



Mtf BODY POSSESSION

TAKING
Stock

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MtF BODY POSSESSION

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Taking Stock

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by M. Wills

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Taking Stock

I close my laptop and collapse back in the chair with a weary sigh. Somehow my workload hasn't slowed down during this pandemic. Working from home all day every day has actually made it worse because now the other partners in the firm expect me to be contactable twenty four hours a day. But there's only so much I can do before everything starts to run together in my head, jumbling into a mass of stocks, portfolios, bonds, client preferences, leading indicators, acronyms, debts, assets, expectations, best practices, liquidity, and numbers, numbers, numbers.

I rest my chin on one hand and gaze blankly out the window of my condo. It's early autumn so the sun has just disappeared beneath the horizon and the lights of a thousand other apartments glow in the buildings outside. Through my study room window I can make out vague shapes of people in the apartments on the other side of the street going on with their confined lives. The lucky ones live in couples or families so they at least have someone they can physically interact with on a daily basis while they lock themselves away from the disease. The unlucky ones, like me, have to make do with watching people on screens, or overdressing and masking ourselves to go out for errands with similarly covered and masked strangers.

What I miss the most from being cooped up at home for over eight months is the everyday human interaction. I've worked from home on occasion before but that was a choice. I had the option of visiting the office to speak to the other partners at the firm or just duck in to meet with a client face to face. But now I can't even remember the last time I shook someone's hand. The online meetings that have become a staple of working from home seem so impersonal. I miss the feeling of commanding a room, of the joint collaboration between people all working together in the same space.

Also, if I'm being honest, I miss the women. Denise, the receptionist at my office, has the most incredible pair of legs. And I haven't seen a nice pair of breasts in real life for so long I'm starting to forget what they look like.

Admittedly, I'm a little bit of lech. But I'm not vulgar about it. It's like my eyes are drawn to tits and ass and legs despite myself. I glance surreptitiously, before I even realize I'm doing it. A guy's gotta look but I make sure that's all I do, otherwise remaining civil and kind.

Okay, so maybe I also used to hop them now and then.

I usually don't possess my employees but the last person I hopped before the whole city shut down was Denise. When I transferred my consciousness in to her skin I was pleasantly surprised to find her already horny and a little moist, thinking of this guy she was planning to meet that evening. I remained behind her desk, stroking my glorious borrowed body beneath my skirt as I continued through her morning duties, hopping out only after relieving the excruciating pressure in one roaring, whimpering orgasm while locked safely in the executive bathroom.

My laptop dings with another message but I ignore it and leave the room, closing the study door behind me. It seems more final that way, and I won't be tempted to slip back in for just one more thing. I pad down the polished concrete floor in my socks, heading for the kitchen. I guess that's one bonus of always working from home: no shoes.

My matching stainless steel appliances glint in the bright LED kitchen spotlights. The clean lines of the cabinetry and the wonderfully crisp design of the space are marred by the trail of dirty dishes spilling out of the sink. There's no company coming over any time soon and I've let the place go. Every week or so I get the urge to do a thorough clean of the whole apartment as a sort of life

reset. The dishes can wait until then. I cross the open plan kitchen and peer into the fridge to plan my dinner.

There's some leftover pizza (long since dried out), open jars of condiments, a tub of yogurt...and that's it.

Looks like I'm going grocery shopping. I actually don't mind. It's one of the few valid reasons I have to leave the house and interact with people.

I get dressed (in actual pants for the first time today!) and adjust my mask over my face. The mask is custom made, black with blue embroidery of the name and logo of my firm: Trinity Financial. I swipe my keys and wallet off the table beside the door, pick up the bundle of reusable shopping bags, and make my way to the elevator.

“Evening, Mike,” I nod to the security guard manning the lobby entrance.

“Good evening, Mr. Henderson,” he booms, tipping his imaginary cap from behind the front desk.

Mike's a good guy. Careful and polite but built like a brick shithouse, with a jaw so sharp it could cut glass and rich dark brown eyes that twinkle with amusement. He's just the type of person you want guarding the entrance of the polished marble and brass lobby, welcoming the wanted and intimidating the unwanted. He's also extremely cautious. He was one of the first to start wearing a mask and he tests himself at any hint of illness.

I also know that the door behind the desk, which holds the computer servers, has been used by Mike on more than one occasion for a quick fuck. I've been on both ends of it, possessing his powerful body to thrust my thick cock into an eager groupie, and throwing myself at him while in the body of one of the women in the apartment below me. I didn't start their secret tryst but I sure as hell enjoyed partaking.

For now I push out the door and into the brisk fall air. The wind is funneled down the streets, nipping at my ears. I saunter down the street, just glad to get out of my condo. Even living by myself in the huge space I still feel confined. That's why I choose the grocery store less traveled, two blocks further and in the opposite direction, and that makes all the difference.

The doors slide open with a welcoming rumble and I step into the clean, fluorescent-lit store. There are a few other customers here, all of them wearing masks and all keeping a respectful distance away from each other. Good. I'm not ready to give up this, my original body, and become a full hopper yet just because some asshole doesn't believe in germ theory.

I start with the fruit and veg before making my way past the breads and the coffee. I should have made a list but I just play it on instinct, filling my basket with the items I think I'll need for the meal plan I'm making up as I go along. I never learned to cook properly. I just picked it up the normal way by: hopping a chef and stealing their techniques. Admittedly, it's a little more difficult to replicate everything back in my original body without the muscle memory of a host to assist, but I can now do a passable beef bourguignon.

It's when I'm making my way down the canned goods aisle that I see her. She's stocking the canned tomatoes from a big, wheeled cart. She bends and twists to place one can onto the shelf after another. She's shorter than me, maybe five foot six, and with long, wavy blonde hair that's pulled back into a messy bun. I can tell even behind her mask, from the smooth skin around her eyes, that she's also

younger than me, probably somewhere in her early twenties. But the thing that most draws my eye is that she's got an ass to die for. She's wearing a pair of jeans that seem almost painted on. I can see every line of her calves and the perfect curve of her glorious butt.

I have to have her.

It's been so long since I hopped anyone I'm desperate to do it but I force myself to be cautious. But, damn, she looks perfect. Her face is obscured by a mask, but from what little I can see she's absolutely gorgeous. I want to be her, parade around in her body. I ache, remembering what it feels like to be a young, beautiful woman in the city.

Her sparkling blue eyes take me in and dismiss me in an instant. That makes her all the more appealing. I like the shy ones. The ones who don't realize what they have to offer. I want to show them how much better everything can be. And, yes, I like to have some fun in the process.

There's an old woman behind me peering at the ingredients on a can of green beans. I wait, pretending to peruse the shelves until she's gone. It takes awhile. Christ, lady, how many ingredients could there possibly be in green beans? Just as I'm considering swinging back by the aisle later, the old woman sets the beans in her cart and trundles off around the corner.

I make my way behind the young woman stocking the shelves where she can't see me. I set my basket down on the floor so it won't make a noise, and then hop, aiming for the young woman in the tight jeans. In an instant my body is pure energy, plunging forward, surging through her body. In another instant I'm half bending on the cart in front of me, holding a can of tomatoes in a slender hand and looking out at the world from behind this woman's eyes.

I put her to sleep in my head so I can enjoy her without an audience. She'll have vague memories of this later, and it will all seem as if she, herself, made all the decisions. Sometimes I like to make my hosts watch as I control their body but for now I want some privacy to enjoy my first hop in several months.

I close my eyes and gently push through her mind, sorting through her thoughts. Her name pops to the surface: Brooke. Beautiful. Along with the thoughts comes the bone tired ache. She's near the end of this shift. It's her second job of the day, both of them part time. Both of them meaningless and menial. The exhaustion permeates her body, making me sluggish.

I pick up the basket of food I set down, admiring the graceful, catlike motions of my new body. The jeans clutch my ass tight and I can feel my breasts shift as I bend. My groceries will have to be restocked. It doesn't solve my real body's grocery problem back home but I'll worry about that later.

I work through the rest of her shift in a stupor, driving on her physically exhausted body through sheer force of will, reminding myself of the delights that await me once I get her home alone. It's easy enough to pull her working memories from her mind, discovering the names of her coworkers and her boss, “remembering” where everything is kept and what this job entails. Brooke's been working here for several months, long enough for the shiny newness of this crappy job—any port in a storm—to wear off and be replaced with workaday drudgery. Push. Pull. Bend. Stand. Stock. Refill. Repeat.

I finish the rest of her shift for her while she sleeps in her own head. There's just enough work to do that I don't have time to stop and get a good look at my new body. She wears a long sleeve white top that hugs her body and hides it, but I can see her expansive breasts pressing out from beneath the fabric. The only bit of skin I can see is her hands. They're beautifully dainty, the fingers long and

slender, the polish now slightly chipped on her thumbnails. Definitely not worker's hands. I wonder what she wants to do, who she is, but I don't want to disturb her tired mind right now any more than I have to.

Brooke's swing shift finishes a few hours later. I clock out and sneak some nearly expired deli goods into my backpack. This is how Brooke manages to supplement her meager income. The boss turns a blind eye as long as she's surreptitious about it. She really is in dire straits if she's living on expired orange juice and mostly brown bananas.

I trudge back to her place, navigating the city streets and the subway stops with her memories. Her apartment is on the third floor of a squat, ugly six story apartment building. The joyless facade is composed of faded tan bricks, worn and water stained. The whole place looks like it was constructed in haste in the seventies and never updated since. A sad tree stands guard over the dirty glass entrance. The elevator smells like old feet and makes terrifying clanking noises as it ascends.

I unlock the door to Brooke's apartment and stumble inside. She's done an admirable job decorating the place. The stained white walls of the living room are obscured with airy middle eastern style fabrics stretching this way and that, reminding me of the inside of a circus tent and the time I once spent a week as a tiny Ukrainian acrobat. The furniture is a mishmash of secondhand goods, the couch threadbare on one arm but otherwise comfortable. I place the food in her fridge, which is almost as bare as mine.

I pull off my mask and drop it on the chipped kitchen counter, running my hands across my face to get the blood flowing. I can feel the striations from the mask as well as the soft contours of my new face. Touching Brooke gives me a brief burst of warmth, soon overwhelmed by exhaustion.

Kicking off my shoes, I pad through the door to her bedroom and flop onto the bed. I bring my hands up to my face again, exploring Brooke by touch, letting her fingers glide down her body, gently caressing her. I intend to reward myself for finishing her job, but the last thing I remember is unstrapping my bra and pulling it off through the armholes of my shirt before unbuttoning her jeans and lying back on the bed, enjoying the slack around my waist and chest.

2

I awake groggy and confused, the sun peeking in through bent blinds. It's been so long since I hopped it takes me a minute to remember who I'm inside. Oh yes, Brooke. My body is tangled in the sheets, still fully clothed. One of the pins from my hair bun pokes my head and I slip my fingers through my silky tresses to fish it out.

Pushing myself up out of bed I stand and stretch Brooke's long, lean body. I peel off my pants, revealing glorious trim legs, smooth and golden. Shucking off my top sends my tits bouncing and I gaze down at them.

“Wow. Nice.” I whisper in Brooke's deliciously sultry voice.

Her breasts are absolutely incredible, perfectly formed and shapely. They hang heavily from my chest, each more than a handful and perfectly tear drop shaped. I discover this by taking each one in my hand and watching them nearly spill out as I caress myself. When I release them they swing back together. God, I love the sight of bouncing breasts, especially when they're mine.

The bathroom leads on from the bedroom. Walking in I'm greeted by the sight of Brooke's impossibly fit form, clad only in some white panties. She's got awesome curves and the most adorable face. Her blue eyes sparkle with mischief, sweet little lips curled up in a half smile. Her face is perfectly sculpted, with slight rounded cheeks and a perky little nose. She's gorgeously ruffled, her messy bun made even messier from a good night's sleep.

I remove the rest of the pins from my hair and shake it down and fluff it, then toss my hair behind me, letting my hand stroke the silken locks as I stare at myself in the mirror some more. I hook my thumbs beneath my panties and shimmy them off, shaking my wide hips back and forth, putting on a show for myself in the mirror. The trim blonde triangle between my legs points down to my opening and I trace it with one finger, trembling beneath my own touch. Brooke is stunning, with a body like a centerfold.

I half turn and arch my back, posing in the mirror. Christ, what an ass. It's superb. I run my hands across my warm skin, over the cute bubble butt. I give it a light smack, watching it wobble gently, before squeezing it some more. Oooh, that feels good.

I turn on the shower and step in, letting the hot water sluice down between my tits and wash away the dirt and grim. I scrub myself thoroughly with her peaches and cream scented body wash, letting my fingers explore each bend and crevice of her body, gliding between the crack of her taut ass and across her bouncy breasts. I squeeze and massage my new body, growing wetter than water as I enjoy being Brooke.

I shampoo her hair, rubbing the fruity shampoo in well, rinsing and repeating, followed by the conditioner. I take every opportunity to feel her up, watching her hands as I make her touch herself. I step out shiny and clean and oh so horny for myself. I wipe the fog off the mirror and towel off, keeping an eye on myself as I twist and turn, eyes skimming up and down my curves from top to bottom as I juggle my breasts and pat my cute heart shaped ass.

I can't take it anymore. Tossing the towel aside I flop onto the bed, hands shooting up to Brooke's tits. I prop my head up on a pillow so I can watch as I make her stroke herself. I heft my breasts, pushing them up into rounded peaks

before running my fingers lightly around their circumference. Then I splay my fingers and squeeze them against my chest where they bulge out to the sides. Fuck, these heavy tits are fun to play with. Her nipples quickly awaken, sharpening to points. I tug on one, pinching it between my fingers and lifting it into the air. The pain is delightful and I grunt, releasing my nipple to let it snap back down.

Brooke likes it rough, and soon I'm torturing my sensitive nips, squeezing them, taking big handfuls of breast and digging my fingers in, watching as they dimple her skin. My hands grow rougher, flicking her nipples until they're red and engorged and god it feels so good. The pain shoots down between my legs, becoming a rumbling desire. One hand still on my tits, I let the other hand glide down my trim stomach, over my mound and through the downy pubic hair. I find my slit already wet and growing loose and I trace it up and down, teasing myself without entering as I continue torturing these delicious tits.

I bite my lip, grunting again as another stab of pain shoots through me, melting into an incredible ecstasy. Finally, I dip my finger inside Brooke's pussy. I'm so wet already and I savor the comforting feeling of my finger stroking my velvety folds, the sight of my pussy lips wrapping around my digits, the feel of gliding into this delicious body. Brooke's incredible sexy form stretches out beneath my gaze, mine to control.

My toes flex subconsciously as the pleasure of my pussy meets the pain of my breasts, doubling the intensity. I find my clit with two fingers, stroking firmly in a small circle.

“Goddamn,” I groan, body twisting as a beautiful tension builds within me.

My fingers glide down, press inside me, exploring my rich folds, soaking in her

juices. I spread her wetness back up to her clit and circle some more, growing harder, faster. Now I can hear the wet sounds of my fingers in my pussy and, looking down between my legs, I see flashes of pink. This pussy—my pussy—is glorious, and the tension winds tight as a guitar string, the pain and the pleasure mounting, heading towards an unbelievable release. Watching this beautiful woman finger herself, hearing her groan and sigh with delight, torturing her tits finally sends me over the edge. I cum hard, fingers pressed firmly on my clit, one tit squeezed tight beneath my hand. My legs go rigid and a long, low groan escapes my luscious lips as the string snaps, flooding me with pure ecstasy. I cum hard, my body throbbing with delight, rubbing myself, stroking, touching Brooke's skin all over.

The orgasm slows, bringing me gently back down to earth. My nipple aches so good from where I've squeezed it, and the wonderful musky scent of Brooke's pussy hits my nose. The girl needed that. Hell, I needed that. Now that I'm sated I can think without distraction.

3

I wander through her mind as I absently stroke her body. Aside from the grocery store, she works part time as a receptionist at a lumber warehouse. She's not rostered on for any shifts today, though. It's a rare free day. Good for her health, not so good for her finances. I discover that Brooke usually goes for a jog on her day off, so that's what I intend to do.

Her aqua blue sports bra is neatly folded in a drawer and I tug it on, adjusting her breasts until the fit feels as comfortable as I can make it. Then I choose a simple black thong and slip it on, followed by her workout shorts. They're tiny black things that hug her body, ending about mid-thigh. God, they make her already incredible ass look perfect, like something out of a horny artist's comic book. I slide on her workout top, which is patterned in blue waves. Then I tie her golden hair back into a ponytail and slip on her jogging shoes. I don't need music because I'll occupy my mind by looking through hers.

I grab her small set of keys and her phone and tuck them both into the single pocket on the shorts, mentally cursing women's clothing for the lack of additional pockets. Then I'm out the door, doing a light warm up jog down to the park. At the start of the path I stretch, bending and warming up her body, enjoying the flexibility of her athletic form. Then I'm off, feet pounding, legs pumping, my little ponytail bouncing against my neck. Brooke's body has more stamina than I ever did, and I quickly find her fast rhythm, following the winding, sun-dappled trail over the wooden footbridges and between shady glens.

Once I reach the rhythm it's almost hypnotic, her body nearly on autopilot. Only now do I allow her mind to come to the surface so I can find out more about her.

I sink through her memories and they become mine. I see her through her own eyes, remembering things as she did, including all the old feelings each memory is attached to.

The first thing I find is pressure. Money pressure. Family pressure. Social pressure. She's a beautiful woman, she knows that, but doesn't get exceptional pleasure out of it. It just adds to the expectations of her family that she needs to settle down with a man. Her parents are traditionalists, believing this whole job or career thing is a phase.

I “remember” her mother's dismissive reaction when Brooke told her she wanted to major in environmental sustainability.

Her mother sat back in her sun chair by the pool, sipping her afternoon mimosa. “Ugh, honey, if you really want to work that much.”

“This is what I want to do, mom,” Brooke had insisted. “I can't just go shopping all day.”

I can see Brooke there, looking through her eyes as she sits by the pool in her airy sundress. It sits gently across her lean body, billowing out around her legs with each breath of wind.

Her mom dismissed the comment with a wave. “You'll see one day, love. You'll meet a rich lawyer and realize that life is much too short to work quite so much.”

Her mom held out eternal hopes that Brooke would land a rich, successful man who would sweep her off her feet. Brooke had much more contemporary dreams. She wanted to Make A Difference. She had indeed graduated with a degree in environmental sustainability, just in time for the pandemic to hit and the job prospects to dry up. Her facility for facts and numbers and organization was now squandered at jobs where her only roles were to take messages and move cans from one place to another.

I continue roaming through Brooke's mind, visiting some of her old boyfriends and lovers while my body begins glistening with exertion. There was the brief affair with the young associate professor at her university. He was a gentle lover, warm with her body but they both knew there was no future there. She'd learned from some friends that three or four people she'd worked with or studied with had, well after it would be any use, admitted they'd had crushes on her but were much too intimidated by her beauty to act on them.

Her mother would call every now and then, dropping hints of an upcoming gathering that Brooke just had to attend for her dear old mom's sake. She'd shown up only to have her mom foist her off on some single, rich suitor and disappear.

Those sorts of parties bored her. She'd grown up with rich people throwing around money and was unimpressed. She would rather be alone than end up like her mom, imprisoned in a cell of her own making, content to dress pretty and speak on command like a caged bird. Her mother didn't appreciate Brooke's evaluation of her life. The discussion became an argument that ended with her mother cutting her off from any further financial assistance.

Brooke is content, though. She enjoys books to people. She's not alone—she does have friends—just a loner. She wants to travel and see the world. She wants to help people. She's sure she can do it if someone would just give her a chance. She has plans, aspirations. But the curse and blessing of her incredible beauty is

that she's seen as just a pretty face until she surprises people with her sharpness of mind.

I can change all this. I can improve her life, give her the financial security she craves, the ability to impact the world just as she desires, as she deserves. I've done it before, making people better or worse while inside them, enacting changes to their mental state that persist long after I leave. I can be an avenging angel or a savior, and in Brooke's case I like to think that I can save her and give her the life she's meant to have.

By the time I've finished Brooke's physical circuit I've also finished my mental circuit. I return to the park entrance, exhausted and breathing hard. I stand straight and hold my arms behind my head, taking in deep breaths until my heart rate calms. Brooke works so hard I decide to indulge her.

I return to her apartment and log into my bank, transferring some money to her account. Then I take a quick shower and don her mask before calling a black cab—drivers guaranteed to be tested negative for the virus—to take me down to the boutique clothing shops at the corner of Fourth Street and Wilmington. The window display is minimalist, with blacks and whites and shades of gray with a flash of yellow here and there. Its cutting edge and trendy and very expensive. But this one's on me.

The sales assistant bustles over to me, stopping a respectful distance away. I shoo her off, telling her I'm just browsing, and proceed to load up my arms with all manner of clothes: business outfits, casual outfits, sleek and sexy outfits, outfits for day and night, romantic and formal. The assistant takes each new load of clothes back to the changing rooms and arranges them carefully on a long rack outside the change room curtain.

I shut the curtain behind me and take my time trying on the outfits. Brooke's body looks incredible in everything. I see she's usually conservative, preferring the outfits that cover her entire body. I nudge her towards the sexier clothing, urging her to show off some skin, revel in her perfect body. It's one of my first changes to her mind, to reduce the skittishness of her sexuality.

It's so fucking hot watching her get changed in the mirror, trying on outfits and posing for myself, checking out a million different looks and styles. A large pile of clothing I plan to buy grows on one of the chairs just outside the change room. I've nearly reached my limit when I come to the black dress. It's nearly backless, with two slender straps crossing in the middle and looping over each shoulder, which means no bra.

I tug off my bra and drop it onto the floor. Once again I'm confronted with Brooke's incredible breasts. They're the best I've ever seen and I can't resist groping them once, feeling their soft-firmness beneath my fingers. I wiggle them back and forth, watching them bounce together. Finally, I tear my eyes off Brooke's body and focus on the task at hand.

I step into the dress and shuffle it up my body. It hugs my curves but the material is light and breathable. The dress is sleek, conforming to my body, following the shape of my lean legs, my svelte hips, up to my beautiful bust. The neckline is cut low enough to show off my wonderful cleavage but not so low as to look slutty. It clasps my body, hugging me tight like a lover. Once again, my ass is perfection.

When I turn to the mirror, one hand on my hip, I'm amazed at how incredible I look. Even with Brooke's hair down and un-styled I'm a knockout, cutting a divine figure in this outfit. The dress alone costs more than her entire wardrobe. But damn, looking at my ass, my breasts, that radiant smile on my angelic face, it's all worth it.

I smooth out the dress, letting my dainty hands linger on my bust and skate across my ass. I bite my lower lip and make faces at myself in the mirror, contorting Brooke's face into masks of lust and desire. Christ, I'm getting warm just looking at myself like this, and my lust reflects on Brooke's face, her pupils growing large. My hands come closer to my pussy and I stroke once through the fabric, sending a small charge of warmth pulsing through me. I watch in the mirror as I make Brooke fondle herself more, fingers gliding up to my breasts, squeezing once, then dipping back down to my ass and giving it a little smack.

My entire body is thrumming now, my nipples pointing out through the fabric of the dress. My cheeks are flushed, little lips open in desire. I continue feeling myself up, groping harder. I'm so fucking horny now I can't stop myself. Her body needs release.

I slide one of the straps off my shoulder and pull down the top until a breast bounces out. I take it in both hands, running my fingers over it carefully, like a precious object. Hefting it in one hand, I squeeze and caress it with the other, pinching my little nipple delicately. The warm pulse grows more insistent and, as a consequence, my touch grows more urgent, rougher. I lean my head down and push my tit up until I can take my own nipple into my mouth. I lick the soft breast, enjoying the warm taste of this body, the little spiky nipple beneath my tongue. I stare at myself in the mirror, watching as I make her suckle herself, one tit in her mouth. I bite gently, teeth grazing over my nipple, just enough to cause a brief flare of pain and driving a low grunt from my lips.

The sales lady calls out from behind the curtain, "Everything okay in there?"

I reluctantly release my nipple. "Fine, thanks," I manage to reply, voice quivering only slightly.

Then I return my attention back to my breast. The little nipple is nearly bright red now and aches so nicely. I kick off my panties before hiking the dress up until I can raise one leg and prop it up on the stool. Now my legs are slightly spread and I can see my pussy. It's gorgeous, the little lips sealed together but growing loose and wet for me. Holding the dress up beneath one forearm, I stoke my thigh with my fingers, gliding up and across the coarse hair of my entrance, teasing myself without slipping inside.

I know Brooke would be appalled by what I'm doing. She's a private person and the thought of masturbating in a public change room would embarrass the hell out of her. But I think she should use her sexuality more and drop the shame. That's why I rouse her mind just slightly so she can be aware of what she's doing, like a dream. It's the best way to meld our minds together. Her alarm makes my heart thump faster. The idea that she could be discovered half naked and fingering herself both excites and terrifies her. I amp up the excitement and dip two fingers into her at the same time.

She feels gloriously warm and wet as I circle through her folds, watching in the mirror as her fingers disappear into her body. She's so elegant, even with her fingers plunging inside her. Her brow is slightly furrowed, mouth open in desire. I can feel my fingers inside my pussy, swirling through my wet heat. I grip my tit tighter and bring it back up to my lips to suckle it. Brooke's so turned on now, the terror giving away to delight. My fingers dip down into my wetness and I push deeper inside, exploring her rich velvety folds. I finger her faster, pushing deeper into her, the walls of her cunt clasp my fingers tight. In and out, in and out, increasing my rhythm, my depth, curling my fingers up and around until I land on the dimpled nub of her inner desire and cum in a trembling, surprising orgasm.

I cram my tit into my mouth to stifle my groan, eyes closed as the orgasm flares through me. I'm drenched, my pussy sopping wet. And still I finger myself,

taking Brooke's mind along for the ride. The fear at being caught combines with the pain and the pleasure into one orgasmic thrill. Now I can feel her mind helping me, urging me to fuck myself faster. I drive my fingers in deep, needing it more as I bite her nipple harder. The pain flares out, meeting the pleasure between my legs and a final orgasm explodes through me.

I clutch my tit, throw my head back and clap my teeth together, groaning in ecstasy, heedless of who can hear me. My warm, slick folds quiver as the pleasure pulses through me in long, slow bursts, the desire nearly a physical thing, taking hold of my whole body.

When I can finally think again I find myself leaning against the wall, fingers lodged deep inside. In the mirror, Brooke's cheeks are flushed bright red. She looks like she's just had the best fuck of her life. I pull my fingers out of myself and bring them to my lips. My delicious musky aroma fills my nose. Brooke's mind rebels at the smell of herself but I tie her mind to my own desire and soon she delights in the rich musk and, like me, wants to taste herself. I suck on her fingers, both of us savoring her sweet taste. It's also the only way to clean myself, and I dip my hand back between my legs, collecting my juices onto my hand and drinking it down, licking myself clean, enjoying Brooke's mesmerizing body.

I get dressed in my street clothes and comb my hair back with my fingers until I look presentable. Sweeping out of the dressing room I point to the pile of clothes on the stool.

"I'll take these," I say to the sales assistant, pulling out Brooke's credit card.

She doesn't ask about the strange noises in the dressing room, nor the rich musky scent of Brooke emanating from the tiny space. She just takes the card and rings

me up.

4

I'm still a little fidgety in the cab, still horny for this body I'm in, but it's like a low level background hum. The driver keeps glancing back at me in the rear view mirror, checking me out. I lean my head on my hand and look out the window. Let him ogle me. It's nice to be eye candy.

I wander through Brooke's memories once more. It gets easier the longer I'm in her body, and I use this time to continue melding our minds together. I'm still in charge and giving her the best of me while using the best of her.

Brooke's life is going nowhere and it's not helped by the pandemic. Her two meager part time jobs are a terrible waste of her sharp mind and sexy body. It's a crime she has to work so hard without being able to enjoy herself. I'm slowly chipping away at her reluctance to be sexy but she needs help with the rest of her life. If I'm being honest, I'm also reluctant to leave her body. It's been so long since I've been someone else, and so nice to be someone this gorgeous.

I can feel Brooke's delight at that thought, the confidence that comes from being pretty, and I encourage it. I wish I could spend the rest of this pandemic in her body but...

...well...

...why can't I?

The thought hits me suddenly and my eyes snap open. All my work is remote now anyway. I can fumble through meetings, blaming my computer for being unable to connect to video or audio. But then it occurs to me that I can solve both of our problems. Brooke needs a more appropriate job. Why not make her a partner in my firm? Can I do it?

I ponder the logistics, pursing my lips and drumming my fingers on my cheek. Gareth might object, but I own a majority of the company. Would Brooke be able to do the job even when I've jumped out of her? She's sharp enough and I have several months, at least, before we'll be back in the office. By then I can modify her mind to want it. To want me. And to know everything she needs to know. I laugh out loud at the simplicity of the solution. The driver's eyes shift back to me and he grins without knowing why. Brooke's laughter is infectious and I'll get to experience it for the next several months. I won't leave until we're both satisfied. It will be like a vacation from my own life.

I need to get my laptop from my condo. It has all my work passwords and documents on it. I open up Brooke's phone and log into my own email. From there, I send a message to the general info email of my building to let Mike, the security guard, know that a pretty young woman is coming over to pick some stuff up from my place and she needs a temporary key card. Then I tell the driver my change of plans. When he gets to the building I hop out, leaving all my shopping in the backseat. I lean on the driver's open window and let my breasts hang down into his face. Gravity pulls the neckline of my shirt down enough to give him a glimpse of my perfect cleavage. I tell him to wait here for me. I think he heard me, though his eyes were locked onto my tits. We both got a little thrill from that.

Mike opens the door for me as I enter and I pretend to meet him for the first time. He towers over me, making me feel so tiny and fragile. Brooke's body is lean and athletic but short, and it feels like Mike could bend me over and break

me with his bare hands.

Or just bend me over and do something else to me.

The thought is Brooke's, breaking through from our mind meld. It takes me by surprise and my cheeks warm.

“Hi, y-you must be Mike? I'm Brooke.” I stutter, my thoughts interrupted by visions of what Mike must look like naked. “Tom asked me to pick up some stuff from his place. He said you'd have a spare key card for me?”

“Yes, ma'am, I've got it.” His voice rumbles, sending a little thrill through my body. “You a courier or something?” He asks, his voice conversational as he leads me back to his desk.

“Something like that. I work with him.”

He has the mental will not to ogle me, but the feeling isn't mutual. Brooke wants to drink him in, and I let my eyes skim across his form, across his rugged face, admiring the shirt stretched tight over the solid chest. He's like something off the cover of a romance novel. God, is there anything sexier than a man's biceps?

“Here you are.”

He holds out the key card for me and I take it, our fingers brushing together and sending a little excited tingle through me.

“Thank you,” I gulp, tearing my eyes away from him and proceeding to the elevator. I put a little extra wiggle into my ass, hoping he's watching. As the elevator door closes behind me I glance over and meet Mike's eye briefly. He's looking away. I'm disappointed.

I grab my laptop from my room and return to the lobby. I hand my card back to Mike. Something—Brooke's own desire?—compels me to make conversation.

“Ever had to throw anyone out of the building?”

He laughs, and looks at me with his chocolate colored eyes. I feel naked under his gaze, like I want to tell him everything, knowing he'll listen and understand.

“Not at this job. But I used to work as a bouncer downtown. Sometimes that was pretty wild. One time a guy came at me with a knife because I wouldn't let him in. Gave me a scar right across here.” He traces a short line just to the right of his heart. “I've got a few stories like that.”

“Wow. Working at this swanky building must be a break after that.”

“Definitely. But it's a good one.”

“Anything like that happen here?”

“Well, I saw two homeless guys having a dance-off outside the doors.”

“I guess the better the job the fewer the stories.” I smile and touch his arm.
“Thank you for the key. I have to go.”

“My pleasure.”

I return to the cab and sink into the back seat. Time to go back to Brooke's place. It's a long ride and when the cab pulls up at her decrepit building the driver looks back at me.

“This the right place?”

“This is the one.”

I struggle with the bags, hiking them up the stairs into Brooke's apartment and dumping them onto her couch. I look around the depressing surroundings. Do I really want to spend the next however many months here? Brooke's more comfortable here, I can feel her relax in her mind, but I don't think I can take it. Going back to my place would make our mind meld harder. I'd have to invent a lot of history to justify her staying in a stranger's apartment when he's not there. And then it hits me. I'm in Brooke's body for the long haul. I can live wherever I want.

5

I dump Brooke's battered suitcase into the closet and throw open the curtains of the hotel room. I'm twelve stories up with a view across the east river. The room comes fully equipped with everything and the additional money for room service and laundry service is no obstacle to me. After a quick login to my bank, Brooke's account is plenty big enough to cover everything. I can outsource all the day to day drudgery and just enjoy being young and beautiful while I get Brooke's life in order.

I pull off my tee shirt and jeans and slip into one of the cute outfits I just bought: sheer black leggings, a pleated purple skirt, plain white top and pink sweater. I curl my hair until it hangs down each shoulder in golden waves, then I touch up my makeup, letting Brooke's mind guide me to getting her best look. I'll need some higher end makeup for her eventually. Only the best for my current and future lover.

When I'm sufficiently adorable I pick up my laptop and head down to the pool to get some work done. I'm sure the other two partners at my firm are wondering where I've been all day. I set up my little workstation at a table in the sun where the swooping glass walls around the building block the worst of the wind.

As a majority partner I've got wide latitude to do what I want but the other two may balk at giving up any control. So I'll have to give Brooke some of my shares. That means she'll have to prove that she's as knowledgeable about the financial world as I am. But it's easy to train someone when you have complete control of their mind.

I log on to my work account and set everything up, then call Brooke's mind back into action, merging us once again so she can learn what she'll be doing. I go through my day, stopping every now and then to order food or a drink, reinforcing my daily work routine through repetition and rote memorization. By the end of my time inside her she'll be up to speed. Her mind is agile and hungry to learn, and I can aim it towards financial responsibilities. Because we're merged, I keep feeling her balk whenever I look into funding things like mining companies or oil exploration. It's easier to give in to her desires than to fight them, and maybe it's what we, as a firm, should be doing anyway. I start favoring environmental causes for her, weighting social justice issues higher and taking into account flow-on effects of supporting certain companies. That's the hook that gets her interested. Soon our minds are working in tandem, aligning my firm to her values and supercharging her learning.

As she opens up to me I slip deeper inside, changing her, detaching her from her former life. When I'm done it will seem like she's been working towards the goal of joining my firm for awhile. I cycle through the memories of her trudging from job to job, adding the memories of discovering an interest in the flow of global finance, of studying at night. While I'm there I run into the memories of Ben, her current on again off again boyfriend. They've been more off again since the start of the pandemic when they had to make a choice to move in together at the start of the relationship or not be near each other for several months. Brooke made the sensible choice to live alone, though she does miss the sex.

I can remember many nights after an impromptu date where he would stay at Brooke's place and the sex would be intense. He worshiped her body, making her cum several times with just his tongue and fingers, until she was sopping wet and begging for him to be inside her. His cock felt so good thrusting through her, his breath hot in her ear, his solid body on top of her, coaxing her along by moaning excitedly in her ear.

Just thinking about it makes me hot and bothered. I sit back and try to think of something else to cool down, but the memory is so fucking sexy. The sex was

crazy good and now I'm flustered. I slide my hands into my lap beneath the table, pressing my fingers into my skirt. The fabric fights my touch and I can't stroke myself hard enough. It's such a fucking tease, my fingers so close but unable to get the right pressure.

I look around the pool area, affecting boredom, but really just to see if anyone is watching me. There aren't many people around. A businessman sipping a beer on the other side of the pool, an older lady swimming laps. I'm angled away from both of them and it's safe enough and god I've made myself so horny.

I imagine Ben's ropy arms holding me tight, the sandalwood scent of his cologne as he kisses me, pressing his lips against mine with an urgency I can feel throughout his solid frame. By the pool, my fingers press down harder on my skirt, rubbing, desperate to create enough pressure. I turn my hand sideways and slide it against me, scooting up to the edge of the chair so I can get more leverage and dry hump the edge of my hand. Oh god. There. Just enough pressure on my clit. The heat fills my body and I imagine Ben kissing his way between my thighs, imagine his tongue taking long, luxurious licks up and down my slit. I thrust up towards my hand and a quick burst of pleasure makes me grip the table with my other hand to steady myself. I bite my lip to keep from gasping, and then force myself to act casual when I'm anything but. I'm so fucking horny right now, partly from the feel, partly from the memory, and partly from the threat of discovery.

I can feel my slick pussy lips growing wet, making my panties damp as I push down harder between my legs. I shift my hand so my palm is pressing down on my clit and lean forward. In this position I can get a little more friction, a little more of the desperately needed pressure. My mouth drops open as a burst of heat rocks me. I thrust my hips up, back and forth, so desperate for release I no longer care who's watching. It's like an itch that's just beyond my reach and I lean my entire weight against the skirt, finally getting just enough pressure on my clit to cum.

I freeze, eyes closed shut as the orgasm rocks me. My breath hitches in my throat and I grip the table hard, gritting my teeth to swallow any noise. My body is burning with desire, the orgasm doubled by the fact I'm trying to keep it under control, like when you're desperately trying not to laugh in an inappropriate setting. God, I want to cry out, to moan, to thrust my fingers deep into myself as I imagine Ben's cock inside me, tunneling deep and filling me with his hot seed. The orgasm seems to last forever, blinding me with its intensity. Somehow I hold it together, rocking slowly against the edge of my hand beneath the table until it abates.

I come down breathing hard and, looking down into my lap, I can see a wet patch right where my palm was pressing the skirt into my pussy. When I shift my legs I feel a bigger wet patch below me. Brooke's body feels so incredible when it's this wet. The memories of being fucked hard by Ben stick with me even as I try to go back to my work. I need some cock. It's been nice touching Brooke's body and fingering myself all day, but I need someone inside me, someone to ride me rough, pound this aching pussy.

I shut my laptop. I'll get no more work done until I sate Brooke's desires. My only concern is how to do it safely in a pandemic. She hasn't talked to Ben in a week and, anyway, wouldn't exactly trust him to remain absolutely safe. A stranger is out for the same reason.

And then it hits me: Mike. My security guard. He's safe. He gets tested regularly for the virus. And he's hunky as hell. The thought grips me, consuming me until I have no other option. I pack up, strategically hiding my wet spot behind the laptop while I make my way up to my room to get cute again.

6

Mike seems pleasantly surprised to see me back. I've changed into a mini knife-pleated navy skirt and matching color plain shirt. The heels of my thigh high black boots clunk on the marbled floor as I approach the desk and lean on it casually.

“Remember me?” I ask, a little smile curling my lips.

“How could I forget?” He grins.

I giggle flirtatiously.

“Did you need something else from Mr. Henderson?” He rumbles.

“I do need something else, but not from Tom.” I move around and sit on the edge of his desk in front of where he stands. I cross my leg and clasp my hands on my knee. I let the tip of my boot drag slowly up and down his leg. “He tells me you're very safe. And I need safe right now. I need...a lot right now. And I hear you're just the man to give it to me.”

I nod knowingly towards the door behind the desk that leads to the server room. He arches an eyebrow. I bite my lip enticingly. He unlocks the door and swings it open for me. I stand and walk in, brushing up against him as I pass, catching the

spicy hint of him. He follows me inside and the door is barely closed before I'm on him, standing on my tiptoes, my hand slipping behind his neck to guide our lips together.

His hot lips land on mine and I open for him, sucking in his tongue as my nose presses against his stubbled skin. I inhale his manly scent as I taste him, sucking on his tongue as it explores my mouth. His hands grip my waist. They're so huge and solid on my tiny body. He could break me. I'm trembling as he strokes me, fingers gliding up beneath my shirt, landing on my soft skin.

I wrap my arms around him, practically hanging off him. I couldn't budge him if I tried, though, he's a wonderful wall of muscle. I unbutton his shirt as we kiss, my hands splaying across his broad chest, digging into his skin. His hands glide up and down my body, squeezing gently, exploring me by touch. God, I want him so badly. His fingers move up and down my midriff, going higher each time until he lands on my breasts. I feel his surprised smile on my lips at my lack of a bra, but he recovers quickly and spreads his meaty fingers, covering my entire tit and squeezing.

"Mmm," I pull away from him, kissing across his solid jaw to whisper into his ear. "Harder."

He squeezes my breast harder and a wonderful stab of pain shoots through me. At the same time, his other hand finds my ass and grips it, crushing me to him. I'm surrounded by him, breathing in his rich woody smell with each gasp. His erection stabs me in the stomach from beneath his pants, sending a matching ache of desire through me.

I help him pull off my shirt and my tits fall into his waiting hands. His mouth drops open as he ogles me, stroking my skin with hands so powerful and yet so

delicate. I blush at the reflected desire in his eyes. That Mike has seen so many women and still has this reaction to Brooke is incredibly exciting.

Suddenly, he's on me harder, kissing my tits, groping me, pushing me back against the wall. I gasp, my hands moving down to his belt, unbuckling it as the unbearable tension rises within me. His cock jumps into my hands, meaty and warm. He moans, lips locked around my tit, as I stroke him. God, he feels so big in my tiny hands.

Still sucking my tit, one of his hands comes down beneath my skirt, sliding up my skin, following the bare thigh to land on my moist pussy. No panties for me. His fingers find my entrance, stroke once, gliding through my dew. I can't take it any more. I grab his cock and aim it for my entrance. He's so much taller than me it's hard to maneuver it, but he senses my trouble and lifts me effortlessly by the waist, before lowering me down onto his cock.

It's huge between my legs, the head pressing up against me. I groan as he slips inside, his thick head spreading me open, followed by the shaft. I can feel every inch of his dick as it slides inside me. He presses me up against the wall, holding me as I slip lower down his cock and, Christ, I'm so completely full as he finally sinks all the way in. He's so thick I feel like I might split, the pressure causing a swift blood rush to the head. I gasp, eyes shut as the pleasure spills through me. Just when I think it can't get any more intense he pulls back and then drives in again, slamming me up against the wall.

I groan and wrap my legs around him clutching him tight. All I can do is hold on as he fucks me, holding me up with one hand beneath my ass as he squeezes my tit with the other, massive fingers surrounding my nipple, pinching so the sharp pain meets the pleasure coming up from between my legs. He's grunting in my ear now, his breath hot and heavy on my skin. I push against him on every forward stroke, driving him deep, deep inside me. His dick tunnels through me, the cockhead slamming up until it presses against my dimpled center. My legs go

weak. I'm soaking wet. The sounds of my wetness fill my ears and I cry out as I cum around the massive cock inside me. My body shivers, flexing as I convulse happily, grunting and groaning in ecstasy. "More, fuck me more," I manage, begging for it. God, I need him to stay inside me, to lodge deep in my cunt, to pound me until I ache. And he does. He's a beast, slamming into me, treating my body rough and hard like I need.

Pleasure flares again through me, cresting in a giant wave. I can feel the onrushing orgasm, my body going bright and then he slams in deep and moans as he cums. The feeling of his seed spurting into me sends me over the edge. I clutch and claw at him as he empties himself into me. I'm so impossibly full and yet each spurt fills me more until I'm fit to burst, my body screaming in ecstasy. White spots dance before my eyes as I cum hard with him, our lips back together, kissing desperately as the urgency finally dies and the fire cools to a low simmer.

He gently sets me back down on the ground and pulls out of me. I feel so stretched and empty. I whimper once in longing, already wanting him back inside me even though my body feels entirely sated. We adjust our clothes and then return to the lobby. I can feel him threatening to drip out of me with each step. I kiss him one more time on the lips and promise to return. When I walk out I glance behind me and this time he is staring at my ass.

Epilogue

I'm slick with sweat and kneeling on a yoga mat in front of the Tonr. The large screen reflects Brooke's body, trim stomach curved so that my ass is in the air as I cool down after my workout. The Tonr is about the size of a full length mirror and is basically just a large video screen with a camera pointed at me and which connects to another screen where a trainer sits yelling at people to run faster. Readouts along the edge count down to the end of the workout, how many calories I've burned and the correct body position for each exercise. It also reflects Brooke's body, positioned in the middle of the living room. I've dressed her in a black Lycra outfit that cuts a striking figure, showing off my boobs and butt. I love the way my tits jiggle when I jog in place or drop to the floor for some push-ups.

When the Tonr timer gets to zero I relax, my knees on the floor, resting my head on my hands, huddled over and breathing hard. After a few seconds I stand and glug some water. With one hand on my hip I take in my body, admiring my sculpted arms and long lean legs as well as the ample bust pressing out against the fabric. I give my breast a playful squeeze, lighting the warmth between Brooke's legs. In my seven months in her body I've turned her into the perfect woman for me.

Brooke loves playing with her tits, even when I'm not controlling her. And it doubles her pleasure when I watch her from my own body until she's so hot and bothered that she's just dying for my cock. She's become so effortlessly sensual and with a head for finance. The ease with which she's taken to her new job almost makes me jealous. It helps that she lives with me and I can hop inside her sweet body whenever I want.

I move to the front door and hop out, landing in my original body just outside.

She doesn't know I can possess her and I debate the merits of telling her. For now it's nice just to be inside her now and then. I open the door, pretending like I'm just coming back from the office. She squeals and launches into my arms, covering me with kisses and begging me to take her right there in the hallway.

Of course, I oblige. I'd do anything for my new girlfriend.

#

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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M

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

[Cheers](#)

Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of his sister's hot friends.

[Leading Her On](#)

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

[Swap Brothel](#)

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

[The Other Woman](#)

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

[The Body Thief](#)

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.