

# STRANGE *Cummings*

**BODY HORROR  
BODY MODIFICATION  
BODY SWAP**



IMMORTALS

# Strange Comings

M Wills

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This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

STRANGE COMINGS

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Written by M Wills.

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### **Author's Note**

Regular readers of mine are probably familiar with the Stranger. The story you're about to read was my first attempt to write the origin story, but I wasn't quite happy with it being the Stranger's origin. I thought it should be more mysterious and alien, so I wrote Enter the Stranger last year.

The story in this book features a character a lot like the Stranger. Maybe you can consider this a companion piece to Enter the Stranger. Or maybe, like the Stranger's powers, this story is the alternate reality they created.

This story contains a lot of wild body swaps, body part swaps, body modifications, and mind control. Enjoy!

-M

It was lonely in the cramped basement of the Derry City Police Department but Detective Bristoff had become accustomed to loneliness. His desk was in a dark corner, wedged between two dented file cabinets. Two desks lamps, one on either side of his computer, lit the gloom. Every time a toilet flushed on the ground floor the water gurgled through the pipes above his head.

The rest of the basement was taken up with cleaning supplies and obsolete equipment, with a slim path running between his desk and the elevator. He'd requested that the flickering overhead light be replaced months ago but his maintenance request was still waiting to be processed, so for now he left it off. They were probably hoping it would drive him to quit but he'd put up with much worse.

Bristoff flipped through the current file that sat open on his desk. There was very little information. Typical missing person. Looked like a teenage runaway and, therefore, not Bristoff's main concern. There were three reasons it sat on his desk.

One: The teen's bedroom had been littered with occult-like symbols. Probably fake.

Two: The case was unsolved

Three: It was years old.

The basement was a dumping ground for cold cases. Specifically, cold cases that might involve anything supernatural. In Bristoff's long career only one case had ever involved anything supernatural and it was the case that resulted in him being banished here to the basement. That particular file sat untouched in his desk drawer. He didn't need to open it; it was burned into his memory from experience. The pile on his desk were just cases that involved slight coincidences, or anything that the original officer involved considered 'unexplained'. This was anything from an unidentified fingerprint to a witness swearing that an alien with blue skin had abducted his friend. The one thing they all had in common was that they led nowhere.

Bristoff sucked on his vape as he flipped through the slim file. One good thing about working alone in the basement was that no one ever told him off for vaping.

The file in front of him was too scant to determine anything. The missing teen wasn't important and no obvious leads had appeared so it had all dried up. Hell, it was entirely possible that the kid had been found and

no one had bothered telling Bristoff. It wouldn't have been the first time that happened.

Bristoff shut the file and turned to open the file cabinet to his right. It had a sticky latch with a particular trick to opening that Bristoff had perfected during his time down here. He slid the file inside and leaned back in his chair, his slender fingers resting on the desk as he tapped his pink, gorgeously manicured nails arrhythmically.

Bristoff had read five files that day. Four old ones plus the missing persons one that had been put on his desk that morning. He liked to take in the information and then let his mind germinate. It worked for him. Hell, solving the odd cold case was the only thing that didn't make him a complete laughingstock to the guys upstairs. So far, all the cold cases had perfectly normal explanations.

His unfocused gaze rested on his fingers. They were incongruously feminine, the nails long and polished and rounded no matter what he did to them. The fingers were slender and hairless. Petite. The skin a shade lighter than the rest of his body with the coloring ending distinctly at the wrist where his hairy forearm began.

The elevator groaned in that peculiar way that let him know someone was coming down instead of up. Another file? Two visits in the same day was unusual. Most people preferred to pretend he didn't exist. Bristoff sat up and shoved his hands beneath the desk. He was self-conscious of his hands. They were a constant reminder of his past and his ongoing failure.

The elevator doors opened and a nervous looking young man stepped out. Probably fresh out of the academy. The rookie paused, letting his eyes adjust to the dim light as he looked around.

"What do you want?" Bristoff asked gruffly.

The rookie jumped and swung his eyes over to the corner where Bristoff sat in the gloom.

"The Ch-chief told me to come get you," Pete stuttered.

As he stepped into the small circle of light Bristoff was able to read the name off his badge. Pete Landon. The uniform was crisp and neat. His face was clean shaven and boyish. Of course they sent the rookie.

"He wants to see me?" Bristoff cocked an eyebrow hopefully.

Pete shook his head. "He wants you to come with me. We've—my partner and I—we've found something Chief thinks you need to handle."

“What? Out there?” Bristoff jutted his chin in the general direction of the outside world. “What is it?”

“I...um...” Pete grimaced. “I think you need to see for yourself.”

Bristoff stood, keeping his hands behind his back and out of the rookie’s sight as he scooted around the desk. He grabbed the overcoat that hung on a peg on the wall and slung it on before jamming his hands deep into the pockets.

“It’s pretty warm out. I don’t think you’ll need that.”

Bristoff just stared at Pete until Pete turned away. He followed the rookie up the elevator and through the back hallways, ignoring the stares and the whispers from the other officers as they collected Pete’s partner, Lindsay, and went out to the patrol cars. Lindsay was a stocky, no-nonsense woman. She had a handsome face and long blonde hair that was tucked back in a braid which she hid under her cap. She drove methodically, her eyes never leaving the road. They both refused to answer Bristoff’s direct questions about where they were going.

“You’ll see,” Pete said.

After a few tries Bristoff gave up and relaxed in the back seat.

They pulled up to an ordinary-looking house in the middle of suburbia. White picket fences. The houses all similar except for the color of the door here or the placement of a window there. Bristoff followed the others out and they paused at the front door. It had been violently ripped off its hinges and lay broken on the porch.

“Now...” Pete began. “This is going to be strange but you’ll just have to go with it.”

Pete motioned for Bristoff to go in alone. Pete and Lindsay waited outside as Bristoff slowly walked down the hallway. As he neared the living room he became aware of a woman moaning and a man gasping. The sounds were rhythmic. The noises would get louder for a minute, climaxing, and then after a beat they would resume.

Bristoff turned the corner into the living room. A young man—maybe 19 or 20 years old—was sitting in a lounge chair. His pants were down around his ankles. An older woman—early forties—knelt between his legs. Long, auburn hair fell down one side of her face but Bristoff could very clearly see she had her lips wrapped around the young man’s erection. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy and she seemed to be enjoying giving as much

as the young man enjoyed receiving. What's more, she wore only an apron and high heels, which left the round curve of her ass bare.

Bristoff paused and looked back towards the open front door. Pete waved for him to keep going. Bristoff clenched his teeth.

"Is this some kind of fucking joke?" He growled.

The young man's eyes flew open and he looked at Bristoff. The woman didn't pause at all, just kept driving her lips up and down his swollen manhood.

"Help me. Please. You've got to—ungh!"

The young man gritted his teeth and groaned, pumping up into the older woman's mouth. She kept her lips wrapped around him and sucked eagerly, taking big gulps. When he seemed to have finished she slid her mouth off his dick but kept her fingers clasped around his shaft.

"Help me," The woman finished the young man's sentence.

"Jesus Christ. Put your pants on." Bristoff told the man.

"I can't." The man replied between gasps.

Even as Bristoff watched, the young man grew hard again. The older woman's eyes went wide and she wrapped her lips around him once more, gulping him down. She seemed compelled to continue, just as the young man was compelled to enjoy it. The whole scene sent goosebumps up and down Bristoff. He'd seen this power before.

"What do you mean you can't?"

The man and the woman seemed to take turns speaking, interrupted only by the young man orgasming, after which the other one would resume the story until Bristoff managed to piece together the entire thing.

## 2

The young man's name was Steve. Eighteen years old. Benchwarmer for the high school basketball team. Tall and muscular, he looked like he belonged on the cover of magazines.

The older woman was Steve's mom, Erin. A single mom on the rebound from a divorce. In the past year she'd prepared to get back into the dating scene through diet and exercise, which had emphasized the swell of her curves and only made her full breasts stand out more from her slender finger. [Bristoff had to admit it was sexy as hell watching her service the young man.]

They were both in the kitchen. Erin with a pink apron tied around her while she cooked. Steve rummaging through the fridge for a pre-dinner meal. They both heard a loud crash from the front door. Steve's first thought was that it was a car crash.

"The fuck?" Steve cried.

He ran out into the hallway to see what had happened, Erin following behind.

The front door had been opened so violently it had been torn of his hinges and now lay on the porch. A woman was framed in the doorway. She was scantily clad in a gold camisole and panties. Gold glittered from an array of armbands and rings and earrings that she wore. But most jarring of all were the wings growing from her back. Evil, black and powerful. But they couldn't possibly be real.

Later, neither Erin nor Steve could remember anything distinguishing about her features, or much about her features at all. They disputed whether she was a blonde or a redhead, lean or fat, whether she was curvy or thin. But the one thing they both agreed on was that her smile was much too wide, with too many teeth and all of them much too bright.

Behind her, incongruous in her innocence, was a cheerleader. Blonde. Petite. Amazing body with long, lean legs and heaving breasts. She watched the scene unfold, her mouth slightly parted in desire.

"You're Steve," the woman said flatly, staring at Steve.

"Who the fuck are you?" Steve shouted, advancing on her.

"Stop." The woman waved her hand and Steve's body came to a sudden halt.

He couldn't take another step. His body refused to obey his brain's commands. A sudden jolt of fear shivered down his back like ice water. His eyes were drawn to her wings, the way they rippled as she moved to look at them, the way they fluttered gently, as if testing the air. How the fuck did they do that?

"Get the hell out of our house!" Erin squeaked, still half hiding behind her son as she stared, agog, at the strange winged woman.

She ignored Erin and kept her eyes locked on Steve. "Richard Davies sent me. You know him." Her seductive voice sent goosebumps across his skin.

"Who's Richard Davies?" Erin asked.

"Tell her," the woman ordered.

"He's this kid from school. Fucking nerd. Chess club guy. He sent you to, what, scare me?" Steve said with an air of false bravado.

"No," the woman purred, slinking closer. "I'm Richard's revenge. I fix things. Make the world people wish it could be."

"I ain't scared of you, bitch," Steve jutted out his chin, his eyes flickering to her wings which still seemed to be moving of their own accord.

"Oh, Steve," the winged woman tutted. "I don't want you to be scared. I want you to be terrified." She placed a hand on his still-immobile chest and *pushed*.

The world blinked black for a second and then Steve was instantly weightless and flying backwards. He jerked to a stop suddenly and took a step back on unsteady legs, a little cry escaping his lips as he grabbed onto the doorjamb for support.

The cry was higher pitch than he was used to. His body felt ungainly, heavier in places, the weight unevenly balanced. The hand on the doorjamb was feminine, with long, soft fingers. There was also now a young man standing between him and the winged woman. The young man had his back to Steve and he, too, took a step to the side and grabbed onto the wall as though he'd suddenly lost his balance.

The young man whipped around and Steve was met with the sight of his own face. The eyes widened in surprise.

"The hell?" Steve said, in a voice that was lighter, higher pitched. A woman's voice.

Steve's eyes dropped down to his body. He wore a pink apron, the top barely concealing the heavy breasts of a woman. Beneath the apron was a white shirt, stretched low, allowing him to see straight down into heavy, swinging cleavage.

Steve gasped, his hand coming to his lips where he felt the strange contours of his face, the soft smooth skin of his chin. In shock his fingers flew to his face, following the contours of his lips, his nose, his cheeks. They weren't his. They were softer. Smoother. It all clicked in a single second: somehow he was in his mom's body.

"Steve?" His old body asked.

Steve nodded, dumbfounded.

The winged woman watched Steve and Erin with amusement as they gaped at each other, eyes wide in horrified surprise.

The winged woman laughed demonically. "Yes," she hissed, tasting the air with a forked tongue. "That's the horror that I want. And more. I crave more."

The cheerleader placed a hand on the winged woman's arm. "Can he..." she licked her lips. "Can he fuck me in the ass?"

The winged woman turned to her. "So horny. So stupid. No. This one is not for you."

The winged woman turned back around and took a step towards Steve. He stepped back. He felt his mom's tits jiggling on his chest, felt his thighs brushing together. Glancing down at himself an image flashed into his mind. Something he'd been masturbating to the night before. A sexy blonde, naked except for a short apron and heels, blowing her husband on the couch.

The winged woman paused. A smile crept across her lips, growing impossibly wide. "Yessss. So it shall be."

The woman clicked her fingers. Instantly, Steve's clothes – except for the apron – vanished. The back of his feet rose into the air until he was standing on tiptoe and then sexy high heels wrapped around each foot. Steve gasped, overbalanced, turned to catch his balance on the couch and caught a glimpse of his mom's big fat butt. Now *his* big, fat butt. His nipples brushed against the apron, strangely sensitive to the coarser fabric.

"Sit," the winged woman commanded Erin, snapping her fingers.

Erin found herself walking towards the couch, her mind trapped in her son's body, unable to control herself. She walked around the front of the

couch and sat. Steve found himself following her, his heels clacking on the floor at each step, his ass wiggling. His body was not his to control as he knelt between his former legs.

Steve's new hands reached out and unbuttoned his former pants. His mind rebelled and he whimpered as he used his mom's hands to free his cock and stroke it. It was warm and felt so big between his slimmer fingers. His dick rose at his touch, growing harder each time he ran his soft fingers down the shaft until it stood fully erect, the bulbous head pointing up towards his lips.

"No, please n—mmmmpph," Steve said, forced to wrap his mom's lips around his own former cock.

The head of his dick skated over his tongue and he opened his mouth wide to take it all in. The musky scent of himself hit his nose as his own cock pressed his tongue down and slid ever deeper inside. Steve dragged his lips down his own shaft until his nose was pressed against his groin and the head of the cock nearly hit the back of his throat. He wanted to gag but couldn't. Instead he deep-throated himself, dragging his lips up and then back down his own length as it grew slick with his saliva. His mom's tits dangled from his chest as he used her lips to suck his own cock. His tongue undulated beneath the underside of the shaft, his lips concave with effort as he sucked.

His mom groaned, thrusting up slightly as he dropped his lips down the length. The salty taste of her pre-cum dripped down his throat. Up and down his lips went, taking his cock deep inside his mouth, tasting the rich, warm dick, moving faster and faster until, with a mighty groan, his mom came.

Steve's lips latched onto the cock as bursts of cum rushed over his tongue and down his throat. He swallowed in greedy gulps, swallowing the warm, tangy seed, keeping his new lips wrapped around his former dick until it stopped pulsing and began to grow soft inside his mouth.

"Again," the winged woman said. "From the other side."

She snapped her fingers and Steve was suddenly sitting on the couch, back in his own body. His mom still had her head in his lap, her lips wrapped around his softening cock. For a fraction of a second Steve thought she was letting them go. And then his mom's lips dragged down his shaft, her tongue dancing beneath its length, and Steve grew hard.

He was forced to stare down into his lap and watch his mom suck his cock, watch it disappear between her lips, into her warm wet mouth. She swirled her head and teased him delightfully, though he could see the fear in her eyes even as she sucked him off. She sucked harder and faster, Steve gripping the couch, trying to hold on, until she dropped all the way down, held him deep in her heat, and he came. He groaned as he emptied himself into his mom's mouth, hot seed pulsing down her throat, ashamed and relieved in equal parts.

And as soon as his cock came to rest, the world flipped again. He was back in his mom's body, the taste of cum filling his mouth, lips still spread wide around the dick he was sucking. The dick that was once again growing hard as he resumed sucking himself off with his mom's mouth.

He didn't know how long the winged woman and the cheerleader stood there. He only knew that at some point his neighbors had come by to see what had happened with the door and he'd begged them to call the police.

### 3

Bristoff returned to the front porch where Pete and Lindsay were waiting. The noises from the living room were fainter out here. Pete looked at him with wide eyes. Lindsay was much more reserved but the way she chewed on her bottom lip Bristoff could tell she was out of her depth as well.

“So?” Pete asked.

“So what?” Bristoff replied, taking his vape from his pocket and pulling on it.

“Isn’t this like that case you had? With your wife?” Pete nodded to Bristoff’s feminine hands.

Lindsay elbowed him. Bristoff just grunted and stared at the kid for a few seconds. “The supernatural abilities don’t exactly match up...” He trailed off. Maybe she’d changed. Hell, what were the chances this was a *different* person walking around with reality-changing powers.

“Let’s go talk to this Richard guy,” Bristoff finally said, staring down Pete. “You got his info didn’t you?”

“Umm...”

“Then you better go in there and get it.”

Pete looked at the two of them but Lindsay avoided his eyes and Bristoff fixed his cold stare on him. Pete slumped his shoulders and went back into the house. Lindsay finally looked up at Bristoff.

“What do you reckon we do about this?” She motioned to the house.

“Not much we *can* do right now. No one’s filed a complaint and there’s technically no crime. What’s the charge? Hypnotism?”

“I wouldn’t have believed it was anything supernatural except that he keeps going. Every man I’ve ever been with is wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am.” She forced a grin.

Bristoff liked the way she was trying to lighten the situation, but he could see it wearing on her. “Maybe he’s downed a bottle of hard-on pills.”

“Maybe it’s someone else with powers.” She gave him a hard look.

Sounded like she’d been reading his file and was open to his explanation. Bristoff liked that about her, too. He’d spent months down in a police basement because none of his bosses actually liked to question things. If it didn’t fit into a neat little box it was too crazy to deal with.

Pete returned a few minutes later with a full name and a description of Richard. They cross referenced it with the records from the high school Steve attended and got an address. A little over an hour later they pulled up in front of Richard's house.

It was one of those new boxy gray and white houses in a gated community. Lindsay and Pete followed Bristoff up the faux-marble front steps of the house. Sensible. They didn't want to be involved in any of this.

Bristoff knocked on the door. A few seconds later the curtains drew aside and a peroxide blonde peered out at them. When Bristoff held up his badge her eyes widened and she quickly unlocked the door.

"Yes?" She twisted her fingers together nervously.

"Is Richard here? We'd like to ask him a few questions." Bristoff gave his best charming smile.

"I'm his mom. Is he in trouble?"

"Not at all. He may just be able to help us out. One of his friends from school has gotten himself in a situation and we think Richard can help."

"Oh. Well, I don't know. Let me check."

She turned around and called over her shoulder. "Richard!"

A young man of about eighteen years old peered around the corner of the upstairs hallway. He was a skinny kid with glasses and an elongated face. When he saw Bristoff he tensed up but slunk down the stairs. His movements were awkward. Bristoff didn't rely on prejudices but Richard looked exactly like the type of teen that would get picked on.

"Yeah?" He asked in a tiny voice, looking at his mom.

"The police are here to ask you some questions."

Bristoff pulled out his small notepad and flipped through it, affecting an easygoing manner. "Hi, Richard. You're not in trouble but there's a kid from your high school who is and we thought you could help. Do you know Steve Bellwether?"

Bristoff watched Richard's face carefully and saw a flicker of surprise before it was tamped down. Richard glanced at his mom and then back at Bristoff.

"I mean, I know *of* him." Richard's lower lip protruded from beneath his upper lip, giving him a perpetual pout. "Why?"

"We've talked to Steve and I know he's bullied you. Has anything unusual happened between you two?"

“Unusual? Like him spitting in my backpack? Calling me names? Nope. That’s all usual.”

Bristoff didn’t have to be a genius to recognize the teen’s anger. But anger didn’t prove anything. Bristoff couldn’t help but compare the teen’s reaction to his own wife’s reaction when her powers became too much for her to control. She lost herself and became someone else. A stranger. Richard wasn’t acting like someone who could bend reality to his will or Steve might have been in even more trouble.

“Yeah, he’s an asshole,” Bristoff agreed, much to the surprise of both Richard and his mom. “But the law has to help even assholes. Can you tell me where you were this afternoon?”

“Do I need a lawyer?” Richard’s mom stepped up.

“No ma’am. Just trying to track down Steve’s route this afternoon. See who else he may have interacted with.”

This little white lie seemed to calm her and she nodded to Richard.

Richard shrugged. “I just came home after school.”

“Straight home?”

“I was here,” Richard’s mom interrupted. “I work from home and he got home the same time he usually does, around 3:30.”

“How do you get here from school?”

“I walk,” Richard said. “I usually go the back way around Milton’s Creek so I don’t run into anyone.”

“Like Steve?” Bristoff guessed.

Richard nodded.

“Anything unusual happen?” Bristoff prodded.

Richard looked at his mom then back to Bristoff before shaking his head. Bristoff sighed and put his notepad away. This was a dead end. This teen didn’t have any powers, much less the same powers as Bristoff’s wife had at the end. It was *possible* he could have transformed himself into a winged woman to torment Steve. But if Bristoff’s wife was anything to go by, once the powers got that strong they were uncontrollable. They needed to be used again and again. She’d seemed to feed off it, growing stronger every time she changed the world.

Bristoff fished in his pocket and came up with a slightly stained business card. He handed it to Richard and watched him pause for a second as he saw Bristoff’s perfectly manicured fingers.

“If you remember anything else give me a call.”

“Ok,” Richard agreed.

“Thank you.” Bristoff shoved his hands back into his pockets and turned away.

Pete and Lindsay followed him back to the police car where they sat in silence for a few seconds.

“Now what? Do we go back and help Steve?” Pete finally asked.

“How would we do that?” Lindsay asked, humoring him. “Do you have some sort of anti-magic we don’t know about?”

Bristoff admired her for being willing to believe in magic and he wondered if that had something to do with why she’d been assigned to this case, and to himself.

“Who says it’s magic?” Pete retorted. “Maybe it’s some sort of weird prank.”

“Think they get their rocks off on having police officers watch them?”

“You have a better idea?”

“I already told you. This is like nothing we’ve ever seen before. Except maybe for him.” She jerked her thumb back at Bristoff.

“Then it’s a fucking dead end. I sure as heck don’t want to be stuck in the basement by pursuing that kind of lead.”

“I don’t blame you,” Bristoff said. “Let’s get back to the station. Hand the file over to me and then forget about it. Best thing for both of you.”

Lindsay eyed him through the rearview mirror but said nothing. They drove back to the station in silence, each brooding on their own thoughts. Bristoff puffed on his vape and Pete rolled his window down with an irritated sigh. When they reached the station Pete high-tailed it inside. Lindsay slowly got out of the car and waited for Bristoff to unfold himself from the backseat.

“I read your report about your wife.” She said.

“I’m sure. They probably passed it around the station for a good laugh.”

“Actually, they’ve locked the file in the system. I don’t think they want word to get out.”

“How did you see it then?”

She chewed on her bottom lip. “The Chief leaves his password taped to his computer screen. Lousy security. I knew your record and I wondered how anyone so good could just suddenly...go away.”

They paused under an awning near the glass doors of the back of the station. Looking at her closely, she was pretty, probably somewhere in her

mid-forties, with slight crow's feet when she smiled. She seemed in good shape. Solid body. Her face was kind as her eyes searched Bristoff's.

"I didn't believe it," she continued. "But after today..." She trailed off. "I need to see this through."

Bristoff nodded and opened his mouth to warn her off when his cell phone rang. "Officer Bristoff here."

"It's Richard." The teen sounded like he was whispering.

"Richard?" Bristoff glanced at Lindsay, who perked up.

Richard continued haltingly. "I didn't want to tell my mom, but...today...I was thirsty so I stopped by the convenience store on Western Avenue. Mom doesn't like me buying sweets. She says the sugar is bad for my skin. As I was walking by that little apartment complex on the corner this...man came out. Or maybe it was a woman. It was hard to tell." He hurriedly explained. "Not because they were, like, gender fluid or something. More like they were sort of...blurry. They changed as I was looking at them."

"Did you know this person?"

"No. It was a stranger."

"Did he or she have wings?"

Richard hesitated. "No. I don't think so. But there *was* this, sort of, smoke hovering behind her back that could have looked a little like wings. And, uh, there was a cheerleader with her."

Bristoff glanced at Lindsay. "What did they do?"

"He...or she...looked at me and there was, like, this electric shock in my head. And suddenly I was just thinking about Steve and his mom. They've been harassing me all semester and I just wanted them to stop and be punished somehow or...I don't know. *Something* like they put me through. I could sense she, like, pulled this from my head then smiled. And her teeth. They were huge. Really weirdly huge for her mouth. Like a wolf."

"Then what?"

"Nothing. She walked away and I went inside. Does that help?"

"Maybe. Thanks Richard. Call me if you see that person again."

"I will. But, uh, what happened to Steve? Is he okay?"

"I can't say much because this is an active investigation. But he seems happy for now."

Bristoff hung up and relayed what Richard had told him to Lindsay.

"All right. Let's go." Lindsay said, turning back to the patrol car.

“You don’t have to come with me. I don’t know what you did to get assigned to me but you don’t have to follow this thing to the bottom. It will only ruin you.”

She fixed him with her steel-blue eyes. “Anything is worth it for the truth.”

With Pete gone, Bristoff sat up front next to Lindsay and didn’t feel like a perp. The apartment building Richard had met the stranger coming out of was a squat, brown-brick building. A small courtyard out front held a scraggly tree. A short brick pathway led to some simple double glass doors. An old intercom system next to the door showed buttons for fifteen apartments. The part of the metal frame protecting the lock of the glass doors was twisted out of shape and the doors opened easily when Bristoff pulled on the handle. He glanced at Lindsay, who raised an eyebrow.

They proceeded through the hallway together, knocking on the doors they came to. They made a note of the apartments that didn’t respond and flashed their badges at whoever was home. The first few apartments led nowhere. The few people home hadn’t heard anything out of the ordinary. The only thing the detectives learned was that the building mostly housed students from the nearby college. When they got to the third floor things changed.

One of the neighbors had heard loud noises from the apartment next door, and when Bristoff and Lindsay arrived at the apartment in question the handle was broken. The door creaked open when they knocked. There was a young man on the couch who slammed his laptop shut and jumped up when he saw them in the hallway.

“You the locksmith?” He asked.

“Police,” Bristoff replied.

“I thought you’d take all night.”

It turned out the young man was Evan, one of the two college guys that rented the apartment. He’d come home to find the door busted and called the police but, as nothing seemed to be missing and no one was hurt, it was put on low priority.

“My roommate, Jordan, is here, too. He’s been hanging out in his room the whole time. Says he didn’t hear anything weird, though,” Evan said.

“Can we talk to him?”

“Uh, sure.”

Evan led the two officers down the hallway to a closed door. He knocked and called out. “Yo, Jordan, some police are here to speak to you about the break-in.”

There was a pause. And then the click of a lock and the door cracked open. Another young man—Jordan, apparently—poked his head out from around the door. He had a handsome face with classical good looks. Bristoff pegged him for a frat boy type.

“I don’t know anything,” he said in a meek voice. Jordan was fidgety and nervous.

“I think you *do* know something, Jordan,” Bristoff said. “There’s a lot of weird shit going on right now. I bet your story’s not so wild.”

“No...it’s...I don’t have a story.” He choked back a sob.

“Jordan. I know you have a story for me. I’ve got a story for you.”

Bristoff withdrew his hands from his pockets and yanked the sleeve of one arm up to show his hand to Jordan. He wiggled his manicured fingers. Jordan was about to say something but paused when he took a closer look at Bristoff’s hand.

It wasn’t just that Bristoff’s fingers were slender and hairless and with long red nails. It was the abrupt change between his forearm and his hand. Like his hand had been cut off someone else and attached to Bristoff. There was a distinct line where the skin went from dark tan and covered with a light layer of coarse black hair to a pale, delicate hand with long, feminine fingers.

“This isn’t my hand,” Bristoff said. “And I’m willing to bet something about you has changed today. Can I come in?”

Jordan opened the door and gestured for them to come inside. Jordan’s bedroom seemed like a typical college guy’s room. Messy and cluttered. A poster of some hot model on the wall. A simple bed beneath a window.

Jordan was wearing a long shirt that draped down below his waist, partially covering the loose sweatpants he wore. He was cut, that was for sure. Not quite a gym rat but definitely kept his body fit. Jordan sat on his bed and went to cross his legs before frowning uncomfortably and leaving his feet on the floor. Bristoff noticed a huge lump down one of Jordan’s pant legs that ran almost to the ankle.

Bristoff puffed on his vape as Jordan relayed the events of that afternoon.

