



HUNTER

- MIND CONTROL -

BY **M WILLS**

Hunter

M Wills

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This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

HUNTER

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1

“Stop here,” Hunter told the cab driver.

“You sure?” The driver said.

“Yes,” Hunter nodded, gritting his teeth. “I want to surprise my friends,” he lied.

Hunter’s head pulsed with something like a migraine, the pain stabbing deep into the back of his brain. He’d overdone it but it had been necessary. A desperate escape and a long drive under an assumed name.

The driver pulled over at the entrance to a suburban neighborhood. The sun was setting behind the trees to the west. Large houses sprang up in neatly ordered rows, each with its lawn just so, the colors and detailing of the houses identical thanks to micromanaging by the neighborhood association. The double garages probably hid expensive electric vehicles. Signifiers to the other residents of this upper middle class neighborhood that they belonged. As good a place to hide as any.

Hunter paid the driver in cash, making sure to tip the exact appropriate amount. It was already an atypically long trip, Hunter didn’t want to make it an even more interesting story for the driver by either being too cheap or throwing money around. Besides, he was running low on money now. He’d gotten careless. Hadn’t been thinking ahead. Too caught up in his own power.

Hunter slipped out of the cab and walked confidently up the curving entrance to the neighborhood. Behind him, the cab turned around and headed back to the highway. When the taillights disappeared behind a curve, Hunter allowed himself to slump and grimace. He massaged his temples. His vision throbbed with each pulse of his heart.

Just a little further.

Hunter wandered through the neighborhood, judging the houses. Even in this weakened state he was still picky. At the end of a cul-de-sac, one house stood out above the rest. The detailing was fancier, the front door grander.

Lights were on downstairs and Hunter rang the bell, listening as it echoed through the large house. Footsteps. The door opened. The man in the doorway was somewhere in his fifties. Trim. Dark hair going grey at the temples. Tan slacks and a pale blue button down shirt, the top button

undone. A look of suspicion on his handsome face, prepared for Hunter to give him a door-to-door sales pitch.

“Treat me like your long lost best friend,” Hunter commanded, using the last of his ebbing powers.

The pain made him buckle and lean against the door. But even still there was that brief flash of feeling invincible that was so addictive about using his powers.

The man’s suspicion evaporated. His eyes widened with surprise and joy.

“Oh my god, it’s so good to see you!” The man said.

Hunter stuck out his hand for a shake but the man grabbed him in a hug, patting him on the back, manly and rough. Hunter’s vision blurred with the expense of his power. It would take some time to recover from this and he hoped his command would stick.

The man stepped back, still holding on to Hunter’s shoulders. “How long has it been, like, ten years?”

“Something like that,” Hunter croaked. “Can I come inside?”

“Of course, of course. Are you okay?”

The man ushered him inside. The house was warm and the delicious scent of garlic and onions spilled from the kitchen.

“Just a migraine,” Hunter said.

“Come on over here and sit down.”

The man ushered Hunter to an easy chair in the living room and then turned to the kitchen. “Honey, look who’s here, it’s...”

“Hunter,” Hunter offered quickly.

A woman poked her head around the corner of the kitchen. Blonde hair tied up in a ponytail with bangs curling down over her forehead. Black glasses perched across a delicate nose. Her white blouse was cut to her body shape, emphasizing her trim figure and the slight swell of her breasts. She was younger than the man of the house by about twenty years. No doubt the second—or third?—wife.

“He’s an old friend of mine,” the man said.

“Hi, Hunter,” she smiled and it lit up her features.

Luckily for her, Hunter was not yet at his full powers to unleash his debauchery. But, god, he ached to do it. Even the thought made another stab of pain and he hissed.

The man turned to him with a look of worry. “Do you want some painkillers?”

“That would be wonderful,” Hunter said.

The man disappeared. There was some murmuring from the kitchen. The man returned a few minutes later with a bottle of aspirin and a glass of water.

“Please stay for dinner, we’ve got plenty,” the man said, handing the pills and the glass to Hunter. “We can catch up.”

“I’d love that,” Hunter lied.

He downed the pills. The man sat on the couch across from him and reminisced about a past they never had. Hunter lied about his situation, making up a boring story about being part of the corporate world. He learned that the man’s wife was Charlotte and she was, indeed, the second wife. The man was a doctor, though these days doing less surgery and more management at the hospital.

Dinner consisted of stir-fry and more lies. Hunter trying gamely to play along with the story he himself had created so that Charlotte wouldn’t get suspicious. The medicine and the wine dulled the pain, though nothing would entirely erase it except time.

“Robert, here, hasn’t told me much about you,” Charlotte said, sipping her wine. She had piercing blue eyes, long elegant fingers ruined only by Robert’s gaudy diamond wedding ring, and a perfect little mouth. “How long have you known each other?”

“Ten years,” Hunter smiled, launching into a fictitious story about their past. He was an accomplished liar and seemed to put them both at ease, slipping into his role well.

The medicine had dulled the headache to a rumbling roar, and as he made up a story he used the opportunity to admire Charlotte. She moved easily, with a grace that matched her willowy body. A gorgeous face and eyes that twinkled with laughter. When she leaned forward her blouse fell open slightly, giving Hunter a glimpse of her pillowy breasts, clasped tightly by a white bra.

After dinner, the men went out onto the back porch, where Hunter fended off Robert’s questions with more lies. What did Hunter do now? How much did he earn? Was he married. Each question carried a suggestion of arrogance, as though Robert was comparing his life against Hunter’s and finding Hunter lacking. The man was a prick and it was getting tiresome.

Plus, Hunter was barely keeping his eyes open. So much easier when he could use his powers and just be done with this bullshit.

“I’m sorry to ask,” Hunter said, “But do you mind if I spend the night here? I won’t be any trouble.”

“Of course. You can stay in one of the spare rooms. We’ve got a lot of them since Abigail and Jack went away to college.”

They showed him to Jack’s old room. A few football posters adorned the walls. A bookshelf along one wall held old high school trophies. Charlotte made up the bed and Hunter collapsed into it, letting sleep swallow him.

2

Hunter awoke late the next morning. Nearly noon. This morning he felt better. Not great, but better. Though he'd slept in his clothes and felt crusty and gross, the headache was gone. However, he could feel it lurking, ready to burst out from behind his eyes.

A note had been slipped under his door. It was from Robert, welcoming him to stay for a few days if he needed and letting him know that he, Robert, was at work and Charlotte would be in and out of the house all day.

The house was empty now, so Hunter went to the master bedroom and tossed off his clothes before turning on the luxurious shower. Six jets pounded him with wonderfully hot water and he scrubbed himself with Robert's soap and shampoo. Coming out of the shower, he flipped on the light in the giant walk-in closet and picked through Robert's clothes.

Robert was a man of style, with expensive suits and fancy clothes. Hunter was only slightly taller than Robert and the clothes fit him well. The underwear was freshly laundered and Hunter had no qualms about putting it on. It wasn't the first wardrobe he'd "borrowed". After getting into khaki pants and a green and blue patterned button-down, Hunter felt much better.

Slipping downstairs, he wandered through the kitchen and opened the fridge. It was a veritable bounty of food, and Hunter helped himself, making a huge sandwich and leaving the kitchen island littered with the detritus of his food, not bothering to put anything away. Having satisfied two of his three baser urges – sleep and food – he felt the need creeping up on him again. He rubbed his thumb and forefinger together. A nervous tic.

His power felt like a living thing that he couldn't tame. All he could do was feed it and, in turn, it would feed him. He itched to use it despite the threat of the headache returning, or the danger of the Agency finding him.

As if on cue, the garage door open and Charlotte swept in. She wore a wispy white summer dress that clung gently to her supple figure. A purse slung around one shoulder which she dumped onto a side table. Hunter looked up from the table where he sat finishing his lunch and grinned at her.

"Hello, Charlotte."

"Hi, Hunter." Her smile faded when she noticed the state of the kitchen. "Sleep well?"

“Very well, thank you. Though I imagine I’ll sleep better in your bed tonight.”

“What?” The tiniest furrow appeared in her brow above her glasses. He wanted to kiss it away.

“Just a joke,” he said, waving it away.

Charlotte set to work cleaning up his mess. Hunter finished the last of the sandwich and brought his plate to the kitchen island where Charlotte was busy cleaning and putting his food away. He set the plate down next to the sink and stood there, uncomfortably close to Charlotte. The sweet floral scent of her perfume hit his nose and he closed his eyes to savor it. Intoxicating.

Charlotte said nothing, but shied away from him. He came closer to her, saw her glance at him uncertainly, worry in her eyes. When she turned away he reached out and squeezed her ass. What a peach of an ass. So tight. She yipped and jumped around to face him, backing against the counter. There was fire in her eyes. Her face tense.

“You like when I grope you.” Hunter commanded. *“It makes you horny for me.”*

The sweet bliss of using his powers made him feel like a man wandering in the desert who’d stumbled upon an oasis. God, he felt invincible. Even the headache creeping in did nothing to dull that delight.

The tension drained from Charlotte’s pretty face. Her lips curled into a half smile as she tried to hide her new delight. She turned around and resumed wiping the counter, moving closer to Hunter. Now she subtly arched her back, presenting herself to him.

Hunter reached out and squeezed her ass again. She paused, closing her eyes and swaying on the counter, evidently enjoying the warm feelings rushing through her. Hunter moved closer. This time he let his hand linger on her ass. His face was so close to hers he felt her silky hair tickling him. Her sweet scent was in his nose. She wiggled her ass beneath his hand and paused in her work as he groped her but she didn’t move away.

She bit her bottom lip and inhaled deeply, finally pulling away with a low moan to toss the cleaning cloth into the sink. She was clearly conflicted. The physical feelings Hunter had instilled in her fighting with her loyalty to her husband.

“I never had the tour of the house,” Hunter said. “Why don’t you give me one now?”

“Okay,” she nodded, eyes darting away and then back as she fussed with her silky golden hair that hung down to her shoulders in soft waves.

She showed him around the downstairs. The kitchen and the living room and the dining room and the large entertaining space leading out to the back porch. He stayed close to her, looking around as she pointed things out. Every now and then he would reach out to touch her ass, or the small of her back. He felt her electric attraction to him growing every time he groped her and he grew bolder.

When she turned to face him on the back porch and gestured around to the immaculately manicured lawn, her reached up and grabbed one of her tits. It was too enticing to ignore and he squeezed it gently, feeling the soft skin dimple beneath his fingers. She clasped his hand to her breast and closed her eyes, leaning in to it before shivering. When she opened her eyes again and looked at him she was uncertain, her eyes wavering, her body demanding him even as her mind fought to stay faithful to her husband.

She babbled nervously about herself as they walked through the house. She didn't have a job. Robert earned enough for the two of them. She spent her days at the spa or the gym or running errands or lunch with friends or on various boards.

Hunter followed her upstairs, eyes locked on the perfect swell of her ass as it wiggled in front of him. He reached out and yanked up her dress to slide a hand between her legs, pressing the panties up against her sex. She paused in her monologue as she stumbled, leaning on the banister taking deep breaths while he slid his hand back and forth, back and forth against her hidden pussy until he felt her panties dot with moisture. Then he dropped her dress and gave her ass a quick swat.

“Keep going,” he said.

“Y-yes. Right,” she said, trying to get a hold of herself.

She continued up the stairs and showed him the rooms. The master bedroom. The movie room. The upstairs living room. Abigail's bedroom.

Abigail's bedroom was painted a pale pink. A clutch of medals for various track and field events hung from the footboard. Stuffed animals were set up on the bed. A desk against one wall held some pictures.

Hunter picked up one of the pictures and found a smiling woman in a sleeveless track outfit and tiny running shorts showing off incredible, long legs. Auburn hair tied up in a messy bun. A big grin on a gorgeous face. A

trim figure and a nice chest. She had her arm around a shorter, bustier blonde.

“That’s Abigail. My stepdaughter,” Charlotte said, pointing to the taller one.

“She looks like a real hot piece of ass,” Hunter said.

Charlotte recoiled instantly and scowled at him, hands clenched in visceral disgust. Hunter couldn’t help himself. It was like he deliberately put himself in this situation where he would have to use his powers. Recklessness or addiction?

“*Everything I say is charming,*” Hunter commanded.

Bliss. He was on top of the world. He could have anything he wanted. The pain at his temples the only thing holding him back.

Charlotte immediately softened and giggled.

“You’re a hot piece of ass, too,” Hunter said, reaching out to grab her ass.

“Th-thank you,” Charlotte said, as if it was a witty compliment for which she had no answer. She blushed slightly and allowed Hunter to pull her close.

Hunter felt her trembling. She really was a delicate little thing. Pretty and sweet. And *dying* to fuck him. He could practically smell the rich scent of her pussy. His cock twitched, growing hard at her scent, her touch, her closeness.

“I’m going to fuck you from behind on your stepdaughter’s bed,” he growled in her ear.

She tittered again. “Oh, Hunter,” she sighed, putting a small hand on his chest. “You’re too much.”

He squeezed her ass again. Groped her tits. Let his hand slide down her belly, around her sides, up her back. He groped her again and again, pawing at her as she moaned beneath his touch until her body gave in and she stood up on her toes to kiss him. She wrapped one arm around his neck, the other hand twining her fingers through his hair. He gripped her slender waist and shoved into her, pressing his hard body against her soft one.

She opened her mouth and welcomed him inside. He tasted her, following the contours of her lips and teeth with his own tongue. Their hot breath mingled as she sighed into his mouth. His hands wandered down her back to that peach of an ass. He squeezed it and she moaned into his mouth.

Now her hands slid down his form, pulling him close as they continued to kiss. She was desperate, breathing deeply as she wiggled against him, moaning as he continued to grope her, making her wetter and wetter. When his hand slid around and up against the front of her dress, between her thighs, he found that she was soaking.

Hunter spun her around and wrapped her up from behind, hands sliding beneath her arms to heft her tits as his hard and hidden cock pressed against the swell of her ass. His fingers dug into her tits as he kissed her neck, inhaling her fruity scent. She moaned, leaning her head back as he kissed his way back and forth across her neck.

He unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to the floor, followed by his underwear. His cock leapt free, at full mast, the head angry and red, his whole being *desperate* for Charlotte. Another addiction. Almost as good as using his powers. Almost.

He yanked up Charlotte's dress and shoved her forward. She caught herself on the bed, leaning over it and arching her back as Hunter slid her panties down her legs. The rich spicy scent of her cunt hit his nose and made his cock throb. Her pink pussy lips were visible between her thighs and as Hunter watched a drop of juice escaped and trickled down her thigh. He draped her dress over her so he could see her perfect ass, the cheeks taut and shapely.

Hunter shoved his cock in between her legs, the head slipping into her wet pussy and he drove himself in to the hilt. She gripped him tight and he was surrounded by her wet heat. Grabbing her ass, he slowly slid back out and then back in. She thrust back against him, helping drive herself deep down his cock, filling herself with him.

He plunged in again and again, eyes locked on that perfect ass, fingers digging into her delicate cheeks as her cries grew louder. She raised her head, closing her eyes as he slammed into her. The juicy sounds of her cunt harmonized with the slap of his balls on her thighs as he pounded her, gritting his teeth as the tension rose within him. She was gasping now, her cries growing higher in pitch. He thrust in, filling her, spreading her apart as he desperately tried to sate the itch in his belly. His balls tightened and just as pleasure overwhelmed him he growled out another command:

“Cum harder than you've ever cum in your life.”

She howled around his cock, her voice breaking with need, mouth dropped open, eyes clenched shut as he emptied his cock into her tight hole.

Her pussy clenched him tight and he felt every vibration as she shook, crying out again and again, “Ooooh! Oh! Oh! Oooooo!” He unleashed himself, burying his cock deep within her, slamming her perfect ass back against him as she grew boneless with pleasure beneath him. He fucked her as she collapsed against the bed, boneless with pleasure, each spurt making her howl with desire and clutch at the bed until he finished.

She was still breathing heavily, body shaking with aftershock when he pulled out of her. She slumped to the floor, glasses askew. Hunter pulled up his pants before offering her his hand. She swept the hair out of her eyes and took his hand to stand on unsteady legs. Her face was flushed. Eyes alive with pleasure.

“Oh my god. Oh my god,” she murmured, though at the orgasm or the fact that she’d just fucked her husband’s best friend, Hunter couldn’t say.

3

Hunter and Charlotte spent the rest of the day together, her taking great delight in his every comment as if it was the most witty thing she'd ever heard. When Robert came home he kissed Charlotte. Hunter noticed her hesitation, her fumbling excuses to leave. She couldn't look him in the eye. Her secret was bound to spill out.

When Robert went upstairs to change out of his work clothes, Hunter joined Charlotte in the kitchen. As she stirred the chicken he patted her ass, making her pause and close her eyes as warmth flitted through her.

When Robert came back down, Hunter took up a seat in the living room watching television as they attended to him like dutiful hosts.

"You're quiet tonight," Robert remarked to Charlotte as they ate dinner. She glanced at Hunter then back to her husband and shrugged. "Long day."

"Yes," Hunter said drily, "It must be exhausting getting your nails done and going to the gym."

She covered her mouth and laughed demurely. Robert glanced at her and reached over to grab her hand. "Charlotte does a great deal," he said defensively.

"I'm sure she does," Hunter said.

Charlotte gazed at him adoringly over her glass of wine, a smile teasing her lips.

As Charlotte cleaned up dinner, the two men sat and talked.

"So," Robert said, "How long are you planning to stay?"

Hunter shrugged. "Until I get bored. Or until they find me."

"Until who finds you?"

Hunter swirled his wine. He'd barely had two sips. Using his power was his addiction, and alcohol only made that more difficult. "There are people out there who don't like what I do. Who have the means to stop me. All I want to do is live my life in peace and get a little enjoyment out of it. Is that so bad?"

"Wait, who are these people? Are you in trouble with the law? I've got some lawyer friends—"

Hunter laughed. "No lawyer's going to get me out of this. Robert," Hunter leaned forward earnestly. "I need you to be my eyes and ears. If you

see anything suspicious, anyone lurking around, following you, let me know immediately.”

“Hunter, what is this about? If it’s that serious—”

“*Do what I tell you,*” Hunter said.

It was a big command and brought with it a corresponding wave of euphoria. Hunter swayed in his chair, the world going hazy as his brain lit with bliss. No one could stop him. He was bigger than the world. The headache was less than yesterday and less than meaningless.

Robert nodded. “Of course. But I just—”

“Don’t question me.”

“Right.”

“And call me ‘sir’.” Hunter said, settling back in his chair. The euphoria still clung to him. He was untouchable and deserved to be treated with respect.

“Yes, sir.”

Charlotte returned from the kitchen. “Would anyone care for dessert?”

She was a feast for the eyes in that white dress. Her innocent face staring at him with a hint of a smile on her lips.

“Why, yes,” Hunter said smoothly. “I would love to eat your pussy.”

“Sir!” Robert said, sitting up suddenly in shock and anger.

Charlotte stepped back and put a hand on her breast, steadying herself as she gaped at Hunter, her cheeks blushing red. She tried hard to stop her smile as her cheeks dimpled in pleasure. He smiled back at the two of them and dabbed at his lips with a napkin.

“*Robert, invite me to eat your wife’s pussy while you watch.*”

“Sir, would you care to eat my wife’s pussy while I watch?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

“Robert,” Charlotte whispered.

Hunter turned to her. “*Get naked and sit on the table facing me.*”

Hunter shivered in ecstasy. It was a reckless use of power but he couldn’t stop himself. *Shouldn’t* stop himself. He was a god among men.

Charlotte slipped out her dress and let it fall at her feet. She reached back and unclasped her bra, dropping it to the floor as her breasts bounced free. They were small but taut little things. Perfectly proportioned to her slim body. Each with a wide pink areola. Rolling her panties down her legs revealed the blonde triangle of her bush pointing down to her sacred entrance.

Naked, she dutifully sat on the table facing Hunter. Hunter stood and dragged his hands up her beautiful, smooth legs, following the solid contours up her calves, over her knees, and down to her creamy thighs. He gently spread her legs apart and gazed into her pussy.

“Your wife has a gorgeous pussy,” Hunter said.

“Thank you,” Charlotte blushed.

“*You’re a horny slut for me.*” Hunter commanded her.

Her lips parted, a hint of her white teeth showing as she stared at Hunter in complete desire. Hunter leaned between her legs and kissed his way across her entrance. The rich spicy scent of her was intoxicating. His tongue skated across her slit and she moaned beneath him, her pussy growing wet and opening for him. He dove in, enjoying the rich, concentrated taste of her pussy, flicking his tongue across her folds. She wiggled around him, lying down on her back and squeezing her tits as he ate her delicious cunt.

She dripped onto the table as he lapped at her. His cock grew hard in his pants and he gripped her thighs tighter, spreading her ever farther apart. His tongue found the bud of her clit and he played figures across it and was rewarded with the sounds of her sighs growing into soft whimpers. She squeezed her tits, fingers tweaking each nipple until they were pink and throbbing. Hunter licked her eagerly, tongue working hard against her clit. Her body vibrated for him. She shook, moaning. Her thighs clapped against his head and she shuddered, the orgasm making the table shake.

Hunter raised his head, chin dripping with Charlotte’s juices. He turned to Robert. “You enjoy watching me make a cuckold of you.”

Robert nodded, enraptured now by the sight of his naked wife, spread across the table beneath him, naked and wiggling as she touched her tits. Hunter returned to her delicious pussy, licking her again and again as she dripped onto his tongue. She flexed around his head, voice squeaking as she came again, thrusting up involuntarily towards him while he lapped at her.

“Enough,” Hunter said suddenly. He stood and dropped his pants, revealing his rock hard cock. “*Suck me off now.*”

Charlotte scrambled around on the table to face him. She wrapped her lips around his member, swallowing him joyously. He thrust into her warm, wet mouth and moaned. Her tongue teased the underside of his shaft as she sucked him off. He drove in and out, pushing his cock deeper down her throat until his balls rested on her chin and she held him completely inside. She was his little slut and he fucked her face as her saliva coated his shaft

and dripped down her chin. Robert sat watching as Hunter made his wife blow him, her lips wrapped around his girth. His cock disappeared into her pink lips, reappearing slick with her saliva.

He moved faster as his balls tightened, thrusting into her mouth until he grunted and came. He shoved himself deep and jetted his cum down her throat. She slurped him down, gulping his cum greedily like the horny slut for him she now was, moaning as she swallowed burst after burst. When he was finished he pulled out.

Charlotte licked her lips and sat up on the table. She was breathing hard and gazed at him intently.

Hunter turned to Robert. "You will sleep in your son's room. I will sleep with your wife in your bedroom and you will be grateful."

"Of course, thank you, sir," Robert nodded.

"Hunter," Charlotte cooed. She gazed at him hungrily, all thoughts of being faithful to her husband forgotten. She was devoted to Hunter now. Desired only him.

4

Hunter went to sleep in the king-sized bed next to Charlotte and woke up to find her beneath the covers and sucking his dick.

“Hello, my slutty little vixen,” Hunter said, tossing the covers aside so he could watch her work his shaft.

Her little rear was in the air as her lips slid up and down his morning wood. He folded his hands behind his head and gazed down at her pretty face as she sucked him off, moaning around his dick, savoring the taste of him in her mouth. He came quickly and she drive her lips down, eager to slurp each pulse of cum into her belly.

She rose and stripped out of her nightie, her tight runner’s body on full display. She looked back over her shoulder, smiled at Hunter, and then proceeded to the closet.

Hunter felt amazing this morning. On top of the world. His eyes itched with power.

“Charlotte?”

“Yes, babe?” She said poking her head out of the closet.

“*You’ll stay naked whenever you’re in the house,*” he commanded.

He was rewarded with his own euphoria and a nod from Charlotte. She proceeded to the bathroom and he watched her in the mirror as she brushed her teeth and did her hair and makeup.

“Make me breakfast, slut,” Hunter said.

He didn’t have to command her. She *wanted* to serve him if only to fuck him again. She laughed at his wit and came to kiss him on the lips.

“Of course,” she said.

He smacked her ass and she jumped, closing her eyes and releasing a soft moan. His eyes locked onto her wiggling ass as she left the room.

He *knew* he should be judicious with his powers. He didn’t know how the people looking for him could find him but it seemed to have something to do with the use of his powers. Maybe each use sent out some sort of pulse that they could track. He needed to pull back. But how could he when each use made him feel so magnificent?

Last time the people coming for him carried weapons and wore special helmets that seemed to block his commands. With luck he’d managed to wrestle one off and used his powers on that one to distract the others long

enough to escape. He couldn't let them get that close again. But that meant not using his powers. At least, for a little while.

It also meant preparing. He created a go bag of Robert's clothes and stacks of cash. He left it by the back door, ready for a quick exit.

That week he laid low, relying on the commands he'd already instilled into Robert and Charlotte. He went to work and she kept herself up. To all outside appearances everything was normal. But the instant Charlotte walked in the door she would strip naked. Whenever she was in the house she doted on him, stroking him, kissing him, pressing herself against him, waiting for the slightest flicker of his cock at which point she would throw herself on him. She was constantly wet, constantly horny. He could smell her delicious musk whenever she was near and fanned the flames by groping her ass or her tits whenever she passed.

Robert took it all in stride. Every night after dinner he would invite Hunter to eat his wife's pussy. Robert and Charlotte were disappointed when he had to pass some days, having just recently fucked her.

When Hunter was alone he remained in the house with the curtains drawn. He would peek out whenever he heard a vehicle or any voices. But there was nothing out of the ordinary. A mailman. Some neighbors going to and from work. For a few hours that Wednesday there was a plumber's van parked next door that Hunter kept a close eye on but it went without incident.

His eyes itched with pent-up power. He rubbed the thumb and forefinger of his right hand constantly with expectation. Despite the sex with Charlotte, the week was an agony. He was an addict trying to deprive himself of the only thing that gave him true joy. The headaches were gone and he was fully recovered but the holding back of his powers was entirely self-imposed. How terrible that, at the height of his powers, he couldn't use them for fear of getting caught. But every day the addiction grew and the fear lessened. Surely, just once couldn't hurt?

The week after he began taking walks around the neighborhood. He was tired of being pent up. His eyes burned with the power inside. His mouth was dry, teeth clenched.

Hunter was aware he was taking a chance being seen like this but he just couldn't stay inside any longer. And some small part of himself hoped he would be put in a situation where he *had* to use his powers. He fantasized about it as he walked. Just a little bit. Just a taste. Make that man

jump. Make that woman smile. Make the mailman and that mom toss off their clothes and fuck on the lawn for all the neighbors to see.

Sometimes he found himself walking up to peek into the windows of some of the houses, practically *daring* someone to confront him. God, he felt he would explode. This power had to be used. He needed to feel alive again. He managed to hold off that weekend. Somehow sating himself with Charlotte's body.

And *maybe* he could have lasted another week without incident. Long enough to flee well before they could find him again.

But then Abigail came home from college for the weekend.

She walked in after dinner, while Robert sat at the table watching Hunter bury his face between Charlotte's legs. Hunter heard a gasp that wasn't Charlotte and looked up, face shiny with Charlotte's juices, hands still on each of her thighs spreading her wide.

Abigail stood in the doorway between the dining room and the front hallway. Her auburn hair hung down each side of her face in silky waves. She filled out her top quite nicely, wonderful breasts pressing against the tight green shirt that clung to her hourglass figure. She could only have been about ten years younger than Charlotte. Charlotte's marriage to Robert must have caused some drama at the time.

Abigail's green eyes were wide with shock before wrinkling her adorable nose in disgust. Her mouth opened and closed but no words came out.

"There is nothing unusual in this house," Hunter commanded and – oh! – he was on top of the world. Just that little taste made him hungry for more.

The disgust disappeared from Abigail's face and she took a seat at the kitchen table across from Robert so that Charlotte's naked body was between them.

"Hi, dad," She said. "Charlotte." The tone of her voice suggested she was holding back an eye roll.

Charlotte was still touching her tits and wiggling on the table, a low moan her only response to Abigail's greeting.

"Hi, honey," Robert said. "This is Hunter, he's an old friend."

"Hi, Hunter," she said.

Hunter dove back in between Charlotte's legs. The taste of her pussy combined with the feeling of invincibility from using his powers made him

wild. He licked her sweet slit as she bucked and moaned around his head, finally coming in a wild, vibrating orgasm, her cries echoing through the kitchen.

When Hunter stood up, he found that Abigail had fixed herself a plate of food and was nibbling at it. Hunter was still hard from feasting on Charlotte. He stared at Abigail hungrily, his entire body practically vibrating with the need to use his powers on the sweet twenty-something sitting before him. Charlotte slipped off the table and knelt between his feet, scrambling for his pants but he pushed her away.

“Robert,” Hunter said in disgust. “*Take your wife upstairs and fuck her.*”

“But I want you,” Charlotte whined, from her position on the floor.

He bent and stroked her chin. “Pretend it’s me, dear.”

Robert led the naked Charlotte upstairs, leaving Hunter alone with Abigail. Power twisted through him. He felt so alive. Colors were more vibrant and the pulsing behind his eyes led him on. Abigail didn’t seem to realize how magnificent he was. She sat there picking at her food as he observed her. His thoughts ping-ponged back and forth, making it hard to concentrate. He’d been pent up for so long he *had* to let his desire out.

“Sorry about them,” Abigail sighed.

“I know,” Hunter said, his eyes gleaming. “Your stepmother is such a slut.”

“Tell me about it,” Abigail said.

God, it was delicious watching her acting normal, heedless of the reality that had been twisted around her.

“So how do you know my dad?” Abigail asked, more out of politeness than interest. She idly dipped a finger into the puddle that Charlotte had left on the table from her desire and began drawing small shapes.

“I don’t,” Hunter said. “This seemed to be the biggest house on the street and I needed refuge. It helps that your stepmom has got quite the pussy.”

It was refreshing not to have to lie anymore. He could say anything to her and she would take it as normal.

“Yeah,” Abigail nodded. “That’s what I hear.”

Hunter’s eyes dropped to Abigail’s chest. Her tits were impressive. Bigger than Charlotte’s. Bouncy and taut as they strained against her shirt.

She was so nonplussed, his previous command draining any interest from whatever he said. She couldn't admire his power like this.

"You understand that what you saw when you entered the kitchen tonight was not normal."

She recoiled instantly, jerking her finger back and wiping it on her pants with a look of disgust. The fear returned to her face. Good. She *should* fear him.

"Who are you? What's going on?" Abigail asked.

"Why don't you show me your tits?" Hunter suggested, toying with her. She moved to push her chair back and took a deep breath to yell.

"Stay seated. Don't yell."

"Dad. Dad." Abigail said, her yell coming out at a normal volume.

"He's busy fucking your stepmom so we can get to know each other better."

"What?"

God, the confusion on her face was delicious.

"Where were we? Oh yes, why don't you show me your tits?"

"You're disgusting," Abigail said. He could see her tense, wanting to run but stuck to the chair by his command.

"I am, aren't I?" Hunter laughed. "You're allowed to be disgusting when you're a god among men. Now," he leaned forward. *"Strip seductively for me."*

She stood and gasped even as her hands moved down to her shirt. She cocked her hip as she clasped the hem of her shirt, her arms pulling it up over her head. A waterfall of dark auburn hair spilled down her face. She was breathing hard, each breath making her bra rise and fall. Her tits truly were magnificent. More than a handful. Round and shapely.

She dropped the shirt to the floor and swept the hair out of her eyes, fixing him with a sexy smile. She danced around the table towards him, exaggerating the sway of her hips.

When she stood above him, she reached around for her bra, letting it slip down one arm, then the other, holding it in place with her hands before tossing it off and letting her tits bounce free. She bit her lower lip, acting coquettish for his desire. She slowly unzipped her pants and turned around to show him her ass as she bent and wiggled the jeans off her grabbable hips. Then the panties, hooking each thumb under the elastic and slowly

tugging them, inch by inch, over her ass until they dropped to the floor. She stepped out of them and turned to face him, hands on her hips.

Her body was radiant. Her impressive chest leading to the perfect curves of her hips. The strip of auburn hair between sculpted thighs. Toned calves leading down to the daintiest of feet.

“Do you like what you see?” She asked, a proud grin on her pretty face.

“Oh, yes, my dear,” Hunter grinned. The world was his and he wanted to savor it. “*Stroke your tits for me.*”

Abigail gathered her tits in her delicate hands, squeezing them up against her chest so they ballooned into ridiculous fat proportions before dropping them to let them bounce back together. She ran her fingers around the circumference of each, delicate fingers stroking softly every inch of her tits, hovering over each nipple. She gazed at him with a tiny smile on her lips as she touched herself for him, letting her fingers squeeze and pinch and stroke her fat tits for his pleasure. She wiggled back and forth, letting her breasts bounce hypnotically, giggling at his greedy smile.

He stood and grabbed one of her tits. She gasped, “What are you doing?”

“*You desperately want to fuck me.*”

Her hesitance vanished, her face glowing with an ecstatic radiance as she gazed up at him adoringly. His own head was filled with confidence and ecstasy from the bliss of making the command. He bent and kissed her, taking his new prize. She was warm and tasted of cherry lip gloss. She pressed herself against him, sighing as their tongues met and her hands gripped his back. He stroked her cheek, dragging his lips down her neck to nibble at her shoulders. Gathering her breasts, he thrust his face between their pillowy softness, kissing and licking each one. She held him to her chest and sighed, fingers curling through his hair as she gazed down at him.

He squeezed Abigail’s tits hard, kissing the tiny nipple, sucking on it as it expanded in his mouth to a sharp point. She moaned again, her body warming, a physical desire for him that was all-consuming. She would do anything for him.

Still grabbing one breast with one hand and kissing the other, he dragged a free hand down her body, past her trim tummy, over her mound, following the coarse pubic hair between her legs. He found her wetness waiting for him. Her pussy lips spread and welcoming his fingers inside. He

traced her slit up and down, dragging her dew up to her clit. She shuddered and moaned as her new lover toyed with her body.

His fingers were slick with her cunt juices and he dragged it back up her body to her lips. She kissed his fingers, hesitating she smelled her own pussy on his fingertips.

“You love the taste of pussy,” Hunter commanded, laughing as he watched her open her lips and suck on his fingers, tasting herself on him. No one could stop him from taking whatever he wanted.

She scrambled for his pants and yanked them down, followed by his underwear. She grabbed his cock, delicate fingers wrapping around his mast, and stroked it. Now it was his turn to shudder as she dragged her fingers up and down his cock.

She turned and pushed the dishes off the table. They smashed to the ground and then she hiked herself up onto it, legs dangling as she spread herself for him. He stepped towards her aiming for her tight hole. The head of his cock met her warm entrance and she embraced him, kissing madly again. She reached down and grabbed his dick, tugging it closer. He felt the head slip into her nether lips, felt her opening. He slid inside with a quick thrust that pushed a low moan from her lips.

Hunter gasped gratefully to be inside her. She was warm and wet and perfect. He slid in deep as she wrapped her arms and legs around him, her desperate lips not wanting to leave him. He owned her. Every part of her.

He pumped in and out as she urged him deeper, faster. She gasped, leaning back on the table with one hand, reaching up to grab a fat tit with the other. Hunter fucked her hard as he bent to nip her nipple, wrapping his lips around those madly bobbling tits. Her cries grew higher in pitch as she thrust up against him, desperately driving him deeper into her. His cock curved up through her inner walls as she clenched him tight. The slap of their groins joining their grunts as he fucked her like an animal. She was devoted to him, squeezing her tits, mouth open, eyes clenched shut, begging him for more, more, until he grunted and came.

He jammed his cock deep inside her tight hole as he throbbed, hot bursts of cum filling her pussy. She quivered and pulsed around him, dropping her tit to cling to him, riding him hard, desperate to be filled by her lover. When he finished he remained lodged inside her. She clung to him, shaking with aftershock. The floral scent of her shampoo invaded his nostrils.

Hunter pulled out, Abigail moaning as she was left empty.
“Very good, Abigail,” Hunter said. “We’re going to have so much fun.”

5

Once Hunter had fully opened the tap of his power he couldn't stop. And why should he? The control over others was intoxicating. Yes, later he may regret it, may have terrible pain. Maybe the Agency would find him. Well, let them. He could take them all on. But that would be later. And later wasn't *now*.

Hunter threw open the front door and sauntered out into the warm night. Abigail followed behind him, still naked and hungry for him. Her delightful little hips swayed and her tits bounced at each step. Hunter would stroke her ass or her tits occasionally and she would sigh, leaning into his hand and trying to rub herself on it, his command for her to desperately want to fuck him still strong in her head.

Music could be faintly heard and Hunter followed it, desperate to drain the well of his powers on someone, down to the last drop. The music was coming from a house that was lit up for a party. Cars parked everywhere along the street.

Hunter pounded on the front door until it was opened by a curvy middle aged woman in a black dress, the neckline plunging down to reveal her ample breasts. Her dark hair was piled high into a fancy bun. A fake smile appeared on her face when she realized she didn't know who Hunter was, and the smile turned to surprise when she saw the naked Abigail behind him.

"Let us in," Hunter commanded with a crazed grin.

She opened the door wide and stood aside. A babble of voices spilled out and Hunter stepped inside. Nicely dressed people holding drinks crowded the rooms either side of the hallway. Hunter could see all the way through to the backyard, where the party spilling out around the pool. Peals of laughter rang out occasionally. Hunter surveyed it all greedily. His mouth practically salivated with the feast of possibilities, of control.

He turned to the woman who'd opened the door. *"Tell me what this party is for."*

"It's a celebration of my office's fifth anniversary."

"A work party? Sounds boring. Let's make this a little more fun. Take out your tits and play with them."

She slid the straps of her dress down each shoulder and yanked her dress down to her belly to let her enormous breasts spill out. She took handfuls of her fat tits and squeezed, fingers stroking the expanse of skin. She gasped and looked down at herself in horror as her hands reached up to begin groping her heavy chest. She tried to will her hands to stop but they continued to bobble and fondle her swinging breasts.

A younger man came out of the nearest room, glanced towards Hunter and did a double take as he saw the middle aged woman touching her tits.

“You like that?” Hunter grinned wildly. *“Cum on her tits.”*

The man dropped his glass to the floor and yanked down his pants, reaching in to grab his cock and stroke it as he came towards the woman.

“N-no!” The woman said, stepping back against the wall.

“You want him to cum on your tits. You want everyone to cum on your tits.”

Her face softened as desire overcame the terror and she knelt in front of the young man as he stroked himself.

Hunter turned away, needing more. The nearest room held more people, about five couples spaced out around the couches and against the wall. Some glanced up when Hunter came in.

“Good evening everyone,” Hunter said in a loud clear voice to get their attention.

The conversation died and they turned to him.

“Ladies, getting groped turns you on. Men, grope people who aren't your partner.”

The atmosphere changed immediately as the women sidled closer to the nearest man. The men squeezed ass, touched tits, let their hands whisper across bare backs as the women purred.

Beside Hunter, an older blonde with a stunning figure wrapped tightly in a red cocktail dress leaned against a twenty year old in a Polo shirt.

“Mom?” The younger man said aghast, even as he reached back to squeeze her ass.

She bit her lip and moaned. “Mmm, what's going on?”

“I don't know,” the man said again, still agitated even as his hands pawed at his mom's butt, fingers jiggling the heavy buttocks.

She leaned against him, eyes closed now, hips slowly undulating against him as she grew hornier.

Hunter laughed, drunk with power as he surveyed the results of his control. His gaze swung to the mother and son beside him.

“You two want to fuck each other all the time.”

The son grabbed his mom by the hair and jammed their lips together. She crushed herself against him, reaching around to grab his ass and thrust herself against his crotch. He grabbed her cocktail dress and yanked it down. Her tits spilled out into his hands and he grabbed them. She moaned into his mouth, eyes closed, body wiggling with need.

As he stroked her tits they continued making out desperately. She slipped her hands down his pants and grabbed his cock, stroking slowly as he grew hard in her hand. With a growl he pulled back and yanked his pants down before spinning his mom around and pinning her up against the wall. He slid his cock between her legs, pressing his groin up against her bouncy butt as he ran his cock across her cunt.

She spread her legs and cried out, eyes closed with desire. Her tits bobbed down beneath her. Her son gripped her hips and *shoved* himself inside her, pumping hard. Her entire body jiggled with each thrust as he pounded her, both of them moaning in ecstasy. His groin slapped on her ass with each thrust and she leaned on the wall, arching her back and pushing herself towards her, willing him even deeper on each stroke.

“Oh, fuck, mom,” the guy cried.

“Cum for me, baby, cum for me.”

He grabbed her ass and *slammed* deep, grunting as he came, pounding her juicy cunt and filling her with his hot seed. She moaned and took it all, mouth open, tongue circling her white teeth as she shivered in desire.

“Oh, baby,” she moaned when he stilled.

She turned and kissed him, reaching down to grab his cock, which was still mingled with their juices. As soon as he was ready they would go again, because all they wanted to do was fuck each other.

Hunter turned and made his way down the hallway, Abigail following in his wake. As he made his way out to the backyard where the bulk of the party was, he shouted commands at anyone he passed.

“Piss your pants.”

“On your knees and act like a dog.”

“Wallow in the food like a pig.”

They bent to his command and he left a trail of horror and surprise before stepping out into the night. To Hunter’s left was a radiant blonde, her

hair coiled up, a yellow backless dress that clung to her tight figure. Hunter's eyes traced down her bare back to her delectable ass.

He grabbed her arm and spun her around. She squealed and nearly dropped the champagne flute. She had a beautiful face with soft features, the most perfect little nose, and wide blue eyes. She looked to be in her early twenties.

"Come with me."

He twined his arm through hers and pulled her close beside him. The older man beside her spun around. "Who are you?"

Hunter ignored the question. "Is this your wife?"

"My daughter. What do you think you're doing?"

"Even better," Hunter laughed. He turned to the young blonde. *"Kiss me. Mean it."*

She kissed him passionately, sighing into his mouth as she pressed herself against him. Her lips were warm and she tasted sweet like the champagne she'd been drinking. Her hands came up to his cheeks, holding them both together as she let him explore her mouth with his tongue.

"What are you doing?" The gray-haired man spat again, grabbing the blonde by the shoulder and yanking her away before standing between her and Hunter protectively.

Her face was flushed, eyes bright. "But daddy..." she whimpered.

"I'm making out with your daughter," Hunter shrugged. "Is there a problem?"

The small group around them – two older couples, the women heavysset, the men dapper – gaped with wide eyes.

"Oh, do you feel left out?" Hunter sneered. He looked at one of the heavysset women in the group. *"On your knees and suck his dick."*

The woman dropped to her knees in her black dress, heavy tits bobbling. She crawled towards the older man as he started and backed away.

"Stay still. Get out your cock and shove it into her mouth."

The group gasped as the gray-haired man dropped his pants and rushed towards the woman on her knees, shoving his soft dick in between her lips. She sucked him quickly and he grew hard between her lips.

"That's my wife!" One of the dapper men in the circle said.

"Fuck his wife, then," Hunter commanded, jerking his thumb at the other heavysset woman.

The dapper man took a quick step towards her and grabbed her tits. She cried out and slapped at his hands as her partner tried to step between them.

“What the hell?” He cried out as he tried to bat his friend’s groping hand away.

“You want him to fuck your wife. It’s the only thing that gets you off.”

The man stepped out of the way and watched as his friend grabbed for his fleeing wife.

“Stop struggling,” Hunter commanded, and the woman froze so that the dapper man flung himself on her.

“Fuck her, Steven,” the first man quietly said, eagerly watching his wife as his friend slipped her dress off to reveal her curvy body.

To the frozen woman, Hunter now commanded, *“You want to fuck anyone who touches you.”*

She immediately stopped struggling and grabbed the dapper man. They fumbled for each other’s bodies, kissing madly as they groped each other. All the while, the grey-haired man stood with his cock in the other woman’s mouth.

“Come on, Abigail,” Hunter said. He was floating in bliss. The headache, when it came, would be monstrous. But it was all worth it.

Abigail followed him down the steps and now people turned to stare at the naked woman and the antics of the group at the top of the steps. Whispered gasps. A spreading silence.

Hunter stood up on the small diving board so that he was higher than the crowd. “Attention everyone. *Everyone look at me!*”

Thirty pairs of eyes turned to him. Even the couples fucking at the top of the steps turned to him, though they didn’t stop.

“Parade in front of me so that I can choose the three hottest women to fuck.”

They lined up, gasping and crying out as their bodies moved without their control. Hunter gazed down as they passed, picking out two MILF-ish brunettes and a redhead about Abigail’s age.

“Now stop and watch,” Hunter bellowed.

He stood the three women in front of him and commanded them to disrobe. They slipped out of their clothes and stood naked so that Hunter could examine each of them before turning to his captive audience.

“I will fuck them any way I please, while *you all will fuck each other in an all-night orgy.*”

The party descended into madness as guests flung themselves at each other with reckless abandon. Hunter guided his harem of women to a grassed area. Then he separated them into pairs and commanded they eat each other out. One of each pair dove between the legs of the other, moaning as they began licking. Hunter made sure they enjoyed it, twisting them into creatures of desire as they spread their legs and touched themselves while their partners bent over on hands and knees, cute rears in the air. Hunter knelt and took them whenever he pleased, thrusting his cock into each wet hole a few times before moving on to another, dying for choice. He commanded them to lick and suck and moan and cum, getting more enjoyment from the use of his powers than even from slipping his cock into their limber bodies.

Hunter was delirious with power, grabbing and squeezing and plunging into one warm body after another, so caught up in his lust that he didn't notice the men with helmets slipping through the crowds towards him until they were right on him.

One grabbed him by the shoulder and Hunter glanced up, his face a mask of rage at being interrupted.

“*Go fuck yourself!*” He commanded, sending a jolt so powerful it made the helmeted man pause for a fraction of a second.

But then something clamped around Hunter's head and it was as if he was looking at the entire world through foggy glass. He struggled but another man came up and pinned his arms behind his back, locking them into handcuffs as he struggled.

“No! No! No!” He cried, buckling futilely.

The man behind him spun him around and Hunter found himself looking into the face of a man with thinning hair and a craggy face.

“Hello, Hunter,” the man said.

“Damien,” Hunter spat.

“You've done quite a lot of damage around here. I can't wait to dissect you and turn it off.”

Around Hunter the orgy raged, heedless of what was happening to the man who had orchestrated it. He was marched out of house and thrown into a white van that had jumped the kerb. He kicked and spat as the headache settled in and the Agency secured him.

The party still raged on and would be an orgy that would last all night. The Agency couldn't yet undo the commands Hunter had instilled in people, all they could do was mitigate the damage. Damien sighed. There was a lot of damage this time. A lot of people to keep quiet. To hold until they could undo Hunter's control. But at least he'd stopped this one.

#

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About the Author

There's something alluring about body swaps, sexual and freeing at the same time. I love to explore all sides of the phenomenon: the kinky, the dirty, the loving, the degrading, the amazing. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

I also do commissions! For more stories and my commission rates and contact info visit my website bodyswapstories.com.

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