

M2F BODY POSSESSION

IN THE
Game
PART 3

MWILS

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by M. Wills

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In the Game (Part 3)

All the blinds in the house are drawn against the noon sun and the huge open plan living room is lit only in the bluish light of the computer monitors. The banks of computers are set up on small tables arranged in a circle in the center of the room. Ethan and the four girls each sit at brand new monitors, fingers dancing across specialized keyboards as they concentrate on their roles in their Hand of Fate practice match. The shining silver desktop towers of each computer are edged with slender glowing neon green and pink tubes. The CPUs are overclocked and liquid cooled. Each rig costs roughly six times what Ethan's monthly rent used to be before he found the Clone 'Em app and started copying his mind into the bodies of the four women in the room with him.

Ethan has hopped inside their bodies, made different choices, changed the course of their lives, their clothing and mannerisms, and getting them to join his eSports team. When Ethan hopped out the women accepted the choices he made for them as their own, slotting neatly into their new personas without ever realizing they'd been manipulated. As a bonus, when his mind is retrieved from their bodies it brings all their memories with them. Ethan uses it as a sort of instant telepathy. Of course, these days he rarely leaves their bodies for long. It's too much fun being a team of sexy gamer girls.

The four other women around him are concentrating on their own monitors, Ethan's mind currently occupying their bodies. To his left is Tessa, his first acquisition. She used to be a character designer at Blizzard, conservatively dressed and fairly timid but with aspirations of being a lead designer. Now she's happy to play games and show off her body, more comfortable wearing a school uniform cut too high on bottom and too low on top than the more conservative clothes she used to wear. She's currently sucking on a lollipop, her brows furrowed in concentration. She acts the part of a naive Japanese schoolgirl, complete with broken English, but beneath the facade her intelligence remains. She's just more comfortable appearing young and dumb.

Next to Tessa is Daisy. She's streaming her game online, a camera attached to her monitor and aimed at her face so her web fans can watch her. She's so animated when she plays, swearing and laughing, her nose crinkling adorably. Daisy's dark chocolate hair falls down the side of her face in natural curls, and her rich caramel skin looks smooth and flawless even in the unflattering blue light of the monitors. Usually in an elaborate costume, today she's just wearing a sports bra that clings to her ample breasts. The little nipples poke against the fabric. As Ethan glances at her she takes another bite of her hot dog, seductively licking it before nibbling the end. She hasn't been a vegan since Ethan took her over. These days she eats all kinds of meat.

Daisy's fan base has brought them in a lot of extra income. The Ethans video themselves as the women in various positions, solo and as a couple or even a trio. The income stream from subscriptions grows bigger every month as the team climbs up the leader boards.

In between practice sessions, Daisy works on her next cosplay outfit in the upstairs study of this house that they use as their headquarters. The study has been entirely turned over to Daisy for use as her sewing room. The closet is full of elaborate homemade outfits and the room itself is crammed with fabrics and threads and ribbons and clothes salvaged from thrift shops that look promising to cut up and build on. Naomi—currently sitting across from the original Ethan on her own computer—often helps Daisy out, using her fashion design skills. Together they craft the most amazing outfits for the team.

Naomi's outfits are almost exclusively copies of outfits from Japanese manga that she wears when fans pay for a “date”. She doesn't wear the outfits for long. She lets the guys tear her clothes off and then she feigns innocence as they treat her rough. In reality Ethan/Naomi loves the pain and the degradation from fucking the racist fans, and deliberately plays up the innocent weeaboo bit as they hold her down and pound her hard. Today her jet black hair is tied back in

two pigtails, complete with a cat ear hairband. A light purple sundress flows down her body and whispers across her slender form.

Ava sits on Ethan's other side. She used to work for Oracle as a marketing intern. She's the one—well, Ethan, really, as her—who got her company to sign on as the team's first sponsor. She didn't stay very long at Oracle after Ethan copied himself into her mind and took her over. There were only so many times she could fuck her boss or her coworkers for some easy cash, degrading herself for their money. Once she became the office slut the offers dried up, so Ethan's sluttied her out to other people.

She can make herself up elegantly, her exquisite angular face so pretty and alluring as she wines and dines potential sponsors over dinner and drinks, then brings them back to Ethan's sex pad—a fancy, fully serviced apartment in the heart of downtown—to seal the deal. Ethan's become amazing with her tongue and her lips, her pussy and her legs, enjoying the pleasure of Ava's sexy body as he rides men again and again, helping them achieve new heights of climax before filling her body and enjoying her cries of ecstasy. It's thanks to the sponsors Ava's brought in that the team has been able to afford the customized equipment and a house to set it all up in. It also doesn't hurt that the team has been getting a lot of buzz on the tournament circuit.

The team of four girls and Ethan has flown across the country twice now, staying in fancy hotels and competing against the big names in eSports. They've yet to break the top twenty nationally, but as an entire team composed of sexy women in a sport dominated by men they get attention when they walk through the door. The uniforms help. Sexy, flirty, barely-there clothes designed by Naomi and Daisy, tailored for the personality of each woman on the team. But it's also because their game has been steadily improving.

Julia, the local eSports journalist who's been chronicling their rise as a team, mentioned in one of her articles that they played as if they were one person. That

comment led to angsty debates among the various Ethans about whether Julia knows their secret or whether it's just a random compliment. That debate has only grown more heated as Julia has become more suspicious of the team, digging into each woman's past and bringing to light their sudden interest in video games. Her last article raised questions about how four unknowns who'd never been interested in gaming were suddenly in the top 50 national teams. There were hints at possible cheating. These allegations are damaging the team's reputation but there's no agreement on how to proceed.

Ethan has tried to take over Julia and in the process discovered the limits of the app. It does no good to just touch the target with the phone; the target has to take the phone of their own volition. Possibly it has something to do with the permissions of the app and the implied consent of the target. Whatever it is, Julia has never willingly held the phone and she remains a thorn in their collective side.

The practice match ends. Male Ethan stands and stretches as the girls do the same. "That was good. I felt good about that one."

"That was a nice move on the base there with your mage," Daisy compliments the original Ethan.

"When is next tournament?" Tessa asks in her adorable broken English.

"Three days. In Houston," Ava pipes up, consulting her calendar. She's the organized one.

Ethan's figured out how to take advantage of all of their skills, farming out duties

and responsibilities depending on who has the best skill set.

