

**MtF BODY POSSESSION**

**JUST**  
*Relaxing*

**MOVIES**

**MtF BODY POSSESSION**

**JUST**  
*Relaxing*

**MILK**

**Just Relaxing**

***MtF Body Possession***

**by M. Wills**

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# Table of Contents

[Just Relaxing](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## Just Relaxing

As ever, when my phone rang and showed Lindsey's name my heart leapt into my stomach. I hurried out of my cubicle and into the small courtyard at the center of the office building, where I thumbed open the call.

"Hey, Lindsey," I said, affecting cheery nonchalance. "Middle of the day phone call? You must really miss me."

"I just needed to hear your voice," she laughed.

Lindsey and I had a pretend-but-not-really way of flirting with each other. We had a pretty long and occasionally steamy chat history that I doubted she'd showed to her husband. It's hard to read ironic detachment through texts but, from my end at least, there wasn't that much ironic detachment anyway.

"Is this what you're missing?" I asked, lowering my voice in my best Barry White impression.

"Oh, yeah, that's what does it for me. Bad impressions of old soul singers. More! More!" I could hear the smile in her voice and when I closed my eyes I could picture her face. The bridge of her nose slightly wrinkled in laughter, the merry crinkle of her sky blue eyes, the way she ran her hands through her silky blonde hair as she spoke with me.

One of my coworkers came out to the courtyard for a smoke and I moved to the far corner away from him, ashamed to be heard flirting with someone else's wife.

"So what's up?" I asked.

"I just got booked to present at a conference in San Diego and wanted to see if you were around so we could catch up. It's been a while."

"That would be awesome," I said, attempting to somewhat tamp down the enthusiasm I felt at the idea.

Thanks to Covid, it had been more than a year since I'd last seen Lindsey in person. We regularly called and texted and commented on each other's various social media feeds. Again in that pretend-but-not-really way of flirting. But I missed the touch of her, the scent of her, the physical presence that can't be recreated online.

She told me the dates she'd be coming and I assured her I'd take the day off so we could hang out.

"Do you need a pick up from the airport?" I volunteered.

"Unless we want a repeat of that last airport experience I think I better just catch

an Uber and we can get caught up after I check in to my hotel.”

She said it in a way that could be either snarky or genuine and I paused.

Oh, yes. Our last airport experience.

I did want that but I couldn't admit it. And I think she wanted it too. After our minds had merged last visit, I could guess a lot of the things she might be thinking.

Last time she came to visit I was tormented with regret and tortured myself with 'what-ifs': What if I'd admitted I loved her back in college? What if our first kiss hadn't been interrupted? What if she hadn't moved away to go to her dream job?

The only way to quiet those fears was to use my power as a bodyhopper to take over her body and tease those answers directly from her mind. After all, asking her straight up would just be too embarrassing. So I hopped into her body and lived as her for the weekend, visiting her friends, going shopping, flirting with her husband. I didn't know whether I loved being Lindsey or being with Lindsey more. I interrogated her mind while I was inside her, searching out her feelings for me and found that she only saw me as a friend. But something changed at the end of the trip when I pushed too far inside her mind and we somehow merged, sharing our thoughts and feelings.

When I hopped out of her she had no recollection of being possessed for the weekend, but my shard of desire for her had sheared off in her mind and she'd taken it as her own. She then felt the same desire for me, sharing my longing and



the closeness that we'd had. So much so that we'd made passionate love in the car at the airport when her flight was delayed. It wasn't like cheating for her then; it was like connecting two halves of herself.

I blushed and replied, "Yeah, probably right. It'll be great to see you anyway."

"You, too."

We exchanged a few more pleasantries, talking around our attraction, until she had to go. I hung up with a sigh.

I never wanted to be that guy. You know, the one who breaks up a happy marriage. Because I was sure Lindsey's marriage to Ben was happy. He was her guy. I'd seen that in her thoughts and, even worse, I felt the same way due to the merging of our minds. She would never go for an open relationship. Nor would Ben. So what was this thing that Lindsey and I had?

I returned to my cubicle and sat looking blankly at my computer screen for a few minutes, trying to transition my thoughts back to work. I'd just put in my vacation request when my phone dinged with a message from Lindsey. She was confirming the dates, the message ending with a Can't wait to see you!!

## 2

The hotel lobby was busy but I picked out Lindsey right away. She was sitting on one of the couches by the fireplace, one hand on her chin as she played with her phone. I made my way through the noisy lobby towards her, taking the opportunity to drink her in.

Her golden hair was up in a careful bun, a single lock gracefully arcing down one eye. Her face, even bored as she was, was mesmerizing. God, how I'd missed that beautiful profile, with the slight slip of her nose and the delicate fair features. She was dressed in casual jeans and a tee shirt, the taut curves of her body evident beneath the snug fabric.

She glanced up and saw me. Her face lit into a bright smile as she jumped to her feet, arms wide to embrace me.

"Hey!" She cried, wrapping her arms around me.

There had been an instant there where I was sure her lips were coming to mine, but at the last second she darted around to give me an air kiss. I hugged her tight, inhaling that fruity scent of perfume that I always associated with her.

When we finally pulled away I smiled. "You look great. How was the trip?"

“Well...good,” she said, rubbing her neck. “Until I got to the hotel.”

It was then that I noticed the suitcase and carry-on bag at the floor behind the couch she’d been lounging on.

“Oh?”

“There’s been some sort of mix-up. I don’t know if it was my work that didn’t book a room or what, but the hotel doesn’t have any record of me and they’re all full.”

“Oh, shit. Do you need me to take you to another hotel?”

“That’s the thing. There’s some sort of tech convention in town so everywhere around here is booked up. There’s a room down at the Travel Lodge—”

“Ugh. No. You don’t want to stay there unless you’re into drugs or murder.”

“I don’t even know what to do!” She says. “I’ve called around and my work can’t help me and—” She wiped her eyes, frustrated.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” I said, stroking her shoulder. “You can...stay with me.”

She looked up at me and I got lost in those beautiful blue eyes. “You think that’s a good idea?”

I could sense both the hope and fear in the tone of her voice.

“Absolutely,” I assured her. “You can stay in my spare room.”

“Is your girlfriend okay with that?”

“We broke up a few weeks ago.”

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t know.”

“Yeah,” I shrugged, “I didn’t want to talk about it.”

“Then we won’t.” She mimed zipping her lips closed. She unzipped them briefly to say, “And thank you.”

I helped wheel her suitcase out to my car while she told me about the conference.

“I’m actually doing a presentation on some of these new carbon negative technologies. You know, concrete that actually sucks carbon out of the air. Stuff

like that. And the obstacles to implementation. Just in one of the side rooms. Not the main speaker or anything.”

“Still, that’s great,” I said, adjusting her suitcase into the cramped trunk of my car. “You nervous?”

She shrugged and smiled shyly. “A little.”

“You’ll do fine. You always were great at speaking in front of crowds.”

We’d been messaging regularly on social media so there wasn’t much for us to catch up about. But as I drove her home we slipped easily back into our familiar routines. She cranked up the radio and we sang along to one of the songs from college, with all the words we’d made up for the mumbly chorus.

The wind whipped through her hair and she lay back in the seat. It was both wonderful and heartbreaking to see Lindsey more mature but still the beautiful, easygoing woman I fell in love with. I tried to distract myself by telling her about my work and asking about her life. But that nervous excitement inside me had grown. The desire to inhabit her body grew stronger the longer we were together. I knew I wouldn’t be able to resist. Not when she was close.

When we arrived at my place I insisted on wheeling her suitcase inside the elevator and up to my apartment. On opening the door I joked, “This is where the magic happens.”

If I'd have known she was coming over I would have made more of an effort to clean. Or, any effort, really. There were some dirty dishes still on the coffee table and I hadn't vacuumed in a while.

"Sorry, I wasn't expecting company," I admitted. "Come on, I'll show you where you're staying." As we proceeded down my hallway I told her, deadpan: "This is where the magic happens."

The same when I opened the door to the spare room. "And this...is where the magic happens."

I was rewarded with her gentle laughter. I left her with her suitcase and hurriedly cleaned up the living room and the bathroom as she got settled. When I'd gotten the place semi-presentable I showed her how to pull out the couch into a bed and grabbed some spare bedsheets from the closet. I left her to freshen up and went to sit on the couch, flipping through my phone as I waited.

A few minutes later she came walking down the hallway. Her hair was down, golden tresses falling to the middle of her back. For an instant, seeing her silhouetted in the hallway, I could imagine that we were together. That feeling of ease was reinforced when she plonked herself down right next to me on the couch, so close that our knees were touching.

"So, what's the plan?" She clapped her hands together.

"Don't you have to do a presentation?"

“Not until tomorrow afternoon,” she waved me away. “And tonight’s all the boring welcome stuff. I’d rather spend the time with you.” This last was emphasized by her gripping my arm and shaking me playfully.

“I haven’t really done up an itinerary but there’s usually a band playing at the bar down the street. I gotta warn you they sometimes have some really weird acts. One time they had a zydeco night.”

“Weird is good. I like weird. That’s why I hang out with you.” She briefly lay her head on my shoulder, and when she pulled away the fresh scent of her lingered in my nose.

So we hung out and we enjoyed each other’s company. Every time I thought about being inside her once again my heart started racing. She clung to me and I overanalyzed each move: Was she touching me on purposes trying to get a reaction? Or was it just the jostling of the crowd? What did she mean by that particular turn of phrase?

By the time we returned to my place later that night I was nearly bursting. I let her have the first shower and when she finished she knocked on my bedroom door. I opened it to find her wearing only a bath towel. It ended high up on her thighs and was tucked into itself against her breasts. Little drops of water still clung to her elegant neck and I desperately wanted to kiss them off her.

“All yours,” she said.

I took it as an invitation and the instant she turned I hopped her. My body dissolved into particles streaming through the air towards her. I felt the

nothingness between bodies, an infinite lightness of being. And then I was filling her. In less than a blink I was inside her body, looking out at the world from behind her eyes.

With our minds already half melded from my last possession it was easy to assume control of her body without her noticing. I didn't even need to send her mind to sleep because she thought that everything she was doing was of her own volition. My actions and desires substituted easily for her own, so when I went into my spare room and let the towel drop to the floor, she had no idea that I was in control of her. And when I looked down at my body and grew aroused at the sight of Lindsey's breasts hanging from her chest, she thought it was her own desire for herself.

God, she was beautiful. Her breasts perfectly teardrops ending in silver dollar-sized areolae. Small but perky. I'd missed being inside Lindsey. Missed her strength, her energy her...Lindsey-ness. She smelled heavenly, her tangerine body wash lingering in my nose.

I opened the closet to stare at myself on the mirror that hung from the closet door. Lindsey's reflection swung into view. Her body was still fit after all these years. Her long legs were divine, a pale latte color, smooth and firm from her daily runs. The muscles in her arms and legs appeared briefly as I shifted to admire myself. My eyes played down the light tuft of golden hair lining her pussy.

I turned and admired her profile. My god, her ass was incredible. Each butt cheek was taut and perfectly sculpted. I ran my fingers across Lindsey's ass, grazing her skin gently, before giving it a light smack. I giggled with delight as I watched the soft bounce of her ass in the mirror. Then I rested my hand on one butt cheek and squeezed gently. Mmm, wonderful. A flush of warmth crept through me as I touched my new body.



