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POSSESSIVE

**BODY THEFT
EROTICA**

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A Story of Body Theft and Revenge

by M. Wills

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The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

'Look at that kid, flouncing around like some sort of gay...gay-mo,' Tim sneered. His eyes were fixed on Gary, a nerdy looking student with big glasses and a habit of murmuring show tunes under his breath. Tim's friends, Eric and Carl, looked over at Gary and snickered as he danced around the picnic table with some other nerds. Probably re-enacting Dungeons and Princesses or some shit, thought Tim. Eric and Carl weren't very bright but they had it where it counts, and where it counted was following Tim's lead without question. And muscles. Between the three of them they had more biceps than all the muscles of Gary and his four little friends combined.

'Yeah, what a little gay-mo,' agreed Eric. Eric had long, black hair and hoped one day to be in a death metal band, though he'd never picked up a guitar in his life. If you looked up 'slacker' in the dictionary you wouldn't even find a picture of Eric's face because he would have been too lazy to show up for the photo.

'Yeah, he's probably all gay and shit,' chimed in Carl, the slowest of the bunch. His face was thick and meaty and Tim often thought he looked like a bowl of mashed potatoes jammed into an ill-fitting leather jacket.

Tim and his friends were standing at the edge of the school parking lot, smoking cigarettes with one eye on the nerds and one eye out for incoming teachers.

'I can't stand watching that,' Tim continued, dropping his cigarette and crushing it under the heel of one of his combat boots.

'It's fucking gross,' agreed Eric, taking a last drag on his cigarette before launching it into the air with only his thumb and forefinger.

'I'm closing my eyes,' chimed in Carl, closing his eyes and stubbing out his cigarette on his tongue. He shivered in delight as the pain streaked through him.

Tim set off at a quick pace towards the picnic table, his close shaved blonde head already sweating in the late spring heat, his beefy frame filling out the cutoff army fatigues he wore. Eric followed closely behind, pausing briefly to dash back to Carl, who still had his eyes closed, and punch him in the shoulder.

'Come on, dummy,' he growled.

Carl dutifully followed along behind Eric.

'Well,' Tim called out as he neared the Gary and his friends, 'Look at the loser table over here.'

'Leave us alone,' Gary said, drawing away from the trio as they loomed over him.

'Leave us alone!' Tim mimicked in a high pitched voice as Carl and Eric laughed.

'Tell you what,' Tim continued, 'I'll leave you alone for, say, all your lunch money.'

'Nobody uses money anymore.' Gary said insolently as his friends sniggered quietly. This only served to enrage Tim more. 'I've got a credit card but you need my signature,' Gary finished.

'Then I guess it's nerd punching time,' Tim said, stepping towards Gary and raising his fist.

Suddenly a firm hand was on his shoulder. 'Come on, Tim, there's no need for that.'

Tim turned to see Jay beside him. Jay was the star of the school's soccer team and a glance from him made any of the girls swoon. Jay was—even Tim had to admit—cute. He had a perfect face, impeccable hair and a quiet confidence that made most people instantly like him. Tim hated him for it. Looking into Jay's face was like looking into some anti-mirror and made Tim supremely aware of his bad skin and uni-brow.

'Do you want some of this, too?' Tim asked, though he was wavering as they were starting to draw a crowd. Tim liked to do his dirty work in the dark.

'I'm just saying let's all calm down and be cool,' Jay said, that annoyingly confident smile on his face. Tim didn't know whether he wanted to hit him or hug him. Out of the corner of Tim's eye he saw the principal approaching.

'Come on guys,' Tim turned to his pals, 'Let's go somewhere and be cool,' he said, trying to mock Jay.

They walked away, Tim seething with rage and jealousy. Jay had such an easy life with his charm and his rich parents and his athletic ability. And what did Tim

have? A deadbeat dad and a skin condition. If Tim had Jay's life there was no way he'd waste it defending nerds. Tim would be out plowing chicks left and right and living it up, knowing he'd be protected by daddy's money.

It was then that Tim found the ring, or maybe the ring found him. Something crunched under his boot and he kicked it away. It bounced and jangled over the asphalt and hit the curb, where it lay glittering in the sun. Tim followed after it and picked it up. It was a simple green ring that seemed to be made of stone. The odd thing was that it seemed to glow, even in the sun.

'What's that?' Carl asked.

'It's a ring, dumbass,' Eric said.

'I know it's a ring, I meant what is it?' Carl replied.

'Then why did you ask?'

Tim broke them up before they got into one of their frequent scuffles. 'Probably some girl's promise ring she threw out the window before getting her clam jammed,' he scoffed.

The bell rang signaling the end of lunch. Tim stuffed the ring in his pocket; maybe it was worth something.

'Come on, let's get out of here,' he said, slouching back towards the school.

Carl and Eric dutifully followed behind.

That night Tim lay on his bed listening to his parents fighting through the thin walls. He pulled the ring out of his pocket and idly played with it as he slumped against his headboard. He thought about Jay and how good he must have it, being Mr. Perfect and all. As these thoughts flitted through his mind he slipped the ring onto his finger and disappeared. At least his body did. His spirit, or essence or capital 'M' Mind seemed to be whizzing across town, so quick as to be almost beneath perception, but silently, with none of the wind you'd expect to have in your face when flying through the air. When he stopped he was in another bedroom.

This room was much cleaner than his. The walls were adorned with posters of various soccer players but were otherwise sparkling white. Nothing like the dingy grayish walls of Tim's room. A fancy laptop sat on a nice desk, and was that a shelf of trophies? There was even an entire walk-in closet, at the far side of which Tim saw Jay staring at him.

'What the f--?' he started forward and stopped suddenly at the odd sound of his own voice and the fact that Jay was mimicking his motions. It took a few seconds to connect the dots because Tim's brain could hardly believe it, but soon he understood he was looking into a mirror. He slowly moved forward, watching Jay's cute face grow closer and closer. Tim slowly moved his head and watched the reflection of Jay do the same. He ran a hand over his smooth complexion, then flexed a large bicep.

Holy shit, he was in Jay's body! Tim had no idea how long this would last but he intended to enjoy it. He pulled off his shirt and flexed in the mirror, laughing in delight at the muscles that rippled just below the surface of his smooth, tanned skin. In contrast to Tim's own beefy heft, Jay's muscles were streamlined and solid, graceful even. Tim dropped to the floor and did some one handed push-ups. It was so easy! He stood up and smiled at himself in the mirror. He had complete control over Jay's body. He could make him do anything and Jay couldn't stop him.

So, what to do?

Tim crept out of the room and down the hallway, stopping briefly to admire his hair in the bathroom mirror. As he continued along the hall he passed photographs hanging from the wall showing Jay and his family alone and in various configurations with each other. It was sickeningly middle class and Tim envied it. He didn't think there was a single picture left intact in his house that had both his parents in it. And smiling? Forget it. But here, Jay's face grinned out from a framed photo, his sister from another, and then across from them was mom and dad. Jay's mom was a well kept blonde with big tits. Tim wouldn't mind getting a hand on those. He kept going and came to the laundry. A devious idea came to him and a smile crept across Jay's handsome face.

Tim went in and dug through the dirty clothes until he found some panties. Judging by the size, they belonged to Jay's mom. He held them to his nose and sniffed, inhaling her musky scent. On his way back to Jay's room he pulled down

the picture of Jay's big breasted MILF.

Tim returned to Jay's closet and propped his mom's picture against the wall next to the mirror. Then he undressed Jay's body. Throwing his underpants across the room he then turned to gape at his naked body in the mirror. Jay's body was nicely proportioned, tall with some solid muscle. Hesitantly, Tim wrapped Jay's hand around his cock. It was weird holding another man's cock even though it felt like his own. He ran it gently between his thumb and forefinger. Jesus, even Jay's dick was fucking beautiful. This guy had it all. Even, as it turned out, lube in his closet. Tim squirted some onto the streamlined fingers of one hand. With his other Tim brought Jay's mom's panties back to his nose and inhaled as he stared at the picture of Jay's mom. His new cock stiffened in his hand as he imagined undressing her, licking her big breasts and watching them bounce while he slid inside her. He was growing hard as much from looking at Jay's mom as he was forcing Jay to rub his mom's dirty panties over his face, inhaling her wonderful musky scent, spreading it across his cheeks and over his tongue.

He watched his new body grow hard in the mirror as he stroked himself, his thick fingers gliding up and down his new shaft. He gritted his teeth and raised his jaw, posing for himself, turning himself on with his new body as he forced Jay to continue. His eyes flicked back and forth between Jay's form, working his naked cock, and Jay's mom, her beautiful blue eyes staring out from the picture at her son's dick.

The tension lit through his body suddenly and he brought the panties down to his borrowed cock, slid them back and forth, lubing them up as the silky lace delightfully rubbed against his glans until the tension overwhelmed him and he came, aiming his jet of hot seed onto the picture of Jay's mom as he watched Jay's body cum in the mirror, admiring his movements as his body shook with ecstasy. Revenge never felt so good.

When he was done he wiped his cock with Jay's mom's panties, smirking at the thought of how Jay would react when he returned to his body. This raised the question: how would Tim return to his own body? No sooner had he thought this than he felt a pulling sensation and he was whisked out of Jay's body and back across the city where he landed once again in himself and sitting on the ring, which had dropped to the bed when he disappeared.

Tim picked it up and grinned, imagining Jay's reaction when Jay returned to his

body to find he'd splooged on a picture of his own mom while rubbing his cock on her panties. Tim hoped Jay could still taste his mom's panties in his mouth. It served him right for sticking his nose where it didn't belong.

Tim flipped the ring around his fingers. How powerful was this thing? Could he be anyone? Was it just a fluke? The only way to find out was to try it again. But on who?

A noisy car engine drew his attention to the window. It looked like his next door neighbor, Andre, was just getting home from work. Andre was a heavyset African American with a shaved head and goatee who reminded Tim of Luke Cage from the comic books. He had a shit car but some incredible muscles and a punk looking girlfriend that looked like she could suck the paint off a car. What would it feel like to be that strong? As Tim slipped the ring onto his finger a stray thought passed through his mind of what he'd like to do to Andre's girlfriend.

Again that whizzing sensation and when it stopped Tim found himself in a bedroom. Gaudy flowered wallpaper ran up and down the walls and the bed was neatly made with a cushy maroon bedspread. But Andre had just been coming inside so who was...?

Tim looked down at himself and saw two large, fake breasts straining against a black bra. His arms and legs were feminine and toned. Tattoos covered his left arm and part of his torso. His flat stomach was dotted with a belly button ring and on his waist he was wearing only some sheer, black panties, beneath which he could see the outline of a triangular patch of peach fuzz leading down to what he knew was his womanhood. He gasped and his hands rose to his face, feeling his softer contours and the piercings that adorned his lip, his nose, his eyebrows. He ran to the bathroom, his body jiggling in strange ways, and gaped at himself in the mirror. He'd ended up inside Andre's punk girlfriend, Alicia. Her tiny mouth was opened in astonishment as Tim stared at her wide nose, her spiky, blonde and pink highlighted hair, her giant tits bursting the bra at the seams. He could feel the tongue stud poking his mouth as he rolled his tongue around. Jesus, had this girl pierced everything?

Tim grabbed his breasts and watched Alicia's reflection do the same. They were warm and heavy and hard, barely moving beneath his fingers. He almost hopped out of her right there but curiosity kept him in. He tapped each breast, feeling the

rock solid implants. And that's when Andre walked into the bedroom behind him.

'Hello, baby,' he said in his deep, rich baritone. His voice seemed to reverberate straight into Tim's new body as he turned, his hands still on his tits.

'Let me take those for you,' Andre said, coming up and grasping Tim's fake tits in his massive hands, his ebony skin contrasting sharply with Alicia's pale white breasts. Then he wrapped his huge arms around Tim's form and leaned down to plant his mouth on Alicia's. Tim was powerless to resist as Andre pressed his lips against Alicia's mouth. Andre was so forceful, so strong and Tim felt so weak and helpless as Andre forced his tongue inside Tim's mouth, rolling it around and exploring.

Despite himself, Tim felt his body warming to Andre's power. He could feel Andre's manhood growing beneath his pants but it felt so right, so powerful to be wanted by this man. Tim allowed himself to melt in Andre's arms, draping Alicia's hands over his bulging muscles. Andre unclasped Tim's bra and he slid it to the floor. Tim stared down at his massive chest, his nipples hard pinpricks on the tips of his enormous tits. Then Andre brought his warm lips down to Tim's nipples, kissing and suckling as Tim held him to his chest. The warmth emanated from his tits down through his body, meeting the warmth coming up from between his legs. Alicia's body was made for sex. Andre's hands roamed over Tim's feminine body, squeezing and caressing, his desire palpable, barely held in check as he enjoyed Alicia's tiny form. Tim grabbed Andre's shirt and pulled it over his head, running his hands along Andre's broad chest. From his small perspective he had to look up to see the face of this mountain of a man. His body trembled in desire. Andre picked Tim up and carried him to the bed, their lips pressed together and now there was no reluctance left in Tim. He wanted this man, wanted to watch him, to feel him enjoy Alicia's body.

Andre threw Tim onto the bed and Tim laughed in delight. Then Andre grasped Tim's panties and roughly pulled them off, the fabric ripping in his hands, driven on towards Tim's naked body in pure, animal lust. Tim looked down at Andre over the contours of his new body. Tim's solid breasts jutted out beneath his nose, then his body tapered down to a slim waist. Between his legs was the slim 'V' shaped trail of hair leading down to his budding lips, lips which were even now moistening as he gazed at himself, turning himself on by ogling this delicious female body he now controlled. Tim could feel a metal stud against his

clit. As he grew wet and his clit budded for Andre, it brushed against the stud, sending waves of pleasure through him and causing him to grow wetter, which caused his clit to grow and rub against the stud some more, an endless cycle of lust heating his feminine form.

Tim grabbed his large tits, running his fingers around as he gasped and cooed in his high pitched voice, performing for Andre, exploring his new body as Andre pulled off his own pants. Andre's manhood matched his body: huge, black and solid. From inside Alicia's smaller form it looked massive. Would it even fit?

Andre grinned down at Alicia as Tim made her rub her hands over her body, driving himself to ecstasy as he felt every inch of her form. He was dripping now, his pussy lips parted, welcoming, needing Andre inside him. Andre pressed the huge head of his cock against Tim's sopping nether lips, pushing harder as the pressure built up and up and then with an inaudible pop Andre was inside him. Tim gasped in Alicia's soft voice as Andre pushed further inside, filling Tim's pink pussy with his thick, black cock until Tim was full, so full. Their groins pressed together as Tim's body opened wide and he took in every inch of Andre's massive member. Andre grabbed Tim's legs and spread his cunt wide as he dipped in and out of him, the head of his cock tweaking the stud on Alicia's clit and spiking Tim into ecstasy. 'Ah! Ah!' he cried out each time in his girlish voice. As Andre gripped his legs wide Tim came, thrusting his hips up, wanting Andre's cock to bury itself inside him as he moaned. He couldn't thrust enough while Andre was holding his legs and Andre seemed to know it, grinning as Tim desperately tried to impale himself on Andre's shaft harder, his desire bursting now, doubled at being held back, at being teased. And then Andre sunk deep inside and Tim gasped and came harder, clutching Andre's heavy form to his small body as his body convulsed in ecstasy. Andre came, too, his massive cock spilling his seed into Alicia's pussy, filling Tim's cunt with his cum as they groaned together and Tim had never felt so wonderfully, painfully, deliriously full as Andre thrust inside Tim's body as far as he could until he was empty and Tim was full.

They lay like this, the aftershocks reverberating through Tim's slim frame until Andre pushed himself off. As he slipped out of Alicia, Tim felt an aching, awful emptiness. God, Alicia had needed that. He could feel Andre's cum dripping down between his legs and his body still felt so wonderfully warm. As the feeling faded away he hopped out and flew back to his own body.

Tim was back in his room, again next to the ring. He lay his head against the wall and closed his eyes, savoring the memory of his time inside Alicia. Now he knew he could be anyone, what would he do with this power?

Tim didn't tell Eric and Carl about the ring the next day. He didn't feel the time was right. Besides, he wanted to experiment some more on his own. He'd liked being Jay, it felt good. He felt nice inside Alicia but it was different. In Jay he felt...happy, like he had everything in the world. Including revenge, but more than that. It wasn't a feeling Tim had often and he was eager to explore it.

Tim kept an eye on Jay during school. Jay was a bit quieter that day, a little more reserved. But he was still Mr. Popular, girls still swooned for him, teachers cut him slack, and guys looked up to him. Tim couldn't take that away in one night.

After school Tim split from Eric and Carl, making a lame excuse that he had to feed his dog. They both bought it without question.

Tim ran up to his room and slipped on the ring, thinking about Jay. It was a little quicker this time, the flying through the air into Jay's body. This time he appeared on a couch with someone's tongue in his mouth. He jerked back his head and found Jay's girlfriend, Heather, staring at him.

Heather was a petite girl with long, wavy dirty blonde hair. Tim knew her as one of the cheerleaders he often imagined banging. Her face was delicate and smooth, with a tiny nose, big brown eyes and slim eyebrows that were now arched questioningly at him.

'What's wrong?' She asked, oblivious to the new person inside her boyfriend's skin.

Jay smiled. 'Nothing,' he said, and caressed Heather's cheek before gently pulling her back to his lips. He snaked his tongue inside her mouth, tasting Jay's girlfriend as her body pressed against his. Jay's manhood stiffened beneath his pants and his hands wandered down Heather's body, gripping her tiny waist as she shifted her weight on his lap. Her slim hands came up to his face, caressing him as they made out.

Suddenly she pulled away.

'We have to stop,' she said.

'Yes,' said Tim, pulling her back. After another minute of making out she pulled away again and rolled off him. He reached for her but she grabbed his hands firmly.

'No, we really have to stop. I'm afraid...I want our first time to be special, not just sitting in front of the TV because we're bored.' She ran a hand through her long, wavy hair. God, she was beautiful and sweet. Jay was a lucky man. Though for the moment, it was Tim who was the lucky man. He wanted to show off.

'Okay,' he nodded. No doubt she'd be ready soon enough, and Tim intended to be in Jay's body when that happened.

Tim spent the rest of the day in Jay's body. He drove Heather to the mall in his BMW and walked around with her on his arm. They chatted to the other students they saw there, Tim grinning like an idiot with this beautiful girl on his arm as everyone treated him like a God. He hung out with some of Jay's friends, who had the subdued arrogance of the rich. He even lavished Heather with gifts, purchased on his elite credit card, no doubt with daddy's money.

At the end of the day Tim reluctantly hopped out of Jay's body, returning to his own dingy room. But over the next few days he went back again and again, spending whole days in Jay's body, going to school as Jay, playing on the school soccer team, acting like Jay as best he could. Interestingly, the few times he saw Jay when not inside his body, Jay seemed quiet and withdrawn. Some of Jay's friends had questioned Tim (as Jay) about the blackouts he'd apparently mentioned. Tim guessed from this that when he was in Jay's body, Jay had no memory of anything he did. It seemed perfect, but in the end even his best imitation of Jay couldn't cut it. He didn't have access to Jay's thoughts, wasn't as smart or athletic as Jay. Try as he might, he couldn't ever be Jay and Tim's own life suffered for these trips as his absences at school tallied up. Even Heather began sensing something was off and Tim felt her growing distant from Jay and, by extension, from him.

It made Tim so angry. It just wasn't fair. Even having Jay's body didn't let him have Jay's life. It was like no matter what he did he would never be as good as Jay. Well, fuck it, then. If he couldn't bring himself up, he'd bring Jay down. It was time to get Carl and Eric in on the act and really have some fun.

The next day after school he led Eric and Carl out under the bleachers near the soccer field. They arrived near the end of soccer practice while the team was still on the field. On the other side of the field the cheerleaders, too, were practicing their moves.

Tim, Carl and Eric were so wrapped up in their own conversation they didn't notice Gary sitting high up on one end of the bleachers. He was sketching out some new marching band formations and froze when he spotted the trio. He didn't want them to catch him here all alone; he had a good idea what they'd do to him.

'Isn't this where the cheerleaders go to make out?' Eric asked as they came to a stop almost directly beneath Gary.

'Something like that,' Tim replied.

'So...what?' asked Carl, 'We're going to hide out and spy on some chicks like perverts? Cool.'

'Listen up,' Tim said holding up the ring, 'This little ring is magical, it lets you jump into the body of anyone you want and can control them.'

'Like a puppet?' asked Eric.

'Exactly.'

'You mean your hand's up their butt? Like Sesame Street?' Carl added.

Tim shook his head. 'Just shut up and watch. Okay, here comes Jay.'

Jay was walking towards the changing rooms next to the bleachers with his teammates as practice ended. Gary peaked down between the row of bleachers where he sat. From his angle he could just see the top of Tim's head as Tim placed the ring on his finger and vanished. There was a startled cry from the other two guys. On the field, Jay swerved away from his teammates and made a beeline for the bleachers. Fortunately for Gary, he was hidden from view by a big banner advertising one of the team's sponsors.

Tim jogged Jay's body under the bleachers where Eric and Carl were still looking around with startled looks on their faces.

'Hey, dickwads,' Tim said.

'What do you want?' Carl asked, still slow on the uptake.

'Holy shit,' Eric whispered, 'Is that you?'

'In Jay's flesh,' Tim smiled, reaching down to pick up the ring. 'Your turn,' he said, handing the ring to Eric.

'What do I do?'

'Just put it on, and imagine being Heather.' He pointed to Heather out on the field. She wore her cheerleader uniform: a tiny, blue skirt that showed off her smooth legs, and a top that clung to her petite form. Her hair was back in a ponytail and her bangs fell neatly over her forehead. She was talking to other members of the soccer team.

'Ok,' Eric said. He slid the ring on his finger and vanished.

Gary peeked out from behind the banner. Out on the field he saw Heather stop talking and look down at herself. As the guys she was talking to watched in amazement, Heather grabbed her tits and squeezed once. She laughed, then skipped over to the bleachers, leaving the team scratching their heads.

'This is fucking amazing!' Eric squealed in Heather's small voice when she arrived back beneath the bleachers. 'Look at me!' he said, shaking his little butt for the other two. 'Oh my god, do you realize what we can do with this?' She asked.

'I do,' said Tim. He wrapped his hands around Heather's body and pulled her close for a kiss. Eric was startled at finding himself kissing his friend, but Heather's body liked it. He soon relaxed into Tim's embrace, pressing Heather's body close against him. Tim made Jay's hands slip under Heather's skirt and ran his fingers over her lacy panties. He squeezed her tiny butt, so full and luscious in his hands. Eric forced Heather's tongue into Jay's mouth, tasting him as his feminine body warmed to the touch, turning himself on as much from manipulating Heather's form as from Jay's urgency.

Carl watched, slack-jawed, as Jay pulled Heather's panties down her smooth legs and she kicked them aside. Their lips still locked in passion, Eric ran Heather's fingers over Jay's solid form as Jay's fingers returned to Heather's ass, sliding between her crack and teasing her tight hole as she sighed into his mouth. Eric felt Heather's slim thighs growing warm and his new pussy growing moist as it was caressed by the cool air and the bulge pressing against him from Jay's crotch.

Eric pulled away, then spun around and lifted up his skirt so Tim could see the smooth curve of Heather's ass. He smirked with Heather's cute face, her big brown eyes trained on the bulge beneath Jay's shorts in total lust. Her little tongue ran across her lips in anticipation.

Tim pulled off Jay's shorts, revealing his hulking manhood at full attention. Eric dropped to the ground, his hands and knees sinking into the muddy earth as he raised his delicate ass in the air and turned back to look invitingly at Jay. Jay knelt behind Heather and grabbed her small waist. He pressed the head of Jay's cock against his girlfriend's sopping wet cunt. He felt the pressure build and build as he pushed and finally, with a gasp from Heather, the head slipped inside. She was so warm, so wet for him. He slowly pushed in deeper watching Jay's cock disappear beneath Heather's tiny skirt and into her wet warmth

Eric felt a flash of pain as his virginal pussy was penetrated, then a warmth flooded through him as he was filled with Jay's cock, pushing further and further in until he was so full he felt like he would burst. Heather's tight cunt was so small and Jay was so big Eric feared he might split in two, it was wonderful, scary and amazingly fulfilling. When Jay pulled out slightly Heather missed the feeling, but was instantly rewarded when Tim thrust back inside. Eric screwed up Heather's face and rested it on the earth, trying to raise her ass higher for Tim's pleasure. Heather's pretty face was pushed into the soggy ground with each thrust, leaves and mud entangling into her hair and across her cheeks, her tiny nose pressed close to the earth as the giant cock slammed into him again and again. Eric spread his legs, his pussy dripping now, and cried out in Heather's tiny voice: 'Oh, yes, fuck me harder.' And Tim obliged, gripping her waist and forcing her back onto himself.

Eric opened his eyes and saw Carl staring down at him. He raised Heather's body onto her hands as Tim continued working him from behind. Eric grabbed Carl's pants to tug him closer. It was only fair to share with all his friends. Carl wasn't

quite sure what was going on but he knew enough not to question this turn of events. He dropped his pants, revealing his own veiny erection, the purple head already throbbing with his lust.

Carl's cock looked so huge to Eric in his tiny body. With only the briefest hesitation he opened Heather's mouth and swallowed his friend's cock. He felt Carl's hands wrap around his hair and pull his mouth down, down the shaft. Eric opened Heather's mouth as wide as he could, straining to take in the entire shaft as the head tickled the back of her throat.

Tim and Jay thrust back and forth like this with Heather between them, using her body for their own pleasure as Eric filled his borrowed body with their cocks. He was so full from both ends now, so excited, he moaned around Carl's cock. Tim redoubled his efforts as the tension grew and finally released. He exploded into Heather's virginal cunt, filling her womb with his seed and Eric felt, impossibly, even fuller than before. Just then he felt Carl's cock throb in his mouth. Carl's hand pushed Eric's head down hard, leaving him no choice but to swallow the hot cum as it shot down Heather's throat. It felt so good being used like this and Eric came in Heather's body as he choked, hot cum spilling out the side of his mouth as his two friends had their way with them until their spasms slowed and stopped.

They rested like this, both guys still inside Eric for a moment as Gary gaped down from above in disbelief. It had to be true. No way would Heather have done that here with Jay, much less with Carl.

When the two guys pulled out Eric felt so empty. He lay on his back on the dirt and pulled up his top to play with his perky nipples, smearing mud across Heather's chest as he did so.

'Holy shit,' Carl gasped, 'Tim and Eric are never going to believe what just happened.'

Tim glared at him. 'We are Tim and Eric, dumbass.'

From above, Gary could only see parts of Heather's body as she splayed out in the dirt. It was just then that his pencil slid off his lap and clattered to the floor. Tim, Eric and Carl all looked up.

'Who the fuck's that?' Eric asked, sitting Heather's body up and wiping the mud

from his face onto her cheerleader outfit.

Carl ran around the side of the bleachers as Gary ran as fast as he could back towards the school.

'It's that gay dork, Gary,' Carl called back to his friends.

Tim smiled. 'Let him go. I hope he saw everything, especially his hero railing his girlfriend. What can he do about it?'

Tim pocketed the ring and left Eric in Heather's body while he stayed inside Jay for another day. Eric didn't seem to mind. They got the occasional odd look when they let Carl tag along with them and when they felt each other up a lot more explicitly than the real Jay and Heather would have. Jay, especially, took great pleasure in being meaner to the people around him, alienating Jay's friends and teammates. Heather, meanwhile, was frequently found with her own hand down her pants, pleasuring herself quietly in the back of class. Only Gary knew what was going on but Tim didn't care because no one would believe him if he told anyway.

Throughout the week, Tim, Eric and Carl all took turns jumping into Jay and Heather's bodies, never letting their original inhabitants have a moment to themselves. As the week went on they learned more about the limits of the ring. It seemed you couldn't jump out of the body you inhabited if someone was wearing the ring, and if someone jumped into a body while another person was possessing them, the first person would be knocked out of the body and back into their original form beside the ring. These limitations did little to slow them down. Tim went on a shopping spree, racking up debt on his credit card and treating himself to his every desire. Eric enjoyed the attention he was getting as he dressed skimpier and skimpier while at the same time indulging his every appetite, eating junk food and sweets until Heather started developing a gut, her bare stomach no longer as trim as it once was. Carl was just happy to be someone else for a change. The only other strange thing was that Tim saw Gary hanging around more often and, once or twice, swore someone was following them, though he never caught anyone. He shrugged it off, if it was Gary, it wasn't like he posed any threat.

Just in case, Tim used the ring to hop into Gary's body one night. He hated being in the little wimp's body, with his thick, dark-rimmed glasses and skinny arms.

Tim stayed just long enough to tiptoe into Gary's sister's room and dress Gary's body in his sister's bra and panties, topping it off with a long, pink dress. This was followed by a trip to the bathroom where he slopped on the makeup until Gary looked like some sort of terrifying transvestite clown. That should serve as a warning not to mess with Tim. Then Tim hopped out back to the comfort of his own self, though to be truthful, his own body was growing less comfortable the more time he spent inside Jay.

The guys reached their peak that Saturday night at Jay's house when Jay's parents went out for the evening.

Tim, in Jay's body, brought Eric, in Heather's body, and Carl up into Jay's room. After a week living as Jay, Tim had thoroughly trashed his room. Jay's clothes were strewn about the closet, empty cups and plates were piled in the corner and several of Jay's button down shirts were heaped on the floor in a stiff pile, a consequence of being used to wipe off their sweaty, cum-stained and lubed up bodies whenever they were done. Jay's laptop was still open on the desk but it was running out of memory, filled as it was with pictures and videos of Jay and Heather screwing like mad in every conceivable position.

Tonight was the first time in a week all three had been together alone and they intended to take full advantage. Tim started by grabbing Heather and spinning her around to face him. Eric squealed in laughter as he wrapped Heather's arms around Jay's neck and snaked her tongue inside his mouth. Eric had worn Heather's skimpiest mini-skirt and spaghetti top. His tiny body was aching for Jay's touch and by now Heather was growing wet just kissing him.

Suddenly Eric found himself next to Jay and Heather, on top of the ring, which had fallen to the ground when Carl used it.

Heather pulled away from Jay and squeezed her tits. 'Titties. Cool,' Carl said in Heather's voice as Jay pulled him back and planted his lips on Heather's mouth.

The guys continued switching in and out of both Jay and Heather as their nubile bodies grew warm and they stripped naked. Tim would be in Heather's body, riding Eric's cock, his tiny hand wrapped around Jay's cock, when suddenly he was himself watching the two of them before jumping back into the orgy as himself and watching Heather's mouth wrap around his own cock. Round and round the guys went, cycling through the two bodies with the third man out

filling whichever one of Heather's holes was empty at the moment.

As Heather, all three guys took great pleasure in sucking the other three cocks, filling their sopping wet pussy, squeezing their little tits and letting the others have their way with her body, until one by one they exploded in her and on her. Tim was the first to experience this as Carl pulled back and came on his face, spurts of hot cum dripping down Heather's soft lips as Tim wiped it out of his eyes and into his hair. Then it was Tim's turn to cum on her, spurting his seed onto her tits, her chest, as Carl rubbed it into Heather's body in ecstasy. This was followed by Eric pumping into her tight pussy, orgasming inside her wet, warm body, shooting his spurts of cum into her womb. Tim finished off in Jay's body, his cock emptying inside her tight pussy as she cried out in ecstasy, her body vibrating with orgasm after orgasm. They took pictures of her face, red with exertion and dripping with their lust. These they sent to Gary to show him what they were doing in their stolen bodies.

At the end of the night, Tim finished by forcing Jay's body to lick their mingled cum off of Heather's chest and out of her dripping pussy. Tim forced his body to swallow every drop, making sure to face the camera still running on the laptop so everyone could see Jay as the cum guzzling pervert.

When they were finally finished they all wiped their sweaty bodies down with Jay's remaining clean shirts and threw them onto the huge pile in the closet. Eric, in his own body, took the ring and the laptop, full of incriminating pictures they'd use to blackmail Jay. When Eric was back at his place, he called Jay's phone and the two guys jumped out, their bodies returning to where the ring was and leaving Jay and Heather in the bedroom. They were dirty and sticky and had no idea what had happened until Jay's phone beeped with a message. Jay grabbed it and discovered a picture of himself and Heather, his tongue deep inside her cum soaked body.

Tim was on top of the world. As Heather and Jay became withdrawn and reserved—no doubt having nervous breakdowns from seeing the pictures of what they'd unknowingly been up to—Tim's sights turned to others who'd wronged him. The ring was his chance to exact revenge. A few days later after school, behind the dumpster with Eric and Carl, Tim gave them their orders.

'Ok, listen up,' Tim said, taking a drag on his cigarette, 'You guys ever made it with a teacher?' he asked with a leer on his face.

Eric understood right away. 'Who's it going to be?' he asked.

'Made what?' Carl chimed in.

'You know, dummy,' Eric said, making a circle with the fingers of one hand and sliding a finger of his other hand in and out.

'Marriage?' Carl asked.

Tim dropped his cigarette. 'Just meet...someone in the upstairs science room.'

With that, Tim slid the ring onto his finger and disappeared. The ring dropped to the ground as his body disappeared.

'How is this--' Eric said, miming one finger going in and out again '—marriage?'

'You're putting a ring on it.'

'It's sex, you idiot.'

Eric heard a noise behind the corner and held up his hand.

'Shhh,' he said to Carl as he peeked around the corner. There was nothing there but another dumpster. After a minute he turned back to Carl.

'Ok, come on, dummy, I want to see who Tim's got for us.'

The two guys stomped off back into the school. Behind one of the dumpsters, Gary breathed a sigh of relief and stepped down from the ledge he'd hoisted himself up on, his shirt reeking of garbage. But his eyes lit up when he saw the ring still lying on the ground.

As soon as Tim had disappeared he found himself in the upstairs science room sitting at the teacher's desk. His eyes were focused on the desk, a stack of student tests beneath his slim, feminine arm. Tim dropped the red pen and adjusted the glasses sitting on his sharp nose. He'd hopped into Mrs. Jackson, his science

teacher. She had short dark hair that swooped back across her forehead and behind her ears. She had a thin face and a lean body, usually hidden beneath some sort of long, conservative dress. Tim always thought she had the sexy nerd look going on and was delighted to find when he looked down into his new neckline that Mrs. Jackson's dress hid some wonderfully succulent cleavage. He pulled back the top of the dress with a slim finger to get a better look and saw the two smooth curves clasped to his chest by a plain, white bra.

Mrs. Jackson thought she was so fucking smart just because she was so fucking smart. She made Tim feel like an idiot just because he didn't get concepts like lead oxidation or what was the point of test tubes. She even had the gall to fail him on numerous tests just because he got most of the answers wrong. It wasn't his fault he didn't pay attention during class, she should have taught harder. Now Tim was going to teach himself a little sex education using Mrs. Jackson as his model.

He pulled the dress over his head, just as he'd always wanted to do, and dropped it to the floor. He stood in Mrs. Jackson's body clad only in her bra and panties and looked down at his new form. She was pale and lean, with thick thighs and trim legs. His new butt stuck out behind him, round and full, crying out to be smacked. He did so, watching her skin wobble. He rummaged through her small purse for her phone, then set it up on her desk, adjusting it so that when he stood and leaned against the black board Mrs. Jackson's body was centered in the frame. Then he pressed record and leaned against the blackboard, waiting for his friends.

Carl and Eric came in a few minutes later and froze when they saw him.

'Come in, boys,' he said, allowing a smile to spread across Mrs. Jackson's face. 'Lock that door so we're not disturbed.'

He stood up and put his hands on his hips, pressing his breasts out, acutely aware of how sexy he looked with his dark features and light skin in his trim, middle-aged body.

Eric locked the door and practically ran over to Tim, Carl following close behind. Tim held out Mrs. Jackson's arms and embraced Eric as Eric ran his hands up and down his friend's new form, marveling at her soft skin.

'You're fucking hot, man,' he smiled.

'I'm peachy-keen for you to fuck me,' Tim said, using his teacher's relentlessly annoying expression for everything she found delightful.

Tim threw his hands up and leaned against the blackboard as Eric and Carl ravaged his body, their hungry mouths circling the tits encased beneath his bra, their greedy fingers squeezing and caressing his soft skin, sliding up and down his legs, over the mound of his pussy beneath the panties, around to his ass. Tim laughed. It felt so good to be in her body, to be desired so badly, to watch as the guys pressed their bodies against his teacher and he opened for them. His body was warming to their rough touch. He unclasped his bra and they helped him out of it and his panties, their eager hands tearing off his clothes to get to his soft, naked form. And then he stood in front of them, turning this way and that as they ogled his thick thighs, the dark triangle of hair leading down to his slit. The lust reflected in their eyes made Tim shiver. He wanted this, wanted them so badly inside him. And then they set upon him, their manhood bulging against their pants as they grabbed and kissed and caressed his body. Their greedy hands slid against his warming slit and he opened for them, his furry lips spreading wide, glistening with his desire as Eric slipped a finger into his teacher's body.

Tim looked over at the phone, made sure this was all being recorded. Then he turned and pressed his naked breasts to the blackboard, and stuck his ass out invitingly. Eric didn't need any more invitation. In a flash his pants were around his ankles and his cock was against Mrs. Jackson's smooth backside. Tim pushed against the chalkboard and arched his back, pressing Mrs. Jackson's curvy ass against his friend.

He felt the head of the cock pressing against his sopping pussy lips as Eric's hands grasped his thick butt and pulled Tim onto him, impaling his stolen body onto his stiff cock. A gasp escaped Tim's lips as he felt his friend slide inside his velvety folds, filling Mrs. Jackson's body. He could feel every inch of the shaft as it slid inside him until his friend's groin pressed against his bubble butt and Mrs. Jackson's body felt deliriously full. Eric slid slowly in and out, watching his cock reappear from inside his teacher, now glistening with her lust. His hands grabbed her fat butt, his eyes greedily tracing her feminine curves as he slowly fucked her and she moaned softly.

Carl had dropped his pants and now he wrapped his hands through Mrs. Jackson's hair and pulled her down. Tim managed to keep his balance by leaning on the blackboard, his ass still up in the air, filled with Eric's cock, as Carl

guided his mouth down to his thick erection. Without hesitating, Tim opened Mrs. Jackson's mouth and swallowed his friend. Her mouth was much bigger than Heather's and Carl's thick cock presented little obstacle as he slid Mrs. Jackson's lips up and down his shaft, leaving a trail of his saliva as his body burned with desire, filled with the hard lust of his two friends.

They pushed and pulled together, see-sawing Tim back and forth, his pussy filling with Eric's cock before Carl pulled him back and plunged his dick into Tim's mouth. He let them pull Mrs. Jackson's body back and forth like this, let them use him for their own lust as his body ached and the tension inside him mounted. He pushed back and forth, harder, willing Eric's cock deeper into his pussy and Carl's cock deeper into his mouth. Their rhythm sped up, the room quiet except for the grunts and groans of the two guys as they fucked their teacher back and forth until, with a final groan, they all three came at once. Suddenly Tim's body was hot with cum as Eric pumped his seed into Mrs. Jackson's cunt while Carl throbbed in Tim's mouth, spilling his load down her throat and Tim himself buckled and came, held up only by Eric's hands on his ass as the two guys fucked him back and forth, slaves to their desire, emptying themselves into Tim's stolen feminine form.

Tim was more full than he ever felt possible as their hot seed filled his aching holes and he clenched his pussy in desire, wanting every drop in his delicate body until at last they emptied themselves inside him.

Carl released him and Tim stood up slowly, wiping the drops of cum from his lips. Eric pulled out from behind and Tim could feel his seed dripping down Mrs. Jackson's legs. His pussy felt so used, so full, so amazingly good. He walked to the camera, a little sore from the exercise and turned it off. Then he sent the video to himself. Let's just see her try and give me a bad grade again, he thought, a wicked smile on Mrs. Jackson's thin lips. He deleted the video from her phone. He wanted to be there in front of her when she first saw it and realized what it was.

He turned to the other two, noticing that the imprint of Mrs. Jackson's bare breasts and palms was still on the chalkboard from where he'd pressed her body up against it.

'Okay, boys, you probably don't want to be here when I jump out and Mrs. Jackson finds herself naked and dripping. Wait for me outside.'

Eric and Carl nodded and slipped out the door. Tim sat back down at the desk, the chair cold against his naked butt, and jumped out. Or tried to. He imagined himself back in his own body but nothing happened. He closed his eyes and concentrated but when he opened them he was still inside the teacher's body, still naked in the classroom. What had he done? Was he trapped in this body? He pushed his glasses up his nose and tried once more as panic began setting in. After another minute he hurriedly stood and put on his clothes, wiping himself as best he could. He walked to the door, no longer enjoying this body, the swoosh of the dress against his legs, the thin, high cheekbones he felt every time he brushed his hair back, the long, sharp nose at the edge of his vision just serving to remind him that his body wasn't right. He hated this feeling now, of being so small, so powerless, of having such a void between his legs. He opened the door and saw Eric and Carl outside.

'Hi, Mrs. Jackson,' Eric grinned.

'Where's the ring?' He hissed in Mrs. Jackson's voice.

'Uh,' Eric said, his grin disappearing as he shared a look with Carl.

'I can't jump out of her body. Where's the ring?' he asked again.

'I don't know,' Eric said.

'What do you mean you don't know?' Tim hissed, advancing on Eric. Only now, he was shorter than Eric and his body was lean and willowy. It was hard to threaten Eric like this but he tried his best, screwing up his face and grabbing Eric's shirt in his slim hands. 'I am not going to be stuck in this body.'

'Hey, Mrs. Jackson,' an irritatingly familiar voice called out. Tim looked up to see Gary's skinny face, his eyes magnified by his thick glasses. Both his hands were behind his back and he was grinning like an idiot. Tim plastered a fake smile across Mrs. Jackson's mouth.

'What do you want, Gary?'

'I don't want anything. But I think you might.' Gary said, holding up his hand, the green ring sitting on one of his fingers.

'Get me that ring!' Tim demanded.

Eric and Carl raced towards Gary but before they could reach him he disappeared. Carl tripped over Eric and they both tumbled to the ground.

'Where did he go?' Carl asked, sitting up slowly.

'He's inside someone you idiot!'

'Who?' asked Eric as he got to his feet.

'How the hell should I know?' Tim screeched, pushing his glasses back up onto his nose and tossed his short hair angrily out of his eyes. The gesture had already grown tiresome. He couldn't wait to be out of this woman's body and back into a real man. Back into Jay.

'Guys, I think he used the ring,' Carl said, picking it up off the floor.

Tim glared at him. 'Ok, listen up, we can smoke him out. I'm going to put Mrs. Jackson's body back at her desk so she doesn't suspect anything. Eric, you jump into the principal, we'll end Gary's little school career. Carl...' Tim looked over at Carl, at the glossy, vacant look in his eye, the way his mouth hung open. 'You...just...stand there and don't forget to breathe.'

Carl nodded.

Tim stomped back into the classroom and slammed the door, the skirt swishing around his stupid skinny legs. In the hallway, Eric slipped on the ring and disappeared into the principal's body. The instant Carl was alone, Gary jumped out of his body.

Carl shook his head. 'Hey! I found him!'

'Shut up, you idiot,' Gary hissed, 'It's me, Tim. We're going to fuck up this kid.'

Carl smiled. 'Huh, huh, cool.'

'Here,' Gary said, handing Carl the ring, 'Put this on. Guard it with your life.'

Carl did as he was told.

'Whatever you do, don't think about possessing your own mom's body.'

The ring tingled as it hit the ground. Gary was ready. He pulled out the hammer he'd been holding behind his back and with one blow smashed the ring into fragments with a loud CRACK! He had no idea if it would work or not and he waited, tense, for one of the guys to reappear. Nothing happened after several minutes. Gary knew he might be asking for trouble, but he had to be sure he'd stopped them, even if he wasn't quite sure of the consequences of smashing the ring. He approached Mrs. Jackson's door and knocked.

Tim stomped back into the classroom and slammed the door, the skirt swishing around his stupid skinny legs. He couldn't even stomp properly in Mrs. Jackson's flats, which just made him angrier. He sat down in her seat and adjusted his dress, then he picked up her pen and looked down at the papers she'd been in the middle of grading. As he did so, he heard a sharp CRACK out in the hallway and he looked up. What was that?

When there was no further noise he looked back at the papers on Mrs. Jackson's desk. Her slim hand gripped the red pen and she returned to marking her papers. Only Tim hadn't move her arm, it was moving apparently of its own accord. In fact, he now found that, despite still seeing from her eyes, feeling every inch of her body, it was no longer under his control. Mrs. Jackson pushed the glasses back up the bridge of her nose and leaned on one hand, her fair hair tickling his arm. Tim tried to stand, to drop the pencil, to do anything, but he was powerless. He was trapped, a passenger in Mrs. Jackson's body. Frantic, he tried to jump out but nothing happened, his body just continued grading the papers.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Jackson looked up and called out , 'Come in.'

The door opened and Gary peeked in.

'Hi, Gary,' Tim heard Mrs. Jackson's voice calling out as his lips moved beyond his control, a genuine smile on her face, 'How are you?'

'Hi, Mrs. Jackson. Everything ok in here?'

'Just peachy-keen,' Mrs. Jackson replied. God, Tim hated that expression, and now he would have to hear it all the time, have to live inside the body of his teacher forever with no control, forced to simply watch as she went through her life.

'OK, I just heard a noise and...ok...that's good. Nevermind.'

Gary closed the door quietly, leaving Mrs. Jackson and Tim alone with their thoughts. Mrs. Jackson shook her head and turned her attention back to her papers as Tim screamed, silent and trapped inside her mind.

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