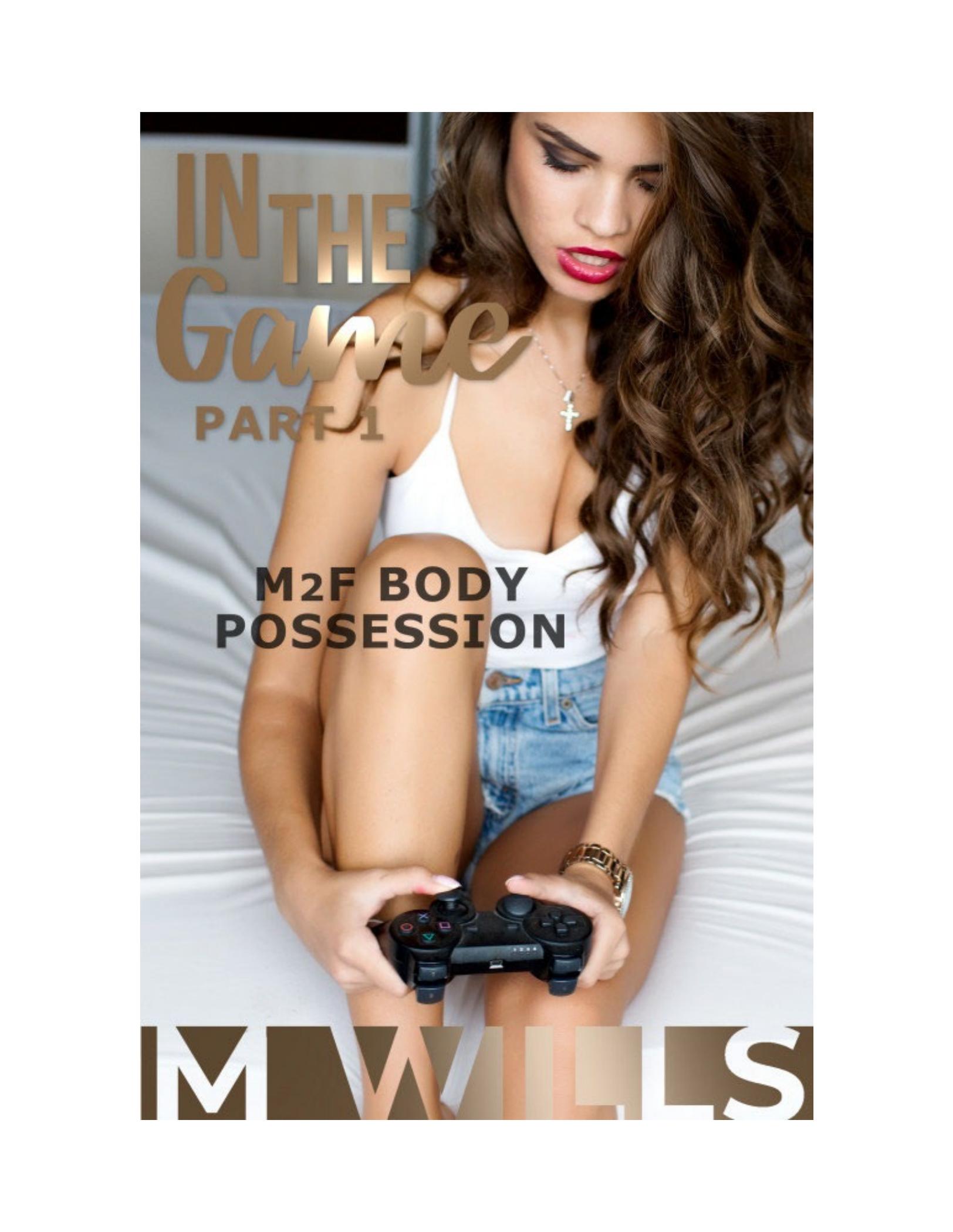


**IN THE  
Game  
PART 1**

**M2F BODY  
POSSESSION**

**IMMERSIVE**



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**M2F BODY  
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**In the Game**

***M2F Body Possession***

**by M. Wills**

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# Table of Contents

[In the Game](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## In the Game

“Backup! Where the hell's my backup?” Ethan shouts into his headset.

He leans forward in his seat, sweat beading his brow, as his fingers fly across the keyboard. On the monitor in front of him his warrior is being swarmed by orcs, his hit points steadily dropping. Ethan is hemmed in so he resorts to his fire swarm attack. It costs a lot of resource power but he's desperate and out of other options. The fire animation slashes across the attacking orcs and they go up in flames, just like his own team's strategy.

“I need you here, Jetset!” Ethan screams into his headset again and risks a glance up at his teammate, Jason “Jetset” Jensen, who's sitting at the computer next to him.

“I'm trying but I'm being pinned down. They ambushed me from the river.”  
Jetset licks his lips nervously.

Now Ethan can hear the murmur of the crowd in the audience. They're watching the Hand of Fate match on three giant screens suspended above the two teams at the center of the exhibition hall. Ethan feels his team's victory slipping away and it makes him furious. He tries to suppress his emotions. Stress only makes a bad situation worse. But his voice is strained as he orders a retreat.

“Pull back! Pull back!”

“I'm stuck,” PapaBear, one of Ethan's teammates, grimly hisses into the headset.

“Don't pull back. Push in! We have to go for it.”

That's Luke “Skywalker” Emerson. He was (briefly) a member of the number three national gaming team, Team Xero, before flaming out. He's always ready to dangle that fact over the heads of the rest of the team, as if his complete failure is some sort of bonus. The only thing he can be counted on doing is going against the team's consensus view and betting their win on a last ditch, high stakes maneuver. Ethan hates him. Skywalker's wizard goes flying towards the center of the enemy base. If Ethan's team can destroy the structure in the middle of the enemy's base before they all get killed then maybe they can win this match and go up in the rankings.

If Ethan doesn't follow Skywalker in, the wizard's as good as dead. As is any hope of winning. Once again, Skywalker has forced their hand. Ethan grits his teeth and chugs his last remaining potion. It gives his warrior a brief jolt of energy that allows him to rush through the thorn wall surrounding the enemy base. But he knows even before he gets to the structure that it's hopeless. Skywalker didn't follow the instructions, completely ignored all their hours of training together, and is now going to cost them the game.

Sure enough, it's over a minute later. Ethan's teammates are all dead, their base is destroyed, and the emcee is marching up onto the makeshift stage to congratulate the other team and hand them their trophy and two thousand dollar check. The crowd—sparse though it is for this gaming/fantasy convention—goes wild.

Ethan tosses off his headset and stalks over to Skywalker. “Is there something wrong with your headset? I told you to pull back.”

Skywalker fixes him with a placating smile. “We were dead whatever we did.”

“You don't know that. Besides, I'm the team leader for this round. We agreed.”

“Look, man,” Skywalker stands. He's tall and gangly, towering over Ethan. “I've been playing this game longer than you. I know when it's hopeless.”

Ethan gets in his face, though the intimidation factor is somewhat diminished by the fact that he has to stand on his tiptoes to do so. “You're hopeless. There's a reason you were booted out of nationals.”

“And there's a reason you've never made them.”

