

IN THE
Doghouse

BODY SWAP FICTION

IN WILDS

In the Doghouse

by M. Wills

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Tomboy.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

Prologue

I lay in my new room, caressing my feminine form gently. My hands played over my supple breasts and I watched from my new perspective as I made Jenny's hands fondle her body. I was still recovering from my first orgasm as a woman and every now and then my body would pulse with an aftershock.

I was smarter than I had ever been. I seemed to have almost fully integrated with Jenny's thoughts and memories. It was still a little tricky to turn these into sentences, but I was getting better all the time. As I twisted my legs languidly on the bed and sucked on my still sticky fingers I began to devise a plan. I would have to swap back temporarily, but if it worked, I would have Jenny's supple body forever.

Then I would mate with everyone. Oh,
yes I would.

JENNY

When I saw the smoke coming out from our chimney I almost turned right back around to school. Even another hour of cheerleader practice would be more relaxing than whatever was happening in the house. The smoke could only mean that Dad was working on one of his inventions again and I didn't feel like holding his hand through yet another failure. He usually kept hush about his gadgets until they were ready to do whatever they were supposed to do. Whatever it was, the chances of it working properly were, like, a bazillion to one.

"I'm home," I called out as I stepped through the door.

I was immediately greeted by Princess, my pet Chihuahua, as she jumped up and down and shivered frantically. I

took her up in my arms and fussed her properly. “Hello girl, where’s dad?”

“You’re home!” Dad said as he trudged up the basement stairs. He was wide eyed with excitement, but then again, he usually was when he was working on one of his projects. “I’ve been waiting for you to get back, Jen, I’ve invented something amazing. You’ve got to see it!”

“Amazing?” I slung my purse over the couch and sighed as I untied my ponytail and fluffed my blonde hair. “What is it this time, dad?”

He didn’t answer, just grabbed me and pulled me down to the basement where he did most of his inventing. He had his own small space down there. I only ever go down there when he’s ready to unveil something. The basement was a large room filled with

gears, gadgets, and scrap metal from the scrapyard. Dad spent half his time putting all the small bits of broken junk together to form, well, larger bits of broken junk. The other half of his time he spent wondering where it was he went wrong.

This time, as we descended the stairs I noticed something distinctly different. Sitting at the center of the basement was a strange machine. It looked like a giant 1980's computer crossed with a massive vacuum cleaner. Two tubes protruded from the top, each attached to a large bowl that dangled over two dining room chairs that dad had dragged down from upstairs.

Princess barked at it, and I stroked her as I tried to think of something encouraging to say.

“It looks...big.”

I wasn't quite sure what to make of it; Dad had never invented something like this before. His inventions were usually just obvious things that were supposed to do other things, like a bookshelf that organized your books, or a self-ringing doorbell. Stupid stuff with no merit. This was something else. I had no idea what stuff this thing was supposed to do. It whirred and beeped occasionally and one yellow light kept pulsing on and off.

"What is this?" I touched one of the thick rubbery tubes.

"Are you prepared for this?" he smiled broadly. I'd never seen him so ecstatic.

"It's a body swapping machine!"

"A what?"

"A body swapping machine," he confirmed. "It allows two living things to switch places! Two people, two

animals, a person and an animal, an animal and an animal...well, I guess that's two animals--"

"You can't be serious." I interrupted.

"Oh, I am," he grabbed my shoulders tightly and looked straight into my eyes. "I thought *you* could be the first one to try it!"

"Whoa!" I wriggled out of his grasp and snorted. "I'm not testing out that thing for you. Imagine if it worked! I don't want to be in my dad's body. Gross."

"Not your dad's body," he said, reaching out to stroke Princess.

"Then who—" I stopped. I saw him looking down at my dog.

"No," I said, "That's not happening."

"It's harmless, I promise," he said, "And it won't be for long."

"Dad--"

“Come on, Jenny,” he pleaded, “I’d do it myself, I really would, but I need to stay here in case something goes wrong,” then he added, quickly, “Not that anything could go wrong mind, but one must take precautions.”

There's no way it would work. This invention would be another in a long line of inventions that would fizz out, spark, and fail. The only difference this time was that my head would be inside of it when it did. I trusted my dad so that, even if it didn't work (and it wouldn't), he wouldn't let me get hurt. I looked at the machine, looked down at my lovable dog, and then back to my father.

“A car,” I said, “The one you promised me for my eighteenth birthday last month.”

He considered this for a moment, then

grinned, “Okay,” he said, “If you do this, I’ll buy you a car. That pink one you wanted!”

“It better be the exact model, dad.”

“It will, sweetheart.”

I sighed deeply and nodded. Dad took Princess from my arms and placed her in one chair then instructed me to sit in the other. From my vantage point I could see dad push a single red button. Not very complex, then.

I was frozen in place for a few seconds as a piercing red light beamed down onto me. I was strangely calm even though I couldn't move. My body felt so light all of a sudden. This was followed by a disorientating, dizzying sensation. I didn't even think that anything had happened except the room was spinning a little. And the chair seemed so high off the ground. I tried

to stand up and just couldn't do it. My back legs found it extremely uncomfortable and would only stay up for a moment or two. I looked back at myself and saw my butt had been replaced by two tiny hind legs and puffy tail of Princess.

"Jenny," Dad's face came into view above me, "Are you okay?"

I looked around me, still taking it all in, and tried to speak.

"Yip!" I tried to speak again. "Yip! Yip!"

I had the high-pitched and wimpy howl of Princess.

"Yip! Yip! Yip!"

I was panicking a little bit as the situation sank in. My big ears flattened back against my head and I whimpered. His invention had actually worked.

“It’s okay,” Dad picked me up and gently stroked me as I shivered in his tender grip. It was strangely calming. “You can’t speak as a dog, Jenny, but you can nod and shake your head. So first, are you okay in there?”

I shook my head. *Of course I wasn’t okay. I was a stupid Chihuahua.*

That’s when I noticed, well, me. On the other side of the room, Jenny was sitting underneath the machine and just coming around. A dog trapped in a girl’s body. She worked her fingers, flexing them over and over again, fascinated by the change. I stared down at my own mucky paws. They still had the pink nail polish on them from the make-over last night. Jenny managed to find her feet, with help from dad.

“This is incredible,” he said.

“No!” I screamed, but it came out as

“Yip!”

He looked down at me, then back at the body of his daughter, “I suppose I’d better teach you both a few things.”

My old body, at first, preferred to crawl around on her hands and knees with her tongue hanging out. I was a little jealous that she got the choice. In a dog’s body it was either crawl around or don’t move. Dad spent most of the weekend with her, training Princess to be a proper girl, but she was still a dog inside. I had to pull her back with my teeth to stop my face eating from the dog bowl, slurping up the toilet water, and yelling at any squirrel she saw in the garden.

The worst of it was toilet training. YUCK. I was embarrassed for myself as I watched the new Jenny make messes around the house, soiling her

pants several times in the process. It was exhausting and dad was no comfort either, he saw this all as a big experiment. A bit of fun. But it was my body he was playing with; he could have treated both of us with a little more respect. Still, by the end of the weekend she could walk, talk, and understand basic things. She was human-ish.

Me, though. Over the course of the weekend I had gone from an intelligent and functioning person to struggling with basic math. I must have spent an hour that Monday morning trying to add two and two together. This was worrying but I had no way of conveying my panic to dad. All I could do was yip and growl. Even as a Chihuahua I found it annoying to be barking all the time. Dad actually put me in

the yard because of it. The yard!

The biggest shock of all came on Monday morning when it was time for me to go back to high school. Dad, thinking it would be best for his experiment, decided that Princess should take my place at school while I stayed home in the body of a mindless mutt. I was livid, but all I could do to express my anger was yip some more, which just got me sent out to the yard.

“Not much longer,” dad said as he at me down on the patio, “Then you’ll get your body back.”

He closed the door and left me outside. It was humiliating.

PRINCESS

Big Master dropped me off at the place I had seen before where we dropped Little Master off. It was called school. It was big. And gray. There were lots of people—students I think he called them?—walking around and talking. I was a student. But I was also Jenny. But I was also Princess. It was very odd. Talking was odd, too. It was strange having more than a few things to say but it felt good. I waited for Big Master to open my car door and let me out. When he did I ran out onto the grass. The day felt good. The sun was warm. But I couldn't smell anything. That was really weird. I liked smelling things.

“Have a good day at school Jenny.”

“I’m Jenny,” I smiled.

Big Master got back into the car and

drove off, leaving me on my own. I wasn't on my own for long, though. There was a pat on my back and I leaned into it, expecting more stroking but the hand stopped. I turned around eagerly, remembering not to jump or stick out my tongue. Standing there was a man bigger than me. He looked strong. Really strong. It made me whimper. I fought off the urge to present myself to him. Big Master would have been proud.

“Jenny,” he said, “Are you okay?”

“I’m Jenny.”

“Yeah, I know.” he snorted and raised an eyebrow. “Are you gonna join us or are you too busy with cheerleading practice or whatever?”

“Yes! I will join you!” I almost shout with excitement “Sorry.”

The boy put his arm around me and

held me tight. Finally, this close I could smell him. He didn't smell like good sweat but yucky soap, like when Little Master comes out of the shower but hasn't gotten dirty yet. But still, it filled me with a strange kind of warmth, a tingling even, and it seemed to be coming from my crotch. I resisted the urge, as master told me, to lick him. I bet he tasted nice.

The group looked up and greeted us as we approached. I guessed the boy with his arm around me was named John. John. It sounded nice to think. Every time I thought about him I got a little tingly.

Meeting the other guys was a confusion of emotion; there were so many of them. I'd never looked at humans like this before, usually relying on my smell. But they all looked different.

Then again, I'd never really *thought* before either. I kind of liked it.

"You coming to the party this Thursday, babe?" said John. He was looking at me.

"I'm Jenny."

"Yeah, why do you keep saying that?"

I hung my head and drooped. Was John mad at me? What did I do?

One of the other guys looked up. His hair was red like the inside of a rabbit.

"It's gonna be super sweet, my parents left me two hundred bucks for food. It's all going on beer."

They all laughed together. John and the red haired guy bumped their fists. I laughed awkwardly, a few seconds after everyone else and they turned their attention back on me.

"So?" John leaned closer. I felt the heat off his body, smelled that fragrance.

Somehow it was...nice. I loved smelling things, "Are you coming?"

"Yes," I nodded eagerly, "I am coming."

That made John happy. I was happy, too. I wagged my butt, then stopped when I remembered Big Master said I didn't have a tail.

John took my hand and led me to a nearby tree. I recognized this tree, it was mine. Were we going to mark it together? He leaned in towards my face and I stayed still as I felt his lips touch mine. This was another good but odd sensation. He was warm on my mouth and he embraced me, cradled my head with his hand. Should I have presented to him now? Did he want me? Or was this just something humans do? I'd seen them before, doing this and not presenting after. It felt good

having his arms around me. I couldn't help myself and I opened my mouth and licked his lips. He seemed to like it and he pressed me closer. Now I was licking the inside of his mouth and my body was getting very warm and happy.

Then there was a bell and he let me go. He winked and walked away, "I'll see you later, Jen."

JENNY

It was the smell of bacon that started turning me on to the idea of being a dog, at least for a little while. The smells were mostly amazing, *some disgusting*, but most amazing. As a small token of his appreciation, dad cooked me a slice of bacon on the pan. He placed it in my bowl and I hesitated, staring back up at him. I wasn't actually a dog. He knew that right?

"For this experiment to work," he said, "You have to live as a dog and Princess has to live as you. That's how we'll get the best results."

I growled in reply, but couldn't resist the incredible smell. I lowered my muzzle to the bowl and gobbled down the bacon. Delicious. My senses were getting weird in this body. I was relying less on my sight and more on the

sounds and smells around me. Just a few hours ago I had been worried about losing my humanity as a result of this experiment, but now that thought was being pushed back, giving in to my more basic instincts as a dog. I had been exploring the whole weekend, of course, but it was today that things were finally coming together instinct-wise. I explored the house, sniffing and listening every step of the way. Speaking of steps, our staircase was now a mountain with my small stature. I was living in a world of giants. Every now and then dad would reach down and give me a pat. I was beginning to worry that he only saw me as a dog and not his daughter. I whimpered.

“Do you want me to take you up the stairs?” he was kneeling down to look at me. I just stared back. I did want to

go up the stairs and smell about my room but I didn't want to be picked up again. It made me feel so...so, petite and fragile. Sure, I was stuck as a Chihuahua, but I wanted to keep my dignity. I shook my head to him.

"How about a walk?" he said, "Before I go and pick Jen...Princess up?"

I shook my head again. *I wasn't a dog.*

"Okay then,"

He reached down and flipped me onto my back. I yelped and struggled but somehow found myself calming down at the stroke of his enormous fingers. Dad was giving me a belly rub and it was nearly orgasmic. The stroke of my fur, the pace of his hands, it all lulled me into a kind of peace. So much so that my tail wagged for the first time, smacking against the floor, and my tongue lolled involuntarily out of the

side of my muzzle.

“Who’s a good girl?” he crooned,
“Who’s a good girl?”

Me. I thought. *I’m a good girl.*

“Okay,” he stopped, then stood up, “I’d better let you outside. Do you need to go?”

I nodded sheepishly.

In the first few hours of being a dog I had desperately needed to use the toilet. Despite my reservations in this body I had wanted to feel the security of a porcelain bowl underneath me. That wasn’t happening here. Every few hours or so dad would let me outside and I’d have to find a spot in the back garden to relieve myself.

Today was a little different. The sun was shining, the aroma of pretty flowers was magnificent, and the birds tweeting all around added up to a

serene experience. So peaceful. My bathroom was outside now and maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. I felt one with nature, less restrained and more immersed in the quiet dignity of it all. I squatted down and spread my legs to piss on a tree root.

PRINCESS

I thought about John all afternoon. It was easy when all I had to do was sit with everyone else and listen to a person at the front of the room. I didn't understand much all day. But I did think about John. A lot. At the end of the day, Big Master came in the car and took me home. I walked in and saw my old body, the small one, lying on the couch. It felt right. Her there. Me here.

"We'll have some dinner soon," said Big Master, "Just the three of us, and we can talk about your day."

"Okay!" I chirped, "I like dinner."

"I know," he rubbed me behind the ear and I buzzed at his touch, but not as much as before. My old body in the other room just watched, and I thought I even heard her growl. I

didn't know though. My hearing wasn't as good as it was when I was a dog. It was really bad now. So was my smell. I missed my good smell.

I rushed past Little Master, ignoring my old body, and climbed up the stairs to my new room. Over the weekend, Big Master had taught me how to use the doors. I knew to turn the handle and push. Where he dropped me off this morning was different, all you needed to do was push on those doors. No handle at all. I went into my room and closed the door behind me.

I collapsed onto the bed and let my new mind work. I could feel it turning. I was smart. More smarter than I was been as a dog. I was so smart but all my thoughts were of John. Why did I have so many thoughts when they were all the same thing? I wanted him

to mate with me.

I had seen humans mating before, at least I thought. I wondered what it would feel like with John. I bet it would feel good. In my old body, mating was just mating, although you did get excited for it. In this body, this human body, it was the emotion, it was a build-up. The longer it took to mate, the more intense the feeling got. Like now. My body was fuzzy and itchy from thinking about him all day. Between my legs I felt warm and slippery. I needed release.

I hurriedly pulled the shirt over my head, undid the belt, and rolled down the jeans to my ankles as quickly as I could. I was buzzing from sensations, which seemed to come from my thoughts of John. The mirror showed me what I was: an attractive girl with

soft skin. Definitely not a dog. The underwear came off next. I can't believe how hairless humans are. It felt strange to be so exposed. How can they stand it? I guess that's why they wear clothes. There was a little bit of hair between my legs. I stroked it like Little Master used to stroke me in her arms. Mmm, that felt nice. My fingers pressed gently into my pussy. The word jumped easily into my mind. This was my pussy. What were these things on my chest? I brought up my paws—hands—to my chest and jiggled the strange weight. They felt big. With my excitement in play they were sensitive to my touch, enriching my delight. Breasts. That's what they were. They were heavy and full the...nipples stood erect as I gently tugged them and let them drop back into place.

I got onto the bed eagerly, thoughts of John still rushing through my mind. I would mate with him at that party he told me to go to. We would mate and it would be good. He would be inside me and I would be happy. But I needed to be happy now. I forced my leg up as high as it could go, trying to stretch it over my head. I lowered my face and stuck out my tongue, straining to try to lap at the hair between my legs.

I couldn't reach. I needed to play with myself so badly. How do humans do it?

I tried again, forcing my head lower and lower, but I couldn't get there. I was dizzy with thoughts of mating with myself. My body was on fire. I needed to get myself done, I had to lick my crotch in another way. Of course, my hands! I turned over onto the bed

and raised myself on all fours. This was how I felt comfortable pleasuring myself. I used my new paws, my fingers sliding inside my warm wetness. I moaned softly as my hand massaged the top of my clit. I felt my paws slipping inside myself. Yes, that was just what I needed. But instead of calming me, it made my urgency worse.

It felt a lot like mating, placing a couple of fingers inside myself, but much better. I could move them around, feel myself for different sensations. I could take my time. As a dog I had just wanted to get in and mate but now...it felt wonderful just exploring the inside of my folds.

I was so wet. The feeling was enormous, much bigger than me, a tingling that erupted all over my body. I whined and panted as I thrust my

fingers deeper inside, arching my back and sticking my ass in the air, my face pressed against the bed. The faster I rubbed, the quicker the eruption of tingles. I rubbed faster, and faster, and faster. I couldn't stop moaning. This felt too good. Amazing. Excellent. Every new word I'd learned over the weekend. Would it feel better with John? I thought so.

I wiggled my butt and spread my legs. This allowed my fingers to sink deeper inside myself. I heard the wet squelching of my fingers thrumming through my aching wetness, smelled the musky scent of myself. Suddenly, there was an explosion and I forced my face into the bed as I cried out. The release made me shout louder than any bark I could have ever done in my old body. I couldn't help it, I screamed into that

bed with the ferocity of a Doberman as a fierce pleasure poured through my cunt and engulfed my entire body. When I brought my hand back, I found that it was sticky and wet. I brought it to my nose and sniffed. It smelt deliciously acrid. I licked my fingers, enjoying my own taste.

“I will mate with John,” I breathed, between licks. “Yes. I will.”

JENNY

The door to my room was ajar. It would be nice, I thought, to wrap up and get cozy in my own bed for a change rather than sit in the dog blanket down on the kitchen floor. I pushed at the door with my muzzle and instantly met the aromas I was most familiar with, though so much stronger to my dog nose: my perfumed scent, my make-up, my freshly cleaned clothes...and something pungent. Something that was both familiar and overpowering. I couldn't quite place it. Princess was in there, of course. This was *her* room for the time being until Dad thought it best to switch us back. She was sitting at my desk, writing something in *my* diary! With effort I jumped onto the ottoman at the foot of my old bed, then onto the bed itself

which I used to pull myself up onto the desk. Princess noticed me and smiled.

“Oh, hello old body,” she reached a hand towards me, and I backed from its reach, but I caught wind of that smell again in her fingers. She looked tired, but she was glowing. I could guess what the smell was now.

“It is fun being you.”

I yipped.

My diary was pink, but that was all I could gather from it. My dog brain was becoming just that, a dog brain. The words were scrambled and foreign on the page, and for the life of me I couldn't comprehend their meaning. I yipped again, panicked now. I had lost the ability to read. Princess could see my dilemma, because she grabbed me and forced hard strokes down my back. I wiggled to get free, but my old body

was much stronger than I was now and she captured me in her big hands.

“I want to tell you something.”

I looked up at her face, it was twice as large as my entire dog body. She leaned in close and whispered, “I’m going to mate with John at the party tonight.”

I wiggled free of her grip, and ran. On four paws I was far too fast to catch, and adding my size into that, damn near impossible too. This was going too far; Princess couldn’t fuck my boyfriend. I’d come to the end of this experiment and I wanted my body back, my normal body. I wanted my fingers. I wanted my face, and my sexy curves. I wanted to go back to cheer-leading. Most importantly though, I wanted to be the one to lose my virginity.

I yipped and howled across the house until Dad came running for me. He looked down at me and I up at him. He was talking and I was listening, but it was gibberish that was coming out of his mouth. Pure and utter gibberish. I couldn't understand a thing he was saying, and I found myself losing words too. My thoughts were becoming instinctual, lost in a translation of doggy language. If I didn't do something quickly, soon I'd be just another dog. I'd be stuck as a tiny, helpless Chihuahua forever.

"Heel," I understood that word through Dad's gibberish, along with, "Sit."

Despite myself I did as he ordered, I perched my butt onto the floor and looked up eagerly for his next command. I wanted to make him happy. I

was becoming trapped inside this mind, this dog brain. I desperately yipped at him, but as soon as he commanded me to stop I did so. I wanted so very badly to please Big Master-- I mean dad. It was clear then that Dad wouldn't be helping me out any time soon. I'd have to use the last vestiges of my intelligence and figure out a solution for myself.

When I was ready, I slunk back into my room. Princess was still there at my desk when I arrived. I snuck in, picking my way around the stacks of clothing and bits of rubbish until I reached her legs. I took a deep breath, then sunk my teeth right into her pant leg. Princess gave a loud yelp of pain and reached down to grab me, her face twisted in rage. I ducked beneath her grasping hands and dashed back

towards the door. Princess took the bait and chased after me, yelling things that were unintelligible to my dog brain but I could hear in her tone of voice how upset she was and it took everything in me to fight my dog instincts to stop, drop my tail and whine for her forgiveness.

The stairs were hard coming up and just as hard going back down. I slipped and took a tumble down the last few steps, landing on my hind quarters and a jolt of pain twisted through my back and my tail.

Princess was catching up, her human body easily navigating the mountain of steps. I had no choice but to fight through the pain. I ran, albeit a little slower, towards the basement. Princess took a lunge at me just as I reached the door, missing my tail by inches as I

skidded sideways across the hardwood floor and slammed into the basement door. She growled as I jumped down from step to step and a moment later she was thundering down the stairs behind me.

The machine was already whirring and ready to go by the time I made it back down the the floor. I had managed to start it up a few minutes earlier as part of my plan. Fortunately, it only had two buttons and all that was left was to push the big red one.

The basement was dark and filled with Dad's old projects. There was plenty of places to hide, especially for a tiny purse dog. I perched myself quickly behind a circular drum and watched Princess stumble around in the dark.

She was furious, her teeth were grinding together, and she was throwing

everything about in the search for me. I was terrified to think what would happen if she managed to get a hold of me. In this body I'd be nothing but her plaything, a dog that was more akin to a doll. She could dress me up in silly clothes, like I did to her, or throw me in a cage for the rest of my life. No one would bat an eyelid. I sat there, waiting and watching.

Then, suddenly, the opportunity arose. Princess had her back to one of the seats that fed into the machine. I fought through the pain of my hindquarters, zoomed in a straight line across the basement and jumped into her stomach at the greatest speed I could muster. Princess was sent flying backwards, landing perfectly in the seat.

She would be out in seconds. I jumped

and hit the switch as I slid into my side of the machine and the red light grabbed both of us, freezing our bodies in place to do its thing. Princess growled, yelled, and yapped. I sat there, smiling about as well as any dog could do. It served her right. I'm sure she wouldn't have any trouble settling into being a stupid little Chihuahua again.

I adjusted my breasts around in my bra and smiled, it was amazing the things you missed when you were stuck as a dog. After that whole ordeal I felt like I deserved a little reward. So I sat at my desk, my large suitcase of make-up by my side, and got ready to have some fun at the party. I had missed John so much in my time spent as Princess but I think she had been on the right track. I was ready to

give myself to him, as me. I put on my clingiest dress, my highest heels, and was almost done with prettifying my face.

Behind me, Princess was lying on my bed watching me closely. I growled low, then quickly cleared my throat. I didn't doubt that it would be a while before I got used to be human again, and the same rang true for her. Princess still had that oh-so-important human intelligence she had been gifted with when she was in my body. I'd have to keep an eye out for any tricks. I did *not* want to be a dog ever again.

"Don't wait up," I blew her a kiss on my way out.

Princess was still watching, but I saw something in her eyes then. It wasn't malicious, or downhearted about her current predicament, it was something

else. It seemed like Princess was up to something, but what kind of tricks could a dumb old dog pull?

The party was in full swing when I arrived, and thanks to the sexy dress I attracted more than a few stares from the guys. It felt good to be human again, to be back with my friends.

“Where you been?” John came up from behind and swung his arm around me, forcing a drink into my hand, “I’ve been waiting on you babe.”

“Ba—rrty time!” The bark had slipped out and I’d tried to turn it into a cheer for the party. John gave me a curious look. “I...uh I was getting myself beautiful for you.”

“Y’know,” his arm retreated, “You’ve been acting weird lately. What’s up?”

I nestled against his hard body, leaned towards his ear, then whispered, “I

was hoping *you* would be up. I think I might want to go all the way tonight.”

John sprang to attention at that, eyes wide, “Well alright then,” he almost cheered it, “Let’s have a few drinks, then have a bit of fun!”

We spent the next hour partying. It was all dancing and drinking and fun with my boyfriend. That’s what I liked most about John: he was fun but respectful. Not once in that hour did he force himself upon me or remind me of what I had promised him. He was every bit the perfect gentleman. It actually turned me on to think about Princess not getting her way with John. I’d be the one to fuck him, not her. She’d have to settle for a tongue bath and fleas. Maybe I’d force her into a bath when I got back. Really soak it in.

About an hour later John had me against the wall in the spare room, kissing my neck and massaging my thigh, his strong fingers creeping ever closer to my sex. I panted with my tongue out as he slipped his lips across my breasts. His hot breath penetrated straight through the thin fabric of my dress and landed on my nipples. They grew erect under his touch. I let him swing me around and throw me to the bed. He was so strong and I was like putty in his hands. I wanted him to take me.

“You okay?” he climbed on top of me, his heaviness deliciously comforting.

My tongue was still out and panting, I forced it back inside my mouth with my hand. The alcohol, mixed with my lingering doggy habits, was affecting my behavior. I could feel a ghost tail

just above my butt, wagging away. I was so happy, I wanted John so much. "I'm fine," I wrapped my hands through his hair and pulled him in for a deep kiss. His tongue snaked inside my mouth and I sucked, enjoying his closeness, his taste, the smell of beer on his breath and his erection beneath his pants pressing into me. I pulled away and licked the side of his neck. God, even his skin tasted delicious.

"Fuck, you're an animal, babe," he moaned.

I helped him pull off his shirt, exposing his solid abs, and pulled down his jeans to reveal the bulge underneath. He reciprocated by whipping off my dress and I sat before him in my lacy pink underwear. He gaped down at my breasts. I'd always felt they were too large, but John obviously thought they

were perfect. He nuzzled them and squeezed, sending a gentle pain through me to mingle with the fire burning between my legs. I'd been waiting for this for so long. I was quivering, my body ready to burst with desire.

"Fuck me," I turned over without thinking and presented my rear to him, just like a dog would. I knew he loved seeing my ass in the air because he grabbed it and squeezed hard. I let my misstep be as he slipped his fingers beneath my panties and rubbed my wetness across myself to the accompaniment of my guttural moans. I needed him inside me.

"Do you want it doggy style?" He asked.

"Not anymore."

"What?"

“Just fuck me John,” I said, “I really want it hard.”

I felt him jerk my panties down and I spread myself for him. I was dripping now, waiting for him to fill me. I clutched the pillow and wiggled my ass, urging him on. Seconds later his dick was slowly pushing through the walls of my cunt. I held back a yowl, resting my head on the sheets. He filled me slowly, his soft-hardness slipping through every inch of my pussy until his groin rested against me and I was completely full. His dick was massive and throbbing. Then he started thrusting, in and out, over and over again. My eyes rolled back and I groaned louder at every thrust.

John slapped my butt, sending shockwaves through my body. He was breathing erratically, he was really into

it, into me. It felt so good being human again. So good having my boyfriend inside me for the first time. I was turned on and that was turning him on. Our breathing mingled into a mass of excitement as he fucked me harder, harder.

“Yes,” I pleaded, “Fuck yes. Oh! Harder! Harder!”

“You’re so wet.”

“Fuck you’re so big,” I breathed, “I can’t stand it.”

“You’re so tight, Jen.”

We kept going, faster and faster, moving together as one. I looked down beneath myself, watch his cock disappear inside me, the view of him framed by my swaying breasts. He pounded into my pussy, each thrust filling me perfectly. I was soaking. I alternated between whining like a dog and

screaming like a woman as the orgasm blasted through me. It was intense, and then it shut my body down, paralyzed me. I couldn't speak, or whine, or groan. I could only let the pleasure of lightning flash across my body as John spurted inside me. He gripped my ass and thrust one last, mighty pump. His wonderfully hot seed slammed into my womb and I groaned loud and long as he emptied himself into me.

When he was done he pulled out, leaving me agonizingly empty. He crept up the bed next to me and held me in his arms, pressing his spent cock against the gentle curve of my ass. I wanted to stay like this forever. And to think, I had Princess to thank.

I was so drunk when I got home it took several tries to jam the key in the lock.

I'm glad John didn't miss like that, I laughed to myself. I was still buzzing from our sexual encounter. Eventually I got it right and stumbled inside, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Where have you been!?" My dad's voice demanded.

I looked up. My dad was sitting on the steps waiting for me.

"I, uh, I went, to a party, daddy."

"I'm not your daddy," he stood up, "That's my daughter's body, and you've been a very bad dog."

"No, no," I stood up as straight as the alcohol would allow, "I'm not Princess, I'm Jenny."

"I'm switching you back right now." he grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the basement.

"What? No, daddy you can't!" The experience sobered me up slightly,

“I’m Jenny, daddy please, I really am Jenny.”

Princess was there then. She sat on the stairs with a diary held in her teeth. Dad stopped, looked at her, and snatched the diary from her mouth. He pulled his pen out of his pocket.

“Good idea, Jen,” he said to Princess. Then to me, “If you’re Jen, write something in the diary. I’ll compare your handwriting.”

“Fine!” I snatched the diary and the pen from him, leaned against the banister, and tried to write something. But the alcohol was still working its way through me and I hadn’t quite regained my full coordination from being a dog. When Dad snatched the diary from me I knew the writing didn’t match up. It wasn’t even close.

He grabbed a hold of me again and

Princess followed us loyally. I swear she even had a big, shit-eating grin plastered across that puppy face. I was forced back down the stairs and thrown into the seat of the machine. I tried to struggle out but dad hit the button, paralyzing most of my body once more.

“No!” I begged, “Please no, daddy it’s me. It’s Jenny! I swapped with Princess earlier! Please!”

Dad didn’t say anything, just turned away as the whirring grew louder.

I screamed as loud as I could, my last words, “I don’t want to be a fucking Chihuahua!”

PRINCESS

The machine stopped. I was sitting in a human body once again. I couldn't help but grin. Big Master, or should I say Dad now, moved to me and wrapped his arms around me. I hugged him back and looked over at little Jenny. Even I didn't know that Chihuahuas could whine and mewl like that.

"Are you okay sweetheart?"

"I'm fine," I said, "It's great to be human again, I never want to go back."

"You won't," he said, "I promise. I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?"

I looked over at my tiny body. "Of course, daddy."

"Tomorrow we'll get you that car."

"Oh yes, please!" I squealed.

Big Master, wait, no, *daddy* went upstairs. I stayed behind with tiny, little

Jenny. She was stuck in my old body.

I picked her up and she shivered in my arms, her big, soulful eyes looking up at me.

“Hee hee. I tricked you.” I laughed in my girlish laugh and tossed my long blonde hair back. It felt so nice to have long hair, and hands, and talking.

“I knew that he wouldn’t believe that we swapped back. It’s going to be great living your life, and thanks so much for coming home drunk, I bet that made it harder to convince him. You always did say I was a fast learner.”

Jenny yipped at me. Well, she'd soon adjust. She'd lose her human intelligence and become just a dumb little dog, while I enjoyed her life.

I put Jenny down and grabbed a hold of a large piece of scrap metal, an iron bar from the collection of crap, and

brought it down on the machine. It fizzed and spluttered. Jenny barked and yapped at me. I brought it down, again and again, in spite of her protests. When I was finished bashing it in the machine resembled nothing more than a pile of spare parts. I'd make sure that dad never repaired it. I couldn't risk being switched back.

"If you'll excuse me *Princess*," I moved towards the stairs, leaving Jenny to stare in horror at what I had done, "I need to go and write in my diary. There's a lot of alpha males at your school, and I want to mate with all of them. I guess, after all, I am just a bitch!"

#

Tomboy

'Uhh!' Heather groans loudly, smacking the tennis ball back towards me. I run to meet it. Stretching out my racket I just manage to lob it back over the net where Heather is waiting. She slams it back past me and this time there's nothing I can do.

'Advantage Manley!' she sings out.

I wipe my brow and retrieve the ball. I toss it over the net to her and she grabs it after a bounce. She returns to her side and gets ready to serve, her red skirt swishing around her tanned, muscular legs. She brushes her golden, auburn-streaked hair back behind her ears and tosses the ball up in the air. Her body is solid yet graceful as she stretches up into the air, the soft curve of her arm swings up to meet the ball. I'm so focused on her I nearly lose

track of the ball but I recover just in time and smash it back.

We volley back and forth until I get her off balance and sneak the ball past her.

'Deuce!' I cry triumphantly.

Heather's a good tennis player, better than most of the men I play with. Apparently she was quite the tomboy when she was younger and had a competitive streak that went down to her bones. I've seen a few photos from those days, mostly when her old friends post on Facebook. In them, Heather's always playing basketball or gymnastics or running; her body is solid and tough and it's obvious to see how she could take on any guy. I can still see some of that in her today but she also now exudes a quiet and very sensual femininity. At least when she's not trying to beat me on the court.

'Dammit!' Heather cries. There's no such thing as a friendly game with Heather, she's all or nothing. She bends down for the ball, her red skirt sliding up her amazing legs.

When she stands she looks at her watch. 'Just go ahead and lose already, I have to get back to the office soon.'

'You wish,' I reply.

She serves again, her body stretching out in her black, form fitting top. It reveals the golden skin of her arms and clings to her nicely proportioned breasts. Then there's the 'whack' of the racket and we're back in the game. I soon win this one and the next one, finishing the match with a final slam that she just misses by inches. We're both breathing hard as we meet in the center of the court to shake hands.

'Good game,' she says breathlessly,

one hand on her hips. I can see the beautiful valley of her cleavage beneath her top heaving up and down with each breath. Her smooth skin is shiny with sweat and her cheeks are red with exertion. She's gorgeous.

'Good game. You almost had me,' I say.

As she clasps my hand I can't help myself; I hop into her. In less than a blink my body evaporates into particles and I flow into her mouth, her nose, her ears, beneath her skirt, filling her body with my essence. At the end of the blink I'm in her body, my hand still extended to shake no one's. I'm still breathing hard and I wipe my brow. The warm, smooth skin of Heather's face beneath my slim fingers is heaven.

I've known Heather for a while and

never hopped her before. Looking down at my youthful body I spin around and let my skirt swish around my plump ass. Why have I waited so long to take her? I tuck my hair behind my ears, enjoying the feel of the cool air across my bare skin, eager to see every part of her. My long hair tickles my neck as I swish to the side of the court, enjoying the sight of my powerful legs gliding along. There's no one around and the court is hidden from the rec center by some thick trees. It's a risk but, God, I need to fuck myself *right now*.

I sit on the bench and cross my legs as my little tennis skirt slides up my thighs. I drop my blue eyes to my chest, ogling the small hills beneath my tight fitting top. I slide a few fingers into my cleavage, across my warm

skin, making Heather's fingers explore her body. I set my tennis racket down next to me and squeeze my breasts in both hands; they feel amazing, both on the inside and out. A pleasant warmth grows between Heather's legs.

As I continue fondling myself I uncross my legs and spread them wide, forcing my skirt up until I can just glimpse the panties between my solid thighs. My hair falls in front of my eyes and I flick it back behind my head. Watching myself squeeze and caress Heather's tits—*my* tits—doubles the warmth between my legs. I grab the tennis racket and place the bumpy, rubbery grip against my panties. I press and rub gently. I can feel myself opening to the touch, Heather's velvety lips unfolding as the desire burns through me. My panties grow wet as I

continue to rub the racket against them, using the studded grip to pleasure my clit.

My breath comes faster as I manipulate Heather's body like this. The hand on my tits begins sliding up my chest over my neck, my face, feeling the light contours of my new body, my thin nose, my plump lips. I bite my fingers as a quick orgasm roars through me. My breath hitches and the rubber handle between my legs pauses, then resumes, growing in urgency as Heather's body is flooded with pleasure. Up and down I draw the racket, the studs on the grip tickling my clit. I'm practically gushing, my thighs dripping with my own lust as the racket presses harder into me, bumping up and down as my lips open wide for it and then the flames of

pleasure engulf me and I cry out in Heather's deep and throaty voice. My hand rises to my lips too late to stifle the first cry but the rest are muffled beneath my feminine hand as I lean back against the fence and raise my hips to meet the handle and the orgasm carries me away as I fuck my new body.

When I come back down to Heather's body I adjust my skirt back over my legs. The handle of my racket is wet and sticky with my juices. I need to clean off and get Heather back to work. As I open the gate I see two young men waiting just behind the bushes. They greet me politely. I nod and smile and look down, my hand brushing the hair back behind my head. My cheeks are flushed. I wonder how long those two guys have been standing there and

how much they saw. By the big grin on the younger one's face, I think they saw quite a lot.

When I get to the locker rooms, I use Heather's memories to open her locker and grab her body wash and towels. I pull my top off over my head and throw it into her locker, revealing my small, gorgeous breasts, the skin criss-crossed with the red lines of my sports bra. It feels so good to get that thing off. It feels even better to hold my small tits. *My small tits.* I slip out of my shoes and socks, revealing my tiny toes. For a former tomboy Heather sure does clean up well. Her elegant fingers and toes are manicured, though the polish on her hands is somewhat chipped. Off comes my panties, still sodden with my lust, followed by my skirt. I stand naked for a

time, admiring the smooth curves tapering down towards the well trimmed triangle of light brown hair. I glide to the shower, smiling at myself in the mirror as I pass. My slender nose wrinkles in delight at the sight of myself.

As the hot water runs over my skin I sigh, letting my hands roam over my naked form, caressing and cleaning my tits, my stomach, my ass, my legs. The fruit scented body wash I always associate with Heather fills my nose. I'd love to stand in this shower all day, working myself up into another sweat but I have to get Heather back to work. I turn off the water and towel myself off. I dress in her business attire: a slightly frilly white blouse and a long, gray skirt coming down below my knees. Again using Heather's

memories, I do my makeup in the mirror, highlighting my pale, blue eyes and darkening my light eyebrows. I turn my face this way and that, evaluating and admiring my new body. I can go to work like this.

Heather works at a community legal center and the receptionist, Grace, greets me as I enter. Grace is a small, quiet Asian woman. She seems unassuming but from Heather's memories I know she keeps the center running and can handle the toughest clients. And some of Heather's clients are tough, their mental faculties aren't always all there but Grace's verbal jujitsu can calm down even the most agitated visitors.

'Hi Heather,' she says, 'Lester called for you again.'

Lester works for one of the biggest law

firms in the city and he's exactly the kind of asshole you'd expect would want to protect the poor corporate industries from responsibility for dumping their toxic mix of chemicals into the river directly upstream of the poor end of the city.

'Hooray,' I say without enthusiasm, rolling my eyes.

I proceed to Heather's office and close the door. I take a seat in the faux leather chair behind her desk. My thicker butt sinks into the padding of the chair. I'm acutely aware of how Heather moves, how her body sways. It's wonderful. I toss her hair behind my ears again and scroll through her email.

It's always unusual being in the mind of someone who's so familiar with concepts I barely grasp. In her body I can

understand the legal terms and the repercussions of the emails I scroll through. I answer a couple, dashing off responses as my manicured nails flit across the keyboard. I won't have access to any of this knowledge once I leave her body. It's a little like a waking dream where the words will seem so tantalizingly familiar but just out of reach of the deep understanding I have now.

For the rest of the day I live Heather's life. I offer advice to people who come to see me and prepare for some upcoming litigation, checking and re-checking my facts, preparing my opening statement. It's a whole new world open to me for the moment. I'm play acting but at the same time everything is real. I even deal with Lester. Based on Heather's knowledge of him the

real me wants to call him out for the asshole he is but as Heather I stay professional, even though it's maddening to be talked down to as if I've never seen the inside of a courtroom before. Okay, technically I haven't, but Heather has and that's who Lester thinks he's talking to, so fuck him.

Near the end of the day a reminder pops up on my computer. Heather's attending a gala celebrating the formal opening of the university's new legal center, for which she's an alumni. I suppose I'll have to attend, which doesn't excite me. Then I suppose I'll have to dress up my new body in a stunning dress and show off a little. And that does excite me.

At the end of the day I drive home to Heather's house, making a quick detour to the adult shop downtown for a

little present for myself tonight. I exit the shop with my purchase tucked away in a discrete black plastic bag. When I arrive at Heather's place I leave the bag on the floor of her bedroom for later. For now, I've been in Heather's body all day enjoying her sharp mind. Now I want to enjoy her body once again. I'm glad she lives alone with no one to interrupt me. Or hear me. I'm making myself warm just imagining what I want to do in Heather's body.

I step in front of the full length mirror in her bedroom. Even after a full day at work I'm stunning. My cute face lights up as I admire myself. I lean close to the mirror, admiring my soft cheeks, every little freckle across my thin nose, the tiny wrinkles that only make her more beautiful. I've never been able to

look at her this close for this long and I take my time, enjoying my pretty face. I stick my little tongue out and wiggle it from side to side, raise my eyebrows up and down and generally manipulate her face, watching as she obeys my every command. It's so thrilling controlling her, being her. My body is getting warm from seeing the utter control I have over her.

I step back and put a hand on my hip, swaying my body this way and that, arching my back and posing for myself in the mirror. When I've teased myself enough I pull the blouse off over my head and drop it on the floor. I reach back and unzip my skirt then let it join the blouse on the floor. I step out of it, now wearing only my high heels, white bra and sheer panties. I'm a vision of beauty, a centerfold with my solid

calves and toned thighs, the gentle curve of my bubble butt with the fabric of the panties stretched taut over my golden skin. I run my hands over my trim stomach and up my breasts. They're a large B-cup and nicely proportioned to my body, clasped tightly by my bra.

I reach behind my back to unclasp the bra. I let it fall to the floor and my breasts bounce free. I feel free and unrestricted. I roll my tits around in my feminine hands and watch my mirror image do the same. Heather's body is so seductive, so feminine and still so powerful. I grasp a breast in each hand and squeeze, watching as the warm, smooth skin fills my hands and the stirrings of warmth begin beneath my panties as I watch myself manipulate my gorgeous feminine body. I wiggle

my tits back and forth for myself, watching them bounce against my chest. A girlish giggle escapes my lips. I need to see the rest of me.

I slide my panties down my perfectly smooth legs, lifting my ass in the air as I do so. I step out of my panties and smile at Heather's naked image reflected back at me in the mirror. The perfect triangle of her pubic hair pointing down towards her delicate slit, the lips tucked together, waiting to open to my touch. I brush Heather's hand against the coarse hair between my legs and press gently against the top of my pussy, my fingers softly rubbing the hood of my clit. My finger comes to rest just inside me, my nether lips slightly parted as I work my body gently, feeding the warmth until it pulses through me. I dip my finger down

until I can feel my wetness, then I spread my juices back up against my clit. I'm so wonderfully warm and wet. My body throbs to my touch, my warmth surrounding me, and I rub myself faster, harder. I lie down on the bed and spread my legs wide for myself. I shut my eyes, my fingers working deep inside me, urging the burning tension onward and suddenly there's a short, sharp release and I gasp in Heather's voice as pleasure quickly ebbs and flows through me. It leaves me hungrier for more and I push more fingers inside myself, stoking my desire as my fingers grow slick with my lust and the musky smell of my pussy hits my nose. *My pussy*, just that thought pushes me over the edge and Heather's body careens into an abyss of pleasure. I groan and thrust

my hips towards my fingers, willing myself deeper, harder, faster. My other hand grabs one of my tits and squeezes, the pain doubling the pleasure. I squeeze my nipple and gasp 'Ah!' as the burst of pain topples the tension screaming through me and I cum hard.

'Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!' I cry, Heather's voice rising on each word and there's nothing in the world but her body and my pleasure. I can feel every inch of her skin, her sensual curves, all mine and filled with my own pleasure.

I come back down to earth slowly. Heather's solid legs are splayed across the bed and a cold wet spot spreads beneath my ample butt. I run my fingers through my fine hair and down one cheek. That was fun, but the night's not over.

I shower once again, enjoying Heather's body as I lather myself up. This time I shave my legs, running my fingers up the soft, warm skin when I'm done. When I get out I sashay to the bedroom and dig through her closet looking for the perfect outfit. I pull out a deep emerald green cocktail dress that looks perfect. I lay it out on the bed. Then I pull out the bag from the adult shop.

The box claims it's the world's best remote vibrator and tonight I'm going to test it. Taking it out of the box I see there's a long, thick end connected by a thin bendable shaft to a smaller nub. Standing it upright it looks a bit like a sperm with its tail in the air. Which I suppose is appropriate given its use. I place the larger end against my pussy, holding it against myself as I slip on

my panties and adjust it to fit. The smaller end slides between my legs but not enough to stick out of my panties and make it seem as though I have a tail. I download the app onto my phone and follow the instructions. In a few minutes I'm ready to try it out for the first time. I start it on low.

The gentle vibrations feel soothing against me. I adjust the head slightly so it covers my clit entirely, the throbbing sinking deep into my pussy, quickly making me damp. I turn it off before it excites me too much. I don't want to waste it.

I slip into the cocktail dress. The silky fabric hugs the curves of my body. It's sleeveless and low cut, revealing my toned, feminine arms and the valley of my cleavage. It's cinched to one side just above my waist, causing the fabric

to bunch in delicate feminine curves as it drapes around my body. It fits me perfectly and every amazing curve of Heather's body is somehow magnified by being hidden. Heather has good taste.

I do my hair and makeup, taking my cues from Heather's memories until I've made myself stunning. Looking at myself in the mirror I barely recognize the woman who nearly beat me at tennis this afternoon. There's still the faint curve of her muscles but now her delicious feminine sensitivity is on full display. I flash myself a dazzling smile and grab a small emerald green purse to put my phone in. I head out to the gala with my vibrator tucked against my pussy. I'm going to have a good night one way or another.

When I arrive there's a mixed crowd of

men in business suits and women in fancy dresses. As I sweep through the crowd I catch the glances of the men and the jealous looks of their wives. Heather's got an amazing body and I love being in it and being the center of attention. I love the graceful sweep of my powerful legs, the light bounce of my breasts, the smooth curves of my toned arms.

I grab a flute of champagne from a passing waiter and mingle with some people Heather knows. I know a few of them as well and its interesting to watch how their mannerisms subtly change when they speak to me in Heather's body. They're more forceful in some respects, most notably when it comes to matters of their expertise, and more deferential in others. I can see by the way some of the men look at me

that they want me. It's intoxicating seeing this desire reflected back at me. They want to throw me down, bend me over and fuck me until I scream. Or maybe that's just what I want.

At a pause in one of these conversations I pretend to check my phone but instead pull up the vibrator app and set it on low. The gentle whirring pulses softly between my legs. As I return to the conversation the vibrator continues running and I find my body pulsing to its rhythm. The room is growing warmer and it's partly due to the champagne and partly to the vibrations between my legs. I laugh at something someone says and sweep a loose strand of hair behind one ear. My finger brushes against my face and I'm acutely aware of my female form. Just the gentle touch of my fingers

across my temples sets off a shiver through my body. I'm finding it hard to concentrate on the conversation as I can feel myself growing wet.

I slide out my phone and bump up the vibrator another notch. I bite my finger to stifle a gasp, pretending to read something interesting on my phone. I can feel Heather's velvety lips opening beneath my silky cocktail dress. Just looking down at the firm breasts nestled beneath the sweeping neckline of my dress is enough to shoot a throbbing warmth down between my legs. I feel myself growing slick with lust, turning myself on simply by being inside Heather's body. And the vibrator, of course, has a large part to play in this as well.

I pull out my phone again and bump the vibrations up another notch. I'm

probably being rude ignoring the people around me but I don't care, I need this. The vibrations fill my body, urging me onward and my body tightens in beautiful anticipation of my mounting climax. I'm almost positive the people around me can hear the buzzing of my tell tale heat, but no one says a word. I bite my lip and close my eyes as a small wave of pleasure crests through me.

By now the speeches have started and all eyes are on the dais. All eyes except mine. My head is lowered and I'm pretending to listen but I'm really staring at my fetching body as the pleasurable tension multiplies within me. I want to grab my breasts, thrust my fingers inside myself, ease the burning tension coursing through my veins with the cooling relief of orgasm. Finally, I can

stand it no longer. I mumble breathless 'excuse me's' as I nudge my way through the crowd, the tension growing inside me at each step threatening to explode, to burst out of me in a scream of pleasure in front of the entire room. I want to grab my tits, my ass, my pussy, to fulfill the aching need inside me *right now*. I press my way through the crowd and hurry to the bathroom, my desire ready to explode at each step.

Fortunately, the bathroom is one of those single stalls and I lock it and lean against the door. Opposite me is the mirror, and I watch Heather's gorgeous body as I fumble for the hem of my cocktail dress, pull it up over my thighs and sink my fingers into my dripping cunt. The vibrator is still going as I slide three fingers inside

me, thrusting hard up against my G-spot, rubbing myself and finally releasing the pleasure in a long moan. 'Oooohhhhh' I sigh in Heather's voice as the pleasure abates a little but soon returns with a vengeance. I push the vibrator harder against my clit with one hand, while the other hand slides as far inside myself as I can go. All four fingers fill my aching pussy and it's just enough. In the mirror I watch my pussy lips part for Heather's fingers, watch her body spread open as I make her fuck herself hard and long. I'm pounding against my G-spot with my fingers as the vibrator works my clit and then I cum hard. My back tenses and a high pitched cry escapes my lips before I bite my tongue. I ride the ecstasy as it burns the tension out of me, my fingers deep inside my

body, sopping wet as my lust runs down my thighs and an orgasm wracks my body, washing away my horniness in one long blast of pleasure.

When I'm done I slide my fingers out of myself and bring them to my nose, smelling my musky pussy, enjoying my smell, knowing I did this to myself. Heather's body is so lovely.

I switch off the vibrator and wash myself off. Even after wiping my legs with a paper towel I can still feel my damp panties clinging to me. It doesn't stop me from enjoying the free food and champagne during the rest of the gala. Later that night I return Heather to her room and change into her pajamas. I lie her on the bed, letting her fall asleep before I jump out. She's got a magnificent body, powerful yet

sensual, and I know it's just a matter of time before I'll have to take it out for a spin again.

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