

M2F BODY THEFT



STEALING MY NEIGHBOR'S BODY

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Stealing My Neighbor's Body

Body Swap - Gender Transformation

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STEALING MY NEIGHBOR'S BODY

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Gregory Carmichael was down on his luck. His research project was getting shut down at the lab, and he was desperately stressing about making next month's rent. Add to it, his new upstairs neighbor was keeping him up at all hours of the night. He was eager for life to go right for once, and he was ready to do something extremely desperate.

Unfortunately, he may have gotten more than he bargained for.

Stealing My Neighbor's Body is a male-to-female body theft story. Contains themes of MtF gender transformation with MF explicit scenes.

GREGORY ROLLED OVER, staring up at the ceiling above his bed. He could hear the muffled sounds of the man's deep voice and the soft giggles of his new upstairs neighbor, Dahlia. He knew soon, he'd hear the sounds of pleasure, the grunts and groans, and moans of delight that would keep him up for the rest of the night. He rolled over onto his side, pulling his knees into his chest. The clock shone brightly on the side table, the brilliant numbers of 3:17 seeming to burn fast to his eyes even as he closed them against the soft groans.

He needed to be at the lab at six, but he wasn't sure why he was going to bother. He'd heard from his supervisor that his project was going to be shut down due to funding. He'd been onto something good, something groundbreaking, but still, it was always someone else whose luck overtook Gregory's.

He felt his cock unwillingly tingle with life as his sexy new neighbor started moaning loudly. Her voice was high-pitched, trembling with pleasure. This guy must work quicker than the others. And for a moment, he thought that maybe they'd finish and he'd get another hour of sleep before he needed to wake. But as the girl started screaming in pleasure, and Gregory's cock hardened in denied pleasure, he knew there'd be no more sleep for him tonight.

Angrily, he flipped his covers back and swung his legs to the ground. He tried to shove his hardened cock back through the flap of his boxers, but it refused to be tamed.

He stared at the ceiling, giving off an exacerbated huff. Maybe if he had a body like hers, he wouldn't be so behind on his rent. As far as Gregory knew, she didn't work. She just had a stream of men enter her apartment, and she managed to make her rent and drive the nicest car in the apartment complex. And not that Gregory was watching, but he'd yet to see her in anything but the nicest of clothes, her nails and hair always done.

He pressed himself to his feet, grumbling as he moved into the bathroom. He stood over the toilet, willing his cock to soften so he could relieve himself. He pressed his fingers into his ears, humming loudly. "This is fucking ridiculous," he grumbled to himself. "I can't even piss in my own house."

Hurriedly, he relieved himself and then left the bedroom. He flicked on the TV when he entered the living room and turned up the sound. Dahlia's screams of ecstasy seemed to echo around him, and he pressed the volume as loud as it would go.

Soon, there was hammering on his ceiling.

“Dammit,” he grumbled. Not wanting to cause any issues, Gregory turned down his TV until it rested at a normal volume. He flopped down onto the couch, his hands dropping down into his hands.

He had to do something—anything—for life to turn back his way. Most days he wondered if he’d been some sort of horrible person in his past life—if he’d done such horrible things that he was being punished in this life. He’d been elated when he landed a coveted position at his lab, yet a mere eight months later he was facing losing his apartment *and* losing his job. He knew that nobody lasted long at the lab once their research was canceled. New blood and new ideas were always being cycled in. And at only twenty-six years old, Gregory was being recycled back out into the world.

“Fuck,” he grumbled. He was desperate. He’d do anything at this point. Being nice and playing by the rules had gotten Gregory nothing in this life. It was time things changed. And as the moans increased above him, he turned his eyes to the ceiling, a knowing smile on his lips.

"HEY, GREG," SAID HIS research assistant.

Gregory gave the kid a half smile. He was an intern from the college and was probably immune to what was about to befall Gregory and the rest of their research team. The kid would just be cycled into another group, and his life wouldn't change like Gregory's was about to.

"Could you go get me the latest files from Martin's office?"

"Uh, yeah," said the kid, standing. He wasn't used to Gregory asking him to do something he could just as easily do himself, but he stood and walked from the room.

Alone for a moment, Gregory looked around the lab. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched the rotating camera on the wall. He counted its cycle in his head. He'd have about eight seconds to grab the supplies he needed without being seen.

He aimlessly shuffled some instruments on the counter while listening for any noise in the hall. *Was he really going to do this?* His heart thudded in his chest, heat pouring up through his cheeks.

With the next cycle of the camera, he moved to the cabinet against the wall. He removed some needles and syringes, shoving one in his lab coat pocket before moving to the cabinet with the vials. He stood, filling up one of his syringes, and then when the camera moved away, he hurriedly dropped the filled syringe in his pocket and removed the empty one to fill. He stood, carefully examining the syringe, knowing that the camera wouldn't be able to differentiate that it was two different syringes he'd had in his hand.

