to do to have any hope of breaking the spell.



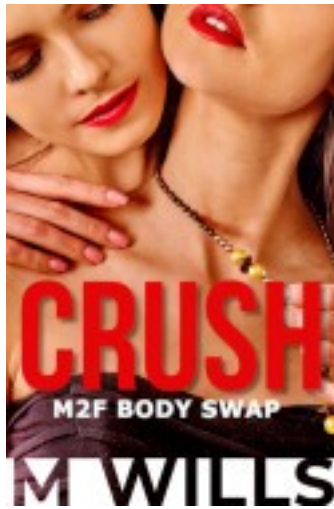
Another Life

I'm meeting up with my longtime crush for the first time in years, and I'm going to use my bodyhopping powers to enjoy her amazing body to the fullest.



Standout

In this standalone sequel to Stand-In, Adam brings a friend in on the secret of the bodysuit, and they have some fun as they live the wild lives of the two sexiest women on campus for a semester.



Crush

A poorly worded wish sees two college guys switched into their female crushes and having to live their lives.

And many more!