Ethan hears the other three teammates suck in their breath at this insult. The team captain, Ben “Hammer Down” Kingsley, steps forward and puts a hand on Ethan's shoulder. “Hey--”

Ethan cuts him off, still staring at Skywalker. “You're so overrated.”

“Well, at least I rate.”

Ethan clenches his jaw and storms off the stage. He knows Ben will back Skywalker no matter what. It was Ben's decision to take him on the team in the first place despite Skywalker's spectacular blowup—both in the game and afterwards with his own teammates—that got him dropped from Team Xero in the first place. Though Ethan grudgingly acknowledges that Skywalker's presence on the team has led to a small uptick in sponsorship money. But that's come at the expense of actually winning. Another aggravating fact of tournament life: the sponsors only care about media coverage, and aren't particularly bothered about how that's achieved. Skywalker's unprofessional attitude makes blog headlines, which brings in more money, which makes Skywalker think he's much more important than he is. Rinse and repeat.

On the way backstage, Ethan brushes past Julia, a prominent eSports blogger who happens to also be an adorable twenty something Japanese woman. She's sporting a pink hairband in her silky black hair and carries a matching pink phone. Ethan has seen her around and knows she writes a popular gaming blog, mostly focused on sexism in the industry. He also knows her blog is exactly why he shouldn't talk to her about the internal team dynamics but he's so angry he doesn't care. When she matches his pace and holds up her phone to record an interview he doesn't stop her. It doesn't hurt that she's disarmingly cute; slender with wide brown eyes and a smiling face. She's smaller than Ethan, which makes her seem even more harmless, though he knows she can be truly vicious in her columns.

“You looked like you were winning for a while. What happened?” She asks, her face carefully neutral.

“Jesus, what didn't happen? We fell apart. That's what happens when the team doesn't work together like they practiced. Some people can't take the pressure. Some people just can't take orders.”

“Do you think Skywalker is fitting in with the team dynamic?”

Ethan rolls his eyes. “He's a selfish egoist who doesn't listen to anyone but himself. I'm not surprised he's back down to regional tournaments, I'm only surprised he lasted at Team Xero as long as he did.”

“Do you think you'd be better without him?”

“I think the whole league would be better off without him.”

They're threading their way through the rabbit warren of corridors that is the backstage of the exhibition center. They pass some security and a couple of staff members but it's mostly empty. Another reason he feels free to speak, despite Julia's phone in his face. She stops him just before the exit doors.

“Last question, do you think you would have won if Skywalker hadn't been there today?”

“Yes,” Ethan says, and punches open the door, walking out into the sunshine.

Strangely enough, it's the last answer that causes the most strife within the team once Julia posts her article. Ben takes it as an ultimatum and is ready to kick Ethan off. Ethan thinks he might be better off alone but he doesn't want the black

mark of being kicked off a team. Besides, Skywalker's the newbie, he should be the one to go. Yeah, they weren't doing great before they recruited him, but they were having fun and winning once in a while. There was a nice balance that Skywalker has upset.

It's a close run thing but the team agrees to keep Ethan on as long as he issues an apology and takes a week long suspension. He agrees reluctantly, and pens something suitably contrite with Ben's help to email to Julia as an official statement. And for the first time in a long time he stays offline and away from Hand of Fate.

He goes for walks. Cleans his apartment. Jealously watches Twitch videos by his favorite blogger, Daisy, a pretty, bad-ass gamer who playfully and outrageously insults her viewers. She's got an expressive face with wide red lips, mischievous sea green eyes, and subscriber numbers Ethan can only dream of. In between all this he does all the little chores he's been meaning to do, and puts his place generally in order. But that's all just day one. He doesn't want to jump back into the game. It's like a vacation. He texts some friends he hasn't seen in a while. Even makes his own dinner, to mixed results.

The second day sees Ethan taking a deep dive through the games on his phone, searching for something to distract him from the nagging feeling that his Hand of Fate skills are atrophying. None of the stuff on his phone really interests him. The games are either not his style or obviously pay to play, with the only way to win at these “free” games by purchasing expensive weapons and add-ons. He gets enough of that through the tournaments with the constant battle to upgrade actual hardware, he'd rather not worry about upgrading virtual equipment.

Somewhere down the list of apps he flicks past an app called Clone 'Em. The logo is a simple black square that looks so much like a glitch that it makes him pause and click on it. There's a tagline: Become someone else. No other explanation. No reviews. He's almost sure it's a mistake, but his curiosity gets

the better of him and he downloads it. Opening the app, he finds a simple text table with the header: 'Available'. It's empty. Swiping to the right he finds another column, also empty: 'Filled'.

There's no other explanation. No help menu. Nothing else to the app. He closes it and his finger hovers over the icon, prepared to delete it, when he receives a text from one of his college friends, Tessa, responding to his own text. She's agreeing to meet up for lunch. There's some back and forth. A time and place for tomorrow are set. In the process Ethan forgets about the strange app.

Ethan beats Tessa to the cafe. It's a small place in a strip mall. One of those hidden gems you'd pass by and dismiss as bland corporate crap unless you were in the know. Tessa knows about it because she's lived around the area for years working as a character designer for Inferno, one of the major computer game developers whose headquarters are just down the road.

Ethan takes a table outside on the sidewalk and waits. Tessa slips in about ten minutes later. She looks around the place, tucking her long, auburn hair back behind an ear before spotting Ethan and waving to him as she makes her way towards him, a bright smile on her face.

“Ethan! Hi, how are you!” Tessa cries, reaching out for a friendly hug.

He leans in and hugs her back, getting a brief whiff of her flowery shampoo before she pulls away. She's wearing a sleeveless blue summer dress with tiny white polka dots. The material is lightweight, falling softly across her slender body. Her green eyes are alight with mischief and she looks much more confident and mature than she did the last time he saw her in person shortly after they graduated. Her auburn hair tumbles down her shoulders in soft waves,

glinting in the afternoon sun. She smooths her dress and sits, eyes never leaving Ethan.

“Oh my god, it's been so long. I can't believe it.” Tessa gushes in that manner of easy delight and openness that he's always liked about her. “How's the gaming going?”

“Uh, good. Sort of.” He clears his throat and gives her a brief rundown of what's happened.

Her thin brows furrow as she sympathizes with him. She's as cute as she ever was, with the light spray of freckles across the bridge of her nose and the easy way she moves, more comfortable in her own body than Ethan ever is in his. He could get lost in her expressive emerald eyes. He knows they're well and truly just friends, but that hasn't stopped her occasional intrusion into his daydreams.

“Oh, wow, that sucks,” she commiserates. “There's a lot of that masochistic bullshit in the game design industry, too. Sometimes I feel like, unless you're just a dude willing to brag about every minor accomplishment they don't take you seriously.”

He nods and changes the subject, not wanting to dwell on it any more than he already has. “It'll get sorted out. What about you? You look great. And no glasses!”

“Yeah. Finally made the switch to contacts. Hardest part was getting used to touching my eyeball.” She sticks out her little pink tongue at the thought.

He asks her about working at Inferno. She tells him it's exhausting and repetitive, but also exciting and disappointing. "It's a real boys club, but I'm getting together with some of the other women to work on a code of conduct. We're going to drag the industry kicking and screaming into the twenty first century if we have to." She raises her fist in a gesture of mock solidarity.

