

Split

MtF MIND CLONE

IMMUNITIES

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by M. Wills

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“Come on,” Cody’s youngest sister, Kim, urged him. “Keep your skis pointed downhill. Faster! You can do it!”

Cody was too busy concentrating on keeping his skis in a wedge so he wouldn’t fly down the bunny hill to respond. Why did a hill that looked so small from the lodge seem so steep when he was going down it? It was barely taller than he was high, yet it seemed a dizzying precipice perched precariously on top of his skis like this. Cody’s arms remained out at an awkward angle, clutching the poles in a death grip as he inched down hill. A kid who couldn’t have been more than seven years old blew past him. The sudden motion made Cody dizzy and he overbalanced, collapsing into a nearby snowdrift.

When he managed to dig himself out, he heard Kim laughing at him. He scowled at her.

She was watching from the wooden deck of the lodge, her arms crossed casually as she leaned on the railing just to the side of the bunny slopes. Her white ski hat held her long black hair back behind her neck, the bangs just peeking out from beneath. She wore a navy blue ski jacket that clung to her slender form. Her white snow pants were tightly fitted, earning some admiring glances from some of the passersby. She was sipping on a Styrofoam cup of hot cocoa, no doubt a gift from someone she’d just met. Kim had the annoying habit of fitting in and being the popular one everywhere she went. She was nineteen years old and frustratingly confident in all things.

“Sorry, Cody,” Kim said as she tried to temper her laughter. “But you’re too funny.”

“Kim, knock it off,” Cody’s eldest sister, Zara said, coming up beside her. She had the remains of a brownie in hand, which she stuffed into her mouth and swallowed in one quick gulp. “You’re doing great, Cody. Keep it up.”

Zara’s optimistic appraisal was almost worse than Kim’s sarcastic realism. Cody was definitely *not* doing great. He managed to push himself back onto his feet, only to realize he was facing the wrong way and began to flail about as he found himself sliding down backwards. In his panic to turn himself, he tripped over his skis and faceplanted into the snow, sliding the next few feet to the bottom of the hill and ending up with a mouthful of snow. Younger kids whizzed past Cody into the waiting arms of their proud parents, giving the spluttering and coughing twenty-year-old sympathetic looks as he struggled to right himself.

Zara helped him to his feet. “You made it to the bottom!” She said with false cheer.

“Thanks entirely to gravity,” Added Kim, which remark earned a sharp elbow in the ribs from Zara.

“Whoopee,” Cody said dully, wiping grit off his face.

Zara had removed her ski cap, and her purple-tipped black hair curled lightly around her oval face. A light tan scarf was tossed casually around her neck. She was much bustier than her sister, but hid it beneath a puffy dark-blue ski coat. Her dark eyes searched Cody’s face as she stroked his arm reassuringly.

“Definitely ready for the black diamond,” Kim teased.

“Maybe a few more times down the bunny slope,” Zara suggested.

Cody pulled his arm away. He’d already been down the bunny slope fifteen times. The instructor had given up on him. The other kids who’d started the day learning with him had long since moved on to the actual slopes. Cody had never been particularly athletic like Kim, or persistent enough to pick up new skills, like Zara.

And then, just as everyone was staring at him, treating him like he was an idiot, his mom came running out and made it so much worse.

“Oh, Cody, are you okay? Oh my gosh, you’re hurt!” Angela squealed as she hurried down the steps to Cody and smooched his head against her pillowy breasts while patting his back. “My poor baby.”

“Mom!” Cody struggled, trying to get away. But he still had his skis on and they tangled up, spilling him into the snow again and nearly bringing his mom down on top of him.

“My baby!” Angela said, helping him to his feet.

“I’m not a baby,” Cody insisted. “And I’m not doing the bunny slopes again,” he said, turning to Zara, who put up her arms in surrender. “I’m doing a beginner slope,” Cody said, full of indignation.

He awkwardly used his poles to push himself off towards the direction of the chair lift. Angela wrung her hands nervously.

“I’ll keep an eye on him,” Cody heard Zara say.

“I’ll glance at him as I whizz down the black diamond,” Kim said.

Both his sisters managed to get their skis on and catch up with him before he could board the chair lift. He at least managed to get onboard the chair without embarrassing himself. It only involved standing upright and waiting, which was the sole skill he’d sort of got the hang of.

Cody was wedged in between Zara and Kim and had to endure their sympathy all the way up to the top.

“You sure you’re ready for this? You can always just stay on the chair lift and it will take you back down,” Zara suggested.

Cody shook his head. That would be way too humiliating.

“Remember,” Kim said, her blue eyes sparkling mischievously. “You can always fake an injury and have the emergency team take you to the bottom of the hill.”

When they reached the top, Zara took his elbow to help him off the chair. Kim skied away to the next chair lift up to the diamond slopes with a chirpy ‘See ya!’ as Cody maneuvered himself around so he was facing downhill. The mountain stretched out beneath his skis. Around him, other skiers were whizzing down at impossible speeds. Zara gave him a questioning glance. Somewhere down there at the bottom of the mountain his mom was waiting for him, a nervous wreck.

“You can do this,” Zara whispered, hopeful despite everything she’d witnessed on the bunny slopes.

“I know I can,” Cody lied. “I’ll see you at the bottom.”

He pushed off in a show of bravado before he could have second thoughts and almost immediately regretted it. He was going way too fast. He tried to pizza slice but it just sent him veering off

towards the tree line. Zara whizzed downhill in front of him, disappearing rapidly. Cody desperately corrected himself, arms flailing, wishing he had Kim's skills or even Zara's optimistic confidence. Instead, he found himself staring death in the face, his two choices were to smash into a giant tree or flop onto the ground. He chose the latter, his skis clattering as he fell to the snow.

