

Possession

ACCIDENTAL MIND MELD



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Possession - Accidental Mind Meld

Body Swap - Gender Transformation

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POSSESSION - ACCIDENTAL MIND MELD

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[CHAPTER ONE](#)

Cressida Jackson is a nasty, horrible bitch. She's also been my best friend since grade school.

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ON THE EVE OF HER EIGHTEENTH birthday, Kai and his best friend Cressida stand on her rooftop balcony. She's conjured a potion, convinced she can harness incredible powers under the light of the night-shining clouds. But something goes horribly wrong. Kai merges into Cressida's body. And he's the only one who can stop her reign of tyranny as he also tries to keep her from destroying the one thing he loves—her boyfriend.

....

POSSESSION is a male-into-female body merge story. Filled with magic, body possession, MtF, and MF explicit scenes.

CRESSIDA JACKSON IS a nasty, horrible bitch. She's also been my best friend since grade school. I still wasn't sure what drew me to her that first day, but here I was, almost thirteen years later, still Cressida's little bag boy. I tipped my head in acknowledgment of Mr. Ben, the doorman at the Westbay towers. He'd been working at the building since Cressida moved in at five years old. And he's still here on the night before her eighteenth birthday.

Mr. Ben eyed me with my arms full of bags and boxes. He knew who I was going to see. I only came to the bay towers to see Cressida, and I knew he had to wonder why I was still friends with her after all these years. She was gorgeous and rich, and just in case anyone around her didn't know it, she made sure they knew that her father was also powerfully connected. She lived in the penthouse suite and most of the time her father was out of the country. Since my mom was a nurse and was usually either at work or sleeping, both of us spent most of our lives unsupervised. I usually spent my spare time volunteering at the various boy's clubs around the city, while Cressida spent her time pampering herself or working on one of her spells. Oh yeah, I forgot that part, she also fancied herself a witch. And not like, a goth girl kind of witch, but one who secretly hoped she could conquer a spell and rule the world like that ugly sorcerer in Aladdin. I pictured it going just like that too, she'd float up over the world with a wicked laugh of incredible power.

I held tight to the boxes and bags as I entered the elevator, my harried expression bouncing back to me in the perfectly shined mirrors. I'd allowed my normal buzz cut to grow out, and Cressida hated it. My dark brown locks almost hung to my eyes, and I liked the way they seemed to add focus to my penetrating eyes. Upon Cressida's insistence, I allowed her to drag me to the clothing stores and buy me new clothes. Too lean for my frame, I'd never found clothes that quite suited me, but Cressida seemed to have a knack for it. I looked trim and put together, and I gave my reflection and tight smile before stepping off onto the top floor.

Cressida was waiting for me at the door, a bored look on her face, her eyes turned downward as she passively inspected her new manicure. She was dressed like she was going to the hottest club in town, wearing a lacy black dress that looked more suited for swanky lingerie. She stepped back as I neared, allowing me entrance but not offering to take any packages from my arms, even though they were all for her.

"I'm not sure about my new manicurist," she said. "I asked for almond French tips and these look more stiletto." Cressida continued prattling on about

her nails as I set to depositing the bags and the boxes over her kitchen countertop. “Oh,” she said, after I’d already settled everything in, “don’t put them there.”

I saved myself from puffing out an annoyed breath, and instead, bit into my lip, and upon her instruction, I moved all the bags and boxes onto the rooftop balcony.

“It’s freezing out here,” I said, as another gust of wind threatened to rip the bags free from my grasp.

“Kai,” she said with an exaggerated huff, “how am I supposed to harness the powers of the night-shining clouds without access to night-shining clouds? You know that this is the night for them to appear. I’ve been searching the meteorological sites all day, it’s the perfect storm for them to accumulate in the atmosphere tonight. And once midnight strikes, and I turn eighteen, the power will all be mine.”

“Okay, Cressy,” I said as I settled the bags down.

“Puh-leez,” she whined. “How many times do I have to ask you to stop calling me that? I grew out of that nickname in the fifth grade.”

“Okay,” I mumbled. I wished I’d just told her I was busy tonight, but I knew she’d know I was lying. She’d been talking about the night-shining clouds for the last six months. They would light up the sky as ice crystals in the atmosphere reflected off of them. And for some reason, Cressida thought they’d give her some kind of ultimate powers. Cressida spoke as if she truly did have access to the night-shining clouds and that upon the incantation of her spell, the clouds would send out a tendril of power directly to her.

I was too afraid to ask her if she truly believed in such things, or if the boredom of a rich girl who could have anything she wanted forced her to believe in it so that she had something to do with her time.

She’d already spent the entire weekend celebrating her birthday at the hottest private underage nightclub in town. And now that it was Monday night—which was apparently not a fancy night to have a celebration—it would just be the two of us ringing in her eighteenth birthday come midnight. I honestly wasn’t sure what she was going to say when the time came and went and she didn’t harness some sort of all-powerful, all-encompassing powers and become ruler of the world.

An unwanted chuckle burst from my lips and she turned to me, annoyed at my unwanted outburst.

“You don’t believe in me, do you?” She crossed her arms over her chest, automatically jutting out her tits for show.

I rolled my eyes at her. She could show off those damn things to me as much as she wanted. I still wasn't interested, and she knew it. She just refused to accept it. Even after thirteen years of friendship, she still expected me to come to my senses and pursue her. Of which she'd certainly deny me, because I'd yet to become rich, powerful, or gain 100 pounds of rippling muscle.

Cressida huffed out an angry burst of air. Then she giggled, grabbing me by my arm and pulling me to her. She crushed my body against her, my thin frame feeling every inch of her taut, curvaceous body. She tugged at my hips, my cock settling against the soft apex of her thighs. "Why won't you come to the dark side, Kai? Don't you ever wonder what it would be like?"

She squeezed me back against her, not really expecting an answer. She'd been asking me this same question for the last five years—at least. What she didn't know is that I did wonder what being someone else would be like, but not in the way she was questioning. I didn't lust after Cressida Jackson because I wanted to touch her, I lusted after her because I wanted to *be* her.

WE SPREAD OUT THE BOTTLES and tinctures around us. It was heading toward midnight, and the sky was already filled with the electric blue swirls of the night-shining clouds. I wore one of Cressida's heavy winter coats, the fur hood pulled up over my head and a heavy scarf around my face and neck. I figured I looked ridiculous, but I didn't care. Cressida continued measuring and mixing, her pale legs glimmering in the tight black dress she wore. Her fingers were pinkened with the cold, but otherwise, she appeared immune to the surrounding atmosphere. I supposed if I believed I was about to become a great and powerful sorceress in less than an hour, I'd be unaffected by the cold too.

My teeth began chattering, and Cressida gave me the side eye as she precisely calculated her next addition to her cauldron. *Oh yeah, how could I forget?* We also sat around a large, black witch's cauldron. No, things weren't weird here at all. I figured once midnight came and went, and Cressida realized she wasn't a powerful witch who'd been blessed with all-encompassing powers, she'd kick me out of her house and I could go home—home to where even if it was small and lonely, at least it was warm.

"Hold this," she commanded.

My hand trembled as I held it out to her. She shook the ingredients out of one of the bottles, and some non-distinct, dried-up things fell into my hand. I gagged as they touched my skin, my manliness not extending to gross, shriveled things touching me. I shoved them toward her, hoping she'd quickly relieve me of their presence.

"Nope," she said, shaking her head. "Those are last, and I need you to hold onto them for me."

"*Whuh*-what are they?" I asked, gagging.

"Newt tails."

She said this so matter-of-fact, and not in the totally girly, squealy way that I felt bubbling up inside of me, that I thought at first she must be teasing me, but when Cressida turned back to her potion and ignored my discomfort, I knew that I did, in fact, have a handful of newt tails. I retched, trying desperately to determine how to hold onto the tails without actually having to, you know, *hold* onto the tails. But before I could contemplate this further, a terrible gust of wind whipped across the rooftop, and some of the dried-up bits of lizard's tail scattered free from my hand. I quickly closed my fist as Cressida turned back to me, and I smiled thinly. "Still safe," I lied. I could feel at least one of the gross

tails in my hand. I just hoped she wouldn't notice, and I could add the ingredient in without her realizing that I had one tail in my hand now and not half a dozen. Because I was definitely *not* going to be the brunt of Cressida's rage when she couldn't finish her potion at the *only time* on the *only day* of her *entire lifetime* that *the stars aligned* for her to become great and powerful.

I bit into my lip, trying to force down the giggle I felt building inside of me. My life was a mess and it was just getting weirder. I wanted the body of my best friend, the girl that I couldn't stand. We currently sat on a rooftop in the bitter cold because I was too much of a pussy to tell her no. And to top it off, she thought, truly thought, I now knew, that she'd become a great and powerful sorceress in a moment's time. I chuckled. I couldn't help it. The insanity of it all got to me. I kept picturing her pouring out of that genie lamp in a burst of mist with a wicked cackle. I knew she'd be wearing some sort of slinky lingerie, heels too pointy, tits too high, blonde hair swirling around her shoulders in some sort of wicked tornado.

Cressida eyed me out of the corner of her eye. I knew if she wasn't currently delicately measuring out liquid from a bottle labeled *bat drool*, she'd have said something nasty about my reaction to this.

I tried to huddle my body down deeper into the heavy coat. I tucked my neck in, hoping the soft fur collar would break some of the icy breeze, but it didn't work. I was chilled to the bone. My body began trembling so badly that I now shook uncontrollably. I squeezed my fist closed, trying desperately to hold onto the remaining newt tail.

"Where's Draven?" I asked, trying to distract myself from the bone-chilling cold.

"I'm going to break up with him," she said.

"Why?" I squealed a bit too excitedly. I cleared my throat when Cressida cast me a sideways glance, her eyes narrowing as she assessed me. "I mean, *why*?" I said with my voice unnaturally deepened.

My heart pounded in my chest. I'd been crazy about Draven since the moment Cressida started dating him three months ago. He was nothing like her other rich boyfriends had been. He was kind and gentle with big manly hands and...

Cressida was still staring at me. I pressed my knees together, hiding the warmth I felt spreading between my legs.

"He just seemed nice, is all," I mumbled.

I could still feel Cressida's eyes on me, but I ignored her gaze. I stared out across the rooftop, toward the massive, towering buildings in the distance. Tonight, they were cast with a bluish glow from the night-shining clouds that

appeared to settle down from the heavens above. "They really are beautiful," I said.

When I turned to Cressida, I felt the heat of her gaze. Passively she turned from me and back to her simmering cauldron, but I knew from her stiff movements, that she'd reacted poorly to my questions about Draven.

"You know," she said, "maybe you're right. Maybe Draven is nice, and I should give him a second chance." She carefully dripped three drops of liquid from an amber bottle into her pot before continuing. "He's really good at licking my pussy."

My chest swirled with heat. I knew what she was doing. She sensed me in her territory, and she was going to make sure I stayed away.

"His cock barely fits in my mouth too." Cressida tipped her head back, opening her mouth and sticking out her tongue. "I do have such a dainty mouth though..." And then she turned her wicked eyes down to me. "Just like *you*."

My cheeks flushed red, the heat of them searing through the penetrating wind of the icy night. I swallowed heavily, trying desperately to will myself somewhere, *anywhere* than where I was right then. I could feel the wrath of Cressida as if her anger, her jealousy, her *rage* over me coveting after the boyfriend she didn't even want, I could feel it as if it were a tangible being.

I skittered backward as she swirled her hand over the top of the bubbling pot. "You do know what I could do to someone who betrayed me, don't you Kai?"

I bobbed my head up and down. I'd seen how she'd destroyed people, how she was true to your face until you did something that enraged her. I hadn't said anything. I hadn't *done* anything, yet her just knowing that I coveted something she had was enough to turn her charity from good to evil.

"You've wanted him all this time, haven't you?"

I stumbled to my feet, backward across the rooftop balcony.

"You don't want me. You don't covet *me*, because *you* want my boyfriend. You. Want. To. Fuck. My. Boyfriend."

Cressida rose to her full height, her high heels putting her eyes above mine as she leered down at me. I had nowhere to go, she'd placed herself between me and the penthouse doors. Not that I expected her to chuck me over the edge, but from the way she glared at me, I was concerned that she had considered the thought.

"I-I never did anything," I said, my voice small. "I've always been loyal to you, Cressy."

Loyal. The word rolled around my tongue like the bite of a poisonous apple.

“Ah!” she hollered. “Stop with that horrid nickname!”

I fumbled my phone from my pocket, flickering on the screen and staring down at the brilliant glow. “*Luh*-look,” I stammered, my fear and the cold sending my teeth chattering. “You only have two minutes.”

“Arggh!” she screamed, throwing her hands into the air. “Look at what you’ve almost made me do. Midnight. MIDNIGHT!” she screamed with vehemence. “This is the only time. The *only time* in my *entire life* that this spell with work and *you’ve* almost made me miss it.”

“One minute,” I said meekly.

Cressida stormed away from me and over to her simmering cauldron. I didn’t know why, but for some reason, now it had a simmering mist flowing up from its depths.

“Hurry up!” she hollered. “You have the final ingredient.” She held out her phone, the moments until midnight ticking closer to its end. “I *knew* you didn’t want this for me.” Her demeanor was calm, but her words seethed from her lips.

When I reached the cauldron and held my closed fist over the pot, she gripped my wrist, digging her nails into the flesh of my hand, and forcing my fingers open. There in my hand lay a single newt tail, instead of the pile she’d given me. “I knew it!” she screamed with rage. Her usually pristine face twisted into a purple rage, her hand twisting my wrist around until it pained. The single newt tail blew from my hand, but instead of blowing away, it floated down slowly into the awaiting pot.

Both Cressida and my eyes were locked onto the cauldron as the night struck midnight, and a forceful bubbling started within. She tipped her eyes skyward, muttering the spell under her breath as the blue night-shining clouds came to a condensed point above our heads. Static filled the air, the fur around the edges of the coat stood on end, and my body felt enlivened. And then, as quickly as the energy came, it was gone. Like we stood in the eye of a powerful storm, the night around us had calmed into total silence.

“Holy shit,” I muttered. “Holy shit, it’s actually working.”

Cressida’s nails tightened in my palm, so fierce that I almost squealed, but as the sound was bubbling in my throat, it died off with the shifting of the clouds overhead. Her grip on me relaxed, and I turned my eyes down from the heavens and to her face. Her head was still tipped upward, her eyes wide, her mouth open, but she appeared unmoving. And then everything felt soft, floating. Like I’d fallen asleep with my eyes opened, I could no longer interact with the world around me, but only see it.

“Cressida?” I questioned, but I heard no sound. And it was then that I realized everything was deathly silent. In a city full of constant noise and motion, I heard... nothing. I pushed my finger into my ear, wondering what had rendered me unhearing, but it was then that I realized I *felt* nothing either.

I turned my hands over in front of me. They were hazy, my image shifting as if flickering in a dense fog.

“Cressida?” my voice squealed out. I sensed myself floating, but then I blinked, blinking again, and there I still was below my line of sight. I could see myself! I still stood there next to the cauldron, my hand clenched painfully tight within Cressida’s grip.

Was I dead? Did I die upon her spell?

I watched in horror as my solid body began to dissipate, its form becoming more and more transparent.

The body that floated above the ground shifted lightly as if upon a breeze.

“No!” I hollered. “No!” But my form held no sound, it held no solidity, it held nothing but consciousness. I floated toward Cressida, the pressure greater as I neared her, my consciousness slowly sucking into her opened mouth. I screamed, reaching for my other image, desperate to be rejoined with it. But it too was almost gone. Now thoroughly transparent, I could see through my form to the towering buildings and their brilliant lights beyond. The world around us suddenly came back to life, and my body on the ground dissipated upon the breeze. And then, with a sudden burst of reanimation, Cressida sucked in a heavy gasp of air, and my consciousness was sucked inside of her, silently screaming.

A wail left my lungs. It was dark and warm but hollow and frightening. Cressida fell to her knees, her hands jammed into her ears. I continued to wail as Cressida thrashed around, shaking her head wildly.

“Stop!” she hollered. “Stop!”

The forcefulness of her voice—the way it seemed to rumble through my consciousness—forced me into silence.

Slowly, trembling, she stood to her feet. Her body wavered, and I felt like I stood upon a quaking ship.

She pushed her palm against her ear when I sighed, and she looked curiously around the rooftop.

“Kai? Kai?”

“I’m right here,” I said.

Cressida turned wildly, expecting me to be standing behind her.

“*Whuh*-where are you?”

“Here,” I said.

Cressida wrapped her arms around her chest, and I felt a sudden heaviness on my front.

“I’m right here,” I said again.

Cressida waved her hands next to her ears like she was trying to ward off a surge of angry bugs.

“Are you tiny now?” she asked, looking around her feet.

I tried to see, but I only saw darkness. *Was I tiny? Had Cressida grown with her summoned powers?*

“Show yourself to me!” she growled.

I felt the pull upon my body, the surge of power upon her command. I drifted upward, my consciousness tickling closer to her mouth, but as she opened her lips, puffing out an agitated burst of air, I remained.... *locked inside Cressida’s body?*

CRESSIDA STORMED ACROSS the rooftop. Her anger swirled around me. I felt hot, too hot. I tried to separate myself from the emotions I felt, and then, miraculously, Cressida calmed. She walked slower, her steps soft yet purposeful as she made her way from the rooftop and through the doors into the penthouse.

She paused, uncertain, like she'd forgotten why she entered the room.

"Kai? Where are you? Is this some kind of trick?"

She lifted her fingers to her face. I sensed the movement, but my vision was stilted at best. Her fingertips appeared to glimmer with a flickering light.

"It worked!" she cried. "It worked!"

She pointed her finger outward, and a brilliant burst of blue light exited her fingertip. The logs in the fireplace crackled to life, and Cressida squealed with delight.

"Where are you, you quivering bitch?" she cried out into the empty room. "Look at me, Kai! You doubted me. You doubted me all along. But look at me now!"

She sent out another stream of magic, this one sending a vicious burst of flame into the family portrait on the mantle.

She cackled wildly as it burst into a rush of flames before disintegrating upon itself.

"All the thing I can do!" she hollered. "Everyone. They will quake beneath me."

She sent out another tendril of magic, this one loosening a heavy vase off its pedestal near the front door. It shattered onto the ground, its pieces scattering.

Cressida continued to zap things off the walls and loosen pots from their racks in the kitchen. The entire room burst into a steady string of cacophony, and soon the buzzer started at the door.

But Cressida either didn't hear it or ignored it, because she'd taken to heaving dishes across the room. They flew like violent frisbees, shattering into the heavy mantle above the fireplace. Flames burst from the confines, and black rings of melted carpet settled upon the floor.

Whoever was at the door went from ringing the bell to banging heavily on the door. The sound finally got Cressida's attention, and she stomped across the room and flung open the door.

There stood Draven. He wore a loosely buttoned collar shirt and a pair of slick grey dress pants. His muscles bulged at his thighs and his biceps, his pale blue eyes laced with concern.

My vision shimmered. The picture of him wavered in front of me like a mirage. And then, suddenly, I was kissing him. I shrieked in shock as he cupped my face, his hand warm and gentle on my skin.

Cressida jammed her hands against her ears and Draven stared at her with unease as she twisted away from the voice in her head.

Shit. Shit. Shit, I muttered.

"Stop it!" Cressida snapped. "Stop it!"

"Cressida?" Draven asked, his voice soft and delicate. "Are you okay?"

He peered past her and into the destroyed living room.

"Did you get robbed?" he asked, pushing past her and into the house.

"No I didn't get robbed!" she snapped. "I did this?"

"You did this?"

My vision fluttered but I could tell Draven was concerned that he'd just walked into the middle of Cressida having a complete tantrum.

He took a step back from her.

"Stop him!" I hollered. "You're letting him get away!"

Cressida pressed her palms into her ears. "Where are you?" she snapped.

"Cressida?" Draven's deep voice trembled as he backed to the door. "Are you hearing voices?"

Cressida slammed the heels of her hands into her ears, trying to force my words out of her head.

I felt a dull pain against the side of my head. And with a flickering burst, my vision merged with Cressida's.

There was Draven. His blue eyes were wild, his muscles taut, as he backed away from Cressida—*us!*—amid the chaos.

I can see! The words burst free from my thoughts and into Cressida's mind.

"I'm losing it," she shrieked. She pulled at her hair, her blonde locks sticking out on end.

Draven stood there with his mouth agape as Cressida lost her mind. He didn't know if he should try to help her or if he should run away.

But deep down inside, I was terrified that he'd leave us. Us. Me and Cressida. *We were one now, weren't we?* Something had gone terribly wrong with her spell. She'd gained her powers, but as she'd gripped my hand in hers, something else had happened. We'd merged.

I tried to turn her head toward Draven. I was desperate to know if he was still in the room with us or not. All the thoughts, all the *feelings* that I'd been hiding came bubbling to the surface. Never in my life had I been more scared than I was right now. Locked inside Cressida's body, I yearned for him to hold me. I yearned for him to tell me it would be okay.

I sent out my thoughts, reaching toward him, and then, surprisingly, Cressida's arms lifted from her side. She fought for control, desperate to retain the autonomy of her own body. But my thoughts, my will, it was stronger. I needed to touch him. I needed to reach him and beg him to stay. Beg him to hold me and tell me that everything would be okay.

As Cressida stood there, frozen in the middle of the destroyed room with her arms outstretched in longing, Draven paused his retreat.

Hold me, I begged.

"Hold me," Cressida said, her words mimicking my own.

I could feel her body twitch, the confusion she had over the words being forced from her lips. She stiffened when Draven pulled her into his arms, but when I sighed with relief, for relief that in that moment he no longer retreated from us, she relaxed into his grasp.

I inhaled deeper, Cressida's body reacting in kind, and I scented his soft cologne. It was dim and faded now, but I would recognize that smell anywhere. It warmed my chest, pulling my breath in deeper.

Draven pulled us back from him, curious over the uncommon affection. "What's going on with you?" he asked. He chuckled, pulling us back into his arms. I hated that she'd never given him the affection he'd deserved before, never the support, never the love.

And then I felt her starting to pull away from me. I felt her anger, felt her power. I tried desperately to reel her back in, to force a calmness about her, but her consciousness resisted me. With a sudden push of anger, she forced herself from Draven's arms.

The warmth I'd felt while in his arms fell away, and all I could feel was the anger pouring off Cressida.

"I don't need you," she spat.

Draven's eyes widened. His face was a mask of fear and pain.

"I'm powerful now!" she hollered. "Look at me!"

And with that, Cressida unleashed a tendril of power and shot down the picture on the wall above Draven's head. It shattered into pieces, and he threw his arms over his head, desperate to protect himself from the broken pieces of glass.

He hollered, his voice deep and bellowing. Lunging to the side, he dove onto the couch just as she unleashed another burst of magic and loosened the mantle from its resting place.

"You're mad!" he hollered. But Draven stayed down, a pillow over his head as Cressida continued to rain down fury around him.

I sent my consciousness outward, struggling to grasp onto her mind. I wanted to yell out to Draven, to tell him to run. To tell him that she'd become too powerful. But as I saw him quivering upon the couch, a wave of sadness overtook me. And with that, Cressida stilled.

"No!" she hollered as she sensed me controlling her. She flicked her wrist, intent on sending a bolt directly at Draven, at the one thing I craved, but the magic fizzled upon her fingertips.

She screamed in rage, her pent-up fury propelling her body forward even as I tried to hold it back. Her body jerked and twisted as she desperately tried to throw herself at Draven.

And then, sensing the fight I would continue to give her, she changed her tactic. She ran her hand down her skirt, patted her hair down, and brushed the debris from her front.

"Don't be afraid of me, baby," she soothed. "Come on, come on up here. I won't hurt you."

No! I hollered from inside her head. *Don't you dare! Leave him alone!*

She chuckled—a vicious, wicked chuckle that caused Draven to pause halfway off the couch.

She hefted up her tits and plastered a false smile on her lips. "I'm just a little upset, is all," she said in a placating voice. "You see, it's my birthday—my official birthday and I've turned eighteen."

Draven nodded his head, uncertain where this was going.

Cressida stuck out her lip into an exaggerated pout. And I felt something, the pressure of my lips moving. I pictured my hand reaching upward, and when I did, Cressida lifted her hand to her lips. From the way she jerked it away from her face, I knew that she was surprised at its movement. I concentrated harder, trying to force my consciousness to control hers. She moved closer to Draven, her toes practically touching his own.

I could feel the sizzling fire of the magic she was conjuring in her hand. Not only had Draven witnessed her new magic, but she was done with him, and refused to allow anyone else to have him.

She lured him in, her soft lips puckering outward, her other hand draping across the back of his neck and pulling his face down to hers.

I tried to resist her movements. I tried desperately to damper the brewing magic I felt sizzling at her fingertips, but her power could not be controlled.

She pushed herself upward, so close to his lips now that I could feel his breath upon my skin.

I tried harder, desperate to hold onto the sensation and shut Cressida's magic down.

My chest was warm and heavy. I felt the weight of her tits on my front, and the way my nipples hardened as they pressed against Draven's firm chest. Nerves swirled in my stomach, a fluttering sensation that made me lightheaded. Draven's lips were so close to ours.

As our lips collided, Cressida brought her hand upward, her fingers seeking out the core of Draven's chest. Her magic was concentrated. I felt her desire within me as if it were my own—she was planning on sending a bolt of magic straight into Draven's heart. Then she'd call the police, blame him for ruining the penthouse, and destroy his reputation.

I screamed inside her head, desperate to distract her. I felt the twitch of her muscles as the sounds of my screams crescendoed. But, she held fast. Her grip was powerful, her fingers digging into the back of Draven's neck.

Please, I begged. Don't do this.

Cressida tipped her head backward, disconnecting their kiss, and screaming toward the heavens. "He is not yours!"

"But I love him." The words, so powerful yet so simply put, they burst from my thoughts and through Cressida's lips.

Draven looked toward us, his eyes dazed.

Cressida's body had gone slack, the magic about her fingers fizzling off, and her head lolling down to her chest.

"Cressida? Cressida? Are you okay?"

I felt myself floating up from the floor as Draven scooped me up in his arms and cradled me against his chest. No longer did I feel the pull of Cressida's rage, or the restraint of her movements as I rolled my head into his chest.

"It's okay," he soothed. "I've got you."

Carefully Draven carried me over the debris, through the living room, and to Cressida's bedroom door.

"Not in there," I said as he reached for the handle.

Without a word, Draven turned from the door and carried me to the spare bedroom. Here the air felt light, free of Cressida's aura, and free of her tyranny.

Draven set me down lightly upon the bed, and for the first time, my consciousness seemed to meld into my new body. I stared down at myself as

Draven opened the drapes, allowing in the dimpled blue light of night. From this angle, I could only see my breasts, but they were full and pert, the curves of them soft and milky. I ran my hands down my new stomach, and then down to my full hips. I loved the way they jutted out from my nipped-in waist, and Draven stared down at me, amused, as he watched me repeatedly enjoying the sensation.

“Are you sure you’re okay? Should I call someone?”

Tentatively I parted my lips, afraid to try out my new voice all by myself.

“I’m—” I chirped out. I cleared my throat, starting again. “I’m... okay.” My voice was soft and light, with none of the brusqueness that I usually heard when talking to Cressida.

He sat down carefully on the bed next to me, the weight of his body tipping my new, feminine body toward him. His brilliant blue eyes were wide, curious as he locked onto my gaze. “Did you mean what you said?” He pressed his lips closed, nervous, before reopening them. “Do you really love me?”

I sat up suddenly, becoming lightheaded, and I swooned forward. Draven caught me in his arms, pulling me into his lap. “I do,” I said, looking up into his beautiful eyes. “I have from the first moment I met you.”

Draven crashed his lips into my own, and my body exploded with emotions. Heat lit through my chest, and the weight of him pressed against my full breasts. A warmth started between my legs, something tingling and softly enjoyable. I began running my hands over his body, desperate to touch every inch of him.

Upon my tender caresses, Draven wrapped me tighter into his arms, pulling me impossibly tight against him. His tongue sought mine, and I moaned into his mouth. I suddenly wanted his hands all over my new body. I reached my hands back behind me, desperate to loosen the zipper of my dress. I giggled into his mouth, wondering how Cressida had ever gotten herself into this. I felt a niggle of thought at the corner of my mind, a thought of Cressida, fierce and angry, but I pushed it down, away. I knew she was still in there somewhere, watching, unable to react as her boyfriend ran his hands over my body. I pulled his hands to my zipper, and his eyes widened in excitement.

“You mean it? You want to?”

I nodded my head wildly. The excitement of Draven taking me was too much for me to handle. For all the talk Cressida did, I knew now, that she and Draven had never slept together before. More than likely, it was another way for her to control him, but now, with her consciousness pushed aside, I promised I would give Draven the kind of girlfriend that he deserved.

Tenderly, he unzipped my dress, before he ran his strong hands down my back, trying to relieve me of the tight fabric.

I found myself giggling as he tugged at the dress, desperate to remove it from my body.

"I'll help," I laughed, as I jiggled myself around. My new tits bounced, and that seemed to drive Draven wild. I all but begged him to touch them, and soon, I was tugging at my lace bra, releasing one of my tits for him to admire.

"They're so fucking beautiful," Draven said. I gasped as he plunged my nipple between his lips and suckled at the hardened flesh. Powerful sensations shot through my new body, my nipples twisting harder with each suck against them.

Draven stood upward, picking me free from his lap and laying me carefully on the bed. I gestured to him, desperate for him to lose his pants and climb on top of me.

His erect cock stood out from his boxers, and then tantalizingly slow, it was finally revealed to me. Its head was pink and swollen, the tip glistening with shimmering precum. As he swung his leg over me, I captured his swollen cock in my hand and daintily ran my tongue over its tip. A gasp left Draven's lips, and he stared down at me in surprise.

"Who are you?"

"*Whuh-whuh duh* you mean?" I asked, with his cock swirling across my lips.

"You'd never suck my cock before!"

My chest burned with angry heat. I could feel Cressida's rage from within me. Every one of her lies was being exposed.

"I just want to treat you like you deserve to be treated," I said. And I said it extra loudly, to make sure that Cressida knew exactly how I felt. I'd treat Draven exactly the way he deserved to be treated, and that started with shoveling the man's cock into the back of my throat.

Draven started moaning as his cock hit the back of my throat and I sucked against it. I bobbed my head up and down, my desperation and desire for him pulsating from within me.

He moaned and sputtered, and within moments, he pushed my head back with a gasp.

"You need to stop. Please. Cressida. You're going to make me cum."

"Call me Cressy," I said. My tongue tickled at the tip of his cock, and he sputtered out a moan before speaking.

"You always hated when Kai called you that."

"*Puh-lease?*" I begged.

Draven nodded wildly and I pulled him down on top of me.

His cock was hard and wet, and it settled into the warmth of my cunt. He rocked into me, carefully, slowly stroking across my folds. "Are you in?" I asked, my body shivering in pleasure.

"Not yet," he said with a throaty chuckle.

"Please," I said. "I want to feel you inside of me."

Draven grabbed his cock, teasing at my entrance, before carefully pushing into my warm center. I gasped as he filled me, his cock slick and firm inside of me.

"You're so tight," he gasped. He collapsed on top of me, his heavy weight crashing against my tits. He tried to push up from me, but I held him tight, enjoying the way his body overwhelmed mine.

Slowly he began stroking in and out of me. Both of us were touching and feeling and gasping and writhing together. Warmth spread up into my core, and I felt a heavy tingling in my new pussy.

"Draven," I panted out. "I think I'm going to cum."

Draven stroked deeper, harder into me. His lips whispered breaths of pleasure against my neck and his muscles began to tremble.

"Me too," he gasped. "Cressy, baby, you're going to make me cum."

"Cum inside me," I begged. "Please."

With a grunted moan, Draven rocked his cock deep into my cunt. His body pulsed, and I could feel his semen spurt from his cock. A powerful surge of energy overtook my body, and I felt weightless and powerful. My body convulsed, and an overwhelming pleasure left my body. Draven's cock continued to pulse inside of me, and we wrapped each other tight within our embrace.

My eyes flew open, realizing the ceiling was closer than it should be, and that the magic Cressida had harnessed was still contained within my new body. With a burst of heavy air, I relaxed my emotions, and we settled back down onto the bed.

Draven opened his eyes, his gaze settling upon me. "I love you too," he said.

And as Draven pressed his lips to mine, I heard a little voice screaming in the back of my mind. Draven's lips drew down and across my neck, and I smiled upward at the ceiling. I was rich, powerful, and I had the man I loved. My only step now was to get rid of the other voice in my head. Forever.

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PREVIEW – Stealing Mrs. Tingle

WHEN TWO BEST FRIENDS witness a meteor crashing to Earth, and then the aftermath of government agents flooding their town, they know they'll need to do something drastic to hide what they know. Watching through their bedroom window to the rich widow next door, they devise a plan, a plan that will change all of them, forever.

Stealing Mrs. Tingle is a male-to-female body swap and gender transformation story. A mixture of dark and sweet, there are sci-fi themes, along with body theft and a HFN (happy for now) ending.

CHAPTER ONE

JASON TIPPED HIS HEAD back, eyeing his friend Jamie who sat on the bed behind him.

“Who’s she fucking now?” Jamie asked him when he saw that Jason had taken his eyes away from the telescope for a moment.

“I can’t tell,” Jason said. He leaned forward, trying to adjust the sight on his scope. They were supposed to be working on an assignment for astronomy class, but Jason couldn’t help it, the sexy widow across the street had caught his eye. There were some times, like late at night and she only had her thin curtain drawn, that he’d caught the outline of her undressing, and then he spent the rest of the night fantasizing about her. Her body was hot and tight for her age. It probably helped that her husband, Dr. Tingle, had been filthy rich, and sure Mrs. Tingle was probably nipped and tucked and enhanced in more ways than Jason realized, but he for one, didn’t care. After Dr. Tingle died—a man more than twenty years older than his wife—things had been quiet at the Tingle house for a few months. He suspected the widow wanted people to believe that she grieved her husband’s death, but now, she sought out all the things she’d been missing while married. Last week he’d noticed one of the neighbors down the street go to her house late at night. Jason had stayed up until after 2 AM, waiting for the man to leave. He knew Mrs. Tingle would always go to her ensuite bathroom and shower, and that’s when he’d catch the sight of her undressing.

He knew he was a bit of a perv. Sure, he should have just turned his head the first time he’d noticed that he could easily see her silhouette at night, but he couldn’t help it. That woman made his cock tingle and he couldn’t look away. Even when he’d seen something that he shouldn’t, he still couldn’t stop.

“Dude,” Jamie said from behind him. “I get that the MILF gives you a boner and all, but we’ve got to get this assignment in by Monday or Mr. Fitz is going to have our asses.”

Without a word, Jason tipped his telescope up, before looking down at his notes, and adjusting his sights.

“She does give me a boner,” he said after a few moments.

Jamie laughed behind him. “Man, I don’t know if you want to fuck Mrs. Tingle more, or you want to *be* Mrs. Tingle more.”

Jason turned to his friend, moving out of the way so that Jamie could sit in front of the telescope. At least he paid attention in class. Jason had no idea what he should be looking for. He was silent for a moment while Jamie looked

between his notes and the eye of the telescope. "What do you think she's like?" he finally asked.

"Huh?" Jamie asked, his back still to him.

"Mrs. Tingle. I mean, she's rich as fuck, right? I bet she's not all meek and mild in bed."

Jamie snorted, then turned to his friend after he found what he was looking for through the telescope. "If you spent less time dreaming about the slutty lady next door and more time paying attention to what's going on here, you'd have found it on your own. It's all right here in our notes."

"I can't help it," Jason said grumpily. "She parades those men in and out of her house with not a worry in the world."

Jamie shrugged. "Why should she worry? She could buy the houses of everyone on this street. I doubt she cares what a single one of your neighbors thinks."

"Yeah," Jason said morosely. "I suppose you're right."

"Jealous much?" his friend teased.

"Fuck yeah, I'm jealous," Jason grumbled. "She's banging a new dude every night and is so rich she doesn't need to care what a single person thinks about her. She can get away with anything. I'd take that life."

"You know she's a bitch though, right? I mean, I haven't talked to her personally, but I've heard your mom complain about her enough times to know."

Jason shrugged. "Yeah, I know. But still..." He stared out the window into the darkness beyond. Mrs. Tingle's bathroom light was off, but he could see a sliver of glowing light beyond it. Jason couldn't help but picture her with her sculpted thighs gripped in her manicured hands, her plump pussy getting railed by whoever had slunk in through her front door earlier.

"Whoa!" Jamie exclaimed, interrupting Jason's daydream with his startled gasp.

Jason turned to him. He had his eye pressed tight to the eyepiece, his body craning forward off the bed.

For a moment, he didn't say anything, but when Jason poked him in his side, he turned to him. "I... I saw something."

Jason wrinkled his nose. "Like what? A shooting star?"

"No, man. More than that. Way more than that!"

He jammed his eye back against the eyepiece, scanning the sky. "I can still see the glowing," he said. He flung back suddenly, squeezing his eyes shut. "Holy fuck," he muttered, blinking his eyes and then opening them wide. "Something happened."

Jason stood, moving to the window and pressing his forehead against the glass. His mouth fell open in surprise. "The whole mountain is glowing."

Jamie grumbled behind him, still rubbing at his eyes. "Yeah, I told you. It's like a fucking meteor from outer space."

Jason turned to his friend, wondering when his head would ever get out of the sky and join earth again. *Meteor from outer space. Ha! Next, he'd be talking about little green men.*

Jason looked back out the window but the glowing seemed to have been erased from the mountain just as quickly as it had consumed it. Now there was only darkness beyond. Jamie's image filled the glass next to him, his eyes watering as he stood, peering out into the night.

"I swear, it had to be a meteor."

Jason eyed Jamie skeptically, but decided to humor him because he certainly knew more about... well, everything, compared to Jason. "Should we go look for it?"

Jamie shook his head. "It could be anywhere on that mountain."

"Ah, well, that was anticlimactic." Jason plopped back down on the bed. "This is why I'd rather use the telescope on Mrs. Tingle. All this space shit is boring as, well, shit."

"It wouldn't be boring if you spent as much time trying to get a view of Mrs. Tingle's tits as you did on actually studying and discovering things."

"I'm sorry, man, Mrs. Tingle's tits are way more exciting than space. And more exciting than little green men if that's what you were hoping to find out there."

"I seriously don't know how we've stayed friends for this long."

Jason slugged Jamie in his arm. "It's because I'm awesome, dude. And if you'd lighten up a bit, you'd see that. Now let's forget about the Martians and space dust or whatever else it is that meteor brought, and let's order us some food, I'm fucking starving."

"Fine," Jamie grumbled. He rubbed at his eyes, still feeling the burning effects of the bright light of the meteor, or whatever had fallen from the sky. "Just get the pizza from Giorgios. I'm sick of that other crap you always order." He turned his eyes back to the window. The only thing he saw was his own reflection in the glass. He tipped his eyes down, watching Jason as he placed the pizza order. Maybe if it hadn't been reported in the news by tomorrow night, he'd talk him into going out and seeing if they could find it. Jamie's eyes flitted over Jason's face. He knew why they'd been friends all these years even though they were nothing alike in so many ways. Jason had taken Jamie under his wing in the second grade. He'd taken a chance on a new kid with no family.

So many terrible things should have pulled their friendship apart, but they'd stuck together through it all. Jamie would do anything for Jason, no matter what.

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