I turned back around, Lindsey's tits wobbling as I did so. My desire for Lindsey's body flared to life within me as I watched her move and felt the world from within her mind. Inside my mind Lindsey joined me in desire, slightly amused at how much she was lusting after herself. She didn't know why she was getting turned on by herself, but I wanted it so she wanted it.

I grabbed my tits and clutched them to my chest. They were as firm and bouncy as I remembered, and my fingers dimpled the skin lightly. I splayed my fingers around each tit, grabbing as much as I could, eager for myself. In the mirror, Lindsey's cheeks had grown pink and her mouth was half open in utter desire. I bit my plump lower lip as I continued playing with my breasts, feeling myself up, hungry for the form I now possessed.

Now my body was delightfully warm and growing moister by the second. I nodded at my reflection, licked my lips slowly, made little come hither faces and watching as I made Lindsey flirt with her own reflection. Seeing my desires play out across her features just made me hornier. I giggled lightly, a carefree, easy sound. Flirty and tempting. I squeezed my tits harder, the bridge of my delicate nose wrinkling as pleasure lit through me.

I sat down in front of the mirror, my knees bent in the air, legs spread so I could see the lips of my pussy. Grabbing my tits again, I jiggled them, cupping them gently and pushing them together to form massive cleavage. One hand roamed down my stomach, over my mound and followed the strip of pubic hair to my entrance. In her mind, I felt Lindsey wonder at how she'd gotten so horny so suddenly, and whether it was right to do this with me—the real me—in the other room. But I wanted to continue so she wanted to continue, and I dipped a finger inside myself for the first time in a year.

“Ooohh,” I sighed, feeling my pussy lips grip my finger lightly.

I landed on my dew and drew it up to the hood of my clit, rubbing gently in tight circles. Staring into the mirror, I watched my fingers circle over my beautiful pussy, watched the little pink lips slide apart and gazed into Lindsey's slick velvety folds. She'd never been so enamored with her pussy before but, thanks to my desire, she hungered for herself. Christ, it felt so good watching Lindsey finger herself, watching my digits disappear into her pussy, reappearing slick and wet while my pussy grew loose with desire.

The pleasure burned bright within me and I continued circling the hood of my clit until it swelled out and grew ever more sensitive. A gasp escaped my lips and my breath hitched in my throat as my fingers landed directly on my sensitive bud.

"Oh, yes," I moaned, my body undulating now, Lindsey's voice dripping with lust. The sound of her voice only served to make me hornier.

My fingers were slick with my own moisture and I raised them to my lips, closing my eyes as I savored Lindsey's taste.

"Mmmm," I moaned, driven as much by the sight of her licking her own pussy juices as by the taste.

She'd never done that before, but she loved it. My own feelings drove hers on, and I could tell she thought it was so fucking hot watching herself. She wondered why she'd never done it before.

Was I changing her?

Pleasure pushed the thought away and I returned my fingers to my pussy, sliding in and stroking faster as I clutched my sensitive breasts.

I drove in tighter circles, moving faster to the rhythm of her body. The pleasure built within me, the roaring flame of lust urging me on and I stroked faster, faster, until the heat exploded through me and I came. I cried out, throwing my head back as my fingers continued their work across my clit. My hips thrust up involuntarily, reaching for the desire pressing down on me. Lindsey's voice filled the air, along with the wet sound of her pussy. When my clit became too sensitive I clapped my legs together, fingers paused inside me while the orgasm thundered through me.

The pleasure eventually wound down and I opened my eyes. Lindsey's reflection smiled back at me, cheeks flushed, pupils wide. I'd planned to give her body back for the night, but looking at her, feeling her, changed all that. It felt so wonderful to be in her body that I stayed, slipping into her tee shirt before tucking myself into bed and falling asleep.

### 3

When I woke up the next morning in my spare room there was a moment of disorientation, but when I looked down and saw the breasts pressing against the white tee shirt everything came back to me. Lindsey woke in my mind with me and I lay in bed, hands idly stroking my body as I gradually awoke.

Still half asleep, our thoughts were tangled together. We were each a rush of emotions and feelings from the night before. I saw myself through Lindsey's own feelings, the confusion surrounding our status as friends or wannabe lovers. My point of view kept swapping between myself and Lindsey as our thoughts buzzed together. There she was hugging me at the hotel, looking like my old "dashing self"—her thoughts. And then the next second I was remembering the meeting from my own perspective hugging her.

I'd never melded my mind with someone like this before. If we merged too much would we become one person? It wasn't like there was a network of other body hoppers I could ask. I'd only ever met one before. He'd taught me the basics but he was kind of a dick and I was glad when he went off on his own. He'd intimated that there were more of us. Maybe they'd stayed too long in their host bodies and had merged? The thought of being Lindsey forever wasn't completely terrible.

Enough of this. I pushed myself off the bed and went to the bathroom to do Lindsey's business. I brushed her teeth and freshened up. When I was done I paused, leaning on the bathroom sink and looking into the mirror at my reflection. What did I want? What did Lindsey want? I needed to clear my head, and I knew from my past experience in Lindsey that exercise was the best way.

Returning to her room, I dug through her suitcase until I found her workout gear. Because of course she brought gear. I wouldn't have expected anything less from Lindsey.

I put on a sporty pink top with built-in sports bra, adjusting my breasts until they were hugged tight. Then I rolled a pair of tight black leggings up each leg. The fabric clung tight to my body, making Lindsey's already incredible legs look immaculate. Before I left, I tied my blonde hair back in a ponytail. There was a moment of confusion from Lindsey when I went into my bedroom to grab my keys from the bedside table. She wondered where I was but, as I was moving confidently, her mind assumed this was all normal. All by choice. So she just accepted it.

I'd let my own running routine drop recently, especially with being cooped up in the apartment during the pandemic. So it was wonderful to find Lindsey's body ready to go and full of energy.

