



# PLEASUREVILLE

GENDER SWITCH  
EROTICA

IMWILS



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# **Pleasureville**

**by M. Wills**

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Blake sat up in his tattered armchair and flipped through the channels on the TV. Each scrambled channel just made him angrier.

“I thought you ordered the match,” whined Alan as he sipped another beer and licked pizza grease off his chubby fingers.

“I did!” Blake cried, “Where the fuck is it?”

“Didn't they send any instructions?” Joel chimed in, ever helpful. He pushed his thick rimmed glasses up his nose and pulled out his phone to search the internet for troubleshooting help.

“It's just supposed to be on the pay per view channel.” Miguel added.

“I know where it's supposed to be but it's not!” Blake cried.

Blake had invited his friends over to watch the Hassel-Welton heavyweight match and he was positive he'd ordered it. He just couldn't find it. He rubbed a hand along his stubbly chin and grunted in frustration as the others looked on, growing more and more restless. Blake's heavy dark stubble and broad features made him appear older than the others, though he was just a freshman. He'd invited the other guys over to show off but instead he was being embarrassed by stupid technology.

“Told you we should have watched at the bar,” Miguel said, leaning back on the faded plaid couch that smelled vaguely of mildew. He sipped his beer and grimaced. “Warm beer and no boxing.” He reached for the pizza box, but it was empty. “And someone ate all the pizza.” He said, shooting a meaningful look at Alan.

“Not my fault you're a slow eater,” Alan said, wiping his chubby cheeks. Then he turned to Blake “Come on, gimme the remote” he said, snatching it from Blake's hand.

He, too, started flipping through channels with no more luck than Blake had been having.

“Oh, yeah, you're doing much better than me. Well done.” Blake said, deadpan. Blake reached for the remote but Alan dodged out of the way.

“Have you tried turning it off and on?” Joel asked, reading from a random website.

“Give me the fucking remote, man.” Blake said, grabbing Alan's arm and they started wrestling.

“Ha, looks like we got some sort of fighting match right here,” Miguel said, draining his beer.

“Have you tried holding down AUX, INPUT 1, VOLUME UP and CHANNEL DOWN for five seconds?” Joel asked, trying another website.

Blake and Alan continued struggling to take control of the remote control. The two guys grunted and grabbed at each other, their meaty hands hammering down blows whenever they could as they fought. They'd both been on the wrestling team in high school and were thick, heavysset guys used to grappling their opponents into submission. Alan had gained some weight and had the advantage, but Blake was wiry and kept slipping out of his grasp. There was much grunting and punching before the remote flew through the air and smashed against the wall.

“Come on!” Blake cried.

Joel looked at the broken remote, then back to his phone. After a second he added: “Have you tried super glue?”

“You broke it!” Alan said, gathering up the two pieces and trying to fit them back together.

“It wouldn't have broken if you hadn't grabbed.” Blake said.

“I wouldn't have grabbed it if you'd ordered the fucking match.”

“All right, I'm going down to the bar,” Miguel said, plunking his empty beer can down on the coffee table.

Miguel opened the front door and jumped back in surprise, raising his fists in preparation for a fight. There was an old man standing just outside, dressed in tatty blue coveralls and a worn leather tool belt. He had twinkling blue eyes and a thin white beard.

“Jesus, you scared me.” Miguel said, lowering his fists.

“Looks like you're having some trouble with your remote,” he said, nodding at the pieces in Alan's hands. “Lucky for you I'm a remote repairman. Let me take a look at that.”

He gingerly took the pieces from Alan's hands and investigated them. “Hmmm. Yep. Looks broken.”

“Awesome. Good thing we got a specialist's opinion,” Blake snorted.

“I'll take this and try to fix it. I'll leave you with this temporary remote.”

The man pulled a shiny, silver remote out of his tool belt and handed it to Blake. It was strangely warm.

“What's the catch?” Blake asked, suspiciously.

“No catch,” the man replied, “If you don't like it you get everything back.”

He turned and strolled out the door before they could ask him what he meant.

“The fuck?” Miguel asked the room. He poked his head out the door but the man had completely disappeared. He closed the door and sat back down. “Since when are there traveling repairmen?”

“Traveling remote control repairmen,” Joel added, googling just that.

Blake aimed the silver remote at the TV and pushed some buttons. The next channel he found was some sort of low budget movie. A large breasted black woman was standing in an immaculate living room in front of a long, leather couch talking to an exceedingly busty white woman who, with her high cheekbones and huge breasts, appeared to be composed of mostly silicone and plastic. Standing beside them both was a slightly chubbier—and also well-endowed—Asian woman. The dialogue was stilted and the acting worse. It was clearly a porno.

“Well, the remote works,” Blake said, “And we don't have a match, but we've got porno.”

“I'm not sitting here and watching porn with you guys,” Miguel said, getting up to leave.

“Just find the match!” Alan cried, grabbing the remote. The two brothers tussled some more, and then there was a loud bang and a white flash that obliterated their senses.

When the world swam back into view Blake was in a strange room that seemed vaguely familiar. It was a large, immaculate living room with a high ceiling and a long leather couch in the center. Daylight streamed in through huge bay windows behind him, illuminating the two other women in the room. One was a white woman. Slender and tanned and very, very blonde. She had a striking, angular face, with lips and cheeks that appeared to be as enhanced as her breasts. She wore panties and a garter belt that clung to her supple form, leaving very little to the imagination. Her giant fake breasts and swollen nipples were clearly visible beneath the thin pink fabric of her tight top.

The other woman was Asian, slightly shorter and chubbier. Her hair was cut into a gentle bob that framed her wide face and thick lips. She had on a tight dress that clung to her supple body.

Both women were both gaping down at their own bodies, poking and prodding at their tits.

Blake rubbed his eyes and realized his hands didn't feel right. He looked at them and saw slender, ebony fingers with dark painted nails. His eyes dropped down to his body. Two round, black breasts were partly covered by a simple blue, collared top. A gray skirt covered his legs, and beneath he had on black stockings and high heels.

“What the fuck?” he yelled in a deep, husky voice. The other two stopped investigating their own bodies and looked at him.

“Who...who...?” was all the Asian could get out as she looked from one to the other then back down at herself.

It soon came out that the Asian woman was Miguel and the plastic blonde was Alan.

Blake squeezed his tits experimentally. They were real. Soft and heavy. They bobbed back and forth as he hefted and dropped them, then ran his fingers along his smooth, black skin. His hands fluttered down and around to his plump ass. He grasped his skirt and raised it up, not surprised to find that this body wasn't wearing any panties and he caught a glimpse of the dark hair surrounding his new pussy before he rolled the dress back down and smoothed it around him. He looked around and it suddenly hit him: his clothes, the living room, the two other women. He knew where he'd seen them.

“Guys, we're in that porno. The one we were watching.”

“H-how?” Alan stammered in a high-pitched voice. He sounded—and looked—like a blonde bimbo.

Blake shrugged, making his breasts bounce up and down. He noticed Alan still had the remote in one feminine hand. Blake moved towards him, stumbling in his high heels and nearly tumbling onto the floor before catching himself on the couch.

“The remote,” Blake said, pointing to Alan's hand. “It must have been the remote. Maybe it can get us back.”

Alan looked at the silver remote in his hand, realizing for the first time that he was still holding it. It was bent at a strange angle and when he aimed it at the TV and pressed the buttons it sparked briefly.

