



**IN THE**  
*Game*

**PART 2**

**M2F BODY  
POSSESSION**

**MWILLS**



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# **In the Game**

***Part 2***

***M2F Body Theft***

**by M. Wills**

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## In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan pulls off his headphones and sits back in his gaming chair. The new leather creaks beneath him as he shifts and rubs his eyes. Tessa (with Ethan inside) hops off her chair and skips over to him, black pigtails bouncing. She's dressed in a skimpy skirt and a belly shirt that shows off her slim physique. There's a lollipop thrust between her kissable lips, completing the schoolgirl outfit.

“You want a neck rub, baby?” She asks in her high pitched voice with the ridiculous bimbo accent.

Fuck, it's hot seeing formerly intelligent, lefty Tessa parading around like a dumb, slutty schoolgirl. Her tiny powerful fingers dig into his neck and he sighs as she massages him. The copy of Ethan's mind inside Tessa also likes making her do these things, and enjoys the feeling of her tight little pussy growing moist as he services his real body.

“Ooh, my little pookie's so tight,” Ethan-Tessa says around her lollipop.

She massages him slowly, moving down towards his torso, letting her breasts press against the back of male Ethan's neck. She smells Ethan's familiar masculine scent, the smell of her former self crisp and enticing through Tessa's exquisite nose, and feels the ready Pavlovian response of her body as it warms even more.

“Can I please give you a blowjob, daddy?” She whispers into his ear.

Ethan nods and Tessa swivels the chair around so it faces her. She tosses her pigtails behind her with a shake of her head and kneels between his legs. She strokes his member through his pants and looks up at him with a girlish giggle. He strokes her dark hair like a dog, like his pet. She unbuttons his pants and he helps her shimmy them down his legs. Then she rolls down the hem of his underpants and his cock springs out to greet her.

“Ooh, yummy!” She giggles again, setting her lollipop aside to open her lips and drop down on his dick.

She kisses the head, her warm little lips meeting his hot cock. He's got a delicious musk that her body craves, and it doesn't hurt that she has all the memories of her former male body, so this cock feels familiar and safe. Like she's blowing herself. She opens her sultry lips and sucks him all in. The head of the cock travels over her tongue and she sinks down on the shaft, her tongue gliding across each perfect ridge, undulating against his hot hard-softness until she's holding him entirely inside. Her nose is pressed against his pubic hair and she deep throats him easily after long practice.

He grabs hold of her ponytails, holding them out of the way so he can watch her suck his dick. She raises her lips off his shaft with a wet pop, stroking the saliva-slick cock with her petite fingers as she looks up and giggles at Ethan.

“Fuck, it's so hot watching you do that.” He sighs.

“Ooh, I love sucking your huge cock!” She says, opening up her mouth and

swallowing him again.

And he does taste divine. Now he grips her ponytails and forces her head down, down his shaft, holding her there, before yanking her back up. He uses her hair to control her, driving her lips up and down his slick shaft. She loves it, living only to serve him. Her pleasure is his, because he is her. Her lacy panties are so damp, and she chokes and sputters as he drives her mouth down and up his shaft, faster and faster, the cock hitting the back of her throat making her choke briefly. He uses her as his fucktoy until with one final yank he drives her lips down his dick and explodes into her mouth. She moans as she swallows him, the hot spurts of salty cum jetting across her tongue and down her throat as she swallows. She can't get enough, and latches her lips around his shaft, drinking every drop until he slows and stops.

Only then does he release her and she glides her lips up his softening shaft, her hand still clamped around the base as she frees him, a single strand of saliva connecting her lips to the swollen head of his dick. She brings her nose close, watching as the last little drops of cum appear on the head, then she leans in and licks them off, cooing as she does so. She looks up at him, fingers still around his cock, her cheek resting on his warm thigh.

“Feeling better?” She asks.

“Much.”

“Good.” She nods, then stands and stretches, which causes her ridiculously small skirt to pull up and reveal a flash of firm buttocks. “Because I need a break.”

“You got it.” Ethan says.

He picks up his cell phone beside his computer and opens the Clone 'Em app. Going to the 'Filled' table, he selects Tessa's name, emptying his mind out of her body and back into his own, bringing with it all her memories. He remembers sucking his own dick, how wet it made him and how delicious it tasted, while at the same time he remembers having his dick sucked, jamming Tessa's little lips down his shaft and forcing her to drink his cum. It's hot from both sides.

Tessa, with Ethan out of him, has a mind of her own, but everything he's made her do her brain has apparently rationalized as something she wants to do. It's so easy to control them like this. Just jump inside, do something, and then their mind incorporates that into their personality when he jumps out. Like Tessa, the former conservative lefty activist now a horny Asian schoolgirl. Tessa ruffles his hair and picks up her lollipop, resuming the schoolgirl act. It's made her job at Blizzard tougher in some ways, though she's still an excellent designer she's no longer taken seriously and has been slyly propositioned several times by her colleagues. Ethan has yet to take them up on the offer, wanting to keep Tessa at her job for now because he still needs her income.

“What's wrong Ethan baby?” She asks, draping herself across his lap.

He can feel her wetness sliding across his still-bare thighs. He wraps his arms around her, his nose snuggling against her neck, inhaling the delightful scent of her cherry shampoo. “We need to get a fourth player for the team.”

“I really want Daisy.” Tessa reaches out and dances her fingers across the keyboard, bringing up Daisy's website.

Daisy's elegant face takes up a quarter of the screen. Her mocha skin seems so flawless, her body so effortlessly feminine yet powerful. It's a screenshot from her latest video where she's cosplaying as an incredibly realistic race-swapped Chun Li from the Street Fighter video games. The costume seems simple but took her hours as she made sure to get every detail down to the last button. Her thick black hair is tucked beneath a glossy black wig, and the picture catches her in the middle of a high kick, her incredible long, toned leg high over her head. She seems unfazed from the fanboy rage she receives whenever she dresses up as video game characters without concealing her African American heritage. She has it all: beauty, brains, over 3 million followers, a subscribers page that Ethan figures probably brings in about ten thousand dollars a month. Daisy's found some strange mix of vegan lifestyle fandom and cosplay that seems to have hit a nerve with fans. Or maybe it's that she's fucking hot when she dresses up.

“I really want Daisy, too,” Ethan says, puffing air out through his lips. “But I have no idea how to get her out here. She hasn't responded to any of my emails. Probably thinks I'm just some sort of stalker fan out to get her body.”

Tessa shrugs and smiles around her lollipop. “Well, you are.”

“Yeah, but she doesn't know that!”

They are interrupted by the front door flying open and Ava entering in a whirlwind of excitement. She comes around the office door, laughing.

“You owe me big time! I did it.”

“Did what?” Ethan asks, swiveling around to face the door, Tessa still in his lap.

