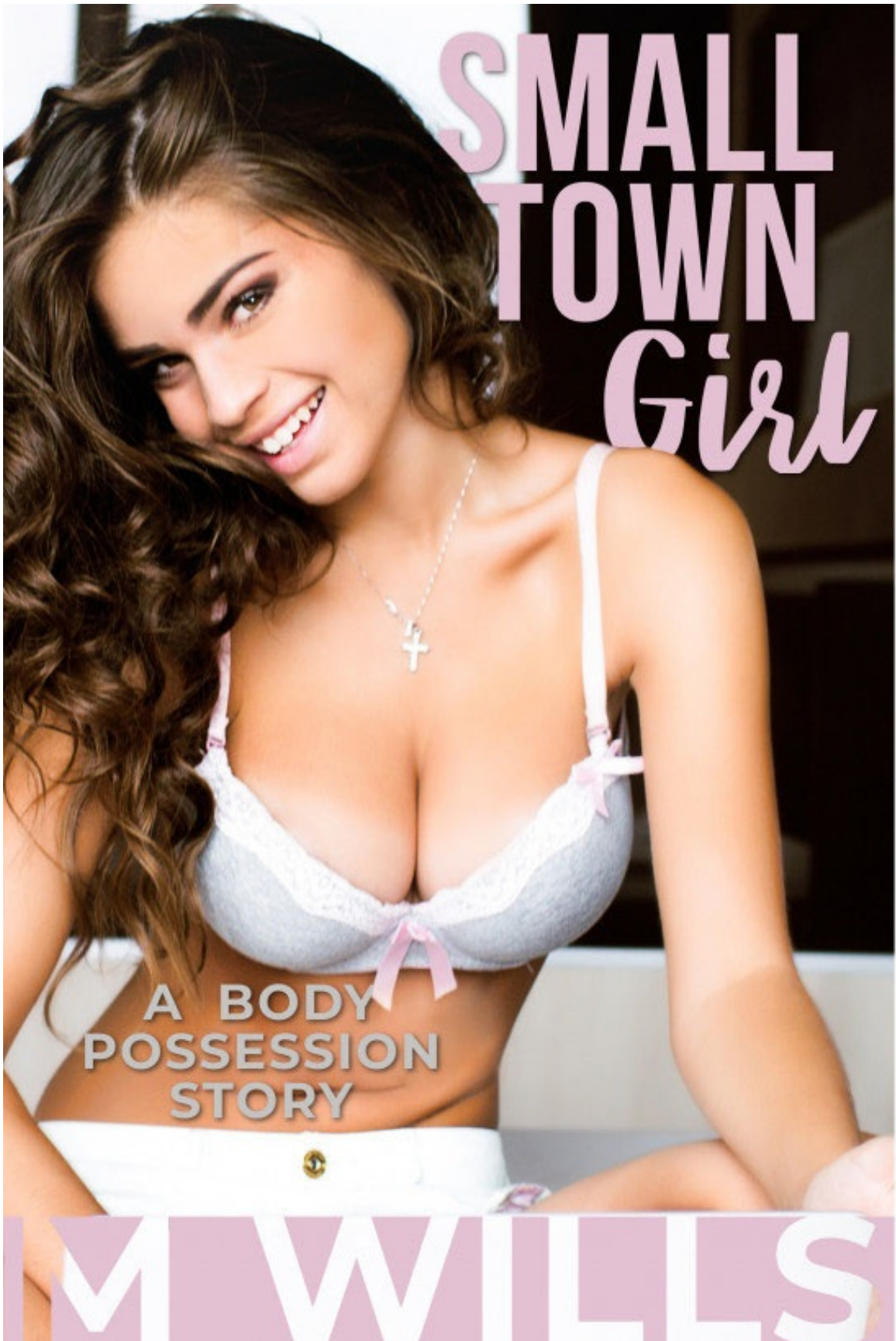


SMALL TOWN *Girl*

A BODY
POSSESSION
STORY

MWILLS



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Small Town Girl

A M2F Body Possession Story

by M. Wills

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Table of Contents

[Small Town Girl](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

Small Town Girl

I slip out of the office early to enjoy the warm weather. My boss won't mind if I start my weekend a little bit early. And if he does, I'll just hop into him and change his mind for him. I saunter along the quiet tree-lined street leading past the local university, thinking of nothing in particular, just enjoying being out of the office.

The oak trees are beginning to bloom, little shoots of green among the brown branches while, across the street on the campus, students mill back and forth getting on with their lives, going to and from class. I used to be one of them, too many years ago. After graduation, a series of positions at other schools took me across the country before leading all the way back to where I started, and now I'm an Associate Professor at my alma mater in Virginia.

I'm proud of what I've accomplished on my own. After all, I could have used my special abilities to do anything, become anyone. Rule the world even. When you can possess the body of anyone around you ambition can be limitless. But I make an effort to stay grounded. I like being myself, with the occasional peak into another life. Sure, I'll hop into the body of someone else now and then for a vacation, enjoy being a playboy or a Playboy model. But I like my life uncomplicated. I don't have the killer instinct to be a CEO or the narcissism to be a politician. I do like to help people, but on a much smaller scale. I try to leave my mounts better off than when I found them. Sometimes more sure of themselves. Sometimes more confident. Always knowing a little more about the pleasures of their own body.

I'm jolted from my thoughts by the sight of a student crossing the street coming towards me, her path nearly intersecting mine. She's gorgeous. A polka dot A-

frame dress sits perfectly on her slender body, the neckline just low enough to reveal the slight slope of the most perfect breasts I've ever seen. They bounce gently at each step, perky and glistening with a light sheen of sweat, tempting my desire. The dress ends at her knees, revealing firm calves and beautifully tanned legs, her feet clad in white tennis shoes. Her wavy, coffee-colored hair is up in a pony tail that swings back and forth lightly as she walks. Dark framed glasses are perched on the most adorable nose, and her face in profile seems perfectly crafted by a master artist. Fortunately, she's staring down at her phone so she doesn't see me staring up at her.

She doesn't look up until she's almost on me, and then a startled little "oh!" escapes her lips and we do the shuffle of people who've nearly collided.

"Sorry," she says, her pink lips turning up in a shy smile.

"That's-- problem." I respond, two phrases twisting together.

Being so close to her has me flustered. I've seen lots of beautiful women in my time but the woman in front of me beats them all. Her face is beautiful and sincere, with an innocence that belies the strength evident in her toned body.

She hurries on ahead of me and I take the opportunity to admire her figure. Every movement is a joy to watch: the way she tucks some hair behind a tiny ear, the graceful movement of each leg, the perfect sway of her ass. It's all too much. I'm desperate to find out what it's like to be her, to move through the world with such a shapely form and to enjoy my beautiful body to the fullest.

I follow her down the street at a distance. Soon, she turns the corner on to a side

street. There are fewer people around and none are paying attention to us. Though, god, I can't pay attention to anything but her. I'm close enough to reach out and touch her. I know it's dangerous to use my powers out in the open but I have to be inside her right now.

I hop, my body breaking into a billion particles and streaming into her. In a split second I'm inside her, pushing her mind aside and filling her body with my own consciousness. Now the little fingers clutching the phone are mine, the ponytail tickling the back of my neck is mine, her perky tits which are almost blinding in their perfection: mine, mine, mine! I breathe through her perfectly crafted nose, see out of her innocent eyes, feel every bit of the dress as it whispers across her golden legs.

I rummage through her thoughts and find her name—Cassie—and pull up some memories of her life: The time she won her high school science fair with her pea breeding experiment. The first and only boyfriend she's ever slept with: a timid, funny young man. Neither of them knew what they were doing but they loved each other and that was enough. The time she stayed home reading rather than go with her sister to a party. The other time she stayed home to read rather than go with her friends to a party.

I get the picture. Her memories of herself are tinged with awkwardness about her body and a discomfort with social situations. She doesn't seem to realize how beautiful she is, and she's never really experimented with her own body. That's all going to change.

I look down at the phone in my hands, realizing for the first time that she's texting Charles. Cassie's thoughts tell me that Charles is a classmate. He's a bit dorky, like her, but funny and sort of cute. She gets the feeling he'd like to ask her out but is too shy and she doesn't know how she feels about that. Is he just a friend or could he be something more?

The text conversation at the moment is a little bit flirty on both sides. I make a decision to put this aside for the moment until Cassie is more comfortable in her own skin. Or, at least until I'm more comfortable in her skin. I send a text to Charles telling him I have to go but we'll talk soon. My lovely fingers dance across the screen and after I hit send I slip the phone into my backpack. I want to be alone in my beautiful young body for the moment.

I use Cassie's thoughts to guide me back to her apartment, all the while getting used to the new sensations from her body and adjusting to this delicate new form. Everybody is slightly different and it takes some getting used to the different gait, the sway of the hips, and the tiny little idiosyncrasies of other people. Cassie lives on the third floor of a drab, four-story building made of sandstone colored bricks. It screams college dorm and most of the tenants are students like her.

I climb the stairs and unlock her door. It's dark inside—the curtains are drawn to keep out the sun during the day—but now at the end of the day it's hotter inside than it is outside on the landing. I move through the tidy, one-bedroom apartment, opening the windows and the balcony door to let in the breeze, examining her apartment as I go, letting my fingers glide across her walls and her furniture, breathing deeply to inhale the scent of her that lingers in every room. The rooms are sparsely decorated in typical college student manner. A few framed posters of indie rock bands line the walls and her furniture is a mismatched collection of hand me downs and cast offs.

Cassie feels comfortable here. It's a good place to start with increasing her comfort and self-esteem, and besides, I'm eager to explore the body I now inhabit. Standing in the living room I gaze down at my breasts, still shiny with sweat from the heat. A little bead of sweat rolls down into my cleavage as I bring her mind forward and merge with her, guiding her to be turned on at her own body. And it's so easy. Her tits are two ripe melons, the curves elegant and graceful.

I bring her fingers up and make her feel her own breasts, tracing my fingers over and around their softness, circling down sliding beneath the top of her dress. My hand continues down over her clothes, across her stomach and over the flare of her hips. My fingers tickle my sides as I make Cassie share in my enjoyment of her touch. I slide her hands down her ass, plump and delicious, exploring each succulent cheek, squeezing lightly, feeling her hesitation at enjoying her own body. She's strong but delicate, an athlete's body. There's a fantastic lightness to it.

My touch has created a warmth between Cassie's legs, a blossoming heat that pulses slowly through both of our minds as I continue to make her feel up her body, stroking and moving, leisurely exploring her form. We take our time. It's the first time Cassie's ever really considered her own beauty, understood that she actually is an object of desire. I'm blushing now as the warmth creeps through me, making me moist beneath my panties.

I pull up Cassie's dress slowly, revealing her smooth golden thighs one inch at a time. I'm going slow, teasing myself, stoking the fire I've ignited in her body. Now her white panties are revealed, the lacy undergarments so dainty. I tickle the insides of my thighs, brushing my fingers up across my skin and over her panties, back and forth, tickling, teasing myself. There's a desire beneath that fabric, a yearning to slip inside. A wet patch appears, quickly growing as I push my fingers against my still hidden pussy.

I reach behind my back and unzip my dress, slip out of it and let it pool to the ground at my feet. I unclasp her bra and slide it off, letting it drop the floor. "Oh, fuck," I whisper as I gaze in awe at my naked breasts for the first time. They're even more amazing than I imagined, the skin soft and taut, the little pink nipples already spiking out. I take them in each hand. I can easily wrap my fingers around her perky little tits and I squeeze, exploring their heft, the jaunty weight of them. Goddamn she feels so good—I feel so good. Her tits don't need to be huge when they're so exquisitely formed. I hold them and caress gently, staring

down at her breasts as I let my fingers wind across them until I've got her tiny nipples between thumb and forefinger. I squeeze experimentally and an aching warmth spikes through me, the pleasure concentrating in my very center. Fuck, Cassie's tits are amazing. I don't want to let them go. I bobble them and watch them dance, shrug my shoulders and let them bounce, bob them back and forth in my hands, exalting in the pure pleasure of her body, of having such exquisite breasts.

I coo softly in her voice as I continue to make her fondle her boobs with one hand. The other wanders down between my legs, presses my panties against my pussy. My panties are soaking wet already and as I press I can feel my finger slip into my pussy. I bite my plump lower lip as the fire is freed, fills me with a pressing need.

See this I command, forcing her to look down at herself, at her fingers playing with her perfect form, This is what you crave. There's no memory of how she touches herself for me to follow. She has no experience, having learned some ingrown sense of shame or disgust about exploring her body. So I lead, sharing my own enjoyment with her until she's just as enamored with her body as I am.

I roll my panties down my legs and kick them aside, gazing down in wonder at my naked body. I take a moment to just look, to gaze at my perfect breasts, my feminine hips, every soft curve of my body, and the dark triangle of hair between my legs. I make Cassie watch as I slide my fingers across her nether lips, my pleasure merging with hers, fighting back her shame as I stroke her pubic hair, rubbing gently. It feels so good and soon I dip a finger lightly inside, watch as my finger disappears inside her, enveloped by her swollen pink lips, and presses against the hooded nub of her clit.

The fire burns brighter between my legs, urged on by my finger, which presses harder, deeper, rubbing faster, growing in urgency in time with my body. I slide my index finger down my pussy and dip into the growing dew, before dragging

it back up to my clit. Up and down, up and down as Cassie's pussy grows ever wetter with desire. And suddenly her inhibitions collapse and I need more, her mind craves her own touch and I oblige, adding another finger inside myself. I'm soaking now, my body on fire, needing release. My other hand slides across my body, feeling my warm skin, coaxing the gentle pleasure through me.

I lie down on the couch, head propped up on a cushion so I can look down at Cassie's body as I finger myself. With my knees in the air I spread my legs, gazing down adoringly into my beautiful pink folds before sliding two fingers inside myself. My pussy wraps around my fingers, hot and wet, as I rub myself. I feel so perfect, the heat rising, bringing with it a pleasant pressure that fills me from head to toe.

I arch my back and moan as a little pressure escapes, a tiny orgasm on my way up to more. My toes flex and I wriggle back and forth, caught up in the lust reverberating through my body. My breasts rise and fall as I continue to stroke myself, fingers sliding into my wetness, sinking up to the second knuckle, again and again until the pressure becomes too much and I explode. I moan out loud in the empty room as the orgasm blasts through me, a delightful pleasure that lifts me from my body even as my fingers continue to grip my slender form. My sweat soaked chest, my tummy, my legs, my beautiful arms, everything is magnified in that moment and I'm pure enjoyment, stroking my cunt and urging my pleasure on. My fingers sink deep inside and the slippery sounds of my own pussy reach my ears.

I cum hard again, body flexing, as I cry out, louder, my adorably tiny voice tinged with a deep urgency Cassie's never heard before. She feels so good. I feel so good as I rub my pussy hard, muscles clenching as yet another orgasm fills me. God, her body is wonderful, responsive and delightful to watch, to experience. When I finally come back down I'm filled with a pleasurable lightheadedness. I laugh—a tingling adorable sound—and lie back on the couch as the pleasure abates, one hand draped across my forehead, the fingers of the other absently stroking my pussy. That was amazing, but I know there's more to

come.

I must have dozed off because when I awake the room is cooler, darker. I sit up on the couch and rub my eyes, my fingers still smelling delightfully of my sex. I head to the bathroom and turn on the shower before stepping into the cool spray. It feels amazing after lying in her sweltering living room. Little goosebumps appear as I dip my head under the cold water, letting it wash away the sweat and dirt.

I squirt some of her honey scented body wash onto my hands and rub down Cassie's body. I enjoy myself once more, hands circling my curves as I lather myself up until I'm wonderfully slippery. I slide my hand between my legs, rubbing myself. Cassie's body responds quicker this time, ready to be filled again. I ignore it for the moment, let it sit, building inside me. I'll release it in time.

I get out of the shower and dry myself then head to her bedroom to find something to wear. Her closet is well organized, each garment arranged by color. I dig through her drawers, searching for some sexy lingerie and come up with a frilly black bra and matching panties. I slide the panties up my legs, nestling them snugly against my pussy, then slip on the bra. It hugs my breasts, pushing them up to form enticing curves. I pose in front of the mirror, one hand on my hip and flash Cassie's smile at myself. Fuck, I'm gorgeous. I've got the face of an angel and a killer body; long and lean. No sooner am I dressed than I just want to rip off my bra and panties and enjoy Cassie once more, just fuck myself stupid. I search her mind, looking for where she keeps her toys, but I come up empty. I guess it's no surprise that she doesn't have a vibrator, given what I've already discovered about her sexual hesitance. But still, it's something I'm determined to change before I explore myself again.

Reluctantly, I get fully dressed, delighted to notice that Cassie's thoughts are still drifting towards her recent experience in the living room, pleasantly surprised at just how nice it felt to explore herself. The polka dot dress is still sweaty, so I choose a new one from her wardrobe, a cute little pink number that makes me feel wonderfully girly. It's got pleated ruffles and a low, sweeping neckline, nearly hanging off each shoulder.

I brush my hair, combing my bangs until they arc out perfectly above my forehead and I sweep the rest of my hair back and tie it up in a pink bow. When I'm done, Cassie's face is a picture of innocence, a cute girl-next-door hotness that will definitely turn some heads. That's one of my favorite parts of being an attractive woman: the attention I get. I realize it would probably get old if I was a woman permanently, but goddamn, the ability to turn heads just by walking down the street is a weird kind of power I've never had as a man. I grab a purse and slip on my sneakers before waltzing out the door.

I stroll down to the sex shop on third street. The window display is minimalist: a single mannequin wearing a pink and black corset, hiding the delights within. There's a wall obscuring the view directly into the shop from the street, as if showing the slightest hint of anything else would cause the citizens of this conservative town to rush the store in a mad, sex-crazed frenzy. The inside of the shop is painted a light blue and the shelves are full of adult paraphernalia. There's a tall, blue-haired hipster behind the counter and she greets me warmly as I enter.

“Hi! You need help with anything or you just browsing?”

“I could probably use some help. I'm looking for a...vibrator.” I get caught up on the last word and my cheeks flush bright red, a consequence of my mind melding with Cassie's so that now I'm sharing in her embarrassment. After all, she's just a shy little bookworm at heart and has yet to unleash all the pleasures of her body.

“Sure, I can show you some things,” the hipster agrees, cheerfully. “Do you know if you're into direct stimulation? Looking for a clitoral stimulator or do you want something that will hit your G-spot?”

“Ummm...” Obviously, Cassie's no help here, but I'm not much better. From our one session I was in her head to help her get her off, but I don't know what she'd want on her own. All I can do is go with what I want. “I guess I'm looking for both.”

“Okay.”

She walks me over to a wall filled with vibrators of every shape and description, from long, black replicas of dicks that look like they would destroy Cassie, to smaller, more sensual clitoral vibrators that resemble polished stones. Not many women actually enjoy a mammoth cock stuffed inside them, and Cassie certainly seems to be in the majority. The blue-haired chic enthusiastically picks up a few of them as she explains how they work, turning them on and showing me how they swivel and hum. Nothing really piques my interest until she gets to a large vibrator with two sensually curved pink prongs of varying size.

“This is my favorite. The Vibe Stellar.” She picks it up by the white handle and demonstrates. The two soft pink prongs begin whirring and revolving slightly. “This little guy hits your G-Spot and your clit, even while you're sliding it in and out. If you like a lot of stimulation but don't want to feel like you've just been pounded by this guy--” Here she motions to the huge black dildo on the shelf above, “--then I recommend this,”

I take it from her, feeling the heft of it and pressing a few of the buttons on the

handle to get the feel for it. This is the one I want, but it takes a supreme effort to get Cassie to agree to buy it, and not just because it's one of the more expensive models. No words come out of my mouth and eventually I just nod my head. The blue-haired woman gives me a knowing grin and grabs one of the boxes underneath the display. She brings it over to the counter and rings me up before slipping it into a discrete brown paper bag. I pay for it and walk out of the shop, my head held high, trying to push back Cassie's worries.

When I get back to Cassie's place I immediately head to her bedroom. I unbox the vibrator and slip in some fresh batteries. I leave the vibrator on the bed as I adjust her standing mirror, pulling it closer to the bed so I can make Cassie watch herself masturbate. It's a gorgeous sight that she shouldn't miss out on. I sit on the bed facing the mirror and cross my golden legs, adjusting my dress and my heavy-framed glasses so I look proper. I stare into the mirror at my reflection, gaze at Cassie's cute face as she stares back. There's a flicker of a smile on her lips and her cheeks are slightly flushed. Goddamn she's gorgeous.

I turn my head this way and that, admiring my face from a variety of different angles. I've got the cutest little slope of a nose, fabulous cheekbones and striking, dark eyebrows above two innocent, chocolate-brown eyes. I lick my lips lightly with my tongue, enjoying the unique shape of her mouth, the slight taste of her raspberry lip gloss. Her little pink tongue appears in the mirror, her face so cute I want to die. And it's mine to enjoy.

“Hi Cassie,” I giggle at myself, “We're going to have some fun.”

I awaken her mind and let her experience everything. She's scared at first, unable to control her body.

What's happening? I-I can't move. What's going on? Her voice cries out inside

her mind.

“Shhh,” I put one of her fingers to her lips and send out calming vibes, soothing the edges of her terror. “I’m going to show you all the pleasure you’ve been missing out on.”

I chew on one finger, affecting an innocent look in the mirror for myself, then slide my fingers up my cheek and to the back of my neck. My hand slides gracefully across my warm skin, around the back of my neck, then down to my breasts. My heart is thumping madly as both hands come up and circle my ripe boobs.

What are you doing? She cries.

I grip my tits lightly in each hand and look in the mirror at myself. “You enjoy this,” I command, and instantly her fear melts away, overcome by my commands. Cassie’s face in the mirror is a picture of lust, a look that demands me to touch her.

That feels...nice, she says. More.

I unzip her dress and slip out of it, followed by her bra and panties. I stand, one hand on my hip as I force Cassie to look herself up and down in the mirror. My eyes slowly trail up her skin, from her dainty toes, up her miles of glorious leg, to the dark thatch of hair between her thighs, then up her trim tummy, her amazing tits, until I’m staring into her adorable face. I’m so in love with her, and I feed this love back to her mind, until she’s in love with herself.

“You're so gorgeous.” I whisper.

And hearing her own voice say this sinks in, takes hold. I can feel her relax.

I do look good, she agrees.

“You look like you need to fuck yourself,” I say.

I do need to fuck myself. Please can you make me cum?

I sit down on the bed and spread my legs, staring at my perfect pussy, the slit just visible beneath the curly dark pubic hair. I pick up the vibrator and set it on low. It begins to buzz lightly and I drag it slowly across my pussy, pressing lightly, letting the vibrations fill me. As I stroke the buzzing toy up and down, my pussy grows wet and begins opening for me. The delicate pink folds soon surround the tip of the vibrator as I continue moving up and down, in and out. Before, Cassie thought her pussy was disgusting. Now she can't look away, taken by its beauty, the perfect wet folds, the utter delight it brings.

I lie down on the bed, one hand coming up to my tits to gently stroke while I angle the vibrator around so the large end presses deeper into my cunt while the smaller end remains throbbing on my clit. Cassie's body is so warm, so unbelievably horny. I tease her, dipping the tip of the vibrator inside, barely penetrating her pussy with my toy until she's dripping wet and begging for it.

Please, please stick it in. She moans.

Our body is on fire, desperate to be filled. I sink the toy in slowly, enjoying the feel of my pussy wrapping around the soft rubber. The vibrations against my clit remain steady even as the pink shaft sinks deeper inside me. The vibrations pulse through the walls of my pussy, filling me, nearing my center as I thrust the toy in deeper. I bite my lip and moan, my tiny voice purring with delight. I arch my back, pleasure flooding me, Cassie's body close to bursting with pleasure.

I push the vibrator in deeper, deeper, until I hit my center and the thrumming nub of the machine is hard up against my G-spot. I cry out in pleasure and continue thrusting in and out slowly, following the rhythm of Cassie's body. I dig my other hand through my hair, clench my eyes shut and thrust my waist up, driving the toy deeper inside me. Now I need it harder, faster. I speed up until I'm pounding myself fast. My whole body is on fire and the lust drives me on. I work the vibrator in and out of Cassie's luscious body, my cunt aching for release, dripping down my legs until with one final thrust I cum hard, holding the vibrations against my clit and deep inside me as I moan and thrash on the bed in utter delight, the orgasm plowing through me.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cry, and her voice answers in my mind Fuck, fuck, fuck! We're lost in lust, screaming out as I plunge the toy inside again and again, fucking myself hard as wave after wave of orgasm fills me, drenches me. The world is a bright light of pleasure, my body roiled with desire, pussy walls clenched around the vibrating machine, soaking myself, experiencing a joy Cassie has never known before.

I come down slowly, slowly. I pull the vibrator out of my pussy and flick it off, then lie on the bed, breathing hard, tits rising and falling, mouth open in utter bliss. Cassie feels so good, inside and out. There's a wet spot beneath my ass and the room smells like pussy. My pussy. It's heaven. I raise the vibrator to my lips and make Cassie's tongue lick it clean. There's a slight distaste from her mind

but I force her to enjoy the salty taste of her own musk, inhaling deeply, in love with her pussy and the pleasures it can bring.

I spend the night in her body. It's a joy to wake up the next morning knowing I'm still Cassie. I lie on my back and lightly explore her, tickling gently with my fingertips over my lovely contours until I'm fully awake. I rise and stretch before going through her morning routine: toilet, teeth, makeup. I make little faces at myself in the mirror, sticking out my little pink tongue and wrinkling my nose. God, she's cute.

Checking her thoughts I slip into her usual routine. Her Saturday breakfast of buttered toast and a banana gives me enough energy to get to the gym. I rummage through her clothes until I find her gym outfit and pull it on. It consists of a super tight black running bra and tiny running shorts that are basically panties. It's surprising but enjoyable that Cassie shows off this much of her body during a workout. When I'm dressed I look amazing. The Lycra hugs my slender body, accentuating my curves. Cassie's two breasts pressing out beneath the taut fabric are incredible and I wonder how I'm going to get anything done when I just want to stare at myself. Somehow, I force my eyes away from the mirror and drive down to the campus gym and park in the underground garage. It's nearly empty. This early on a Saturday there aren't many students around.

When I pass through the doors and into the gym itself I find only a few people scattered around near the free weights and on the treadmills. I pick a treadmill where I can see myself in the mirrored wall and start it up. I get up to Cassie's speed slowly, enjoying the feel of my limber legs, one thrust in front of the other. Her body is a joy to run in, airy and light. There's power in her legs and it bursts out of me as I sprint, my heart beat racing.

I grow sweaty and I keep staring into the mirror at myself as I go. I don't need a

TV to distract me, I have Cassie's body. Just watching her move is incredible. I'm making myself so wet but I can't stop. Even as a drop of sweat slides its way down my chest, my pussy is dripping with another kind of wetness. I try to run through it but staring at this vision of loveliness in the mirror makes me so damn horny I can't ignore it.

I force myself to finish her run. When I finally step off the machine I'm wonderfully sweaty. My hair is plastered to my forehead and my cheeks are flushed. I look like I just had a good fucking, and right now I need a good fucking. Across the room, by the free weights, I spot a familiar face. Familiar to Cassie, anyway. It's Charles, the guy from her class who's too shy to hit on her. Well, Cassie's ready to take matters into her own hands. And her own pussy.

I grab my towel and walk over to him. He's standing in front of the mirror, wearing a t-shirt with cut-off sleeves and doing bicep curls as I approach. Cassie never realized how buff he was beneath his clothes, but seeing him like this, grunting with exertion, thick muscles moving so gracefully, she re-evaluates him. His slightly dorky personality combined with his clothing choices conspired to make him seem uninteresting, from a boyfriend/girlfriend point of view. But seeming like this is a different story. It also doesn't hurt that I'm so fucking wet at the moment that everyone looks better.

“Hey, Charles,” I say as he finishes up.

He sees me and grins, laying his barbells down on the rack. “Morning, Cassie.” He takes in my sweaty body. “You look like you've been having a real workout.”

“Yeah, well, you don't get this sweaty from a fake workout.” I motion down to my body, draw his eyes to my chest.

It's a corny joke but it makes him snort and his face lights up in a smile. How has Cassie never realized how handsome he is? He's got dimples for chrissakes! And his arms...fuck, I want them around me so badly. I want him inside me.

“I didn't know you came here.” I say.

He shrugs. “Yeah. I'm not a bodybuilder or anything but I like to keep fit.”

“I noticed. Here, show me your muscle.” I glide closer to him.

He raises his right arm and flexes. I wrap my fingers around it, feel his hot skin and the power just beneath. I let my fingers rest on his arm for a beat longer than necessary. “Very nice. Better than mine.”

I flex my arm and invite him to feel it. He reaches out and tentatively touches it.

“That's not bad,” he says.

“You didn't really feel it,” I insist, taking his hand and placing it back on my arm. I hold his fingers against my skin and look up into his big brown eyes. His face is so close I can feel his hot breath on my cheek as I stare deep into his eyes, begging him to read the look of abject lust on my face. He's taller than me by a head. I love his strength, his mass, his nearness. I'm like a comet getting pulled into Earth's gravity, ready to crash into him and explode. “Do I feel nice?” I purr.

He nods. With my hand still holding his arm on mine I nibble on my bottom lip. My eyes dart towards the change rooms. I know from Cassie's memories that there's a private room back there for wheelchair users that's always empty.

I step closer to him and bring my lips right up to his ear. His spicy scent is intoxicating and I can feel the heat radiating off him, our bodies nearly touching. "Do you want to feel more of me?" I whisper in a voice throaty with lust.

He stares at me, trying to gauge if I'm serious or just fucking with him. Eventually he nods. I take his hand and lead him across the room to the private change room. I push him inside and follow behind, then turn and lock the door. I'm not trying to be discrete. I don't care who saw us. I just need him now.

As soon as the lock clicks I throw myself into his powerful arms. He's surprised at my forwardness but manages to hold me tight as I wrap my arms around him, fingers grasping desperately, digging into his taut, muscular flesh, pulling him closer. I slide my fingers up his body, through his wavy brown hair and pull his lips towards mine.

I'm greedy for him, slipping my tongue inside his mouth as he opens for me, tasting him, my body pressing urgently against his. His cock stiffens, a hard lump growing between us beneath his clothes. He's still tentative, as if he can't believe this is happening. I can't blame him. Cassie has never acted like this before.

Lucky Charles.

I stand on my tiptoes and press my face against his, devouring him, kissing furiously, wanting to taste him, wanting him to taste me, trying to merge our bodies through sheer force of will. My tiny nose presses against his stubble, his scent filling me. In my head, Cassie is overcome with my passion. Charles is no longer just some classmate; he's the man who will give her what she wants.

I drop to my knees and yank his shorts down, then his boxers, freeing his cock. The head stares up towards me and I grasp it in one hand, sink my lips over it and swallow, sucking gently as I lower my head down on him, feel his cock slide across my tongue and fill my mouth. There's no time for ceremony, I just need to suck his dick. I need to taste his cock. Cassie doesn't like giving blowjobs. She thinks she's no good at it. But I've been both sexes and I know just how to do it.

With our minds merged, Cassie has no choice but to experience the joy of filling her mouth with hard cock, of feeling the power as she takes him all in, the head hitting the back of her throat as Charles groans above us. Fuck, its intoxicating being able to control him with just my mouth, just the simple pressure, the tongue across his shaft, the sucking and swirling, is enough to make him moan with desire. He's mine. His cock is delicious and I drive him to the edge of desire then pull back, again and again. Holding him in my mouth like this is driving me crazy with desire .

The sharp taste of precum hits my tongue. Cassie is usually squeamish about bodily fluids but I force her to gulp it down with gusto, pushing my lust onto her until she's just as crazy about sucking dick as she should be. And now she wants to have this dick in her mouth, she needs it, never realized how much she loved sucking dick. I suck eagerly, driving Charles wild even as my own pussy drips down my leg and onto the floor.

I can't take anymore waiting.

I stand and push Charles back onto the closed toilet seat. He half falls, half sits on the top of it. I yank my pants down, followed by my panties. The cool air hits my soaking wet pussy, my pouty pink lips ripe and open. I straddle him, guiding his cock up against my cunt and guide him against me. The pressure grows, building, building, and then he slides inside me and I gasp with a sudden slight release of pleasure. "Ooooh," I moan, as I sink down on him. He fills me inch by inch, his hard cock pressing against the walls of my pussy, his heat approaching my center until he's lodged inside me and I'm on his lap. He's perfect, his cock hitting exactly where I need it.

I kiss him some more, hungry for him, as I rock back and forth. Now his hands are all over me, gripping, squeezing. His mouth pulls away from mine and he yanks up my top, freeing my tits. He sucks on my nipples, licking eagerly as they pearl out in excitement. His warm tongue moves across my skin followed by his hot breath. I arch my back and moan. He holds my lower back, supports me as I thrust and grind on him. We rock together, locked in ecstasy, grunting and gasping with animal lust. He's slamming up against the toilet. The seat bangs loudly as I pound him harder, deeper, but I don't care. I need him inside me more than I've ever needed anything before. My lust rises, the tension plowing through my body and then it bursts and I cum, my entire body vibrating around the precious cock. My orgasm sets him off and he grabs my ass and thrusts. It's painfully amazing as he cums, spurting into my pussy, moaning and writhing as I rub my slick cunt across him, both of us enjoying our shared pleasure, the satisfaction of our physical bodies. He pounds me while I cry out, my breasts heaving, pussy on fire, body so filled with pleasure I can barely take it.

When he's done throbbing inside me, it takes me a minute more to come down. I finally stare down at him through half-lidded eyes. "Thanks. I needed that." I whisper, kissing him once more.

I pull away from his cock and am left with a burning emptiness I still need to fill. He's dripping down my leg and creamy cum is stuck in my pubic hair. Cassie, normally fastidious, would be disgusted. But I force her to wipe off a dollop of

Charles's cum onto my finger and suck it, enjoying the tangy taste of our mingled essences as Cassie revolts in my mind. But I tether her to my own enjoyment, until she loves the taste of cum, and the taste of her own hot pussy. Can't get enough.

Fuck, I'm making myself horny again already.

I tousle Charles's hair. "I'll see you in class," I say, before slipping out the bathroom door.

From the looks I get as I leave the bathroom, I assume the people nearby heard everything. A couple women snigger as I pass by, shooting me a look like they think I'm a slut. Well, fuck 'em. Cassie's shame is trying to sneak up on me but I tamp it down and hold my head up proudly. I take what I want and I don't care who knows it.

A few nearby guys are also staring at me, but in a different way. I know there's a part of them wondering if I'll offer myself up to them. I've done that before in other mounts when I was a younger hopper; fucked my way through scores of men not caring what my mount would feel, only living to enjoy the moment. But I'm past that embarrassing adolescence and I like Cassie. I want her to understand the power of her sexuality and realize that she has control.

I stride through the gym, pretending like nothing's happened. After all, my glistening body could be from workout sweat. My flushed cheeks could be from running. The smell of my pussy...well...there's a lot of smells in the air. It's a gym, after all. I act satisfied, content with my choices. But as I move through the equipment I realize I'm anything but.

It feels like my body is supercharged. I'm hyper-aware of every motion: my arms swinging, my breasts pressing against the tight top, my legs bending gracefully at each step. Fuck, I'm still horny for myself. And a part of it is coming from Cassie. It's her own satisfaction with her body, filtered through the prism of my desire. She wants to feel herself. To touch, taste, smell her beautiful body.

Goddamn, I'm wet already.

I hurry out of the gym, winding through the underground garage to her car. Each step only increases my horniness until I'm in agony with desire. I get in her car and slam the door and immediately grab my tits, throwing my head back and moaning as I squeeze Cassie's soft breasts. My hands fly over my skin. Cassie knows what she likes now and I follow her desire. I grip and squeeze my soft body, needing it rough. Charles's hard fuck left me more desperate to rub my pussy than I've ever been.

I put off the moment of bliss and instead flip up my top, letting my tits escape and hang down free against my chest. I gaze at them adoringly, tracing the contours, hefting and squeezing, enjoying the simple feel of her body. I grab them roughly and jiggle them, squeeze the nipples as a pleasure bordering on pain fills me. Cassie has learned she likes it rough and I oblige, twisting and squeezing, releasing momentarily, only to grab my tits again and torture myself into delicious agony. I'm moaning now, writhing in the car seat, driving myself to orgasm just from playing with my tits. I cum suddenly and hard, lips pressed together, moaning as a surprising pleasure overtakes me.

I can't wait any longer. As soon as the orgasm passes I thrust my hand down my shorts, fingers landing on my wet pussy. I'm already spread and eager as my touch traces my slippery lips, presses inside my warmth. Two fingers, three, rubbing furiously. I'm practically gushing, my hand is instantly soaked with my juices and probably still some cum. I slip as many fingers inside me as I can and dig deep, curving around to hit my G-spot.

I moan again, legs quaking with the effort of fucking my delightful body. My other hand slides down to my swollen clit and rubs fast while I penetrate myself. The feel of my fingers inside, of my own body wrapped around my hand is intense and amazing. I cum harder, crying out as lust pounds through me. And still I need more. I'm thrusting harder, deeper, trying to sate the lust that's been bottled up for so long and is now rushing out. Cassie's body is pure delight, every touch makes me sigh, every sigh makes me moan, and I orgasm hard just

watching myself, just listening, as though outside my body. Cassie's love of her body is infectious. She wants to pleasure herself. And she does, rubbing hard and fast as I cum again and again. Three orgasms. Four. Five. Each one is bigger and louder than the last until finally the world explodes in white hot pleasure and I scream in utter delight as the biggest orgasm washes me away. "Fuuuuuucck!" My voice cries, fingers flying inside and against my cunt as I stroke, stroke, stroke, until my body is aching and sore and I'm finally, finally sated.

The car seat is soaking wet. I'm soaking wet, laughing as I stare down at the mess I've made. I bring my hand to my mouth and lick off the taste of my pussy. Cassie's revulsion is gone. She loves how she tastes, can't get enough of her own pussy. I close my eyes and moan softly, enjoying the taste of her, the smell of her, the feel of her.

When I'm calm enough to drive, I adjust my top and reverse out of the spot to head home. I'm glad the car is relatively soundproof and that no one was in the garage to see me. Though, honestly, I wouldn't care if they had but I know Cassie has a reputation to protect. She's no longer the meek little wallflower who's terrified of her body, but she also doesn't want to get a reputation as a slut. Fucking double standards. I've been in men and made them fuck their way through an entire building, only to be lauded as a mega-stud. But if a woman does it it's frowned upon.

I spend the rest of the day in Cassie's body, just relaxing. I shower and change into another cute dress, then saunter through campus just showing off my body and flirting with any good looking guys I find. I want to give Cassie the confidence to go up to any guy she likes. I also make sure to keep texting Charles. He was a good fuck and he could be a good boyfriend.

Or at least continue to be a good fuck.

By the end of the day I've done what I can to make Cassie into a confident woman, assured of her sexuality and not afraid to take what she wants. That night, I lie on the bed and send her to sleep before hopping out of her body. I take one last look at her on the bed. So peaceful. So gorgeous. So strong. Then I slip out her door.

It's a small town and I'm sure I'll run into her again soon.

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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:

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

Jeremy is about to become a body double for the first female African American president of the United States. He's got to learn to cope with being the most powerful woman on the planet. And for Jeremy, enjoying her shape, her smooth ebony skin, her stunning curves, and her amazingly responsive body is just one of the perks of the job.

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.

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

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
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Becoming His Crush

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Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

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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

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

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Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories