



Borrowing Her Body

A Body Possession Story Collection

M. WILLS

Borrowing Her Body

by M. Wills

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Flight Control

The airport security line stretches far out in front of me. I'm already not looking forward to the meeting I've got on the other end and the miserable airport experience is just making it worse. I'm also annoyed that I could have easily attended the meeting online but my boss insisted I go in person in the name of team building.

I sigh again and look at my watch. If this line doesn't speed up I'll miss my flight and the decision will be made for me. I stare daggers at the TSA guys manning the machines but they don't seem to notice. Their eyes are focused on the women going through. One thing I've noticed about flying: the more intense the security measures have gotten, the tighter the clothes a lot of women have chosen to wear to avoid additional screening. I watch as a particularly leggy blonde kicks off her shoes and strolls through, her tight pants clinging to her form in a way that makes it even sexier than if she were naked.

I wonder how it would feel having her lovely ass, my body wrapped tightly in clothes that slink across my feminine form, the eyes of the men on my body as I walk by, the power and control of my sexuality, the ability to pleasure myself to exhaustion. I don't want to go to this meeting, but I'm already at the airport. Maybe I should use my body hopping ability to take a vacation as someone else.

There are many attractive women walking around but I'm picky in who I choose. I need a woman with some athleticism. A woman who's fit, with a nice ass and legs. A woman like the one heading up the stairs to join me at the back of the security line.

I can see the contours of her ass moving beneath her tight black leggings. She wears a matching long sleeve top that clings to her arms and clasps her firm breasts to her chest, then hugs her tummy. Her top is unzipped; she's casual and comfortable. Her straight, brown hair is tied back behind her head and then drapes down over her shoulders. She's shorter than me, probably about 5'7", and with a friendly face. Twinkly brown eyes stare out beneath perfectly plucked eyebrows.

The line is stretched out far past the security zone and I'm almost near the elevators, so there shouldn't be any surveillance this far out. She gets closer as

another person starts up the stairs to join us. If I duck they shouldn't be able to see me behind the balustrade. I pretend to drop my ticket near my target's feet and duck down to retrieve it. Instead of standing up I hop.

My form becomes pure energy and my essence fills the woman behind me. For an instant there's darkness as I charge through the void before sinking into a new body. Then I blink from my new perspective as the world returns. I look down at myself and pretend to adjust my top as I ogle my new body. I feel so strong but at the same time so feminine. I can't wait to get her alone. I push some strands of hair back behind one ear, my finger stroking my skin gently.

I slip through her memories. Her name's Danielle and she's flying out to southern California for her brother's wedding, which means I'm flying out for her brother's wedding. The only thing left of me is my laptop bag, which I sling over one shoulder as I proceed through security.

The security line is still long and slow, but I'm enjoying it now that I'm in Danielle's body. Lots of people are enjoying it, in fact. I'm conscious of the sway of my hips and the light bounce of my breasts every time the line shuffles forward, accompanied by the none-too-surreptitious stares from some of the other people in line. I take the time to examine what little of my body I can see. I wiggle my pretty, painted fingers. They're slim and delicate, tapering lightly to points and with the nails painted a pretty shade of magenta. So different from my hairy masculine fingers.

Eventually I get through the line and back to the terminal. I force myself to stay in public, to wait and hold off exploring this new body, but every step is driving me mad with lust. I wait at the gate. I wait for takeoff. I wait until the seatbelt sign comes off. And then I can wait no more. I hurry to the toilet and lock the door behind me before turning to face my new reflection, Danielle's almond-shaped eyes staring back at me, my own lust reflected back at my temporary body.

Danielle is still beautiful despite all the stress of travel. I run my fingers lightly down the contours of my new face and watch in the mirror as my reflection does the same. I pull out the neck of my top and look down into my cleavage. A black bra clasps two small, firm breasts to my body. I shake my chest and watch them jiggle. A girlish giggle escapes my lips as I manipulate my body. I bring Danielle's hand to her chest and stretch my fingers across her boobs, squeezing

gently to explore their firm-softness. My other hand travels down to join the growing warmth between my legs. I can feel Danielle's body opening for me while at the same time filling with a growing pressure that will soon need to be released.

I push my fingers against the fabric of my legs. Gripping the fabric tight in a fist I pull up, forcing the crotch of my pants hard up against my womanhood, the outline of my new sex appearing beneath. I release, turning my hand so that my thumb pushes against my aching clit on the way down before pulling back up again. Up and down I go, manipulating my body beneath my clothes, pulling my pants up against my moistening pussy before pushing my thumb against my swelling clit on the way down. Oh, god, how I want to tear everything off, to ravish my naked body, to watch my feminine form as I bring myself to the apex of ecstasy. But I'm in a confined space and there are people right outside so I have to stay clothed and quiet, which only serves to double the tension racing through my body.

I drop the fabric and push the edge of my hand into myself, as hard up as I can go and I can feel the wetness of my lust on my pants as I press into my moist softness. The fabric pushes up against my swollen clit as my fingers push inside. I need to go deeper, further. I close my eyes, running one hand through my hair and forcing the fingers of the other as far up against myself as I can go outside of my pants and then the pressure bursts and I stifle a moan 'Ohh,' as a light pleasure shoots through me. My knees weaken and I lean against the wall for support as the release bounces through my body. It's small and I want more, but I'll have to wait.

I open my eyes and laugh at my appearance. My cute face is flushed red, my hair mussed, my top skewed. I adjust my top in the mirror and comb back and re-tie Danielle's hair. It's easy using her own memories. I wash my hands in the sink and take some deep breaths before returning to my seat. I'm still warm and ready, but more pleasure will have to wait.

When the plane lands in San Diego I'm greeted at the baggage claim by “my” brother, Drew, and his fiancée, Amy. He's tall and rugged with shaggy brown hair and I can see the family resemblance in the shape of his face. She's a tall, lean woman with honey-blonde hair down to her shoulders. Her face is angular

but pleasant, her green eyes sparkling as she talks.

'It's so good to see you!' he says, wrapping me in a big hug and I can feel the strength in his body.

'Whoa, have you been working out?' I ask.

'Yeah, a little,' he grins, 'I'm taking Amy to the gun show,' he says, flexing his muscles.

Growing up, Drew was always more the nerdy one while Danielle enjoyed running track and playing basketball, so they were never that close as children and only bonded more once they moved away from home.

Amy laughs and rolls her eyes at Drew's macho display. 'Don't ever do that again,' she teases him, before embracing me.

'How've you been?' she asks.

'Good,' I say, 'You know, got the new job and all.'

Danielle, Amy and Drew all went to high school together, but it wasn't until Drew and Amy graduated, moved out of their houses, and accidentally ran into each other a few years later that they started dating. Danielle was never close with Amy in school but had kept up on events through Facebook and began messaging both of them more once they announced their engagement.

We catch each other up as we collect my luggage and Drew drives us to our mom's house. Danielle's dad is there, too, and it's good to know they can at least keep up the pretense of civility when other people are around. "My" parents embrace me; mom warmly, dad with gruff pats on the back. I bring my bags up to my room. Danielle's nostalgia hits me as soon as I step inside the door of my old bedroom. "My" mom's turned it into a guest room, removed the posters from the walls and repainted but it's still reminds me of growing up. I'm treated to glimpses of Danielle's memories: gossiping with her best friend, Laura, late into the night, studying with the music on, and discovering her body as she became a woman. Opening the closet I find a few boxes labeled with Danielle's name, the only physical evidence that this was once my room.

After dropping off my bag and poking around, I return to find Drew and Amy

getting ready to leave to go do some last minute wedding prep.

'We'll see you all tonight,' Amy says as we hug goodbye.

Her comment sparks Danielle's memory of the rehearsal dinner tonight.

I smile, 'I'll see you there.'

They leave me alone with Danielle's mom and dad. Danielle's mom brings out the coffee in the good cups and the fancy little cookies I always used to sneak from the cupboard as a kid. It's nice being doted on like this and my conversation with Danielle's parents is easygoing. Half my mind is on the conversation, while the other half is on my body. My form is so enticing and yet I can't touch it and haven't had a chance to fully explore yet. Also, I have to log into the meeting I'm supposed to be at and explain my absence. Finally, at a lull in the conversation, I excuse myself by claiming I'm tired after the flight and retreat to the bedroom.

Once inside my room I lock the door and pull out my laptop. I load up Skype (messaging only) and contact Gary, the manager running the meeting. I make up some story about missing the flight due to the crowds and trying to jump on another one but ending up in Las Vegas and then losing my voice. It's convoluted but he seems to buy it. He sets up the conference call and I message in a 'happy face' when I'm connected. Everyone else files in and the meeting begins but I want to play with my new body.

I put the microphone on mute, then unzip my long-sleeve top and drop it to the floor. As the others drone on in the background I unwrap myself. Beneath my black top is a pink tank top that clings to my stomach and reveals the beautiful cleavage of my chest. I slip this top off over my head. My hair cascades down my face and I brush it out of my eyes before reaching around to unclasp my bra. I let it slip onto the floor, freeing my breasts. I sigh as the pressure on my chest is eased and gaze down at myself. My skin is criss-crossed with red marks from the straps of the bra, but these will soon fade to reveal the smooth, tanned skin. My curves hang like two perfect teardrops from my chest, ending in small, pink areolae. My stomach is taut, a runner's stomach with just a hint of abs visible. My body feels so light and athletic compared to my old male form.

I grasp my breasts and heft them up, wrapping my fingers around their warm weight and jiggling them gently back and forth. God, when I have breasts I never want to leave the room. I want to run out topless, showing them off to the world.

Danielle's boobs are small and almost textbook perfect, smooth and symmetrical and firm beneath my touch. I circle my fingers lazily over my skin, tickle underneath my breasts lightly before grasping them again. With the thumb and forefinger of each hand I squeeze my nipples lightly, easing into the beautiful pressure rising through my body. My nipples pearl out as I continue squeezing, harder now, sparking a warmth between my legs that pulses through my body.

I kick off my flats and peel my leggings off, revealing inch by inch my solid thighs, strong calves all the way down to my tiny toes. Now the only thing I'm wearing is a small pair of white panties, the swelling mound of my womanhood is visible beneath the cotton fabric. I let my fingers brush up my legs as I reach for my panties. I roll them down my legs, revealing the coarse landing strip of dark, curly hair leading to my new sex.

I lie on my back on my bed, adjusting the pillow so my head is raised slightly, allowing me to look down at Danielle's body as I use her fingers to manipulate her pleasure. Her lithe body stretches out below me, feminine and athletic at the same time. And all mine.

I glide one hand across the top of my mound and down against my pubic hair. The tips of my fingers disappear gently inside myself and I rub slowly, urging the warmth through my body. A sigh escapes my lips, Danielle's voice dripping with a hint of lust. I watch myself wrap the fingers of one hand around a fat breast, while the fingers of the other slide deeper between my legs, pressing up against the hood of my clit. Desire licks between my legs and I feel myself opening at my own touch, my nether lips sliding apart to allow me to sink deeper into myself. My fingers press against my warmth, dipping down into the dew of my lust and dragging it back up over my clit.

My breath comes faster as my fingers continue working inside me. I'm as turned on by the perspective of Danielle watching herself masturbate as I am from the physical feelings of pleasure I'm causing in my body. I moan lightly as the pleasure rises, add another finger inside my wet warmth as I penetrate myself and feel myself being penetrated. Danielle's body is so lovely and a burst of pleasure explodes inside me. I wiggle my ass back and forth and whimper, riding the cresting wave back down.

I bring the hand on my breast down to my clit, continuing the rhythmic pulsing as the hand that was on my clit moves down and pushes inside my wet opening,

fingers hooked to push up into my body, sliding through my heat to find the dimpled nub of my pleasure. I land on it and am rewarded with a fiery pulse that makes me lightheaded and another moan escapes my lips, louder this time. I push and pull my delicate body, forcing Danielle's fingers deeper into her own body, gripping my fingers with my thighs until the pleasure bursts inside me. The tension explodes through my body and I push my ass into the air as I cry out 'Oohh' in Danielle's husky voice, writhing and moaning softly on the bed as ecstasy fills me to my core.

Gradually the orgasm ebbs and my consciousness returns to Danielle's body. I pull my fingers out of myself and bring them to her cute, upturned nose. I inhale Danielle's wonderfully acrid musk in her nostrils, reveling in the smell of my pussy on my fingers.

I lie on the bed, idly twirling my hair around a finger as I return to admiring my body. I flex my legs and arms, enjoying the youthful vigor. I can't get over how elastic her body is. She takes good care of herself, and I aim to do the same.

From the computer I hear Gary say, 'Well, I think that's about it. Did you get all that, Kyle?'

Happy face. Now the rest of the weekend is mine.

The rehearsal dinner is at Kindling, a restaurant near the beach boardwalk that you have to book months in advance. I arrive in a long, sexy black dress that hugs my breasts and cascades down my legs. The fabric clings to my form and flairs out around my legs, whispering against my skin with each step. A pair of black, strap-on high heels completes the look and emphasizes my sexy legs.

There are eight of us around the table: me, Drew and Amy, my parents, and Amy's parents and sister. Amy's mom is a bottle blonde who looks like she's been poured into a lime green dress that's practically bursting at the seams. Her father, by contrast, is a slim weed of a guy with a bushy beard and thick glasses. I'm seated across from Amy's sister, Melissa, who, like her sister, seems to have only received mostly the good genes from her parents. Melissa has Amy's wavy, honey-blond hair and sharp, angular jaw. But where Amy is lean and tall, Melissa is curvy and short, slightly plump with heavy breasts tucked beneath her plain, white dress.

The conversation starts out slow and awkward, as most first meetings of families go, but Amy's mom is vivacious and she (along with the alcohol) drags us into a good time. Adjusting to another person's tastebuds is always an interesting experience and I eat lightly, enjoying the taste of the food from within my new body. Melissa turns out to be fascinating and drolly humorous and we're soon laughing and talking like old friends. It may just be my male mind, but Melissa seems to be giving off vibes. Maybe it's the way her eye contact is just a bit too deep for normal conversation, the way she strokes her hair when she talks to me, the way she leans her pretty face in her hand and brushes her foot against my leg beneath the table as she talks.

'And I told her you don't need a man to make you happy. But she never listens to me,' Melissa concludes her story about one of her friends. I think. I've lost the thread of our conversation. Hell, I've lost myself somewhere in her deep green eyes.

I blush as she continues staring at me, her toes brushing up beneath my dress as everyone else continues their own conversations, oblivious to Melissa's seduction. I find myself examining her face, memorizing the minutest details: her slightly chubby cheeks, her perfectly arched eyebrows and her straight, Grecian nose. Her voice is a cute tenor with slightly husky undertones. I wonder how it would sound whispered into my ear, her hot breath tickling my neck.

I'm saved from having to respond by the arrival of dessert. Melissa slips her spoon into her custard and slides it into her mouth. She stares at me as she sucks it, her tongue licking across the metal sensuously, gliding around the spoon as I wish she would glide it around my body.

When dinner breaks up Melissa and I leave the rest and slip out together to walk along the boardwalk. Melissa and her parents are staying at a hotel along the beach and she promises to meet up with them later. But for now she's mine and mine alone.

I tell her about "my" life as we stroll along the beach.

'And I guess what it boils down to is, I'm comfortable but not satisfied where I am,' I say, concluding Danielle's feelings about her current corporate administration job as we stroll past the vendors loudly proclaiming the best weed on the beach and the artists drawing their sand paintings for sale to any passing

tourist. There may be a thousand people out on the boardwalk, but I only have eyes for one.

Melissa's warm hand slips into mine easily, her small fingers entwining around my long ones. She presses her body closer to me and I get a brief scent of her jasmine perfume. I'm half a head taller than her and every time I look over to speak to her my gaze can't help but to slip down to her deep cleavage and the enticing valley just beneath the neckline of her dress.

We leave the boardwalk, slipping off our shoes and letting our toes sink into the cool sand. There's a small rock outcrop near the water and we make our way towards it. The ocean side of this rock formation is almost concave, providing some privacy for us as we sit on the rock and stare out at the moon hanging over the ocean, the jagged reflection on the water beneath.

Without warning Melissa leans towards me and presses her lips to mine. The warmth of her body presses against my own as we kiss. She tastes of wine and chocolate as her tongue explores my mouth. I run my hands along her cheeks, slip my fingers through her hair and pull her close as we devour each other. She pulls her dress up so she can straddle my lap as we continue kissing. I can feel her heat, so close to mine, calling for me. I want to taste her, run my tongue across her soft folds. Danielle isn't attracted to women, she would never do this in her own body, but I'm in control. I overrule her hesitance, my lust for Melissa warming Danielle's body as it responds to my own desire.

I pull down Melissa's top and free one of her heavy breasts. I slip her areola between my lips and suck, nipping her nipple with my teeth as I run my tongue across the tip. She moans above me and pulls out her other breast, brings it up to her own lips and lowers her head to suck along with me. Together, we pleasure her body and a tension grows through me as she moans lightly. The suckling sounds and the crashing waves are the only sounds on the beach.

Melissa gently pushes me back down onto the rocks. She slips out of her panties and tosses them to the sand before turning and sitting, backwards, over me, her ripe ass suspended above my head. Her dress is pulled up to her stomach and her womanhood glides into view right above my face. She smells of lust and promises. I want to be deep inside her so badly. I spread her legs with my hands, staring up in lust at the coarse hair of her nether lips opening above me. The moonlight glints off her desire. She's already moist for me, as I'm moist for her.

She discovers this as she pulls up my own dress and sees I'm not wearing panties. A second later I can feel her warm, wet tongue glide across my sex and I shiver in anticipation. I'm so hungry for her. I pull her pussy down onto me and open my mouth, greedily drinking her in.

My tongue slides easily into her velvety folds and I lap her slightly salty juices, my tongue pressing gently up against her clit. Between my legs I can feel Melissa's own long, loving strokes as I open for her. Her tongue presses inside and the tension spreads through my body. I ache for release as we continue tasting each other. Her finger joins her tongue inside me, pushing against my pleasure, stoking the fire through my body. I'm dripping now, burning with lust and then the tension breaks and I shudder, moaning into Melissa's cunt as an orgasm bursts through me. She rides it with me, moving her tongue to the rhythm of my body, prolonging the ecstasy and I pause to cry out out to the night sky.

Melissa is so wet above me as I shove Danielle's face back inside her, pressing my tongue against her swollen clit as I push two fingers deep inside, trying to give to her what she gave to me. She cries and sits up, pushing herself back so she's sitting on my face and I open wide to take her all in. She rides me, panting heavily as I'm surrounded by her perfect musk and then she cums, her cries sound muffled to me between her legs but the tremor pulsing through her body lets me know she's crested.

When she's finally done she lifts herself off me and we sit together. I can still smell her, feel the wind blow cool on my wet face as we stare out at the sky together.

'Oh, my god, I can't believe I just did that,' she says.

'Me either.'

'No, really, I mean I've got a boyfriend. I don't do this.'

'It didn't feel that way to me,' I say with a grin.

'I mean, I used to...I'm not...I should...'

I take her face gently in my hand and turn her towards me to stare into her dark green eyes.

'Shhh, it's okay,' I whisper, rubbing one thumb gently across her cheek, 'This doesn't have to mean anything. This doesn't have to be anything except tonight.'

She nods, the worry receding from her face. That's good for me, too. Danielle's not interested in a relationship with another woman. Especially one with her sister-in-law.

'We don't have to speak about this to anyone,' I continue, 'But let's just let this moment linger for a little longer.'

We sit together on the rock and watch the stars twinkling out over the bay.

The wedding is beautiful and goes off perfectly. It's held on the lawn of the art museum with picturesque views of the sun setting into the ocean. Melissa had introduced her boyfriend to me before the ceremony and a secret look passed between us.

I hope she's happy with him, though something tells me she's fooling herself into trying to be someone she's not. That “something” being what she did to me last night. She was damn good. That wasn't her first time with a woman and I bet it won't be her last.

“My” brother Drew is dressed handsomely in the standard tuxedo, while Amy wears a stunning bridal gown that emphasizes her amazingly long legs and lean body. My eye is also drawn to one of the groomsmen, a swarthy young man with gorgeous mocha skin and gleaming teeth. He fills out his own tuxedo nicely, with bulges in all the right places. And I mean all the right places as I watch him walk down the aisle.

Either through dumb luck, or because Drew knows Danielle's single and looking, I end up sharing a table with Handsome Groomsman at the reception dinner back at the hotel. He's found his name on the plate (Marcus) but is called away before he can sit. This gives me time to do a quick table rearrangement so I can end up next to him. By the time he returns with some of the other groomsmen I'm waiting with a drink in hand and my legs crossed. But despite my demeanor, he gets the first word in, throwing me off.

'Hey, Danielle, you're Drew's sister, right?' Marcus says as he extends his hand. I

grasp it and he clasps his fingers gently around it. His hand dwarfs my own and I look into his dark, merry eyes.

'That's right. You're Marcus.'

'You remembered!' His smile is gleaming.

'Actually, I have to confess, I just read your name tag.'

He laughs, a rich baritone that sends tingles through me. 'Fair enough. Me and your brother used to play basketball in your driveway.'

My eyes go wide as the memory clicks. 'Marcus? But you were so...and now you're...' I motion to him. The Marcus that Danielle remembers is a skinny kid with a goofy smile. But that kid has grown into a man with broad shoulders and the smile is now more charming than goofy.

'Yeah, I bulked up a little in college.'

'More than a little. You look amazing.'

'Thank you. You've always looked amazing and tonight is no different.'

I blush crimson and look away. My heart is beating so fast. It's hard to concentrate on the conversation when all I want is for him to be inside me. During our conversation over dinner it's all I can do to keep my hands off him. He's smart and funny and interesting, and all this time Danielle never knew. Late in the night we're dancing together, his arms wrapped around my slim form and I can't wait any longer. I lean close and whisper in his ear.

'Let's go back to your room.'

He nods and leads me to the lobby, then up to the elevator. The door to his room is barely shut before I'm all over him. I launch my lithe body into his arms, running my hands around his shoulders as I slip my tongue inside his mouth. His hands are on my back, down to my ass, squeezing greedily. He helps me out of my dress and I throw it to the floor and we unbutton his shirt together. As the last button goes I push it aside and run my fingers against his warm, dark skin. He unclasps my bra and buries his head in my breasts, kissing and licking my nipples. He's surprisingly gentle for being so large and an ember flares between

my legs.

I unbutton his pants and drop to my knees before freeing his massive member. He's already erect for me, the power of his yearning makes me even hotter. I wrap one of Danielle's hands around his manhood, grasping the soft-hard flesh as I stare at it, enraptured. The head points up towards me as I slide my hand slowly up and down his shaft. I look up at him towering over me, stare into his eyes as I open my mouth and guide him inside me.

His musky scent tastes delicious on my tongue as I wrap my lips around him. I moan gently in delight as I take him in, gliding my lips down the shaft until his head hits the back of my throat. It's sexy, empowering having this mountain of a man at my mercy. I glide back up, revealing his black shaft from between my lips, now glistening with my saliva. Up and down I go as he moans above me. My tongue traces the underside of his cock down and up, down and up, the salty essence of his pre-cum lands on my tongue and I swallow it. The taste burns its way down to my stomach and sends the pleasure roaring back through my body.

He grunts and his cock lurches in my mouth. For a second I think he might cum and I'm prepared to swallow his mighty river. But he holds himself in check and a second later he pulls me to my feet, lifts me up and carries me to the bed. I laugh as he sets me down, then stands at the foot of the bed, below my feet.

He slides my panties off and my feminine musk hits his nose. God, I'm so wet for him. He grasps one of my ankles in each hand, his black skin contrasting beautifully with Danielle's pale legs. He spreads my legs apart slowly, enjoying his view as he forces me open for him. He places the head of his engorged cock against my pussy and slow pushes himself against me and into me. The pressure increases, more, more and then he disappears inside me as I gasp. He enters me slowly, enjoying this exploration of my body, pressing into me until his cock has completely disappeared and his warm heat fills my body with a perfect fullness. He withdraws, almost leaving me empty, before gliding back in. Slowly, he works up a rhythm, matching the rhythm of my body, the rhythm of my moans. He continues holding my legs apart as his thrusts grow deeper, harder, and I want him so badly. His cock presses inside me and I feel like I may burst apart and we rock in and out. His grunting grows louder as he gazes down at my naked body. Our lust is animalistic and intense and then with a groan he can't hold himself back anymore and he releases himself into me. My pussy clenches around him as he fills me with his wet heat, bursting inside me as we cry out

together. 'Oh, fuck, Marcus!' I moan as his seed burns the pleasure through me. I thrust up to meet him as we ride our ecstasy to the end.

When we're done, Marcus pulls out and I feel empty and needy. Fortunately, he lies down beside me and wraps his arms around me. I snuggle my soft body into his solid form, feel his breath against my ear.

'I've been wanting to do that forever,' he rumbles into my ear.

I turn to face him, twisting my body gently in his embrace. 'Really?'

'Hell, yeah. But you were always Drew's sexy older sister. I never thought I had a chance.'

'Well, maybe you'll have more than one,' I reply, tracing his stubbly jaw with one finger.

Wrapped together in our lover's embrace, we fall asleep, content.

The next morning we go again. Marcus feels so good, taking care of Danielle's every need. He gives me three orgasms, which is better than coffee for waking up. We trade numbers and agree to meet up soon. He flies a lot on business and maybe he can manage to swing a trip up my way.

That afternoon, Danielle's mom drives me back to the airport and I fly home. When the plane lands, I find a secluded place in the airport and hop out of Danielle, leaving her with the memories of the weekend as though she, herself, were in charge. I know I've done some things she'd never do, but hopefully I've started something with her and Marcus that will be great. At any rate, after such an exhausting trip, I need a vacation. I start scouting around the airport for someone who looks like they're going far away.

* * * * *

It's Complicated

It's not quite 10 in the morning but my cafe is already packed with people. Well, not my cafe. I don't own it. But I always thought of it as my secret restaurant where I could enjoy an amazing breakfast in quiet. It's still an amazing breakfast, just not very secret or quiet anymore. Ever since it got written up in the local paper I've had to fight my way through for the best french toast in town.

I finally get to the counter and order, flirting lightly with the French brunette behind the counter. She's slim and tan with beautiful dark eyes and a straight nose. Her dark, curly hair fans down behind her back. She hands me my number and I strike off to find a seat. The cafe is furnished with a few of those long, communal tables down the middle and some smaller ones along the side. All the small ones are taken and the only space left is around a blonde woman busily typing away on her laptop. I glance at her over her keyboard and nearly do a double-take. If her hair was less wavy she could pass as a double for Jennifer Lawrence. She's got the same rounded, baby-face with the cute nose and almond-shaped eyes. Her wavy, golden hair cascades down behind her ear, framing her light features. She's not overly made-up but is wearing just enough to darken her eyes and fill out her plump lips. She must sense me looking because she glances up at me—again without pausing in her typing—and I do that thing where you flick your eyes away but after you've made that tiny bit of eye contact so it's too late to pretend you weren't looking.

Some papers and an empty plate are spread out around her, subtly keeping people away from the seats beside her. I don't really want to sit near her; I think the never-ending tapping of her fingers on the keyboard will drive me nuts, but I don't have much of a choice. She's so laser-focused on her work she doesn't even glance up as I slide into the empty chair across from her. She doesn't even stop typing to pick up and sip her coffee.

As I look around the restaurant anywhere but at her, her phone rings. She stops typing for the first time since I sat down and looks at the caller ID before answering.

'Hey, what's up?' she says, cocking her head and nestling the phone between her cheek and shoulder before resuming her typing.

Her voice is huskily feminine in a way that serves to make her even more attractive.

'No way,' she says to the person on the other end of the phone as she stops typing and sits up. Her eyes are sparkling with intrigue. 'I knew that guy was a sleazy fucker. He's...what?...twice her age or something?'

Behind her, a mother with a small child shoots her a look, but the blonde continues her conversation unfazed.

My food is delivered as I sit and eavesdrop on her conversation. Something about an office romance between a secretary and a higher-up. From what I gather, he's married and she's a devout Catholic, but they're having some after hours sex anyway. A glance at the papers scattered around her tells me she's got something to do with marketing. There are glimpses of headings like "Social Media Metrics" and charts labeled "Demographic Breakdowns".

She's oddly unfashionable for someone who works in marketing. A drab, olive colored jacket covers her black tank-top and she's wrapped a gray scarf around her neck. The scarf is probably to keep warm rather than strictly as a fashion accessory. As she readjusts the phone and crosses her legs I see she's wearing some jeans best described as "sensible" and some casual sneakers. The light curves of her body are visible beneath her clothes, and her resemblance to Jennifer Lawrence, both in looks and voice, are intriguing. I find myself wondering about her life, about how it would feel to be her, to wear her body for a few days. I'm sure I could upgrade her wardrobe.

As I eat my french toast she continues the conversation with her colleague, telling whoever it is to take notes.

'Or even better, pictures. I can't stand that guy,' she says, breaking into a wicked grin, 'You know, I heard he got so drunk he hit on Alistair at the office Christmas party. No shit!'

The mother behind her huffs and carries her young child away from the table, giving the blonde a piercing evil eye.

The longer I watch the blonde, the more desire I have to use my body hopping powers and slide inside her, take over her body, live her life for a day or two...explore her body for a few hours. It looks like she's going to be planted

here for a while, so I take my time with my breakfast.

She ends the call and goes back to her typing. I sip my coffee and take out my phone, pretending to be engrossed in important work, but really waiting for her to leave the table so I can hop into her body in a more secluded area. It's generally considered rude to evaporate in the middle of a restaurant.

Eventually she glances at her phone, sighs, then snaps the laptop shut and slides it into her bag along with her papers. She hoists the bag over her shoulder as she stands and makes for the door, stopping briefly to say goodbye to the French cashier. I follow her from a distance, pulling my coat tight around my neck as the cold air hits me. She's walking through the parking lot at a rapid pace and I practically have to jog to keep up.

She reaches her car—a sleek, black Lexus—and places a well-manicured hand on the door handle. She looks up and sees me and opens her mouth to say something when I hop. My body disappears, bursting into sub-atomic particles and streaming into her open mouth, filling her with my being. In less than a heartbeat I'm looking back at where I was standing a moment before, only now my view is framed by wavy blonde hair. I open the car, catching a glimpse of my new image in the reflection of the windows, but it's too cold to explore out here.

I place my laptop on the passenger seat as I slide into the car. I start the engine and turn on the heat. The seat warms first, underneath my cute butt. Fancy. I rub my hands together and blow into them to warm them, examining my dainty fingers close up. They're slim and delicate, french manicured to perfection. When the car's a little warmer I reach up and flip down the visor to reveal the mirror beneath. My pale eyes slide into view, then I turn my face from side to side, checking out my new reflection.

'Hello, Amber,' I say in my husky voice, pulling the name from her memory. 'Let's take a look at you.'

I unwrap my scarf and cast it aside. My black tank top is stretched tight against my slim breasts. I look down into the shallow valley of my new cleavage, the two gentle curves disappearing into the darkness beneath my clothes. I'm a B-cup, with smooth skin, dotted here and there with a tiny mole or two. I lean forward and shrug out of my jacket, pulling it off my long, toned arms before casting it aside. I circle my fingers up over my chest, watching as I make

Amber's hands fondle her breasts. My tits are warm and fleshy beneath my touch. I reach in and push the bra down, scooping up one of my new tits in my soft hand I pull it out and let it bobble over the top of my tank top. I stroke the smooth skin and my tiny pink nipple pearls out in tingly anticipation. I pull out my other breast and cup both of them in my slender hands while I admire their heft, stroking them gently in a slow rhythm as my body warms.

I lean the seat back and unbutton my pants. Still fondling a tit with one hand, I slide the other hand between my legs, under the satin lace of my panties, following the bristly trail of hair to my new sex. My finger glides up and down my womanhood as I moan softly in anticipation, stroking myself lightly before finally slipping a finger in between my nether lips. I press against the hooded nub of my pleasure, feeling myself open and grow wet at my touch. Amber's body is so fantastically sensitive and soon my slippery fingers are brushing up against my clit. Pleasure bursts through me in waves as I circle and press my fingers harder into myself. My body writhes back and forth and I moan louder, Amber's voice even huskier, dripping with lust. The car fills with the delightfully musky smell of my pussy, the wet sound of my pleasure reaches my ears and an electric ecstasy shoots through me. I cry out, 'Ohh!' as I crest and continue urging myself on. Gripping my breast harder I slide another finger inside myself, pressing against my velvety folds, penetrating my new form, my heat surrounding me as my fingers thrust harder, my chest rising and falling faster, until 'Ohhhh!' the orgasm hits me and I'm roiled in total bliss. I press my thighs up against my finger, urging myself deeper inside my wetness as I ride the electric current of my desire up and then slowly back down.

I return to earth, back down to my temporary body, glowing from my exertions. I tuck my breasts away and button up my pants. God, Amber needed that. I go through her memories and realize I'm pitching some ideas to a major client at the office later this afternoon. Good, that gives me time to change out of this sensible outfit and something a little more attention-grabbing. Amber's a practical girl, but I think this client deserves something a little special.

ii.

Amber lives in one of the hip converted loft style apartments in the up and coming part of downtown. The neighborhood is transitioning from I-don't-want-to-leave-my-car-on-the-street-because-it-will-get-stolen to I-don't-want-to-leave-my-car-on-the-street-because-the-other-cars-will-laugh-at-it. The apartment itself is tastefully decorated from the Crate & Barrel summer collection. The high ceilings leave plenty of room for her collection of terrible but ironically fascinating art she's salvaged from various yard sales: poorly painted landscapes, sad clowns, and badly-proportioned faces. Apparently, Amber is hip in every aspect of her life except her clothing choices.

I wander through her apartment, admiring her life. Each of the salvaged pictures brings back memories of her past, revealing a montage of sounds and the smells and even the feelings on the days she discovered them. I'm treated to a range of her memories, from perusing junk sales with old boyfriends, to spotting a random picture next to a garbage bin the same day she got promoted. I love these firsthand memories of other people's lives I get when I'm in their bodies.

I finally make my way to her bedroom and rifle through her closet, looking for an outfit that will nicely compliment my body without being too slutty for work. There will be time enough for slutty later, right now I've got dress to impress. My eyes finally alight on a dark blue dress with short, pleated sleeves. I drape it over the bed and take off my army surplus jacket and tank top. I slide the jeans off my legs, revealing inch after inch of deliciously creamy leg.

Clad only in my bra and panties, I swivel the wood-framed mirror around and pose in front of it, admiring my svelte form. I manipulate Amber's tiny features in the mirror, making pouty faces at myself and twirling this way and that, putting my hands on my hips like a supermodel and thrusting out my taut ass before breaking out into husky laughter. As I twist and turn my gorgeous new form my amusement turns to arousal. Watching Amber's magnificent body step and strut warms my body. My poses slowly morph from goofy fun to sensuality. I slide my hands around my soft, warm skin, feeling every unique bump and mark of Amber's otherwise smooth body.

I spread my legs and face the mirror, then put my arms behind my back and unclasp my bra. I hold the cups over my chest as I slip my arms out, then slowly

slide the bra down, one cup at a time, unwrapping myself like a present. My areola appears from beneath the sheer, black fabric, followed by my nipple, already perky with my excitement. I fling the bra aside and pose again, turning to get a look at my profile, at my perky breasts, my slim thighs.

Finally, I slide the panties down my legs and step out of them, examining Amber's naked body for the first time from my new perspective. She's stunning; I want to ravish myself. She knows she's beautiful but she doesn't like to be showy. I like that about her. I also like that she has a toy in one of the drawers in her closet.

I rummage through her dresser until I find her vibrator. It's vaguely dick shaped. A small control panel on one end allows a variety of speeds and motions. I flick it on to Amber's favorite setting and it hums to life.

I lie back on the bed and prop myself up on her pillows with my knees in the air so I have a perfect view of her entire body. Her petite form is spread out below me, her waiting womanhood framed by her perky breasts. I gently place the vibrator just above my pussy—my pussy, what a wonderful phrase. The sensations sink through my skin, warming my body as the gentle pulse builds my desire. I can feel my nether lips moistening and parting, the looseness is coupled with an erotic tightening as my pulse quickens and slow embers begin burning through me.

As I open for myself, I slide the vibrator up and down against the length of my slit, teasing without entering, growing the longing to be filled. The lips of my pussy grow puffy and slick with my wetness until, finally, I gently sink the toy into myself, feeling my pussy wrap around the vibrating head as it pushes up against my clit and I moan softly, the pleasure setting my body aflame. My knees bounce slowly up and down, nearly uncontrollably, as though my body is seeking to let out the pressure building within me.

I push deeper, the head of the vibrator filling me with its pleasure. My other hand comes down, my fingers slipping against my clit, rubbing myself back and forth as I glide slowly up and down inside myself, working every angle of my pleasure. I bite my lip as I watch myself force Amber's body to masturbate, groaning in bliss. The sensations, the sight of my beautiful body laid out beneath me is overwhelming. My throaty voice rises in pitch 'Oh! Oh, fuck, Amber! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!' until I'm singing out like a horny schoolgirl and the orgasm burns

through me. My body writhes in delicious agony as I continue thrusting the buzzing toy inside myself, pounding it inside me while I viciously rub my clit with my slim fingers, now dripping wet with my lust, until the two fires meld and I cum hard one final time.

Tired and sated, I slide the vibrator out of myself and switch it off. I'm relaxed enough; it's time to get to work. I slip my bra and panties back on, then put on the dress. It drapes over my gentle curves, revealing my long, smooth legs. The dress compliments my body perfectly. It's sexy without being slutty. I adjust my hair and makeup in Amber's bathroom. The movements come naturally as I rely on her memories. When I'm done I look and feel revived, ready to conquer the world, or at least this afternoon's client. The dark eyeliner makes my eyes pop against my pale features and my golden hair hangs in waves down my shoulders.

I grab my purse and my laptop bag before heading out the door to work. I can feel a little nervousness growing in the pit of my stomach. It's Amber's nervousness at this presentation but I'm sharing it. After all, I'm not in her body to ruin her life, just to experience being her for a little while.

iii.

I glide into Amber's work on cute but sensible flats. Like her loft, her workplace is in a big converted industrial warehouse. The building is open in the middle, the ground floor dominated by a massive fish tank. Looking up, I get a view of just about every office and meeting room in the building laid out around the perimeter.

The secretary, Lindsay, greets me. She's a bubbly, thickset redhead. Amber loves going out drinking with her after work; they have fun together. Lindsay is the one who called Amber at the coffee shop to dish out the gossip about their colleagues, Jemma and Corey.

'Hey, girl,' she says with a wide smile, 'Ooh, love your dress.'

'Thanks,' I say, twirling around, 'Hey, Lindsay, are they here yet?'

Lindsay knows who I mean. The presentation Amber's been working on is for Coca Cola. They're a little lower end than the clients we normally take on, but they're saying they want to try something different. If we can land them it's an enormous amount of money, not to mention a huge feather in my cap.

'They'll be here in about five minutes.' Lindsay looks towards the second floor offices, then back at me, before whispering, 'Jemma's been in Corey's office with the door closed for like an hour.'

She smiles and nods knowingly. "My" memories flashback to Lindsay's phone call this morning, where Lindsay told me she stayed late and heard groaning coming from Corey's office, only to see Jemma exiting a half hour later "walking a little funny" Lindsay had added with a chuckle. Corey was twenty years Jemma's senior and married with two kids. We'd had a feeling they were flirting with each other but this was the first time their relationship seemed to be confirmed.

'No!' I half-gasp, 'In the middle of the day?'

Lindsay shrugs, her eyes twinkling, 'His door's closed. That can only mean trouble. Go knock and see,' she laughs.

'No way, I'm staying out of this one.'

'Corey should really stay out of that one, too.'

I mock hit her as we both try to muffle our laughter, 'Stop that!'

I hurry up to Amber's office, hoping to run through the presentation one last time before the clients get here. Amber's office is big enough for a desk and two chairs, but no other furniture. Her walls are decorated with posters from the various higher-end clients they've had: Lexus, Hilton, Tiffany. A row of blinds cover large windows that look out onto a parking lot. At least it's her own office, that's a step up from the shared room she had before her promotion.

I sit at her desk, feeling Amber's nervousness beginning to bubble through my body. I tamp it down easily enough. I've never had a problem speaking in public; I just pretend I'm someone else because, most of the time, I am. I run through the finer points of Amber's PowerPoint slides, touching on the demographics we think we can hit and some pitches for Coca Cola. Amber's ideas are pretty good, if I do say so myself. They're touching without being cheesy, which is a difficult line to walk.

My run-through is interrupted when Lindsay pokes her head in.

'They're here! Alistair's already taken them to the conference room,' she announces. Alistair is the owner of the company and he rarely participates in these meetings. It just shows how important this is for Amber to do well.

I pop out my USB and head into the conference room, the dress brushing softly against my bare legs. When I arrive, Alistair there with his back to me, talking to the clients who are already seated. Alistair turns and smiles at me, tiny creases appearing to the sides of his pale blue eyes. He's got a handsome face and gray hair. The girls in the office sometimes call him the Silver Fox behind his back. He's a half head taller than me and appears much younger than his fifty years. His well-kept physique is evident beneath his smartly tailored shirt. He's charming, and witty and good-looking and oh-my-God Amber's had sex with him.

The memories of us hit me in an instant: a late night a work, a bottle of wine, our bodies intertwined on his desk.

'Ah, Amber,' he says in his rich baritone with the touch of a British accent, 'Meet Alex Warner and Dave Hertzog.'

Alistair touches me lightly on the back, guiding me forward to shake each of their hands. I greet them both, my mind still reeling from the realization I just uncovered.

'Anyone ever tell you that you look like Jennifer Lawrence?' Dave asks as he shakes my hand.

I'm acutely aware of Alistair's hand on my back, firm and warm, as I stumble out a reply, 'Oh...only all the time.'

I try to push Alistair to the back of my mind as I start my presentation. Soon, I'm into it, going through the details in a lively manner. Whenever I look up I meet Alistair's eyes. He has a gentle smile on his lips and he nods encouragingly throughout. When I'm done, the Coca Cola guys give me a standing ovation and hoist me on their shoulders to parade me through the building. Figuratively, at least. Alex and Dave seemed to love it. Alistair and I escort them out of the building and they promise to give us an answer soon as to whether they'll sign with us.

After they leave, Alistair turns to me.

'Well done, Amber. I've got some notes on the Rolex pitch, do you have some time to step into my office?'

I search Amber's mind. The Rolex pitch has been done since last week, Alistair couldn't possibly want to discuss it again. And, indeed he doesn't. I follow him into his office and he closes the door, then turns and wraps his strong arms around my petite form. He bends down and our lips meet. My nose presses lightly against his scratchy cheek and I inhale his woody scent as my tongue slips inside his warm mouth. My body melts in his arms, a wonderful warmth begins flowing from between my legs, filling my body with an eager anticipation as we press against each other.

He pulls back briefly, tucks my wavy hair behind an ear as he devours me with his eyes. The need in his gaze makes me weak at the knees.

'I've been thinking about you all day,' he whispers.

I know we shouldn't be doing this. Amber knows. He's her boss, after all. But then again, it's not as if Amber doesn't want it. It's not as if I don't want it. I hover on the edge of the precipice of indecision. Then Alistair moves his handsome face towards me again and I give myself up to him.

We kiss. I suck his tongue into my mouth, desperately wanting him inside me. His hands slide down my body, eagerly groping my curves as he pulls up my dress and his hands find my ass. He grips my bottom tightly, pulls me towards him, presses my moistening womanhood against the hardness growing beneath his pants. It's passionate, animalistic, our bodies in thrall to each other.

'We shouldn't be doing this,' I gasp as I wrap my fingers through his gray hair.

'I know, he kissing his way up and down my neck. He nibbles my earlobe and growls into my ear, 'But I've been wanting to get that dress off you since you walked in.' His breath is hot against my ear and joins the heat welling up from my womanhood.

His teeth nip my neck gently and my body shivers, a fire burning between my legs for him. I want him to take me now.

I push out of his arms, then turn and lean over his desk, my ass facing him. I turn around, my hair falling in waves over my face. Alistair doesn't need a further invitation. He somehow manages to retain his dignity even as he quickly drops his pants, unleashing his manhood. He grips my ass and tears my panties down my silky legs. I hear them rip but I don't care. I'm burning in the fires of my desire, dripping for him as he grabs my ass and guides himself against my sex. He pushes, the pressure building, building, then sweet release as he enters me, sliding inside my velvety folds and I moan into my hand.

He grips my ass in both hands and glides in and out, determined, quickly reaching a rhythm, the slapping of my ass seems loud in the office but he feels so good I won't tell him to slow down. I'm full and warm and wonderful. He slides in and out of my tight body as I grip him between my nether lips, biting onto my finger to keep myself from shouting out the ecstasy pouring through my frame.

I groan and it sends him over the edge. He redoubles his efforts, slamming into me as he spasms inside, each throb sending bursts of his seed deep into my womb. He fills me with his heat as I cry out beneath him, impaling me onto his cock again and again, until the spurts slow and then stop and oh God I'm so full

and wet. I want him to stay inside me forever and feel a pang of disappointment as he pulls out, leaving a yearning emptiness and a trail dripping down one thigh.

I bend and pick up my panties, they're ripped in half, useless.

'What am I supposed to do with these?' I laugh.

'I'll take them as a memento,' he grins, slipping my panties into his pocket. Maybe it's an English thing? It's certainly one of those things Amber can forgive her lover for when he makes her feel like this.

When we're both put together again he gives me another kiss and gently brushes my face with his thumb. Then he opens the door and turns back to me.

'Do you think you can add those changes in by tomorrow?' he asks, for the benefit of anyone else nearby.

I nod and he smiles before leaving.

He's my boss, he's more than twice my age and he's married. And he's an incredible lover.

Oh, Amber, what have we done?

iv.

I can't confide in anyone at work without making the situation worse. So I explain my flushed cheeks as relief from my pitch meeting. I also have to be careful how I sit lest I flash anyone. Alistair is an excellent actor, pretending that nothing's happened, all the while sending me text messages that grow more and more sexual. When anyone's watching I pretend they're work texts. When people aren't watching I try to be annoyed and outraged knowing that this whole thing can only end badly. But he's witty and handsome and he knows how to use his body...and mine.

I want to stay late to talk to Alistair, though I doubt there will be much talking. But he's in meetings for the rest of the day and then leaves to meet some more clients for dinner. I drive home alone to my empty apartment, stopping on the way to pick up Amber's favorite meal from the Chinese place down the street: a number 18 consisting of flat noodles, broccoli and chicken in a thick sauce.

I finish my meal and undress to slip into the shower. I leave the curtain open so I can enjoy watching my beautiful form as I rub my hands across and under my breasts, down my trim stomach and between my legs until I'm wonderfully soapy and slippery. I wash my face, letting my hands brush against the soft contours of Amber's face, sliding down her tiny nose and across her full cheeks, enjoying the sensations from every part of my body.

When I'm done I dry my hair and slip into a light pink nightie that cascades down my body. It brushes against my breasts and hips with each step, flowing beautifully, alternately hiding and displaying the gentle contours of my body. All the while I consider Alistair and what this afternoon means, if it means anything. I don't think I did anything Amber wouldn't have done. At least, I hope not. It certainly felt like her body wanted everything I did. It still does, in fact.

I pour myself some wine and stretch out on the couch to watch some trashy TV to dull the thoughts racing through my mind. I should hop out of Amber and let her mull over her own destiny. But I like this body a lot. I'll just stay the night, enjoy sleeping in her soft form and waking up with this pretty face, and then I'll go.

The Late Show has just started when there's a knock at the door. I pad to the door

on light feet and look out the peephole. Just visible in the hallway light is a cute woman with curly hair down her shoulders.

'Aloo? Amber?' a delicate French voice calls out from behind the door. It's the cute cashier from the coffee shop.

I open it to find her propped up on the door jamb. She lazily pushes one hand through her hair and it falls back down over her face. Amber's mind supplies her name—Felicity—and some hints of what's passed between them before. They've hung out a lot, alone and with others, and Amber gets the impression Felicity wants to hit on her but just can't bring herself to do it.

Felicity giggles as she brushes her hair back out of her eyes before sauntering past me into the apartment. She wears a tight black top that clings to her small breasts and lean form. A matching short skirt hugs her hips, revealing the outline of her small, round bottom and her long, thin legs. She collapses onto the couch, her legs slightly spread so her skirt, already short, pulls up to reveal most of her thigh and a slight hint of her pale blue panties. She's clearly been drinking. She looks up at me with a wide smile and pats the couch next to her. I sit and she turns to face me.

'I hope I am not interrupting,' she says, 'But I was in ze neighborhood and, well, here I am and here you are. 'ow are you?'

I lean my head on my hand. 'It's been a crazy day.'

I tell her about everything that's happened, from nailing the pitch to nailing my boss. I pour out my confusion to her and she listens with a kind, understanding face. She places her slim hand on my knee and leans closer to me as we talk. I know I shouldn't be encouraging her, that Amber enjoys her company but isn't interested in Felicity as a lover. But my day's been confusing, and the wine has gone to my head and Felicity is so understanding, and warm and friendly, and I lean forward and gently kiss her soft lips. She smells of cherries and whiskey, her skin is soft and her mouth is warm and wet as her tongue slides across mine and she presses closer to me. I run my hands through her wavy hair and pull her lips tighter against mine, a yearning to devour her growing within my body. I can feel her hand sliding up my thigh, underneath my nightie. Her fingers tickle my warming lips.

We kiss hungrily, enjoying the closeness of each other. I let my hands trail down

her smooth cheeks, her graceful neck, down to the buttons on her top. I unbutton them, our mouths still together, pausing only to pull the top off over her head. My hands slip behind her back and unclasp her lacy bra. She lets it slip off her small breasts, her tiny pink nipples already pearled out in desire for me.

I push her gently onto her back on the couch and trail Amber's lips down her neck to her tits, my hot breath flicking across her nipple as she sighs above me and wriggles beneath me. Her skin is on fire for me as I lick her nipple with my tongue, nipping gently. She coos in her soft voice as my fingers slide under her skirt and reach her panties. She lifts her hips in the air as I slide them off, before gliding back under her skirt to land on her sex.

I kneel between her legs and caress her womanhood. Lying with my head on her thigh, my own blonde hair draped over her leg, I watch in delightful close up as she opens for me, her velvety folds glistening with desire. I make Amber's fingers circle back and forth across the hood of Felicity's clit until it bulbs out beneath my fingers and she moans softly. I kiss Amber's lips back and forth across Felicity's thighs, skating over her unfolding lips, inhaling her deep musky smell, knowing that my pussy smells the same as I grow wet for Felicity. I stick out Amber's tongue and make her lick her friend slowly. The coarse hair of Felicity's pubes scratches against my tongue as her lust drips into my mouth. I push my lips into Felicity's dripping cunt, inhaling her as I thrust my tongue inside, aided by my fingers. I'm surrounded by her wonderful warm wetness and she moans above me as I manipulate her pleasure. I sink deep inside her with my tongue and fingers and she thrusts up, moaning as she rides an orgasmic wave and presses into my mouth.

I slip another finger inside her as she drips down my hand. She's so wet for me. I drink her in, flicking her clit with my tongue, hooking my fingers up to massage her G-spot and causing her pleasure to roar forth. Her voice rises higher in pitch, 'Oui! Oui! Oh Amber! Oh!' and I feel her body spasm as she shakes with orgasm. I follow her writhing pussy up and down with my tongue, tasting her sweet ecstasy, pushing the pleasure through her until she relaxes back onto the couch. I raise my head, my chin wet with her lust and she looks down at me with a wide smile, her small breasts heaving.

I probably shouldn't have done that, but giving Felicity that much pleasure made me feel better about myself, even if I've made Amber's life more complicated.

That night, with Felicity sleeping beside me in bed, I hop out of Amber's body, leaving her with the memories of the day. Maybe it's better if she sorts it out, because I seem unable to control myself in her delicious form. I can't pass up an opportunity to fill Amber's wonderful body with pleasure, no matter who my partner is.

I sneak out of the apartment, leaving Amber to her complicated life.

* * * *

Relatively Close

Scott tried not to gawk at his cousin, Jessica, as she stood on the doorstep outside his house. He hadn't seen her for four years, when he was only 15 and she was 18, and she'd definitely grown up...and out. She wore a sleeveless white top made of sheer fabric, beneath which Scott could see the magnificent curves of her massive breasts. Her small shorts hugged her legs and didn't leave much to the imagination. They ended mid-thigh and showed off her long, tanned legs and beautifully manicured toes, visible through the sandals she wore. Jessica's hair was tied back in a long ponytail, the wavy chestnut hair hanging down her back as she smiled up at him with her big brown eyes.

'Hi Scott!' she chirped, going in for a hug.

Scott returned the hug awkwardly, acutely aware of the soft breasts pressing into his chest, the faint, flowery smell of her perfume wafting into his nose.

'Wow, you've gotten so big,' she said, stepping back to take him in, then: 'Oh, god, I sound like my mother.'

'Come on in,' Scott said, 'Let me take your bag.'

'That's ok, I--'

'No trouble,' Scott said, grunting as he heaved her heavy suitcase inside. The things he did for a pretty face. Even if it was his cousin. Especially if it was his cousin. Scott had been attracted to her when she was younger for her fearlessness bordering on recklessness. She'd given him his first cigarette, his first sip of whiskey. And now that she'd grown into her body—and what a body!—he was attracted to her physically as well. Jessica would be staying here for a week in the guest bedroom next to his, a plasterboard wall all that would be between him and her naked body. He had no idea how he'd last.

No, that wasn't quite true, he did have some idea.

Scott's parents interrupted his train of thought as they came in to greet Jessica. With her attention on them, Scott took the time to let his eyes surreptitiously roam up and down Jessica's voluptuous body. Watching her move, hearing her

voice...he wanted to be inside her. And soon enough he would be, he just had to wait for the right time.

Scott had purchased a possession spell from a mysterious store in the mall that would let him take over anyone's body for one hour. It was agony waiting for the perfect time, when he and Jessica were alone with no one to interrupt them. Finally, three days after Jessica had first arrived, Scott's parents went to meet some friends for lunch and left Scott and Jessica home alone. Scott continued playing his video game for a few more minutes after they left, forcing himself to wait just to make sure they didn't come back to the house—his mom was always forgetting something. When he judged it was safe, he took the spell out of his desk with trembling hands and peered out the window. Jessica was sunbathing by the pool, her gorgeous body naked but for a small, red two-piece swimsuit. Her long hair splayed out over the back of the reclined pool chair. Scott read the spell aloud and everything went black.

He had no body and no senses but he could somehow “feel” himself whizzing through the air and when he stopped he was on his back, looking up through dark sunglasses at a clear blue sky.

He lifted his head and looked down at himself, where he was greeted by the sight of two enormous breasts, barely hidden beneath a tight top. Below was a trim stomach, glistening slightly in the sweat of a summer heat. Beneath, his body flared out into wide hips and a startling emptiness between his legs covered by the bottom of his skimpy bathing suit. Two glorious, smooth legs carried on for what seemed like miles, before ending in two small feet, the delicate toes painted a bright red.

Scott pushed himself into a sitting position as Jessica's long hair fell down his back. His pendulous breasts hung down in front of him, heavy and ripe. He brought Jessica's two slim hands up and hefted his new tits. They were warm and heavy. He let them drop, watching them wobble beneath his gaze. God, she was hot—he was hot. Scott ran his dainty fingers down one thigh and across a calf, admiring the smooth softness of his skin. He wiggled his tiny toes, watching Jessica's body respond to his control.

'This is amazing,' he said, giggling as Jessica's voice dropped from his soft lips. 'Oh my god, I need to check myself out,' he said aloud, just to hear her voice.

He stood and walked into the house, his new body swaying and bouncing in unfamiliar ways. His breasts were so heavy; how did Jessica carry them around all the time? Scott ran up to his room, his massive boobs bouncing beneath his nose at each step. He shut the door and turned to his full length mirror.

Jessica's cute face and stunning body looked back at him. He took off her sunglasses and ogled her cute face with the slightly upturned nose, her rounded cheeks and her full lips. It was amazing to see her like this, so close, her body following his every command. Scott placed Jessica's hands underneath her swimsuit top and pulled it off over his head. He threw it to the ground as her tits bounced free. Scott gasped as he finally placed his hands on his cousin's body. He lifted his boobs in both hands and they spilled over his fingers. God, they felt so good as he squeezed them gently. They were so big he could raise one of her fat, pink nipples to his mouth, where he sucked gently, sending a warm shiver down her body. He watched Jessica in the mirror as he made his cousin lick and suck her own breast. Her breasts still in his mouth, he turned to the side and stuck out her ass, admiring her profile. She had a nicely voluptuous body and the curve of her ass was magnificent. He gently released his boobs and leaned on the bed, before sliding her swimsuit bottoms down her golden legs, watching as he revealed her ass in the mirror, tracing the gentle curve of her rounded bubble butt with one hand.

Scott arched his back, watching the breasts hanging below him and his ass curving deliciously out in the mirror. He posed Jessica's naked body, lifting her hair and letting it tickle his soft skin as he turned this way and that, drinking in her soft profile, her breasts, the coarse hair between his legs. All the while his body continued to pulse with a sensuous warmth as he turned himself on in his new form. Scott had seen his fair share of naked women on the internet but he remained a virgin. These explorations of his beautiful cousin's body were his first experience in pleasing a woman...and himself.

Scott sat on the bed facing the mirror and spread Jessica's legs, revealing her glistening pussy—his glistening pussy—already unfolding as he thought about everything he wanted to do, everything he wanted to feel. His tits were so big he could only see his nether lips in the mirror. She was gorgeous, if only there was someway he could capture this moment forever.

But why couldn't he?

He grabbed his phone off the desk and swiped to his camera with her tiny fingers. Then he set it up facing the bed and pressed record before lying back down, facing the camera. His breasts flopped down his chest. He could give himself the show he always wanted.

'Hi, Scott,' he said in Jessica's lovely alto voice, 'I've been thinking about you so much.'

He ran Jessica's hands slowly up and down his body, bouncing his large breasts gently and flexing his gloriously long legs, performing for the camera.

'I wish you could fuck me so hard,' he moaned, his fingers sliding in between his thighs, tracing the pleasantly smooth skin across to the coarse fur of her mound as a gentle warmth pulsed through him. His other hand remained on Jessica's perfect tits, squeezing the warm weight, admiring how they felt in his hand and from within Jessica's body.

'I want you inside me, Scott. I need you inside me.' He moaned again, slipping a finger inside himself as the lips of Jessica's pussy parted for him. Scott slowly probed his fingers inside Jessica tight, velvety folds, pushing gently, exploring until his fingers reached the hood of his clit and he was rewarded with a small explosion in pleasure that caused him to gasp slightly. Mmm, that was the spot. He continued pressing the hood of his clit in a gentle circular motion, strengthening the waves of pleasure rolling through his body.

'I'm getting so wet for you, Scott,' he made Jessica say. And it was true, he could feel himself growing slicker. He slid his finger down towards the opening of his pussy and dipped it into the wet lust, drawing the juices back up and over his clit as it budded at his touch. As he opened and his fingertips touched his clit he moaned softly, the pleasure nearly overwhelming, urging him on to completion.

He grabbed one of his tits hard in his hand, his little fingers squeezing the nipple, causing an ache of pain to spark through him, meeting the pleasure coming up from his cunt and doubling it as he gasped and closed his eyes, a small orgasm flashing through him. When it was done he wanted more, wanted to drive his new body even higher with desire. He brought another finger down onto his clit, rubbing harder, faster now, as his fingers became wet with his lust and an eager tension wound his body tight like a guitar string. He brought his fat nipple to his mouth again and sucked, biting gently and then with a silent roar he climaxed,

gasping out loud 'Oh, fuck, oh fuck!'. His gasps rose in pitch.

'Oh, Scott, oh, Nat, yes, fuck me, Scott!' Jessica's voice rising in pitch as he raised his hips to meet his fingers, thrusting deep against himself as the tension blasted out through him, leaving only raw hot pleasure.

And yet he still need more. He slid two fingers down and into his aching cunt, felt his warmth surrounding him as he curled up and around inside his wonderful body, forcing himself deep against the dimpled nub of Jessica's G-spot. He thrust hard, pounding into himself as he spread his legs wide, driving as deep into Jessica's body as he could, pleasure exploding through him, rising into an overwhelming intensity as he came hard, filling the room with his feminine cries 'Oh! Oh! Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh god yes!' and the pleasure washed him away and he floated in pure ecstasy as he made Jessica fuck herself, pound her aching pussy until the pleasure peaked and began to recede.

He came down slowly, his breasts rising and falling as he pulled his fingers out of himself, sticky with his lust. Scott rolled over onto his side to face the camera, his massive breasts lolling over him and he smiled at his future self. He had to get Jessica's body dressed and back down to the pool; the spell must nearly be over by now and it would be extremely awkward if he appeared back in his room with Jessica still naked on the bed.

After turning off the camera he dressed in Jessica's swimsuit again, the tiny bottoms nearly slipping into his ass crack. How did women wear these things without slipping out? He adjust his tits in the mirror, taking one last, longing look at himself, then returned Jessica's body to the deck chair by the pool just as he'd found it.

Scott had only been lying down for a few minutes when he felt a pull and suddenly the world disappeared and he whooshed back to his own body in his bedroom where he'd cast the spell. His room still smelled like pussy, and the wet spot from Jessica was still on the bed, confirmation that it hadn't been just his imagination. Of course, there was also the video.

Though Jessica's body had orgasmed, now Scott was back in his own body he was still horny. He pulled up the video of Jessica masturbating for him and took care of himself.

It wouldn't be the last time he watched his new video.

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