“Daisy's flying out to meet us.”

Tessa squeals with excitement and hops off Ethan's lap. She jumps up in the air like an excited schoolgirl. “Yay! Yay! Yay!”

It takes Ethan a second to process what he's just heard. “What? How? What?”

Ava does a little dance, pumping her fists. “Surprise! We've been talking about it for so long. I sent her an email from my Blizzard account saying I wanted to talk to her about some sponsorship opportunities in person. I had to pretend I wasn't just an intern, of course, but she said she'll be out here for the comic book convention next week and we'll have lunch.”

“That's awesome!”

“I know I am,” Ava beams. “And this time I didn't even have to fuck anybody. I mean, I still did fuck my boss again, of course. I just didn't have to.”

Their next tournament is two weeks away, which will give them plenty of time. Besides, with the ability to share memories just by retracting their selves back into Ethan's body, when one practices they all practice.

Ethan shifts uncomfortably in his new suit as he and Ava stand in front of the

arrival gate at the airport. Ava is dressed in an incredible red dress that's stylish and subtly sexy, clinging to her body without being too in-your-face. The dress ends at the knee, and her legs are bare, showing off her firm calves. The matching high heels compliment the dress and draw admiring looks from passers by. Both outfits are new, paid for with a second set of funds from Ava's boss, which she earns in cash from being his cum guzzling secret whore.

“What's your title again?” Ethan asks.

Without turning her head she says, “I told Daisy I was the Assistant Regional Director of Public Relations. You're my assistant.”

“Right.”

The Ethan inside Ava hasn't wanted to leave her magnificent body and has remained inside her almost continuously since they first took her over. Ethan doesn't blame him, and he takes another glance at Ava. Too bad there wasn't time to have sex before the meeting, though there will be plenty of time later. There always is.

The doors of the airport arrival gate open and passengers begin to trickle out. Ethan holds up the sign that simply says “Daisy” and they both scan the passing faces. Daisy appears a few minutes later, toting a small wheeled carry-on. She's dressed casually, in a plain white t-shirt and shorts with thigh high white boots, both of which have the effect of beautifully contrasting with her coffee brown skin. Somehow she manages to look even better in real life than she does on the internet. Ethan has no idea how she manages to keep her body so fit while still keeping to a vegan diet. Where does the protein come from? Daisy sees the sign with her name on it and smiles, full lips curling up as she makes a beeline towards them.

Ava steps forward and offers her hand, “Hi, Daisy, I'm Ava, nice to meet you in person.”

“Nice to meet you,” Daisy says. Her voice is rich and mellifluous. Ethan yearns to own it.

Ava gestures to Ethan, “This is my assistant, Ethan. He'll take your bag.”

“Great, thanks.”

Daisy hands the bag to Ethan, who takes it and follows behind the women as they pick up the rest of Daisy's luggage from the baggage carousel before heading out to the limousine they've rented. This meeting is setting them back a lot of money, but it will be more than worth it once Daisy's on board. Ethan puts Daisy's luggage in the trunk of the limo, then all three settle into the back seats, Ethan admiring Daisy's long legs, knowing that soon he'll be inside her.

“We've got a draft of the contract, if you could just read it through and let us know what you think,” Ava says.

Ava holds out her hand and Ethan gives her his phone. One touch and she'll appear in the app. Ava passes the phone to Daisy who takes it without a pause and glances at it, confused.

“Uh, where is it?”

“Oh, sorry,” Ava takes it back and hands it to Ethan.

Ethan opens the Clone 'Em app and taps on Daisy's name.

## 2

With the faint and rapidly familiar feeling of vertigo, Ethan is peering out from behind Daisy's eyes. His hands are resting in his lap on the exposed skin of his rich mocha thighs between skirt and boots. Daisy's thick black hair tickles his cheeks, and her heavy breasts press out from beneath her tight shirt. He takes a deep breath through her nose, closing his eyes to savor the feel of his new body, to gather his new sense of self.

He's ravenous. Daisy's a vegan but there's no way Ethan can tolerate that diet.

“Let's get some fucking food in here!” He pats his trim tummy. “Tell the driver to stop by Carl's Jr. or something.”

Ethan taps the intercom and gets the driver to stop at the nearest fast food place. In the meantime, Ava brings out the real contract and Ethan-Daisy signs it with a flourish, just like he'd practiced her autograph for the last several days. They celebrate with burgers. Daisy orders a triple meat with extra bacon and eats it messily in the back of the limo. Ethan lets the juices run down Daisy's mouth and smears meat grease across her cheeks as he licks her fingers clean. He eats every bite, stuffing his face with food Daisy would never dare touch. He wonders how she'll justify stuffing her stomach with meat.

When they get back to the apartment, Ethan-Tessa is waiting for them. Ethan walks Daisy's body in and does a little twirl as they all feel her up, hands skating across her ass, her tits, down her legs.

Original Ethan soon breaks away and claps his hands. “All right. We've got a tournament in a few days. We need to practice.”

“Aww,” Tessa pouts, “I want to fuck Daisy.”

“If you're good that can be your reward. Come on, though, the whole point of this was to make a team.”

The others grumble but realize he's right. Tessa has found some online videos showing the teams they'll be facing in a few days. They gather together in the living room and watch them on the big screen, pausing to comment and take notes on their opponent's strategies. It's not exactly like Ethan's talking to himself because the copies in the girl's bodies have slightly different memories just from being someone else at the moment. But anyway, talking through a problem is helpful. There's no hesitancy to voice an opinion, since they all intimately understand each other. The main problem is that they all think similarly, so there's a brief argument over who's going to take notes.

Over the next several hours they come up with various strategies, pausing for Daisy to record a video to upload to her subscriber page telling them about this amazing new team of gamer girls she's joined. Fortunately, Daisy's phone opens with a thumbprint and she stores all her passwords on it, so they've got instant access to the whole of her life. Ethan notes that Daisy's booked into a swanky hotel for the next few nights and files that information away for later.

After another few hours they pause to order pizza. Daisy gets a meat lovers, which she devours practically by herself, until her little stomach is pouched out, hard as a rock from all the meat. His little body has never been so full.

They resume studying. It's the most concentration any of the Ethans have attempted in a while. Daisy checks her phone every so often, skimming through the messages piling up in her email and her social media pages. Despite her disclaimer that she won't do nudes, messages keep popping up occasionally asking for them. She's about to delete one and her finger hovers over the button. Why not do nudes? Hell, just by saying she'd never do them, she's guaranteed to make them instantly valuable.

She sneaks away into the bathroom. Once she's there, she reaches around and unclasps her bra, slipping out of it without taking off her top. It's a trick he's seen past girlfriends do and has wanted to try. Then Ethan makes her pull down her shirt and flash one ripe tit, teasing her dark chocolate nipple until it stands erect. She picks up her phone and takes a few selfies, smiling and playfully sticking out her tongue. When she's done she cycles through the pics, selecting the best one and posting it on her page in the section for subscribers only. She follows that up with a post promising more for her top tier followers.

