

Becoming a Bodyhopper – Part 1

(Female Body Possession Erotica)

By Nikki L. Falcon

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Thank you for downloading my book!

I really want to be an amazing writer and give my readers an unforgettable, exciting experience as they dive into my stories and my fictional worlds.

Everyone is free to offer constructive feedback on my work by messaging me on DeviantArt or Tumblr. Links are below.

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This book may contain sexual scenes which are not suitable for younger audiences.

Themes in this book include: Female body possession and female self-pleasure.

Part 1 – First Experiences

And then the Becky rolled off to the side of me. Her thin, hot naked body still dripping with sweat, her legs and pussy still moist from her juices. She was completely out of breath. No energy left at all. She cuddled up to the side of me, putting one arm around my chest as I lay on back staring up at the ceiling, smiling.

She spoke, but even though it was her speaking, I knew what was really happening there.

“That’s right, bro. You should be good to go now.” She said, smirking.

“So, will I be like you soon?” I asked.

“Of course. You just got to put in the practice. Get a feel for it. Man, it’s been a while since I had a fuck that good. Shame you’re going to be trying out girls for a while. I could use a good fuck like you more often, Luke.” She said to me.

She had long, blonde hair that was wrapped up in a ponytail. A thin, perfect body with hardly any bodyfat, but nice, sexy tits and you just barely see her abs too. Of course, she was a track star here on campus. The best around. All guys wanted to get with her. Girls wanted to be here. And here I was, lucky me, I got to fuck her. Although I had a little help from Bill.

Bill’s my friend. He lives in the area. A homeless man with a big, brown scruffy beard and an even bigger belly. He doesn’t work. Doesn’t need to. After all, he’s what they call a, “Bodyhopper”. A person with the ability to possess and take over the bodies of anyone that they choose. They just walk into them like a kind of ghost and after a second or two of struggling, they quickly take over the other person’s body. In this case, Bill took over Becky, the college track star.

Him and I became friends after a few encounters together. He sensed something about me. I guess it’s a feeling bodyhoppers get. He knew I was a hopper too. This weird feeling in him gave it away. He knew that I could be

just like him, but he had to activate my power in some way. And the best and most fun way to do so was to just fuck me in a body which he was in possession of. It takes several tries and several possessions before finally it just works.

How does he know it work? Well, the strange feeling he gets, apparently. It goes from being this quiet, low, almost imperceptible feeling to something much stronger and much more intense. And, I guess fucking me in Becky's body did the trick.

"Hey, but I ain't all that nice, Luke." He continued. "I'm not going to walk around with you everywhere you go and be your little coach, cheering you on, giving you pointers, picking you up when you fall down. Fuck that. I ain't that kind a guy. You wanted these powers, you got them. Now we can meet up later, if you want, when you're more experienced, but I'm not helping out a fresh hopper. You'd be too annoying. I'll let you work all that out yourself."

I couldn't blame him. Since when has he ever been 'nice'. Even when he possessed Frankie, the cute, but super shy librarian chick with the most conservative style ever, he turned her into a rough-n-tumble kind a girl. Even gave her a tattoo as a memento. Fucking Frankie was a time I'd never forget.

But hey, if it wasn't for Bill, I'd never get laid. I was a virgin until I met him, and he showed me all the fun I was missing out on. Maybe I was too shy and weak, as he always said. I needed more confidence. I had a few crushes on various girls, but never the skills and charisma to get a girl. But thanks to Bill, I think that's all about to change.

Bill relaxed on the bed next to me, occasionally taking his dainty, feminine hands and feeling up his soft, sexy body while laying next to me. After about 10 minutes of polite cuddling, although he says it was because he was exhausted, he got up, put her clothes back on, gave me a little wink, and headed back out the way he came.

Bill cuddled up next to me. Strange. He never used to do that. I either fucked him really good or he really enjoyed being with me that night. Maybe he's enjoying my company in general. I doubt that'll be the last time I see him.

I lay there in my dorm room bed and slowly drifted off to sleep. In the morning, things were normal as always. My roommates had already left for their classes and work, so I left later on to go to the library to study. But first, I had to talk to Mrs. Williams about a paper I was writing. She had gotten done correcting it and we needed to have a discussion about how to fix it up for next time.

She was my English teacher and I always found her to be extremely attractive – especially since she just turned 40 this year. She didn't look old. She already had a daughter, but no husband in her life as he passed away a long while back. She's been a little bit lonely ever since but has focused on her career as a university professor.

She was 5' 7 and had a nice figure, a beautiful ass, and a nice bust. Long, flowy hair, and she had a beautiful voice. She kept great care of herself and even her skin looked amazing. She didn't even look her age, she looked much, much younger. A total MILF.

I knocked on the door of her office.

"Come in." she said.

I opened the door. Her office was rather interesting.

She sat in her chair by her desk, going through her papers when I walked in. She gave me a little smile. Her office was very simple and not much was placed in there. It had her degrees hanging up on the walls and a small potted plant in the corner. There were multiple stacks of papers piled up on one another and scattered across her desk. Her computer sat there but was turned off.

“Oh, you’re here earlier than expected. Welcome, Luke.” She said smiling, organizing her papers, getting herself ready to help me.

“... Now, where did I leave that paper of yours.”

A strange combination of both organized in some areas and extremely disorganized in others, she was definitely an interesting person. I always enjoyed her class. And soon, I’d enjoy her body. I just needed the right opportunity.

As she was going through her paper stack, some of the papers fell to the ground and then she hit her leg against the table, wobbling it, and making one of the paper stacks fall straight down and scatter everywhere along the carpeted floor.

“Oh no. I’m sorry.” She said as she bent down to get all the papers. I could see her sexy body and her nice legs in that skirt she wore. I couldn’t contain myself. When she was facing the other way, that’s when I made my move.

I walked up behind her. I knew I had to enter her, but I’ve never done this before. But, seeing as how Bill kinda taught me a little bit from watching him, I probably could do it myself as well. I remembered how Bill had done it.

He’d just walk up to the girl, put his hands on them, then he closed his eyes, and his body slowly phased into them. Interesting. It was worth a shot. But if I failed, things would definitely get really weird between her and I, especially if something happened during the possession itself. I had to hope for the best.

I walked up right behind her and put my hands on her back very lightly. It was so soft and gentle that I doubt she could even feel me from her clothing. I doubt she was even expecting me to do this. Good thing the office door was closed. Nobody would come in here.

I concentrated on her body. Entering her. Feeling her. Seeing what it would be like to be her and enjoy her. What would it be like to enter her

body and become her. Try her out. Live her life as her. I admit, it turned me on just thinking about it.

As my eyes were shut and as I concentrated, I felt this weird warmth and tingly sensation coursing through my finger tips. It started first at the tips of my fingers before it started to go down and enter my fingers, hands, wrists, up my arms, and then encapsulating my entire body with the feeling and sensation.

I heard her speak.

“Wha... Oh... I feel a little...” she tried to say, but then the warmth and tingling sensation encapsulated my entire body. I felt it and I didn’t hear anything from her.

Was she ok? Did I hurt her? Did it work?

Worrying for her, I opened my eyes, but it was strange. I was standing up now. Something strange was tickling my neck. I reached up to grab it. It was her hair. Blonde hair. Silky smooth. I looked down and was quite surprised at what I saw.

Her body. It really was her body. She had her skirt on and her blouse. She looked really hot. Her two large breasts were jutting out of her blouse. She had soft, smooth skin and an amazing physique. She just looked so incredible.

It was a little strange, however. She had a different center of mass. Her hips were wide, and she had her large breasts, which felt a little bit heavy on me. I reached down and began to feel up my new body.

My hands touched my hair and felt how smooth and soft her hair was. She definitely kept it nice, never letting her age ruin her good looks. She looked like a model, despite her becoming almost middle aged now.

I took my hands and began to slowly caress her soft hand and arms. No hair at all. Perfectly smooth, gentle skin. My hands slowly found their

way to her breasts. They were large D cup breasts that felt so great in my hands.

Thankfully, nobody was around to see me. I sat down in her chair and slowly lifted up my blouse, exposing her breasts resting beautifully in her black and white lace bra. I carefully touched them, encircling them with my hands.

“Fuck me. She’s so hot.” I said softly to myself.

I was pleased with my successful possession. I just took control of her body and already I was feeling her up. This was so much fun. I couldn’t wait to do it to more girls in the area. Cheerleaders, girlfriends of friends, random hot girls in my classes. The possibilities would be endless.

I took her breasts out of her bra and let them hang free. They were huge! They looked even bigger from my angle.

Slowly, gently, I let my fingers trace along the edges of her breasts and towards her nipples. I closed my eyes, letting myself just slow down and feel every inch of her soft, smooth, and incredible body and skin. Every feeling and every caress. She looked so hot.

When my fingers ran along her nipples, I felt a strong shot of pleasure shooting through my whole body. It was a little bit both ticklish, but also really hot. I touched them again and then again. It felt amazing. I’ve never felt something like this as a man. I was surprised that girls don’t just stop and play with their tits everyday all day.

I wasn’t done yet, I wanted to keep on going. More and more. I took my fingers and began to pinch and twist my new nipples. Slowly at first, but then going faster and harder and more intense.

The feeling was so intense and strong. I could feel my panties getting wet.

I looked down and into my skirt and slowly lowered it down, revealing her sexy, black and white panties. I could feel myself getting so turned on and excited.

With one hand on my nipple, I took my other hand and slowly reached down into her panties. She was mostly shaved down there. Quite impressive. She takes good care of herself.

My finger approached her pussy. I was a little nervous. Perhaps, I was taking this too far. Or maybe, not far enough. This was my first time ever taking over a girl before and now I was already using her body for my own selfish and lustful desires. I was quickly becoming a real bodyhopper.

Her pussy was so wet and moist. My finger began to caress her soft, wet, warm, moist walls of her pussy. Up and down, up and down. Stroking it softly and gently, but it was just too much. I couldn't believe how wet she had become in such a short period of time. So quickly too.

Her panties were already getting soaked. Her thighs and her chair was a little wet too. I knew this might be a little wrong; to possess my teacher and then use her body for my own pleasure, but it just felt so good. I didn't want it to stop.

I reached in deeper into her pussy. Really trying to maximize my own selfish pleasures. I didn't want it to end. I wanted to cum and cum so hard.

I pushed my finger in and out of her tight, little pussy; rubbing it hard against the upper, bumpy wall of her pussy.

"Fuck, she feels so good." I said to myself softly, biting my lip.

As I continued fingering my new pussy, I could feel myself about to orgasm. I didn't want to cum, I wanted to keep going. But the pleasure was too much. I felt like a slave to her body.

Harder and harder, more and more. I kept playing with my new pussy. Tweaking my nipples and playing with my pussy until finally I came. My

whole body shook and convulsed briefly from the intensity of it all. It was a little bit scary, but it just all felt so good.

I relaxed in my chair. I still had my skirt down and my breasts hanging out. I leaned back in my chair and just rested for a second. It was so good. I knew that when I came, I moaned out loud. Probably a bit too loud. If anyone was nearby, they would've surely heard me, but perhaps I was still safe. Not like it mattered. It wasn't really my body.

My first time in a girl and already I had fingered and played with myself until my first orgasm. This possession stuff was becoming very exciting. I wanted to do even more of it. Mrs. Williams was good, but I wondered who else to take over. I felt drunk with power. I could have anyone in the world, but taking over girls seemed like the best option, especially hot girls like my teacher.

I thought of all the other interesting girls that I could take over and have all kinds of fun with. Samantha was hot. She sat kind of close to me in science class. Erica was also really beautiful. She was a cheerleader. But then again, there was Josephine. Not only was she a cheerleader too, but she was the girlfriend of my best friend, Nate.

Josephine would be the perfect target. She was likely going to head out to practice pretty soon. With her thin body and long hair, and incredible style. I was surely going to enjoy being with her. Or rather, being her.

I put Mrs. Williams' clothes back on, concentrated, and then left her body. It took her a few seconds, but soon, she slowly came to.

"Huh? What happened?" she asked, holding her hand up to her head. "I have a huge headache. Ow."

"I'm not sure, Mrs. Williams. I think you hit your head on the desk when you were trying to stand up. You're ok, I think." I told her.

Mrs. Williams just reached into her purse and scoured around. Probably trying to find some pain relievers.

“Well, don’t worry about it. Let’s review my paper tomorrow instead when you’re feeling better.” I told her.

“Yeah, that’s true. Maybe when I’m feeling better.” She replied and continued searching through her purse.

She reached for her skirt and adjusted it, probably feeling the slight wetness down there. I could see her face blush with embarrassment.

“See you tomorrow.” I said as I left and closed the door behind me.

I doubt she knows or remembers what happened to her. That’s good. It deserves to be a secret anyways. Now, however, to have some fun with someone even better – Josephine, the cheerleader.

I headed out to the locker rooms at the gym. It was almost 11am now and I was confident that many of the girls would be over there now either training or getting ready to train. Josephine was different, however.

While she got along well with the other girls, she was also very much a loner type. She did her own thing and was very independent. She didn’t always like to be around everyone else. She liked to train alone and was often very shy. This would make her an easy target for my next hop.

I approached the large gym. It had large glass panels on the outside, letting people see out into the open park in front. Inside, many people were working out and running on the treadmills. It was busy inside, but not too much.

I saw a few girls in matching outfits side-by-side running on the treadmills. One was a brunette and the other was a blonde. I didn’t see Josephine though.

It was a campus gym, so I could enter it anytime I wanted, but I just had to sign in. I looked around. Most of the place was empty, but so it wasn’t too busy, but there were people moving about. I definitely couldn’t just walk right into the girl’s changing room and see if she was there. Thankfully, I didn’t have to wait long to find my answer.

I saw Josephine coming in. She was wearing her typical jeans, shirt, and sneakers. It didn't really flatter her that much. She was attractive, but with those clothes, it'd be hard to tell. She was never one to show off.

She signed in and walked toward the girl's changing rooms. I was right near them, although luckily not in them, or that would've been rather embarrassing. The men's rooms were right next to them and there were some water fountains there, so it made for an easy excuse. She saw me.

"Hey, Luke. Haven't seen you at the gym lately." She said, smiling.

She was right. I haven't been to the gym in a long time. I don't often go and it kinda shows. I'm getting a little bit weaker and fatter, but just by a little bit.

"Yeah. I just started." I lied.

"That's good. I'm glad you're getting back into it. Well, I've got to do my training today. Let's talk later. Bye." She said as she walked off into the locker and changing rooms.

She seemed like she was in a bit of a rush. Always had trouble being on time for things and always coming a little bit late. Well, that's what my friends always told me about her. Her and I have never really talked all that much, but she was friendly, and I liked being with her. More importantly, she was very hot.

I had to do it. I had to go into the locker room. A little embarrassing, but I had to try. There was no way that I could possess someone nearby just to enter the locker room. All that effort for just a little embarrassment.

Gathering up my courage, I looked around, seeing if there was anyone else around watching me, but there wasn't, so I slowly entered.

I peaked in, there was nobody. Thank god! My heart was still beating really fast and I would hate to get caught like this, but I had to do it.

I moved slowly and quietly in there until I came across the third locker aisle, where I saw a girl taking off her shirt. Her back was to me. Perfect. Just the right opportunity that I needed. It was Josephine. With nobody around, I made my move.

I concentrated on entering her body and walked towards her, putting my hands on her back, and then pushing myself into her. I felt the warmth and tingling sensation again washing over my body until finally my senses returned and I could feel and, when I opened my eyes, see again too.

I think I was becoming better at this. I was really becoming a bodyhopper. Going from body to body.

I could smell the soap they used to clean the room. I could smell her own light, flowery perfume she always put on. My long, blonde hair dangling down. I noticed how thin she was. Much thinner than Mrs. Williams, but she still had nice breasts too. A really attractive body with a little bit of muscle. She was just the right kind of girl. I wished that she was my girlfriend. I could have fun with her all the time. I was quite jealous of my friend, Nate.

Instead of working out on the treadmills today, maybe she should have a little rest instead. I put away her things into her locker and closed it up, then put her shirt back on. Jeans and T-shirt would be still ok for now. I walked over to the large bathroom stalls they had. Clean and still, nobody was around. Just what I needed. Peace and privacy.

I liked walking in her body. She had such a tight ass and her hips naturally rocked a little bit from side to side as she walked.

I went to the bathroom and sat down. This is so wrong. Using my best bud's girlfriend's body just to pleasure myself. Oh man, what if I continued being her and acted like her too. What if I went on a date with him while the whole time, it was really me behind the wheel. I wonder if I should reveal it to him or just keep up the charade. That would be so much fun. No doubt, I was a bodyhopper now.

I sat down and lifted up my shirt. Her tits were jutting out from her chest. They were so big, but not too big. And not as big as Mrs. Williams' too.

I was getting turned on just looking at her hot body from where I was. Which just made my body that I was in here even more turned on. Being a man in a hot girl's body. Fuck, this is the life.

I slowly began to feel up her big, soft, sexy breasts. I definitely go for girls with big tits rather than nice butts.

Her tits were so soft and full. I brought my hands down towards her nipples and gently ran my hands over them. The pleasure was intense. I felt my breathing becoming heavier and I closed my eyes. Letting myself become overwhelmed by how good it all felt.

I really was glad I took over a girl. Girl's bodies are so pleasurable. I wonder if I should stay a girl for even longer. What else can I do as a girl? Maybe live out her life for a few days or a week. I don't know if I could do an entire month or a year, but perhaps in the future. I could try out so many different people and their lives. Could I also try out the lives of men too? Perhaps. I certainly would if the man had a hot girlfriend that wanted to fuck.

I focused back on my body. I only had so much time to use her body before her friends would notice she was gone. I didn't want them to get suspicious and go looking for her. That'd ruin my fun really quick.

As I pinched, pulled, and twisted my soft nipples, I could feel myself getting closer to orgasm. While pleasuring myself did feel so good, I kind of wondered what it'd be like to get fucked by another guy or at least use some kind of vibrator. She didn't have one, but it still was a thought of mine.

I pinched and played with myself until I finally came.

I moaned softly and bit my lip. It just felt so good. I couldn't believe it.

Soon, my hands were finding their way into my pants and I was fingering my wet, moist pussy. She was soaking wet and so turned on. I was so turned on. Her body was just made for pleasure.

I fingered myself for another few more minutes, feeling the dampness of my wet, warm pussy and touching each pump inside of her. Her clit was too sensitive, though, and when I tried to touch it, it just felt too intense and I had to stop.

It wasn't long before I came again and again. I couldn't help it. I was just so turned on by her incredible body. She's just the kind of girl I like. Nice tits, good figure, and very sensitive body.

But I wasn't done yet. I was exhausted and my thighs and butt were a little wet from my own pussy juices, but I was having fun. I wondered if I could extend my time with her just a little bit more.

Trying out her sexy body for a little fun was one thing, but maybe I could try to be her for a bit longer. What if I stayed as her for the next 8 hours. That would be until about nighttime. By then, I could escape from her school dormitory unnoticed at night. It'd be perfect. But could I really imitate her?

I know her, but we're not that close. Even if I did mess up the act and people thought I wasn't acting normally, I probably could just brush it off as nothing. But how far could I go? I wondered if her boyfriend would notice something was off about her. Could I trick him? What if he had sex with me while I was in her body? Should I tell him I'm possessing his girl or keep it a secret.

The possibilities were endless. But that was for later, now I had to work out... and in a sexy female body too. I had to put on my best Josephine impression.

After the afterglow of the pleasure slowly died off, I set my clothes on properly, washed up, and then changed into her sports bra and running shorts. The shorts were quite nice. They were short green shorts which showed off her sexy, athletic legs. She was strong and probably a good runner, but she wasn't too muscular too. Just perfect.

It was my first time putting on a bra, so I admit, it was very awkward at first, but I think I'm snuggly in. I doubt these babies will be bouncing too much throughout my run.

Now, for the real fun. Can I go running with her friends and keep up the charade. I bet they won't notice anything is off. This was going to be so much fun.

I smirked.

I couldn't wait to see how today was going to unfold. I'm so glad I finally became a bodyhopper. What better power could anyone ask for.

(To be continued)

Thank you for reading!

If you have any comments or questions, you can always message me on my DeviantArt or Tumblr accounts.

I'd also appreciate it if you left a review on the site where you received it. I love getting feedback. I read all of it. It helps me improve as a writer, so I can make better stories for you.

Thank you again and I hope you look forward to more from me.

Love,

Nikki