

MtF BODY POSSESSION

HOMEWRECKER

MWILLS

Homewrecker
MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Table of Contents

[Homewrecker](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Homewrecker

Wyatt

I plastered on a fake smile as I handed the ice cream cone to a middle-aged woman whose expensive outfit probably cost more than I made all year.

“This is sugar free?” The woman asked. Her botoxed face prevented her brow from furrowing but I heard the suspicion in her voice.

“And gluten free, fat free and dairy free,” I assured her, my cheeks starting to ache from the smile as I silently wished for her to go the hell away.

She took the ice cream from me and tapped her platinum credit card on the card reader before shuffling off to join her group of other rich fucks at a table near the window. I puffed air through my lips and shook my head. Why was it that when people got rich enough they wanted to extract all the flavor from their food? The other shops along the fancy main street all hung signs attesting to their ‘natural’ and ‘organic’ products. And yet those same customers would head down the street to the dessert café where I worked to get their artificially flavored treats that had been specially ultra-processed to remove any hint of sugar or fat or – as far as I was concerned – taste.

I thought they were a bunch of out-of-touch stuck-up douchebags and I’m sure they didn’t think of me at all. This was a small town full of the uber rich, busy only during the tourist season. That’s when minimum wage workers like me would head up here for the summer for a better paying job. The pay was nothing to them but twice as much as I could make anywhere else without a college degree. These rich fuckers desperately needed people to serve them and cater for them as they flitted around in their perfect lives. God forbid they should have to cook their own meal. The horror.

It was a warm day and the swarm of the after-lunch crowd seemed to be thinning. Thank Christ. If I had to deal with one more old biddy demanding a taste of all three flavors of soft serve I was going to lose my shit.

The bell above the door jingled and I turned to see Helen walk in. She owned the store, though I’m certain it was just a hobby for her. Some sort of girl-boss outlet just to prove she could do it. Something to occupy her time in between galas and luxury cruises or whatever else she did in her spare time. She sure as hell didn’t need the money. Every morning I gazed out at her massive house from the loft over her garage where she’d put me up for the summer.

I would have been more grateful if she didn’t treat me like a fucking charity case. She clearly saw herself as a do-gooder, helping the little guy out to make herself feel better for fleecing society out of all of the wealth. Every now and then I would return home and find a cardboard box with some junk in it sitting by the stairs up to my room. Something Helen was going to throw out – an almost expired can of beans, or some mismatched silverware – that she thought I might be able to use. I wasn’t fucking homeless, Helen. Though I did eat the beans because, my god, this town was expensive to live in, even just for the summer.

Helen pushed her oversized sunglasses up onto her forehead and loudly greeted some old guy with an air kiss to both cheeks. Her bracelets jingled as she hugged him, the wispy wrap she wore drafting gently against her curvy body. Helen stood out, not only because she was one of the few

rich Black people in this otherwise lily-white town, but because she wore the most brightly colored outfits.

She was also pleasingly plump, with a curvy figure and ample breasts. Such a contrast from most of the surgery-enhanced stick figure bodies I saw every day. I guess that was testament to the fact that even eating everything-free food didn't make a person skinny. It was also nice that I wasn't the only fat person in town. Though her weight was more pleasantly distributed, not concentrated in her gut, like mine.

"Hi, Wyatt," Helen said, aiming her wide white smile at me.

"Hi, Helen," I replied, putting on my best 'ready to serve' voice.

"Oh, looks like there are some sprinkles spilled on the toppings counter," she said.

I looked where she was pointing. Three. Three fucking sprinkles. I thought that was pretty damn good having just been swamped by customers. But it wasn't Instagram worthy apparently.

"Oops, I'll get those," I said cheerily, wiping them into my hand.

"Thank you, Wyatt," she said, smiling broadly as she gave my arm a squeeze. "You're the best." She turned and went to say hello to some more friends.

Helen's fakeness really grated on me. You never knew whether she was being real or if it was just an act. Everything was 'wonderful' and 'perfect' and 'the best'. That act would get wearying to keep up real damn quick. Was there *anything* behind that immaculate façade?

The bell jingled again and I turned to face my next horror. She was a new face. A stunner. Immaculately dressed. Blonde hair curled down to her shoulders. She looked to be somewhere in her thirties, with an incredible motherly figure, squeezed into yoga pants that hugged her hips and a tight top that pushed her impressive cleavage up into huge mounds. Slender nose and enticing blue eyes, though her expression hinted at a scowl. Behind her was another blonde who looked like a nineteen-year-old version of her, except for her thick-framed glasses. They had to be mother and daughter.

The daughter had her hair tied back in a ponytail. She gave off definite nerd vibes and remained a few steps behind her mother. Where the mother seemed to march through the room, daring anyone to look at her, the daughter floated along in her wake, her whole demeanor seeming to apologize for even existing.

The mother marched up to the counter and surveyed the menu above and behind me imperiously. "Let me taste the chocolate swirl," she demanded.

No please. No niceties. Definite 'Karen' vibes rolling off her.

"Sure," I nodded agreeably.

I grabbed a thumb-sized sample cup and squeezed the lever of the soft serve machine to drop a dollop of ice cream into it. I handed it to her and she looked at it. Her scowl deepened.

"That's all I get?"

I glanced at the daughter, who seemed to shrink in embarrassment.

"Just a sample," I explained, forcing a smile.

“How am I supposed to eat this?” She demanded, thrusting it back at me.

With your fucking mouth? I didn’t say. Instead, I took it from her and returned to the soft serve machine. She wanted more? I’d fucking give her more. Shove it down her fucking throat. I pulled the lever, piling up ice cream until it rose high above the rim of the cup. It towered precariously as I carefully handed it towards her. The bitch refused to take it.

“Is this a joke?” she glowered.

“Mom,” her daughter behind her gently touched her arm.

The woman shrugged it off. “Laura, stop.” The woman looked around the store. I didn’t know what she was looking for until she called out, “Helen!”

Of course they knew each other. Small town and all.

Helen came gliding over towards us, a wide smile on her face. “Cassie! Such a treat!”

