

STRIPPED



MWILS

Stripped

by M. Wills

© 2019 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /
chaoss

Cover design: Evie Foy

[Other books by M. Wills](#) or visit
bodyswapfiction.com

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

Stripped

Thank you!

Also by M. Wills

The bouncer held up Aaron's driver's license to the light and peered closely at it. Leo and Ted stood behind their friend, trying to look unconcerned, as if they routinely went to strip clubs.

The bouncer look up at Aaron and growled, "Date of birth?"

Aaron licked his lips nervously. "August seventh... nineteenth...ninety...seeeeven?"

The bouncer shook his head slowly, the lights from inside the club glistening off his bald head. "Sorry, boys, come back in a year when you're twenty one."

He pocketed the fake IDs and shooed Aaron, Leo and Ted away.

“Hey, man, could I just get my license back?” Ted asked, trying to put on an air of indifference.

The bouncer shot him a cold look. “You know it's a misdemeanor to create fake IDs?”

“It's not fake it's my brother's.”

“Impersonation. That's even worse.” The bouncer stared him down, unblinking.

Ted set his jaw and turned away with his friends. They walked in silence down the darkened street as the neon lights of the Jaguar Gentleman's Club faded into the distance.

“I can't believe you forgot your date of birth,” Leo finally said, pushing his thick framed glasses up his greasy

nose.

“I got nervous. That bouncer kept staring at me. He knew it was fake, I saw it in his eyes!” Aaron shot back, gesticulating wildly. His fat cheeks were flushed red in indignation.

“Come on, man,” Ted said, shooting Aaron an icy look, “My brother's gonna kill me when he finds out they confiscated his ID.” His hands shoved deep in his pockets, he kicked a can off the sidewalk and listened to it roll away down an alley.

The three teens turned down a side street and headed back towards their dorm. The strip club was only a slight detour off their usual walk to and from their history class, which itself was located near the seedier end of

downtown. The club had stood there, calling to them, a beacon of light promising three things the guys were interested in: boobs, breasts and tits. Or two things they were interested in, depending on how they counted.

It had taken four months and two false starts to get the fake IDs made for Leo and Aaron, while Ted had promised a number of favors to his brother in exchange for using his ID. Ted looked so much like his brother he'd been positive he could have faked his way through. And he couldn't help but think that he probably would have if Aaron hadn't choked.

“We'll try again in a few weeks. We just have to make sure it's a different bouncer.” Aaron said.

“I don't have two hundred dollars for another ID,” Leo said.

“And I only have the one brother,” Ted added.

“Well...what if we...” Aaron lapsed into silence, unable to come up with any alternatives except the unthinkable, which was to wait one year until they were 21 and old enough to get in legitimately.

Before they reached their dorm building they turned down a side alley. It was clean, as far as city alleyways went. Two blank brick walls faced each other, broken only by a series of windows opening out onto matching metal fire escapes. A jumble of discarded, water-logged furniture sat near the alley entrance.

Ted sat down on a wooden crate and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. He lit one ostentatiously with a silver Zippo and puffed out a stream of smoke. Leo took a seat next to him and cleaned his glasses on his shirt, pausing now and then to hold them up to the arc of light from the streetlamp that penetrated the alley. Aaron leaned against the opposite wall, occasionally wrinkling his nose and waving the smoke away from his face.

“This is bullshit,” Leo moaned, “I can see all the tits I want on the internet. What difference does it make whether they're live or filmed?” His glasses apparently now clean enough for his liking, he slid them back on.

Ted nodded his head and puffed smoke out of his nostrils. “Totally.”

“By the way, Aaron, you owe me two hundred bucks for that ID,” Leo said.

“What?”

“Yeah, if you hadn't frozen we'd be in there right now and I'd still have a fake ID and a handful of boob.”

“Fuck off,” Aaron replied sullenly, crossing his arms. “I just wish there was another way we could get in there.”

A dark figure untangled itself from the shadows of the alleyway, a rough shape that resolved into the form of a man as it stepped into the shaft of light. He was dressed in a sleek black suit with red pinstripes. His midnight black hair was slicked back and he had a shark-like grin across his heavily lined face. When he spoke, his voice was deep

and strangely soothing, with the hint of some unplaceable European accent.

“The law's a terrible thing, isn't it? When a group of young men like yourselves are only allowed to look at *pictures* of naked women?”

“I can watch videos, too,” Aaron mumbled as Ted and Leo stood, surprised at the sudden appearance of the stranger.

“Who the fuck are you?” Ted asked defiantly.

The stranger eyed Ted levelly. There was something in his stare that hinted at a great darkness and the smile didn't quite touch his eyes. Leo shrank back slightly but Ted forced himself to remain still, staring into the stranger's inky black eyes. After a few tense seconds the stranger's eyes softened.

“I'm a stranger here. Just someone who likes to help out the less fortunate. When I hear people wishing for something I like to help them get it.”

“Are you Satan?” Aaron asked, his eyes wide.

The Stranger laughed. “Oh, no, no, no. Now that's something that *I* wish. No, I'm just a man with some powers looking to help out people who are down on their luck.”

“Powers?” Ted asked, crushing his cigarette beneath his heel. “What, like a superhero or something?”

“Or something.” The Stranger agreed.

“Do you want our souls?” Leo asked, trying to keep himself behind Ted as the stranger stepped forward. Aaron,

too, sidled backwards as the Stranger made his way down the alley towards them.

“Oh, god, no. I told you I'm not Satan, what would I want with your souls? I could get four for a dollar during college admissions season. I just grant wishes for the sport of it. All I want to do is watch.”

“So that's it?” Ted sneered, “You're some sort of pervert. Come on guys, this dude's creepy as hell.”

Ted turned to leave.

“What can it hurt to try?” The Stranger said softly. There was something in his voice that made Ted pause. “Ask me anything.”

“Fine.” Ted crossed his arms. “You can

do anything? Here's something simple. Get us into that strip club.”

“Done.” The Stranger clapped his hands and in the space of one blink the world changed.

Ted was suddenly sitting down in a small, brightly lit dressing room. The ceiling was unfinished, pipes running here and there, and the walls were dingy and bare, covered with pictures of exotic dancers. He found himself staring close into the face of a gorgeous woman. Waves of brunette hair spilled down her back. She had a long, pretty face, impressively made up with expressive eyebrows, high cheekbones and plump lips currently pursed in a small 'o' of surprise. One slender hand held a tube of pink lipstick and, looking down at her chest, Ted was confronted with an array of pink straps vaguely in the form of a bra that barely covered a chest that was almost too perfect to be real. The platonic idea of breasts encapsulated in her flawless

skin and soft, round swell of each tender breast.

“Wha-?” He said, dropping his hand and noticing that the woman across from him mirrored his every move.

Ted looked down at himself, and was greeted with the sight of the same cleavage he'd just been gawking at. He looked back up at the lightbulb-studded mirror where he gaped at the wonderful curves of the scantily clad woman staring back at him. He waved his hand, watched her do the same. He opened and closed his mouth, turned his head side to side, and his new reflection copied each movement.

“What the fuck?” A tiny voice sang out beside him in a light Hispanic accent.

Ted turned his head, the soft waves of

hair whispering across his face and back. The light scent of peaches hit his nose and he was briefly aware that it was the smell of his new body's perfume.

Sitting at another dressing room mirror next to him was a Latina beauty with coffee-colored skin and a long cascade of brunette hair tinged with blonde. She had a dancer's body, slim and athletic, with long, muscular limbs and wide, feline eyes. She wore neon yellow leggings with only a tiny strip of pink fabric hiding her pussy, while a matching fishnet bra covering two impossibly huge breasts. Unlike Ted's, hers were clearly fake. Nearly as big and hard as basketballs. She had an adorable nose and perfectly formed lips, that were even now swearing like a sailor.

“Fuckety, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck?” The Latina cried, staring into the mirror as she brought her hands to her face and drew it down her nose, her lips, her cheeks, as if seeing them for the first time. She caught Ted staring and turned to him, her gaze dropping to his breasts, before meeting his eyes.

Before either of them could say anything a woman on Ted's other side broke into hysterics.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!” The woman's voice had a slightly husky quality that hinted at sex and made Ted slightly tingly just listening to her.

Ted jerked around, feeling his tits swaying, and stared at a young woman who had jumped up from her chair

and was alternately staring down at herself and into the mirror. She, too, was barely dressed, a sleek, black top covering petite breasts, the nipples spiking up visibly through the fabric. Her hands dug into her hair, gripping the honey blonde curls and yanking. Her nose wrinkled adorably as she yelped in pain, then swung her ass around to face the mirror and stared into it. For a moment, Ted was too dumbstruck to speak, not least because her ass was amazing. Round and full but tight, with just the hint of jiggle. It was an ass you wanted to squeeze and bite and take your time enjoying. Her hands were moving about erratically, touching and squeezing every inch of herself in utter wonder.

“Aaron?” Ted guessed.

The blonde woman turned to him, one hand on her own ass. She nodded slowly. “Are you--?”

“I'm Ted,” Ted said, his voice now a rich, feminine purr.

“Leo,” Leo wiggled his slender fingers in greeting at the two as he spoke up, apparently unable to lose his Hispanic accent.

Ted and Leo stood and all three stared at each other, circling around, eyes gazing up and down at the miles of leg and perfect, tawny skin on display. Ted reached out and softly poked Leo's breasts. They didn't budge.

“So,” a familiar, soothing voice spoke up from behind them, “How do you like your wish?”

Ted turned and saw the Stranger leaning against the door, his arms crossed as he surveyed his handiwork. Ted stalked towards him angrily, his body bouncing and jiggling distressingly.

“You tricked us.”

“I gave you what you wanted.”

“Change us back!” He scowled. Even his threats seemed sexy.

“It doesn't work like that.” The Stranger drew himself up to his full height and toward over all three of the transformed men. He now towered over their smaller forms. Power seemed to radiate off him. Ted took a step back.

“You wanted something from me,” the Stranger continued, his eyes dark and

malicious, “I gave it to you. Now you owe me something. I'm sure you're familiar with these sorts of transactional arrangements?”

“Do you want our souls?” The blonde—Aaron—asked.

The Stranger rolled his eyes. “Nobody wants your soul. There's a glut of souls. So many people willing to sell that the market's tanked. I told you, I just want to watch. Entertain me!” The Stranger spread his hands.

“Or what?” Ted asked, trying to sound braver than he felt.

The Stranger shrugged. “I haven't ever had to think of an 'or what'. I don't need to think of an 'or what'.” The Stranger clapped once.

It was like a bolt of lightning zapped down Ted's spine. He threw his head back and moaned as his body shivered in pleasure, his new pussy suddenly extremely wet. His entire body was on fire, craving touch. And then he felt two pairs of hands on him as Leo gripped him from the front and Aaron grabbed him from the rear. Leo tossed his wavy brunette hair away from his face and kissed Ted feverishly. Soft lips opened wide, tongue thrusting into Ted's mouth while at the same time her heavy breasts pressed up against his. Ted tasted her hot minty breath as urgent hands squeezed his soft flesh, sending longing directly to his aching cunt.

The gorgeous blonde pressed up against Ted's ass, her breasts on his back as she kissed his shoulders, his

neck. Each touch of her lips sent a shiver down Ted's body, the blissful sensations threatening to overwhelm him. Glancing in the mirror he saw three of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Two of them were kissing and pawing at the gorgeous brunette between them. It was still hard to believe that the achingly beautiful brunette with the perfectly sculpted face was *him*.

“You...taste...amazing...” Leo murmured between kisses. “I..can't...stop...”

Leo's hands wandered down Ted's chest, fingers wrapping around the sensitive breasts and, oh god, that felt good. The fingers circled and squeezed, greedy for every inch of Ted's tits. Ted pried his eyes open long

enough to watch the lesbian orgy playing out in front of him, to see his nipples spike out between the dark-haired woman's fingers. And then he shut his eyes tight as the sensations overwhelmed him. He moaned, long and low, as hands gripped his tits, his ass, slid over his back, down his legs, around to his pussy, his asshole, teasing him.

And then one of Leo's slender fingers found Ted's dripping cunt, slipped inside, the warmth penetrating his own. Ted's legs gave out as an orgasm shuddered through him, his body too sensitive, every sensation cranked up to eleven. He was held upright only by the press of Aaron and Leo as they continued feasting on his oversexed body, fingers sliding inside, tongues lapping at his tits, kissing his neck. The finger

inside him pressed up against his swollen clit, rubbed to his rhythm. Ted gasped as another orgasm blew through him. The finger in his pussy was joined by another, and another, his pussy lips opening for them as they pressed inside. He could feel his own wetness dripping down his thighs and suddenly Leo's mouth was on his as he moaned and came hard, pushing his cunt into his friend's hand, desperate for pressure against his clit as his body climaxed once more.

The Stranger clapped his hand once and it was like turning off a tap. Leo and Aaron pulled away and Ted leaned his perfect ass against the tabletop behind him, his breasts bouncing up and down as he tried to get his breathing under control. Leo and Aaron looked at him apologetically and mumbled that

they couldn't stop themselves.

The Stranger strode towards them and took Aaron's tiny chin between thumb and forefinger. "No, you could not." He turned to Ted and Leo. "And I could choose to use my powers like that. To *force* you to give in to the pleasure. But that's no fun for me."

The Stranger released Aaron and took a step back, spreading his arms to encompass all three. "I want *you* all to choose to enjoy all the pleasure available to you. I want to watch as you choose to fill your little bodies with as much cock as you can get. I want to hear you moan and cry as some stranger feels you with his cum and you beg for more."

"And why would we choose to do

that?” Ted asked.

“Because not all of you will change back. Whoever gets the least amount of men to come inside them by the time the club closes at one tomorrow morning will be stuck as a stripper forever.”

“I don't accept.” Ted said.

“Funny. I don't remember giving you a choice. The reward is just out of the goodness of my heart. I don't *have* to set you free. I can disappear now and let all of you stay if that's what you like.”

The Stranger turned to go and Aaron called out. “Wait.” He looked nervously at the other two. “If we play, at least one of us gets to go back. It's better than nothing.”

Even Ted had to agree, hoping they could think of something later.

“Excellent. In that case, your time starts...now.” The Stranger clapped once and a soft murmuring could suddenly be heard, like a room full of people next door. “By the way, your time literally starts now. I had to stop time so you three could enjoy each other. Didn't want any interruptions. I'll be watching!”

The air around the Stranger warped as though it were being heated, and then the Stranger was gone. Just as he disappeared a man dressed in a tight black button down shirt and pants stepped through one of the doors on the near wall. He had long, well kept silver hair and a neatly trimmed goatee. The top button of his shirt was

open, revealing a silver medallion resting atop an impressively fit chest. He pointed to Ted.

“Dee, you're up.” He boomed. “Get out there.”

The man jerked his head towards an opening at the far wall. Through it, Ted saw red velvet curtains and bright lights. The murmuring of the crowd seemed to be coming from the same place. A sense of dread bloomed deep inside Ted as he stood, frozen, gaping at the man.

“Come on, they're getting restless. Don't tell me you're getting stage fright now?” The man asked, stepping closer.

Still, Ted didn't move. The man approached him, brought his hand up and brushed Ted's hair back from his

forehead. He was surprisingly gentle for such a solid guy.

“You'll do great. Come on.”

The man kissed him on the forehead, put his hand on Ted's back and firmly guided him towards the stage. Ted tottered on his high heels, his whole balance off. He looked back at Leo and Aaron but they just shrugged helplessly. The man guided him to the edge of the curtains where they stood together, the man's hand firmly on his back, leaving him no choice but to be guided.

A DJ's voice cut in, amplified over the music. “Ladies and gentleman, give it up for Dee Licious!”

The volume of the music cranked up, a thumping, booming bass that shook

the stage. When Ted still didn't move, the man beside him pushed him gently but in no uncertain terms out through the curtains.

Ted clattered onto the stage, clinging onto the curtains to keep his balance in the ridiculous high heels. His entrance was accompanied by catcalls and whistles from the crowded room. Ted looked out at the audience. The stage lights were dazzling but he could still make out a large crowd. There was a huge faceless mass at the back, and a crush of guys waving dollar bills and vying for attention at the foot of the stage.

Ted glanced back into the curtains, saw the man who sent him out now glaring at him. So, with no other choice, Ted began gyrating his unfamiliar new

body.

His hips swung back and forth as he slowly walked towards the pole in the center of the stage. He was just trying to keep his balance, but it still came off sexy as hell, even he could see that from his new perspective. He reached the pole and clutched it for balance, wiggling his ass up and down towards the crowd. The nearest guys hollered and whistled at him, sending a little thrill down Ted's spine. They were cheering for *him*. Ted had never been popular before and to have so many people staring at him, to have so many people wanting him, was a pleasant surprise.

He leaned over, arching his back and wiggling to let his breasts bounce. He gyrated his hips, lowered himself onto

his knees and ran a hand along the crack of his ass to the delight of the crowd. This was so simple! He caught the eye of one man in particular and winked. He got on all fours and crawled to the edge of the stage where the man was now waving dollar bills at him. Ted stopped crawling just at the edge of the stage to thrust his chest towards the man and shake. The man's eyes were drawn to Ted's tits as they bounced beneath him. There was no denying that he was a scantily clad, full breasted sex goddess.

Ted crawled along the stage, enjoying his new fame, leaning his ass towards the crowd. Hands reached out, slipped dollar bills beneath his panties, stroking his skin as they did so. Finally Ted stood slowly, ass facing the audience. He wanted to take his bra off but

had no idea how to do it gracefully. Then an idea came to him. He slowly crouched, balancing on his heels, the big beautiful swell of his ass just inches from a man's hands.

He turned, "Take my bra off," he said, lifting the hair up off his back.

There was a fumbling, grasping at his back, and then the pressure across his chest disappeared. He held onto the front of his bra, fingers pressing into the soft flesh, still covering himself, as he stood and made his way to the pole. He slipped each arm out of the bra, hips moving to the thumping bass of the music, as he continued to hold the bra to his chest. The eyes of the audience were on him, staring, delirious with lust.

Ted gripped the pole in one hand and swung around 180 degrees until he was facing the audience, his body tilted at an angle, then he let the bra drop. He smiled a genuine smile as the audience cheered. It was fun being the center of attention, controlling this entire room with just his body. He wiggled his chest, letting his breasts jiggle back and forth, then gripped the pole and swung around again. Ted continued with the pole work, swinging around, kicking one leg up and letting it slide down. He leaned against it and fondled his new breasts, delighting in their touch, their softness, the way it felt when he squeezed. Then he crawled back along the edge of the stage, collecting dollars in his g-string, making eyes at the men who gathered and fought for him until the music faded

and the DJ played him off.

“Give it up one more time for Dee Licious!” The DJ yelled.

Ted picked up the bra and made his way carefully offstage, balancing precariously on the high heels. When he reached backstage and was finally alone he laughed in relief. He made his way back past the curtain to the dressing room. It was empty except for the Stranger, who was leaning against a makeup mirror with his arms crossed.

“Looks like you're getting the hang of being her, Ted,” the Stranger grinned. His teeth were shiny white and perfect. “That's good because you may be stuck inside. Leo's already up by two.”

“Bullshit,” Ted replied, the tremor in

his voice betraying his uncertainty. The high from being the center of attention began to crash back into the reality of what he needed to do.

The Stranger nodded. “But I like you, Ted. I like your spirit. So I'm going to let you get onto the scoreboard right here.”

The Stranger stood upright and unzipped his pants. Ted gulped. Dancing was one thing, but having a guy's cock in his mouth was something completely different. But if he had to do it this night so he would never have to do it again, then so be it. Trembling, he approached the Stranger and knelt before him. He tossed his hair out of his face and licked his lips nervously. His hands came up to the Stranger's pants and fumbled with his button before

pulling them down. The Stranger's underpants were white and hid a huge bulge. Ted gripped the underpants and rolled them down. The Stranger's cock sprang up to meet him, huge and veiny and pointed right at Ted's lips.

Ted tentatively grabbed the Stranger's cock in his hand, felt the heat of the shaft beneath his fingertips. He moved his face closer, slowly opened his lips and haltingly wrapped them around the bulging head of the Stranger's dick. The Stranger's musky scent filled his mouth, the head of the dick landing lightly on Ted's tongue. Ted took tentative licks, each time put off by what he was doing, what he was tasting. He had no interest in this. Didn't know what he was doing and didn't want to learn.

The Stranger sighed in disappointment. "I'm going to give you a little help. Don't tell your friends, this will just be our little secret."

The Stranger clapped his hands and Ted's doubts evaporated. Suddenly, there was nothing he wanted more than to suck on this delicious cock. He opened his mouth wide and shoved his lips down the Stranger's shaft, moaning as the heat of the dick filled his mouth, the shaft brushed across his tongue and the head hit the back of his throat. He was eager and willing now, dragging his lips up and down the cock, sucking hard and fast, enjoying each tasty inch of the Stranger's dick. "Oh, yes, that's a good little cocksucker," the Stranger moaned. The compliment warmed Ted's body. He *was* a good cocksucker, and he would

show the Stranger just how good.

He swallowed the cock voraciously, pressing his nose down, down into the Stranger's pubic hair until he held the entire dick in his mouth. His gag reflex was gone. He was a pro. It was like he could sense the Stranger's desire, knew when to go faster, when to slow down and slurp the saliva-soaked cock in between his lips, when to hold him in his mouth and let his tongue undulate against the shaft.

Fuck, the dick tasted delicious. How had he not done this before? He needed more, more, his body reverberating with the Stranger's pleasure. "Oh, fuck, yes," the Stranger sighed. Ted shoved his lips all the way down, swallowing the Stranger's dick until it completely filled his mouth and hit the

back of his throat. His nose was pressed hard into the Stranger's groin, choking on dick and loving it. Up and down he dragged his lips, never wanting it to end, his only desire to stay latched onto this perfect dick forever. He was made for this: his lips only to wrap around a dick, his tongue only to lick the shaft, his throat to swallow every delicious drop.

And then the Stranger throbbed inside Ted and warm spurts splashed across Ted's tongue and down his throat. Ted slurped it all down as fast as he could. He moaned as he drank it, swallowing each drop of the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted, wanting more, crying out in disappointment around the cock when it was finally over. He held the Stranger in his mouth, pulling out only to lick him clean, still kissing and

fondling that perfect dick until the Stranger pulled away and stuffed his cock back into his pants.

The Stranger stared down at Ted, and Ted stared back up, his little lips slightly parted, hoping the Stranger would want some more. As if reading his thoughts, the Stranger said, “I *could* make myself hard again and have you blow me all night...”

“Yes, please,” Ted begged. God, that cum had been so delicious. His new favorite food.

“But we're going for quantity and that wouldn't be fair to you. But as an expert cocksucker now, I'm sure the game will be a little more even.”

Ted stood and pouted, hating himself for how much he wanted to suck a

cock. *Any* cock. His traitorous body was growing wet at the thought of sucking off another and another.

“Good luck, Ted. I'm rooting for you.”
The Stranger said, before disappearing once more.

III

As the man in black ushered Ted towards the stage, Aaron hissed at Leo. “What the fuck are we supposed to do?”

“What *can* we do, papi?” Leo shot back, unable to shake his Hispanic accent. “Whatever it is, I don't like the Stranger's game.”

“Me neither but...well...” Aaron gestured at his transformed body.

“I don't think we should play.”

“But...what?”

“Look,” Leo put his hand on his hip and turned to Aaron. “With all that power he's either going to change us back or he's not, you know? This so

called game is just to watch us squirm. If none of us does anything to anyone in these bodies, we'll beat him at his own game. Even if he doesn't change us back at least we haven't degraded ourselves.”

Aaron bit his plump bottom lip in thought. Finally, he said, “It's sort of a Prisoner's Dilemma.”

“A what?”

“It's game theory. Two criminals are asked to confess to a crime. If only one rats the other out, that one goes free while the other serves three years. If they rat each other out, they both get two years. But if they stay silent they each get only one year. Statistically, they have the best chance at the lowest sentence if they both stay quiet.”

“Right. None of us gives in and the Stranger does what he was going to do anyway. All we have to do is not fuck anyone, which is what *we* wanted to do anyway.”

“Everyone wins. Deal.” Aaron nodded.

Before Leo could reply the man in black returned. The music was now thumping, heavy bass reverberating from the stage as a crowd applauded wildly from beyond.

“Brianna, what are you still doing back here?” he said to Leo.

“Brianna?”

“Yeah, Brianna Luv. Don't tell me you changed your name again, I already printed the fliers for next week. Get out on the floor. Those customers aren't

going to dance for themselves.”

From the way he was ordering the women around, Leo guessed the man in black was the manager or the owner of the club. Up close, Leo could see that the man's face wasn't that old. He seemed to be somewhere in his late thirties, despite the silver hair.

“Right, sorry.” Leo made his way unsteadily towards the door opposite. It was difficult both being on high heels and with the tremendous weight hanging from his chest. He couldn't see one foot in front of the other and wondered how the person who used to own this body ever managed to get around without bumping into things. Leo turned to glance back just once when he finally got his hand on the doorknob. The owner stayed behind with Aaron, and

both of them were watching. Aaron nodded, his blonde curls jiggling around his face. Leo nodded back, then pulled open the door and walked into a dark hallway.

Curtains lined one side of the hallway, some closed, others draped open. The ones he could see held pedestals with ornate chairs. Probably the personal booths the strippers could take high paying customers. Whispered moans came from behind some of the curtains. Leo hurried down towards the far end where he could hear the noise of a large crowd and see the flickering lights from the stage. Each step made the massive breasts on his chest ache. The last alcove on the curtained wall was closed with a solid door, the word 'Private' written in gold plate on the front. The big spender's room no

doubt.

Leo stopped just before turning the corner. He cast an eye down his outfit but all he could see was his tits. He tried to smooth his dress, feeling his way across his costume. He had to make himself look good for the customers out there. The quicker to drag them back to these booths and use his body to the fullest. He was nervous as hell. But of the three prisoners in this particular dilemma, only one would walk away and Leo was determined that it would be him. He took a breath and strode out into the noise and heat of the room.

To his right, he saw Ted onstage. The gorgeous brunette moved awkwardly, balanced on her high heels. She seemed a little reserved, and only Leo

knew why. She hadn't been a stripper for very long. A crowd of men had already gathered at the stage front, holding up dollar bills, trying to get Ted's attention.

To Leo's left was a large mirrored bar. He saw his reflection—dark features, huge tits jutting out from an athletic frame, plump lips slightly parted, long, beautiful limbs—and had to remind himself this was who he was now. Neon strips outlined the mirrors and the counters around the bar. Two bartenders—both men—tended the bar. On the near side there was a large table and lounge, set up on a dais and surrounded by curtains. It was empty except for a beefy bodyguard with a fat mustache and a fatter face.

Between the bar and the stage was the

crowd. Other strippers circulated through the noise and lights, taking orders, flirting with customers, serving drinks. One or two straddled the laps of various men, dancing hypnotically and shaking their breasts literally in the men's faces. Leo gulped, knowing that he would have to do just that if he wanted to win this thing.

He stepped into the room uncertainly, disappearing too well into the crowd. Even with his breasts, no one seemed to notice him, or if they did, their attention was soon caught by a more forward stripper. After wandering through the room empty handed—and having several potential targets be swooped at the last minute by yet another blonde—Leo realized that timidity would only see him stuck in this body forever. He had to be bold.

He looked around the room and saw two guys near the wall. They each wore button down shirts—one blue, one white—and looked as though they'd just come from the office. Both were neatly dressed and presentable. They were both watching Ted dance gracelessly onstage. Before Leo's doubts could fully form, he strode over to them and sat himself down on blue shirt's lap. Blue shirt looked startled but Leo leaned his heavy breasts against the man's chest and slipped one arm behind the man's neck. With the fingers of the other hand played with the buttons on the man's shirt.

“Hey there,” Leo smiled, “You looked like you could use some company.”

“He's got me,” white shirt said, grinning.

“Hey, she chose me,” blue shirt replied, laughing.

Leo laughed with them, then leaned over and ran his fingers down white shirt's chest, biting his lip as he took in the man's appearance. Up close he saw that both men were rather attractive: square jaws, dark features, shirts stretched tight across broad chests.

“Who says I have to choose *one*?” Leo said.

“Whooaa!” Both men howled and Leo laughed along with them.

He crossed his legs and placed them in white shirt's lap while he clung to blue shirt's neck, twisting his chest to send his breasts even closer to blue shirt's mouth.

“I'm...” Leo said, dredging up the name the owner had called him, “Brianna Luv. What are your names?”

“I'm Alan and this is Rick,” blue shirt said. Rick waved bashfully, his hands perched on his lap near Leo's golden legs as though afraid to touch him.

“Hello Alan. Rick.” Then to Rick: “Don't be afraid to touch the merchandise if you want.”

Leo wiggled his little toes and Rick tentatively placed his hand on Leo's leg, feeling the soft warm skin. He gently ran his hand down Leo's calf, so tender, as if afraid Leo might break.

Leo leaned towards him. “First time in a strip club, papi?”

Rick nodded sheepishly.

“He just got out of a six year marriage,” Alan chimed in, “He's a little rusty.”

“That's okay,” Leo said, “Let me show you what I can do. You want this next dance, Alan?”

“Hell, yeah.”

Leo liked these two. Alan was forward but cheerfully good-natured and seemed like a nice guy. Rick was more reserved but still had an eager smile.

And God knows, both of them are gorgeous.

Where had that thought come from? Before Leo had a chance to think the music changed. He slid off Alan's lap and prepared to dance, letting his hips sway back and forth as his body

matched the rhythm of the thumping bass. Leo watched the mirror behind Alan so he could see his own gorgeous Latina reflection. His hands moved up and down his body, feeling his soft skin, over his bra and tickled his breasts. He threw a leg over Alan's lap and straddled him again, staring down at Alan with a tiny smile.

Leo bobbed his breasts gently against Alan's head, felt the scratch of stubble on his sensitive tits, a gritty, distinctively masculine feeling. He dragged his breasts down Alan's front until he was nose to nose with Alan. Leo bit his plump lip and danced back and forth, running his hands through Alan's hair and grinding against his crotch, feeling his growing bulge. He took Alan's hands and placed them on his breasts, sighing dramatically. Alan groped him

gently, fingers dimpling Leo's weighty tits. It felt surprisingly nice to be groped, to be squeezed by Alan's thick fingers.

Leo turned to Rick, who was staring at him hungrily, and smiled as he crooked his finger, gesturing Rick to approach. He took Rick's hands and placed them on his waist, let the two friends grope his luscious body as he continued gyrating. He rotated his ass backwards towards Rick, sticking it up in the air so Rick could enjoy it. Leo's eyes once again came level with Alan and he saw the spark of desire inside.

He drew closer to Alan until he could smell the heady masculine scent, and whispered in his ear, "Why don't you two take me into the back now?"

Alan just nodded, dumbstruck, his eyes flicking down to Leo's tits. Leo stepped off Alan's lap. He grabbed Alan and Rick's hands and led them back toward the hallway, away from the noise and lights, past the dais where the gray haired club owner now sat alone, and into a private curtained booth.

He sat them down on the padded bench and closed the curtains, then he straddled one leg each and ran his hands through their hair.

Leo knew what he had to do but was still hesitant. He'd never been interested in making out with guys and was prepared to fake it. He brought his head close to Alan, angled his face up and pressed their lips together. As soon as he tasted Alan's hot breath his

hesitancy disappeared, blasted out of his body by a driving desire. Suddenly, he was desperate for Alan's kiss, forcing his tongue up against Alan's lips, devouring him as he squirmed on their laps, his body aching for their touch.

He pulled away only long enough to turn to Rick and say "Suck on my tits," before sinking his lips back against Alan's own. He closed his eyes as the pleasure surged in him, kissing with reckless abandon. Rick's tongue slid along his nipples, warm breath causing Leo to shudder with delight. His nipple grew sensitive as Alan sucked on his tongue, gripping Leo's luscious ass with both hands. Little sucking sounds escaped as the two men enjoyed Leo's body.

Leo's tiny nose was pressed into Alan's cheek as his hands gripped Alan's solid form, feeling the muscles just beneath. They kissed with a desperate, frenzied passion. Leo moaned into Alan's mouth as Rick clutched his fat nipples. Leo's pussy pulsed with desire, warm and growing wetter.

And then he was kneeling on the floor, scrabbling for their pants. He yanked them down one at a time, followed by their underpants, desperate to reveal their hidden erections. The two cocks sprang into the air and Leo gripped one in each hand. Fuck, they fit perfectly in his tiny fingers. He ran his hand up and down each shaft as he took turns licking them, sticking out his little pink tongue and tasting them from base to tip, inhaling their musky, masculine smell. He opened his

mouth and swallowed Alan's cock first, a part of him appalled at what he was doing, but his hesitance was overwhelmed by the sheer pleasure of holding these two cocks, of tasting each one in turn.

He moved back and forth, sucking each one, thrusting his lips down, down, their rock hard shafts until the heads hit the back of his throat. They grunted as he sucked their cocks and filled his mouth with their hardness as his own body cried out for more. Back and forth, back and forth, until each cock was glistening with saliva and the men were moaning.

Leo yanked down his panties and lowered himself onto Rick's swollen, saliva-slick cock. The head pressed against his pussy, the pressure building, until

with an inaudible pop Rick slid inside. Leo gasped as the dick penetrated his virgin pussy, felt it slide inside him until the hot-firmness pressed up against his center. He moaned softly, rubbing his little clit as Rick gripped his waist and thrust deeper. Leo rocked up and down, plunging his now dripping cunt onto Rick's cock.

Leo maneuvered himself until he was kneeling on the bench between the two guys, losing Rick's cock briefly and moaning as Rick got on his knees and shoved it back in. It fit perfectly, every curve, every contour fitting Leo's pussy like a glove. Leo lowered his head and sucked on Alan's thick dick, his plump lips wrapping back around the juicy shaft, his heavy breasts now resting on the bench between them. The two cocks pressed in from both sides,

alternately filling and releasing him. He felt so wonderfully full as the two men fucked him, driving him back and forth between them.

Rick gripped Leo's waist and pounded from behind, drilling him, the slap of his groin on Leo's ass muffled by the curtains. From the front Alan gripped Leo hair's and pushed his lips down on his dick, holding him there, his mouth full of the delicious salty taste of precum, Leo's tongue undulating against the shaft as Alan groaned. Rick continued pounding Leo's pussy from behind, harder, faster, driving Leo's mouth further down Alan's cock, forcing him to gorge on dick. He burned with desire, growing, folding in on itself until his body screamed out an exhilarating pleasure.

The cocks inside him throbbed, pulsing wildly as they shot their jizz into Leo's sex crazed body. He moaned as he sucked down the cum, swallowing as fast as he could, while his cunt was filled with Rick's seed. Every jolt of the twin dicks reverberated through Leo's body, doubling the pleasure and he came from their combined desire, moaning, and sucking and driving his ass back, back until he'd captured every last drop of cum. Only then did he slide his lips off Alan's cock, staring at it as if hypnotized, taking small licks every now and then to make sure he'd sucked all the cum off. When Rick finally pulled out he left a strange emptiness inside Leo. Leo ran his fingers between his thighs, gathering their mingled essences and devouring them, sucking down every last drop, making

sure to leave nothing behind.

“Gracias,” Leo said, and ushered them out the black curtains, before dropping the curtains closed and collapsing onto the bench.

What the hell had come over him? Why had he all of a sudden become such a cock hungry whore?

Suddenly the Stranger appeared in front of him and Leo jumped.

“You're probably wondering what the hell came over you and why you've all of a sudden become such a cock hungry whore?” The Stranger asked.

Leo just nodded dumbly, leaning back on the bench, drained of energy, his body still occasionally quivering from the aftershock of orgasm.

“I like your grit, Leo,” the Stranger continued, sitting next to him. “Willing to betray your friend to win. You're the only one who understands the stakes here, but you still seemed a little hesitant.” The Stranger brushed his fingers lightly across Leo's thigh, staring at the smooth skin. “So I...supercharged your body. If you want to win you're going to have to want it. And now you do. Badly.”

On this last the Stranger brushed his fingers across Leo's still unfolded pussy lips and a wave of warmth flashed through Leo's delicate Latina body, his mind filled with images, desires, of cock filling him. Leo moaned and twisted slowly as the lust briefly swept through him.

“You're ahead right now.

Congratulations. But you better get to it. Your friend, Aaron, has quite a night in store.”

With that the Stranger disappeared, leaving Leo alone. And desperately horny.

IV

The club owner remained where he was, towering above Aaron's petite form as Leo made his way towards the changing room door. His broad ass swayed enticingly even as he tried and failed to balance gracefully on his high heels. Aaron watched as his friend turned, deep brown eyes searching his face for acknowledgment of the pact they'd made. Aaron nodded, sending his blonde curls jiggling against his head. Leo returned the nod, then disappeared through the doorway, leaving Aaron alone with the gray haired owner.

The owner turned and grabbed Aaron's chin lightly in his hand. "And you..." he said, "I've got a special treat for you, Princess."

The owner leaned and kissed Aaron suddenly, his lips firmly fixed to Aaron's own. It was a strong kiss, a kiss of command, of ownership. The man pulled away and caressed Aaron's cheek with a thumb.

“You're still my special girl, you know that, right, Princess? We're going to have some guests tonight, and I'm giving you the honor of entertaining them.”

A cold fear gripped Aaron. What did this guy have in mind? The owner must have sensed Aaron's feelings because he added:

“This is a good thing, Princess. It shows I trust you. Will you do this for me? Will you do this for your man?”

Aaron had no choice but to nod. He

couldn't run, not in this ridiculous outfit, not in this body.

“Good,” the owner said, his face lighting up in a smile.

He slipped his hand around Aaron's ass, hand firmly on one cheek, and guided him towards the door that Leo had exited from moments before. Like Leo, Aaron had trouble walking in his high heels and found himself leaning back onto the owner's hand for support. He felt fingers digging into his plump ass and tried to right himself as they walked down the hallway towards the babble of voices and music from the far end.

Aaron came out of the back and looked around. A gorgeous brunette was crawling around onstage to the delight

of the patrons. It took a second for Aaron to recognize the brunette as Ted. It seemed he was really getting used to his new body.

The owner steered Aaron up onto the dais and they slid into the cushioned seats. The owner placed his hand on Aaron's bare thigh and squeezed as he surveyed his domain. Topless women wandered through the room, offering drinks and dances to the raucous crowd. Aaron tried to spot Leo but couldn't find him in the dim light. He fiddled with his outfit as the club owner's hand played against his thigh. Aaron's skimpy bra barely hid his heavy breasts and the fishnet fabric was slightly irritating against his sensitive skin.

Suddenly, the Stranger was sitting

across from him. Aaron gasped and turned to the club owner, who's eyes were still out on the crowd.

“No one can see me right now but you, Aaron.” The Stranger said, resting his chin on his hand and staring at Aaron's tits. “You're looking a little awkward and uncomfortable. Not quite adjusted to your new body? You'll have plenty of time to adjust once you're stuck in it forever. Oh, and I wouldn't trust Leo to make the right choice in this particular dilemma.”

The Stranger nodded out towards the main floor and suddenly it was as if a spotlight were shining on Leo. Aaron watched as Leo flirted with two guys, rubbing his breasts in their faces and laughing.

“You're naive,” the Stranger continued, “But it's strangely charming. So I'm going to give you a little helping hand. You're awkward now, but when the time comes, you'll know *exactly* how to satisfy everyone.”

Before Aaron could even begin to wonder what that meant the Stranger disappeared and a group of five men in suits approached the table. The owner stood and greeted them personally. The men were muscular and olive skinned, with handsome faces. Their eyes crawled over Aaron's body as the club owner shook hands and introduced them.

“This is Princess,” the owner said, and Aaron smiled nervously, his arms crossed over his petite breasts. “She's a shy little thing, but she'll warm up.

Princess, these are our investors, I need you to show them what they've bought.”

The owner took Aaron and gently guided him out of the booth and around the corner, the group of guys following as they all entered the door marked 'Private'. Inside was a semi-circular booth surrounding a cushioned platform. The group of guys settled around the booth, laughing and joking with each other and the owner. The club owner seated Aaron on the platform in the middle and Aaron parried questions and comments from the group as other topless women came in and brought drinks for everyone. There was a sense of expectation in the room and Aaron felt tense sitting in the middle of the semi-circle, smiling and nodding as the men vied for his attention.

Finally, when everyone had drinks, the other women cleared out and the club owner went to to the door. “Gentleman,” he said, “Enjoy my little Princess. And remember, what happens in the champagne room stays in the champagne room.”

He closed the door on their laughter, leaving Aaron alone, surrounded by the five well-dressed men. Aaron giggled nervously as the men stared at him with hungry eyes. His finger came up and twirled through the honey blonde curls of hair . He glanced up, then back down, meeting eyes briefly as a red glow of embarrassment spread out across his cheeks.

“It's okay, Princess, you're gorgeous, you should show off your little body,” one said, a man a little taller than the

rest and with steely blue eyes.

Aaron felt the shift in the room, felt the mounting excitement. Somehow, he *knew* what these guys wanted to hear.

Aaron bit his plump lower lip and wrapped his arms demurely around himself. "I've...I've never done this before," he admitted.

"We'll be gentle," the blue eyed man smiled. "Here, lay back."

He helped Aaron lay down on the platform. It was wide enough so that his feet rested on the floor while the rest of his body rested against the cushioned foam. Another man took Aaron's arms and gently pried them apart, grasping one of his slender hands and caressing Aaron's skin, kissing softly. The others

joined in, hands running across Aaron's legs, his thighs, circling his breasts. Aaron could *feel* their excitement start to build and it grew a strange warmth within his own body. On impulse he reached down between his legs and stroked just once. A quick flash of heat pulsed through him and he squeaked "oh" before withdrawing his hand suddenly and looking around in embarrassment. The guys comforted him as they continued patting and kissing, holding his other limbs down gently but firmly.

"It's all right, feel your gorgeous body," one murmured.

Aaron couldn't help himself from playing the part of the demur girl, the scared little virgin who secretly wanted to get fucked. He knew this was what

they wanted to see, to turn this sexy virgin into a raging slut. It was the Stranger's gift, knowing exactly how to act, how to entice them on and build their desire.

Aaron hesitantly slid his hand back down between his legs, fingers resting atop his mound. After a brief pause, he brought his fingers forward, tracing over the coarse pubic hair until he felt his new slit. Fuck it was weird and wonderful, his entire body alive with warmth, a strange combination of tightness and looseness.

The blue eyed man knelt between Aaron's legs and rested his face on his thigh, eyes inches from Aaron's pussy. "Keep rubbing that little cunt," he murmured.

The others drew closer, one leaning over and obscuring Aaron's view as he kissed Aaron. Aaron quivered as the man's lips pressed harder against him, the deep masculine smell filling his nose. His other limbs were held apart, kissed, caressed, as his fingers continued circling his slit. The man between his thighs kissed his soft skin and then Aaron sunk inside himself, cooing as he did so, his pussy lips parting for his finger as he penetrated himself, his warmth surrounding him.

“Good girl,” one murmured.

Aaron felt his panties being pulled off. Someone grabbed the hand that was playing with his pussy and brought it up, sucking Aaron's juices off his finger. More hands crowded around his pussy as he was held. Fingers pressing

against his clit, sliding inside him as he was spread wide, helpless on the table before these greedy men. He moaned, straining against the hands that held him, his heart thumping in his chest. He cried out in fear, not because he was truly scared—he was actually desperately horny for their touch—but because he *knew* this was what they wanted.

The man beside his ear shushed him as the fingers continued playing with Aaron's pussy, rubbing small circles around his swelling clit and pushing into him, deeper inside as he grew slick and horny.

“I don't know...” he began, stopping to moan as a pleasant desire swept through him. He writhed slowly, his body held ever tighter, spread apart for

these men.

And then something hot and hard was resting on his lips. He opened his eyes to find his vision obscured by a cock and a man standing over him. On instinct, Aaron opened his lips and sucked the side of the shaft.

“Am I doing it right?” he asked the man, who only nodded. Aaron kissed his way up and down the shaft as much as he could while still being held down. The man angled his cock towards Aaron and he struggled to bend his head to the side, to fit the stranger's dick between his lips. He finally wrapped his lips around the head, tasting the tangy precum before the man thrust slowly inside, filling Aaron, forcing him to take it all in until he choked and sputtered.

Then there was a cock in each hand. Aaron grasped them, sliding his fingers slowly up and down each shaft, working around gently, swirling and applying just the perfect amount of pressure. He knew exactly what they wanted, when to stop, how hard to go, when to moan, and when to lie still as if overwhelmed. The men held his body down tight, but it was Aaron who was in control. The cock in his mouth began thrusting in faster as fingers gripped his hair and pushed his mouth down the thick shaft. The fingers in his pussy disappeared, replaced moments later with a single point of pressure, a cock pressing against the lips of his pussy, stretching him wide as it entered his virgin body, plunging deep into his center. The walls of his pussy gripped the shaft and it filled

him perfectly. There was a mouth on his tits, tongue flicking one nipple as fingers played with the other, gripping and squeezing his soft flesh.

Aaron was held down, one man fucking his face, another driving deep into his pussy as he jacked off the two guys beside him. The cock in his mouth pulsed once and Aaron quickly clamped his hand at the base, staring up at the man above him with wide eyes.

“Not yet,” he begged, “Please, I want some more.”

The man gritted his teeth, a drop of cum sliding from the tip was caught on Aaron's tongue and he moaned happily as he swallowed.

They all shifted position, wordlessly,

Aaron directing them with a look as he got to his knees and raised his ass in the air. The cocks descended on his body. He grabbed one in his hand as another was stuffed into his mouth. He swallowed and moaned, slurping down whatever was offered to him, switching from one cock to another. Hands gripped his fat butt and pulled his cheeks wide. There was a pressure on his asshole, an impossibly huge cock straining to enter his tight hole. He wiggled his ass as the pressure grew, only slowly sinking into his ass. Aaron's eyes rolled up and he moaned in delight around the dick in his mouth as his ass filled with cock. And then he was delightfully, terribly full, a painful pleasure within him as the man withdrew, then sunk in deeper, building a rhythm, fucking Aaron's

asshole faster until his groin pounded against him. He squealed with pleasure, sucking from cock to cock furiously, overcome with need.

The men took turns with him, shifting him around, each filling his pussy, his mouth, his ass, going back and forth from each hole until Aaron tasted his own musk on each dick, his body so full it might burst as they plunged inside, cumming hard alone and in groups. The dick in his mouth spasmed at the same time as the man behind him thrust deep. The cock plunged deeper into Aaron's mouth, jetting jizz down his throat, which he eagerly drank in. There was a throbbing in his ass, his pussy, and then he was full of cum, could feel it pulsing into him, the wet heat filling him perfectly and he gripped each cock and

milked it for all it was worth. Hot cum splashed down his chin, dripping from his face as he swallowed and moaned, body burning with pleasure as the men emptied themselves inside until he was deliciously, deliriously full.

They all pulled out and Aaron sank back down onto the cushion, dripping creamy seed from every hole, body pulsing with the aftershocks of delight. “Mmm, that was yummy,” he murmured.

And it was.

V

Ted, Aaron and Leo were in the backstage room when the club closed. They were all exhausted, tired and sore, thinking of the many people they'd done that night, of all the things they'd let happen to themselves for a chance to return to their bodies. They avoided each other's gazes while, around them, the other girls removed their makeup and changed out of their skimpy outfits into street clothes. Suddenly everyone went quiet and still, frozen in time. The Stranger stepped into the room, appearing out of nowhere. He clapped slowly.

“Good game everyone,” he smiled brightly, “Would you like to hear the scores?”

A clipboard appeared in his hands and he pretended to consult it. “Oh my! He exclaimed, listen to this. Ted, twelve. Leo, twelve. Aaron...twelve. It's a three way tie! How exciting.”

Leo perked up. “We did it. That means we all get free.”

The others looked up, eyes full of hope. But the Stranger laughed.

“Oh no, quite the opposite really. The deal was that whoever had the least amount of men was stuck. And this is a three way tie for last place..”

There was a brief silence, before Ted blurted out, “No fair. You cheated!”

The Stranger's eyes blazed. “I didn't cheat. You all cheated and you couldn't even win. You accepted my gifts. Ted,

you became the perfect cocksucker. Leo, your body made you so unbelievably horny you didn't hesitate to gorge yourself. Aaron, you knew what men wanted and acted on their unspoken desires. You all lost. But as a consolation prize, I'll let you all share in each other's gifts.”

With that the Stranger disappeared, leaving the three guys trapped in their new lives, stuck as the stripper they'd take over. And now they were all horny, expert cocksuckers who knew their lovers' every desire. They were never lonely again.

#

Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M