

Stalked by the Stranger

MtF Transformation

by M. Wills

© 2024 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

Table of Contents

[Stalked by the Stranger](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Stalked by the Stranger

“Can you take this to the table, please?” Mom asked me, gesturing to the salad bowl sitting on the kitchen counter.

She had her hands full with the pot roast so I stuffed a bread roll in my mouth—as mom rolled her eyes—and followed her to the dining table with the salad. My sister had already set the table using our parents’ nice dishes and my dad was pouring wine for everyone. My girlfriend, Tania, was flitting around offering to help wherever it was needed.

“We’re ready to eat!” Mom announced setting the roast on the table.

Dad filled the wine glasses and passed them out, even giving one to me and Tania though we were only eighteen. “You won’t be drinking the good stuff at college,” he winked at me.

Mom prodded him playfully. “They shouldn’t be drinking at all.”

“You’re right, mom, they *shouldn’t*,” my sister cut in. “But they will.” My sister was older than me and had recently graduated college herself. She was no stranger to the partying lifestyle. If mom and dad had heard half the stories she told me they would have had heart attacks.

I wasn’t as much of a social butterfly as my sister. She took after my mom, slender and athletic, her dirty blonde hair in an asymmetrical bob and a stud in her nose that had caused much drama when she first wore it home.

I was a younger version of my beefy dad, struggling to grow a dark goatee to hide the fact I had no chin. I much preferred staying home with some video games, or a rousing game of dungeons and dragons with my friends. Tania was much the same, which was why we got along so well together. I was worried about what would become of our relationship now that we were about to head off to separate colleges. We were both pretending that a long distance relationship would work, though I suspected that she harbored similar doubts as I did.

My dad raised his wine glass and we all did the same. “Here’s to David and Tania going off to college.”

It was Tania’s last night in town and my parents were making a special occasion out of it. Though our classes didn’t start for another month, Tania’s parents were taking her on a trip across Europe and I probably wouldn’t see her in person again until the first semester break. I just wanted to snuggle up with her—yes, and make out, maybe even more—but we’d been dating for a while and she was practically part of the family so my parents insisted on a nice dinner.

We all sipped our wine and just as I was setting my glass down the front flew open. A chilly wind swept through the living room and my blood went cold even before I turned around and confirmed that the Stranger was in our living room. He looked just like the rumors on the internet said he did: a tall man wearing a grey overcoat down to his knees. A wide-brimmed hat shrouded his face in entire darkness, leaving his features a blank black void. Only the unnatural gleaming white of his evil blank eyes and manic grin were visible from the shadow.

Everyone had heard of the Stranger, though few people had ever seen him. He appeared from nowhere to cause havoc, swapping bodies, transforming people, controlling their minds and shaping their desires. Having the Stranger appear in one's house seemed to be as likely as winning the lottery, though with even more life-changing consequences.

My dad pushed his chair back and began to stand. I grabbed Tania's arm, intent on pulling her away. But with one wave of the Stranger's hand we were frozen in place where we sat. None of us—me, mom, dad, my sister and girlfriend—could move a muscle as the Stranger swept towards us. His creepy white eyes captured us all. He raised his hand and, with one finger extended, pointed to my sister, dragged his finger through the air to point at mom, then to dad, then back to my sister.

He must have freed them because as soon as he finished his gesture they panicked, staring down at themselves and then back to each other. Mom's mouth dropped open and she shrieked. My sister held her hands away from her body, as if afraid she might accidentally touch herself. Dad gasped and looked down at his own hands in shock.

The Stranger raised his hand towards them again, looking as if he might cause more chaos, but then paused and cocked his head, as if some sound had caught his attention, before turning to me. I don't know what I'd done to catch his attention. I was literally frozen in place from his powers. When his eyes met mine I felt him inside my head. A dark presence rummaging through my thoughts. He must have liked what he saw because his manic grin grew somehow even wider.

What do you like? I heard a voice in my head. *His* voice. Cold and curious, like a scientist examining an interesting specimen.

I didn't say a word but he flicked through my thoughts, My fantasies raced through my mind. Skin and tits and ass and pussy. All the women I'd masturbated to online. And the one I kept returning to.

Lisa. He said in my mind, naming me as he flicked his hand towards me.

Suddenly, I was free from his spell. I jumped out of my seat. I didn't know what I was going to do—attack him? Run?—but whatever it was, the changes stopped me.

My body began morphing. My belly wiggled and flattened, the fat dissolving, skin tightening to leave a trace of abs. My legs and torso grew taller, my legs changing as they did so, becoming leaner, the dark hair evaporating and leaving soft pale skin in its place. Dark hair cascaded down my face and I pushed it out of the way with fingers that had grown dainty, the fingernails gently manicured and gorgeous. My face wriggled, changing shape, the contours smoothing away, facial hair disappearing, nose narrowing. Then my balance was thrown off as my hips ballooned out, my ass growing thick and bouncy. The clothes on my body shrank into nothingness, except for a pair of floral patterned panties that looked incongruous straining to contain my manhood. But the pressure was quickly alleviated as my cock shrank to nothingness.

In terror, I grabbed my new panties and yanked them down in time to see my cock completely disappear. I could feel the changes in my groin, a pussy taking the place of my dick, my unruly dark hair becoming a trimmed triangle. As I stared down at myself, two breasts ballooned from my chest, changing my center of gravity and making me stagger forward. They continued growing until they were huge and unwieldy, both nearly as big as my head and with a fat pink areola capping each one. I stared up at my girlfriend in shock, my mouth gaping open, not knowing what to do or say. The Stranger had completely transformed me into a busty, wide-hipped MILF. The kind I'd secretly masturbated to when watching porn. I was my own fantasy.

The Stranger followed my gaze to my girlfriend and raised his hand again.

“No! Not her!” I said, jumping forward to try to block whatever power he was sending to her. My huge tits swayed and my whole body felt off balance as I tried to coordinate my new body, my wider hips, my leaner legs.

His eyes snapped back to me, along with his hand. He flicked his fingers and the most exquisite pleasure burst through me.

“Oh!” I squeaked, my voice high pitched and breathy as I stopped suddenly.

I threw my head back, mouth dropping open as I came, the orgasm making my entire body shake. I staggered back into my chair, barely managing to hold on to the table as pleasure ripped through me, soaking my panties with my lust. My entire family watched me orgasm as a woman, moaning as I threw my head back and clutched at my tits, squeezing, desperate to milk every last drop of pleasure from this body. It seemed to go on forever, my orgasmic cries filling the living room as the rest of the family remained frozen. The pleasure slowly ebbed and I slumped back in my chair, my immense chest rising and falling as I recovered.

There was a babble of voices as my family and my girlfriend all began talking at once. I was still warm and fuzzy with orgasm. The reality of the situation had yet to set in. But the Stranger was gone. Usually he would change people and then set them on each other, watching as they enjoyed the carnal lust of their new bodies with each other, some of them forced to service each other for an eternity. This time he'd spared us any further torment and left my girlfriend alone. I didn't know what that meant but I was grateful. It was bad enough suddenly becoming my own fantasy woman and orgasming in front of everyone at the table, it would have been worse to be helpless for eternity. I guess I would have to consider myself lucky to only be stuck as a busty woman?

I hoped it was the last I'd ever see of the Stranger, though I feared it wouldn't be. I sensed we had some sort of connection and I dreaded to think what that might mean.

* * *

That month before college was rough. Tania and I broke up. I didn't blame her though it did hurt a lot.

“I love you, David,” she said as we spoke online - her in Paris, me in my bedroom. “But I'm not... physically attracted to who you are now.”

It was also exceedingly awkward facing my parents after orgasming in front of them. Fortunately—or unfortunately, I guess—they had their own problems.

My sister had become my forty-six-year-old mom, my mom had become my forty-four-year-old dad, and my dad had become my twenty-three-year-old sister. We weren't the first family to face the Stranger, but we were one of the few to come out of it with no other sexual urges or changes to our minds. I mean, I did touch my breasts and finger myself to orgasm a few times when I was alone in my room. But that was out of my own curiosity about this new body I had. I was still attracted to women, and I was *especially* attracted to the body I now wore.

The whole family was all recommended a specialist therapist who was gradually becoming experienced in dealing with the after effects of the Stranger. My mom had it the easiest. Yeah, she'd changed sex, become her husband, but at least she was familiar with the body she was wearing and comfortable touching it. My sister had a huge adjustment to being older and having to see her own mom's body naked whenever she showered or dressed. Similarly, my dad was embarrassed and awkward to be in his own daughter's body. The therapist said that the best way to adjust to this sort

of forced swap was to embrace our new bodies because we would have them forever. Easy for her to say.

That meant wearing the clothes our bodies would wear and pretending to be the people that we appeared to be.

“It doesn’t mean you’re now the mother of this family,” the therapist told my sister the first time she sat down with us all. “Your relationships to each other won’t change. But it *does* mean that you need to accept being a middle-aged woman.”

My sister kept her arms folded beneath her breasts and sulked.

We were encouraged to find our new normal. For me, I had a chance to create a whole new identity. That’s why I ended up attending college at the end of the month enrolled as Lisa, the name that had popped into my head while under the Stranger’s power and which just seemed right for this form.

“Well, this is the last suitcase,” my mom said, rolling the bag into my dorm room and standing it on its end.

She put her hands on her hips like she always did. It was still odd seeing my mom’s mannerisms play out across my dad’s body. My parents had driven me up to move me into the dorm. My dad had given up trying to bring stuff up from the car when he discovered how difficult it was to lift heavy things in my sister’s petite body. He’d resorted to helping unpack my suitcase and putting my clothes into the drawers supplied by the college.

Dad and I had whole new wardrobes. He’d always disliked my sister’s outfits and how much of her body they showed off. Now in her body he had a chance to dress her more conservatively. At least dad could somewhat hide his slender body beneath baggy clothes. That wasn’t an option for me. I had so many curves there was no hiding them. I’d picked out the plainest things I could find, still trying to get used to my new form, but my tits strained even the baggiest tees. The sports tops, while so much better for support, ballooned my new assets out into unmissable mountains.

It was a month looking like this and I still wasn’t used to my body, all jigging tits and bouncing ass. I was a sex dream come true and still got embarrassed when guys stared at me. I was glad the college had allowed me to switch to an all-girls dorm, at least.

I was hanging up a poster when my new roommate bounded in with a backpack slung over one shoulder and a duffel bag on the other, which she dropped with a groan. She was followed by an older woman who was probably her mom.

“Hi, I’m Allison!” She chirped, bouncing up to me and sticking out her hand for a handshake.

“D-Lisa,” I replied.

Allison was shorter than me, with a splash of freckles across her nose. She was bubbly and energetic, excited about how new everything was. Her slightly chubby body reminded me of Tania and I felt a quick pang of desire. Her mom kept glancing over at me, pity in her eyes. I guess they’d been told about my predicament. Why else would someone who looked like me be sharing a dorm with her daughter instead of wrapped around a stripper pole?

I didn’t want to have that awkward conversation about the Stranger just then, so I hustled my parents out of my room. We ate lunch at a nearby café and I caught people glancing at the three of us. Just a mom and a dad out with their daughter. Little did they know.

After lunch I said goodbye to my parents and returned to my dorm room. Allison’s mom was gone and Allison was setting up her side of the room. It was awash in pink, in stark contrast to my side, which had some movie posters on the walls and not much else. My new roommate was a talker, only too happy to tell me all about herself.

“Ever since my brother went to college I’ve wanted to go, too. It’s going to be so great. I can already see we’ll be best friends!”

Her enthusiasm was a little embarrassing but I smiled and nodded. I told her a little about myself. As expected, she knew about the Stranger but was polite enough not to probe. As we talked, Allison arranged her side while I set up my laptop and tried logging into the university system to confirm I was supposed to meet for orientation in twenty minutes. At one point Allison asked me a question and I half-turned to answer her but froze. Standing in the corner behind her was the Stranger.

I hadn't heard him come in and Allison evidently hadn't seen him because she was looking at me waiting for a response. I jumped in surprise, knocking my chair back as I staggered to my feet. Allison's brow furrowed and she looked puzzled.

I began to warn her: "Alli—"

That's as far as I got before the Stranger waved his hand and a huge orgasm pulsed through me. My knees went weak and I sank onto my bed, curling over onto my side and pressing my hands between my thighs. I moaned as I clutched at myself, thrusting my hands between my thighs and rubbing as fast as I could. Jesus, it felt so good. I came hard, clenching my eyes shut and groaning, long and low, as my pussy grew wet, sopping my panties and my shorts and the pleasure washed out my mind.

After a few seconds Allison touched my shoulder. "Lisa, are you okay?"

I blinked open my eyes and rolled over, the warmth still ebbing through me. I glanced in the corner. The Stranger had disappeared. Allison stood over me, a worried look on her face. She followed my glance to the empty corner and then looked back at me.

"Are you all right?" She repeated.

"Yeah, I'm..." I licked my lips, the sweet relief still reverberating between my legs. "I'm fine."

"What happened?"

"A...seizure," I said in a flash of inspiration. "I get them sometimes. No big deal."

"Ok," she said, still looking worried.

I sat up. My panties were wet but it didn't seem to have soaked through to my shorts. At any rate, I was due for freshman orientation. As it happened, Allison was attending the same session so we both made our way through the unfamiliar campus to the stately building that housed the social sciences to meet some of the rest of the incoming class and familiarize ourselves with campus.

I kept glancing around anxiously, waiting for the Stranger to appear again. The Stranger never bothered anyone twice. Why did he return to me? Maybe it was a fluke. An accident. Like, he got his directions wrong or something. It brought back all the anxiety I thought I'd been getting a handle on.

There was a printout on the bulletin board just inside the building. This session had been divided up into groups based on last name, with each group meeting in a different room of the building. Allison and I had different rooms so we split up. It was somewhat of a relief. On the one hand, I was glad to be away from her because her chipper attitude was wearying. On the other hand, she was the only person I sort of knew on campus. The nervousness of the capital-S Stranger maybe coming back was outweighed by the definiteness of being in a room full of lowercase-S strangers.

I walked into the room and was met by the same looks I got every time I entered a new place. Everyone turned to stare at me and the boldest guys buzzed towards me like flies. Not that I could blame them. It was the damn sway of my hips and these huge fucking tits. Hell, I saw them every day and they *still* made me salivate. Fortunately, an older grad with an iPad intercepted me.

"Hi, I'm Kelly, what's your name?" She asked.

“Lisa.”

She scrolled down her screen and found my name. After ticking it off, she gestured for me to have a seat. It was a small classroom holding only about twenty seats, most of which were already filled by other incoming freshmen like myself. I squeezed my way down one of the rows and took a seat as far back as I could, trying to avoid eye contact.

When Kelly decided everyone was here she launched into her ‘welcome’ spiel. We played a few ‘getting-to-know-you’ games and everyone took turns sharing a little about themselves.

“I’m really just a nerd at heart,” I said when it was my turn. “I love D and D. Star Wars over Star Trek, and Lord of the Rings over both.”

When we’d all said something Kelly assigned us into groups of three and handed each group a sheet of paper.

“This is a campus-wide scavenger hunt,” she explained. “Whoever completes it and comes back here first wins a prize.”

Thankfully, I was in a group with two other women: Zoe was a tiny blonde who gave off definite cheerleader vibes. She wore a short skirt and a top that stretched taut over her small chest. Keira was a leggy Black woman in cut-off jean shorts and a gauzy white blouse. She’d been president of her high school class for two years and carried herself with absolute confidence.

The scavenger hunt was designed so that we would get used to the campus. It took us all around the quad and from the north to the south of the campus. Zoe, Keira and I talked as we went. The awkward talk of strangers thrown together who had nothing in common.

I couldn’t fathom Zoe’s world of popularity and beauty, even though I looked the part and she clearly expected me to get her. I’d stayed away from people like Zoe in high school, lusting after them from afar. Their social lives had been so different from mine.

I had more in common with Keira. Though being an overachiever meant she was in a different kind of nerd group. She was a natural leader and we let her lead us around as we marched through campus searching for the clue to the scavenger hunt.

I didn’t tell either of them that the Stranger had turned me into this sexy MILF. They dropped some hints that they were curious as to why an older woman was coming in as freshman, but I ignored them and refocused their efforts on the hunt.

The first couple of stops were uneventful. We found the date the main library had been built, identified the artist of the sculpture in the foyer of the new art building, and counted the number of alumni portraits in the downstairs hallway of the administration building.

I was starting to enjoy myself, the tension of the Stranger’s appearance ebbing away as I got to know the two girls in my group who were, frankly, pretty cute-looking even though we had nothing in common. But it all went to hell when we came around the side of the theatre, Keira leading us on a shortcut through to main street.

We were in a small courtyard between two buildings, nearly hidden around one side when my shoelace came undone.

“Wait up,” I called out to the others, stooping to tie my shoe.

Zoe and Keira stopped a few steps in front of me and waited patiently. I finished tying my shoe and looked up, preparing to stand, when I saw the Stranger just behind them. Zoe and Keira were facing me and hadn’t seen him yet, standing there in his grey overcoat and wide-brimmed hat. His face

was still hidden in complete shadow despite the brightness of the day, as if his entire face was a void except for his stark white eyes and gleaming grin.

I began to push myself to my feet and my mouth opened to shout out a warning but with a wave of his hand the Stranger froze me in place. I could no longer move. I was halfway to a standing position, my hands on the ground holding me up, my ass in the air. The only thing I could move were my eyes and I tried to communicate my warning through a stare.

I felt that whispering in my head again. The Stranger searching through my memories. What did I like watching the body I now owned do? Oh god, no.

“What are you doing, Lisa?” Zoe asked me, her mouth quirking into a smile.

Keira turned to follow my gaze and saw the Stranger. She gasped and stepped back. Zoe whipped her head around, her blonde bangs bouncing, and saw him, too. They trembled in fear and looked as though they were about to run. The Stranger eyed them and gestured.

Zoe gasped first and my eyes flicked to her. She was staring down at her tiny skirt. Something was bulging out beneath, growing bigger, a dark shape growing down one leg. The head of a cock unfurled from beneath her skirt, growing until it hung down against her thigh, thick and veiny, trapped beneath her tight skirt. Zoe’s mouth opened wordlessly as she gaped at her new appendage.

Then it was Keira’s turn. A bulge grew out beneath her shorts, the lump growing, moving down one leg until it was as long as Zoe’s but still hidden beneath her shorts. With another gesture of the Stranger both women moaned and bent over as if in pain. They began struggling with their clothes, Keira unsnapping the buttons of her shorts to yank them down her long, lean legs as Zoe grabbed the bottom of her skirt and hiked it up as far as it could go. It was the quickest way for them to bring relief as their cocks rose to attention beneath their tight clothes.

They stood there for a second staring down at themselves. Zoe’s lower lip quivered as she gaped at the massive erection she now sported. Keira had a look of disgust on her face as she stared at the thick, black cock protruding from between her legs. I was still frozen on all fours, my mouth wide open when the Stranger gestured again and both women turned to me. Their cocks throbbed. Their pupils went wide in desire as they gazed at me. They moved towards me.

Zoe circled around behind me while Keira approached from in front. I remained frozen in place, pleading in my mind for this to not happen, but to no avail. Keira’s thick black cock came closer, pointing right towards my open mouth. The tip was swollen with her lust. Now it was inches from my face. I could smell her musk. Masculine and spicy. I couldn’t scream, I couldn’t run. I could only watch in horror as she placed her cockhead on the tip of my tongue.

“I’m sorry, Lisa,” Keira sniffed, before *thrusting* into my warm, wet mouth.

I wasn’t prepared for how delicious it would be. Her dick slid across my tongue, pressing against the roof of my mouth. The salty taste of her dribbled on my tongue as she slid into me, my mouth opening to accommodate her girth. I’d never been attracted to cocks but this one was incredible, filling me as if it was made for this body. And maybe it was. Maybe that’s what the Stranger had done.

As Keira gripped my cheeks and plunged herself into me, I felt fingers reaching around from behind and unbuttoning my shorts. Zoe slid them down my legs, her hand grazing my inner thigh as she came back up, leaving a trail of heat wherever she touched me. A burning desire as I grew wet for her.

Keira fucked my mouth in a slow rhythm, gasping as she slid deep inside. I held her in my lips, felt her lodge in the back of my throat as I remained immobilized. She pulled out, her length slick with my saliva, giving me a brief respite before gliding in again.

Zoe gripped my hips and then something hard and firm slid between my legs, nestling up against my entrance. I was dripping wet for her and it didn't take long before my pussy was wide and ready. I was desperate for her, like an itch deep inside that needed to be sated. I couldn't beg, couldn't moan, could only wait for the inevitable. She plunged herself hilt deep into my cunt and hissed softly as she felt my pussy accommodate her rugged length.

Her cock slid deep into me, following the length of my canal, spreading my inner lips and filling me so completely. I moaned around the dick in my mouth, still frozen, still being used as a fucktoy with these two girl-dicks. The terror battled with the sheer pleasure as they rocked back and forth. I was sandwiched between them, plugged from both ends, completely frozen as they fucked my mouth and my pussy.

They sped up, Keira's new balls bouncing against my chin at each thrust. I could hear the rhythmic pounding of Zoe's groin on mine, could feel her pull out, leaving me achingly empty, before sliding in again and beginning to sate the desperate need that had overcome me and which I could do nothing about. Every thrust of their cocks made me hornier, made my tits bounce back and forth, wound the tension inside me as my body raced upwards towards the glorious release.

I was only vaguely aware of the Stranger watching behind Keira as I was rammed from both ends. The tension inside me crested and broke and I came, Keira and Zoe joining me at a gesture from the Stranger. Hot seed flooded my mouth as Keira's cock pulsed against my tongue and she thrust in deep. I had no choice but to gulp down her cum or choke. I swallowed her warm, salty essence in thick gulps, my tongue pressed into her pubic hair, my nose filled with her masculine scent as she filled my belly.

Zoe cried out, girlish and high-pitched, as she enjoyed her own orgasm and pumped me full of seed from behind. She pounded me, her hot cum filling my cunt, each spurt magnificent inside my over-sexed body. I quivered and moaned, still frozen, unable to move as the orgasm burned through me, pleasure racing through each inch of my skin as the two women filled me.

As the orgasm burned itself out Keira pulled out of me with a groan, her black cock trickling seed down my chin. I fell forward, sliding off Zoe's dick and catching myself on my hands, suddenly able to move again. The Stranger was gone.

I crouched there, cum dripping out of me from both ends, the warmth gently ebbing as Keira and Zoe babbled, hands flitting about, staring down at the thick cocks that they couldn't contain beneath their clothes.

“Oh my god. Oh fuck. Oh god.”

This had been their first encounter with the Stranger and they would need some time to come to terms with their new sex.

Of the three of us, I still had my wits about me. We hid their new appendages as best we could and reported the incident to the campus administration. They split us up, bringing us in turns in to see a psychiatrist. I didn't see Zoe or Keira again after that.

I insisted I was fine. And I was. At least, as fine as could be knowing that the Stranger was targeting me. This was no accident. He saw something in me that attracted him. I felt it when he reached into my mind on both occasions.

A campus-wide alert was sent out. Not that it would do much good.

I returned to my dorm to find Allison was already there. When she saw me she immediately launched into how awesome the scavenger hunt was, and how she now knew *everything* on campus and could we even *believe* that the Stranger had showed up?

I lay down on the bed, my heavy tits falling down either side of my chest, and stared up at the ceiling. Allison's babble slowed to a stop and she stood over me.

"What's wrong?" She asked, still chipper, but a subdued chipper.

"The Stranger is following me."

"Was it *you* everyone's talking about? With the...you know...penis?" She whispered the last word.

"No. But I was there and it wasn't the first time I saw the Stranger."

"That's ridiculous," she scoffed. "The Stranger doesn't return to the people he visited."

"Maybe he has before but no one's ever said anything. I'm telling you, I've seen the Stranger three times. It's like he's stalking me."

I explained how he first appeared at my house, and then in our dorm room, and finally during the scavenger hunt. I glossed over the details of what he'd done to me.

"So what are you going to do?"

"What can I do?" I shrugged. "He's all powerful and I'm...not."

I kept catching Allison looking at me that evening, as if trying to figure out what the Stranger had done to me. She probed gently but I pushed it off. I didn't want to talk about it and I dreaded what would happen next.

The evening was uneventful, though it took me a long time to get to sleep. The next morning I got ready for class and walked through campus. I was paranoid, thinking the Stranger could be around every corner. I would see movement out of the corner of my eye and whip around only to find something innocuous. A bush or another student. No man in a dull grey trench coat.

I barely registered the lecture as I continually scanned the large hall for the Stranger. He still hadn't appeared by the time I made my way to my first tutorial. As usual, the guys gawked at me as I

swept in through the door. It was a small room and there were only a handful of seats. I pretended not to notice the attention as I took a seat closest to the door so I could escape if I needed to.

There were four other women and four men, including the grad student who was leading the tutorial. The grad student was a lanky guy with thick black-framed glasses and an overbite. A long-haired slacker-looking guy slouched in a seat in the corner flipping a pen around his fingers. A dark-skinned young Indian man flipped through his notes and pretended not to be checking out the two Asian women who were giggling with each other. A studious-looking brunette with a pinched expression sat up straight at her desk, fingers laced in front of her. The last pair appeared to be friends, the guy thick-necked and shaved bald, the girl a sporty blonde with incredible legs.

The grad student launched into his introduction, his monotone voice and the warm room lulling me to drowsiness. There was movement in the corner opposite the door and I spun to look. It was *him*. The Stranger stared at me and I stared back. No one else seemed to have seen him and we remained frozen for an instant. He seemed to be waiting for something. I had to warn the others, get everyone out of here.

I took a breath and prepared to scream but he waved his hand and my scream turned into a guttural moan as I came. The orgasm was sudden and unexpected, doubling me over onto the desk as I plunged my hands between my legs and pushed my fingers hard up against my suddenly sopping wet pussy. I was aware the rest of the class was silent, staring at me as I came. I moaned and quivered as I thrust my hands up against my crotch, trying to sate the sudden desire that had shocked me. I clenched my eyes shut as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me, leaving me trembling and weak. My panties were soaked, my heart racing, my entire body flush with a deep relieved warmth.

When I opened my eyes the Stranger was still there and everyone was still staring at me. But I was staring at him. I felt him rummaging inside my mind and I admit I was now more curious than scared. He had complete power over me and yet had chosen not to transform me further or take control of me. There was a part of me that wondered what else he could do. Was there a limit to his power?

Somehow the Stranger's white eyes seemed to soften. He nodded almost imperceptibly and focused his attention on the rest of his class. With a wave of his hand the students were sucked towards each other in pairs. They were propelled out of their seats and they met together in the middle of the room where they were melded together into pairs of conjoined twins, a guy and a girl each.

Now there were only four bodies in the room. Each had two heads and a single body, split precisely down the middle into a male and female half. The Indian student shared a body with one of the Asian women. The slacker guy shared a body with the other. The prim and proper brunette's head sat next to the grad student's head atop their split body. The thick-necked guy and the athletic girl were the most incongruous, his huge bald head atop half of her slender body, her head atop his beefy side.

I watched their panicked reaction as if from afar. They screamed, staring down at themselves and then each other, nearly whacking their two heads together as they spun to see who they were attached to. Now one of the Asian students saw the Stranger. She screamed and pointed with her one arm as the slacker followed her gaze. They all stepped back from him, unsteady in their shared bodies, needing to work together to balance, clinging to the desks for support.

I cocked my head, more curious than frightened now, wondering what was next. As if reading my mind the Stranger waved his hand. The screaming stopped and now the students were all gazing down at themselves, a hungry look in their eyes. They tore off their clothes—quite literally in some cases to get them over their dual heads—and began touching their new bodies. They were split

exactly down the middle, and the guy in each group reached up to caress his counterpart's breast as the women reached down to stroke their new dicks.

I watched, fascinated, as they groped themselves. The grad student's spindly fingers tweaked the new nipple on his tiny breast while the prim brunette stroked her long cock. The athletic blonde was energetically stroking her fat cock while the bald guy played with her bare tit, his fingers dimpling the skin, squeezing hard. I idly wondered if he'd always thought about doing this to her. As I thought that, they turned and began making out, eyes closed in ecstasy as they enjoyed the taste of each other.

The slacker student let his hand wander down the Asian woman's slender body, fingers resting at his groin next to her cock as she stroked him slowly, cooing as she did so and staring down at herself, entranced. Then I realized the slacker wasn't just resting his hand on his groin, his two fingers were sliding up and down, following the line of his shared pussy. Looking around, it was clear that all four pairs of combined students had both sets of genitals, a rock hard cock next to a rapidly moistening pussy on each.

They came together in a rush, the four pairs forming two couples. And now they stroked each other, the men sucking on their counterpart's tits, the women reaching for the two sets of heads, kissing back and forth between each. They were all caught in pleasure, stroking themselves, growing ever wetter. Their moans rose in pitch.

The grad student/prim brunette combo threw the Asian woman/Indian combo on their back on the desk. They aimed their dark cock at the glistening entrance of the prim brunette, aligning the grad student's cock with their own dark entrance. They slid in on both sides, slowly, up to the hilt, all four closing their eyes as they were filled and filling at the same time, sharing in all four sensations, being inside the slick wetness while at the same time enjoying the girth pressing them apart. They rocked like this, riding each other, squeezing their shared tits, groping their shared bodies. Each thrust inside the other also made a cock thrust inside themselves.

The other dual couple were up against the wall. The athletic blonde made out with the other Asian woman as the bald man groped a tit. They were both at full mast, practically dripping when they finally slid into one another, sighing as they lodged themselves deep into the other's wet crevasse.

The two pairs of combined students rocked in their positions, moaning and clutching each other, kissing, swaying, pinching. The rhythmic pounding of their cocks into wet holes was hypnotic and I watched as they grew faster, gritting their teeth and cumming, emptying themselves all at the same time, filling and being filled. Their combined orgasmic cries filled the room and they clutched each other as they came hard, shaking and quivering as they fucked each other.

After their cries died down they pulled out, each dripping down their thigh. They look astonished. Scared. Embarrassed.

I noticed that the Stranger was beside me. I hadn't even seen him move.

"More," I whispered, entranced by the power.

As the conjoined students began to pull away from each other the Stranger waved his hand. Their cocks rose to attention. There was a brief moment of disbelief, and then they were on each other again, switching pairs now but still kissing, groping sucking, stroking.

The Stranger held out his hand. It was a normal hand. Human-looking. But as I took it I sensed the enormous potential inside it. It was as if my curiosity was feeding him. As I touched him my thoughts turned to the raw power I had, and the revenge I could now wreak on all who'd wronged me.

Ice crept up through his grip, filling me. An inky blackness washed away the classroom and for a moment I was tumbling through darkness, the Stranger's grip on my hand the only thing centering me.

When the darkness cleared we were on the sidelines of a huge football stadium.

Two teams played off in the center, the thuds as they slammed into each other audible from where we stood. A group of cheerleaders roused the fans to excitement, jumping and twirling and flipping. The stands were packed. Ten thousand people in blue and black and gold cheering on their teams.

We'd appeared just in front of the entrance leading back to the shower rooms, mostly secluded from view so that only a few of the water boys saw us. They promptly took off, running for their lives.

I wondered why the Stranger brought me here and I was about to ask when I saw *him*. Darren Cosgrove. The guy who'd made some of my high school years hell until he was finally expelled. He'd bullied me, beaten me, stole from me and generally made my life miserable. And now there he was, sitting on the bleachers almost directly above me leering at the skinny blonde cheerleader flipping around on the ground in front of the stands.

When the Stranger knew I understood, he pointed at Darren and dragged his hand to the skinny blonde, who was just now being tossed into the air. Darren's body disappeared and the skinny cheerleader suddenly had a look of shock as Darren found himself inside her body and falling quickly back to earth. He flailed and was caught by the male cheerleader who'd thrown him. I watched with rising glee as he pushed away from the male cheerleader and stumbled to the sidelines, blonde ponytail dancing across his neck with each step as he stared down at his new body in shock.

He stumbled towards us and was only a few feet away when he looked up. His pretty little mouth was open in surprise.

"Hi Darren," I grinned. "Remember me?"

"D-David?" The cheerleader said breathlessly, somehow recognizing me despite my changed appearance. The Stranger's doing I understood.

Darren looked at me and then the Stranger. His big blue eyes widened in fear and he stepped backwards. He had such a cute face now. It was such a pity we had to wreck it.

"That's right, asshole," I said.

Beside me, I felt the Stranger taking on more of a presence somehow, gaining mass as he fed on my desire for revenge.

I folded my arms. "Do it," I instructed the Stranger.

The Stranger waved his hand and Darren's upper half jolted back half a step as his breasts exploded in size, shredding his outfit as they ballooned out to ridiculous proportions. They were like two enormous basketballs hanging from his chest and he cradled them to take their weight.

"Oh!" Darren groaned. It was a breathy sound, dripping with lust.

Two football players on the bench heard it and turned around. When they saw Darren's busty new appearance they leapt to their feet and jumped over the bench. Darren got to his knees and scrambled for the first guy's pants as the second guy yanked his own pants down. I understood what the Stranger had done without him speaking. He'd given Darren an uncontrollable lust for cock, but his mind was otherwise unchanged. He struggled to fight the urge that forced him to yank the man's pants down and wrap his pouty new lips around the thick cock that sprang out. He sighed as he filled his tiny mouth with the man's length. From the Stranger's connection to me, I knew Darren was hating himself, even as he was unable to stop sucking. He dragged his lips up and down the length, filling himself on the man's hardness, savoring each salty drop of seed that dripped onto his tongue.

Meanwhile the other man had got his own pants down and yanked his cock out. Darren reached up and grabbed it, jerking it off as it grew beneath his fingers. He moved back and forth, sucking off each cock, his lips coming off one head with a wet pop before he latched on to the other. He couldn't stop himself. His little brow furrowed in disgust as he fought in vain to control his body.

Some men from up in the bleachers jumped down and came running towards Darren. They yanked their pants down, surrounding him. He reached for the dicks, nimble fingers stroking, lips and tongue working each hot shaft. Players on the bench heard the commotion, turned and came running. Anyone who saw Darren was drawn to him and he was soon surrounded by a scrum of guys all thrusting their cocks towards him. He licked and sucked and stroked. One exploded in his mouth and he swallowed the warm creamy seed, disgusted at himself as he filled his belly. His traitorous body refused to stop, reached for more and more dicks. His tongue and lips were busy.

Then he was lifted off the ground and someone yanked his shorts down. The head of their cock pressed against his delicate asshole. He couldn't complain, his mouth full of dick, hands reaching for more, and the guy behind him slid in, inch by inch, disappearing into his tight ass.

Someone else rolled underneath him, his cock hard and ready, and the two guys worked to lower Darren's slick cunt onto another shaft. Now all his holes were filled and still he was surrounded, still people came running, the crowd growing bigger as everyone in the stands rushed to join in.

Every time a dick exploded in his hand, covering his face and tits in cum, another would take its place. Every time he swallowed a hot load he was forced to slide his lips onto another oncoming dick. Every time someone came inside him, filling him with seed, there was another one waiting, sliding into his holes, never leaving him empty. He frantically raced around the circle of guys, grabbing and stroking as fast as he could, licking and sucking and fucking, needing to please every single man in the stadium.

We left him like that, cute face already dripping with cum, desperate to stop even as his hands reached for another cock, his mouth opening wide to suck another dick inside, the curve of his ass in the air, his rolling hips positioning him atop another glistening shaft, preparing to get his little body filled with cum again and again and again until he'd satisfied everyone here.

The Stranger looked at me, as if waiting for something. Watching Darren desperately fill himself with cock made me grin wickedly. Revenge was wonderful. I thought about the guy who'd cut me off in traffic last week, nearly sideswiping me in his Porsche before telling me to go fuck myself and flipping the finger.

The Stranger took my hand, the coldness filled me again. The stadium disappeared and then we were standing in the middle of a large office. A man was kicked back in his office chair, hands behind his head as he dictated something to a slender young redhead. A nameplate on the desk read "Kyle Stanton". Kyle wore a suit that oozed money and privilege and he was staring unashamedly down the low-cut top of the redhead, enjoying her small breasts clasped together beneath a lacy bra. Kyle must be the asshole who'd cut me off.

Kyle jumped when he saw us, slamming his hands down on the desk. “What the fuck?” Even his surprise was privileged, as if he felt himself untouchable.

The redhead turned to face us, her pretty green eyes going wide in fear. She clutched her tablet to her ample breast.

“Remember me, asshole?” I sneered at Kyle with righteous indignation. “You almost hit me in your car last week and then told me to go fuck myself. I’m here to fuck *your* life up.”

The Stranger waved his hand. I didn’t have to wait for the shocked looks on each of their faces. I knew the Stranger had swapped their bodies. The knowledge was just *there*. The Stranger and I were growing ever more connected as he fed off my desire for vengeance.

The redhead scowled as the world seemed to flip around her. Then she yelped and dropped the tablet as Kyle’s lecherous mind slotted into place behind her eyes. He stared down at the tits he’d been coveting moments ago and now possessed. The redhead in the asshole’s body fell back against the shelf, clumsy and shocked in her mature new body. I remained focused on Kyle as he reeled at suddenly possessing a woman’s form.

“What have you been thinking about your secretary’s body? Tell me the truth.” I said, advancing on him.

The Stranger waved his hand and Kyle’s mouth opened. “I was thinking her tits should be bigger and she should be a horny bimbo slut who loves getting thrown over my desk and reamed in the ass.”

He clapped his hands over his new lips but the secret had already spilled out.

“That’s what you really think of her, huh?” I said, glancing at the redhead, who was now livid with rage. “Then why don’t *you* go fuck yourself?”

I didn’t even have to glance at the Stranger. He waved his hand and Kyle’s new tits grew to rival my own. He had to yank down his top and bra, his tits spilling out as he squeaked in horror and clutched them. And then his focus shifted to his former body. His eyes went wide and his tongue snaked out across his lips.

“Mr. Stanton,” He began, in a breathy bimbo voice. “You’re looking quite tense.”

I gave Kyle’s bouncy little rear a pat and sent him towards his former body. We were forgotten in his desperate urge to fuck. The redhead in his body grabbed him and threw him over the desk. She ripped his skirt in her effort to yank it down him and then gave Kyle’s taut buttocks a smack.

He moaned, and I could smell his delicious musk from across the desk. He was dripping for himself, his head planted on the desk, his tits smashed against his closed laptop. The redhead yanked down her pants, revealing her cock, already erect and angry. She placed one hand on Kyle’s back, pinning him to the desk, then took her cock in the other, stroking it as she nudged his legs aside with a knee.

Kyle was helpless, dripping with desire as the slutty secretary he’d always wanted. The redhead slid her cock against Kyle’s slit, lubricating herself on his juices before aiming her thick cockhead at his puckered entrance. He struggled and whimpered as she sank in, forcing his asshole apart, the pain combining with the pleasure to make Kyle sigh and claw at the desk. He arched his back, pushing back as the redhead shoved inside him to the hilt. He mewled around her, breathless with pain, delirious with pleasure.

She gripped his ass and began pounding into him, thrusting hard, watching her cock disappear into his warm wet back entrance. Each slap of her groin on his ass made it bounce hypnotically. She fucked him hard as his cries rose in pitch beneath her, the tension rising within him until it snapped

and he came, moaning as she thrust deep and filled him with his own cum. His eyes were clenched tight, mouth open as he took each hot spurt up his backside and enjoyed it.

When the redhead was done she pulled out, her cock dripping a trail across Kyle's ass. Kyle pushed himself up, his face red, breathing hard, satisfied for the moment. But I wasn't. The Stranger knew it. He waved his hand and the redhead's cock jumped to attention again at the same time as Kyle moaned and grew weak in the knees, a torrent of juices spilling down his thighs. The redhead pushed him back down over the desk and began ramming him again, gritting her teeth, baring down on him as if taking out all her frustrations on his tender ass. She smacked him until his buttocks were red and raw then came again, filling him with his own cum once more.

She'd hardly pulled out when she grew hard again and thrust back in. They would do this forever, Kyle stuck as the little slut he'd wished his secretary had been as he truly got to fuck himself.

We moved to another victim. My dickhead boss who'd fired me from the grocery store. The Stranger turned him into a well-used vibrator so he could put his dickhead to good use, unable to talk or speak, but able to feel everything as he got passed around and shoved into different orifices, filthy and horny but never able to satisfy himself.

Then there was my third grade teacher who wrongly punished me because she thought I'd swore. We arrived as the old bag was eating dinner with her husband. Flooded with a thirst for vengeance, the Stranger gave her the dirtiest of mouths, swapping her mouth and her pussy, the horizontal slit taking the place of her mouth, the little bud of her clit on her left cheek. With another flick of the wrist the Stranger made her husband try it out, gripping her head in his hand and thrusting his cock into her pussy-mouth.

Then we changed Katie, a bitchy girl in my high school, into a true bitch in heat, sending her out in her new dog body to go romp around the dog park.

Then the we appeared in the burger place in front of the woman who'd messed up my order, turning her into a human cow, growing two other sets of tits beneath her normal ones and making them gush milk.

Then the guy who bumped into me accidentally on the street, then the woman who looked at me weirdly one day when I sneezed, then the guy who couldn't make up his mind at the donut shop. My rage was taken out on pettier and pettier issues. With every change the Stranger's power grew and he crept further into my mind. I was ice cold now, an impish grin permanently across my face just like the Stranger, delighting in the sexual mischief I could cause.

And then we were in front of Tania. My ex. I loved her but she'd dumped when I became a woman. The Stranger and I arrived in her college dorm room when she was alone. She shook, so scared she couldn't say a word when she saw me standing there with the Stranger. Both of us glared at her. She backed up against the wall, her mouth trembling.

"David," she whispered.

And there was something so piercing in that whisper. It struck my heart. Softened me. The memories of her and I together flooded back through me, thawing the Stranger's ice. She'd dumped me because of the Stranger. This was his doing and here I was, feeding him with my vengeance. I still loved her. I didn't want to hurt her but I didn't like this thing I was becoming. This stranger.

The Stranger began to wave his hand but I grabbed his arm. "No." A puff of vapor escaped my mouth as the coldness inside me escaped into the warm room.

The Stranger looked at me with his blank dead eyes. His frigid cold pierced me, begging me to take out my anger on Tania. To hate her. The Stranger and I fought silently, staring at each other, not exactly mind reading each other as much as the Stranger plucking my thoughts from my head.

“Leave her alone,” I said. “Leave her alone!”

I raised my fist to beat at him but he knew he'd lost me. His terrible grin disappeared, replaced with a scowl that filled me with fear. The blackness overtook me and when it released me I was standing naked in the middle of the quad. My long, dark hair tickled down across my shoulders. My breasts hung heavy and proud. I stood straight up, arms clasped in front of me, mouth open as the Stranger glared at me from twenty feet away. I had defied him. Fought him. And now he would make me pay.

I tried to say something to him but I couldn't move my jaw. I couldn't move anything. I was frozen in place, only able to breathe and to blink. No matter how much I tried my arms wouldn't respond, nor my legs, not even the slightest twitch of a finger.

Was this my punishment? Forced to stand naked outside as still as a statue?

Oh no, it was so much worse.

The first student who saw me approached quizzically before laughing and holding up his phone to record the naked woman. But when he got within twenty feet of me he changed. Desire charged through him. He let his phone drop to the ground, forgotten as he struggled out of his pants. Kicking them aside, he ran towards me, his cock rock hard and bouncing at each step. I stood immobile as he approached.

He grabbed my hair and forced me to bend towards him. I moved only as he positioned me, remaining still, like a mannequin as he bent me over until my tits swung beneath me. Then he opened my mouth and thrust his dick inside. It filled me, the warmth gliding over my tongue as he thrust deep inside my warm wet mouth.

He thrust inside deep, until my nose was pressed into his pubic hair and the head of his cock was lodged at the back of my throat. My saliva dripped down his length. His musk filled my nose as he groaned above me. Then, his fist still gripping my hair, he pushed me back and then *shoved* my lips back down his length. I remained immobile as he used me, fucking my face, his balls bouncing on my chin until, with a huge groan, he came.

“Swallow bitch,” he moaned as his cock throbbed in my mouth.

I complied, dutifully swallowing the hot cum as he emptied himself down my throat. When he was done he pulled out, looking somewhat abashed as he quickly put on his pants and ran away. I was trapped in the same position, still bent over, my tits swaying, my mouth open for a dick that was no longer there.

I soon discovered I was stuck like that, immobile, a willing sex doll for anyone who came close. Once people got within about twenty feet of me they lost all reason and needed to fuck me. Men. Women. Others. It didn't matter.

They made me lick their pussies. They came on my tits. They bent me over and fucked me from behind. I moved only when they positioned me, remaining frozen as they had their way with me. It wasn't all bad. I could still cum and often did as people thumped me from behind, balls swinging against my thighs. My orgasms were tremendous, made even more so by the fact I couldn't move, couldn't shake, couldn't moan.

They couldn't move me or cover me. Anyone who got close was immediately overcome with lust. The grounds crew sent to remove me ended up sandwiching me in a threeway, filling all my holes as I remained immobile, moving only as they thrust me here or yanked me down there as I reveled in pleasure that I couldn't show.

The Stranger left me there, never to return. Eventually the university set up a barrier around me but the secret was out. People crept past the walls to take advantage of my frozen form. And, oh, how I ached to be taken. Every cock filled me with pleasure. The university knew they couldn't keep people out and every now and then they would hose me down, sluicing the warm cum off my tits and my hips and my pussy and my thighs.

Visitors snuck past the barrier almost every night to take me however they wanted, use me as a living fucktoy, cover me with cum, fill every hole with seed until it dripped down my thighs, choke me with hot jizz that I was forced to gulp down while I stood frozen.

Forever.

###

Thank you!

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

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available through my [author page on Smashwords](#):



Instaswap 2

Charlie enjoys living his second sexy life while still conspiring with his friend to somehow possess his friend's crush.



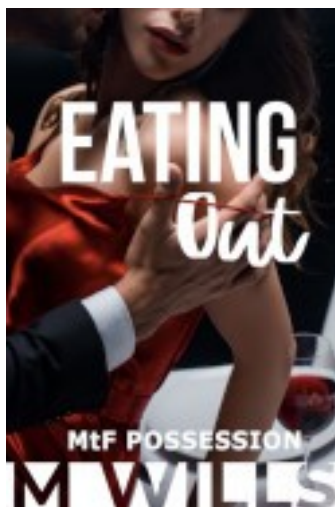
Corporate Bodies

A company executive tries out a prototype memory-sharing device with his two secretaries, knowing that a glitch will result in his single consciousness controlling all three at once. Seeing what they see. Feeling what they feel. And enjoying every sensual inch of their bodies.



[Payback \(Chapter 7\)](#)

In Chapter 7, Jack tests Peyton's willingness to do whatever - and *whoever* - he asks.



[Eating Out](#)

A young man discovers a restaurant with a special service that allows people to possess the patrons, enjoy them, and change them to their liking.

[And many more!](#)