## 4

“Why don't we take a break from studying?” Jordan faked a yawn, stretching his arms in the air and bringing one down around the waist of his girlfriend, Bethany, who was standing in front of him. He pulled her towards him on the bed. She giggled as he kissed her tummy, bringing his other hand around to slide up her legs, fingers just whispering beneath her pleated skirt to her cocoa butter thighs.

Bethany giggled and pushed him away before smoothing out her top and pushing her long, golden hair behind a dainty ear. “You *have* to pass this test,” she chided him gently. Then she leaned close, allowing Jordan to stare down the neck of her tight, white t-shirt at the firm breasts hidden beneath. “And *then* maybe you can have a reward,” she whispered in his ear.

She couldn't entirely blame him. She knew her cheerleading outfit drove him crazy so she hadn't changed after practice and she still wore the yellow and white outfit that clung so well to her figure.

Jordan stood and stared into her baby blue eyes. He slipped his hand against her chin and brought her lips back to his. They kissed again, longer this time, their young bodies crying out for each other, before Bethany once more pulled away. Her entire body was quivering for his touch. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She grabbed Jordan's hands.

“Seriously, Jordan,” she frowned. “If you don't want to get kicked off the football team you need to study.”

Jordan sighed and plopped back down onto the bed on his stomach and propped himself up on his forearms. Bethany allowed herself a glance at his rippling biceps peeking out from beneath his tight black shirt and then her eyes slowly shifted up to his square, solid jaw. She forced herself to look away before she could think about how much she wanted him inside her. Instead, she sat primly beside him, tucking her skirt beneath her. She put a hand on his leg and was about to start quizzing him again when her bedroom door burst open, slamming against the wall.

Jordan jumped up and turned to face the intruder.

“Mom?” Jordan gasped.

“Stanley?” Bethany yelled at the same time.

Jordan and Bethany glanced at each other. “Who?”

The woman in the doorway wore a tight black dress. Gold bracelets jingled at her wrists. There was a blur behind her, as if something invisible grew from her back and shifted in the air. Her entire body went fuzzy, like a poor photograph, before snapping back into crisp reality Jordan saw that he was mistaken. The woman bore no resemblance to his mom at all. This was a stranger.

The woman whipped her head up. Her eyes were jet black. "I am vengeance," she hissed in a menacing voice, as if pulling Jordan's thoughts from his mind.

"Who let you in?" Bethany demanded from behind, clutching Jordan's back.

Jordan took one threatening step forward but the stranger waved her hand and Jordan froze, mid-step. His muscles locked up, refusing to budge. He stood panicking in his body as the stranger paced around them.

"You—" the stranger said, pointing to Jordan, "You're just a dumb bully, muscular and stupid. Think you're such a macho guy. And you—" The stranger turned his attention to Bethany. "A stuck up princess. The other girls told me how you treat them. Backstabber."

Bethany's eyes blazed. "You get the fuck—"

"Quiet." The stranger ordered. Bethany's mouth snapped shut. "You deserve each other." She placed her hand on Jordan's chest and *shoved*.

For Jordan and Bethany, the world flipped. Jordan now found himself cowering behind a big muscular student. It took a second to realize that the student he was standing behind was himself. He looked down and was greeted with the sight of Bethany's breasts, clasped beneath a tight white shirt that clung to her supple body. Long, golden legs poked out beneath the tiny skirt, and he felt the cool air of the room caress his legs. He could smell Bethany's cherry lipstick on the lips that sat just below his delicate nose, could feel her golden-blond hair whisper across his cheek. He gasped, his voice now feminine and airy, as he brought his hands up to his face. Jordan wiggled his fingers, saw Bethany's slender hands respond to his command. He felt his tiny lip begin to quiver in rage and fear.

In front of him, Bethany was doing the same inside Jordan's body, having apparently been released from her frozen stupor. Her hands flew to her chest, found her boyfriend's solid pecs and brawny frame. She turned and saw herself from a different perspective. She was now larger, heftier,

her entire sense of body inflated and bulky. Her old body looked so tiny and delicate from this new angle.

“How does that feel?” the stranger smirked. She approached Jordan, now towering over Jordan's tiny form. Jordan shrank back, his taut new ass hitting the desk behind him and he gave a little squeak, feminine and dainty.

“Get away from her!” Bethany growled, her new voice a deep rumble.

“Oh, shut up and stay still,” the stranger said, advancing on Jordan until she was nearly on top of him. She reached out and stroked Jordan's soft cheek. Jordan yanked his head away.

“W-what are you going to do to me?” Jordan whispered. Adrenaline flooded his whole body. He wanted to escape but was rooted to the spot, terrified in his small body, overwhelmed by the new sensations.

“Nothing you don't want, Bethany.” The stranger replied. “You want to be a little backstabber then we can do that. Because you *want* Bethany to fuck you in the ass.”

Of course he did. That was all Jordan had ever wanted. Even simply being this close to Bethany's masculine body was growing a pleasant ache deep in Jordan's new core. Warm tingles raced over his skin and he turned to cling to his former body. There was fear in Bethany's eyes but she couldn't look away and felt her cock twitch in her pants.

God, Jordan was so fucking horny. He could *smell* himself, the rich, musky spice of his pussy growing wet at the thought of the man inside him. Jordan was so excited to be in his girlfriend's body, so ecstatic that it would be *him* who got to feel this perfect cock lodged deep inside his asshole. He whimpered at the thought and the stranger smiled.

Jordan turned and leaned on the desk, arching his girlfriend's back and turning his head Bethany. His skirt slid up, revealing the gentle curve of his perfect new ass. He seductively wiggled his ass at her as he bit his plump bottom lip. Jordan was a creature of pure desire. His only want was for this delicious man to ram his cock far up into Bethany's puckered hole.

“Your turn,” the stranger said, clicking her fingers.

Bethany's clothes disappeared. She was naked in her boyfriend's body, her cock already rising at the sight of her own, perfect ass. It rose, and rose, lengthening, thickening, bigger than it had ever been, bigger than ever cock could ever be.

“Yess,” the stranger hissed. “Fuck your perfect little ass.”

Bethany took a step forward, the head of her cock pressing up against her former ass as Jordan flipped his tiny skirt up. God, the curves of his ass were perfect. Bethany couldn't take her eyes off herself as she wrapped around him, stroking her tits from behind. Jordan moaned at her touch, a dot of juice escaping her pussy, dripping down her thigh. He was already sopping wet, his body driven by pure desire for what was to come.

"Come on, baby," Jordan begged. "Please." His voice was tiny and fluttery with need. He would do anything for Bethany if she would only fill his tight hole.

Bethany slid her length between Jordan's thighs and lubricated herself as Jordan gushed. Jordan sighed and pushed himself back, enjoying the feel of the thick shaft sliding between his thighs, teasing him into ever sharper arousal.

"Fuck, look at that ass," the stranger whispered in his ear. "You must be so proud."

Jordan was suddenly filled with pride. He loved showing off his ass, teasing people with it. He knew it was perfect, knew they desired it, and he longed to give this most precious gift to the man pressed against his back.

And then, with a click of the stranger's fingers, Bethany's cock grew. It lengthened and thickened, growing bigger than it had any right to be, impossibly big, thrusting out the front of Jordan's thighs. Jordan rode the best, dragging his slick cunt back and forth as little cries escaped his lips. He closed his eyes, dainty body on fire with lust.

Jordan reached between his legs, fingers skating against his dripping pussy legs and angled the stranger's cock back around to his puckered hole.

"Please, fuck my ass. Please, please, please," he begged, leaning back on to the cockhead.

Bethany couldn't resist. She pushed her massive cock up against Jordan's asshole. Jordan was so tight. He gripped the edge of the desk as a beautiful anticipation twisted inside him. His asshole began spreading open, accepting the massive cock oh-so-slowly. It slid inside of Jordan's tight new form inch by inch.

Jordan groaned in delight as the head penetrated his ass, the ache in his core spreading throughout his body as Bethany slowly, slowly filled him with his own impossibly-sized cock. It pressed hard against his inner walls as his pussy stretched to accommodate. He whimpered at the delicious pain as he was filled.

“Oh, god, yes,” Jordan cried in Bethany's vice, hating himself for needing this so much, for being so humiliated and turned on. He wasn't a girl. He *wasn't*. Yet the pussy between his legs and the breasts pressed against the desk beneath him told otherwise. He was certainly enjoying all the pleasures of being a woman.

And still the cock continued pressing inside. Jordan was amazingly, unbelievably full, could *feel* the huge, throbbing manhood filling him up, still coming. He pressed up on his toes to try to ease the ache in his asshole, but Bethany kept shoving in until Jordan fell back, a soft “mmph” escaping his lips as he was impaled on the cock. His ass cheeks rested against the stranger's groin, the huge cock lodged deep in his center, his entire body stretched around the dick in his ass. Jordan could only take shallow breaths, too deep and it would ache. God, it felt like it was up in his lungs. It was an impossible feeling of fullness as Bethany took him utterly and completely.

She slowly withdrew, easing the pressure but making Jordan sigh as the aching need returned. And then she rolled her hips and slid back up Jordan's passageway. Her hands gripped Jordan's little blonde head and yanked him back. Jordan was hoisted off the desk, head held in the air, bent backwards around Bethany as she fucked him hard from behind, like an animal. Jordan's breasts bounced on his chest at each thrust. Bethany grunted in Jordan's ear as she sped up, pounding his helpless body.

Jordan was helpless as pleasure burst through him. The slap of his own former balls on Jordan's ass was the most wonderful sound. Jordan gasped at each thrust, the pain and humiliation building on the pleasure. The tension grew inside him. Little mewls of pleasure escaped Jordan's lips, growing to higher pitched cries, until he was screaming, begging “Oh, cum in my ass. Please, please, please!” His girlfriend's voice spilled from his lips, his entire body aflame with feminine desire, wanting this man to stay inside his gorgeous body.

Bethany pulled Jordan's ass towards her while at the same time thrusting her length hard and deep, grunting as she emptied himself into Jordan's swapped body. Jordan felt her throb, shooting pulse after pulse of hot cum into Jordan's new ass. It was all Jordan could do to not reach back and urge her deeper, faster, each burst of creamy seed making him more full than ever as the orgasm exploded through him. Jordan squeezed his eyes shut and moaned as he took it all, every last beautiful drop, until Bethany slowed and then stopped.

She pulled out and released Jordan to topple helplessly onto the bed. Jordan was a puddle. His musky scent filled his nose and the absence of the cock left a terrible emptiness within him. His ass was raw and tender but his body was still bursting with desire. He *needed* someone to fuck his tight hole.

“Did you enjoy that?” The stranger asked, eyes dancing with delight.

Jordan looked up and pushed the blonde hair out of his eyes. “Y-yes,” he panted. He was still so horny, wanted to go again, to please the man in every way. “Your turn to fuck me.”

“Later” the stranger said. “Come with me.”

Jordan stood and flounced after the stranger, his ass wiggling delectably. Now that the lust was somewhat abated Jordan’s thoughts returned. God, he hated being trapped in his girlfriend’s dainty form, wearing her delicate, curvy body. But at the same time, he couldn't wait to please the stranger again, and knew that Bethany's body could give the man everything he desired.

The stranger paused at the doorway and turned back to Bethany, frozen in her boyfriend's masculine body. “You can still feed me by pleasuring yourself.”

The woman snapped her fingers and Bethany's clothes disappeared. Suddenly she was staring down into her boyfriend’s naked lap, watching her boyfriend's cock grow erect, longer and longer, until it was so impossibly huge it poked at her lips and all she had to do was open her mouth to swallow it down. It felt so amazing to suck on the head of her own cock, to glide her tongue across as much of the shaft as she could swallow. It was so incredibly sensitive, creating a bright burst of need at her base the instant her lips touched it. She couldn’t keep her mouth off it and sucked greedily as desire bloomed within her, her other hand running up and down her incredible length, urging pleasure through her.

Bethany tried to cry out, to beg, to plead, but she couldn't remove her dick from her mouth until finally a hot blast of delicious cum splattered across her tongue and down her throat. She swallowed each drop and then licked herself clean. Her belly was full. For now.

## 5

When the story was finished Bristoff remained still, looking at the young man.

“So you’re not really Jordan are you?”

The young man shook his head.

“You’re Bethany.” Lindsay said.

“Yes.” Bethany sniffed and wiped her eyes. “Can you find this man and fix this?”

“We’re going to try,” Bristoff promised.

Bethany stared down at her boyfriend’s calloused palms. Bristoff took another puff of his vape and his eyes roamed through the room.

“We know where they went. But do you know where she came from?” Lindsay asked.

Bethany shook her head, her hands in her lap. Lindsay looked at Bristoff helplessly.

“Is there anyone your boyfriend didn’t like? Someone he had a grudge against?”

“I don’t know. Have you found him? Have you found my—?”

Bristoff glanced at Lindsay. “Not yet. We need you to tell us—”

Bethany shifted on the bed and snapped her head up suddenly. “You need to go.”

“Just a few more questions—” Lindsay began.

“No. Now!” Bethany stood and began ushering them towards the door. The length running down her leg jumped once, the pants shifting as Bethany’s enormous length began growing.

“Come on, Linds,” Bristoff said.

“But—”

Bristoff shook his head and gestured to Bethany’s pants. Her manhood was growing, bulging out the fabric of the sweatpants. Bethany would soon be forced to free it and suck on herself until completion. Lindsay’s eyes went wide and then she followed Bristoff out the door. Bethany slammed it shut behind them.

“Poor girl,” Lindsay said.

“Poor everyone if we can’t find this...this stranger.”

They walked slowly down the stairs and outside as they pondered everything they'd seen.

"Now we know who the blonde was at Steve's house." Bristoff mused. "And our witnesses keep saying this woman's appearance has changed. She's gained wings. It would be too much of a coincidence for two people to be walking around with these powers. But why now? My wife was...that was a long time ago."

Bristoff flexed his feminine hand in the pocket of his coat.

"Maybe this...Stranger...has been doing it for a while but this is the first time anyone's noticed," Lindsay suggested. "Now that we're looking for evidence we're finding it everywhere."

"Or...maybe she's losing control of her power."

Lindsay stopped, her hand on the door handle of the car. "You know who the stranger is, don't you?"

"I do." As they sat in the car, Bristoff began talking.

## 6

*Some of what I'm about to tell you is conjecture. Some is from personal experience. The rest I pieced together from speaking to her colleagues after she disappeared and what little investigation I was allowed to do."*

*My wife, Stephanie, and I had been married for two years. No kids. Both of us were too busy with our careers, always pushing our family plans off into the future. I know I wasn't easy to live with. I could be moody and depressed and too focused on work. But then, so could she. She was dedicated to unlocking the mysteries of the universe. Maybe that's why we worked well together. Both of us had a passion for what we did and we could recognize that passion in each other. We fought occasionally, both of us unwilling to bend at first, but we always made up.*

*Stephanie was slightly shorter than me, with glossy brunette hair she usually kept up in a tight bun. She wore thick-rimmed glasses and was meticulous about her nails. She kept them polished and smooth. A strange quirk for someone of her caliber. She was a serious woman. Fascinated by mysteries.*

*She was doing research on a secret project. She couldn't tell me what it was or even who was funding it at the time, but I know now they were working with theoretical particles. These particles linked separate dimensions, alternate universes, if you will. They wanted to figure out how to open a passageway to one of those dimensions. And they did, much to everyone's regret.*

*The lab was arranged around a central platform, on top of which stood two sets of large rings, like a doorway. When they flicked it on for the first time the rings filled with an inky blackness. It was like a hole had been cut from reality. People saw...things...moving in there. Vague shapes that were so inhuman, so unlike anything on Earth that they instilled a deep sense of terror and revulsion in everyone who looked at them. They seemed older than humanity, so far beyond the bounds of anything that should exist.*

*My wife was on the platform. She was the closest one to that portal. She was drawn to it, staring as if mesmerized at the movements. She moved closer to it until she was inches away. The others called out, tried to stop her and she turned to them.*

*"It's fine," she insisted.*

*Maybe it was her voice that attracted the thing, or the sudden portal of light into this darkened world, but something reach out to her. Thin strands of utter blackness flicked out and latched on to her face. She screamed then. Tried to pull away but the tendrils clung on. Someone else had the presence of mind to hit the kill switch. The portal broke, disappearing instantly. But still those dark strands clung to her face.*

*She fell to the floor, writhing as if in pain though she made no sound as she clutched her face. The others rushed to her but when they reached to pry her arms away she went limp. There was nothing on her face now and she stared up at them as they surrounded her, blinking as if coming back to herself.*

*“Are you okay?” One asked.*

*“Yes. Yes, I’m fine.”*

*She was helped to her feet and stood unsteadily. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. She was taken for tests. Everything came back normal. I didn’t even notice anything immediately wrong when she came home that night.*

*The first hint something was awry was our first argument a couple days later. I’d forgotten a dinner date with some of our friends.*

*“This is what you do!” She yelled at me. “You don’t seem to care about things that matter to me.”*

*We were in the kitchen. I’d just finished scraping the remains of my microwave meal into the trash. “Jesus, why is this so personal?” I shot back. “Not everything has to do with you. I got caught up at work.”*

*“And you didn’t even call.”*

*“I didn’t fuckin remember so why did I—”*

*“Oh, shut up,” Stephanie said waving her hand at me.*

*My jaw clicked shut, cutting off my words. I took a breath and tried to speak but nothing came out. My lips moved but there were no words. She stared at me, more curious than alarmed, as I began to panic. I tried to yell, to whisper, to make any sort of sound but nothing would come out.*

*“What’s wrong with you?”*

*I pointed to my mouth, tried to communicate by gesture that I was unable to talk.*

*“Talk!” She commanded, waving her hand at me again.*

*“Oh, God,” I said, my voice finally spilling from my mouth. I leaned over the sink, eyes wide. What the hell had just happened? Was it some sort of neurological episode? “I couldn’t talk,” I told her.*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“I mean my voice just wouldn't come.”*

*Now I saw a hint of alarm in her eyes and she rushed over to rub my back. “Are you okay?”*

*“Yeah. Yeah, I think so now.”*

*Our argument was forgotten. For now. Though over the next couple of days Stephanie grew more argumentative. Little things would set her off. There wasn't any wine left in the house. I got the wrong brand of dog food. We would end up screaming at each other in the kitchen and then at some point she would say something and I would just...stop. Argument forgotten. I couldn't remember what I'd just said, only that I'd agreed with her the whole time so why were we fighting? She stood there with a smug smile on her face as though she'd just solved me like I was some sort of challenge.*

*Then I found myself doing more around the house, taking over the chores on her orders. She would tell me to do something and it would become part of my routine. After getting off a long shift I would come home and set to work scrubbing and cleaning every inch of the house, washing the dog, the car, making dinner and shopping. Often I got less than an hour of sleep just so I could finish all the duties she'd set me.*

*Stephanie seemed amused watching me run around as she sat on the couch with her feet up. When she ordered me to bring her a glass of wine I did it without complaint. When she spilled it on the floor and ordered me to lick it up I did that, too. I couldn't argue with her. Not that I didn't want to, I just had no will. Whatever she waved her hand I was compelled to obey.*

*I thought I was the one with the problem. I got myself evaluated quietly so my department wouldn't find out. My memory seemed fine. No neurological issues even after several different tests. There was nothing wrong with me physically and the doctor jokingly suggested I just must enjoy taking orders.*

*But I didn't. Deep down I hated it but I couldn't fight it. One night she watched me sadly, as if snapping out of whatever funk she was in. She allowed me to stop, waving her hand and giving me back control of my body. Because that's what was happening, I realized. She was controlling my mind. She clung to my neck then, crying and begging for forgiveness.*

*“I can't stop it,” Stephanie said, twining her hand through my hair, our foreheads pressed together. “There's something inside me that insists the*

*world should bend the way I want it to. No...more than that. There's a darkness I'm fighting."*

*"Let me help you," I said. "We can take you to a doctor. Try to find out what's going on."*

*At that time I knew nothing about the portal, only that there was something hopelessly wrong with one or both of us.*

*She pulled away from me and crossed her arms, turning her back to me. "I feel like I'm losing myself. Losing my humanity."*

*I moved closer to her, reached out a hand for her. "Baby, come on. Whatever it is we can fix it together."*

*"It's not that easy." Her voice had changed. It reverberated deep in the base of my spine, giving me chills. Still, I persisted.*

*"Give me your hand."*

*Stephanie turned and for an instant I stared into her beautiful brown eyes. But they'd changed. The brown pupils were gone, leaving only an inky black. It was like staring into the depths of an abyss. One side of her lips quirked up in a devilish grin. Her face changed as I stared at her, flickering for a brief instant, becoming the face of someone I'd never seen before. A sharper jaw, wider eyes, sharper cheekbones. For the briefest instant I swore she became a man. Then she snapped back into herself. But not herself. There was something off about her face. Something dangerous in her eyes. I understood she wasn't my wife anymore. She was a stranger to me.*

*"You may have my hand," she grinned wickedly.*

*She waved her hand and suddenly my own hand transformed. I'd been holding it out to her. My thick thumb up, solid fingers splayed. Only now my hand was slender. Feminine. The nails softly curved and polished. They were Stephanie's hands. My wife's hands had replaced my own. A distinct line separating my hairy darker skinned wrist from the pale, soft skin of her hand.*

*I recoiled and stared down. Both my hands had changed. Both had become copies of hers. She laughed, deep and low. Then just as suddenly she stopped and gasped.*

*Her eyes had returned to that warm mocha brown. Her face was her own again. She put her hand to her mouth. "I—I'm sorry. I'm not—I don't want to hurt you."*

*She fled for the door.*

*“Stephanie wait!”*

*But she was already down the street, moving inhumanly fast. And then she was gone.*

## 7

“That was the last I saw of her,” Bristoff concluded. “She left me with these.” He held up his hands. The nails were still perfectly sculpted, the skin soft and smooth. “My persistence with the case and my utter insistence that what we were dealing with was otherworldly left the department with no choice but to relegate me to the basement where I dealt with the hopeless cases. Stephanie disappeared. I spent years trying to track her, following up every unexplained case I could find in the hopes it would lead me to her. And now it looks like she’s finally returned. Or...whatever she’s become has returned.”

Lindsay put her hand on Bristoff’s shoulder. “We’re going to finish this but we need to find her.”

“How do we do that without any leads?”

There was a short pause and then Lindsay said: “Steve Bellwether.”

“What about him?”

“The Stranger chose Bethany because the other girls at school hated her. When the Stranger ran into Richard she picked up Richard’s grudge against Steve. We’re following the trail backwards. We need to follow it forward.”

“Someone who Steve has a grudge against is *about* to be targeted.”

“If it’s not too late,” Lindsay agreed.

Bristoff nodded grimly and Lindsay gunned the car, flipped on the lights, and sped back to Steve’s house.

“Do you have a plan for how we’re going to handle your wife when we find her?” Lindsay asked.

Bristoff stared out the window. “No,” he said quietly.

“If she’s really that far gone we may not have many options.”

Bristoff nodded. “We’ll do what we need to do.”

Steve and his mom were still at it when Bristoff and Lindsay returned. Bristoff didn’t know which one was in which body.

“Steve?”

Kelly pulled her lips off her son’s dick with a wet pop. “Did you...find Richard?” She said, pausing between words to drive her lips down her shaft.

Bristoff assured them they would fix this. “But we need to know about anyone you may have had a grudge against.”

It took a few precious minutes, and another switch between Steve and his mom, before Steve could name people he might want to get revenge against. Foremost in his mind was the owner of the company he worked for, Charles Edmond, a rich financier who had a reputation for cutthroat business practices.

When Lindsay and Bristoff pulled up to the Edmonds's house the front door was open and light spilled out onto the grass. Bristoff screeched to a stop and they both jumped out, drawing their guns as they hurried up to the front door, hoping they weren't too late.

"This is the police. Is anyone home?"

A short, round man with a piggy face came around the corner, his arms in the air. "Thank god you're here."

Lindsay and Bristoff burst into laughter. Bristoff doubled over with mirth and lowered his gun. This man was utterly unserious. The very thought that he could have anything important to say was ridiculous.

"Is there...is there anyone else home, little guy?" Bristoff asked when he'd recovered.

The man gritted his teeth but he didn't say anything else. Instead he led them through the opulent living room to the kitchen. Halfway there they were accosted by a drunk butler clutching a bottle of wine.

"He didn't try to talk to you, did he?" The butler asked, gesturing at the piggy little man.

"He did but we didn't bother listening," Lindsay said, holding back a smirk at the thought of the man speaking again.

"Good. Go clean up," the butler ordered the man.

The rotund man scurried into the dining room with a scowl. Bristoff could hear the sound of grunting and moaning coming from the next room. He rounded the corner and the sight of the grotesquely transformed family made him pause.

"What happened here?"

"I'll fucking tell you about these little shits getting everything they deserved," the butler slurred.

## 8

“Ugh, crab again?” Greg Edmond moaned as the butler, Phillip, set the tray down on the table.

Phillip scooted off, disappearing into the deep recesses of the huge kitchen. Greg's sister, Megan, rolled her eyes at him from across the table. Greg stuck out his tongue. Greg and Megan were nineteen-year-old twins. Both were slender with dark auburn hair and classical good looks. Megan kept her hair long, the shiny waves cascading down over her shoulder or, more usually, tied up in a complex arrangement by the professional hairdresser that came by every morning.

Greg often teased his sister—out of earshot of his parents, of course—about her tiny mosquito bite tits. Their parents had promised her implants for her nineteenth birthday and she was carefully considering just how big she should go.

Greg and Megan's mother, Ursula, raised one carefully manicured eyebrow as she looked down her nose at her two children. She took meticulous care with her appearance and was always sporting the latest fashion. Like her daughter, she was tall and thin. Waiflike but elegant.

Charles Edmond, on the other hand, filled out his button-down tailored shirt. His small eyes looked out of a fat, piggy face.

“Now, children,” Ursula said, her voice prim and proper, every syllable measured. “Let us not act contrary to our respectability at the dinner table.”

Charles nodded at his wife. “Quite right.”

As Phillip cleared the soup bowls away the front door chimes boomed through the house.

“Who on earth could that be at this hour?” Charles said.

Phillip hurried off to answer it. At the door was a young blonde in a cheerleader outfit and another person. It was hard to say what the other person looked like. He—or she—seemed blurry whenever Phillip looked at them, their features only snapping into focus out of the corner of Phillip's eye.

“Take me inside,” the Stranger commanded.

Phillip obeyed, his legs carrying him through the room quite against his control. When he appeared in the kitchen with the guests in tow there was a commotion as the whole family tried to talk at once.

“Who are you?” Charles bellowed.

“Philip! What is the meaning of bringing guests into the hall during dinner?” Ursula added.

“Bethany?” Megan yelled, pausing with her fork halfway to her mouth. “Are you even—?”

“You shut up!” the Stranger said, waving her hand at Charles and Megan. Their mouths snapped shut. Ursula’s eyes grew wide at the utter rudeness of the strange young man.

“Well, I never...” she sniffed, folding her napkin and dabbing the side of her lips. “Young man,” she began, and then paused. “Or woman. You will mind your manners in this house.” Ursula ignored the warning looks she was getting from her husband as he tried desperately to pry his mouth open. “We do not use such language here,” Ursula continued.

The Stranger turned to face her, a placid grin on her face. Ursula was slightly taken aback at the pure blackness of the Stranger’s eyes but she hid it well. She was well used to being in command, having been rich her entire life.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to ask you to leave.” She finished, placing the napkin *just so* on the table next to her plate.

“Well, aren’t you quite the stuck-up ignorant cow,” the Stranger grinned and waved her hand.

“How dare moooo—” Ursula clasped her hands to her mouth to stifle the deep low she’d just let loose. She collected herself and tried again but all that came out of her mouth was more cow-like lowing, “Mmmmmooooo.”

“That’s better,” the Stranger said. He turned to the blonde in the cheerleader outfit who stood behind him. She looked on, aghast. “Still not enough though, is it?” The blonde shook her head, terror in her beautiful blue eyes. She had an ass to die for. Phillip couldn’t take his eyes off it. All pinchable curves and beautiful roundness.

The younger Edmond pushed his chair back suddenly and started to lunge towards the Stranger. The Stranger just waved and Greg froze, half bent in the act of standing. “I’ll get to you. But first...” The Stranger turned to Ursula. “Let’s finish with you.” She waved her hand.

Beneath Ursula’s elegant cream top her breasts began growing, and beneath them, two more bumps pressed out from beneath the dress, and beneath them, two more. The pressure on Ursula’s chest was painful and she hurried to unbutton her top to free herself of the tremendous pressure. The

entire family gaped over at the three pairs of tits that hung from her chest and stomach like a cow. They were heavy and full, sagging down over each other, the nipples long and angry red.

The pressure in Ursula's tits was enormous and she grabbed one in pain. When she did, a splash of milk squirted out and across the table, relieving the aching pressure somewhat. She was in so much pain she didn't stop to think, she just began squeezing her tits, milking herself as fast as possible. Jets of milk squirted onto her plate, the table, her husband and dripped down the walls.

“Don’t let me disturb your dinner,” the Stranger ordered.

Ursula buried her face into the plate in front of her like a pig. Food spread across her nose and cheeks as she feverishly licked the plate, wallowing in her dinner as she tried to gobble it down without her hands. All the while she continued squeezing the milk from her new udders and let it drip down her lap onto the floor.

Charles looked on in horror. The Stranger turned to him. “You. I've heard about you. Using your money to get your way. Well, no one's going to be listening to you anymore. No one will be able to do anything other than laugh when you speak because everyone will know you've got the tiniest dick in the world.”

The Stranger waved his hand and Charles felt a quiver beneath his pants as his cock shrank into near nothingness. He gasped, scrambling for his pants, pulling them open to look down inside. He was met with an unruly patch of pubic hair...and not much else. He dug his hands through his pubes, searching, finally landing on the tiniest nub, barely more than a dimple.

“Oh my God!” he wailed. Everyone at the dinner table burst out laughing. Even Ursula mooed in delight through a mouthful of food. Charles blushed a deep scarlet and turned to the butler. “Phillip, you've got to help us!”

Phillip struggled to speak through his laughter, “I've...got to...what? You can't be serious, tiny.”

The Stranger gazed into Phillip's eyes and he felt a pull inside his mind, as if the Stranger was yanking secrets from his head

“You're the boss of him now.” The Stranger smiled wickedly.

Phillip sat at the table imperiously. “Get me some of that whiskey you only keep for special occasions.” He'd always wanted to taste the stuff and was suddenly brimming with a new confidence at being the boss now.

“Yes, sir,” Charles moaned, his body lurching to a standing position before disappearing into the kitchen to fetch the whiskey.

The Stranger turned to Greg and Megan. “Megan, Megan, Megan.” She waved her hand, allowing her to speak.

“Who are you?” Megan asked in a trembling voice.

“No one you know. Though *everyone* knows you. Jordan here has seen your pictures in the news.” The Stranger turned and slapped the cheerleader on her delectable ass. “Tell the truth, what do you think of her?”

“She could use bigger tits,” Jordan said, the words escaping his mouth despite his best efforts. He’d thought it but never said anything. Megan had a sweet face and a banging body but was lacking in the chest area.

“Yess,” the Stranger agreed. “Your thoughts exactly.” She waved her hand.

Megan's tits began swelling, the mounds rising up beneath her shirt, pressing out the fabric. Megan was frozen in place as her shirt strained to contain her breasts while they grew to magnificent proportions. In seconds they were the size of basketballs. And still they kept growing, becoming ludicrously large, bigger than her head. She moaned with pain as they continued to expand, her shirt stretching tight across the twin mounds. There was a quiet ripping sound and her top tore away, finally freeing her immense tits. They bounced down onto the table in front of her, bigger than watermelons. Round and juicy and impossibly firm. And still they kept growing. Megan's eyes went wide as her tits ballooned out to impossible proportions, growing and growing as they rested on the table, pushing the plates and the drinks and the water jugs off. Soon her entire face was obscured behind her mountainous breasts. They only stopped when they were bigger than she was.

There was silence in the room as everyone assembled gaped at Megan's two gigantic breasts as they wobbled on the dinner table, supremely fat and heavy. The two cherry-pink areolae were huge as dinner plates, the nipples sharpened nubs. It would be impossible to walk with them. They were so huge that her arms couldn't even stretch around them. The Stranger smiled at her cries of despair from behind her mountainous tits.

“Yesss,” the Stranger grinned, grabbing a handful of her tit and wobbling it. “But you're missing something.”

The Stranger waved her hand and Megan suddenly became intensely cognizant of every inch of her breasts, the table cloth and the plates on

which they rested, even the air in the room caressed her immense and tender chest. There was a deep warmth in her core and she became aware she was balanced on a knife edge of pleasure. The next time the Stranger reached over and gently stroked one of her breasts she came hard, groaning and throwing her head back as pleasure ripped through her. Her nipples spiked out and her pussy grew wet. Her body shook with pleasure. Fuck, her entire body was so sensitive. The slightest touch set her off. She shook in her chair, moans muffled by her own enormous tits. The shaking from her orgasm set off another one and she had to force herself to stay still as the echoes of ecstasy evaporated inside her. After the orgasms passed Megan sat in her seat, trying hard not to move an inch, not wanting to orgasm again in front of her entire family.

The Stranger turned to Greg. Her black eyes searched his.

The cheerleader interjected. "Please, can *he* fuck my ass?"

The stranger ignored her and stared at Greg. It felt as though she was rummaging through his brain, pulling up thoughts he'd tried to hide. He was jealous of her sister for her popularity, while at the same time believed it was due to the fact that she was a slut.

"So," the Stranger grinned, "You want to be as popular as your sister. And so you shall be."

The Stranger waved her hand and Greg felt his cock disappear in an instant, leaving a void between his legs as his sister's pussy appeared. Greg shot his hands down his pants, his fingers landing on his sister's tight slit. It was covered with scratchy pubic hair and his fingers dipped into his folds, which were already soaking wet from her twin orgasms. He pulled his hand away in disgust. At the same time Megan sat bolt upright in her seat, her tits lurching on the table and causing a bright surge of pleasure as her brother's cock sprang out between her legs. She came suddenly, the alien dick warm against her thigh, rising suddenly to stiff attention before spurting, pumping her brother's creamy seed down the side of her thighs, leaving her sticky and warm.

"Try it out," the Stranger said, waving her hand.

Suddenly, Greg's hand slid back down his pants, his fingers pressing urgently into his new hole, which was now *aching* to be touched. God, it felt so good to slide his fingers inside his sister's pussy, to land on the slick folds and tease himself, feeling his new equipment from deep inside. He was so wet and ready. His body ached for touch. How many guys at school

had already been inside this thing? How many more did he *need* inside him now? Greg rubbed furiously, his sister's clit soon swelling out. Circling it with his fingers sent a sharp ache shooting through him, urging him on.

Greg needed this release, needed to feel the orgasm. His fingers sank deep into his sister's tight canal, stretching himself apart. He could feel every inch as he shoved himself in up to the second knuckle, twisting and turning to hit the right spot as he gushed on the kitchen chair. Christ, the alien feeling of penetrating himself and being penetrated felt so amazing. He grunted, fingering himself faster, stroking deep inside his warm cunt until he came hard, enjoying the immensity of his sister's orgasm. He moaned as he came, hot liquid squirting down his leg as his pussy quivered around his fingers, his musky juices soaking his hands and running down his pants but leaving him hornier than ever.

Megan, meanwhile, had grabbed her cock beneath the table. She couldn't stand, couldn't look into her lap with her breasts in the way, but she could feel each inch of her brother's shaft as she took it into her hand. She stroked her brother's dick slowly, the shaft so warm and still slick from her own seed. Fuck, it felt good stroking herself, the delight immediate and intense as she grew hard again.

She spread her cum up and down her length, using it to lubricate herself. Then she slid her brother's warm dick through her slick fingers, faster and faster. The motion made her tits jiggle and she grunted, stroking herself, the desire building in her as a trickle of pre-cum ran down her fingers. She came hard and unexpectedly, her brother's hot seed shooting up her own dress, his cock exploding onto her as her eyes rolled back and she moaned at the intensity of the pleasure. It was sharp and over all too quick, a startling contrast to her brother as he enjoyed her roiling full body orgasm.

When she looked up done, the Stranger and the cheerleader had gone.

## 9

The butler finished his graphic tale with a flourish. The sights of the room now made sense. Ursula mooded sadly. The dining room floor was slick with her milk.

“How long ago did the Stranger leave?” Bristoff asked anxiously.

“Just before you – hiccup! – arrived,” Phillip slurred, downing another swig from the whiskey bottle.

“Where did he go?” Bristoff demanded. “Who do you hate?”

The butler snorted. “That prick down the street. Everett whatshisname?”

“Come on,” Bristoff grabbed Lindsay’s hand and pulled her out the door.

“What about the family?” Lindsay asked as she struggled to keep up.

“Nothing we can do without finding the Stranger.”

Bristoff ran out onto the immense front lawn. Moonlight bathed the neighborhood in a dull blue glow, making sharp shadows of every tree and bush. A scream sounded from up the street and was cut off abruptly. Bristoff took off towards the sound, Lindsay following behind.

Bristoff rounded the corner and stopped short at the sight that greeted him. A middle-aged woman in a pink tracksuit out walking a small dog. Except that their heads were switched. Atop the pink jumpsuit sat the long snout and beady black eyes of a dachshund, while the woman’s head was perched atop the dog’s neck. It’s tongue was out, slobbering and growling as the body wobbled unsteadily.

The dog-headed woman jerked the leash and uttered a series of strangled barks, obviously trying to speak through her new mouth. Her dachshund mouth worked up and down, growling and sputtering uselessly. The dog with the woman’s head looked up at Bristoff and barked clearly with the woman’s whispery voice:

“Bark! Bark! Bark!”

“Which way?”

The woman pointed behind her desperately and Bristoff took off. He saw them up ahead. A cheerleader in a small skirt that bounced joyfully at each step above the best ass he’d ever seen. In front of her was someone taller, more angular. She wore a golden spaghetti strap top and had huge black wings. All around the Stranger the air seemed stretched, like looking

through a fisheye lens, as if the Stranger carried her own gravity with her and warped the very world around her.

“Stephanie!” Bristoff shouted out, still running.

The Stranger stopped and cocked its head. It slowly turned and Bristoff came to a stop a few feet away, panting for breath. Lindsay joined him and clutched his arm as she looked into the Stranger’s eyes.

“Jesus,” she whispered.

The Stranger’s face was in complete shadow but for the eyes that glowed a sick, otherworldly yellow. Black tendrils swirled within the murky depths and as the Stranger grinned Bristoff could make out its gleaming white teeth. Too many teeth.

And then the Stranger tilted their head, allowing the light from the street lamp to fall on their smooth cheek and splash across the bridge of Stephanie’s nose. Suddenly it was Stephanie’s face again. Her normal face. Bristoff was sure of it.

“Stephanie,” Bristoff repeated.

Stephanie quirked her lips in the way she did when she was trying to remember something.

“I *was* Stephanie,” she agreed. “But now I am...more.”

“Run. Get out of here,” Jordan warned. With a flick of the Stranger’s hand Jordan shut his mouth.

“Stephanie,” Bristoff remained calm, holding out both his hands in a gesture of surrender. “Honey. We can try to fix this together. We can return whatever is inside you to the dimension it escaped from.”

“No,” Stephanie hissed in an unfamiliar voice. “I was weak there. I am strong here. This world’s physical laws cannot contain me. And this world’s pleasure is...wonderful.”

Behind Bristoff he sensed Lindsay moving very slowly for her gun. It took everything Bristoff had to not glance away from Stephanie’s flickering face. One second it was her, the next it was someone else. She changed rapidly, face shifting. Now she was a man. Now a woman. Every now and then Bristoff recognized Stephanie’s features as they flashed into view, only to quickly disappear again. It was as if Stephanie was barely clinging on to the consciousness within her own body. The black wings flapped jerkily.

Bristoff needed to distract her so Lindsay could reach her gun. “These people just want to live their lives.”

“And they are still alive by my blessing. I have simply fulfilled the vengeance of others.” Her voice, like her face, changed on every word, the timbre and cadence altering as if each was spoken by another person.

“Don’t tell me you don’t enjoy it, too.”

The Stranger laughed in a deep rich baritone. “Yes, their confusion is my pleasure. Their turmoil my delight. And you cannot stop me.”

There was a quick motion to Bristoff’s right. Lindsay had her gun up, aiming at the Stranger, but the Stranger made a quick gesture, battering away Lindsay’s arm to make her shoot the gun straight out to her side. Her arm remained in the air pointing to the side even as she struggled to lower it.

“You distract me from my amusements,” the Stranger glowered, yellow eyes narrowing. Its grin widened. “You may yet warn others and ruin my surprises.” An ominous sense of foreboding shivered down Bristoff’s spine as the Stranger held his gaze.

“Stephanie—”

The Stranger cut him off with a hiss. “No. I am not Stephanie. Not anymore. You have someone else now, anyway.” The Stranger’s yellow eyes flicked over to Lindsay. “And you two work so well. Together.”

The Stranger waved its hand and Bristoff’s entire body jolted as if something had flown into his back. He grunted but remained upright even as his body felt off. Lopsided and wrong. He looked down at his body to see what that Stranger had done. The right half of his body looked normal, but a breast pressed out from beneath the left half of the uniform. His left side had a feminine curve, a soft hip and shorter, more slender leg. There was a gasp right beside his ear and he glanced over, almost bumping noses with Lindsay.

Her face was inches from his own and when he tried to step away she followed. Her eyes were wide with shock and horror, her mouth moving wordlessly. Bristoff reached up to his chest, felt the new breast there as Lindsay squealed. His hand rose up his chest and found his neck...and someone else’s neck as well. Lindsay’s head was perched on the left half of his body. They’d been combined down the middle, two heads sharing one body, each controlling only one side.

The Stranger laughed at their confusion, soaking it up. “And here...” He said, slapping Jordan’s ass hard and sending him two steps towards Bristoff-

Lindsay. “This one will distract you should you ever think of helping anyone find me and send me back.”

Jordan’s pretty blue eyes were wide with terror as he sank to his knees in front of Bristoff. Looking down, Bristoff gazed right into the young woman’s top, her bouncy cleavage making him warm with desire despite the situation. Jordan unzipped Bristoff’s pants and dropped them to his ankles, followed by his underwear.

Like the rest of his body, one leg was slender and creamy smooth, the other leg—his own—was hairy and freckled. Jordan grasped Bristoff’s cock and began stroking gently, staring at it, cooing at it as if entranced. Then Jordan lifted his other hand and stroked—God!—he stroked Lindsay’s pussy. They had both, sitting side by side. Bristoff could feel each gentle stroke as Jordan slid his fingers up and down Bristoff-Lindsay’s folds. Lindsay moaned beside him, low and urgent. A tension blossomed in Bristoff’s core, urgent and demanding from his cock, slower and more sensitive from his pussy.

Jordan worked both sets of genitals, gently milking Bristoff’s cock as it grew between his fingers while sliding up and down the line of Lindsay’s entrance. Now Bristoff was completely erect, the bulbous red head pointing up to Jordan’s lips. All thoughts of the Stranger were forgotten. Bristoff *needed* this.

Bristoff and Lindsay groaned together as Jordan opened his pretty red lips and swallowed the tip. Jordan’s warm mouth enveloped the head, slowly gliding down, wetting each inch of the shaft with Bethany’s lips and tongue. At the same time Jordan slid his slender fingers inside Lindsay’s pussy. Lindsay hissed in Bristoff’s ear as fire lit both their bellies. Bristoff gazed down at the pretty cheerleader as she slowly swallowed him, his length disappearing between her lips, sliding across her tongue, deeper and deeper.

A desire overtook Bristoff and he pushed his hand beneath his button-down shirt to clasp Lindsay’s breast. It was warm and wonderfully weighty, even beneath the bra. He squeezed it, delighting in the alien sensations that filled his body. Lindsay’s breast was wonderful to squeeze, to feel both inside and out, and as he covered it with his fingers she moaned breathily in his ear.

Her hand came up and turned Bristoff’s face towards hers. Their lips came together, hot breath mingling as their tongues met and circled each

other. Bristoff could *feel* everything as though he were Lindsay. He felt his lips on her soft ones while at the same time felt her tiny nose pressed against his stubble. He sucked on his own tongue, flicking it into Lindsay's mouth and feeling it from the other side as it flicked in. Each sensation was doubled, sent from two bodies to two brains.

They continued kissing as Jordan stroked and sucked and fingered them. Jordan drove his fingers deeper inside Bristoff's slick cunt and Bristoff felt each inch of his tight canal as it pressed against Jordan's wonderful fingers. The deep ache throbbed inside him, the tension growing towards an immense release.

Bristoff moaned into Lindsay's mouth, feeling the echoes of his own hot breath through her lips. Jordan worked Bristoff's shaft faster, lips flying up and down, moaning around the length in his mouth as he swirled his tongue around the underside of the shaft. The wet sounds of Lindsay's pussy were loud in the night as Jordan slid his fingers in and out, in and out. The ache concentrated in Bristoff's center, tension rising within him as he caressed his transformed body and Jordan worked both his cock and his pussy until he exploded.

His cock throbbed in Jordan's mouth, jetting hot seed down those gorgeous lips as Jordan clapped on and sucked each delicious drop. At the same time Jordan's fingers curled around and landed on the dimpled nub of Lindsay's innermost pleasure. Their legs went weak as the dual orgasm arced through them. His was quick and urgent and sharp while hers was longer and deeper. The orgasm echoed through their bodies and they moaned into each other's mouths as their bodies lit with pleasure.

When they came back down the street was empty except for the three of them. Lindsay's breath came fast and hot in his ear. Jordan stood and wiped his ruby lips, looking up at them dolefully.

"Now what?" He asked, his sweet voice already making Lindsay's pussy ache again.

"We have to find her and—"

Jordan dropped to his hands and knees, facing away from them. His skirt flipped up, revealing that perfect peach of an ass. Impossibly, Bristoff's cock grew hard and he sank to his knees, trembling as he grabbed Jordan's butt cheeks and thrust himself inside. He and Lindsay moaned as their shared cock was enveloped by Jordan's tight ass. They thrust in slowly, savoring each inch of this tight cheerleader while Jordan reached

between his legs and began fingering Lindsay's pussy, letting her impale herself on his fingers as they thrust together, fucking and fingering until they came hard, pumping hot seed into Jordan's puckered hole.

It took them way too long to realize that whenever they talked about the Stranger, Jordan was compelled to distract them with his body. It wasn't until the third time they bent the blonde cheerleader over there in the street and shoved their cock inside her warm wet hole while they fingered their own pussy that they realized they would never be free to go after the Stranger. Each try ended in failure...and another mind-blowing orgasm, while the Stranger set about causing pleasurable chaos.

# # #

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Watch for more at [M Wills's site](#).

## About the Author

There's something alluring about body swaps, sexual and freeing at the same time. I love to explore all sides of the phenomenon: the kinky, the dirty, the loving, the degrading, the amazing. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

I also do commissions! For more stories and my commission rates and contact info visit my website [bodyswapstories.com](http://bodyswapstories.com).

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