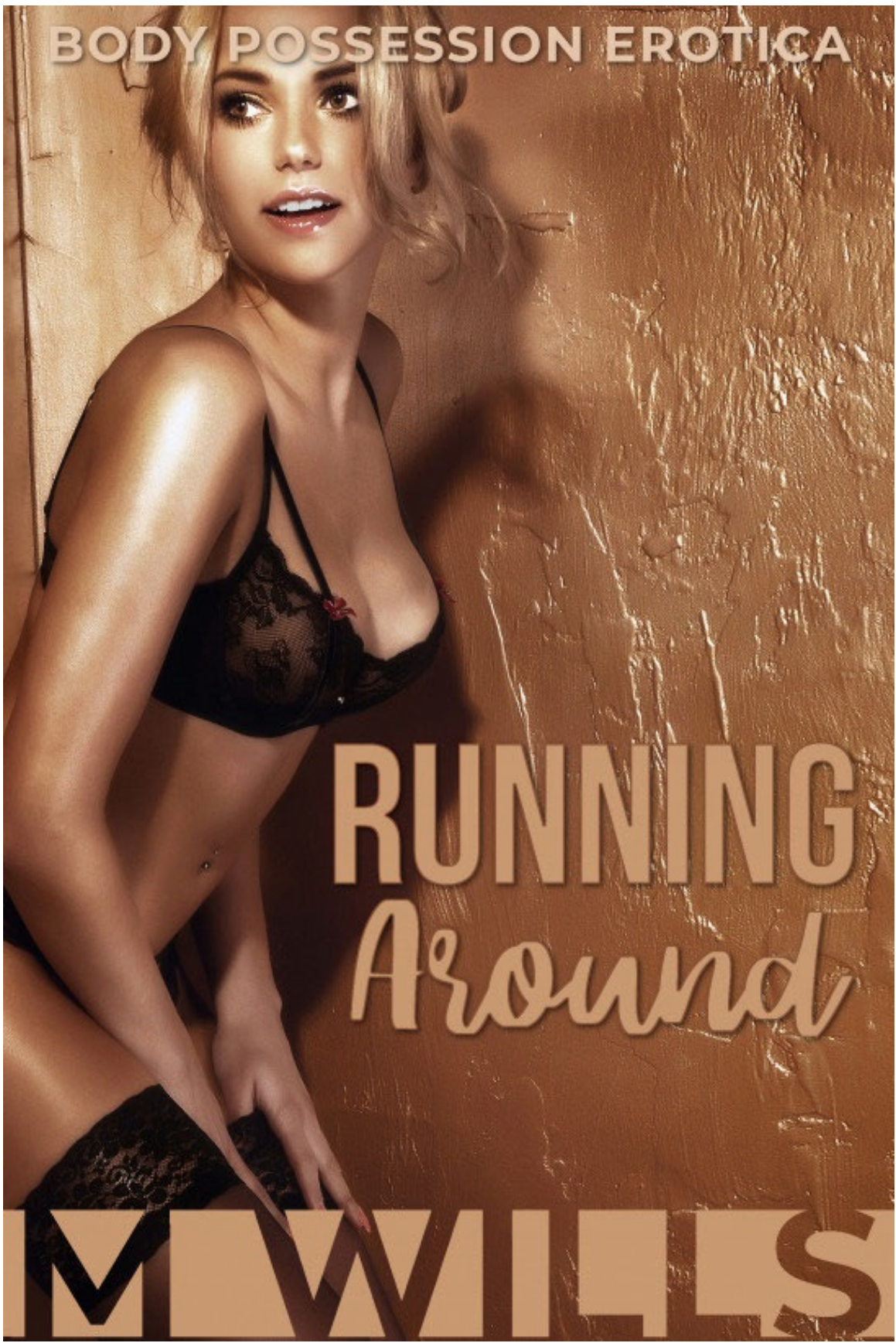


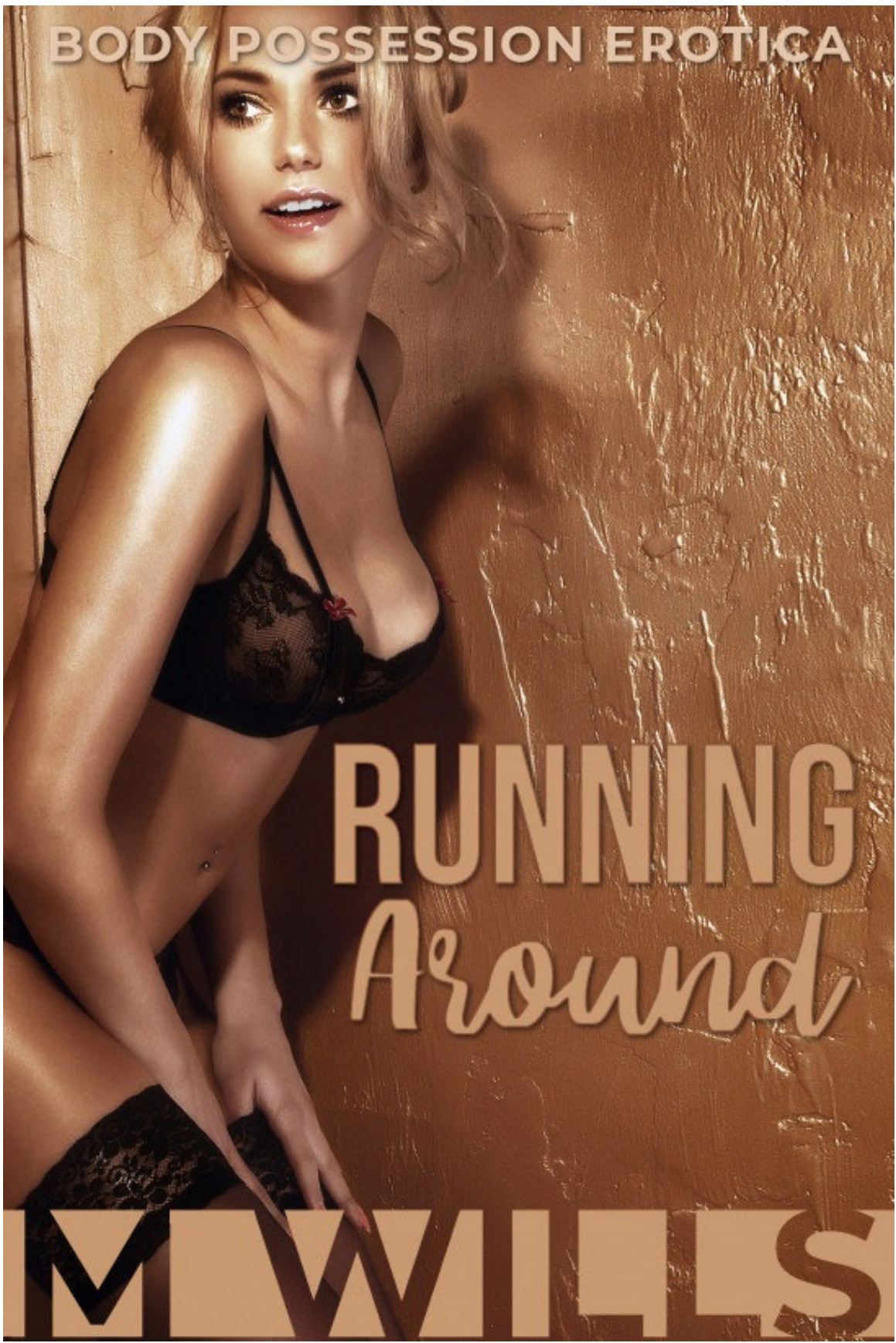
BODY POSSESSION EROTICA



RUNNING
Around

MWILTS

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Running Around

by M. Wills

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Sexy Preview of Running Around

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“I agree,” I whisper, as I slide a finger inside myself, watch my lips fold around my digit, feel myself being penetrated as I watch myself doing the penetrating. I shiver uncontrollably, a mini-orgasm brought on as much from the resolution of anticipation as from the physical pleasure. The feeling makes my legs clench together and squeezes a gasp from my lips. My other hand comes up and grabs my sports bra, gripping hard at the tits beneath the slippery fabric. I continue slipping my finger in and out of my pussy, growing ever wetter, my clit expanding. I rub faster in time with the rhythm of my body. I'm making small, tight circles over my clit, squeezing my tits. My hips thrust up and I bury my fingers deeper inside my lithe body. Liz's voice escapes my lips, her high pitched cries fill the room as her body vibrates with pleasure.

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Read on for the rest...

Running Around

I knock on the elegant, wood door of my wife's office and—at her distracted “Come on in”—push it open.

Liz is still hard at work at her desk at the far end of the room. In the windows behind her, the campus quad is laid out, mostly empty but for a few students wandering across the grass here and there. The glow of the afternoon sun throws a comfortable warmth over the room, splashing across the polished wooden floorboards and illuminating the rows of leather-bound volumes that fill the shelves along each wall. The rich smell of oiled wood and old books mingles with the faint aroma of nervous undergrad that's a hallmark of any tenured professor's office.

Liz's glasses are pushed down low over her adorable little nose and her elegant eyebrows are scrunched slightly in concentration.. She doesn't look up from her computer as I enter; intent on grading some student's assignment which, from the frown on her face, doesn't seem to be going well. Pausing in her typing, she absentmindedly tucks some loose strands of honey blonde hair back behind an elfin ear before resuming.

“Hey, hon,” I say. “We're gonna miss our plane if we don't get out of here soon.”

She looks up at me with her deep blue eyes, noticing my intrusion for the first time. Her face softens and the familiar smile replaces her professorial frown. In her girlish smile I can still see the shy twenty-year-old I fell in love with so many years ago.

“Sorry, got caught up,” she says. “I didn't want to have to think about this on vacation.”

“That's why you should make the assignments due after spring break instead of before.”

“Ugh, can you imagine the complaints I'd get?” She pulls off her glasses and rubs her eyes.

“It doesn't seem to stop Professor Gregory.”

“Yeah, well, Zachary's an ornery old man who enjoys conflict.” She grins.
“Don't tell him I said that.”

“My lips are sealed.”

Professor Gregory is in my department. Though he would, I'm sure, prefer that I say that I'm in his. True, I'm just the departmental administrator, but I'm the one who cuts the checks.

He's not a bad guy to work with; he's just very much the absent-minded professor. I think his waspish behavior is mostly just a reflection of his desire to concentrate on deep philosophical problems like what a machine consciousness would look like, rather than the more humdrum and vastly less important (to him, anyway) problems of proper workplace etiquette and scheduling. I don't bring any of this up to Liz; we've discussed it all before.

I cross behind her and place my hands on her shoulders, digging my thumbs into her tense shoulders.

In response, she moans and tosses her head back, eyes closed.

I lean down and kiss her cheek, catching her faint flowery scent. "Come on," I whisper, "I can't wait to have you alone."

She smiles and places a hand on mine. I gaze down at the smooth skin of her slender fingers, knowing that, in a couple more hours, they'll be mine to play with.

As if reading my thoughts she whispers, "I can't wait to have you inside me."

She turns off the computer and stands, and I take the opportunity to wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her. As she leans into me and wraps her arms around my neck, I reach down and squeeze her ass.

Giggling, she hits me playfully. "I thought we had a plane to catch."

"Yeah, we do." Reluctantly, I pull away and we walk out the door together.

I'd happily use my abilities to hop inside her body for the flight and save us a

plane ticket, but we have the money and she wants someone next to her, someone to hold - so I go as myself.

It's been so long since I've used my powers, I'm itching to get out of my own skin. When I was younger, the airport offered me a sense of adventure. I could go anywhere in the world and experience anything just by hopping the right traveler. I'd gone to my share of weddings (as both bride and groom), visited exotic locals and, once, gotten involved in a shady drug deal. But now, being with Liz was all I needed.

I was terrified the first time I revealed my powers to her. It was several months into our relationship when I sat her down and told her what I could do. Naturally, I had to demonstrate. So I hopped into her body, letting her stay awake and experience my control of her body as I sipped her coffee briefly, then hopped out. She was a bit shaken but didn't run screaming from the room and, as she came to trust me, she learned to enjoy it. She could feel the pure pleasure I got just from moving about in her form. All the insecurities she had about her own body gradually disappeared, replaced with my own joyful exuberance. To me, she was perfect, and she felt that when I was inside her. I'd offered to hop anyone she wanted, bring home any body for her to have fun with, but she demurred. She didn't want anybody; she wanted me.

Now, sitting next to her on the flight and glancing over at her gorgeous face as she reads, I feel that old excitement for a hop. I can't wait to touch her, to feel her from the inside. To be her utterly and completely.

We finally arrive at Los Angeles and are waiting at the baggage terminal for our luggage when I hear a gruff voice behind me. "Excuse me, sir, would you mind coming with me?"

I turn with a start and find Dennis, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

“I hope so. Otherwise we're renting a car,” I say as I grip him in an awkward bear hug.

Dennis is a big guy and everything's awkward with him. He's one of my oldest friends and, in all this time, I don't think I've ever seen him comfortable in his own body. If anyone would benefit from being a hopper it's Dennis. Nothing gives you perspective on your own body quite like being in someone else's.

“You remember my wife, Liz, right?”

“Hi, Dennis,” she smiles.

“Of course!” He smiles back and gives her the same awkward hug, his lower body planted firmly away from her body so he has to lean heavily on her to execute the hug.

“Where's Nat?” Liz asks.

Dennis grimaces and shakes her head. “Don't know. Probably still off with her piano instructor.”

“Oh, I'm sorry,” Liz replies, growing beet red. I realize I'd forgotten to fill her in on Dennis's current relationship status.

“Perfectly okay. They're more harmonious together than we ever were.” He guffaws loudly at his own joke.

Dennis insists on carrying our bags, hoisting them up in his beefy arms as if they weigh nothing. We climb into Dennis's car—a black Mercedes CLS—and I sit up front so he can catch me up on old friends and acquaintances. The L.A. traffic's bad, but then when isn't it? It takes us about forty five minutes to get back to Dennis's house. He's got a small place near the beach. At least, at one point it was small but he's added on to it over time. He guides us out back to a separate bungalow, chatting merrily all the while. Our bungalow is cozy and well-maintained, with a single large bedroom and a small bathroom.

“The kitchen's in the main house, which you're welcome to use any time” Dennis says, flipping on the light, “But you've got a coffee machine and a microwave here. All the comforts of dorm life.”

“Much better than dorm life I'd say. Remember the freshman dorms?” I shudder. “Cinder block walls and tiled floors? It was like living in a prison.”

“Not that you spent many nights in it anyway.” Dennis notes wryly.

“Oh really?” Liz interjects, wrapping herself around my arm. “And where did you spend most of your nights?”

I cough. “That was a long time ago.”

“Oops,” Dennis laughs, “And, with that, I'll leave you to get refreshed. I've got to go into the office tomorrow morning but here's a key to the house. Help yourselves to anything you need.”

Dennis leaves the key on the table and slips out while Liz and I unpack and prepare for bed.

We're standing next to each other brushing our teeth when Liz asks, “Does Dennis know about your ability?”

I shake my head and spit out my mouthful of toothpaste. “You're the only one I've ever told.”

“And did you ever use your abilities to...help Dennis with his dating life?”

I give her a sideways glance. “Once or twice. Never anyone crazy, no cheerleaders or our professors or anything. Only women I thought he could get if he was a little less awkward. It worked. He ended up dating one for a long time.”

“Would you ever do that for me?”

“Is that what you want?”

“I don't know.” She leans her hip against the counter. “Everybody fantasizes about someone else from time to time, right? In a purely theoretical way... But you can actually make it happen. And it'd still be you, just...as someone else.”

I take her in my arms and look down at her beautiful face, take in her delicate pixie features and kiss her on the tip of her nose. “You're the only one I want. But, if there's someone you want, I'll get him. Or her.”

She smiles, nods once in finality and we climb into bed. She falls asleep with her arm thrown across my chest protectively.

I wake up inside Liz's body and curled into the back of her mind. The sun has slipped through a crack in the curtains and sends a sharp line directly across my side of the bed. I let her stay in control, happy just to be a passenger, waking up as a beautiful woman. I watch through her perspective as she rubs her eyes, enjoying the thrill of feeling her tiny body stretch and yawn. She rolls over and realizes I'm no longer in the bed.

“Tony?” she calls out.

Right here, I reply.

I feel Liz's mouth curl into a smile as her body sinks back onto the bed.
“Couldn't wait, huh?”

You know it.

“Excited about this?” she whispers, one hand coming up to her pert little breast. She gropes it gently, squeezing her soft flesh. And I can feel everything: her breast, the touch of her fingers, the faint heat between her legs. She senses my growing desire and laughs, releasing her boob. “You’ll have to wait until after my run.”

God, you're going to kill me!

She stands, my perspective shifting with her as she heads to the bathroom. “Don’t look,” she says, as she sits. But I have no choice, I can feel her pee, hear the stream hit the porcelain, feel the relief flooding through her. I don’t mind. This is the normalcy I enjoy. The consummate banality of being someone else is what I truly desire.

She brushes her teeth, making faces at herself—faces at me—in the mirror. Then she rummages through her luggage and finds her jogging gear. She squeezes the tight peach-colored running shorts over her legs, pulling them up over her calves, her thighs, adjusting them around her ass. It’s criminal how short these things are; she’s practically wearing nothing, but god it feels great to have my sexy body on display.

Then the fuchsia sleep top comes off and I get a quick glimpse of Liz’s breasts, hanging down from my chest as she bends to pick up her top. I can feel her tits as my own, jiggling together, and I want to touch them, lick them, squeeze them. But I hold off. The anticipation is killing me, coiling in my belly and sharpening my senses.

She pulls on her jogging top and adjusts it over her tits, before tying her hair up

in a ponytail. Lacing up her shoes, she looks in the mirror one last time. I stare through her eyes at the cute blonde, at my wife, at myself.

“Let's go,” she says, and heads out the door.

Racing down the beach I remember what a thrill it is to be Liz. She navigates the few short blocks to the beach slowly. By the time we reach the running path on the outskirts of the beach, her body is warmed up nicely. We turn away from the Ferris wheel at Santa Monica pier and head south towards Venice Beach, picking up the pace until Liz falls into what is apparently her usual rhythm. Our legs are pumping, our arms are swinging, our ponytail is jiggling, and our tits are swaying—even beneath the sports bra. Liz's body is a beautiful machine and I'm hypnotized feeling her move.

My breath comes faster as we run and my feminine body is soon covered in a light sheen of sweat, but Liz runs on. There's a determination needed to run, something I don't have. In my own body, I very quickly reach the 'this sucks, this sucks, this sucks' phase and quit. But Liz's body pushes on, down past the stalls setting up for the morning, past the cafes and shops, past the outdoor gym where everyone's trying to be the next Schwarzenegger, all the way until the lane ends at Venice Beach and then back again. Only when we get back to our starting point, with the Ferris Wheel behind us, does she slow and then stop at a park near the edge of the path.

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I sit up and lean my head down on the bed, ass up in the air. My cunt is wide open, sensitive and soaking wet. I twist my hand through my legs and finger myself hard, using gravity to sink down on my fingers. My head is turned to one side as I fuck myself hard. I'm screaming now, crying out again and again as I fuck Liz senseless, until I cum hard for a fourth time, a fifth time, and her pussy juices drip down my arms. I make her cum until I'm exhausted and my legs are quivering with effort. And only then do I drop onto the bed, curling my arms around my legs in a fetal position and rest, jolted every now and then by aftershocks.

I bring one hand to my nose, inhale the wonderful musky scent of Liz's pussy. Of my pussy. I caused this. My body aches wonderfully and Liz, in my mind, is so satisfied that she doesn't object as I lick the taste of her cunt off my fingers. When I'm in control, her feelings are mine, and only now does she realize how delicious her pussy tastes.

I get to shower in Liz's body, running my soapy hands over every inch of my skin, letting my fingers play across my springy breasts.

I only realize how warm I'm making Liz when she pipes up, God, if you love taking a shower as me this much, maybe you should do it every time.

I smile and arch my back, running my fingers across my little bubble butt and between the crack of my ass. "Just gotta make sure you're clean."

When I'm done, I dry myself off and, after surprising Liz with how adept I am at curling her hair and applying her makeup, I admit to her that I'm borrowing her own memories to do so. I'm pulling my favorite hair and makeup looks from her mind until I'm gazing into the mirror at the most perfect Liz: cute and sexy. I need to look my best to go meet Chrissy. It's a rivalry thing.

Liz helps me pick out an outfit: a light blue sleeveless blouse and white pants. The pants hug my small curves and it's a struggle to get them on but, when I do, I realize how perfect they are. They emphasize my figure, molding to my firm calves and strong thighs. The blouse is casual and pretty without being too revealing. Some small diamond studs complete the look I grab Liz's purse and walk down to the cafe where we're meeting Chrissy.

We're nearly there, when Liz speaks up, Can I have control again?

She is Liz's friend. So, even though I'm having fun in her body, I agree.

"Ok. Let me sit down so you don't get hurt."

Picking a seat in the corner, I scan the room for Chrissy, just in case, but she's not here yet.

“Ready?” I whisper.

Yes.

I pull back into her mind and push Liz forward. Her body sways slightly as she takes back control. Not a moment too soon, because Chrissy now coming towards us. I've never met her but Liz recognizes her and waves her over.

I have to admit, Chrissy is pretty. She's got long, dark chocolate colored hair, with sharp bangs cut short across her forehead that h draw attention to her stunning blue eyes. Her nose and her cheekbones have a sharpness that saves her from bland beauty and pushes her into interestingly attractive. It's a face you want to look at, and a body to go with it. She's got a large chest, not impossibly Los Angeles huge, but heavy and natural. She wears a low slung red top that shows off the dark valley of her cleavage and shorts that reveal smooth golden thighs. As we hug I feel her breasts press against Liz.

“Oh my God, Liz, you look amazing!” Chrissy gushes as she takes a seat.

You're welcome, Liz, I say.

“You too!” Liz cries, ignoring me. “I love your outfit.”.

“Oh, this old thing? I just paid an obscene amount of money for it and spent hours figuring out the perfect combination.” Chrissy grins. “You know, no big deal.”

“How's the architecture business going?”

“Oh, it's going. No one has vision anymore. Everyone wants to live in the same boring box with windows. I'd love a chance to do something else. A box without windows perhaps? I don't know, something.”

I let Chrissy and Liz talk. Chrissy's funny and outgoing, unafraid to speak her mind. I can see how she grated on Liz when they were in close proximity every day. Distance seems to have mellowed them but, every now and then, I get a hint of their rivalry... particularly when Liz starts talking about me and Chrissy admits she's not having much luck with men.

It's nice that Liz is enjoying herself, but I'm stuck with the selfish thought that this is running into my 'Liz' time. The two girls order coffee and chat, reliving old events, new boyfriends, and the daily trials of life. Liz could probably sit here for hours but I need to change things up. So, the next time Chrissy touches Liz's arm to emphasize some point, I hop.

In a flash, I'm looking across the table at Liz. I can feel the bangs tickling my forehead when I move. I'm immediately aware of my heavier breasts and the exposed flesh on my thighs. I scratch my nose, tracing my finger down the new contours of my face. Suddenly, Liz furrows her brow and I can see her muttering something.

“Something wrong, honey?” I ask.

“No. No. Just...” She stops and looks closer, staring into my eyes. “Tony?”

I nod. “Sorry, couldn't help myself. I wanted to see what it's like to be your rival. Trust me, she doesn't measure up.”

Liz sits back and appraises me. “Is she still in there with you?”

“Yes, but she's basically sleeping. Once I leave her, she'll remember doing everything as if it was her own choice.”

“How is being her different from me?”

I tap my fingers on the table as I consider my response, the heavy rings making a metallic clink. “Mentally, I can feel Chrissy's personality, just at the edge of perception. And I can either let myself be guided by it or go in a completely different direction.”

I shift in my seat, assessing my new shape. “Physically, my perspective's different. I'm taller than you, my eyes are spaced differently, my nose is picking up fainter smells...that sort of thing. I adjust to the changes with each body, but I still notice them.”

“Also,” I shrug and let my tits bounce up and down once, “I'm keenly aware of

these.”

“I’ll bet. Sounds like it is still you.”

“Yep, it’s me, hon.”

I reach across the table and clasp Liz’s hand, circling my slender fingers around hers as I stare into her clear blue eyes. “Let’s go take a walk,” I suggest.

We wind our way slowly through the streets, Liz glancing at me every now and then, as if she still can’t quite believe it’s me in Chrissy’s skin. At some point, she lets me take her hand in mine while she continues quizzing me about my abilities.

Can I read Chrissy’s thoughts? (Sort of. Specific things are easy, but experiences are made up of hazy perceptions rather than words and take some figuring out.)

Can I plant fake memories in her head? (Not really. I can repeat certain things to myself, sort of like one would if they were rote learning, but these things are shallow and temporary at best, and without the full depth of a true experience.)

Can I block out things from her memory? (Again – not really. The best I seem to be able to do is make things seem like a dream.)

How do I make her think she wanted to do everything I make her do? (I don’t

know, it just happens. The human mind has an amazing ability to justify the unjustifiable and toss away that which doesn't make sense. It seems to be different if the host knows they're being hopped.)

Liz's palm is warm and soft and she grows more comfortable as I reveal the limitations of my powers. We amble through the streets and, I'm so intent on making sure Liz is comfortable, I hardly notice when we arrive outside the tall, wooden gate of Dennis's bungalow.

“Should I leave Chrissy here?”

Liz stays my arm. “No. Come on in.”

I follow Liz through the gate and down the path to our room. When we get inside, Liz turns to me and takes my hands in hers..

“Would you mind...I've always been curious...” She glances down, her cheeks flushing, then back up at me. “Can I see Chrissy's body?”

I nod, happy to oblige. Unbuttoning my top, I spread it open, each button reveals more of Chrissy's heavy breasts. I drop my top on the bed and now I'm wearing only a satiny white bra and shorts. I reach around and unhook my bra; let it join my red top on the bed. My tits bounce free and I'm relieved of the uncomfortable pressure of my bra, the red marks where it dug into my skin still visible on my naked body.

Liz and I both stare down at Chrissy's tits. They're heavy and round. There's a tiny mole on the left one and faint stretch marks around the side from carrying so much weight for so long. They seem huge from my perspective, more so having just been inside Liz's tiny body.

“Can I...?” Liz asks, raising her hand.

I nod and Liz caresses one of my tits, petting it gently like touching a wild animal.

“Wow. They are real.”

She brushes one to the side and releases it, watching it wobble back into place. Her touch on my skin makes me glow, a warmth flaring between my legs. Her fingers lightly grasp one of my tits and stay there as she gazes at my body. Without thinking, I lean forward and kiss her, Chrissy's plump, soft lips landing on Liz's own. I inhale Liz's lilac scent as my nose presses close to her cheek and my tongue darts out. She's surprised at first, but then opens her mouth to my probing tongue, takes me inside and tastes me.

I step closer, wrapping Liz in my arms and holding her against my soft body, pressing my tits against the soft fabric of her top. One of her hands is caressing my breasts, the other slips around my back and strokes slowly up and down as we continue making out. I close my eyes and enjoy Liz's taste, the way her touch makes my new body flare with desire in strange but enticing ways. It's been so long since I've hopped a woman, and now here I am - two in one day. I've missed this feminine softness, the yearning for a delicate touch that was quickly expanding into a desire for something more intense.

Liz seems to be enjoying my newfound softness too. Her hand slides across my back, her fingers gently clutching at my skin. I pull away from her and cup her chin in my hand, and we stare into each other's eyes.

My hands drift down to her midriff, clutch the hem of her top, and begin slowly pulling it over her head. She helps me, raising her arms and then unclasping her bra as I drop her top to the floor. My nipples are tingling with excitement, much more sensitive than Liz's were.

“Suck on my nipples,” I half-plead.

Liz nods, hesitates, then leans and brings her face towards my tits, wrapping her soft cherry lips around her rival's nipples. I watch from Chrissy's perspective as Liz licks my tits. Her fiery breath warms my nipples, sending tremors of pleasure through my body. I clutch her head to my breast and moan softly. Liz closes her eyes, her kisses becoming rougher, tongue and teeth working together to nip me gently. I bite my lower lip as a brilliant pleasure flits through me, momentarily, leaving faint echoes that soon build on each other as Liz continues suckling. Fuck, Chrissy's tits are so sensitive.

Liz kisses her way across to my other nipple while bringing one hand up and squeezing the first one, still slick with her saliva and – oh, God! - my body is lit with pleasure. I throw back my head and let a deep moan escape my lips. “Harder,” I whisper once I catch my breath, and Liz scrapes my nipples with her teeth. My body is on fire with pleasure bordering on pain. My panties are soaking, the dampness cold against my skin every time I shift position.

Then I'm lying on my back on the bed and raising my hips to let Liz help me out of my shorts, followed by my damp panties. Chrissy's pussy is laid bare for both of us to see, the dark strip of hair leading down to my new slit. My pussy lips are

swollen and Liz spreads me with her fingers and dips her tongue inside, licking long and slow. Fuck, it's like a firecracker in my head as she lands on my clit, her tongue undulating across my most sensitive spot. I can feel my pussy gushing, can hear Liz swallowing my lusty juices as she buries her face between my legs. I writhe and moan, spreading my legs for her as she pulses her tongue across my clit, matching the waves of pleasure roiling my body until I explode into her. I cry out in a deep, lust-soaked voice, thrusting my hips towards her face. She keeps her tongue inside me, slowing until the orgasm passes, before resuming, knowing what I need, manipulating my body perfectly up and down through my pleasure.

I open my eyes long enough to stare down my body, past my tits, heavy and fat on my chest, over my trim stomach, to Liz's blonde face between my legs. Her eyes are closed. She's enjoying herself as she licks me, whether it's hearing me moan or tasting my pussy I don't know and soon that thought is washed away by another orgasm, harder this time. My voice rises in pitch and I'm soaring, blasted by utter delight, my whole body vibrating, trembling as the orgasm floods me. I grip the sheets and cum hard.

I don't know how long it takes or how loud I am, but my throat is sore when I come down. The tension floods out of me like water from a breaking dam. I'm lightly coated with sweat, breathing hard, my breasts rising and falling with each breath. The aftershocks rock me, send my tits jiggling even as Liz climbs up my body and rests against me. Her fingers play across my tits, her warm breath is in my ear.

After a few moments Liz rises and looks down at me. "How was that?"

"Holy shit, you were amazing. Chrissy's never felt like that before."

“Maybe she just hasn't found the right woman.” Liz smiles.

“Shall we go again?” I ask, hopefully.

Liz sighs. “My jaw is exhausted. Plus, I should probably grade some more papers.”

“Ok. Well...do you mind if I take Chrissy out? Maybe work out her anger issues?” I sit up and put on my bra and top as we speak.

“I guess, if that's what you want.”

I kiss Liz on the lips. “I'll be back this evening.”

“Ok.”

And then I'm out the door and down the path. A pretty, single girl alone in Santa Monica. I should be ecstatic, and yet Chrissy's mind is weighing me down. There are some dark thoughts swirling somewhere inside making her unhappy.

I pause, one hand on the gate back to the street, and close my eyes to investigate. I can sense she was pleased with Liz's performance. Little wonder; it felt amazing. The physical sensations, of course, were incredible but it was also nice seeing Liz subservient to Chrissy. Remembering Liz's head buried between my thighs, licking my pussy, thinking only of my own pleasure as her lips ran wet

with my juices was enough to make me moist once again. My thoughts and Chrissy's run together. She loves seeing Liz in that subservient position because she's jealous.

And there it is. I push this thought, trying to make sense of Chrissy's answering echoes. From what I can find, Liz has everything Chrissy thinks she should have but doesn't: a good job, a loving husband, a nice life. It hasn't worked out as well for Chrissy. She's single, her career is stalled, and her self esteem has taken a dive. Chrissy's hard on herself, scared she's too fat and too old to find love in this city. She's neither of those things, but simply trying to convince her of that won't work. I have to prove to her she's wrong. It can't be that hard. Chrissy's a fun, attractive woman. There must be a million men who'd be good to her. But I need to find someone who's good for her.

It's kismet when I see Dennis's car pull up to the curb in front of me and my decision is made in an instant. He nods to me as he heads up the short flight of stairs to his front door.

Giving it a shot, I call out, "Are you Dennis?"

He pauses on a step, a shy smile on his face. "Yeah?"

"I'm Chrissy, Liz's friend." I take a few steps towards the stairs and look up at Dennis with a warm smile. "We were just talking about you."

"Oh, yeah?" he says again, and I get the feeling this might take some work.

“Yep,” I say, leaning on the railing. From this angle Dennis can get a view straight down my top and I'm very aware of my ripe breasts on display. Dennis's eyes don't even flick down to my tits. He's a gentleman. “And I told her that you sounded like the kind of guy I'd like to meet.” I hold out my hand.

“Well, then it's nice to meet you.” Dennis comes back down the stairs to my level and shakes my hand.

He's not a bad looking guy; quite handsome, actually, beneath that shock of unruly black hair. His face is broad but angular, with deep set eyes that draw me in. Definitely Chrissy's type.

“You run the Fifth Street Cafe, right? I love that place.”

“Oh, thanks. It's just a little hobby of mine I like to do in between eating and sleeping.”

Chrissy's tinkling laughter escapes my lips and I stroke his shoulder appreciatively. “Everyone needs a hobby. Hey, do you want to get a bite to eat?”

“Oh, I just ate.”

I want to say 'Come on, Dennis' and smack some sense into him. A beautiful woman is hitting on him. Instead I bite my lower lip and say, “Neither am I. Come walk with me anyway?”

That gets to him. His eyes light up in realization and his cheeks flush pink. “Oh, yeah, sure. Love to.”

It takes a bit of effort to crack through Dennis's shell, but he soon loosens up to my flirting. I'm careful not to take it too far; I don't want to scare him off or anything, so I leave it to smiling and laughing at his jokes, with the occasional light touch on his hand for emphasis. We find a little cafe overlooking the beach, and grab a sandwich and a seat.

“I thought you weren't hungry,” he says, jokingly.

“Yeah, well, people don't always say what they mean.”

He tells me about his work and it opens up a side of Dennis I didn't know about. He's different with Chrissy; more vulnerable, a little more willing to show his feelings. He's still got a little bit of his guard up, but I can't really blame him. After all, we only just met. And yet, he still manages to be funny and charming and self-deprecating. I didn't think he'd turn into an asshole or a nervous wreck around beautiful women, but it's nice to have that confirmed.

It's tricky navigating Chrissy's memories to share stories with Dennis. When we relate stories to other people over and over, we create a new narrative separate from the memory. And, at some point, we stop remembering the actual event and fall back on just remembering the narrative, tending to use similar words to set the scene and tell the tale. It's natural because most personal stories get better with telling. We learn to leave out the insignificant details and emphasize the points that will get the best reaction from the listener.

Chrissy has an awesomely funny story about the time she tried to catch a bus while traveling through Nepal which I try to relate to Dennis. He's appreciative but I don't think I do the story justice. The whole thing is difficult, which is why I try to stick to opinions and facts, covering over the cracks in my knowledge with wry observations.

Whatever I'm doing, it seems to be working, because the time flies and, before I know it, it's closing in on four o'clock.

“Well, I should get going,” I say. “I've got a lot of nothing to do before bedtime.”

It's at that point that Dennis surprises me and, I think, himself.

“If you've got nothing to do... Do you want to come back to my place?”

“So I can do it there? I mean...” I begin, as he joins me in embarrassed laughter. “I just meant, so I can do nothing there. Not, well, you know...unless...”

“No, I know. I got it.” Dennis says, saving me from myself.

I wander through Dennis's living room, pretending to see it for the first time.

“Hope it's not too early for wine.” Dennis appears with a wine glass in each hand. He holds out one to me.

“Never.” I take it, letting my fingers brush against his in the process, and take a sip. Tastes like Dennis has brought out the good stuff. “Nice place.”

“Yeah, I got lucky.”

No shit. He outbid me for it. The realtor wasn't supposed to tell me. In fact, she didn't, but I borrowed her body and found out. I'm not bitter. Not anymore, anyway. It's what ultimately led to me moving away and ending up back with Liz, my college crush.

I know the answer, but I ask anyway. “Can you see the ocean from here?”

“Only up in the bedroom.”

If that's a pickup line I'm game. “Show me.”

Dennis leads the way upstairs. I tuck a strand of hair back behind one ear, trying to appear composed. My body is restless, fidgety. My eyes track Dennis's shape beneath his clothes. He turns to tell me something and I think he sees me checking out his ass. I blush and smile, sipping my wine to cover my embarrassment. I'm just so warm, what is going on? And then it hits me: Chrissy's body is horny as hell.

Dennis pushes the bedroom curtains aside and gestures. “Gorgeous isn't it?”

I walk up beside him, letting my hips press against his as I gaze out at the view. It is impressive. We're only four blocks from the ocean and the land slopes down so that we can see over the houses in front of us. The deep blue of the sky is mirrored in the calm blue of the ocean. Directly below us is Dennis's backyard and the bungalow. Somewhere inside, Liz is grading papers. Or maybe she's finished and is just relaxing, wondering where I am. I plan to come back with a story to tell.

“It's beautiful,” I say.

Dennis is looking at me with a playful smile. “Not as beautiful as you.”

It's cheesy but it works because he comes off as totally sincere. He's not trying on a line; he means it. I gaze up into his honest, brown eyes. In Chrissy's body he's a few inches taller than me. I start to rise up on my toes, my lips heading towards his. He meets me halfway. Our kiss is tentative at first. Two strangers, hesitant, gentle with each other.

I turn to face him and press my body against his, let my breasts press against his form as I slip my free arm behind his back, wine glass still clutched in the other hand, held out to the side so I don't spill. His lips taste slightly sweet with wine and his scent is woody and masculine. I run my tongue along his lips and, when he opens his mouth, I slip inside. His end-of-day stubble grazes my lips, both uncomfortable and arousing. Chrissy's body grows ever warmer and an aching need stirs between my legs, begins creeping through my body.

He pulls back and takes my wine, setting both of our glasses on the bedside table. As he turns back to me I can't help but rush towards him, clinging to him,

my body needy and overeager. Our kisses are fierce, quick, we gasp as we devour each other, desire flowing faster and challenging our bodies to keep up. My hands grip, squeeze, caress. Dennis does the same, pulling me closer, needing me as I need him.

I scrabble for his shirt, rip it off over his head and toss it away somewhere behind me. Dennis has been working out; his body is angular and defined, his pecs warm and solid. I run my hands over his chest. His heartbeat dances beneath my fingers, throbbing to match my own.

I pull my own top off and toss it away. Dennis stares at my body, eyes tracing my curves, my perfect tits held beneath the silken bra. He yanks down my bra in his eagerness. Pulling the cups out of the way and catching my nipples in his mouth as my tits bounce free. I unclasp the bra and slip it off my arms as he continues feasting, licking and suckling Chrissy's boobs. It feels so fucking good, feeling his hot breath on my nipples, watching him worship my body. I shudder as the furnace between my legs sends a blast of heat through my body. Dennis's tongue moves back and forth from breast to breast, his other hand coming up to squeeze and tweak, pinch and stroke. He is the master musician and I am his instrument, every touch sends another pulse of fire through me until I can't take it anymore.

I grip his hair and throw him onto the bed then straddle him. My hair cascades over both of us as our lips meet with a flurry of kisses. My tits rest against his chest, the nipples at attention. Everywhere our skin touches is vibrating, as though his own burning lust is being transmitted through his skin directly into mine, filling me. I rub my tits across his chest as he gasps into my mouth. I can't get enough of him, I need more of him. I'm so goddamn horny and everything about him feels perfect. I rock back and forth on his raging erection, still hidden beneath his pants.

I dismount just long enough to pull his pants off and free his cock. It stands tall

and proud, waiting for me. For me. I yank my own shorts down, followed by my panties. The perfect musky odor of myself hits my nose and I realize exactly how wet I am as a drop of juice escapes my cunt and makes its way down my inner thigh.

I launch myself back onto him, climbing up his body, enjoying every inch as I resume my position until I'm sitting on his cock, pressing it up against his stomach as I slide my sopping cunt over his shaft, not letting him enter yet, teasing us both, scratching the desperate itch of my clit with the fat head of his cock as we kiss some more. I'm in control of Dennis now, I can use the power of my pussy to make him mine, bend him to my will. His hand comes down and grips my soft ass, fingers digging into my skin painfully in a way that telegraphs his utter desperation and need for me. To be wanted like this is intoxicating and then to have his cock rubbing against my swollen clit sends me over the edge and I shudder as a quick orgasm sears me. I moan into his mouth, feel his answering call through his hands as they clutch my tits, my ass, my waist, greedy for me, wanting every part of me.

I reach down between us, grasp his cock, now slippery with my pussy juices, and guide the head against my nether lips. I arch my back and sink back slowly, guiding him inside on my terms. The thick head of his cock presses against me and I open for him, pausing as his bulbous head enters my slick pussy for the first time. I want to be filled with him, yet still I pause, rocking gently back and forth on just the tip of his dick, building the anticipation. I smile against his passionate kisses as he breaks, grips my waist and shoves me down on his cock and suddenly I'm full of him and it's wonderful. He fits me like a glove as he pulls me deep and drives his hips up in a mighty thrust. The pleasure takes me by surprise as his cock lodges deep within my center and I moan. I begin rocking up and down on him, feeling him sliding in and out of me, filling me over and over again.

I sit up and lean back so that his cock slides up against my clit and pounds perfectly against my center with each thrust. His hands grip my boobs as he

drives faster, harder. I bring a hand between my legs and rub my clit as he fucks me. I can feel his cock against my fingertips and inside me. My moans are growing louder, my voice higher pitched. How I love to hear Chrissy's voice from my own lips, crying out louder, higher, looking down and watching my tits held by Dennis, watching my body so perfectly used and then I cum hard.

Dennis slams into me and joins me, grunting as he feels me with his jizz. He squeezes my tits hard and we orgasm together. A bright light fills my brain, my body buzzes as we rock in tandem and he fills me fuller than I've ever been before. My eyes are shut tight in pleasure, the only feeling I have is his cock plunging deep inside me, fulfilling me finally, sating my desperate need and I ride him until my cries slow and then stop, as my brain comes back down to the present and the last hiccuping spurt of his cum fills my pussy.

I lie down on top of him, his dick still inside me, and rest my head on his chest, listening to the comforting thump of his heartbeat as he strokes my hair and grows soft inside me. Only then do I roll off and lie on my back, staring up at the ceiling.

“I don't usually do this,” he says.

“What? Fuck a woman 'til she comes? I have a hard time believing that.”

He snorts. “No. I mean, have sex the first time I meet someone.”

I roll over and face him, leaning my head on one hand. “Look at that, another thing we have in common.”

“I know this is a little backwards, but, do you want to go out sometime?”

“Absolutely.” Chrissy does. I can feel her happiness radiating through me.

“Come out with me tonight. I'm meeting Tony and Liz for dinner.”

Chrissy really wants to see Dennis so, after some hesitation, I agree and make plans to meet at the restaurant in a few hours. That gives Chrissy time to go home and freshen up before meeting Liz arm and arm with a new man. I make myself presentable and kiss Dennis goodbye, both of us flushed and giddy. Chrissy really wants to stay here with him. I'm already getting wet imagining myself riding him again. But I need to get back to Liz.

I head downstairs, out the door, and around the side of the house. I lean on the gate to catch my breath and hop out of Chrissy, materializing on the other side of the gate. I freeze, motionless, not making a sound, until I hear Chrissy's footsteps fade away.

Returning to the bungalow, I'm just starting to tell Liz what happened when I'm interrupted by a knock on the door. It's Dennis, letting us know that Chrissy will be joining us at the restaurant. There's a giant smile on his face and, when he leaves, Liz turns to me.

“What did you do?”

A few hours later, we arrive at the restaurant with Dennis and a waiter leads us to our table. We're soon joined by Chrissy, wearing a midnight blue dress that flows around her body with each movement. Seeing her standing there, her hair done up, her eyes bright, I almost wish I was back inside her.

Dennis stands and hugs her, then turns back to the table with a sweep of his hand. "I believe you know Tony and Liz."

Intimately.

"Nice to meet you, Chrissy," I say, taking her hand briefly before Dennis ushers her into a seat.

I'm captivated by Chrissy, still feeling a subtle bond between us as I watch her fingers brush her bangs back from her face, the way she leans against Dennis.

Liz catches me staring and nudges me under the table. I shoot her an apologetic look and try to concentrate on our conversation but I know my glances keep slipping over. I can feel Liz noticing, wondering, clenching her jaw... getting jealous.

During a lull in the conversation, Liz pipes up. "Oh, I forgot to wash my hands. Tony did you wash your hands?"

I did, but that's not really what Liz wants, so I feign forgetfulness. "We'll be back in a minute," I say as I rise. "Don't go anywhere."

