



Just Passing Through

A Body Possession Story Collection

M. WILLS

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by M. Wills

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Spirited Away

Ricky thought astral projection was a bunch of made up hocus-pocus, but that didn't stop him from trying it. He'd been fantasizing about possessing a woman and exploring a feminine body from the inside for as long as he could remember. Ricky was nearly obsessed with stories of people possessing others for their own pleasure. It sometimes even intruded on his daydreams. He'd be sitting in class, bored, and would find himself fantasizing about what he would do if he could suddenly jump out of his body and into one of his classmates, or even one of his prettier teachers. How would people act differently around him from another person's skin? What would it feel like to walk around in someone else's body? To touch and caress his own soft feminine form? Ricky had to cut those thoughts off quickly when he was in school; no way was he going to risk getting called on and having to do the walk of shame to the blackboard with an erection tent-poling his pants. But in the privacy of his own room he let his imagination run wild. What if there were a way?

It was during one of those fantasizing/yearning afternoons that Ricky stumbled upon an internet forum purporting to teach people how to astral project. Logically, Ricky knew this was ridiculous, impossible. Astral projection was just a convenient narrative vehicle to enable the protagonist of a story to slip into another body.

And yet...what could it hurt to try?

The instructions required some practice in meditation and the keeping of a 'Dream Journal' in which Ricky would write down his dreams and his state of mind the night before in order to establish a pattern of mindful alertness. It felt new age-y and weird, like when his mom suddenly started getting into crystal therapy. Nevertheless, Ricky gave it a shot, making sure to keep his dream journal well hidden from his older brother.

The first week was, in fact, new age-y and weird as Ricky practiced meditating before bed. He awoke the next day maybe a little more refreshed than usual, but still rooted to his own body. About mid-way through week two, just when he was about to give up, he started to have some success.

Ricky had finished his meditation and was lying on his bed with his eyes closed while picturing his spirit form rising out of his body, almost trying to will himself to disconnect from his corporeal form. The only outcome of his exercises up until this point had been a deep sleep. In fact, he

was almost on the cusp of sleep when he suddenly felt lighter, like a great weight had fallen away. He opened his eyes and looked at one of his arms, spread out on the bed. Emanating from it was a faint bluish-gray glow, the mere sliver of what might have been the ghostly form of his own arm. And then he was sucked back into his body and jolted fully awake.

Ricky sat up and stared at his arm, curling the fingers of his hand. He was in his body now. Was he ever out of it? It had felt so real, but maybe it was just a dream. He documented everything in his dream journal, feeling a little less silly about the whole thing now that there was the possibility it was real.

The final breakthrough came a week later, again just as Ricky was ready to give up. He was in his meditative state, trying to will himself up and out when he felt the lightness again. This time he held his eyes closed, concentrated on pushing his spirit form up. He was conscious of a sensation of rising as the weight dropped away from him. He held onto this feeling for a few seconds until he felt confident he could hold it. Then he opened his eyes.

Everything was white. Was he dead? Did he astral project himself right into heaven or hell or limbo or wherever? He turned his head to the right and saw the top of his closet door. Ahh, of course, the white was the ceiling, he was so close to it that it filled his vision.

Holy shit, he was floating near the ceiling! The realization hit him like a lightning bolt and almost caused him to drop back down to his body. He quickly concentrated again and stopped his fall, then turned himself around. Below him lay his body, its chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. He looked at his spirit self, an exact duplicate of his physical form, down to the nightshirt he was currently wearing. The only difference was that his spiritual body was ghostly and pale, hardly visible unless you knew what you were looking for.

Ricky whooped and clapped his hands together. There was only the merest whisper of sound from his voice and his hands. He flew slowly around the room, though 'flew' wasn't really the right word for it. He was walking on air. He'd read about this in the forum. You walked mentally rather than physically, though the actual motion of moving your spiritual legs helped your thoughts actualize what you intended. After a little practice Ricky was able to fly fairly well. Now, who to explore? The thought of inhabiting a member of his family made him shudder in disgust, so he

went out to explore the night.

He approached the wall of his room and slowly pushed his hand through it. There was a suggestion of solidity, like sticking a finger into warm butter, but his hand went right through. Ricky let the rest of his body follow until he was outside. He soared up and over his house, enjoying the freedom of flying through the air, without the drawback of wind or cold.

The lights were on in the bedroom of the apartment next door. Ricky flew down for a closer look and hovered outside the window. The television was on inside and his neighbor was sitting on the couch in her pink and white nightie. Ricky had only seen his neighbor from afar but that was enough to tell she was incredibly hot. He slipped in through the window to get a closer look.

She was a curvy Latina woman, probably somewhere in her early twenties, with a broad, smooth face and wavy auburn hair that was currently draped down the back of her shoulders. Ricky hovered closer to get a better glimpse of her firm breasts pressing out the fabric of her silk nightie. Her long, mocha legs were tucked beneath her firm, wide butt. She had a full figure that nicely filled out her nightdress. Ricky wondered what it would feel like to have such a luscious female body.

Was he actually going to do this? Could he possess his neighbor? The thought of being inside her body made Ricky giddy. If his astral body had had blood it would have been pounding in his ears. He was nervous at the thought of finally achieving his fantasy but this female body was tantalizingly close. He approached from the side, gazing at her wonderful profile, with her round cheeks and straight, broad nose. She stared at the TV, oblivious to Ricky as he ogled her body and fought with whether to try taking her over. She was a real person, not a story. A person that Ricky had seen and fantasized over. She had a life, and a family and a body that was giving him an astral erection.

Before he could have second (or third or fourth) thoughts, he pushed inside her. There was a little resistance at first, but after he broke through he felt himself being sucked down. Before he could pull away the world had twisted around and he was staring at the television. He looked down at himself and found the deep cleavage of his Latina neighbor. The dark valley between her rounded breasts was right beneath his nose. He brought his hands up in front of his face. They were hairless and slender, the tapered nails glossy and pink. Ricky ran his fingers lightly up his arm,

feeling his neighbor's smooth, warm skin. Her bare shoulders were meaty without being fat. Hesitantly, he cupped his hands beneath his heavy chest and hefted his new breasts, watching the wonderful curves bounce at his touch. Then he dropped them and pulled away.

Should he be doing this? It felt like he was violating her privacy. What if he had been pushed out of her body and was hovering around watching him? The thought caused him to dart his eyes around the room. His long hair tickled down his back as he looked but he saw nothing. On the other had, he was *her* now. Her hands were his, her body was his, it would just be her playing with herself.

Ricky let his fingers return to his heavy chest. His fingers danced across the skin before pulling down the neck of his nightie and freeing his breasts. They flopped down over the top of his clothes. They looked so huge from his perspective. Each dark areola had a tiny nipple that began to pearl out at his touch as he lightly pinched her nipple between his fingers, sending small bursts of pleasure through his body. He felt her warming as he caressed her tits, squeezing and hefting, watching the fleshy weight bob up and down as he picked them and dropped them, watching them, feeling them bounce together. The sight was amazing, but to be able to feel it from inside her form multiplied his pleasure.

Ricky unfolded his legs and stretched out. His little toes, so tiny and delicate, were also painted pink. Her thighs and calves were firm, the muscles rippling beneath her flawless skin as he stretched her toes up and down. He pulled the nightie off over his head and dropped it to the floor then gazed down at his gorgeous body. Beneath his chubby tummy a dark triangle of hair pointed towards his new sex, surrounded by solid thighs. Ricky was growing warm just looking down at himself, at his powerful womanly body framed by two massive breasts.

He slipped one of his feminine fingers between his legs, pushing gently against the coarse pubic hair until he came up against the warm hood of his clit. He rubbed gently, sending waves of pleasure cascading through him. His other hand continued gently massaging a breast, squeezing the deliciously firm weight. He slipped another finger inside himself, felt her warmth, her wetness, felt her opening to his touch. His breath came faster as he stared down at himself. Ricky's clit budded out and he moaned softly, continuing to rub in wider circles as he gazed down into the velvety folds of his pussy. *His* pussy. Just the thought caused a minor orgasm, a short burst of pleasure pulsing through his

body. He groaned, hearing his higher pitched voice for the first time and continued urging his new body on.

He pulled his breast up to his mouth and slipped his lips around his nipple. He sucked his sensitive breast, his hot breath and eager tongue ratcheting up the tension cascading through his body as he licked his neighbor's tit. He was sopping wet now and he pressed harder inside himself, urging his pleasure on as the wave built inside him, his body tensing, tensing. He bit his nipple and then with a groan and a shudder he came. The release erupted through him, upwards from his pussy, washing his body in a fiery pleasure deep and full unlike any he'd ever known.

'Oh, fuck, oh, fuck,' he cried in a slight Spanish accent as he pushed his body up once more, his thighs dripping with his lust as he rubbed his soaking fingers against his pleasure until he was rewarded with the final blast of orgasm. 'Oh, oh, oh, oh!' his voice rose in pitch as he crested and came, desire burning through his stolen body as he forced the beautiful Latina to masturbate for his pleasure.

Even when it was over the afterglow seemed to last forever. Ricky slumped back on the couch, his naked body splayed out beneath him. He admired himself, admired the thick curves of his breasts, his rounded ass, the lips of his pussy, still open and glistening with his lust.

But it wouldn't do to stay here forever. A sudden fear gripped Ricky: what if he couldn't get out? He slipped the nightie back on and washed his hands in the kitchen sink, enjoying the way his body jiggled and bobbed in unfamiliar ways. Then he lay back down on the couch and closed his eyes, resuming his meditative pose. After a few minutes he felt a weight dropping away and he felt himself flying up towards the ceiling, almost as though he had been expelled from her body. He turned and watched her from above as she rubbed her eyes and looked around. It didn't seem like she'd had any idea what had happened.

Ricky himself seemed drained. He felt a slight tugging towards his physical body and allowed him to be pulled back to his house and down into his body, immediately falling into a deep, satisfied slumber.

He woke up excited and energized, the memories of his adventure last night still fresh in his mind. He lay in bed, remembering the way his body felt, how it moved. He wanted to do it again, but who should he possess next?

Ricky thought about his next possession all day, but it was only after school when he made up his mind. He was at the house of Jacob, his friend who lived across the street, when Jacob's mom came home from work. Jacob's mom, Cindy, was a tall, thin woman with short blonde hair that she would occasionally tuck behind an ear. Her face was narrow, with a long, thin nose that sloped up perfectly at the tip. Her breasts were small, barely making a dent in her frilly top, but she had beautiful, glowing skin. Her limbs were long and glorious and she had the world's most perfect ass and legs.

Ricky excused himself and ran home, ignoring the quizzical looks from his friend. Once home, Ricky jumped into bed and began his meditation. The change into his astral form was quicker and soon he found himself once more floating in his room. He wasted no time in floating out of his house and back towards Jacob's house. He flew in through the wall, approaching Cindy from behind as she talked to Jacob. Her pants clung tightly to her amazing bubble butt as Ricky rushed towards her and inside her body.

The world screeched to a sudden stop and he fell forward slightly in his new body. He put out a hand on the wall to steady himself, noticing his rounded fingers and glossy nails, the long, lean arm he now controlled.

'You okay, mom?' Jacob asked.

Ricky looked down at him. Wow, Cindy was so much taller than he was used to. 'Yeah, yeah, I'm fine,' Ricky said, Cindy's slightly husky voice dropped from his thin lips.

Jacob nodded. 'Ok. What were you saying about tonight?'

Ricky patted Jacob on the head. 'Um, stay in school. I'm going to go upstairs and...change.'

Before Jacob could answer Ricky jogged up the stairs, his short blonde hair bouncing against his forehead. It took a few tries but Ricky soon found which room was Cindy's. He closed the door and locked it behind him, then he went into the large, walk-in closet, where he found a full length mirror. Ricky stepped in front of it and watched the body of Jacob's mom slide into view.

He ran his fingers lightly over his pretty face, tracing the contours of his gently sloped nose, tickling his warm skin. Jacob's mom smiled back at him in the mirror, Ricky's delight at controlling her body radiating through her face. He turned to the side and examined his profile. She was skinny, a vast difference from his curvy neighbor, but God, look at that

ass! He wiggled it for himself and laughed Cindy's tingly laugh. It sent thrills down his spine hearing her cute laughter spilling from his own mouth.

Ricky unbuttoned his black work pants and let them drop to his feet. He kicked them aside and twisted around to gaze at his round butt cheeks. He ran her hands over them, gripping and jiggling, watching the smooth skin wobble slightly. He'd always had a burning desire to smack Cindy's taut ass so he did it. WACK! His ass wobbled slightly. It actually felt kind of good. He smacked it again, harder this time, causing a light red spot to appear. Watching Cindy smack her ass for him in the mirror made him want her *right now*.

He pushed off his panties and hurriedly tossed off his top, fighting with his bra until he managed to unclasp it and drop it aside. He looked down at Cindy's small breasts from his new perspective. And they *were* small, hardly more than nubs, but perky. The nipples were already sticking up, pointing outwards in desire. He gripped his little breasts in each hand and squeezed. They were still sensitive, and caused a shiver of pleasure to run through his body as he fondled himself. He was making Cindy so warm, his body was becoming looser at the same time a pleasant tension began creeping through him.

Ricky dropped to all fours in front of the mirror and arched his back, watching as this position emphasized Cindy's amazing ass. His back curved down, then back up and around to his bubble butt. He imagined Cindy in this position for him, wiggling her ass, begging for his cock, begging to be fucked. The thought made him wet and he leaned forward pressing Cindy's face into the carpet so he could continue to watch his ass in the mirror as he slipped a hand between his legs and found the moistness of his sex.

He watched his little asshole in the mirror as he slid his middle fingers inside his pussy. He pressed up against his clit, already budded in desire. His body slowly rocked back and forth as he curled his fingers around inside himself and made Cindy masturbate in front of the mirror in the doggy style position, enjoying the sight of her body with her delightful ass sticking up in the air, the feel of his fingers inside his own wet heat. The tension wound through Cindy's body, building, building as his breath came faster and suddenly he came, the beautiful release rocking his body with orgasm and he shuddered and cried out 'Ohh!' in Cindy's tiny voice.

He spread his legs further, pushed his fingers deeper inside himself as

he rode the wave. He was dripping, his thighs slick with his desire. He pushed his fingers up inside his sexy body until, with a jolt, he hit the dimpled nub of his G-spot. His eyes opened wide as pleasure gripped him and he renewed his attack on his body. Still kneeling on the carpet he continued to pleasure himself with one hand as his hair bounced down over his eyes. He bit the fingers of his other hand to muffle his cries of pleasure as he came hard again in Cindy's body. 'Mmm! Mmmm! Mmph!' as he thrust, urging the pleasure onward through his svelte body until the wave subsided and he came back down to his feminine form.

He sat up and pushed his blonde hair out of his eyes, laughing merrily. He sat with one leg crossed and the other knee in the air. Leaning on his knee, he gazed into the mirror at Cindy's cute face, the lips of his pussy spread wide beneath him, his velvety folds so wet and beautiful.

She really did have a nice ass; Ricky would have to come back to enjoy it again sometime. He closed his eyes and concentrated on releasing his hold. Soon he felt the push out of his possessed body and he once again let himself be reeled back into his own physical form. It was exhausting, but so, so worth it.

Ricky spent the next several weeks in absolute bliss, fanning out through the neighborhood to explore all sorts of bodies: old, young, black, Asian, mothers and sisters. He became an expert in teasing the desire out of his female forms, giving himself multiple orgasms and often just walking around in his new body to feel the way he moved and sounded and felt. He'd experienced most of the women in the neighborhood and was thinking of where to move on to when he read about Kelli Spencer flying into the city for a few days.

The local internets were all abuzz with excitement. She was here for some sort of tour promoting her new show *If I'm Not in Front of a Camera 24 Hours a Day My Face Will Melt*, or whatever it was called. As far as he knew, Kelli was famous for posting selfies, being rich, and being related to someone who was rich. Her Twitter page was a barely legible stream of shout outs and humble brags that somehow racked up thousands of comments. Ricky had no interest in seeing her, but he did have an interest in being her, of slipping into her body and experiencing what it would be like to be famous and pretty, to have an army of commentators ready to compliment his appearance and invested in his life for seemingly no reason.

Naturally, she was staying at the fanciest hotel in the city. In Ricky's astral form it was a breeze to slip through the solid walls and search the place until he found her. She was sitting on the couch in front of the TV scrolling through her phone, because *of course* she was. She wore a white bathrobe that showed off long, smooth legs. Her glossy, black hair was still damp from her apparent shower and it fell down over her shoulders in a loose wave.

Ricky approached her, unseen, until he was right in front of her face. He paused and gazed at her, savoring this moment as he stared at her smooth face with her straight nose and full lips, the light brown eyes with the carefully plucked eyebrows arching above. Then he pushed inside her body.

The world seemed to spin and in an instant he was looking out of her eyes. His expensively manicured fingers paused, hovering over the phone in his hands. She was in the middle of posting another selfie. That would have to wait. Ricky tossed the phone aside and looked down at his body, covered only by the folds of the terrycloth robe. He untied it and slowly spread it open, unwrapping his body like a present until Kelli Spencer's breasts hung below him, naked in the cool air of the room. He ran her hand along the skin of his chest, admiring the warm smoothness. They were small and delicate, with tiny areolae, but wonderfully firm. He brought his other hand up and hefted a breast in each hand, Kelli's body warming to his touch.

Probably millions people in the world would kill to be able to do what Ricky was doing right now. He shrugged the robe down his shoulders and admired his body. Kelli's skin was so soft and perfectly tanned. He brought her long hair to his nose and breathed her in. She smelled faintly of peaches.

Ricky spread the robe fully open to reveal his trim legs. The dark 'V' of Kelli's bush disappeared between her creamy thighs. He tossed his long hair back behind his head and spread her legs until her folded slit came into view. Slowly he lowered her hand down onto the coarse hair of her sex, watching as his finger slipped gently inside her and came to rest on the hidden head of his clit. He rubbed slowly, circling his pleasure until the warm waves ran through his body and he felt Kelli opening to his touch. He sighed in her soft voice as his fingers sunk in deeper, slipping into her budding moistness as he gently worked his sensual body.

As the sensations spread through him he moaned, deep and guttural

like a bitch in heat, and sunk back into the couch, forcing her to continue pleasuring herself with one hand. With the other, he picked up her phone and unlocked it (thank goodness for touch ID!) then flicked it to the photo app. He held it up and pointed it at himself, the waves of pleasure were making it hard to concentrate. The sight of Kelli's naked body, her fingers deep inside herself, a slight smile on her lips and Ricky inside feeling it all were enough to make him cum lightly. His thick lips parted and he groaned as he snapped the picture, capturing her face mid-orgasm. Then he dropped the phone again; it was time to concentrate on his body.

He placed one foot on the couch, spreading his new pussy for himself, his velvety folds dripping, aching for more. Still rubbing his pussy, Ricky slid Kelli's other hand around his soft leg and under his fat butt until his finger pressed up against her tight asshole. Kelli's body burned with a fierce lust as he circled his puckered hole with one finger and thrust his other hand deeper inside his cunt, filling himself, pushing and sliding in his own wet warmth, hovering on the edge. And then he pressed his finger inside his asshole and came, buckling up towards his other hand as the pleasure exploded through him and he orgasmed hard, his voice rising in pitch as he cried out in Kelli's soft alto 'Oh! Ohh! Ohhh!' continuing to work his fingers deep inside her, making her fuck her body, finger her tight asshole, penetrating and being penetrated, until the pleasure ebbed once more. He lay back on the couch, sated and happy.

Before jumping out of her, Ricky sent the photo he'd taken to himself, then deleted it from her phone. A little memento of his trip. He hopped out and flew back to his own body, where he collapsed, satisfied onto his own bed and fell into a sleep filled with wonderful dreams.

#

Sloppy Seconds

I know there's something odd about the girl who just got on the train. She appears to be a slightly disheveled grunge chick with long, tangled blonde hair. She's wearing a baby doll tee that reveals a slightly chubby stomach and ripped jean shorts that leave nearly nothing to the imagination. Each step reveals creamy, white thighs and glimpses of her panties through the ragged holes. She's just squeezed into her tiny outfit and she's got the outline of a killer body, though judging by the tightness of her clothes it looks like she's recently gained some weight. It probably has something to do with all the ice cream that she's even now cramming into her mouth as she pushes people aside with her myriad shopping bags and plops into a seat. Once situated, she pulls out a fashion magazine and starts flipping through it, messily devouring the ice cream.

The train pulls out of the station and I keep my eyes on her, safe in the anonymity of the crowded car. When she's done with the ice cream she pulls out a candy bar and begins chomping away, pausing now and then to wipe her fingers on her top. She seems to take particular delight in streaking the chocolate down her breasts. Now that I'm looking at her I can see how messy her outfit truly is. It's like she's given up caring, yet at the same time those shopping bags she's toting around are from some pretty high end stores.

Something's not right and it's not just her appearance and her attitude, I can feel something else different about her. It's faint with all these other people jammed in beside me, but I can sense one of my own kind. There's a hopper in her body, controlling her. From the looks of it, it's a bad one. I'm careful with the bodies I take, making sure to not ruin their lives. But others take great delight in embarrassing their hosts, not caring how badly damaged they leave their borrowed bodies when they eventually jump out. Those are the ones I don't like. I need to follow her and see where she goes. If I can make things right I will. It's the least I can do to make up for the actions of some of my own kind.

Three stops later she hauls herself to her feet and fights her way out of the train. I follow behind her, watching the sway of her ass. She's really a cute girl next door type beneath her grungy appearance. She's got a soft face with dark eyebrows sculpted nicely above her deep blue eyes. She makes her way through the station to a unisex bathroom and shuts the door behind her. I get closer and as I do I can feel the change. She was definitely being hopped, because I can feel him hop out of her. It's subtle,

like a change in the wind, but as a body hopper myself I'm carefully attuned to it.

I wait outside the door, weighing my options. He's in there for a long time, ten minutes maybe. Then the door opens and a man walks out. He's tall and thin, with dark haunted eyes and a pale complexion. He's also holding about fifteen shopping bags. Looks like he hopped her to go shopping for himself. He heads back towards the trains and away from me, ignoring me completely. If he can sense I'm a hopper he doesn't let on. It helps that I'm currently in my own body and I've got no overlapping souls creating ripples in the ether.

I'm torn. Do I go after him or do I see what he's done to that poor girl? He might hop again, but I'll be able to sense him and find him again. The girl he's left...he could have done anything to her. If I can make it right I will. I'll deal with him later.

I slip inside the bathroom and lock the door. He's left her naked and asleep on the tiled floor of the bathroom. She's twisted on her side, one hand across her chest, one breast pressed into the tile floor, her hair fanning out across the tiles. Her legs are spread open, revealing the coarse, light pubic hair. He's dumped her clothes into the toilet and apparently peed all over them. They're soaking wet. No chance in salvaging them. Jesus, what kind of guy leaves a woman naked in a train station restroom? There's really only one thing I can do and I have to move quick before she wakes up.

I strip off my own clothes and lay them neatly on a clean spot on the floor, far from the toilet. Then I hop into her. My body dissolves and a brief second later I can feel the cold tiled floor pressing against my body. I sit up, my small breasts bouncing in front of me, and toss my long hair back. It's stringy and filthy. I need a shower and my mouth tastes gross. Sugary and thick. What has he been making her eat?

I stand and look in the mirror. The cute blonde stares back at me, albeit disheveled and streaked with filth. Perusing her memories I find her name is Sarah and she's studying acting at the university. I wrinkle my nose at what the other hopper's done to her. She was obviously into fitness, her arms and legs are still toned, but he's let her go. Who knows how long he was inside her. Weeks maybe? Enough for him to eat his way to a thicker stomach and butt. She's not yet fat but I can tell from her memories that she's plumper than she was. I don't want to look at her like this; it's not right, it feels too vulnerable. She feels used, like the

traces of the other hopper are still there.

I dress in my old, male clothes. They're way too baggy for my new slim body but they're all I've got. I practically have to hold my shorts up and I look ridiculous on my new petite frame. But at least I'm dressed.

I'm able to get back to Sarah's apartment using her memories and my credit card (Among other things, the hopper stole her purse.). I get a lot of odd looks due to my outfit and my overall appearance but I eventually make it back to her apartment and let myself in with her spare key. A quick check of her mind tells me she has no roommates. I also catch other glimpses, traces of the previous hopper, stuffing himself with food and...I don't want to think about it. Good thing she's on birth control.

Her apartment is a mess with food and trash everywhere. I'll deal with it later. For now, I need to clean myself.

I toss my clothes off and pad naked down the hallway to her bathroom shower. The hot water hits my sensitive skin and it feels so good. I scrub and shampoo and condition everything, rinsing *and* repeating, trying to wash every trace of that scumbag off of her and out of her. When I'm done I step out of the shower into the mist filled bathroom. I towel myself off and wipe a streak off the mirror with one tiny hand, revealing my lovely face. My skin is so soft, so fresh and clean.

I smile at Sarah's pretty face, much better after a shower. Her long blonde hair is contrasted by her dark eyebrows that arch gracefully over big, blue eyes. She's got a cute, button nose, rounded cheeks and a dazzling smile. I turn my head this way and that, admiring the curve of my jaw, my slender neck. I let my eyes drop down to Sarah's lithe body. My towel is wrapped around two small breasts, the lovely valley disappearing below the terrycloth.

I crane my neck around behind me and pull up the towel slightly to glimpse my thick ass. I run a hand down my tight cheeks, squeezing the flesh gently as my body grows warm. I'm feeling much better already, much looser.

I drop the towel to the floor and gaze down at my body. My breasts are firm, dotted by two small, pink areolae and nipples that are already pearling up at my desire. I trace my hand over my chest, down the soft flesh of my tits, gently sliding under and tickling myself lightly. I watch in the mirror as I let Sarah's hands roam around her body, feeling the warm skin beneath my petite hands. I run one hand through my long, damp hair, pulling it back out of my way and posing for myself, sticking out one

glorious leg, then the other.

My hands slide down the outside of my thighs, so full and feminine, then around to meet in the middle. My fingers land on the coarse hair of my womanhood beneath and send a warm shiver through my body. I look down at Sarah's mound, at the thin lips of my pussy—the words, the thought *my* pussy makes me shiver in delight. I can feel the muscles beneath my arms and I watch myself flex in the mirror. Even below this small layer of fat the previous hopper built up I can sense Sarah's abs. I need to bring them back out. This I can do for her. But first I want to enjoy being her.

I bring my hands back up to my tits, spreading the fingers of each hand around the plump weight I cup them gently, hefting them, feeling their light, warm fullness. Grasping each nipple between thumb and forefinger I squeeze slowly, turning and releasing, squeezing and holding, as short sharp shocks of pain grow the warmth between my legs. I sigh as the heat crackles through me, Sarah's high pitched voice escaping my plump lips for the first time.

While one hand stays on my nipples, squeezing gently, the other slides down between my legs, following the coarse hair down until I feel my finger slipping slightly between my parted sex. I rub myself softly, pressing lightly on the nub of my desire as I watch Sarah play with herself in the mirror, turning myself on by turning her on. The finger inside me rubs back and forth, pushing down on the hood of my clit and the warmth intensifies. I can feel my finger inside myself, moving, roaming, a living thing seeking only my pleasure, and Sarah's body begins growing wet.

A tension begins building inside me as I slide my finger down further inside, swimming into my moistness, dipping my fingers into my own wetness I glide it back up onto the hood of my clit, making it slick with my desire. My finger presses down and up, down and up, until I'm soaking wet and warm everywhere, aching for more. I push harder against my clit, my breath catching in my throat as I bud open for myself, the nub of my clit throbbing for my touch, sending fire burning through me. My breath comes faster, my tiny body tensing pleasantly, cresting slowly as I play with my wonderfully feminine form. My fingers glide faster, two of them now, surrounding my clit, my exertions increasing. I lean forward, my breasts drop slightly as I slide my fingers deeper into my warm folds, the pleasure urging me on. I pause and cry out softly 'Ah!' as a small orgasm hits me, a warm-up for the release to come. I screw up my eyes,

concentrating on touch alone as I pleasure myself, my soft breasts, my aching pussy. I need to see myself, watch Sarah fucking herself.

I open my eyes and gape at the cute girl in the mirror, the fingers of one hand deep inside her body, the other hand still caressing her tit. I put one leg up on the sink and spread my legs. Spreading my pussy with my fingers I gaze longingly into my wet, velvety folds. God, I'm so beautiful, I want everything about this body.

I plunge my fingers back in, needing myself hard, deep, fast and furious. Each movement of my fingers inside my pussy raises my tension until I can hold it no longer and it pours through me.

'Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck!' I cry out, the waves of pleasure coming fast, one after another as I continue pleasuring my body, living in my own sexual excitement now, reveling in the feelings of having this tight, little cunt and the pleasure I'm getting from it as I orgasm hard. My eyes spread open and I watch the cute girl next door in the mirror as she shivers and cums, lust dripping down her legs, her body shaking with ecstasy as I moan loudly until the pleasure ebbs out of me.

When I'm satisfied and calm I return to my bedroom and survey the mess. And what a mess. Beer cans and food and dirty clothes are strewn all over the apartment. I blow air out of my lips in a sigh. This isn't going to be fun. I tie my blonde hair back in a ponytail and, still naked, I begin cleaning up. I go through each room, dumping the trash into garbage bags and lining them up near the door. Pizza boxes, beer cans, unidentified takeaway food—some of it making my stomach heave—all of it gets dumped. Beneath the cushions of the couch I find some used condoms which I daintily pinch between two fingers and dump into the bags. I briefly “remember” drinking the contents and laughing as the warm seed dripped down my face. I shake my head and stick out my little pink tongue, trying to chase away the memory.

The hopper has filled Sarah's fridge and cupboards with junk food, which I also throw out. I'll need to replace them with her vegan food, but later.

After the garbage comes the wiping and vacuuming as I erase all traces of the hopper's stay. When I'm done a few hours later I've got seven garbage bags lined up and packed to the brim, and two piles of dirty clothes, but the house is tidy and finally smells clean. Now to work on me.

I take Sarah's jogging outfit out of her drawer—possibly the only outfit the hopper never wore—and put it on, sliding the Lycra shorts up my

golden legs until they're nestled snugly against my plump ass. The fit is a little tight, but that's what I plan on working on. Next I pull the light red running bra over my head and tuck it around my breasts, adjusting the straps to fit. Eyeing myself in the mirror I have to admit that I'm damn cute. The outfit hugs my curves and shows off my long, (soon to be lean) form.

I haul the garbage bags down to the trash chute and then take off on my jog. I head down towards the park, starting slowly and picking up speed until my powerful legs are thumping in a a rhythm and my breath burns fast in me. My ponytail dances and jiggles across my back as I run. I concentrate on each step, one after another, hypnotically moving forward with the rhythm of my body as the world fades away and it's just me and my petite form. I push myself until my lungs burn, my body starts to ache and sweat trickles down my forehead, my chest, my legs. Even then I only make about half the distance Sarah normally does. I'm out of shape but it's a start.

I bend over and lean on my knees, gasping for breath until I'm a little recovered. As the daylight starts to fade I find a grassy place in the park and stretch out my limbs, gently holding each leg up, letting my fingers run down my delightful body as I gently twist and turn. I lie down for a bit on the warm grass, closing my eyes and soaking in the last of the sun.

I return to Sarah's apartment and strip off my clothes. I step back into the shower again, washing the sweat and grime from my body. I close my eyes and let the hot water pour down my face, my fingers wandering across my body, making me soapy and slick. I glide my hands across my chest, grasping each breast, watching as the suds form on the tip of my nipples. One hand glides back down in between the cheeks of my ass, slipping across my taut buttocks then back over between the front of my legs. I love being in Sarah's body; she's delightfully feminine, cute, athletic, everything I want to be. Just thinking about being inside her, having her body as my own makes me tingle with pleasure.

Over the next few days and weeks I buckle down to restore Sarah's life. I double my exercise regime and stick to a strict vegan diet. I plead with her professors for leniency regarding my long absences, claiming a family emergency. I work hard to make up for it, even managing to land the role of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I fix bridges with her friends, explaining the hopper's long absences and curt messages as a product of stress. And I continue trying to set things right at her apartment,

returning all the high end electronics when I can (aided in part by my cute looks and my willingness to be an unashamed flirt with the managers), and selling them on Craigslist when I can't until I've taken care of most of her credit card debt. I check Sarah's phone for any leftover vestiges of the hopper, deleting a series of pics showing Sarah with her mouth wrapped around several thick cocks and her body sandwiched in between several more. It makes me angry seeing how much the hopper had his way with her body. I'm going to find this guy and stop him, one way or another. I'll bet Sarah wasn't his first and wouldn't be his last. These type of hoppers think they're invincible but they're not.

Finally, after returning from a jog one day three weeks in, I step on the scale and find Sarah's weight back to normal. My trim abs are showing beneath my top and my muscles ripple gently when I flex. My body is toned and taut once again, the extra weight gone as if it had never been there. It's almost time for me to leave Sarah's body and let her have her life back. But first, I stop in at the sex shop downtown for a reward for myself. The lady behind the counter directs me to the newest product. It's a little blue vibrator with a long, thin end that curves up slightly. About a third of the way up is a thick band, perfect for hitting every spot of a woman's pleasure. Or so I'm told.

After returning home I slip back into her jogging gear. I'm not going anywhere but, god, I can't resist her when she's wearing this. I drop the vibrator onto the bed and stand in front of the mirror, posing for myself, embedding the memory of Sarah's body into my mind. I turn left and right, eyeing my slim profile, the gentle curve of my breasts held tight beneath the fabric. My skin is golden and smooth, each little dimple and imperfection only seeming to make it that much more perfect. I smile, a bright, beautiful smile that lights up my face, my nose wrinkling adorably.

I run my hands through my soft hair, shake it free and let it spill down my shoulders. My hands slide down my neck, the fingers slipping down my warm skin and I giggle slightly, high-pitched and feminine, a sound of joyous anticipation. I bite my lower lip as I caress my chest, my hands running over the smooth fabric of my running bra. My fingers slide under my breasts and around my nipples, which even now bud out, dimpling the bra with my desire.

I let my fingers continue exploring my body, gliding over my taut stomach. I can feel the hardness of my abs beneath my soft skin. Sarah has an

amazingly toned body, thanks partly to me. My fingers continue ever downward, whispering over my shorts. I slide my hand sideways between my thighs and push up towards my womanhood, straining against the Lycra fabric and rubbing gently back and forth against my sex. Small waves of warmth cascade upwards from between my legs and I shiver and sigh gently.

Grasping the hem of my running top, I pull it off over my head and brush my hair out of my eyes. My hands return to my perfect breasts and I run Sarah's fingers against their smoothness, tickling the underside, briefly pinching the nipples, hefting and dropping my small, firm tits, watching them bounce below me, enjoying this manipulation of my feminine body.

Then I hook my thumbs beneath the elastic of my waistband and slowly, slowly, push them down, revealing inch by inch my small mound, the tufts of my light pubic hair, my supple thighs. I let my fingers dance against my long, lean legs as I push the shorts all the way off and step out of them. I sit on the bed and spread my legs. I gaze down at myself, the view of my pussy framed by my breasts. I can feel myself warming faster, my body becoming somehow more tense and looser, wetter.

I slip two fingers gently inside me, resting them on the hood of my clit. I push and rub slowly, lovingly, teasing the pleasure out of my body. I spread the lips of my pussy, opening my velvety folds for myself and sink my fingers deeper inside. I can feel my own wet warmth, feel my fingers inside myself, feel me playing with my own body. It's a feeling I never tire of and I watch as my fingers slide in and out of my slit, growing slick with my lust, the wet sounds of my pleasure reaching my ears, the smell of my sex filling my nose and driving me forward, making me hornier.

I lie back on the bed, using my feet to push me back onto the pillows. I grab the vibrator and flick the switch, causing it to whir to life. Spreading my legs, I slide the wand against my budding clit. The pleasure intensifies in an instant and I close my eyes, my breath coming in gasps. I circle the vibrator against my clit, the pulsing, pounding, pleasurable tension building, building, the waves reaching towards a crescendo, a final release. I slide the vibrator inside myself slowly. It fills me and I shudder, my breath hitching. I release a small 'Oh!' as a brief orgasm surges through me. I continue pressing the wand inside, feeling it slipping into me, curving up and around to reach the dimpled nub of my G-spot just as the band comes to rest against my clit and *oh god* the tension releases and

ecstasy erupts through me. I clasp my legs together, the muscles tense as a beautiful ache fills my young body and a bigger orgasm burns through me.

My pussy is crying out for more and I continue sliding the vibrator slowly back and forth. And now the whole world is singing with my pleasure, the ecstasy blotting out everything else. I'm moaning now, Sarah's cries filling the room as I crest once more 'Oh. Oh! OH!' and then I cum hard, harder than I have before, my body seems to evaporate and I'm just a clit, just a pussy filled with the pleasure of myself. I twist and turn driving through the pleasure, my body spilling across the bed as I cry out and fuck my young, feminine body hard with the wand, sliding it deep inside, needing to be filled, to be fulfilled.

I ebb once more but I refuse to release. I'm pounding my cunt now, harder, my thighs slick with my lust, my other hand inside Sarah's dripping pussy, helping the wand push against me and the world goes white as I cry out 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' writhing back and forth I ride the waves of pleasure as they rip my body apart and I'm pure, hot desire.

Finally, finally I'm sated and I allow Sarah's body to ebb back down. I'm calm and relaxed with a sense of a job well done...for many reasons. I lie on the bed, bathing in Sarah's afterglow, the musky smell of my sopping pussy strangely delightful in my nostrils. It lets me know who I am, what I've done.

When I'm ready, I send Sarah to sleep and hop out. She's so gorgeous asleep on the bed, her cheeks still rosy from our exertions. I grab my own clothes that I stashed in her closet and get dressed. I hope I've remembered everything. I hope Sarah can find her way back to normal. I hope I can find that hopper and teach him a lesson. But at least I've set one life right.

###

Exploring Her Innocence

I was anticipating another night of handshaking and small talk followed by a dinner that, while decent, couldn't possibly live up to the \$5000 donation it had taken to attend the night's function. If I was lucky there would even be a rousing speech at some point to excite the audience and assure us that the Democratic party had a solid plan to win back Congress. I didn't anticipate I'd meet an amazing woman and spend the next week in her body unleashing her sexuality.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I had just been introduced to a short, balding man who was the chair of some such committee—environment or justice or maybe some combination of the two—when *she* walked in the door behind him. She was stunning, with slightly rounded cheeks and smooth skin. Thin eyebrows arched over two brown eyes that sparkled with joy. Straight, auburn hair draped elegantly down around a graceful neck and over a cream colored tunic dress. Black leggings and knee high leather boots completed her hipster chic outfit. Her face and her hands were the only parts of her body she had uncovered but her outfit clung to her enticing form in a way that made her much more sexy than the other women in the room with their deep neck lines and short sleeves. She was at once formal and casual and she moved in a measured, sophisticated way, nearly gliding through the room. I was smitten and immediately excused myself to go meet her.

As I approached my way was blocked by Jeremy Dutton, another big donor with whom I'd clashed several times on electoral tactics and ideas. To be frank, he was an ass, and I was never pleased to see him, least of all when he was blocking my way to the most enchanting woman I'd ever laid eyes on.

'Trent, nice to see you,' He growled in his southern draw, squeezing my hand with a fake smile. He had one of those handshakes where they try to crush your hand to powder, maybe out of some macho attempt to take control or maybe because he'd never learned to properly shake hands.

'You too, Jeremy,' I grinned through gritted teeth. Before I could properly excuse myself to get around him my dream girl was appeared at his shoulder.

"Hi, Uncle Jeremy," she chimed.

'Ah, hello.' He hugged her, then turned to me. "Trent, this is my niece, Holly Michaels. She's in town for the weekend and she's never been to

one of these fundraisers before.'

She held out her hand and I gazed into her eyes as she smiled shyly. She was even more beautiful close up. Her smooth skin radiated her youth but there was a deep intelligence behind her eyes. Her hand was so soft and warm in mine and I caught the faint whiff of orange blossoms from her perfume.

'Pleasure to meet you, Holly,' I said, meaning the phrase for possibly the first time in my life. 'Studying political science are you?'

'Not exactly,' she giggled, 'I'm an engineering major. You just always read about these fundraisers in the paper as though they were the devil's own work. You know, the evil lobbyists and whatnot. So I decided to come along and see for myself.' Her word choice, along with the hint of a prim and proper southern drawl, led me to believe she was from an upper class southern family. Probably owned a plantation back in the day, but I couldn't hold that against her personally.

'I hope you don't regret it. You know what they say about laws and sausage.'

'One's an awful combination of spare parts that satisfies no one and the other's a tube of meat?'

I laughed. 'I meant that it's best not to see either being made.'

'Same thing.' A corner of her lips curled up in a half smile.

Jeremy, perhaps sensing my attraction to his niece and ever eager to thwart me piped up, 'We should get to our seats, we'll see you later, Trent.'

He steered her away and I watched her graceful backside disappear, just making out the form of her shapely butt beneath her dress. I made my way to my seat and chatted with the people nearby as the tables started to fill in. Eventually dinner was served, followed by rousing speeches outlining how we were going to take back Congress by doing what we'd been doing before, neglecting to mention that doing that was what had got us here. My mind wasn't really focused on the speeches anyway. I'd caught sight of Holly's profile a few tables in front of me and my eyes kept wandering over to her strong jaw and upturned nose. Every so often I would surreptitiously sniff my hand, smelling her orange blossom scent still on my skin from our brief handshake. She was intoxicating. I needed more of her.

After the speeches were done and everyone began heading for the doors I managed to slip in line behind Holly.

'So, Holly, are you inspired to storm the castle and take back the land for freedom?'

She turned to face me and her beautiful half-smile reappeared. 'I think it will take more than honing our message. We need to have a story to tell people, not just rattle off facts and figures.'

'Not rattle off facts and figures?' I said in mock horror, 'But how will we convince people to do what's good for them?'

'If that's the only way you can convince people your ideas will work, maybe you don't really know what your ideas are.'

'Are you sure you didn't study political science?'

'Oh, no, I stick with numbers, they make more sense than people. Numbers do what you tell them. People you have to convince.'

At that moment Jeremy turned around. 'Ah, Trent, not trying to pick up my niece are you? She must be 15 years younger than you.' The old prick was trying to make me angry. And it was working. Fortunately someone grabbed him by the shoulder and whispered urgently in his ear before I could muster a scorching reply.

'I don't think my uncle likes you that much,' Holly smiled.

'The feeling's mutual. Though I see you're from the side of the family without the asshole gene.'

Her eyes widened and her cheeks blushed slightly. I thought she was going to slap me but instead she laughed. 'My uncle tends to have that reaction on people.'

Jeremy turned around. 'I'm very sorry about this, Holly, but I've got to attend to some business. Frank will bring you back home. I'll see you later.'

He turned and was soon swallowed by the crowd.

'You seem a very bright woman, Holly, it would be a shame to lose your enthusiasm. I'm working on some electoral projects at the moment, would you like to discuss them sometime? Maybe I can sucker you into... uh, convince you to volunteer.' I grinned.

'Well, Trent, my evening is suddenly free. How about now?'

Frank, Jeremy's driver, brought us to a nearby cocktail bar. It was one of those swanky new places where they made seasonal cocktails and served dessert garnished with a strip of gold, if you were into that sort of thing. I admit I was showing off bringing her here. I knew the owner and we were ushered into a quiet booth at the back. Holly sipped her drink

and looked around, her eyes bright with curiosity.

She was as funny and engaging in the quiet booth as she had been at the fundraiser and I grew more enchanted. Every movement she made was graceful and I watched her slim hands and ruby lips as she talked. I wanted to take her into my arms right then and there. I wanted her so badly it hurt. I wanted to be her, to be inside her wonderful, intelligent form and see the world from her eyes.

We talked until the bar closed and I couldn't stand it any longer. We walked out onto the street together and strolled towards the end of the block where her car waited, facing away from us, Frank in the driver seat. I slowed down, trying to keep distance between us and the car, waiting for my chance. With both hands clasped nonchalantly behind my back I adjusted the small ring on the pinkie finger of my right hand, turning the inset ruby counterclockwise for half a turn and activating its power. I was sure that people who saw my pinkie ring made fun of me behind my back for it. True, pinkie rings were out of style except among older members of the mafia, but this one was different. Twisting it activated its power and allowed me to take over the body of the next person I touched. I just had to be careful and time it right when no one was looking.

'Thank you for a wonderful evening, Trent,' she said.

I gave her my card. 'We should really get together again sometime.' *Preferably in the next minute*, I thought.

'I'd like that.'

As she turned back to her car I quickly glanced behind me, a few people were heading the other way but no one was paying us any attention. I reached out and touched her bare hand.

The world disappeared into dark nothing for a split second, and when it returned I was striding towards the car in Holly's body, my own body having disappeared.

It was incredible to feel every inch of her body, from the light swish of the dress around my thighs, to the feeling of my legs encased in leggings, to the light jiggle of my breasts. Though my fingers were bare, I could feel the phantom ruby ring on my right pinkie. Anytime I wanted I could twist it back the other way and I could slip out of her body.

Frank saw me coming and got out to hold the door open for me. I slid Holly's body into the rich leather interior and told Frank to set off for home. I pushed a button and the dark glass screen separating me from Frank whirred up softly. I was alone with Holly's body for the first time.

I took a lock of her fine hair and held it to my nose, inhaling her scent, so lovely and feminine and *her*. I held her hands close to her eyes and examined the dainty fingers and the manicured nails of my new soft hands. I shifted in my seat until I could raise Holly's dress enough to get to the waistband of her leggings, then I slid my long fingers down against my warm skin, tracing the coarse hair of Holly's bush down to her nether lips. They parted at my touch and my finger rested on the hood of my clit, partly inside myself. I pressed in a slow rhythm, sending pulses of warmth through my body. I leaned my head back against the seat and watched my faint reflection in the window, Holly's eyes staring back at me. Slowly I grew slick with my own desire and my fingers pressed deeper inside myself. I sighed gently and parted my legs for my eager touch. My fingers sank into my warmth as my clit slowly grew, bringing a fire with it as it met my fingers.

My breath came faster as I worked Holly's body, gliding up and down my little bulb, my fingers dripping with my lust for my new body. I held my other hand to my mouth to stifle a groan as I twisted and turned in the seat, never easing up. I bore down harder, faster, urging my body on and the heat exploded through me. I threw my head back and muffled a gasp. God, she felt so good. I continued rubbing, chasing the fiery tail of pleasure until it returned, harder, and I lifted my pelvis as I sank my fingers deep inside my wet heat. The deep, musky smell of Holly's lust filled my nostrils and I orgasmed, tiny grunts escaping me as my body rocked back and forth in uncontrolled lust.

When it finally subsided I pulled my fingers out of myself and rolled down the window to let the cool breeze blow away the smell of my desire. A few minutes later we reached what must have been Jeremy's house. We pulled up outside a large townhouse in a ritzy section of DC. I could see by accessing Holly's memories that the guest bedroom where I was staying was on the third floor.

Frank got held and held the door open for me. I thanked him and quietly slipped inside. The house was dark except for a light in the kitchen. I poked my head around and saw Jeremy sitting at the kitchen island sipping on a tumbler of some dark liquid. He saw me and motioned me to come in. I didn't really want to talk to him right now but Holly was his guest and I had to be pleasant for her sake. As I came into the kitchen I saw he wasn't alone. His son and Holly's cousin, Ben, was sitting with him.

Ben was slightly older than Holly and had the deep set eyes and slightly craggy features of his dad. But rather than make him look older like his dad, they were enticingly rugged. His dark hair was combed back and he trapped me with his piercing brown eyes as I entered the room.

'You were out late. Did you have a good time?' Jeremy asked.

I pulled a chair out beside him and sank into it. 'I did, actually.' I said in Holly's light southern accent.

'You remember Ben?' Jeremy asked.

I nodded and smiled at him as I skimmed through Holly's memories. 'Of course.'

Ben smiled back, the sides of his eyes crinkling slightly.

'Ben just got back in town tonight. He's staying in the other spare room.' Jeremy took another sip of whiskey and muttered to himself, 'Good thing I've got so many spare rooms now.'

'I heard you went to one of dad's fundraisers,' Ben said. His hands were clasped together lightly around his tumbler and I watched as a drop of condensation rolled down the glass onto his fingers.

'I wouldn't call it Jeremy's fundraiser, there were other people there' I joked, 'But yes, I did.'

'I heard you went out with Trent afterwards,' Jeremy said, taking another sip of his drink so I couldn't read his expression.

'He's a nice guy. Intelligent. Charming. Articulate. You could learn a thing or two from him.' I couldn't help needling him but put on a wide smile and played it off as a joke.

He grunted. 'Did you notice anything off about him?'

'Like what?' I asked nonchalantly as I pulled off my boots. God, that felt good to take the pressure off. I crossed one leg over the other and slowly massaged my foot. Jeremy's eyes flicked down to my legs then back up to my face. Figures the old lech would check out his niece, *and even after I'd covered up, too*. That last thought was Holly's and I put it aside to explore later. Ben, on the other hand, just kept staring into my eyes. His intensity was slightly unnerving and I looked away, trying to avoid his gaze. It was embarrassing me for some reason and I felt a blush creeping up my cheeks.

'Nothing,' Jeremy muttered, taking another sip, 'I just don't think it's good to be hanging round him. He has friends in...low places.'

'What, you think he'd have me killed if I didn't kiss him or something?'

'Did you?'

'Kiss him?' I felt Holly's genuine shock. 'I just met him, is that how things work here?'

'Some people in this city feel...entitled to certain things--' He began, but Ben cut in.

'I don't think we need to talk about this now. It's late. How about we go to bed?'

For a second I thought he was propositioning me, then I nodded. I picked my boots off the floor and headed up to the guest room. Ben caught up with me halfway up the stairs.

'Sorry about dad back there. He got some bad news tonight. He's not usually so...he's not usually like that.'

'Ok,' I replied. Ben was close enough that I could smell a faint, intoxicating mixture of sandalwood and his sweat. It made my heart beat faster and staring into his eyes just cleared my mind of all thought.

'I won't hold it against him.' I managed.

'Good. I'll see you tomorrow,' he said as we went to our rooms. His was at one end of the hall and mine at the other.

I closed my door and leaned against it, holding Ben's memory in my mind. It seemed Holly had always thought of Ben as the cool older cousin. Whenever they got together on family trips he was the one she got along with best. He was deadpan, even when having fun, but adventurous, always willing to exploring with Holly. She thought it was just an excuse to get away from their respective parents, but as she grew older she found her thoughts sometimes turning to him even when he wasn't there. Even now, just thinking of him, Holly's body was getting warm.

I turned to the gilded mirror above the dresser. Holly's face stared back at me. I sauntered towards my new image, swaying my hips as I tucked my hair behind my ear and let my finger trace its way down my warm neck. I gazed into my beautiful face in the mirror as I slid Holly's hands around my body, my curves padded by the dress. I pulled the dress off and dropped it on the floor behind me and again tucked my hair back. Beneath the top I was wearing a black singlet through which I could see the contours of my chest. I stripped this off, followed by the bra, to reveal the sweet slope of my firm breasts. I clasped one in each hand as I gazed down in delight at myself, at my feminine body. I watched my dainty hands heft and squeeze my breasts until the nipples stood out and my body was wonderfully warm.

Still, inside I felt Holly's reticence. As if it was somehow wrong to enjoy her own body, her own sexuality. Like she was betraying her intelligence in the service of beauty. But we could have both. There was no shame in enjoying the beauty that we had and I wanted Holly to be comfortable in her own body. As I was.

I pulled off my leggings and slid down my panties over my long legs. I had a trim body and the firm muscles of a goddess. I stepped back so I could see all of myself, still making Holly caress her own breasts. My ass was amazing. I grabbed it and gave it a squeeze, leaning back so my breasts stood out as I teased myself in the mirror, seducing myself with my beautiful body.

As I thought about Ben I brought one hand down to the strip of coarse hair between my legs. I followed it to the top of my slit, where I pressed gently against the hood of my clit. As the warm waves circulated through me Holly's hesitance melted, overwhelmed by her own lust. I made her watch her naked body in the mirror as her finger circled around inside her. I pressed harder, deeper as the waves of heat multiplied, growing on each other. My other hand came up to my tits and I squeezed greedily. My fingers grew wet inside myself as I circled faster harder, until my body trembled and lightly orgasmed, a small peace flowing through me at the slight release and a gasp escaped Holly's trembling lips 'Oh!'. I squeezed my nipples, pinching now so the pain multiplied the pleasure and I dipped two fingers inside, felt them squeeze into me and up, curling around inside me. Pleasure burned through me as I thrust, feeling myself inside and out until I came again, harder this time, my knees growing weak.

'Oh, god!' I whispered, my voice dripping with lust, wanting more, needing more.

I pressed on, faster, harder, deeper, using Holly's body for my own pleasure, forcing her to accept the feelings flowing through her, watching her own sexuality and my knees buckled, spilling me onto the bed. I spread my legs as I pounded hard inside myself., working my G-spot My breasts shook, my whole body ached and then the orgasm pounded me. 'Ah. Ahh! Ahh!' I moaned, turning my head this way and that, my hair flowing around my shoulders, my hand soaked with my juices.

Holly's body was so light, all my thoughts were cleared as I came down slowly. I pulled Holly's fingers out of myself. They were shiny with my lust and smelled of her beautiful musky scent. The smell of my scent, of

my pussy.

I struggled sleepily under the covers and fell asleep with the smell of myself in my nose.

I awoke slowly the next morning and lolled around in bed in Holly's body. I held up one leg, exploring it, running my fingers down the contours of her muscles. They were smooth, soft and solid and gloriously feminine.

I finally got up and made my way to the shower, taking the chance to check out my body in the mirror as I waited for the water to warm up. I stepped in and scrubbed myself down with her nectarine body wash, being sure to clean every inch of my body. I don't think Holly's breasts had ever been cleaner. As I washed I wandered through her mind. She always felt like she was held back as a woman, that no matter how clever she was men would only ever see her for her body. She'd had to work twice as hard to get noticed and buried her body under clothes, as if hiding her femininity would even the playing field. But men noticed anyway. Especially as an engineer, there was a certain, almost unconscious bias, working against her. She tried so hard to hide herself that her sexuality was deeply buried like a dangerous object, marked with warnings lest she go unleash it and have no one take her seriously again.

As I toweled off her body I wanted to make her realize she could be smart and sexual. I wanted to make her understand that her body was an asset and it was okay to enjoy herself. I started by flipping through the suitcase she'd brought with her for something a little revealing. After slipping on a white bra and panties I put on a pair of tight jeans. They hugged my body and made my sexy legs and ass seem even more amazing. I then slipped into a singlet and adjusted it over my body. My lean arms were bare and my breasts pressed softly against the fabric. It was casual but sexy without being revealing. I understood from Holly's mind that she was planning to wear another top over it, but I wanted to show off my form.

Afterwards, I made my way downstairs to breakfast. "My" aunt and uncle were already sitting at the table.

'Hi, Holly,' my aunt chirped, 'Was your room okay?'

'It was fine, thanks.'

'There's some eggs and bacon on the stove. Help yourself.'

I heaped some into my plate and took a seat just as Ben walked in the

room. His hair was sleep tousled and he wore a black t-shirt and jeans. He gave everyone a quick smile as he grabbed some food and sat next to me.

Jeremy seemed awfully quiet—probably nursing a hangover—but the rest of us chatted amicably about the events of the previous night. I skipped the bit about me jumping into Holly's body but otherwise told them everything. Eventually the conversation turned to what was planned for the day.

'Oh, I don't know,' I said, 'I haven't been here in a long time, I was just going to play tourist.'

'Ben could show you around,' my aunt said.

Ben glanced at me. 'She doesn't need me. There's the white house, there's congress, there's a bunch of museums. Done.'

I turned to him and, under the table, placed my hand on his knee. 'It would be nice to have some company. Maybe you can show me all the secret spots the government doesn't want anyone knowing about.'

He looked back up at me, a question in his eyes. 'I could show you, but then I'd have to kill you.'

I surreptitiously slid my hand up his thigh and was pleased to see his eyes widen. Inside me I could feel Holly's mind both scared and turned on at what I was doing with her cousin.

'Please?' I asked, practically batting my eyelashes.

'I...uh...' His eyes flicked down to my hand and his face flickered into a smile. 'Ok. I just need to get my wallet from my room.'

He finished his breakfast in a few large gulps and went upstairs. I followed close behind as he entered his room, my hips swaying back and forth, brandishing Holly's sexuality.

'Where do you want to go-' was all he managed before I pushed the door shut and planted my lips on his.

He pushed me back gently, 'Holly, I don't think we--'

I cut him off once more by pushing him onto the bed and straddling him, laughing gaily. 'Don't think, just kiss me,' I ordered breathlessly before planting my lips on his.

This time he didn't struggle, just reached up and caressed my body with his strong hands. My hair draped over my face as I caressed his cheeks with my hands. Electric tingles ran down my spine and I pressed my body down against his. I could feel the warmth of his hard body beneath his clothes. I wanted him, needed him. His manhood pressed up

beneath his jeans, I could feel the bulge against my moistening pussy and I began grinding, rubbing myself back and forth, teasing the both of us.

His hands roamed down to my ass then back up, squeezing and pulling me as his hot breath filled my mouth. My tits hung down against the hard expanse of his chest and I pushed my groin into his, the bump of his erection against me increasing the shock waves of pleasure crackling through my body. I opened Holly's mouth wide for his tongue as I moved in a rhythm, grinding our bodies together, separated only by the fabric of our jeans. He was so close it was driving me crazy and I moaned, 'Mmmm,' still sucking on his tongue.

I reached my hand down to his pants but he grabbed my arm and looked up at me. I could see the struggle across his face. He wanted me but he was holding himself back, keeping his animal lust in check.

'This isn't right, Holly, we shouldn't--'

I cut him off once again, this time by grinding my hips into his erection. He closed his eyes and groaned. I went faster and his breath matched my rhythm. His eyes snapped open and he stared up at me, mesmerized by my face, as if trying to remember every single detail. His hands found my cheek, my lips, and I sucked on his thumb as we dry humped. The electricity fizzled and pulsed inside me as pleasure crackled through me and then he closed his eyes and pushed his crotch up against me and grunted and we came together.

'Ooohh,' our mingled sighs met as our bodies came together, the pleasure flooding me as his cock pulsed faintly beneath his pants, my sexuality overcoming his inhibitions. His body tensed, the muscles so tantalizingly close to my fingertips, his manhood so close to me as he came in his pants. I groaned in delight as Holly's curiosity and delight at making her cousin cum while fully clothed danced through her mind.

When we were done I stood and ran my fingers through my hair and brushed it out of my face.

'So,' I said, 'How about you show me around?'

He just nodded.

We spent the rest of the day seeing the sights. Holly's sharp mind and the breadth of her knowledge continually impressed both Ben and me. She was intelligent and funny and witty. What I sensed impressed her was how the casual sexiness of her body combined with her intelligence to pique Ben's interest. Throughout the day I saw him glancing at me in

surprise and admiration as we visited the museums along the National Mall, as if he'd never seen Holly in this light before. I could sense the dawning realization that in addition to being his younger cousin, I was a fascinating, beautiful woman. It was like a barrier was being broken down, taboos were melting away.

It was in the natural history museum, somewhere in the Jurassic Period, where I casually slipped my slim fingers between his. His hand was large, dwarfing mine, his warm touch enveloping my hand as I pulled him excitedly over to a Stegosaurus exhibit. But it wasn't until the Pleistocene Epoch, as we read a plaque together with his face so close to mine I could smell his slight nervousness, that I kissed him. This time there was no hesitance on his part, no pushing away. His body and mind were in agreement and they wanted Holly.

I pulled him into the nearby disabled bathroom and locked the door behind us. I pushed him up against the railing and in an instant I was on my knees in front of him. Holly's body was eager for him as I pulled down his pants and wrapped my fingers around his thickening cock. I stared at it excitedly as I gently tugged on his shaft, feeling him pulsing, growing harder in my hand until his desire was full and thick. This was my sexuality. This was my power.

God, I wanted it so much. But I took my time, licking my tongue up and down his shaft, enjoying the taste of him, the deep, rich smell of him. His erection seemed so large in front of me but I opened my mouth wide and swallowed him. My lips wrapped around the head and I gently slid down him and his cock filled my mouth. I could taste each ridge as it crossed my tongue and I lowered my head further. He was so big I couldn't swallow him all but I used one hand to assist, stroking him in rhythm with my sucking until his entire cock gleamed with my saliva and he moaned softly above me. Holly's body was getting such joy from this it overwhelmed any reluctance I had about giving a blow job.

He ran his hands through my hair and every now and then I would look up at him, a coquettish smile on my face before diving back down onto him with vigor. Each time the lust in his eyes grew, the want for me filling him until he finally moaned.

'Oh, God, I need you right now, Holly.'

The world felt so bright. Ben wanted me, body and mind, and I wanted him. My body pulsed with a tense warmth as he lifted me to my feet and tore down my pants. I slid down my panties, already moistened with my

lust and turned around to place my hands on the bathroom sink. I wiggled my ass back and forth for him as I stared at Holly's gorgeous face in the mirror. He approached me and grabbed my waist. My legs trembled slightly as the head of his cock brushed against my slick opening. He was so big, would he hurt?

He started gently, caressing me with his cock, dipping his head into my wetness before pressing harder. Slowly, slowly, my wet lips parted for him and he entered me. I gasped happily as he slipped deeper inside. My mouth dropped open, my tongue circled my lips in lust for my own body, for what Holly and I were doing together as Ben filled us, pushing deeper and deeper inside. He was thick but gentle and soon his groin was pressed against my ass and I was full, so full, and it felt so right having him inside me like this.

'Does it hurt?' he asked gently.

For an answer I arched my back and pushed further back onto him, sinking in as far as he would go and moaning as fire burned through my veins. He began thrusting slowly, gently, as though my body were delicate and he didn't want to hurt me. But as my sighs grew louder, his lust overpowered him and he thrust harder, faster, until we were in a glorious rhythm. My breasts jiggled back and forth to the soft 'thwap thwap' of him against my ass. I watched Holly's gorgeous face twisted with ecstasy in the mirror as Ben gripped me tighter, thrusting harder until he was a beast, thinking of nothing but needing me, a captive to my body, slamming his cock into me and my body ached for him. His need for my body. His hot shaft thrusting inside me, grew a ball of fire between my legs, a white hot sun of pleasure emanating through every pore of my being as he slammed me. I heard Holly's cries of pleasure, both mine and not mine, from outside my body, the pleasure filling me so much it was all I could do to hold on and then he exploded inside me and my orgasm went supernova, disappeared, torn apart in sheer ecstasy and it was just Ben and me together, our bodies as one, floating through pure pleasure and we cried out together, our voices mingling as he spurted into me. I could feel every spasm as the hot seed filled my womb, splashing into me as he grabbed my ass and sunk deep, grunting with effort as if trying to split me apart and oh, god, I wanted him to split me, I needed him as he exploded into me until I was fuller than I'd ever been. I was a being of pure orgasm, so great was my pleasure.

Slowly the world returned and I sank back down into Holly's sweaty

body, wide eyed and gasping at the heights I'd reached. Holly's lovely face smiled back at me from the mirror, her hair disheveled, Ben still grasping me from behind. We stood like this, recovering and he felt so good inside me still. He slowly pulled out and I felt the emptiness he left behind.

I pulled up my panties, still feeling him trickling out of me, deliciously warm. I turned to face him and we kissed once more, passionately, our love for each other burning bright.

I'd unleashed Holly's sexuality and her hidden lust for Ben. She'd kept it buried so deeply because she didn't think it was right, and she didn't think she had anything he wanted. But she did. She had everything Ben wanted.

We both knew it was temporary, that our relationship was too complicated to last. But we continued to enjoy each others' company, and each others' bodies, for the rest of Holly's trip. Until it was time for her to go back home and I quietly slipped out of her and away, leaving her with the memories of what we'd done together, and the understanding of the power of both her mind and her body.

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