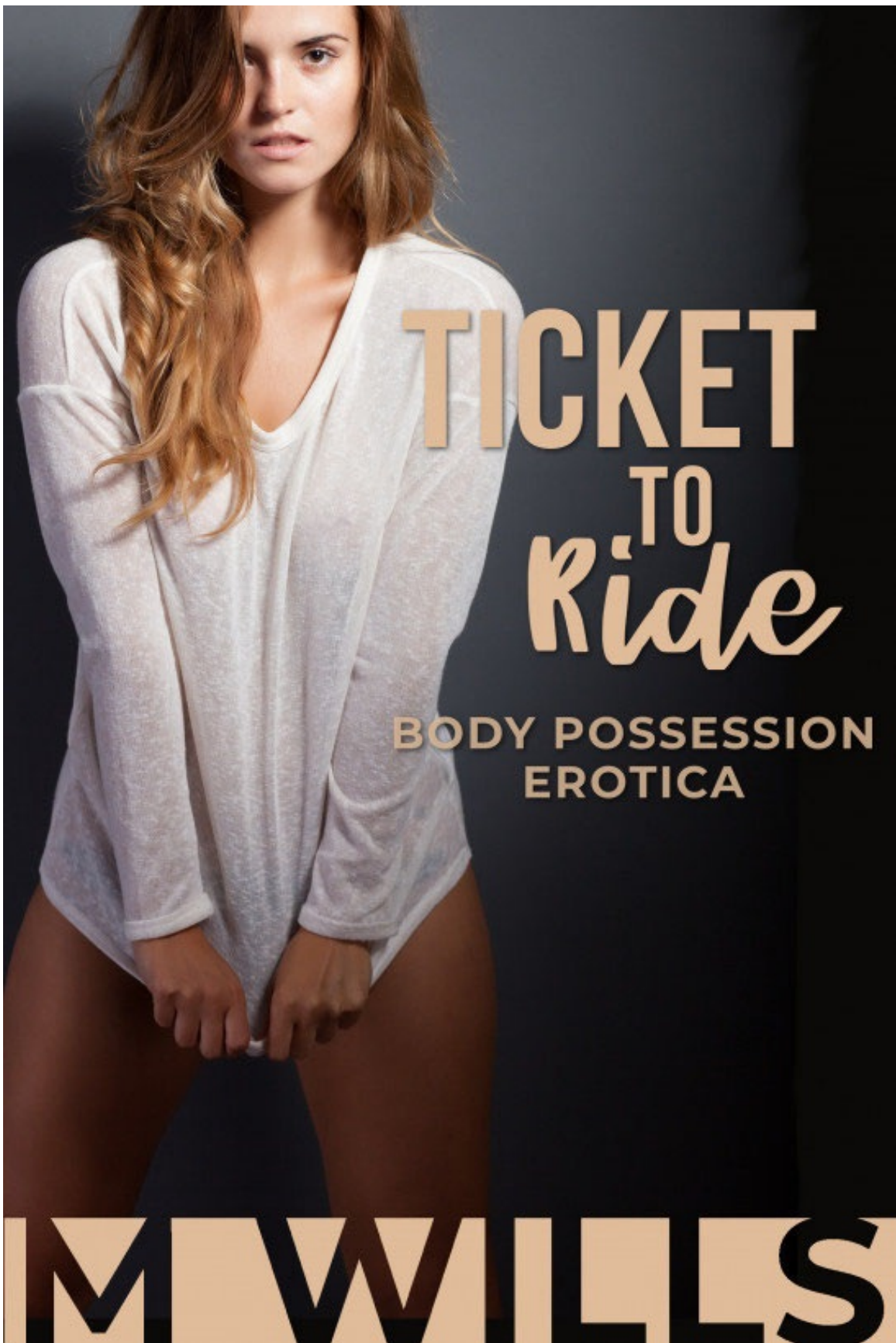


TICKET
TO
Ride

BODY POSSESSION
EROTICA

MWILLS



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Ticket to Ride

Body Possession Erotica

by M. Wills

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her home. I pass grand old houses with immaculate lawns, finally reaching Chloe's house near the top of the hill. It's an impressive three story Victorian that's been lovingly maintained. I climb up the steps and unlock the door, shedding my heavy coat to begin a tour of "my" new house.

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"Damn!" His smile widens in appreciation.

I return his smile and pull him inside. I don't want the neighbors to see our little tryst. As soon as the door is closed I launch myself into his arms. My soft lips press against him, my hand slips through his hair to pull him close, my breasts press up against his button down shirt. He grabs me back, his hands sliding down to squeeze my ample ass as he returns my kiss ferociously. An electric tingle pulses through me as I press Chloe's body against him, the bulge in his pants jumping to attention.

His tongue slides into my mouth as I unbutton his shirt and press my hands against his warm skin. He responds by pulling off my tank top, my brunette ponytail swinging wildly, before he rips my bra open. The metal clasps break and tinkle to the floor and then his face is buried in my perfect breasts, his warm breath on my tits, suckling my nipple and the electric tingle between my legs grows to a throbbing hum as he feeds himself on my beauty. He's brutal, animalistic. It's just what I need and I moan as his greedy hands squeeze and fondle Chloe's tits, his mouth gliding back and forth from nipple to nipple and each grows erect, the little nubs standing out from my fat, pink areolae in utter desire.

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Read on for the full story...

Ticket to Ride

I'm glad to see the hot young brunette is on the bus today. I pretend to be looking at my phone but I can't concentrate when she's in my line of vision. Every now and then my eyes flick over to her and surreptitiously roam up and down her beautiful profile, greedily trying to memorize every curve of her body. She's standing and holding on to one of the poles as she talks to an older man, who I've figured out to be one of the two co-workers that shares her commute. The co-workers are polite but distant, keenly aware they're sharing a bus with their boss.

Her body sways back and forth with the rhythm of the bus. Her black yoga pants are stretched so tight over her legs and ass that I can see every curve. It doesn't seem like she's even wearing panties, unless they're thongs, and I feel a stirring in my pants. I try to tamp down the thought, make it go away. God, it would be the height of embarrassment to try to get off a bus while sporting a hard-on.

I peel my eyes away from her ass but they're drawn back like a compass to the magnetic north of her body. She wears a puffy outdoorsman jacket over a flannel shirt with the top buttons undone. Casual but still sexy. I spied a glimpse of her tank top earlier when I passed her on my way to the back of the bus. I smiled politely at her, gazing into her dark brown cat eyes, but she shot me a look of utter disdain. Now, her long ponytail jiggles as she talks and laughs with the other guys. To see her in profile is to watch an angel, with her slim nose, strong jaw and luscious lips.

She's been at the same bus transfer point as me for the last few weeks, along with a few of her other co-workers. She gives me something to look forward to on my otherwise boring commute to work. At times I've been close enough to overhear their conversation and thrilled to her melodious voice. From what I gather, she's their manager at some sort of furniture distribution firm. It surprises

me because she looks awfully young to be a manager—maybe somewhere in her mid-twenties—whereas her co-workers seem to be in their early forties. She seems easygoing enough, sometimes talking and laughing with a hint of southern Californian sorority girl inflection. Her dress is usually casual, often jeans and a sweatshirt or a heavy winter jacket, and she wears hardly any makeup but is all the more beautiful for it. But I can sense an iron inside her. Maybe that's how she came to be the manager at such a young age.

The bus lurches and she grabs onto the pole with one hand. There are several rings on her fingers. One must be a wedding ring, made of a thick band and studded with diamonds. An elegant watch slides down her golden wrist and it, too, screams money. She must have married into money as well as being self-sufficient. No mid-level manager could afford all that.

I don't mean to creep out on her but I can't help it. I'm intrigued by her. Almost obsessed by this beautiful stranger. I want to know all about her. I want to know what it's like to be her, to have her chill, relaxed confidence but still shoulder responsibility, to be effortlessly beautiful and seemingly composed. I'd been holding back on using my power to hop into people's bodies for a little while, trying to get my own life straight. But I need to know. That's why I took the week off work and why I stay on the bus now past my usual stop to follow her.

The brunette and her two co-workers all get off a few stops later and I follow, using the back exit as they go out the front. She would never recognize me but it's best not to take chances. I follow them from a distance as they walk a few blocks down. The neighborhood grows more industrial with each block. Large warehouses take up huge expanses of space, fronted by wide parking lots busy with the loading and unloading of dirty delivery trucks. She turns into one of the lots and leads her co-workers into a small office attached to one of a slew of unmarked concrete buildings. I hang back near the chain link front fence and watch the activity. A huge sign over the double doors proclaims it to be “AJ Holmes Distributors”.

I wait in the shade of a large stack of crates in an otherwise empty lot across the street, debating whether to go in and ask for her or not. If there's nowhere to hop where I can't be seen I'll have to make up some story. Then next time on the bus she'll remember me for sure. I decide to wait, flipping through my phone to pass the time.

A few hours later, about mid-morning, she strolls out the front doors. I duck out of sight and follow her jiggling ponytail and the beautiful sway of her ass from a safe distance, around a corner and down the street to a little local coffee shop. I follow her through the doors a minute later, passing her as she orders at the counter, and aim down the narrow, dimly lit hallway to the single unisex toilet. As I relieve myself I go over the layout of the coffee shop I briefly glimpsed, trying to imagine how I'll engineer the perfect meet-cute/hop. Maybe if I pretend to know her from somewhere? But then how will I get her out of sight of other people to hop? Maybe I can pretend to see something amazing around the corner? No, that's just ludicrous. I'm still considering my options when I unlatch the door and open it to find her standing right there, waiting to use the toilet.

I pause briefly, then hold the door open for her. She smiles and thanks me. I take one look towards the end of the hallway. It's empty. She passes by and I hop her from behind. My physical form bursts into billions of particles and I stream through the air, filling her in a microsecond. In one blink I'm a beautiful brunette in an empty hallway.

I close the door and stare at myself in the mirror. Her beautiful image smiles back at me with gleaming, white teeth and I take some time to stare at my exquisite new face. My long, thin eyebrows curve gently over my brown, almond-shaped eyes. I run my fingers over my soft skin, leaning on the sink and bringing my face close enough to the mirror to see every pore. Leaned forward like this, I can just see the curve of my breasts beneath my tank top and unbuttoned flannel. I search her mind and find her name: Chloe.

I slide my yoga pants down my toned legs and squat over the toilet to relieve myself. Then I wash my hands, grab my coffee from the counter, and head out to the bus. I'm acutely aware of the tight pants hugging my shapely ass and the gentle jiggle of my breasts with each step. I can't wait to get back home and explore Chloe's body. On the way I call Chloe's work and tell Sandra, the receptionist, that I've got food poisoning and won't be back in the office. My next call is to my own friend, Alex. He knows I'm a hopper and he likes to help break in my new bodies. He's quite the cocksman.

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“Oh, yes,” I moan in Chloe's silky voice, throwing my head back. Alex grips my waist and thrusts deep, until his groin is pressed against my ass, slamming me deep. I grit my teeth and stare at Chloe's bouncing tits in the mirror, watching Alex's face as he enjoys my new body.

“Fuck me harder. Harder!” I cry in a high pitched voice. God, I need him.

He picks up his rhythm, faster and faster. His dick is hot inside me as it pounds through my aching wet cunt and my body is buzzing and then I crest and cum, Chloe's voice crying out, mingling with Alex's grunts, and then he's with me. He spasms inside, his cock throbbing, spurting his load into me, filling my cunt with a solid heat and I'm wonderfully full. Alex rides me like this, both of us joined in lust, until his grunts cease, and my moans die to a whimper, and then to nothing.

I breathe heavily, smiling at myself and Alex in the mirror. He slides out of me. I can feel him dripping down my thigh as he swipes his hair back off his forehead.

“You should get out of here before my husband gets home.” I say.

“Love me and leave me, huh?” he grins. Alex knows the drill. He gets to have me in my new body, but I'm not his.

He disappears out the door, leaving me alone. I strip off my torn yoga pants and dump them deep in the trash, along with my broken bra. It's the first time I've been naked in my body and I take some time to explore the small landing strip of light brunette pubic hair leading down to my nether lips, still glistening and sticky from my adventure with Alex.

I go upstairs to my bathroom and fix myself a hot bubble bath. Soon the scent of lavender fills the bathroom and I step in. I lean back and relax, floating in the water, occasionally playing with my new breasts, pressing and squeezing, but mostly just enjoying the weightlessness and the warmth. I circle lazily through Chloe's thoughts.

She was a sorority girl but one of the more down to earth ones. Actually couldn't stand the high-maintenance gossipy clique. The others were jealous that when they got dressed up and thoroughly made-up, Chloe could just waltz in and steal the attention with the minimum amount of glitz. Though not the most beautiful woman in the sorority, she was pleasingly attractive with a girl-next-door attitude and a flirty smile that drew men to her.

Chloe's husband, Dan, is a promising young surgeon. They'd hit it off one night at a sorority dance when Dan's date stood him up. Chloe was the one who approached him as he stood in the corner looking lost. That was just Chloe's way: outgoing and effusive. She saw what she wanted and she took it. It was the same with her job. Sure, even she admitted that her tits got her in the job (the previous manager was a forty year old horndog) but she'd proved herself a willing worker with an easy ability to make friends. She gradually assumed more and more responsibility and so when the horndog finally left (sexual harassment, no surprise there) Chloe was the natural person to take over.

With my eyes closed I'm nearly asleep when I feel a presence in the room. A second later a man slides into the tub opposite me, his naked body disappearing beneath the suds before I can take it all in. He's got a flop of straight blond hair that swoops neatly across his forehead in what I like to think of as the politician style haircut, and his face has a boyish charm. He grins lopsidedly and I slot into Chloe's thoughts to recognize her husband, Dan.

“You looked so good I just had to join in.” He says.

I return his smile and bring my foot up out of the water, my tiny toes landing against his bare chest. “You're home early.”

He cups my foot in one hand and uses the thumb of the other hand to massage my foot. I close my eyes and settle back into the tub, cooing softly as bliss settles through me.

“My last two surgeries got canceled.”

“Lucky me,” I murmur.

“Only because they died.”

I stare at him. “What?”

“Kidding.” He grins again, mischievous and sexy.

I push his chest lightly with my foot for teasing. His hands slide down my calf, rubbing gently, easing the stress from my tired muscles and all is forgiven immediately. I let myself relax, let my arms and legs float in the hot water as he rubs my skin. His fingers move up my leg slowly, rubbing my solid thigh firmly and methodically. I can sense his fingers approaching my desire. I want him to touch me, want his hands to caress my skin and make me feel like a woman. A

wonderful tension begins making its way up from between my legs, ratcheting up through my body as his fingers massage my sensitive skin.

His fingers land on my sex, brushing softly against the lips of my pussy and I moan, spreading my legs for him. He takes the hint and begins working both hands up and down my thighs and across my pussy, teasing me by slipping across my entrance but not yet sliding in, working my body up until I'm delightfully tense and I need release.

I push off the end of the tub and straddle him. I'm on my knees, my yearning pussy just dancing over the head of his cock. I can feel him hard for me, his excitement aimed at my body. The power of Chloe's raw beauty over men is intoxicating.

At this angle my head is above his, my breasts directly in front of his face. One of his hands comes up, slippery and wet, and grabs one of my breasts. He stares at it in awe, letting his fingers follow the smooth contours around and around as though exploring it for the first time. His lust and desire and submission for my body is written across his face and my power makes me even hornier, knowing I'm the only one who can satisfy his deep desire. He kisses my breast, suckling gently on the nipple. Each gentle nip causes a soft sigh to escape from my lips. He takes it slow, letting the tension build through me as he enjoys my body and I hover just over the head of his engorged cock, sliding down every now and then until he's just slightly inside me before pulling up again, teasing him with my body just as he's teasing me.

When he can stand it no more he reaches up and pulls my head down to his. Our lips meet and his hot breath fills my mouth as I push my tongue inside him. We're hungry for each other. His other hand wraps around the small of my back and he holds me like this as we kiss passionately. Our hunger for each other grows as we taste each other until I can stand it no longer and I press myself down onto his glorious dick. With one quick thrust his cock is inside me and I

gasp in his mouth. I lower myself into the hot, soapy water as his cock presses ever deeper into my center, every inch a delight. I fit him like a glove, my inner walls clenched tight around his shaft.

Our kisses become faster, fiercer, and I begin to grind on him, filling myself with him before withdrawing. His hand slides down and cups my ass as he guides me up and down his cock. My hands come to his face, needing to touch him, to be as close as I can. He thrusts up towards me, feeling the same. I gasp as the pressure builds inside me. We're ravenous for each other and I ride him like this, sliding up and down his cock, gorging myself on him. My breasts bounce against his chest and my body tenses and suddenly the tension inside me snaps and I throw my head back and sink down deep on him as I cum, moaning out loud as I rock on his solid dick. The pleasure bursts through me, leaving me warm and tingling. But he's not done.

He holds himself in check, waiting for me. I feel him pulse once inside me before he's under control. God, I need it so bad. I want his cum inside me. The tension returns, worse than ever. I'm desperate for his dick and I resume grinding back and forth. We hold each other close, trying to devour each other as I ride him, trying to fill myself with him, my voice growing ever more frantic, higher in pitch and I can't think of anything but the sweet release and then the tension snaps like a rubber band and I cry out as he throbs inside me. I pulse in desperate orgasm around his thrusting manhood as he cums hard, driving up deep into my sensitive cunt, each spurt filling me with his seed until I'm fuller than I've ever been. Delightfully, satisfyingly full.

When I come down the tension is gone but I don't want him to leave me. Not yet. I want his body near me. I want my man beside me. I lean and kiss him, my long hair falling across my shoulders as I shudder in the aftershock. Finally, I slide off him, letting our mingled essence be washed away in the soapy water.

The rest of the night is spent enjoying Chloe's marital bliss. Dan's obviously in

love with Chloe, just as she's obviously in love with him. Her body warms at the thought of him and they casually grope and fondle each other in passing throughout the night, like young lovers forever infatuated with the others' body.

Dan picks up some takeaway burgers and we lounge around the house in our sleepwear. Dan works a rotating shift at the hospital and today was the last of a two-week long stint that saw him frequently leaving for work when the sun went up and not returning until close to midnight. Tomorrow he gets a much needed break, and tonight he collapses into bed and falls asleep nearly instantly. I gaze at his face adoringly for a bit, swimming in Chloe's thoughts, enjoying her love and lust for her husband, before turning out the lights myself and sharing in Chloe's sweet dreams.

* * * * *

I wake to the awful sound of an alarm, but comforted by Dan's arm wrapped around me, his delicious warmth pressed against my back, and his morning wood pressed against my rounded ass. I slap the button on the phone to shut off the beeping and lie back in bed. Despite Chloe's toughness she enjoys being wrapped in Dan, having his arm protectively over her. Maybe some sort of primitive memory of safeness and warmth carried over from our hominid ancestors.

I do have to get up and get ready for work. I can't call in sick twice, and besides, I'm curious to see Chloe's work and how her co-workers act around her. I want to know who this woman is that she can be so needy for her husband but so commanding at work.

Dan doesn't want to let me go either and it's a struggle to get out of bed, but eventually I escape his grasp, even as he grabs my ass and tries to pull me back

in. I giggle and swat at him playfully before he relents, a tired smile on his face.

I brush my teeth and put on my makeup using Chloe's memories. It's a delight staring at her beautiful face in the mirror. I take my time, making faces at myself, sticking out my little pink tongue and in general just enjoying my cute appearance.

Opening her closet I'm struck by the huge variety of clothes to wear. Another reason I like being a woman. I pick through several outfits before landing on a simple long sleeve shirt and a sporty running skirt combo. It's a black outfit with some thick white piping down each arm (speed stripes!) and around the bottom of the skirt. The skirt hugs my ass, accentuating my rounded curves, while the top drapes casually down. It's an outfit for comfort, not attention, but still manages to be sufficiently dressy for Chloe's work. Plus, my ass and legs look amazing in it. Dan thinks so, too.

I'm adjusting myself in the full length mirror hanging from the back of the closet when he grabs me from behind. I squeal in laughter as he wraps his arms around me and kisses my neck.

"Do you have to go?" he whispers.

His breath is hot in my ear and his hard cock is tucked up against the swell of my ass. It's so tempting to stay with him but I manage to push him off.

"I do."

“It's just...you know what that skirt does to me.”

I smile as he presses his erection against me for emphasis. It does the same for me. But I should be going, and if I let myself be drawn into sex with Dan I probably won't leave the house.

“I don't have time, I just got all ready” I say. “But how about this: I'll masturbate for you.”

He pauses, biting his lip, then nods. I sit down on the bed and he sits next to me, watching as I spread my legs and let my fingers tickle their way up the inside of my thighs. I run my fingers up and down my body, from the shiny fabric of my top, cross my breasts, then down over my skirt and across my smooth skin. Dan places his hand on my thigh and I give him a playful slap.

“No touching!” I grin.

He withdraws his hand and continues staring at me, hungrily. He wears only his boxer shorts, and his lean body is focused on me. My eyes glance down at the erection tenting his shorts and I shoot him a sexy, half-lidded grin, before focusing back on Chloe's body. I'm in control.

My fingers glide up and disappear beneath my skirt, dancing across my panties, before flitting lightly across my womanhood as a gentle warmth burns within me. My other hand comes up and runs through my fine, long hair and around my neck, caressing Chloe's body the way I've always imagined caressing her on the bus. I circle her fingers over herself, down her slender neck, over her weighty breasts. Force her to tickle and tease her body into a state of humming need. I

press one hand over my skirt and rub it against my swelling clit, getting myself horny beneath my clothes.

I bring two fingers to my lips and suck gently, staring into Dan's eyes as I remove my saliva slick fingers and guide them under my skirt and push my panties aside, to land on my budding clit.

“Oh,” I sigh, as pleasure bursts through me in small waves, promising a greater release. I rub gently, pushing against the nub of my clit in a gentle motion as my body warms. I spread my legs more as I slip inside myself, my fingers penetrating my new form for the first time, enjoying the feeling of exploring myself as Dan looks on, wishing he could enjoy my body like I do. He moves down to the end of the bed where he has an unobstructed view of my glistening cunt. Staring into my folds he wraps his own hand around his cock and begins stroking. Long, slow strokes as he stares into me.

My skirt slides up my legs until my red lace panties are just visible. I push two fingers into my wet warmth and lean back on one hand. As I circle inside myself, urging my pleasure on, I close my eyes and let my head slip back. My hair trickles along my arm and now I'm pulsing harder, pushing my fingers into my moistness. I can hear the slick squelching sounds of my dripping pussy an instant before my deep, musky smell hits my nose. I shudder and orgasm at the sight and sound of myself—“Ahh!”—my legs clapping together as the first wave ebbs. I resume my rhythmic rubbing, urging my lovely feminine body ever higher.

I open my eyes and look over at Dan. He's got his cock in one hand, thick and full as he slides his hand up and down the shaft while he watches me. It's so hot seeing him like this, watching him lose control as I feel myself rising, and I cum hard and sudden, hips thrusting up towards my fingers to dig in deeper as I scratch the itch inside, pleasure burning through me while I moan. Beside me, Dan groans, his fingers flying up and down his delicious shaft and even as I stare

at it he cums too, shooting spurts of his creamy cum up and across the bed.

When I'm done, I pull my fingers out of myself and bring them to my lips. I stare into Dan's eyes as I open my mouth and suck off my juices. Then I toss my hair back and lean towards Dan's cock. I stick out Chloe's little pink tongue and lick the cum off the head of his cock. I've never been into this sort of thing, but Dan's cum is delicious from inside Chloe's body. I lick him clean, tasting my husband, my lover, knowing this was all because of me, of my body. When I've swallowed as much as I can I sit up.

“Ok. Now I have to get to work.” I smile. “And you've got some laundry to do.” I say, nodding to the stain on the bed.

We kiss and he goes into the bathroom to clean up. When he's out of the room I slip one of Chloe's small vibrators out of her bedside drawer and into my large handbag. Just in case.

* * * * *

I meet up with my co-workers, Earl and Lou, on the bus. They're both somewhere in their mid-forties. Lou is good-natured and appears as though he's perpetually on the edge of laughter. Earl is nearly his opposite, a quiet, stoic man with a deeply tanned and wrinkled face with the constant, dour look of a man who'd just been mugged. He does sometimes surprise everyone with a wry comment that has us rolling with laughter.

Lou is standing over Earl when I climb onto the bus. I grab the pole and stand in front of them.

“Morning, Chloe, feeling better?” Earl asks.

“Tons. Something at that coffee shop didn't agree with me.”

“I ate there and I'm fine,” Lou interjects as the bus bounces along. “What'd you eat?”

“The raw chicken and uncooked egg sandwich. You think that had something to do with it?”

Lou guffaws. Earl snorts. That's the equivalent of a guffaw for him.

We continue our banter after the bus unloads us and we walk the several blocks to the office. The guys head off into the warehouse to clock in while I move around the receptionist's desk to Chloe's office. The receptionist, Sandra, is a plain looking woman about my age with long, straight dark hair. She's quiet but efficient and we share friendly 'good morning's' as I go past.

Chloe's office isn't very big: a small desk with a chair behind it and another chair by the door, and several filing cabinets. Everything looks slightly used but tidy. I sit in Chloe's chair, my thick butt sinking into the faded leather padding, and go through her email.

I'm immediately thrust into her life, following up deliveries, phoning warehouses, cajoling and dealing with vendors, and occasionally calling out to

Sandra for a reference number. Chloe's sorority girl appearance and manner works for her because she can turn on the charm to keep things running smoothly. I love sweet talking the other warehouse guys—and they're mostly guys—into getting my way. I make my first call of the day to Pete Livecki, who's warehouse has been giving me the runaround about an order of chairs that was supposed to be here last week.

“Hey, Pete, how've you been?” I ask, when he picks up the phone.

“Chloe, what a surprise,” he says without a trace of surprise.

“Come on, you know I can't go more than a day without hearing your gruff voice whispering about the sweet nothings you've sent me.”

“Heh, yeah, look, the chairs are on their way. They should have been there by now.”

“I know, I know. But I've got an anxious customer. They're hounding me so I'm hounding you. Do you have anything from that order you can send me? Separately? If the chairs do end up here on time I'll send them back and I'll owe you...something.” I drag out the last word, make it sound seductive, hinting at everything but promising nothing.

There's a brief pause. “Let me see what I can do.”

“Awesome. Just give me something I can give to the customer to hold him off

until everything gets here. Thank you so much, Pete. I really appreciate this.” I let a little purr into my voice.

“Sure, sure, you're welcome, Chloe, glad to be able to help.”

“And Pete, I'll see you at the Christmas party this year, right?” An image of Pete standing on the makeshift stage in Chloe's warehouse cranking out his best Billy Joel flashes through my mind. “I need some more Piano Man and Billy can't do it like you can.”

He laughs. “Count on it.”

He hangs up and I sit back in my chair. I love Chloe's flirty confidence. I love her body. I spin around in my chair and giggle softly. When I'm facing my desk once more I rummage through my handbag that I'd dropped into a drawer until I found Chloe's vibrator. It's small and pink, about the size of my palm with one elongated edge. A clit stimulator. I thumb the button and it whirs to life with a low buzzing sound. I spread my legs and slide the vibrator between my thighs until it's nestled over my panties and against the lips of Chloe's pussy.

I lie back in the chair as I gently slide the vibrator all around Chloe's panties, letting the throbbing vibrations pulse through me and slowly awaken my yearning. I run my other hand across my face, enjoying the soft contours of Chloe's lips, her nose, her cheeks, exploring the lovely face that I now own. Her face is so much softer than my own, the eyebrows smaller, the cheeks plumper.

As the vibrations pulse through me I look down into my own cleavage and admire the rounded breasts hidden inside my top. I can pull them out for my own

enjoyment at any time, run my fingers along my tiny nipples until I tremble at my own touch. I bite my lip as one huge wave crests through me. I continue teasing my body into ecstasy, bringing the other hand down beneath my skirt to pull my panties aside. I press the elongated end of the vibrator against my swelling clit and sigh softly as the warm pulse hits me directly. I allow one of the fingers holding my panties to slide gently inside me, dipping lightly down into my growing wetness to spread my dew across my clit.

I close my eyes and sink back into the chair as I push my finger deeper inside myself, feeling my velvety folds spread aside as I penetrate Chloe's heat. All the while, the vibrator continues its buzzing against my clit, growing the heat through my body.

Then suddenly I hear the doorknob turn. I didn't lock it! I sit bolt upright and clap my legs together, trapping the vibrator inside and up against me, hoping to muffle the buzzing between my legs. Pushing my legs together only seems to amplify the pleasure and my head spins as Sandra enters.

"I got those orders you wanted," she says, placing them on my desk.

I nod and bite my lips, afraid to say anything lest I cry out in pleasure. The buzzing of the vibrator between my legs seems to roar in my ears as my blood rushes hot through me. Sandra doesn't appear to notice.

"Thank...you," I finally manage, sitting forward and pretending to study the papers. In reality I grit my teeth and try to tamp down the pleasure threatening to explode through me. The vibrator is pushed inside me, my pussy wrapped around the throbbing, buzzing pulse, trying to hold back the tidal wave of ecstasy threatening to engulf me. God, I want to push it harder in, feel that perfect buzzing against my clit. My blood is roaring in my ears and I will Sandra

to leave so I can finish before I'm driven mad with lust.

“I had some trouble tracking it down because the numbers went missing...” Sandra launches into a detailed story about how she eventually found the purchase order numbers but I'm hardly listening.

I want to rub myself furiously, want to push my fingers deep inside and release the pent-up ecstasy threatening to explode inside me. I'm acutely aware of Chloe's body: her tits, her cunt, her ass, her long, feminine legs. I want to explore, to strip my clothes off and spread my legs up on the desk and relieve this intense tension winding through me. Instead I stare at Sandra, watching her mouth move but unable to concentrate on the words.

In my heightened arousal, with all my thoughts tuned to sex, I find myself imagining Sandra going down on me. I'd grab her long hair in both hands and force her face between my legs. Her tongue would feel so good bumping up against my clit with her tiny ass raised in the air. She could suck my clit into her mouth, tease me with her tongue, swallow me down as I howled and forced her deeper inside my burning cunt. She would bring up her hands, fill me with her fist and explode inside of me, wiggling her fingers as she slurped my clit. The thought almost makes me cum right there and I grit my teeth and nod at Sandra—eatmeeatmeatmeeatme—my thoughts scream, as if I could will her to get on her knees in front of me and taste my juices. Surely, she can smell my lust now? But she stands there talking as I feel myself drip down my thighs, my lust soaking into the bottom of my dress and the cracked leather chair, the vibrator buzzing away inside me and, oh god, I'm going to explode. My treacherous fingers continue thrusting inside me, as though they have a mind of their own, and I can feel my body wrapped around them and I want to thrust and thrust.

“Hmmm,” I grit my teeth together, nodding my head, hoping it seems like a sound of agreement rather than the sound of orgasm rushing through me. White starbursts of pleasure blur my vision as I look up at Sandra, imagining us naked

together. Her little pink tongue moves up and down inside her mouth as she talks and I want it inside me, lapping at my lust. She seems so demure I bet she's kinky in bed, likes it rough, likes me to hold her head down and use her for my pleasure.

Finally, she appears done. I nod again and manage “Thank you.”

It seems to placate her. She turns and closes the door behind her. When I hear the click I let myself go, pushing back into the chair and rolling my head back and forth as my fingers pound up against my G-spot, chasing the pleasure of the vibrator until I crest and cum, rocking back in the chair as the tension bursts through me, snapping my jaw shut. I clench around my fingers in ecstasy, still stifling my moans so no one can hear from outside the door, until finally the pleasure ebbs and I float back down to earth.

I flick off the vibrator and clean it and myself off with some tissues, hoping the whole room doesn't smell of sex. My panties and the bottom of my skirt are soaked. Fortunately, it's a sport skirt, so the material is fast drying. It does mean I have to stay in my office for a while longer to avoid embarrassment. It's a small price to pay.

I pick up where I left off: reading through Chloe's emails, when my phone chimes with a text message. It's her husband.

Got plans for tonight?

Nope, I reply.

You do now. Come home right after work. Surprise.

Hmm, mysterious. I slip through Chloe's memories to try to find out what this means. For some reason I keep finding glimpses of one of her husband's friends, Rob. Handsome smile. Nice ass. Charming. There's some sexual thoughts floating around but I can't tell if it's from my own recent handiwork or if there's something else to it. Is Chloe having an affair with Rob?

I try to put it out of my mind and continue the rest of Chloe's day, alternately flirting, cajoling and placating customers and employees to keep things running smoothly. A little before five o'clock I call it a day, flicking off the lights in my office. Sandra's already gone so I lock up and join Earl and Lou for the trip on the bus back to our respective houses. My mind is on the surprise Dan's got for me. Is it a new car? A puppy? All these things Chloe's talked about wanting.

The bus drops me off at the end of my block and I walk up to my house. Dan opens the door before I can dig out my keys. He's neatly dressed in a polo shirt and slacks. He hands me a glass of red wine. I take it gratefully and sip as I step into the foyer and he closes the door behind me.

"So, what's the surprise?" I ask.

He nods to someone behind me.

"Hi, Chloe," a deep male voice says.

I turn to see Rob. My heart skips a beat and my face flushes. He's got intense eyes that give off a primal energy and he devours me with his gaze. Chloe's definitely into him, but apparently that's the plan.

Dan wraps his arms around me from behind, claspings his hands against my tummy as he kisses my neck and nibbles my earlobe, his breath hot in my ear. I close my eyes and bend my head away, offering my neck to him. Chloe's thoughts are pleasantly surprised. This is ok. This is all planned. This is a Rob night.

I open my eyes and Rob fills my vision, his desire for Chloe's body written across his face. He leans closer and his lips brush gently across mine. I open my mouth and welcome him inside, sucking on his tongue. He takes the wine from my hands and places it on the table near the door, then his hands come up to my breasts, circling and tickling, lightly exploring my curves. Dan presses against my back, grabbing the sides of my dress and pulling down slightly, the skirt beginning to slide off my hips. I can feel his erection beneath his pants as it slides up and down the top of the crack of my ass, insistent, wanting.

I wrap one hand through Rob's short, blonde hair and pull his lips closer to mine. I slip my other hand behind my back and down the waist of Dan's pants, running my fingers across his urgent bulge. An itch grows within my body as warmth blossoms from between my legs, spreading through me as the two men sandwich my body. Their lust for me is intoxicating and I let them explore my curves.

Dan grabs my skirt and pulls it the rest of the way down. It falls to my feet as Rob unzips my top and pulls it off me, tossing it behind him. Dan's hands come off me for an instant to undo my bra. I shrug it off, letting my breasts bob delightfully as I offer my naked body to my two lovers. Dan has lost his pants at some point and I feel his naked cock press up against my backside. Rob steps

back to undress and Dan's hands wrap around me, one sliding over the coarse hair between my legs, the other cupping a meaty breast. His finger slides against the top of my clit as he bites my neck.

“Ohh,” I sigh softly, my body tingling, as Rob tosses his pants aside and stands naked, his erection pointed at me. My body burns for it. I want him inside me. I want them both inside me. I understand through Chloe's memories that the deal is she can have Rob in her mouth, but only Dan can fuck her.

Rob takes my hand and leads me and Dan down the hallway to the living room. Rob sits on the leather couch and stares up at me. I know what I need to do, what I want to do. I sink to my knees on the rug in front of Rob. My face is so close to his cock. It looks large from this angle, the rounded head filling my vision. I kiss the tip gently, then kiss my way down his shaft and bury my nose into his pubic hair, before kissing my way back up. I open my mouth and wrap my lips around him. He's warm and musky on my tongue. I swallow him slowly, letting my lips slide down his shaft inch by inch until my mouth is full of him. I slide down, down, until his cock hits the back of my throat and I hold his heat in my mouth.

Behind me, Dan's rough hands slide over my ass. He spreads me open and presses the soft head of his cock beneath my plump cheeks and up against my pussy, rubbing my lust onto himself. I'm so wet for him as I continue licking Rob's shaft. Dan releases one of my cheeks to guide himself inside me, pressing, pressing, until he slips inside and I sigh with my mouth full. Dan grips my waist and he slowly pushes in deep. I arch my back for him and he presses harder against me until I'm full, the head of his cock sliding up gently but firmly against my inner pleasure. He slowly withdraws, then plunges in again and a fire burns through me. In my excitement I begin working Rob's cock faster, my saliva dripping down his shaft.

Dan pulls out once more, dips his head in once, twice, three times—pleasepleaseplease push it all the way in—teasing me until, on the fourth time he

thrusts deep and hard and I moan, quivering around the twin cocks inside me. I cum once, my body sparkling bright, then resume my sucking. I raise my head as Dan pulls me back on to him, lowering my lips onto Rob as the two work me back and forth and I'm full from both ends. The deep fragrance of cock fills my nose, Rob's taste fills my mouth and my own husband fills my cunt. Back and forth I rock my new body, the pleasure burning bright, a painful itch between my legs and I need the release. I need it need it need it. And we rock faster and faster, Dan hard and warm inside me, Rob pulsing between my lips and they cum together, grunting as my mouth and my pussy are filled with their cum. The liquid heat splashes across my tongue and against the back of my throat. I swallow gulp after gulp, drinking Rob down as Dan pumps into me, filling my delicate cunt with his own seed. I climax with them, clenching my pussy around Dan's cock, moaning as the cum drips down my lips, my chin, dirty with their desire.

Dan releases me and I slide off him, raising my head to look up at Rob. His head is thrown back and there's a huge grin on his face. I wipe the trickle of his seed from my chin and suck it off my finger, tasting his delicious salty essence.

After I clean myself off we have dinner. It's surprisingly normal considering what we've just done. But this is a regular event. Dan and Chloe trust Rob and as long as he obeys the rules he gets a blow job from a hot brunette any time he wants. Dan is, if anything, even more affectionate tonight, reaching under the table and stroking my thigh, stealing a kiss whenever he can. He enjoys watching his wife blow another guy, and Chloe enjoys doing it, enjoys the lust for her, the control she has over them from their desire for her body.

I hop out of her body the next day in a secluded spot in the bus station. As I pass by her she glances at me with no recognition, and walks on to join her co-workers on the bus. The bus pulls away and I'm alone at the station, just me and Chloe's memories.

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Thank you!

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

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available on Smashwords and Amazon:

Filled Up: Controlled by the Bully Part Two (Smashwords exclusive)

I'm still inside my mom's body, and now the bully is treating me like a gift to his friends

Part two of a dark, twisted tale involving male to female body swapping, MILFs, mind control, forced feminization, forced masturbation, MMF, forced pleasure, and steamy erotic scenes.

Switched Up: Controlled by the Bully Part One (Smashwords exclusive)

A young man is swapped into his own mom's body and controlled by the school bully with a high-tech collar. He's at the bully's mercy, forced to humiliate and pleasure himself at the bully's whim and in every manner possible. And with anyone the bully wants.

Becoming His Crush

Greg had been dreaming about her for months, and now that he was in his dream girl's body he was going to do everything he'd imagined!

Transformed

Five friends are punished by being transformed into the women of their desires. Their only hope of changing back is escaping within an hour, otherwise they'll be stuck in their new, gorgeous forms forever.

Family Affair [too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive!]

Michael was embarrassed to be seen clothes shopping with his mom in the mall. But when two strangers took control of their bodies, the day got much worse. Trapped in their own bodies, mother and son can only look on and experience every sensation as they're forced to get more intimate than they've ever imagined.

Mystery Man

She's a beautiful woman who's just been returned to her body after being forcibly swapped with a fat slob. He's a detective with ties to the body switcher. Together they're trying to find out what he made her do in the missing year of her life.

Taboo Swaps

Brothers swapping bodies with sisters, sons swapping bodies with mothers, and all exploring their sensual new bodies. This collection brings together 8 previously published stories of taboo body possession fun in one giant package.

The New Mom

Alyson is a self-centered, stuck up college student who uses her body to

manipulate and tease men. Paula is Alyson's mom, a chubby, harried woman whose best days are behind her and who is ashamed of her daughter's choices. When the two switch bodies, they have to deal with their new limitations...and their new sexual urges.

Watch Me

A man's life is turned upside down when he's gifted with some magic that allows him to swap bodies with the MILF next door.

Potions

An ordinary day gets turned upside down when four high school guys discover a potion that lets them inhabit the bodies of their classmates and explore their deepest desires.

Boldly Coming

Thanks to some strange magic, a group of guys find themselves transformed into the sexy women from their favorite star trekking science fiction series. Can they find a way to change back? And, after experiencing the full spectrum of female pleasure, do they even want to?

Young Again

Samuel is old. His daughter is exasperated with him. His granddaughter barely tolerates him. But everything changes when he discovers a spell that allows him to swap bodies with his buxom daughter and experience life all over again as a gorgeous, curvy female.

Coming Together

These guys weren't looking for love when they took over the bodies of two beautiful women, but something happened while they were enjoying themselves

Pleasureville

They just wanted to watch a porno, not be in one. But that's exactly what happens when a stranger stops by with a magical gift. Now these four friends are stuck in sexy, female bodies and have to navigate Pleasureville, a city straight out of every porn movie ever made. Can they escape before they're forced to star in their own fantasy scene?

Demon Seed

Jay expects a weekend away with his family to be boring...until he unleashes an ancient demon. She's a lust demon, forced to obey Jay's will and with the ability to possess any woman she touches. But with each sexual encounter the demon grows stronger. Can Jay stop her before it's too late? And what--or who?--does he have to do to stop the demon from breaking free and enslaving the world?

Hostile Takeover

Paul envies Rose. He wants her marriage, he wants her body, he wants her life. With the help of a little magic he's able to have all three. Now Rose is trapped, helpless in her own body as Paul takes over. He's making her do things she would never do...and feel things she hasn't felt in years.

Ghosted

Katie's life is no longer her own. There's a spirit in her body, a man controlling her, using her to satisfy himself. He can make her do anything he wants...and she

can see and feel it all.

Mind Games

Tina swaps bodies with a prostitute to test her husband. A high school girl swaps bodies with the school bully and now he won't give her body back. These two erotic body swapping stories feature explicit sexual content of people exploring their stolen bodies.

Someone Else

Two erotic body theft stories: In one, a teen possess his teacher for a few days of fun with his friends. In the other, a young man is swapped into the body of a celebrity and forced to earn his own body back through learning empathy.

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

A son takes over his mother's life. A man explores his friend's female form. Both stories feature raw, heart-pounding explorations of men enjoying their feminine features, and pushing their bodies to new heights of pleasure.

In the Doghouse

An experiment has swapped Jenny into the body of her dog, and if she doesn't get swapped back soon the change may be permanent. Her dog has gained her human abilities and memories, and already enjoyed the feel of her curvy new body. Includes a bonus story in which a young man takes over the body of his athletic friend for a day to explore her muscular form and experience life from the female POV.

Thought Experiment

A teen invents a machine that allows him to peek into the minds of others, but something goes wrong when he tries it on his sisters and he finds his thoughts in their bodies. Also includes a bonus story featuring a brother and a sister who get swapped into their parents' bodies at a most intimate time.

Possessive

When the school bully finds a ring that lets him possess people, he takes over the life of everyone who's wronged him for the ultimate revenge.

Alternate You

Ethan was always slightly uncomfortable in his body and often thought everything would be perfect if he was a woman. One night a strange app grants his wish and he wakes up in universe where everything is the same, except him. Now Vanessa, he explores his new life and relationships. But will becoming a woman solve his problems or make everything worse than before?

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive]

A bitter man finds a magic coin that lets him get revenge on his coworkers and the world, but there are some terms and conditions attached.

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Frankie is a bully who doesn't care about anyone but himself. When he finds a magic ring that lets him swap people into other bodies he uses it to create chaos. Along with his two buddies he roams campus swapping bodies at a whim and discarding them when he's done.

Into Her Body

A laboratory accident switches a young man into the body of a middle-aged female colleague.

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

How would you react if you suddenly found yourself in an attractive stranger's body? Mason is a senior in high school who's got a crush on his friend's girlfriend. One day he finds a strange stone which accidentally makes him swap bodies with her mother. Now he's a MILF and she's a horny teenage boy and they each have to pretend to be the other until they can swap back.

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories