

MtF BODY THEFT

OUT  
OF HIS  
Mind

IMMENSE

# **Out of His Mind**

*MtF Body Theft*

by M. Wills

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## Charlie

The cursor sat there blinking on the empty page, mocking me. I was supposed to be writing the financial year summary report but it was three o'clock on a gorgeous Thursday afternoon and I had no motivation. I set my glasses on the desk, rubbed my eyes and swiveled the creaky leather chair around so I could stare out the window. I absently tapped out a rhythm on the arm rests.

From my office, three floors up, I could see most of the park on the corner. It was a beautiful spring day, the kind that made me wish I was anywhere but inside a chilly, air conditioned office. Though actually, I wished that most of the time.

I hadn't wanted to end up at an insurance company plugging numbers into calculations all day. I'd just fallen into it. I'd started here as a temp on the phones, taking the job just to earn a steady paycheck between acting gigs (which were few and far between). But I can't do anything half-assed, even drudgery, so the temp job had gradually given me more responsibility and more hours, while the acting gigs became fewer and farther in between. I'd given them up entirely a few years ago, resigned to eking it out in community theater at night and becoming an office cog during the day.

The money was nice. I could afford a good place and fancy electronics, but I was lonely and unmotivated, just slogging through life with no plans in mind. My hair was thinning and I hadn't been to the gym in months. I was turning thirty three this year, still single, and was gradually sinking into a deep malaise about the direction of my life in general.

With a sigh I forced my gaze back to the computer and the columns of figures in the spreadsheet. I'd always been good with numbers but they'd never interested me. I began formulating the first sentence in my head but was distracted by a beautiful laugh from the office across the hallway.

I looked up, through the half open blinds of my office window, to Aimee's office. Aimee was on the phone, her head thrown back in laughter. The sunlight from the outside window behind her made her golden hair glow. She twirled a lock around a slender finger as she talked.

Aimee was the spark of color in this dull gray office. She was way too beautiful to be working as a mid tier insurance adjuster. My monitor was positioned on my desk so that, just looking past it, I could see her at her desk. She was a delightful distraction.

Aimee had a slim oval face with beautifully sculpted features, the highlight of which were her deep blue eyes. Her sharp eyebrows had a habit of scrunching up just so when people spoke to her, making it appear as if she was deeply interested in everything they were saying. She often chewed on the tip of her pen when on the phone, and many times I'd thought how lucky that pen was to be between those soft, pillowy lips.

Aimee was enchanting, with a light laugh, a wicked sense of humor and a body to die for. Even beneath her conservative outfits I could admire the heavy swell of her heavy breasts and her pinchable butt. Not that I would ever actually pinch it, but I'd daydreamed about it.

She laughed again and caught my eye, covering her mouth with a graceful hand in apology at being too loud. I smiled and nodded, then forced myself to return to the report. A few minutes later I was distracted by a soft knock. Looking up, I saw Aimee leaning in through the doorway. Her wavy

blonde hair spilled down one shoulder like a glamour shot.

“Sorry, should've closed the door,” she said. “That was Kev. We were talking about wedding stuff.”  
Kev. The fiancée.

“Not a problem,” I replied, glad of the distraction. “They should really improve the soundproofing on the offices. You know I can hear Dave snoring next door during lunch?”

“Is that so?” She laughed, her eyes sparkling. She folded her arms beneath her ample breasts and I willed my eyes not to flick down at them, to ogle the wonderful bold curves threatening to spill out.

“How's the wedding planning going?”

She rolled her eyes. “It's going. Still three months off and so much to do. I can't imagine how it will get done.”

“These things get done,” I said.

“I hope so. Well, I'll let you get back to it.”

She walked away and I pulled my gaze away from her beautiful swaying ass. I dispelled those thoughts and tried, with moderate success, to concentrate on the report for the rest of the afternoon.

\* \* \*

My evening was spent as usual: me hunched over a microwave meal that sat cooling on my coffee table. The television was on but muted and ignored as I flipped through the dating app I'd reluctantly downloaded onto my phone. I hadn't had much success. A few conversations in fits and starts that went nowhere. A lot of messages that went unanswered. It just made me feel like a bigger loser.

A bright green flash from outside lit up the room briefly, followed by a heavy crunch that sounded like two cars colliding. I hurried out to the balcony and looked down at the street. There were no cars, but there was a large crater in the middle of the street.

Slipping on my shoes, I hurried downstairs and out into the street. A few other neighbors had gathered around and were peering down into the crater where a small object sat. It was about the size and shape of a softball, with little ridges dotting the edge and a dull green glow.

“What is it?” Rosalyn, my upstairs neighbor asked.

“I dunno.” I said, climbing carefully down into the hole.

“Don't touch it,” she warned, “Could be radioactive.”

“A radioactive meteorite? Doubtful.”

I leaned down and looked closer at it before waving my hand over the face of it, testing for temperature. It didn't seem particularly hot. I tapped it with a finger and nothing happened, but when I edged my fingers around it to pick it up I felt a short, sharp shock that radiated up my arm, causing me to drop the meteorite in alarm.

“Ow, shit,” I cried, rubbing my arm.

“Told you,” Rosalyn said, her arms crossed.

“Radiation doesn't shock you. It just kills you slowly,” I muttered, peering down at the little object.

It was no longer glowing. The shock had evaporated but my body still felt a little tingly and I was slightly lightheaded. The fire department arrived as I was climbing out of the hole. The street was cordoned off and after a little while, when there was no further action, everyone returned to their homes. I still couldn't shake the tingly feeling. Throughout the evening I experienced waves of lightheadedness, and I kept imagining that there was a slight delay between my brain and my body, as though I were only loosely connected to myself. I opted to sleep on it and see how I felt in the morning.

I had strange dreams all that night, in which I was shapeless and formless but somehow falling through the air. I woke often, tossing and turning, my limbs sluggish. I was groggy when I woke up and still felt slightly lightheaded but better than the night before, or maybe just more accustomed to the strange delayed feeling in my limbs. By the time I'd dressed and made coffee I felt well enough to go into work.

I nodded to Aimee as I passed her office. She looked up and waved, her phone tucked under her chin. She was wearing a simple white blouse with a black jacket, the top button open, squeezing her ample bust.

*Don't look at her tit. Don't look at her tits.* I reminded myself. God, I really needed a girlfriend to distract me. Or at least a one night stand.

I closed the blinds to my office then slumped into my chair and put my head in my hands. The feeling of being disconnected from my body had variously ebbed and grown during my commute but now it was worse than ever. As I sat it felt like I was trembling, even though my body was still. For an instant I was looking at myself from outside my body, totally weightless, and then a weight pressed in on me from all sides, as if I had been sucked back into my body.

And then I was floating again, well and truly outside of my body. I was aware of everything in the room, of my body slumped back in the chair, eyes closed but breathing. There were vague heat shapes behind the walls that I intuitively understood to be other people in the office. I was separate from my body but there was no fear, just a feeling of awe. I was an orb, a being of pure energy, able to move through the solid desk. I flitted out through the window and into the hallway, “seeing” the world in a crazy kaleidoscope of warmth and living energy. There was one body that held more sway than any other, a bright white light that drew me to the office across the hall.

Passing through the window I could hear Aimee's voice on the phone growing louder as I approached. I sensed through whatever senses I had that she was facing the window. I didn't know if she could see me even if she'd been looking. I approached her slowly. The closer I got the more I felt a pull, like a magnet drawing me in. The pull increased as I neared. I tried to pull back but too late. I was drawn into Aimee's body and suddenly the world was solid again.

I was looking out Aimee's window, a man's voice coming from the phone held to my ear: “...look into those updated numbers before the end of the quarter.”

“Uh huh,” I felt and heard myself reply, though the words were made with someone else's tongue, someone else's lips, the voice familiar and feminine. And completely outside of my doing.

The man droned on about actuarial tables and I found I couldn't move, couldn't respond. I was aware of the slight slip of my nose in my peripheral vision, of silky hair tickling one cheek, of the slight bounce of my breasts when the body I was in shifted and moved, of the long legs crossed in front of me, one hand draped casually on my thigh. I couldn't will my eyes to move, but from this angle I could see the ghostly reflection of Aimee in the window she was looking through, her legs crossed, sitting back in the chair. I was a passenger in her body, unable to control her but experiencing the world through all her senses.

The phone call ended and she placed the phone down, swiping her hair back behind an ear. I was still in utter disbelief that this was happening. Aimee's fingers tapped across the keyboard as she opened up her email and began responding to messages. Her eyes flicked across the words and I couldn't help reading them as I typed through her fingers. When she glanced down at the keyboard I caught a glimpse down her deep cleavage from my new vantage point. I tried to move her hands away from the computer, to move anything at all but nothing worked. Even so, it was shamefully delightful to be sharing her body after admiring it from afar for so long. Just as when I'd left my body, there was no fear now, merely a sense of wonder and awe. However, it was difficult to gather my thoughts with my body moving independently.

*Stop, stop, stop, I begged.*

Her fingers paused on the keyboard for a second. Had I done that? They resumed almost immediately, as though the brief link between my mind and her body had been severed, if it had ever really been there. I tried again, this time to make her stand up. I felt some resistance, a hesitancy to my command. Maybe it was too much. I went with something simpler.

*Scratch your nose.*

One of my slender hands lifted from the keyboard and scratched the tip of my nose, then resumed typing the email. That had to be more than a coincidence. I took the time to really feel her body, to sink into her form, from the way the chair felt beneath her more cushioned butt, to the way she held herself, fingers dancing across the keys. Every now and then her arm would brush across her chest, or she would shift in the chair and cause her breasts to sway. Once I noticed it I couldn't stop noticing it, and I waited for her to move so I could feel that lovely weight. I wanted to touch them, to look at them.

One of her hands rose from the keyboard and scratched her breast, lingering there, stroking softly. It was so nice to touch. After a second she looked down at it, as if just realizing what she was doing. She snorted gently, but now I found I was looking directly into her cleavage. I wanted to admire that view, the way her huge breasts disappeared beneath the button down top, the fringe of a lacy bra just visible. I wanted to memorize that view, hold onto it, and was surprised when her gaze lingered on her breasts.

*Grope those incredible tits, I tried.*

Her hand slid down beneath one breast and squeezed lightly, as if she were experimenting. And then suddenly her mind reasserted itself. I felt pushed back into her mind as she shook her head and placed her hand on the desk, staring at the screen for a second or two as though clearing her mind. I was shaken from what little control I had discovered.

She resumed the email. This time I tried an indirect approach, visualizing her running her hands over her body, imagining how she would look sitting at her desk stroking her tits, how it would feel to be so naughty in the office. I felt a small spike of warmth, faint but very real, deep inside her body, that caused Aimee to pause. She shifted and cleared her throat. I continued pushing my thoughts towards her, imagining her naked and free. Her mind fought it, her natural conservative tendencies tried to reassert themselves, but I persisted, remaining indirect, not ordering her to do anything but simply putting the desire into her mind.

She sat back and fanned her face, where a slight blush was creeping in. I could feel it in her cheeks. I thought about her jacket and how hot it was in the room. She slipped it off and draped it onto the desk.

*Shake your tits.*

This time she did so without hesitation, looking down to allow us both to watch them jostle each other back and forth. They were joyously pendulous, mammoth breasts I dearly wanted to heft. The

warmth between her legs was now noticeable. I was overjoyed my control had worked, and I felt her lips curl up into a half smile. It seemed that just as I was sharing her body, she was sharing my emotions. Now that she was more aligned with my mindset I tried pushing it further.

*Grab your tits.*

She took them in each hand, fingers unable to wrap around them because of their size. They felt firm and fun even beneath the blouse and the bra. She looked down and allowed me to stare at the tits I could now feel, the slender hands with the petite fingers I could now control. She was breathing faster now, and with each breath her breasts heaved.

I concentrated harder, thinking about slipping out of the bra, imagining her free and topless. Her fingers moved to her top button and paused. There was something holding her back, her own hesitance, a fear of being found out. Yet even beneath it there was that warm I had kindled.

*Lock your door,* I commanded, hoping to make her put down her guard.

Our body stood and moved to the door, my wide hips swaying, body jiggling in enticing new ways. Aimee closed and locked the door, then closed the blinds. Alone and secluded I felt her hesitation vanish, and pushed forward into her mind, ordering her to take off her blouse and her bra. The longer I stayed inside her the easier I found it to control her. I couldn't control each movement yet, but I could guide her thoughts and desires, and that was enough.

I felt her hands shake as she unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it aside, then reached around and unhooked her bra before shrugging it off her shoulders. Her breasts bounced down and she took them in both hands. God, they were huge and heavy, spilling out of her fingers. My delight at squeezing her tits echoed through her and she sighed, fingers splayed across her broad breasts, squeezing and fondling herself, staring down at her chest. I admired her breasts from my new perspective, gazing down at the wide pink areolae, as she peered this way and that at her own body, holding up each tit for my inspection. Her fingers gripped and squeezed, and she walked her thumb and forefinger up the slope of her tits to pinch each nipple. Each stroke made an echoing warmth between her legs.

I sensed a natural hesitance, an astonishment that she would be doing this in her office, but my desire overrode hers. I redoubled my efforts and Aimee clutched her tits to her chest and released them, watching them bounce down. She jiggled her chest and cupped her breasts, just playing with them, lightly batting them so that they swayed so beautifully, just as I ordered. They were firm and bulbous and perfect, so nice to watch jiggle.

*Suck on a nipple,* I begged.

She hesitated. Perhaps she'd never done it before, so I concentrated harder, repeating my command and was pleased when she cupped a hand under a tit and hesitantly raised it to her lips. Her warm mouth covered one sensitive nipple, tongue flicking out to taste herself. She closed her eyes in enjoyment as she played with her nipple, nipping it lightly with her teeth as it spiked out in her mouth. I felt everything through her senses. Fuck, she tasted delightful and we began growing wet. It was an exciting new feeling, like a looseness combined with an inner tension of anticipation.

I commanded her to touch herself. With one hand still clutching a breast to her mouth, her free hand slid down beneath her skirt, following the coarse trail of her pubic hair to her pussy. Her pussy lips were already parting and she dipped in, stroking her moisture up and down her entrance. It was so incredible feeling her from the inside. The slick walls of her cunt were gloriously warm and inviting. Her velvety folds were delightful to touch, and she knew exactly what to do, stroking up and down until her clit budded out.

She sat back in her office chair and spread her legs, still sucking on her nipple, while two fingers rubbed slow circles inside her pussy. God, I was inside her, feeling her from within, growing wet

and aroused with her. All I had to do was tamper her inhibition. Aimee did the rest, teasing her body into intense arousal. When her fingers were slick she slid them deeper inside, sinking into her wetness, sliding through the walls of her own canal as it gripped her fingers. Her pussy felt so wonderfully tight, her body on fire now with need as she fingered herself.

She squeezed her tit and returned her fingers to her clit, circling faster now, the warmth and tension twisting through her entire body. Her fingers moved faster and I heard the wet sounds of her cunt. Of *my* cunt. I could feel each finger curling inside her, thrusting deep, trying to sate the burning itch that even now grew beneath her touch.

The tension inside her body wound tighter, tighter, and suddenly snapped. She came, orgasming around her fingers. She crammed her tit into her mouth to stifle her moans, closing her eyes as she came. Her entire body convulsed lightly, fingers digging into her sensitive tit. Her other fingers remained inside her, circling slowly through the orgasm. And all I could think was that I was inside her, fingering that wonderful pussy, feeling her tight canal from within. She stopped only when the crest of the heatwave finally abated.

She pulled her fingers out of herself and released her breast, letting it bob back down her chest. She laughed to herself in disbelief at what she'd done. Now that we were both sated I considered my position. I couldn't move her directly, but I could steer her with thoughts and desires. There didn't seem to be any way back to my own body so, for the moment at least, I was stuck inside Aimee.

## Aimee

I don't know what came over me that I'd just masturbated in my office. I grabbed a tissue and wiped off my fingers, nose wrinkling at the sight of my slick hands. I rarely masturbated, and certainly not in the office. I'd had a conservative upbringing which had carried with it a lot of body shaming just for being a woman. Add to that the attitude of my peers when my breasts started growing in high school and it was a recipe for timidity. It was something I struggled with constantly except, apparently, this morning.

I got dressed again, slipping my bra back on and re-buttoning my blouse. There was a part of me, a little voice in my head, that wondered what it would be like to go topless through the office. I squashed that, opening the blinds before walking out into the hallway. I had a sudden urge to check on Charlie in the room across from me. Looking through the window of his office I saw him slumped back in his chair, seemingly asleep.

I poked my head in and knocked softly on his door. He didn't respond. Slightly worried now, I went closer, calling his name.

"Hey Charlie, you okay?" I touched his shoulder, rocking him gently, but he didn't respond.

"Charlie?" I shook him a little harder.

He was still breathing but he didn't respond. I hurried to the receptionist for help and she called an ambulance, which arrived about twenty minutes later. They took him out on a stretcher. The office gathered around, curious, as he was wheeled away. The rest of Friday was a write off. Everyone was so anxious about what had just happened. Me, especially. I couldn't stop dwelling on it, some part of my mind very concerned about Charlie's well being. Yes, he was a colleague, but we weren't exactly friends. Certainly not enough for me to be worrying this much. And yet it very nearly consumed me.

I left the office early that afternoon, unable to concentrate. The house was empty when I arrived home. My fiancée would still be at work for several hours.

Fiancée.

Usually when I thought that I got a warm feeling of relief, but today was different. For some reason that afternoon, thinking about snuggling up to Kev didn't have the same appeal. I shrugged it off. It was probably still the stress from seeing Charlie get wheeled out of the office.

I changed out of my office clothes, pausing when I was in just my bra and panties to stand in front of the full length mirror. I had an overwhelming desire to stare at myself, so I let my eyes travel up and down my nearly naked form. I always thought I was too plump to be sexy, my hips too big, matching my breasts. There was a sudden thought that I *was* quite attractive, and I turned and admired my ass, running my hand along the curve of one fat butt cheek. I stepped closer and really looked at my face, loving the light brush of freckles across the bridge of my upturned nose, the slim cheeks, the dainty ears, the line of my cupid bow lips which would look amazing wrapped around Charlie's dick.

The thought caught me off guard and I started slightly. It seemed I had Charlie on the brain. I turned from the mirror reluctantly and searched through the dresser in the closet for my comfortable sweats along with a baggy shirt. I had no plans to go out. Kev and I would order takeout and relax on the couch watching something calming with people who spoke in British accents. But my hands paused on the sweatpants as a thought hit me: why not take some pictures of myself before I got dressed? I tried to shake it away but it was persistent, following me around the room. In the end I got out my phone and flipped to the camera setting.

I primped my hair and held out the phone in front of me to take a few selfies while in just a bra and panties. I snapped some pictures, changing positions until I found my best angle, one that made me look sexy and wild instead of hesitant and curious. I was about to put the phone away when I thought about taking some topless photos. I'd already done this much, why not?

I tossed my bra off and gathered my breasts in one arm, holding them up so they looked buoyant and beautiful for the camera. I bit my lower lip, again changing positions until I found the perfect angle. When I was done I reviewed the photos and damned if they didn't look hot as hell. *I was* really cute. More people should see these photos I decided.

Still topless, I sat on the bed and registered for an account on MyFans, making up a name for myself: Velvet Rose. It sounded appropriately like a pornstar name. After selecting a couple of the best topless photos of myself, my finger hovered over the upload button. Should I really be doing this? That little voice inside me—which seemed to be louder—told me yes. So I uploaded them, my heart pounding. I had a sense that I was doing something I shouldn't be doing. It was equal parts thrilling and scary.

I set up the page with a promise of more to come, though I had no intention of doing any more. Afterwards, I posted links to the site around the web. Brief visions of massing thousands of subscribers and quitting my job filled my head, but I knew it would never come to that.

Kev came home about an hour later, as I was lounging on the couch. He smiled at me, leaning down to kiss me on the lips. I had a brief and startling wave of discomfort when our lips made contact, like his cheek was too scratchy, his scent too overpowering, he was just overall too...male. That same little voice of unease sat with me all evening whenever Kev was around, and I found myself pulling away from him. If he sensed a change he didn't say anything, even when I begged off sex because I was too tired. Truthfully, the idea of seeing him naked wasn't very enticing. I didn't know what had come over me, but maybe seeing Charlie slumped in his chair had changed me.

Though I had no problem sneaking away to the bathroom and fingering myself quickly to orgasm in front of the full length mirror. Odd.

\* \* \*

The whole weekend was difficult. I was reluctant to plan the wedding or to get very physical with Kev. We had a fight Saturday evening and he stormed off to go out with his friends and commiserate. I stayed home and took some more naked photos and masturbated. Surprisingly, my MyFans page already had a few subscribers. I cherished my newfound mini-fame, growing bolder in my pictures over the next week.

Charlie never came back to the office. Word came down he was in a coma, the cause unknown. I was much sadder than I thought I would be, maybe aided by the fact that my relationship with Kev was deteriorating. He just didn't do it for me anymore. The things I used to like about him no longer excited me as much as they had. In fact, though I didn't tell anyone, I found myself secretly eyeing other women, not just jealously admiring their looks but getting aroused at the thought of their

bodies next to mine.

Within weeks I called off the wedding and Kev moved out. I was single again, and the thought should have made me depressed but I was oddly buoyant, as though my whole life were ahead of me. And, indeed, aside from my love life, everything else was going well. My MyFans page had garnered enough subscribers that I could cut down my hours at the office to part time.

So far I'd uploaded mostly topless photos, my face obscured. Every now and then I would upload a full body photo. I got a warm thrill reading everyone's compliments about my body, and there were clamors for me to show my face and to upload some videos. The male gaze, that had so long been a weighty hindrance, seemed more welcome. Hell, I seemed to have it for my own body, stopping often to admire myself in the mirror, or just taking a break in the middle of the day to play with my breasts and finger myself to orgasm, getting almost as excited by the sight of myself naked than any fantasies I was imagining.

I'd always sort of thought my pussy was grotesque and it held no special attraction for me. But maybe all the body positivity from my fans was rubbing off, because I started enjoying staring at my silky pink folds, spreading myself in the mirror so I could watch my fingers slip inside. My pussy was actually pretty to look at, pretty to feel. I was somehow envious of my own pussy!

Soon after my breakup with Kevin, as I was flipping through my closet getting ready for work, I had another urge. My clothes seemed bland and conservative. A hot woman like myself should dress sexier. The idea of thinking of myself as 'hot' seemed less foreign these days than it used to. So I called in sick to go clothes shopping.

I strolled down the street, stopping in at my favorite boutiques and picking up cute outfits that, until recently, I'd thought would show too much skin. I gathered skirts, dresses, belly shirts, button downs, blouses, cutoff jeans, summer dresses, fancy dresses, lingerie, sexy panties, bras and bikinis. In the dressing rooms I took snaps of myself in the mirror, posting them on MyFans and soliciting suggestions on what to wear. Show us your tits was quite a popular choice, so I did, letting my breasts spill into one hand, the other hand holding the phone aloft.

With the trunk of my car full of new clothes I drove back home, passing a tattoo shop on the way. Suddenly, I had an urge to go in. I'd never had a tattoo before. My parents would have killed me. But I was an adult.

*A bad girl now*, I tittered to myself.

Walking inside, the place looked like it had been around a while. The red brick walls were covered with designs and pictures of former clients. One particularly large picture caught my eye, a man with a full body tattoo of a knight fighting a dragon.

“That might be a little much for your first tattoo,” a woman's voice spoke up beside me.

Turning, I started to speak and paused. The woman in front of me was stunning in a punk rock sort of way. Cute and dangerous at the same time. Her hair was jet black with brilliant blue highlights, cut in a pixie cut that swooped down nearly over one eye. She had rounded innocent features, with a slip of a nose and a gemstone stud in her left nostril. A black snake tattoo wound its way up one arm. Her clothes were suitably tattered and layered in a punk rock style, though I got the feeling it was effortless rather than a practiced appearance. I could make out a slender figure beneath the black clothes.

“How do you know it's my first?” I finally managed, pushing the thoughts of desire away.

“Just a hunch, Goldilocks” she said, glancing down at my clothes with a crooked smile.

I looked down at myself. I was still wearing one of my old outfits, a simple blouse with a long tan

skirt. Plain and boring and very office worker.

“Yeah, well,” I said, suddenly self-conscious, “I thought it was time for a change.”

“Trying to piss off your family?”

Now I got the feeling she was teasing me, joking but with a bitter edge.

“It's 2021. Tattoos are a little too common to piss off my family.”

She snorted and led me to her station where she handed me a binder with some of her work. I flipped through it and we talked. Despite her standoffish appearance she was warm and gentle, with an easy laugh. She introduced herself as Liz and told me she'd been doing this for six years.

“You should probably go for something small for your first one, Goldilocks, like this,” she said, leaning down and pointing to a little druid symbol.

She was so close to me, her hair tickling my nose. I could smell the floral scent of her shampoo and I found my thoughts wandering, thinking about what she would feel like, what she would taste like.

“What does it mean?” I asked.

She laughed like she'd been caught out. “Actually, it's a fertility symbol. But I think it would look badass on you.” She gave me a look, equally knowing and leering, as if daring me to do something. Quite what it was I didn't know, but I didn't want to disappoint her.

“Yeah, that sounds good,” I agreed.

She reclined the chair and set up her tools, preparing a spot on my ankle for the tattoo. As I waited nervously for her to begin we continued talking. I probed her tentatively to see if she had a boyfriend, hoping the answer was no, hoping that the answer to men in general was no. Why was I so nervous?

It reminded me of when I'd met Kevin, my heart fluttering so hard because I was worried I'd make some sort of mistake. God, was I attracted to Liz? As she worked on the tattoo I had an opportunity to drink her in. She had a wonderful profile, soft and young and sweet despite the hard outer appearance.

“How's the pain?” She asked after she'd made her first few lines.

“Not as bad as I thought.” I smiled nervously.

She smiled back, her eyes crinkling, and, God, I could fall into those eyes. To distract myself I turned my attention to her workstation. To the left of where Liz sat there was a small and curling photo tacked to the wall of her kissing a beautiful blonde woman.

“Girlfriend?” I asked, nodding at the picture when Liz next took a break.

“Ex,” she said, frowning. “I really need to take it down.”

As she resumed working on me I frantically tried to think of ways we could prolong this, of how we could meet again. I went back and forth. It wasn't like me to just ask someone out, especially a woman. I'd always been taught that a man should do the asking. I didn't even know what to say. But the little voice that had been a growing part of me these last few weeks won out. As I was paying I opted for the direct approach.

“Do you want to get dinner sometime?” I blurted.

She looked up, her face breaking into a surprised smile. “Shit, Goldilocks. Now you're the one surprising me.”

\* \* \*

Our “date” was just a stroll down the boardwalk. The night air was warm and the ocean lapped at the pillars as we walked out past the lights to the end of the pier. I wore one of my new outfits, a cute shorts and tank top combo. We stood side by side, gazing out at the black ocean. I had plans to take Liz somewhere else, make a real night of it, but then she turned to me and said:

“You know, when you came in this morning I thought you were one of those uptight middle class women looking to slum it for a day and get a cute little tattoo you could show your boyfriend.”

“Didn't know I was into chicks?” I laughed, bumping her playfully with my hip.

She quirked an eyebrow. God, she was hot. “No idea.”

“Is that why you called me Goldilocks?”

“I called you that because you're just right.”

I turned to her and slipped my arms around her waist. “Let me show you just how into chicks I am.”

I kissed her then and she returned it. Her lips were soft but her intentions firm. I slid my hand across her cheek, fingers slipping into her hair as I opened my mouth and welcomed her inside. Shit, when had I become such a slut? And a lesbian at that? I'd never taken someone home on the first date, but less than twenty minutes later Liz and I stumbled down my hallway, neither of us wanting to take our hands off the other, kissing and petting.

She tasted divine, and I explored her body by touch, alternately soft and hard, a firm stomach and bouncy little breasts. We left a trail of clothes down the hallway before tumbling into bed, her on top.

Our arms and legs were twined together and I ran my hands down her spine, over the small of her back to the curve of her taut ass. Her breasts pressed against mine and she slipped a hand between us to stroke one of my tits. She was knowledgeable and confident, and I found my body responding as she stroked my nipples. It was my first time with a woman and my hesitance vanished, crushed under the weight of my desire.

Despite her disarmingly adorable appearance Liz enjoyed taking control. She straddled me and took my breasts in each hand, squeezing as she smiled down at me, fingers digging in just enough to bring me to the edge of pain. I stared up at her magnificent tits, small and perky, and her crooked smile beyond. I gripped her waist, stroking her, wanting to touch all of her.

She laughed, her tongue stud glinting in the light, and then leaned down to kiss me again. She tasted like the ice cream we'd eaten on the boardwalk, sweet and minty. She pulled away and looked deeply into my eyes.

“Tell me the truth, have you ever been with a woman before?”

“No.”

She smiled again. “I'll be gentle, Goldilocks.”

She kissed her way down my body, taking her time, pausing to let her tongue circle each nipple. I watched her, enjoying the sight of my tit in her mouth. I sighed in delight, growing moist as she teased my body into absolute arousal. I was burning for her in a way I hadn't burned for anyone except Kev.

She kissed her way over my mound, crawling down my body, nestling her face between my legs and inhaling. Her tongue flashed out, making small motions against my outer lips, teasing me. She kissed up and down my entrance and I moaned, the heat bursting through me. She knew just what to do to my body. I felt her tongue glide between my pussy lips, smooth and slow, as she tasted me. God, I could feel my own moisture. My hands came back up to my tits and I groped myself. I'd been really into that lately, feeling up my breasts. It made me feel so beautiful, so hot. I loved the feel of my tits.

Liz spread my pussy with her fingers and lay her broad tongue against my pink folds. She moved slowly, flicking through my velvety curves until her tongue stud found my clit and I cried out as a spike of heat burst inside me. "Oh!" I whimpered. She smiled up at me and gazed into my eyes, continuing to lick my pussy. I was sopping wet and her chin dripped with my juices. I caressed her face and we locked eyes as she licked my pussy, the desire so intense. She licked and sucked, using her fingers to stroke me: long luxurious strokes, quick little circles, changing to the rhythm of my body.

Now I gripped the sheets, clawing at them as I shifted back and forth, my cries rising in pitch as Liz ate me out. I raised my hips to her mouth and her tongue stud found my clit a final time and I came, trembling as the orgasm exploded through me. I threw my head back and shut my eyes, crying out in absolute pleasure. Liz remained paused with her tongue over my clit as my body vibrated and heaved, stars filling my vision. There was a brief moment of a weight lifting, of all the choices I'd made since that day I found Charlie coming back to haunt me as if they'd been driven by someone else, the disgust at having a woman between my legs briefly flitted through me, and then the weight was back and I was enjoying the final throes of my orgasm.

When I came down, Liz crawled up my body and ran her fingers through my hair. Her lips were so close I could smell my pussy on them, and I reached out to twine my fingers through her hair, bring her close and kiss her, despite my misgivings about tasting myself.

"How was that, Goldilocks?"

I smiled up at her, and some part of me forced me to reply, "Can I try with you?"

She smiled and rolled onto her back. Now it was my turn to explore her body with my lips and tongue. I kissed her neck, nipping her shoulders as I made my way to her breasts. I clasped them in each hand, kissing and squeezing. She made a sound, a cross between a sigh and a laugh.

"You play with tits like a man." There was no malice in her statement, and her eyes sparkled with the joy of discovery.

"Maybe you can teach me how to do it?" I said.

With her guidance I suckled on her nipple, tweaking it between my fingers. Now it was my turn to tease her into excitement. Her body was nice to stroke and to fondle, and I made my way down between her legs. I inhaled her deep musky scent before licking her pussy long and slow. The tangy taste of her filled my mouth. I'd never been so turned on by the smell of pussy before—my own or anyone else's—but she was delightful. I licked long strokes up and down her entrance, before eventually plunging my face against her wetness as her pussy lips opened for me. I dragged her juices across my face and across her cunt.

She helped me out, told me where to go, how to lick, when to go faster. And soon she couldn't talk, her teeth gritted as her legs flexed and I continued licking her clit, growing wet myself again at the sound of her moans. They grew deeper, longer, culminating in a long groan of climax. Her legs flexed around my head and her entire body trembled as she came.

When she was done we lay in bed together, hands exploring each other, stroking, kissing and cuddling as we talked. We were so different, but so very much in love.

## Charlie

I never got tired of seeing Aimee's face in the mirror, of feeling her body as she walked, of groping her glorious tits anytime I wanted. I never gained direct control of her but I was piloting her life, overwhelming her normal responses and changing her to fit my lifestyle. For all intents and purposes I *was* Aimee.

My first change was simple, done through sheer repetition of bringing Liz home and thinking about the beautiful body I inhabited to stay constantly wet and horny. Aimee thought of herself as a slut, needy for sex, the search for a good fuck dominating her life.

Liz and I saw each other often and she taught me things about Aimee's body. For a few weeks I still sensed a little of Aimee's disgust and hesitation when she burrowed in between Liz's wet pussy lips and was engulfed in her musk, but my desire won out. I turned Aimee's thoughts about her sexuality around. If she kept finding herself enjoying the company of women then she must be a lesbian. It wasn't long before she accepted it, and I found her eyeing other women quite apart from my guidance.

Liz and I hung out a lot but neither of us wanted to settle down and be exclusive. It was she who first suggested an open relationship and I jumped on it. We were both free to date whoever else we wanted, sometimes bringing home a third—always a woman—and we would all tumble into bed together. Liz's friends were like her: punkers and hardcore dykes, the types of women I'd never interacted with before. But it was all amazing and wonderful and new. I remained a femme, keeping Aimee's body supple and soft, her face sweet. The more butch lesbians Liz brought home enjoyed dominating the two of us. Some of them could do things with a vibrator that brought tears to my eyes in the most wonderful way.

At the height of a few of those orgasms I had the feeling of being partly expelled from Aimee's body. It was the same feeling of weightlessness and lag of my limbs that I'd felt the first time I left my original body. None of these times, however, was I ever fully disconnected. I was always pulled back into Aimee's mind just before it felt like I was completely free.

I'd also finally managed to get Aimee to start filming videos, setting the phone up to record her on bed as I made her finger herself, moaning theatrically, until the moans weren't theatrical anymore but real and unconstrained. With my greater earnings I invested in some higher end recording equipment and got her set up as a cam girl, taking live requests, fingering herself for her fans. Sometimes Liz would join in and the two of us would have immense fun for the benefit of us and everyone watching.

Within a few months I'd gotten Aimee to quit her job and she lived exclusively off her body, sharing pictures and videos of herself and Liz. Liz was a natural. She wasn't shy about her body and absolutely willing to bounce any fucker online who didn't give us respect. To my surprise I found a number of guys who got off on her brand of dominance. They would send her money and gifts, for which she would humiliate them and tease them, which just made them eager for more.

Six months later I ran into Kev coming out of a restaurant. He did a double take when he saw me. Though Aimee's physical appearance hadn't much changed she dressed like a slut now. Tonight I

had her put on a tight fitting dress, cut low, the outlines of her heavy breasts clearly visible, bobbing with each step. It clung tight to her body, revealing the sweep of her leg, the delicate curve of her ass. Of course, Liz was on my arm looking radiant as ever.

“Aimee?” Kev asked.

Liz shot me a questioning glance but I shoed her away to grab a table, telling her I'd join her shortly. Aimee's heart thumped madly at the sight of Kev. Even after all this time it seemed she still held a flame for him. It was time to kill that.

“Wow, you look...who was that?” Kev asked, unsure which of many questions to ask first.

Aimee also had many things she wanted to say to Kev but I didn't let those thoughts reach her tongue. Instead I forced her to say, “That's my girlfriend, Liz.”

”Your-- wow, okay.”

“Yeah,” Aimee shrugged as I plucked the strings inside her head. “I'm a lesbian now. I realized a lot of things about myself since we broke up. Like, I really like women. A lot. I guess you could say I'm a bit of a lesbian slut.”

Kev ran his hands through his dark hair, clearly at a loss for words. “A, uh, slut, huh?”

“Yeah,” Aimee grinned. “All I want to do is fuck these days. In fact, you can watch me on my website.”

I grabbed a napkin and a pen from the waitstaff and wrote down the web address. I could feel Aimee's mind trying to fight it, embarrassed that her fiancée would see what she was up to now, that she would pass it on to his friends and family. I handed the napkin to Kev.

“Please tell everyone you know. It's kind of my job now, selling my slutty little body,” I made Aimee drag a hand up her body. Delighting in Kev's eyes tracing my curves. “I'll see you around.”

I walked away without looking back.

## Aimee

The next weekend Liz was out of town and I was left alone. I was restless and horny, though, unable to just sit at home and watch television. Instead, I slipped into the skimpiest dress I owned, a little red number that fit tight, cut low on top and high on the bottom, the body of the dress composed mainly of a series of interconnected ribbons that exposed much more flesh than it concealed. I brushed and combed my hair and did myself up to look stunning. Staring in the mirror I was growing moist at the sight of myself. Reluctantly, I pulled away and went out to one of the fancier clubs downtown.

As I walked into the club I felt the bass of the music reverberate through my bones. I let my hips sway to the rhythm, heading straight out to the dance floor, shaking my body to the music. I could feel the eyes on me, and a succession of men came dancing up, all of them thinking they were smoother than they were. I danced with them for a little because it was fun, but broke it off after a few songs, excusing myself to go freshen up and escaping their attention by dodging through the tangle of limbs of the other couples on the floor.