I follow Liz down the hallway towards the bathrooms. The lighting is dim and moody, but I can still see Liz's body language. Her hands are clenched and her movements wooden. Midway down, she stops and pulls me into a hidden nook.

“Why do you keep staring at Chrissy? Do you want to be inside her again? Is that it? This is why I didn't want you hopping I—”

“Whoa, whoa, honey, calm down. It's nothing, It's just, after I hop, there's still a sort of residual connection. I almost feel like two people and especially after what I did today.”

“Then why don't you just go and be Chrissy?”

“It's not like that.”

She glares. “Then what's it like?”

“I'll show you.”

I hop, becoming pure energy and flow into Liz. Less than a heartbeat later, I'm back in her petite body, but I don't have time to enjoy the softness of the dress on my skin, or my perky little tits held aloft by the push up bra. Instead, I play back the day for Liz, siphoning memories directly into her mind so she sees from Chrissy's perspective, feels Chrissy's body, thinks Chrissy's thoughts.

Liz closes her eyes and gasps as the sensations assail her. She lets her hands trail down her neck, playing against her skin before flitting down her chest as she enjoys vicarious sex with Dennis, lives in the tender moment they shared. When I'm done, Liz's cheeks are flushed and she's breathing hard.

And she's wet. So wet.

“Fuck,” she whispers, then turns and makes her way towards the women's room. She barges through the door, quickly checks to make sure it's empty, then ducks into a stall and locks it. My perspective bobs along with hers. She's still in control of her body and I'm just along for the ride. But we're both horny. We both need release.

She closes the toilet before sitting and wedging her feet up against the stall door so she can spread her legs. She yanks up her dress and pushes her fingers into her wetness, rubbing urgently. Fuck, she knows her body. I can feel her clit, wet and swollen, as she slides her fingers down and around, spreading her dew across her pussy. Liz's fingers are already slick, her body warm, aching for release. We're on the precipice, our fingers striking faster, deeper, feeling Liz's tiny body as we enjoy the sensations of her masturbating, of being penetrated and doing the penetrated, when suddenly the restroom door bursts open and Liz freezes. Our fingers are still inside our wet heat, our feet propped up on the door. She holds her breath and I hear a familiar voice. Very familiar. I've been hearing it all day.

“Come on in,” Chrissy whispers. “It's empty.”

A man enters behind her and they hurry into the stall beside us. I can see his

shoes—Dennis’s shoes—in the gap beneath the door.

“Are you sure?” Dennis whispers.

“I’ve never been more sure of anything.”

There’s a rustling of clothes and through the gap I see Chrissy’s heels turning around to face the wall, Dennis behind her.

“I need you,” Chrissy whispers, “to fuck me right now.”

The only reply from Dennis is the jangling of his belt. It’s followed a moment later by a soft moan from Chrissy as the two pairs of shoes rock back and forth. The smack of Dennis’s groin on Chrissy’s ass brings back memories of my own session with Dennis and lights a fire within Liz’s body. Liz resumes fingering herself as she listens to her friend fuck in the stall next door.

Liz stuffs her finger into her mouth and I taste the slight salt of her skin as she bucks gently, an orgasm riding through her silently. The sound of two bodies slapping against each other from the stall next door grows louder, harsher, and Liz quickens her own fingers. I help Liz by replaying my session as Chrissy, letting the memories flow through us both. When Liz cums for a second time it’s fast and hard. She bites down harder to stifle her cries as she drips onto the toilet seat, practically gushing now as her fingers bury themselves inside.

At the same time, I hear Chrissy begin to cry out. The rhythmic slapping grows

quicker, harder, and then there's a long groan as Dennis forces himself in deep. I remember when he did the same to me and the memory causes another chain reaction in Liz. All four of us cum together, Dennis and Chrissy oblivious to the orgasm they're giving us.

As she listens to Dennis and Chrissy scrabble with their clothes, Liz remains frozen in the stall, feet in the air. I take control of her finger, pull it out of my cunt and bring it to her nose and inhale the wonderful spicy scent of her pleasure before sticking it against her lips. She opens her mouth reluctantly and I make her lick herself clean, tasting herself, my desire driving hers. She doesn't protest for fear of alerting Dennis and Chrissy and, only when they finally sneak back out of the toilet, does she pull her finger out of her mouth and sit up.

You understand now? I ask.

Liz nods. "I do. God, I do. Is it like that with me, too?"

"Absolutely. Do you want to go home and try it?"

She nods again. We think of an excuse to leave early, return to our bungalow, and spend the rest of the evening exploring Liz's body.

#

Thank you!

Thank you for 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. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

XXX Factor

Four frat guys are punished by being transformed into their ideal pornstars:

the blonde bombshell

the Thai goddess

the ebony beauty

and the sexy girl next door.

All they have to do to get their bodies back is go the whole day without sleeping with a man. But in their new sex starved bodies, and on a college campus surrounded by eligible guys, that's easier said than done.

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story

Ethan uses BodyPossession.com to control the bodies of three sisters and indulges their deepest, darkest desires.

Be My Neighbor

When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.

Little Pink Pill

Dan and Michael are two brothers who've never been really close. But that all changes when Michael doses his brother with pills that instantly transform him into a smoking hot MILF.

Deep Undercover

Claire is an undercover detective, betrayed and forcibly body swapped by the stripper who pretended to help her. Now she's fighting the clock -- and her body's physical urges -- in an effort to get her own body back before the body thief can finish her for good.

Substitute Teacher

It was supposed to be Chris's dream come true: a body swap with his hot teacher for Swap Class. But then a troublemaker was plopped into his class at the last minute and ended up in the teacher's body. And the bully intends to explore every inch of her body while Chris watches on.

Primed for Takeover

Emily has the proverbial all - youth, wealth and a luscious body that's absolutely screaming for attention. But her life is about to change when she meets a mysterious older woman. All seems fun until Emily discovers that the woman wants to take over her life and her body...and has the means to do so.

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body

Swapping bodies with his sister for a day has given Neil the chance to finally punish her for her cruelty. And the best way to punish her is to give in to his every desire.

Mirror Mirror

Alyssa thought she'd lost everything when her twin sister imprisoned her in a cell and assumed her identity. Trapped and in despair, Alyssa thought she had nothing else to lose. She was wrong; she still had her body. Until her sister came to transform that, too.

Ticket to Ride

She's a gorgeous, sexy stranger and soon I'll be inside her body and able to explore at my leisure.

BodyPossession.com

A young man's life is turned upside down when he finds a website that allows users to possess anyone's body...for a price.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

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Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

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All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

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Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories