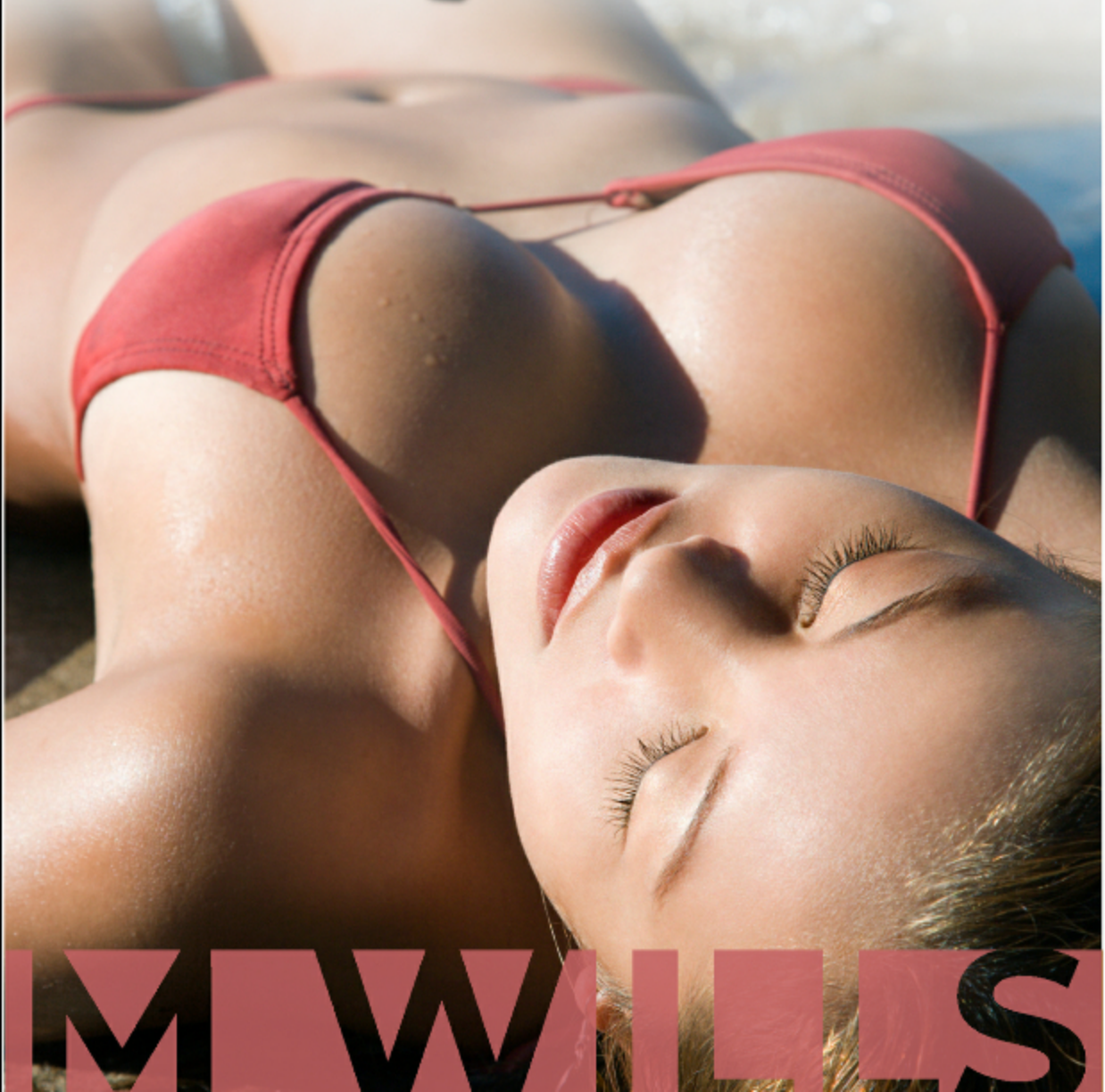


BODY THEFT EROTICA

PRIMED FOR *Takeover*



WWW.MMS

Primed for Takeover

It was like watching a trainwreck. A slow-moving, handsy trainwreck. Emily had finished her breakfast fifteen minutes earlier but couldn't quite bring herself to stand up and walk away... not when the ballsy-as-hell, middle-aged woman at the next table was engaged in a horrifying yet fascinating campaign to get into the waiter's pants. To be fair to the woman, Emily was willing to concede that the waiter's pants were sorta tempting - tight material hugging lean muscle every time he leaned over to deliver a plate or refill a glass. And he had a boyish (although increasingly forced) smile that—combined with his smooth, dark skin and sculpted Haitian features—really did make him something worth looking at.

'Looking' being the operative word.

Emily—newly and very happily married—had been content to glance over and give him an appreciative once-over. The trainwreck woman was well past just looking. She'd started her doomed seduction with coy glances and flirty comments but had now resorted to trapping the waiter with a hand 'casually' clamped on his arm as she leaned forward, elbows squeezing her aging, wrinkled boobs together, and whispered something in his ear.

