



**Demons &
Bodyhoppers
Story Bundle**

Nikki L. Falcon

Demons & Bodyhoppers Story Bundle

(A Gender Bender Erotica)

By Nikki L. Falcon

Finished: Saturday, December 26, 2015

Copyright © 2015 Nikki L. Falcon

All Rights Reserved

This book is dedicated to Liz Biggins, LazyNinjas, BunchOSmiles89, mBrad, DocVS, Allie, Dr. Destruct, W8z2x4m, TruFade, BodyHopperLover, and the countless others who've uploaded captions to the PossessionObsession Groups on Yahoo Groups many years back. If it wasn't for them, I'd never get into TG captioning.

[Possession Obsession 4](#) (see PHOTOS for the caps)

[Possession Obsession 3](#) (see PHOTOS for the caps)

[Possession Obsession 2](#) (click on FILES for the caps)

[Possession Obsession 1](#) (click on FILES for the caps)

Contents

Preface

Story 1: A Brief Overview of Demonic Possession

Story 2: Arjah, the Demon (parts 1 & 2)

Story 3: Morning Research

Story 4: Rachel's Been Hopped Again

Story 5: Never Pass Up a Good Thing

Words from the Author...

Preface

Thank you very much for downloading my book. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

All stories in this book are actually older stories from my old Possession Obsession groups and other places I've been on. I improved on the stories and now I'm offering it back out there for everyone to read and enjoy.

Please write a quick review on Amazon when you're done reading. Every review and feedback I get is more motivation to keep writing and to keep making great stories for you.

This book is suited for adults only. All pictures are used with permission from the stock image creators and any characters in this book are over the age of 18.

Themes in this book include: gender transformation / TG / Transgender changes / gender swap, sexy body possession, body changing, magic and sci-fi, slight bimbo-ification, and more.

Check me out at...

- My Amazon Page: [**Nikki L. Falcon**](#)
- My Personal Tumblr: [**Body Hopper Nebula**](#)

Story 1: A Brief Overview of Demonic Possession

"Oh, these humans" the demon K'thram said with a grin. "They always seem to think that they're the top dog around here; that nothing else is more powerful than them. They're certainly foolish, to say the least."

K'thram was just one of the many demons who've come back to Earth realm today to collect more of the humans' life force. There's many ways for the demons to acquire it. They could kill a human, but it's messy and the humans start to put up their guard knowing that murders are happening. They could have sex with a human, but very few humans are willing to do intercourse with a 'scary' demon... at least, not in the demons' natural form. The other to collect it is through possession.

Demons need to be filled up on life essence once a week. Without it, they'll get weak and die. Humans always radiate off this energy and while they may run low, the human never runs out completely. Female humans give off three times more than males do. By possessing a female human over the course of about five hours, a demon can passively fill up on life

essence for the week. And plus, by possessing a human, they're able to easily have sex with other humans, thus exponentially increasing the amount of life force received. But there's always a few cons to doing this.

The main downside of possessing a human is that a nine-foot tall demon has trouble adjusting themselves to the strange, weak, little bodies of human females. Take K'thram for example. When he casted the spell called Yazzrr on himself, he was able to turn incorporeal and float around for a good host.

Miss Marx was just in her bathroom getting ready for her day when K'thram came in through the window and flew right into her, possessing the girl. K'thram, like all demons, must first perform the pre-flight procedure. In this case, it's checking to make sure his voice sounds just like girls. Many of the more upper-level demons don't need to do that because they're so skillful, they can quickly and naturally act like their possessee. Also during the pre-flight procedure, demons have to look out for any physical abnormalities.

For example, there's been many cases where Demons have taken over a host and have forgotten to fix up the human's eyes. When that happens, the eyes may turn black, red, white, yellow, or any other strange, non-human color. It really ruins the disguise.

If the demon has a tail or horns, those may also appear on the human and so demons have to be cautious of that as well. Sometimes, if the demon is very muscular, the demons muscles will almost fuse with the humans' muscles giving that human increased muscle tonality. Not a very big increase, but it does make the human look a little stronger than they once were originally. This increase in muscle tone generally goes away when the demon leaves the body.

And on the opposite side of that, if a demon is very fat, then the human is likely to look just a little bit fatter too. However, with practice, the demon can push any of the fat around on the human's body into a certain location. Usually, the demon will push it into the human's breasts, which helps to make the human far more desirable to other humans.

K'thram took one look over new his new body. Victoria Marx was a fashion model living in downtown L.A. She's one of the most popular models in the city. With her DD-sized breasts, creamy white skin, long wavy brown hair, and a slim body, it's no wonder why. Now, she was just a tool for K'thram. He's going to have a lot of fun getting his demonic energy back using her very sexy body.

And that's just only one of the demons. There's many more demons out there possessing bodies and making Earth their little plaything.

Story 2: Arjah, the Demon (parts 1 & 2)

Few know this, but demons have always and still do exist on Earth. Most of them stick around in their demon realm, but sometimes they teleport themselves to Earth to have a bit of fun causing mayhem. A stolen car here, a quick power outage there. Every now and then, they like to try to cause mayhem in a more... private matter.

To combat this problem, the Demon Hunters of the World (DHW) work together in secret to capture the demons and bring those creatures back to their own realm.

For example, Malcom, age 23, is just an average police officer, but only a few in the world know that Malcolm is also one of those members of that society within the North American branch.

On May 27th at 10:25pm, Malcom received a police report over his radio of a loud disturbance coming from an apartment a few blocks away from his location. Upon arriving he was surprised to find the wooden door's handle blown clean off and still very warm with little bits of purple

glimmering dust falling to the floor Malcom knew who must've entered here.

Malcolm gripped onto his pendent protection necklace and prepared himself for what would likely be a very tough encounter. Guns and other weaponry were decent against these creatures, but the best way to take them down was with magic.

He slowly opened the door and as he did, he saw Jessica Wilkins, 21, who was the young girl renting that apartment space, completely naked while sitting on the sofa.

“Oh... yes!” Jessica said sensuously as she ran her soft, beautiful hands up and down her sexy curves of her body. “I absolutely love these human girls. They're always so sensitive.”

“Demon!” Malcolm shouted while pointing his pendent at the girl.

“Leave her body or I will have to remove you by force... and I bet you know how that feels, don't you, demon!” He shouted.

“Hmmm....” Jessica said sighing. She then looked down at her breasts, whispered something, and closed her eyes.

Then, slowly, second-by-second, her breasts started to increase in volume until they were just bigger than DD. Once they got fuller, Jessica looked back up at Malcolm with a little grin and whispered something again.

Malcolm felt his dick start to grow in size and girth. Seconds later his legs, totally against his own will, started walking him towards her. The tent in his pants was very obvious now.

Jessica smiled. Malcolm was almost too easy.

“Malcolm, my dear.” She said sweetly. “Three years ago you forced me, Arjah (a nearly 200 year old male demon) back to the demon realm. Now... now I’m back and I’m planning on staying much, much longer. You don’t mind if I...” she looked at his bulge “... stay and enjoy this body, do you Malcolm?”

“Malcolm knew the spell to cancel these effects that she had on him. But he didn’t know whether to stop this little fun or just let it continue. Demons, especially Arjah, are known for being great lovers in and out of bed. So keeping him around a little bit longer would surely be enjoyable. But, on the other hand, if he let him stay, the girls’ life would possibly be ruined and Arjah would cause even more mayhem than ever before.

I guess that’s the reason why Arjah was known as one of the toughest demons around.

Arjah used Jessica's body too sensually and slowly pleasure Malcolm that night. Malcolm resisted at first, but soon gave in to the immense sexual joy that he was getting. Jessica's hot body coupled with a little bit of Arjah's magic heightened the effects making resistance futile.

After they both climaxed, Arjah got up and walked a few feet towards Jessica's full sized mirror. She laughed softly to herself before turning around to Malcolm and saying, "Ahhh. I always feel so much better after a nice fuck like that."

Malcolm knew exactly what he meant. Whenever a human cums on a demon's body (whether inside or out), it allows the demon to live about one week longer in the human world. When they first get to the human world, they get only a few days before they start to feel lightheaded and weak, and then, unless they have a death wish, they're forced to leave their borrowed bodies and teleport themselves back to the demon realm in order to recover.

There's just something in the air of the human world that just weakens them. Nobody knows much else. Demons could also drink human blood or steal a human soul, but blood is usually too messy and is not as effective at keeping them in the human world as semen is. Plus, stealing souls takes dozens of hours of spell preparation and most agree that's it's just not as much fun. And now, Malcolm foolishly just let this demon live longer in the human world. He just hopes Arjah doesn't do anything too crazy.

"And now, Malcolm", Arjah said, "As much as I so enjoy this little beauty right here, it's time for me to leave." She turned back around to face

the mirror. Soon, a small black and dark red mist began to emit from Jessica's naked body. After a few seconds, her body soon started to spasm a little and then when the shaking stopped, she fell over onto the carpet. The dark red mist disappeared underneath the door and vanished out of sight.

Malcolm called for backup from the police and told them that a burglar came in and knocked her out. Of course, that was a total lie, but Malcolm could never tell real the truth. Jessica didn't remember anything that happened that night because Arjah erased her memories. Demons do have the power to keep the possessed person aware of everything, but few ever allow that to happen.

A few days later, Malcolm had a day off and went to see his friend, Sammy. She's 21 and Malcolm and her have been good friends since college, but have never gone out. Sammy's been single for the past year and usually Malcolm, his friends, and Sammy would go out on weekends to places together. Sammy had a crush on Malcolm, but Malcolm never got the hint. Today, Sammy invited him over to lounge around and maybe watch a few movies together.

There was a sign scotch taped on the front door that told him to come in and to head to the back bedroom. Malcolm assumed Sammy was just going to show him her new bed or something. She always was buying furniture and was constantly redecorating the place. But as he walked through the hallway, something felt amiss. The atmosphere was much warmer and the air smelt faintly like gunpowder. He had this feeling before when he entered Jessica's place a few days ago.

As he opened the door to the bedroom, he saw his friend Sammy, half naked, sitting right there on the bed.

"Hey Malcolm", she said in her sweet, peppy little voice. "Let's skip that movie today and just get right to the fun."

Malcolm looked down at his pendant necklace and noticed it was glowing a faint purple. It does that whenever a demon is in the area.

"Who are you, demon?" Malcolm said, rather annoyed.

"It's Arjah", Arjah said using Sammy's voice. "You humans always think that we're horrible monsters running around and ruining lives. That's in the past, y'know. Some of us still do, but still, most of us..." she paused and looked down at her breasts, "...just want a little bit of fun." She then ran her hands through her hair before continuing.

"Take your little friend Sammy, for instance, she just wants to be with you. And I'm... I'm just fulfilling that wish."

And with that, Arjah pointed at Malcolm and casted a silent spell which rendered him immobile except for his mouth. Arjah then began crawling towards him with a devious look on her face. When she reached his jeans, she slowly undid his belt and pulled down his pants and boxers, leaving his dick exposed. She then put her soft, delicate hands over his shaft; rubbing it unhurriedly and smiling with a devilish grin.

Soon later, she kissed the tip and then began to give him a blowjob. She went light at first, next she started using her tongue to wrap around it, and then later she had it all the way down her throat. The pleasure was immense. As much as Malcolm tried to resist, there was nothing he could

do. Arjah was so good, so experienced. Arjah then used his magic to heighten the effects to nearly three times better. She continued for a few more minutes rubbing and massaging his dick before finally, Malcolm drained himself down her throat. Arjah even used a bit of his own magic to help Malcolm cum a little bit more after that.

"Ahhh!" She said, as if she finally was able to quench her thirst. "I just love doing that."

"Arjah..." Malcolm said, out of breath. "I must... I can't let... damn it... No..."

"Don't worry..." Arjah said as he got up. "... She'll only remember that she had some fun with you. But I'm sure she'll still be craving for more than just that little session. Me, however, I'm all set. I'll see you around, officer."

And with that, Arjah pointed at Malcolm which allowed him to move again. Before Malcolm could say anything, Arjah left her body and Sammy collapsed on the floor.

“Damn him! I hate him. I have to stop this!” Malcolm cursed quietly to himself while holding Sammy. She’d wake up soon. Until then, Malcolm needed a solution to all this.

Story 3: Morning Research

With a thud, Allie's body flew several feet and was pushed back flat against the wall. She coughed for a few seconds before freezing up and collapsing against the doorframe. Allie sat motionless, save for a few little spasms in her arms. I began to worry. The seconds ticked by, but it felt more like hours. "Was she alright? What just happened? She couldn't have been..." I thought to myself.

Then, her eyelids drew slowly open. When I looked at her eyes, they were an eerie black, but soon shifted back into her normal color. She looked down at her fingers, opening and closing them multiple times. It looked almost she's never seen her own hand before. A small smile grew upon her face and then she stood leaning up against the wall, but this time she acted very differently as opposed to her usual self.

Her normally energetic behavior was now a calmer and lustier one. Her gray dress strap was falling off to one side, exposing her bare nipple. She looked over at me still smiling and said,

"Doing some research, I see, Remy?"

Allie was my new assistant helping me with some work. She didn't have a place to stay, so I let her stay in my apartment for now. We're both working on uncovering the mysteries of this new Egyptian stone tablet that was sent to me just recently. Allie doesn't know it, but I also do research on the demon realm and how they always infiltrate our human society. Few people know about demons infiltrating our world, but I do. And over the years, I've built up connections and now, I know a small number of demons who are always willing to teach me a few things about their world. One would assume it'd be quite simple, I interview and learn from them and then I publish my findings for other demon researchers, but, to be honest... things never seem to work out that perfectly.

For the past few weeks, I've been working with R'dakk, a female fire demon who's assigned to help me. But, she always just seems to get in the way.

"Is that you again, R'dakk, can't you at least..." I said, a little frustrated at her sudden intrusion.

"Shh." she said in a hushed voice, "Call me Allie."

"Fine, fine, Allie. I just don't understand why nearly all of you demons prefer to keep the name of your host. It'll always baffle me. And plus, did you have to come in now - and so forcefully? Allie was just about to cook up some breakfast. She just went outside to see the nice weather, when not five seconds later, she gets possessed by you. Isn't this the fourth time this week as well? C'mon! And y'know... how was I supposed to know that was you coming in? It could've been another one of those imps like in September. Annoying little bastards, that's for sure. They've got no respect for their host." I pause for a moment before letting out a small sigh. "Well... at least it's better than last month with Krahl. He took over her for a week, never leaving!"

"Oh really?" Allie says with a wicked smile. "He said you liked it."

"Well that's, um... because... he, err..."

“... Because he helped you '*relieve*' some of that tension you've been building up.” She said, with her smile turning into a grin.

“Well... I... I don't want to talk about it. It's just... just not right. It's dirty, it's messy, and she's my assistant! My assistant! We're professionals. We have to act like mature, responsible.....”

While I was droning on, Allie moved in closer to me. When she was within range, she took her soft hand and turned me by the cheek towards her face. I stopped talking when I saw her eyes looking back at me. And right then, she kissed me and I reciprocated. I couldn't help myself. I've always liked Allie as an assistant, but I never could make that move to be with her. I don't even know if she even liked me back. But now, with R'dakk, it was possible for us to be together and do what I've always dreamed of doing.

Soon, I embraced Allie with my arms holding her tighter towards me, never wanting this frenzy of kisses to end. She was very warm and soft to the touch. So beautiful. I almost forgot that it wasn't really Allie doing all these things. Before long, Allie started French kissing me; pushing her

tongue farther into my mouth and dancing with my own. I grabbed onto her left breast, stroking it, kneading her nipple, which was already quite hard. She must've enjoyed it because she started to breathe much heavier and become more vigorous with her kisses. She even moaned quite often when I really put on the pressure. Before long, she was lightly grinding her pussy against my legs. And from that, I knew what she wanted...

These demons are always getting in the way of my work. But now, maybe now is a good time for a break.

Story 4: Rachel's Been Hopped Again

I walk in to my bedroom this morning, and I see my girlfriend, Rachel, standing by the windowsill in her lingerie. Quite unusual for her, she never usually wears it. And upon noticing my entrance, she turns around smiling and says in a gruff, low voice...

"Oh hey there, bud; nice looking girl you got here. Don't mind if I, uh... '*Borrow*' her for a bit, right?"

A bolt of fear shoots through me as I realize what's happened. "No way... It's another body-hopper", I say in my head.

Body-hoppers are people who've somehow gotten the ability to possess other human beings, or as they call it, "hopping a mount". Very secretive bunch; most people in the world don't know they exist. The only thing I hate about them is that they always seem to jump into **my girlfriend**. It's insane! There's tons of girls in this city, but they always tend to choose mine. In fact, I'd estimate that for the past month, about

35% of the times that I've been with my girlfriend were actually with body-hoppers. I found out why, but it wasn't an answer I was expecting. I actually asked one last week and, after a couple of hours of late-night '*persuasion*', he showed me this secret website out there for body-hoppers; basically some sort of Foursquare clone.

In this site, you can see a list of all the popular mounts in any city that body hoppers enjoy being in or want to be in. You can even sign up for a night in that person. Only body-hoppers know of this site and when you sign up for a mount, most of the time, they'll respect you and not take it before you. You can even post a status update about who your current mount is and where you are now. Interesting stuff, sure, but... I shudder to say it, but my girlfriend is rated number one on Most Popular Mount for my area. That explained all the hopping that's been going on; I just wish they'd choose someone else.

"Ooh wow, what beautiful tits!" the hopper says in Rachel's voice while forcefully groping his newly acquired boobs. "They're so, plump and sensitive..." she smiles, "...just the way I like 'em!" He plays with his

breasts some more; jiggling them, smooshing them together, and even lightly brushing his hand against her nipple.

I tell him sternly, "Listen you! I..."

"Please... call me Rachel", the hopper interrupts.

"Fine, fine; but, what do you want from me? Please, j-just give me back *my* Rachel!"

"No can do, bud." he says using Rachel's voice. "I signed up for her, and so now she's mine for the next... oh, couple an hours. If you want her back, you're just going to have to... well, '*satisfy*' Me." she says, giggling.

"No way, no way!" I exclaim. "Listen, I made a promise to myself never to do that kind of stuff again. Doing it with a stranger... I mean, it's cheating, right? I can't be doing it with other people when I'm dating her!"

"It's not *really* cheating..." she replies with a coy look on her face. "... You're still with her, after all. It's her body, her voice, all of it's her. Think

of it as, well... a different personality she has that just comes and goes all the time. And besides, look..." she pulls down one side of her top.

"Wouldn't you like to... have some of 'this'?" Then she reaches down and slowly touches her leg. "And some of '*this*' too?"

"Err, I... uh, I don't know. It's just... that, well... "I start to get a little flustered. One look at that body and already it's starting to turn me on. My girlfriend definitely is quite hot, after all. We just.... well, never get the chance to have fun that much due to our work schedules and all.

"C'mon..." she says invitingly. Every part of her urging me on; leading me into temptation.

After a moment, I make up my mind and move in, albeit quite hesitantly; I then pull her hair back gently behind her ear and kiss her on the mouth. Her kiss was soft, loving, and playful. If I didn't know better, I'd say he was just like Rachel. This guy definitely seemed to know how to put on the act, at least.

"Alright..." I whisper in her ear. "I'll be with you for just this once and that's it; no more. It's just... just only to get you outta her, okay?"

"Okay..." she whispers back with a little giggle. "... Just this once."

I have a bad feeling he'll be back for more some other time, but I try not to even picture it. We continue to kiss. Slowly at first, and then getting a little more into it. She puts her arms around my back, clearly enjoying it. Soon, she closed her eyes and started French kissing me. And as her tongue started to move around inside my mouth, I take my hands and cup onto her exposed breast.

I move it around as if it was dough in my hands; gently kneading and bouncing it. They were very soft and warm to the touch. And, whenever I brushed my palm over the nipple, she started to breathe more and more heavily. A little smile showing every so often under her breaths for air. Then, I start pinching her nipple lightly as if I was playing with a rubbery pencil eraser. This really gets her going; she starts to moan lightly every few seconds. Before long, I move onto her other breast; kneading that one too and playing with it all the same.

"Ooh, wow..." she says smiling while breathing deeply from the erotic pleasure, "Ooh that feels so... *so good*. You... you really know how to... oh, how to treat a girl, don't you?"

I take my hands and gently trace over the rest of her body. Starting first by moving them over her smooth, taut belly and then to her nice hips and finishing off by tenderly gripping onto her plump rear. She then takes her own hand and starts to finger herself lightly under her panties. I could tell her black panties were already getting a little wet from the excitement before. I then bend my knees, get closer, and start to lovingly roll her nipple around between my teeth.

"Oooh, you, uh... you... that's feels great!" She says, clearly flustered by the pleasure. "Keep going..." She then takes one of her soft, petite hands and runs it from my chin, to my cheeks, and finally roughing it through my hair. I reciprocate by sucking on her nipple and with my other hand, I continue to massage her other breast.

We... ooh, body-hoppers... we get twice the pleasure when... when mounting." She tries to speak, but is too enraptured by the feelings to make it come out right. "So this feels... oh, you have no idea. Mounting girls... ah, always is the most fun."

After a minute, she slips off her panties and lets the rest of her lingerie fall to the floor. Still holding me tight in her arms, she leads me to the bed where I'm on top of her. While stroking the insides of her thighs, I insert my dick gently into her, letting her feel it as it goes in. Her eyes widen as it's fully inserted. From there, I move it in and out slowly and gently. Before long, I increase the tempo and go faster and faster, harder and harder. Her breasts jiggle from the force. She climaxes several times before I reach mine. I pull out and cum onto her belly. And from the pleasurable afterglow, I collapse right beside her. She gets closer and leans her body against mine and puts one arm around my waist.

"Good boy." she says lovingly, stroking my back. "I guess you've earned her for now. She'll be awake in about ten minutes after I leave. Maybe I'll... catch you around... buddy?"

And with that, a clear liquid starts to escape from every pore in her skin and form into a big blob off the bedside. From there, the blob moves out the window and out into the nearby alley, out of sight.

Story 5: Never Pass Up a Good Thing

“Psst! Hey buddy!” This girl whispered to me as I was walking past the sports cars.

“How about you and I go behind the bleachers back there and fuck? I can’t stay in her hot, little body like this any longer. I’m getting too horny here.” She laughed.

I wasn’t one for randomly having sex with girls at car conventions, but I thought, oh what the hell. Never pass up a good thing.

Or at least, I thought it’d be a good thing. I supposed something was strange with her when I saw her. Every so often, as hard as it is for me to believe too, out of her sweet, young lips would come this booming, deep, almost manly voice. I couldn’t believe it either. And whenever that would slip out, she’d jump and put her hands on her mouth like something was wrong. She’d then clear her voice and speak normally again.

Strangest thing in the world, I tell you. Well, we went off and man, she was hot. She knew all the right moves, her body was beautiful, and before I knew it, she was on top of me screwing me like mad. I'd rather her a total 10. Best girl ever. Really hot! And after the whole thing, as I was lying down looking up at her, she smiled as she pulled up her shorts.

In a deep voice, she said, "Heh, heh! Best mount yet. God, I love these conventions!"

Suddenly, as if my eyes were playing tricks on me, I see this grown, 30-yr old man jump out of her body. He was wearing a green polo and jeans. The girl he jumped out of collapsed onto the ground. He turned around, gave me a wink, and walked off. I never saw him again. The girl eventually got up, brushed herself off, and while looking a little confused at how she got there, eventually got back to her booth. When I followed her back to the booth, she handed me a car booklet just like I was another convention goer. Did she have memory loss or something?

And who was that man? Would I ever see him again?

Words from the Author...

Thanks again for reading. It really means a lot to me!

Feel free to leave a review on the site as well. I love any and all feedback to help me improve my writing. Just be honest and polite about it is all I ask. ☺

Check me out at...

- My Amazon Page: [Nikki L. Falcon](#)
- My Personal Tumblr: [Body Hopper Nebula](#)