His fingers trembled as he carefully pressed the plunger and the air bubbles spit from the glistening needle. He capped the syringe, setting it on the table. He turned, smiling as his lab assistant walked back into the room with the file.

"Perfect timing," Gregory said. "Let's get started for the day."

GREGORY RODE THE ELEVATOR up to the sixth floor of his apartment building. Peeking out the doors before exiting, he noted that the hallway was empty. He hurried down the corridor, stopping before number 623. A large vase of red roses stood in front of the door, denoting that just as he'd planned, his neighbor wasn't home. She seemed to go out every night for dinner, and Gregory assumed she hadn't paid for any of her own food since she'd moved in.

He stared down at the small box of chocolates that he held in his hand. They weren't normal chocolates, and he wasn't offering his new neighbor some kind of peace offering. He'd used the syringe that he'd stolen from the lab to insert a group of nanobots into each of the chocolates. He only needed her to eat one piece of chocolate, and the bots would do the rest of the work.

GREGORY HELD THE CHOCOLATE in his hand as he stared up at the ceiling above his bed. The warmth of his hand melted the candy into his fingers, yet he remained still, readying himself for the exact moment. His eyes rolled over to the clock. 10:54. He'd expected her home by now. And then, he heard voices, the click of a door, and the tap of heels across the floor. His ears strained out for the sound of a male's voice, but he heard none.

She was alone.

He pictured her setting the large vase of roses on the counter, and then taking the small box of chocolates with her as she moved into the bathroom and started the tub. He waited, listening, and then sure enough, he heard the loud noise of her pipes as she turned on the faucet in the tub.

Gregory waited. Hoped. Prayed that she'd ingest at least one of the chocolates. For within them were the same kind of bots that he held in his hand. Once swallowed, they'd know what to do. And Gregory, he would become his new neighbor.

GREGORY SLOWLY OPENED his eyes. He blinked, uncertain of what he was seeing.

His eyes flew open.

There was a man in bed next to him!

He leaped up. The covers wrapped around his legs, and he crashed to the floor. He hit with a thud, desperately fumbling to loosen himself from the sheets.

“Dahlia? Dahlia? Are you okay?”

A sleepy-looking man peered over the edge of the bed. He had brown hair and eyes so dark that they appeared bottomless.

When Gregory stared up at him in fright, the man smiled.

“What’s wrong sweetness? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

The man reached down to him and Gregory squealed. But the sound that came from his mouth wasn’t deep, or manly in the slightest, but it was a high-pitched wail that had the man before him wincing in pain.

“Who—who are you?”

Gregory backpedaled away from the bed. His legs kicked out, long and lean and...smooth. He stared down at the legs that moved when he shifted. His heart pounded. *Where was he? What was happening?*

“I—” His breath huffed from his lungs. “I—” He pushed his hand into his beating heart. “Holy shit!” he shrieked. “I have tits!”

It worked. It worked!

Gregory wrapped his hands around the beautiful set of tits on his chest. And he was naked, totally naked. He looked up at the man that stared down at him with growing concern.

“You’ve always had those things, Dahlia.”

“I—yeah. I’m just happy to see them is all.”

The man raised a questioning eyebrow at him.

“Had a terrible dream where something happened to them,” Gregory lied.

“Ah,” said the man, but Gregory wasn’t certain that he believed him.

“So,” said Gregory as the man continued to stare down at him huddled up on the floor. “Did we like...ummm, do things together last night?”

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m okay,” Gregory insisted. “I’m just a bit hazy about last night.”

“See, I knew you weren’t yourself last night. You kept telling me everything was fine, but I knew something was off. You get too drunk on your date?”

Gregory bobbed his head up and down. “Uh, yes, drunk. I’m drunk.”

“Was drunk.”

“Yes. I did all the drinking.”

Gregory skittered to his feet. He felt lighter now, more agile. Dahlia’s body was sleek and toned, her skin soft, her long brown hair falling over his shoulders. And her tits. Man, he’d seen them from far away before, but close up...

The man was still watching him. Gregory quickly covered up his chest with one arm and hid his new pussy behind his hand.

“I’ve seen all those parts before.”

“Uh, yeah. Of course,” Gregory said.

Slowly, he dropped his hands down to his side.

He stood there, silent.

The man shook his head. “Are you sure you’re okay? You’re acting seriously strange.”

“Yes. I’m perfectly well.”

“*Perfectly well?* God damn, Dahlia. It’s like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in here.”

Gregory turned without another word and escaped into the bathroom. He slammed the door shut behind him and locked the door. Air burst free from his lungs, and he clutched his chest, bending forward at the waist.

“Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.” He panted heavily, feeling on the verge of a panic attack. It worked! He couldn’t believe that it worked. He hoped it worked. He wanted it to work, but now, it had actually worked. He had stolen his neighbor’s body. And that must mean—

A terrible shrieking came from below him. He’d recognize that voice anywhere, even in its panicked state. It was his voice. And Dahlia just woke to find herself in Gregory’s body.

Gregory

I HURRIED FROM THE bathroom. I'd found a robe and was just tying it around my waist when a wicked pounding started at the apartment door. The man in my bed stared at me curiously as I hurried from the room.

"I've got it!" I called back over his shoulder.

I *really* needed to find out the name of the man in my bed.

I placed the security chain before opening the door a crack. A hand shot through the door, grabbing wildly at me.

"What did you do? You stupid lab geek. Tell me! What did you do?"

The hand slashed toward me, and I skittered out of the way.

"Now, calm down," I said, as she started screaming.

"I will not calm down!" she hollered. "You took my body. Do you think I wouldn't find out? I FUCKING WOKE UP IN YOUR BODY!"

Dahlia was nearing hysterical, drawing the man from the back bedroom and out to the door.

"Who's that?" he asked. I turned to him, startled. He wore nothing but a pair of boxers. He was tall, lean but muscular. His hair was messy, adding a wild mystery to his appearance.

"That's Du—downstairs neighbor, number 512," I stuttered.

"What's he freaking out about? You stand him up on a date?"

"I did not!" I huffed out. I liked the way Dahlia's hips felt beneath my fingers as I gripped onto my new waist.

"Then why's he freaking out so bad? Should I call the super?"

"Nah. It's okay. I can handle it. You... you, *man*. You can go..."

"Make you some breakfast?"

"Yes! Yes!" I exclaimed a bit too loudly. "You can make me some breakfast."

"Don't you dare make him breakfast!" screamed Dahlia through the door.

The man looked confused, but I flicked my wrist toward the kitchen, and he reluctantly wandered off.

"Will you quit your hollering," I hissed at her when he was finally out of earshot.

I stared at my old body through the crack in the door, the vision odd as I stood with my hands on my hips, and my lip puffed out in annoyance.

No wonder the man in my bed thought I was acting strange. I shook out my hands, trying to relax, cocking my hip, and trying to look more feminine.

When I turned back to the door, Dahlia had her nose poked into the opening. "You took my body," she hissed.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But I had to."

"Had to? Had to!" her voice got louder with each word, and I shushed her back down into a whisper.

"Yes," I replied. "I had no choice."

"I'm pretty certain most people don't *choose* to steal another person's body."

I shook my head, my new, long locks dancing around my shoulders. "My life wasn't working out so well," I admitted.

"Oh! Oh! So your life sucks so you figure you might as well steal mine?"

She banged her fist into the door, and I stepped back from her anger. I suddenly realized I hadn't exactly thought this through. I knew I wanted Dahlia's life, but what was I going to do now that she had mine?

"What am I supposed to do with this... this body?"

She stared down at my body in disgust.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "It's not that bad."

"Oh yeah?" Dahlia stepped back from the crack of the door so I could get a view of her entire body. It was weird staring at myself like that. It was so much more revealing than looking at myself in a mirror. Sure I was a bit flabby in some parts, and my hair had needed cutting a couple of months ago, but I wasn't that bad looking. Not even from the outside looking in.

"Well, for fuck's sake," I grumbled. "It's not that bad."

Dahlia raised an eyebrow at me.

"Okay," I admitted. "So I haven't been taking the best care of myself lately. But it's not like I'm ugly."

Dahlia huffed out a shaky breath. Tears streaked down her face.

"Aw, come on. Don't cry."

"You took my body," she sobbed. "How could you?"

"Dammit," I grumbled. "You were a fucking awful neighbor."

Dahlia pressed her lips closed and stared down at her feet. My feet! Watching myself fold in upon myself made my heart sad. It was like I'd defeated my own self.

“My life sucks,” I finally admitted. I slumped down onto the floor, curling my legs up under me, and talked to Dahlia through the door.

I heard her sliding down against the wall, her head coming to rest against the door frame. “Mine too,” she admitted. “You could have picked someone’s life that was way better than mine.”

I shook my head. “A long line of men just waiting to be with you, to spend money on you...”

“Yeah,” she said, “but it’s exhausting. I lost my job six months ago and I haven’t found anything to pay the bills since. So I...”

“Find men who will pay your bills for you?”

“Yeah,” she admitted.

“Fuck,” I grumbled. “I’m so fucking sorry. I didn’t think this through one bit.”

Dahlia was silent from outside the door for a moment before she spoke. “I’m sorry I was such a shitty neighbor. I get wrapped up inside my head—inside my own problems—and I forget that there are other people around me.”

“Dahlia?” came the questioning voice of the man in my apartment.

I turned to him, startled.

“Uh yeah, umm...”

Dahlia whispered from the other side of the door. “Seth.”

“Yes, Seth. Um, what?”

“Your breakfast. Are you coming?”

He looked down at me sitting on the floor, the door cracked at my back.

“Just finishing up here,” I said. “I’ll be right there.”

Seth eyed me skeptically before he walked back into the kitchen.

“I’ll fix this,” I said through the door.

Dahlia shuffled to her feet, and I did the same.

“You have the weekend,” she said.

“Oh! Wait, you don’t want to umm...”

“I’m taking the weekend off,” she said. “I haven’t just sat around and watched TV in months. Your fridge is stocked. I’ll be fine.” She paused a moment. “This *ahh* cock of yours. It works okay, right?”

“Of course!” I squealed in surprise. “Are you planning on using it?”

“Hmm, maybe,” said Dahlia.

I couldn’t help it, the thought of her touching me, touching my cock, it turned me on. I tried to push the vision out of my head.

“The weekend,” I promised.

“Oh, and Gregory?”

“Yes?”

“There’s birth control in the medicine cabinet. Make sure you take it.”

“Oh! I’ll like, need it?”

Dahlia chuckled and walked away, and I was left all alone with the half-naked man in my kitchen.

I STOOD SILENTLY AT the edge of the kitchen. Seth sat at the countertop, his fork poised over a plate of impeccably presented eggs benedict. He startled when he saw me standing there motionless.

“Oh! Dahlia!” he said, standing suddenly. “Is everything okay?”

He pulled out the stool next to him as I approached. Carefully, I slid into it, and I awkwardly shuffled forward. Seth glanced at me, concerned, but then he sat down next to me and gestured to the plate in front of me.

“I made your favorite,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said, with a shy smile.

He watched me as I took my first bite, and I smiled at him as the delicious sauce slid across my tongue.

“It’s really good,” I mumbled over top of my next bite.

I enjoyed the way the man smiled back at me, the lines around his eyes lighting in delight. No one had ever cooked me breakfast before besides my mother, and I sat in companionable silence with the handsome stranger as I hungrily finished up my meal.

It watched him silently as he stood and began washing the dishes. His back muscles were strong, his movements assured. He looked comfortable in the kitchen, and I wondered what it was he did for a living.

Stop it, I told myself. He’s not someone you’re getting to know. You’re only going to be Dahlia for the weekend, and then you’re going to give her back her body. We will fix our own problems and not run from them.

I looked up to see Seth watching me as I finished my internal pep talk.

“Ah!” I said, startled.

He shook his head, a deep laugh rumbling from his throat. “You are definitely not you today, Dahlia.”

“Oh, no?” I said, quickly. “She’s me. I mean, I’m me. I’m me,” I said for clarity.

We remained in silence, and I didn’t know where to go with this next. He already thought there was something wrong with me, and I didn’t want to act too out of character.

“Sooo....” I said finally. “Is there something we normally do now?”

“We do the same thing we always do when I spend the night on Fridays.”

“Oh yes, of course. The same thing. Yes. As always. Of course.”

Seth raised one of his eyebrows at me. "Are you tired of our arrangement, Dahlia?"

"Tired of it? No! Of course not."

I was acting weird. I knew it. I kept talking too loud and kept fussing with the tie on my bathrobe. And my hair. My hair. It kept touching the sides of my face and I kept brushing it free. Everything felt weird, different. And I kept wishing that I'd had at least made sure that Dahlia was going to be alone when I swapped into her body. I could feel my naked tits beneath the robe. The soft fabric kept tickling across my nipples and they were so much more sensitive than I thought they would be. And by God did I just want to take off all my clothes and stare at myself in the mirror. But this man was here, and I was expected to do whatever it was that he and Dahlia normally did on a Saturday afternoon. And, unfortunately, I normally went to my mother's house on Saturday for lunch, so I had no clue what he meant.

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No!" I exclaimed, bolting to my feet. I'd taken it upon myself to swap bodies with Dahlia, the best I could do was to not fuck things up for her. "I am fully prepared and looking forward to our usual outing."

"Well, that's good, but, Dahlia, it's not an outing."

"Oh!" I squeaked out. "Yes, silly me. Slip of my tongue. Just feeling a bit off from all my drunkenness is all."

"Oh. Okay. So, you're ready to get dressed then?"

"Dressed? Yes. And there's something specific that I should wear, yes?"

"I've left the bag on your bed. Just like always."

"Yes," I said, bobbing my head up and down. "That's exactly what I was expecting." I hurried from the kitchen and into the bedroom. I hurriedly shut the door behind me and then turned to the large gift bag on the bed.