I started with a light warmup jog down to the beach. Once I hit the path that wound along the coast, I started moving up to Lindsey's usual pace. I found my rhythm and the steady beat of each footstep lulled me into a calming high. Lindsey's body was sleek and ready. A dream to own. Focusing on her footsteps and her breathing quieted the chaos of her thoughts and I easily slipped deeper into her mind, seeking more answers about us.

The first thing I found is that she was so in love with her husband. Ben. I got flashes of him, visions tinged with emotion from Lindsey's point of view. His arms around me. Holding me. Laughing with me. Kissing me. I felt Lindsey's satisfaction and my own jealousy, tinged with the guilt at what we'd done last time she visited me. Had I made her have an affair that she regretted? But there was no guilt I could find.

Though I had no body, emotion came to me through my senses when I explored someone's mind. Guilt was sharp-edged and bitter, but it was entirely absent from Lindsey's memory of the two of us. That memory was cottony light and sweet. Happy.

I sunk deeper into her mind, relinquishing control of her body to her. She continued the run, unaware that she was now truly in control of herself for the moment.

Down here in the deep recesses of her mind the emotion was so vivid I could almost see it. I followed the trail of her thoughts to the bright core of her being. And then I was completely inside her mind, not even attached to any of her senses. I felt her around me, my mind creating visuals to organize what I was experiencing. There was a glowing ball of yellow light compelling me towards it. This was my own brain's representation of the essence of Lindsey. I made my way towards it. The core of her being. Only...there were flashes of blue. Something alien but incorporated into her.

Of course. It was me.

That was why she didn't feel guilty about cheating on her husband. We were so intertwined I was a part of her. It would be like cheating on her husband with herself. She hadn't felt the need to tell Ben, much like she didn't tell him that she masturbated. It was just a thing that she did.

I pulled out, resuming control of her body, and found she was at the end of her run. We'd done a full circuit, down to the end of the oceanside boardwalk and back while I'd been inside her. She was breathing hard and slick with sweat. The

endorphins made everything seem wonderful, and I made my way back to my apartment.

I hurried to the bathroom and peeled off the tight jogging top. My tits bounced free and I shook my chest in the mirror, watching my breasts bob back and forth, a tiny smile on Lindsey's face. Then I rolled the leggings down each leg, revealing my toned calves one inch at a time, teasing myself into a state of warm arousal. After turning the shower on I stepped beneath the water and let it sluice down my body. I washed the sweat and grime away then soaped myself down using her tangerine body wash.

I ran my hands across my breasts, making them slick and sudsy. Man, it was fun playing with my slippery tits. Being naked and slippery inside Lindsey's body was so erotic, and I grew turned on by the sight of her hands caressing her tits, by the feel of her body beneath my fingers. I could make her do whatever I wanted. And she wanted to do whatever I wanted.

I ran my hands up and down my body, over my tits, down my stomach, between my legs and then around to my ass. Over and over I groped myself, growing greedy for my body as a spark flared to life between my thighs. I gripped myself harder, fingers digging into soft skin. God, I wanted her, wanted to feel and stroke every inch of her all at once.

One hand moved down between my legs and followed the line of my slit up and down, the scratchy trail of pubic hair contrasting so nicely with the slickness of my pussy. My other hand traced around the circumference of my ass. I gave my cute butt a little smack, shivering as the vibrations surged through me. My pussy lips gripped my fingers as I slowly slid in and out of my wet canal, gradually growing deeper, bringing in another finger to better fill my pussy.

The fingers of my other hand slid between the crack of my ass, just resting over Lindsey's tight asshole. I teased her puckered hole, anticipation making me warmer and wetter. Lindsey had never done any ass play but she was just as curious as I was. Now, anyway.

I circled around the outer rim of her ass while my other hand slid deeper inside me. A soft sigh escaped my lips as desire took hold, Lindsey's body building towards a sweet release. I leaned against the cold shower tiles and spread my legs, urging my fingers deeper into my pussy. I felt so wonderfully tight and I shoved my fingers deeper, luxuriating in the feel of my canal gripping me like a glove. Soon I pressed against the dimpled nub of my innermost pleasure, my other hand continuing to stroke my tight asshole, gradually sinking in deeper.

I came briefly and unexpectedly, a surprise orgasm making me throw my head back and pause inside myself while my body shook. It was over too soon and I wanted more. I resumed fingering my perfect pussy, looking down Lindsey's body to watch her fingers disappear inside herself. From behind, my other finger lightly penetrated my asshole and I forced myself to relax. The taboo of fingering my asshole, of making Lindsey do this to herself, of feeling her butt cheeks pressed against my hand, all made the pleasure that much more intense. I was soon moving faster, fingering my pussy deeper, urging the tension through me. My other finger stroked the sensitive opening of my ass, dipping in lightly, deeper each time. The taboo of being fucked in the ass, of feeling Lindsey be fucked in the ass was incredible. I clenched my eyes shut as I concentrated, my body needing release until I slid my fingers deep inside me from both sides and came hard.

I cried out in shock and pleasure, eyes opening wide as my body shook. It was all I could do to hold on as I was racked with pleasure. As the orgasm ebbed I slowed my fingers down, finally pulling them out of myself entirely. It left me with a strange feeling of absence, as if the normal state was to be full.



I just wanted to luxuriate in Lindsey's body all day but she had a presentation to make. I finished washing myself and then stepped out of the shower. With our memories entwined I dried her hair and brushed it out before clipping it up into a professional bun and dabbing on her makeup, just as she normally did. Looking in the mirror, my perspective kept shifting back and forth. One minute I was a man inhabiting Lindsey's body, enjoying the delight of temporarily owning such an incredible body. The next minute I was Lindsey, and this was just what I looked like.

I unpacked Lindsey's presentation outfit: a simple black dress. Slipping it on, I found it gently hugged my body and was cut just low enough in front to offer a tantalizing glimpse of my tits. Professional but still sexy, the black color making her already exceptional figure absolutely phenomenal and showing off her toned calves.

I stuck her USB drive holding the presentation into a little black purse that I slung over my shoulder. Then I slipped on her low heels and headed out the door to the conference.

## 4

I was in one of the side rooms in the conference hall but it still looked like it held about a hundred people and was nearly full. There was a small stage set up at one end, a wooden podium to one side and a screen hanging from the wall behind on which Lindsey's presentation was projected. The rapid flipping of perspectives between myself and Lindsey had abated and we were as close to one mind as I'd ever been with anyone. Still, I had that nagging feeling of impostor syndrome I always got when hopping, especially when being watched by lots of people. Like they'd figure out I wasn't who I was pretending to be. Or maybe that was Lindsey's insecurities, worried someone would call her out as a fraud. Like I said, it was hard for me to separate our minds.

So my throat was dry and I had butterflies in my stomach as I stepped up onto the stage, the controller for the slideshow lightly grasped in one sweaty hand. I had all of Lindsey's knowledge at my fingertips, and I "remembered" rehearsing it all, creating the slides, reworking it and practicing in front of "my" husband. Onstage, I launched into my talk, my nervousness abating as I got into the flow, walking slowly back and forth across the stage.

At the end of the presentation I opened it up to the audience for any questions. There were a few technical ones about oceanic carbonification, and capture and storage technologies. Everyone in the audience was vested in the study of climate change so thankfully I didn't field any questions from the denialist cranks. I was relieved when it was over and I stepped off the stage to polite applause.

I hung around the back table for a little while, mingling with the members of the audience that came up to ask questions. I traded emails with a few, promised to

follow up with others who were involved in a similar line of research. When the last of the crowd had filed out I followed them out onto the convention floor.

I just wanted to break away and enjoy myself, but Lindsey had obligations. This was a work conference so I actually had to do some work. I strolled around the floor checking out the various industry groups. The oil and gas companies had big, glitzy booths touting all the fantastic things they were doing for the climate now that they were forced to. Lindsey's distaste for them was a part of me now and I avoided them. Her interest was also a part of me and so I sat in on some other presentations and round tables, pausing for lunch at the small café near the convention center entrance.

As usual whenever I was hopping a beautiful woman, I noticed the way people treated me differently. As I stood in line for my food I caught glances from other men seated around me. They avoided my eye when I caught them staring. I'd never garnered this kind of attention as a guy and I found it oddly flattering to get so much attention just from my physical appearance. I was the type of guy who could disappear into a room but Lindsey was the type of woman who would get noticed, especially with this sleek black dress I was wearing. At the same time, I experienced Lindsey's distaste at being stared at and treated like a sex object.

One particularly handsome man sidled up to me as I was standing in front of a booth that was touting some new technology I couldn't quite figure out. There were plenty of buzzwords but not much substance.

"What, exactly, is all this?" He asked me.

I shrugged, reading off some of the key words outlined in big red letters on the backdrop of the booth. "Synergy. Unique opportunity. Clean energy. I don't

know. Sounds like a junk mail pitch.”

“They should get in touch with that Nigerian prince that keeps emailing me.”

I laughed and he turned to me, a bright smile on his face, and held out his hand.  
“I’m Ken.”

“Lindsey,” I said, taking his hand.

“So, are you in the manufactured buzzword industry or do you do real work?”

“A little of both,” I admitted. “We’ve got some promising research going on in reverse carbon infrastructure but in order to fund it we need to practice buzzword phraseology to attract donors.”

He laughed. “I hear that.”

We continued talking about our lines of work. He was funny and engaging, and it took me a little while to realize he was flirting with me. I flirted back a little, flattered by the attention, but didn’t want to lead him on too much. When he offered to meet me somewhere for dinner I demurred.

“I’m staying with my boyfriend tonight and I think he’s cooking,” I lied. There was a strange warm tingle from Lindsey’s mind at the mention of me being her

boyfriend.

Ken said goodbye and we went our separate ways. I spent a little more time at the convention center before calling it quits for the day and returning to my apartment. Lindsey thought nothing of driving around in my car, which was yet more evidence of how melded we'd become.

I showered and changed into some comfortable sleepwear before ordering takeaway. I got Lindsey's favorite dish of panang curry from a little Thai place I liked. I was never particularly fond of panang but it was magical through Lindsey's tastebuds. I flipped through Netflix as I ate, trying to find something both sides of my mind could agree on before settling on a little indie comedy featuring an actress Lindsey loved. When it finished I was exhausted and collapsed into bed, my hands tucked close to my face so I could enjoy Lindsey's delightful scent.

I had Lindsey's dreams that night. I was her and we were with Ben, shopping in a store that was also our house in the confusing way of dreams. He put a couch in the cart while I tried on a cute dress and modelled it for him. Then we were on the living room floor, Ben straddling me. Only it wasn't Ben it was me and I was Lindsey's husband. She wanted me to kiss her but I protested until she grabbed my face and brought our lips together and I was sucked into her body and then I was looking out through her eyes as Ben lay over us, lifting the bottom of the dress and teasing his cockhead across our waiting entrance.

I awoke just before he slid inside me and, God, I wanted it. I lay in bed, fidgety and moist, trying to decipher what the hell it all meant. My hand grazed over my pussy but I felt bad. Like I was cheating on Ben, and I couldn't bring myself to satisfy my body's urgent need without a lot of guilt. Instead, I pushed myself out of bed and took a cold shower.

Lindsey had the day free and I'd originally meant to spend time with her. But I opted to spend the day as her. I finished Lindsey's morning routine, made myself a cup of coffee, and stepped out onto the balcony to enjoy it. It was still a little cool outside and I gazed out as I sipped. There was a glimpse of the beach from my place and it brought to Lindsey's mind the time we'd rollerbladed down the winding beach path. That had been, what, seven years ago? Why not do it again?

I dug through Lindsey's clothes again and found a cute pink button-down top and tiny green athletic shorts. Very tiny. Quite nearly underwear. It left her legs gloriously bare and I ran my hands down each one, feeling up my soft, warm skin and watching Lindsey touch herself. A tiny spark of arousal flared to life but I held off and went down to the beach.

There was a kiosk along the shore that rented out bikes and rollerblades. I chose a cute grey pair of rollerblades, strapped them to my feet and took off down the winding path. I was a little wobbly at first, but Lindsey's natural athleticism took over and I soon gained confidence and soared down the beach.

It was exhilarating exercising as Lindsey. Her body moved like a well-oiled machine, arms pumping, legs pushing off the ground in fluid motions. I bent forward, my cute butt thrust out behind me as I knelt low on the rollerblades for balance.

I zoomed between and around people as the wind caught my silky golden hair. Lindsey was at her best when in motion. She craved exercise. It was her drug of choice and her body was certainly built for it.

When I was tired I stopped at a little hot dog place along the beach and had a

quick bite to eat. Then it was back up to where I'd started. After giving my rollerblades back I carried my shoes down to the shoreline and dipped my toes in the water.

This was nice, the two of us moving and thinking in tandem. But I knew we were in a balance I could easily upset. Our thoughts were so linked it would be nothing to nudge her this way or that. Her desires were open to me, almost like a bank of switches I could change with a simple flick. I was deep inside her and if I thought something she would think it. I could use this to my advantage. I could make her change her career. Change what made her happy. I could make her hate exercise and want to be a fat slob if I wanted. I could make her break up with Ben and desire me more than anyone else in the world.

At the thought of Ben his image popped into my mind, along with the feelings Lindsey associated with him. Love. Comfort. Strength. I could flip off her switches and erase it all. But it didn't feel right. Mind controlling the woman I loved was something a villain would do in a movie. I wasn't a villain. And this wasn't a movie. This was Lindsey's life.

With some reluctance I released the impulse to change her entirely. Though what changes had already been made from the melding of our minds I didn't entirely know and I couldn't undo.

Lindsey's phone dinged with a reminder and I slipped it out of my pocket. She was scheduled to have a video call with her husband in thirty minutes. That gave me enough time to get back to my place and get presentable.

Back home, I stripped off her sweaty clothes and took a quick shower. The dreams from the night before combined with my lust for my own body and the way my hands played over my breasts nearly made me masturbate right there.

But I held off, tamping down the desire to save for later.

When I stepped out of the shower I saw my image in the mirror, so fresh faced and youthful. I decided to dress her in an outfit I loved. She had some black leggings in her bag which I rolled on, and a casual tee shirt. I pulled her hair back in a loose ponytail and kept it in place with a marron scrunchy. Comfy and casual, that was my Lindsey.

At the bottom of her suitcase I found her old college jacket. Apparently she'd been thinking about our past, too. I put it on and when I looked in the mirror a wave of nostalgia washed over me. It was like I was back in college hanging out with Lindsey. Our twin memories brought back the times we'd spent together as close friends and almost something more. All the times I'd wanted to kiss her, to hold her.

And now I could do much more than that.

The thought made me warm all over but I shook it off and gathered my laptop. I took a seat on my couch, one leg tucked beneath me. Ben called a few minutes later.

"Hey babe," he said in cheerful greeting. When his face popped up on the screen I felt Lindsey's pang of longing for him. "How are you?"

"Good," I replied. "Missing you."



“Aw, I miss you, too. Is that your old college jacket? You look like a cheerleader,” he joked.

“I do, don’t I? Go lions!” I raised my arms in victory. “I could have totally done cheerleading.”

“You know, if you want to pretend to be a cheerleader when you get back home...” he trailed off and raised his eyebrows suggestively.

I laughed. “It’s only been two days and you’re already horny.”

“I’m always horny for you, babe.”

“I don’t know if that’s true.”

“It is. Hey, how’d your speech go?”

“Oh, good!”

I told him about it and the rest of the conference. He listened attentively, asking the occasional question. Then he filled me in on his days. It was nice sharing the little humdrum events of our lives. Lindsey felt loved and I was able to share in that feeling. It made me ashamed that just a while earlier I’d considered excising him from Lindsey’s life.

“How’s the hotel?” He asked.

“Oh, uh, it was actually overbooked.”

I explained what had happened, making up the story that I—the real me—was out of town and had offered my place to her. As far as Ben knew, I was a friend from college who may or may not have been more than a friend and he was rightfully concerned. I assuaged his concerns gently, explaining that I was on my own and had only seen real me briefly to get the key. That explanation seemed to pacify him. I doubted that he’d really expected Lindsey to cheat on him but there was probably that little voice of doubt in his mind. The love he felt for Lindsey was obvious, as was hers for him. By the time we’d said goodbye I missed him so much. Missed his touch. His kiss.

I went to use the bathroom and caught sight of myself in the mirror. The young Lindsey that I loved. All my pent up desire I’d had since waking from the sex dream burst over me. I was alone with Lindsey’s body and with nothing I had to do. Only something I desperately wanted to do.

I turned and posed for myself in the mirror. Standing in profile and looking over one shoulder I practiced a shy smile in the mirror, adjusting the curve of my lips until—there! That was the defining image I held of Lindsey in my mind. My blonde hair gently curved across one cheek. The jacket hung open, the tee shirt softly clinging to my perky breasts. It was emblematic of how I thought about Lindsey and exactly how I wanted to take her.

I grabbed both my tits, suddenly greedy for Lindsey’s body. Lindsey’s eyes sparkled with need in the reflection as I groped myself hard. I ran my hands up

my neck, following the curve of each cheek, exploring my face by touch. Lindsey's face. So wonderful beneath my fingers. The little slip of her nose. The soft cheeks. The curve of her chin. I touched my face gently, stroking the cheeks I longed to kiss.

I dropped the jacket to the floor and yanked my top off. I pushed my hair out of my eyes and then reached around to unclasp my bra. I shrugged it off my shoulders and took hold of my tits, gasping in awe and delight. I watched in the mirror as I made Lindsey stroke herself, squeezing her tits against her chest to make them inflate. My fingertips circled over and under each breast and I hefted them, leaning forward to jiggle them at myself in the mirror.

I laughed, Lindsey's eyes crinkling with merriment. It just made me want her more. I knew what Lindsey liked as if her desires were my own. I licked the thumb and forefinger of each hand, coating my fingers with saliva before gripping my breast and pinching each nipple between my slippery fingers. A soft sigh escaped my lips as I tweaked each nipple just hard enough to reach the edge of pain, which met the pleasure spiking up from between my legs.

I danced for myself, swaying my hips back and forth in the mirror like a stripper, showing off for myself.

"Oooh, you like that?" I purred.

I wanted Lindsey so much in that moment as I made her move. Peeling down my leggings, I found my pussy already moist. I licked two fingers and placed them between my thighs, stroking my pussy slowly up and down, following the line of my slit. I felt my pussy lips grasp my fingers, felt my fingertips slide into my warmth. I knew suddenly that my fingers wouldn't be enough.

I dropped my tits and threw open the cabinet beneath the sink. Nothing there but cleaning supplies and toilet paper. Where in the hell...? Ah ha!

I hurried to the kitchen and yanked open the fridge. In the veggie drawer was a leftover cucumber. I grabbed it and ran it under some hot water, still playing with one of my breasts until the cucumber was warm enough. I hurried to the living room couch and lay down on it, spreading my legs, enjoying the view down my body, past my tits to my waiting pussy.

I followed the line of my entrance with the tip of the warm cucumber, gently stroking up and down while my other hand returned to my nipples. God, Lindsey's tits were so fun to play with, bouncy and eminently squeezable. I pressed the cucumber deeper into my pussy until it met my entrance. My body was crying out to be filled, and I pushed the vegetable into me. My pussy lips gripped the cucumber and I increased the pressure slowly, my pussy still resisting. I spread my legs, wriggling my little butt. And then suddenly the cucumber slid into me. I gasped as my tight canal was filled and the makeshift dildo pressed against the walls of my cunt.

Lindsey's pussy felt so tight, the cucumber spreading me apart as it slid in ever deeper. The ridges bumped against my clit, making my toes curl in delight. I drove in as deep as I could, until my tight pussy was filled, temporarily sating my need. I pulled out, watching as the cucumber reappeared from within me, slick with my juices.

I drove in again, faster this time, building my rhythm to match the desire thrumming through me and soon I was moaning as I fucked myself hard and fast. I plunged the cucumber deep into me, my pussy gripping it like a glove as I imagined it was myself on top of Lindsey, my cock inside her.

“Oh, James!” I cried out in a strangled voice as my body toppled over the edge.

I came hard, thrusting my hips up to meet the incoming dildo. One hand gripped my tit. The other one continued sliding the cucumber in and out as my body shook and I orgasmed hard. I plunged the cucumber in deep, needing to fill this emptiness inside me. My pussy vibrated, clutching at the vegetable as pleasure pounded me and I cried out my own name. “Oh god, yes, James! Fuck me! Fuck me!” I rocked back and forth, fucking myself as hard as I could as pleasure lit through me.

I slowed and eventually stopped, falling back on the couch and breathing hard. The cucumber remained lodged within me, poking out of my pussy. Seeing it between my legs like that made me laugh and I slid it out to suck on it.

“Mmmm,” I moaned as I tasted Lindsey’s musk, making her drink her own juices. Her disgust evaporated, replaced with my own delight, and suddenly she loved the taste of herself. Shit, if I wasn’t careful I was going to turn her into a lesbian. I almost did it on accident, imagining Lindsey with one of my coworkers, Lindsey on top, her face deep into my coworker’s pussy. I stopped before I could push it any further, though I imagined if there was a continuum of sexuality I’d just nudged Lindsey a little towards the lesbian side.

I would have to be more careful. In fact, I may have already done too much.

I tossed the cucumber into the trash. Perhaps it was time for James to come back home, both for Lindsey’s own good and my own. It was easy to manipulate Lindsey’s expectations for my arrival. I checked the time and just imagined that I’d told Lindsey that I would be returning an hour from now. I walked through each step of our made-up conversation, pushing the false memory deep into Lindsey’s mind until she accepted it as her own.

After that, I stood next to the door and hopped out of her, the atoms of my body flowing through the door to materialize on the other side, out in the corridor. I had half a mind to enter right then, knowing that Lindsey was just on the other side of the door, naked and still horny. How much of my residual desire was left in her? Would she freak out or throw me down and fuck me? I didn't want to take the chance it would be the former so I walked some circles around my neighborhood until it was time for me to arrive back home.

## 5

I texted Lindsey to tell her I was on my way home before browsing through one of the shops at the bottom of my street. After waiting what seemed an appropriate amount of time for Lindsey to prepare, I returned to my apartment.

“James! Welcome home!” Lindsey cried, bounding into my arms as soon as I walked through the door.

“Whoa!” I smiled, thrown off balance as she grabbed me in a hug, pressing the body I’d spent so much time in up against my own. “How was the... conference?”

The pause was because I’d just had a chance to see what Lindsey was wearing: a long sleeve cardigan, knee high socks and very little else.

“It was great! Come on, I’ll tell you all about it.”

She settled herself cross legged on the couch and patted the cushion beside her in invitation. Her long legs were bare, golden skin on full view. The cardigan fell down partway across her lap, leaving a glimpse of her pale pink panties. She was extremely unconscious about her state of undress. Too casual. I wondered if it was because she thought of me as an extension of herself.

She told me about her presentation and the conference and I nodded along. Of course, I didn't need to be told any of this. It was an interesting social experiment, though, hearing what she chose to tell me and what she remembered versus what I remembered. I was caught off guard when she asked about my trip but I managed to bluff my way through a description of a work trip, waving off the details as being too boring.

She grew even more relaxed as we talked and when I propped my arm on the back of the couch she leaned her head on my shoulder and began tracing a light pattern up and down my thigh with her fingernails. She smelled clean and fruity and delicately feminine. I'd been out of her body not more than an hour and I already missed that feeling.

I stroked her back absently as we talked about nothing in particular. Eventually the conversation petered out into an expectant silence. It was one of those moments that could go either way and I sensed Lindsey felt the same. She was still draped on me, and now her fingernails were tracing across my palm. It tickled and she laughed as I instinctively jerked my hand away.

"Hey!" I exclaimed in mock anger, and poked her thigh lightly, testing the boundaries of the moment.

"Hey what?" She asked, taking my hand and twining her fingers through mine. "Don't you know it's not nice to poke a girl?"

"You going to punish me?" I kidded her, my mouth suddenly dry, my heart suddenly much too fast.



She looked up at me with her brilliant blue eyes and we stared at each other for a beat. The edge of her lips curved up in a tiny smile.

“Positive reinforcement works much better.”

She released my hand and I thought it was over. But then she threw one leg over me, straddling me, her weight resting on my lap before cupping my cheeks in her hands and bringing my lips gently to hers. I kissed her softly at first, fearing this was a fantasy or a bad joke. But as her tongue sought out my lips I grabbed her waist and pulled her closer. I kissed her harder and she slipped her tongue into my mouth. The sweet scent of her filled my nose as the taste of her filled my mouth. She was kissing me back just as passionately, our pent-up desire bursting out of us. Her hands slid through my hair as my hands roamed up and down her back.

I grew hard and she felt my need. She began grinding back and forth on me slowly as we continued making out. I slid a hand up her body, beneath the cardigan and cupped one of her fantastic breasts—no bra—as I remembered how wonderful it had felt to squeeze them when I was inside her.

She pulled away with a gasp. Her cheeks were red, her mouth half open in desire as she searched my eyes. I could see the slight freckles on the bridge of her nose and the dark flecks of black in her blue eyes.

She pushed me down onto my back on the couch and then lay in reverse on top of me, so her head was between my legs and her pussy was poised above my face. I felt her unbutton my belt and grab my cock. Her cardigan had pulled up her stomach, revealing her lacy pink panties. I plucked at her panties and she paused with my cock long enough to help remove her panties, then placed her knees back on either side of my head and I found myself staring up at her

beautiful pussy.

She stroked my cock with her fingers, body shimmying slightly on top of me. And then I felt my cock enveloped by the wet heat of her mouth. I paused and moaned as she took me in. Her lips moved down my shaft until she held me fully in her mouth. She pulled out and drove down again, her lips locked around my cock, using her hand to help stroke my dick. I heard little moans escape her lips, evidence of how much she was enjoying sucking my cock, and it made me even needier for her.

Her pussy was hovering above my face and I grabbed her ass in both hands and pulled her towards my mouth. The taste of her was sweet, and I took a long slow lick. Christ, I nearly came right there while tasting her and fought to hold myself in check. She pulled her lips off my dick and swallowed my pre-cum while I returned my tongue to her pussy. She was salty and warm and I just wanted to burrow myself inside her, live in her. I flicked my tongue across her folds, taking long licks before landing on her clit where I made sharp patterns that caused her to moan.

We continued like this, each sucking each other, tasting each other, our pleasure just on the edge of explosive release. Just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore and would have to explode into her mouth she pulled her lips off me and sat, turning around to face me. She tossed her cardigan off and I grabbed her naked breasts as they bounced down. She straddled me again, grabbing my slick cock and aiming it for her pussy. The head of my dick slipped between her waiting lips and met the pressure of her entrance. She slid me inside her and I gasped as my cock was surrounded by her.

She sank down on me and I drove up to meet her, desperately needing to be as deep inside her as I could. We abandoned all control and she grinded back and forth on me as I squeezed her tits and thrust into her. Her cries grew higher in pitch and I couldn't take my eyes off her glorious figure. Then she threw back

her head and cried out in a strangled gasp. I felt her cum, her body quivering with orgasm and that sent me over the edge.

I grunted, grabbed her hips and thrust up into her, releasing myself. The heat of her pussy surrounded me as I throbbed into her, spurting hot seed into the pussy I'd enjoyed all weekend. We were locked in ecstasy, grinding on impulse as we each exploded with desire.

I came down first and watched her as she recovered, remembering how divine it had felt to be in her body, to enjoy several orgasm in a row. She lay on my chest and I kissed the top of her head and held her loosely while she clutched me, shivering with aftershock. We were still connected and I grew soft inside her until finally she slid off me and we lay tangled in the couch. I spooned her from behind, my cock pressed up against her taut ass, my arms wrapped around her.

After some silence she spoke.

“We should have done this long ago.”

I kissed the back of her neck. “I agree.”

We spent the rest of the night cuddling and reminiscing about college. We moved from the couch to the bed and somewhere in there we had some more sex. This round was slower, gentler, each of us memorizing the other's bodies by touch and taste. Our minds were so entangled we knew what each other liked, how fast to move and where to touch without asking, like old lovers but with the desire of new ones.

The next morning I dropped her off at the airport. The hug we gave each other was chaste, as if both of us were agreeing this was the return to our real lives after the night of make believe. I watched her walk towards the sliding glass doors of the airport. She glanced back at me briefly before entering, and I knew we'd be doing this again.

# # #

**Thank you!**

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M

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