“Shit. I think you broke it,” Alan said, looking at Blake.

*“You broke it. If you hadn't grabbed it from me we wouldn't be here.”*

“If you'd ordered the match we wouldn't be here!” Alan said, stepping towards Blake who'd gotten back to his feet.

“If you weren't such an asshole,” Blake said, shoving Alan. Alan shove him back and suddenly the two were at it again, their tiny hands flailing wildly at each other as their enhanced feminine bodies jiggled. Miguel thought it would have been hot if the situation hadn't been so crazy. He stepped in and pushed them apart, one hand on each of their breasts.

“Stop! Stop! Let's figure out how to fix the remote and get out of here.”

“Fine,” Blake said, adjusting his top back over his breasts.

“Hey,” Miguel said, glancing around, “Where's Joel?”

They heard a woman's faint cry from upstairs and hurried towards it, staggering and clinging to each other as they tried to adjust to the weight distribution of their new bodies.

When Joel's vision cleared he found himself squatting on the floor of a strange bedroom. His knees were in the air and he was leaning back on his hands. Only they weren't his knees. They were firm and feminine, with gorgeous sculpted calves, thick thighs and delicate feet clad in high heels. In fact, his whole body was different. His skin was the flawless deep, rich brown of an Indian woman. Looking down he saw two small, firm breasts protruding from his naked chest. Though they were small the curves were perfect, the skin flawless and smooth, the nipples perky. Joel's new body was wearing some sort of fishnet body suit that had been pulled open to free his amazing tits. Looking down his incredibly female body, he saw why he had such a strange, pleasant feeling of fullness.

His feminine body was squatting atop a rubber dildo that had been suction cupped to the floor. The dark rubber head disappeared between the dark pink lips of Joel's gaping pussy. He gasped and lost his balance, tipping over on his heels and falling on to the dildo, sinking all the way to the hilt. He let out an involuntary gasp as a burst of pleasure flared through him.

“Holy shit,” he murmured. It felt so good he had to try it again.

His new body swayed in delightful ways as he pushed his butt back up into the air onto his hands, allowing the dildo to slightly withdraw. He sat down again, controlled this time, and closed his eyes as the hard-softness filled him with delight. He began bouncing up and down, slowly at first but growing in speed as sparks of electric pleasure danced through him, emanating from his pussy and spreading throughout his new body. He didn't know who's body he was in, but it felt so good he didn't really care. He watched between his legs as the dildo disappeared inside him and reappeared wet with his juices. He flew up and down on the dildo, pounding himself, his pussy wet and dripping with pleasure. He

watched his tits wobble back and forth, mesmerized by their rhythmic bouncing. He bobbed down harder, faster, fucking his new body as a delightful tension built up inside him.

Joel threw his head back and moaned as he sank all the way down again. It was wonderful to be so full, to scratch an itch this body desperately needed to satisfy. He withdrew, then slammed his cunt back down onto the rubber shaft and the tension exploded, sending pleasure bursting through him. His knees clapped together and his hands gave out. He fell, his weight landing full on the dildo and driving it straight up into his aching cunt. He cried out, bouncing short, sharp bounces on the dildo to drive the pleasure through him. There was one last, loud cry, then he trembled and lay back on the floor, the dildo still inside him as he panted, hardly believing what had just happened. Surely it was a dream.

There was a noise from the doorway and he looked up to see three other women staring down at him: a black woman, a blonde barbie, and a stacked Asian—like the setup to a joke, Joel thought. Their mouths were gaping open as they stared at him.

“Someone's been enjoying themselves,” Blake smirked.

Joel struggled to sit up, each movement sending the dildo jiggling against the walls of his pussy and reminding him of his incredible horniness. It also didn't help that his new body was more top heavy than he was used to while his hips and legs were slimmer. He was all out of proportion but he managed to grab hold of one of the bedposts and pull himself to his feet. As he stood he adjusted his fishnet body suit back over his tits, not that it covered anything. He might as well have been wearing nothing.

“So, then,” Joel began once he'd put his new body in as much order as he could

manage and tried to act nonchalant, as if his friends didn't just walk in on him masturbating. "I'm guessing by your shocked looks that you're Blake, Alan, and Miguel." They nodded. "Anyone know what's going on?"

"This guy," Alan said, jerking a slim thumb towards Blake and Joel noticed dazedly that Alan's firm, fake breasts failed to wobble even a little despite their size, "Did something to this remote and now we're all trapped in his porno."

"It's not my porno." Blake said, defensively.

As they argued Joel picked up the dildo he'd been using and began sucking on it absently.

"What are you doing? Put that down!" Miguel cried.

Joel looked up, startled, then looked to the dildo in his hands. It felt so right having it. He tried to put it down on the bed but couldn't seem to make his hand let go. Already there was a yearning to fill the emptiness inside him once more, to thrust the toy back inside and fuck himself to orgasm again and again. It was all he could do to clasp both hands around it and set it in his lap.

"I don't know...I...I can't...it's like...I need it." He shrugged, and the gaze of the other three shifted down momentarily to Joel's perky breasts.

"Guys," Miguel interrupted before they could start again, "Let's just get the remote fixed and get the fuck out of here. Unless you want to live in a porno

with these bodies. You know what happens to women who look like this in porn.”

They all did.

A rich, bass voice spoke up from the hallway. “Your sink’s all fixed Mrs. Luther.”

A tall, broad shouldered black man holding a toolbox appeared in the doorway. He was wearing overalls and a tight t-shirt that was practically painted on. The arms protruding from the shirt were thickly muscular and glistened in the lights of the hallway. A name tag on his shirt identified him as Marcus. He smiled and cast an approving eye down Miguel's voluptuous Asian body. Miguel blushed and shifted uncomfortably, trying to cover his breasts but only succeeding in knocking them and making them swing back and forth.

“Ok, um, thanks,” Miguel finally said.

“Do you have any other clogged pipes that need fixing before your husband gets home?” Marcus asked.

“What about the kitchen?” Miguel said. It felt like the right thing to say and he hoped the guy would go away.

“Certainly, ma'am. Come show me what's wrong.”

The man placed a solid arm around Miguel's waist and led him down the hallway. Miguel felt himself being pulled along as much by a mental force as by the physical one, as if this was where his body wanted to go. Where his body was supposed to go. His tits and ass jiggled with each step.

“Wait, come back!” Blake called.

“I can't!” Miguel cried as he was lead away, “It's like...I have to go with him. My body won't let me stop. Fix that fucking remote quick!”

And then he was around the corner and disappeared from view.

“Shit. What do we do!” Blake panicked.

“We stay calm and try to find someone who can fix this remote.” Alan said, his eyes flicking down to Joel's naked breasts. Alan thought maybe he could overlook the fact that his friend was inhabiting that body and dive between her legs if he ever got the chance. He shook the thought away. “Quick, before Miguel gets...Come on!”

“I'm not going out like this!” Alan said, looking down at his mostly naked body and pink top.

“Maybe there are some clothes in here,” Joel said, opening the closet door, revealing a rack of clothes even skimpier than what they were currently wearing. Joel pulled out a hanger that was holding something that looked like a sheer,

white top made out of stretchy material barely bigger than his hand.

“Shit,” Alan said, “Looks like I'm going to be the sexiest bitch out there.”

Alan needn't have worried about his clothes. As the guys walked along the sidewalk, stumbling along in their heels and new bodies, they gaped in awe at the naked sexuality around them.

