



INSTASWAP 3

MtF POSSESSION

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by M. Wills

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As Paige and Tony kissed in front of the alter, Charlie – now inside Molly – wiped away a tear. Molly's feelings for her friend welled up inside him. He was so happy for her.

He was also happy to be inside Molly's willowy body. He remained with the other bridesmaids up near the alter as the bride and groom made their way back down the aisle. Watching them walk back gave Charlie time to settle in. He shifted from one foot to the other, getting used to his new perspective, the way his body felt and how he took up space. As with the second possession, he was immediately connected with his new body's thoughts and was able to walk gracefully down the aisle on his heels when it was his turn. Charlie enjoyed the way he moved in Molly's body, the way his hips swayed lightly, the way the dress fell down around his body.

When everyone was out, the photographer set up shots of the bridal party on the front steps of the church. As he organized various combination to pose, Devin saddled up to Charlie and pressed himself close. Devin was still in Angelina's body and wouldn't switch into Allison until later that day.

"How's the new body?" Devin whispered in Charlie's ear, soft breath caressing his neck.

"Nice so far. Can't wait to get some time alone."

“I’d like to be there when you’re alone,” Devin grinned, his hand briefly sliding down Charlie’s back to the curve of Molly’s ass.

Charlie felt that disconnect in his mind that he got when he did something out of character in his possessed bodies. The Molly part of himself was shocked that this strange woman had just grabbed her ass while the Charlie part of himself felt a warm glow rising through his cheeks. In fact, Molly’s shock made him all the more excited.

The photographer interrupted them, calling Charlie back in for a few more shots. As he took up position next to the other bridesmaids, he caught sight of Tony and Paige. Charlie expected to be overcome with the love of Tony he’d had as Paige for the last month and was disoriented when he didn’t feel that same emotion. He remembered loving Tony. Remembered how it had felt when they were together. But Molly didn’t have that same connection to Tony. He was simply her friend’s fiancé. Well...husband, now. A nice guy but not a lover.

When they finished with the photographs, the wedding party set off for the reception in the ballroom of a nearby hotel. Paige and Tony had reserved a block of rooms for the wedding party and Molly had booked one so that she could have a good time and stay as late as she wanted.

Molly’s car was clean. There wasn’t a hint of trash, the floor mats were bereft of dirt, and even the glove compartment was neatly organized and held a small bottle of hand cream. Charlie felt Molly’s satisfaction with the cleanliness and the order as he settled into his seat. He’d known she was meticulous even back in college, but he had no idea the extent of her devotion to cleanliness. It wasn’t quite obsessive, just a natural sense that there should be an order to things. Something wasn’t right when he initially set his small clutch purse down on the driver’s seat rather than stowing it neatly in the glove compartment.

He arrived at the reception along with the others, and greeted the newlyweds as he went in, giving Paige a long hug, breathing in the scent of her that he'd enjoyed so intimately for the past month.

"I'm so happy for you!" Charlie gushed, and it was true.

There was none of the jealousy he might have expected from his month-long love affair in Paige's body. His heart did flutter when the floral scent of her perfume hit his nose and reminded the Charlie part of his brain what it had been like in her body. As a result, he was slightly flustered when he went to hug Tony, remembering the threesome he'd enjoyed as Paige the night before. Charlie couldn't mention it since Molly's body hadn't been involved. It made him wonder whether Angelina, Paige and Tony would get together again once Devin was gone. After all, their previous bodies had continued with the new patterns Charlie and Devin had formed while inside them.

Indeed, Charlie watched from across the room when Angelina came through. He saw Tony fidget, Paige smile widely, Angelina blush and hold the hug a beat too long. Yeah, they would definitely be doing that again.

Jasmine was already seated at one of the tables and Charlie joined her. She had a piece of paper in her hand with which she was fiddling nervously. She'd always been gregarious in a group but had never been one for speeches in front of a crowd.

"Nervous about the maid of honor speech?" Charlie asked.

Jasmine gave him a little smile. "Yeah, a little."

Charlie rested his hand on hers. "It'll be fine, girl."

They talked for a while longer before Allison joined them, coming up behind Jasmine and hugging her from behind.

"Good job maid of honor-ing," she said before seating herself on the other side of Jasmine.

"Thanks. It was hard work but someone had to do it! How's the new place?"

"It's weird living with different people. I don't quite feel settled in yet but it is sooo much less stressful than living with mom and dad."

Jasmine turned to Charlie and explained. "Allison just moved out of home."

"Living with my new hubbie," Allison beamed.

"Oh, congratulations," Charlie said.

"Have you set up a chore board yet?" Jasmine asked Allison with a smile.

Allison chuckled. “No. Might save that for week two.”

Charlie hadn’t known Allison as well as he knew Jasmine. She’d graduated before them but from what he could tell she was the bossier of the two. Probably what came of being the older sibling.

Allison opened her mouth to say something else and then paused. She blinked rapidly and looked around, slightly perplexed. It must be Devin’s mind landing in her body. Her lips curled into an excited smile when her gaze landed on Jasmine.

“Jasmine!” She said.

“Yeah?” Jasmine asked, cocking her head.

“I...uh...” Allison looked around and saw Charlie.

“You were saying that you moved into a new place with your husband?” Charlie prompted his friend.

“Oh, right,” Devin said, picking up from Allison’s memories and launching into the description of the place and the adventures of a newly married couple.

There was a slight but noticeable difference between his pattern of speech and

the original Allison's. Charlie didn't know whether that was a result of Devin being tongue-tied because he was so near his crush or if it was because he was in a body that was so similar to Jasmine. They both had long, silky black hair, close-set eyes, toothy grins and heart shaped faces that made them look so cute and approachable. The perfect blend of Vietnamese and American. Girl-next-door types, though Allison was a little more mature. So, woman-next-door, then.

More people joined them at the table and the room was soon filled with the cacophony of conversation. Food was served and speeches made. It wasn't until the dance music started up that Charlie got an opportunity to speak to Devin alone. The others had gotten up to dance and Devin took Jasmine's seat so he could talk to Charlie, angling his chair so he could watch the dance floor. Charlie knew his eyes were locked on Jasmine's form as she swayed.

"You need to be careful about that," Charlie said, sipping his drink.

"About what?" Devin asked, tearing his eyes off Jasmine.

"Allison and Jasmine are sisters and whatever you do in there..." Charlie nodded to Allison's body, "...will affect them when you leave."

"I know," Devin blushed.

"Hey," Charlie said, taking Devin's hand. "Maybe I can distract you."

Charlie pulled Devin out onto the dance floor with the others. They shook their

new bodies to the music, spinning and twirling and laughing. Occasionally they would stop for some drinks until the room was pleasantly blurred with alcohol. It didn't take much in Molly's tiny body.

Gradually the party tapered off. When the DJ called the last song there were only a handful of people left and when the music finally stopped Charlie laughingly draped himself on Devin.

"Come up to my room," Charlie whispered.

Devin snapped a selfie with Charlie next to him throwing a drunken peace sign which Devin texted to Paige's husband. As Paige, Devin told Tony he was staying the night at the hotel with a friend.

Charlie and Devin said their goodbyes to the remaining stragglers and shuffled to the elevator, happy and giggly. As soon as the elevator doors closed, Devin spun and threw his arms around Charlie, pulling him in for a kiss. The Molly mind reacted with shock but Charlie leaned into it, savoring Allison's warm lips and her sweet-cocktail-scented breath. Molly's shock served to make his excitement that much more sharp.

They walked down the hallway to Molly's room, unable to keep their hands off each other, stopping for quick kisses and gropes, giggling together. By the time they fell into the room together, Molly's body was warm and excited. Devin pushed him up against the wall beside the door, hands greedy for Charlie's new body as they kissed. Molly's hesitance and shock was overcome by Charlie's lust for Allison.

There was something funny and hot about put-together Allison fumbling drunkenly with her dress. Charlie giggled and then helped unzip her. They helped each other out of their clothes, tossing dresses and bras and panties to the floor before falling into bed naked together. Devin lay on top, Allison's body spread across Charlie's, their warm flesh pressed together.

Devin caressed Charlie's face with Allison's thumb as they made out, his other hand sliding up and down the side of Charlie's body. Charlie gripped Allison's delicate ass, desperate for the taut cheeks, squeezing and smacking her butt, enjoying the physical sensation of Allison's body resting atop his own. Devin kissed his way down Charlie's cheek, down his neck and paused on Molly's delicate breasts. He wrapped Allison's mouth around one tan nipple and sucked, tongue flicking it between his teeth. Charlie sighed and clutched his other breast, rolling the nipple between his fingers, delighting in finally owning Molly's body and being able to do whatever he wanted with her.

A spike of heat twisted through Charlie as he looked down his new body, Molly's naked form spread out beneath him, the beautiful Allison sucking on his tits. His mind was racing with lust, doubled by the fact that this was his crush's arm, her breasts, her face, her voice, her pussy. He was inside her and could see everything. Could do anything.

Charlie wiggled as restlessness rushed through him. The heat grew more intense. Allison's fingers wandered down his thighs and skated over his bush. Charlie sighed as her fingers found his dark entrance and stroked once, glazing her fingers with his dew. Devin kissed his way back and forth across Charlie's tits, greedy for him, before climbing slowly down his tummy, over his mound, positioning Allison's beautiful face between Molly's pale thighs.

"Lick that little pussy," Charlie moaned, luxuriating in the sound of his new voice.

Devin stuck his tongue out and licked a broad stroke up Charlie's entrance. Charlie shuddered, his pussy growing slick, unfolding for his friend. Devin traced Charlie's entrance again and again as Charlie budded beneath his touch and the lewd sounds of Allison's tongue in Molly's cunt rose. Devin slipped his warm tongue through Molly's pink folds, teasing her clit while Charlie touched himself, squeezing his breasts, enjoying his crush's rising lust.

Devin licked faster, following the rhythm of Charlie's body as Charlie stretched his legs and pointed his toes, his entire body wound tight, needing the release only Allison's tongue could give. Devin slid two fingers into Molly's tight pussy, curling up to follow her canal. Charlie moaned, his voice straining against the pressure inside him. His hands moved faster along Molly's body, clutching, squeezing, while Devin licked and fingered him until the pressure exploded.

Charlie cried out, thrusting his hips up towards Devin's waiting tongue. His entire body arced with explosive orgasm as he came, twitching and shivering while Molly's desire blasted through him. His heart hammered in his chest as pleasure filled him, making him moan, dragging his fingers across skin that was suddenly oh-so-sensitive.

Devin rose, his chin slick with Molly's juices. It was delightful watching Allison framed between Molly's pale thighs.

"Do me now," Devin said.

They switched places, Devin lying on his back while Charlie kissed his way between Allison's thighs. As his mouth drew closer to Allison's slick entrance, the delicious musk of pussy hit his nose and the Molly part of Charlie recoiled.

She didn't want to do this. Wanted to stay clean. Charlie ignored her and buried his face in between Allison's thighs, deliberately running his chin and cheeks and nose up and Allison's dripping pussy, covering Molly's face with Allison's juices. Molly's disgust was an aphrodisiac to Charlie's mind, making her body pulse with warmth again.

Allison began moaning as she clutched herself and Charlie ate her out. He shoved his fingers inside her, curling around to reach the dimpled nub of her pleasure while he continued making quick strokes with his tongue. He made sure to wallow in Allison's cunt, spreading her juices across his face and his hands, switching fingers, covering himself in Allison's musky scent. The more disgust that flew through Molly the hornier Charlie got. When Devin finally came, Allison's voice cresting to a high-pitched squeal, Charlie came with him.

Allison clapped her legs around Charlie's head. His nostrils were filled with her scent, his cheeks slick with her juices as both women quivered and shook together. Their cries mingled as they shared an orgasm, Charlie's body burning bright once again before warming slowly.

When they were done, Charlie crawled up Allison and they held each other, kissing some more. Molly once again recoiled when her lips met Allison's and the taste of her own pussy landed on her tongue. It made Charlie shiver with delight and his hand crept down between his legs. It was interesting to discover that Molly's tendency to want to be clean could be used to make her orgasms so much more intense. As Charlie fell to sleep, he wondered how else he could enjoy this newfound knowledge.

2

Charlie woke up the next morning being spooned by Devin-in-Allison. He gently scooted out from under his friend's arm and padded to the toilet to do his business. When he was done he stood in front of the mirror and admired Molly's naked reflection. He cast his eyes across her face, down her chest to those magnificent tits that had been so fun to pinch and squeeze. His gaze slid down to the dark hair between his legs, the pale thighs, the limber calves. He enjoyed moving Molly's body, making faces at himself, sticking his tongue out, adjusting to how it all felt and comparing the difference between his previous bodies.

He needed to take a shower and join the others at breakfast soon but he didn't want to wake Devin. Instead, Charlie grabbed Molly's cell phone from her purse and flicked through it to adjust to his new life. Lying naked on the bed, he flicked through Molly's messages and her emails. On a whim he unlocked his own Instaswap account. There was a message for him and as he read it he gave out an excited squeak.

Beside him, Devin mumbled sleepily, "What's going on?"

"We're at level three now. You'll never guess the new perk," Charlie said, scrolling through his list of followers to find his next target.

"What?" Devin looked up at him, his hair sleep-tousled.

“We can be two people at once!”

Charlie’s finger hovered above the picture of Julia, a former classmate of his and another of his crushes. She had auburn hair and a splash of freckles across her shapely nose and cheeks. Fashionable and trendy, she always chose the best outfits. Her Instagram page was a collection of her showing off various combinations of vintage style from thrift store finds. Charlie’s favorites were the ones where her trim tummy and bare shoulders were on display. He hadn’t seen her in real life since high school, but she lived not too far away.

Devin sat up and swiped the long hair out of his face. “How would that even work?”

“I don’t know, but I’m going to find out.”

Before Devin could answer, Charlie selected Julia’s life and the hotel bedroom disappeared.

Charlie woke up for the second time that morning. This time he was in the bedroom of a nicely decorated apartment. Stylishly sparse. Black and white with splashes of color. A collection of photographs on one wall from thrift store finds artfully arranged into a composite.

He was alone in bed and threw off the covers. Julia’s body was clad in pajamas covered in cartoon word bubbles. He wiggled his little toes and watched them move. This body felt more solid than Molly’s willowy body. By no means fat but somehow more...present. Maybe it was Julia’s mind, always a little more

creative than Molly.

He grabbed her phone off the bedside table and swiped open the app. He sent a DM to Molly giving her Julia's number. A few seconds later the phone rang in his hand.

"Hello?"

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Molly's voice rang through.

Even though he'd only been inside Molly for a few hours, it was still odd hearing her voice from outside again.

"Are you still...me?" Charlie asked Molly.

"I'm still Charlie. Aren't you?"

The conversation made no sense to Julia but Charlie pushed through. "This is so weird. I'm, like, talking to myself."

"And not in a crazy way!" Molly laughed. "Except, you know, this is all crazy. What are you--? Oh!" And then Molly laughed.

“What? What happened?” Charlie asked.

“Devin used his second possession to become Paige and see what it’s like to be a newlywed.”

“So there are four of us now, yeah?”

“Looks like.”

“We need to get together. The four of us should be able to get Jasmine’s phone.”

“I think so. Let’s meet up.”

They arranged to meet during the week. Julia lived on the other side of Los Angeles and worked at a video game company. She didn’t relish the idea of driving home through rush hour so Charlie jumped at the chance to hang out in the city and see his other bodies. Molly and Allison would invite Jasmine as well. Julia wasn’t part of Jasmine’s friend group so they would have to introduce her.

“I’ve got to shower and meet everyone for breakfast,” Charlie-in-Molly said through the phone. Devin’s muffled voice said something and Molly laughed. “Yeah, I think there’s some time for pussy for breakfast. We’ll see you later this week, Julia.”

His former self hung up. Charlie was alone in Julia's bed. In her body. She hadn't gotten laid last night and Charlie's thoughts of Molly and Allison together began stirring her body up.

Lying in bed, Charlie tugged his nightshirt up to his neck until his breasts spilled out. He ran a hand along one, hefting it, stroking softly with his fingers. Julia's tits were slightly bigger than Molly's. The areolae were smaller. The nipples still hidden. He jiggled each breast, enjoying the sight of Julia's hands on herself, her own fingers playing with each soft mound.

He squeezed both of them, taking big handfuls, fingers wrapping around the entirety of each tit until they dimpled the skin. His male desire played out across Julia's body. He still loved tits and now he had some on his own body to do whatever he wanted.

Dragging his fingers across his skin, he gently pinched a nipple. A delicious warmth sparked to life between his legs.

"Look at these tits," he said just to hear Julia's voice spill from his lips.

He'd never heard her talk dirty and it grew the warmth deep in his core. He continued stroking his tits and speaking aloud as his hands grew greedier.

"God, these titties feel so good," he moaned, collecting them up, squeezing them against his chest and letting them drop. "My pussy is so wet."

As if saying the words made it true, Charlie felt a shifting in his core as the heat within him curled up through his body. He ran one glorious hand down his tummy and beneath his pajama pants. His fingers found Julia's coarse pubic hair and he followed the path down to his entrance. He landed on the rubbery lips of his pussy and stroked up and down while he continued squeezing one breast.

His legs began wiggling as the heat twisted through him. As he stroked up and down his entrance his pussy parted for his finger and he slipped in, landing on his dew. He shivered and sighed, "Fuck me."

He added a second finger and stroked his pussy, spreading his dew up and down his entrance, sinking in deeper to land on his slick lips. Palm resting on his mound, he circled his clit. It was so sensitive, sending pulsing vibrations through him. He squeezed his tit in the rhythm and closed his eyes, mouth dropping open as he enjoyed the physical sensations of touching Julia's body with her own hands.

Charlie stroked his clit faster and spread his legs wide. There was an aching emptiness inside him and he dragged his fingers down, found his tight entrance, and pushed a finger inside. He moaned as he followed his canal up as far as he could, his hand resting on his groin. It was so wonderful feeling Julia inside and out, feeling her slick pussy stretched around him even as he felt the warmth surrounding him.

He bit his lower lip and moaned again. The heat burning him brought with it a tension. His body wound up with each stroke, ready to be released. He gripped his tit tighter, twisting the nipple, making bright sparks of pain join the pleasure in his core. Stroking, pinching, fingering, he worked Julia's body up. He moved faster, the slick sounds of his pussy now reaching his ears as he shoved his finger as deep inside himself as he could, spreading his legs wide, trying to reach that inner itch. Faster, harder, his cries rose in pitch as his tension crested and then broke over him.

His legs snapped together and he threw his head back into the pillow, moaning long and low as his body shook with ecstasy and relief. Pleasure flooded him, filling him from head to toe. He shook with delight until the pleasure began ebbing, dropping him back down until he was warm and relaxed.

“Goddamn,” he sighed in Julia’s voice.

He slid his finger out of his pussy and brought it to his lips. The bright musk of Julia’s pussy filled his nostrils and he slipped a finger into his mouth to taste himself. The Julia part of his mind recoiled but Charlie delighted in the scent, the taste. This was his pussy now. Gradually, the Julia part relented, overcome by Charlie’s command until she, too, relished the delicious scent of her own cunt.

Charlie passed the rest of that Sunday by himself. He got texts from his other body. Pictures of the wedding breakfast and the other attendees. A photo of Molly and Allison kissing. Charlie was slightly disappointed that he missed the rest of the festivities, but he comforted himself in Julia’s body, treating himself to a nice lunch at her favorite café, and then several nice orgasms back in her bedroom. She had no roommate so he could walk around naked, just enjoying the sight of his new body in the reflection of every mirror he passed. He absently fondled himself on the couch as he watched videos on his laptop, until the absent fondling made him warm and wet and he found himself throwing a leg over the back of the couch to finger himself to orgasm again. It was a wonderful lazy Sunday.

Julia was a programmer at a video game company called Chariot Games, so Charlie found himself working as a programmer at their office. Like when he was Paige, the knowledge of programming was just there. Charlie knew what he

was doing, the status of his current project, the deadlines, his coworkers, the office layout, who had a crush on him, who was a jerk. Julia's knowledge slotted into his mind.

Charlie's knowledge from Paige's life, of being a nurse, was gone. He remembered what he'd done in the same way that he remembered what he'd eaten for breakfast the day before in that the experience was there. But the knowledge underpinning it was gone. He couldn't remember the names of the medicines, or the various Latin names for ailments. He remembered meeting the regular patients but lacked Paige's encyclopedic knowledge of their history. He only knew what he'd experienced directly, but the specific details were hazy. Like he'd just been reciting a script but had now forgotten the lines.

Julia's knowledge replaced Paige's. Charlie was a mix of himself and Julia, rather than being a mix of all three of them. Four if he counted Molly, though he hadn't stayed long in her body. Even though he was still in her body. Or a copy of his mind was, anyway. It was all so confusing.

For a little while, Charlie lived Julia's life as a programmer. Went to work. Hung out with her friends. Came home. Ate dinner. Masturbated. Julia wasn't seeing anyone at the moment so Charlie bought some sex toys to help himself out and thoroughly explored her body. More explorations than Julia had ever done. He tried touching himself in various ways and various places until he found what turned her on the quickest.

Julia was one of the few women in the male-dominated office. Charlie knew that some of his coworkers lusted after him. He was the hot girl gamer. Their attractions weren't overt and he could ignore them, but they were there. The way they were so eager to stop by his desk, or send him some link to something they found on the web, or to gather around 'casually' in the lunch room when he was around. He got a little thrill thinking about what he could do in Julia's body. If he wanted he could ruin her life, send them all nudes, take them all one at a time or,

hell, together. He was sure some of Julia's more misogynistic coworkers would love to see her at the bottom of a gangbang. The thought made him hot as hell and sent him fleeing into the showers at work to touch himself and relieve the pressure. He wouldn't do it. He liked Julia. Didn't want to change her too much and certainly not turn her into the office slut and probably ruin her career. Did he? No. Surely it was just hot as hell to imagine.

That weekend was his first time meeting up with his former bodies in person, and the first time Julia met Jasmine. It was a movie in the park, and Charlie arrived early with a picnic blanket and some cheese and crackers. The other Charlie and the two Devins showed up soon after. Devin-in-Paige and Devin-in-Allison greeted him with hugs. Charlie-in-Molly looked him up and down with a crooked grin. Charlie returned the crooked grin.

"Have a good week?" The two Devins asked each other at the same time, and then broke into laughter.

"It's been really good," Charlie told Other Charlie. "But you know what would be hotter than having Julia alone?"

"Having Julia with Molly?" Other Charlie grinned.

"Come on guys," Paige broke in. "We need to work on getting me into Jasmine."

"Right, right," Charlie said. "But there's plenty of time. Do you have a plan?"

“Just wait for an opportunity to see her phone passcode,” Devin-in-Allison said. “I’ve been trying to hang out with her more but it’s difficult with my job.”

“And your new husband,” Devin-in-Paige poked him.

“Yeah,” Devin-in-Allison blushed. “One’s enough for Allison.”

“What’s that mean?” Charlie asked.

Other Devin answered for her. “Molly and Tony and I have been fucking. One threesome wasn’t enough.”

“Lucky,” Charlie said. “Julia’s not seeing anyone so I have to satisfy myself.”

Devin-in-Paige gave him a sly look. “Maybe we can fix that.”

Jasmine arrived then before Charlie could question his friend further.

“Hey, y’all!” She said, a cute grin stretched across her face.

The pairs of Devin and Other Charlie gave her excited welcomes and introduced her to Julia. A smile spread across Charlie’s lips as he introduced himself and pretended not to know her. It felt almost like he was playing a prank on her.

After all, he'd known her for so long and now he had to feign ignorance.

The four of them positioned themselves so that Jasmine was in the middle of the picnic blanket and they surrounded her. She set her purse down and pulled a bottle of wine from the grocery bag she'd brought. They all opened their food and chatted as they waited for the movie began, but they were really waiting for an opportunity for Jasmine to open her phone. The few times she did it was by unlocking it with her face, but that wouldn't work for Devin until he had her face. Jasmine's phone had a pink case bedazzled by sparkles, so it wasn't as though they could just swap phones with someone else.

Devin was almost embarrassing in his desire for Jasmine. The only thing that helped was that he was in the bodies of her friends. Otherwise, his staring and laughing and subtle touching may have come off as creepy. As it was, Jasmine seemed to be enjoying herself. Afterwards the Devins and Devins would collaborate on a group message thread but none had seen her use her password.

After the movie, they filed out of the park and walked to their cars. Charlie walked next to Jasmine, pretending his car was in the same direction as hers. As they passed an alley Charlie caught a terrific stink of piss and body odor. Two homeless men lay in the alley, a bottle of beer in their hands. They grinned gap-toothed grins at Jasmine, who wrinkled her nose and sped up to pass them.

"I feel sorry for them, but do they not smell themselves?" She asked Charlie.
"Surely there's a shower somewhere they can use."

"Maybe after long enough on the street you just don't care."

“I guess. Though I couldn’t imagine not being able to take two showers a day.”

“You take two showers a day?”

“Yeah?” Jasmine challenged. “Once in the morning before work and another at night before bed.”

Charlie briefly imagined how Jasmine would react if he took her body and made her fellate those two homeless men. The disgust would be overwhelming. The pleasure at her disgust even more so. It would, Charlie considered, be the same with Molly. Seeing herself naked and dirty and degraded would be hot as hell. Just the thought made his insides warm and he went home right away to touch himself to thoughts of the two women rolling in the muck of the alley, growing filthy as they fucked.

Other Charlie and the two Devins tried to glimpse Jasmine’s phone again later in the week when they all went out to a bar. Charlie-in-Julia tagged along to get to know Jasmine better and try to insert himself into her friend group. His knowledge of her helped, as he could pretend to like the same things she liked and dropped references to movies and unusual facts that he knew she would appreciate. They even traded phone numbers and the whole group watched as Jasmine went to open her phone, only for her to use her face to do so. Still no idea of her passcode.

It was an enjoyable evening, even though the two Devins had to do a lot of work to keep the two Devins from fawning too much over Jasmine. They didn’t want any more embarrassing episodes or pissed pants. Charlie watched Jasmine closely, trying to figure out if she was getting annoyed at the way her sister kept finding excuses to touch her.

When Jasmine left, the rest of the group also broke up, saying goodbyes and hugging out on the streets. Charlie turned to walk back to his car and a few seconds later heard someone's light footsteps hurriedly following him. He turned to see Devin-in-Paige behind him.

"What's up?" Charlie asked, tucking a loose lock of Julia's black hair behind an ear.

"Do you have any plans for the rest of the evening?"

"Just gonna masturbate and go to bed," Charlie said, enjoying the slight rush of shock he felt from Julia's mind.

"I can do you one better. Why don't you come back to my place? Tony's really into threesomes with me and Molly. It's become a big part of our love life. I thought I could introduce another playmate."

"How can I say no to that?" Charlie grinned.

3

It gave Charlie-in-Julia a weird kind of déjà vu to step into Paige's place in another person's body. He knew it so intimately, having lived Paige's life for a month. But it was all new to Julia. Still, Julia was outgoing and vivacious, so it didn't bother her.

Tony was lying on the couch reading a book when Devin-in-Paige came in with Charlie. Devin skipped to the couch and threw herself into Tony's arms, kissing his forehead over and over until he laughingly told her to stop. He sat up and looked up at Julia, a cautious smile on his handsome face.

"This is Julia," Devin said. "Julia, this is Tony."

Charlie curtsied grandly. "A pleasure," he said, teasingly.

Devin turned to Tony and entwined their fingers. "Julia heard about the fun we had with Molly. She wants to join."

"Oh yeah?" Tony asked, his eyes lighting up.

"I'll warm us up," Devin said, standing and slinking towards Charlie. "You watch and get yourself good and hard."

Devin slipped his arms around Charlie's waist and kissed him. Paige's lips were soft, his breath warm and tinged with the hint of sweet vermouth from the bar. The Julia part of Charlie was surprised. But she'd always been open to new experiences. So when Charlie swept Paige into his arms, both parts of his mind were aligned with expectation.

Charlie slid his hands around Paige's small stature. Strange and wonderful to be feeling her once again. He'd been so intimate with her body and was now feeling it from outside, but the way she loved to be touched was embedded in Charlie's memory. He pulled her close and they made out, opening his mouth to welcome in her tongue, inhaling the scent of her as they explored each other's bodies.

Charlie's hands slipped beneath Paige's top, found the soft warmth of her belly and slid up to her shoulders before gently raking his fingernails down her back. Devin shivered and giggled, melting into him. Charlie pulled Devin's black top off. Devin raised his arms to help, pulling his lips away long enough to get the fabric off his head and sweep back his hair before kissing Charlie once again. Then he helped Charlie out of his top and they both helped each other out of their bras.

Charlie shrugged Paige's black bra to the floor and took Devin's tits gently in his hands. Charlie's tan nipples were already erect with desire, matching Paige. Charlie gently guided Paige's breasts up against his own, rubbing their sensitive nipples together, teasing their bodies into a deep anxious warmth. Charlie's eyes locked on Paige's tits as demand rose within him until he was forced to bend down and suck on a ripe breast. Devin moaned as Charlie gently nibbled his breast, tongue flicking out to tease the nipple before kissing his way around the light circumference.

Paige's hands gently stroked Charlie's own tits, tweaking the nipples, making the

warmth spike through Charlie's body. He luxuriated in looking out through Julia's eyes and seeing her soft body below him pressed against her friend. His hand slid down the back of her pants and squeezed her ass while he continued sucking on her nipple. Devin threw his head back and sighed as Charlie feasted on his body.

From the couch, Tony growled, "Come over here."

Charlie opened his eyes. Tony was naked, stroking his rock hard cock as he watched his new wife make out with another of her friends. Charlie and Devin knelt on the floor on either side of Tony. Charlie wrapped his fingers around Tony's member, enjoying the hard warmth of his flesh as he stroked gently, watching the head pull down slightly. He rested his head on Tony's thigh, his eyes so close to Tony's cock it was his whole world. Devin rested on the other thigh, his eyes wide with want. He stroked Tony's balls, Paige's little fingers curling all around.

Charlie licked Tony's cock first, sticking out his tongue and tracing the delicious veiny shaft all the way up to the head, then back down. Devin joined him on the other side, Tony's erection sandwiched between their slick warm tongues as they licked up and down. Charlie had to let go of Tony's dick and the two possessed women continued sucking together while Charlie reached over for Paige's breasts. He fondled them while they kissed Tony's cock and each other, coating Tony's dick in their slick saliva. Their tongues met often and each lick sent delicious shivers through Charlie.

Tony sighed above them, a drop of precum appearing on the head of his dick. Charlie licked it off, savoring the tangy taste. He missed this. Missed Tony. Missed Tony's cock.

Charlie opened his mouth wide and swallowed Tony's dick, dragging his lips down the shaft, filling Julia's mouth with cock. He swirled his head, tracing the shaft up and down with his tongue, sucking hard, remembering how Tony liked it.

Devin gently suckled Tony's balls, Paige's tongue working his scrotum while her probing fingers gently slid back around to tease Tony's taint.

Charlie's mouth was so full of dick and he gorged himself on Tony's cock, lips wrapped around the shaft, tongue gliding against each inch. Tony moaned above him and his desire rippled through Charlie's body. Charlie tossed off his pants and threw a leg over Tony's lap. He tossed his head to flick the hair off his eyes and rested his hands on Tony's shoulders while he lowered himself onto Tony's dick. He felt Devin guiding Tony's cock up against his slick entrance.

Tony and Charlie gazed down at Julia's body, watching as Tony's cock parted her pussy. Charlie felt him slide inside, felt the resistance of Julia's entrance, and then he lowered himself quickly. The cock filled him, sliding up through his slick hole. Charlie moaned as he was filled, grinding himself lower to make the head of Tony's dick hit the dimpled nub of his innermost pleasure.

Tony reached up for Charlie's tits, squeezing Charlie's soft flesh as Charlie caressed himself, tracing Julia's sweet body, enjoying the sight and the sound of her as he made her rock on Tony's cock. Charlie sighed softly, fingers caressing the curve of Julia's ass and then sliding around up to join Tony's hands on her tits.

Devin knelt between them and dipped his head to Tony's groin. As Charlie rocked on Tony's cock, Devin licked Charlie's budded clit. The added pressure made Charlie sigh. He felt so incredibly full, and the throbbing of his clit met the

aching within his cunt. His sighs rose, grew to cries. He rocked faster, voice rising in pitch. Tony leaned up and sucked on one of Charlie's tits, kissing back and forth across his chest, greedy for Charlie's body in a way that made Charlie feel even more delightfully wanted. The pressure spiked within him and he came, shuddering as he squeezed a breast. His body shook with delight, cunt clenching around the cock inside him as he grinded down, desperate to drive Tony's cock deep, deep into his pussy.

As Charlie recovered, Devin sat up and pulled him in for a deep kiss. When he pulled away, Devin moaned, "My pussy is so wet for you."

Charlie shivered again and grinned. Paige helped Tony shift around on the couch, his cock still lodged deep in Charlie's cunt, until Tony was lying down. Devin threw a leg over his head and straddled his face while facing Charlie. Tony gripped Devin's thighs and Devin bit his plump lower lip as Tony began eating Devin out, tongue circling Paige's delicious pink folds. Charlie resumed rocking on Tony's incredible cock. The heat spiked back up within him quickly and he pulled Devin in for a kiss.

The two women made out with each other, stroking each other's tits, caressing each other's soft bodies while Tony thrust up towards Charlie and continued licking his wife's dripping cunt. Soft sighs escaped Charlie's lips as the heat rose again. His hands grew greedier for Paige's body, tweaking her sensitive nipples, squeezing her delectable tits. Devin did the same and Charlie's body burned with his touch. Their moans grew together as they continued rocking on Tony, Charlie gliding his slick pussy up and down Tony's shaft, filling and emptying his body, moving faster, more desperate, along with Paige on Tony's face until they cried out together.

The heat exploded through Charlie's body and he came, pressing his mouth to Paige's, his entire body shivering with ecstasy that radiated out from his core. Within him, he felt Tony's cock throb, felt warm spurts of heat fill him as Tony

came. Devin shivered and dragged his pussy across Tony's tongue, caught up in their shared orgasm. Their cries filled the room as Tony pumped Charlie full of cum, Charlie's body roaring with a crescendo of pleasure that only slowly released him.

They climbed off Tony and lay on the couch together, limbs entangled, all of them sated. Charlie sank through Julia's thoughts, from confusion to embarrassment to delight. She would definitely be joining in more of these threesomes. Especially while Charlie was inside.

4

The month passed in a blur of work and hangouts with Jasmine and sex in a dizzying array of combinations with his other body and the two Devins. Sex with Molly was incredible. A copy of Charlie's mind in her willowy body. They knew exactly what the other wanted. Exactly what would turn them on. It was like making love to himself so there was no fumbling embarrassment, no excuses for their kinks. Just unabashed debauchery.

The Devins in Julia and Molly experimented with food and filth, covering each other with anything they found in the fridge before falling to the floor and fucking in the melting ice cream and spaghetti. They would go out in public and piss their pants, jeans soaking wet as people pointed and laughed. The burning embarrassment from their female minds turned them on and they barely got back home before they were on each other, fingering and licking and sucking into tremendous orgasms.

Charlie noticed that Devin was dressing Paige and Allison a little sluttier. The clothes a little tighter. A little smaller. More skin on display. In public they would drape themselves on each other. Touch and kiss each other like lovers. It felt hypocritical to say anything, though, with everything that Charlie was doing with his bodies. In a way, the fact that the women would accept it as part of their new personalities when the guys left made it acceptable. They weren't forcing them to do anything they didn't want to do. They were just expanding their minds.

Charlie wanted to stay near Jasmine on his next possession. He could control two people now and wanted to be inside Molly. He knew that there was a Charlie inside Molly, technically, but his current mind in Julia didn't have access to that

experience. So Charlie chose Molly for his first slot and Allison for his second slot. He didn't know what would happen to Devin's mind, whether it would get kicked out or whether there would be two people inside. But Devin had made Allison look so damn sexy this month that Charlie couldn't resist. Devin was happy with that, as long as Devin got to be Jasmine somehow.

It was during a game night at Jasmine's place that Charlie-in-Julia finally saw her phone passcode. Jasmine was into unusual board games, and had found a new one she wanted to try out with her friends. Something about having to escape a haunted house. Julia, Paige and Molly had all accepted the invite and sat scattered around the low coffee table. Charlie almost missed Jasmine typing, too busy pouring through the directions as he sat next to her on the couch.

"Julia!" Devin-in-Allison said from his position on the floor.

Charlie looked up and Devin nodded to Jasmine, who had her phone in her hand. Charlie looked over just in time to see her tapping in the numbers, almost too quick for him. He repeated the numbers to himself until he could record them in his own phone.

Jasmine set her phone down on the coffee table and Charlie kept an eye on it. The others kept her distracted with questions as Charlie dealt out cards, carefully covering Jasmine's phone. She didn't notice, and when it was completely hidden, Charlie asked for another drink.

"Sure!" Jasmine chirped, jumping up and heading to the kitchen.

Charlie snapped up her phone and typed in the code. It worked! He had access to

everything. Charlie locked it again and set it back down on the table just as Jasmine poked her head back into the room.

“Did I leave my phone—oh, there it is,” Jasmine said, snatching her phone off the table.

She disappeared back into the kitchen and Devin turned to Charlie. “It work?”

“Yes!”

They were giddy with excitement. Charlie texted her code around so that they all knew it. Now they just needed an opportunity to get her phone without her knowing. The two Devins were so excited they could hardly concentrate, and the two Devins had to calm them down so they wouldn’t do anything that would tip off Jasmine that someone had access to her account. Jasmine kept her phone with her the rest of the night, leaving them with no opportunities to unblock their accounts without her knowledge.

They all agreed to meet up for breakfast this coming weekend. Devin-in-Allison begged Jasmine to come until she agreed. It would be cutting it close, as it was also the day their Instaswap time ran out. They would have to either get Jasmine’s phone and unblock them before setting up the switch on the Instaswap app, or Devin would have to wait another month in other bodies.

The café was loud and busy. Waiters snaked their way through the crowded tables and the buzz of conversation filled the sunny outdoor courtyard where they all sat. Charlie-in-Julia and Devin-in-Allison sat either side of Jasmine in the booth. She tucked her purse between herself and Charlie.

Devin-in-Allison put her hand on Jasmine's wrist and pointed to a table on the other side of the room. "Isn't that your ex-boyfriend, Mark?"

"Oh god, where?" Jasmine asked straining to look around.

Devin-in-Paige, who sat across from Charlie, pointedly nodded towards Jasmine's purse. While Other Devin distracted Jasmine, Charlie slipped Julia's hand into Jasmine's purse and felt around for her phone, digging through the various credit cards and change and other detritus until he found it. He pulled it out and held it hidden beneath the table as Jasmine gave up looking.

"No, I don't think that's him. What's everyone getting?" Jasmine asked.

Charlie's palms were sweating. His heart pounding in his chest. If Jasmine looked for her phone now and didn't find it what would happen? Charlie leaned forward and, beneath the table, tapped Paige's knee with the phone. Paige glanced at him, then he felt her take the phone from him. As Charlie distracted Jasmine by telling her how incredible the pancakes were, Devin-in-Paige kept the phone hidden below the tabletop and out of sight of Jasmine as he tapped it unlocked.

Charlie kept glancing over at him. Devin still had his eyes down, searching through Jasmine's phone. How long would this take? Now Charlie-in-Molly – seated next to Paige – was looking down at what Devin was doing.

"What are you two looking at?" Jasmine asked, the corner of her lips quirked in

a smile.

“Oh, uh...” Devin stammered, looking guilty as hell. He chewed on the inside of his cheek, still scrolling through her phone.

Jasmine leaned over the table. Devin jumped guiltily, tilting the phone accidentally so that Jasmine’s distinctive pink and sparkly case was visible.

“Is that my phone?” Jasmine asked. She turned and dug through her purse, then turned back to Devin. “What are you doing with my phone?” Her brow furrowed in confusion.

“I did it. Go!” Devin-in-Paige said to Devin-in-Allison.

“Why do you have my phone?” Jasmine repeated, her confusion turning to anger. “What are you doing?”

She reached over to snatch it back. Charlie went to stop her but just then his time in Julia ended and the world flipped as he was transferred into Molly’s body. Now he sat across from himself, staring at the body of Julia which he’d just spent a month in. The vertigo was dizzying and he clenched his eyes shut as the world spun.

Jasmine grabbed for the phone in Paige’s hand. Charlie cracked open his eyes to see their brief tug-of-war. Next to Jasmine, Allison sat looking slightly bewildered. Thanks to the most recent swap, the Charlie that had been inside

Molly was now inside Allison, leaving Julia back as herself.

Charlie-in-Allison glanced down at his phone just as Jasmine managed to pull her own phone free. “What did you do?” Jasmine glowered at Paige, sliding open her phone.

“Devin, you’ve got a free slot. Use it now,” Allison urged, looking over at the last remaining Devin, in Paige.

Jasmine turned to Allison, “What? Like, is everyone just talking crazy?”

Devin-in-Paige frantically pulled out Paige’s phone and logged into the Instaswap app just as Jasmine saw that she had unblocked and followed Charlie and Devin. Her finger hovered over the block button again and then she froze, a blank look crossing her face briefly before she looked down at herself and smiled, reaching up to squeeze a breast briefly.

“Oh my god,” Jasmine’s voice trembled. “I can’t believe we did it.”

“Did what?” Julia asked, looking around the table at the other four women.

Charlie was now inside Molly and Allison, and Devin inside Jasmine and Paige, leaving Julia to herself. Allison glanced at her phone, smiled and tapped some buttons. A second later, Julia blinked rapidly and then looked at herself.

“What happened?” Charlie-in-Molly asked.

“We unlocked level four,” Charlie-in-Allison grinned. “We can now possess three people at once.” She circled her finger in the air, indicating herself, Julia and Molly.

“Oh my god,” Devin-in-Jasmine murmured again, holding up his fingers and wiggling them, delighting in finally being inside Jasmine’s adorable body.

Charlie pushed the glasses up Molly’s broad nose. He sat back in the booth and took stock of his new body. Last time he’d only been in Molly for a few hours. This time, he would stay for the entire month and explore everything about Molly’s slender body.

The food came and they all talk in, the swapped guys all speaking excitedly about their new bodies.

“What do we do with them?” Devin-in-Jasmine asked as he filled his mouth with pancakes.

Charlie-in-Molly daintily scooped some eggs onto his fork and nibbled. Molly was proper, no-nonsense, and she liked to keep a clean house. In her mind, etiquette was important, as was maintaining a sense of decorum. Sex outside of a marriage was scary. Sex outside of even a relationship was unthinkable. Charlie felt a rush of blood to the head as he imagined defiling her.

“I’ve got an idea,” Charlie grinned.

The music from the frat house could be heard a block away. Molly, Jasmine, Allison, Julia and Paige sashayed up the steps and into the front door. The sweltering heat from all the bodies pressed together washed over them as they took everything in. Charlie-in-Molly headed straight for the stairs. Molly hated the noise, the booze, the excess of the overstimulated frat bros filling the space and leering at her as she passed. Her disgust grew with each step, which also grew Charlie’s excitement.

A solid-looking guy in a tank top met them halfway down the steps and stopped them.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Only brothers and their guests allowed up here,” Tank Top said.

“Well we’re ready to fuck so I hope you can find some brothers to escort us.”

He paused for a split second than grinned like he’d just won the lottery. “Back in a second.”

They went upstairs while he sprinted down to collect some friends. In minutes, the five women were joined by Tank Top and four of his friends who tried to split them up into separate rooms but Charlie-in-Jasmine stopped them.

“No. I want to watch my friends get fucked.”

They piled into one large bedroom that held two bunk beds on either side. As Charlie-in-Allison started recording on his phone, Charlie-in-Jasmine began unbuttoning his top. Tank Top’s eyes opened wide and he surged forward. Charlie spread Molly’s top and traced a finger down Molly’s cleavage and across her bra. Tank Top kissed him. His kiss was sloppy and reeked of booze. It made Molly shudder in revulsion. God, it was hot feeling her disgust. It made Charlie so wet knowing that this was completely against Molly’s nature.

They continued making out, Charlie running Molly’s tongue into the man’s mouth acting desperately horny, already moaning as his hands squeezed Tank Top’s ass. Tank Top squeezed Charlie’s tits suddenly. Charlie sighed into Tank Top’s mouth and ran his hands through the shock of blonde.

Around the room, the others had started making out with whichever guy wanted them. Allison was already on her knees sucking a big black cock, the phone up at her face to record every motion. Another guy had plunged his hand down Julia’s pants and was fingering her as she sighed into his mouth. Jasmine had tossed off her top to let her man suck on her delicious tits.

Now Tank Top pawed at Charlie, struggling to unclasp the bra. Charlie reached around and did it for him, letting his tits spill down into the young man’s eager fingers. He wasn’t delicate. Didn’t care about what it felt like to Charlie-in-Molly. He just wanted to squeeze some tits and Molly happened to be there. Being treated like a sex object lit the fire between Charlie’s thighs.

He grinded against the Tank Top, felt his cock leap to attention beneath his pants. Charlie moaned again as his body convulsed with Molly’s absolute disgust. Someone else came up behind Charlie and kissed his neck. Someone

who'd snuck in? Someone who wanted to switch partners? Charlie didn't care. He would take them both. He sighed and rolled his head to one side, Molly's soft bleached blonde hair falling down his shoulder in waves. The men groped him, hands roaming across his body as he grew warmer, fingers exploring his cracks and cervixes.

They helped him out of his clothes and he stood naked between them. The man behind him traced his curves, following down to his buttocks, sliding fingers in between his legs to dance across Molly's wet entrance and tease his puckered asshole, mumbling something indistinct the whole time. The sighs from the other women around the room were so tantalizing. They made Charlie's body warm and flustered.

The two guys pushed Charlie onto the filthy carpet. His blonde hair splayed out around him, splashing into a puddle of beer from a spilled bottle. He spread his legs, Molly's pale body spread out beneath him. Her pussy was completely waxed and her pink lips were slick and ready. The two frat boys to pull down their pants, huge grins on their greedy faces. Tank Top sank to his knees between Charlie's legs and gripped Charlie's thighs, yanking him closer to the bulbous head of his cock. The other knelt on the carpet beside Charlie's head, grabbed a handful of his hair and forced Charlie's head towards his cock, which was rock hard and straining towards Charlie's lips.

Tank Top slid into Molly's tight wet hole suddenly, impaling Charlie forcefully and sending a shuddering groan through him. God, the cock filled up his tight cunt so incredibly. As his lips parted to groan, the other man stuffed his cock inside Charlie's mouth. Charlie sucked gratefully, tongue gliding across the underside of the shaft, heady musk overpowering him. Molly's visceral disgust made him shiver, made his cunt throb around the hot cock inside him as the man plunged deeper into his slick folds, fucking Molly with no condom.

They fucked him like this, filling his pussy and his mouth. The man at his head

grabbed Molly's hair and pulled his mouth down, down his shaft. Charlie felt the soggy wetness of his dirty hair in the man's hand, felt the stale beer glide down his back. He sucked the frat bro's dick, Molly's body growing wetter, hotter, Charlie's pleasure doubled at the sight of chaste, clean Molly getting fucked in a filthy frat house by two uncaring bros.

The man inside Charlie's pussy came suddenly, gripping Charlie's thighs and thrusting deep, deep. He groaned and seemed to cum forever, all his pent up lust throbbing out, spurts of his hot seed filling Molly's slick cunt. The man gripping Charlie's head moved faster, grunting as he dragged Charlie's lips up and down his thick, dirty cock, using Molly as his fucktoy until he, too, came. Charlie swallowed the tangy seed, letting some drip down his chin as he gazed up gratefully at the man above him.

It was a start, but Molly's body needed more. The disgust simmered inside him, growing higher, building on the pleasure within him as he wiggled on the damp carpet. Jasmine was still being pounded, her tiny cries growing higher in pitch as someone filled her from behind. Allison's face was being coated with sticky seed while she continued filming. Julia was on the top bunk, legs spread, a stranger between her legs eagerly partaking in her pussy. Paige was taking a thick cock in her tight ass, her face screwed up in pleasure and pain, head jammed into the carpet as the man behind her yowled and filled her with his cum.

When the guys finished they seemed at a loss. But the night was young and Charlie's body was horny.

"Got any friends that could use a good fucking?" Charlie asked, the heat inside him throbbing as he heard Molly begging to be fucked.

The frat guys did, indeed, have friends. Word soon spread of the services Molly,

Jasmine, Allison, Julia and Paige were offering and there was a line out the door and a scrum of men surrounding each of them. Charlie was in the middle of four handsy dudes as they stroked him, touched him, kissed him. He used Molly's hand to reach for cocks, sucking on anything thrust towards him while others plunged into his wet pussy as he knelt on the carpet, sucking and fucking anyone he could reach. He quickly grew filthy with cum. It squished out of his pussy and streamed down his thighs as he spread his legs on the grimy carpet, taking whatever cock was offered to him.

The women spent a wild night of debauchery at the frat party while Allison filmed as much as she could. Men came on Charlie's face, his chest, his ass. He crawled on top of Jasmine, licking cum out of her pussy as she roiled and moaned beneath him, men caressing her tits while another one gripped Charlie's ass and fucked him from behind.

They swapped around, licking and kissing and sucking each other with little care for their bodies. The more disgusting Charlie became the more thunderous his orgasms. He was drenched in filth. His knees dirty and scraped. Cum ran down his chest. Beer was poured over him to loud cheers. And still they kept fucking him. All he had to do was keep Molly's legs spread and the frat dudes went crazy for her pussy, pounding him as if they'd never had sex before. He was filled again and again, moaning and grabbing himself, howling in ecstasy with each orgasm as the cocks thundered through him. The others were just as filthy, just as horny, and by the end of the night they'd filled every hole with cock many times over, and satisfied everyone in the party.

Their clothes were wrecked, their hair wet and ruined, makeup a mess, bodies sticky with cum, pussies aching from so much cock.

But they were satisfied as they piled into Allison's car and she drove them home. They had their dream bodies. They could do whatever they wanted with them. They would enjoy these new lives, realizing now they could stay in them as long

as they liked. The women would never have them back. So they didn't feel so bad doing whatever – and whoever – they wanted.

And the next month they could do it all again.

#

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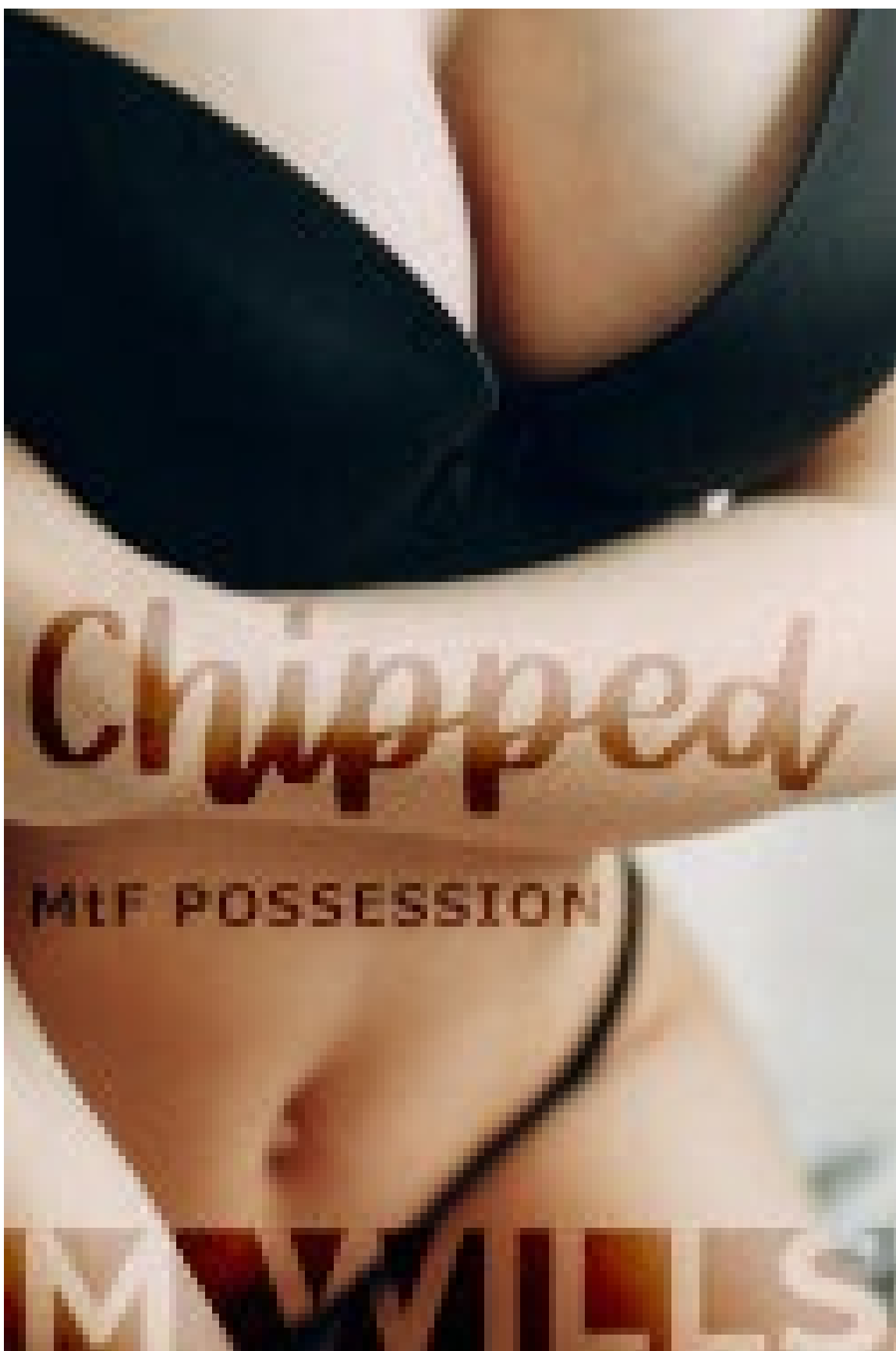
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A company executive tries out a prototype memory-sharing device with his two secretaries, knowing that a glitch will result in his single consciousness controlling all three at once. Seeing what they see. Feeling what they feel. And enjoying every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

QUICKIES

Payback

CHAPTER 7

MLF TRANSFORMATION

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 in a large, white, serif font. Below it, the text "Mtf POSSESSION" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom, the word "MILK" is written in a large, white, serif font, with the letters "M", "V", "I", and "L" being significantly larger than the "K".

EATING *Out*

Mtf POSSESSION

MILK

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