She asks him about the Hand of Fate competitions. He tells her about the places he's been around the state, talking up his own achievements even though his team's still not cracked the top fifty in rank.

"Oh, you'd like this," he says, suddenly remembering a picture he'd taken. He pulls out his phone and flips through the pictures, "One of our competitions was at a fantasy con and someone came dressed as a warlock from Hell's Dungeon. Didn't you work on that one?"

He flips to the picture they staged, of the Warlock menacing their team, and hands his phone to Tessa. She looks at it, zooming in as her eyes light up.

"Oh, wow. Yeah, that's the armor I designed! It looks awesome in real life!" She hands him the phone back and looks around. "I'm going to run to the bathroom. Have you ordered?"

"Not yet."

"Okay, if the waiter comes can you get me the salmon bowl?"

“Sure.”

She flashes him a smile and heads inside. Ethan risks a glance at her as she leaves, her tiny ass wiggling beneath her dress. The dress was pretty baggy, probably chosen more for comfort than for style. Even in college she'd opted for comfort, eschewing the typical skirt and cleavage-heavy combo most of the other girls chose when they went out to bars, preferring instead comfortable but shapeless jeans.

He shakes his head and opens his phone, idly flipping through it. He reads a few brief headlines on Reddit then gets bored and closes that app. He finds the Clone 'Em app and flicks it open on impulse.

It's changed. Under 'Available' is now a name: Tessa. Ethan cocks his head. Strange. He touches Tessa's name. There's a brief tingle through him, like his foot has gone to sleep, only spread throughout his entire body.

## 2

Ethan suddenly finds himself leaning over a sink in the bathroom. Beneath him two unfamiliar hands are clasped together, paused in the art of washing. The fingers are dainty, the nails perfectly manicured and a deep maroon. He can feel the water—warm verging on hot—as it rushes over his fingers, can feel the supple skin as the hands clasp together even though these are definitely not his hands. These belong to a woman.

He looks up at the mirror and the startled face of Tessa is reflected back at him. Her little mouth is open in an 'o' of surprise. He gasps and straightens up, feeling her hair brushing down against her cheeks, the fabric of her dress clinging to his body at odd points as he moves, his naked thighs rubbing together. He brings a trembling hand up to his adorable oval face and touches his lip, feels Tessa's warm skin beneath his finger, watches her reflection copy him. This is real. This is impossible. He's in Tessa's body, controlling her from the inside. He's excited and nervous and terrified.

Ethan shuts off the water and leans over the basin, moving his head close to the mirror, examining his wide green eyes for any trace of himself. Tessa's face is so close he can see her pores and the little flecks of gold in her enchanting emerald eyes. Again his hand comes up and he rubs his smooth cheek experimentally. The flesh is so warm and soft. He gently pinches and prods at it, watching his cheek snap back into place. Fuck, he can feel every inch of her.

He pulls away and dries his hands, his heart thumping in his chest. Every motion of his new body is strange and wonderful. He's shorter and with less mass, but with some added weight across his chest that jiggles excitingly at each motion. He walks quickly through the restaurant and out to the patio with a smooth

grace, all the time wondering what's happened to his own body. He glances around as he moves through the crowded room, feeling like an impostor, someone playing a role. People glance up at him, meet his eye, and then ignore him as another stranger. He sees Tessa's reflection in the mirror as he pushes open the glass door leading outside. He marvels briefly at the curve of his arm, the feel of her body beneath her dress.

Ethan's former body is sitting there at the table, puzzling over the phone. Ethan pauses briefly, wondering who's inside controlling him. He looks different from this angle and Ethan pauses briefly, examining himself critically from someone else's point of view. His familiar mop of brown hair sticks up at odd angles. His outfit doesn't quite fit him, the hoodie too tight, the pants too baggy. Ethan's old face looks up at him as Ethan approaches and smiles.

“The waiter hasn't come by yet,” his former body says, as if nothing is wrong. As if Ethan himself isn't inside his friend's petite form.

Ethan-in-Tessa takes a seat across from himself. “Ethan?” He asks tentatively, shocked by the airy voice that now comes from his lips.

“Yeah?” His old body arches an eyebrow.

“Is anything...strange happening?” Ethan asks himself.

“Strange how?” His body replies.

“I just...I feel...I'm you. I'm you inside Tessa's body.”

His old body cocks his head. “Uh...”

“That app,” Ethan says in a moment of inspiration. “Clone 'Em. What does it say now?”

“How do you know about that?” His former self asks, even as he opens up the app.

“Clone 'Em. It must have put a clone of me—you—us...inside Tessa.”

He looks down at the app. “Hmmm.”

“Show me.”

Ethan reaches out and places Tessa's hand on top of his former fingers. It's his first physical connection with his former body and it makes him dizzy as he feels his own hand beneath new fingers. His former self turns the phone towards Ethan and he sees that Tessa's name is now showing up under the 'Filled' column.

Filled. He's filling her. His mind is inside her body. He sits back, keenly aware of the sun on his bare shoulders, his naked legs beneath the bottom of his dress.

“What happens if you touch her name again?”

“Her?” His former self asks.

“Tessa's name...my name.”

His former body touches Tessa's name and there's that tingle again.

Ethan is suddenly viewing the world from his own eyes, having switched position across the table in a dizzying moment of vertigo. He's looking down at his phone where Tessa's name has disappeared from the 'Filled' window. Flicking back to the other window he sees her name is still there under 'Available'. He would have thought it was all a dream except that he has two sets of memories. One of sitting here at the table, flipping through his phone waiting for Tessa to return, the other of staring at Tessa's face in the bathroom mirror. Of being her and feeling her exquisite body. Both sets of memories are so real.

Ethan looks up at Tessa. “Are you still...me?”

She laughs, her eyes crinkling in merriment. “No. I got you. I was just playing a joke. Wouldn't that be weird, though?”

“A joke?”

“Yeah. I started in the bathroom. I was looking at myself in the mirror pretending to see myself for the first time—it's like this 'being present' exercise we did in my yoga class—and thought it would be fun to pretend to be you.”

The memories of being Tessa are so vivid. Either they're not true, or Tessa's mind has rationalized what Ethan was doing in her body. Ethan knows that the latter option must be true, because he can recall every second of being her. And he wants to be back. Wants to enjoy her slowly now that he knows what's going on. He selects her name again. His body tingles.

He's back in Tessa's body, sitting across from his old self, who's now grinning. “Are you in?”

Ethan nods and smiles back. “Yeah. You want to get out of here?”

His body smiles and they stand. Ethan takes his former hand, Tessa's slim fingers clasping his thick male ones, and leads himself back around into the parking lot, clicking Tessa's key fob to find her car as it lights up. Ethan-in-Tessa gets into the driver's seat, his old self into the passenger seat and they shut the door. Silence descends as they're alone together for the first time.

“This is crazy,” Ethan says to his male self.

“Yeah, but crazy cool.”

They stare at each other for a beat, the one mind in different bodies. He knows what he wants. What he's always wanted. Ethan leans forward and kisses his male self, feels the heat of his former lips pressing back. He opens wide Tessa's mouth and accepts his own tongue inside, lets it dance around the contours of Tessa's mouth and slide across her teeth as he tastes himself, hot and heady. Tessa's body is already eager just from his mind being inside her, feeling her as she moves, wanting to explore her. A heat begins between his legs, expanding steadily through him as they make out, mouths hungry for each other, tongues tasting, hands caressing each other's cheeks.

Ethan pulls back and reaches up to slide the strap of his sundress down his shoulder. First the right, then the left. His own eyes stare back at him in lust as he shimmies the dress down, revealing the tan bra clasping his slight breasts. He reaches around and undoes the straps of the bra, shrugging it off and tossing it into the back seat. Then they both look down at Tessa's breasts.

They look so big from Ethan's new perspective, though he knows she's a petite girl. The two little curves stick out from his chest and he brings up his hands to caress them. Her tits—no, his tits—are soft and firm. Perky even. The little teardrop shaped curves dotted with the sharp points of his strawberry pink nipples. He plays with himself slowly, caressing Tessa's tits, feeling himself touch and be touched. His breasts look more delicate than they are, and his touch is too light at first. He quickly finds that Tessa's breasts can take some more squeezing and he does so, wrapping his fingers around her soft-firmness, playing with his tits as his nipples swell out into tight peaks. His breath quickens and he glances up at his old self, who's staring at him in undisguised awe.

“Can I...?” His male body asks.

Ethan nods and drops his hands, sticking out his chest. His former masculine

hands reach out and squeezes, exploring Tessa's wonderful curves. Ethan puts his new hands on his old and guides them around beneath his breasts, showing him how Tessa likes to be touched, following the desire sparking through Tessa. His former body is eager to touch Tessa's tits, and his urgent fondling soon makes breathy moans fall from Tessa's lips. There's an erection growing in his former lap, the jeans visibly tightening. Ethan does what he's always wanted Tessa to do and reaches forward, unbuttoning his old pants.

Ethan reaches Tessa's hand in and grabs his former cock, pulling it out and stroking it. It's warm and comfortingly solid, stiffening ever more in Tessa's hands. He glides Tessa's dainty fingers up and down the shaft, feeling the ridge, the hard-soft bump of the head through Tessa's skin. He knows exactly how to stroke, how hard and how fast, until a bead of pre-cum appears on the tip. Without hesitating he shuffles around in his seat so he can lean down and position Tessa's lips close to the tip. His cock is still within his grip, looking so huge beneath Tessa's tiny hands and so close to her pointed nose. He sticks out his tongue and licks his own cock, meeting the warm salty taste of himself. His cock is so familiar to him—it's just from a different angle—that it still seems like a part of himself. There's no hesitance as he opens Tessa's lips and lowers her mouth over the head, sucking his dick and slowly gliding down the shaft.

His cock travels across his tongue, filling Tessa's small mouth. His own musk fills his nose as he sucks his own dick, dragging Tessa's plump lips up and down the shaft, taking as much of his own cock in as he can. He holds his dick inside, tongue undulating against the shaft as his former body groans above him. Tessa's lips rise and fall as he makes her suck himself slowly, gorging himself on his dick, Tessa's small tits dangling beneath him. Tessa's mouth is full of his own cock and it pushes gently against the back of his throat, filling him. He's imagined sucking his own dick before—what guy hasn't?—but actually doing it is different. Nice, though, with Tessa's lips, Tessa's tongue.

He sucks his cock harder, faster. It's glazed with his saliva and his nimble fingers help his lips, stroking down and up. He rises with a wet pop and then swallows

the cock back down. The wet sounds of his dick coated with saliva, sliding in and out of Tessa's warm wet mouth is hot as hell. His former body breathes faster and then Ethan can feel his cock throbbing in Tessa's mouth. He drives his head down, taking his dick all in, wrapping his lips around the entire shaft as his former dick explodes in his mouth. spurts of hot cum stream across Tessa's tongue and Ethan makes her swallow in great greedy gulps. His jizz is salty and warm and he forces Tessa to swallow it down. He gags once, spilling some hot seed down his little fingers, but manages to recover and drink the rest. He keeps Tessa's lips latched over his former cock until every last drop his out. Then he rises and wipes his lips, sucking the cum off his fingers and smiling at himself. He's always wanted her to do that, to want to suck his dick.

“Yummy,” he whispers. “But I better get out of her so she can go back to work.”

His former body nods and pulls out the phone. He pushes Tessa's name and the world snaps suddenly. He's now in the passenger seat, his body cooling after Tessa's blow job, remembering both her lips on his cock and his cock in her mouth. She looks over at him and smiles.

“I've always wanted to do that,” she says. Echoing his own thoughts. She really has just accepted giving him a blowjob as something she decided to do all on her own.

Ethan mulls over this realization as she puts her bra and dress back on.

### 3

Ethan returns home feeling much more relaxed. He still has a few days left of his probation but he feels ready to jump back into Hand of Fate. Out of curiosity, he checks the Clone 'Em app on his phone when he arrives home. Tessa's name is still sitting there under 'Available'. Why her and no one else? It's a question he can't answer but uses to his advantage.

He spends the next few days playing the game during the day on Twitch with his followers, and possessing Tessa whenever the mood strikes him. He brings her back to his place and explores her body together with his own male self. It's not like she's being totally mind controlled. Ethan's inside her and he's still got his own quirks, plus the fatigue and mental drain of Tessa after a day at work. He's lacking her memories, though. Still, he's not shy about showing off her body, often walking around naked, draping Tessa's slender form over the back of Ethan's chair and ruffling his hair as they watch Daisy's videos together. Ethan tries to copy the popular parts of her personality on his own Twitch feed, to mixed results. It doesn't help that he can't pull off her elaborate cosplay, and his attempt at playful insults just come off as mean spirited and rude.

And he also learns about Tessa's body. He explores it intimately, inside and out. Ethan knows how she likes to be touched. How hard and for how long. Knows the look on her face as she's cresting to an orgasm, the sound of her voice, gasping for air as her body shakes in ecstasy.

At first he's just an observer, but he soon tires of her shapeless clothes and her constant struggle against the patriarchy. His changes are slow at first: putting her hair into pigtails, using more makeup. He goes clothes shopping for tighter, smaller clothes, cute little dresses that show off her wonderful figure, tight tops

that hug her slight curves, and hip hugging jeans that shape her squeezable ass. Whenever he brings Tessa over to his apartment he makes her smile more, speaks in a higher pitched voice, and expresses surprise at anything slightly intelligent, dumbing down Tessa's intellect and making her act like a giggly, flirty schoolgirl. It's hot as hell making her his personal fantasy, acting innocent and shy, but still eager to take off her top and ride his own former cock.

It starts to stick even when he's out of her, as though the choices he's made while inside her have been incorporated into her own thoughts. He notices the changes after a few days. Like when he hops out of her she doesn't bother to put her clothes back on. Or when she gets giggly and bubbly, ooing and ahing at everything he says as his dick grows harder and harder until he jumps back into her, kneeling between his own legs while he's playing and giving himself an incredible—but distracting!—blowjob with Tessa's mouth.

By Monday of the following week he doesn't have to possess her and guide her over after work, she just shows up in her skirt and pigtails, a cute ribbon in her hair and a wide smile on her face. She jumps into his arms the minute the door opens. She's completely sublimated his desires. It's hers now. She no longer talks about the struggles of women, instead focusing on bubblegum and bubblegum pop, affecting a schoolgirl innocence in public but giving herself to Ethan in private whenever the mood strikes.

