

BODY POSSESSION

NEVER
Gonna
GIVE
YOU *Up*

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Never Gonna Give You Up

Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Never Gonna Give You Up

Penny scoots past her boyfriend and out from behind the table of the booth at the back of the bar. She rushes to embrace Logan, who slips out of my arm to return her hug. I wait, trying to tamp down my jealousy as I watch them together. I shift my weight from one wide leg to the other beneath my elegant red dress, a smile plastered on my face.

My eyes drift across Penny's best friend, Sophie, and Penny's boyfriend, Brent, still seated at the table. The low burgundy mood lighting of the bar draws long shadows across Brent's face but doesn't obscure the physical similarities between him and Logan. I nod politely and he returns the gesture. Beside him, Sophie gives a tiny wave before swiping her black bangs behind her pixie ears. Penny releases Logan and he half turns to me, slipping his hand across the small of my back.

“Hi everyone. This is A-- Denise,” he says, almost using my real name.

“Sounds like you almost forgot who she was,” Penny teases him.

A flicker of jealousy crosses her face. I'm aware she's seen many of Logan's girlfriends. He seems to have a new one every month, though little does she know that I'm inside every one.

She turns her sea green eyes on me and holds out her hand. “Nice to meet you,

Denise.”

“And you,” I say, slipping my ebony fingers against her cool skin.

We've met a few times before, though this is our first time meeting her in my current body. Penny is girl-next-door cute, with a little slip of a nose, big sea green eyes, and a tight, petite body. It's not her attractiveness I envy as much as Logan's attraction to her.

“This is Brent,” Penny says, nodding to her boyfriend who's still seated at the table. “And Sophie.”

“Hi,” Logan says, raising his glass in greeting.

Sophie gives a small smile. She's compact, with thick framed glasses and a plump, shapeless body covered in a deliberately ratty black leather jacket. Nice face, though, with a smattering of freckles across the bridge of her nose, and her black bangs covering her forehead. She's got a moody goth meets trendy punk vibe about her. Naturally, I've met everyone here before, but I'm used to playing the newbie.

Penny slides back into the booth and Logan slides in on the opposite side. It's a curved booth, so Sophie ends up sandwiched between Logan and Penny. I take the seat on the outside across from Brent. Penny and Logan are soon deeply engaged in conversation with the easy air of two people who've known each other forever. That leaves me, Brent and Sophie on our own. After an awkward pause I turn to Logan.

“I’ll go get some drinks,” I say.

“Oh, no, let me go.”

“No, that’s all right. I’m already out.” I say, scooting out from the booth and hurrying away.

A crowd of people stands between me and the bar but the guys in line part for me as I nudge them aside with my breasts and flash a white-toothed smile. Men are so simple. When I reach the bar I lean on it, exposing my heavy cleavage, letting my tits swing down pendulously for the bartender’s amusement. In the mirror behind the bar I catch sight of my current reflection.

I’m in the body of a Black twenty-year-old with a bright smile and a heavenly body. Curvaceous and full, with thick hips and eye-wateringly large breasts. Her real name is Denise. I picked her up a few weeks ago on the nearby campus, hopping into her and leaving behind the body of a twenty-five-year-old blonde-haired blue-eyed Swede that I feared Logan was tiring of. I walked away, clutching my backpack as the Swede looked around in shock, no doubt surprised to find herself on campus when the last thing she remembered was sitting outside the patio of the hostel in the middle of the city.

I’ve learned over my several lifetimes that the bodies I inhabit have no memories of anything I do while I’m inside. To them, between one blink and the next, weeks or months have passed. They’re suddenly in an unfamiliar place, dressed in different clothes, sometimes surrounded by complete strangers. I rarely stick around to find how they like their new lives, though a few times I’ve often wondered about them. What happened to that bald businessman with the full

facial tattoo I gave him? Has the pastor's daughter discovered the porn films she starred in?

The bartender approaches me, drawing my attention back to the present. He glances at my bouncy black tits with a grin and then asks for my order. I ask for a white wine for myself and a beer for Logan. As I wait I glance around the bar and worry. Penny always has that effect on me. Logan insists I've nothing to be jealous of but I see the way he looks at her, the way he drops whatever he's doing to be by her side. And the way she looks at him when she thinks no one's looking. He made me promise never to hop into her and so far I've kept my word. For him.

I thought Logan would enjoy Denise and he did, for a time. But I sense he's been distant from me lately. Has he tired of this body already? I'm willing to give him anything he wants. We're perfect together. He must see that.

In the corner by the window I see a young twenty something hipster talking to a vivacious blonde. Even from here I can sense the awkwardness of a first date. He must know she's way out of his league. I wouldn't be surprised if she was a model. She wears an effortlessly trendy white top and black jeans, both of which cling to her supple body. Her arms are toned and her face in profile is all beautiful angles. A face photographers love.

The bartender returns with my drinks. I pay with Denise's card and bring the drinks back to the table. The others are laughing about something as I set down Logan's drink.

“Did I miss something funny?” I ask, sliding in next to Logan.

“Penny was just telling me about Jane from her work.”

“Ah, the one who believes in magic crystals?” I ask.

Penny raises an elegant eyebrow. Goddamn her for being so fucking adorable. I tamp down the jealousy as it flares in me.

“Logan's told you about her, has he?” Penny asks.

I realize my error in that this body has never met Penny before, but Logan jumps in. “We were down on the Boulevard by that herbal shop yesterday and it reminded me of her.”

Sophie, apparently sensing an opportunity, jumps in and turns the conversation to me. “How did you two meet?”

Penny sips her drink, occasionally swiping her auburn hair out of her eyes as I make up some vague story about meeting outside a cafe. Logan jumps in with some random details. We've both been enjoying my body hopping abilities long enough to be able to convincingly lie about how we met. It's amazing how far simply agreeing with whatever details the other person throws out will get you.

Somehow the conversation comes back around to an amusing anecdote involving Penny and Logan. As they converse I stroke Logan's thigh with my long fingers. He shoots me a hesitant grin, then resumes whatever story he's in the middle of telling. Penny keeps her eyes on him. I think, not for the first time,

how easy it would be to just hop into Penny's body and make Logan love me. But would he still love me if he knew I was inside? Is it something about Penny's Penny-ness that he loves? I can offer him anyone he wants.

Brent is the strong, silent type. He speaks only to throw in a witty remark here and there but otherwise content to let the conversation roll over him. In those little remarks I get a spark of his wit and wonder if that's what Penny sees in him and if she sees that mirrored in Logan.

Sophie giggles a lot and sits low in the bar, hiding behind her drink. I've met her a few times. She's Penny's best friend and something of a know-it-all, unpretentiously correcting details. But she does it so well as to make the recipient seem grateful rather than resentful. I've never had the pleasure of hopping her. Never seen the need.

I spend most of the evening making up a life story about myself. Though I can hop into these bodies I don't have any of their memories, just like they have none of mine. All I have is what I can deduce from their physical belongings. The invention of email and texting and social media has been a huge help for me and has made peeling back the private details of the lives I take over so much easier. Of course, ever since I met Logan two years ago and revealed to him my abilities I've been able to be myself, forgoing the pretense of acting like whoever I'm in and just being myself.

Logan is the love of my life. Before him I would sneak in between other people's lives, trying to fit myself around someone else's existence. It's been nice having someone know the real me, being able to settle down and experience a human life with someone in love with me, not the person I appear to be. I've never been in love before. Maybe that's why it's so goddamn maddening to watch Logan flirt with Penny.

An hour and a half, and two drinks later I'm leaning on Logan, my breasts pressed against his shoulder. I'm half drunk—Denise is a lightweight—and I paw at him, stroking his chest until he finally pays attention to me. He turns his big brown eyes to me and I whisper in his ear:

“Take me home.”

Under the table, my hand slips between his legs and I give his cock a friendly squeeze. He jumps and blushes, before making some excuse to go. I rise on unsteady legs and cling to Logan as we walk towards the door.

“Logan... am I boring you?” I ask, slurring my words slightly.

He takes my hand. “Ariana, of course not.”

“I just wanted to go.” I fluff out my thick dark hair as the room spins gently around me.

“I know,” he says, squeezing my hand.

We're nearly out the door and the question of what Logan wants is foremost in my mind when I catch sight of the vivacious blonde again. She's still with the hipster guy and they're both in deep conversation. Close up I can see she's hot. Much hotter than Penny but with a similar body shape. With a sudden clarity I see that this is what Logan wants.

I push away from Logan, stumbling slightly as I approach the blonde from behind. The world is shimmery and sways back and forth with my drunkenness. My wide hips bump into a chair but I don't stop to apologize as the owner shoots me a look.

“Ariana, no,” Logan calls out from behind me.

I ignore him. He must know I'm doing this for him. I reach out and touch the blonde's bare shoulder and hop into her body.

I'm suddenly sitting down on a stool that feels hard under my taut ass and the world resolves into crystal clarity. This body isn't drunk at all. Wavy blonde hair spills down one shoulder and my fingers clasp an icy glass. The hipster guy is in the middle of saying something but I ignore him and push away from the table, walking to the door where Logan still stands. This new body is a delight, slender and firm. Logan's going to have so much fun with it.

I pass Denise without a word. She's gripping the back of a chair, swaying as she glances around, something like terror in her eyes.

“What's going on?” She mumbles, looking down at herself, at the fancy dress I bought for her and forced her stacked body into. It was much skimpier and much more expensive than anything in her dorm room. Not that she'll appreciate it.

I sometimes wish the bodies remembered what I'd done after I hopped out, instead of my just leaving large, blank gaps. That way they would make less of a

scene when I leave. Or maybe not, based on some of the things I've made them do. As it is, the best way to deal with someone suddenly being snapped back to an unfamiliar present is to get away. Logan—and everyone else in the room—is gawking at Denise as she starts to panic. I slip my new arm through Logan's and usher him out the door. The hipster guy watches in astonishment as I go. He'll soon be distracted by the new amusement of Denise having a complete breakdown in the middle of the room.

2

I'm still laughing about Denise when we arrive at Logan's apartment. He shuts the door behind us and I turn to him, pressing my new hands against his chest. These hands are soft and delicate, the fingernails painted a deep burgundy. They've never done a hard day's work. This pampered princess is my gift to him. Logan grabs my hands but instead of kissing them he looks down at me angrily.

“Why did you do that, Ariana?”

“Do what?”

“Take this woman's body and leave Denise there.”

“You don't like her?” I look down at the tight little body I possess, at the taut pair of breasts sticking out invitingly from my chest, at the jeans that are practically painted on to my legs and which highlight my perfect heart shaped ass. Okay, these tits are much smaller, but it all works together. What could Logan possibly have against perfection?

“What if Penny sees Denise? What do you think she'll say if she finds my current girlfriend alone in the bar insisting she's someone else?”

“Oh, so this is about Penny?” I scowl and pull back from him, balling my hands

into tiny fists.

“No,” he insists, running his hands through his wild brown hair. “It's about everything. It's about you taking these people's lives. I've never seen you do it before and I didn't realize--”

“You didn't realize what I am? Without someone else's body I don't exist. I choose them for you, baby. Maybe if I'd taken Penny you'd be a lot more grateful.”

“No! Don't take--” He shouts, then softer: “No. No. That's-- that's not what I meant. I know you're a hopper.”

I let him take my fists and he runs his thumbs across the back of each hand, stroking me gently.

“I don't need you to take anyone,” he says, “Not like that.”

“I just want to make you happy. I'm yours and you're mine.” I frown.

“I know,” he says, and kisses the back of my hands.

“When I see you with Penny--” I start but he pulls me close and shushes me with a kiss.

“Let's not think about Penny. Let's just think about us.”

There's an odd tone to his voice but we kiss again and I forget my worries as I melt into him. This petite blonde body I'm in is sexy and fun as hell. I drape my arms around Logan's neck and suck on his tongue, enjoying his masculine taste while I rest my perky tits against his chest. He grips me firmly by the waist and we kiss urgently. His hands feel so big on my tiny body and I get the feeling he could throw me around and do what he wants with me. The feeling of powerlessness is a thrill that sends little shivers down my spine.

Still kissing, I drag my hands down his shoulder blades and then down his back, before slipping beneath his shirt to run my fingers across his pecs. He's warm and firm. Everything I need.

We undress each other with reckless abandon, throwing clothes across the room until we're both naked. We take the time to look down at my body, admiring this woman's petite form. I do a little spin for Logan, sliding my hands around the enticing curves of my taut ass, showing off this stranger's naked body. My tits are small and firm, rising to sharp peaks, the nipples just out, hard as diamonds. My blonde hair spills down my shoulders and my laugh is high pitched and cute as Logan strokes my cheek. He stares deeply into my eyes before taking me back in his arms. His cock is hard and pressed against my stomach. My hands slide down between us and I grasp him, stroking gently.

His warm cock fills my hand as I stroke it, feeling impossibly big beneath my tiny fingers. His hands find my tits, squeeze gently, then glide down my back to my ass and cup each butt cheek. He squeezes once and returns his attention to my tits. He's greedy for my new body and he explores me by touch while we continue kissing. His hands work across my chest as my hand moves up and down his shaft and soon his warm pre-cum is dotted on my stomach.

I get on my knees in front of him, eager to please, knowing exactly how to please him. His cock is bold and throbbing, pointing at my face. I open my new mouth and take him in between my soft red lips, closing my eyes in ecstasy as his warmth slides between my lips and across my tongue. I drag my mouth down his delicious cock as far as I can before pulling back up, leaving his shaft slick and shiny. I pull off, a strand of saliva still connecting my lips to the head of his cock. I look up at him with wide, innocent eyes and he returns my gaze and strokes my cheek.

I lick my lips and dive back down on his cock, sucking eagerly, using my little hand to stroke the base of his cock to the rhythm of my blowjob. He groans above me as I fill my mouth with him. My free hand dives between my legs, my fingers slipping into my growing wetness. This little blonde bombshell is horny as hell and eager for a good fucking. Her pussy feels so tight and wet. I know Logan is going to love it.

I suck Logan's dick, speeding up and slowing down to his rhythm, keeping him just on the edge. His tangy pre-cum drips across my tongue and I swallow happily. All the while I stroke my new pussy, exploring my velvety folds. They're slick and warm with lust. When Logan's moans grow louder he grabs my blonde locks in a fist and holds me still.

"Not yet," he hisses between clenched teeth, fighting to get himself under control.

He throbs once, twice in my mouth, and then stills, holding himself in check. He removes his hand and I pull back off his cock with a wet pop. My new pussy is dripping, a light bead of juice making its way down my thighs.

I pull him onto the floor on top of me, spreading my limber legs and wrapping them around his waist, urging him closer. He grabs his cock and aims it at my center. I watch with glee as I open for him, the head of his cock disappearing between my velvety pussy lips. The glorious pressure builds against my tight entrance, growing, growing, and then I stretch for him. He enters me slowly, delicately, and it's all I can do to not beg him to hurry, to slip deep inside and fill me. Inch by inch he enters, and I hurry him by raising my hips and enveloping him with a throaty moan. I'm so tight and he feels so big but, god, it's just what this little body needs.

Christ, I can feel all of his shaft as it curves up through me, filling me. He lodges right against the dimpled nub of my inner center, holding there, before withdrawing. My hands come to my new tits. I'm still getting used to them, they're much smaller and firmer than Denise's, but fun nonetheless. I caress them, pinch and squeeze, tweaking each nipple, trying to find what this body likes.

Logan rests his body on mine, hands running up my sides as he kisses down my front, and I have to move one hand so his lips and teeth can find a nipple. His hot breath sends shivers across my skin, and he nips at me as he thrusts his cock inside. The heat is twisting through me and I need this so much. I clutch him tighter, both of us playing with my nipples as he fucks me harder. The wet sounds of my pussy fill my ears and I throw my head back as the heat blisters through me. I cry out loud, my voice high pitched and needy as I cum.

Logan thrusts deep and grunts, throbbing into me. Every spurt is magical, bringing with it an incredible fullness, a wet heat that burns me so beautifully. I clutch him tight and cry out, my body joyous for release as the orgasm spills through me. We grunt and rock together, connected by hands lips, tongues, and cock, our bodies moving together in blissful harmony. Logan slows and rests on top of me, his wonderful weight pressing me to the floor. I stroke his back while he grows soft inside of me, finally slipping out and leaving me achingly empty.

He hoists me in his arms and carries me to the bedroom, kissing me once before setting me on the bed. I fall asleep with my arm clutching him from behind, his warm body pressing against me, his masculine smell deep in my nose.

3

Logan is quieter than usual the next morning. He rebuffs my advances, claiming to have had too much to drink, and suggests we go out for breakfast. I get dressed in last night's clothes, sans bra, so that my little nipples poke up against the tight white top. The clothes in Logan's closet I'd previously collected as Denise won't fit this body. I'll need to go shopping at some point if I'm to stay in whoever I am. I left her purse in the bar so I don't even know her name.

The cafe is about half full and the waitress leads us to a seat on the back patio. After ordering I sit back and fluff out my blonde hair.

“Whatcha thinking, babe?” I ask.

“What?” Logan replies, clasping his hands and resting them on the table top.

“You've got something on your mind. You've been really quiet this morning, what's up?”

He looks down at his lap then back up at me. I have a sinking feeling in my chest as he opens his mouth to speak.

“Ariana, I...I've been thinking. I don't know that we're a good fit.”

“Of course we are,” I protest, placing my hand on his.

He pulls his hands away and continues. “I can't keep finding myself with someone different every few weeks or months.”

“I'm still me! I thought you wanted this. I was doing this for you.”

“No, you were doing it for you. Seeing you hop the other night was really eye opening. You enjoyed taking this woman from her date and then watching Denise lose it in the middle of the bar.”

“I didn't enjoy it,” I lie, “That's who I am so I embrace it. And this woman was for you.” I raise my arms, presenting this golden goddess to Logan. “I didn't see you complaining when you were sucking on these tits last night.” My voice is rising. People are staring but I don't give a shit.

“Shhh, please keep it down.”

“Am I embarrassing you while you're trying to break up with me? That's what this is, right?” I scowl.

He rubs his forehead and sighs. “Yes. It is. I want someone more...stable. I want to know that the person I leave in the morning is the same one I'll come back to at night.”

Sensing my anger is pushing him away I change tact, pleading with him. “Baby, no, if that's what you want I can do that. I can be that woman. Tell me who you want, pick anyone out and she's yours forever.”

I gesture around the restaurant. The people at other tables are mostly middle-aged couples but the sentiment is there.

“It's not just being someone it's...it's everything. The way we look at life. You've got this glee for destruction--”

“This is what I am!” I smack the table. “I don't have a body. I only exist by taking someone else's.” He draws back and I soften, reaching for him again but he crosses his arms. “Come on, Logan, baby, we can make this work.”

“No. We can't.”

Now it's my turn to draw back and cross my arms. Out of the corner of my eye I see the waitress start to approach but pause, not wanting to get in the middle of our argument.

“It's Penny, isn't it? You love her.”

“This isn't about Penny.”

“Everything's about Penny to you. I see the way you look at her,” I say, coldly. An idea occurs to me and I lean forward, eyes bright, my voice suddenly soft and sweet to propose the simplest solution. “I'll take over Penny and then you can have everything you want. We can--”

“No!” He slams his palm down on the table, making me jump. “Leave her out of this. You can never be Penny.”

“Why don't you just marry her then? Oh, I know, because she doesn't want you. Nobody wants you like I do.” I sniff and wipe away a tear.

He stares at me without a word, but I can tell by the tension in his jaw that I've hit a nerve. He shifts his eyes down, the tell he always has when he feels guilty about something. Suddenly, it clicks.

“You fucked her, didn't you?” I ask, my voice deadly soft. My knuckles turn white from gripping the table.

“I didn't.” Logan rubs his forehead.

“You always were a shitty liar. When?”

“Three months ago,” he mumbles after a brief pause. “After Kim's party.”

I remember being Kim. Timid Korean chick. The last person anyone would ever expect to have a huge party, which was why I'd done it. I was almost positive I'd made her some new friends. Surely losing her deposit was worth that.

“You and I are meant to be together. We will be together,” I insist. “I can forgive you for this.”

“I don't want you to forgive me. I don't want you.”

I stand, my fists balled. “Fuck you. Have fun cleaning up this shit storm.”

I grab my shirt and yank it off over my head before tossing it away. Now everyone in the restaurant is staring at the bare-chested blonde with the perky tits. I stalk towards the waitress and grab her arm before she can react, hopping into the waitress as the blonde's consciousness returns to her own body.

I hear the blonde screaming behind me at the predicament she finds herself in—suddenly topless in a restaurant—as I waddle out to the street in the waitress's body. I tag the nearest passerby, hopping into the body of a bulky delivery driver and leaving the waitress flabbergasted outside her restaurant. From there I hop from body to body, just wanting to get as far away from the hurt as I can, but to paraphrase an old saying: wherever I go, there I am.

I will make him see that we belong together. I can be the one he wants forever. It goes against my nature to stay as one person long term but I can give it up for Logan. Why can't he see that I can change for him? That I can be whatever he

wants?

I search around the city until I find a lovely brunette who's just his style. She seems to be single and with no kids, so Logan can't complain I'm breaking up a family or whatever. Not that he will ever find out but I don't want someone tracking me down in the future.

From there it's a simple matter of dropping by the coffee shop Logan likes every couple of days until I 'accidentally' run into him. Literally. Turning around too fast as he waits in line behind me I knock against his shoulder.

“Oh, excuse me,” I say, touching him on the arm as coffee drips down my fingers. A drop or two has fallen onto the sleeve of his shirt.

“Not at all.”

“No, really, I'm so sorry. Let me at least buy you a new sleeve to make it up for you. Not a whole shirt though, that's too much. Sorry, I'm rambling. But I am sorry,” I smile sweetly.

“Really, it's okay,” he smiles back.

“Would you like me to apologize some more over dinner sometime?” I fluff out my hair with one hand.

He pauses and I see him change. “Ariana.”

It's not a question but I try to lie anyway. “Who?”

“Ariana, no. Just...no.”

I grit my teeth, turn on my heel and walk out.

I try again the next week in another location with another woman but he's too guarded. I'm such a fucking cliché. I can have everything I want except the person I really want because he's too fucking dense to realize I'm his dream girl.

I spend the next few months trying to forget myself in a succession of bodies just attempting to live their lives. Is this what being normal is? I get pretty damn good at it, too. Better even than the originals. I think I save a marriage or two. If only the original occupant doesn't fuck up all my hard work.

But still I know Logan and I are destined to be together.

4

It's weeks later.

I follow Logan in plain sight. I'm the delivery driver that brings his food. I'm his next-door neighbor. I'm his barista. I'm the guy stocking shelves at the grocery store. The guard on the train. The janitor at his office. A pharmacist. A mailman. An Uber driver. A mechanic. A dog walker. And countless strangers he passes on the street or in a club or at a bar or in his office or at the movies or at a show.

I keep my distance, staying away from anyone he's close to and not staying too long in any one body so the memory loss isn't noticeable. It's surprising how malleable people's brains are, how they rationalize losing small chunks of time. Most jobs are repetitive, so what's the difference between one coffee order and the next? Hopefully, as far as they know they've just zoned out for a second.

I listen and watch for weeks, so I'm there when Logan meets up with Penny for some after dinner drinks. She's brought along Brent, who's still quiet, only speaking up now and then to throw in a witty quip but otherwise remaining aloof, just sitting there looking charming and handsome in his worn jean jacket. Asshole.

As the waitress, I set their drinks down on their table then hop into a guy sitting at the table behind them who's flipping through his phone, perhaps waiting for others to join him. The waitress has a momentary look of blankness, her hand still on mine. I order a beer, snapping her back into the present. She laughs and apologizes for zoning out. She's been on her feet all day.

Still pretending to flip through my phone, I keep one ear cocked on the conversation behind me. If I look up and slightly to my left, I can see the three of them reflected in the band of polished brass ornamentation that runs the length of the room. Logan is talking about his breakup with me, a fact that makes me secretly delighted.

“Even though I'm the one who broke up I still kind of miss her,” he concludes.

Penny pats his hand. “I know.”

“Could be worse,” Brent chimes in, “You could be sleeping with her,” He jerks his thumb towards Penny, “She snores.”

“Well, you kick in your sleep,” Penny laughs.

I can't see Logan's face but I can imagine his reaction as Penny and her boyfriend gently rib each other while the image of him and Penny in bed runs through his mind. There's a pause as Logan swigs his beer, probably trying to hide the sudden red flush creeping up his cheeks.

People show up at my table. They obviously know the person who's body I'm in so get out, quickly hopping from one body to the other and then out into a stranger heading away from Logan. Not too long afterwards Logan leaves but I stay put. Penny and Brent finish their drinks and head out. I follow, switching to a new body along the way.

I'm a jock, tipsy on beer and with a body built like a fucking wall. There's no subtlety here but fortunately I don't need any. I keep my distance as I follow Logan and Penny back through the streets to their apartment.

As Penny walks up the steps to their building, her keys in her hand, I brush past Brent and hop into his body. Penny and I take the elevator up to the fifth floor and I follow her into their apartment. I watch as Penny prepares for bed, observing her routine as she disappears into the shower, returning to shimmy into a loose nightie and slip under the covers. She strokes my chest but I rebuff her overtures for sex, claiming I'm too tired. I would dearly love to spite fuck her, to slam this man's cock into her until she screams. But I've got a different kind of spite fuck in mind.

The next week is spent watching Penny, observing how she carries herself, how she dresses, how she moves and talks and eats and laughs. I'm also faking my way through Brent's life, biding my time and making Penny doubt her relationship. When she tries to touch me or stroke my hand I subtly draw away. I dodge her attempts at conversation and passively criticize her for her choice of clothing, and the television she watches, and the meals she makes, and every choice she makes.

I go out at night by myself with little explanation, coming home late smelling of whiskey. Only then do I paw at her for sex, and then it's her turn to rebuff Brent, angrily turning away from me in bed and yanking the covers off me. I eye her perfect rear before taking my cock in my hand and masturbating to the sight of the curve of her ass. I haven't had a dick in so long I forget how intense it is, how quickly I can grow hard and cum, my fingers stroking my shaft, enjoying the heat in my palm before spilling hot seed down my hand and my groin. Still messy, I roll over and let sleep take me. It only takes a few days before Penny is fuming at Brent, trying to draw me into a discussion about our relationship, which I continue to dodge.

In two weeks we're distant with each other. Penny goes out without me at night to meet up with friends. She texts me to let me know she's with Logan, hoping to make me jealous. No doubt they're commiserating about their relationships. Perfect.

Brent is a radio technician, and though I know nothing about how to do his job I'm excellent with the people he works with. I've always been a people person. I'm especially nice to Charli, a slender brunette with tattoos up and down each arm. She wears trendily messy outfits. She's got several earrings through one ear, along with a ring through her nose. She keeps her hair in two messy pigtails. She's one hundred percent fucking trouble. Her look feminine and dangerous. She flirts mercilessly with me and I flirt back, dropping hints about how my relationship with Penny is failing.

On a night when Penny is once again out with Logan, I bring Charli back to Penny's apartment. We're in the living room, which is a straight line down the hallway from the front door.

"Don't worry," I assure Charli as I hand her a glass of red wine, "My girlfriend won't be home for a couple hours."

Charli leans on the back of the couch and sips, seemingly nonplussed about my relationship troubles. I appreciate that; it's less I have to fake.

"So what do we do until then?" She arches a slim eyebrow, the ring through it glistening in the light.

“I've got a few ideas,” I say, placing my wine on the table and closing in on her. “Well, just one, really.”

I slide my hand across her cheek and bring her mouth to mine. We kiss, her tongue slipping out to explore me, thrusting inside forcefully. She grips my shirt in a fist and presses her lips hard against mine. She kisses me roughly, nipping my lip with her teeth when I pull away from her. I take her wine glass and set it on the table behind me before she pulls me back against her warm hungry mouth.

Her hands are eager and quick, yanking me towards her even as her tongue forces itself deeper into my mouth. I stroke her, feeling the soft curves beneath her outfit. My cock grows to attention, straining against my pants. Her hand slides down between us and she rubs my erection through my jeans. I feel her smiling against my lips. She bites my lower lip again, draws blood and laughs, eyes sparkling.

Then we're yanking off clothes, throwing them aside before embracing. My hands squeeze her bare skin. She's warm and soft and wonderful. Her nipples are pierced, each one sporting a silver stud. Her body is fit and muscular, with sharp feminine curves I long to grab. I ache for her, my cock so hard I feel I'm going to explode as it presses up against her tummy. Her tits rest against my chest as her fingernails scrape down my back, clawing at me. I wince and she laughs, throwing her head back and exposing her long neck, her bright white teeth.

I grab one of her tiny tits and squeeze as she moans. Leaning down, I nibble on her neck, biting and sucking, inhaling her dark fragrance as my fingers scrabble at her breasts. Taking her nipple stud in two fingers I twist it gently back and forth. She jumps at the pain, moaning and begging for more. My other hand slips down to her ass and holds her close as I stare at her tits, manipulating the little stud, enjoying the sight of her bouncy little breasts as her cries go breathy, rising in pitch.

I slide my hand around her ass and between her legs, finding her wetness. My own desire is intense and desperate. There's no time for sensuality, I need to be inside her.

I flip her around and push her back against the couch. She leans on it with one hand, arching her back and playing with one of her tits with her free hand. I gaze down at the perfect curve of her lower back, graced with a tattoo. My eyes flick over the taut ass, the two cheeks shaking wonderfully for me. I grip my dick and slide it between her legs. She parts for me, slippery and warm, the head of my dick pressing up against her entrance. I slide in to the hilt, filling her with my dick. The walls of her canal clasp tight around my shaft and I drive inside.

I grab her hips and withdraw, sliding in again, slowly, enjoying Charli's hot, wet pussy. She welcomes me in, leaning back to draw me deeper inside. I quickly increase my rhythm, gripping her ass with both hands.

“Oh, god, yes, fuck me,” she moans.

She twists and writhes beneath me and it's all I can do to hold on, to drive deep and fast, grunting like a madman. My need is fast and urgent, and so is hers. My eyes remain locked on her perfect ass while the sound of my groin slamming into her fills the room, the rhythmic slapping accompanied by the bouncing of her pert ass. I watch as my cock disappears into her body, dives into her perfect heat. She bucks and trembles beneath me as I ride her, her body quivering, her pleasure loud.

I peak suddenly, driving in deep, her cries joining my own as I sink hard inside

her and empty myself. I cum, my dick throbbing in that glorious wet warm cunt, pumping into her with some final thrusts. Still lodged inside her, still gripping her as she recovers beneath me, I hear the door open. I look over to see Penny framed in the doorway. Her eyes are wide, her mouth moving soundlessly.

“Hey, babe,” I say.

Charli, still leaned over the couch, Brent dripping down her thigh, looks over and puts her hand to her lips. “Oops.”

That's why I like this chick. She really does not give a fuck. Unlike Penny, who grits her teeth and growls: “Get the fuck out of my apartment.”

I love seeing that little bitch so angry.

5

It's months later.

I'm an old man meeting Penny's friend, Sophie, when she comes out of the appointment with her naturopath. I brush past her in the vitamin aisle and hop into her body. In her hand is a list of more vitamins to help with the sporadic memory loss. No amount of vitamins or dieting is going to cure her problem, which is that I keep hopping her. Sophie's grown sallow eyed and weary from the months I've spent in her body. Perhaps it's a little worse because the time has been spent non-consecutively? A day here and there, maybe a week. It starts to add up.

But Sophie's sacrifice has all been worth it for me. Inside Penny's best friend I hang out with Penny constantly for girl talk. We meet up for drinks or shows or just for walks in the park or watching TV at her apartment. In the months since she broke up with Brent everything's fallen into place for both of us. Penny trusts Sophie's advice, and I've used that trust to get her to give Logan a chance. I'm doing my best to drive them together.

"I always thought you and Logan should be together," I'd said nonchalantly while inside Sophie a little less than three weeks after she kicked Logan out. It had been during one of our girl talk sessions in Sophie's tiny kitchen.

"Really?" She'd sounded interested.

“Yeah,” I'd shrugged, pouring Penny another glass of wine and handing her a tissue to dry her eyes. “I thought you two were dating for the longest time. Your eyes light up every time you see him. You didn't notice?”

She'd stared thoughtfully into her wine and I let it drop. But two weeks later they were hanging out, and two months after that they were officially dating.

Now, it's only a few weeks until their wedding. Penny's blissfully happy while Sophie is slowly falling apart, wondering where all this missing time is going. I slip the naturopath's list into my pocket and return to the street empty-handed. Sophie's body has gained a definite waddle. Her thighs have become thicker and I don't know if it's from me not caring what I do in her body, or her stress eating. Maybe both. I'm only inside Sophie for a little while longer anyway.

I need to get even closer to Penny. I know her mannerisms. Like the way she screws up her lips when she's about to lie, or the way the left side of her mouth quirks up when she's trying to seem sincere. I know her thought patterns, her social and political views. I know her little quirks and her jokes, her likes and dislikes, but only when she's with Sophie. She's less guarded with her best friend so I'm likely to be seeing her 'true' self, but she's likely to be even less guarded when she's with Logan. I need a way to see everything, but how can I do that when it's just the two of them? Even more importantly, how can I watch her when she's alone?

I'm wandering down the street on my way to Penny's place to meet her when I pass a father and daughter staring through the window of a pet store. They're laughing, poking at the glass. I look over their shoulders to see a little playpen full of kittens scrabbling around. I grin and waddle inside.

* * *

“Oh my god he's so cute!” Penny squeals.

She gently pulls the tiny calico kitten out of the cardboard box and rubs her cheek against the soft fur as it meows. I'm sitting on the couch next to Penny and I can hear the kitten purring from here. I clasp my hands and smile as Penny caresses the tiny thing.

“I found him in the alley,” I lie, “and cleaned him off a little. But I can't keep him because I'm allergic.”

“Oh, you poor little thing,” Penny says, gazing at the kitten adoringly.

“I don't want to take him to a pound because they'll probably just kill him.”

Penny holds the kitten against her breast and looks at me aghast. “That's awful. What are you going to do?”

“Well...why don't you take him?”

“Me?” Penny's eyes go wide. “I don't know.”

I let the silence sit between us as Penny continues stroking the kitten. It rubs against her before settling in her lap.

“I think he likes you.”

I rise and prepare to leave. Penny walks with me to the door, the kitten in her arms. I give it one last stroke.

“Bye little guy,” I say, before hopping into it.

It's been so long since I've been anything but human. From within my kitten brain there's a clash of signals from the new balance of senses. I can see smells and the world is too bright, too loud. But goddamn those fingers stroking my ears feel amazing. I purr and stretch against Penny's neck, glancing over to see Sophie's awareness return to her body, and with it the wide-eyed look of incomprehension.

“Oh, no, it happened again didn't it?” Penny asks, and I can detect all the varying harmonies of her voice. “Memory loss?”

“When did I get here? What did we do?” Sophie asks, bewildered.

Penny explains about the kitten and what we've recently talked about, then urges her friend to stay. When Sophie waves her off Penny urges her to at least get a

cab back to her place so she doesn't get lost. Sophie agrees, and Penny helps flag down a cab. I remain tucked in Penny's arms, her fingers stroking my fur as she stares after her friend. Penny is so warm, her fingers so precise between my fuzzy ears.

“Poor Sophie,” she mutters, returning to her apartment and closing the door behind her.

Penny is home alone and when she sets me down I follow her from room to room. She laughs and strokes me as I memorize her, curling up on her lap and peeking at her computer screen as she browses the web. It takes some adjusting for my new cat eyes to make out the letters on the screen, but in the end I see everything.

My sweet Logan arrives home later that evening. I paw at him, mewling pitifully as Penny lays out the argument for keeping me. When he sweeps me up in his arms I nuzzle against his cheek and inhale the heady mix of aromas that make up Logan, purring contentedly as I do.

Of course they keep me. Look at my face! There are no more secrets and I follow Penny from room to room. I memorize how she does her makeup, what she eats, the websites she reads, the television shows she watches, the way she sings to herself when she thinks she's alone, the way she teases Logan, her favorite sports team. I hear everything between her and Logan, every argument, every discussion, every time she tells him about her childhood, or school, or work. I memorize her, rehearsing the movements in my head but never hopping into her, though the temptation to do so is immense.

“I think he loves you,” Logan laughs, as I patter down the hall on my paws after Penny.

“Aw,” she says, looking down at me, “You’ll learn to love my Logan-berry, too!”

She sweeps me up in her arms and rubs my head. I lie there happily as they discuss the wedding and all the attendant dramas. Penny’s mom is hypercritical. Logan is worried his brother won’t be able to make it. I know from eavesdropping on Penny’s phone calls to her dad that he thinks this is moving too fast and she assures him that she’s known Logan for years.

I slip out of the kitten’s body now and then and into the people around Penny (And also when she takes the kitten in to get neutered. No thanks, not interested.). But I have to tread carefully. Too many people with holes in their memory will make Logan suspicious. It’s fortunate that Penny refers to Sophie’s neurological issues without going into too much detail with Logan.

With me staying out of her, though, Sophie’s memory loss is seemingly cured. She credits it to some miracle herbal combination. Whatever. Penny is happy. Logan is happy. I’m happy. One night, a week before the wedding, I curl up in Logan’s arms, enjoying his scent as he scratches me.

Penny comes into the bedroom wearing skimpy workout shorts and a tank top. Logan puts me down and sweeps her into his arms. She laughs, flicking her head to toss the hair out of her eyes as he takes her from behind, kissing her neck and running his hands up and down her body. Her laugh turns to a sigh and she throws her head back, eyes closed as he kisses back and forth across her neck and shoulders. It’s the being so casually tossed aside that makes me insane with jealousy.

I curl up on the chair near the bed and watch as that bitch takes my man. I don’t

let my eyes leave her body. I stare in order to memorize her. But it's perhaps the last loud cry that breaks me, as she straddles Logan and rides him, clutching at his chest while she cums, shivering hard around him as he thrusts into her. He looks at her like he used to look at me. That's all I want.

6

I wait until morning. I know this is foolish. I know it's only a week until the wedding and this could topple everything. But goddammit I need Logan with every fiber of my being.

Before Penny wakes I scrabble up on to the bed and curl up touching her arm. Then I hop into her body where my mind takes her place in sleep. As soon as I get the briefest hit of consciousness I grasp it, not fighting to stay asleep, but embracing the wakefulness.

The kitten jumps down from the bed as I stretch in Penny's body, curling my fingers and admiring my new hands. I turn to my left and brush the silky hair out of my eyes to gaze at Logan. He's asleep beside me, his long lashes trembling as he dreams.

I turn in bed. Penny is small and slender, moving with an elegant ease. I stroke Logan's hair out of his eyes gently and lean my head on my hand, just admiring him. My touch eases him awake. He glances up and smiles dreamily, his head still on the pillow. I nestle down into the covers with him, my hands playing over his body. He moves closer to me and I wrap myself around him, feeling his hardness between us.

I look deep into his eyes as I stroke his cheek, then lean forward and kiss him on the lips. And again. And again. An avalanche of kisses as he laughs.

“You're feisty this morning,” he mumbles.

My mouth quirks up in the half smile so typical of Penny. “You have no idea, Logan-berry,” I say, using Penny's pet name for him.

I caress his dick and it jumps beneath my fingers. Now he's kissing me back, his hands following the curve of my side. He pulls down the spaghetti strap top and drags his finger along one of my breasts. He's got that impish smile, the one that comes when he wants to play with my tits. A mixture of lust and awe and confidence. I recognize it from when we were together.

He splays his fingers over my breast, squeezing lightly. We watch together as he manipulates Penny's body until my nipple spikes out beneath his touch. He leans forward and kisses my breast, circling my areola with kisses before opening his lips and sucking on my pink nipple. His breath is hot on my sensitive skin. I continue caressing his cock through his boxer shorts as he strains against me. His desire builds with my own as his kisses get harder, more eager.

I slip out of his grasp and crawl down the covers until I reach his dick. His delicious musky scent is concentrated beneath the sheets and I inhale with a sigh, letting him fill my nose. I reach in between the hole in his boxer shorts and free his cock. It's warm in my hand, filling my fingers as I stroke lovingly.

I take him in my mouth and he tastes divine. It's been so long since I've had him I've almost forgotten how wonderful he is. His dick fills my mouth as I drag my lips down the shaft, holding his cock deep inside me, his taste filling me. I pull up again, kiss down one side, then the other, then swallow his cock once more. He moans above me and thrusts gently up into my mouth. I take him in as far as I can, growing faster with his rhythm. Pleasing him makes me so horny, watching him react to me makes me hornier.

I suck his cock faster, driving deep. Up and down, up and down, until he groans and throbs between my lips. I drive down, keeping my lips clamped around his shaft as he explodes into me. His salty seed fills my mouth in sharp bursts and I gulp him down, greedy for him, forcing Penny's slutty mouth to catch every spurt. He empties himself into my mouth and I make sure to swallow every deliciously tangy drop before sliding my lips off his shaft and crawling back up beside him.

He nestles against me from behind, holding me close, his warm cock pressed against my taut ass. It's still warm and slick with our mingled juices. One of his hands slides beneath me and curls up to grab my breast, the other glides down my side, over the curve of my hips and to my moistened pussy. He clutches my breast and strokes my clit, softly, teasingly, but I'm already so fucking wet for him. Just having him near me makes me delirious with desire.

I thrust against his hand as he enters me, fingers gliding through my wetness and up against my budded clit. He circles it gently, his other hand kneading my tits, his cock pressed up against me. I'm putty in his powerful arms, so happy to feel him wrapped around me, to feel him inside me, yearning to please me. He knows how Penny's body works and gradually grows faster in time with my breath. The tension twists through me, building with each circle of his fingers inside me.

Now I can hear my wet pussy as he fingers me. My breath comes faster. I'm moaning now, the tension spiraling up, up as he continues stroking. And then I explode, clutching my eyes closed as he grabs me tightly, skin to skin, our bodies touching everywhere, still circling inside my pussy as I orgasm around his fingers, gasping out in a tiny, lust filled voice, "Oh, oh!".

The pleasure is divine, carrying me away. I come down slowly. Logan slides his fingers out of me, releases his grip on my tits, and kisses me between my

shoulder blades. I shudder happily.

Soon he gets out of bed. I curl over on my side and grab the kitten from the floor. I pretend to fall asleep as he slips out of the room to go shower. I enjoy the last of Penny's orgasm, until the heat has dissipated from her body. I hop back into the kitten and Penny's eyes flutter open. She stretches and yawns, smacking her lips thoughtfully and furrowing her brow. When Logan returns to the room, dressed only in a towel, she looks up at him.

“Morning, Logan-berry,” Penny says.

“Morning.” He kisses her on the forehead.

“My mouth tastes funny this morning.”

Logan chuckles as if it was a deliberate joke and turns to get dressed for the day. Christ, Penny's body was divine. I can't wait to have it forever.

7

The wedding is in a grand Catholic church downtown. Earlier, when Sophie arrived at the house to pick up Penny I rubbed my kitten body against her legs and hopped into her. Now, minutes before the ceremony, I stand at the back of the church with Penny in a little room just off the main hallway. I adjust her bridal dress as she eyes her makeup in the mirror.

“You look gorgeous,” I assure her.

And she does. The white dress clings elegantly to her body before flowing down her waist in a gentle wave. It's a mix of classic and contemporary, with a silken veil covering her gorgeous face, the makeup enhancing her already lovely sea green eyes. Meanwhile, Sophie's confined to a canary yellow bridesmaid dress that does nothing for her recent weight gain.

“God, I'm so nervous,” Penny says, biting her lower lip and continuing to stare at herself.

“Oh, don't be,” I say. “If anyone should be nervous it's me. I helped you arrange everything. I've memorized you.”

“What do you mean?” She turns to me.

“I mean, I know everything about you. I'm a body hopper. I'm in love with Logan but he was too blinded by you to see it. So I'm going to steal your body. Don't worry, you won't feel a thing. I'll jump out again when I'm eighty or so, after I've enjoyed your youth.” Man, it feels good to get it all out like this. Is this what therapy is like?

Penny's eyes go wide. “What are you talking about? Oh god, are you having an episode? I'll get help.”

She turns to the door but I grab her wrist. She gasps.

“Not an episode. Sophie's memory loss is because I was riding her body, controlling her. I could have had fun. I could have ruined her. I could have done anything. But I watched you. Because the only thing I want is Logan, and the only thing he wants is you. Your body is mine now, you bitch. I just wanted you to know it.”

Penny grabs my hand, probably in an attempt to tear me off her, but I hop into her. In less than a heartbeat the world is flipped and I'm staring into Sophie's eyes as she comes back to herself.

“It's okay, Sophie honey, you'll do fine,” I pretend to be in the middle of consoling her.

She nods and bites her lower lip.

“Oh no,” I raise a hand to my mouth and I can smell Penny's bright floral scent, “Did you have another one of your episodes?”

Sophie nods again and I embrace her, stroking her back. “It's okay. I'm sure the new medicine will fix it.”

After a brief embrace I pull away and gaze into the mirror. Penny's beautiful face gazes back. I turn, admiring my killer body in this wedding dress. Penny really does have an amazing little body and a cute as hell face. I'm going to enjoy her. My admiration for my new self is interrupted by a knock on the door. It's the pastor.

“We're ready,” he says.

“So am I,” I grin.

* * *

At the reception dinner Logan and I can't stop kissing each other. I'm deliriously happy, a smile stuck to my face as the best man and maid of honor speechify and toast us. In Sophie's speech she talks about the night Penny realized she was in love with Logan. It's a story I pretend to know, laughing appropriately or rolling my eyes when necessary. Sophie touches on her mysterious illness and I tense up, watching Logan from the corner of my eye, but he doesn't seem to connect her memory issues with my abilities.

After the speech comes the meals and the dancing. The guests mingle. I know many of them, at least by name, from my time spent around Penny. I laugh and smile and generally look gorgeous. All is well until I look around and notice Logan is no longer sitting at the table. He's over by the wall, engaged in deep conversation with Sophie. He nods several times, a serious look on his face. I flit towards them, hiding my nerves beneath another swig of champagne.

“Do you mind if I take my husband back, Sophie?” I laugh, slipping my arm through his.

“Of course.”

I pull Logan towards the dance floor, but he resists, instead steering me out into the hallway.

“Come on, I want to dance!” I sing, throwing my arms in the air.

“Sophie told me a very interesting story about her illness,” Logan says staring at me.

“The poor thing. Can you imagine?”

“Periods of memory loss. She just suddenly found herself in different places after losing time...”

He trails off and gazes into my eyes, expectantly, but I don't take the bait. I let the silence sit between us, blinking slowly up at him, waiting for him to finish. I want to run my hands through my hair nervously, but instead I toss my hair out of my eyes with a flick of my head, just as I've seen Penny do a million times. Logan takes me gently by the shoulders and looks me deep in the eyes, his face serious, searching for something. I let the left side of my lips quirk up in Penny's half smile.

“What's wrong, Logan-berry?”

He smiles. A true smile. Then he kisses me on the lips tenderly.

“Mmm,” I sigh beneath him, kissing him back, flicking my tongue across his lips.

He pulls away and strokes my cheek. “I love you so much, Penny.”

“I love you, too. Save it for tonight,” I wink and laugh.

* * *

The guests have retired to their rooms in the hotel. Logan carries me into the

honeymoon suite and sets me gently on the bed. I wrap my arms around him and pull him down on top of me.

“I want my husband,” I whisper in his ear, hugging him close.

We kiss, fierce and happy, slightly drunk and like two lovers with nothing to hide. His tongue slides between my lips and I suck on him as he wiggles out of his shirt and pants. He helps me out of the dress, untying the dozen knots, undoing the clasps. I stand and let the dress fall down my body.

His hands are on me, yanking at my bra and then my panties as we kiss. My undergarments fall to the ground and now our bodies are twined together. The heat from him fills me. His erection presses up against my belly. Our hands slide across the other's skin, gripping, pulling, exploring by touch.

I flip him around and let him fall to the bed, where I straddle him, laughing as I spread my thighs over his manhood. It aims up at me, the cockhead thick and already shiny with a bead of pre-cum. He gazes adoringly at me and I soak in his lust, body burning bright as I lower myself onto him. I'm warm and wet and the pressure of him slides across my opening. I part for him, sighing as I sink down, letting his cockhead fill me. His shaft is wonderfully hot inside the walls of my canal. He fits me like a glove and I grip his chest as his hands come up to my breasts. I ride him slowly, undulating my body up and down, filling and emptying myself on him.

In and out he goes. I stare down at Penny's body, my forever body, as his hands play across my skin. My nipples grow to sharp spikes and he pulls me forward so he can take one in my mouth. His hot breath whispers around my nipple. I moan, my body shivering with lust, still riding him as he sucks on each of my tits. He's perfect inside me, Penny's little pussy so perfectly tight, perfectly wet

for him. This body is a dream; no wonder he's wanted her for so long. And now he can have her. We both can.

I sink down as deep as I can. Feel his dick slide deep into me and up against the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure. I'm breathless with heat, riding him faster, thrusting my hips down, down as he keeps hold of my nipple. His other hand comes to the small of my back and now he thrust up inside me as I drive down. Each thrust brings a moan from my lips, growing louder as our bodies speed up in tandem. The rhythm of our fucking makes my body hum with pleasure. My cries rise in pitch until I throw my head back and cum hard, quivering around him, holding his hand to my breast.

He thrust up and grunts, teeth gritted, as he empties himself into me, pulling me down onto him as his hot seed throbs inside my cunt. I'm so fucking full of him, his wet heat, his thick cock. I cum hard, the orgasm whiting out my vision and it's all I can do to clutch him, to feel him inside me, to inhale the scent of him.

When he's through I collapse on top of him, my head on his chest, listening to his heart pound as he strokes my hair. He's still inside me, slowly growing soft. I want him inside me forever. And I have him forever. I've passed the test and I will be his Penny for the rest of his life. I will do anything I can to ensure he never leaves me.

#

Thank you!

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

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M

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