

**BODY SWAP FICTION**

**COMING**  
*Together*

**M WILLS**

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# Coming Together

by M. Wills

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## Coming Together

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

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

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

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

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

floor.

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

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

“Sure thing.” The barman turned away and filled two glasses.

I opened my mouth to say something to her, then stopped myself. She didn’t want to talk to me; she didn’t want to deal with the half-ton of emotional baggage I was dragging behind me. And I’d probably just end up breaking down in front of her: every emotion linked to Rachel was complicated and raw. I forced myself to look away.

Staring down at my drink as she walked away, I made myself concentrate on the differences, the things that made this woman unlike Rachel. Her hair was slightly different, just a shade lighter and a touch longer. She might be an inch

taller too. I scrambled for something else, something tangible, but it was a losing battle. She was almost Rachel's twin and I needed to leave before I did something fundamentally stupid.

I gave her a last glance as I headed for the back door. She was sitting at a booth in the corner by the exit, right in my path. The wave of emotion was overwhelming - fierce attraction to this beautiful stranger, and lingering hurt and hope stirred up by the coincidence of her looks. I didn't admit it to myself, but I knew what I was going to do before I'd even got close to her.

As soon as I was behind her and out of her line of sight I hopped, my body disintegrating into a billion particles and swirling into her.

I took steady, deep breaths as my mind merged with hers and subsumed it. My personality took over like a ghost seizing possession. I looked through her eyes, seeing what she saw. Firstly, the table and the other side of the bar; then the woman herself. Looking straight down, I saw her slender curves... my curves now. Each time I drew breath, I could feel her breasts rising and falling. When I shifted in the seat, I felt the soft flesh of her thighs against the chair,

Ransacking her memories I learned that her name was Kristen. Digging a little further, something became immediately apparent - there was one major difference between this girl and Rachel. Rachel—as I was wholly and painfully aware—was happily coupled up with someone tall, dark, and handsome. Kristen, however, was almost perpetually single. She'd had some moments along the way; a few flirtations here, a few one-night stands there, but never anything really solid. I watched the flurry of memories – the countless hours spent at work building a career to be proud of and the nights alone with nothing but her success to keep her company.

The pattern was familiar and I was sympathetic but I was also not in the mood to wade through someone else's misery. I had plenty of my own to deal with. I was just about to hop out of her body when a girl appeared in front of me and slid into the booth. She was about the same age as Kristen, with long black hair and spectacular boobs that bounced as she leaned over and gave me a hug.

Playing catch-up, I searched Kristen's mind for memories of the girl. She was Samantha, a friend from high school. They'd been tight years ago but lost touch and then reconnected on Facebook just in time for Samantha to announce her engagement.

Sam released me from the hug. "So good to see you!"

"You too," I echoed and slid one of the wineglasses over to her. "I got you a drink. Hope pinot grigio's ok?"

"Absolutely." Sam took a sip, the giant diamond on her left hand glinting under the lights.

I knew how this worked, how this exchange was supposed to go, so I played my part and squealed, "Oh my god! It's gorgeous. Let me see."

Sam graciously held out the rock. "Completely ostentatious right?" She gave a self-deprecating grin. "I'm sorta embarrassed by how much I love it."

Suddenly, Kristen's emotion cut through my control - pangs of jealousy swelled,

blooming under her skin. There wasn't anger towards her friend or bitterness, just a well of sadness and prickling envy. Tamping down the emotion as best I could, I said, "If anything is supposed to be ostentatious, it's an engagement ring. Enjoy it!"

Samantha smiled, a woman utterly content with her lot in life. She took a sip of wine and said, "You're coming to the wedding right? They'll be a few people from school. Jen H and her husband, Felicity and her fiancée... Oh, and Caroline's daughter's—you remember Caroline and Nick right?—their oldest daughter is my flower girl."

I could feel it, the vice-like squeeze of Kristen's loneliness, the little voice that told her everyone else was paired up and she had missed her chance. But she was a good person, a good friend, and I replied that way she would've: "Of course I'll be there. Can't wait to catch up with everyone."

Samantha launched into a dialogue about wedding invitations. For the next hour, Kristen was required to do little but nod.

By the time we finished our drinks and headed out into the street, I was strangely intrigued by Kristen and knew I wasn't leaving this body, at least not immediately. With every new wedding detail Samantha trotted out I had felt Kristen growing more introspective, more determined to break free of her self-imposed isolation and live a little. I wanted to see what this body craved so desperately.

I waved goodbye to Samantha and walked around the corner to the tiny deserted parking lot where Kristen's car was parked.

When I hadn't been listening to Samantha, I had been thinking about Kristen, and glancing every now and then at my new reflection in the ceiling mirror. I hadn't really had time to examine myself until I got in Kristen's car and shut the door. I adjusted the rearview mirror with a slender hand until my reflection appeared. With a shock I was looking at Rachel, her striking dark eyebrows and deep blue eyes, her slight upturned nose. Looking closer I noticed the subtle differences: the tiny mole at the edge of her left eyebrow, the absence of freckles across the bridge of her nose, the slightly more triangular shape of her nostrils, I really had Rachel on the brain, maybe some time as someone else would be good for me.

Kristen was just my type, with girl-next-door cuteness and a slender, enticing body. I looked down at the swell of my breasts beneath my dress. I gently pulled out the neck of my dress and looked into my new cleavage, enjoying the pillowy curves as they disappeared into the darkness. I imagined myself, my real self, kissing and caressing her, pressing my body up against her smooth softness. My thoughts about my new body began making Kristen warm. A gentle ember began burning between my legs.

I pulled my dress up to reveal my gorgeous legs and smooth thighs. By shifting around in the seat I was able to pull the dress all the way up over my lap to see the white cotton panties clasp my delicate sex. I brushed Kristen's fingers across my thighs, goosebumps appearing as I shivered at my own touch. My fingers roamed back and forth across each thigh, enjoying my warm flesh, teasing myself and pressing gently against my panties.

My other hand rose to my chest and began gently squeezing my breasts beneath my dress. I slipped a hand underneath the hem of my panties, following the coarse trail of my bush down into my warm slit. My fingers slid inside my body as I parted myself with a soft moan. Hearing Kristen moan like that, feeling myself inside her, made me hornier, and Kristen's body responded to my desire.

My fingers pressed deeper inside and up against my clit as my breath came faster. I rubbed my wet, velvety folds and tossed my head back and forth, riding the waves of pleasure cascading through me. Kristen was so warm and wet and soft and I was enjoying it all: being her, seeing her writhe in the mirror, hearing her moan drop from my own lips. Her moans drove my fingers faster, my body burning for my touch and suddenly I lit up. My hips thrust up uncontrollably and I cried out as a fire flared through my body. I sank my fingers deeper inside myself, enjoying my wetness as my fingers grew soaked and the sound of my squelching pleasure reached my ears.

I cried out again as a harder orgasm shook me and I squeezed my eyes shut tight as I sank as hard as I could into my dripping cunt. My legs trembled as I thrust inside myself, squeezing my tits at the same time as I enjoyed the pleasure of being inside Kristen's flesh. I could almost imagine it was Rachel I was inside, Rachel I was fucking, Rachel crying out for more as her body shook with pleasure.

When the fire subsided I lay my head back against the headrest and pulled my fingers out of myself, sticky with my lust. The car smelled like sex, like pussy...my pussy. I opened my eyes and looked around, struck by the sudden thought that I'd just masturbated in a public parking lot. Fortunately no one was around; no one had heard my screams of delight and come running to help, or to look. Good. I didn't want to ruin Kristen's life, just enjoy her for a little. And maybe we could help each other.

Kristen felt more sated and more alone than she ever had before. She was feeling a little guilty about giving into her urges in a parking lot. I drove her home with the scent of excited woman and Kristen's nagging sense of shame filling the car. Her thoughts pinged wildly through the shambles of her love life - her jealousy towards Samantha, her last failed relationship, and the sad fact that the desperate release she'd just had in a darkened parking lot was her best orgasm in months. Mostly she thought about how she was now driving home to an empty apartment.

Her apartment, in a word, was nice. In two words, it was really nice. Kristen was doing very well for herself. As an account manager for a thriving PR firm, she could afford life's luxuries. With every promotion, every new account she secured, her lifestyle became a little more lush, a little more polished and perfect.

I scanned the apartment, noting the expensive details – the stereo, the view, the kitchen appliances that clearly cost more than the average car. I also noted the personal touches – the vinyl, the books, the butter-soft vintage leather jacket thrown over a chair in the kitchen, and the basket of clean laundry—little scraps of black and red lace mingled with t-shirts and jeans—sitting by the couch.

What I couldn't understand was why Kristen was still single. She was beautiful, successful and a good person; she should've been awash in guys if she wanted them. Wanting to understand her better, I flopped down on the sofa and opened her laptop. It woke up to a spreadsheet, sales figures for work. Behind that was her work email, behind that a PowerPoint presentation, then a mock-up of ad campaigns, and a browser opened to LinkedIn.

With deliberate, defiant clicks, I closed them all and googled 'professional singles'. A minute later, I was creating an account on the Corporate Cupid site.

I could feel Kristen's body resisting me every step of the way but I ignored her and continued adding details. I took and uploaded a few choice photos with her phone (making sure to get plenty of sexy shots while she was still wearing the dress) and I filled in her mandatory description, describing her as a 'sexy girl who loves work and is open to trying new things.' I salved my conscience with the thought that the description was actually completely accurate. Kristen might not admit it to herself, but she was sexy as hell and she was ready to try new things. Her body was crying out to be touched and appreciated.

Logging in, I started scanning the list of available men. It was an array of professionals - young and old, staid and edgy, plain and handsome. Trailing through the pictures, I could feel a little wave of arousal nudging through her body at the possibilities. Her skin was suddenly too sensitive and a throbbing ache was building at her core at the thought of any of these muscular men riding her like a dog. Despite her longing though, despite the growing wet heat in her cunt, she was still resisting, still not clicking on any of the profiles. It was as if she was anticipating her ultimate failure with each and every guy before she'd even met them. It was kind of sad really. Kristen was so eager to put herself out there and yet so unwilling to take the risk. This would be good for her to meet other professionals.

I was startled out of my musing by a knock at her front door. I opened it and saw an attractive, dark-skinned man in his early thirties wearing a tight t-shirt that hugged his athletic build. His knowing smile told me what I needed to know without searching Kristen's mind for information. I knew an ex when I saw one.

He wrapped his solid arms around me in an all-encompassing hug that proved only to be a ploy to tightly squeeze my plump ass. His hot breath was in my ear and Kristen's arousal at his touch was coursing through my body. I also understood without thinking her thoughts that this guy—Jon—was a real scumbag.

*But, Kristen's mind tried to insist, he's not that bad, and he's here and he smells so wonderful...*

But I knew there was only one reason he was here, and it wasn't to get back together with Kristen. This was clearly a booty call. Jon had shown up for a quick fuck and then he'd be gone, leaving Kristen with a warm glow that would soon fade away and leave her feeling even worse than before for giving in to this

enchanting asshole.

“Hello sexy,” he barged past her into the living room, “I love what you’ve done with the place.”

“Thanks Jon,” I instinctively crossed my arms over Kristen's breasts, concealing them, “What do you want?”

He turned back to me, smiling widely, “What do I want? You of course baby girl, I want you.”

He tried to brush his fingers across my cheeks but I turned my head away.

“Jon, what are you doing here?” I asked, even as I sensed Kristen's longing to be held. It was sad that she thought so little of herself that this seemed like the best she could get. Maybe a big dick could make her forget about her insecurities. Someone wanting her body. Making her feel beautiful.

“I thought you could use some company,” he said, pressing his body up against mine.

He was solidly built and this close his heat burned through Kristen's body. Her memories of Jon flicked through her mind: Jon belittling her in front of his friends, treating her like a servant, cheating on her with a succession of women. And yet he could be so loving, so caring when he wanted to. I just had to find that could part of him and—No. No. I stopped Kristen's thoughts.

“Get out, Jon, we're done. I don't want us to--” He interrupted me by placing his lips on mine and wrapping his arms around me.

Despite myself I felt my body melting, I needed to stop this now. I slipped Kristen's hand down Jon's pants, felt him snicker, self-satisfied in my mouth. My hand slipped down beneath his dick and grabbed his balls. I squeezed.

“Ow. Ow!” Jon pulled away but I didn't let go. “What are you--?”

“Shut the fuck up and listen to me or I'll crush them.” I stared into his eyes, quivering with anger. “I told you it's over. Now I'm going to release you and you're going to leave and you will never, never, come back here. Got it?”

“You think you--?”

I squeezed hard and he grunted, dropping to his knees. I followed him down, my hand still wrapped tight around his sack.

“This isn't a negotiation. Get. The. Fuck. Out.”

I released him and opened the door. He stood, still hunched over and with his hands over his crotch.

“You're fucking crazy. I'm the only one who's ever gonna love you. You're gonna die a lonely, old--”

I pushed him out the door and slammed it. Then I sank to the floor, the tears flowing down my face. His words hurt. What if he's right? What if no one will ever love me?

The tears slid down my cheeks as I was immersed in Kristen's thoughts. As I sat and cried I became more determined than ever to help her find out how wonderful she really was.

Eventually I got myself under control, the sobs degenerating into sniffles. I pushed myself off the floor and went to wash my face in the sink. My eyes were puffy and my face was red and tear streaked. I wanted to hold Kristen, to take her in my arms and tell her everything was going to be all right. She deserved to be happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had nuked some leftovers—pad thai, both my and Kristen's favorite—when a text popped up on her phone. It was from someone called Tessa: ‘Hey Girl! Vi and I are heading to Velvet. Meet us! It’s been waaaaay too long since we hung out!!!’

Kristen’s feelings came through loud and clear – NO WAY.

I scanned her memories and quickly understood her vehemence. Velvet was a meat market - swarms of singles circling each other and hooking up. Tessa and Vi were work colleagues and Kristen's only remaining single friends. And—while Kristen did like the esteem-boosting reminder that she wasn't the last single woman on the planet—Tessa and Vi had other ways of pummeling her self-confidence. They were both gorgeous. They both dressed like they'd far rather be naked. Standing anywhere near them at a bar was setting yourself up for esteem-crushing misery.

I flagrantly ignored Kirsten's misgivings and responded to Tessa: 'Be there in 30 mins.'

Tonight, Kristen was going to get the attention she deserved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kristen's memories barely did Tessa and Vi justice. Tessa was flawless with deep olive skin and luscious Mediterranean curves. She dressed with flamboyance and utter confidence - a red dress with a slit up one leg revealing a golden thigh, and deep v-neck that gaped to show off her cleavage. Vi was slightly less obvious but equally stunning – shorter and slimmer with a cherubic face and small, perky breasts hugged by her tight dress. Her overall look would be far too sweet and wholesome if it weren't for her lips – full and deliciously pouty. She had possibly the sexiest mouth I'd ever seen and all I could do was stare. She was saying something; I made myself focus.

"I'm so glad you came out with us, Kris!" Vi said, putting a cocktail down in front of me. "Feel's like we haven't hung out in ages."

I took a sip of the fruity concoction. “Yeah, you know, I’ve been crazy–busy with work.”

Tessa turned away from the guy she was eyeing across the room and said, “All work and no play makes...”

“Makes Kristen who she is and we love her for it,” Vi interjected. She was clearly the diplomat of the pair.

Tessa took a sip of her drink. “Actually, I’m guessing that ‘all work’ makes Kristen frustrated as hell.”

I could feel my face flushing.

Tessa grinned. “See! Girl needs to get laid.” I watched her eyes travel over my dress. I’d found it (with the tags still on) tucked in the back of the closet. It was clearly a shade more provocative than Kristen’s usual wardrobe. Tessa leaned in and teased, “And, if I had a cock, I’d totally fuck you outta that dress, Kris.”

“Uh, thanks,” I laughed.

Tess winked. “What are friends for.”

The evening was filled with laughter, cocktails and endless free shots. Hanging out with Tessa and Vi was a guarantee of free drinks. I could feel Kristen letting

go, loosening up with each shot. I could also feel eyes on me.

He was at the next table, part of a group of guys who were getting increasingly loud as the night went on. He was the only one that remained quiet. He just sat, sipping his drink, chatting with his friends and staring at me,

He was tall; well over six-foot with the slightly bashful expression of a man who had never quite gotten used to being the most visible guy in a crowd. He had thick brown hair and a smattering of stubble; not too hard on the eyes at all but it was his shyness that really caught my attention. The guy had been trying to come over all night and lost his nerve at the last second every time.

Vi caught me watching him out of the corner of my eye and gave the guy a subtle appraising look. “He’s tasty in tall-drink-of-water kinda way.”

Tessa didn’t do subtle and just assessed him brazenly. “And he’s been staring down your top all night.”

I could feel Kristen’s timidity bubbling up and I asked, “Really?”

“Yes,” Tessa affirmed. “Like an overgrown puppy staring down a really good bone.”

Vi gave an encouraging nod. “Go over there and get his number.”

Tessa ran the tip over her tongue over her lip. “Or at least give him a hand job in the stalls.”

Vi glared. “You are such a perv, Tess!”

Tessa was still staring at the tall guy, who was looking increasingly nervous under her scrutiny. “There’s nothing pervy about giving in to your urges every now and then.”

Vi snorted, “There is the way you do it.”

Decision made, I stood up. “Fine, I’ll do it.” Kristen was officially out of her comfort zone and completely unsure about talking to the stranger but I forced her legs to walk directly up to him.

“Hi.” I pointed at the empty seat next to him. “Can I sit down?”

He looked stunned “Hey, umm, sure.”

I sat down and the silence stretched for a moment. Then he blurted out, “I’ve been trying to talk to you all night.” He grinned and added, “I’m Mark.”

“Kristen.”

“Can I buy you a drink?”

I smiled. “No, not tonight. I think I reached my limit about two drinks back. I’ve already reached wildly out-of-character behavior.” I could feel Kristen’s nervousness and added sheepishly, “Like walking over to a total stranger and sitting down.”

He smiled; it was totally disarming. “I’m glad you did. Can I at least get your number? You know, for the next time you’re feel the urge to do something out-of-character.”

I ended up giving him Kristen’s number and walking away, feeling his gaze follow Kristen’s gorgeous ass across the room. There was a twinge of regret at letting him go but, really, he’d served his purpose. I wanted to give Kristen the confidence boost of knowing she could get virtually any guy she wanted, without the regret of a bar hook-up she might chastise herself for. Walking home, though, Kristen was mostly just stunned by her brazenness and vowed not to do shots ever again.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly one in the morning by the time I returned to Kristen's apartment. I'd managed to interrupt her cycle of regrets and forced her concentration onto the guy we'd met at the bar. I imagined his smile, his sparkling eyes staring into mine, his lips against my own. I made my way into Kristen's bedroom, where I unzipped the dress and let it fall to the floor. I reached around and unclasped my bra, shrugging out of it and freeing my heavy breasts. Ohh, that felt good to get out of the constricting bra. I massaged my aching breasts, the smooth skin criss-crossed with angry red marks from the bra straps. And how had I not examined Kristen's body before now? She was even more beautiful naked. I slid her

panties down my legs and kicked them off, then stood in front of the mirror to stare at myself.

I was gorgeous, my figure slightly plump and perfect. With my eyes I followed the curves of my body down over my chest, across my slight tummy, over my mound to the blonde triangle of hair pointing towards my sex. I could still definitely see Rachel in my mirror image, but now having been inside Kristen for so long, the differences stood out more. She was her own woman, not my long lost ex. She was more shy than Rachel, for one thing. Where Rachel had been loud and boisterous, using her body for attention, Kristen was more introverted. A deep thinker who hid her luscious figure away.

But she wasn't too shy about her body when she was alone. I chased one of her thoughts, caught it and smiled. I turned to her bedside table and reached all the way back into the drawer. I pulled out a small, pink vibrator. It was a simple plastic tube with a grip and a couple buttons at one end.

I sat on the end of the bed facing the mirror. I gave my head a quick shake to toss my hair out of my eyes. One hand came up to a heavy breast and I hefted it gently, feeling the weight shift beneath my fingers as I slowly stroked my warm skin. By pulling my breast up and dropping my head I was able to slip my mouth across my own nipple. Mmm, that felt heavenly as I sucked on my own breast, tasting the slight saltiness of my own skin as my nipple perked to attention in my mouth.

I spread my legs, watching myself in the mirror as I continued sucking my own tit while I brought the dildo down to my slit with my other hand. I flicked it on and a low hum filled the air. I slowly pressed it against the outer lips of my pussy while I continued sucking on my breast. I moaned as the head of the vibrator landed over my clit and sent a gentle buzzing through Kristen's body. I switched breasts, sucking on the other one as the cool air of the room swept across my moistened nipple. Kristen's body was delightful as I squeezed and massaged my

new curves while angling the dildo back and forth across my pussy.

As the humming filled me my pussy lips opened and I slipped the tip of the vibrator inside, pressing it into my velvety folds. I moaned softly around my nipple as pleasure burst through me. I lifted my head and stared down between my legs, watching as I forced the vibrator in further, filling me. My body needed this, needed to be full, needed the throbbing energy, needed each squeeze of my nipple.

I cried out as the pleasure spiked once, briefly. Kristen's beautiful voice slipped out of my lips. I leaned forward letting my breasts hang down below my nose as I urged the vibrator deeper inside me. My other hand released my breast and rubbed my clit as the vibrator sank deeper and deeper. My breath hitched in my throat as the vibrator hit the dimpled nub of my deep pleasure. The finger on my clit rubbed faster, harder, matching the throbbing warmth buzzing through me, the waves of lust building on each other, faster, higher, until I crested and came. "Ohhhh" I cried, throwing my head back. My hair tumbled down my back. My legs trembled as my body shook with pleasure. The fire roared through me and I fucked myself harder, harder, needing more. The third orgasm hit me like a train, knocking me onto my back and I cried out loud "Fuck! Oh, fuck!" My hips buckled wildly as I worked my clit and thrust the vibrator in as far as it would go, feeding my burning lust until I reached the apex and knew nothing but Kristen's pleasure.

I worked my body slowly as I came down, my fingers slowing until I finally stopped and flicked off the vibrator. I lay on the bed, breathing heavily, the room slowly spinning with my pleasure mixed with the alcohol. And in that warm, safe space I fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The alarm the next morning told me that I had to get Kristen up and ready for work. The process took a while; PR was cutthroat and image was everything. Kristen's work wardrobe was a vast array of killer designer-wear. I picked out a pencil skirt that cinched in around Kristen's tiny waist and hugged her hips and ass. I added a soft, silk shirt unbuttoned to reveal just the suggestion of cleavage and pair of spiky heels. Kristen typically tied her hair up for work but I broke the routine and left it out, long and curling down over her shoulders. I tweaked her make-up routine too, just a hint more smoke on her eyes and a darker tint on her lips.

The changes were subtle but not invisible. As I walked into the office and headed through the bullpen, I could feel the a few curious eyes follow me. I arrived at my office and couldn't help the little grin. I felt Kristen's confidence grow just a little at the silent appreciation.

Tessa appeared in my doorway with a coffee in hand. "Did Mr Tall, Dark and Nervous text you yet?"

I sank into my desk chair. "Not yet."

Tessa grinned. "He's probably had his finger poised over the phone for the past hour, just desperately trying to get up the nerve to hit send."

"Don't make fun; he was sweet."

Tessa suddenly turned, completely distracted. "You know what else is sweet... Also salty, spicy and, you know, all the other flavors?"

“What?”

Tessa nodded at the guy emerging from the elevator.

“Him.”

It was Michael, the delivery guy for the printing company that handled Kristen’s company’s business. Isat up a little straighter in my chair, Kristen's pulse beginning to tick a little faster as Michael headed her way. Clearly Tessa wasn’t alone in thinking Michael was chock-full of flavor. Kristen had a work crush.

And she had good taste. Michael had short black hair, a square jaw and a muscled build. He also had jeans that clung to his body with the bulge in his pants prominently on display.

“Hey,” he stopped in the office doorway. “Kristen right?”

“Yeah. Hi,” I replied somewhat breathlessly. Kristen’s hammering heart rate was really distracting. “Have you got something for me?”

“Big package,” he said with a raised eyebrow and a goofy grin on his face.

Tessa nearly choked on her coffee but then he stepped forward and put an actual

package on my desk.

“This is for you.”

“Right,” I said, trying to get control of my pulse. “Those would be our new business cards.”

Kristen's thoughts were horribly conflicted. On one hand she was really enjoying the lines of his abs visible through his super-tight t-shirt. On the other hand she kept thinking about his age. How old was he? Twenty-one? Twenty-two at most? Definitely too young to be interested in a woman like her.

Tessa, however, clearly didn't see age as a barrier. She turned to Michael and said, “Kristen was just talking about you.”

“Really?” he smiled conspiratorially. “What did she say?”

“That she wants you to ride her like a Shetland pony!”

“Tessa!” I hissed. I could feel Kristen's face turning red with embarrassment. Pivoting to Michael, I said, “Ignore her, she's just trying to embarrass me.”

“Shame,” he said, tongue peeking out between his teeth. “Bet you'd be great in the saddle.”

“Really?” I wrapped a strand of hair around my finger and twirled; it was a nervous habit of Kristen's but—from the look on his face—Michael seemed to like it. I batted down Kristen’s reservations and asked, “How about tonight?”

“You’re on.” He pulled his business card from his pocket and handed it over. “One more card for you. Text me your details.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew my night with Michael was just about sex, and so did Kristen. He was so young, so eager for Kristen's body it was a huge ego boost. Kristen was shocked that someone so young and hot could want someone like her, or at least, who she pictured herself to be. Just thinking about him all day had made me wet and at lunch I'd locked the door to my office and masturbated briefly while imagining him there, staring at me with that intense longing. Kristen needed this, to be the object of someone's affection, unencumbered by expectations or any future. She needed to be fucked raw.

There was no future with Michael. We had nothing in common except an attraction for each other. This was made painfully clear the minute he showed up with a bunch of flowers and we struggled awkwardly to find a topic of conversation we could share. I didn't know anything about baseball and he didn't know anything about English television dramas. But that was okay, I didn't invite him over to talk and it was clear that he was respectful and, as the older woman, he was waiting for me to make the first move. I leaned over on the couch and kissed him. That was all it took.

He eagerly kissed me back, slipping his tongue inside my mouth and circling his

hands around me, letting them wander up and down my back. He tasted faintly of mint and his tongue was warm and hard in my mouth as I sucked him in.

He leaned me back on the couch and kissed his way across the nape of my neck and down between my breasts, each kiss sending shivers through Kristen's body. He pulled my top down, his eager tongue circling my breasts, growing more eager and frantic the more of Kristen's body he revealed. He helped me out of my top and bra, his eyes going wide at the sight of my breasts, the deep desire written across his face. Then he plunged his mouth back down on my breasts and kissed aggressively. It was exactly what I wanted, what I needed. This young stud desiring my body, enjoying me, having his way with me.

He kissed his way down my tummy and then unbuttoned my pants. I shimmied out of them and my underwear and then he leaned over me, his solid arms suspending his hard body above my own as he gaped down at me like I was the best present he'd ever had. I smiled up at him. He grinned and slipped his head between my legs. I moaned as his hot breath landed on my slit, his tongue gently lapping at my quickly swelling clit. He knew his way around a woman's body and he clearly enjoyed himself, licking and sucking until my pussy was on fire for him. I stared down at the hunky guy between my legs, watched as he tasted me in delight. My pussy grew soaking wet and he slurped me down.

I cried out softly as he slipped two fingers inside me, filling me. His fingers slowly slipped deeper and deeper as his tongue continued to work my clit. I wrapped my hands through his hair and pushed him down into my aching pussy, spreading my legs even further to reveal myself, giving my everything to him. He moved faster, licking harder, pressing into my clit and deep inside my cunt with his fingers until I trembled and cried out. He sensed my pleasure and matched the tempo of my body, sending the delight circling around and around, ever higher as I cried out, my voice rising in pitch and came hard. My hips thrust up into his face, my tits wobbling. I wanted to push him out, it was too much and yet not enough. Before I could do anything I came again. "Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!" I screamed both hands coming to my tits as I squeezed my nipples to compound

my pleasure.

Michael continued working my pussy, driving me to new heights of ecstasy until I was exhausted. “Stop, stop,” I moaned, gently pushing his head out of me after my fifth or sixth orgasm.

Holy fuck he was amazing. He stared up at me with a puppy dog grin on his face, his mouth slick with own wetness. Kristen felt so good, so warm, and more importantly, so wanted. He was animalistic, wanting me only for my body and it was just what Kristen needed.

\* \* \* \* \*

After Michael left, I curled up on the couch and turned on Netflix. For a moment, I stared at the screen in surprise; I was basically looking at my own recommendations. Clearly, Kristen and I watched the same TV. Smiling, I began to browse, starting with Kristen’s ‘watch again’ section. The girl had good taste in movies too.

I was interrupted by a text. Apparently, the dating site I signed up for had found Kristen a match. The guy’s name was Henry. Right age, right height, right interests and he knew how to use a semi colon He wanted to meet the next night after work. I could feel Kristen’s hopes kindle at her first shot at something real and solid—maybe a relationship—in a long time. For reasons I couldn’t quite comprehend, I felt a little pang of worry. But Henry was what the girl clearly wanted, so I texted back. Hitting send I felt the flutter of butterflies in Kristen’s stomach; she had a really good feeling about this guy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Henry made a great first impression; it was hard not to like the guy instantly. He was tall and sophisticated, wearing a suit that was expensive but not showy, just classic good tailoring. In fact, everything about Henry was classic – his strong jaw, his dimpled chin, his clean-cut blonde hair. Why, I wondered, was this guy on a dating site? Kristen wasn't in the mood to ask that sort of tough question. She just watched him as he crossed the room, her excitement escalating as each new detail came into focus. He headed towards me.

“Kristen?”

“That’s me,” I nodded.

“Henry.” He leaned in and kissed my cheek. “Nice to meet you.”

On paper, they were well matched. He was in advertising and there were just enough similarities in their work to keep the conversation ticking over nicely. They were both ambitious, both workaholics, and both determined to succeed. But, as the night wore on, I began to see the differences too.

Where Kristen was reserved and shy, Henry was forceful and controlling. Where Kristen was kind, Henry was liable to be tough. Most telling though, Henry was clearly not interested in any relationship that lasted beyond tonight. His conversation had a practiced quality to it and I wondered how many times he'd trotted out his list of manly hobbies and amusing anecdotes. I wondered how many women he'd told about his summerhouse by the lake and frequent trips to Paris. How many women had heard him murmur sweet nothings in French and

watched him smile boyishly, as if embarrassed to be caught displaying such sweet passion? How many woman had been as drawn in?

Kristen—I was delighted to realize—was on to him. I gave her points for that. But then, she worked in sales; she knew a sales pitch when she heard one and she could see through Henry’s patter. She was also horny, unsatisfied by her recent immature lovers. So, when Henry asked her back to his hotel, I didn’t stop her from accepting. I ignored the odd little pang of jealousy I felt forming in the pit of my stomach and climbed into the cab.

Henry gave me a suave smile and dropped a hand to my thigh. I could feel Kristen’s body start to quiver, the first little lick of anticipation and need weaving through her core. She needed this, deserved it and my qualms needed to take a backseat. As it happened, I didn't need to do much. Kristen wanted this, understood it was temporary and was ready to live in the moment and enjoy what she had. Had I done that? Had my efforts made a difference?

These thoughts ran through my mind as Henry brought me back to his hotel room but were quickly silenced as I stepped into the small, fancily decorated hotel room and Henry swept me into his arms. He stared into my eyes, communicating his longing through looks alone.

“You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever had dinner with.” He murmured, kissing me on the lips.

He'd probably said that line to many women but I let myself believe I was the first. His lips were rough against mine and my tiny nose was pressed into his stubble. His woody aftershave filled my nose and made my knees weak. He was so masculine and gentlemanly, his strong arms wrapped around me, his lips urgent but not over-eager like Michael, waiting an invitation. His body pressed

lightly against mine so that I could feel his chest against my breasts but he didn't force himself on me. He knew I would come to him and his quiet confidence made me wet.

I unbuttoned his shirt as we kissed, closing my eyes to taste him, to feel his warmth against my lips. When I had unbuttoned his shirt I slid my hands against his chest. It was solid but he wasn't an over-muscly superman; he was my age but kept his body nicely in shape. His hand slipped across my cheek and he pulled back for just a second so he could stare deeply into my eyes. He smiled, the sides of his eyes crinkling slightly. It was natural, real, disarming. He had me at his command even before he'd removed a single article of my clothing.

I untied the back of my dress and let it fall to the floor, looking up at him bashfully. He devoured me with his eyes, making me feel like the only woman that mattered in the world. Then his lips were back on mine, more urgent this time. We kissed, making our way slowly to the bed and removing our clothes as we did so until at last I toppled, laughing, naked on top of him. His solid cock pressed against my naked mound as he stared up at me. He wanted me to have control, wanted my own desire to lead us both.

I straddled him and began grinding Kristen's body against him, sliding my moistened cunt up and down the underside of his shaft. His breathing sped up and he placed his hands on my tits, bobbling them back and forth. It was intoxicating seeing him so in awe of my body.

I reached between my legs and grabbed his cock, then guided it up against my pussy. I pressed down, harder, harder, until he suddenly sank inside me, filling me with his soft-hardness. I put both hands on his solid chest and rode him slowly, enjoying the feeling of his cock sliding into me, enjoying my control over him. I began grinding faster as my body throbbed with him inside me. Soon I was grinding hard, my head thrown back as I rode him deep. His hands gripped my tits, holding on as my body rocked above his, the pleasure intensifying,

building towards a climax and then suddenly I was there.

I moaned, low and guttural, as I sunk him deep into me.

“Cum for me, Henry. Cum inside me.” I moaned.

He complied, his cock throbbed inside me. Grunting, he thrust up his hips, filling me with his seed and I cried out, rocking faster and faster, milking him for every last drop of his desire as the orgasm flared through me, burning bright before slowly, slowly fading away.

I rolled off him and he wrapped his arms around me, holding me pressed against his body. He was warm and wonderful and temporary. Almost everything Kristen needed.

I took Kristen home, coddled her a little, ran her a bath and let her soak. I kept testing her feelings, worried that she would be hurt and despondent after her getting her hopes up about Henry. But she was oddly philosophical as she lay in the tub, aware—and glad—that for the past couple of days she had been throwing herself out of her comfort zone. She hadn't found what she was looking for—a real connection and a man she could trust—but she had learned that she was open to trying. She was open to new people.

Stepping out of bath, I glanced at the reflection in the mirror and Kristen stared back at me. And that's when it hit me. I looked like Kristen, an entity of her own, not just a facsimile of Rachel that I'd hopped in some twisted act of self-flagellation.

Something else struck me too, something tangled up in my concern for Kristen's feelings and my pangs of jealousy and my respect for her Netflix queue. I smiled and knew my next move.

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew where Kristen grabbed coffee on a Sunday morning, knew it was one of the few times she wasn't thinking about work and let herself enjoy life. I knew there was nothing important on the laptop in front of her; just idle Sunday reading – a couple of blogs and a bit of online shopping. I knew she wouldn't mind being interrupted. But that was the extent of my advantage; the rest was in the lap of the gods.

I walked up to Kristen, admiring her from outside her body for the first time in several days. "Hi."

She gave me a faintly suspicious look and a wary, "Hi."

"Sorry, I know this is really forward, but I saw you and I thought I'd say 'hi.'" I took a breath and added, "I'm Tony. I just wanted to meet you."

The silence was long and uncomfortable. I could feel her assessing me - wondering about my sincerity, hell, maybe even wondering about my sanity. But then she smiled and said, "I'm Kristen."

I sat down, ready to open a new chapter in both our lives.

■

## Hop Skip Jump

Downtown LA had a weird rep. Hipster meets homeless. Dollar meets squalor. Chic meets shit. And Sebastian's apartment building sat at the center: an architectural jewel full of multimillion-dollar apartments with a doorman, a spa and a rooftop pool. Sebastian had neighbors—the yuppie couple in #614 sprang to mind—who treated the building like a fortified castle, never going further than the lobby on foot, driving their cars in and out and never seeing the neighborhood in all its complicated, urban glory. Why the hell they didn't just buy in sanitized Brentwood he'd never know. Why live so close to heart of the city and never take its pulse?

Sebastian loved the streets, loved the color and pace, loved the Design Museums and the graffiti, loved Wurstkuche hotdogs and Umami burgers, loved the grit and grim... maybe, he acknowledged, because the second he stepped back into his pristine lobby, he could leave the poverty behind and head up to 2000 square feet of polished luxury.

Sebastian also acknowledged that he owed this beautifully messy part of the city a lot. It was the source of his fortune. He'd begun investing in downtown real estate long before the hipsters had claimed it. He'd bought decrepit warehouses full of rats and decay and had gradually, painstakingly revealed their exposed brick and ornate features. He'd bought decaying apartments and turned them into trendy lofts. He'd set up an office on the ground of a bankrupt factory with a couple of nervous investors, a single assistant and a maxed-out credit card. Now his real estate firm filled the entire building, employed dozens of people and was growing by the day.

Downtown had been good to him, so when the PR and Community Development guys in his company came up with the Local Hire Scheme, Sebastian

immediately signed off. The scheme was simple – it encouraged local business like Sebastian’s to hire downtown residents. It was intended to break the usual gentrification pattern in which the money moved into a vibrant but impoverished neighborhood, developed and improved it... and ultimately made it unaffordable for the residents who had given it its original color and flavor.

The Local Hire Scheme wouldn’t ultimately stem the tide, but it was a small attempt to give back... so Sebastian supported it. Unfortunately, it did leave him faced with a bevy of unqualified, unappealing candidates for his company’s new admin assistant position. God, he hated the hiring process, it was always tedious beyond belief. Thankfully—as his company had grown and the company policies had developed—he’d been able to delegate most of the hiring minutiae. Now, he just had to glance at the resumes of those candidates his Exec Assistant, Sally, thought were worth bringing in for pre-screening. And he was spared the annoyance of the interview process altogether; just had to sign off on the recommended candidate at the end.

Sebastian sat at his desk, shuffled through the resumes and sighed. These were the best options available, the dozen candidates that Sally thought worth bringing in for pre-screening? Admittedly, there were a couple of interesting options: a nineteen-year-old with no experience but a killer cover letter that showed him to be hugely articulate, a woman with a decade as a receptionist at a Santa Monica real estate office, and a UCLA business student who clearly had a firm grasp on the Downtown property market.

There was a knock at the door and Sally entered. “Hey boss. Almost done with the pre-screening. Ten down, two to go.” She glanced at the papers on his desk. “Any thoughts on the resumes?”

Sebastian handed her the three he’d singled out and pitched the rest into the trash. “Like these ones. Finish up the screening but I think the rest of the candidates you can bounce.”

Sally flicked through the resumes. “This Ben kid is good, young but really sharp. Think you’ll like him. Other two women are solid too, worth sending through the interview process.”

“Cool,” he nodded. “Let me know if you see anything interesting in the last two candidates, otherwise let’s go with those three.” Sebastian stood. “I’m heading to lunch, you set?”

Sally followed him to the door. “All under control.”

As he headed to lunch, he passed the two remaining candidates in reception: a guy and girl. The guy was lanky, clutching his phone, looking nervous and out of his depth. The girl was early twenties, pretty face, body lost in a too-big, clearly-borrowed pantsuit. Sebastian walked out onto the street and into the most important part of his day.

There was a secret to Sebastian’s success, something few investors considered: he walked. Everyday he walked from his apartment to his office, from his office to his lunch, from lunch back to the office, from the office to after-work drinks, from drinks back home. It was a simple thing but it was the crux of his success. He knew every building, every homeless population, every graffiti artist hangout, every cop meeting place, every new store, every new face, every brick, every patch of underdeveloped dirt. He knew his neighborhood. And his neighborhood had made him rich.

Sebastian had seen them before, a part of the fabric of downtown. A parkour crew: bunch of dudes, usually a couple of girls; young, loud, tight and fit. Every afternoon they'd peel through the Arts District like it was their backyard, vaulting vehicles and heading for the parkour playground of the LA River.

Today, as the sun set—sitting on the patio of a bar with the best Belgian draft in town—Sebastian saw them coming the other way, returning from the river: slower but still smiling, sweaty and scraped up, sodas and trespassing citations in hand. He sipped his beer, his eye caught by a slim figure approaching a nearby concrete barrier and kong vaulting over it. She was fluid, her movements powerful yet seemingly effortless. Grinning, she stopped and peeled off her hoodie, revealed a body clad in workout pants and a tank top. It was the body of an athlete, the body of a woman who spent her days fighting for strength and flexibility.

And, with her face and long, dark brown hair free of her hood, she was familiar. Sebastian realized he'd seen her before: two days earlier sitting in his reception area wearing a blazer three sizes too big. Sitting still she had been pretty; in motion she was poetry. She was all fluid lines, grace and perfect little tits that bounced as she sprang over a hunk of concrete. Her hair fell across her face as she flipped. She pushed it out of the way to reveal a sexy languid smile as she nailed a reverse vault.

The crew paused on the corner then split, a bunch of them piling into a battered 4x4, the rest scattering on the sidewalk, heading their separate ways. The girl headed straight for Sebastian, stopping on the sidewalk next to his table to swipe the thin sheen of sweat on her cheeks before disappearing from view.

Sebastian swallowed the last of his beer and headed out of the bar. Turning the corner he saw her in an empty parking lot. She was bent over, shifting a series of wooden pallets into position. He stopped and took a moment to appreciate her from the ground up: the line of her calves, the slim curves of her thighs, the swell of her hips and her perfect ass. He leaned against the building and observed.

She surveyed the course she'd laid out and then carefully pulled back her hair, tying it away from her face. As soon as she began to move about the lot, it became obvious that this was her playground, her own private gym. She moved from object to object: a vault, a climb, a wall run, a cartwheel, a flip; running the same drill over and over until the moves looked almost offhand and casual. She finally paused and sucked in a couple of breaths. Sebastian could almost feel the pump of her blood and the acceleration of her heartbeat. Then she grinned: an uncomplicated smile of pride and endorphins. Giddy she flipped into an exuberant handstand.

And he hopped her. Could help it. Couldn't hold back. Didn't want to hold back. Sebastian felt his essence shatter and reform, filling the girl's body and overtaking her. He felt the racing awareness of her breathing, her heartbeat, her limbs. Felt the strength of his new arms that held him perfectly upright in the handstand. The grin was still on her face and Sebastian felt it widen as he took complete control.

He flipped her down, felt the unfamiliar jiggle of her boobs as she landed, contained in a sports bra but bouncing just a little all the same. He glanced down, watched the rise and fall of her panting chest.

Sebastian got control of her body almost instantly; her memories took a few seconds more, arriving in a chronological stream. Growing up in a small town in

Central California, the rural grind of low incomes and low expectations. Family trips to the discount store, the welfare office and the family courts. Awkward tween years. A birthday at Disneyland. The fifth and final departure of her father. The teen year. The discovery of boys, rebellion, ambition. The year-by-year development of her body and her beauty... and the year-by-year rise through the ranks in the high school social scene. Her place in the town hierarchy undisputed: the friendliest, nicest, prettiest girl in town. The girl most likely to succeed. Graduation. A move to LA. Hopes and dreams of stardom and ambition and exuberance bundled into her crappy car and driven south. The sinking discovery that everyone in LA was the prettiest girl in their town...and that they were all at the same auditions. Poverty, rejection and resilience. A refusal to let the city make her cold and brittle. Discovery of free running, of friends, of a community of under-employed actors and stunt artists who ran the parkour scene at the LA River. Parties and parkour. Poverty and passion. A crappy waitressing job to pay the bills. Years passing. No direction, no compass, no plan.

He could feel the memories swirl and could feel the effect they had on his new body: the tough childhood and the lack of direction wearing it down. And then he felt the pushback, felt the flare of physical determination that this girl possessed. This body wanted to move. It wanted to burn away the flood of old hurt and new doubts. It wanted action.

Sebastian eyed the solid metal barrier that blocked the main exit from the parking lot. It was about waist-height on his new body. Not pausing to doubt, he headed for the barrier at full speed and felt his body spring over it—a pop vault: his new memories supplied him with the term—and landed on the other side. He hit the ground running, feet pounding the sidewalk, arms pumping, pace completely unchecked.

He ran down the block and around a corner, arriving at another one of downtown's ubiquitous parking lots. Running past, he did notice one point of distinction though: a brick wall, chest-high, inches wide and calling to his new body. Spying a convenient launching block, he jumped, landing on top of the

wall with arms out and perfect balance. He had an audience now: a group of guys sitting on the front steps on the apartment building opposite. He'd heard the random whoops of surprise when he'd jumped onto the wall but now—as he ran along the wall and got closer to them, as they clearly saw details of the girl's body: her perfectly toned arms, her biteable ass and her taut thighs encased in lycra—the audience appreciation changed note. The whoops turned to whistles and catcalls.

One guy yelled out, “Hey baby. Show us what else you got.”

Sebastian reached the end of the wall and jumped, somersaulting through the air and landing cat-like on the sidewalk. For a second he paused, adrenaline coursing through his veins, as he looked back the narrow wall he'd just run along. But standing still was clearly a mistake; his audience (four guys with beer and leers) was just across the road.

One of the guys called out, “Let's see that move again, sweet thing. I wanna see those titties bounce.” He turned back to his friends, “How much do ya wanna bet that one can bend all kinds of ways.”

“Oh hell yeah,” another guy agreed. He stood and called across the street. “Come on, baby, give us a demo. Let's see your moves.”

Sebastian grinned. This girl, this body – she didn't back down from a challenge. He looked up, across the street and met the guy's eye. Peering through his new lashes, he said coyly, “You wanna see my moves?”

“Yeah, show me your tricks, girl.” The dude smirked and added, “Show me

everything.”

Sebastian moved slowly, placing two hands on the sidewalk and pushing into a handstand, legs straight and toes pointed at the sky. His audience hooted in appreciation as he gradually spread the girl’s legs open wide and angled them to the side. Languidly, he lifted one hand and extended her arm in a perfectly controlled one-arm handstand. As the guys’ jaws dropped, he raised one finger and flipped them off.

Back on his feet, he gave them one last smirk and took off running. This body, he realized, was something special. He accelerated, pushed the limits and felt the body respond. He ran to her apartment, through the newly gentrified areas of downtown and into the squalor, upstairs to her grubby loft.

Feeling her body move from the inside, listening to her breath, wiping my sweaty brow, the scent of her sweat...it all drove Sebastian crazy. As soon as he closed the door to her apartment he lost his mind with desire. He had to touch himself right now. He ripped off the lycra top, freeing his wonderful tits. He grabbed them and squeezed; they were hot, lightly slick with sweat and deliciously firm. His fingers circled around and around his areolae, pinching her nipples until they stood out erect and electricity pulsed through her agile form, emanating from between his legs. He looked down at his new body, watching as he made her own fingers fondle her perfect tits.

He leaned his back against the door, sliding down until his padded butt was on the floor, his legs spread and his knees up in the air as pleasure pulsed through him. He pressed her fingers into the lycra fabric, into her pussy, feeling her swollen clit even underneath his clothes. His body lit up as he landed on it and he moaned.

Still squeezing one tit he rubbed his clit vigorously with his other hand, desperate for release, needing to be force the orgasm out and then suddenly he came, crying out in her wonderful voice as his body convulsed happily around him. His fingers clamped onto his nipple while he rubbed his clit furiously, urging the bolt of pleasure to continue circling through his feminine form. Her pleasure blasted through him, filling every inch of his body.

When he felt her coming down he pressed harder inside himself. His fingers were sopping wet from his own lust, his nipple aching but still he needed more. The second orgasm was even more intense, doubled by the sound of his beautiful voice crying out, and his new point of view as he gaped down at his athletic body. Pulse after pulse buzzed through him until he was out of breath and lying on the cool floor. He didn't remember lying down, didn't remember anything except the white hot blast of pleasure. He lay there, recovering for a little while.

Finally catching his breath, Sebastian glanced around the tiny apartment. It was a loft with two small windows looking out over an alley. At one end of the room was a grimy kitchenette and the other end had a minuscule bathroom with cracked lemon-yellow tiles and a dripping shower. It was spartan: a bed, a table, a chest of drawers and a couple of chairs were the only furniture. He moved to the table, absently fondling his still naked breasts. The crotch of his pants was damp with his own lust and it brushed against his solid thighs as he walked. It was pleasant, a constant reminder of the new pussy he had.

Her desk was covered in junk that told a clear story: bills, paystubs from a crappy waitressing job, scripts, call sheets for auditions... more bills. The girl—Layla, he noted from the top of an overdue electricity bill—was like so many who turned up in LA dreaming of fame and then languishing when faced with the harsh reality of life as a unemployed actor.

And, attuned to her emotions and memories, Sebastian could sense immediately that Layla was missing the passion for acting, for fame, for success that was

essential to succeeding in Hollywood. She wasn't a girl who wanted to act because acting was a fire burning in her soul; she was a girl who wanted to act because it seemed like the sort of thing she could do, because people in her small town had always told her she was 'pretty enough to be on TV', because it was a fun idea.

But three years after arriving LA, it was no longer fun. She was more than ready to let the acting go. She wanted more than failed auditions, this crappy apartment and her soul-numbing job at the restaurant. So she'd applied for the job at Sebastian's company, probably thought the Local Hire Scheme gave her a chance. Sebastian was in a position to know that she didn't have a hope in hell. Her resume was currently sitting in the office dumpster.

Sebastian mentally reviewed her resume and realized that this crappy apartment was probably where she would stay. She had no education, no experience, no real hope of job beyond the low-paid one she had. Unless, of course, someone helped her.

He paused, surprised by his own train of thought. He never got attached to the bodies he hopped. They were simply vessels, their lives no longer his concern when he left them... but there was something special about this one. Maybe it was simply the way she moved, the hidden strength and talent inside her. Maybe it was her streak of defiance and resilience. Maybe it was her brand of bravery, her willingness to throw herself up wall and over barriers. And yet, it was so easy for a casual observer to overlook her strengths; he'd overlooked them at first. But, from the second he'd got inside her, he knew she was extraordinary. And she deserved more than this feeble life.

He opened her laptop and logged into his own company email, a plan forming as he typed. He shot Sally an email:

*Sal,*

*Was going through the assistant resumes again and thought we should give at least one more candidate—maybe someone from left field—a chance to impress. The Local Hire Scheme is all about opening doors, so I want to make sure we're truly supporting the community, not just cherry picking the best of the bunch. Throw that Layla girl onto the interview list.*

*I won't make it into the office tomorrow... few things to do.*

*Sebastian*

There were still some hoops Layla needed to jump through but he didn't mind guiding her through them. Smiling, he closed his email and brought up Layla's browser. Checking her browser history, his grin grew. Looked like Layla got off a lot. Not that he could blame her, with the force of the orgasms he'd had inside her body, he'd masturbate as much as he could if he was her. And he was.

He clicked to one of the videos. It was a threesome; two muscular guys and a tiny blonde girl. Sebastian brought the laptop over to Layla's couch and made himself comfortable, then hit play on the video. The two guys were going to town on the girl, forcing her head down to swallow one thick cock while the other guy plugged her from behind. Her ass rippled each time the guy slammed into her from behind. Mmm. As Sebastian watched, Layla's body began to warm again and a stray thought entered his mind. Smiling he got up and quickly went to her chest of drawers, pulling out a rather large, black dildo hidden deep in the bottom one. It was made of hard rubber and he knew from her thoughts how good it would feel inside him. He returned to the couch, eager to try out her toy.

Sebastian slipped his shorts off and gazed down at his naked body, enjoying the site of Layla's athletic form and perfect breasts framing her trimmed pussy. He leaned back and propped his legs up on the coffee table, then spread his new pussy with the fingers of one hand, gazing into his glistening pink folds as the porno played in the background. Layla's body was so beautiful, so firm; he enjoyed just looking at it, watching her move from inside, feeling every muscle, every inch of skin.

As the two guys on the video switched positions to both get behind the tiny blonde, Sebastian gripped the dildo in one hand and slipped the tip gently inside himself. He shivered in delight as the hard rubber pressed against his pussy. He dipped it down into his dew and dragged the wetness back up against his clit. The faux head of the dildo bumping against him made him bite his lip and moan. Sebastian looked back and forth from the video to the manipulation of his new body. The two guys were behind the girl now, one underneath with his cock in her pussy, the other standing over them fucking her asshole. Sebastian pushed the dildo deeper inside his quaking body, withdrawing it and seeing it slick with his own juices.

Sebastian's body wriggled and another moan escaped his lips as he watched the girl in the video get taken. Layla's thoughts drifted into his mind, her curiosity to be pounded like that, to be taken in her virginal asshole. Sebastian sank deeper into the couch, his knees in the air, sliding down until his ass was hanging in the air off the cushions. He guided the dildo down between his legs, to his tight asshole. He pressed the head of the dildo against his puckered hole, his body throbbing with anticipation. He spread his legs wide and slowly worked the dildo inside his asshole, gasping as the pleasure flared through him. It was so tight, painful but unleashing so much more pleasure.

His other hand slipped into his clit and he rubbed himself as he sank the black dildo deeper into his form, inch by inch. His ass was so full, the pleasure unbearable and he came, clenching his cunt around his fingers, his ass around the dildo as he cried out, moaning uncontrollably. Sebastian continued shoving

the dildo in and out of his ass, fucking himself along with the threesome in the video, the girl's cries of pleasure mingling with Layla's own until he came hard again, a blinding, delirious pleasure and he screamed, his voice high pitch and desperate as he fucked himself hard, rubbing his clit faster and faster as he slammed the dildo inside him. He crested and came again and again, each time more powerful than the last, each time loosening his body so he could slip deeper and deeper inside until he was completely full, his ass and his cunt, and he came for the final time, rocking back and forth, curling up on the couch and fucking himself senseless.

When he finally came down he was lying in a puddle of his own lust, dripping down his thighs. He ached wonderfully, his ass throbbed, his hands were sticky with himself. He pulled the dildo out of Layla's ass and dropped it to the floor; he didn't have enough strength to do anything else but lie on the couch, recovering for some time.

Sebastian definitely wanted more of her, and there was a sure way to get it.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night he left Layla, sated and sleepy, in her apartment and hopped back into his own form. The next afternoon he returned to Layla's, removed his credit card from his wallet and slid it under her door. The he knocked on the door and hopped her again when he heard her walking down the hall. She had a note in her hand: Sebastian Mitchell Developments. 11am. Clearly she'd been called and asked to come in for the interview tomorrow. Sebastian grabbed the credit card and headed out the door.

Sebastian had spent the previous night planning. Getting Layla through the interview process and securing the job for her was not going to be easy. On

paper she was clearly the least qualified candidate, her only shot was to dazzle in the interview and therein lay the hitch. The interview was a panel and he wasn't on it. It was instead made up of Sally, the guy from the PR department who came up with the Local Hire Scheme, and the company Office Manager. They would send their choice to Sebastian for final approval. His task was clear: to make Layla not just a viable candidate but the obvious choice. Step one in the process was this afternoon's task. He headed for Layla's crappy Hyundai.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sebastian stood in front of the changing room mirror and studied his reflection: pencil skirt that cinched in around Layla's tiny waist and curved over her hips and ass and a silky shirt with buttons that opened just enough to reveal the merest hint of the curves at the top of her breasts. The woman in the mirror looked back at him and smiled – she was smart, capable and professional with an undercurrent of something more—something subtle and sexy—just below the surface.

He had an interview outfit. Everything else he bought was pure indulgence. Layla didn't need the lingerie he bought her or either of the two dresses. She didn't need the stiletto heels but he bought them all the same. The stop at Lulumon he deemed a necessity: the girl's body wanted to move, it deserved workout gear that let it shine. He left the store dressed in new black run tights and a hot pink razorback top, and headed for the river.

Sebastian parked her car on a side street and walked down to South Santa Fe Avenue where there was tunnel that provided easy access to the river. Some of Layla's regular crew were already there: Jesse – stoner and crew videographer, Megan – the token other girl, and Chris – a martial artist and stuntman who just started free running but had taken to it like a duck to water.

Layla's body thrummed with energy – about half of it the anticipated challenge of this section of the river; the other half, Sebastian realized, the quickening of her pulse on seeing Chris. Layla's brain and body kicked up a rapid-fire flurry of memories and sensations: little flirty moments between them and coy looks and barely disguised, frustrated need.

He looked over and caught Chris' eyes running over Layla's new clothes, lingering on the swell of her boobs under her skintight tank.

Clearly realizing he'd been caught staring, Chris tried to cover. "Umm, new gear?"

Sebastian stretched. "Yeah, wanted to be free to move, you know."

Chris swallowed, eyes now glued to her body. "Right, yeah."

They got a solid hour in the river before security arrived; an hour of pace and precision, mimicking and showing off, encouraging and pushing each other to try for different vaults, tougher combos. Every one of them was hot, sweaty and panting when they got kicked out: a warning today not a citation. Jesse and Megan headed down East 6th Street. Chris held back and turned to Layla.

"You wanna hang? Go somewhere?"

They made plans to go to a nearby bar, but only made it as far as Layla's car.

“So how do--” Chris began, grabbing the passenger seatbelt and pulling it cross his body.

Sebastian couldn't control himself. His lips found Chris' and then his tongue was inside Chris' mouth. There was a loud clunk as the seatbelt was pulled back into its holder and then Chris' hands were on Layla's body, flares of desire shooting straight into Sebastian's pussy from wherever Chris touched him. Sebastian tasted Chris' heady, masculine scent as Layla's tiny nose pressed against Chris' cheek.

Sebastian straddled Chris, struggling to get Layla's body over into the passenger seat in her small car. He finally made it, his knees on either side of Chris as he grinded Layla's pussy against the bulge straining beneath Chris' pants while they continue kissing. They were ravenous for each other, their kisses all consuming. Layla's body was on fire as Sebastian squeezed Chris' solid arms and sucked on his tongue.

Chris' hands were on Layla's breast, followed by his hot breath through the fabric of Layla's lightweight top. Sebastian fumbled between his legs for Chris' pants, unzipping them and freeing the yearning cock. Sebastian smiled as he grasped the hot shaft in Layla's hands. He fumbled for his own pants, twisting his body to pull the tight-fitting fabric down enough so that he could press the head of Chris' cock against Layla's dripping pussy. He guided Chris towards him, pushing his panties to one side and angling Chris' cock into his waiting cunt. The pressure built, built and then Sebastian gasped into Chris' mouth as Chris entered him.

Sebastian felt Chris' cock sliding inside, filling Layla's body. He sank down, welcoming Chris inside, hungry for more. Sebastian slowly shifted up and down, driving Chris' cock in and out of Layla's soaking wet cunt. Sebastian pulled away from Chris, throwing his head back and grasping Chris' thick arms as he rode Chris' magnificent cock. Up and down he went, stopping when he felt Chris

was just on the precipice. Sebastian wanted to enjoy this, wanted it to last, needed it to last. Goddamn, Layla was so horny and Chris felt so perfect inside her.

Sebastian slid Layla's hands down to her pussy, his fingers sliding against the coarse hair of her pubes and sinking inside her slit. He pressed against his clit, rubbing fiercely as he continued fucking Chris. His whole body was on fire and yet he needed more. His fingers quickly grew slick with his desire and he felt Chris' cock pounding into him, the hard shaft sliding in and out just below his fingers.

Layla's voice cried out from Sebastian's lips, her voice rising in pitch as Chris thrust inside him, driving deeper, deeper, and then Sebastian came. Layla's body shook hard and Sebastian moaned, driving himself down, trying to fill his lithe body with Chris as Sebastian's fingers flew cross his swollen clit, pleasuring himself every way he could. Chris grunted with him and Sebastian felt the cock twitch inside him, shooting Layla's body full of Chris' hot seed as they came, riding wildly, their pleasure bound together in shared ecstasy.

When Layla's head cleared and Sebastian could feel his body once again, he looked down at Chris and traced a slender finger across his handsome, smiling face. From Layla's thoughts, Sebastian didn't think she'd have ever done that, even as desperately as she wanted to.

*You're welcome, Layla, Sebastian thought, as he felt a trickle of Chris' seed spill down his thigh.*

Information is power and Sebastian had all the information he needed. On the day of the interview, he hopped Layla's body in the elevator and walked her into the interview with an air of quiet confidence.

He knew that the Office Manager wanted an applicant with proven administrative talents. So, when asked, Layla reeled off her extensive knowledge of the dozen programs they used in the office.

Sebastian knew that Steve from PR wanted a success story he could market: he wanted the uplifting tale of a bright, young thing finding a place in a community-minded local business. He wanted a poster child they could hold up to show that the yuppies weren't pillaging the city for their own gain.

So when Steve asked Layla, "Tell me about your ties to downtown." Sebastian beamed Layla's sweet smile at him and talked about necessary revitalization and her deep connection to the community. She mentioned longstanding ties and renewed energy in existing urban areas.

Sebastian watched as Steve's attention bounced appreciatively between the perfection of Layla's answer and the perfect hint of breast that was visible as she leaned discretely towards him.

He knew Sally wanted a self-starter, someone to whom she could delegate, someone she could trust to handle Sebastian's erratic working day... not to

mention the sudden, frequent absences. In response to questioning, Layla hit every one of Sally's buzzwords: flexibility, adaptability, resilience; displaying exactly the right balance of independence and malleability to appeal to Sally.

Steve, clearly already smitten, chipped in another question about local knowledge and Layla launched into details about the undervalued work of local graffiti artists, the undeveloped architectural beauty of the warehouses by the river and her support of various programs currently assisting the area's homeless.

Layla smiled at the panel, relaxed and open. The panel beamed back, they had nothing more to ask. They had their recommendation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later, Sebastian leaned back in his chair, the sounds of the office wrapping up for the day in the background. Sally was running through the next day's schedule: "Nothing too arduous tomorrow: a meeting with PR at 2:30, a site visit at 4 and drinks with Marcus Cohen at 6." She headed for the door. "Oh, and wanted me to keep an eye out for opportunities for Ben Petrov."

"Who?"

"The guy Layla beat out for the job."

"Remind me about him."

Sally leaned against the doorjamb. “Local kid, nineteen-years-old and smart as hell.”

Sebastian felt the slight jab of guilt, the kid sounded like he deserved a chance. “You found him something?”

“There’s an internship in Sales, couple of days a week. Unpaid but it’s a start.”

Sebastian nodded, and then called her back as she started to close the door, “Sal.”

“Yeah.” Her head popped back round the door.

“Make it a paid internship. Kid sounds like he’s worth investing in.”

“You got it.” She closed the door.

Conscience salved, Sebastian turned and enjoyed his view out his office door. Layla was at her desk in the office adjoining his, separated by a giant pane of frosted glass. Her long hair was twisted up and secured with a pen, her fingers tapping at the keyboard, her expression fixed and focused. The only sign that she was anything other than the perfect, passive employee was her bouncing leg: a subtle tell that her body was longing to move and run and throw herself over buildings.

She was actually proving to be a good hire: smart, energetic and eager to learn. She made up for her lack of experience with a willingness to push herself and a desire for new skills. It was same dedication she gave to mastering a double kong vault... just directed at the office filing system.

Sebastian grinned and called, “Layla, you can take off for the day.”

Her smiling face appeared at the doorway. “Thanks, boss.” She slid the door closed.

Muscle memory was a beautiful thing. It let Layla scale 10-foot walks and balance on the narrowest ledge. It also had her following the same pattern every night: close the door, grab her workout gear from her bag and get changed for her jog home. Sebastian watched her silhouette though the glass, watched her pull her shirt over her head and unclip her bra. He watched her shimmy out of her skirt and pull on her running shorts. He watched her sleek, pink outline move on the other side of the glass, watched her bend to grab her sports bra from her bag on the floor.

And he hopped her.

The hops were so fluid now, instantaneous and smooth from daily practice. He was in her before she'd even straightened up. He looked down at her perky tits, nipples hardening under the cold office A/C. He gave them a quick squeeze before sliding a hand slowly down her body to her pussy, already warming at his anticipation.

Her jog could wait.

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