Cassie allowed Helen to give her an air kiss before resuming her tirade. “Your *employee*,” Cassie spat, “is not taking his job seriously. He gave me a tiny sample and when I asked for a larger one this is what he did,” she gestured at the tower of ice cream I still held. “This is disrespectful to me as a woman.”

Laura blushed a deep red and looked like she was anywhere else. I sympathized with her. Her mom was a straight up bitch. And ‘disrespectful to her as a woman’? I hated on her because of her attitude, not her gender.

Helen looked at me and eyed the ice cream I held. “Wyatt, let’s get her a normal sized sample.”

“Yep. Sure,” I replied, tight lipped.

I grabbed another small cup and squirted out a sample of ice cream, resisting the urge to just spray the shit all over the place. I handed it to Cassie, who took it and eyed it suspiciously. “So rude,” she murmured.

She tasted the sample as I gritted my teeth and tried not to glare at her, forcing my eyes up from her chest. She was a bitch, for sure, but a hot bitch.

“Delicious, isn’t it?” Helen enthused with that fake happy tone.

“It’s okay,” Cassie said. “Here, taste some,” she ordered Laura, holding out the remains of the sample.

“No thank you,” Laura replied.

Cassie heaved a sigh and rolled her eyes as if Laura had just called her a filthy name. Laura kept her eyes on the floor.

“One of those in a cone,” Cassie said to me.

She immediately turned to Helen and began gossiping about some other rich fucker in the town. She paid without glancing at me, holding out her card and expecting me to take it from her and scan it through. When she left, Helen remained by the counter.

“Where’s Julie?” Helen asked.

“She’s on break. Should be back in about five minutes.”

“You seem tense. Why don’t you take the rest of the day off?” She said, accompanied by one of those condescending pats on my arm. “I’ll pay you, of course.”

More goddamn charity, but at least it let me get the hell away from these people and their whims. For now, anyway.

I drove my shitty beater of a car back to Helen’s house and parked it around the corner of the garage, out of sight as Helen had requested. Couldn’t have anything sully the neighborhood.

My bike was still leaning against the side of the garage. I’d bought it as soon as I moved in, hoping to save some gas money and get some exercise on my commute. I’d ridden it exactly once and hated every second of it. It just reminded me how much I despised exercise. Now it stood rusting by the side of the house.

The garage was empty. Helen’s husband wouldn’t be home for hours and her adult children were constantly out with one group of friends or another. Popular freaks.

I hauled my bulk up the outside stairs to the door of the loft built above the three-car garage. By the time I got to the top I my breathing was labored. Okay, yeah, maybe I could lose a few pounds.

This little place was my home for the summer. Better than staying with my dad in his little rat trap in the city and having to deal with all *his* shit. I sighed as I saw another cardboard box filled with ‘presents’ from Helen next to my door. Looked like a couple of old books and some shitty knickknacks. More castoffs from whatever Helen didn’t want.

I brought the box inside and dropped it on the counter. The loft was small. An add-on sometime after the garage had been built. Across from the door was a small dormer window that overlooked the circular driveway that curved up to the front door of the main house. A counter along one side of my room held a hot plate, a sink, and a small bar fridge. A small single bed was centered against one wall beside a door that led to a small bathroom. A television and a video game console were hooked up on the wall across from the bed. Those and my clothes were the only things in the room that I owned.

The bed creaked as I fell onto it. I was still sticky and gross with sweat from the trudge up the stairs in the heat, but I didn’t feel like doing anything. I lay back and grabbed my game controller, intent on a long session of killing. It was how I spent most of my afternoons as I didn’t really connect with anyone else in the town. Definitely not the residents. But even the other college-aged people up here for summer jobs bored me. They never talked about anything interesting. Mundane gossip about celebrities and music and blah blah blah. They would go to parties that I wasn’t invited to, smoke stuff I couldn’t get, and probably fuck people I could never have. In this town you had to be pretty, popular or rich to get ahead. I was none of those, so I stayed inside by myself and stewed.

I hadn’t been playing long when my console crashed and wouldn’t restart. I tried everything: turning it off and on, hitting it, yelling at it. Nothing worked.

With nothing better to do I turned to the box of junk Helen had left me. On the cover of a worn, leatherbound book there was a sticky note in Helen’s curling handwriting: *Maybe you could use this in your dragons and dungeons.*

I snorted. Helen assumed that since I was overweight and played video games that I was also into role playing. This was yet more junk she was cleaning out of her mom’s house. Her mom had been a pack rat, filling her house with crap. These were just more useless cast-offs Helen saw fit to send my way.

The book was musty, the cover worn and creased. The title scrawled on the cover read 'Magickes'. I flipped through it. It was written in ye olde English so it was a little hard to decipher but I gathered it claimed to be some sort of magic spell book. Right. A lot of it seemed pretty useless: lighting a fire, keeping bears away, coat of eternal warmth. If this was what passed for old magic, modern technology had surpassed it years ago.

There was one intriguing spell. It had a rough drawing of one person shooting some sort of purple ray at another, who was bowing down before them. If I was deciphering it right it seemed to claim that this was a spell that would let one person control another. I would have chalked it up to more bullshit, but I was intrigued and had nothing better to do.

The words were accompanied by drawings of hand gestures. I puzzled out the old spelling of the words along with the pictures. After some practice, I thought I had the words and the gestures down but after trying to cast it once, nothing happened. Motion from the small window caught my eye and I turned to look outside. Helen was driving up to the house in her Merc. She parked out in front of the house and stepped out of the car.

On a whim, I looked down at her and repeated the words of the spell, along with the accompanying hand gestures. As soon as I finished speaking the last word I was suddenly outside.

I was facing the main entrance to the house. The change was so sudden it left my head spinning and I reached out to grab the nearest thing to steady me, which happened to be a car. I put my hand to my forehead and closed my eyes. My forehead felt different. Broader. Smoother. And something like fingernails gently raked my skin as I rubbed my forehead.

"The hell?" I muttered.

The voice that spilled from my lips was higher in pitch than I was used to. My lips felt different. Even the way my tongue sat in my mouth was off. I blinked open my eyes and found myself looking down at a woman's hand gripping the car. It was my arm but not my arm. This arm was more slender and with feminine curves and lovely ebony skin. I felt the hot metal beneath my fingertips, the colorful fabric of my sleeves as they wafted against my skin. My nails were long and perfectly manicured with a shiny lacquer.

My gaze dropped down the rest of my body and I found myself staring at the outfit Helen had been wearing that afternoon. The colorful fabric wrapped around my form. Two heavy breasts pressed out the fabric and I could feel them jiggle as I shifted. My entire body felt plumper, bigger in some places, smaller in others.

Just as suddenly as it happened it ended. I was back in the little loft above the garage staring down through the small window at Helen. But I had two sets of memories in my head. In one, I could remember becoming Helen, the shock at finding myself somehow in her body. In the other, I remained in the loft and spoken a command to Helen, telling her to come to me but nothing had happened. She'd just remained leaning on the car, steadying herself. I remembered thinking maybe I'd done it wrong and so cast the spell again. That's where the two memories joined up.

It seemed the spell had allowed me to put a copy of my mind into Helen's body. That wasn't at all what I thought it would do. But it wasn't bad. I grinned wide and cast the spell again.

This time I was ready for the world to change suddenly around me. I was back next to the car. I looked up at the window of the garage loft and saw myself looking back down. I waved and then walked around to the stairs up to the loft. Helen's body moved differently than my own. Her hips

swayed more. Things jiggled and shook. The excitement of feeling Helen's bare thighs swish against each other beneath the colorful dress sent a delightful shiver through me. I'd always thought she was hot in a MILF kind of way. I'd imagined being inside her sometimes, but not like this.

I let myself into the small room. My old body was facing me, his face carefully neutral. I knew what he was thinking. I *was* him, after all. He couldn't be absolutely sure that I was in here and he wasn't going to do anything until I made the first move.

"Hi...Helen?" He said warily.

It was odd hearing my voice from without. Like listening to a recording of myself. My new body was also slightly shorter and wider compared to my old. My whole sense of body was thrown off.

I laughed. "It's just us in here. Let's get a look at this body she's been hiding."

I tugged at the strings at the bust of the dress and unfolded it. The top fell open and I stretched it aside, wiggling out of it and letting it drop to the floor. We both looked down at Helen's body. Fuck, it was stunning. A dark blue bra clasped my ample breasts. A slightly plump stomach pouched out gently above indigo panties stretched across ample hips. A grabbable ass and wide, creamy thighs. Slender calves. My skin a smooth, rich mocha.

"Look at these tits," I breathed, reaching up to grab a handful to jiggle them.

I spread my fingers out and squeezed as much of her ample breasts as I could. They were wonderfully bouncy, and my fingers dimpled the dark skin. I looked up to see other Wyatt looking down at my breasts.

"May I?" He asked.

"Fuck, baby," I said in Helen's sultry voice. "You can do anything you want to this body. Make me feel good."

I reached up to wrap one hand behind his head and gently brought his lips to mine. Damn, it was weird kissing myself. Closing my eyes, I felt the sharp stubble graze my tender skin, felt our bodies press together, my tits pressing against my old chest. His hands whispered across my skin, growing more urgent, roaming down my back to my ass and then up again, squeezing, caressing. Old me's need was communicated through his desperate kiss, his faster movements, the hardness rising between his legs and against my body.

I pulled away and turned, lifting Helen's hair out of the way to let him unclasp my bra. He fumbled with it and after a second it grew loose. I slid it to the floor and turned to face him.

"Damn," we both whispered, admiring Helen's breasts as they hung down between us.

The wide expanse of her curves was breathtaking. Each long curve was topped with an almost dainty tan nipple. Former me grabbed both my tits in his large hands and knelt, licking and sucking on each of my tits, overcome with desire. His eyes were closed and his fingers squeezed me as he nipped with his teeth and slid his tongue across each nipple. He moved back and forth between my tits, greedy for me. Our twin desires made Helen's thighs warm. An urgency took hold of me. I wanted my body as much as he did. But I wanted to fulfill a deep fantasy I'd had even more.

I leaned close and whispered in his ear, "Let me suck your dick." I wanted to see Helen on her knees for me.

He straightened and grinned. I got to my knees and unzipped his pants. My former cock sprang out, pointed at my plump lips. I wrapped my fingers around the hard grith and stroked slowly. So strange seeing my cock from this angle, trying to fit it into my hand like I was used to. He was rock hard and ready for me.

I opened my lips and slowly approached but his hand snaked out and grabbed my hair, holding me inches away from the angry red head of his dick.

“Beg for it,” he commanded.

Heat surged through me at the thought of this well-composed rich feminist begging for her employee’s cock.

I looked up at him and batted my eyes. “Please let me suck your dick. I *need* it.” I purred, allowing the anxious tension winding through my body to flow through my voice. I stuck my tongue out, trying to lick the head of his dick but it was just too far away. “Please, please, please. I *have* to suck your cock,” I whined. “I like to pretend I’m in control, but I’d do *anything* for your dick.”

Christ, I was horny as hell, Helen’s panties moist with my want. Now I really *did* need my own cock. Other me finally released me and I happily plunged my lips onto his dick, moaning as I filled my mouth with myself. I drew up the length and then back down, undulating my tongue along the underside of my former cock. I’d tried to suck my own dick before but was never flexible enough. Now that I could I was surprised at how fucking horny it made me.

I pulled my lips off with a wet pop and continued jerking him off as I looked up at him, resting my face on his thigh. “Fuck, you’re delicious. I can’t get enough.”

I plunged my lips back down before he could respond and was rewarded with a long groan. I drove down as far as I could, until my former cock pressed against the back of my new throat and I nearly gagged. I came up, a strand of saliva connecting my lips to the engorged head. I opened wide and drove down again, moaning, enjoying it and playing up the ecstasy as I sucked myself off, worshipping my own cock.

His cock tightened in my mouth, a prelude to a gush of desire. I popped it out of my mouth and held it above my face, stroking the slick length of myself.

“Cum on my face,” I ordered myself.

Old Me couldn’t stop himself. He groaned as I pumped him. His cock throbbed beneath my fingers and then jets of hot white cum splashed across Helen’s face. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth, aiming him at my nose, my cheeks, my eyes, my lips, letting him paint me white with his desire. It dribbled down my face, the gush slowing as he emptied himself over me.

“Goddamn, that was hot as hell,” he murmured.

I stood, my body still restless with need. I would just have to leave Helen like this. I thought I was already pushing my luck. Who knew what would happen when she returned to her own body? Would she even remember this?

I cleaned myself off and slipped back into my clothes.

“When I get back down to the car, get me out of here,” I told my other self.

“Right.”

I returned to Helen's car, taking care to resume the position I was in when I arrived, one hand resting on the roof.

In a blink the world changed and I was back in my old body. Again, the twin memories joined within me. I could remember exactly how wonderful Helen's mouth felt on my dick even as I remembered the musky taste of it. It was masturbation with extra steps.

Out the window, Helen glanced up at my loft before walking back into the house. What did that even mean? About an hour after she left I got a text message from Helen. A topless shot of her in the mirror caressing her massive tits with one hand. The accompanying message read, *Can't stop thinking about your dick. I have to suck it again. Please.*

It seemed I'd changed her while I was inside her. By making her beg for my dick I'd instilled a constant desire for it. Not only could I possess people but they would be okay with it. Whatever I said they would incorporate into their own thoughts. This was a tremendous new power and I pondered how I could best use it in this town full of rich assholes.

After some thought, I figured I'd start with that righteous bitch from the café this morning. Everyone knew everyone in this town, and Helen told me everything as long as I promised her another dick to suck. That's how I discovered where that Cassie bitch lived.

Cassie

The attitude of the fat young man from the café threw off my appetite. After he left I implored Helen to fire him or else he would never learn his lesson about properly serving people. But Helen always had a soft spot for hopeless cases. She assured me that she gave him a stern talking to but I doubted it. I determined to come back another day and see if he'd changed. Otherwise, I would do everything in my power to see that he got what he deserved.

Laura was slouched in her chair, morosely sipping on her soft drink as I licked my dripping cone.

“Oh do sit up,” I snapped at Laura. “And go easy on the soft drink. Someday all that sugar will go straight to your hips and then you'll regret it.”

Laura shrunk back in her chair and got lost in her phone. I got the feeling she was embarrassed to be around me. Typical nineteen-year-olds and their parents. Still, it was my job to raise her right and that meant ensuring people around us knew their place. This would be her world, after all.

When we finished, Laura went to the library while I went home. It was another habit I'd yet to break her of. I really was worried about her lack of social life. Truly, I didn't understand her. She was a wallflower, like my ex-husband. She didn't have many friends and was embarrassed to be the center of attention. I thrived on the attention. Always had ever since my debutante ball. Men just flocked to me and they were so easy to manipulate. They only wanted one thing and I could promise it but never deliver to keep them hooked.

I was at home going over the seating chart for the next gala event I had planned when the doorbell rang. Imagine my surprise when, upon opening the door, I found the very young man who was so rude to me at the café that morning. He was plain-looking, with a gut that hung over his belt, shabby clothes, and a smattering of facial hair. I doubted that even a makeover from my salon could have fixed him.

“I hope you've come here to apologize,” I said before he could get a word in. “Otherwise, I shall have a word with Helen about your disgraceful behavior. How she can tolerate it I just don't understand. What do you have to say for yourself?”

He grinned at me. There was a strange predatory glint in his eye but I was never one to back down. I drew myself up but what he said next stunned me into silence.

“I'm sorry I didn't get my hands on those titties earlier.”

My jaw dropped as he stared at my breasts. It took me a second or two to gather my words. “You disgusting...pervert,” I began, verbally lashing into him, calling him every awful thing I could think of.

He ignored me and began mumbling something and waving his hands. When he finished the strange gesture my mouth snapped shut mid-sentence. I was sure he'd gotten the idea by now and there was no need for me to go on. The nerve of him. He would regret that.

“I'm sorry I've been such a righteous bitch,” I said, only aware that I may have gone too far in my tirade the second after the words left my mouth. “I can't help acting like a bitch. After all, I've been an entitled cunt my whole life. How can I ever make it up to you?”

I hadn't planned the words. They'd just tumbled out. Though it made sense to speak to him in his vulgar language so he could understand how truly sorry I was. He'd been rude to me that morning but I was in the wrong calling him names.

"You can start by letting me get a picture of those lovely tits," he said, pulling out his camera.

There was a split second where I almost began screaming at him again. But then my hands reached up and pulled my top aside, freeing my breasts. The words, "Of course, Wyatt," left my lips and I remained serene. It was a fair trade. A picture of my...tits...as he called them, for his acceptance of my apology.

I held them up in my hands as he took several pictures. I couldn't stop looking at them like I'd never noticed them before. My eyes traced each curve, each tiny pink nipple, each little blemish. Holding their heavy weight in my hand while Wyatt took pictures, I felt an unusual heat begin deep within me. It felt like the beginning of some sexual arousal but that was, of course, ridiculous in this situation.

He put his phone away. "Now, stuff those tits back in your dress, grab your purse, and let's go on a spending spree to make it up to me."

I did as he said, though it took me some time to find my purse. Even though it was where I usually left it next to my bed, I guess seeing Wyatt at my door had made me a little flustered. After I finally found my keys we hopped in my car, Wyatt sitting in the back while I drove.

"Take us to the nearest electronics store you dumb bitch," he said.

I laughed. "Dumb bitch. That's wonderful. I love it when you call me that."

I hadn't realized until I'd responded how much of a repour we'd built in that short time together. I'd been outraged the first time he'd called me a bitch, but now that I knew it was his pet name for me I was flattered.

It was an hour's drive to the store, during which time he fiddled on his phone. At one point he asked me how it felt being in my body.

"Better than Helen," I said. "I think this body's had more work and kept a little more fit."

Yes, it was a brag. But it was true. I spent a lot of time keeping myself looking good. And a lot of money. It was nice for someone to notice.

When we got to the store we wandered around. Wyatt wanted everything and I indulged him, piling game consoles and televisions and phones and all manner of electronics into our cart. Every now and then he would smack me on the butt hard enough to sting and tell me I was doing a good job, for a bitch. I would laugh and stroke his arms, wiggling my hips seductively against him. His coarse manner made me feel so young and dangerous.

Several times I leaned close and whispered in his ear some variation of, "I can't wait for you to fuck me. Make it hurt."

The thought of him inside me, once disgusting, became more intriguing the more I said it. It didn't hurt that he was constantly groping me. Squeezing my breasts or sliding a hand up my dress from behind. Every time I laughed and leaned into it, only realizing I enjoyed this behavior after the fact.

I had the clerks fill my car with Wyatt's new belongings. By then my thighs were moist. I was like a horny teenager, giddy just being around him, laughing at his incredible wit and verbalizing secret desires hidden so deep I didn't even know I had them until I said the words.

After that it was the grocery store, where we filled up on his favorite junk food. I said nothing as he piled artificially flavored garbage into the cart. As long as he was happy.

Then it was on to a store that sold recreational marijuana. It had recently become legal in the state and I indulged Wyatt once again, putting whatever he desired on my platinum card.

Finally, when the car was completely full, he ordered me to drive home. When we arrived he jumped out.

"Unload everything, you dumb bitch. And then set it up in your room. I'm moving in."

"I can't carry all this by myself," I said.

He looked at me. "Do you want her to be my servant?"

I paused, not sure who the 'her' was he was talking about. Finally, I agreed just to placate him. I wanted him to like me. "Yes."

I puffed air out my cheeks and began the long, arduous task of pulling everything out of the car and bringing it into the house. It took about an hour and when I was done sweat had ruined my outfit, leaving dark patches under my arms and my breasts. Wyatt was rummaging through the cupboards in the kitchen when I set the last of the grocery bags down on the counter.

"Ok, now can I get out of here?" I asked him.

"Almost. Look at this," he said, holding up the squeaky ball that had belonged to Pouches, the dog I'd bought for Laura but then rehomed after she ignored it. Wyatt tossed the ball across the floor. "Go fetch, bitch."

I paused for a second, then grinned and dropped to all fours. I began crawling after the ball on all fours like a dog but he stopped me.

"Bitches don't wear clothes," he laughed.

He was right. I shucked off my dress then unclasped the bra – with Wyatt's help – then wiggled out of my panties. Now I could truly be the bitch that he wanted. I dropped to all fours again and chased after the ball, my tongue hanging out, panting. My breasts bounced crazily with each motion. I picked up the ball in my mouth and brought it back to Wyatt, dropping it at his feet and gazing up at him from my knees.

He laughed. "You're not just a bitch, though, are you? You're a bitch in heat."

"I'm whatever you want me to be. I'll do whatever you say."

"Right. You'll act like a bitch until I tell you otherwise. And bitches only bark."

I turned around and spread my legs before backing into his legs, rubbing myself on him. God, it was a relief to finally rub my aching pussy against something. I moaned, feeling my wetness dripping down me as my breasts rested on the floor. He mumbled something and I looked back over my shoulder in case it was directed at me. His mumbling was accompanied by strange hand gestures and when he finished he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, a serene smile on his face. Finally, he opened his eyes.

“Okay, okay, get away,” he said, pushing me away.

I whimpered but did as I was told. I would be his bitch. I would be anything for him. It was a total accident that I’d stumbled on the fact that this was pleasing to me. He threw me the ball a few more times and I scrambled after it, barking as I chased it through the house. Wyatt’s delight delighted me. As I brought the ball back I dragged my groin against the floor, needing the pressure against my sopping wet pussy. I was so incredibly horny for him.

“Bet you’re hungry, huh?” He said.

He returned to the cupboard and retrieved Pouches’s old food and water dish. He filled the water bowl and set it down, then opened up an old can of wet dog food and dumped it in the other dish.

“Eat up, bitch,” he said.

I crawled towards it and stuffed my face into the dog food, opening my mouth to eat as much as I could as he’d instructed. It tasted vile but I choked it all down, just hoping to please him. When I raised my face and looked hopefully up at him, dog food plopped off my lips and chin onto the floor. He laughed and clapped his hands, which made me wiggle my butt in joy, just like a dog. It should have been humiliating but the fact I was doing it without complaint must have meant I really *wanted* to do this for Wyatt. This morning I didn’t know him and this afternoon he was the light of my life.

Wyatt let me out in the backyard and I ran around on all fours, sniffing at things like a dog. His laughter was musical, and his comments about the way my breasts swung were clever. He unwound the hose and aimed it at me. He sprayed me down, ordering me to turn around so the dog food was cleaned off my face and the sweat off my body. The cold water felt so good in the hot sun and when he finished I shook myself like a dog to try to dry off. It didn’t do a thing for the wetness between my legs, which had been growing ever since Wyatt reminded me that I was in heat.

I crawled up to Wyatt and rested my hands on his chest so I could drag my inner thighs up and down his legs. God, I needed the pressure. I needed *him*.

“You need a good fucking, huh?”

I yipped and wagged my butt, letting my tongue hang out, really getting into my role. He laughed and shooed me down then unzipped his pants. I turned and presented myself to him, kneeling so that my breasts were on the ground and my butt in the air. My soaking wet blonde hair fell down in front of my eyes. I spread my legs so Wyatt could reach me. I don’t think I’d ever been hornier. Maybe it was this roleplay we were doing but, Jesus, I needed it.

He knelt behind me and grabbed the flesh of my ass to give it a jiggle. His hands crept over each butt cheek as he admired me, fingers sliding back and forth beneath my thighs, teasing me with his touch as I whimpered and shook my ass for him. I wanted to beg him to put his cock inside me but I was acting like a dog so I could only bark. His fingers found my moisture and crept up my damp slit.

“Goddamn, you’re wet,” he murmured.

I wiggled my butt, happy to please him. I half turned and shook my head to clear the damp hair from my face. His cock was rock hard and aimed at the curve of my ass, his face a mask of glee. He grabbed each of my butt cheeks and spread me, then dipped his cock between my legs, tracing the line of my pussy without entering, lubricating himself on my juices. Finally, finally, the head of his

cock pressed up against my entrance. The pressure built, built, and then he slipped in. I groaned as he filled me, his cock spreading me apart as he slid deep into my wet heat until his groin was up against my ass and I held him completely inside me.

Wyatt began fucking me roughly, the wet crack of his groin on my ass like gunshots. His fingers dug into my ass and he yanked me back with each thrust, impaling me on his shaft. We fucked like animals, him using me for his pleasure, me only desiring for him to be satisfied. I dripped down my thighs and my eyes rolled back in my head as my entire body shook. The heat rose within me, burning bright until it exploded and I came, howling like a dog as he pumped into me.

He came so hard inside me, each hot spurt of his need filling my tight hole. I was a ragdoll, limp with lust as pleasure filled me, his cock the only thing I needed, wringing every last bit of joy until he slowed and then stopped. He pulled out and slapped my ass.

“Good bitch,” he said.

My cheeks flushed at the compliment as his cum dripped down my thigh. I *was* a good bitch. I was *his* good bitch.

Wyatt

It was hard to tell what was better: Helen's mouth or Cassie's pussy. As Cassie ran around in the backyard chasing a squirrel, I called Helen.

"Hi Wyatt," she cooed when she finally picked up.

"Hi Helen," I replied. "How are you?"

"Good, good." There was a pause and then her voice, muffled and whispered: "I can't stop thinking about how much I want to suck your dick some more."

"Come on over to Cassie's house and I'll let you blow me again."

"My husband's home."

"Tell him to fuck off. Make up something. I don't care. Or maybe I'll let Cassie suck my dick."

"No!" She gasped, and then softer. "Hold off for me, baby. I'm coming over."

I don't know what she told her husband but she was over twenty minutes later as the sun was starting to set. I was in the middle of setting up the spare room with some video streaming equipment for my next project in Helen's body when the doorbell rang. I let Helen in and she was all over me, kissing me, hands grabbing at my body.

"Hold on, hold on, hold on," I laughed as I pushed her away. "I need you to do something for me first."

I slid my arm around her back and led her to the kitchen. Through the sliding glass doors she saw Cassie crawling around naked outside.

"What is she doing?" Helen asked.

"She was acting like a bitch so I thought she should *really* act like a bitch."

"Wyatt!" Helen gasped, looking from me to Cassie.

Clearly, Helen wasn't into the humiliation. Well, I could change that. I cast the spell and the world shifted about a foot to my left and slightly down as my mind took up position behind Helen's eyes. I laughed Helen's tingly laughter, my breasts shaking.

"She *is* a good bitch. That was a great idea. Can I take her for a walk around the neighborhood?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Other me said.

I grabbed the pink collar and leash from the cupboard and went outside. "Cassie! I called. Here, girl!" I whistled for her and she came crawling over, her tongue hanging out.

"You do what she says," Other me said to Cassie.

I snapped the collar around her neck and took up the leash. I walked her through the house and down to the street. She crawled slowly for a dog but I didn't mind. There were no sidewalks in this

fancy ass neighborhood because apparently rich people don't walk. So we just strolled along the grass, passing by the huge houses of all Cassie's neighbors.

Some guy drove up and parked in his driveway then did a double take when he saw us. I waved at him and Cassie barked happily. He kept gawking at us as we made our way through the neighborhood. Cars slowed down, the drivers gasping as they saw us. People peered out their windows.

"Mark your territory," I ordered Cassie.

She obliged, snigging up to the nearest tree before turning and raising one leg in the air. A stream of piss dribbled out down her thigh and onto the ground. I made her repeat the action on the next few trees. From one of the houses a dog ran up to greet us. A golden retriever. It sniffed curiously at Cassie.

"Sniff it back, bitch," I said.

Cassie crawled after the dog and stuck her nose up to its butt, inhaling deeply as I laughed. When I'd had my fun and it was getting dark, we turned and headed back home. Halfway there a police car rolled up beside us. Two cops got out. Young, cocky guys.

"What's going on here?" One asked.

"Just taking my dog for a walk," I replied.

They didn't seem to know how to reply to that so I helped them out, casting the spell and going right from Helen to one of the cops and then the other, making them all confirm how reasonable this all was. When they were on my side, I returned to Helen's body.

"I also taught her some tricks," I said. "Watch. Sit."

Cassie sat on her knees and stared up at me with a dumb smile on her pretty face.

"Roll over."

She rolled over, her breasts tumbling over her belly as she did so.

"Great. Suck these two dicks."

I had to cast the spell a few more times to make the cops compliant but soon Cassie was crawling over to the first cop and scrabbling for his pants. He let her pull out his dick and she sucked it into her pretty mouth. I stayed inside the cop's body and thrust my dick between her pillowy lips, pumping into her as saliva dripped down her chin. I came hard, jetting my hot seed down her throat and ordering her to swallow it down like a good dog. She did so, then turned to the other cop and sucked his dick as I jumped into his body. Fuck, her lips felt amazing. I complimented her cocksucking skills as I stroked her hair and plunged my length ever deeper into her mouth. I came so hard, nearly doubling myself over as I emptied my second dick into her mouth. When she finished, I returned to Helen's body and the cops filed back into their car and drove away.

When we got back to Cassie's home, former me let us in and cast the spell. In an instant I was back in my body. I sneered down at Cassie.

"You look fucking disgusting. You're sleeping outside tonight."

She whimpered but didn't say a word as I led her through the house by her collar and put her out in the backyard. I wasn't totally cruel. I left her with some dog food and water in her bowl.

Other me brought me upstairs and showed me the streaming setup he'd been working on from everything we'd purchased that day. A high end computer with dual monitors. Professional microphone. Comfortable chair. I'd always wanted to have a bunch of fans on streaming channels but I'd had a poor setup. Besides, no one wanted to see a fat guy play video games. Now a sexy MILF, that was a different story.

I stripped out of Helen's clothes and dropped my bra to the floor before sitting down in the chair. In the video in the corner of the screen, Helen's topless image was reflected back at me. Her huge breasts hung down her chest and wobbled whenever I typed. I logged into my accounts and began playing while Other Wyatt went through the various gaming chatrooms, sprinkling links to my account as the topless MILF.

My follower count skyrocketed. I played and flirted, flashing Helen's bright smile to my growing number of followers. I gave the fans what they wanted. They wanted me to squeeze my tits: I did. They wanted me to wiggle my chest to make my breasts bounce: I did. They wanted me to suck on a finger and then pinch my tan nipple: I did. Touching myself made me feel so good and it wasn't long before my desire pooled down my thighs and onto the chair.

"Oh my god, playing video games makes me so wet," I laughed.

The attention was glorious. I'd never had so many people actually care about me before. Hell, I had been invisible to most of the world until today. The magic of tits, I guessed.

When I jumped out, Helen continued streaming. She wasn't as good at the game as I was, but I don't think many people were paying attention. Most were just salivating over her tits, which she was only too happy to play with. I was considering my next move when I heard a commotion from downstairs and I hurried down to find out what was going on.

Laura

My mom was way too much sometimes. Everything had to be just right or she'd fly into a fury. God, I hoped I never became that entitled. Yes, having nice things was nice. But it was like my mom had never heard of a 'Karen' before. She played right into every stereotype of a rich person. And she dressed like a teenager. Maybe that's why I rebelled by dressing in the baggiest clothes I could find and really not caring about fashion.

Mom was soooo embarrassing. She made a scene most places she went. So after the whole café fiasco, I really needed to get away from her.

I fled to the library and the safety of my books. I stayed until it closed and then drove the long way home. Mom would question me as soon as I walked in the door and I just wanted to enjoy some peace and quiet. She was always pestering me about my social life and encouraging me to be more outgoing but that just wasn't me. I wasn't the life of the party. And I didn't like 'life of the party' guys, either, no matter how many my mom tried to set me up with.

There's a special kind of prison that pretty women like me are put in in society. An expectation on how they should act and dress and flirt. I didn't want that. So while my peers dressed in the latest trends showing off more and more of their body, I went the opposite route, choosing conservative outfits. Christian chic, I guess, even though I wasn't a practicing Christian.

Someone's car was parked in the driveway when I got home and mom didn't answer when I called for her. I wandered through the house to the living room. The outdoor lights were on in the yard and some movement caught my eye. It took me a second to realize what I was seeing. It was my mom. She was naked and crawling around barking like a dog.

I threw open the sliding doors. "Mom! Mom!" I yelled.

She came running towards me on all fours and tried to jump up on me like a dog. I pushed her down and backed away.

"What are you doing? Have you gone crazy?" I yelled.

She whimpered. She was really committing to this whole dog thing.

"Sit!" A man's voice called out from behind me.

Mom sat on her butt, staring up at me. I turned around and saw a stranger walking towards me. He was about my age. Fat and with a sprinkling of acne only sort of hidden by a scraggly beard. I'd seen his face before and it took me a second to realize it was the guy from the dessert café that morning. What was he doing here?

"Who are you?" I asked him.

He walked confidently, like he owned the place. There was a dangerous smile on his face as he looked at me.

"I'm Wyatt. You must be the daughter. Laura, right?" he said, his eyes grazing down my body and making me self-conscious. "Can't say I care much for the clothes. You should show some more skin."

I was aghast. I had no idea what to say. As I was floundering, wondering what exactly was going on here with my mom acting weird and this crude guy in my house, Wyatt began speaking some nonsense words and gesturing with his hands. I took a step back, not knowing whether to run. When he finished, he looked at me expectantly.

I inhaled deeply and looked down at my chest. "Holy shit," I exclaimed happily. I held up my hands and flipped them over, staring at them. Then I ran a hand down my side to the curve of my ass and half-turned to check myself out. "I definitely need to dress sexier."

Sometimes it takes a stranger to give you good life advice. I was surprised to find myself agreeing with him.

"Take it all off. Let's see you," Wyatt said.

No matter how much good advice this guy gave me I was not about to get naked in front of him. Or so I thought for about the half second it took for my hands to grip my shirt and toss it off over my head. I guess I figured I should live a little.

I fumbled with my bra for a few seconds before Wyatt moved around behind me. "Let me get that," he said, unclasping it.

I shrugged it to the floor and my breasts bounced free. Wyatt and I both stared down at them. Wyatt hardly dared to breathe. I had to admit they were pretty perfect. Huge swells, perfectly taut and buoyant. They jiggled as I unbuttoned my shorts and slid them down my legs before kicking off my panties.

I put my hand on my hip and posed for Wyatt. My confidence must have come from the desire on his face. It was so much easier to do this with a stranger rather than, like, a boyfriend I knew and loved. I would never in a million years have guessed I would be attracted to someone like Wyatt, but as he reached out to touch my breasts a little tingle of desire flitted through me.

He gazed down at my tits with wide eyes as he stroked my chest, his hands growing greedier, fingers whispering around my sensitive skin. I must have wanted him, because my nipples spiked to attention and prickles of anticipation tickled my core. Fat guys with bad skin had never been my type but maybe that was the thing. Going so against type circled back around to being hot. Whatever it was, I placed my hands on his and helped him squeeze my tits, laughing as I did so.

Wyatt's desire burst forth. He buried his face between my breasts and kissed back and forth, grabbing and squeezing as much of my huge breasts as he could.

"Yeah, suck on those titties," I urged him on.

One of his hands snaked out and grabbed my ass, pulling me closer. Our bodies pressed together. Something hard poked out from his pants and I dragged my fingers across it, teasing his hidden erection. He dropped my breasts and grabbed my head in both hands, bringing our lips together. His scratchy mustache hurt as his hot breath filled me. I melted into him, reaching out to clutch him and pull him towards me. We stood entwined, making out ferociously, like starved lovers. His tongue slid into my mouth and I sucked on it, tasting him, letting him fill me.

I helped him rip off his clothes in a frenzy of desire, throwing them carelessly to the floor as I pulled him to the living room couch and fell on top of him. His lumpy body lay beneath me and my tits hung down above his face. He grabbed them and kissed and licked and squeezed some more as I dragged my pussy up his cock, my wetness lubricating his length. The head of his cock pressed against my clit and I closed my eyes and sighed, enjoying the sensations roaring through me. Giving my virginity to a stranger was liberating. I felt incredible. Powerful. Sexy.

He moaned as I dragged my slick pussy up and down his length while he feasted on my tits. "Goddamn," he hissed. "I need to fuck you right now."

I smiled and reached between us, wrapping my fingers around his slick girth before aiming it up at my pussy. The pressure of his cockhead met my entrance and I sank down slowly, easing him inside me. He hissed in delight and paused, gripping my tits hard, eyes closed as he entered me. His cock spread me apart, filling me, until my groin rested on his and I held him entirely within me.

I pushed myself up, resting my hand on his flabby chest and began grinding, dragging my slick pussy back and forth. He gripped my hips and thrust up with each downstroke as we built into a rhythm. I gazed down at my bare tits as they bounced with each thrust. For some reason I was enamored with them, like they were the most gorgeous things I'd ever seen.

He gritted his teeth and drove up faster. I followed his rhythm, grinding down him, fucking him hard. I slid a hand between my legs and found my slick pleasure button and began stroking it, fingers moving faster as he pumped into me. The anticipation within me rose, winding my body up with a wonderful tension. I fingered myself as we fucked, the two of us combined together like lovers, moaning. I wiggled on top of him, my body moving hypnotically, riding him.

He whispered sweet nothings to me: "Fuck, that little pussy's so good. Goddamn, you're a good fuck."

I raised my head, eyes closed, lost in my own world as I fingered myself and enjoyed the slick warmth thrusting within me. I teased my body up, up, until the tension snapped and I came. I moaned, long and low as my entire body tensed and then released. My mouth dropped open and my head fell back. Pleasure and relief roared through me as I rode him through my orgasm. At the apex, Wyatt grunted and drove up, his fingers gripping my hips painfully. Bursts of thunder filled my head as he came inside me, pulsing hot seed into my virgin pussy, making me so blissfully full. I took all of him, every hot spurt, riding him through the lust swirling through me.

I rode him through my orgasm, willing it to continue even as I crested and began the long cool down. I rested my hands on his chest again and looked down at him as he finished inside me. When he was empty he remained within me, gripping my hips and staring up at me with awe.

"Did you enjoy that?" I asked. He just nodded and I leaned down to kiss his forehead. "Good. I did, too. And I'll fuck you anytime you want. I fucking love you."

I didn't know it was true until I said it. I had gone from stranger to lover in less than half an hour. I would do anything for this man.

I slid off him and went up to my room. I wasn't sure exactly what I was doing there until I opened my closet and searched through for some clothes. My closet was huge but nothing seemed to please me.

"Jesus," I said. "Where's all the sexy shit?"

In the end, I took a white shirt and some jeans, found some scissors, and made my own clothes. I cut the shirt so that it just barely covered my breasts, the bottoms of my graceful curves visible beneath the ragged fabric. I did the same with the jeans, carefully cutting around the pockets. By the time I was done they were barely more than bikini bottoms. I slid into them – sans panties – and made my way back downstairs. Wyatt was sitting up on the couch, his clothes back on.

“What do you think?” I asked, twirling around and showing off my new outfit.

“Perfect,” he grinned.

“I only want to dress like a slut from now on,” I told him, understanding the truth of it as soon as I said it.

My mom was barking outside the sliding glass door. I slid it open and patted her hair. “Good bitch,” I said as she whimpered and looked up at me. Now that I’d had some time to adjust, I guessed it wasn’t so weird that my mom was acting like a dog.

We ate some dinner and then Wyatt took me upstairs. I was surprised to find Helen in one of the spare rooms, sitting topless in front of a computer screen and apparently flirting with people online. I went and sat on her lap, wrapped my arms around her and kissed her on the lips. She hesitated at first, but Wyatt murmured something and then she kissed me back, one hand coming up to squeeze my breast. When she pulled away, she looked into the camera.

“This is my girlfriend,” she told the thousands of viewers. “And if you pay for the premium package, you’ll get to see her hot little body.”

I wasn’t so sure I wanted to show off online. But then again, I hadn’t been sure about a lot of things tonight until I’d done them. Maybe my mind would change again. For now, I hopped off Helen and returned to my lover, Wyatt. I wound my arm around his ample waist and leaned on him, inhaling his scent. He was my true love, and I would do anything for him.

Wyatt

That night I slept in the master bedroom and made Helen and Laura share the other bedroom. May as well get used to each other now before they had sex on camera. And if they needed help, well, I would always be eager to jump into their skin and encourage them. I couldn't believe how much of a turn my life had taken in just one day. Now I was on top of the world. Anyone I saw could be at my command. Making Cassie act like a dog and turning Helen and Laura into my sex servants was just the beginning. There was no stopping me with this power. I could take anything I wanted. *Anyone* I wanted.

And I would.

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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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M

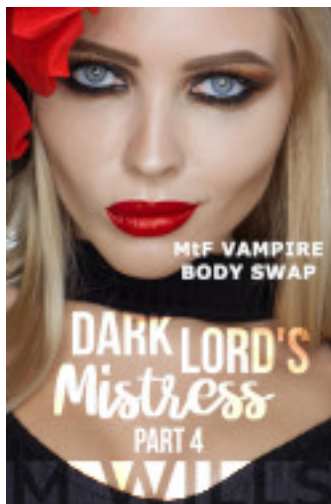
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[Dark Lord's Mistress 4](#)

In the thrilling, double-sized conclusion to the Dark Lord's Mistress series, Sanda has her fun as Layton while Layton desperately tries to get his body back before he loses the last of his humanity.



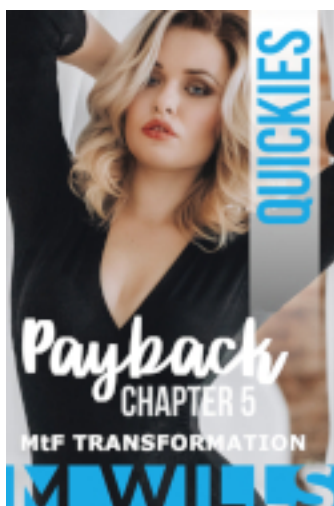
Split

An idle wish sees a young man splitting his consciousness into his mom, his two sisters and himself, and controlling all four bodies simultaneously.



Taken Over 3

In the finale, Greg and Becky team up to try save Avery and the whole school from Seth's possession and mind control power.



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