



HEIST

Part Two

**MtF BODY
POSSESSION**

MWILLS



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Heist (Part Two)

Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Ken

Please don't make me shoot anyone, I begged silently in my head as TJ used the gun in my hand to motion Robbie, Isabelle and Mindy back up against the wall. Robbie had figured out that bank robbers had possessed the bodies of me and my family using a stolen military device and now TJ—in my body—couldn't let them just walk away.

“What’s happening?” Mindy asked, shocked, looking over at Tiffany and Melanie for an explanation.

Isabelle’s wide brown eyes were magnified further by her round glasses. She clutched Robbie, who stared at me cautiously.

“Who are you?” Robbie asked.

“Shut up,” I said.

Mindy covered her mouth, choking back a sob as the three of them cowered against the wall.

“What do we do with them?” Dane-in-Tiffany asked.

“Shut up, I’m thinking,” I said.

I chewed on my bottom lip, a bad habit TJ had. Then, the gun still trained on

Tiffany's friends, I turned to Brody-in-Melanie.

"We're going to use the device. We can't have these kids telling everyone about us. You're coming with me to keep an eye on them because apparently you're still my muscle and I can't trust you not to be fucking normal!" My voice rose to a shout.

"Being a chick wasn't part of the plan," Melanie spat.

My poor, beautiful daughter. The criminal had shaved Melanie's head, tattooed half her face, and pierced her nose, her lip and her eyebrow. Together with the permanent scowl she looked every inch the criminal who inhabited her.

"Plans fucking change. Come on, we can argue after we take care of these three."

I peeked out the window, scanning for the cops, then turned back to the room.

"Here's what's going to happen," I continued. "Brody, you go get the device. It's behind the chair in the living room." Melanie nodded and left to fetch it. I turned back to Robbie, Isabelle and Mindy. "You three are coming with me. Do what I say and you won't get hurt."

Mindy was sniffing now, on the verge of tears, but she managed to nod. Isabelle gripped her hand for comfort. I opened the door and grabbed Robbie's arm, stuffing the gun into my jacket. I poked Robbie with the barrel.

“You feel that?” I growled.

Robbie nodded.

“Don’t try to be a hero or you’re fucking dead. It will be a pain in the ass for me because I’ll have to find a new body. But it will be much worse for you and your friends. Now move.”

I pulled Robbie out the door, the other three in tow. Melanie followed with the device tucked under her arm. We forced Robbie and Isabelle into the back of the car with Melanie while Mindy sat up front with me. One hand still aiming the gun at Mindy, I drove off.

It was a familiar route, back down to the dingy neighborhood where TJ’s girlfriend lived. When we arrived, Melanie and I marched the trio back through the dirty streets and up to Trixie’s squalid apartment. I banged on the door.

“Open up, Trixie,” I hissed.

The bolt slid back and Trixie-in-Ellie appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were bloodshot. It looked like she’d been using again. I felt for the poor, innocent college woman that Trixie possessed. She seemed to have it even worse than me.

I forced my way inside and threw Robbie onto the couch, then ordered Mindy

and Isabelle to sit beside him. They looked around the room uneasily.

“Where are Rachel and Missy?” I asked Trixie.

“Passed out in their room, I guess,” Trixie yawned and scratched at her top so that one shoulder fell down to reveal a bare breast. Robbie gaped at her and she shrugged it back up with a little smile. “Who are these three?”

“Don’t worry about it. Go get the others. Now!”

“Alright, alright,” Trixie said.

She walked back down the hallway, scratching her butt. My eyes lingered on her ass as it swung back and forth beneath those tiny cutoffs, because apparently even when everything was going wrong TJ could still only think about sex.

I handed Melanie the gun and took the device, pushing the buttons and fiddling with the controls on the side. TJ evidently knew what he was doing because soon the screen flashed green with the words ‘Ready proximity switch’. I wished I could warn Tiffany’s friends about what was about to happen but, as it seemed, Robbie already knew.

“Is that the body switching device?” Robbie asked.

I glanced up at him. He was watching me intently. “Yeah, it is. You’re pretty clever. Just not clever enough to keep your mouth shut.”

“What are you doing with that thing?” Melanie asked, warily.

“Solving a problem.”

Trixie returned with Rachel-in-Nina and Missy-in-Charlotte in tow. They both looked the worse for wear. Dark circles under their eyes. Track marks up their arms. Their lithe young bodies were skinny and pale. I felt sorry for the girls inside as they had to watch their bodies be used and abused like that. I only hoped we could be freed soon.

“Nina? Charlotte?” Isabelle asked, looking from one to the other. “What are you doing here?”

“Who are you?” Nina replied.

She was glossy eyed and half-asleep. Isabelle’s eyes went wide and she put her hand over her mouth. Maybe now she understood what was about to happen.

I lined up the three women in front of the three hostages: Rachel-in-Nina in front of Robbie, Trixie-in-Ellie in front of Isabelle, and Missy-in-Charlotte in front of Mindy.

“What’s going on TJ, baby?” Trixie asked as she lined up.

“Little experiment,” I replied.

Trixie saw the device in my hand and she started to protest. “No fu—”

She was cut off as I pressed the button. There was a bright flash and Nina, Ellie and Charlotte disappeared, their clothes crumpling to the floor, empty.

“—cking way!” Isabelle exclaimed looking down at herself. “TJ, you asshole.”

Mindy pushed her shawl back over her head and grabbed handfuls of hair. “What is this? Who am I now?”

Robbie felt himself up, reaching down to squeeze his crotch before pulling his hand away. “Ew, I’ve got a dick,” he cried.

Isabelle jumped up and stormed towards me. She was much smaller even than Ellie had been and I towered over her. She was furious and she beat my chest with her tiny fists. I just laughed.

“You fucking switched us again.”

Still laughing, I grabbed her fists in each hand. She tried to pull away but I was too strong for her.

“Looks like it worked,” I said.

“Are there two other people in here with me?” Isabelle asked.

“I assume so,” I said. “How do you feel?”

She stopped struggling and I dropped her fists. She shook out her hands and looked down at herself, pushing her glasses up her nose.

“Fine, I guess,” she huffed.

I gently gripped her chin and made her look up at me. “Come on, Trixie babe, you know I’ll love you whoever’s body you’re in.”

I leaned down and kissed her. She hesitated, then kissed me back. She tasted of cherries and I felt my cock stir in my pants. I could only imagine what Isabelle was thinking, trapped in her own mind as she was forced to kiss her friend’s dad. I released her and patted her cheek, then turned to the others. By now Robbie had his hands down his pants and was squeezing experimentally, his brows scrunched in curiosity. Mindy had picked up a baggie of some sort of drug and was preparing it, but I smacked it out of her hands.

“Don’t start that shit again,” TJ warned. “You’ve been given a third chance with these pristine bodies. Don’t fuck this up. You just have to act like normal college students for a few weeks and then you can do whatever the fuck you want. Think you can manage that?”

“A few weeks?” Robbie screeched.

Isabelle stepped in first, now taking her boyfriend’s side. “That’s right. You get to be a guy for a few weeks. Fucking deal with it. TJ’s the boss. Ain’t that right, baby?”

“You know it.” I slapped her ass and she jumped.

“So we leaving them here or what?” Melanie asked.

I turned to Melanie. “We leave them here they’ll be back shooting up by this afternoon. Plus, I think you have six friends all of a sudden drop out and become druggies there might be suspicions. They’re coming with us.” I grabbed Isabelle’s ass and pulled her close, squeezing her against me. “Congrats, Trixie, you’re going to college.”

I turned back to the other two, who were still ogling themselves.

“Come on,” I said, “We’re all going to live like one big, happy family.”

“Ain’t that weird, all of us living together?” Melanie asked.

“Better than the alternative,” I replied, watching Robbie and Mindy pick themselves off the couch, still toying with their new bodies.

Isabelle

I sat on the couch clutching Robbie's hand as Melanie and her dad, Ken, kept an eye on us. Melanie's dad was so different, cruel and rude, ordering everyone else around. And Melanie, she looked so awful. Then, to my surprise, two more of my friends, Nina and Charlotte, came down the hallway lolloping like strung-out junkies.

"Nina? Charlotte? What are you doing here?" I asked.

They'd disappeared from classes about two weeks ago. Rumor was they'd dropped out and now I could see why.

"Who are you?" Nina replied, staring at me with no hint of recognition.

That's when I got really scared. The little cube in Ken's hand was the body switching machine and-- oh God! I froze in shock as the three girls lined up in front of us. Ellie stood in front of me. Only it wasn't really Ellie. It was some woman named Trixie in her body. Was Ellie still in there? Did she know what was happening to her?

"What's going on TJ, baby?" Ellie asked as she stood in front of me.

"Little experiment," Tiffany's dad—TJ—replied.

Trixie saw the device in TJ's hand and started to protest. "No fu—"

There was a bright flash and the girls disappeared.

"—cking way," I said. My lips did, anyway. I didn't make an effort to move them but someone was controlling me. Trixie was in my body. "TJ, you asshole," I said, looking down at myself.

Hello? Can you hear me? A voice spoke up in my head. I couldn't answer because I was still adjusting to the strangeness of someone else moving me. I jumped off the couch and swung my fists at Ken but he caught them in his solid grip.

"You fucking switched us again," I shouted.

"Looks like it worked," Ken laughed.

"Are there two other people in here with me?" I asked.

Isabelle?

<Ellie? Are you in here, too?>

Yes. It's me! Oh thank god someone can finally hear me. I've been going crazy.

It wasn't exactly like a conversation between us, it was more like our minds were melded. I could feel Ellie's anxiety, could "remember" what she'd been through over the last several weeks. It was almost as if we were a single person.

"I assume so," Melanie's dad said. "How do you feel?"

My body stopped moving and Melanie's dad released me. I shook out my hands and pushed my glasses up my nose.

"Fine, I guess," I huffed.

I've been trapped in my own body for two weeks. I've seen everything she's done to me. Ellie continued as images bubbled up from her thoughts to mine: long hours of drug induced hazes and little or no care for Ellie's safety.

Ken gently gripped my chin and forced my eyes up to his.

"Come on, Trixie babe, you know I'll love you whoever's body you're in."

He leaned down and kissed me. Super gross! I wanted to pull away, to push him,

fight, something! But I felt myself kissing back. Oh, god, they loved each other. How far would they go in our bodies? The thought of Melanie's dad crawling on top of me made me ill.

He released me and patted my cheek, then turned to address the others.

<It's that cube. We have to get hold of that somehow.> I thought, as my body continued hanging on Ken.

I've tried but I can only control myself when she's high.

Again, Ellie's thoughts were transmitted partly as dialogue and partly of a series of memories and feelings of her momentarily moving her own hand as her body lay nearly passed out on the filthy floor.

My concentration was knocked away as Melanie's dad slapped my ass, making me jump. Ken was really rough and it seemed Trixie liked that.

The five of us left the apartment and followed Ken to his car. There was a weird vertigo as my body moved without my command, my head swinging this way and that, a voice that was mine saying words I would never say. I couldn't imagine living like this for a day, much less two weeks like Ellie.

It was jarring. All my mannerisms were different. I twirled my hair around one finger and kept fiddling with my glasses as though I'd never worn them before. Even worse, as we drove Ken put his hand on my thigh and squeezed, his eyes

travelling up and down my body. I picked up his hand and kissed his fingers.

“Can’t wait to try out that sexy new body of yours,” he said.

“Mmm, me too,” I said.

<We’ve got to get our bodies back.>

We can’t. Ellie sobbed hopelessly, and I was filled with her despair.

We pulled up to a modest two-story house in the suburbs and Ken hurried us all inside. Tiffany and her mom, Kristen (now controlled by the criminal, Ed), were waiting for us. They didn’t look too happy to see us.

“Whoa, you’re bringing them back?” Kristen asked.

“Relax,” TJ said, “They won’t be causing any trouble. This is Trixie, Rachel and Missy.” He pointed to me, Robbie and Mindy in turn.

“Where’s everyone gonna sleep?” Kristen asked.

“Trix and I have the parent’s bedroom. You all can fight it out among yourselves. Come on, baby.”

My body clung to Ken as he led me upstairs. Ken's hands were all over me and we started kissing before we were even halfway down the hall.

Oh god, oh god, oh god, Ellie whimpered, both of us appalled.

Trixie kissed him back using my lips, and slipped my tongue into the older man's mouth. My hands grabbed at his chest and Ken sucked on my tongue, pulling it into his mouth until it hurt. He bit my lower lip and I pulled away. He pushed me through the bedroom door and turned to lock it, laughing. I wiped my lip with a finger and it came away with blood. I felt my lips curl into a smile.

"You still like it rough, Trix?" Ken asked.

I nodded and wrapped myself around him. His hands were fierce, squeezing my ass and gliding up my waist to my tits. My body sank into him, kissing as I explored him with my hands. He yanked my top down and fought with my bra for a second before pushing me away.

"Get naked," he growled.

I obliged, and soon I was standing naked in front of him. He leered at me.

"Give me a little show."

I pouted for him and stuck my hand on one hip. Walking over to the bedroom closet I caught sight of myself in the mirror and came closer, eyes traveling up and down my naked body.

I'm so sorry I have to watch you do this, Isabelle, Ellie moaned.

I was speechless as my own hands plucked at my tender breasts. Tiffany's dad slipped up behind me, wrapping one arm around my waist from behind, his other arm coming up to stroke my breasts. His cock pressed against my round butt, felt even through Ken's pants. He was hard already.

