

A M2F BODY
POSSESSION
STORY

TRAINING
Days

MWISS

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Training Days

M2F Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Training Days

I like going to the gym late in the evening. Everyone else is home having dinner or watching TV and I've got my pick of the machines. Victor, the regular night staffer, greets me as I swipe my card and push through the turnstile.

“Hey, Mike, how's your night?”

I shrug. “Can't complain.”

“The leg's looking a lot better.”

“Yeah, I'm feeling better. Getting there.” I reply, shooting him a weak thumbs up. And in truth, my limp is nearly gone.

Victor is one of those walls of muscle you expect to see at a gym: small shirt stretched near to bursting across a muscular chest, biceps bigger than my thighs, shiny white teeth. It wouldn't surprise me to discover he lived at the gym. I'm not like that. I wouldn't even come to the gym this much if it weren't for my knee. I hurt it playing pick up basketball a few months ago. Snagged a pass, turned and tried a jumper but was blocked and landed wrong. I knew something was off immediately but still waited a day or two before going to the doctor. I thought it would heal itself. Turned out, I needed rehab. The annoying thing is, I don't usually play basketball. It was a spur of the moment decision.

That was two months ago. My knee is better but still not great, hence these late night sessions. And while I'm here, I'm taking the opportunity to bulk up a little. Doing some arm workouts, some abs. Just trying to spruce myself up.

My injury is doubly frustrating because I can't really body hop for long periods of time or my leg won't heal. My real body goes into a kind of stasis when I inhabit someone else's skin and I come out the same as when I go in. Do that enough and I'll be limping for years instead of months. And I like my life. I like being normal, anyway. I'm not ready to abandon it all like some other hoppers have abandoned theirs, living from host to host.

I make my way over to the mats surrounding the free weight area in the far corner of the room. The corner is mirrored on two sides and I'm confronted with my image as I approach. My dark hair is cut short, little wisps just sticking up over my ears reminding me I need a haircut. I do some quick poses for myself in the mirror. It's surprising how quickly I'm able to put a little muscle on with just a couple workouts a week. I'm no muscle bound jock, but I'm looking pretty good if I do say so myself. And I have to, because no one else will say it to me. Not since Annie left.

I shake the thought away and spread my towel out on the mat before sitting on it. I slowly sink into the first of my stretches, reaching out to touch my toes until I can feel the good ache through my hamstrings. I don't wear headphones, preferring to bop along with the random Spotify music piped into the gym, usually consisting of 80s and 90s rock/pop. Tonight the songs seem to be on a run of power ballads.

When I'm good and limber I rise and make my way over to the leg press. I adjust the seat and set the weight embarrassingly low—another reason to love the emptiness of the late night gym—just trying to warm up for now. When I turn and take a seat, suddenly there's a woman in front of me climbing onto the elliptical machine who takes my breath away.

She wears a gray hoodie and purple running tights that cling to her body. She's willowy and graceful, moving with a compact energy as she mounts the machine and, god, I wish she were mounting me. Her silken hair flashes golden in the lights of the gym, and frames a youthful, lean face with sparkling blue eyes. She ignores me completely as I stare at her profile, admiring her perfect nose, the shape of her chin. My eyes drop lower, admiring her powerful yet slender figure, her tight, bouncy breasts and glorious golden legs. I could stare at her all night.

The elliptical machine is right in front of me and there's a moment when I think that of all the elliptical machines in all the gym she had to walk onto this one and that must mean something. But as the machine whirs into motion and her perfect calves reach a steady rhythm, it's clear she's focused on her workout and I may as well not even be here. Maybe this is just her favorite machine.

It's hard to concentrate on my own workout when perfection is so close to me. I'm having trouble counting my reps. She's completely messing me up and I'm not having any apparent impact on her. I'm probably not the type of guy she goes for. Well, I can try to change that. Maybe that's why Annie and I failed, because I refused to use my body hopping powers and understand her, change the parts I didn't like.

I slip off the leg press and toss my towel over my shoulder. I head around behind her elliptical machine as though I'm going to the change rooms. There's no one else working out and Victor is on the opposite side of the room, engrossed in something on his computer. As soon as I'm behind her I reach out and touch her arm. The instant my fingers touch her skin I'm gone.

My body and everything touching it evaporates instantly. I turn into a billion particles of energy rushing through her, filling her up from head to toe: her awareness – mine, her senses – mine, her body – mine.

I become her just as her body is warming up, gaining the awareness of her legs shifting into higher gear, feeling the breath in her lungs through her delicate nose. My youthful, feminine body digs into the workout, slowly approaching her top speed. It seems so effortless. I'm so light, so full of energy. After another minute or so I'm warm enough to quickly take off my gray hoodie and drape it over the controls. Now I'm confronted with my top: a white spaghetti strap over a black sports bra. It's sexy as hell, showing off my tiny figure as my tits bounce delectably with each step. Looking down I'm confronted with so much honey skin it almost makes me dizzy.

I wipe the sweat from my brow, fingers running over unfamiliar but pleasant contours, passing the occasional tiny, natural bump or mole on my otherwise perfectly smooth skin that just serves to make her that much more natural. I'm at a steady rhythm, in her zone, it's like going into a trance. I take the time to search through her mind and explore her memories, discover who she is.

I find her name—Leah—and explore her life. I get images of her job at an insurance office, intimately tied to her feelings of ennui. It's a living but not the one she chose. I'm not surprised to find she's sporty. Plenty of memories of biking or jogging or playing softball. And then late nights studying, going to night school.

She's got a lot friends but she's not a party girl. Reliable. Committed. Sometimes feels like a pushover. This is how she thinks of herself. I flit through and find her memories of her boyfriend. As I suspected, he's a meathead. Buff as hell. Handsome but not too bright. Okay but sort of selfish in bed. From her own memories of sex with him I give him a solid C+. She can do better.

My first goal is simple: break up with him. Actually, forget that. My first goal is: take care of myself.

Despite my desire to explore my new body, I force myself to continue through Leah's routine, teasing myself with thoughts about her body. When I finally stop the elliptical twenty five minutes later my heart is racing, I'm slick with sweat, and wet everywhere. Everywhere.

I grab Leah's sweatshirt and make my way back into the changing rooms. There's a single shower running somewhere but it's otherwise empty. I toss my sweatshirt and towel onto a bench and head to the mirrors. Leah's reflection slides into view and I'm smitten all over again. But now I can stare as much as I want.

Leah's face is flushed with exertion but gorgeous. It's how I imagine she would look after a thorough fucking: cheeks red, a few strands of blonde hair plastered to her forehead, a tiny bead of sweat dripping down between my breasts. I turn my head left and right, my eyes playing across the delicate shape of my nose, my alluring eyebrows, the perfect contours of my face. I slip my spaghetti strap top off over my head and drop it onto the counter, then struggle out of my sports bra. It's such a relief to finally be free. To have that pressure off my chest. I drop the sports bra on the counter with my top and flip my long blonde hair behind my back before admiring my breasts.

They're petite but gorgeous, perfectly fitting my slender frame and capped with small strawberry-pink areolae. I stroke them lightly with my fingers, enjoying my pleasant feminine shape. I circle round each nipple with a light touch as my body begins to warm. Soon Leah's nipples are hard as diamonds and I let my hands wander down my stomach, over my waist, and slip in beneath the elastic of my shorts. I roll them down my legs, revealing my smooth skin inch by inch. Leah's body is wonderfully real: here a small scar, there a tiny mole. Each imperfection just serves to highlight her beauty.

Now I'm completely naked and I stand up slowly, letting my hands slide back up my calves, my thighs, to the coarse triangle of dark blonde hair pointing to my slit. Fuck, she feels so good. I rub the top of my pussy with my fingers, watch the lips stretch and gyrate as I warm and grow loose. I push my middle finger inside, slipping into my velvety folds and caressing my clit. A tiny shiver of anticipation runs through my spine. I stare into the mirror as I finger myself, watching Leah's digit disappearing inside her, feeling my finger inside myself. I'm so warm and I'm growing wetter. It's an inner tension accompanied by an outer looseness, as my pussy becomes slick, the pouty lips unfolding and letting my finger sink deeper inside.

I push another finger inside myself, feel the tight inner walls of my cunt slippery with my lust as I use Leah's memories to pleasure herself. She knows just how she likes to be touched, how fast to go, what to do next. And I borrow those memories to push the tension inside my body higher, fingers circling faster, driving towards a release. A moan escapes my lips as my body burns with desire, fingers circling my clit. My other hand comes up to my chest and I grab a breast, fondling myself as my fingers burrow deeper inside, up to the second knuckle. God, Leah feels amazing—I feel amazing. My body buzzes with pleasure, my breath hitches in my throat as I urge myself higher, fingers moving faster inside my sopping wet pussy and then I throw my head back and cry out as I cum. My feminine voice echoes through the room as I masturbate, the orgasm flooding through every inch of my form, making me vibrate in utter ecstasy. The pleasure is vast and deep and overwhelming and I thrust my fingers hard inside my folds, rubbing myself fiercely until the tension snaps and then slowly dissipates.

My fingers decelerate with the slowing pleasure of my body, massaging my swollen clit until I'm back down to earth. I pull my fingers out of myself and bring them to my lips. The smell of Leah's pussy lingers as I suck on them, forcing Leah to swallow her own musky juices. She tastes delicious, salty and warm.

I notice that the shower has stopped running but whoever is inside is still in the

stall. They probably heard me out here. I grin in embarrassment and make my way into an empty shower to wash off.

It's incredibly erotic washing my new body, sliding my fingers along each curve, soaping myself up and then letting the water rinse away the suds, revealing Leah's glorious golden skin. I'm tempted to masturbate again but I've got one more thing to do tonight before I hop out of Leah.

As I drive towards Leah's boyfriend's apartment I dredge up all of Leah's negative emotions about him. All the times he's been selfish, the dates he's forgotten, the vanity, the dullness of him. God, even his name—Jack—is boring. I bring these emotions, each memory, to the forefront of Leah's mind and examine it, dissect it, pick out every little piece of Jack that grates on her and I magnify it, winding it into a narrative that makes sense to Leah: Jack's an underwhelming boyfriend she's settled for but now realizes she's too good for him. I remember the time she wanted to see that little indie movie and he wanted to watch football so they stayed home. The time he forgot her birthday. The time he was rude to one of her friends. He's an embarrassment. By the time I get to Jack's house, I can feel Leah's mind pulling away from him.

The breakup itself is easy. I knock on his door and act reluctant. He lets me in, already suspecting something's amiss. I break it to him gently. It's not you it's me. We're not right together. You never even tried to find my clit. This last one I don't have to say, but it's there in my mind if I have to pull out the big guns.

He cries. Starts to beg. I cut him off. It's easy for me because I don't have feelings for him, though I can feel Leah's mind start to bend. I hold my ground and leave soon after, while my annoyance is fresh, before he can convince Leah's subconscious.

I return Leah's body to her house, then stand with my back against her apartment door. I hop out of her body, my own particles streaming out of her and re-materializing on the other side of the door. I catch a cab home and wait for our next meeting, Leah's body still fresh in my mind.

Second

I took a look at her schedule when I was inside her, so I'm not worried when I don't see Leah at the gym for a few days. The next time she's there, I'm ready. I come in the front door right behind her. She's wearing those figure-hugging little workout tights again that cling to her shapely ass. And, fuck, what an ass. It's almost a shame when I hop in her that I can't stare at it easily. But I can sure as hell squeeze it.

Victor's at the front counter as usual and he greets us both as we scan in. Leah sees me and gives me a polite but distant smile. She has no idea how intimate we already are.

“Weren't you in here last week this late at night?” I ask.

“Yeah,” she replies, noncommittal.

Fair enough, I'm a stranger as far as she's concerned.

“I thought so. I'm usually all by myself. It's good to have company so Victor's not just watching me struggle.”

“Hey,” Victor interjects, “I watch everybody struggle. It's my job.”

Leah gives a flirty smile to Victor and flips her blonde hair back. “Do you help people if they're struggling or just watch?”

“I'm here to help. Just shout if you need anything. Or if a weight's fallen on you.”

“Or there's a fire,” I add.

“Yep. Fires. Snakes. Earthquakes. I deal with it all,” he laughs.

Leah places a hand on her hip and eyes Victor. Definitely flirting, which means Jack must be out of the picture. Good. The training held. Sometimes it doesn't and I have to go back in for reinforcement. Though, the way she's eyeing Victor it looks like I'm going to have to change her a little more to suit me.

I leave them alone and begin my stretches, biding my time until Victor's occupied. When he finally disappears into the back for a second, I walk over to the leg press equipment right behind Leah's elliptical. As soon as I'm in her blind spot I touch her arm and hop. It's a repeat of last time. My body disintegrates and I reappear inside her, running on the machine, my body a heady mix of feminine and athletic.

This time when I'm done I don't shower. Instead, I just return to her apartment. I'm enjoying the feel of her body, the subtle bounce of her breasts with each step, the way I flip my hair out of my face unconsciously, the smell of my body damp with sweat and exertion.

She lives alone in a two bedroom apartment, and I leisurely explore her place. A few trendy pieces of artwork hang on the wall. The furniture is a mid-century modern type of style you find at higher end retailers. A small bookshelf holds a few books. Modern, best selling fluff mostly, but with a couple of the more popular behavioral sociology type non-fiction mixed in. Her wardrobe, likewise, is tragic. Cut-offs. Baby doll tees. Tiny skirts. It's like her sense of style was frozen in her late teens. I mean, even the workout outfit I'm wearing—purple top stretched tight over a black bra, spandex tights—doesn't exactly exude class. I can sense Leah's intelligence, her curiosity and I want to bring them to the foreground. I know she wants to be classier and I can help.

But first...

I dig through her bedside table until I find her vibrator. I know it's here because Leah knows it's here. The vibrator is little more than a slim purple tube of hard rubber, tapered at the end and controlled by rotating the switch at the bottom, but it's perfect for me. I drop it on to the bed, then peel off my top. My petite breasts bounce free and it's such a relief to have the pressure of the sports bra off. I clasp my boobs in each hand and flick the blonde hair back behind my head with a practiced motion so I can have an unobstructed view of her body.

She exudes both a delicateness and a strength. Her body is limber and small but solid. I squeeze my breasts gently, hefting them, enjoying the weight and the feel of them. Her tits are perfection and my greedy fingers circle round and explore the soft skin. My nipples slowly sharpen in delight, until they're two pointed nubs rising from my soft skin. I grab them gently and softly twist and pull, slowly stretching the rubbery nipples out and letting them snap back, enjoying the youthful bounce of Leah's skin.

I hook my thumbs into the waistline of my spandex shorts and roll them over my

glorious ass. I sit on the bed and peel them off my legs, then adjust the pillows and lie on my back, my head propped up so I can enjoy the sight of Leah's body spread out before me. I run my hands across the beautiful, honey skin of my tummy, feeling the abs just beneath. I trace my eyes down my borrowed form, her tapered waist that flares out into a plump, perfect ass, before tapering again to long, solid legs. I draw up my feet so my knees are in the air and spread my legs before grabbing the vibrator and switching it on. It buzzes lightly as I return one hand to my tits and the other rests on my mound, the tip of the vibrator just touching my slit.

I know how Leah likes to touch herself and I follow the path in her mind. She's not afraid of her body and loves to pleasure herself. The vibrator sits just on my pussy, a gentle pressure as the buzzing warms me. I tilt it up and down slowly rubbing it across the top of my slit and soon my whole body is buzzing along with the vibrator. I tilt it, dipping the tapered head just inside my pussy, watching it disappear into me and press against my rapidly swelling clit. The waves of pleasure build within me as I continue working Leah's body, the vibrator sinking deeper inside as my pleasure unfolds, as does my pussy, until I'm aching with need. I bite my plump lips and wiggle my ass, flexing my legs up and down, unable to stay still with the bliss roiling my body.

I move faster, dipping the vibrator in and out of my warmth. It's shiny with my wetness now and the scent of my cunt hits my nose and makes my mouth water. My pussy lips unfurl gently. They're beautiful, delicate things that reach eagerly for the vibrator. I grip my tits harder as the wave of pleasure inside me gathers strength. A moan escapes my mouth as all of a sudden I crest and cum, a torrent of pleasure bursting suddenly through me. The orgasm pours through my tiny body and I continue working the vibrator up and down, guiding the pleasure through my wonderful form, watching as I fuck myself and hear Leah's voice cry out in deep, guttural moans.

The orgasm finally dissipates, my pleasure plateauing but still with another climax near. I continue working the vibrator, sinking it deeper into me. The

buzzing fills my cunt, driving me wild. I thrust the vibrator inside my pussy nearly to the hilt, my fingers landing in my wetness, faster, harder, raising my hips to thrust deep and then I cum again, thrusting hard as pleasure shoots through me, destroying all rational thought. My only desire to pound myself, to thrust, to fill, to grab. And I do, greedy for Leah's body as I share another orgasm, even better than before and my voice spills from my lips. I'm crying out uncontrollably as I thrust my hips up, trying to meet the vibrator coming down, sinking deep, deep into myself as my entire body rocks with joy and I want to touch every part, to stroke every curve, to fill her until she can't take any more.

When I'm finally done I slip the vibrator out and turn it off. I lie on the bed, breathing hard, my body covered lightly in sweat once again. I feel amazing. I rest for a few minutes before rising to grab her laptop off her floor. I return to the bed and prop the laptop on my naked lap.

Leah's job pays pretty well so I have no qualms about refreshing her wardrobe and her tastes. First, I buy some music for her, steering away from the popular stuff that already fills her playlist and choosing some lesser known musicians. As I bob my head along to the music, I browse some clothing sites and pick out some elegant outfits I know would look fantastic on her. Classy, dark blouses and long sleeve tops that aren't cut so low as to be slutty but will still reveal a hint of cleavage. Skinny jeans that will meld to the perfect curves of her ass and her solid calves. And one dark red dress, perfect for fancy evenings out. I buy some cute accessories: small ruby stud earrings, a few bracelets, and a funky ring.

I buy some new art for her walls. Again, keeping it classy and aspirational. I read the art reviews, keeping her up to date on the art scene, directing her at the highbrow intellectual topics I'm familiar with, preparing her for me.

When I'm done shopping I clear out her browsing history, keeping the porn because I like her powerful sexuality but excising most of the trashy gossip sites.

I load her up on the New Yorker, and the Guardian, and some of the more reputable news discussion blogs. I concentrate on my choices, examining what I enjoy about them and pushing that enjoyment into Leah's mind, imprinting my tastes onto her. I can sense her subconscious mind grappling with the seeds I'm planting, latching onto them, nurturing them. She's quick—I enjoy that about her—and her natural curiosity means she soaks up knowledge easily. I keep going late into the night, trying to cram as much as I can, knowing some will be lost but that enough should stay to turn her into the woman I know she wants to be. That I want her to be.

I hop out early the next morning, again appearing on the other side of her closed apartment door and sneaking away. I'll give my seeds a chance to grow and catch up with her in a week or so.

Third

The next week when I see Leah at the gym she's changed. She carries herself better and her clothes are classier, not as revealing but nonetheless perfect for her body.

“We really need to stop meeting like this,” I joke as she walks into the gym behind me.

“If I didn't know better I'd think you're stalking me,” she laughs, a delightful, tinkly sound.

She smiles up at me and I gaze into her sapphire blue eyes. I'm delighted to find she's wearing less makeup, just a dash to highlight her perfect good looks but nothing like the thick dark eyebrows and blush of before. We both swipe our cards and pass through the turnstile. Before I can say anything else Victor is there and suddenly her attention is on him. The shift is subtle but noticeable; as she turns to him her eyes light up and she unconsciously brushes her hair back.

“Evening, Mike. Hi, Leah. Looking good tonight.” Victor grins.

“You too,” she says, lingering at the desk in front of Victor. “I like that shirt.” She reaches out and feels the fabric of Victor's gray polo, letting her fingers graze his chest, leaning forward and exposing the hint of her breasts as her shirt drapes down.

Even this new Leah is still into these brawny musclemen. That's okay, I've planned for that. I've come to the gym dressed in dark slacks and a blue button down shirt, the top button open. Dressy but casual. I won't need workout clothes tonight. I walk away to the elliptical, leaving Leah to flirt with Victor. I bide my time across the gym until Leah comes over. Tonight I hop inside her before she even steps foot on the machine.

She's already a little bit flushed and warm. Her heart is fluttering. I search through her mind to find what's happening. When I realize, I look up at Victor across the gym. Seeing him through Leah's mind, I'm utterly attracted to his solid physique, his chiseled jaw, and his dark expressive eyes. But she's too shy to go over there and demand what she wants. She's predisposed to wait for Victor to make a move. She's a wilting violet just waiting to be given permission to act. I know she has an iron will inside, I've found it in my travels. And yet, when it comes to men, she takes a backseat. This is my chance to give both of us what we desire.

I stride towards Victor, a suggestive smile on my face. He's fiddling with something on his computer but he senses me approaching and looks up. His face breaks into a grin that makes my heart flutter. I can sense Leah's mind wanting to pull back, but I continue on.

“Hey, Leah, what's up?” He asks.

I'm across from him at the desk. Only two feet of counter between us. I reach over and grip his shirt, pull him close to me. “You're up, I hope.” I say.

We kiss. Victor's taken aback at first but soon gets into it. Suddenly, he pulls

away.

“I can't. I've got to stay at the desk.” He says, “In case someone comes in.”

I look around at the completely empty gym, then turn back to him and arch an eyebrow.

“Then you better make it quick.” My voice is a low growl, oozing sex.

A minute later we're in a supply closet, desperate for each other, clinging, gripping, squeezing. His hands are greedy for me, roaming up and down my slender form as his lips lock on to mine. He's got a wonderfully masculine taste and his sandalwood scent fills my nose. I suck his tongue into my mouth and push myself closer to him, wrap my hands around his ass. His powerful form is huge, nearly overwhelming from the perspective of my petite body. He could crush me, could make me his plaything, hold me down and fuck me mercilessly. At least I hope he will. He grows hard beneath his clothes and my hands find his bulge. I run my fingers across his pants, feel him straining towards me.

He presses harder against me and I'm so fucking wet for him. I yank his zipper down and free him. His dick jumps into my hand, hard and huge. I pull my biker shorts down along with my panties, then turn around and offer my ass to him. I lean on a nearby box and arch my back as I half turn and beg through half lidded eyes, “Fuck me hard.”

He grips his cock and approaches. My god it's huge, nearly terrifying in its enormity. He shoves it between my legs, hard up against the dripping lips of my pussy. I'm so fucking wet it doesn't take much pressure and with one quick shove

he enters me. I gasp as his cock penetrates me, the bulbous head and shaft filling me up. My pussy pulses as his cock thrusts deeper, my velvety walls gripping him like a glove. And still he enters me. His cock continuing to burrow inside, deeper, deeper, impossibly deeper, and suddenly he's all the way in. I've taken the entire cock and I pause, my breath shallow as he holds me there, so full of him. Then he pulls out and before I can take a breath he thrusts in again, pushing me against the box. I push back, feel him slam into me and I cry out. He's taking me fast and furious, just like Leah needs.

I urge him on, begging me to pound me harder. “Oh, yes, yes! Fuck my little pussy,” I moan in Leah's ex-soaked voice. Deep in the throes of pleasure I think of myself, transferring my thoughts to Leah. Imagining that it's my real body's cock filling me, that it's such a perfect fit, that I'm the only man for her. My cries spill from my lips as Victor grips my hips and slams into me again and again. But in my mind it's not Victor. It's me, pounding my perfect ass, watching it jiggle with each thrust. My cock is perfection, fitting me exactly, hitting where I need it, pounding me hard like the dirty little slut I need to be tonight.

I orgasm hard, a shuddering gasping desire burning through me. My thoughts are on myself even as Victor's cock pounds me. The rhythmic slapping of my ass is impossibly loud in my ears, joined by Victor's grunts. Manly. Needful. But not as manly or as needful as me. And suddenly Leah has my thoughts. It's me she dearly wants to fuck. Me she wants to ride until exhausted and sated.

“Fuck me harder,” I command, needing this orgasm more than anything, needing it to tie Leah's desire to me.

Victor obliges, somehow redoubling his efforts and pounding everything out of my head except my desire for more, more! He squeezes my ass and his thrust is painful in its intensity but so, so good. I cum hard, growling long and low as the orgasm burns through me, throwing my head back and thinking of myself as Victor cums. His cock pulses inside me, filling my cunt with his seed. The heat

spreads deep inside me and, god, I've never been more full. My entire world is pleasure, my concentration focused solely on the orgasm throbbing through me, the wonderful slam of the cock deep inside.

I come down slowly, breathing hard, Victor's cock still inside me. But I know from Leah's thoughts she wishes it was mine. She's still so horny. Victor wasn't enough. No one is enough. Except for me.

Victor pulls out and we get dressed. He peeks out of the closet, sees the hallway is clear, and motions for me to go on out. I slip out the door, running my hands through my disheveled hair to try to bring some semblance of order.

I return to Leah's place to shower and soap myself down until I'm clean and fresh smelling. I slip into the red dress. It does indeed fit me in all the right places, clinging to my ass, my tits, showing off my tight curves. I do my blonde hair into soft curls, dab on my makeup, spray on the perfume that drives me crazy. When I'm done with Leah she's gorgeous. Youthful, intelligent, classy...and horny as hell for me. It's all she wants now, all she can think about. She can hardly believe how much she needs me. I'm the only thing that can finally sate her desire.

I drive back to my real apartment and stand just outside my door. I hop out of Leah, through the door, and materialize in my own apartment to wait. Leah knows this is my place. She doesn't know how she knows, but she does. I'm sure she would question how she found me and why she felt the need to show up out of nowhere and why I'm not back at the gym where she last saw me. She would, if her horniness wasn't kicked into overdrive, if she could think about anything but seeing me.

She knocks and I throw open the door. God, she's radiant. Perfect skin. Perfect figure. Perfect smile. A slight blush creeps into her cheeks and she bites her

bottom lip just at the sight of me.

“H-hi, Mike. I hope you don't mind me dropping by.” With her newfound boldness she walks in, knowing I'll stand aside.

“I would never mind,” I reply, closing the door behind her and glancing at her ass.

She half turns and curls a lock of blonde hair in one finger coquettishly. “You like what you see?” She giggles. It's no an airhead giggle, though. It's a nervous giggle, as though she can't believe she's doing this, as though she wants this so bad she's worried she'll mess it up and lose it all.

I gesture her into the living room and follow behind. She look around, taking everything in. “Is that a Lucinda Brown?” She asks, motioning to a picture filled with a flurry of muted colors. It's similar to the one I bought for her place.

“It is. You know her?” I say, coming up next to her. The flowery scent of her perfume is intoxicating.

“I love her stuff. Boy Meets Gorge is probably my favorite of her pieces.” She turns to me and flicks her head to toss her blonde curls behind her. “How's the bedroom in this place?”

“Pretty big. I'll show you.”

I lead her down the hall. I can feel her presence behind me, like all my senses are focused solely on her. I know this is how she feels about me. We enter the bedroom and I turn to face her, to make some sort of inane comment to break the heavy silence. But before I can speak she's on me. Her lips desperately connect with mine and she sighs as I kiss her back, as if it was an answer she'd been waiting for all night. Her hands wander around my cheeks, kissing, pulling back to stare at me, to memorize my face, before pressing close and kissing furiously again. She's enamored, head over heels in love.

I grip her ass, pull her close and she melts into me, draping her arms around my neck as she pushes her body close to mine. I've never wanted anyone more than I do Leah in this moment, and the feeling's mutual. Fuck, I'm so full of her scent, her taste, her touch, I can't think straight. All I know is desire.

She pushes me back and tips me onto the bed, then kneels between my legs as I push myself up into a sitting position. She yanks my pants down and her breath catches in her throat as my cock springs to attention. Her eyes are wide, taking every inch of me in, as though she can hardly dare to believe she's finally seeing my dick. Her entire being is focused on my cock. Slowly, hesitantly, she leans forward and opens her lips. She kisses the head of my dick and slowly licks down my shaft. Her hand comes up and joins her tongue, stroking my cock as she licks and sucks me, growing more urgent.

Then her ruby lips part wide and she engulfs me, sinking her head down my shaft, swallowing my entire cock, not stopping until her nose presses into my pubic hair. I gasp as her tongue undulates against my shaft. She's incredible. I gently pull her hair out of her face so I can watch as she sucks my dick, watch as her amazing profile sinks down and my cock disappears into her hot wetness, across her tongue and deep into her throat. She pulls up, a strand of saliva connecting her lips to my cock. She kisses her way back down as she strokes me, her eyes wide, never leaving my dick as she worships it.

She swallows me again, tongue running down my shaft, hot breath covering my dick. She pauses as she feels me throb in her mouth and I grip her blonde hair, urging her to wait while I get myself under control. When I release she slides her lips back up and down and, oh god, it's amazing. She's so in love with my dick. She finally slides off me, releasing me with a soft pop.

She giggles and climbs up my body, wrapping her arms around me and kissing me once more. She hikes up her dress and lowers herself onto my lap. My cock presses against her pussy, so wet and warm. The pressure builds, builds, and then I'm inside her. She's perfect. Her wet heat grips me, pussy lips sliding down my cock until she's in my lap. I thrust up slowly and we fuck, kissing urgently, wanting this moment to last. She's so wet I can feel her dripping down me. Her little moans are muffled by my kisses but she soon throws her head back, giving into the pleasure as she rides me hard, unable to think of anything but filling herself with my dick.

I pull her dress down, free one breast and suck on it, rolling the nipple around in my mouth. My other hand squeezes her other tit as if for the first time. She rides me as I suck her breasts, each of us greedy for the other, our bodies matching in rhythm. We move faster. Urgency overtakes us and now I have to drop her breasts to grab her hips so I can thrust up into her as she sinks down. I pound deep into her, slamming into her center as her voice rises in pitch.

“Fuck me, Mike. Oh, god, fuck me.” She screams and I burrow myself inside her, harder, faster and the tension grips me and I cum, emptying myself into her pussy and setting off her orgasm. I can feel her pussy clench around my cock as I throb inside her, spurting my seed into her while she moans in abject desire. She dances on my dick, her entire being concentrated on me being inside of her, living for this, wanting only this.

When I'm finally done she stays on me, kissing me some more, still greedy for my touch, occasionally shuddering with aftershocks.

“I...never...want...to...leave...” she says between kisses.

And I know she won't because I've made sure she's mine. The perfect woman for me. Forever.

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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 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 or to hire me to write a story for you.

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

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Four frat guys are punished by being transformed into their ideal pornstars:

the blonde bombshell

the Thai goddess

the ebony beauty

and the sexy girl next door.

All they have to do to get their bodies back is go the whole day without sleeping with a man. But in their new sex starved bodies, and on a college campus surrounded by eligible guys, that's easier said than done.

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Ethan uses BodyPossession.com to control the bodies of three sisters and indulges their deepest, darkest desires.

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

When Luke accidentally swaps bodies with the hot lawyer next door, he's got to learn to live her life quick while she tries to switch them back. But after experiencing the full pleasures of being her, he may decide he never wants to go back.

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Dan and Michael are two brothers who've never been really close. But that all changes when Michael doses his brother with pills that instantly transform him into a smoking hot MILF.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

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