



CHANGING *Minds*

AN EROTIC
BODY POSSESSION
COLLECTION

IMMOWILS

Changing Minds

by M. Wills

Copyright 2017 M. Wills

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people.

Disclaimer: These fictional stories contain graphic descriptions of sex and are intended for a mature audience. By proceeding past this disclaimer you agree that you are legally allowed to read adult materials in the country where you reside. All characters depicted in these stories are aged 18 or over.

Cover image © Can Stock Photo / bart78

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to another erotic collection of body swap and body possession stories, all originally commissioned by my wonderful readers. If you would like your own personalized story, visit me at www.BodySwap-Fiction.com and head over to the 'Commissions' page to find out more. Or just enjoy free transformation, possession and swapping captions.

Thanks for reading!

Enjoy!

-M

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Witchy Woman](#)

[Alright Lisa](#)

[Good Friends](#)

Witchy Woman

'I'm coming,' David huffed as he slowly climbed the steps of the ancient Mayan temple. His girlfriend, Jenny, stood at the top looking around. She pushed her glasses up her nose and brushed aside her blonde bangs as she took in the panoramic view. She shifted her backpack on her shoulders, the one that contained everything from spare makeup to bandages to translation guides. She was one to always be prepared in a foreign country. Jenny's friend, Skylar, stood beside her taking selfies with the jungle in the background. She took several photos, scrolling through and deleting any that showed her cocoa colored skin, dark hair and striking green eyes as anything less than perfect.

Skylar's boyfriend, Liam, clomped up behind David. 'Come on, man, race you to the top,' Liam panted.

If there was a way to turn something into a competition Liam would find it. David had known Liam since grade school and it had always been that way. Even as kids it was always a race to see who could finish their lunch the fastest, or who could skateboard down the highest hill. It was all so stupid and pointless. But now way was David going to let himself be beat.

As Liam approached the summit David charged up in a burst of speed, taking the steps two at a time on his long, skinny legs and reaching the top just half a step before Liam. Both of them sank to their knees, panting in the hot sun as their girlfriends shared a look with each other and rolled their eyes.

The two couples were friends and this trip to Belize was their first vacation together. The first big one, anyway. A two hour drive up to the mountains wasn't really a vacation as far as David was concerned.

When David had recovered enough to stand he gaped around at the view. Miles and miles of jungle, broken only by the occasional road, or house, or throng of other tourists climbing up the temple ruins. Jenny wrapped her arm around David's waist and David smiled down at her. Jenny was a petite blonde with a slim body, magnificent legs and an ass that David always wanted to reach out and grab. She also had a sexy nerd chic thing that David really liked.

Liam finally stood, his fuzzy eyebrows furrowing in good-natured teasing.

'Surprised your legs didn't snap,' he grinned. Liam had a wide face with smiling eyes. He was a mid-westerner with a stocky build and a dark

complexion who enjoyed being the center of attention.

'Surprised you didn't have a heart attack,' David retorted. David had always been the tall, lanky kid in class. Quietly funny to Liam's brashness. The Stephen Merchant to his Ricky Gervais.

The four stood and took in the view. As David turned around to look back down the temple the colors of the world seemed to fade, growing sepia toned except for the area directly in front of him. He took a step back as the world dulled further, sapping itself of color. Another step back caused him to bump into Jenny, who was also retreating from the colorless world.

'Uh, guys?' David asked. He looked around and saw that the four of them had backed against each other and were surrounded by a bubble of 'normal' color. Outside, the world was hazy and gray, as if viewed from behind dirty glass.

A portion of the bubble began to shimmer, resolving into a vaguely humanoid form before morphing into a strange woman.

She was tall and thin with coal black eyes and skin that was so pale it was nearly white. Her dark black robes had a long neckline and a high, pointed collar. The wide valley of her milky, bulbous breasts was fixed in place, somehow just hidden beneath the careful fold of her robes. She radiated a strange, ethereal beauty and her voice was hypnotic.

'Welcome, my lovelies,' she said in a voice that seemed to dig straight into their brains, triggering both arousal and disgust.

'What's going on?' Liam asked.

'Oh, *"what's going on?"*,' she said, 'Damn, I had my money on *"who are you?"* You can't win them all. And so far, no one has won any.'

'What are you talking about?' Both Skylar and the woman said at the same time.

The pale woman laughed, a tinkling, melodic sound that was soothing, made them want to stop and listen. 'I called that one. Dre'kryl Niteswa'arl will have to pay up. But, fat chance of a demon honoring his bet. Now let's see.'

Her long slim finger pointed to each member of the couple, the blood red nail aiming at each one in turn as she chanted an ancient rhyme, handed forth from person to person that stretched deep back into the mists of time.

'Eenie, meenie, miney, moe, catch a tiger by the toe, if he hollers let him go. Eenie, meenie, miney, moe.'

Her finger stopped on David and a smile lit up her face. Before he could wonder what that meant a point of light began arcing around him, leaving a tracer of white light as it crisscrossed his body. Then his body began enlarging, growing bulkier. Muscles swelled out on his arms and legs. His chest expanded as though he were a balloon being slowly blown up. His pecs hardened, pushing against his shirt before finally ripping it and actual abs appeared below as his skin bronzed. He gaped down at his body as the small moles and scars disappeared, leaving perfect, flawless skin. Even his fingers thickened and became muscular. Between his legs he felt his manhood, growing, stretching and a needy lust pricked its way into his brain, growing louder, more urgent, until it was all he could think about.

Jenny watched in astonishment as her boyfriend's face filled out, lost the slight gauntness and became sharper, fuller. His glasses disappeared and a little cleft developed in his chin. When the changes finally stopped David was transformed into a golden skinned god. He was still just recognizable as David, if David had lived on a diet of protein shakes, weightlifting and—judging by the bulge in his now tight pants—those penis pills the internet was always going on about.

He looked down at his body, then up at Jenny. There was a burning desire in his eyes that made her both excited and scared. He took one step towards her but the strange woman held up a hand and froze him in place. David was unable to move but the powerful lust still raged within him. He wanted sex, needed it but was held still by the woman's magic.

'Stop! I'm not done.' She pointed her blood red nail at Skylar.

Now it was Skylar's turn to feel her body changing. Her waist narrowed as her hips and breasts flared out, growing larger. Her breasts inflated to a DD, then an F, before finally stopping when they were bigger than her head and bouncing gently. Her firm curves grew smooth and flawless while her butt filled out even more. Skylar brought her hands to her massive chest then quickly away again as a burst of pleasure exploded through her that made her gasp. Her features softened slightly, her lips more pouty, her eyebrows perfectly manicured and her eyes grew slightly bigger as her hair styled itself in dark waves down her back. Her clothes morphed into a bikini that barely covered her massive tits. Like David, her skin lost its blemishes. Between her legs a powerful warmth grew into a raging fire as she felt herself unfolding at the sight of the two nearby men. She needed to be filled. She was already growing wet just thinking

about it.

When the changes finished Liam couldn't look away from his girlfriend. Skylar had been transformed into a cross between a Disney princess and a blow up doll. It was like the magic had made her a super sexy version of herself by erasing her imperfections and magnifying everything else.

Skylar took a step toward Liam but again the pale woman held up a hand and froze her in place. Skylar moaned softly, she was so horny, all she wanted was to fuck.

The pale woman turned to Jenny and Liam. 'If you two can go without having sex with these two for 24 hours they will be released and you will all be returned as normal. But, if you have sex with them one time, your gender will be changed. And after that if you have sex again with the other then the transformation will be permanent.'

The pale woman clapped her hands and suddenly the two couples were on the edge of a jungle of a small island and the pale woman had disappeared. The air was warm and carried the scent of the nearby beach.

David took a step towards Jenny, trying to hold himself in check. 'Run.' He gasped, shooting out his hand and grabbing her by the wrist. His touch was electric, the warmth of his hand seeming to blast through her body, promising desire.

In her mind Jenny knew she should run, that once started they would never be able to stop. But his touch...she was melting for him, a deep animalistic yearning. He drew her close and she didn't resist—couldn't resist—as he wrapped his strong arms around her tiny body. And then his lips were on hers, soft and gentle, just as she wanted. She could feel his power, held in check as he took his time. She tasted him on her lips, felt his warm body press against hers, soft but hard, taut muscles moving oh-so-carefully against her shivering body. David stared down at her cute face, the upturned nose, the big, brown eyes behind the glasses. He was the perfect lover, knew her body better than she did, wanted what she wanted, and he started slow for her, feeding her passion. She closed her eyes and sighed softly as he kissed his way down her neck, their arms entwined, their hands gliding up and down each other. Jenny's hands felt David's solid, masculine curves and grew warmer, already budding for him as he worshiped her body slowly, tenderly.

Skylar, too was the perfect lover to Liam, prepared to give him everything he desired. She dropped her bikini top to the ground, freeing her

massive breasts and shook out her hair. Liam was rooted in place as she slid her hands over her massive tits and moaned softly, pleasuring herself with the simple touch of her new skin. Liam could smell her desire and his body moved towards her almost of its own accord. He had no choice as his lust took over. He clasped her to him and she moaned in his ear as her nipples pressed against him, sending electric sparks through her over-sexed body. Liam's hands roamed greedily up and down Skylar's warm, flawless skin, squeezing, caressing feeling every inch of her form as she bit his ear and pleasure washed through her in waves. Skylar needed him so badly, felt herself dripping at his touch, his caress. His hands squeezed her ass and then slid in between her legs. Liam found her wetness there for him and his manhood surged in his pants.

David knew what Jenny wanted better than she did. He unzipped his pants and freed his massive member. Jenny took it in her hand gently, as though despite its girth she might break it, its warmth flowing into her through simple touch. He took her hand and lay on the ground, his erection up in the air. Jenny slipped out of her skirt, David's eyes lighting up as he drank in her naked form.

'You're so beautiful,' he whispered, his deep bass voice making her tremble. She wanted him so much, he was her world.

She stepped over him and slowly lowered herself down on him, spreading for him as she neared the tip of his manhood. He was so big she didn't think he would fit. The pressure built against her opening nether lips, harder, harder and then--'Oh!' she cried out in surprise-mingled lust—and he was inside her, perfectly fitting her like a glove, hitting just where she wanted, filling her tiny body with himself and she rode him back and forth gently. One of his hands rose to her clit and he gently rubbed it as she rocked back and forth, his other hand to her nipple where he pinched it, alternating between soft and hard, the pain shooting down to join the pleasure between her legs. David knew intuitively when to go faster, harder, how to bring her to the precipice. Jenny rode him, electricity flowing through her, desire burning as he teased her, leading her up, up, only to stop, each time leaving her wanting more.

As Liam felt Skylar's wetness he needed her right then. She felt it, too, and her kisses grew rougher, just like she liked it. She wanted to be used, fucked hard and unmercifully and Liam wanted the same. He spun her around and threw her against a tree. Laughing, she caught herself, her breasts bouncing. She arched her back, inviting him inside her with her

smooth, rounded ass, the red lips of her pussy swollen for him and jutting out from between her legs. He grabbed her waist in both hands and sunk in deep and fast as Skylar cried out in lust. Liam gritted his teeth, sliding in and out of her, pounding her like she needed, like she wanted as she gasped, her voice rising higher and higher as she crested, the rhythmic slapping of his groin on her ass driving her insane with desire.

Jenny was dripping. David's warm hardness ran deep inside her. His fingers played her clit as the pleasure rose and rose until with one final crest she came, raising her head back and bucking harder as she cried out, driving him as deep as she could inside her tiny body. David couldn't help himself, he came, spurting his seed inside her, emptying himself into her womb as she climaxed on top of him. As soon as Jenny felt the last spurt inside her she regained her senses, remembered the witch's warning and rolled off of David.

But it was too late. Her tiny body was already growing, filling out. Her breasts disappeared, swallowed by her solid, masculine pecs. Her body stretched and the bones creaked, her legs and arms lengthening, growing into masculine, beefy arms. Her hair shortened and her face felt filled with wriggling snakes as her soft features hardened, became rough and muscular. Her nose became larger, her cheeks stubbled and her Adams apple dropped down. Her cries went from high pitched and girlish to deep and masculine. Between her legs a tiny nub grew, expanding quickly as her pussy sealed up. Jenny's hands shot down to her thighs just as a pair of testicles dropped down and the nub grew into a thick shaft, the dark golden head expanding through her thick fingers even as she watched, until it was pointing straight back up at her and the transformation was complete. She was no longer tiny but she was less muscular than David, an average man's body rather than an idealized romance novel cover. But she was angular and tough, her petite femininity gone. And, god, she was so hard. It was a strange feeling, an aching to thrust, to penetrate, to dominate and own.

Liam saw Jenny change and knew he should stop but too late, the pressure inside him was too great and he burst inside Skylar, shoving himself deep against her backside as she moaned and came with him. He filled her wet warmth with himself, driving her ass back onto him as hard as he could, slamming deep to fill her aching cunt. Even as the last drop of himself filled Skylar he could feel his manhood retreating. Liam's body shrank, his arms and legs thinning out as two lumps grew from his chest,

expanding as his body shrunk into soft, delicate curves. His new breasts hung down gracefully from his petite body as his penis shrunk and shrunk to nothing, freeing him from Skylar's pussy and he stepped back to watch his manhood disappear until he was blank, like a toy doll. But not for long. A crease appeared, lengthening and deepening. He could feel his velvety folds forming inside his body as a coarse, perfectly shaved triangle of hair grew out beneath his slowly expanding mound until he was gaping down at his perfect pussy, framed by two small, delicate breasts. Long, dark hair curled down his head, falling in waves against his chest and he gasped, high pitched and feminine as he realized what he'd done.

Skylar turned to face him, her desire temporarily sated. Liam was now about her height, his features were soft and delicate. Two thin brows arched up in a look of surprise over two wide, blue eyes. His body was small, petite, the breasts poking out from his chest were firm, the nipples tiny and pink on his smooth skin. He looked so fragile, so delicate yet eminently sexy. Not just fuckable but *needing* to be fucked.

David helped Jenny up and the two couples stared at each other. Liam averted his eyes from his friends' members, hanging down flaccid in front of their new masculine bodies. He had no interest in men, his sexual orientation was still his own and he found himself strangely attracted to the new body he occupied, how his hips swayed as he walked, the curve of his breasts, visible whenever he chose to look down. He ran his hands along them, touching them, feeling himself up until Jenny cleared her throat with a masculine rumble. Liam looked up guiltily. But it was his body, why shouldn't he be able to pleasure himself?

Jenny looked around at the others uncomfortably. Wherever she put her hands she could still feel the strange solidity of her body, could feel the cock hanging in front of her. It was strangely arousing. If she'd still been a woman she had no doubt she would have enjoyed this cock.

The lust pounding through David's body was still there in the back of his mind, stifled by his recent activity but ready to burst forth at any moment. He could tell Skylar felt the same, the way her eyes crawled over his skin. God, he could *smell* her, pungent and delicious.

'I...I think we should stay away from each other,' Jenny said in her unfamiliar masculine voice. 'We just need to last twenty four hours. That's what she said, right?'

Liam nodded, swiping his long, wavy hair behind his ears. He felt so

tiny and delicate in his new feminine body. 'Right,' he said, his voice soft and flowery even to his own ears.

'Right, David?' Jenny asked, turning to him. But he was staring at Skylar and she was staring back at him. David's manhood had already risen once more, the loud drums of lust heavy in his ears.

Jenny reached out to grab David but too late, as he and Skylar rushed to each other, meeting in the middle of the circle, kissing, grabbing squeezing each other's bodies, wanting to touch, to fill and be filled. As he kissed Skylar's plump cheeks, bit her neck and she moaned in his ear he managed to grunt:

'It's—too—much,' he gasped as Skylar sighed and shifted her fat breasts against his chest, 'But—I—think—I can hold off—cumming.'

And then Skylar needed his lips on hers, his hands on her ass. He wanted her, needed her. Maybe they could fuck for twenty four hours without cumming, driving their perfect god-like bodies against each other, right up to the edge and pulling back. He thought he could do it because, for right now, he just wanted to live inside her wet, warm body, drive himself deep and impale her on his member while she thrust against him.

Sparks of orgasm flashed through Skylar's body as her sensitive nipples brushed up against David's chest. She, too, tried to issue a warning through flashes of pleasure:

'Go—oohh!—on...get out of—ah!—heeeere!' The last word was drawn out as a long orgasm racked her body and her thighs grew slippery with her lust.

Jenny grabbed Liam's small wrist and tried to tug her away, tried to ignore the gasping and groaning going on behind her. Liam's eyes were locked on the two. As Skylar wrapped herself around David, entwining her toned legs around his solid form, Liam found his thoughts turning to David. He was a bronzed god. Perfect skin, perfect muscles. Liam's petite new body began warming as he imagined what David would do to him. What he would *let* David do to him. God, he needed David inside him.

'Let go!' Liam shouted, twisting out of Jenny's grip and thrusting himself in between David and Skylar, trying to kiss David's mouth, taste his strong, masculine body. He hated himself for wanting this man so badly, for wanting to offer up his sopping womanhood for his desire, even as his body drew him on and a fire burned between his legs.

Jenny turned back to grab Liam again and as she did so her gaze

traveled across Skylar's transformed body, ridiculously, beautifully proportioned to magnify her sex. It was all Jenny's body wanted and her cock grew hard. Instead of grabbing Liam she found herself grabbing Skylar from behind, pressing her new cock up against Skylar's backside and wrapping her hands around Skylar's gigantic, sensitive tits. Skylar quivered and came with a moan as she let herself be pulled away from David, feeling this new, urgent cock nestled between the bouncy cheeks of her ass. Liam took her place, jumping into David's arms and wrapping his tiny legs around his friend's form. The hard body beneath Liam's smooth legs was hot and wonderfully solid. Liam felt an ache growing inside him, a deep, urgent need for this man. He wanted to open for him, to feel what it was like to be full of a man. He was a woman and wanted everything a woman could have.

David held Liam in the air, his hands gripping Liam's transformed, perfectly heart shaped ass. As they kissed he stretched Liam's ass apart and slid a finger up against her tight hole and she cooed as a sensuous pleasure hit her and she came once, quickly, her body vibrating. Liam needed more and she attacked David's body with a renewed vigor, offering herself to him.

Jenny spun Skylar around to face her, staring into her deep, green eyes, her perfect nose, her plump, inviting lips, waiting to swallow him, the perfect curve of her cheeks, her jaw. Jenny had never felt this pure, unfettered lust before, the desire to have, to make Skylar her own. She let the feeling take her away as they kissed. Jenny's hand curled through Skylar's hair, mashing their lips together as her other hand felt up her friend's beautiful body, touching and grabbing anything, everything as her cock pressed against Skylar's stomach.

David lifted Liam up and slid her onto his shaft. Liam's eyes went wide as his body was filled for the first time, the heat from his friend's cock penetrating deep within his soft form. So this is what it felt to be full.

'More,' he cried. David obliged, lifting Liam up and pulling him back down, fucking his tiny body as Liam gasped and cried out, pleasure exploding through him as his breasts bounced against David's pecs. David gritted his teeth, his body was driven on to fuck, but he forced himself to not cum, to hold it back. It was their only hope.

When David was on the verge of letting go he mustered the strength to pull Liam off him and gather himself. Liam was disappointed, so empty, he had to be filled again. And then David was back on him, grabbing

Liam's ass and forcing Liam to the ground on his elbows and knees. Liam lifted his ass in the air, the swollen, wet lips of his cunt an invitation for Liam's manhood and soon he was back inside and Liam sighed a contented sigh as his friend's cock began pounding him again, slamming pleasure through Liam's transformed body as Liam looked back between his legs at the wonderful, uniquely feminine view of his own swaying tits, the cock pumping in and out of him.

The four continued like this, switching up every so often so that everyone was with everyone else. The two women's juices mingled on the guys' cocks as they traded partners, sometimes mid-thrust. The pleasure burned through David's mind as he forced himself to hold back. But eventually he could hold it no longer.

They were all four in a line, the two women book-ended by the men. David, standing, with Liam kneeling before him, his tiny mouth wrapped around his friend's cock as David gripped Liam's long hair and forced his friend's lips up and down his shaft. Liam had his small, firm ass in the air and Skylar had her face pressed in it. One hand spread his cheeks wide as her tongue licked his tight, puckered hole. The fingers of her other hand thrust in and out of Liam's wet pussy, pushing against his G-spot as he wiggled and moaned. Skylar's heavy breasts hung down in front of her as she knelt. They bobbed back and forth as Jenny thrust from behind them all, her new cock perfectly at home inside her friend's dripping cunt, watching Skylar's perfect ass bounce and sway as she slammed her cock in deep and rode her hard. The four of them stayed in these positions, orgasms bouncing back and forth between the two women in the middle as they were pushed and pulled from in front and behind.

What finally did it for David was watching his cock disappear between his transformed friend's plump lips. His friend, Liam, who used to be a thick, competitive man now changed into a petite woman intent only on filling herself on his cock, on sucking him until he was empty and suddenly he wanted to fill her and the tension rushed through him and he came, forcing Liam's head down as deep as she would go as he spurted his seed into the back of her throat while, from the other end, Jenny came, too. Her cock filled Skylar's aching hole with her hot cum and they all four sucked and thrust and pumped and came, gyrating and moving as the shared pleasure flowed through them and those that could moaned, and those that couldn't grunted, their mouths full of the sweet taste of the

other until at last the spasms cooled and they stopped.

For now.

The realization that they were trapped, stuck in these new bodies hit them and they stepped back, ashamed, and scared...and still horny. With the permanent transformations came a permanent horniness. Within minutes they were at it again, giving their bodies up to each other to satisfy their most carnal urges. Forever.

Far away, gazing at the two couples from her crystal ball, the pale woman laughed. Of all the couples she'd put through the trial, these had lasted the longest so far...about four hours. The winged demon, Dre'kryl Niteswa'arl, turned to the pale woman, his jaws dripping with blood, his face twisted in eternal agony. His mouth opened, revealing razor sharp jaws and the stench of death.

'Double or nothing?' he growled.

'You're on,' said the pale woman, beginning to scope out the next contestants for their trials.

...

Alright Lisa

'Alright, Lisa, we'll talk again soon,' I say as our Skype connection gets worse, 'It was good catching up.'

'Same here,' she replies and signs off.

I sit back in my chair and stare out of my office window. The university quad is spread out below. The grass is turning green, dotted with the vibrant flowers beginning to creep back in as winter gives way to spring. I rock slightly back and forth in my chair. Conversations with Lisa always make me pensive and bring out my regrets. Our talks are bittersweet, reminding me of what might have been. Lisa is funny, charming, intelligent and it's wonderful talking to her but I want to hold her, to stroke her hair, to kiss her soft lips once again.

We'd dated in college but our careers took us different places. A long-distance relationship hadn't lasted too long after graduation. We were at opposite ends of the country and the harsh struggle of academia soon ate up all our available time. The relationship cooled but we still kept in touch now and then, Skyping every so often and meeting up on the rare occasion one of us was nearby for a conference, though that was more her than me. Our career differences echoed the geographical distance between us: She was an up and coming superstar professor at Cornell and I landed at a small state university in California. But I'm a *department chair* at a small university in California. Take that, Cornell.

It's usually after one of these conversations that the past comes back to sit heavily on me. God, I miss her. I miss being her, too. She kept herself wonderfully fit by playing soccer—still does—and she was exceptionally bright. Hopping her body was like taking the red pill and suddenly seeing the world open up.

She must still be interested in me. I can feel a spark of...something when we talk. And, surely, keeping in touch all these years must mean there's an attraction there. There's definitely one on my end and I can catch certain phrases and tones of voice that makes me think she feels that way, too.

I should surprise her with a visit.

I stop rocking in my chair as the thought hits me. Well, why not? It's spring break, we both have some free time. But maybe I won't tell her. Maybe I just show up and hop her and ride around in her body like an invisible passenger. I'd done it before and it led to some amazing insights. It would be my chance to see what Lisa is like when she's alone,

what she think of me. The thought makes my heart pound and my palms sweat. What if she doesn't like me? The not knowing is nice in a way because I can imagine what the future *could* be. Right now our relationship is akin to Schrodinger's Cat, neither alive nor dead. But if I hop her and find out for sure there's the possibility of killing the cat, so to speak. But there's also the possibility that the cat is alive and healthy and wants me to pet it and feed it and love it and be with it. After torturing the metaphor for a little longer I resolve to do it. I'm going to hop Lisa.

I throw on my jacket and head out the door before I can change my mind. As I walk through campus towards my car my thoughts run wild with 'What ifs?'. Maybe I shouldn't do it. No, I definitely should. It's a great idea but also the worst. I need to calm down and get out of my head.

As if on cue a blonde co-ed jogs by me. Before I can second-guess myself I hop. My body disappears, along with the world, and my conscious stream of energy launches towards her receding form. After the briefest of pauses I'm running in her body. My lungs burn as my long, golden legs stride forward. I feel so light, so young and energetic. My long, blonde hair swishes against my back and my small breasts jiggle up and down lightly with each step despite being bound by a running bra. I concentrate on my breathing as I search through the mind of my new body. Her name's Madison and she's just planning on hanging around campus during the break. Except now that I'm in her body, she's getting an all expenses paid trip to New York. At least New York state. Being a sexy woman will take my mind off Lisa long enough for me to commit to the plan. And besides, who'd get harassed less by airport security than a petite blonde girl?

I continue on Madison's normal path, using her own thoughts to guide me. By the time I return to her dorm her body is soaked in sweat and my mind is clear in the way only hard exercise can make it. I stretch my legs beneath the shade of a tree, reaching forward to gently grip my toes as I stare down at my gloriously long, smooth legs barely covered by my tiny, black running shorts. The taut contours of my muscles ripple beneath the tanned skin as my hair tickles my neck.

When I'm cooled down somewhat I head up to her dorm room. Most of the students, including Madison's roommate, are out of town on spring break. It's very quiet in the building as I grab my bag of toiletries and a towel and slip into the bathroom. I pause in front of the mirror to examine my new body.

My hair is almost white blonde and hangs straight down to bunch just on my shoulders. My thin, dark eyebrows contrast with my light hair and my fair skin. My face is long and my nose is straight with the hint of an upturn. I'm cute in an unconventional way. My body is lean and sculpted. I need to see more.

I toss off my light blue top then peel off my sports bra. Taking that pressure off my chest is nearly better than an orgasm. I stare down at my firm, supple breasts. They're not huge, but a good size. I bring my dainty hands up and roll my nipples gently between my fingers. Mmm, that feels nice. And it looks nice, too, watching this cutie in the mirror play with her breasts.

I drop my running shorts and step out of my thin, white panties. My naked body is long and lean and glistening with sweat. Madison looks as nice as she feels. I step into the shower and let the water wash away the dirt. I soap up my body, rubbing my slick hands around and around my chest, then down over my taut ass and back up, hefting and squeezing my sensitive tits. My breath quickens as an electric desire pulses through me. It's the familiar lust from exploring a new body. I indulge myself, letting my fingers run around Madison's body, across her face, enjoying the soft new contours, my tiny nose and plump lips. I sigh happily as my wandering fingers head down between my legs, following the light trail of blonde hair down to my nether lips.

Two fingers press inside my warm folds and gently up against the hood of my clit. My mouth drops open as the electricity flows through me and I moan again, just to hear my sweet, new voice. 'Oooohh,' as my fingers press deeper and my clit engorges, opening up to my greedy hands. There's a sharp intake of breath as a sting of pleasure courses through me and my knees nearly buckle. It's like lightning heralding a big storm. My fingers sink deeper inside me, and I can feel my gentle heat wrapping around them as I probe myself, pushing harder, faster. My legs come together and my eyes close as I concentrate, pushing my pleasure button until a bigger bolt shoots through me and I gasp as I cum and place one hand on the wall, dizzy with pleasure. When I recover enough I grab one of my tits and I squeeze as I continue pleasuring myself, pushing my fingers harder and faster inside as the static builds, I can sense it winding up, growing more potent and then with a rush of pleasure it's unleashed and I cum hard. 'Ohh, yes!' I cry out to the empty bathroom as pleasure courses through me. I'm so wet for myself and I push on, knowing

there's another bolt. My slim fingers play with myself harder and faster still and then there's a final tremendous burst and my legs part and my voice grows higher and higher pitched 'Oh. Oh! Ohh!' and then with a mighty cry I cum, my girlish voice echoing back as the orgasm rips through me. 'Oooohhhh!' and my fingers continue playing my delicate body as I chase the pleasure with my probing fingers, leaning against the cool tiles of the shower as the ecstasy breaks over me until I can think again.

I come down slowly, back to the warm shower, back to my sexy, college body. She feels so good. *I* feel so good.

I turn the water off and towel myself dry, then return to Madison's room to pack. I fill a small suitcase with her clothes and slip into a pillowy, blue dress. It'll be comfortable on the airplane, plus I like how the material billows over my lithe form, how I feel nearly naked. After a quick online ticket purchase I order a cab and head to the airport.

II.

I breeze through security with no fuss. The security guard takes a cursory glance at my driver's license and a much longer glance at my body. I know this male gaze is disconcerting, threatening even, to non-bodyhopping women, but it's a big part of why I like to inhabit such feminine forms. I like the attention and the power I can command with just a glance and a wiggle of my cute, little ass. The attention is so much more obvious than when I'm a man. Men are just much more obvious, I guess. I smile and walk slowly towards the metal detector away from the guard, putting an extra little sway in Madison's hips just for him.

I make it to my gate with plenty of time to wander around and enjoy the overpriced refreshments. Madison's body has a yearning for Cinnabon, so I buy a sweet roll and eat a little before throwing the rest away. It pains me to discard the fatty, sugary treat, but I don't want to mess up my girlish figure. I wipe my lips and head to my gate and grab a seat. While I'm waiting, I pull out Madison's phone and search for Lisa on Facebook. She's on my mind and in a few minutes she's on my phone, her smiling face looking back from a variety of pictures. I'll be there soon. I'll be *her* soon. The thought makes me tingle, even though the body I'm in now is cute, Madison's no Lisa. Madison's a girl, and I need a woman.

After an interminable amount of time—why does time seem to pass slower in airports?—the plane arrives and I board. The seat next to me stays empty as the plane fills up. I think maybe I've gotten lucky with an empty seat but at the last minute someone else comes down the aisle heading straight towards me. Ah, well, at least he's cute.

He's got short, blonde hair cut in what I think of as the politician style: cut shortish but with a swoop across his forehead. He's boyishly cute and he shoots me an apologetic smile as he sit down next to me.

'Sorry to be the one to take your extra leg room.'

'Oh, I don't mind company,' I reply, shooting him a smile of my own, 'Of a certain kind.'

He pauses, then smiles back at me, a twinkle in his eye.

We talk for the first half of the flight. He's charming and witty and he buys me some drinks. I'm enjoying his company immensely and every time he looks at me with that enigmatic smile a little shiver runs down my spine. I flirt with him, making an excuse to touch his arm as we see what's playing on the in-flight screen, leaning over and pressing my

breasts against him as I ask the stewardess for another drink, curling a lock of hair around my little finger. He's blushing now, it's so cute.

'Excuse me,' he says eventually, 'I have to use the bathroom.'

'Oh, right, I'll come, too.'

I follow him back to the rear toilet. There's no one in line and as he slips in I glance around then quickly follow him, pressing up against him so I can close and lock the door.

'What are you--?' he begins, but then my lips are on his and my arms are wrapped around his body. There's a split second of hesitation and then he presses close to me, wraps his arms around me and holds me as my lips and tongue desperately find him. There's a faint taste of the whiskey he's been drinking as my tongue explores his warm mouth. Madison would never do this. No matter how much her body wanted it she'd hold herself back. I have no such inhibitions.

His hands slip under my dress. They're warm and rough against my smooth skin as they make their way up to my breasts, lifting my dress up as he squeezes and caresses my tits. He needs me, he's desperate for me, the way his greedy hands grab and squeeze my body; he knows this is a one time thing and he's determined to have every inch of me. He lifts my dress up to my neck so he can kiss my small tits, the nipples standing erect under my bra as my veins course with fire. His desire is a physical thing and I close my eyes as I let him enjoy Madison's body. Under his attention I grow wet, I can feel my nether lips growing slick in anticipation.

I pull down my panties and hop up onto the sink, the plastic cold against my thick butt. That's his cue to unbutton his pants and reveal his manhood, fully erect for me, already glistening with pre-cum the same way I'm already glistening for him. He grabs my thighs and spreads my legs, my velvety folds unfurl for him as he presses his cock against me. Still kissing, he pushes into me, the head of his cock pushing, pressure building up until with an inaudible pop—and an audible gasp from me—he's inside.

I feel every delicious inch as he presses into me, filling me with his heat, grabbing my ass and pulling me onto him and oh god, Madison's tiny body is so full and still there's more and then his hands grab my ass and he lifts me up and I sink onto him, until my pussy rests against his groin and I'm fuller than I've ever been. Still kissing he begins thrusting gently back and forth, sending the fire madly pulsing through my body. I

pull back and bite my lip as an orgasm hits me, trying to stay quiet, knowing this is wrong but feels so good. One hand goes down between my legs and massages my clit, intensifying the fire inside me and then, as if on cue, we cum together. He grunts quietly as he spurts inside me, the cum blasting into my womb and immolating me with pleasure. I bite one finger to stifle my cries as we rock together. I feel every squirt, every drop fill me until I've taken everything he has to give.

He looks up at me with his big puppy dog eyes, his cock still warm inside me.

'Thank you,' he whispers, 'But I really do have to use the bathroom.'

We laugh as we struggle to right our clothes in the small confines of the toilet. When we're as put together as we can get I unlock the door and climb out around him. Someone's waiting outside.

'That one's not working,' I say, 'Better wait for the the next one.'

I make my way back to my seat. The rest of the flight is nice, but nowhere near as intense. I close my eyes and try to get a few hours sleep before we land.

III.

Once I land in Ithaca it's an hour's drive to Cornell. I make it in 45 minutes with one beautifully manicured foot to the pedal of my rental car. Through my online research (aka Facebook) I know what building Lisa's office is in and as I stroll up to it I prep Madison's mind for my hop out. I don't want her to suddenly find herself on Cornell's campus with no clue how she got there. I go over a story I made up about Madison considering transferring, implanting my story into her memories. It's not very plausible but it should sink in after enough repetition to convince her that's why she's here. She'll probably go home later and laugh the whole thing off as an ill-conceived spur of the moment idea. I'm just about to walk up the stairs to Lisa's building when she opens the door and comes down the steps.

Talk about a lucky break.

As she steps out into the sunlight I pause briefly with one foot on the stairs and look up at her. She's gorgeous, I've only seen her online during the past couple years but she's even more stunning in real life. Her long, wavy blonde hair drapes down past her shoulders. She's got fair skin and her features stand out in beautiful, sharp contrast. Her large chest is covered by a red spaghetti strap top mostly hidden by a white jacket but the fabric clings to her form, leaving just a little to the imagination. But I've got a very good imagination.

I continue up the steps as she comes down. I smile and nod at her in greeting. She smiles back, radiant as ever. As soon as she passes I hop backwards into her, flying out from Madison's body and down into Lisa. Again there's the instant of darkness followed by the world reasserting itself, this time in a new body heading in the opposite direction down the steps.

I pull back into Lisa's mind, wanting only to watch for the moment. My powerful legs stride through campus. My heavy breasts jiggle slightly up and down, a feeling to which Lisa is accustomed but feels wonderfully new to me. My hair tickles my back as I tap in to Lisa's thoughts.

Random historical facts fly through her mind as I meld with her. We've been grading some papers, trying to keep up with our work so we won't have to do it all on Sunday but it's such a nice day we just had to get out. There was something strangely familiar about that girl we saw coming up the steps as we were leaving. We've never seen her before but something in the way she moved, the intelligence behind her eyes, it reminded us of

Tony.

The thought startles the real me and I pull back from her. She must have sensed something because I feel her thoughts calling out to me.

Tony? She thinks Is that you?

No, I reply, trying to mimic her own voice, *Just your imagination.*

But she's not fooled. She's always been clever.

Tony, it is you isn't it. Were you inside that girl? She asks.

Yes, I admit, ceding control, *How did you know I was here? What I can do?*

It's a...presence inside my head. I've felt it before when we were together. All those times you...took me out.

You knew? I ask.

I had blank spots in my memories. And also I can hear you even when you think I'm asleep. But it's okay, I trusted you. I loved you. She thinks.

When we get back to your place I'll hop out. I say.

No! She says. *Stay inside me, but let me be in control.*

I agree. Of course I agree.

When we get back to her place she drops her purse onto the table and heads straight for her bedroom. She closes the closet door and stares at her reflection at the mirror hanging from the back of the door as it swings into view.

She looks herself up and down, taking in her cute face, her beautiful breasts, her trim figure and her long, golden legs. She moves her eyes up and down herself and we ogle her body together.

You like that? She asks.

I love it.

She smiles, our face breaking into a beautiful grin. She slips her jacket off and it drops to the floor. We pull our hair back behind our head, grab a hair tie off the nightstand and tie back our hair in a loose bun. She begins gliding her hands around her body. Our hands brushing against her soft curves.

"I can feel your excitement at seeing my body," she says. I have such a beautiful voice. I'm in heaven.

She pulls off her top and tosses it to the floor, staring at her own image clad only in a tan bra. The valley of her breasts hangs down beneath our nose. She gets closer to the mirror, stares into her pale green eyes, looking for me. My excitement rises at seeing her face in the mirror, thinking of it

as my face. Her body responds to my lusty thoughts, growing warm as she unbuttons her pants and steps out of them, revealing her strong trim legs and her lacy, white panties. The muscles of our powerful thighs stand taut beneath our sensitive skin. She's still toned from playing soccer, her body is trim and magnificent.

We turn and wiggle our butt, giving it a little slap. I want her. I need her and she knows it. She unclasps her bra and drops it to the floor, freeing her perfectly proportioned breasts. She runs her hands over her tits. They're warm and heavy and wonderful. Everything I remember from our time together, everything I was hoping they'd still be.

She drops her panties and now I stare hungrily at her naked body. Her light trail of pubic hair leading down to lips that are already warming with our twin desires.

I've never loved how I look more than when you're inside me, she thinks, I want my body. I want to fuck my body. It's strange this lust I have for myself from your feelings. I want to part my lips like this.

She glides her hand down between her legs and slips two fingers inside herself. I can feel my wet heat as we spread our pussy, revealing our glistening pink folds. I'm so warm and wet as we grow horny together, staring inside her.

We sit on the bed and spread our legs, two fingers landing on our clit and rubbing gently, watching as our body masturbates in the mirror for both our pleasures. She's using herself for me, doubling her pleasure with my own. She moans gently as the fire burns inside us, a tension building within us. Our legs rock back and forth as our finger slides deeper inside our warmth, up against our clit and a sharp burst of fire pulses through us.

We slide faster, our wetness sticky on our fingers, our thighs dripping with pleasure. We let out a soft moan as the first orgasm hits and recedes. We follow it, thrusting our fingers up and around, pushing against the dimpled nub of our G-spot. The throbbing fire grows brighter, our breath comes quicker and then we're cumming. 'Oohh' we cry out loud, our voice increasing our desire, reminding me of the beautiful woman I am now and feeding into her physical pleasure. The tension ratchets up once more, our legs shake as we lean forward and push deep inside, two fingers pounding against our G-spot with the thumb making circles against our clit and then we cry louder as the orgasm overwhelms us, our body thrusting and writhing on the bed as we ride the wave of pleasure. Our

heat spirals out from our pussy, burning us in ecstasy as we push our sexy body further and further until with one last cry we crest. 'Yeessss!' And scream out into the room as our body explodes, our minds entwined and we cum together, fully, completely as one.

Slowly we wind down and lay back on the bed.

Was it good for you? She asks.

The best.

IV.

That night Lisa takes me out to dinner in her body. We slip into a slinky, black dress that shows off our wonderful curves. I get to stare lovingly into her eyes as she applies her makeup, her gorgeous face reflected and magnified in the mirror. Every wrinkle, every small blemish just adds to her perfect beauty. I'm smitten. When she's done she poses in the mirror for my amusement. We look absolutely stunning as we turn this way and that. Our cheeks get warm as she blushes.

"I can feel your excitement. It's like I'm seeing my body as someone else. I didn't know you felt this way," she says aloud.

Always, I reply. I love your body, I love your voice, I love being you, being closer than anyone else could.

A warmth begins gently pulsing between my legs.

"You better stop or we'll never get out of here," she says.

We go to a nice rooftop restaurant and get a corner table. We cross our long legs and sip on a glass of wine as we "talk".

I'm glad you came, Tony, she thinks, I miss you. I think about you a lot. Really?

Of course. I sometimes wish we could have ended up together.

Why didn't you tell me?

Why didn't you tell me? She retorts.

What? That I'm a bodyhopper?

No. That I figured out. What I never figured out was how much I meant to you.

Everything. I think about you all the time. I say.

We sip our wine quietly.

Anyway, she continues, I didn't want to tell you because I wanted a career. And being together...I would have made sacrifices for you that would have made me miserable...made us both miserable...You would have thought that I gave it all up for you. And you would have been right. But I think I'm at a point where we can be together. I can transfer colleges, we can make it work.

After some more discussion we realize this is what we both want. Then the meal comes and we enjoy each others company in silence. When she's done she leans back and stares at the lights of the city below us.

Tony, she says eventually, What kind of things did you do in my body? I'll show you.

No sooner do we close the door to Lisa's apartment then I step forward

into her mind, taking over her body and pushing her consciousness to the back but leaving her awake to experience being a passenger in her own body.

Whoa, she gasps.

I walk to her bedroom, enjoying the feel of my silky legs gliding against the fabric of my dress.

This is so weird, she says, I can feel everything.

"That's the idea," I say as I bring her hands up to her dress and begin caressing my breasts.

I run my hands up and down my body, behind my neck and through my hair, enjoying Lisa's soft form as my body glows with anticipation. I unzip the dress and let it drop to the floor. I step out, still in my high heels, and look down at myself. The deep valley of my cleavage greets me and I bring my fingers up to explore.

I've never been turned on by my body before, she says.

I have.

I squeeze the soft breasts beneath the fabric of the bra, teasing myself in anticipation, before reaching behind my back and unclasping my bra. I let it fall to the floor and take my tits in each hand, hefting the weight and pinching the nipples until they become erect. The gentle pulsing pleasure throbs through me as Lisa sighs contentedly inside.

I roll my panties down and fling them aside, then stand naked in front of the mirror gliding my hands around my bubble butt, between my thighs, closer and closer to the dark strip of pubic hair leading to my nether lips. The site of Lisa's naked body and the wonderful feeling of control makes me ache for her...for myself as I dance for us both.

I slide two fingers into my pussy and gently probe my moist heat. I rub up and down as I stare in the mirror at Lisa's body, forcing her to play with herself and make intense, sexy faces in the mirror.

You're so good with my body, Lisa moans from inside. Grab my vibrator from the nightstand.

I find the vibrator in the back of the drawer, a blue cylinder with a rounded and slightly curved end. I lie on the bed with my knees in the air and watch Lisa's body as I turn the vibrator on and circle my pussy, pressing against my clit until my body echoes with the throbbing hum. I slide up and down, in and out of myself, pushing deeper in each time until my body resounds with the wild buzzing and my legs buckle. A rush of pleasure hits me and I go faster, watching myself penetrate my new pussy,

feeling the soft rubber from inside me as it burns the pleasure through me. I flex and moan in Lisa's wonderful voice, hardly containing my lust until at last it explodes through me.

'Oooohhh!' I cry as I raise my hips, my other hand comes to my clit and I work my body harder, faster, the tension winding up as the precipice approaches and then I'm over the edge and Lisa cries out in her mind with me *Yess! Yess!*

'Fuck yes!' I moan as the orgasm hits me hard and I buck on the bed, just Lisa and me and her body, united as one, building on each other's pleasure.

When it finally fades I run a hand through my tousled hair and gaze down in awe at my beautiful body.

We should do that again she says.

How about now? With me? I ask.

Before she can respond I hop out, my body appearing beside her bed.

She gasps and I take her in my arms. Our lips meet as we embrace. I taste the faint trace of wine on her lips as our breath entwines. Her warm tongue darts against my lips, then into my mouth, probing and tasting me. She helps me rip off my clothes and soon I'm naked on her bed. With Lisa, my obsession, my love.

She takes my rock hard erection in her hand and glides her fingers up and down the shaft. Then she grasps it gently and guides it inside her. She's so wet and her lips part easily for my cock. I sink deep inside her, feeling every inch of her sopping pussy. She's everything I imagined, everything I remembered and our mingled desire builds. I thrust slowly in and out as she moans. I'm driven wild remembering how it felt to be in her body, imagining how she feels now with my hard heat inside her. She gasps as I sink deep and the tension ratchets up inside me. I want to live in this moment, inside Lisa, but I also want to take her, hard, rough, make her mine, own her delicate, feminine form. I know how it feels from the inside and I give her everything I want, pushing and pounding into her sweet warmth as my hands grasp and squeeze her soft body, my greedy lips on hers, enveloping her until the tension breaks and I pulse inside her, sinking deep, deep into her folds as I fill her with my cum. Gritting my teeth and staring at her gorgeous face, into her deep eyes in pure desire as I cum hard, emptying my seed into her womb until I'm spent.

I lie on top of her, breathing heavily as she wraps her legs around me.

'Stay inside me,' she whispers.

I do, feeling the last spasms of her pussy clench my cock, milking the last strands of my cum as I remain deep in her wet heat. I slowly grow soft, still feeling her enveloping me, until finally I roll off and hold her. She nestles in my arms and I trace my fingers across her biceps, her shoulders, her weighty breasts.

She's mine and I'm hers. And I realize in all my searching it's obvious what women want, the same thing as men: to belong to someone and have them belong to you, to share a life together.

We lie next to each other talking late into the night, sharing our hopes and dreams, stopping only to make love once more. We vow not to spend any more time apart and a few weeks later we both find jobs near each other in California. I'm ready to welcome Lisa into my life and she's ready to welcome me into hers and, occasionally, into her body. I finally feel satisfied. With her and *as* her.

Epilogue

It's my one year anniversary with Lisa. She struts in front of the mirror in her slinky red corset and high heels. I stare out through her eyes, admiring the sexy skin of her body, the feel of the tight fabric against my feminine form. She smiles, our eyes sparkling as she gives her ass a little slap and it jiggles deliciously. She squeezes the round cheeks of her bubble butt. God, that feels so good.

Her fingers trace her delicate form, teasing me, teasing us as she makes come hither faces in the mirror. I can feel her body getting turned on because I'm getting turned on.

She brings a hand to the top of her corset and slowly unties it, teasing me with glimpses of the deep valley of her cleavage, untying one knot at a time until at last it slips off and her breasts are revealed. She squeezes them for my pleasure, knowing how much I love playing with her tits, especially when they're mine. The warmth growing between my thighs spreads upwards through my body. She kicks off her heels and puts one foot on the bed, posing her naked body for me. Half turning to the mirror she spreads her glistening pussy so I can see every deep rich fold. I'm so empty, I need to fill myself.

Sensing my need she slips two fingers inside. She's already wet as she begins massaging her clit, sending hot pulses through our body. Our finger continues gently working our smooth button as she stares into the mirror, one hand coming up to her ruby lips. She bites her finger and I need her so badly. She slips her fingers inside herself and they slide into my wet warmth. Gliding and massaging she teases herself as the lust burns through my body. We moan, 'Oooh' and slide in deeper, hooking our fingers and pushing against our G-spot. We're rewarded with a quick burst of pleasure and we push inside our body faster, harder, urging the pleasure through our bodies and we cum hard staring at our body in the mirror. I'm the beautiful woman pleasuring herself, watching the beautiful woman pleasure herself. The ecstasy rips through me and we cry out our desire.

'Tony!' she cries, my name dropping from our lips. 'I need you to fuck me right now.'

I hop out of her body and in an instant take her into my arms. She's ready and dripping with lust as I thrust inside her. We fuck urgently, our bodies thrusting together, licking, grabbing, sucking, until we cum together. I groan and empty myself inside her pussy as she bucks and

clasps her legs around me, urging me deeper, urging me to fill her. And I do.

Then I hop back inside her, taking my turn to cum again and again as Lisa until we're both exhausted and we lie on the bed together as one.

. . .

Good Friends

I rolled my eyes as Mike and Melissa went in for another kiss. We'd been eating lunch together for half an hour and most of that time seemed to be taken up with them kissing. I couldn't really blame them, the relationship was new and they were in that phase where everything is lovable and fun and sexy. Mike seemed like a nice enough guy, it's just that I wished it was me going in for the kiss with Melissa.

I dipped another french fry into my ketchup and cleared my throat. Mike and Melissa parted lips and Melissa at least had the decency to look ashamed.

'I'm sorry,' Melissa said, her beautifully pale, freckled face turning to me as she tucked some of her wavy blonde hair behind a dainty ear.

'I'm not,' Mike declared, stealing one of my fries.

'So now you guys are dating we have to give you some sort of mashup name, like Brangelina, right?'

'Yeah,' Melissa nodded, 'Or Filliam H. Muffman.'

'Who?' Mike looked at her.

'You know, Felicity Huffman and William H. Macy?'

'Oh, right. How about Melike?' Mike said.

'Me don't like,' Melissa said, 'Mikissa?'

'You're *my* kissa,' Mike said, going in for another kiss.

'Ugh,' I groaned. 'What if we just combine the first letters and call you Mmelissa?' I suggested, to try to interrupt the kiss.

It didn't work.

They were disgustingly in love. I was a little jealous. I mean, yes, I'd always had a bit of a crush on Melissa. What was not to like? She was cute, funny, always up for anything and her body, God, what a body. Petite and wild and sexy. But more than that, it had been so long since I was that disgustingly in love with anyone. I'd forgotten what it felt like and I kind of wanted a taste of it. I wanted to have Melissa on my arm and our hands around each other, the way Mike had his arm casually draped over her shoulder now with her fingers entwined with his. I didn't want to just live vicariously through Mike, though, I wanted to be him. And, as a body hopper, I had that ability. My friends had no idea and I wanted to keep it that way. If I wanted to hop Mike then somehow I had to separate them long enough for me to jump in undetected. Maybe I could get him into the men's room alone.

'I'm sure we can figure some sort of collective name out,' I said as they

pulled away. I picked up my water and made a show of drinking it. 'Mmm, wow, I'm thirsty today, are you guys thirsty?'

'Nah, I'm all right,' said Mike.

'You have to keep hydrated. It's a hot day,' I said, pushing Mike's water towards him.

'What are you, my doctor or something?'

'Maybe your mother,' I grinned, then imitated an old lady 'Go on, drink up, you're looking so skinny!'

'Ok, I'm drinking. But it's not because of you!' Mike gulped some water down.

'More?' I asked, refilling his cup, 'It's really hot out there.'

'Any more and I'll turn into a puddle. Anyway, we have to go we've got...an appointment.' He finished lamely. By the way he was looking suggestively at Melissa I could guess what the appointment was for.

'Ok. You want to run to the bathroom first?' I asked.

'Yes. Yes I do,' Mike over-enunciated, staring at me with his head cocked slightly to one side.

We slid out of the booth and I followed him into the bathroom. It was small, clean, and empty. Before the door had fully closed I hopped. My body transformed into pure energy and I poured myself into Mike. A split second later I was viewing the world through his eyes.

I looked down at my body. I was slightly taller and leaner, and definitely more hairy. I ran Mike's hand over my trimmed beard as I looked at myself in the mirror. I now had a flatter nose and dark brown eyes with thick brown eyebrows. He was good looking in a casual hipster-beatnik sort of way, with his t-shirt/vest combo and knit hat. My new fingers were long and skinny and calloused from playing guitar. And I actually did have to pee, so my plan basically worked.

I went to the urinal and unzipped my pants. I pulled out Mike's cock and was happy to see it was about the same length as mine. Even body hoppers compare dicks. Maybe especially body hoppers because we have access to all of them.

After I'd done my business I headed out the door and found Melissa standing by the entrance. She turned her beautiful gaze on me, her pale blue eyes outlined in dark eye shadow. I could sense her intense lust for me, or rather, Mike, hidden just beneath.

'You ready?' I asked in Mike's slightly gruff voice.

'Where's Tony?' she asked.

'He had to run. He said to tell you goodbye.'

I took her fingers in mine. Her hand was so tiny, so warm.

'Oh, ok. Well, tell him I said goodbye, too.' She smiled.

She slipped her arm around me and we walked out into the sunshine. It felt so wonderful to have my crush hold me, dote on me, even if it wasn't really me. This would probably be the closest I would ever get and I intended to enjoy it.

The drive home seemed to take an eternity and every stoplight was agony. All I could think of was how badly I wanted Melissa. I would glance over at her occasionally, catching her in silhouette or with the sun spilling through her hair, filling her with a radiant glow. She caught me looking and returned my smile before placing a hand on my thigh, stroking her finger up and over my crotch before giggling as I grew beneath her soft touch.

When we finally arrived at her door I nibbled her ear and wrapped my arms around her as she unlocked the door. Her sweet, floral perfume that I instantly associated with *her* filled my nostrils. My Melissa. She finally unlocked the door and turned to kiss me back. I pushed us both into the apartment, our lips still locked, her hands on my bearded cheeks, my tongue in her mouth as I kicked the door closed behind us. I was now a good head taller than her and I had to bend down to kiss her.

She was already breathing fast as I slid my hands around her lithe body, squeezing and exploring every inch of her form as lovers do, from her taut buttocks to her small, firm breasts and everywhere in between. Mike's cock stiffened in my pants. Melissa's hands pulled me closer; I could feel her unbridled desire. We stripped each other naked, leaving a trail of discarded clothes leading to the bedroom where I finally unclasped her bra and freed her breasts.

I gazed at her in awe, my crush finally laid bare for me to see. Mike's tall, skinny body made me feel enormous as I towered over her, tasting her with my eyes. She was adorable, sexy, wonderful, everything I dreamed. I wanted to cradle her in my arms, cover her, fill her with myself. I pressed close to her once more, my cock pressed into her stomach as we kissed. Her hand slipped in between our bodies and wrapped around my manhood. She stroked me slowly, feeding my desire as we continued making out.

I pulled away and held her head in my hands to gaze into her eyes. Her nose crinkled slightly as she smiled shyly. God, she was gorgeous. This

close I could see every faint freckle, every perfect imperfection. I kissed her cheek, her jaw, her neck, making my way down her body, leaning over until I could suckle at her breasts. She cradled my head in her hands and sighed happily as I licked each delicate pink nipple. I bit gently and felt her sharp intake of breath while I moved Mike's hand down between her legs. She parted for me, so warm to my touch as my fingers followed the coarse trail of her bush down to her opening lips and dipped inside her. I rubbed my fingers through her silky warmth while, with my other hand, I grabbed her ass and squeezed, pressing her still closer.

She was so wet now and her breath came faster as I worked her body with Mike's long fingers, thrusting in and out faster and harder and she cried out above me. Frenzied desire drove me on; I needed her right now.

I spun her around so her ripe, perfect ass was towards me and she leaned over onto the bed, resting on her hands, bending over for me, her ripe nether lips red and glistening beneath that perfect bubble butt. I grabbed Mike's cock and guided it inside her, the head pressing against her lips, harder, harder, until with an inaudible pop I slid inside and was surrounded by her wet heat. I grasped her hips and sunk inside slowly, filling her with my borrowed cock until my groin pressed against her ass and I was all the way inside. My body was urging me to pound, to thrust but I wanted to enjoy her. I forced myself to go slow, feeling every inch as I gently moved back and forth, looking down at Mike's cock sliding in and out of her, glistening with her desire. Each time I slid inside the tension pulsed through my body, seeking a release, and still I held on, driving myself ever higher as I sank inside her, my gaze locked on her tender ass.

And then in a rush I could control it no longer, I grasped her ass and pulled her onto me hard and thrust faster, pounding her with the rhythm of my lust as I built, built and with one final groan from Mike's lips I came, emptying myself into her amazing little body. The tension drained from my body as my seed rushed into her and I let myself spill into her as well. Draining my consciousness from Mike to Melissa. For an eternal instant I was both of them, filling her and being filled, my pussy wrapped around my own cock, thrusting and fucking myself and then I was in Melissa's body.

I looked down between my breasts, the nipples hanging like jagged peaks as I stared at the uniquely feminine view of a cock inside me, framed by my tits. Mike's cock still pulsed inside me and I watched him thrusting in and out of Melissa's body and she felt so good, so full, so in

love as I let her be filled with Mike's cum.

When he was done he released me and I let myself fall onto the bed and roll over, one leg in the air as he slowly dripped out of me. My breath came fast, my cheeks flushed. I felt so good, so raw, so *pounded*. He smiled down at me, no hint that I had ever been in his body or that I was now in Melissa. As much fun as it had been to have sex with my crush, I thought it would be even more fun to be her.

Mike lay down beside me and we both stared down at my body, his hand resting gently on my stomach. Melissa's body stretched below me and I let my eyes travel over the soft peaks of my breasts, down the valley of my trim stomach, over the mound of my pussy and down, down my long, perfect legs to my tiny toes. I wiggled them serenely, marveling at the control I had over Melissa's exquisite body.

'I'm going to miss you, baby,' Mike whispered.

I searched Melissa's thoughts to find what he was talking about. Apparently he was going away on business tonight, some sort of trout for his band.

I turned to face him, his bearded masculine face overlaid with Melissa's feelings of fondness. As Melissa, I let myself be smitten with him and I kissed him once again, his beard brushing harshly against my tender face.

'I'll miss you, too,' I said in Melissa's light tones.

Mike got up to shower and I remained lying on the bed. Melissa's body felt so warm and full but still...unfinished. I rested one hand on my mound and dipped a finger lightly into myself. I was still warm and wet. I sank my finger down further into my folds where I could still feel Mike's seed. I spread his wetness over my clit and it budded beneath my probing fingers. I ran my other hand through Melissa's fine hair as I writhed in bed, my ass gently rising in the air, my fingers probing deeper inside, trying to scratch an awakening itch. My legs slowly opened and closed as a fire burned through me. The hand through my hair came down over my face and I felt Melissa's soft contours—*my* soft contours—my small nose, thin eyebrows and smooth cheeks.

My breath came faster and small gasps escaped me as I rubbed faster. The wet sounds of my self-pleasure reached my ears as I made Melissa play with herself. My gasps grew higher pitched, louder as the warmth grew, finally breaking over me and I let out a long moan as pleasure flared through me. Hearing Melissa's cries of pleasure made me horny all

over again and I pressed faster into myself, riding the wave of pleasure that was growing once more.

My other hand came down to a breast and I squeezed. My body was so wonderfully feminine, I could feel my fingers working inside myself, urging me on and I spread my legs so I could sink deeper into myself. My fingers found my bulbous clit and I cried out, louder now, watching Melissa work her on body into a frenzy until I crested again, my high pitched cries filling my ears as her pleasure rebounded through me and I came, Melissa's beautiful body roiling in ecstasy until the waves of pleasure ebbed and receded.

I lay on the bed, my heart pounding. She felt so good. *I* felt so good. And it looked like I was going to have Melissa's body all to myself.

When Mike got out of the shower I got in, scrubbing Melissa's body down with her honey scented body wash. I enjoyed feeling up my new body, squeezing my own cute ass and jiggling my small breasts. Melissa's lithe frame seemed so tiny, especially after being inside Mike. When I emerged I dressed Melissa's body in an outfit I'd seen her wear before and which had driven me crazy on many occasions: a small, pale blue skirt that accented her eyes, with a simple white top that showed off her slim arms. The neck was cut loose to allow a view of her lightly freckled chest leading to the small valley of her breasts. Let's face it, I was fucking adorable.

When Mike was all packed I drove him to the airport. He was dressed in a button down shirt and jeans—his good pair, not the ripped ones—trying to make a good first impression for the people who were picking him up on the other side. The Melissa part of me thought he was handsome in his semi-casual attire. In front of the security gate in the airport he turned to me. I brushed his wavy brown hair back before he wrapped his arms around me and we kissed goodbye. We finally parted, his hands reluctantly sliding off my body and I watched him go. The Melissa part of me was disappointed and regretful but the real me was ecstatic at having Melissa to myself for a few days.

I wasn't quite ready to go home, I wanted to go out, show off my new petite body, have others admire it as much as I did. Not that I would do anything in Melissa's body because I didn't want to mess up her life, but a girl can dream.

I drove to a bar a fair way from Melissa's house. I didn't want to run the risk of meeting anyone she knew. It was one of those mid-tier bars,

nothing fancy but not really a dive. There was a pool table near the back and the Van Halen was blaring as I entered. I grabbed a stool by the bar and crossed Melissa's long legs before ordering a Manhattan, her drink of choice. I sipped my drink and looked around, trying to make my body look available. It didn't take long before a guy approached me. He seemed a broad-chested preppy type, with his collared shirt and slacks. But he had a cute face. Unfortunately, he also had a terrible line.

'What's beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this?' He said, apparently trying to be suave.

'Come on,' I laughed in Melissa's sweet giggle, 'Surely you can do better than that. Even just coming up and introducing yourself would be a hundred times better.'

'Sorry, let me try again.'

He turned around, then turned back. 'Hi, I'm Alex,' he said, holding out his hand. I couldn't help but notice the sleeve of his shirt was stretched tight around his muscular arm. I shook his hand.

'Much better. Hello, Alex, I'm Melissa.'

We chatted for a bit. Every now and then when I turned I caught him glancing down at my bare legs out of the corner of my eye. It was flattering and strangely exciting the sexual power I had over men simply from being inside a beautiful woman. I didn't even have to be particularly charming as long as I had nice legs. It was perfect for me as I was only visiting this female body and I wanted the attention, but I imagined it would get old quick if I was a permanent woman just trying to live my life. Though to be fair, Alex himself didn't seem particularly charming or witty. But he was nice and had nice arms and that's all I wanted at the moment.

When the pool table at the back of the room was free Alex suggested we play a game. I agreed and led the way across the room, allowing my hips to sway gently beneath my small skirt. I could practically feel his eyes on Melissa's pretty little ass. I knew exactly how he felt as I, myself, had ogled her tight butt on more than one occasion. When we got there I pretended to not know how to play pool, playing the blonde ditz angle despite Melissa's great intelligence. I even went so far as to pretend to not know how to hold the cue, hoping Alex would get the hint. I wasn't disappointed as he had me assume the position, then pressed his body against me and wrapped his hands around mine. I responded by pressing Melissa's ass gently back towards him, feeling the slight bulge beneath his slacks, his

coiled muscles beneath his shirt, his hot breath on my ear. I was starting to grow wet and I had to be careful, I didn't want to do anything Melissa wouldn't do. Well, anything more than this that Melissa wouldn't do.

After a game I told him I had to meet up with some friends. He gave me his number and I took it without promising anything. By now I'd had a few drinks and in my smaller body they were catching up with me. Alex was seeming more charming by the minute and, by God, he had dimples. I beat a hasty retreat, already feeling the slickness of Melissa's nether lips at each step.

I couldn't get home fast enough. I burst through the front door and hurried to the bedroom. I angled the closet door so that the mirror hanging on the back was facing the bed and sat down with my legs spread. Melissa's cute face, flushed with drink, stared back at me. Her golden hair fell gently over my shoulders. With my legs spread my skirt was opened, revealing the darkness leading to my pleasure. I spread my legs wider, watching in the mirror as I allowed Melissa's skirt to ride up her thighs until her white cotton panties were visible. I slipped my finger down under my skirt and against the cotton fabric, which was already wet. I slid my panties off and kicked them away, then gazed down at my slick lips, the coarse hair leading a trail to my desire.

I pressed two of Melissa's fingers inside her, watching my pussy part for myself until I was surrounded with my own warmth and a gentle pleasure buzzed through my body. I leaned back on one arm and watched in the mirror as Melissa's petite form rubbed her clit, my eyes half closed as the pleasure filled me. I sighed happily in her voice and continued gliding my fingers around inside me, pausing only to pull off my top and slide out of my skirt. I had to see Melissa's gorgeous body naked, had to watch as I forced her to pleasure herself while I felt her ecstasy from inside.

I lay back on the bed and spread my legs, my fingers slick with my wetness as warm waves of tension burned through me. I pressed faster, faster, chasing the pleasure as it rebounded within me, each wave growing on the next as my voice rose in pitch, 'Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!' until the dam burst and a sudden tidal wave of pleasure blasted through me. My hips rose towards my fingers, my breasts wobbled on my chest as I cried out loud in my tiny voice until the wave receded once more.

A thought hit me and I scrabbled for her bedside table, my fingers damp and sticky with my own wetness as they searched through her drawer until I finally wrapped her fingers around her vibrator.

It was large and blue and vaguely dick shaped, with a wider head and a ribbed shaft. I used Melissa's memories to switch it onto a low setting and massaged my clit. My body burned at my touch and my other hand came to my tits, caressing and squeezing my nipples until they swelled with desire. Around and around my clit went the vibrator as I writhed my sweet body and moaned in Melissa's voice. I wanted this, I needed this, I felt so empty, I needed to be filled. And with that I plunged the vibrator inside. I felt so good, so full as each wonderful inch slid inside me and it buzzed against my G-spot while a separate nub sticking out on top buzzed against my clit. I climaxed instantly, knees buckling, my desire escaping from my lips as I cried out into the empty room.

'Oh God yes!' I screamed as I fucked Melissa's body as hard as I could, plunging the fake cock in and out of myself, driving the waves of pleasure through me, pounding Melissa's sopping wet pussy with everything I had until the wave slowly ebbed.

I fucked myself twice more like this, the wet spot on the bed growing larger, each orgasm longer and harder than the one before until I felt I would explode in pleasure and it was just me and my beautiful body as the world disappeared. Melissa's legs, her breasts, her stomach, her pussy, her voice, her face...all mine to pleasure myself as long and hard as I desired, until exhaustion overcame me and I lay on my back on the bed, breathing hard. The world was wonderfully warm and cozy in my post-coital bliss and I lay there, enjoying my form, enjoying being Melissa.

As she was dozing off I hopped out, my body reforming beside her sleeping form. I looked down at her naked body. I wanted to caress her, to kiss her, but most of all I wanted to be back inside her, to feel how she felt, to look as beautiful as she did. Instead I slowly exited the room, taking one last look at her naked body before closing the door and returning to my own life. When Melissa woke up all she would remember would be her intense masturbation session.

But I would remember everything.

###