

A woman's legs are visible from the knees down, wearing a light blue skirt and black flat shoes. She is holding a brown, textured suitcase. The text is overlaid on the suitcase.

A
COLLECTION
OF
BODY
POSSESSION
STORIES

JUST
Visiting

WWW.S

Just Visiting

by M. Wills

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About the Author

The stories in this collection have been commissioned by readers like you. Names and details have been changed to protect privacy.

M Wills is an erotic author specializing in erotic body swap and transformation captions but is willing to make any fantasy you have come to life. Find out how to order your own personalized story at www.bodyswapfiction.com or contact bodyswapstories@gmail.com.

Enjoy!

Perfect Prom

Tonight is prom night, as I'm repeatedly informed by my daughter, Danielle, throughout the morning.

'Oh my god, dad, I've got so much to do,' she tells me several times as she paces through the house. But her dress is all ready in her room and I know her friend, Erica, is picking her up to go to the salon to get their hair and nails done this afternoon. So for now "so much to do" seems to involve lots of texting.

I'm happy for her, and a bit jealous. I'd love to be the one going to prom, the one going out to dinner and dancing, the one wearing the beautiful dress. When I was younger I used to wish upon a star that I could become a girl, just for one day, to feel what it was like. But now that I'm older and know there's no magic in the world, all I can do is imagine. And today, as my daughter rushes around in a frenzy, I find myself imagining over and over how it would feel to go the prom as a beautiful girl.

I shake the thought out of my head again and return to reading my blogs. But I can't get very far. Every few lines I drift off, imagining myself stepping into the room wearing my prom dress as all eyes turn to me. I have thoughts like this sometimes, but they're not usually this frequent. Maybe it's just something in the air.

In an effort to quiet my thoughts I pull up one of the stories I bought online about a man who swaps bodies with his girlfriend. Maybe I can burn my desire out by reading just a little. Scratching an itch makes it better, right? As I'm about to close out my browser a new window pops up. It's simple white lettering on black background that reads "Hey, Steve, want to go to prom? Click here to make your wish come true."

I know the advertisers track your browser history to serve you ads but this is eerily specific. I hover my cursor over the ad for a few seconds. What's the harm? I'm sure fortunes have been lost on less. I click the ad and it takes me to a new page. Another simple white on black background: "Who do you want to be?"

What does that mean? Before I can think about it too much the doorbell rings. It must be Erica coming to pick up my daughter. I close my laptop and head for the door, my heart beating faster.

I have to admit, I have a little crush on Erica. But I'd never act on that impulse; I'm not that guy. Besides, now that I think about it, my crush is less about being *with* her than *being* her. So, there you go, strange website ad, that's my choice.

I open the door and am greeted with Erica's gorgeous crooked smile. Her thin eyebrows arch over her almond-shaped dark brown eyes. She's got a cute little nose and wide-set features that make her girl-next-door adorable. Today she's wearing a dark blue camisole with spaghetti straps that shows off her tanned, youthful body. Her long, brunette hair cascades over one shoulder.

'Hi, Steve,' she chirps, 'Is Danielle ready?'

'Almost, I think. Come on in.' I say as I open the door wide

She steps in and I get a hint of the delightfully flowery fragrance that I forever associate with her.

'So, I hear you two girls are off to get pampered,' I remark.

'Oh, there's a little pampering,' she says, 'Also a little poking and prodding and scraping. But beauty is pain, right? You'll probably be more pampered sitting on the couch drinking beer.'

I laugh. 'Is that what you think I'll do?'

She shrugs and a little half smile curls a corner of her lips. 'That's what I would do if I were you.'

'I wouldn't mind a little pampering myself,' I say, 'Maybe we should swap. I'll be you and go to the prom and you can be me and enjoy all the privileges of adulthood. Like drinking and...well, everything else escapes me.' I play it off like a joke and her smile broadens.

'Sure, why not? I'll be you for the day.'

At that the room spins violently. I shut my eyes as my stomach lurches. For an instant all my senses disappear and I feel strangely detached from the world, like I have no body at all. Then, just as suddenly, I'm back in the foyer. I bring a hand to my head.

'Whoa, that was--' I begin, and then a thousand things hit me at once: My voice is a softer, feminine alto; my upper body feels nearly naked; the hand on my head is brushing against long, soft hair; the air smells different, like being in someone else's home. I open my eyes and stare up at...myself. It's my body but I'm no longer in it, and it looks as confused as I feel.

With a dawning realization I look down at myself and am greeted with the sight of bare, youthful skin and cleavage. Two smallish curves now project gently out from my chest before disappearing beneath a dark blue camisole. I bring both hands out in front of my eyes. My skin is soft and golden tan; my fingers slender with rounded nails. I'm in Erica's body and I'm shocked and scared and excited.

'Erica?' I ask my body. He nods slowly. Erica, inside my masculine form, still gapes down at my former body, clenching and unclenching my thick hands.

'What-? How did-?' She begins. My own voice sounds different outside my head, deeper, like listening to myself on video.

Before I can begin to put together an explanation Danielle marches into the room excitedly.

'Erica!' she squeals, looking right at me. 'Come here, I need your opinion.'

My daughter grabs me by the arm and practically pulls me out of the room. I look back at my quickly receding body, neither of us quite sure what to do or how to act. I let Danielle lead me down the hallway to her room. My skirt swishes against my long legs and my hair tickles my back. Even my body walks differently as we tread down the hallway. My perspective is slightly off, I'm not as tall, and a thought repeats itself over and over in my head: *I'm a girl! I'm a girl! I'm Erica!*

Danielle shuts the door and starts showing me a collection of earrings. She chats away, oblivious to my predicament. It's as though she has no idea her father is in her best friend's body.

'I was thinking either these teardrop ones,' she holds up a pearl colored teardrop stud to one ear, 'Or the longer, sparkly ones. Because sparkles.' She holds up another pair of earrings and turns her head this way and that. 'What do you think goes better with the dress?'

I'm supposed to speak but I don't have anything to say, until suddenly I do. Thoughts bubble into my mind. I know what Danielle's dress looks like because I helped her pick it out and it sort of matches mine. Except I didn't help pick it out, Erica did. But somehow I know exactly what it looks like, and Erica's too, for that matter. It's like I can access Erica's thoughts.

'Go for the teardrops. They match the little drops around your bust. The sparkles might look good on me, though. Can I try them?' I ask, surprising myself.

Danielle hands them to me and I stand to look in the mirror above her dresser. Erica's perfect face stares back at me. Her almond eyes, her glossy lips, her cute nose are all mine. I turn my head and watch her reflection do the same. It's like a dream come true. I fumble slightly with the earrings as I slide them into my ears, more out of distraction with the lovely visage in the mirror than an unfamiliarity with the action. Erica's

done this a hundred times so *I've* done this a hundred times. It's like our memories have merged. I get both earrings in and smile at myself. I'm gorgeous. I'm Erica. I'm gorgeous.

'What do you think?' I turn to Danielle, my daughter and best friend.

'Definitely the sparkles.'

'You don't think they're too...I don't know...sparkly?' I ask with a sudden doubt, taking another look in the mirror.

'No way, you're gorj!' She says, echoing my own thoughts.

There's a timid knock on the door and my body peeks in.

'Hi Danielle and, um, Erica.'

'What's up, dad?' My daughter asks. Erica, in my body, is at a loss.

'Come on in,' I say and she does, holding the laptop in one hand. It's weird seeing my body from Erica's perspective, it towers over me and seems so...masculine. Danielle gives both of us a quizzical look.

'So, Danielle,' I begin, running my hand over my cheek as I sometimes do at the start of awkward conversations. Only now my cheek is smooth and soft instead of stubbly and I'm slightly taken aback. 'Um, your dad and me...or, um, I've...him-- me--' I point back and forth trying to explain what's happened to us but just getting the pronouns right is a problem. I pause and take a breath. 'This is going to sound weird, but we've swapped bodies. I'm your dad and he's Erica.'

'I don't get it. Is this some sort of joke?' Danielle asks, looking back and forth between us.

'I wish,' my former body responds, 'But it's real as real. I think it has something to do with this.'

She turns the laptop around and we see the screen. There's a new message: "Thank you for your order, Steve. You have swapped bodies with Erica for 12 hours."

'What was this?' Erica asks me, with a hint of accusation in her voice.

'I don't know,' I say, my girlish voice rising in pitch, 'It was just some weird website. It didn't say exactly what it did. I didn't order some sort of...of...body swap. That's not even possible.'

'Well, it happened.' She says, holding her arms out to her sides as if presenting my own body to me.

'I know but...I don't know, you know? I don't want to be in your body,' I lied.

'This is so weird,' Danielle interjects.

'I know.' 'You're telling me.' Erica and I say at the same time. We grin

sheepishly at each other.

'So what do we do?' Erica finally asks.

'I guess...' I say slowly, my heart beating fast, 'We pretend to be each other until this thing wears off. You stay here and I...go to the prom.'

'You can stay home, dad, you don't have to go to the prom,' Danielle says, sitting next to me.

'No!' My body says before I can come up with a good excuse to go. 'What do I tell Mark? Oh, I can't go to the prom because I traded bodies with my best friend's dad? And then just not show up? You *have* to go.'

I nod, deliriously happy, not wishing to change her mind.

'And wear a dress.'

I nod again.

'And get your hair and your makeup and all that done.'

I nod again.

'And...don't make a move on my boyfriend.'

I nod once again.

'Are you sure you're up for it, dad?' Danielle asks once more. I know she means well and she thinks she's just helping me out, but this is all I've wanted my entire life.

'It'll be ok, it'll be fun!' I say, trying not to sound too thrilled, but my heart is practically bursting with happiness. I toss my hair behind my ear and look at my daughter. She smiles back at me in an understanding way.

'Okay, Erica. Or dad. Or...'

'Better get used to calling me Erica. You can't be calling me 'dad' all night.'

'Okay...Erica.' She says, looking right at me. A wonderful thrill runs through my body.

'All right. Well.' Erica begins from my body. 'I guess you...girls need to get to the salon for your appointment.'

I stand and look up at myself. 'Are you going to be ok?'

Now it's her turn to nod.

'There's some beer in the fridge.' I say, 'Don't drink too much.'

She puts on a smile. 'Sure. Danielle, look after her...me...whatever.'

I grab my purse off the bed and walk out the door with my daughter, ready to show off my new body for the first time in public.

The ride to the salon is interesting. I drive Erica's car and I feel like I'm sitting so low down. I'm chatting a mile a minute as well. As a man I'd

usually sit and think but now that I'm a woman that just feels so...lonely. I'm with my best friend and daughter and I just want to share everything with her.

'You have to help me when we get there, Danielle. Are pink nails too much? I was thinking they were too much at first but then the more I think about the dress the more I think pink is perfect. You need to get pink nails, too. We have matching dresses, we have to have matching nails.'

'Wow, dad, you sound awfully excited by this. You really want to go pink? I mean, I know Erica was thinking pink, but--'

'That's what's so weird,' I cut her off, 'I feel like I'm both Steve and Erica. It's like, I have her memories, you know? So I'm sort of her, but sort of myself, too. You know?'

'What's it feel like being a woman? Is it a lot different? I mean, besides the obvious.' She blushes.

I scratch my tiny nose. 'Well, there is *that*, but really it doesn't feel different because I guess I sort of feel like Erica. So it's not like I've stolen her body or anything, more like, I'm adding to her. I'm Steve on top of Erica.' And that mental image causes *me* to blush. 'But just treat me like Erica, I think it'll be better-- easier for everyone.'

'Okay, Erica,' she says.

I pull into the parking lot and we both get out. I notice a couple guys walk by us, checking us out. The idea that they're staring at me, that they find me beautiful makes me light up inside. Every time I see my new reflection—in the glass of the salon, in the gilded chrome lining the side of the door, in the mirror as I enter—I'm giddy with excitement to be in Erica's skin, to watch her body moving under my command.

I give the lady behind the counter our name and she asks us to pick out the nail color we want. Danielle and I look over the selection for a bit before settling on a deep pink. It's pretty, and that's what I want right now: to look pretty. A stylist leads us over to two chairs next to each other facing a mirror. The stylist runs her fingers through my long hair as I stare happily at my cute image in the mirror.

'You have very nice hair,' she says in a thick Colombian accent, 'How you want it cut?'

I have no idea. Fortunately, Danielle comes to my aid.

'You should leave it long and curl it around like this.' She grabs some locks of my hair and demonstrates. 'Maybe leave the bangs long around

here and sort of...swoop one down like this.'

The stylist nods. 'Okay. Yes. Very good. Come here, we shampoo.'

She leads me over to a chair by the sinks, wraps a smock around me and tilts my head back into the sink. Her fingers slip into my hair, scratching and massaging my scalp in a way that's nearly orgasmic. I close my eyes and sigh happily as she works the shampoo deep down, then washes it away.

Afterwards, she partially dries my hair with a towel and leads me back. I smile at Danielle as I pass, and she smiles back. As the hair dresser starts snipping away, another woman comes up and starts working on my hands. She scrapes the cuticles back and Erica was right, there is some pain.

Danielle has an issue of 'Us Weekly' and we chat happily away, comparing celebrity outfits, talking about the various makeup ads, and in general having typical girl talk. I'd talked with Danielle before but never like this and I'm sort of surprised to realize exactly how witty she is as we laugh together, our ringing youthful laughter filling the salon. All the time the lady at my side works on one hand, then the other, cutting and shaping before applying a layer of pink polish.

When my first hand is done I hold it up and wiggle my tiny nails. My dainty fingers curl back and forth as I admire my feminine hand.

The stylist puts up my hair in curlers and takes me to another chair to dry. Another woman comes up and sticks my feet into the basin of water and begins my pedicure. And, holy hell, this woman's fingers are magic, massaging my feet before working on my nails. I feel so good. Everything feels so good. When we finally walk out of the salon we're practically glowing.

I drive Danielle home and drop her off, insisting I'll be fine, that Erica's memories will show me what to do. The plan is for Mark to pick me up in the limo then we'll all head to Danielle's house to meet Danielle and Ryan. We'll take some pictures and head off to the prom.

I get home and show off my hair and my nails to "my" mom. She gushes over how beautiful I look, which is both embarrassing and the best thing ever.

I go upstairs to put on my dress. It's hanging over my closet door, pink and frilly. I slip out of my camisole and throw it in the dirty clothes basket, then do the same with my skirt. I'm aware I'm now a mostly naked teenage girl—a mostly naked *Erica*. My creamy golden skin is so soft as I

admire the curves disappearing down into my bra, then the flare of my hips, my thick butt still covered by my panties, before heading down to long, smooth legs. I shyly step in front of the full length mirror and gaze lovingly at Erica's nearly naked body. I'm so young, and delicate, and feminine. I turn my head this way and that. I stick out my tongue and do a little dance, luxuriating in the feel of Erica's body, completely under my control. I giggle softly at myself, my tiny nose wrinkling adorably. I'm so warm, I want to respect Erica's body but I have to see myself, seeing Erica move here alone, her naked form so close it's driving me crazy.

I reach behind my back and unclasp my bra. Hesitantly I slip one arm out, then the other and let the bra flutter to the floor. I'm greeted by the spectacular site of Erica's breasts, perfect and firm. The small, pink areolas seem so dark against her light skin. She's nicely proportioned, probably somewhere around a C cup. My breath comes faster as I slowly bring my hands up and caress Erica's breasts. My desire for my temporary body warms the emptiness between my legs. Her breasts are soft and smooth, everything I imagined as I caress them and watch the angel in the mirror do the same. I squeeze lightly, watching as I make Erica caress herself in the mirror. My cute face is warm, a slight blush creeping into my cheeks.

I reach down to my panties and slowly roll them down over my thighs. Inch by inch I go, thrilling at the anticipation, unwrapping Erica's small body until the coarse dark hair of her bush appears above the waist of the fabric. I lean down to push the panties off my legs and my breasts fall gracefully beneath my face. When I stand I'm naked. I want myself so badly, I can see my desire for Erica reflected in her own eyes. My anticipation has already made moist and I can feel my own wetness as I slip a finger between my nether lips and watch it sink slightly inside my body to press against the hood of my clit. I release a breath I didn't realize I was holding as a gentle warmth courses through me. It's scary and strange feeling my fingers inside myself, but it feels so, so good.

I dip my finger down into my lust, dragging my wetness up and across from clit as it buds up under my light touch. I press down harder, the warmth growing more urgent as I watch Erica's mouth drop open while I play with her gentle body—with *my* gentle body. My other hand comes up to my tits grabbing them gently and squeezing as I'd always imagined doing. I grow wetter as my finger presses harder inside myself, the warmth pulsing up and down my spine, urging me on and I moan softly, 'Oh!', in Erica's airy voice as a small crest of pleasure carries through me.

I feel my thighs growing slick, see the velvety folds of my pussy in the mirror as the soft squelching sound carries to my ears. The dank scent of my own lust fills my nose and I rub faster, harder and the pleasure pounds me again, the waves of warmth rising, rising until I cum once more, harder this time, my legs trembling as I gasp and I have to sit heavily on the bed behind me.

Still my body wants more and I want more. I thrust another finger inside myself, curling it up and around my pelvic bone to hit the dimpled nub of my G-spot as my other hand comes down to massage my clit and the pleasure doubles and trebles within me, Erica's voice rising, growing louder. I know I need to be quiet but the pleasure is being forced out of me as my body burns with want and then suddenly I climax hard. The orgasm surges through me and I'm forced to clap one hand over my mouth to stay quiet. The delightfully musky smell of my pussy forces itself inside my nose, reinforcing the body I'm in, the pussy I have and I collapse backwards in ecstasy, my body vibrating, my fingers deep inside my own wet heat until the desire burns through me and out.

I lie on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, thinking pleasantly of nothing as the post-orgasm calm fills me. I needed that. I'd been waiting so long. The part of Erica's mind that's entwined with mine is excited and full of wonder. She's never done that before, never gazed with lust at her own body, never cum so hard. She usually finds her body totally normal and uninteresting. In fact she's somewhat critical of herself. I know Erica thinks her arms are too thick and her legs are too short. But that's crazy. She's perfect—I'm perfect.

Soon it's time to get dressed. I slip into the dress carefully, trying to avoid messing up my hair too much. I adjust the pink, satiny material down over my body, moving the straps about until it's comfortable. Then I go to the bathroom and wash my hands before spraying on Erica's jasmine perfume and doing my makeup. I don't need much: a little blush, some eyeliner, some lipstick. I want my natural beauty to be highlighted, not hidden. When I'm done I stand back and smile at myself in the mirror, my nose wrinkling adorably as I nod with satisfaction. I return to my room and slip into my pink high heels then step in front of my full length mirror.

I look like a princess out of a fairy tale. My long, dark hair swoops across my forehead and curls down my back. My pink dress sparkles, the decorative flowers catching the light of the room. I couldn't look more

feminine. I couldn't look more beautiful.

Before I know it, “my” mom is calling up from downstairs to tell me that Mark has arrived. I creep carefully down the steps, precariously balanced on my high heels. Mark and “my” parents look up at me.

‘Oh, sweetie, you look gorgeous!’ Mom gushes. Dad nods proudly while Mark practically gapes. I give them all a radiant smile.

‘Thanks, mom,’ I reply, sweetly.

‘We need to get some pictures before you two go,’ Mom says, rushing around to grab the camera before ushering us out onto the backyard.

Mark slips my corsage—pink to match my dress—around my wrist as dad snaps pictures. He's so handsome in his tuxedo. Mark, I mean, not dad. He's clean shaven and smells wonderful, some sort of light sandalwood essence. Mark is tall and dark and handsome. A perfect knight for a princess.

We pose awkwardly together as dad snaps away, giving us instructions: ‘Look up. Hold your hands in front of you. Tilt your head to the right.’

Dad's a perfectionist and very excited and I take his enthusiasm in stride. Mom finally puts an arm on his shoulder and reminds him that we've got to leave soon to pick up Danielle.

After a last hug from mom we finally escape out the door and into the waiting limousine. Mark holds the door for me and I slide in, trying not to bunch up my dress too much.

‘You're so beautiful,’ he gushes, as he slides in beside me, ‘I already know you're the prettiest girl at the prom.’

I blush and look down. We make small talk about the prom but I see him gazing at me with lust in his eyes and I love it. Soon, he lifts my chin gently with his hand and brings his lips to mine. I taste him on my lips as we kiss. Our kiss is delicate and reserved but with a hint of the restrained passion of our young bodies. He glides his fingers across my cheek, then slips his hand around the back of my head and pulls me closer as we make out. I'm putty in his strong hands and Erica's body is filled with warmth. Before we get too carried away the limo arrives at Danielle's house and the two of us reluctantly separate.

My body answers the door and invites us in. Erica leads us to the back porch and manages to pull me aside as Mark steps out to join my daughter and the others.

‘Are you ok?’ She asks.

‘Yeah. You?’

'Yeah. It's weird, it's like I'm me and not me, you know?'

'I know, like our minds are mixed up.'

My wife interjects, 'Come on out here and let's get pictures!'

'You look amazing,' Erica says as she escorts me out the door.

My daughter looks amazing, too. We hug and gush about our dresses before posing for more pictures. Then it's back in the limo and off to the restaurant.

Mark's a real gentleman, holding the door and pulling out my chair. I don't eat much because my stomach is all aflutter at the thought of walking into prom as the woman I've dreamed of being. I do manage to talk and laugh and enjoy Mark's company. Danielle gives me a look every now and then when she catches me rubbing Mark's arm, or him turning to kiss me on the cheek. I'm struck most by the normalcy of it all. I don't feel like someone else. It's partly because my memories are mixing with Erica's, but also partly because it just feels so right for me to be a woman. It's something I hadn't really thought of before but now that I am one, well, it's going to be tough to go back.

Finally dinner is over and we all pile into the limo towards the hotel ballroom our school has rented for the night. I hold Mark's hand as we step inside. The music is loud and the lights are flashing to the beat of the latest Taylor Swift. I look around, smiling. Heads turn to look at us and I feel so right, so perfect holding Mark's hand in my pink dress. Then Erica and Danielle's other friends surround us and we compliment each other on our hair and our makeup and the little touches of our dress that I wouldn't have bothered to comment on as a guy. Even Danielle treats me like one of the girls as we all dance together throughout the night, stopping for drinks and chatting every now and then as one song fades into another. For a few hours I have no worries, no cares, as I live out my perfect prom fantasy. I dance like a girl. I talk like a girl. I act like a girl and for these few hours I can pretend that this is who I am forever and always.

All too soon the DJ announces the last song and turns the lights down low for the last dance of the night. Mark takes my hand and guides me onto the dance floor with everyone else. He wraps his arms around me and places one hand, heavy and warm, on my back and pulls me towards him, while the other hand grabs my own and we slow dance around in a tight circle. I rest my head on his shoulder, my long hair curling gently across my cheek. He leans forward and kisses me lightly on the cheek and

I smile, breathing deeply to inhale his manly scent. I want this moment to last forever.

I look up at Mark and he looks down at me. He towers over my petite form and the world disappears and it's just him and me.

'You're my beautiful girl,' he says.

'You're my handsome man,' I reply automatically. It's our running banter.

And with that the song ends and the lights come in. We collect all our things and the limo drops Mark and me off outside Erica's house. I lead him around the back and we lie down on the trampoline in Erica's backyard and stare up at the stars, holding hands.

Mark leans over and kisses his way up my neck, my cheeks, to my lips. I know I shouldn't do what I really want to do in Erica's body, but every fiber of my wonderful teenage form is crying out for Mark's pleasure. We kiss, his tongue delightfully warm in my mouth, as my hunger for him grows and grows. He turns his whole body to face me and I feel his warm hand against my leg, wandering up under my dress. I burn for his touch, I can't help myself. Erica's body is so wound up, the passion burns through my veins. His hand is slow, tentative, as if waiting for me to tell him no. Instead I lean into him. I can feel him harden under his tuxedo, even between the layers of our clothes. His hand continues up my thighs, emboldened now, until it presses against my panties and he gasps. I don't know if he can feel my wetness but to my mind, my thighs feel slippery with my desire.

I'd forgotten how horny teenagers were, how much each experience is new and different and unmatched by anything in the world. We wanted each other, we were made for each other. Our mouths are locked together, his tongue exploring my own, his warm breath inside me. I unzip his pants, slip one of Erica's dainty hands into his pants and grasp his manhood, already fully erect. It's warm and pulses gently in my hand. I bring it out and stare down at it in the light of the moon. The head is thick and full, already shiny with pre-cum, already dripping with his own desire for Erica's body. Seeing his reaction to my form turns me on even more. I smile at him, then hike up my dress and straddle him, my hair curling down into his face.

Mark grasps my face gently in one hand, his eyes mesmerized by my beauty.

'You're so gorgeous, I want you so much,' he whispers.

'You can have me,' I reply for Erica.

I sit up and pull aside my panties with one hand. With the other I guide him up against my nether lips. His warm head pulses against my velvety folds and I guide him inside. There's some pressure at first and then I can feel him entering me. It feels like heaven as Erica's lithe body is filled as she's never known before. He's uncertain, inexperienced but I'm on top, I'm in control. I slowly lower myself down on him until our bodies are pressed together once more. I can feel his heart beating in his chest, his breath coming fast and heavy.

I ride him slowly, feeling the head of his cock glide in and out of my pussy as every ridge is swallowed by my tight lips. Down and up, our bodies moving slowly together, the motion enhanced by the trampoline. I can feel him on the edge but I'm not ready yet. Erica's the younger one but I have the most experience.

I break away from his mouth and bring my lips to his ear.

'Don't cum. Think about math. Think about sports. Anything.' I whisper. I just need him to hold on a little longer. The fullness is driving the warmth through my body.

He nods and I continue rocking, speeding up as our passion flares through me, the need overwhelms me. My body burns for him. We rock, his cock inside my virginal pussy, faster and faster. His control is admirable as his cock thrusts inside me and the pleasure mounts and then I cry out.

'Cum for me!' Erica needs this more than anything and he delivers.

Deep inside me he spasms and his seed jets out into my body, exploding into my womb as I cry softly with pleasure, my body racked with ecstasy as he spurts inside me, the two of us rocking together, the world falling away as I glory in Erica's body, to her own feelings of control and happiness and fulfillment and lust, until Mark's empty and I'm full.

He looks up at me and I look down at him. Then we both break into small grins as the embarrassment and delight and the sense of what we just did hits us. I want to keep him inside me, never let him go as the post-coital lust empties my thoughts.

And then the world disappears.

When it reappears I'm in my own bed, in my own body next to my sleeping wife. My mouth tastes slightly of beer and I've got a headache. Erica must have had a little fun being me. But then, I had fun being her, too. I imagine how she feels being back in her body and finding her

boyfriend still inside her, her body calm and satisfied. I know I shouldn't have done it, but we both wanted it. I still do. I want to be back there. Still in her perfect body, in her perfect dress, at my perfect prom.

Slumber Party

'Hold still!' Catherine laughed as she tried to dab blue polish onto Chloe's toenails.

'It tickles,' Chloe said, pulling her foot back as her ocean-blue eyes twinkled in delight. She sat up and wrapped her arms protectively around the blue dress that hid her long, brown legs.

'It wouldn't tickle if you'd stay still.' Catherine brushed a loose lock of auburn hair behind her ear and tried her best to glare at her friend through her smile. Catherine was always smiling. She'd been good friends with Chloe for a long time and the two complemented each other. Catherine was concerned about nothing while Chloe's sisterly nature made her concerned about everyone.

'It wouldn't tickle if you didn't tickle me,' Chloe said, but let her foot be pulled back onto Catherine's lap. Her half painted toes rested against the creamy smoothness of Catherine's bare midriff. Catherine's tan top arched down over her C-cup breasts but left her trim stomach bare as the long sleeves flared out down each arm.

Kim looked up from her magazine, her face fiery with barely pent-up anger, as usual. Kim's mom was American and her dad was Japanese, and her face was a stunning dark-featured combination of both that made men weep. Unfortunately, she also had a temper that did the same.

'For god's sake, Chloe, just stay still, this is taking forever.' Kim moaned.

'Sorry, Kim,' Catherine said mockingly, concentrating on her brush-work, 'My work isn't up to your exacting standards. Whatever will I do?'

'If you're so eager to get your nails painted just have Sarah do them,' Chloe said, as she suppressed another giggle from Catherine's tickling fingers.

'Sure,' said Sarah, 'Just let me grab a paintbrush and I'll have it slopped on you in two seconds.'

'No,' Kim glared. 'I'd rather have the salon lady with the lazy eye do them.'

'Come on, it'll be fun!' Sarah teased as she picked up one of the small bottles and advanced on Kim. Sarah was the smallest of the group and a tomboy. She'd never be caught dead inside a salon so Kim had no faith in her ability to paint toes, especially given the state of Sarah's nails. Sarah wiped back her spiky bangs as she slowly continued towards Kim.

'Get away!' Kim squealed.

'I can just dump it on your feet and it'll be over even quicker.'

'Dump it on your own feet.'

'And mess up my lovely toes?' Sarah wiggled her feet. The uneven nails and baggy pants she wore made quite a contrast from the well manicured toes and slim fitting outfits of the others. 'Not a chance.'

Kim grabbed Sarah's hand and the two struggled for a second until Chloe interjected.

'Knock it off, you two. Someone could get hurt.'

'All right, all right,' Sarah said, returning to the nest of pillows she'd laid out on the floor.

Kim stuck her long, pink tongue out at her friend.

Sarah lay down and crossed her legs to stare up at the ceiling. She placed her arms behind her head against the thick, black bun of her hair. 'Wouldn't want to mess up your little toes. What would Big Ben say?'

'What?!' Cried Catherine and Chloe in unison as Kim's face went beet red.

'Big Ben?' asked Catherine, incredulously. Big Ben was what they called Ben Tyson, one of the hunkier members of the school's basketball team.

'He's hot.' Kim declared. 'Haven't you seen his muscles?'

'The only muscle you care about, I don't think you've seen.' Sarah smirked, then added to make sure there was no misunderstanding, 'I'm referring to his penis.'

As the other girls confronted Kim over her crush, Catherine shuddered lightly and a strange look passed over her face, as though she were seeing herself for the first time. She looked from Kim down to her own lap and Chloe's brown toes. Catherine's gaze traveled up Chloe's long, limber leg.

'Earth to Catherine, you going to finish that or what?' Chloe asked.

'Huh?' Catherine looked at the small nail polish brush in her hand then down at her friend's half finished toenails. 'Oh, right.' She lowered the brush unsteadily down towards Chloe's toes.

Meanwhile, Kim kept defending herself against Sarah's verbal assault. 'You wouldn't even know what to look for in a man.'

'What's that supposed to mean?' Sarah narrowed her eyes, daring Kim to voice what everyone already suspected.

On the bed, Chloe watched Catherine closely. She could sense something was amiss.

'You okay, Ty?' she whispered, as the other two girls carried on, oblivious.

Before Catherine could answer Chloe shuddered gently, then blinked her eyes as though everything were out of focus. She stared around the room as though she'd never seen it before. Her eyes landed on Catherine, who raised a finger to her lips. Chloe nodded and smiled. She lay back on the bed, her brown leg still stretched out, and gazed down at the blue dress hugging her body. There was a strange, hungry look in her eyes.

'I'm just telling it like it is.' Kim continued.

'And what exactly is it?' Sarah challenged.

Kim opened her mouth to answer but before she could make a sound she, too, shuddered lightly and blinked. She looked down at her body, then back up at the girls, her red lips a shocked 'o' of surprise. They were all staring at her. Chloe and Catherine had knowing grins on their faces.

'That's the first time I've ever seen you speechless, Kim.' Sarah said, 'I guess--'

Then she, too, shuddered and blinked. She looked at the others then down at herself.

'Oh, man, I'm the little one?' She said, feeling her small chest with her hands. 'Well, at least there's less to try to figure out.'

'Ok,' Chloe said, sitting up on the bed and brushing her brown hair behind an ear. 'Who's in who's body? I'm Alex.'

'I'm Kyle,' Catherine said.

'I'm Jon,' Sarah replied.

'I'm hot,' said Rob, from Kim's body, her hands grabbing her shirt where her B-cup breasts pressed against the cotton fabric. 'I can't believe that spell worked.'

'I told you my grandfather was an actual wizard,' Kyle spoke up from inside Catherine's body. He stared down at his new self, turning his hands this way and that, rubbing his fingers as he adjusted to the feel and movement of his new body.

'Yeah, but you tell us lots of things,' replied Jon/Sarah.

Kyle didn't reply, he'd lowered his gaze to Catherine's luscious breasts below his cute nose and was forcing Catherine's hands to fondle her chest. He ran her dainty fingers around the creamy curves, hefting and squeezing them, feeling their weight and their smooth warmth as he played with his new body. Then he ran his hands down along his bare midriff to feel his taut stomach.

Next to him, Alex ran Chloe's hands along the flattened contours of her face, over her broad nose and down her long neck. He stood up and

looked at his stolen body in the mirror, turning around as the dress flayed out around him. He smiled, laughed and clapped Chloe's hands to her mouth.

'Oh my god, my voice is so incredible,' Alex sighed, staring at his beautiful body in the mirror, 'I've always wanted Chloe but being her, well, I guess that's just as good.' He turned and wiggled his butt, then giggled again. 'And baby got back!'

'Look at these tits!' Rob squealed in Kim's voice as a wide smile spread across her gorgeous half-Asian face. The male teen in her body had thrown off her shirt and was running his pretty hands all over his new breasts, the nipples already popping out in anticipation.

"I think I've got you beat there," Kyle said from inside Catherine's body. He jumped off the bed and hopped up and down, making his large tits bounce and jiggle. Kyle stared down at his new body, amazed at how it felt and how it moved. He twisted and turned, watching his new, heavy breasts dip up and down, loving every second.

Jon, in Sarah's body, pouted, 'No fair, why do I have to be the flat chested one?' He'd slipped his hands under his sleeveless top and was feeling his small chest. He looked up at the other girls feeling themselves up and a tingling warmth began spreading between his legs.

Rob/Kim joined Alex/Chloe at the mirror. A look of astonishment was on his flawless face as he stared at his new image in the mirror. His rounded Japanese features, cute nose and almond eyes stared back at him as he twisted his body around. He wrapped his small fingers over his breasts, watching Kim in the mirror as he forced her body to play with herself. He slid his hands all around the curves of her body, down into her pants, brushing against the coarse hair leading to his new womanhood as, beside him, Chloe explored her body as well.

Chloe slipped her underpants off beneath her dress and kicked them to the floor. She raised her blue dress to reveal her fuzzy slit, the pink lips already standing out against her darker skin. She slid one finger down over her pussy and rubbed gently, cooing in Chloe's soft voice as gentle waves of pleasure flowed through her body. Her finger massaged herself back and forth over the hood of her clit as she moistened. Gradually, the hood folded back and the pleasure intensified. Chloe's eyes half closed as she melted into herself, feeling her delicate finger enveloped by her moist warmth.

Kyle/Catherine had tossed off his top so he could get a better look at his

smooth, weighty breasts. The dimples stood out on his cheeks as pleasure radiated through him while he massaged his new breasts. They felt so good in his hands as he rolled them around, much heavier than he expected. He slipped his manicured thumb up and down over the sensitive nipples of Catherine's body, a tingle of pleasure whispered through him. He stepped out of his pants, keeping his skirt on. His long, luscious legs completely smooth, hairless and oh so feminine. He sat down in the chair Kim had vacated, bouncing gently on his fatter butt, and let his hands wander down between his legs. He pulled up his skirt and watched his hands circle his moistening pussy in awe, his view of Catherine's gorgeous body framed by her wonderful breasts. He placed his fingers on either side of his pussy and spread himself open, staring in wonder and delight at the wet folds of his womanhood, so different from his old cock. It was all so exciting and amazing and forbidden. He worked Catherine's hands around and into her own body, penetrating her with her own small fingers as his breath came faster and he watched his fingers sliding gently in and out of his velvety folds.

Jon/Sarah stopped complaining as the warmth spread throughout his body and his hand slid down beneath his baggy pants to caress his budding womanhood. He watched the other girls and listened to their light moans and gasps. His new body, like his old, was turned on by the sight of the other girls naked and aroused. Sarah's body awakened to Jon's desire, warmed and tingled as he pinched his nipples. A flood of pain mingled with pleasure burst through him and he squeezed again, harder, the painful pleasure ripping through his body. Sarah's body liked it rough and Jon obliged, torturing his tiny tits, squeezing and pinching between his fingers as staccato bursts of pain-mingled-pleasure circled through his form. It hurt like hell but felt amazing. An intense orgasm shivered through him as he yelled out in surprise and pain and lust in Sarah's squeaky voice.

Rob/Kim tossed his pants off and stood naked in front of the mirror. His perfect eyebrows knotted in concentration as his fingers worked their magic inside her body. His eyes flicked back and forth between the reflection of Kim and Chloe in the mirror. Chloe had her eyes closed, a slight smile on her face as her index finger slid deep inside her, curled up and massaged her G-spot. Her thighs grew slick with her own juice as pleasure thundered through her body and she came.

Kim watched her body in the mirror as her own eyes get wide and she

came with her friend. The two moaned and groaned in their high pitched voices as they worked their borrowed bodies, milked the pleasure from between their legs as their delicate feminine forms shuddered with orgasm. Kim plunged her fingers deep inside her sopping wet pussy, trying desperately to satisfy the need, the ache to be filled. She bent forward, her breasts swinging gently beneath her, watching her own body, watching as Rob made her own fingers tickle deep inside until she came again.

The girls continued pleasuring their new bodies, each caught up in their own world. Their moans and sighs filled the room as they orgasmed both together and separately, pushing their stolen bodies onward as orgasm after orgasm thundered through their delicate forms.

Kim cried out as the final orgasm washed away her thoughts, leaving only a hazy cloud of pleasure until it subsided and she collapsed backwards onto the bed, her tits flopping up and down as she sighed, the musky smell of the girls' desire filled her delicate nostrils.

Chloe came soon after, grunting deeply as her fingers slammed up against her G-spot and she came hard one last time. As the pleasure subsided she sat heavily on the bed, her wetness soaked into her dress but she didn't care, it was just a reminder of the wondrous new body Alex was in.

Then it was Catherine's turn, the orgasm shook her to her core as she tickled her clit and watched her tits bounce until she came. She watched her hands plunge into her pussy and her body shuddered with pleasure as a puddle of her desire formed on the chair beneath her rounded butt and her fingers became soaked with herself.

Sarah was last. Her cries became shriller and shriller as she came. She squeezed her tits as hard as she could while her other finger massaged her clit. Her voice, already high pitched, rose and rose as the orgasm crested through her, the pleasure wiped away all conscious thought as Jon continued torturing his tiny, new body. Another orgasm broke over him, followed by another and another until, exhausted, he flopped down onto his nest of pillows, one hand over his forehead, the musky smell of himself on his fingertips and a slight smile on his lips.

'Ok,' Jon/Sarah said at last. 'I take it back. Who needs big tits?'

'I do!' Catherine raised her skinny arm. The girls laughed, content with their borrowed bodies.

All the girls lay around the room for a few minutes as their breathing steadied and they recovered from their first round of exploration.

Sarah's stomach growled. She sat up and looked at the others.

'Anyone else hungry?'

The others nodded and began helping each other get dressed. Catherine put her pants back on and fitted her large breasts back under her top. Chloe slid her panties back onto her long legs and up against her womanhood, which was still sticky with her lust. Kim put her pants back on and adjusted her black hair. Sarah just sat on the floor, she hadn't bothered to get undressed in the first place.

They all trooped downstairs, giggling and trying to keep quiet as they passed Chloe's parent's bedroom. It took some getting used to moving in their new bodies as things swayed that hadn't before and they couldn't help but notice the new emptiness between their girlish thighs.

Alex/Chloe led the way down to the kitchen and prepped some snacks. She buzzed around handing out crackers and bits of fruit, making sure everyone had enough and was taken care of.

Jon/Sarah adjusted Kyle/Catherine's top. Her hands lingered over her friend's full breasts. Catherine saw the lust in Sarah's eyes and shook her chest teasingly, her breasts bouncing back and forth.

'Why don't you take a picture? It'll last longer.' Catherine teased.

Sarah puffed the bangs off her own face and smiled. 'Maybe I will.'

Rob/Kim sat in the corner, her arms and legs crossed, an intense scowl across her pretty face.

'What's wrong, Rob?' Chloe asked, as she handed out drinks.

'I don't know, I just feel this constant annoyance. Like, you guys are always fooling around without me. It's like Kim's feelings are affecting mine, you know?'

'I get that,' Sarah said, 'I mean, when I first got in Sarah's body I was bummed I didn't have tits. But now, it's cool, I don't even want them, I feel like they'd get in the way. I think part of that is Sarah's thoughts, too.'

'I can put them in the way,' Catherine interjected.

'See, that I'd like. Maybe this body's just into chicks?'

A deep voice interrupted, 'Uh, did I come into the wrong conversation?'

All four girls looked over to see Chloe's brother, Brent, standing in the doorway. Like Chloe he had light brown skin and pale blue eyes. He was tall for a teenager and had a smooth complexion. As he moved the girls could see the outlines of his toned muscles beneath his tight, white shirt.

Rob felt a funny warm feeling in Kim's body and he shifted uncomfortably as Brent directed his piercing gaze towards him. Kyle felt

Catherine's body stirring as well as thoughts bubbled up in his mind of Brent's arms encircling her small waist, his solid masculinity pressed against her cushy backside. He shook his head and cleared the image, but the gentle desire remained. Sarah just yawned and plopped onto a dining chair.

'Strawberry?' Chloe asked her brother, holding up a small platter of neatly cut and organized fruits.

'Yeah, all right,' Brent grabbed a few and popped them in his mouth.

'Have a seat.' Chloe said, as she played the role of hostess and pulled out a seat for her brother. Brent sat and chewed thoughtfully. There was an awkward silence. Kim and Catherine stared at Brent while conflicting desires ran through their new bodies. It was Brent's turn to shift uncomfortably under their lustful gaze.

'You girls sure have changed since I left for college,' he remarked, looking around the table at them.

'How's that?' Kyle/Catherine asked as he leaned his head on an arm, fully aware how it made his new breasts jiggle seductively beneath his tight top. Brent was aware of it, too. He glanced down almost involuntarily, then back up, embarrassed.

'I just meant you seem more...mature.'

Rob/Kim felt a flare of jealous anger shoot through him as he watched Catherine flirt with Brent. A man as handsome as he was should be with a woman as classy as she was, not some dirt poor slut like Catherine. The strength of Rob's sudden anger surprised him. He pushed back his chair and sauntered around the table to Brent. Kim's hips wiggled seductively, a faint trace of a smile on her face and a glint of lust in her eyes.

Brent watched as she sat beside him and ran a finger down his dark arm, sending a small wave of goosebumps to disappear under his shirt.

'You must work out a lot, Brent. You've gotten a lot more...mature as well,' she whispered.

Kyle/Catherine also felt a rush of jealousy, he knew it was just Sarah's body reacting but it was still nearly beyond his control. Kim was honing in on Catherine's man, and she wasn't about to give up. She circled around the table in front of Brent and sat on the tabletop, her bare legs swung back and forth.

'I've been working out, too. Check out the definition of my legs. Pretty tight, huh?'

Kim glared at her. Chloe rolled her eyes. Sarah sat back and watched

the competition. A smile played at the edge of her small mouth.

Brent wasn't use to women being this forward with him and sat there for a second, his mouth hanging open, before he finally managed, 'Y-yeah, looks good.'

'No, no,' Catherine said as she took his large hand in hers and placed it on her smooth leg, 'Tight isn't it?'

Brent rubbed his hand up her smooth thighs, a smile flickered across his lips. 'It is.'

Kyle/Catherine leaned forward, his feminine body yearned for this man's rough touch. 'Everything on me is tight,' she whispered in his ear.

Before Brent could move Rob/Kim jumped forward and kissed him. Her fingers pressed against each of Brent's cheeks, forcefully willing him to kiss. Brent's smoky, masculine smell lingered in Rob's new nose as Brent opened his lips to Kim's probing tongue. Rob felt Kim's body melting, her desires becoming his and he knew he wanted this man, wanted to taste him, to feel him deep inside his soft form.

Kyle, not to be outdone, grabbed Brent's hand with Catherine's tiny fingers and guided him up her top, allowing his greedy fingers to squeeze her soft breasts as he made out with Kim.

Jon/Sarah couldn't look away from the two horny girls pawing at Brent. But he wasn't interested in the man, he was watching Kim's pretty face, her tiny nose and wide lips pressed against Brent, listening to Catherine's almost theatrical moans as her bouncing breasts were caressed. Sarah's body needed a female touch. He stood, brushed the bangs from her eyes, and snuck up behind Chloe, who was cleaning the knife in the sink. Sarah stood up on tiptoe and still barely cleared Chloe's shoulders as he circled her waist with his short arms, his new body driven almost mad with desire as he caressed Chloe's warm, soft body hidden just beneath the sheer fabric of her dress.

Alex/Chloe dropped the knife and turned around in surprise but didn't resist. Catherine grabbed Chloe's neck and gently but firmly lowered her head until their mouths met, Chloe's warm breath stoking the fire smoldering in Sarah's body. She closed her eyes as Chloe opened her mouth so Jon could explore it with Sarah's darting tongue. Chloe wrapped her arms around Sarah and they stayed like this, sharing each other's breath, their feminine bodies pressed close together, Chloe's breasts hard against Sarah's flat chest. From the other room they heard the rising moans of the other two girls.

Kim pulled off her top and threw her lean legs over Brent's lap, straddling him, her curves pressed against the hard muscles of his chest as Rob forced his body on this all-too-willing man. Catherine leaned in, tried to nudge Kim's head out of the way so she could make out with Brent, the two fighting for a bit as Brent's warm, wet lips drifting back and forth between the two of them. Brent pulled away and gently guided the girls towards each other. Kim felt Brent's hot breath on her bare breasts, suckling greedily, as she kissed Catherine's soft lips, ran her hands over her friend's smooth face, down her neck, grasped her warm, bare waist and pulled her close. Catherine moaned and let herself be drawn in, her body yearning the touch of both Kim and Brent.

Brent pulled up Catherine's top and her beautiful, large breasts came tumbling down. He squeezed and kissed them, rubbed them against Kim's breasts, the nipples of the two girls popping out in desire as Brent greedily kissed and caressed both their bodies as if afraid the incredible scene would end at any moment. He didn't know what had got into them but there was no way he was going to question it.

In the kitchen Sarah kneeled and ducked her head under Chloe's skirt. She kissed her way up her friend's thighs to the damp panties between her legs. Chloe's musky scent of lust filled Sarah's nostrils as she licked and nibbled, pulled Chloe's panties off with her teeth, then returned to push Sarah's nose into Chloe's damp slit. Sarah's greedy mouth hung open, her tongue slid over the dark, coarse pubic hair of her friend as Chloe grabbed Sarah's head and moaned. Jon found Sarah's body quickening as Chloe's body became wet, her salty juices flowed freely as Jon pushed Sarah's tongue ever deeper inside her friend, flicked and strummed, playing Chloe's clit until she gasped and grabbed onto the counter for support as her legs shook in a small orgasm.

Kim and Catherine were making out, their bodies intertwined. Brent stood and pulled down his pants, his manhood erect. Kim, still making out with Catherine, pushed down her pants and Brent helped her step out of them, her lithe, curvaceous body naked and warm. Brent stood behind her and pressed his manhood against her firm butt. He wrapped his arms around her and she was enveloped in his strong arms as he grabbed and squeezed her breasts.

Catherine pulled off her clothes and climbed onto the table next to Brent where she spread her legs wide and revealed her velvety lips, already moistened with her desire. She grabbed Brent's head and forced

him down onto herself. His greedy tongue tasted her desire as she grabbed her own breasts and moaned.

Rob/Kim kneeled over in the chair and reached between her legs to grab Brent's stiff member in one dainty hand. Then she guided him into herself, the head of his cock pressing against her silky lips, pushing, pushing, until with one quick move he entered her. His cock slid inside and she felt full and wonderful. Brent's soft-hardness filled Kim's body with desire and Rob pushed her ass back against the throbbing cock, filling himself as full as he could. Back and forth they rocked like this as Brent teased Catherine's clit with his tongue on the table above. Both girls cried out for more. Brent grabbed Kim's waist and began thrusting harder, deeper, his cock sinking inside and filling her emptiness with his desire until suddenly an electric shock shot through Kim's body and she cried out, pleasure flowing through every pore as she came, and still Brent continued to pound her.

Chloe's eyes were closed, her legs dripping as her friend ate her out. The waves of pleasure built on each other until they broke and she gasped. Her voice rose in pitch as the wave of pleasure crested and broke over her. Sarah slipped her fingers inside Chloe's body to join her tongue, still going, forcing her friend to ever higher heights of pleasure. Sarah's small fingers pressed deep inside Chloe's warm opening until at last she came again, hard, her knees buckling as she nearly sat on her friend's face.

At the table Catherine needed more. As Kim screamed in pleasure Catherine pushed her aside. She needed Brent's cock badly. She jumped down and lay on the floor, pulling Brent down on her and he pressed his cock, still slick with Kim's desire, against Catherine's yearning lips and deep inside her. She wrapped her legs around his waist to pull him deeper as he thrust, filling Catherine's body with an electric warmth. And then her vision was obscured by Kim's parted nether lips as Kim straddled her friend's face and pressed her burning pussy down onto Catherine's nose. Catherine felt her breasts bouncing wildly as Brent pounded her while she licked Kim's pussy, her friend dripping into Catherine's eager mouth as they all gasped and moaned. Kim rode Catherine's face, forcing her deeper inside her wet slit as Brent pounded her gorgeous body. They used her sexy new form until an explosion of ecstasy ripped through Catherine's body as Brent's cock spasmed and filled her with his seed. He emptied himself inside her eager body as she milked his cock for every

last drop while Kim, too, squealed on top of her. Kim orgasmed and gushed hard, her musky juices sloshing down her friend's face as Catherine came beneath her until every bit of pleasure finally receded.

Finally, Kim rolled off Catherine and they lay on the floor looking up at Brent through half lidded eyes. Catherine's face was soaked and shiny with her friend's desire, Kim's deep muskiness still heavy in Catherine's nose and mouth.

Sarah came out from under Chloe's dress, her eyes sparkling, her face, too, shiny with her friend's wetness. Chloe looked down at her.

'This body is amazing,' Alex/Chloe whispered.

'Yeah, it is,' Jon/Sarah agreed.

'Wow,' said Brent, gazing down at the gorgeous naked girls, 'Is this how you girls do slumber parties now?'

Kim and Catherine giggled. The spell had a time limit so the boys would be jumping out of their wonderful bodies soon. They slowly got to their feet and put their clothes back on and adjusted their hair.

'Let's just keep this a secret, ok?' Catherine said.

Brent nodded.

'Don't mention it to anyone. Don't bring it up, even to us. If you can pretend like this never happened then maybe it will happen again. Understand?'

'Uh, yeah.'

Catherine's face spread into a warm grin and her eyes twinkled. 'Good. Now go on back to your room. Us girls have to finish our slumber party.'

Hopping the Cliche

The cheerleaders jumped down from their pyramid and began shaking their pom-poms to launch into the fight song. That was my cue to pull out the two t-shirt guns and hand one to Heather. It was difficult to see while wearing the Bobcat suit but all I really needed to do was aim high and pull the trigger. Compressed air and gravity would take care of the rest.

The crowd cheered wildly, fighting for each free shirt as we shot them up into the bleachers. After my gun was empty I cambered up onto the lowest podium as the cheerleaders launched into 'We Are the Bobcats!' I was sweating profusely inside my suit but the game was almost over; I'd almost danced our football team to their seventh straight victory. After another touchdown it was all over but the shouting, which meant for me and the squad there was still a lot of shouting left.

Finally, exhausted, hot and sweaty I headed back under the stadium with the cheer squad. I fell into step with Heather as I pulled off my mascot head. Imagine the stereotypical cheerleader: petite, blonde haired, blue eyed and beautiful. That was Heather. Her cheerleading uniform clung to her gentle curves in all the right ways and she always seemed animated and excited.

'That was some nice shooting, partner,' I said.

She giggled, her lips parting in a gorgeous smile. 'You weren't so bad yourself.'

To an outsider it might seem like she was flirting with me but I knew better. To the cheerleaders on the squad I was just the goofy guy, the team mascot willing to do anything from within the safety of my costume. And, to me, Heather was a walking cliché.

And yet.

And yet there was something about her. I had to try it. I'm not really into vapid women, usually preferring the suave, sophisticated kind. But what was the point of having the ability to hop into another person's body if you weren't going to try out something new?

'People go crazy for the free shirts,' I said, mirroring her walking pace.

'I know. Did you see that tall guy in the fifth row push the little girl out of his way to get one?'

'You should have shot him in the face,' I replied, gradually slowing down and letting the others get ahead of us. Heather automatically slowed down with me as we continued talking.

'He probably would have thought he was being rewarded,' she said.

'Yeah, you wouldn't want to encourage that sort of aggression. Next thing you know you'll have a whole crowd of people watching twenty two people beat each other up over a ball.'

'Oh my god! I caused football!'

We laughed as the last of the squad split off for the women's locker rooms. As soon as their backs were turned I jumped. In a split second the world disappeared as my body turned into a billion separate particles rushing into Heather's body. She didn't even have time to react.

Everything returned almost instantly—now from Heather's perspective—and I watched from her body as the empty mascot costume crumpled to the ground. I hurriedly picked it up and tucked it away in the office across the hall then returned to the hallway and closed the door.

Heather's body was so graceful. I adjusted the little skirt over my long, smooth legs and tucked my wavy blonde hair behind my head. I felt so naked in this cheerleading outfit, but damn did it fit my new body well, I was practically poured into it. I looked down her skirt from her perspective, gazed lovingly at her two firm breasts—mine now!—clasped in a bra, their luscious curves disappearing into the depths of my cheerleader top. I couldn't wait to release them.

I headed into the locker room with the other women. The other girls chatted away, talking about the game, the obnoxious fan who'd been kicked out, and their plans for the evening. I gathered up Heather's things, not bothering to even change. I wanted to try my new body out alone.

'Hey, Heather,' one of the girls spoke up, 'Are you coming out with us tonight?'

I searched Heather's mind for tonight's plans, expecting to find her thinking about makeup, looking pretty, and what boys she was hoping to hook up with. Instead, I was surprised to find that her upcoming engineering project was at the top of her mind.

'I might join you later,' I replied in Heather's beautiful voice 'I've got to do some things, first.'

'Anyone we know?' Another laughed.

'Nope.' I smiled. Just me, myself and Heather.

'Well, we'll probably start out at Treetop if you want to join up.'

'I'll text you.' I said, shrugging my bag over my shoulder and walking out, my wide hips swaying seductively, my thoughts already turning to the beautiful body I now inhabited. Heather's thoughts, for some reason,

were turning to straws.

I made my way through campus and back to Heather's dorm room. I caught more than a few guys checking out my long legs poking out from underneath my short cheerleader skirt as I strode through campus. I was sure Heather was used to it, but I enjoyed the attention.

I flipped on the light as I entered her room. Heather was lucky enough to have one of the few single bedrooms on campus and she kept it immaculate. Her desk was neatly organized and a shelf above it was stuffed full of class books, arranged by color. She'd even made her bed.

I dropped her bag on the floor and headed straight to the full length mirror next to her bed to gaze at the gorgeous woman I'd become. I put my hands on my hips and posed, admiring my svelte body. Heather's wavy, golden hair tickled its way down over one shoulder. Her broad face lit up in a smile as I checked my new body out, her gently plucked eyebrows rising as my blue eyes admired my new form. The cheerleading outfit clung to my small curves and showed off my fit arms. The skirt rounded seductively down over my tight little ass. I gave it a wiggle, enjoying how Heather's body moved. I preened for myself, rotating my tanned, athletic legs this way and that as my body warmed with each new glimpse of her soft skin.

I faced the mirror front on and began dancing my hands up and down my body and gently swaying my hips. My dainty hands slid over each curve, squeezing my hidden breasts gently before returning down and circling back over my ass. I teased myself, running my hands over every inch of my stolen body as a warmth grew between my legs. The look of surprised excitement on my face morphed slowly into a half lidded look of lust as I made Heather grow horny for her own body.

I gently grazed one hand across my lips as I continued to sway my hips, looking every inch the picture of young lust. I lowered my finger down over my cheerleading outfit and lifted my skirt, teasing myself with the glimpse of the white panties, narrowing between my two broad, creamy thighs. I pressed gently against the bottom of my mound, feeling the two moist lips spread eagerly beneath the fabric of my panties. My clit was already aching to be rubbed. Instead, I teased it some more, pressing my hand up and down and around the delicate fabric of my panties, watching the beautiful cheerleader in the mirror as I made her play with herself until soon I was so horny, my clit was screaming for attention, my panties

practically dripping with my lust.

Finally, I pressed my finger against my sopping clit and rubbed. A gentle release of tension, like an itch being scratched, spread through me and I sighed in my wonderful voice. I pressed further, faster, rubbing myself with two fingers, then three, pressing hard as my body urged me on, the tension rising, mounting as I closed my eyes and then 'Ahhh!' Half sigh, half moan as the ecstasy ripped through my small body. My pussy felt so good. I kept going, sliding my fingers around and down into my panties, brushing against the coarse pubic hair until I slipped inside myself, felt my hot heat surround my slick fingers as I tossed my hair back and moaned again, the tension raging through Heather's body, my voice rising in pitch as I moaned louder, each time coming closer to climax. One hand circled my breasts, groping myself beneath the cheerleader outfit, while the other rubbed as hard as I could, practically grinding against my own hand, biting my lip, chasing the tension until suddenly it snapped and I came hard. Feeling Heather's orgasm while watching her body in the mirror lifting her skirt to fuck herself doubled my pleasure and I cried out loud as the orgasm washed every last bit of tension out of my body. The waves pulsed through me and I watched the lovely cheerleader in the mirror double up in orgasm for me, cumming hard to my own touch until it eased and soon stopped.

I stood there, my legs trembling, my hand still inside myself, my skirt still flipped up, for a few seconds more. I pulled my hand out of my pussy and brought it to my lips. I watched as I made Heather lick her own pussy juice off her fingers. She tasted delicious and she felt even better.

II.

I tied my blonde hair back in a ponytail and grabbed the bag of straws and some tape off the desk. I sat down on the bed, still naked, one leg tucked beneath me, so I could enjoy looking down at the soft lips of my new pussy while I worked on this engineering project. A body this nice shouldn't be covered up.

I allowed Heather's mind to come to the surface, my thoughts merging with hers so I was both outside her mind and within it, letting her lead me through whatever it was we were doing with these straws. It was an engineering project, apparently. I was to build a bridge using straws. The grade would be based on the amount of weight it could handle before it collapsed. I set to work, my nimble fingers connecting and taping the straws, trying out a variety of different approaches as I furrowed my brow. Her mind was as agile as her body and it was beautiful to be inside her as she tackled the problem. Every now and then her thoughts would drift and she would wonder why she was naked, but then I'd steer her back to the problem. I was riding her mind as well as her body.

Heather finally settled on a type of Bailey bridge with a doubled truss. I only half understood exactly what I was doing as I watched it take shape but Heather's mind had it under control. It was thrilling, this tightrope act of giving Heather enough control to put the bridge together but not enough for her to be aware a stranger was controlling her body. Finally, she finished and sat back to admire her handiwork. It wasn't pretty—it wasn't meant to be—but it should be plenty functional. Her project done, I sent her mind back to sleep. As her consciousness flowed away again I felt noticeably slower, duller somehow as I lost the boost of her intelligence.

I rubbed my eyes and stood up and stretched my back. My stomach growled with hunger. It was only when I checked my phone did I realize it was closing in on five o'clock. I'd been at it for awhile now. She should be rewarded for her effort. Her phone chirped as I was about to lie down for another pleasure session in her body.

I dug it out of her purse and saw a message from Paul:

Doing anything tonight?

I quizzed Heather's mind to find out who Paul was. The image of a handsome, dark haired college student swam into my mind. His arms stood out in Heather's memory, the contours of his perfect muscles sending a thrill down my body. They'd met at the gym and had hung out a few

times. Paul liked Heather, she could tell, but hadn't made a move. For all his jocular good looks he was surprisingly tender.

I texted him back:

Busy tonight. Dinner now?

Ok. Where? He replied.

Pick me up. My place. 45 minutes. I texted.

See u then :)

I wrapped my body in a towel and grabbed my shower bag before heading down the hall to the communal showers. They were empty and I was able to slip in. I lathered up my body with Heather's honey scented body wash, rubbing my dainty hands all around my soft skin. Feeling every inch of Heather's body beneath my hungry fingers almost made me wish I'd told Paul to come over later so I could enjoy Heather a little bit more. But that would have to wait.

I finished up and returned to my room where I slipped into a bra and panties, then into a fairly conservative red dress. It clung to my new body in a way that was almost more sensual than being naked, the smooth fabric and perfectly placed folds accentuating my curves. It left my lean arms and shoulders exposed as well as most of my legs. I used Heather's memories to make up my face, grinning at the cute reflection of the bubbly blonde in the mirror.

Paul texted to say he was downstairs. I slipped on my red heels and took one last look at myself in the mirror, my dress flying up slightly as I spun around, giving a tantalizing peek at my shapely legs before settling down around the tight curve of my ass. I'd fuck me.

Paul met me at the door and held open the car door for me as I slid inside. He got in on his side and started up the car and we were off. Watching Paul's chiseled profile, smelling the faint scent of his aftershave made Heather's hands slightly sweaty and sent her heart racing. I was feeling it, too. Merging our minds for the engineering project had linked us closer than normal. I nervously slipped a loose strand of blonde hair behind one ear as we chatted. My thoughts raced, caught up in Heather's, trying to make a good impression. I really wanted Paul to like me.

Paul turned out to be another surprise. Though I had Heather's faint impressions, I still assumed that he was just an ordinary gym rat and Heather was just attracted to his—admittedly impressive—arms. But he was funny and sweet and clever. We ended up just driving around for twenty minutes chatting and laughing like old friends before Paul

admitted he didn't really have a destination in mind.

We ended up at a cheap Chinese restaurant—a favorite of Heather's—where we talked some more, about his major (Russian, and planning to spend a semester over there in full immersion), about his family (he was an Air Force brat, now reformed) and our shared love of historical biographies. I learned almost as much about Heather as I did about Paul.

By the end of the night I wanted to kiss him. My body wanted him more than ever, but I also knew Heather was very conservative, despite her outward liberal attitude. A part of me wanted to go over to his house and run her hands over his muscular body, let him take my feminine form however he wanted, be the first cock inside this beautiful, virginal body. I couldn't do that to Heather, but if he asked I didn't know if I could have said 'no'.

Fortunately—or not, depending on how you look at it—it didn't come to that. He dropped me back off at my dorm and escorted me to the door. He said goodbye, and was about to turn and walk away, but I could tell he wanted Heather, and Heather definitely wanted him. So before he could go I stood up on my tiptoes and kissed him goodnight, drinking him all in: His warm breath in my mouth, his scratchy stubble against my soft lips, his hard body beneath my gentle fingers. He walked back to his car with a spring in his step, and I returned to Heather's room, hornier than ever. Fortunately, her mind supplied the location of her toy. If I couldn't have Paul, I'd have some fun on my own.

I dug through the chest at the bottom of her closet until my fingers felt the rubbery shaft. I pulled it out and gaped at it. It was made of clear silicone and molded into a vague cock shape with an extra finger-length nub near the bottom of the shaft to stimulate the clit. My fingers looked so small wrapped around the dildo. There was no way it could fit inside me; it was too long, too thick. But there was one way to find out.

I placed the dildo on the bed next to me and sat down, crossing one leg over the other as my dress slipped slightly up over my thighs. I wanted to enjoy Heather's body slowly, unwrap her like a present before finally succumbing to my desire, and hers as well. I could feel her stirring in my mind, her tangled, sleepy thoughts flitting back to Paul.

I gently ran one hand down my leg and stretched my toes, enjoying the hidden power in Heather's body, the taut muscles relaxed now but ready to spring up at my command. I tickled my smooth skin, breathed in Heather's smell. My fingers rose up my calves, over my dress and

between my thighs. I slid them up my torso to my breasts, squeezing gently and sighing as I teased my magnificent body. I traced a slim finger over my breasts, following my bra line, then up into my hair and back down my neck. All the time letting Heather's thoughts drift to Paul, imagining it was him stroking her body, caressing her skin.

I reached back and unzipped my dress, then stood and let it fall to the floor as I stared down at my body, my long, lean legs and satin panties framed by the two breasts still clasped in a red bra, held perfectly firm like an offering to my wandering hands. A warmth grew between my legs as my fingers squeezed my gentle curves. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra and let it, too, drop to the floor, freeing my breasts, the nipples already pointed out in anticipation as I wrapped my fingers around them. They were mine and they felt so good and warm.

I looked down behind me at Heather's cute butt, wiggled it this way and that for my enjoyment, loving the tiny curve of my bubble butt. I ran a hand down one cheek as the warmth inside me grew hotter, glowing now as my fingers steadily approached my womanhood still hidden beneath my panties.

I slid my fingers underneath the satin fabric, against the coarse pubic hair of Heather's mound. Then I rolled the panties down my legs, slowly, enjoying each inch of my newly revealed pussy, never before seen by any man. Finally my panties dropped to the floor and the tight slit of my pussy lips were visible.

I sat back down on the bed and tossed my golden hair behind my head. My fingers slowly circled my waiting lips. My breathing grew faster as a lovely tension grew from inside me. Finally, I slipped the tip of my index finger inside myself. I gasped lightly as I found the head of my clit, the tension already aching to escape. I began rubbing gently, circling the hood of my clit as I grew moist. Back and forth inside myself, the other hand kneading my tits, circling around to squeeze my nipple as I moaned softly.

In Heather's imagination Paul was kissing her neck as his member pressed urgently against her still warming nether lips. I reached around for the dildo and turned it on low. A gentle whirring noise began as the head started rotating in a circle. I placed it over my clit, pressing down harder with each rotation, further and further, the pressure mounting until my lips opened wide and it slowly slipped inside, moistened by my desire. It was beautiful, like a living thing inside me, soft and hard and

warm and driving me up into ecstasy, making me feel so lovely and full.

I lay back on the bed, my knees in the air and spread my pussy wide as I welcomed the dildo inside me. It whirled away, deeper and deeper, hitting my clit and teasing my G-spot. I turned it up to the next level. The vibrations increased, filling me, and I moaned louder as the tension built through my soft body. I pushed harder and harder, fucking Heather's body, my body as the tension built and my cries grew higher pitched until with a final, choking gasp I came, my body convulsing in ecstasy as I cried out in Heather's tiny voice.

I clicked up the speed another level and thrust in and out, pounding my little body, my sopping pussy aching for more, more, and I cried out again as I came, harder and longer this time, drenching the bed as I squirted, Heather's lust cascading over and through me as I fucked myself how Heather longed to be fucked, giant slamming cock thrusts working my sensitive pussy as I screamed my desire to the empty room.

Finally, the pleasure ebbed and I slowly pulled the dildo out of my pussy, the shaft glistening with Heather's juices. I turned it off and lay on the bed, breathing hard, staring into space and recovering from Heather's most intense orgasm. One thing was for sure, if this was how she felt she wouldn't be a virgin for long. Although, can you still be a virgin if a guy fucks you in your own body? That was one existential question that wouldn't get posed in Heather's next philosophy class.

So, she was taking a philosophy course, too? It seemed I'd completely misjudged her. The only clichés she conformed to as a cheerleader were her blonde good looks and her amazing sex drive. And even then, she was a virgin, so you could toss out the slutty cheerleader cliché as well.

But I'd hopped her intending to live out a cliché, so the least I could do was enjoy the rest of the night on my own terms.

III.

I showed up at the bar to meet the other cheerleaders a little after ten. There was a line but the bouncer pointed at me and I walked right in as his eyes wandered down my tanned body, barely hidden beneath my black, form-fitting outfit.

Against Heather's judgement I'd worn her skimpiest skirt and blouse. I could feel her faint resistance as I put on her tiny, black skirt and high heels. But standing in the mirror, looking at my perfect ass and the low-slung top that amplified my cleavage, at my bright red nails and lips, and my bold eyeliner, I knew I'd nailed the slutty look I was going for. On a whim, I slipped a small vibrator of Heather's into my purse. Better safe than sorry.

The other girls were in the corner, a few with their boyfriends while a couple other random guys hung around just outside the group, jostling for attention. I sat down next to Chelsea, a cute brunette with a bravado that put most guys off. Tonight she was here with her on-again off-again boyfriend Kyle, and she was just as handsy as he. Both their hands tended to roam around the other's body while they talked. It didn't seem to bother them but it was a little off-putting watching Kyle's hands slip down Chelsea's top as we talked, her without flinching and me without trying to stare. According to Heather, the two were deeply in lust and didn't care who knew it.

Chelsea was a petite ball of energy. She had the angular, dark-featured face and wide, blue eyes of a model, packed into a tiny package. She had a high pitched little girl voice and was shorter than me, which made Kyle dwarf her. He was rugged and uber-masculine, with a roguish glint in his eye.

Someone immediately bought me a drink and I joined in with the group conversation. The talk and laughter got louder with each drink and we ended up on the dance floor. I shook Heather's ass and enjoyed the attention, flirting with more people the drunker I got.

At some point my bladder was full and I hurried off to the women's room. Using Heather's memories I knew there was actually a second, somewhat hidden, restroom upstairs that was supposed to be for the kitchen staff but was often used by others. It happened to be empty and I slipped into one of the two stalls.

I'd done my business and was pulling my skirt back up when the door to the restrooms slammed open and two people came bursting in. I heard

gasps and the wet sound of kissing and I put my eye to the crack of the stall. Reflected in the mirror above the sink I saw Chelsea and Kyle, attached at the lips, their hands grabbing and stroking each other in unconstrained lust.

He paused just long enough to throw the trashcan in front of the door, blocking it from opening. Then he pulled off Chelsea's top, revealing her small tits and perky nipples. She hadn't bothered to wear a bra, probably for his benefit. He groped and squeezed her nipples, kissing and biting her roughly, leaving red marks on her tits as she gasped and moaned in delight.

Seeing Kyle attack her with his lust, watching Chelsea's tiny, delightful body react with ecstasy was making me warm. I slipped a hand down Heather's skirt and pressed two fingers against my pussy. I began stroking the hood of my clit as I watched Kyle pull off Chelsea's pants, grab her, and sit her up on the counter next to the sink. She squealed as her tiny ass plopped down, the velvety folds of her desire already moistening for him, as were mine. My fingers slipped deeper into my warmth as I grew wet.

Kyle pulled off his pants; his erection was huge and throbbing. He wasted no time grabbing Chelsea's thighs, spreading them apart and thrusting his cock inside her. She cried out as he entered her and began pounding, all care gone, it was animalistic, brutal. Chelsea grabbed him and cried out in pleasure, raking her fingernails down his back, her eyes closed, her little body getting fucked hard.

My pussy grew slick as I watched, masturbating to Chelsea's tiny body as she was pounded by her boyfriend and we all rose together. I wanted to be the one inside Chelsea, tasting her delicious pussy, Heather's tongue sucking her clit as Kyle fucked my tight ass from behind, pounding and slapping me, dominating my body.

Kyle's grunts grew louder as Chelsea wrapped her legs around him, squeezing him towards her as my fingers went faster, deeper, now soaking with my own lust as I imagined the three of us together, and then we all came. Kyle grunted as he exploded into Chelsea and I clasped one hand over my mouth as the waves of orgasm crested over me. I grunted into my palm as the orgasm spread through me. Trying to contain my pleasure noiselessly just served to amplify it and I bit my lips, forcing myself to remain quiet as my body released the aching tension and the orgasm pounded through my pussy, rocking my body. Chelsea had no such

qualms and she screamed out 'Oh, God, yes!' as Kyle filled her. She orgasmed wildly and I watched, horny for her tiny naked body.

When they were finally done Kyle unceremoniously pulled up his pants. Chelsea adjusted her dress and they walked out of the room like nothing had happened. I waited a few minutes, then adjusted my skirt and preened in the mirror before joining them back on the dance floor.

I was spent. But Kyle and Chelsea still couldn't keep their hands off each other. They were clearly made for each other. After a few more songs I called it a night.

IV.

I grabbed an Uber to get back to Heather's dorm. The driver, Dan, was friendly and overly chatty and gave off a slightly dorky vibe but he had a nice, deep radio announcer voice. He kept trying to engage me in conversation but my thoughts kept returning to Paul and Chelsea and Kyle. I was drunk and still horny and I wasn't quite done with being in Heather's body. It was too nice. I didn't want to be the one to make her lose her virginity but I needed to cum again, badly.

Then I remembered the toy I'd packed.

'Dan,' I interrupted his monologue about the Seattle Seahawks, 'I need something from you, okay?'

'Sure, what's up?' He looked up at me in the rear view mirror.

'You've got an amazing voice,' I said, wrapping a strand of hair around one of my fingers and batting my eyes.

'Thank you.'

I leaned forward, my crimson lips inches from his ear and whispered in Heather's sultry voice, 'Talk dirty to me. Tell me how you would fuck me.'

I saw his eyes widen in surprise in the mirror. I sat back and surreptitiously pulled out my small vibrator and placed it on the seat as Dan hemmed and hawed. I lay my head back and closed my eyes.

'Are you kissing my lips?' I prompted Dan, running my finger softly over my lips.

'Yes, uh, I'm kissing your lips.'

'Will you run your hands through my hair?' I said, running one hand through Heather's fine, blonde hair.

'I'm running my hands through your hair. I'm kissing your cheeks, your nose, your neck.' Dan said, getting into it. I ran my hand down my neck, imagining Paul's warm lips on my soft skin as my body grew warm.

'I'm biting your neck, my breath is hot in your ear.'

I sighed gently as I tickled my fingers up and down my neck.

'My hands are sliding down to your breasts. I'm holding them in my hands and kissing them.'

I slid Heather's hands down to her breasts, squeezing gently as my body trembled under my touch.

'I'm grabbing your soft body in my hands, pulling you close.'

'Ah,' I gasped, 'I can feel your cock pressed against me.'

With one hand I grabbed the vibrator, turned it on and slipped it down

my skirt. I pressed it gently against the lips of my pussy, against the hood of my clit as the soothing waves filled me with a gentle pleasure.

'I'm ripping off your top and squeezing your tits.'

I slipped my other hand beneath my top and squeezed, a sharp jab of painful pleasure arced through me and I moaned. 'Oh, yes, harder, pinch my nipples.'

'I'm pinching your nipples.'

I writhed gently in the backseat, caressing my tits as I slid the vibrator deeper inside myself, pressing harder up against my clit. My body was hot, aching for release.

'Oh, Dan,' I whimpered, 'Take out your big cock and fuck me now.'

'I'm pulling off my pants. I'm so hard for you.'

'I'm grabbing your cock and pulling you down. I need it so bad.' It was true, I was so horny. 'I'm climbing on top of you. I can feel your hard cock pressed against my pussy. Oh, God, it's so big.'

'I'm sliding inside you.'

'Oh! You feel so good.' I pressed harder on the vibrator as the pleasure built up, overwhelming me and I released a gentle moan. I needed more. Heather needed more, she wanted to cum and so did I. 'I'm sinking down onto you. I can feel your cock inside me, inch by inch. Oh, god, I'm so full. Fuck me. Fuck me hard!'

I began rocking back and forth on the imaginary cock heaving my body this way and that, riding the pleasure until the orgasm hit me. It swamped my lithe body and I moaned, the vibrations between my legs carrying me on into ecstasy as I cried out and came hard.

'I'm filling you with my hot cum!'

'Oh, yes, fuck me! Fuck me!' I screamed in a tiny voice. I could practically feel his cock pulsing inside me, Heather's body alight with the fire as she was filled his seed. I peaked, cried out as the tension released and the biggest orgasm crested through me. The fingers holding the vibrator were slick with my lust as I convulsed, lost in the pleasure of Heather's feminine body, riding her mind, her pleasure.

All too soon I came back down. I sat, leaned back in the backseat, my eyes closed.

'I'm slipping my hands around your-'

'That's enough, Dan. Thank you.' I said without opening my eyes.

'Oh, right.'

I'd hop out of Heather's body when I returned to her dorm and leave

her with the memories of tonight. But for the moment I floated in her afterglow, enjoying the cooling embers of her lust, my hands resting on my soft lap, inside the body that had given me so many surprises, and so much pleasure.

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