

Role of a Lifetime

MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Role of a Lifetime

Mateo

My naked boobs jiggle as I kneel in front of you. I'm so nervous but I can't disobey your command.

<I unzip my pants and let them fall down to my ankles. My cock rises up in front of your pretty little nose.>

I reach out and stroke it, my body obeying you even as I try to fight it. Your dick is so warm in my fingers. It feels perfect.

<I command you to suck my dick.>

My lips open and I move my mouth closer. I moan, part in agony, part in need as I swallow your dick. I can taste you on my tongue. I love it and hate it. You fill my mouth and I swallow you all.

<I run my hand through your black hair and guide you up and down my cock. I order you to love sucking dick. I order you to enjoy being my little slut.>

I moan around your dick. I pull my lips off your cock long enough to beg you to cum inside my mouth.

<I thrust my dick inside your lips and cum. I fill your mouth with hot jizz and order you to drink it all.>

I hate myself but I swallow it all. I squeeze my own tits as you cum. I keep my lips wrapped around your dick, letting you sit in my mouth. I love the taste of you.

<I fuck your little mouth fill you with cum>

Mateo's dick throbbed in real life and he paused in his typing to finish himself off. He managed to keep the burst of cum confined to a few tissues, which he tossed into the trashcan next to his desk. He pulled out a few more tissues and cleaned himself off before pulling his pants back up.

That was great, he typed, as usual.

A few seconds later Dwight typed back:

<Agree ☺>

Same time next week?

<Yep. I get to possess someone next time!>

Mateo signed off and sat back in his chair. The tension was gone but he felt strangely ashamed, like what he was doing was wrong. Maybe it was just the act of masturbation itself was shaming. Or maybe it was that he'd recently taken to roleplaying as one of the group of girl friends that he had a

crush on. This particular session he'd played the part of Amber, pretending to possess her as he was forced to service Dwight.

Man, if only that could happen in real life.

Dwight was a good roleplay partner. He and Mateo had similar kinks, both of them into possession and body theft fantasies. Plus, unlike some of Mateo's previous roleplaying partners, Dwight was a pretty decent writer. They took turns coming up with scenarios, switching up who would be the possessor each time. Though they'd never met in person, Mateo thought he knew a lot about Dwight's personality from their regular chats. They didn't talk much about their real lives but Dwight seemed like a decent guy, and the references he sometimes made to movies and TV shows suggested someone about Mateo's own age.

Mateo had met Dwight on an internet forum focused on body swaps and possession fantasies. Mateo had started roleplaying on a whim, having exhausted his usual source of erotic material and gone seeking something different. His first few times had been letdowns and he was about to give up and try to find something else when he met Dwight. Their sensibilities and writing style were similar and they hit it off on their very first session. From there it became a regular thing.

Mateo grabbed the remote off the couch and turned the TV on before moving to the kitchen to rummage for something to eat. He just wanted to stream some shows but the stupid interface on the TV took forever to load up. Until it did, he couldn't even change the channel so he let the local news play as he searched the fridge for something that wasn't moldy. He sniff-tested a few Chinese takeout containers before grimacing and throwing them into the trash. Finally, he found a few slices of leftover pizza. It was hard as a rock but a minute in the microwave softened it up. He ate it without considering how old it might have been.

The news continued playing on the TV. Mateo lived in a small studio apartment so he could hear the TV from anywhere in the room. A story about a dangerous high-rise gave way to a story about a missing puppy, which was soon replaced by a story about a break-in at a lab of the local university. High tech equipment had gone missing and the university refused to say what it did, only that it was dangerous and if anyone found anything suspicious they should leave it alone and report it.

Mateo dropped onto the couch, a plate holding the reheated pizza in his lap, and flipped through the listings. He passed a few shows that were all the rage online but Mateo didn't feel like starting anything new, instead resorting to a classic sci-fi flick. Keanu Reeves hadn't even shot anyone yet before Mateo's phone dinged with a text. It was from Amber, his crush and object of his recent roleplaying session:

<Meeting up at Northside want to come?>

Northside was a bar that had opened up recently and was a little too trendy for Mateo's liking. He also didn't really feel like going out. On the other hand, he *did* want to meet up with Amber. She was fun and funny and, yes, attractive in a cuddly, girl-next-door type of way. A half-Korean with dark framed glasses over laughing eyes set in a heart-shaped face. Mateo both wanted her and wanted to *be* her.

Still, it was already late and he'd just settled in to a movie. He texted back that he wasn't interested but she pleaded with him:

<It will be fun! Grace's here for the weekend and wants to see you!>

Grace was Amber's sister, apparently in from out of town. She was a more serious and reserved version of Amber. Grace was amazingly beautiful where Amber was astoundingly cute. Together they were a perfect combination that Mateo couldn't turn down. Reluctantly, he agreed to meet at Amber's place.

He tossed his phone aside and searched through the clothes scattered about on the floor for something clean enough to wear. Jeans and a polo shirt would have to do. He used his hands to comb his straight black hair into something resembling a pleasing shape. Or at least one that didn't look like he'd just rolled out of bed. A few minutes later he was heading out the door.

It was a pleasant evening and Amber's place wasn't that far away so he decided to walk. That also gave him the option to get as drunk as he wanted which, considering his pent-up feelings for Amber and her sister, was a considerable amount.

Mateo's apartment was at the edge of the commercial strip. He had a unit in a warehouse that had been retrofitted to house studio apartments, mostly populated by college students like him. It was four blocks away from the center of the main street where all the clubs were located. It wasn't the safest neighborhood so Mateo stuck to the best lit streets, avoiding the alleys even though they offered shortcuts.

Somewhere in the distance a police siren sounded, growing louder and closer. Headlights cut through the darkness as a car engine roared down the street in Mateo's direction. A car zoomed past and something heavy landed with a thunk on the sidewalk behind Mateo. Seconds later, a police car roared by in hot pursuit, lights flashing, siren wailing as it whizzed past.

Mateo turned and saw a black backpack on the sidewalk behind him, no doubt something illegal thrown from the car being pursued by the police. Curious, Mateo shuffled over to it. He unzipped the backpack, careful to wrap his fingers in his shirt first so his fingerprints wouldn't get on it. Peering in, he expected to see a package of cocaine wrapped up like in the movies, or a brick of weed, or something else cool and illegal. What he found instead was a strange metal tube that looked like a heavy-duty flashlight but with several small buttons and diodes on the side surrounding an LCD screen.

He picked up the device and turned it around in his hands. It was heavier than it looked, and some of the little green diodes near each end were blinking green. As he was turning it in his hand his finger brushed over a red button. A white light flashed into his face from one end, blinding him. He blinked his eyes and when his vision came back he saw the LCD screen had lit up. It now read: *Subject 1*. Mateo carefully put the metal device back in the backpack before it went off and did... whatever it was supposed to do.

He vaguely recalled the news report from dinner about the stolen lab equipment. If this was it maybe there was a reward! He slung the backpack over his shoulder and continued on to Amber's place.

She was still getting ready when he arrived, though to Mateo she already looked ready when she answered the door. Her wavy black hair framed her face and the scent of her fruity perfume filled his nostrils as he leaned in for a quick hug.

"Almost done!" She chirped, before retreating back into the bathroom to finish her makeup.

Just that brief touch was enough to set his heart thumping. He could have stared at her adorable face all night. She'd packed her slender body into a tight grey skirt over black leggings and a low-cut white shirt that gave a glimpse of her soft cleavage. The whole thing hugged her shapely figure, accentuating her small but perky breasts.

Mateo took a seat on the couch and pulled out the metal device he'd found. He fiddled with it as Amber chatted happily from the bathroom. From his angle he could see her face in the mirror.

"Grace isn't staying with you?" Mateo asked.

"Nah," Amber called out, pausing to outline her lips in red. "I love her but my place is too small and we'd drive each other crazy. She's staying with Ivy."

Mateo furrowed his brows as he stared at the screen, only half-listening to Amber. What did subject 1 mean? Was he subject 1? And what would it do?

Amber continued peppering him with questions and he answered without thinking, lost in his investigation of the device. As she spoke, he lined up the end of the tube and aimed it at her. Pushing the button, the LCD screen lit up again with the words: *Subject 2*.

Hmm. Interesting.

Amber flicked off the bathroom light and came out into the living room. Her low heels clicked on the hardwood floor. She looked stunning and Mateo willed himself not to stare at her willowy body.

“What’s that?” She asked, pointing at the device in his hands.

Mateo looked up at her. For some reason he didn’t want to share his suspicions about where it had come from. “Dunno. I found it. I’m trying to figure out what it does.”

Mateo pressed a few of the buttons, which made an arrow symbol appear on the screen pointing from the words *Subject 1* to *Subject 2*. A small red button began blinking.

“Can I see?”

“Sure.”

Amber held out her hand but Mateo pressed the red button first and the world flipped.

Amber

Amber held out her hand to take a look at the device when Mateo suddenly slumped over on the couch. She gasped, wanting to run to him, but instead took a step backwards on unsteady feet. She clung to the wall for support, her heels clacking on the hardwood floor. Amber tried again to move towards Mateo but her body wouldn't respond. Instead, she found herself shaking her head and swearing.

"The hell?" She asked. The voice was hers but she hadn't intended to say anything.

Her hands came up to her face, feeling her lips, her cheeks, her nose. Her mouth dropped open in surprise, though none of these actions were her own. She was being controlled by someone else. There was someone in her body making her do things,

Her head tilted down to stare at her body, her gaze landing directly on her cleavage. She was staring down the top of her shirt, her slim round breasts held high by the bra, the curves disappearing beneath the white shirt. Her hands came up and squeezed her chest experimentally.

Oh my god! What's happening to me? Amber cried out inside her mind.

Her hands dropped to her sides.

"Amber?" her voice asked, "Is that you?"

You can hear me?

"Yes," her own voice replied, head nodding.

Who are you?

Her tongue licked her lips, tasting her waxy lip gloss. "I'm Mateo."

What?

There were so many strange sensations it was hard to think. Her body stood differently, the posture altered. Mateo clearly didn't know what to do with her hands, first bringing them up to her stomach, then attempting to slide them into pockets that weren't there before finally dropping them to her sides.

"I think I'm...in your body somehow. It must be that machine I found."

Get out of me!

"I'm trying!"

Amber found her body hurrying to the couch where Mateo's body lay. She awkwardly balanced on her heels with each step, and her hips didn't quite move correctly. Her whole balance was off. Amber was aware Mateo could feel everything from the bounce of her breasts to the silky hair down her neck. She knew he could taste her, smell her, feel her, move her. And she could also tell that if she hadn't been panicking in his mind he would have enjoyed it.

Her body knelt down to grab the metal tube and she felt her skirt slide up. She pulled it back down and stood, before brushing the hair out of her eyes and pushing her glasses back up her broad nose.

What did you do? She was calmer now, more curious than angry.

“I don’t know. I pushed this and it just happened.”

So fucking weird talking to herself, knowing it was her friend inside controlling her body. Her fingers fiddled with the device. He was clearly not used to the shape of her yet, the slimmer fingers, the curved nails, because he moved awkwardly and jittery. She furrowed her brow and scratched her chin—both Mateo’s gestures. Pushing a few buttons, Mateo was able to change the symbols between the two subjects. An arrow pointed back from *Subject 2* to *Subject 1*. Amber’s thumb pushed the blinking button and she was back in control of herself.

Mateo

Mateo was lying on the couch staring up at Amber's ceiling. He pushed himself into a sitting position and found he was back in his old body. Amber was standing over him, still holding the strange device and looking at him worriedly.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Fine. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. You're the one who just passed out."

She seemed to be taking all this in stride and Mateo cocked his head. "But I was... did you...?"

She gave him a shy smile and blushed bright red. "I was pretending that this thing—" she held up the flashlight-thing and mumbled, "—put you, um, in control of my body. Because you passed out and I... I don't know. I panicked."

Mateo took the device from her and looked up at her for several blinks, taking it all in. She apparently thought she'd said and done everything he'd made her do by her own choice, and seemed to have no memory of being trapped inside her own body. But Mateo did. And it was lovely.

Mateo leaned back in a comfortable position on the couch and readied the device, pushing the green button until the arrow pointed back at *Subject 2*.

"I'm going to close my eyes for a little bit and rest before we go out, if that's okay. Come get me in a few minutes."

Before Amber could respond to that, Mateo pressed the blinking red button.

Amber

Amber swayed slightly on her heels. She tried to take a step back but her body wouldn't respond. What was happening? Her head tilted down to stare at her own cleavage, and her hands came up to squeeze her own breasts.

Oh my god! What's happening to me?

Someone was controlling her body, moving her from the inside. It was just as she'd pretended only a few minutes ago only this was real.

She found herself returning to the bathroom, unsteady on her heels.

What's happening?

Her body closed the door and she was forced to stare into the mirror. Her adorable heart-shaped face was reflected in the mirror, a toothy smile curling her ruby lips.

"Wow, I am so fuckable tonight," her voice said aloud. "Just a quick orgasm before I go out to relax me."

Who are you? Let me go!

Instead, Amber found her fingers gripping the bottom of her shirt and peeling it off over her head. She tossed it to the floor and brushed her silky hair out of her eyes. A lacy white bra clung to her chest. As Amber tried to resist in her mind, her hands reached around behind her and, with a little difficulty, unclasped her bra. She shimmied it off her arms and let it drop to the floor.

Amber's bare breasts bounced free and she was forced to stare at them in wonder, as if she'd never seen them before, because whoever was in her body obviously had not. But now they were taking their time. She could almost feel the admiration for her tight curves, the excitement at the sight of the little tan areola at the end of each. Her breasts were small but perky, and shaped like elegant teardrops. She took them in her hands and squeezed them slowly, staring down at herself as she was forced to fondle her tits. Her own hands caressed her body, controlled by someone else. But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst was that she felt herself responding.

"God, my tits are beautiful," her voice sighed. "I only wish Mateo would touch them. His hands on my breasts would be so magical."

That's disgusting. Is that you, Mateo? Why would you say that?

"Yes, it's me," her voice responded. "And I've always wanted to do this."

Her hands just continued fondling her tits, gripping them tight enough to dimple the skin and pushing them into heavy mounds up against her chest before dropping them and watching them bounce back down. She wiggled her chest back and forth, watching her breasts dance. Her face in the mirror was gleeful and the warmth began to creep through her body.

She pushed her black glasses up on her nose and leaned towards the mirror, examining her face closely. Her eyes moved around, taking in each inch of her, memorizing each little freckle, her

dimples, the graceful curve of each tiny ear. Standing back up straight, she turned this way and that, posing for the person controlling her in the mirror as she begged to be left alone.

Please just get out of me. Don't do this!

But whoever it was ignored her, instead kicking off her heels before unzipping the back of her skirt and shimmying it off. Then she did the same with her leggings. Now she stood in the bathroom, only her delicate white panties covering her waist, the dark black pubic hair just visible beneath the thin cotton.

Oh god oh god oh god.

The warmth was spreading through her. God, she was attracted to herself, enjoying the feel of the possessor making her paw at herself with her own hands.

"I just need to touch this gorgeous pussy," her voice said, a little thrill running through her at the sound of her own voice.

She would never say something like that. She would never use those words, but Mateo obviously liked hearing her say it because she grew even warmer.

She hooked her thumbs beneath her panties and rolled them down her legs, stepping out gracefully before flinging the panties to the side. Her little triangular thatch of black pubic hair pointed down to her pussy.

"Mmm, beautiful," she murmured, her eyes travelling up and down her body as Mateo forced Amber to gaze at herself.

She would have cried then if she could, hating it as he violated her body. Her hand slid down between her thighs, fingers grazed up and down her opening. She wasn't usually so sensual and was quite shy about her body. But Mateo's touch made her warm, and she was dragged along with his desire as he made her stroke herself.

Her body felt so wonderful and she couldn't fight the growing heat. Her fingers returned to between her legs, stroking up and down her entrance. The desire was building there, a gentle heat burning beneath her finger, a little wetness forming between her legs. One of her feet rose to prop itself on the toilet seat while her fingers spread her pussy wide and she was forced to gaze into her pink folds. She'd never liked the sight of her pussy, thinking it ugly, disgusting. But right then, gazing into her delicate opening, she was flooded with Mateo's desire, a burst of heat and tension spilling through her.

"Fuck, that's hot," her voice said.

Amber whimpered in her mind as she brought her other hand down and dipped into her warmth, landing on her moist folds and stroking up and down. Now one hand returned to her tits and she grabbed them again, while the fingers of the other remained inside, clasped gently by her little pussy lips. She felt so used even as she continued stroking herself, spreading her growing dew across her entrance.

Her breath came faster and she sighed. "Oh, fuuck," as a burst of heat flared through her. Mateo made her finger herself faster, harder, sinking into her heat, gliding her fingers through her tight, wet canal. Mateo explored her pussy with her own fingers, stroking up and down, in and out and around until she landed on her clit and a fire arced through her. She shuddered lightly and rested her fingers on the nub of her pleasure, circling slowly at first, but quickening along with her body.

There was a furnace inside her now, and her hands moved faster while her waist thrust against those fingers. A need arose inside her, a desperate tension that yearned to be broken. It twisted through her as she stroked her clit, fingers occasionally dipping down into her wetness. She could hear the

squish of her fingers inside herself now, feel her tight pussy clasp her fingers as she was forced to drive ever deeper inside herself, through the resistance of her pussy and up into her slick canal. Amber hated herself and him for making her feel so good, desperately wanting to control her body but also a slave to his desires.

Watching Amber finger herself in the mirror drove Mateo over the edge and he came inside her body, dragging her along. Her tiny mouth dropped open as her body quivered and her pussy clenched around her fingers. A long moan escaped her lips as she drove her fingers deep, deep into her warmth. The orgasm burned bright within her, lovely and long.

“Oh, fuck, I needed that,” her voice moaned.

Mateo withdrew her fingers. They were slick with her juices and she brought them to her nose, inhaling the musky scent of herself. Amber gagged but could do nothing but inhale her own scent. It was made even worse when, despite Amber’s disgust, her lips opened and she sucked the juices from her fingers, then forced her to say:

“Mmm, I love the taste of pussy.”

As Amber whimpered inside her head, begging him to leave, Mateo re-dressed. When her body was presentable, she returned to the couch and his passed-out body. She grabbed the metal device from his slack fingers and changed the settings, then pushed the button to transfer Mateo back.

Mateo

His eyes blinked open to see Amber standing in front of him. Her cheeks were red and she was smiling slightly.

“Mm, how long was I out?” Mateo asked.

“Long enough,” Amber replied, handing the device back to him.

She didn't say anything about what she'd done, but she clearly thought it was all her idea because she was extra shy and reserved. That meant Mateo could get away with anything in her body and she would justify it to herself as her own actions when he left. He wondered if anything would stick. Would doing something in Amber's body change her when he left? There had to be a way to find out.

###

Grace was waiting for them at a table on the outside patio alongside Ivy and her boyfriend, Jordan. Ivy was going through the same comp-sci degree program as Amber. But Ivy was also a cosplayer with a huge online following. Tonight Ivy had opted for a simple outfit to complement her shoulder-length hair, which she'd dyed a striking electric blue, probably for some convention or other. Her pale skin and slim features were well-suited to cosplay, as they could disappear under any sort of makeup or disguise she wished. Mateo smiled to see her here, as she was another one of his friends with whom he wished he had benefits.

Grace waved Amber and Mateo over, bouncing up to squeeze Amber in a warm hug before giving Mateo a much more subdued one. Amber took a stool next to Grace. She patted the stool next to her for Mateo, who greeted Isabell and Jordan before taking a seat.

Grace launched into a story about one of her professors and Amber listened intently, occasionally laughing over her cocktail. Grace was the older of the two sisters, but shorter. She was demure and reserved where Amber was outgoing and energetic, with a mature, confident sexiness that Amber lacked. Her face was more an oval shape, plumper than her sister's, and her thick dark eyebrows arched over her dark brown eyes.

Grace wore similar glasses to her sister: heavy black frames that worked beautifully with her wavy dark brown hair. Her outfit was less show-offy, the casual dress draping over her body, hinting at the wonderful curves beneath.

Mateo fiddled with the device as he listened, pressing the button he'd come to think of as a sort of “save” button and aiming the device first at Grace, then Ivy, nodding to himself when they showed up as subjects three and four on the display.

“What's that?” Jordan asked, pointing at the little device.

“Oh, it's a thing I found tonight,” Mateo said.

“What's it do?”

“Science experiment. Top secret.” Mateo played it off as a joke and changed the subject, turning to Ivy, “What’s the blue hair for?”

Ivy began telling him about her latest cosplay, both Jordan and Mateo nodding along.

Mateo was keenly aware of Amber beside him throughout the night. She kept glancing over at him as if deep in thought. When he noticed her looking she’d shoot him a smile and look away.

While waiting in line at the bar, Mateo kept thinking about the device. He had several women loaded up, but how could he possibly enjoy them all at once? The answer was simple: Dwight.

In his cell phone, Mateo logged onto the chat system they used and messaged his roleplay friend. It was late at night but Dwight still responded in a few minutes. His insomnia often kept him up late. Mateo told him he’d found a way to possess people in real life and had already tried it out on a girl friend. Naturally, Dwight didn’t believe him.

<Prove it. And no fakes.>

How? Mateo texted back.

<Send me a vid of her shaking her tits on your face and singing my name to the tune of Jingle Bells.>

No problem, Mateo replied. *And if I do, you have to come here so we can have fun in real life.*

<Deal.>

Mateo stuffed his phone back in his pocket and ordered another drink, already excited at the prospect of the real life roleplaying he was about to do.

It was at the end of the night, when Mateo and Amber were both tipsy and walking back to Amber’s place together did Mateo find out the reason for her shy glances. On the sidewalk in front of her house she slipped her arm through his. He started, surprised and pleased. She stopped him in front of her apartment, glancing around the street quickly. They were the only two out.

“Mateo,” she said, biting her lower lip nervously, “Could I ask...I mean, could you...” She blushed and took a deep breath, looking up into his eyes. “Could you squeeze my breast?”

Mateo opened his mouth several times but no sound came out. He’d made her wish out loud for that while inside her and now here she was wanting it.

Amber started to pull away. “No. Sorry. You’re my friend. I shouldn’t ask that.”

Mateo put his hand on the small of her back. “Of course.”

He reached up and cupped her breast. She closed her eyes and shivered, purring a little as he stroked her tit. It shouldn’t have gotten that reaction from her, except that apparently he’d primed her to want it so badly.

“Oh,” she said when he removed his hand. “That was magical.”

“Can I come up to your place?”

“Oh. I don’t know.” She hesitated, likely torn between her feelings of friendship and the desire Mateo had inserted into her mind.

“Just to use the bathroom,” Mateo assured her.

“Of course.”

It was a simple matter to slip into the bathroom and possess Amber, then shoot a video of her shaking her tits in Mateo's sleeping face while singing Dwight's name to the tune of Jingle Bells. He wondered what Amber made of it when he left her body. Whatever she thought, she didn't say a word to him.

* * *

Dwight arrived at Mateo's small studio apartment the next afternoon. He was an unassuming guy about Mateo's age, with short brown hair that he either couldn't be bothered to comb or was attempting to make stylishly messy and just not being able to pull off. He had a friendly face and he smiled shyly as Mateo opened the door to greet his friend for the first time in person.

Mateo let him in and they exchanged a few pleasantries, Dwight nervously looking around as if he expected there to be some sort of ambush.

"So, where's the machine?" Dwight asked, bouncing his left leg up and down anxiously as he sat on the couch.

"Right here," Mateo said, showing it off. "But the girls I'm putting us in, Grace and Ivy, are supposed to be meeting for lunch in about ten minutes so I was gonna wait."

"Ok. What do I do? What do I need to know about them?"

"Anything you want. And, nothing, really. You'll still be able to hear her in your head wondering what the hell's happening, but when you get out of her she won't remember being controlled. She'll think it was all her idea so you have to be careful. I've found I can make suggestions, and just saying them aloud can sort of change their minds."

"Mind control?"

"In a way."

"Oh, shit." Dwight looked awed at the responsibility he was about to have.

Mateo pointed the device at Dwight and flashed the light, loading him into the machine as *Subject 5*. He went through the settings with Dwight, explaining how it all worked.

Mateo had hidden a key outside his apartment lobby so they could get back inside to the device and swap out whenever they wanted. By the time Mateo had laid this all out it was a little past noon. Dwight set up the machine under Mateo's instruction and lay on the floor before pushing the red activation button. After Dwight's consciousness was gone, Mateo took the device from his limp hand and lay down on the couch in a comfortable position. He changed the settings to put himself inside Ivy then pushed the button and disappeared from his apartment.

Ivy

Ivy was sitting at a low booth in a busy Mexican restaurant across from Grace when the strange feeling began. She was perusing the menu when suddenly her eyes flicked over to her fingers. She found herself setting the menu down and flexing her tiny fingers, one at a time. It was as if her body was no longer under her control. She tried to move her hands, to look up or scream or something but her body didn't respond. Instead, her gaze dropped down to her chest to stare at the pink blouse she was wearing, and particularly the slim breasts pressing out the fabric. One of her hands came up and slipped a loose strand of hair behind an ear.

Oh fuck, what's going on?

"Shh, it's okay, Ivy," her voice whispered, "I'm going to take care of you."

Who the hell are you? Let me go!

She started to panic now, as she realized that some stranger was making her move and had complete control over her while she was forced to watch, helpless, from inside her own mind.

"Holy shit. It's really real!" Grace spoke up from across the table.

Ivy's head turned to face her and saw Grace grabbing her breasts, her cute face stretched by a huge grin. Oh, god, Grace was being controlled, too.

Her hands came up and grabbed Grace's, gently guiding them away from her breasts. "Stop that. Not here."

Thank goodness for small favors. But still, knowing what the person in Grace wanted and knowing they could touch her at any time made Ivy even more uneasy.

"Aw, man. I can't wait to play with these things," Grace said, twisting her torso to watch her breasts jiggle. She paused, listening to something Ivy couldn't hear. Probably Grace, terrified and trapped in her own mind. "Chill out, Grace," Grace finally said, rolling her eyes at Ivy. "You're going to love touching your tits as much as I do when we're done."

Hearing the normally cute, conservative Grace swearing like that made the person inside Ivy giggle and sent a little quiver of desire through her. Someone else's desire but real nonetheless.

Let us go. Please, you can't do this! What do you want?

The person ignored her as he made her run her hands through her hair and over her face, exploring the contours of Ivy's face. Her tongue slipped out and ran around her teeth, exploring her mouth and 'hmm-ing' at the slightly different shape. Her stomach rumbled, interrupting the stranger's exploration of her.

"Let's order," Ivy's voice said. "What she would get?"

Grace looked up at her and arched a delicate eyebrow. "Everything."

"What?"

“Yeah. Fuck it. Let’s go wild in these bodies. We can do whatever we want.”

Ivy felt herself smiling. “Okay,” her voice agreed, much to the horror of her mind.

Please don’t do this! she begged.

But the person inside ignored her, and together the women ordered food enough to fill the table: tamales, and chimichangas and burritos and tacos and chili con carne and soup and fried ice cream. The waiter piled the food on the table and Grace grabbed a tamale with her bare hands and stuffed it in her face, laughing as the sauce dripped down her chin. They were having a good time being someone else, their actions free of consequences, and Ivy’s stomach sank as she was forced to act like a slob.

She buried her face into the chimichanga, eating like a pig right off the plate. Her eyes stung with the sauce and when she came up she grabbed the hem of her shirt and wiped her face on it. To soothe her burning eyes she dumped the glass of ice water over her head, shivering as the icy cold water spilled into her shirt and pants. Ivy’s nipples spiked out beneath her top at the cold and the person inside made her push her tits together and, laughing, show them to Grace.

They hardly made a dent in all the food, even as Ivy stuffed herself until she ached. When they were both done, Grace surprised her by moving around the side of the table, picking up the ice cream and quickly dumping it down Ivy’s top. She gasped at the freezing cold on her chest, before scooping out as much as she could on one hand and charging after Grace. She was made to run, squealing through the restaurant until she caught her friend, wrapping one arm around Grace’s waist from behind and thrusting the remaining ice cream down the back of her pants. Grace howled playfully and swatted at her, dancing around until the ice cream melted out the bottom of her pants.

Grace turned and buried her head in between Isabella’s small breasts, licking out the ice cream. Watching her friend lick her was disgusting, but the stranger inside her delighted in it the feel of Grace’s warm tongue after all the cold. She was forced to watch Grace lick her, forced to feel her pussy growing moist with desire for her friend.

Oh god, the body thief was getting off on this! Ivy was mortified and disgusted at the way she was forced to behave and the way she was responding. But she had no choice. She was carried along by the person’s arousal, excited by the sight and feel of her friend touching her so intimately. They were only stopped when the manager approached them and kicked them out of the restaurant.

The two girls left the restaurant. They were covered in sauces and food, their clothes wet and sticking to their bodies, the water making their tops nearly see-through.

“I feel gross in all this shit,” Ivy’s voice said.

To her horror, she pulled her shirt off over her head right there and tossed it on the sidewalk. Then wiggled out of her pants. She stood on the sidewalk clad only in a bra and panties as she wiped her face with the least dirty part of her pants.

“Good idea,” Grace agreed, disrobing down to her bra and panties.

Now people were staring at them. A few started taking pictures. Ivy grabbed Grace’s hand and picked up both purses before leading her away through a nearby park. Ivy could feel the arousal from the stranger as he moved her nearly naked body, a strange desire for herself that she’d never had before as she was forced to gaze at her tiny body, feeling the warm air blow across her skin, watching her hips swaying, her breasts bobbing.

Grace reached out and pinched her ass, making her jump. She felt her lips curl into a smile and returned the gesture, grabbing Grace’s plump butt. They ran in circles, giggling and groping each other until Ivy finally caught Grace, grabbing her around the hips and slinging her onto the soft

grass. She collapsed on top of Grace, their slippery skin sliding together. Grace lay beneath her, her eyes bright with laughter. Ivy pushed her hair out of her eyes and found her face leaning down to kiss her friend.

Ivy recoiled in her head as her tongue met Grace's lips and their breasts rested together. Grace opened her mouth and welcomed Ivy inside, the two strangers evidently with the same idea about what to do in their stolen bodies. Ivy's tongue met Grace's before gliding around to explore the contours of her friend's mouth. She felt Grace's hand slide down the gentle curve of her back and grab her panty-clad ass.

Oh god no. Not here. Not with her. Ivy moaned, even as she was pulled along by the body thief's desire.

Her pussy grew moist at Grace's warm body lying beneath her. She rested a hand on Grace's breast, tracing the bra, fingers gripping the fabric to pull it aside and reveal her bare tit to the afternoon sun. Ivy pulled away from Grace's lips with a gasp before kissing her way across her cheek, eager and hungry for her friend's body.

Grace moaned softly, clutching Ivy to her. Ivy's lips found her friend's breasts, kissing over and under them before finally sucking on a tiny brown nipple. Ivy could taste all the flavors of Grace's skin: the tangy salt of her sweat, the hint of her honey bodywash, even the remains of the salsa from lunch.

Starving for her now, Ivy grabbed Grace's round tit and stuffed it in her mouth, yanking her bra down even further. Grace fidgeted beneath her as the bra stretched tight against her skin until Ivy released it and it snapped back up to her chin. The person inside Ivy was too horny, too wet to bother unhooking the bra, and continued nibbling Grace's delightful tits.

Grace had no such reluctance, and reached around to pull Ivy close before unsnapping Ivy's bra. Ivy shrugged it off her shoulders as her mind cried out in anguish as the stranger bared her breasts to the growing crowd of mostly men. Grace took Ivy's tiny tits in each hand and squeezed, too hard. The person inside had clearly never had tits before.

A few onlookers took out their cell phones and started recording as Ivy unsnapped Grace's bra and tossed it aside before diving back onto Grace's tits, forcing her friend back onto the ground as she suckled and burrowed her head between Grace's pillowy breasts.

Still sucking on her nipple, Ivy found her hand sliding down between her friend's legs and beneath the panties. Ivy trembled in her mind, recoiling as her fingers found her friend's coarse pubic hair, tracing it down to her slit, which was already moist and welcoming. She dipped lightly into Grace's warmth, felt the pussy lips wrap around her finger.

She should have been disgusted, terrified, but instead she was turned on, her body yearning for more. And the stranger was going to give it to her. Her own pussy echoed in response as she traced Grace's folds, spreading her moisture up and down her slit. Grace trembled beneath her, her breath coming faster as Ivy's fingers slid up and down her entrance.

"I need to taste your pussy," Grace begged.

Despite herself, the sound of Grace begging for it made Ivy even wetter. She flipped around to lie on her friend in reverse, head to toe, so that her face was between Grace's legs and Grace's between hers. She found herself yanking down Grace's panties and gazing at her beautiful pussy. Ivy had no interest in women, had never thought pussy's were beautiful, but she couldn't look away from Grace's, and the warmth trickling through her body became a river as she stared into her friend, taking in the little strip of dark hair surrounding the wet folds. Spreading Grace with her fingers, she slid her tongue inside, the body thief sighing as the taste of Grace's salty essence hit Ivy's tongue. Just tasting her friend's pussy made her wet, even before Grace began licking her own.

She couldn't believe she was doing this, especially here in public. But she couldn't stop. The stranger's desire overpowered her disgust and she licked and suckled her friend's pussy, growing hornier and wetter. Her body was burning now, needing the sweet relief of release, and she dreaded it even as she yearned for it.

The two friends lay on each other, licking and sucking. Ivy moaned into Grace's pussy as a small orgasm shook her, making her pause to shiver in delight before returning her head to feast on her friend's sweet pussy once more. Her desire rose in waves, ebbing and cresting but gradually growing ever bigger, building to something huge.

She burrowed her head deeper into Grace's pussy while Ivy wailed helplessly inside her mind, disgusted at the musky smell of her friend. She thrust her hips against Grace's tongue, humping her as Grace's tongue slid ever deeper inside and took long, glorious licks of her pussy. Ivy felt two fingers entering her sopping canal, pushing apart the walls of her cunt as they burrowed inside her, the delightful fullness aided by the tongue on her clit. Now her friend was fingering her and Ivy found herself arching her back and moaning, riding back and forth on her friend as the pleasure exploded through her.

Against her will she came then, throwing back her head and crying out as she rode Grace's face back and forth. The orgasm burned through her, her breath going ragged as the tension burst and pleasure raged through her body. Grace came with her. She could feel her friend quivering, could feel her moaning into Ivy's cunt. Both of the strangers enjoyed their orgasms, bodies burning full and bright as they carried the girls' minds along with them.

The pleasure released Ivy slowly and she lay on Grace's thigh, tracing her friend's velvety folds with her fingers, still horny and ready for another release. But there were so many onlookers now. She glanced up to a crowd of mostly young men cheering her on, their phones pointed at her. God, the humiliation. How could she explain this wasn't her? That she was being possessed? No one would ever believe her.

She was grateful when her body sat up and pushed her silky hair out of her face. Grace's musk wafted into her nose as she smiled shyly at everyone. Helping Grace to her feet, both girls cast about for their filthy underclothes. They put them back on before Ivy took Grace's hand and ran with her through the park, Ivy silent with embarrassment and anger in her mind.

Mateo

Their bodies were still lying awkwardly on the couch where they'd left them. The little device had slipped out of Mateo's hand and rolled onto the carpet but it was unharmed. With Ivy's fingers, Mateo set it on the coffee table and put his hands on his hips, observing his body from a perspective he'd never seen before.

Oh god, Ivy cried as realization struck. Mateo? You did this? You stole my body?

Mateo laughed. "Yeah, but I liked it. It's fun having sex in front of strangers. I want to do it all the time."

You're disgusting. I would never do that.

Mateo just smiled, knowing that when he hopped out of her his suggestion would make it true.

Grace ran her hands through her now-stringy hair. It was disheveled, with bits of grass and leaves sticking out. She raised her arm and sniffed her armpit.

"Yuck. I need a shower," she said.

"I'll join you."

They stripped naked and climbed into the shower, neither of them able to resist groping the other and themselves.

"I should have been Grace. Bigger tits would be nice," Mateo groused, staring down at Ivy's thin body as the hot water sluiced down his gentle curves.

"Nothing wrong with your body," Grace countered as she slid her hands around each tit, staring at them in wonder.

They soaped each other up until they were sudsy and slippery. Grace's hand felt glorious as it found its way around Mateo's body, sliding over each breast and between his legs. He cooed as her fingers found Ivy's pussy, teasing him slowly as heat coiled within his body and he leaned against Grace, kissing her gently on the neck.

"I could so fuck again," Mateo moaned, his eyes closed, delight circling through him.

Grace took his face in her hands and kissed him slow and deep, her hot breath filling his mouth. Finally, she pulled away, her lips curling into a smile.

"Why don't you fuck yourself?"

"What?"

"Your body's lying on the couch. You can't tell me you haven't been thinking what it would be like to feel a dick inside your pussy? Especially your own dick?"

No. Please no.

Mateo ignored her, shutting off the water and toweling off quickly before returning to the living room with Grace. It was so odd seeing himself from another person's perspective, and he knelt by the couch to look closer. He leaned over and kissed himself on the lips, flicking out his tongue to taste himself. He stroked his masculine features with Ivy's tiny hand, following it down his body to his pants. It would be almost like masturbation, pleasuring himself with two bodies that were both familiar.

Shuffling around, he unzipped his male body's pants and pushed them down until his cock was free. It was soft and warm as he took it in his fingers and then leaned his head forward.

No, no, no! Ivy screamed as he opened her lips and swallowed his own dick.

He could taste the slight musk of himself and he was able to cram the whole of his soft cock in between his lips. To his surprise, he felt it pulse to life, slowly growing harder as he sucked on it, inflating between his lips like a balloon until, at last, it stood erect in every sense of the word. It felt huge through Ivy's tiny fingers as he wrapped them around his shaft and gazed at it, before opening his lips and swallowing himself again. This time he glided Ivy's lips up and down his own dick slowly, filling his mouth while Ivy gagged in her head, sobbing at her friend's betrayal.

Mateo used his hand to help, gliding down the shaft and filling his mouth. The cock slid across his tongue to the back of his throat. He took as much in as he could, opening wide to swallow himself down.

Sucking his own dick was hotter than he'd thought, and it soon made him delightfully warm and wet. Mateo lifted his lips off his former cock with a wet pop and straddled his still-unconscious body before grasping his dick and lowering himself onto it. There was a pressure as the cockhead met Ivy's tight entrance, and he shifted, dragging his former cock up and down his dew until it was slippery with Ivy's juices. Then he sank down slowly, almost holding his breath as he was filled. His pussy parted as the cockhead slipped inside, the shaft inching apart his velvety lips. Mateo lowered himself slowly, enjoying the beautiful fullness as he penetrated his new pussy with his old cock until he was resting on his groin.

Oh, fuck, that felt amazing. The contours of his dick fit perfectly inside him. The walls of Ivy's pussy clenching the warm shaft. He could feel the way it curved up, just teasing the dimpled nub of his inner pleasure. There was a rightness to having a dick inside him, a feeling of completeness that made him ache for release.

Leaning Ivy's hands on his former chest, Mateo began rocking slowly, closing his eyes as he grinded on the beautiful cock inside him. He started in surprise when two large hands gripped his waist, and he opened his eyes to see his former body staring up at him with a crooked grin. Mateo began to pull off but the hands on his hips gripped him tight and yanked him back down. Mateo moaned as the cock slammed into him, burying itself to the hilt inside him.

"Who...are...you?" Mateo said between gasps, grinding back and forth on the wonderful cock once again.

"It's me, Dwight," his own voice said.

"Where's Grace?"

"Here," someone gasped.

I turned and saw Grace stretched out on the floor watching us with half-lidded eyes. She was still naked and one hand was rubbing her clit, her legs spread to reveal her velvety folds.

"Keep going," Grace murmured, "That's fucking hot."

What is she doing? What did he do to her?

Mateo turned back to his own body with Dwight inside, pausing for a second. "What happened?"

"I started masturbating, then switched us."

It was brilliant in its simplicity. When Grace regained control of her body, all the memories of being controlled disappeared and she rationalized that she must want to masturbate while watching her friends fuck. With that, Mateo resumed grinding on his own cock as Dwight pumped up into Ivy's tight pussy.

Dwight gripped Mateo's ass, hands digging into Ivy's sensitive skin, yanking her down on his hard cock. Mateo played with his small tits, yanking and twisting the little nipples until they were pink and inflamed, the pain matching the beat of the pleasure. His body was on fire with need and he urged Dwight on.

"Faster, faster," he moaned in Ivy's small, sensual voice.

Dwight obliged, gripping him harder and thrusting up into him. From beside them on the floor Grace cried out with a small orgasm. She was so gorgeous spread out on the floor like that, naked and wriggling, her fingers slick with her juices, the wet sounds of her pussy hitting Mateo's ears. Mateo had to have her.

He leaned over and swiped the device off the table, quickly changing the settings.

"Keep fucking me," he ordered Dwight, before pushing the button.

The room flipped and then he was staring up at the ceiling, one hand on his tits, the fingers of the other in his sopping wet pussy. He circled Grace's clit as a delicious tension built inside her, threatening to explode at any moment.

What's happening? Grace asked, bewildered as she once again lost control of her body. Though to her, it seemed to be the first time.

Mateo ignored her cries as he circled her swollen clit in tight circles, his other hand gripping a tit until the pressure released. He howled out his orgasm into the room, raising his hips to meet the circling fingers as pleasure blew through him.

He was still warm and ready when he came down, and now he crawled over to Dwight's unconscious body. Dwight was still fucking Ivy in Mateo's body, only now Ivy was enjoying it, throwing back her head and moaning, begging for more. She'd forgotten she'd been controlled; she only knew that she desperately needed Mateo's cock. They continued fucking, slowing down the rhythm so Dwight could get himself under control before picking up again, riding Ivy's beautiful orgasms. They came so much more easily now that she was delighted with her body and ready for sex anywhere and anytime.

Mateo unbuttoned Dwight's pants and wrapped Grace's lips around his cock, much to Grace's disgust.

What are you doing? Why are you making me do this? Please leave me alone!

Despite her rage, Mateo enjoyed the feel of Dwight's cock as it grew hard between Grace's plump little lips. He dragged her tongue up and down, sucking Dwight off, pausing only when he was dripping wet to straddle Dwight's prone body and sink Grace's pussy onto his friend's cock. She was a little tighter than Ivy, and the pressure built as the cockhead pressed against her entrance. With an inaudible pop Dwight's dick slipped inside and Mateo sighed as he sank down onto it. It pressed apart the walls of his canal, filling him.

No, please no.

Mateo ignored her, the pleasure and fullness almost too much to bare. God, Grace's body was beautiful, and he stared down at his little pussy, the shaft disappearing inside. When he was all the way down, and Dwight's cock filled his pussy, he grabbed the device again and pushed the buttons, trying something new and ejecting Grace into Dwight's body.

Dwight's eyes grew wide and then he grinned wickedly, grabbing Mateo's hips and yanking him down. Grace fucked herself with Dwight's dick, watching as her beautiful body wriggled and moaned above her. Mateo leaned forward and shoved Grace's tits into her face. She sucked at them greedily, Dwight's desire for her body making her grunt with effort as she fucked herself, moving faster and faster, pausing right before she crested to shut her eyes and get hold of herself. Then she resumed, much to Mateo's delight.

The four fucked for a long time, every so often using the device to swap until they'd all been everyone. Mateo had thrust into Grace's tight pussy and been thrust into, both cocks burrowing into the women, sharing their juices in a long body-switching orgy. It ended only when Ivy, in Mateo's body, couldn't hold it any longer.

Mateo was riding Ivy—him in her body, she in his—when she grunted and thrust into Mateo. He felt his former cock throb inside him, hot seed pumping into Ivy's wet, aching pussy. He moaned as he rode her, taking it all in, hands greedy for his own body, fingers squeezing his tits, urging the pleasure through him and crying out in Ivy's high-pitched voice as the orgasm broke over them both. Beside them, a mixed-up Grace and Dwight did the same.

Mateo collapsed on his own chest, clutching his former body as Ivy's body was rocked with aftershocks. His own cock was still inside him, delightful even as it grew soft. He stayed there as Ivy stroked his back, reveling in this sense of completeness until he came all the way down. Only then did he pull off and sat up on the couch. He tossed his hair out of his eyes and looked down at his pussy. The sight of Ivy's tight cunt leaking white cum made him shiver with delight. God, Ivy was gorgeous when she was filthy.

Mateo never did give the device back. He'd shared his mind with Ivy, Dwight and Grace, and they were all in tacit agreement. They were all changed after the experience, but Ivy and Grace the most. The two usually reserved girls were more wild, kissing each other in the open, groping and fondling each other as strangers looked on.

Ivy broke up with her boyfriend and she and Grace moved in with Mateo, who got a bigger apartment. They spent their nights pleasuring each other and him, for every time he entered their bodies he reinforced their desire to serve him until they wanted him unconditionally. He also changed their desires so that they wanted to invite others to share him. With Dwight's help they brought Amber over, changing her desires to suit their own.

Dwight never did go back to his home, instead choosing to live with Mateo. They could pick out a new body every day, finding anyone they wanted on the streets and hopping them to take home to join their growing harem, where they would be welcomed excitedly by all the girls and join in the nightly orgies.

By the time the machine stopped working it no longer mattered, because Mateo had everything he wanted. Amber, Grace and Ivy were the leaders, teaching the others how to please Mateo and Dwight and catering to their every need. Just as he commanded and they desired. It was everything Mateo had ever wanted.

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Thank you!

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

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