



Hopped

A Body Hopper Story Collection

M. WILLS

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by M. Wills

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

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Introduction

The body hopper is a body swap genre all its own. Typically, in the body hopper universe, a body hopper “mounts” a victim by turning into a green goo and entering through the victim's orifices. Upon taking over the mount's body he—and 99% of the time it's a male—has full control while the victim becomes unconscious, allowing the hopper to use their memories. The other telling thing about the genre is that mirrors, cameras, etc., reveal the hopper's true face atop his mount's body. Without these things, only another hopper can spot a hopper. Finally, although not many people are hoppers, a hopper's powers are only unlocked after having sex with another hopper.

While I appreciate a lot of aspects of the body hopper stories like the revenge and the taking of control, I often shed the true face aspect and the turning into a liquid aspect. I like my hoppers to see the full body of the person they've taken, from head to toe and be able to jump from distances.

This collection includes four body hopper type stories with varying levels of control and hopping styles. Of them all, *A Dish Served Hot* is the only one that follows the traditional body hopper genre restrictions. The main character in *Sharing a Ride* is not actually a body hopper but his abilities play out like one. The remaining two stories eschew the true face aspect in order for the main character to fully enjoy the beautiful woman he now inhabits.

All four stories come from commissions made via my website www.BodySwapFiction.com, with names and details changed. As usual, all contributors whose stories appear here receive a free copy of the collection. If you're interested in purchasing a personalized story you can find out how through my website. In the meantime, enjoy these sexy tales of body hoppers running wild!

-M

Other books by M. Wills:

[The Swapping Stone](#)

[Into Her Body](#)

[Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story](#)

[Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories](#)

A Dish Served Hot

I discovered I was special one summer night in New York. I was finishing up my shift at Gucciello's, an upscale Italian restaurant. As usual I was on the night shift and, as usual, so was Sara, my hot co-worker and arch-nemesis. I know you usually only ever see an arch-nemesis in comic books and movies, but she was a real life, honest to god hate-me-and-do-every-thing-her-power-to-ruin-meme straight up bitch.

But hot. So, she had that one thing going for her.

Sara had straight, blonde hair often pulled back in a ponytail that revealed the tiny ankh tattoo behind her left ear. Her face was cute, with a perky little nose, large blue eyes and a profile that would make a grown man weak. She had an amazing figure and flaunted it by wearing the tightest regulation black waitress outfit she could get away with—and she got away with a lot. The blouse showed off her tight breasts and clung to her trim stomach, while the pants shaped her amazing ass and hugged the delicate contours of her legs. She practically danced around the tables and otherwise sane men would leave enormous tips for her—let's be realistic—pa-thetical- poor table service. If she wasn't waiting on a table you could probably find her in the kitchen adjusting her makeup and flirting with the chefs. That's how she never got in trouble. Here's a tip if you ever work in a restaurant: befriend the head chef; if they love you you're bulletproof.

I don't know what I did to get on Sara's bad side. Maybe it's because I spilled a glass of wine on her—an accident, I swear—maybe it's because I complained about her service to no avail—see head chef comma befriend-ing above—maybe it's just because I saw that beneath her stunning good looks was a narcissistic manipulator and I wasn't willing to put up with her crap in the utterly crazy hope that she'd fuck me.

Until she did. Sort of.

Here's what happened. Sara and I were the last two left with only a few chores remaining, one of which was to take the garbage out. Nobody liked taking the garbage out. The dump was out the back door at the far end of an alley that smelled like piss and was always dotted with small puddles even in the driest weather. Gross, right? That's why the only fair way to do it was to take turns. Except on this night Sara, for whatever reason, tried to wiggle out of it as I was mopping up.

'Zak, I'm tired. Can you take out the garbage?' she asked, rubbing my arm flirtatiously. I knew immediately what was going on, she only ever

touched me when she wanted something.

'Fine, you mop,' I said, holding the mop out to her.

'My legs hurt. Pleeaaaase?' She sat down on a dining chair, twisting a strand of her hair in one hand and giving me her cutest pouty face.

'Just get it done so we can get out of here.'

'I'm so tired.'

'I'm tired, too, we worked the same shift. The difference is that I'm also cleaning up.'

'I cleaned up.'

'You half wiped some tables that the morning crew will have to re-wipe. That hardly counts.'

'Zak, I'm not taking out that garbage. It's gross.' Her eyes hardened, her impeccably neat eyebrows furrowed.

'Yeah, it is.'

'Jim wouldn't like me taking out the garbage. He might have words for you.' Jim was the head chef, Sara's trump card.

I glared at her for a second. 'Fucking fine.'

I threw down the mop and stormed over to the large pile of garbage. I grabbed the bags, kicked open the back door and stormed out down the alley. It's difficult to storm out when you're carefully dodging puddles of unidentified liquid but I tried my best. I tossed the garbage bags into the dumpster and headed back.

As I neared the door I heard some loud bangs, like the sound of a few chairs falling off the tables. When I rounded the corner back into the restaurant everything was quiet. Quiet and dark. Someone had turned the overhead lights off, leaving just the glow that emanated from the street lamps outside.

'Sara?' I called. No answer. It would be just like her to leave me to finish up.

I peeked into the dining room. The chair Sara had been sitting in was knocked to the floor as was another one nearby. My heart started beating faster. Something wasn't right. I turned around, half ready to run and call the police when I saw Sara.

She was standing in the doorway with one hand on her hip, silhouetted by the outside lights so I couldn't see her face, just the outline of her svelte hourglass figure.

'Why are the lights off?' I asked.

She put a finger to her lips. 'Shhh.'

Sara slowly walked towards me, her hips swaying back and forth seductively. She reached me and knelt down. The shadows stretched heavy across her blonde head as she began unbuttoning my pants. Her face was in darkness but it was all too clear what she had in mind. I didn't know what kind of fucked up power game she was playing and I didn't want anything to do with it. I tried to step back but she grabbed my pants and pulled me close. Before I could pull away again she slipped her warm hand beneath my boxer shorts and grasped my cock in her gentle fingers and began slowly caressing me.

Ok, this was new.

My cock stiffened at her expert touch and then I felt her hot breath and wet mouth as she swallowed me, her tongue gliding up and down my shaft as she sucked. I grabbed her hair, pushing her head down farther, forcing her to deep throat my cock and she grunted in pleasure, an oddly deep grunt. Feeling that bitch's lips wrapped around my cock as she knelt in front of me gave me an overwhelming orgasmic sense of power. I closed my eyes and wrapped my fingers through her hair as I pushed her down harder onto me. I fucked her face, remembering all the awful things she'd done as I forced her lips up and down faster, making her gag on my fullness. It only seemed to intensify her pleasure; she wanted to be used as much as I wanted to use her.

Then she pushed me back and turned around. She slipped off her pants and panties then leaned against a nearby table, sheathed in shadow. By some miracle of the lights reflecting in from outside her amazing ass was spotlighted in the darkness, the smooth cheeks waving back and forth gently, tempting me. I didn't need another invitation. I slid my cock under her taut butt cheeks and inside her pussy, already dripping with her desire. I grabbed her hips and pounded her, my groin slapping against her delicious ass, her hot heat gripping my shaft as I let all the pent up anger and rage come out, slamming into her as hard as I could as she moaned louder. I slapped her ass, the sharp sound ringing through the empty restaurant as her breath came faster, her breasts bouncing beneath her tight, black top, my cock slipping in and out of her. I slapped her again, harder, wanting to hurt her. My hand left a red mark on her flawless ass and she cried out, a deeply masculine growl of pleasure. I gripped her delicious butt cheeks and pulled her back onto my cock as hard as I could. With a mighty groan I came inside her, filled her with my cum as she moaned deeply in pleasure, my hands still grasping her tight

ass hard enough to leave a mark as I sank in as deep as I could. And then, finally I was done. I pulled out, a trickle of my seed spilling down her leg. I pulled up my pants as she sat her naked butt down on the chair and brushed her hair back out of her face.

'Oh my god, that was good,' she said. I'd thought her voice just got deeper, huskier when she was getting fucked but her voice had a deep, masculine tone I'd never heard before.

Surprised, I rose and scrambled for the light switch. If that wasn't Sara then who did I just--?

I turned on the restaurant lights and looked at her. From the neck down she was the same Sara I'd seen five nights a week, well, except for the fact that she was still half naked. But her light blonde hair hung messily around a face that was now distinctly masculine. The soft lips and tiny nose were gone. In its place was the face of a rather pudgy man with small, mean looking eyes.

'What--? Who are you?' I asked in shock.

"She" looked up at me. 'What do you mean? I'm Sara.'

'Sara doesn't have a man's face. Or a man's voice.'

He sighed. 'You can see this, huh?' He pointed to his face.

I nodded.

'Well, today's your lucky day, Zak. You just found out you're a hopper. But I'm not some wise old guru going to take a noob under my wing. I'm not doing that again. There's no fucking hopper community, it's just a bunch of selfish dickheads--'

'Wait, wait, wait. A hopper? What are you talking about?'

He stood up and pulled Sara's pants back up over her body and adjusted her hair. 'Forget it, I'm rambling. Just forget about everything that happened tonight. Sara will.'

He picked up Sara's purse and a backpack off the floor that hadn't been there earlier—he must have brought it in with him—and sauntered out the back door, swinging Sara's ass back and forth seductively. I ran after him, barely remembering to lock the door behind me.

'You have to tell me.' I said, catching up to the man in Sara's body. 'I'm a what, a hopper? I have this power? How do I do it?'

Sara didn't even slow down. 'Forget it, Zak.'

'How do you know my name?'

'I know everything she knows. And man she hates you. Did you know you're being fired tomorrow?'

'What?'

'Yeah, apparently you blow the head chef enough he'll believe anything about anyone.'

'Wait, stop, stop.'

I grabbed Sara's shoulder but she shrugged it off and kept walking. After a few blocks of me pestering him with no response we ended up in an upscale neighborhood. Grand brownstones stood side by side. The street was clean of trash and bounded by trees. It practically reeked of money. The hopper kept looking up at each one as we passed, searching for something. He was trying to ignore me but no way was I going to let something this big get away.

'Go away, you're harshing my buzz.' He said, as if reading my thoughts.

'Tell me more,' I pleaded, desperate for any sort of clue.

The hopper stopped at the door to a large, well-lit townhouse. He looked around but there was no one to be seen out on the street.

'Fine, come here.'

He pulled me around the stairs until we were both hidden from view up against the wall of the building.

'It's really simple once you get the hang of it. You just find a good mount--'

'Mount?'

'A person you want to hop. A mount. Don't make me repeat myself. You find one and just picture yourself flowing inside them.'

'Flowing, Right. Ok.'

He sighed. 'Here's what we're going to do. I've got an appointment inside this building, but you can go in for me. I'm going to dismount Sara and you can hop in. I'll leave her unconscious to make it easier. Oh, and you might want to look away; your clothes don't come with you on a mount.'

Despite his warning I couldn't look away as Sara sat and leaned against the wall. Suddenly a green, mucousy liquid poured from out of Sara's mouth, nose and ears and soon congealed into the figure of a person—a slightly fat, middle aged man. Actually, a slightly fat, *naked*, middle aged man who rummaged through the backpack and started getting dressed.

'She's all yours.'

I stepped closer to Sara's unconscious body. Her face was back to normal, her pretty lips and pert nose visible once more. I concentrated,

thinking about what the hopper said about imagining myself flowing inside her. Nothing happened for a second. I crept closer, close enough to smell her flowery shampoo and reached out to touch her face. That's when my body seemed to melt. I found myself pitching forward, only I didn't have a body anymore. Then I was in her mouth, down her throat and then suddenly I was conscious of every part of her body from the hard concrete under her butt to the hair flowing down her back to the skin tight outfit covering her beautiful body. I was inside her!

I looked down at Sara's body, now mine to control. I held up my arms and watched in amazement as they responded to my command. I grabbed Sara's large breasts through the fabric of her shirt, felt their meaty, delightful weight and laughed in awe.

'This is incredible.'

The hopper pulled on his shirt. 'Yeah, she's a nice one. I've been staking her out for awhile. Anyway, Zak, get on in there. You've got an appointment.'

He hoisted me to my feet. I wobbled gently as I adjusted to my new body and perspective.

'Just a warning,' he said, 'You stay in one body too long you'll get stuck. And don't stand in front of mirrors or cameras. They'll reveal your real face.'

'I have Sara's face? I thought you-'

'Only hoppers can see the real face without a mirror.'

He helped me up the stairs and rang the doorbell.

'Wait,' I turned to the hopper, 'What am I doing here?'

The hopper smiled. 'Getting used to your new body.'

Before I could respond a young man answered the door. He had thick, dark hair and piercing grey eyes. He wore a black sweater that clung to his muscular form. I felt Sara's heart leap in her chest as the man smiled at her, hungrily. The corners of his mouth flicked up in a half smile as he looked my new body up and down.

'Here she is,' the hopper said, 'Your funds will be automatically deducted. Enjoy.'

The hopper hurried down the stairs. I turned after him, wanting to ask more questions, but the man in the doorway grabbed my slender arm in a tight grip.

'Come on in, sweetheart.'

He pulled me gently but firmly inside and led me down a brightly lit

hallway. My hips swayed naturally back and forth. I could still hardly believe I was in Sara's body, and it was so easy, so natural!

Through the doorways we passed I caught glimpses of darkened rooms filled with expensive, tasteful furniture. The man opened the door at the end of the hallway and we entered a small living room. A couple of couches and an easy chair were placed around the room. And several men were placed around the couches.

Four young, handsome men stared at me as I entered. I was acutely aware of how vulnerable and weak I seemed in Sara's body, how my breasts were bouncing and the skin-tight outfit clung to my form, making me somehow seem more naked than naked. But at the same time I felt warm, turned on by the attention of all these men. I looked around at them, tossed my blonde hair back over my shoulders and smiled coyly, easily adjusting to Sara's body. The memories of her movements came naturally, like I'd been in her body all my life.

I liked these men. Really liked these men. I liked their attention, how they gazed eagerly at my body like I was a piece of meat. I was already thinking about their young, hard bodies up against mine. I heard my blood rushing in my ears at the thought of what they wanted to do to me. At what I wanted them to do to Sara's body. Very clearly I wasn't here to speak.

The grey-eyed man who'd led me in closed the door and made a drink from the bar near the window, leaving me to stand alone as the men appraised Sara's body. I helped them by turning this way and that, slowly sliding an hand over my wide, firm ass. The grey-eyed man returned and handed me a glass with a dark liquid in it—whiskey by the smell—which I downed in one gulp, felt it burn it's way through Sara's chest, calming me, warming me.

He took the glass back, stared deeply into my eyes and kissed me, his tongue eagerly exploring my mouth as I opened Sara's lips and let him enter, tasting the whiskey on his breath. I pulled my top off and tossed it aside. My long, blonde hair spilled down over my shoulders. My large breasts were nestled in a tight, white bra. The smooth, flawless curves sloped down beneath the cotton fabric. Sara was so proud of her breasts—and with good reason—and tonight I was going to let everyone explore this bitch's body. I quickly unclasped her bra and shrugged it to the floor, my large breasts bouncing free, my nipples already perky with desire. I looked down at Sara's chest from my new angle, admiring the smooth

rounded curves. The man in front of me quickly bent and sucked one of Sara's nipples into his mouth, his breath hot on my breast. I smiled, gasped. And then the men were all on me, pawing at my body with lust on their handsome faces.

They pulled off my shoes. Then I felt my tight, black pants being pulled down my graceful legs and I helped step out of them. A man came up behind me and caressed my thick butt with his strong hand while another knelt in front of me and kissed his way between my thighs, over my panties, his hot breath on my womanhood sending shivers through my body. Another grabbed my hair and kissed me deeply, forcefully, passionately. I opened my sweet lips and let his seeking tongue into my mouth, tasted the faint whiskey on his breath as his masculine cologne penetrated my nostrils. The last man kissed his way down my legs, ran his hands over my dainty feet, licked my tiny toes.

I sighed contentedly as Sara's body warmed to all the attention. My womanhood grew moist and pleasure burned through my body. The man behind me pulled my panties to the side and began kissing his way across my butt cheeks. He grasped a cheek in both hands and spread my ass wide before running his wet, hot tongue across my sensitive asshole as we both moaned in ecstasy. The man kneeling in front of me also pulled my panties aside, meeting my flowing juices with his warm tongue, lapping up my increasing desire as I pushed myself into him. His tongue flicked against my clit, each flick an explosion of warmth and tension and lust throughout my divine body. My breasts were caressed, bitten, nibbled. All the while my lips locked with the man who was grabbing my hair as I surrendered to the lust of the men surrounding me, letting them use Sara's body for their pleasure and my own.

The man with the grey eyes grabbed my hand and lead me to the chair. He seemed to be the undisputed leader as the others simply let go and followed without protesting. He slipped off his pants and sat down without a word, his erection inviting me on. I stripped Sara's panties off—the thin strip of pubic hair already soaked with my juices—and climbed on to his lap, my breasts pressed into his face. Then I lowered myself on to his cock, felt the head press against my nether lips and then sink inside me, down, down, filling my small body with a wonderful heat until the lips of my pussy slowly came to rest firmly against his groin and I ached with fullness. I rocked back and forth, grinding against him as he thrust up inside me. I didn't know how much I'd wanted to be filled until it

happened.

And then the others were back, naked as well, erect cocks out and pointed at my beautiful body. One grabbed my head and forced me down onto his cock, the swollen head filling my mouth and I tasted the salty pre-cum as he forced my lips up and down his shaft while I continued to ride the man inside me. Two others, one on each side, grabbed my hands and slid them onto their shafts, where I proceeded to glide up and down, using Sara's expert knowledge of hand jobs to pleasure them. I didn't have time to wonder where the last man was before his hands grabbed my butt cheeks again, pulled them apart and pressed his swollen member up against my tight asshole, still dripping with his saliva. The man in front kept his hand on my head, forcing me to blow him, the thick cock in my mouth prevented me from crying out, my body held tight, immobile as the pressure against my ass increased, the man behind forcing his cock up against my tight asshole harder until, with a burst of agonizing pain it sunk inside my tight asshole, deeper, deeper until I thought I would burst, then began thrusting in and out gently, the pain mingling with pleasure as I grew even wetter, throwing myself on the lust of these men to let them use me as they wanted. Ecstasy burned through me as we all rocked together, Sara's ass, pussy and mouth filled with cock, all sopping wet with my own moist desire. They groaned as the heat exploded through me and I rocked faster, trying to sink them deeper inside, my nose pressed into the groin of the man in front of me as I deep throat his large cock. Pleasure and pain built on each other as we all moved together.

These men had done this before. They built and built but never came as we fucked for what seemed like hours, changing position every so often so they could all have a chance filling each one of Sara's holes. I lost track of the number of positions they put me in as they bent my beautiful body around to fill me deeply and from every angle with their massive hard-ons. I sucked them all, tasting my own juices as they came back around for more, let each one stretch my asshole, pound my aching pussy as I rocked up and down on the two cocks inside me until finally, as if on cue, they all came together. I felt them spasm inside me and then their wet heat filled my pussy, my ass, my mouth. I'd never been so deliriously, pleasurable full as I milked each cock for every last drop, the two men beside me squirting their seed onto my bouncing breasts as pleasure overwhelmed us and we all moaned together. I swallowed every drop that

touched my mouth, rubbed the cum all over my breasts until they grew sticky with spent desire. I was their little cock whore. Their little pleasure machine. And I loved it. Swallowed as much cum as I could while using and abusing Sara's body.

Finally, spent, they pulled out. Trickle of cum dribbled down my legs from my front and rear as I dressed, not even bothering to clean myself. I'd let Sara deal with the dripping mess in her pants, the stickiness on her breasts. Let her wonder where it came from and what happened.

II.

Afterwards, the grey-eyed man escorted me out and down to the sidewalk. A black town car was idling out front.

'Luis will take you anywhere you want to go,' he said, opening the door.

I slid in to the cool interior and he closed the door.

'Where to, Miss?' Luis asked.

I pulled the memory of Sara's address from her mind and told him. As he drove I searched Sara's mind to learn more about her. She lived with her rich parents—not surprising given the state of the real estate market in this city—and had a bratty, 19 year old sister. Her parents doted on both of them and bought them anything they wanted.

That explained a lot.

Strolling through her memories I found many times where she mercilessly ridiculed anyone who wasn't up to her social status and used her body to get what she wanted. So she wasn't just a bitch to me, then. Good to know.

She also had a boyfriend, Miles, who didn't know anything about the shit she was pulling at the restaurant vis a vis the chef and blowjobs. Miles was a mechanic. He was thin and wiry with tattoos stretching up his arm. Also, he was something of a thug. His idea of a good night out was getting blitzed at a bar and stomping some heads. Sara was a rich girl dating a rebel her parents would hate. God, she was a living stereotype.

The car pulled up in front of Sara's apartment: a towering complex in another ritzy neighborhood. A Hispanic doorman hurried out from inside to open the car door, then hurried forward to escort me inside. He wasn't important enough for Sara to know his name.

I stepped into the elevator and—using Sara's knowledge—pressed the button for her floor. The elevator rose smoothly. The door soon opened onto a darkened apartment that was both completely new to me and intimately familiar to Sara's mind. I passed the bedroom where Sara's parents lay sleeping and into her room next door. I lay down on the bed, still fully dressed, and relaxed, trying to figure out how to get out of her body like I'd seen the other hopper do. I imagined myself flowing out of her, tried to visualize releasing my grip. After a few minutes the world blurred and grew dark. I felt myself pouring out of her every hole and reforming on the floor. Soon I was standing beside her as my old self. I was very elated and very naked.

I'd forgotten that my clothes had been left behind when I hopped—I

was new to this, ok?—and the thought of re-hopping Sara's messy, sticky body wasn't very appealing. I was contemplating what to do and realizing my options were limited when there was a soft knock on the door.

'Sara?' A female voice called softly.

An answer to my predicament.

I opened the door to find Sara's mom, dressed in a sheer nightie. She stepped back in surprise when she saw me.

Sara's mom was thin but with nicely rounded hips and full breasts beneath her nightie. Her brown hair was tied back in a loose bun. She looked like an older, auburn-haired version of Sara with a more angular face and higher cheekbones. She must have worked out a lot because she still had a great figure for a mother. Her upper lip had that natural curve up that some women have so that her front teeth were showing in a way that reminded me of a chipmunk, albeit an adorable chipmunk.

'Who are you?' She asked.

Instead of answering I lunged forward and covered her mouth with my hand. I concentrated and, before she could scream, felt myself losing shape and slipping into her. I was pulled down her throat and then suddenly I was in the hallway alone, inside her body, feeling the carpet beneath my bare feet, the sheer nightie draped around my form.

I pulled her name from her mind: Anne. I looked down at my body, the large breasts just visible beneath the delicate nightie. No doubt where Sara got her figure from. I turned around and ogled her thick, grab-able butt. So I grabbed it. And why not? It was mine, now. I squeezed the fatty firmness with my feminine fingers, then wiggled it back and forth, admiring the slight wobble. It really made me want to try her body out.

I sifted through her mind. It seems Anne wasn't any better than her daughter: greedy, selfish, narcissistic and tended to look down on the hired help, especially the 'spics'. Her words. Well, her thoughts really, but they amounted to the same thing.

I had a deliciously naughty idea.

I entered the escalator and pushed the button for the lobby. When the doors open I swished out, pulling Anne's sexy walk from her mind, my hips swaying just so as I walked towards the desk where the Hispanic doorman sat.

He stood and started to say something, then stopped as he saw my outfit. The wispy fabric just barely covered my tan skin giving a tantalizing glimpse of my thick curves.

He was a young man with a trimmed brown mustache. He couldn't take his coffee colored eyes off Anne's body as I sauntered up to him and ran Anne's hand down the chest of his red uniform.

'Good evening—' I read his name tag, '—Julio. I had some trouble sleeping, I was hoping you could help me out.'

'Yes, ma'am,' he said, still not quite comprehending what was going on, 'How can I help you?'

Without another word I knelt down in front of him, bringing my face level with his crotch. He tried to step back but I grabbed his pants and pulled him forward, much like Sara had done to me back in the restaurant. Then I unzipped him and dropped his pants and underpants. His large, flaccid manhood hung down in front of my face. I could sense Anne's revulsion but also, beneath that, her hidden desire.

'Ma'am, is this—'

'Shhh,' I said, 'Just enjoy this.'

I grabbed his member in one hand; it was soft and warm. I opened Anne's lips and slipped him inside my mouth. I tasted the salty sweat of his cock as it slowly grew and hardened between my lips. I slid my tongue up and down the shaft as he grew harder, hotter, filling me. I slowly bobbed up and down, wetting his entire shaft with my saliva, drinking in his slightly musky maleness that was making my body wet with disgust and desire as I filled my mouth with his cock. He groaned and placed a hand on my head, which I took as signal to keep going. Back and forth, back and forth. Anne's thoughts bounced through my head, hating to debase herself in front of someone so inferior even as I continued forcing her body to swallow every inch of him, her upturned nose pressing deeply into his soft pubes, deep throating his thick member until my eyes watered. When the sweet-sour taste of his pre-cum trickled across my tongue I knew it was time.

I stood and slipped off my nightie, my body naked for his enjoyment. Anne, unlike her daughter, had a thick bush and I ran my fingers through it, pressing gently against my moistening nether lips. I gently pushed Julio back into the chair and danced up to him, smiling, shaking my breasts and my hips as he stared at me hungrily.

I slid my hands down Anne's curves, not caring who could see us through the window. Let anyone look; it would only add to Anne's humiliation.

'You like what you see?' I asked Julio.

He just nodded, his glistening cock pointed towards me. I stepped over his lap, my heavy breasts hanging down below me and right in his face. I gently eased my aching, wet pussy onto his cock. I felt the head easily slip in and I engulfed it, Anne's memories of her body telling me how to squeeze my pussy around his manhood, how to grip it tightly so it would fill me as I eased up and down, his cock growing slick with my juices, my pleasure building.

'Oh, yes,' I moaned, as he began suckling my tits. They bounced back and forth as we rocked, their heaviness spilling out of his hand, his manhood sinking deep inside me.

He bit me harder, grabbed my tits and squeezed and I yelled out in pleasure-pain as he used Anne's body. He placed his hands on my waist and held me tight, thrusting up faster and harder, each thrust pounding into my aching, wet pussy, sinking deep inside as I cried out for more, more. We thrust faster, the pleasure burning through my stolen body as every inch of me was filled and still I wanted more, for him to bury his cock inside me, to debase Anne's old body.

I wailed now, screaming out, 'Fuck me harder! Fuck my little pussy!'

And the pleasure engulfed me and I screamed and we came together, his cock thrusting, spasming inside me, his hot seed filling my new body as I clenched my thighs tight, wanting all of this man, every inch to empty himself into me. His hot cum filled my loose cunt and I moaned loudly, milking him for everything he had as the heat filled me and I quivered in ecstasy. Finally he slowed, slowed, and stopped.

I sat on top of him for a few seconds, breathing hard, then slipped off him. Droplets of his seed ran down my leg. I wiped them off with a finger and then sucked, tasting our mingled juices.

'I think I'll be able to sleep much better, now. Thank you.'

I smiled at him. He didn't say a word as I bent over to pick up my nightie, lingering with my ass in the air so he could get a good, long look. Still naked, I sauntered back to the elevator and headed back up to my floor.

I didn't even bother cleaning Anne's body. I just tiptoed into the bedroom and lay down beside 'my' husband. It was then that I realized I needed to pee. But I was done with her body and I figured she could stand to be humiliated a little more. I relaxed my muscles and released her bladder. I felt the hot liquid pour out of my nether lips and soak into her nightie and the bed. I would have loved to see the look on her face

when she woke up and found she'd wet the bed, but she smelled of sex and piss and I didn't want to be anywhere near her.

I concentrated on releasing my hold. It came easier this time. Everything went dark and I poured out of every hole in her body and congealed into a solid form on the floor. I quietly slipped out of the room and padded down to Sara sister's room.

My revenge had started with Sara but I now realized that her whole family was awful and I had one more little thing to do to ruin her life and humiliate them all.

It was too dark to see much beyond the shape of Sara's sister, Megan, lying in bed on her side. I crept around to her face, her plump lips and broad nose barely visible in the moonlight. I reached out and liquified, pouring in through her ears and nose. I wondered what would happen when I hopped someone who was asleep. As my being filled her body I lost consciousness. The answer, it seemed, was that I would fall asleep, too.

III.

The alarm clock buzzed and I reached over to slap it. The arm that reached out from under the covers was thin and feminine. It caught me by surprise at first before the events of last night caught up with me. So, it wasn't a dream.

I sat up in bed and pushed Megan's long, auburn hair behind her ears. I climbed out of bed and stretched, curling my slim, manicured fingers in the air as the oversized t-shirt rode up my smooth thighs. I pulled it over my head and tossed it at the floor to get a good look at my newest body.

Megan's body—my body—was shorter than her sister. I cupped my soft hands over her small breasts—a B cup her mind supplied—and played with my tiny nipples until they spiked out and goosebumps ran up and down my spine. I placed one toned leg on the bed and investigated between Megan's legs. She was totally shaved, and I gently made her slide one of her fingers into her slit, teasing, testing. I shivered again as I

brushed against my clit. I didn't know if it was me or the whole family but so far all of the women I'd hopped had been ready and willing—aching, even—to have sex.

I heard movement out in the hall and the clink of dishes from the kitchen. With some reluctance I stopped my investigation of my new body. My plan would give plenty of pleasure to Megan's hot, little body later.

I dolled myself up in the bathroom—of course they each have their own bathroom—using Megan's memories to expertly apply makeup. This was made harder by the fact that my own male face was reflected back in the mirror perched atop this petite school girl. Also, I had stayed naked and I kept posing in the mirror. I quite enjoyed being her. Megan's body was lively and full of energy, her legs and butt so tight from playing field hockey. That wasn't the only thing that was tight. Her mind told me she was a virgin. I smiled. Not for much longer.

I returned to her bedroom and began putting on her school uniform. Of course her ritzy, private school had uniforms. I pulled the white socks up over my shins, then wriggled into the white top and skirt, adjusting it over my tiny butt. I tied the blue neckerchief expertly and adjusted everything in the mirror. I pulled up my long, wavy hair into a loose ponytail that curved up, briefly, before dropping back down to my shoulders. I had to admit I looked super cute.

I went out to join the rest of the family for breakfast. Sara and Anne were already at the table, both with uncomfortable looks on their faces.

'Hey, sis, how was your night? I heard you get in late.' I asked, in Sara's sister's oh-so-caring voice as I poured some cereal.

I watched the confusion briefly flit across her face before she simply said, 'Fine.'

I sat down across from 'my' mom, who shifted uncomfortably in her seat. I wondered if she had any inkling of what I'd done in her body last night. Did it all seem like a dream? Or was it just a total blank?

We all ate in silence. Soon Sara had finished and she stood and gingerly walked down the hallway to her room. Well, her ass must be pretty sore after the pounding she took, I smiled to myself.

After breakfast I grabbed my backpack and headed out of the building. I pretended to walk to school but when I was safely out of sight of Megan's place I doubled back around the block and made my way down to a mechanic a few blocks

south. I knew exactly where to go from the memories I'd pulled earlier from Sara's mind. In a way I didn't quite understand I remembered everything I remembered when I wasn't me, if that makes sense.

It was quite easy to find Sara's boyfriend, Miles, hunkered down next to the tire of a car doing some repair work. His wiry tattooed arms and scruffy face marked him as a bad boy for sure. He was a hunk, too. No wonder Sara was attracted to him. No wonder, too, that Megan was getting weak in the knees.

I flounced up to him, my skirt bouncing up and down my small body as if it wanted to fly off.

'Hi, Miles,' I said in what I hoped was a winning voice.

He looked up at me, a flicker of recognition passed across his face, followed by a barely disguised glance down at my schoolgirl outfit. This would be so easy; Miles was a sleazeball.

'Hey. You're Sara's sister, right?'

'That's right.'

'Shouldn't you be in school?' He didn't sound like he really cared.

'Yeah, but I'd rather be here. This looks so interesting.' I hopped up onto the hood of the car in front of him and sat facing him, the metal cold on my little butt. My legs spread apart so from where he knelt he could see up my skirt to the pink fabric of my panties. And he did, making no effort to disguise it.

'Don't you think this looks interesting?' I said.

He nodded and looked around. 'Sara come with you?'

'Nope,' I said. 'But she told me all about how good you are with your hands.' I pulled Megan's skirt up slowly, inch by inch, revealing her smooth thighs. 'Among other things.'

He smirked and ducked his head under my skirt—no subtlety, this one. His strong hands gripped my legs as he bit and licked my thighs sending slight tremors through my body. He pressed his mouth against my sheer panties, rubbing them against my clit and heating them with his breath as I lay back on the car, my heart beating fast as anticipation built, an itch between my legs that needed to be scratched.

Even as he licked and made me moist I reached into my bag and pulled out my phone. I snapped pictures from my point of view, the bump of his head outlined beneath my skirt. He grabbed my panties and I raised my ass in the air as he slid them off. He flipped up my skirt and smiled into the camera as he bent back down to lick my pussy, already moist with

desire. His tongue darted inside, up against my clit, then back down and around, sending waves of fiery anticipation through my trembling, young body.

I set it to record a video and leaned it against my bag. Then I let the pleasure carry me away as his lusty attention to my pussy caused me to writhe about on the car hood. The waves of ecstasy came faster, harder, until suddenly I raised my hips, pressing hard into his mouth as an orgasm hit my stolen body. Miles doubled down, plunging his mouth deep, broad tongue strokes firm and fast against my clit, drinking in my juices.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' I yelled, my voice pitching higher and higher as I lost all control. 'Fuck me. Fuck me right now.' I begged. Megan was hornier even than her sister and I desperately needed him inside me right then.

He obliged, dropping his pants and grabbing my thighs. He pulled me across the hood of the car towards him until his throbbing head pressed hard against Megan's tight cunt. I was dripping with moisture and heat but my virgin pussy was still too tight for his huge cock. He grabbed his cock with one hand and pushed it against my yearning nether lips, forcing himself inside me. Slowly, slowly, they yielded until with a brief burst of pain he pierced me and sunk inside. My insides filled up with his soft-hardness as pleasure and pain feuded through my body, making me gasp.

I brought my hands to my small tits and began squeezing tight, pinching my nipples through my schoolgirl uniform as Miles thrust harder, faster deeper until his groin pressed against my moist pussy and he was completely inside me. We continued like this, him thrusting, me pinching and pulling, abusing my poor, little tits as pleasure arced through me. He sped up, the slap, slap, slap of my ass against him reverberating throughout the garage, the door open for anyone to see and then I was over the top and I moaned and Miles came with me, pumping his seed into Megan's delicate body. I felt every spasm and cried out for again and again until I was full and he was empty and I lay on the hood of the car gasping for breath.

He pulled out and pulled up his pants. 'You better get out of here,' he said, 'Customers aren't allowed back here.'

He was a little charmer.

I sat up and slid back into my panties. Then I grabbed my bag and phone and walked out, adjusting my skirt once again around my tiny ass. The video wasn't perfect but you could definitely tell it was Miles and

though you couldn't see Megan's face, the schoolgirl outfit was a dead giveaway. I emailed the video and the pictures to myself, then deleted them off her camera. They'd be there as some good material whenever I needed it.

I'd had my fun. I'd fucked Sara and her family—both literally and figuratively—and I thought it was about time to go home. To my real home and my real body.

Soon, real soon, I'd be out hopping again.

###

Showing Her How

Tom paused mid-sip to stare surreptitiously at the golden goddess who'd just entered the cafe. Her long, blonde hair was pushed back over one ear where it then fell down her tanned shoulders. Her soft face lit up in a beautiful smile. Her thin, manicured eyebrows creased and she wrinkled her tiny nose in laughter at something her friend said.

She wore a beige tank top that left her perfect arms bare and curved out gently over her breasts, then tucked back in against her taut stomach. The tight, lycra biker shorts showed off her perfect ass and left her thighs exposed to the warm breeze. Her whole body was tanned and toned and she was girl-next-door cute without being overly made-up.

Tom admired the gentle sway of her ass beneath her tight shorts. He definitely wanted to get inside them; he just had to bide his time.

She and her brunette friend ordered at the counter then sat at the only open table in the crowded room, which happened to be beside Tom. He smiled at her as she approached and she returned the smile briefly. It was a friendly smile that also said 'I'm not interested.' She leaned forward to hear her friend over the din of the other diners in the cafe. Tom ate his breakfast and tried to eavesdrop but could only catch a few words now and then. No matter, he'd know everything soon enough.

The food came and they ate, laughing and chatting away while Tom sipped his coffee and pretended to read a newspaper. Finally, the blonde stood while the brunette stayed seated and pointed towards the hall that lead to the toilets at the rear of the cafe. The pretty blonde smiled and made her way to the back.

Tom threw some money on his table and followed her, acting casual, as though he wasn't a hopper planning to take over her body. He rounded the corner and nearly ran into her as she waited in the hallway for the bathrooms. Tom quickly gauged his surroundings: two bathrooms (both occupied), a door with a glass portal in it lead to the kitchen through which a member of the waitstaff appeared every now and then, the view from the rest of the restaurant was shielded by the wall. He'd been doing this for long enough to know he'd probably never get a better chance.

'Excuse me,' he said.

She turned her deep blue eyes to look at him and he hopped. For less than a millisecond he felt himself in the dark void between bodies, then he was rushing down her throat, filling her. In another millisecond it was over. His perspective had flipped and he was looking up at where he once

stood.

Tom plucked her name from her unconscious mind—Scarlett. She was here for a quick pitstop with her brunette friend, Jessica. As Tom was grazing through Scarlett's memories, one of the bathroom doors opened and a man walked out. Tom noticed him staring at his graceful new body— surreptitiously, of course, but Tom had had a lot of practice on both sides of that quick, lustful glance so he could pick it out easily. He smiled and swayed his hips as he walked into the bathroom, hoping the man was staring at his gorgeous ass.

Tom stepped towards the mirror over the sink. This was his favorite part of any hop, the first time in a beautiful body, watching a new mount move under his control. He stared at Scarlett in the mirror. Below her lightly freckled nose her red lips parted in a smile to reveal her white teeth. He hooked a slim finger around the neck of his tank top and pulled it out to gaze down at Scarlett's breasts. His twin curves were nestled in her bra and Tom fought the urge to take them out and explore them right here. There would be time for that, made all the sweeter by the waiting.

He pulled down his pants and couldn't help but twist around to admire himself in the mirror, at his taut backside curving down over his luscious cheeks. Later, later, he reminded himself. He sat on the toilet and did his business. Then he washed his hands in the sink and adjusted his hair in the mirror before returning to the main part of the cafe.

Tom picked his way across the crowded cafe in Scarlett's body, admiring her graceful movements and her smooth lines. He had to do some minor contortions to get around a few seats, which he did with some slight exaggeration, pushing his firm ass out a little more than necessary when passing by some young men. When he arrived at the table Jessica stood.

'You ready?' She asked.

Tom plucked Scarlett's memories as they rode to the surface of his mind. The two girls had finished their weekly bike ride around town. Scarlett herself rode several miles a day; that explained why Tom's new body was so fit. She liked to push herself hard and prided herself on her athleticism. He sensed the pride of outriding Jessica, going at full speed up a hill while Jessica chugged behind. It seemed Scarlett had something of a competitive spirit.

'Let's go,' Tom replied in Scarlett's lovely voice.

They headed outside and unlocked their bikes. With a last hug the two

women went their separate ways. Tom jumped on his bike and pedaled back home with the help of Scarlett's memories. His long, lean legs burned slightly from the morning session as they pumped up and down. Apparently it had been quite the workout. He was glad he had missed it but he intended to reward her dedication.

Tom reached her apartment building and carted her bike up to her third floor apartment. Considering her outward toughness, Tom was a bit surprised at how 'girly' the apartment seemed. He knew it in the sense that he had Scarlett's memories but now he was seeing it through his own eyes—so to speak—it was slightly different. The main decorating color was pink, not overwhelmingly but definitely noticeable. The furniture, the posters, the little knickknacks mostly seemed to contain various shades and patterns of pink. This neat, feminine appearance was countered somewhat by the state of her bedroom, which was decidedly messy. Articles of clothing were strewn about carelessly here and there.

Tom pulled his tank top off his head and added it to one of the piles on the floor, then did the same with his sports bra, freeing Scarlett's small, perky breasts. He sat on the bed and pulled off the skin hugging shorts. He peeled them down as, inch by inch, the smooth skin of her legs was revealed. Then he fell back onto the bed, the lure of his naked body utterly irresistible.

He propped his head up on some pillows and brought a lock of her blonde hair to his upturned nose, breathed it in, savored Scarlett's faint flowery scent. The fine hair tickled the tip of his nose before he swept it back behind his head and looked down at his new body from Scarlett's perspective.

Her impossibly long, toned body stretched the length of the bed and he let his gaze travel down his two breasts, across his taut stomach, over the coarse blonde hair of his gentle mound, down his smooth, golden legs to the tips of his little toes, which were glossy with polish. She was soft and feminine but with a muscular hardness hidden just under the surface.

Tom quizzed Scarlett's mind to discover how she played with herself and was surprised to find that she rarely did. She'd tried it on a few occasions but never really enjoyed it. Digging a little deeper Tom saw that despite her outward gorgeousness, inwardly she didn't think herself very attractive and became supremely self-conscious when trying to masturbate.

Hmmm, maybe he could help her with that, but first he'd have to discover what her body liked. If anyone could do that, it was a body hopper.

He raised Scarlett's dainty hands to her chest and gently ran her slim fingers over and under his new breasts. He tickled and teased his soft skin, slipping his fingers around his bosom in lazy circles as his nipples expanded under his touch. A warmth grew between his legs and radiated out through his body, followed by a gentle tension of expectation. Tom watched himself move Scarlett's hands over her luscious body, made them wander down to his thighs then back up to his chest, gently pinching and prodding now, teasing himself, circling just around the golden peach fuzz of his mound but not touching, not yet. He cooed softly in Scarlett's gentle voice as her body buzzed with anticipation, his delicate toes arched back and forth as his new body begged for his attentive touch.

His sighs grew louder. His body writhed slowly back and forth until finally, finally he traced his index finger down over his moistening slit, circled around and back, followed the dark line of her budding lips and dipped a finger inside himself and was rewarded with a small jolt of pleasure, his body begging for more. Tom rested his palm on the coarse hair of Scarlett's mound while his finger explored inside his moistening pussy, rubbing and prodding, back and forth, up and down until, with a sigh, he pressed down upon the hood of his clit and gentle waves of pleasure cascaded through him. He pressed harder, rubbing back and forth as he grew wet and horny, the tension and pleasure building, spreading through him until he had to slip another finger inside himself. His velvety lips unfolded and he felt his wetness, slid his fingers back and forth inside himself and moaned, moaned, then came, gasping as the tension released and an orgasm flooded his beautiful body.

No sooner had that finished then the tension returned, more intense, his body yearning for more and he rubbed himself fiercely, his other hand playing with his tits, working his young, feminine form. His hand and thighs grew slick with his desire as he rubbed his aching cunt until pleasure exploded through him and he yelled out, lost in another orgasm that racked him from head to toe. He continued fondling his sexy body as the wave crested through him, the orgasm burning the tension out of his body until at last it subsided and he came back down.

Tom let out a short, cute giggle as he curled up onto his side on the bed, his breasts still heaving, his body still warm from his efforts. His hands rested on the bed below his nose, the deep musky smell of himself on his fingers. Scarlett's body was pretty amazing and very sensitive once he figured out what she liked.

Maybe he could teach her.

II.

Eventually, Tom got off the bed and strode gracefully to the shower. He turned it on and stepped in to let the water trace its way down his curves. Tom lathered his body up well, running his soapy hands all over himself, enjoying the feel of his slick skin as he circled around his boobs, down over his little bubble butt, then in between his thighs. As the shower washed away the sweat of the morning's exercise Tom rummaged through Scarlett's unconscious mind.

She had no plans for the day and didn't have to go to work until Monday. She didn't have a boyfriend but she was kind of seeing this one guy. Tom teased his image out of her mind, the thought of the man's warm smile and sexy laugh made a tingle run down his spine. The day was hers to do as she pleased, or rather, Tom's to make her do as he pleased. He just wanted to relax and enjoy Scarlett's body for a time.

He stepped out of the shower and dried himself, remaining naked as he blow dried and combed his hair so he could watch his lithe body in the mirror. Then he returned to her room to dress. He rummaged through her drawers and pulled out a light pink bra and matching panties. He slid the panties up his legs until they nestled snug against his womanhood. He slipped on the bra and clipped it up. It was a shame to hide such beautiful breasts but Tom had a feeling he wouldn't be able to leave them hidden for long. The anticipation was always heightened by leaving a little to the imagination.

He put on a small skirt that hugged his hips and fell halfway down his thighs. If he didn't cross his legs when he sat he'd give anyone across from him a wonderful view. He put on a matching loose fitting blouse then returned to the bathroom to put on his makeup. Just because he wasn't going anywhere was no reason not to look adorable. Scarlett's smooth face smiled back at him from the mirror as he applied his makeup. Each tiny blemish and minuscule imperfection only served to make her seem more beautiful. When he was done he stood back and turned from one side to the other to appreciate his work. She looked so amazing he was turning himself on.

An idea hit him. He closed his eyes and called Scarlett's name in his mind, rousing her unconscious until she woke.

Where am I? She thought.

Tom opened his eyes, revealing to Scarlett the vision of her stunning body in the mirror.

I can't control my body. What's happening? She asked, her mind beginning to panic.

It's okay, Tom replied, I'm just borrowing your body.

He flooded her with his calm, overpowering the fright circling her mind.

Who are you? She asked, calmly, rationally. *How are you doing this?*

I'm a body hopper. I can go from one body to another. It's my gift. I want to help you Scarlett. You're so beautiful and you don't even know it.

I'm not, she replied.

Look at yourself.

Tom stared at Scarlett's image in the mirror, letting his eyes wander up and down her sweet form as he slowly turned back and forth, forcing her to ogle her own body.

You're gorgeous. He affirmed, part comment, part command and he felt her mind loosen further. *I've been in a lot of bodies, but you're far and away the best. And you don't even know it.*

I'm no model. She replied.

You could be. You should be proud of your body. I'll show you how to enjoy it.

Tom flooded Scarlett's mind with his desire until she shared his lust for her own body. He walked into the living room and sat down on the couch, smoothing his skirt out from under his taut butt as he did so. He crossed his legs as his skirt slid up slightly, her smooth thighs radiant in the late morning sun streaming through the balcony window.

Look at your legs. Tom said, running her fingers down her flawless leg to the tip of her toes. *Powerful. Graceful. Sensitive. Let's explore your body together.*

He began tickling his thighs with her fingertips as his body warmed under his touch.

Mmm, that does feel good. She whispered in his mind.

He helped her along, bringing to mind the guy she was sort of seeing, imagining him beside her, touching her, caressing her softly, wanting her for his own.

Ohhh, Scarlett sighed softly as Tom danced her fingertips up her thighs, under the sensitive skin beneath her skirt and back down, making her feel herself. Her desire was growing, her body warming once more to his touch. Tom raised Scarlett's other hand and forced her to caress her face and glide lightly down her neck, all the time imagining it was her

lover's gentle kisses.

He sat back and guided Scarlett's hand underneath her skirt to rest atop her panties, her restless fingers roving back and forth over the sheer material as Scarlett warmed and grew moist in anticipation. Both their minds basked in the delightful warmth radiating from between Scarlett's legs as Tom continued moving her hands around her own body, making her feel herself up, burning into her how desirable she was, how ready her body was for her own touch. Her self-consciousness about her own body was slowly disappearing as she sunk into the pleasure flowing through her.

Tom made her hand beneath her skirt slip under her panties and she tensed slightly.

Oh, she gasped, as her delicate finger traced up and down the furry lips of her budding valley. She wanted it and she didn't, ashamed and excited in equal measure.

Here, Tom said, giving her control of her own hand beneath her panties.

She paused briefly, then resumed the up and down motion Tom had begun as he sat back and caressed her beautiful breasts. As a body hopper this ceding of control was unusual and incredibly erotic, almost as though another person were pleasuring his wonderful temporary body.

Scarlett pressed down gently and slipped inside herself and they both sighed as one, her body pushing her onward, growing moist to her touch. She pressed against the hood of her clit, rubbing gently as pleasure flowed outward and upwards, the beautiful pressure building with each caress. She slid another finger inside herself, back and forth across her budding womanhood, her fingers slick with her want, the explosion building, building until she came.

'Ah, ahhh,' Scarlett moaned in horny satisfaction, Tom allowing her voice to escape her ruby lips. She continued pleasuring herself, the awkwardness gone, only the desire left. She drove her fingers harder, deeper, faster, the wave building quicker now as Tom grabbed and squeezed the delicate breasts beneath her blouse until they exploded again, Tom's legs writhing, his body pressing upwards into Scarlett's seeking hand as she hit her clit, again and again as the orgasm racked through them, her body on fire.

'Oh gawd, yes,' Tom said, Scarlett's voice dripping with lust as they continued to play her body. Scarlett slid her fingers deep insider herself

guided by Tom, and curled around and up to press against her g-spot. The pleasure was intense and immediate and they came hard, her legs quivering as Tom closed his eyes tight and yelled out to the empty room.

'Oh, yes. Oh, yes! *Oh yes!*' As the orgasm racked her body and the world disappeared and they floated together in the ecstasy.

Slowly they came down, Tom retaking control of Scarlett's hand as her consciousness became dreamy in his mind.

That was amazing she said.

Tom agreed and gently sent her back to sleep, once again taking complete control of her body. He brought his finger to his lips, sticky with her juices, and slipped it into his mouth. He sucked on her pungent sweet desire, tasting Scarlett's body, licking off every drop of her essence. Then he lay back on the couch and closed his eyes, Scarlett's body humming softly in the afterglow.

III.

Tom must have dozed off because when he opened his eyes again his mouth felt dry and he could see that the sun through the balcony window was high in the sky. He got to his feet and stretched Scarlett's body, then sauntered into the kitchen for something to drink and some lunch.

A hopper tended to take on his host's appetites and it was always interesting to taste familiar food with someone else's taste buds. He opened the fridge and let Scarlett's body guide his decisions. His slim hands reached out for some leftover containers of Indian takeaway and he fixed himself a large bowl of a little of everything. As he warmed it in the microwave he poured himself a glass of milk. He'd never been a big fan of milk but in Scarlett's body it tasted like heaven.

When the microwave dinged he took his plate and his milk out to the balcony to bask in the afternoon sun and watch people walk by on the street three floors below. The balcony was half hidden by a tree and lent a nice air of privacy to the small table at which he sat. Tom took one bite of the Indian and a delicious pain filled his mouth as he chewed. She liked her food spicy. Scarlett's eyes watered slightly as Tom took a slug of milk.

When Tom finished he sat back in his chair, relishing the burning in his mouth, his body filling with endorphins from the semi-painful heat. As he sat he quizzed Scarlett's unconscious mind about her recent explorations. She seemed to like it at the time, but how did she feel in hindsight?

Scarlett, Tom thought, Wake up, Scarlett.

He felt her awakening, her groggy thoughts flitting in and out of his mind.

Tell me how you felt when we were playing with your body.

It felt amazing. I felt amazing. I'd tried before but I'd never really experienced one as...as full as that, she said breathlessly.

Your fingers felt so good inside your sensitive body.

Oh, god, they did. It's all I can think about. I'm craving it now.

Me, too.

You've made me into a slut! She joked. But...god, I really do want to do it again.

Then why don't we?

Here? On the balcony? But anyone can see.

That's part of the fun. Imagine your guy friend down there, looking up at you in the throes of ecstasy, wishing he could be there with you. Better yet,

imagine being caught by a stranger, someone staring at you while your body fills with pleasure.

That thought alone was enough to make his hand dive between his legs and pull his skirt up, displaying his gorgeous thighs and delicate panties to the world. Scarlett meekly resisted at first, but was quickly overcome by the pleasure coursing through her body.

I'm going to do it this last time, Scarlett. There's nothing you can do to stop me.

Rather than dampen her enthusiasm that loss of control jumpstarted her lust. Tom's heart pounded in his ears as his slim fingers pressed against the fabric of his panties, pushing them slightly inside himself, pressing against his dampening desire as his breath quickened. Tom found Scarlett's body getting wet even quicker than before and soon the damp patch spread across his panties until he could stand it no more. He pulled them halfway down his legs and gazed at the close-shaved blonde hair of his incredible pussy. With both hands he spread his velvety lips wide to the afternoon sun. Scarlett's aching cunt was his to play with for the moment and he stared into his new body with lust. He could practically see himself growing wet just looking at his body.

How he ached to be touched!

Stick your fingers in. Play with me. Please! Scarlett begged.

He sunk his finger deep inside and they moaned together as the pleasure sparked from her clit, her legs flexing back and forth as he worked Scarlett's body, her finger vibrating back and forth, faster, harder inside and he came quicker this time, stifling his gasps, half hoping someone could see him right now as he came, his breath hitching in his throat as the orgasm sparked through him.

He continued sliding back and forth between his own damp thighs, the musky smell of Scarlett's horny body rising occasionally to his nostrils as he bent forward, working his clit, pressing and pushing and prodding until once again he came, harder than ever this time. He leaned his head back, bit his beautiful finger to stifle his cries of pleasure as his chair rocked back and forth in his ecstasy.

Soon he came back down, breathing heavily. That was the best one yet.

He looked down at the street from her third floor perch, and saw a young man staring up at him.

Someone saw us! She thought.

Tom smiled Scarlett's cute grin and gave a little wave. The man waved

back, the faint smile on his lips evident even from this distance. He seemed cute, with dark hair and a bit of stubble. He wore a tank top that showed off his tanned, muscular arms. He was just Scarlett's type.

He's cute, though, Tom said.

Yes, I'll give you that.

Let me bring him up here for you.

Without waiting for a reply Tom hopped him, flying down into his body as the world disappeared. When it returned he was on the sidewalk looking up at the pretty blonde on the third floor. Her skirt was up and her fingers were inside herself as she looked down at him, a slight astonished look on her face. Tom headed towards her building and pressed the buzzer for her apartment.

Maybe, thought Tom, She's ready to try out her new pleasure with a man.

###

Pushing the Limit

'Nervous?' Jason asked the young woman sitting in the window seat.

She turned her big brown eyes towards him. Her slim fingers nervously twisted the silver cross that dangled from her long, slender neck. She wore a plain yellow dress, which covered most of her body and clung lightly to her small curves. Her light brown hair hung down behind her in a braid. She smiled, revealing a row of dazzling white teeth.

'I don't like flying,' she said in a light, lyrical voice.

'You by yourself?' Jason asked.

'My friend had a family emergency and canceled at the last minute. So...' She trailed off and shrugged.

The familiar urge to hop filled Jason and right then he decided that she would be his vacation. He just had to pick the right time to hop her.

'Well,' he smiled, 'Hawaii's just as nice by yourself.'

The flight was uneventful and Jason thought he might have to wait until landing to get his chance. But when the captain announced they'd be touching down in about 20 minutes she unbuckled her seat belt.

'Excuse me,' she said, getting up.

Jason unbuckled his belt and stood to let her pass. She headed towards the toilets at the rear and Jason followed. They were last in line and Jason let her go first. A minute later he heard a flush from inside and looked around. None of the cabin crew was around and no one was paying any attention.

As soon as Jason heard the click of the bathroom door unlocking he pushed against it, knocking the woman back as he burst into the bathroom. He clapped a hand over her mouth and elbowed the door closed behind him before he hopped.

Before she could scream his body melted into a mucousy liquid and poured into her every orifice. All his senses disappeared but touch and he felt himself flowing rapidly over her smooth skin, into her mouth and nose and down her throat, around into her ears, underneath her dress, up through the tight lips of her pussy and in through her tiny ass. His liquid self pooled in through every hole, filling her with his essence as his clothes sagged to the floor, no longer containing a body.

And then suddenly all his senses came back. He was standing in the toilet again, only this time facing the door. He felt the dress clinging loosely to his body, his long braided hair falling over his back. He looked in the mirror and her cute face looked back. He smiled, his perfect

eyebrows arching up as he looked down at his newest body. He searched her mind. Her name was Jen and she considered herself a conservative, chaste Christian girl. Rummaging through her memories he 'remembered' the one boy she'd ever kissed, the few times she'd touched herself and had felt immensely guilty, and the hidden envy she had for those girls who could show off their bodies guilt free.

'Well, Jen,' Jason thought to himself, 'Your life is about to get a lot wilder.'

Jason didn't have any time to explore his new form before the captain ordered everyone back to their seats for landing. Jason picked up his old clothes and returned to his seat, the long skirt swishing around his smooth legs with every step, a constant reminder of his new feminine form.

With full access to her memories it was easy to pick up her luggage and make his way to her hotel. Each minute of the baggage claim, and the taxi ride, and the check in was an agony as he looked forward to his time alone with Jen's body. Finally, he arrived in his room and shut the door. He dropped his luggage on the floor and went straight to the bathroom, where he flicked on the light to get a good look at his new body.

'Let's get this off, first,' Jason said in Jen's sweet voice.

He pulled his dress off over his head and threw it on the floor. He wasn't surprised to find beneath her plain outfit a plain bra and large panties. He took these off and stood naked but for the silver cross hanging just above his breasts.

He turned this way and that, admiring her small, firm breasts, her trim stomach that showed hints of her abs, her tight ass, and the close cut coarse hair of her bush between her pale thighs. He ran her dainty fingers down her smooth skin, watching her reflection as he forced her fingers around her breasts, cupping them, sliding his thumbs across his sensitive new nipples until they popped out and a light shiver of pleasure caressed his body.

He swayed Jen's hips and stared, entranced, at her adorable image in the mirror as a warmth emanated from between his legs. He slid one hand down between his legs, running her manicured fingers over his light pubic hair, caressing and teasing his slit as he grew warmer and his pussy grew wet, opening for his seeking finger. He furrowed his eyebrows in desire as he slipped a finger inside Jen—inside

himself—caressing her warm, wet folds, sinking his fingers in and out of his virginal body, rubbing his clit as it budded and sent curls of tension and heat rolling upwards through him.

Jason squeezed his breasts harder and moaned a soft, girlish moan. His fingers continued their exploration as his body swayed to the waves of his desire. His velvety lips were dripping now as he propped one foot on the toilet so he could slide deeper inside himself, toying with her g-spot, moaning louder, his breath coming faster as his fingers worked inside his slick warmth until a wave of pleasure cascaded over him and he shuddered gently.

Inside him he could feel Jen wanting to stop but he knew there was still more to come even if she didn't. He continued squeezing his breasts and rubbing his clit, faster and faster. The pleasure built quicker this time and he came harder, his moans morphing into breathy 'ohs', Jen's voice driving him onwards as he continued pleasuring himself, his fingers soaking with his own juices until he came again and again, each time quicker than the last and his body shuddered as the world dropped away and it was just Jen's body. He swore in her airy voice, saying things she would never dare say as he forced her body to do things she would never dare do.

'Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck,' He squeezed his eyes tight as another wave crashed through him and he bent over, resting his head on his knee as he came one final time.

Finally, he opened his eyes, his small breasts still heaving with each breath. He stood and smiled at Jen's image in the mirror. Her face was flushed and slightly shiny with exertion. Gently, Jason slid her fingers out of her pussy and raised them to his lips. He stuck out his tongue and forced Jen to lick her own pussy juice from her fingers, savoring her musky, salty taste until his fingers were only slick with his saliva. The good Christian girl had never considered doing this and Jason was all too eager to share his pleasure with her.

He skipped to her suitcase—her body was so light, so athletic—and dug through it. Just as he'd thought, all her clothes were boring and didn't do justice to her lithe body. Even her bathing suit seemed to cover up more than it showed. He wanted to hit the beach but first he needed to do some shopping.

II.

Jason stopped in at the surf shop across from the hotel. Near the back was a huge selection of bathing suits and he took his time sliding them onto his fabulous body and checking himself out in the mirror. He settled on a three piece, the top a red halter with some crossing straps that snuggled his breasts nicely and the bottom a dark blue bikini, which was hidden beneath a bathing skirt. It let him show off his toned abs and his long, smooth legs but still left a little to the imagination.

'Anyone who wants to see more will have to work for it,' Jason thought to himself as he posed in the mirror wearing his new outfit, conscious of the shop clerk ogling him.

He paid and strode off down the beach in his new swimsuit, long legs splashing lightly in the surf as he breathed in the salty ocean air and let the sun warm his new body.

Jason got smiles—and occasionally whistles—from the men that he passed. He smiled back, content for now to just stroll, let his hips gently sway and enjoy his athletic feminine form.

He paused to watch a group of four women playing volleyball. Their young bodies glistened with exertion as they batted the ball back and forth. The one nearest him, a beautiful Asian woman with long black hair tied back in a ponytail, saw him watching.

'Want to play?' She called out.

'Looks like you've got enough.' Jason replied.

She waved him over. 'I'm going to take a break. Jump in.'

Jason spent the next half hour playing with the girls as they took turns rotating positions. With Jen's tall, powerful body Jason was able to easily stand on his own, sending the ball high over the net and forcing the girls on the other side to chase it down, their slim legs pounding on the sand as they dove and lunged. They were all pretty and athletic, but there was something special about the Asian woman who first called him over.

Her name was Catherine but she went by Cat. She was always smiling and laughing. Her skin was golden tanned from the sun and she moved gracefully through the sand, smacking the ball back over the net with a force that vibrated her body and jiggled her breasts beneath her tight, black one piece. Jason guessed her breasts were large than Jen's and felt a pang of jealousy—his or Jen's he couldn't be sure. It might have been Jason's imagination, but he thought he'd caught Cat's gaze lingering on his borrowed body for a bit longer than necessary and felt flattered by her

attention. His cheeks flushed and he found himself giggling more, flirting with her.

When they tired of the game they all ran down for a dip in the warm water. They chatted as they splashed about, Jason again accessing Jen's memories. He found himself mesmerized by Cat's graceful body, the way she moved and spoke. Her playful sense of humor and joy was infectious. She somehow rounded up an even larger group of strangers for a spirited game of Marco Polo.

Jason didn't know whether Cat shared his feelings, all he knew was that he wanted to press Jen's body against hers and taste her on his lips. Somehow he was falling in love, or at least lust, something he tried not to do in a hopped body. But something about this was different and Jason decided to play it out.

They made plans to meet at the bar on top of Cat's hotel that evening and then went their separate ways.

'I'm glad I met you!' Cat said as she wrapped her arms around Jason and gave him a big hug.

All Jason could think was how wonderful it was to feel her breasts pressed against his and stuttered out, 'Y-you too. See you tonight.'

He returned to his hotel room and hopped in the shower. As the warm water caressed his body he thought of Cat. Of her smile, her face, her perfect body. A shiver of pleasure rippled through him and he found that one of his hands had once again wandered down between his legs and was caressing the coarse hair leading to his waiting womanhood. He slid it around, over his smooth ass, turning around to watch his bubble butt as he swayed, his fingernails lightly scratching his butt as the pleasure intensified. Jason gently slid a finger between the crack of his taut butt cheeks, tickling his puckered asshole and sighing gently, his breasts rising and falling slowly.

He sensed Jen's hesitance at playing with her ass but pressed on, knowing how good it would feel. He covered his tight hole with one finger and rubbed around the outside gently, gradually pushing into himself as he relaxed, feeling his finger sink slowly into his asshole. His breath hitched as a sudden jolt of pleasure filled him. Jason slid Jen's other hand between his legs and into his moistening slit, rubbing her clit, his fingers working on both sides of his borrowed body, sinking in and out, pressing gently and deeply until the pleasure crested and he moaned, his legs growing weak as he continued playing with himself, back and front, in

and out, kneeling down and opening his legs so he could slide deeper inside himself from both sides. The hand behind him pressed against Jen's buttocks as he made her own finger circle inside her tight asshole, the other hand sinking deep inside her pussy and then, as Cat's face filled Jason's mind, he came a third time, yelping loudly in pleasure as his knees nearly gave out. He had to steady himself against the wall as the pleasure washed through him and out. Only then did he finally clean Jen's beautiful body and step out of the shower.

Jason dried himself off and wrapped a towel around his body before ordering room service. As he waited he dug through Jen's luggage for some makeup and something sexy to wear. The best he could find was a pair of blue shorts and a matching blouse. He laid the outfit on the bed and made up his face in the bathroom, stretching and wiggling Jen's soft features as he applied his makeup. No matter how many people he hopped he always enjoyed watching them close up as he made them move, enjoying the control over his borrowed bodies.

When his food arrived he dug through Jen's purse for a tip, "accidentally" dropping the towel and giving the young man a good glimpse of Jen's tight posterior. He turned around in time to see the young man turn beet red before accepting the tip and running off, no doubt for a quick wank. That's what Jason would have done anyway.

Jason slipped into his clothes. The blouse and shorts fit him quite well but hid most of his body beneath. Oh well, it was the best he could do and, anyway, Jen would have looked good in a plastic bag.

After he'd eaten and dressed Jason made his way to the bar. It was on the rooftop of a nearby hotel and it was already bustling when he arrived. He strode around nervously looking for Cat and her friends. They were at a high table near the edge of the roof. Cat's eyes lit up when she saw him, her adorable face spread in a big grin.

'Heey!' She called, hugging Jason again.

Jason enjoyed his girl time as they all chatted and laughed. Cat stood next to Jason, getting closer and touching him more frequently as the night wore on and they both got drunker. Jason felt his body getting flushed quite readily. Jen was a lightweight. Searching her memories he found she almost never drank.

'Well,' thought Jason, 'By the time Jen's vacation ends she'll have done a lot of things she'd never done before.'

At some point Jason and Cat ended up alone, looking out over the

beach as the full moon reflected off the calm waters.

'I'm glad I met you, Cat', Jason said.

She looked at him with her wide face and dark eyes. 'I'm glad I met you, too.'

'I never thought I'd meet someone, a woman, before who made me feel like this.' He knew Jen well enough to know it was true without searching her memories.

Jason slowly brought his face towards Cat. Then suddenly their lips were pressed together, Jen's soft nose pressed against Cat's cheek as he tasted the cherry gloss on her lips, filled Jen's nostrils with Cat's summery scent as he entwined Jen's gentle hands around Cat's back. They pulled close, Jason opening Jen's mouth to allow Cat's wandering tongue to dart in as Cat held Jen's cheeks in her dainty hands..

'Come down to my room.' Cat gasped.

She practically pulled Jason out of the bar to the elevator, then down to the fifth floor. Cat fumbled with her key card, then flung the door wide. She grabbed Jason and threw him onto one of the beds, laughing merrily as the door swung shut behind them.

Cat knelt on top of Jason, her knees pinning Jen's body to the bed. Cat tossed her hair back and leaned down to kiss Jen's lips, her soft fingers caressing Jen's long, braided hair. Cat's large breasts pressed against Jason's own as she ran her silky fingers down Jen's face. Jason inhaled her scent, his own body growing moist at Cat's tender kisses.

Jason leaned up and struggled out of his blouse and bra with a little help from Cat, revealing his small breasts, the nipples already pointed out in arousal. Cat then stripped off her shirt and shrugged out of her bra. Her large breasts bounced free. They were perfect, flawless, the skin so smooth and tanned.

'You have amazing tits,' Jason whispered.

Cat smiled and leaned forward, letting her breasts drop onto Jason's face as he suckled and caressed, running Jen's slim fingers around Cat's gorgeous curves, grabbing her breasts in Jen's small hands, hefting and squeezing, enjoying Cat's body and hoping Cat would enjoy hers. Cat sighed and closed her eyes as Jason ran Jen's tongue over a nipple, gently biting it with his teeth. Jen's body wanted Cat so badly, to caress her, to taste her, to be inside her. Cat must have sensed it because she stood and pulled off her pants to reveal her lean body with the dark stripe of pubic hair between her legs. Jason slipped out of his own shorts and lay on the

bed, his breasts rising and falling in quickening desire.

Cat climbed back on top, facing backwards this time, her womanhood hovering above Jen's lips, her face between his thighs. Jason ran his hands around Cat's butt squeezing and pulling, every now and then revealing the soft pink folds of Cat's desire. Cat was kissing his thighs, her breasts lying on Jason's waist as her soft lips crept ever closer to Jason's moistening pussy. Then suddenly Cat's hot breath was on top of his velvety lips and he moaned. Jason couldn't hold off and he pulled Cat down onto himself, sliding Jen's tongue up between Cat's slit as her musky darkness enfolded his face and he tasted her delicious pussy.

Cat moaned and then slipped her tongue inside Jen's body, licking and nibbling at Jason's clit as a fire of pleasure burned through his body. One of Cat's fingers slid inside Jason and he gasped, his mouth filling with Cat's own dripping desire. Jason followed her lead and slipped one of Jen's fingers inside Cat's pussy, pressing and prodding up against her g-spot. The two women lay like this, pleasuring each other, the only sounds the slurping of their tongues and their girlish groans.

Each stroke of Cat's tongue burned the fire within Jason brighter until he came, flexing his toes as the pleasure hit him. This first wave just made Jason want to keep going. He wanted to follow the pleasure, to sink deep inside Cat's body. Above him Cat shivered and paused as an orgasm shot through her, then she resumed. The two girls licked and sucked each other, fingers deep inside until they came again, faster and longer this time, Jason pulling Cat deeper onto his face, Jen's nose practically sinking inside Cat's sopping pussy as he ate her with wild abandon. The chaste, little Christian girl deep inside was enjoying this forbidden pleasure, enjoyed tasting another woman and driving her mad with lust.

They came six time like this, each time the pleasure burning higher and brighter filling Jen's virginal body with more ecstasy than she'd ever known. Until, exhausted, Cat rolled off and came to lay next to Jen. She rested her hand on Jen's chest and stroked her nipples as Jason lay with his eyes closed, drained and fulfilled.

Tomorrow he'd hop out of Jen. Maybe he'd find someone else. Maybe he'd just vacation in his own body. Either way, he was happy to leave Jen with a vacation she'd never forget and a memory she'd revisit forever. Not entirely sure it was a dream. Not entirely sure she didn't want it to happen again.

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Sharing a Ride

I was hiking through the woods with my girlfriend, Christen, on the morning that my life changed. It was only a short hike near our apartment complex so we hadn't bothered to bring anything other than a water bottle. Christen was leading the way through the sun dappled woods with me close behind. The air was clear, the day was warm and the view was magnificent. Christen's long, khaki shorts exposed the bottom half of her tanned, taut legs and teased me with the outline of her bubble butt beneath the light fabric. Her white shirt hung gently over her body and left her smooth, golden arms exposed to the warm summer day. Her auburn hair was tied up in a loose bun and every now and then she had to slip a rogue curl of hair back behind one ear.

The woods were also very pretty.

Christen crested a small hill and paused to look back at me. She smiled, two cute dimples forming on her lightly freckled cheeks, her tiny upturned nose wrinkling in delight.

'Wow, Nathan, it's so nice today!' She said as I reached her.

I nodded and took a sip from my water bottle. 'A little hot,' I agreed.

She looked up at me—I stood over her by about a head—her dark green eyes twinkling in mischief. 'You're a little hot.'

'You're a little hot,' I said, slipping an arm around her small waist and pulling her close.

Christen stood on her tiptoes and kissed me, wrapping her arms around my neck as she pressed her lithe body against mine. I tasted her slight sweat-saltiness as she opened wide for my wandering tongue. I slipped it inside her and she sucked, her hands sliding down around my butt.

I was half a second away from taking her up against the nearest boulder when there was a loud BOOM nearby and the ground shook like an earthquake. We jumped and looked around.

'Over there,' Christen pointed towards the crest of a nearby hill. Through the trees I saw a small cloud of dust and smoke rising as if from an explosion.

'What do you think it was?' She asked.

'Let's check it out.' I started walking towards the hill but Christen grabbed me.

'What if it's dangerous? Like, I don't know, terrorists or something?'

'What would terrorists be doing out in the middle of nowhere? My bet's

on meteor.'

Christen look doubtful but nodded and followed me off the trail and up the other hill, fighting through brambles and thick bushes, the smell of smoke dissipating in the light breeze as we drew closer. We finally reached the top of the hill where I pulled aside the last branch and we both stepped out to stare at a small crater.

The crater was about eight feet long and looked to be about about five feet deep. It had stopped smoking by now and at the very bottom we could see a small circular object with a greenish glow.

'What is it?' Christen asked.

'I don't know. Stay here.'

Before Christen could stop me I climbed down the hole and pushed some dirt aside to get a better look at the object. It seemed to be a perfect sphere and this close up I could see it was definitely glowing. It didn't look like a meteor; it looked man-made. Or at least deliberately made by things other than man.

I brought my hand near it to try to get a feel for its temperature. There was no heat coming off it. I broke off a piece of a root that had been snapped nearly in half and prodded the glowing green object. Nothing happened. I leaned down and slowly reached for the object. As soon as my fingers made contact I felt a small zap, like a static shock, and the green glow seemed to meld into my fingers as I jumped back and clutched my hand.

'You ok?' Christen shouted.

I looked up at her worried face, framed by the blue sky. 'Shocked me.'

I looked back at my hands but they had stopped glowing. Or maybe they were never glowing and I was just imagining things? I picked up the green stone and took a closer look. It was perfectly round and vaguely translucent—like a giant, dark marble—and cold.

I put it in my pocket and began climbing out of the hole. Christen reached down and I grabbed her hand.

And disappeared.

I watched my clothes crumple to the bottom of the hole. My body had just disappeared but I now seemed to be standing at the top of the crater.

'Nathan!' Christen screamed. Her voice leaped from my lips uncontrollably. My view trembled as my head looked around and I shouted again in Christen's terrified voice, 'Nathan! Nathan!'

'Oh, god, oh god,' I/Christen said and raised my hands to my head. As

my view swooped down again I saw glimpses of Christen's body, only now I seemed to be looking from her perspective. I could feel the warm air blowing across her bare legs, the sunshine on her soft arms, the perspiration on her forehead as my fingers were buried deeper into her hair. I was trapped in Christen's body. But I was just a passenger with no control as she panicked.

I'm here. I'm here. I'm here. I thought, concentrating, and then: 'I'm here,' Christen said and clapped her hands to her mouth.

I could hear her thoughts racing: *I didn't say that! What's happening?*

'It's me! It's Nathan!' I yelled through her hands. I found it came easier to take control this second time.

'Put your hands down,' I said again. Slowly, Christen pulled her hands away.

'Nathan?' She asked.

'I'm here,' I replied in her beautiful voice, strange to hear from the inside. 'Somehow I'm...I'm in your body.'

'What—? I heard your thoughts I thought I was going crazy. Maybe I am going crazy with all the shock—' She began.

'No.' I said through her. 'You're not going crazy. It's me. I'm inside you.'

'It had to be that thing. That meteor or whatever it was.' She replied.

Christen rubbed one hand over her forehead in thought. Her slim fingers felt cool against her smooth, warm forehead. *This is insane, my boyfriend disappeared and now I'm having a conversation with myself.*

I picked up that thought clearly and responded: *No. It really is me in here.*

I could feel every inch of her feminine body from her breasts—snug in her bra—to the new emptiness between my legs. Aside from her direct thoughts I was also picking up the indirect thoughts and feelings beneath the surface: the dark worry of finding her way back, the terror at my sudden disappearance, the growing thirst from the long hike. It was like being her but also with my own distinct thoughts and memories. Two minds sharing one body.

This is crazy. This can't be happening. She thought and then suddenly swooned.

Her body staggered and tilted towards the crater as her conscious thoughts stopped.

'No! No! No!' I shouted as her body tipped precariously towards the

hole. And then suddenly I pulled myself back, flailing my arms until I fell backwards on my soft butt with a teeth jarring thud. I was in control of her body, and not a moment too soon.

Christen? Christen? I thought. There was no answer. I hoped she was just unconscious and not somehow disappeared.

I looked down at her body. Her breasts—my breasts—poked out from my chest beneath my line of sight. I brought my hands up and rubbed my soft fingers together experimentally, the glossy nails flashing in the sun as I wiggled them. Astonished, I trailed one of my new hands down my smooth, toned leg and wiggled my tiny toes. This was unreal. Equal parts scary and exciting.

My stomach growled in hunger. My only idea was to head home. Hopefully Christen would be awake soon. I hated to think what might happen if she never woke up, if somehow I had kicked her out of her own body.

I stood and dusted off my butt, maybe dusting a little longer than necessary as I gently slapped it and felt the soft wobble. I half climbed down into the crater and retrieved my clothes, checking the pocket to make sure the stone was in there. Then I climbed out and headed back down the hill towards the path. Christen's body moved differently from my own and yet her movements came naturally, even down to her spritely walk and the way I tucked the hair back behind her ears, which I caught myself doing several times without thinking.

I soon made it back to our apartment. I dropped my clothes onto the armchair and immediately headed to the bathroom mirror. I had to see my new body. I'd stared at Christen for hours but seeing her from the inside was different. I flicked on the light and turned to the reflection in the mirror. Her green eyes looked back at me, lips upturned in a slight smile. I ran a hand over my lightly freckled cheeks and nose. Her skin was so smooth. I turned my head this way and that. Ran her tongue around the strange contours of my new mouth. Stuck out my tongue and giggled. She was incredibly cute—I was incredibly cute.

Just then I felt her stirring in my mind. Groggy, disjointed thoughts as though waking from a deep sleep. Even without her conscious thought I could sense her confusion at being unable to control her body and her struggle to understand how she had ended up in the bathroom.

'Christen,' I said aloud, looking at her face in the mirror, trying to talk to her and through her, 'It's...it's Nathan. Somehow I'm controlling your body.'

That's impossible, she thought.

I nodded, the loose locks of Christen's hair bobbed up and down. 'It is. But somehow it's happened.'

What do we do?

'I don't know.' My stomach rumbled again. 'For now, I guess we get some food.'

I went out to the kitchen to make a sandwich. It was only once I was in a familiar place that I realized the height difference between my body and Christen's body. The perspective was off, everything seemed to be taller than I remembered. I had to stand on tiptoe to reach one of our plates.

I opened the fridge and pulled out some turkey, cheese and lettuce. As I wrapped Christen's fingers around an avocado she spoke up: *I don't like avocado.*

Well, I do. I replied.

But it's my body.

She had a point. True, I was in control and it felt so natural but still, it wasn't my body.

I left the avocado and made the rest of the sandwich as we "talked".

How long do you think we'll be like this? She asked.

I don't know. I brought the meteor, or whatever, back. Maybe it can pull me out.

What if we're stuck like this forever?

Let's just take it slow. For now I guess we just act normal.

I can't act normal. I can't act anything, I can't control my own body!

Shhh, quiet, quiet, it's okay.

I took the plate and sat down at the table, admiring the graceful way Christen's body moved. I took a bite, chewing the food with her mouth, tasting it with her tongue. There was definitely a sensual element to this whole experience, of being able to control my lover's body. After a while I noticed she hadn't said anything and began to get worried.

Christen? Are you still there? Talk to me.

I'm here but it's just...you told me to be quiet and I had to obey...I mean, I wanted to obey, too. Like it was my own self saying it only..more powerful.

It seemed I was able to overpower her thoughts and, what's more, she didn't seem able to access any of "my" thoughts that I didn't direct to her. Somehow I had more control over her body than she had. Interesting. I decided not to bring it up just yet, she was worried enough already.

I finished my sandwich and wiped my lips, shocked once more at the

new smoothness of my face.

'I need a shower,' I said aloud, partly to tell Christen what I was doing but also partly to hear myself speak in Christen's voice.

I stripped off my sweat stained clothes and started running the shower. While I waited for it to reach the right temperature I turned to examine my naked form in the mirror. I let down my hair and shook it down over my shoulders. I turned this way and that, admiring Christen's small, firm breasts.

Don't make me look in the mirror, she said, I hate how my body looks.

Are you kidding? I asked, unable to look away from my mesmerizing reflection as I ran one hand down my smooth butt cheek. *You're gorgeous. What's wrong with your body?*

I've got a fat stomach, my legs are all veiny and my hair gets all knotted and tangled up.

There was a slight pause, then she continued, *Oh god, Nathan, I had to tell you the truth, I couldn't lie to you.*

I ignored the second part for the moment but kept it in the back of my mind. Instead, I ran her hands down her stomach, gently pinching and prodding the sensitive skin. She didn't have a six pack but she was by no means fat. And her so-called veiny legs looked pretty normal from my vantage point, nothing veiny about them. Gorgeous and smooth, in fact. I told her as much.

You're just saying that.

No, I'm not. I replied, then remembered she would do anything I told her and decided to try something. *You know you're beautiful.*

She didn't answer but I felt her emotions shift subtly. She was happier about herself.

I stepped into the shower and let the warm water caress my soft skin as it poured down the contours of Christen's elegant body. I ducked my face under the shower, enjoying the hot spray as I rubbed each hand in turn down over my toned arms, exploring my new self. The relaxing relief of a hot shower flowed through both our minds. My hands glided around to my breasts, the smooth curves not quite big enough to fill them. I basked in the pleasant sensations rolling through my body as my nipples popped out in pleasure.

Oh, Nathan, Christen asked, her thoughts hazy and warm and with a hint of desire as the pleasure soaked through us both. *What are you doing?*

But she knew what I was doing as I caressed her breasts, sending warm shivers through my new body. I began squeezing her breasts, gently at first but then tighter, rougher, understanding what my body wanted as the pleasure exploded through me. I squeezed, pinching the nipples between my fingers and cried out in a high pitched moan of surprised pleasure-pain.

I looked down at my naked body, the sight of me controlling this lovely feminine body flooded me with as much warmth as anything I was doing to it. I pinched, pulled, grasped. Abused Christen's tits as she moaned inside my mind and I moaned inside her body, each of us riding the same growing wave of ecstasy as the emptiness between my legs grew warm with more than just the heat of the shower.

I glided one hand down Christen's stomach and gently teased myself, watched over my breasts as I circled the small tuft of hair that lead to her womanhood and then slipped a finger inside myself, watched my finger disappear inside my moistening lips and gently rubbed my budding clit.

I don't want to watch myself. She gasped.

You do. You love it. I commanded.

Oh, yes, I want to watch me play with my pussy.

I lifted one leg to the edge of the tub and spread her velvety lips, glistening with my desire. We watched together as I made her slip her own finger deeper inside. Christen's body vibrated pleasantly as I explored our wet heat, tickling and teasing, rubbing faster as the ecstasy rocketed through me. My moans came louder, higher pitched along with hers. Pressure built inside me searching for a release as I stuck more fingers inside myself, watched my pussy open wide, felt myself from deep inside and then suddenly the pressure burst and I came hard, yelling out in Christen's voice as she yelled from inside.

Oh! Ohh! Ohhh!

Her orgasm rocketed through my body and the world vanished. There was nothing but pleasure as I rocked my hands back and forth in my warm, wet cunt until the pleasure began to subside. Slowly the world returned. Panting, I leaned my head back under the shower and gently caressed my breasts as my breathing calmed slightly.

'Is it like that all the time?' I asked.

No, she replied, Sometimes it's better. Go get my vibrator.

An image of it appeared in my head—the small pink one in her bedside table, bottom drawer. I turned off the water and hurried to the

bedroom, still dripping wet.

I rummaged through her drawer until I found it. It had a broad flat end for the clit and narrowed to a sort of conical tube to hit my g-spot. I knew this because Christen knew this. I dropped onto the bed and switched it on. Using her knowledge of her own body to guide me I circled it down over my mound, teasing my clit once again. It didn't take long before my body was humming along with the vibrator, my legs and toes flexing and squeezing as I rode the wave of pleasant tension building up inside me. I turned my head to look in the mirror beside the closet and watched my girlfriend's sexy body as I writhed on the bed, moaning, eyes half lidded in her orgasm face as I slipped the vibrator in and out of my sopping pussy. The tension built steadily, faster and then the wave of orgasm broke over us and we both gasped together.

Oooh, yes. My girlfriend yelled inside my head as I came hard, squeezed my legs together and sunk the vibrator deep inside against my g-spot.

More. She demanded from inside, and I was too happy to oblige.

This time it was quicker. I shut my eyes as my body neared the climax.

Open my eyes. I want to watch myself cum. She ordered. I didn't know if it was the result of my earlier command or something of her own volition but I complied.

I watched in the mirror as her body climaxed. My legs squeezed together and forced my pelvis into the air, sinking the vibrator deep inside my wet slit as I gritted Christen's teeth, watched her face—my face now—as she came hard again, her amazing form so hot in her moment of ecstasy.

Ohhhhhh.

'Ohhhhhh,' I yelled aloud as my legs flexed and the sweet release flooded me.

I watched my breasts rise and fall as I slowly came down, one hand absentmindedly circling my pussy. There was a buzzing from somewhere and it took me a minute to realize it was the vibrator, still in my hand. I shut it off and lay there.

I enjoyed that. I wish you were here so I could cuddle.

'Me too,' I said, and smiled.

II.

Eventually I stood up—leaving a wet outline of Christine's body on our bed from my haste to leave the shower—and dried off. I wrapped the towel around my body and returned to our bedroom to find some clothes. I opened her underwear drawer and dug around for something appropriate.

The white ones, she thought, referring to some plain, white panties.

Instead I pulled out a red g-string and matching bra.

What are you doing?

'I want you to see how sexy you are,' I said, sliding the panties up my legs where they nestled against the crack of my butt. I slid my arms through the bra then reached around behind my back and clasped it, again using Christen's knowledge. I adjusted my breasts inside my bra and began looking for something else to wear.

I opened her closet and flipped through her clothes, conscious of her nearly naked reflection mere inches away from me in the bedroom mirror. I occasionally pulled out an outfit and held it up to my body to examine it before putting it back.

'These all seem like business outfits. What's your sexiest outfit?'

The blue dress in the back, she replied truthfully. Then added in her normal "voice" *But it doesn't really fit.*

'Okay, we're going shopping.'

Are you serious?

Instead of answering I slipped into her usual pair of her khaki shorts and a black t-shirt with a smiley face on it that clung gently to the contours of Christen's body in a way I always found quite sexy. I returned to the bathroom and used her knowledge to apply make-up to my face, brushed the blush gently across my cheeks and glossed up my lips, smacking them just as she did. Christen was beautiful—I was beautiful.

I picked up her keys and was on my way out the door when she spoke up: *What about looking at the meteor thing again? Maybe it can pull you out of my body.*

I hoped not, I was enjoying being inside her. But I dug through the pocket of my old pants until I found the stone. It was still dark and cold. I shook it, patted it, rubbed it, everything I could think of but nothing happened.

It was worth a try.

'I thought you liked shopping?' I said as I made my way to her little,

red Hyundai. I let my hips sway gently and relished the warm sun on my bare skin.

That's so sexist, she teased.

'But true.'

That doesn't make it less sexist.

A few minutes later we arrived at the mall. I got out and headed inside, quizzing Christen's mind on the best place for an elegant outfit.

Dolce and Gabbana, she thought, but we can't afford anything there.

We don't have to be able to afford it, I thought, I just want to see you in it.

Now that I was surrounded by people I didn't want to be heard talking to myself. If anyone overheard me I didn't think the excuse "I'm talking to someone else in my head" would be very comforting.

I headed towards Dolce and Gabbana. As I made my way through the crowded mall I noticed a lot of people—men, specifically—glancing at me, making eye contact and smiling. I could sense this attention made Christen self conscious but she was used to it. I could see how it would get annoying, creepy even, after a time to be constantly ogled when out in public. But this body was new to me, this attention was new to me and for now I quite enjoyed the men glancing at my fit form.

I entered the store and looked around. I'd never actually been inside before—Chris-ten was right, there was no way we could afford anything here—but I headed straight to the women's section to browse through the dresses. I sifted through the racks, occasionally holding them up as I had done at home. In my mind Christen judged them.

Too short. Too black. Too ugh, just ugh.

'Hi, can I help you find something?' A woman asked from behind me.

I turned to see a gorgeous saleswoman looking at me quizzically. Her straight blonde hair was tucked behind her ears where it curved gracefully down onto her shoulders. She had the long, lean face of a model. She wore a light gray dress that clung to the curves of her body; her large breasts pressed out against the shiny fabric. The dress stopped just past her thighs, revealing golden smooth legs that seemed to go on for miles and eventually ended at the gray high heels on her feet. Her bright blue eyes and warm smile left me momentarily speechless. Even Christen, in my mind, was stunned by her beauty.

'Yes, I'm, uh, looking for a dress...obviously, because I'm here in the dress section and I have a dress so I need...a dress.' I was babbling but I couldn't help it.

She smiled gently, her sharp nose wrinkling slightly in amusement. 'Is there a specific dress or do you just want to try a few on?'

'I'd like to try some on. What do you think would look good on me?'

I turned Christen's body around as she looked me up and down.

'I think just about anything would look good on you,' she said.

I blushed. 'You're just saying that because you work on commission. I mean, it's true for you—'

'Oh, honey, you're stunning. Anything here would look good on you. But let's find something that would look amazing.' She began wandering down the rack, critically examining the clothes on display. I watched her cute butt wiggle as she walked. She stopped and smoothed the fabric of her dress. Her elegant hand gently caressed the rounded curve of her butt. She looked back and caught me staring.

'I was just admiring the dress you've got on.' I lied.

'This one *looks* nice.' She looked down at herself and smoothed the dress again. 'But it's not too comfortable. I'd really like to take it off.'

Is she flirting with us?

I giggled, unsure how to react.

She pulled a pink satin dress off the rack, it was reminiscent of a 1920s flapper dress, with thin straps at the top to show off the wearer's back and a hemline that ended just above the knee.

'You've got amazing skin,' she continued, 'And great legs. This one would show off your figure as well without being too in-your-face.'

I took the dress and held it up. 'Maybe I want my figure to be in-your-face.'

Oh, my god, Christen practically face-palmed.

My hand went up to my lips and my eyes widened. 'I didn't mean it to come out like that.'

She laughed. 'I don't mind. Here, go try it on.'

She followed me to the back of the store. Two sets of curtained changing rooms faced each other. At the far wall was a small platform with mirrors on three sides, enabling people to see their new clothes from every angle. I slipped behind one of the thick curtains and undressed Christen's body, pausing to look at her naked self clad only in a g-string and bra. I really couldn't get enough of that view. I soon slipped the dress over my body and adjusted it against my breasts.

That woman is gorgeous, Christen spoke up.

Have you ever been with a woman before? I asked.

Twice, in college. I wasn't into it.

You'd like to try it again. I commanded.

I'd like to try it again, she agreed immediately.

I swished the changing room curtains aside and stepped up onto the platform. Christen's stunning body was mirrored back at me from every angle as I turned and posed, enjoying the swish of the fabric as it rose gently to reveal enticing views of my thighs.

The saleswoman stood behind me, watching closely.

'What do you think?' she asked.

'Nice,' I said, turning and giving a little shake to watch the dress flap up and down on my little butt. 'What do *you* think?' I asked her, staring into the mirrored reflection of her dazzling blue eyes.

She stepped up onto the platform and adjusted the dress behind my back. Her hand brushed against Christen's bare arm and in that tiny moment I felt a pull like a nail attracted to a magnet. I hardly realized what was going on when in a blink the world disappeared as I let myself be pulled out of Christen's body, only to reappear nearly instantly. Only this time I was behind Christen.

I could feel the dress pressing against the saleswoman's curves, the wisps of fair blonde hair down her neck and the high heels on my delicate feet. I pulled my hand back and stared down at myself and was confronted with my new large breasts—so much heavier than Christen's—stretching out the gray fabric of my dress. This time I seemed to be in charge of my new body immediately. I felt the confusion of the saleswoman—Ali-son, her mind supplied her name—inside me as she lost control of her body to a stranger. Confusion and terror roiled her mind.

Calm down, I commanded and her thoughts went placid.

Who are you? What's going on?

I've ended up in your body somehow. I said, sending images and feelings of the day I'd experienced to her much quicker than words could ever explain. *This will all work out.* And then, as an afterthought, *You'll enjoy it.*

Her thoughts turned warmer, expectant.

There's a freedom in having no control. She agreed.

Meanwhile Christen had taken a step back and was flexing her fingers, looking down at her body as if seeing it for the first time. She looked into the mirror at her reflection, trying to find me still inside her I guessed.

'Nathan?' she asked.

'I'm right here,' I answered in Alison's soft voice.

Christen turned to face me, her hand coming up to her mouth. 'What happened? You're in her now?' She looked me up and down. 'Is it different?'

'It is,' I said, 'But there's one thing that's not.'

I leaned forward and pulled Christen's soft body close to my new delicate form.

'I liked being inside you but I missed being able to do this,' I said in Alison's slight voice as I pressed my new plump lips against Christen's mouth.

What are you doing with my body? I'm not into women. Alison insisted. But in her mind I picked up some hesitation, a curiosity never before satisfied. I pushed it.

You are. The thought of licking her pussy makes you so horny. I commanded.

I need to taste her. Please, please please. She begged.

After a second of hesitation Christen kissed me back, held my cheeks in both hands and explored my mouth with her warm tongue. It seemed the commands I had left in her mind had stuck.

One of Alison's thoughts interrupted and I pulled back. 'Hold on,' I said.

I went out and closed the front door of the shop and put up the 'Back in 5 Minutes' sign. Then I returned to the changing rooms, out of sight of everyone.

Christen stood on the platform, one hand on her hip, her multiple reflections showing off her cute body from all angles. The dress draped gently down over her small form, revealing tantalizing glimpses of her chest, her back, her bare legs. I remembered how that dress had felt so light, so airy compared to Alison's tight dress that confined my newest buxom body.

I slipped out of my heels and again embraced Christen. We pressed our lips together once more, tasted each other, my breath coming faster. I slid my hands over her silky dress as she slid her hands behind me and unzipped my dress. I shrugged my way out and let it drop to the floor; Alison's curvaceous body reflected and reflected in the mirrors surrounding us. I pulled away from Christen to stare at my new beautiful body. Just by turning my head slightly I could see every angle: Alison's large breasts held snugly in a snow-white bra, her flat, smooth stomach, flawless hips and ass, her amazing legs. Everything from her long, supermodel face to

the tips of her dainty toes were all mine now. Christen was cute, but Alison was hot.

I look good, don't I? Alison bragged.

Christen slipped behind me and unclasped my bra, freeing my pendulous breasts. I grabbed my amazing tits in my hands and hefted them.

Tell me what turns you on, I said.

Squeeze my tits, gently, Alison ordered, *I can't believe I told you that. I'm usually the one in control.*

You like being powerless, I instructed.

Use my body. Do what you want with me.

This time I was the one to obey. I squeezed my soft breasts, watching my new body as I explored. Christen kissed my neck from behind. Tingles of pleasure shot down from wherever Christen's hot breath met my sensitive skin, multiplied by my hands expertly tweaking Alison's delicate nipples until they stood out in desire.

Harder, Alison commanded, her thoughts dripping with lust.

Instead I dropped my breasts and slid my hands over my soft face.

No, I'm in charge, I said.

Inside my head Alison squealed in heat, turned on by her powerlessness over her own body. I ran my hands through her fine hair and posed in the mirror as an electric pleasure shot through me. Christen slid her soft hand around over my breasts, down my flat stomach and beneath the waistband of my sheer panties. She brushed one finger over my shaved mound and slipped in between my new slit. There she rubbed gently while nipping at my neck. The pleasure built inside me, Alison's mind gave in to the feelings spiraling through her and I grew wet.

Ohhhh.

'Ohhhh,' we moaned together.

Christen gently pushed me to the floor on my soft butt and pulled off my panties. With my back against a mirror she spread my legs and kissed her way in between my thighs. I watched Alison's beautiful face screwed up in pleasure from every angle as Christen's tongue slipped inside my dripping pussy. She lapped at my budding clit as the pleasure intensified, then slipped a finger inside me, deep into my velvety folds and pressed up against my g-spot.

We moaned together again, louder this time as I continued to hold my heavy breasts, watching the images of these two amazing women as the mirror reflected back every amazing inch of our naked bodies. I could

hardly believe that the supermodel holding her breasts and with a woman between her legs was me. This time I did pinch and squeeze my nipples. A roaring pleasure washed over me. Christen sucked my clit and I cried out in orgasm, Alison's high pitched voice reverberating throughout the changing rooms as my girlfriend ate me out inside this delicious body.

Christen continued licking and sucking, working her magic inside me and I quickly came again, harder this time and still Christen didn't let up. The sparking fire through my body hurt so good and she hardly had to touch me before I lit up again, crying out loud as I came hard and squeezed my legs against her head in my ecstasy as Alison moaned in my mind.

Christen looked up from between my toned legs, her face dripping with my body's juices. I leaned down and kissed her, tasting my musky saltiness on her lips as Alison reeled in disgust and pleasure inside me.

Then it was my turn to lay Christen down and kiss my way down her neck, her breasts, her stomach until I finally dipped under her dress to the coarse hair leading to her waiting lips. I slipped my tongue inside her gently, teasing her, tasting her salty sweetness as she sighed lightly. I licked her budding clit with my tongue, teased her with Alison's tiny fingers before finally slipping fully inside her wet warmth.

Mmm, she tastes delicious, moaned Alison. *More.*

Despite Alison's love of my girlfriend's taste I could sense her hesitation. Alison was a girl who didn't like mess, always liked to try to stay neat and tidy, even during sex. So I made sure to dip her nose, her face into Christen's wetness, occasionally rubbing my girlfriend's juices over Alison's luscious breasts. As her body was used beyond her control, growing filthy with sex, her ecstasy kicked into overdrive and we all came together. Christen moaning as I filled her, Alison and I moaning as I used her body for my own pleasure. She was powerless to stop me.

I continued playing with Christen until she orgasmed again and again until, gasping for breath, she pushed me away.

'No more, you're going to kill me,' she smiled, running a hand through her dark hair.

I looked up at her and smiled, catching a glimpse in the mirrors of Alison's face and pendulous breasts, shiny with Christen's wetness, my blonde hair a mess. We sat next to each other, our backs against the mirrors, our bodies touching as we recovered. Every now and then we'd look over at each other and smile in disbelief.

I have to re-open the store, Alison finally spoke up, If my boss comes in I'll be fired.

I didn't want to ruin this girl's life. I told Christen as much and we both got up to get dressed.

'How did you get to her body? Can you get out again?' Christen asked as she changed into her street clothes.

'I don't know. I just felt a sort of pull and then I was in here. As for getting out...' I shrugged and tried to adjust Alison's hair in the mirror. 'I can only hope it will happen again. For now I guess I live Alison's life, and that means finishing up here. Can you zip me up?' I held up my hair and turned towards the mirror, staring enraptured at Alison's amazing reflection once more, at her long, thin nose and high cheekbones.

Christen zipped up my dress and I turned to face her.

'Come home when you're done. We'll see if we can figure out a way to get you out,' she said.

What about me? Alison broke in. *My boyfriend will be waiting for me.*

'Ok,' I said to Christen as we kissed once more. No point in telling her about Alison's boyfriend just yet.

'I kind of liked having you in my body.'

'Yeah?'

'Yeah. But I'd like you back in your own body, too.'

I walked Christen out to the front door and opened it back up.

'I'll see you later,' she said.

I nodded. I wanted to see Christen again. But at the same time I had this new power and a whole world to explore.

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