“Celebration time?” Daisy asks hopefully, sparkling brown eyes wide.

Ethan nods. “I think so.”

“Yay!” Naomi jumps up and giggles, her little pigtails bouncing.

“Hold on,” Ava says, flipping through her phone. “Naomi, you've got a date in an hour, and the client is paying to have you filled with cum beforehand. He'll be playing the part of the cuckolded husband.”

“I can do that,” Ethan smiles. Naomi takes his hand and kisses him.

“You're all set up in bedroom two. Daisy, you need to get dressed as Tanooki Peach and put on a show.”

Tanooki Peach is the raccoon suit version of Princess Peach from the Super Mario games. It's a surprisingly popular request.

“Got it.” Daisy says, pitching the remainder of her hot dog into the trash before adjusting the strap of her sports bra.

“I've got a date with a Gatorade rep,” Ava continues, “So I'm going to get ready.”

“What about me?” Tessa asks.

“You've got some free time.”

“Yay! Vibrators still in closet?”

“Yep.”

“Yay!” Tessa repeats, jumping up and down so her skirt flips up and shows off her petite ass.

The group breaks up. Naomi leads Ethan upstairs by the hand. He watches her tiny swaying butt beneath the purple dress before reaching out and giving it a quick pinch. Naomi squeaks and swats him away playfully.

“Not until the cameras are on,” she grins.

Two of the four bedrooms in the house have been converted into sex rooms, with cameras positioned around the room to catch all the action. Daisy later edits the footage and posts it online to the team's website. The constant demands on Ethan's time, as well as the girls' various “dates”, get tiring. Ethan sometimes feels that his time is not his own. He still loves fucking the girls, but he wishes

he can do it on his own schedule whenever he wants instead of trying to fit it in around other sponsors and demands for online videos. The fun of this hobby is growing more oppressive as it becomes ever more like a job. Occasionally even the sex is scripted, as when a client pays to watch Ethan cum on someone's face. But that's why the money is pouring in.

Now they've got a mortgage on the house, a mortgage on the sex pad, desktops, monitors, gaming chairs and keyboards, outfits, uniforms, caterers, house cleaners, masseuses, accountants, cars, furniture, booze, clothes, sex toys, makeup, perfume. The more they earn the more they seem to spend. Still, there are worse ways to earn a living than fucking hot girls and playing video games.

Naomi and Ethan hurry into the bedroom and start the cameras. They've done this so many times that it's second nature. One the cameras are on Ethan takes Naomi's face in his hands and kisses her, his thumb stroking her soft cheek. She kisses back, opening her mouth and sucking on his tongue as he swirls it around, exploring her warm contours from inside, tasting the candy on her breath. Naomi gives off a sexy innocence, as though she's new to sex and shy about her incredible body.

Naomi wraps her arms around Ethan's neck and clings to him, pressing her tiny body against him. Ethan—his mind inside Naomi—makes her grind up against his male body, feeling the growing erection beneath his pants. Original Ethan's hands glide down Naomi's side, over her hips, following the contours of her body. Their kisses grow harder, more forceful. Ethan pulls away and nips at Naomi's neck as she cries out in a short, sharp burst of delight, “Oh!” Her eyes close as her body warms.

Ethan's hands roam around Naomi's body. Now they're on her breasts pawing at her dress, now they're squeezing her taut ass, now they're circling through her hair. Julia can feel the desire pouring off Ethan and she wants to please him. She hikes the dress up over her head and Ethan helps her strip it off, careful to keep

the cat's ears headband. Naomi is completely naked beneath the dress and Ethan takes a moment to stare at her body. His eyes roam down her porcelain skin, past the petite breasts, each one capped with a pale pink areola the size of a quarter. Her tummy is trim, leading down to her mound. The perfectly sculpted triangle of black pubic hair contrasts wonderfully with her light skin and draws the eye right to her pussy. She colors bashfully as Ethan stares at her, unable to meet his eye, playing the innocent Japanese schoolgirl to a tee.

She unbuttons his pants and pushes them to the floor, then rolls his underwear down. His cock bounces out and she coos when she sees it, her pussy growing warm and moist. Ethan's hands grip her waist and he pulls her close. His cock is trapped between them, hard and warm against Naomi's belly as they kiss again. Her hand slides between them, fingers wrapping around the shaft, stroking him slowly as they kiss. His dick is so magical in her hand, promising her delight.

Naomi pulls away and lies on her hands and knees on the bed. She arches her back and peers behind her, knowing the cameras are catching her puckered hole and her sweet look of longing. She wiggles her delectable ass. Inside her mind, Ethan never tires of looking at her body from her own perspective, watching his little breasts hanging beneath him as the tiny curves are presented for his male self and the internet. Naomi reaches between her legs, fingers landing on her coarse bush. She strokes herself, dipping into her opening, glazing her fingers with her wetness.

From behind, Ethan stands over her, just watching, stroking his cock while she fingers herself. Naomi spreads her pussy lips with her fingers, feels her velvety folds as she glides deeper inside. She mewls as the pleasure flits through her, a little sigh that's equal parts cute and sexy. Now her fingers move faster, stroking her pleasure button, spreading her juices across herself. Her clit buds out beneath her touch. She can hear the wet squelches of her finger in her pussy and the sound of it, the reminder that this is Naomi's pussy, Naomi's fingers Ethan is controlling, makes her cum. Her body quivers, head thrown back, eyes closed in ecstasy as a small orgasm fills her. When it passes she's so wet and desperately

horny.

She turns back to look at Ethan. "Fuck me now."

He grins and sinks to his knees behind her, squeezing the little ass she presents to him. He glides his cock in between her thighs, wetting himself on her dripping juices, glazing his cock without entering her, the head of his dick striking her swollen clit and driving tiny moans from Naomi's lips. She grabs his slick cock on the next thrust and guides him into her waiting hole. There's a pressure as the head of the dick slips inside and nestles against her entrance, before Ethan pushes inside.

She cries out as he fills her, cock slipping slowly through her tight canal. Her former cock feels so big inside her, like she's going to burst. Somehow she takes him all, until his cockhead is lodged against the dimpled nub of her center and his groin rests against her ass. His hands grip her butt cheeks, fingers dimpling her sensitive skin as he pulls out slowly and then thrusts in, driving a cry from Naomi's lips. Ethan gradually picks up his rhythm, cock gliding in and out of Naomi's dripping pussy. He stares down at her ass, leaning to the side so the camera can get a good closeup of his cock entering her pink hole, the pussy lips clutching his dick as he moves in and out.

Now he's pounding her, the shockwaves of force making Naomi's ass bounce each time his groin connects. She moans with each thrust, her cries growing louder, higher pitched. She claws at the sheets, watching as her tits bounce back and forth, feeling the perfect cock driving deep, deep inside her. The pleasure ramping up until it spills out of her with a sharp cry and she orgasms. The heat fills her, blasting the cum into her pussy as she begs for more. Each wonderful spurt fills her more full than she ever thought possible and the pleasure makes her quiver. She crosses her eyes and sticks out her tongue for the camera, performing the full ahagao as she cums. Ethan holds her upright as he slams into her, emptying himself into her tight little cunt as she orgasms around him, the

pleasure whiting out all thought.

Ethan pumps into her as long as he can, soon slowing and stopping, resting inside her. God, she's so full of him. She never wants him to leave here. Yet he pulls out and she can feel a drop of him sliding down her thighs. She has to stay dirty for the next customer and she's looking forward to it, anticipating the feeling of walking around as Ethan slowly drips out of her.

Naomi lies back on the bed, her fingers still stroking herself, enjoying the stickiness of their mingled essences as she teases her little pink folds. She could do this for hours, and by the time her date is here she'll be sopping wet and begging to be fucked some more. Ethan pulls up his pants and leaves her. He shuts the door to the bedroom just as the doorbell rings.

Thinking it's Naomi's date, Ethan lets Ava hurry past him to open the door. Clients are sometimes thrown off by a man answering the door. They prefer to imagine that the house is occupied only by eager women. Ethan watches Ava's perfect ass wiggle down the stairs, her body clad in a tailored skin-tight business suit that straddles the boundary between professional and indecent. He hears the door open and then Ava's voice.

“Hello? Can I help you?”

Ava sounds somewhat surprised. Ethan hears what sounds like a woman's voice answering. Sharp and professional. He heads downstairs.

Ava is blocking the doorway. On the front stoop is a beautiful but severe looking Asian woman. She's got a round face that narrows to a pointed chin and wide,

dreamy eyes. Her hair is long and bleached blonde, hanging down her face before being pulled back over her shoulders. She's dressed in a simple business suit that hides the shape of her body and completely covers her cleavage. A simple golden cross hangs from a braided gold coil around her neck. Her attitude is cautious, but with an edge behind it.

“Is this the headquarters of Team Grrl Power?” The woman asks, consulting a clipboard.

“Yes,” Ava nods as Ethan comes up behind her. “And you are?”

“Olivia Wong.” She holds out her hand and Ava takes it slowly, shaking once.

Then she holds out her hand to Ethan and he shakes. The woman's hands are soft, the fingers delicate little things. Ethan is taken in by her beautiful dark eyes, set so far apart to give her almost an anime look. He's studying her appearance so intently he almost doesn't hear what she says next.

“I'm from the EIC,” Olivia announces, “The eSports Integrity Commission. This is a surprise inspection. May I come in?”

It's not really a question. Ethan glances at Ava, then nods. They stand aside and Olivia sweeps in. Her clever eyes dart around the room, taking in the setup, the computers in the middle of the living room, the dark, curtained kitchen.

“What's this all about?” Ethan asks.

“You signed an agreement when competing in the national tournaments governed by the eSports Authority that you will abide by the rules of the commission. Those rules allow us to make unannounced drop ins to check for any unauthorized programs that may inhibit or enhance gameplay.”

“What does that mean?” Ethan is exasperated.

Olivia glances at him coolly. “Cheating, Mr. Monroe. I'm hear to scan your system for cheating.”

“Are we being accused of cheating?”

“Not accused. This is merely a formality.”

“Do you do this to every team?”

“On occasion.”

This has to be because of Julia's articles. Damn her. Maybe he can at least stop this right here. Ethan pulls his phone out of his pocket, slides it open and holds it out to Olivia. “Well, maybe you want to start with this device right here.”

She regards it for a second then, to Ethan and Ava's relief, grabs it. She scans the website he's opened, then sniffs and hands it back.

“I don't see what Japanese hentai has to do with cheating.”

Ethan colors in embarrassment but at least he has Olivia in the Clone 'Em app now. He opens the app and his finger hovers over Olivia's name. He pauses. If he takes her over and then cancels the whole investigation surely that would only look more suspicious. Maybe it's best to let her work, and then hop into her once she's back in the office so he can see the full extent of the investigation and confirm that it is due to Julia's articles. He once again curses the fact that the app doesn't give him instant access to the host's memories.

As he ponders, Daisy comes down the stairs. She has a beautiful, if cartoonish, pink dress that perfectly sets off her beautiful dark skin and leaves an eye catching amount of cleavage visible. A fuzzy raccoon tail bounces behind her, and matching raccoon ears are perched on her head. Olivia glances up at her and pauses.

“Am I interrupting something?” Olivia asks.

Ethan shakes his head. “No. Continue. Let's get this over with.”

Ava cocks her head at him, her eyes pointedly glancing at the phone in Ethan's hand. Ethan shakes his head back, then opens the app and empties himself out of Ava's head briefly to combine their memories and thoughts. He then clones his updated mind with the twin memories back inside her. Her eyes go vacant for a fraction of a second, then she nods, suddenly knowing everything Ethan has

been thinking and why they're leaving Olivia to her work.

Olivia gets straight to it, plugging a USB into one of the computers and running a series of programs as Ethan and Ava look on. They hang around in the background, unwilling to leave her alone with their equipment. Naomi's client knocks on the door as Olivia is finishing up. He's a young, nervous looking guy with a rat tail and a goatee. Daisy greets him and hurries him upstairs before he can say anything incriminating.

Finally, Olivia pulls out her USB and stands. "Thank you very much. I will be in touch. If you have any questions you may contact me."

She hands Ethan her business card and he walks her to the door. He can't judge how she looks under that suit but he's so pissed off at the whole situation that he doesn't care. He can't wait to take her over and defile her for this. Her and Julia.

