

**INSTASWAP 1**  
**MtF POSSESSION**

**IMMIGRANTS**



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**M M W I L T S**

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**by M. Wills**

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# Table of Contents

[Instaswap 1](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

## Instaswap 1

Charlie poured the frappe into plastic cups, snapped on the lids, and slid them onto the front counter before returning to rinse the blender. This was what a four-year computer engineering degree and a shitty economy had come to. Selling overpriced over-sweetened coffee to a parade of people who barely thought of him as a person.

Charlie hadn't even finished rinsing the blender when more orders came through. Around him his coworkers had even stopped their chatter during the lunch rush, concentrating on the work at their stations. The line was still out the door and people were starting to get grumpy.

Charlie's supervisor, Wendy, came up behind him and observed him for a minute. It was creepy the way she stood just behind him, watching him wordlessly. The sweat patches beneath his skinny arms grew beneath her gaze.

It galled Charlie that she was only a few years older than him and had never been to college, yet here she was in charge of him. She was officious but not mean, and she took this job way too seriously. It wasn't like they were brain surgeons. It was just coffee, for god's sake.

Charlie's black hair stuck up all over, refusing to be tamed even by the visor that hung down over his forehead. His forehead was greasy, his legs hurt already, his fingers were chilled from the ice. Working at a corporate coffee shop wasn't even a job he wanted but he'd been desperate to pay his bills.

After graduation he had an internship lined up at large software developer. He'd gone in hoping he would come out with a job. Everything seemed to be going so well until the layoffs came, coinciding with the end of his internship. All his contacts lost their jobs and there were no vacancies for a fresh graduate with no experience.

Charlie kept up with the orders. Fill, drop, blend, pour. The occasional special order came through to break up the monotony. A half caf, four shot, vanilla-hazelnut blend with almond milk. A skinny decaf unsweetened mocha. A soy-cow milk blend with extra ice and four pumps of pumpkin spice.

After the rush came the cleanup, when the chatter among coworkers resumed as everyone washed and cleaned and dried their stations. His coworkers clumped into groups, joking with each other as they cleaned up. Charlie hovered on the outside of their groups, occasionally chiming in with a remark that would earn him a brief grin. He'd never been much good at making friends. He always felt awkward and fake. Embarrassed at who he was.

"Okay, Charlie," Wendy said once Charlie had cleaned the blenders. "Take your ten."

Ten minute break. Charlie grabbed a drip coffee from the machine and hurried outside to enjoy some fresh air. He took a seat on the bench of a small parklet next door and pulled out his phone. He framed the coffee in one hand, careful to keep his uniform out of the shot. He clicked the button and uploaded the picture to his InstaPix page with the hashtag #justchilling.

On InstaPix, he was a successful young programmer. Like everyone else, he

chose to post only the best moments of his life. Online he was beautiful and carefree and living the good life. In reality, most of his day was spent in drudgery, or anticipation of the next day's drudgery, or recovery from the previous drudgery.

A text message popped up from his best friend, Devin: [Remember to bring muffins home]

Right. The muffins were usually tossed out after a day. If Charlie was responsible for trashing them he could usually squirrel away a bunch in his car. It saved a couple of bucks on breakfast and both Devin and Charlie needed to save everything they could. Devin was in similar dire straits, though he could at least fall back on his parents if he really needed money.

[Got it] Charlie texted back.

[And a coffee?] Devin texted.

[Don't push it] Charlie responded.

Heaving a sigh, Charlie flipped aimlessly through InstaPix, checking in on his friends and former classmates. They all seemed successful. Were they acting as much as he was? Here was Sam in front of a waterfall somewhere. Angelina surrounded by coworkers as they smiled beneath a major software company's logo. Sophie on a rooftop bar overlooking a twinkling city. Even his best self was worse than theirs.

An email alert popped up. His rent was being increased. Great. He was barely making it as it was. Would he need to take on another job?

Three minutes left in his break. Charlie returned to InstaPix, wishing he could live someone else's life. As if on cue, he scrolled by an ad. Swirly text: "Be Someone Else" above a smiling woman running along a beach. Usually he scrolled right by these things, but something made him pause. What could this possibly be advertising?

He clicked on the link and it took him to an app called Instaswap. The explanation of the app wasn't much clearer:

*Ever wanted to be someone else? Now you can! Instaswap allows you to become any of your followers. Just open the app, select your follower and press the button, then enjoy being someone else.*

The rest was something about a tiered system and limitations and terms and conditions. Charlie had never been one for reading directions so he downloaded the app. When he opened it, it made him log into InstaPix. He scrolled through his feed, not really considering his choices because he wasn't really sure what he was choosing. He settled on Sophie.

Sophie was in his internship and had been a classmate at Berkely. In the picture she held up some sort of lanyard to the camera. A sexy, confident, close-lipped smile on her face. She was Korean-American and had the stunning cheekbones and sharp features of an actress.

Charlie clicked her profile. A pop-up appeared: Are you sure?

Charlie clicked yes, not expecting much. As soon as he hit the button, the bench, the coffee, the park and his own body blinked out of existence.

## 2

Suddenly, Charlie was sitting in front of a computer displaying some sort of presentation with graphs and figures. One of his hands was poised on the keyboard as if caught in the act of flicking through the presentation. But the hand wasn't Charlie's. The fingers were longer, more slender. The nails gently curved and the knuckles bereft of hair. A woman's hands.

He jumped in surprise and swore under his breath, "Fuck!" The voice was lighter, seemed to come from someone else.

Charlie dropped his gaze and found that he was now looking straight down into someone's – his?? – tight cleavage. A white blouse with a pink flower pattern hid two small bumps. Breasts. Jesus, he had breasts!

Charlie raised his hands to his face. His scratchy bits of stubble were replaced with completely smooth cheeks. The shape of his nose was different. His lips softer. Even the way his tongue sat in his mouth felt off.

Now the sounds of the room around him invaded his awareness. The soft chirp of telephones, tapping on keyboards, soft murmurs of talking. He sat at a desk in the middle of an open office. A few photos were arranged on his desk. In one, Sophie smiled out at him, surrounded by friends. The desk was otherwise neatly arranged with several binders and stacks of paper filled with what looked like budget figures.

Charlie sensed someone watching him and looked up to find an older man in a blue button-down shirt and slacks approaching him. His hair was sprinkled with grey and his face was fixed in a pleasant smile.

“Hey, Sophie,” the man said, looking directly at Charlie. “I’m heading off to lunch. You want me to grab you anything?”

“Uh...no...thanks,” Charlie said, thrown off by the higher pitched and lighter voice that came from his lips.

“All right. I’ll be back.” The guy turned and began threading his way through the office.

Charlie sat stunned for a moment, trying to take everything in. Somehow the app was real. It had worked! But he needed a mirror to be sure. It didn’t feel real until he could see himself.

Charlie rolled his chair back and stood up, noticing as he did so how much sleeker and smaller his body was. Silky hair tickled his cheek and he tucked it behind a tiny ear as he made his way unsteadily through the rows of other desks. He reached the wall and chose a random direction, eventually finding a hallway and the doors to the restrooms. He hurried inside, relieved to find it was a large room with a single toilet and a shower where he could be alone. He locked the door behind him and turned to the mirror above the sink.

Charlie stared at his reflection in the mirror. Sophie stared back at him. “Whoa,” he said, watching Sophie’s reflection mirror the shape of his lips.

She really did have a pretty face. Nice cheekbones. Smiling eyes. Kissable lips. Charlie's licked his lips nervously, watching Sophie's little pink tongue dart out. He laughed suddenly, shaking his head at the strangeness of it all.

He had no idea how long he would be inside her and wished he'd read the instructions. Maybe he only had a few more minutes. If that was the case... well...he should probably take advantage of being in her body.

He pulled the floral-patterned blouse over his head and swept his black hair back out of his face. Hanging the blouse on the hook on the door, he looked down at himself again. A white bra clasped his breasts. Charlie was thankful that Sophie's breasts weren't huge. That would have been too much. She had a light hourglass figure and a flat belly. The black dress pants hugged his body lightly at the waist and thighs, growing looser as it spilled down his legs.

Charlie reached around and struggled with his bra. He had some difficulty with the angle and the new shape of his fingers. After some fumbling, he managed to undo the clasp and shrugged the bra to the floor. Sophie's tits hung from his chest, perky and proud, the soft swells so enticing.

Charlie reached up with her hands and caressed himself, watching as he made her fingers run back and forth across her tits, gently exploring the tender flesh. Her tits bounced beneath his fingers as he softly prodded them and watched them move, mesmerized by their look and feel. Spreading his fingers, he covered each of them and squeezed, dimpling the warm flesh. God, Sophie's body felt so nice to touch, both inside and out. A little flare of anticipation made itself felt between Charlie's thighs. As he continued to caress and squeeze his wonderful tits, the little tan nipples spiked out to attention and his body urged him on.

His nipples were so wonderfully sensitive. Charlie lightly pinched them, making a sharp ache blossom inside him and spark down to his core. Looking in the mirror, he saw Sophie, her hand on her tits, her cheeks beginning to blush red, her eyes wide with desire for herself.

Charlie unbuttoned his pants and wiggled out of them. He paused and blew out a soft breath as he took in his delicious new body and smooth legs. She was stunning. He needed to see all of her before this app wore off. Hooking his fingers into the hem of his panties, he peeled them down his legs and stood naked, gazing down at Sophie's body in wonder. A trimmed path of coarse black hair led from just below her mound down between her thighs. It called to him and, with trembling fingers, he touched himself, fingertips gliding through the coarse hair to land on the rubbery lips beneath. It was too much at first, and he raised two fingers to his mouth and sucked on them, wetting them with saliva, tasting himself, before sliding his slick fingers back between his legs and rubbing again.

His other hand began groping his tit as he explored himself, running his fingertips up and down his new entrance. A tension began twisting through him from within his core, winding him up, making his fingers move faster, squeeze harder. As he traced the line of his slit he felt himself growing wet, his pussy lips opening for his fingers. Fuck, Sophie felt amazing, looked amazing as she masturbated in the mirror.

The fingers between his legs moved faster, collecting his dew as he grew ever slicker. He landed on the tiny button of his pleasure and moaned softly. That was the spot. Circling that little button grew the desire within him and he groped his tits harder, closing his eyes to savor the electric sensations shooting through him. He grew slicker, fingers circling faster, rising to meet the rhythm of his body.

He needed more, and he spun around to lean back against the wall so he could spread his legs and circle his clit. He grasped handfuls of his tit as his body

burned. His mouth dropped open, little gasps escaping his lips. Hearing Sophie gasp in desire made him even hornier. Charlie dropped his breasts to cram his fingers into his mouth and stifle the cries that threatened to erupt as his fingers sped across him, winding him higher, tighter, until with a long moan the heat exploded through him and he came. The orgasm was tremendous, made all the better because it was so new, filling his strange body, making him throb with pleasure as he continued stroking himself all the way up.

He was breathing hard, his padded butt against the cold wall of the restroom, when he came back down to earth. Jesus, that was incredible. And he was still inside her.

Charlie got dressed again and washed his hands, combing his hair back in the mirror to try to make it look like he hadn't just been fingering himself. He smiled Sophie's confident, tight-lipped smile. Watching her do that, so close, with her body at his fingertips sent another little flare of warmth through him.

He pulled himself away from the mirror and returned to Sophie's desk. Sitting down, he stared blankly at the presentation Sophie had on her screen. Ok. He was Sophie. For how long? It was going to be difficult being her for any length of time when he didn't have her memories.

Charlie logged on to his own email, silently thanking himself for his lax security that saw him keep the same password for years. There was a welcome email from the Instaswap app. Charlie opened it and read it. Terms and conditions, indemnity, blah blah blah. The possession would be active for...one month. Charlie swore beneath his breath. A month as Sophie? Sure, it was fun to touch himself at first but...could he pretend to be her for a month?

Charlie kept reading the email. There were tiers. As this was Charlie's first time

using it, he was Tier 1, which meant he didn't have access to Sophie's skills or memories. That would come on his next use. His next use. One month away. There was no obvious cancellation button. No way to go back. It seemed that Charlie was going to have to fake his way through Sophie's life. Be her for the next month.

Charlie took a deep breath and swore under his breath again. The first thing he needed to do was find out what the hell Sophie did. All he knew was that it was something to do with marketing.

He clicked through her work emails. Long threads from people he didn't know about things he didn't fully grasp. Marketing strategies. Budgeting. Results analysis. Reference groups. All things he understood in concept but didn't have the faintest clue what to do or how to do them in practical terms. A message popped up from his email: Carmile Presentation. 15 Minutes. Board Room 2. Was he supposed to give the presentation or just listen to it?

He flipped back to the presentation that had been on the screen when he'd first appeared in Sophie's body. He scrolled through it, a sinking feeling growing in his stomach as he read her notes. This was her presentation. He would have to stand up in front of a group of people and present something he barely understood while in someone else's body. That any embarrassment wouldn't be his in the long term wasn't very comforting.

Charlie quickly sped through the 12 slides. Her notes were pretty detailed. Maybe he could just read those. He was interrupted by the same guy who'd stopped by his desk earlier.

"Ready to go, Sophie?" Charlie nodded weakly and the man looked closer at him. "You look a little pale. You okay?"

“Yeah, just...not feeling great,” Charlie said, hoping for an excuse to back out.

“Nerves. You’ll be fine. Come on.”

So much for that. Charlie followed the guy back down a hallway and into a glass-walled board room. A long faux-wood table ran down the center. The older guy took a seat next to the head of the table and pulled a laptop towards him.

“You should be all loaded up and ready to go,” he said, sliding the laptop to the empty chair next to him and gesturing for him to sit.

Charlie sat, hands in his lap, trying to control his trembling fingers as people filed into the room. When the seats were filled, the guy next to Charlie welcomed everyone, then turned to Charlie.

“Ok, take it away, Sophie.”

“Right. So, uh, a little background on this...” Charlie began, reading from Sophie’s notes.

He could parrot her well enough, but if anyone asked him any questions he’d be in trouble. Everyone was looking at him. He felt like an imposter and half expected someone to call him out for pretending to be Sophie.

Charlie ran through the presentation, explaining graphs and numbers that he didn't actually understand. Trusting that Sophie was right. It was something about the effectiveness of a recent ad campaign for toothpaste and future strategies.

It didn't help that he still wasn't used to his voice, his body, the way he moved, the way people looked at him. And they kept looking at him. Some more than others, as though him giving a presentation was their excuse to ogle him.

He finally made it to the end and the dreaded final slide: Questions? To his chagrin, there were some.

A balding man at the back spoke up. "If you flip back to that graph, in April there was a dip in sales. Do we know where that came from?"

"Um, uh," Charlie stuttered, scanning rapidly through Sophie's notes. "Not really sure. Could just be random."

Someone else asked him how it compared to a previous campaign. "I, uh, don't really know. I don't have that information in front of me..." He trailed off.

Fortunately, the guy next to him stepped in and answered with a confidence Charlie wished he had. At least people had stopped looking at him. There was sweat beneath Charlie's armpits and his mouth was dry. The meeting mercifully ended soon after and everyone began to break up.

Charlie returned to his desk and slumped into his chair. There were five new emails since he'd left. He didn't know where to begin on any of them. This was turning into a disaster. Charlie questioned the wisdom of the app creators who would allow someone to slip into someone else's body but without knowing anything about their life. Was Sophie allergic to anything? Did she have a boyfriend? Hell, for that matter, where did she even live?

Charlie searched through the desk drawers until he found Sophie's purse. Her phone was inside. Fortunately, it opened at his face. He flipped through her emails and messages, trying to get a sense of her private life as his unfamiliar slender fingers tapped at the screen.

There were no recent message from anyone who was an obvious boyfriend. Or girlfriend, for that, matter. The only hint of where she lived was a text to a friend a few months ago with her address. Charlie hoped she hadn't moved since then.

It was too early to go home, so Charlie turned back to Sophie's work computer and resumed skimming through her emails, tracing threads back to the beginning, trying to get a handle on what Sophie did and what she was working on now. He got the sense she was responsible for a few clients. Some people were waiting for return emails but Charlie put those aside, having no idea how to respond. Fortunately, his calendar was clear for the rest of the day.

He managed to muddle through the afternoon. Coworkers would occasionally stop by his desk and he affected an air of friendliness, though he was unsure how close Sophie was to any of these people. Some of them certainly seemed to know her, and asked questions about some sort of birthday party she'd gone to on the weekend. Charlie gave generic, evasive answers and tried to subtly question them about who they were without giving anything away.

By the end of the day, when people started leaving, Charlie was exhausted. Sophie's key ring had a little car fob on it, so he followed some others down the elevators to the basement parking. After moving up and down the rows clicking the fob, he finally found Sophie's car. He plugged the address he'd found for Sophie into her phone to find his way home.

She lived in a small apartment building in a trendy part of the city. There was a garage opener clipped on to the driver's side visor that opened the building's garage. Charlie drove around until he found Sophie's apartment number stenciled on one of the parking spots. A white sedan was parked in the other spot reserved for her unit. Boyfriend? Roommate? Just someone using the spot?

Charlie took the elevator up the fifth floor and wandered down the hallway until he found her unit. The door opened onto an open plan kitchen and nicely adorned living room with a view of the buildings across the street. There were three doors leading off the living room. One of them opened and a young woman stepped out. She nodded at Charlie as she circled around to poke through the refrigerator.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," Charlie responded.

He moved closer to her and realized he knew her. Her name was Harper. Like Sophie, she was one of Charlie's former classmates. Wavy brunette hair spilled down one side of her face, falling past her shoulders and framing her round face and pleasant eyes. They'd run in the same friend group and he'd always known her to be reserved but unwilling to put up with nonsense.

“How was your day?” She asked, pulling out a chocolate bar and breaking off a small square.

“It was, uh, it was a lot. Glad it’s over.”

Charlie opened the door across the hall and found a bedroom. Presumably Sophie’s. The room was clean and nicely organized, just like her desk at work. He closed the door behind him and poked around, getting used to the room he’d be sleeping in for the next month. He pulled out drawers and peeked in the closet. He felt weird going through her clothes, like he was snooping or something. God, was he really going to do a month of this on his own?

Charlie kicked off his flats and lay back on his bed to flip through Sophie’s phone, rereading the Instaswap app instructions. One month. But...it looked like he also had one invite for the app he could give to anyone. Charlie had Devin’s phone number in his email contacts so he texted him from Sophie’s phone:

[Hi Devin. This is Charlie. Got something exciting to tell you.]

The reply came a few minutes later: [What’s up? This a new number?]

[Sorta. Gonna call you.]

Charlie dialed Devin’s number and he picked up on the second ring.

“Hey, Charlie, what’s so important we gotta use phones to talk?”

“Devin, this is going to sound weird,” Charlie began.

“Sorry, who’s this? I thought this was Charlie.”

“It is. I mean, I am Charlie.”

“Uh huh. Charlie’s a dude. Get your AI right.”

“Wait, wait wait!” Charlie said in a rush. “That’s what I’m calling about. I found this app that lets me, like, put my mind in someone else’s body as long as they follow me on InstaPix and I used it to put myself in Sophie Nguyen’s body.”

There was a pause. “What?”

“I know. I know. It sounds crazy, but I promise it’s true. I found an app and I’ve got an invite I can send to you.”

“I don’t understand the joke.”

“No joke. I’m Charlie inside Sophie’s body.”

“Prove it.”

“Uh...okay. You texted me this morning to bring you some day old muffins and a coffee from my job.”

“Charlie could have put you up to this. How do I know you’re really him in Sophie’s body?”

Charlie chewed on his lower lip for a second. “Ok. I’ll do something Sophie would never do.”

Charlie set the phone down long enough to take off his top and unclasp his bra. Then he held the phone up and snapped a topless selfie before sending it to Devin.

“Check that out,” Charlie said.

“Check what—holy shit!” Devin exclaimed. “Jesus. That’s. Wow.”

“Yeah. Agreed,” Charlie said, turning to the full length mirror on the wall and taking in Sophie’s topless body. “Believe me now?”

“I don’t know if I believe you but you got my attention.”

“So if I send you this invite to this thing called Instaswap, who would you be?” Charlie asked.

“Jasmine,” Devin replied without a pause. “You know I’ve always had a crush on her.”

“Yeah, but she blocked both of us. The app only works if they follow you on InstaPix.”

“Okay. Let me look.”

There was another pause while Devin scrolled through his feed.

“Why don’t you come join me?” Charlie suggested after a few seconds.

“How?”

“Well, remember Harper Cho? We hung out a couple times. We went to see that shitty play together back in college, remember?”

“Yeah, vaguely.”

“She’s hot and she’s roommates with Sophie. Plus, I think she does something with data analysis, so you shouldn’t have a lot of trouble impersonating her at work. If you become her we can hang out and figure out how to get you into Jasmine.”

“Okay,” Devin said, the disbelief evident in his voice. “She doesn’t follow me, though.”

“Leave it to me. I’ll text you.”

“Sure, Sophie. Charlie. Whoever.”

Charlie hung up and put his top back on before returning to the living room. Harper sat on the white couch, her feet propped up on the coffee table. The television was on but Harper ignored it as she flipped through her phone. Charlie plopped down beside her.

“Hey, roomie,” Charlie said.

She looked up at him with a crooked smile. “What’s up?”

“I saw this really funny thing on InstaPix.”

“Not another cat video.”

“No. No. Better.”

“Wow. You think it’s better than a cat video? Must be mind blowing,” Harper said, deadpan.

“Here, let me see your phone.”

“Use yours.”

“I left mine in my room and I’m lazy,” Charlie smiled.

Sophie chuckled and handed her phone over. Charlie opened up her InstaPix. Fortunately, she had an account.

“Just gotta find it,” Charlie muttered, angling the phone away from Sophie as he searched for Devin’s name. He clicked the follow button and then continued swiping through the app to cover his tracks. “Hmmm, don’t know where it went.”

“Maybe do it on your phone?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Charlie jumped to his feet and returned to his room. He texted Devin that he'd done it, then sent the Instaswap app invite. Charlie hoped he'd piqued Devin's interest enough for him to use it right away. He paced back and forth in his bedroom for about a minute before he heard Harper cry out from the living room.

“Holy shit!”

Charlie rushed out to find Harper still on the couch. She was staring at herself, holding her hands up to her face as though she'd never seen them before. Her eyes dropped to her chest and she grabbed her tits and squeezed.

“Having fun?” Charlie asked.

Harper dropped her tits and looked up at him. Her eyes widened even more as her gaze flicked up and down him. “Charlie?”

“Yep,” Charlie affirmed, Sophie's tight smile on his face. “How does Harper feel?”

“I feel...I'm...I...I have tits!” Devin exclaimed, almost hysterical with laughter. “I thought this was some weird phishing scam or something but...shit.” He stood

and continued looking at himself, turning around to get a good look at his ass, running his hands up his arms and over his face. “Oh my god, I feel so...so Devin.”

Charlie watched Devin feeling himself up, his fingers roaming around his curves, pinching and squeezing in disbelief. Watching Harper touch herself like that began to turn Charlie on. A heat crept up through his belly. After a few seconds, Devin clapped his hands on his cheeks and gave an excited squeal, then turned to Charlie with a huge grin.

“This is fucking awesome,” Devin said. He looked around the apartment. “So this is there place?”

“Yeah. Your bedroom is over there.”

Devin took a few steps and then grabbed onto the wall for balance. “Whoa. It’s weird walking in her body. Everything feels off.”

“You’ll adjust. Just practice walking around.”

As Devin practiced walking, getting the hang of the way his hips swayed and his legs moved, Charlie explained about the app and how they wouldn’t get memories or abilities of people until their next use. When Devin was confident in his ability to walk, he opened up the door of his new room and peeked inside. Charlie joined him, hovering just behind his shoulder.

“This is mine, huh?” Devin asked.

Instead of answering, Charlie glanced down at Devin’s plump little butt. It was so inviting he couldn’t help but give it a playful slap. Devin yelped and turned to face him. Charlie laughed. Devin grinned, a pleasant smile on Harper’s face. Then he reached out and quickly slapped Charlie’s ass. Charlie squealed laughter again and Devin tried to dodge away as Charlie went to slap his butt again, finally managing to land a blow. As soon as Charlie did, he took off through the living room, Devin hot on his heels, both of them laughing. Charlie ran into his room, dodging Devin and pushing his hands away while the both continued laughing until Charlie was backed up against the bed. Charlie flopped down on the bed, arms spread wide.

“Can’t get me now,” he grinned up at Devin.

Devin jumped on him and Charlie squealed delightedly as he playfully tried to push Devin off him. Devin grabbed Charlie’s arms and pinned them to the bed over his head. Harper’s face hovered just above Charlie’s. Both of them were breathing hard, their faces flush, Harper’s mocha-brown eyes twinkling. They paused, and then Devin brought his lips down to meet Charlie’s lips.

Devin’s new face was so soft and smooth against Charlie’s lips, and the delicious floral scent of Harper’s perfume filled Charlie’s nose. He breathed her in as he tasted her, Devin’s tongue darting out to explore the contours of Charlie’s mouth. Harper tasted sweet, and her warm body pressed against Charlie made his heart flutter. They made out slowly at first, two friends slipping into uncharted territory, each tenderly exploring the other.

Charlie sighed into Devin’s mouth, closing his eyes to savor his friend’s delightful kisses. He wiggled his hips, the energy creeping through him begging

him to move, to stretch. Devin kept him pinned to the bed as they made out. Little sighs escaped Charlie's lips and the heat within his core grew.

Devin slid his hands down Charlie's arms, releasing him to cup Charlie's face and brush his cheek with a thumb. Charlie reached up and slowly followed the contours of Devin's new body up and down, delighting in the wonderful hourglass figure above him, the way Harper's hips flared out. Devin's hair fell down onto Charlie's face, tickling him, and he swiped it away.

Devin pulled away and sat up, still straddling Charlie. He reached down and grabbed the bottom of his shirt to slip it off, causing his silky brunette hair to cascade over his face. He swiped it out of the way and stared down at Charlie with hungry eyes. A black bra concealed Harper's breasts, the elegant curves disappearing beneath the two cups, so close and inviting. Devin reached around and struggled with his bra, little pink tongue darting out of his mouth as he concentrated on unclasping it.

"Come here," Charlie said.

Devin leaned back down and kissed him again as Charlie slipped his hands behind Devin's back and unclasped the bra. Devin sat up again and shrugged the bra off. They both gazed at Harper's perky tits and then reached up to grab them at the same time. They laughed, and Charlie squeezed one while Devin played with the other, both of them marveling at Devin's exquisite new body.

Charlie ran his fingers across Devin's tits, squeezing the soft flesh, watching her breast bounce beneath his touch, the tiny nipple slowly growing sharp with arousal. The heat within Charlie's core burned bright and he struggled to take his top off. Devin helped him, then helped unclasp his bra and take it off before diving onto Charlie's tits, latching his lips around one of Charlie's nipples.

Charlie's delighted laugh turned into a sigh as his friend's tongue teased him, nipped at his sensitive skin lightly with his teeth, and breathed hot breath across his skin.

Charlie ached for more, gazing down to watch Harper kiss her way across Sophie's tits. Watching down Sophie's body from behind her eyes as her roommate sucked on each breast brought a soft moan to his lips and his body undulated beneath Devin, hips pressing up towards his friend, needing more. As if in answer, Devin kissed his way down Charlie's taut belly, lips hovering just above the top of Charlie's black dress pants.

As Devin kissed back and forth across Charlie's belly, he reached up and began unzipping Charlie's pants. Charlie grabbed his own breasts, needing to touch them, needing to urge that blissful heat all the way through him. He wiggled his hips as Devin pulled off his pants and then rested his lips atop Charlie's lacy panties, blowing a hot stream of breath against the lacy undergarments. Then Devin slowly peeled those down, too and bent over between Charlie's thighs, his lips hovering just above Charlie's glorious black bush.

Devin lowered his head and kissed his way slowly up Charlie's slit. Charlie sighed again, gazing down to watch Harper worshipping her roommate's pussy. Devin stared up into Charlie's eyes as he kissed his way up and down, Charlie growing ever wetter, his pussy lips expanding, needing more. The heat grew into a fiery urgency, a twisting anticipation that was only partly sated when Devin stuck out his tongue and licked slowly and lovingly up Charlie's pussy. Charlie shuddered, his breath hitching in his throat as his friend tasted him.

Charlie spread his legs and Devin dipped his face down once more, licking again and again, slowly at first but moving faster as Charlie's pussy unfolded. Devin's tongue slid up against Charlie's clit and Charlie moaned, body twisting suddenly at the wonderful desire racing through him.

“Mmmm, right there,” Charlie whispered.

Devin pressed his tongue flat against Charlie’s clit and undulated slowly, the vibrations shooting straight into Charlie’s core and spiking that delightful tension within him. Devin continued licking Charlie’s clit while Charlie closed his eyes to savor the sensations as he played with his own tits, squeezing his soft skin. Suddenly, Devin stopped. Charlie frowned and opened his eyes to see Devin slipping out of his pants and panties before climbing back atop Charlie, this time with his head between Charlie’s thighs and his pussy hovering over Charlie’s face.

Devin’s pink pussy lips were inviting, a drop of juice sparkling from within Harper’s trimmed black bush. Devin lowered his lips back to Charlie’s pussy and began licking him again, making heat and pleasure radiate up through him. Charlie reached up and grabbed Devin’s plump ass, pulling his pussy closer until he could stick his tongue out and taste it. He dragged his tongue across Devin’s slick folds, the musky scent of him filling Charlie’s nose and making his body tremble with anticipation.

Charlie licked Devin’s pussy, tasting his friend’s juices as Devin did the same to him, the two friends driving each other wilder with desire. Charlie gripped Devin’s ass, shoving his tongue deep inside to taste Harper’s salty essence. He was rewarded with Devin’s soft moan, his body quivering as the first flares of pleasure flitted through him.

They continued licking each other, tongues flicking through silken folds as Charlie’s body grew ever more restless, the fire creeping through him, roasting him until Devin pressed his tongue quickly against Charlie’s clit and he exploded. Sweet relief flooded Charlie and he cried out, moaning into Devin’s cunt, inhaling Harper’s scent as he came hard around his friend’s tongue. The

orgasm roared through him, delightful in its intensity and he thrust his hips up towards Devin's face. He came down slowly, his face still firmly between Devin's wiggling thighs. He felt the tension within Devin's body aching to be released and licked faster, flicking his tongue across Devin's clit until Devin came, crying out and dropping his cunt onto Charlie's face. Charlie was surrounded with his friend's musk as his tongue continued to taste his pussy. Devin dragged his slick cunt across Charlie's chin as he trembled, the orgasm making him thrust hard against Charlie's face until his body cooled.

When they were done, Devin rolled off and they lay on the bed, breathing hard and staring blankly up at the ceiling.

"I think this is going to be a pretty good month," Charlie said.

### 3

Victor woke the next morning to Sophie's phone alarm and groggily slapped it off. The routine of teeth and toilet and deodorant were easy enough to figure out – if a little bit weird caring for someone else's body – but the makeup perplexed him. Without Sophie's memories or skills he had no idea where to start and no time to do it. He would just have to go natural for today. It wasn't really Sophie's style but he didn't have much choice.

His first full day at Sophie's office was awkward. He still didn't know any of her coworkers and feared he came off cold and distant. Who was Sophie friends with? Who did she despise? What was her boss like? He had to feel his way through, using their general demeanor as a guide. One guy about Sophie's age kept popping by and joking with her. Maybe they were friends? He wasn't giving off weird vibes and Charlie got used to joking with him.

No presentations today. Just a bunch of emails to which he didn't know how to respond. He found some answers by going back through Sophie's completed projects, which he found in a folder on her computer desktop. Copying what she'd done before was good enough for about half the work. The rest he tried to figure out by bringing it up with the woman he figured out was his boss, forming it as a gripe.

"I got another email from Louis," he said, rolling his eyes.

His boss sighed. "I still haven't heard back about the photo shoot. Tell him we're still looking into it."

As long as Charlie didn't have to make major decisions he was doing all right. At the end of the day he returned home to meet up with Devin.

"How's Harper's work?" Charlie asked, as they lounged in his bed after another session of post-work sex.

"Really similar to what I was doing," Devin replied. "Principles are the same. Just the details are different."

"Lucky. Marketing is all new to me. I've only sort of figured out what I do."

A chirp from his phone signaled an incoming text. It was from one of Sophie's friends, Lisa, inviting him out to a club on Saturday.

"Wanna go clubbing this weekend?" Charlie asked Devin.

"Fuck yeah," Devin replied eagerly. "Let's see what these bodies can do."

"I'll show you one thing they can do," Charlie grinned, setting his phone down and rolling on top of Devin to kiss him once again.

He was really enjoying how Sophie's body felt, how eager it was to orgasm, and

especially how often he could do it.

They showed up at the club that Saturday wearing the cutest outfits they could find. Charlie had on a small white top that conformed to his body, and black pants that clung to his slender figure. Devin had found a stunning blue tube top that left his shoulders bare. It was complimented by a tight black skirt. Charlie couldn't keep his eyes off Devin's wiggling ass.

They held hands as they followed Lisa through the crowd, staking out a table in the corner with her and a few other friends. Devin and Charlie couldn't keep their hands off each other, touching each other playfully, and sharing giggly glances in between sips of a pink cocktail.

"What's going on with you two?" Lisa asked.

"Nothing," Devin said at the same time as Charlie said, "We're dating."

They looked at each other and laughed. "Yeah, okay," Devin agreed.

"We just realized we had feelings for each other," Charlie shrugged.

"Wow," Lisa said. "I mean, good for you. That's great. It's just...Sophie just last week you were so guy crazy!"

“People change,” Charlie said, turning to kiss Devin on the lips.

“Let’s go shake our booties!” Devin cried out, dragging Charlie onto the dance floor.

Charlie let the music take him, bobbing and thrusting to the rhythm as the girls formed a tight-knit group. The alcohol made the world fuzzy and warm, and Charlie let the dance beats carry him away, enjoying how Sophie’s body moved. Sometimes a guy would come up and try to dance with him and Devin would have to get in the way, wrapping his arms around Charlie’s hips and kissing him to make it clear they were together. Of course, that just drew some hoots from some of the creepier ones.

At the end of the night they piled drunkenly into an Uber and returned to their apartment, falling naked into Devin’s bed together, their lusty cries growing louder as they licked and teased each other to blissful orgasms.

They gradually learned how to do their hair and makeup using online tutorials. It took a weekend of practice but the next Monday Charlie was able to make his new face gorgeous. As the days went by he grew more confident at faking his way through work and through Sophie’s friend group. There was an awkward call from her parents mid-week where he had to tell them that he wasn’t going to speak Korean and insisted they converse in English. Sophie’s mom’s response to that was enough to put him off mentioning his new lesbian lover.

During his month as Sophie, Charlie also set up a bitcoin account so he was ready for his next Instaswap. Whoever he landed in, he wanted to be sure he had money. He felt a little guilty about putting some of Sophie’s money into his account, but she made enough that she could afford it. He considered it payment for his time impersonating her. The details were then emailed to his own account

so he could access it later.

Charlie got used to Sophie's taste buds and her life. The way men would glance at him or approach him on the street. The way he felt so much more vulnerable than in his own body, especially when he was on his own. He quickly learned not to go out by himself at night after one particularly harrowing experience with a catcalling creep while picking up some takeaway from the nearby Korean place.

Otherwise, Charlie and Devin enjoyed their month together. They bought new clothes and new sex toys, thoroughly exploring each other like new lovers, each eager to leap on the other at a moment's notice, their lust so powerful and close to the surface. Charlie got to know Devin's body, his sounds, what turned him on, how to drive him over the edge of orgasm again and again. And Devin returned the favor, worshiping Charlie's body with his fingers and tongue.

As the month drew to a close, Charlie and Devin plotted their next move. The Instaswap app let them set up their next possession so that it would automatically happen when their current one expired, allowing them to jump directly into their next life without having to return to their old bodies. They were still limited to the followers of their original accounts, and so needed a way to get Jasmine to unblock and follow Devin so he could become her.

"Looks like she's still near Los Angeles," Devin said, scrolling through Harper's InstaPix.

Charlie and Devin sat next to each other on the couch, comparing InstaPix feeds to see who was following who in the hopes they would find someone close enough to Jasmine they could convince her to unblock them. Charlie flipped through his feed, looking at his followers.

“What about Paige?” Charlie asked. “I think she still lives in Los Angeles. I wouldn’t mind being her for a month.”

Paige was a high school friend of Charlie. She was girl-next-door cute with wavy blonde hair and a light spray of freckles across her pert nose. An introvert, she hadn’t updated her InstaPix in a long time. The last update was her and some guy grinning together beneath the Hollywood sign.

Charlie held up his phone to show Devin. “Cute,” Devin said, then flipped through his feed for another few seconds before exclaiming, “Oh! I could be Angelina.”

“Angelina?”

Devin showed Charlie her picture to jog his memory. She’d bleached her black hair blonde and had a stud in her nose. She may have been trying to go for a badass look to counter her sweet nature, but it came off as adorable. They’d all been classmates in college.

“Are those two friends?” Charlie asked.

“They could be once we’re inside,” Devin grinned.

It was decided. Charlie set up his app to transfer him into Paige, while Devin set

up his to transfer him into Angelina. Charlie would go first, as he'd initiated the first possession a few hours ahead of Devin. According to the app, as a tier two switch he would have access to Paige's memories and skills.

Charlie's excitement grew as the hours ticked down. That day he took off work to enjoy the remaining hours left with Devin-as-Harper. They spent the morning in bed together. An hour before he left, Charlie tidied Sophie's body up and got dressed. He didn't know what would happen to her mind when she came back. Would she know she'd lost a month? He didn't want to add any stress by having her suddenly find herself naked and in bed with her roommate.

Devin waited with Charlie on the living room couch as the seconds ticked down on the Instaswap app. Just before it hit zero, Charlie grinned at Devin.

“See you soon.”

The living room blinked out of existence.

## 4

Charlie blinked back into existence in a doctor's office. In one slender hand he held a clipboard, a pen poised above it. In front of him a middle-aged woman stood on a scale. Charlie looked down at himself and saw his slender body clad in the blue scrubs of a nurse. There was only a second of disorientation at seeing his new hands, his new body, the world framed by his thick black glasses, and then Paige's memories slotted into place. Charlie instantly understood he was a nurse at this general practitioner's office. The patient, Ms. Umstead, was here for a checkup. Charlie wrote down her weight.

"Great," he chirped, noticing how Paige's voice was so different from Sophie's. Higher-pitched. Less breathy. "Come on back with me."

Charlie led Ms. Umstead to the private room. His body moved slightly different, things wiggling and jiggling in a way both strange and completely familiar.

"The doctor will be in in just a minute," he smiled, before leaving her and hanging the clipboard on the door outside.

He returned to reception and chatted to one of the receptionists, clearing up some of the doctor's notes. It was much less stressful now that he had the memories to go with the body. There was no guessing who people were or what he was supposed to be doing. And having access to Sophie's knowledge was incredible. He understood the medical jargon, knew what was normal and what were warning signs in patients. It was seven years of medical knowledge gained in an instant.

When he had a chance, Charlie slipped into a bathroom to look at his new body in the mirror. Paige peered back at him. Her long blonde hair was tied back in a simple ponytail. Black glasses perched on her tiny nose. His short stature made the world seem so much larger. Paige was shorter than Sophie. Shyer, too. As he took in his reflection, the memories competed with each other, coming and going in waves. This was weird seeing her face. This was completely normal. Her body felt different. It felt just as it always did. Her life would take some getting used to. Today was an average day. Paige's memories just sat there in his mind as if they were his own.

Charlie hooked his finger into the neck of his nurse uniform and looked down at his chest. Paige's tiny breasts were hidden by a white bra. A part of him wanted to touch himself right there and then, but the Paige part held back, feeling nothing sexual about seeing herself in uniform at work. He dropped the neck of his shirt and returned to work, spending the rest of the day at Paige's nursing job, too busy to have a chance to contemplate what his new life had in store.

At the end of the day he drove home to Paige's apartment, a townhouse on the outskirts of Los Angeles. The lights were already on and another car parked in the garage. Paige's fiancé. Tony. Was Charlie ready to face him?

Charlie sat in the car and pulled out his phone, stalling, not quite ready to face this part of Paige's life. He pulled up Paige's InstaPix feed and found a message from Angelina.

[I'm in. Let's meet up. Where are you?]

Charlie was about to reply they should meet up now when Paige's memories

clicked in. Tony was expecting him for dinner. Afterwards he just wanted to put his feet up.

[Busy tonight.] Charlie replied. [Let's hook up this weekend.]

[Cool. This is so crazy. I know everything about Angelina!]

[How did Sophie react when I left?]

[Oh yeah. It was crazy. We had sex again! Check her InstaPix]

*That was interesting. Charlie flipped to Sophie's InstaPix and found a brand new picture of her and Harper kissing with the hashtag #girlfriends. After some more back and forth with Devin, it appeared that everything Charlie had done last month had been incorporated into Sophie's mind. She thought she'd been in charge of herself. Charlie had changed her. He hadn't meant to. This app was more powerful than he thought.*

Charlie clicked off his phone. He would need to be careful not to change the trajectory of the lives he took over. Charlie took a deep breath and headed into the house. The scent of garlic and ginger greeted him when he swept through the door. He moved down the hallway to the kitchen and peeked in. Tony stood in front of the stove, stir frying vegetables.

Charlie wasn't prepared for the rush of Paige's feelings upon seeing him. Love and warmth and comfort. Tony looked up at him and grinned.

“Hey, babe,” Tony said.

He had such a cute grin. Dimples. Handsome face. Charlie was so swept up that he kissed Tony on the cheek before he could consider what he was doing. He’d never had these feelings for a guy but in Paige’s body it seemed so right.

“Hey, hot stuff,” Charlie replied.

“Come here, I didn’t get enough.”

Tony set the spoon down, turned and slipped his arm around Charlie’s back, pulling him in close for another kiss. Tony’s lips were warm and comforting. His scent so familiar, his body so enticing. When they pulled away Charlie was confused, trying to sort through the blur of his tangled emotions.

“Dinner will be ready in about ten minutes,” Tony said.

Charlie nodded and went upstairs to change. He saw the house through his own eyes and Paige’s. One blink everything was strange and unfamiliar. The next it was his home. It was disorienting, making him question his very identity.

In the bedroom he stripped out of his uniform and into some comfortable pink sweatpants and a loose white top. Then Charlie fell back onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling, letting his two sets of thoughts tumble against each other, trying

to make some sort of order out of the chaos. With focus, he could hold onto Paige's point of view, making everything not so strange.

When Tony called him down for dinner Charlie joined him in front of the television, focusing on staying within Paige's thoughts. Tony had already poured Paige's customary glass of white wine and they ate together while watching a cheesy reality show. When they finished, Charlie relaxed against Tony, lying against his husband on the couch, fingers gently entwined.

Later that night, Tony showered. He came out wrapped in a towel, water droplets making their way down his solid form. He wasn't a supermodel. Not especially built. But he was comfortably masculine. His arm muscles particularly captivating from Paige's point of view. And, god, was he handsome.

Charlie got in the shower and soaped himself down, running his hands along each inch of his body, exploring Paige's naked form. Her breasts were small but perky, sloping slightly up at the tip. He felt himself up, enjoying the touch of his own hands, pulling out of Paige's thoughts enough to enjoy the sight of her stroking her own body. He felt warm and delicious, an ache in his core sparking to life as he stroked himself with his tiny hands.

The hornier he got the more the Paige part nagged at him. She didn't want to touch herself. She wanted to touch Tony. Charlie felt her thoughts melding into his, so as he slid his hands between his legs he imagined they were Tony's hands. The thought made him wetter than water. His body demanded release. Demanded touch. Demanded his lover.

He stepped out of the shower and wrapped himself in a towel. Tony seemed to be waiting for him when he returned to his room. He was still naked and he came up behind Charlie and wrapped him in his arms, kissing his neck to make

tingles dance down Charlie's body.

"Don't bother getting dressed," Tony murmured into Charlie's ear as he nipped Charlie's neck.

Charlie sighed softly as he gave in to Paige's needs. Tony continued kissing the back of his neck, his shoulders, hot breath whispering over his sensitive skin as Tony's hands reached around and unfolded the towel. It dropped to Charlie's feet and Tony's hands slid across Charlie's body, around his tummy and up to cup his breasts.

Tony's hands were warm and comforting, squeezing gently as he continued to kiss, something hard and firm growing up against Charlie's backside. Through the full length mirror on the wall, Charlie watched as Paige's tiny body was groped, his eyes traveling down her flat belly, the slight curve of her hips, the unruly thatch of light hair between her thighs, to her slender legs. A satisfied smile appeared on her cute face as Tony's hands grew faster.

Charlie spun around and draped his arms behind Tony's neck, pulling him in for a kiss. Charlie was much shorter than Tony, and Tony had to bend down to kiss him. The touch of his lips was electric, making Charlie's body warm and tingly. They pressed together, Charlie's tits against Tony's broad chest, Tony's cock up against Charlie's belly. Charlie kissed Tony passionately, closing his eyes to savor his familiar taste, his scent, his presence.

Reaching down between them, Charlie wrapped Paige's fingers around Tony's cock. God, it felt huge beneath her tiny fingers. Stroking it urged a sigh from Tony's lips that lit up Charlie's body. His fingers followed the veiny shaft down and then back up to the bulbous head, stroking slowly as a matching heat grew within Charlie.

Tony slid his hand against Charlie's cheek, lips moving faster, more urgent, until he suddenly broke away, eyes sparkling.

"Can I fuck you from behind?" Tony asked, his desire making Charlie blush.

Charlie nodded. "Can we do it in front of the mirror?"

It was Charlie's request, not Paige. She was never one for exhibitionism but Charlie's desire to watch her get fucked overcame her own hesitance.

"I can do that," Paige grinned.

Charlie knelt on all fours facing the mirror, arching his back and wiggling his ass for Paige. Charlie's eyes were locked on the mirror, lips slightly parted as he lusted after his own reflection. His blonde hair fell down his shoulders, and his tiny tits hung from his chest, the pink nipples at sharp attention as Tony got to his knees behind him. Jesus, it was so hot watching Paige naked and ready. Heat raged within him and he grew slick just waiting for his lover.

Tony aimed himself between Charlie's legs and a second later the warm cockhead pressed up against Charlie's wet warm entrance. Tony paused as Charlie's pussy lips parted, then he sunk in quickly, sheathing himself deep within Charlie and drawing a low moan from Charlie's lips. Tony grabbed Charlie's delicate ass and withdrew before sliding back in again. His gaze was focused on Charlie's ass, eyes wide with want and wonder, just as Charlie's were on his new reflection.

Charlie continued staring into the mirror, watching Paige get fucked from behind even as he felt himself filling with Tony's cock. It seemed to slide inside him forever, pressing him apart, filling him so perfectly. With each thrust, Charlie's tits jiggled. He dropped his mouth open, sighing as Tony picked up the rhythm, each thrust making Charlie's entire body jiggle, driving the heat upwards within him.

"Oh. Yes!" Charlie mewed, a tiny sound of desire and need that made Tony grit his teeth and slide in faster. Charlie cried out, voice growing in pitch, begging for more from Tony.

"Yes! Oh! Fuck my tight pussy!" Charlie cried out, loving the sound of Paige lusty for cock. It was out of character but so hot watching her beg for more, and it seemed to drive Tony on as well. He thrust in, pounding now, the soft slap of his groin on Charlie's ass coming faster as Charlie's body filled with heat and light.

Charlie was almost boneless with pleasure now, dropping his head to the floor, ass in the air as Tony fucked him hard. He whimpered uncontrollably, body on fire. "Oh, cum for me. Cum inside me. Please!" He begged.

Tony gritted his teeth and thrust deep, unleashing himself. Charlie felt him throb inside, felt his cunt filled with hot spurts of cum as the orgasm washed over both of them. Charlie came, quivering hard, moaning as Tony filled him, the heat so rich and wonderful, just what his body craved. He took every drop, Tony driving in and pulsing hard and fast as Charlie came around him. Pleasure rebounded through him. He couldn't contain it, crying out in Paige's tiny voice as his pussy was filled with his lover's cum. It lasted a blissful eternity, until eventually Charlie came back to earth, still filled by his lover, heat still baking him.

Tony pulled out and they both went to lie on the bed, Charlie draped over Tony, tracing his chest with Paige's light fingers as Tony held him, his cock growing flaccid as Charlie's body cooled.

"I needed that," Charlie sighed.

"Any time," Tony chuckled.

Charlie pushed himself up on an elbow and kissed Tony again. It was nice kissing this man. It was what this body needed. Tomorrow Charlie would start thinking about how to get Devin into Jasmine. Tonight, Charlie lay with his fiancé, their naked bodies pressed together, just enjoying the warmth that came from being so wanted.

To be continued...

**Thank you!**

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

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CORPORATE  
& BASIC

MIF MIND CLONE

## **Corporate Bodies**

A company executive tries out a prototype memory-sharing device with his two secretaries, knowing that a glitch will result in his single consciousness controlling all three at once. Seeing what they see. Feeling what they feel. And enjoying every sensual inch of their bodies.

**QUICKIES**

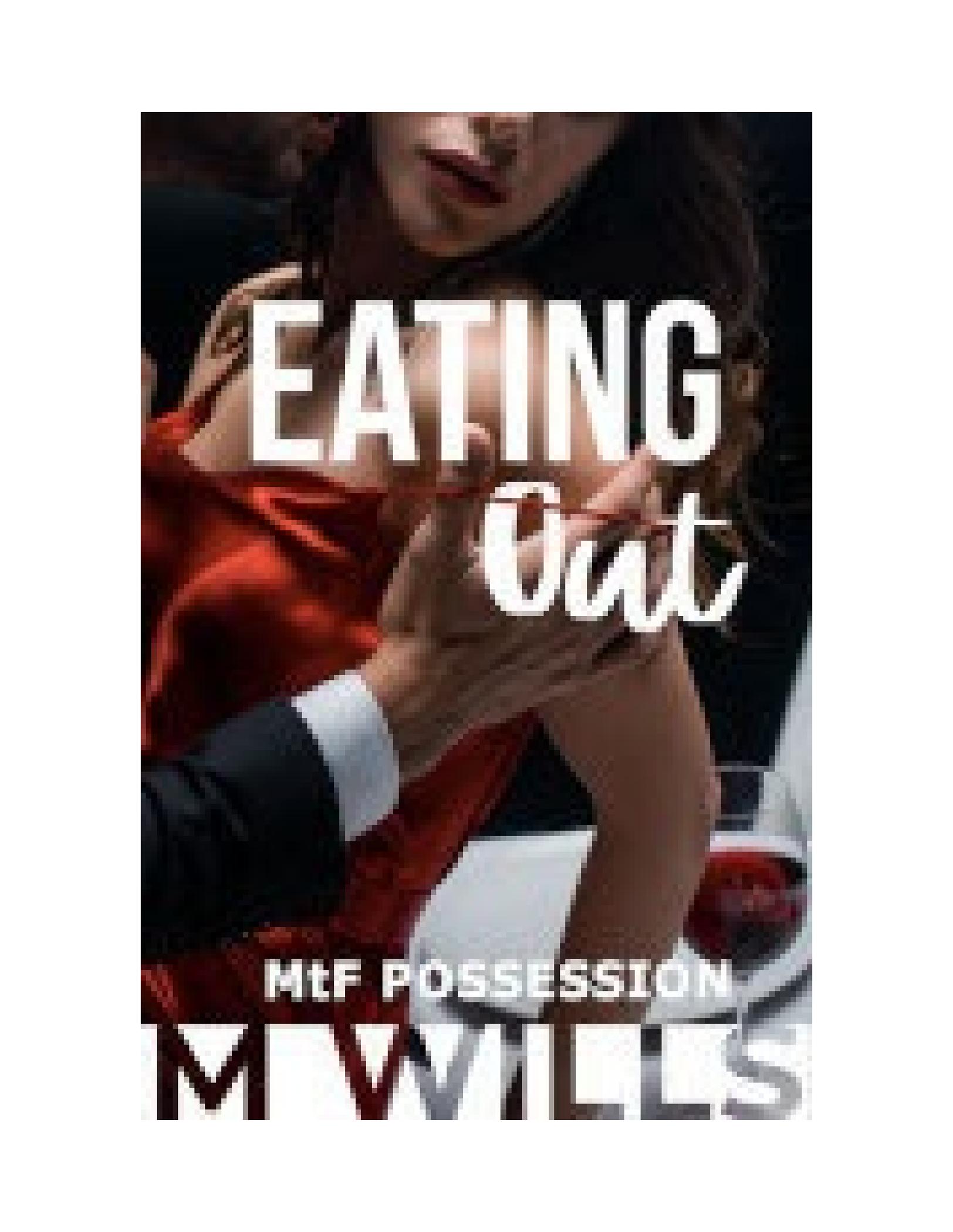
*Payback*  
CHAPTER 7

MLF TRANSFORMATION

WVLS

## **Payback (Chapter 7)**

In Chapter 7, Jack tests Peyton's willingness to do whatever - and whoever - he asks.

A close-up photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red dress, sitting at a table. She is holding a sandwich with both hands and taking a bite. The background is dark, and the lighting is focused on her face and hands. The text 'EATING Out' is overlaid on the image in white. At the bottom, there is a logo for 'MIF POSSESSION' and the letters 'MIF' in a large, stylized font.

EATING

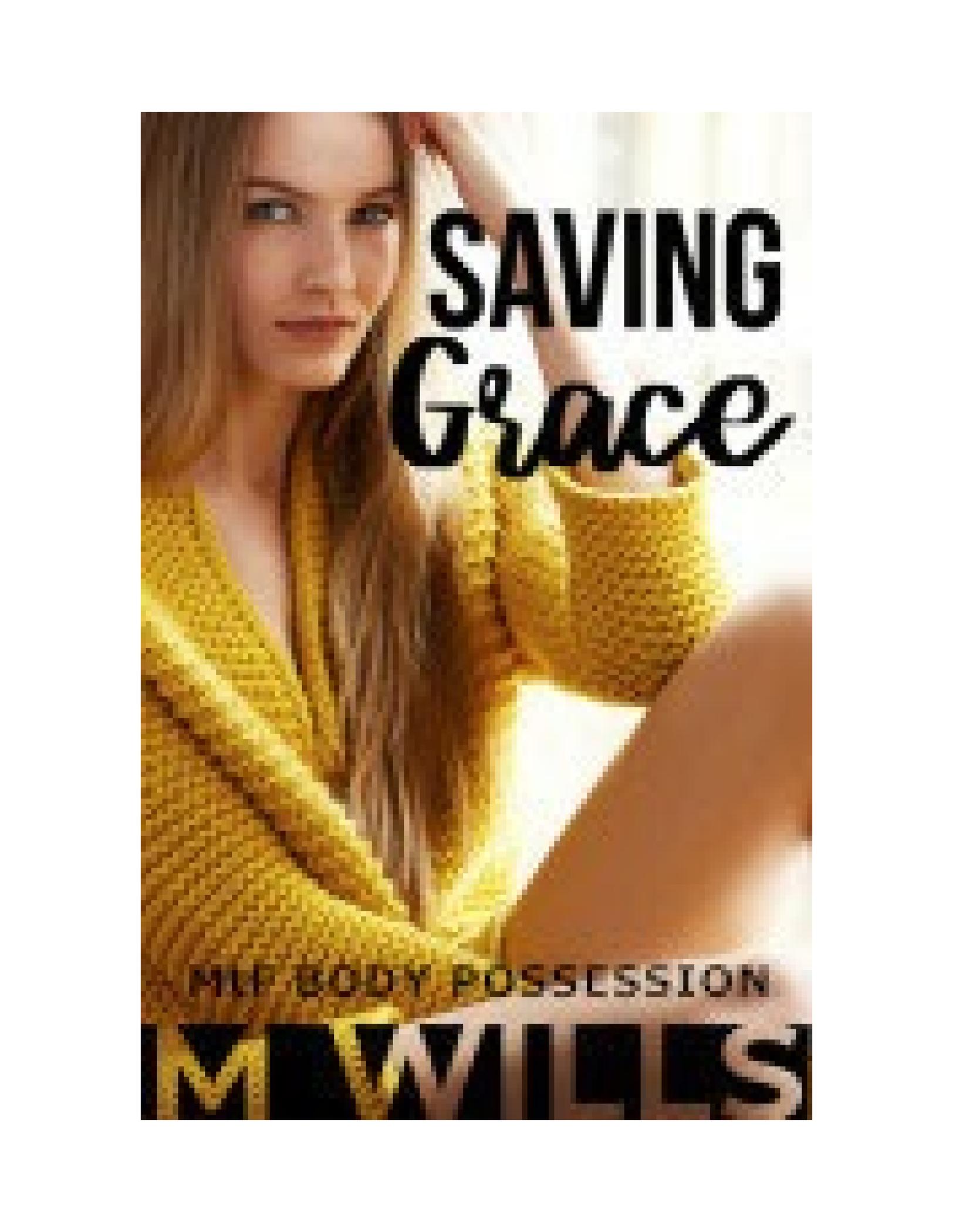
Out

MIF POSSESSION

MIF

## Eating Out

A young man discovers a restaurant with a special service that allows people to possess the patrons, enjoy them, and change them to their liking.



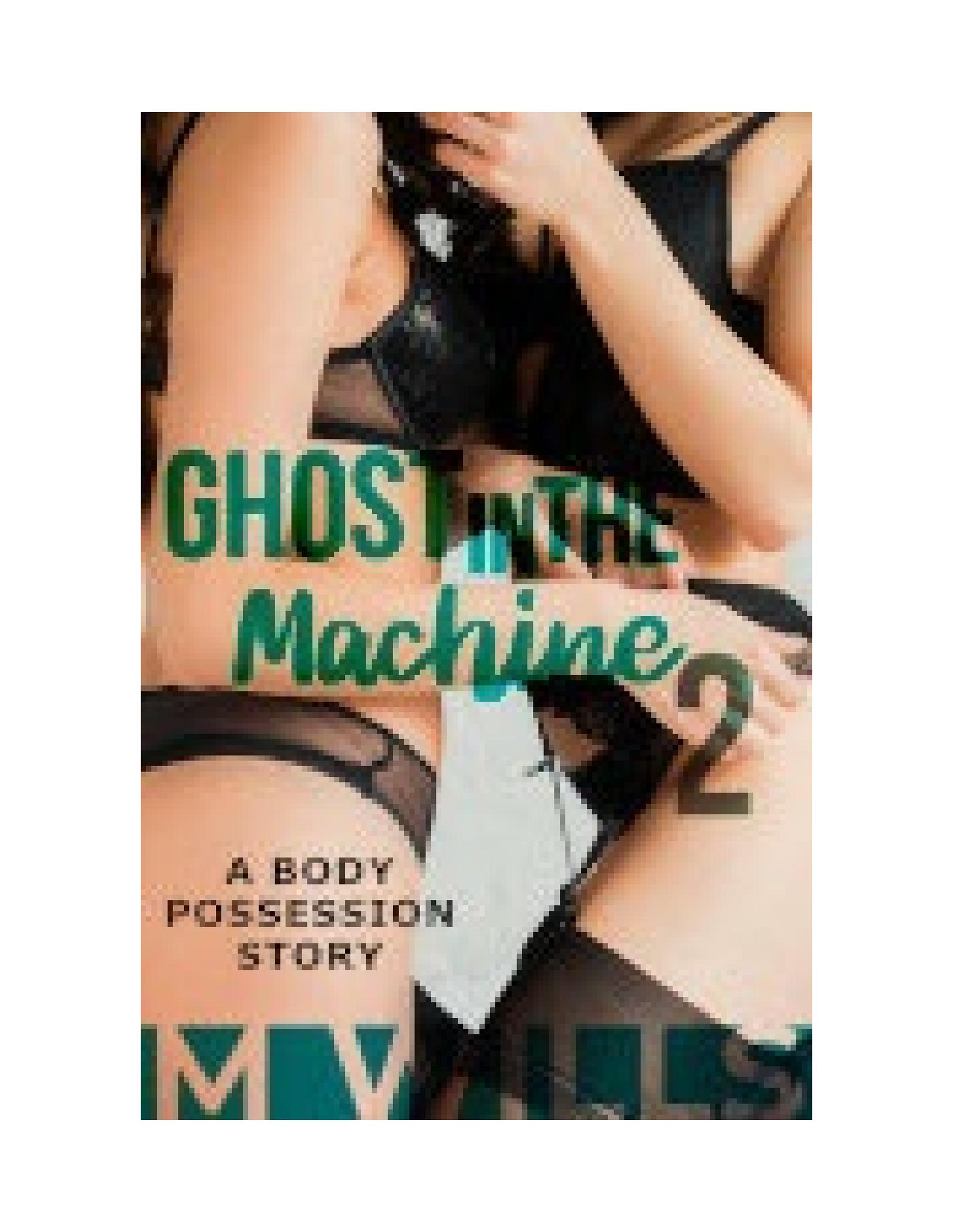
# SAVING Grace

MY BODY POSSESSION

MVPS

## Saving Grace

Two bodyhopping friends find two women who've been victims of previous hoppers and set about rebuilding their lives while having some fun along the way.

The book cover features a close-up photograph of a woman's torso and arms. She is wearing a black bikini top. Her right arm is raised, and her hand is near her head. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a patterned surface, possibly a pool cover or a wall. The title 'GHOST WITH THE Machine' is overlaid on the image. 'GHOST WITH THE' is in a bold, teal, sans-serif font, while 'Machine' is in a larger, teal, cursive font. Below the title, the subtitle 'A BODY POSSESSION STORY' is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the cover, there are two stylized, teal-colored 'M' shapes that resemble the letters of the author's name, 'MAY'.

# GHOST WITH THE Machine

A BODY  
POSSESSION  
STORY

## **Ghost in the Machine 2**

A programming error led to an artificial super-intelligence fixating on pleasing Victor, and creates a device that allows it to possess anyone it wants. It uses it to put itself and Victor into a variety of different sexy bodies where they can explore all the pleasures of being women, while the women think every sensual thing they do is their own idea.

**And many more!**