

A woman with blonde hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a black trench coat, is sitting on a black leather chair. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The background is dark with a spotlight effect on her. The text 'MYSTERY Man' is overlaid on the top left, 'BODY THEFT EROTICA' is overlaid on the bottom center of the image, and 'M WILLS' is at the very bottom.

MYSTERY
Man

**BODY THEFT
EROTICA**

M WILLS

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MYSTERY
Man

**BODY THEFT
EROTICA**

MWILLS

Mystery Man

by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, please check out M. Wills' other books.

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Sexy Preview of 'Mystery Man'

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"Do you believe me?" she looked at me with her beautiful blue eyes.

"I don't believe that two people would make up the same lie."

"What do you mean?"

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trembling fingers.

She tipped the contents of the envelope into her hands. It consisted of a couple glossy photos and a USB stick. She looked at the photos, one by one. The first was of her body on a beach, posing in a tiny bikini that barely held her breasts in place. They were her real breasts when these were taken: small and supple. Her cute face was laughing at the camera. In the next one she'd taken her top off and was holding her breasts, offering them up to the camera. I have to admit her tits were gorgeous, even as small as they'd been: round and smooth and perfect. In the next one she was turned around, offering her round ass to the viewer, her head lightly turned with a come-hither smile playing across her red lips. In the last picture her body was lying on a towel on the sand, naked, a hand draped over her head, beads of sweat forming across her stomach, her thighs. The dark trail of her pubic hair disappeared between her crossed legs.

I watched Holly as she looked at the pictures of herself, taken by a stranger. Her brow furrowed in disgust, her lips narrowed. God, she was gorgeous, even when she wasn't trying to be.

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I stood and plugged it into the back of her television, then turned it on and switched to the right input. I sat back and lit another cigarette as I watched the emotions play out on her face while she stared at the video. This is what she saw:

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shoulders. Her face was beautifully made up, her skin smooth, her eyes subtly outlined. Two large hoop earrings dangled from her ears. From this angle the camera looked right down the small valley of her breasts.

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“Oh man, I haven't walked in heels in a long time,” said the mystery man in Holly's body. He tossed her hair back and let it drop down his shoulders, then he smoothed out his skirt and looked at the camera.

“Hi, Holly,” he said in her own husky voice, “If you're watching this it means I've gotten tired of your body and moved on. Although...” he paused and looked down at his body, running one hand along his breasts, “I don't know how I could ever get tired of this.” He giggled, letting Holly's breasts jiggle up and down...

Read on for the full story

Mystery Man

Holly opened the door a crack without removing the chain and peered out from behind the door at me. I could only see half of her lovely face: one dark eyebrow arched over one green eye, half covered by a wisp of wavy black hair.

“Yes?” she asked timidly.

I flashed my badge up at the bit of her face I could see. “Detective Colson. I'd like to ask you a few questions.”

There was a sound from the door across the hall. I turned and saw another tenant peeking out from behind his door. I flashed my badge towards him.

“Do you have something you want to confess?”

The door quickly slammed shut and I turned back to Holly, still hiding behind the door.

“I don't think there's anything I can help you with, officer,” Holly said.

“Call me detective. Officer was my dad's name.” My little joke was met with silence so I continued. “Does the name Harvey Benson mean anything to you?”

Her one visible eye widened in surprise. I knew that name would get her attention.

“N-no, I don't know who that is.”

She was a bad liar. Or maybe she'd just never had to deal with an unexpected visitor from the law. Maybe both. I was practiced at the art of deception, both giving and receiving. Most everything I said was lies, but they worked, they got me what I wanted. And now I wanted to know how Holly felt about Harvey.

“Then it probably doesn't bother you that he's been murdered.”

I watched her reel backwards slightly, her hand coming up to her tender lips.

“Wh-- hh-how?”

“Maybe I should come in.”

A pause.

“Give me a minute to get dressed.”

“Grand,” I nodded, as thoughts of her naked body passed through my mind. I couldn't help it; I was born this way.

After Holly closed the door I waited in the hallway. Sensing a pair of eyes, I glanced behind me. The door across the hall was cracked open again and I made eye contact with the old man behind it. He closed it quickly. Creep.

A minute later there was a scrambling from behind the door as Holly removed the chain and unlocked it. She pulled the door open just enough for me to squeeze in. It was dark in the hallway, but I could make out Holly clearly. She was wearing small, pink bathrobe, that seemed to be more for show than comfort. It barely reached her thighs and was pulled tight across an enormous pair of fake breasts, each one easily bigger than her head. Peeking out beneath the hem of her bathrobe were some tight, red panties that barely covered the shapely curve of her butt. She had a slender body, with gentle curves that only served to make her generously enhanced bust seem even more out of place. Like two watermelons balanced on a grapevine. Her clothes didn't leave much to the imagination. If she had just gotten dressed, what was she wearing before, I wondered?

I wanted to slip my face in between her breasts and jiggle, bat them back and forth like a cat with a toy. Lucky for her I didn't always act on my worst impulses. I just nodded and stepped into the apartment. As soon as I did, she locked the door and latched it again. She was shaken up, and not just from the news of Harvey's death. I'd get what I wanted from her eventually.

