

Taken Over

Part 2

MtF Body Theft and Mind Control

by M. Wills

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Seth

“Here’s your dinner, Mr. Keller,” Leonard said as he set the tray on the coffee table in front of me.

Leonard was the husband of Mrs. Wright, one of my teachers. He was getting better at cooking but he still sucked at it. I looked at the lasagna dubiously.

I was lounging on the couch in Mrs. Wright’s living room. Avery—or Red as I sometimes called her—had her head in my lap, her silky hair spilling down over my legs. She was watching television and idly caressing one of my legs. Mrs. Wright was beside me, snuggled in close. I had one arm thrown carelessly over her shoulders. We were all naked and every now and then I would reach down and give Mrs. Wright’s huge tits a tap just to watch them jiggle.

Leonard stood at attention as I inspected the food. It looked better than the first three attempts that I’d tossed on the floor. He fiddled nervously with his hands, desperately seeking my approval.

I tasted a bite and then nodded, satisfied before sending Leonard back to his cage. He crawled into the huge dog crate on the other side of the room and stared out at the three of us. I took my time eating and pawing at his wife, glancing over now and then and snickering at him. I knew he had a big hard-on for watching me fondle Mrs. Wright.

It had been three incredible days since I first found the power of an app on my phone that let me clone my mind into someone else’s body. I’d moved into Mrs. Wright’s house and turned her into my sex slave. It was easy. All I had to do was use the app to jump into her body and then make her say and act like my real-life sex toy. When I jumped out, it was like those settings remained and she continued to act like that.

I did the same to Avery, creating my own little harem in Mrs. Wright’s house. It was three wonderful days of skipping school to fuck the two women whenever I wanted and having them serve me. I slept in Mrs. Wright’s king sized bed while Avery and Mrs. Wright obeyed my every command. At nights I would send Red back to her place because it was easier than dealing with her fucking parents calling her all the damn time. Plus, Mrs. Wright was delighted to have me all to herself. I knew that for a fact because I made her that way.

It was hilarious when Mrs. Wright’s husband returned home from his trip and caught us all in bed together. I’d never seen anyone’s face get so red! I thought the asshole would have a heart attack. His yelling was funny for a few seconds but got old quickly. I grabbed my phone, opened up the app, pointed the camera at him and pressed the button to clone myself into his body. Then I turned him into my personal butler, making him stand by the side of the bed with a raging erection as I fucked his wife from behind.

Red rolled over in my lap to look up at me with her big doe eyes. “I have to go home soon,” she frowned. Her hair fell down across my lap and tickled my dick, making it throb once against her chin.

I stroked her auburn hair back out of her face. “Too bad,” I grinned. “Guess I’ll have to wreck that pussy some more tomorrow.”

“You’re so sweet,” she laughed.

She sat up and leaned on me. I sensed Mrs. Wright on the other side of me tensing, growing jealous at Avery’s attention. Well, let her. It would just make her more and more wet.

“Come home with me,” Avery said, tracing my collarbone lightly. “Meet my parents. I think they’d really like you.”

“Fuck that,” I said. “Tell them you’re staying here from now on.”

“They’d get really worried if I stayed at a stranger’s house. But if you came with me maybe you could convince them?”

“Ugh, fine, but that means I have to get dressed.”

“Yay!” She squealed and wrapped her arms around me in a hug before pecking my cheek.

As Avery jumped up and began searching for her clothes, Mrs. Wright leaned towards me and took hold of my cock and began gently stroking. I glanced over at her and we shared a grin. I turned back to Avery.

“Tell you what. I’ll come over for dinner tonight. Get your parents to make something special to meet their daughter’s boyfriend.”

“They would love that!” Avery said, sliding into her panties.

I took one last, loving look at her body until Mrs. Wright tucked a finger beneath my chin and gently guided me to look at her. She bit her bottom lip and shifted in her seat as she gazed at me in utter lust. Her dark wavy hair spilled down one side of her face and her eyes were bright with desire. She was no longer the nerdy science teacher I’d first possessed three days ago. Now she didn’t care at all about science, only about how best to please me.

“I thought *I* was your girlfriend,” Mrs. Wright purred.

“You both are. You’re my big-titted MILF and she’s my slutty Red.”

Mrs. Wright’s smile stretched wider and she blushed. “Sweet man.”

“Come over around seven, okay?” Avery asked me.

“Sure,” I said waving her away.

“And maybe don’t bring Mrs. Wright?” She added. “My parents might not understand our complicated relationship.”

“Sure. Whatever.”

She skipped out the door and Mrs. Wright brought her lips to mine. Fuck, she was a good kisser. Her lips were soft, her breath warm and sweet smelling. My cock was already stirring as I reached up to grab one of her ripe tits. It was so big it spilled out of my hand. I gave it a squeeze. Mrs. Wright responded with a moan, her lips still on mine, her mouth open as she sucked my tongue inside.

I pawed at Mrs. Wright’s body as we made out, my hands running up and down her mature curves, bobbling her breasts together and then sliding around her back and down to that plump ass. My

cock was at full mast now as I traced her soft, warm body. She tasted clean, like her peach body wash, and I dug my fingers into the soft flesh of her ass, greedy for my slutty teacher.

Across the room, Leonard whimpered from within his cage. I pulled away from Mrs. Wright's pillowy lips and looked at that sad sack of shit in the corner. His eyes were wide, fingers hooked into the cage. He was staring at us like he wanted to join us.

I slid a hand between Mrs. Wright's thighs, felt her warm wetness. I gently pushed her legs apart and revealed her glistening sex to her husband.

"You want some of this pussy, Leonard?" I teased.

I dragged my fingers up Mrs. Wright's pussy and she closed her eyes and moaned. My fingers came away shiny with her juices.

"No, I'm all yours," Mrs. Wright murmured.

"You don't get to decide, bitch," I growled. I had a sudden desire to see my teacher spit-roasted between Leonard and me, a cock shoved into each end.

"But baby..." Mrs. Wright whispered.

"Fuck, do I have to do everything myself?" I groaned.

I grabbed my phone and slid open the app and pointed it at Mrs. Wright. When I clicked the button I was suddenly looking out at the world from behind her eyes. Jesus, I was soaking. My pussy was burning for touch and my body was practically vibrating for my own cock.

"Both of you fuck my tight holes," I purred in Mrs. Wright's voice, sliding off the couch and assuming a position on the floor on all fours. My tits swayed down beneath me, fat and inviting. I wriggled my ample rear for my old self and then looked over at Leonard. I crooked a finger, inviting him to join us. "Let me suck your cock," I said, licking my lips.

"Go on," my former body agreed.

As Leonard eagerly scrambled out of his cage, I turned to my old body, looking back down the long, grabbable form that was Mrs. Wright. "What are you waiting for?"

My former cock was rock hard and Other Me shoved it between my legs, gliding up against the line of my slit and lubricating himself on my juices. His fingers dug into my ass and I pushed back against him so that the head of his cock slid up against my clit.

While we did this, Leonard tossed off his clothes and sank to his knees in front of me. He, too, was already hard, and I swallowed him in one quick gulp. He moaned as I sank my lips down on him and his cock disappeared inside my mouth. It flattened my tongue down and thrust against the of my throat.

My old body's cock was slick now, and Other Me gripped my fat ass tighter, spreading me apart. He paused a moment to admire the bright red pussy lips pointed at him. I knew what he was doing because he was me and I fucking loved looking at Mrs. Wright's juicy twat like that. Then he guided his cock up against my entrance and with a quick thrust of his hips sank inside my wet heat.

I moaned around "my" husband's cock as my former cock filled me, sheathing to the hilt until my former groin rested against my plump butt cheeks. Leonard grabbed my face and began thrusting slowly into my mouth while I continued sucking him off. My former self began pumping into me

from behind. We moved into a rhythm, me sandwiched between them. My former body fucked my wet hole as I sucked off her husband. My big tits bounced with each motion, which just made me hornier. God, Mrs. Wright's body was built for sex. She was wasted being a teacher.

Other Seth began speeding up, so horny to be inside me. He plunged into my wet cunt and grunted as my canal gripped him. His heat charged through me, curving up to hit my tender love spot and driving another moan from my lips. I was dripping wet and the lewd sounds of my sex filled the air, accompanied by the rhythmic thumping of his groin on my ass. My moans grew louder as Leonard shoved his cock down my throat. He grunted, staring down at me in utter lust as I swallowed him, saliva dripping down my chin while he fucked my throat and I sputtered and coughed but hung on.

I felt Original Seth throb, about to cum and then he pulled out suddenly. Not yet. He slapped my ass. "On your back," he commanded.

I pulled my mouth off Leonard's dick with a wet pop and sighed in utter longing as I rolled on to my back. "Oh, I need your cock inside me so badly," I moaned. "It's all I want."

From experience I knew it was important to vocalize what I wanted Mrs. Wright to do when I got out, as everything I said would become true in her mind.

Old Seth grabbed my calves and spread my legs wide so that my dark twat spread open. The lips of my pussy were wet and raw, ready for him. He plunged in, relief flooding me to have him back inside.

Leonard shuffled around to the side and I turned my head and opened my mouth. Leonard shoved his cock in between my lips and began fucking my face. The bulbous head of his dick made my cheeks bulge out. Mrs. Wright had hated me as a student. Had given me detention time after time. And now here I was in her body, making her desperate for my dick and willing to do anything I told her.

Original Seth pumped into me, hard and fast, tracing his eyes down my body until they landed on my pussy. We both watched him slide in and out of his wet hole, disappearing inside me, burrowing up through my cunt, and then pulling out, the shaft slick my juices. Then Leonard grabbed my head and turned me back to his dick.

Original Seth sped up, thumping into me. Leonard did the same. My moans became grunts, my eyes closed in ecstasy. I choked and sputtered but kept those wonderful lips wrapped around "my" husband's cock.

They couldn't hold back the pressure anymore. Behind me, Original Seth grunted and plunged deep into my rich wet cunt, exploding inside me. His cock throbbed, filling me with hot seed while Leonard did the same. He gripped my hair and shoved his dick down my throat, throwing his head back and grunting. Each burst of creamy seed pumped between my lips and down my throat while I swallowed eagerly, Mrs. Wright's body a burst of heat and pleasure as I orgasmed with them. Mrs. Wright had a powerful orgasm. The walls of my pussy clutched the cock, milking it for every last drop as of cum, as I drank as much of Leonard's cum as I could. Mrs. Wright's pleasure was mine and mine was hers.

They filled me from both ends, thrusting into each wet hole until they were empty and spent and I was overflowing with their seed. When they released me I flopped back onto the floor and sighed, "Goddamn, I love being used as a dumb fuck-toy like that." Once again reinforcing Mrs. Wright's new perspective so it would stick when I left.

Leonard crawled back into his cage. Original Seth pointed the camera at me and drew me back into his body with the app. I had the combined memories of fucking and being fucked, of wanting myself and wanting to give everything to myself.

Maybe it was time to expand my empire?

Avery

"I can't wait for you to meet my boyfriend!" I gushed for, like, the millionth time since I got home as I helped my mom set the table.

Mom smiled. "I know, dear. I'm excited, too."

I wanted everything to be perfect for Seth. I wanted my parents to like him just as much as I did. I'd showered and changed and spent a long time in front of the mirror doing my makeup and putting my hair up. I'd even picked out the menu.

Mom and dad had been more than willing to have him over, excited to finally meet the guy their daughter had fallen head over heels for. It's funny, if anyone had told me three days ago that I'd be joyfully expecting Seth's arrival so he could meet my parents and cement our relationship I would have called them crazy. It's hard to believe that I used to think that Seth was, like, a total asshole.

But a few days ago at school I just found myself going into the woods with him during lunch and making love to him. And I don't think I would have done that if I didn't *really* like him. More than anyone I'd ever met. Everything changed that day as my eyes were opened to just how wonderful he was. He even had special pet name for me: Slutty Red. Isn't that just the cutest thing you ever heard?

I learned tons about myself these last few days with Seth and Mrs. Wright. For one thing, I found I *really* liked having sex. Especially with Seth and Mrs. Wright. For another, I realized just how annoying that guy from school, Greg, was. I used to not mind him. Yeah, he was a little dorky but totally harmless. Well, Seth sure opened my eyes to him. Gawd, I couldn't stand the look of him anymore. I'd been completely ignoring his texts to me. To be honest he seemed a little unhinged. He kept saying he was worried Seth was doing something to me. Seth wasn't doing *anything* to me I didn't want him to do.

Now the table was all set, dinner was on the stove, and I looked super cute in my matching skirt and top. It showed off a lot of leg and squeezed my tits together to amplify my cleavage. I knew that's what Seth liked. I didn't have Mrs. Wright's big tits but I did my best for my Seth.

I ushered my mom upstairs to go get ready. "I'll keep an eye on dinner," I assured her.

She laughed. "Honey, it will be fine." But she went upstairs anyway.

I was sooo nervous that when the doorbell finally rang I gave a little squeak of excitement that made my dad glance at me and smile.

"I think that's him," he said.

I hurried to the door and threw it open. Seth was standing there, looking incredibly suave in his torn jeans and dirty denim jacket. I launched into his arms and kissed him lovingly as he grabbed my ass and slobbered all over my chin. So sweet!

"Hey, Slutty Red," he said when I finally pulled away. His eyes dragged down my outfit and he whistled. "You are one hot piece of ass."

I blushed at the compliment. I heard my dad come up from behind me and I grabbed Seth's hand and turned to him. "Seth, this is my dad, Evan."

Dad paused and his smile flickered for just a second when he saw Seth. His eyes jumped to me questioningly and then back to Seth before he held out his hand.

"Nice to meet you, Seth."

"Uh huh," Seth grunted, pumping dad's hand absently as he looked around the room.

Dad looked a little put off. I could understand that. I mean, *I'd* been put off of Seth until recently. I was sure he'd come around. Maybe the change would be just as sudden for him as it had been for me.

I led Seth inside and pointed out the rooms that we passed. We ended up in the living room, where a big family portrait hung on one wall. It was an old one from a few years ago with me, mom and dad posing in a garden of daisies.

Seth snorted and mumbled. "Guess that was before you had tits, huh?"

I laughed and leaned against him, soaking him in. He was so observant! Another thing I apparently loved about him.

"Can I get you something to drink, Seth?" Dad asked.

"Sure. Get me a beer."

Dad paused. "Are you old enough to drink?"

Seth rolled his eyes. "Fine. Water. Whatever."

Dad furrowed his brow and looked at me. Still clinging to Seth I widened my eyes and nodded my head to the kitchen to try to say 'don't embarrass me, just do it for my boyfriend'. After a second he disappeared into the kitchen.

I stood on tiptoe and kissed Seth on the cheek. "My dad's a little traditional," I whispered.

"What, he wants me to call him 'sir' or some shit?"

"You don't need to do that but maybe just talk to him in, like, a respectful way."

"Jesus Christ. Fine."

When dad returned and handed Seth the water he mumbled, "Thank you."

I beamed at dad. See? He *is* respectful.

Mom came downstairs then. She'd cleaned up like I asked, putting on some nicer jeans and a simple cream top. Her wavy, auburn hair was tucked back behind each ear and fell down as a shimmering waterfall to her shoulders.

"Hi, you must be Seth," Mom said as she reached the bottom of the steps. "I'm Molly."

"Molly, huh?" Seth shook her hand and swept his eyes up and down mom's body. Then he turned and sized me up. "Wow, you two look a lot alike." His eyes dropped down to my chest and then to mom's chest.

It was true. I definitely had mom's nose and chin. Some people said I was like a miniature version of her. Well, not so miniature now that I was eighteen. We were both slender and graceful, with a light spray of freckles across our noses.

Mom shot dad a glance then turned back to us and forced a laugh. "That's what people tell me."

"Well, I'm starving. Let's eat."

"Usually that's the host's job to announce that," dad said, his jaw set. I could tell he was really upset. Seth just needed time to grow on him.

"Well, get to it," Seth said, antagonizing him.

"I'm not sure I like your attitude," dad warned.

"Dad!" I yelped. He was ruining it for me.

"If you need a hand, Red's happy to help," Seth said, giving me a slap on the ass.

Mom and dad's mouths dropped open and dad stepped toward Seth. "I don't know who you think you are but you need to sharpen up." He glowered at Seth, then he turned to me. "And if this is the kind of guy you're bringing home we're going to need to have a serious talk."

"Honey," mom warned, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Seth turned to me. "Have you even asked them to live with me yet?"

Seth laughed as dad went red in the face. "There is absolutely no way she's going to live with you. You're the most disrespectful punk I've ever had the misfortune of inviting into my house."

Mom glowered behind him. I could tell she didn't like Seth, either. This whole thing was a disaster!

"Daddy! I love him!" I begged.

"Well, this is a real shitshow," Seth said, pulling his phone out of his pocket. "Let's do this the easy way."

"You need to get out of my house right now," dad growled to Seth. "And you, young lady..." he began, turning to me.

Seth pointed his phone at dad and pressed the button. Dad stopped, mid-sentence, and blinked. Then he smiled, his eyes glinting. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Of course you can live with Seth."

Behind him, mom gasped. My heart leaped for joy.

"He's got real, uh, character," dad said. "He knows what he wants and he's a real, um, achiever. And other good things about him. I really like him and I trust him with my daughter." It sounded like dad was trying to convince himself, but it certainly didn't seem to convince mom, who stood behind him, still aghast.

"In fact," dad continued, "I trust him so much I'll do whatever he tells me. He's just got that kind of face." He shook Seth's hand firmly.

Hooray! I silently cheered. I knew dad would come around.

"Go get dinner ready, old man," Seth ordered.

"Right away, sir," Dad saluted and turned smartly, disappearing into the kitchen.

“Evan!” Mom hissed after him, horrified. “What are you saying?”

Seth aimed his phone at mom and fiddled with it. In a blink, mom calmed down. “Of course, that all makes sense,” she said. She moved towards me and stroked my cheek. “Seth and you can do whatever you want. I just want you to be happy.”

“You know what would make me happy?” Seth grinned that gorgeous, shark-like grin. “Let’s see just exactly how much you two look alike.”

“Good idea!” Mom agreed. She began unbuttoning her blouse and before I could wonder what she was doing she flipped it off and on to the floor, then struggled with her bra.

“Mom! What are you doing?” I gasped. Was she trying to steal my boyfriend?

“Let’s compare our tits,” she suggested.

Before I could even begin to process the sheer craziness of what my mom had said, Seth aimed his phone at me and tapped the screen. I found myself reaching down to my own top and pulling it off over my head. Mom was right, it *was* a good time to compare tits.

I flipped my hair out of my eyes and then snuck around behind my mom and unclasped her bra. She shrugged it to the floor and then helped me out of mine. We stood facing each other, looking at our boobs. Hers were slightly plumper than mine, with wide pink areola. I was glad mom suggested we do this because it made Seth super happy.

I reached out to stroke mom’s breasts. She pulled back at first, but then Seth aimed his camera at her and she got more into it. Her fingers danced across my chest, squeezing and exploring my curves. Her tits were soft and fun to fondle, and I followed her lead, stroking the underside of each one as she did the same to me. My fingers followed her gentle curves up and down the firm skin. She tweaked my nipple, sending light shivers through me. I returned the gesture and watched as she bit her lip.

Seth aimed his camera back and forth between the two of us as I slid my hands through mom’s silky auburn hair and pressed our lips together. She tasted of mint, and my tongue flicked out to trace across her lips. Her hands slid across my bare back and she pulled me closer, our tits touching as we began making out. Mom was such a good kisser. Why had I never made out with her before?

She opened her lips and my tongue snuck in, sliding around to explore the contours of her mouth. She hung her arms around my neck and moaned into my mouth, her hot breath filling me and making me shiver delightfully. My hands groped her tits, squeezing the weighty flesh beneath my fingers. I slid my hands down her body, across her sides and then down to her jeans. I unbuttoned them and zipped them open before helping her step out of them.

“Goddamn, ladies,” Seth said, looking at us. “If I hadn’t just fucked Mrs. Wright I would join you. But you have fun in there.” That last part was aimed at me.

Of course I was going to have fun. My mom and I had just realized that we liked to kiss each other and my boyfriend had given me his blessing. It was perfect!

I rolled down mom’s panties, revealing the dark triangle of her bush. Then she helped me out of my skirt and panties. We resumed caressing each other, naked now, our entire bodies pressed together. I could feel the warmth of her tummy on mine, her pussy, her legs, all pressed against me.

Mom lay me down on the couch and knelt between my legs on all fours, her big butt up in the air. Whenever she hesitated, which was less and less now, Seth pulled out his phone and tapped the screen. I guess it encouraged her because she dipped her head between my legs and ran her tongue slowly up my slit.

My breath hitched in my throat as warm anticipation filled me. "Oh, mommy," I hissed, as she licked me again, her warm tongue dancing up and down my already-slick slit. "I love it when you lick my pussy like that."

I could feel my pussy sliding apart as her tongue continued tickling my soft folds. I reached up and grabbed my own tits to fondle myself, squeezing each nipple as mom licked her way up and down.

"Mmm, honey," mom moaned, looking up from between my legs, her cheeks coated with my juices. "You taste delicious. I could eat you out all day."

She burrowed her head back between my legs. I threw my own head back and shivered as she licked me, undulating her tongue across my clit and sending delicious vibrations through me. Mom moaned, too, still licking me, eyes closed in ecstasy as she enjoyed my taste. Her tongue grew faster along with the rhythm of my body. I tensed, every muscle growing taut, rising towards an immense release.

"Oh, finger my tight hole," I begged.

Mom *shoved* two fingers into my pussy and drove a wild cry from my lips at the sudden pressure, releasing the pleasure through me. My legs shook and I bucked up towards her waiting mouth, crying out in a strained voice as the orgasm shook me.

Even as I began to come down mom slid her fingers deeper inside me, curling up through my slick canal and hitting a pressure spot that made sparks fill my eyes. My mouth dropped open and all I could do was moan as her tongue worked my clit and she fucked me with her fingers, faster and faster until the wild tension took hold and then came crashing away in another explosive orgasm. My toes curled and I threw my head back into the cushions of the couch, squeezing my tits as I was overcome with lust. Each inch of my body burned with a delicious desire and it took so long for me to come back down to earth.

I was spent when mom finally rolled off me. She helped me to my feet and we all went and sat at the kitchen table. Mom and I were still naked but dad didn't seem to mind. I mean, he started to but then I guess he thought better of it when Seth pointed his phone at him. Seth didn't mind, either. He just kept grinning at the two of us and pulling up his phone. Maybe he was taking pictures or something. I don't know. I just know that seeing him point his phone at me was like a trigger. It would bring with it an irresistible impulse to reach over and kiss my mom, or stroke her beautiful tits.

By the end of the night my parents adored Seth. And I learned so much about my parents. Mom announced suddenly that she never wanted to wear clothes again. Dad again looked like he was against it at first but then agreed it was for the best. Like so many things that night, I was also appalled at first, and once I even shrieked "Gross!" but after a quick thought I changed my mind and rolled with whatever happened. My whole family was so much freer now and all thanks to Seth.

"That way everyone can see those awesome tits," he said to mom, reaching over to squeeze one as we all laughed.

"Take Red wherever you want," my dad said.

“And *whenever* you want,” mom added after a brief hesitation and Seth had aimed his phone at her.

I squeezed Seth’s hand, so joyful that my parents had seen the light and trusted Seth like I trusted him.

Mom was still naked as she followed us out on to the porch and waved goodbye. I was still naked, too, as I hopped in dad’s Mercedes, which he’d gifted to Seth.

“See?” I said to him when we were away. “I knew they loved you.”

He shook his head. “Fuck, that was a lot of work.”

“But worth it, right?” I asked hesitantly.

At the stop sign he turned his beautiful toothy grin on me. “Hell yeah. Come here my Slutty Red.”

He grabbed my hair and pulled my lips to his, sucking on my tongue and dragging a low moan from my mouth. He made me feel so good I never wanted to leave.

Becky

Avery didn't come to school for about three days, which was odd because she wasn't the type to just skip classes. I texted her a lot but her responses were off. For one thing, she took a long time to get back to me. Normally that girl was glued to her phone. For another, even in her texts she came across as disinterested or distracted. She didn't send any of her usual gifs or memes or pictures. I worried she was having some type of breakdown.

Greg was worried about her, too. I didn't usually have much to do with Greg. He was whatever. A little dorky for my taste. But Avery didn't seem to mind him so I put up with him. I asked him if he'd heard from Avery and he said he hadn't.

"She didn't even show up yesterday to check out the astronomy club's new telescope," he said.

I didn't really care anything about astronomy but Greg made it sound like kind of a big deal. That worried me even more. So after school on the third day Avery didn't show up I just went over to her house.

Her mom answered the door. Naked. She was so blasé about it, like it wasn't a big deal. My eyes about popped out of my head.

"I-is this a bad time?" I stammered, totally thrown because her boobs were just *right there!*

"Hi, Becky, of course not."

"Is Avery around?" I asked, trying to act as nonchalant as she was acting.

She shook her head. "No. She's living with Seth now."

Well, that threw me again. "Seth? Like, Seth from school?"

"Yes. He's such a wonderful boy isn't he?"

"Uhhhh." What do you say to that? Had she lost it? Maybe Avery and her whole family had just gone insane. "*Seth* is wonderful?"

"Yes. I'd trust him with Avery anywhere."

"Um, okay. Do you know where he lives?"

She shook her head. "No."

"And you're not worried?"

"Why would I be? Seth is a wonderful young man."

Ok, this was getting even weirder. I thanked Avery's mom and then went to sit in my car. I texted Avery again, telling her I knew she was staying with Seth and asking if everything was okay. She texted back about ten minutes later giving me an address and telling me to come over right away. She said she would explain everything.

The house was a pretty decent looking one in a nice neighborhood. I was actually surprised that Seth lived there. I parked behind a Mercedes and rang the bell. Avery answered the door wearing only a bra and panties. What had happened to this family?

“Oh, Becky! Yay! That was quick,” she said, then glanced behind her and up the stairs. “Seth is in the shower right now but come on in.”

She opened the door wide. I froze, unsure what to do. I *really* didn’t want to go into Seth’s house. But I was also really worried about my friend. Before I could decide what to do my teacher, Mrs. Wright, came down the hallway wearing only a bathrobe and draped herself on Avery’s shoulders.

“Come on in,” Mrs. Wright said.

“Yes, come on in,” Avery repeated.

This was too fucking weird. “I-, uh, I have to go. I was just checking on you. Bye!”

I turned and scooted back to my car before they could stop me.

Avery’s parents weren’t any help and now my teacher was somehow involved? Was this even Seth’s house? None of it made sense and the only person who would understand how weird this all was would be Greg. I was going to corner him before school the next day and use his smarts to help me figure out what happened. But when I passed by Avery’s locker the next morning she was there looking totally normal, except for the fact that Seth had his arm draped comfortably over her shoulder.

“Becky,” Seth grinned at me. “I missed you yesterday.”

I mumbled some excuse about needing to meet up with my parents. “I’m glad you’re back in school,” I told Avery.

“Well, Seth here said he wanted to come so he could have a little fun. Isn’t that right, babe?”

“That’s right, Slutty Red,” Seth grinned, pulling her in for a kiss that looked like he was devouring her face. It couldn’t have been very nice for Avery but when she pulled away she was smiling and her cheeks were bright red, like it was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

Before I could even digest what Seth had called her, Greg showed up and Seth and Avery turned their attention to him.

“Hey, Avery,” Greg said, “You missed the arrival of the new telescope.”

“Hey dingus,” Avery replied. “I don’t care. But you do have something on your shirt.”

She pointed to a spot on his shirt and when he looked down she slapped him in the face. Seth and Avery howled with laughter, and their laughter sounded eerily similar. When they finished laughing, Seth pulled out his phone and pointed it at me.

“Should we have some fun?” He asked Avery.

Avery put her hand on his phone and pushed it down, then leaned up and whispered in his ear loud enough for me to hear: “I want you right now.”

Seth slid his phone back in his pocket as Avery yanked him down the hall. “I’ll come back for you,” he called after me.

I turned to Greg. “Avery’s acting weird, right?”

“Yes!” He said, apparently glad that someone else could see it.

I told him about going over to her house yesterday and seeing her naked mom. Then about going to Seth’s house where Avery acted all weird. We both agreed it was completely out of character. Greg figured we needed more info to try to figure out exactly what Seth had done to Avery, because it was pretty clear he’d done *something*. Avery was in my first class so I told Greg I’d try to get some answers out of her without Seth around.

Avery wasn’t in class when I arrived but she rushed in just as the bell rang. Her face was flushed and her clothes were unkempt. Oh my god, did she really just fuck Seth? The class split up into small groups to discuss our projects, which was the perfect opportunity for me to quiz her about Seth.

“What’s the deal with you and Seth? I thought you hated him.”

“I *did*. But now I realize I just didn’t give him a chance.”

“He always seemed really mean and, well, not that bright.”

“I know, right?” She agreed, as if I was pointing out his good qualities. “Love is weird, huh? I just hate that I have to share him with Mrs. Wright.” She pouted.

She was acting very stereotypically girly, like a guy’s idea of what a woman should be. Of course, I didn’t press her on that because I was much more gob smacked by her last comment.

“Mrs. Wright? What does she have to do with this?”

“I shouldn’t be telling you this,” Avery whispered with a sly smile. “But Mrs. Wright, Seth and I are in a romantic relationship.”

I didn’t think my jaw could hit anything lower than the floor but it did. I didn’t even know how to respond to that. She assured me it wasn’t a joke and the whole thing just led to more questions but the teacher interrupted us before I could get any out. A few minutes later, Avery got a text. She giggled at it, then raised her hand and asked to use the bathroom. I was suspicious so I followed soon after. Mr. Cunningham didn’t want to let me but I just told him I was having women’s issues and he didn’t question it.

I got out of the classroom just in time to see Avery disappear around the corner at the end of the hallway. I hurried that way and peeked around the corner. Seth was standing by the toilets. Next to him was Florence Jenkins. She was one of the volunteer hall monitors and, if anything, even nerdier than Greg. She wore big black glasses and a goofy grin. Her wispy blonde hair was swept back in a bun. She was a skinny girl, with no figure to speak of even though she was eighteen, and shorter even than me. Shy and awkward even at the best of times, I had no idea what she was doing with Seth.

Avery launched herself into Seth’s arms and he gave her one of those big, gross kisses again.

“What’s Florence doing here?” I heard Avery ask when she finally pulled away from Seth’s slobbery kiss.

“This dumb bitch was gonna get me in trouble because I didn’t have a hall pass.”

“That’s right, I was,” Florence snorted, pushing her glasses up higher on her nose. “What do we do with me?”

Seth grinned. “Let’s wreck her.”

“Ok,” she looked like she was going to take her top off but Seth stopped her.

“Not with me. That’s fucking gross. I could have anyone in this school. I’m not wasting it on her. Come on, let’s find someone.”

They turned my way and I quickly ducked back around the corner, my heart thumping in my chest. It was like some sort of weird hypnotism power. That would explain why Avery was suddenly in love with him and why Florence was acting very un-Florence like.

I heard whispered giggling and slowly peered back around the corner. Seth and Florence were peering through a window set in one of the classroom doors. Florence whispered something and they both nodded. Then Seth held his phone up to the window. A few seconds later they stepped away from the door and seemed to be just waiting. Then the classroom door opened and Toni DiNapoli stepped out.

Toni was a huge kid. A linebacker on the football team. Wide and bristling with muscles. He towered over Florence and grinned down at her.

“Come on, bitch,” he rumbled, taking her hand. Her hand disappeared in his gorilla palm. “I’m gonna stretch you out.”

Seth looked to be filming the whole thing, pointing his camera back and forth at the two of them as they started down the hall to the toilets. The whole group went inside and I slowly approached the doorway. As I got closer I could hear shuffling noises and grunts and soft moans.

I ducked low and peeked inside the bathroom. I had to move in a little farther to get past the sinks, but what I saw stopped me in my tracks. Seth and Avery were standing in the middle of the bathroom, their backs to me, watching Toni and Florence. Seth still had his camera pointed at them as they made out. Toni and Florence were naked, their clothes tossed carelessly aside. Florence was stick-thin and pale, while Toni was easily three or four times her size and dark bronze. He had a massive erection and nerdy little Florence was sitting in a urinal, her legs spread as if ready to receive him.

I let out an involuntary gasp and Seth whipped his head around. Our eyes met briefly and then I turned and ran. I heard him following me and I was halfway down the hallway, nearly to safety when I just decided to...stop. I turned around and came back to him. Seth had his camera out and pointed at me now. Why bother running? I might as well confront him.

“What are you doing out here?” Seth asked. Beside him, Avery crossed her arms and glared at me.

“I’m going to tell you everything and I won’t lie to you because you’ll figure it out anyway. You’re so smart,” I said. I didn’t even realize what I was going to say until I said it, but once I did, I knew it was the right thing to do. No point in hiding my plans from him.

Seth touched something on the screen of his phone, then lowered it and stared at me. “Go on,” he said.

“Avery’s been acting really weird lately and Greg and I thought you might have something to do with it. I was following her to see if I could figure out why.”

“You and Greg, huh? I’ll take care of that little fucker. What do you think is happening with me?”

“You’re hypnotizing people somehow.”

Seth laughed. “Yep. Yep. You got it.” He turned back to Avery. “You go back and enjoy the show.”

Avery shot me a nasty look before returning to the toilets. Was she going to watch Florence and Toni going at it? What had Seth done to her? Seth raised his phone to me. He was obsessed with that thing. He tapped the screen and then slipped the phone into his pocket.

I blinked a few times and looked down at myself, my eyes grazing across my body. I even turned to look at my ass and gave it a little wiggle. “Nice,” I said. I was really proud of my butt and my legs and I wanted Seth to know it. Hell, I was so proud I was getting myself a little turned on. That was a first.

Seth crossed his arms and leered at me. “Now go ahead and show me that fine ass body.”

I was going to tell him to get fucked but instead I brought my hands up to my chest and ran them down my torso. I would just pretend to play along with his little game, let him think he had me hypnotized and then I could get closer to him to figure out his secret. I even gripped the bottom of my shirt and pulled it off. I tossed it to the floor and fluffed my wavy blonde hair out of my face.

I gazed down at my chest, my eyes tracing the light curves of my breasts as they disappeared beneath the simple white bra. Even though I was just pretending to do what Seth said I was *really* getting turned on by the sight of my body. My eyes went wide as I brought my fingers to my chest and began squeezing my breasts through my bra.

I reached behind me and struggled with the bra strap, trying to unsnap it. I was probably nervous that Seth was going to see through my trick. I soon got it off and shrugged my bra off my shoulders before tossing it across the hallway. My tits bounced free and I returned my attention to them. God, I was so enamored by them. They looked absolutely delicious today and I reached up to stroke them. They weren’t as big as Avery’s but they were perky. I dug my fingers into the soft skin, grabbing as much as I could, enjoying the light heft of my tits and the way they felt beneath my urgent touch.

“You want to feel my tits, Seth?” I asked, throwing myself into the role.

“You know I do.”

He reached out and squeezed my tits. Hard. It really hurt but instead of crying out or batting him away I moaned like it felt good. And you know what? It kind of did. I’d never known that before.

My tiny pink nipples leaped to attention and tweaking them made me shiver. I returned my attention to my body and almost forgot about Seth, so caught up in exploring myself. I grew greedy for my body, pinching and prodding my tits and my tummy and my butt and my legs harder and faster than I ever had before. It was like I couldn’t get enough of *everything*. I wiggled my tits, shaking my chest and watching them bounce, letting out a little giggle of delight at the way they swayed back and forth. Seth was watching me with greedy eyes and I put on a little show for him, patting my tits and making them dance.

I unzipped my jeans, then hooked my thumbs into the hem and wiggled out of them. If Seth thought my tits were nice wait until he saw my peach of an ass. There was no way he would know I wasn’t under his spell as long as I kept touching myself. Also it felt really nice. Like something deep in my core ached for relief.

I kicked my pants aside and then slid off my panties. Now I was naked in front of Seth. The little patch of my light blonde pubic hair was visible between my legs. I reached down and touched myself, cooing softly as my fingers found the moisture of my pussy lips. I stroked up and down my slit, my other hand returning to my tits.

"I'll leave you in there until the bell rings," Seth said, moving away.

I didn't know what he was talking about and I didn't care. The way I continued to touch myself meant this wasn't about Seth anymore. This was about me and what I wanted. And right now I wanted to cum so hard. My body was so turned on, a beautiful tension twisting through me.

I lay on my back on the floor and spread my legs wide so I could slide my middle finger into my pussy. I was so warm and wet as I stroked myself, gliding up through my canal until my palm rested on my mound. My legs wiggled restlessly as I began finger fucking myself right there in the hallway. I didn't care if anyone saw me, I just *needed* this tremendous relief I felt building inside me.

I began crying out, my voice rising in pitch. I sounded like a woman in one of those cheesy pornos but only because it felt so good. The wet thump of my pussy joined my moans in a beautiful chorus of lust. The hard tile floor was wet beneath my ass from my own juices and I fingered myself faster and faster until the burst of orgasm flooded me. I cried out in a long squeal, arching my back and thrusting my finger deep into my wet hole, pumping into myself as I came on the hallway floor.

The orgasm had barely left me when I flipped over onto my front. My tits were crushed against the floor, my head resting on the cold tiles. My legs were beneath me, ass in the air. One hand was still in my pussy, thrusting furiously into my warm cunt. The other crept around behind me and found my ass. My fingers dug into my perfect cheeks, squeezing each one before gliding into the beautiful crack.

I added another finger into my pussy, squeezing in through my tight entrance and moaning as the glorious pressure began building again. The fingers of my other hand found the puckered hole of my ass and circled around it. Christ, that felt so good. I never knew my asshole was so sensitive. I whimpered as I circled the sensitive rim, teasing myself from both holes as the ache inside me grew. I couldn't control it. I needed to feel that release and I didn't care who saw me.

I slid a finger into my tight asshole. On instinct I felt my ass tighten around my finger and then I willed myself to relax as I worked my index finger deeper into my puckered hole until I was in up to the knuckle. I released a breath I didn't know I was holding as the heat raged within me. I continued fingering my pussy while I slowly began fingering my ass, wiggling it into the air, working my finger as deep as I could inside from both ends.

I was vaguely aware of the bell ringing but I was so close I couldn't stop now. I fingered myself faster, the pleasure rising within me. My eyes were clutched tight but I could hear the doors opening and the chatter of students. There was a sharp gasp as they saw what I was doing but I was too close to stop now.

In the silence as people stared at me I came. Hard. I pumped my fingers in and out of each slick hole as the pressure released and pleasure arced through me. The release was blissful, making me shake from my head to my toes and cry out in a high-pitched squeal. I was dripping down my thighs and weak from the multiple orgasms.

I opened my eyes and rolled over on my back to gaze up at the students who were crowded around, staring down at me. Some had their hands over their mouths. A few of the guys had their cameras out and were filming the whole thing. I pulled my finger out of my pussy and brought it to my lips to suck on it as I stared into the camera.

“Mmm,” I said, pretending to savor the taste of myself. Fine, if this was how they thought girls should act I would give them a show.

I wasn't embarrassed, like I thought I would be. I must have liked the attention. Otherwise, why would I be posing for them? Spreading my legs and slowly dragging my slick fingers from my pussy up to my tits? Hell, it was making me warm again. Oh my god, I *just* realized that I was an exhibitionist. Wow!

I was lying there, soaking up this realization while my body cooled when Greg pushed his way through the crowd. He saw me and his eyes went wide. He grabbed my clothes and ran towards me, hiding me with his body.

“What did Seth do to you?” He whispered.

“Nothing,” I replied. “I did this to throw him off.”

Greg helped me up and hurried me into the gym bathroom before any teachers saw me. Not that I'd be embarrassed but I wasn't sure they could handle a woman's sexuality.

Greg

Becky insisted that she was fine, that Seth hadn't done anything to her. I found that hard to believe from what I saw her doing in the hallway. She was so blasé as she got dressed, as though she didn't care that she was naked. I guess that made sense. I mean, once the whole school has seen you masturbating in the hallway there wasn't anything more to hide.

It was distracting to me, though, because the longer she took to slip into her bra and panties the longer I had to fight to stop from staring. What can I say? Becky was a cute blonde and I was a teenage guy.

When she was finally dressed I made her tell me the whole story. Fortunately, there was no gym class this period so we weren't interrupted. Becky told me how Avery was strangely obsessed with Seth and that they were all in a relationship with Mrs. Wright. After I picked my mind off the floor from where it had been blown she told me the rest. She'd followed Avery out to the hallway and seen Florence and Toni join them.

"When Seth saw me at first I was going to run away, but then I decided just to confront him. I told him that you and I were on to him and were going to figure out what he'd done to Avery."

"And then you got naked?"

"He told me to. I played along so he wouldn't get suspicious."

"Yeah, but, how far did you need to go with that?" I asked her.

She shrugged. "Honestly, once I started going it felt so good I just didn't stop. How many people saw me do you think?"

"Like, fifty?"

"Oh!" She blushed red and brought a hand to her mouth to hide a smile. If I didn't know better I would have said she enjoyed the thought of being watched writhing on the floor.

"Ok, but did Seth doing anything else?" I persisted.

She shrugged. "Nothing unusual. He's super obsessed with his phone, though. He kept taking pictures of *everything*."

"You stay with Avery, see if you can get any answers out of her. I'll follow Seth."

Becky agreed with me and we split up. I had no idea where Seth might be. If he was in class there weren't many options. When the bell rang for class the hallways cleared out. I hurried down to the east wing where the remedial classes were. It was scary being out in the hallway during class without a hall pass. If a hall monitor spotted me I'd be in trouble. Fortunately, I made it to the wing without incident and began peering in through the windows. I was careful to not let anyone see as I scoured each class for Seth.

There was no sign of him in any of the classes. I hid out in a bathroom and texted Becky to see if she was with Avery. She confirmed Avery was in class so hopefully that meant Seth was still around. Maybe I could find him during lunch.

When the bell rang for lunch, I staked out the cafeteria as it filled up. Becky and Avery passed through. Avery stalked up to me.

“Fuck you, Greg,” she spat.

“What did I do?”

“*What did I do?*” She asked in a whiny imitation of me, just like Seth had done. “You lied and got him in trouble with the principal.”

“I didn’t say anything.”

“That’s not what Seth told me.”

She turned on her heel and walked off. Becky raised her eyebrows and shrugged, then followed her off.

I hightailed it to the principal’s office. Her assistant, Bradley, sat behind the desk. The principal’s door was closed.

Bradley looked up at me. “Hi, Greg, do you need anything?”

Yes, the principal knew me. It wasn’t my first time in the office. Usually I was there because I’d either received an award or been the target of a bully.

“Um, I...” My eyes darted to the closed door. “Just wanted to talk to Principal Hayes.”

“She’s with a student right now but if you’d like to wait you can have a seat.”

“No, I’ll come back.”

I slipped back out the door and took up a spot down at the end of the hallway where I could see anyone coming or going. Two other teachers entered at various points, stayed for about ten minutes, and then left. But no one else came out for the whole lunch period. I remained in my spot for as long as I could but soon after lunch I spotted the hall monitor coming my way and had to hide.

I kept checking in with Becky but neither of us saw Seth for the rest of the school day. We met up after school and followed Avery back to Seth’s house without her seeing us. Avery went inside and closed the door. About twenty minutes later Mrs. Wright pulled up and went inside, too. Becky and I shared a look.

We snuck up around the back and tried to peer into the windows. Avery and Mrs. Wright were moving around in there but there was no sign of Seth. We stayed for almost two hours, hovering out of sight. We occasionally made small talk to pass the time. I think it was the first time Becky and I had ever really talked. She was cool. Cooler than me, at least, which wasn’t hard to do. Not all like the stuffy, appearance-obsessed teen she appeared to be. She was a history buff and particularly loved the drama of the European royal families. I shared fun facts about astronomy and she told me weird historical facts.

I tried to bring the conversation around to when she was masturbating in the hallway that afternoon.

“When you were...in the hallway with Seth,” I said, “What were you thinking? I mean, were you ever worried people would see?”

She screwed up her face in thought. “Well, yeah, at first I was worried. I didn’t think I wanted to do it *at all*, much less right there in the hallway. But then I started touching myself and realized that I

didn't care. I just wanted to feel good. And then when I finished and everyone was staring at me there was a brief moment of 'oh god, what have I done?' but then I just started posing for them and realized I liked that, too. It was like my body was two steps ahead of my brain. Sometimes I guess you just need to trust your instincts."

We parted soon after that. I trudged home, still thinking about what Becky had told me. It really did sound like hypnotism, just as Becky had suggested. But Becky's experience was that she wasn't hypnotized. She'd done everything of her own free will. Something wasn't adding up.

Mom was already home when I got back. She was stretched out on the living room couch but sat up as I entered. I slung my backpack onto the floor and collapsed into the easy chair.

"How was school, honey?" Mom asked.

"Fine," I said.

She stood and came over to me. "Oh, you seem down," she grabbed me and pulled me in for a hug against her chest. She stroked my hair and shifted back and forth. My head was resting on one of her boobs, which I *really* did not one to think about, so I pulled away.

"I'm fine, mom," I said, agitated.

She stepped back and looked down at me. It looked like she'd recently come back from her Pilates class. She was still wearing her workout gear: tight black leggings and small white tee shirt.

"Come on, mommy knows something's wrong. Tell me what it is."

She took my hand and stroked it before hugging it against her chest, again up against her breast.

"It's nothing, mom." I snorted. It was weird she called herself 'mommy'. I tried to pull my arm away but she clung on.

"Greggy, honey," she cooed, moving her face uncomfortably close to mine. She had my thin nose and angular face, but it looked better on her. This close I could see the little spray of freckles across her cheeks and the gold flecks in her green eyes. "I can tell something's bothering you. You're really stressed. Oh, you've got something on your cheek."

She leaned forward and *licked* me. I jumped back in the chair. "Eww, mom!" I rubbed my cheek as she frowned.

"Oh, poor Greggy boy. Maybe you need something else."

She placed one hand on my crotch and squeezed.

"Mom!" I screeched, pushing her hand off me and scrambling out of the couch. "What the hell?"

"Greggy baby," she pouted. "I was just trying to help."

Mom moved towards me, really wiggling her hips. I backed away until I was up against the wall and she was right on me. She leaned against me, pressing her body fully up against mine and again dragging her hand against my crotch.

She whispered in my ear, "Would having mommy's pussy make you feel better?"

"Jesus!" I tried to push past her but she didn't let go and she started laughing. "What's going on, mom?"

“Oh, god, Greg, you should see the look on your face.”

The whole tone of her voice changed and she stepped back from me. My heart was thumping in my chest.

“W-what’s happening?” I asked. I suspected this was Seth’s doing but I was completely unprepared for what she said next.

“You’ve been looking for me, well here I am. It’s me, Seth. I’m controlling. Your mom’s body.” Mom spread her arms wide and turned around, doing a little dance to show off.

“W-what?” I was flabbergasted.

“That’s right. Avery told me you were trying to figure out what was going on. This is it. This is the big reveal. I’m in your mom and I can make her do anything I want. Watch.”

Mom reached down, grabbed her shirt and yanked it off over her head. Then she did the same with her white sports bra. Her small breasts bounced free and she laughed as she reached down and squeezed them.

“Your mom’s got some itty bitty tits but a big fat ass,” she said.

“You get out of her,” I growled.

“Oh, I will,” she said, her hands still on her chest. “But not until I get what I came for. Mommy’s horny, Greggy boy. And there’s only one person here who can satisfy her.”

She grinned Seth’s shark-like grin and I knew that this was no joke. Seth was somehow controlling my mom. I had to figure out how he was doing it and try to fix everything. But before I could even begin to formulate a plan, mom advanced slowly towards me, arms outstretched. I dreaded what Seth would do next.

To be continued...

Thank you!

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

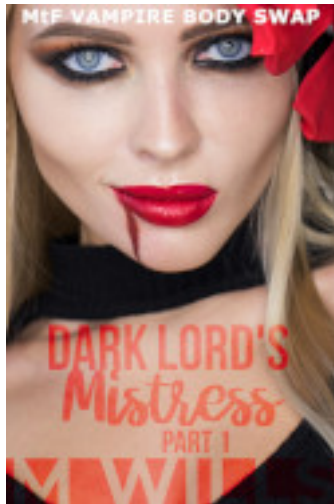
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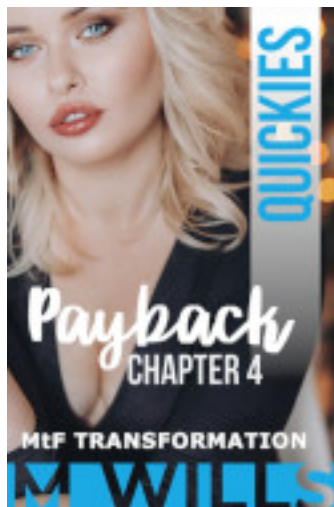
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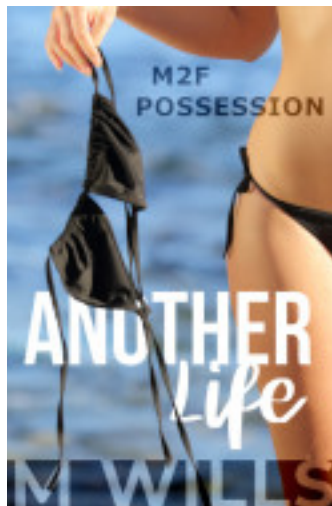
Dark Lord's Mistress 1

A chaotic vampire mistress flees her lord by swapping bodies with a blacksmith's apprentice, leaving him in her sexy undead body.



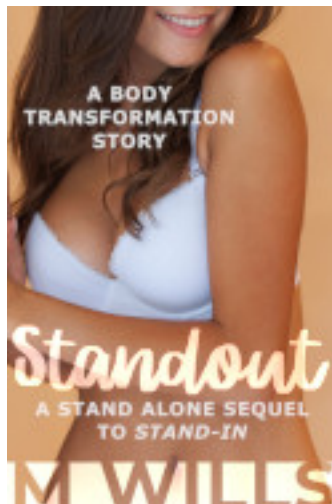
Payback (Chapter 4)

In Chapter 4 of this multi-part serial about a man forcibly transformed into a stunning woman, Peyton learns how much work he'll have to put in to keep his new body looking good, which he'll need to do to have any hope of breaking the spell.



[Another Life](#)

I'm meeting up with my longtime crush for the first time in years, and I'm going to use my bodyhopping powers to enjoy her amazing body to the fullest.



[Standout](#)

In this standalone sequel to Stand-In, Adam brings a friend in on the secret of the bodysuit, and they have some fun as they live the wild lives of the two sexiest women on campus for a semester.

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