Ethan waits about an hour before opening the Clone 'Em app and selecting Olivia's name. In one blink he's peering out at the world from behind Olivia's eyes. As he hoped, she's back at her desk, a drab cubicle in an otherwise open office. The noise from the other cubes filters in. Olivia's sleek fingers are poised over the keyboard. She's in the middle of making notes on a presentation seemingly unrelated to Ethan's case. He skims through it but finds nothing of interest. He clicks the document closed and pokes through the files in her computer, looking for his case. His search is interrupted by the sudden appearance of a bulky middle aged guy in a cheap but well pressed suit. His short hair is swept back and gelled, and his dark penetrating eyes seem to be looking right through Ethan's current guise.

"You got a second to talk about some finance matters?" He asks in a gruff voice.

“Sure, give me one second.”

“In my office.” He nods his head.

Fortunately, Olivia's phone is next to her keyboard and it unlocks at a touch of his finger. Ethan shoots a message to his original self Get me out of here then deletes the message from Olivia's phone after sending. He wants to keep Olivia's life as normal as possible until he has a chance to learn everything she knows. It's a shame he can't even explore her body yet because the brief time he's spent inside hints at a nice figure.

Halfway down the corridor Ethan disappears from inside Olivia's body and is himself again. Patience.

2

The next few days are a whirlwind of prep and practice as the Ethans prepare for the tournament. He's hesitant to clone his mind back into Olivia if he can't pull her back out again at a moment's notice. With the constant practicing and worrying he lets the whole problem slip to the back of his mind. Probably nothing will come of it anyway. After all, they're not really cheating in a way anyone would suspect.

The day before the tournament, Ethan and the girls pile into a plane. They're giggly and chatty. They all have butterflies in their stomachs. If they win here they'll almost certainly be in the top twenty teams in the world. To distract himself Ethan gets the lovely redheaded, freckle faced flight attendant to hold his phone. She's a little older and with a pleasantly plump mom figure. Later in the flight, he takes her over and they fuck in the toilets, her heavy tits swinging back and forth like a metronome as he plunges into her wet heat from behind in the cramped space. They both come out smiling, hair a little disheveled and much more relaxed. Before Ethan pulls the copy out of her mind he pisses her pants in the middle of the aisle, unleashing a stream of warm liquid down her legs that turns her blue suit dark and draws giggles from some of those watching. Ethan pulls the copy of his mind out of her, relishing the memories of having her body and being pounded from behind, while leaving her to clean up her mess. Ethan can't imagine how she's justified pissing her pants to herself.

They've got three interconnecting rooms at the Hilton (thanks Zapp Energy Drink!) near the Civic Center where the tournament is to be held. The Ethans unpack their equipment in one of their rooms. As usual, Daisy has brought the biggest suitcase. It's stuffed with a variety of outfits so she doesn't have to choose until right before she goes out. This indecisiveness is one of the traits unique to Daisy's body.

Naomi also has a selection of outfits. Only, in her case, they're not for going out; they're for staying in. About an hour after they arrive, Ava takes Naomi downstairs to meet a local client. She brings him up to another room they've rented under a different name and Naomi lets him fuck her while calling her vile names. The others distract themselves with an orgy. They all sleep soundly that night.

They're up and into their team uniforms early the next morning. Each outfit has the same pink and white color scheme and similar pattern but wildly different style. Often they vary from tournament to tournament, depending on their moods.

Naomi has a button down shirt and vest, the shirt unbuttoned low enough so the push-up bra makes her small breasts peek into view, enhancing them into perky firm perfection. Tessa wears a tank top and skirt so short it could almost be underwear. Daisy wears a modified Playboy bunny outfit, complete with rabbit ears and fluffy tail. Ava has an elegant, slinky evening dress that radiates sex. Ethan is dapper in a tailored shirt and dress pants. They turn heads as they stroll in and register. Everyone has heard of them. Everyone has seen them. Most have probably masturbated to thoughts of them.

The girls use their sex appeal to their advantage, distracting the other teams by “accidentally” letting a skirt flip up, or a button pop open on a dress, or simply running a bare foot up and down their opponent's calves when the setup allows them to get away with it discreetly. With this and their hours of practice they dominate the early rounds, surprising even those who've seen them play live before. The girls' personalities have modified Ethan's playing style so it's not as homogeneous and predictable as it once was, allowing their quirky personalities to provide a balance to the team while still playing as a single unit.

As the other teams are eliminated they move up the seeds, playing on bigger stages with bigger audiences. The last several matches are held on the main stage and the crowd goes wild as the girls strut out, led by Ethan. They love the eyes on their bodies and they all play it up, showing off to the crowd. Tessa blows air kisses, Naomi jumps up and down with glee, Daisy shoots the peace sign, Ava gives a small wave, and Ethan simply smiles and nods, content to let the girls take center stage. Each Ethan-woman gets a thrill being watched, being desired like this in their female forms. They make sure to bend over and show off their asses, their tits, their long legs for any reason. Ethan grins to see these formerly conservative, feminist women slutting it up on stage. There's probably a hundred guys in the audience wishing they were him even as they speculate who's having sex with who. They have no idea the answer is all of them with each other.

Their last opponent is the fourth ranked team in the US. Ethan can tell by their smirks they think his team is a bunch of dumb women who care more about their appearances than their gameplay. They've bought in to the media hype and the inherent sexism of the league. The Ethans relish demolishing them, surprising the other team at every turn. From the start of the match it's clear who the better team is, and Grrl Power wipes the floor with their opponents, then whoop it up in the center of the stage as they're presented with their trophy and their prize money. Their arms and legs are entwined, lips so close together, bodies rubbing against each other as they tease the audience into a frenzy. Already the requests for dates are piling up in Ava's email. They can pick and choose from the highest bidders at their leisure.

The tournament win convinces another sponsor to come onboard: a national grocery chain. Ava doesn't even have to fuck the company representative. But she still does out of habit.

They fly home, elated. As the excitement of the tournament winds down, Ethan finds his thoughts returning to Olivia. When they get home that Sunday afternoon and drop their bags on the floor, Ethan opens the Clone 'Em app on his phone and sends his mind into Olivia's body.

The world spins pleasantly, and when it stops Ethan is once again behind Olivia's eyes. He's surprised to find himself in a simple, white room. Olivia is one of about fifteen people sitting in folding chairs that have been arranged in a semi-circle in a small. The walls are covered with bible quotes and pictures of various biblical figures. A priest is sitting in one chair and beside him a man is talking. Everyone is rapt with attention. Or at least faking it pretty well.

“And that's why Solomon is my favorite prophet. I just want to share that joy with everyone,” the earnest young man concludes.

Everyone claps politely and Ethan glances down at himself. Olivia wears formless jeans and a floppy yellow top, high cut so as to show almost no skin. Her arms are the only thing bare, and they're slender but fit, the skin smooth and wonderful to behold. It makes Ethan curious about the rest of her body, but his attention is drawn back to the pastor who's leading this...bible class?...in discussion. He's going on and on about some lesson, but all Ethan can think about is how his plump butt feels when he shifts in his chair, how he can sort of feel the outlines of Olivia's breast and body when the fabric of his blouse falls against his skin. He has to stifle several yawns waiting for all this church bullshit to end, but at last the pastor finishes with a prayer.

Ethan holds hands with the middle aged guy on one side and a chubby older woman on the other and murmurs his way through the prayer before the meeting breaks up. Ethan slings Olivia's purse over a shoulder and heads for the door. He's stopped halfway by the priest, who thanks Olivia for all her volunteer work with the Sunday services. Seems Olivia is really into this whole Christian thing. As soon as Ethan can, he escapes through the door and into the church. The rows of stained wood pews face a dais that holds a lectern in front of an ornate altar. On the wall behind is a huge wooden cross and, hanging from it, a realistic model of Jesus. Across from Ethan is the confessional booth, and to his right, near the entrance is a carved angel holding a basin of holy water. Sunlight filters

through the stained glass windows along the walls.

Olivia can't help him here so he takes her phone out of her purse and prepares to text his male self to get him out of her. But he pauses and an evil smile creeps across Olivia's innocent features.

Ethan slips into the confessional booth and shuts the door behind him. Outside, he can hear the meeting breaking up, people leaving the church. Then the lights are switched off, followed by the deep thunk of the door locking. Ethan waits a while longer in the booth until he's sure that the church is deserted before texting his male body:

Come over here. You have to see this. Followed by the address of the church he's picked off of Olivia's mapping app.

Ethan/Olivia wanders through the rooms of the church, shouting out to see if anyone is around, but there's no answer. He's got the whole place to himself. He unlocks the back door of the kitchen off the side hall and then instructs his male body by text to enter through there and meet him at the altar. Ethan undresses Olivia's body on his way back to the altar, first one shoe, then the other, then the jeans, followed by the blouse, leaving a trail of clothing from the back door and down the aisle.

Dressed in just a bra and panties, he walks down the aisle, enjoying each step in his new body, free from the encumbrances of clothing. Olivia's butt is pleasantly plump and wiggles nicely with each step. Her breasts, while not huge, are a good handful, perky and firm, which he discovers as he unclasps her bra and drops it to the floor. The nipples spike up in the middle of her wide tan areolae like two targets. His fingers find them, tweaking each one, pulling them up gently and watching them snap back into place, causing his breasts to jiggle. He can see

four different women any time he likes but it's till a delight to be able to manipulate their bodies, to feel them with their own fingers.

A welcome tension plays between his thighs. Olivia's skin is beautifully smooth and he can't stop touching himself, his fingers gliding up his thighs, across his panties, teasing Olivia until it's too much and he rolls her panties down, revealing the wild thatch of dark hair nestled between her legs. He strokes himself, fingers gently pulling apart his pussy lips, stroking the moisture building up across his slit.

He steps up onto the pulpit and moves around behind the lectern. Leaning on the cold wood, he spreads his legs, still touching himself, his hands gliding over Olivia's gorgeous young skin. His body warms at his touch and he stares down at his newest acquisition, aroused as much by the feel as by the sight of prim Olivia, naked and horny at the altar. Her little necklace dangles above her cleavage, the polished brass cross sparkling in the light streaming through the stained glass windows. His ass wiggles gently back and forth as he moves his hand between his legs, once more finding his entrance and stroking the coarse pubic hair.

A noise at the back of the church draws his attention and he looks up to see his male body crossing through the pews, a huge grin on his face. Olivia's wandering fingers find her dew and Ethan drags it up and down her entrance, wetting himself as he watches his male body approach. His eyes are half lidded in lust, his body burning with desire. Without a word his male body steps up behind him and drops his pants. Masculine hands are suddenly on Olivia's back, stroking her, pinching her delectable ass, coming around to grab her breasts and press a warm chest against her bare backside.

Something hard and wonderfully warm pokes Ethan/Olivia in the ass, gliding up and down between Olivia's crack. Now there's a kiss on his neck, on his back, the hands moving faster, greedy for him. Ethan steadies himself on the lectern

with one hand while reaching farther between his legs to grab his familiar cock as it slides up and down. He guides it against himself, letting it drag up through his wet pussy lips and against his clit. He's on fire, burning with desire. A moan escapes Olivia's lips. This body is so desperately horny.

Ethan guides his familiar cock in between his slippery pussy lips. He can feel his tight little pussy stretching around the cockhead. There's an immense pressure as original Ethan presses from behind, his cock throbbing urgently against Olivia's wet hole. Suddenly the pressure gives way and the cock slides in. A whimper escapes Ethan's lips and he grips the lectern in hands that have gone white. His cunt is so incredibly tight and the cock feels massive, filling him painfully. He's aware that he's just taken Olivia's virginity as his old body slips slowly inside.

Ethan/Olivia throws his head back and moans, long and loud, his dark hair tickling his back as the masculine hands grip his hips harder and drive the cock deep, deep inside. Fuck, Olivia's so tight. Ethan's never felt anything like it, as if his whole body will split. But his desire at owning this body overwhelms the pain. His male self thrusts in slowly, driving the cock in and out. Ethan spreads his legs, trying to make room. He's so wet and so full and he cries out in a sharp voice as a sudden spike of pleasure flits through him. "Oh!" It's a delicate cry, silky and small, like a lost bird.

Now his male body fucks him harder, cock driving in and out faster. Ethan's lips drop open, his little tits bouncing with each thrust, each stab of the cock against his center sending another jolt of pleasure through him, each one building on the last until it's all he can do to hold on as he gets fucked hard.

A hand reaches around him and grabs the gilded bible from the little alcove in the lectern. Ethan hardly has time to wonder what's happening when male Ethan smacks his delicate ass. The sharp crack echoes through the cavernous church and Ethan moans, his body shaking with pain-mingled-pleasure.

“You've been a naughty girl, Olivia,” Ethan's male voice growls in his ear. “And you need to be punished.”

The bible cracks hard against his ass again and Ethan shuts his eyes, quivering as a cry of delight escapes his lips. He does need to be punished. This body needs to be bad. One hand grips his waist as the other lays into him with the bible, smacking his ass until it's red and aching, each smack driving the pleasure through him until, with a loud wail, Ethan cums. His knees go weak and he leans on the lectern as his familiar cock drives hard and deep, finally emptying into him with delicious spurts of hot cum. Ethan is delirious with pleasure, howling out as the orgasm takes him. Liquid splashes down his legs onto the floor as the massive orgasm makes him squirt. His pussy is so full, so hot with cum.

When it's over he feels himself dripping down his legs into a puddle on the floor. He's sticky and wet and so, so calm. It's exactly what this uptight bitch needed.

His old body leaves and Ethan gets dressed, but not before jumping up onto the altar and squatting to pee, the urine splashing onto the marble before running down the sides and into the carpet. Still naked, he waltzes down to the small fountain holding the holy water and squats over it, washing his pussy with the tepid water.

He's barely got his clothes back on before he's pulled out of Olivia. He's still not sure what to do with her. He only knows she's more useful if she's not seen constantly hanging around with Ethan, much as he would love to enjoy her more.

4

The team's last win has brought them a new level of fame. Fans stop them for autographs at the store, in restaurants, while walking the streets. Bloggers, press, and hangers on crowd the hallways of the tournaments, begging for some pictures, for a five minute interview, for an endorsement. They've hit the big leagues in a way Ethan never expected, and the fan base is bigger than he ever imagined. Even niche entertainment like eSports, multiplied over the billions of people on the planet, commands a considerable following.

The increased pressure drives Ethan to practice more frequently and for longer. When the sessions are over he's still stressed enough—all the Ethans are—that they go out to relieve some pressure. Ava has been splashing cash all over the place to impress bigger and bigger sponsors, so she's on the permanent invite list of every club in the city. She's also been fucked in every club in the city and now has her favorites. She's gone from chaste to dirty, and frequently after these long practice sessions she has to throw herself into a gangbang, filling her every hole with cock until she's exhausted and filthy. She does this now even when Ethan isn't in her, though obviously it's more fun when he is.

In between gaming sessions Naomi and Daisy have started their own line of clothing. Ethan loves being inside their bodies as their nimble fingers work. They design them, fabricate them and wear them, working with a company to brand them and sell them off. In between times they get their creative—and physical—juices flowing with each other. Daisy still makes videos of the two women licking and sucking each other, but she's more careful to cut around their faces in the editing room. Even though the videos are still hosted on her website she has plausible deniability. The Ethans don't know how their sponsors would take to discovering their entire team whores themselves out despite their immense success.

Original Ethan and Naomi are as close to dating as anyone, sometimes welcoming the others into their bedroom. Most nights, though, they spend alone, Naomi gorging herself on Ethan's cock, playing up the weeabo routine that Ethan knows she hates. Or hated. It's hard to tell now.

It's during an afternoon gaming session that Julia gets in touch with Ava/Ethan asking for a meeting. Some comment on an article she's running.

“She's never asked for that before,” muses male Ethan, in between gaming sessions.

“Must be serious,” Ava agrees.

An hour later they're at the back of a restaurant, surrounded by empty tables to prevent eavesdropping. Ethan and Ava are dressed in business attire and sipping on water when Julia comes in and sits down across from them. Ethan is once again struck by how young Julia looks. Her wide face and large brown eyes make her seem so innocent. But there's a shrewd mind behind that baby-face exterior.

“Hi,” Julia says, taking a seat. She looks at them warily. “I wanted to give you an opportunity for a response before I ran my article.”

“What's this about?”

Julia takes a deep breath and looks straight at Ethan. “Are you pimping these girls out?”

“What? No!” Ethan insists.

Julia nods, as if she'd been expecting his answer. She flips through her phone and brings up several pictures, which she shows to Olivia and Ethan: a screenshot of Daisy's website where she's offering nudes, messages between Ethan and a fan setting up a “date” for Naomi, a still of a video showing an orgy with them all.

“None of these girls as far as I can tell,” Naomi continues, “Showed the slightest interest in eSports before they met you. Nor did they do any sex work. But soon after joining the team these videos pop up. Offers for sex services. And now you're in the top five. So I'm asking you, did you recruit them as escorts? And how have you managed to take them from absolutely no gaming experience to close to the top?”

Ethan/Ava recovers first. She's always been calm and quick on her feet. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. First of all, none of these women are being forced to do anything they don't want to do. You can ask any of them. If they choose to offer personal services on the side that's their business. It sounds to me like you're slut shaming them. I would think you, of any journalist, would know how hard it is for women to compete in this league. And you're just going to make it harder if you run these salacious stories.”

“So you're not denying it?”

“Is there any rule against it? Any agreements that specifically say team members

can't have outside work? There's no story here.”

“It just seems that none of these women did sex work before meeting Ethan. I think the story of a national gaming team that claims to be a champion of women's equality but is actually a cover for a brothel is one people would be interested in. Misogyny. Sexism. Actual sex. It's all there. Plus, the EIC hasn't handed down a ruling on your team yet but do you think they'll find anything?”

Ethan wants to wipe Julia's smirk off her pretty little face.

“Have you been talking to Olivia at the commission?” he blurts.

A micro-look passes across Julia's face, gone before Ethan can really register it. Recognition?

“My sources are secret.”

Ethan/Ava stares daggers at Julia for a beat before turning to Ethan.

“Show her what you have on your phone.”

Ethan pulls out his phone and brings up a random picture before trying to hand it to Julia but she refuses to take it. “I'd rather not get my fingerprints on anything that might be evidence for the EIC.”

That sends a jolt through Ethan. Does Julia know what they're going to decide?
How could they possibly find any cheating?

“I think we're done here,” Ava/Ethan says, rising.

Ethan follows her back outside. She slips on her sunglasses.

“What do we do now?” Ethan asks.

“Let's talk to the others,” Ava replies grimly.

5

It's Jessie's idea. She's always been the bold one despite her predilection for playacting the submissive.

“Why are we pussy footing around with taking over people one at a time? Let's just grab anyone we need to.” She says as the team is all draped around the living room discussing the recent events.

“We don't even know how many people the app can hold,” Ethan argues, “What if we run out of room?”

Jessie shrugs. “We won't know if we don't try. Besides, you have a better idea of capturing Julia? She doesn't trust any of us.”

So they try. They start by having Naomi give the phone to her boss, just to see if it works if someone besides male Ethan gives the phone away. Once that proves successful it's a simple matter to take over the rest of the upper management and any case officers at the EIC that might get in their way. By that afternoon they have control of all eighteen people in the office. From there it's a simple matter to close the case, citing a lack of evidence, and prepare to issue a press release definitively clearing Ethan's team of wrongdoing. Before they issue the release, the Ethans turn their attention to Julia.

Julia can't resist a scoop, so when Olivia calls promising insider knowledge of the EIC investigation Julia jumps at the chance. They meet in a parking lot outside an abandoned McDonalds. Olivia/Ethan pulls up and Julia climbs into the passenger seat. Julia's eagerness for a story makes her careless. She still won't trust Ethan or anyone on the team, but she has no idea Olivia's been compromised. Also, as they suspected, Olivia is Julia's source at the EIC, so she implicitly trusts her.

Olivia sets the mood by handing Julia a stack of photos. Screenshots from Olivia's work showing the status of the investigation. There are lots of questions and very few answers, and Olivia has been instructed to dig deeper. Or at least she had been, until the Ethans upended everything at the office with their app.

Julia flips through the photos.

“You can't tell anyone I gave you those,” Olivia insists, knuckles tight on the wheel. She enjoys toying with Julia, holding out hope of a huge scoop and excited at the prospect of upending her life and career.

“Of course not.” Julia agrees.

“And one more thing.”

Olivia hands Julia the cell phone. Julia takes it and tries to open it but finds it locked. She looks at Olivia quizzically. “Who's phone is this?”

“My boss's.” Olivia lies. “I need to show you this.”

Olivia takes the phone from Julia and opens it up, flipping to the Clone 'Em app. Julia's name is there now, below their newest afternoon acquisitions. Olivia hops in.

The world seems to spin, and then Ethan finds himself looking out from behind Julia's eyes. Olivia sits behind the wheel of the car, watching him with a satisfied smile.

“Welcome to the team,” she says.

Ethan/Julia smiles and looks down at himself. His new body is dressed in a simple black business suit with pale blue shirt. Just like Julia's face, his entire body seems slight and young. He's smaller than the others but doesn't feel fragile. There's a youthful exuberance coursing through him, along with a desire to enjoy more of this wonderful body that used to belong to the woman who hounded him, but is now Ethan's to do with as he wishes.

Ethan runs his hands over his new body, getting a sense of Julia beneath her clothes.

“Oh, god, I've been waiting for this.”

As Olivia drives to the private sex pad usually reserved for Naomi and her

“dates” Ethan strokes himself, hands wandering from his little tits down between his lap. He flips down the mirror over the passenger seat and gawks at the innocent face of Julia looking back at him. She's fucking adorable, and he makes faces at himself, sticking out her little pink tongue, biting her lower lip, licking his lips and blowing himself a kiss.

By the time they reach the building he's already moist. He can feel his pussy lips sliding together as he follows Olivia upstairs and into the apartment. It's pristine, serviced by maids and with an entire closet full of cute outfits. But Ethan doesn't want any of those right now, he just wants Olivia.

He flings himself at her as they enter the door and they kiss madly, lips rushing together in a flurry. Hands stroke each other, gripping and pulling close. Ethan breathes in Olivia's sweet honey smell and pulls her down the hallway towards the bedroom, shedding clothes as they go. They have the presence of mind to press record on the several cameras pointing at the bed before tumbling on top of the covers together. Olivia lies on top of Ethan, stroking his hair and kissing the tip of Julia's little nose, while his own hands follow the gentle curves of Olivia's body. Olivia's bare breasts rest on top of his, and the gentle weight of her on top feels so soothing.

Ethan's hands find Olivia's ass. It's plump and squeezable and he grips it, pulling her closer as he opens his lips wide to suck in her tongue. Olivia moans as Ethan tastes her with Julia's tongue, his hands still greedy for her, his new body warm and wet. Olivia's hands trail down Julia's soft features and glide down his side. She pulls away from his lips and strokes his soft cheek once, before kissing her way down his neck to his tits. Julia has small breasts, but they're firm and so sensitive. The nipples rise to sharp peaks and Olivia takes one in her mouth, sucking on it, as Ethan grabs his other breast and manipulates it, pinching roughly and sending stabs of delicious pain through him. Olivia's hot breath feels amazing on Ethan's sensitive nipple, and he digs his new hands deeper into his soft skin, grabbing as much of her tit as he can while his little ass wiggles and squirms, deep pulses of heat spreading from his chest to between his legs.

Ethan moans in Julia's girlish voice as Olivia sucks, her tongue perfectly playing Julia's body. With his free hand Ethan strokes Olivia's hair, watching her as she closes her eyes and enjoys the taste of Ethan's new body. Olivia kneels over him, her ass in the air, perfect butt wiggling back and forth. She releases his nipple and blows cool air over it, driving a sigh from Ethan's lips. Julia's tiny body feels exquisite and light.

Olivia lifts her head and flips her dyed blonde hair back with a shake of her head before kissing her way down Ethan's trim stomach, over his mound and onto his waiting entrance. Her hot breath seems to fill Ethan as her lips caress his folded pussy lips. She kisses up and down his slit, teasing him with her hot breath, flicking her warm tongue into his folds. Christ, Julia's body is so fucking horny. Ethan's hands come up to his tits, squeezing as he thrusts his waist up eagerly towards Olivia.

Olivia laughs. "Someone's horny."

"Please lick my pussy," Ethan begs in a small voice brimming with lust.

Olivia smiles and brings her head down between his legs. She pauses for a brief moment and Ethan is about to admonish her for teasing him when suddenly her tongue is inside him. She licks long and slow, diving into Julia's glorious velvety folds, drinking in her juices as she spreads them across his budding clit. Ethan sighs, holding his head up so he can watch down his new body, his eyes fixed on Olivia tasting him, her tongue gliding up and down his wet center. She looks amazing between his smooth thighs and Ethan shudders with a small orgasm.

His fingers pinch his little nipples, squeezing in a rhythm that sends pleasant

vibrations through his body. A welcome tension twists through him and Olivia speeds up between his legs, licking harder now, bringing her fingers up to slip in and out of him. God, he's so wonderfully wet, his pussy dripping down his thighs. And then Olivia presses her tongue firmly against his clit and he explodes. "Oh, fuck!" He cries in Julia's voice, legs trembling. His body rocks in ecstasy, twisting this way and that as the beautiful orgasm cascades through him and he revels in Julia's pleasure. This body is so responsive, so amazingly sensitive to Olivia's tongue in his pussy.

No sooner does he come down than he can feel the orgasm building up again. His cries rise in pitch, helpless and innocent as he approaches the precipice of orgasm. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and then the pleasure crashes through him again. Olivia moans as she licks him, drinking down his juices while his body convulses wonderfully.

When he's done Olivia looks up from between his thighs grinning, her face shiny with his pussy juices. Ethan motions for her to come closer and she does, climbing up his body and kissing him again. He inhales the delicious musky scent of his newest pussy while his body trembles occasionally with aftershocks.

Julia won't trouble them anymore. In fact, just the opposite. She'll pleasure them forever.

6

Olivia's boss, Ray, from the eSports Integrity Commission, shows up at the next national tournament and makes a show of walking in with the team to calm any fears of cheating. The rumors have mostly stopped anyway, aided by Julia's helpful article pointing out the impossibility of cheating based on the thoroughness of the investigation and chastising whoever submitted the anonymous complaint. She also drops the bombshell that, in order to address allegations of sexism, Ethan is giving up management of the team to a trusted former member of the Integrity Commission, and Julia herself is joining the team as the fifth member.

The all girl team of Ethan's is complete, and the five girls strut into the next tournament seeded number three. Daisy and Naomi have made outfits for their new members: Olivia sports a finely tailored business suit, cut extra low in the front and with a pink push up bra to showcase her tits as well as a short skirt to show off her legs. The brass cross still sits around her neck, sitting in between her cleavage to draw the eye to her breasts. For all Julia's talk of sexism in eSports, she's now dressed as Naomi's twin in a salaciously short schoolgirl skirt and tiny tank top, a little gold stud in her nose. Naomi and Julia hang on each other, touching and tickling and laughing together, encouraging people to speculate about their lesbian tendencies. For the right price those lesbian tendencies can be confirmed with a membership to their online site. And for a higher price they can be confirmed in person.

Julia's insightful articles about sexism in the eSports industry have been scrubbed from the website, replaced with fawning coverage of Ethan and his team, and not so subtle advertisements on how to see Julia doing anything and everything. For all Julia's trouble, Ethan has made her the dirtiest of the bunch. Ethan's made Julia get a clit ring, jumping out of her to avoid the pain of actually getting it, but rejoining her body to enjoy the feel of it as he walks. A tattoo on

her lower back reads “slut” in fancy letters, and he's already scheduled her in for breast enhancement surgery to pump up her tits three sizes.

With Ethan inside she loves being drenched in cum, choked by cock, and gangbanged by as many men as can fit in a room. He's done it so much it's sticking with her even the few times he jumps out of her. She's convinced herself she likes being treated like a dirty whore, and her orgasms have gotten ever more incredible with each new humiliation.

The team leaves this latest tournament as champions, becoming the number two team in the nation, and the fourth in the world rankings. As a reward, Ray and male Ethan take Ethan/Julia back to their hotel room.

Ethan in Julia loves being sandwiched between these two men. She kisses her former male body while Ray nips her neck from behind, pressing his body up against hers so she can feel the erection straining against her taut little butt. Ethan's solid masculine fingers grip Julia's little body as he slides his tongue deep down her throat, exploring the contours of her mouth. Ethan in Julia is trapped between these two powerful men as they take her body, squeezing her hard, pinching her nipples hard enough to draw a gasp from her lips. The pain stabs down between her legs, growing the desire inside her.

They tear off her skimpy clothes, leaving her naked and feeling that much more vulnerable. Ethan grabs a handful of her hair and forces her head down to his cock, while Ray spreads her from behind. She opens her mouth and Ethan shoves her lips down his shaft. She chokes but takes him in and he fucks her slowly, forcing her lips down his shaft, the cock sliding across her tongue, filling her mouth, poking at the back of her throat, only stopping when her nose is pressed into his warm pubic hair and she's so incredibly full. His hands still clutching her hair, he guides her up and down his cock. She moans as she swallows him, tongue undulating beneath his shaft. Her entire body grows wet from her desire to please him, from being treated so harshly.

Behind her, Ray grips her cute butt and spreads her apart. He slides his cock between her legs, lubricating himself on her dripping wet cunt. The cockhead presses against her clit and she moans. The sound is cut off as Ethan forces her lips down, down his shaft. Now Ray's cock slips inside her pussy, pressing up against her entrance. There's a brief pressure and then with one small grunt he's inside her, sliding through her slick canal. She can feel every inch as he fills her, her cunt clutching the perfect shaft inside her. He pushes in until she's oh so full and the cockhead is lodged against her center.

The two guys seesaw her back and forth, forcing her lips down Ethan's shaft, pulling them up only for Ray's cock to slip through her cunt. Her body is held tight by their hands. She's their fucktoy. At their mercy. And she moans with desire, her body wanting only to be used by these men, to be physically desired and humiliated.

They fuck her faster, moving back and forth as one, because they're all one. They're all Ethan, enjoying themselves together. Julia's eyes are watering, the dick in her mouth is pushing against the back of her throat. She gags with each thrust in but still they don't let go, moving quicker, pounding her deeper until just when she thinks she can't take anymore they cum. Both cocks tremble within her. One explodes into her mouth and she clamps her lips down to swallow the delicious salty essence, while Ray yanks her ass back, impaling her with his dick as he empties his seed into her tight pussy. She's full from both ends and cumming with them, the pain causing the pleasure to double and explode within her. She moans around the dick in her mouth, cum spilling down her chin as her body vibrates with orgasm.

When they're done she pulls out and dips her fingers into her aching pussy, scooping out the creamy seed and rubbing it over her tits, her face. She grabs Ray's cock and rubs it, too, across her face, dirtying herself on their mingled juices while Ethan takes pictures.

Tomorrow they'll be back to practicing, but tonight, Julia needs more satisfaction. Fortunately, with the team's notoriety and sex appeal, there's no shortage of clients.

#

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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[Taking Stock](#)

Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

[Busted](#)

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

[Foreign Exchange](#)

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

[In the Game \(Part 2\)](#)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

[Cheers](#)

Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of his sister's hot friends.

[Leading Her On](#)

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

[Swap Brothel](#)

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

[The Other Woman](#)

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

The Body Thief

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

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