Squirming with discomfort, the waiter tried to politely retrieve his arm and muttered, "Antoine. My name is Antoine."

"Antoine," she parroted, hand still firmly clamped on his forearm and the deep V of her cleavage moving ever closer towards him. "I'm Jenny. And I'm up in room 1204 with absolutely *nothing* to do all day."

Emily felt a begrudging sort of admiration for the woman; she might not be subtle but she did have moxie.

Antoine, however, was clearly unimpressed. He yanked his hand out of her clutches and said stiffly, "I'll have breakfast charged to your room, ma'am."

As he scurried away, the woman turned to Emily and sighed dramatically. "Oh well, it was worth a shot."

Faintly embarrassed to have been caught eavesdropping, Emily gave a rueful grin. "Sorry it didn't work out."

Jenny cast a last regretful look at Antoine's ass and shrugged, "C'est la vie. Though it does leave me rather at a loose end. God I'm bored!" Apparently searching for inspiration, she added, "What have you got planned today?"

Emily waved in the general direction of the pool and said feebly, "Lounge chair and a book."

Jenny snorted with gentle contempt. "Let me guess, you haven't left the resort yet have you?"

"Umm, no, not as such. I mean the guidebook said to be careful—"

"Do you live your life according to a guide book?"

Emily considered for a moment, then answered truthfully, "Kinda."

Jenny grinned goodnaturedly. "I bet you do. I bet you eat all your vegetables, avoid alcohol, shun caffeine and wear sunscreen everyday."

Emily nodded. "SPF50 all the way." Jenny was laughing at her by now, but it was a kind laugh; warm, friendly and hard to resist. Emily felt herself relax back into her chair and join in. Feeling atypically chatty—and perhaps, if she was honest, faintly lonely being on her own for the day in a foreign country—she leaned over and extended her hand. "I'm Emily."

"Jenny. Nice to meet you." They shook hands and Jenny asked, "So, what brings you to Haiti?"

Emily smiled ear to ear, still thrilled at every chance to say the words. "My honeymoon." She watched Jenny's eyes rake down to the rings on Emily's left hand and then widen in admiration.

Jenny grabbed her hand and examined the massive diamond. "Wowsa, girl. That's not a rock, that's a boulder."

"Yeah, it's..." Emily trailed off, faintly embarrassed. She'd been wearing her engagement ring for almost a year and still hadn't quite gotten used to the size of the stone. Or the colossal wealth it represented. She'd known Chris was well off before he proposed but she hadn't really comprehended just *how* well off until he'd given her the money-is-no-object diamond.

"And where have you stashed this giver of ginormous jewels?" Jenny asked. "Why'd he desert you on your honeymoon to a

dull day by the pool?"

"Oh he didn't desert me. He's scuba diving. There's some famous dive called the Zombie Hole, and Chris loves to dive, so I bought him a diving trip."

"Lucky Chris." Then Jenny gave her a knowing grin and said with resignation, "Ok, show me then."

"Show you what?"

"Come on. You're a new bride, all aglow with pride. Show me some wedding photos."

Emily laughed, unable to resist the temptation. Pulling out her phone, she scrolled to the pics she grabbed on the day.

Jenny reached over and commandeered the phone, scrolling through pic after candid pic - Emily with her besties, Emily's parents glowing with parental pride, expensive champagne, good friends, lavish food, dream venue. Jenny looked up in mock disgust. "Ok, this is just a little too perfect to be true, you do realize that don't you?"

Emily grinned. "Yeah, I got crazy lucky."

Jenny scrolled to a picture of Chris—end of the reception, lazy smile on his perfect features, tie off and shirt open a little at the collar to reveal the hard planes of his chest—and came to a screeching halt. "Oh you got *all* kinds of lucky!"

Beaming with pride, Emily took back her phone and stared at her gorgeous husband. "Yeah, he's pretty isn't he."

"I warn you, if you tell me he's also funny and great in the sack, I may just vomit with jealousy."

"I'll stay quiet then," Emily replied teasingly.

Jenny rolled her eye in mock annoyance. "Life is just plain unfair."

"Maybe I have good karma."

"Maybe," Jenny conceded. "Of course, it doesn't hurt that your all glowing skin, shampoo commercial hair and boobs so perky they could take out a person's eye."

"Are you saying Chris only wants me for my looks?"

"No, I'm sure you have many great features..." Jenny said reassuringly and then added slyly, "...that he likes almost as much as he likes your boobs."

Emily laughed in with mock offense. "On Chris's behalf, I'm offended you'd think he's that shallow."

Jenny put her hands up in surrender. "Fine, fine. I'm just saying - enjoy that youthful bod while you can." Adopting a sage voice, she added, "And look after it. You exercise?"

"Pilates, yoga, gym, jogging, aerobics—"

"Alright, I get the picture. You really are Little Miss By-The-Book, aren't you? Let me guess, you floss perfectly don't you?"

"Every day," Emily admitted. "Sometime twice."

"And you've never had a cavity and don't plan on leaving the safe confines of the resort without an armed guard?"

"It's not a crime to practice good dental hygiene" Starting to feel just a bit self conscious about her goody two shoes appearance, Emily added defensively, "I mean, I want to see Port-au-Prince and experience a bit of the country outside the resort. It's just—"

Jenny cut her off again, rubbing her hand together in anticipation. "Ok, done." She waved over a new waiter—Antoine had apparently gone into hiding—and placed an order: "We need two daiquiris." Emily made a squeak of protest but Jenny shut her down, saying firmly, "You're on holiday; you're allowed to have a cocktail."

"It's nine in the morning."

"It's the Caribbean," Jenny retorted. "Drink up and then I'm taking you to Grand Rue."

"What's Grand Rue?"

"Sculpture, cyberpunk artwork, Vodou spirits and more phallic statues than you can poke a stick at. Real Haiti, not the inauthentic, sanitized crap you get on a luxury resort."

It sounded fun; a real experience to take home and cherish. Nevertheless, for a moment, Emily hesitated. There was something vaguely worrying about heading off into the unknown with a stranger... albeit a stranger with a sunny attitude that reminded Emily of a feisty Kindergarten teacher.

Their drinks arrived and Emily took a sip, savoring the warmth of the rum and the bite of the lime. And she made her decision. She didn't want to spend her day sitting alone and bored by the pool, not when there was a world of new experience just outside the resort. Resistance already waning, she said in token protest, "I don't speak Creole... or French for that matter."

Jenny smiled. "Pa gen pwoblem." At Emily's blank look, she added, "That's Haitian for no problem."

Grand Rue was incredible and overwhelming. Insane street artworks fashioned from car tires, decapitated dolls and human skulls. Jenny was a natural tour guide; weaving Emily through the sculptures and rattling off tidbits of local history and culture. And Emily found herself equally chatty. Jenny was a great listener, ready to hear all about Emily's life back in LA - her family and friends, her new house in the Hills, her recent decision to take a year off work to settle into her luxurious life as the wife of wealthy man. Jenny even let her gush about Chris ad nauseum: his kindness and generosity, his adventurous side, his desire to come to Haiti for their honeymoon because he wanted to support the impoverished country.

Hearing herself summarize her life for a stranger, Emily was—perhaps for first time—fully aware of just how lucky she was. Blessed with health, beauty, youth and wealth and at leisure to do whatever she wanted in life. Free to work or play or wander the streets of Port-au-Prince admiring a Guede statue with a giant spring-loaded penis. In fact, she was completely awash with the glow of her own good fortune... right up until the moment she realized that her purse had been stolen.

"Shit! No no no no no."

Jenny, who was leading the way down the street, stopped and swung back round to her. "What's wrong?"

"My purse is gone."

"Pickpockets," Jenny sighed. "I should have warned you. Did they get everything? Passport? Credit cards? Cash?"

Emily tried to keep calm. "Umm, no. My passport's in my hotel room and I have some cash in my pocket. But they got my credit cards, my ID, my phone."

Jenny gave her arm a reassuring squeeze. "It's not a disaster. We'll go back to the hotel, get your cards canceled and it'll be—"

Struck with a horrifying realization, Emily squeaked, "My phone wasn't backed up! All the candid photos from my wedding day and the text Chris's sent me just before I walked down the aisle and..." Emily felt the tears hovering just below the surface.

"Ok." Jenny's expression turned resolved. "I've got an idea."

"What do you mean?"

"There a guy round the corner. A local. An artist I know a little, and he's kind of an elder statesman round here. There nothing goes on here that he doesn't know about. He might know who's working the streets today."

"Would that help?"

"Might give you a lead for the cops. Or an idea of where your phone might get fenced."

Desperate, Emily just nodded. "Sure, if it might help."

"Ok." Jenny pointed to a shady tree next to a citrus stall. "Wait there. I'll be back in ten minutes. Don't go anywhere and *don't* give anyone any money."

Of course, that was easier said than done. Standing under the tree, Emily was a stationary target. Hawkers descended immediately, thrusting trinkets in front of her and demanding cash. Emily did her best to back away and convey, in very bad French, that she wasn't interested. But the crowd just grew, pressing her up against the tree.

Then a voice—a biting tone speaking in Creole—cut through the oppressive crowd. The group stilled and silenced and withdrew. Emily let out a sigh of relief and turned to the source of the voice - an old woman, worn and ragged, with a look of

ancient command.

The woman cast a disparaging look at the scattering group. "They're vultures. Always selling something."

"Umm, yes, they were... Thank you for getting rid of them."

The woman waved away the thanks. "It was nothing." She shrugged and said without irony, "And now you must buy from me."

"Oh, umm..." Emily weighed her options. If she turned the woman down, the woman might leave and then the crowd would descend again. Truth be told, Emily was willing to buy almost anything just to keep the woman with her as crowd control. "What are you selling?"

"Divination."

"What's that?"

"I contact the Lwa and tell your future. 1000 gourdes."

Emily did the currency conversion. \$10 for crowd control was a bargain. "Ok." She handed the woman a few bills. "What's my future hold?"

She waiting patiently, expecting some theatrical pomp, maybe some herbs and chanting. But the old woman just pulled an ordinary pack of playing cards from her pocket and started shuffling.

"Just plain cards?" Emily asked surprised and seriously underwhelmed.

"They're blessed," the woman responded defiantly.

Emily made a concerted effort to keep from rolling her eyes.

The woman started pulling cards from the deck at random and muttering, "Fortune, love, contentment."

The display was definitely lacking in showmanship. Emily cast a bored eye towards the corner where Jenny had disappeared, wondering if ten minutes was up.

And then the old woman uttered a horrified shriek and dropped her cards. "Mèd!" She clutched at Emily's hand and hissed, "You will lose."

"What?"

"It will be taken from you. All that you newly have - fortune, love and contentment."

"What do you mean?" Intrigued despite her skepticism, Emily asked, "You mean Chris?"

"Stolen by another woman. Volèz. A dirty thief."

Emily snatched her arm away indignantly. "You're wrong."

"I am never wrong," the woman hissed, "and you must protect yourself."

Crowd or no crowd, Emily wasn't willing to listen to any more. "I'm leaving."

The woman dug into her pocket and pulled out a necklace - a piece of twisted scrap metal hanging from a cheap chain. "This! This will protect you."

"Right." Emily said sarcastically and scowled at the obvious scam: get her petrified that her hubbie was going to leave her and then hit her up for the cost of a magical hussy-repelling necklace. "And how much will that cost me?"

"Free," the woman said urgently, pressing the chain into Emily's hand. "Take it and my blessing."

Emily was surprised and tempted ask what the catch was but, as she opened her mouth, Jenny appeared at the corner, trailed by two men - one young, one old. Desperate for news of her phone, Emily shoved the necklace into her pocket and walked away, murmuring her thanks over her shoulder.

The old man was Jenny's artist friend. The young man, it turned out, was the thief. It quickly became clear that Haitian petty criminals had a hierarchy and the old artist, Sidney, was at the top. It had apparently taken him all of four minutes to iden-

tify the thief, drag him in and retrieve the stolen purse. Sidney offered to have the thief taken to the police but Emily—still basking in the miracle of getting her purse back seemingly unopened—just shook her head.

Jenny smiled sympathetically. “You just want to head back to the resort, don’t you?”

“Please.” Emily nodded emphatically. “I think I’m ready for some sanitized, inauthentic luxury.”

“Cocktails and an afternoon in the spa?” Jenny offered. “My treat?”

“Done.”

Clearly, Jenny was of the opinion that, if one had to submit to sanitized and inauthentic luxury, one should do it properly. They spent the afternoon in the spa meandering from massage to mud bath to mani pedi. Lunch and champagne appeared and Jenny simply waved her credit card at the expense. After the spa, they wandered through the resort gift shops, Jenny buying the most obscenely tiny and obscenely expensive bikini Emily had ever seen.

Emily eye’s had bugged out at the \$400 price tag but Jenny had just tossed her credit card onto the shop counter and said, “Not like I’m the one who’ll be paying the credit card bill.”

Emily was tempted to ask who was paying the bill. A long suffering husband maybe? But Jenny had already launched into more plans. “Ok, next order of business. Back to my room to change, then let’s head to the pool.”

Emily grinned. “Lead on.”

Jenny’s room was smaller than Emily’s. No balcony and no view. Jenny cast a disparaging glance around the room and muttered, “So ready for an upgrade.”

“No,” Emily said kindly, “it’s fine.”

“Says the woman in the top-floor suite,” Jenny retorted with a grin and a raised brow.

“Yeah, ok, good point.”

Jenny headed for the bathroom, calling over her shoulder, “Gonna change. Help yourself to a drink; you need to stay hydrated in this climate. The tea’s good here.”

Emily grabbed a bottle of iced tea from the fridge and was pleasantly surprised to note the unusual, subtle hints of flavor: citrus and something else. Something almost floral. She took another sip. Jasmine maybe?

And then the world lurched and she hit the floor. Her body didn’t just go limp, it went immobile, crashing to floor with a jarring thud.

Jenny appeared at the bathroom door. “Jesus! Did you have to go down so hard? You probably bruised it.”

Barely able to think, let alone talk, Emily managed to whisper, “Bruised what?”

Jenny smirked. “My new body.” Then she leaned over and dragged her hands down the full length of Emily’s body, sliding from the top of her head, over her face, her breasts, her belly; down her thighs to the tips of her toes.

And then Emily wasn’t in control anymore. Her body moved but Jenny was moving it. Jenny stood up and walked to the mirror, and Emily was just along for the ride.

Emily wanted to scream until her lungs burned and rescuers burst through the door. She couldn’t even open her mouth to whisper.

It was, Emily quickly realized, Jenny’s calmness that was most immediately shocking. Jenny simply ignored her old body—which was completely still and seemingly shell shocked into near catatonia—and moved about the room, acting as if hijacking someone’s body was an everyday occurrence. Trapped in her own body with no control, Emily was simply a spectator to Jenny’s actions; dragged along as Jenny calmly dumped the remains of the spiked iced tea down the sink, as she emptied Jenny’s wallet of cash, and as Jenny scooped up Emily’s purse and the bag containing her newly purchased bikini.

Jenny walked Emily’s body to the door then paused, distracted by a glimpse of herself in the mirrored closet door. Her eyes raked up and down her new reflection, a lascivious grin creeping across her features. Emily was forced to stare at her own

body, twist sideways and pinch the tanned flesh of her ass poking out beneath the tight shorts. Then, staring into her own eyes, she heard her own voice say conversationally, “So, Emily, I gotta tell you. I was panicking. You see, that body there”—she jerked a thumb at Jenny—“passed it’s sell by date about a decade ago. Not to mention, dodging debt collectors and two pain-in-the-ass ex husbands was getting tedious. But I promised myself I’d be patient. This snatching business is *not* easy and I promised myself I’d be choosey this time.

“Still, I never dreamed of aiming this high. I mean, there’s the money...” Her tone turned sarcastically apologetic, “By the way, sorry for nabbing your purse; that was bitchy. I just didn’t want to go in with partial info and Sidney needed two minutes with your ID and credit cards to get a full view of your financials.”

Emily’s face smiled winningly in the mirror as her voice continued, words she wasn’t speaking forced through lips moved by someone else. “So yeah, as I was saying, this is kind of exceeding expectations. The cash, the youth, the seriously fuckable husband, the life of leisure, the body so frickin perfect it almost purrs. I mean, for real, you should be proud of yourself; this thing is a machine. The soft skin, the pearly whites, the long limbs and these things.” She grabbed Emily’s tits and squeezed. “Jesus! Just perfect gravity-defying handfuls.”

She leaned forward, staring sincerely into the eyes of her reflection and sliding her hand down Emily’s body, forcing Emily to caress herself. “Kudos, lady. You kept this thing primed. Don’t worry. You’ll still be able to feel everything. I just get to make the decisions.”

Every fiber of Emily’s being rebelled. Before she even had time to consider the impulse, she lashed out, slamming her palms against the reflection and making the mirror judder in its frame.

“Whoa!” Jenny snatched her hands back off the glasses. “What was that, missy? Why’d you do that?”

Emily, desperate to regain even a tiny shred of autonomy, tried to answer but felt herself locked down again, trapped under vice-like control.

“No more of that you hear.” Jenny glared in the mirror then added, “Not that I’m not impressed; it’s been a while since anyone’s pushed back. And I never expected it’d be you. It’s usually the spiritual hippie-drippy ones that put up a fight, the ones all in touch with their spiritual side and the gods that guide them.” She looked suddenly aghast. “Please tell me you’re not secretly all ‘in touch with the other realms’. I really don’t want to get back to LA and discover your house reeks of sage and patchouli.”

Emily, of course, couldn’t answer but she did put two and two together and felt a sliver of hope. *The fortune teller!* The creepy, nonsensical, doomsaying fortune teller had warned her. And she had given her the necklace - the necklace that was still in the her pocket of her jean shorts. The old woman had said the necklace was protection. Perhaps it would oust Jenny—oh god please—and let Emily take her body back?

Of course, Emily lamented, she had no way to compel Jenny to actually put the necklace on, no way to compel her to do anything actually because—ignoring Emily’s screaming resistance—Jenny was already walking Emily’s body out the door, necklace sitting uselessly in her pocket.

Emily raged helplessly as her body walked down the hallway, humming softly to herself. Jenny took her downstairs and around to the back of the restaurant, where the the sparkling facade of the resort was replaced with the squat, utilitarian maintenance buildings. There, by the kitchen entrance, was Antoine, the waiter Jenny had been flirting with that morning. He was smoking and facing the other way and only turned around when Jenny spoke up.

“Hey, handsome, I’ve been looking for you.” One of Emily’s hands went to her hip and her face arranged itself into a pleasant smile as Antoine turned and took her in. A pleasant smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

“Hello? Do I know you?”

“I saw that old bag hitting on you this morning in the restaurant, and I thought I’d give you something you’d *really* like.”

So saying, Jenny grabbed her top and pulled it off over her head. Antoine’s eyes swiveled down to her bra. Emily felt her hand slide into Antoine’s hair as Jenny guided Antoine’s mouth against hers. Emily screamed futilely in her own mind as Antoine’s smoky breath filled her mouth and her body pressed against his. Her hands grabbed his ass, found it surprisingly firm and her body surged with warmth despite her best efforts. One of Antoine’s hands came up and squeezed her tits, the

other reached around and gripped her ass, fingers digging into her soft flesh and pulling her hard up against him. She was surprised at how eager Antoine was to have her, and embarrassed at how *wonderful* her body felt to be had.

Emily moaned into his mouth, hating her traitorous body from getting so turned on at his touch. She wanted to be safely in her room with her husband, not giving herself to some stranger in a back alley. And yet...and yet...Jenny was in charge, her feelings of lust overpowering Emily's own reticence. Emily felt her hand gliding down into Antoine's pants and stroking his warm cock. His hands circled around her back and fumbled with her bra, eventually unclasping it so Jenny could shrug it free and stand topless as Antoine stared down at Emily's tits. Her nipples were already swollen into pinpricks with lust and need. Emily couldn't cover herself, couldn't block this stranger from leering at her naked body.

And she didn't want to.

Jenny's need for attention was now Emily's. Emily's nipples stood to attention, her skin already flush with desire as she let Antoine gaze at her. His greedy stare was making her wet and her little pink tongue stuck out and licked her lips as Jenny wiggled her hips seductively.

She dropped to her feet and *yanked* down Antoine's pants, grinning in delight as his cock escaped his underwear and the fat head of his dick jumped up in front of her face. Emily's fingers continued stroking the thick shaft, cooing happily as a shiny drop of precum appeared. Emily tried to stop herself, tried to fight, but Jenny was too strong, and Emily's lips leaped forward and swallowed Antoine's cock. She tasted his musky spice as her lips wrapped around his shaft and sank down. The hot soft-firmness of his dick filled her mouth as she swallowed him, her tongue undulating across his shaft, Jenny forcing Emily to pleasure Antoine. And, despite her best efforts, Emily wanted it, found her body growing warmer and wetter, excited to taste the hot dick in her mouth. She came up slowly, stroking Antoine's dick, spreading her saliva down his shaft before taking him in again, swallowing him deep. He filled Emily's throat and she wanted to gag, but Jenny had complete control, pushing her mouth down, down, Antoine's shaft until her tiny nose buried into Antoine's curly pubic hair and she was completely full of him. His cock hit the back of her throat and she held him, her mouth full of the taste of him.

Jenny was an expert, letting her lips glide up and down Antoine's dick, pausing on the edge of his orgasm until he got control of himself, then resuming. It was the complete control Emily had over Antoine that was making her so turned on, the way she'd never had control of a man before. It was as if Emily had been holding back, but Jenny was using every bit of Emily's feminine prowess to pleasure the man standing above her.

She continued sucking his dick while she brought her other hand up to her tits, Jenny forcing Emily to squeeze and fondle her own nipples as she stroked and sucked Antoine. A fire arced through her body and she moaned around the dick in her mouth, wanting him to explode inside her and ashamed but turned on for acting like such a whore. Antoine grunted above her, placing his hand on her head to slowly guide her up and down his cock. Jenny grew faster, pleasure lighting through Emily's body as Antoine moaned again. Her hand flew faster up and down his shaft as she sucked harder, picking up the rhythm to match his body.

And then Antoine grunted and thrust deep. Jenny gagged but held on, locking her lips around his cock as he exploded, forcing Emily to swallow spurt after spurt of hot cum. Emily felt so used as she drank down the stranger's jizz, felt it splashing down her throat as she gulped it greedily down until he stopped. And even then Jenny made her continue licking him clean, swallowing every drop as he grew soft in her mouth and she finally released him and stood. Emily found the whole thing awful and wonderful and dirty and perfect, her pussy nearly dripping now, wanting more but afraid of getting it.

Antoine tucked himself back into his pants and said hopefully, "My shift finishes at 10. Maybe we could—"

"Nope, we couldn't." And, with that curt dismissive, Jenny turned, reached into her bag and pulled out the tiny bikini top. Pulling it on and tying the strings, she added, "Run along, I've got things to do."

Antoine slunk back into the restaurant and Jenny took Emily's half naked body to the beach.

The humiliation burned. Emily could feel the shame coiling and tightening into something fierce and unbearable. Jenny was parading her body down the beach, her boobs on full show, the skimpy bikini top barely covering her. She had Emily's body on edge, taut and wet and screaming for attention. Every time she got anywhere near a man, her pulse raced and her breathing turned hot and shallow.

She sidled up to two twenty-something guys, twirling a strand of hair with a coy little smile playing across her lips. Her tone was syrupy and dripping with promise. "Umm, hi, sorry, can you help me? I am so totally turned around." She gave a self deprecating smile, teeth sinking into her plump lower lip. "Which way to the bar?"

Both men smiled, dual expressions turning greedy. The taller one stood up. "Just over that way."

She stuck her tits out and pointed vaguely, eyes awash with feigned confusion. "Like there?"

Eyes glinting, the man said, "I'll show you if you want."

She reached over and gave his arm a squeeze. "That's so nice of you. I'll totally owe you a drink."

The other guys piped up, "Pretty girls like you don't buy the drinks; make him buy *you* one."

Jenny simpered, "Well, if he doesn't mind." She struck a thumb into the waistband of her jean shorts, oh-so-unconsciously dragging the material down to reveal a streak of flat belly and a sliver of lace.

Stop it! Stop it! Emily wailed in her mind as Jenny made her flirt with the two guys. Her body was burning with desire, pussy still wet from her encounter with Antoine and she feared what Jenny would do.

It was, perhaps, the slight change in the position of her shorts that did the trick. The necklace shifted in her pocket, emerging momentarily to brush across the skin of her hip. And, for a split second, Emily suddenly had control.

Backing away from the guy, she made a grab for the necklace, almost getting her hand in her pocket before Jenny intervened. For a moment, they were deadlocked, neither able to act, then Emily felt Jenny reimpose total control.

Clearly shaken by the experience, Jenny's demeanor shifted. Gone was the coquettish schoolgirl. She turned back to the guys, all business, "What's your room number?"

The tall one looked faintly confused but answered willingly, "Umm, we're in #1418."

"Ok, well, something's just come up that I gotta go deal with." Turning away, she added over her shoulder, "But I'll swing by your room later and one, or preferably both of you, had better fuck me so hard I'll be limping back to my room."

She left the overexcited dudes in her wake, heading up the beach, back into the hotel and up to Emily's room. The second she got through the suite door, she started railing at Emily. "Ok, what the fuck, girl? Did I not *tell* you that I wanted to be choosy with this hop?"

She threw Emily's purse on the bed and continued, "What I *wanted* was a chance to try out this body before committing. I *wanted* to put it through its paces, make sure it's as good as it looks. But you're making that very difficult you know."

She glared at her reflection in the mirror. "I want you to know that you're the one making me do this so soon. You're the one making it necessary for me to lock down control and make it permanent. Gotta put an end to the interruptions."

A teasing smile appeared in the mirror. Emily's own face, mocking her. "And now I bet you're wondering just how I do that?" The smile turned hard. "Think, Emily. This is Haiti, is there anything that goes on here that doesn't involve a phallic symbol?"

Her tone was pure spite now. "It's always about dick, honey. As soon as a guy fucks this body, I'm a permanent fixture."

Reaching over, Jenny picked up the note Chris had left on the nightstand earlier that morning: 'Em, I'll be back at 6pm. Be ready (and naked). I'll miss you. Love, your completely smitten husband.'

Turning back to the mirror, Jenny said grinning, "Well, isn't that convenient?"

As if on cue, the doorknob rattled. Jenny turned just as Chris stepped in, grinning a rakish grin at Emily. Jenny threw herself into his arms, nearly bowling him over. He fell back against the door, knocking it shut with a thud as he grabbed her ass and held her in the air while she wrapped her legs around him. Jenny kissed him hungrily, tasting the salty scent of the sea on his cheeks, his chin, his lips.

No! No! Can't you tell this is an impostor? Emily screamed, even as she felt the bulge growing beneath her husband's swim shorts.

Jenny bit Chris's lip, laughing as he pulled back. She dragged her fingers through his hair and whispered, "God, I want you so much." Jenny wiggled against Chris's cock. If he was surprised to see the change in his wife's demeanor the only sign was his willingness to toss her onto the bed.

Jenny laughed as she bounced up and down. She hooked her fingers beneath waist of her shorts and pulled them down, jostling the necklace in Emily's pocket. It slipped partway out of her pocket as she yanked her shorts down, dragging across her skin. Emily shot forward for control of her body and for a second she had it.

"Chris, I—" She began, but Jenny tossed the pants across the room, sending the necklace flying onto the foot of the bed. Emily was thrown back into her mind prison.

"I *need* you to fuck the hell out of me," Jenny said, finishing Emily's sentence.

Chris untied his shorts and dropped them. Jenny gasped at her first sight of his cock. It was huge, straining out towards her, thick and veiny. It was almost terrifying in its size and whenever he'd had sex with Emily before he'd had to go slowly, and Emily never quite let Chris all the way in for fear of the pain. It was too much.

"Oh, wow, I hit the jackpot." Jenny cried, delighted at the size of her new husband.

She leaned forward and grabbed Chris's cock with both hands, spitting on his shaft before licking him up and down as she stroked him. She wrapped her lips around his dick and tried to swallow him, only able to sink about halfway until she was full. Still she tried again and came up choking. Emily was ashamed at how Jenny as behaving, making her out to be some sort of slutty pornstar. Ashamed...but also turned on as her own body fondled her husband's dick Chris didn't seem to mind, though. He grunted and groaned as she took as much of him in as she could. Even Emily's reactions were overruled by Jenny's mind and her pussy grew wetter every second, soaking through her panties.

Jenny leaned back, Emily's tits flopping over her chest, and spread her legs. Her pussy was open and ready for her husband, drenched with lust, the lips swollen and pink.

"Fuck me like you mean it." Jenny said.

Chris climbed on top of her, his cock dragging across her thighs as he kissed his way across her body. Every time his lips touched Jenny's skin a delightful fire pulsed through her, until by the time his tongue was licking her slit she was burning up and writhing back and forth in anticipation.

"I love it when you get so wet," Chris moaned from between Emily's legs as he licked her long and slow, drinking her musky juices.

He sat up and gripped his cock, aimed it at the lips of Emily's pussy, and began pushing in. The pressure built against Emily's slit, the bulbous head of Chris's cock pressing harder, until her pussy lips gaped open and he sank in, inch by inch. "Fuuuck," Jenny whispered as he began to fill her. He sank in slowly and Jenny's breath hitched in her throat as her pussy *stretched* around the cock filling her. The pressure built as he continued entering, until Emily was deliriously, impossibly full. She struggled around the cock as it impaled her on the bed. Chris grabbed her tits greedily, bending and kissing, licking. His warm breath caused her nipples to spike up in pleasure and a small orgasm burned through her.

Suddenly, Emily felt she had some control as Jenny was absorbed in her stolen orgasm. Emily stretched her hands slowly across the bed, fingers nearing the necklace even as she fought the pleasure roiling her body. She knew the necklace had the power to vanquish Jenny. If only she could get it.

Jenny wasn't paying attention to her wayward hand. Instead, she wrapped her legs around Chris and pulled him closer.

"More," she moaned, her eyes closing in ecstasy. "Deeper."

"You sure?" Chris asked.

She nodded.

God, no. Emily thought, fearful of her husband's huge dick, even as her hand continued creeping towards the necklace.

Jenny's eyes flashed open and she saw her fingers hovering over the necklace. She wrenched control back from Emily and

grabbed her own tits as Chris adjusted himself, raising himself up over her body and sliding in, deeper, deeper than he'd ever gone before.

Jenny's breathing went shallow as she was filled to bursting. It was agonizingly wonderful and starbursts went off behind her eyes as Chris pushed himself deeper inside. With Jenny distracted, Emily once again reached out slowly for where she'd seen the necklace.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck," her voice whispered.

"Keep going?" Chris asked, hopefully.

She kept her eyes shut and nodded and, God, he pushed in deeper. His cock felt like it was in her stomach, like all of her internal organs had been rearranged to make way for his monstrous girth, like heaven had opened up a pathway directly to her erogenous zone. And then his groin rested against hers and he was all the way inside. Jenny gushed down the bed, one hand gripping the sheets as she fought on the knife edge of pain and pleasure, the other hand controlled by Emily, also nearly derailed by pleasure but still reaching out for the necklace. Jenny glanced down at herself, at their intersection, saw his entire cock disappearing between her legs and moaned in triumph.

Then Chris withdrew. There was a moment of respite before he pushed in again, faster now, not stopping halfway but forcing himself all the way. Emily heard her voice cry out, felt her hips lurch up to meet his cock, helping him thrust deep. And then Chris was moving faster, his cock sliding in and out, fucking her hard and fast as Jenny cried out in lustful anguish.

"Yesyesyesyesyes!"

The bed creaked back and forth, each time Chris's cock dove in deep he struck the back of Emily's cunt, sending pain-mingled pleasure through her. Emily felt the tip of the necklace, felt her control growing stronger even as her legs clamped tighter and Chris pounded her hard. And just before Emily gathered the strength to throw Jenny from her body Chris came. He throbbed hard, sinking deep, deep into her and she was paralyzed with a quaking pleasure that rocked her entire body, sending shockwaves from her toes to her head. He pounded harder than he ever had before as Jenny cried out around his throbbing cock, the heat of his cum burning her with animal lust until he'd emptied himself inside her.

He pulled out and lay on the bed beside her as she panted, sweat dripping from her forehead.

"That was amazing, Emily," Chris said, staring at the ceiling in exhaustion.

"Yes. It was." Jenny replied, as Emily screamed and screamed, forever a passenger in her own body until Jenny decided to leave.

It had all hurt. Every minute, every day since Jenny had taken over. But some things hurt more than others. Perhaps worst, Emily realized, was the fact that Chris was obviously so blissfully happy - clearly loving the more playful and edgy attitude Jenny was bringing to Emily. Over and over again, she'd seen Chris's eyes light up at her new risk-taking behavior: when she'd willingly joined him in skydiving; when she'd put on a new dress that sat dangerously, salaciously, teasingly low on her back; and, most tellingly, when she'd dropped a hand into his lap under the table at dinner in a crowded restaurant and stroked his dick, daring the rest of the room to notice.

Now, on the last day of their honeymoon, Chris was happily wandering with her through Grand Rue, clearly delighted by Emily's newfound comfort on the crowded streets and her ease with the locals. He was also completely oblivious to Jenny's reason for wanting to come back to the area; never noticing when she ducked into Sidney's gallery and paid Sidney his cut for helping secure Jenny's new perfect life.

And even Jenny was oblivious to the old woman under the tree by the citrus stall... watching Emily's perfect body weave through the crowd. Knowing it was futile, Emily tried to turn to the woman—a woman who was, perhaps, Emily's last ever hope of release—and tried to scream and beg. But Jenny just smiled, took Chris's hand and turned the other way.

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