



HARDBODY

M2F
BODY THEFT

MWILLS



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Hardbody

M2F Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Hardbody

It was a little sadistic but then sadism was more or less baked into job description. No one, Tina justified, wanted a personal trainer without a mean streak. Which is why she called out, “Ok, one more set, guys.”

Those students who had the energy groaned. The rest of the class just grimaced and got to it.

The class was full, maxed out like every class on her schedule. Which, if she was honest, was a source of both pride and discomfort. Pride because, although she was one of the newest and most junior trainers at the gym, she was building a rep for serious results. Plus a growing waitlist of clients.

The discomfort was because she was just a little afraid that her popularity was due, in part... to Mike’s advice. She’d been at the gym for a month—doing well but hardly the standout—when her boss, Mike, had called her into his office. She’d known it was going to be an awkward conversation before he’d even shut the door. His grim expression said it all.

Moving behind his desk and taking a seat, he said, “So. Tina. How are you settling in?”

She tried not to sound defensive. “I’m good. Really getting a feel for the circuit classes. Building a client roster.” Taking the bull by the horns she made a play for a few more classes. “In fact, I was wondering if maybe—”

“Look, I’m gonna cut to the chase. The sweats and t-shirts”—he waved a hand at her current outfit—“not really doing you a marketing favor.”

Genuinely confused, all she managed in reply was: “What?”

“Look, I’m gonna be honest. You’re a trainer. You’re selling perfect bodies to the masses. And your best sales material is buried under a whole lotta fabric.”

“You don’t like my workout gear?” she asked, still confused.

“Not about liking or not liking.” He shook his head. “It’s about marketing. That bod of yours is a work of perfection and it kinda feels like you’re hiding your light under a bushel.”

Tina sat stunned into silence. It wasn’t every day someone tried to use the Sermon on the Mount as justification for showing more skin.

Mike put up his hand defensively. “You can tell me to go to hell... but I’ve been in this business for a long time and I know clients. They wanna see want they’re getting. They wanna believe that if they just book enough solo sessions they’ll get what they’re chasing.” He raised a brow. “And they want something concrete to chase.”

“I’ll... think about it,” she murmured.

“All I’m asking,” he said carefully. And, with that, Mike had turned to his computer and dismissed her.

She’d waited until she was outside of the office to fume. Who the fuck did he think he was? She worked hard, had a good rapport with her clients and had completely respectable numbers in her classes.

But she also had a bunch of student loans and rent that was a lot higher than she’d like...

So—reluctantly and with gritted teeth—she’d decided to give Mike’s marketing strategy a chance. She’d swapped the t-shirts for tanks and the sweats for shorts. And her client roster grew.

In response, she upped the ante - progressed from tanks to crop tops, and from running shorts to the tightest, smallest bits of lycra around.

And it worked. Everyone stared. More importantly - everyone booked her.

She had kinda wanted to kick Mike in the teeth but she also had to respect his business acumen. Because, though typically not one to brag about it, Tina knew her body was something special. Long lines of perfectly toned muscle; a tiny cinched waist that swelled to curved hips; a rock hard, flat belly - silken ebony skin over taut muscle; and boobs that defied logic, reason and hours of cardio and remained full and perfectly luscious.

She'd worked hard for the body—honed it, melded it, fine-tuned it. Showing it off, she justified, was nothing to be ashamed of. She was, literally, in the business of bodies and hers was a testament to what hard work (and generous genetics) could achieve.

So she wasn't exactly ashamed of her new popularity—she'd earned it with every crunch and every mile on the treadmill—but she did rather wish her talents as a trainer were as recognized as her abs. Which is why she gave her all to every session - planning, practicing, constantly tinkering to get the best results for her clients.

Today's group session was no exception. She knew this group inside and out. Knew every strength, every ability, every area where they could improve. Knew every moment in which technique got sloppy or the girls in the back tried to take it easy.

She gave them a grin: not on her watch. It was time to hit 'em with curls... and then, inexplicably, time seemed to hiccup momentarily, her mind wandered.

He stares out through her eyes, sees her reflection when he looks in the mirror on the opposite wall, beneath the sweating class that's staring up at him. He pauses a moment, his gaze taking in his new body, the light sheen of sweat on Tina's delicate brow, the ripe breasts held tight by the tight pink sports bra, so gorgeous against his ebony skin even as it hides her enticing body. Her full lips and adorable new face move under his control. He wants nothing more than to throw off his clothes and show Tina off to the world, but that would make her popular in exactly the wrong way. Besides, he now finds that his excitement at landing in her body is tempered by the eyes of the exercise class on him, waiting to follow his lead. He's entered her body at exactly the wrong time to explore himself.

“Uh...” he says, her voice dropping from his lips, “Let's do some squats.”

He leads them, counting out reps as he bends Tina's supple body, enjoying how it moves at his command, his cherry ripe ass sticking out behind him, taut and enticing. He makes excuses to touch himself, modeling the stretches he wants the class to do by sliding his hands down her hot skin. He can taste her on his lips as he runs his tongue across his teeth, feeling her from the inside, smelling her familiar spicy lavender scent as he moves through the room cycling through the exercises. His creamy, mocha thighs are delightful, so strong yet supple, and he enjoys walking through the room as her, shouting out commands and watching the class obey. Their relief is palpable when he tells them it's time to cool down. He resumes his place at the front of the class, enjoying the way his breasts sway with each step, the strength in his limbs, and the gentle swish of Tina's--

Suddenly, the surrounding world reasserted itself. Tina stared down at the class now lying down on their mats and tried to comprehend the rare lapse of concentration.

It was totally out of character. If there was one thing she was - it was focused.

Shaking off the oddity, she called, “Ok, let’s start curls. Reps of—”

She trailed off at the odd looks from the class.

A girl in the front piped up, “Umm, we just did them. Like a hundred of them.”

Tina eyed her suspiciously. Was she trying to dodge the work?

But then another woman added, “And you just told us to start cool down.”

Still confused, Tina tried to cover up her lapse. “Right, sorry, yes. Let’s stretch.”

Tina wrapped up the class and headed for the staff locker room. How long had she zoned out? It was like time had contracted... disappeared. True, sometimes she did go on autopilot during a class, daydream for a minute... but nothing like what she’d just experienced. Time had just disappeared.

But she couldn’t stop to consider for too long; her next client was due in two minutes and she needed to mentally prepare. Because Gary was not a client she afford to train on autopilot.

He was hard work every second she was with him. Needed coaching on every single step. Needed pushing to make every rep. Never seemed to build skills or fitness from one session to the next. And rarely seemed to lift his eyes from her boobs... except when he was sliding them down to her legs or her ass.

Taking a deep breath, she headed back out into the gym and finally found Gary just coming out of the locker rooms, running late as usual. She’d told him—every session—to get there early and start warming up. And just about every session he was late. The few times he wasn't, she found him just sitting on his pudgy white ass waiting for her to drag him over to the treadmill.

Plastering on a smile as she approached, she called, “Hey Gary. Let’s get started.”

He nodded and followed her. She could almost feel the weight of his gaze on her body, could feel it wandering up the backs of her thighs and over her ass. She was willing to bet that he didn’t regard her body as marketing material. If he was coveting her ass, it wasn’t in the way Mike intended.

But Gary paid her. Full rate. On time every week for six months. So she dragged him around the gym, adjusting equipment and offering encouragement for every minor victory. Like any other client, she owed him her best.

She got him working on the rowing machine and ran an eye over his progress report. Although, to be honest, the word ‘progress’ was largely absent where Gary was concerned. He’d barely improved since she’d started working with him months ago and she wasn’t hugely surprised. He clearly didn’t train at all between sessions; just turned up once a week and had her spoon feed him every rep.

Six months of training and he’d barely added any weight on any of the machines, though he seemed to have no problem adding weight to himself. His numbers of reps had stalled. They weren’t getting anywhere.

Scanning Gary’s data, Tina made a decision - she needed to throw in the towel and drop Gary as client. It was a tiny sting to her pride—no trainer liked to admit that they couldn’t motivate a client—but clearly she and Gary weren’t working.

Glancing down at him, his glasses steamed with exertion and his sweaty face turning puce, Tina admitted to herself that, accompanying the dent to her pride, was also a small sense of relief. She wanted to cut Gary loose, to turn him over to some other trainer. She wanted to get away from his flailing and from the desperate, hungry look in his eyes. More so than any other client, Gary made her feel like a piece of meat.

Stalling—wanting to avoid an inevitable uncomfortable conversation—she said, “Let’s move to the mats.”

Gary gratefully abandoned the rower and followed her as she grabbed a balance ball.

“You remember the reverse curls with the ball?” she asked hopefully.

“Umm,” he demurred, “can you show me?”

She hadn’t really expected any other answer. Every week she showed him and every week he asked her to show him again. Lying down on the mat, she gripped the ball scissor-style between her feet.

“Ok, hands by your sides, contract your abs. And, once you feel steady, lift the ball towards the ceiling. You should feel your buttocks raise slightly off the mat.”

She glanced up at his face. His lips were slightly parted, his eyes zeroed in on

the rise and fall of her pelvis.

Trying to ignore the greedy stare, she added, “Keep your chin tucked and make sure your abdominals stay tight the whole way.”

He didn’t shift his gaze, just repeated slowly, “Tight... got it.”

And that was the impetus she needed. Jumping to her feet, she said, “Look Gary, I’ve been giving this some thought and it’s clear that this isn’t really working out. I think we need to find you another trainer.”

For the first time—possibly ever—he looked up at her face. “But I like you.”

“You’re...” She tried to phrase it politely, “You’re not progressing. I think another trainer might be a better fit for your—”

“I’ll double it.”

“What?”

“Your fee. I’ll double it... and I’ll work harder.”

Double was... well, it was double. And it was hard to resist. And he looked so

pathetic with his steamed up glasses and hangdog expression that she relented. “Ok, let’s give it a few more sessions.”

He shot her a stupid, grateful grin and got down on the mat.

Resigned, she grabbed the ball and handed it to Gary. “Get those abs tight before you lift.”

She sighed, there would always be tough clients. Just like there would always be easy ones. Speaking of...

She looked up and watched Gary’s polar opposite winding his way across the gym towards her. If Gary was her most difficult client, then Sam was definitely her best. Laser focused with an iron will, Sam was a total dream to train - always ready to push himself a little harder, ready to experiment with new moves and techniques. And Tina couldn’t help but be impressed that he’d actually sought out a female trainer. Unlike so many guys at the gym, he wasn’t just interested in bulking up and showy muscle mass, he wanted it all - flexibility, speed, stamina, strength. And he trusted Tina to deliver.

It also didn’t exactly hurt that he was kind of a pleasure to watch - all sculpted jaw, perfect white teeth and hard planes of muscle. Watching him flex and strain three times a week was not a hardship. Nor did it escape her notice that he was one of her few clients that actually gave her a literal run for her money. Sam liked to blend weights with hardcore cardio and, when she was training him, she got to get out of the gym and cover some miles.

They’d got into a good routine over the past few months, mixing it up - sessions

at the gym, sessions outside - jogging along the beach and (when Tina was feeling vicious) stair running.

Sam headed past, giving her a smile in greeting.

Feeling the need to forewarn him just a little, Tina called out, “Hey Sam. Tomorrow’s session...”

His eyes widened. “Don’t say it.”

“I’m thinking—”

“Don’t,” he said warningly but a grin curled at the corner of his mouth.

Tina smirked. “Paxton Street.” Paxton was a near-vertical hill leading up from the beach behind Sam’s house. Tina had discovered it on a run the previous month and had been threatening to make Sam run it ever since.

Sam’s eyes narrowed in mock anger. “You’re a cruel woman, Tina.”

“What you pay me for.”

“True,” he acknowledged. “See you tomorrow. I’ll be on my front step at 7am -

the guy facing his impending doom with a look of sick dread.”

“Drama queen,” she teased.

He grinned. “Sadist.”

“Masochist,” she retorted.

Gary, meanwhile, dropped the balance ball.

Arriving home later that day, Tina dumped her stuff on the kitchen table. She was exhausted. What she wanted to do was drag her spent body to bed. What she did instead was head for the tiny gym she had set up in the bedroom. Nothing fancy - just some weights, some bands and a mat. She clicked her phone into the tripod she had set up and tried to shake off her tiredness. She allowed herself exactly one yawn and then turned to the camera. She had a schedule to keep and content to film.

Filming herself was still pretty new and she definitely hadn't found her groove with it yet. But recently a client—who was on a month-long business trip—had asked her to demo a couple exercises over Skype... and Tina had started toying with the idea of offering some remote sessions, maybe some pre-recorded exercises that clients could do on their own at home. Basically, anything that might bolster the revenue stream a little.

So far, she'd only recorded a few videos, uploading them to YouTube to test the

waters. Tonight she planned to try something a little different - a low impact 20-minute workout. Something quick and aerobic—using little or no equipment—that her clients could do on days they didn't make it to the gym.

She set up the camera on the tiny tripod she'd purchased just for the this purpose. Getting down on the mat, she hit record and started to stretch, grabbing the soles of her feet and holding the pose, feeling the pull up her calf and into her thigh. Leaning forward, she deepened the stretch and...

Now this is more like it. Alone in what looks like Tina's house, his hands on his slender feet, nose nearly pressed into his rich chocolate colored skin. He inhales deeply, smelling the wonderful spicy scent he associates with her. He glances up, sees Tina's perfect face and glorious body reflected in the phone screen, the little red indicator showing she's in the middle of recording a video. Perfect.

“Hi guys,” he says, waving into the camera. “We're going to have some fun today. A little workout and then a nice cool down.”

He drops to his back on the mat, enjoying the tautness of her body, the way she instantly responds to commands, the strength pulsing through her tiny frame. He does a few crunches before leaping to his feet and hurrying through some jumping jacks, each movement erratic and clunky not her usual smooth, fluid motion. He still doesn't quite have the hang of her body. His balance is off, his sense of where his body is not yet complete. But still, he's making himself warm and enjoying his newfound lightness and strength, and that's what really matters. When Tina's breath is rising and falling fast he pauses and takes in his appearance. Her ebony skin is shiny with sweat. He wipes his brow, lets his hand trail down his neck and across one perky breast. He releases a small sigh, tinged with eroticism.

“I don't know about you, but I'm getting a bit hot.” He says to the camera.

He grips her bra and peels it off over his head. Her heavy black breasts jiggle down. They're perfectly formed, curvy and ripe, capped with light brown areolae. He tosses the bra aside, then rolls her shorts down her legs, followed by her panties, his fingers sliding across her skin, whispering over her taut calves. He kicks the clothes aside and runs her hands over her body in earnest, pinching and squeezing and gripping and tugging, enjoying every physical sensation of being her. Her skin is taut and warm, her body revved up and eager, a warmth already glowing between his thighs. His hands linger on her breasts. They feel heavy and full, just as he's imagined. He pinches the tiny coffee colored nipples until they spike out in pleasure and he begins to grow moist, a wonderful quickening between his legs. His other hand slides between her thighs, fingers splaying over her pussy, spreading herself briefly – a quick flash of pink in ebony. His pussy lips are already unfolding, loosening even as the rest of his body tightens with a pleasant tension.

He drops back down to the mat and starts doing push-ups. His body is ramrod straight, the curves of her muscles glisten as he pushes her body, lets her tits just brush against the floor on the way down before pushing himself back up. He turns to look at the camera. From this angle, he can see every curve of her naked body, can see her iron muscles standing out on her arms and legs, the slight swell of her buttocks as it rises and falls. Fuck, his stolen body is amazing. The anticipation of what he plans to do with it is rising within him, building on itself and keeping him moist. He continues with her workout, straining to do the last few reps before collapsing onto the floor. Tina's body is streaming with sweat now. It pools in between the crevices of her muscles, giving her a rock hard bodybuilder look.

He rolls over and spreads her legs, one hand came up to her breast, pinching and squeezing, fingers splayed to capture her nipples. He grips his tits roughly, jiggling, enjoying the feel of manipulating her body, of making her feel herself up. He slides her other hand in between her dark cocoa butter thighs, strokes the

coal black hair of her pussy before slipping inside his wet warmth, sighing as he transitions from workout to masturbation without a pause. His fingers dig deep, curling gently but insistently through her wet pussy, spreading his dew up over his hooded clit and stroking. He moves slowly at first, but grows faster as the urgency overtakes him. And, god, he's so wet, dripping onto the mat beneath his tight ass. He moans, insistent and needy.

He needs to explore her body, to own every delicate inch. Another moan escaped his lips as, eyes closed in ecstasy, he makes her hands wander all over her body, returning to her breasts, her pussy, spreading her musky juices between her thighs, across her bod, back and down, exploring everything, making her feel herself up.

“Oh, fuuuck,” he moans, as a light whisper of an orgasm pulses through him. His fingers slip inside himself deeper, curling into her velvety folds, slender digits disappearing into the rich pink of her pussy. He rubs himself faster as a drop of juice drips from her pussy, sliding down his thigh onto the mat. He grips her tit harder, squeezing more forcefully as he bites his plump lip, throws back Tina's head and cries out in undisguised lust, his voice high pitched and throaty with desire. Her body writhes and shudders as an orgasm thunders through him, brilliant rays of pleasure enveloping his entire body, propelling him through utter bliss as his hips rise to meet her fingers and he thrusts harder against herself.

He slows as another wave of pleasure takes him, another low moan escapes Tina's lips. And then he resumes her rhythm, switching hands, the one on her tits slipping down between her legs, three fingers inside her, disappearing up to the second knuckle, feeling the walls of her pussy stretch tight around her fingers as the lips of his pussy spread wide. The other hand, slick with her juices, rises to his face. He inhales her own intoxicating, musky smell, rubbing the juices of her pussy across her face, sucking on her fingers, luxuriating in her own scent. Tina's body cums hard, trembling as he climaxes, crying out to the empty room.

And still he forces her on, switching fingers, inhaling her scent again and again, plunging his solid fingers in and out of his sopping wet pussy, and driving her body to orgasm until with one last desperate moans he sinks deep, body clenching around her fingers as he cums hard, falling back and thrusting Tina's hips in the air towards her fingers, little pink pussy directly facing the camera as he desperately rubs himself as fast as he can. Her cries grow louder, overpowering her as he enjoys the biggest orgasm of his life, a pounding wave of pleasure that whites out the entire world and leaves him weak and moaning while the echoes of pleasure dissipate through his body. There's a wet spot beneath his ass and his pussy is aching so good.

When he finally recovers he sits up, waves goodbye, and turns the camera off. He drags himself to bed, falling into her covers, exhausted and sated just as his time is up.

Tina woke up in her bed, sweaty and disheveled. For a series of endless seconds, her heart refused to beat. Then it suddenly fired, racing in her chest with a heady mix of adrenaline and shock.

What the hell was going on?

The bodily sensation was easy to identify. Her limbs were quivering, little aftershocks thrumming through her core, her pussy was wet and tingly. She was clearly coming down from a mother of an orgasm.

The how and the why were much harder to pinpoint. She'd started her workout and then - boom. In bed. Post-orgasmic. She'd lost...what? Ten minutes? Twenty? More?

Taking a deep breath, she tried to get herself back under control. She was safe. She was still in her apartment. Nothing bad had happened. And there was a perfectly logical explanation....

She was tired, she'd pushed herself too hard—not for the first time—and her body had clearly slammed on the brakes and demanded sleep. She probably ought to just be glad that she'd managed to drag herself to bed... and apparently proceed to have one hell of a dream.

Rolling over, with post-orgasm bliss still providing a haze of comfort, she let her body sleep.

She woke up the next morning fully rested and utterly sated. Ten hours of sleep and an orgasm tended to have that effect. Smiling, she showered and dressed, then potted around the kitchen, making a smoothie and a coffee, before sitting down at her computer to check her emails.

She scanned her inbox. Junk. Boring email from her dad. Pay stub from the gym. Schedule change request from a client. An email notification: one new comment on her YouTube channel.

She clicked on the notification and her smile faded.

The comment was from someone called 'GaGaGa.' It was short and to the point: Loved the sexy workout. More?

Sexy workout? Her workout were fierce, yeah, sweaty, sure. But sexy?

Bemused, she clicked on her YouTube channel and saw an upload from the previous night. An upload she was absolutely, completely, entirely sure she had never seen before. It was simply labeled: workout. With a mounting sense of dread, she clicked play and watched.

In the video, she was in her room. It couldn't have been long after the last memory she'd had of stretching on the mat because she was wearing the same outfit. But she was acting strange, her mannerisms were different, as though someone else were controlling her body.

“Hi guys,” video Tina said, waving into the camera. “We're going to have some fun today. A little workout and then a nice cool down.”

She watched everything. Watched as the stranger in her body did a quick workout and then fondled her with her own hands, quickly growing ever more aroused, and finally ending with a series of thundering orgasms. She watched her own body cum hard, fingers playing with her own little pussy as she moaned.

When it was over, the real Tina sat back in her chair, stunned. So, she was losing time. And apparently sleepwalking... or, more accurately, sleep masturbating and uploading it for the world to watch. She was officially losing her mind.

But it ended now. She'd fix it.

First, she deleted the video.

Then she called her doctor's office and made an appointment for that afternoon.

Small, simple, practical steps. She could fix this.

She'd see her clients this morning, give her all (like she always did) and then get help. Resolved, she headed out the door.

Sam was lounging on his front steps when she pulled up.

"You ready?" she asked with a raised brow.

"For Paxton Street." He waved the notion away dismissively. "Easy. My real concern is if you'll make it."

Tina glared. "Excuse me?"

"It occurs to me that I've got, what, 8 inches on you?" He smirked. "Longer legs make it a whole lot easier. Your little pins might not be up to the job."

"There is nothing wrong with my pins!" she replied indignantly.

And his smirk turned from teasing to contemplative as his eyes slid over her legs. “There really isn’t,” he agreed, voice turning a little husky.

The moment sat awkwardly between. It wasn’t the first time they’d had a moment... it was just the most blatant. Truth be told, if she didn’t have a very strict policy on keeping it platonic with clients, Sam would be far too tempting. Fun, funny and deliciously built, he was tough to ignore.

And it didn’t get any easier when he pulled his shirt off and tossed it up onto his porch. Tina felt her pulse jump just a little as he gave his shoulders a stretch.

With a look of determination, he said, “K, let’s do this!” And then grinned. “Or, you know, something that doesn’t sound quite so much like an aging action hero preparing to storm a building.”

By way of response, Tina took off for the hill, leaving Sam sputtering in her wake.

Tina concentrated on taking a long slow breaths, gradually clawing back the air she needed. Beside her, she could feel Sam doing the same. It was a special kind of pain. An ache and a burn, savage and dull all at once. And it felt sublime.

The view was nothing to scoff at either. She made them run all the way to the summit, up the road, through the little patch of parkland, behind the trees to the scrubby patch of grass at the very peak of the hill. They finally stopped at the highest point, the city and ocean spread out in front of them.

When she'd recovered enough to move, Tina held up her hand for a high five. Sam, however, clearly wanted to give the moment its due. He pushed aside her hand and pulled her in for a brief hug.

"We made it," he ground out, chest heaving against hers. He released her and asked plaintively, "Can we pass out now?"

Tina collapsed onto the grass. "Can't pass out. No one will find us up here. We'll be mountain lion meat."

"Well shit." Sam flopped down beside her. "That's a crappy way to die."

Laughing, she rolled onto her side and found herself inches from Sam's chest - taut and glistening with a light sheen of sweat. And—immediately!—made herself jump to her feet. Sprawling on the ground next to clients was not her MO.

Reaching down, she offered him a hand. "Come on. We should cool down."

Sucking in a breath, he reached for her hand...

He has once again discarded his ugly, ungainly body for Tina's perfect, agile form. This time she's not alone. She's there with Sam, Mr. Perfect, from the gym, with his blinding white smile and his sculpted abs. He wants to be angry, but on second thought, why not have some fun with Tina's body? They're already

holding hands, so it's easy for him pull Sam up. He lets the momentum carry him towards Sam's lips and suddenly they're kissing, arms groping each other, gasping as their tongues meet and explore, their bodies crushed together.

He kisses Sam eagerly, desperately. If Tina wants Sam she can have him. He hopes to humiliate her, even as he's dreamed of doing what he's about do to himself. His body is already on fire. Apparently Tina likes this guy. He can feel it in the way her pussy is so eager to grow wet, the way the tension erupts through his body and his pussy aches.

He drops to his knees and scrabbles for Sam's pants, Tina's fingers yanking the fabric down to reveal Sam's thick cock. Perfect and huge, just like everything about Sam. Sam's already rock hard, so he opens Tina's mouth and swallows the welcome cock, forcing it deep down her throat, nearly choking her, then rocking her head up and down, thick lips sliding up and down the cock as Sam moans above him. Sam's dick slides across his tongue and he hopes Tina is happy wherever she is, she finally got to suck Sam's big cock. He wishes he could watch Tina with her mouth full of dick, gagging and choking on Sam's throbbing shaft.

But feeling her from the inside is the next best thing. He glides her tongue across the bottom of Sam's shaft, cheeks concave as he sucks the dick. Its warmth feels his mouth, flooding his tongue with a delicious salty taste. He shoves Tina's mouth all the way down, feels the cock nearly strike the back of his throat, his nose pressed into Sam's groin and he holds him there, Tina's mouth full of dick, before gliding back up, leaving a shiny trail of saliva and making Tina extremely wet.

One hand glides along Sam's shaft, jerking him off into her mouth as he forces her to continue sucking, jaw stretched as wide as he can to take all of Sam in. The other hand snakes into Tina's pants and slides into her pussy. She's dripping wet and his fingers sink inside, curling around and pressing up against her center as he continues sucking Sam's dick. Sam's eyes are closed in ecstasy and

he's grunting with each thrust of Tina's head. God, his dick tastes so good. Maybe it's something about Tina's tastebuds, or her desire, but he never thought it would be this delicious to have a mouth full of cock. He glides faster, leading Sam's body on, his own fingers thrusting inside his sensitive cunt. And then suddenly the cock throbs in his mouth and Sam thrusts deep as he empties himself. Hot seed shoots across Tina's tongue, down her throat, creamy and salty. He swallows it all gleefully, moaning and gulping, his hands thrusting ever deeper into his tight pussy as he orgasms with Sam, enjoying the humiliation of forcing Tina to blow a client.

He swallows every drop, running his little pink tongue around the shaft until he can't taste any more. Only then does he remove his hands from his pants and stand. He stares into Sam's eyes as he sucks on one finger, tasting Tina's delicious salty musk.

He gives a coy smile. A little wave. Then heads back down the hill.

...and Tina suddenly found herself sitting in the driver's seat of her car. Looking around wildly, she saw Sam giving her a sly smile and a wave goodbye before heading into his house.

Holy Shit! How long had it been this time? They'd got all the way down the hill... and she remembered nothing! Not a single second of it.

Grabbing her phone, she texted the Mike at the gym: Sorry. I'm sick. Please reschedule all my afternoon clients.

She didn't care if Mike was pissed; there was no way she wanted to risk going

anywhere but the doctor's office or home.

She was reaching for her water bottle, wanting to deal with the sour taste in her mouth, when a text popped up from Sam: Officially the best cool down ever! Come over later? I want to return the favor...

Tina froze with the bottle halfway to her mouth. Because the lingering taste was... familiar. Singular. Hard to mistake.

She trailed her tongue over her lower lip and knew. She'd gone down on Sam! On the clock with a fucking client. Out in the open with only a few trees for cover.

And she didn't remember a thing.

Practically running into her apartment, Tina headed for her computer. Googling was, obviously, a stupid idea but her doctor's appointment was still three hours away and she couldn't help herself. It took two clicks to get to brain tumor. Another click into the worrying world of Disassociative Amnesia. She fell down the rabbit hole for a solid twenty minutes—torturing herself with possible causes—before deciding to swing back round to the re-read the original article on brain tumors... just to really freak herself out.

Clicking history, she scanned the list of visited links. She was about to click on the tumor article when she glanced lower and saw something odd: bodypossession.com. She scrolled down and saw a dozen visited pages for that domain. When the hell had she visited those?

What the hell were those?

She clicked and came face to face with her own picture.

For a moment, she simply stared, her eyes flicking over each section of text in turn—description, price, stats, reviews—absorbing nothing, just feeling sick dread coil in her belly.

Forcing herself to focus, she read her description, saw her life reduced to stark detail:

Age - 22

Height - 5 foot 5

Weight - 112 lbs

Occupation - Personal Trainer

Average sleep per night - 7.3 hours

Average daily calorie intake - 1312

Relationships - None currently. Two previous boyfriends. Never married.

Past sexual experience - 5 male partners, 0 female

Wealth - Moderate (significant student debt but growing income)

Family – Two parents, both living.

Personality - Hardworking, intolerant of weakness in self and others, wry sense of humor, generous, career-focused

Libido - High (masturbates daily)

Body responsiveness - High: both vaginal and clitoral orgasms; particularly responsive to g-spot stimulation

Special skills/features - Exceptionally fit, strong and flexible (in top 0.6% of available bodies)

Current average score - 5 stars

It was impossible and obvious all at once... She knew why she was losing time. Because the stats on her page were telling:

Number of possessions - 3.

Hand shaking, she clicked on reviews:

Chose Tina for my five minute free trial. Was NOT disappointed! Didn't get to do much—was stuck leading a fitness class—but even just getting move this body around was fucking amazing. And I get to make a bunch of middle-aged women do crunches - which kinda rocked.

Plus, I turned away from the class and got my hands on her tits for a minute. How the hell a body THIS TIGHT has tits like these I don't know... but DAMN!

- Jason

The second review was even worse:

This one is pricey but you're paying for quality. Last night I played with every square inch of this body and can report that it's flawless. I put it through its paces—worked her out to the point of completely exhaustion—and, even aching and spent, this body coursed with desire.

Her pussy is perfection. Luscious and dripping in seconds. Do yourself a favor - get her worked up and then slide a digit or two on her g-spot. You won't be disappointed.

I'd seen enough of her body in the gym to know she'd be fun but I underestimated just how much fun.

- Gary

The shaking had progressed; moved from her hands to her entire body. She didn't want to read the last review but she couldn't help herself. It was the same reviewer:

I hadn't meant to try her out again so soon... but couldn't resist. I decided to drop in for a half hour mini session and managed to time it to perfection. I always suspected this body would be willing... not sure I was ready for just how willing though.

I hopped into her body and found her already panting with exertion and need. I just dropped her to her knees in front of the gym junkie she was hanging with and went to town.

My only regret is that my time ran out before I got to get off. Meant to do it in the car but I was kinda spoiled for choice. I've spent six months of watching this body—letting it boss me around and punish me every week—and I've got so many fucking filthy ideas on what to do with it that I honestly didn't know which one to do first.

But soon I'll have plenty of time to try them all out.

- Gary

Six months of... fucking FUCK!

It was Gary!

Sweating, creepy, client Gary had taken her body. Twice! And he planned to do it again. Her eyes flew across the web page, searching for a way out. She clicked on the pending bookings on her profile and saw it: Gary was booked in for a full week... starting in ten minutes.

She stopped breathing, desperately searching for a way to cancel. To delete her profile. For six precious, painful minutes, she read the terms and services and found nothing but information on how to request a refund and what constituted long-term possession.

But, with four minutes left, she found something. It was possible to bid to take someone else's scheduled booking. Basically, offer more cash and the website would turn a booking into an auction... make the original customer pay more to keep their booking.

It was her chance. Racing the clock, she made a client account, found her existing booking and clicked the AUCTION button. The auction went in \$100

increments. She hit \$100 and crossed her fingers. Unless someone else bid, the booking was hers.

Seconds ticked by.

And then Gary bid. She watched the price counted tick over and saw his username jump to the head of the queue.

Heart in her throat she upped the price another hundred.

Immediately, he made it a hundred more.

Not willing to fuck around, she jumped another \$500. It was every cent of her savings (and then some) but money was hardly her prime consideration.

And it seemed to do the trick. Her bid sat there, winning, for a full minute.

60 seconds...50...40...30...She'd done it...20 seconds...She'd bought herself a week to figure out how to escape the site...10 seconds until the possession kicked in.

And then Gary's new bid appeared - \$1000 more.

She dove for the mouse.

And time slithered away from her.

Epilogue

Gary opened Tina's eyes and saw the bodypossession.com screen on the monitor in front of him. He had a feeling it might have been her bidding against him. Given more time, she may have figured out how to get herself removed from the site. Gary might not be so lucky next time.

If Gary let there be a next time. It occurred to him that he had his perfect body: toned but elegant, rich black skin, the face of an angel with soft pouty lips and sparkling brown eyes, and of course, orgasms to die for. He could just stay inside her forever, set his account to automatic and just enjoy his new life. It was definitely worth considering, but for now he had other ideas. Well, just one really: Enjoy the body that had consumed so many of his thoughts over the past few months.

He pushed his chair back and stared down at Tina's breasts. They were round and heavy and just so there! They were clasped firmly by a bright pink running top that contrasted wonderfully with his dark skin. It covered his breasts but not much else, leaving his shoulders and stomach bare. The sharp contours of his shoulders and abs stood out, slightly glistening.

He peeled off his bra, sweet relief flooding him as the pressure disappeared and his breasts dangled free. How could she wear this thing all day? Gary intended to wear it as little as possible. He gripped his breasts in each hand, fingers pressing firmly into his cocoa skin. He jiggled his tits, staring down and watching them bounce. So perfect. He circled around and pinched her little brown nipples between thumb and forefinger, sending a light tickle down his spine as Tina's nipples spiked out. Her body really was so responsive.

He shuffled his big beautiful butt to the edge of the chair, rolled his tiny shorts and panties down his legs, letting his fingers caress his ebony thighs, wander across his calves until he was doubled over, his breasts dangling beneath his nose. He stood and kicked off her clothes, staring down to admire Tina's naked body—his naked body now. The contours of his arms and legs were sharp, radiating raw power, and he was already wonderfully warm.

He moved to the bed and lay down on a pillow so he could look down at Tina's body while he made her masturbate. Watching her move, feeling each sensation as he forced her to caress her body, drove him crazy. The warmth reverberated from his pussy through his body, soft waves of pleasure filling him. He spread his legs and rested the palm of one hand on his mound, fingers gently stroking his pussy, tickling his slit until he felt his cunt opening for himself. He dipped a finger in, enjoying the warmth of her pussy, the simple pleasure of being inside her, of feeling her pussy wrapped around her own finger. His clit was already so sensitive the merest touch sent a pulse of pleasure through him. He sighed as he caressed his clit, the other hand wandering all over his body, feeling every inch of her skin, until it joined his other hand in his rapidly moistening cunt.

One slender hand continued caressing his clit while, with the other, he slipped two fingers inside himself slowly, wetting them with his juices until they were warm and slippery, then pushing deeper into his body. He was on fire now, Tina's body burning brightly as his fingers penetrated his pussy, sliding deeper and deeper as he stretched his legs open for himself. He landed on the dimpled nub of his G-spot and moaned, legs flexing, as his body was battered with an orgasm. Following her pleasure, he continued circling his clit with one hand and plunging inside, up against his G-spot with the other, following the rhythm of his body. His cries grew higher, faster, the pleasure swelling until it crashed through him again. He thrust his thighs up to meet his fingers, pushing deep inside, hard up to scratch the amazing itch of his dripping pussy and climaxed a final time.

His body was roiling, still desperate for more and he gave it to her, masturbating for an hour, using every last inch of her stamina to pleasure himself to orgasm

after orgasm until, exhausted and spent, he lay still on the bed. The cold, wet puddle of his lust pooled beneath his butt as he brought his fingers to his nose and smelled himself, his wonderfully musky scent. He could do whatever he wanted with her, dress her as he'd always imagined, take her anywhere, do anything—and anyone—for a whole week.

Or even longer. He could afford it.

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Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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

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

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Queen Isabelle's daughter is refusing to marry and nothing will change her mind. So Isabelle swaps their bodies, intending to do so just long enough so that Isabelle can marry her daughter off to the prince. But her young, new body is much more exciting than she ever dreamed, and there are so many perks to remaining young and beautiful.

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Vic is sick of his wife, Karen, moaning and complaining about their daughter's wedding. He's annoyed at the way Karen seems to be ashamed of her own body, hiding her curvy figure behind shapeless clothing. Vic figures if Karen's so sick of her body then it's only fair that she gives it to someone who appreciates it. Like him.

Reunion (M2F Possession)

Max is at another boring family reunion. But things get a lot more interesting and he finds a magic stone that transports him into the body of three different family members with very different body types.

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

I've always had the ability to possess other people's bodies and control them, but I haven't used it in so long. Until the day I find Cassie. She's irresistibly gorgeous and I have to hop inside her right away. I'm going to intimately explore her body and help her become comfortable with her sensuality, while having my own fun in the process.

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

Jeremy is about to become a body double for the first female African American president of the United States. He's got to learn to cope with being the most powerful woman on the planet. And for Jeremy, enjoying her shape, her smooth ebony skin, her stunning curves, and her amazingly responsive body is just one of the perks of the job.

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

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

When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical

pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

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

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

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

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories