

M2F BODY
THEFT

DEVIANTS
Part One

MWLS

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MWILLES

Deviants (Part 1)

M2F Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Deviants

Ross should have been enjoying Comic Con, but he had other things on his mind. He bypassed the brightly decorated booths wallpapered with the limited editions and the rare books, ignored the occasional brag sales of especially early issues of Fantastic Four or Spiderman, and strolled passed the autograph table. The giant convention center echoed with the babble of hundreds of attendees, occasionally punctuated by an announcement over the PA system of the next Q and A sessions. Ross kept his head down, eyes on his phone even as he passed people dressed in the most elaborate costumes and booth babes wearing only the skimpiest of bikinis. Ross only had eyes for one person at the convention, and he kept refreshing the Instagram feed on his phone, trying to track down Kimmy's whereabouts based on the pictures she was posting.

He'd followed her on his phone from the parking lot, through the main lobby and down through the booths lining the exhibition hall. She was always gone by the time he arrived at the location of her last picture, so he had to wait on his phone for the next clue. It was getting frustrating. Kimmy had a distinctive costume on, how hard could it be to find her? He paused in the middle of one aisle that seemed to match Kimmy's last update. Fanboys ogled the booths to either side of him, and the smell of popcorn from the refreshment stand outside hit his nose. But there was no sign of Kimmy. Damn this lag.

Ross wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans and glanced around, standing on his tiptoes to look over the crowd, hoping to get a glimpse of her. He'd dressed well, hiding his fat body beneath a neatly pressed button down shirt. He'd even combed his tangled curly hair—usually an annual event—hoping to not give off the impression of creepy stalker when he did eventually meet her. He mentally reminded himself yet again to not start out his greeting with “I'm your biggest fan.”

Suddenly, just rounding the corner away from him he saw a glimpse of blue skin. Ross hurried down the aisle towards it, brusquely nudging people out of the way. They gave him rude looks but he ignored them, intent on his target. Turning the corner, he froze in his tracks, just staring. The entire world seemed to come to a halt as he saw her in person for the first time. The light hit her just right, almost spotlighting her as she posed for a picture, flashing a 'V' sign to the camera.

Kimmy.

Her costume was incredible. She was dressed as Mystique mid-transformation. Half of her body was painted blue, half her hair covered by the flaming red hair of the X-men character. The other half of her body was clad in a Japanese school girl outfit, her natural black hair draping down a wide oval face. Even her large eyeglasses were cut in half, the bridge sitting on her broad nose.

Ross scurried up to her, hanging back until the people nearby finished taking her picture. With one hand on his phone—now switched off her Insta and onto his camera—he slid his other hand into his pocket and grasped the little metal tab that he'd spent months working on. The tab looked like a very short pin with a small polished metal bulb on one end less than half the size of a fingernail. All he had to do was stick it on the back of Kimmy's neck and it would quickly connect to her skin, linking up with her spine, leaving only a little nub of metal exposed. Afterwards, he could return to his hotel room to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Over months at home with Kimmy's YouTube channel on in the background, Ross had sat at his basement desk plugging away at his little metal tabs and the helmet that went with them. He'd bounced ideas off his friend, Tim, a self-made biohacker and lowly associate professor at the local community college, who was the only one who took Ross's work seriously. Together, they'd created two such tabs, one of which Tim had volunteered to try as a guinea pig. When that proved successful, Ross took off to the next convention at which Kimmy planned to appear.

Finally, the two picture takers left Kimmy in peace, and Ross scuttled up to her.

“Oh my god, you're Kimmy!” He said, pretending to just recognize her. “I'm your biggest fan.”

Ross immediately clapped his mouth shut, mentally kicking himself for being such a geeky fanboy. But Kimmy just smiled brightly and Ross hurried on with his request.

“Can I get a picture with you?” He asked, holding up his phone and nearly dropping it because his hands were sweaty and shaking. It was so odd to be in the presence of someone he knew so much about—at least from what she posted publicly—when she knew nothing about him.

“Sure!” Kimmy said brightly.

Ross stepped to the side of her, removing his hand from his pocket and positioning the tab just above Kimmy's neck as he distracted her with the camera. She flashed the 'V' sign again and mugged for the camera.

Ross snapped the photo, while at the same time pushing the tab beneath her hair and against the back of her neck. She jumped as if shocked and turned around, looking at him quizzically as she rubbed the back of her neck. He didn't meet her eyes, just looked down at the picture as if making sure it was in focus.

“Awesome. Thank you.” He mumbled, before hurrying away.

He thought it was a clean drop, and Kimmy was soon distracted by another fan and seemed to forget about the brief jolt on her neck. Apparently she hadn't felt the little nub sticking out, not that it would matter if she had; he'd programmed it to be too painful to take out. He pushed his way through the crowd, making a beeline for the exit and rushing straight upstairs to his room as fast as he could.

He slipped the latch between the door and the doorjamb, letting the door fall nearly shut until it caught on the latch. Then he pulled out the helmet. It was made of a series of struts attached to various circuit boards, and crisscrossed with wires and diodes. He sat on the bed and strapped the helmet onto his head. Two small sensors pressed gently against his closed eyes. Others latched on gently but firmly around his skull, and the base of his neck. He adjusted himself on the bed to get comfortable, finally

managing to prop his head between two pillows so that the central sensor didn't jab him in the back of the neck.

He reached up and felt for the switch near his ear. Turning it on, he felt it power up and a display came up:

Searching...

After a few seconds it synced up with the tab Ross had placed on Kimmy's neck. And the display changed:

Subject 1

“Begin program,” Ross said.

The whir of the processor sped up, and he gradually lost consciousness.

The world faded back in slowly, the sounds of the convention goers around him dialing up from nothing. He was standing in the middle of the hall and he faltered slightly, grabbing a nearby display for balance as his consciousness slowly filled Kimmy's body. In a few seconds he had complete control of her. He was, for all intents and purposes, Kimmy. A few people asked him if he was all right and he waved them off as he stood, marveling at how amazing it was to hear Kimmy's voice from inside her own head.

Ross looked down at Kimmy's dainty little hands and wiggled the cute fingers, so different from his former chubby body. Everything felt lighter and smoother. He tucked his hair back behind an ear, fingers brushing against his soft warm cheeks. Turning to the lobby, he hurried out of the hall and up the elevator, his skirt brushing against his bare thigh at each step. He was aware that people were staring at him, admiring his costume and perhaps ogling his body. Ross couldn't help smiling, his cheeks growing warm at the thought of so much desire directed towards him. He'd never been the object of attention before and it gave him a warm feeling in his center.

When he finally reached his room he slipped inside before flipping back the latch and letting the door lock completely. Walking into the bedroom, he saw his former body stretched out on the bed. It was breathing slowly but otherwise seemed so lifeless. Ross poked it, running his new hands across his old, stroking his former chin, feeling the scratchy stubble there. There

was no sense of any feeling of his own touch. He was completely and entirely Kimmy.

Ross turned to the mirror to admire his new form. Kimmy's cute face—half normal, half Mystique—smiled shyly back at him. He moved closer and made some faces at himself, watching Kimmy's face respond to his commands—biting her lip, screwing up her cheeks, sticking out her tongue. The sound of her tiny laugh when he giggled was intoxicating. She was alone with him and he could make this Japanese school girl do anything he wanted.

Ross unbuttoned his costume/jacket and slipped out of it, followed by his skirt/pants combo. He found her real glasses in a pocket and put them on before turning to the full length mirror. Kimmy stared back at him from the reflection, a sly smile on her face. A light pink bra stretched across her perky little breasts, and matching lace panties clung to her thighs. He took the time to admire her smooth skin and adorable figure, twisting his torso to get a good glimpse from every angle, running a hand along the curve of her ass and squeezing her cute butt. She wasn't a supermodel, but that's what Ross liked about her. She was your girl next door. Cute. Innocent. And all his.

Ross looked down at his chest as he brought Kimmy's hands up and squeezed his bra, pushing his slight breasts together before letting them drop back. He circled his hands over her skin and down her cleavage, his body warming as he made her fondle herself. Slipping his hands through his hair, he pushed it up and let the brown waves cascade over his shoulders as he wiggled his hips for the mirror. Kimmy's body was a dream to move in.

Reaching behind his back, he found her bra strap and fumbled with it for a bit before managing to unclasp it. He let it drop to the floor and ogled her breasts. They were small but perky, little slopes ending in tan areolae. He cupped them in each and jigged experimentally. Her nipples were already growing hard as diamonds while his thighs burned with desire, a strange sensation of an inner tension and an outer loosening. He watched his breasts bounce beneath his fingers, pinching the nipples and stretching them then releasing them to watch them snap back. Kimmy was always so fun loving but conservative online, never wearing much more revealing than a t-shirt and shorts. With a sudden burst of desire, Ross rolled her

panties down her legs and kicked them off, staring down at her bush, a neatly trimmed triangle of coarse black hair pointing down to perfect little pussy lips, still tucked together but already waiting to open for him.

Ross touched himself, letting his fingertip dip into his little slit. His finger nestled in between her rubbery nether lips and he was suddenly surrounded by his own warmth. He pressed lightly against her clit, circling slowly as the heat blossomed within him and began circulating through the rest of his body. He grabbed one of his tits with his other hand and squeezed gently, rolling the wonderful weight beneath his hand. The fingers between his legs slid deeper into his warmth, following the line of his slit down to collect his dew. Fuck, she was already so wonderfully moist, and he spread her juices back up his pussy, returning his fingertips to his clit, stroking harder now, faster as his body urged him on. Ross bit his lip and sighed gently, growing ever more excited, two fingers disappearing into his tight little pussy, the flash of pink between his legs gloriously erotic.

He lay on the bed next to his real body, throwing one leg over his immobile former self and spreading his pussy to look down at his pink folds as he continued slowly slipping a finger in and out of it. He trembled lightly as he fingered his pussy, Kimmy's body shot through with pleasure. The fingers across his breast dug in harder, squeezing his gentle flesh as light moans escaped his lips, his voice rising in pitch and intensity as he slid inside, deeper and faster. He could feel his little fingers sliding through his wet canal and it was divine, slippery and tight, each thrust driving up the tension within him. His head twisted and turned, eyes closed shut as he played his body faster. The tension gripped him until it suddenly snapped and he came. His voice was high pitched and needy as he cried out "Oh, oh, oh", and his entire body convulsed with one earth shaking orgasm, quivering from his head down to his tiny toes.

The pleasure abated somewhat, but the urgency persisted and he resumed fondling his breasts. With his other hand, he grabbed his former body's hand and angled it over his new pussy. It was weirdly alien feeling his old hand on his new body, and he used Kimmy's hand to guide his former masculine fingers down between her legs and inside her, using his former fingers to stroke his new cunt. The tension was instantly back, and in seconds he was moaning again, quickly approaching the peak as he fingered himself, growing ever more frantic until he exploded once more, cumming harder

than before, pressing his masculine fingers inside his pussy as he orgasmed, legs shaking as pleasure raced through him.

He came down slowly, letting his former hand rest between his thighs. It was a shame that the most action he'd ever seen was as someone else. Soon, he rose from the bed and rinsed himself off, then put Kimmy's costume back on. He found her phone in the pocket of her Mystique costume and flipped through her photo album. There she was sewing her costume. There with her family. There at some sort of school event surrounded by friends. Hot friends. Ross peered closer, admiring the group of girls surrounding Kimmy. What he wouldn't give to have them, too.

He slipped the phone back into her costume and returned to the convention hall. Positioning himself roughly where he'd been when he'd taken her, he mumbled "System off".

The hall faded out, replaced with the darkness of the inside of the helmet and an aching in his neck. He reached up and unstrapped the helmet with fingers that felt heavy and clumsy after being in Kimmy's slender body. Hopefully, she wouldn't notice anything amiss, maybe just thinking she'd lost track of time. The delightful scent of her pussy still lingered in the room and on his fingers. Being Kimmy was everything he'd hoped it would be. And he wanted more.

“You didn't even take any pictures of yourself?” Tim exclaimed indignantly.

“I got excited,” Ross replied, not looking up from the tabletop magnifying glass where he was carefully putting together a new uplink tab to stick onto someone else. His tweezers trembled slightly as he manipulated the delicate filaments, finally getting them in just the right place so he could attach the top.

Tim wheeled himself in lazy circles around the basement in Ross's raggedy office chair. The small casement window was open to try to let in some breeze, but the basement remained stubbornly stuffy. It didn't help that it was packed with all manner of electronics and gadgets from which Ross had salvaged parts. Tim picked up a dusty cassette player and flipped open the top.

“Yeah, I'll bet you got distracted.” Tim said, stroking his bushy brown mustache thoughtfully.

Ross just grinned. “You got those helmets for us?”

“Of course,” Tim replied, wheeling back to the desk.

He unzipped his backpack and set two new helmets on the table. They were smaller and sleeker than Ross's bulky original one. The circuit boards were enclosed in a black plastic shell and the wires had been strung through the hollow frame.

“New and improved. This should give you a faster uptime and instantaneous transmission.”

“Good. I don't want to hurt myself getting into her next time. Plus the quicker we're in the more chance she won't even realize we've been inside.”

“Well, yeah, unless she notices the loss of time.”

Ross set the tab down on the velvet tabletop and turned to Tim. “How long do you plan to stay inside her?”

“Long enough to enjoy it.”

The computer beside Ross dinged with an alert and he swiveled his chair over to the screen. “Looks like Zealous1 is in. He says the money has been deposited.”

Tim leaned over next to Ross and they scrolled through the message board. It was populated by a small group of people who were extremely excited about the possibilities of the Body Remote, as Tim had dubbed it. Though some were skeptical, it wasn't hard to find volunteers to try out the uplink tabs, and Tim and Ross were even making some money on the project. Not a lot, but some. It seemed there were a lot of people out there eager to experience being a good looking woman for a little while. Now all they needed was a bigger supply of bodies and more helmets.

It was Ross's idea to go in through Kimmy's friends. Not only were they all beautiful, but the tab in Kimmy was still active. With the new helmet, Ross could take over her body from anywhere.

It took Ross and Tim a few weeks, but they eventually had three helmets: one for each of them plus one that went to Zealous1. There were also four little tabs, packed up and mailed to Kimmy. Ross tracked their progress online, and the afternoon he saw that they'd been delivered he texted Tim to be ready. Ross got comfortable in his basement cot and strapped on the helmet, then switched on the uplink. The helmet found Kimmy's connection:

Subject 1

“Subject one. Program begin.” Ross said.

The change was instant this time. He was immediately in her body and could feel every inch of her petite form from the glasses on his nose to his little sandal-clad toes. He found himself in the passenger seat of a small car,

dressed in a casual outfit of jeans and a t-shirt. A black backpack sat on the floor between his feet. A dance beat, girly and loud, blasted from the speakers. The warm wind from the open windows whipped through his thick hair. He looked to his left and saw Faith behind the wheel. Ross knew her name from some internet sleuthing.

Faith turned briefly and shot Ross a quick smile. She had an amazing smile that lit up her face. Usually shy and reserved, Faith was singing along—or at least mouthing along—to the song on the radio. Her tiny hands were on the wheel and she fluffed up her long, wavy auburn hair and tucked it away from her thick framed glasses. She was geek chic in the best possible sense of the term. Freckles lightly adorned the bridge of her exquisite nose and her emerald eyes sparkled with excitement.

Ross was glad the music was on and he didn't have to talk so he could adjust to being inside Kimmy again. The sudden change was slightly disorienting. He flipped down the sun visor and gave himself a once over in the mirror, admiring the big brown eyes behind the large glasses and the overall softness of his face. It was so nice to be inside her again, to experience the world from her eyes. He sat back and sang along with the song, giggling with Faith as they drove to wherever they were going.

Faith took a series of turns that brought them to a large, two story house in a well-to-do suburb, distinguished from the surrounding houses mainly by the slightly different color of the maroon faux shutters and front door. She parked outside and shut off the engine, then reached into the back seat and hauled out a light pink backpack. Ross followed her lead, wishing he had access to Kimmy's memories so he knew what was happening. He'd have to work on that for the next upgrade.

They got out and he followed Faith up the walkway to the front door. There was a small package by the steps and, bending down, Ross saw it was the one he'd sent to Kimmy. So this must be her house. He picked up the package and dug through his backpack for his keys, assuming they must be in here somewhere because his outfit had no pockets. Sure enough, he found an overstuffed key chain sporting a variety of fluffy fobs and key rings.

“Ooh, what did you get?” Faith asked, glancing at the package.

Ross smiled at her. “Oh, nothing exciting. Just some more costume makeup.”

Ross unlocked the door and they both went inside and upstairs. Ross let Faith lead, and she went straight into what must be Kimmy's room. The walls were a soft lavender. A little vanity stood in one corner and a neatly made four poster bed was placed against one wall opposite the window. A chest of drawers, covered with small knickknacks was next to the bed. Everything was neat and put away.

Faith dropped her backpack on the floor and flopped onto the bed. Ross dug through Kimmy's backpack until he found her phone. Taking it and the package, he told Faith he'd be right back before hurrying to the bathroom. He texted Tim:

Get ready

The response was an immediate thumbs up. Ross deleted the conversation from Kimmy's phone and opened the package. He took out one of the four tabs, then folded the small box closed.

He returned to his room, the tab tucked in his slender fingers. Faith looked up from her phone and gave him a little grin. Her slender legs were crossed and Ross allowed himself a quick glance at her shapely bare thigh.

“I think Grant likes you.”

“Oh, yeah?” Ross responded, leaving the package on the dresser. He had no idea who Grant was.

“Yeah, look what he posted.”

Faith held up her phone. Ross sat beside her on the bed, close to her, their thighs touching as he pretended to read the message on Kimmy's phone. He raised his other hand behind Faith, feeling his way beneath her silky hair. He pressed the tab against her neck at the same moment he jerked and cried “Wow!”. The distraction worked, as Faith's eyes shot to Ross's face.

“What?” Faith asked.

“Oh, I, uh...”

A change seemed to come over Faith's face. Her green eyes glazed and she froze for a fraction of a second. When she next moved, her motions were changed. Less fluid and graceful than before.

“Oh shit,” she whispered, her hands coming up to touch her face.

She looked down at her body in wonder, before grabbing her tits and bouncing them, giggling as she did so. Her hands flew across her form, down her legs, feeling her skin as Ross looked on.

“How does she feel?” Ross asked.

“Incredible,” Tim responded in Faith's voice. His hands came to his lips in amazement and he giggled. “Hello,” he said, testing his new voice. “Testing. Testing. This is Faith.”

Tim stood up and held his hands apart, staring down at himself. He was ecstatic with joy, twisting around to try to see his ass, examining every part of his delicate new body. Ross sat back on the bed with a slight smile as he watched Tim admire Faith's form.

“Holy shit. It actually worked. What do we do first?”

“I've got an idea.”

Ross stood and slipped his arms around Faith's waist. Tim giggled shyly and tossed his auburn hair back behind his head before looking up into Ross's eyes. Tim brought his new hands up and rested them lightly on Kimmy's chest, pressing gently against the slight breasts beneath the fabric of her shirt. Faith was so adorable this close up, especially as she was looking at him with such longing. Her gentle flowery scent hit Ross's nose and sent shivers of desire through him. Ross leaned forward and kissed her soft lips. Tim kissed back, and soon the two guys were forcing the two girls to make out. Ross slipped Kimmy's tongue in between Tim's lips, following the contours of Faith's mouth, tasting her as he ran his hands across her lightly freckled form.

Ross stroked Faith's hair, closing his eyes as his fingers whispered across her soft cheek. He could feel Faith's hands caressing his back, stroking him gently and pulling their bodies closer together until their breasts touched. Their hands roamed across each other's skin, gripping and squeezing, as the ember of desire between Ross's legs blossomed and grew hotter. Their

kisses grew faster, more urgent, and then Ross was yanking off Faith's top, revealing her plain white bra and the gentle slope of her cleavage. There was a brief flare of jealousy that Faith's tits were bigger than his, but it disappeared as Tim helped Ross with Kimmy's top, and then they helped each other with their bras, each turning and raising their hair out of the way so the other could unclasp it. They dropped them to the floor and turned to face each other, both topless. Ross's nipples were already erect with desire and he lowered his head onto Faith's soft breasts, kissing his way across their pale freckled expanse until his lips were around her strawberry pink nipple. He suckled gently, tasting her sweet, tender skin as Tim sighed, playing with his free breast with one hand, squeezing the sensitive nipple between his fingers until it spiked out in pleasure.

Still sucking on Faith's nipple, Ross snaked his hand beneath the top of Faith's jeans, his fingers trailing over the soft mound, grazing across the coarse strip of pubic hair. Tim unbuttoned Faith's pants and pushed them down so Ross's fingers could continue their journey, skating across Faith's gorgeous pussy lips, dipping Kimmy's fingers lightly inside her friend's body, enjoying the warmth as Faith's pussy wrapped around her.

Laughing, Tim pulled Ross into bed, grabbing him and falling onto his back onto the comforter. Ross landed on top, their breasts bouncing together, warm bodies pressed fully against each other. Ross kissed his way down Faith's cheek, down her soft breasts, her trim tummy, and down between her legs, all the while he let his tiny breasts brush against her soft skin. Ross pressed his nose against Faith's plain white panties, inhaling her enticing acrid scent. Her rich red pubic hair was visible beneath the sheer panties, and Ross pressed Kimmy's lips harder against the fabric, letting his hot breath soak the panties, feeling Faith's body give way, nuzzling her entrance as she grew wet for him.

Kimmy's body was on fire with lust as wetness pooled between Tim's legs. Ross pulled down Faith's panties, his heart hammering in his chest as he revealed her pussy, so achingly beautiful. He yearned to touch her, to taste her. He pressed Kimmy's lips against Faith's entrance, tongue gliding up her slit slowly, enjoying the deep delicious scent of her pussy. Tim moaned, his hands coming up to play with his new breasts as Ross continued licking. Spreading Faith's pussy lips with Kimmy's fingers, Ross dipped Kimmy's tongue inside, tasting Faith's delicious saltiness for the first time. She was

warm and wet and tender and he lapped slowly, enjoying the taste of her, the feel of her as she writhed and moaned beneath him.

Still licking her pussy, Ross looked up from between Tim's legs, staring into Faith's beautiful green eyes. Tim placed both of Faith's hands on Kimmy's cheeks and the two girls stared at each other as Ross made Kimmy pleasure her friend. Tim moaned, thrusting Faith's hips up, and Ross responded by dipping his tongue harder up against her clit, undulating his tongue against her, following the rhythm of Faith's body. Tim's moans grew breathier, faster, and then he came, Faith's entire body growing taut as her breath paused for a second, only to be released with a long drawn out moan. Tim's hands slid up his body, returning to his breasts, caressing and squeezing the last embers of pleasure out of Faith's body.

Ross raised his face, dripping with Faith's juices. "My turn," he grinned.

They switched places, Ross slipping out of his pants and panties before lying on his back, Tim taking up position between his legs. Ross was so goddamn wet already, his panties soaking. His little pussy was open and as soon as Tim touched the tip of his clit he moaned, pleasure sweeping through him. Now it was his turn to grab his breasts, to play with Kimmy's sweet form as Tim licked and sucked his clit. Suddenly, there were two fingers inside him, penetrating him, traveling up through his tight little canal. He cried out in a yelp of surprise that turned into a cry of desire. Tim continued licking Ross's clit as he fingered him, growing faster, harder, as the pleasure ignited Kimmy's body and Ross came with a gasping, roaring orgasm. He cried out, squeezing his eyes shut, little caring who heard him, only caring about the pure rush of orgasm exploding through every inch of Kimmy's body.

He came down slowly, breathing hard, as Tim climbed up Kimmy's body and lay next to him, one of Faith's legs thrown over his stomach, one hand on his own breast, squeezing softly. Ross took Kimmy's hand and brought it to his lips, inhaling the incredible, musky scent of Kimmy's pussy—*his* pussy now. He opened his lips and sucked on her fingers, licking Kimmy's juices off until he could taste himself no more.

"Ok," Ross finally said. "We've had our fun. Time to get down to business."

Ross gave Tim the three remaining uplink tabs and explained how to put them on. The next three girls they had in mind had all made frequent appearances on Faith's Insta, so they figured Tim—as Faith— would be able to get close enough to slip the tabs on. The improved design meant that they weren't as painful going in. Tim put the tabs in his pocket and then fluffed up Faith's hair in the mirror of Kimmy's vanity, smiling and making faces at himself.

“They might still tickle a little going in, so you'll want to distract them somehow. Are you listening to me?”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it,” Tim said, arching his back and posing Faith's slender body in the mirror.

“Ok, I'm going to leave then, so come over here and act normal.”

“What's normal?”

“I don't know, but I don't think Faith typically goes around grabbing her tits.”

“Fine.” Tim dropped his hands and sat back down on the bed.

“Text me when it's done and I'll get the next helmet set up.”

“Roger.” Tim saluted.

“Don't fuck around. Faith wouldn't do that.”

Tim rolled his eyes. “Whatever.”

“That's it. Stick with the eye roll thing. I'll see you. Program off.”

Ross was immediately back in his bedroom. He unclasped the helmet and peeled it off, before pushing himself out of bed. Feeling his bulk again

already made him miss being Kimmy.

He went up to the kitchen, reheated some old pizza and took the slices back down into the basement to finish up a fourth helmet. The work was easier this time. He basically just copied Tim's design, but made a few small adjustments for comfort and power. In the middle of his work, the computer dinged with a message. It was Zealous1 confirming he'd gotten the helmet and wanting Ross to activate it.

Ross pulled up the list of activated tabs. Still only two subjects, and only one of which was available. That meant that Tim was still inside Faith, which was slightly worrying. Ross didn't know what would happen if someone stayed in the helmets for a long time, and he'd warned Tim and Zealous1 to limit use to an hour at a time at most. Judging from the lack of additional subjects in the database, Tim hadn't even slipped a tab on anyone else yet. Hopefully he'd be smart enough to hide them before jumping out of Faith and coming back tomorrow.

Ross flipped over to the headset program on his computer and activated Zealous1's headset, then messaged him that it was ready. A few minutes after sending the message, the headset program alerted Ross that Zealous1's headset was linked up to subject 1, Kimmy.

If any of the small group of message board users had any doubts about whether the headsets worked or were a hoax, they were laid to rest the next day when Zealous1 posted a long review of his experience, along with some personal photos of a naked Kimmy. Suddenly, everyone was clamoring for a helmet and the offers were pouring in. It should have been cause for celebration. Instead, Ross worried to find that Tim was still inside Faith. Ross had no way of contacting Faith. All he could do was wait for Tim to check in.

That afternoon, another subject appeared in the system. A few minutes later Ross got a text from an unknown number: *Piper is in.*

Piper was sort of the queen bee of the school. A hot, popular blonde with an upturned little nose, glorious bouncing breasts, and incredible legs. Ross knew she'd be very popular with the message board.

Ross texted back: *Awesome! I hope you haven't been in all night. Could be dangerous.*

Tim: *You worry too much.*

Ross: *Take a break. Check on yourself.*

Tim: *Fine.*

Ross: *Delete these messages*

Tim: *Duh*

Soon after, Ross saw that Tim had logged out of Faith. That was a relief.

When Tim came over to Ross's place a little later he looked slightly pale and haggard, but acted completely energized, gushing about his amazing experience as a teenage girl. Together they worked up a batch of helmets and shipped them out to more message board members. It seemed that Tim had claimed Faith as his own. Ross was fine with it as long as he kept capturing new subjects. As the popular girl, Faith seemed to have access to just about everyone in the school and soon there were another girl in the system: Ariel, a sporty friend of Faith's.

But still, there were more helmets than girls, so the message board members came up with a schedule. For most of the day, the girls would be possessed by a rotating roster of guys. After each possession it became routine for the message board members to share their stories or gripe online. That way, everyone knew the history of their bodies. At first there were some complaints:

Okay, who pissed in Piper's bed? Not cool.

Please, please, please, wash yourself off before you leave. I don't know who's cum was on Ariel's face when I came in but it was cold and gross.

Why didn't anyone tell me Kimmy was lactose intolerant??

Ross rewrote the program to create a history of who was in where. Then the group laid down some ground rules about basic maintenance and care for bodies. That, and the threat to deactivate the helmet of anyone who didn't follow the rules, was enough to bring everyone in line. There was a little worry that Ariel's grades were plummeting, but no one volunteered to study

for her. They were having too much fun. The time the girls had in their own bodies was shrinking, with most of the day devoted to various deviants jumping inside, having their fun, and then leaving, only for the next deviant to jump in.

It was so popular that Ross soon had to close the group. There would never be enough helmets to go around anyway, and the more popular the message board the greater the chance of discovery. Already there were enthusiastic new members that Ross didn't know who were clamoring for more details of how the helmets worked and for what was going on. Ross even kicked out a few members he suspected were spying on the group. Maybe another inventor hoping to duplicate his invention. Maybe someone who knew the girls hoping to stop them. Whoever they were, Ross wasn't taking any chances.

The first sign of trouble came a week and a half in. There was a complaint from SkyLord27:

Someone has been inside Faith all day. The program won't let me in! Quit hogging the cute chic bro!

Looking at the history, Ross saw that Tim was the one who'd been inside Faith. What's more, it appeared that he'd been inside her for three days straight. That was problematic for a number of reasons. For one, the program was supposed to automatically dump the user out after an hour—except for Ross's unit, which he could exit at will. Either Tim's unit was malfunctioning or he'd reprogrammed it to override the system. And two, it meant that Tim's physical body hadn't eaten, drank or slept for three days. Ross hurriedly texted Faith's number that he'd saved from their last conversation:

You need to get back to your body ASAP

His phone rang a few minutes later.

Ross answered it. “Hello?”

“Hi, Ross.” It was Faith's voice. She sounded scared. “I can't get back to my body.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, the program's not responding to my cancel request.”

Ross swiveled over to the computer and brought up Faith's helmet. There was a strange diagnostic error. Ross clicked the message away and opened up the detailed log. After it cleared, there was a slight pause, and then Faith's body came up as available. So was this really Tim on the phone? Or was Faith on to them? Ross deactivated Faith as a subject, giving Tim the benefit of the doubt. For the moment, anyway.

“Looks like something happened sometime yesterday afternoon. Have you been inside Faith this whole time?”

“Yes.” Her voice was small. “Sorry. I was really enjoying it. Why can't I go back?”

“I don't know.” Ross paused, a horrible thought occurring to him. “Give me your address. Your real address.”

Ross jotted it down on a piece of scrap paper and promised he'd check on Tim's body right away. He hung up and ran out to his car, speeding over to Tim's house. He saw the bad news immediately. A police car was parked on the curb, an ambulance in the driveway. A few neighbors hung out on the street and, as Ross watched, two paramedics wheeled a body out on a gurney. It was covered in a sheet but Tim lived alone. It could only be him.

“Shit. Shit. Shit.” Ross muttered. Panic started setting in.

Was that really Tim inside Faith who'd called him? Had Tim taken over Faith's body permanently? What happened to Faith? What would happen to Ross if anyone found out about this?

Tim took the news of his death pretty well. There was silence on the other end of the phone when Ross told him, followed by a little snuffle.

“Well, shit. I sort of thought something was up.” It was so strange hearing Tim's words in Faith's tiny voice. “So now what?”

“I guess...you're Faith now.”

“Fuuuuck. I never wanted to be an eighteen year old girl forever.”

“You won't be. Soon you'll be nineteen.”

“Fuck you.”

“I'm sorry.” Ross said.

Tim sighed. “Maybe it's better this way. I mean, I didn't have any family. Not many friends. My career wasn't going anywhere. Maybe this is a new start.”

Always practical, Ross couldn't help giving him advice. “It *does* mean you'll have to start acting, well, normal.”

“Shit. Yeah. I can't be a school whore.”

“What about, can you help the rest of us to be it? You can be our inside person. I'll ship you the tabs, you slip them on.”

“Okay. Let's talk money.”

In the end, they agreed to move to a subscription model, with Tim getting twenty five percent. It was only after he'd hung up that Ross realized he didn't have Tim's helmet. Shit. The last thing he wanted was the police poking around in it. He logged into the program and deactivated the helmet with a few strokes of the keyboard. This whole thing was getting way too stressful. Ross sat back and sighed. He needed a little relaxation. Returning to the message board, he set up a rendezvous with Zealous1, scheduling it into the soonest available afternoon slot.

Ross landed in Piper's hot little body as she was in some sort of clothing store changing room. She was leaning against a mirror, his cheeks pressed against the cold glass. Piper's blonde hair was mussed and her cheeks were flushed from excitement. She had her top up, her hands on her heavy bouncing breasts, and her body was shot through with warmth. In front of Ross stood Ariel, an Indian beauty with dark hair in a fancy braid.

Ariel was shorter but more powerful than Piper, her toned legs and arms revealing sculpted muscle. Piper wasn't very tall but she still towered over Ariel. And, fuck, Piper's tits were incredible: big and bouncy and perfect. Ross gazed down at his body, following the golden curves of his new form to the hand between his legs, Ariel's hand. Her fingers were halfway inside Ross's wet warmth, disappearing beneath the blonde tuft of pubic hair, and the last vestiges of an orgasm warmed his body. Ariel was looking up at him with a smile on her heart shaped face. She, too, was topless, the nipples jutting from her incredible breasts like jagged peaks.

There must have been a slight delay with the host changeover in Ariel's body, because Ross saw her smile falter, turning briefly into a look of disgust as she realized her fingers were inside her friend's pussy. She began to pull away and then froze briefly, before blinking quickly and looking around as Zealous1 acclimated to her body. He saw where her fingers were and smiled, pulling them out and sucking on them.

“Feels like the last person in Ariel really knows how to treat a girl right,” Ross smiled.

“Pssh. Whatever. I could make anyone cum all day if I felt like it.”

“Challenge accepted.”

Ross was just about to kiss Ariel when there was a sudden knock on the changing room doors.

“Um, excuse me,” a male voice called out.

Ross pulled his shirt down and cracked the change room door. A nervous looking young guy stood just outside. He was dressed in a navy blue t-shirt and matching pants, like any employee of the store. His eyes glanced down to Ross's breasts and Ross followed his gaze to find his nipples poking through the fabric and the plunging neckline revealing his deep cleavage.

“I've had some complaints that there were...um...noises?” He grimaced and rubbed his jaw, obviously unused to his role of manager.

“Oh, uh what kind of noises?” Ross asked.

The young guy turned beet red and looked around to see if anyone was watching. Before he could answer, Ariel pushed open the door, grabbed the guy by his collar and pulled him into the room. Ross closed and locked the door behind him as Ariel thrust him up against the wall. Ariel was small but sporty, and she held the manager against the wall with a firm grip. She stood on her little tiptoes, her face inches from his.

“We were hoping you could settle a bet,” Ariel said. “My friend here says she can suck cock better than me. We want to have a contest and you're our first contestant.”

Ariel reached between the guy's legs and gently grabbed his crotch as Ross giggled. It would be fun to give this guy a little taste of a real life porno. The employee didn't resist as Ariel kissed him and ran her hands through his hair.

Ross knelt between the manager's legs and unbuckled his belt, then unzipped his pants and pulled them down. The man's cock strained against his underwear, and Ross ran Piper's little fingers across the underside of the shaft, stroking and teasing as Ariel made out with him. Ross could feel the tension within the young man, his cock throbbing beneath Piper's gentle fingers. Slowly, Ross slipped his fingers under the top of the man's underwear and pulled it down. The man's cock sprang out in front of Ross's eyes and he gasped at the size, so huge right in front of his tiny nose. Ross stroked it slowly, letting his slender fingers linger around the shaft, tugging

gently, just enjoying the feel of the hard-softness in his hands. Ariel pulled away from the young guy and looked down at his dick. Her eyes went wide and she cooed as she, too, dropped to her knees.

The guys took turns stroking the man's cock, passing it back and forth between them. Ross stuck out his tongue and licked up and down one side, as Ariel did the same on the other, their warm tongues caressing across the dick as they lubed him up. The guy made no effort to stop them, staring down as if in a dream at the two girls as they worshiped his cock. Finally, Ross opened Piper's rich red lips and swallowed the dick, pushing Piper's mouth down, down the shaft. It was delicious in his mouth, filling him completely as he forced the man's dick deeper inside. A tangy taste hit the back of Ross's throat and he moaned around the dick in his mouth, enjoying holding the cock between Piper's lips, enjoying the power he had over the man with just his mouth. Ross pulled up and off with a wet pop, and licked his lips.

Then it was Ariel's turn. She eagerly took the man's dick in her hand and thrust her lips down, sucking hard and fast, rotating her mouth around the shaft. She was fast and eager, moaning as she sucked him off. Piper pulled his shirt up over his tits and began stroking himself again, greedy for his heavy breasts. They were too big to hold completely in his hands and they bounced with every simple movement. The man groaned and Ross feared that Ariel would get all the cum, but then he regained control of himself and Ariel released him. A little strand of saliva connected the tip of his dick to her lips until she licked them clean.

Ross pushed her aside and took over again, swallowing the man's dick slowly, as opposed to Ariel's quick and dirty method. He pulled off long enough to kiss the cockhead, rub the dick across Piper's lips and cheeks, eyes closed in ecstasy, before shoving the man's cock back down his throat. Fingers gripped through his hair and he felt Ariel guiding his head up and down the man's cock. She pushed and pulled firmly, controlling Ross's lips as he swallowed the shaft. She drove him faster, harder, forcing him to deep throat the cock, gagging slightly. Ross's tits jiggled madly with each thrust and he was in love with the feel of his body, the way it moved.

The man came suddenly, grunting. Ross felt the cock tremble between his lips and then Ariel's hand shoved him down, holding his nose against the

man's groin forcing Ross to deep throat the dick as it erupted into his mouth. Ross greedily slurped down the jets of hot cum, swallowing them as fast as he could. It seemed to go on forever, the delicious creamy seed filling the little blonde's belly until finally the man slowed and stopped. Ross held the man in his mouth, waiting for the last wonderful bit, before pulling off and licking the drops of gooey cum off the tip.

“Oh, you won.” Ariel pouted. She looked up at the man. “Got any friends? I wanna go again.”

That was how the blowjob contest started. As more guys filtered in, Ross and Ariel split up into different dressing rooms, each vying to suck as many dicks as they could in their allotted hour within the girls' body. Ross had never seen so many dicks, and each one was a delight, wonderfully warm and tasty on his tongue. With five minutes left to go Ross finished up with the last guy and called time. He saw the man out of the room, then wiped his soft lips and made Piper presentable in the mirror, adjusting her thick, dark hair back behind her ears as he stared into her dark eyes. His jaw ached and he actually felt full, his belly stuffed with cum.

Ross went to the changing room next door to compare numbers with Zealous1.

“Twenty four!” Ariel cried in excitement.

“Twenty seven. Boom!” Ross threw his hands up in victory.

“Ah, man. I'll get you next time.”

“I'm going to go next door and hop out. Put Ariel back in order before you go. Here...” Ross tucked Ariel's hair back behind her ear and licked at the little dab of cum still on her cheek.

Satisfied, he returned to the other change room. He took one last look in the mirror at the sexy young blonde and was about to end the program when he heard a cry of anguish from the changing room next door.

“Ariel?” Ross called out, hurrying over to the door.

He flung it open and found Ariel staring at him, her dark eyes wet with tears.

“Oh, god, Piper, they were controlling us again.” Ariel moaned, rushing into Piper's arms.

Stunned, Ross patted her on the back as she continued.

“I've never even seen a penis and now they've made me suck off so many guys. What is happening to us?” Ariel cried.

Ross pretended to play along, patting her back and whispering comforting words. “I know. I know.”

It seemed like the girls could still experience everything when someone else was in their bodies. They were stuck as passengers, forced to obey someone else's commands. That was definitely a problem. Ross wondered if anyone had said anything that would give them away while inside.

“How can you be so calm? Some stranger was in your body, too. Making you do...” Ariel shuddered, “...things.”

“I've been investigating,” Ross lied. “They've been saying stuff when they think we can't hear.”

Ariel looked up at him, her lower lip quivering. “Should we tell someone?”

“No. We need to keep this between ourselves. People would think we're crazy. Do you know if anyone else has been taken over?”

“Well,” Ariel sniffed, “Faith's been acting strange. I heard a rumor that she had sex with Kevin Barker and I thought she hated him.”

“Maybe,” Ross said, allowing doubt to creep into his voice, hoping to keep suspicion away from Faith. “For now we don't know anything. Keep an ear out and let me know if you hear anything.”

Ariel nodded. “I don't know how long I can take this. It's like someone is constantly controlling me. I've got no time to myself.”

Ross thought that after this little conversation he'd have to find a way to make sure that stayed the case. As if on cue, Ariel jolted like she'd been shocked. She pulled away from Ross and sniffed, her finger coming up to wipe away a tear. She looked at it in surprise.

“Oh, hey Piper,” The stranger in Ariel said, suddenly cheerful.

“I have to go,” Ross said, “I’ll see you later.”

He hurried out of the dressing room and away, wanting to put as much distance between himself and Ariel before he hopped out. Since Piper was observing everything from within the body Ross now possessed, she would know that Ross had tricked Ariel, and he didn't want to give her a chance to explain. Much easier to prevent the girls from working together to figure out the mystery rather than trying to clean up any discoveries.

Ross took Piper back to her car before whispering, “End program.”

He appeared back in his own body, on the cot in his basement. He unstrapped the helmet and hurried to his workbench. Opening the Body Remote program, he started going through it, looking for a way to prevent the girls from seeing or hearing anything when they were controlled. A few hours of methodical programming later, he believe he'd found a solution. With this, the girls would no longer be conscious when someone was in their bodies. It would be as though they'd just gone to sleep.

After sending the update out to all the helmets, Ross jumped onto the message board to see if anyone else had been privy to the girls' suspicions. His only real worry was Tim. Or, rather, Faith now, since there was no original body for Tim to return to. Tim was the weak link. He knew everything about the message board and the helmets, and there was no way to retrieve him if he was discovered. The only way out was to press on, try to take over all of Faith's friends.

It wasn't long before the old urge to become the girls overtook Ross. He was definitely addicted, and why not? He'd found incredible heights of pleasure in their supple bodies. Checking the schedule, Ross found all of the girls were occupied. Damn. He scrolled through the message board, chatting with the others who were waiting for a turn. There were the usual complaints about people hogging the girls or staying past their time. But that was impossible. The program was scheduled to kick a person out after an hour. Except for Ross, of course.

Still, there were more complaints than usual about glitches today. Ross checked the history of each helmet but nothing seemed amiss. Probably just

people being entitled.

There was one message from Zealous1 that caught his eye:

*Love being inside these chicks. But can anyone bring one over to my place?
You won't regret it!*

Ross snorted. He'd been thinking along the same lines. It was a way to further monetize the app by possessing the girls and getting a little cash for something they were going to do anyway. The girls would never know and, besides, they could throw some cash their way. Leave some money hiding around their bedroom or something. Ross rationalized it as a win-win, ignoring the fact that the girls had no say in the matter. He figured what they didn't know couldn't hurt them, already too caught up in his own selfishness and hedonism to realize the extent of what he was doing to them.

His computer dinged with an alert, and he opened the controller program menu to find a new subject. Tim was still hard at work adding to the collection apparently. A few seconds later, a message came through:

Got Danika. Need more tabs.

Ross sat back and ran his hand through his clipped brown hair. Danika was a good get. A spoiled middle eastern princess. Rich and popular. Ross's cock twitched at the thought of being inside her model body, enjoying life as a rich brat with big fake tits her daddy had bought her for her eighteenth birthday. Plus, she wasn't transferred over to the schedule yet, which meant that Ross had her all to himself.

Ross adjusted the rear view mirror until Danika's long face came into view. He eyed himself carefully, making sure his makeup was perfect before shooting himself a big smile. God, she was so pretty when she smiled, revealing a perfect row of bright white teeth. Danika was statuesque, with a long body, elegant limbs, and the most amazing legs. Her nails were perfectly manicured, a delicate shade of pale pink, and her makeup was flawless. And her tits, god, her tits were incredible, straining against a tight pink top fit to burst, the mini skirt pulled up to her thigh to reveal miles of golden leg. This outfit probably cost more than Ross's entire wardrobe. As soon as he'd taken her over he'd hopped into her BMW—license plate: DADSGRL—and hightailed it over to Zealous1's house.

Ross unfolded himself from the car. He was incredibly top heavy and the sway of his hips and the bounce of his breasts took some getting used to. He walked briskly up to the townhouse, his heels clicking at each step. He'd forced himself to not undress her yet, waiting to explore Danika's body with Zealous1. Ross was aching with anticipation. He knocked on the door and stood back, petite hands clutched in front of him nervously, as though he were going on a first date. In a way he was. It was the first time he'd ever met anyone from the message board in person.

The young man who opened the door had a shock of brown hair and a querulous look on his pleasant face. He was short—though almost everyone was shorter than Danika—and had a slightly heavy build, more muscle than fat.

“Zealous1?” Ross asked.

The young man nodded. “And you are?”

“You can call me Danika. I'm from the message board.”

“Oh!” The young man's face lit up and he looked Ross up and down as Ross turned around, showing off his body.

“Brand new one,” Ross said. “She's a bit prissy and probably a virgin. And check out these.” Ross jiggled his breasts and giggled. “I thought you'd enjoy breaking her in. Can I come in?”

“Sure,” the man stood aside and Ross waltzed into the house.

The young man closed the door and Ross turned to him. “It's weird to call you by your user name. What's your real name?”

“Uh, Sam,” he said, scratching the back of his neck. His cheeks reddened and he avoided her eyes. “So, um, how should we--?” Faced with a real life woman he'd lost the bravado he showed online. Fortunately for him, Ross was ready to make it easy.

He leaned down and kissed Sam on the lips. After a moment's hesitation Sam kissed back, opening his mouth and letting Ross snake Danika's tongue inside. Ross ran his tongue around the inside of Sam's mouth, exploring his contours, enjoying the slight taste of mint on his breath. Ross felt Sam's arms wrap around his slender body and pull him close as they kissed, crushing his breasts against Sam's chest. Sam slid his hands through Ross's hair, grabbed a handful of Danika's rich brown waves and pulled his face closer, sliding his tongue into Danika's mouth, taking Ross with a desperate need. Sam's hard-on pressed against Ross, felt even through his clothes.

Ross's breath came faster as Sam took him, his strength overwhelming Danika's slender body in a way that scared Ross with the realization of his powerless form, and filled him with a needy desire to be taken. Danika's pussy was already growing moist as Sam thrust his hand beneath Ross's skirt, yanking up the hem until he could slide his hand across her cotton panties. His fingers slid over Ross's heat and he trembled, still held fast by the hair as Sam kissed him hard.

They were rough and urgent, their bodies growing warmer together. Sam pressed the side of his hand up against Danika's pussy lips, dragging his hand up her slit but still outside her panties as Ross released a breathy moan. Sam teased Ross like this, his hand sliding around Danika's thighs, over and across her panties, pressing up towards her clit hard enough to start the wonderful ache, and backing away before it could grow. He was

driving Ross crazy with lust, his panties damp and growing more soaked by the second.

Ross pulled up his lacy pink top and his massive tits tumbled free. Danika was bra-less and perfect. He brought her hands up to her chest and grabbed a breast, exploring her body by touch as he continued to make out with Sam. Danika's tits were weight but firm and bouncy. Ross squeezed himself, grabbing a handful of his own tit greedily and stroking until his nipples stood erect.

Sam pulled away, saw Ross's bare breasts and released Ross's hair to latch onto one of Danika's coffee brown nipples. Ross continued stroking his other tit with one hand, looking down at his statuesque form as Sam nibbled and suckled at his breast, his hand never ceasing to slide back and forth between Ross's legs. Ross let out a low moan as pleasure spiked within him. God, he was so wet, so unbelievably horny, driven by the sight of Danika's naked body and the feeling of her delicate flesh. She badly needed to get fucked,.

“Do you have a mirror?” Ross managed to gasp between waves of desire. “I want to watch you fuck me.”

Sam looked up and gave a roguish smile. He wrapped his hands around Danika's ass and yanked her into the air. Ross gave a delighted cry and wrapped his long legs around Sam's form. Sam turned and lumbered to the bathroom as Ross held him tight and kissed him, thrusting his pussy against Sam's chest, needing to be filled.

Sam flipped on the bathroom light and set Ross down in front of the sink. Ross turned to face the mirror, enjoying the sight of Danika's cute face, her cheeks flushed, her tits still hanging out from beneath her top and swaying down, jiggling with each movement. Her usual prissy attitude was gone, replaced with a need that showed itself on her face, teeth biting her lower lip, eyes half closed in desire. Sam yanked up Ross's skirt, then pulled his panties aside and guided his cock between Ross's legs. He rubbed his cock back and forth across Danika's slit, glazing his dick in her juices. Ross stared into his chocolate colored eyes in the mirror, delighting in the vision of loveliness before him, his body anxious and horny for more. Danika was the kind of supermodel hot that made other girls jealous. She was perfectly

put together and in control, which made it all the more delightful when she wrinkled her nose and moaned with uncontrolled desire.

The head of Sam's dick pressed against Danika's pussy lips, the pressure building as he slowly slipped into her tight entrance. Danika's face in the mirror reflected Ross's absolute lust as Sam sank slowly into him. Inch by inch the dick filled him, slipping into Danika's wet pussy. Christ, she was tight, almost painfully so as Sam's cock slid inside. Ross spread his legs, gritting his teeth as he took Sam inside, feeling his cock travel through Danika's slick canal until finally, mercifully, Sam's groin pressed against Danika's ass and Ross could feel the cockhead lodged in his center. Sam stayed there for a second, panting, just enjoying being inside Ross's wet heat. Sam's hands gripped Ross's taut ass and then he pulled out, only to slip in again, quicker this time, soon matching pace with Ross's body, in and out, in and out.

Ross gripped the edge of the sink and arched his back, moaning as he watched his big fake tits jiggle below him while he enjoyed getting fucked. Ross brought a hand between his own smooth legs, fingering his clit as Sam pounded him, growing harder, faster. Danika was soaking now, and Ross made her fingers circle her burning clit until he exploded, cumming hard, pussy quivering around the fat cock inside him. "Oh god. Harder. Yes. Harder." His voice rose in pitch, needy and horny as pleasure blasted through him. Sam groaned and came, thrusting hard and deep, urging a further cry from Ross as the wonderful cock pumped into Danika's tight cunt. Ross ached with pleasure, the heat filling him more than he'd ever thought possible and he pressed his spectacular ass back against Sam, wanting it all. Spurt after spurt of hot cum jetted into him, the cock throbbing between Danika's sensitive pussy lips as he lost her virginity to Sam, quivering and moaning while pleasure blasted through him.

When they were done, Sam lay heavily on Danika's back, kissing her smooth shoulder blades before pulling out, a trickle of cum making its way down Ross's thigh. Ross tossed his hair out of his face and turned to Sam, smiling down at him.

"That was fun, we should do this again some time." Ross smiled.

He adjusted his clothes as Sam resumed his earlier bashfulness. Sam walked Ross to the front door and they said their goodbyes. Ross got in his

car and started the engine. It was time to jump out. And yet. Looking around at the brand new Beamer he wondered what it would be like to be a snotty little princess for a day. To be rich and young and carefree. Maybe a day in the life of Danika would be just the vacation he needed after all the stress of setting up the helmets. Besides, she could use another good fuck. Or two or three.

With that in mind, Ross followed the directions in her phone to school. He was already late for his classes, but he suspected that for someone of Danika's means, that wouldn't be much of an issue.

Ross arrived as the bell for third period rang and students shuffled into the halls. They gave him deferential looks and a gaggle of Danika's friends quickly surrounded Ross. He shut down their questions about where he'd been with a weary sigh and they didn't follow up. God, this little bitch was so powerful. He spied Tim at Faith's locker and shooed his group away so he could approach alone.

“Morning, Faith,” Ross smiled.

“Morning, Danika.” She said, glancing up at him with a quirked brow.

Ross leaned closer. “It's me. Ross! I thought I'd have a little extra fun.”

Faith's eyes widened and she glanced around, then pulled him into the nearby girl's bathroom. She checked under the stalls and when she was sure they were alone she came up close and whispered.

“You've got to get out of here. You could ruin everything,” Faith hissed.

“What are you talking about?”

“My stepsister, Melissa. She's suspicious. I think she knows something's up.”

“*Your* stepsister?”

“Faith's stepsister. Whatever. The point is if we start hanging out and you're acting different then we're both under suspicion. And this is my life now, I don't want to ruin it. Do you know how great I could be with my brains and this perfect little body?”

Ross smiled, letting his evil bitch side come through. “No fucking way I'm giving all this back,” Ross said, gesturing down at Danika's body. “If they're suspicious, it's all the more reason to take them as fast as possible. If you're not with us you're against us.” Ross grabbed Faith by the back of the neck and stroked the metal tab still sticking out from her skin. “I can still reactivate this you know. Throw your body back in the mix. And you would lose...” Ross let his hand slide down around Faith's neck and graze against her breast. “...everything. It's your choice.”

Ross turned and walked out of the bathroom without looking back. There was a war to win.

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