I grabbed it, upturning it on the bed.

I stumbled back from the spilled contents. I wasn't expecting this.

"But what were you expecting, you moron?" I questioned myself. I had spent the last six months listening to the sounds of pleasure coming from Dahlia's apartment. And now I was surprised that Seth hadn't brought me a nun's habit to wear, but instead, slinky lingerie and a tiny plaid skirt?

"Shit," I muttered. "Shit. Shit. Shit."

I should just tell him to leave. He'd go home. I knew he would. Seth seemed kind and respectful. And... really fucking hot.

I shook my head. No. That's now why I switched bodies with Dahlia. Was it?

"Dahlia?" came Seth's voice from the other side of the door. "Do you like it?"

“Oh! Yes! Just, umm, give me a... umm, minute.”

I scooped up the lingerie and hurried into the bathroom. I slammed the door behind me and panted out a heavy breath. Was I seriously about to do this? Was I going to let this sexy stranger have his way with me?

I flung open the medicine cabinet, rummaging through its contents until I found the small box of birth control pills. I popped out the one for Saturday and jammed it into my mouth. I paused, uncertain, and then as it started to dissolve on my tongue, I slurped water from the faucet and sucked it down my throat.

I held onto the sink, the water running next to my face. I splashed the cold water onto my skin, trying desperately to calm my nerves. I held my hands out before my eyes. They shook uncontrollably. Shakily I undid my robe, allowing the fabric to fall to the floor. I stared at myself in the mirror, my body naked, my new figure exposed. The thought of Seth running his hands over my body both excited me and swirled an anxious pile of nerves within my stomach.

“Do it, you fucking pussy,” I said to my reflection in the mirror. “Go let that man fuck you.”

I pressed my lips closed, Dahlia’s beautiful face staring back at me. When would I ever get this chance again?

I turned hurriedly as I heard the bedroom door squeak open. “Almost ready!” I hollered above the noise of the running water in the sink. I splashed water over my face and ran my hands down my breasts and between my legs. I wished I had time for a full shower, but I knew that Seth was anxiously awaiting me. My pussy was warm against my palm, and a shiver of excitement ran up my spine.

I stepped into the lace panties, pulling them up over my lean thighs. They were sheer, revealing my plump mounds, and when I turned my head to my back, I could see the firm mounds of her ass with the thin strip of fabric between her cheeks.

A thong. I was wearing a thong.

Next came what I thought was a bra. But when I clasped it around my chest, I realized there were no cups. My new tits stood out, the mounds soft but firm, pushed up by the underwire.

I hurried into the sheer stockings, pulling them up until they rested upon my thighs. I reached for the skirt, my heart pounding so hard that I felt lightheaded. I shifted it over my full hips and zipped the small zipper on the side. It barely covered my ass, and I shivered in the skimpy outfit. I shuffled nervously toward the door. I jiggled the handle before I remembered that I’d twisted the lock.

Opening the door, I found Seth splayed out on the bed. He was completely naked, his thick cock coiled at the apex of his thighs. I shifted my eyes

nervously from his cock and to his face. I expected him to jump from the bed and run from the room when he caught sight of me, an imposter wearing sexy lingerie and a short school-girl skirt, but instead, he lowered his hand over his cock, and stroked it lightly.

"You look amazing," he said.

"*Doo—do I?*"

"Aww, come on," he said, holding open his arms. "Why are you suddenly so shy?"

"I'm just nervous is all," I admitted.

"*Ooh*," he said, his voice deep. "Am I getting the chance to fuck a virgin?"

"I'm not!" I squeaked out.

Seth chuckled as he got up off the bed and moved around behind me.

"I know you're not a virgin," he said in my ear. He wrapped his strong arms around me and pulled me into his chest. I could feel his firm cock pressing into my ass.

"*Mmm*," he moaned in my ear. "Is that what you want?"

I nodded my head tentatively.

His hand ran down my front until his palm cupped around the mounds of my pussy. I tried not to tremble as he touched me, but reflexively my body shuddered.

"See," he soothed in my ear. "I know you love playing the innocent virgin. It's your favorite game."

I allowed Seth to touch me. I stood still against his roaming hands. He caressed my tits, his palm teasing at my pert nipples. A warmth spread through my pussy, and his fingers teased at my mounds. My hips moved against him, slowly exploring the hardness of his cock.

Did I like this? If the tingling between my legs was any indication, I definitely did.

I leaned back into his chest, allowing him better access to my full tits. Upon his next stroke, he twisted my nipple between his fingers, and a gasp left my lips.

"Hmm," he moaned against my neck. "She likes that."

A shiver ran through my body. He continued to tease and twist at my nipples, and my body sunk back against his firm chest. I reached my arms up, wrapping them around his neck, feeling his muscles beneath my fingers. I was desperate for him to touch every inch of me.

Then his fingers ran down the soft curves of my breasts and across my flat stomach. Downward still they slid, and he teased at the tops of my lace panties. My pulse pounded so hard that I could hear my heartbeat in my ears. His fingers slid against my soft mounds, dipping deeper still. They slit across my clit and I almost collapsed to the ground. The pleasure was immediate and intense, and I clamored for hold of his neck as I tried to regain the strength in my legs.

“Wow,” Seth said in my ear. “You’re really playing this virgin thing good today.” His finger slipped between my folds, and he teased at my entrance. “You’re so wet for me,” he moaned against my neck.

I gyrated my ass back against his fat cock, pleasuring him as he sunk his fingers into my pussy.

A gasp left my lips, and I started rubbing wildly against his cock. The pleasure was intense and uncontrollable.

“*Ohh*,” I breathed out. I felt the heat rise up into my abdomen, my pussy pounding so hard that I wasn’t certain I could remain standing. Seth swirled his thumb across my clit as he fucked me with his fingers. I gripped his neck, my body trembling wildly. His other hand gripped my tit, squeezing it, teasing at my nipples. “I’m gonna—” I breathed out. “*Ohh*.”

Upon the next twist of his fingers, I found myself losing control. My body wrenched wildly in his arms, and a scream left my lips. My pussy pounded, contracting over his fingers as he made me cum. While I panted out heavy breaths, Seth picked me up from the floor and brought me to the bed.

He lay me face down and then climbed over top of him. His powerful body loomed over me, as he brushed my hair away from my face.

“I love how you cum for me, Dahlia.”

He pushed my arms up, away from my body, and pinned them over my head. His other hand sought out the soft lace of my panties. He pushed my skirt upward, revealing my ass. He pulled the string of my thong to the side and exposed my still-pounding pussy.

“I hope you’re not too tight for me,” he groaned in my ear.

He picked my hips up, forcing my ass into the air. He straddled my legs, pushing them tight together.

“I—I’ve never done this before,” my voice trembled out.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’ll make sure that you scream.”

He pressed his fat cock against my entrance, slipping my juices across his swollen head and then dipping it into my entrance. With my legs pinned tight together, my pussy barely spread for his cock, and he pushed hard to gain entrance.

I could feel his warmth as he entered me, my new pussy wrapping around his fat cock. I sensed every inch of him as he filled me, and he moaned softly as he started stroking his cock within me.

His voice was deep and husky as he groaned in pleasure. "You're so tight, Dahlia."

He gripped his fingers into my ass, kneading the flesh as he pleased himself inside of me. I squeezed my thighs tighter and he moaned loudly as my pussy tightened over his shaft.

"Watch it," he growled. "You're going to make me cum too quick."

He slid his hand down between us, fingering my soft folds apart. I gasped as he found my swollen clit, and my face fell forward, pressing heavily into the mattress.

"God. Oh God," I moaned. My voice was soft and light, mixed with the husky timbre of pleasure. I could feel the desire growing in me again, and I squeezed my thighs tight, desperate to force Seth to cum inside of me.

"Dahlia," he warned. "You're going to make me cum if you keep doing that."

He panted out a heavy breath, slowing his strokes, desperate to draw out his pleasure. I rocked my hips, sinking back until his cock filled me once again.

"Deeper," I moaned. "Give it to me deeper."

A feral growl left Seth's lips and he sunk his cock deep inside of me. He slammed in and out of me, his hips slapping into my ass. My body shook with the effort, my tits teasing across the bed sheets, and my face dug desperately into the covers. I opened my mouth, panting, whining, begging as he fingered my clit and fucked me wildly.

A desperate cry left my lips as an orgasm wracked my body. I felt my pussy clench over Seth's cock, and with a heavy groan, his cock spewed inside of me. His cock pounded heavily, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body. His seed continued pulsing out, filling me with his cum.

With a heavy groan, my body collapsed, his cock sliding out of my pussy, his seed dripping down onto the curves of my ass and over my skirt.

"That was good," Seth said with a deep, husky voice. "That was so fucking good."

I nodded my head wildly, unable to speak. My pussy seemed to pound in time with my beating heart, and my entire body tingled with pleasure.

I rolled over onto my back, enjoying the way the soft mounds of my tits stood out on my chest. My nipples were pert and twisted, my chest heaving with effort. Bashfully, I tried to pull the covers up over my body, but Seth grabbed

fast, pulling them away from me. "Don't you dare," he said, and dropped heavily onto the bed next to me.

He wrapped his arm around my stomach and pulled me to him with a contented sigh.

"That was nice," I said shyly.

"Uh-*hummm*," he agreed as he snuggled into my side.

I pressed my lips closed, nervous. I touched his arm, my fingers gliding tentatively across his skin.

"Do you think... that... *umm*..."

Seth rolled his eyes up to mine, curious about my timidness.

"I don't know if you have plans or anything this weekend," I blurted. "But I thought that maybe you'd want to stay here and maybe... maybe you'd want to do that again?"

My heart pounded against his ear and his lips curled into a smile. "I'd love to spend the weekend with you." He pulled me against him, and for a moment, I thought he was going to fall asleep on my chest, but then I felt a warm softness on my breast, and a fire stirred in my stomach. His tongue slipped from his lips, teasing across the pert bud of my nipple.

Warmth spread through my pussy, and I rolled my body toward him, allowing him to suck my nipple deep between his lips. I moaned loudly, no longer worried that he'd find it odd that I gained such intense pleasure from him.

"Do you think we could try something different this time?" I asked.

"Mmm?" he questioned with my nipple still in his mouth.

"Do you think I could ride you?"

My cheeks burst with heat, but Seth popped up with an excited glint in his eye. He flopped down onto his back, and pulled me, giggling, on top of him.

He stroked my hips over top of his cock, teasing it back to life. My pussy already tingled with anticipated pleasure, and as soon as Seth hardened, I grabbed his cock, and lowered myself over it.

"Oh, wow," he said, as I started rocking my hips. "You're acting like you've missed me or something."

I splayed my hands on his chest and tipped my head back. His strong hands gripped my hips and stroked me over his cock. At first, he started slow, but as I began to moan, he stroked me harder, deeper, his cock filling my pussy. My tits rocked on my chest, bouncing with the effort.

"*Ooh*," I moaned. "Deeper. Deeper."

Seth gripped onto me harder, rocking my hips as he stroked me on and off his cock. He pushed into my hips and ground his cock upward, burying all of himself inside my wet pussy.

“I’m—I’m going to cum!” I cried out loudly. He slapped me up and down on his cock, my tits bouncing wildly as I screamed in pleasure once again. My breaths panted out, and he reached up, teasing my nipple between his fingers and a gasp of pleasure left my lips. My entire body shuddered, and I desperately continued stroking over his hard cock. “More. More!” I begged as I bounced my new pussy over his hard shaft.

Never had I experienced pleasure like this before and I was desperate to cum on this man’s cock as many times as I could. I didn’t want to day to end—didn’t want the weekend to end. I’d promised Dahlia I would give her body back to her, but now... I was desperate to keep it.

Dahlia

DAHLIA STARED UP AT the ceiling above the couch. She was curled up, watching a movie, when she heard the escalation of the moans above her.

“Damn, it really is loud,” she said with her new, deep voice.

She smiled to herself, enjoying her quiet afternoon in Gregory’s empty apartment. Her new cock tingled between her legs as the screams of ecstasy started above her. She slipped her hand down into her boxers and wrapped her fingers over her swollen cock. Dahlia figured, if Gregory was enjoying her body, she may as well enjoy his.

His life was quieter, simpler than hers, and even though she had thrown such a fit about him stealing her body, she couldn’t help but admit that she was enjoying using his for a bit. Maybe, he’d change his mind about wanting to swap back so quickly, and she could escape her real life for a little while longer. Dahlia lay back with a sigh as her new cock swelled and she stroked it gently in her hand as she listened to the rolling screams of pleasure above her.

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PREVIEW – Possession

CRESSIDA JACKSON IS a nasty, horrible bitch. She's also been my best friend since grade school.

On the eve of her eighteenth birthday, Kai and his best friend Cressida stand on her rooftop balcony. She's conjured a potion, convinced she can harness incredible powers under the light of the night-shining clouds. But something goes horribly wrong. Kai merges into Cressida's body. And he's the only one who can stop her reign of tyranny as he also tries to keep her from destroying the one thing he loves—her boyfriend.

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POSSESSION – ACCIDENTAL Mind Meld is a male-into-female body merge story. Filled with magic, body possession, MtF, and MF explicit scenes.

CRESSIDA JACKSON IS a nasty, horrible bitch. She's also been my best friend since grade school. I still wasn't sure what drew me to her that first day, but here I was, almost thirteen years later, still Cressida's little bag boy. I tipped my head in acknowledgment of Mr. Ben, the doorman at the Westbay towers. He'd been working at the building since Cressida moved in at five years old. And he's still here on the night before her eighteenth birthday.

Mr. Ben eyed me with my arms full of bags and boxes. He knew who I was going to see. I only came to the bay towers to see Cressida, and I knew he had to wonder why I was still friends with her after all these years. She was gorgeous and rich, and just in case anyone around her didn't know it, she made sure they knew that her father was also powerfully connected. She lived in the penthouse suite and most of the time her father was out of the country. Since my mom was a nurse and was usually either at work or sleeping, both of us spent most of our lives unsupervised. I usually spent my spare time volunteering at the various boy's clubs around the city, while Cressida spent her time pampering herself or working on one of her spells. Oh yeah, I forgot that part, she also fancied herself a witch. And not like, a goth girl kind of witch, but one who secretly hoped she could conquer a spell and rule the world like that ugly sorcerer in Aladdin. I pictured it going just like that too, she'd float up over the world with a wicked laugh of incredible power.

I held tight to the boxes and bags as I entered the elevator, my harried expression bouncing back to me in the perfectly shined mirrors. I'd allowed my normal buzz cut to grow out, and Cressida hated it. My dark brown locks almost hung to my eyes, and I liked the way they seemed to add focus to my penetrating eyes. Upon Cressida's insistence, I allowed her to drag me to the clothing stores and buy me new clothes. Too lean for my frame, I'd never found clothes that quite suited me, but Cressida seemed to have a knack for it. I looked trim and put together, and I gave my reflection and tight smile before stepping off onto the top floor.

Cressida was waiting for me at the door, a bored look on her face, her eyes turned downward as she passively inspected her new manicure. She was dressed like she was going to the hottest club in town, wearing a lacy black dress that looked more suited for swanky lingerie. She stepped back as I neared, allowing me entrance but not offering to take any packages from my arms, even though they were all for her.

"I'm not sure about my new manicurist," she said. "I asked for almond French tips and these look more stiletto." Cressida continued prattling on about

her nails as I set to depositing the bags and the boxes over her kitchen countertop. “Oh,” she said, after I’d already settled everything in, “don’t put them there.”

I saved myself from puffing out an annoyed breath, and instead, bit into my lip, and upon her instruction, I moved all the bags and boxes onto the rooftop balcony.

“It’s freezing out here,” I said, as another gust of wind threatened to rip the bags free from my grasp.

“Kai,” she said with an exaggerated huff, “how am I supposed to harness the powers of the night-shining clouds without access to night-shining clouds? You know that this is the night for them to appear. I’ve been searching the meteorological sites all day, it’s the perfect storm for them to accumulate in the atmosphere tonight. And once midnight strikes, and I turn eighteen, the power will all be mine.”

“Okay, Cressy,” I said as I settled the bags down.

“Puh-leez,” she whined. “How many times do I have to ask you to stop calling me that? I grew out of that nickname in the fifth grade.”

“Okay,” I mumbled. I wished I’d just told her I was busy tonight, but I knew she’d know I was lying. She’d been talking about the night-shining clouds for the last six months. They would light up the sky as ice crystals in the atmosphere reflected off of them. And for some reason, Cressida thought they’d give her some kind of ultimate powers. Cressida spoke as if she truly did have access to the night-shining clouds and that upon the incantation of her spell, the clouds would send out a tendril of power directly to her.

I was too afraid to ask her if she truly believed in such things, or if the boredom of a rich girl who could have anything she wanted forced her to believe in it so that she had something to do with her time.

She’d already spent the entire weekend celebrating her birthday at the hottest private underage nightclub in town. And now that it was Monday night—which was apparently not a fancy night to have a celebration—it would just be the two of us ringing in her eighteenth birthday come midnight. I honestly wasn’t sure what she was going to say when the time came and went and she didn’t harness some sort of all-powerful, all-encompassing powers and become ruler of the world.

An unwanted chuckle burst from my lips and she turned to me, annoyed at my unwanted outburst.

“You don’t believe in me, do you?” She crossed her arms over her chest, automatically jutting out her tits for show.

I rolled my eyes at her. She could show off those damn things to me as much as she wanted. I still wasn't interested, and she knew it. She just refused to accept it. Even after thirteen years of friendship, she still expected me to come to my senses and pursue her. Of which she'd certainly deny me, because I'd yet to become rich, powerful, or gain 100 pounds of rippling muscle.

Cressida huffed out an angry burst of air. Then she giggled, grabbing me by my arm and pulling me to her. She crushed my body against her, my thin frame feeling every inch of her taut, curvaceous body. She tugged at my hips, my cock settling against the soft apex of her thighs. "Why won't you come to the dark side, Kai? Don't you ever wonder what it would be like?"

She squeezed me back against her, not really expecting an answer. She'd been asking me this same question for the last five years—at least. What she didn't know is that I did wonder what being someone else would be like, but not in the way she was questioning. I didn't lust after Cressida Jackson because I wanted to touch her, I lusted after her because I wanted to *be* her.

Read the rest of **Possession** [HERE](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BTB82J5Y):
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