The response is an immediate flood of messages and followers. Some excoriate her for giving into nudes, but they're vastly outnumbered by the ones clamoring for more. When the Ethans break up for the night, Daisy pulls Ava aside. She remembers how Ava felt from the inside and wonders how she'll feel from the outside.

“Come back to my hotel with me,” Daisy says, grabbing Ava's soft hand and twining their fingers together.

Ava smiles that incredible sexy half smile, “Do I need to wear anything special?”

“You don't need to wear anything at all.”

They slip out unnoticed, sending a text to original Ethan telling him where they've gone. There's no need to get permission or discuss it beforehand since it's basically Ethan talking with Ethan. They hold hands in the cab, giggling and caressing each other. Daisy sees she's piqued the cabbie's interest; his eyes keep flicking to them in the back seat. The attention is such a turn on.

They get dropped off in front of the hotel and hurry through the stately glass doors to check in. The concierge seems to take forever, but it may just be Daisy is impatient to see herself naked and press her body close to Ava. Finally she's given the room key and they race up to their room. No sooner are they inside and the door closed than Daisy turns and grabs Ava in a hug, pressing their hungry lips together.

Ava's lovely fruity scent fills Daisy's nose, and her toned body is so incredible to touch, from her pinchable ass to her perky tits. Daisy's hands glide up and down Ava's back even as she feels Ava doing the same to her. Daisy moans, feeling herself growing wet, a wonderful warmth spreading through her.

Ava pulls away and gently pushes Daisy's black hair out of her face. Ava's lips are plump and perfect, desire written across her face. “How have you been inside her half the day and haven't seen her naked yet?”

Daisy kisses Ava on the lips again, tongue snaking into her mouth, following the contours of her tongue and teeth as her hand slips up to caress Ava's jaw. She kisses her way across Ava's elegant cheekbones until her lips are close to Ava's ear. “Why don't you help me fix that?” She whispers.

Daisy can feel Ava's fingers eagerly reach for her top and she holds her arms aloft to let Ava yank her shirt up over her head. She never put her bra back on and her perky breasts bounce down into Ava's waiting fingers. They both gaze down at Daisy's beautifully dark, creamy skin. Ava's bronzed fingers circle Daisy's little nipple, gently following the shape of her breast. They're both captivated by Daisy's body. Finally Ava lowers her head and sucks on Daisy's tit, her warm tongue licking the sensitive nub of her nipple. The warmth flows down to the special place between Daisy's legs, sparking a yearning desire.

Daisy pulls away from Ava and digs through her bag for her phone. She takes it out and starts recording a video. Ava wraps her up in her arms from behind. Now Ava's topless, her breasts pressing against Daisy's bare back as Daisy holds up the camera, adjusting it until both their faces can be seen. Ava smiles and kisses the nape of Daisy's neck, nipping gently as she moves up and down her shoulder. Through half-lidded eyes Daisy savors the desire flitting through her and the ever growing dampness between her thighs. She adjusts the phone to get a shot of Ava's hands wrapped around Daisy's tits, the fingers working away, squeezing in a gentle rhythm.

God, Daisy's body is on fire. Ethan yanks down Daisy's skirt and steps out of it, turning around and letting the camera gaze across her nearly naked body, ogling himself as he does so, enjoying the wonderful reveal of Daisy's perfect round ass cheeks, the thong positioned just over his crack.

Ava takes the camera from her and then lays Daisy down on the bed. She lets the camera pan across Daisy's body, from her smiling face to her swan-like neck, down past her gorgeous tits, lingering on the panties that just barely cover her pussy, and then down to the thigh high boots that she still wears.

“Touch yourself,” Ava commands from behind the camera.

Daisy brings her hands up to her tits, which have fallen down against her armpits. She pushes them together, watching as they rise to soft mounds, like putty in her hands. Holding them tight, she flicks each little nipple. The pleasure dances through her and her nipples sharpen to small spikes. Her body is so fun to touch and caress. She lets her tits fall as her hands glide down her stomach and reach her mound. Her fingers trail over her panties. She can feel the heat of her pussy crying out just beneath the sheer fabric, but she doesn't touch herself. Not yet. She continues stroking the outside of the panties as the fire rages within her. Now her hands are gliding up and down the length of her body, her legs flexing as anticipation builds within her. This body feels so nice. When her fingers return to her panties she finds them damp. Pressing a finger down against them she meets even more wetness.

“Take your panties off and show everyone your pussy,” Ava commands from behind the camera.

God, she's also wet just from watching Daisy. But she's familiar with her body now, and she knows she can make herself even wetter, drive the desire higher within her and make the ultimate release that much sweeter. She focuses the camera on Daisy's panties as Daisy's fingers creep closer. They slowly peel the fabric aside and she spreads herself, revealing the brilliant amber hues of her pussy, glistening with nectar.

Daisy slides two fingers inside herself, skating across her entrance and just letting her pussy lips wrap around her fingers. She strokes in a gentle circle, experimenting, trying to find the best angle and pressure until a jolt of lust slams through her body. She stays on that spot, circling her warm little button, feeling it expand beneath her finger. She can hear her own wetness now and she sighs, lifting her hips, her body needing more.

Ava hands her the phone and Daisy turns it around in time to catch Ava kneeling between Daisy's legs. Ava stares into the camera, letting a soft giggle escape her

lips as she sticks out her little pink tongue and slowly licks Daisy up and down. It's all Daisy can do to hold on to the camera as Ava's warm tongue works its magic within her. With her free hand Daisy grips a breast, riding the pleasure as it courses through her, Ava forcing her head deeper between Daisy's legs, closing her eyes to savor Daisy's delicious salty muskiness.

Daisy cums once in a stuttering orgasm, moaning as Ava keeps her tongue pressed against Daisy's clit. No sooner does the orgasm subside than Ava presses harder, bringing up two fingers and sliding into Daisy's sopping wet pussy. She thrusts slowly back and forth, still licking, driving Daisy's body to the precipice of orgasm. Little flashes of pink appear beneath Daisy's rich mocha pussy lips as Ava strokes faster, holding Daisy on the edge, slowing briefly, and Daisy clutches her tit hard, shuts her eyes tight, waiting, waiting, and then cums in a staggering, massive orgasm. She cries out in a low tone, body convulsing delightfully, trying to keep the camera centered on her body as she cums, her tits wobbling, Ava's face lodged deep between her legs, licking her down through the orgasm.

When Daisy is finally recovered, Ava peeks up, her cheeks and chin glazed with Daisy's wetness. "That was fucking hot," she moans.

Daisy turns the video off and drops the phone, suddenly exhausted. Ava kisses her way up Daisy's stomach to her tits and then plants their lips together. Daisy can taste her pussy on Ava's tongue. It's divine. Ava falls back to the bed and nuzzles into Daisy's neck. They fall asleep clutching each other, arms and legs entwined.

### 3

Their first tournament as a team is in one of the smaller rooms of the San Diego exhibition hall. They're unseeded and unknown, so it's no surprise that the room is mostly empty. As an unranked team they're not expected to get very far, and the room layout reflects those expectations. Two large screen televisions have been hastily bolted onto the side walls. The two rows of computers are pushed together so that the teams are facing each other and Ethan could stick out his leg and touch the other team. The wires and the computers themselves are hidden from view beneath the tables, which are covered with an old black tablecloth.

There's very little fanfare and an audience composed mainly of family members of the other team. A murmur spreads through the room, and the other team looks up to stare as Ethan leads his beautiful girls through the door and up to the makeshift stage. They're all sporting the same jersey: white with a pink lightning bolt zigzagging down the side. It was a hastily chosen template to which they've added a patch with the name of their sponsor: Oracle. The jersey is the one part of the outfit they all have in common.

Ethan goes first, followed by Tessa. Her silky auburn hair is in pigtails, cute bangs arcing over her forehead. She twirls her lollipop in her mouth and flounces up onto the stage, letting her staggeringly short skirt bounce up and down. She's aware of the eyes on her, the guys in the audience trying to get a glimpse of her ass, the girls staring in disapproval.

Ava is next. Besides her jersey she wears some slinky black jeans that cling to her legs and amplify her elegant figure. She seems to glide along, watching the world calmly, almost disdainfully. Where Tessa is the girl anyone can have, Ava is choosier. There's a sense that one has to work for her but, oh, it will be worth

it.

Daisy is last. She's dressed like Black Cat from the Spiderman comic book, sans mask. She's got a shiny black leather outfit that clings to her body but spread wide open at the chest, a tuft of white fur lining each side. It almost looks like her breasts are bouncing free, except for the team jersey. She smiles as she steps onto the stage in her black high heels.

The referee is flustered but he hides it well, refraining from commenting on their choice of uniform. The other team is alternately smirking and ogling them. They clearly think this is a novelty team not worth bothering with.

Each team chooses their character and then takes their seats. The computer counts down from ten, the referee doing his best to pump up the crowd, and then the game begins. The gates open and Ethan's characters leap into the virtual arena.

It's a bloodbath and the outcome is never in doubt. From the moment the teams meet, Ethan's team is dominant. They work together as one, attacking and regrouping, corralling their opponents away from the high scoring objectives. It helps that Ethan can use his body as a distraction. At one point Ethan-Tessa gets attacked from behind by the opponent sitting at the computer directly across from her. While playing, she slips her foot out of her high heels, scoots down in her seat and caresses his leg with her toes. He glances up at her, his eyes widening. She licks her lips and giggles. The distraction is enough for her to cast her ice spell and freeze his character in place. She glances up at him one final time, biting her lip and winking. Ethan's team soon marches through the last enemy gates and destroys the headquarters, sealing their win.

The other team congratulates them sullenly, and the Ethans march out to the

waiting room to await the next match. Ethan slips out his phone and calls all of his selves out of the girls' bodies, then hops back in. In this way, he consolidates his memories without any of that arduous debriefing. Now they all know everything each other has done as if they've done it themselves, and they each know their roles for the upcoming games.

Ethan's team rises up through the rankings of the tournament, the rooms increasing in size as they near the finals, along with the audience. The fans come to see these hot women gamers, and they stay to watch them dominate. Finally, there are only two teams left. When Ethan's team steps onto the huge stage at the center of the exhibition hall, a cheer erupts that echoes through the large hall. They acknowledge it in their own way: Ethan ignoring it and heading straight for his seat, Tessa doing a little dance, Ava strutting confidently, and Daisy pausing to pose dramatically center stage as the lights from a hundred cameras flash across her skin.

This final team is less distracted by the Ethans' appearance. They've likely been warned from others. In the end it doesn't really matter. The Ethans play as one, knowing exactly where to go and what to do. When the opponent's base falls, Ethan sits back and breaths a sigh of relief. Ethan-Tessa jumps up and grabs the trophy, dancing around as the photographers close in. The emcee hands them a huge mock up of a five thousand dollar check and they all stand behind it for the picture. The money's nice but all they really want is the jump up the rankings it brings.

Julia's waiting for them in the wings, her pink phone in hand. She begins recording as she walks with the group back through the lobby, holding the phone up to the original Ethan. Daisy trails behind, making a video for her own fans.

“Congratulations on your win. How did it feel up there?” Julia asks.

“It was great. I think everyone really came together and it was a whole team effort.”

“We love Ethan!” Tessa chimes in, hopping onto Ethan's back and kissing him on the cheek.

“Am I right in thinking you put this team together yourself?” Julia asks. She's got an easy grin. Too easy. But Ethan's still euphoric from the win to really be cautious.

“I did. I thought it would be great to have an all woman team. And I wasn't wrong!”

“But it's not really an all woman team, though, is it? I mean, you're not a woman.”

“No, but, uh, we're working on that. Not making me a woman. On getting more women. You don't see a lot of women gamers. It's a guy's club and I'm working on changing that.”

“So only a man can make the gaming industry better for women?”

“Well, no, I didn't say that.”

“Some people would say you're putting together a team of women for the novelty value.”

Daisy breaks in. “Honey, we just won. We're more than just novelty.”

Julia nods. “It's interesting. I've been doing some research and, obviously, I know Ethan. But I've never seen you at a tournament before. No one has.”

Daisy shrugs. “Gamers are everywhere.”

“But I've looked on your website and I don't see that you were ever interested in games. What happened and how did you get so good so fast?”

This is getting out of control. Ethan pulls out his phone and hands it to Julia. “All the answers are right here.”

Julia glances at the phone but doesn't touch it. She shakes her head. “Let's set up an interview and you can tell me all about it.”

Ethan puts his phone away. “Sure,” he says flatly.

Everyone is excited from their win. It feels like the start of something new and big. They file into Ethan's apartment, gabbing excitedly. As soon as the doors close behind them, Ethan-Ava grabs the collar of Ethan's shirt and pulls him

towards her, kissing him hard and fierce. Her insistent tongue slides into his mouth and he sucks on her, breathing in her exotic lilac perfume as his hands crawl across her body, following the tight contours of her hips and her ass, beneath the skirt.

She pulls away long enough to whisper, “I’m so wet for you right now.” Then she pulls his mouth back on hers and, still kissing, takes his hand and guides it down her pants. Sure enough, her panties are damp, and Ethan’s fingers trace her delicate opening beneath the moist fabric. She trembles at his touch, kissing him harder, pulling him closer.

Someone is messing with his pants and he pulls away from Ava and looks down to find Ethan-Tessa kneeling in front of him. She unzips his pants and drop them to the floor, her eyes lighting up as his cock flops out.

“Oooh, yummy for me!” She squeals, her auburn pigtails bouncing as she looks up at him and licks her lips.

She then wraps her slender fingers around his shaft and strokes. He grows hard in her hand, Ava pulling their lips back together as Ethan-Tessa opens her mouth and swallows his cock. Her wet heat envelopes his head, lips sliding down his shaft, tongue undulating against his dick. She takes him all in, until her tiny nose is pressed into his pubic hair. She’s gotten so good at deep throating his cock from the hours of practice. She drives her lips down, holds him in her mouth, then pulls back up, releasing him with a wet pop before stroking his dick again.

Ethan-Daisy comes up behind Ava and helps her remove her jersey. Daisy presses her front against Ava’s back, soft hands following Ava’s body, overlapping Ethan’s hands sometimes, before sliding across to the front of Ava’s outfit and unbuttoning her pants. Ava shimmies out of them and kicks them

away. Ava's top and bra come next and when at last they drop to the floor Daisy presses herself against Ava's back. Daisy is already naked and her bare breasts are hot against Ava's back. She reaches her hands underneath Ava's arms and fondles Ava's breasts. Daisy's fingers are firm and warm as they explore Ava's jiggling, sculpted tits.

Ethan is rock hard now, and the girls help him out of his shirt and pants, then do the same to Tessa. Now they're all naked and they hurry down the hallway, giggling and kissing, to tumble into bed together a naked mass of golden limbs and pert tits. Ethan is on his back on the bed, Ava on top of him, riding him, his cock trapped between them but not inside her. Not yet. She drags her wet pussy up and down his shaft, tempting him with her heat. She's slick and warm and making him so goddamn horny. She kisses his chest slowly, cooing softly.

Ethan-Tessa is kneeling behind Ava, her hands circling Ava's rotund little ass. She kisses each cheek before spreading them, brushing her fingers across Ava's puckered hole. Ava shivers once, pausing in her kisses as she moans. Ethan-Tessa slide his hands underneath her ass and finds her pussy from behind. He strokes her, fingers slipping in between her velvety lips, dragging her wetness across his fingers and back up her tight asshole. In this manner she strokes Ava's ass, teasing her, coming so close without going in.

Ethan is watching Ava kiss his chest, watching her tits dangle and bounce so gently beneath her, when Ethan-Daisy crawls up and straddles his face. He sees her pussy coming towards him, the pink lips glistening, the little landing strip growing larger in his vision. And then she's on top of him and he's buried in her wet musk. She tastes wonderful as he licks her, driving his tongue across her entrance and then inside. She arches her back and drags her cunt across his face, leaning forward to take Ava's face in hand and kiss her.

Ava straightens up and grabs Ethan's cock, guiding it against her pussy by touch as her tongue explores Daisy's mouth. The head of the cock is lined up against

her entrance and she pushes it inside. Her breath hitches in her throat as Ethan fills her. She sinks down slowly, enjoying every precious inch until she holds him inside her completely. She's so wonderfully full, and the two girls rock back and forth in tandem, one on Ethan's face, the other on his cock, while Ethan-Tessa moves around to the side and feasts on their breasts, wrapping her hot lips around first Ava's nipple, then Daisy's, sucking and tweaking and pinching as they rock on Ethan. Tessa guides one of Ethan's hands between her legs and into her own cunt and she rides his fingers while she sucks on her friends' tits.

They ride each other like this for a while before changing positions. Ethan lines them up on their stomachs in bed facing the full length mirror on the wall, their cute asses in the air. Then he goes up and down the line fucking them, gripping Tessa's ass first and sliding in, thrusting hard and deep, pausing to control himself before continuing. The other girls beg him for their turn until he pulls out of Tessa and moves onto Daisy, fucking her slow and deep, then it's onto Ava. Their pussy juices are mingled on his cock, the girls so wet and horny. Ava cums once as Ethan sinks into her, crying out, her cunt gripping his dick like a glove.

Then Tessa is there, waiting for him to pull out of Ava so she can suck his dick. She savors Christie's musky flavor. The girls fight for a blowjob, begging for a chance to fuck and suck Ethan, pleading for him to cover them with his cum. Ethan's yet to have Daisy so she gets the honor. She giggles as he throws her onto the bed, her tits bouncing. He drives into her, hard and fast. He needs this release, needs to thrust into her tight little cunt. He cums with a guttural growl, emptying himself into Daisy's tight pussy as she cries and quivers beneath him. He fills her with his seed, pumping her full of his cum until he's spent and he collapses on top of her. Ava and Tessa finish each other off, licking each other's pussies until they cry out and cum, orgasming together.

When they're done they all snuggle up in bed together, stroking and touching each other, the girls already for another round. Soon they're kissing and licking each other again as Ethan watches, eager to get copies of these memories from

the girls' perspectives.

## 4

Daisy still needs to go to the comic book convention that was the main purpose of her visit. Most of her online fans follow her through these conventions, waiting to see her outfit. She can't just stop doing them, especially now that they've leveraged Daisy's fans for more advertising sponsors. Ethan hopped out of her body long enough for Daisy to get her own costume and makeup applied. Ethan once again wishes the app would transfer some of the girl's own skills to him. Anyway, it's simple enough to wait until she's fully in costume before sliding back inside her.

She comes out of the bathroom dressed as Poison Ivy, from Batman. She's painted her skin a slightly greenish hue, which makes her bright red wig stand out all that much more. There's a vine circling her body, carefully covering each nipple and with a large leaf covering her pussy. Other than that she's naked, the contours of her perfect body visible for all to see.

Ethan smiles and opens the app, swiping himself into her body. In an instant he's looking out through her eyes, her nearly naked body on full display. She's got to move carefully, as the vine threatens to come loose at any moment, spilling her tits out.

The convention center is packed, but even still Ethan-Daisy draws a crowd. She films them filming her, posing for pictures and posting her videos on her websites. Surprisingly, a number of people recognize her from her online life. The attention is a little overwhelming at first. Ethan can't just blend in. Even the people that don't recognize Daisy stare, and she gets the feeling that more than a few would like to see the vine slip down. Still, she smiles and waves, responding to the messages that come up on her phone from her online fanbase as she makes

her way through the crowded room, just taking in the sights and sounds. It's nice that male Ethan is there, and he drapes an arm around her protectively, drinking in the celebrity just from proximity.

Rounding one corner, both Ethans stop short. Just in front of them is a breathtaking young woman in an exquisite dress. She's got soft Japanese features and sad eyes, projecting a supermodel level of ennui as she struts around in her outfit. There's something deeply fascinating about her and it's not just the dress, which is obviously hand made, a striking mix of silver and gray. It seems to be made entirely of small straps that bend and shift, like she's wearing a slinky, revealing tantalizing glimpses of her smooth skin.

Ethan-Daisy looks at Ethan, and there's an unspoken agreement. Daisy smiles and moves towards the girl, who turns her big brown eyes up to Daisy as she approaches.

“That's an incredible dress,” Daisy gushes, reaching out to stroke the fabric.

“Thank you,” the girl smiles, and it transforms her face into something so adorable it's all Ethan-Daisy can do to not hold her close. “I made it myself.” Her high pitched voice makes her sound even more like a young schoolgirl.

“Really?” Daisy says, circling the young woman and admiring her costume and the body beneath. “That's quite a lot of skill. How does it hang together?”

“I could ask you the same thing,” the woman smiles mischievously. “I'm a fashion designer. Well, I want to be a fashion designer.”

Daisy likes her and knows she needs to be part of the collective. An idea strikes her. A way to utilize this woman's talent and body. "Have you ever thought about doing uniforms?"

"Uniforms?"

"I'm part of a team of women gamers and our uniforms are a little, uh..."

"Mannish?"

"Exactly. Do you think you could do something with a little more style? Some flair? Some sex appeal? We would pay you of course."

There would be no need to pay her once they had her body. She'd work for sex eventually, as would they all. There's no need to tell her this, though.

"That sounds awesome!"

"I'm Daisy, by the way," Daisy holds out her hand and the woman takes it.

"Naomi."

They shake. Daisy motions to Ethan. “This is my assistant. Put your number in his phone and we’ll contact you.”

Ethan hands Naomi his phone. She takes it and punches in her number. And just like that Ethan owns her.

They stroll up and down the aisles together, just talking. They're interrupted every now and then by people wanting to take pictures with Daisy. A few—mostly young, white guys—shyly glance at Naomi, unsure if she's in costume or not. One guy with thick rimmed glasses and a splash of freckles across his face holds up his phone to her.

“You're so kawaii, can I get a picture desu?”

“Jesus, no, I'm not your manga love chick or whatever.”

He runs away with his tail between his legs and Naomi puffs out her cheeks. “Fucking weeb.”

“What's a weeb?” Ethan asks.

She turns her adorable big brown eyes on him. “Someone who fetishizes Japanese culture. It happens every time I go to a convention. Just because I'm Japanese doesn't mean I'm into manga and shit.”

“But you are at a comic convention,” Ethan says.

“Japanese girls can like Marvel, too. I'm not confined by my ethnicity.”

Ethan nods, chastened. She's got a spark in her that belies her cute appearance.

They go their separate ways, Ethan only hopping into her to check out the size dress she wears. He lands behind her eyes as she's home alone surfing the web, and he's sorely tempted to explore her right then and there. He looks down at his adorably tiny body. Even clad in a simple white shirt and black shorts she's cute as hell. Her skin is smooth and golden brown, and her perky breasts press enticingly against the shirt. But the waiting makes it that much sweeter. He gets the text from Daisy that they pre-arranged and he sets up a time to meet, not wanting to take the chance that Naomi would back out or not answer the text. Now that he's committed her, he knows her brain will justify it as something she wanted to do, just like with the others. After perusing her closet he hops out and purchases the perfect outfit for her visit.

## 5

Naomi arrives the next afternoon and the Ethans welcome her in. Naomi pauses just briefly when Tessa comes out of the room in her schoolgirl outfit, complete with pigtails, a lollipop and a skirt that's much too short. Ethan knows Tessa is the living embodiment of everything Naomi hates: a woman playing the dumb schoolgirl bit to perfection. But she recovers nicely and they all chat happily as she measures them up and discusses ideas.

“You'll all be united by a common color and patterns, but I can make the uniform slightly different to fit each of your personalities.”

“Like a boy band!” Tessa exclaims.

“Yeah, sure,” Naomi agrees.

“Perfect,” Daisy adds, clapping her hands together.

Naomi looks around at them, then turns to Daisy. “I see you as sort of playful and outgoing. Ava, you're the sexy, mysterious one. Tessa you're obviously the young one. Ethan...” She looks at him quizzically.

“No, I'm not in this group. But you should make an outfit for yourself for when you join us. In fact, we've got something picked out for you already.”

“What? Oh no, I don't play video games,” Naomi says with a confused grin.

But Ethan is already taking out his phone. He opens the app and selects her name.

In an instant, Ethan is looking out at the world from behind Naomi's eyes. Everything seems so much larger from his shorter stature. He holds a notebook full of ideas in one slim hand. The arm is bare and his gaze brushes across her skin, taking in her simple outfit, the way the shirt and jeans cling to her body.

“Actually, yeah, I would like to join your team. Where's my outfit?”

Naomi laughs and runs to the bedroom, returning seconds later with a lacy pink dress and a bright pink wig with a hair ribbon. Ethan-Naomi takes it from her and sheds her clothes in the middle of the room, heedless of the others watching her. She slips into the dress and Daisy helps button it up at the back, before adjusting the wig over her head. The dress is a shiny pink and white affair, draping over her body and ending just above her knees. At the top, it hugs her chest tight, pushing up her gentle breasts into impressive mountains. Just wearing this sexy manga girl outfit, turning Naomi into an object she hates, is making Ethan-Naomi a little warm. Giggling, Naomi sits in the chair as Daisy grabs her makeup and works on Naomi's face. She uses all the little tricks to make Naomi's eyes look bigger, her face wider. When Daisy's done, Naomi really does look like a manga character.

Daisy leads Naomi across the hall to the other apartment they've rented out for occasions like these. The money's come in a little easier since they won their

tournament, and Ava has been fucking her way up the hierarchy at her work. She'll probably have to quit soon. Rumors are already starting to fly around the office of her joining in threesomes or giving the CEO a blowjob under the desk during a conference call. But can they still be considered rumors if they're true? Anyway, the money's been enough to buy a little fuck pad and furnish it up nice. The first guest is one of Daisy's fans, the winner of her 'Make Love Like a Manga' contest.

Daisy knocks on the door. Ethan-Naomi adjusts her dress, letting her fingers linger on her breasts, eager to see them bare for the first time. A few seconds later the door is opened by a shy looking white teenager. His dark hair is unruly and he wears thick framed glasses. He looks normal enough, and his eyes light up when he sees Naomi.

“Hi Matt, this is Naomi,” Daisy says.

“Konichiwa!” Ethan-Naomi says, smiling brightly.

“She's here to serve your every need.” Daisy winks and ushers Naomi through the door, closing it behind and leaving Matt and Naomi alone.

Ethan plays the part of the shy Japanese school girl, giggling nervously at everything the guy says. He's babbling nervously about anime and comic books, but Ethan-Naomi wants to get to it. She's squirming, her panties already feeling a little damp just from thinking about what she's going to do in this exciting new body.

She puts a finger to Matt's lips. “What do you want me to call you?” She asks in

her tiny voice. She's like a doll. Her face cute and innocent. But beneath there's that desire flowing through her veins.

“Call me ni chan,” Matt whispers back, his voice shaking.

Ethan-Naomi places her hands on Matt's chest and giggles again, before tossing her long pink hair behind her head. She looks up at Matt—a long way up from Naomi's short stature—and says, “What do you want to do to me, ni chan?”

Matt leans down and kisses her suddenly, forcefully, his lips hard up against Naomi's soft face. Matt's hands snake out and grab Naomi around the middle, pulling her forward even as his tongue slips out and tries to invade her mouth, licking Ethan's plump lips. He's rough and unsophisticated. This may even be his first time with a woman. This will be Ethan's first time as well. Inside Naomi, anyway. Ethan doesn't even know if Naomi's a virgin but she definitely won't be after today.

Ethan-Naomi opens her lips and welcomes Matt's tongue inside, sighing as Matt explores Naomi's mouth, following along her teeth, sliding against her tongue. Matt tastes pleasantly minty and she drapes her arms around Matt's neck, leaning her tiny body into him as they kiss. Matt strokes Ethan's long hair as his other arm glides across Naomi's back. She kisses back eagerly, sighing as a pleasant tension grips her body.

He kisses her for a while as his hands crawl around her, gripping her back, sliding around to grope her tits, until Naomi needs more, the desire flooding her. She pulls away and slides her hands down to Matt's crotch as she stares up into his eyes with an impish grin. He lets her take control and she can read the desire in him as she unzips his pants and takes his dick into her hands. It's surprisingly large and she looks down and coos.

“Oooh, so big,” she smiles.

Her fingers stroke his shaft and he closes his eyes, his hands suddenly frozen on her.

“You big strong man, you tell me what I do.” Naomi says in deliberately broken English.

God, hearing this intelligent woman turned into an objectified cartoon bimbo is really fucking hot.

Matt licks his lips. “S-suck my dick,” he whispers.

Naomi gathers her dress and gets to her knees. She continues stroking his dick, bringing her mouth closer to his swollen shaft until her nose is pressed against his warmth and she's nearly cross-eyed from staring at it. She sticks out her little pink tongue and licks from base to tip, the warm musk of his cock hitting her tongue. He tastes delightful, and Naomi moves her tongue up and down the length of his shaft, covering him in her saliva. She continues stroking him, dragging her saliva up and down his shaft as her nimble fingers work back and forth.

“Call me names,” Naomi says, “Make me bitch.”

“Suck my dick you foreign bitch,” he says, starting to get into it now, his ugly true self coming out.

Letting this racist asshole order Naomi around makes her wet, the humiliation roiling her body with a wonderful warmth. She coos as she opens her lips and swallows his dick. It's warm and spicy on her tongue and she shoves her lips down the shaft. Her mouth is wide open and she feels the ridges of his cock as they drag across her tongue until he fills her and she can't take anymore. She can hardly breathe he's so big, or maybe it's because Naomi's body is so small. But she's only a little more than halfway down the cock and she's already nearly choking. She drags her mouth up and down, using her hand to jerk him off, to clasp his entire cock in warmth, spreading the saliva up and down as he moans above her. Now she can taste the slight saltiness of his pre-cum and she pulls her lips off with a gasp.

“You fuck me long time now,” she demands.

“Yeah, yeah,” he agrees.

“Call me names,” she reminds him as she turns around and wiggles her ass for him. “Me dumb bitch, remember? Treat me rough.”

Christ, Naomi's body is so wet from Ethan's desire to see her humiliated like this, to play up her Asian heritage and succumb to all the worst stereotypes, to be shy and demure when he knows she really wants to be dominant.

“Come here you dumb cunt.” Matt grips her dress and yanks it up before pulling her panties down.

She wiggles her ass, turning around to watch herself, getting a glimpse of her beautiful perfect curves. She can feel the air caressing her wet pussy and then Matt grabs her ass and jams his cock inside. It's so surprising she yelps and his fingers dig into her soft buttocks. He thrusts deep inside, pushing past her tight opening like it's nothing. He's so huge it almost hurts. She can feel the walls of her cunt almost trembling as they take in his entire girth. He slams in deep, filling her in an instant and she moans. He slaps her ass with a loud crack that brings tears to her eyes and sends her butt wobbling.

“You're so naughty,” he says.

“Ooh, yes, ni chan, me bad girl,” he agrees, his own hands coming up to his sensitive tits and squeezing until he can feel his fingers even through the dress and bra.

Matt pulls out and thrusts in again, driving deep until he's painfully and fully inside. He slaps her ass again, several times in quick succession, getting into his role. “You've been a very bad girl and you need to be punished.”

The pain and the ecstasy join together in an overwhelming delight and she cums, pussy quivering around the dick inside her. He's hot and she's wet and they make the perfect pair. He begins thrusting in and out, faster now, gripping her ass tight and pounding inside. He's grunting, muttering about how dumb she is, how she's just made for his dick, how she's a useless little girl. She agrees, crying out, begging for more punishment as he fucks her hard until he cums at least, grunting and driving deep. He fills her with hot seed and she cries out, her tiny body filled with spurt after spurt of cum as he empties himself inside her. Somehow her little pussy holds it all, grows even more full with his wet heat, until he finally finishes and flops onto her back, breathing hard. He grows soft inside her, though he's still huge and it's comforting having her aching pussy

filled with something. Her body hurts, her ass is sore. But goddamn, did she cum hard.

## 6

Naomi works diligently on the team uniforms, taking a break now and then to dress up like a manga girl and fuck a few fans that Daisy has whored her out to. Of course, Daisy gets videos of all the sessions and sells them on her site, which prompts more orders. An endless cycle.

The apartment is getting cramped so Ava goes out hunting for a newer place, one bigger and fancier, commiserate with their new standing in the world. She finds a great place near downtown; newly refurbished and already connected to the high speed internet. The landlord, a dapper, gray haired gentleman, is happy to reduce their rent after Ava fucks him on the floor of the empty apartment.

The other Ethans devote time to practicing, getting used to the new computer upgrades they've purchased with all the extra money rolling in. The team is coming together nicely. They've got four women so the original Ethan steps back into the “manager” position. They name themselves 'The Gamer Chicks' and play in a couple of online exhibition matches just to get their name out there. There's another tournament coming up, a big one in Los Angeles that they've just managed to qualify for. It's the day before the tournament when Ethan receives an email from Skywalker:

*Hey Ethan, saw you were on a girl's team. What's the matter? No big boy teams want you? We've been doing so much better without you. I don't want to say I told you so but I just did. I hope you last long enough tomorrow for us to stomp you. Smoochies!*

Checking the tournament ladder, Ethan finds his old team opposite his new. They get back to practicing with a renewed vigor as they stew over Skywalker's message.

Ethan and his team turn heads when they stroll in through the glass doors of the grand Palace Ballroom Theater. The uniforms all sport a pink lightning bolt over a white background across the chest, but are otherwise different. Ethan leads the way in his jersey and jeans, followed by Ava, who's outfit consists of a stunning white pencil skirt and top with pink trim. It's like something a sexy secretary from the sixties would wear, and it hugs her body, exaggerating her simple curves into something mind-blowing. Her black hair is mostly tied back in a complicated bun except for one half that partly obscures an eye. Daisy follows, wearing a flowing pink tie-dyed go-go dress that pushes her breasts up and leaves her trim stomach bare. She's got thigh high boots and a matching headband holding back her auburn hair. Then comes Tessa, wearing a tight white top with the logo across the front and pink trim down the arms, along with a pink skirt that bounces as she skips in, revealing her luscious bronze buttocks. She completes the outfit with socks pulled up to her thighs and simple white shoes, looking like a sexy, preppy schoolgirl. Finally, Naomi brings up the rear wearing a sheer sundress with the logo across the front, and a pretty pink ribbon in her hair. When the light hits her outfit right it seems to pierce the thin fabric, revealing the outlines of her breasts and ass.

Male Ethan signs them in and as he looks up he sees Skywalker strutting over.

“Ethan and the girls!” He exclaims. “Or is that redundant?” He laughs like a jackass.

Ethan gives a curt nod to Hammer Down and Jetset, who are standing awkwardly behind Skywalker near the theater doors, along with another player

Ethan doesn't recognize, probably the guy who replaced him.

Ethan starts to walk up the steps to the theater but he's stopped by one of the staff members.

“Follow me to your first game, please,” the young man says, leading them away from the theater and down a hallway.

Skywalker laughs behind them, “The theater is for the big names. You're in the pit.”

Ethan's team is led down a long zigzagging hallway and deposited into what looks like a church auditorium. It's been separated into partitions, each one with enough desks and computers for two teams to go head to head. The teams gather in little crowds around each station as referees roam the floor. This room is for the lower heats. The teams with no buzz. The girls look at each other and nod, suddenly all business.

They destroy their first few opponents. It's not even close. The Ethans play as one, attacking and defending and relentlessly moving forward. They're unashamed at using their sex appeal as distraction, letting some skin show. A crowd gathers around them, watching them play, watching them. The room clears out little by little as teams fall. By midday they make it to the semifinals. The remaining teams play their next matches on the huge stage, two at a time, the rest waiting back in the green rooms. Daisy grabs a couple of hot dogs during the break, stuffing her belly with cheap factory farm meat.

The first time they come out onstage it's magical. The theater is packed. Word

has spread of the underdog team full of hot girls team and the crowd goes wild when they appear. Ethan is surprised at first but each Ethan girl quickly gets into it, playing to the crowd as they take their seats and begin the match. Their opponents have gotten better, requiring the girls to remain focused. When they finally win the crowd explodes. Naomi does a little dance, jumping up in the air so her skirt flaps up and reveals her little pink panties. The crowd cheers even louder. There are a few wolf whistles as she blows a kiss.

Finally, there are two teams left, The Gamer Chicks and Ethan's former team, Team Xero. After a short break, during which Ethan recalls his clones to combine their memories before hopping back into the girls, the teams are introduced for the finals. The announcer makes a big deal of this brand new team of girls, and when they come out the girls fawn over the announcer, Ava draping herself casually over him, Naomi giving him a big kiss. Ethan, as the nominal manager, remains on the edges of the stage and out of sight.

After the girls take their seats Team Xero is introduced. Skywalker stalks out first, his eyes never leaving Ethan. Skywalker has on his classic backwards baseball cap and looks like a classic douche. Ethan mouths 'fuck you' and Skywalker smirks. His smirk dies when he looks at the four girls onstage and they all shoot him death stares.

The match is brutal, each team taking and losing the lead several times. As the rest of Skywalker's team keeps Ethan's team busy, he moves his wizard around the map. Naomi follows Skywalker with her archer, giggling every time she shoots him. Team Xero's strategy hasn't changed much. Hammer Down is as reliable as ever at gathering resources, but Ava manages to slow him down and block him at every turn. Ethan-Tessa's forgotten how fast Jetset was on the keyboard and she struggles to defend herself against the onslaught of power moves. Team Xero can't ever seem to control the lead. As soon as they take a base it's taken back. The Ethans are just following Skywalker's team around the board, blocking him at every turn. From where Ethan is hiding in the stage wings he can see the frustration on Skywalker's face. All the Ethans need to do is slow

down and frustrate him. Their strategy is simple: play for a draw.

And then it happens. Skywalker can't hold it anymore. The Ethans split apart and leave a corridor down the middle of their four characters that leads directly to their base. Skywalker charges through it, ordering his team to follow him. But they're too far behind and the Ethans were ready. Now that Ethan has rushed into the base by himself in a crazy last ditch attempt to win they fall upon him, ignoring the others so they can quickly destroy Skywalker. His character dies and he curses into his microphone. He respawns but weaker and far away. The game is lost by the time he can get back into the battle. Naomi throws a final fireball at Skywalker's last remaining base and it crumbles.

The crowd is on its feet, howling. Skywalker is, too. He hurls his headset at the monitor as The Gamer Girls gather up by the emcee to receive their trophy and their prize. The cameras flash and the girls pose, enjoying their win and their new personas.

And then Julia is there beside male Ethan, pink phone in hand. "Congratulations on your team's win."

"My girls did pretty good," Ethan replies.

A micro-expression crosses Julia's face. Disgust? Interest? Ethan doesn't know.

"I'm interested in your role in the team. You have some very...young players. Some of whom were complete unknowns just a few weeks ago. What's your secret?"

Ethan looks down at the pink phone and the shrewd reporter holding it.  
Something has to be done.

*To be concluded...*

## **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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*Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.*

## **How to Host a Merger**

*Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London office, he does so without knowing the company has arranged to put him into the body of a gorgeous young woman for the duration of his contract. After some adjustment, Theo begins to plan on how he can stay inside her permanently.*

## **Wishing Well**

*In this sexy gender swapping tale, an old man makes an idle wish that sees him swapping bodies with a young woman and taking over her life.*

## **Body Switch Collection: Volume 2**

*This hot collection of body swapping and transformation erotica features 8 stories from 6 previously published books.*

## **More Stories From the Global Shift**

*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.*

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