



A
Strange
DESIRE

Part 1

A Female Body Possession Erotica

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A Strange Desire

(A Female Body Possession Erotica)

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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 Deviant Art or Tumblr. Links are below.

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Themes in this book include: female body possession, sex,

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Part 1: Finding a Way

Paul was my good friend since high school. We hung out a lot. He's a great guy and he's really nice, but recently he told me that he's gay. Normally, I'd be totally cool with that, but then he told me that actually he likes me. He's attracted to me. No, more specifically, he's in love with me. Sadly, that's just something I can't do because unlike him, I'm straight. I like girls. Always have and I always will.

Paul, however, didn't take this too well. He was very upset by this whole thing and then he went off and sulked in his room for a few days. I was a bit concerned. He's my friend and I really like the guy. But, of course, it sucks that this had to happen between us. We both go to college together and so, later after class, I went to go visit him at his dormitory.

I tried to be nice about it all. His door was locked, so I had to talk to him through his door.

"Paul..." I said, knocking on the big wooden door. The paint on the door was chipped away; it was so old. "Paul, it's me... listen... I'm sorry about being so blunt last week. I didn't mean it like that." I told him

No response. He must've been really upset. He even missed class – even photography. That silly course where you get an A just for showing up. I hate it. He loves it. Yet he missed the class twice so far now. I was a little concerned for him, although I knew he'd be fine.

I continued trying to reason with him.

"Paul... I know you're going through a tough time. I'm cool with that. But, y'know me... I love girls. I love dating them and having fun with them. It's just me. But hey, you're still my bro. My friend. Absolutely. Just, from now, let's let bygones be bygones and let's move on. And hey... when you're feeling better... promise, I'll buy you a beer. Make that two."

I backed away from the door. Still no response. Oh well. The other students in the dorm also were shocked that he locked himself up like that, but they knew him well, he'd turn around sooner or later.

As I walked towards the elevator to head out, I got a text message on my phone. It was Paul.

"Thanks. I just need some time alone for now." He wrote.

I shrugged my shoulders and headed into the elevator. He always was that type of guy. He'll bounce back. He's a good guy. Just needs some space.

I went to my dorm room on the other end of campus and jumped on the computer. I started checking out things online and on YouTube. Just wasting time. Definitely procrastinating on my homework.

While I was on the computer being aimless, Paul had a very specific goal in mind. I didn't know it at the time, but Paul had an unhealthy interest in the dark arts, dark magic, and ancient mysticism. Paul was not done with me yet. Paul was determined to make it work. He had a strange desire. This weird calling to him. He knew I was straight. There was no way to change that. But, maybe there was a way to make us both happy.

Paul looked online. He spent a lot of time online and he knew all the weird dark corners of the internet. There were actually these old, old websites where they had ancient, dark spells. Large databases of spells. Now, most of these spells were fake. If they were real, the directions weren't exactly correct.

Apparently, in order to cast a spell, you need to have the right candle placement, draw certain lines in a specific way, say the spell in the exact, perfect way, and you often have to wait until the right time of night. The spells themselves are only a small piece of the entire equation.

Paul was looking around on these many databases. They were old sites, dating back to the 1990's. But he looked around, trying to think of ways to make it all work. There were all kinds of spells, but one that stuck out to him the most was a possession spell.

It was totally strange and very likely to not work, but he wanted to try it. He had an idea. He could use the spell to turn into a ghost, then take over the

body of some sexy girl at the club. I often go to night clubs to pick up girls, so this would be the perfect thing. Then, he could become the girl, have sex with me, and maybe have a relationship with me by being the girl. It would certainly be different. Paul had no idea what it'd be like to be a girl, but he wanted to try. He didn't think it'd be that strange. He wanted to do something. Anything. He knew it must work. He really wanted to get with me, by any means necessary. And, well... in his mind... this spell would be a win-win. He gets me. I get a hot girl. Paul decided that when... if it works, that he'd keep it a secret. Not reveal that he possessed the girl.

With nothing to lose, Paul cast the spell that night. Lucky for him, it actually worked.

I headed out to the club like normal. The club was called Avalon, it was a popular night club inside of a nearby large casino. Tons of hot girls were walking in and out of the club at all hours of the night. Great music. Good drinks. Lots of fun. And hey, I've been doing pretty well there lately. I definitely could make it work tonight.

I waited in line outside the club and spoke with the bouncer a bit. He told me about the club tonight. With one of these hot-shot DJs from Vegas coming in, there were going to be lots of people showing up tonight. Probably going to be a very, very busy night with tons of hot girls. He let me in a bit later on and I headed into the club.

As soon as I walked in, I saw girls everywhere. Beautiful, sexy, attractive girls. There weren't that many guys here today, surprisingly enough. I asked around and some people told me that today there were two big birthday parties being held at the club and they brought all their friends here. Today was going to be a good day.

All the girls were super-hot and dressed very well. I saw one short Asian girl with jet black hair dancing not far from me near the steps to the dance floor. She was short, but she had a thin body and a nice ass and tits. She slowed down her dancing and gave me a look, eyeing me up and down, smirking, and then going back to her dancing. I was mesmerized by her amazing tits, where I could practically see down her shirt.

Another woman was an older brunette woman, probably in her early thirties, but her body looked fantastic. She was tall, with long brown hair, and she wore a mini-skirt with high heels. She might've been a bit older than what I usually prefer, but I was very turned on by her. She sipped on her little drink and chatted with her friends, but every so often, she'd glance over at me.

I went over to the bar there to order myself a small drink. As I got my drink, I heard a girl...

"Oh, hey... you go to our college, right?"

I looked over and I saw this hot, blonde chick there. She wore a skirt, heels, and she had long, straight blonde hair. She had bright blue eyes – just like Paul, funny enough. She had nice tits and she wasn't afraid to show a little skin today. Her skirt was short and she had really nice tits. Not too big and not too small. She had a tight body and a nice butt.

I started chatting with her a bit. Her name was Valerie. She ordered a beer too. It was a Budweiser. I smirked a bit. She said it was a cheap beer for old people, but it had a perfect taste. I disagreed entirely, but I thought it was a little amusing. Seeing as how I just finished trying to talk with Paul earlier on, I kinda thought back to him. He'd always say similar things.

I smiled as I thought to myself.

"If only Paul was here today..."

We started talking some more and we got along pretty well. She was able to 'guess' a lot of things about me just by looking at me. It felt like she knew me very well. We share tons of similar interests. I was only at this club for a little bit, but already I found a pretty decent girl. More than decent actually, she was hot and very attractive. I'd be lying if, when I held her hand, I didn't get a massive boner in my pants.

After our second beer had finished, we decided to take a walk. I didn't want to waste this perfect opportunity.

"What about your friends? They here today?" I asked her before we left.

She looked around the room quickly.

“No, I think they went to another club earlier on.”

Lucky for me, this was going to be in the bag. I was very happy. I didn't want to get a big head or anything, but I had a good feeling I was getting laid tonight.

I walked her to a nearby cab, we got in, and headed back to my dorm. We had a quick make-out in the cab, but she pulled away a little early and shook her head. She was going to be such a tease. I could tell already.

I paid the fare and we walked, hand-in-hand, up to my dorm room. I had a single dorm room, so it was perfect privacy. I sat up on the bed and she sat next to me. She was smiling. In my plain, boring room, with the blinds shut, I looked into her eyes and smiled. She was very attractive and I liked her a lot.

Putting my arm around her small, tiny waist, I moved her in closer and we made-out some more. She had a very fruity smell about her. Her smelled kind of like peaches or something. The shampoo she must've used. Her lips were soft and gentle. We made out lightly and began kissing. Her lips were like two, soft pillows up against my own. My hand stroked up and down along her waist. I traced my hand from her waist down to her hips and then onto her soft, smooth thighs, and then onto her knee. She smiled a bit as I kissed her and stroked her. It must've tickled her a little bit.

I kissed her some more, feeling her soft lips against my own. Slowly, I leaned her back against the bed, I was on top of her. I had my hands on her shoulders. As I leaned her back, she snuggled up against the pillows and the blanket that was thrown to the side of her. Her arm and shoulder was very soft and gentle. It felt almost heavenly when I touched her. My dick was so rock hard right now in my pants. It became very sensitive. Any light touch, even against my pants, made me gasp in pleasure, the tingling sensation flowing through my body. It wanted to be free. I felt a little bit like an animal. I wanted to ravage her beautiful body and fuck her as hard as I could, but another part of me felt that I should hold back just a little bit as well.

I took my hand and brought it up inside of her shirt and bra. I felt her soft, plump tits in my hand. I squeeze them in my hands. She moaned out loud, enjoying the pleasure. My fingers started to rub up against her nipples. They

were already so hard, like little pencil erasers. I pulled her shirt off and then her bra and then threw it aside.

While massaging her tits, she leaned closer to me, clinging to my body. Her body shook and convulsed as I squeezed her tits and massaged them gently and playfully in my hands. Her eyes were partly closed, relaxing, enjoying the pleasure. I could smell her breath as she breathed and moaned out. She still smelled a bit like the beer she was drinking earlier, but her hair still smelled really nice.

I kissed her a few more times on her lips before I began to kiss her neck and ears. Even the light blowing on her ear made her wince. It was very ticklish to her. I kissed the side of her neck and then down to her breast.

I started licking and sucking on her tits. My mouth licked up and down, side to side on one of her breasts while my other hand gently massaged her other breast in my hand, gently squeezing and rotating her breast in little circles.

Every so often, she'd moan out and quiver from the pleasure.

"Mmmmm... more... please..." she said softly, her eyes still partially shut as she relaxed on the bed.

I picked up the pace and began to suck and lick harder and faster than before. She quivered from the pleasure and bit her soft, plump lip. As I continued sucking, licking, and playing with her tits, I could see it was really turning her on. She was really moaning out and enjoying all the pleasure. I took my hand and took off her short skirt and panties. She leaned back as I did so. I bet she was dying for me to do it. I sucked on her nipples some more. Feeling the pleasure coursing through my own body as I did so. It felt so magical. So relaxing. It was turning me on so much.

I quickly took off my own shirt, pants, and underwear as well. We were both naked in my bed. My palm slowly traced along the sides of her body; enjoying her smooth, sensuous skin. It felt so good to touch her. She was like an angel. Flawless. Her legs were smooth and thin. She was like a model. So incredibly beautiful. My hand traced along her hips to her thigh and down to her calves and then back up again. I soon moved my hand down to her pussy. Gently gliding near it, I could feel how warm and wet it was.

My hand slowly touched the outside of her warm, soft pussy. It was soaking wet and some of her juices were leaking out onto my bed. I barely touched it and then she arched her back in pleasure and moaned. With my finger, I began to gently massage the outside of her soft, pink pussy. Her breathing really intensified now. She was breathing hard and fast. Really enjoying the experience.

My finger slowly traced its way up to her little clit. She moaned out loud when I touched her and turned her on. She started to convulse a little bit from the intense pleasure. She was very sensitive.

I touched and played with her clit before sliding my finger into her warm, soft hole. She was very wet. It was leaking out slowly onto the bed. I started to massage her G-spot. It was rough and bumpy. I went slow at first, but then started to pick up the pace and go faster and faster. She really enjoyed the pleasure of it all. It was really intense for her.

Then, I took my wet finger out of her and brought out my dick. She gently grabbed the shaft and started pumping it. It was hard as a rock now. I was dying to put it inside of her. I leaned her back onto the bed and gently brought myself on top of her. Then, I eased my hard dick into her waiting pussy.

She was so tight. I could feel the soft, warm, wet walls of her pussy all around my dick. As I slid it in, it felt almost too good. I almost exploded then and there right into her pussy, but I held it back. It was too intense for me.

She let out a big moan as I slid my dick into her. She was really feeling it. Her eyes practically went into the back of her head. I slowly and carefully, began to pump my dick in and out of her pussy. She bit her lip and spread her legs, allowing easier access into her pussy. She was getting so excited now.

I pumped harder and harder into her. I could smell her pussy juices and the smell of our bodies together. It was absolutely intense. The pleasure was just too much for me. I kept pumping harder and harder, faster and faster, more and more.

I could feel the pleasure increasing. My dick was too sensitive. I couldn't hold on. I kept fucking her for at least another thirty minutes, trying to withstand

the intense pleasure from the sex. It felt so good. I almost felt a little lightheaded too from it all.

But soon, I couldn't hold on any longer. I kept pumping her harder and harder, faster and faster. She took her arms and held onto me tightly as I fucked her. Her pussy was getting warmer and warmer as well. I could tell she was going to orgasm soon.

I fucked her harder and harder. And soon, the pleasure was too much, when she orgasmed right there, I felt the warm gush of her liquids all over my dick and it was almost too pleasurable. Too much. My dick couldn't hold on any more. I was going to pull out, but then, she took her legs and held me down and into her. I was going to reach for my dick and take it out, but I couldn't do it in time. And right then and there, I shot a huge load right into her warm, soft pussy. I felt like every ounce of my energy leaving me.

I collapsed right there on the bed. I couldn't take it. I felt very light-headed all of a sudden. I crawled up more onto the side of her bed, and though I tried to fight it, I passed out a little bit from it all. It was too exhausting.

I woke up about an hour later. Valerie was still there sleeping next to me. I didn't want her to sleep over or anything, so I brushed her awake.

"Hey... hey, Val... wake up." I said quietly, shaking her awake.

She woke up smiling. She looked into my eyes. She seemed really happy.

"Hey, I know this is weird, but I don't let people stay over. It's tough for me to get a good night's sleep sometime. But let's hang out another time." I told her.

"Sure." She said.

She slowly got up and put her clothes back on. We kissed one more time before she headed out.

She was hot and we had amazing sex. I hoped I'd see her again.

That night, something weird happened.

I got a text from Paul. I didn't expect him to message me. Not after his little problem he's having.

It read: "Thanks for the fun." He even put a winking face on it.

I looked at it curiously. Why would he write that? We didn't do anything tonight. We haven't hung out in a while too. Did he accidentally send it to me or something?

I wasn't exactly sure what to think of it. I figured I'd confront him tomorrow about it. I'd go to his dorm and see what he was up to.

Valerie was a cute girl. I really liked her. She kinda reminded me of Paul. In personality, at least. I felt weird to think this, but something just didn't seem right last night. I don't know why. She seemed too easy. We got along too well. She was so much like Paul in many ways. I must be losing it. I certainly have to. There's no way there's a connection, but then again... maybe there was.

I decided to confront Paul about it tomorrow. Just simply. He seems like he's open to chatting now, so we'll see how it goes. And on the way, I can go check out some of those hotties who live on his same floor. They are very attractive. They should go to the bars and clubs sometime. I'd love to meet them.

However, when I met up with Paul that next day, I found a clue that'd link everything all together. I was in for a real shock.

(To be continued)

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