

F2F BODY POSSESSION

LITTLE
MISS
Perfect

IMMENSE

Little Miss Perfect

F2F BODY THEFT

by M. Wills

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LITTLE MISS PERFECT

Melody munched her sandwich slowly as she considered her speech. Her lunch was competing with the butterflies in her stomach. She glanced up at Daniel and saw he was staring back at her with his deep chocolate brown eyes with such an intensity it made Melody's cheeks burn red and her stomach do back flips. It was one of the things she liked about Daniel, the full-bodied attention he gave as he listened, as if the person he was listening to was the only person in the world. Melody broke his gaze and stared down, focusing on the wood grain of the picnic table between them.

“What's up?” Daniel smiled, two rows of perfect white teeth contrasting beautifully with his rich mocha skin. He pushed his adorable flop of black hair back across his forehead.

Melody had started to ask the question that had been on her mind for months, wondering how Daniel could not see it coming. Hadn't they been hanging out more and more often? Hadn't she dropped enough hints that she not only liked him but she *like* liked him? Or maybe he did see it and he was just playing ignorant, hoping that Melody wouldn't ask and embarrass them both. After all, the pessimistic part of Melody reasoned, what would a cute Filipino boy like Daniel who's smile could light up a room want with a frumpy nothing of a girl like Melody who wouldn't even be noticed in that same room? Melody tried to push that negative part of her mind aside and work up the courage to ask Daniel to be her boyfriend. She'd practiced her speech over and over at home last night and it had gone over well each time. Better than well. Perfect. Sometimes they'd even gotten married.

But now faced with Daniel rather than her stuffed bear, she was having second thoughts. And third thoughts, quickly followed by fourth and fifth thoughts, all screaming *abort abort!* But, having just stopped all conversation and now having his full attention she pressed on.

“I was...” she stopped to swallow her bite of sandwich, which was made more difficult by the sudden drying of her mouth. She took a sip of water and looked back up at Daniel. “You know, I was thinking about, like, last week when we were at your house...”

“Yeah?” Daniel prodded, and she was urged on by his bright smile.

“And we were talking about, you know, um, the kind of person you, like, like? Yeah? And you said about the dark hair and cute and funny and all? And I told you I liked someone, um, cute and athletic, and, well, uh, I think the person I *really* like is, um, you?”

She forced herself to hold his gaze, hoping that, despite her abysmal delivery, he would respond in kind. She was sure that when he was describing his perfect woman it was her, nearly positive that he was hitting on her in a roundabout way. But she understood she'd been totally and completely wrong only when she sat there at the picnic table and watched his shoulders sag a little and the smile dim, replaced by a tight-lipped look of embarrassment.

“Melody...I...look, I just like you as a friend.”

Melody bit her lip and nodded. “Yeah, sure, no, that's, yeah, I just thought I should say something...but it's totally okay if you don't, I mean, we're still friends, I understand...” she trailed off.

Inside she was kicking herself. Suddenly, the entire world seemed a little darker, a little more dull.

“I love doing stuff with you. You're really fun to hang out with, but...” he shrugged, “I'm sorry, I just don't have those feelings for you.”

And Melody could tell that he *was* really sorry. That was the thing she loved so much about Daniel. The way he said it seemed to mean that he wished very much he could have those feelings. It made Melody feel both better and worse.

And it was while she was taking her time chewing her sandwich, trying to figure out how to eject them both from this hideous situation, that Katie floated over.

“Hey, there you are, Daniel,” she said, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

Daniel turned and looked up at Katie with the barely restrained longing that Melody wished he'd shown her. Daniel had confided in Melody his crush on Katie, she of the willowy frame, perfect heart-shaped face, soft

Vietnamese features, and—even Melody had to admit—an incredible body. Where did someone even get jeans that clung to your calves and emphasized the swell of your perfect ass like the ones Katie was wearing? Everything probably looked good on Katie. Melody doubted Katie had ever struggled to find an outfit that would hide her frumpy body, or put on makeup that didn't cause acne, or worry about adjusting her pants to hide her roll of fat like Melody did. Katie was like a perfect fucking doll.

Daniel wasn't the only one smitten by Katie. The gossip around the school was that nearly every eligible male with any courage had asked her out, but she had no time for it. Her strict family rationed her time and kept careful check on her waking hours. Even Daniel had gone for it, finally working up the courage to ask Katie out only to be soundly rejected. Oh, they'd remained friends, but even looking at him now, Melody could see he was still head over heels for her. That was what made Melody think that Daniel would finally—she had to be honest with herself—*settle* for Melody. Because Katie was smarter, prettier, and more popular than Melody, and it made Melody seethe with a quiet rage to see her own unattainable crush crushing on someone so unattainable.

“Hey, Katie, want to join us?” Daniel asked, pushing his lunch to one side.

Katie giggled at his enthusiasm, a tingly good-natured laugh that just made Melody all the angrier for how fucking nice Katie was.

“Love to, but I've got to meet up with Mr. Holland.”

“Oh, right.”

Katie's family had set up private flute lessons for the last twenty minutes of lunch with the music teacher at school. It was like they were trying to cram academics into every waking minute of her life.

“I just wanted to remind you to send me your chapter for the geo project tonight and I'll put it all together.”

“I can put it together,” Daniel volunteered eagerly, pushing his mop of hair back from his eyes.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, yeah, no problem. Just send me what you have.”

She rewarded him with a genuine smile that lit up her perfect face. “Thank you, that would be fantastic.” She turned to Melody, “Hi Melody, bye Melody,” she waved merrily.

Melody offered a tight grin and a small wave as Katie hurried away. Daniel's eyes followed the sway of Katie's ass as she disappeared behind the building. He turned back and grinned sheepishly, knowing he'd been caught.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Melody mumbled miserably and finished her sandwich.

Daniel and Melody walked home from school together as usual. As they talked, Melody had to force the happiness into her voice, her mind still fixated on her lunchtime rejection. But she wanted to prove to him that it meant nothing, that things could still continue as usual, even as it hurt to hear him talking about Katie.

“I mean, how does she even eat lunch? She had a bonus chemistry for the first half and then an extra music class.”

“Maybe she just lives on the dreams of eager men,” Melody muttered.

“What?” Daniel asked.

“Nothing,” Melody said, mentally making a note to add that line to her poetry notebook when she got home.

“You okay?” Daniel said, rounding on her. “I meant what I said about us wanting to be friends.”

Melody sighed. “I know. Just give me, like, a day, okay?”

“Yeah, I know, you like to process things. Want to come over to my house and watch me play Xbox?”

“I think I'm just gonna go for a walk today.”

“Okay. Sure?”

“Sure.”

They parted ways, Melody turning towards the nearby park. She adjusted her pink backpack on her shoulders as she trudged through the shady park. There were a few couples holding hands, some kids in the sand pit holding hands, a mother and a child holding hands. Goddammit, everyone had someone to hold hands with except Melody.

She wandered aimlessly, lost in her dark thoughts, and soon found herself at the wishing well in the center of the park. It was a newer well, a glass and steel monument to the city's original well. The low rock walls had been replaced with a small metal structure, a series of tiles set into the face that were patterned to represent the landscape around the city. A little plaque indicated that tossing a coin into the well would maybe grant a wish, but would definitely be donated to a local charity every year.

Melody dug through her pockets, coming up with some pocket lint and—miraculously, considering she couldn't remember the last time she'd used cash—a silver coin. She tossed it in, watched it spin end over end and plunk into the shallow water.

“I wish I had everything Katie had,” Melody whispered.

It was sort of cathartic to vocalize her thoughts but, Melody thought dourly, if wishing wells really worked then everyone would be a millionaire. She hitched her backpack up on her shoulders and trudged home alone in her thoughts and alone in her lumpy body.

The rest of the night was uneventful: homework, dinner, TV, bed. By the time she slipped beneath the cool, white sheets of her bed that night, she'd forgotten all about her wish.

Melody woke up disoriented. The ambient noise in the room was all wrong. At first she thought she'd overslept because she didn't hear the sound of the pipes running water to the shower. But within a few blinks she realized it was much more than that. Her bookshelf was gone. And her desk. And her posters. And...this wasn't her room at all. It was much tidier and brighter. In the corner was a music stand, heavy with sheet music. A dresser next to it was covered with makeup, all sorted neatly by color. A small desk covered in papers sat beneath a window on the far wall. Even the posters on the walls depicted some sort of Asian boy band she didn't recognize.

Melody rolled to the side of the bed and threw back the covers as she gaped around a bedroom she'd never seen before. She twisted around and put her feet on the floor, only to realize that they weren't her feet. The toes were tiny and painted a bright pink. And the floral nightie that Melody was wearing hid a body that she didn't recognize. The body was slender, for one thing. Her chubby ass and slight paunch of a stomach were gone. And her legs...god, her legs were amazing. Perfect and dainty and smooth.

Melody stood carefully, feeling quite fragile in her new tinier form. She made her way towards the dresser. There was a mirror fixed to the top of it and as Melody stumbled in front of it, she saw that the face reflected back at her was not her own. She found herself looking at Katie's very startled face. Melody gaped in surprise and stumbled backwards as a strangled gasp escaped her lips. She fell heavily on the bed, scrambled to keep her balance, then stood again, slowly this time.

Katie's shocked face rose into view, hair disheveled from sleep, almond-shaped eyes wide with surprise, little red lips in a puckered 'o' of amazement. Melody licked her lips, watched Katie's reflection do the same. She realized she was licking Katie's lips and she brought her hand to her mouth to wipe her lips, then realized that the hand was Katie's, too, as was the saliva. Her hands came up, feeling Katie's little heart shaped face frantically, fingers sliding across the new contours, the flawless skin, the perfect nose. She held Katie's face in her hands and shook her head. This couldn't be happening.

Melody looked down at herself, saw Katie's perfect body stretching out beneath her. Looked back in the mirror, saw Katie's frightened face staring back. Holy crap, she was in Katie's body. How? This had to be a dream; it couldn't be real. She brought both hands to her heart and tried to steady her breathing, fighting against the intruding thought that even the heartbeat she was feeling was Katie's. She closed her eyes. Opened them again. Still Katie.

The terror was abating, replaced with a growing calm and a curious desire to see more of the girl who was being chased by every boy—and some of the girls—at school. When would she ever get another opportunity like this? There was no way this was real so why not take advantage?

Melody pinched the pink nightie between her fingers and pulled it away from her chest as she gazed down into the lacy neck hole. There was the swell of Katie's breasts: delicate, shapely curves, hanging from her body. She pulled the nightie off over her head, bringing with it a cascade of long, dark hair over her face. She dropped the nightie to the floor and pushed her hair back behind her ears. She stared down at Katie's naked body and her breath caught in her throat. It wasn't fair that someone could be so popular and perfect and so fucking gorgeous.

Katie's breasts were perfect teardrops, which was apt because they would make grown men cry. The light swells ended in tiny beige areolae. Her stomach was trim, a straight line leading down to her mound, already so different from Melody's former chubby stomach. Between her legs was a light thatch of dark hair, short and meticulously trimmed into a perfect triangle. Her ass was incredible, carved by a master. And her legs. God, her legs were perfection. Lean and taut, ending in tiny, gorgeous feet.

Katie traced her fingers down her breasts, following the smooth curve of her body down to her nipples. She slipped her fingers beneath her breasts, grasping Katie's tits lightly in her hands and squeezing, experimenting with boobs so different from her own. Hers had been small and shapeless, just lolling from her chest, not like Katie's at all, which were firm and warm and practically begging to be touched. A warm shiver shot down her spine as she continued caressing herself. It felt nice to stroke her tits, to feel the body that was the envy of the school from the inside. She could do anything she wanted to this body and no one would ever

know. The thought made her shiver again and a smile crept across her face.

Melody wrapped her fingers around her new breasts, her thumb and forefinger coming up to lightly squeeze her delicate nipples. She watched in the mirror as she made Katie caress herself, fingers playing across her skin as her nipples grew into tiny thimbles. She rolled her hard nipples back and forth between her fingers, releasing a deep, satisfied breath as her body grew warm. She turned to the side and admired her profile in the mirror as she continued playing with her tits, enjoying the sight of proper little Katie playing with herself.

She bit her lip and moaned, Katie's face in the mirror now a reflection of the lust strengthening through her body. One hand crept down between her legs, slipping over her mound and nestling between her curly pubic hair. Melody's new skin was smooth and warm, and she slipped her forefinger over Katie's opening, gliding back and forth as she grew wet at her own touch. She pushed inside her nether lips gently, resting with a gentle pressure on her hidden hood, rubbing in a rhythm that matched the pulsing desire flowing through her body. Melody was swaying slightly now as she urged the pleasure through her. Her finger found her dew and spread it over her clit, up and down, slow and firm, growing ever wetter. She felt herself opening, pussy lips parting and allowing her to slip deeper into her warmth. God, Katie even felt amazing on the inside. Her velvet folds were wet and tight, and Melody pushed deeper inside, her palm now resting on her mound.

She threw back her head and moaned, Katie's body bursting with warmth as she fingered herself harder, deeper, curling up and around to land on her dimpled nub. Her legs shook with orgasm and she collapsed onto the bed, legs spread, finger still working in and out harder, faster, while she squeezed her breast with the other hand. She felt magnificent. Hot and restless and *needing* more. She grew faster, her finger working deep inside Katie's body, rubbing furiously, beautiful to behold as she disappeared inside herself and reappeared slick with her lust. Flames licked her body, the heat rising, rising, and then she came, shuddering and clapping her thighs together as she leaned forward and let out a long, high pitched breathy squeal. Melody shivered with pleasure as the orgasm flitted through her, making Katie's entire body sing with pleasure.

It was over all too soon. And with the desire temporarily sated, her mind pulled her back to reality, and she realized she was sitting on a stranger's bed with a finger deep inside Katie's pussy. Melody pulled her finger out. It was shiny with her lust and she could smell Katie's not unpleasant musk, a reminder of the pleasure she'd just experienced.

A sudden knock on the door made Melody start. She hurried to put her nightie back on as a woman's voice called out from the other side. "Morning, Katie, ready for me to check your homework?"

"Uh, yeah," Melody said, flipping Katie's silky, coal black hair out of the back of her nightie.

The door opened and a short Vietnamese woman entered, presumably Katie's mom. She gave Melody a quick peck on the cheek on her way to the desk, where she began perusing the papers laid out on top. Melody was half expecting Katie's mom to turn on her and accuse her of being an impostor, but she just stood there, chewing on the end of a red pen as she scanned through the papers.

"I'm going to...go get ready," Melody said after a few seconds of awkward silence. Katie's mom just nodded.

It was only when she was halfway down the hall that Melody realized she'd just been conversing in Vietnamese, a language she'd never learned. Additionally, she seemed to know exactly where to go on instinct, heading straight for the bathroom without getting lost in the long corridor. She relieved herself then brushed her teeth, pausing slightly as she brought the toothbrush to her mouth, deeply aware that it was someone else's toothbrush. She wrinkled her nose and brushed, then combed out her long hair. All the while she watched herself in the mirror. Katie's body was so elegant, moving with a grace Melody had never had. Her face, even without makeup, was gorgeous, the little blemishes here and there only serving to make her that much more normal, not like an air-brushed supermodel.

When Melody returned to her room, Katie's mom was waiting. "Ok, honey, I've marked a few for you to check. Come on downstairs when you're done."

Katie's mom kissed her on the cheek once again and disappeared. Melody picked up the papers on the desk, saw it was math homework, a few answers marked in red. Jeez, Katie's mom marked her homework and made her correct it every day? Melody scanned through some of the questions. Katie was doing AP Calculus, a course beyond Melody, but Melody could understand it. Apparently, she'd not only got Katie's body but Katie's smarts as well.

Melody threw open the closet and found it stuffed with clothes, all neatly arranged by color. She picked out a modest gray top with a black skirt. Rummaging through Katie's drawers she came up with a plain black bra and panties, along with some leggings. She slipped them on over her taut calves. It was amazing how beautiful Katie looked even with such a modest outfit. Her curves, while not ostentatiously on display, were evident. Melody did her makeup in the mirror above her dresser, still nonplussed to see Katie's cute face reflected back at her. Her hands moved by muscle memory until Katie's face looked gorgeous as ever. When she was done, she returned to the desk and struggled through the rest of the homework, correcting the answers Katie's mom had marked before heading downstairs for breakfast.

Moving through Katie's routine, Melody felt like a traveler returning from a foreign country after several years. There was a familiarity cloaked in strangeness like she *knew* Katie's family, the way they went about their business, and Katie's own obligations, but was observing it from a distance. Katie's memories were in her head, slowly uncoiling for Melody.

Katie's mom dropped Melody off at school. Melody hiked her simple, black backpack over one shoulder and slipped out of the car. She walked slowly into school, waving to various classmates as they called out to her. When she was at her locker, Daniel approached her.

"Morning, Katie," he said with a broad smile.

Melody looked up at him and her heart skipped a beat. Here he was, so close, and staring at her with a longing intensity she'd always yearned for.

"I printed out that report," he continued, handing her a small sheaf of pages.

“Thanks, Daniel,” she smiled, and was rewarded with another one of his honest grins.

Melody was aware her cheeks were flushing red and she used the papers as an excuse to break eye contact with Daniel, shuffling through them quickly. Here she was in Katie's body with her crush obviously crushing on her.

“These look great,” she said, and impulsively kissed him on the cheek.

Now it was his turn to grow beet red and flustered, even as his scent lingered in her memory.

“Yeah...well...I...”

Melody noticed someone approaching out of the corner of her eye and looked up to see her old body. She froze for a second, staring in shock. Looking at herself critically from her new perspective she couldn't help but notice how plain she'd been. Nothing about her old self was displeasing exactly, but nothing would make anyone take a second look. From the slightly furrowed brow on her old face, Melody knew she'd seen the kiss. Was it Katie in that body, angry that Melody was doing something she would not? But then the brow softened as Melody's former body recovered and called out.

“Morning Daniel. Hey, Katie.”

“Hi,” Katie said, searching for any sign that would tell her what was happening with her old body.

Everything appeared to be normal. There was some awkward conversation before the first bell rang and they all headed to their classes. But Melody's body never pulled her aside, never looked confused at the apparent switch. She acted, well, normal. Melody's old body was continuing on as though nothing happened. What did it say about the nature of souls that Melody's body was continuing as normal and that Melody herself was now in Katie's body with Katie's knowledge? Or maybe Melody was straddling two parallel universes—one in which life continued as usual and one in which Melody was in Katie's body—that had merged? Melody puzzled over the possibilities as she sat in class, barely aware of the teacher's lecture.

Melody found herself tapping her lips with the end of a pencil as she thought, a habit she'd seen in Katie but, until this moment, had never done herself. She tamped back an urge to raise her hand and answer the teacher's questions like Katie would have done, preferring instead to sit silent in class. She was *not* Katie, she insisted to herself. She was Melody, just in Katie's body.

When they divided into small groups to discuss Shakespeare, Melody was keenly aware of the difference her new body had on people. They seemed more interested in her, would look to her for confirmation and agree with her analysis of the text. The two guys in the group would smile at her jokes, their eyes sliding briefly across her body. She knew that she could have them if she wanted. If she leaned over and kissed one of them right now he would kiss her back. The thought made her smile and blush. One of the guys thought she was smiling at him and his grin grew even wider. Katie's beauty was a new and intoxicating power.

Katie sought out Daniel during lunch on the picnic tables near the basketball court. He was sitting with Melody—the old Melody—and they both looked up as new Melody approached.

“Hi, Melody. Hi, Daniel,” Melody said, tucking some strands of dark hair behind her ear. Daniel looked up at her eagerly. She clutched her books to her chest and tried to suppress a smile. “Can I speak to you for a second, Daniel? Alone?”

Daniel glanced over at old Melody. “Sure.”

He followed her around the bushes beside the school's gym. A quick glance back showed her old body watching them go, a melancholy look on her face. Melody knew how she must feel, to have the guy she really cared for following around someone else like a puppy dog. But now that someone else was also Melody, and she intended to enjoy her new body.

She turned to face Daniel, who was all eager smiles. “Thanks again for doing that paper,” Melody said, “It really helped take some pressure off.”

“Sure. You do so much work for our group I figured it was the least I could do.”

“I really appreciate it,” she stepped closer to Daniel, “I mean that. And I

think...the person I like...is you.”

She placed her hand on his arm and brought her face to his. And then she was kissing him. Their warm lips pressed together as their breath mingled. Her heart was pounding furiously in her chest. She was kissing Daniel and he was kissing her back! She pressed closer to him, closed her eyes and let her tongue lightly slip into his mouth. His hands were on her waist, gentle but insistent, holding her there as they made out for a blissful eternity.

When she finally pulled back Daniel's face was flushed red. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. Melody laughed shyly, enjoying the full force of his affection.

“What—I mean—I didn't know...” He trailed off.

Melody brushed her thumb across his cheek, her eyes so close she could see the tiny mole just beneath his jawline. She'd seen it a thousand times, memorized his face, but had never been able to touch him like this. Only in Katie's body could she have the boy she was attracted to. She bit her lip coquettishly. “Take me out tonight,” she whispered.

He nodded.

Melody stepped back. “I have to go to practice. Text me later.”

She walked away, looking back once to see Daniel still gazing after her. He was just as smitten with her as she was with him. If it wasn't for Katie's demanding schedule she would have spent the rest of the lunch period with him. She paused. Why couldn't she do that? Why not just skip practice and do what she wanted now that she had Daniel? But no, she didn't want to mess up Katie's life.

But what if this was *her* life now? What if the change was permanent? Was she supposed to spend the rest of her life aping Katie's choices? Or could she make her own? Maybe she should start a new life with her old desires and a body and mind that could take her wherever she wanted. For the moment she just continued to music practice, but the thought still gnawed at her.

Melody had enjoyed the rest of the school day. She held hands with Daniel as they walked down the hallway, drawing jealous glances from the other guys. They'd kissed as often as they could, Melody being sure to draw her body near to Daniel. She caught her old body a few times looking jealous and standoffish, just as Melody would have had she been stuck inside her frumpy old form and watched Katie making out with Daniel, instead of here inside Katie's delectable body.

Home was, if anything, busier than school. Her mom had a literal schedule hanging on the refrigerator, color coded and printed neatly on a large sheet of paper: snack, reading (homework), flute practice, math homework, dinner, shower, SAT prep, free time (15 minutes), reading (pleasure), lights out. Katie's mom enforced the schedule as soon as they walked in the door, unwrapping a small plate of vegetables she'd prepared earlier for Katie's healthy snack.

Between bites, Melody conversed with Katie's mom in Vietnamese. Katie's mom was a short woman with intense brown eyes who continually prodded Melody for more information. Melody was itching to ask her mom if she could go out with Daniel on the weekend but was worried how Katie's mom would react. Melody's old family was quite conservative and would have absolutely forbid Melody to go out alone with a boy. Even at 18, Melody still obeyed her parents' rules, whether that meant only going out with approved friends, or not partaking in any activities deemed unladylike, and absolutely not skipping Sunday church. So it was that Melody sought permission from Katie's mom out of habit.

"Mom, I'm going out with some friends tonight." Melody began, expecting to have to promise that it would be with a group of friends, and she'd come back early, and she'd text regularly, just like when she went out as herself. Instead, Melody was shocked by how quickly Katie's mom shot the idea down completely.

"Oh, no, honey, you know the rules. No going out at nights until you graduate. If you don't rest after studying you won't remember as much and you need to pass these tests next week if you want to get into UC Irvine. Now, you can tell those friends that I can drive you over to the mall tomorrow afternoon. I'll sit a few tables away. I promise you won't

even see me.”

“The mall? Mom no one goes to the mall these days. Besides, we're just going to hang out as a group. I think I'm old enough to hang out with friends on my own.”

“Katie!” Katie's mom thumped the table with the palm of her hand, her eyes flashing. “No. I will not have you ruin your future over one night of fun.”

“I'm not ruining my future, I'm being normal! One night is not going to keep me out of college!” Melody shouted back. She couldn't believe that Katie's parents were somehow even more strict than her own.

“Do not raise your voice with me! Go upstairs and do your reading. Get this silly 'going out' nonsense out of your head.”

Melody stormed upstairs and threw herself down on the bed. She'd thought being Katie would be a breeze and while, socially, it had been, dealing with Katie's parents was going to be difficult. They apparently *really* wanted her to go to UC Irvine. Melody had been headed to UCLA, not least because she knew that's where Daniel was going. Katie may have had the drive and ambition to get into UCI, but Melody wasn't so sure she wanted it enough. Being Katie for a day had proven that she'd gained Katie's knowledge, but she still had her own motivation and drive, and she didn't want college right now. What she really wanted was Daniel. She couldn't stop thinking about him and every time she did it gave her warm butterflies in her stomach.

She scrolled through her phone and texted him:

My dumb parents aren't letting me go out. :(

He replied: *:(I really wanted to see you.*

She texted back: *I wanted to see you.*

A wicked thought struck her. She texted: *Can I see you now?*

You want me to come over???

Can't. Mom's home. Let me see your dick.

What???

Come on. I bet it's nice. I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

There was a long pause. Melody would have never asked him to do that in her own body but there was something freeing about being someone else. It was almost as though she still felt she was just visiting Katie's life, so what would it matter if she had a little harmless fun? Her phone dinged with a message and she was suddenly staring at a picture of Daniel's dick. He was clutching it in one hand, the shaft hard, the bulbous head so perfectly inviting. Melody wiggled on the bed, feeling herself grow warm as she imagined what she would do with it.

Yummy. She texted him.

Now you :) :)

Melody made sure the door was locked, then pulled off her top and bra. Katie's magnificent tits hung down in front of her, firm and ripe. She held her phone out and posed for some pictures, shuffling around to get the right light until she got a picture that perfectly framed her broad, smiling face and her heavy breasts. She sent it to Daniel and waited for his response, her heart thumping in her chest nervously. As she waited she played with Katie's tits, squeezing them lightly, caressing them and enjoying their heft. Her phone dinged.

You're so beautiful. I wish I could kiss you right now.

I'm running my hands over your body. She shot back, squeezing her breasts harder, enjoying the slight pain shooting through her body as she pinched her nipples.

I'm kissing you.

She closed her eyes and imagined Daniel's lips on hers. They continued to text back and forth as Melody grew warmer, imaging Daniel as a tender lover, hands sliding across her body, caressing her gently, his warm hands tender and urgent on her skin. She lay back on the bed and slid a hand down her panties as she texted him back, told him how she was kissing his dick, stroking him, his hot shaft between her fingers. Her own fingers found her furry slit, slipped inside and stroked her wetness. God,

Katie's body was so delightfully soft and warm. She took a picture of her fingers inside herself, her pink pussy lips wrapped around her slender digits. Daniel responded with a picture of him stroking his dick, rock hard now, a drip of pre-cum appearing on the end. Melody stroked herself harder, body writhing, legs sliding back and forth across the bed as she rode the waves of pleasure.

Melody's fingers were deep inside her wetness now and she opened her eyes briefly to enjoy the sight of herself stroking her new body, to enjoy the feel of herself, the knowledge that she was making her rival masturbate and stealing Katie's pleasure for her own. It was joyous watching her perfect tits bounce, seeing her fingers disappearing into her velvety folds. It felt so good to fuck herself, knowing Daniel was on his phone stroking himself to her body.

Melody's fingers sank deeper inside, moving faster. She was dripping with desire, her slick fingers making slight squishing noises as she rubbed her clit faster, harder, until finally dropping the phone and clamping her other hand over her mouth to stifle the long moan that escaped her lips as she came. She could feel Katie's lips and nose beneath her hand, enjoyed her perfect new features as she wrung the physical pleasure from her exciting and exotic body. The orgasm burned through her entire body, thrumming with an energy that left her breathing hard, her fingers deep inside herself. She pulled her fingers out of her warm cunt and brought them to her lips, inhaling the scent of her rich musk before slipping her fingers into her mouth and sucking, enjoying the tangy taste of her new body, a part of her enjoying making Katie—the girl she'd been jealous of for years—suck her own juices off her fingers like some sort of porn star. And, god, she tasted good.

Melody reluctantly stuck to Katie's schedule, finishing her homework before setting up her flute and practicing for an hour. The actual mechanics of the instrument were a breeze; Melody had Katie's muscle memory and her fingers fluttered along the keys as she warmed up with scales and arpeggios. Katie's fingers felt dainty and light, in contrast to Melody's heavy, plodding ones, and she enjoyed flying through the warmup. It was a different story when she got to the Nielson Concerto, Katie's performance piece. The page was a mass of notes and she had to go slow, repeating the same rhythms over and over and over until she was ready to

throw down her flute in frustration.

This was ridiculous. Katie's life wasn't the cake walk she'd thought it would be. She couldn't go out and all this work was driving her crazy. It was the same thing her sister went through. She paused, flute to her lips. It was an odd thought because Melody didn't have a sister, but Katie did. Thinking about it, Melody found memories that weren't hers. Memories of Katie and her sister, Layla. Layla had survived this family and was now at UCI, maybe she'd have some advice.

Melody ended flute practice a little early and called Katie's sister. She picked up on the second ring.

"Hey, Mel!"

"Hey, Layla. I just had to talk to someone who understands mom and dad."

"Oh, god, what did they do now?" Melody could hear the eye-roll in Layla's voice.

Melody told Layla everything: about kissing Daniel, about not being allowed out, about the fight with their mom.

"They just don't get it," Melody finished.

"I *know*," Layla agreed. "It was bad enough when I told them I was dating Brian here. They don't like to see other people have fun."

"Yeah."

"Well...you *could* always sneak out. I did."

"You what? Really?" Melody was truly astonished. Her memories of Katie's sister were of someone who would obey their parents no matter what. The idea that she had snuck out was shocking and exciting.

"Oh, yeah. That's the only thing that kept me sane."

"How did you do it?"

"Ok, first you have to go downstairs and apologize to mom. You act contrite and obedient for the rest of the night until they go to bed. Then you

tell your boyfriend to meet you at the top of the hill and you sneak out the garage door. The alarm's broken over that door.”

It was thrilling to think about defying Katie's mom and dad. And even more thrilling to think about being with Daniel tonight. The sisters said their goodbyes and Melody texted Daniel:

You still want to go out?

Yes!!!

Park your car at the top of my street at 10.

Melody spent the rest of the night playing the dutiful daughter, and when the family went to bed Melody quietly picked through Katie's closet for some clothes, coming up with a cute burgundy dress that showed off her legs and left her shoulders bare. It was otherwise conservative—as were all of Katie's clothes—with a high neckline that nevertheless clung to her curves and gave just a hint of cleavage. She snuck out the garage just as her sister had suggested and met Daniel at the top of the hill.

She slipped into the car and kissed him, running her hands through his thick black hair. “Take me somewhere fun!” She yelled, slumping back in her seat. Finally, *finally* she'd be able to really enjoy being inside Katie's body.

“Let's do it!” Daniel agreed.

The dance floor was hot and crowded, the air thick with the body heat of hundreds of dancers jumping to the thumping bass, and Melody's brow was slick with sweat. But she'd never had more fun, throwing her body around with reckless abandon, her self-consciousness gone along with her old body. She shook and moved, enjoying how light she felt on her feet, how responsive Katie's body was, such an utter joy to move and breathe. She could have any guy on the dance floor, and more than a few had tried to horn in on her, but Melody had pressed herself closer to Daniel and with their arms around each other they let the pounding music take them away.

They were crazy about each other. Neither could keep their hands off the other, kissing and holding and touching. Melody was ecstatic that Katie's body had finally let her have the guy she'd been crushing on for ever and, judging from the look on Daniel's face, he felt the same.

It was around one in the morning when they left, leaning on each other and laughing, drunk with love. They got in the car but before Daniel could start it Melody leaned over and kissed him. He dropped his keys, and stroked her cheek with his hand as their tongues explored each other. Daniel tasted deliciously sweet, his hot breath filling Melody's mouth. Her nose pressed against his cheek and she inhaled his heady scent. Her whole body seemed to be vibrating, echoing from the bass of the dance floor and the nearness of Daniel's warm body.

She swung her leg over the gearshift and clambered on top of Daniel, straddling him, her dress rising up, exposing her bare thighs. Her white panties, damp with her moisture, pressed against Daniel's pants. His bulge pressed against her, throbbing once beneath her as they continued making out. Daniel's hands slid down her body, slipped around her back and paused on her ass. She could feel that he wanted to slip beneath her dress but was too afraid to do so. Without breaking her lips from his, Melody reached around and grabbed one of his hands and guided it down the back of her thigh, under her dress, and back up to her warm ass cheek. Then she wrapped her arms around his neck and sat back, letting him take the weight of her in his hands, rubbing herself up and down his still hidden dick as his fingers moved closer and closer to her slick

opening.

Daniel was eager then, his other hand following, clasping her in both hands. Melody sighed into his mouth, pausing to toss her black hair out of her face and stare down at Daniel. He looked up at her with a goofy smile on his face, utterly smitten. She giggled once, melodious and light, then pulled her dress up over her bra, revealing the perfect swell of Katie's breasts, hidden beneath the silky fabric of her bra. She leaned forward and Daniel's head came up to meet her, face slipping in between her cleavage, kissing and licking. His hot breath on her nipples made her shudder lightly, a moan escaping her lips. She grinded down on him, growing ever wetter, pressing herself against the hardness just beneath his pants.

She was quite sure Katie would be aghast at what Melody was doing in her body, but she didn't care. It felt so damn good squeezing herself against the boy she loved, his hands gripping her solidly, his lips exploring her body. She slipped a hand between her thighs, beneath the lacy fabric of her panties and fingered herself, sliding into her wet heat and rubbing as she continued grinding against Daniel. She was so fucking horny, *needed* to satisfy herself, but even her finger wasn't enough.

She pulled away. "I need you inside me, Daniel."

"You sure?"

She bit her lip and nodded, then helped him unbuckle his pants and free his cock. She gasped when she saw it, stroking it with the hand that had been inside her, rubbing her wetness down its length. It was warm and hard beneath her fingers, the bulbous head pointing up at her, throbbing already in desperate yearning. And it was perfect, made her mouth water, made a thrill run down her spine.

She positioned herself over the head of his cock and guided it against her. There was a pressure as his dick met her swollen lips and pressed. The pressure built, built, and then she felt herself give away as he pushed inside, penetrating her for the first time. She cried out as he entered her, wrapping her arms around his neck as she lowered herself onto him. It was painful at first and she was oh-so-tight, afraid for a minute she wouldn't be able to take his girth. But as he inched inside her she felt her

pussy giving way, the walls of her cunt stretching around the beautiful cock as she pushed downward, driving it ever deeper inside until she was on Daniel's lap and full of him and pleasure burst through her. It occurred to her that Katie had been a virgin until this moment, and now Daniel was the first man inside her.

She continued kissing him as she raised herself and lowered back down, helped by Daniel's hands as he guided her sopping wet pussy up and down his cock. Her breath came in ragged gasps as he filled her and withdrew, pausing to sink down deep and grind on him, back and forth, his cock filling her as her clit rubbed along his shaft. She cried out in his mouth, a high pitched cry of delight as she shook with her first orgasm. She pulled away and placed her forehead on his. They stared into each other's eyes as she rode him, up and down, her cunt sliding along his dick. The lust on his face, the longing in his eyes was gloriously intoxicating and she found herself cumming again, high pitched, girlish gasps of wonder as Katie's tight body burst with pleasure.

Suddenly he gritted his teeth, grunting as he gripped her ass and *shoved* her down on him, while raising his hips up, burying himself to the hilt inside her dripping pussy as she howled with desire. He emptied himself into her then, she felt his hot seed pulsing inside her, the head of his dick pressing against her center and she came again, her entire body on fire, moaning and writhing as she sank down as deep as she could go, willing him to fill her. And the world was frozen, the two of them locked in an embrace, their bodies moving as one as he filled her with his seed and she shook with pleasure. He throbbed again and again and she clutched at him, not wanting to let this moment go, enjoying he feel of him deep inside her.

When he was done she sat atop him, both breathing hard. She kissed him ferociously, lips moving across his lips, his cheek, his nose. She leaned on him, her hands stroking his hair, her tits resting on his chest.

"That was amazing," she whispered in his ear.

And it was. She bet Katie would never have done this. Hell, Melody *herself* would never have done this. But she was free to act as someone else. And what freedom! It had made Melody realize just how many mental barriers she'd constructed around herself. As Katie, this was her chance to escape

the parts of herself she didn't like. And she was going to use Katie's abilities to the fullest.

EPILOGUE

Daniel placed the broken cardboard box onto the floor with a sigh, before standing and taking in Melody's dorm room. It was typical student accommodation: small, threadbare, simple. But it was hers. Here at Irvine she could finally break free of both her own past and Katie's and re-make herself into the person she wanted to be.

Melody had her back to Daniel and was arranging her desk when he came up and held her from behind. She laughed as he swept her into his arms.

"You promise you'll visit on the weekends?" Daniel asked.

"We're only twenty minutes away from each other," Melody said, stroking his cheek.

"More like an hour with traffic," Daniel grinned.

They kissed, something they'd had a lot of practice doing the last few months of the school year and all of the summer before both heading off to college, Daniel to UCLA and Melody to UCI. Melody had decided to use the gifts of her body and brain that she'd miraculously received. She'd studied hard and was finally away from Katie's controlling parents. She was determined to reap the rewards of her freedom.

"Hey," she whispered, her hands slipping down Daniel's body, "How about you close those blinds and we christen my bed?"

Daniel obliged and soon he'd slipped into Melody with a sigh, as she clenched around his hot cock she moaned, satisfied with her physical pleasure and her new life.

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