"What do you think?" He whispered in my ear before biting my neck.

"Kind of -- oh! -- scrawny," My voice purred, pausing to enjoy the pleasure that spiked through me along with the pain from Ken's bite.

I caressed Ken's hand as he gripped one of my tits hard, fingers squeezing my soft skin and driving a soft moan from my lips. Ken's other hand slid down between my legs and his fingers entered me, sliding through my entrance and up against my velvety folds. His fingers were thick and insistent, plunging into me before I was ready and bringing with it the most exquisite pain bordering on pleasure.

She likes it rough, Ellie said, and I could hear the lust in her voice as Trixie's desires overwhelmed us both. I'm sorry.

Despite the disgust of both of us in my head, my body responded to Trixie's desires, pulling our minds along. I grew wet as TJ groped me, fingers sliding in and out of my entrance, dragging my dew along my folds. His teeth were insistent up and down my neck and he held me close to him, slowly humping me from behind. He wasn't gentle. He took me as he wanted and Trixie gave my body to him, enjoying the mastery he had over her as he enjoyed my body.

Now his fingers circled inside me and I felt my waist pressing back against him, rising to meet the ecstasy every time he pressed on my swelling clit. Sighs escaped my lips and I raised my arms to wrap them around his neck, exposing my tits to his greedy hands as he continued kissing from behind. His hand moved back and forth along my tits, gripping hard, smacking lightly, until both my breasts were red and sore. But the pleasure was unbelievable.

<We have to fight this. Maybe if the two of us work together we can escape.>

I can't.

<We have to-> I paused as another wave of pleasure broke my concentration, and Ken's hands moved faster, harder. I was so wet. Wetter than I'd ever been. I hadn't had much experience with guys but my body was certainly responding to this one.

<We have to try. Start with my arms. Make me push him away.> I finally managed to convey through images. Speaking with thoughts took some getting used to.

Ok.

As Ken grabbed my tits Ellie and I worked together, attempting to wrest control from Trixie. Concentrating on my arms, I tried to pull them down. I saw one move. It dropped down to her side and hope rushed through me. In my reflection in the mirror I saw my eyes open as Trixie became astonished at the lack of control. My hand reached back against TJ to push him away but could do little more than press weakly against him as Trixie reasserted control.

“TJ,” my voice moaned as Trixie tried to call for help.

Ken took my half-hearted push as a come-on and spun us around, pushing us backwards. I stumbled and toppled onto the bed on my back. My gaze travelled to my hands as I balled them into fists. And just like that the control was gone.

“TJ, these—” My voice started, but stopped as Ken—now with his pants down, his cock out—crawled on top of me.

His hands gripped my ass, his face nuzzling against my breasts, taking each nipple into his mouth and biting. The pain exploded the pleasure within, pushing Ellie and me back into the deep recesses of my head. My body gasped, now at the mercy of Trixie’s pleasure. Our control was completely gone and I could do nothing as the head of Ken’s cock pressed up against my center. He pushed harder and I parted for him. With a growl of delight he entered me.

His cock felt so thick travelling up through my pussy. It squeezed against the wet walls of my canal, bringing with it a thunderous pleasure. My mouth fell open and I cried out. Ken thrust in hard and deep, again and again, slamming into me.

I'd never had sex like this before, rough and quick, but now my body wanted it so much. I was so wet for Ken and he fucked me hard and fast. I raised my legs, willing him deeper inside me as I convulsed around his dick. I cried out as the orgasm hit me. All three of us inside my head burned with pleasure, enjoying my orgasm while Ken fucked me like an animal, like an object, little caring for my pleasure, only wanting to go hard and fast. And I loved it. I came a second time, my pussy quivering around his perfect dick, needing it hard and deep.

Maybe Ken felt it because he came with me, groaning as he feasted on my tits. His cock pulsed inside me, filling me with the wet heat of his cum. He moaned and slammed in deep. My hips rose to meet his, urging him all the way in and up against my inner pleasure. The pain doubled the pleasure of the orgasm and it was all I could to howl and clutch at him, wrapping my legs around him as our bodies rocked together.

When he finished he released my nipple from his mouth. I looked down, saw my body red and teeth marked. He pulled out and rolled over to lay beside me. Without a word I obligingly crawled down him and sucked on his dick, grimacing—or trying to—as I tasted our mingled juices. I hated that I loved it so much, Trixie's desperate desire to please the cruel TJ both sad and terrifying. I licked him until he was clean while a drop of him made its way down my inner thigh. Then I snuggled up beside him and rested a hand on his chest.

“You still got it, baby,” I whispered.

He snorted and squeezed one of my breasts. “These tits are small but they taste so good.”

I never thought I would hear Tiffany's dad say that about me.

The rest of that day Ken treated me like shit and I just kept loving him. I hated how I was forced to serve him, bringing him food and drink, catering to his every need. He never said a word of thanks. His only gratitude was a slap of my ass or rough squeeze of my tits, treating me like an object. TJ managed to make Tiffany's dad look so cruel.

Ellie and I tried all that evening but we couldn't regain control of my body. The closest we came was when we were on the cusp of sleep and I just felt my arm moving before sleep overtook us. It seemed like we could only gain a modicum of control when Trixie was completely distracted or subdued, but otherwise we were a mere nuisance.

The next day we were supposed to be acting normal but it was clear from Trixie's dress and mannerisms she had no idea how I would have behaved, nor did she care. She pulled apart my dresser drawers, tossing my clothes onto the floor and deriding them as too conservative. She finally took matters into her own hands, finding a plain pink shirt and cutting the bottom half off to turn it into a midriff before doing the same to a pair of my favorite jeans. She squeezed me into the outfit and stood in front of the mirror. I looked like a hooker, with too short clothing and much more of my body on display than I was comfortable with, but Trixie approved.

Ken stopped me on my way downstairs.

"Trix, I need you to keep an eye on Brody."

"Which one is he?"

“Melanie. The one with all the shit on her face now.”

“Oh, yeah.”

“Yeah. Stick with him. Don’t let him do anything else to draw attention to us.”

“What if he does?”

Ken stepped closer and cupped my neck firmly in his hand. “Then stop him, baby. I’m counting on you.”

He kissed me again and we went downstairs to join the others. It was so disconcerting seeing all my familiar friends behaving like strangers. Tiffany and Robbie were rummaging through the cupboards. Mindy disappeared upstairs, returning in ill-fitting shorts and a blouse—probably borrowed from one of the family—and appeared fidgety. Kristen was in the kitchen, drinking from a bottle of beer and absently fiddling with her breasts. Melanie sulked in the corner, her shoulders tense, eyes darting around the room.

They’d gone through our emails and found out which classes we were supposed to be in. We squeezed into the car and Ken drove us to campus. Before we disembarked he gave us all some sort of fucked up pep talk about acting normal and how this was only temporary and blah blah blah. The people in our bodies pretended to go along with it but once Ken’s car disappeared around the corner Tiffany took Robbie’s hand and turned to the rest of us.

“TJ doesn’t have a fucking clue. He thinks I’m going to waste a week in this hot as hell body just pretending to be a good college student?”

“I notice you didn’t say anything this morning to him,” Melanie said.

“Well, I’m so small and he’s intimidating. Why didn’t you say anything?”

Melanie shrugged. “I wasn’t going to listen to this part of the plan anyway.”

“Cool,” Mindy chimed in, “I thought I was the only one. All right, I’ll see you later tonight.”

Mindy turned and walked away from us.

“Don’t forget to make up a story about something that happened in class,” Tiffany called after her.

Mindy just waved without bothering to stop or turn around. How had these guys managed to get it together enough to rob a bank? Maybe it was just the excitement of being someone else that was making the group a little bolder. Melanie turned to look at me.

“You tell TJ about any of this I will kill you.”

Somehow Brody managed to make sweet-looking Melanie truly murderous, her little face in a scowl. I shrugged.

“TJ doesn’t have to know.”

“Good.”

“Great! We’ll see you later, then,” Tiffany said, grabbing Robbie’s hand and tugging him away.

Melanie, too, started to walk away and I jogged after her.

“Where you going?” I called out.

She glowered at me and kept walking as I kept pace. “TJ tell you to keep an eye on me?”

“Yeah. But I also dig the punk look.”

She snorted. “It’s easy for you. You were never a guy.”

“Maybe not, but it’s not like I love being a dumb chick either.”

<Hey, I’m in the top ten percent of my class!> I wanted to kick her.

Don’t worry about it, she was a junkie prostitute, Ellie replied in my head.

“Tell me, Trix, does TJ really think we’re gonna get away with this?”

“He thinks he can bully everyone into obeying him.”

“There’s only so much I can take before I grab that device and get out of this body.”

“Do you know how it works?”

“You just press a few buttons.”

“It’s more complicated than that. I tried the first night I was in Ellie. When TJ fell asleep I fiddled with the cube but I couldn’t figure it out.”

Melanie grunted.

<Is that true?> I asked Ellie.

Yes. Well, the part about fiddling with it is. I think I could have figured it out but Trixie's not the brightest bulb in the chandelier.

“So where are we going?” I asked.

“We?” Melanie looked over at me.

“I gotta tell TJ I was with you today so we need to get our story straight. And the best way we can do that is by staying together.”

“And what would we do together?” Melanie asked.

I took her hand and pulled her up the steps and into a nearby building. I could see students in some of the rooms on the ground floor but the classrooms on the second floor were empty. I scurried into one, motioning for Melanie to follow and then locking the door behind us. The room was small, with just a few rows of desks in the middle facing a whiteboard. Large windows looked out across campus. I didn't have much time to take it all in because as soon as Melanie locked the door I was on her.

Suddenly I was kissing one of my best friends, my hands gripping her waist as she pulled me close and her tongue forced its way inside my mouth. We kissed

desperately, like two people knowing they were doing something wrong and turned on by the wrongness of it. I giggled into Melanie's mouth and slid my hand down her pants. She jumped back and glared at me, the tattoo arching over half her face making her seem even more menacing.

"Don't touch that," she snapped.

"Come on, Brody, having a pussy's not so bad. Let me show you."

I draped my hands over her shoulders and kissed her again. She hesitated for a second and then kissed me back, grabbing my ass with both hands. I slipped my hand down her pants and this time she let me. My fingers stroked her coarse pubic hair as our bodies pressed together. I kissed my way across Melanie's jaw and she sighed as I made my way down to her tits. Yanking up her shirt revealed that she was braless, each nipple with a brass stud through it. I took them in my mouth one at a time, my tongue playing with the stud as my lips wrapped around her nipple, twisting and sucking. Melanie grunted above me as the pain must have sliced through her, but she didn't stop me.

In no time I was on my knees in front of Melanie helping her slide down her pants and her panties. She leaned against the wall as I buried my face between my friend's legs and Trixie forced me to inhale the musky scent of her pussy. I kissed up and down Melanie's entrance.

<Oh god, no> I wailed, even as my body grew wet at the sight of my naked friend and desire twisted through my mind.

I hate that I want it so much, Ellie agreed.

Melanie froze beneath my mouth. I could feel the tension in her body, a tension eased as I licked slowly up and down her slit. She grew wet beneath my tongue. Her pussy lips opened for me and I tasted her salty essence. I felt Ellie's disgust in my head, mirroring my own, and still my body was forced to pleasure Melanie as my pussy grew ever wetter and my licking became more intense. I didn't want to enjoy tasting Melanie, but I did.

I couldn't stop myself from licking Melanie's pussy, from bringing up my other hand and slipping two fingers into her wet canal, stroking slowly up and inside her warm folds as I licked and sucked her velvety lips. She unfolded for me, her pussy growing wetter, her clit rising to meet my tongue. Now she moaned above me and I glanced up to see her eyes closed, one hand toying with the nipple stud, twisting and yanking. Poor Melanie. Some criminal had messed up her body and was now getting off on the pain he was causing. And here I was forced to lick her pussy, forced to open my mouth and drink my friend in, stroking my fingers in and out as she moaned for me.

I moved my fingers faster, in and out, in and out, of her slippery canal. My tongue lapped at her clit, following the growing tension I could feel within her, moving with the speed of her body until she cried out and clutched herself as her body shook with orgasm. A blast of liquid hit me in the face, warm and salty. Oh god, my best friend squirted on me, and I laughed, letting it drip into my mouth and down my chin, my fingers still working up and down in Melanie's pussy. The worst part was I liked it. I was wet for this, both disgusted and enjoying the feel of Melanie's slickness on me.

When it was done I stood and swept my damp hair back out of my eyes. Melanie was breathing hard, her hand still resting on her breast.

"How was that?" I asked, her scent still filling my nostrils.

“Not bad,” she smiled. “Not bad at all.”

We spent the rest of the day together. Melanie was insatiable. Now that Brody had discovered how his new body worked—and the fact that he could enjoy multiple orgasms—he couldn’t get enough. I got to know Melanie more intimately than I ever wanted. At last, near the end of the day we went home.

My body was aching so good I didn’t even notice the raised voices coming from inside the house. I had just swung open the front door when there was a bright flash of light that blinded me.

Mindy

Charlotte loomed over me, swaying slightly, her eyes bloodshot. Only it wasn't Charlotte, it was someone in her body. Before I could even process the whole horror of what was about to happen there was a bright flash of light and it was all over. I knew what had happened, but knowing a thing and feeling it are different.

It was extremely disconcerting to find my body moving under someone else's command. Even worse to hear Charlotte—for who else could it be?—crying out in my mind, her thoughts and memories tumbling with my own so I realized the full horror of what she had been through and what had been done to her.

Oh Mindy, I'm so sorry. So sorry.

<Are you okay Charlotte?>

It was terrible. What she made me do to myself...

As my hands patted down my body and tossed back my headscarf I wished I could lose consciousness now and wake again when, or if, I was freed. But it appeared I was stuck behind my own eyes, forced to feel as my hands roamed through my hair and exclaimed at the softness of my skin.

I glanced up briefly as Isabelle jumped off the couch and tried to attack Ken. My first thought was that Isabelle had somehow gotten free, but I quickly realized it was just TJ's girlfriend in my friend's body. A lovers' spat. Robbie remained seated next to me on the couch. He'd thrust his hand down his pants and his eyes were wide.

"Ew, I've got a dick," he cried.

Ken and Isabelle were still fighting, and I watched Robbie as he plucked a baggie full of some brown substance off the coffee table and slip it into his pocket.

"Oooh!" I squeaked.

I began rummaging through the garbage on the table until I found another baggie containing some white powder. Oh, God, she was going to make me do drugs. I'd never done drugs. Not even alcohol. Just the sight of the white powder brought back Charlotte's memories of the debauchery committed in her body. Ken suddenly broke from his argument with Isabelle and smacked the baggie out of my hand. Thank goodness.

"Don't start that shit again," TJ warned. "You've been given a third chance with these pristine bodies. Don't fuck this up. You just have to act like normal college students for a few weeks and then you can do whatever the fuck you want."

My body followed the others back to the car and then in to Melanie's house. Ken and Isabelle disappeared upstairs and I said a little prayer for Isabelle even as the girl in my body—Missy, Charlotte's mind informed me—made herself at home,

pulling out a jar of peanut butter from the cupboard and licking great gobs of it off her finger. The others squabbled about who was sleeping where. Missy kept my eyes on Robbie, no doubt eyeing the drugs in his pocket, but Melanie's mom latched on to him and wouldn't let him go.

I was nervous the whole rest of the evening, waiting for Mindy to do something terrifying to me as she'd done to Charlotte. But she seemed content to just make me eat and be lazy. I fell asleep on the couch and woke up late the next morning to the sound of the others coming downstairs. I scrounged through Melanie's closet to find something to wear, coming up with jeans and a blouse, which only sort of fit me and which were much less modest than I preferred. Missy didn't even give me the dignity of keeping my headscarf and, to make matters worse, slathered makeup all over me and used someone else's toothbrush to brush my teeth.

Looking in the mirror I was like a totally different person. I only ever used the slightest makeup but now I looked like a Vegas call girl. My eyes flicked up and down my body, studying myself.

"Hmm," I smiled. "Wait 'til Johnny gets a load of this little bod."

Johnny. Missy's dealer. Charlotte said. More memories of what Charlotte had done to him and his friends welled up.

Missy pulled away from the mirror and went downstairs. The others seemed like they were sticking to Ken's plan, but the minute they got to campus and Ken drove off Tiffany took Robbie's hand and turned to us.

“TJ doesn’t have a fucking clue. He thinks I’m going to waste a week in this hot as hell body just pretending to be a good college student?”

“I notice you didn’t say anything this morning to him,” Melanie said, arms crossed.

“Well, I’m so small and he’s intimidating. Why didn’t you say anything?”

Melanie shrugged. “I wasn’t going to listen to this part of the plan anyway.”

“Cool,” I chimed in, “I thought I was the only one. All right, I’ll see you later tonight.”

I turned and walked away from the group.

“Don’t forget to make up a story about something that happened in class,” Tiffany called after me.

I just waved without bothering to stop or turn around. I pulled out my phone and called an Uber, taking it out to a seedy suburb full of small, rundown houses. The driver nervously pulled up to the one I pointed out and then sped away as soon as the car door closed. It was not the kind of neighborhood I would have ever expected to go to, but it was exactly the kind of neighborhood Charlotte expected Missy to visit.

I strode up to the door and pulled open the squeaky screen to knock on the front door. Heavy footsteps sounded and then the door was yanked open. A scrawny guy with deep-set eyes stared down at me. He wore only jeans and I could see every rib. He was marked with tattoos and scars. An image flashed through my mind of me in Charlotte's body, on my knees in front of him, eagerly sucking his dick.

“The fuck do you want?” He sneered.

“Hey, Johnny. Missy sent me. Said we could help each other out.”

I smiled and twirled a lock of hair around my finger.

“Where the fuck has Missy been? Ain't seen her in weeks.”

“She's been busy. Told me you had some good stuff though.”

Johnny looked at me for a beat, then glanced out into the street behind me. Apparently satisfied, he opened the door just enough for me to scoot in, though I had to press up against him to do so. He slammed the door immediately and pushed past me. I followed him down the hallway to a dirty living room. Two other guys sat on a cracked leather couch. One was a heavysset guy with a stomach bulging out beneath his white tee shirt so that it hung over his waist. The other was a black guy who seemed way too handsome to be in a dump like this. Johnny took a seat on the chair next to the couch and I stood in the doorway as all three looked up at me.

“All right. What do you want?” Johnny asked.

“I was hoping we could make a deal.”

Johnny snorted. “The deal is you give me money and I give you meth.”

The guys on the couch laughed.

“I’m out of money,” I said, moving seductively toward Johnny, “But how would you and your friends here like to have some fun with me?”

I wished I could close my eyes and withdraw into my mind as Missy made me straddle Johnny. He smirked and I leaned forward and kissed him. His tongue forced its way into my mouth and I sucked on it. He tasted disgusting, but I had no choice but to keep tasting him as his hands slid over my body.

I pulled away and yanked my top off, baring my bra for these strangers before turning and fluttering my eyelashes at the two guys on the couch.

“Missy always was good about sending the right kind of girls over here,” Johnny smirked.

I’m so sorry you have to experience this, Charlotte said to me.

“Little help, boys?” I said, pointing to my bra.

The heavysset guy heaved himself off the couch and unstrapped my bra then began kissing my neck. His stubble scratched my sensitive skin. I cried out in disgust in my mind. I'd been saving myself for marriage and now here was Missy giving me away to these degenerates. The heavysset guy pawed at my tits from behind as he laid wet, slobbery kisses across my back.

I reached down into Johnny's pants and my fingers clasped his cock. It jumped to attention in my hand and I stroked it, giggling softly. It felt so big in my fingers. I'd never touched a dick before but Missy was an expert. She stroked Johnny up and down with one hand while reaching around with her other and sliding it down the heavysset guy's pants to grab his dick, too. I stroked them both as they kissed me and fondled my tits, feeling disgusted and used and so, so turned on.

I pulled my lips away from Johnny with a wet pop and turned to look at the black guy. As I did so something warm and rubbery smacked me in the forehead. A big black dick, already hard for me. I opened my mouth and sucked on it, driving my lips down the shaft. It was so big, filling me, pressing against the roof of my mouth and my tongue, which I undulated beneath the shaft as I drove my lips down and held him within me. Missy had excellent control because I was able to take him all the way in, until my nose nestled within his musky pubic hair and his cockhead tickled the back of my throat. All the time I continued stroking the other two dicks in my hand as the hands on my body grew more insistent.

Johnny pulled down his pants and freed his cock before yanking my pants down. I released the cocks long enough to get naked, and then swallowed the swollen black cock once more. It was now slick with my saliva. Johnny grabbed my hips

and lowered me down onto his dick. I was already so wet, Missy's desire at being used burning through me.

<Oh god, oh god, oh god> I cried, hating that I loved every bit of this, that I was so wet before, already a strange sensation even before I lost my virginity.

I parted for Johnny and he sunk inside me. I lowered myself down, down, his shaft. I was so painfully tight, every inch was a fight but soon he was lodged deep inside me. I was so full and I wanted to pause there until the pain passed, but Missy forced my body up and down the shaft as she continued sucking the dick. She rode Johnny slowly, curving her back so Johnny's cock slid up against the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure.

I moaned around the dick in my mouth. Now hands were all over my body, squeezing my tits, pinching my ass. The black guy gripped my hair and shoved my lips down his shaft, nearly choking me as I took it all in, still riding Johnny. The cock throbbed between my lips and I quickly pulled off, squeezing the base of the guy's dick until he got himself under control.

"Mmm, not yet," I purred.

I'd never used my body so sensually before and there was something powerful about it, about how I could control the desires of these men by the simple movements of my hips and tongue and lips, about how they wanted me just for the physical pleasure that I would provide and they would take.

I licked my lips and shifted position, sliding off Johnny's cock so I could turn around and face the other two. I slid one hand in between my legs, gathering my

juices and spreading them down across my asshole. My other hand remained on the fat guy's dick. I licked the head every now and then as I readied my body, spreading my slippery juices all around my tight asshole. My fingers slipped inside my puckered hole, bringing with it a sharp pleasure, and all of a sudden I knew what Missy was going to do.

I was helpless as she lowered my ass down on Johnny's cock. His cockhead pressed up against my tiny hole. The pressure built, growing and growing. He slipped in gradually, each inch a painful fight. Missy bit my lip and moaned "Oh, yes" as she sunk down onto him. And then he was inside me, his shaft filling my asshole. Fuck, it was so tight.

I begged Missy to stop even though her pleasure was now mine. And then Johnny was completely inside me. I could hardly breathe. I was already so full, so tight, and then the heavysset guy spread my pussy and entered me from the front. I wasn't ready for him as he thrust in, driving a sigh of delight from my lips. I was filled from front and back, my legs held in the air as they used me for their pleasure, driving into both holes, thrusting together as I clamped my lips back down on the black cock and sucked like a whore.

The three guys worked me like that, back and forth, fucking me in every hole as my body burned bright with pleasure and I came over and over, convulsing around them, crying out for more. The pain and the humiliation seemed to make Missy hornier, which made Charlotte and me hornier.

The men were only too happy to obey my commands for more, sinking in deep, thrusting faster. All I could do was hold on as they fucked me, their grunts rising in tandem as they came. Their cocks pumped inside me, spurting hot seed into my pussy, my ass and down my throat. I drank greedily, spilling cum down my lips as I rode the other two cocks to a roaring, headspinning orgasm. Pleasure filled me, Missy's lust overriding all my responses as she stole my orgasm and my virginity.

I threw back my head and cried out, still stroking the cock, letting the last drops of seed fall onto my tits as Johnny and the heavysset guy finished coming inside me. The pleasure lasted so long, was so intense. No wonder Missy liked this. When we were finished I pushed myself off them. They dripped down my legs. Johnny motioned to a baggie on the table and I dropped to my knees, still naked, and spread out a few lines of coke for everyone.

We spent the rest of the afternoon doing drugs and fucking, as Missy made the most of my pristine body. I put on a show for all of Johnny's guests and fucked more than a few of them. Missy didn't care about disease or pregnancy. It wasn't her body and she wouldn't have to face any consequences.

I returned to Melanie and Tiffany's house in the late afternoon and snuck quietly upstairs. They'd left the back door unlocked for us but no one seemed to be home yet. My body ached. I felt disgusting. And I was still high. Colors were so bright and every little touch of my body was still so erotic. I shot up one last time in the biggest bedroom, slipping into a drug induced haze as soon as I pressed the plunger.

I lolled on the bed, my hands coming up to cover my face as a tear leaked down my eye. My poor body. My whole life had been taken. It took me a few seconds to realize that I was in control of my hands.

Charlotte, can you feel that?

I lost control again and nearly sank back into oblivion.

<Let's try together. Get off the bed. Ready, one, two, three>

Together we managed to force my body into a sitting position, but the room was gauzy and bright. None of the angles made any sense. All we succeeded in doing was slumping over and sliding off the bed onto the floor. For a brief second we'd been in control with the combination of the drugs and the two of us working together. But the drugs were too much for us and Charlotte and I soon joined Missy in her druggy dreams.

We awoke with a start some untold hours later. There were voices from downstairs. Someone arguing. Missy picked me up and limped to the stairs. Ken and Robbie were struggling with each other in the living room. Robbie clutched the device and TJ tried to tug it out of his hands. Then there was a bright flash of light.

Robbie

I thought I knew what was coming when Melanie's dad pressed the button, only I wasn't prepared to remain fully conscious as someone else made my body move. My hands crept down into my pants and I squeezed my cock once.

"Ew, I've got a dick," I cried, pulling my hand away.

<This is even weirder now>, someone spoke up inside my head.

Who are you?

<Nina. I've been stuck in here since Rachel took over my body, and now I'm stuck in yours.>

Nina's memories merged with mine, and it was odd to see from her perspective what had been done to her, to watch hands that both were and weren't familiar injecting drugs. It was like our minds had a direct link. Two people as one. I knew from her experiences that she'd been able to take control of her body briefly, but only when Rachel was high. Maybe with both of us working together we could wrest control of my body long enough to get to the device. We just had to wait.

Isabelle and Ken were fighting about something, and I looked up only to make

sure Ken wasn't looking before sneaking a baggie of drugs off the table and slipping it into my pocket. Mindy saw me take it and I put my finger to my lips. She tried to snatch a baggie of her own but TJ smacked it out of her hand.

"Don't start that shit again," TJ warned Mindy. "You've been given a third chance with these pristine bodies. Don't fuck this up. You just have to act like normal college students for a few weeks and then you can do whatever the fuck you want."

We all went back to Melanie and Tiffany's house to meet up with the others. I noticed Kristen kept looking at me. When Ken took Isabelle upstairs Kristen hurried over to me and took me by the arm.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"Rachel," I said, warily.

"So the only one who never had a dick gets a dick. How does it feel?"

"Kind of weird. It wiggles a lot."

Kristen grinned. "No kidding."

"All right," Melanie huffed, "I don't give a shit where you sleep but it ain't with

me.”

“Rachel and I will sleep in the guest bedroom,” Kristen winked at me.

As the others argued about the sleeping arrangements Kristen pulled me upstairs to the guest bedroom and locked the door behind us.

“Oh my god,” she said, excitedly, “I have been waiting for someone with a dick to try out this body. Get it out, let’s take a look.”

“Really?” I said.

“Fine, I’ll do it.”

Kristen unzipped my pants and reached in, wrapping her slender fingers around my cock and pulling it out. She oohed over it, holding it in her hand and kissing up and down the shaft. My cock throbbed in her hand, growing bigger and harder as her lips moved up and down the shaft.

“God, I’ve missed dick so much.”

“Ooh, keep doing that,” I said, my eyes locked on Kristen’s lips as she worshipped my cock, closing her eyes and kissing up and down while she stroked me with her hand.

Kristen was an old-fashioned woman and I couldn't imagine what she was thinking as the criminal made her kiss my dick. She was an attractive woman, petite and with a beautiful face that was even now burying itself between my legs, licking now, dragging a trail of saliva up and down my shaft. A part of me wanted her to suck my dick, but not like this, not as a result of some stranger in her body. Nina picked up my thoughts and my shame, shared them both.

No wonder guys like this, Nina spoke up in my mind. I could hear the tremor of excitement in her voice. Both of us were being affected by the physical reactions running through my body courtesy of the body thief.

Kristen opened her mouth and swallowed my dick. I watched in awe as my cockhead slipped into her wet warm mouth. She drove her lips down my shaft, taking me all in and swirling her tongue around the shaft as she came up. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy.

The familiar intense desire concentrated itself at the base of my cock, urging me to drive up, and that's just what I did, thrusting slowly into Kristen's mouth as she moaned softly. Kristen's lips and tongue were so delightful it brought me to the edge quickly.

"Fuck, I should have a dick all the time," I sighed.

Kristen moved faster and the desire within me rose. I felt my cock start to throb and I pulled out, aiming at Kristen's face and laughing as I shot my load all over her. She closed her eyes and lapped at the jets of cum as they splashed down her nose and her face.

“Goddamn,” I moaned, stroking my dick now, emptying the last beads of cum onto Kristen. “I’ve always wanted to try that.”

<Poor Kristen.>

I agreed with Nina. I was ashamed of how much I enjoyed that but I had no choice. Kristen seemed grateful, wiping her face and licking the cum off. If we ever got our bodies back it would be awkward as hell between Kristen and me.

Kristen clung to me the rest of the evening. I finally shook her off just before bed when Tiffany accosted me in the hallway. She looked around furtively to see if anyone could overhear.

“Missy says you managed to snag some shit.”

I smiled and waved the little baggie I’d snuck off the coffee table. “You wanna light up?”

“Fuck yes. It’s not bad being this hot piece of ass but goddamn I need some relief.”

“Ok, well, it may cost you.”

“I ain’t got any money, but I already know your body pretty well...” Tiffany dragged her hand across my crotch seductively.

What’s he talking about? Nina asked, and then instantly understood as the simple reference brought back the memory of Tiffany sucking my dick.

<I didn’t know she was being controlled at the time.>

But you still wanted it. It was an accusation but at the same time I got that Nina understood. She was linked in to me now and felt what I felt.

We were interrupted by the others coming upstairs.

“You and me. Tomorrow.” I waved the baggie at him one more time before slipping it back into my pocket and walking away.

I would have thought Rachel would have been satisfied with Kristen, who made me cum on her tits one time before bed, but apparently she needed more.

It wasn’t until Ken dropped us off on campus the next day that Tiffany took my hand and turned to the others.

“TJ doesn’t have a fucking clue. He thinks I’m going to waste a week in this hot as hell body just pretending to be a good college student?”

“I notice you didn’t say anything this morning to him,” Melanie said, arms crossed.

“Well, I’m so small and he’s intimidating. Why didn’t you say anything?”

Melanie shrugged. “I wasn’t going to listen to this part of the plan anyway.”

“Cool,” Mindy chimed in, “I thought I was the only one. All right, I’ll see you later tonight.”

Mindy turned and walked away from the group.

“Don’t forget to make up a story about something that happened in class,” Tiffany called after her.

Mindy waved in acknowledgement but didn’t turn around.

Tiffany smiled at me and pulled me away from the group. We stopped by a gas station and picked up some papers, then returned to Melanie and Tiffany’s house. Tiffany scoped out the inside while I kept watch over the front until she gave the all clear and let me inside. We went upstairs to Tiffany’s room and shut the door before rolling up a joint and lying on the bed to share it.

A pleasant fog filled my mind and my hand reached out to touch Tiffany. She slid her fingers through mine and my cock twitched at her touch. We giggled about nothing at all, slowly twinging ourselves together on the bed until her leg was thrown carelessly over my legs and her head rested on my chest. The scent of her lilac perfume was in my nose as she traced my chest with a finger.

I knew that Tiffany was being controlled, that she would never do this if she had any choice in the matter. But I was still excited when she raised her head and kissed me. I'd always had a crush on her and this was my fantasy, a fantasy now shared by Nina, who I could feel yearning to stroke Tiffany. Tiffany's petite body pressed against mine, soft in all the right places and I reached out and cupped one of her breasts as we made out. Our tongues touched as we tasted each other and I didn't put up a fight. I wanted this.

Tiffany adjusted herself until she was sprawled on top of me. My cock thumped urgently against my jeans as she wiggled on me, laughing as she felt me growing hard beneath her. I reached under her shirt and took a bare breast in her hand.

"No bra," I smiled.

She shrugged, a bright smile across her gorgeous face. "I'm easy."

And then she was kissing me again. It was everything I'd dreamed of and I let Rachel slide my hands up and down Tiffany's soft, warm form, groping her ass, then sliding up across each curve. She melted into me, our kisses growing fiercer. Suddenly she sat up and tossed off her top then scrambled for the buttons on her pants. She jumped off me long enough for us to both get naked.

My cock was hard as a rock and she climbed back onto me. My gaze lingered on the dark triangle of pubic hair between her legs, the little slit already opening for me. She sat on my cock, pressing it against my belly as she rode forward and backward, lubricating my cock on her juices without entering her, driving us both wild. My hands grew greedier and she, too, fondled herself, pinching her little tan nipples until they stood out like twin spikes.

I could hear her slickness as she rode me back and forth, dripping her musk onto me before finally lifting herself up, taking my cock in hand, and guiding it into her as she lowered herself back down. She eased me inside her warmth, parting slowly for me. Her head was thrown back and she sank down inch by inch. God, she felt amazing. Warm and wet and tight.

She began riding me, slowly at first, thrusting her hips back and forth, taking me in deeper and deeper as her hands continued working her tits. I grabbed her hips and thrust up on each of her downthrusts, driving in deep and urging soft sighs from her lips. She surrounded me and I was so happy inside her.

“Goddamn,” I whispered, “So this is what a pussy feels like.”

Tiffany sped up gradually and I shifted around to grip her hips and plunge her back down my cock. I thrust up harder, faster, fucking her deep and long while she cried out on top of me and I grunted, eyes travelling up and down her delicious naked body, greedy for her, trying to memorize each beautiful inch of her. The pleasure built with each thrust, a pressure that could no longer be contained and I groaned, cumming hard in her tight wet cunt. I could feel her slick canal grip me with each throb and I threw my head back as pleasure filled me. I spurted inside her, the tension exploding through me in a final orgasmic finish and I groaned.

Tiffany rolled off me, laughing, and sparked up another joint. We spent the rest of the day in bed, me pleasuring her with my fingers and mouth until I got hard again and then we would fuck like rabbits. Sometime in the afternoon we heard a noise from downstairs and froze. My fingers were inside Tiffany and she grabbed my hand to make me pause, before putting a finger to her lips. Someone came upstairs and disappeared into the parent's room.

After a few minutes of silence Tiffany, still naked, tiptoed down the hall. She returned moments later with a huge grin on her face and a baggie of something sticky and brown, along with a spoon and a needle.

“Lookie what Missy brought home!”

Now I did try to stop myself, but there was nothing I could do as the two criminals injected themselves. The effect was immediate and intense, like my entire brain was swathed in cotton. I heard colors, saw visions in the air. But somehow, maybe because I was sort of once removed from my body, I still maintained a tenuous connection.

<Try to move my legs.> I told Nina.

With our thoughts working together we managed to slide my knee into the air, where it wobbled about before falling back down. After a little practice we were able to move the rest of my body but it was difficult. We had to work together and with a head that felt heavy and slow. We managed to slip off the bed and crawl to the stairs. My body made strange moaning noises, like Rachel was inside trying to talk but was too out of it.

Working together with Nina, we grabbed hold of the bannister and hoisted myself up. Leaning heavily on the railing, we limped downstairs to the living room, where TJ had last been seen with the cube. It was hard work and we had to be in sync, moving our arms and legs at the right time. Luckily, the device was sitting beside the couch where TJ had carelessly left it, thinking no one could ever use it but him.

We stumbled and fell down the last step before crawling to the table and reaching up for it. I stared at the device, trying to decipher the switches and buttons through the spinning, blurring of the room, and the shapes that moved out of the corner of my vision.

Pushing some of the buttons brought up different text on the small screen, and I flipped randomly until I found one that made the screen read 'Reset'. I hoped this would do it, but before I could push the button that was now glowing green, the door opened and a voice startled me.

“The fuck are you doing?”

It was Ken. I dropped the cube and scrambled for it on the floor as he came towards me. I clutched it to my chest as he tried to yank it out of my grasp. Ken was strong but I was fueled by visions of terrible beasts attacking me, the drugs messing with my sensations. Just as Ken tugged it from my grasp my finger slipped across the face of the device and must have pressed the green button because there was a bright flash.

TJ

I fell to the floor, suddenly much brawnier than in the old man's body. The goddamn kid must have reset the device because I was myself again. I sat naked and dazed on the living room floor as my vision cleared. The house seemed to be full of people. Everyone who'd just been blasted out of someone else was naked, like me.

Brody sat dazed by the door beside Melanie, who was clutching the doorknob. Trixie and that other chick she'd been inside, Ellie, sat beside their former body, also near the doorway. The kid I'd been fighting looked like he was passed out on the ground with a naked Rachel and Nina next to him. Missy, Mindy and Charlotte struggled to their feet on the stairs while Dane grabbed his head and gaped around at Tiffany, the college student he'd been until recently. I didn't have time to look at all the tits in the room, much as I wanted to. There would be time enough for that later when we reclaimed these bodies. Next time I wouldn't be some old asshole. I'd get some titties and fucking use them.

The dad I'd been inside still held the device in his hand, looking bewildered. I pushed myself to my feet and lunged for it. He made a strangled noise and I snatched the device from his hand. I didn't even have time to press a button before something hard smashed down on my head.

I collapsed to the floor as the room spun. I could just make out the mom, naked and angry and wielding a broken vase above me as she yelled out orders to the others in the room. The world faded in and out. It was black for a while and when I came to I was lying face down on the floor, my hands tied behind my back.

I looked around groggily. Ed and Dane were tied up on the floor next to me. Brody was gone. I swung my head around to the other side and through my blurred vision I saw pieces of some sort of electronic device smashed on the ground next to me. Even through my confusion I recognized the screen belonging to the device. That crazy bitch must have smashed it.

The police showed up a little later, hoisting Ed, Dane, me, Trixie and the girls to our feet, covering us with blankets and parading us out past the waiting news crews to the police van.

“You’re in a lot of trouble,” a policeman told me as he marched me into the vehicle.

“No shit.”

I was cold and miserable and Dane wouldn’t stop whining. But at least I was back in my own body. Bruised and battered though I was it was great having my strength and virility back. And the memories of Isabelle’s little body beneath me kept me going for many long, lonely nights in jail.

Robbie

We didn't really talk about what happened. At least, not to each other. There was an unspoken agreement that whatever the criminals had made us do was best forgotten about. But I still noticed Kristen had a hard time looking me in the eye, and Melanie was never the same even after getting her tattoo removed, leaving her face lightly scarred. Things remained awkward between me and Tiffany. I didn't know if Nina had told her of the feelings she picked up when Rachel was making me have sex with her, of my delight even amidst the shame and horror.

But Nina and I became closer at least. After sharing a mind and a body we were as intimate as two people could ever be. We understood each other and comforted each other, eventually dating. I noticed the same close bond between Charlotte and Mindy, who'd suddenly become best friends after their intimate ordeal. And Isabelle and Ellie, well, they started dating after never having shown a romantic interest in women before sharing a body.

I often wondered what would have happened if I hadn't grabbed the device. Would the criminals still be inside us months later? Would we have gone crazy watching our bodies and lives be destroyed? Or would the police have caught on sooner or later? I didn't know and, fortunately, I didn't have to find out. I had my body back. I had someone who understood me on a deeper level than ever before. It was enough.

###

Thank you!

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

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I needed to know if my college crush still liked me, so I possessed her body for a weekend to examine her memories and enjoy her life.

[Heist \(Part One\)](#)

A gang of criminals hides out from the police by possessing a man, his wife, and their two college age daughters, but their plan to act normal goes awry as they give in to the temptation to enjoy their new lives.

[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.

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