From the outside of the dance floor I surveyed the room. In a nearby booth there was a brunette sitting alone, dolefully watching the dance floor, a drink in her hand. There were a few other bags and a coat dotted around her table. Clearly her friends had left her on her own, at least for now.

She was hot in a nerdy kind of way. Her brunette hair framed a cute oval face, long straight bangs swept down across her forehead. Thick framed glasses were perched on an exquisite nose. She wore a dazzling yellow and white spaghetti strap top that left her arms and shoulders bare. Heavy breasts nestled together beneath the fabric. I strode towards her.

“Hey, you look lonely, mind if I join you?” I asked.

She looked at me, startled, as if she'd been daydreaming, then smiled. “Sure.”

I slipped into the booth next to her. Her name was Jessica, and she was indeed guarding her girlfriend's bags and drinks while they were out dancing.

“Why aren't you out there?” I asked.

She sighed and told me how her boyfriend had just left her. Her friends had pulled her out to the club to try to help her forget about him.

“Men are assholes,” I agreed. “We're better off without them.”

I don't know what possessed me to talk to Jessica for so long. Maybe it was that she was nice and funny and cute. Maybe it was that I kept imagining her face between my legs. She was definitely giving off interested vibes. Even when her friends returned to the table she kept her attention on me. At the end of the night we left together, returning to my apartment.

“It's more comfy in here,” I said, leading her into the bedroom.

We draped ourselves on the bed. Jessica, tipsy by now, began complaining about her boyfriend again, revealing that he cheated on her and she still felt something for him, only now it was mixed

with betrayal. I made soothing noises and stroked her arm. She kept looking at me, like she was trying to make up her mind about something and I knew there was an attraction there but she was hesitant about going through with it.

Between sips of beer I finally asked her: "I think I know something that can help you out."

"Yeah?" she asked. I arched an eyebrow. She blushed and took another swig of beer.

"I'll be right back."

I went into the bathroom and closed the door. There, in front of the mirror, I unzipped my dress and let it fall to my feet. I slid my panties down my legs and unhooked my bra. My tits bounced free and I took them in each hand, running my fingers along their perfect contours. God, I never tired of my own tits. I squeezed them up against my chest and watched them balloon out, then released them and let them bob pendulously together. I pinched and squeezed my sensitive left nipple until it spiked out and little crackles of electric pleasure flitted through me. My reflection in the mirror was wild and sexy.

I opened the door and walked seductively back into the bedroom. Jessica gulped and nearly choked on her beer but she didn't try to leave. I took a seat on the bed beside her, our bodies touching. Her eyes were wide.

"Let's make you forget about your ex," I said, taking her beer and setting it on the nightstand.

I leaned forward until our lips were pressing. Jessica froze beneath my kiss. I slid a hand against her cheek and pulled my face away, stroking her gently with my fingertips.

"Just for tonight," I whispered, "Just you and me."

She nodded, and the next time I kissed her she closed her eyes and leaned into me. Her hands came up to my body, tentatively exploring me. I was hungry for her and I took charge, helping her out of her top and then unclasping her bra so her tits bounced down into my waiting hands. I suckled them one at a time, taking them into my mouth, breathing hot breath on them, kissing and licking, using all the tricks that Liz had taught me. Jessica sighed beneath my touch. Her tits were as big as mine, wonderfully bulbous and weighty. I grabbed them, greedy for them.

Lying her down on the bed I crawled on top of her. Our breasts rested together as we kissed some more, and then I kissed my way down the nape of her neck, pausing on her breasts once more to grab them and push them together, burying my face between her fat tits, before continuing my journey down to her pussy. I replayed my first night with Liz, though this time I was the dominant one.

Jessica's pussy smelled divine. She quivered around me in nervous anticipation and I calmed her with a few strokes of my tongue. I licked up and down her entrance, her coarse hair on my tongue growing ever wetter. Her pussy lips parted beneath my kisses and soon I was tasting her delicious salty folds. I licked her slowly, using my fingers to spread her. God, I loved the taste of pussy so much now. Her little cries rose in pitch and her body roiled beneath me until at last she shuddered and came, straining to lift her hips as I thrust my tongue into her salty pink pussy, drinking her down as she came around my face.

We switched positions. I lay on my back as she dipped her tongue inside me. She was sloppy, tentative but aided by the beer. I put my hand on the back of her head and guided her to my rhythm, ordering her to move around, lick here, faster, slower, until she found my sweet spot. What Jessica lacked in finesse she made up for in enthusiasm. I parted for her and she slid her fingers deep inside me, tongue still firmly on my clit. She slid in and out through my tight canal, plunging deep as I rocked and moaned, driving faster, faster, and then I exploded, the heat bursting through me in a surprisingly intense orgasm that made me press my back into the bed and clench my toes. I released

a strangled, throaty cry and passed out.

## Charlie

For the first time I found my essence completely untethered from Aimee's body. I floated outside her, hovering over her body in the darkened room. I was a spirit, rootless and unbound. Aimee was passed out beneath me and Jessica had just noticed Aimee's sudden quiet. She lifted her head, her smile dying when she saw my essence floating above the bed.

“What the--” she began.

That's as far as I got before I dived towards her. I slipped through her body and the world twisted. In a second I was kneeling between Aimee's legs, the smell of her pussy deep within my nose. Jessica's fat tits now dangled beneath me. This new body was delightfully feminine and still burning with warmth. The world was slightly blurry and I found myself lacking control again, as my hands flew to my body, just where I'd entered Jessica.

Jessica was startled, looking around wildly.

*Stop.* I commanded, and she froze.

Having gone through this once before with Aimee, this second body was much easier to control.

## Jessica

Had I really seen that strange orb levitating over Aimee? It must have been the beer. It was still weird that she'd suddenly passed out. I considered doing something like, I don't know, calling the hospital. Maybe she'd had a seizure or something.

But that thought soon passed, replaced by another: I was already naked, might as well enjoy myself.

I was flooded with a sudden sense of serene satisfaction with my body. I fondled my tits, staring down at myself as I did so. There was something so beautiful about manipulating my body, the way my hands glided around my skin, the soft touch of my fingers, the way my nipples spiked into sensitive nubs. I was feeling so good about myself, why not just enjoy it?

It was slightly weird doing this with Aimee passed out on the bed, so I slipped into the bathroom and turned on the shower, pausing to admire myself in the mirror as I did so. I turned and grabbed a handful of my ass, shaking it and laughing. I'd always had wide hips but had never realized how fun they were to squeeze. And my tits jiggled and bounced so hypnotically. It was like a whole new world of pleasure had opened up to me.

I stepped into the shower and let the water sluice down my breasts. I took my time, lathering myself up until I was wonderfully slippery, fingers gliding between my legs and over my tits. I bounced them in my hands, hefting them and dropping them to watch them swing together. I squeezed them hard and released them, all the while my body grew more agitated until I finally just had to slip two fingers into my pussy.

I was wetter than water and I glided inside myself, stroking in and out, spreading my legs and staring down past my swaying tits to watch my fingers enter and withdraw. I fingered myself harder, the heat pounding through me. With the fingers of my other hand I stroked my clit, working every angle of my body until I came with a shuddering, unexpected orgasm. It made me shake all over and I cried out in a tiny, high pitched voice, "Oh!" I couldn't believe that first I'd gone home with a woman and now I was masturbating in a stranger's shower.

But I just couldn't stop. I *needed* to touch myself. It felt like I'd never seen my body before and I gazed down at it with a new delight, examining my legs, turning for myself, groping my tits, before sliding my fingers back inside and fucking my little hole until I came one more time. As I came around my fingers I felt a brief weight lift from me, and my astonishment at what I was doing hit me fully. But it was quickly snuffed out, replaced with a rightness of purpose as the weight settled back into me. All my doubts were quashed.

Only then did I get out, grabbing Aimee's towel and using it like I owned the place. When I was dry I replaced the towel and walked out into the bedroom, still naked.

Aimee was awake by now. She was huddled up in the bed, her knees drawn up to her chest, the covers pulled up. She looked at me wide eyed and terrified.

"Oh my god," she said, "This wasn't me. None of this was me. I'm—I'm not a lesbian. I can't believe...oh, god, I made so many videos. What happened to me?"

I had a brief thought of comforting her and talking through all this but that was replaced by a need to brag about what we'd done together. I sat beside her on the bed and stroked her hair. She recoiled beneath my touch.

"You should go," Aimee said. "None of tonight should have happened. None of any of this should have happened."

I didn't know exactly what she was talking about.

"But I've had so much fun tonight" I insisted, "You were *soo* slutty. I bet you've fucked so many women. Your tongue is magical in my pussy."

I'd never talked like this before but it felt right. The words were suddenly there in my head and I needed to say them.

"I wasn't in my right mind," Aimee insisted, drawing away from me.

Again, the words came to my mind and I just said them. "No. Your colleague, Charlie, was inside you. He was controlling you this whole time and you thought it was just you. But it was him who turned you into a lesbian slut. He made you make those videos and quit your job and date Liz."

Aimee stared at me, terrified. "How do you know all this?"

"Because Charlie is inside me right now."

I didn't know who this Charlie was, nor did I understand the story I was telling Aimee. It seemed I was making it up on the fly.

"No. No," Aimee said shaking her head.

I shifted on the mattress, and then my eyes rolled up and I fell towards the bed.

## Aimee

Jessica passed out just as a ball of light appeared from inside her, hovering over me for a second before shooting towards me. I held my hands up, waiting for an impact, but none came. When I opened my eyes the strange light was gone, but I felt that heaviness that had been my constant companion for the last few months.

“Holy shit,” I found myself saying, “It’s so much easier now.”

I laughed and wiggled my fingers, then cast the covers aside and gazed down at my naked body.

“What’s happening to me?” I asked, my voice quivering.

“Oh,” I replied to myself, fingers coming to my lips. “Looks like we’re both in control.”

I stood and walked to the bathroom mirror with a jittery step, trying to re-exert control over my body. Something was fighting me, overpowering me. I stood in front of the mirror. My lips curled into a smile. My hands came up to my tits and I fondled myself. No. A stranger inside my body made me fondle myself. But, Christ, it felt good to touch myself.

“Please, get out. Leave me alone.” I begged, even as pleasure spiked through me.

“You want this,” my voice responded, still juggling my tits. “My name is Aimee. And I’m a horny little lesbian slut. I love the taste of pussy. And I love having a man inside controlling me, telling me what to do, helping me touch myself.”

It was like my saying it made it true. I knew in the back of my mind that I was being manipulated, but even that feeling was being overpowered, pushed down. I *was* a slut. My fingers dipped into my pussy and then I brought them to my lips, ran them across my tongue and tasted my musky essence. I giggled then and grabbed my tits again, though whether it was me or Charlie I no longer knew; we were one and the same. I wanted what he wanted. And what he wanted was me.

I returned to the bedroom just as Jessica was waking up. I stroked her softly and lied to her about how she’d passed out, soon convincing her that all talk of Charlie had been a dream.

“Do you want to stay here and have some more fun together?” I asked.

“I’d love that,” she replied, gently taking my face in both hands and kissing me.

We fucked twice more before finally passing out, tangled in the sheets together. I woke in the morning to the sound of the door opening, Liz appearing in the doorway, a smile on her face.

“Well, what do we have here?”

Jessica sat up with a start but I placed a hand on her leg. “No, it’s okay.”

“Yeah, it’s okay,” Liz smiled, dropping her bag and moving closer. “We share everything.”

Liz kissed Jessica on the lips as I sat up and nibbled Jessica’s shoulder, slipping my hand around to cup one of her beautiful bouncy breasts.

Soon Liz was as naked as me and Jessica, and she slipped beneath the covers, all of us kissing and suckling and caressing each other. Even after everything that happened last night I was still so horny, and I took up my favorite position: Liz straddling my face as I ate her out, while Jessica slipped her tongue in between my folds.

Enveloped by Liz's musky smell I licked eagerly, letting her juices drip onto my tongue and down my throat. Jessica worked her magic between my legs, already much better than last night. She teased my body into a roiling heat as I thrust my tongue deeper into Liz. The heat burned through me and I twisted my body but Jessica clung on, tongue pressed against my clit. Liz and I came together, Liz pressing down hard, riding my face as she gushed, her juices splashing across my face. I swallowed what I could, greedy for her deliciousness as the orgasm burned as all.

We spent the rest of the morning in bed, getting out only to use the bathroom or bring back coffee and food, but otherwise pleasuring each other, and initiating Jessica into our lesbian threesome. All thoughts of my old life paled in comparison the my new, and the simple excitement of seeing myself naked. I was changed now, and I would never be able to return to my old life, even if I wanted to.

###

## **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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