

Borrowed Lives

A Body Theft Short Story Collection

by M. Wills

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Second Time for Everything

I wanted Charlotte. Charlotte didn't want me. Those were the facts as I knew them. The only relevant facts in a world full of them as far as I was concerned.

Yeah, it was a nice day, the sun was out, the birds wouldn't lay off the goddamn chirping, yadda, yadda, yadda. But I wanted Charlotte. Charlotte didn't want me.

It had become painfully obvious that Charlotte wouldn't develop the same feelings for me I had for her. We'd known each other for years. I'd been her friend, making sure I was there every time she was dumped by another dimwitted stud, comforted her as she cried on my shoulder, laughed and joked with her. I'd shared my feelings about her and she'd shared her lack of feelings with me. Not in a cruel way—Charlotte could never be cruel—but letting me down gently. In a fairer world maybe my love would have been requited, my deeds would have earned my way into her heart. But I was finally understanding that try as you might you can't earn love, you don't get it just for trying hard like some kind of reward. It happens or it doesn't.

I wanted Charlotte. Charlotte didn't want me. My friends told me that would change. That eventually I'd get over her. That time would heal all wounds and I'd move on and she'd become just a bittersweet memory, a 'what if' to return to in the same way you prod a loose tooth to see if it still hurts. And maybe that was true. But I had another option to get closer to her than anyone.

My friends didn't know, no one knew, but I was a body hopper.

I'd only ever hopped once. I discovered my powers and discovered I didn't like them on the same day. On that day, completely by accident, I ended up inside the body of James, my best friend back in high school.

We were always trying to one-up each other and somehow or another we ended up betting on who would win in an arm wrestling match. We sat down across from one another at an old card table in James's basement. Our hands locked and on the count of three we began. As I strained against him I felt a faint pulling, like a magnet attracting my whole body to the point of contact where James's hand met mine. On a whim I “released” and let the pull take me. Instantly I felt myself sort...flowing into James, my body became ephemeral and my senses disappeared. Then, less than a split second later, the world returned, only my perspective had flipped and I was now on the other side of the card table as my now-empty hand slammed onto the table. Or, rather, James's now empty hand slammed onto the table.

It was quite a shock looking down at my friend's body from inside. What's more, his memories and feelings flooded my mind. I “remembered” making out with Alison Greely at my last party, the guilt of breaking “my” mom's computer yesterday, the attraction “I” had to my actual body's sister. I tried to wipe that from my mind but there are some things you can't un-remember. I stared down at my new body in shock, then back across at the empty chair where I had been sitting only seconds ago. I felt panic rising through me and I closed my eyes and took some deep breaths until I was back under control. It was only then that I noticed the faint pull I had felt earlier. It was there waiting for me whenever I wanted to use it. I let it pull me out and suddenly I was myself again, standing next to James.

He looked up at me and did a double take.

'What the hell, Felix?' He asked, looking from me, to my empty chair, then back to me. 'Did I black out or something, how did you get over here?'

I wasn't about to tell him what just happened; I hardly believed it myself.

'You just passed out,' I lied, 'Are you ok?'

'Yeah,' he said, rubbing the hand that had slammed onto the table, 'I think so.'

He didn't seem to remember anything, but I did and I felt guilty. I remembered it all. It felt like spying on my own friend, spying on his deepest memories and secrets. I didn't like it and I didn't want to repeat it. It was easy enough to avoid even though I felt that faint pull whenever I touched someone. I just didn't let myself release and remained anchored in my own body.

But that knowledge, that feeling was always there. Waiting.

Where was I?

Oh, yeah, I wanted Charlotte. Charlotte didn't want me.

Those were my thoughts as I walked cross my college campus on that warm spring day. I was heading to my next class—Economy 201—but I knew Charlotte's schedule and I knew if I walked fast enough I could run into her near the science building before she went in.

Yeah, yeah, after everything I just said you'd think I would have tried to get some distance from the whole situation, but feelings are dumb and they make people do dumb things.

I hurried around the corner and spotted her, but she wasn't alone. She was walking along next to another guy who looked to be straight out of central casting. Some talk, dark and handsome guy who'd eventually break her heart. She brushed a strand of her short, blonde hair behind an ear with a dainty finger and laughed at his stupid joke. I assumed it was stupid, I couldn't really hear with all the blood rushing to my head. I decided right then and there to do it. To hop her body as soon as I could and have it for myself. My plan, such as it was, was to burn the desire out of my body with the most intense closeness I could have. Totally immerse myself and then walk away, turn the page, shut the door, yadda, yadda, yadda.

She walked up the steps of the building with the guy. The calves of her solid, runner's legs flexed beneath her small, white shorts with each step.

'Charlotte!' I called.

She turned and looked down at me. Her perfect eyebrows arched gracefully and her hazel eyes flashed as her adorable face lit up in a grin. Two dimples appeared on her smooth cheeks.

'Hi, Felix,' she said in her sweet voice.

'Can I talk to you for a second?' I asked, coming up the steps to meet her.

It may have been something in the way I said it that made her hesitate for a brief second. I'd tried to bring up the subject of us before. That is, *us together* us and perhaps she thought I was trying one more time.

'I've got to get to class.'

'It'll just take a second.'

'What's up?'

'Um, maybe somewhere a little more private.'

She glanced at tall, dark and handsome, who shrugged. 'Uh, ok.'

We went into the building. I quickly found an empty classroom and led her inside.

'What's going on, Felix?' She asked, a note of concern in her voice.

'Just something I need to do.' I replied. I took her hand and felt the magnetic pull.

And hopped.

For a split second as I sank inside her I lost all my senses, the world went dark and quiet. Then just as quickly everything reappeared in an explosion of senses, my body now facing the spot I once stood.

I felt Charlotte's shirt and shorts clinging to my new body as the coolness of the air-conditioning sent goosebumps cascading up and down my long legs. Hair tickled against my cheek and I slipped it behind my tiny ear with a slender finger, brushing lightly against the softness of my new face. I looked down at Charlotte's body, seeing it from my new perspective, looking down her shirt through her own eyes. My gaze roamed over the creamy curves of her breasts. Clasped lightly in a small bra they rose to just below the neckline, just visible enough to show off the small valley before disappearing back beneath my shirt.

I ran her fingers down her waist, pulled up my shirt and marveled at Charlotte's lithe runner's body—my body now. I tickled my glossy nails over my tight abs, ran my hands up across my breasts, gently pinching and prodding, watching my new body move.

Her memories began seeping in and I tried to clear my mind, aware of the long ago memory of my first time hopping that seemed so overwhelming. It worked, mostly. I got glimpses of boyfriends past, of the class assignment due next week, of running around the track until exhausted...of my old self.

I closed my eyes and rubbed the temples. I wasn't ready to deal with those memories just yet. I wanted to get used to her body, get used to being Charlotte. The rush of memories soon subsided and I opened my eyes. My thoughts were mine again, and right now I really had only one: explore

my new body. I had to get back to my dorm—to Charlotte's dorm.

I pushed open the classroom door and quickly walked down the hall. Charlotte's body felt so light, so energetic. Tall, dark and handsome was waiting for me in the hallway but I just brushed past him.

'Where you going?' He called after me.

'I've got to go do something,' I called back without pausing. It was lovely hearing Charlotte's voice coming from my own lips.

I practically skipped through campus to Charlotte's dorm. I let myself in and went straight to Charlotte's room. Fortunately for me, she had a room all to herself. Her family wasn't rich or anything, just regular working class, but her roommate had left to join a sorority and the school hadn't given her another.

I dropped my backpack on the floor and headed straight for the full length mirror hanging from the wall. I stepped in front of it and faced the long legged, blonde woman I had now become. I turned this way and that, posing my sexy legs, staring at my lovely curves. I leaned closer to the mirror to examine Charlotte's face, the face I dreamed about, ached for, was mine. I stared into her gorgeous hazel eyes and smiled. Her face, framed by her golden bangs, lit up in happiness as I drank her all in. I traced my fingers down her pert nose and across her cheeks, luxuriating in the warm smoothness of her skin.

My fingers continued wandering down my long neck, down to my chest, sliding around the cotton fabric that clasped Charlotte's breasts. I quickly stripped off my shirt and shorts, leaving Charlotte's body clad only in a delicate bra and panties. I squeezed the soft-firmness of her breasts with my greedy hands, then sent them roaming up and down my upper body as I watched Charlotte's reflection caress herself, her hands running up her neck and through her hair, then back down, feeling every inch of herself as a warmth grew between my legs.

I unclasped my bra and shrugged it to the floor, gasping in pent-up desire as I revealed her two creamy breasts. I ran my fingers around her small areolas, gently pinching and squeezing until her nipples stood out and a gentle warmth flooded through me. I cupped a breast in each hand and rolled her smooth tits lightly between my dainty fingers. They were wonderful, and they were mine.

I slid my hands down my abs and slowly rolled down my panties, watching down from my new perspective as her body, framed by her wonderful breasts, was revealed. My new, shaved pussy slowly came into view. It was disorienting to not see my cock but I soon forgot about that as I tentatively slid a hand between my legs, over my mound and just rested my fingertips on top of my new slit. Charlotte was completely smooth and hairless. The warmth between my legs called me onward and I slid a finger just inside myself, the feeling of being penetrated, even just this little bit, so strange and wonderful and new.

I ran my finger lightly up and down my moistening opening, caressing my velvety folds and teasing my clit out of hiding. I was turned on both by the feelings I was creating in Charlotte's body and by watching this gorgeous woman play with herself. I continued stroking my tits with one hand while the fingers of the other slid in and out of my aching pussy, a little deeper, wetter each time as the pleasure burned within me and I let out a soft sigh. I continued working inside, pressing my fingers up against my clit and squeezing my nipples, teasing, teasing, until the pleasure erupted and my body convulsed as I moaned.

I put one leg up on a chair and spread my legs so I could watch Charlotte's pussy—*my* pussy!—as I made her fingers work their magic on her body, forcing her to pleasure herself. Her velvety lips unfolded with an ache that hurt so good and I came again, Charlotte's sweet voice gasping from my lips, her face in the mirror screwed up in orgasm. I continued rubbing my clit, my fingers soaking with my own body's juices, Charlotte's voice growing ever higher pitched as I squealed out my delight until, once again, pleasure consumed me and I shut my eyes and grunted as the hardest orgasm I'd ever had hit me. My knees shook and the room disappeared. It was just me and my body, me and Charlotte until the orgasm faded and I dropped my hands, my breasts heaving with every breath. I looked in the mirror at Charlotte's face, flushed with pleasure, and giggled her soft, sweet laugh.

It was everything I had wanted.

II.

Skimming Charlotte's memories I realized it was nearly time for “my” run. I didn't want to interfere with her life so I thought it best to stick to her schedule.

I found her running outfit in the closet and squeezed into her sports bra. I pulled the fabric down over my breasts and adjusted it until they were held comfortably in place. I slid on some panties, pulling them up my slender legs to nestle against my womanhood. Last came the Lycra shorts that clung tightly to my taut ass. I tied my hair back and pulled on her running shoes before heading out the door.

I knew her normal route and eased into her routine almost automatically. I found myself wandering through her thoughts as I ran. It wasn't like reading a book where the words are just there in front of you, it was more a call and response. I, the real me, would picture an idea and see if it pulled any memories or associations from Charlotte's unconscious mind. By following and questioning those memories I could remember everything she could. Naturally, I thought of myself, floating the concept of Felix through her mind.

I felt her warmth towards me, the easy, relaxed feel of hanging out with familiar friends. I searched and queried but found no hint of romantic attachment. I knew this, I could tell even though I'd never worked up the courage to put it out there. And she knew it, too. She knew how I felt towards her. Of course she did. I began running faster, Charlotte's legs pumping like golden pistons as I shot through campus. The memories came, one after another, her conflicting emotions of thankfulness, relief and awkwardness of the times I'd held her, been there for her, nearly spilled my feelings to her. She cherished those memories and cherished me but there was no romance there. Romance wasn't something you could earn, her thoughts insisted, it happened or it didn't and who knows why?

I ran faster, my thoughts and Charlotte's intertwined, conflicted as I pushed her body. She *did* want me but not like I wanted her. She wanted me as a friend, as a brother, and I wanted her as a lover. I realized the truth was exactly the opposite of what I had thought: she didn't have a choice but I did. I could stay as her friend and bury these feelings to be with her platonically, or I would have to leave her and admit my friends were right: she would always be just a fantasy.

My lungs burned as I crested a small hill, my thoughts racing along with my body. I wanted Charlotte. Charlotte didn't want me. But I was the one with the choice. If I couldn't handle seeing her, talking to her, laughing with her without being with her then maybe I shouldn't see her at all. The pain would be too much and it would be better to break off our friendship than live with the constant—unintentional—teasing temptation.

My body and my thoughts hit a wall, figuratively fortunately, at the same time and I had to stop. I bent over gasping for breath. I'd pushed Charlotte's body too far, too fast, I hadn't been paying attention and now there was a stabbing pain in my side. After a few seconds I was able to stand up straight. I placed my hands on my hips and walked in slow circles, breathing deeply, wiping the loose strands of blonde hair from my face until I had myself under control.

On my way back to the dorm I stopped in the nearby park and sat under a tree, alone with my thoughts. Alone with Charlotte's thoughts, too. I hugged my knees and stared off into space, my thoughts racing back and forth. Stay or go, stay or go. After some time, I decided I would stay in her body at least the rest of the day and then after that, who knows? I would leave her body and, possibly, her life. We'd go our own separate ways, maybe even meet up again one day. That was a thought I could hold on to.

My hand gently swished up and down my shins as I sat with Charlotte's long, gorgeous legs right beneath my nose. Her smooth, warm skin was so amazing. I tickled my taut thighs and goosebumps rolled their way down my legs. My fingers continued sliding gently up and down, gliding over the Lycra fabric of my running shorts. I slid my fingers over the fabric pressing down against my womanhood and that familiar warmth sparked up again.

There was no one around, so I scooted to the other side of the tree where I was more hidden by a large bush. I leaned against the tree as I caressed my breasts over the tight fabric of the sports bra, watching Charlotte's hands roam over her beautiful body just as I had always wanted to do from

within my own body. I clasped the soft fullness in each hand and caressed in wonder as I stared down at my borrowed body.

I slid one of Charlotte's hands between my legs, pushing against the stretchy fabric. The fabric was blocking me from the full feel of Charlotte's body, a fact that should have slowed me down but somehow only turned me on more. My desire was being thwarted, and I loved it.

I sank my fingers into my shorts, pressing hard into my moistening pussy as I continued caressing my breasts. The outline of my swollen lips appeared beneath the Lycra fabric as I pressed deep, slid inside myself a fraction as the heat burst forth within me. I squirmed on the hard ground, stifling a gasp as I played with myself, grasping a handful of my shorts and panties and rubbing viciously up and down, using the coarse fabric of my panties to tease my waking clit. Finally I could stand it no more and pushed my hand beneath my shorts to slip a finger into my sopping pussy. I rubbed my clit beneath my shorts, biting the fingers of my other hand to muffle my groans as pleasure shot through me and I leaned my head back and climaxed, pleasure spiking through my body and continuing to grow as I slipped more fingers inside myself, curving around deep inside my aching pussy, pressing up against my G-spot while clasping Charlotte's tits as I convulsed in beautiful ecstasy once more.

My clit was out and my body was crying for more so I rubbed faster, harder, my hand soaking with Charlotte's juices until I came again, hard, Charlotte's voice escaping from between my clenched teeth as pleasure poured through me until I was exhausted. My fingers slowed and stopped, resting atop the smooth, shaved lips of Charlotte's womanhood. I remained leaning against the tree for a little while longer, my fingers still inside myself as I recovered from my latest workout. Whatever decision I made, I would definitely miss her body.

Although, maybe there was a way I could take it with me.

III.

I returned to Charlotte's dorm room and gathered up her shower bag, grabbed her towel and headed down the hall to the showers. The room was empty so I stepped in and pulled the curtain shut behind me. I stripped out of Charlotte's running clothes and dropped them beneath the hook where I'd hung my towel.

The water was lovely and warm on my sensitive skin. I soaped Charlotte's body up thoroughly, rubbing my gentle hands up and down my slick curves and enjoying the feel of her soft form. I was sure her breasts had never been so clean. I closed my eyes and ducked my head under, letting the water wash away the sweat.

I looked down at my borrowed body as the water ran down my smooth breasts, over my trim stomach, down past my smooth womanhood and sloshed along my long legs. I loved this view, seeing her body as she saw it, and I started getting moist once again. Charlotte's body was so horny. Or maybe I was the horny one. It was one and the same now. Unlike when I was a man there was no end to how many times I could sate my desire. With that thought in mind I watched myself slip my dainty fingers between my swelling lips, felt them press gently against my clit as tendrils of warmth shivered their way up my body.

My fingers continued their rhythm, surrounded by the wet heat of Charlotte's body, so wanting and willing. With Charlotte's knowledge of how to please her own body it was easy and before long I came, my body filled with the small release of a gentle orgasm.

I heard the door open and close. Someone else had entered the bathroom so maybe now wasn't the time to keep pushing myself. Reluctantly, I finished rinsing myself off. Then I towelled off and made my way back to her room.

I put on some white shorts and a tank top, an outfit I always enjoyed seeing her wear. Then I blow dried and combed my blonde hair so that my lovely bob once again framed my cute face. Using Charlotte's knowledge I applied her makeup, enjoying the way I could manipulate her face and watch her body respond to my commands. I threw my phone into a small purse and headed out the door.

I meandered along the streets just outside campus, heading towards the mall. I got a lot of looks from people—mostly men—that sent a secret thrill through me. Her body was gorgeous and no one else could have it for the moment. They could look all they wanted but she was all mine.

When I got to the small shopping mall I headed straight to the store past the food court. Two mannequins stood in the window, clad only in fishnet lingerie. You couldn't see the inside of the store until you went in and turned the corner. Only then did you find the kinky outfits, the handcuffs and the wide variety of lube that were sold in this particular sex store. I didn't know exactly what I wanted so I approached the lady behind the counter. She was probably in her mid-forties with wild looking hair and a blissed out expression.

'Hi,' I said, nervously tucking my blonde hair behind my ears, 'I'm looking for a, uh, vibrator.'

'Of course!' She beamed, as though I had just won a prize.

I followed her over to a nearby shelf and she walked me through the selection, oversharing that she had tried them all and emphasizing how they worked with hand gestures. I'd had no idea there were so many different ways for women to stimulate themselves. Some were big, some were small, some were just for the clit, some for the G-spot, some for both. They rotated, twirled, vibrated, twisted, turned, played music, connected to your phone, probably danced and sang (or at least made the user practically dance and sing). She must have seen the expression on my face.

'Do you prefer clitoral stimulation or are you looking for something to hit your G-spot or both?'

'Both, I guess.' I felt my cheeks flushing.

'This is my personal favorite.' She said, oversharing once again.

She handed me one of the display vibrators. It was clear and rubbery and molded vaguely in the shape of a dick with a large head and a bumpy shaft. Part of the way down was a smaller, sort of rubbery spike.

'For the clit,' she explained.

It seemed gigantic in my small hand. She pushed a couple of buttons and the head vibrated and

twirled as if it were alive while the sales lady explained all about the variety of speeds and rhythms.

'Do you have a boyfriend?' She asked.

I shook my head.

'I guarantee if you get this one, you won't need one!' She smiled that blissed out smile again.

I purchased it with Charlotte's credit card and she placed it in an unlabeled plastic bag.

'Have a good day!' She waved.

'I will.'

'I know, honey.'

Night was falling by the time I returned to my dorm. I intended to make the most of my last few hours in Charlotte's body. I refreshed my makeup and put on her cutest outfit: a tight skirt that only half covered my thighs and a top that accentuated my breasts and clung to my fragile body. I pulled out her phone and started taking pictures of myself, turning and adjusting until I found the perfect angle of my cute face, swiping the screen with my dainty fingers to delete all but the best pictures of her lovely face. I posed in the mirror and snapped tons of pictures in Charlotte's cute outfit, posing her sexy legs and ass this way and that, trying a variety of pouty, sexy expressions on her face. I stripped off her top and skirt, taking more photos of my scantily clad body, finishing up with pictures of Charlotte's entire naked form, her body fully on display and captured beautifully, naked and sexy. By this point I was already making Charlotte's body warm just looking at herself. Finally, I was ready for the main event.

I made up her bed and inserted the batteries into the vibrator then arranged her phone on the chair next to the bed so I would be able see my whole body when I lay down. I sat on the bed, still naked, and leaned towards the phone so that only a closeup of my cute face was visible. Charlotte's hazel eyes stared back at me from the screen as I hit record and began the video I'd send to my real body to watch again and again. Everything I'd always wished she'd do and say to me would now come true.

'Hi, Felix,' I giggled in Charlotte's light, airy voice, my nose wrinkling adorably as I addressed my real self. 'I've been thinking about you a lot. I can't get you out of my mind. I've been thinking of everything I want you to do to me.'

I sat back slowly, Charlotte's bare breasts rising into view of the camera. I tossed my blonde hair back, bit my lip coquettishly, and slowly began caressing Charlotte's beautiful breasts.

'I want to feel your hands on my body,' I said as I ran my hands over the smooth, weighty curves. I clasped Charlotte's petite hands against the soft fullness of her breasts and glided my fingers gently over my nipples until they stood out. 'You make me so horny, Felix.'

I continued gliding my hands over my breasts as I closed my eyes and allowed the pleasant tension to slowly build throughout my body. I gently squeezed my nipples and was rewarded with pleasure mingled with pain. I let out a soft gasp.

'Oh, yes, Felix, play with my tits,' I pleaded in Charlotte's lovely voice.

I picked up the vibrator with one hand and brought it to my lips.

'Felix, I want to suck your dick,' I whispered, 'I want to taste you on my lips.'

I stuck out my tongue and licked the head of the rubber dick. I kissed it, slid my tongue along the shaft, all the while continuing to squeeze my breasts. I was aided by Charlotte's thoughts, of the times she actually had a cock in her mouth and, rather than disgust, I felt excitement. Her excitement of the power and the pleasure of what she was doing. I let the emotions entwined with her memories guide me as I imagined the cock in my hand was real. The tension in my body mounted as I slid the fake dick into my pretty mouth, putting on a show for my future self in the camera, wetting the dildo with my saliva as I glided it in and out of my plump lips.

I opened my eyes and looked directly into the camera. 'I need you to fuck me, Felix. Please.' I begged. 'I need to feel you inside me. I'm so wet for you.' It was true, I was soaking.

I lay down on the bed and turned on the vibrator. It began buzzing lightly and I slipped it down between my legs, just below my shaved mound and let it vibrate against the hood of my clit. The pleasurable tension running through Charlotte's body became an ache and I sighed softly. I slid the vibrator gently back and forth, still not inside myself, still teasing. The dildo grew moist with my

pleasure as my clit revealed itself and I dipped the head inside me, pressing up against myself as the tension multiplied, building, aching for a release. I pressed further, my velvety lips opening to welcome the vibrating rod and I was rewarded with a soft orgasm, a gentle respite from the tension as pleasure flooded my body.

'Oh, Felix.' I moaned, Charlotte's voice dripping with lust.

I slid the vibrator deeper inside Charlotte's gentle body, watching down from my perfect point of view as the shaft disappeared between my legs. I slowly writhed in pleasure. My dainty hand dipped and pulled, the vibrator disappearing inside, then reappearing again wet with my own desire. I sank it deep inside and it buzzed against my G-spot, the smaller end vibrating against my clit and my world exploded suddenly, pleasure spiked through me and I came hard, gasping loudly and lifting my pelvis off the bed to drive the buzzing cock deeper inside my willing body.

I continued fucking myself, cumming again and again, Charlotte's body a slave to my lust.

'Oh, oh, oh,' My voice grew higher pitched as the pleasure once again exploded within me and my legs clenched as I came, 'Felix, Felix, Felix!' I screamed in Charlotte's voice as I pounded myself harder and faster, riding another wave of orgasm, faster, higher, than ever before.

I turned up the vibration faster, sending the shaft twisting inside, filling me with a burning desire and I came like this, again and again, six or seven more times, each time Charlotte's beautiful body melted in pleasure as I climaxed. Her whole being crying out for more, to be fucked as hard as I could, desiring nothing more than to be full of cock.

Finally I could take no more. I slid the vibrator out of myself and clicked it off, a small ache of disappointment tinged with relief as I lost the feeling of fullness. I sat up and looked into the camera, Charlotte's disheveled hair and flushed cheeks peering back at me.

'You were amazing, Felix,' I said, then clicked off the camera.

I sent the photos and videos to my own email account, then deleted all evidence off her phone. I would send her to sleep, then hop out of her body. Tomorrow she'd be sore and left with the memories of everything I'd done in her body, of all the times she'd pleased herself and yelled out my name, thinking she'd done it of her own will. Would that change anything? Only time would tell.

I'd had my fun and I had some souvenirs. The only thing left to do was decide if I could stand the heartache of being with her as a friend but not a lover forever. I decided to sleep on it. After all, both Charlotte and I had had a busy day.

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Playing Doctor

Richard lies on the hospital bed, too weak to move. His body is being attacked by some unknown disease, leaving him nearly paralyzed but still strangely restless. The desire to move, to escape was driving him mad. The doctors had all but told him they didn't know what it was or how to stop it. The only thing that keeps him going is the afternoon visit from his favorite doctor.

Here she is now, sweeping into his room like a ray of sunshine.

'Hi, cutie.' Her lightly freckled face bursts into a grin, her pale blue eyes twinkling. Richard manages a weak smile back. She's always cheerful, always flirtatious. He's sure that's just her way with all her patients but still, it sends a thrill up his leg every time he sees her.

She brushes a lock of shoulder length blonde hair out of her face as she looks at Richard's chart. She screws up her lips in thought.

Richard tries to gather his thoughts, think of some way to communicate with her but he can't. It's more than the fact that he can hardly move, it's that his thoughts are careening around inside his head like mad, creating an intense pressure with no way to release, like he's ready to burst out of his own skull. He doesn't know if it's the disease or the medicine they've given him and he has no way of finding out.

Olivia lowers the chart and sits next to him on the bed. 'Well, the good news is nothing's changed. I'm afraid that's also the bad news.'

The pressure in Richard's head is ratcheting up, he's practically vibrating now. Not that anyone would know from looking at his body, which lies completely still.

'I've got some calls in to some specialists to help out. But for now...'

Olivia moves to take Richard's hand in hers. The instant her fingertips connect with his hand there's a sonic boom inside Richard's head followed by a feeling of being sucked through a vacuum as the world spins madly. It's over in a fraction of a second and when it all stops Richard's perspective has shifted. He now sits on a hospital bed looking down at...himself? His old body— weaker, paler, more gaunt than the last time he looked in a mirror—stares back up at him, shock registering in his eyes.

Richard looks down at the body he now inhabits, sees the dark blue hospital scrubs Olivia was wearing. He grabs it in disbelief, only the hand he now controls isn't his. It's Olivia's pale, petite hand grabbing the scrubs, her blonde hair tickling his cheek. He brings up both of Olivia's hands and stares at them in shock, turning them back and forth, flexing the slim fingers with the polished nails, hardly believing that it's him in her body, controlling her every movement.

He stands, still shocked, staring back down at his former body. Richard is flustered, confused, doesn't know how to react, what to say. He backs away against the door, feels around behind his plump butt for the handle, and pushes it open. He walks down the hall quickly, head down, ignoring the occasional call of the interns or the other doctors.

Richard ducks into an empty room, shuts the door behind him and makes his way to the bathroom. He flicks on the light and stares into the mirror at the face of Olivia. Her pale blue eyes, ringed with a dark outline of mascara, stare back at him. He turns his face this way and that, watching Olivia's mirror image do the same, more blonde hair falling out of his messy bun and down his shoulders.

'What the fuck?' he whispers in her sweet voice.

He rubs his dainty fingers lightly over his lovely new face, feeling Olivia's soft skin, her smooth cheeks, brushing around and down her exquisite nose to her lips. Did the disease do this? It's hard to imagine what else could have caused it. He no longer feels ready to burst out of his head. Probably because he already has. How long will this last? He doesn't know. What he does know is that the initial shock is passing and he's finding that he quite likes being in her body. The human mind has a remarkable capacity to adjust.

He steps back from the mirror to take in his full image. He turns his body to the side, examines his new feminine figure. Even hidden by the baggy fabric of the scrubs he sees faint traces of her lithe, feminine form. There's something alluring about the gentle outline of his butt underneath the scrubs. He grabs his new butt and squeezes gently. It's nice. Tight. Olivia keeps her body pretty fit.

He stretches out the top of the scrubs and looks down at his new chest, at the small, lightly freckled round curves that roll down gently into his white bra. He releases his top and brings his hands up to his chest, pulls the scrubs tight against his skin to reveal the small twin bumps of his breasts, slides his fingers over them and squeezes gently, experimentally. He smiles at Olivia's image in the mirror, slightly embarrassed, slightly turned on. The body of the doctor who'd been so good to him, who he'd looked forward to seeing every day with growing anticipation is now his.

He continues squeezing his breasts over the scrubs, stares at the gorgeous young doctor in the mirror, playing with her body as a flicker of warmth begins between his legs. One hand slides down beneath the elastic of his pants, brushes his gentle fingers against his smooth panties, presses the fabric against himself, inside himself. The flicker of warmth becomes a burning ember as his heart hammers loudly in his chest.

He gently rubs his fingers back and forth, back and forth, breathes deep as the growing warmth radiates through his body, slides his fingers up and then back down beneath his panties, against his bare skin, against the trim coarse hair, between his opening lips and slips inside himself. He bites his plump lip as he slides back and forth inside himself, the ecstasy building to a hum as he pleasures Olivia's body. His pussy grows moist, wet, his fingers slick with his own juices as he slides in deeper, pressing against his clit, grasping his breast, rubbing faster and suddenly he gasps at a quick spike of pleasure. 'Oh!' Olivia's sexy voice echoing from his lips pushes him onwards. He wants more, needs more. Presses his clit harder, faster and gasps again, moans as pleasure racks his sexy body, his finger surrounded by his own moist heat as he cries out in Olivia's voice, the pleasure coming faster, harder, each feminine cry of lust becoming higher pitched. And then it engulfs him and he cums, his thighs clasp together as pleasure floods every pore of Olivia's body, the pretty blonde in the mirror practically vibrating with ecstasy.

One hand still in his pants he leans against the sink with the other, breathing deeply, eyes closed as the pleasure dissipates. After a minute he looks up at the pretty, disheveled face in the mirror, her cheeks still red with afterglow. He pulls his hand out of her pants, glistening with her juices and puts it to his lips. He watches the blonde in the mirror as he makes Olivia's body taste herself, lick her musky saltiness and smile, her eyes crinkling. It's almost enough to make him cum again seeing this ravishing beauty so enjoying the taste of her own pussy.

Now that's out of the way Richard can think. He's in Olivia's body but is she in his? What caused this and can it be reversed? Does he tell anyone?

Richard decides the answer to this last is a definitive 'no'. No one would believe him and it would just make her look like she'd gone crazy. Maybe there is a way to communicate with his old body. Before he'd swapped—or whatever—his body was too weak to do much more than blink. He has to try to see if Olivia is in there and maybe together they can fix this.

There is another question buried much deeper than Richard wants to admit: Does he even want to swap back?

Instead of facing this question he washes his hands, straightens his scrubs and tries to adjust his hair. He then slips out of the room.

On the way back to his room he's accosted by an intern.

'Doctor Warner?'

It takes Richard a second to realize she is addressing him. 'Yes?'

'Mr. Jeffers in three is ready.'

'Ok.' Mr. Jeffers is here for observation for a possible myocardial infarction, though Richard suspects it will turn out to be indigestion again. The thought comes so naturally it takes a second for Richard to understand what's happened. He's taken Olivia's body, he must have taken her memories, too.

He enters the room and a heavyset middle aged man looks up glumly at him from his hospital bed. Richard picks up his chart and reads through it, the scrawled handwriting instantly recognizable as his, or rather, as Olivia's.

'How are you, Mr. Jeffers?' he asks the patient.

'I'd be better if I watn't inna hospital. My chest hurts.'

Richard glides over to the EKG monitor and scrolls up through the last several minutes of readings.

He screws up his lips in thought naturally, Olivia's cute mannerisms are his as well.

'Nothing's showing up here. We'll just let it go for a little bit and see how we are. Ok?'

Mr. Jeffers nods. Richard's fairly confident it's nothing to worry about, but the guy's insured and then there's the whole question of liability. Better safe than sorry.

The rest of the night goes like this, Richard checking out patients, each time afraid that he won't know what he's doing but somehow, every time, Olivia's thoughts and memories are there whenever they're called upon. It's a busy night, leaving him with no time to check on his body until just before his shift ends. By then his former body is asleep.

Around 10 o'clock another doctor, Dr. Stepenson comes in to relieve him. He's an older, bald man with a perpetual smile on his face.

'Olivia!' He shouts happily, coming towards Richard.

'Tim!' Richard replies.

'Anything I need to know for tonight?'

Richard gives him a brief rundown of the major cases.

'No problem. You go home and get some rest, you're going to need it climbing that mountain. Ha!'

At the mention of the mountain Olivia's memories bubble to the surface. She's going on vacation in the Appalachian mountains with her husband, Mark. They're both avid hikers keen to get away from the city for a few days.

Richard grabs Olivia's purse and other belongings, his thoughts racing. He realizes he can remember more and more of her life the longer he's in her body. Things are becoming natural. Her body, her walk, her memories are mixing with his.

He drives to his new home, a route that's both boringly familiar and wholly new to him. He pulls up in front of a large, nice home in an affluent neighborhood. Not "gated community" affluent but he would definitely be feeling the odd one out if he were driving, say, a Honda.

He parks in the garage and wanders inside Olivia's house. Everything's clean and neat, full of sleek, black and white lines. The artwork is minimalist in style but maximalist in price. He wanders around a bit, admiring her place, seeing it for the first time and for the thousandth time.

Richard slips off his shoes and heads upstairs, his tiny toes sinking into the lush carpet. He enters the large, glittering bathroom just off the bedroom. He turns on the lights and see Olivia's image reflected back at him from every chrome surface and mirror. Richard slips out of his clothes, pulling his top over his head and tossing his wild, blonde hair back. He pulls off his pants and stands in front of the mirror, clad only in his bra and panties. Olivia's body—*his* body!—so smooth and fit.

He reaches around and with some struggle unclasps his bra and lets it fall to the floor. The sweet release of taking off his bra is almost better than masturbation in her body. Almost.

He steps out of his panties and tosses them aside, his gorgeous, naked image reflected in the large mirrors over the sink. He turns Olivia's body this way and that, admiring the sensual curves of his new form. Goosebumps break out over his body as the cool air caresses his skin.

He steps into the massive shower and turns on the water, lets it flow down over his face, his breasts, his tiny waist. He closes his eyes, his thoughts still tumbling. He doesn't know if his mind is restless from coming to terms with his new body or if it's a symptom of the disease manifesting itself again. If it's the latter when does it stop? Will he be cursed to swap bodies forever?

Richard is so caught up in his thoughts he's not aware of anyone else in the room until two strong arms slip around his waist and a masculine voice—Mark, her love—whispers in his ear, 'Hey, babe, mind if I join you?'

Mark presses against Richard's feminine form, his masculinity hard against Richard's slender butt. Richard freezes, not knowing how to react as the man holds him close and nibbles the nape of Olivia's trim neck, sending a different kind of shiver through his body. The hot water pours out of the shower as Olivia's husband kisses and bites Richard's neck, warming his body inside and out.

Part of him is scared but a bigger part, the Olivia part, is turned on. Richard sighs and slips a hand

behind him, grabbing Mark's taut butt. Richard isn't attracted to men, but this body definitely is. The hardness grows against his backside and Olivia's body responds in kind, a moist desire grows between his legs that he can sense even in the cascade of the shower.

Mark's hands roam up and down Richard's body, caressing his breasts, squeezing then sliding down to his waist, enjoying his wife's body, exploring Olivia's contours as her body aches for him, an intense yearning to be filled. One of Mark's calloused hands slides down, over Olivia's butt, then around to the desire between Richard's legs, slips a finger inside his waiting pussy, rough and masculine but rubbing tenderly. Richard leans back against the hard body behind him and sighs, his breasts rising and falling faster with each excited breath, Mark's desire boring into him from behind until—at last—he slips his erection beneath Richard's lovely butt, pressing against Olivia's opening lips. The pressure building, building, until his cock sinks into Richard's wet pussy and they both groan in pleasure, Richard's body filled as 'his' husband slides in further, the hard-softness inside a welcome relief as he grabs Richard's tiny hips and thrusts gently, in and out, as Richard leans Olivia's body against the cool tiles, arches her back and lets her body be taken from behind, Mark's cock driving a burning wave of pleasure through Olivia's body as he thrusts harder, faster, their naked bodies slapping together. Richard looks down at his new body, past his hanging breasts and watches as the cock slides in and out, slick with his own juices and the feeling burns his body bright and suddenly he crests once, quickly, and cries out in Olivia's voice. Olivia's husband grips her waist with his solid hands, impales her on his hard shaft again and again, the burning pleasure crests once more, higher, slower this time and Richard cries out again in time with it, his voice growing higher with each cry as Mark grunts, pushes deep, his cock spasming inside as his hot cum fills her with a pleasure so intense it washes away his thoughts, his feminine body cumming hard with her man as the orgasm flares through her and Richard feels his body fully satisfied, taken and complete.

They stand there for a few seconds more, Olivia's husband still semi-hard inside her, before he finally pulls out, leaving an emptiness Richard yearns to fill again.

Richard turns Olivia's body to face Mark. Mark looks as solid as he feels, dark featured and with a handsome smile. They kiss, Richard's soft, feminine form pressed against the man's hard, masculine body. Olivia's body melts in his embrace. Richard thinks he could learn to live like this. And he does for a time.

The two go on vacation where Richard gets to dance on the sand in his bikini and his 'husband' pleasures Richard's body every night. Olivia's body is sexy, energetic, and draws attention that thrills Richard.

And then his new body starts growing weak.

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The Girl on the Bus

You steal a glance every now and then at the beautiful blonde a few seats in front of you. She started riding the bus a few weeks ago and has been impossible to miss. She seems to be all golden skin and lovely curves. Today, her tight, white tank top cups her heavy breasts and clings to her tight stomach. Her tiny, black shorts sit high up on legs that go on for miles, revealing her strong, tanned thighs and smooth skin. She tosses her long blonde hair over a shoulder and glances out the window. The dark eyebrows of her cute face are furrowed in indecision.

You know from observing her for the past few weeks that she's trying to figure out whether it's quicker to get off at the next stop and run to the train station or stay on the bus and take her chances in the traffic. You watch the slim fingers of her dainty hand as they hover indecisively over the stop signal button. In the end she stays on and you both get off at the station together. You following behind her as she heads down the aisle, pretending not to stare at her firm ass.

Today, she's made the wrong choice. By the time you both reach the platform the train's already pulling away. She runs a hand through her hair and scowls after the disappearing lights, her little nose wrinkling in displeasure. God, she's adorable. You want to hop her right here, right now. What pleasure you could have stealing her gorgeous body, having it for your own. But you don't want to be caught, you have to time it right.

After a minute the platform's mostly deserted; only a few stragglers sit on a bench against the wall. She looks around and sees you staring at her. You smile bashfully and shrug.

'They should make the bus come a minute sooner so everything lines up,' you say.

'Yeah, it's stupid,' she agrees in an angelic voice.

She starts pacing impatiently back and forth between two pillars. At the far end of one she seems to be blocked from view by any remaining passengers. You make your way around to intercept the end of her walk, trying to be nonchalant but quick, before anyone else comes down to the platform. You pull out your phone and pretend to check your emails as she comes nearer, nearer. When she's an arm's length away you step forward and hop.

The world briefly disappears into darkness as your physical form becomes a billion particles of energy and shoots towards her, slipping noiselessly and effortlessly into her body. When the world reappears you're slightly shorter and much more beautiful. The warm air of the arriving trains whip around your scantily clad body, blowing your silky blonde hair across your new face.

You look down and are confronted with the glorious cleavage of the girl from the bus. You brush the hair out of your face with a strong, slender arm while you admire your sexy body. It's feminine but muscular, sensitive but tough. You can't help but run a hand over one large breast; the feeling is instant and more intense than you imagined as a slight tingle flits through your stolen body.

You search her mind. In doing so, the odd but alluring sense of being someone else engulfs you while your identity fades into the background. Meghan. Your name's Meghan. You were on your way home from the gym trying to catch the last train because there's now a 30 minute gap. You need to shower and get all made up to go out with your girlfriends tonight. You start thinking about what outfit you're going to wear. As you imagine your body dressed and undressed in various ways you, the real you, starts getting excited, which in turn starts making Meghan's body warm. Your entangled thoughts turn to her ex-boyfriend, Brian. How he used to dominate you. Tie you to the bed, your legs spread wide while he ate your aching wet pussy. How you cried out as orgasms punished your body while he took his time kissing and sucking your sensitive nipples when all you wanted was for him to fill you, to fulfil your desire with his manhood.

So...Meghan is into being dominated and controlled. You tuck that thought away in the back of your mind.

Your new body's getting moist still thinking about Brian. You head to the bathroom upstairs; it's a single with a lockable door and usually the cleanest. Your long legs pound up the stairs, the muscles rippling just below the surface.

You open the door and the slight scent of bleach hits you. You're in luck, the bathroom's empty. You lock the door and turn to face the mirror. Meghan's face stares back at you. Her slightly broad nose, full lips and wide face makes her adorably cute rather than hot. Your dark eyebrows are

slightly arched in concentration, thoughts of Brian still warming your body. Your perfect breasts practically spill out from beneath your white tank top, rocking lightly up and down with each breath.

God, you want to fuck yourself.

You run your fingers over your full breasts, slipping down over the nipples as they pop out instantly, erect and ready for your caresses. You watch your new body in the mirror as you lightly pinch your nipples, sending pleasure spinning through your body. Your cheeks redden, your mouth opens slightly in hungry desire for the gorgeous woman in the mirror. Between your legs a warmth pulses, sending a hungry tension up through you. You slide one of Meghan's hands down into her shorts while the other continues to tease your nipples.

Your slim fingers slip under your panties and across the her mound, following the coarse trail of her pubes down, down to her warming slit. You can feel your lips already spreading as you dip a finger inside yourself and smile in the mirror. You bite your lower lip flirtatiously as the finger inside your wet warmth moves up and down, spreading your slick juices over the head of your clit as you moan softly. You lean forward, your breasts revealing themselves in the mirror beneath your top as you make Meghan's body flirt with herself, turning yourself on with your own feminine moans.

The anticipation builds as your finger circles gently inside you. Your clit reveals itself and you draw in your breath quickly as your finger massages it and a spike of pleasure hits you. You pinch your nipples harder now. They're so sensitive your light touch is bordering on pain. A deep, satisfying pleasure-pain fills you, heightened by the fingers rubbing faster inside your wet pussy. You moan louder as a tidal wave of ecstasy rolls through you, starting in between your legs and radiating through your body. Meghan's body is so lovely to be in, to touch, to feel from the inside. Your fingers grow slick and still you rub. Your other hands drops to the sink and you bend over, pushing your fingers deep inside, your blonde hair piling over one arm as you try to fill yourself, reach that last little spot and then with a cry you hit it, over and over as the ecstasy trembles through you, reverberating through your body and making your legs shake as you cry out loud 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' in your girlish voice.

You lean on the sink with both hands, the smell of your lust is intoxicating as you stare at Meghan's beautiful face. Your cheeks are flushed, your hair dishevelled, your breasts rising and falling with each deep breath. You smile at yourself, then stand and wash off. It's time to get back home so you can get ready to go out with Meghan's friends.

Your body's studio apartment is small but neat. The bed is made and there's practically no mess. Your balcony looks out across the street at an old movie theatre, the attendants already sweeping up and preparing for the night crowds in this trendy part of town.

You step out of your shoes and pull off your socks, then pull off your top and your bra, letting Meghan's breasts bounce free. They're big and beautiful, the luscious curves hang down heavily from your lithe form. You take one in each hand, admire the heft and the warm, smooth skin, before running your fingers underneath and tickling lightly. You pull off your pants and panties and stand naked before the mirror. Meghan's thighs are muscular while still being feminine. The tanned, smooth skin tapers towards your waist and your tight, little butt gently bubbles out from behind you. Between your legs a neatly shaved strip of coarse, dark blonde hair leads towards your new pussy. It's so different from having a cock; everything about your feminine body is prettier, more graceful.

You step into the shower and wash the sweat off your body. Your soapy hands caress your breasts and glide over your nipples, pinching lightly. You glide your hands all around your body, exploring your new curves, squeezing Meghan's tough muscles and the tender skin. There will be time for more later, you promise yourself.

You turn off the shower and dry yourself off before wrapping the towel around your body. You blow dry your hair and use Meghan's memories to makeup your face, partially submerging your identity in hers to do so. You redden your cheeks and darken your eyebrows, curl your lashes and

stick some pretty studs in each ear, her natural movements are now yours. The girl in the mirror is gorgeous. You smile and your cute, new face smiles back at you.

You search through your closet for the perfect outfit for a girl's night out. You try a couple on and discard them: a dress (too formal), a mini-skirt (too sexy), dark pants (not sexy enough). Finally you settle on a tight black tank-top that conforms to the curves of your body, hugging your ample breasts and leaving your toned arms bare. You wiggle into a pair of jeans, the denim so tight it's practically painted on your body and makes the muscles of your legs and the curve of your little ass look stunning. Some Ugg boots and a leather jacket complete the look.

Standing in front of the mirror you run a hand through your long hair as you cast an eye on your finished outfit. It's perfect. Cute and sexy. You grab your purse and head out to the bar to meet your girlfriends.

You sit and chat with your girlfriends, Kylie, Erin, Lacey and Faith. They're all in their mid-twenties and fashionably dressed. They're pretty and confident, laughing and catching up with each other. You slip in easily, merging with Meghan's mind to share in the conversation. It's fun with just the girls.

Every now and then a guy or two gets up the nerve to approach your group. Kylie and Erin, being the more outgoing ones, turn them away. It's fine, as the guys all seemed to have that cocky, jock-like swagger about them. That's never really impressed you, or Meghan.

As the night wears on and the drinks flow, you find your mind lazily drifting down to your new body. You cross and uncross your legs and throw back your hair. You laugh at Faith's jokes and your magnificent breasts bounce up and down. Your mind is engulfed in the warm cloud of drunkenness. You love this body and you'd like to explore it some more. Maybe have someone explore it with you.

The night is fun but in the end you go home alone. You're slightly disappointed you've no one to share your new body with, but also eager to explore more on your own. If anything this short interlude has made you hornier, and you've got a wicked idea.

You get home and stand in front of the full length mirror on the back of her bedroom closet door where you wake Meghan's mind. She's groggy at first, but a panic sets in as she tries to move her own arms and finds she can't. She's trapped as a prisoner in her own body.

What's happening? I can't control my body! She yells in your mind.

You lean towards the mirror. 'You like being dominated, huh?' You ask in her sweet voice.

Oh, my god, what's happening?

'I'm in your body. And, god, it's beautiful.'

You force her lips to move, her voice to utter your thoughts. She's trapped, helpless inside her own body. You run one manicured hand down her tight tank top, then back over her chest and squeeze one firm breast.

Who are you? What do you want?

'I want what you want. You like being controlled. This is the ultimate control.'

You force her to watch her body in the mirror as you strip off your tank top and your bra. Your breasts bounce free and you heft them in each hand, a lusty look spreads across your face, reflected back in the mirror as you gaze at your sexy body.

No. Stop. Not like this.

But her body betrays her. Your pussy is growing moist with desire. You can feel her fighting you, the phantom tug on your arm, but it's no use.

'I'm stronger than you. I can make you do whatever I want. You're mine.' You whisper. She whimpers inside your head, terrified and horny.

You step out of her shoes, then force her hands down to her pants, unbutton them and tug them off, your creamy thighs revealed inch by inch until you kick the jeans to the floor, all the time feeling her phantom protestations. You slide your panties down, too, slowly, enjoying the sight of the woman stripping in the mirror. Of you stripping in the mirror.

Finally you stand naked and cast your eye up and down Meghan's body approvingly, forcing her

to stare at her own naked form, your lust overwhelming her own desires as she wonders and dreads what you'll do next.

Suddenly, and without warning, you grab her heavy tits and squeeze her nipples. She squeals inside your head as a burst of pleasure-pain rips through both of you. You gasp in her delicious voice and release your nipples. They pop out in anticipation.

Let go. Let me go. Give me my body back. She moans.

But beneath that is a dark desire to be used, to lose all control of her own body, to be owned by you. You grin, her beautiful face grins back from the mirror as you spread your pussy lips, revealing the pink folds of your moistening desire.

'Your body's so beautiful. And it's mine to do what I want,' you tell her as you slip your index finger inside your wet slit and work it slowly up and down.

'I'm going to touch your body and there's nothing you can do to stop me.'

The tip of your finger rubs against the hood of your clit and a warm shiver courses through your body. The other hand grabs your tit again and plays with the nipple, gently rolling it back and forth as spikes of painful pleasure burst inside, lighting your desire, warming your body.

You slip another finger inside yourself, the two fingers quickly grow slick with your own juices as you work Meghan's body into ecstasy. A short, sharp orgasm bursts through you and your knees buckle. Meghan cries out inside your head, no longer fighting your control, ceding her body to you to do with as you will as long as you keep the pleasure coming.

You lie down on your bed, your thick legs spread wide as you pleasure yourself. Your pussy feels so good, so hot, so wet as wave after wave of warm tension wind up your body. Your fingers sink deeper inside yourself as you wiggle your thick butt, trying to sink deep and hit your G-spot. You curl your finger up and under your clit and suddenly your mouth drops open as a blast of pleasure pounds you.

'Ahh!' You moan aloud. Meghan moans inside with you as you force her fingers to continue their thrusting pleasure. You're dripping with lust now, trying to satisfy your sweet body with just your fingers and Meghan is urging you on.

Harder! Faster! Faster! Ohhh, make me cum!

Another wave of ecstasy hits you and you cry out in the darkened room. Meghan's voice echoes from the walls as the pleasure fills your feminine form and you cum, your pussy spasming, clamping down on your fingers as if milking a cock. And it feels good and there's nothing but bliss in your mind. But, somehow, you think it could be better.

You lie on the bed, the wet spot cold when you shift your butt. If only you could be filled by a real cock. The thought itself warms your pussy once more and you know you have to have it.

You lay there on the bed, the fingers of your left hand absently circling your left nipple, thinking about Meghan's body—*your* body—and how sexy it feels. How horny you still feel.

You rummage through Meghan's memories, calling up the names of friends and acquaintances and testing how she feels. There's one, Sam, a kind of geeky guy. He's kind and quiet but with an air of sophistication and humor about him. Meghan suspects he's got kind of a crush on her and she wouldn't be surprised if she discovered he was a virgin.

You lean over her bed and rummage through her purse, your weighty breasts squashed beneath you, your fat butt up in the air, until you find Meghan's phone, then roll onto your back again. You flick the phone on and start sending a text to Sam. It's late but you have a feeling he won't turn you down.

"*You awake?*" You text.

What are you doing? Meghan asks. You're privy to her thoughts but yours are private to her.

'Having some fun.'

The phone dings: "*Yup. What's up?*"

"*Not ready to go to bed. Can I come over? :)*"

"*OK*"

Oh, come on, don't tease him, Meghan says.

'Who says I'm teasing?'

As the Uber driver heads off down the street you knock on Sam's door. His apartment is on the first floor facing the street and you feel very exposed under the porch light in your tight black top and jeans.

Sam opens the door. He must be about your normal height, but he seems so tall from Meghan's small body.

'Hey, Sam!'

'Meg!'

You give him a hug, making sure to press your breasts against his chest and let your hands linger as they slide out from around him. There's a definite look of lust in his eye but he's not one to make the first move on a friend.

The living room has a smattering of furniture, the couch and chair directed towards a massive television where some sort of video game is currently paused. Battlefield Earth 4, Meghan's mind supplies, but that doesn't seem quite right. Meghan doesn't know video games.

'I was just in the middle of this mission,' Sam says bashfully, then almost as an afterthought, 'You want anything to drink?'

'No, I'm good.'

What are you doing? Meghan asks inside your head *Sam's my friend.*

You're not in control tonight, you direct the thought to her.

You plonk down on the couch next to the discarded controller and cross your legs, the skin tight jeans showing off every curve of your long legs. Sam eyes them briefly and sits down next to you.

'So, what are you doing in this game?' You ask.

'It's pretty complicated. Here's how it works. You shoot people and then they die. Then you shoot more people. Whoever shoots the most people wins.' He grins at you.

'So, basically chess, right?' You smile. 'Don't let me stop you, I just want to relax for a bit.'

He picks up the controller and resumes the game. You scoot closer to him so your butt is touching his. You watch him playing the game, his brows furrowed in concentration. Sam's got a rather nice profile with a strong jaw covered lightly in stubble. His glasses are perched atop a broad nose and his hair is nicely, if unintentionally, messy.

Don't even think about it, Meghan warns from inside you.

Sam glances over and sees you staring at him. He grins uncertainly.

'Can I have a turn?' You ask with a gentle smile, well aware how attractive you look. Surely, it won't take much for Sam to have the time of his life. To fulfil the fantasies he must have about his friend, Meghan.

He hands you the controller and you pretend not to understand his directions.

'Which button do I push to shoot?' You ask.

'The blue one.'

'And move this stick to aim?'

'Yeah.'

'It's hard,' You giggle like a schoolgirl. 'Here, guide me.'

You hold the controller out over his lap, still looking at the screen. He pauses for a beat, then wraps his hands around yours. They're soft and warm, and they cover your dainty fingers completely.

'Your hands are so warm, it's nice,' You say as you push closer towards him, turning so that your breasts brush against his arm.

Sam manipulates your hands with his as the rest of his body practically freezes in place. He must find it odd having his gorgeous platonic girl friend suddenly throwing herself at him.

He doesn't want this, Meghan insists, *I don't want this.*

He wants it. He just needs to be told what to do. You reply. *And so do you.*

Despite what Meghan says you can feel a slight warmth between your legs just thinking about Sam caressing your lovely body.

'Do my hands feel cold to you?'

'No, they feel all right.'

Sam clearly doesn't have the hang of this 'flirting' thing. Time to lose some subtlety.

'What about my lips?' You ask, looking up at Sam with your big, blue eyes, 'Do they feel cold to you?'

Sam freezes like a deer in headlights. It's sort of endearing, but clearly he needs another push.

You sit up and press your lips against his. He's surprised but a second later he's kissing you back. Your lips still pressed to his, you push him back against the arm of the couch and straddle him, opening your mouth and sucking his tongue inside. Your blonde hair drapes down over his body as you run your hands across his chest.

You sit up and toss your hair to one side, then pull off your tank top and slip out of your bra, throwing both to the floor. Your breasts bounce free as Sam stares up at you, his face beaming with surprise and awe.

'Squeeze my tits,' you order.

Sam doesn't need to be told twice. His large hands wrap around your breasts and lovingly squeeze. His fingers slide around your curves, filling his hands with their weighty firmness. You begin grinding back and forth against the hardness rising from beneath his pants. After a minute you pull off his shirt, he leans forward to help you, then pulls it over his head and casts it aside. You run your fingers down his chest, Meghan's body warming to his touch as she fights inside your head. She doesn't want to do this with Sam, he's her friend. But you force her body onwards, it obeys your commands, it wants what you want. And right now, you want him.

You lean down and kiss him again, your breasts pressed against his bare chest. This time he doesn't hesitate, he kisses you back, exploring his mouth with your tongue.

Your pants are too tight. You rise and slide them off you. Sam is practically open mouthed with astonishment as you kick the pants aside and roll down your panties to show him Meghan's trim bush.

'Be honest,' You say, 'You've been dreaming about this for awhile.'

He can only nod.

'Take off your pants.'

Sam scrambles to pull off his pants and, after a moment's hesitation, his underwear. You stare down at his erect manhood as a warmth radiates between your legs, your feminine form is controlling your desires now. Sam's cock is surprisingly large and thick. You kneel on the couch between his legs and wrap Meghan's tiny fingers around the warm soft-hardness of his member and stroke. It feels so big, so powerful from inside Meghan's body. Your pussy is getting wet just thinking about it. You want to ride him. Dominate him. Make him fill you until you cum.

You slide up and over Sam's body until your pussy, already glistening with lust, hovers just over the head of his shaft. Then you guide it in, slowly, the head presses against your lips, the pressure builds, builds, and suddenly the heat of his cock sinks inside you. You both gasp as you ride his cock slowly up and down, filling Meghan's body, tension spreading inside you.

'Pinch my nipples,' You command.

He grabs your breasts and pinches lightly.

'Harder. Harder!'

He squeezes and you gasp in painful pleasure. He lets go, unsure of himself, and you smile down at him.

'Again. Just like that.'

He reaches back up and cups your breasts, squeezing your nipples as you rock back and forth on his cock, pain and pleasure mingling inside Meghan's body in a frothy ocean of desire. Sam's cock feels so good this deep inside your sopping pussy. You grind harder, as deep as you can and suddenly the tension breaks and an orgasm spills through you.

'Oh, yes!' You cry, closing your eyes and rocking faster.

'Harder. Faster.' You order Sam. He raises his hips and thrusts up inside you, the head of his cock slamming against your G-spot, over and over. Meghan's body, already on the edge, explodes with

pleasure as the orgasm wipes everything from your mind. It's just your body, filled beyond words, Sam deep inside you is everything you need, everything you desire. Even Meghan herself is crying out for more, more.

'Cum inside me. Fuck me hard. Fuck me hard!' You cry out and he obeys.

You can feel each delicious throb of his cock as it spasms inside you, filling you with his cum. You scream out loud in ecstasy as his hot seed fills your stolen body and you sink as deep as you can onto his warm cock as your body is filled beyond everything you desire. Meghan's body feels so good with a cock inside you're sorry when you have to finally slip off.

You lie next to Sam on the couch, your head and tiny fingers resting on his broad chest as his seed trickles out of your aching pussy. His heart is thumping wildly beneath you. You know you've given Sam a night to remember. Hell, you've given Meghan a night to remember. What goes on between them now is up to them. You've had your fun, and forced Meghan to have your fun, too.

A little while later you slip out of Sam's apartment. And a little while after that you slip out of Meghan's body, leaving her asleep and back in her own bedroom. She might think it was all a dream, until she feels the soreness in her pussy and the text messages from Sam. But for you it was a good last night out before a break. You'll concentrate on your work for a little while and stay in your own body. But one day, not too far from now, you know you'll be out hopping around again.

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