She looked up at me, saw my eyes wandering down into the cleavage of her bathrobe, where her milky breasts met the pink fabric and disappeared into darkness. I glanced away and she did the same, pulling her robe tighter around her. There wasn't much slack so it didn't do much to cover her huge breasts, but it was the thought that counted I guessed. She led me down the hallway towards the living room. I couldn't help staring at her ass as it swayed back and forth in

front of me, hypnotically.

The living room windows were closed and the whole place was dark. There was a slightly musty smell in the air and dust hung heavily on the tops of shelves, as if her apartment had been closed up for awhile. Holly took a seat in a ratty armchair, a slant of sunshine landed on her face. She looked to be in her early twenties with smooth, supple skin. I settled my bulk in the couch opposite her. My body wasn't what it used to be. I was older, fatter, but hopefully wiser.

“Mind if I smoke?” I asked.

She shook her head. I pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes from my rumpled sports jacket, my fingers brushing against the manila envelope resting in my pocket. I chose one of the least broken cigarettes. God, I hated these things but my body craved them. Addiction's a bitch.

Holly quietly sat in the chair, her hands nervously fiddling in her lap. I lit up and took a deep drag, letting my eyes roam over her body. She was a good looking girl, nice face, but she had an almost comically oversized pair of breasts. The guy who did that to her must have enjoyed his work. I offered her a cigarette. She paused before taking one. I held my lighter up for her and she leaned over, almost came unbalanced from the weight of her chest, before sitting back and taking a large puff.

“Is he really dead?” she asked, blowing smoke into the air.

I nodded.

“How?”

“Gunshot.”

“Jesus.” Her gaze wandered to the ceiling above me, lost in thought.

“Some people think it was suicide.”

Her cigarette trembled between her luscious lips. “And you?”

“I think he was murdered. Course, that's why they're still on the force and I'm not. I'm retired, just doing a little private investigative work in my spare time. I'm not going to look the other way just because Harvey wasn't important. So...tell me how you know Harvey.”

She took a deep puff and shook her head. “You wouldn't believe me.”

“You'd be surprised what I'd believe.”

We sat silently for a minute, me playing the role of the logical detective, just waiting for some straight answers no matter how unbelievable. Finally, she looked into my eyes.

“I'll tell you if you investigate me.”

It sounded like a come on. If this was a porno the funk guitar would start playing and she'd throw off her robe so we could go at it on the floor. That didn't happen, much to my body's chagrin. God, I'd almost forgotten what it was like having my dick respond to the sight of a beautiful half-naked woman within arm's reach. It had been so long.

“Investigate you?” I repeated.

“Yes. Find out where I've been. What I've been doing. Who I've been seeing. Everything for the past year.”

“Ok. Why?”

She took a deep breath.

“About a year ago I was getting off the bus. Coming home from work. And there was this...this guy that was following me. He was this fat, balding....just...slob.”

I could tell from her face she was disgusted just thinking about it. Her description fit my man.

“Harvey?” I asked.

“Harvey. I mean, I didn't know him at first,” she continued, glancing up at me. “I thought it was just coincidence. That we were going the same way or something. But it was weird. And I quickly realized that, no, he was following me. So by now I'd reached my apartment building and I ran inside and-- and he started running, too. And I ran up the stairs and I'd just unlocked the door when he came up behind me and then I turned to slam the door and...and...”

She trailed off and looked up at me, her mouth set in a thin line. I motioned for her to continue.

“And then, all of a sudden...” She took a deep breath and then spoke quickly, as if embarrassed to linger on the words. “I was outside my door, looking at myself. I was in his body. In his body. All of a sudden I was this fat, ugly guy. And then, I'll never forget how I watched his...my...my face smirk and then slam the door and I was stuck out there in his body. Do you understand?”

“You two somehow switched bodies? Like in a movie.”

She nodded. “And I was stuck. As Harvey. I just felt so gross. I was dirty and and gross, like he hadn't bathed in days. And I had a lisp. I figured that out right away as I was screaming and banging on my door. And then, I guess he...or she...or me, or whatever, must have called the police because they showed up and brought me to the station and by the time I got out he'd taken off in my body. Disappeared. Didn't answer my phone. And I had to live as him. He had his driver's license and so I went back to his place and, God, it was awful. And his body was awful. As if he'd gotten deliberately fat and made himself as unattractive as possible. I mean, the little hair I had was all wispy and greasy and combed over my bald head and I...I was hideous.”

She hid her head in her hands for a moment as I waited.

“He stole my life and I had to live as him. I waddled and I could barely run and I had to work crappy jobs just to survive and people hated me and I hated myself. I wanted to die. And then...yesterday...I woke up back in my own body in my own apartment. I know he did...some things to my body.

“What's that?”

“These,” she said, motioning to the mountainous fake breasts protruding from her chest. “And this.”

She stood, turned and lifted the robe. On the small of her back, just above the graceful curve of her ass, only partially obscured by the red bikini that bisected her cute ass was written in a fancy, curling script the words: 'Little Slut'.

“And all my clothes are gone,” she said, dropping her robe and resuming her seat. “I just have closet full of...stuff like this.

She motioned down at her half robe and panties.

“Stripper clothes. These are the most modest clothes I own.” She barked harsh laughter. “But I have no memory of what that guy was doing in my body for the last year. I need to know what happened to me. I know it sounds crazy but that's the truth,” she finished, stubbing out her finished cigarette into an empty cup on

the coffee table.

I sat back in my chair and eyed her. She believed every word she'd said. "So, let's say I believe you were Harvey for a year. Did you get into any trouble? Make anyone upset enough to kill?"

She shook her head, loosing a strand of curly black hair over one delicate ear.

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“God, your body's grand.” He dropped her tits and looked at the camera. “So, right, about you. Probably right about now the police have let you go and you'll soon find I'm not in your apartment anymore. And, God, it feels good to get out of that body and into this one.”

He looked down at Holly's hand and twisted it this way and that, watching his slim fingers move gracefully.

“Harvey was a fat fuck. Or, he was after I found him. That's your name, by the way, but you probably know that by the time you see this. In fact you may even be you again. Anyway, so why was I in him? Because I wanted to pick an awful body to put a beautiful woman into. I wanted to take away someone's life, someone young and beautiful, and put them in a fat slob of a man so they could see how it feels to be ugly. And I found you, Holly. Little Miss Perfect. All the guys love you. Dante, Ollie, Gary. Yeah, I've been watching you for a little while. And now I've got you and I have to say, looking down at this...I don't blame you. On my first night in your body, I thought we could explore together.”

He ran Holly's hands up and under her delicate breasts, gently hefting them. He shook his hair back from his head as his fingers circled up and around each areolae. He squeezed gently, watching his tits sway lightly, and sighed.

“Mmm, you feel so good.”

He pulled the shirt off over his head, letting his dark hair cascade back down over his shoulders. Holly's trim stomach was revealed, her body tapering gently from her slender breasts, held in place with a black bra, down to her waist. Her skin was creamy and smooth. She flicked her hair back out of her face and stared down greedily at her body. The man made Holly's arm reach around and unclasp her bra. He shrugged it off and freed his breasts. They bobbed hypnotically on his chest, perky and pinchable.

“Oh my God, Holly, your tits are amazing.” He grabbed one in each hand, wrapping his fingers around their warm heft. He bounced them up and down, pulled them gently to the side and released them, letting them fall back together and jiggle, as he laughed Holly's tingling laugh. He wrapped Holly's fingers back around them, his thumb and forefinger playing with his nipples, squeezing gently as he dropped his head back and sighed.

“Ooohhh, that feels nice,” he sighed. Holly's eyes closed as pleasure flooded her body. She began to writhe and moan gently on the couch as she pleased her nipples with both hands, biting her lip as the pain and pleasure mingled within her.

Her hands slid down her warm body to her skirt. She tucked her slim fingers under the hem and pushed her skirt down, wiggling out of it and her panties until she sat naked on the couch. She admired her body, her smooth, long legs, the dark trail of curly hair leading to her pleasure. Spreading her legs, she slid one hand down between her thighs, her finger pressing lightly against her slit, disappearing into her warm folds.

'Oh, Holly,' he sighed in her voice, 'You feel sooo good.'

One hand continued to pinch his nipple as the other circled inside her and she grew moist. She threw her head back and moaned softly as she entered herself with two fingers, slipping into her warm wetness, deeper, faster as the tide of pleasure ebbed and flowed within her.

“Ah!” she gasped lightly as a brief orgasm shook her. Her fingers slid deeper inside her, chasing the elusive itch that her body so desperately wanted until her legs clapped together and she pressed herself back into the couch as she came again, her breasts bobbing back and forth as she tossed her head this way and that.

“F-fuck!Oh, fuck!” She cried as the pleasure slammed through her, her fingers glistening with her desire as the man inside Holly's body made her cum, penetrated her with her own fingers until she exploded with a high pitched cry, chasing the throbbing pleasure until it passed through her and she sank back down into the couch, dropping her tit and breathing heavily. She looked at the

camera.

“I'm going to have a grand time in your body!”

She got up and moved towards the camera until her face filled the entire screen. She smiled.

“Byyye!”

The video ended.

I watched Holly watching the video. Her hands covered her mouth in shock. She couldn't look away even as her perfect nose wrinkled in disgust while she watched the man force her body to orgasm. When it was over she looked up at me, her blue eyes narrowed.

“I need to know what else he's done. You find him, you find Harvey's killer.” she said.

I nodded. “If he lived as you for a year there will be a trail somewhere. Financial records, court records...medical records,” I said, my gaze glancing down to her chest.

Holly stood and moved to the kitchen table. She grabbed a cell phone and held it out to me.

“Maybe you can start with this. I can't get into the damn thing, he changed the code. But there's a bunch of missed calls.”

I thumbed on the screen. There were, indeed, a lot of missed calls, all from the same number. I took out my own phone and dialed the number. After a few rings it went to voice mail. A breathless young lady told me I'd reached Paradise Gentleman's Club and then informed me of the operating hours, somehow making even the time of day sound like a sleazy promise.

“Well?” Holly asked when I'd hung up.

“You want to know everything?”

“Y-yes.”

