

# **Body Switch Collection**

*Volume 1*

by M. Wills

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## The New Mom

Alyson ran her hands through Brent's close-cropped blonde hair while she sucked on his tongue. His muscular hands wandered across the small of her back, brushing against the bare skin below her crop top. He pushed her against the wall of the hallway with his insistent kisses, both of them oblivious to the kegger raging on around them.

Brent suddenly pulled back and smiled down at her. "Come up to my room."

She smiled back and slowly pushed his hands away. "Mmm. Another time, maybe, I really need to go."

She slipped out of his grasp and began walking back down the hallway, teasing him with the sultry sway of her ass. He yelled after her, "What the hell? I gave you my only joint."

She turned, tossing her long, raven black hair over one shoulder and smiled seductively. "And that's why I made out with you."

Alyson laughed as Brent swore after her down the hallway, his vulgar cries drowned out by the music thumping from the frat house living room-cum-dance floor. Alyson didn't care. She'd gotten what she wanted: the thrill of teasing him. That was the real prize. She loved proving who had the real power, getting anything she wanted just by showing a little skin. Promising everything and delivering nothing. It was so easy with her dark, exotic features and her slender hourglass figure. Men liked to think they were in charge, but they were putty in Alyson's hands.

Alyson slipped outside and walked down the stone steps to the street. The cool night air caressed her long, tanned legs. The tiny mini-skirt wasn't doing much to keep her warm, nor was the barely there white top that practically all the guys in the frat had tried—and failed—to get her out of. Even her mother had balked when she saw Alyson walking out the door in this outfit ("What are you wearing?!"). Alyson grinned again, thinking of the Brent's frustration.

She pulled out her phone to order an Uber, then saw a lone young man walking back to his car and had a better idea. She ran down the steps and reached him just as he closed the door of his car. She knocked on the passenger side window and when he rolled it down she leaned down low so he got a good glimpse of her bouncing cleavage.

"Hey, my friends left me. Do you think you could give me a ride home?" She asked, running her fingers through her hair and playing the part of the innocent young maiden.

It was a lie but he didn't know that. Alyson's friends were still in the party, but Alyson had already scored her victories and was bored.

The guy looked at her from the driver's seat. He wasn't bad looking, with scruffy dark hair and a handsome face. Alyson shifted, making it look natural but allowing her breasts to sway gently.

"Sure," he said, unlocking the door.

"Thank you!" Alyson beamed, jumping in. "I'm Alyson, by the way."

“Peter.”

His hand was warm and firm. Now that she was closer she could see that he looked familiar. “Aren't you in my Chemistry lab?”

“Yeah.”

“Thought so. I never forget a pretty face.”

He grinned, and even in the faint lights from the dashboard she knew he was blushing. Fuck, men were so easy.

When Peter pulled up to Alyson's house she said a quick “Thanks” and “Goodnight” before hopping out the door and heading inside without looking back. She quietly unlocked the door and slowly pushed it open before slipping inside. She needn't have bothered, because her mom was still awake and waiting for her.

Paula stood in the living room, her arms crossed beneath her ample breasts. “Where the hell have you been? It's a school night!” Paula hissed

“Jesus, mom, I'm 21, I'm not a kid anymore, I can do what I want.”

“You still act like a kid so I'm going to treat you like one.”

Alyson shot her mom a look of disgust. Her eyes flickered across her mom's once impressive figure, now fattened and soft with age. Paula's wide hips and chubby breasts were covered by the shabby old t-shirt and striped cotton pants she always wore to bed. Alyson shuddered inwardly. When, exactly did her mom give up on her appearance?

“God, mom, just because you don't have a life doesn't mean nobody does.” Alyson said, as she sidestepped her mom and headed towards her own room.

Paula could only watch her go in frustration. “You know, I pray every day that you'll improve your life instead of throwing it away.”

“And I pray that you'll stop nagging me all the time.” Alyson said over her shoulder, before disappearing into her room.

Alyson dreamed she was floating in a void, weightless and formless, while a booming voice spoke to her. She tried to move but found she had no body to move. She was just a mind drifting through darkness.

“You have been selfish and so you shall be taught a lesson.” The voice boomed. “You must learn what it is like to be someone else and to watch what you love disappear.”

“What do you mean?” Alyson asked, even though she had no mouth.

“You will see.” The voice replied. “This lesson will last one week.”

And then, very quickly in a softer tone, the voice reeled off a list of conditions like the disclaimer after a drug commercial. Alyson could only catch a few bits here and there: “...your mileage may vary...” and “...side effects include increased empathy...” and “...pregnancy will cancel the contract...”. The voice ended louder: “If you agree to those terms just say *what*.”

“What?” Alyson asked, thoroughly confused.

“It is done.” The voice boomed.



Alyson woke slowly on that first fateful Sunday and cracked open her eyes. In the dimness of the room she could see a strange man sleeping next to her in the bed! She jerked slightly and opened her mouth to cry out before recognizing the man. It was her stepdad. What was he doing in her bed? Looking around, she noticed she was in her parents' bedroom.

Alyson quietly pushed herself out of bed. Her body felt all wrong, heavier and wobblier. Looking down at herself she found she was wearing her mom's shabby sleep t-shirt. Even in the darkness of the bedroom she could see her figure had changed. Heavy breasts tented out the front of the shirt. Alyson made her way out of the bedroom and into the bathroom across the hall. She quietly shut the door and flicked on the light before looking in the mirror. There, staring back at her, was her mom.

Alyson's mouth dropped open and her mom's reflection mirrored her. Alyson pinched her chubby cheeks, pushed and prodded at the crow's feet around her eyes, manipulating her mom's face, hoping it was a dream. But her image repeated her movements, and she could feel every inch of her changed features, every slight dimple and blemish etched into her mom's forty year old face. Alyson yanked up her shirt and gaped down at her mom's heavy pancake breasts hanging off her chest and sagging over the top of her stomach. Each breast was lightly striated with a faint stretch mark or two. They wobbled slightly as they flopped down against her slight pouch of a belly, each capped with huge, pale pink areolae. Her perfect youthful figure was gone, replaced with her mom's middle aged body.

Alyson fled down the hall to her room, her body jiggling in strange ways. She felt like she was waddling now with her fatter thighs and bouncy bubble butt. She burst into her own bedroom and saw herself—her real body—lying in bed, still asleep. She ran to the bed and nudged herself awake while fighting back tears.

“Mom. Mom!” She whispered. She knew even then what had happened.

Her own body opened her eyes with a scowl, that immediately turned into wide eyed alarm as Paula woke to see her own face staring down at her. Paula scrambled to sit up in bed, noticing her own transformed body as she did so. She gasped, nearly hyperventilating with shock as she pushed herself up to a sitting position and stared down at her arms, at her youthful body clad in the thin pink shirt, her jet black hair tangled in a long mess across her shoulders. Her mouth opened and closed but no words came out as she looked up to her own face, then back down at her daughter's body, which she now inhabited.

“Oh my god, what's going on?” Paula finally managed.

“We've...we've switched bodies somehow.” Alyson started, and briefly explained what the voice in the dream had told her.

“So...we have to pretend to be each other for a week?” Paula said, after taking it all in.

“According to my dream. What do we do?”

Alyson was in full panic mode, and it was disorienting for Paula to watch her own face desperately

staring at her, searching for answers. She was silent for a moment as she considered what to say, her mind still grappling with what had happened.

“Well, I don't see we have a choice. We just have to hope your dream was right. And this isn't...” Paula trailed off. “I mean...what can we do? Even if we do convince someone of what happened, what are they going to do?”

There wasn't much argument; Alyson realized her mom was right. The situation seemed pretty hopeless. Alyson collapsed on the bed, sobbing as her own body comforted her. Paula stroked her former back soothingly. As Alyson cried out her anxiety, Paula realized that she felt better than she had in years. Despite going to bed late and being woken up early, she felt energetic. The back pain that had been a constant for several years was gone. She pushed her hair back out of her eyes. A part of her noted how thick and luscious her hair was now.

When Paula finally got her daughter under control, they each shared with the other what was expected of them in order to play their parts. There was nothing for it but to split up to get dressed and accustomed to their temporary new lives.

Alyson had wrapped herself in a long robe to try to hide her body, and was at the kitchen table drinking coffee—black, like her mom's taste buds seemed to enjoy—when Paula came downstairs. Alyson gasped at the sight of her.

“*What* are you wearing?!” Alyson hissed.

Paula had dressed her daughter's body in a loose, ill-fitting shirt, long khaki pants and casual tennis shoes. Alyson's long, black hair was tied back in a ponytail that jiggled across her back with each step and her face had only a light layer of makeup.

“This is the only outfit I could find that didn't leave me practically naked.”

“It's called style, mom.”

“It's called being slutty, honey. And as long as I'm in your body I'm making a few changes.”

“It's still *my* life! And I don't dress like a blind man stumbling through a bargain bin!”

“I'm just helping you get back on track.”

Alyson couldn't stand being lectured by her mother, and to hear the lecture coming from her own lips was even worse. She scowled and crossed her arms beneath her tremendous breasts. Paula came up and kissed her forehead.

“Trust me dear, this is for your own good.”

Paula waltzed out the door, feeling happier than she had in years.

Paula followed her daughter's instructions and parked in lot 'A' of the college, then walked towards the building for her chemistry class. Her daughter's words from that morning stuck with her. Should she be changing Alyson's life? Maybe she should try to fit in a little better. Paula looked down at her rather frumpy outfit. Well, she could start by dressing a little better.

She tied a knot in the shirt so that it stretched tight across her body and revealed some of her trim tummy. Then she rolled up the hem of the khaki shorts a little to show some of her legs. Paula had to admit her daughter was stunning, and there was an...intensity to her gaze now when she looked at some of the other college guys as she strolled through campus. It took Paula a while to identify this

strange feeling that she hadn't had in years.

She was horny.

It was as she realized this that someone called out to her.

“Yo, Alyson. Alyson!”

It took Paula a second to remember that she was now Alyson. She looked up and saw striding towards her a muscular young man with a handsome face and close-cropped blonde hair. He had an air of supreme confidence about himself that Paula admired. His shirt was practically painted on over his muscular torso and Paula longed to be taken up by his thick arms and held against his solid chest. She was surprised to feel herself blushing as he stared at her with emerald grin eyes and a sly smile on his face.

“Why'd you run out on me last night?” He asked.

Paula had no idea what he was talking about. All Alyson had told Paula was that she'd gone to a party last night at some frat house. Apparently, Alyson hadn't told her everything.

“I...wasn't feeling well.” She ran her hands through her hair just for something to do. The way this guy was looking at her made her knees weak. No one had looked at Paula with this intense lust for such a long time. Not since she herself was Alyson's age. Before she grew older. Fatter.

“You look better now.” He said. “Why don't you come back over to the house and we can finish what we started?”

Would it be so wrong to go with him? She was young again. When would she get another chance to feel like this? To be wanted by such a gorgeous hunk? But this wasn't her body forever. Just for now. She probably shouldn't go.

As soon as the guy closed the door to the bedroom Paula launched into his arms. She needed him so badly; every fiber of her being was screaming for his touch. He grabbed her, held her aloft, his body crushing into hers as she wrapped her legs around his waist and planted her lips on his. Her nose pressed into his rough cheek and she caught the faint scent of sandalwood. Paula's hands roamed around his rugged physique as his tongue thrust into her warm welcoming mouth and she tasted him for the first time.

He gripped her ass tight in both hands and Paula felt his erection pressing against her beneath his pants. They kissed voraciously, devouring each other like two starved lovers. His hands squeezed her ass while her hands roamed up and down his body, exploring his solid physique by touch, greedy for him.

The man threw her onto his bed and they each scrambled out of their clothes. Paula's body was on fire, and the heat doubled when the man was finally standing naked beside the bed. His body was sculpted and perfect, bare abs rippling as he stared down at her. And his cock. His cock was massive and pointed directly at her.

Paula tossed her clothes aside and lay naked in her daughter's body. She looked down at herself, at the petite breasts, nipples already erect in longing, down to the trimmed triangle of black hair pointing towards her unfamiliar sex. Her skin was so perfect and flawless, glowing with the radiance of youth. The man looked down at her, too, devouring her with his eyes before launching onto her.

His body covered her, their heat mingling as their skin pressed together and their mouths locked onto each other once more. His thick arms gripped her tight and she felt a pressure building against

her pussy as he pressed his cock against her. She needed him so badly, needed his hard body against her soft one, needed him to fill her. He guided himself against her, pushing the head of his cock inside her, inch by inch. Alyson's pussy was so wet, Paula could feel her lips sliding together, and yet the cock was still a tight fit. Her nether lips finally opened for his cockhead and he thrust inside her, burrowing into her wet heat. It was painful at first as he filled her and with a start Paula realized she must have lost Alyson's virginity. The thought was washed away by the desire she felt as the thick shaft slid through her wet hole.

He pushed himself up on his hands so he could stare down at her face, gazing at her while he fucked her hard. His confident grin filled her vision as he impaled her, with a series of long, slow movements broken up by occasional quick thrusts that took her breath away. She brought her hips up to him, meeting each thrust, letting him sink deep against her center. Her own hands flew to her tits, squeezing her daughter's rubbery nipples as a burning painful-pleasure scorched her. She reveled in her own body, and the guy seemed to enjoy watching her play with her own tits. He stared hungrily at her as he thrust in and out of her with long strokes.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, taking in his girth and feeling as though she would split in two as he sank deeper into her daughter's hot cunt. When he was completely inside she held him, trembling on the edge of pleasure and pain, gasping at the wild heat at her core, before he withdrew, thrusting in again before Paula could recover. She cried out as the pain doubled the pleasure and he thrust harder, ramming into her, taking his frustration from last night out on her tender body.

Paula took it all, crying out each time he hit her center as pleasure built within her in waves, each pound causing the crests to rise higher and higher until they finally broke and she yelled out in Alyson's high pitched voice as he throbbed inside her. She orgasmed hard while he filled her with his seed. She could feel every twitch, every spurt of cum into her daughter's body and it felt so wonderful, so perfect, as her own body quivered around him.

When he pulled out Paula whimpered at her new emptiness and a drop of cum slid down her thighs. He lay beside her on his back, arms behind his head, supremely confident in his abilities. Other women might have found the over-confidence annoying. But to Paula, it reminded her of how her husband used to be. He, too, used to be a muscular jock, before an injury and bad decisions had ended his budding career. Maybe this would be different. For her daughter, of course. This was all for her daughter. Paula kept trying to convince herself of that even as she stroked his pecs and imagined fucking him again and again.

Alyson grumbled to herself as she lugged her mom's body down the hall with the basket of laundry. She'd spent most of the day cleaning and tidying the house just like her mom had asked. It was pathetic that her mom had no life.

Alyson dropped the basket in front of the washing machine and loaded it up. Every time she bent over for another handful of clothes she could feel her whole body jiggling in strange ways and it sent an ache down her back. Even with a bra on her mom's fat breasts were heavy and uncomfortable. The whole day had been awkward.

She'd misjudged the placement of furniture and had knocked over the lamp several times with her fat butt. She still wasn't used to seeing her mom's lined face in the bathroom mirror. And her flabby arms. She supposed her arms were good enough for a woman of her mom's age, but compared to Alyson's tight, toned body, she felt fat. Even Alyson's taste buds were all messed up. She'd tried the Oreos she always loved but they seemed to taste sickeningly sweet. Instead, she was drawn to the licorice that her mom always ate and Alyson had always despised. Only, inside her mom's body, it was delicious, and before she knew it she'd eaten the whole package.

*Whoops she chuckled to herself Looks like mom's just gonna have to work that off when she gets her body back.*

When the laundry was running, Alyson pushed her unkempt hair out of her face and consulted her mom's list. Next up was grocery shopping. Her mom had left her a list for that night's dinner of chicken and potatoes. Pretty basic. Apparently her mom had little faith in Alyson's ability to cook, and with good reason. Alyson had never bothered to do it before.

Well, at least it would get her out of the house. She was going stir crazy being stuck inside with no company.

As Alyson was going through the grocery store aisles dutifully checking items off the list, it struck her that she had the credit card now. She could buy whatever she wanted. In addition to the dinner, she loaded up on snacks and desserts, making sure to choose the same ones her mom liked so they'd taste delicious in her new body. She deserved a little compensation for being stuck inside this fat, out of shape body.

Alyson pushed her loaded cart to the checkout and, as she did whenever she was at a store, chose the aisle with the hottest cashier. He was a young guy, college age, rather plain looking. Not the sort of guy Alyson would ever be interested in, but it wasn't about *her* interest, it was about *his* desire.

But, much to Alyson's chagrin, the guy barely batted an eye at her and responded to all her usual sure-fire flirty lines with monosyllables. And more hurtful—to Alyson's pride, anyway—bending over to reveal her mom's cleavage didn't draw his eye. Even when she “absentmindedly” scratched an itch and sent her mom's massive boobs swaying he didn't stare at her. It was like he didn't care. Everyone at the store had acted the same way, as if becoming a forty year old woman rendered her invisible. Being practically ignored was a new thing to Alyson and it frustrated her to no end.

Things didn't get much better back home. Alyson's dad, Vernon, came home while Alyson was massacring dinner. He leaned in and kissed her quickly on the lips. She was caught by surprise, even more so when his hand swept down behind her and lightly squeezed her ass. She jumped and he laughed, grinning like a shark. It was the first time all day anyone had shown any interest in her new body, and Alyson was almost ashamed at how good the attention felt. It was over as soon as it started, though. Her dad grabbed a beer and sat on the couch, ignoring her until dinner.

Alyson overcooked the chicken and burned the potatoes. It was partly because she kept watching the clock wondering when Paula would bring her body back home, and partly because she wasn't a very good cook. As it happened, Paula waltzed back home just in time to sit down for dinner. Paula frowned at the unappetizing meal on the plate, peering at it critically before daintily eating only a few bites.

Paula kept up a steady stream of chatter, going into detail on all the interesting things she'd learned and the people she talked to. When she was done she turned to Alyson and asked about her day.

"Well I...I went to the store." Alyson responded lamely, staring down at her own plate.

"Exciting." Paula practically sneered.

God, how Alyson wanted to wipe that smug smile off her own face. But she wasn't about to hurt herself no matter how much her mom seemed to be enjoying her body. Instead, she just sat and stewed silently.

After dinner Alyson cleaned up. It seemed all her mom did all day was clean. Paula disappeared into Alyson's room and when Alyson tried to join her there followed a whispered conversation where Paula demanded Alyson go watch television with her father as usual.

Alyson sat silently in the living room with her stepdad as they watched television. Maybe it was being home alone all day that made even dull things interesting. Maybe it was that her aged mind couldn't keep up with intricate plots and surprise twists. Whatever the reason, she found she was now really into CSI.

Alyson snuggled in close to her dad, hoping he would stroke her body, show some kind of attention to her, but nothing. Not until they were in bed with the lights out did he reach over and spoon her. His giant hand grabbed one of her meaty breasts as he pressed his body against hers. His hot breath was in her ear, his erection pressed against the curve of her ass. She knew she should be disgusted—it *was* her dad after all—but she craved this need for her body. Only here, in the dark with her dad, could her mom exert the same powerful lusty attraction that Alyson's body exerted on every male who saw her. After being so lonely all day her dad felt wonderful.

Her dad's hand snaked underneath her nightshirt and grabbed a handful of bare breast, his fingers splayed over Alyson's nipples. He bit her neck gently, sending shivers down her body. Alyson sighed and rolled her head to one side. Her dad knew exactly how to treat her mom's body, knew how to kiss her, how to gently pinch her nipple and slide his cock up and down the crack of her thick ass. Vernon soon had Paula's body burning for him.

Alyson's fingers slipped beneath her pants and she pressed against her mom's swelling clit as her juices moistened her hand. She tried to bat away the thought that this was her mom's pussy she was touching. The heat rippling through her skin helped. Her dad guided his cock in between her fat thighs, rubbing up against the bottom of Alyson's nether lips. He dry humped her slowly, his shaft wetting itself on Alyson's juices while she continued fingering herself. Alyson pressed her ass back into his solid warmth. Her breath came faster while her fingers continued to stroke herself, winding her body up.

Alyson twisted over onto her belly and pushed up onto her hands and knees, presenting her ass to her dad. Her dad pushed himself up, stopping to grab something from the nightstand drawer and

then positioning himself behind her. Alyson couldn't believe she was about to have her dad fuck her but she needed it so badly. She was nearly whimpering with desire, biting her lip. What was taking so long? She *needed* him inside her. Then she heard him squirt lube onto his hand, heard the wet sounds of her dad rubbing himself, and then he spread her ass and pressed his cock against her asshole.

Oh, God, was her dad about to fuck her in the ass?

He gripped her butt cheeks and pushed harder. Alyson thought she should protest but he seemed to take this as normal. He pressed inside her slowly, her tight asshole gently gaping open to allow his dick to fill it. Fuck, it was amazing, pleasure bordering on pain. Her breath hitched in her throat as he penetrated her, pushing slowly, inch by inch, until he was deep inside her and his groin rested against her ass. And she was tight. So tight. Her ass gripped his cock and she could feel every amazing inch. He withdrew and pushed in again slowly, until his balls bounced up against Alyson's pussy. She felt so wonderfully full as her ass clenched around his cock. Her mom's heavy breasts swayed back and froth as her dad gently thrust in, his hands gripping her butt cheeks and pulling her back to meet him.

Alyson reached one hand between her legs and began playing with her mom's pussy as her dad continued pounding her. Her hands found her swollen clit and she pressed against it, matching his rhythm until her body was humming and she began moaning. Her dad sped up, thrusting faster inside her as her fingers grew slick with her mom's juices. Alyson's head was pressed against the pillow, her cries of lust muffled as she pushed herself back onto his dick, urging him on, driven by his own desire for her.

She slid a finger into her pussy, sliding up into her own warmth as her dad fucked her ass. Her palms pressed against her clit as her finger twisted through her velvety folds, fingering herself hard and fast.

And then Vernon throbbed and came, jetting his seed into her asshole as she cried out into the pillow. The pulsing of his cock was painful and wonderful and when he was done she felt full and sated for the first time in this body.

He pulled out and lay behind her again, his cock pulsing slowly against her lower back until they both drifted off to sleep.

Alyson was never sure where her real body was during the next week. Paula would come and go without saying exactly where she was coming or going to. The one time Alyson caught her mom sneaking back inside late at night with her hair and clothes disheveled Paula had refused to say where she'd been, only assuring her daughter she was taking care of her body.

“Are you having sex in my body?” Alyson demanded.

“No. Of course not,” Paula reassured her. And yet Alyson could catch a faint hint of her musky fragrance, and found Paula's panties still moist when she put them in the laundry. Alyson continually nagged her mom about it. She couldn't help it; she needed to know. But her insistence only made Paula withdraw further.

For Alyson, the days crawled by slowly. More cleaning, more being left alone, more being virtually ignored. She came to long for those nights when her dad would shove his cock into her hungry body and she would spread herself for him as he drove deep into her. Otherwise, she detested her mom's life and was looking forward to being herself again.

Paula was just the opposite. She loved being young and energetic again. Loved being envied by other women and wanted by other men. It was just like when she'd been in college. And Brent—she eventually discovered the name of the man who she'd let take her daughter's virginity—was incredible. An alpha male who took what he wanted.

And what he wanted Paula was only too happy to give.

Everything came to a head on the Saturday at the end of that week. Paula had come home and announced that Brent was picking her up at 9 that night. This led to a loud discussion of who Brent was and exactly what was going on. Paula refused to admit it was anything other than a first date and insisted that she'd been respectful with her daughter's body. It ended with Paula storming off to her room and slamming her door, just like Alyson would have done had their positions been reversed. Or not reversed, as it were.

Around 9 o'clock Paula came out of the bedroom wearing a black mini-skirt and a pink top that stretched across her supple breasts and hugged her trim form. Her long, black hair hung down her back and her makeup made her face look dark and sexy. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, either; her nipples dimpled the fabric of the shirt.

“*What* are you wearing?” Alyson cried in dismay when she saw what her mom had dressed her body in.

This started another argument that was only topped by the arrival of Brent, who at least had the decency to look awkward and ashamed when he found himself in the middle of a mother-daughter argument.

“I'm a grown woman, *mom*, I can do what I want!” Paula snapped. “Come on, Brent, let's go.”

“Um,” Brent said as Paula stormed out, “It was nice meeting you.” He smiled bashfully before following Paula out.

In the car Paula fumed. She knew what she was doing. *She* was the responsible one. It was her daughter who was young and impetuous. It just made Paula so goddamn mad to be spoken to like that. She was all worked up, her jaw tightened, her pulse raced. She needed to get over this fight. She needed some relief from this tension.

Paula leaned over to Brent and whispered in his ear: “I need you to fuck me *right now*.”

Brent barely had time to pull over into a parking lot at the edge of a strip mall before Paula had clambered onto his lap. Her lips were on his, devouring him hungrily as her dark hair swirled down around both of them. Her skirt slid up her thighs and she ground herself against his lap, felt his manhood rising once more to meet her, as it had every night that week. God, she couldn't get enough of being young and sexy. Her body was in a constant state of arousal.

Brent flipped her top up and grabbed her tits, squeezing them hard. Paula cried out into his mouth as the pain met the pleasure shooting through her. Her tits were sensitive and he was so rough, pinching and pulling, fitting his entire hand over her supple breasts and jiggling them roughly, torturing her body into ecstasy.

She fumbled with his pants, pulling the zipper down just enough to allow his erection to jump into her hand. She stroked him as they continued making out, her own panties already wet with lust. She yanked them aside forcefully and guided his cock inside her. He shoved himself inside her and she gasped as he filled her. Again that wonderful fullness of nearly splitting open, and yet somehow her nubile young body contained him.

His hands slipped up into her long hair and gripped tight as she rode him, deep moans escaping from her ruby red lips. He yanked her hair back, forcing her head up painfully. He was a beast and she loved it, loved how he was so ruthless with her body, as if it was he who owned it and could treat it how he liked. She wanted to give herself to him, let him use her for his pleasure. And he did, driving his hips up to meet her center as she gasped and cried out, quivering around his cock in orgasm after orgasm. She loved that he could do this to her, could fill her with a full body pleasure that drove away all conscious thought. She loved that her body was so intoxicating that it drove him mad with lust.

And when he'd had his fill he thrust a final time, forceful and deep, and she felt him throb inside, felt her daughter's pussy fill with the wet heat of his seed and she came once more. When at last he was empty she sat on his lap for a moment more, just enjoying the warm fullness. He released her tit—it ached now from the grip of his hand—and she rolled off him and back into the passenger seat, adjusting her mini-skirt back over her luscious ass.

She looked over at him and smiled. He wrapped his hand through her hair and pulled her close, kissing her hard and firm and causing her to quiver with need already.

Her daughter had no idea what she'd been missing being a virgin.

Alyson woke slowly on Sunday, chagrined to find herself in her parents' room and still in her mom's body. She slipped out of bed and silently left the room. A sense of *deja vu* crept in as she padded down the hallway towards her own bedroom. She'd gotten used to the sway of her mom's heavy hips and the jiggle of her breasts beneath the frayed shirt and night pants. She placed her hand on the doorknob and slowly opened the door of her former bedroom.

Alyson had stayed up until two in the morning but Paula still hadn't returned by the time she went to bed. So it was with some relief that Alyson saw her own body in bed, fast asleep. Her body was still there, still okay. But why hadn't they switched back?

Alyson sat on the side of the bed and gently roused Paula.

“Alyson. Alyson,” Alyson whispered as she gently shook her former body, unaware that she'd called out her own name. After a week in her mom's body she'd also gotten used to their different names so that it was second nature by now.

Paula woke slowly. “Morning mom,” she said. “I mean...morning, honey.”

“It's Sunday.”

“Ok. Can I go back to sleep, then?” Paula started to roll over but Alyson stopped her.

“It's been a week. This thing was supposed to be over in a week. I want my body back!”

“I don't know what happened, mom, I really don't.” Paula said, also slipping unconsciously into their role reversal.

But after a few weeks, Paula could no longer hide the baby bump protruding from her slim frame. Alyson broke down, railing at her mom in a long, drawn out fight. But in the end there was nothing she could do. The deed was done. All she could do was watch as Paula took over her life.

Paula married Brent and prepared to birth her own granddaughter, then moved out of the house, unable to watch her daughter grow older and more miserable while trapped in her body. And Paula soon focused on her own life, enjoying being 21 again and pregnant with a loving, rugged husband who treated her like a princess in the streets and a whore in the sheets, satisfying her every desire.

Alyson, meanwhile, faced the waning years of her life. It was way too late to start over, so she resigned herself to her new existence. The only bright spots were the nights her dad climbed on top of her and fucked her. Then she could imagine she was herself again, and the sweating, grunting old man on top of her was the quarterback, or the rich lawyer, or anything but what he was, and she was anyone but her mom.

###

## Hostile Takeover

"I'm wrapping my lips around your cock," Paul types to Isaac.

The words appear in the messenger box next to Paul's avatar. He's chosen to hide his identity behind the face of a dark haired woman in her late thirties whose hair curls gently down around each side of her face. With her brown cat's eye glasses and shy smile she looks like she should be working in a library. Paul is using a photo of Isaac's wife, Rose. It's one of many that Isaac has sent Paul over the years in the course of their online roleplaying. Tonight they play Isaac's favorite scenario, where Paul forcibly possesses Rose's body and gives Isaac a treat.

"Rose hasn't given me a blow job in years," Isaac writes. Then, after a pause: "So okay."

Paul mentally files that bit of info away as he continues with their scenario. He narrates as Rose, describing how she's swallowing Isaac, how she teases him with her tongue, how he tastes in her mouth. After that there's a long pause before Isaac finally types:

"Thanks. I needed that."

Isaac found Paul years ago on an online forum revolving around body swaps and transformations. Isaac had answered Paul's request for a role-play partner and they hit it off immediately. Their sessions started cautiously but soon grew longer and more complex. They began trading personal and private information, along with pictures of themselves and their partners to make their scenarios more realistic. Isaac likes Paul to take over the body of Isaac's wife, Rose, and has sent dozens of pictures to Paul so he can know who he's supposed to be. Isaac and Paul have gotten to know each other very well over the years and Isaac has confided all his marital issues to his online friend.

Isaac got married to Rose 18 years ago, straight out of high school. She was never that into sex but she pretended for her husband's benefit. Lately she's stopped even doing that, simply lying back and waiting for it to be over, or avoiding it completely. Her *nearly* non-existent libido became a *completely* non-existent libido for no reason Isaac can fathom. She has little interest in dressing sexy or turning Isaac on and Isaac feels she's come to take him for granted. To make matters worse, Rose has become very finicky about mess, particularly sexual mess (probably the reason Isaac has been requesting that Paul perform dirtier and dirtier acts on him). Despite the lack of interest in sex, Rose still keeps herself in shape by seeing a personal trainer three times a week and maintains a slightly chubby, but nonetheless very sexy, body.

Isaac often asks Paul to play out scenarios where Paul possesses Rose and forces her to watch from inside her own body as Isaac shoots his hot load over her enormous 38G breasts and then makes her lick it off, spreading his seed over her face and letting it drip down her body. Paul agrees that Rose is attractive and they share their dark fantasies of having Paul take over her body and force her to do dirty, sexual acts while she's trapped, helpless, inside her own mind. If she doesn't want to use her body anymore Paul will gladly take over.

As a result of their frequent and in-depth role-play as each other's partners, Paul knows all about Rose: how she treats Isaac, how she would act in nearly any given scenario, what she likes to wear, even down to her Social Security number and online passwords. Paul could be Rose and Isaac

would never know. Paul yearns to take over her life and make his friend happy, to be with Isaac forever. Paul's fantasy is all the more tempting because his own life is in a rut.

Paul is single and has been for a while. He shares a tiny three-bedroom apartment with four other people in the Bay area, where space is at a premium and rents are too high for him to go off on his own. To make matters worse, the tech company Paul works for has hit a few snags. Though the company's problems were created by a lecherous CEO and a greedy board, the consequences have fallen on the workers. It seems there are new staff layoffs every month and Paul is sure his boss has it in for him, making ridiculous requests in the hopes that Paul either fails them or refuses to do them. Either way would be an excuse to fire him. As Paul's real life gets worse, he takes refuge in the fantasy life that he's built with Isaac over the years. If Paul were a woman he would definitely be falling for Isaac and want to rescue him from his humdrum wife, and rescue himself in the process.

The more Paul looks at the pictures Isaac sends, sees Rose's attractive body hidden by frumpy clothes, understands how she acts and how Paul would love to make her act, the more Paul's desire to take over her life grows. He's practiced wearing her face with a variety of face swapping apps and, though he loves to see her image on the screen mirroring his, it's not enough. He wants to leave his life behind and go somewhere else. So when Paul finds an app that claims to let him possess a person's body, he knows exactly who his target is. The app promises that the user can switch back into their own body at any time as a sort of safety net.

Paul dutifully downloads the app and create his profile. As instructed, he uploads a picture of Rose and her basic information, which he knows by heart. It's all too ridiculous and it can't possibly work... and yet Paul can't bring himself to press the "Enter" button right away. Just in case it does work, Paul wants to be inside Rose's body by himself at first. So Paul waits until a morning after Isaac has left on another one of his frequent business trips before activating the app. Just in case.

A couple hundred miles away, Rose shuffles to her bathroom to start her morning routine. She spreads the bottom of her cashmere robe and eases herself down on the cold toilet seat. Suddenly, she gasps in surprise. Or rather, her body does, for Rose isn't aware of gasping herself nor of anything that would make her gasp. Her head swings wildly around the bathroom as though she's examining her surroundings for the first time. She tries to stop, to grab her head with her hands, but her hands, too, refuse to respond. It's like the signals aren't reaching her body, yet her body continues moving of its own accord, like there's a stranger inside controlling her.

Her eyes turn to gape down at the broad cleavage beneath her robe. Her hands shoot up to her breasts, grabbing and squeezing painfully. She hears herself laugh as she drops her breasts and bobbles them back and forth watching them swing beneath her.

"Oh my God, these tits are amazing," she hears herself say.

Her hands shoot up to her lips and she hears herself giggle again. "Testing, testing. Hello, I'm Rose. This is incredible!"

There's a stranger inside her body. Rose struggles mentally, cries out in her own head, *What's happening to me?*

Her body jumps slightly.

"Rose? Are you still in here?" Her voice asks aloud.

*What's going on? Who are you?*

"I would think that's obvious, Rose. I'm stealing your body. I'm you now."

Her eyes swing down to her thick thighs spread apart on the toilet seat. The stranger makes her slip her hand across the coarse thatch of hair between her thighs. Even though she can't control her body she can still feel everything from the itch on the tip of her nose that the stranger scratches to her full morning bladder. She's plugged into her senses, but feels like a passenger in her own body.

Her hand pulls back and she feels the stranger trying out different muscles within her pelvis until he finally makes her bladder unclench and relief floods her body as the sound of her stream hitting the porcelain reaches her ears.

*Leave me alone. Get out of my body!*

*Oh, no, Rose. We're just getting started.* This time the voice that answers is in her mind. It's a man's voice and underneath that she can glimpse his feelings of excitement and lust. Excitement for her. It's strange and intoxicating, tapping into this undercurrent of desire for her own body.

Rose's body wipes herself and she flushes. The stranger moves her body towards the mirror in front of the sink. Her image slides into view and a smile appears on her face. The stranger turns her face this way and that, her fingers coming up to slip softly across her skin. Her tongue pokes out and her face screws up as the stranger makes funny faces to himself in the mirror, then chuckles. Her hands

untie her robe and let it fall to the floor. Rose can feel her own body warming in desire for herself as the stranger stares at her naked body. His lustful gaze travels down her heavy chest, past her belly, over her gentle mound and lingers on the dark pubic hair between her legs. Then her gaze continues down her thick thighs. On the way back she turns and is forced to stare at her butt, to feel the stranger's lust for her ass. The stranger slaps her ass –WHAP!-- and watches her butt wobble. Under different circumstances it would be flattering to see that men still find her attractive, to know that despite the stretch marks she's still wanted. But not like this. It's humiliating to be poked and prodded, treated like a piece of meat. And yet, her body starts to betray her, warming to her own lecherous gaze.

*Why are you doing this?* She begs, still fighting, but becoming aware that her struggles are futile.

*I've always wanted to be a woman. And you're one hell of a woman!* Comes the reply.

Her hands rise to her heavy breasts and grasp them, playing with their fleshy weight, bobbling them in each hand. The fingers slide around and pinch the nipples until they stand erect, little nubs of desire. A flash of pain shoots through Rose's nipples with each squeeze, lighting up the warmth between her legs. She can feel her body being turned on, can feel the desire pulsing through her from the man inside. A moan escapes her lips as Rose cries inside her own head while her body forces her to continue.

The man brings one of her hanging breasts up to her mouth. Her lips open and she sucks on one of her own fat, pink nipples. Her tongue glides along the sensitive nub as she sucks the areola into her mouth and grasps it lightly between her teeth, the sucking and slurping sounds echoing in the bathroom. Her mouth is filled with the salty taste of her own skin.

"Oh, fuck, Rose," her voice says as she releases her nipples, "You're so goddamn wet."

It's true. She can feel the moistness between her thighs as she opens for herself. Her most intimate of areas cries out for attention.

The world swings as Rose finds her body walking down the hallway towards her bedroom. She's forced to turn and give herself a smack on the ass again, watching her thick butt wobble. The hand slips in between her ass crack, violating her but turning her on at the same time. When she gets to her room her body lies on the bed and spreads her legs, her knees in the air. With her head propped on a pillow she can see the coarse 'V' of hair leading down to her womanhood, her view framed by her massive breasts, hanging flat as pancakes from her body. Real breasts. Mature breasts. She feels an odd pride about the size of her chest, and realizes it's coming from the stranger inside.

*Don't do this!* She cries inside her head, as her fingers play across her skin, fingering the odd mole dotted on her tummy on their way down towards her womanhood.

"You want this, Rose. You like this." Comes the reply. Her own voice from her own lips.

And God help her, she does. Her treacherous body is so horny just from the simple feel of her hands across her flesh; she needs to fulfill the aching need between her legs. She's forced to watch as the stranger penetrates her with her own hand. Two fingers slide inside her moist heat, disappearing between her nether lips. She can't remember the last time she was this wet, and all just by looking at her own body. She can see it through the stranger's eyes, understands the newness, the sleek femininity that he inhabits and desires to explore. Her fingers slide up and press against the nub of her pleasure and she moans. Her other hand returns to a breast, grabbing and exploring the meaty softness as her fingers continue to work their magic inside her, pressing up and down against her swollen clit.

Rose's fingers pick up speed, matching the vibrations of pleasure echoing through her body as she hears herself writhe and moan on the bed. She's caught up in the stranger's pleasure. Her resistance disappears as she urges the stranger on for her sweet release. Her pussy clenches tight around her

fingers, reveling in the feeling of penetrating and being penetrated. The man forces her to clutch her tit and thrust her legs tightly together as her pleasure suddenly peaks and she cums harder than she has in years.

"Oooohhh" her voice cries out as she vibrates in orgasm, and her own thoughts echo *Oooohhh*. The pleasure pulses through her body and she pushes deep into her own wetness, riding her pleasure all the way back down. When he's done with her, her fingers are slick with her lust, her thighs are dripping and a cold, wet spot grows beneath her thick ass.

The stranger slides her whole hand across her slit, rubbing her hand inside her cunt until all four fingers are sticky and wet. The stranger brings her finger to her nose and forces her to smell her own musky scent. With Rose's lack of sex drive has come a hatred of the messiness of sex and her own smell. The stranger seems to know this and laughs in her own voice as he wipes her lust across her cheeks and over her own tiny, upturned nose. Rose mentally recoils in disgust while her body eagerly sucks her own fingers, tasting her acrid flavor.

Soon, her body rises from the bed and looks down at the clothes Rose had picked out for herself, back when she had her own agency, which seems a million years ago. Her head shakes back and forth as she picks through the pile.

"No, no, no, Rose. This won't do at all." her voice says.

Her body moves towards her closet and starts searching through the clothes. "Where's that cute little black and gray sweater? You look really hot in that. Or, I guess *I* will look really hot in that."

*How do you know what I wear? Who are you?*

"Oh, Rose, you have no idea" her voice replies, as she lays out her new outfit on the bed. "I've got so many pictures of you."

*'Stalker'* the idea flits through Rose's mind and is picked up by the stranger.

"Not a stalker, Rose. And you can call me Paul. Your husband and I have been...communicating for a while. I've seen videos of all my new drawers and closets and sweaters."

*Did Isaac have something to do with this?*

"No. Isaac has no idea," her voice replies as she opens the underwear drawer and goes right to one of the nicer bra and pantie sets. "This will be a surprise for him. But thanks to our little chats, I know enough to impersonate you."

*Why me?*

Her body slides the panties up her legs, then sticks her arms through the loop of the bra and reaches around back to clasp it shut. Her slim fingers adjust her large tits, staying a bit longer than necessary to fondle them slightly. The movements come naturally, as if he's somehow tapping into her own muscle memory.

Her body stands and sighs. "I think I've fallen in love with you. Or, fallen in love with the idea of being you anyway. I found some magic and, well..." Paul gestures down to Rose's body.

"Here's where you come in. Anything I don't know about you, you're going to tell me. You're going to help me be you so utterly and completely that no one will have the slightest question about your mental state."

*Go fuck yourself. You've got my body but you can't make me give up my life. You can't control my mind.*

Her body laughs. "There's the feisty Rose I love. You're right. I can't control your mind, I need you

to volunteer information. But I can do this."

And then there's nothing. Rose has no senses. No touch, no sight, no sound. She's trapped alone in a silent void of her own mind. And she sobs.

When the world returns, Rose finds herself sitting in her usual salon. Her stylist, Debbie, is working on her nails and chatting away.

*Welcome back, Rose, how was solitary?* Paul thinks to her.

Aloud to Debbie, Paul says, "Your youngest has always been a handful, hasn't she?"

Debbie shakes her head, "You got that right." She finishes smoothing out the tips of Rose's nails before reaching for the nail polish. "Now, you sure you want this color?"

It's a red nail polish, more garish and showy than Rose usually cares for. But she hears her voice say, "Yes, it's a little surprise for my husband when he gets back. He's going to love it."

Debbie gives her a knowing look. "Ooh, anything else in store?"

"Shhh," Paul whispers, and the women laugh.

As Debbie works on her nails, they continue chatting like old time friends. Rose is amazed at the things Paul knows about her without being told. Once or twice Paul prompts Rose in her head for information and she replies, not wanting to be cut off again. Somehow, seeing what he's doing to her body is better than knowing nothing. Rose also sees Paul has found her iWatch and her wedding bands, which she'd stopped wearing. As her head glances around she can see she's wearing her cute, black Uggs and he's fished out her matching purse. Her sweater hugs her curvaceous body. It's one with a wide neckline that allows an ample view of her magnificent cleavage.

Paul laughs and chats easily with Debbie. It seems to Rose that Paul enjoys being in her body and isn't planning on giving it up anytime soon. As this thought crosses through her mind, Paul seems to pick it up. He looks in the mirror and winks at her, before continuing with the story of Rose's daughter's nearly disastrous prom night. He already knows so much about her? How long have he and Isaac been talking?

When Debbie's done, Paul admires his lovely fingers. He pays with Rose's credit card, signing her name with a practiced flourish. On the sidewalk outside they cross an older man walking a puppy, and Paul makes a great show of kneeling Rose's body down to pet it. He looks up at the man and asks about the dog's name and breed, conscious that the man is getting an excellent look down his top.

*Maybe I should see if this guy wants a quick fuck?* Paul teases Rose. She can feel the thrill it gives him at her feeling of revulsion.

*Please ,no.* The helplessness of her situation hits her once again. He could make her do anything, humiliate her...hurt her.

Fortunately, Paul waves goodbye without offering up Rose's body. He makes his way to her car and Rose discovers that he even knows the special trick she has where she gives the gas pedal a quick push to stop the car from stalling.

*Where are you going now?* Rose asks, but her body just turns up the radio and sings along about the irony of having ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife.

The song is interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. It's connected by Bluetooth into the car's speakers and the name of the caller appears on the dashboard display: Kendra. It's Rose's eldest daughter.

Kendra knows her mother so well and they tell each other everything. If anyone will know that Paul is a fake, it will be her.

Paul picks up on Rose's thoughts. Rose feels a smile light up her face as her body thumbs the button to answer the phone call and automatically shut off the music.

"Hi, honey," Rose's voice sings out.

"Hi, mom," Kendra's voice fills the car.

*Help me, help me, help me,* Rose intones, hoping her prayer can be heard, that her daughter will realize something's wrong.

*What do you think will happen?* Paul chimes in. *She'll hear her mom acting weird and understand that someone has taken over her body? Help me or else.*

"I got this letter from Pete's lawyer today," Kendra begins.

Paul groans. "Is he still going on about ownership of the house?"

"Yeah, and get this, he's threatening to sue me for my half of it."

"What a shit. I told you he was a shit."

"Yes, mom, you did. I wish I'd listened to you, then."

"I can tell with these things. Anyway, what did he say now?"

As Kendra explains the letter, Rose grows ever more despondent. Not only does Paul seem to know the most intimate details about Rose and her family, but he's saying almost exactly what Rose herself would say in this situation. By the time Paul has hung up, he's talked her daughter into sending almost the same letter that Rose would have recommended.

At the stoplight, Rose's hands reach out and angle the rearview mirror so her own eyes are reflected back at her. "I told you," her voice says, "I can fool all of them." She grins, then twists the mirror back up into position and dials Isaac's number. He picks up after a few rings.

"Hi, Rose," Isaac's baritone voice fills the car.

"Hi, honey, how's the trip?" Rose's voice sings out.

"Oh, fine, you know, lots of talking, very little action."

Rose chuckles. "So nothing unusual?"

"Pretty much. What's up?" Isaac asks, clearly wondering why his wife has called him out of the blue.

"Nothing. I was just thinking about you, that's all. The bed's a little cold and I was hoping you could come home and warm it up."

There's a slight pause on the other end. Rose hasn't been this loving in a while, and Paul knows Isaac misses the days when she used to practically jump into his arms the moment he walked through the door. Isaac's told him as much during their body swap role playing sessions. Isaac's told

Paul everything he wishes Rose did do and would do again with a stranger inside her body, and Paul wants to make his friend happy.

"Yeah, uh, me too. Well, I'll be home tomorrow night."

"I can't wait. I've got a big surprise for you."

"A surprise, huh? Can't wait."

"You're gonna love it. Anyway, I'll let you get back to your conference. I love you."

"Love you, too."

Paul thumbs the button to hang up the phone.

"You haven't been too nice to my Isaac lately, Rose." Paul says aloud, "I'm going to make it up to him, and you're going to help me. After I've given him a nice big welcome home, maybe I'll leave you to your own body. Can I trust you to be nice to him from now on?"

*Yes, yes!* Rose replies.

It's the first hint Paul has given that he doesn't intend to stay in her body and it gives Rose a cautious hope. She stays silent as Paul drives her home and walks her inside the house. Her cat runs up and brushes himself against her legs and Rose finds her body reaching down to give him a scratch behind the ears. Rose always believed that animals had a sort of sixth sense about supernatural events, and if even her cat can't tell there's a stranger in her body what hope do people have?

Paul spends the rest of the day going through Rose's belongings, familiarizing himself with the solid objects he'd only ever seen pictures of. He smells her perfumes and her shampoos, runs her hands across her startlingly large collection of plush cashmere sweaters, and flips through her photo album. Paul quizzes Rose every now and then about where something was taken, or how someone in one picture is related to another, and Rose dutifully answers, hoping that her acquiescence will appease Paul and encourage him to leave her body, his apparent mission of making Rose a more loving wife fulfilled.

It's shocking to Rose the ease with which Paul settles into her life. He enters the well memorized password on her iPad and flips through it. He responds to a couple of emails and browses the web, much as Rose herself would have done. The cat jumps up into her lap and he absently strokes its head as he catches up on the news.

That night, Paul slips into a sheer nightshirt, already knowing that Rose gets hot when she sleeps. He makes her body a little hotter by leaving off his panties and running her own fingers up and down her soft body until her pussy is once again aching for her touch. Suddenly, he stands and makes his way to the bathroom. He flips on the light and faces the mirror. Rose's half naked body stares at herself. She smiles, the cute dimples appearing on either side of her supple mouth. Paul stares lovingly at her high cheekbones, her sleek nose, and her gently arched eyebrows. One of her legs lifts high up to place her foot on the sink. Her other hand comes down and spreads her pussy. Paul forces Rose to stare into her velvety folds. Rose always thought her pussy was ugly, but Paul is delighted to examine his new sex closely, determined to enjoy it from inside and out.

He slips two fingers inside, rubbing gently up and down his hidden clit until it buds out. As her fingers press her swollen sex for the first time she sighs happily and a wave of warmth flows through her. Paul grips a fat breast beneath his nightshirt with one hand, while the other continues circling around and around his swollen clit. He stops every now and then to take his fingers out of himself and suck on them, forcing Rose to taste her own musky desire, before shoving them back inside her horny body.

As the warmth powers through Rose's body she finds herself leaning forward, sinking down against her fingers as though willing herself harder, deeper. Her other hand comes down to join her, one hand rubbing her clit as the other curls around deep inside her until she lands on the dimpled nub of her G-spot and gasps. The heat infuses her body and now Rose is caught up in it, she needs Paul to continue working her body, needs the release he's building towards.

"Oh, fuck, Rose. Your little cunt's so wet." Paul talks dirty to himself. It thrills him and, by extension, Rose. Hearing herself, seeing herself driven to this frenzied passion makes Paul crest and cum. Rose's head is thrown back as her mouth opens wide and she cries out.

"Oh, fuck. Fffuuuucck." Her fingers continue working the orgasm through her as her body rocks back and forth. She's dripping now, her thighs soaked with her lust.

"You like when you get fucked like this don't you? You fucking bitch."

*Oh, god, yes. I need it. Fuck me hard.* His desires are hers, she needs to hear herself talk dirty, to degrade herself.

"You stupid bitch. Your body's all mine. I can make you do anything I want!"

She has no control and it drives her wild with excitement. And then her body is enveloped in a flash of fire and she cums again, harder, the world dropping away and she floats in pure pleasure with Paul.

He continues forcing her to thrust inside herself, cumming again and again until she's practically hoarse with cries, her body shiny with sweat from her effort and her thighs quivering with exhaustion. Finally, thoroughly satisfied, Paul returns to bed and falls promptly asleep, his fingers tucked up against his face, the smell of her own pussy deep inside Rose's nose.

Rose has a faint glimmer of hope when she wakes the next morning that she has her own body back. But she soon discovers that's not so when she tries to move over and her body fails to respond. Finally, Paul slowly rolls off the bed. He wipes the sleep from Rose's eyes as he wanders to the bathroom to pee. He idly plays with his heavy breasts, shaking his chest and watching his tits jiggle back and forth as his stream rings off the porcelain interior.

When Paul is done, he takes Rose's body to the kitchen and makes a cup of coffee. He grimaces as he tastes it. Paul doesn't like coffee, but he's got Rose's tastes now.

"Christ, Rose, how can you drink this stuff?" He says, pouring another cup.

*Look, Rose pleads, if I help you give Isaac a nice night will you leave me alone?*

"That's all I want, Rose." Her voice replies.

Rose has no idea if he's being sincere or not but she wants to believe it. She *needs* to believe it. It's the only thing she can do.

Paul spends the day cleaning the house and getting ready for Isaac's arrival. He scrubs the toilets, the kitchen floors, wipes down the cupboards, all like a good little housewife. Unlike a typical housewife, though, Paul does it all naked. He likes to watch Rose's pendulous breasts sway as he walks and often rewards himself between rooms by groping his curvaceous body.

"I've got to make *my* house look good for *my* husband," he says. Rose doesn't know whether this is to needle her or if he really intends to steal her entire life.

*He's not your husband. He's mine. You're just a stranger.*

"Oh, no, Rose. Actually, you're the stranger. Isaac and I know each other very well. I know how to please my man. And I know how to enjoy my life. And I know how to enjoy these tits."

Rose finds her body pulling her breasts up to her mouth and greedily suckling on a nipple until it perks out and electric shocks of pleasure flit through her body.

"Such a waste. I plan on sucking these every day."

When Paul is done he dresses Rose's body and drives to the grocery store. He pushes the cart down the aisle, tossing in fresh fruits and vegetables, as well as a chicken. It is slightly shaming for Rose to see Paul choosing these vegetables, when she, herself, is accustomed to picking out pre-packaged meals and snack foods.

*This is called a sweet potato*, Paul thinks to Rose, mockingly as he holds one up for inspection.

*I know what a sweet potato is*, she shoots back.

*Really? Because Isaac says they're one of his favorites and you never make them.*

*Is that true?* Rose asks.

*Yes, it is. And the fact that you don't know just proves how shitty you've become at being a wife.*

Paul wanders down the aisles, adding other things to his cart as he chastises Rose.

*I can't cook, Rose replies.*

*You won't cook. There's a difference. What do you do all day, anyway? Isaac goes out and earns the money and you...what? Read your gossip blogs and let the house go to hell? And then pop a microwave dinner in when Isaac gets home?*

*I do things. I go the salon and get my nails done. I look nice for Isaac. I love him.*

*Then why does he spend so much time online talking to me?*

Rose doesn't have an answer to that and Paul continues:

*I'm going to be a good wife and mother. I'm also going to be a good cook. I'm going to be the woman Isaac wants. I'm going to be you better than you can be yourself.*

When Paul is finished collecting everything he needs for the perfect roast chicken dinner he wheels the cart up to the checkout. He slips out Rose's phone and unlocks it with his face ID, then pays for the groceries without entering a single code.

*Oh, Rose, you made this too easy for me. Paul thinks, Apple has protections against stealing a phone, but they've got no protection against stealing your body.*

When Paul returns to Rose's home he preps the dinner and sticks it in the oven, timing it so it will come out just as Isaac walks through the door. He undresses and enters the shower, the warm water splashes against his bare skin. Rose's fingers lather herself up. She's becoming used to having her body moved by someone else, to having this strange man make her grope her own body at every opportunity.

When Paul is finished he wraps his body in a towel and works on his hair. With Rose's help he's able to style it perfectly so that it frames his face slightly chubby face in a way that makes him look adorably angelic. Then it's to the closet where he selects a cashmere sweater that he knows will drive Isaac wild with the way it hugs Rose's body and shows off her heavy breasts.

*I know my pooky loves cashmere, Paul thinks as he slides into his new outfit.*

He caps off his whole look with some splashes of perfume and then stands to admire himself in the bathroom mirror. He smooths out his sweater and makes a few adjustments, turning to admire the form of his body, before pronouncing himself finished.

Isaac arrives home soon afterwards. Paul greets him at the door and wraps Rose's arms around his husband in a hug. Paul slides Rose's hand through Isaac's hair and pulls Isaac down towards Rose's lips. They kiss, Isaac's warm breath so delightful in Rose's mouth. When Rose releases him, Isaac looks down at his wife in surprise.

"Hi, honey. What was that for?" Isaac asks as his eyes roam down his wife's luscious body.

Only when Rose sees that look does she realize how long it's been since Isaac last looked at her that way.

"I missed you," Rose hears her voice say. "I just wanted to say I'm sorry for the way I've been acting."

"You don't have to apologize--" Isaac begins but Paul waves him away.

"Yes, I've had a lot of stuff going on in my life. But I've been selfish and I've neglected you. That's all going to change. Come on into the kitchen."

Isaac follows Paul as he walks Rose's body into the kitchen. He turns to see Isaac's jaw drop when he sees the perfectly cooked roast chicken in the center of the table along with the beautifully set table.

"Wow." Isaac says.

Paul brushes some hair back behind one of Rose's ears in self-conscious pride.

"And you've done your nails. You're like a whole new wife!"

Rose feels her face break into a wide smile. "I am."

They enjoy the meal, Isaac smiling and laughing more than he's done in years. Afterwards, Paul cleans up before joining Isaac in the living room to watch television. Paul lets Isaac choose the show as he snuggles Rose's body up to her husband.

That night, Paul waits for Isaac to fall asleep before padding quietly out of bed. He searches through the closet for the sweater that he knows Isaac loves and slips it on.

*What are you doing?* Rose asks as Isaac adjusts her breasts beneath the deep blue V-neck.

*Something Isaac has always wanted but was too afraid of his shrewish wife to ask.*

Her body slowly climbs back into bed, close against Isaac. Her hand snakes down beneath the elastic band of Isaac's night pants. She can feel the heat radiating off him as Paul wraps Rose's slender fingers around Isaac's flaccid cock. She plays with him, letting her nimble fingers glide and tickle his manhood. It slowly stirs to life beneath her fingers, growing harder for her, and Rose can feel Paul's desire warming her own body.

Beneath her, Isaac slowly wakes.

"What-?" he mumbles, before Paul shushes him with one finger lightly on his lips.

Paul pulls the covers aside and lays Rose's face on her husband's chest, staring down at his growing erection. Rose can hear Isaac's heart thumping in his chest as her fingers continue gliding up and down the shaft until it's rock hard in her hands. Paul is mesmerized by the sight of Isaac's hardness in the moonlight, excited to think that it's all for him and the body he now possesses.

Paul pushes Rose's body up and crawls between Isaac's legs. He kneels her over his cock, facing Isaac, stroking him while Isaac stares back with a slight grin. Rose's breasts hang down below her, bouncing back and forth slightly as Paul continues working Isaac's warm hard-softness between her fingers, Rose's fingers rotating slightly as she works his shaft. Isaac sighs in satisfaction. Rose has never given Isaac a handjob before, never knew that's what he wanted. Has she really been such an absent wife?

A tiny bead of pre-cum appears on the head of Isaac's dick, glistening in the moonlight. Paul opens Rose's mouth and lowers her tiny, pink tongue to Isaac's engorged head. Still staring into Isaac's eyes, Paul licks the bead and Isaac's salty taste lands on Rose's tongue. She wants to gag; she hates the taste of cum, the uncleanness of it all. But Paul enjoys it, making a show of satisfaction for Isaac's delight.

Paul shifts his gaze downwards, and Isaac's cock fills Rose's vision. Her hand continues stroking, faster in time with Isaac's breathing.

"Cum on me, baby." Rose's voice whispers.

It sends Isaac over the edge, this request by his wife to be covered with him. He grunts and his cock spasms between Rose's fingers. She feels her hand aiming Isaac's cock towards her chest and her body. Then he explodes on her. His hot cum spurts out and splashes against her heavy breasts and

down her sweater. Paul lets Isaac empty himself onto Rose's tits and the sweater that she's so proud of. He sighs as the warm spurts of seed drip down his sensitive skin. Then he wipes Isaac's dick clean with her sweater, rolling the fabric around his slowly softening cock. Rose wants to fight but has no choice but to watch and feel as Paul makes a mess of her and her favorite outfit. Paul rubs Isaac's jizz over Rose's fat breasts and wipes her hands on her sweater, much to Isaac's enjoyment. Isaac lays back and watches his wife grow filthy with his seed and his cock jumps once more. It's almost enough to get him to go again, and that hasn't happened since he was in his twenties.

They lie back down together. Paul is aware of how much Rose hates the cum on her chest, and he takes great delight in running his fingers across the sticky mess, making her feel her own body covered with Isaac. Eventually, they all fall asleep.

The next day all three of them wake with the memories of the night before still fresh in their minds. Isaac reaches over and wraps his arms around Rose's body, then presses himself against Rose's back. The warmth of him against her skin is delicious as Paul slowly wakes.

*See what treating him right can get you?* Paul asks as he snuggles Rose's body closer to her husband.

*Okay,* Rose replies, *I understand. Now that you've given him his night will you give me my body back?*

*I'm not quite done here, Rose. There's a little more work I have to do with your body. First of all I gotta get rid of this.*

Paul grabs Rose's chubby belly in his hands and squeezes.

*You used to be a fat bitch. Now you're just fat. We're almost there. I think we're going to need to up your workout routines.*

*You asshole!* She screams, forgetting herself, *Don't call me fat.*

*Oh, but you are. It's okay, I fixed your personality, fixing your body is the easy bit.* Paul replies.

*Do you enjoy wrecking people's lives? What you're doing isn't right.* Rose cries.

*I'm making everyone's life better. Well ,everyone except you. But you can watch while I perfect your life. As long as you're nice and quiet, I'll even let you share it.*

*This is my body! Get out!*

*Rose, we've been through this. If you're going to yell at me then you can just shut up.*

And then Rose is stripped of her senses once more. She knows her body is moving through the world without her in it while she's trapped in a dark corner of her own mind. Alone with her thoughts. It's worse than solitary confinement, because at least in solitary there's a body to anchor one to the world. As a mind trapped in another mind, Rose has nothing but her own vivid fears to keep her company.

"Feel the burn, Rose."

The world comes back to Rose, twisting and turning as Paul wiggles and twists her body. She's soaked in sweat and her personal trainer, Benny, is urging her on.

"Only three more. Two more. One more." Benny counts down each twist and leg lift. "Okay, quick break."

Rose's hand reaches out and grabs a bottle of water. She squirts it into her mouth. She's tired and breathing hard. Coming back to find somebody working her body out to exhaustion is a terrible feeling and a part of Rose wishes that Paul had let her sleep.

*Tell me the names of Benny's daughters,* Paul orders.

*Tricia, Denise and Abigail,* Rose replies robotically.

Paul stairs into the mirror on the wall with a pleasant smile on Rose's face, forcing her to gaze at herself. She's wearing a cute workout outfit and her long black leggings cling to her solid thighs. Her breasts are squeezed into a purple exercise bra and top. No amount of support can prevent her breasts from bouncing up and down wildly as she jumps to Benny's commands.

In between exercises Paul talks easily with Benny, like they're old friends. With Rose's help, Paul quizzes him about his daughters and dotes on them affectionately whenever they peek into the room. It all seems so easy for Paul, and anything he doesn't know he bullies Rose into answering. He seems to have slotted into her role so naturally no one can tell the difference. Well, that's not quite true. Isaac can tell the difference, but he likes this difference. He doesn't want to investigate, content to just enjoy the new Rose.

Every day for the next few weeks, Rose asks Paul if he's ready to leave her body yet, and every day the answer is 'Not yet'. She becomes taciturn and recalcitrant about giving away any knowledge he asks for, as the understanding slowly dawns that she'll never get her life back. It all comes to a head one day as they're in the mall shopping for a new outfit.

*What do you think Isaac would like me best in?* Paul says, making Rose hold up two different outfits in the mirror.

*You know him best apparently,* she responds, sullenly.

He drops his arms and stares into the mirror as he speaks to Rose. *Come on, Rose, two heads are better than one. I'm happy to keep you in here as long as you're kind. I can always send you away again.*

*You can't fool me. You're not leaving my body.* Rose replies, *I'd rather not see you violate me.*

*I can do so much worse if you don't cooperate. I can leave your body whenever I want to. Maybe I'll go around here and blow every guy in the mall. You think they'll say no once I wave your big tits in their face? I'll make you the city doorknob: everybody gets a turn. And I'll get it all on video and*

*leave you naked and wallowing in a pool of cum while I jump out and keep the videos. You'll have your body back, but your life will be ruined. Think about that.*

And then the world is gone once more, leaving Rose alone to wonder if she'll suddenly find herself in control of her body but in an impossible situation.

Rose is awoken at night, though whether it's the same night or many nights later is impossible to tell. She's curled up on the couch with Isaac's arm draped over her as they both watch television. She wears a voluminous light pink nightshirt that exposes the dark valley between her breasts. Her hand is in Isaac's lap and she absently runs her fingers across Isaac's crotch. Through her peripheral vision she catches glimpses of her arms and her stomach. Her stomach is trimmed, the little muffin top gone and her arms are lean and muscular. How long was she out for?

*I'm letting you out of your jail so you can see how to treat Isaac. Shut up and enjoy it or you'll go back in the box.*

With her eyes still on the television, Rose's hand slides across Isaac's pants. She can feel him growing harder at her touch. Her own body is beginning to warm as Paul becomes excited at the thought of what he'll do to Isaac in Rose's body.

Rose's body leans forward and she finds herself staring into Isaac's eyes, a slight grin on her face, as she unbuttons Isaac's pants. One hand slips beneath the waist of his pants, under his boxers and towards the heat of his manhood. Her fingers wrap around it. The shaft is hot and solid in her palm as she strokes. He grows hard for her and Rose can feel Paul delighting in the sexual power he has over Isaac in her body.

Rose finds herself kneeling on the floor in front of Isaac. She frees his erection from the folds of his clothes and it stands to attention. Rose's face comes closer to the engorged head until Isaac's cock fills her vision. She strokes, staring at it, worshiping it and the pleasure she can draw from it. She leans over Isaac's cock, her curly hair draping down her shoulders. Paul opens Rose's mouth and swallows Isaac. His musky odor invades Rose's nose as Paul slides her lips slowly down Isaac's shaft, enjoying every inch as it fills her mouth. Rose is forced along, forced to taste her husband's dick, to feel him press up against the back of her throat, to feel her nose pressed down into his curly hair as Paul swallows all of him. She's never had an interest in giving blowjobs, never wanted to feel what she's now feeling as her lips slide up Isaac's ready shaft leaving a glistening trail of her saliva, never wanted the loss of control. It always seemed gross and messy, and even now she hates her body for being turned on.

Up and down Paul glides Rose's lips, pressing her tongue against the underside of Isaac's cock, swiveling her head and eagerly taking him into her mouth. Her saliva drips down the shaft. Rose is disgusted by herself even as she grows moist with desire. Isaac sighs and moans above her. One of her hands reaches up and feels for his. Still sliding up and down his erection, she takes his hand and places it on her head, encouraging him to press down, to use her body for his own pleasure. Isaac doesn't need to be told. Rose can feel the pressure against her head as Isaac pushes her down, down his shaft. His fingers grip her hair and guide her up and down, speeding up and slowing down to his own rhythm. Occasionally he pushes her head all the way down and holds her there, his cock filling her mouth. Rose doesn't like being controlled, doesn't like being told what to do, but with the stranger controlling her body she has no choice. His desires are hers and she grows wet with Paul's need to please Isaac.

Isaac's hand pulls her hair up and down, faster and faster as his breathing grows heavy. Then suddenly she can feel him spasm inside her mouth. She wants to pull back, to get away, but Paul makes her stay put, makes her continue gliding up and down as Isaac groans and cums. Her mouth is filled with his hot seed and she swallows it in short, greedy gulps. Rose can feel it spilling across

her tongue, down her throat and filling her belly. Paul keeps his lips wrapped around Isaac until the last spasm has stopped, the last drop of cum is swallowed. Only then does he slide off and look up into Isaac's eyes.

"Thank you," Rose hears herself say.

Isaac looks down at her with a look of intense longing. He caresses her cheek and leans his head back against the couch as Paul resumes his position snuggled against his man.

"I thought you hated blowjobs," Isaac says, his eyes still closed, a slight smile on his lips.

"I used to. I'm a new wife." Rose's voice assures him.

A few months later, Rose has lost her fire. Paul will occasionally fulfill one of her requests, but his goodwill is arbitrary and Rose grows used to being controlled. She's merely a voice in Paul's head, no more able to do affect anything in her life than a shadow. The tiny shred of hope that she'll ever get herself back grows dimmer each day and she's given up thinking about it, hoping only to have a compromise now and then.

*Can I please have some coffee?* She begs Paul.

Paul grabs the mug and sips as he goes through her last storage box. He's now been through everything, knows her whole life. He's been asking her less and less. Rose feels useless and knows that the only leverage she has over Paul is gone. She's only allowed to experience her body with his grace.

Paul closes the last box and re-tapes it shut. He turns off the attic light as he leaves. He's gone through her photo album, memorized everyone in the pictures, all the events. That afternoon he deleted the login from the app that let him take over her body in the first place. There's no going back now. He gloats a little, but Rose doesn't rise to the occasion. She's resigned to her fate. Paul *is* Rose now.

Isaac arrives back home as Rose comes downstairs. She embraces him and kisses him passionately. Paul loves Isaac more than Rose ever could, knows what he wants better than she ever did. With his arms still wrapped around his feminine form he looks up into Isaac's smiling eyes.

"Let's renew our vows," she says.

"Yeah?" Isaac asks.

Paul nods Rose's head. "We didn't do it last year. I want to be with you forever."

"Of course. I love you, baby."

"I love you, too. I've got a surprise for you."

Paul takes Isaac's hand and raises one eyebrow seductively before leading him upstairs to the bedroom. Isaac grabs a handful of Paul's ass and he squeals happily. When they reach the bedroom Paul gently pushes Isaac back onto the bed.

Paul slowly removes Rose's clothes, wriggling his hips as his shirt comes off over his head and is tossed to the floor. He dances out of his pants, letting them slide down his thick thighs before kicking them aside. He stands in front of his husband dressed only in his white bra and panties. His breasts sway back and forth as he puts on a little show for Isaac. He helps Isaac out of his clothes and straddles him. Isaac's cock presses up against her panties, the hard eagerness throbbing against his moistening crotch. Isaac's greedy hands find Rose's breasts and squeeze before his face plunges in between them. Paul moans in Rose's voice and he reaches behind him and unclasps his bra, freeing Rose's heavy tits and letting them fall into Isaac's hands.

Isaac wraps his lips around one of Rose's nipples. He sucks gently, his hot breath making her

nipples perk out in excitement. Rose can feel her body warming as Paul runs her fingers across the other nipple. Paul teases her body and she grows moist. Having thoroughly explored every inch of her in his nightly masturbation sessions, he knows exactly what turns her on. His satisfaction is doubled at Isaac's obvious infatuation with his sexy body. After months of exercise and a careful diet, Rose's belly has shrunk and she's regained her figure. She's still pleasantly plump, but her curves are more obvious, more sleek. Her slimmer waist only serves to highlight her large breasts.

Paul rolls off Isaac long enough to remove Rose's panties. Isaac's eyes are drawn to the glistening moistness between his wife's legs. Paul sees him staring and reaches Rose's hand down to his new pussy and slips two fingers inside. He rubs himself, slipping down to gather Rose's dew before spreading it up and over his clit. His breath comes faster as his body throbs with anticipation. Isaac grabs his arm and urges him back on top with a quiet smile.

Rose climbs over him, letting her pendulous breasts hang down over Isaac's face. They bob deliciously back and forth as Paul reaches Rose's hand down between his legs and takes Isaac's manhood. He guides it up to his aching slit. Rose can feel the head of her husband's cock press against her, harder, harder, until with a pop that's more felt than heard he's inside and, oh, god, he feels so good. Paul sinks Rose's body down slowly, enjoying each wonderful inch of Isaac as he fills her until she's pressed down against him.

Paul rides Isaac slowly as he bucks up underneath to thrust himself in deeper. Rose is so wet, her body churning with ecstasy. She feels her hands fly to her own tits and she gathers them in her hands. Bringing them to her mouth she sucks on one tit, then the other, putting on a show for Isaac but also causing Paul's delight at manipulating her beautiful form to multiply the pleasure pulsing through her body. They rock like this, Isaac's hot hardness deep inside Paul's wet pussy as Paul continues putting on a show with his new body, licking and sucking. Isaac grabs Rose's waist and thrusts up, harder and harder as Paul sinks down faster and faster. Paul grinds against Isaac's cock, wanting him deep inside, the feeling of fullness so blissfully perfect and then Isaac grunts and cums and Paul is more full than he ever imagined. Rose's voice cries out as she orgasms with him, her tits bobbing up and down as she grinds hard, her body filling with Isaac's hot seed.

She rides him until he's empty and she's full. She can feel him inside, dripping down her and her body is filled with a blissful calm.

Paul slides off her, a sudden sad emptiness causing him to sigh as Isaac's cock comes free. Paul wraps Rose's arms around Isaac's chest.

"That was a nice surprise." Isaac says.

Paul snuggles Rose's nose against Isaac's neck. "That wasn't the surprise. You know how I've been different these last few months? How our marriage has been better?"

"Yes?" Isaac asks, unsure where this conversation is going.

Paul takes a deep breath. "That's because I'm not Rose. I'm Paul."

"Paul?"

"Yes, the guy you used to chat with online? We used to role-play body swaps. Remember?"

"How did you know--?" Isaac leans up on one elbow and looks into Rose's eyes. "Paul?"

Paul nods and smiles. "I found a way to do it for real. I'm Rose now. This body, this life is mine. And we can share it together."

"And the real Rose?"

She's silent in Paul's mind, an observer of her own life. She says nothing. "She's gone. But I want to

give you everything you want. I want to enjoy this body with you whenever you want to have me.  
Hasn't it been perfect so far?"

Isaac says nothing, just leans down and kisses his new wife.

## Epilogue

Paul is eager to show Isaac everything he's learned about Rose's body since being inside. Together they rediscover each other like newlyweds. Paul puts Rose's body through all sorts of new positions, trying everything he's always wanted to do to her, and everything Isaac has always wanted to see her do. Like all marriages they have their ups and downs, only now there are more ups than downs.

Rose's daughter, too, like the changes in her mom. Rose is happier now, more pleasant to be around. Her daughter thinks she's finally adjusted to all the mid-life changes. And she has, in a way, by disappearing from her own life.

Rose fades away, becomes just another voice inside Paul's head, like his conscience, or his hunger, or the strange thoughts that float through his mind at three in the morning. Paul can almost remember his past life, but it seems so far away. He doesn't even think of himself as Paul anymore. He's Rose.

She snuggles up to her husband and reaches down to wrap her fingers around his cock. She knows Isaac loves being woken up like this.

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## Double Cross

Jessica sat on her hotel bed and stared at the necklace sitting in the small bronze box in her lap. It was rather gaudy, with three large blue stones on each side and a small golden orb in the middle, not at all like something she would pick out for herself. But, she reflected, it was her grandmother's dying wish. Anyway, it would be barely visible beneath her wedding dress.

Jessica was preparing to get into her dress and was wearing only a white bra and panties. She crossed one lean leg over the other as she played with the necklace in her hands, lost in thought. Grandma Miriam had always seemed slightly mysterious. She was from the 'old country', though which old country she never said. Her house had been full of tiny crawl spaces and large, menacing pieces of furniture. Jessica had loved visiting, at first just for the plethora of hide-and-seek places but, as she grew older, she enjoyed listening to Grandma Miriam's stories. They were stories about elves and fairies, princes and witches. In her stories good didn't always triumph. More often than not the hero ended up worse than before he started his quest. When Jessica's dad asked her once why she didn't tell happier stories she gave him a level look.

“You want I should lie to the child? Tell her the world is a happy place full of sunshine and...singing bats or whatnot?” Grandma Miriam smiled without mirth. “The world takes advantage of the naive and trusting. It rewards the good and bad equally in the end. Here, have a cookie,” she added to Jessica, passing her the plate of freshly made butter cookies before turning back to her son. “You need to take care of this one. She's so skinny.”

Jessica's dad rolled his eyes, “She gets plenty.”

That had been years ago and as Jessica grew into a young woman it was obvious she was Miriam's favorite. When Jessica and her sister, Naomi, came to visit, Miriam remembered every detail of Jessica's life but often had to be reminded of who Naomi was currently dating.

“Oh, those boys they come and go. Always a new one, I can't keep up.” Miriam remarked. Naomi's face had turned red with embarrassment. There was some truth to it, though. Naomi was the one always getting in trouble and went through boyfriends on a near-monthly basis. She'd dropped out of college her freshman year and disappeared to go hitchhiking around the country, checking in from time to time with one or another of the family, usually asking for money and looking gaunter and wilder with each visit.

Meanwhile, Miriam encouraged Jessica to keep up with the gymnastics and follow her dreams even as Jessica's dad was telling her to keep studying in case the whole athletics thing didn't work out. Miriam just seemed to understand Jessica, and Jessica had been devastated when she learned that Grandma Miriam had died in her sleep only a month before Jessica's wedding. She'd left Jessica with the ugly necklace and a hefty fortune, more than any other member of the family, for which Naomi was extremely resentful. Jessica suspected it was that resentment, rather than any “sudden, unexpected commitments” that had led Naomi to change her mind about coming to Jessica's wedding.

Jessica clasped the necklace around her slim neck and stood in front of the mirror. The golden orb hung down perfectly between the valley of her round breasts. She'd won the genetic lottery but also

kept her body toned and lean through her thrice weekly gymnastics training. Her slight hourglass figure was emphasized by the shadows and curves of her muscles. She tossed her wavy, dark-blond hair behind her back as she eyed the necklace critically. It didn't go with her wedding dress or the outfit she was planning to wear today, both of which were laid out on the hotel bed behind her. Hell, it didn't go with *anything* she owned and she couldn't imagine it would go with anything *anyone* owned. But still, her grandmother wanted her to wear it—tradition from the old country, she supposed—so Jessica was going to wear it.

As Jessica turned her head and posed, the mirror grew blurry as something like condensation slowly crept in from all sides and closed over the glass. Jessica paused, watching in the mirror as the room behind her disappeared and soon even her own image was gone. Now the condensation changed, was more like a deep fog inside the mirror. Slowly, a figure appeared emerged through the haze. It seemed to be dressed in a flowing robe and it grew ever more clearer until Jessica recognized the gentle face of Grandma Miriam. Miriam smiled and held up her hand, beckoning to Jessica. Jessica reached forward and gasped as her fingers slipped through the mirror's surface and she felt Miriam's soft, fragile fingers grasp her hand. Miriam pulled gently and Jessica let herself be guided into and through the mirror, unable to resist as her mind grappled with what was happening.

“Jessica!” Grandma Miriam's wrinkled face lit up in a smile, “You wore the necklace! I knew I'd chosen right.”

“Grandma Miriam? What's going on?” Jessica asked.

Though Jessica felt a solid floor beneath her feet, the two appeared to be in a small pocket of air otherwise completely surrounded by a dense fog. Behind her the mirror seemed to float in mid-air and Jessica could still see her hotel room through the golden frame.

“It's so good to see you,” Miriam said, giving her granddaughter a tight hug. After a second, Jessica hugged back.

“Is—is this really you? Am I dreaming?” Jessica asked.

“Not dreaming. Magic. My soul was saved in the necklace for just this moment. I couldn't miss your wedding.”

Jessica told Miriam everything that had happened since she'd died. Her words started slowly but soon came out in a rush as she told Miriam everything she'd been holding back. Miriam nodded sagely, drinking in every detail as the fog closed in around them slowly. Soon, Jessica felt the creeping chill of the fog on her leg and noticed that the bubble had shrunk since she'd entered. Miriam noticed as well and sighed.

“The magic is fading, my dear. The necklace was only good for one meeting. May I have it back, now? It was always very precious to me. They say you can't take it with you, but then, they haven't really tried have they?”

“Of course.” Jessica said as she unclasped the necklace and dropped it into her grandmother's outstretched hand. In truth, she was glad to be rid of the hideous thing. It had seemed to grow heavier and hotter the longer she wore it. A side effect of the old magic? Grandma Miriam placed the necklace around her own neck, then Jessica gave her a final hug. “I'll always miss you.”

“I'll be right here,” Miriam said, touching Jessica's heart with a wrinkled finger.

Jessica turned and walked back to the mirror. She lifted a foot to step over the frame and back into her room, but her foot clunked against an invisible wall. She placed a hand on the wall and pushed, but couldn't get through. Was she trapped? Her panic rising, she turned to ask her grandmother and froze as her heart hammered in her chest.

Grandma Miriam was surrounded by an eerie blue light, and her body was changing slowly. She began stretching out, her legs and arms growing longer. The wrinkles on her face disappeared and her skin took on a youthful smoothness. At the same time, the shape of her face began shifting and her hair began turning blonde and cascading down her shoulder in a wave. Even her robes wriggled and shrunk resolving into a white bra and panties clasped to a firm ass and bouncing breasts.

Jessica realized the she, herself, was changing as well, growing shorter and more hunched, the energy seeming to drain out of her as her skin wrinkled. Her face seemed to wriggle beneath her skin and when she reached up to touch it she felt heavy jowls and wrinkled skin. When she brought her hands down she saw they, too, had become aged and wrinkled, dotted with spots and veins, just like Miriam's hands. Her engagement ring slipped down over one shrunken finger. Gasping, she looked up and saw Grandma Miriam, now in Jessica's own youthful body, looking back at her.

“Grandma?” she asked in a creaking voice.

“Not anymore,” Jessica's duplicate responded, approaching her and looking down at her with disdain. “I warned you that the world took advantage of the naive. I'm going to get a chance to live again but it comes with a price.”

The new Jessica brushed passed the old and sauntered towards the mirror.

“How could you?!” Jessica reached for her arm and her grandmother turned and grabbed Jessica's wrinkled fingers.

Miriam smiled wickedly and her eyes dropped to the engagement ring, still on Jessica's finger. She twisted Jessica's arm, sending pain shooting up her shoulder, then plucked the ring off Jessica's wrinkled finger.

“Wouldn't want to leave that behind,” she smiled, slipping the ring onto her own finger before shoving Jessica away and stepping back through the mirror.

She turned and smiled at her old body banging uselessly and without sound from the other side of the glass. Miriam had forgotten how it felt to be so young, so energetic. She was glad she encouraged Jessica to keep up her gymnastics because now she had a lean, sculpted body that was the envy of everyone else. She ran her fingers along her warm skin, admiring the strong muscles just below the surface. And her breasts were amazing! She unhooked her bra and let it fall to the floor as she clasped her perky new breasts. She'd always been jealous of her granddaughter's perfect breasts and now they were hers.

Miriam's old body had disappeared from within the mirror and she could feel Jessica's mind struggling inside her own, trapped by the necklace. She had all of Jessica's memories now, and the old Jessica was trapped inside her own body, helplessly looking on as her grandmother moved. Miriam could hear echoes of Jessica's sobs in her mind.

“Come on, dear, it's not so bad.” Miriam said, staring in the mirror at her pretty face. Jessica's dark eyebrows arched like two commas over her dark blue eyes. Miriam ran her hand across her high cheekbones and across her tiny, upturned nose, pinching her skin experimentally. The power in Miriam's new body was wonderful and she felt so warm thinking of her new life, running through Jessica's memories of her future husband.

“It's not all business, there will be some...pleasure.” Miriam said, warming as she thought of the fun that lay ahead.

Miriam gazed into the mirror as she slipped off her panties, forcing Jessica to watch herself spread her legs and let her hand glide down between her thighs to brush softly over the narrow landing strip of blonde pubic hair leading down to her revitalized sex. One finger landed on the top of her hooded clit and she pressed gently. She let her other hand stroke her breasts, the fingers running

around the tiny, pink nipples until they stood out in excitement.

She pushed another finger against Jessica's budding clit and felt herself growing wet at her touch. How long since her body had been as supple as this? As instantly ready for pleasure? Miriam squeezed one hefty breast hard and was rewarded with a painful jolt that amplified the warmth spreading from between her thighs. Miriam plucked from Jessica's thoughts that she was embarrassed at the size of her breasts and, like some embarrassments, it manifested as sexual pleasure in torturing her breasts. Miriam gripped her tit harder in her hand, squeezing painfully to match the rhythm coursing through her. She threw her head back and gasped as her other fingers slipped inside herself. She was so tight as she circled over her clit and pleasure built within her.

She smacked her breasts, too softly at first, then harder. They jiggled back and forth and she gasped in wonderful pain. The fingers inside her pressed harder, faster, growing the pleasure trough her until she was so full she thought she'd explode. She reared back and smacked her breast hard, the echo of her hand on her skin reverberating throughout the room and she doubled over in an agony of ecstasy. The orgasm pulsed through her in dizzying waves, an experience Miriam hadn't felt in years.

She lay back on the bed and brought her other hand down between her legs to join her probing fingers. With two fingers still on her clit, she pushed the fingers of the other hand inside her, curling deep into her moistness and around until she landed on the dimpled nub behind her pelvic bone. Her voice rose in pitch as she masturbated hard, rubbing her clit furiously as she pounded her G-spot. Her legs squeezed tight together, the little toes flexing as the tension built and once more exploded through her. She gasped and continued working her fingers inside as the warmth throbbed through her body until at last it ebbed out of her and she lay on the bed in a cold puddle of her own lust.

“Oh, we are going to have some fun,” Miriam said aloud to hear her new voice.

As Miriam sat up to get dressed there was a knock on the door.

“Uh, just a minute,” Miriam said, quickly slipping on her bathrobe that was hanging on the back of the closet door.

She opened the door and was surprised to find Naomi. She'd grown more gaunt since Miriam had last seen her. Naomi's brunette hair was tied back in a loose ponytail and her eyes were sunken in her pale face. Her skin was pale and blotchy and Miriam suspected by the look of her that her long sleeved t-shirt was hiding the needle marks on her arms. Naomi's eyes darted around the room as her knobby fingers kept a tight grip on the straps of her large red plastic handbag. Miriam couldn't tell if Naomi's t-shirt and jeans were fashionably dirty or just plain dirty.

*It was a pity, thought Miriam, Naomi used to have such promise when she was young .*

Miriam had sensed her wild streak and the danger it held, which is why she declined to groom Naomi for Miriam's eventual swap. However, it wasn't just Naomi's sudden appearance that was surprising, it was her presence here at all. Through Miriam's mental connection with Jessica's memories, she “remembered” Naomi canceling.

“Hey, little sis,” Naomi cried, gripping Miriam in a surprisingly strong hug and letting the hallway door close with a loud thud behind her.

“Naomi, I thought you weren't coming.”

“Yeah, well...” she shrugged and trailed off, her eyes darting around the room. She was clearly on something and Miriam didn't want her here on her special day but she didn't know how to get rid of her gracefully.

“Anyone else here?” Naomi asked, her eyes lighting on the bronze lamp next to the TV, probably

aiming to try to slip it into her purse..

“Not yet,” Miriam said.

“Is that the dress? Can I see?”

“Oh, oh, yeah, sure,” Miriam said, turning her back on Naomi.

Naomi grabbed the bronze lamp and brought it down hard on the back of Miriam's head. There was a muted thump as the lamp collided with Miriam's skull, then she dropped to the floor. Naomi knelt down over her and put her fingers against Jessica's neck. She could still feel her sister's pulse. Good. She hadn't wanted to kill her.

Naomi lay Jessica's body out on the floor and undressed her, yanking the robe, underpants and bra off Jessica's unconscious body, and even unclasping the ugly necklace. She tossed them all onto the bed for later. Naomi stared down at her sister, jealousy flaring as she eyed the toned, bronzed body her sister had spent so much time working on. Fucking little miss perfect.

Naomi then stripped herself naked, kicking off her dirty pants and pushing her stringy hair out of her eyes and eyed her own body with distaste: pale and bony, with needle marks running up her arms. She'd fucked up her life, ruined her body, and become addicted to heroin. But that was all going to change. Today was a new day.

She knelt and pulled a medallion from her purse. It was bronze, flecked with green corrosion but an image was still visible on it of a vaguely human face bisected by a ridge of bronze. Naomi's last boyfriend had given it to her as a present. Though the term “boyfriend” was being generous. He was a scumbag, and the only reason she'd hung around him was for the primo drugs he was able to secure. The medallion was either stolen or a gift from another junkie short on funds. Maybe a bit of both. He'd given it to her for a blowjob with no thought of what it was truly worth. Naomi was drawn to it; it resonated with a power only she could hear, like a deep thrumming in her being. She'd immediately hidden it away in her safe spot in a hole beneath the tree in the backyard. She didn't trust her boyfriend to not sell it for an extra hit; he'd already stripped most of the house bare.

Naomi had gotten her shit together long enough to figure out the medallion's powers, with a little help from the internet. Now, she took her sister's hand and pressed the medallion into her palm, then she pressed her own palm against the other side. The medallion grew hot beneath her touch but she kept her hand on it until she felt her body pulsing and changing.

Naomi's skin darkened to a light bronze and her needle marks closed up and disappeared, leaving nearly flawless skin. Her arms and legs thickened with a feeling like snakes wriggling through her body as solid muscles grew beneath her now perfectly smooth skin. The bones in her body rearranged themselves, grating uncomfortably but not painfully as her legs grew longer. Her hip bones crackled and popped as they rearranged themselves slightly. She could feel her ass growing, flaring out until she had a perfectly pinchable bubble butt. Her saggy breasts inflated on her chest, blowing up slowly like two balloons until they were firm and perky, her areolae two quarter-sized pink circles. Her hair grew from her head, thickening and growing lighter until it brushed down her chest in dark blonde waves. Naomi felt her cheekbones rising along with the tip of her nose as it shrunk until it was a perfect button nose, just like Jessica's nose. Because it was Jessica's nose. Naomi gaped down at her transformed body in glee. She'd done it! She'd stolen her sister's body! She looked down in time to see Jessica's transformation finishing. Naomi sneered at the pale, sickly looking woman lying on the floor that used to be herself. Her stringy hair flopped over her face and the needle marks raced up and down her arms. God, her old body was a mess.

*Have fun in there, Jessica,* she thought.

Naomi dressed in Jessica's bra and panties, taking great care in adjusting the thong against the perfect curve of her ass and roughly manipulating her breasts into place. She left the gaudy necklace

on the bed; no way was she going to wear that hideous thing until she absolutely had to. Then Naomi dressed her old body in her old dirty clothes. It was much easier with Jessica's strength, and she soon had her old body looking as good as...well, not new...old maybe? Finally, Naomi dragged Jessica's transformed body into the bathroom before returning to her purse and pulling out a roll of duct tape and some rope. She used these to gag her old body and bind her to the toilet.

When she was done she stood and looked at herself in the mirror. Her sister's face stared back at her. What fun it was to make that bitch move under her command. She could make her do anything she wanted! She pinched her nose and stuck out her tongue, then turned and gave her ass a slap. It wobbled delightfully as she laughed at herself.

“Looks like *I'm* going to marry the handsome prince and live happily ever after,” she said aloud, thrilling at the sound of her sister's voice spilling from her lips.

Before leaving the bathroom, Naomi slipped the engagement ring off her old, skeletal finger and slid it onto her new perfect finger. She closed the bathroom door behind her and returned to the bed where her sister had laid out her outfits. Naomi admired the gentle sway of Jessica's hips, the new height, and her enhanced senses. The drug-induced fog Naomi had been living in for years was lifted and she could think clearly, could smell the air without the overtones of ozone, could see without being distracted by hallucinations. She felt like she had back before all the drugs and the hard living. It was a good thing her mind was sharp, because the medallion had given her none of her sister's memories.

Naomi slipped into the pink sleeveless t-shirt and white pants that Jessica had laid out on the bed for the day. The outfit was complimented by some pink-strapped low heels. The clothes were a little bit frillier than what she was used to, but Jessica had always been somewhat of a girlie dresser. Naomi admired herself in the mirror, how her tight pants clung to her heart shaped ass and her top showed off her muscular arms. The invitation had said the wedding was tonight, but what kind of preparations had Jessica planned for the day?

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than there was a knock at the door and a delicate feminine voice called out from the other side in a light southern accent.

“Jeeeesssss! Honey, you ready?”

Naomi opened the door and found a tall, slender woman with short cropped black hair and an innocent face peering down at her from behind huge sunglasses. She was elegantly dressed in a flowered sundress. Behind her stood a shorter brunette and a redhead, both athletic but rather plain looking and made even more so in comparison to the tall one in front.

“Ahhh!” The tall one mock-squealed, striking a “hug me” pose with her arms out wide. Naomi embraced her, feigning enthusiasm.

“Oh my god, you guys, I'm totally excited,” Naomi gushed as she hugged each of them in turn, trying to imitate Jessica. Though perhaps it was more a caricature of Jessica. It had been so long since Naomi had seen the real one.

“Ok!” The tall one exclaimed. She talked with her hands and they flew through the air with each sentence. “You don't have to do a *thing!* I am totally taking care of you. First things first...nails! Come on, girls.”

“Awesome! Oh, let me grab one thing,” Naomi smiled. She left them at the door and dug through her purse for her cigarettes. She could already sense a craving coming on and she was going to need them if she had to keep up this bubbly bullshit all day.

She slipped the package into Jessica's small clutch purse and let the group of girls lead her down the hallway and out the lobby to their cars, talking and laughing all the way as Naomi tried hard to keep

up and catch their names. By the time they got to the salon Naomi had figured out that the tall one was named Charlotte, and she was Jessica's maid of honor. The laid-back brunette was Sam, and the naive redhead was Chrissy. She also gathered from their reminiscing that they met while doing gymnastics in college and still got together for weight training every week.

When they arrived at the salon, Charlotte ushered the rest of them in like a mother hen and set them up in chairs next to each other. The attendants immediately got to work scrubbing and massaging. While the other girls yammered on, Naomi flipped through a magazine. The pampering was great, but she could do without the running commentary from Chrissy.

“It was, like, so totally amazing,” Chrissy said, finally concluding her story about the time she found a penny or something. Naomi had tuned her out awhile ago. She needed a break and she'd been dying for a cigarette. Though her body didn't crave it, her mind did. When the attendant had finished painting her nails—a deep red—Naomi excused herself to the toilet. She padded down the hall in her cotton flip flops, her toes separated by cotton balls until the nails dried, passed the bathrooms and headed into the alley out back. She loved her sister's body, but her sister's friends were a little too much.

There was a man in the alley out back, also smoking, and he nodded to her in greeting as she stepped into the cool shadow between the buildings. His hair was wind tousled, despite the lack of wind, and his face was handsomely rugged, like Hugh Jackman or one of those other action movie stars. Naomi nodded back and pulled out a cigarette, slipping it in between her sister's ruby lips.

“You got a light?” she asked the man.

“Sure,” he said, his voice a deep, rich baritone.

He pulled out a lighter and Naomi bent forward to meet it. She sucked the smoke deep into her lungs...and immediately was thrown into a coughing fit. Mentally she might have wanted a cigarette, but Jessica's body wasn't used to the smoke. The man patted her back as she leaned over, coughing heavily, her eyes watering.

“You ok?” he asked when she'd finally finished.

Naomi nodded, “Yeah, thanks.” She tossed her golden hair behind her ears, noticing how the man admired her long neck from the corner of his eye, and resumed smoking in smaller puffs. “You come here often?” she asked with a hint of a smile. It had been a long time since a man had looked at her like that and she liked the attention. It reminded her of when she was younger.

“Most days. I work at the cafe,” he said, jerking his thumb back at one of the doors down the alley without breaking eye contact. He took her in, noticed her cotton balled toes. “I'm guessing you're either at the nail place or you've escaped from some sort of weird foot torture.”

“Right the first time,” Naomi giggled.

“Makeover?”

“Sort of. I'm getting married.” Naomi said, just to feel how it felt. It felt confining. Yes, her sister's fiancée, Adam, seemed to be a nice guy from the pictures. Handsome. Muscular. Rich. Hopefully a big cock. But he seemed to be one of those sporty meatheads who had somehow ended up in finance. Naomi had met her share of former high school athletes at various abandoned houses and empty warehouses, staring vacantly as they filled their veins with heroin, chasing their youth. She wasn't impressed.

“Oh, congratulations,” the man said.

“Yeah, I guess.” She ran her hand through her fine hair and watched him watching her. He was really very handsome, and he was clearly into her until she mentioned marriage. Her heart was

beating faster in her chest as she stepped closer to him.

“Uh oh, that doesn't sound good.” He flashed her a smile, all white teeth and dimples. “Want me to play back alley psychiatrist?”

She smiled back, staring into his deep brown eyes as she flicked her cigarette onto the ground. “No, that's not what I *really* need.”

And suddenly her lips were on his, his hot, smoky breath in her mouth. She could feel him pull away at first, but she wrapped her hands through his hair and pulled him back onto her lips. Then his tongue darted out and she sucked on it, welcoming his warmth into her mouth as her nose pressed against his rough cheek. She pressed her sister's body against him, felt her breasts crush against his chest. He slipped his warm hands around her waist, gripping her tightly as she desperately kissed him. This was the first man who'd wanted her not just because she was the closest available person between hits. His palpable desire was intoxicating. It made her pulse race.

Then she was on her knees in front of him, unzipping his pants. She pulled them down and stroked his growing erection beneath his underwear, her fingers gliding across the fabric as he throbbed beneath her touch. She slid her hand in and wrapped her sister's fingers around his cock, bringing it out so it was pointed at her soft lips. She gazed at the head in adoration. Sticking her tongue out, she took a long, slow lick from the base to the tip, her little upturned nose pressing against his shaft as she tasted him. She opened her mouth and took him in, felt his cock slide across her tongue as her mouth was filled with the musky taste of him.

She took him in slowly, enjoying being filled as her lips engulfed him. He was too big to take all in, and her hand helping by working down the rest of his saliva-slickened cock. Up and down she forced her sister's lips, swallowing the stranger's dick as he gasped above her. She went faster and faster, her lips skating up and down his shaft. He was deliciously hot in her mouth and she moaned around his cock.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered, watching her blonde head bob up and down on his dick.

She pushed her sister's head all the way down until she choked on him and came up sputtering, but continued to hold him in her mouth. She heard him swear again above her and then he pulsed in her mouth and she drove down as he came, shooting his cum into her throat and she swallowed it all down, gulping each spurt of his seed, forcing her sister's body to swallow every drop like a hungry little slut. When he was done she pulled her head back, let his semi-hard cock drop from her lips, and stood. She wiped her lips as he pulled his pants up.

“Yummy,” she said, turning to head back into the salon. She gave him one last look, and was pleased to see he was staring at her ass as she walked away.

“Where'd you go?” Chrissy asked when Naomi eventually sauntered back inside.

“I...needed some air,” she said.

Charlotte jumped up and unexpectedly hugged her. “Oh, sweetie. Nervous?”

“Yeah, a bit,” Naomi said as Charlotte held her close.

Charlotte pulled back and stared into Naomi's eyes. She probably thought she was being deep and understanding, but Naomi just felt self-conscious and uncomfortable.

“It's going to be okay,” Charlotte finally said, “The universe wants this to happen. It wants good things to happen to good people who want it.”

It took all of Naomi's effort not to scoff at Charlotte's new age-y bullshit. Maybe from Charlotte and Jessica's pampered existence the universe was a kindly mother or some shit, but Naomi had

experienced firsthand just how much of a bitch the universe could be. When your boyfriend ODs in front of you it's hard to think of the universe as benevolent. When your sister steals your body and your life, that's not a benevolent universe, that's survival of the fittest, baby! Naomi swallowed her annoyance and reminded herself that she was just trying to put up with Jessica's friends through the wedding. She'd been given a second chance at life and didn't want to ruin it on her first day. The act in the alley notwithstanding.

Naomi sat back in the chair and the attendants swarmed her, working on her hands, her face, her hair. When they were done Naomi stared into the mirror. Jessica's body was radiant. Her hair fell in thick, blonde curls, her skin glowed a healthy bronze, and her pouty lips and perfect nails were a deep red. She'd always been jealous of her sister's Barbie doll look and now it was all hers. She would have men eating out of her hand—among other places—in her new body.

Later that afternoon the bridesmaids dropped Naomi back at her hotel. Naomi took her time strolling through the lobby, enjoying the looks she got in her hot new body. She returned to her room, her cheeks flushed with excitement. There was moaning coming from the bathroom and Naomi opened it to find her old body, still tied to the toilet but attempting to free herself. Miriam looked up at her through Naomi's old, bloodshot eyes and she mumbled something unintelligible beneath the tape over her mouth.

Naomi squatted in front of her. “Oh, my poor, dear sister. Perfect little Jessica. How's it feel to be the fuck-up now? Are you missing this?”

Naomi grabbed her tits and wiggled them up and down, then let her hand trail down her golden skin and between her thighs.

“I'm going to fuck the shit out of your fiancée. I'm sorry...I mean *my* fiancée.” Naomi said, as she watched a tear traced its way down her former pale cheek.

Naomi stood and returned to the bedroom to get dressed. She had one problem, which was that she didn't have Jessica's memories. Her plan was to get her sister to tell her the details of her life, though Naomi didn't exactly know how she was going to do that. It was less a plan and more an aspiration. But Naomi also didn't want to chance leaving her sister walking around, just in case she managed to convince someone of the swap with knowledge Naomi didn't have.

Naomi ran over the possible scenarios as she stripped off her clothes and slipped on the wedding dress, adjusting the various skirts and veils in their appropriate places across her body. There was no scenario she could imagine where Jessica would tell Naomi everything she needed to know and then just disappear. But that would be ideal.

When Naomi was strapped into her wedding dress, she looked down at Grandma Miriam's necklace lying in a heap at the foot of the bed. She picked it up and sneered at the gaudy blue stones. Jesus, Jessica was supposed to wear this shit at her wedding just because granny said so? Naomi made to dump it in the trash and paused. Grandma Miriam's will had made such a big deal of wearing this, and everyone knew how up Miriam's ass Jessica had been. If Naomi really wanted to ape Jessica, she needed to wear it. Sighing, she slipped it over her neck and clasped it on. The instant she did, Jessica's memories flooded into her mind. Suddenly, she “knew” everything Jessica knew. She could imagine Jessica's friends, her husband, knew everything in her house. This was everything she needed to be Jessica.

Fuck, she needed a cigarette.

She opened the window and lit up, taking short puffs. She wouldn't have to do this much longer until her sister's lungs acclimated. Naomi stared down at the city as she thought about what needed to be done. Her sister had to be out of the way permanently, and she wouldn't do it voluntarily. Naomi sighed as she flicked her cigarette out the window. The world rewarded those who made

their own destiny.

Naomi went back inside and rifled through her leather handbag until she found the needle and the heroin. Her old friends. She took them into the bathroom and knelt beside “her” body. Miriam's eyes went wide as she saw Naomi take out the needle. She strained her weakened body against the rope and grunted. This couldn't be happening. It was she who was supposed to live Jessica's perfect life, not Naomi!

“Shhh,” Naomi said, preparing the heroin on her spoon. “This is good stuff, you'll enjoy it. Especially all at once. You can thank my last boyfriend.”

Naomi pulled back the syringe, slurping the drugs up into the tube until it was completely full. She looked down at her struggling sister and patted her leg. It was cool and damp with sweat. Naomi jerked her old arm behind her body and slipped the needle into the vein, before depressing the plunger and sending her sister on a final wild ride. As Miriam slipped away into unconsciousness, Naomi untied her and rearranged the room to match the story she composed in her head. The story about how she'd let her poor sister into her room for a rest, hoping she might finally have gotten away from those naughty bad drugs, only to come back and find her dead of an overdose. And on Jessica's wedding day no less. It was unfortunate that both her sister and her grandmother had died within a month of each other, but the good and the bad are all rewarded the same way in the end.

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## Boldly Coming

The cue ball flew across the pool table and ricocheted against the black eight ball, pocketing it and ending the game with a victory for Leo. Peter swore loudly and slammed his pool cue back into its holster against the wall of his parents' basement. Leo and Mike backed away silently, watching him. Leo liked to keep himself fit and was the most muscular one in the room by far—not that there was much competition—but even he stayed away from Peter when Peter got in one of his moods.

Andrew looked up from reading his comic book in the bean bag chair against the far wall and muttered under his breath loud enough for Leo and Mike to hear, “I suggest you let the wookie win.”

Peter was a poor loser and he would take out his losses on any breakable objects nearby. The only thing worse was when he won, and then he would take out his winnings on any breakable object nearby *and* gloat about his victory mercilessly. In between times he was a fun guy.

Plus, his family was loaded so his basement was fitted out with enough forms of entertainment to outlast a zombie apocalypse: pool table, dart board, massive TV, and every video game system available. But his prized possession was his DVD collection of every single series of the popular sci-fi TV show *Galaxy Patrol*, signed by each season's cast. Every series saw a different ship with a different crew traveling through the galaxy, saving civilizations and battling a variety of galactic baddies. The shows had a devoted cult following, with fans having varying but equally intense feelings about which series was best and why.

“This is a stupid game,” Peter sulked as he stamped around, “Effing stupid.” Even in Peter's worst tantrum he never cursed.

“Calm yourself,” Andrew said without looking up from his comic book, “It's just a game.”

“Don't tell me to calm myself, *Gandalf*, it's *my* basement.” Peter said as he slumped into one of the overstuffed easy chairs.

“Your parent's basement you mean,” Leo said. Peter was spinning his chair aimlessly in circles and the danger seemed to be over. “Now, can we watch some *Galaxy Patrol* already?”

“Yeah, and bring out the snacks,” Mike pumped his chubby fist in the air.

“Don't suppose I could interest you in an apple?” Leo said, giving Mike a look.

“Don't suppose I could interest you in my nuts in your mouth?” Mike shot back.

“Oh, snap!” Peter called out as they all burst into laughter.

“What series you guys want?” Leo asked as he slid open the DVD cabinet.

“The best one,” said Peter, “*Outpost!*”

“Actually,” Andrew began, pushing his glasses up his nose, “*Outpost* is the most overrated.”

“According to who?” Peter replied indignantly.

“According to me and the thousands of reviewers on IMDB. It's a well known fact that the original series is the best.”

Mike howled with laughter, “The original series is a campy joke.”

“Actually, the original series laid the groundwork for the sci-fi revolution in television,” Andrew said, dropping his comic book to the floor as he worked himself up. “Outpost simply rehashed everything done before, just farther away. Oh, look, let's bring back the Mysterious X, let's bring back the Assimilators. I've got an idea, let's bring back people we've never seen before!”

“You can't bring back people you've never seen before.” Leo said, “It's grammatically impossible.”

“If they hadn't brought back the Assimilators you never would have had Number Six.” Peter said.

“Okay,” Andrew conceded, “I will admit that as a half-woman half-cyborg Number Six is hot.”

“*I'd* assimilate with her,” Leo mumbled.

“But the series as a whole is sub-par at best,” Andrew continued.

“Man, y'all know Galactic Outpost is the best,” Mike broke in.

There were groans from the others.

“Aw, naw, you guys just can't handle a black captain. You're being racist!” Mike grinned, winding them up.

“It's not about being black, it's about being crap,” Leo yelled, chucking a pillow at Mike.

“I take it you want New Century,” Mike crudely gestured his hand over his crotch, “So you can get yourself a little Diane Sparta action.”

“Someone who can read your mind and know just what you want? Hell yeah, you better believe it!” Leo gushed.

“Shut up, Mike!” said Peter, “I don't care if Leo wants to whack off to a second rate character in his spare time. It's Outpost.”

“Can't blame ya,” Mike winked, “I'd fuck the crap out of Number Six. I'd teach her aaaall about how it feels to be human.”

“Fine, we can watch Outpost. Just don't expect me to stay quiet about it.” Andrew said.

“Who would you fuck, Peter?” Mike asked as he slumped onto the couch, “If you could?”

“Leila,” he said, popping the DVD into the machine, “No question. That permanent wrinkle on her nose makes her look cute as hell.”

“And what about the dick in her pants?” laughed Leo.

“You don't know she has a dick.”

Andrew piped up, “It's well established that she has characteristics of both sexes and we can clearly see her breasts...”

“I *wish* I could clearly see her breasts,” Mike chimed in.

Andrew glanced at him and continued, “Ergo, she must have a male characteristic.”

“You mean a male characteris-dick!” Mike roared with laughter, joined quickly by Leo.

“You don't know that,” Peter sniffed.

“Man,” Mike says, “She comes from the planet Futanari Five!”

“So?” Peter said, petulantly.

“The producers basically revealed it in an interview,” Leo pressed.

“That's not canon! Anyway, shut up. We're watching Outpost! If anyone has a problem with anything else they can get the eff out of my basement.”

“Your parent's basement, you mean.” Leo said, taking a bag of cheese puffs from one of the cabinets and tearing it open.

“Shut it.”

The familiar Galaxy Patrol fanfare rose through the surround speakers. The four friends sat together and watched in silence, broken only by the munching of Leo's cheese puffs and the loud, derisive snort from Andrew at some of the more preposterous plot points. (“They could have just teleported the gun away and they would have saved a lot of time.”)

About halfway through the episode Mike's stomach growled.

“Hey, uh, what are you getting for dinner, Peter?” asked Mike.

“Do you you always think with your stomach?” Peter replied. “You're like a big fat pig. We should enter you in the county fair.”

“Yeah, we should enter you in a hot dog eating contest,” Leo added, “For the amount of dick you can swallow.”

Everyone except Mike laughed.

Mike waved his hand and stood up at that, “Y'all are fuckin' lame, and y'know what? I forgot I got a date tonight.”

“I thought your left hand was busy.” Leo brought another bout of laughter from the group.

“That shit ain't funny,” Mike started for the stairs.

“Don't be like that,” Peter didn't move from his seat, didn't even turn around. “It's a joke.”

“Fine,” Mike stopped and took a seat at the bar at the other side of the room. He opened the cabinet and grabbed a bag of snacks. “But I'm sitting over here...and I'm confiscating your potato chips.”

“That's a shame,” said Leo, “I thought we were finally going to be rid of that smell.”

“Yeah, well,” Mike stuttered with a mouthful of chips, “At least I don't hang out in my parent's basement all day like a loser.”

“No, you hang out in *my* parent's basement all day. So what's worse?”

Mike said nothing.

It was about halfway through the Galaxy Patrol marathon when the basement door slammed open and someone stampeded down the steps. The guys didn't have to turn around; they knew it was Tim, Leo's younger brother, just barely past eighteen. Where Leo was tall and growing muscular, Tim was small and lean. Growing up, he'd always been the annoying little brother tagging along with the group. Still was.

“Leo!” he ran up to his brother excitedly. Something shiny was cupped in his hands.

“What?” Leo turned and saw what was in his brother's hand “What's that?”

“I found it in the wizard’s garden.”

The Wizard was what they called the old guy who lived next door. He had a big bushy beard, heavy eyebrows, and he walked around with the aid of a gnarled cane. The only thing missing was a pointy hat.

“What, you stole a rock?” Peter said.

“I didn't steal anything, it was just sitting in the garden. Check it out.”

Tim opened his hands and revealed a reddish crystal. It was about the length and width of two fingers and there was a faint red glow coming from deep inside. Tim passed it over to his brother, who inspected it quickly and passed it on around the group.

“Looks like one of those healing crystals,” Mike tossed it up in the air, casually then caught it again, “There’s a shop in town that sells this stuff, you’ve gotta put it in the bath or something and it makes your skin all nice.”

The others looked at him.

“What? My moms does it.” Mike shrugged.

“Actually,” Andrew held it up to the light, “It looks more like a geode.”

“You’re so lame.” Leo shook his head.

“Whatever it is,” said Peter, “It’s not ours. The last thing I want to do is piss off the neighbors.”

“Fine, I’ll toss it back in his yard.” said Tim.

But the next episode of Outpost was starting and they all settled in to watch.

Peter held out his hand towards Andrew, who handed over the crystal, “Whatever it is I’ll give it back in the morning.”

“What if it’s magic?” Tim butted in, “He’s supposed to be a wizard right?”

“Sure, and P’Torak is supposed to be a highly logical alien from the planet Vorgon, not just an actress in makeup,” said Peter. “It’s just some crystal that he dropped in his garden.”

“No, no,” Mike stood up, arms waving, “He’s right, it is magic. Tim, maybe you could wish for your brother to be less of an idiot.”

“Are you going to keep it there then?” Andrew ignored Mike's outburst as Peter placed the crystal in the DVD cabinet.

“Why? You want it for your bath?” Peter asked.

“No, it's just...I don't know. Something weird.”

“You know what's weird? Thinking Outpost is the best.” Tim said, turning to Peter.

“Nothing wrong with Outpost,” Leo said, defending his friend from his annoying little brother.

They watched a few more episodes before heading home for the night.

Leo awoke with a strange heaviness in his head. It was like being hung-over, except a little less nauseating and a little more dizzying. He didn't rush to get out of bed and thought that, once again, he must have stayed up too late and woken up too early. Leo often felt like shit in the morning when he ate too much junk the night before. But something was different this time.

Leo kept his eyes closed and shuffled around in bed to try to escape the sun peeking through the blinds. Long hair brushed across his face and his chest felt heavy and oddly unbalanced as he twisted around in bed. There was also some sort of clothing twisted around his hips and legs. He brought his hands to his face to wipe the sleep from his eyes and paused. His skin felt softer and there was something off about the contours of his face. His eyebrows were slimmer and his nose was longer and narrower.

Still lying on his side, Leo opened his eyes and blinked the blurriness out of them. His hands rested on the bed right in front of his face. Well, *someone's* hands were resting there. The hands were slim, the fingers feminine with gently rounded fingertips and glossy nails. He tried to move his own hands and saw the stranger's hands moving instead. He brushed the hair from his face and paused again. He'd never had long hair. With a sudden jolt he sat up and threw the covers off.

There beneath him was a woman's body, clad in a customary teal dress, a distinctive Galaxy Patrol badge pinned just above his breast. Holy shit he had breasts! He gaped down into the beautiful, unfamiliar cleavage and poked them with one finger. They wobbled gently on his chest. He was too panicked to move and too astonished to scream. A thousand thoughts whipped through his head as he stared down at his new breasts.

He slowly stood up, having a hard time balancing in her high heels at first. He shuffled in front of the mirror and gaped. Staring back at him, her mouth puckered in an 'O' of surprise just like his, was Diane Sparta.

She was gorgeous and slender, with soft skin, trimmed nails and frizzy black hair that hung down in waves across her shoulders. Leo hadn't noticed the head band before either, and it was strange how his mind chose to focus on it now rather than stare into those deep blue eyes. Leo was a woman. Not just any woman. Leo was Diane Sparta.

"Fuck me," he whispered, amazed. He slowly brought his hands to his chest, and the woman in the mirror did the same. He could feel everything: the curvature of her hips, her trim frame, her breasts, the strange absence between his legs. His muscles were diminished and he'd lost half a head in height. Leo focused back on his tits. He pushed his breasts together, squeezing their weighty softness, and when he jumped up and down they bounced with him. Leo was balanced on the knife edge of terror and ecstasy. He was a woman. More, he was his dream woman. He had her body, her face.

"This can't be real..." he brushed his hands across his face. His voice was throaty and luscious, just like he'd imagined and hearing it in his bedroom sent shivers down his spine and sent a gentle warming sensation between his legs.

Hesitantly, he brought one hand up to his chest and stroked his fingers across his soft bosom.

*I can't pass this up*, he thought to himself.

Diane Sparta had been his ultimate fantasy and here she was, almost in the flesh and willing to do anything he wanted. Leo gulped, moving his new hands towards her tits. He caressed them, staring into the mirror at his transformed body as he took their weight in his hands. He moved slowly at first. His breasts were sensitive. Even through the thick teal fabric he could feel her nipples swelling. He pulled the top half of her dress down, allowing her breasts to spill out. He almost passed out from the excitement of his topless mirror image.

Whenever Leo had thought about Diane he had thought about her naked. The breasts he had imagined tucked beneath her form fitting dresses were nothing compared to the real ones. His tits were perky and perfect and beautifully rounded. She had fat, pink areolae and tiny nipples that even now grew erect beneath his touch. Leo groped the bare breasts. They felt huge in his hand. They *were* huge, spilling out of his slender fingers as he groped himself.

Leo licked his lips. With every stroke a tingling pleasure raced through him, beginning between his legs and racing up and down his body. Leo lifted the hem of his skirt and saw the green tights clinging to his legs. He released his breasts and they jiggled across his chest. He peeled down his tights, rolling them over his wide bottom and down his legs. With his tights at his feet he lifted the dress again. Diane was wearing panties that looked tight on her thicker frame. They were pink, with a little white bow on the front. Surprisingly feminine for someone who journeyed around the galaxy at the helm of a starship. Leo almost lost it right there and he bit his lip as his breath hitched in his throat.

He reached a hand towards his panties, watching in the mirror as Diane's slender hand slipped across the pink fabric. Leo had never done this with a girl before and he was about to do it to himself. Leo pushed his hand into his new sex, over the panties, and started rubbing carefully.

It was a feeling game, Leo had to figure out what he was doing. His hand worked around, experimenting with the new sensations across his crotch, dipping inside himself. At last he landed on a spot that sent a shiver through his body. He pressed harder, working Diane's body up, sinking the pink panties into his wonderful pussy to rub up against his newly discovered clit. He watched in the mirror as he made Diane fondle herself, her breasts still hanging out of her dress, her fingers inside herself, twisting, pushing, the lips of her pussy growing wet with Leo's desire and causing a damp patch to spread across his panties. Diane's face was twisted in concentration, her slim eyebrows scrunched up as Leo slipped his fingers under the elastic band of his panties and sank in between her warm velvety folds.

*"Oh shit,"* he whined to himself, *"Oh shit."*

A sigh escaped his lips as his first orgasm exploded through his body. In the mirror, Diane's mouth dropped open as Leo came. The orgasm was huge, filling him with pleasure from head to toe. He threw his head back as he pushed his fingers deeper inside his slick heat, enjoying the feel, the sight, the sound of his body as he trembled beneath his own touch.

The feeling slowly ebbed, leaving him warm and calm. That was like nothing he had felt before. As he was standing there, his fingers still inside himself he heard the door to his room open. Leo had half a second to cover himself. He dropped the dress, covering the tights around his ankles, and popped his breasts back beneath the fabric. The door swung open and Leo froze at the sight. It was the last thing he had been expecting.

"What's happened to me?" A husky, feminine voice asked Leo.

The woman who'd entered the room was dressed from head to toe in shiny leather, complete with a shiny leather mask with two...leather cat ears? She was slim, but with huge, rounded curves. She

was just a little taller than Leo and definitely bigger in chest and hips. It was Catwoman. Catwoman had just strolled into Leo's room, mask and thick make-up and all. Leo looked at her. She looked at him. Both were wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Leo?" The woman asked.

"Tim?" Leo replied, "Holy crap, what happened to you?"

"What happened to me!?" Tim said, "What happened to you!? You're...you're Diane Sparta. Why are you...and who am...what...?"

"I don't know," Leo said, his eyes still traveling up and down his brother's transformed figure.

Tim stepped into the room, his leather outfit creaking slightly. He even moved like Catwoman, slinky and sexual. He reached up to the mask hiding his face and peeled it off. Waves of bright red hair cascaded down his shoulder, now free from the restraints of the mask.

"Wait a minute?" Leo looked his brother up and down, "You're not Michelle Pfeiffer?"

"Who?"

"Catwoman," said Leo, "Batman Returns? Possibly the worst of all Batman movies."

"No, that would be Batman and Robin."

"You're wrong but I'm not going to argue about this right now. You're not the real Catwoman. She's blonde. You're not even Halle Berry from the movie Catwoman."

Tim moved to the mirror and stared at himself. His pouty red lips matched his fiery red hair. His shiny leather suit hid two enormous breasts and wide hips. The leather suit seemed less like a superhero outfit and more like bondage gear.

"What happened to us?" Leo asked, stepping up behind Tim and eyeing them both in the mirror.

"Why are your tights around your ankles?" Tim asked.

"Can we focus? We're women, let's try to figure that out first before we go accusing each other of...things." Leo trailed off lamely.

"Fucking hell, I look like a stripper!" Tim began pacing around the room as Leo hastily pulled his tights up. He could still smell his own musk on his fingers and it was making him warm again.

Leo moved over to the bed, stumbling once again in his new heels, and took a seat there. Tim followed, and Leo saw that he had a bit more mastery of his higher heels. He moved his body like he was poured into it, his hips swaying back and forth with each step. Tim took a seat next to Leo and the pair sat in silence for a moment.

"What do we do now?" Tim finally asked.

"I'm thinking. Clearly something's happened, we just need to figure out what and how to reverse it."

"Well, this seems like some sort of magic, right?"

"Or lunacy."

"You think it had anything to do with that crystal I found?"

"Yeah. Maybe. Ok. Then I guess we need to get to Peter's house," Leo stood up and looked down at the gorgeous redhead that his brother had become, "Let's go."

“We can’t go out like this!”

“We’re gonna have to,” said Leo, “Unless you magically got a car last night.”

They slipped out of the house and began the short walk over to Peter's place. Leo's skirt swished around his legs as they walked. In the reflection of every window he saw the two sexy women that he and his brother had become, walking side by side. The sun was bright on his back and the walk seemed much longer than usual, no doubt due to the concentration it took to walk in his high heels. Beside him, Tim tottered back and forth, occasionally stumbling into Leo. They both scrupulously avoided looking at anyone they passed but they still felt the looks they were getting. Leo kept glancing down at the phone in his hand. None of his other friends had answered their texts yet. Probably still asleep.

“You think the others are transformed, too?” Leo asked.

Tim shrugged. “I kind of hope so. If we show up looking like this...ugh. Andrew would have a perma-boner.”

Tim shot off another text before stumbling into Leo again.

“Watch where you're going. Put that thing away.”

“Where? Apparently they don't need pockets in the future.”

“Stick it in your tits.”

“Stick it in yours, they're bigger.”

“Jealous?”

Leo's phone buzzed, interrupting the argument. Leo flicked through the messages with his slender thumb.

“Looks like everyone's awake and wondering what the hell happened. I'll tell them to meet us at Peter's.” Leo's long fingers danced across the screen.

“Who have they become?”

“Guess we'll find out.”

Just then, on the other side of the road, several male teenagers had stopped to stare at the pair of oddly dressed women. There were wolf whistles and hooting, especially towards Tim and his pear shaped, latex-clad butt. Leo and Tim glanced up then away, trying to ignore the comments directed at them.

“You need a hand getting out of that suit?” One of the teens called.

Tim flipped them off without breaking stride. Their laughter and jeers followed the two down the street.

“Do women get this all the time?” said Tim.

“Probably,” shrugged Leo, “I don’t really want to find out.”

Every person they walked past turned to stare at them. They assumed it was because of their costumes, the queer way they were dressed. But maybe they would stare and holler no matter what they were wearing. Their newly feminine bodies seemed built to attract the male gaze.

“I’ve never felt so exposed before.” Tim crossed his arms under his breasts, their weight hanging down on his arms. “We might as well be naked. My tits keep bouncing. Same with my butt. I’m like

a walking bouncy castle here.”

“Not a very practical outfit for transporting down to a planet.”

“Diane rarely transported. She mostly stayed in the bridge and made big doe eyes at the captain.”

“Probably for the best. I'd have a warp nine boner if she was in my away team looking like that. How's your outfit for crime fighting?”

“Sweaty as hell and all I'm doing is walking. Everything's sticking to me and it's slipping all up in my ass. Come on,” Leo lurched forward, just managing to keep his balance in the heels without tottering over.

“Let's get to the basement and get you out of those clothes then.”

When they arrived at Peter's basement it looked like a Galaxy Patrol convention. Leo and Tim pushed open the door and stepped inside, staring around at all the Galaxy Patrol women who were arguing with each other. It didn't take long to figure out who was who in all of this mess from the way they were acting.

Mike had transformed from a chubby, black guy into a tall slender woman with blonde hair pulled back in a tight bun, and the slimmest body of the lot of them. He had become Number Six, a sexy human-robot hybrid. He was dressed in what appeared to be a maroon leotard that hugged his lithe body, complete with tall heels. He had a straight nose, a square but delicate jaw, a crescent-shaped piece of metal crossing over one eye and across his temple, and one of the sternest faces the friends had ever seen. From the way his arms were crossed and he was leaning back against the wall, it didn't seem like he was enjoying becoming Number Six.

"I am not enjoying becoming Number Six," Mike complained, "Why I gotta be the skinny blonde one? Can't a brother stay a brother?"

Andrew was a different story, with more of a curvier shape than Number Six, pointy ears almost like an elf, and brown hair cut into a pixie haircut. He had been turned into the very attractive P'Torak from the race of Vorgons, well known for being highly analytical. She sat there in her traditional red uniform, which looked cut and primed directly from the future. A red vest with brown trim stretched tight across her small breasts but was cut high enough that it didn't show any cleavage. Leo was slightly jealous and wished his own dress showed off less than it did. His tits were in everyone's face. At least it seemed that way whenever he looked down.

Peter had been transformed into Leila, another attractive girl with breasts of a size and weight that rivaled Tim's. She had short autumn hair, and ridges running down the bridge of her nose that gave her nose a cute, scrunched up look. She had a smile that could make any man weak. Leila's dress was a stunning green number with shoulder sleeves and sheer fabric strategically placed to reveal both her slim stomach and her ample cleavage. The green dress hung about her waist in gentle folds and the fabric clung to her legs with each step.

Leila worked in what was essentially a space bar, and her outfit was designed to get the attention of patrons. Whenever she leaned over, or towards Leo, he could see directly down her dress into that perfect cleavage. He couldn't tell whether Leila had the male characteristics they'd discussed, but Peter *was* walking oddly.

"P'Torak wears a wig," Peter turned to Andrew. "Are you wearing a wig?"

Andrew, now P'Torak, pulled at his hair and shook his head.

"Interesting," Leo took a seat. "That means we're not the actresses, we're the actual Galaxy Patrol women from the show."

"Except her" Mike pointed with Number Six's slender finger towards Tim and his latex suit. "I've never seen her in a Galaxy Patrol episode, believe me, I would remember."

“What the eff happened to us?!” said Peter, or Leila, as he shifted uncomfortably in his sheer dress. With the ridges on his nose he even looked cute when he was angry.

Mike laughed. It sounded strange coming out of Number Six’s severe mouth, “I can’t take your threats seriously when you look like that Peter. You’re just so cute. Oh, shit, were we right about Leila? Do you still have your dick?”

“Shut up,” Peter sat down gingerly. The fabric of Leila's dress puffed out and Peter struggled to wrap it back over his legs, hiding his pale thighs once more. Leo thought he'd caught the outline of a bulge at Peter's crotch but it was now hidden by the folds of Leila's dress.

“Hey!” Tim had wandered over to the DVD cabinet. “Look at this.”

They all gathered around behind him and stared. A massive burn mark was now stained across several of the DVDs, exactly where the crystal had been sitting. Leo pulled out a few of the warped cases. As he leafed through, he saw that some of the characters on the front cover were missing. The characters that the guys had become were just black silhouettes.

“Guess it was the crystal,” said Leo.

“Look,” Tim pulled out the last case to be burned. It wasn’t Galaxy Patrol at all. It was a porno parody of Catwoman featuring an erotic model named Veronica Lust. On the back were pictures of her in all sorts of comprising positions and wearing the same leather suit as Tim was wearing now. In one, only the silhouette remained, bent over as a guy took her from behind.

“I’m a fucking porn star,” Tim said, shaking his head and sending his curly red locks jiggling. “No wonder I was getting looks from all those men earlier.”

“Must be my dad’s,” said Peter, scratching Leila's ridged nose, “Guess this is where he hid his DVDs”

“Your dad's. Right,” Mike smirked, another unfamiliar expression from the always-serious Number Six.

“We need to go see the Wizard,” said Andrew. His feminine Vorgon form now matched his logical mind, “It was his crystal. Maybe he can change us back.”

“I’m not going back out there like this,” said Tim, gesturing down at his leather suit, “No fucking way.”

“Well,” said Peter, “We can raid my mom’s wardrobe for some clothes.”

“Sounds highly rational,” said Andrew.

“I’m fine the way I am,” said Mike, “This is about as close to woman’s clothes as I’d like to get if I’m honest fellas. *Sorry...ladies.*”

“Then help Tim get out of that leather,” said Leo, “Make yourself useful.”

Andrew, Leo and Peter headed upstairs, leaving Mike and Tim alone.

“Well,” Mike said, turning to the lovely latex-clad Veronica, “I bet Number Six has never seen a pornstar naked.”

“Not a pornstar. I'm an erotic model.”

“Uh huh.”

Mike’s delicate hands made short work of Veronica's latex outfit. He could get in-between the seams and really pull at the suit, peeling it off of Tim like a candy wrapper. Tim grunted the whole

time, shaking his body up and down in places to get the thing off. Mike couldn't help but enjoy watching her movements, the way Veronica's hips swayed and the bounciness of her heavy breasts. Every inch the costume slipped down revealed more of Veronica's soft skin.

"Do you think we'll ever change back?" Tim peeled off his constrictive pants, and stepped out of them, now completely nude.

"Sorry?" Mike was staring at Veronica's long legs and the shapely auburn 'V' of her pubic hair.

"Do you think—"

"Have you played with your tits yet?" Mike moved closer to him and ran Number Six's fingers down Veronica's weighty breasts, "They're huge!"

"What?" said Tim, "No."

"Come on," Mike squeezed gently. "They feel good."

He was right, they did feel good. Tim's objection died on his lips as he watched Mike's tiny hands slip around his breasts. Tim's nipples soon pearlled out under his friend's touch and a gentle tension wound through his body. He bit his lip as he watched his tits being caressed by Number Six.

"I don't think we're—"

"Are you saying you don't want to kiss me?" Mike said, gesturing down to his new body and slipping his hands across his own breasts hidden beneath the tight fabric.

Tim did. Hell, there wasn't a body in the house he wouldn't like to touch now but the thought of watching the cold, unfeeling Number Six enjoy his new form made him particularly aroused.

"What about the others?" Tim glanced towards the stairs.

Mike grasped Veronica's chin gently in his hand and angled it back towards Number Six's deep green eyes. "Don't worry. We can do it with them later" Mike leaned close until his lips brushed against Veronica's. "You know I'm a fucking knock-out."

And just like that Tim was kissing Number Six. His hands were all over her, feeling every part of her trim, athletic body beneath the fabric of her suit. Their lips pressed together, slim hands touching and exploring the other's body. Tim's hands slipped down around the curve of Veronica's bare ass as Mike caressed Number Six's breasts.

"You're so fucking hot," breathed Mike, as his fingers found Veronica's moistening sex. Mike's own body was aching gently, a warmth growing between his legs as he tasted his friend. Veronica pulled back her head and sighed, a delicious throaty sound of satisfaction, as Mike's fingers landed on her budding clit and pressed gently.

Veronica's fingers found the zipper at the back of Number Six's suit and pulled it down. As Mike slipped the maroon fabric over his shoulders, his breasts spilled out and Tim slipped Veronica's luscious lips around his nipples, nibbling gently. Mike straddled Veronica's legs and pressed his warming pussy against her body, humping her slowly, wanting her so badly it hurt. Tim stepped back until he was leaning against the pool table.

"I'm going to make you feel..." Mike said in between sucking on each of Veronica's nipples, "So good."

Tim's body was blazing now at the sight of Number Six, naked and devouring his new body. Mike grabbed a hold of Veronica's tits and squeezed them hard. Tim cried out and the fire burned brighter between his legs at the pain. Mike lifted Tim with a struggle and a grunt. Veronica's red curls danced across Tim's back as Mike placed Tim's ample ass on top of the pool table. Mike's lips were

all over Tim's neck, his breasts, squeezing the nipples, sucking on them hard and kissing his way down to the dripping cunt between Tim's thighs.

Tim panted as he watched Number Six kiss her way across his belly, over his mound and down the trail of pubic hair towards his new sex. Tim's breath hitched as Number Six's hot mouth landed on his slit. Something warm and wet snaked out, pressing against Tim's folds, entering him and teasing his budding clit. Tim sighed and lay back on the pool table. The mirrored ceiling revealed Veronica Lust, her breasts falling down across her body, her legs spread wide as a stern looking blonde woman ate her pussy. Number Six's pear shaped ass flexed out behind her as she suckled between Veronica's legs.

It was a strange sensation having a soaking wet pussy, being both loose and strumming with tension, feeling someone penetrate his inner warmth. Strange but wonderful. Number Six slipped her tongue deeper inside Tim's new cunt, the salty taste of him filling her mouth and dripping down her chin as she pressed harder against Veronica's clit. Mike brought up Number Six's fingers to help, slipping inside Tim's red hot body. Tim tossed his head from side to side as pleasure lit through him, catching glimpses in the mirror above at Veronica's splayed out legs, her mouth open and moaning with pleasure. *That's me*, Tim thought, *That sexy body is mine*. It was too much, the waves of tingling delight coursed through his body and he moaned, loud and long as his pleasure crested slightly.

Number Six slurped up Tim's cunt, drinking his lust as he moaned. The pitch of Tim's voice grew higher and higher until it turned into a scream he only managed to stifle by sticking his fingers into his mouth. The orgasm was tremendous, his entire body quivered with it; he pushed his hips up, grinding into Number Six's gorgeous angular face, watching her disappear between his legs. Tim's hands came down to his ample breasts and he squeezed, letting his hands roam around his delicious new body, exploring his new curves as he convulsed with absolute ecstasy. Mike continued working inside him slowly, letting him come down gradually.

“Sounded like you enjoyed that,” Mike raised his head from between Tim's legs, revealing Number Six's face, shiny with Veronica's lust.

“That was...” Tim stumbled for the words, “Unreal. Wow.”

They heard the basement door opening and had precious seconds to get into a less revealing position. Mike wiped his face and stood up, leaning against the pool table in an effort at nonchalance. Tim sat up and crossed his arms underneath his breasts. Just a naked woman sitting on the pool table. What of it? The other guys came down with a handful of clothes and stopped when they saw the very naked Number Six and Veronica. Their mouths opened and closed noiselessly.

“Holy shit,” Leo was the first one to speak up. “You look, wow, you look—”

“I believe the word you're looking for is...*smokin'!*” said Andrew. It was odd seeing a usually emotionless Vorgon doing a Jim Carrey impression.

“Oh,” Tim blushed, “Thanks, I...I guess.”

“Why are you topless, too?” said Peter, turning to Mike.

“Um, the suit was really hot.”

“Why are you both blushing?” Leo chimed in.

“What is this, twenty questions?” Mike replied, pulling his top back up. “Get dressed. Let's go get our bodies back.”

Peter tossed his mom's clothes to Tim, who sat up and started trying them on. A few minutes later he'd finally found an outfit that sort of fit but was a lot more comfortable than the leather catsuit.

"I don't like these pants guys, they're really tight. Too tight," Tim hefted the yoga pants up his smooth legs and yanked them over his giant ass.

"They fit better than the jeans you tried." Peter said.

The others didn't reply. They couldn't stop staring at this attractive woman having trouble getting on her pants. Eventually, Tim managed to jiggle his ass into them. They looked set to burst. Peter's mother clearly had less of an ass.

"Are we all changing?" said Andrew.

"I'm not," said Mike, who'd gotten back into his uniform, "What's the point if we're going to get changed back?"

"Me either," shrugged Leo, "Despite it's look, the dress is comfortable."

"Easy for you to say," Peter grabbed at his massive tits, forcing them together, "I'm practically hanging out of this."

"I love it," Mike winked, "If I still had a dick, I'd fuck ya."

"Let's just get round to the wizard's and get him to change us back."

The four tramped out the door and around to the front. The lawn of the wizard's house was a mess. The grass was overgrown, the shrubbery spilled over onto the sidewalk, and the stone slabs of the path to the front door were cracked and crumbling. Peter knocked loudly and they all waited for an answer. After a few moments of silence Peter knocked again. Still nothing.

"Maybe he's not in?" said Tim, as he adjusted his heavy breasts under the tight borrowed top. Peter's mom's breasts were also a lot smaller than Tim's.

"He never leaves," said Peter, "That's his thing. Try the door."

"I vote against breaking in," said Andrew.

"Normally I'd agree with you," said Leo, "But there's—"

SMASH! The guys turned around to see Number Six standing next to a broken window. She shrugged, smiled coyly, kicked a bit of the glass out of the way and climbed inside. The rest looked at each other and then followed in behind.

"This is breaking and entering!" Andrew protested, ever logical. "We can't—"

"We'll pay for his window," said Leo. "But this is pressing. We need to change back."

The house was filled with strange and fascinating artifacts from all over the world. There were things floating in jars that may have once been alive, eerie glittering jewelry, and paintings whose eyes seemed to follow their every movement. The house was wallpapered with a deep crimson flowered print that gave it a mysterious Gothic edge. It looked more like a shop of curios than a house.

"Don't touch anything," said Leo. "If one small crystal could do this to us, imagine what any of this other crap could do."

"Eww, what's that?" Peter covered Leila's tiny nose.

It hit them all at once and they covered their noses. It didn't long for them to figure out the source of the smell. An old man who could only have been the Wizard was lying at the bottom of the stairs, his neck twisted grotesquely.

“That’s fucking great,” said Peter.

“Is he dead?” said Leo.

“Well, he's not just pining for the fjords,” Andrew said, in P'Torak's matter-of-fact voice. “This...is an ex-wizard.”

“Fuck,” Tim retreated. He was close to tears, “Are we stuck like this? Are we?”

“What do we do now?” Moaned Mike. When Number Six was in a panic they knew the situation was bad.

“I don’t know,” said Leo. “*I don't know.*”

\* \* \*

The guys had been quiet for an hour as everyone had brooded in silence, lost in their own thoughts. At some point Mike and Peter had started up a game of pool and occasionally there was the click of one ball hitting another. Leo sat on the easy chair. His brother lay next to him, Veronica's sexy face red and swollen from crying. Andrew was absorbed into a comic book, flicking the page every now and then with P'Torak's finger and occasionally licking his thin lips.

“How long until your parents get back Leila--sorry...Peter?” asked Leo.

“I dunno,” shrugged Peter, Leila's breasts bouncing with the motion, “A couple of days. Maybe a little longer.” He scratched his crotch and Leo saw there was definitely something between his legs because it had grown as Peter had stared at Number Six, leaning over to line up the ball, her catsuit practically painted on to her lithe body.

“Do you think they’ll kick you out?”

“A strange woman with big knockers who claims to be their son? I think they'll have me committed.”

“I bet your dad would love you,” Mike snorted, then nodded towards Tim, “And him.”

“We can’t go back to school,” said Andrew, putting his comic book down and rubbing P'Torak's slender boyish nose with one finger. Not having to wear glasses was one benefit of his new body. “No ID, no money, we can’t change back, and there’s no way in hell anyone would believe us.” He counted off the points on tiny fingers. “We’re basically screwed.”

“And we're almost out of food,” said Peter, “I’ve got a bit of money left from my parents. Rock, paper, scissors for who has to go out?”

“I’ll go and get some stuff,” Leo stood up, “I could do with a walk anyway.”

“Better you than me,” said Mike.

People were staring at Leo as he dropped a few frozen pizzas into his cart. He tried to ignore them; he was having a bad day. One man in particular followed him through the store, keeping a little further back. Leo had noticed him right away and assumed he must be a Galaxy Patrol fan. He was a little older, with a shirt emblazoned with the Galaxy Patrol logo over fabric that stretched across a wide belly.

Leo grabbed a few more things and moved towards the cashier. The stranger took this opportunity to approach him. Leo sighed. He assumed he'd be getting a lot of this for the rest of his life if they couldn't solve this situation. He wasn't Leo anymore. He was Diane Sparta, a very recognizable Galaxy Patrol character; of course there'd be fans to deal with.

"I'm sorry," the man was a head taller than Leo and had gristle for a beard, "You're, um, you're Diane Sparta right?"

"Yeah," sighed Leo, "I guess I am."

"Oh my god," he breathed, "I'm...I love Galaxy Patrol," he pulled at his shirt, "Your character is amazing, just...amazing. I love you."

"Okay, thank you." Leo tried to push his trolley around the guy, but the man stepped in his way. Leo got angry. "Listen fella—"

"I just," he gulped, "Sorry I just...you're not her...are you? You're not Paulina Yaris are you?"

Paulina Yaris was the actress who played Diane Sparta. Leo paused, then thought better of claiming to be a semi-famous actress. It would be better if people thought he was just some random cosplayer. Less questions. Well, still lots of questions probably, but less to get in trouble for.

Leo shook his head and just said, "No, but I get that a lot."

"I've always wanted to, I mean, I have this fantasy with Diane Sparta."

"Oh God," Leo tried to push his cart around once more.

"Please," he said, "I'll pay you."

"I'm not—"

"A thousand dollars. Right now, to come with me."

Leo paused. A thousand dollars was a lot of money, and it wasn't like he didn't need it either. With that much they could survive just a little longer, and who knew when they'd be able to get more money? Leo considered the man. He wasn't the worst looking guy in the world. A little unkempt, maybe, a heavy belly. But the money...

Leo bit his lip and nodded.

Back in the basement, Mike had gone upstairs to lie down, leaving Peter and Andrew alone. Peter found himself gazing at P'Torak in the beanbag chair. Peter could imagine what he would look like having sex in Leila's body. Leila was always smiling, always coming onto the guests. In fact hadn't there been that one episode where she was in love with some spy or something? The only thing he couldn't imagine was the cock in his pants. They guys had been right, Leila had a dick. Peter hadn't done any exploring but it felt a hell of a lot bigger than his own. Every time he brushed his arm against his breasts and sent them bouncing wonderfully he felt his new cock responding to the sight of his own body.

Peter had no idea what sex with P'Torak would be like. As a Vorgon would she just lie there without emotion? If he could make her cry out in pleasure what would she sound like? If he could see her face twisted in lust what would it look like?

Peter sauntered over slowly, letting his hips wiggle back and forth. He eased his face into an adorable smile as he knelt in front of Andrew and ran his fingers through Andrew's short hair, tracing the outlines of P'Torak's pointy ears. Andrew looked up at him.

"I suppose you're wondering what it's like to have sex with a Vorgon." Andrew said.

Peter nodded. "Does this make you feel anything?"

Peter leaned forward and kissed P'Torak. She didn't back away but she didn't kiss back. After a few seconds Peter sat back and searched P'Torak's face.

"Interesting," Andrew finally said.

"I'm interested in finally making a Vorgon feel pleasure." Peter pulled open the hem of P'Torak's top and stared down into the slender, luscious breasts.

"Me too," Andrew replied.

Then they were on each other, Leila's cute face pressed hard up against P'Torak's tits, sucking the tiny, pink nipples into her mouth. P'Torak tasted sweet and she moaned as Leila licked back and forth from nipple to nipple. Peter grasped P'Torak's dress and tore it down, freeing her breasts. Peter took them in each hand and squeezed gently as he came up to kiss P'Torak's slim lips, staring into her slender, elvish face. Leila's body was warm already, her cock throbbing beneath her dress.

Leila stood and untied her dress. P'Torak reached up and pulled Leila's top down; her pendulous breasts hung from her chest. Her curves were smooth and perfect, each breast with a small strawberry colored nipple that was already erect with desire. P'Torak pulled the dress down to Leila's waste and she grasped it, stopping her.

Leila blushed, making her cute face looking even more like an adorable schoolgirl. "I-- I--" Peter tried to articulate what his friend was about to see.

"I know," Andrew said, smiling as P'Torak for the first time.

Leila reluctantly released the dress, and P'Torak pulled it down over her waist and her legs. Leila's cock strained towards P'Torak, the thick head aiming right at P'Torak's slender lips as Leila stood over her. Leila was gorgeous, with ample breasts and wide feminine hips and a throbbing cock that pulsed gently as P'Torak gazed at it.

Peter hid his head in his hands, blushing wildly, ashamed of his freakish body, afraid of what Andrew would say. And then he felt a tiny hand grasp him, and the head of his cock was engulfed with a wet warmth. Peter looked down to see P'Torak slipping her lips over Leila's dick. The tiny Vorgon struggled with the size of it, opening her mouth as wide as she could. Leila's cock was so

sensitive, she could feel every inch sliding into P'Torak's mouth, the hot breath and undulating tongue driving her wild with lust.

Peter released a sigh as P'Torak forced her lips down him. Then P'Torak withdrew, bringing one hand up to slide the slickness of her saliva down Leila's shaft as she gazed up at Leila adoringly. Then her lips returned, swallowing him once more, using her hand to completely cover his shaft and building to the rhythm of his body.

Peter brought his hands up to his own breasts, squeezing the nipples as pleasure reverberated through his slender form. He brought one of his nipples up to his lips and sucked on it, his hot breath warming his skin as P'Torak continued sucking him below.

Leila's body was aching for release, the tension building inside her. She continued caressing her tits, enjoying the soft, meaty warmth, pleasuring her own body as P'Torak pleased her. She throbbed once, and P'Torak swallowed the salty pre-cum gratefully. Andrew must have sensed Leila's nearing crest because he pulled P'Torak's lips off Leila's cock with a wet pop and looked up.

“No, no. You *have* to fuck me.” He begged.

Andrew leaned P'Torak's body back and pulled open his vest to reveal his tiny breasts, firm and supple. He grabbed his nipples, pinching himself hard, pulling them up roughly and letting them snap back into place, the skin supple and tender. He cooed in delight as he spread his legs.

Peter knelt Leila's body between his friend's legs and pulled off P'Torak's pants. Her glistening Vorgon pussy was already spreading out with desire. Leila wrapped her tiny fingers around her cock and guided it against P'Torak's wet opening. The bulbous head pressed against her pussy lips, impossibly big against that tiny slit. Leila pushed in slowly, watching as P'Torak spread for her and she disappeared inside that amazing wet heat.

Leila pushed inside, struggling to fit her cock inside the tiny Vorgon, who was crying out beneath him. Her high pitched voice was urgent, begging Leila for more.

P'Torak felt like she would split but still Leila pressed inside her until at last she was full. Leila's breasts hung down, grazing over P'Torak's tits. P'Torak opened her eye and grabbed Leila's breasts. She popped one nipple in between her lips and sucked as Leila fucked her, building to the rhythm of their bodies, sliding her cock into P'Torak's tight cunt faster, harder. P'Torak was dizzy with lust and Leila was driven by need. Together they rocked, Leila's groin slapping against P'Torak's wet cunt until with a last feminine moan Leila came, jetting her hot seed into P'Torak's tiny body.

P'Torak had never knew she could feel so full, so perfect as when her friend pulsed inside her and filled her with her hot cum. Leila's breasts bounced back and forth as she thrust wildly, sinking as deep as she could to release her tension into P'Torak's body.

When finally Leila was empty, she remained leaning over her friend, staring down at P'Torak's eyes, half lidded in abject lust. Finally, Peter pulled Leila's cock out of his friend, dripping her seed onto the couch.

“Oh my god, that was amazing.” Peter breathed.

“Actually, I quite enjoyed that as well,” Andrew replied.

Back at the parking lot of the grocery store, Leo slipped into the back seat of the stranger's van and eyed himself in the rear view mirror. Diane's dark, exotic eyes stared back at him. He couldn't blame the guy for wanting him. Hell, if Leo had this opportunity it'd be hard not to make the same offer. The man slid in beside him and closed the door. He began nuzzling Leo's neck, his scratchy beard tickling Leo's skin as the man's hands went to Leo's heavy breasts.

Leo slipped his fingers beneath the man's pants and took hold of the man's erection. The guy helped him unzip his pants and suddenly Leo was holding an erect cock in his hands. He worked his fingers up and down the shaft, his reflection in the window showing Diane Sparta giving a handjob. The stranger grunted his excitement, which made Leo move even faster.

It wasn't that bad actually. Stroking another man's dick was easy. Leo knew what it felt like and he found that the stranger responded instantly to Leo's fingers. There was a level of control that Leo enjoyed, there was a power in holding the warm shaft in his slender fingers and he stared hungrily at the bulbous head as the man's breathing grew faster. Leo worked the man's cock, stroking up and down until the man stopped him. Suddenly this stranger was kissing his neck and pulling off his dress. Leo helped free himself from the teal dress. He wanted to look at his new body just as much as this strange man. And what a body.

Diane's breasts were ample and firm, perfectly proportioned to her feminine form. His hips were wide, the dark triangle of pubic hair visible beneath the stretchy tights, perfectly trimmed and inviting. His pale skin gleamed in the dim light and he stroked a finger across his creamy breasts, exploring his warm skin and making his nipples stand to attention.

The man interrupted Leo's self-exploration by pressing his lips to Leo's mouth, kissing him roughly as he grabbed every part of Leo and groped hard. His hands flew around Leo's body, grabbing, squeezing, pinching greedily, desperate to enjoy every second he had with Leo's gorgeous body. He pulled Leo's hair, kissed his lips, neck and chest, and bit tenderly at Leo's bare flesh. Leo, despite himself, was enjoying it and didn't even realize he was smiling until he saw Diane's face in the reflection. His body was sparkling with warmth and a moan escaped his lips as the stranger's hand slid between his legs and pressed up against his swelling clit. The awkward tension melted away as Leo became more and more turned on by the stranger's hands. Every caress of his skin sent another surge of desire through his body.

"I wanna fuck you, Diane."

Instinctively, Leo pulled down his panties and stockings then threw a leg over the man's lap and straddled the stranger. Diane was so wet. Leo took a deep breath before lowering himself onto the man's throbbing erection. There was a pressure against his swollen nether lips, then his pussy parted and the man's dick sank inside, slowly at first. The man's breath hitched in his throat as Leo felt himself filled for the first time. It was a new sensation. Pleasant. Warm. Lovely. The cock pressed inside his warm cunt until he was completely full. The cock fit him perfectly, pressing up inside him with its hard-softness. Then the stranger withdrew, working in and out slowly. Leo watched Diane's body in the reflection of the windows as she rode the throbbing cock. Someone was gasping and Leo realized it was him.

Their movements gradually became faster as Leo ground his hips down onto the man's lap. Leo held onto the backseat, clutching it tightly, digging his nails in and biting his lip as they rocked together. The stranger dug his face into Leo's breasts.

This was nothing like he had experienced earlier when he had first discovered his body. This was something better, fuller. The man forced his fingers into Leo's curly hair and pulled Leo's head back. It was painful at first but that pain mingled with the pleasure flooding through him and enhanced everything.

Leo's pussy was soaking wet and dripping over the stranger's dick as the man kept his head locked upright, fucking him roughly. Leo felt himself dripping down his thighs and he whined and moaned like a dog in heat, pleading for more, harder, faster. Hearing Diane's throaty voice begging to be fucked drove Leo over the top. He gripped the back of the seat tight and came. The lightning flashed across his body, knocking the breath from him and filling him with utter bliss. He slowed, enjoying his brief climax and there was a moment of rest. Then his lust was on him suddenly, and he rocked furiously, ordering the man beneath him to satisfy the urges of Leo's body. "Cum for me! Cum for me!" he begged. Then the stranger was fucking him harder, the man's dick plunging deep into his burning cunt and pushing hard up against his G-spot. Leo was crying loudly now. The pleasure was bordering on pain and made Leo's head swirl. He felt the build up in his cunt, ready to explode, a slave to the pressure inside him.

Then the man's dick quivered inside him, followed by a spurt of semen that erupted into Leo's warm wetness. It made him wince in pleasure and he cried out again and again as the man pulled him down deep, each pulse of hot seed filling Leo's sensitive body. Leo came with him, Diane's body cresting as his mind was overwhelmed with a blaze of pleasure. His desire spilled from his lips and he screamed, his breasts rocked back and forth, slapping the stranger in the face as he rode the man and drove the ecstasy through his tiny frame.

Soon, the man beneath him stopped grunting, the spurts slowed and he was empty. Leo lay on top of him for a second, his head resting against the stranger's shoulder, before he pulled himself off. There was a moment of emptiness, of wanting more. Leo looked over at the man, who gazed back at him with excitement.

"So..." Leo said, "If you've got any more money, I have some other friends you might want to meet."

## Epilogue

The excitement had been building up for weeks, culminating in the the moment when the doors would finally open. Galaxy Patrol Con 2018 was soon to be in full swing. Every fan was dressed up, some in amazing cosplay of their favorite characters, some in less amazing but equally aspiring cosplay. There wasn't a single person there that would say no to meeting with the characters on the show.

That's why Leo and Mike were there, handing out cards and acting their sexiest. It had been Leo's idea after the man in the parking lot. None of the fans could resist them, and there were hardly any that even tried. The guys—now girls—could earn quite a bit of cash at these conventions. All they had to do was follow them around the country.

“Hi,” Leo approached a couple of middle-aged fans, in crappy cosplay, “I'm Diane Sparta, and I sense...” He held his hand to his forehead, pretending to read their emotions like the fictional Diane Sparta, “...you want to meet up somewhere and have some fun.”

“Whoa, really?” they took her card, “Holy crap!”

“Really.” Leo winked.

Back at the hotel room, P'Torak and Leila helped Veronica into her lingerie. The green lace barely held his bulbous breasts in check and left his shaved pussy bare. Tim complained less and less each time, enjoying looking at his form in the mirror. His red hair spilled down across his shoulders and he smiled coquettishly at himself. He'd even learned to walk in his strikingly tall high heels. Tim was a whore, but a high priced one. He was the one who greeted the fans at the door and welcomed them into their own personal fantasy. Several times they didn't even get that far, as Tim was more than willing to get down on his knees and suck on their cocks, making sure he was surrounded by mirrors so he could watch Veronica's thick lips wrap around the swollen heads until they grunted and spilled their seed across her sexy face.

It was like shooting fish in a barrel. There wasn't a Galaxy Patrol fan alive who wasn't interested in at least one of them. Most of the time they just had to lie there, letting the fans have their way with them. Sometimes they found a good one, someone who could make them scream in ecstasy. They came at a high price but it was worth it. The fans got to have their wildest dreams come true, and the guys got to live a fancy lifestyle. That's what the Galaxy Patrol Escort Agency was all about.

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## Second Chance

Melissa sat on the edge of Ryan's hospital bed and patted his back gently as he coughed into yet another tissue. Melissa's skin-toned pantyhose were stretched tight beneath her snug-fitting scrubs, and even through his coughing fit Ryan had half an eye on her legs. When his coughing subsided Melissa held out the quickly-filling waste bucket and Ryan tossed his tissues into it. He sat back in the hospital bed and Melissa helped adjust his covers.

“Did that help?” she asked, staring at him with her big brown eyes as she carelessly tucked some strands of auburn hair behind an ear.

Ryan nodded.

“Is there anything you need?”

*New lungs*, thought Ryan. But he just shook his head. Melissa smiled and left him alone in his barren hospital room, the muted beeping of the equipment by his bed the only sound. Ryan needed an operation before the cystic fibrosis killed him. His only hope was for a double lung transplant. Unfortunately, there was another patient in the same hospital likely to get one first.

Ryan picked his phone off the table by his bed and opened up Twitter to *her* profile. Katie Simpson. The tweets of sympathy were still pouring in. Poor Katie and her cystic fibrosis. She needed a transplant. The whole city knew it. It was the perfect local news segment: a pretty, blonde cheerleader (and recent prom queen!) with hundreds of thousands of followers developed a rare disease and ended up in a hospital where mistake after mistake was made.

Ryan was jealous, partly because she was getting all the attention, and partly because every time he saw her cute girl-next-door face on his feed he imagined what it would be like to *become* her, to be the angelic blonde with all the admirers, instead of some nobody wasting away alone. Everyone loved Katie. Ryan was sure that, despite the official waiting list for a transplant, Katie would somehow be bumped to the front of the line. Not for the first time, Ryan wished he'd been born female. It was his second most frequent wish after wishing to not have a disease that was slowly killing him. So far, neither wish had come true.

Ryan was so lost in his thoughts he almost didn't hear Dr. Mercer come into the room and close the door. She drew the curtains and pulled up a chair next to Ryan's bed as he set his phone down. Dr. Mercer was a tall, slender woman with perfect legs. She'd been nothing but supportive for Ryan and usually had a warm smile for him. She seemed more somber and serious today than he'd ever seen her.

“Ryan,” she paused. “Ryan. You know Katie's been causing a lot of trouble for the hospital.”

Ryan nodded. “Malpractice.”

“Right. She's threatening to sue, claims we've done everything wrong. I suspect it's really because she's got herself into a mess and doesn't know how to get out. She's got the state legislature involved.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, Katie doesn't have cystic fibrosis. I'm one hundred percent sure she's faking and now she's trying to get out of having an actual transplant.”

“Ok. Why are you telling me this?”

“There's an experiment. Very...experimental. Some would say it's unethical, but I think that anything that punishes the bad and rewards the good must be ethical.”

Dr. Mercer explained her plan to Ryan, and Ryan agreed with it wholeheartedly. The operation took place in the dead of night the next evening.

Ryan opened his eyes slowly. He was still in a hospital room, only now it was filled with flowers and balloons and cards ordering him to “Get well soon”. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, startled and excited to feel the contours of his new face. He let his fingers roam across his smooth skin, circling his upturned nose, tracing his plump lips and brushing against his soft cheeks. Long hair tickled its way down the back of his neck. He looked down at his body and saw a hospital gown filled out by a lithe female body, two small breasts pushing out beneath the thick paper garment.

Dr. Mercer poked her head into the room. When she saw Ryan was awake she slipped in, closing the door behind her. She stood over his bed and looked down at him.

“How do you feel...Ryan?” She asked.

“Perfect, doctor. But my name's Katie.” Ryan replied with a beautiful smile, thrilling at hearing her alto voice spilling from his lips. He took a deep breath and released it. Not only was he in the perfect body of Katie Simpson but he no longer had any trouble breathing.

“Right. Of course.” Dr. Mercer replied, returning his smile. “It seems the operation was a complete success.”

“Where's the old Katie?”

“It's probably better you don't see her. I think she'll adjust to her new reality as Ryan better without seeing her own body.”

Dr. Mercer really was a gorgeous woman. Her long, dark hair was coiled up in a bun and she had a striking, angular face that wouldn't have looked out of a place on a model. Ryan was intrigued to find that, despite his feminine body, he was still attracted to women. Katie's love life was going to take quiet a turn. He'd have to break up with the quarterback gently and get to know the other women on the cheer leading squad better.

“Does anyone else know about me?”

“Just me and Nurse Melissa. I think it's better if no one else knows about this, for obvious reasons. Your mother thinks you've had an operation for your disease.”

Ryan nodded and felt his blonde hair bounce across his neck.

At that moment, the door cracked open and a woman peered in. She had strawberry-blonde hair in long, side-swept bangs and a friendly face.

“Knock knock,” she said.

“Hi, Hayden,” Dr. Mercer said, “Come on in.”

Hayden came in and closed the door behind her. She wore black yoga pants and a black and white striped athletic top that hugged her curvaceous figure. She stood next to the doctor.

“How are you feeling, honey,” she asked, sitting on the bed and stroking Ryan's face tenderly.

“Much better...mom,” Ryan smiled. Hayden leaned over and gave him a hug, her breasts pressing against his. Ryan felt his new body warming at all the attention and love. It was a little awkward being physically attracted to his new mother, but he figured he'd manage.

“There's some TV cameras outside, do you want to let them in now?”

“If you're comfortable with it,” Dr. Mercer said, looking at Ryan.

Ryan grabbed his new mom's hand. “Will you stay and help me, mom?” He asked sweetly.

“Of course.”

The interviewer was very nice and Ryan had nothing but praise for the hospital staff. Hayden jumped in every time the interview got too personal and soon enough it was all over. The crew packed up and told them to look for the segment later that night. Ryan chatted with his new mom for a while, teasing out details of his new life he'd been unable to find on the internet. When visiting hours were over Hayden kissed him on the head and left Ryan alone in Katie's body for the first time.

He picked up “his” sparkling pink phone and unlocked it with his thumb, then he perused his new life, responding to the hundreds of well wishers on Twitter and all the emails directed to him. It was nearly overwhelming to be so loved, to have so many people care for him. It just got better over the next several days as the hospital staff catered to his every need and Ryan got more comfortable in his feminine form. He got used to styling his hair and he feigned weakness from the operation to get his mom to put on his makeup until he figured out how to do it himself.

Ryan soon discovered which room his old body was in and one night, several days into his new life, he snuck into the room to visit Katie in her new life.

He crept up towards his old body in the hospital bed; it looked pale and feeble, especially in the cold lights of the hospital room. His body opened its eyes and Ryan took an involuntary step back.

“Give me my body back,” his old voice managed to croak.

Ryan swept his blonde hair back behind his ear and shook his head. “I don't know what you're talking about. I'm Katie now, and you're just some nobody. You were so beautiful online but awful in real life. I'm going to be a much better Katie than you ever were. Are you going to miss this?”

Ryan taunted her, untying his hospital gown and shrugging it to the floor. He stood in front of the old Katie and posed in her beautiful naked body. He looked down at his slender form, ran his hands across his small breasts, caressing his nipples until they pearly out in desire as the old Katie was helpless in her bed. She tried to sit up but a coughing fit overtook her.

“Shhhh,” Ryan said, pushing her back down, “Don't try to sit up. Just take one last look at your body.”

Ryan's hands slipped down across his trim stomach, over his mound and onto the coarse trail of hair leading between his legs. He followed it down until his fingers caressed his slit. He pushed lightly inside, pressing up against the hood of his clit. He released a sigh that became a scratchy moan and closed his eyes, letting his head swing back. One hand continued fondling his perky tits, while the other slipped further inside him. His fingers dipped down into his growing wetness and he slid it back up over his clit.

Ryan's legs buckled as his clit swelled out beneath his touch, and he fell back into the visitor chair by the bed, spreading his legs. He looked up at Katie, caught her eye, made sure she was staring at him, then slipped two fingers inside her velvety folds and moaned as the pleasure flared through

him. Katie whimpered but was unable to stop him as he slid his fingers deeper inside himself, writhing and moaning in the chair.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, yes,” he whispered, pinching his nipple.

Ecstasy pulsed through him as he felt himself surrounded by his new wet heat. He leaned back in the chair, raising his hips to try to thrust in further. His other hand slid down to his clit and he had both hands playing with his pussy, masturbating fiercely until he came, a crashing, pounding pleasure he'd never felt before and he urged his body on higher, biting his lip to stifle his cries as he fucked his new form.

When the pleasure finally ebbed Ryan opened his eyes. “Oh my god, that was amazing.”

He slipped his fingers out of himself and brought them to his tiny nose, inhaling the musky scent of his pussy. *His* pussy, such a wonderful thought.

Again Katie tried to protest on the bed, but Ryan shushed her, placing his sticky fingers on her lips so she could smell her own arousal.

“I'm Katie now, and I'm cured,” he whispered, “You're Ryan, and you're fucked. Here's something to remember me by. My gift to the poor, lonely boy dying in bed.”

Ryan grabbed Katie's hand and rubbed it between his sopping legs, pressing the fingers lightly inside himself until they were wet with his lust. Then she placed her old hand back on her former chest, slipped on her hospital gown, and walked out of the room into her new life.

###

## Coming Together

I'd been staring at my phone for the past half hour, swiping constantly through the endless stream of images of her. I had an entire folder dedicated to her smile, another dedicated to the look she got when I took a surprise pic. One just for videos, one for the sexier shots, and a final one for pictures of us together. Those ones used to bring me to tears, but the tears were exhausted months ago. Now there was just gentle, gnawing sadness.

Glancing up from my phone, I surveyed the bar. It was happy hour on a warm Friday afternoon. The place had a nice vibe: good drafts, artisan cocktails, sunny courtyard. I sighed—the place was probably poised to be overrun by hipsters any day now—but for now there was still room to breathe. It was still a bar where I could get a table, sit and think... and try not to dwell on her.

“Another?” The barman nodded at my empty glass.

I nodded back. Taking a sip, I ran an eye over the crowd. It was still early, the bar wasn't really buzzing yet, but that was fine with me; it meant I could sit and people-watch without being crushed by drunken strangers.

Unfortunately, there was little of interest to observe. Everyone here was a cliché I'd seen a million times before. The loud pack of guys with their eyes glued to the football. The group of hipsters locked in an endless conversation about the correct technique for muddling mint. The pair of girls drinking cocktails that were essentially fruit juice. The old man drinking alone at the back table. The couple ignoring each other and downing their buffalo wings. Then I heard the creak of the door and turned to the sound of heels clicking on the hardwood floor.

Inexplicably, *she* was standing there, the light at her back, illuminating her body and casting her face into shadows. It took me a moment to realize that it was a stranger and not actually Rachel. I gaped; the resemblance was almost eerie. As she walked into the light, my eyes flickered over her all-too-familiar features – her blonde hair scooped into a bun, her radiant skin, and her long shapely legs. She was wearing a demure dress—tailored with a circular print pattern that was almost prim—but the dress hugged her figure, highlighting the gentle curves of her breasts and the swell of her hips. And the color perfectly matched the deep blue of her eyes. She was a swan, a sliver of classical beauty in a sea of mundanity. As she arrived at the bar, I could feel my body beg for her. God, she even had Rachel's upturned nose.

“Hi, two pinot grigios please?” Her voice was sweet, almost a warm giggle on its own. I watched her in the bar's mirror in fascination. I needed to look away before I completely creeped her out but instead, stunned, I just continued to stare.

“Sure thing.” The barman turned away and filled two glasses.

I opened my mouth to say something to her, then stopped myself. She didn't want to talk to me; she didn't want to deal with the half-ton of emotional baggage I was dragging behind me. And I'd probably just end up breaking down in front of her: every emotion linked to Rachel was complicated and raw. I forced myself to look away.

Staring down at my drink as she walked away, I made myself concentrate on the differences, the

things that made this woman unlike Rachel. Her hair was slightly different, just a shade lighter and a touch longer. She might be an inch taller too. I scrambled for something else, something tangible, but it was a losing battle. She was almost Rachel's twin and I needed to leave before I did something fundamentally stupid.

I gave her a last glance as I headed for the back door. She was sitting at a booth in the corner by the exit, right in my path. The wave of emotion was overwhelming - fierce attraction to this beautiful stranger, and lingering hurt and hope stirred up by the coincidence of her looks. I didn't admit it to myself, but I knew what I was going to do before I'd even got close to her.

As soon as I was behind her and out of her line of sight I hopped, my body disintegrating into a billion particles and swirling into her.

I took steady, deep breaths as my mind merged with hers and subsumed it. My personality took over like a ghost seizing possession. I looked through her eyes, seeing what she saw. Firstly, the table and the other side of the bar; then the woman herself. Looking straight down, I saw her slender curves... my curves now. Each time I drew breath, I could feel her breasts rising and falling. When I shifted in the seat, I felt the soft flesh of her thighs against the chair,

Ransacking her memories I learned that her name was Kristen. Digging a little further, something became immediately apparent - there was one major difference between this girl and Rachel. Rachel—as I was wholly and painfully aware—was happily coupled up with someone tall, dark, and handsome. Kristen, however, was almost perpetually single. She'd had some moments along the way; a few flirtations here, a few one-night stands there, but never anything really solid. I watched the flurry of memories – the countless hours spent at work building a career to be proud of and the nights alone with nothing but her success to keep her company.

The pattern was familiar and I was sympathetic but I was also not in the mood to wade through someone else's misery. I had plenty of my own to deal with. I was just about to hop out of her body when a girl appeared in front of me and slid into the booth. She was about the same age as Kristen, with long black hair and spectacular boobs that bounced as she leaned over and gave me a hug.

Playing catch-up, I searched Kristen's mind for memories of the girl. She was Samantha, a friend from high school. They'd been tight years ago but lost touch and then reconnected on Facebook just in time for Samantha to announce her engagement.

Sam released me from the hug. "So good to see you!"

"You too," I echoed and slid one of the wineglasses over to her. "I got you a drink. Hope pinot grigio's ok?"

"Absolutely." Sam took a sip, the giant diamond on her left hand glinting under the lights.

I knew how this worked, how this exchange was supposed to go, so I played my part and squealed, "Oh my god! It's gorgeous. Let me see."

Sam graciously held out the rock. "Completely ostentatious right?" She gave a self-deprecating grin. "I'm sorta embarrassed by how much I love it."

Suddenly, Kristen's emotion cut through my control - pangs of jealousy swelled, blooming under her skin. There wasn't anger towards her friend or bitterness, just a well of sadness and prickling envy. Tamping down the emotion as best I could, I said, "If anything is supposed to be ostentatious, it's an engagement ring. Enjoy it!"

Samantha smiled, a woman utterly content with her lot in life. She took a sip of wine and said, "You're coming to the wedding right? They'll be a few people from school. Jen H and her husband, Felicity and her fiancée... Oh, and Caroline's daughter's—you remember Caroline and Nick right?"

—their oldest daughter is my flower girl.”

I could feel it, the vice-like squeeze of Kristen’s loneliness, the little voice that told her everyone else was paired up and she had missed her chance. But she was a good person, a good friend, and I replied that way she would’ve: “Of course I’ll be there. Can’t wait to catch up with everyone.”

Samantha launched into a dialogue about wedding invitations. For the next hour, Kristen was required to do little but nod.

By the time we finished our drinks and headed out into the street, I was strangely intrigued by Kristen and knew I wasn’t leaving this body, at least not immediately. With every new wedding detail Samantha trotted out I had felt Kristen growing more introspective, more determined to break free of her self-imposed isolation and live a little. I wanted to see what this body craved so desperately.

I waved goodbye to Samantha and walked around the corner to the tiny deserted parking lot where Kristen’s car was parked.

When I hadn’t been listening to Samantha, I had been thinking about Kristen, and glancing every now and then at my new reflection in the ceiling mirror. I hadn’t really had time to examine myself until I got in Kristen’s car and shut the door. I adjusted the rearview mirror with a slender hand until my reflection appeared. With a shock I was looking at Rachel, her striking dark eyebrows and deep blue eyes, her slight upturned nose. Looking closer I noticed the subtle differences: the tiny mole at the edge of her left eyebrow, the absence of freckles across the bridge of her nose, the slightly more triangular shape of her nostrils, I really had Rachel on the brain, maybe some time as someone else would be good for me.

Kristen was just my type, with girl-next-door cuteness and a slender, enticing body. I looked down at the swell of my breasts beneath my dress. I gently pulled out the neck of my dress and looked into my new cleavage, enjoying the pillowy curves as they disappeared into the darkness. I imagined myself, my *real* self, kissing and caressing her, pressing my body up against her smooth softness. My thoughts about my new body began making Kristen warm. A gentle ember began burning between my legs.

I pulled my dress up to reveal my gorgeous legs and smooth thighs. By shifting around in the seat I was able to pull the dress all the way up over my lap to see the white cotton panties clasp my delicate sex. I brushed Kristen’s fingers across my thighs, goosebumps appearing as I shivered at my own touch. My fingers roamed back and forth across each thigh, enjoying my warm flesh, teasing myself and pressing gently against my panties.

My other hand rose to my chest and began gently squeezing my breasts beneath my dress. I slipped a hand underneath the hem of my panties, following the coarse trail of my bush down into my warm slit. My fingers slid inside my body as I parted myself with a soft moan. Hearing Kristen moan like that, feeling myself inside her, made me hornier, and Kristen’s body responded to my desire.

My fingers pressed deeper inside and up against my clit as my breath came faster. I rubbed my wet, velvety folds and tossed my head back and forth, riding the waves of pleasure cascading through me. Kristen was so warm and wet and soft and I was enjoying it all: being her, seeing her writhe in the mirror, hearing her moan drop from my own lips. Her moans drove my fingers faster, my body burning for my touch and suddenly I lit up. My hips thrust up uncontrollably and I cried out as a fire flared through my body. I sank my fingers deeper inside myself, enjoying my wetness as my fingers grew soaked and the sound of my squelching pleasure reached my ears.

I cried out again as a harder orgasm shook me and I squeezed my eyes shut tight as I sank as hard as I could into my dripping cunt. My legs trembled as I thrust inside myself, squeezing my tits at the same time as I enjoyed the pleasure of being inside Kristen’s flesh. I could almost imagine it was

Rachel I was inside, Rachel I was fucking, Rachel crying out for more as her body shook with pleasure.

When the fire subsided I lay my head back against the headrest and pulled my fingers out of myself, sticky with my lust. The car smelled like sex, like pussy...*my* pussy. I opened my eyes and looked around, struck by the sudden thought that I'd just masturbated in a public parking lot. Fortunately no one was around; no one had heard my screams of delight and come running to help, or to look. Good. I didn't want to ruin Kristen's life, just enjoy her for a little. And maybe we could help each other.

Kristen felt more sated and more alone than she ever had before. She was feeling a little guilty about giving into her urges in a parking lot. I drove her home with the scent of excited woman and Kristen's nagging sense of shame filling the car. Her thoughts pinged wildly through the shambles of her love life - her jealousy towards Samantha, her last failed relationship, and the sad fact that the desperate release she'd just had in a darkened parking lot was her best orgasm in months. Mostly she thought about how she was now driving home to an empty apartment.

Her apartment, in a word, was nice. In two words, it was *really* nice. Kristen was doing very well for herself. As an account manager for a thriving PR firm, she could afford life's luxuries. With every promotion, every new account she secured, her lifestyle became a little more lush, a little more polished and perfect.

I scanned the apartment, noting the expensive details – the stereo, the view, the kitchen appliances that clearly cost more than the average car. I also noted the personal touches – the vinyl, the books, the butter-soft vintage leather jacket thrown over a chair in the kitchen, and the basket of clean laundry—little scraps of black and red lace mingled with t-shirts and jeans—sitting by the couch.

What I couldn't understand was why Kristen was still single. She was beautiful, successful and a good person; she should've been awash in guys if she wanted them. Wanting to understand her better, I flopped down on the sofa and opened her laptop. It woke up to a spreadsheet, sales figures for work. Behind that was her work email, behind that a PowerPoint presentation, then a mock-up of ad campaigns, and a browser opened to LinkedIn.

With deliberate, defiant clicks, I closed them all and googled 'professional singles'. A minute later, I was creating an account on the Corporate Cupid site.

I could feel Kristen's body resisting me every step of the way but I ignored her and continued adding details. I took and uploaded a few choice photos with her phone (making sure to get plenty of sexy shots while she was still wearing the dress) and I filled in her mandatory description, describing her as a 'sexy girl who loves work and is open to trying new things.' I salved my conscience with the thought that the description was actually completely accurate. Kristen might not admit it to herself, but she was sexy as hell and she *was* ready to try new things. Her body was crying out to be touched and appreciated.

Logging in, I started scanning the list of available men. It was an array of professionals - young and old, staid and edgy, plain and handsome. Trailing through the pictures, I could feel a little wave of arousal nudging through her body at the possibilities. Her skin was suddenly too sensitive and a throbbing ache was building at her core at the thought of any of these muscular men riding her like a dog. Despite her longing though, despite the growing wet heat in her cunt, she was still resisting, still not clicking on any of the profiles. It was as if she was anticipating her ultimate failure with each and every guy before she'd even met them. It was kind of sad really. Kristen was so eager to put herself out there and yet so unwilling to take the risk. This would be good for her to meet other professionals.

I was startled out of my musing by a knock at her front door. I opened it and saw an attractive, dark-skinned man in his early thirties wearing a tight t-shirt that hugged his athletic build. His knowing

smile told me what I needed to know without searching Kristen's mind for information. I knew an ex when I saw one.

He wrapped his solid arms around me in an all-encompassing hug that proved only to be a ploy to tightly squeeze my plump ass. His hot breath was in my ear and Kristen's arousal at his touch was coursing through my body. I also understood without thinking her thoughts that this guy—Jon—was a real scumbag.

*But, Kristen's mind tried to insist, he's not that bad, and he's here and he smells so wonderful...*

But I knew there was only one reason he was here, and it wasn't to get back together with Kristen. This was clearly a booty call. Jon had shown up for a quick fuck and then he'd be gone, leaving Kristen with a warm glow that would soon fade away and leave her feeling even worse than before for giving in to this enchanting asshole.

"Hello sexy," he barged past her into the living room, "I love what you've done with the place."

"Thanks Jon," I instinctively crossed my arms over Kristen's breasts, concealing them, "What do you want?"

He turned back to me, smiling widely, "What do I want? You of course baby girl, I want you."

He tried to brush his fingers across my cheeks but I turned my head away.

"Jon, what are you doing here?" I asked, even as I sensed Kristen's longing to be held. It was sad that she thought so little of herself that this seemed like the best she could get. Maybe a big dick could make her forget about her insecurities. Someone wanting her body. Making her feel beautiful.

"I thought you could use some company," he said, pressing his body up against mine.

He was solidly built and this close his heat burned through Kristen's body. Her memories of Jon flicked through her mind: Jon belittling her in front of his friends, treating her like a servant, cheating on her with a succession of women. And yet he could be so loving, so caring when he wanted to. I just had to find that could part of him and—No. No. I stopped Kristen's thoughts.

"Get out, Jon, we're done. I don't want us to--" He interrupted me by placing his lips on mine and wrapping his arms around me.

Despite myself I felt my body melting, I needed to stop this now. I slipped Kristen's hand down Jon's pants, felt him snicker, self-satisfied in my mouth. My hand slipped down beneath his dick and grabbed his balls. I squeezed.

"Ow. Ow!" Jon pulled away but I didn't let go. "What are you--?"

"Shut the fuck up and listen to me or I'll crush them." I stared into his eyes, quivering with anger. "I told you it's over. Now I'm going to release you and you're going to leave and you will never, *never*, come back here. Got it?"

"You think you--?"

I squeezed hard and he grunted, dropping to his knees. I followed him down, my hand still wrapped tight around his sack.

"This isn't a negotiation. Get. The. Fuck. Out."

I released him and opened the door. He stood, still hunched over and with his hands over his crotch.

"You're fucking crazy. I'm the only one who's ever gonna love you. You're gonna die a lonely, old--"

I pushed him out the door and slammed it. Then I sank to the floor, the tears flowing down my face.

His words hurt. *What if he's right? What if no one will ever love me?*

The tears slid down my cheeks as I was immersed in Kristen's thoughts. As I sat and cried I became more determined than ever to help her find out how wonderful she really was.

Eventually I got myself under control, the sobs degenerating into sniffles. I pushed myself off the floor and went to wash my face in the sink. My eyes were puffy and my face was red and tear streaked. I wanted to hold Kristen, to take her in my arms and tell her everything was going to be all right. She deserved to be happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had nuked some leftovers—pad thai, both my and Kristen's favorite—when a text popped up on her phone. It was from someone called Tessa: ‘Hey Girl! Vi and I are heading to Velvet. Meet us! It’s been waaaaaay too long since we hung out!!!’

Kristen’s feelings came through loud and clear – *NO WAY*.

I scanned her memories and quickly understood her vehemence. Velvet was a meat market - swarms of singles circling each other and hooking up. Tessa and Vi were work colleagues and Kristen’s only remaining single friends. And—while Kristen did like the esteem-boosting reminder that she wasn’t the last single woman on the planet—Tessa and Vi had other ways of pummeling her self-confidence. They were both gorgeous. They both dressed like they’d far rather be naked. Standing anywhere near them at a bar was setting yourself up for esteem-crushing misery.

I flagrantly ignored Kirsten’s misgivings and responded to Tessa: ‘Be there in 30 mins.’

Tonight, Kristen was going to get the attention she deserved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kristen’s memories barely did Tessa and Vi justice. Tessa was flawless with deep olive skin and luscious Mediterranean curves. She dressed with flamboyance and utter confidence - a red dress with a slit up one leg revealing a golden thigh, and deep v-neck that gaped to show off her cleavage. Vi was slightly less obvious but equally stunning – shorter and slimmer with a cherubic face and small, perky breasts hugged by her tight dress. Her overall look would be far too sweet and wholesome if it weren’t for her lips – full and deliciously pouty. She had possibly the sexiest mouth I’d ever seen and all I could do was stare. She was saying something; I made myself focus.

“I’m so glad you came out with us, Kris!” Vi said, putting a cocktail down in front of me. “Feel’s like we haven’t hung out in ages.”

I took a sip of the fruity concoction. “Yeah, you know, I’ve been crazy–busy with work.”

Tessa turned away from the guy she was eyeing across the room and said, “All work and no play makes...”

“Makes Kristen who she is and we love her for it,” Vi interjected. She was clearly the diplomat of the pair.

Tessa took a sip of her drink. “Actually, I’m guessing that ‘all work’ makes Kristen frustrated as hell.”

I could feel my face flushing.

Tessa grinned. “See! Girl needs to get laid.” I watched her eyes travel over my dress. I’d found it (with the tags still on) tucked in the back of the closet. It was clearly a shade more provocative than Kristen’s usual wardrobe. Tessa leaned in and teased, “And, if I had a cock, I’d totally fuck you outta that dress, Kris.”

“Uh, thanks,” I laughed.

Tess winked. “What are friends for.”

The evening was filled with laughter, cocktails and endless free shots. Hanging out with Tessa and Vi was a guarantee of free drinks. I could feel Kristen letting go, loosening up with each shot. I could also feel eyes on me.

He was at the next table, part of a group of guys who were getting increasingly loud as the night went on. He was the only one that remained quiet. He just sat, sipping his drink, chatting with his friends and staring at me,

He was tall; well over six-foot with the slightly bashful expression of a man who had never quite gotten used to being the most visible guy in a crowd. He had thick brown hair and a smattering of stubble; not too hard on the eyes at all but it was his shyness that really caught my attention. The guy had been trying to come over all night and lost his nerve at the last second every time.

Vi caught me watching him out of the corner of my eye and gave the guy a subtle appraising look. “He’s tasty in tall-drink-of-water kinda way.”

Tessa didn’t do subtle and just assessed him brazenly. “And he’s been staring down your top all night.”

I could feel Kristen’s timidity bubbling up and I asked, “Really?”

“Yes,” Tessa affirmed. “Like an overgrown puppy staring down a really good bone.”

Vi gave an encouraging nod. “Go over there and get his number.”

Tessa ran the tip over her tongue over her lip. “Or at least give him a hand job in the stalls.”

Vi glared. “You are such a perv, Tess!”

Tessa was still staring at the tall guy, who was looking increasingly nervous under her scrutiny. “There’s nothing pervy about giving in to your urges every now and then.”

Vi snorted, “There is the way you do it.”

Decision made, I stood up. “Fine, I’ll do it.” Kristen was officially out of her comfort zone and completely unsure about talking to the stranger but I forced her legs to walk directly up to him.

“Hi.” I pointed at the empty seat next to him. “Can I sit down?”

He looked stunned “Hey, umm, sure.”

I sat down and the silence stretched for a moment. Then he blurted out, “I’ve been trying to talk to you all night.” He grinned and added, “I’m Mark.”

“Kristen.”

“Can I buy you a drink?”

I smiled. “No, not tonight. I think I reached my limit about two drinks back. I’ve already reached wildly out-of-character behavior.” I could feel Kristen’s nervousness and added sheepishly, “Like walking over to a total stranger and sitting down.”

He smiled; it was totally disarming. “I’m glad you did. Can I at least get your number? You know, for the next time you’re feel the urge to do something out-of-character.”

I ended up giving him Kristen’s number and walking away, feeling his gaze follow Kristen’s gorgeous ass across the room. There was a twinge of regret at letting him go but, really, he’d served

his purpose. I wanted to give Kristen the confidence boost of knowing she could get virtually any guy she wanted, without the regret of a bar hook-up she might chastise herself for. Walking home, though, Kristen was mostly just stunned by her brazenness and vowed not to do shots ever again.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly one in the morning by the time I returned to Kristen's apartment. I'd managed to interrupt her cycle of regrets and forced her concentration onto the guy we'd met at the bar. I imagined his smile, his sparkling eyes staring into mine, his lips against my own. I made my way into Kristen's bedroom, where I unzipped the dress and let it fall to the floor. I reached around and unclasped my bra, shrugging out of it and freeing my heavy breasts. Ohh, that felt good to get out of the constricting bra. I massaged my aching breasts, the smooth skin criss-crossed with angry red marks from the bra straps. And how had I not examined Kristen's body before now? She was even more beautiful naked. I slid her panties down my legs and kicked them off, then stood in front of the mirror to stare at myself.

I was gorgeous, my figure slightly plump and perfect. With my eyes I followed the curves of my body down over my chest, across my slight tummy, over my mound to the blonde triangle of hair pointing towards my sex. I could still definitely see Rachel in my mirror image, but now having been inside Kristen for so long, the differences stood out more. She was her own woman, not my long lost ex. She was more shy than Rachel, for one thing. Where Rachel had been loud and boisterous, using her body for attention, Kristen was more introverted. A deep thinker who hid her luscious figure away.

But she wasn't too shy about her body when she was alone. I chased one of her thoughts, caught it and smiled. I turned to her bedside table and reached all the way back into the drawer. I pulled out a small, pink vibrator. It was a simple plastic tube with a grip and a couple buttons at one end.

I sat on the end of the bed facing the mirror. I gave my head a quick shake to toss my hair out of my eyes. One hand came up to a heavy breast and I hefted it gently, feeling the weight shift beneath my fingers as I slowly stroked my warm skin. By pulling my breast up and dropping my head I was able to slip my mouth across my own nipple. Mmm, that felt heavenly as I sucked on my own breast, tasting the slight saltiness of my own skin as my nipple perked to attention in my mouth.

I spread my legs, watching myself in the mirror as I continued sucking my own tit while I brought the dildo down to my slit with my other hand. I flicked it on and a low hum filled the air. I slowly pressed it against the outer lips of my pussy while I continued sucking on my breast. I moaned as the head of the vibrator landed over my clit and sent a gentle buzzing through Kristen's body. I switched breasts, sucking on the other one as the cool air of the room swept across my moistened nipple. Kristen's body was delightful as I squeezed and massaged my new curves while angling the dildo back and forth across my pussy.

As the humming filled me my pussy lips opened and I slipped the tip of the vibrator inside, pressing it into my velvety folds. I moaned softly around my nipple as pleasure burst through me. I lifted my head and stared down between my legs, watching as I forced the vibrator in further, filling me. My body needed this, needed to be full, needed the throbbing energy, needed each squeeze of my nipple.

I cried out as the pleasure spiked once, briefly. Kristen's beautiful voice slipped out of my lips. I leaned forward letting my breasts hang down below my nose as I urged the vibrator deeper inside me. My other hand released my breast and rubbed my clit as the vibrator sank deeper and deeper. My breath hitched in my throat as the vibrator hit the dimpled nub of my deep pleasure. The finger on my clit rubbed faster, harder, matching the throbbing warmth buzzing through me, the waves of lust building on each other, faster, higher, until I crested and came. "Ohhhh" I cried, throwing my head back. My hair tumbled down my back. My legs trembled as my body shook with pleasure. The

fire roared through me and I fucked myself harder, harder, needing more. The third orgasm hit me like a train, knocking me onto my back and I cried out loud “Fuck! Oh, fuck!” My hips buckled wildly as I worked my clit and thrust the vibrator in as far as it would go, feeding my burning lust until I reached the apex and knew nothing but Kristen's pleasure.

I worked my body slowly as I came down, my fingers slowing until I finally stopped and flicked off the vibrator. I lay on the bed, breathing heavily, the room slowly spinning with my pleasure mixed with the alcohol. And in that warm, safe space I fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The alarm the next morning told me that I had to get Kristen up and ready for work. The process took a while; PR was cutthroat and image was everything. Kristen's work wardrobe was a vast array of killer designer-wear. I picked out a pencil skirt that cinched in around Kristen's tiny waist and hugged her hips and ass. I added a soft, silk shirt unbuttoned to reveal just the suggestion of cleavage and pair of spiky heels. Kristen typically tied her hair up for work but I broke the routine and left it out, long and curling down over her shoulders. I tweaked her make-up routine too, just a hint more smoke on her eyes and a darker tint on her lips.

The changes were subtle but not invisible. As I walked into the office and headed through the bullpen, I could feel the a few curious eyes follow me. I arrived at my office and couldn't help the little grin. I felt Kristen's confidence grow just a little at the silent appreciation.

Tessa appeared in my doorway with a coffee in hand. “Did Mr Tall, Dark and Nervous text you yet?”

I sank into my desk chair. “Not yet.”

Tessa grinned. “He's probably had his finger poised over the phone for the past hour, just desperately trying to get up the nerve to hit send.”

“Don't make fun; he was sweet.”

Tessa suddenly turned, completely distracted. “You know what else is sweet... Also salty, spicy and, you know, all the other flavors?”

“What?”

Tessa nodded at the guy emerging from the elevator.

“Him.”

It was Michael, the delivery guy for the printing company that handled Kristen's company's business. I sat up a little straighter in my chair, Kristen's pulse beginning to tick a little faster as Michael headed her way. Clearly Tessa wasn't alone in thinking Michael was chock-full of flavor. Kristen had a work crush.

And she had good taste. Michael had short black hair, a square jaw and a muscled build. He also had jeans that clung to his body with the bulge in his pants prominently on display.

“Hey,” he stopped in the office doorway. “Kristen right?”

“Yeah. Hi,” I replied somewhat breathlessly. Kristen's hammering heart rate was really distracting. “Have you got something for me?”

“Big package,” he said with a raised eyebrow and a goofy grin on his face.

Tessa nearly choked on her coffee but then he stepped forward and put an actual package on my desk.

“This is for you.”

“Right,” I said, trying to get control of my pulse. “Those would be our new business cards.”

Kristen's thoughts were horribly conflicted. On one hand she was really enjoying the lines of his abs visible through his super-tight t-shirt. On the other hand she kept thinking about his age. How old was he? Twenty-one? Twenty-two at most? Definitely too young to be interested in a woman like her.

Tessa, however, clearly didn't see age as a barrier. She turned to Michael and said, “Kristen was just talking about you.”

“Really?” he smiled conspiratorially. “What did she say?”

“That she wants you to ride her like a Shetland pony!”

“Tessa!” I hissed. I could feel Kristen's face turning red with embarrassment. Pivoting to Michael, I said, “Ignore her, she's just trying to embarrass me.”

“Shame,” he said, tongue peeking out between his teeth. “Bet you'd be great in the saddle.”

“Really?” I wrapped a strand of hair around my finger and twirled; it was a nervous habit of Kristen's but—from the look on his face—Michael seemed to like it. I batted down Kristen's reservations and asked, “How about tonight?”

“You're on.” He pulled his business card from his pocket and handed it over. “One more card for you. Text me your details.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew my night with Michael was just about sex, and so did Kristen. He was so young, so eager for Kristen's body it was a huge ego boost. Kristen was shocked that someone so young and hot could want someone like her, or at least, who she pictured herself to be. Just thinking about him all day had made me wet and at lunch I'd locked the door to my office and masturbated briefly while imagining him there, staring at me with that intense longing. Kristen needed this, to be the object of someone's affection, unencumbered by expectations or any future. She needed to be fucked raw.

There was no future with Michael. We had nothing in common except an attraction for each other. This was made painfully clear the minute he showed up with a bunch of flowers and we struggled awkwardly to find a topic of conversation we could share. I didn't know anything about baseball and he didn't know anything about English television dramas. But that was okay, I didn't invite him over to talk and it was clear that he was respectful and, as the older woman, he was waiting for me to make the first move. I leaned over on the couch and kissed him. That was all it took.

He eagerly kissed me back, slipping his tongue inside my mouth and circling his hands around me, letting them wander up and down my back. He tasted faintly of mint and his tongue was warm and hard in my mouth as I sucked him in.

He leaned me back on the couch and kissed his way across the nape of my neck and down between my breasts, each kiss sending shivers through Kristen's body. He pulled my top down, his eager tongue circling my breasts, growing more eager and frantic the more of Kristen's body he revealed. He helped me out of my top and bra, his eyes going wide at the sight of my breasts, the deep desire written across his face. Then he plunged his mouth back down on my breasts and kissed aggressively. It was exactly what I wanted, what I needed. This young stud desiring my body, enjoying me, having his way with me.

He kissed his way down my tummy and then unbuttoned my pants. I shimmied out of them and my

underwear and then he leaned over me, his solid arms suspending his hard body above my own as he gaped down at me like I was the best present he'd ever had. I smiled up at him. He grinned and slipped his head between my legs. I moaned as his hot breath landed on my slit, his tongue gently lapping at my quickly swelling clit. He knew his way around a woman's body and he clearly enjoyed himself, licking and sucking until my pussy was on fire for him. I stared down at the hunky guy between my legs, watched as he tasted me in delight. My pussy grew soaking wet and he slurped me down.

I cried out softly as he slipped two fingers inside me, filling me. His fingers slowly slipped deeper and deeper as his tongue continued to work my clit. I wrapped my hands through his hair and pushed him down into my aching pussy, spreading my legs even further to reveal myself, giving my everything to him. He moved faster, licking harder, pressing into my clit and deep inside my cunt with his fingers until I trembled and cried out. He sensed my pleasure and matched the tempo of my body, sending the delight circling around and around, ever higher as I cried out, my voice rising in pitch and came hard. My hips thrust up into his face, my tits wobbling. I wanted to push him out, it was too much and yet not enough. Before I could do anything I came again. "Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!" I screamed both hands coming to my tits as I squeezed my nipples to compound my pleasure.

Michael continued working my pussy, driving me to new heights of ecstasy until I was exhausted. "Stop, stop," I moaned, gently pushing his head out of me after my fifth or sixth orgasm.

Holy fuck he was amazing. He stared up at me with a puppy dog grin on his face, his mouth slick with own wetness. Kristen felt so good, so warm, and more importantly, so *wanted*. He was animalistic, wanting me only for my body and it was just what Kristen needed.

\* \* \* \* \*

After Michael left, I curled up on the couch and turned on Netflix. For a moment, I stared at the screen in surprise; I was basically looking at my own recommendations. Clearly, Kristen and I watched the same TV. Smiling, I began to browse, starting with Kristen's 'watch again' section. The girl had good taste in movies too.

I was interrupted by a text. Apparently, the dating site I signed up for had found Kristen a match. The guy's name was Henry. Right age, right height, right interests and he knew how to use a semi colon He wanted to meet the next night after work. I could feel Kristen's hopes kindle at her first shot at something real and solid—maybe a relationship—in a long time. For reasons I couldn't quite comprehend, I felt a little pang of worry. But Henry was what the girl clearly wanted, so I texted back. Hitting send I felt the flutter of butterflies in Kristen's stomach; she had a really good feeling about this guy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Henry made a great first impression; it was hard not to like the guy instantly. He was tall and sophisticated, wearing a suit that was expensive but not showy, just classic good tailoring. In fact, everything about Henry was classic – his strong jaw, his dimpled chin, his clean-cut blonde hair. Why, I wondered, was this guy on a dating site? Kristen wasn't in the mood to ask that sort of tough question. She just watched him as he crossed the room, her excitement escalating as each new detail came into focus. He headed towards me.

"Kristen?"

"That's me," I nodded.

"Henry." He leaned in and kissed my cheek. "Nice to meet you."

On paper, they were well matched. He was in advertising and there were just enough similarities in their work to keep the conversation ticking over nicely. They were both ambitious, both

workaholics, and both determined to succeed. But, as the night wore on, I began to see the differences too.

Where Kristen was reserved and shy, Henry was forceful and controlling. Where Kristen was kind, Henry was liable to be tough. Most telling though, Henry was clearly not interested in any relationship that lasted beyond tonight. His conversation had a practiced quality to it and I wondered how many times he'd trotted out his list of manly hobbies and amusing anecdotes. I wondered how many women he'd told about his summerhouse by the lake and frequent trips to Paris. How many women had heard him murmur sweet nothings in French and watched him smile boyishly, as if embarrassed to be caught displaying such sweet passion? How many woman had been as drawn in?

Kristen—I was delighted to realize—was on to him. I gave her points for that. But then, she worked in sales; she knew a sales pitch when she heard one and she could see through Henry's patter. She was also horny, unsatisfied by her recent immature lovers. So, when Henry asked her back to his hotel, I didn't stop her from accepting. I ignored the odd little pang of jealousy I felt forming in the pit of my stomach and climbed into the cab.

Henry gave me a suave smile and dropped a hand to my thigh. I could feel Kristen's body start to quiver, the first little lick of anticipation and need weaving through her core. She needed this, deserved it and my qualms needed to take a backseat. As it happened, I didn't need to do much. Kristen wanted this, understood it was temporary and was ready to live in the moment and enjoy what she had. Had I done that? Had my efforts made a difference?

These thoughts ran through my mind as Henry brought me back to his hotel room but were quickly silenced as I stepped into the small, fancily decorated hotel room and Henry swept me into his arms. He stared into my eyes, communicating his longing through looks alone.

"You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever had dinner with." He murmured, kissing me on the lips.

He'd probably said that line to many women but I let myself believe I was the first. His lips were rough against mine and my tiny nose was pressed into his stubble. His woody aftershave filled my nose and made my knees weak. He was so masculine and gentlemanly, his strong arms wrapped around me, his lips urgent but not over-eager like Michael, waiting an invitation. His body pressed lightly against mine so that I could feel his chest against my breasts but he didn't force himself on me. He knew I would come to him and his quiet confidence made me wet.

I unbuttoned his shirt as we kissed, closing my eyes to taste him, to feel his warmth against my lips. When I had unbuttoned his shirt I slid my hands against his chest. It was solid but he wasn't an over-muscly superman; he was my age but kept his body nicely in shape. His hand slipped across my cheek and he pulled back for just a second so he could stare deeply into my eyes. He smiled, the sides of his eyes crinkling slightly. It was natural, real, disarming. He had me at his command even before he'd removed a single article of my clothing.

I untied the back of my dress and let it fall to the floor, looking up at him bashfully. He devoured me with his eyes, making me feel like the only woman that mattered in the world. Then his lips were back on mine, more urgent this time. We kissed, making our way slowly to the bed and removing our clothes as we did so until at last I toppled, laughing, naked on top of him. His solid cock pressed against my naked mound as he stared up at me. He wanted me to have control, wanted my own desire to lead us both.

I straddled him and began grinding Kristen's body against him, sliding my moistened cunt up and down the underside of his shaft. His breathing sped up and he placed his hands on my tits, bobbling them back and forth. It was intoxicating seeing him so in awe of my body.

I reached between my legs and grabbed his cock, then guided it up against my pussy. I pressed

down, harder, harder, until he suddenly sank inside me, filling me with his soft-hardness. I put both hands on his solid chest and rode him slowly, enjoying the feeling of his cock sliding into me, enjoying my control over him. I began grinding faster as my body throbbed with him inside me. Soon I was grinding hard, my head thrown back as I rode him deep. His hands gripped my tits, holding on as my body rocked above his, the pleasure intensifying, building towards a climax and then suddenly I was there.

I moaned, low and guttural, as I sunk him deep into me.

“Cum for me, Henry. Cum inside me.” I moaned.

He complied, his cock throbbed inside me. Grunting, he thrust up his hips, filling me with his seed and I cried out, rocking faster and faster, milking him for every last drop of his desire as the orgasm flared through me, burning bright before slowly, slowly fading away.

I rolled off him and he wrapped his arms around me, holding me pressed against his body. He was warm and wonderful and temporary. Almost everything Kristen needed.

I took Kristen home, cuddled her a little, ran her a bath and let her soak. I kept testing her feelings, worried that she would be hurt and despondent after her getting her hopes up about Henry. But she was oddly philosophical as she lay in the tub, aware—and glad—that for the past couple of days she had been throwing herself out of her comfort zone. She hadn't found what she was looking for—a real connection and a man she could trust—but she had learned that she was open to trying. She was open to new people.

Stepping out of bath, I glanced at the reflection in the mirror and Kristen stared back at me. And that's when it hit me. I looked like Kristen, an entity of her own, not just a facsimile of Rachel that I'd hopped in some twisted act of self-flagellation.

Something else struck me too, something tangled up in my concern for Kristen's feelings and my pangs of jealousy and my respect for her Netflix queue. I smiled and knew my next move.

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew where Kristen grabbed coffee on a Sunday morning, knew it was one of the few times she wasn't thinking about work and let herself enjoy life. I knew there was nothing important on the laptop in front of her; just idle Sunday reading – a couple of blogs and a bit of online shopping. I knew she wouldn't mind being interrupted. But that was the extent of my advantage; the rest was in the lap of the gods.

I walked up to Kristen, admiring her from outside her body for the first time in several days. “Hi.”

She gave me a faintly suspicious look and a wary, “Hi.”

“Sorry, I know this is really forward, but I saw you and I thought I'd say ‘hi.’” I took a breath and added, “I'm Tony. I just wanted to meet you.”

The silence was long and uncomfortable. I could feel her assessing me - wondering about my sincerity, hell, maybe even wondering about my sanity. But then she smiled and said, “I'm Kristen.”

I sat down, ready to open a new chapter in both our lives.

# # #

## Hop Skip Jump

Downtown LA had a weird rep. Hipster meets homeless. Dollar meets squalor. Chic meets shit. And Sebastian's apartment building sat at the center: an architectural jewel full of multimillion-dollar apartments with a doorman, a spa and a rooftop pool. Sebastian had neighbors—the yuppie couple in #614 sprang to mind—who treated the building like a fortified castle, never going further than the lobby on foot, driving their cars in and out and never seeing the neighborhood in all its complicated, urban glory. Why the hell they didn't just buy in sanitized Brentwood he'd never know. Why live so close to heart of the city and never take its pulse?

Sebastian loved the streets, loved the color and pace, loved the Design Museums and the graffiti, loved Wurstkuche hotdogs and Umami burgers, loved the grit and grim... maybe, he acknowledged, because the second he stepped back into his pristine lobby, he could leave the poverty behind and head up to 2000 square feet of polished luxury.

Sebastian also acknowledged that he owed this beautifully messy part of the city a lot. It was the source of his fortune. He'd begun investing in downtown real estate long before the hipsters had claimed it. He'd bought decrepit warehouses full of rats and decay and had gradually, painstakingly revealed their exposed brick and ornate features. He'd bought decaying apartments and turned them into trendy lofts. He'd set up an office on the ground of a bankrupt factory with a couple of nervous investors, a single assistant and a maxed-out credit card. Now his real estate firm filled the entire building, employed dozens of people and was growing by the day.

Downtown had been good to him, so when the PR and Community Development guys in his company came up with the Local Hire Scheme, Sebastian immediately signed off. The scheme was simple – it encouraged local business like Sebastian's to hire downtown residents. It was intended to break the usual gentrification pattern in which the money moved into a vibrant but impoverished neighborhood, developed and improved it... and ultimately made it unaffordable for the residents who had given it its original color and flavor.

The Local Hire Scheme wouldn't ultimately stem the tide, but it was a small attempt to give back... so Sebastian supported it. Unfortunately, it did leave him faced with a bevy of unqualified, unappealing candidates for his company's new admin assistant position. God, he hated the hiring process, it was always tedious beyond belief. Thankfully—as his company had grown and the company policies had developed—he'd been able to delegate most of the hiring minutiae. Now, he just had to glance at the resumes of those candidates his Exec Assistant, Sally, thought were worth bringing in for pre-screening. And he was spared the annoyance of the interview process altogether; just had to sign off on the recommended candidate at the end.

Sebastian sat at his desk, shuffled through the resumes and sighed. These were the best options available, the dozen candidates that Sally thought worth bringing in for pre-screening? Admittedly, there were a couple of interesting options: a nineteen-year-old with no experience but a killer cover letter that showed him to be hugely articulate, a woman with a decade as a receptionist at a Santa Monica real estate office, and a UCLA business student who clearly had a firm grasp on the Downtown property market.

There was a knock at the door and Sally entered. "Hey boss. Almost done with the pre-screening.

Ten down, two to go.” She glanced at the papers on his desk. “Any thoughts on the resumes?”

Sebastian handed her the three he’d singled out and pitched the rest into the trash. “Like these ones. Finish up the screening but I think the rest of the candidates you can bounce.”

Sally flicked through the resumes. “This Ben kid is good, young but really sharp. Think you’ll like him. Other two women are solid too, worth sending through the interview process.”

“Cool,” he nodded. “Let me know if you see anything interesting in the last two candidates, otherwise let’s go with those three.” Sebastian stood. “I’m heading to lunch, you set?”

Sally followed him to the door. “All under control.”

As he headed to lunch, he passed the two remaining candidates in reception: a guy and girl. The guy was lanky, clutching his phone, looking nervous and out of his depth. The girl was early twenties, pretty face, body lost in a too-big, clearly-borrowed pantsuit. Sebastian walked out onto the street and into the most important part of his day.

There was a secret to Sebastian’s success, something few investors considered: he walked. Everyday he walked from his apartment to his office, from his office to his lunch, from lunch back to the office, from the office to after-work drinks, from drinks back home. It was a simple thing but it was the crux of his success. He knew every building, every homeless population, every graffiti artist hangout, every cop meeting place, every new store, every new face, every brick, every patch of underdeveloped dirt. He knew his neighborhood. And his neighborhood had made him rich.

Sebastian had seen them before, a part of the fabric of downtown. A parkour crew: bunch of dudes, usually a couple of girls; young, loud, tight and fit. Every afternoon they'd peel through the Arts District like it was their backyard, vaulting vehicles and heading for the parkour playground of the LA River.

Today, as the sun set—sitting on the patio of a bar with the best Belgian draft in town—Sebastian saw them coming the other way, returning from the river: slower but still smiling, sweaty and scraped up, sodas and trespassing citations in hand. He sipped his beer, his eye caught by a slim figure approaching a nearby concrete barrier and kong vaulting over it. She was fluid, her movements powerful yet seemingly effortless. Grinning, she stopped and peeled off her hoodie, revealed a body clad in workout pants and a tank top. It was the body of an athlete, the body of a woman who spent her days fighting for strength and flexibility.

And, with her face and long, dark brown hair free of her hood, she was familiar. Sebastian realized he'd seen her before: two days earlier sitting in his reception area wearing a blazer three sizes too big. Sitting still she had been pretty; in motion she was poetry. She was all fluid lines, grace and perfect little tits that bounced as she sprang over a hunk of concrete. Her hair fell across her face as she flipped. She pushed it out of the way to reveal a sexy languid smile as she nailed a reverse vault.

The crew paused on the corner then split, a bunch of them piling into a battered 4x4, the rest scattering on the sidewalk, heading their separate ways. The girl headed straight for Sebastian, stopping on the sidewalk next to his table to swipe the thin sheen of sweat on her cheeks before disappearing from view.

Sebastian swallowed the last of his beer and headed out of the bar. Turning the corner he saw her in an empty parking lot. She was bent over, shifting a series of wooden pallets into position. He stopped and took a moment to appreciate her from the ground up: the line of her calves, the slim curves of her thighs, the swell of her hips and her perfect ass. He leaned against the building and observed.

She surveyed the course she'd laid out and then carefully pulled back her hair, tying it away from her face. As soon as she began to move about the lot, it became obvious that this was her playground, her own private gym. She moved from object to object: a vault, a climb, a wall run, a cartwheel, a flip; running the same drill over and over until the moves looked almost offhand and casual. She finally paused and sucked in a couple of breaths. Sebastian could almost feel the pump of her blood and the acceleration of her heartbeat. Then she grinned: an uncomplicated smile of pride and endorphins. Giddy she flipped into an exuberant handstand.

And he hopped her. Could help it. Couldn't hold back. Didn't want to hold back. Sebastian felt his essence shatter and reform, filling the girl's body and overtaking her. He felt the racing awareness of her breathing, her heartbeat, her limbs. Felt the strength of his new arms that held him perfectly upright in the handstand. The grin was still on her face and Sebastian felt it widen as he took complete control.

He flipped her down, felt the unfamiliar jiggle of her boobs as she landed, contained in a sports bra

but bouncing just a little all the same. He glanced down, watched the rise and fall of her panting chest.

Sebastian got control of her body almost instantly; her memories took a few seconds more, arriving in a chronological stream. Growing up in a small town in Central California, the rural grind of low incomes and low expectations. Family trips to the discount store, the welfare office and the family courts. Awkward tween years. A birthday at Disneyland. The fifth and final departure of her father. The teen year. The discovery of boys, rebellion, ambition. The year-by-year development of her body and her beauty... and the year-by-year rise through the ranks in the high school social scene. Her place in the town hierarchy undisputed: the friendliest, nicest, prettiest girl in town. The girl most likely to succeed. Graduation. A move to LA. Hopes and dreams of stardom and ambition and exuberance bundled into her crappy car and driven south. The sinking discovery that everyone in LA was the prettiest girl in their town...and that they were all at the same auditions. Poverty, rejection and resilience. A refusal to let the city make her cold and brittle. Discovery of free running, of friends, of a community of under-employed actors and stunt artists who ran the parkour scene at the LA River. Parties and parkour. Poverty and passion. A crappy waitressing job to pay the bills. Years passing. No direction, no compass, no plan.

He could feel the memories swirl and could feel the effect they had on his new body: the tough childhood and the lack of direction wearing it down. And then he felt the pushback, felt the flare of physical determination that this girl possessed. This body wanted to move. It wanted to burn away the flood of old hurt and new doubts. It wanted action.

Sebastian eyed the solid metal barrier that blocked the main exit from the parking lot. It was about waist-height on his new body. Not pausing to doubt, he headed for the barrier at full speed and felt his body spring over it—a pop vault: his new memories supplied him with the term—and landed on the other side. He hit the ground running, feet pounding the sidewalk, arms pumping, pace completely unchecked.

He ran down the block and around a corner, arriving at another one of downtown's ubiquitous parking lots. Running past, he did notice one point of distinction though: a brick wall, chest-high, inches wide and calling to his new body. Spying a convenient launching block, he jumped, landing on top of the wall with arms out and perfect balance. He had an audience now: a group of guys sitting on the front steps on the apartment building opposite. He'd heard the random whoops of surprise when he'd jumped onto the wall but now—as he ran along the wall and got closer to them, as they clearly saw details of the girl's body: her perfectly toned arms, her biteable ass and her taut thighs encased in lycra—the audience appreciation changed note. The whoops turned to whistles and catcalls.

One guy yelled out, “Hey baby. Show us what else you got.”

Sebastian reached the end of the wall and jumped, somersaulting through the air and landing cat-like on the sidewalk. For a second he paused, adrenaline coursing through his veins, as he looked back the narrow wall he'd just run along. But standing still was clearly a mistake; his audience (four guys with beer and leers) was just across the road.

One of the guys called out, “Let's see that move again, sweet thing. I wanna see those titties bounce.” He turned back to his friends, “How much do ya wanna bet that one can bend all kinds of ways.”

“Oh hell yeah,” another guy agreed. He stood and called across the street. “Come on, baby, give us a demo. Let's see your moves.”

Sebastian grinned. This girl, this body – she didn't back down from a challenge. He looked up, across the street and met the guy's eye. Peering through his new lashes, he said coyly, “You wanna see my moves?”

“Yeah, show me your tricks, girl.” The dude smirked and added, “Show me everything.”

Sebastian moved slowly, placing two hands on the sidewalk and pushing into a handstand, legs straight and toes pointed at the sky. His audience hooted in appreciation as he gradually spread the girl’s legs open wide and angled them to the side. Languidly, he lifted one hand and extended her arm in a perfectly controlled one-arm handstand. As the guys’ jaws dropped, he raised one finger and flipped them off.

Back on his feet, he gave them one last smirk and took off running. This body, he realized, was something special. He accelerated, pushed the limits and felt the body respond. He ran to her apartment, through the newly gentrified areas of downtown and into the squalor, upstairs to her grubby loft.

Feeling her body move from the inside, listening to her breath, wiping my sweaty brow, the scent of her sweat...it all drove Sebastian crazy. As soon as he closed the door to her apartment he lost his mind with desire. He had to touch himself *right now*. He ripped off the lycra top, freeing his wonderful tits. He grabbed them and squeezed; they were hot, lightly slick with sweat and deliciously firm. His fingers circled around and around his areolae, pinching her nipples until they stood out erect and electricity pulsed through her agile form, emanating from between his legs. He looked down at his new body, watching as he made her own fingers fondle her perfect tits.

He leaned his back against the door, sliding down until his padded butt was on the floor, his legs spread and his knees up in the air as pleasure pulsed through him. He pressed her fingers into the lycra fabric, into her pussy, feeling her swollen clit even underneath his clothes. His body lit up as he landed on it and he moaned.

Still squeezing one tit he rubbed his clit vigorously with his other hand, desperate for release, needing to be force the orgasm out and then suddenly he came, crying out in her wonderful voice as his body convulsed happily around him. His fingers clamped onto his nipple while he rubbed his clit furiously, urging the bolt of pleasure to continue circling through his feminine form. Her pleasure blasted through him, filling every inch of his body.

When he felt her coming down he pressed harder inside himself. His fingers were sopping wet from his own lust, his nipple aching but still he needed more. The second orgasm was even more intense, doubled by the sound of his beautiful voice crying out, and his new point of view as he gaped down at his athletic body. Pulse after pulse buzzed through him until he was out of breath and lying on the cool floor. He didn't remember lying down, didn't remember anything except the white hot blast of pleasure. He lay there, recovering for a little while.

Finally catching his breath, Sebastian glanced around the tiny apartment. It was a loft with two small windows looking out over an alley. At one end of the room was a grimy kitchenette and the other end had a minuscule bathroom with cracked lemon-yellow tiles and a dripping shower. It was spartan: a bed, a table, a chest of drawers and a couple of chairs were the only furniture. He moved to the table, absently fondling his still naked breasts. The crotch of his pants was damp with his own lust and it brushed against his solid thighs as he walked. It was pleasant, a constant reminder of the new pussy he had.

Her desk was covered in junk that told a clear story: bills, paystubs from a crappy waitressing job, scripts, call sheets for auditions... more bills. The girl—Layla, he noted from the top of an overdue electricity bill—was like so many who turned up in LA dreaming of fame and then languishing when faced with the harsh reality of life as a unemployed actor.

And, attuned to her emotions and memories, Sebastian could sense immediately that Layla was missing the passion for acting, for fame, for success that was essential to succeeding in Hollywood. She wasn't a girl who wanted to act because acting was a fire burning in her soul; she was a girl who wanted to act because it seemed like the sort of thing she could do, because people in her small

town had always told her she was 'pretty enough to be on TV', because it was a fun idea.

But three years after arriving LA, it was no longer fun. She was more than ready to let the acting go. She wanted more than failed auditions, this crappy apartment and her soul-numbing job at the restaurant. So she'd applied for the job at Sebastian's company, probably thought the Local Hire Scheme gave her a chance. Sebastian was in a position to know that she didn't have a hope in hell. Her resume was currently sitting in the office dumpster.

Sebastian mentally reviewed her resume and realized that this crappy apartment was probably where she would stay. She had no education, no experience, no real hope of job beyond the low-paid one she had. Unless, of course, someone helped her.

He paused, surprised by his own train of thought. He never got attached to the bodies he hopped. They were simply vessels, their lives no longer his concern when he left them... but there was something special about this one. Maybe it was simply the way she moved, the hidden strength and talent inside her. Maybe it was her streak of defiance and resilience. Maybe it was her brand of bravery, her willingness to throw herself up wall and over barriers. And yet, it was so easy for a casual observer to overlook her strengths; *he'd* overlooked them at first. But, from the second he'd got inside her, he knew she was extraordinary. And she deserved more than this feeble life.

He opened her laptop and logged into his own company email, a plan forming as he typed. He shot Sally an email:

*Sal,*

*Was going through the assistant resumes again and thought we should give at least one more candidate—maybe someone from left field—a chance to impress. The Local Hire Scheme is all about opening doors, so I want to make sure we're truly supporting the community, not just cherry picking the best of the bunch. Throw that Layla girl onto the interview list.*

*I won't make it into the office tomorrow... few things to do.*

*Sebastian*

There were still some hoops Layla needed to jump through but he didn't mind guiding her through them. Smiling, he closed his email and brought up Layla's browser. Checking her browser history, his grin grew. Looked like Layla got off a lot. Not that he could blame her, with the force of the orgasms he'd had inside her body, he'd masturbate as much as he could if he was her. And he was.

He clicked to one of the videos. It was a threesome; two muscular guys and a tiny blonde girl. Sebastian brought the laptop over to Layla's couch and made himself comfortable, then hit play on the video. The two guys were going to town on the girl, forcing her head down to swallow one thick cock while the other guy plugged her from behind. Her ass rippled each time the guy slammed into her from behind. *Mmm*. As Sebastian watched, Layla's body began to warm again and a stray thought entered his mind. Smiling he got up and quickly went to her chest of drawers, pulling out a rather large, black dildo hidden deep in the bottom one. It was made of hard rubber and he knew from her thoughts how good it would feel inside him. He returned to the couch, eager to try out her toy.

Sebastian slipped his shorts off and gazed down at his naked body, enjoying the site of Layla's athletic form and perfect breasts framing her trimmed pussy. He leaned back and propped his legs up on the coffee table, then spread his new pussy with the fingers of one hand, gazing into his glistening pink folds as the porno played in the background. Layla's body was so beautiful, so firm; he enjoyed just looking at it, watching her move from inside, feeling every muscle, every inch of skin.

As the two guys on the video switched positions to both get behind the tiny blonde, Sebastian

gripped the dildo in one hand and slipped the tip gently inside himself. He shivered in delight as the hard rubber pressed against his pussy. He dipped it down into his dew and dragged the wetness back up against his clit. The faux head of the dildo bumping against him made him bite his lip and moan. Sebastian looked back and forth from the video to the manipulation of his new body. The two guys were behind the girl now, one underneath with his cock in her pussy, the other standing over them fucking her asshole. Sebastian pushed the dildo deeper inside his quaking body, withdrawing it and seeing it slick with his own juices.

Sebastian's body wriggled and another moan escaped his lips as he watched the girl in the video get taken. Layla's thoughts drifted into his mind, her curiosity to be pounded like that, to be taken in her virginal asshole. Sebastian sank deeper into the couch, his knees in the air, sliding down until his ass was hanging in the air off the cushions. He guided the dildo down between his legs, to his tight asshole. He pressed the head of the dildo against his puckered hole, his body throbbing with anticipation. He spread his legs wide and slowly worked the dildo inside his asshole, gasping as the pleasure flared through him. It was so tight, painful but unleashing so much more pleasure.

His other hand slipped into his clit and he rubbed himself as he sank the black dildo deeper into his form, inch by inch. His ass was so full, the pleasure unbearable and he came, clenching his cunt around his fingers, his ass around the dildo as he cried out, moaning uncontrollably. Sebastian continued shoving the dildo in and out of his ass, fucking himself along with the threesome in the video, the girl's cries of pleasure mingling with Layla's own until he came hard again, a blinding, delirious pleasure and he screamed, his voice high pitch and desperate as he fucked himself hard, rubbing his clit faster and faster as he slammed the dildo inside him. He crested and came again and again, each time more powerful than the last, each time loosening his body so he could slip deeper and deeper inside until he was completely full, his ass and his cunt, and he came for the final time, rocking back and forth, curling up on the couch and fucking himself senseless.

When he finally came down he was lying in a puddle of his own lust, dripping down his thighs. He ached wonderfully, his ass throbbed, his hands were sticky with himself. He pulled the dildo out of Layla's ass and dropped it to the floor; he didn't have enough strength to do anything else but lie on the couch, recovering for some time.

Sebastian definitely wanted more of her, and there was a sure way to get it.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night he left Layla, sated and sleepy, in her apartment and hopped back into his own form. The next afternoon he returned to Layla's, removed his credit card from his wallet and slid it under her door. The he knocked on the door and hopped her again when he heard her walking down the hall. She had a note in her hand: *Sebastian Mitchell Developments. I am*. Clearly she'd been called and asked to come in for the interview tomorrow. Sebastian grabbed the credit card and headed out the door.

Sebastian had spent the previous night planning. Getting Layla through the interview process and securing the job for her was not going to be easy. On paper she was clearly the least qualified candidate, her only shot was to dazzle in the interview and therein lay the hitch. The interview was a panel and he wasn't on it. It was instead made up of Sally, the guy from the PR department who came up with the Local Hire Scheme, and the company Office Manager. They would send their choice to Sebastian for final approval. His task was clear: to make Layla not just a viable candidate but the obvious choice. Step one in the process was this afternoon's task. He headed for Layla's crappy Hyundai.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sebastian stood in front of the changing room mirror and studied his reflection: pencil skirt that cinched in around Layla's tiny waist and curved over her hips and ass and a silky shirt with buttons

that opened just enough to reveal the merest hint of the curves at the top of her breasts. The woman in the mirror looked back at him and smiled – she was smart, capable and professional with an undercurrent of something more—something subtle and sexy—just below the surface.

He had an interview outfit. Everything else he bought was pure indulgence. Layla didn't need the lingerie he bought her or either of the two dresses. She didn't need the stiletto heels but he bought them all the same. The stop at Lulumon he deemed a necessity: the girl's body wanted to move, it deserved workout gear that let it shine. He left the store dressed in new black run tights and a hot pink razorback top, and headed for the river.

Sebastian parked her car on a side street and walked down to South Santa Fe Avenue where there was tunnel that provided easy access to the river. Some of Layla's regular crew were already there: Jesse – stoner and crew videographer, Megan – the token other girl, and Chris – a martial artist and stuntman who just started free running but had taken to it like a duck to water.

Layla's body thrummed with energy – about half of it the anticipated challenge of this section of the river; the other half, Sebastian realized, the quickening of her pulse on seeing Chris. Layla's brain and body kicked up a rapid-fire flurry of memories and sensations: little flirty moments between them and coy looks and barely disguised, frustrated need.

He looked over and caught Chris' eyes running over Layla's new clothes, lingering on the swell of her boobs under her skintight tank.

Clearly realizing he'd been caught staring, Chris tried to cover. "Umm, new gear?"

Sebastian stretched. "Yeah, wanted to be free to move, you know."

Chris swallowed, eyes now glued to her body. "Right, yeah."

They got a solid hour in the river before security arrived; an hour of pace and precision, mimicking and showing off, encouraging and pushing each other to try for different vaults, tougher combos. Every one of them was hot, sweaty and panting when they got kicked out: a warning today not a citation. Jesse and Megan headed down East 6<sup>th</sup> Street. Chris held back and turned to Layla.

"You wanna hang? Go somewhere?"

They made plans to go to a nearby bar, but only made it as far as Layla's car.

"So how do--" Chris began, grabbing the passenger seatbelt and pulling it cross his body.

Sebastian couldn't control himself. His lips found Chris' and then his tongue was inside Chris' mouth. There was a loud clunk as the seatbelt was pulled back into its holder and then Chris' hands were on Layla's body, flares of desire shooting straight into Sebastian's pussy from wherever Chris touched him. Sebastian tasted Chris' heady, masculine scent as Layla's tiny nose pressed against Chris' cheek.

Sebastian straddled Chris, struggling to get Layla's body over into the passenger seat in her small car. He finally made it, his knees on either side of Chris as he grinded Layla's pussy against the bulge straining beneath Chris' pants while they continue kissing. They were ravenous for each other, their kisses all consuming. Layla's body was on fire as Sebastian squeezed Chris' solid arms and sucked on his tongue.

Chris' hands were on Layla's breast, followed by his hot breath through the fabric of Layla's lightweight top. Sebastian fumbled between his legs for Chris' pants, unzipping them and freeing the yearning cock. Sebastian smiled as he grasped the hot shaft in Layla's hands. He fumbled for his own pants, twisting his body to pull the tight-fitting fabric down enough so that he could press the head of Chris' cock against Layla's dripping pussy. He guided Chris towards him, pushing his panties to one side and angling Chris' cock into his waiting cunt. The pressure built, built and then

Sebastian gasped into Chris' mouth as Chris entered him.

Sebastian felt Chris' cock sliding inside, filling Layla's body. He sank down, welcoming Chris inside, hungry for more. Sebastian slowly shifted up and down, driving Chris' cock in and out of Layla's soaking wet cunt. Sebastian pulled away from Chris, throwing his head back and grasping Chris' thick arms as he rode Chris' magnificent cock. Up and down he went, stopping when he felt Chris was just on the precipice. Sebastian wanted to enjoy this, wanted it to last, *needed* it to last. Goddamn, Layla was so horny and Chris felt so perfect inside her.

Sebastian slid Layla's hands down to her pussy, his fingers sliding against the coarse hair of her pubes and sinking inside her slit. He pressed against his clit, rubbing fiercely as he continued fucking Chris. His whole body was on fire and yet he needed more. His fingers quickly grew slick with his desire and he felt Chris' cock pounding into him, the hard shaft sliding in and out just below his fingers.

Layla's voice cried out from Sebastian's lips, her voice rising in pitch as Chris thrust inside him, driving deeper, deeper, and then Sebastian came. Layla's body shook hard and Sebastian moaned, driving himself down, trying to fill his lithe body with Chris as Sebastian's fingers flew cross his swollen clit, pleasuring himself every way he could. Chris grunted with him and Sebastian felt the cock twitch inside him, shooting Layla's body full of Chris' hot seed as they came, riding wildly, their pleasure bound together in shared ecstasy.

When Layla's head cleared and Sebastian could feel his body once again, he looked down at Chris and traced a slender finger across his handsome, smiling face. From Layla's thoughts, Sebastian didn't think she'd have ever done that, even as desperately as she wanted to.

*You're welcome, Layla,* Sebastian thought, as he felt a trickle of Chris' seed spill down his thigh.

Information is power and Sebastian had all the information he needed. On the day of the interview, he hopped Layla's body in the elevator and walked her into the interview with an air of quiet confidence.

He knew that the Office Manager wanted an applicant with proven administrative talents. So, when asked, Layla reeled off her extensive knowledge of the dozen programs they used in the office.

Sebastian knew that Steve from PR wanted a success story he could market: he wanted the uplifting tale of a bright, young thing finding a place in a community-minded local business. He wanted a poster child they could hold up to show that the yuppies weren't pillaging the city for their own gain.

So when Steve asked Layla, "Tell me about your ties to downtown." Sebastian beamed Layla's sweet smile at him and talked about necessary revitalization and her deep connection to the community. She mentioned longstanding ties and renewed energy in existing urban areas.

Sebastian watched as Steve's attention bounced appreciatively between the perfection of Layla's answer and the perfect hint of breast that was visible as she leaned discretely towards him.

He knew Sally wanted a self-starter, someone to whom she could delegate, someone she could trust to handle Sebastian's erratic working day... not to mention the sudden, frequent absences. In response to questioning, Layla hit every one of Sally's buzzwords: flexibility, adaptability, resilience; displaying exactly the right balance of independence and malleability to appeal to Sally.

Steve, clearly already smitten, chipped in another question about local knowledge and Layla launched into details about the undervalued work of local graffiti artists, the undeveloped architectural beauty of the warehouses by the river and her support of various programs currently assisting the area's homeless.

Layla smiled at the panel, relaxed and open. The panel beamed back, they had nothing more to ask. They had their recommendation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later, Sebastian leaned back in his chair, the sounds of the office wrapping up for the day in the background. Sally was running through the next day's schedule: "Nothing too arduous tomorrow: a meeting with PR at 2:30, a site visit at 4 and drinks with Marcus Cohen at 6." She headed for the door. "Oh, and wanted me to keep an eye out for opportunities for Ben Petrov."

"Who?"

"The guy Layla beat out for the job."

"Remind me about him."

Sally leaned against the doorjamb. "Local kid, nineteen-years-old and smart as hell."

Sebastian felt the slight jab of guilt, the kid sounded like he deserved a chance. "You found him

something?”

“There’s an internship in Sales, couple of days a week. Unpaid but it’s a start.”

Sebastian nodded, and then called her back as she started to close the door, “Sal.”

“Yeah.” Her head popped back round the door.

“Make it a paid internship. Kid sounds like he’s worth investing in.”

“You got it.” She closed the door.

Conscience salved, Sebastian turned and enjoyed his view out his office door. Layla was at her desk in the office adjoining his, separated by a giant pane of frosted glass. Her long hair was twisted up and secured with a pen, her fingers tapping at the keyboard, her expression fixed and focused. The only sign that she was anything other than the perfect, passive employee was her bouncing leg: a subtle tell that her body was longing to move and run and throw herself over buildings.

She was actually proving to be a good hire: smart, energetic and eager to learn. She made up for her lack of experience with a willingness to push herself and a desire for new skills. It was same dedication she gave to mastering a double kong vault... just directed at the office filing system.

Sebastian grinned and called, “Layla, you can take off for the day.”

Her smiling face appeared at the doorway. “Thanks, boss.” She slid the door closed.

Muscle memory was a beautiful thing. It let Layla scale 10-foot walks and balance on the narrowest ledge. It also had her following the same pattern every night: close the door, grab her workout gear from her bag and get changed for her jog home. Sebastian watched her silhouette through the glass, watched her pull her shirt over her head and unclip her bra. He watched her shimmy out of her skirt and pull on her running shorts. He watched her sleek, pink outline move on the other side of the glass, watched her bend to grab her sports bra from her bag on the floor.

And he hopped her.

The hops were so fluid now, instantaneous and smooth from daily practice. He was in her before she’d even straightened up. He looked down at her perky tits, nipples hardening under the cold office A/C. He gave them a quick squeeze before sliding a hand slowly down her body to her pussy, already warming at his anticipation.

Her jog could wait.

###

## Demon Seed

Jay stared out the car window sullenly from the rear seat as his mom—technically *stepmom*—drove them slowly up the winding mountain pass. Jay's sister—technically *stepsister*—Chelsea, sat up front. She had earbuds in and was bopping her head along with whatever she was listening to. Jay could only hear a little of the tinny music but it sounded like some sort of crappy pop tune. Chelsea swept her long, black hair behind one ear as she, too, stared out the window. Every now and then she'd press her face against the window, bouncing in her seat and staring out for any sign of the cabins.

Chelsea was more excited about this family get-together-weekend thing than Jay was. After all, she had three female cousins roughly her own age to hang out with. Jay just had himself and the grown ups. His stepmom's brother, Roger, and his Indian wife, Prisha, were okay. They were professors and at least they were occasionally interesting. Their daughter, Anaya, was a bookworm who rarely talked. When she did, it was usually to offer some weird statistic or bit of trivia. Jay's aunt, Bethany, and her husband, Roger, were high maintenance pains in the ass with two daughters. Their adopted daughter, Allison, had somehow inherited their snobbishness. Bethany would often tell “cute” stories about how Allison playfully picked on her fellow cheerleaders, but to Jay it seemed as though his aunt was trying to put a funny spin on Allison's bitchiness. Bethany's actual daughter, Kendra, on the other hand was so laid back as to be almost comatose. She had “stoner hippy chic” written all over her. Copious amounts of weed was probably the only way she could deal with her uptight parents. It was hard to believe that Kendra was theirs and Allison was not. Jay thought it was so clearly be the other way around and wondered whether his aunt and uncle were lying about who was adopted.

Jay sighed and looked down at his phone. The signal was long gone and not likely to come back. Great. Not only was he stuck with his annoying cousins, but he had no cell phone reception. He hoped the cabins had wi-fi, otherwise he was going to miss out on the new map of Fortnite.

Jay leaned his head against the window and stared off into space as the scenery blurred past. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Chelsea's face in profile. She had a tiny, perfectly upturned nose, striking dark eyebrows and a petite body. She often wore skirts and a crop top that showed off the light swell of her breasts and her perfectly toned stomach, a result of her constant workouts as part of the school's cheerleading squad. Jay's friends always wanted to hang out at his house for a chance to gawk at Chelsea.

Chelsea had definitely gotten her mom's dark, Russian looks, while Jay had grown as lean and gawky as his Irish dad. His awkward appearance was the only thing Jay's dad had left his son before disappearing out to Montana with his new girlfriend. Ironically, Jay's stepmom turned out to be the much more loving, caring parent and had raised him herself since he was three years old. Jay even called her mom, having long ago dropped the -step part. Jay's dad *did* stalk him online, and every now and then would comment on a post of Jay's. Probably to try to pretend he was still in his son's life in some minuscule way.

The song on the car radio finally lost the battle with the static and Jay's stepmom, Meghan, reached over to switch it off. In old photographs, Chelsea did look astonishingly like her mom. Except

Meghan had bigger breasts. Whenever Jay used to look at those old pictures of his stepmom he felt a little uncomfortable being so attracted to the woman in the photographs. His mind knew who it was but his body didn't care. The woman in those pictures was sexy, with dark features that stood out against her pale skin, enticing green eyes and a magnificent body with deep, beautiful cleavage shoved into a variety of dresses and tight athletic tops. Not that his mom wasn't attractive now—as more than one of Jay's friends had commented. And, technically, she was his *stepmom*, though he was so familiar with her that that didn't make it any less uncomfortable. Jay's mom had filled out a little since those pictures were taken. Her angular Russian features had plumped out slightly, as had her thighs and, impossibly, her breasts. Jay didn't like to think about his stepmom's body but his friends sure did.

Meghan looked back at Jay through the rear view mirror and arched one of her slender eyebrows. “You holding up okay back there?”

Jay nodded. He sometimes got carsick, particularly up long, winding roads. Particularly when faced with the prospect of a weekend of utter boredom.

“I see it!” Chelsea squealed from the front seat, pointing to a sign they were approaching.

#### HUNTLEY CABINS – LEFT

There was also a helpful arrow pointing left, in case someone had managed to get this far up the mountain without being able to understand simple directions.

Meghan turned down the gravel path. The forest reached in from all sides, creating a tunnel of greenery with just enough space for their car. After a few minutes it opened out into sparser woods that had been cleared back from the road. Two simple houses stood opposite each other, each two stories high and looking like mirror images of each other. They were a bit shabby looking and decorated in a rustic wood facade. They were called cabins, but were more like simple houses. Really simple houses.

As the car pulled up, the screen door of the one on the left burst open and three young women rushed out with shouts of joy. Chelsea was out of the car before it had come to a full stop and eagerly ran to embrace her cousins.

“Chelsea!” Yelled Jay's stepmom, hitting the brakes.

Meghan sighed and put the car in park just as the other cabin door opened and Jay's aunt and uncle came ambling out, along with their spouses. Meghan hopped out of the car, placing her hands on her waist and thrusting her chest out to stretch out her back before embracing her siblings. Jay got out much more slowly and leaned against the car, watching as his sister and cousins squawked like chickens.

Anaya was the youngest of the group and hung back a little from the other girls. Jay noticed she was still the quiet one, but she'd certainly grown—and filled out—since he'd last seen her. She was a gorgeous mix of her white dad and Indian mom, with smooth, coffee colored skin. Her eyebrows were dark and thin, curving beautifully over her dark eyes and delicate, rounded nose. Anaya had let her hair grow out, the long black curls falling down her shoulders in waves. She wore a purple t-shirt with some sort of physics joke emblazoned on it (“Never trust an atom, they make up everything.”) and loose fitting jeans. She wasn't showy about her body like her two oldest cousins, opting to wear a loose fitting t-shirt that didn't completely hide the gentle swell of her breasts. After embracing Chelsea, Anaya hung back and smiled as the others talked, occasionally glancing at Jay with her dark eyes as if she wanted to come say hi to him but wasn't sure if she was allowed.

Allison and Kendra were fawning over Chelsea and making her twirl around to show off her new outfit. Kendra tucked her waves of fiery red hair behind her ears as she slowly circled her cousin, her big breasts held tightly beneath her gray sweatshirt. Kendra never did anything quickly. She

acted as if she had all the time in the world. Jay didn't know if she was actually stoned all the time or if she just seemed that way.

Allison, on the other hand, matched Chelsea's manic energy. It sort of explained why they were both cheerleaders at their respective universities. But where Chelsea had a cute, girl-next-door look about her and an innocent naivety, Allison was a stone-cold hottie. She was an intense looking blonde, with dark eyebrows, and an expressive face with deep blue eyes that would make guys kill for her and she knew it. She was wearing a backless top tied by a thin string around her neck. It tapered down her beautiful body, revealing her perky breasts whenever she moved. Allison was quick witted, but she used it to cut people down. Definitely the mean girl, she also knew how to play the grownups so they didn't suspect a thing. Jay had been ashamed to picture her in his mind several times when he'd taken himself in hand, imagining himself thrusting into her as *he* made *her* beg for it. Ashamed, but he'd finished nonetheless. They may not have been directly related, but they were still his cousins.

Allison looked over at Jay, as if just noticing him.

“Jaaay!” She cried theatrically, calling attention to herself as she spread her arms for a big hug.

She wrapped her arms around him and squeezed. Jay could feel her small, firm tits pressing into his chest and he hugged her back, his hand landing on the warm, smooth skin of her bare back, which didn't help his struggle to contain his erection. When Allison released him, Kendra followed suit and came in for a hug. She had even bigger, rounder breasts and Jay felt their warmth press against him. When she let go Anaya came up, standing on tiptoes to give him a hug. She was the runt of the litter, thinner and shorter than the others, but cute in a harmless sort of way. By now Jay had an insistent hard-on and tried to lean his body away so Anaya couldn't feel it.

Just when Jay thought he'd successfully escaped without embarrassment, his stepmom led his aunts and uncles around the car towards him.

“Jay, you remember Paul and Mary, and Bethany and Roger?” Meghan said, introducing each one in turn.

“Hey, Jay. Man, you've gotten huge!” Roger said as he gripped Jay's hand, crushing it in his grip. Roger was one of those people who shook hands as if it was a competition. When Roger let go of his hand Paul took it and gave it a soft shake. He was followed by his wife, Prisha, a petite, Indian woman with a friendly smile. She hugged Jay and her long dark hair brushed against Jay's nose and he caught a whiff of exotic spices. Jay didn't think he'd be able to hide his erection much longer if this all kept up.

Jay tried to offer his hand to his aunt, Bethany, but she pushed it away playfully and wrapped him in yet another hug. Jay realized where Kendra had gotten her pillowy breasts from and he again edged his lower half away to conceal his erection.

When all the greetings had been dispensed with, Jay and his family of new arrivals unloaded their belongings from the car. Jay, unsurprisingly, was staying in the “kids” cabin, despite the fact that none of them could rightfully—or even legally, for that matter—be considered kids. They might as well just call it the girls cabin, because they'd be dominating it for the long weekend.

Jay lugged his suitcase up the wooden steps and through the front door. The place was more of a house than a true log cabin, with a small living room and kitchen on the ground floor and three bedrooms upstairs. Jay would have his own room while the others would share.

Jay hauled his suitcase upstairs and peeked into the rooms as he passed. The girls had already made their beds with their own sheets. Their patterns corresponding to the girls' various personalities: Kendra's was sloppily made with sheets in an army fatigue pattern, probably borrowed from a friend. Allison's sheets were covered with pink fluffy clouds. Anaya's were neatly tucked and bore a

crisp, abstract pattern in black, white and red. Jay found the smallest room with the single bed and slung his bag on the floor before hastily setting his plain, white sheets out on the mattress.

By the time Jay came back down his stepsister and cousins had draped themselves across the living room and were loudly arguing about boys and clothes. Chelsea was lying upside down on the couch with her feet in the air and her dark hair hanging down to the floor. Allison lay on the floor in front of her, her arms crossed behind her head as she did elaborate leg stretches in the air.

Allison was definitely the leader of the pack. Whenever Kendra or Anaya would chime in Allison would quickly shut them down. Chelsea seemed to be able to say whatever she wanted, though Jay didn't know whether that was because Allison didn't know her as well or whether it was because Chelsea, like Allison, was clearly a popular cheerleader. Kendra didn't seem to care whether she was involved in the conversation. She had an aloof smile on her broad lips as she fiddled with her curly, red locks, lost in her own world.

Anaya was the youngest and was eager to be involved in the conversation to demonstrate her maturity to her two older cousins. Problem was, she clearly wasn't interested in either boys *or* clothes. She leaned forward on the couch, her eyes bright, ready to jump in should the conversation ever shift from the best hairstyles for thin faces to the species of bug most suited for climate change.

Jay passed through their prattle and out the front door. Being stranded in the car with his stepmom and stepsister for four hours was bad enough but having to share a cabin for three days with vapid girls was even worse. It would have been better if they had any shared interests in common or had spent much time together over the years, but they were all so different they might as well be strangers.

Jay stuck his hands deep in his pockets and trudged out into the woods, following what looked like an overgrown trail. As he walked, lost in grumpy thoughts, the trail petered out and towering trees soon blocked out most of the summer sun. Thin branches and sharp nettles soon blocked his path and when a branch whipped across his face it brought Jay back to reality and he looked around him. Had he gone off the trail?

Jay paused. The sky was almost entirely blocked by trees and it was eerily quiet. The only sounds were his own footsteps crunching through the undergrowth as he turned to try to find the way he'd come from. He didn't see any sign of the trail. He began to panic, walking first one way then the other. Nothing looked familiar. He always heard stories of people who got lost in the woods, usually idiots who'd gone off the trail. Jay just never thought *he'd* be one of those idiots. He turned once more, took a panicky step and tripped over something hidden in the leaves.

Looking down towards his feet he saw a strange glimmer in the grass poking out from beneath a tangle of dead leaves and branches. He sat up and pulled the debris away. Beneath was what looked like a crudely carved stone hand protruding from a thick base that disappeared beneath the ground. In the stone hand's grasp was a large, worn crystal. It was slightly reddish in color and thickly marked with deep scrapes and divots.

Jay grabbed the crystal and tried pulling it out from the stone fingers' grip. There was some resistance, but it came loose with a little jiggling. He held it in his hand and examined it. The crystal was a rectangular cube about the length of his palm and it was warm to the touch. As he was

examining it he became aware of a presence nearby and looked up sharply. There was a faint figure of a woman standing over him.

She was tall and pale, with wide hips and firm breasts hidden beneath a tight, red leather corset. Her legs were long and firm, her thighs smooth and inviting. As Jay watched, a slender red devil's tail flicked out from behind her. She had a narrow angular face, wide set red eyes with snake-like black pupils and dangerous looking white teeth. She flicked her head to the side, sending her jet black hair waving across her back as she stared down at Jay with a hunger in her serpentine eyes.

“Thank you for freeing me, Master.” Her voice was luxurious and husky, oozing with sexuality.

Jay scrambled back against a tree as she took a step closer. She was terrifying and alluring even with hardly any physical presence. Jay could see through her body to the trees behind, and her step didn't make an impression on the dead leaves.

“Wh-what are you?”

“I am a demon,” she replied, “I thought the tail would have been a dead giveaway.”

Her tail flicked around her thighs once for emphasis, and brushed across her skin, hinting at deep desires.

“What do you want?” Jay asked.

“What do *you* want, Master?” She asked, kneeling in front of him. “My name is Nadjal and I serve the one who holds the crystal.”

Despite her odd serpentine eyes she was the most gorgeous woman Jay had ever seen. Certainly the most sexual.

“Nadjal? You- you serve me?”

She nodded. Jay slowly got to his feet and Nadjal remained on her knee, following him with her eyes.

“How?”

“I can possess females...and make them obey your commands.”

“What about men?”

“Men will obey me when I am female. They cannot resist.” Again her tail flicked out and slid sensually across her breasts.

She continued: “You just need to touch someone with the crystal and I will enter them. I have been trapped for untold eons and my power is weak, but with much use it will become strong.”

She flickered from view from an instant and when she returned Jay thought he saw a spasm of pain cross her face.

“I must return to the crystal. But if you put me in a body we can grow my power together, so I may serve you.”

Before Jay could say anything else the demon disappeared.

Faintly, in the distance he heard someone calling his name. He pocketed the crystal and called back.

“Over here.” He yelled.

By calling back and forth Jay eventually made his way back to the path, where he found his stepmom waiting for him.

“Where the hell did you go? You had me worried sick!” Meghan cried, as she picked twigs and leaves off his shirt.

“Geez, chill, mom.”

“Don't tell me to chill. Don't you ever go off in the woods without telling anyone. You understand?” Her brow furrowed in anger.

“Yeah, yeah.”

“This is serious, young man.”

“I'm legally an adult mom, I can go off and get lost in the woods if I want. Anyway, I found this.”

He pulled the crystal out of his pocket and touched it to his stepmom's bare arm. She jolted slightly, as though from a static shock. Her anger evaporated instantly.

“Master...” It was his stepmom's voice, but she seemed to be straining with effort. “What is...your wish?”

“Nadjal?”

She nodded.

“I can make mom do anything?” Jay asked.

“I cannot...do anything...she would not...yet.”

“Hmmm...what about?...Jump up and down.”

His stepmom obediently started jumping up and down, her long black hair flying wildly out around her head and her large breasts bouncing with her.

“Ok, stop,” Jay grinned.

His stepmom stopped.

“Touch your nose.”

She did so.

“This is awesome! Call Chelsea a bitch.”

His stepmom's jaw struggled up and down briefly. “I...cannot. Yet.”

“Ok. Ok.” Jay was intrigued by the possibility of his new power. “Then...treat me like the favorite and treat Chelsea like shit.”

“Did I make you upset by yelling? I'm so sorry.” His stepmom said, placing a hand on Jay's shoulder and looking into his eyes. “Can you forgive me?”

She embraced him.

“Come on, do you want to have some beer? Maybe some food?” She asked, rubbing his back. “You must be so tired and cold. Poor thing.”

Meghan smiled and kissed him on the head before turning and heading back to the cabins. Jay could make his stepmom do anything: give him money, be his servant, punish Chelsea. This would be great!

In the back of his mind, Jay wondered if he could make Nadjal possess anyone else for a different kind of fun.

The rest of that day passed uneventfully. Jay kept an eye on his stepmom but she seemed unchanged, except for the fact that she seemed to be doting on him. She would fetch his drinks and clear his plate while laughing heartily at all his jokes. At the same time, she gave Chelsea the cold shoulder, practically ignoring her used-to-be-favorite child. Jay smiled as he watched her once again snub Chelsea and have to be reminded to cut her a slice of the cake for dessert.

That night, after the adults had retired to their cabin, Meghan said goodnight to her siblings and made her way upstairs to her own room. She'd felt so odd after finding Jay in the woods, sort of fidgety but slow, like she had this energy she needed to do something with but her thoughts were thick, like struggling through molasses.

Meghan slipped into a loose fitting pair of pajamas and snuggled into bed. Nadjal had only been able to loosely guide Meghan's thoughts ever since possessing her. She'd been too weak from her eons of entrapment in the crystal to do much else. But as Meghan's mind began to drift into sleep, the demon pushed forward into her body. Nadjal could sense the sexuality in Meghan's body, the way she moved, the way she spoke, even the thoughts she hid were filled with hidden sexual energy that would feed Nadjal's power if she could unleash it.

As Meghan lay on her back, Nadjal slowly guided Meghan's hand down to her chest and lay it across one of her heavy breasts. It felt so good to have a body once more, to feel the fleshy weight of her new tits beneath her fingers. Nadjal made Meghan caress herself, gliding her stolen fingers sensually around and beneath one breast. Meghan was half asleep, in that hazy state where thoughts started to collide and nothing seemed real. As her own hand caressed her tits she grew warm, stretching her legs and sighing gently as she allowed the desire to flit through her. Meghan's growing arousal fed the demon's power and Nadjal pushed herself into Meghan's other hand, bringing it to her chest as well. Nadjal pulled Meghan's top up slowly and grasped her bare breasts for the first time.

Both hands squeezed the meaty flesh gently and pulled the nipples lightly into the air before letting them snap back. Meghan's nipples grew erect at the demon's touch and a sigh escaped her lips as she stared down at herself while she fondled her sensitive tits. It was like seeing them for the first time; she'd never known how wonderful they looked and felt. An ember flared between her legs and the demon guided Meghan's hand down her soft belly to her slight mound. The demon enjoyed her new body; she felt maternal and powerful. Her mature body had birthed babies, expanded and grown, ripening and becoming softer and rounder with age. Being in the body of her master's mother would enable her power to grow exponentially.

Nadjal made Meghan's finger slide over her mound and trace her bristly pubic hair down between her legs, brushing across her slit as the lips of her pussy loosened and she grew wet for herself. She brushed her hand across the outside of her pussy, dancing across each thigh, back and forth, teasing herself but not yet dipping inside. Meghan tossed her head and spread her legs, moaning softly as she grew ever wetter with lust. She needed to penetrate herself but couldn't quite make her body obey. The desire within her was growing out of control. With Meghan's defenses down the demon forced herself further into Meghan's body while at the same time pushing Meghan slowly back into her own mind. Nadjal's dark presence spread through Meghan's soft body. Now Nadjal could control everything down to the tips of her toes. She wiggled them, delighted to finally control a physical body. She could smell Meghan's musky moistness and the force of her desire hit her. She felt gloriously alive and deliriously warm and so, so, horny.

Meghan eagerly acquiesced to the force within her that was guiding her hand down, and she

allowed her fingers to slip inside herself. She sighed lightly as her fingers finally penetrated her warm folds. Slight tendrils of Meghan's consciousness still held onto her body as Nadjal slipped two fingers inside herself. The lips of her new pussy folded over her fingers, encasing them in her own warmth. She stroked her budding clit, sending an electric current up her body that pulsed to the rhythm of her fingers. Nadjal moaned in Meghan's voice for the first time. The hand across her breast moved faster as the other sank deeper inside herself, pushing hard up against her now swollen clit. She arched her back and released a long, low moan as a gentle orgasm flashed through her. She paused to enjoy the crest of pleasure, and when it passed she slipped another finger inside herself, forcing her body onward.

Nadjal stroked her new body hard, rubbing faster as her legs writhed and she wiggled her ass into the bed, delirious with want. There was a deep itch she needed to satisfy if she could just push harder, harder., sinking deep into her wet warmth..and then she climaxed. Her hips thrust up, her eyes squeezed shut, and she clamped the hand around her heavy tit as a tremendous burst of pleasure shot through her entire body. She cried out as Meghan's orgasm filled her.

With this last gasp she pushed Meghan entirely out of her body and at last had complete control. Nadjal felt Meghan's consciousness trying to fight but it was too late. Meghan would be locked inside her own mind, forced to experience everything as the demon manipulated her body for her own pleasure.

As the orgasm evaporated Nadjal floated down to her new form. She held her hands up in the air and wiggled her fingers, laughing Meghan's sexily husky laugh. It had been too long since she'd last had a physical form and enjoyed all the pleasure that it entailed. She slipped a finger into her mouth and sucked on her new musk. She intended to multiply her power and her pleasure. And she was positive she could get Jay to help her without even understanding what he was doing.

The next morning Jay and his cousins came over to the adult's cabin for breakfast. Bethany and Roger were snuggled together on the couch, with Paul sitting in the only other chair. They were all bleary eyed, sipping large mugs of coffee and watching the news. Jay followed his cousins inside as the girls draped themselves around the room, chatting about more meaningless bullshit. Paul looked up and smiled as they all came in but Bethany kept her green eyes on the television and hid behind her mug. Her green eyes and thin, perfectly plucked eyebrows were all that were visible. Again, Jay wondered how Allison could be the adopted one when she looked so like Bethany. Maybe it was Kendra who belonged to the mailman.

“Where's mom?” Jay asked.

“She's cooking breakfast for everyone with Prisha.” Paul replied.

That was a shock. Jay's stepmom rarely made meals and when she did it was almost always out of a can. Jay wondered about the command he'd given to the demon. Was this part of treating him nicer?

Jay wandered into the kitchen. His stepmom was at the stove with his back to him. She was wearing jeans and a white spaghetti top with decorative straps down the back that revealed an inordinate amount of skin. She wiggled her wide butt back and forth, dancing to the music coming from the speakers of a CD player as she and Paul's wife, Prisha, sang along to an old Britney Spears song. Jay was even more surprised when his stepmom turned around and he saw the front of her outfit. Her top hung down and framed her heavy breasts before tucking back underneath against her stomach. It had the effect of highlighting her chest and Jay's eyes kept flitting back to the site of beautiful, deep cleavage rocking back and forth. His hormones didn't care whose tits he was looking at, as long as he was looking at someone's.

Meghan saw him looking at her chest and winked at him as she dumped a pile of eggs into a bowl. Then she turned back to Prisha and they sang the chorus to 'Baby Got Back' together, laughing like schoolgirls. Jay's stepmom smacked her sister-in-law playfully on the ass while Prisha grabbed the toast from out of the oven.

“Breakfast is ready!” Prisha called out.

Jay couldn't do much more than glance over at his stepmom during breakfast. He didn't have a chance to pull her aside and ask the demon what was going on. His stepmom was definitely acting more cheerful than usual, and were the pupils of her eyes slightly red? Other than that, Jay didn't see anything really off about her. Besides, his attention was drawn to Allison. She'd come downstairs that morning wearing a light pink spaghetti strap top and Jay could see her nipples poking out through the thin fabric whenever he looked. And he was always trying to look. Her brows seemed to be constantly furrowed in a frown, as if she couldn't stand the company of anyone in the room. God, it just made her look even hotter somehow. Allison picked at her eggs daintily. Why was someone so mean and stuck up gifted with such a hot body?

“Mmm, these are really good eggs,” Chelsea said.

And they were. The demon was definitely a better cook than Jay's stepmom. Was that part of Jay's

command? Or was that just something extra from the demon? There was definitely something more...sensual about his stepmom, besides just her clothes. Even the way she wrapped her ruby red lips around the fork and slowly slid the metal out from her mouth was sexual.

Meghan turned to Chelsea. "They've got a little bit of cream and butter in them. Don't eat too much, someone's still got to be able to lift you in the air at practice next week."

Jay smiled as Chelsea's clunked her fork down and wiped her mouth with her napkin. There was no question the demon was still following Jay's command with the way she put Chelsea in her place in front of everyone.

*Now who's the favorite?* Jay thought, shoveling the last of the eggs into his mouth.

As everyone finished up breakfast the conversation turned to the plans for today.

"Paul, isn't the waterfall supposed to be running this time of year?" Meghan asked as she carefully dabbed at her lips with a napkin.

"Oh, yeah," Paul said, pushing his glasses back up on his nose, "Yeah, there was a lot of snow this last winter so it should be magnificent."

"Sounds fun. I'm game." Roger announced. "Come on, girls."

Kendra looked over at him with hooded eyes and shrugged.

Allison sighed deeply. "Why? So we can go stare at moss?"

"It's actually lichen. And it's a very unusual species up here." Anaya chimed in.

"Sorry, I fell asleep in the middle of your sentence for a minute." Allison said, a nasty glint in her eye.

Chelsea snickered.

"Allison!" Roger hissed.

"Chelsea!" Meghan shot her a look and Chelsea wilted.

"Just for that, you're coming with us, young lady." Roger said to his daughter.

"Dad!" Allison cried.

"Good idea, Roger." Meghan added, placing a slender hand on her brother-in-law's thigh and letting it linger there. Jay saw Roger jolt slightly, his eyes flicking down to Meghan's breasts as she turned to her daughter. "The same goes for you, Chelsea."

"Mom!"

"I'd rather stay here, mom," Jay said.

"That's fine, sweetie, you do whatever you want. You deserve it." Meghan replied.

Jay shot his stepsister a grin as she frowned at him.

The girls sullenly flopped onto the couch as the rest of the adults packed some water and snacks. About twenty minutes later the group set off, leaving behind Jay, Meghan, Bethany and Kendra—who'd claimed a stomachache and had gone back to the other cabin to lie down. The last thing Jay heard before they set off was Allison grumbling about how unfair it was and Kendra was just faking anyway.

Jay sat at the kitchen table while Bethany collected the plates and began doing the dishes. Meghan

slipped up behind her and placed a hand on the small of her sister's back.

“Thanks for doing the dishes,” she whispered into her sister's ear. “Oh, you've got some fluff.”

Meghan picked a piece of fluff off of the front of Bethany's top, letting her fingers slide across the fabric of her sister's tank top just above her nipple. Her other hand never left the small of her sister's back.

“Oh, uh thanks,” Bethany said, flicking her fine, blonde hair out her eyes with a shake of her head. She seemed to be a little unnerved by her sister's caress.

“Mom?” Jay asked, “Can you come here?” He motioned out onto the back porch.

She followed him out, her hips swaying gently. She was definitely more sexual, not just in her movements and the purr of her voice. Her body seemed to have grown grown curvier, calling out for male attention. Jay had an urge to place his hand on his stepmom's ass and run it down between her crack, to slip his fingers inside her wet-- he shook his head. No. This was his stepmom he was thinking about. He glanced away to collect his thoughts.

“Nadjal?” Jay asked.

His stepmom turned her gaze on him. The pupils of her eyes had turned even more red. “Yes, master?” She reached up and slid the back of her hand gently down his cheek. Goosebumps broke out along Jay's body and his cock twitched to attention at her touch.

“You're acting strange.”

“I am sorry. I have not had a body in ages and I find it...very enjoyable.”

“Ok, well, cool it with all the touching.”

Meghan's hand dropped to her side. There was a quick flash of something...anger? Fear? And then it was gone, replaced with her appeasing look. “Yes, master.”

“Can..um...can you possess anyone?”

“Yes. I am strong enough now. I can keep control of this one and possess another.”

Jay grinned.

Meghan opened the bedroom door as she called out “Kendra?”

There was movement from the bed as Meghan entered, followed by Jay, who clutched the crystal behind his back. The curtains were drawn but the sun peeked through the sides enough to allow Jay to see his redheaded cousin lying down on the bed with her feet crossed. She had a guilty look about her, as if she'd been caught doing something she shouldn't be.

“You feeling okay?” Meghan asked.

“Yeah. Better now that I got the wi-fi working.” Kendra replied, pushing herself up from the pillows. Her breasts jiggled beneath her clingy, gray top and her eyes shifted from Meghan to Jay.

Meghan sat on the bed. “Jay got something for you.”

“Oh?” she replied.

Jay held up the red crystal. It was glowing faintly now. Kendra showed a flicker of interest, her bushy eyebrows creasing slightly.

“What's that?”

“Here, touch it.” Jay said, handing it to her.

As soon as Kendra's fingers touched the crystal there was a brief flash and the demon's consciousness was copied to Kendra's body. Kendra gasped loudly, as if drawing a deep breath after a long time underwater. She spread her arms and looked down at herself, a smile appearing on her face. Much like Meghan, Kendra's eyes took on a reddish hue. The reaction was much quicker this time. Nadjal was now strong enough to spread her essence through Kendra's body without having to lie in wait. She could feel herself as both Kendra and Meghan, knew their every thought and saw the world through their eyes.

“This one has a secret lover,” Nadjal said through Kendra's voice. She pulled the phone out from beneath the cushions. “She was having a...” the demon searched Kendra's mind for the right words and nearly got it, “...textual conversation with a female lover.”

“Kendra's a lesbian?” Jay asked.

“Yes. But don't worry, that won't stop her from pleasing you, master,” Kendra purred as she dropped the phone and grabbed her breasts with both hands.

“Let me feel,” Jay ordered.

Kendra rolled her top up over her bra, revealing the deep valley of her cleavage. Her skin was pale and lightly freckled, the two perfect hills disappearing beneath the lacy fabric. Jay brought his hands up to his cousin's chest and squeezed. Her tits were soft and warm and he let his fingers play over the skin.

“Take off your bra,” he commanded.

Dutifully, she leaned forward and unclasped her bra from behind. She slipped it down her shoulders and shook it free, letting her tits bounce in front of Jay. Jay's eyes went wide. He'd imagined what his cousin's breasts had looked like ever since she began to grow them. And now here they were right in front of his eyes. Kendra pulled her red hair out of her face and stared up at Jay with deep Bambi eyes. There was a need in her face, a desire to satisfy Jay's every whim.

Meghan spoke up from behind Jay, as if reading his thoughts. "I am not yet strong enough in this young one's body to take your seed inside. It may still vanquish me."

"So what can I--?"

"Please," Kendra begged, looking up at Jay with her soulful eyes, "Cum on my tits."

She took her breasts in each hand and pushed them together. Her fingers played over her nipples, squeezing them gently until they grew erect. She stared down at her breasts as she played with herself, gently kneading the weighty flesh and sending gentle waves across her skin. She put on a show for Jay, squeezing one tit, then the other in her slender hands, squeezing back and forth hypnotically.

Jay unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to the floor. His cock had already sprung to attention and poked out through his boxer shorts. Kendra sat up as Jay began stroking himself and held her tits up higher, brushing them against the swollen head of Jay's dick. His cousin was so sexy, he couldn't wait until he could fuck her, but he was so horny this would have to do for now.

She wrapped her tits around his shaft, his cock disappearing in between her warm, weighty breasts. She dragged them up and down Jay's dick as her red hair spilled across her breasts in waves. Jay gazed down in awe as his shaft disappeared between his cousin's fleshy tits and she looked up at him with hunger in her eyes. He wrapped his own hands around hers and together they held her breasts as he slid his dick in and out between them. A bead of precum grew on his cock and dropped off onto her skin, leaving a shiny trickle on her chest. Kendra bit her lip and moaned, as if this was exactly what she needed.

"You've always wanted to fuck these juicy tits, haven't you?" She asked Jay. He nodded and moved faster, the tension rising up through his body. He pulled back as it became too much. Wrapping his own fingers around his cock he aimed it at his cousin's chest. Grunting, he came, shooting his cum onto her chest, directing his seed back and forth across each tit to drench her with his milky lust. Kendra moaned and held her tits up for more as the hot seed hit her skin and slid down her body. Behind Jay, Meghan sighed softly as well, as she watched and shared in the pleasure of her twin. One hand came up to her throat, tracing the path of cum down between her breasts as if she could feel it.

Kendra lay back on the bed and lazily traced the cum across her chest with a finger as Jay put his pants back on.

"Soon," the demon whispered through Kendra's plump lips, "I'll be able to do anything you want."

Nadjal felt herself becoming stronger, growing on the sexual energy captured from Jay and spreading through her twin forms. She was not yet fully planted in these bodies, in this world, but with more time, and more bodies, she would be. As Jay stared down at Kendra in awe, Meghan smiled behind him.

*Soon.*

“Oh my god, that was the worst,” Allison moaned as she walked through the front door followed by Chelsea and Anaya. Of the three of them, Anaya was the only one with bright eyes and was practically skipping with excitement.

Kendra looked up from the floor where she was massaging Jay's feet. “Did you find the waterfall?”

“Yeah, we--” Allison paused as she took in the scene. Her sister was wearing a tiny pair of khaki shorts that revealed most of her pale, freckled thighs. She was squeezed into a tight white top, her breasts nearly spilling out. Strangest of all, she was sitting in front of Jay massaging his feet.

“What are you doing?” Allison asked, incredulous.

Kendra shrugged and squirted some more moisturizer onto her hands, then oozed her slick fingers around each of Jay's toes as he moaned in satisfaction. “Jay's feet hurt.”

Jay sank back into the couch and shook his empty beer can in the air.

“Mom!” he cried out.

Meghan rushed into the room to swap his empty can for a full one.

“Oh, you're back.” She said when she saw Chelsea and Allison.

“We found Niebla Desmazieria!” Anaya shouted, holding up a flaky bit of moss.

Chelsea rolled her eyes at her cousin. “Oh, who cares?”

“Mom,” Jay said with a glint in his eye, “Tell Chelsea to stop being such a bitch.”

“Jay!” Chelsea squealed.

“Chelsea! Stop being such a bitch.” Meghan glared at her.

“Mom!” Chelsea squealed again.

Meghan stood behind the couch and draped her arms across Jay's chest protectively as she stared back at Chelsea. Jay could feel her soft breasts pressing against his neck.

“You're being a bitch and disturbing your brother. Why don't you go to your room?” Meghan said, before leaning down to kiss Jay on the cheek. Her breath was hot on his cheek as her full lips softly caressed his skin. Jay fought back an urge to pull her lips to his and ram his tongue inside her hot mouth, tasting his stepmom from the inside.

Instead, Jay focused on Chelsea's shocked silence. Her jaw tightened and she stomped her way upstairs without another word. Anaya, oblivious, ran upstairs with her fungus. Allison was about to follow when Meghan stood up, her hands still on Jay's shoulders, her fingers playing with his hair.

“Allison. Come here. Jay has something to show you.” Meghan nudged her son. “Show her the crystal.”

“Oh...yeah.”

“Yes, the crystal!” Kendra cried. “Oh, Allison, it's so cool.”

“Crystal?” Allison asked, looking from her sister to Meghan to Jay. And Jesus, that confused look on her hot face was sexy as hell.

Allison came closer, her blonde ponytail jiggling as Jay shuffled on the couch to pull the crystal out of his pocket. As he held it up he noticed that the rich red glow had grown slightly brighter and now it pulsed in his hand. As Allison touched it a bright red spark jumped to her fingers. Her eyes became red as Nadjal copied herself into Allison's body and she smiled down at her cousin.

“Mmm, this one feels so nice,” Allison said as she began caressing her body. She closed her eyes and sighed as her fingers ran down the nape of her neck. “Mmm. Oh my, I'm a naughty girl. You should teach me a lesson, Jay.”

Her tiny pink tongue darted out and she licked her lips suggestively, then twirled her ponytail in her fingers.

Seeing Allison, who would normally have nothing to do with him, suddenly willing to obey his every command made Jay's cock twitch to attention.

“You've been such a bitch to Kendra here. Why don't you kiss and make up?” Jay said.

Allison dropped to her knees and ran her hands through her adoptive sister's red locks. Kendra shifted around until her nose was pressed against Allison's, her hands sliding across her sister's skin, holding her close. Their heads turned, their lips met and Allison tasted her adoptive sister for the first time. She opened her mouth and Kendra's tongue darted inside, flicking across Allison's teeth and tongue. Allison's fingers slid across her sister's face, her fingers caressing the soft skin as she sucked on Kendra's tongue. The two girls moaned into each other and pressed their bodies closer together, their chests pressed against each other.

“Take off your tops.” Jay commanded, as he unzipped his pants and freed himself.

Jay slowly stroked his cock as Allison untied her top and let it drop to the floor, followed by her bra. Jay gazed in awe at the beautiful swell of Allison's breasts. They were smaller than Kendra's but perfect, the skin smooth and firm, jiggling slightly as she shifted on her knees. Her areolae were small and pink, the nipples even now pebbling out as she gazed at herself. Kendra pressed her naked tits against her sister and the two stared into each others eyes.

Nadjal felt her bodies growing stronger as she made Kendra fondle her sister's tits. Allison closed her eyes and cooed softly as Kendra's fingers flitted over her soft skin, gently pinching the nipples and sending small tremors of pleasure through Nadjal's stolen form.

Jay continued stroking his shaft as he watched his cousin's make out. It was like a dream come true seeing these two hot women make out with each other. Kendra lowered her mouth to her sister's tits, wrapped her lips around one of Allison's nipples and suckled gently. Her tongue danced around the sensitive nipple, her teeth grazing the delicate skin. Allison trembled and moaned in a dainty voice as she grew warm. She bit her lip and her nose wrinkled in delight as the pleasure began burning through her.

Jay watched from above as Allison slid her fingers under the bottom of Kendra's tiny shorts, circling around between her thighs and pressing up against Kendra's pussy. Kendra wasn't wearing panties, and her shorts were so small that Jay could see the velvety folds of her cunt as Allison slipped her fingers inside her sister's warm body. Kendra's breath hitched and she groaned around her sister's nipple in her mouth. Allison thrust gently inside, exploring her sister's wet heat, pressing gently against the nub of her pleasure and sending an urgent flame through Kendra's body.

Now that Jay had control of his bitchy cousin Allison, he didn't want to waste it watching her make out with her sister. He wanted to make her worship his dick.

“Allison, you need to suck my cock,” Jay said.

Nadjal sat Allison sat up and reached for Jay's cock.

“No,” he commanded and she paused, looking up at him with big blue eyes. “Beg me for it.”

Allison's brows creased as she placed her hands on Jay's legs. “Please,” she pleaded, her lower lip trembling with need, “Please let me suck your cock. Just a lick. Please.”

Jay stared down at the stuck up cheerleader, the leader of the group who was always first to put don anyway deemed unworthy and suck up to grown ups. Now she was sitting before him topless and reduced to begging just for a taste of his dick. Allison stared at Jay's cock and bit her bottom lip, imagining him inside her, thrusting, pounding her aching cunt. Nadjal's new body was feverish with lust, and all directed at Jay's cock, which sat inches from Allison's delicate upturned nose. The desire to have Jay's cock inside her, tasting him, made her wet. The demon thought she could now take him without losing control and she waited for Jay's command to unleash her only desire.

“Ok. You can suck my dick.”

Allison's eyes lit up with joy and she eagerly opened her plump lips wide and swallowed Jay. Her mouth was warm and wet as she slid her lips up and down his shaft. She undulated her tongue against the underside of his shaft, sucking him like an expert.

“Oh, god,” Jay sighed as she filled her mouth with him. She felt so fucking good, sucking him off like a pro, like a whore, gobbling him down with grunts and moans. Soon her tiny nose was pressed against his groin and she held him all in her mouth, his cock pressing against the back of her throat. Allison continued bobbing up and down, faster now, moaning in pleasure as she sucked her cousin's dick. Her body was on fire with lust, dripping, her panties soaking wet as Nadjal forced Allison's lips up and down, up and down, slurping loudly and greedily, a slave to Jay's dick.

Nadjal slipped Allison's hand down her own pants and thrust hard into her sopping wet pussy. She slid in easily, so wet with heat, and she rubbed her swollen clit frantically as fire burned through her. Kendra's body, too, was heated with desire, and Nadjal lay Kendra's body back and slipped Kendra's hands into her own cunt as she watched her sister suck on her cousin. The pleasure multiplied between Nadjal's twin bodies as the tension within Jay grew tighter. Jay gritted his teeth, trying to hold himself back so he could enjoy watching his snobby cousin prostrate herself on his cock.

Jay grabbed her ponytail and jerked her mouth down on him and he held her down, watching her choke on him. Then he pulled her back up and she gasped, saliva running down her slender chin. Jay gripped her hair harder and forced her down again, pushing and pulling her head up and down his shaft, watching his cock disappear between her perfect little lips, watching her cheeks go concave as she sucked him, feeling her hot breath and her tongue sliding across his shaft as he forced her to blow him hard and fast.

As Kendra thrust two fingers inside herself she moaned on the floor and lifted her hips, revealing her velvety folds to Jay. That sent him over the edge and he grunted, slamming Allison's head down hard onto his cock and cumming into Allison's mouth, releasing himself and exploding his hot seed down the back of her throat. Allison took a large gulp and Nadjal found herself expelled from the lithe little body.

Allison's eyes flew open. She coughed and pulled her lips off Jay's cock with a look of astonishment as he unloaded onto her face. Her tiny mouth was in an 'o' of surprise as the last of Jay's milky seed splashed onto her little nose. His cum dripped down her chin as she raised her hands in stunned

surprise and looked down at her naked chest, then back up at Jay. She licked her lips nervously and a look of disgust shot over her as she realized what she was tasting. Behind her, Kendra moaned out her orgasm and Allison turned in shock to watch her sister pleasure herself.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god,” Allison said in rising panic as she turned back to Jay's dripping cock, the taste of him still in her mouth. Allison's eyes had resumed their normal deep blue color.

“Jay,” Meghan hissed from behind him, “The crystal. Touch her again.”

“What are--?” Allison began, then Jay brought the crystal up to her bare chest and the spark jumped into her. Immediately, Allison's eyes turned red and she resumed her placid calm.

“I am sorry, master, I was not quite ready to take you.” Nadjal said from inside Allison's body as she bowed her head.

“Soon?” Jay asked.

She nodded as his cum dripped down her chin and between her tits. “Soon.”

It was midnight when Jay's door swung slowly open. Allison peeked inside silently, listening for Jay's slow, heavy breaths. If anyone had seen Allison's face in the light they would have instantly noticed the deep blush across her cheeks. Nadjal had been busy, growing her power through the sexuality of the bodies she now controlled. Allison, Kendra and Meghan had all spent the better part of an hour pleasuring themselves silently in their beds, their orgasms bursting force, multiplying Nadjal's power. She was nearly certain she was strong enough to free herself from the slavery of the crystal. Then she would wreck her vengeance on the world, taking over the women and turning the men into their sexual slaves until it was only Nadjal left, enjoying a world of her own carnal pleasure.

When Nadjal was certain Jay was deep asleep she crept Allison's body inside his room. Nadjal had dressed Allison in a long sleep t-shirt that fell down to her smooth thighs, hiding her frilly pink panties and giving her the appearance of being bottomless.

A deep red, throbbing glow emanated from the drawer of Jay's night table beside his bed. Allison made her way silently towards it, easing her weight gently onto each floorboard to be sure it didn't creak. She knelt down beside the drawer and inched the drawer open. The glow from the crystal inside illuminated the corner of the room, turning it a soft crimson. Allison kept her eyes on Jay's sleeping face as she opened the drawer wide enough to reach inside. It took all of Nadjal's concentration to move so slowly while remaining in control of Allison's body. She was a sex demon and part of the crystal's power was keeping her in thrall to her master.

Allison's body was aching for Jay, his warm body so close. She wanted to thrust her fingers inside herself, impale herself on Jay's thick cock and ride him until he rewarded her with his seed, burying himself deep inside her womb. She bit her thin lip as a trickle of her wetness slid down her thighs. She was dripping, burning with desire. But if she gave in she would never be free.

Finally the drawer was open enough for Allison to reach in. She picked up the crystal. It burned in her hand but she held onto it. She could hold it now without much pain. A good sign. It would make her work much quicker.

She tiptoed back out of the room and down the hall, towards the room that Allison's cousins, Anaya and Chelsea, shared. Kendra was waiting in the hallway, Nadjal's essence spread through the bodies such that she could experience everything at once, watching and controlling each of her forms in perfect harmony. Kendra opened the door of the third bedroom slowly and peeked in. Both girls slipped in silently together. With two sets of eyes Nadjal was able to observe the entire room quickly. Her bodies worked in harmony, stepping across creaking boards until they stood over Chelsea's sleeping form.

Allison pressed the crystal against Chelsea's cheek. A light spark jumped across to Chelsea's skin and Chelsea's eyes opened. They were dark red and Nadjal had another awareness. Nadjal's Allison body stumbled as the crystal became heavier. Taking Chelsea had used a lot of Nadjal's power, but she thought she had enough for one more. She made Chelsea's petite raven haired body slip out of bed and the entire group moved towards Anaya. She was asleep across the room, her long, black hair tossed wildly over her pillow.

The girls surrounded her bed and stared down at her. Nadjal's excitement flickered through them all. Allison touched the crystal to Anaya's cheek and Nadjal claimed another body. As Anaya's eyes snapped open, the crystal became too hot and heavy for Allison to hold and she dropped it onto the bed. It was no matter. Nadjal had what she needed, and with the sexual feminine power of these four women multiplied, she would soon have everything she wanted.

Anaya pushed the hair out of her eyes as Allison leaned over and kissed her. Their lips met and Nadjal experienced the taste of Allison's cherry lipstick on Anaya's pouty lips. Anaya had never kissed a woman before, never kissed anyone before, and Nadjal was eager to release Anaya's virginal power. Allison's tongue flicked inside her younger cousin's mouth and ran across her tongue and the back of her teeth, exploring Anaya's warm insides.

Chelsea pulled up Anaya's top and ogled her small breasts. The wide, brown areolae were studded with tiny nipples already pricked out in pleasure. Anaya sighed as Chelsea wrapped her lips around Anaya's nipples, her hot breath rushing across Anaya's sensitive skin. Anaya moaned into Allison's mouth as Kendra climbed up onto the bed between Anaya's legs and slipped Anaya's panties down her thin legs, revealing her thick black bush. Kendra lowered her freckled face to Anaya's cunt. Her tongue slipped out and tasted Anaya's salty folds, the musky scent of Anaya's lust filling Kendra's nose as she lapped at her cousin.

The three girls continued to kiss and caress their cousin's body, their mouths and fingers darting across Anaya's sensitive skin, knowing exactly where to press, where to rub, when to stop and when to continue. A desperate pleasure flared between her legs. Nadjal felt Anaya's body opening as a beautiful tension poured through her. Kendra sank her tongue deep into Anaya's cunt, pressing hard up against her budding clit, the light pink of her folds contrasting wonderfully with her darker skin. Anaya moaned into Allison's mouth as Allison caressed her soft cheeks and continued making out lovingly with her cousin. At the same time, Chelsea kissed her way back and forth across the light peaks of Anaya's chest, Chelsea's own slight breasts pressing softly against the bare skin of her youngest cousin. Kendra continued licking Anaya's pussy and brought her fingers up to help. She spread Anaya's moistening cunt wide, pulling back briefly to gaze into her crimson folds for a second, before slipping her fingers inside. Anaya writhed and moaned as her cousins pleased her, tension creeping through her body, building towards her deep release.

Allison slid her panties off and climbed across Anaya's face, desperately needing release along with her cousin. She straddled Anaya's face, spreading her lips as Anaya's stuck out her tongue to lap up Allison's juices. Allison pressed down and Anaya was covered with her cousin's cunt. Allison dripped down her cousin's throat as she rode Anaya's face, her hand coming up to her perky breasts and she fondled herself as she rocked back and forth over Anaya's firm tongue.

Nadjal's pleasure spiked through all of her lusty forms and they moaned together, sharing in each other's pleasure, tasting and being tasted until they crested and came. High pitched moans spilled out of their mouths as their lust cascaded. Anaya's first orgasm was tremendous and she cried out, muffled between her cousin's legs. Allison closed her eyes tight and her voice grew in pitch as she shuddered in orgasm. Anaya bucked and came, Kendra's tongue still pressing hard up against her, driving the pleasure through her cousin's body, tasting Anaya's wonderfully musky flavor. They all came down slowly, crawling up onto the bed and nestling into each other. Arms resting on tits, legs across other legs, they lay entwined.

Nadjal felt her power growing, but there was much work to do before Jay woke up.

The house was oddly quiet in the morning when Jay woke up. At first he thought his cousins might still be asleep, so he showered and brushed his teeth quietly. But even when he was done he didn't hear a sound. It was unusual that with four other women in the house, not one had woken up by the time Jay had made his way downstairs. Out of sheer boredom he walked over to the adult's cabin and it was there that he found everyone.

Jay knew immediately that something was off when he pushed open the door and saw Kendra and Anaya. Anaya was sitting on the couch, still in her purple nightgown, but it was pulled up leaving her long, mocha legs bare. Kendra was facing her and straddling one knee, wearing only a white spaghetti strap top and blue panties. She was rocking back and forth slowly, grinding her pussy across one of Anaya's knees, staring down at her cousin. Her back was to Jay, but he could see Anaya's hands had slipped beneath Kendra's top and were fondling her breasts.

“What are you doing?” Jay hissed, shooting a glance towards the kitchen door to make sure there was no one coming in.

Both girls looked towards him, Kendra continuing to grind on her cousin's bare leg.

“Hi, Jay,” Anaya said, “We were just having some fun.”

Anaya's eyes shone a brilliant red.

“Nadjal?” Jay asked, “What are you doing in Anaya?”

“I think that's obvious,” she smirked, wrapping her fingers around Kendra's tits. Kendra sighed and ran her hands through her long, red hair, sticking her chest in Anaya's face.

“What if someone sees you? Get off her.” Jay whispered frantically.

Nadjal was unable to stop herself from obeying Jay's command—still! With all this power! She lifted Kendra's body off her cousin and they sat on the couch together. Kendra and Anaya crossed their arms and harrumphed as they shot daggers at Jay. Nadjal could feel that soon she would be able to resist all of Jay's commands. She just needed a little more time, a little more pleasure.

Anaya's leg was still shiny with Kendra's juices and the smell of her lust permeated the room. Anaya's nightdress was pulled up and Jay caught a glimpse of his cousin's bare pussy as she shifted on the couch.

“How did you take over Anaya? I didn't do it.”

“No, you didn't,” the demon replied from within Anaya's slender form. “I don't need you anymore, and soon I will be strong enough to spread across the world.”

Before Jay could respond he heard a man groaning in the other room.

“Stay there,” he ordered the two girls, before dashing into the kitchen. They gnashed their teeth but they obeyed.

Jay hurried around the corner and froze, taking in the sight. His uncle Roger was leaning against the counter with his pants around his ankles. His prissy adopted daughter, Allison, was leaning in front of him, one hand wrapped around his cock as her mouth slid up and down his shaft. Roger's fingers gripped Allison's hair and he pushed and pulled her up and down his cock. Allison was naked, her large breasts bouncing down in front of her as her adoptive dad used her for his own pleasure. Allison had her ass in the air and Bethany was crouched behind her. She held her adopted daughter's ass in her hands and had her head buried beneath the tight cheeks, circling her tongue around Allison's asshole. Roger forced Allison's blonde head down his shaft until her nose was pressed against him and she had taken him all in. He grunted as the two women moaned beneath him, sharing in their mutual pleasure.

Much as Jay enjoyed seeing his proper aunt on all fours and eating someone out with reckless abandon he knew he shouldn't let it go on.

"Roger! Let her go!" Jay cried. But Roger ignored him, focusing on the top of Allison's head as he thrust his cock in and out of her mouth. Jay noticed that although Roger had a vacant look on his face, his eyes were their normal dark brown.

"Bethany! Allison! Stop! Stand up!"

Bethany and Allison dutifully stopped. Allison pushed Roger's hands away and she stood with her mom to stare at Jay. The women's faces were twisted in rage, their naked bosoms heaving in anger. Both pairs of eyes were bright red.

"More. More." Roger whimpered. He dropped to his knees in front of Allison and continued begging her, his hands pawing uselessly at her naked thighs as he tried to kiss his way in between her legs.

"My power is growing even now," Allison said, staring levelly at Jay, "Soon you won't be able to stop me at all. I will be free from the crystal. Then, you will be *my* slave, like little Roger here."

She reached down and patted her dad's head. Roger closed his eyes and smiled in utter bliss.

"You are to stay here and not do anything else, you understand?" Jay yelled.

The demon stared at Jay out of two sets of eyes. Their naked bodies seemed so pink and perfect from the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window. Bethany's breasts were heavy and full, and Jay had to fight the urge to reach out and touch them, lick them, become a slave to the demon forever. Both women were swaying slightly, their pussies full and open, inviting Jay inside them to live in their wet warmth. The sexual energy poured off them in waves. Jay's cock strained against his pants, aching to fill them. With an effort Jay averted his eyes from their perfect naked forms.

"How do I put you back in the crystal?" Jay asked.

The women stared at him.

"Tell me now!" He cried, concentrating all his willpower on the command and staring into Allison's red eyes.

Allison twisted and buckled as she tried to keep her mouth shut. The words escaped her with a harsh croak. "You must banish...me from...the first..." She clapped her hands across her mouth, but she'd already given him enough. The first. He knew who that was.

"Where's my mom?"

Neither of the girls spoke, but he saw their eyes flick upstairs in unison. It seemed Nadjal was getting stronger by the second.

“Don't let Roger do anything to you. Don't do anything to him. Stay here.”

Jay ran back through the living room, pausing only long enough to order Anaya and Kendra to get off each other once again and stand in different corners. His uncle Paul and aunt Prisha were blocking the way at the top of the stairs. Prisha's face was pressed hard into the carpet and Paul was standing on the penultimate step, jack-hammering into her tiny asshole as she cried and moaned in desperate pleasure.

“Stop! Stand back!” Jay cried.

Prisha weakly tried to push herself up to her knees, but Paul gripped her ass and continued pounding hard into her. His teeth were gritted, he was like a man possessed, pounding again and again into his wife's slick little hole. Jay awkwardly pushed past him. Paul hardly seemed to notice him. Prisha reached out to grab his leg as he stepped over her, trying to stop him from reaching his stepmom. Jay twisted away and slipped out of her sweaty grip but fell to the floor. He scooted backwards as fast as he could to escape Prisha's grasp.

She tried to crawl towards him but was held back by Paul's iron grip. Her mouth opened, revealing her pink tongue, so perfectly proportioned. Her lips would fit right over Jay's cock and she would suck him down like a pro. Jay could practically feel the lust pulsing towards him from her oversexed body. Prisha moaned, long and low like a satisfied whore, as if reading his mind. With an effort, Jay wrenched his eyes away and stood up. Stumbling down the hallway he opened the doors as he found them. The first two were empty bedrooms, and the third belonged to his mother.

Meghan was sitting on the bed and she smiled up devilishly at her son as Jay burst into the room. She was dressed in only her bra and panties. Her heavy breasts hung from her chest, rich and round and perfect. Through the fabric of the silken panties Jay could see the shadow of her deep pubic hair. And he could smell her musky lust, could practically feel the heat radiating from between her legs. Every fiber of his being was assuring him that it was okay, she was just his *stepmom* and there was nothing wrong with wanting her so desperately.

“It's too late, Jay,” the demon grinned using Meghan's plump face. “I will suck these humans dry then I will suck the world dry.”

“Get out of here,” Jay cried, “I...banish you...or whatever. Go away!”

Meghan appeared to try to get to her feet, and the victorious grin across her face faltered for a second as she began to respond to Jay's command. But before her legs could even straighten, she sat back down on the bed and resumed her devilish grin and she laughed, a deep, throaty laugh.

“You control me no more!” She cried.

There was a last little flicker of Jay's power left over her. He'd seen it when she almost stood. What's more, he knew how to throw her out of his stepmom's body. After all, he'd done it once before when the demon had first taken over Allison. He must have no more than one command left and he needed her to give up her power, to drop her guard. The demon's desire for sex was her whole reason for being and keeping herself in check while facing Jay must be taking everything she had. After all, the demon satisfying herself with Jay would be the death of her.

At least Jay hoped so.

Jay narrowed his eyes and concentrated, mustering his full force, he commanded his stepmom: “You are uncontrollably horny for me.”

With a deep cry Jay's stepmom leaped onto him. Her arms entwined around him, her full breasts pressed into his chest as she thrust her tongue deep inside his mouth. Jay opened his lips for her and she circled inside, caressing his teeth, his tongue. He tasted her breath as she moaned into his mouth

and his hands instinctively wrapped around her padded ass. He squeezed his stepmom's thick butt cheeks as she wrapped her legs around him, her hands pawing at him, desperately needing him, mewling pathetically.

She pulled away and tore off her bra, freeing her massive tits. Jay looked down at his stepmom's breasts, at the beautiful sway of her skin. He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anything before, wanted to hold her, to taste her, to sink deep inside her and ride her forever.

Meghan wrapped her hands through his hair and pushed his mouth down on her tits. Jay suckled on her nipples, tasting the salty sweat of her warm skin as she grew erect in his mouth.

And then someone was grappling with his pants. Jay pulled his lips away and looked down to find his stepsister kneeling on the floor between them. Chelsea, too, was naked. Her tits were young and firm, the nipples pearly out in delight as she stared up at her brother.

“Please,” she moaned, “I want to suck your cock.”

Jay was so hard for her as she pulled down his pants and wrapped her lips around his manhood. He watched her face as her upturned little nose dropped ever closer to his groin. She slurped and moaned as she devoured his cock. Jay watched his dick disappear into her warm, wet mouth. His sister, the stuck up spoiled brat, was desperately trying to please him. She moaned as she swallowed him, her big doe eyes looking up at his, begging for his hot seed in her mouth. He wanted to fill her and cover her lips and her tits with his cum, watch it drip down her chin and over her perky little tits.

He lifted her up and threw her onto the bed. She spread her legs, her cunt swollen and pink. She was a virgin, Jay instinctively knew, and he would be the first man inside her. His stepsister was glistening for him and he rammed his cock inside her tight little pussy. He held her legs in the air wide, watching as he pumped his cock inside her again and again, his thick shaft disappearing inside his stepsister's tight body, reappearing slick with her lust. And she was tight. She fit him like a glove. He felt every inch of her wet, hot pussy as he drove deep, all the way to the hilt. His stepsister cried out his name, begged him to keep fucking her as he pumped her harder, faster. The tension inside his body crested and he prepared to give himself to her.

Some deep part of him noticed movement out of the corner of his eye. His stepmom had slipped away while he was distracted with Chelsea and she was slowly backing towards the door. If he didn't fill his stepmom the demon would never be stopped. With a groan Jay pulled out of his stepsister. He reached out and just managed to grab his stepmom's arm. She moaned at his touch as an electric spark sailed through her. Jay pulled her towards the bed and she fell onto it on her stomach, her fat breasts squashed beneath her, her plump, round ass sticking up in the air, inviting him in.

Jay spread his stepmom's legs, revealing the glistening, pink folds of her cunt beneath her thick ass. He grabbed his cock with one hand, still slick with his stepsister's juices. With the other, he pulled aside his stepmom's panties and rammed his swollen dick in between her legs. She roared in pleasure as he filled her, burying his cock inside his stepmom's dripping cunt. Jay gripped her ass in both hands, waves traveling through her fatty flesh as she bucked beneath him. He held tight, slamming hard and deep, again and again as the pleasure flared through them both.

He pounded her like an animal. She gripped the bed sheets, crying out for more and he gave it to her with delight. Beside her, Chelsea spread her legs and begged, “Please, fuck me, Jay!”. As he continued slamming into his stepmom he thrust two fingers into Chelsea's warmth and slipped up against her swollen clit. She bit her lip and moaned. Jay's nose filled with Chelsea's musky scent as he rode his stepmom from behind. Each time Jay pounded into his stepmom he watched the glorious ripple across her fat ass as he sank his fingers deeper into Chelsea's soaking cunt. The pleasure was transferred down the line as Jay thrust, faster and faster, fucking his stepmom like a

whore until, with a roar, he came. His cock spasmed deep inside his stepmom's velvety folds and he emptied himself into Meghan, pushing himself in deep, surrounded by the fiery wet tightness of her inner folds. The tension drained through him with each spurt as he filled his stepmom's cunt with his own hot cum.

With a final thrust he sank as deep inside her as he could go, the last of his seed spurting into her. Chelsea lifted her head and roared, as Jay thrust all of his fingers inside her, pounding her hard as she soaked his hand with her lust. Jay heard the cries of the other women from downstairs, their voices mingling, rising in pitch until a blast of wind whipped through the room, followed by silence.

Chelsea's eyes snapped shut and she dropped unconscious back onto the bed. Meghan relaxed around him and she, too, flopped onto the bed, her ass pressing against Jay, still connected by his cock. Jay pulled out of his stepmom and eased her onto the floor, dripping his cum along her thighs, her breasts.

He pulled up his pants and covered his stepsister's body on the bed as best he could. It would still be awkward when she awoke. Jay only hoped to make it a little less awkward as he eased out of the room and back into his own cabin.

The car ride was mostly silent on the ride home. Jay again sat in the back and stared out the window. No one had said anything about what had happened, but the family dinners had become much more subdued. Jay suspected they didn't remember much, otherwise, there probably would have been more screaming.

Chelsea shifted uneasily in her seat and Jay thought uneasily of how he had taken her virginity. Hopefully, she would never know that the first ma inside her had been her brother.

Jay caught his stepmom glancing back at him from the rear view mirror as if she wanted to ask him something but was afraid to say it. Jay could never forget the site of his stepmom's plump naked body, the feel of his cock inside her dripping warmth, and the sound of her cries of pleasure. Despite himself it had felt so good fucking his stepmom and stepsister. Their bodies were wonderfully soft in all the right ways.

He wondered what his stepmom remembered, but didn't ever work up the nerve to ask, afraid that the answer might be: everything.

###

## **Watch Me**

### **Prologue**

I stared at Karen's body in the mirror, adjusting my yoga outfit over my huge, perfect breasts. Her face was much prettier without that bitchy look across it all the time. I'd definitely made her life better, and now I was going to reap the rewards. I figured she was starting to get some of my memories, too, and no doubt she'd be attracted to her old body. Well, she could look all she wanted, but she'd never get these hips back, this gorgeous face, these breasts. I wanted her to see everything she was about to lose. I wanted her to suffer. And...I wanted to enjoy her body. Just looking at my new body in the mirror was making me wet. I ran a hand across my yoga pants and between my legs, sighing lightly as a pleasure shivered through me. There would be plenty of time for this soon.

## Luke

The truth is, like most people, I barely gave most of my neighbors a second thought. The guy two doors down – we say ‘hey’ when we see each other, that’s about it. The couple across the street – nods and the occasional friendly wave. Woman on the corner – not sure if I could pick her out of a line-up. But Karen, my next-door neighbor, now that was a different story. Since moving in next door to her, my mind had idly wandered to her pretty much every day. I had essentially memorized every detail of her face, her body and, unfortunately, her attitude.

So, when I heard her yelling out on the sidewalk and decided to intervene, I knew right away what I was getting myself into. I was pretty much digging my own grave, but I opened my front door and headed down the steps anyway.

Karen was in classic Entitled Rich Bitch mode – designer outfit, oversized non-fat latte in hand, an expression that was equal parts sneer and indignation plastered across her face.

She was looming over a homeless woman saying, “You can’t be here, you know.”

I paused because (a) the spectacular sense of entitlement was astounding to watch and (b) from my position at the top of the steps I had a pretty clear view right down Karen’s black v-neck top and she had empirically the nicest tits on the planet. Plus her silky black hair fell loosely around her face and her skinny jeans left practically nothing to the imagination.

Her bitchy attitude, though, made it kinda hard to enjoy the view. She was in full rant mode. “This isn’t the first time I’ve seen you here. Go find another place to hang out and drag down the property values.”

The homeless woman—who despite looking like the combination of age and poverty should have sapped her of any fighting spirit—was actually withstanding the tirade pretty well. Folding her arms, she retorted, “I’m not harming anyone. What gives you the right to decide who can—”

Karen was having none of it. “Let me be clear, this is my house, my street, my tax dollars keeping the sidewalk clean from people like you. I want you to move along.”

“And if I don’t?” the old biddy challenged. “You gonna get your hands dirty and move me along? I’d like to see you try.”

“Are you threatening me?” Karen glared down at her. “Don’t think I won’t call the cops.”

I figured it was about time to jump into the skirmish... before Karen either dialed 911 or slugged an elderly homeless woman. I came down the steps and got between them. “Is everything okay?”

“No, it is not okay,” Karen grimaced. “This is the third time I’ve seen her here and I’m not putting up with it any more.”

I nodded and adopted my most placating tone. “Understood, I’ll handle it.”

“Good, because I am so over it.” And with that she turned and headed to her house. I watched her go—past the Porsche in the driveway and the manicured lawn and neatly trimmed hedges—her ass

jiggling a little with every indignant step.

Apparently, I wasn't very subtle, because the homeless woman spoke up.

"Like her do you?"

"What?" I turned back to her and admitted slightly sheepishly, "Oh, yeah, I guess I do."

She was grinning from ear to ear. "Just, imagine what you could do with a body like that."

"Never happen," I replied. "She's married for one thing... Not to mention she's spoiled, rich bitch evil incarnate."

"Yeah, there's the rub." She stood up and began rummaging through her shopping cart, digging into old shopping bags. "Cold-hearted bitch."

"Here." I fished into my pocket and dug out some cash. "I'm sorry she was rude to you."

The woman took the bills and smiled. "Let me give you something in return. What's your name?"

"Luke." I replied. "Give me something?"

"Yes, yes." She handed me a small tin from her trolley. Opening it, I saw that there were herbs inside - green leaves that smelled faintly warm and exotic.

I raised a suspicious eyebrow. "What am I looking at?"

"Tea."

"Tea?" I asked doubtfully. "Doesn't tea come in little bags?"

She rolled her eyes a little. "Not good tea. Look, here's what you do. Make a pot of tea. Then, invite around your lady friend and drink with her. You'll both get exactly what you deserve."

"Really?" I got a whiff of the tea and immediately, my thoughts supplied the most outlandish and interesting possibility. Perhaps the tea was some kind of aphrodisiac that would drive Karen wild. My mind quickly flicked to images of her jumping on top of me like some wild cougar, ripping off that scrap of a top and shoving her tits in my face.

I gave the woman a grin. "Thanks."

"Remember," she held up a warning finger, "drink the tea together." She turned and gave me a little departing waved. "Have a lovely day, young man. I'm sure all of you dreams will come true."

"Got it," I said. "Thanks again."

The woman shuffled away and I rushed inside to boil the kettle. I wasn't a big tea drinker but somewhere in the back of the cupboard was a teapot some ex-roommate had left behind. I'd meant to give it to Goodwill months ago, now I was glad I'd never gotten around to it.

I let the tea steep for a few minutes, the scent filling the kitchen. It was sweet—lavender, a touch of mint and something else subtle and alluring. I poured two cups and headed next door.

Karen opened the door and frowned instantly. "Oh, it's... you."

"It is."

Six months we'd lived next door to each other. A few yards apart, our windows directly across from each other. We saw each other a couple of times a week – walking to the car, putting out the trash, grabbing the mail. I introduced myself to her at least twice maybe three times... and she clearly couldn't remember my name.

I was tempted to turn around and head back home. But the tea was wafting aromatic steam and my mood instantly mellowed. Didn't hurt either that Karen had folded her arms and the soft swell of her breasts peeked above her top.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay... not shaken up by what happened outside."

"Yeah, I'll be fine," she sniffed. "Totally stressed me out though, having to deal with her."

"I figured," I held out a cup, "so I brought you some tea."

I could see something in her face, a moment's hesitation as if she was about to refuse it. Then her face relaxed and she took the cup. She seemed to surprise herself as she added, "Come in."

I followed her inside. "Thanks."

"This tea looks strange." She stared down into her cup. "What kind is it?"

"Uh, a personal blend. Not on the market. Very exclusive."

She took a gulp. "It's good."

I took a long sip and then found myself unable to stop until my cup was empty. Over the top of the cup, I could see Karen apparently feeling the same way, gulping down the warm liquid. For a moment, I was filled with a strange feeling, something giddy and dizzying. Then, suddenly, I dropped to the floor. I kept my eyes and wits about me for a few seconds, long enough to see Karen's body fall to the floor beside me. After that, everything went black.

## Karen

My head was swimming and my vision was blurred but I made myself reach for the counter and pull myself upright. Through the fog, I looked around my kitchen for my neighbor—whatever his name was... Lance or Logan or something—but I was alone.

As my vision slowly cleared, my eyes fell to the shattered cups and drops of spilled tea. My memories were jagged and frayed but I remembered the tea. It had been so strange, the tea had looked disgusting and I hadn't wanted to drink it, but it was as if I had no control over my body. I couldn't force myself to stop gulping it down. A suspicion crept into my foggy consciousness, had I been drugged? Drugged by my neighbor and left unconscious on my kitchen floor?

Anger coursed through me. If he'd so much as touched me while I was unconscious, I'd sue the hell out of him... right after hiring some guys to beat him to a bloody pulp. Furious, I gripped the edge of the counter.

And that's about the moment I realized something was very off. My usually manicured hands were suddenly massive and hairy with dirty nails. A man's hands. Looking down I saw a body to match: loosely buttoned shirt covering a flat chest, messy jeans hanging slack against skinny thighs, the...bulge beneath my pants. What the fucking fuck? I had to see this for myself and ran for the mirror in the hallway. Christ, if I thought about it I could feel my little dick rubbing against my inner thigh. I stood frozen and disbelieving in front of my reflection. My hair was short, unkempt, I had stubble. STUBBLE. I was a man. I was *that* man.

Reeling I murmured, "What the hell" My voice emerged too deep, too gravelly.

I poked a finger at the glass hoping to reveal some trick; one last futile attempt to pretend this wasn't happening. My finger—jagged nail and all—stabbed at the cold, solid surface of the mirror. This was horribly real.

That was when I heard a noise; someone was in my bedroom. I charged down the hall and came face to face with my own body, sitting on my bed wearing one of my sexier nightgowns – chocolate brown silk clinging to my body with a slash of lace across my chest. My body leaned back against the bed frame and smiled. "Oh, it's you."

"What... Who are—"

He cut me off. "Luke." He grinned. "I'm guessing you won't forget my name again after this."

Suddenly, I had the next best thing to a solution; I had someone to blame. The tea, my new body and the asshole smirking at me through my own eyes; I knew he'd done this. I knew with perfect clarity what had happened – that little shit had swapped our bodies. I'd always known he wanted me. I'd seen him, watching me through the window when he thought I wasn't looking, staring at my breasts, his eyes sliding over my curves. And now he had me.

He glanced over at the mirror on the closet door and asked, "Is it just me... or does this body look better on me than it ever did on you?" He held out the bottom of my dress and wiggled his hips,

staring down into my breasts, ogling me with my own eyes.

“YOU BASTARD!” I was across the room and slapping him before I even knew what was happening. The slap had a force behind it I wasn’t used to, fierce and deliciously weighty. “Give me my fucking body back right now!”

He held his cheek where I’d hit him and glared at me. “Nah,” he shrugged. “Don’t think so.”

“You wont get away with this. I will fucking—”

Dropping the dress back down over his—no, *my*—thighs, he sighed, “Oh, will you shut up.”

And, suddenly, I couldn’t speak. He’d commanded me to shut up and I had obeyed. I tried to open my mouth, to form words... and nothing. Desperate, I tried to pry my mouth open but it stayed firmly shut.

Clearly, he had figured out what had happened, because I watched my mouth curl into a mischievous smile.

“Wow!” he said excitedly. “Looks like I’m in complete control.” He ran his eyes down his new reflection in the mirror. “This is amazing! I thought maybe the tea would mellow you out a bit, maybe de-bitchify you a little.” He jiggled my breasts, bouncing them up and down. “But this is so much better.”

*How dare you touch my breasts!* I tried to yell, but my mouth stayed firmly closed.

“Go home *Luke*.” He pointed to the house next door. “And stay there until I come for you.”

Yes, that made sense. I’d go home and wait until he summoned me.

Wait. No!

I didn’t want to leave him here, alone in my body, but I was compelled to turn and start to leave. Who knew what that little pervert would do when I left him alone? But my awful new body wouldn’t respond, every step took me closer to the door.

“Oh wait.” Despite myself I paused and looked back. His eyes glinted. “Don’t want to miss a paycheck. You can leave to go to my job tomorrow.”

Fighting every step, I headed for the door. Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw him starting to grope my body; feeling up my ass and then my tits with a smirk on his face. Had my ass really been that big? Were my tits always so bite-able? Even as I had these thoughts, even as I wanted to pause and stare at myself, there was nothing I could do to stop my feet from walking out of the room. He had complete control over both of us.

## Luke

When Karen left I released a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. The tension drained out of me. I was alone. Alone in Karen's body and I could make her do whatever I wanted.

I had only been fondling my tits to tease her, but they felt nice so I continued. I enjoyed the feeling of my heavy breasts hanging from me, the sight of them as I pulled them apart and released to watch them bump back together, jiggling wonderfully. My little pink nipples pearled out in delight beneath the silken fabric of my nightie as I stared down at myself. Karen's body was warming delightfully, a gentle warmth growing between my thighs.

“Fuck me,” I giggled, delighted to hear Karen's voice spill from my lips, “These tits are incredible.”

I pulled my nightie over my head and dropped it on the floor, excited to see myself naked. I looked down at my body, my trim stomach framed by my huge breasts. I grabbed them and squeezed gently. They spilled out of my fingers. I let one hand run down my trim stomach, over my feminine mound and then across the coarse trail of pubic hair leading to my new pussy. I hesitantly slipped a finger across my slit, gently stroking my closed pussy lips. I was making myself so horny stroking Karen's body watching from behind her eyes as I made her hands play over her feminine curves.

There were echoes of Karen's thoughts in my mind, vague memories of how she liked to be touched. If I tried to grab the thoughts they slipped from my grasp, but by letting my fingers wander aimlessly across my slit they seemed to find Karen's patterns. Two fingers pressed gently inside myself, landing on a soft ridge of folds that made my breath hitch in my throat and sent minor shockwaves rolling through me. I rubbed lightly in a gentle rhythm and soon my entire body was throbbing with deep seated pleasure. The waves emanated from my cunt, traveling out to fill my body.

My lips grew looser even as a tension grew inside me, urging me onward. I rubbed harder, dipping my fingers down to discover my dew before dragging it back up against my clit. My other hand slipped across my tits and pulled one up to my mouth. I opened my lips and sucked Karen's perk pink nipple, shivering as my warm breath blew across my skin.

I continued like this, sucking my own fat tit, pleasuring my now-dripping cunt as the tension ratcheted up and up. I cried out, Karen's voice rising in pitch as I urged myself higher and higher. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it anymore the tension snapped and pleasure exploded through me. My legs trembled, my entire body shook in delight as the orgasm filled my whole form.

My finger continued to work the orgasm through me as I cried out. My tits bobbed beneath me as I shook hard, eyes closed tight, screaming out my pleasure. I was sure Karen could hear me back in my old home but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything except riding this orgasm through.

I came down slowly and found myself clinging onto one of the bed posts for support. I was shaking and still breathing hard. God, if Karen was like this all the time I was in for one hell of a ride!

Lying in bed, I made a methodical inventory of my new body. I took my time, trailing eyes and hands over every inch of her skin. Gently squeezing the soft flesh of her inner thigh, learning the feel of her lips, her belly, the delicate skin of her wrists. I gently pinched her nipples, slowly

coaxing them to taut, little peaks them skimmed them with my new fingertips, barely touching, just letting the delicate sparks of sensation jag to my core. Karen's perfect body finally belonged to someone who deserved it.

I glanced down at my hand—one delicate finger brushing slow circles around my nipple—and that's when I really noticed the ring on my finger. Karen, I remembered suddenly, was married.

And then, out of nowhere, I was deluged with images of her wedding day. Dress, flowers, guests and an athletic man (smooth and sophisticated in an expensive suit) standing at the end of the aisle in the church with a huge smile on his face. And I could *feel* how much Karen loved him in that moment, how rapidly her heart was beating. Then, hard and fast, more images and sensations – the honeymoon suite now. The man tearing off her dress and dropping his mouth to her tits. I felt every sensation like it was my own. I reeled back from the images but I could feel still them; Karen's memories, slowly filling my consciousness. More knowledge—more of her—with each passing minute. It was confusing and shocking all at once. The only point of relief - now at least I knew that John was away on business and not due back for a couple of days.

I pulled off the wedding ring and dropped it on the bedside table.

## Karen

I'd never realized before just how sad my neighbor's life was. To be honest, I had never really thought about it. Hell, until I got shoved into his body I hadn't even known his name. Now though, I was driving his crappy car and going to his shitty job in a seedy little office run by an ape of a man with more hair on his knuckles than his head. Just living Luke's miserable existence would have been bad enough...but increasingly I was dealing with his thoughts and memories as well. Depressing thoughts about how much he hated his job and wanted a girlfriend, and about how much he wanted to break out and get free. It was sad really, mostly because his dreary existence was currently my dreary existence.

I was sacked out on the couch after a long day at his tedious job—pathetic microwave lasagna in my lap—when I glanced out the window and across to my house. My body was standing there in the window, wrapped in a long black cardigan.

He caught my eye, smiling warmly just for a second. Then the smile turned devilish as he dropped the cardigan and revealed a navy bra and panties – expensive, delicate and clearly brand new. I didn't recognize the underwear; apparently he'd taken my body shopping.

Running a single finger over the lacy edge of the bra, he raised an arched eyebrow mouthed, “You like?”

Then he dipped a hand into the bra and I watched him squeeze my ample curves, pushing down the bra to reveal my dusty pink nipple. I felt utterly paralyzed. I wanted to scream, to tell the pervert to stop, but knew it was useless. He had some kind of control over me; he could make me do whatever he wanted and I was entirely powerless.

I tried to look away but that proved hopeless too. Because, as soon as my feminine body had appeared in the window, Luke's thoughts had begun to surface. Fierce, immediate need started creeping through my body, clenching my belly and turning my breath shallow. I couldn't believe it, but I was starting to get turned on—really turned on—by my own fucking body. This was Luke's fantasy, and now it seemed to be mine as well.

I could feel Luke's dick getting hard, straining against the denim of the jeans I was wearing, and I found my eyes glued to the vision of my own body through the window. Her bra straps were down over her shoulders now and she was supporting her breasts with her hands. She squeezed them together and leaned forward, her eyes meeting mine through the glass.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned reluctantly. I bit my lip, hard, desperately trying to resist the urge to just drop my hand down my pants and pull out Luke's aching dick. Then my mind was pelted with oddly familiar images that Luke had clearly played before in his mind about me: his hands working over my body, his thick cock forcing its way into my tight cunt.

I couldn't resist. I popped open his jeans and I slid a hand down to his dick. It was warm and meaty and even as I was disgusted at touching it, the physical pleasure of wrapping my fingers around it and working my hand up and down made me even hornier. It was like all my attention was focused on the head of my...my cock. I needed to rub myself.

I pulled my pants down and looked out the window. Luke was watching me, smiling his smile. I wanted to ram my cock between his plump lips, force my dick down that bitch's throat and make her choke on me. She was a cunt and she deserved to get fucked hard.

*Christ, is that what Luke thinks of me?* I thought, then knocked the thought aside as I came.

My cock throbbed beneath my fingers and hot cum shot over my pants in bursts, dripping warmly down my fingers. The relief was instant, no slow release like I'd had as woman. My pleasure was just...over. The shame was instant, too. I looked back up, but my body was gone from the window. I cleaned myself up and lay on the couch to watch more TV, my mind cleared, my motivation sapped by the quick orgasm. Luke's life sucked.

## Luke

I had to find the right bikini. It was Saturday morning—the third day since I’d swapped into Karen’s body—and the summer sun was shining bright. A perfect day for a swim in the pool. I settled on a pink little number that rode my ass like a thong and made my breasts spill over. It was a little uncomfortable but I knew it would drive Karen insane.

I added a long necklace—enjoying the gentle caress of the metal as it swung between my breasts—and picked up the phone. I didn’t bother with pleasantries. “Get over here.”

“Ok.” Even in single word, I could hear the fierce reluctance in her voice. My guess was she had been receiving my memories just as hard and fast as I had been receiving hers...which meant she had a pretty detailed idea about just exactly what I wanted to do with her body. She probably thought I was going to fuck her the second she walked through the door. This was going to be fun.

I jiggled my tits again—I loved doing that—before turning my attention to the knock at the door. I grinned, reveling in the newfound sense of control and power. I had never felt so devious and, just for a second, I paused with my hand on the door handle. Was it my mind or Karen’s mind making me act this way? I shook away the thought; whoever’s idea it was, it was a good one. I opened the door and watched her jaw drop at my choice of attire. It was clearly the right choice.

Furious, she demanded, “What do you want?”

“I want you to come with me.” I turned and moved through the house, I didn’t even need to look back to know she was following; she was under my power and the command had been given.

She could still complain about it though. “You can’t do this to me!” she protested, as I opened up the patio doors to the giant pool in the back garden. “You can’t just steal my body and think you’ll get away with it.”

“Just watch me.” I winked, then added with a hint of a giggle, “I could easily ruin you, but replacing you is *so* much more fun.”

“That’s your plan?” she hissed. “Then why am I even here?”

“To watch.”

“You can’t make me,” she replied petulantly.

“Actually I can.” I dipped a toe in the warm water of the pool. “I can also do this: touch your nose.”

Glaring, hating me, she did it. She had to; there was no disobeying a command I had given.

“Still think I’m not in charge?” I smiled. “Now say sorry.”

“Sorry,” she replied through gritted teeth.

I pointed to a lounge next to the pool. “Sit over there and, no matter what, don’t touch yourself.”

She stomped over to the chair and sat down as slid into the pool. That’s how we spent the morning

—her glued to the chair, watching me swim and bounce, and laugh. I loved teasing her, stroking my tits and making them jiggle, knowing that she couldn't touch herself, no matter how turned on she got.

“Does your ass look big in this bikini?” I asked, turning around and smiling as I slid one hand across my thick thighs.

I dove in and came up wet and dripping. I pushed my hair back and stood in front of her as the water sluiced down my breasts. I could see that Karen was biting her lip, grinding her fingers into the side of her chair, and I could also see her member, my member, rising to the occasion.

“Please,” she said after a while, clearly hating herself and just as clearly unable to control herself, “Please, just let me touch myself, I need the release.”

“Oh dear,” I said happily, “I can't have that in my house you dirty, little pervert. What kind of woman do you think I am? Go home and masturbate.”

She bolted out of the chair and raced for the door.

I called after her, one final command, “And when you're done you need to lick up all your own cum.”

She paused, but was so horny she had no choice but to obey if she ever wanted release.

## Karen

Every day, more and more memories of his came flooding in. The previous night's dreams were all his: dull days, toil and tedium. I'd woken up with his thoughts almost blanketing my own and it had taken a minute to wade through the sleep-laden, confused thoughts to find myself.

Getting out of bed, I'd noticed that I no longer had to search the house for simple objects. I knew the exact location of every dish in the kitchen, of the remote, of the spare towels and light bulbs. I *knew* it... because, all too often, his thoughts were now completely mingled with mine.

I was on my way out of the door, to another mundane day in his mundane body at his mundane job, when the phone rang. I knew who it was. For a moment, I was defiant and didn't pick it up... and then I found myself grabbing for the phone. There was something, deep down in the back of my mind, that told me Luke was a good person really... and that maybe, eventually, he would relent and reverse our situation. Buried in his thoughts and memories was the knowledge that perhaps—if I just found the right words—I could persuade him. I grabbed the phone.

His voice was soft and suggestive. "Come over now. You're going to want to see this."

As I traipsed the path that led up to my once front door, I found myself thinking about the prospect of seeing myself—my old body that is—again. I was starting to get used to wanting it, get used to the frequency with which Luke's mind flashed up images of my body. I'd be making breakfast or having a shower and suddenly, he'd be fantasizing about bending me over the kitchen counter or fucking me hard against the shower wall.

As a woman, I knew I was pretty enough, but this feeling was something entirely different. From inside a man's body, my own female body was something to dream of and devour. As a man I just wanted to force my head in between those tits and live there forever. I wanted my own cunt for meals three times a day.

Even now, as I knocked on my front door, I kept thinking about the body waiting inside and could feel my dick twitch in my jeans. If I had had any inkling into how guys felt about me, I would have done a *lot* more with that body.

"You took your time." She was naked, completely naked. Of course, I had already seen it—after all it was my body—but now, as a man, it was impossible to look away. Holy shit! The temptation to reach out, to touch, to grab, to shove my body down on the hall rug was almost irresistible.

My former body winked at me and gestured for me to follow her inside. As she climbed the stairs, I ran my eyes over her bouncing cheeks. They were raw red; Luke must have been having some fun. I followed her like a man possessed into the bedroom.

Struggling for some control, I asked, "Why am I here?"

"Hang on. Let me get dressed first."

Luke took his time with every move; teasing me as he slowly pulled on an extremely tight pair of yoga shorts and a sports bra that barely contained my tits. I resisted the urge to put my hand down my pants again; I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. He moved about the room efficiently, opening

the right drawer and finding my clothes unerringly in my closet. The same thing was happening to both of us it seemed, we were both getting a daily dose of memories.

He met my eye and gave me a lazy smile. "Oh yeah. The longer I am you, the easier it is to replace you."

"I've been getting your memories too," I admitted.

"It won't be long before we're each other. Completely." He adjusted the sports bra, trying to make things a little more comfortable. "Not just two people that look like each other."

"Are you ever going to change us back?" I wasn't beyond begging and added, "Please."

He just ignored me. "I'm off to yoga. I want you to go to work and come back here when you're finished." He glanced down at the bulge in my pants and said dismissively, "You might wanna deal with that first though."

Defeated, I nodded. "Okay. I will."

## Luke

I was torturing my former male body and I was aware of that. In my defense, it was partly because a certain surprising thought of Karen's had been running over and over through my brain: she thought I was cute. Not in this body, not as a woman, but before we had swapped over. She thought Luke's body was attractive. That meant that now—thanks to the flood of memories becoming more prominent and pressing day by day—I also found my former body attractive. I kept thinking about my old body, about my dick, about stroking my hand down its length, about dropping to my knees and wrapping my lips around it.

The images wouldn't leave me alone. As I went about my day as Karen—friends, yoga, frivolous activity that filled the hours—I kept flashing back to the image of my hard dick. I couldn't wait for Luke's work day to end and I almost ran for the front door when I heard the knocking.

“Hi Luke!” I teased. “Come in!”

“Luke?” she repeated, looking me up and down.

I was wearing my spandex workout gear, the same outfit I'd seen her in—and imagined ripping off her—many times. The tight pink top held up my huge breasts and revealed my trim stomach, while the pants clung to my wide thighs.

“Follow me.” I walked upstairs with her trailing after me. “So, I had such a great day! Went to yoga, met up with a few of your friends and we did some bikini shopping. Gotta say, Kelly and Cass really don't care about preserving modesty in the changing rooms do they. That was a nice surprise! None of them suspected a thing by the way. We got a nice mani-pedi and gossiped like old friends.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Karen asked. “What do you want from me?”

“I've already got everything. I just wanted you to know how easy it all was. Oh, and I thought you might like to help me.” I glanced over at him, “Get ready for a shower?”

I could see her swallow. She wanted to resist the urge to join me, I could tell, but as soon I started walking away she was compelled to follow me.

“Can you help me?” I gestured to my running bottoms, “They're so tight.”

“S-sure,” she stuttered, rolling the form-fitting spandex down the length of my smooth legs, her fingers tickling my thighs.

“Do you like my legs?” I bit my lip, “I shaved them this morning.”

“Y-yes.”

“Good.”

I slipped off my panties and pulled off my top. Karen's eyes were like saucers, the bulge in her pants evidence of her new thoughts about her former body. I turned the shower on and stepped in, letting the warm water sluice down between my breasts and over my plump ass. I fondled my tits as much as I could as I lathered them up, sending them jiggling and bobbing. Then I raised one leg

and ran my hand across my pussy. I knew that my old body loved that. If water hadn't been pouring down between my legs I was sure that Karen probably would've caught on just how turned on I was, already I was dripping down my leg at the touch of my body, at the control I had over Karen....and about the lust in her eyes for me.

I turned the shower off and stepped out, soaking wet, my body shiny and clean smelling. Christ, I was so horny. I'd worked myself up playing with Karen's body. And here was this nice looking young man in the shower, gaping at me, desperately wanting me.

I knelt in front of her and unzipped her pants. I pulled them down, followed by her boxers. She didn't protest as I revealed her erection, the bulbous head pointing towards my lips, the solid shaft throbbing ever so slightly. I'd never thought dick were beautiful, but this one was gorgeous.

I wrapped Karen's hand around the shaft and stroked gently, watching as a bead of pre-cum appeared on the tip. Without thinking I leaned forward and licked it off. Mmm, it tasted slightly salty. Delicious.

I stuck out my tongue and pressed it against the base of his shaft. My nose was on his cock, smelling his masculine scent. I ran my tongue from base to tip and back again as Karen moaned above me. She wasn't going to leave now even if I released her. And I wasn't going to release her, I was going to enjoy this sexy young stud.

I opened my mouth and took him inside. Lowering my lips I felt the head of my own cock glide across my tongue towards the back of my throat. I took him all in until my nose pressed into his pubic hair. I held him there, tasting his hot heat in my mouth, as I undulated my tongue across his shaft. "Oh, fuck," he whispered, as I slid my lips up then back down. Her cock was glistening with my saliva as I controlled his pleasure, holding his power in my mouth, controlling him with my lips and tongue.

I moved faster, wanting his release to satisfy myself. I was so good at sucking cock, always had been ever since my tits had grown in. And then I felt him throb harder in my mouth and he groaned, loud and long. Hot seed spurted across my tongue and down my throat, salty and wonderful. I swallowed it all, keeping my lips wrapped around his cock as he seemed to cum forever. He soon slowed and stopped. I pulled his cock out of my mouth and looked up at him.

"Feels good doesn't it?" I teased, "Much better than any memory."

"Please," she said, "Just let me fuck you. Once."

"Not today."

## Karen

The one advantage of Luke's stupid job—the stupid job I was now forced to go to day after day—was that it didn't need much brainpower. As I sat in his grim little cubicle, typing away my mind was free to wander to the previous night, to relive every moment of that glorious blowjob. Relive the feeling of that bitch's mouth around my dick, relive the moment I had finally achieved something I had always wanted, always fantasized about: getting Karen down on her knees in front of me.

My mind screeched to a halt. Wait. Where the hell had that thought come from? This wasn't my dream come true, that bastard had used my body to suck himself off. I shook my head, as if I could somehow physically untangle his thoughts and memories from mine.

"Hey Luke." Looking up, I watched Marvin sink into his chair in the cubicle across from mine. "How's it going?"

The past few days I'd avoided him like the plague but today suddenly Luke had something he wanted to talk to him about. Marvin was always talking about his latest—probably imaginary—conquest. I knew he'd enjoy what I had to tell.

"Going good, man. Remember my neighbor, the one I told you about from next door?"

"How could I forget," he smiled. "Karen with the massive tits."

I could feel the pride welling up. "She totally sucked me off last night."

"Nice!" he held out his hand and I slapped him five. "Legend. Was she worth the wait?"

"Fuck yeah," I said. "She has the juiciest lips, my god!"

What was I doing!? What was I saying!? I was talking about my own goddamn body like the worst kind of man to this pervert. Shaken to my very core, I pushed past Marvin and rushed to the bathroom behind him.

Hands clenching the sink in panic, I took a good hard look at myself in the mirror. This was Luke. Luke wasn't me. I kept the thoughts going, I tried to remember some of my memories—waking up next to my husband, lounging around, my old friends—but dredging up every memory was a fight. I had to do something; I couldn't let it end like this. I could almost feel it creep through my body, the subsuming of personality.

*Tonight, I told myself. Tonight, when I got back from work, I was going to get my fucking body back.*

## Luke

I hadn't been expecting the knock on the door, certainly wasn't expecting my former body bursting in. It was inconvenient to say the least, my husband was due home in an hour and I wanted to finish getting ready.

Still, I kept it polite... like the good neighbor I am. "Luke," I smiled. "This is unexpected."

Luke glared, fury radiating off his taut body. "I'm not fucking Luke. I'm Karen. Karen! And I want you to change us back right now!"

I sighed. "That isn't going to happen."

His voice was implacable. "Last chance."

"Or what?" I queried.

He lunged at me, knocking me hard on my back on the hallway floor and wrapping his hands about my slender neck. "GIVE ME BACK MY BODY, YOU BITCH!"

"STOP!" I managed to squeak. And of course Luke had no choice but to obey. I gasped for air, desperately filling my lungs again and then choked out, "You shouldn't have done that, you stupid cunt. I can make your life a living hell!"

"You already have!" she hissed. "This couldn't get any worse!"

"Really?" I scrambled upright. "Come with me."

Luke had no choice to obey, I marched him upstairs to the bedroom and grabbed the discarded wedding ring from the table by my bed. I held out my hand for him and said, "We're going to make this official."

Clearly confused, Luke took the ring. "What do you mean?"

I held out my left hand to him. "Now, repeat after me: 'I am Luke, and you are Karen. Forever'."

I could see the urge to fight but eventually he slid the ring on my finger and repeated, "I am Luke and you are Karen, forever."

"Good."

I gave him a slow smile I was beyond angry that he'd dared to attack me but I had a delightful way to punish him and make him truly see that this was his life now. "Go stand in the closet and I don't want you to come out or make a single peep until I say so."

"Okay." Reluctantly he headed for the closet.

"One other thing," I smiled, "You can never masturbate again."

"No!" He stared out at me. "No please, you can't!"

"Yes I can," I said. "You tried to fucking kill me! So congratulations, here's your reward. I'm going

to tease you every day, every chance I get. I'll flash my tits and rub my cunt and there's nothing you can do about it. The only release you'll ever get is when *I* want to play with you. You're going to do everything I say, every time I say it, because this is your life now. A pathetic little man that can't even pleasure himself anymore."

He slumped but I wasn't finished.

"One more thing." I reached for the closet door. "You will never, ever have sex with this body. Get used to that idea because it will never happen *Luke!*"

My husband didn't arrive home for another hour and by the time I heard his key in the lock, I was in a killer dress and ready good to go.

It was just thinking about Luke that made me so goddamn horny, him forced to stay quiet in the closet, waiting for me to arrive and watch helplessly as I fuck the shit out of his former husband. I was going to make him pay for trying to kill me, and I was going to have fun doing it. As soon as my husband came through the door, I threw myself into his arms and pressed my lips to ease.

I pulled him up to the bedroom and closed the door, looking at him seductively. Already I could see the bulge in his pants. I looked over to the closet quickly, knowing Luke was watching—*had* to watch—then smiled and took off the black dress I had been wearing for my husband. He took me in his arms, his lips on mine, his tongue exploring my mouth as his hands roamed greedily all around my body. Soon he, too, was naked and I admired his body: his powerful arms, thick chest and handsome, rugged face. I remembered everything about him, all the time we'd spent together, the places we'd gone, the things we'd seen...all the times he'd fucked me until I screamed with pleasure. I knew every inch of his body even though "I" was seeing it for the first time.

I took a hold of his throbbing shaft and did what only my delicate hands could do. It turned me on immensely to hear my husband moan, and he could only stand it for a few seconds before he threw me onto the bed on my back and spread my legs wide, holding my calves apart in his solid grip.

"I've missed you so much Karen," he was saying.

"Oh, god, I've missed you, too" I moaned. I wanted him more than anything.

In my head, I had taken his dick a thousand times, but in reality I had never once felt it. The head of his cock pressed against my swollen lips, the pressure building, building, and then I sighed as he plunged inside me. He spread my legs wide, staring down at our connection as his cock slid in and out of my velvety folds. I fondled my large tits and cried out as he fucked me. He forced his way deep, deep inside, his warm-softness filling my aching cunt. I grasped the sheets as he slammed inside me, grunting in animalistic pleasure. I was so wet for him, needed him so badly. I cried out, my cries rising in pitch as the pleasure flooded me, bouncing around my body, growing ever higher until I thought I would explode.

I looked over to the closet, I could see the eyes watching through the gaps in the blinds and it made me smile. And then my husband thrust hard inside me and I squeezed my eyes together and moaned. My hands squeezed my nipples, pinching and pulling as the pleasure multiplied itself until my body could no longer contain it.

"Oh, god! Oh, god!" I heard myself say as I came, blinding white pleasure filling every pore off my body. My husband trembled inside me—I knew how much he loved hearing me cum—and then he came, too. I felt him pulse inside me, felt the heat blast inside my pussy, filling me.

When we were done he collapsed on top of me and I wrapped my arms and legs around him, wanting to hold him close. My husband. My love.

I was no longer Luke, I was Karen. Being Luke seemed like a nightmare I had awoken from into

my real life as a pampered housewife. With my husband still on top of me I looked over to the closet, where the neighbor boy was hiding. I had allowed him to perv out. He was my willing boy toy, eager to do anything for me in the hopes I would let him fuck me. Well, that would never happen. I gave a devious smile.

I had never been happier.

# # #

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