



INSTASWAP 2

MtF POSSESSION

IMMERS



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IMMUTALS

Instaswap 2

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by M. Wills

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Paige's alarm woke Charlie the next morning and he reached over, blindly tapping about until he hit the snooze button on her phone. Beside him, Tony mumbled something and Charlie shuffled his backside closer to Tony's warmth, putting off the moment he would have to get up and face the day. It was wonderful being Paige. Waking up in her body. In bed with her fiancé. Tony threw his arm over Charlie, pressing himself closer until every inch of their bodies was touching. Tony's morning wood throbbed eagerly against Charlie's backside as Tony's hand reached over to gently caress one of Charlie's breasts.

In his groggy half-slumber, Paige's feelings and Charlie's were tangled together. He was sharing a bed with a stranger while, at the same time, felt the warm comfort of his fiancé behind him. Despite the events of last night, he wasn't attracted to Tony. But Paige was. Very much so. As a level two possession in the Instaswap app, Charlie had access to all Paige's emotions and thoughts. And it was her tendrils of attraction to Tony that clutched Charlie's mind and urged him to wiggle back against that delectable broad body behind him.

The alarm blared again. This time it was Tony who got up, kissing Charlie's cheek before doing so. Charlie sighed and blinked his eyes open, gazing around the unfamiliar room. Paige's mind wasn't fully integrate into his and sometimes the differences were jarring. At one blink the dresser and the pictures and the bedsheets and even his new body were unfamiliar. Everything was blurry with Paige's poor eyesight. In the next this was home.

When Tony returned from the bathroom, Charlie threw off the covers in resignation. He reached automatically for his glasses on the nightstand. Slipping them on, the world became crystal clear. He shuffled to the bathroom where

Paige's reflection greeted him in the mirror.

His wavy blonde hair was a tangled mess and his face still creased from the pillow. Yet the Charlie part of his mind found this alluring. Like seeing her the morning after a one night stand. Which, in a way, was exactly the situation he found himself in. His first night in and he'd thrown himself at Tony, enjoying the pleasure of his new body. For a few seconds his desire for Paige battled with her own feelings of normalcy at looking at herself. Then it was as if Paige's mind gave in and she accepted that it was a total turn on looking at herself. There was a spike of arousal and pride that she was so beautiful.

Charlie shook his head to clear it. No time for love. He had to get to work. Charlie brushed his teeth and then set about combing his hair. His hands moved automatically. Paige's grooming habits were reflexive. It was so much easier than the first time he'd possessed someone and had to figure out everything from scratch. Hell, even moving Paige's body was easier. For the first time in a month his body felt right. Correctly balanced.

He dabbed on her makeup, blending it in, touching up his lips and eyes and cheeks. Her routine was, well, routine. When he finished he nodded to himself. This was normal.

Returning to the bedroom, he dug through her closet to find some clothes. He slipped off his nightshirt, the male mind behind his eyes draw to his chest. Paige's breasts were small and taut. He remembered how it had felt to squeeze them last night, to watch them bounce as Tony filled him from behind. He put on a white top and black pants. Casual but professional.

As Charlie sat at the dining table munching on a bowl of cereal, he flipped through Paige's phone. It was one thing to have her memories, but it was

something else to read the messages for himself. A more visceral experience somehow. He found the news she followed, the friends she'd texted, the plans she'd made.

Her wedding was all coming together. One month away. In fact, it would occur the same day as Charlie's next jump. There was still so much planning left to do. Confirming the flowers and the guests. The meals and seating arrangements. Dresses. Logistics. Hair. Makeup. A thousand little things to worry about which Paige was slowly chipping away at. Fortunately, Jasmine, her maid of honor, was taking care of a lot of the details.

Jasmine. Charlie paused, his thumb hovering over the phone as he read through their chain of text messages. Paige and Jasmine were best friends. They'd done so much together. They met every week to plan the wedding. And now Charlie was trying to help Devin, his best friend, possess her body. The thought of betrayal was almost shocking and it took Charlie a few seconds to clear his head, to bring Paige's mind around to his way of thinking.

He was in Paige, and he was making her life better. Wouldn't it be just as well to have his best friend in her best friend? For a while the two thoughts fought and he alternated between disgust and delight before finally overpowering the disgust. Of course it would be wonderful for Devin to pilot around Jasmine's body. He only had the best intentions for her. Would never do anything to hurt her. And wouldn't it be nice for Devin to be so close to the woman he'd pined after for so long?

After breakfast, Charlie went in to the doctor's office where Paige worked. It was unusually usual. He slipped right into her life without missing a beat, greeting his coworkers and the patients by name, taking temperatures, weighting patients, explaining medication. As long as Paige knew how to do it, Charlie knew how to do it.

Devin texted Charlie late in the morning: [Hey. Just woke up. What did I miss?]

Devin had ended up in Angelina's body late yesterday and they had yet to meet up in their new lives. In between patients, Charlie texted him back and they arranged to have lunch together. Charlie arrived at the agreed-upon restaurant first and took a seat at a table near the window. He almost didn't recognize Devin when he strolled Angelina's body through the door. Charlie and Angelina had been friends in college but he hadn't seen her in person for years. Paige had never met Angelina, so there was nothing in her memories to interfere.

Devin looked like he'd been out running. Angelina's body was poured into tight black shorts that hugged her powerful thighs and a tight jogging top that showed off Angelina's midsection. She still kept the tips of her hair black hair bleached a light blonde and it was pulled back in a tight ponytail. Angelina's face was flushed, her eyes bright. She had a shy-but-confident smile on her face as she saw Charlie and waved.

"Oh my god, you look amazing," Charlie gushed when Devin took a seat across from him.

"I know," Devin laughed. He leaned closer and confided in Charlie. "This body is so fucking powerful. You should see her cum." Devin winked.

Charlie blushed and cleared his throat, not sure if it was Paige's embarrassment or his own that made his cheeks flush. "I take it you've been enjoying her so far?"

“Did you know she’s a gamer?”

“Still? That’s cool.”

“Yeah, man. Her setup is amazing. I wish I had that much computing power.”

The waitress took their order and then Devin launched into an explanation of his new life. It seemed to consist of exercise, practicing video game tactics with Angelina’s team, and doing various bits of publicity. The publicity was mostly online fan interaction. Answering questions. Promoting the next competition.

“It’s really cool,” Devin finished. “Kinda makes me want to stay in her. How about you? How’s Paige?”

“Well...I had sex with her fiancé last night,” Charlie said, blushing wildly again. Paige really didn’t like to talk about this sort of thing. And especially not with a total stranger.

“Wow. I didn’t know you were bi.”

“I’m not, but I’ve got Paige’s feelings for her fiancé and he was there and...oh my god, it was incredible. I did it in front of the mirror so I could watch her cum.”

Charlie was fiddling now, his thumbs digging into his palms. He understood that Paige couldn't believe she was telling all this to someone she'd just met. Charlie kept going, attempting to overcome Paige's squeamishness through sheer force of will. As he spoke, he felt her relenting, adjusting, until she was completely relaxed at spilling all her secrets to the new best friend across from her.

The waitress came back with their lunches and they waited until she disappeared to continue talking.

"Well, we've only got a month in these bodies," Charlie said, daintily cutting his fish. "And Jasmine's my maid of honor."

"Really?" Devin said, perking up, Angelina's eyes alight.

Charlie nodded. "We meet every week to plan my wedding. You should come with us this weekend. Maybe we can find a time to grab her phone and unblock us on her Instagram."

Jasmine had blocked both of them on Instagram and the swapping app only worked if they could get her to follow their original accounts.

"Yes. I'm in," Devin pounded the table in excitement.

They didn't have much of a plan other than to hope Jasmine would unlock her phone and leave it somewhere they could grab it. After a while their discussion turned back to their new lives. They both agreed it was so much better with their

new memories.

“I’ve also got Angelina’s muscle memory,” Devin said between mouthfuls of steak sandwich. “I can just, you know, feel when something’s right. Particularly when I’m gaming with her team.”

“It’s fun, right? Like you’ve got this instant knowledge.”

“Yeah,” Devin agreed. “Hey. You should come over and check out my place,” he added. “It’s a really cool setup.”

“I’d love to but I’ve got so much to do,” Charlie sighed. “It’s kinda hard to keep someone else’s life running, you know?”

In the end, Devin agreed to meet up with Charlie and Jasmine on the weekend. Devin tried to play it cool but Charlie could tell he was excited to see the woman he’d had a crush on for so long.

Charlie returned to work and spent the rest of the day doing Paige’s job before going home to her fiancé that night. Over dinner they worked on more wedding planning, Charlie texting back and forth with Jasmine. They were still having trouble finding a photographer, and now one of Paige’s aunts was refusing to come if the other one would be there.

Being Paige would have been so much simpler and more fun if Charlie didn’t care. But he couldn’t shut off the Paige part of his brain that insisted on

maintaining the life she'd built for herself. He could easily see how this possession technology could go awry. A worse person may have been tempted to enjoy the pleasure of being Paige while ditching all the responsibility.

Devin seemed to be having fun. Over the course of the week he would snap pictures of himself and his teammates. Or sometimes just himself. Angelina alone and grinning into the camera. Sometimes topless. The first time Charlie opened his messages to find a topless Angelina he'd been equally shocked and delighted. The Paige part of himself couldn't believe this woman she'd just met was now sending her topless photos. The Charlie part liked it. With his mind in charge, eventually the Paige part bent to his desires and within days they were both looking forward to the next one. His heart fluttered at the chime of Devin's text message and his body warmed as he admired Angelina's toned athletic figure.

Also difficult for Charlie was separating from Paige's feelings for her fiancé. Her love was his, her desire his, and he didn't want to take that away from her. He nestled up on the couch next to Tony a few evenings later, legs entangled as they watched some dumb movie. Charlie loved Tony's scent, his feel, the way he took up space, his laugh, the way he looked at Paige, his sensibilities. They were still in the throes of young love.

Charlie leaned towards Tony and nibbled his ear. Tony laughed and pulled away.

"What are you doing?"

"Just taking a little nibble," Charlie grinned. God, his pulse was racing. He'd just looked at another of Devin's topless pics and now, with Tony beside him, his body desired some sort of release.

Tony kissed him and Charlie gently stroked Tony's jaw, fingers whispering lightly across his stubble. All of Paige's longing was his. It was impossible to separate their feelings. Paige's love and desire for Tony coupled with Charlie's excitement about being in Paige's supple body, his need to explore himself and Paige's pleasure was combined with a need for Tony. He kissed Tony deeper, his feelings exploding suddenly within him, now ravenous for his lover. Charlie pressed himself closer but Tony pulled away.

"Whoa, whoa, hold on, you're going to get me all excited." Tony said.

"Is that bad?"

Tony stroked Charlie's cheek. He sensed the longing in Tony as his eyes searched Charlie's face. "I thought we were doing that whole 'second virginity' thing."

The memory clicked into place. They'd agreed to refrain from sex until after the wedding in an effort to make things more exciting.

"I mean," Charlie grinned, "We already broke it last weekend." Back when Charlie first arrived and let Tony take him from behind.

"Yeah," Tony agreed. "But I still think we should wait." He leaned closer and kissed Charlie's neck. "But, god, I want you so fucking badly right now," he growled, hot breath blasting across Charlie's skin.

Charlie wiggled as Tony pulled away. This teasing had made him so hot. His pulse raced, body aching with need.

“What if...” Charlie said, his fingers trailing across Tony’s face. “What if I just took care of you?”

“What do you mean?”

Charlie’s lips curled into a grin as he slid off the couch and positioned himself between Tony’s legs. He reached up and slowly tugged down Tony’s zipper. “No sex. But I have to do this or I’m going to explode.”

Tony let Charlie peel his pants down enough to reach for his manhood. Charlie’s fingers slid across Tony’s underwear, feeling the magnificent bulge as it throbbed for him. God, Paige loved Tony’s dick, which meant that Charlie loved Tony’s dick. To Charlie, Paige had always struck him as shy and reserved. He hadn’t imagined what she would be like in bed, but he was surprised by the excitement that shot through him at the sight of Tony’s cock as he pulled it out. Charlie’s fingers stroked lightly, his eyes tracing the curve of the shaft up to the bulbous head. Christ, Paige’s mouth was watering. Who would have known how much she loved sucking her fiancé’s dick?

Charlie leaned forward and dragged his tongue up the underside of Tony’s shaft, eyes closed as he savored the delicious warmth, the hint of deep musk. When he reached the top he slid back down, still cupping Tony’s cock with his fingers, stroking slowly as he licked. Tony sighed above him and Charlie opened his eyes to see Tony gazing down at him, eyes wide in desire. Charlie smiled and licked the cock again from base to tip. Charlie had never been attracted to men, never

thought he'd want to give a blowjob. But Paige loved it. She loved the taste of Tony, the feel of his warmth on her lips, the deep satisfaction she caused him as she licked him slowly, teasing him until he was rock hard in her hand. And that meant that Charlie loved it.

"Oh fuck," Tony hissed, still gazing down in wonder.

Charlie smiled and stared up into Tony's brown eyes as he licked up and over the bulbous head, opened his red lips wide, and swallowed Tony's cock in one gulp. Tony moaned softly as Charlie took him in, savoring the warmth as it filled his mouth, the hardness inside him pressing his tongue down and traveling towards the back of his throat. He slid his lips down Tony's veiny shaft. It was so familiar in Paige's lips. He knew just what to do. Paige was apparently an expert in blowing her fiancé.

Charlie slid his lips all the way down Tony's shaft, held him there for a minute, tongue undulating gently, before gliding back up. Then down again, filling his mouth, sucking Tony's cock over and over as Tony moaned beneath him. Charlie had so much power in just his lips and tongue. Tony's grunts reverberated deep in Charlie's core and his own desire unspooled, Paige's pussy growing wet as Charlie sucked Tony's cock.

Charlie moved faster, building into a steady rhythm. Saliva dripped down Tony's slick cock. The wet sounds of Charlie's blowjob were loud in his ears. Charlie felt Tony's body tense and kept up a steady rhythm, the Paige part of his mind yearning to receive Tony's wet reward. The cock pulsed once between his lips and Charlie sunk down, down, until his nose was against Tony's groin and the head of the cock lodged at the back of his throat. With a mighty moan Tony came, cock throbbing inside Charlie's mouth. Hot cum spurted down Paige's throat and Charlie gulped it down, drinking every drop, knowing Tony loved watching him swallow, wanting to revel in every part of his lover.

Charlie drank him down with greedy slurps until he slowed and stilled, the delicious tangy taste spreading across Charlie's tongue, the hot seed warming his belly, sending a fire racing through his body, the heat concentrating in his core. When he pulled his lops off he was slick and wet. He looked up at Tony with half-lidded eyes.

"Goddamn, that makes me so horny," he whispered.

Tony smiled. But Paige's body was still aflame. He couldn't just let it burn out.

Charlie lay back on the carpet and slipped his hands down his pants, fingers finding Paige's curly pubic hair. He stroked, his entrance already slick, pussy lips wide and ready. One hand came to his tits while the fingers of the other spread his dew up and down his pussy. He sighed and closed his eyes, opening them again only when he felt someone tugging at his pants.

Tony was on his knees between Charlie's legs. "Your turn," he whispered.

Charlie shifted his ass in the air so that Tony could slip his pants off, followed by his panties. Paige's pussy lay bare, a single drop glistening in the dark forest between her thighs. Tony lowered his head and stuck out his tongue, making one long lick up Charlie's slit. Charlie sighed as Tony's hot breath hit him, tongue lingering on his swollen clit.

Tony licked him again, this time pausing at the top of his pussy and pressing on Charlie's pleasure button, lapping at Charlie's clit as sweet pressure built in

Charlie's gut. Charlie reached up to grab his tits, moaning now as Tony continued licking him. The sound of Paige's voice moaning in desire made Charlie shiver. Lust gripped him, rolling his insides, growing tighter, demanding a release as Tony kept up a steady vibration on Charlie's pussy. The sight of Paige's lover between her thighs was incredible, and Charlie's desire boiled over. The pressure exploded within him and he came, quivering as he shook, beautiful pleasure filling every pore. He gasped and clapped his thighs around Tony's head as the orgasm blasted through him, luxuriating in the pleasure of Paige's body until he reached the apex and began the long, slow return.

When he opened his eyes, Tony was still kneeling between his legs. "God, it's so fucking hot watching you cum."

Charlie blushed. Now that his desire was sated, Paige's shyness dominated once more. It was almost as though she was embarrassed about giving in to her desires. Charlie had no such qualms, and he pushed through her embarrassment to sit up and kiss Tony on the lips, the Paige part of himself squeamish at the scent of her pussy that still lingered in Tony's mouth, the Charlie part delighting in everything.

2

On Saturday, Charlie was the first one to arrive at the boba tea place to meet Jasmine and Devin. His palms were sweaty and he kept wiping them on his jeans as he took a seat at a high table near the window to wait. The contrasting feelings fighting inside kept him on edge. Paige was best friends with Jasmine and had been texting her and meeting up every week to help plan every detail of the wedding. But Charlie hadn't seen Jasmine in person in years, and hadn't followed her online since she blocked him and Devin after their argument. Charlie gazed out the window, Paige's slight reflection just in front of him, a constant reminder of whose body he was now in.

Devin was next to arrive. He'd dressed Angelina's body up nicely in casual jeans and a tight white spaghetti strap cami. He seemed just as nervous as Charlie, glancing around expectantly after they hugged.

"Is she here yet?" Devin asked.

"Not yet. Just chill."

"How do I look?" Devin asked, fluffing up his hair.

"You look fine. But Jasmine's not going to be attracted you, remember?"

“Right. Right.” But still he tugged at his outfit nervously.

When Jasmine swept into the boba place she was a breath of fresh air. “Hey, girl,” she said, shooting Charlie a toothy grin and wrapping him in a hug.

Devin shifted nervously on his feet beside them and when Jasmine released Charlie he gestured to Devin. “Jasmine, this is Angelina. She’s an, uh, old friend. She’s going to be in the wedding party, too.”

“Nice to meet you,” Jasmine said.

“You too,” Devin mumbled, gazing at Jasmine, lovestruck.

“Hey, let’s order and then we can talk,” Charlie said to distract Jasmine from Devin’s awkward gaze.

They ordered their drinks, which gave Charlie chance to collect his thoughts and take in Jasmine. She hadn’t changed much. Maybe she looked a little more mature. More confident. But she still had the same adorable looks with her close-set eyes and flawless oval face. If anything her manner had gotten more easygoing. Maybe it was that the pressure of trying to appease her family by getting good grades no longer hung over her.

After ordering, they resumed their seats at the high table. Charlie sat in the middle, with Devin and Jasmine on either side. Jasmine talked easily, occasionally dragging her hand through her long black hair and brushing it out

of her face. She had her legs crossed, one foot idly tapping in the air. She'd placed her small clutch on the table. Her phone must be inside there. As they talked, Charlie tried to think of a way to get her to open her phone and distract her.

Jasmine was one of those animated talkers, happy to be the center of attention and eager to offer advice. Her openness was charming. Her confidence attractive. Devin hung on her every word and Jasmine wasn't shy about dragging him into the wedding conversation.

"Okay," Jasmine said, taking a sip of her drink. "I've got the whole bachelorette party planned. It's going to be great."

"Got the reservations?"

"Don't even worry about it." She said, waving away his concerns.

Paige and Jasmine had arranged to spend the afternoon of the bachelorette party at a spa with all her bridesmaids, followed by an evening of drinking and dancing at a club.

Jasmine's phone buzzed and she pulled it out of her clutch purse to glance at it. She smiled to herself and flicked it open, typing out a rapid response. Charlie shot Devin a glance. Devin nodded his head but what the hell was Charlie supposed to do? Just grab it and run?

Jasmine sent the text off then tapped the button to close her phone and set it down on the table. “Sorry,” she said with a huge toothy grin. “My boyfriend.”

“Oh, so it’s official?” Charlie said. Paige and Jasmine had been talking about a guy that she was maybe sort of seeing. “Did you give him an ultimatum?” They’d been joking that Jasmine should basically tell him to put up or shut up. Looked like he’d put up.

“I wouldn’t call it an ultimatum. But I did strongly hint at the fact that I might have another date lined up for next week.”

The three continued chatting, Devin even chiming in, desperate for Jasmine’s attention. Charlie understood how he felt but wished he’d tone it down. He was forcing some jokes and Charlie sensed it was putting Jasmine off. Devin was acting like a lovestruck teenager. The only thing he had going for him was that he was in a young woman’s body so it came off as more loopy than creepy. Still, his comments would be met with a nervous laugh from Jasmine before Charlie turned the conversation back to the wedding.

Jasmine’s phone buzzed again and she picked it up. Devin hopped out of his chair and came around behind Charlie, leaning close to his ear as Jasmine typed.

“Get the phone.” Devin whispered.

“How?” Muttered Charlie, turning away from Jasmine.

“I’ll distract her.”

Before Charlie could ask what the plan was, Devin moved closer to Jasmine until he was hovering over her. She looked up at him expectantly, her fingers poised over her phone mid-sentence.

“I, uh...” Devin said, eyes flicking to Charlie.

Jasmine furrowed her brow slightly. “You okay?”

“Oh no,” Devin said, freezing in place.

Charlie didn’t understand what was happening until Devin glanced down at himself, Jasmine followed his gaze and gasped.

“Oh!” Jasmine said, recoiling slightly, one hand coming up to her mouth in alarm.

Charlie looked down and saw a dark patch of wet blossoming across Angelina’s jeans, spreading from between her thighs to drip down her legs. Devin had just pissed his pants.

“Oh wow,” Devin said, doing nothing to stop the piss from soaking his jeans and leaving a wet trail down his legs.

“Oh my god,” Jasmine said, her phone still in her hand.

“Can you, uh, get some napkins or something?” Charlie asked.

“Yeah. Ok.” Jasmine said, setting her phone on the counter before hopping out of her chair and moving to the counter.

“What the fuck, man?” Charlie asked Devin.

But Devin ignored him and reached for Jasmine’s phone. It was still open and he flicked the message app away, quickly searching for her Instagram. Charlie froze, not sure what to do. Devin opened her app and was scrolling through when Jasmine returned with a handful of napkins which she thrust towards Devin.

“Here you go. Clean yourself off.” She sat down and glanced at the table, then at the phone in Devin’s hand. “Is that my phone?”

Devin froze, caught in the act. “Um, I was just...”

He trailed off and Jasmine scowled. “What are you doing?” She grabbed the phone back, glancing at the Instagram app he’d opened. “Why are you going through my phone?” She looked to Charlie for help.

“Is that her phone?” Charlie asked Devin, feigning confusion.

“I have to go,” Devin said. He walked quickly out of the shop.

Jasmine turned to Charlie, her mouth open in astonishment, a look slowly replaced by a smile of disbelief. “What just happened?”

“That was really weird. Angelina’s never done anything like that before.”

“Ok, so she’s never peed her pants and then stolen someone’s phone? Good to know. She is weird.”

Charlie apologized profusely, claiming he had no idea what had come over her.

“She’s been going through a rough time with...parents and everything,” Charlie said, making up a hurried excuse.

“Oookay,” Jasmine said, clearly not believing him.

Charlie promised to talk with Angelina and make sure everything was okay. After Jasmine left, Charlie texted Devin. He’d gone back to Angelina’s place and he gave Charlie the address. Charlie arrived there a few minutes later and Devin

buzzed him up to the apartment.

“Well, that failed and Jasmine thinks you’re strange.” Charlie said when Devin finally let him in.

“Yeah. Shit. I fucked up. What do we do now?”

Devin had taken off his pee-soaked jeans and was walking about in only his cami, which fell down just to his crotch. His bottom half was bare, Angelina’s cute little butt wiggling as Devin turned and led Charlie into his house. Paige was absolutely disgusted that someone she barely knew would walk around half naked. But Charlie couldn’t keep his eyes off Angelina’s ass. She had such a cute butt. Round but firm. It jiggled slightly with each step. He had an urge to reach out and pat it.

“I have no idea,” Charlie said, pausing to take in the living room.

A large desk was pushed against one wall. Two huge monitors sat on it. On the floor beneath was a computer tower lit with red LEDs. A tangle of controllers sat on one side of the table. The rest of the room was bare.

“You like it?” Devin grinned. “This is Angelina’s gaming setup.”

“Holy shit,” Charlie replied. “How much did this thing cost?”

Devin shrugged. “Don’t remember. She – I – bought it with my gaming winnings and sponsorship money.”

He happily showed Charlie all the little details, down to the fancy camera clipped to the top of one of the monitors so Devin could stream himself.

“The streaming is just for a little extra income,” Devin explained. “I thought about doing some OnlyFans stuff but there’s this Angelina part in my mind that’s squeamish about that.”

“Yeah. It’s weird, huh?” Charlie agreed. “How there are, like, two different impulses?”

“Sometimes you can overpower her impulses, though.” Devin turned back to Charlie and took a step closer.

“It’s hard sometimes,” Charlie agreed

Devin stepped closer, until Charlie could feel his hot breath in his lips. “Sometimes it’s not,” Devin whispered in Angelina’s sultry voice as he reached up to trace his thumb across Charlie’s soft jaw.

The Paige part of him wanted to step back, to leave this strange woman she barely knew. But Charlie remained still as Devin leaned forward and kissed him. Revulsion and delight roiled Charlie in equal measures. Paige wasn’t attracted to women. She’d come from a conservative upbringing that insisted this was

wrong. But to Charlie, it felt so right.

Charlie kissed Devin back, their soft lips opening for each other as they embraced, Charlie's hands slipping down to Angelina's bare butt, running his fingers along the gentle curves and pulling her close. He closed his eyes and sighed into Devin's mouth as Angelina's tongue slid between his lips and explored his mouth.

Their kisses grew more urgent as Paige's hesitance receded, forced back by Charlie's desire. The two women moaned softly and gripped each other, hands exploring bodies, tongues exploring mouths. Charlie ran his hands through Angelina's hair, loving how silky it was, how soft and warm her skin, how feminine her body. On an unspoken signal Devin pulled away and grabbed Charlie's hand, pulling him to the bedroom. They discarded their clothes along the way, giggling as they tossed off pants and bras and tops to fall naked into bed together, Charlie on top, their soft bodies pressed together as they resumed kissing.

Heat built within Charlie's core, growing hotter with every kiss, every caress from his friend. When he moved his legs he could feel his own wetness. As they kissed, Devin snaked a hand down between them, his fingers coming up to caress Charlie's pussy. Charlie released a shuddering moan into Devin's mouth as the fingers found his wet entrance and teased him, sliding gently inside him. Charlie tossed his head to flip his hair out of his eyes and gazed down at Devin, enjoying the sight of this beautiful woman laid out beneath him, her tits falling to either side of her chest. Charlie's breasts hung beneath him, the nipples at sharp points as he gazed down Angelina's naked body. Devin looked up at him from behind Angelina's half-lidded eyes, a smile of desire on her pretty features.

Devin stroked him again and a burst of heat made Charlie shudder. A sudden desire to taste Angelina gripped him and he turned around, lying back down on her so that his head was between Devin's legs and his pussy hovered over

Devin's eager mouth. Charlie inhaled Angelina's delicious musk, burrowing his nose into her thick black pubic hair before darting his tongue out and licking her long and slow.

Devin cooed beneath him and clutched Charlie's ass, bringing Paige's pussy closer to his mouth. As Charlie feasted on Devin, Charlie felt hot breath on his own pussy, followed by a slick warm tongue tracing up his own entrance. Charlie teased Devin's cunt apart with his tongue, dipping into his delicious pink folds as Devin wiggled beneath him, sighs turning to moans as they both ate each other out.

Paige's revulsion was completely gone, totally subsumed by Charlie's own desire. She wanted to taste Angelina's pussy as much as he did. As Charlie licked faster, he dropped his pussy onto Devin's face, moaning as Devin's tongue pressed hard up against his clit and began vibrating in a perfect rhythm, Charlie lapped at Devin's slick cunt, his own body throbbing in time with Devin's tongue. Heat burned him, urging him on, making him desperate for release. He wiggled his hips, unable to contain his desire, thrusting down against Devin, humping his face as he buried his own lips in Devin's delicious pussy until pleasure exploded through him.

Charlie came first, crying out in a strangled gasp as the heat roiled his body, making him lift his hips to get blessed relief from Devin's tongue, which made his own tongue press harder against Devin's clit and set him off. They came together, moaning and twisting, hands gripping each other as they shared in each other's pleasure.

When Charlie came back down from the first one he was still horny, still needed more. He pressed his pussy down against Devin's face and resumed his own long, luxurious licks of Devin's pussy. Devin reciprocated, tongue snaking back into Charlie's pussy, following the rhythm of his body as it flicked against his clit. They moaned, bodies rising in desire together until they exploded again,

quicker and hotter this time, the pleasure burning through Charlie and making him throw his head back and gasp. His entire body quivered and twisted on top of Devin, every inch of Paige's body consumed with desire.

When they finally finished, Charlie rolled off Devin and they lay on his bed, staring blankly up at the ceiling.

"So," Devin finally said, "You think we've made them lesbians now? I mean, Amy and Harper started having a relationship when we did this in their bodies."

Charlie thought about Tony and his heart still hammered in his chest. "No. Paige is still in love with Tony. But maybe she's bi."

"Same time tomorrow?" Devin asked, fixing Charlie with Angelina's confident smile.

Charlie bit his lower lip. "I feel like I'm cheating on Tony."

"It's not cheating if there are no dicks involved," Devin joked.

"Is that the rule?"

"It is now."

“I’m just...Tony and I have agreed to this whole engagement virginity thing where we stop having sex until the wedding. And I’m so fucking horny sometimes.”

“Well, anytime you need help with that, just give me a call.”

3

Over the next several weeks, Charlie settled into Paige's routine. He went to her work and came home to Tony. Sometimes on the weekends they would go for a hike or a picnic, both of them just wanting to be with the other.

Charlie came to enjoy Paige's work. It was fascinating being able to step instantly into the role of competent nurse. He wondered if he would retain this knowledge of the human body on his next possession or if it would be like starting over. He'd certainly gotten used to being a woman at least, having been one for two months, with all the attendant dramas and worries. The period, the cramping, the glances from men, the smallness and lightness of his body that made him keenly aware of how much bigger and stronger than him most men were. But also the joys. Being able to look at Paige in the mirror whenever he wanted, being able to touch himself, dress himself in sexy outfits and parade around for Tony, taste different foods, and enjoy that deeper connection with Jasmine.

He continued to meet up with Jasmine, though he no longer invited Devin. He told Jasmine that Angelina – Devin – would be in the wedding party. Jasmine questioned her a little bit but soon relented. It was clear she was just going along with it for Paige's sake but she would probably stay far away from her.

At one meeting, Charlie tried the same trick he had on his first hop.

"I found the most amazing wedding dress on Instagram. I mean, I know it's too late to change mine but this one is gorgeous," he said one day as they sat in the

café sipping their boba tea.

“Ooh!” Jasmine squealed. “Show me!”

“Give me your phone.”

“Just text me the link.”

“I can just bring it up on your phone now.”

“Okay,” Jasmine relented, unlocking her phone and handing it to him.

She hovered over his shoulder, watching him as he scrolled through her feed. There was no way he could unblock himself and Devin with her watching like this. Eventually he mumbled something about not being able to find it and handed the phone back.

“I’ll send it to you later when I find it again,” he said.

There weren’t many good options for getting her phone. He couldn’t just grab it. It needed to be a way to unblock his account without her knowing. Paige’s feelings for her friend held Charlie back from doing anything that might jeopardize their friendship. Charlie didn’t want to break that. He was only in Paige’s life for a month and aimed to try to keep things roughly as they were.

Well, most things anyway.

Not being able to have sex with Tony was driving Charlie crazy. They even gave up the oral sex, and some weekends when Charlie had been lounging in bed with Tony half-naked next to him he'd gotten so wet and aroused, his heart pounding, his mouth dry, his body craving release. He would make up an excuse to slip out of the house to meet up with Devin to have sex. Charlie felt guilty each time, but the relief was so immense. The orgasm allowed him to think again about something else other than sex. Strange how his male sex drive seemed to have integrated into Paige's consciousness. From her memories, she'd never been this horny before, so it must have been the simple act of Charlie piloting her around that had changed her. It seemed that even his subconscious desires were enough to alter her personality.

Though Charlie enjoyed his time as Paige, it wasn't helping them get any closer to Jasmine. By the time of Paige's bachelorette party, neither Charlie nor Devin had settled on who they would become next month and there was only one day left. Tomorrow was Saturday, and Paige was getting married in the morning. Charlie would switch into someone else the next afternoon.

Charlie took Friday off work. In the afternoon, Jasmine arrived to pick him up. She brought with her a pink shirt studded with fake gems and the word 'Bachelorette' in swirly writing. Also a tiara.

"You have to wear this," Jasmine insisted. "That's the rule."

Charlie put on the top and the tiara before Jasmine drove him to the spa where Paige was treating all her bridesmaids to manicures and pedicures.

“Nervous about tomorrow?” Jasmine asked as they waited in the reception for the others to arrive.

“A little. I don’t know why. It doesn’t change anything.”

“It sort of does.”

“Legally, maybe. But we already live together. We already love each other.”

Jasmine nodded along and glanced behind Charlie to the front door. “Oh, here they are,” Jasmine said.

The door opened and Molly floated in. Charlie’s heart beat madly in his chest. He’d forgotten she would be here. She’d been his high school crush. The one that got away. The fact that he froze and stared when she walked in the door probably meant he was still smitten with her.

Molly was tall, with a willowy body and wavy dyed-blond hair. She wore trendy clear, thick-framed glasses that gave her face a serious look to go with the professional demeanor she always projected. She was always put-together. Confident. So sure of herself. And cute as hell.

They embraced and Charlie inhaled her fruity scent. It was the same perfume she wore in high school. Her signature scent. It brought back so many memories.

The other two bridesmaids were Paige's friends that Charlie didn't know. He hugged them, too, but his thoughts were on Molly. In an instant he made his decision to possess her. She followed him on Instagram but wasn't very active. Probably had even forgotten she had an account. It didn't matter. As long as she followed him the app would work. When Charlie turned back to Molly, she and Jasmine were laughing together. It seemed they were good friends as well. Perfect. That would be another plus when Charlie possessed her next month.

They were given a row of massage chairs and attended by people who went right to work massaging their feet and hands. Charlie sat in the middle, his retinue on either side as they chatted merrily. He felt like a queen as everyone made it their duty to see that he had everything he wanted. Paige wasn't used to being the center of attention like this but she soon grew to enjoy being surrounded by her friends. And Charlie particularly enjoyed Molly's attention. He could look at her without shame, enjoy the sound of her voice, reach out to nonchalantly touch her arm. He knew it was only because he was pretending to be someone else, but it felt as if the awkwardness in their past had been erased and Molly was open to starting over fresh.

After their treatments, they went out to a restaurant and met up with a bigger group of friends. Devin tagged along, though Charlie made sure to seat him far from Jasmine so as not to make her uncomfortable. Jasmine's sister, Allison, joined them. Until that moment, Charlie hadn't known that Allison was back in town.

Charlie met eyes with Devin across the table and knew immediately that Devin had chosen Allison as next month's possession. Charlie wasn't surprised. She and Jasmine were quite similar. Like her sister, Allison had long, wavy black hair and a slender body. She had slightly different cheekbones but there was no doubt they were related. Allison was the feistier of the two. She had a way of talking to people that would draw them out of their shells. Maybe it was the way she concentrated so intently on whoever she was speaking to, like they were the most important person in the world. She was beautiful and had a way with

people, miraculously getting free gifts, or entrance to sold-out shows, or discounts to all sorts of things. She moved through the world with a natural ease, which made her the complete opposite of Devin, who seemed to go out of his way to create obstacles for himself.

The food was incredible, the company enjoyable. Charlie felt right at home among Paige's friends. He drank and laughed and after dinner they went out to a club. The night was a blur of music and dancing and laughter and drinking.

At one point Devin pulled him aside and confided that he would be Allison next month.

"I guessed that," Charlie laughed. "I'm going to be Molly."

Even now, Molly was out on the dance floor. Charlie's gaze skated over her as she danced without a care in the world, moving her elegant body to the music. Charlie shoved off from the table and went to join her, dancing close to her, hanging on to her as their limbs moved together. Charlie had an urge to confess his attraction to her, despite knowing how odd it would sound coming from Paige. Fortunately, Devin interrupted them, breaking in between them to dance with Charlie.

At the end of the night they staggered out of the club, giggling together. Charlie wasn't completely drunk, but enough so that the world was pleasantly fuzzy and Paige's inhibitions were lowered. The group broke up to go home, Charlie lingering to talk with Molly for a while, just wanting to spend a few more minutes in her company. He would spend the next month in her body but, even so, he just wanted to be near her right now.

Finally, Molly broke away and it was time for Charlie to leave as well. He gave Jasmine a last hug.

“Thank you for tonight. It was awesome,” he said, draping himself on her.

She laughed and pushed him upright. “You sure you’re okay to drive?”

“I’m fine,” Charlie said, waving away her concerns.

Devin joined them, making big puppy dog eyes at Jasmine, who drew back slightly. “Hey, Jasmine, can you give me a ride home?”

“I’ll drive you,” Charlie offered before Devin could embarrass himself any more.

On the drive home, Charlie’s body was still flush with alcohol and the heat of desire. Devin slipped a hand onto Charlie’s leg.

“Want to come up to my place?” Devin grinned.

Charlie opened his mouth to reply, then paused, his lips curling into a grin. “I’ve got a better idea.”

“Better than us fucking?” Devin asked.

Charlie nodded and turned around, driving back to Paige's house. It was almost one in the morning when they arrived at Paige's apartment. They snuck in quietly, giggling drunkenly to themselves as they tiptoed through the darkened living room to the bedroom door.

In the faint glow from the streetlamps outside, Charlie saw Tony curled up on his side in bed asleep. Charlie and Devin giggled some more as they snuck closer. Charlie knelt next to the bed and put his face close to Tony.

"Hey, baby," Charlie whispered, brushing his fingers gently through Tony's hair.

Tony mumbled something and stirred, his eyes blinking open. He smiled when he saw Charlie. "Hey. Have a good time?" He asked, sleepily.

"I did," Charlie agreed, biting his lower lip. The Paige part of him hesitated to go through with this plan but he was so wound up. So warm and excited and with an urgent need that needed to be sated. "But the fun's not over yet."

"Mmm," Tony mumbled. "You going to stay up for a little bit?"

The mattress bounced as Devin rolled into bed behind Tony with a soft giggle. Tony's brow furrowed and he turned to look behind him. Devin had stretched out Angelina's body and was leaning his head on one hand, a sly smile on his face. He waved shyly.

“What’s going on?” Tony asked, less sleepy now.

Charlie flicked on the bedside light, casting a soft yellow glow on the room. Tony blinked as his eyes slowly adjusted.

“Paige?” He asked in bewilderment.

Charlie slid his hand along Tony’s soft cheek. “I’ve brought you a little bachelor party gift,” he said. “This is Angelina.”

“What are you--?” Tony began, but Charlie silenced him with a kiss on the lips.

As they kissed softly, Devin moved closer and kissed Tony’s neck. Tony pulled away from Charlie. “What’s going on? What’s she doing here?”

“I thought maybe you’d enjoy a threesome to ease your pre-wedding jitters.”

Charlie and Devin resumed kissing Tony, their lips finding his warm cheeks. Charlie grazed his lips across Tony’s stubble, savoring the familiar masculine scent of him while Devin kissed his way up to Tony’s mouth. Their lips met, Tony relaxing into the kiss for a second before pulling away.

“Are you sure?” Tony asked Charlie, his eyes bright.

“You can’t tell me you’ve never thought about us having a threesome? I think it’s so fucking hot watching someone else kiss my fiancé,” Charlie said, the Paige part of himself forced along for the ride, her hesitance vanishing as he spoke. “And I thought you might think this was fucking hot as well.”

Charlie reached over and pulled Devin’s face to his. The two transformed guys made out, hovering above Tony. Devin tasted sweet from the alcoholic drinks he’d been drinking at the club. His breath was warm, his lips soft and plump. When they pulled away, Tony gazed up at them with huge eyes.

“So,” Charlie said, blinking slowly down at Tony. “Why don’t you throw these covers off so we can all fuck?”

The words sounded incongruous coming from shy little Paige. Maybe that was why Tony was so eager to join in. Paige rarely swore, rarely showed off her sexuality. So seeing her bare like this was enticing.

Charlie and Devin plunged themselves back down onto Tony, Charlie curling his fingers through Tony’s hair and kissing him on the lips while Devin nipped at his neck. They lay together, Tony in between them, as they caressed him. Tony was tentative at first, gently stroking Charlie’s body and all but ignoring Devin. Charlie began tugging at Devin’s top. Devin pushed himself up and Charlie helped undress him, tossing away the top and unclasping the bra so that Angelina’s breasts bounced free and Devin released a breathy sigh. Then he helped take Charlie’s top off, freeing Paige’s taut breasts.

“Go ahead,” Charlie urged Tony as he nibbled on his ear. “Feel her tits. They’re amazing.”

Tony reached up and stroked one of Devin's breasts. As Charlie kissed Tony's neck, Devin grabbed Tony's hand and placed it hard on one of his tits, making Tony squeeze. Devin moaned and began playing with his other breast, fingers skating across his soft skin, pinching the delicate tan nipple.

Charlie slid his hand down Tony's pajamas and grabbed his cock. It was already slightly firm and grew harder in his fingers as he stroked, the warmth filling both of them. Devin bent over Tony, escaping his greedy hands and poised his mouth over Tony's thick cock. He gave one coquettish glance back at Tony before opening his lips and swallowing Tony's dick.

Tony gasped and Charlie released him long enough to slip out of his own clothes. Now completely naked, he went around the bed and slid off Devin's jeans while Devin continued sucking Tony's dick. Angelina's plump round butt was right in his face and Charlie couldn't resist the urge to grab her ass cheeks and spread her wide, plunging Paige's tongue deep into Devin's pussy. Devin was already wet and tasted deliciously musky. He moaned around Tony's cock as Charlie licked him, his own pussy growing wet as he tasted Angelina's delicate folds.

Devin pulled his lips off Tony's cock with a wet pop and flicked the long silky hair out of his eyes. "Enough of that. I need your dick inside me," he said to Tony.

Charlie lay Devin back on the bed. Angelina's body was spread out between the two of them, Devin squeezing his tits, wiggling his hips as he gazed up at them. The pink lips of his pussy were ready and waiting beneath the wild dark hair. Tony seemed unsure, so Charlie straddled Devin's face and lowered his pussy onto Devin's mouth as he faced his lover. Charlie felt Devin's tongue dart out and flick across his sensitive folds. He cooed as the delicious tension wound

through him, slowly rocking on Devin's tongue. After a few seconds, he reached forward and grabbed Devin's calves, pulling his legs into the air and spreading them apart. He rode Devin like this, grinding against Devin's face, Angelina's legs in the air, her thighs spread to reveal her glistening pink folds.

"Fuck her, baby," Charlie urged Tony.

Tony grinned and shuffled around until he was between Devin's legs. His cock was rock hard, the head an angry red as he stroked himself, gazing down into Devin's cunt. He aimed at her entrance and slid himself inside in one quick motion. Devin paused, moaning as Tony filled him, then resumed licking Charlie's cunt.

Tony grabbed Charlie's ass and began fucking him slowly, gliding into his wet heat and withdrawing, his cock slick with Devin's lust. God, it was so hot watching Tony fuck another woman, listening to her muffled moans as she ate Charlie out. The tension twisted up another notch inside Charlie. He threw his head back and sighed as they moved together, Charlie riding Devin's face while Tony thrust inside Devin.

Charlie released Devin's legs so he could touch his own tits, squeezing his tiny nipples until the tension snapped within him and he came, crying out as he flopped forward onto Devin's body while the orgasm made him quiver. When he opened his eyes, Devin's pussy was right in front of him, Tony's dick slid deep inside. Charlie, still horny, stuck out his little pink tongue and began licking the top of Tony's dick while Tony continued fucking Devin. The delicious tang of Devin's pussy filled Charlie's mouth as his tongue pressed against his lover's warm shaft while he filled and withdrew.

Devin continued lapping at Charlie's cunt, clutching Charlie's ass and spreading

him wide to slide deep inside. Tony pulled out of Devin, the angry red head of his cock slick with Devin's juices. Without hesitation, Charlie lunged forward and swallowed Tony's dick, savoring the delicious taste of Angelina's pussy as Tony thrust forward and filled him. Charlie dragged his tongue along the underside of Tony's cock as Tony thrust gently into his face, gripping Charlie's hair and plunging his lips further down his shaft until Charlie held him entirely inside. Tony released him and Charlie gasped before Tony plunged his cock back into Paige's waiting hole.

They continued like this, Devin licking Charlie while Charlie licked Tony as Tony fucked Devin, the tension once again rising in all three bodies. They moaned and gasped, wiggling about on each other, the tension ready to snap. Charlie needed more than Devin's tongue. He needed something deep inside him.

He twisted around until he lay atop Devin face to face. Their breasts pressed together and Charlie dropped his lips onto Devin, tongue swirling through Charlie's mouth, tasting Paige's own cunt on Devin's lips. Charlie wiggled his ass in the air, straddling Devin. A second later he felt Tony's slick hard girth press against his entrance and then slide in with a quick thrust that made his body hum.

Tony gripped his ass and fucked him, each thrust making Charlie rock while Devin wiggled beneath him, horny and needy. Tony pulled out and then thrust into Devin, driving a hot gasp from Devin's lips. Now Charlie was the one who was empty. The tension inside him was so tight. His body so wound up. He whimpered, wiggling his ass before turning to Tony.

"Please fuck me," he begged, his voice desperate and needy.

Tony obeyed, pulling out of Devin to thrust in between Paige's hot pink lips. Tony moved back and forth like this, fucking one then the other, their juices mingling as they kissed, following the rhythm of their bodies until with a mighty groan Tony thrust deep into Charlie and came. The rock hard cock filled him, pumping hot seed into Charlie's needy pussy and filling him even more than he thought possible. He gasped into Devin's mouth as he came, entire body shaking as the tension within him snapped and pleasure rushed in. He came hard, shivering and clutching at Devin's soft form while Tony emptied his cock into him.

They slowed gradually. Tony withdrew and Charlie crawled off Devin. Tony spooned him while Charlie spooned Devin, a leg casually thrown over Angelina's taut thighs. His hands gently traced the curve of Devin's hip as his body cooled. Tony clutched Charlie, his cock pressed against Charlie's plump butt while Charlie's pussy dripped.

4

The next morning was the day of their wedding. Devin, Charlie and Tony awoke in bed together, still naked. Tony sat up and ran a hand through his curly brown hair as he gazed at the two naked woman beside him.

“That was, uh, some night,” he said.

Devin stirred, mumbling as he turned to caress Charlie. His hand snaked down to Charlie’s thighs but Charlie grabbed him and stopped him.

“No time for that this morning,” Charlie said. “We’ve got a wedding to get ready for. But definitely some other time.” Charlie winked.

Devin gathered his things and left while Paige and Tony prepared for the wedding, showering and changing and gathering the dress and the makeup. They drove to the church together where they split up, Charlie joining Paige’s mom and a hired makeup artist in a small room to do her makeup and put on her dress.

The makeup artist flitted around Charlie, transforming him into a ravishing beauty. Jasmine stopped in every now and then to check on things as she did her maid-of-honor duty ensuring everything ran smoothly. Paige’s mom helped him slip into his gorgeous white dress. The silk and lace cascaded down his slender form. He felt so delicate, so pampered, so beautiful.

Before Charlie knew it, he was outside the church waiting for his grand entrance. The organ played. The attendants opened the doors. Charlie entered and all eyes turned to him. He felt himself blushing madly as everyone watched him slowly make his way down the aisle, Paige's father at his side. It was a traditional wedding, full of pomp and circumstance. No expense had been spared.

Tony waited for him at the altar, surrounded by the bridesmaids in pink chiffon and the groomsmen in black suits. Tony. Wonderful Tony. Charlie was almost sad that he would soon be leaving Paige's body, which meant Tony would also be out of his life. He hoped these feelings were Paige's and that they wouldn't accompany him on his next body. It would be awkward to still be desperately in love with Tony while in Molly's body.

Molly was up there, too. Third from the left. She smiled radiantly at him and he slowly made his way down the aisle. He met her gaze and smiled back. Soon they would be closer than they ever had before.

Charlie glanced at Jasmine. Becoming her was what brought Charlie into Paige's life. He was grateful for that. But he and Devin still weren't done trying to get Devin into Jasmine's body.

Charlie reached the altar and the music stopped. The priest launched into the ceremony as Charlie made eyes at Tony. Charlie recited Paige's vows, wiping away happy tears as he professed his forever love to Tony. The priest pronounced them man and wife. When they kissed it seemed to be the happiest moment of Charlie's life. Tony's lips were warm, his presence so reassuring. Charlie wanted to spend the rest of his life with him.

And then the world shifted as his next hop occurred. He swayed forward suddenly, as if still leaning against Tony for a kiss. He caught his balance, glancing down at the chiffon dress he now wore. He pushed Molly's glasses back up his nose and glanced over at the bride and groom as they pulled away and began marching back down the aisle.

Charlie was now in the body of his long time crush. The girl who got away. And now he could enjoy Molly as much as he wanted. Charlie wondered what fresh excitement her life would bring him.

To be concluded...

Thank you!

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

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QUICKIES

Payback

CHAPTER 7

MLF TRANSFORMATION

WILLS

Payback (Chapter 7)

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

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red dress, is shown from the chest up. She is holding a white bowl with both hands and eating from it. The background is dark and out of focus. The text "EATING Out" is overlaid on the image.

EATING *Out*

MtF POSSESSION

M M M M M

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.

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