“Come with me.”

We stopped briefly at a bodega to pick up some clothes that Holly could hide her body in. The baggy “I heart NY” t-shirt and sweatpants she picked out hid her figure. Though her breasts were no longer on full display they still ballooned out visibly from beneath the shirt. There was no hiding those. Pretty sure that was the point, to turn her delightful body into a parody of sex.

After that, I drove us out to Paradise. When we pulled into the nearly empty parking lot beneath the tacky neon sign advertising exotic dancers and all the

shrimp you can eat, I glanced over at Holly. Her face was pale and she looked like she was going to be sick.

I pulled around to the back of the business and parked in front of the employee entrance. We got out and I banged on the unmarked gray door. I saw movement behind the peephole and held up my badge.

“Detective Colson. I've got a few question about a girl of yours,” I called through the door.

The door was opened by a large bald man who looked like someone had shaved a gorilla and stuffed it into a suit and jacket. He stared at me with suspicious eyes.

“I want to speak to the owner,” I demanded. “Police business. It's about one of your girls.” I jerked my thumb back towards Holly. I could tell he recognized her.

“Wait here,” he growled, before slamming the door.

A few minutes later the door reopened. This time a well-dressed black man with a handsome face looked out at us.

“Problem, detective?” He boomed. His eyes flicked to Holly, who was standing behind me, and his eyes widened. “Lexi, where the fuck you been, girl?”

His face registered bewilderment as Holly shied away behind my back and I held out a hand to stop him as he took a step towards her.

“You're the owner, Marlen, right?”

“Mmm,” he stated, non-noncommittally.

“Lexi's having some...legal trouble. I was hoping you could help us out.”

“Oh?”

“We're just trying to get a timeline down. Corroborate a story. Tell me how Lexi got hired here.”

His eyes again flicked to Holly. She nodded encouragingly at him. Good girl.

“Yeah, all right.”

This, more or less, was the story he told us:

Holly had shown up out of the blue one evening to compete in amateur night. Unlike the other girls who jumped up onstage to try out some pole dancing, Holly didn't seem to have any friends in the audience. She was pretty but a little

awkward, like she didn't quite understand her own body. And, of course, guys on amateur night either vote for their friends, or the girl with the biggest tits. Holly seemed pretty angry after she lost, ranting at Marlen that it was all bullshit. Still, she had plenty of attention offstage. She made sure Marlen knew she was leaving with some guy, and that this guy had taste, unlike Marlen's crowd.

It was probably two or three months later that she showed up again. Marlin barely recognized her with the size of her breasts. They were massive, enhanced to the point of absurdity, easily the biggest he'd ever seen. And he owned a strip club. They commanded attention.

This time she won the competition easily. The whole crowd hooted and hollered as soon as she took the stage. She worked the pole like an expert before stripping off her top and hopping off the stage to let every guy in the place fondle her tits. She was so proud of them.

Afterwards she came up to Marlen in his private booth in the back of the room. She was still topless and she smiled at the security guard standing in front of the open curtain surrounding the booth, wiggling her chest back and forth. He scowled at her, his eyes flicking down to her tits, until Marlen called out from inside.

“Let her in.”

She strolled towards Marlen and stuck one hand on her hip, her chest thrust out in Marlen's face.

“What's a girl got to do to get a job around here?” She asked,

“Fill out an application form. Show me what you got.” He said, half-jokingly.

“Why don't we skip to the bit where you show me what you got?”

Holly crawled across the booth towards him, her breasts hanging down like two globes beneath her, like magnets for Marlen's eyes. Marlen motioned to the guard, who flicked the curtain closed. Marlen reached out and grabbed a handful of one of her breasts. They were solid, the silicone filling the skin almost fit to bursting. The nipples were erect in readiness. She looked like a horny cartoonist's impression of a woman: all heavy curves, pouting lips and tight ass. Her exaggerated feminine form, his hands sliding across and across her heavy breasts, the way she licked her lips as though she couldn't wait to devour him, made his cock jump to attention beneath his pants. In the time she'd been gone she'd really mastered her body, radiating delight and an eagerness to please through every subtle motion.

Her fingers unzipped Marlen's pants and freed his thick, black cock. The engorged head pointed up towards her silky lips. She opened her mouth and took him into her warm wetness. He watched as his dick disappeared between her lips, her tongue running up the underside of his shaft. She went slow and shallow at first, barely taking his head inside her, teasing him until he could take it no more and he gripped her dark hair in his fist and pushed her down. She acquiesced eagerly to his demand, filling her mouth with him until her nose pressed into his curly hair and his dick hit the back of her throat.

“Oh, shit, girl,” Marlen moaned as he watched her worship him with her tongue.

Up and down she went on him, Marlen's cock reappearing from within her lips,

slick with her saliva, before being swallowed again. She let him guide her, pushing and pulling her head up his shaft as he used her for his own pleasure. She sank deep, taking him all in without choking, as if she was already a pro.

When she felt him twitch inside her mouth she pulled her head all the way off and wrapped her fingers around his slick cock, sliding up and down his shaft until he came. She cooed in delight as he exploded onto her face, her tits. She closed her eyes and bathed in his cum, making sure it splattered across her face and dripped down her breasts. When she was done she looked up at him with her big blue eyes, dipped her fingers in the seed he'd spilled on her chest, and brought them to her mouth. She closed her eyes and sighed as she swallowed him.

“Mmm. Yum.” She said.

The next night she was the headliner. Holly headlined at Paradise for a few months before one day, not long ago, she failed to show up. Her calls were unanswered.

I had to encourage Marlen to share all the details with a mixture of threats and promises. Every strip club owner had dark secrets and none wanted any trouble from the cops. I kept an eye on Holly as she learned what her body was up to. Disgust flicked across her pretty face every now and then.

“It happens every now and then, girls disappearing. Their boyfriends demand they stop, or they get in some sort of trouble. Are you in trouble?”

This last was directed at Holly.

“I was, but, Detective Colson's helping me out as a...favor.”

Marlen nodded. He knew enough not to dig lest he become part of this trouble.

“She ever go home with anybody?” I asked.

“Shit. All the time.”

“I mean, did she ever go home with the same somebody?”

“Oh. No. Why don't you ask her yourself?”

“She's had some sort of fugue state, can't remember anything. We don't know what happened to trigger it. I'm just trying to pick up the pieces.”

“A fugue state? Like on Breaking Bad?”

“The same. Did you have any idea where she went when she wasn't at the club?”

He shook his head. “Nope. I keep my business to myself and I expect my girls to do the same. Less questions that way.”

“All right. Thanks for your help.”

“Good luck. If you ever want to come back onstage, door's still open.”

Holly ducked her head and nodded, probably imagining all the men who'd seen her naked, all the things the stranger had made her body do to them, all the men who'd been inside her.

As we drove back into downtown I asked Holly to tell me what she'd done for the past year when she was Harvey. At first she'd tried to contact her old body. She staked out her apartment but he never showed up. By knocking on the nosy neighbor's door and pretending to be a relative she heard that her body hadn't been seen or heard from in days. The body thief had blocked her number and all her emails and started siphoning money out of her bank accounts before changing the passwords on everything, blocking her out of her own life. In the meantime, she had to survive as Harvey, picking up odd jobs here and there.

“It was way different being him,” she said, twiddling a lock of her hair as she watched the buildings go past out the driver side window, “Not just the obvious physical stuff, but people treated me differently. Like I was a nothing, like I was invisible. I mean, I can't really blame them. When I first became Harvey he looked like a creep. I had this tiny mustache and a bad combover. I looked ridiculous. But, you get used to things, you know? I changed myself, got to a point I could live with and just kept hoping maybe one day I'd be back.

“And now that I am back, I've got these...” she motioned to her massive chest, “And everyone treats me different than even before. I can't even sleep well these fucking things are so big. He did this to my body to humiliate me. He fucked up

my whole life, for what?”

I dropped Holly off at her place, promising I'd keep investigating and get back to her as soon as I found anything. She smiled at me, the first real smile I'd seen on her since I'd knocked on her door. I was her confidant, the only one who knew her secrets. I watched the sway of her ass until she disappeared behind the large mirrored glass doors of her apartment building.

I still wanted to bat her tits around like a kitten.

It didn't take very long to find her next surprise. A day later I picked Holly up in my car to drive her to the place I'd discovered. As I drove, I told her that running a credit check showed a property management company had looked into her credit almost a year ago. I explained with a little creative lying how I had finagled an address for an apartment uptown.

We pulled up outside a large apartment building. Two high towers faced each other across a wide courtyard. We visited the reception desk and Holly made up a story about how she had locked herself out. The manager knew her, of course, with her tits she was hard to miss. He led us up to the seventh floor where he unlocked the door with a smile. I pulled out my phone and started recording, wanting to document everything for future use as I followed Holly inside, watching her expression as she took in “her” apartment.

The front door led almost immediately to the side of the kitchen. Down a short hallway was an open living room with a door to the bedroom leading off to one side. The living room was sparsely furnished with a large couch in the middle of the room facing a giant wall-mounted television. The couch was the same one we'd seen in Holly's video. I picked up one of the pieces of clothing lying on the floor and held it up for Holly. It was the tight black top Holly's body had been

wearing in the video, before he slipped it off and started fondling her. The only other piece of furniture in the living room was a large wardrobe. Holly opened it and stepped back in shock, her tiny hand coming up to her face.

The wardrobe was full of sex toys. Dildos and vibrators of every shape and kind were arranged in the drawers

“Oh, God,” she said, her eyes wide as she began to sense the full extent of what had been happening with her body for the past year.

“Looks like someone had some fun in your body,” I said, pushing my camera closer to her face as I approached the wardrobe. “Let's check out the bedroom.”

We pushed open the bedroom door. A large bed was pushed against one wall, surrounded by three video cameras and a few studio lights. A laptop sat on a nightstand at the head of the bed. A handful of empty condom packets littered the floor.

“Check out the computer,” I said, aiming my phone around the room.

She sat on the bed and, with trembling fingers, opened up the laptop. She was greeted with a login screen for a video website. One of those that let men from all over the world watch her and ask her to do things for their pleasure. The login had been automatically filled in with the screen name 'Lexi Grand' and her password. She pushed enter and was taken to the welcome screen. She had over a hundred new messages, each one asking to see more of her, wanting her to do more.

Next to the computer was a shelf full of DVDs. I shuffled through them, Holly's made up face, her mouth rounded in an 'O' of pleasure stared back from the covers beneath titles like *Anal Invasion 3*, *Big Titted Boob Babes* and *Grand Ones Inside Lexi Grand*. I held them up for her inspection. Her face turned beet red as she read the titles.

“He's been busy,” I say.

Next to the professional DVDs were a few unlabeled ones. I picked one off the top and was about to ask her about it when someone started pounding on her apartment door.

“Lexi!” a man's voice called, “Open the fucking door.”

He banged on the door again, sounding like he was trying to break it down. I motioned to Holly to stay quiet as I went back to the front door. I lay the DVD on the kitchen counter before opening the door. A blonde guy in a wrinkled suit and a state of nervous panic was waiting for me.

“Who the fuck are you?” he yelled.

“Calm down,” I said, “Let's not make a scene.”

“Where is that bitch? Where's Lexi?”

He tried to push past me. I grabbed his arm as he did and stuck out my foot, pivoting him around so he tripped over my foot and I forced him to the ground, jerking his arm painfully up behind him as I knelt on his back and pushed his head against the floor.

“Let's try this again. Calm the fuck down.”

“Who are you?” he grimaced as I forced his head painfully into the carpet.

“Don't worry yourself about that right now.”

I heard a noise and looked up to see Holly peeking out from behind the bedroom door. I shook my head for her to stay quiet, before turning back to the man pinned beneath me.

“What do you want?” I continued.

“That Lexi bitch said she was going to send pictures to my wife. She's trying to blackmail me. You know she records everything? Said it was extra kinky. I thought I took the only copy but then I get this email. I got a wife. Kids. She'll ruin me.” His anger was draining away, leaving only his fear. I liked to see that. I twisted his arm back further and he grimaced.

“So you were going to, what? Beat the shit out of her?”

“No. I don't know. Make her stop.”

“Uh huh. You sure you weren't going to rape her? Pile an assault charge onto breaking and entering?”

“No, man, I just...I wanted her to stop.” He was trembling now. I eased up slightly.

“Well, I work for Lexi and I can tell you for sure that she doesn't care about you enough to blackmail you anymore. So, here's what we're going to do, Jake. In a minute I'm going to let you go. You're going to stand up, brush yourself off and leave. You do that, the video gets deleted. Got it?”

I twisted his arm again just to drive the message home. He nodded through gritted teeth.

“Grand.” I released him and stood back. He picked himself up slowly. I could tell the fight had gone out of him. His eyes shifted back and forth between me and Holly peeking out from the bedroom doorway behind me but he didn't say a word. He left and I closed the door behind him. My body was crying out for a cigarette so I pulled the packet out and lit one up.

“You're not very popular,” I said as Holly slunk out of the bedroom. “I found this in your room,” I said, holding up the unmarked DVD. “Let's take a look.”

“I don't want to see it,” she said.

“I do.”

I slipped the DVD into the player beneath the living room TV and turned it on. A video began playing immediately. This is what it showed:

Holly sat on a bed in a well made room. On the wall above the bed was a timer set to 60 minutes. Holly was relaxed on the bed wearing a skimpy, white negligee that clung to her curvaceous form, revealing the deep valley of her fake cleavage. Her long legs were bare and gorgeous, the smooth skin disappearing beneath the sheer fabric that just barely covered her womanhood. Her wavy hair hung down over her shoulders. Her lips were ruby red, her eyes sparkling with merriment as she talked at the camera. She looked like a fucktoy come to life.

“Hi, guys!” she waved, letting her massive breasts bounce up and down, “Lexi Grand here, and I'm out to set the record for biggest gangbang in an hour. The guys are outside warmed up and ready, and I'm in here getting all hot just thinking about it.”

She slipped her hand between her legs.

“Mmm,” she giggled, “Even if we don't beat the record everyone today is a winner. But especially me. This is gonna be grand! Come on in, guys. Let's get this started.”

The clock started counting down as three burly guys stepped in from off-screen and surrounded Lexi. There was black man, a blond guy and a bald guy. All were solidly built. All were naked and hard. They wasted no time in caressing Holly's supple form. The black guy sat down and Holly pressed her lips against his, opening her mouth to let his tongue inside and explore her warmth. The blond guy headed straight for her breasts. He wrapped his warm lips around one of her nipples, grabbed the other breast in his other hand and greedily sucked and squeezed. The last man spread Holly's legs and kissed his way up and down her inner thigh as Holly opened for him.

Their hands roamed around her body, caressing and squeezing as she offered herself up to them for their pleasure. Holly broke away from the kiss and ducked into the man's lap, her eyes going wide as she wrapped her hand around his thick, warm shaft. She slowly drew her fingers up and down, feeling his pulse beneath her touch, enjoying the lust for her he barely held in check. The body thief opened Holly's mouth wide and brought her lips down onto the man, swallowing his cock as she moaned softly. Her lips slid down and up leaving a glistening trail of saliva. The black man placed a hand on her head and guided her up and down.

As Holly leaned over to suck the black man, the other two rearranged themselves. One lay flat beneath her so that her massive chest rested on his, his cock pressed against her stomach. He didn't seem to care that he was lined up beneath another man's cock as he eagerly suckled her huge breasts. The final man knelt behind Holly's rotund ass, letting his hand slide across her curves, up and under her already moistening pussy. Holly moaned around the cock in her mouth and pressed her ass up, offering herself up to the men behind her. She shifted her body and reached between her legs, guiding the cock of the man beneath her inside of her aching cunt. The head pressed against the lips of her pussy, the pressure building until, with an inaudible pop, he slid inside her. She raised her mouth off the black cock long enough to sigh, even as she continued stroking the thick shaft with one hand.

The man behind her grabbed her thick ass and pushed his cock against her puckered hole. He grabbed her waist in his hands and pulled her back against him slowly, sinking into her asshole as she continued riding the man beneath her and blowing the guy in front of her. Soon she was full of them all, their manhood deep inside as they reached a rhythm, Holly's head going down the shaft, swallowing the thick, black cock as her lower body rose, then sank back down, the cocks filling her tight holes. Back and forth they rode her like this, their groans growing louder until they came. The black man blew his load first, spasming his hot seed into her mouth, soon followed by the other two. She cried out as they sunk in deep, jetting their load into her cunt, her ass, her mouth.

When they were done they slipped out, replaced immediately by another group. And so it went like this, as a variety of men filled her with themselves, slid their cocks between her breasts and exploded onto her face until she was dripping with cum. She wiped herself off briefly between waves but the men never let up. Immediately after cumming inside her, after filling her pussy, her ass, her mouth with their seed they left and more men came in. By the end of the hour Holly was dripping with sweat, sticky with the lust of over a hundred men. Their cum dripped from inside her even as she dipped her fingers into her pussy and drank it down, trying to clear more room for the next man. And the next. And the next. Until the timer rang and Holly lay back onto the bed, exhausted.

“How'd we do?” she asked someone off-screen. There was a pause, then, “Two hundred and nine! Ha ha!” She raised her hands in victory, then let them fall onto her chest, her breasts wobbling, sticky and glistening with lust.

I didn't watch the whole video right there with Holly. I had my phone recording her face as she watched her body repeatedly fucked and filled. My eyes were drawn to her beautiful image on the television, the sight of her naked body with her fake plastic breasts giving herself up to every man who entered was intoxicating. Holly interrupted my reverie.

“Does watching me watching what you did to my body get you off?” She asked quietly.

I swung my attention back to her.

“What are you talking about?”

“Jesus. You didn't just want me to know what you did in my body, you wanted to watch my face when I found out. You sick fuck.”

“Holly, I'm just trying to help you--”

“Stop it. You've been lying to me since you came to my apartment in that detective's body. You called the guy who busted in here by his name just now; how did you know that? No one else uses the fucking word 'grand' like you do. What the hell are you?”

I turned off my recording.

“That obvious, huh?” I shrugged. I could see in her eyes she knew. I'd been lying since the beginning, just playing a part.

“Well, it was my first time sticking around after a theft,” I admitted. “I usually just take the bodies and leave them. But I wanted to see how people feel when they find out what I've done. How do you feel, Holly?”

“You killed Harvey.”

It wasn't a question. I nodded.

“I did. Well, he did it to himself, really. I just jumped out at the last second. I wish I'd been in the room to watch that last second of realization when this guy--” I patted my chest “--realized he'd hung himself.”

“You're fucking sick.”

“You eat meat, do you think cows would call you sick and twisted because you like the taste of their flesh? That's all it is to me, Holly. I'm more than human. And I loved the taste of your flesh. God, those tits, that ass. Much better than this.”

I pinched my tubby stomach. “Yuck. Not like those nice, firm tits of yours. I kind of want to jump right back into you. Play with that little pussy of yours again.”

Holly trembled and took a step back.

“Don't worry.” I laughed. “It's not as much fun when they know. Shit, I can't believe I fucked this up. Now there's no point in even sticking around to find your boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?”

“Boyfriend. Pimp. Whatever. You owe him a lot of money. Fortunately, you're a very popular woman. Anyway, thanks for the fun times, Holly, perhaps we'll meet again some day. Perhaps you won't even know it.”

I hopped out into the body of a woman on the floor below: a Hispanic maid somewhere in her late forties. It was quite satisfying to hear the faint scream of a man in shock one floor above me as she stepped into the life of a tubby detective. I dropped the vacuum and skipped out the door to start on my new victim. And this time I'd do it right.

#

[Read on for an excerpt from "Taboo Swaps"](#)

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Excerpt from 'Mommy's Boy' in Taboo Swaps

'Hello, son! Oh, I've missed you.'

Charlotte holds Mike tight, pulling him firmly against her chest so that Mike is uncomfortably aware of his mom's breasts poking into him, of her bare skin on display and pressed to his.

She releases him and, without turning, snaps her fingers at Roger. 'Roger! Drinks!' she yells.

He nods and scurries into the kitchen. Mike's mom takes his arm in hers and leads him to the couch in the sitting room. In the corner there's a huge cage lying on the floor, the sort that one would board a large dog in.

'What's that?' Mike asks.

'Oh, that's Roger's,' his mom says, dismissing it with a wave of her hand.

She sits down on the couch and wiggles her chest before thrusting one hand down her top and crudely adjusting her breasts without shame. Mike looks away, his face flushing, as his mom's tits wobble back and forth at her touch, 'This top sometimes needs to be adjusted. There! So, tell me about college!'

She sits back and crosses her meaty legs. Her tiny shorts slide up between her thighs and Mike catches a glimpse of dark red panties. He looks away again quickly, wishing there was a way to bleach the memory out of his head. Whatever brought on this change in his mom, Mike doesn't approve.

Mike starts to tell his mom about his classes and his roommate, dropping hints about the laundry he's brought home. His stories are soon interrupted by his dad, who enters with a bottle of beer and a glass of champagne.

'Congratulations on almost finishing your first semester!' Mike's dad says, handing him the bottle of beer. He then turns and hands the champagne glass to Charlotte, standing over her expectantly. She sips and nods.

'This will do. You may sit.' She says.

'Thank you,' he says, sitting on the floor in front of Charlotte.

Mike hardly knows how to react. Before he can say anything the doorbell rings. Roger jumps up to answer it. He comes back in a few seconds later, trailed by Mrs. Bowen, Mike's high school history teacher. She's young, probably in her mid-twenties, with straight black hair pulled back in a ponytail that jiggles with each step. She has an oval face with a thin, upturned nose and beautiful almond-shaped eyes. Mike's always had a crush on her and seeing her in his house, with a simple, red dress clinging to her shapely form, makes him do a double take.

Mike's mom looks up. 'Ashley!' she says, holding up her arms.

Mike watches in astonishment as Mrs. Bowen sits in his mom's lap, tucking her dress underneath her and wrapping her slim arms lovingly around Mike's mom's neck. Mike's mouth literally drops open as Mrs. Bowen greets his mom with a deep kiss on the lips. Charlotte closes her eyes and Mike can see the bulge in Mrs. Bowen's cheeks as Charlotte slips her tongue into Mrs. Bowen's mouth. The two women kiss passionately for a few seconds, until Mike's mom breaks it off. She rests her thick hands on Mrs. Bowen's lean thighs and looks over at Mike. Mrs. Bowen continues kissing Charlotte's neck and nibbling on her ear.

'Mike, I believe you know Ashley Bowen,' Charlotte says.

Mrs. Bowen looks up once and nods, before going back to nestling in Mike's mom's hair.

'W—what's going on?' Mike stutters, his eyes flicking back and forth between his parents.

'Oh, look at poor little Mikey, doesn't know what's going on,' his mom laughs, a short mean burst of laughter that reminds Mike of Grant Sullivan, a bully from Mike's high school who was also the only one ever to call Mike 'little Mikey'.

Grant used to pick on Mike nearly every day at school. Grant was a fat, dumb kid who thought of himself as some tough guy. It got worse and worse until one day Mike exploded and they got into a fight in the hallway. In fact, it was Mrs. Bowen who found them and broke it up. Grant was expelled and Mike, a good kid who never got in trouble, was given a warning.

His mom sees the realization on Mike's face.

'Remember me? I'm back, little Mikey,' she says, twisting a lock of her golden hair around a finger. 'I'm Grant, the kid you got kicked out of school.'

Grant thinks the look on Mike's face is almost better than sex.

'You expelled me from school,' he says, 'but you can't expel me from your mom's body. I love chicks with some meat on them.'

Grant hefts up Charlotte's chest and leers at Mike, before letting her breasts drop and bounce back into position.

'That's impossible,' Mike says, the dumb look stuck on his face.

'Nothing's impossible when you've got magic. I can make your mom do anything I want. And your dad, too, for that matter. Oh, and watch this, this is great.'

Grant lightly touches Mrs. Bowen's breast and she throws her head back and moans 'Ooohhh!', as a burst of pleasure burns through her. She trails a hand down her long, delicate neck.

'Instant orgasm! I'm the world's best lover,' Grant grins, 'This is the bitch that got me expelled, so I replaced her smartness with horniness. What are you now, Ashley?'

'Oh, yes,' she sighs, her small breasts heaving beneath her tight dress, 'I'm your horny, little cunt.' Ashley caresses the breasts of Grant's stolen body, her eyes going wide with lust as she slips her fingers into the deep valley of Charlotte's cleavage, feeling the warm, fleshy skin.

Grant pulls out a small book from his back pocket. It looks like some sort of small appliance manual but with a thick cover. The pages are dog-eared and worn. Grant quickly flips through until he comes to the page he's looking for. He intones some words and watches as a gentle glow appears around Mike. Mike grunts between lips that are suddenly immobile.

'That spell should keep you still for a little while so you can see what I've been doing in your mom's body. Maybe I'll make you masturbate about this later.' Grant smiles...

Read the rest in *Taboo Swaps*, available on Smashwords and Amazon!

Also by M. Wills

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(FtF Body Theft, MtF Daughter/Creep Body Swap, MtF Neighbor Body Theft)

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