“Jeez,” Joel whispered, “It's a a city straight out of every porno.”

Young, exceedingly muscular men mowed lawns topless, others delivered mail in tiny thong uniforms and still others seemed to do nothing but hang out in the park, holding water bottles at arms length above them and letting the water splash down their oiled up bodies in slow motion. Women in mini-skirts walked their dogs, bending over every few steps to pet them. As they did so, their skirts slid up to reveal perfect, teardrop shaped asses.

Blake paused to watch two bikini-clad models with huge breasts washing a sports car in a driveway, splashing the water on each other and laughing, while upstairs in the house behind them a group of young women in just their bra and panties were engaged in a pillow fight. Alan grabbed Blake's tiny hand and pulled him on, Blake's black breasts bobbing uncomfortably on his chest, his heels clicking arrhythmically on the pavement as he struggled to keep his balance.

“Come on, we're fixing the remote and getting out of here.” Alan said, adjusting his own pink top for the hundredth time. It kept riding up and chaffing his solid breasts. He was curious about his new body, but he didn't want the others to think he actually liked this.

“Maybe this is, like, the fantasy land where pornos come from. Or go to.” Joel mused, absently sucking on the dildo that he'd recently used on his new pussy. “They all seem to fit into some sort of typical porno scene.”

“What about us?” Alan asked.

“Hmmm. Well, I can't seem to drop this,” Joel said, holding up the dildo. Joel was also incredibly wet, he could feel himself practically dripping down his thighs but he didn't want to tell the others that. His body was burning with a desire to plunge the toy back inside him. “Miguel didn't want to go with the plumber but he did and he's probably getting railed by that guy as we speak. Maybe each of us is supposed to be in a scene. It'll be interesting to see what scene you guys are in.”

“Interesting?! This isn't some sort of experiment!” Alan yelled. “We're in some sort of weird...porno world. We've all got huge tits and sexy bodies! I'm not waiting around to see if I'm going to get drilled by some rando. I'm getting out of here. ”

Joel shrugged, unphased by his friend's outburst. Truthfully, it took all his concentration just to talk and not drop onto a nearby bench, throw his legs in the air and fuck himself senseless.

By this time they'd reached a small strip mall. Each store had a porno name more warped than the one before. There was a coffee shop called Starfucks, an electronics store with a window full of sex toys called Radio Shag, a burger joint called Five Guys Banging Each Other, a clothing store called Bang-Anna Repube-lick, and, finally, The Gap (“Your butt plug superstore!”).

“Whoa,” Joel said, captivated by the display in the window of Radio Shag.

Electronic vibrators of every shape and kind were displayed, with several of the mannequins demonstrating exactly how they were to be used. Joel pressed his breasts against the window of the shop and gazed like a kid on Christmas morning at the awesome range of electric toys. “Let's go in here,” he cried, turning to the others.

“This may be the closest thing to a repair shop we'll find,” Blake agreed.

“Yeah. A repair shop. Right.” Joel nodded slowly, still entranced by the range of toys in the window.

Blake stepped up behind Joel's plump, naked ass. He wanted to reach out and grab it, stroke his fingers down her slender crack and make her gasp in pleasure. But it was his friend inside her demure Indian body. Blake caught a glimpse in the reflection of the window of his own stacked black female body. His new form oozed sexuality, his dark eyes and pouty lips practically begging to give a blow job. He turned away, blushing at the erotic thoughts flashing through his mind.

Before they could drag Joel away from the window, a red convertible screeched to a halt in the parking lot behind them. A young man with slicked back hair and movie star looks jumped out and ran towards the group.

“There you are! I've been looking all over for you!” The man cried.

Even Joel turned to look, his breasts still pressed against the window as the man ran up to Blake.

“Who-who are you?” Blake asked.

“Jeez, three days on the job and you've already forgotten me. I'm Tommy. And Mr. Hammersyou is going to be really upset if you don't get back to the office right now. Come on!”

Tommy grabbed Blake's arm and pulled him towards the car. Alan latched onto Blake's other arm and there was a brief tug of war.

“No,” Alan cried, “Leave him alone.”

But Alan's slender feminine form was no match for Tommy's power, plus Blake himself seemed to be no help. Blake wanted to fight, to shrug Tommy off, but his body wouldn't resist. Tommy soon tugged Blake free of Alan and hustled him into the waiting car. If Joel was right, then Blake was soon to find out what his “scene” was supposed to be. Blake wanted to explore his new body, but wasn't ready for someone else to do the same.

Tommy ran around to the other side as Blake pulled the seatbelt across his large chest, his body going along with whatever seemed to be happening.

“Get that remote fixed! Quick!” Blake yelled, as the car roared out of the parking lot.

Alan tried to run after him but quickly realized the futility of running in heels as he toppled to the ground. He picked himself up and brushed himself off. Fortunately he hadn't let go of the remote.

“Ok, let's get this thing fixed,” Alan squeaked, turning back to Joel.

But Joel was gone.

Marcus, the sexy, black plumber, was kneeling down in front of the kitchen sink. His muscular arms were sheened with sweat from his exertions on the drain pipes. Miguel stood behind him, his ample butt leaning on the counter and his arms crossed beneath his heavy tits. He looked back and forth from his breasts to Marcus, warm feelings flooding him about both. He couldn't help being proud of the breasts he now possessed. They looked even bigger hanging from his tiny, Asian form. They were heavy and ripe, and their meaty weight felt so nice resting atop his arms as he looked down at himself. He flexed one pec, then the other, watching his tits bounce back and forth.

Miguel had tried to get out of the kitchen a few times but some force kept dragging him back. Less of a force than a desire really. He wanted to be here with this handsome plumber. Even when he heard his friends leaving out the front door he didn't feel any sense of urgency about escaping. His only sense of urgency came when he watched Marcus' thick muscles coiling beneath his tight shirt.

Shit, what was happening to him? He wasn't into guys. If anything, in this body, surely he was a lesbian. Surely?

His thoughts were interrupted by Marcus standing up. Marcus was huge and he just made Miguel, with his reduced Asian stature, seem that much smaller. Marcus wiped his hands on a cloth and turned to Miguel.

“Looks like that's all fixed, ma'am.”

“Great,” Miguel said, “That everything then. No fix nothing else. No hang around anymore.”

What the fuck? Now even his voice was changing, his accent becoming like that of a Japanese tourist who didn't have full command of English. A stereotype. Worse, a porno stereotype.

Miguel needed to get rid of Marcus. Every time he looked into those dark brown eyes a gentle ache surged through his body and he was scared of what Marcus might do if he stayed around. Scared of what he might want Marcus to do.

“Ok, let's see, that will be...” Marcus tallied up the total in his head, “Eighteen hundred and forty dollars.”

“Uhh...” Miguel paused. He had no idea where his money would be. “Just send invoice.”

“When you called for an appointment I told you I needed payment on the day. Maybe I can give you a pass if you can give me...something.”

There was no doubt what Marcus wanted but there was no way Miguel was going to do anything to this hunky, good looking man. Even as he thought this he was compelled to step closer to Marcus and bring a slender hand up to Marcus' chest. This close he could smell Marcus' woody scent. The heat from Marcus' solid chest seemed to penetrate straight through Miguel's hand and build between his heavy thighs. His treacherous body needed this man, and Miguel slid his hand down into Marcus' pants, brushing across the solid heat of Marcus' dick. Marcus smiled and placed a hand on Miguel's head, forcing him gently to

his knees, his tiny nose in front of Marcus' groin.

With trembling fingers Miguel unzipped Marcus' pants and freed the thick, black cock within. It sprang to attention in his hand and he pulled it out and took it in both hands. The bulbous black head pointed straight at his lips, and the shaft was so thick his tiny fingers couldn't quite touch his thumbs when he wrapped his hand around it. He stroked up and down gently, hating it and needing it at the same time.

“That's right,” Marcus moaned, his thick hand still on Miguel's head. “Why don't you suck my dick?”

Miguel opened his mouth wide and slid his lips down over the head of Marcus' huge cock. His hands continued to stroke as he forced the dick back into his mouth, as far back as he could, and he was still only halfway down the massive member as it filled his mouth with the warm heat. He slid up and down, wetting his hands with his saliva and, working Marcus' cock with his mouth and both hands, he was able to stroke the entire shaft. His hands pressed into Marcus' groin as the hand on the back of his head pushed him further down. Blake had no choice but to open wide and try to relax as the dick was pushed further inside his mouth, the soft-hardness of the shaft sliding across his tongue with a slight but not unpleasant acrid taste. Miguel choked and came up sputtering, saliva running down his hands and chin, dripping onto his tits. Then the hand was on the back of his head again and wrapped through his black hair, controlling his every motion, forcing his lips down and up, down and up, faster and faster.

Marcus groaned above him and Miguel's breasts bounced beneath him as he worked Marcus' cock. Marcus moved him faster and Miguel sucked harder, running his tongue across the underside of the rippled shaft in an effort to get this over with. He didn't want to be blowing this mountain of a man but it seemed he had no choice. And Marcus had a hell of a lot of stamina.

After a few minutes of this, with Marcus grunting and groaning but still no closer to finishing, Miguel felt the hand on his head move, replaced with two hands, one on each side of his head. They griped his hair and pushed him down harder and faster, face fucking him viciously. Miguel's lips slid up and down, his whole body jiggling as he sucked off the black cock, choking and sputtering as the thick black cock slammed into his pretty mouth and deep down his throat. He was forced to continue until at last Marcus groaned and wrapped his hands painfully through Miguel's hair, pulling him off and holding him in place. With his other hand Marcus tugged at his cock until he exploded all over Miguel's face. Miguel was held in place directly in front of the thick dick, closing his eyes as the hot cum blasted across his eyes, his flat nose, his lips, dribbling down his chin and dripping onto his breasts. It seemed to go on forever until Miguel was drenched with cum and finally Marcus slowed and stopped.

Marcus looked down at Miguel, "All right, I'll take that as payment."

Miguel wiped some of the sticky seed from his face and, curious, sucked on his fingers. He closed his eyes and shivered at the delicious taste of Marcus' seed. Miguel was about to respond when he heard the front door opening.

"Shit, your husband's home." Marcus whispered, his eyes going wide.

Husband?

Blake tried to find out where he was going and what he was supposed to do when he got there, but Tommy talked as fast as he drove. The convertible's top was down and the rushing wind ripped through Blake's hair and drowned out nearly every third word out of Tommy's mouth.

“...you to...the files...was gone...ha ha!” Tommy continued with his monologue as he tore through the streets, weaving in and out of traffic like a madman to the honks and squealed tires of other drivers.

Blake soon stopped trying to get a word in and simply gripped the seat beneath his fat bottom. Tommy kept glancing over at Blake to punctuate points of his conversation and wasn't at all deterred by the lack of response. The warm wind tore at Blake's clothes, making his deep-necked top flap viciously, threatening to totally expose his breasts. After about twenty minutes of terror, Tommy pulled into the parking lot of a tall chrome and steel office tower, coming to a stop in the middle of the bay reserved for wheelchairs.

“Here you are, door to door service. Except I picked you up in a parking lot and took you to another one so maybe lot to lot service, ha ha!”

Tommy bounded out of the car and raced around to the passenger side where he yanked open the door and helped Blake out. After prying his fingers out of the leather seat from their death grip, Blake stood shakily. Tommy took his arm gently and ushered him through the revolving doors and into a white marbled reception area, only breaking his running stream of commentary to momentarily say hello to a few of the people in the foyer as they headed for the elevators.

“Mr. Hammersyou said 'go find her' and you know whatever he wants he—hi, Barbara—gets so I went to your house, your parents' house, your former work. I mean I didn't—Pete, Charlie, hi guys—didn't have any clue after that so I thought to myself 'Tommy', I says to myself, I says, 'You're gonna have to scour the city', so that's what I did.”

Tommy guided Blake into the elevator and pushed the button for the top floor. The glass walled elevator lifted gently, revealing a sprawling view of the city as it traveled up to the top. When the doors opened Blake and Tommy stepped out into a plush, well-decorated office. Everything about the decor—the paintings, the furniture, even the plants—screamed 'Money!'. Tommy led Blake around to a small desk next to a larger office with opaque glass walls and a name plate that read “Dick Hammersyou, CEO”.

“Well, here you are, just like you left it. I imagine you've got a lot on your plate so I'll be off. How do you like it here anyway? Everyone treating you well? We're all one big happy family and there are no secrets here. I've heard Mr. Hammersyou has been treating you real well. Lucky! Ha ha!” And then Tommy was off back down the hallway, leaving Blake all alone with no clue what he was supposed to be doing.

Blake turned to his computer and the files scattered across the desk, looking for some hint. Suddenly, there was a hand on his ass squeezing. He jumped and turned around. Behind him was a handsome man with long blonde hair tied back in a bun. He'd somehow managed to pack his muscular frame into a fancy suit that was bursting at the seams. He looked like a surfer who'd decided to go into business. And his hand was still on Blake's rotund ass.

“Yasmine! Glad you made it back here. Come into my office I've got something for you.”

Without waiting for an answer the man turned and walked into the CEO's office. Blake wanted to run, to escape, but his body refused to listen. The only thing he could do was follow Mr. Hammersyou into his office and shut the door behind him.

Joel was talking to the dildo salesman when Alan stalked up angrily behind him.

“Where the hell did you go?” Alan asked, “We need to stay together.” God, how could anyone take him seriously with his little voice?

“Look!” Joel turned to Alan, a look of wonder on his face. He held up a metallic blue cylinder that had been molded into a gentle spiral and was studded with small bumps. It looked like a medieval torture device. “It's the Super Soaker 5000!”

“That right there is guaranteed to get up to three orgasms per minute or your money back,” the salesman interjected.

Alan glared at Joel. “I don't need a machine that gives three orgasms per minute-”

“Lucky,” the salesman muttered.

“--what I need is to get the remote fixed so we can go home. Do you guys do repairs?” Alan asked the salesman.

“Yeah, we can fix your toys.”

“Can you fix this?” Alan asked, holding up the bent silver remote.

“That looks like the Silverado Luxurica.” The salesman said, taking the remote and examining it.

“It's a remote control.”

“Oh, we don't fix those.”

“Can you have a look?” Alan asked, placing a hand on the salesman's shoulder and pressing his breasts against the man's arm. “Please?” He wobbled his chest slowly, letting his boobs bounce hypnotically.

“Well...I guess I can try,” The man said, licking his lips.

