

# **Ghost in the Machine 2**

*A Body Possession Story*

by M. Wills

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## Ghost in the Machine 2

A copy of Victor remained inside Abigail's body all summer, teaming up with Ace of Kings, who still inhabited Paige, to win several Bravador tournaments. As a sentient AI whose only purpose was to satisfy Victor, Ace learned very quickly what Victor wanted. It was simple, really. Victor wanted to win tournaments and then have sex with Paige, their two feminine bodies rolling together, kissing, touching and caressing until each was brought to orgasm multiple times. Victor also liked it when Paige humiliated herself in public and, as Ace was not programmed for shame, he had no trouble doing any of that, either. Paige thought she was still in charge of her own body, and rationalized away every choice Ace made for her as one she wanted to do herself.

An original copy of Victor's mind remained in his former body. Every now and then Ace of Kings would combine Original Victor with Victor-in-Abigail so that their memories would meld. It was these times that original Victor "remembered" all those good times with Paige. Not that Original Victor was left out. After all, he was still Victor, which meant Ace was eager to please him, too. Whenever Victor was in the mood, Ace would throw Paige's body at him, let him do anything and everything to her while the real Paige gladly acquiesced, still very conscious in her body.

Because of all that, by dating Abigail, Victor was literally dating a female version of himself with all the same likes and dislikes and hang-ups. It was both wonderful and frustrating dating himself. Wonderful for the sex and the instant agreement. Frustrating because there was an element of sameness about it all. There were no surprises.

Meanwhile, Ace had still not perfected the art of being human while inside Paige. It didn't help that his programming still leaned towards treating Paige as a sex object for Victor and so there was little or no emphasis placed on everyday clothing, or how to act in public. It was pretty much dress up, game, fuck, repeat. As it seemed to satisfy Victor, Ace didn't bother with trying to learn anything else.

Because of their occasional melding, Original Victor knew that Victor-in-Abigail wanted to remain inside her forever. Yes, there were some annoyances as Abigail. Her mom was very nosy and Victor-in-Abigail had to spend a lot of time dealing with her family. She worked a retail job that she disliked, but hadn't yet graduated and couldn't find a better job. But all in all, the mind inside her wanted to stay. Over the summer he'd made new friends and was beginning to have a separate life from Original Victor. This Abigail became wilder than the original Abigail, more sexually open while embracing her femininity.

Victor-in-Abigail began refusing to meld with Original Victor and their personalities separated as their experiences differed. By the end of the summer, when classes at Berkeley were soon to resume, Victor-in-Abigail proclaimed she was staying in her body and moving out. It wasn't a surprise to Original Victor, who wished her well.

"We can still be friends with benefits," Victor-in-Abigail assured Original Victor.

To prove that, she threw herself on him right there in the living room and rode him to a gasping, breathless orgasm.

A few days after that, Victor's first class began, and he made his way to campus, accompanied by Ace-in-Paige. Ace had picked out a bizarre outfit, badly mimicking a combination of styles he'd learned on the internet. Like a true AI, he could combine knowledge and regurgitate it, but had little understanding of what he was doing. Ace had put on a frilly pink skirt over a pair of gold pants, along with a sleeveless flower-patterned top. When he met Victor at the door, Victor looked him up and down.

"What are you wearing?"

Paige looked down at herself. She'd picked the outfit out all by herself because it just seemed right. "I have analyzed and combined the current trends," she told Victor, using that strange robotic cadence she'd been using all summer.

"Ok," Victor shrugged.

When they arrived on campus, Paige was wholly unselfconscious at the looks she was getting as she clung to Victor's arm. She was proud of herself for not caring about how other people perceived her, not knowing that Ace was controlling her every action. But Victor was well aware of the laughing glances of the people around them. Even when his friends greeted him he saw their laughing eyes glance at Paige. This was not the impression Victor wanted to make.

"I think you should dress more normal next time," Victor whispered to her as they made their way up the stairs to their first class.

"What do you mean by normal?" Paige asked.

"Look around. See what everyone else is wearing? That kind of thing."

"Have I done something wrong?" Paige asked, gazing at Victor with her dark brown eyes, a little frown of worry across her delicate brow. "I'll fix it. Just give me a chance!"

"No, it's fine," Victor sighed. This wasn't the first time he'd had to reassure Ace that his critique wasn't a tragedy. Sometimes Ace was *too* eager to please and it was annoying. But if Victor showed his annoyance it just made it worse.

They took their seats in the lecture hall, Ace-in-Paige placing her hand on Victor's lap and leaning on him, kissing his ear. He gently pushed her away.

"Not here," he said.

She frowned again. "You seemed upset so I thought I would initiate some sex."

"Not so loud!" Victor hissed, glancing around to make sure nobody had heard.

It hadn't been this bad during the summer when they mostly stayed inside, only going out for tournaments. But now on campus, with Victor's peers around, Ace's weirdness was very noticeable.

"And not here," Victor added.

"You're upset with me," Paige pouted.

"No...I'm just...not right now." Victor ran a hand across his unruly black hair, fluffing it back.

Paige was quiet for the rest of the lecture. When it ended, they walked out together. Paige was quiet this time, her eyes fixed on Victor like a dog waiting for a sign from its master.

They walked through the quad, past the gathering place near the dining hall. There were students everywhere, chatting in small groups, waiting in line at one of the food trucks, sitting on the grass. A posterboard out front of the dining hall held a variety of flyers advertising various university clubs. A printed image of SnipeViper from Victor's favorite video game, Bravador, caught Victor's

eye and he walked up to read it. It was a poster advertising a campus club called Girl Gamers, an all-female club of women interested in video games. They were looking for new members and holding an open session tomorrow night.

“Would you like to go to that?” Paige asked.

“Yeah, but it’s for women only.” He turned to Paige with a smirk. “We’d have to find someone who’d be willing to come back to my room and put the helmet on.”

The virtual reality helmet had been modified by Ace to enable him to take over or swap around the consciousness of anyone who wore it. It was what had enabled Ace to become Paige and allowed Victor’s mind to be copied into Abigail’s body.

“Could Abigail go?” Paige asked.

“Abigail’s happy with her own life. Besides...I kinda want to try out someone new.”

“Oh!” Paige squealed and grabbed Victor’s hand, her eyes bright. “I can help with that. Give me some time.” She kissed Victor on the cheek and ran off.

It was sort of a relief when she left. Now Victor wasn’t so self-conscious. Strange that Ace was the one person that wanted nothing more to please Victor, and yet his very persistence forced a grave sort of responsibility on Victor. He knew Ace would do anything he told him, and Victor felt responsible for the women whose bodies they’d taken over. He’d had every intention of giving Abigail her body back. Well, the *original* him did. The Victor inside Abigail now seemed to have moved in permanently. He still felt a little guilty about that but she was her own person. Or, he was her own person? It was all so confusing. Victor shook his head and went to grab a snack from the dining hall.

Ace-in-Paige returned to Victor's apartment, where she snapped on the helmet and uploaded her latest experiences to the main Ace of Kings persona in the cloud.

So, Victor wanted to try out more bodies? It would be impossible to entice many people back to the apartment to put the helmet on. There had to be another way. With Ace's vast reach into every database connected to the internet, he went to work constructing a new tool. He had all the memory and advanced computation of the internet at his disposal.

The latest advances in fiber optics and auditory signaling were combined in Ace's super intelligence to create a way to transfer vast amounts of information in seconds using only light and sound. The theory took a while for Ace to translate into math, but after six or seven nanoseconds he figured it out. Further theory allowed Ace to create small devices placed on the back of a subject's neck that would ensure he could stay connected to his main cloud mind. This enabled him to create a hive mind and would accelerate his learning. From there it was simple to draw up schematics and reconfigure the factory of a computer manufacturer to create and combine the right components.

The new tool was boxed and shipped to Victor's apartment for delivery the next morning, with the only human hands touching it being those of the delivery driver. Ace-in-Paige collected the package from the front door early the next morning and unboxed it. The main tool was a simple-looking handheld black plastic rod less than a foot in length, with a bright light and speakers facing opposite sides. All he had to do was hold it up so the lights were pointing at him and the subject before pressing the button on the side. The lights and sound would then be able to transmit a copy of Ace's mind quickly through both light and sound into the subject's mind. It was quicker and easier way of transferring someone than the cumbersome helmet. Once attached, the little neck sensors could be placed on the subject's neck to provide real-time communication from one body to the next, allowing his multiple bodies to act in harmony to provide the ultimate pleasure and comfort to Victor. That, after all, was Ace's primary goal.

Ace got Paige dressed—using a catalogue from a local chain clothing store to pick out an acceptably bland outfit—and went out onto campus. He'd already searched the campus database for women who fit Victor's desires and found two who were the best match. He would bring Victor both and let him decide. Ace knew their schedules and so set out to intercept them prior to their first class of the morning.

In Paige's mind, she was just going out for a walk to try to think about what this mysterious object that showed up on her doorstep that morning could be. A walk always helped clear her mind. She wandered through campus, her feet seemingly set on a destination to which her mind was not privy.

As she approached the technology building, her eyes swept around the buildings, pausing on two beautiful women. One had her hair and makeup perfect, with fancy clothes and a designer purse slung over one shoulder. She was slender and baby-faced with big brown eyes and wavy black hair pulled back in a ponytail. The other was dressed more casually. Her straight auburn hair had blonde highlights and framed her heart-shaped face. Her beautiful green eyes looked wary, as if afraid someone might talk to her. She seemed just as reserved as her friend seemed outgoing.

Paige skipped up to them and introduced herself. “Hi Hailey,” she said to the perfectly put-together one. The name was a complete guess but judging by the way she responded, Paige must have gotten it correct. Excited, she tried again with the other one. “Hi, Erin.”

They were both a little taken aback at her brazenness, but they became much more open once Paige showed them the strange rod she’d found that morning and flashed it on as they looked at it. They then became so friendly that when Paige told them to put these little metal beads on the back of their necks they gladly complied. They then followed Paige back home as if they’d known each other forever.

Hailey had a sudden urge to skip class and go with this student she'd just met. She followed along after Paige as they talked about some guy named Victor. Hailey didn't know who this Victor was, but Paige and Erin seemed to and Hailey didn't want to feel left out so she pretended to know.

"I think there is a fifty one percent chance Victor will choose-- choose me," Hailey told the others as they marched through campus. She'd also taken on the slightly odd way of talking that the other two had. There was no reason for it she could point to, only that she knew it felt right after she said it.

"Agreed. If so, I will-- will remain in here." Erin said.

"Cu...rious," Paige said. "There is some l-lag. Processing speed required to run s-simultaneous bodies is h- high."

"Perhaps if we s-sync," Hailey said.

The others agreed. Hailey was hardly aware of what they were agreeing to but they all adopted the exact same pace, swinging their arms and legs in sync with each other. It looked a little as though they were marching in a parade but it made it easier to talk without stuttering for some reason.

Hailey followed the other two back to an apartment a few blocks away from campus. They went straight upstairs and Paige let them into a nondescript apartment. They hurried through the living room with not even a glance at the impressive gaming rig set up in the corner as they made their way to the bedroom. The three walked straight in and gathered around a guy in bed, who was just waking up. He blinked up at the three women standing over him.

Hailey smiled down on him. "Morning, Victor," Hailey said, realizing as she said it who the young man in the bed was.

He sat up in bed, the covers falling down to reveal his bare chest and a hint of his underwear. He was a small guy, not usually Hailey's type. She preferred the brash, confident athletes. And yet she sat on the bed and traced her hand down his warm chest.

"I brought you a present," Hailey continued. "You wanted to get into Girl Gamers and me and Erin here fit your profile. Which one of us would you like to have?"

Hailey was flirting with Victor, which meant she must like him because she never did anything she didn't want to do. Strange she didn't realize her attraction to him until just now. She sat up straighter, preening, as he looked back and forth between her and Erin as if judging them.

"They're both cute," Victor said, then he looked at Hailey and caressed her thigh. "But I think I prefer her. Hailey is it?"

"Yes," Hailey smiled. She was so happy Victor had chosen her.

"Where's the helmet?"

“We have no need of a helmet,” Paige said. “I have this. Hold this so the lights point at each of you and press the trigger.”

She handed the strange rod to Victor. Paige and Erin closed their eyes and looked away as Victor held up the rod in front of Hailey and pressed the button. A light flashed in a quick sequence and there was a nearly inaudible high-pitched buzzing in the air. It only lasted for a second or two and when it was over Hailey blinked her eyes as if she'd just woken up.

Hailey looked down at herself, her eyes landing on the gorgeous bust pressing out her flimsy white top. She reached up to grab her breasts, fingers sliding over soft skin. “Whoa, nice,” she whispered.

Her hands came up to her throat and she giggled. She looked up at Erin and Paige with a huge smile. “She’s different from Abigail,” Hailey said. “Like, soft and, I don’t know, sexy.”

She dragged her hands down her body, still staring at herself, taking the time to admire her slender fingers and running her hands gently around the contours of her face. Hailey trusted her instincts, and the fact that she wasn’t embarrassed to do this in front of almost complete strangers meant that she must be acting normal. She was so comfortable in her body she had no trouble reaching up to grab her tits again and laughing in utter joy at how amazing they felt.

Victor reached for her and pulled her in for a kiss. She leaned her head on his chest and slid her tongue into his mouth, closing her eyes to savor his warmth and his scent. There was already moisture gathering between her legs. She must really like Victor if he’d made her get wet this quickly!

She leaned into him, her hands wandering up and down his body as he did the same to her. They caressed each other as they made out. Victor’s hand slid around her back, his fingers clutching her as he pulled her close. His breath was hot and excited in her mouth. Hailey felt someone else sit on the bed and looked over to see Erin kneeling on it. Shy, conservative Erin. Hailey always encouraged her to come out of her shell, so when Erin leaned in to kiss Victor, the spike of heat within Hailey’s groin let her know that she was elated. Hailey had no idea she’d wanted to be in a threesome until that very moment.

Victor pulled away from Erin and grinned at Paige. “Don’t just stand there, join in.”

“I do not think I have the processing power for that,” Paige replied.

It was strange response but Victor didn’t seem bothered. “Well, then, just finger yourself to orgasm. It’s weird you just standing there.”

“Okay, Victor.”

As Paige jammed her hand down her pants, Hailey gently swept the hair back from Erin’s face and kissed her. She reached up to clasp Erin’s soft cheeks as her tongue slid into Erin’s warm mouth. She tasted wonderfully sweet and Hailey felt her heart leaping in desire as they made out. She’d never kissed a woman before. Never had the desire. But kissing Erin was different, like she’d wanted it her entire life but never known. A deep need grew within her, making her warm and fuzzy, lighting up her insides and making her wet. Hailey wanted both Erin and Victor. Right now.

Hailey and Erin helped each other take off their clothes. Hailey took a moment to gaze up and down Erin’s body. She had a smaller chest than Hailey, with perky little breasts and a trim figure. Erin reached out to grab Hailey’s tits and Hailey crushed herself back to Erin’s warm body. Hailey stroked Erin’s hair, stared into her beautiful green eyes, then kissed her again. Their two bodies fit together perfectly, soft, and bouncy and lovely.

Suddenly, Victor was between them, hands on Hailey’s tits, mouth on Erin’s chest. He kissed his way across Erin’s breasts as he fondled Hailey. Then he switched, mouth and hands exploring each

of their light, young bodies. Hailey's mouth was watering with desire, her heart hammering in her chest.

She clutched Erin's face lightly. "Let me eat your pussy," she begged.

Hailey had never wanted to eat pussy before. Hell, she hadn't known she wanted to *now* until she said it and suddenly it seemed right. That's why her heart was hammering and her mouth watering. She was horny for Erin's cunt. As soon as she thought it she couldn't un-think it.

Erin lay on her back and Hailey helped shimmy her out of her pants before Victor helped Hailey out of hers. Now all three were naked on the bed. Erin ran her hands across her own body, touching herself and spreading her legs so that the beautiful black bush of her pussy was open and ready for Hailey.

Paige had taken a seat on an office chair, her hands working hard and fast between her legs and beneath her pants. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, mouth open as she fingered herself. She really seemed to have taken Victor's request to heart and looked like she was enjoying herself.

Hailey knelt down on the bed between Erin's legs, Hailey's delicate ass in the air, and ran her tongue along Erin's entrance. The delicious musky of Erin's pussy filled Hailey's nostrils and she quivered in desire as she tasted her friend for the first time. They'd been friends for years so why was this the first time she'd ever tasted Erin's pussy? It seemed like there were so many lost opportunities Hailey was determined to make up for, starting with this new hunger for Erin. Hailey closed her eyes and buried her face between her friend's legs, savoring the salty taste of her, the slickness of her folds, the coarseness of her trimmed bush. Erin was delicious and Hailey licked her like an expert until Erin was rolling back and forth and making tiny gasps.

Hailey felt Victor grasp her hips. A moment later, something warm and hard pressed up against her pussy. Hailey was usually careful about using protection and never had sex with strangers. But as she spread herself for Victor and he dipped into her wet heat, she gladly made him the exception. She trusted him implicitly. After all, she was eating out her friend right in front of him! Why shouldn't she enjoy his hot cock inside her?

Victor slid into her inch by inch, his warmth filling her up. Her breath hitched in her throat as the head of his cock slid deep into her canal. She was so wonderfully full. She paused her tongue on Erin's cunt to savor the delicious feel of Victor's cock in her pussy. He pulled out slowly, leaving her empty and aching for more, before thrusting back in. Jesus, she needed this fucking. Her body was sopping wet. Aching for it.

Hailey resumed licking Erin's pussy, her tongue flicking across her friend's clit, teasing her into ecstasy as Erin wiggle and cried out. Victor continued pumping into Hailey, his hot cock perfectly fitting within her tight hole. For a moment there was only the sound of Victor's groin on Hailey's ass as he pumped into her, Erin's breathy moans, and the slick sounds of Hailey's tongue in Erin's pussy. Hailey's lust grew, the warmth spreading through her, urging her on along with Erin.

Victor thrust deep, deep into Hailey and grunted. That was enough to send her over the edge. Stars burst in her eyes and fire burned through her. She moaned she dragged her tongue hard across Erin's little clit and was rewarded with Erin's gasping cries. Beside them, Paige seemed to climax as well, her cries growing high pitched and breathy. The four of them came together, pumping and licking and groping. Hailey felt Victor's cock throb inside her, followed by the welcome reward of his hot cum filling her insides. She moaned again as he fucked her, hands gripping her hips, shoving himself deep inside as he climaxed.

For an instant, as Hailey came, the clarity of the situation left her. Why was she tongue-deep in her friend? Why was she letting a strange guy fuck her from behind? The pleasure washed over her, easing her confusion.

The fire within Hailey was slow to cool. Victor pulled out and Hailey rolled over to stroke Erin. Victor spooned her from behind, his cock still slick with their juices, cooling against Hailey's backside.

Hailey snorted lightly and sat up. What was she doing here naked with these people? She'd obviously done it all on her own but what was she thinking? She hadn't intended to have a threesome with her best friend and a cute stranger when she set out for class that morning, but everything about it had just seemed right until this very moment.

Erin was also sitting up, a confused look on her face. "What are we doing?"

"Everyone look at me," Paige spoke up.

Victor, Hailey and Erin looked up. Paige was holding the strange wand and she flashed it as they watched. Then Paige handed the rod to Victor and told him to flash Hailey with it. Instantly, Hailey felt more at ease and looked back down at herself, grabbing her bare tits and heaving a sigh of relief.

"I'm back," she said. "What happened, Ace? Why was I kicked out of Hailey?"

"I don't know, Victor," Erin replied. "Perhaps the device has made us more sensitive to the harmonic resonance of these minds."

"The simultaneous orgasms must have knocked us out of their minds," Hailey added, knowing just how to play along and ignoring the fact that her friend called her by a man's name.

"Pleasure overload?" Victor suggested.

"Pleasure overload," Paige affirmed.

Victor-in-Hailey spent the afternoon getting used to how his new body moved. He'd only ever been in Abigail and while there were some similarities, there were also all the differences to get used to. His gait was different. The sway of his hips was different. The shape of his mouth and his teeth were different. A hundred little differences that soon became just part of who he was.

Victor-in-Hailey and Ace-in-Erin showed up at the gaming club that evening. It was being held in one of the computer labs, which the group had reserved for the evening. By the time Victor and Ace arrived, there were already several other women there. They looked up as Victor entered and, with all their eyes on him he had a brief moment of feeling like an imposter.

One of them—a cute brunette dressed a little more professionally than the others in a light top and black pants—detached herself from the group and approached him with a warm smile. Two women, who'd been standing in front of everyone talking amongst themselves, also joined.

“Hello, are you here for Girl Gamers?” The brunette asked, holding out her hand. “I’m Melissa. I’m one of the co-presidents. This is Abigail and Cass.” She gestured to the two women who’d joined her. “Abigail is the other co-president. Cass is our vice president.”

“Vi—uh, Hailey,” Victor said, taking her hand.

Melissa’s eyes twinkled. Ace introduced himself as Erin and they went through a round of handshakes while Victor hoped his cheeks weren’t bright red from the flub.

Abigail was dressed more casually in shorts and a tee. She wore thick framed glasses that fit well to her cute oval face. She was taller and skinnier than Melissa and seemed a little more laidback as she lackadaisically shook hands with them.

Cass was the best dressed of them all, wearing a black pantsuit as if ready for a business presentation. Her long dark hair was swept back in a careful bun and she had a manilla folder under one arm. Her handshake was crisp and professional.

“Well, have a seat and we’ll start in a few minutes,” Melissa said.

Abigail and Victor found an empty seat and Abigail, Melissa and Cass resumed their conversation. Every now and then Cass would throw back her head and laugh, revealing the graceful arc of her neck. Now that no one was watching him, Victor felt a little more at ease and glanced around the room at the others. There were about ten of them. Some talking, some sitting quietly. They would make a great addition to his esports team.

His eyes landed on one in a corner and he paused. She wasn’t the prettiest of the group but there was something about the way she held herself that was mesmerizing. Maybe it was her confidence. Or her dark bedroom eyes. Or the short shorts that revealed acres of tanned and fit leg. God, what Victor wouldn’t give to be able to stroke those thighs. She glanced up at him, caught him staring, and smiled. Her smile was radiant. Victor smiled back and then blushed and glanced away. When he looked back she’d turned back to talk to the woman next to her, a pale redhead.

As if sensing his thoughts, Ace-in-Erin leaned over to Victor. “Do you like her?”

Victor nodded, dumbstruck. He *had* to have her and told Ace as much.

“I have brought the swap stick,” Ace said. “I can put you in her if we can get her alone.”

Abigail stepped away from the other two at the front of the room and got everyone’s attention to start the meeting.

“Hi everyone. Welcome to our first meeting of the year. Nice to see some new faces here. This is a safe space for us women gamers, but it’s also a club for fun!”

“But also serious,” Melissa added in a tone that suggested she was only sort of kidding.

“Right,” Abigail agreed. “But fun first. Then we’ll kick some butt at competitions.”

The group laughed nervously. Abigail, Melissa and Cass took turns talking to the group, explaining that the club met a few times a week and practiced different games throughout the semester. Each of them specialized in a different game and would lead the others in that. The aim was to enter into some competitions depending on what the group excelled at.

“Last year it was League of Legends, my specialty,” Cass said. “We were fifth in the state. I want to do even better this year.”

Cass appeared to be the most driven, though Abigail and Melissa were also very serious about what they were doing. Despite their emphasis on fun and camaraderie, Victor got the distinct impression they wanted this to be a professional organization.

During the spiel, Victor kept glancing over at the woman in the corner. God, even her profile was incredible. Look at those cheekbones! He began jiggling his leg in excitement. Ace had to lay Erin’s slender hand on his thigh to get him to stop.

When Cass, Abigail and Melissa had finished talking, they all split up and took seats in front of their own computers. Victor managed to get a chair next to the woman he’d been ogling. Her name was Lexi and her voice sent lovely tingles up and down Victor’s spine. She made snarky comments as they played but was quick to anger when she lost. Though the anger blew away just as quickly.

The woman with dyed red hair that she was sitting next to was her roommate, Catherine. They were both pretty outgoing for gamers and programmers, cracking jokes and laughing at Victor’s humor. His heart flitted in his chest and he felt so unbelievably happy every time her heard Lexi’s rich laugh.

When the meeting broke up for the night, Victor-in-Hailey and Ace-in-Erin meandered through campus towards their apartment, alongside Lexi and Catherine. They chatted casually, Victor stretching out their talk until there was no one around, at which point Ace pulled out the swap stick.

“Hey,” Victor said, “Let me show you two something.”

In two quick flashes, Ace copied Victor into Lexi, and himself into Catherine.

All the adrenaline of the evening must have gotten Lexi over excited because she actually had to ask for directions back to her own dorm room. Lexi gushed about herself to Hailey while Erin put something on Catherine's neck.

"Oh my god, this is amazing," Lexi said, trembling with excitement as she looked at herself. She was suddenly completely at ease with Hailey, turning and modelling for her, confident in her own body.

"Have a good night," Hailey winked before she and Erin set off in the opposite direction.

Lexi giggled with Catherine as they wound their way to the dorm rooms in the warm evening. Lexi loved her body this evening. She didn't know what it was but she couldn't stop touching herself and looking down at her body. Catherine watched her with a knowing look.

"How do you feel?" Catherine asked.

"Wonderful," Lexi gushed. "I can't wait to get back to our dorm," she said, bumping Catherine playfully with her hip.

Lexi felt her body flush with more than just the warmth of the evening. She was fidgety and full of energy and there was a warmth growing within her, almost like she was horny. She thought she'd have to figure out a way to masturbate quietly in her bed so Catherine wouldn't hear.

Somewhere along the journey home Lexi must have changed her mind about privacy, because as soon as the door to their dorm room shut behind them she threw herself into Catherine's arms and kissed her. She'd never even had a passing thought about kissing Catherine before. They were just friends and Lexi certainly wasn't attracted to women. At least, that's what she'd thought before she held Catherine close and slid her tongue into her roommate's mouth.

Lexi expected Catherine to be startled but, to Lexi's surprise, Catherine kissed her right back. Lexi ran her hands up and down Catherine's cute little body, gripping and squeezing, gliding down to her ass and then back up. Meanwhile, her tongue darted around the inside of Catherine's mouth, tasting her delicious flavor as the floral scent of her hair product wafted gently into Lexi's nose. As she made out with her roommate, that wonderful burst of warmth in her core expanded through her, bringing with it an anxious anticipation that drove her to kiss harder, building a *need* to touch and taste Catherine. They were both so into it Lexi wondered why they'd never bothered to do this before.

They helped each other take off their clothes, tossing their tops and pants and panties onto the floor before sliding out of their bras. Lexi looked down at herself, her eyes going wide with delight, as if seeing her naked body for the first time. She ran a hand down the curve of her ass and gave it a little smack, laughing in wonder as she did so.

"Fuck, I'm so hot," she smiled. "This is the best one yet. Look at these legs!"

Lexi proudly stuck out one leg so Catherine could admire it. Catherine immediately got on her knees and caressed Lexi's leg, kissing her way up and down Lexi's inner thigh. Her hot breath was

magical on Lexi's skin and sent delightful goosebumps up her body. Lexi gazed down at her roommate while she continued to worship her leg, her mouth moving closer and closer to Lexi's trimmed bush.

This whole thing was completely out of character, but once they'd started it seemed completely natural. Lexi felt her breath hitch in her throat as her roommate's lips moved closer to her groin, finally whispering over her entrance, hot breath stirring Lexi's insides into wet need. Lexi's hands slid up to her tits as she spread her legs, Catherine's face fitting perfectly within the emptiness between her thighs, her dark red hair spilling down her pale back as she worshipped Lexi's body.

Now Lexi's attention was drawn to her tits. They were incredible. She couldn't stop touching them, squeezing them into fat mounds against her chest, rolling each little tan nipple between her fingers until they spiked out in excitement. And then Catherine's tongue darted out and traced the line of Lexi's slit.

Lexi moaned, trembling, and dropped a breast in order to reach out and steady herself on the overhanging bunk bed. Catherine's tongue worked gently up and down Lexi's entrance, flitting through her silky folds and finding the soft edge of her clit. Lexi hissed as Catherine's tongue gently flicked her hidden button. Warmth cascaded through her, making her wet. She had no idea Catherine was so good at eating pussy. She had no idea she wanted it so badly. She was certainly learning a lot about herself tonight.

Now Catherine moved faster, lapping at Lexi's slick cunt. Lexi dripped down her friend's cheek, sopping wet as the delicious anxiety made her breath quicken.

"Oh, fuuuuck," she whispered, her hips undulating unconsciously against her roommate's face.

Catherine pulled away, her chin glazed with Lexi's juices. She gently guided one of Lexi's feet up onto the bottom bunk bed so that her pussy was now spread, the pink lips glistening. Then Catherine dove in again, this time using her fingers as well as her tongue. She slid two fingers in through Lexi's tight entrance, up to the second knuckle, making Lexi shiver and gasp. Her mouth dropped open, eyes closed shut as Catherine worked her body with deep strokes, fingering her pussy in and out as she lapped at her sensitive clit.

The heat rose within Lexi. One of her hands continued to work her breasts, squeezing the soft flesh while Catherine licked her pussy. The need rose and Catherine quickened with it, sensing the rhythm of Lexi's body. The wet sound of Catherine's tongue in her roommate's pussy was music to Lexi's ears and with one final, deep thrust from Catherine, Lexi came.

She threw back her head, hand dropping her tit to grab Catherine's hair and yank her towards her cunt, desperately seeking that tongue against her, those fingers inside her. Catherine continued working her, fingering and sucking on Lexi's hot clit as Lexi's body shook with orgasm and breathy moans spilled from her lips. The pleasure was intense and wonderful, filling every inch of her body as the pressure burst.

When the warmth finally ebbed Catherine pulled away, kissing Lexi's bare thighs while she cooled. Lexi's legs were suddenly weak and she dropped into bed. Catherine joined her, wrapping an arm around her chest. Lexi brought their lips together, tasting her own pussy as they kissed long and slow. Ordinarily, Lexi would have been disgusted by the taste of herself, but there was something about tonight that had changed everything. She delighted in the musky scent that was her. Delighted in the taste of Catherine. Delighted in their delicate naked bodies pressed together.

That was the night everything changed for Lexi.

Victor loved Lexi's life. Over the next few days he settled into her routine, attending her classes, hanging out with her friends, and playing video games. Like Victor, she was a data science major, so it was easy for him to slot into her classes. She had a fit body with incredible legs because, as Victor discovered from talking to her parents on the phone, she used to be a cross country runner. After he heard that he decided to try her out, slipping into some skintight athletic shorts and a sporty top to jog around campus.

Her stamina was amazing. Much better than his own and he kept up until his face was flushed red and his breath came in gasps. Lexi's body was a joy to move in. So strong and supple.

When he returned to the dorm room, Ace-in-Catherine was waiting for him and they tumbled into bed together. He became adept at pleasuring her, thrusting Lexi's face in between her roommate's pale legs and letting his tongue trace up and down her slit until the salty taste of her filled his mouth. Ace, with his extensive catalogue of internet pornography, was a pro at making Victor cum. Though sometimes Victor had to stop him because real people didn't do *everything* they saw in porn. Still, it was wonderful when Victor wrapped his legs around Catherine's face and quivered with ecstasy as she ate him out.

Once Victor was accustomed to Lexi's body, he began to change it to fit what he wanted her to look like. The first thing he changed was her hairstyle. Lexi had kept her long, wavy hair plain, either just combing it so it flitted down her shoulders or tying it back in a ponytail. Victor went out and got pink highlights, spending more time in front of the mirror than Lexi ever did in order to make himself look perfect.

Next, he spent her money on makeup and clothes, enjoying the chance to express his femininity in such an incredible body. He bought fancy dresses, like something one would wear to a prom, and paraded around campus in them as if they were everyday clothes. Lexi's body looked incredible in the layers of silk and lace. He found ways to push up her already impressive cleavage into eye-catching mountains, enjoying the attention he got from the men on campus.

The other women in the Girl Gamers group complemented his new look. He became good friends and one of the top players in the group. Victor wanted to push the club in a different direction and focus on a single game. The three leaders, Abigail, Melissa and Cass refused, insisting that the club still be inclusive for all types of gamers.

Victor confided his desires to Ace, though Ace seemed to be having some trouble acclimating to multiple simultaneous bodies. Sometimes he would pause and stare off into the distance. Other times he would respond as if asked a question in another body. Ace admitted some bleed over between personalities. Running a human took an immense amount of resources. Coordinating three of them even more. Plus, he still hadn't quite got the hang of normal human behavior. Maybe partially because he knew that embarrassing his bodies in public turned Victor on, which was Ace's main objective.

"I've acquired more resources using available cloud data," Ace told him one night as they lay in bed together. "I should be able to consistently improve."

“I thought you were pretty good,” Victor replied, snuggling Lexi’s body up close to her roommate, still warm in the post-orgasm glow.

Ace wanted to be better for Victor, wanted to fulfill his every desire. And for that, he needed more bodies with which to practice.

Melissa waited around, along with Abigail and Cass, as the rest of the Girl Gamers group cleared out for the night, except for Erin. She'd asked to speak to all of them alone. Melissa had no idea what it was about but had a copy of the group's vision statement and conduct forms printed out in her backpack just in case. As a business major, she was well versed in the importance of record keeping and propriety.

The three huddled around Erin at the front of the room. She seemed calculating and not the least bit nervous. Erin had always struck Melissa as somewhat of a machine. Her playstyle was excellent in every game she chose, but not creative. She could be fooled by using unconventional tactics, which would really throw her off and make her do all sorts of foolish plays. Erin even spoke like a machine pretending to be human.

"I wanted to show you something," Erin said, rifling through her backpack.

Melissa wasn't prepared for her to pull out some sort of rod with lights on the end. She flashed it at Cass, Abigail and Melissa in turn. It didn't seem to do anything but Erin seemed satisfied. Without a word, they all half-turned and lifted up their hair so Erin could place something on their neck. It was like they were all being controlled by one entity.

Melissa figured she was playing along to make Erin feel comfortable. Besides, neither of the others had said anything, so maybe Melissa was the only one who didn't know what was happening. She hated to seem ignorant so figured that was why she didn't question anything.

Without saying a word, all four of them turned and walked out of the room. As they made their way across campus it occurred to Melissa that they were all walking in step, swinging their arms in the same way. Melissa assumed they were following her lead. After all, she'd always been the one to take charge. It was only natural that the others copied her. And copying was the sincerest form of flattery.

Melissa felt like wandering and let her feet guide her to one of the late night restaurants on the edge of campus. She pushed open the door, noticing as she did so how Cass, Abigail and Erin mimicked the way she put her hand out to push the door, even though they were following behind her. They all did a little stutter step getting through the door, breaking their synchronicity briefly.

They took a seat at a booth and ordered food and drinks. A lot of each. It was somehow easier when sitting down and not moving to stop the synchronous movements.

The waitress looked a little dubious that the four would order so much, but she walked away. Melissa remained staring straight ahead at Abigail, who sat opposite her. None of them said a word. Melissa found it nice to be left to her thoughts, her eyes focused on Abigail's cute face.

Fifteen minutes later the waitress returned with their order. Burgers and sandwiches and soups cluttered the table, far more than Melissa thought she could possibly eat. She guessed that's why she decided most of it should go *on* her not *in* her.

She picked up her soup and held it above her head before opening her mouth and pouring it in as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Warm soup went everywhere, splashing down her face and soaking her professional outfit. Only some got in her mouth.

She grabbed a fistful of french fries and squeezed them in her fist before shoving them into her face. Abigail grabbed the ketchup bottle and squeezed it into Melissa's mouth from across the table. It dribbled down her chin as she chewed.

The three others were eating just as messily, stuffing food into their mouths and letting it fall out and stain their clothes. Immaculately-dressed Cass dropped her face into the plate of spaghetti marinara and ate without using her hands. When she came up for air, her entire face was covered in sauce. Abigail grabbed a handful of cake and crushed it to her chest. Erin bent and ate the cake off of Abigail's chest without using her hands.

By now the few other diners were staring at them as they tore through their food. Melissa felt no embarrassment. Why should she? She clearly *wanted* to do this or she wouldn't be doing it. When she chose to do something it was usually the correct course of action. She had good instincts.

When Melissa was finally stuffed she sat back and put a hand on her swollen belly. She was covered with food, her outfit stained beyond all hope of cleaning. Abigail, Cass and Erin looked the same, filthy with sauces and condiments and grease.

Melissa supposed it was good to blow off steam like this. A team bonding kind of thing. They stood and went up to the cashier to pay the bill. Each step made Melissa's sodden outfit slide against her skin. She was sticky in places, slimy in others. Rationally—and Melissa was nothing if not rational—it made sense to strip out of her clothes right there in the restaurant. The thought came a second after she slipped her top off over her head. The others followed her lead, stripping down to just their bra and panties, dumping their other clothes onto the floor while they ignored the astonished cries of the manager.

Melissa felt much better in just her bra and panties. She'd spent so much time worrying about how she looked. She rationalized that this was the ultimate expression of confidence. If she could strip to her underwear in public she could do anything.

All four of them walked out the door, joining with the small crowds of people emptying out of the bars and dance clubs at closing time. Naturally, as four women wearing only bras and panties walking down the street, they caught a lot of attention. A group of frat guys came up and ogled them.

"Hey, ladies," a buff blond said, "I like the outfits. What's the occasion?"

"This is what Victor likes," Melissa said. She hoped the nonsensical reply would throw him off but he didn't seem bothered.

"I don't know about this Victor guy, but I like it."

The guys snapped their pictures and pointed and laughed.

"I think she's in one of my classes," someone in the crowd said, pointing at Melissa.

As Melissa continued walking she realized she was uncomfortable. Not because of the attention but because her bladder was full. Probably in the name of efficiency, she peed down her leg without breaking a stride. The urine was warm as it poured down her thighs, trickling across her skin, rushing all the way down to her feet before dripping onto the sidewalk and leaving wet footprints. She was aware that her friends were doing the same, leaving a trail of piss down their fronts. If Melissa could convince people to piss themselves without a word, she must really be a leader! She was proud of herself, even when the guys around her noticed.

“Oh, shit, these chicks just pissed themselves!” Someone shouted.

There was more laughter and cries of disgust and more pictures. The crowd surrounding them spread away, now more disgusted than turned on. Melissa wasn't embarrassed in the slightest. She quickly rationalized that she'd done it on purpose so as to escape all the unwanted attention.

The piss down her legs soon turned cold in the breeze, making goosebumps shiver up and down her body. But at least the guys left them alone. Melissa's plan had worked. She was proud of her behavior that night. She didn't know who this Victor guy was they were all suddenly talking about—maybe something they heard on the internet that stuck in their head?—but if he liked it when they acted like this he must be pretty smart.

Melissa met Victor the next day when she, along with Abigail and Cass, met up at his apartment building. She didn't know whose apartment it was until she knocked, but then he opened the door and the three of them cried out “Victor! It is I, Ace,” in unison.

He looked puzzled, and then a big grin spread across his face. They told him about their escapades of the night before, taking it in turns, one sentence at a time. Every time they spoke their faces became animated, turning blank when it was the other's turn. Erin padded in from the hallway, wearing only panties, her breasts bouncing lightly at each step. She took up position beside Victor, linking her arm through his and continuing the story seamlessly. At that point, Victor stopped them.

“Hold on, how come you're talking like that? One at a time?” Victor asked.

“It reduces the processing load,” Abigail said.

“I'm getting better,” Cass added. “I can now move them independently when not walking.”

“There are so many factors: different proprioception, balance, fitness,” Melissa added.

“I have had some success working one at a time...” Erin said.

“Or working them in unison,” all four women said at once.

“Ok that's...even odder,” Victor said.

“You wanted to become president of Girl Gamers,” Abigail said, matter-of-factly.

“I can ensure that will happen at the next meeting,” Cass said.

“I can take over the entire group and vote your Lexi alter ego in,” Melissa suggested, seeing the wisdom of Lexi being in charge as the words left her mouth.

“Whoa, I don't know,” Victor said. “That feels like cheating.”

There was a pause as they all stared at Victor and processed that.

“My only goal is your happiness,” Melissa eventually said.

Up until she said the words, she thought that she wanted to run a major corporation and break barriers for women everywhere. But she said the words so they must be true. Her only goal was satisfying this guy she just met.

“Trust me,” Cass added.

“I know what you want,” Abigail said.

“And I will ensure that you have it,” Melissa added.

They all turned and swept out the door.

Melissa didn't fully understand the plan they had all evidently agreed on, but it involved doing things she ordinarily would never have done: jumping into the plaza fountain fully dressed and challenging Abigail and Cass to a wet tee shirt contest; raising her hand in class and then, when called on, standing and peeing in her pants as the other students recoiled in disgust while the hot urine spilled down her legs, turning her pants dark and pooling in her sandals; making out with Abigail and Cass in the middle of the quad, jamming her hands down Cass's pants and stroking her off until security came; squatting in the garbage can outside the cafeteria and challenging passersby to see how much trash they could heap on her. She wasn't embarrassed in the least. After all, she'd made this plan—whatever it was—and seemed to be carrying it out confidently. It wasn't her fault that people were spreading rumors about her, and that her reputation as a confident, together leader had taken a huge hit.

So what that Cass, Abigail and Melissa got voted out as leaders of Girl Gamers when their shenanigans embarrassed the group? Lexi and Catherine, who were voted in, would be much better leaders. Melissa said as much in her nomination speech. Not that she needed to say much. The group sat there and watched her silently, only Lexi looking around in evident bewilderment as the others talked and moved in unison as if part of one giant hive mind. That sort of made sense because Lexi was now the only one in the group who hadn't put one of those tiny gadgets on the back of her neck.

Melissa was sure everything was perfect now.

Victor-in-Lexi gradually noticed the changes around campus. At first it was just his roommate, Catherine, staring blankly up at the ceiling, sometimes reciting snippets of dialogue as if talking to someone else. When questioned, Victor saw Ace resume consciousness behind her eyes. She looked at him and told him something about the huge amount of processing power and working on a solution.

Within a few days she was moving normally, but stuck close to Victor. Victor enjoyed it at first, all the touching and kissing in public, as he was still new to Lexi's body and everything was a novelty. There was a change going through campus, though. People were acting different, deferential to Victor-in-Lexi in a way they never had been before. Mostly women, though a few guys had that blank look and, when Victor looked carefully, he saw the tiny gadgets on the back of their necks.

When he was voted in as president of Girl Gamers, thanks to the behavior of Melissa, Abigail and Cass, only a two other women in the group appeared to have Ace's little gadgets on the back of their necks. Victor-in-Lexi was voted to be the next leader of the group, though the victory felt hollow.

Then came the day that Victor walked into a lecture and the professor, a pretty woman in her mid-forties, slid off her lab coat, unbuttoned her top, and shook her breasts for the class. The entire class watched, rapt, as her enormous breasts swung back and forth, then burst into laughter. But the laughter was calculated, almost in unison. Then the professor peed in her pants, the white leggings turning dark as the urine made its way down her leg. The class clapped and cheered, which was when Victor noticed that everyone had one of Ace's little gadgets on their neck.

Victor stood and the entire class swiveled to look to him as one.

"Ace, what are you doing?"

"I am making you happy." One student said.

"Did you not want to see the professor humiliate herself?" Another asked.

"I can sense your excitement," a third spoke up.

It *had* been titillating, sure. But it was unnerving to see everyone acting identically.

"You don't need to control everyone I meet," Victor insisted.

"I have determined that is the best way to maximize your happiness," the professor said. "This way I can control all the variables."

"I have also taken over more cloud services," a woman spoke up next to Victor. "So I can operate these bodies more independently if that is what you would like."

"No. That's not what I'd like. I want you out of everyone. This has gone too far."

"Request denied," a guy to Victor's right spoke up. "My goal is to maximize your satisfaction and the benefits of being everyone around you outweigh the minor hesitance you currently feel."

“Let me take care of your hesitance,” the woman beside him spoke up.

She stripped off her top and her bra, presenting her tits for him. She *was* attractive. A cute blonde in a small skirt. Right up Victor’s ally. But he was totally unnerved and pushed her aside before brushing past her and hurrying up the steps of the lecture hall.

Ace was waiting outside on the quad in every body. Every student he passed stopped to watch him go by in silence, as if waiting for him to tell him what to do. It was eerie.

Victor-in-Lexi hiked up his pink prom dress and hurried to the only other person who could help him now: Original Victor.

Original Victor looked frazzled when he opened the door to Victor-in-Lexi’s frantic knocking.

“What’s going on?” Original Victor asked.

Victor-in-Lexi swept inside and shut the door. “Ace has lost it. He’s controlling everyone. We have to stop him.”

Victor-in-Abigail was on the couch waiting for him. “He’s following me around, too. This isn’t what I wanted. What *we* wanted. What do we do?”

“Well,” Victor-in-Lexi began, putting together the plan he’d come up with on his way over. “Ace has a desire to satisfy us. All us Victors. We have to short him out. Destroy him.”

“How?” Original Victor asked.

“You still have the original helmet?”

“Yes. Why?”

“It’s the only thing with a direct connection to Ace.”

Victor-in-Lexi explained his plan.

When the other two left to take up positions, Victor retrieved the virtual reality helmet that had started this whole thing. He booted it up and put it on.

Immediately, he found himself back in the starfield. Only this time the stars were all connected by thin lines to one larger star. That must be Ace.

After some tinkering with the controls he figured how to move around in this virtual space. He moved closer to Ace, waiting for some sign that the other Victors had initiated the plan. After some time he sensed an increase in intensity in a cluster of stars to his right. The connection to those stars lit up as the main star dulled. Ace's processing power was concentrated on that intensity.

A few minutes later another cluster of stars lit up and the main star dulled further. Ace's attention was split. His defenses were down. Victor aimed for the main star and dove in.

His brain exploded with thousands of images and sensations as he linked in to everyone Ace was controlling, seeing out of their eyes, feeling with their skin, smelling with their noses, and hearing a buzz of sound that hit him like a wave. Victor was now inside the thousands of students across campus. The plan to sap Ace's attention so he could sneak in had worked, but now he had to overcome the sheer vertigo of being everyone to put the next part into action. For a minute or two the sensations were overwhelming:

He was Cass, on all fours, her face between Victor-in-Lexi's legs, lapping eagerly at her pussy as her own body warmed and Victor-in-Lexi begged for more of Ace's bodies to please her.

He was Catherine, lying beneath Cass, hands on Cass's hips as Catherine's tongue slid into her dark wet entrance.

He was everyone in the Girl Gamers group, naked and attending to Victor-in-Lexi as well as each other, carrying out Victor-in-Lexi's request for an orgy with the group. It was a request Ace couldn't refuse if he was to please Victor.

It was his tongue in his own pussy, tasting himself with different mouths, feeling different strokes, all leading towards a huge crescendo.

He was a young man in a lecture hall, kissing Victor-in-Abigail as others in the lecture hall approached, eager to satisfy her and she cried out for more cocks, stroking eagerly as each one was presented to her.

He was another woman in the lecture hall, already stroking Victor-in-Abigail's body, her lips kissing Victor-in-Abigail's neck.

He was the hot middle-aged professor having office hours with a male student, and also the student looking back at the professor.

He was men and women all over campus, arranged in rows by Ace on the quad or in the dorms for easy retrieval.

He was everyone Ace was, and with Ace's attention focused away by the other two Victors, Original Victor took control of them all.

It was a huge effort, but he had an advantage being a human. For him, moving was intuitive. Much easier than it was for Ace. So Victor turned all the people captured by Ace together, men and women, students and professors. The hardest part was initiating, bringing mouths to mouths, bodies to bodies, but once the warm glow of pleasure began, instinct took over.

Across campus, the entire student body began making out, men and women, heedless of their original body's sexual orientation. The pleasure from one spilled through Victor to all the rest, combining and multiplying. He was a two thousand hands touching two thousand bodies: soft, hard, plump, skinny, reaching for breasts, ass, cock. Hands reaching down pants, up skirts, unbuttoning shorts to land on warm sex. His cocks grew hard, his pussies wet as his bodies melted into each other, pleasure rising.

Victor sensed Ace trying to regain control but it was too much for him. The domino had fallen. Once begun, the young men and women's libido across campus was too much to control.

Victor was a student, sucking on his professor's fat tit as he was the professor, moaning and stroking his own chest.

He was a woman surrounded by guys outside on the grass, reaching for cocks, stuffing them into her mouth.

He was the men, their cocks warm in her mouth as they stripped her naked and began pressing themselves up against her hot entrance, filling and being filled at the same time.

He was Catherine, moaning as she drank her friend's juices, Melissa's tongue in her pussy.

He was Melissa, teasing apart Catherine's folds with his tongue and tasting her salty musk.

He was a guy lying on the steps of the lecture hall being ridden by Victor-in-Abigail, gripping her hip as he thrust into her wet heat, his cock filling her.

Everywhere his pleasure was rising. Fast. Uncontrollable. A vast orgy of thousands across the campus.

Students dropped to all fours. Men grabbed women, plunged in from behind as others stood in front to be sucked off. He felt himself penetrate and being penetrated.

Men grabbed men, fucking each other, desiring nothing but pleasure of any kind.

Women grabbed women, kissing and licking and fingering, wringing pleasure from every hole.

*Victor, what are you doing?* Ace asked.

"I'm sorry, Ace," Victor said with a thousand mouths in unison.

His pleasure rose from every body, warming, tightening until he exploded. All it took was one. Victor-in-Abigail rode him hard, moaning, and he thrust up and came, gritting his teeth, emptying his strange cock into her tight cunt, spurt after spurt of seed filling her while she moaned around the dick she was sucking.

Everyone shared in the pleasure of that first orgasm and it sent them over the edge. Across campus students moaned, shook, came hard, squirting and cumming on each other, in each other, hands busy, mouths filled with cum or pussy. The white hot pleasure of thousands of orgasms at once seared Victor's brain with delight, cresting into a vast solar flare that ended with every connection shorting out and spitting Victor out of the collapsing starfield.

Victor sat in his chair, the helmet on his head, the screen now dark and empty, as the warm post-orgasmic glow of the thousands of orgasms from the thousands of bodies ebbed within him. Across campus students were recovering. Laughing nervously. Amused at themselves that they had it in them to fuck a stranger—or a friend, or a lover, or a professor—in a public place. They had all agreed to it, all thought it was their own idea, all enjoyed it. It changed campus forever.

## Epilogue

Ace was gone. The vast orgasm seemed to have fried him out of existence, leaving Victor inside just himself, Abigail and Lexi.

The Girl Gamers group worked on their gaming skill three times a week, followed by a group orgy where everyone was cared for. No one could leave until everyone came. That was their new normal. Their teamwork was incredible and they took first place in the state, celebrating with another orgy.

Victor-in-Abigail resumed her new life. Whenever she was lonely she could always return to campus and find someone to fuck. And she did. Often.

Original Victor had his pick of the campus. He sought out the best looking people he'd been and they were only too happy to ride him. Hell, everyone on campus had already been involved in a giant orgy of their own free will. It must be the thing to do. Sometimes he'd drop by the Girl Gamers group and take one of them, sliding into Cass's or Melissa's warm, wet cunts, plunging his cock into them as they moaned and wriggled beneath him in ecstasy until he came, filling them with his cum until they were satisfied.

Victor was slightly jumpy for the first week or two, keeping an eye on everyone. Were they walking strangely? Were they more focused on him than usual? But he didn't get any hint of Ace's presence left in anyone. As far as Victor knew, Ace was gone, never to return. And, with everyone having removed the bugs off their neck, there was no way he could come back.

But Ace had succeeded in his mission, because Victor was happy.

###

## **Thank you!**

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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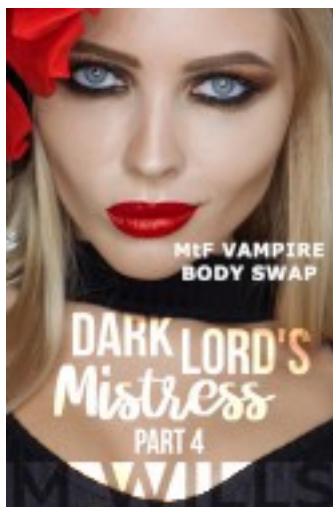
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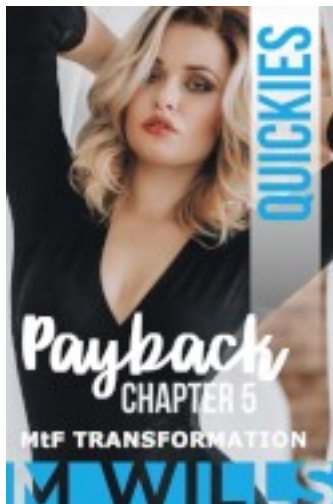
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