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MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Back Together

“Hey, James, just wanted to let you know we did an elopement type thingy a week ago!” Lindsey said.

I gripped the phone tighter against my ear. “Oh, wow, that’s great new! You must be so excited!”

I managed to keep my tone light and not betray the slight sliver of melancholy I felt at hearing the news. We’d been friends since college and I really was happy for her, but there had always been this little part of me that thought someday, somehow we’d get together. It was a harmless fantasy that kept me going between relationships, kept alive by the fact that Lindsey so rarely mentioned her boyfriend during our monthly conversations. Maybe she, too, understood my feelings and wanted to avoid stirring up any of these emotions.

“We thought, why wait for the end of the pandemic? It could go on for a long time. We’ve been together three years and figured...let’s do it.” Lindsey gushed.

“How does that work? You just show up at City Hall or something?” I set my glass down and wiped my mouth, trying to sound much more casual than I felt about the bomb she’d just dropped on me.

Lindsey chatted on happily about her impending new life as I slumped in my darkened living room, the muted television casting multicolored lights over me,

my takeaway dinner congealing in front of me. I never really understood the full depth of my fantasy until it was squashed suddenly. Yes, Lindsey and I were on different sides of the country but we had a history together and an intimate connection that never seemed to fade. There was really a part of me that thought we would end up together. My doubts and regrets assailed me. A hundred missed opportunities flew through my mind as Lindsey kept talking.

“Basically, yeah,” she said. “You literally just sign some papers and it’s done. I mean, we’ll have a reception and some people over to celebrate. You’re invited, of course. It just won’t be a wedding wedding.”

“I’ll be there,” I agreed, then thought I sounded too eager so added: “I mean, you know, if I can make it. You gonna buy a dress or anything?”

“Of course I’ll use it as an excuse to get a dress! Just not a wedding dress. I’d only wear it once and then lock it away in a closet anyway.”

“Someone should wear a wedding dress,” I joked, “Maybe your boyf—fiancé.”

I was rewarded with Lindsey’s tingly laughter. “Oh god, could you imagine him in a dress?”

“No,” I replied, honestly.

I had only the vaguest idea of what Lindsey’s fiancé looked like. He hadn’t featured in any of my fantasies except as a means for me to get back together

with Lindsey after his departure. I would console her and she would realize she was in love with me. I couldn't help but think I could have changed something if I'd just stopped by to visit her a year ago when I was in the area. We would have hung out and reminisced, and then she would have confided in me that her boyfriend was lacking some qualities that I had, and then I would be funny and charming and somehow we'd end up having sex and then she'd break up with him and...there I went fantasizing again. It was hard when my crush was also one of my best friends.

I pulled myself back to the conversation. Lindsey gave me the dates for the reception and I told her I'd really try to get there, but in truth I'd already made up my mind. When we hung up I lay on my couch, my phone on my chest, just staring off into the ceiling.

Lindsey and I were so close in college. We had one of those 'are they or aren't they' relationships, where we hung out constantly and our friends always assumed we were an item but, somehow, it never happened. So many times we'd go out to a concert or a club or out jogging along the beach or playing in one of the many rec leagues together, competing against each other in friendly soccer matches and basketball games. Then there were all the times we just hung out at my place late into the night studying, talking and watching television. We had had a wonderful, chaste time. We were the Ross and Rachel of our friends (the early seasons, unfortunately), the Pam and Jim of our classmates (the early seasons, unfortunately). And even after we graduated I kept thinking one day it would work out no matter how far apart we were.

I was aware I was sitting in my living room feeling sorry for myself when I should have been excited for my friend. Self-pity wasn't attractive, everyone said that. I tried to shake it off and instead look forward to how I would spend my vacation. Or, rather, who I would spend my vacation as. I was a bodyhopper, able to possess someone else's body and control them completely. Once inside I could delve into Lindsey's mind and find the answers to my questions.

I made reservations at a hotel in the middle of the city a short drive from where Lindsey lived. I didn't expect I'd actually use the room but it would look strange if I didn't have a place to stay. I booked in for a few days in the two weeks prior to Lindsey's reception. I didn't want to steal her special moment. Plus, I wanted some time alone in her body. On our phone call the next week I lied and told Lindsey that those dates were the only ones I could get away.

“Oh, that's fabulous, I'll just be glad to see you.”

“Me too,” I said, then added unnecessarily: “To see you. Not me. I see myself all the time.”

Again, Lindsey's wonderful laughter, and I could picture the white flash of her teeth between her lovely pink lips.

“The hubs will be away. Work stuff, you know. But I'd love to hang out.”

“Definitely. I mean, sorry I'll miss the future Mr. Lindsey.” I ran a hand through my scruffy brown hair and made a mental note to get it cut before visiting.

“I'll take a picture, it'll last longer.”

After some more conversation we agreed to meet up the morning after I arrived in town.

“You still run?” I asked.

“Of course.”

“Why don’t we go for a run on the beach? Like old times?”

“I’d like that.”

I could hear the smile in her voice and got a little thrill imagining owning that face, those lips, that gorgeous smile.

2

By the time the plane touched down I was calm. I had a plan and, whatever happened over the next few days, I would know the truth. When I was allowed to turn my phone back on a text from Lindsey popped up:

Can't wait to see you! Text me when you're on your way.

I smiled to myself. The thought of seeing Lindsey was enough to get me through the rigmarole of airport screening without tearing my hair out. I caught a cab to my hotel and settled in. All I'd brought was a backpack, in which I had stowed my running gear. I pulled them out: shorts and a grey tank top, both new and with designer labels. I put them on and took a look at myself in the mirror. The top was almost form fitting, clinging to my solid pecs and revealing my lean arms. I wasn't a bodybuilder but I went to the gym regularly. It was the kind of body that would look even better with Lindsey on my arm.

"It's gonna be okay," I told my reflection, psyching myself up.

I texted Lindsey that I was on my way and caught a cab to the address Lindsey had given me. She lived in a modest townhouse situated in a little neighborhood dotted with shops and cafes. When the breeze blew I got a hint of the salty sea air that lay over the next ridge.

The front door opened before I could even knock and Lindsey rushed out into

my arms.

“James! Oh my god!” She screamed playfully, pulling me in for a hug.

She had the same deliciously floral scent as I remembered, and her silky blonde hair tickled my nose as she pressed her body close to mine. We pulled away and looked each other up and down. She wore a baggy white shirt and red running shorts that clung to her hips and midway down her thighs. Her golden skin looked as tanned and perfect as I remembered, and her face was just as adorable as ever, with her big blue eyes and elegant slip of a nose.

“Have you gotten younger?” I asked, flirting way too obviously.

Her smile lit up her face. “Yeah, we’ve got the fountain of youth in the backyard. Want a sip?”

“Maybe later. You want to run now or catch up?”

“I need to burn off breakfast. We can catch up while we jog.”

She pulled her baggy tee off over her head and tossed it over the banister of the stairs behind her. I had to force my eyes away from her striped red and white athletic top. It left her trim stomach bare, clasping her firm breasts to her chest, squeezing them into perfect round hills. I felt that old longing well up in me.

I followed Lindsey as she led me through the neighborhood, walking fast to warm up as we made the usual small talk one makes with guests just in from out of town: the flight was good, the food was bad, airport security is the worst.

Cresting a small hill gave me a view of the ocean.

“Let’s see if you’re still as fit as you were,” Lindsey teased as she set off down the sandy beach at a medium jog.

I kept pace with her and our talk lessened as we jogged until we reached a speed where we were hardly able to say a word; all we could do was run. It was still early and there were few people on the beach. I could almost believe we were back in college. Lindsey’s blonde ponytail swished back and forth with each step and I kept glancing over, smiling at her and enjoying her wonderful soft profile as we matched pace. She caught me looking and grinned.

“What’s up?” She huffed.

“There’s something I’ve always wanted to know.”

A look passed across her face, gone in an instant. Hesitation? Longing? Or maybe it was just my imagination. I slowed down briefly, letting her get ahead of me so she couldn’t see what I was about to do. I only had a second but that was all I needed. I hopped, my body splitting into a billion particles and streaming into Lindsey. For a split second I was weightless, the world nothing but fuzzy shapes and vibrating packets of energy. Then I was streaming down Lindsey’s throat, my essence filling her body.

Between one step and the next I was inside her. I didn't even miss a beat, continuing the rhythm of her—now my—lithe legs, pounding along at the steady pace. Her ponytail swished against my neck, her breasts bounced on my chest. I took deep breaths through Lindsey's perfect nose, wiped the sweat from my lovely smooth brow, and jogged on.

Christ, she was every bit as athletic as I remembered. I was hardly winded even as I dashed through the surf, feet kicking up spray that splashed across my elegant body. I'd hopped her once before back in college, when my abilities had just manifested and I didn't know the full extent of what I could do. Now I had full control and the ability to sink through her thoughts, but for the moment I let her mind sleep and just enjoyed moving my beautiful new body. My only touch of her mind was to find her usual route and then direct myself back home when I was done.

I was exhausted when I returned to her house, high on the endorphins of her run and my body slick with sweat. I grabbed a glass of water and downed it before heading for her bathroom.

Flicking on the light I saw myself from behind her eyes for the first time in a long time. Lindsey's beautiful face stared back at me. Dark eyebrows arched gently above blue almond-shaped eyes. I traced the shapely line of my new nose and cheeks with my fingers, savoring the softness of her skin. The years had been kind to her, and the slight wrinkles only added to her lovely authenticity.

Putting my hands on my hips, I half-turned and admired the taut curve of my ass beneath the skintight running shorts. Lindsey always did have the most perfect legs, the most wonderful ass. I arched my back, ogling my curves, the smooth motion of my muscles, the lightness of my body.

I returned to the living room and collapsed on to the cream couch, my exhaustion finally catching up with me. I slipped out of my shoes and socks before crossing my legs and resting them on the glass topped coffee table. Gazing around the room, I took in the tasteful but understated décor as my heartbeat slowed.

My gaze settled on my new legs and the dainty little toes I possessed. I wiggled them, watched them move under my command. I ran my hands up and down the perfect bronze skin of her solid calves and across her trim thighs. For the moment she was all mine. I needed to see her. All of her.

I shimmied out of my running shorts and tossed them aside. My white thong panties nestled against my pussy, the damp fabric lightly clinging to my nether lips. I shimmied out of the panties, too, and wrestled with the top and sports bra. When I was free of the clothes I sat back and gazed down at my gorgeous new form. Lindsey's breasts were incredible light curves, sloping down to the peak of each nipple. Her stomach was as trim as I remembered, and still sheened with sweat from the run.

I stroked my tits, relishing the new sensations of my softer body as my fingers circled round and round my fantastic breasts. I squeezed lightly, fingers dimpling my skin, then slid my hands beneath each breast and grabbed them, pressing them up against my chest, watching as I made Lindsey's hands play with her tits. The sight of her fondling herself was enough to make me warm. My nipples rose to attention and I fondled them delicately, sending small shocks of delight through me.

I released her breasts, let them bounce back down on to her body before stroking down her body and over her trim stomach. I spread my legs and trailed my hands across the golden pubic hair above my entrance, tracing my fingers over the lips

of my pussy. I followed the line of my thighs, just luxuriating in this ability to touch Lindsey everywhere. I was getting turned as much by the physical sensations as by the sight of Lindsey touching herself.

A wonderful soft ache brought my hands back up to between my thighs. I slid a finger up and down the line of my pussy, dipping in lightly, watching as Lindsey's lips unfolded for me. Now I could feel her body inside and out and I stroked my beautiful damp warmth. Slipping in deeper, I landed on my dew and spread it up and down my entrance, making myself slick.

My other hand returned to my tits, groping and squeezing as I fingered myself, taking long, luxurious strokes up and down until I landed on my swelling clit and a soft sigh escaped my lips. My fingers remained on my little nub of pleasure, circling in a soft rhythm while my body grew hot and anxious. My legs began rocking back and forth as my body burned with an anxious energy that urged me on. The fingers circling my clit grew harder, faster, and I leaned back into the couch, my body undulating.

I whimpered, growing louder with each circle of my clit. My fingers released me only long enough to slide down into my moist pussy and gather my wetness, returning slick with my lust. The squelching sound of my fingers in my pussy hit my ears and I crested and came, the orgasm roaring through me. My fantastically lean legs shuddered, my little toes clenched as I cried out into the empty room.

“Ooh!” A tiny sound of delight and surprise as the orgasm shook me.

I continued stroking my body as the pleasure engulfed me, hand clenching my tits, fingers stroking my pussy, until the heat died down to burning embers and I lay back on the couch, tired and sated. For now.

3

When I'd recovered enough to stand I pushed off the couch and walked, naked, through the hallway to take a shower. While waiting for the water to warm up I turned and caught sight of my body in the mirror, my little ass bare and so perfectly rounded. I smiled at myself and then stepped into the shower.

The hot water sluiced down my breasts and over my body. I scrubbed myself with Lindsey's honey scented soap until I was slippery and sudsy, then rinsed it all off, luxuriating in the simple pleasure of cleaning Lindsey's body, letting my hands linger on each part. As I showered I begin quizzing Lindsey's mind, prodding her for answers about the two of us. One of her vivid memories came to the surface and I dove into it:

James and I sit around the table in the bar. The rest of our teammates have gone and it's just him and me. I sip on my beer as we complain about the physics professor we both have. James's funny. Self-deprecating and shy in a cute kind of way. I touch him on the shoulder as I speak. I'm a little drunk but I don't want the night to end. I can tell he likes me. He has for a while. I don't want to ruin our friendship but I think I could fall for him. If he wants to kiss me tonight I'll let him and see where it takes us.

I snapped back to cold reality with that heavy melancholy back inside me. I knew she was hitting on me that night but I let my hesitation get the best of me. If only, if only, if only. Would our lives be different if I'd acted on my impulse? Would we be together today or would life still have driven us apart after graduation? I didn't know, but I had her now. We were as together as we could ever be.

Almost.

I closed my eyes and concentrated, dropping the barrier between my mind and hers to merge us together. We were still different people but her memories and experiences and feelings and thoughts and hopes rushed into my mind, just as mine rushed into hers. I gasped and leaned on the cold tiles of the shower wall for support as a convoluted procession of images and feelings fought in my head. I'd never opened up my mind so fully to a host body before and I was paralyzed by the memories that washed over me from her perspective.

I'm Lindsey kissing her first guy. I'm Lindsey dropping her lunch in the middle of the cafeteria and being filled with embarrassment. I'm Lindsey painting my friend's nails during a sleepover. I'm Lindsey going out on her first real date. I'm Lindsey hanging out with James.

When it was done I understood her. She liked me as a friend and, early on, maybe there could have been something more. Time and distance were real barriers, though I was elated to see a part of her still thought about me, about what would have happened to us if we'd ever gotten together.

Now I knew everything. Every intimate detail from how she touched herself to what she liked her fiancé—Ben—to do to her. Her body seemed so familiar and yet new as I straddled the awareness of both of our perspectives. She sensed the delight I had for her body and incorporated it as her own. My desires became hers just as hers became mine. She wanted me to touch her. It turned her on watching her hands fondle herself.

I'd never melded so completely with someone before, never incorporated

everything about them in one fell swoop. It was nerve-wracking and scary and so goddamn hot.

I turned off the shower and stepped out. After drying myself I hung my towel up and walked naked to my bedroom. I knew the way as if it was my own house. The gauzy white curtains in the bedroom were drawn but I knew if I looked outside I'd see the dark brown roof of Lindsey's neighbor's house and just a peek into their bathroom.

In the walk-in closet I rummaged through the drawers until I found one of my favorite outfits of hers: A sporty casual affair consisting of a sleeveless blouse to show off her fit arms and some jeans that hugged her hips and her legs, accentuating the curves of her body. I tugged the clothes on and adjusted them, then moved to the floor length mirror that sat propped against the closet wall. Her radiant reflection came into view. I picked up one of her baby blue hair ribbons and tied my blonde locks up into a ponytail, adjusting the free strands of hair so they curved down the side of my face.

I found within all the tumbling thoughts something new and interesting. My cheeks flushed, echoing Lindsey's embarrassment as I thought about it. But I had to try.

I carried the mirror downstairs to the laundry. Setting it up across from the clothes dryer, I loaded up the dryer and turned it on. The dryer was an older model and it thumped and vibrated loudly as it spun. I climbed on top of it and crossed my legs, pulling on the inseam of my jeans until they pressed up against my pussy. The combination of that and the vibrations soon made me warm.

My whole ass shook as the dryer spun. The vibrations travelled through me, shaking me and seeming to concentrate between my legs. The shaking soon

echoed the warm waves within me. I pressed my knuckle against my crotch, bearing down to put pressure on the top of my clit. I bit my lip, working my knuckle up against the jeans as I gazed at myself in the mirror. Lindsey's reflection gazed back, her cheeks flushed, eyes bright as the pleasurable vibrations made me wet.

She was so embarrassed to be doing this. I was the one both doing it and catching her doing it, which served to make my cheeks flame brighter. I could feel her pussy growing moist beneath the jeans, the lovely little pussy lips sliding together. A small moan escaped my lips as a particularly large wave of delight swept through me. I pressed my legs tighter together and clenched my eyes shut as pleasure hit me suddenly.

“Oh!” I cried out, surprised by the intensity of the delight.

Suddenly, I needed to touch myself. I unbuttoned my jeans and jammed one hand down them and into my panties. My fingertips landed on my slickness and I stroked deep inside, following the velvety contours of my canal, scooting my butt around and spreading my legs so I could finger myself as deep as possible. Fingering my slippery wetness was a wonderful new experience. The slick walls of my canal clutched my fingers. While the vibrations assailed my clit, my fingers twisted in deep and landed on the dimpled nub of my g-spot.

I cried out again and again, my cries rising in pitch as I fingered myself harder, faster, needing to drive deep, to stroke that delicious itch. My body was a vibrating string, stretched taut as pleasure filled me until it finally spilled over me in one orgasmic, crushing wave. I cried out, leaning forward and bearing down on my clit as I sunk deep into my canal. It was so wonderful to feel my fingers inside myself, to feel Lindsey's body responding, to hear her lust-filled cries as I quivered and came. I convulsed happily, still sliding into my perfect pussy, stroking deep and long until the pleasure flew through me and left me warm, wet and sated.

I opened my eyes and admired myself in the mirror once more. God, I couldn't get enough of looking at Lindsey. It was like three years of pent-up desire all pouring out at once. I raised my slick fingers to my lips and inhaled my musky scent. My pussy. I slipped my fingers into my mouth and sucked on my juices, which were tangy and slightly salty. Lindsey recoiled in my mind, but my pleasure made her continue, and it wasn't long before she was enjoying the taste and smell of herself.

Man, we worked well together.

4

I returned to the living room for Lindsey's phone and found a text message telling me my dress was ready to be picked up. Lindsey had picked out a cute dress for her wedding reception and left it at the shop to have it adjusted. I knew just who I wanted to take with me to get an opinion on it and called Lindsey's best friend, Maria. She was a brassy, opinionated Latina who Lindsey had known for years and constantly confided in.

"Hey, girl!" Maria answered the phone, sounding as upbeat as usual.

"Hey, Maria, my dress is ready and I wanted to get a second opinion on it. Can you come with me?"

"Hell, yeah!"

"We can make a girl's day of it."

I agreed to pick her up on my way to the dress shop. When I arrived at her place she ran out and greeted me boisterously, hugging me tight and air kissing me on both cheeks. As we drove, we kept up a steady stream of girl talk, though it was a little jarring when Maria asked about the real me.

"How was your morning with that James guy?"

“Oh, uh, nice. We went for a jog on the beach.”

“Of course you did,” Maria laughed, “Leave it to you to think a jog is a relaxing way to hang out with an old boyfriend.”

I blushed and said what Lindsey would have said: “He was never my boyfriend. Just a good friend.”

“Sorry, the way you talked about him sometimes made me think he was an ex or something.”

I avoided looking at Maria as a warm flush crept through me. I could either pine about the past or move forward, so I shook off the sadness at the missed opportunity and focused on the present.

The place Lindsey got her dress from was a little boutique clothing shop on the edge of a strip mall. The bland, corporate stores surrounding it gave little hint that inside it was full of cute, fun designer clothing. Maria followed me in to the store. The middle-aged woman behind the desk greeted me with a bright smile and fluttered to the back, returning with the white dress Lindsey had left to be altered. I took it and carried it back to the changing rooms while Maria browsed through the clothes.

I undressed and stepped into the dress, pulling it up and twisting my arms around to clasp it into place. It was such a Lindsey dress, straddling the line between casual and formal, and cut to her curves. A cute dress for a nice evening out. My

shoulders were left bare, and the U-neck gave a hint of my cleavage. The folds and cresses draped across my cute butt, ending about mid-calf. With Lindsey's thoughts I knew just what shoes I would pair it with, and was already contemplating how I would style my makeup.

I came out of the dressing room and Maria helped clasp the final two buttons on the back. I twirled for her.

"You are freakin' gorgeous," she said.

I gathered my blonde hair up and held it in a facsimile of a bun atop my head. "Hair up or down?" I asked, turning to look in the mirror, cocking my head as I gazed critically at myself.

"Hmm." Maria stepped up behind me. "I think up. Show off those cheekbones, girl! I'm jealy."

"How does it fit?" The shop woman asked.

"Perfect."

With the dress in the back of my car, Maria and I stopped at Lindsey's favorite salon for a mani-pedi. There was a short wait for chairs so in the meantime we each picked out our colors. I chose a pretty pink, feeling especially feminine after seeing myself in that beautiful dress.

The hand and foot massages were heaven, and I vowed to have one when I returned to my real body. The salon ladies bustled around, pampering the two of us as we joked together.

“How’s married life treating you?” Maria asked.

“The same as before, really. We’re a little disappointed we have to put off the honeymoon but we’ll have a mini one up north in the country for a few days. At least until travel opens up and becomes cheaper.” I didn’t have to pull anything from Lindsey’s thoughts, our minds were melded together and I just knew.

“I can’t believe you guys just eloped.”

“We didn’t elope elope. We just didn’t have wedding ceremony and a priest and all that. Or tell anyone until afterwards.”

“That’s eloping.”

“Well, yes, ok.” I smiled.

Our conversation was interrupted as the salon ladies moved to our feet for the massage and we both lay back to enjoy it. When we were done Lindsey looked even more gorgeous, and we walked out together. I dropped Maria back at her place and went home. After hanging up the dress in my closet I went to the

fridge for some food. I knew what Lindsey craved and I whipped up a black bean salad with charred avocado, singing to myself as I moved about the kitchen, just enjoying the soft motion of my body and the sound of my voice.

It was always interesting tasting food through another person's taste buds and Lindsey was no exception. I savored the different notes of the vegetables and sipped her favorite wine, all while lounging in front of the television. Interestingly, with our tastes in entertainment merged so completely I was only half interested in whatever I chose, the other part of me wanting something different. Watching a cooking show I wanted to flip to a sitcom but when I did I was still not into it. This was going to take some getting used to. Eventually I found a game show we could both enjoy equally.

When it was over I showered and went to bed naked, my hands playing over my body, calming me to sleep. I had vivid dreams of Lindsey and me together, except suddenly I was Ben and she felt guilty. But then I was myself and we were married and everything was okay, except she still slept with Ben. I woke the next morning confused. Very clearly, the dreams were a result of our merger and my bringing Lindsey's feelings for me to the fore.

I did my business in the bathroom, brushed my teeth and put on Lindsey's makeup for the day. My hands moved almost automatically, reaching for the concealer and the blush and the eyeliner. Lindsey had scheduled an online call to Ben this morning and I didn't want to cover this gorgeous body up in clothes anyway, so I searched through her drawers for something sexy to wear, my little tits bobbing gently back and forth with each motion. I found a pink lacy bra and some matching panties. Putting them on, I padded out to the kitchen and made myself a latte in a large mug.

I set up the computer on the coffee table in the living room and lounged back on the couch, my mug of coffee in both hands, to call Ben. His face appeared onscreen on the third ring. He was handsome with a strong jaw and morning

stubble. He was also shirtless, and the sight of his bare pecs thrilled the Lindsey part of me, the same way my bare legs stretched out in front of me thrilled the James part of me. Lindsey's cute face appeared in the upper corner, and I couldn't help but glance at it continually, marveling that it was my face for now, that I was the one controlling the body of my long-time crush.

"Morning, hot stuff," Brett said, "Miss me yet?"

"It's pretty lonely here," I agreed. "I mean, having the bed to myself is nice. I love that part. But I miss being able to roll over and squeeze you."

I'd taken on the depths of Lindsey's feelings for Ben and the words came easily, even as my thoughts twirled around Lindsey and me being together.

"I'll be back in a few days."

"I know."

"Hey, this was weird. So I was walking back from the meeting yesterday and there was this guy standing in the middle of the street..."

Ben told me his story as I stretched out Lindsey's body on the couch, wiggling my little toes and admiring her long lean legs. I set the coffee down and ran my hands over my thighs, tickling myself as I followed the contours of my body. There was a casual sexiness about Lindsey that I loved. As though everything she did was gorgeous simply by her doing it, and I found myself getting warm as

I listened to Brett's rumbling voice and stretching my achingly beautiful body.

"...and I'm like, dude, you were the on talking to the street light." Ben concluded, laughing and shaking his head.

My hands were on my tits, squeezing first one, then the other, when I was brought back to the present by Ben's voice:

"Mmm, wish I was there to help you with that."

I blushed and paused, both hands on my chest. "I do too. That's the other part of you I miss."

And I did. Or Lindsey did anyway. Or she did before I thrust my desire into her mind. It was starting to get confusing about what was original and what I'd brought with me.

Ben and I chatted for a little longer. Couple's talk about nothing in particular. I showed him my dress and he complained about his meetings. It was wonderfully normal and domestic, making me nostalgic for something that I'd never had. Maybe Lindsey and I could have been like this if I'd done things differently. Maybe not, but I was here now.

By the time Ben logged off I was hot and bothered. The sight of Lindsey's half-naked body, her feelings for her husband, my feelings for Lindsey, they were all confusing and intertwined with the physical desire making itself known in the

light tension building through my body. I needed some more release.

I shucked off my bra and panties and gazed down once again at Lindsey's naked body. I didn't think I'd ever get tired of seeing that lean athletic form. I flexed my toes, admiring the curves of her calves as the muscles tightened. Her little mound lay nestled between my legs and I rested a hand on it, stroking leisurely up and down the line of my entrance.

I ran my free hand through my blonde hair, grabbing a lock and bringing it to my nose to inhale her familiar scent. I trailed my fingers across my face, memorizing the contours of her body by touch, down over my neck and to her taut little breasts. I plucked gently at the nipple, pulling it up and releasing it to watch it snap back down, making the breast jiggle.

The fingers on my entrance grew more insistent and soon I dipped inside myself, landing on my moist rubbery folds. I stroked up and down, the other hand still playing with my tits. I sighed happily and spread my pussy to gaze into my adorable pink folds. This was all mine and I could do what I wanted.

Still spreading myself, I sucked on the fingers of my other hand before bringing it down to tickle the hooded nub of my clit, dabbing the moisture across and circling gently. Pleasure flared within me and I began rocking my legs back and forth with the incessant urge to move. Soon I spread my legs wider, admiring the view of Lindsey's body. That just made me ever wetter, and I circled my clit as it rose beneath my touch. With Lindsey's memories I knew just how to pleasure myself.

Now I was moving faster, sliding into myself, fingers slipping past my entrance to penetrate myself. I could feel the pressure against the walls of my cunt, the desire to be filled satisfied by those twisting digits. I lay my palm flat against my

mound and fingered myself, reaching as deep as I could, thrusting my hips up until I landed against my g-spot. I cooed happily, squeezing my tits once again, relishing Lindsey's delightful body as it moved beneath my command and I enjoyed her pleasure. Christ, I could watch Lindsey's body fuck herself all day.

The pleasure spilled out of me suddenly and unexpectedly. I uttered a strangled cry as I orgasmed, thrusting my hips up to meet my fingers on the downstroke, fingering myself hard and deep. The squelching sound of my cunt was so beautiful in my ears and the pleasure rebounded through me.

When the wave of orgasm finally passed I brought myself down slowly, circling my finger up and down my pussy until I was sated for the moment. But still, there was always that undercurrent of desire. I couldn't help it; Lindsey just did that to me.

5

Lindsey had agreed to go out dancing with some of her friends the next night. I kept those plans because I wanted to feel Lindsey moving around the dance floor in the slinky black dress I found in her closet. The dress fit my body like a glove, the low neck giving a tantalizing glimpse of my breasts, which were themselves pushed up by the bra into huge, enticing mounds. The dress ended midhigh and I made sure to shave my legs so I could show them off. The whole outfit was completed by her heels. With Lindsey's memories I did my makeup, highlighting my enchanting eyes and dark eyebrows, then put my blonde locks up in a fancy bun.

When I was done I stood in front of the mirror and adjusted everything. The outfit was so tight on her body, deliriously form-fitting, curving around her taut ass and clinging to her thighs. Every movement seemed to show off different parts of her. I was getting moist just looking at myself so I turned away. Didn't want to embarrass Lindsey on the dance floor.

I met Lindsey's friends—Maria and some others—in the line outside the club. As a group of five women the bouncer let us in quickly and I sashayed past the men in line in front of us, relishing their eyes on my body. The music was loud, the drinks were strong, and the five of us were soon out on the dance floor, shaking our, well, everything.

Again I was struck by just how well Lindsey's body moved. Supple and sleek, like it was made for this. It reminded me of back in college, when Lindsey and I had gone out one night with some friends to a club not as fancy as this. I remembered her dancing with me, clinging to me and moving her body. The way she turned her head up and laughed gave me a view of her perfect neck. Our

hands were all over each other and I thought I detected a longing in her that was more than just friendship. Something about the way she was touching me, the way she looked into my eyes, her pupils so wide with delight. I could have kissed her. Now I know I should have kissed her.

I danced and drank the thought away. Tonight it was just us girls. Every now and then another guy tried to intervene. Sometimes we'd let him in and split up into smaller groups. Sometimes not. Maria and one of the other girls in our group eventually split away with some single guys, letting themselves be guided off the dance floor with a steady hand on their backs to be taken home for a hot finish to the night.

I resisted the advances. And there were many. I laughed and danced with the ones who weren't being creeps, pulling back into the group of girlfriends when a guy got too handsy. It wasn't until I started hopping a lot of women that I realized how terrible guys could get. Most were decent, but the few that weren't really weren't and colored everything else.

The thought of Lindsey and I on that dance floor so long ago kept cropping up. A longing for that night crept in to my drunken delight, an impossible desire to fix the past. The 'would haves' and 'could haves' rebounded through my brain until at last I excused myself from the others and returned to Lindsey's place alone.

I kicked my heels off at the door, then fumbled with my bra until it came unclasped and I pulled it off through each arm hole without having to take off my dress—sweet relief! I went straight to her bedroom, where I reached into the back of her nightstand and came up with her vibrator. I'd known what it looked like from Lindsey's memories, but seeing it was a different matter. It was shaped like a dick, with a thick head and a little rounded nub about a quarter the way up the handle that was designed to tease the clit as the rest sunk in. But mostly, it just looked big.

I lay down on the bed, propping my head up on a pillow so I could look down at Lindsey's body. I put my knees in the air, which caused the black dress to slide up my thighs and reveal my white panties. I flicked on the vibrator to low and gently lay it over my panties. It hummed softly as I stroked the cockhead up and down the line of my slit beneath the cotton fabric. It felt delightful, and my body was soon humming in time with the vibrator, warm shivers making their way up and down.

I thought about Lindsey and I together, imagined myself on top of her, kissing her lips, her neck, my hard cock nestled between her legs, teasing without entering. The thought made me restless, like I needed more stimulation, so with my free hand I slid under the neck of my dress to stroke my breasts, pinching at my little nipples, taking big handfuls and squeezing, all the time imagining that it was my male self doing this to Lindsey. Just the two of us, alone and naked. Like it should have happened.

The sight of Lindsey fondling herself combined with the warm buzzing between my legs made me wet. An expectant tension twisted slowly through me and I continued stroking myself over my panties with the vibrator. In my imagination I slid my hand between Lindsey's legs and teased up and down the line of her, causing a dot of moisture to appear on her panties, quickly spreading up and down each time the vibrator passed. I could see the outlines of my pussy lips and my fingers grew faster around my tits as I ached for myself.

I released my breasts long enough to peel off my panties, sliding them down my long legs, shimmying my body this way and that. Lindsey's body now lay pantyless beneath me, a drop of moisture caught in her pubic hair. I brought the vibrator back between my legs and pressed gently. The head just slipped in and I let it rest against my entrance, imagining it was the head of my own cock, my lover thrusting slowly against me as he nibbled my ear lobe and nipped at my neck, releasing a gasp from my lips.

“Fuck me, James,” I whispered, saying the words I’d been longing to hear as a powerful pleasure gripped me, the tension within my body promising ever more pleasure as I fondled my breasts and slowly pressed the vibrator deeper into myself.

I was beneath the heavy weight of my male body, the cock sliding in, squeezing against the slippery walls of my canal as I parted for James. He sank inside slowly, inch by inch. Now the lovely vibrations were filling me, massaging every part of me. The shaft curved up through Lindsey’s canal until it was lodged deep inside, and the little nub on the outside of the vibrator rested against my clit. I held James there inside me, his cock fitting me like a glove, spilling the pleasure through me.

“Oh, god!” I cried, twisting and turning, the delightful buzzing sensations making my entire body vibrate with ecstasy.

I couldn’t control myself any longer; I was at the mercy of my pleasure, and I slid the vibrator in and out of my slick opening, luxuriating in the feel of the head pressing against the walls of my canal. I imagined my male self fucking me hard, my groin slapping against Lindsey’s pussy as she clutched at me and moaned. I released a little cry, then another, and they rose in pitch as I sunk the vibrator deep inside of me, the image of myself on top burned into my mind, joining with Lindsey’s desires, inextricably linked to the onrushing pleasure pulsing within me. Now I could hear the slick sounds of my pussy every time I pushed the vibrator deep, and the delightful musky scent of my cunt filled my nostrils.

“Yes, fuck me, James. Fuck my little pussy,” I cried, driving deep, deep into my sopping wet pussy.

The sight, the sound, the smell of Lindsey masturbating, the longing for my own body, sent me over the top and I came in a powerful orgasm. My entire body quivered, pussy clenching around James's thick cock inside me as I cried out. I squeezed my tits, wanting to touch, to own every inch of this body, to make it mine and wring the pleasure out of every second. The feeling of fullness was immense, as though my body had been missing something and was now complete as I came in a howling, twisting orgasm. In my mind James came with me, clutching my hips and driving deep, jetting his hot seed inside me until he was empty and I was full.

My legs spread wide and I bucked my hips up, sliding the vibrator deep into my aching pussy. The second orgasm hit just as the first was subsiding, and I felt my juices spilling down my thighs. My mouth dropped open and it was all I could do to cry out around the vibrator as I came hard, my eyes clenched tight to enjoy the ecstasy roiling me. James! James! James! As my cunt convulsed in ecstasy around the hard-soft dick within me, it was my own name on my mind, driving my own desire deep into Lindsey's thoughts.

When I was finally done I pulled the vibrator out of me and flicked it off, remaining on my back on the bed as my body cooled. I intended to get up for a shower but sleep and alcohol overwhelmed me.

6

I awoke the next morning groggy, wrapped up in the covers and still wearing the black dress. Lindsey and I had made arrangements for her to drive me to the airport this morning because her husband would be arriving at about the same time. I caught site of myself in the mirror as I moved towards the door. My blonde hair was disheveled, the black dress wrinkled and riding up my thigh. I smoothed it down as best I could and staggered to the front door.

Leaning against the door, I hopped out of Lindsey, my atoms slipping through the door to materialize on the other side back in my own body. I felt bulky and graceless after my time spent in Lindsey and it took me a few seconds to find my balance again. When I did I knocked on the door and Lindsey opened it a few seconds later. I saw her disheveled look from the other side, but she still had this innocent beauty, a little ashamed to be caught like this but otherwise no big deal as she tried to primp her out-of-control hair.

“Oh, wow, is it time to go to the airport already? Come on in,” she said, standing aside so I could slip by her.

“I’m a little early. I just wanted to make sure we didn’t miss the flight.”

I could still feel twinges of her emotions from where we merged. No concrete memories remained, but everything was colored with how Lindsey felt about us, like there was a thin layer of nostalgia over it all.

“I’m just going to take a shower.” She proceeded back down the hallway and called out over her shoulder as if expecting me to walk with her: “Do you have to go right back to work when you land or do you get some time off?”

I followed her to the door of her bedroom. “I took some time off on the other side so I can just relax when I get back.”

“That’s good,” she said, disappearing into her closet.

I heard the soft sound of her dress falling to the floor and a second later she came out wrapped only in a towel.

“Oh, uh, a bit too comfy?” I managed, sure that my cheeks were bright red.

“You’ve seen it before,” she said coming towards the doorway where I stood.

“Maybe so. But you weren’t married then.”

She was so close I could see the gold flecks in her eyes and the tiny mole on her chin and if I looked down I’d be met with the knot of the towel pressing against her soft breasts. It took tremendous effort not to glance down.

“My body’s still the same,” She shrugged, then placed her hand on my chest. “Excuse me,” she gently brushed past me back down the hallway.

She hadn't been this casual in years, if ever. I wondered if she was trying to seduce me or if the merging of our minds just made her like this. She continued talking as she went into the bathroom, again as if expecting me to follow.

"I hope you had a good time here." She continued from the bathroom.

I rounded the corner just in time to catch a glimpse of her bare leg as it withdrew into the shower before the curtain closed behind her.

"Yeah, no, it was great seeing you again," I said, crossing my arms and leaning against the sink trying to look as casual as I could with Lindsey naked and slippery less than two feet away from me and hidden by just a gauzy curtain. God, I'd been in her body for the last two days and still all I wanted to do was to see it.

She poked her head out of the shower, fingers holding the curtain closed so I couldn't see anything below her neck. "Last night must have been bigger than I thought because I don't remember much. Were you there? I thought you were but maybe you weren't? It's confusing," she laughed. "Maybe just a blonde moment."

"Yeah, I was there for a little bit."

She smiled and withdrew her head back into the shower. She continued quizzing me about last night and I played coy, trying to shift the conversation to safer territory. Soon the shower shut off and her graceful hand extend out, nearly

touching my nose.

“Towel, please.”

I handed it to her and she withdrew again, coming out a minute later with the towel wrapped around her. I followed her back to her room and she disappeared into her closet, tossing the towel back out onto the floor as soon as she was out of view. I heard her opening and closing drawers as she continued talking to me.

“James, I...I, um, do you remember back in college? We used to hang out a lot. Do you...do you ever regret not getting together?”

The question took me by surprise even though it had been at the forefront of my mind these last few days. I decided to be honest.

“Yeah. I think about it. I should have made a move. But maybe it’s all for the best. I cared a lot about you and I didn’t want to mess up what we had for something you might not have felt.”

She stepped out of the closet wearing nothing but a bra and panties, looking completely unself-conscious. “I felt the same. You always were a good friend, James.”

She disappeared back into the closet and we let the silence hug us as she dressed. She returned wearing some comfy but sexy shorts and a tank top.

“Let’s get you on that plane,” she said.

She drove me to the airport and parked in one of the underground garages. I slung my backpack over my shoulder and we went in to the terminal together, not quite hand in hand. We paused to the side of the entrance and looked up at the board of arriving flights.

“Oh, man,” Lindsey moaned. “Ben’s flight is delayed.”

I tried to sympathize but I was secretly glad that I’d get a little more time with Lindsey. We soon discovered that Ben’s plane was grounded for mechanical failure and with no estimate of how long it would take. My own plane wasn’t due to leave for another few hours so we walked along the terminal just talking, tossing ideas back and forth about what we should do.

“Maybe we can go back to your place?” I suggested.

She shrugged, “Sure.”

As we walked back through the underground garage to the car the conversation turned back to us.

“When I said I always saw you as a friend,” Lindsey began, “That wasn’t quite true.”

“Oh?”

“My friends thought we were dating. And there were times when I thought about it.” She bumped me playfully with her butt. God, she really was flirting with me? Did my mind melding do all this? “I mean, we did everything together.”

“Yeah.”

I tossed my bag in the backseat and we both got in the car, but Lindsey didn't start it up. Instead she turned to me.

“Sometimes I wonder about that night you brought me back to my apartment after dancing. Do you remember that?”

I could only nod, my heart beating wildly in my chest.

“What would have happened if you'd have kissed me that night?” She asked, cocking her head.

“I didn't do it because you were a bit too tipsy and I didn't want you to feel like I was taking advantage of you. I wanted it to be real.”

“That makes sense. But I’m not tipsy now. And I have a regret about that night, too.”

She started leaning towards me and I leaned towards her and our lips met. The world seemed to pause as we kissed. Her sweet fragrance was in my nose, her delicate lips beneath my own. It was a perfect moment, just the two of us.

She slid her tongue around my lips and I opened for her, welcoming her inside. She leaned farther against the middle divider of the car and grabbed my shirt, pulling me closer to her. Our kisses grew faster, wilder, the two of us greedy for each other, seeking a release that had been building up these last few days. My hand slipped across her cheeks and against her hair. I stroked her cheek with my thumb as we made out, enjoying the soft feel of her skin beneath my hand.

She pulled away only long enough so that she could climb over the gear column between our seats and straddle me. I helped her, both of us laughing as she bumped her head, a momentary pause, and then the laughter ended as our kissing resumed. She tasted tangy and sweet. I gripped her sides and held her close as she sunk down on my lap. Now both my hands caressed her cheeks, our tongues madly dancing as we tasted each other.

I helped her scramble out of her top and gripped her once again, hands sliding up her warm soft skin. One of my hands slipped around behind her, cupping her perfect ass while I squeezed her tits with my other hand. She scrabbled for my shirt, yanking it up so she could press her lithe hands against my chest, fingers digging softly into my skin, exploring me by touch.

I grew hard beneath her. This was everything I had wanted, even when inside her, to enjoy her body from within my own. She grinded herself against my lap, against my erection, teasing us both with her warm sex. I kissed my way across

her cheeks down her neck as she threw her head back and draped her arms across my neck, riding me, both of us still fully clothed. I yanked her top up and one of her breasts fell free. I took it in one hand and sucked on the nipple, fingers scrabbling for her delicious flesh, wanting to own her, to be inside her without hopping.

There was some awkward maneuvering as she shimmied out of her shorts and I unbuttoned my pants and pushed them down. But then she was naked in my lap, her breasts dangling down into my hand, our breath mingling as we continued kissing madly. She grinded down on me, teasing me, stroking my cock with her pussy. I felt her wetness as she spread it on me, smelled her delicious musk as it filled the car.

Then, still kissing, she reached down and grabbed my cock to guide it inside her. I pressed against her entrance and she lowered herself, wiggling her hips to let me slip inside. She was hot and wet and perfect and I gasped as I entered her. I felt her smile beneath my lips, then her hand returned to my chest, my hair, my neck, grabbing me madly. I thrust up into her with the primal urge to fill. I was surrounded by her wetness, my fantasy come true.

I gripped her ass and stroked her tit as she sank down, joining me on each thrust up. We rocked in a restless rhythm, her body so close to me. I needed her, and I sank in deep. A cry escaped her lips as I drove into her. She thrust back down, willing me as far in as I could go. Her cries rose in pitch as we fucked harder, faster, and then she threw back her head and came.

“Oh, god, James!” Lindsey cried. “Oh, James!”

And I couldn't hold it any longer. I pumped into her, hard and deep, filling her with my cum. Each spurt was accompanied by another little moan in my ear as

she yearned for my seed. My orgasm was massive, my pent-up longing spilling out, filling her perfect tight pussy, the pussy I myself had enjoyed for the last several days. We came together, lips pressed hard against each other, hands clinging to the other's body, until the last spurt ended and I was empty.

She was breathing hard and she clung to me for a minute as I grew soft inside her, still relishing her heat while she shivered with the afterglow. Finally, she raised her head and pushed her blonde hair out of her eyes with the palm of her hand.

“We should have done that a long time ago,” she enthused breathlessly.

“I agree,” I smiled.

She climbed off me and we both got dressed—no easy feat in a car.

“I don't want to be the one who loves and leaves, but...I've got a plane to catch,” I said.

“I know,” she grinned. “But I'll see you soon. Won't I?”

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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