



ALL *Mine*

BODY
POSSESSION
EROTICA

IN
VIL
LS

All Mine

by M. Wills

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to another erotic story collection comprised of commissions from readers like you. If you enjoy these lusty stories of body hopping and transformation, you can see free weekly captions on my website www.bodyswapfiction.com. Or, if you'd rather have have your own personal story I gladly do commissions based on whatever your kink happens to be. I love making my readers' fantasies come true and I can only continue to do this with your support. Thanks for reading.

Enjoy!

-M

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Return to Maddy

I drop onto the couch, my mind reeling as I re-read the letter Dani had taped to the TV. I'm dazed and I can't quite grasp it all at once, just snippets at first: "*...relationship isn't working for me...*" and "*...we never quite fit...*" and "*...nothing to save...*" and "*...these holidays only showed how hopeless...*" and the killer, the big punch to the gut "*...you're a nice guy, but...*".

How many times had I heard that before? *You're a nice guy, but...*

I'm thrown completely. I thought Dani and I were great; we always seemed to have fun together and I thought we were clicking. Yeah, the relationship had it's usual ups and downs but nothing serious. Clearly, I was wrong.

I re-read the letter again, slower this time, my thoughts ceasing to twirl through my brain. According to her I'm a gentleman, but one who doesn't understand the mind of a woman, and there was no chemistry between us. I feel sick to my stomach. Was it me? Was this just something she said because I'm so seriously fucked up? Is that why every woman I have a relationship with leaves me eventually? How can that be when I'm *so nice* and *such a good guy*? I'm obviously missing something. What don't I understand about women?

I call Dani three times but she doesn't pick up and I don't want to leave a voice-mail, at least not until I can collect myself. She knows who it is; she's got caller ID.

Fuck. Fuck me. Fuck her. Fuck everything.

I'm sad and pissed off and confused and why the fuck is the apartment so messy? And empty? Then it hits me: she took all her stuff while I was at work.

I walk through the house. Her clothes are gone, her toiletries are gone, the two bedside lamps – gone, her books – gone, her pictures on the wall – gone. It's just me. Again.

I grab a beer from the fridge (she even took the fucking butter, who the fuck takes butter from a relationship? Or is this another thing about women I just don't fucking understand? Is there a book somewhere I can read about why women take butter from a relationship? Jesus fuck.) and go sit back on the couch.

I don't know about women, huh? I know about women; I know more than Dani ever suspected about women. I know more than Dani ever suspected about herself. I can body hop, after all, and sometimes a guy, even

a guy in a solid relationship, gets certain urges that need to be explored. I hopped Dani a few times and she never knew, taking the opportunity to explore the sexy body that lay next to me every night until I mastered the art of making her cum, both while inside her body and outside of it.

Maybe that's the problem with my relationships: this secret other life. Maybe it is me. Can my girlfriends sense I'm hiding something? That a part of me is closed off? Do women really want to know *everything*?

I don't even think of myself as a hopper, just a normal guy with a gift. More of a hobby than a lifestyle, really. Some guys are into sports, some are into computers, I'm into hopping into the bodies of women. Yes, I could have any woman I want, in the sense that I can become them, but I want something deeper. I don't want to constantly hop from body to body fulfilling my carnal urges. Occasionally, sure, yeah that's all right. But always? I want to find someone I want to live with, who loves me as deeply as I love them.

Ok, so, if the problem is me, what do I do? My therapist would suggest I try to examine things from the beginning. (Yes, guys who can hop have therapists, too. Life's not always flowers and sunshine for us either.) The beginning. That can really be only one thing. The girl I still think about so many years later. Wondering what could have happened between us. What should have happened between us. If I'm going back to the beginning of my relationship troubles I've got to go back 16 years to *her*.

Madison. Maddy. Just thinking her name makes me sentimental. I've kept up with her through friends (and Facebook) just enough to know she's married to Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome, has two kids and teaches elementary school about an hour away from the university where I teach. I flip through my phone for some internet sleuthing. It helps to take my mind of Dani for the moment.

It doesn't take long for me to find Maddy—everyone's somewhere on the internet—and I scroll through the pictures of her and her family while I reminisce. She's slightly older and slightly plumper but still as gorgeous as I remember. She's aged well and I see by a few pictures she still keeps up her jogging routine, still does the occasional marathon. Her husband is dark featured and handsome and her kids are cute as well.

I don't know exactly where she lives but as I scroll through I see that she's catching up with a group of her friends from college at a restaurant near my campus this weekend. It's an odd coincidence but that settles it. It's as good a place as any to start learning what women want. And I do

want to see her again, wrap her essence around me and explore her life one more time.

I sit in the park across from the restaurant, pretending to flip through my phone while keeping an eye out for Maddy's departure. She's inside with her friends for more than two hours before they finally come out. They trade hugs and goodbyes, then split up, Maddy crossing the street towards the parking lot next to the park bench I'm stationed on. She doesn't see me and I aim to keep it that way, circling around behind her towards the car I saw her arrive in while keeping other cars in the way to block her view.

She's smiling. Her shoulder-length blonde hair blows back in a gentle breeze, tickling across her face and she wipes it behind her ear. Watching her walk, the sway of her curvy figure, brings back a nostalgic yearning. I quicken my pace as she approaches her car, sliding up behind her as she places her hand on the handle and then I hop, the world disappearing as I scatter into a billion particles of energy and stream inside her. But this time when my vision returns and I'm looking out at the world from behind her eyes, feeling the breeze on her skin, smelling the sweet jasmine through her nose, I don't take control. I push myself back inside her mind, listening to her thoughts and being a passenger in her body. It's a different experience for me, thrilling and scary as "my" body moves under someone else's control.

She looks back behind her (*Thought I heard something*). People's thoughts are not always full words, but more sensations, ideas, occasional sentences, through which I've learned to read the flow of their conscious mind. She opens the door and I get a quick glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, admire the solid, tanned arm grasping the handle and then I'm seated inside. She pulls the seatbelt over her chest and I feel it up against her breasts. I want to reach out and take control but I force myself to wait and observe. I catch another brief glimpse of part of her face in the rear view mirror—one pale blue eye and a part of her cheek. Her thoughts are a kaleidoscope of plans for the future (*the route home...dinner tonight*) memories of her lunch (*poor Kate...Emily's gotten fatter*) with an undercurrent of her nearly subconscious actions of driving (*checking for people behind me...backing up slowly*). Usually when I hop I put the conscious mind to sleep and I'm not so aware of these background thoughts. This new perspective takes some getting used to but I soon find I can

hone in on the most conscious thoughts if I concentrate, though at first concentration is hard because all I can think is *I'm her again. I'm Maddy!*
And I love it already.

II.

During the hour drive back to her place Maddy lets her thoughts wander, occasionally singing along to the radio—*Take me down to the Paradise City where the grass is green and the girls are pretty!*—and I get to listen to her lovely voice drop from lips that feel like my own. She drives with the windows down and the wind whips through our blonde hair.

As we get closer to home her thoughts start moving towards her next plans.

(*The kids are over with their friends so there's still time for a jog. Dinner? Chicken casserole? No, we'll do tacos, I don't feel like a lot of cooking.*) (*Are we going out this weekend or next?*) Her husband, or rather, the idea of her husband—(*comfort-kind-handsome*)—flashes through her mind. She's happy with her life and I'm slightly jealous, as if there's a finite supply of happiness in the universe and hers somehow negates any future happiness for me. As I think this I get a faint whisper of an undercurrent of darkness just below the surface. Her thoughts dance around it but are distracted before it reveals itself to me. It fades away as she pulls into the driveway of a nice looking two story weatherboard house in the middle of a slightly boring neighborhood.

She gets out of the car and my view bobs along with hers as she heads upstairs to her bedroom. I get a quick glimpse of her wedding photo of her and her husband on the dresser before she digs through for her jogging outfit. She undresses, pulls her top off over her head and throws it into the dirty clothes basket, then unclasps her bra and shrugs it to the floor (*sweet relief*). I'm treated to the wonderful sight of her two breasts hanging from her own body (*always in the way*) and I resist the urge to step in and take control, allowing her to strip off her pants. She pulls a sports bra on and my hands adjust the weight until it's comfortable, before slipping on a slightly baggy, long sleeve top (*hide my tummy*). She finishes by rolling skin tight jogging pants up over her thighs. Her legs are slightly heavier than I remember—we're all older, though, right?—but still wonderful. She ties her blonde hair back in a ponytail and steps in front of the bathroom mirror to adjust her appearance and I'm treated to a view of Maddy's full body for the first time.

I try to drink in every detail while Maddy critiques her appearance (*Is my hair okay if Glenda sees me?*). Her almond shaped eyes look herself up and down from underneath her dark, exquisitely shaped eyebrows. Her slightly upturned nose and rounded cheeks gives her a cute

girl-next-door—mom next door?—appearance that I remember well. She's definitely not fat, despite the insistence of her thoughts; she's got the slightly plump body of middle age but very attractive. God I want her. I *am* her but I still want her.

We hit the streets, slowly at first, Maddy's body jiggling in exciting but unfamiliar ways as she warms up with a fast walk. Every now and then we pass someone out in the neighbourhood and Maddy's thoughts light up in comparison (*I'd kill to have her lips*). Staying silent in her head is an interesting exercise. I'd always taken Maddy as confident and relaxed but here was this hidden undercurrent of insecurity and constant comparison with other women.

The susurrations of her thoughts subside as we increase our pace to a steady jog, the exercise soon chasing out all thoughts but the next landmark, the next step. The ponytail jiggles, occasionally tickling our neck as Maddy runs. Our body is soon flooded with the runner's high of endorphins and I, too, can think of nothing but the next step, willing our body on further.

We circle through the nearby park and around the lake as the sun slowly dips in the sky. By the time we get back to the house it's heading into late evening (*Kids and Tim will be home soon*) and our body is panting with exertion and slick with sweat but Maddy has the burst of confidence and satisfaction that comes with a good workout.

She returns to the bathroom and flicks on the switch, revealing her beautiful body in her jogging outfit and still shiny with sweat. The pants cling to her solid thighs and taper nicely down her long legs. The small contours of her breasts are just visible beneath the top. It's too much; I want her right now. In a burst of longing I push forward into her mind and take control, sending her to sleep so I can enjoy her body on my own.

I stare at Maddy's face in the mirror, finally being able to look for as long as I like. I smile, her cute face lighting up as I turn my face this way and that. I do the same with my body, flexing and posing, half turning to get a glimpse of my lovely butt, the form fitting jogging pants making the rounded curve of my ass even more alluring. I run my hands over my top, feeling the breasts beneath. They fill my hands beneath my bra as I take their weight, hefting them in Maddy's tiny, manicured hands. Her fingers are long and thin, the nails glossy and perfect as I gently squeeze my breasts. It's not an instantaneous desire; she seems to be held back by something. But my desire at feeling Maddy's body overpowers this

strange reluctance and sparks an ember within my womanhood.

I run my hands down the contours of my top, watching and feeling as the fabric melds to my form, the hidden curves appearing and disappearing as the fabric stretches and loosens when my hands slide down over it.

I continue running my hands down, down my pants. My thighs are delightfully warm beneath my roaming hands, weighty but firm. I circle up and over my hidden womanhood, my fingers lightly tickling myself, stoking the warmth of my lust. I watch Maddy in the mirror as I make her play with her body. Her dark eyebrows are furrowed in concentration, which causes her tiny nose to wrinkle up adorably. I push one hand deeper between my thighs, fighting against the tight fabric of the pants. I can feel the lips of Maddy's pussy—*my* pussy—opening for me, the strange slickness of my body growing lusty. I need to be inside myself. I stretch open the elastic of my pants and quickly push one hand down inside, beneath even the fabric of my panties. My fingers brush against my opening lips and plunge into my moist warmth. I sigh as the edge of the yearning tension is mellowed. My fingers move back and forth inside me, increasing my wet warmth, urging the pleasure around and through Maddy's body.

Maddy's fingers grow slick with her lust as I slip and slide inside her velvety folds. My breath comes faster, urging the tension on, winding up my body in desire. My other hand returns to my top to play with my breasts, pinching and squeezing through the shirt and bra as I push deeper into my pussy, rubbing against my clit and suddenly 'Oh!' the tension lets up and I close my eyes, enjoying the pleasure soaking through my body. Still I continue, rubbing faster, harder as my budding clit reveals itself and my pleasure increases a hundred fold.

'Oh. Oh. Oh,' Maddy's panting moans drop from my lips and hearing this drives me on faster, my fingers curling up inside me now. I prop one knee on the edge of the sink to open my pussy wider as I push in, hooking around my sopping warmth to my G-spot, hitting it hard until another orgasm blows through me and I cum, Maddy's body wracked with pleasure as the tension unwinds, exploding through my body and I cry out. 'Ahh, Ahhh!' and she feels good and I feel good and I love being in her body and I open my eyes and cum one final time, watching her in the mirror as I force her to fuck herself. Her mouth opens and closes as the crest of the wave washes over and through me and I can feel my fingers

deep inside myself as my mature, feminine form pulses with pleasure.

As the wave passes I lean on the sink, breathing hard as my body slowly comes down. I put both feet on the floor and pull my hand out of my pants. My fingers are soaking and covered with the musky, intoxicating scent of Maddy's juices. I raise my fingers to my mouth and lick them, tasting my own desire, watching Maddy in the mirror as I make her drink her wet lust.

God, I needed that.

III.

I wash my hands and adjust my body before I retreat back into her mind and wake her. She thinks something happened but she's not sure what. She's relaxed and tired. (*Maybe it was just a good run?*).

We undress and step into the shower. As we soap our body I get the luxury of again feeling her up as our hands move over our soft face, down our torso and under each breast, soaping over and around our nipples, then down our stomach and between our legs. Our hand slides between the crack of our slightly plump ass, just between the warm pillows of our butt-cheeks, which is thrilling for me but showering as usual for Maddy. I watch from inside as her body moves under her command, her thoughts trending towards the rest of the evening.

We step out and dry off, then get dressed just as the kids get home, followed soon after by her husband. He comes through the door and gives us a peck on the lips (*He's so handsome in his suit and tie.*). His manly scent lingers on our lips; our body is revved up. He starts to pull away but we grab his butt playfully and pull him close again. He smiles and slips his warm lips against ours.

'Someone's excited,' he says, a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

Maddy strokes his crotch. 'I was hoping you could help me with that tonight,' we say.

Before he can reply the kids burst into the room for hugs with cries of 'Daddy's home!'

It's clear Maddy and her husband are still deeply in love and I'm happy for her. Still though, I can't help thinking of the 'what ifs' and wishing it was me she was greeting. But being in her for even this short time has given me some insights into her. She's not as confident as she pretends and there's still something dark hidden below the surface.

The next few hours are spent in the normal domestic routine. We make dinner while her husband changes clothes and the kids play computer games. Over dinner I feel Maddy truly relax. In front of her family she doesn't have to try to pretend to be anything and we listen to the children talk about their days. Hailey, the nine year old, talks our ear off while Kyle, the seven year old has to be prompted. A sense of motherly pride and adoration wells in my breast at the simple family-ness of it all. This is what she wanted. Yes, it can be hard sometimes but overall she's content. We sip our wine and make eyes at our husband, Maddy's thoughts straying every now and then to getting him in bed alone.

The next couple hours are filled with the banal but mentally tiresome task of herding the kids through the bedtime routine—clean up, bath, teeth brushing, stories—until finally, around 8 o'clock the kids are down and it's just us. And her husband.

He showers and then joins us on the couch, both in our pajamas. I'm wearing a pair of pink cotton pants and a wide necked top that shows off the slope of my breasts (*and if I lean forward the top will drop down, revealing my pillowy breasts with the pink, silver dollar-sized areolas*). "My" husband wears striped cotton pants and a white shirt that outlines his hard body.

I snuggle close to him, my head on his shoulder, enjoying his masculine smell as we catch up on *Game of Thrones*. (*How many tits will we see on this episode?*)

Maddy's hand reaches down and lays on our husband's lap, our fingers absently and gently brushing over the bulge beneath his pants. Soon he grabs the remote and pauses the show. He looks at Maddy and I look through her eyes at his rugged, handsome face.

'Is there something you want, Maddy?' he asks, the left side of his lips curling up in a roguish smile.

'Yes,' we say as we place a firmer grip on the hardening cock beneath his pants and straddle him. 'This.'

Maddy leans in and kisses him on his stubbly cheek, his taste, his smell invading our senses, warming our womanhood. We kiss, one hand still on his cock, growing hard and long between us as Maddy opens our mouth and sucks on his probing tongue. One of his hands comes up to our cheek, the slightly calloused fingers brushing against us and then into our hair. A small, dark spot of fear blossoms from nowhere and Maddy grabs both his hands and pushes them back, pinning them against the back of the couch as we begin grinding against his throbbing erection. In that one instant of fear her mind opens up and I see flashes of her darkness—*drinking...too young...a man's lips on mine...what's going on?...too scared-drunk-weak...my fault...I can't tell anyone*. Followed by an instant realization and suddenly I understand why it didn't work with us, why it couldn't work with us. Maddy has ghosts she doesn't acknowledge and tries to ignore but they keep intruding on her life. She won't—or can't—face what happened to her. Just that brief glimpse is enough for me; I feel her fear, her uncertainty, her shame and it scares me, the real me. And I finally understand that being a good guy was never going to be

enough for her because she wasn't ready to deal with her own trauma. It's not my fault; only she could give herself what she wanted.

My mind is still reeling at everything I'd learned before Maddy's body pivots me back to her fierce urgency of the present.

It's only now that we're on top, pinning him down, controlling the situation, dominating him, do I feel Maddy's body fully relax. The warmth of our nether lips burns brighter, we can feel them sliding against each other, moistening in lust. We grind against our husband's body, our blonde hair falling over his forehead as he relinquishes control to Maddy, to us. His manhood is fully erect beneath his pants, we can feel the delicious heat as we move our supple hips up and down, pressing into him.

We throw off our shirt and smooth back our silky blonde hair. Our tits hang in front of our husband, ripe for him, teasing him.

'Suck my nipple,' Maddy commands and our husband obliges. His hands still pinned against the couch by us, he leans his head forward and soon manages to wrap his hot lips around one of our fat, pink nipples.

'Ooh,' we groan, Maddy's voice growing husky as we close our eyes. He suckles, nibbling and biting now.

'Harder,' Maddy whispers, closing her eyes. The next bite sends shivers of painful pleasure down our spine and we shudder with a minor orgasm. We open our eyes and watch him roll our nipple around in his lips as his tongue licks wetly.

'You like that?' we whisper. He nods. (*Not good enough*). We grab his mouth in a strong grip and lift his eyes to ours.

'Say it!' We say, pressing our groin hard against him, dominating him just the way we like it.

'I like that.'

'You want me to fuck you now?'

'Yes, please,' he smiles.

We grab his hair and push his head back against the couch, our body splayed out fully on his as our lips brush against his ear.

'Beg me,' we whisper.

'Please,' he says, still smiling. We need that smile gone.

Still gripping him by the hair we smack him across the cheek, then push his head back once more. The smile's gone.

'I said fucking beg me,' we hiss and we're so wet, we can practically feel it running down our thighs.

'Please, please fuck me,' he whimpers. A part of us knows he's playing

along but it's good enough.

We can't strip our pants off fast enough and no sooner are we standing naked over our husband than we're jerking off his pants, revealing the purplish head of his cock. And it's wonderful having all that lust directed at us, at our body; it feels so hot to be wanted like this. This is control.

Then we're back down, lowering our sopping pussy onto his dick and it pops inside and oh God we're so hot and so full. We rock, grinding again as his cock hits us deep inside and then our own hand is hard up against our swollen clit, our husband's throbbing cock deep inside our wet pussy, rubbing our clit and rocking hard and then there's another glorious spasm and 'Ahh, oh fuck, oh fuck,' our voice rises in pitch with each word as we guide the cock in and out of our sexy body and then the orgasm crashes through us and it's just fullness and heat and pressure and joy as we all three cum hard together. We buck, riding him again and we can feel his seed filling us up, each hot spasm setting off an avalanche of ecstasy and we need his cum, we need all of it inside us.

The room only slowly comes back to us, our bucking ceases, our breasts still rise and fall with each heavy breath, our body slick with sweat from the exertions. We lean our head against our husband's shoulder and he rubs his hands across our back. Maddy's head is buzzing pleasantly and the darkness is pushed aside and forgotten once more.

I'm glad I could experience this with her, but I now know that we would never work out. I couldn't be who she wanted me to be and I, too, am finally satisfied as much as can be. The only thing that can cure me of Maddy now is time.

Later that night, after her husband is in bed I hop out, leaving Maddy sleeping on the couch as I tiptoe out of the house. This was good for me. Useful. Although maybe Maddy was an anomaly. Maybe I should try this experiment of being a silent passenger again with someone else. As a therapy it's pretty unconventional, but it doesn't harm anyone. And... whatever works, right?

#

The Right Woman

The streets of my hometown are packed with protesters but the atmosphere is one of congeniality rather than hostility. I march with a few of my friends, holding my sign high (It reads: *Your tiny hands have made a yuuuge mistake!*), chanting, snapping pictures of some of the other protest signs, and marvelling at the huge crowd that has taken to the streets to both protest a government on its first day in office and celebrate women's rights.

Suddenly, in one of those random ebbs and flows of the crowds, a gap appears and I glimpse the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. She stands along the curb, chanting with a few other women. Her long, wavy brunette hair blows gently in the breeze. Her sharp eyebrows arch exquisitely over dark, wide-set eyes, drawing me in even through the crowd. She wears denim on denim (Is that a thing? I think that's a thing now.): a denim jacket and plain, white t-shirt that both stop at her belly-button, revealing her rich, mocha skin. Her tight jeans highlight the delicious curve of her butt. The moment only lasts a second before the gap in the crowd closes but in that second I'm smitten.

I turn to my friends. 'I'll catch up with you later,' I yell.

They nod and keep marching. This isn't unusual for me; they know I like to chase beautiful women, they just don't know what I do when I catch them. I'm a body hopper, and what I like more than anything is hopping a beautiful woman and living her life, exploring my femininity and indulging in a few intimate pleasures.

I wade through the crowd towards where I last spotted her. Thankfully, she's still standing there. She stops chanting every so often to chat and laugh with a group of three other girls. It seems they all know each other and have come here together. That makes it a little trickier to get her alone; one person disappearing inside another is still uncommon enough that it causes panic. Go figure.

It's easy enough to stand to the side waving my sign without her noticing me as the crowd flows past. It's harder to figure out how the hell I'm going to hop her. All I need is a split second and a way to hide my original body from view so nobody freaks out when I disappear. I'm aware of the irony of stalking a woman while at a rally celebrating women's freedom, but I mean no harm, I just desperately want to know what it's like to live as her, to go through the world as a vision of perfect feminine beauty for just one day.

After a while the brunette and her friends begin to move on with the crowd towards the central square for the start of the speeches. I follow at a distance, occasionally losing sight of them until they bob up again, like a boat on the waves. They stake out a spot at the far end of the square; the stage is tiny from back here but big screens project close-ups of all the action.

The speeches are good. Funny, sad, angry, entertaining, and I keep reminding myself not to get sucked in. It's in a lull between two speakers when I see her turn to her friends, then they start making their way towards the library. I seem to recall the library would be open for bathroom use and follow after them.

Sure enough, when I get inside they're just turning the corner to the bathrooms. The men and women's rooms are side by side, around a corner beneath the large staircase. As I get closer and angle around I can see there's no line for the men and a surprisingly short line for the women's room; but then I guess a number of stores have opened their doors for the protesters. Luckily, the gorgeous brunette is last in line behind her blonde friend. The blonde is tall and willowy and has a graceful elegance about her, but she can't match the brunette in sheer weak-at-the-knees gorgeousness.

I wait some distance away, nervously hoping no one else gets in line. Just as her blonde-haired friend enters the bathroom and closes the door, another group of people comes through the main entrance and heads towards the bathrooms. I hurry forward, knowing I'll only be blocked from view for a moment, but a moment is all I need.

I approach her; she's got her head down, staring at her phone. She's facing the side wall and her beautiful silhouette is to me. As I get closer I'm taken by the taut curve of her ass, her tiny wisp of a nose and her striking profile. I can hear the other people coming up from behind as I get closer. I turn the corner, only a few steps away from her but the others are closing in fast. I hear the clunk of the bathroom latch and the women's room door just starts to creak open as I take one last, long stride to close the gap and then hop.

The world disappears from view as I shatter into pure energy. My sight disappears but I can still "feel" the world and the people in it as condensed shapes of energy. I pour into the nearest shape, the brunette woman, filling her up with my essence. The next thing I know I'm looking through her eyes at the phone in my lender hand.

My hair hangs down across the side of my face. My thin, feminine fingers clasp the phone, each nail perfectly manicured. I stare down at the unbuttoned denim top, my form-hugging white t-shirt clings lovingly to my chest. I slot in easily with her memories, knowing everything she knows. My name is Georgia and I'm 23 years old.

All of this has happened in less than a second so when the bathroom door opens wide my blonde friend—Allison, Georgia's mind supplies her name—notices nothing unusual. Allison holds the door open for me and as I take hold of it she slips her fingers gently across mine in a way that's almost, but not quite, accidental. She shoots me a hidden smile as I step into the bathroom. It's a rather large room with a single toilet on one wall and a sink beneath a mirror on the other. I approach the mirror and my new reflection slides into view.

God, I'm cute. I've got a gentle slope of a nose, dark brown eyes and soft, coffee-colored skin that practically radiates my youth. I smile, revealing a row of perfectly white teeth and a little dimple on my cheek. I run my hands through my soft hair, lift it up over my head and turn my face this way and that, swaying my hips back and forth, ogling my new body and making pouty faces until I giggle softly. I want to explore this body but that will have to wait.

I drop my pants, revealing my long, smooth legs, and squat over the toilet to do my business. My eyes drop down to the light brown triangle of hair between my legs. *Soon*, I promise myself.

When I'm done I wash my hands and take one last look at myself, adjusting my outfit and allowing my fingers to skate gently over my breasts. Perfectly adjusted, I go out to join my friends.

We resume our positions outside to listen to some more speakers, which gives me time to get used to my new body and put Georgia's thoughts in order. Through Georgia's eyes the day seems brighter, smells seem more vibrant and I feel more...present, somehow, than I felt as myself. I stand next to Allison and behind Georgia's other friends, Jill and Chrissy. At some point Allison's fingers slide between my own and I glance over at her. She smiles at me, her green eyes twinkle in mischief, and suddenly I “remember” kissing Allison's warm lips and lapping at her pussy with my long tongue as she writhed in ecstasy. Georgia and Allison have a secret fling going on and neither of them knows if it's temporary or permanent but they're both having a lot of fun experimenting.

Soon Jill, the gregarious one, gets to talking with the people around her and makes fast friends. The speakers are done and the crowd starts to break up.

'I'm going to head back home, I've got to work tonight,' Allison says. She's a waitress at a high end bar. The money's good when you look as sexy in a slinky black dress as Allison does and I can picture in Georgia's memories.

'I'll come with you,' I say. Chrissy stays with Jill—they're roommates—so Allison and I hug them and say goodbye before making our way back through the crowd.

I know that Allison wants me to come back to her place, and who am I to refuse?

An hour later we finally unlock the door to Allison's apartment and tumble inside. No sooner does the door shut than Allison's lips are on mine, her arms entwined around my delicate form, our bodies press close together.

'God, I've been waiting so long to do that,' she says, pulling back and eyeing me. Her angular face and high cheekbones fill my vision. I'm so close I can see the tiny freckles beneath her eyes. She's striking and model-pretty, which is to say thin and long limbed with a long face and wide eyes that should be off-putting but somehow just make her more beautiful.

'Me too,' I say, thrilling at the sound of my lovely feminine voice.

Then we kiss again, our arms around each other. My nose is pressed against her cheek and I can smell her rich peach scent with a tangy undertone of sweat that makes it all the sweeter for the lust it promises. I toss off my denim top as Allison's hands roam over my body. Then she's pulling my white shirt off and we both look down at the smooth slopes of my breasts in absolute lust.

'I wish I had your tits,' she says, squeezing them playfully.

'They're all yours,' I whisper in Georgia's breathy voice as I unclasp my bra and shake it off, letting my breasts fall into Georgia's waiting hands.

She caresses them gently, running her manicured nails over each breast in wonder before pinching my nipples. A small sigh escapes me as a delightful shiver of pain echoes through my body. Then her lips are on my nipples and her warm breath excites me, fills my body with a wonderful tension as I watch her suckle from Georgia's point of view. I'm

aching for her; I need her.

She seems to sense my thoughts because her hand slips down into my pants and I laugh-gasp as her fingers slide under my panties to my coarse bush, trimmed into a 'V' leading down into my folds.

She unzips my jeans and pushes me onto the couch then straddles me. We both gaze in wonder at Georgia's body, long-limbs, dark skin, perfect, perky breasts with dark nipples that are even now rising to attention. Allison grabs my panties and pulls them down my long legs, leaving my new body naked and vulnerable and sparking with electricity. She wets two fingers in her mouth and leans over me before pressing her fingers against my pussy. Her lips find mine and I open my mouth for her, letting her enter me, tasting her breath. She slides her fingers up and down my nether lips, warming me, loosening me up and soon I open my body for her and then she's inside me. Her fingers circle over my clit and the warmth arcs through my body. I spread my legs, welcoming her deeper inside me as we stare into each other's eyes. Lust is written across both our faces as her fingers slide in and out of me, rubbing harder, faster against my budding clit. The tension inside my body increases and just as I feel the wave begin to crest over me Allison leans down and pushes her whole hand inside me and oh god I feel so full and suddenly I cum hard in surprise, the world glowing as pleasure pulses through me and I cry out in Georgia's beautiful voice. 'Oo-ooh!'

I can feel Allison inside me, she balls her hand into a fist, working me, pounding up against my g-spot and she opens her hand and I cum even harder—God, I'm so wonderfully full!—my legs flexing, toes pointing out as I ride the wave of pleasure, Allison grinning down into my face as she makes me orgasm again and again, and I yell, high pitched and feminine at the pleasure I can no longer control and the world slips away and it's just me and Georgia's body floating through the ether of ecstasy, pushed through I pulses by Allison's hand deep inside my wet heat. And when I return to earth; my body feels delightfully, exhaustively full.

Allison pulls her hand outside of me and I feel so used, so beautifully used. I raise one hand to my forehead, panting, my breasts rising and falling as Allison rests her head on one hand, her blond hair spilling down as she lies on the couch against me. Her small breasts rest against my own and her warm hand rests on my chest, feeling my heartbeat, as I stare up into her emerald eyes.

'What are we doing?' she whispers.

I shrug, Georgia doesn't know where this is going either. All she knows is that they share a deep connection to each other's souls, and a deep lust for each other's bodies.

Allison sighs. 'I have to get ready for work.'

Reluctantly, we rise and dress. As I get ready to leave Allison grabs my hand.

'Call me tomorrow?'

I nod and brush my wavy brunette hair behind my face before heading out into the early evening.

II.

Traffic is terrible, as usual, on the drive back to Georgia's apartment in the foothills. Even navigating by Georgia's shortcuts it takes me an hour to get home. By the time I unlock the door to Georgia's place I'm ravenous. My stomach rumbles audibly as I throw my purse onto the counter and drape my jacket over a chair before opening the fridge.

There's some leftover stir-fry from the Chinese place around the corner that I warm up in the microwave. I roam around and admire Georgia's small apartment as I wait, enjoying the sway of my hips and the feel of my youthful, feminine body. It's one thing to "remember" what her apartment looks like and another to see it myself.

The apartment itself is small and a bit worn but Georgia keeps it neat. The decoration is minimalist and well-planned on her meagre budget. I flick on the light in her bedroom. The bed is nicely made and everything is tucked away into drawers or the closet. The closet has one of those awful mirrored doors stretching the width of it—probably to make the tiny room look bigger—that Georgia has covered over with a sheet attached tastefully to a curtain rod above.

The microwave beeps and I grab the food and sit at the coffee table in front of the TV. The stir-fry has fish in it, a taste I usually don't like but Georgia loves. So I love it too, now.

I turn on the TV and wander through her recorded shows. Again, I've taken on her taste, which runs towards the home redecorating shows. A few minutes into the show, just as I'm rolling my eyes at the *unbelievably* terrible furniture choices the hipster couple is making, Georgia's phone dings with a message. It's Jill asking if I want to go dancing tonight to let off some steam. The thought of whirling Georgia's body around the room excites me and I eagerly accept the invitation. We agree to meet at a club near me in a few hours.

When my show is over I think about getting showered and dressed, but it occurs to me I haven't spent any time admiring Georgia's body on my own.

I return to her bedroom and tie the curtain hiding the mirror up and out of the way, then stand back and admire Georgia's body—*my* body—in the mirror. Georgia's beautiful face smiles back at me. Her perfectly tapered eyebrows highlight her dark eyes; they're mesmerising, sparkling with joy. I run my hands over my cheeks, luxuriating in the soft, smooth skin. I trace the small slope of my nose and trail my hand down my chin,

then down my neck to my breasts. I pull my top over my head and brush the hair out of my face before removing my bra and freeing my breasts. I stare into the mirror as I make Georgia heft her breasts in each hand and run her soft fingers across the skin as the nipples perk up once more as I explore my delicate body.

I turn to the side and take in my profile. Georgia's curves are remarkable and I feel so lovely, so feminine as I slide a hand down the side of my tits, down my side and then over my tight, bubble butt. I unbutton my pants, drop them to the floor and kick them aside with my long legs. My fingers slide under the elastic of my panties and I stretch it out gently, looking down at myself, at the peek of my pussy framed by Georgia's breasts. Then I take even that small article of clothing off and stand naked in front of the mirror. I pose, twisting my legs this way and that as I admire Georgia's body from all angles. My eyes run down my slim shoulders, to my narrow waist, down to my shapely thighs to the peach fuzz across the lips of my vagina. My vagina. I love that thought.

I sit on the bed and spread my shapely legs wide, watching in the mirror as I slip a few fingers down to the coarse triangle between my legs. I can feel myself growing warm and wet even before I begin pressing gently on the top of my clit. The warmth slowly spreads through my body as I continue rubbing lightly, until my beautiful nether lips open and the velvety folds reveal themselves with each caress.

I dip my finger down and into my own moistness, then spread it up onto the hood of my clit as the warmth tickles through me. I drop my head back and my hair falls down over my shoulders as I close my eyes and concentrate on my movements inside myself. Slowly, slowly a tension builds inside my body and I press harder, more urgently. My mouth drops open, my breath quickens as do my fingers. The wet sounds of my pleasure reach my ears and drive me on further and then suddenly I'm there, at a small crest and my breath hitches—'Ah!'—as a quick orgasm shocks me, momentarily releasing that build up of tension but the next second it's back and I need relief more urgently.

I slip another finger inside myself, sliding deeper into my wet folds. I curl them around and up, luxuriating in the wet moistness that is myself, my desire, my body. I massage harder, both penetrating and being penetrated, sighing deeply as the wave of pleasure carries me up once more, my legs twisting and turning as I thrust faster, harder and a spark shoots through me.

Right there. More of that.

I curl my fingers back and forth across the dimpled groove of my G-spot, pushing and pulling, growing fiercer, more urgent as my body cries out for more, faster. My hand is slick with my own juices and the dank smell of my sex hits my cute nostrils and suddenly I'm there. 'Oh! Oh!' Crying out in Georgia's voice and enjoying the pleasure shooting through her lovely body.

I open my eyes, watch in the mirror as I make this lovely girl masturbate, her fingers deep inside herself, knowing I have complete control of her body and enjoying it for all it's worth. My feminine groans grow higher in pitch with each thrust 'Ah! Ah! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh! Fuck! Fuuck!' and I crest, an orgasm pummelling me as I close my eyes and let the pleasure carry me away. Georgia's body feels so wonderful, both inside and out, that it's only with some reluctance that I fall back onto the bed, panting heavily. The room seems to glow, though maybe that's just me.

Gradually, as I lie there, the glow dims, my breathing returns to normal but the memories remain. I pull my fingers out of my pussy. They glisten in the soft light and I suck on them, tasting my salty-musky desire.

I'm delicious.

God, being this girl feels wonderful.

III.

When I finally rise from my masturbatory stupor it's time to get ready for my girl's night out. I step into the shower and soap up until my entire body is covered with suds and deliciously slippery. I almost get lost rubbing my hands over my slick breasts but soon snap out of it. I just enjoyed Georgia's body but I already want more.

I step out and towel off. Using Georgia's memories of how cute I look with my hair all wavy, I put my hair up in curlers before returning to my bedroom to get dressed. I go through Georgia's wardrobe until I find the perfect dress. It's elegant and sexy and I know my body will look killer in it.

The dress has thick, criss-crossing straps of sparkling gold and black covering my chest, which turns into a long, flowing black skirt beginning above my belly button and flowing down to my knees. I forgo panties and pull the dress up over my long legs before slipping my arms through the straps and adjusting the flowing fabric. It leaves just the right amount of skin visible without seeming slutty. Though, nothing wrong with looking slutty.

The light skirt swishes against my long legs as I return to the bathroom and apply my makeup. The blush, the lipstick, the eye-shadow all come easily and I'm excited to watch my cute face in the mirror get made up to become stunning. Well, more stunning anyway. It doesn't take much, Georgia is one of those lucky women whose natural beauty needs very little makeup.

Finally I blow dry my hair and remove the curlers, letting my long, brunette hair fall down over my shoulders in huge waves. I adjust myself in the mirror, then take a long critical look at myself with one hand on my hip. I'm gorgeous and elegant and it's amazing the confidence being a pretty, well-dressed woman instils in me. I grab a little black purse and transfer my phone and cards into it before heading out the door to meet my girlfriends, my hips swaying seductively beneath the dress.

Jill and Chrissy are already outside the club when I arrive. We have no problem getting inside— bouncers are always happy to let three pretty, single women into a club. The music's bumping and while I usually don't go to these types of clubs, I'm happy to make an exception to show off my body.

It takes a drink or two to loosen us all up but soon the three of us are in

the middle of the room shaking what we've got. It's not long before others join us and we're surrounded on the dance floor by various groups, all of us moving to the thumping beats. Every now and then we have to brush off the random annoying guy who get too pushy and uncomfortably close, even for me. At some point in the night a young man dances up to us who's different from the rest; he's tall and boyishly cute with dark hair and the outline of his muscles visible through his black t-shirt. His striking, dark eyes grab my attention, promising me mischief. He's respectful but confident, dancing up to me but not on top of me. He stares into my eyes with a small grin and I can't help but grin back and welcome him closer. There's something about him that's instantly attractive.

After a few songs I lean up to his ear, taking the opportunity to stroke his hard pecs, and yell over the music, 'I need to take a break from dancing.'

He nods, and I take his hand in mine—it's heavy and warm against my skin—and lead him towards the bar.

When we finally get off the floor he leans down to my ear.

'You are ver-y beautiful,' he says in a lovely, formal Eastern European accent that sends a tingle down my spine. 'I would like to buy you a drink.'

'I'd like you that, too!' I grin, 'A Manhattan, please.'

After a brief struggle through the crowd to reach the bar he returns with two drinks in hand. I spy a couple leaving from a table in the corner and we grab it, beating out two other guys as we sit down in the chairs. The cold metal presses against my plump butt through the thin fabric of my dress as I cross my legs.

We talk a bit but there's a language barrier. I'm willing to overlook it because he's so damn handsome and it's hard to concentrate anyway because Georgia's body is *hungry* for him. Just the thought of him inside me is making me wet. A glance through Georgia's mind tells me she would never do anything so bold as to make a move, but I have no such reservations. I have an itch that I desperately need to scratch.

After another of the numerous breaks in the conversation—partly due to the language barrier and partly due to the volume of the music—I put down my drink and slink around the table. He eyes me with a sexy grin. I throw one leg over his lap and straddle him, then caress his cheeks and kiss him. His breath is hot and sour with the drink but so masculine, so delicious. I suck his tongue into my mouth and taste him fully, my nose

pressing against his stubbly cheek. I feel his hands caress my back, pulling me towards him.

My heart beats to the heavy rhythmic bass of the club music as I run my fingers through his dark hair and continue kissing him deeply. A fire is burning between my legs already and by the rising bulge in his pants I can tell he feels the same. I want him inside me and I'm feeling amazingly naughty.

I release him from our kiss and I glance around. It's dark in this corner and no one's paying any attention to us love-birds at the back table.

I slide back on his lap and unzip his pants. His face briefly registers surprise but he doesn't try to stop me. I reach in through the zipper and run my fingers up and down the bottom of his fabric covered cock while I stare into his eyes. My fingers find the flap of his boxers and I slide in and grasp him. I can feel the pulsing rhythm of his rock hard erection as I slide it out of his pants. So warm in my hands.

I need him.

I hike up my dress, revealing my bare pussy, already glistening for him. His eyes go wide and I laugh before shifting forward, one hand holding my dress up, the other holding his cock as I guide it into me. There's a soft pressure as his head pushes against my nether lips, and then a sigh of satisfaction escapes my lips as he pops inside me, his cock curving up to fill me with his hot hardness.

I grind my hips back and forth slowly, revelling in the sensation of fullness. His hands slip under my dress from behind and grab my ass. From outside, no one can tell he's inside me, it just looks like a couple making out. But, God, I can tell. He's warm and hard-soft inside me, everything I want, everything I need.

He pulls me down onto him, squeezing my thick butt in his large hands. My body burns as I rock back and forth harder, my dress hiked up around me, our groans and sighs covered by the loud music of the club cycling from one song to another without a pause. And then I'm riding him in a rhythm, and the music and our bodies are one and I grind harder, deeper. My hand that was around his cock is now against my clit, pressing hard so I'm full and buzzing and then suddenly a wave of pleasure shoots through me and I press down on him deeper. 'Yes!' I cry, my voice lost in the music.

I grab the back of his metal chair with both hands and pull myself onto him. He's so big, so warm and this extra pull cause his cock to slap

against my G-spot and I desperately want more and I grind, my pussy so achingly wet and lovely and full and just as I'm cresting I feel him spasm inside me and we cum together. His cock spurts his seed inside me, filling my belly with his heat and I close my eyes and groan as he pushes up into me, and the room disappears, and the music disappears and it's just him and me in this blissful eternity as he empties himself into me until I'm full. Full and satisfied with the heat of his cum.

The music fades back into my consciousness as I rest my forehead on his, my wavy brown hair falling over his shoulders. We're both breathing hard and I laugh and kiss him again.

I stand up slowly. My body still wants him inside of me and is sad to feel the emptiness after so much pleasure. Well, not totally empty. I can feel a trickle of him down my legs. He stuffs his cock into his pants and shoots me that amazing grin once more.

I lead him back out onto the dance floor and we dance with my girls until the club closes. At the end of the night we trade numbers. I'll leave it up to Georgia whether she calls him but the option is open if she ever wants a quick lay. Or maybe even a longer one.

When I finally get back to Georgia's place I lie on the bed and leave her with the memories of the day before sending her to sleep and hopping out. She's a lovely girl and I'll miss being her. Of course, I could always return someday. But for now I'm sated, and happy and at peace.

#

A-Plus Student

It's past midnight and I'm still cramming for my oral exam tomorrow. I can barely keep my eyes open and I'm confusing my fibula with my tibia. Is a tibia a thing? That doesn't sound right. I flip back a few pages in the book to the skeleton chart and stare blankly at it for a few seconds. I've forgotten what I was looking for. That's not good. Definitely time for more coffee. I rub my hands across the scratchy stubble of my cheeks and stand, wandering around the room to try to wake myself up. I catch a glimpse of myself in my mirror: dark circles beneath my eyes, a loose, black shirt that hides my belly, ill-fitting boxer shorts hang down over my waist and my stubby legs are bare, the thick dark hair matted. I'm not a guy any woman would call handsome unless uni-brows and shortness come back into style. I'd be hard pressed to even call me good-looking. Particularly now when I've been awake for over 24 hours It's a good thing I'm smart.

'Come on, you can do this,' I say to myself, running my thick fingers through my short hair. I slap my fat cheeks gently, rub my broad nose.

Suitably awake, I return to my desk and stare at the computer some more. Where was I? I just need to close my eyes and think. Just for a few seconds. I keep swivelling my chair back and forth because somewhere in my mind I've an idea that the gentle rocking motion will help stop me from falling asleep.

I awake several hours later with my head resting in the pages of my book and a small trickle of drool running down the side of mouth. There's also a mess of something soft and ticklish covering my face. I sit up slowly, still groggy, and wipe my mouth. I'm still half-sleep but my face feels weirdly smooth; did all my stubble fall off? I grab at the long, flowing strands of...something...hanging down in front of my face and try to yank it down off my head. I immediately feel a sharp stab of pain at the top of my head—like I'm yanking my own hair—and my head is forced down towards my breasts.

Holy shit, what??

I freeze, my eyes nearly popping out of my head as I stare down into the plump, rounded cleavage below me. Two massive breasts are nearly popping out of a black, lacy bra. I bring my hands up to grab them in astonishment and see my hands, too have changed. They're slender and feminine, with long, dainty fingers, my arms hairless and smooth, nothing like my burly, hairy body. Shaking now, I trace my eyes down my

body, past my trim stomach to the black panties gently hugging my waist. The familiar bulge of my manhood is gone. Through the sheer fabric I glimpse the outline of my...my new equipment. I can't even think about it right now. Below the panties two smooth, pale thighs spread out, leading to gloriously long legs ending in tiny feet, the nails painted a light shade of pink. I wiggle my toes and see the feminine toes beneath me move. This can't be my body.

I gasp and even my voice has changed, it's soft and airy. I look around the room in confusion, the hair whipping around my head. The room is a little cleaner and smells like vanilla due to the scented candle burning on the bedside table but it's definitely still mine. A thousand thoughts shoot through my head: How did this happen? Who am I? This is impossible. And finally, the more banal: How am I going to take my oral exam?

I feel the panic rising in me as my breath comes faster, causing my breasts to rise and fall, which just causes more panic.

The text message alert on my phone breaks me out of this rising cycle of panic. I grab for it on the desk, my feminine fingers wrapping around the case as I slide one manicured nail across the screen to unlock it. It's a Facebook message from Alexandra, the girl I have a crush on. Why is she texting me? We're not connected and we barely know each other. I've mostly been ogling her from afar.

Hey babe, the message reads, *Are you ready for the exam today?*

She's calling me babe? Did I hit my head and fall into an alternate reality or something? That's when I notice the name on my profile: Sylvia. I scroll through my own Facebook feed. There's lots of pictures of a pretty brunette with full lips and a come-hither look on her sexy face. She's enchantingly beautiful in an exotic, dark and sexy sort of way. That must be Sylvia. Or, me, I guess, now. There's one picture of Sylvia in a two piece bathing suit. I look down at the breasts hanging beneath me, then back at the picture.

Yep, those are mine.

What's more, I appear to be accompanied by Alexandra in a lot of the pictures. Here we are at a party. Here we are at the beach. Here we are at another party with some guy draped on me. To the rest of the world it must look like I'm Sylvia, that I've always been Sylvia. Looking through my feed and around my room, it seems like Sylvia's life and mine are mostly similar in interests and history, with some diversions here and there. And that means I still have to take the oral exam today. Damn. I

don't think the professor's going to accept the excuse 'I woke up as a girl' as a reason to postpone. No one would believe that. Hell, it happened to me and even *I* don't believe it. I'm going to have to fake being Sylvia until I have time to figure out something else.

Well, at least I've got...shit! Two hours before the exam! I have to move fast.

I stand and head to the bathroom, my new body wobbling and jiggling in unfamiliar—but not unpleasant—ways. I turn the light on in the bathroom and gasp in shock at the beautiful face in the mirror. I'm gorgeous. My perfectly manicured eyebrows arch over large brown eyes. My curves are sensual and extremely feminine. I reach around and unclasp my bra after a brief struggle. It falls to the floor and my heavy breasts bounce free. I stare at the mirror, then down to my chest. My hands come up by I don't touch my new body, hardly daring to believe that the beautiful image in the mirror is actually me, that this body is mine. My breasts are so perfect, rounded and smooth, the breasts of every supermodel I've ever seen, except there's no airbrushing on me.

With some trepidation I hook my thumbs underneath the elastic of my panties and slowly shimmy out, my ass moving back and forth hypnotically as, inch by inch, my new slit is revealed. I have a shallow layer of coarse, light brown pubic hair in a landing strip leading down to my nether lips. It's strange not seeing my usual cock and balls. Strange, and strangely nice. I want to touch myself, to explore my new body, but I'm scared and, besides, I don't have a lot of time.

I force my gaze away from my wonderful body and turn the shower on. I step in and let the warm water cascade down my chest and sluice between my thighs. My bar of soap is gone, replaced with a wonderful peach scented body wash. I lather myself up, taking the opportunity to feel every inch of my transformed body. I feel both odd—as though I'm feeling up a stranger—and completely normal, like I was born in this body. I spend a lot of time on my new chest, hefting my boobs and gliding my fingers over their warm heaviness. By the end of the shower the suds cover every inch of my delicious form and I'm pretty sure I now have the cleanest breasts in the world. I step into the stream and rinse off.

I towel myself off and return to my room to get dressed. I slide open my closet door and am pleasantly surprised at the array of outfits available. I pull out a few tops, hold them up and eye myself critically in the mirror. I quickly settle on a white button-down top and a black skirt, both

of which I toss on the bed.

I hang the towel over the hook on my door (it somehow doesn't seem right to throw it on the floor as I used to do) and search through her...or rather, *my* drawers for a simple bra and panties. I slide the black panties up my smooth, long legs then slip on the bra. It's much easier to put on and the motions feel normal, like I've done this a thousand times before. Maybe I'm taking on the muscle memory of my new body? I slide and adjust the bra until it holds my breasts comfortably, then pull up the skirt. It sits above my knee, revealing miles of golden, glorious calf. Finally I pull on the long-sleeve white button-down shirt.

The fabric glides over my long arms and hugs my form. I button the top slowly, my breasts disappearing beneath the silky fabric until it's completely buttoned, then tuck it into my skirt and slip on a matching black belt. My large breasts strain against the shirt, yearning to burst out. I feel constricted and when I step in front of the mirror my body looks awkward and uncomfortable buttoned all the way up like this. I undo a few of the top buttons, the shirt spreading open a little more with each one, revealing the deep valley of my breasts and freeing my body. I undo about three of them, until the neck of the fabric stretches across my breasts, holding them in place so that my bra is still hidden from view. But god, my tits. Amazing.

There's something about this top that magnifies my sexiness. Maybe it's the fact that it's sort of a man's style shirt covering an extremely feminine form, maybe it's the fact that my breasts and my body are nearly on display, but at the same time I still seem dressed up and classy. Whatever it is, I like it. I make myself warm just staring at my body in the mirror, turning this way and that, posing and making come hither faces at myself. But there will be time to explore later. I've got to get to my exam.

I step into some high heels and grab a small purse. I throw my phone and credit cards inside then head for the door, my beautiful ass swaying back and forth with each click of my heels across the hardwood floor.

Outside the building I meet up with Alexandra. She's every bit as beautiful as I remember, though possibly not as beautiful as I am now. She embraces me warmly and we swap kisses on the cheek as girls do. Her long, dark hair whips gently against my face and I get a fleeting whiff of her fruity shampoo. It's feminine, and clean smelling and perfect. I'd like it for my own.

'What do you use on your hair? It smells wonderful.' I ask her, slightly surprised by the higher pitched feminine voice dropping from my plump lips.

'You like it?' she runs her hands through her hair. 'It's L'overeau, my hairdresser orders it special. I'll get you some next time.'

'Yes, please!' I'm inordinately excited at that prospect.

'Did you see who's doing the exam right before me?' She asks, her eyes sparkling.

'Who?'

'Cute Scruffy Guy!'

His image pops into my mind at the sound of the nickname we've given him. A tall, handsome guy. Could be a surfer. Alexandra and I have never talked *to* him but we've certainly talked *about* him. He's got intense eyes and I could almost get lost in them and I hope someday maybe he'll get lost in me. The thought gives me pause. It's not mine...not the old me's mine, anyway. I'm completely straight. Or I was. And now that I'm a woman I apparently still am. Thinking about this guy holding me, caressing my feminine form seems natural, nice even.

'Maybe we should have had him over to practice his oral on us.'

Alexandra covers her mouth and puts a hand on my shoulder, shaking with laughter.

'Okay, okay' I say after a few seconds, trying to clear my mind. 'We should focus on this exam.'

Alexandra grabs my shoulders and hops up and down with nervous energy, her big, dark eyes going wide.

'Oh my god, are you ready for this? I heard Mr. Johnson's doing this exam.'

Mr. Johnson's a junior assistant professor only a couple years older than me and extremely handsome. With his dark, curly hair, chiselled jaw and toned physique he could leave Cute Scruffy Guy in the dust.

'I heard if you let him have sex with you he'll give you an A-plus.' I say.

'Hell, I'd do Mr. Johnson for a solid B,' Alexandra replies, laughing.

'That can be my backup plan.'

The thought isn't entirely unappealing, but I don't want to have sex with a guy in this body. Do I?

As I'm contemplating this Alexandra grabs my hand and pulls me up the steps.

'Come on, I'm going to be late,' she says.

We reach Mr. Johnson's office just as the door opens and Cute Scruffy Guy walks out.

'Good luck, ladies,' he mumbles as he passes us.

'Next?' Mr. Johnson's deep baritone voice calls out from within his office.

'Wish me luck,' Alexandra says as we hug. I take a seat on a chair outside his office as Alexandra shuts the door behind her. The door blocks most of the sound but every now and then I can hear a few muffled words. I go over and over everything I've studied but I'm distracted by my new form. It seems like no time has passed when the door opens and Alexandra steps out. She gives me a shy smile but before I can ask her how she did Mr. Johnson pokes his head out.

'Ok. Lucky last one before lunch. Are you ready?'

I smile and nod, blushing for no reason I can fathom as his dark brown eyes focus on me. I give a little wave to Alexandra as I walk in, my heels clicking on the floor.

I sit on the chair across from his desk and fold one of my long legs over the other. My skirt rises up, revealing a wide swath of smooth thigh. My thoughts are in turmoil; I'm trying to focus but all I can think of is the lovely legs beneath my vision, the large breasts straining against my top, the emptiness between my legs.

Behind me I hear the door close and Mr. Johnson takes a seat behind his desk. 'All right, Sylvia, let's get right into it.'

He launches right into the questions and I stutter and mumble my way through several answers. He's not thrilled with my responses. I'm not thrilled with my responses. I've been thrown off by the strangeness of the day's events.

Finally, after another blank look I blurt out, 'I'm sorry, I've been going through a lot of...changes. I know this stuff but I just can't concentrate.' I lean forward and plead, 'Is there anything I can do?'

His eyes flick down to my breasts hanging in front of him then back up to my face.

'Hmmm,' he says, standing and walking to his office door. I hear the KER-KLUNK of the lock falling into place. In a few steps he's by my side, towering over me with his hands on his hips and his crotch right in front of my eyes.

'So, what should we do now?' He asks, suggestively.

He wants me and I want an A. I also want *him*.

I raise my thin fingers to his crotch and unzip his pants slowly, as though he might stop me at any second. I slide off the chair and onto my knees until I'm kneeling in front of him. I look up into his smiling face, biting my lips coquettishly as I pull down his pants and grip his already hardening manhood in my tiny hand. It feels so big between my slim fingers. It's warm and pulses in my grip as it grows, hardening even more beneath my fingers until he's at full mast, pointing at me, needing me. It feels powerful to be able to control his yearning like this.

He sits back on the table behind him and I slowly bring my face down to meet his erection. I hesitate for a second, I can't believe I'm about to suck a man's cock. But I need to get it over with.

I open my plump lips and swallow the head of his manhood. Using my tongue to wet his shaft I slowly lick up and down, going a little lower each time as his cock becomes slick with my saliva. The warm, salty taste of his pre-cum hits my tongue. It's delicious. I can feel my new body warming as his thick cock hits the back of my throat as I take him all in until my nose presses against his pubic hair and his warm hard-softness fills my mouth, pressing hard against my tongue, the back of my throat. Down and up, down and up I glide my lips and my tongue. He wraps his fingers through my fine hair and pushes and pulls me. I'm his sex toy, his plaything as he controls my head, forcing me down and up on his warm shaft. I love it. Giving up my power to this man is making me wet. I felate him gladly, enjoying the taste of him on my tongue, the feel of him sliding in and out of my lips.

Suddenly he pulls my head back off him.

'Stand up. Turn around.' He orders in a commanding voice.

I do as I'm told, obeying this master of a man, giving up my power so he can take me as his own. He grabs the bottom of my skirt and flips it up, revealing my smooth, bubble butt. Then he forces me onto my elbows against his desk. My hair flips down my face and I feel him press against my swollen nether lips. The head of his cock pushes, the pressure mounting until he slips inside me and –oh, god, it feels good. He wraps his muscular hands around my waist and pulls me towards him, impaling me with his cock as his lusty heat fills my dripping pussy and I cry out in surprise and delight 'Oh!' as he enters me.

I moan softly as he speeds up, my breasts swaying beneath me to the rhythmic slapping of his balls against my cunt as he pounds into me. It feels so good, I need it and I push back and my tight little pussy aches

with fullness. A pain-mingled pleasure blasts through my body and I cry out again in my feminine voice. 'Oh!' I can feel his desire, his need for my body as his cock alternately fills me and retreats.

Just as the fire burns bright through me he picks me up and flips me over onto the desk. He roughly pulls up my skirt, the desire for my body turning him into an animal as he leers down at my soaking pussy. Then he spreads my legs and thrusts inside and I'm in heaven. I've never felt so beautifully, perfectly full and his cock curves up and pounds against my womb and I cry out again as I grip the desk and an orgasm shatters me.

'Oh, god. Oh god! Harder!' I order him, my face furrowed in need, my legs spread wide so he can fill me. I ache for him.

He complies, gripping my legs and holding them apart so he can pound into me. I watch from my feminine perspective as my tits bounce madly back and forth as his dripping cock disappears and re-appears from inside my soaking cunt. Ecstasy blasts through me, radiating in long waves through my body as he takes me hard, submerging his desire into my body until with a mighty groan he spasms inside me and the white hot heat of his seed fills me to bursting. I thrust up to meet him, my knees flailing uncontrollably in ecstasy as our bodies cum together and he empties himself into me while the fire burns through my veins and I cum with him, milking him for everything he has until he's empty and I'm full. So perfectly, wonderfully full. My ache is gone, filled by his hot seed.

At last he's done and he stays inside me, breathing heavily, staring down at me with lust still playing across his face. Even when he's done he still wants me. Then, wordlessly, he pulls out and buckles up his pants. My face and body are still flush with desire. I stand and adjust my skirt and top, tucking my breasts back into my shirt. I can feel a trickle of his warm cum escaping down my legs and I press my thighs together to stop it. All I can think about is how good it felt. And how soon until I can have more. But I know the answer to that. With my killer new body I can have more any time I want it. And from *anyone*.

When I exit the office a few minutes later, Alexandra is waiting for me outside.

'Did you pass?' she asks.

'I got an A-plus.' I smile.

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