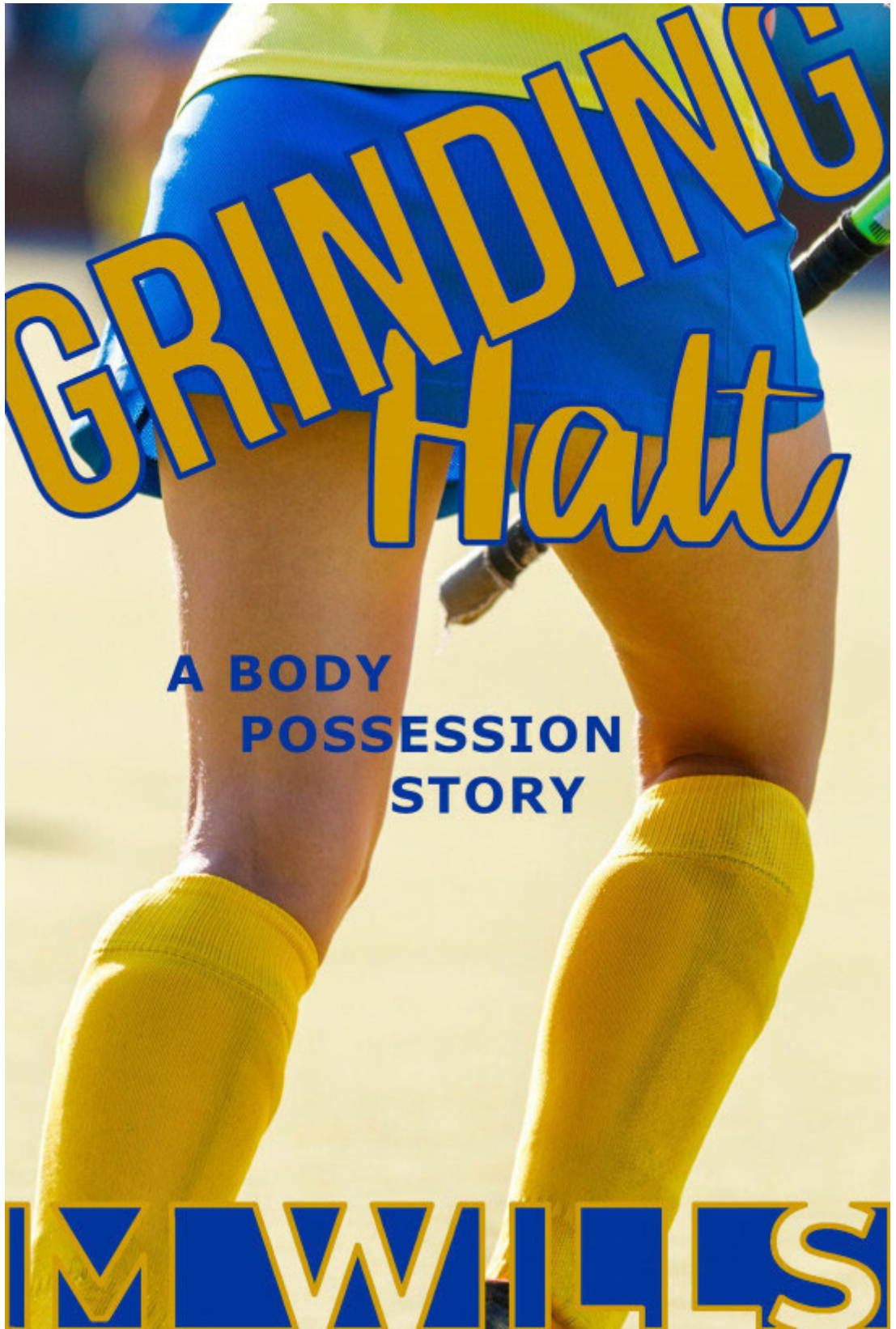




# GRINDING Halt

**A BODY  
POSSESSION  
STORY**

**MWLS**

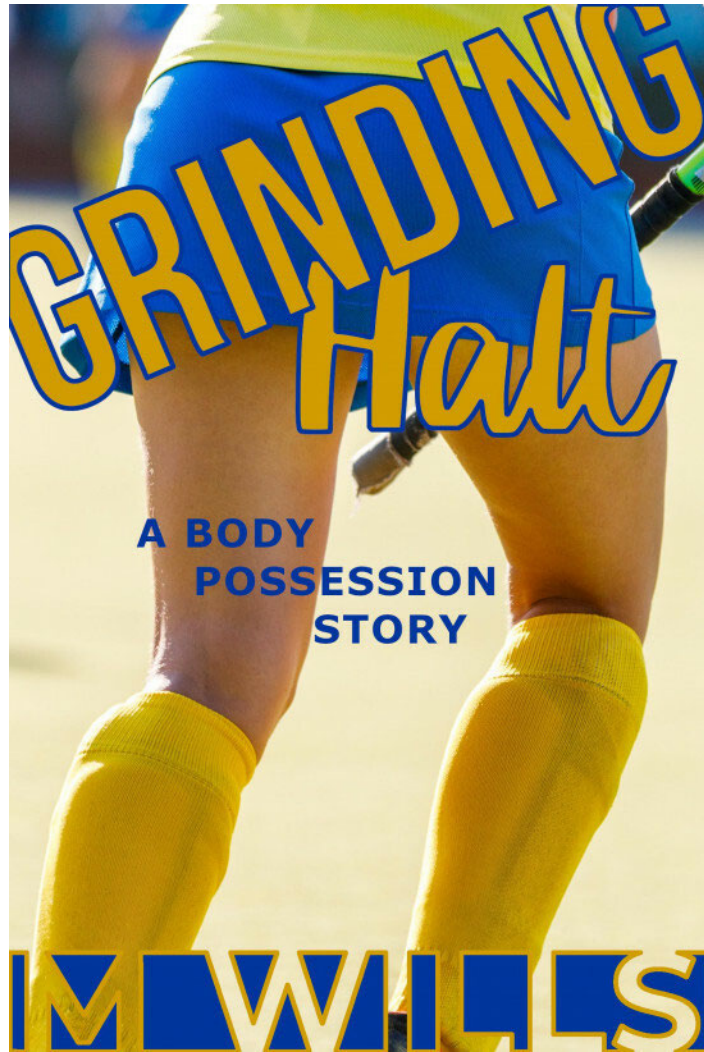


**GRINDING**

*Holt*

**A BODY  
POSSESSION  
STORY**

**MILLS**



# **Grinding Halt**

*A Body Possession Story*

**by M. Wills**

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## Grinding Halt

The screeching of brakes echoed through the train as it came to an abrupt halt in the bustling station. My hand shot up to grab the nearest railing to stop myself from smashing into the businessman in the seat next to me. When everything had stilled and there were no blaring sirens or flashing lights I let out an exasperated sigh. Just one stop away from finally escaping the monotony of post-pandemic commuting and heading back to the comfort of my home. The journey had become a tiresome routine, a daily battle against time, delays, and the unpredictable quirks of the city's transit system. I was ready for the weekend.

The pandemic had reshaped the way we lived and worked, but the idea of remote work for everyone had remained elusive. As I looked around the crowded train, I couldn't help but wonder why we were all still subjecting ourselves to this frustrating ordeal. The allure of home offices and flexible schedules seemed far more enticing than these jam-packed train cars and endless traffic jams.

Yet, as I contemplated the remote work dream, I couldn't ignore the fact that such remote work would keep me from my true passion. A secret power I had harbored for years: body hopping. The thrill of inhabiting different lives, experiencing new perspectives, and exploring unknown corners of existence had captivated me since before I'd even learned of my ability. Nowadays, I often took the time to step out of my ordinary dull life and possess someone else.

While my peers were drinking or going to the same old parties, I was out exploring the lives of others. Possessing

them for a night or a weekend or even a few weeks. I could pull their memories from their semi-sleeping minds and literally live in someone else's shoes. As a consequence, I was a twenty-six-year old accountant with not much of a life of my own. No family to speak of. No close friends. So bland-looking you couldn't pick me out of a crowd. My life was basically the epitome of boring, except for my habit, which bordered on an addiction. So when my office reopened I returned, the undeniable appeal of working from home ultimately losing out to my desire to go back on the hunt for new lives to experience.

An announcement crackled over the intercom informing us of an incident ahead. Another train, heading in the opposite direction, had collided with debris left carelessly on the tracks. We were instructed to disembark and navigate the chaos. An attendant opened the doors and the crowd slowly shuffled out onto the nearby platform.

As passengers filtered around the station in a daze, calling their loved ones and arranging alternate rides, my gaze was drawn to a striking figure standing amidst the commotion. A blonde woman, her features a symphony of strength and beauty, stood out from the crowd. She wore a tight light blue spaghetti strap cami-dress that accentuated her athletic frame, confidently defying convention by forgoing a bra. Her white tennis shoes seemed to complete the casual yet captivating ensemble. She filled the dress out wonderfully, the fabric clinging to her deep cleavage and her toned buttocks. With a suitcase and a duffel bag by her side, she exuded an air of determination. Her annoyance was palpable as she shook her head and tapped through her phone.

While most people frantically began arranging alternative rides or grumbling about the delay, my curiosity was piqued by this alluring stranger. Where was she off to? What did she do? And, most importantly, what would it feel like to be inside

her body? She was just my type. That svelte, athletic frame and the wonderful figure was too tempting to pass up.

After a few moments she slipped her phone back into her purse and then began struggling her bags down the station steps, flowing with the crowd out towards street level. I followed along behind her, focusing on her jiggling blonde ponytail.

It was both harder and easier to hop within a crowd. Easier because individuals tended to blend together in a group, so that no one person was the focus and I could slip away undetected. Harder in that there was always a chance that someone would happen to look my way just as I disappeared. Fortunately for me, there was a bend in the stairs in front of me and a slow old woman behind me, creating a break in the crowd.

The blonde rounded the corner and I was quick on her heels, hopping just as I turned the corner. For a split second I was formless, just energy flowing through space. Then the world popped back into existence, only now I was behind the blonde's eyes. I was practiced at hopping and so didn't miss a step on my new legs as I continued down the stairs, even as I luxuriated in all the strange sensations of my newest conquest.

This new body jiggled in wonderful ways, breasts bouncing at each step, nipples sliding against the fabric of my shirt and making me tingly. My steps were solid and sure. I moved with confidence, my long, lean legs striding down the steps as I shifted the heavy duffel bag on my shoulder.

There were no shouts of alarm or gasps, which told me that I had hopped undetected. When I reached the street I joined the line of other passengers awaiting their own rides. I slid open this body's phone, keeping an eye on the Lyft driver's location

as I perused my new life through her emails and messages and browser history.

I was now Ashley. Twenty-four years old and just recently hired as a Civil Engineer for a building construction company. So...pretty, athletic and smart. My favorite trifecta. What's more, she was heading off for a field hockey tournament with her rec league. That meant I would get to try out her stamina in many different ways.

When my ride pulled up I hefted my bags into the trunk and slid into the back seat. As the driver set off he started trying to chat me up. In the rearview mirror I saw his eyes dart back to me. I mean, I couldn't blame him. He looked to be about Ashley's age, and Ashley was hot.

"The Graduate Hotel, huh? What's the occasion?" He asked, his dark eyes catching mine.

"Field hockey tournament," I replied, enjoying my silky smooth voice.

"That's cool. I used to play basketball."

"Oh, yeah?" I said, leaning forward.

We flirted. Me tossing my hair back occasionally and batting my eyes at him. He was glancing back at me so often it was a wonder we stayed on the road. He had gorgeous eyes and a rich baritone voice. His name was Antoine and he was just doing this gig for some extra cash while he finished up his Master's degree in anthropology. Maybe a good ride on Antoine was just what Ashley needed. But later. I wanted her to myself first.

When our conversation petered out I excused myself and sat back, feigning tiredness.

“I’ve had a long day and I’m exhausted so I’m just going to shut my eyes and zone out if that’s okay.”

“Yeah, sure, sure,” he agreed amicably, probably hoping to check me out surreptitiously while I had my eyes closed. Well, let him. This body deserved to be admired.

I sank into Ashley’s mind to swim in her memories:

*I’m eight years old and I’ve just learned how to swear. My sister takes my favorite shirt and I call her a ‘bitch’, not really understanding what it means. Mom overhears me and sends me to my room but she doesn’t return my shirt. It’s not fair.*

*I’m twelve years old and our field hockey team has made it to the finals of our junior league. I play center half position and I find a pocket of space for my teammate to pass the ball. I run down the line, my two strikers keeping pace. There’s an instant where time slows down and I can see everything on the field: the opponents in front of me, the momentum of my teammates, the path of the defense. My body is a beautiful machine, everything working perfectly together. It’s the first time I’ve felt this perfection of motion. I pass to one of my teammates, who dodges around a defender. I keep going, sliding between the defense until I’m in the hot box. I just know where the ball is going to be and I’m right there for it, flicking it into the goal for the game-winning point.*

*I’m sixteen and helping to plan a party for one of my friends but she’s doing it wrong and I’m worried she’s going to make*

*it totally lame so I pretend to listen to her ideas but change some essential details. Like the guest list. If you want something done right you have to do it yourself.*

*I'm eighteen and opening an email congratulating me on getting a field hockey scholarship. I shriek in joy and dad comes pounding up the stairs, thinking something is wrong.*

*I'm in my dorm room with my first serious boyfriend. He's been wanting to have sex but is waiting for me. It's my birthday and he's made me feel so wonderful, giving me flowers and taking me to a movie at the park with some takeaway from my favorite Indian place. The whole thing just feels so perfect I lean in and kiss him. He grips me gently and I burn beneath his touch. I tell him what to do and how to touch me, having had intimate experience with my own body. I like this control, being in charge as he obeys me. It's weird and wonderful and over way too soon but he holds me and kisses my neck and it's all worthwhile but not as mind-blowing as movies would have you believe.*

When I returned to the present and shifted in the seat I wasn't surprised to find that there was a little spark between my legs. That last memory was delightful. It was always nice to inhabit someone who was so comfortable with their body. Athletes usually had excellent control. I was never that way with my own body but maybe a big reason for that is I just hadn't been in it enough.

Ashley hadn't been with many guys and she had a control streak that really turned me on. I made a note to keep that in mind for the weekend. Perhaps it was time to get some more experience.

Antoine pulled up to the hotel and hopped out to grab my bags from the trunk. We traded numbers and I promised to call him sometime, then I carried my luggage into the grand foyer. The older male receptionist was very attentive, especially as I was feeling flirtatious, flipping my hair back and joking with him. I never acted like this in my own body. I wasn't attractive enough to have the confidence to pull it off. But as Ashley I felt like I could do anything.

I waved away any offers of help up to my room. The receptionist handed me my room keycard and pointed me towards the elevators, through the gilded and wood-paneled lobby. My room was on the fifteenth floor and was equipped with a queen size bed, a television on a small wardrobe, and a desk and chair in the corner. The windows beyond the bed opened up to a view of the bay. There was a full-length mirror on the closet wall next to the front door. The view in that was even better than the window when I stepped in front of it.

So this was Ashley? Nice. I had a sweet face, with wonderfully sculpted cheekbones and exquisitely crafted dark-blond eyebrows that arched over deep mocha-colored eyes. My smile lit up my face – all white teeth and dimples. I was cute and with an awesome figure.

Now that no one was around I could really take the time to admire myself. I let my eyes graze down my body, past my perky breasts, over my solid hips and down my supple calves. The light blue cami-dress clung to my form, leaving my shoulders and arms bare. I could see my lean muscles coiled, and admired my smooth, creamy skin. I raised one hand and slid the spaghetti strap off one of my shoulders, letting it fall down, bringing the dress with it until one of my bare breasts spilled out from the top.

My breast was round and taut and perfect. I stroked it with one hand, moving slowly, letting my fingers tickle my sensitive skin as I teased my new body. I grinned impishly as I covered my tit with my whole hand and squeezed softly, enjoying the solid breast beneath my fingers. Watching Ashley squeeze her tit and grin as she touched herself for me made heat spark between my legs.

I looked down at myself as I fondled my breast. That was my delicate hand, my beautiful breast, my sensitive nipple. What an incredible sight. And incredibly arousing.

My hand moved faster across my breast, squeezing harder, fingers digging in to the supple skin as the heat rolled through me, building like a summer thunderstorm between my thighs, ready to drench everything. I gently batted my breast, watching it bounce and jiggle, the feeling of my tit turning me on as much as the sight.

I dragged the chair out from behind the desk and put one leg up on it, still facing the mirror. The motion made my dress pull up my thighs and catch on my knee. I gave the hem of the dress a little tug with my other hand and it jumped up my thigh. Now in the mirror I could see a hint of the white panties beneath the dress. I dropped my breast for a moment so I could stroke my leg, following the contours of the muscle up and down the calve, the wide thighs, to the warmth in my groin. I worshiped Ashley's body by touch, tickling and teasing, growing ever hornier.

One hand returned to my breast to squeeze while the other dipped beneath my dress and landed on my panties. I felt the flush of heat, the moisture already dotting the cotton as my fingers pressed the fabric against my gently budding nether lips.

“Mmm,” a little moan escaped my lips as I stroked in gentle circles across my clit, dipping my hand beneath my panties to follow the line of my coarse pubic hair to where it met my velvety folds.

I spread the dew up and down my slit. My body was swaying now, hips undulating slowly against my hand as I stroked my pussy. I gazed up at the mirror to watch Ashley masturbate for me. Her mouth was slightly agape, the white of her teeth and the pink of her tongue visible. She was a picture of lust, eyes half-lidded, cheeks blushed. And, god, she felt wonderful.

I was so wet now and I fingered myself faster, making tight circles across my clit. The storm inside me drew closer. The thunder rushed towards me and I urged it on by gripping myself tighter, stroking, pinching, caressing beautiful body. My sighs grew louder, breath hitching in my throat as the first peal of delight burst threw me. I shook and paused, luxuriating in the all-too-brief pleasure, my fingers lodged within my wet warm hole as I shook and moaned softly, the lust pulsing through me.

When that brief session passed I redoubled my efforts, sliding my fingers up and down my slick entrance before drawing tight circles across my clit again. I followed the rhythm of my body, gripping my nipple until it ached. I thrust my hips towards my fingers, driving harder against my pleasure button, again and again until the shock of orgasm blasted through me like thunder. I cried out, voice cracking as I came. My entire body shook as the divine pleasure raced through me, drenching me, finally quenching that need that had been building in my body.

I came down slowly, still breathing hard. I slid my fingers out of myself, then slid the strap of the dress back up my shoulder and wiggled the dress back down over my thighs. My panties

were soaking wet but felt so good, a constant reminder of the beautiful pussy between my legs.

It was time to take this body out so others could enjoy it.

## 2

I touched up my makeup in the bathroom mirror, reaching into Ashley's mind to pull out the knowledge of how she liked to make herself up. Lipstick. Blush. Eye liner. Mascara. I finished and stepped back to admire the whole picture, turning this way and that to admire my new body and face in the mirror. Fuck, I was hot. Young and sexy. The playful hint of smile on Ashley's lips made me want to take her right there in the bathroom. I held off, letting the heat linger inside me, building up to something huge.

It was fun just walking down the street as Ashley. The warm breeze made my dress flutter against my body, revealing the outlines of my breasts and hips and legs. Heads turned my way. Men ogled me. Some openly, some surreptitiously behind their girlfriends' backs. I swept my blonde hair back out of my face and smiled shyly at those who met my eye.

Night had fallen and the clubs and bars along the street by my hotel were already in full swing. The bass thudded out from behind each door I passed. I came upon a line of people waiting to get into a dance club. At the far end a burly bouncer stood by the velvet rope, occasionally picking out a person or a group and unclicking the rope to allow them access.

I thought Ashley's body would look amazing on the dance floor so I joined the line. In front of me were various couples and small groups, men and women both. I was only in line for a few minutes but the bouncer scanned the line from his perch at the top of the steps. His gaze landed on me and I met his eyes.

He pointed at me and motioned for me to come closer. I slipped past the other people waiting in line and up to the beefy bouncer. As he unclipped the rope for me I placed my hand gently on his chest and said, "Thank you," before sweeping in through the entrance. I was sure the bouncer was checking out my ass while the rest of the line watched me with mounting jealousy. The perks of being hot.

As I stepped into the club the noise came at me like a physical thing. The bass made my body reverberate with each beat. A scrum of people stood at a bar to my right while in front of me there was a large multi-tiered dance floor that was packed with gyrating bodies. The flashing, swirling lights picked out brief scenes of dancers in motion, arms in the hair, hair thrown about wildly, bodies twisting and jumping.

I nodded my head with the beat as I made my way through the crowd, raising my arms in the air and gradually letting the music take me. By the time I was in the middle of the floor I was one with the throbbing mass of dancers, shaking my ass, gyrating my hips, enjoying the lithe athleticism of Ashley's body. I danced with everyone, switching partners as the mood took me.

I partnered with a group of other women as we laughed and twirled. Then I was with a man, our bodies twisting around each other, nearly touching, flirting by motion only. Another man came up, dance-flirting with me. They competed for me. Drawn to me like flies to honey. I could have my pick. I let them close. Let their hands slide down my body as I did the same to them. Then I twirled away. Laughing. Teasing.

When I needed a break I slipped away, much to the chagrin of my partners, and made my way to the bar. A broad-shouldered man stood in front of me. I was just imagining what the rest of him looked like when he turned and noticed me.

He was about a head taller than me and with a face like a movie star, all chiseled jaw with carefully curated stubble and roguish good-looks. His black tee shirt stretched taut across his pecs and his arms were wonderfully solid. I imagined clinging to his mighty biceps, wondering what he would say if I just suddenly grabbed him. His enchanting eyes found mine and they crinkled as he smiled good-naturedly down at me.

“It’s impossible to get their attention,” he yelled to me over the music, motioning to the harried bartenders.

I eyed the crowd. Mostly men vying for the attention of the bartenders, who were also mostly men.

“Mind if I try?” I called back to the handsome guy.

“Be my guest,” he said.

I slipped past him, having to press myself against his solid form, chest to chest, as I did so. He was wonderfully warm and I lay my arm gently on his chest as I passed. He had one hand resting on the bar and I slid up against his arm before leaning on the bar, letting gravity pull my breasts down so they dangled enticingly over the bar. My tits caught the bartender’s attention and I yelled out my order before he could look away.

“A cosmopolitan and a—” I turned to the handsome man whose arm was practically around me. “What do you want?”

“Two Coronas,” he called back.

I relayed his order to the bartender, who bent to grab the beers and then throw together my drink.

“Thanks for the drink!” I laughed to Handsome Guy when the bartender set my glass on the counter in front of me.

“I didn’t know I was buying you a drink!” He laughed back.

“For services rendered.”

The bartender slid our drinks to us and Handsome Guy swiped his credit card through the machine proffered by the bartender.

“Does conversation with you come with the drink?” He asked, playfully.

“Absolutely,” I said, eyeing him as I sipped my drink.

He grabbed the neck of the two beers in one huge hand and pushed his way back through the crowd. I followed along in his wake and we both snaked through the jumble of bodies and up to a narrow mezzanine overlooking the dance floor. There was a small table in the corner, where the music was a little muffled and it was easier to hear. There was another guy sitting there and he perked up as Handsome Guy approached and handed him one of the beers.

Handsome Guy’s real name was Blake. I told him my name was Ally. I felt like an Ally tonight, not like a chaste, careful Ashley.

We flirted as we drank, the alcohol going right to my head and making me wonderfully dizzy and flush. His friend left at some point and I moved closer to him. It was still hard to hear over the music but we did most of the talking with our bodies, slowly moving closer together until I put my hand on his and felt him lean down. I stood on tiptoes and met his mouth, our lips coming together.

His wonderfully spicy taste was tinged with beer and my tongue snaked into his mouth to taste him some more. With my nose pressed almost against his skin I got a hint of his sandalwood scent and it sent small shivers through me. I felt his hand slip around my back, roaming restlessly up and down me as I clutched his broad chest. I closed my eyes, enjoying his flavor, his warmth, letting my body melt into his. Ashley was strong and lean but Blake was bigger. Huge and solid.

My hands spread out around his chest and wandered down his sides, across his back as we continued to make out. His other hand came up to caress my cheek, a tenderness that contrasted with his sharp need. I had a need, too. It was growing in my core, the dampness gathering across my panties as I pressed closer so I could gently grind my body against his.

I pulled away with a gasp, grabbed his hand and led him down the stairs and back to the hallway leading to the restrooms. There was a line of women waiting to get into the women's room but the men's room was free. I pushed open the door, ignoring the gasps and the titters of the women waiting in line for the other toilets. I kept a grip on Blake's hand, yanking him into the men's room behind me. He didn't protest, perhaps sensing what I had in mind.

There were some guys at the urinals and another at the sink.

“Hey, what?” The guy at the sink yelled when he saw me burst in.

I turned and yanked Blake’s lips to mine again. I clung to his body and he gripped my waist while I pulled him backwards towards an empty stall. I was so fucking wet I didn’t care what anyone thought. I was Ally tonight, a desperate easy lay. Ashley would hate what I was doing to her body but I needed this.

Blake slammed open a stall door and we tumbled inside as the guy at the sink shouted encouragement. Blake pressed me up against one of the walls and locked the door behind us. Our lips met again and I fumbled for the zipper on his jeans while he slid my dress up and rested his broad hand on my panties, fingers stroking me firmly. I reached into his pants and grabbed his cock as it rose to meet me, stroking the length of him as he stroked the length of me.

His other hand reached down my top and grabbed a breast, fingers circling my delicate skin, squeezing and enjoying my body. Now it was his turn to pull away and he held my tit up to his mouth, bending his head down so he could lick my nipple. His hot breath on my sensitive nub made me gasp and I threw my head back, giving myself over to him. I knew it was foolish to fuck someone without any protection but I was desperate for him.

He sucked on my nipple, nibbling me gently while he continued to squeeze my other tit. The sharp pain from his teeth met the urgent need from my groin and pushed another moan from my lips. I was vaguely aware of someone outside the stall yelling, “Yeah, get it dude!” and then Blake yanked down my panties. I raised my leg and he wrapped a hand around my thigh, spreading me open as I guided him up against my waiting entrance.

My nether lips wrapped around his warm cockhead and then with a solid thrust he sheathed himself inside me. I clung to him as he drove deep, his power urging a low moan from my throat. Each inch of his cock slid inside, his hard warmth spreading me apart until he was lodged deep inside my pussy and our sweet connection roiled my body.

His mouth grew more urgent on my nipples before he kissed up and down my neck and back to my lips. He squeezed my tit harder and I clawed at his back in desperate need. He pumped into me, the rhythmic rocking of our bodies making the stall shake. Each thrust inside made the glorious need ache, each withdrawal leaving me empty and desperate for more, driving my body higher with lust. I was moaning into his mouth, high-pitched and needy, rocking towards him as best I could to drive him deeper into me, urging him to fuck me harder, harder until he sunk deep and grunted into my mouth.

His cock throbbed inside me, pumping hot bursts of cum into me. His rich seed filled me, pushing me over the edge and I came with him. I quivered around his body, clinging to him to keep me standing as my legs grew weak with pleasure and my body went limp as the orgasm flooded me. My eyes rolled back in my head as he feasted on me, tongue still circling my mouth, cock still thrusting into my wet warm core as every inch of my body sang. He fucked me senseless, giving me the most incredible orgasm I'd ever had, a combination of my own sexed-up mind inside Ashley's exquisite body and the knowledge that this was the dirtiest thing she'd ever done.

He slowly ebbed inside me and then pulled out, leaving me empty. I pulled up my panties and adjusted my dress around myself even as I felt his warmth drip down between my thighs. He slid his pants back up and unlocked the stall. We grinned uncertainly at each other and then I walked out, head held high, from the men's bathrooms. The other women in line

giggled and pointed. My face was flushed, my hair was a mess, my dress rumpled. They knew what I'd done in there but I didn't care about them. I got my fix.

I returned to my hotel, reeking of drinks and sex. I tossed my rumpled dress to the floor, along with my dirty panties and bra, before slipping into the shower. The hot water was heaven and I caressed my curves, soaping myself down with the hotel's orange-scented body wash until I was a sweet, lathery mess.

When I finally stepped out I felt clean and fresh, and yet so wonderfully dirty. Looking in the mirror, Ashley's sly smile made me warm again. This body could handle a lot but it was late. I toweled off and then slid my naked body under the sheets. I was asleep in minutes.

### 3

When the alarm bleated in the morning I slapped at it to turn it off. As I slowly awoke, I pulled Ashley's memories from her mind. The field hockey tournament was set to begin in a few hours. I had enough time to get some breakfast before I needed to be at the field for warmups. That realization brought along with it a rush of nervous excitement that made me jittery and unable to remain in bed.

I tossed the covers off and went through Ashley's morning routine, leaving myself naked so I could enjoy the sight of Ashley's body in the mirror as I brushed my teeth and did my makeup and pulled my hair back into a tight ponytail. Watching her powerful muscles move, even through an ordinary routine, was an awesome sight. Rustling through one of the suitcases, I found her uniform: an orange tank top and matching skirt. I didn't need to wear the uniform right away but I couldn't wait to strut Ashley's body around in it.

I slid some tiny athletic shorts on and then struggled into a sports bra before putting on the uniform. Ogling myself in the full-length mirror on the closet door, I let my eyes graze up and down my body. The tank top left my lean arms bare, and the skirt draped gently across my powerful thighs, bouncing over my ass when I moved. I looked solid yet feminine, ready to dominate the field.

Breakfast was a simple affair, some free toast and peanut butter from the hotel buffet. Then it was back to the room to collect the gym bag that held my cleats, stick, water bottle and a change of clothes, before catching a Lyft to the field.

A light mist hung to the field and there were already a handful of other players from both teams scattered around when I arrived. They wore their uniforms—either orange, like me, or blue—and were gathered in clumps, chatting and stretching. Two women from my team were already on the field warming up and they waved as I approached. I pulled their names from Ashley’s memories. The solidly built brunette was Sam, the tall, lean blonde was Erica.

“You psyched, Ashley?” Sam asked with a grin.

“I’m pumped. Let’s do this! Come on!” I joked in a deep voice.

It was a regional tournament with rec league teams from all over northern California invited to play. The first few rounds had already progressed through some sort of complicated points system, leaving only eight teams remaining, including Ashley’s team. This morning was the first of the final games taking place over this three-day long weekend.

Taking a seat on a nearby bench, I put my socks and cleats on while I chatted with Sam and Erica and we waited for the others to arrive. Soon all sixteen women were there and we formed a circle to stretch and warmup. Our team captain, Sam, led the warmups and gave us a pep talk. She kept looking at me and calling me their “secret weapon”, as I was the only woman on the team who’d received a full scholarship for field hockey in college. My nervousness grew and it wasn’t long before we had to take the field, ready to play.

We won the coin toss and got to start. I took up my position and waited for the whistle. As I stood center field, clutching my stick, I let Ashley’s mind take over. By the time the whistle

blew to signal the start of the game I was Ashley, totally subsumed in her mind and with her abilities.

She was incredibly talented and full of energy. I pounded up and down the field, my ponytail swishing behind me. Using Ashley's tactical knowledge and her instincts, I dodged and weaved between players. I knew just where to be and where to pass the ball. I was in that magical zone where everything on field just made sense.

Ashley was strong and powerful, and I enjoyed jostling for the ball. Soon after the start of the game I led the other attackers down the field. I guided the ball down the field in front of me with carefully timed smacks until two opponents converged on me. I found an opening and sent the ball sailing towards one of my teammates, but the two opponents stayed by me. Apparently, they knew I was the secret weapon as well. That just made me even more competitive.

I juked left and then rolled to the right, seeking an opening inside the striking circle. The ball left my teammate's stick with precision, gliding toward me like a guided missile. I had a split-second to react. With a quick adjustment of my body and a controlled flick of my stick, I redirected the ball towards the goal.

Time seemed to slow down as I watched the ball sail through the air, its path set on the net. The goalkeeper reacted, diving in desperation to make the save, but it was too late. The ball struck the back of the net with a satisfying thud.

My team erupted in jubilant cheers. It was more than the first goal. It set the momentum for the match and gave us a surge of confidence. I high-fived my teammates as we lined up for the push back. Then the whistle blew and it was on once again.

Our team battled back and forth with our opponents, but we never lost our lead. They nipped at our heels, scoring almost as much as we did. Almost.

I was completely in the zone, running and passing and flicking the ball wherever it needed to go. It was fun in Ashley's body, and also pretty hot tumbling about and getting jostled by the other women. Feeling the skirt bounce on my ass with each step. Enjoying the sight of Ashley's powerful body grow slick with sweat. And the wetness was more than just sweat. I liked winning. No. I loved it. Controlling the field. Bending my opponents to my will. Ashley's dominant streak was in full swing and by halftime I was warm and wet from more than just the exercise.

At some point near the end of the game enjoyed a brief respite before I was set to go back in to finish the match. I sat on the bench, my stick between my legs and clutched in my hands. My eyes were on the game and as the opposing team sent a shot directly at our goal I clapped my legs around the stick in anticipation. Our goalie slapped the ball away and the other women on the bench with me heaved a sigh of relief.

I was relieved too, but also tense in some strange way. It took me a few seconds to identify why. When I'd clapped my legs around my hockey stick it had pushed up against my skirt and when I gave out a cheer I'd thrust my body forward, almost grinding against the stick. The tension I now felt was sexual.

As my team wrestled for control of the ball I scooted forward on the bench and pressed the stick harder against myself. The solid wood of the stick was hard up against my panties, pressing them against my clit and sending warm waves of pleasure through me. I grinded slowly, gently thrusting my hips up and down the shaft of the stick, dragging my pussy

along the hard wood. It felt so good, driving an itching desire deep within me.

My teammates next to me on the bench had no idea. They were concentrating on the game as I grinded on the stick. Ashley would have been appalled to see what I was doing, and that knowledge only turned me on more. God, I wanted to touch myself, squeeze my tits, roll around with my legs spread wide and thrust my fingers deep into me. But I was confined to small motions. I continued grinding, half aware of the game going on around me.

I felt the dampness growing between my legs, felt the rich tension creeping through me. It built in my core and I moved faster, thrusting harder. I scooted forward and clutched the stick between my legs. A moan escaped my lips which I managed to pretend was a grunt of exasperation at the game.

I was hyper-aware of my body now, my need making my hips buck up. The tension caught me and I couldn't stop. I needed to wring the pleasure out of myself. As my teammates traded shots at the opponent's goal the wild desire built within me. My dripping thighs clutched the stick and I thrust, thrust, and suddenly came.

My mouth dropped open and I closed my eyes, luxuriating in the wild heat pumping through me. My team scored at just that moment and the cheers around me disguised the "Oh, yes!" of my orgasm as a rousing cheer for my friends. My teammates on the bench hugged me in their excitement and our warm skin touched even as the last embers of orgasm burned through me.

It was a wonder no one saw. It was a wonder no one could smell me. I was dripping now, and the coach called me back on to the field for the final minutes of play. I was a little out of

sorts, still dreamy from the post-orgasm high, but I managed to pull it together for a win.

When the whistle blew for the end of the match we all cheered and hugged. A scrum of sweaty athletes, arms and legs entangled. It was almost more than I could take and I just smiled as we congratulated the other team.

Our next game would be tomorrow morning against whichever team won this afternoon's game. For the moment, we were free. While some of the others went off to brunch, I declined, telling them I had to finish up some stuff for work. Truthfully, I was still low key horny and needed to care of myself.

Returning to the hotel room, I dumped Ashley's bag on the floor and stripped out of her clothes. Then I stepped into the hot shower. It felt so good having the water sluice down my body, rinsing the sweat and grime from me.

As I lathered myself up I decided to wake Ashley's mind and find out more about her. It was always easier to slip through memories when I gave the host a little control. Her mind was bleary, not fully aware of what was going on. It seemed like a dream to her, which left her mind open to me.

I was still horny and I wondered what kind of things turned Ashley on. As my hands roamed absently around my body my mind peeked through hers. Memories of a former boyfriend flashed through my mind's eye. She loved being in control, grabbing him suddenly and yanking his pants down to suck his cock. She was magical with her lips and tongue and always had him at her mercy. And when she was done she made him do the same.

By the time I shut off the shower I was anxious with lust. I dried off and wrapped the terrycloth hotel robe around me. Flipping through my phone, I found the number of Antoine, the driver from yesterday. I texted him, Don't know if you remember me. I'm the field hockey girl you drove yesterday. You around?

He texted back a few seconds later: Hey cutie. Yeah I'm here. How was the game?

We flirted back and forth for a few minutes but I didn't need anything slow and loving. I needed it quick and raw and hard. I texted him the room number of my hotel and told him to come over quick if he wanted a nice surprise.

*Be there in 15! He replied.*

I paced back and forth in the room as I waited. Seventeen minutes later there was a knock on my door and I opened it to find Antoine in the hallway. He grinned at me, all white teeth and dimples, just as handsome today as he had been last night.

I grabbed his shirt and yanked him into the room with me, letting the door fall shut before pushing him back against it and planting my lips on his. My hands came up to his chest to feel his powerful body. He was surprised but kissed me back, tasting minty and refreshing. When I pulled away he began to speak.

“Wow, I—”

I shushed him with a finger to his lips and then gave him Ashley's sly shy smile. I drew my hands down his body as I sank to my knees in front of him. My nimble fingers made

short work of his zipper and I pulled his pants and his underwear down. His cock hung before me, flaccid but already beginning to grow. I felt own hunger thrum to life inside me and I wrapped Ashley's lips around this stranger's dick.

He was soft but grew in my mouth as I worked him. He jumped to attention, filling me, pressing my tongue against the bottom of my mouth as I drew my lips up and down his rapidly firming length. Soon he was at full mast and I had to bring one of my hands up to stroke the base of his shaft while I continued to dip my lips down his filling length.

He leaned his head back on the door and moaned, "Goddamn, girl."

I smiled to myself and angled my head so that I could see Ashley's reflection in the mirror. The thick cock disappeared between her pillowy lips. Christ, she looked so good with a dick in her mouth. It was making me wet.

I used all of Ashley's skills to pleasure Antoine, gliding my tongue up and down the underside of his shaft before sinking down and holding him completely inside me. His cock slid inside, thrusting in nearly to the back of my throat so that the spicy-salty taste of him filled my mouth. I moaned around him, enjoying the power of control I had over this solid man with just my lips and tongue. Every now and then I released him with a wet pop and stroked lovingly up and down that shaft before opening my lips and devouring him again.

I locked eyes with Ashley in the mirror, making bedroom eyes at myself with her body as I sucked Antoine's dick for all I was worth. I moved faster, sensing him reaching the edge. I gulped him down as saliva dripped across my chin, driving my lips down until he was completely inside me. His moans

pushed me on, made me hornier than I could imagine. I worked his stiff shaft with all of Ashley's abilities, making myself wet and horny as much as I was making Antoine hard.

He grunted suddenly. His cock throbbed in my mouth and I lowered my lips down, holding him there as he pulsed inside me. Spurt after spurt of sweet warm cum blasted across my tongue. I swallowed each creamy burst, enjoying the spicy taste of him, the solidity of him, my power over him, the dirtiness at what I was doing to this stranger. He was delicious and I kept my lips locked around his shaft until he was completely done and I had tasted every drop.

I stood and wiped my lips. "My turn," I grinned.

"Hell, yeah, I—"

I placed a finger on his lips to shush him again, then slid my hand into his curly black hair and forced him down to his knees. He went willingly and as I spread my robe open he dipped his face between my legs.

Now it was my turn to lean against the wall as he tasted me. His tongue found my warm wet entrance, gliding up and down my tasty slit. His fingers were magical, spreading me apart and gliding in so that my canal clutched at his digits. I was already sopping wet and I gazed at myself in the mirror as he teased my pussy. I stroked my tits, enjoying the soft curves while Antoine's tongue wrote magic cyphers across my clit.

The ache inside me grew, pounding through my blood. The lewd sounds of my sex were heaven in my ears and I grabbed Antoine's head and pulled him closer to my cunt while I thrust forward, fucking his face, dragging my pussy across his nose

while his tongue and fingers desperately sought me out. He was wonderful inside me, licking and thrusting and making my body sing with wild need.

I moaned, voice growing in pitch as I grinded against him. His fingers slid deep into my center, pressing against my deepest pleasure. His tongue slid against my clit, licking rapidly and sending me into a convulsing, shuddering orgasm. I came around his face, my eyes shut, hand gripping his hair as I dragged him deeper into me, needing that hard firm tongue on my clit, those fingers to sink up through my canal.

The orgasm roared through me and I cried out, my voice trembling with lust. Starbursts filled my vision. It was ethereal. Ashley's body was lit with pleasure and all I could do was hold on until I slowly came down.

Antoine looked up from between my legs and grinned at me. I looked down at him and stroked his cheek, which was slick with my own juices.

"Thank you," I whispered. "Time for you to go."

He was a little surprised but we'd both got what we wanted. He slipped out the door, leaving me alone in Ashley's body. I leaned against the wall, still facing the mirror, my eyes slipping down my gorgeous form. Christ, how was I horny again? This body was insatiable.

I slipped the robe off my shoulders and let it drop to the floor. One of her boyfriends had liked having sex in front of a mirror and Ashley found she enjoyed it, too, watching herself get off. That made two of us.

I held off for a minute, instead searching through her suitcase for an outfit I'd noted previously: a grey and black spaghetti strap athletic top and tight biker shorts. The top draped across my tits and jiggled pleasantly at each step. I picked up Ashley's phone and placed it on a chair arranged by the hallway mirror. Then I hit record and began making a message to my future self.

"Hey, Jake," I purred. "I can't stop thinking about you." I dragged my fingers across my lips seductively, revealing bright white teeth. "You make me sooo horny." God, hearing Ashley saying that in her sex-kitten voice was turning me on and I hadn't even left her body yet.

I slid one strap gently down my shoulder, swaying slightly, teasing the camera. I did a little dance, wiggling my hips, showing off, doing my best stripper impression. Then I grabbed the bottom of the shirt and tugged it slowly up my tummy, revealing one glorious tit at a time before finally pulling it over my head and dropping it to the floor.

I reached up to grab my wonderful tits, letting my fingers sink into my warm skin. I squeezed myself, jiggling my tits and running my fingers all round her wonderful breasts. I fed on her desire to watch herself, and my pupils grew wide as I drew my hands across my body, following the delicious curves.

"Fuck, these tits are awesome," I made her say as I gripped myself, letting my fingers linger on each nipple. "Don't you think? Don't you want to suck on these big, luscious titties?"

I gently squeezed each of my nipples between thumb and forefinger, plucking them gently, pulling them up until the pleasurable pain reached an apex and then releasing them to

watch my tits bounce back down. My nipples grew raw and red, wonderfully sensitive as the ache inside me doubled.

I hooked my thumbs beneath the hem of my biker shorts and slowly rolled them down my thighs, moving seductively, swaying my hips as each inch of skin was revealed. Finally, the shorts dropped to the floor and I kicked them off.

“Oh, Jake, I’m so wet for you already,” I whispered into the camera.

One hand returned to my tits, the other slid down across my solid stomach, over my mound, and followed the tufts of dark-blond hair to my slit. I was still undulating slightly, rocking my hips back and forth while my fingers sought out my entrance. I slid two fingers into myself, feeling the warm, wet pussy lips clutch them. I stroked up and down but I didn’t need much teasing. I was already soaking wet, a gushing torrent eager for the next orgasm.

My eyes were locked on Ashley’s body in the phone’s screen now, her desire feeding on my desire for her feeding on her own desire for herself. A virtuous cycle that made a drop of juice drip down my thigh. My pussy spread open and little flashes of my pink folds appeared every now and then as I circled my pleasure button. I leaned against the wall for support, my hips undulating more wildly now, need making me grind up against my fingers.

I circled my clit, still squeezing my tits, shaking my chest, watching my body move hypnotically. My breath came faster and the sound of my wet sex hit my ears. I was glistening, a roaring river, my fingers slick and shiny with my own juices. My mouth dropped open and I moaned, high-pitched and needy, as the first waves of orgasm rolled through me. The

sound of my voice made me even hornier and I circled my clit faster, the wet squelch of my cunt like music in my ears.

My voice rose in pitch as I moved faster, the onrushing crash of pleasure nearing as my body tightened with need. I was moving faster, humping my hand in a desperate attempt to sate the desire that had built up within me. My voice echoed through the room, gasping, crying out my real name, and then with a tremendous cry I came.

I threw my head back, mouth dropping open, hand clutching my tit as the tension snapped and a welcome warm relief filled me. I circled my clit all the way back down, opening my eyes as soon as I'd recovered so I could watch Ashley's beautiful image in the camera screen as she recovered from her orgasm.

My fingers were slick with my juices and I raised them to my lips, opening my mouth and sucking on them, tasting the salty tang of my cunt. It was something Ashley had never done before but enjoyed immensely. I locked eyes with myself in the screen as I licked my juices off my fingers, moaning in exaggerated delight before sliding them back into my entrance to gather more of my delicious musk. I licked my fingers seductively, luxuriating in the sharp scent of myself, the warm taste of my pussy. I may have accidentally given Ashley a new fetish.

## 4

I stopped the recording and sent the video to my real self, then erased every trace from Ashley's phone. It was a nice memento to have of my time inside her. Now it was abundantly clear that if I stayed any longer I couldn't control myself. I would give in to temptation and do things Ashley would regret. Even more so than I had already. Because her mind was awake during the last blowjob, she had been a participant, rationalizing what her body was doing as though she were in charge. But I doubted she would have enjoyed being the center of a group gangbang. Though it probably would have satisfied her sexual appetite.

The next morning I took a walk to the nearest train station, enjoying the last of my time as Ashley. The trains were back up and running and the station was crowded with weekenders. I ambled around the station until I found another target. She was a tiny brunette, with a cute face and a gold stud through her adorable nose. She was dressed in a conservative blouse and long grey skirt as if she was going to work, though it was Sunday.

Moving from host to host was a lot easier because there was no disappearing body to draw attention. I simply walked up behind her and hopped, expelling myself out from Ashley's mouth. The particles of me slid into the brunette's skin and in a second I was looking out at the world from behind her eyes.

I turned and gave Ashley a polite smile. She looked a little bewildered, as if wondering what she was doing at the train station when she had another game today. Ashley shook her

head and headed away from me. I took the chance to ogle her wiggling ass as she walked away.

The woman I was in now—Tania—was on her way to a job as an administrative assistant at a law firm downtown. She was pissed that she had to come in on a Sunday because the junior partners couldn't manage their workload.

I couldn't get Ashley out of my mind as the train hurled me towards Tania's office. I hurried through the city streets to the big glass and steel building that housed the law firm. Tania's desk was just outside the office of one of the junior partners and she acted as a sort of unofficial personal assistant for him.

I said my hellos to the few other girls in the office and, upon logging in to Tania's account, discovered that her boss was out sick today. Perfect. I was all revved up with thoughts of Ashley and with a secluded place.

I hurried into Tania's boss's office, her phone in her hand, and pressed the button on the wall to roll the interior blinds down, then locked the door behind me. I collapsed in the leather executive office chair behind the desk and brought up my email, pulling up the video I'd made for myself. I set the phone on the desk so I could see it then reclined in the leather chair, kicked off my heels, spread my legs and rested my feet on the desk.

As the video started I yanked up my skirt and thrust my hand down my panties. Tania was wet already from my thoughts of Ashley. My former body appeared on the screen and I stroked myself as I watched Ashley strip for me.

Tania took more work than Ashley. Her body needed to be teased, partly because I could feel her stress from doing this in the boss's office. But I needed to ease this tension, and the fingers of one hand circled confidently around my new clit. With the other hand, I eased two fingers into my pussy, felt my canal clutch my tight digits. I slid inside myself, enjoying Tania's tight pussy as I continued massaging her clit. I was already so horny and the double stimulation instantly grew the ache in my little body.

I stared at Ashley's beautiful video while I continued fingering my new cunt, moving faster as my body approached the precipice. I thrust harder, sinking as far in as I could while I circled my clit with my other hand. I stroked and sank into myself until my fingers hit the innermost nub of my pleasure and I came suddenly. My thighs clapped together and I threw my head back, uttering a strangled moan as I came.

There was a divine release of tension and an instant splash of wetness as I squirted through my panties and all over the leather chair. I fingered myself all the way through the orgasm, heedless of the mess, needing only to finish myself off. It was divine watching my fingers plunge into Tania's tight twat, disappearing into her body and reappearing shiny with her lust. I came at the same time as Ashley did in the video, and our cries mingled together.

When I finished I lay back in the chair, dizzy with relief. My butt was wet from my juices and I wiped off the boss's chair with some tissues. There was nothing to be done about the wet patch on my ass except to hide it until it dried. I reset the boss's desk and looked it over one last time to make sure everything was in place. There was nothing to be done about the smell of pussy in the air, but I hoped that the office would stay empty all day. Or at least long enough to air out. Anyway, it was the least the boss could do for me given he'd made

Tania come in on a Sunday and hadn't even bothered to show up.

I opened the blinds and unlocked the door, checking to make sure no one was around as I hurried back to my desk and took a seat, the cold skirt clinging to my thighs. Hmmmm, maybe I would have to figure out a way to fake spilling something on my skirt to give me an excuse to change. For the moment, though, I remained at my desk, settling into Tania's life. Soon enough I would have to go back to my own but, for now, I would enjoy another day as a gorgeous young woman in the city.

I was going to make sure that Tania would have the sexiest day of her life.

# # #

**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.

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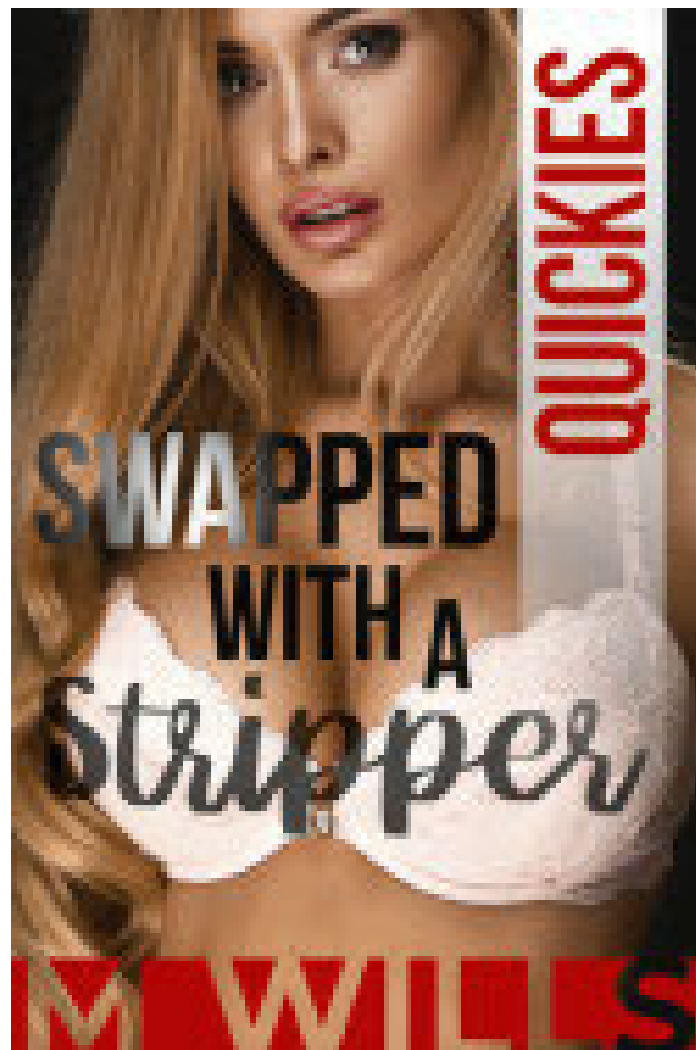
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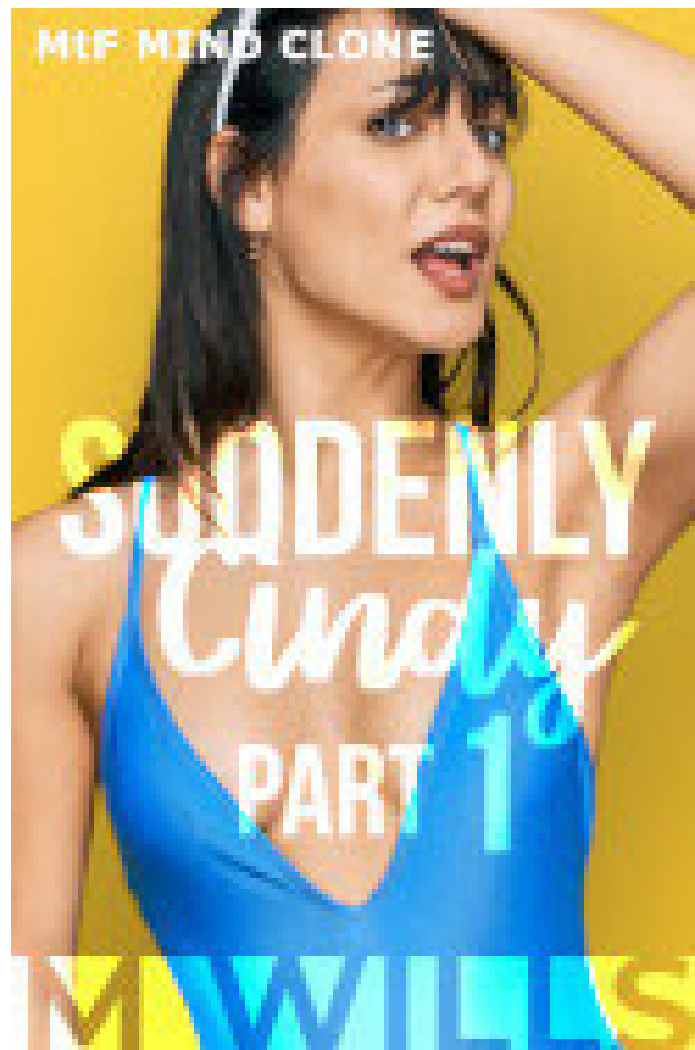
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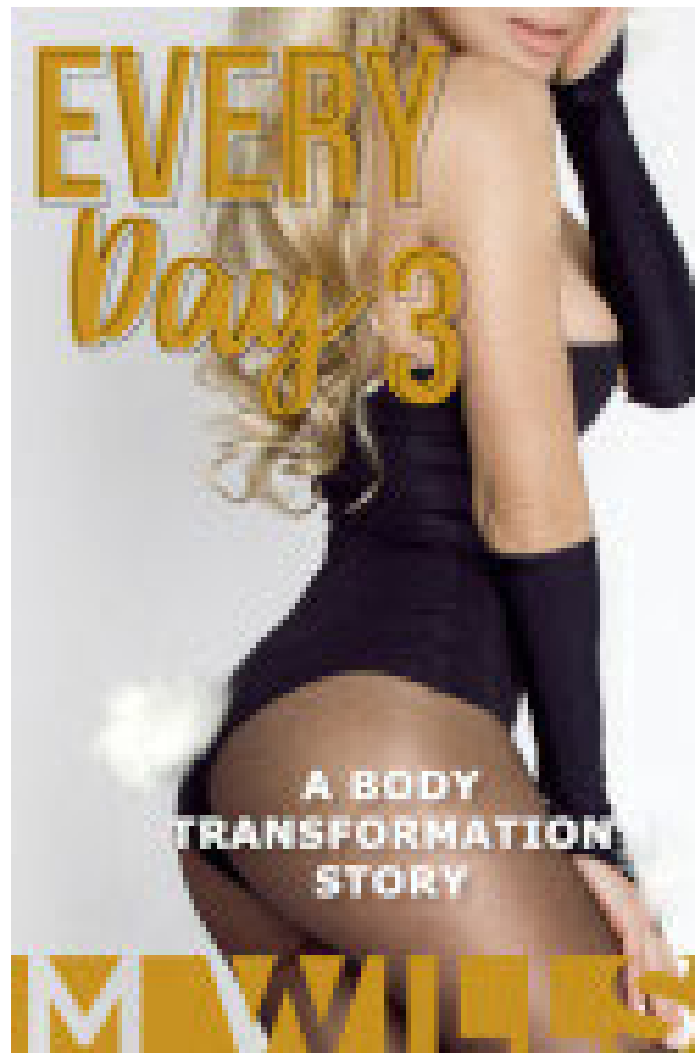
### [Swapped with a Stripper](#)

I was at a strip club for my bachelor party when a sudden global event made most people in the world swap bodies. Now I'm in the body of the incredibly busty strip club headliner.



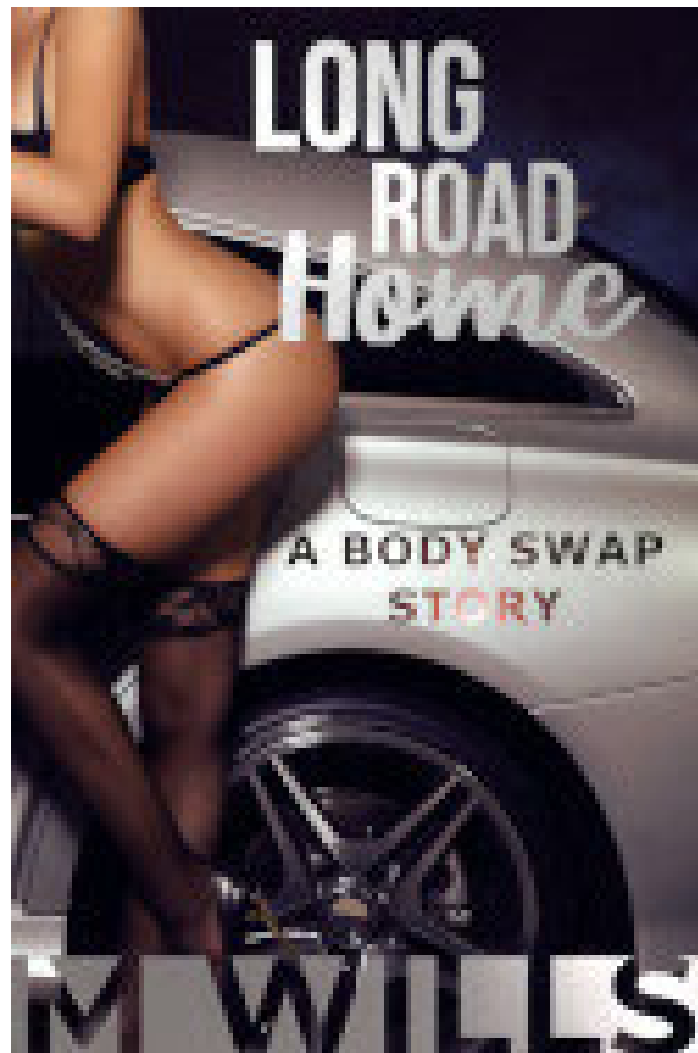
### [Suddenly Cindy 1](#)

Sebastian wakes up one morning in the body of Cindy, a cute young woman who lives in the dorm room below him. But his own (former?) body is still moving around, completely oblivious to Sebastian's confusion. What's more, Cindy is still conscious and thinks every sexy thing she's done is of her own free will.



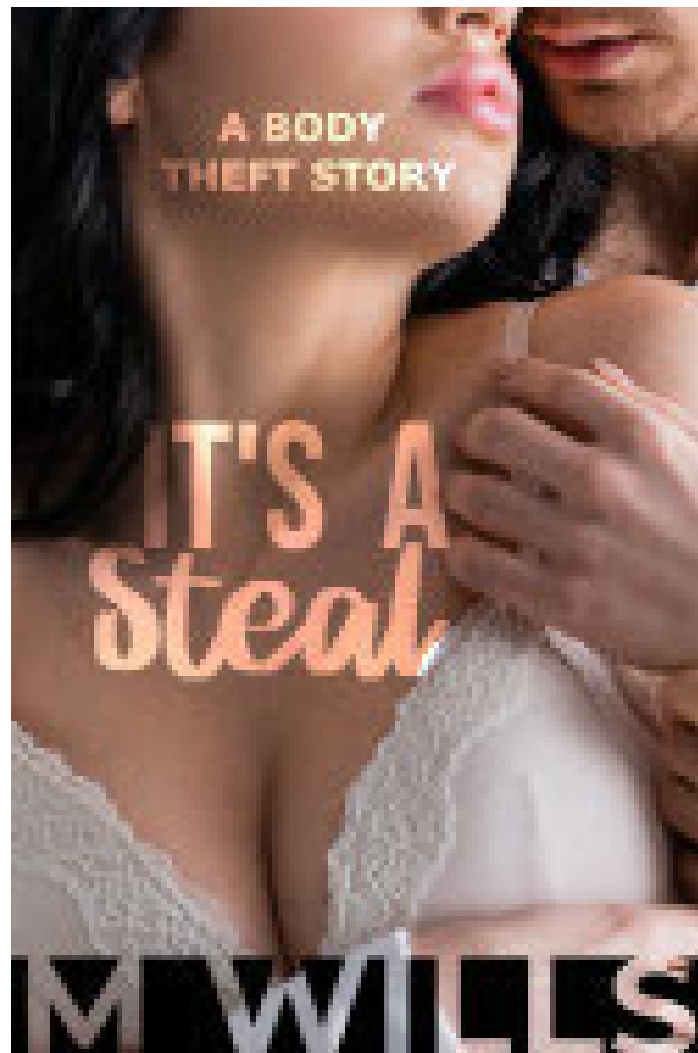
### [Every Day 3](#)

In the conclusion to the Every Day series, Corey thought he'd escaped the spell but it's come back with a vengeance, now transforming both his girlfriend, Caitlin, and the bully into sexy women stereotypes.



### [Long Road Home](#)

When a strange phenomenon causes billions of people around the world to randomly swap bodies, a young man finds himself far from home and in a vastly different body.



**It's A Steal**

A man out for revenge swaps bodies with his ex-girlfriend and takes over her life.

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