

## How I Became a Hopper

I was in the quiet room of the library studying during the short down time between two of my classes. It was my normal routine for the semester, as it wasn't worth it going all the way back to my dorm when I had to be back on the north campus in just forty-five minutes. I'd managed to find a cubicle that was right up against the glass soundproof partition separating the quiet room from the rest of the library. Through the window I had a view of the long desks that made up the end of the reference section. I liked this spot both because it got plenty of natural light from the huge floor-to-ceiling windows behind me, and it let me look out onto the reference section desks.

I wasn't the only library regular. Every Tuesday and Thursday at about this time a hot brunette would be somewhere behind one of those desks out in the reference section. She usually had her headphones on and a pile of books scattered about her. Occasionally she was joined by a geeky guy. Maybe a classmate, maybe a boyfriend. I admired her from afar, enjoying her profile, the slight slope of her nose, the smiling lips, the soft curve of her cheek. I was always trying to work up the nerve to go over and talk to her and always failing.

That was how I worked with every girl: Too timid to start flirting out of the blue but set me up with a reason to be next to a girl—a class assignment, teammates on the college rec league—and I could be funny and charming. It wasn't like I'd *never* had a girlfriend, just not often.

I set up my laptop and logged on to the network to start work on the chemistry problems I'd been procrastinating on. Opening my outline doc, I skimmed through it to see what I needed to do next. The answer was: just about everything.

I managed about twenty minutes of steady work before having to take a break. I sat back in the chair and sighed. I was so not into this. Chemistry was a requirement for my engineering course but it just confused the hell out of me. Give me good old calc and trig any day.

Crossing my arms I looked out into the reference section. There was the cute brunette, as usual, but there was something different about her. She was more polished. Her hair was done up, as was her makeup. And her clothes were tighter, clinging to her sleek form, the neck low cut and allowing an eye-catching amount of cleavage, the skirt cut high and threatening to reveal her panties at the slightest movement. Guess college was a time for experimentation and change. Yet still, there was one thing more that I couldn't quite place. A ghostly trail of motion followed some of her movements. It looked like what I'd see on a picture if my camera got jostled while snapping it, except this was in real time.

There was a new guy next to her and she was obviously flirting with him, laughing at his jokes and hanging on him. Maybe she felt my eyes on her because she glanced over at me and did a double take. I quickly turned back to my laptop, pretending to be lost in my work. A few seconds later a slight shadow fell across my desk and there was a light tap at the window directly next to me.

I looked up to see the hot brunette right there. And, holy hell, she was even more gorgeous up close, with supermodel looks and the body of a goddess. Her skintight outfit emphasized the perfect swell of her ass and her glorious long legs. And still she had those ghostly trails around her. She smiled an earnest, broad smile and motioned for me to come join her.

The other students in the quiet study room were already shooting me nasty looks at the interruption, so I stuffed my laptop into my backpack and hurried out. The brunette was waiting for me outside the door. She took my hand in hers and pulled me deep into the stacks of the library. This close to her I could see her ghostly trail clearer. It was almost as if there was another person superimposed on her body, visible only when their movements didn't exactly match up.

When we were deep in the stacks she stopped and turned, shooting the full force of her brilliant smile at me. She stroked my cheek and kissed me, her tongue sliding around my lips as she pressed her tits against me, clinging to me already. I was taken aback and gently pushed her away. The fruity scent of her shampoo lingered in my nostrils. God, she was so hot.

“Hold on, hold on. What are you doing?”

“What am I doing? I'm gonna fuck the hell out of you.”

She grabbed my crotch and went in to kiss me again but I backed away. “What? Right here? What if someone sees?”

She shrugged and tossed her hair out of her eyes before rubbing her body up against me. “Then we fucking hop into their bodies and watch the embarrassment.”

All I could manage was: “What?”

She cocked her head and peered at my face. I looked back at her, entranced by her beauty, trying to memorize her face in case I never saw her again after this weird encounter.

“Ooohh,” she finally said. “You don't know, do you? Oh, holy shit you're in for a fucking treat!” She jumped up and down and squealed before covering her mouth.

“What don't I know?”

“Did you notice anything unusual about me? Do I seem sort of like a picture that someone drew outside the lines of?”

I was taken aback but I nodded. “What is that?”

“I'm a body hopper. And so are you. That's how we can see each other. This isn't my real body. I'm just borrowing it for a while. I can help you manifest your powers so you can do it, too. Imagine being able to become anyone you want.”

I admit I'd thought about it before, but only as a fantasy. I would have thought this woman was totally psycho if it weren't for the strange aura around her.

“What? But...what does *she* think?” I asked, not really knowing what else to say.

“Who? This body? Pfft.” She waved away my concern. “Who cares? What matters is all the *fun* we can have with these.” She grabbed her tits and squeezed.

“H-How does it work?” This whole conversation was making me uncomfortable. As much as I didn't like the hopper who was so cavalier about the body they were in, the idea of hopping someone intrigued me.

“It's gonna take some practice. Come on, walk with me, I'll tell you about it.”

She didn't say anything more until we'd left the library and were walking along one of the brick paved paths through campus. When there was no one around she started explaining:

“It’s like this. Us hoppers can take over other people. We call them mounts because we’re mounting them. Duh. We can think their thoughts and do whatever we want while inside. Their minds stay asleep. When you get really good you’ll be able to keep your mounts awake while you’re inside if you want to. Sometimes I like to let them see what I’m making them do. It’s fucking hot hearing them complain. You can even plant thoughts for when you leave. Good if you ever want to climb the corporate ladder. Course, you could just mount the person right above you.”

She elbowed me in the ribs and brayed laughter. This hopper was a psycho, no doubt about it. If she and I were hoppers there must be others, and I wondered if they were all psychopaths.

“Who are you really?” I asked.

She shrugged. “Forty-five-year-old guy out for some sweet tail. And I found it.” She gave her own ass a smack and laughed again. “Real name’s Nigel but you can call me Annie while I’m in here.”

“Okay. Annie. I’m Tom.”

As we walked through campus Annie gazed around and talked. She seemed to be looking for something even as she told me how she first learned to hop, how her hopper mentor found her and taught her the ropes, passing on hopper lore and rules, which she ticked off for me on her fingers:

“Number one: never tell anyone you’re a hopper. People don’t like it and if the government finds out, well, you won’t like it either. You’ll either be studied like an insect or dissected or both. Two: never let anyone see you hop because, well, see rule number one. Three: Hoppers gotta stick together. If you find a new hopper you gotta teach them the ropes. That’s it.”

“How do I do it?”

“First, I gotta prime you.”

“What does that mean?”

She smiled. “It means you get to enjoy this.”

We wound up the stairs to her dorm room and snuck inside without anyone seeing us. Annie had a typical underclassman room: small with cinderblock walls, which she’d mostly hidden behind gauzy curtains strung from one wall to the other.

As soon as the door closed she turned to me and pressed her soft body against my large one, one leg clutched around me, practically climbing up my frame as she jammed her lips against mine. She tasted of strawberries. My cock responded instantly, growing against my thigh as Annie slid her hands down my body and unzipped my pants. My dick jumped out, already hard and throbbing for her, and she gripped it in one warm hand.

With her other hand she guided my fingers beneath her skirt. She wasn’t wearing panties and my broad fingers found the coarse pubic hair surrounding her pussy. Stroking her, I found she really was wet already, and my fingers slid lightly inside her. She dragged herself back and forth across my fingers, fucking herself on me as she sucked on my tongue. She was wild, throwing herself at me with abandon.

“Does Annie like this?” I asked, still worried about the person who’s body was being controlled.

“She fucking loves it,” Nigel assured me.

She tore off her top and I seized a breast in my free hand. Her tits were fantastic, and I leaned down to suck on one. She grabbed my hair and pushed my face against her. My lips found her nipple and I sucked.

“Bite me,” she moaned.

I nipped her nipple lightly but she demanded I go harder. Soon I was sucking her little pink nipple into my mouth and grazing it with my teeth, pinching and twisting her other nipple in my hand. She moaned, throwing her head back and squeezing her tits against my face. She wanted it rough, and yanked on my cock, laughing as I grimaced and tried to pull away but she clamped tighter. She led me by my cock to her bed, where she threw me down and straddled me, lowering herself onto my dick.

My cockhead slid against her entrance and her pussy parted for me. I slipped inside her with a soft moan as she sank down, down my shaft until her wet heat completely surrounded me. She raked my chest with her nails as she grinded back and forth. I grabbed her hands to stop her but she'd already left light jagged nail marks across my chest. She laughed, sinking down deeper onto me and riding me hard and fast.

She grabbed her tits, squeezing them roughly, enjoying the pain she was causing her little body. I gripped her waist and thrust up into her, pounding through her wet heat as she tortured herself, smacking her tits harder and harder until they were red, the little nipples swollen spikes. Jesus, she had an incredible ass, and my fingers dug into her plump skin. My eyes were wide, mesmerized by this supermodel riding my cock. She cried out, louder and louder. The whole dorm could probably hear us but she didn't care. Or maybe she liked it.

“Oh, yes, fuck me with that big cock. God, I'm such a slut. I love dick so much!” She cried.

I thrust up and exploded into her, throbbing inside her as she cried out with ragged breath. I came hard and she clutched her pussy around my cock, milking every drop of cum as she squeezed her tits together and threw back her head, riding me all the way through my orgasm. When she was done she draped herself on me and I grew soft inside her.

“Goddamn,” she laughed, “How did it feel to fuck a virgin?”

“What?” I cried.

“Yeah. Annie was saving herself for marriage. Part of some conservative religious bullshit I saved her from.”

She rolled off me and I stood, gathering my clothes. I didn't want to be around this hopper. I vowed that I'd have more respect for my mounts. Hell, maybe I wouldn't mount anyone. It seemed degrading to them. Still, I needed to know more.

“Ok, now what? How do I hop?”

She rolled over and leaned her head on one hand, her silky hair draping down half her face. “You feel that funny little vibration inside you now?”

I did. It was almost a physical thing, tingling at the edge of my mind and seemingly focused somewhere in my chest. “Yeah?”

She turned on her back and slipped her fingers into her pussy to stroke herself. “You just concentrate on urging that out. Imagine shooting it at your target and it will happen.”

Her fingers were circling inside herself and a smile played across her lips as she enjoyed herself.

“How do I get out?” I asked impatiently.

“Same way you...oh!” She paused to enjoy an orgasm. “Same way you got in but in reverse. Don’t let your mount see you, though, they’ll probably freak the fuck out.”

“Ok. Right.” I headed for the door, not wanting to be around Nigel anymore, certainly not while she was fingering herself

“See you round, Tom. Oh, fuck!” She cried once more, the orgasm making her voice quiver.

I closed the door behind me and hurried downstairs and out to the main campus. My chest ached from where she’d raked me and I could feel my boxers damp with a spot of cum. I was excited and nervous. A whole new world had been opened up to me but I wasn’t sure I was ready for it.

I needed a few minutes of normalcy so I could process everything I'd just found out about the world and about myself. Now that I was aware of the vibrations inside me I couldn't ignore them. Hurrying back to my dorm I couldn't help imagining hopping in to every person I passed: the grey-haired professor, the freshman girl playing frisbee, the middle-aged soccer mom, the hippie with guitar, the theatre student whispering lines under her breath, the group of jocks. Each one was a whole new life that something inside me was pulling me to explore.

Instead I ran into my dorm and up the four flights of stairs to my room to think. I fell onto my bed, arm over my eyes while my thoughts collided. My newfound ability grabbed my attention. Like prodding at a loose tooth I couldn't let it go and had half-decided to hop someone—anyone—when there was a knock at my door that interrupted my thoughts.

Opening it I found Emily. In addition to being one of my neighbors, she was one of the many girls I'd had a crush on but hadn't done anything about. She was girl-next-door cute. A petite blonde with a lovely toothy smile, a rounded face and an athletic figure. She was so fucking adorable sometimes I just wanted to scream.

"Hey, Tom," she said, shooting me a radiant smile as she leaned on the doorway. "We've got a game this afternoon and we could use an extra player. You want to come?"

Emily was part of a student soccer league. It was mostly casual. Some light practice, a few games here and there. I'd gone to one or two but didn't have much ball handling skills.

"I don't think so, I've kind of got some things on my mind."

"Oh." She sounded disappointed. "You sure? You've been pretty stressed lately. Might make you feel better?"

I hesitated and she pressed the issue, taking my hand and batting her eyes comically. "Come on."

"Okay," I laughed.

"Great. Let me go get changed and we'll go down."

She bounced away back upstairs to her room and I began pacing, running a hand through my short brown hair. I started to change clothes. Stopped. Paced some more. Dropped the clothes and picked them up again. This was a bad idea. I couldn't go out in public feeling like this. What if I lost it and hopped someone in the middle of the pitch? Just the thought sent the little vibration inside me crazy. It was that moment that Emily slipped back into my room wearing a tee shirt and shorts that revealed acres of her golden skin.

"Ready?" She asked.

In a moment of shock and weakness I hopped her. It was almost instinctual the way I pushed the vibrations out of myself. I was weightless for a fraction of a second, aware only of vague warm shapes nearby, and then the world spun back into view, only this time I was looking back at where I'd been only a moment before. The differences between our bodies was immediate and I began hyperventilating as I stared down at my chest, saw two breasts rising from beneath a grey shirt. I

took a step back and bumped my plumper butt into the wall. Everything jiggled and moved strangely. My whole sense of proprioception was off and I couldn't stop staring at my tits.

"Whoa," I whispered.

My hands flew to my lips at the sound of the cute voice I now possessed. I stroked the contours of Emily's face with her own fingers, following the soft curves of her cheeks and nose before gazing down at the gentle hands I now owned. The fingers were slender and long, the nails curving elegantly, the knuckles hairless.

And even more than that were my other senses. The air smelled different through Emily's nose. I could pick out the slightly stale scent of my laundry. The poster on the opposite wall was slightly more fuzzy than I was used to. I licked my lips, running my tongue around the inside of my mouth, tasting Emily.

I grabbed my new breasts. They were larger, fuller than I expected. Dropping them, I hooked a thumb into the panties beneath my shorts and pulled them away so I could look down at the smoothness between my legs. I caught a glimpse of dark blonde pubic hair and then let the elastic snap back. I shouldn't be doing this. This wasn't my body.

But even through all the strangeness I noticed that the vibrations had slowed. I felt calmer, more natural. I could think clearly. Perhaps I should stay in Emily for a little longer. It would be an experiment. But I'd be a good hopper. I vowed not ruin her life. With that in mind, I headed down to the lower fields to play soccer.

It was awkward playing soccer in Emily's body. Fortunately this was more of a rec league than a competition, because it took me a while to get used to how my new body moved. My balance was different and my whole perspective was off. My legs were shorter than I was used to and my hips wiggled in strange ways. And, of course, the breasts were distracting. I hadn't realized how much tits bounced until I tried running as Emily. Even with a sports bra on my breasts jiggled beneath my shirt at each step. Emily had bigger breasts than I realized, but she'd always dressed so tomboyish in baggy shirts that I didn't notice. But now, as her, I noticed *everything*.

I was quicker and lighter on my feet but I'd lost some power. I wished the other hopper had taught me how to tap into her skills because I desperately needed them. As I took the ball down the field I tried to push these observations aside without success. At least I was less winded and was able to run past some defenders, though I wasn't as skilled as Emily.

After the first half I settled in and was starting to get the hang of how I moved. As my comfort inside her increased I began to enjoy the feel of my feet pounding up and down the grass, the sun on my skin and the wind in my hair. I sank into the game, enjoying the quick movements of my body and even managed to score a goal. Still, I was glad when it was all over and I congratulated her teammates (even managing to pick up a few of their names). By then some stray hair had escaped my ponytail and was stuck to my forehead with sweat. My shirt was damp and I suspected I smelled a bit as well.

I returned to Emily's dorm room planning to hop out of her but when I got there I had second thoughts. Could I make her remember going to the game? Should I leave her like this all sweaty? At least I should clean off.

I slipped off my shoes and socks before peeling off my shirt. I swiped my blonde hair out of my eyes and glanced down at my chest. Emily's breasts were held tight by a black sports bra that squashed them up against her body and, holy hell, they seemed huge. I moved to the mirror next to her closet to look at myself. Her beautiful reflection came into view. So weird to watch her move and know it was me. Weird and exciting.

I shimmied out of her shorts and kicked them aside. Now I was wearing only her bra and some teal running panties that clung to my hips and ass. Emily's incredible figure was on display and I traced the curve of her body with a hand. Half turning, I arched my back and admired her ass, running a hand down along my stomach to my rounded butt cheeks.

"Oh my god, she's hot," I said aloud. "*I'm* hot." I corrected myself with a giggle.

I turned back to the mirror and stroked myself, hefting as much breast as I could with the sports bra on. Her cleavage was fantastic, the rounded curves disappearing beneath the black fabric. One hand lingered on a breast while the other trailed down my trim tummy, fingers dancing over the slick skin. Fuck, it was hot, moving her body, watching her touch herself.

A prickle of warmth drew my attention to between my thighs, and I let my hand stroke over my panties, pushing the fabric up against my pussy, exploring the smoothness of my crotch, enjoying the feel of my pussy lips warming for my touch. I pressed harder against the panties while I gripped

a tit with the other hand. My mouth fell open, little pink tongue licking my lips. I was a picture of lust and was driving myself crazy.

I slid my hand back up to my mound and then dipped beneath the panties. My fingers found the coarse trail of my pubic hair and I followed it down to my pussy. The little lips were slightly damp already and grew even damper as my finger trailed lightly up and down my slit, sliding inside my body for the first time. I sighed and continued stroking. I felt so good. My rubbery folds soon grew slick and a delightful tension took hold of me.

Now I was more than damp; I was wet. I spread the wetness up and down, staring at myself in the mirror as I did so, watching as I made Emily masturbate for me. My fingers felt so wonderful inside me and I slid them around, experimenting, searching for the perfect spot. Soon I landed on my little clit and a moan escaped my lips. There.

I stroked my little pleasure button slowly but firmly, making the tension wind itself through my body. My other hand ran from my tits, up my neck, to my face, exploring my soft contours. I started rocking my hips back and forth, the fingers on my clit circling faster, harder. My hand was slick with my pussy juices and I threw back my head, trailing my other fingers down my mouth as I moaned. Each stroke of my clit wound the tension tighter and tighter, making me circle faster and faster, my pleasure building until the tension snapped and I came.

“Fuuuck,” I moaned in a voice deep with desire as I thrust my fingers inside myself, stroking my pussy as fast as I could while I gripped my tits.

I opened my eyes briefly to see Emily orgasming in the mirror, a sight that only drove the pleasure higher. The pleasure lasted so much longer than I expected and I stroked my amazing pussy all the way through it, slowing as the orgasm ebbed inside me, leaving me breathless and warm.

OK, maybe I could stay inside her a little longer.

I peeled off the sports bra. My tits bounced down my chest and I gathered them in my hands. They were firm and full and seemed so big. I could just about grope one in each hand. I squeezed them gently, admiring the heft, the way they bounced together, the smooth young skin, each capped with a tiny pink nipple. Peeling my panties off, I gazed at my pussy for the first time. My pussy lips were still damp and I caught a glimpse of my pinkness.

Her dorm had a shower connected to it, which was shared by the room on the other side. There was no one using it so I slipped inside and into the shower. I took my time, soaping my body up and running my hands over my slick skin, enjoying the feel of my body as I washed in Emily’s honey-scented body wash. When I was done I stepped out and gazed at myself in the mirror. I didn’t know which toiletries and brushes were hers, but maybe I could find her memories.

I cleared my mind and thought about brushing my hair. Images flashed through my mind, too quick to hold. I grasped at them, breathing deep and trying to calm myself. Suddenly, everything snapped into place. I “remembered” my routine. Opening my eyes, I grabbed her black hairbrush and combed out my hair. My hands reached for her things on instinct. I knew exactly which ones were hers and how to use each bit of makeup.

This was going to be exciting.

I spent the night as Emily, hanging out with her roommate and going to dinner with her friends. I got better at perusing her mind, bringing up the necessary memories. It still took some concentration and I couldn't always have access to everything I needed. There were also still some blank spots, like when one of her friends—Kirsty, a bookish brunette with trendy glasses—turned to me during dinner.

“So Emily,” Kirsty said, “What’s going on with you and James?”

I paused, a slice of pizza halfway to my mouth. Her group of friends was waiting expectantly for me to speak and I was too nervous to focus on pulling Emily’s thoughts so I kept it vague.

“You know,” I shrugged, “Things are going.”

“Come on,” she rolled her eyes, “Last week you said he wasn’t boyfriend material.”

“Boyfriends are overrated,” one of Emily’s other friends chimed in, “Don’t let that stop you from having fun.”

“He’s bangable but not dateable,” I ventured, relieved when the others laughed along with me and the conversation turned to the love life of the others around the table.

I made it through the rest of dinner without too many awkward moments and returned to Emily’s dorm room where I slipped into her nightie before gossiping and watching television with her roommate. I desperately wanted to touch myself some more but it was impossible with her roommate right there, so I went to sleep still horny.

When I awoke the next morning to a different alarm I was disoriented, sleeping the wrong way on a strange bed in a strange room. But when I turned over and felt Emily’s breasts bobble on my chest it all came back to me. I hit the stop button on the alarm and sat up in bed before tucking my silky hair behind my ears.

I thought about Emily’s schedule, pulling her daily routine from her mind. It was easier today, but I didn’t know if that was because I was getting better at it or if staying inside her for a while gave me a closer connection. Pushing myself off the bed I went to the bathroom and did my business, then returned to the room and perused the clothes in her closet.

Emily was a bit of a tomboy, and her closet was mostly jeans and tops of various sorts. None were too show-offy, but they leaned towards the athletic side. Her wardrobe was lacking in skirts and dresses, which I would have loved to wear to show off her lean legs. I wondered whether she was super conservative or religious, and searched through her mind. I found neither of those things. It just seemed that was her style. She was attractive—and she knew she was attractive—but she didn’t want to lean on it. There were questions in her mind about her life choices; she didn’t have herself all figured out yet but she was comfortable in her body, and she’d rather be comfortable than stylish. With that in mind I chose some basic jeans and a plain white shirt.

I slipped on a bra, leaning on her muscle memory to slide the cups over each breast and reach around to clasp it from behind before adjusting each breast. God, how I wanted to stay and enjoy her but her roommate was up by now, sitting cross-legged on the top bunk and typing away on her

laptop. So I picked up Emily's backpack, stuffed my own laptop inside, and set out to class, stopping to grab a bagel from a campus kiosk along the way.

Emily was a psych major and her first class was on mental health perceptions in the early twentieth century. Sitting in class gave me plenty of opportunity to explore Emily's mind. I found that if I concentrated I could feel her sleeping presence inside me. Her consciousness felt almost like a physical thing I could delve into and after some tentative poking that brought forth tendrils of memory I dove in.

I found myself able to remember things from her perspective. The easiest memories were the ones with the most emotional resonance: losing her virginity to her first college boyfriend, having the police interrupt a party at her friend's place one time, getting into a car accident the first day after getting her driver's license. But I also found the banalities of her life: the way she laughed with her friends, the way she thought her hair looked best 'just so', her favorite witty retort to a drunken stranger. And it was those banal things that made me attracted to her.

Being a hopper seemed to be the most intimate way of getting to know someone, and I found myself falling for her even more than before. Though if I started dating her it would be strange knowing *so much* about her. Talk about a psych problem.

And yet as the professor flipped through the slides I sat there in class, fantasizing about dating her, about kissing her. Though by now my thoughts were so entangled I imagined myself as Emily kissing Emily which, to be honest, was actually pretty hot. I squirmed in my seat and felt a welcoming slight dampness. I had to stop fantasizing before I made myself too turned on. With an effort, I pulled away from her thoughts and back to the lecture.

I spent that day as her, following her routine, getting used to teasing thoughts and memories from her mind. I didn't think anything more could surprise me, and then I reached the last class of the day. I had taken my seat when a young man came in late and sat beside me. I glanced over at him and he grinned at me. Emily's memories jumped to the surface: this was James, her sort-of boyfriend that Emily's friends had mentioned the night before. He was one of those gym dudes. Charming and hot as hell with a chiseled jaw and a sculpted body, but not terribly bright.

"Hey you," he said, leaning towards me.

"Hey," I smiled, before kissing him.

It was my first time kissing a guy—and a stranger at that—so I let Emily's feelings flood my mind. I shared her enjoyment of his slight stubble grazing her delicate nose and the heady masculine scent of him. It was a relatively chaste kiss but it sent a little pulse of warmth through me. I pulled back and we stared into each other's eyes for a beat. Emily knew this relationship wasn't a long-term thing, but it was fun for the moment and it kept her from being lonely even if it wasn't everything she wanted.

Plus, I was beginning to realize she had quite the sexual appetite. It wasn't just that *I* was horny as Emily, watching myself move and feeling her body from the inside. It was also that *she* was naturally horny. I cozied up to James as the lecture began. With him so close to me it was hard to concentrate, and he made snarky comments every now and then that made me giggle. He was strangely arrogant yet charming, and by the end of class I'd made up my mind.

"Where are you off to now?" I asked, gathering up my backpack.

"I was going to grab some food. You want to come?"

I moved closer to him and traced one of his pecs through his shirt. "I was hoping to grab a little something else." I bit my lower lip and looked up at him suggestively with Emily's big eyes.

"Oh, yeah?" He grinned.

I nodded. "But my roommate's probably around so..."

"Mine's not."

We were barely in his room before he grabbed me from behind. I laughed as he pulled me close and kissed the back of my neck, his hands sliding around my stomach to hold me. My laugh turned into a sigh and I bent my head, pushing my hair out of the way so he could nibble the nape of my neck. God, he was good, his teeth just grazing my skin and making me shiver.

He pressed his crotch against my ass and I could feel his hardon beneath his pants, urgent and ready for me. Still kissing, his hands slid up to my breasts and he clutched them gently, fingers squeezing every now and then, enjoying my body. His lips moved up to my ear and he nibbled on my earlobe, his breath hot in my ear.

"God, you're so hot," he whispered.

The being wanted was the best part. I turned in his arms and kissed him, running my hand through his hair as our lips met. He tasted deliciously spicy, and our tongues met as he opened for me and I explored the contours of his mouth. We held each other tight, hands roaming up and down each other's bodies. He caressed my ass and I clutched at him, pushing up his shirt so I could reach his bare back. Emily's memories flooded in, urging me on.

Our kisses grew more urgent. I helped him out of his shirt and he helped me out of mine. As I brushed the blonde hair out of my eyes he reached around and unclasped my bra. I shrugged it to the floor and he took my breasts in his hand, burying his face between them. I delighted in his delight at Emily's body, watching as he nuzzled each breast, squeezing them together before latching onto one of my nipples with his mouth and sucking gently, teasing me with the tip of his tongue, the light graze of his teeth, until my nipple spiked out in his mouth.

He was so eager for Emily's body and I responded. Everywhere he touched me sent another wave of warmth through me, each building on the other as he feasted on my tits. I both envied the way he could enjoy Emily's breasts and luxuriated in the pleasure he was giving me. I clasped his cheeks and pulled him up to my lips once more, kissing madly, *needing* him so much.

We hurried out of the rest of our clothes and tumbled naked onto his bed, him on top of me. He kissed his way down my neck, across my breasts, pausing once again to enjoy each tit, before kissing his way down my stomach and between my legs. I grabbed my own breasts as he lay his head between my legs and kissed his way over my entrance. His hot breath on my pussy was divine, and it wasn't long before he stuck out his tongue and licked me long and slow.

He slid his tongue inside me, licking my pussy up and down as I fondled myself. His eagerness made up for his lack of skill, and he teased me without knowing it, slipping up against my clit and sending shockwaves of desire through me, before backing off for too long. I wanted to direct him but I was too timid and, anyway, it was enough. I was warm and wet when he climbed back up on top of me, his cock tracing a path up my thigh, landing between my legs and resting on my entrance.

He slid his cockhead against me and I parted for him, welcoming his cock. There was a pressure as he met my opening, and then with a quick push he was inside me. My eyes widened and my breath hitched in my throat as I was filled for the first time. His cock thrust inside and then his lips were back on me, kissing me as he fucked me.

The fullness inside each time he thrust in was incredible. I could feel each inch of his shaft as it pushed apart the walls of my canal, the cockhead sliding up to reach the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure. He went quick, thrusting fast and hard, almost too fast for me. I wanted him to slow down, to really enjoy being inside me, but he had his own desire on his mind.

Still, I wrapped my legs around him and clutched him to me, trying to guide his rhythm but it was like trying to stop a train. His cock pounded in to me, a welcome heat. It was clear this was what he had to give and I would have to accept, this pounding, roaring, messy lust. Fortunately, that's what I needed, and the sound of Emily's wet cunt, the feel of her tits beneath my hands, the cock lodged deep inside me, the desire on the warm body resting on me, all combined to make me cum.

I threw my head into the pillow and orgasmed, moaning and dropping my tits to clutch at him. He grunted and came then, too, thrusting deep. His cock throbbed within me, jetting hot spurts of seed into my pussy. I'd never been so divinely full, like my body *needed* this cum, this dick, needed to be fucked raw. Emily's orgasm was tremendous and long. I was still coming down when James finished and lay heavily on me. He pulled out before I was ready. God, I just wanted him inside me still. I wanted more. He wasn't that great, kind of selfish really, and I was still low-level horny.

I didn't stay the night with James despite his pleas. I dressed and gave him a kiss before slipping out the door and returning to Emily's dorm. The evening air was cool but I was still warm from James. I wasn't sure if it was just Emily's natural tendencies or me inside, excited to be her and amping up her body, but the warmth didn't dissipate. If anything it burned brighter as I walked back through the tree-lined campus path. For the first time since the possession I was acutely aware of each movement of Emily's body.

Emily's roommate was just getting ready to go out for the night when I returned. I locked myself in the bathroom and stripped naked before stepping into the shower. The hot water felt so wonderful on my skin and I soaped myself up, cleaning James off of me. God, Emily's breasts were gorgeous, especially when they were sudsy and slick. I bobbed them in my hands and watched them bounce, tracing the curve of each one with my fingers before hefting them in each hand and squeezing until my fingers dimpled the skin and my tits puffed up against me. I could have done this all night. And then it hit me: I *could* do this all night.

My hand wandered down between my legs and I stroked my entrance, using Emily's thoughts to guide me in touching her. She knew her body, which meant *I* knew her body, and I stroked on instinct, feeling the muscle memory of where to touch and how hard. In no time I was wetter than water, spreading my legs and staring down at my delicate pussy as I circled over my clit. Her pussy lips felt divine beneath my finger and looked incredible wrapped around each digit. But already I knew I needed more than fingers could do and that thought summoned another.

I grinned and shut off the water before hurriedly drying myself. My roommate was gone by now—thank God—and I scabbled through Emily's drawers, behind her panties and bras, until I found her vibrator. "Remembering" it and seeing it were two different things.

The vibrator was curved into a 'C' shape. One end was narrower and rounded, obviously meant to slip inside me. The other end was more bulbous with controls on top and a little rounded dimple on the bottom that would sit up against my clit.

I tossed the towel away and dropped naked onto the bed. My tits fell down to my sides and I gathered them up one in one hand while I flicked the vibrator on and traced the narrower end up and down my slit. Emily's knowledge came easily to me now, and I gripped her breast tenderly in order to squeeze one of her nipples between thumb and forefinger. The vibrations from her toy spilled through me, gently teasing me, as I just dipped into my pussy lips but without fully entering. I continued stroking like this, wetting the dildo with my juices as I grew warmer and more antsy. A need grew inside me, my desires driving me on for more.

Still playing with my nipple, I spread my legs and guided the narrow end of the vibrator inside me. I was so wet and ready there was little resistance and soon the rubbery toy was vibrating up inside the walls of my canal. Christ, it felt amazing, and I sank in little by little, enjoying the sight of the toy disappearing inside me and the growing intensity of the vibrations as they neared my innermost pleasure.

I flexed my little toes as an urgent tension made itself known. Still staring down at Emily as I made her grip a breast, I rested the bulbous end against my mound, sliding it around to find the sweet

spot. When my clit nestled into the little dimple I cried out briefly and my body shook with a quick release, a small moan spilling from my lips. The sound of Emily orgasming made me even hornier, and I realized I was getting aroused by watching myself get aroused.

I let the vibrator slip fully inside me where it nestled against the dimpled nub of my G spot. My hand rested on my mound, the other hand squeezing a tit as the vibrations did all the work. The tension rose inside me, cresting quickly and making me cum. I uttered a strangled cry, dropping my breast and splaying my hand across my face, eyes closed in ecstasy as I enjoyed the roaring orgasm.

It was the best one yet, whiting out my mind with pleasure and leaving me breathless. Yet when I came back down I was still horny. I pulled the vibrator slightly away, needing a brief respite as my body cooled slightly. And then suddenly I *needed* it again. I thrust the vibrator back into my pussy, watching as my lips surrounded it, gripping the rubber shaft. As soon as the nub landed back in place the tension returned with a vengeance.

I raised my hips, twisting my torso, driving the vibrator in deeper and now my fingers rested on my wet pussy. The musky smell of myself was intoxicating and I came, crying out louder this time in a high-pitched voice: "Ooh!" before stuffing my fingers back in my mouth to stifle my cries. It was like nothing I'd ever felt, a full-body pleasure that left me warm and tingly and I rode it as long as possible.

When it finally ended I flicked off the vibrator and pulled it out of me, resting one hand on my mound and gently stroking my slick pussy as my body cooled. No wonder Emily liked sex if it made her feel like that.

I spent the rest of the evening naked, streaming TV shows on Emily's phone until I grew horny and then masturbating again and again, until I thought her roommate might return. By then I was utterly exhausted and utterly sated, and drifted into a peaceful sleep, a little smile fixed on my lips.

Emily had no classes the next morning so I decided to indulge myself. And indulge *her*. It was difficult to rouse myself from the warm bed where I could stroke my breasts surreptitiously under the covers, but before I could get too aroused I forced myself up and out of bed. I went through her morning routine using her memories, letting her hands move almost by muscle memory to apply the base and the blush and the lipliner. We were so connected now; Emily's thoughts came freely, almost as my own, mixing together in strange and wonderful ways. Like when I looked at myself in the mirror, I could feel Emily's almost nonchalant assessment of whether she was presentable, along with my own lust for her beauty that brought a blush to my cheeks and a pretty smile to my face.

I picked out a pair of skinny jeans that hugged my body and showed off my taut ass, coupling that with a tank top that was sexy in its plainness, and threw a knitted jacket over the top. Half-unzipped, the jacket gave a peek of my incredible cleavage. I poured myself a bowl of some disgustingly sweet cereal—one of Emily's vices—she kept on her desk, then threw one of her beige handbags over a shoulder and headed outside to the row of shops that lined north campus.

I took my time walking through campus, enjoying the little glances I got from some of the guys. My outfit wasn't particularly revealing but I still drew attention. A group of guys looked up and smiled at me as I approached. I smiled back and continued walking, feeling their eyes on my ass as I went. I could see how this unwanted attention would get old and, given enough time as a woman, I'm sure I would have grown annoyed with always being on display and looked at as a piece of meat. But being a woman for only two days so far, it was a novelty to me and I reveled in the attention I never got as a man, enjoying the knowledge that they were probably imagining me naked and on my knees in front of them. Hell, *I* was imagining it, but I hurried on to my destination.

There was a women's shoe store on the corner that was just opening as I walked in. I was a sucker for a woman in boots and there was a perfect pair of calf-length leather boots on display. The rich brown boots fit perfectly and I paid for them on Emily's card, vowing to transfer the money when I swapped back.

I hurried back the way I'd come, clutching the paper bag that held my boots. I arrived at my dorm just as my roommate was leaving. We nodded hello and I stepped into the room and locked the door behind me. I took off my clothes and flicked through the closet for an outfit I'd seen Emily wear before and which had driven me crazy: a white long-sleeve blouse with pink lace trim and black skirt that ended at the knees. I laced on the boots, which were practically form fitted to my calves, and posed in the mirror.

The boots made Emily's long legs appear even longer and she was tall enough to make the outfit incredibly sexy. Holy hell I was hot. I turned this way and that, admiring the swell of my ass beneath the black skirt, tracing the line of my butt with a hand and giving it a little smack. I let my mouth hang open slightly as I stroked myself, fingers coming up to trace my lower lip. The look on my face was one of utter desire.

Fuck, I was getting wet again looking at myself.

I ran my hand through my hair and over my breasts, growing warm as I touched myself. I paused long enough to grab the vibrator from its hiding spot and flick it on. I slipped it beneath the skirt and let it nestle gently up against my pussy. The skirt rode up my thighs as the vibrations settled through me once again. I cooed softly as I traced my slit, still staring at myself in the mirror, mesmerized by my own body.

I was growing wet quiet quickly, and it wasn't long before the tip of the vibrator was lubricated with my juices and I could feel my pussy lips sliding together. I gently urged the vibrator inside me. It met the pressure of my opening and with a little effort I slipped it inside. I gently curved it through my pussy, the vibrations pulsing against the slick walls of my canal while I continued to grow horny for myself and the woman masturbating in the mirror.

Soon the vibrator was deep inside, the little circular nub on the other side resting against my clit. The vibrations pulsed through me, driving me higher and higher, but try as I might I couldn't quite push myself over the edge. The tension built within me, frustratingly close to breaking. Emily's body was right on the precipice but refused to budge.

I grunted and moved to the bed, kneeling on it with the vibrator between me so I could sink down on it and urge it deep, deep into me. I rocked up and down, feeling the pulsing tip slip up against my G spot. My entire body was burning with lust. My other hand grabbed a breast and squeezed. I turned to look in the mirror, to watch Emily bouncing on a dildo, the skirt riding up to reveal a glimpse of that wonderful pink pussy that had given me so much pleasure.

And *still* the crescendo refused to come. Maybe I'd run her ragged, finally sated her lust? It was too bad. I imagined myself beneath her, imagined that the vibrator clasped by my pussy was my real cock, that I was rocking back and forth on myself, gripping Emily's hips as I thrust up and into her.

And that's when I came, throwing my head back, arching my back and crying out as I sank down, down onto the vibrator, calling my own name, "Oh god, To, yes, Tom!" I sang out, rocking back and forth as the orgasm exploded within me, filling every pore, burning bright as I imagined fucking myself on my real cock. I could almost feel the dick throb inside me as I quivered and came, the orgasm burning bright before slowly fading.

I collapsed on my side, my pussy still so wet, and pulled the vibrator out. I shut it off and lay on the bed, shuddering from aftershocks. Holy hell that was amazing. What did I do?

I found Emily's thoughts entwined with mine. She was thinking of me, a warm glow surrounding her memory. Had I changed her? With us so close would she remember what I'd done in her body? I had no way of knowing what she would think, as the other hopper hadn't mentioned it. He probably didn't care, judging by how cavalier he'd been with his body. But I cared about Emily, though I couldn't do much to help her mind tight now. Maybe the best thing for her would be to hop out now before she lost any more time.

I opened the door to the hallway and stood in it, turning to face her room. I wasn't sure how she'd feel about the previous few days but I was sure she'd be startled to suddenly see me in her room.

I concentrated on the vibrations inside me, building them and letting them flow until I felt myself releasing from Emily. I aimed towards the hallway and felt that brief weightlessness. And then I was myself, standing behind her, looking at her incredible ass. I hurried off down the stairs before she could turn and see me.

I saw Emily sporadically over the next few days, occasionally passing her in the lobby of our building and saying hi. She shot me such a bright smile back it seemed there was nothing wrong. I desperately wanted to ask her about what she remembered from last week but couldn't think of a natural way to do it. I thought maybe I'd just put it all behind me, because at least it had sated the urge it hop. For now, anyway. But at the end of that fairly routine week, she did something that changed everything.

I was in my room studying when she knocked. Opening it, I found Emily standing in the hallway wearing the black sports bra and teal running shorts. I just gaped and she breezed in past me.

"Hey, Tom," she chirped.

"Hey, Emily, what's up?"

"Oh, stuff."

I pulled the desk chair out so she could sit, then took a seat on the bed. To my surprise she ignored the chair and sat on the bed next to me, turning her bright gaze on me, showing off her adorable dimples.

"I just dumped my boyfriend. Well, my kinda sorta boyfriend."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she shook her head and placed her warm hand on my leg. "It's not like the sex was good."

She laughed but I didn't know how to react so I just kind of smiled. She shuffled closer to me and leaned on me, tossing her head to throw her golden blonde locks out of her eyes. Her face was so close to mine I could see the tiny black flecks in her sky-blue eyes and felt her breath on my lips. She'd never been like this before. Did the merging of our minds do this? Had I inadvertently triggered an attraction to me?

As if confirming everything, she kissed me. I tasted her waxy lip gloss as our mouths met. She was hungry for me, tracing my lips with her tongue while her other hand dropped down into my lap. I was hard almost instantly, and she giggled against my lips as she found the bulge in my pants.

She lay me back on the bed and crawled down between my legs. Smiling up at me, she unzipped my pants and freed my dick, cooing as it jumped to attention in front of her cute little nose.

"Mmm," she licked her lips, opened her mouth and swallowed me, closing her eyes to savor my taste as she drove down, down my shaft.

"Oh fuuuck," I whispered as I watched her suck my dick.

My cock disappeared between her pillowy lips, surrounded by her wet heat, before reappearing slick with her saliva. Her profile was divine, and I gazed at her little slip of a nose as she buried it in my pubic hair, taking me all in and holding me there as her tongue undulated against my shaft. God, she was cute, and she obviously loved it, moaning as she sucked me. She opened her eyes and

stared up at me as she used one hand to stroke my cock into her mouth, moving faster, following my rhythm, pausing every time I reached the precipice and sighed, holding me there until I was back in control.

She stood then and shimmied out of her clothes before straddling me. Her breasts rocked back and forth as she reached between her legs to grab my cock. Her pussy was already swollen, the lips slightly parted for me, a little drop of dew glistening on the hair surrounding her entrance. She lowered herself on to me, my cock meeting the resistance of her opening before sinking in. She came then, suddenly and unexpectedly as soon as I entered her.

“Oh!” She moaned, as though surprised by her own orgasm.

Her pussy quivered around my dick and her knees grew weak. She dropped onto me, lodging my dick deep inside, which triggered another moan and another orgasm. She’d never been this responsive even when I was in her body. This must have had something to do with our new connection. It was like every part of me was perfect for her, she *needed* me inside her. She rode me slowly after that and I grabbed her tits. They were every bit as wonderful with my own hands as they had been with hers, and I raised my head to bury myself between her cleavage, just as James had done and made me jealous in the doing.

Her bouncy tits surrounded me. I kissed and sucked on her naked skin, gently squeezing and sucking each nipple just as I knew she liked. I played her body expertly and she rocked back and forth, crying out every now and then as she was pounded with another powerful orgasm. We changed speed, moving fast and slow as we felt the rhythm of our bodies, stopping whenever I needed to get myself under control, both of us just yearning to take our time with each other, to enjoy each other to the fullest.

I kept her on edge, thrusting in fast and quick, slowing as she reached an orgasm, withdrawing and teasing her until she begged me to cum.

“Oh, please god, Tom, cum inside me,” she whispered in my ear, her breath hot on my neck, her tits resting on my chest.

I obeyed, gripping her waist and thrusting up as she sat up and rocked back and forth. She stroked her pussy and I gazed into those gorgeous pink folds, our ecstasy rising together. When I came she came with me, the pulsing of my cock a trigger setting off an orgasm that made her throw her head back and utter a strangled cry, her fingers working fast on her clit as I pumped into her, thrusting deep into her hot little cunt until I was empty and she was full of my cum.

When she slowed she rested on my chest and I stroked her back, slowly growing soft inside her as the scent of her wonderfully girly shampoo filled my nose.

“That was amazing, Tom,” she whispered.

I kissed her tiny nose and let my hand trace the curve of her back, both of us still entwined. I knew everything about her and I loved her. And, evidently, our desires were tied together.

It was the start of an intense and wonderful relationship.