Ethan returns to practicing Hand of Fate full time. Skywalker seems to have calmed down. At least he appears to be following the game plan. Maybe Ben had a talk with him. Ben is a big believer in practicing in meat space, recreating the competition feel as closely as possible so there are few surprises. It's tense at first when they all show up in Ben's basement to practice, but Ethan's a lot more at ease now and Skywalker's subtle taunts just roll off him.

Their next competition is coming up and there are fears that their sponsor, a local game shop, will drop them if they don't perform well. They're doing just

middling, even in the little regional competitions they join. Not well enough to draw any attention. The only reason Julia's article got as many views as it did was because of Skywalker. He's still a well known personality. One of those people everyone follows, hoping to catch the first juicy details of any blowup.

The day of the competition it's not Skywalker who drops, though, but Ben. They're all gathered backstage at the little exhibition hall of some dinky suburb when Ethan gets the call.

“Ben?” He asks, unsure if the sickly voice on the other end really is Ben despite the caller ID.

“Ethan, man, sorry--” Ben nearly whispers. Ethan holds the phone away from his ear at the sound of Ben retching. “I can't-- my stomach--”

“All right. All right. I'll tell the others.” He ends the call as the other three look at him expectantly.

“Well?” Skywalker asks.

“Ben's too sick to leave the house.”

There's a chorus of moans, then Skywalker folds his arms and mutters. “Fucking great. Now what do we do?”

“Where's FroZone?” Ethan asks.

FroZone is their alternate. A mousy little guy who's supposed to be available on tournament days in cases of events just like this.

Jetset leans over to Ethan and whispers, “Skywalker got in a fight with him and kicked him out.”

Fucking great. Once again, Skywalker has screwed everyone else over.

“Anyone know anybody who plays Hand of Fate at our level?” Skywalker asks.

The rest shake their heads. Ethan is about to go along with it when an idea strikes him. “Uh, I do.”

Three pairs of eyes turn to him.

“Are they any good?” Skywalker sneers.

“She's as good as I am.” Ethan grins.

## 4

Ethan appears inside Tessa's body as her fingers are poised over the keyboard of her computer. An Elvish warrior, still just a wireframe model, is onscreen. Scattered across Tessa's desk are various hard copy iterations of the costume she's in the middle of designing.

Ethan pushes away from her desk and goes into the nearby office where Tessa's boss works. He puts a little swing in his hips, enjoying the feel of her jeans as they cling to his shapely legs. He leans on the doorway to the boss's office and knocks. The boss is a heavysset a middle aged guy with graying hair. He looks up at her, his eyes flicking down briefly to her top, which is low cut, the pushup bra bringing her breasts to perfect ogling height.

“What's up, Tessa?” He asks gruffly.

“I have to leave. Personal trouble. Is that okay?”

“Now? We've got a deadline. Can't it wait?”

Ethan has no idea how he can explain it, but suddenly a devious idea strikes him. He releases his bladder, feels the warm spread of piss as he pees his pants, a splotch of darkness growing on his jeans as the warmth trickles down his legs. The warm trickle soaks the inside of his legs and drips into his socks.

“Jesus, Tessa!” Her boss exclaims.

“I told you, personal trouble,” he says, chewing on his bottom lip.

“Get out of here. I want a doctor's note, though!”

Ethan walks out of the office with a self satisfied smile. Other people glance up as he passes. He watches their eyes flick down to his wet jeans and their faces grimace in disgust or amusement. He can smell himself now and his socks squish with each step. The humiliation lights up his body, makes him warm and tingly. Tessa really is his do with whatever he pleases. He can make the mess and leave her to deal with the consequences. He makes a quick stop at Tessa's house to change into a clean skirt and panties, then hurries to the exhibition center.

Ethan is a little scared to show up wearing Tessa's body, fearing that the team will call him out as some sort of impostor. And they do stare at her when she enters the backstage dressing room that they're all packed inside of. It's clear they weren't expecting a tiny auburn-haired cutie with pigtails and a scandalously short skirt. Skywalker recovers first.

“You're Tessa?” He practically sneers.

“Yep,” Ethan-in-Tessa says, putting a hand on his hip and giggling.

“How long have you played?”

Ethan—original Ethan—interrupts. “She's been playing as long as I have. I've taught her all my strategies. She's up on everything.” The others look at him like he's grown two heads.

“You taught her our strategies?” Skywalker asks, agog.

“Look,” Ethan presses on, “We don't have much of a choice do we? It's either her or we forfeit.”

The rest of the team doesn't seem too happy with these choices either. Ethan can't really blame them. They're pinning their hopes on a girl they've never seen based on the word of a guy who was just on probation and who's been giving away team strategies.

“I'm fine with the attack-and-hold but I don't know if you all can pull off a double-up defense.” Ethan-in-Tessa says, twisting a strand of her long, silken hair around one finger, a shy smile on her face as she spouts off some of the team strategies just to prove she knows them.

Finally, Skywalker nods. “Fine. But if she sucks you're both out.”

Minutes later, after a hunt for an extra team shirt and a brief rundown of the strategy and their first opponent's weaknesses, they head up to the main stage. The noise of the crowd in the convention hall grows, becoming an echoey

rumble as the team steps out onto the stage and takes up position behind their stations. The five computer stations for each team have been arranged in a line so that each team faces the other. The emcee struts onto center stage and tries to pump up the crowd but it's early in the day. They're in a low seed so there's not much interest. The better known teams will play later in the day, and right now there's mostly a sea of empty seats. So, no different than their other tournies, really.

Then the game starts up and Ethan concentrates on the job. Skywalker yells out commands through the headset at Tessa, as though she has no idea what she's doing. Basic stuff like gathering the resources to level up. Ethan mostly ignores him, concentrating on the strategy they've been working on to feed all the power sources to Skywalker. Ethan doesn't like giving him the main attacking role, but at least if it fails—and he knows it will—the team will know who's to blame.

Ethan-in-Tessa has only reached level 3 warlock when Skywalker gives the order to go for mini-base two, located in the center of the map. In his eagerness he's jumped the gun. Tessa doesn't quite have the resources to use the level 4 ice storm that Skywalker's counting on. She protests but heads towards the temple anyway, hoping she can grab enough resources on her way towards the center of the map. But she's ambushed by the other team's Warrior, and only survives that fight when original Ethan shows up with his Cleric. It's a quick battle, the two Ethans working well together, each knowing what the other would do and responding almost before they do it. Unfortunately, the rest of the team doesn't have the same teamwork, and their base soon falls.

Skywalker rips off his headset and gives the other team a cursory nod before stalking off backstage as the emcee goes over to interview the winners. Ethan's team follows Skywalker, and no sooner are they in the halls backstage than Skywalker turns on Ethan, fire in his eyes.

“You said she was good!”

“She is good,” Ethan retorts, getting right back in Skywalker's face. “You're the one who sucks. If you took two seconds to get your fucking ego out of the way you'd realize you were too soon on the rush. You didn't do it like we planned.”

“You know what? Get out. You're fired.”

“You can't fire me because I quit.” Ethan's always wanted to say that, just not in these circumstances.