“Oh, thank you!” Alan jumped up in the air and his entire body bobbed. Maybe it wasn't so bad being a sexy, blonde bimbo.

“Hey,” Joel interjected, holding up the Super Soaker. “How do I know this will work for me?”

“You can try it out in the moaning rooms in the back.” The salesman pointed towards the back of the store.

“Fix that remote!” Joel squealed to Alan before taking off towards the back of the store, the Super Soaker in his hand, leaving Alan with the salesman. Joel's body was unbelievably horny. The lips of his pussy were already moist with his lust and he felt them slide against each other as he walked.

Joel reached the moaning room and found a row of small cubicles. Some of the doors were closed and he heard grunts and whirring from inside. He found an empty cubicle and shut the door before pulling aside his fishnet bodysuit and flicking the vibrator on. It whirred to life, spiraling slowly and warming quickly in his grip. He gently brought the dull point down between his legs, pressing the spinning top in between the lips of his pussy. He gasped as the nub pressed against his sensitive clit. The pleasure was instant, full body.

He slid the vibrator up and down his slit, the vibrations humming through him as his pleasure crested. He tilted the toy up and down against his aching lips, then gently pressed inside. He sighed as the warm metal filled him, still gently pulsing against his clit but now pushing the vibrations deep inside. As it neared his center he could feel the tension building within him, a wild excitement as the pleasure built up, threatening to explode. He looked down between his legs, watched as he thrust the toy into his body, feeling it fill him as it disappeared into his sopping cunt.

He flicked the speed up and was rewarded with a blast of pleasure. He moaned again, louder and longer, thrusting deeper inside himself. His body was so goddamn horny, he needed this. He thrust harder, sinking the toy all the way inside, pounding himself until he exploded. Raising his head he cried out as an orgasm blasted through him. He was dripping down his thighs, soaking his legs, and still he needed more. He leaned forward, forcing the toy hard up inside him, as far as it would go until the twisting spiraling nub landed on his ultimate

pleasure button. Pulsing ecstasy roared through him, whiting out his surroundings, whiting out everything except the delight from his own body and he cried out, not caring who heard him, needing to release his pleasure to the world as he came again and again until at last he collapsed against the wall and slid the toy out of himself.

His breasts were heaving with each breath and he stood leaning against the wall for a few minutes until he recovered. It was delightful, but already he could feel the desire building in him again. This new body of his was never satisfied.

Alan counted six screaming orgasms from Joel before Alan gave up. The salesman had taken apart the remote at a little desk behind the counter and was poking and prodding at it. It didn't look like he was any closer to fixing it, though. Alan needed to get out of here, it was bad enough being stuck in someone else's body not knowing what he would be forced to do. He could do without listening to his friend crying out in pleasure.

“If my friend comes out tell him I'm going to the coffee shop next door.” Alan said to the salesman.

Alan wandered out of the store and down to the other end of the mall. He passed the window to Star Fucks and looked inside. A small line of unnaturally good-looking people were waiting to be served coffee, but what really caught his eye was the barista. She was a smoking hot raven haired woman with a long face, a delicate nose, and the most amazingly piercing eyes Alan had ever seen. She was wearing a nightie in the same shade of pink as the one Alan's body was wearing, and the barista's was nearly as see-through. A lacy pair of panties and a garter finished off her outfit. It couldn't be hygienic but, damn, it was sexy. Alan pressed his face and his breasts against the door, wanting only to stare at the dark haired barista as a hundred thoughts cascaded through his mind.

After a minute of ogling from afar he decided to ogle from a-close. He entered the coffee shop and waited in line to order, staring entranced at the vision of beauty behind the counter the entire time. He was just able to glimpse the name tag on her top: Jelena. Because he was so caught up in staring, it took him a little while before he was aware of how all the customers were interacting with her.

The man just in front of Alan was a fireman, because of course he was. He had on the typical fireman coat and trousers, but minus the shirt. When he turned, Alan saw his solid pecs glistening in the light.

“Morning. Nice tits.” The fireman said.

“Thank you!” Jelena giggled, shaking her breasts for him.

“Can I get one one grande drip?”

“You can have a grande. And you're already making me drip. You want cream in that?”

“Yep. I like my coffee filled with cream. Just like my women.” He said, arching an eyebrow.

Her nose wrinkled in laughter. “What's the name for that?”

“Dickie Goodlove.”

She wrote his name on the cup and passed it to one of the other workers. The fireman stepped out of the way and suddenly she was directly in front of Alan.

“Hi there,” she smiled at him.

Alan's mouth went dry. He'd never felt such an intense desire for anyone as he did for her at this moment. He could stare at her all day, wanted to lie her down and trace every curve of her body, wanted to sculpt her so her beauty would last forever. Instead he cleared his throat and mumbled, “Can I have a latte please?”

Her brows furrowed and he sensed her turning ice cold. What the hell?

“Yes,” she sniffed, suddenly all business. “What's your name?”

“Alan.”

“Unusual name,” she muttered, writing it on the cup. She handed it to one of the girls working the machine and shouted past Alan. “Next!”

Alan stood aside, confused at her treatment. What had he done wrong? He had to figure it out. He had to be with that woman. It was now the thing he wanted most in the world.

Miguel hurriedly got to his feet, still wiping the last of Marcus' cum from his chin, still in disbelief that he'd given a blow job. He could taste Marcus' salty essence in his mouth.

“He no see me like this,” Miguel whispered, cum drying on his tits. Miguel had a vague idea of where pornos involving a husband catching his wife with another man might end up. It was usually with the wife in between being plugged in both ends.

“Go hide in the bathroom and clean yourself off, I'll distract him.”

Miguel hurried into the bathroom just outside of the rear kitchen door as quietly as he could, grabbing his heavy breasts to keep them from bouncing painfully as he ran. He closed the bathroom door as quietly as he could. He heard muffled voices from the other room.

Miguel turned on the tap and wet some tissues to clean up his mouth and breasts. When he was done he touched up his makeup, deep red lipstick and the perfect blush just happening to be available in the medicine cabinet. He dabbed it across his delicate oval face expertly, making his dark features appear even more feminine and cute. The Asian woman in the mirror was a beauty, with MILF next door looks. It was only when he was rubbing his lips together to spread the ruby red lipstick evenly that he froze.

*Why the fuck was he trying to look good? He should be trying to escape. The*

*thought had to force its way into his head. It was like fighting through molasses. Much easier to just go with it. See what would happen.*

Fuck. No. Escape first. That was the plan.

Miguel dropped the tissue and looked around the bathroom. The only window was high up behind the shower, and Miguel didn't think he'd be able to squeeze through it. The voices were still audible from outside the door. Miguel cracked the bathroom door open slowly and peeked out. Marcus' back was to him, the other man still out of view. Miguel waited until Marcus lead the man out of the room, then he tiptoed down the hallway away from the kitchen. At the end was a door that looked like it led outside. The garage maybe? Perhaps he could steal a key and get the hell out of here before he had to drink any more yummy cum.

*Shit, no. He shook his head. It did taste good...and feel good being desired like that. But no. He had to get out. He wrapped his fingers around the doorknob and paused. Try as he might he couldn't make himself turn the handle. It felt wrong somehow. He needed to go back to the kitchen. He needed to meet the man who was apparently his husband. It was a compulsion he couldn't fight.*

He walked back towards the kitchen and entered just as Marcus returned with another man. The other guy was a slim black man wearing a gray suit. He had rich, chocolate skin and a glint of something alluring in his deep brown eyes. He seemed handsome and debonair as opposed to Marcus' brute, animalistic passion. His eyes lit up when he saw Miguel.

“Hey, baby,” he said, approaching Miguel and kissing him on the lips. The man let his tongue just whisper across Miguel's lips, sparking a fire between Miguel's thighs.

“Marcus was just telling me everything he did.”

“Oh, really?” Miguel asked.

“Yep, I told Darrell about the upstairs and the downstairs sink. Everything.”  
Marcus smiled.

“I expected something like that to cost about eighteen hundred and forty dollars. But Marcus here told me he did it for half that.”

“Half?” Miguel asked, learning the cost of his blowjob.

“Yeah, I thought that was real suspicious, too. I think Marcus here is a sucker for a pretty face.” Darrell slid his fingers gently across Miguel's cheek. “What do you say we knock that total down to zero?”

Before Miguel understood what was happening Darrell pulled down the dress and locked his lips around one of Miguel's fat pink nipples. His tongue licked across Miguel's supple tits as his hot breath landed on Miguel's skin. A shiver ran down Miguel's spine as wonderful goosebumps broke out across his feminine arms. Marcus seemed just as surprised, but Miguel noticed his pants bulging out again. Jesus, was the guy a machine?

Darrell raised his head and look Marcus square in the eye. “Come over here and suck on these tasty titties.”

Marcus strode across the room and then Miguel was surrounded by their smoldering heat. They leaned down and sucked on his tits, Darrell smooth and sensual, Marcus hard and rough.

“Oh, fuck,” Miguel moaned, dropping his head back and letting his mouth gape open as the two men kissed and caressed his tits. Two sets of hands slid around Miguel's voluptuous body, groping and squeezing. Miguel could feel their eager desperation and his own body grew wet. He looked down at his tits as the two men fondled them. God, his body was lovely. These men made him feel so good, so sexy. He couldn't wait to let them do anything they wanted to his body. All resistance faded as Marcus' thick fingers landed on Miguel's pussy, pressing gently inside him.

Darrell slid behind Miguel and pressed his bulging cock against Miguel's ass, wrapped his arms around Miguel's body and played with his tits, bouncing and hefting them, dropping and lightly slapping them, revving Miguel's body into overdrive. Marcus' hand was on Miguel's thick ass, squeezing tightly, enjoying the pain he was causing as Miguel shifted and moaned between his two lovers. His body needed this.

Marcus hoisted Miguel into the air, turned and gently sat him on the kitchen table. Miguel lay down, his heavy fake breasts jutting from his chest. Marcus placed a firm hand on each of Miguel's thighs and spread him apart, gazing down as he revealed Miguel's shiny pink folds. He fingered Miguel's moistening pussy with one hand, rubbing up against Miguel's clit and sending a fire racing through him. With his other hand he dropped his pants, freeing his thick black cock. It looked even darker up against Miguel's pale skin.

Another cock obscured Miguel's vision and he turned to see Darrell standing naked next to the table. Miguel didn't hesitate this time, just wrapped his fingers

around Darrell's cock, opened his lips and began sucking on his husband's long black dick. It tasted delicious, salty and musky, as he slid his tongue along the ridges of the shaft.

There was a pressure between his legs as Marcus pressed the bulging head of his cock against Miguel's pussy. He pushed hard against Miguel's lips, the pressure building, building, until Miguel's cunt spread open and Marcus sank in with a sigh. "Oh fuck girl." He pushed deep into Miguel's cunt. Miguel felt every inch as the cock traveled through him. His pussy lips were wrapped tight around the thick shaft, barely able to take him, and still there was more entering, plunging deeper into Miguel's sexy body. Miguel moaned around the cock in his mouth as Marcus finally filled him, the entire black cock inside his curvy body. Then Marcus withdrew and thrust in again, slowly at first but building speed. Miguel copied those motions with the cock in his mouth, taking it farther in each time until it slid over his tongue and pressed against the back of his throat. He gagged and spluttered but continued sucking, desperately needing to be filled from both ends.

The two men plugged away, working Miguel's body back and forth between them. Darrell's hands were on Miguel's tits, groping and squeezing. Marcus grunted as he slammed inside Miguel, plunging all the way in to the hilt, rocking Miguel's entire body and then he felt both men throbbing inside him. Miguel's mouth and cunt were filled with a blast of hot delicious cum. Miguel was deliriously full and he orgasmed as the men filled him, cum spilling out the side of his mouth as he tried to swallow everything his husband could give. With a final desperate push Marcus buried himself inside Miguel's body and Miguel cried out around the cock in his mouth, his body perfectly fulfilled, its aching need met.

They stood in this tableau for a few seconds. Then Marcus pulled out, spilling his seed down Miguel's thigh and Darrell pulled out of Miguel's mouth. A cry of disappointment escaped Miguel's lips as his body emptied once more. He hadn't even realized how much he needed that, but now that he'd been through it he

wanted more.

Blake followed Mr. Hammersyou into his office and shut the door behind him. Out of the wall of windows across from the door he could see most of downtown. The office was tastefully decorated in rich browns and golds, and a large mahogany desk sat in front of the window.

Mr. Hammersyou crossed his thick arms and leaned against the edge of his desk, motioning for Blake to take a seat in one of the chairs directly in front of him. Blake slowly lowered himself into the chair. He was on edge, afraid of finding out exactly what his new body would be forced to do. He crossed his silky black legs and clasped his dainty hands in his lap. A small part of him wanted to run, but a bigger part of him wanted to stay.

“Yes, Mr. Hammersyou?”

“Yasmine, you're a good assistant, I like you.”

“Despite the fact that I disappeared the third day on the job and have no idea how to log into the computers?” Blake said, hoping to sabotage the scene.

But Mr. Hammersyou pressed on. “I know you're new. I don't care how much you know right now. I care about your enthusiasm.” He placed one leg on the other chair, bringing the huge bulge in his pants to Blake's eye level. Blake gulped. “I want someone who's one hundred percent committed to this company. Somehow who will do anything...anything that needs doing. Can I count on you, Yasmine?”

Mr. Hammersyou seemed so nice, charming even. Blake didn't want to let him down. "Of course, anything for you, sir."

*Wait, no! A small voice screamed from inside. He didn't care about Mr. Hammersyou, he only cared about getting out of this body and going home. But Mr. Hammersyou was here, a handsome stallion of a man. Blake could practically smell his masculinity.*

"But can I count on you to do everything that needs doing?" Mr. Hammersyou unzipped his pants slowly. Blake held his breath waiting for the reveal, his anticipation growing by the second. After a few moments with Mr. Hammersyou leaning over him Blake couldn't hold himself back any longer. He reached his slender fingers into his boss's pants and wrapped them around the stiffening cock. He pulled it out and gasped at the size.

"It's so big!" he gasped in awe as he stared at the monster between his fingers.

Mr. Hammersyou's dick protruded out of Blake's hand, the round, bulbous head eager to be freed, the white of the cock contrasting beautifully against Blake's dark skin. It throbbed once in Blake's hand. He could feel the heat and the power beneath his fingers. The part of him that was screaming to run was shrinking all the time. Instead, Blake stuck out his tiny tongue and licked the head of the cock.

"That's right," Mr. Hammersyou whispered.

Blake pulled down Mr. Hammersyou's pants, then ran his tongue up the shaft

from hilt to tip, then back down again, tasting the slightly salty sweat. He pressed his broad nose against Mr. Hammersyou's thighs so he could suck on the balls. He sucked them into his mouth gently, running his tongue lightly around them as his hand slowly slid down and up the shaft. Blake heard a light moan from above him and continued licking and sucking the balls while jacking his boss off. He wanted to please this man, wanted to give him anything to make him feel good.

Blake opened his ruby lips and took Mr. Hammersyou's cock into his mouth. He slid his lips down, down the rock hard shaft, filling his mouth with the hot cock, moaning as it slid across his tongue. Blake found his new body was good at giving blowjobs; his gag reflex was non-existent. He continued swallowing the thick cock, felt it press into the back of his throat as he took it all in, until his broad nose was pressed against Mr. Hammersyou's groin and he was full.

“Mmm,” Mr Hammersyou groaned, “You're a perfect little cocksucking slut.”

Blake was and he was proud of it. He would offer his boss everything, let him do anything to his body just to make him happy. The resistance inside him was dead, melted by the pure pleasure pouring through him from his moistening pussy. Blake began sliding up and down the cock faster. The slight musky taste was delicious, everything he wanted. Blake could suck on this dick for hours. His new pussy grew moist, a wonderful tingling feeling as his pink lips spread open and a vicious heat burrowed through him.

Mr. Hammersyou pulled away. He sat back on the desk and motioned Blake to climb up on top of him. Blake did so, crouching over Mr. Hammersyou's cock. Blake felt so empty, so wet. He pulled aside his panties, revealing his dark pink folds, before plunging on to the head of Mr. Hammersyou's dick and burying it to the hilt inside his sexy black body. “Oh!” he cried as he lowered himself completely, filling his body with the hardness he craved. His eyes opened wide as pleasure poured through him.

Blake rode his boss like this, dancing up and down on the head of the cock, guided by Mr. Hammersyou's hands on his waist. Blake stared down at the masculine god beneath him, squeezing the lips of his cunt around the cock, speeding up and slowing down in time with his boss's breathing, both of them dancing on the edge of pleasure.

Blake stared down between his legs, watched the hard dick enter him, felt it pound into his delicate velvety folds and then he felt it throb. Blake lowered himself all the way down and began rocking back and forth, grinding his cunt hard against the man beneath him. The cock slammed against Blake's dimpled nub deep inside and he howled out his pleasure. The desk was rocking back and forth as Blake continued grinding, his tits wobbling as he rode the man beneath him, forcing his boss to pound him until with a mighty groan he exploded.

Blake came hard with him, dropping his head back and crying out in a high pitched voice oozing with lust as he felt the dick spurting inside him, felt his cunt filling with seed, felt the pleasure burning through him. They cried out together as Blake sank his fingers into the muscular chest below him, hanging on as his desire blasted through him and he milked the thick white cock for every last drop.

When he finally came down he lifted himself off his boss, leaving a deep white pool of cum on Mr. Hammersyou's thighs. Hardly believing what he was doing, Blake lowered his head and licked his boss clean, running his pink tongue across the warm skin and swallowing the salty essence down, making sure to drink every last drop. When he was done he looked up at Mr. Hammersyou and giggled, happy just to make his boss happy. All of Blake's hesitance was gone, wiped away by the sheer pleasure of his sexy black body.

Alan was sitting at a booth by the window nursing another cup of coffee and staring mournfully at the sexy barista when Joel found him.

“There you are,” Joel said, flopping into the booth and sprawling out, “Oh my god, I'm exhausted. You know, maybe it's not so bad here. I mean, yeah we've got tits, but on the other hand, we've also got pussies. And holy shit, my body's insatiable. I'm so tired but I'm also horny again.”

“Yeah,” Alan sighed, watching as a man at the counter pulled his pants down for Jelena, who stroked the customer's cock and laughed.

Joel followed Alan's line of sight and looked over in time to see the raven haired barista grab the customer's hand and place it on her tits.

“If I ever need milk I'll just come over here and tap your jugs,” the customer said.

To which Jelena replied, “And if I ever need cream I know who to beg,” as she licked her lips suggestively.

“She flirts with everyone but me,” Alan moaned. He was growing moist just watching her move, watching her breasts bounce, listening to her talk. “I've been over there three times and she's fucking ice cold every time.”

“Someone's in loooove,” Joel cried, “So come on, tell me everything.” Joel placed his chin in his hand and stared at his friend.

“Man, you're even starting to sound like a woman. Next thing you know you'll be asking me about my feelings.”

Joel shrugged.

“I'm sooo sad!” Alan wailed, wiping away tears. “It's just...I want her...so much. What am I doing wrong? You guys had it so easy!”

“It's okay, it's okay,” Joel reached over and patted his friend on the shoulder. “You know, my last five orgasms I didn't need to have them but I wanted to.”

“What?”

“Well, it seemed like me and the others were sort of compelled to do our scenes. Miguel couldn't break free from that plumber guy, Blake couldn't stop himself from getting in that car, I couldn't stop masturbating with everything I saw...until the last five. Those five were my choice. And they were amazing. Holy shit, I felt like my whole body was just going to explode. You know how you feel after a huge sneeze? Combine that with an orgasm you had as a guy and multiply it times--”

“Right, I got it.”

“Yeah, so, anyway...maybe whatever force is making us act out the roles of our bodies is weakening, or letting us free to make our own choices. The fact that you're so obsessed with this barista chick...”

“Her name's Jelena! And I'm not obsessed. I just think she's the hottest, most incredible woman I've ever seen and I would do anything to be with her and I'm not going anywhere without her.”

“Right. So...we can figure this out. This is obviously what you're meant to do but it's not working for some reason. What did you say to her?”

“I was nice, and polite, and I tried to flirt very respectfully, but she just cares about those dicks and their...dicks.”

“Maybe that's the problem.”

“What, not having a dick? I can't help it!”

“No, no, no,” Joel said quickly before Alan could start bawling again. “We're in a...a porno world, right? So maybe being polite is rude and the polite thing is to be sexually suggestive.”

“So I should go over there and...hit on her with crude sex metaphors?”

“Exactly. If I'm right, she'll be eating out of your hand...or wherever...in no time.”

Alan thought about it, staring dolefully out at the barista. Then he nodded.  
“Okay. Yeah, that makes sense. I'm going to do it.”

“You go girl!” Joel said, slapping Alan's cute little ass as he wiggled up to the counter.

“Hey,” Alan said to her.

“Oh, hi,” Jelena replied. “You want something else?”

“Yeah, I'd like one order of you...naked.”

The barista's cute face lit up. “Oh really?” she growled seductively. “Anything else?”

“Yeah. Can I have a my tongue licking you up and down and we're naked on the floor and your face is in my pussy?”

It wasn't very subtle but it worked. Jelena grabbed Alan's pink top and pulled him forward, leaning over the counter to kiss him. Her tongue slipped up against his lips and he opened his mouth for her, sucking her tongue inside and tasting her hot breath in his throat. His nose pressed against her cheek and he inhaled

the faint scent of her flowery perfume.

Jelena's other hand came up to Alan's tits. She ran her fingers over his nipples, sending bursts of pleasure shooting through Alan's slender form. Alan's nipples pearly out at her touch and he reached out to her, his grasping fingers finding her warm body, sliding up over the curve of her breasts. She fit perfectly in his hands, her body warm and tender.

She pushed Alan back, her hair tossed over one eye as she stared at him with a sexy smirk. Then she vaulted the counter and dropped to her knees in front of him. She ripped down his panties and thrust her face between Alan's legs. Her tongue found his budding clit and she licked slowly, pulsing her tongue firmly across Alan's pleasure. His knees buckled and he grasped onto the counter as pleasure thundered through him. He stared down at the beautiful woman between his legs, framed by his own rock hard breasts. She stared back at him, maintaining eye contact as she lovingly licked the length of his slit. Alan grew wet, felt his pussy opening for her.

Jelena sucked Alan's pussy lips into her mouth, ran her tongue across them and licked off his wet lust, closing her eyes and moaning with delight as she did so. She brought one hand up, slowly slipping her fingers into Alan's sopping wet cunt. He felt every inch filling his warmth and he groaned. She curled her fingers inside him to land on the dimpled nub of his inner pleasure as she pulsed her tongue against his clit. Alan's hands flew to his tits, squeezing and massaging, enjoying the feel of his enhanced body, the fullness inside, and then he came.

He threw his head back and moaned loudly, still pinching his nipples as Jelena continued suckling his aching cunt. Alan spread his legs apart and Jelena pushed in deeper, diving her face into his pussy until it glistened with his lust, rubbing himself on her and thrusting up inside him. Alan came again and this time his legs gave out. He landed on the counter breathing hard, the ripping pleasure still echoing through him as Jelena stood and approached him.

“Can I get you anything else?” She asked.

The cafe exploded with cheers and the two women looked around to see every guy in the place staring at them. Alan blushed but enjoyed the way they were all leering at him. He could sense their desire for his body just below the surface and it felt so good to be so sexy. Jelena kissed him on the cheek. He caught the deliciously acrid scent of his own musk on her face. She took his hand and waved to the crowd like a conquering hero.

By the time Joel and Alan walked back to the house from which they'd appeared—with the repaired remote and a Super Soaker 5000—Blake was already there. He and Miguel were lounging on the living room couch comparing stories about their day.

“What happened to you two?” Joel asked as he sank into the soft leather couch.

“I never thought I'd be into guys but today I fucked my boss and...oh, man, it was amazing.” Blake said.

“Just wait until you try my husband. I'm sure he wouldn't object to another woman in bed.” Miguel grinned “He's got enough cock for both of us.”

“We got the remote fixed!” Alan shouted triumphantly, holding it up in the air.

The response was not what he expected.

“Oh, uh, yay,” Blake mumbled.

“Good job,” Miguel murmured.

“Oh, fuck,” Joel moaned, already slipping his new toy into his insatiable sexy body.

“This means we can go home. Back to our own bodies.”

The others looked at each other.

“I...I sort of like this body,” Miguel said, looking down and caressing his heavy breasts. “I feel so nice,”

Blake nodded, Joel groaned and gave a thumbs up as his body shuddered with pleasure.

“You can go back,” Miguel said, looking up at Alan with his hand still on one breast.

Alan could go back, but then he'd never see Jelena again. And they had a date lined up for that night. And no one else had ever made him feel that good. Alan looked at the remote in his hand. Then he turned and threw it against the wall as hard as he could, shattering it. He straddled Miguel and squeezed Miguel's fat tits. He didn't care that he was looking at Miguel's male head, he just wanted his body. And Alan's own body just wanted pleasure.

The guys christened their decision with their first orgy. There would be many more to come.

###

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*These guys weren't looking for love when they took over the bodies of two beautiful women, but something happened while they were enjoying themselves*

### **Pleasureville**

*They just wanted to watch a porno, not be in one. But that's exactly what*

*happens when a stranger stops by with a magical gift. Now these four friends are stuck in sexy, female bodies and have to navigate Pleasureville, a city straight out of every porn movie ever made. Can they escape before they're forced to star in their own fantasy scene?*

### **Demon Seed**

*Jay expects a weekend away with his family to be boring...until he unleashes an ancient demon. She's a lust demon, forced to obey Jay's will and with the ability to possess any woman she touches. But with each sexual encounter the demon grows stronger. Can Jay stop her before it's too late? And what--or who?--does he have to do to stop the demon from breaking free and enslaving the world?*

### **Hostile Takeover**

*Paul envies Rose. He wants her marriage, he wants her body, he wants her life. With the help of a little magic he's able to have all three. Now Rose is trapped, helpless in her own body as Paul takes over. He's making her do things she would never do...and feel things she hasn't felt in years.*

### **Ghosted**

*Katie's life is no longer her own. There's a spirit in her body, a man controlling her, using her to satisfy himself. He can make her do anything he wants...and she can see and feel it all.*

### **Mind Games**

*Tina swaps bodies with a prostitute to test her husband. A high school girl swaps bodies with the school bully and now he won't give her body back. These two erotic body swapping stories feature explicit sexual content of people exploring their stolen bodies.*

## **Someone Else**

*Two erotic body theft stories: In one, a teen possess his teacher for a few days of fun with his friends. In the other, a young man is swapped into the body of a celebrity and forced to earn his own body back through learning empathy.*

## **I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)**

*A son takes over his mother's life. A man explores his friend's female form. Both stories feature raw, heart-pounding explorations of men enjoying their feminine features, and pushing their bodies to new heights of pleasure.*

## **In the Doghouse**

*An experiment has swapped Jenny into the body of her dog, and if she doesn't get swapped back soon the change may be permanent. Her dog has gained her human abilities and memories, and already enjoyed the feel of her curvy new body. Includes a bonus story in which a young man takes over the body of his athletic friend for a day to explore her muscular form and experience life from the female POV.*

## **Thought Experiment**

*A teen invents a machine that allows him to peek into the minds of others, but something goes wrong when he tries it on his sisters and he finds his thoughts in their bodies. Also includes a bonus story featuring a brother and a sister who get swapped into their parents' bodies at a most intimate time.*

## **Possessive**

*When the school bully finds a ring that lets him possess people, he takes over the life of everyone who's wronged him for the ultimate revenge.*

### **Alternate You**

*Ethan was always slightly uncomfortable in his body and often thought everything would be perfect if he was a woman. One night a strange app grants his wish and he wakes up in universe where everything is the same, except him. Now Vanessa, he explores his new life and relationships. But will becoming a woman solve his problems or make everything worse than before?*

### **The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive]**

*A bitter man finds a magic coin that lets him get revenge on his coworkers and the world, but there are some terms and conditions attached.*

### **Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story**

*Frankie is a bully who doesn't care about anyone but himself. When he finds a magic ring that lets him swap people into other bodies he uses it to create chaos. Along with his two buddies he roams campus swapping bodies at a whim and discarding them when he's done.*

### **Into Her Body**

*A laboratory accident switches a young man into the body of a middle-aged female colleague.*

### **The Swapping Stone (Book 1)**

*How would you react if you suddenly found yourself in an attractive stranger's body? Mason is a senior in high school who's got a crush on his friend's girlfriend. One day he finds a strange stone which accidentally makes him swap bodies with her mother. Now he's a MILF and she's a horny teenage boy and they each have to pretend to be the other until they can swap back.*

And check out these sexy story collections:

**Enchanted**

**Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Her: Stories of body theft and possession**

**Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection**

**Changing Minds**

**Taking**

**Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection**

**Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection**

**Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection**

**Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories**