



# HEIST

*Part One*

**MtF BODY  
POSSESSION**

# MWILF\$



**Heist**  
*MtF Body Theft*

by M. Wills

© 2021 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit [bodyswapfiction.com](http://bodyswapfiction.com) for stories, captions and commissions

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

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

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

## Table of Contents

[Heist](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## TJ

Ed pulled up outside the bank and tapped out an obnoxious rhythm on the steering wheel as Brody, Dane and I readied ourselves. I paused and glared over at Ed.

“Cut that shit out. You look like a fucking bank robber,” I growled.

“I *am* a fucking bank robber,” he whined, and once again I had second thoughts about him joining us but I put them aside. Too late for that now.

“Well, don't *look* like one.”

I pulled my balaclava on over my head and cocked my gun. Peering into the backseat at Brody and Dane I saw they were doing the same.

Brody's eyes were narrow slits beneath his mask; he was all business. Brody didn't take shit from people and he was smart enough to know he was dumb as hell. But he could take orders and he was methodical. Also, he was built like a fucking tank, his muscles swelling out the black sweater he'd packed himself into. I was a little impressed he'd managed to squeeze himself into the back seat, honestly. Hopefully his size would be intimidation enough to avoid the need for shooting.

Dane was a different story. His watery brown eyes hid some fear. I'd seen him beat the living hell out of someone who ticked him off, but I got the feeling it was mostly for show. Like a cat arching it's back to make itself look bigger. He took no joy in it, which was good as far as I was concerned. There was a difference between being a hardass and a psychopath. But man, who knew such a fragile looking guy could kick someone's ass like that? It all gave me the feeling he was trying to prove something. Maybe to himself. Probably why he took this job. To look like a man.

“Ready?” I asked.

Brody growled in the affirmative. Dane nodded. The device was on the floor at my feet, ready for our ultimate escape. I just had to hope Ed's nervousness didn't ruin his driving abilities.

I pushed open the door and stepped out onto the sidewalk. Brody unfolded himself from the back seat, towering over me from behind. I walked swiftly up the steps of the bank, alert for signs of trouble. I rammed open the glass door with my shoulder. Brody and Dane spread out behind me against the wall, hiding from view of the tellers as I jammed my gun into the security guard's face.

“Cooperate and no one gets hurt.”

The security guard nodded, trembling. I came around his desk and slipped his sidearm out of his holster, then motioned him forward into the middle of the room. Brody and Dane stepped out into view of the tellers, Brody raising his gun and firing once into the air. There were a few scattered screams and everyone froze.

“You've all seen movies. You know how this fucking works.” I yelled. “Everyone on the floor in the middle of the room.”

With Brody standing point in the middle of the room, Dane rounded up the customers and the few

bank personnel seated at desks around the room and gathered them together on the floor. I went up to the three tellers, all of whom looked terrified and pale behind the bullet proof screens.

“Keep your hands up and away from the alarms or we start shooting. Cool?”

The tellers nodded. I ordered two of them to stand facing the wall, hands in the air. The third was a pleasant looking blonde. Might as well have some eye candy while I worked. I tossed her some bags and ordered her to start filling them.

“No dye packs. None of that shit.” I warned. “I’m watching you. I get splattered in ink we’ll splatter people’s brains all over this bank.”

She nodded. Her hands were trembling as she emptied the registers. A quick glance behind me showed that Dane and Brody had rounded everyone up and made them huddle on the floor as the two stood menacingly above them.

“Two minutes,” Dane called out.

We had to assume that, despite our warnings, the alarm had been pushed. It would take the police eight minutes to arrive. That gave me six minutes. Good. There was only so much money in the registers. I wanted the vault. Once the blonde had filled a few bags and pushed them over the counter I glared at her again.

“Come around and open the door and let me back in there. You’re going to take me to the vault. I don’t see the door on this side opened in three seconds I’m going to start shooting. You follow my orders and no one gets hurt. It’s just money. Not worth dying over.”

She nodded and walked out the door behind her, appearing two seconds later at the side door that led into the back. Brody came and propped it open to keep one eye on me and one eye on the main hall as I followed the blonde down the corridor to the vault. As expected, two clerks were inside behind the grille counting money. Our intel was right. I handed the blonde some garbage bags and called out to the two clerks.

“Bring that money over here now. You-” I said to the blonde, “Stuff it in the bags.”

The clerks passed the bills through the grille and the blonde filled the bags. I watched her, admiring her tight little ass and wishing I had time for a quick fuck.

Brody’s voice boomed out from the hallway, “Four minutes.”

The bags were half full but that would have to do.

“Ok, ok, get the fuck back.”

The clerks stepped back, wide eyed and staring. The blonde carried two bags and I carried one back down the hallway, the gun in my other hand. My eyes glanced down once again to the blonde’s ass as it wiggled beneath her skirt.

“Maybe we should take you back with us. Take care of some of that tension you got.”

She stuttered for a step, seizing up. I chuckled. I wasn’t actually going to risk bringing anyone back with us, but I enjoyed watching her reaction. It reinforced who had all the power in this relationship and it kind of got my dick hard.

Once we were back out in the main room I had the blonde hand the bag to Dane and then sit down on the floor with the others. The three of us hightailed it out of the bank, bags in one hand, guns in the other. Brody covered our retreat as I scouted the area outside of the bank. We charged down the steps and dived into the car. I tore my mask off and Ed jammed on the gas before we’d all even closed the doors. Ed swerved our car out into the road, causing other drivers to slam on the brakes

and honk.

“Cool it, Ed!” I shouted. “Act fucking natural.”

“This is fucking natural! Yeah!” He pumped his fist.

Mother fucker was dripping sweat. An empty plastic bag at his feet told me all I needed to know.

“Jesus Christ, Ed, did you fucking snort up?”

Ed laughed like a maniac and swerved through traffic, bouncing off another car with a jolt. Brody growled in the backseat. Police sirens sounded in the distance, closing in.

“It calms me down,” Ed howled.

“The fuck it does,” I said, grabbing onto the handle above the window as he took a sharp turn.

I reached for the device at my feet. It was a small metal cube that barely fit in my outstretched hand. A few buttons and a tiny screen sat on one side. All we needed to do was get to the bar where the other four guys were waiting for us. They were being loud and obnoxious, making sure to be seen by lots of people. Plenty of alibis.

A police car appeared in the side view mirror, lights flashing. Ed took a sudden turn that threw me against the side of the car. Dane choked in the back, sounding like he was about to vomit.

“I thought you said eight minutes!” Dane yelped.

Ed careened off the curb. There was a loud crunching sound from one of the tires. Ed corrected, swerving back across the street to steer through an alleyway. We made it most of the way down, Ed's knuckles white on the wheel as he steered us through the narrow alley, only to scrape the car against the wall at the last minute. That was the last straw for our car. With a sudden jerk to the right the engine died, leaving us sitting half on the sidewalk, the front of the car projecting out into the road.

“Goddammit,” I slammed the dashboard with my palm.

Ed had retreated into panic mode, the wild look in his eyes replaced with fear as he tried and failed to get the car moving again. The sirens were getting louder now. I had *not* come all this way to fuck up now.

A gray family SUV approached us. I tossed the money bag to Ed and climbed out of the car, the device in one hand, my gun in the other. I raised my gun at the driver of the SUV.

“Stop the fucking car!” I ordered.

The driver was a middle-aged guy in a Hawaiian shirt. Looked like some sort of accountant asshole. Thinning blonde hair. Dour face. His wife sat beside him in the passenger seat. I could see her small but perky tits pressing against her black sleeveless top. Nice long legs. Wavy brunette hair. She had a sexy school teacher thing going on.

Dane, Ed and Brody were all behind me getting out of our wrecked car. I put the device under my arm and reached in through the open window to yank open the SUV door. The driver put his hands up and began blubbering.

“Please, please don't shoot!” He kept repeating, covering his hands with his head.

His wife was screaming something too but I wasn't listening. The sirens were getting louder, coming from all directions now. Goddammit. Changing vehicles wouldn't confuse the police for very long. Then I peered in the back of the SUV and saw two women of about college age. Probably daughters of the older couple up front. Blonde hair. Cute faces. Tight little bodies. A family of four

out for a drive. Not what we were planning but better than getting locked up.

“Keep your gun on these two, Brody.” I ordered.

He stepped up and I stepped back, sliding my gun into my pants so I could activate the device. The husband drew back as Brody towered over him.

“What are you doing, TJ?” Ed asked me.

I pushed the buttons until the screen started flashing. We were supposed to do this at the bar with the other guys. Slide into their lives for a little while until the heat died down. Beggars couldn't be choosers. There was no time to carefully program everything in. This was going to be random.

“Getting the fuck out of here,” I said, holding up the cube.

The blinking diodes quickened. Brody glanced over at it and saw what I was doing.

“The hell?” He rumbled.

“This or prison.” I said.

“Yeah, mother fucker!” Ed gleefully shouted.

The world exploded into a white blur.



## Kristen

“So many sirens today,” I remarked to my husband, Ken.

“This neighborhood has lots of crime, Kristen. Very bad.” He said, shaking his head and punching the door lock.

I gathered my long brown hair up and slid a red scrunchy around it to make a ponytail. I heard our daughters scoff from the back seat.

“You think every neighborhood is bad,” Tiffany, the younger one, said.

“Even ours,” Melanie added, “Remember when you wouldn't open the door for the pizza guy because you thought it was a trick?”

“What kind of pizza guy sends a text saying to open the door?”

“*Everyone* these days,” Tiffany laughed.

I glanced back at my daughter through the rear-view mirror. Tiffany had a little smile on her face and she shot her sister a look of disbelief at Ken's words. I smiled to myself. My girls. Melanie was older by a few years but they looked very similar. Both of them had Ken's blonde hair and bright smile, as well as my poor eyesight apparently. They'd been wearing glasses since they were in elementary school. Tiffany's eyes were slightly more almond shaped, making her look a little more innocent and soft-spoken. Looks were deceiving, though, because she was the more outspoken one. Melanie was more reserved but also more feminine both in dress and appearance.

We turned a corner and saw an odd sight. A car was stalled in the far lane. One of the wheels looked like it had collapsed. Four guys were inside and they all looked like trouble. Ken slowed down and we all stared. It looked like an accident. I was about to tell him to stop to see if anyone needed help when the front door of the car flew open and a tall, blonde guy staggered out. He had a strange metal cube in one hand and a gun in the other, which he pointed at Ken.

“Stop the fucking car!” He yelled.

I screamed at Ken to drive but he was too terrified to listen.

“Please, please don't shoot!” Ken finally said in English, raising his hands over his head.

The guy with gun reached in and opened the door. He looked like he was about to toss Ken out, then glanced in the back and saw my daughters. He grinned and I started shouting at him to leave us alone. He turned to one of the others, a huge, hulking bear of a man.

“Keep your gun on these two,” he said.

The giant stepped forward. He looked like a killer. His face was wide and serious, with deep set eyes and a nose that looked like it had been broken and set several times. The leader yelled some things at the other two before holding up the metal cube.

“What are you doing, TJ?” The skinny, weasel-faced one asked the apparent leader. His face was

red and sweaty, like he'd just run a marathon.

"Getting the fuck out of here," the leader said, holding up the cube.

The blinking diodes quickened. The giant glanced over at it and asked a question I didn't hear.

"This or prison." The blonde said.

"Yeah, mother fucker!" The skinny, sweaty one gleefully shouted.

There was a flash from the device that blinded me. When my vision returned the four guys were gone. I turned to my husband to urge him to drive. Or I tried to, at least. My head didn't respond.

Instead I blinked several times and looked down at myself. I raised my hands and turned them back and forth, looking at my lined palms, my manicured nails. Then I grabbed my breasts.

"Oh, come on!" I cried, exasperated.

In the back, my two girls started complaining as well.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Tiffany moaned.

I wanted to tell her not to swear, to be thankful we were somehow saved, but I couldn't do that either. It was like someone else was controlling my body. Melanie sat with her arms crossed and growled. Beside me, Ken threw open the door and turned back at us. He had a look of fury I'd never seen on his face.

"Complain later. Help me get this shit."

"TJ?" I asked.

"I said come on!"

Ken rarely swore, but instead of asking him what the heck he was thinking my body obeyed, grabbing the door handle and swinging open the door despite me having no intent to do so. It felt like someone else was controlling me and I moved ungainly, like I was unfamiliar with how my legs and hips worked in tandem. I lurched around the side of the car. On the ground were the clothes, the bags of money, and the guns that the robbers had been carrying. My family and I gathered up the bags of money and threw them in the trunk. Ken scooped up the metal cube, then we all piled back into the car.

I was stuck as a passenger in my own body. It was obvious and impossible what had happened. That little cube. One of the robbers must be inside my body. The thought filled me with fear and revulsion.

"Act normal," Ken ordered.

"Easy for you to say, you still got a dick," my voice said.

"Maybe I'll give it to you later tonight," he grinned, starting the car.

We drove slowly away, passing the police cars as we did so. They didn't give us a second glance. My body heaved a sigh of relief.

"This is fucking wild," Tiffany spoke up from the backseat.

The world swung as the robber angled my head around to face the back seat. Tiffany had her hands on her breasts and was feeling herself up. My lips grinned, but inside I was appalled, realizing that the man inside my daughter was making her fondle herself. If Tiffany was in the same situation, then she was inside her own head, trapped helplessly as she was forced to paw at her own body.

They could make us do anything.

“Speak for yourself,” Melanie grunted, looking down at herself in disgust. “What happened to the plan, TJ? The fuck do I have a cunt?”

“Plan changed,” Ken said, then glanced at me. “You can thank Ed's shitty driving.”

“Not my fault the cops showed up early,” I whined, my view shifting back to my husband.

“We stay in these bodies for a little while. Lie low. We'll be fine.”

Oh, god, a few days? Some criminal controlling me and my family the whole time? I wanted to cry, but my traitorous body wouldn't oblige.

The criminals made it back to our real home after getting the address off Ken's driver's license. We pulled up to our suburban house and stopped in the driveway as we gazed up at our modest two story. My neck craned to look up at the white siding and the red shutters.

“Living in a fucking castle,” I whispered. “Maybe this won't be so bad.”

We parked in the garage and piled out of the car, grabbing the bags of money and hauling them inside. My body had trouble walking, as did the bodies of my girls. They were trying to walk like men, not used to the difference in balance, the lower center of gravity, or our hips, which banged into the door frame as I scooted inside. I rubbed my thigh as I my gaze travelled around the room.

The criminals dropped the money on the kitchen floor and spread out through the house, pulling out drawers and opening closets to snoop through our things. I found my body heading for the fridge, where I pulled out one of Ken's beers and popped the top to gulp it down. I hated the taste of beer. Unfortunately, the man in my body didn't, and I was forced to down an entire can before pulling off another one. I tossed a third can to my husband and we settled in the living room. I was already a little tipsy from the one beer.

“This ain't too bad,” I said, scratching my crotch, my unwelcome fingers resting between my legs.

Ken sat on the couch, his dirty shoes propped up on my clean coffee table. It was the least of the many indignities we'd suffered so far. Ken flipped through the channels on the TV until he found the news station. Tiffany and Melanie joined us, Tiffany dropping easily onto the couch beside Ken and kicking off her sandals, while Melanie stood scowling behind the couch. There was lots of excited talk about what they'd found, but we were shushed by Ken, who turned the volume up on the TV and focused our attention on the current story.

It was an update to the break-in at the military facility a few hours east of us. The government had tried to hush it up but a lot of people had seen the explosion. Someone must have been worried because they were slowly leaking information to the media. A reporter was standing in front of the metal fence on the outskirts of the facility.

“Thanks, Jenn,” he said, “I'm here at the Palmano Laboratory where the explosion took place just one week ago. The military initially claimed it was the result of some improperly stored munitions but my sources tell me that the lab was used for a series of experiments, the most unusual of which is rumored to be a device that allows one person to actually take over the body of another. Now I'm--”

“Goddammit,” Ken muttered, muting the television.

My head moved to look behind him at the kitchen table, where he'd placed the metal cube after coming inside.

“Hey,” my voice said with dawning realization, “That's that thing you have.” I clapped my hands.

“Holy shit. That's military grade!”

“No shit,” Ken said. He folded his arms and chewed on his lower lip. “I got it from a guy who got it from a guy who didn't know what he had.”

“So what?” Tiffany said, examining her nails.

“So everything,” Ken said. “Those cops saw our car. There're cameras all over this fucking city. It's only a matter of time before they come knocking on our door.”

“I don't like where this is going,” Melanie growled. She looked down at herself. “And I don't like this fucking body. I'm soft and weak.”

“What do we do?” My voice asked.

After a few seconds of thought, during which I was forced to down some more beer, Ken spoke. “We have to act normal.”

“What does that mean?” Tiffany asked, pulling out the top of her shirt and staring down at her chest.

I wanted to slap his hands away. How dare he do that to my daughter's body?

“It means we have to act like this fucking family would act. The cops come around here and find us all fucked up they might put two and two together. We need to find out everything we can about these people. Their names. What they do. Their friends. We're gonna have to fake their lives until I can figure out our next step.”

After some grumbling, TJ remained on the couch flicking through Ken's phone as the rest of us dispersed throughout the house to poke through our belongings, snooping through our phones and computers. I found myself heading upstairs. Tiffany and Melanie peeled off into their own bedrooms and I eventually entered the largest bedroom, tastefully decorated with lovely walnut furniture and abstract works of art.

“Shit, this must be my room,” my voice said. I hated swearing but the man in my body loved it.

I moved to the chest of drawers and pulled them out, digging through my panties and bras. My nose wrinkled.

“Ew, I gotta wear this shit?”

I closed the drawer and looked up at the mirror hanging on the wall above the dresser. My body was reflected back and I took the time to stare at it, lingering on my gentle face, my wide brown eyes, the little freckles on my soft cheeks, before letting my eyes roam up and down my form. Maybe it was the beer but my body had a soft glow about it.

“Hmm,” I grunted.

My body turned around and stuck out my ass, one hand sliding down my side to land on my butt. I squeezed it once and nodded appreciatively.

“Not bad for an old chick,” I said, my lips curling into a smile as I turned back to face the mirror. “Let's check out the tits.”

I tried to fight for control but my hands didn't even pause as they reached down, grabbed my black top and pulled it off over my head. I dropped it to the floor and pushed the hair out my eyes before reaching around and fighting with my bra. After some fumbling attempts I managed to unhook it and shrug it off my shoulders. My slender breasts dropped free and the criminal took them in his hands. I felt so used as the man in my body forced me to squeeze them, to shake my chest and laugh as they bounced back and forth.

"I gotta admit, having tits ain't bad," he said.

He pinched my nipples and pulled them up. Ow, that hurt. Stop it! He released them, my eyes locked on them as they flopped back into place. He did it several more times, progressively harder, until my nipples were red and aching. He jumped up into the air and laughed as my tits bounced crazily, until it got too painful and I clutched them both to my chest, massaging them slowly and thoughtfully. Oh god, I could feel my body getting excited at the touch of myself.

I found myself stripping naked, tossing my pants and panties aside. One hand slid down to the dusting of pubic hair between my thighs. I hated touching myself at the best of times and having someone else force me to do it was excruciating. Still, my traitorous hands cupped a breast and squeezed it up against my chest as my fingers stroked my nether region. I was forced to stare down at my naked body and paw at each dangling breast while my fingers traced a line up and down my entrance. The worst part was that I felt my body responding. There was a warmth beginning between my thighs as the criminal's desire overrode my own.

"Fuck yeah," I whispered to myself. "You like that don't you?"

He started undulating my body, dancing for himself in the mirror like a stripper.

"Yeah, you're a horny little bitch ain't you?" My voice said, as I licked my lips and gave my ass a little slap.

It was so degrading hearing me excoriate myself as I pawed at my body. Even worse, I was getting so wet. My fingers dipped into my entrance and slid inside me. Oh, god, this was disgusting. And then I was surrounded by my wet heat. I plunged into my entrance faster, too fast and clumsily. I paused and looked down at myself, fingers spreading my pussy open so I could stare into my shocking pink folds. I felt so gross. I hated my body but the man inside evidently did not. My fumbling fingers moved around inside me until I found a spot that sent a sizzle of warmth arcing through me. My finger remained there, circling that spot while my body grew warmer and I grew wetter.

I lay back on the bed and spread my legs, staring down at my body, still fondling my breasts with one hand but now watching as my other fingers disappeared inside myself. I felt them twist up inside, thrusting in slowly. I hadn't masturbated in years. Even the thought was appalling. But now I had no choice. In and out they went through my slippery canal.

"Yeah, look at that wet little pussy," I moaned.

My eyes were locked on my pussy. The man inside me was enamored by the sight of my fingers disappearing into me, reappearing slick with my moisture. I felt like such a slut as my body was manipulated to pleasure myself. The fire was burning through me and I stroked myself faster, my head buzzing with a pleasant heat despite my disgust.

I sunk my fingers deep inside and came suddenly, thrusting my waist up against my fingers as I cooed. My body quivered, fingers digging harder into my tit as I shook with orgasm. The criminal was making me get off by talking filthy, saying words that made me blush even to think. And yet my body wanted it. My fingers slid deep inside, moving fast and hard. The orgasm was incredible, leaving me light and breathless. When it was over I curled up on the bed and fondled my breasts some more, staring down at my chest as my fingers roamed across my skin. I could smell the musky scent of myself on my fingers and I wanted to gag.

"Maybe this won't be so bad," the robber sighed using my stolen voice.



## Tiffany

I had hoped it was all a dream, but when I woke up the next morning I was still being controlled by the carjackers. I'd learned that the one inside me was named Dane. Last night my fear had been compounded by the utter embarrassment as I found my body scrolling through old emails and text messages. The pervert was prying into every aspect of my life. And then, of course, there was the constant grabbing of my breasts and touching myself. I would shudder but I can't.

I rolled off the bed and rubbed my eyes, looking down at myself. Dane had gone to sleep topless in my body and now my breasts hung down below my line of sight. My hands came up to fondle them again, squeezing them against my chest so they ballooned out before dropping them to swing back together. Damn, this guy was obsessed.

He took me to the bathroom and did my business. When he came out he gazed at the makeup spread out around the bathroom sink before picking up Melanie's hairbrush and brushing the tangles out of my hair. Then he plucked the makeup from the counter, putting on some blush, a little eyeliner and some lipstick. He wasn't half bad. I wondered if his friends knew how good he was with makeup.

My sister's door was opened and I heard a grunt as I passed. Poking my head in, I saw Melanie standing naked in front of her closet, holding out her favorite skirt in front of her as if it was some sort of gross insect. My eyes lit on her breasts. Because of course they did. Melanie looked up at me.

"No way I'm wearing this girl shit," she growled.

I figured Melanie was trapped in her body the same as me. I tried to communicate through my eyes that I sympathized with her, to give her hope we'd escape. But I didn't think my message went through.

"We're chicks," I shrugged.

She grunted and tossed the skirt aside. "Gotta be something in here I can wear."

I watched her bend over, my eyes on her naked ass. Gross, now he was making me ogle my sister. Thankfully I soon turned away and went back to my room to get dressed. The man in my body was comfortable about the whole thing in a way that the man in Melanie's clearly was not. Too comfortable for my taste. Dane made me pose in the mirror, hands on hips, turning this way and that, before giggling and shaking my head. Eventually he picked out a yellow button-down sleeveless top and white shorts with yellow trim, along with some matching sandals. I actually looked pretty cute.

Dad was in the kitchen when I came down. He was wearing a button-down work shirt and khaki pants. Pretty normal all things considered.

"Stylish," I said, digging through the fridge for something to eat.

"You like it? I call it middle aged asshole."

Melanie joined us downstairs. The man controlling her had found a pair of jeans and my sister's

most non-feminine shirt. But even that had little ribbons on the shoulders. A pink backpack was slung over one shoulder. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a messy ponytail and she kept swiping loose strands of it out of her face, growing increasingly more irritated. My sister was exceedingly girly. I wondered how long the guy inside her could stand being a woman, and what would happen when he finally snapped.

“Let's get this shit over with,” Melanie growled. “This hair is giving me the shits.”

The carjackers had gone through my text messages, so they knew they were meeting up with our friends on campus before our first class. Robbie, Isabelle and Mindy were waiting for us at one of the tables outside the campus coffee shop when we walked up. I sat down beside Mindy, naturally crossing my legs. Melanie remained standing, legs shoulder length apart like the hulking man she used to be.

Robbie, a guy about my age with a keen curiosity and mussed black hair, shot me a huge smile. He was always so nice to me. And funny. Melanie was sure he had a crush on me but he'd never brought it up, which was good, otherwise it might have soured our friendship. I would have hated to discover he was one of those 'nice guys' who was only a gentleman to women when he thought he could get into their pants.

“Can you imagine what would happen if this technology got out there?” Robbie gushed.

“What technology?” Dane asked, flipping my hair back.

“That body switching machine from the military.”

Dane froze and my head swung to look over at Robbie. He held my gaze for a beat before looking away.

Isabelle, a petite Asian with huge round glasses that made her already adorable face look even cuter, spoke up. “Maybe they've already taken over people? That would explain a lot of recent decisions by the government.”

Mindy, a mocha skinned poli-sci major with an expressive face, adjusted her head scarf. “To be fair, though, incompetence in government can be explained by a lot of things.”

“Maybe it's all fucking bullshit anyway,” Dane said. “Body switching machines? Come on.”

Mindy looked at me with wide-eyes. She was pretty conservative and I wasn't usually one to swear so liberally.

*Come on, Mindy, I thought, Figure this out. Save me.*

“Wow, Tiffany, sounds like you've got some strong opinions,” Robbie laughed, flashing his white teeth.

Dane bit my lower lip, a totally not-me gesture, and looked down at the table, tracing a grain in the wood with one of my slim fingers.

“Seriously, though,” Robbie went on excitedly, “Even if you could become someone, wouldn't their friends and family know? You'd have to be a great actor to perfectly imitate a person.”

“Not necessarily,” Isabelle said, chewing on a strand of hair in thought. “People won't just jump to the conclusion that someone else is in another person's body. They'll just think they're acting weird.”

“Yeah, but if they *know* there's a body switching machine out there you would at least have to think to be suspicious,” Robbie replied.

“Do you think Ellie, Mindy and Nina were suspicious? Dropping out and disappearing off to who-

knows-where?"

Robbie just shrugged, but it certainly made me suspicious. Ellie, Mindy and Nina were part of our group of friends. Smart women. We hung out a lot. And then about a week and a half ago they just stopped answering their phones. We went by Nina's apartment and her roommate said something about her going off with some druggie. At the time it was a real wakeup call because we thought maybe they'd been doing drugs to cope with the academic stress. But what if it wasn't *them* that had gone off with the druggie but, rather, someone inside them?

As I was considering all this, Dane leaned my chin on my hand and stared at Robbie. It wasn't a glare though, or even fear. It was a look of...desire?

"I don't know," Mindy said, "People act strange all the time for many reasons. I mean, look at Melanie."

Melanie shifted from one foot to the other as we all stared at her.

"What?" She asked.

Mindy smiled. "Just saying you look nervous. You okay, Melanie?"

Melanie scowled as everyone turned to look at her. "Fine."

My body shot Melanie a look, which she ignored.

"Come on then," Mindy said, glancing at the time on her phone. "Let's get to class."

We all headed through campus in a group. Melanie slumped after us, refusing any attempts at conversation. Isabelle fell into step beside me, Robbie slightly in front. He brought the conversation back to the body switching machine, musing over the consequences of the invention for the world. He just wouldn't let it go.

"I mean, take that bank robbery yesterday for instance," he said.

My mouth went dry. "What do you mean?" Dane asked.

"Well, let's say you could switch bodies. You'd rob the bank and then jump into someone who had nothing to do with the crime. Who would ever know? You could do the same with assassinations. Take the place of a world leader. This would be massive."

"Yeah." My voice mumbled. "But what kind of tough bank robber would want to become a woman?"

Robbie raised an eyebrow. "You could be anyone. You wouldn't *have* to be a woman."

"Yeah. I know. But, you know..." My voice trailed off. Dane wasn't a quick thinker.

"Maybe *you're* a bank robber," Robbie laughed.

"Heh. Yeah. Ha!" Dane laughed a little too forcibly.

*God, Robbie, I thought, You don't even know.*

We arrived at the white columned building that held our history class. Melanie paused at the bottom of the steps and my head swung to look back at her. She looked up at me and I came back down to her side.

"I can't do this shit. I'm getting the fuck out of here."

"Brody," Dane hissed. "You have to."

She narrowed her eyes. "The hell I do. TJ and his plans can go fuck himself."

He stormed off. Dane turned me to find Robbie waiting at the top of the steps. My mouth twisted into a smile and Dane hurried my legs up the steps towards him.

"What's wrong with Melanie?" He asked.

"She's on the rag," I said, linking arms with Robbie.

I think Robbie was too astonished at the way I was draping my body over him to question my awful choice of words. God, I was so embarrassed for myself.

We went in to the lecture hall and Dane took a seat beside Robbie. The lecture started but the man in my body instantly became bored, staring around the hall and fidgeting, occasionally looking over at Robbie and smiling a secret smile. Oh, shit, was Dane attracted to Robbie?

"You okay?" Robbie whispered.

"Fine. Why do you ask?"

He shrugged. "You're acting different."

"Different bad or different good?"

"I don't know."

"I just feel...nicer this morning. You're really worried about me." Dane gasped, the body thief coming to a realization I'd had months ago. "Do you like me?"

Robbie blushed crimson. "Let's focus on the lecture."

My lips curved into a smile and Dane made me snuggle up against Robbie, laying my head on his shoulder. Robbie froze. I begged Dane not to do what I dreaded he was going to, what my body was warming up for in preparation. Dane was too relaxed in my body. Too familiar with being a woman. And I had a sinking realization that he was ready to try out *everything*.

It was probably hard for Robbie to concentrate with my hands all over him. I clasped his fingers, stroking the back of his hand as my mind fumed. Robbie went stiff, unsure what to do with the new me. I hoped he could fight the temptation to do anything, but the man in my body was persistent. I slipped out of his grasp and lay my hand along Robbie's thigh beneath the tiny fold-out desk. No one else could see my fingers gently exploring his crotch, teasing the thickening bulge beneath me.

*Oh god no, no, no.* I begged futilely, even as my fingers continued plucking at his erection.

After an eternity, class ended and Robbie and I gathered up our things. He took his time, struggling to hide his hard-on. Dane twined my fingers through Robbie's fingers and led him back outside. He was speechless.

"Come on, Vinnie," Dane said. "Today seems like a day for new experiences."

"You mean, like, buying the day-old doughnuts at the bakery instead of the fresh ones?" He weakly attempted.

Humor was Robbie's way of coping with stress. It was endearing, and a big part of why I enjoyed spending time with him. My body laughed flirtatiously. By now we'd neared the small wooded area on the outskirts of campus. The world spun as my head looked around, and then I nudged Robbie into the copse of trees. The woods were thick and we were soon hidden from view of the campus.

"What are we doing?" Robbie asked.

“Something we both want, hopefully,” Dane purred.

The dry leaves crunched as Dane dropped my body to my knees in front of Robbie. I shot Robbie a wide smile as my fingers scrabbled for the zipper of his jeans. My hands pulled his pants down his legs, followed by his underwear. His cock sprang out in front of me, half hard already.

“Ooh, Robbie, is this for me?” I cooed, acting like a brainless slut. I was embarrassed as hell and...and...surprisingly horny.

Robbie was speechless as Dane made me grab his dick. It was so warm beneath my fingers. Dane used my hand to stroke Robbie's cock up and down slowly. Robbie stared down at me, his mouth open in utter awe, his dark eyes wide with want and wonder. All hopes of him stopping this were gone. I couldn't prevent my fingers from moving up and down my friend's shaft. My eyes focused on the head of his cock. My lips moved closer. I willed myself to stop, but to no avail as my tongue snaked out and licked the tip of his cockhead.

He shuddered beneath my hand and I giggled, looking up at him with my big brown eyes. Dane forced me to maintain eye contact with Robbie as I opened my mouth once more and guided him in between my lips. Only when Robbie's shaft was moving across my tongue did I close my eyes and moan, taking him in deeper. The man in my body had clearly done this before and he clearly enjoyed the taste of dick in a way I did not. My tongue moved across the underside of the shaft, undulating softly, sucking and releasing, lips gliding up and down. All the while Robbie moaned above me.

My lips came off his cock with a wet pop. A glistening strand of pre-cum connected my lips to Robbie's dick. My tongue flicked out and licked it off. The tangy taste of him filled my mouth and I cooed again. I was so ashamed at how slutty I was acting and I hoped Robbie would forgive me. He didn't seem to mind as I took him back in between my soft lips and sucked his dick some more. I grabbed the bottom of his shaft with one hand, using it to help my lips, jerking him off into my mouth, spreading my slick saliva up and down his shaft. Robbie was rock hard inside me, filling my mouth with his tang.

I drove down and held him there, undulating my tongue against his shaft, sucking and releasing, surrounding him with my warmth as he moaned above me. He throbbed once in my mouth and my tongue was flooded with the salty taste of him. I gulped it down and moved my lips and tongue faster, sensing him on the edge.

“Fuck, I'm going to cum,” he groaned.

My lips drove down as far as I could, until the head of his cock poked against the back of my throat and my nose was pressed into his pubic hair. I was so full of him. His cock was all I could taste, all I could smell. My mouth was open so wide, taking him all in. Robbie's whole cock trembled, and then spasmed, shooting hot cum down my throat. The salty essence filled my mouth and I swallowed greedily. I wanted to gag, but Dane forced me to swallow it all, so I did. I drank down every burst of his jizz, keeping my lips locked around Robbie's dick until he was empty. I sucked him clean and pulled him out from my mouth with a wet pop, then kissed the head of his dick and released him.

I stood, aware that my panties were moist. God, the thief was enjoying this. I dreaded to think how far he would go with my friend. Would he take my virginity? How would I be able to look Robbie in the eye after I got my body back?

*If* I got my body back. Now that was a terrifying thought.

Robbie was tongue tied, unsure how to react. I kissed him on his cheek and set off back out of the woods.



"Hey," he called after me. I turned to him, blinking slowly. He gulped. "Um...so...um...are we still on for the study session at your place tonight?"

"Sure!" I chirped. He *was* cute when he was tongue tied.

I returned to my house without further incident. My dad was already home. Obviously Dane didn't know it was unusual for dad to be home so early, but it made me wonder what TJ had forced my dad to do. Dad nodded at me from the couch.

"How was everything?" He asked, a hard tone in his voice from TJ.

"Nothing unusual," Dane replied as my finger came up to wipe the side of my lips.

"That's what I like to hear. You go to your class? Do all that bullshit?"

"Yes. You?"

"Of course. No one question you about anything?"

"Well...there was this one kid. Robbie. He was obsessed with that military thing you stole. He accused me of robbing the bank yesterday but in a joking way."

Dad stroked his chin. "We got a problem?"

"No. Don't worry. I'll make sure he's happy and distracted." I winked.

I did not like the sound of that.

I jogged upstairs and tossed my backpack onto the floor in my room. Standing in front of the mirror I looked myself up and down, that familiar burst of warmth already coming back to me.

*No. No.* I begged as my lips spread into a lascivious grin at myself in the mirror and my hands unbuttoned my top. I spread the top apart, revealing my white bra, the only thing hiding my gentle breasts from Dane's prying eyes. But even that wouldn't last long. I started to slide one arm out of my top but paused when I heard yelling from downstairs. It sounded like my dad. Clutching my top closed, I hurried back downstairs.

My jaw dropped at the sight that greeted me.

"Holy shit," Dane made me say.

And for once I agreed with him.

## Ken

The thought of grown men being inside the bodies of my wife and daughters, doing who-knows-what to them was almost too much to bear. I had it relatively easy, which made me feel that much guiltier. So far I'd just been subjected to hearing my own voice grumbling about my squishy dad body and tiny dick. But it made me sick as my eyes were forced to roam up and down my daughters' bodies. Fortunately, they went to school without incident.

The thief in my body—TJ, the apparent leader of the gang—had found my work details and gotten dressed in one of my usual outfits, but he didn't appear in any hurry to get to the office. He lolled about downstairs haranguing the others to act normal. After Tiffany and Melanie left for school and Kristen left for her job, TJ drove my car downtown to a seedy apartment building. Despite his own admonitions to the others, this was certainly not my 'normal'. He parked behind a battered car that was up on blocks, the wheels missing. Getting out, he ran a gauntlet of homeless people and piles of garbage as he made me head towards one of the nearby apartment buildings. It was a squat, brutalist structure covered in graffiti.

The lights in the lobby buzzed on and off. My body climbed the stairs without hesitation. Everyone I passed looked old and used. This was not the kind of place I would ever go, and I wondered what TJ was here for. At the second floor, a junkie moved towards me but TJ scowled and the junkie thought better of approaching. The third-floor smelled damp. I knocked on one of the doors and a few seconds later it was cracked open, the chain still on, as a young woman peeked out.

She looked totally incongruous from the rest of the occupants of the building. A beautiful Asian woman with a wide, unblemished face and intense brown eyes. She looked to be about my daughters' age, and just as innocent. Her jaw was set in grim determination.

“Who the fuck are you?” She spat.

“Hey, Trixie. I'm TJ. There's been a slight change of plans.”

Her eyes widened. “TJ? Prove it.”

“Jesus fucking Christ.” I said, running a hand through my thinning hair. “Isn't it enough that I know who you really are? How's the new body treating you? You going by Ellie now or still using your old name?”

She smiled. “Holy shit.”

She slammed the door. There was the sound of the chain sliding back and then she opened it wide. The dumpy apartment smelled like stale cigarettes and burning rubber. Draped on a torn leather couch were two other college aged women, looking just as out of place as the one who'd opened the door for me.

One was a petite Asian with long black hair, a little mole on the side of her nose functioning as a beauty mark that added to her cuteness. She was wearing only a stained bra and panties. Beside her was a slender auburn-haired beauty with delicate features, her body clad in a loose blouse and skirt. They both appeared tired and strung out, with dark circles under their eyes. The brunette held a

cigarette between dainty fingers. I realized that, like me, they must be possessed.

The other woman, Trixie-inside-Ellie, closed the door behind me and looked me up and down. Now that I was in I could see she was wearing tight black jogging pants and a hoodie with nothing underneath, the zipper pulled down just above the swell of her naked breasts.

“You're an old man!” She laughed.

I was on her in an instant, the man in my body surprising us both as he grabbed Trixie by the neck and pushed her up against the door. She let out a yelp of surprise, trying to fight me off as she stared at me with wide eyes. My lips curled into a grin and I brought my face close to hers.

“And you're still mine,” I said.

I kissed her forcibly, thrusting my lips against hers. She opened her mouth and I snaked my tongue in, sliding around the contours of her teeth and tongue. When I pulled away I bit her lower lip, releasing only when she squeaked in pain. The look of terror in her face was still there, but with added undertones of desire. I felt my dick throb once. Oh, god, what was this man going to make me do?

“Don't you fucking forget it.” I released her and she rubbed her neck.

“Ow, this body's a lot more sensitive now,” she whimpered.

The brunette spoke up from the couch. “So what happened to you, TJ?”

“Ed fucked up our getaway. We didn't make it to Al and the others, so we had to use the cube on this fucking Chinese family. We're staying like this until the heat dies down.”

“You've got like a hot dad thing going on,” the Asian spoke up from the couch. She shifted, spreading her legs so I could see the dark outlines of the black hair beneath her sheer panties. I leered at her, unashamed but sick at myself.

“You should see the others. They're stuck as chicks,” I laughed.

The girls chuckled at that. Trixie draped her stolen young body protectively over me from the side. My arm slid behind her, beneath the hoodie and up against the small of her back. I could only imagine what the junkies who inhabited these young bodies really looked like. Based on the state of them and the apartment, I guessed that they were rapidly burning up their new bodies with drugs as well. Was this my future?

“Any problems so far with those bodies?” My voice asked.

The brunette shrugged. “Sometimes when I'm really high I can almost feel the bitch in my head sort of talk to me and take back control and I'm all--” She slapped her head. “-shut up bitch! You get that, Missy?”

The Asian on the couch nodded. “Same, Val. I don't know if they're paying attention or whatever any other time. But I definitely felt my arm...move...or whatever.” This last sentence was slurred as she seemed to lose concentration while she was talking.

“Maybe stop shooting up.” I said.

“Maybe don't use us as guinea pigs,” Trixie huffed.

So. TJ must have forced his strung-out junkie girlfriend and her friends to test out the cube before the robbery. These other women were also trapped in their heads, same as I was. I imagined their horror at the way their bodies were being used. The wreckage of cigarette butts and needles strung out on the floor was a testament to what they'd been up to. I wondered who the bodies really

belonged to. Nice, clean women from good backgrounds, suddenly forced into a dirty, disgusting existence. Kidnapped? Convinced everyone they just walked away from their lives?

There was a flash of anger through my body at Trixie's remark. TJ slammed her back up against the door with a strength I didn't know I possessed. My hand was around her neck again, pressed harder this time. She wriggled but I held tight, her eyes going wide in terror. My cock was hard. TJ liked throwing this woman around. He was getting off on it.

"Maybe you should be grateful that this Ellie bitch you're inside of isn't yet a strung-out junkie."

"Fuck you." She spat.

I grinned and shoved my lips against hers again. She struggled even as she opened her mouth and welcomed my tongue back inside. TJ forced my body against hers, my other hand snaking in between her legs to land on her heat. I grabbed her pussy, felt her rise up on tiptoes against the door to try to escape my grip. These two seemed like they were into the act, because Trixie didn't struggle as much as she could have beneath me. Instead, she clutched at my chest and whimpered in desire as my fingers sank into her moistening pussy. When I pulled away her mouth was open, her eyes full of longing.

I turned to the other two on the couch. "You want to give us some fucking privacy?"

They mumbled protests as they dragged themselves off the couch and into a room at the back. I'd never had sex with anyone other than Kristen. I was faithful. I tried to stop myself, but today I was just along for the ride, along with Ellie, the woman whose body Trixie controlled. I wanted to apologize to the poor young woman, but instead I threw myself at her.

I was forced to yank down the zipper on Trixie's hoodie and grab both of Ellie's tits. They filled my hands, warm and with a firmness I enjoyed even as I hated how I was being made to take her. The physical wonder of her body was undeniable. Her own hands grappled with my zipper, reaching down into my pants to grab my dick and stroke. I squeezed her tits hard, fingers digging painfully into her skin. She wriggled beneath me, squealing in pain now as I continued thrusting my tongue into her mouth. I was made to pinch and prod at her nipples until they stood up beneath my fingers. I plucked them up, twisting slightly, torturing the poor girl as she pressed herself against me.

I didn't want Ellie. I hoped she understood this wasn't me. I didn't want to do any of this even as my hands kept up their assault on her tits.

Her hands slid up and down my shaft. I was rock hard despite my own nausea at what TJ was forcing me to do. Trixie's fingers expertly stroked my cock, sliding up and down as I smacked her tits, torturing her body into submission. I pulled away and spun her around before yanking her pants down around her ankles. Her fat, round butt stuck out as I held her head against the door, her face pressed up against the wood. TJ was a beast, taking pleasure in the pain he was causing. And Trixie enjoyed it. I could only wonder what Ellie was thinking about what was happening to her own body.

The rougher TJ was the more she wanted it. My other hand slid between her legs. She was wet already. I lubricated my hand on her juices, thrusting up fast and forcibly. She moaned, her breath growing faster. I spread her juices along my cock, gripped my dick, and shoved into her. She cried out in mingled pleasure and pain. Still holding her against the door with one hand, I grabbed her smooth ass cheek with the other and thrust deep inside her tight wet hole. Despite myself she felt so good. Tight and welcoming.

I couldn't stop myself from fucking Ellie, fast and hard. Despite my discomfort she felt perfect, my cock fitting her pussy like a glove. TJ's pleasure became mine, and I thrust hard, my groin slapping against her while her cries rose in pitch. She was so wet, so warm, so tight and young. I couldn't help comparing her to my wife and was ashamed to find that I actually enjoyed her young pussy, enjoyed her body bending beneath me, the sight of her arched ass, her unblemished skin, her tight

wetness. What desire was mine and what was TJ's I didn't know, but we both wanted to fuck her.

I grunted, my eyes locked on that wiggling ass. It bounced up and down, the waves traveling across the plump skin as I squeezed harder. My dick appeared and disappeared inside her, slick with her moisture. The wet sound of her as I pumped into her cunt made me explode.

I came suddenly and hard, cock throbbing as I groaned. She cried out, her pussy quivering around my dick while I squirted into her. Gritting my teeth I emptied myself inside her tight canal, slamming deep until I was done.

I released her and pulled back. She turned around and I grabbed her by the hair and shoved her to the ground. "Clean me off," I growled.

She took my dick in her mouth and sucked on it, closing her eyes in apparent ecstasy as she swallowed our mingled juices. When she was done she smiled up at me and wiped her mouth.

"Not bad for an old guy," she purred.

I was disgusted with myself but had no way of apologizing to the young woman Trixie controlled. I was made to pull up my pants and collapse on to the couch. I'd never so much as touched a cigarette, but I found my hands picking up a baggie of weed from the table and rolling a joint. Trixie dressed and let the other women out of the room. They joined us, lounging around on the floor as we passed the joint around. Trixie sat on the couch, her legs on my lap. I rested my hand on her bare breast beneath the hoodie. She smiled up at me as I played with her tits.

These women were just as trapped as I was. Was this my future? These criminals doing whatever they wanted? Ruining my life as I sat helpless in my body?

After a few puffs on the joint the room became pleasantly fuzzy. My hand was still on Ellie's stolen breast. I felt like a cheater, despite the fact that it wasn't me in charge. I willed my hand to move away from her breast and felt my fingers lift up slightly. My eyes swung over to look at my hand.

"Hmm," TJ muttered.

He wiggled my fingers and forced my hand back down to the woman's bare skin. Whatever control I had was lost. But I had some hope. It seemed the drugs loosened TJ's hold on my mind. Maybe if he did enough I could get free.

I didn't find out if that would work or not that afternoon. The other Asian and the brunette shot up something through a needle and lolled about on the floor. They flopped about occasionally, though whether that was the drugs or the people in their bodies fighting for control I couldn't say. TJ didn't do anything other than smoke. The high from that wasn't enough for me to gain control, though I tried throughout the entire day that he hung out in the room. I could wiggle a finger, sometimes even moved his hand when he was close to sleep. But he easily took hold again and he almost seemed to be toying with me.

The women tried to argue TJ into bringing them back to my place, but he demurred, insisting it was better to act normal so no one got suspicious. This, despite the fact that he spent all day with a bunch of junkies instead of going to work.

I did find out the names of the two bodies Val and Missy had stolen. They were Nina and Charlotte from the nearby college. I wondered if my daughters knew them.

Finally, late in the day, I found my body heaving itself to its feet. I gave Trixie a last kiss. She tasted like cigarettes and stale beer.

Kristen was home by the time I arrived. She was out on the back deck, sunbathing topless, her bare breasts flopping down her armpits.



“The fuck are you doing?” I asked, sliding open the glass door. “Is this supposed to be normal?”

She sat up and quickly fumbled for her top. “Just having some fun. Jeez, TJ.”

“Get inside before the neighbors see you,” I said, scouting out the few windows I could see from my vantage point. She covered herself and hurried inside.

I was in the living room when Tiffany came home, looking flustered.

“How was everything?” I asked.

“Nothing unusual,” she replied. I dearly wanted to ask what was on her mind. What had she been forced to do today?

“That's what I like to hear. You go to your class? Do all that bullshit?” I asked.

“Yes. You?”

“Of course.” TJ lied. “No one question you about anything?”

“Well...there was this one kid. Robbie. He was obsessed with that military thing you stole. He accused me of robbing the bank yesterday but in a joking way.”

Dad stroked his chin. “We got a problem?”

“No. Don't worry. I'll make sure he's happy and distracted.” I winked.

TJ grunted but let it drop. She went upstairs and my eyes lingered on her ass. A few minutes after that I heard the front door open again. Melanie came around the corner. My eyes moved up, saw her appearance, and TJ exploded.

“The fuck did you do?” TJ shouted, jumping up and stalking towards her..

“Whatever the fuck I wanted,” Melanie yelled back. “You stick me with all this girly shit and expect me to just be cool?”

Tiffany and Kristen joined us downstairs. Tiffany was holding her top closed, Kristen was dressed only in a silk robe, her cheeks flushed.

“Holy shit,” Tiffany gasped.

My thoughts exactly. TJ took a breath, about to unload on Melanie, when there was a loud knock from the front door. Everyone froze. I hoped it was someone here to save us all.

## Melanie

It was so totally unfair the way the guy in my body did not care at all about making me look good. I hadn't expected makeup but he'd left my hair in tangles. I was definitely thankful that he had zero interest in looking at my body, so at least there was that. I'd heard noises from mom's room yesterday that had made me ill. But still, not even some lipstick?

The guy inside me—Brody, I figured out his name was—*hated* being female. He complained about my hair—my hair!—and dressed me like some homeless colorblind...idiot.

On campus, my body stood behind Robbie and the others, arms crossed, while they talked about the body switching machine that had been on the news. I was like, oh my god, they're sooo close to figuring it out. If only I could just, ya know, talk or move or something.

Brody tried to play down the idea of body switching machines, scoffing at the idea when asked. But it only brought attention to us.

“You okay, Melanie?” Mindy asked.

I felt my face draw into a scowl as my friends turned to look. “Fine,” I mumbled.

Tiffany glared at me but Brody had no intention of acting girly. I couldn't help but notice that the guy in Tiffany's body loved it. I was kind of jealous at how feminine he'd made my studious younger sister. When we all walked to class Mindy stayed beside me.

“Seriously, Melanie, everything all right?” Mindy asked.

She was a shy girl, with a habit of playing with her headscarf and avoiding people's eyes. But she was clever.

“Fine. Why do you keep asking?”

“It's just...usually you're so put together but...you haven't done your makeup. And your hair is tangled. You're my friend and I just want to make sure you're okay.”

“Just...didn't sleep. I'm grumpy.”

“Ok,” Mindy said, in a way that suggested it really was not.

My body tumbled along with the group, yanking on my hair and swearing. Brody *really* did not like being a woman. Brody paused my body at the foot of the steps leading to class.

“I can't do this shit. I'm getting the fuck out of here.” Brody said to Tiffany, who was just ahead of me.

“Brody,” Tiffany hissed. “You have to.”

My eyes narrowed. “The hell I do. TJ and his plans can go fuck himself.”

I strutted off and Tiffany didn't try to stop me. I totally did not like where this was going. I found myself entering a drugstore and buying an electric razor. My hands ripped open the packaging as I

walked back to the restrooms. Stepping in front of the mirror, I was greeted with my gorgeous image. Soft face. Plump lips. Flowing golden locks. Smart and cute. I had it all. But I'd lost it.

I cried inside, trying in vain to take control of my hands as Brody switched the razor on and ran it back and forth over my head in rows. My long, silky hair fell in piles in the sink. When I was done there was little more than fuzz across my entire head. I looked tragic. Did he even know how long my hair care routine was?

"Much better," my voice said. My head turned left and right as I was forced to peer at my face. "Still look fucking soft, though."

I tossed the razor into the trash as I left. There wasn't much time to mourn the loss of my hair, because the next thing I knew I was walking into a tattoo shop behind the main drag of town. The shop was dingy and dark. The walls were covered with art, none of which I wanted anywhere near my skin. Snakes and dragons. Yuck. The tattoo artist was a skinny guy who had tattoos across his whole body except for his face.

"Make me look like a badass bitch," I growled, taking a seat on the chair.

The guy gave me some options. I was horrified to find myself choosing a black and green snake to curl around one eye and across half my forehead. My body sat back in the chair, gripping the armrests. My horror rose as the tattooist got his tools together. I railed against Brody but my finger didn't so much as quiver. There was no stopping this. The buzz of the needle and then screaming pain. I gritted my teeth and grabbed down on the armchair. My beautiful face. It was torture being unable to move. But my body didn't utter a sound as Brody ruined me.

It seemed to go on forever. When the needle finally stopped, the tattooist raised up the chair and swiveled me around to face the mirror. The tattoo was huge, covering nearly a quarter of my previously unblemished face. There was no way to hide this. How would I ever get a job? What would people think? My lips curved into a grin.

"You do piercings?" I asked. My stomach dropped further.

"Yeah. Where do you want it?"

"You start and I'll tell you where to stop."

I walked out of the shop with pain spiking through my body and a face full of metal. Four piercings in one ear, two in the other. Plus a nose stud, an eyebrow ring and both nipples. I looked like one of those godawful emos.

But my torture wasn't over. Brody used my credit card to draw out five hundred dollars cash. Then he walked over to the grocery store and scouted out the parking lot. He made me search beneath the top of the wheel space of a bunch of cars, not sure what I was looking for until I found a spare key above the back tire of a red sports car.

I stole the car, peeling out of the lot and driving to a strip club. The bouncer looked at me oddly but let me in when I flashed my school ID. I walked right up to a pretty Black woman. She was taller than me, with amazing legs and an incredible ass. Topless, of course, with perky breasts that rose to sharp peaks. I grabbed her ass and flashed my wad of cash.

"I really need to eat some pussy," I said, leering at her.

Oh gross, gross, gross.

I found myself following the woman into a private room at the back. She sat on the velvet couch and I got right to work. I pawed at her breasts, grabbing and stroking her tits. She had beautiful breasts, ripe and firm, with wide brown areolae. I was a little jealous, and I had plenty of time to

investigate them as my mouth was forced down on to them. I suckled on her skin, the bright taste of her perfume filling my mouth.

I kissed and suckled my way across the warm, smooth expanse of her tits. My hands were greedy for them. I squeezed and shaped them into mounds that I buried my head between. Brody was a breast man, and I was surrounded. His pleasure became mine and soon I yearned to take her tits into my mouth as much as Brody. I was eager for her, whimpering as I kissed the beautiful tits beneath me. I'd hardly even masturbated before, so this was totally new to me. I wondered if the only thing stopping Brody from doing the same to *my* breasts was his fear of being a woman.

"You kiss like a man," the stripper laughed.

I looked up at her from between her breasts and grinned. That's what Brody wanted to hear. To feel like a man. He redoubled his efforts and I found myself groping her tits even more, sucking on as much tit as I could get in my mouth. Now I *was* wet, my own body warming with the stripper's. With mounting horror my body kissed its way down her tummy to land between her legs. I breathed deeply, inhaling the musk of her pussy. I was revolted but Brody was turned on, bringing my body with him. My panties were soaking. I could feel the wetness every time I moved. I dived between the stripper's legs, kissing up and down her well-groomed entrance.

The black pubic hair was rough beneath my lips. My tongue slid inside, pressing into her velvet folds. The slight saltiness of her pussy hit my tongue. Instead of gagging I pressed in deeper, burying my lips inside her until she surrounded me. She put her hand on my head and moaned. Her scent filled my nostrils, deep and musky. It drove Brody even more wild.

I pulled away slightly, parted her pussy with my fingers and stared into her pink folds, which were set off beautifully against her dark skin.

*Stop. Please stop.* I begged, even as my face buried itself within her once again, kissing and sucking, my tongue gliding inside her warmth.

My traitorous body was getting so damn horny and I felt Brody slide one of my hands down my pants to land on my own pussy.

Oh, gross.

Then my fingers were *inside* me. I twisted through my wetness, dripping down my hand as I fingered myself deep and slow. My tongue continued working its pleasure on the stripper's pussy. I wanted to pull away, to run, but I also wanted to cum. I was so fucking horny. My fingers landed on my clit and I moaned into the stripper's pussy.

My fingers slid in and out of me, faster and harder, circling my clit. I had to hand it to Brody, he knew just how to please a woman. I stayed on my clit, circling in time with the warm pulsing of my body. The stripper moaned above me and I thrust deep inside, taking long, loving licks of her muskiness.

My orgasm, when it came, was surprising and sudden. My body tensed, fingers pausing as I quivered around them. My pussy clenched as my face plunged deep into her warm wetness. My face was coated with stripper juices. I wanted to gag even as I came hard, moaning inside her.

She grabbed my head harder and sat up. I heard her cry out as my tongue pressed up against what must have been her clit. I couldn't tell which folds were which, but Brody apparently could. He pressed on her clit as she cooed above him. My fingers were still inside myself and I stroked, urging the last of the burning warmth through me as she cried out and convulsed happily around my head.

When we were both done I stood and wiped my mouth. God, I could still smell her on my face. Disgusting. Even worse when Brody brought my own hand to my lips and forced me to suck on my

fingers. Oh, god, I was licking off my own pussy juice and loving it.

Brody left soon after. I dreaded to think about the rest of my life. What if Brody never left my body? I'd be forced to watch him ruin my life. To do whatever he wanted to my body without a care.

When I walked in through the front door of my house, my dad was in the living room. He saw my appearance—buzzed hair, piercings everywhere, face tattoo—and exploded.

“The fuck did you do?” Dad shouted, standing and coming towards me.

“Whatever the fuck I wanted,” My voice yelled back. “You stick me with all this girly shit and expect me to just be cool?”

My mom and Tiffany both in various stages of undress, ran down the stairs and stared at me.

“Holy shit,” Tiffany gasped.

My thoughts exactly.

Dad opened his mouth to yell some more but was interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

## Kristen

My poor beautiful daughter. The man had ruined her. I thought I'd had it bad, with Ed in my body unable to keep his hands of my breasts all day. But Melanie had it a thousand times worse. Her beautiful hair was gone, her lovely face permanently ruined. Damn Ed for making me laugh at Melanie's appearance. The knock on the door interrupted everything.

"Go upstairs," Ken hissed to Melanie.

She smiled smugly, moving deliberately slowly. When she was out of sight Ken opened the door. Two police officers stood on the stoop. A man and a woman.

"Hi, are you Ken Nguyen?" The woman asked.

"Yes, that's me. What's going on?" Ken asked.

I shoed Tiffany away and went downstairs to stand behind Ken.

"We understand you may have been near a robbery yesterday and we just wanted to ask you some questions. Can we come in?"

Ken hesitated. Maybe considering what someone with no experience with police would do to show trustworthiness. Then he threw open the door and invited them inside. They questioned us about what we'd seen yesterday. Apparently a security camera had caught our car driving past the alley that the robbers had careened down. TJ and Ed lied, telling the cops that the car was abandoned by the time we drove past. Ed was a terrible actor, making me act like a little old lady, wringing my hands and saying 'oh dear' several times. I saw Tiffany poke her head out from around the top of the stairs to listen.

After a few minutes the police thanked us and we escorted them to the door. Ken opened it just as a group of Tiffany's friends was coming up the walkway. They'd come over to study before. Robbie, Mindy and Isabelle. They nodded shyly to the police as they passed.

"Everything okay?" Isabelle asked.

"Fine. Fine. Who are you? What do you want?"

"Uh," Robbie said, "Tiffany told us to come over for a study session. Is this a bad time?"

"Yes," Ken said, the time as I said, "No."

"This is normal," Ed made me pointedly say to Ken.

Ken forced a smile. "Of course, come on in." He turned and yelled up the stairs. "Tiffany!"

She bounded down looking cheerful, almost like she was really my daughter and not some stranger moving her around. Except the top button of her yellow top hung undone. That man in her body really was too at home in her.

I saw a look pass between her and Robbie. Shyness? TJ-in-Ken, standing behind the group by the

door, looked on edge. I worried what he would do if we were ever found out. Would he use our bodies as hostages? He seemed brutal and unstable. It was a bad combination even before the mix of fear.

I heard Robbie ask Tiffany why the police were outside.

“Something about that bank robbery yesterday,” she said, acting carefully carefree.

Melanie came down the stairs and Robbie, Mindy and Isabelle gaped at her. Mindy's hand came to her lips.

“Melanie!” She gasped.

Melanie glowered at all of them and passed through to the kitchen without a word.

“What happened to her?” Isabelle asked.

“Mid-life crisis.” Tiffany attempted a joke.

“She's a completely different person in just one day,” Mindy said.

Robbie looked from where Melanie had disappeared, to me, then to Tiffany, a dawning realization in his eyes. He took a step backwards towards the door.

“W-we can come back later. Come on.” He grabbed Mindy and Isabelle by the shoulders.

“What's wrong, Vinnie?” Tiffany asked.

“N-nothing. We're going.”

Ken stepped in front of the door. “You just got here.”

Robbie gulped, then raised himself up. He was taller than Ken, and was attempting to be threatening.

“You're not Tiffany's dad are you?”

Tiffany faked a laugh and tried to grab onto Robbie. “Of course he is, silly.”

Robbie shrugged her off and advanced towards Ken at the door.

“We're going.”

Ken rubbed his forehead and reached behind his back, withdrawing a gun which he pointed at the group of three.

“Goddammit, kid. Now we have to figure out what the fuck to do with you.”

*To be continued...*

###

**Thank you!**

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

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

Thanks!

M



## Also by M. Wills

Visit [www.bodyswapfiction.com](http://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:

### **Homecoming**

*The school bully has possessed his stepmom's body and is out for revenge.*

### **Never Gonna Give You Up**

*A woman who can switch her mind into other bodies uses her ability to stalk her ex's new girlfriend and steal her life.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 7**

*Six previously published erotic body switching stories by bestselling author M. Wills.*

### **Out of His Mind**

*A man's mind gets stuck in the body of his alluring co-worker and he slowly gains control, changing her life to fit his desires.*

### **Change of Plans**

*Two young women think that their change in lifestyle is their own choice, unaware that they're being possessed by two homeless men out to explore new lives.*

### **Terms and Conditions**

*Two teens find a website that lets them create their ideal women from the best parts of all their classmates, only to discover themselves gradually transforming into those women.*

### **The Next Step**

*It's time for Natalie to move on from her life and swap bodies with her teenage granddaughter.*

### **Girl on Girl**

*Six previously published stories featuring women swapping bodies with other women.*

### **All Dressed Up**

*A magic ray gun allows a young man to take over his mom's body and try out her life.*

### **Take Her for a Spin**

*A woman is being possessed by her coworkers, but she thinks every unusual, sensual action is her own decision.*

### **Fiancee in Law**

*An old man gets a second chance to make up for the regrets in his life when he accidentally swaps*

*bodies with his son's gorgeous fiancée.*

### **Give it Up**

*Dan offered to help out the beautiful college girl next door; unaware that she would take him up on that offer by swapping their bodies.*

### **Let Me Stay**

*Shane is Will's best friend. Shane's wife, Alicia, is Will's worst enemy, an entitled brat who doesn't realize how lucky she has it. After chancing upon a magical being who grants Will a body swapping spell, he takes over Alicia's life, vowing to be a better wife and lover -- and just all around person -- than Alicia ever was.*

***And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.***