“I quit, too,” Tessa says, following Ethan down the hallway.

“You were never hired! You were both a mistake!” Skywalker shouts after them. The rest of the team avoids eye contact.

Ethan passes Julia lurking in one of the dressing rooms. She's holding her phone out, obviously recording it all.

“You get all that?” Tessa asks.

Julia nods.

“Good,” Ethan says.

Ethan and Ethan complain bitterly all the way back to the apartment, their anger rising. Ethan-in-Tessa stomps in behind Ethan and slams the door. They pace back and forth, copies of each other, railing and agreeing with each other at the injustice of it all, getting ever more worked up until Tessa's face is flushed and she's filled with a dangerous, manic energy. She needs release. So as her old body passes her for another lap of the coffee table she grabs his face in her hands and plants her lips on his. He kisses her back instantly, filled with the same red hot rage.

Their tongues battle together, before her old body finally slides his lips open and Ethan snakes Tessa's tongue inside. As ever, it's strange tasting himself from inside Tessa, letting her hands play across his stubbled cheeks, swirling her tongue around the inside of his former mouth. He has to stand on her tiptoes and press her small body against his larger one, feeling his petite form beneath the clothes as he grinds Tessa's slender body up against his own, kissing hard and fast.

They're desperate for each other, wordlessly kissing and caressing. Ethan feels hands on Tessa's ass, the fingers digging into her soft skin and clutching her fiercely. He wraps Tessa's arms around his former body, hands sliding through his messy hair, down his neck, following the contours of his own body down to his pants. His dainty fingers fiddle with the button of his old pants until they open. Then they're both pulling their clothes off, tossing them aside and rushing forward once more.

Tessa's naked female body feels so wonderful, her small breasts pressing into Ethan's warm chest as he feels his masculine hands return to Tessa's ass. Ethan's former cock is rock hard, trapped between them; he can feel it on Tessa's trim tummy and he slides her hands between them to grasp the hard softness in her dainty fingers. He strokes as they make out, enjoying the touch of his own dick

from within Tessa's tiny fingers. It feels so huge and comforting, and it makes Tessa wet, a by-now familiar feeling he's come to relish and enjoy.

He slides Tessa's hand between her legs, following the trail of his own coarse pubic hair down to his waiting entrance, running his whole hand up and down his slit, lubricating his fingers on his wetness. When his fingers are slick he returns them to his old cock and glides up and down. His male body gasps in his mouth. It's this power that Ethan really loves, being inside Tessa. The ability to have this effect on men—on himself—just with a simple touch.

Ethan pulls away from his former body and lies Tessa on the couch, spreading her legs. His whole body seems so tiny and delicate, slight breasts rising from his chest, the nipples already twin peaks. Tessa's pink nether lips are engorged and visible beneath the dark red line of her pubic hair. Ethan slides Tessa's fingers inside herself, rubbing her wetness, fingers on her little nub of desire as his male body grins down at him, hard as a rock. He tilts his head to watch Tessa's body as he fingers her, feeling her fingers disappearing inside, clasped by his meaty wet pussy lips.

“Fuck, I love watching you do that,” male Ethan whispers.

Female Ethan looks up at himself with a cat-like grin. “I know. Now come here and fuck me.”

The weight of Ethan's male body is divine as it sinks onto Tessa. His former calloused hands slide up her side, fingers landing on her nipples and squeezing, eyes locked onto her tits as his cock presses against her mound. Ethan needs that dick so badly inside Tessa's hungry cunt. He can't wait. He reaches between them, grabs his former cock and guides it between his legs and up against his waiting slit. He feels the delightful pressure as the head enters him, pausing at

his entrance before pushing in with a groan from them both. Ethan moans in Tessa's girlish voice, enraptured by the feel of his pussy spreading apart for his own cock. It feels so good inside him as it travels up through his slick canal. He wraps Tessa's legs around his male body and thrusts his hips up, driving the wonderful cock deeper into him with a long sigh of delight. And god, he's so full, each divine inch of the cock travels through him, bringing with it a beautiful tension as his body winds up.

Ethan brings Tessa's hand to her other breast and squeezes gently as his former body gapes down at him in open-mouthed awe, still thrusting slowly in and out, but staring at Tessa's gorgeous face as if trying to memorize her. Tessa feels so deliciously warm, the cock so incredibly perfect in her little cunt. Ethan's dick slides in and out, faster now, urging little moans from Tessa's mouth.

“Oh fuck,” Ethan whispers, “Yes, fuck me, hard,” he begs in Tessa's tiny voice, staring up into his own eyes and clutching his former body tight.

Ethan's male body does as he's told, driving faster, harder into Tessa's tight little cunt, pounding her until Ethan can do nothing but cry out, riding the wave as it crests inside his body, enjoying each thrust as his body is filled and emptied, the slick walls of his canal stretched tight around his girth until he cums in a full body orgasm. The pleasure is like nothing he's ever known, like Tessa's body was wound up tight as a rubber band that suddenly snapped, freeing all the tension at once. He clutches his male back and drives his girlish hips up, wanting the cock deeper inside him, needing that perfect feeling of fullness as his male body bucks and cums hard. Ethan can feel each spurt of hot cum as it fills his aching pussy, can feel his cunt stretching to hold it all, the unbearably divine heat doubling the orgasm already pounding through him. He clutches himself tight, his girlish cries filling the room until the cock slows inside him, and the blinding pleasure recedes to a mere dizzying warmth.

Male Ethan collapses on him, cock still inside Tessa's body, warm and

comforting. Ethan strokes his former back with Tessa's delicate fingers, his desires sated for the moment, enjoying the delicious weight on top of him and the slowly ebbing heat inside.

## 5

Ethan spends the next few days in a miserable mood. He extracts himself from Tessa's body and lets her return to work to explain her sudden absence and the embarrassing peeing episode. He tries to find another team to join but no luck. He's defeated and aimless, and he spends his days experimenting with the Clone 'Em app, trying to figure out how he can add other people. Meanwhile, his savings slowly dwindle, topped up by Tessa's paycheck. It doesn't help that she's not progressing at work, having been passed over for a promotion, probably due to the fact that she's lost the seriousness she once had and comes off as a simple but happy young girl.

In order to maximize their money, Tessa moves out of her apartment and into Ethan's place. It's not a relationship as much as it is a fantasy come true. By now, Tessa's just an airhead school girl, innocent and flirty on the streets but a dirty beast in the sheets. Ethan wishes he could enjoy it more but the black dog of depression has him in its grips.

He goes over to her old apartment to help her move. Tessa's roommate, Ava, opens the door for him, scowling ever so slightly as she lets him in. Maybe she thinks he's had a hand in transforming her formerly intelligent, lefty roommate into a simple stereotype. She's right, just not in the way she knows.

Ava is classy and confident, and stunningly beautiful in a perfume model sort of way, tall and willowy, with sharp cheekbones and an angular face. She's always well made up, even now when she's just helping move. Her cutoff shorts and loose fitting white shirt are an intriguing combination of sexy and practical. Her body moves with a fascinating elegance that makes Ethan once again wish he knew how the Clone 'Em app worked. How he would love to be in her body,

having that face with a smile that could light up a room.

Ethan's cloned himself into Tessa, and he helps carry her things out to the rented van. Even with Ava's help it takes all morning and most of the afternoon. Ava shows her prowess as the organized one, arranging the boxes to fit in the van and giving instructions to Ethan and Tessa, which they dutifully obey. Finally, exhausted, Ethan shuts the doors and they all go up to Tessa's old apartment to say goodbye.

“Why don't we order some food?” Ethan suggests. He collapses on the couch and he really doesn't want to move. “My treat,” he adds magnanimously, even though the money will come from Tessa.

They agree on Italian food. Ethan opens up the food app in his phone and picks his meal, then passes his phone around to Tessa and Ava. When everyone's ordered he sits back on the couch, sipping the beer Ava's offered him as the two girls talk.

“I can't believe they promoted the asshole over you,” Ava commiserates.

Tessa shrugs and giggles. “I don't mind. He's cute so that's ok.”

Ava doesn't say anything but her mouth tightens. When the food arrives they eat in an awkward silence. Tessa and Ethan leave soon after, driving the van back to Ethan's apartment where they unpack, just the two of them. They manage to get the van unloaded before dark but don't bother unboxing, instead collapsing into bed early.

The next morning Ethan flicks on his phone to dump himself out of Tessa's body and send her to work. He opens the app and pauses. Under the 'Available' screen is another name: Ava. What the hell? He tries to think of what's changed between yesterday and today. What did they do differently? Her name wasn't there in the morning when he first possessed Tessa.

“What's happening?” Tessa asks. Ethan shows her the screen and she gasps.  
“How?”

Ethan shrugs and opens his mouth to speak when it hits him. He passed around his phone for their dinner orders and Ava touched it. Just like when Tessa's name appeared after she touched the phone in the restaurant. Is it really that simple? His finger hovers over Ava's name. What will happen to Tessa? Will he still be inside her? He selects Ava's name.

## 6

Ethan is suddenly behind the wheel of a car and he jams on the breaks just before rear ending the car in front of him.

“Fuck!” He swears, delighting in the sound of Ava's delicious voice even as his heart races from the almost-collision.

The hands clutching the steering wheel are elegantly crafted, the nails shiny red and pristine. Ava's arms are bare and he casts a glance down them. There's a little mole here and there, a scar on the back of one finger he's never noticed before. Each little imperfection just serves to make her that much more perfect. The slightly sweet floral scent of her perfume hits his nostrils as he breathes in deeply through her divinely crafted nose.

He ended up inside her as she's driving into some sort of parking lot. There's a large sign on the gate proclaiming this lot belongs to Pendant, a major computer security firm. Ethan vaguely remembers Ava talking about interning here. She's just started, so it shouldn't be too hard to feign ignorance.

He pulls into an open parking spot and turns off the engine. Then he reaches up and grabs the rearview mirror, turning it to get a look at himself. Ava's dark cats eyes and the bridge of her nose are reflected back. God, those eyes are stunning. They crinkle up as he smiles at himself, running his tongue along her perfect teeth, getting used to her body and his new proprioception. He exits the car and stands. Ava is willowy and light. She wears a slightly billowy top that ruffles as it blows in the wind, pushing and pulling against his body, stretching it tight

across his chest. He stretches, enjoying the feel of each long, limber limb, and looks down at her breasts. They're nicely sized, bigger than Tessa's, perfectly proportioned to Ava's taller body.

Ethan leans down into the car and gathers Ava's purse. Pulling her phone out, he calls his male self.

“Hello?” His voice answer.

“I'm in,” Ethan-Ava says. “Are we still inside Tessa?”

There's a pause, and then his voice returns, slightly shaky with excitement. “Yes. Holy crap, how many people can we be?”

“No idea. But it will be fun to find out. Let me go and be Ava for a little bit. I'll call you when I'm ready to come out.”

“Ok.” A pause. “You going to come over tonight?”

“Oh hell yeah,” Ethan-Ava responds with a laugh.

He hangs up and looks around. There's an employee entrance nearby and he heads towards it.

“Morning, Ava,” someone calls his name and he turns to find a handsome man in a dark suit. The man looks somewhere in his forties and he smiles warmly at Ethan. .

“Morning,” Ethan responds, wishing the app gave him Ava's memories as well as her body.

“You want to join me in the marketing meeting this morning?”

“I'd love to. It's a date.”

The man pauses at that and doesn't reply. It's right then that Ethan knows he's attracted to Ava. And really, who wouldn't be? By now they've passed security and are in the heart of the building. It's an open plan office. Cubicles fill the center of the large floor, with glass enclosed offices lining each wall.

The man clears his throat. “Come on over with me. I think Judy's out today so you can have her desk.”

“Sounds good.”

He follows the man through the cubicles, until they stop at one. There's a picture of some kids next to the computer. A poster of a cat hanging from a tree is tacked to one wall. Ethan assures the man he has work to do and the man leaves him,

heading into an office directly behind the cubicle. A small plaque next to the door proclaims the office belongs to Thomas Satterly, Director of Marketing. Now Ethan has a name to go with the face.

Ethan sits and begins faking his way through the day. As an intern it's fairly easy. Ava's not expected to know much and he's mostly assigned busy work. Occasionally one of the other cubicle workers will call him over to sit in on a project, and midway through the morning he joins Thomas in his office for the marketing meeting. Ava's body is exciting but her job isn't. Ethan tries to stifle a yawn during the meeting as the handful of people around the conference table discuss different advertising strategies and cross promotion opportunities. His attention is waning until the topic veers to eSports.

“What about sponsoring a league of...video gaming or something?” One young man with scruffy hair and a hipster mustache offers.

“Interesting,” Thomas muses. “That's a whole other demographic.”

“I wonder, though, if we want to be associated with that,” another one pipes up. “There's been a lot of controversy over sexual harassment in the industry. We don't want to do anything problematic. The tech industry in general already has an image problem with women. We don't want to alienate them.”

“What about a team composed entirely of women?” Ethan suddenly speaks up. He didn't even know he was going to say something until it comes out. They turn to look at him. Thomas has an intense stare that gratifies Ethan. It's that intensity that comes of physical longing. Something Ethan's only been the recipient of in a woman's body. It stirs something in him and he shifts in his chair, the room suddenly a little warmer.

“Is there a women's team?” Thomas asked.

“Yes. I'm on it.” It's such a crazy idea but it makes perfect sense. With the app he can clone himself into anyone. He can create the team that works perfectly together while appealing to every man's fantasy. Gamer girls that kick ass but are also sexy.

“Interesting,” Thomas says, quirking an eyebrow.

“I didn't take you for the gaming type,” Hipster says.

“Well,” Ethan replies, “Isn't that the kind of assumption Pendant wants to break?”

Thomas adds it to the list as something to consider and then they move on to other topics. When the meeting breaks up, Ethan loiters in Thomas's office until the others leave, closing the door behind when it's just the two of them. Thomas is doing something on the computer and he looks up.

“I'm serious about the eSports thing,” Ethan says, pulling a seat up close to Thomas. “With just five thousand dollars we could get some epic equipment. Some uniforms with the logo. You'd be on the forefront of it all.”

“Like I said. It's interesting but I'm not sure it's really where we want to be.”

“Is there anything I can do to convince you?” Ethan places a hand on Thomas's knee and leans close, batting Ava's gorgeous eyes. As long as he's got Ava's body he might as well use it to get everything he wants.

“Ava, I--”

Ethan cuts him off by kissing him, placing Ava's soft lips gently up against Thomas's. Thomas freezes but doesn't resist, and after a beat he kisses back, grasping Ava's face and pulling it close. His tongue shoots out, forcing its way into Ava's mouth and Ethan has no choice but to open for him, let it explore inside as he tastes Thomas's minty breath.

Thomas's hands are rough and insistent, reaching around Ethan's back and pulling him close. Ethan spreads Ava's legs and straddles her boss. He responds by clutching her tight with one hand around the back, the other hand holding Ethan's cheek, fingers thrust into Ava's hair. They kiss forcefully, the passion simmering inside Ethan as Ava's body responds to her boss's eager touch.

Ethan pulls away long enough to slip out of Ava's top, pulling it over his head and causing his long, brunette hair to fall across his face. He wipes it out of his eyes and quickly undoes his bra as Thomas looks on eagerly. As soon as Ethan shrugs Ava's bra to the floor Thomas dives for her breasts, one hand grabbing a handful of her tit while his mouth lands on Ava's other nipple. His breath is hot on Ethan's skin as his tongue flicks at Ava's nipple, teasing it into a sharp point. The other hand is rough, almost painful as it squeezes Ethan's firm breast. Ethan stares down at himself, seeing Ava's tits for the first time. They're round and firm, elegantly formed like the rest of her. God, how he longs to see them bounce up and down, to feel her body full. Ethan brings his own hand up, slips it beneath Thomas's fingers to stroke his own breast, feeling up Ava's incredible body.

Thomas pulls away and Ethan grabs his other tit. Now he fondles himself with both hands, Ava's fingers squeezing his soft flesh as Thomas looks on. Ethan undulates back and forth on Thomas's lap, feeling the rising bulge between his legs calling out for Ava. And her body is ready to answer. The heat is coursing through him, an anxious, restless energy. God, his tits feel so good to touch. His pussy pulses with each squeeze of his breasts and he can feel his panties growing damp. A little sigh escapes his lips, Ava's dainty voice filled with lust. Ethan looks down at Thomas.

“I want you to fuck me over this table. I've been dreaming about it.”

Thomas nods and Ethan hops off his lap. Ethan unbuttons Ava's jeans with shaky fingers and then turns to lean over the table, arching his back, looking over his shoulder at the perfect curve of his new bubble butt. He leans on the table and spreads his legs, one hand sliding between his thighs to stroke himself, fingers following the coarse pubic hair to his wet entrance. He strokes lightly, dipping into Ava's pussy, his new lips so warm and welcome, swallowing his finger. Christ, he's so wet already, Ava's body already warm from his own lust. Behind him he hears the jingle of Thomas's belt buckle as it slides to the ground.

A hand grabs Ethan's ass, fingers digging into Ava's sweet soft cheeks. Thomas's cock slides beneath Ethan's butt, skating across his entrance. Ethan pulls his hand away and leans on the table as Thomas lubricates his cock on Ava's juices, the hard shaft gliding across Ethan's swollen nether lips before angling up inside him. The head enters him, an alien but wonderful feeling. There's a pressure inside him as Thomas's cock meets Ava's tight entrance. The pressure builds, builds, and then with a groan Thomas slips inside him. Ethan raises his head and moans as the dick enters Ava's pussy, sliding through her slippery walls. It's so warm and welcome inside him.

Now both hands are gripping Ava's ass and Thomas thrusts all the way in, holding himself fully inside Ethan for a minute, before pulling out. He moves slowly at first, allowing Ethan to enjoy the delightful fullness, the feel of his cunt wrapping around the solid shaft. Ethan's body is humming now and he begs Thomas to fuck him harder. Thomas can't resist Ava's lust soaked voice and he picks up the rhythm, thrusting faster, harder, until it's all Ethan can do but cling to the sides of the table, keep his legs spread and hold on. Ethan stares down between his legs, watches his tits bob madly as he's fucked hard and fast, seeing short bursts of the cock sliding in and out of him, slick with his own wetness. Ethan moans as Thomas fucks him hard, every inch of Ava's body filled with a heat ready to burst out of him. The explosion comes fast. Pleasure rushes through his entire body and he wiggles his ass, crying out in a high pitched voice before cramming his fingers into his mouth to muffle the cries of delight. He can taste Ava's pussy on her fingers, and it just makes him cum harder, pussy gripping Thomas's dick.

Thomas is slamming into him now, grunting with effort, and then he, too, cums, gripping Ethan's ass and shoving his dick hard inside. Ethan can feel every pulse of the cock inside him, the hot cum filling Ava's tight cunt. It makes him cum again, this delight in ruining Ava's classy elegance, in making her do his bidding and become such a dirty little whore, stealing her pleasure and using her body for his own ends. She's delightful, her pussy so sensitive as it fills with hot cum. He wishes it would never stop and he shuts his eyes tight to hold on to the pleasure.

Eventually Thomas slows and stops. He pulls out of Ethan. Ethan pushes himself to a standing position, feels the cum dripping out of him. He flicks the gooey white substance onto his finger and then holds his hand up and lets it drip onto his tongue. It's warm and salty and he swallows it down with a smile, sucking on his finger to get it clean. He opens his eyes and giggles shyly at Thomas, still naked, fully aware of how incredible Ava's body is.

They both get dressed and then Ethan returns to his desk, but not before Thomas

writes him a company check for five thousand dollars. Ethan doesn't want to sit in this office for the rest of the day. He wants to go home and celebrate with his other selves. So he uses the same trick he used with Tessa. As he's standing around a cubicle with some other coworkers, discussing the latest project, he pees in his pants again. The warm liquid trickles down his jeans, soaking them. Ava's intern supervisor looks up, sees the wet spot growing, running down her leg and his eyes widen.

“You okay?” He asks.

Now everyone's looking at her, watching as she pisses down her leg, the urine running into her socks, warm right now.

“Yeah. Just pissed my pants. Can I go?”

He nods. It's so fun embarrassing Ava like this. Perfect, put-together Ava will never be able to shed her reputation as the intern who peed herself. Ethan smiles and walks out of the office. His jeans are cold now and the faint smell of urine trails him home.

Ethan comes through the door of the apartment ecstatic. His original body and himself-in-Tessa are waiting for him. Ethan slaps the check onto the counter.

“We've got a sponsor, now all we need is a team.”

“Where did you get this?” Original Ethan asks, standing and coming over to investigate the check.

“I told my boss we had an all women's gaming team. Oh, and I fucked him.”

“What?” Tessa asks.

Ethan-Ava nods. “This body is fucking fantastic. If we need any more sponsors I'll be happy to get them.”

“So,” Original Ethan says, looking at the other two women, “We just need to find a few more women and take them over.”

“Yep,” Ethan-Ava agrees, “Who's next?”

*To be continued...*

## **Thank you!**

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

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*Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.*

### **[Transition](#)**

*Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.*

### **Virtual Worlds**

*Jay orders a virtual reality rig that offers to put him in the body of his favorite porn stars, only something's gotten mixed up and he finds himself on the receiving end inside several female performers.*

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