He sat up and gingerly got back on his skis, point away from the trees and keeping himself locked in the braking position. He got down the hill slowly. Tumbling to stop himself when he went too fast. Other skiers shot down the hill around him. He was pretty sure that, as he struggled to get down the hill, Zara had gone back up and passed him at least twice. Probably to check up on him. At least she didn't stop to offer help. That would have somehow been even more embarrassing.

By the time Cody reached the bottom of the hill he was sweaty and trembling from the exertion of locking his knees into position. He didn't even protest as his mom ran out to help him. She brought him into the lodge, sat him down, and fed him some hot cocoa as she soothed him.

"You did it! So good!" Zara said, when she joined them a moment later.

Cody knew his eldest sister wasn't trying to be condescending, but it certainly came out that way. Kim took a seat across from him, trying hard not to roll her eyes.

They ate dinner at the lodge and returned to their rented cabin in the evening. It was a two story cabin that overlooked the tree line. The inside was decorated in a kitschy camping style, with faux-wood furniture. And there were mirrors everywhere. Maybe the owners were narcissists because Cody couldn't imagine anyone who would want to wake up in a bedroom and immediately see themselves, or sit in the living room and watch themselves watching the fire.

Kim pranced in through the front door and flicked on the lights. Zara made her way to the kitchen and fixed herself a post-dinner ice cream. How she managed to eat so much and stay so thin Cody never knew. He certainly couldn't do that as evidenced by his bulge. Cody's mom insisted Cody sit and rest but he shrugged her off and went to take a shower.

Afterwards, he changed into a tee shirt and ratty sweatpants before joining his mom and sisters in the living room. Kim had on her long, white-and-blue nightie. She sat cross-legged in front of the fire, absorbed in a book. Zara and Angela lounged on the couch, Zara in loose sweatpants and an oversized grey shirt that was cut way too low and revealed too much of his sister's ample breasts for Cody's taste; Angela in a sheer-white lacy nightie which Cody thought much too sheer for (his) comfort.

They'd spent a few days up at this resort each year. Somehow, Cody's skiing ability had never improved. Though, to be fair, he rarely actually tried after the first few disastrous times, preferring to stay in the lodge, drink hot cocoa, and peruse the internet. He'd only tried skiing today in a fit of pique after hearing another one of Kim's tossed-off remarks about his lack of fitness. He'd tried to prove her wrong but had only proven her right.

Tomorrow his two aunts and their families would come over for brunch, filling the cabin with noise and chatter. For now it was quiet as everyone zoned out in the warm glow of the fire from the fireplace. Soon they would all retire to their rooms, Kim and Zara sharing one, with Cody and his mom each having their own.

Cody, still warm from his shower, stepped out onto the back patio. It was sheltered from the wind and allowed a good view out into the forest leading down the mountain. The sky spread out above him, stars twinkling in the crisp air. The cold cut through him, feeling so good after his sister had

stoked the living room fire to unbearably warm. He leaned on the wooden banister and tried not to think about the day's failure. It seemed his sisters had gotten all the best parts of the family genetics and he was left with the dregs.

The frustration of the day was so much that he whispered aloud, "I wish I had the best parts of everyone in my family instead of just the worst."

It was an idle wish, not thought out, made at the spur of the moment based on a trail of thought brought about by exhaustion and humiliation. When Cody went to sleep that night, he had no idea that his wish would be granted. And in the strangest way.

The sunlight filtering through the curtained window on the opposite side of the room woke Cody gently the next day. He kept his eyes shut, rolling over to try to squeeze more sleep out of the morning.

Cody felt a little strange. Not physically, but mentally. As if he were *more* somehow. Cody blearily opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. His phone was on the nightstand and after a few moments he grabbed it, flipping through to check his emails.

Cody blearily opened his eyes. Again. Somehow.

He found himself looking at Kim's sleepy face as she lay on her side in the bed in her room. When he moved, she moved. With a start he realized he was looking into a mirror. But Cody was still holding his phone up in front of him, staring at *it*. The two images—the phone and his sister's face—weren't superimposed on each other. It was as if he had a vastly larger range of vision. He paused, unmoving, trying to figure out what was going on. He stared at his sister's face, searching her eyes and noticing as he did that her pupils moved under his command. He lay like that, one arm tucked under the pillow while also somehow holding his phone in front of his face with two other hands in another room. What the hell was going on?

Cody blearily opened his eyes – yet again! – and stared across the room at the sleeping figure of a woman. She was in bed, curled on her side facing the mirror on the opposite wall. She wore a white-and-blue nightie, her dark hair falling messily down to the pillow. It was as if his vision had expanded again. Oddly, he seemed to be looking at the same mirror from two vantage points. After a second he realized that he was in his sisters' room looking at Zara's back from another bed across the room. Plus, he was still looking at the phone in his hand. *And* looking so closely at Zara's pretty reflection.

Cody blearily opened his eyes – fuck, again? – and stared up at a ceiling. Turning his head—all four bodies turned at the same time—he saw his mom's floral suitcase sitting against the wall beneath a mirror. And in the mirror, his mom's reflection glanced back at him.

“What the fuck?” He whispered in all four voices, watching the two reflections copy his words.

Somehow he was looking through his family's eyes. No, it was more than just his vision. His whole mind was alight with a smorgasbord of sensory input from multiple bodies. He could feel different weights on parts of his body, different mattresses beneath him, different smells in the room, different sounds in the air. It was like he was experiencing the entire world through all four of their bodies simultaneously.

He shut his eyes—all of them—but when he opened them again the dizzying vision of four different points of view remained. He rubbed his eyes with his left hand and was able to do it, but also felt obstructed, as though he was lying on his arm in one body. At the same time he hit himself in the chin in another body *and* he was rubbing just below his eyes in another, the fingers in that body spread out across a smooth cheek and a different shaped nose. It seemed impossible to move a single body without moving the others. His single consciousness couldn't disentangle all the sensory input. He could move only all of them at once or none of them.

He put his arm back down, all four bodies making the exact same motion simultaneously, so that he simultaneously felt two of his bodies resting on an arm and two bodies with arms flat on the bed. Cody sat up. Well, two of the bodies did, anyway, his original self and his mom, who'd both been on their backs. The other two bodies flailed, making the motion of pushing themselves up into a sitting position. But since they were on their sides they did little more than push the covers back. And yet he could feel that too. That awkward motion of pushing against nothing.

Christ, he could feel everything. The weight of his mom's chest. Zara's breath on her bare arm. One of Kim's long, limber legs resting atop the other.

Little by little, Cody maneuvered his original body and his mom to the side of their beds, feeling the resistance of his sisters' bodies spread out at different angles, pushing futilely against the covers as they aped the identical motions of his mom and his own body. When he felt too much pressure, as when Zara's arm pressed against her side so much it began to hurt, he eased up, trying to tease apart the different bodies that were tangled together in his mind. It was like trying to bend one finger without bending the others. If he concentrated, he could mentally distinguish the separate muscle and try to move just that single one. When he did so, his other bodies still shimmied a little, but were mostly still. It took deep concentration just to edge himself and his mom to the side of their beds, each motion requiring him to carefully separate out the four bodies he now somehow controlled.

Were they still in there? Maybe if he got everyone together in one room he could figure it out.

Cody tried to move one body at a time, starting with Kim. As he tried to shift her around to a sitting position, he also watched from Zara's viewpoint, which made it that much more difficult. Like trying to do a complicated dance move while watching a reversed video of himself doing the move. The two separate points of view were still there, as were the sensations of each body. He couldn't block them out even as he tried to concentrate on one. At one point he made the mistake of ducking his head down and found one of his pairs of eyes staring right down his mom's gauzy nightie and into her wobbling breasts.

"Oh, shit," he whispered in every voice, all four heads snapping back up.

Cody slowly got first one sister and then the other into a sitting position. He tucked his dark hair out of his eyes and behind his ears, all four bodies making the same motion from different rooms. Now that he was more awake and aware, he had a sense of the physicality of all of his bodies. His proprioception had expanded, and he was aware of each curve, each limb, each soft feature of his mom and his sister compared to his bigger, bulkier body.

Standing was difficult. The different points of view and the differing body shapes and heights and centers of gravity didn't help. He stopped and decided to start with the easy one. Himself. Or, his original body, anyway.

Cody shuffled his male body out of bed, inch by inch, trying to distinguish this body from the rest of the bodies. His motions echoed in their bodies, legs kicking up but failing to find purchase, arms in other rooms pressing down on things that weren't there. Eventually he made it to a standing position by himself. Clinging to walls and doorframes, Cody went one small step at a time. The others still mimicked his walking motions and his halting grasps for purchase, but in a lesser way. Cody moved his body to the living room, which was central to the three bedrooms, and sat his body down on the couch.

Next, Cody turned his attention to his mom, rising slowly in her body and balancing on her legs. Oh god, he could feel her breasts swinging from her chest. They were huge and unwieldy. With each step his bare thighs whispered together beneath her clothes. Her hands and fingers kept coming into his vision, reminding him that this body belonged to his mom and now he could feel *everything* about it.

He stumbled her body out to the living room, disoriented when he caught sight of himself and saw the room reflected back, reversed from his original body's point of view. He slowly made his way to the couch and fell heavily next to his original body.

Next was Kim. His younger sister's body was more slender than his mom but no less feminine. The sway of his hips threw him off and he nearly fell but had the sense to reach out with Zara's hand and steady her, catching himself and being caught, the twin sensations difficult to sort out which body was which. He was getting better at moving them as individuals though, and found himself flailing about less with bodies he wasn't intending on moving.

Cody moved Kim through the bedroom, the nightie whispering against his bare legs. He didn't want to think about his sister's body but it hung below his line of sight. And it moved in ways his body didn't, wiggling and jiggling.

He made it out into the living room before stumbling. That broke his concentration and he reached out to catch Kim with all four bodies—Zara reaching futilely from her bed. His mom and his old body lurched up to break her fall, flailing off the couch and tumbling the three of them into a pile of tangled limbs. After a quick check to make sure no one was injured, he opted to leave the bodies there where they couldn't get hurt again. The tangle of limbs and physical sensations would take some time to sort out. Who was touching who where?

Concentrating on being Zara, he carefully slipped out of bed and walked her out into the living room. His top stretched tight across his expansive chest, his breasts bobbing with each step, the nipples dimpling out the nightie in a way that made Cody excited. He'd never seen a naked woman in real life, and here he was now *inside* three of them. True, they were his sisters and his mom, but they *felt* like an extension of himself. His morning wood had died down but he felt it there, trapped against his sister's hip, ready to spring back up. If he stopped concentrating on one body he could let the senses of all of them flow through and combine into one rich sensation, the warm feeling of the jumble of the bodies in the living room surreal and delightful.

Cody aimed Zara for the couch. But his tangle of limbs in his other three bodies was so confusing that he misjudged where he was trying to sit her and ended up bumping down to straddle one arm of the couch, legs on either side. Zara's sweatpants bunched up slightly against her thighs. In trying to free himself he scooted her forward but paused as a wonderful feeling pulsed up from between Zara's thighs at the motion and was shared by all the others.

What the hell was that?

Cody scooted Zara's body back across the arm of the couch and was rewarded with that wonderful feeling again. A little tingle of pleasure hinting at so much more. Curious now, Cody placed both hands on the arm of the couch and leaned forward slightly, which made his sister's breasts jostle beneath him as they swung forward. Her dark hair tickled down his cheek and he swiped it away as all his other bodies tangled up on the floor copied the motion to varying degrees of success. Then Cody dragged his sister's groin forward across the solid arm of the couch again, then back, then forward. Each time that little burst of pleasure welled up and spread quickly through him. Each time he dragged his groin across the couch felt better than the last time.

Cody clutched the arm of the couch between Zara's legs and continued to grind back and forth. Now his tits were swinging and he stared down into his eldest sister's immense cleavage. The loose top hung low, allowing him a complete look at his sister's breasts beneath her top. They were huge and wonderful. He'd never seen tits in real life – only on the internet – and now here were such a perfect pair swinging from his chest as a wonderful warmth burned deep in his core from the motion of his hips.

As he moved back and forth, an amazing anticipation, like an itch that he desperately wanted to scratch, pulsed through him. Something was happening between his thighs.

So this was what getting a wet pussy felt like.

As he dragged his pussy back and forth and the pleasure intensified, he lost the ability to keep his bodies separate. Soon his male body, his mom and his younger sister were all gyrating on the floor in a tangle, rubbing against each other, copying Zara's motions. Zara's pleasure was shared with the rest of them through Cody's consciousness. He grinded Zara's pussy faster, breathy sighs falling from all four lips.

And those tits swinging beneath him. Cody couldn't resist. He reached up beneath the top and cupped his sister's breasts. He couldn't wrap his fingers around them entirely they were so big. He squeezed them, enjoying the smooth weight, the heaviness in his hands, as he continued rubbing his pussy back and forth across the arm of the couch.

His old body, his younger sister and his mom were all clutching their chests as well to varying degrees of success. Now he held his mom's tits and both his sister's tits in their own hand, felt them all, and shared with them the delightful roiling itch between his thighs. It grew as he fondled himself, fingers clasped across three pairs of tits, groping, squeezing as he grew wetter and wetter. The wonderful itch expanded until it filled Zara's entire body, driving him to thrust onward. Tiny cries of desire escaped him, echoed throughout the other bodies in the room. His sister's groans of delight made him even hornier.

From the mirrored wall, Cody could see Zara's body reflected back, horny as hell as she rolled her pussy back and forth across the arm of the couch, desperate for relief. Her hands were on her tits, the top fallen down to reveal one ripe breast, which he was squeezing with one hand. Cody pinched all of his tits, grabbing the wonderful flesh, fondling desperately until the anxious itch ended with a roaring bliss.

The orgasm swept through him. Zara's body convulsed, thighs clenching the arm of the couch, fingers digging into her firm tits. Her orgasm was shared with the others. They writhed as one while Zara came hard, throwing her head back and crying out with relief as pleasure swept through her, the others copying her motions, her cries, until the pleasure eased, leaving Zara's sweatpants damp with her juices.

Cody rested on the couch and on the floor as he recovered from his first female orgasm. He was slightly ashamed at what he'd done in his sister's body. But it had felt so damn good. And none of the rest of his family's minds appeared to be anywhere. It was just him in everyone. So at least he didn't have to explain anything to them.

Though, getting through the rest of the day controlling four bodies simultaneously was going to be a challenge.

Cody slowly disentangled the bodies on the floor. Concentrating and working carefully, he managed to move one at a time with only minor twitches and spasms from the others. It didn't help that he could feel the physical sensations of each one, and sometimes had trouble telling which body part was pressing against which, and which one to move at any time.

Even more troubling was that, after enjoying his eldest sister's orgasm, he was keenly aware of Angela and Kim's bodies. Their tits. Their hips. The dampness between their legs from the shared desire.

Eventually he got them all sitting up on the floor. His mom's nightie was all rucked up and Kim's hair was a mess. Zara had almost fallen off the couch a few times before he decided to move her off the arm and onto the cushions. Looking around at his bodies was dizzying, like being in a funhouse mirror as he saw the same scene from four different vantage points. Cody closed his eyes and tried to collect himself.

Okay. So. He was the only mind controlling his mom and sisters. And...shit, his aunts were coming over with their kids for brunch. They were already halfway here and what was he going to do? Tell them they'd driven three hours for nothing? Somehow he had to fake his way through this.

Now that he was calmer he realized that at least one of his bodies had to pee. Maybe more than one. Someone was hungry. Someone was thirsty. Someone was worried about getting brunch done on time. Someone wanted chocolate. Someone was full of energy and itching to move. It was as if their personalities were still in their bodies somehow.

Cody moved them one at a time to the bathroom. It wasn't a complete success. At one point one of his bodies kicked out and stubbed their toe. Another hit their arm opening a door that wasn't there. It was difficult to disentangle his sensations and figure out who was in pain.

Peeing was a delicate operation. Not only did he have to figure out his sisters' and his mom's muscles, he had to try to prevent them all from peeing where they sat on the floor in the living room. He got there in the end with only a minor accident.

The more he moved them individually the better he got. As he walked his mom into the bedroom and dressed her body, his other bodies only made the occasionally flailing motion in the living room where he left them. He dug through his mom's suitcase and picked out an outfit, complete with bra. He paused with her clothes in her hand. There was nothing else for it. He had to get her naked.

He pulled his top off over his head, jostling his heavy tits. It would have been much better had whoever decorated this place not been obsessed with mirrors. His mom's naked body was reflected back from the wall, and his eyes were drawn to her dangling tits as he maneuvered them into the bra. It was a struggle packing them into each cup. They were baggier than his sister's breasts—which he could now compare directly. There was so much of them. They were huge and unwieldy but still kind of pleasant to touch. At one point he had to grab each one in his tiny hand and heft them into each cup before clasping the bra in back and shimmying it over each shoulder. Occasionally he would stop to swipe the short, greying hair out of his eyes.

Cody brushed his mom's teeth and combed her greying hair. So odd seeing his mom's face reflected in the mirror, watching her hands move under his command. He wondered if Angela was still in there somewhere and how much she was aware of.

He got her dressed in a white long-sleeved shirt with a black sleeveless undershirt and a yellow button-down skirt. It was her 'nice occasion' outfit. When he was done, he lay her body down in bed so she wouldn't get hurt and he didn't have to look at her image in the damn mirror. It was just confusing seeing someone else in the reflection.

Then he turned his attention to Kim. She was a little easier and by now he could feel the distinction between their bodies. Kim was more limber. More athletic. Longer-limbed, which made her center of gravity different from the others. She was a breeze to move and Cody undressed her, pausing momentarily to compare her tits to her mom. Kim's breasts were smaller, perkier, cute little things. He put her into a long-sleeve white button-up shirt and a navy blue skirt.

Zara was slightly older. Her body not as limber as Kim but moved with a swift grace. More top-heavy than her sister, though her breasts were firmer than her mom's. He reached up with his Angela and Zara's hands and felt them each up at the same time, comparing their immense breasts, the older and the younger. Interesting. They were all fun to squeeze. His mom's were a little squishier but they all felt wonderful beneath his fingers. When he was done, Cody put Zara into a sleeveless black top with a lavender shrug that kept her arms warm. Black leotards clung to her legs. Her body still felt cold so he threw a light tan scarf around her neck.

His own body was easy. Pants and a tee shirt. He hardly had to think about moving himself because he was so used to it.

Next he turned to brunch. He knew his mom had bought a meat and cheese platter, but there was still fruit and crackers and drinks and dips to prepare. Tables to set. The house to clean. He sure as hell didn't want his aunts questioning anything. They were pushy and cautious and wouldn't hesitate to call for an ambulance if they thought something was really wrong. Cody wanted to get the whole thing over with and just be alone to sort through the weirdness of this all. The best way to do that was to ensure everything ran smoothly.

He sort of had the hang of moving one body at a time, and he decided to try for two. After all, he couldn't really just move one at a time when his aunts arrived. Since his own body was easier, he walked that one to the living room at the same time as he sat his mom up on her bed and made her walk to the kitchen. There was some vertigo at first as he tried to separate out the physical sensations and balance two vastly different bodies. He leaned on the walls and went step by step, first his own body, then his mom. After some practice, he was able to move them together. It was easier when they were in sync but he was getting better at distinguishing which sensations were coming from which body.

With minimal trouble, he managed to get his mom into the kitchen. He pulled out the fruits and vegetables with her hands while he tidied the living room as himself. Cody went very carefully with the knife in his mom's hand, pausing everyone else to work on that. Seeing the food made someone's stomach grumble.

When the fruit was cut, Cody kept his mom setting out the platter while he brought his old body into the kitchen to make breakfast for everyone. They would have to do with toast. Pulling out the bread and putting it in the toaster and getting the plates all while his mom readied the fruits and vegetables was hard work but got easier with practice. Now it was less like trying to move one finger at a time and more like trying to rub his head and pat his belly. One or the other body would

occasionally freeze, or drop something, or they would copy each other, but he more or less could move two of them independently.

When the toast was ready and buttered he moved Zara and Kim to the kitchen table. He had to keep his body and his mom still while he did it, but it was much easier. Eating was weird as hell. He could taste the toast in one mouth before it reached another. Chewing was an easy motion, something he could almost do automatically, though he had to work to figure out which body was supposed to swallow and when.

The tastebuds were all over the place. Zara tasted a note of sweetness in her toast, while to Kim and his mom the saltiness was most apparent. When he licked his lips and ran his tongue along each mouth he noticed the differences in teeth and tongues and lips.

When he finished, someone still wanted chocolate. Zara and her sweet tooth. He found her chocolate bar stash in the refrigerator and broke off a chunk. Popping it in Zara's mouth was heaven. God, if sugar tasted this good to her no wonder she loved it so much.

The more Cody practiced the better he got. After a few hours he was able to move all of them independently. Nothing too complicated, but he could at least walk, provided he didn't mind occasionally bumping into something when his concentration lagged. Oddly, it was much easier when they were in different rooms. Otherwise, the overlapping sensations were too confusing. Watching himself do something from three different angles sometimes made him forget which body was *actually* doing the thing. Plus, there was still the constant swinging and swaying of unfamiliar bodies, the touching of unfamiliar and too-smooth skin, the phantom feel of hair whispering across cheeks. Soon enough, Cody was able to push all these things into the background.

Cody had Zara set the table while Kim readied the food in the kitchen with their mom. His mom tired easier than the rest, and Cody relieved her halfway through. It was such a relief setting her body down on the couch. He hadn't realized how much her legs hurt.

The table settings didn't look quite right and Cody fussed with them for a little while before he realized the worry was bleeding through from his mom. She was always a worrier. Even when he was able to separate that out, he ran into Zara's perfectionist streak and kept adjusting the place settings just so. Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Kim's enthusiasm and almost uncontrolled energy made her keep dropping stuff on the floor and shift from leg to leg as she stood in one place. Cody's own body mostly felt embarrassed and helpless, made even worse by the fact that he now had a direct understanding of his youngest sister's boundless optimism, which contrasted with his own resignation and made him fret about exactly how much better his sister was than him.

By the time his aunts arrived, Cody was confident in being able to control his four bodies. He was at the point that the physical differences and the competing sensations were almost background noise. The result was that each personality of his bodies was coming to the fore.

His two aunts arrived with their husbands in a jumble of noise. Cody hugged them all with each body, making bland greetings as he struggled to keep up with the sudden noise and movement. He hadn't realized just how quiet the cabin had been but all the conversation assaulted his four pairs of ears. He was hearing things from different angles and distances, words reaching his separate ears at different times and throwing everything into a confusing jumble. For the most part he smiled and nodded, repeating platitudes until he could disengage and try to split his bodies up.

He walked his mom and Zara into the dining room, as the aunts followed. His old body stayed in the living room and Kim moved to the kitchen. It was both easier and harder in separate rooms.

Harder because there were now four sets of conversation to follow. Easier because he could now understand each one.

He was aware his replies were delayed as he tried to listen to all the conversations at once. It took immense concentration and he tried to slow it down by offering everyone drinks and food through Zara's body. He flitted through the rooms as her, interrupting the conversations and running interference for his other bodies so that the lack of steady conversation would be less noticeable.

Cody's own worries were amplified by his mom's whenever he focused on being present in her body. Was the food right? How was the temperature? Did his aunts think anything weird was going on? His mom was a natural worrier and Cody couldn't turn it off. And did Zara *ever* get enough sweets? Once again he walked her body to the cupboard and snuck a cookie. The bright spot was Kim. Cody spent a lot of his time concentrating on her, reveling in her easy chatter and the way the people in the room just seem to be drawn to her.

One of his aunts brought champagne and they popped the cork. Cody had Angela pour glasses while Kim brought the food to the table. They raised their glasses in a toast. The champagne bubbled down four of Cody's throats and, on the empty stomachs, made him pleasantly lightheaded almost instantly.

They sat to eat, Cody still trying to respond to his aunt's conversation in a way his mom would, asking about the health of his cousins and digging for gossip.

"No! He's in jail?" He made Angela gasp as he sipped his champagne and listened to stories about one of his wayward cousins.

Kim was cornered by one of Cody's uncles-in-law. He was a fun guy. Cody liked him. Though Cody's usual deadpan humor filtered through Kim's enthusiasm had him roaring with laughter. Cody had never thought himself the life of the party, preferring to hide in the corner and make whispered comments to his closest friends. But as Kim, he felt delighted in being seen. She had this confident energy and, in her body, Cody didn't care what others thought of him.

As Zara, Cody sat at the table, watching the proceedings with a slight smile, his chin resting on his hand as he half-listened to his aunt and his mom. Zara was quietly thoughtful and seldom butted into conversations. A safe refuge from the hustle and bustle going on around him.

The champagne made everything seem brighter, gauzier, and his worries about being stuck in his family's bodies were washed into the back of his mind.

As they began to eat, Cody once again experienced four different tastebuds. When he concentrated he could pick out which taste belonged to which body. He was getting good at this! He poured himself some more champagne and Zara laughed with Kim's confidence. His own body turned to his aunt and asked some follow up questions about the story his aunt had been telling his mom. His mom sat back and looked around quietly, her cheeks rosy and warm. He was aware he was mixing things up and his own body blushed at the wrongness of it all but no one else seemed to mind.

His aunts stuck around for a few hours, long enough to finish eating and gossiping. They finally left around three in the afternoon and Cody heaved a sigh of relief in all four bodies. Zara was tired from all the social interaction, his mom ached from sitting down too long, Kim finally ran out of energy, and Cody's own body wanted some alone time. His sister's orgasm that morning was good for her but wasn't much more than a tease for his own body. Plus, all the champagne had stirred up restless thoughts in his mind. There was too much pent-up need inside him to be able to concentrate

on anything else. This male horniness was familiar. Insistent and urgent, but he knew how to deal with it.

Cody took himself to his bedroom. He didn't bother locking the door because he controlled everyone in the house. They wouldn't burst in unless he made them. Cody unzipped his pants and kicked them off, then plopped onto the bed. Grabbing his phone off the dresser, he pulled up some of his favorite videos. As his mom and two sisters sat blank-faced on the living room couch, Cody took himself in hand.

He left the speaker on and found a good video of a hot cougar giving a blow job to a young man. Soon his cock had risen to full mast and the moans from the video screen filled his room. He stroked slowly, dragging his hand up and down his cock. As he grew hornier, he became aware that someone else was as well.

Filtering through his bodies, he found that his mom could hear the porn video from the living room and it was getting her excited. Who knew his mom still had it in her?

Cody tried to ignore her rising desire and finish himself off, but it distracted him. Along with her desire came a niggling thought: why watch a video when he could have the real thing? The thought brought with it a sudden burst of anticipation and need, the *wrongness* of it part of the allure.

Still stroking himself with his male hand, Cody lowered his mom's gaze until her eyes were focused on her chest. Her huge breasts were nestled beneath her top. Right there. It was too much to resist. Cody had a real live porno. He set the phone down and stroked himself as he watched through his mom's eyes, making her grab her top and yank it off over her head. The bra was trickier. Fortunately, Zara's body was right there so Cody turned his mom aside and used Zara's fingers to unsnap his mom's bra.

Angela's tits swung free as he shrugged the bra off her shoulders. God, her breasts were heavy. He stared down at them, eyes tracing the soft skin, the occasional stretch mark here or there. They were slightly saggy but ever so much fun to gather in his hands. And so sensitive! A rich heat spread out within him as he grasped his mom's tits with her own hands and began stroking himself, even as he continued dragging his male hand up and down his cock. The twin pleasures of the two bodies fed on each other, making them both hornier and hornier.

Cody wondered what it would be like to feel his mom's magnificent tits wrapped around his dick. Why not? He'd gone this far. He paused stroking his cock and stood his mom up, walking her back to his bedroom. Her hips swayed, her tits bounced at each step. The wide expanse of breast spread out below him, so wonderful to look at. When she appeared in his doorway his old body looked up and he experienced the twin desire of seeing her from his male perspective and from behind her own eyes.

She worried she wasn't good enough. She worried this was wrong. But Cody made her walk into the room and shuck off her pants so she could stand naked in front of him. He'd never seen a naked woman in real life before. His eyes grazed up and down her curves, admiring the slightly plump body, the round tits, the curvy thighs, the black patch of hair between her legs. He stroked himself again and watched his mom watching him stroke his own dick.

Cody moved her closer, made her crawl onto the bed, her tits swinging down beneath her, mesmerizing as they jostled back and forth. He lay his own body down and walked his mom up so her tits swung over his engorged cock. He reached out with his male hands and grabbed each breast before thrusting his cock up between her pillowy cleavage. Gliding his hips, he slid his cock back

and forth between his mom's breasts. He could feel it from both perspectives, the warmth wrapped around him as he plunged into her softness. The anticipation in his groin built within him at each motion.

The cockhead appeared at the top of her cleavage, angry and red, dripping precum across the top of her breasts. Jesus, if this is what tits felt like why didn't he just play with them all day? It was more than the feeling, though. It was the illicit sight of his mom naked, her bare tits there just for him to fuck. Her big brown nipples hung low, spiking to attention as he used her tits to stroke his cock, driving his hips up through her pillowy expanse.

But titty-fucking wasn't enough. Both these bodies were horny and, almost without thinking, Cody dropped his mom's lips onto his shaft. He opened wide, swallowing himself in one gulp. His male body moaned as he was surrounded by his mom's hot wet mouth. He tasted himself from his mom's perspective as he lowered her lips down his own shaft. Christ, she was so warm and wet and perfect on his dick. The sight of her - her cheeks concave with effort, tits dangling beneath her, ass swaying out behind, nose pressed into his groin, her mouth full of his dick - was just as hot as the feeling of her warmth enveloping him and just as hot as the warm hardness of his cock in her mouth, the air brushing against her ass and her pussy as it wiggled in the air behind her. Cody swiped his phone from off his nightstand and aimed it at his mom to take the perfect video from his POV as she worshiped his cock.

Being both giver and receiver he could do exactly what he wanted. He tried various things with his mom's lips and tongue, undulating beneath his length, figuring out what felt good. He gazed up at himself, mouth full of cock, bright eyes full of need, gazing straight into the camera and acting the part of the horny MILF.

They both moaned and he continued to drag his mom's lips up and down his shaft, swirling his head, holding him close when he felt he might explode too soon. All the while the pressure built within him, a needy desire growing towards an incredible release. He could feel it coming and held off, continuing to suck his own dick with his mom's mouth as saliva dribbled down his length and the salty taste of his precum hit his mom's tongue. The camera wavered as the pleasure overwhelmed him.

"Fuuuuck, that's good," he moaned as himself and Zara and Kim.

Cody could feel the dampness of his sisters' panties, too, but he couldn't concentrate on them at the moment. His mom's mouth felt too damn good. He drove his lips down and up, faster, sucking harder, his mom's entire body wiggling until he couldn't hold himself back any longer. He gulped down his cock, enveloping his whole shaft with her slick mouth before exploding into her. He pumped his male hips up, cumming hard, nearly choking her as hot cum burst in his mouth and he gulped it down. Fuck, the relief was immense as his cock emptied and his belly filled. His seed was salty and spilled from his mom's lips, dripping down her chin. He kept her lips wrapped around his shaft until the last spasms died away and his warm cock remained resting on his mom's tongue.

He was sated but she was not. He concentrated on his mom now, dragging his lips off his cock with a wet pop and rolling onto his back. Her tits flopped down either side of her body and he felt them, so heavy and delightful. He spread her legs and thrust her fingers between her thighs. Shit, she was sopping wet and he slipped easily into her warmth. He moved her fingers around, exploring her slick canal, experimenting with pressure and touch until he dragged her fingers up across her budding clit and was hit with a burst of need. He fingered himself hard, moaning through all four mouths as his mom writhed on the bed, her fingers slick inside her.

He grabbed one of his mom's tits with her free hand and squeezed, then had his old body roll over and begin sucking on his mom's other nipple. Her skin was delightfully tangy, his tongue flicking her tiny nub as he felt from her point of view the hot breath on her tit. The twin sensations were wonderful, building the heat between his legs. He made her stroke faster, growing ever more restless, hips driving up to meet his fingers.

His mom's pussy was sopping wet, dripping down his thighs, the wet sound of her so amazing. They tensed, eyes shutting tight, teeth nipping her nipple as she came. His mom's orgasm thundered through her and her legs shook. It roared through him, filling him, dissipating the tension and bringing a blessed relief. When the last convulsion ended he lay there, breathing hard in both bodies, his sticky hands resting on his breasts.

Now, with his old body and his mom's body lying on bed, both naked and covered in each other's juices, he felt some shame. He couldn't believe what he'd just done. Why did the first blowjob he ever had have to come from his mom? And why had it felt so fucking good?

Kim wasn't happy staying inside for the rest of the day. Cody could feel it. Her body was restless, needing to burn off the pent-up energy. Zara's body, too, was hurting from just sitting around. Cody was clearly able to tap into their consciousness. He wondered if he could tap into their abilities as well?

He got both his sisters dressed in turns, slipping on the ski jackets, gloves, hats and socks. He pushed Kim's long hair up under the beanie so it would stop falling into her face. The ski hat kept Zara's purple-tipped hair on her cheeks and provided some more warmth. Leaving his mom and his own body on the bed for the time being, Cody walked Zara and Kim up the short path to the lodge and the entrance to the slopes.

By now he was pretty good at moving two people at the same time. He'd adjusted to the different shapes of their bodies, their differing gaits and heights. Walking them next to each other, he found that he could expand his sightlines and avoid the dizziness that came with their overlapping visions by having them each look slightly to the side.

He collected their skis and poles from the locker and then went up to one of the beginner slopes. At the top of the slope, he felt the heart of his male body begin pounding as he looked down the steep incline. He focused on Zara and Kim, trying to keep his old body out of it.

To Zara, this hill was nothing. Hell, it was disappointingly small. Still, Cody wanted to send them on a practice run before he tried the harder stuff.

He made Zara push off first, digging her poles into the snow and leaping down the hill. He could feel her body adjust as the muscle memory slotted into place, knees bending, legs pushing off to maintain balance, eyes focused downhill. In her body, the moves came naturally, almost without thinking. For Zara, the beginner slope was trivially easy. He slid her to a stop at the bottom and then turned his attention to Kim.

Concentrating, he felt the intense restlessness within her. She needed a rush and this baby slope wasn't going to be it. Cody pushed her off as fast as she could, bending her knees and aiming straight down the hill to get the maximum possible speed. She felt so brash, so confident as she zoomed down the hill and came to a hockey stop, jamming her skis to the side and sending up a spray of snow over Zara.

Holy shit, that was a rush! There was no fear. And not nearly enough adrenaline. Cody needed more.

He jumped his sisters onto the chair lift and went up to the intermediate slopes. Again, he took them down one at a time. The wind rushed across Zara's cheeks as she zigzagged down the hill, passing other skiers along the way. As soon as she hit the bottom, he pushed off with Kim and zoomed down the hill. He laughed in her voice as he flew down. This slope was a little steeper and now the adrenaline was kicking in.

When he got to the bottom he walked his sisters back up and tried again. This time he sent them down at the same time. It was a little more difficult as Zara and Kim balanced in different ways, sometimes leaning in opposite directions, sometimes leaning together. Instead of patting his head

and rubbing his belly, it was more like juggling while riding a unicycle. He had to slow them down but he got to the bottom of the hill successfully. Still, it was better than he'd ever done in his own body.

Cody tried the intermediate slopes a few more times, running his sisters' bodies through the motions until they came naturally. Their bodies were so light and graceful. Nothing like his own.

He stopped for a snack at the lodge, Zara needing another dose of chocolate to satisfy her sweet tooth. Full of confidence in Kim's body, he found two guys sitting at a table for four and asked if they could join. Within minutes they were laughing with each other, Cody putting her hand to stroke one of their shoulders as his sister's natural flirtation came to the fore. They came away with full bellies and phone numbers of the two guys. Cody - and by extension Zara and Kim - were bubbly with excitement. He was so bad at meeting people, but with his sister's confident and easygoing manner he had no trouble picking up complete strangers. It was fun being so popular!

Then it was on to the black diamond slopes. These he took one body at a time, Zara coming up on the chair lift as he concentrated on Kim speeding down, and then vice versa so that as soon as one finished the other was ready to start. It was magical flying down the hill, his bodies knowing just what to do. He ran them up and down several times, until their legs were weak and the lodge began to close up for the night.

He'd had his mom and his own body—still naked, because who was he hiding from? —make a fire in the fireplace so it was warm by the time his two sisters walked in. Cody dropped their ski clothes by the door and walked them both to the same bathroom. There, he stripped off their clothes and turned on the shower. He thought it would be more efficient to wash them together. He didn't count on how excited he would be at the sight of Zara and Kim naked and together.

Now he could really see their differences. Kim was slightly taller and with a figure that was overall more slender. Her breasts were tiny and taut, the nipples growing to attention as he had them stare at each other. Zara was curvier than her sister, with wider hips and tits that dwarfed Kim's. They were as big as his mom's, but with the taut fulness of youth. And they were so much fun to stroke.

As the water sluiced down his sister's bodies he soaped them both up, using Zara's hands to run down Kim's body and vice versa. Zara's fingers followed the tight curves of her sister's body, down to the juicy ass and then back up to her tits, making them slick and wonderful, the tiny nipples standing at full attention and an eagerness making itself felt between her thighs. He'd always known his sisters were hot, but seeing it for himself was a whole other matter. He ran their fingers over each other, pressing their bodies close, tits against tits, before bringing their lips together.

It was like kissing himself in a way. He could feel each set of lips against each of his own, each hot breath filling his mouth, each of his sisters' bodies growing warm and aroused. Kim's hands wandered down to clutch Zara's plump butt, fingers digging into her perfect peach of an ass while she reached up to grab a handful of Zara's tits with her own hands.

In the living room by the fire, his own body was getting aroused, his cock slowly growing. Next to him, his mom was also getting turned on at the sight and sound and feel of her daughters kissing and touching each other. Everywhere Zara touched Kim left bright sparks of warmth that shot right down to her core, their arousal bleeding into all four bodies until Cody's cock was hard and his own masculine arousal demanded attention.

Cody walked himself to the bathroom and made Zara step out of the shower. The water dripped down her face, her tits, her thighs. Cody stepped into the warm shower spray and took her place

against his popular, athletic younger sister. Her supple arms draped over his neck and he pressed her against his male body, kissing once again. She tasted wonderful, and Cody made her tongue slip into his mouth as her tits crushed against his chest. His cock lay trapped between them, a warmth throbbing every now and then against Kim's tight abs.

He ran his hands up and down her body, enjoying how different his masculine hands felt against her delicate skin compared to her sister's hands. He pressed her up against the wall as they made out fiercely, the desire in one driving through and multiplying the desire in the other. His male body wanted her more than he'd wanted anyone. Wanted to drive into her, hold himself inside her warm body and hear her moan in his ear.

Zara and his mom were moist at the sight of Cody and his sister through Cody's shared mind. Their arousal sat there, needing attention. So he walked Zara to the living room and wrapped her arms around his mom. She was still wet as she lay atop her mom, kissing and stroking. Her heavy tits swung down, landing on her mom's tits. Their hands felt each other up, running over each curve. And now Cody could feel all three women at once. It was utter bliss touching them all, stroking tits while pinching ass while gripping thighs, all while tongues slid into mouths, hot breath mingled, and the arousal in all four bodies deepened, taking on its own shape, its own energy, until instinct kicked in.

Cody was unthinking, a wild animal in all four bodies. He pressed Kim up against the tiled shower wall. As Kim, he raised her legs, wrapped them around his own body. Now he was being held aloft, his tiny body taken in his strong arms, the cock pressing against his entrance. Cody shifted, raising her, the underside of his shaft grazing her dark pubic hair. He lowered her onto him, his cock pressing into her entrance, meeting the resistance momentarily before slipping inside her delicious warmth.

He moaned as he filled her, at the same time enjoying his pussy being pressed apart by his own cock as it drove deeper, sinking in up to the hilt. And then they were fully connected, him lodged inside her lodged inside himself. The utter bliss of fucking and being fucked drove him on and he swerved his hips, driving in and out of his sister's delightful body as she remained wrapped around him, kissing, groping, moaning into his mouth, deep, rich growls of excitement, desperate for him.

In the living room, he crawled Zara down her mom's body until her face was inches above his mom's dark triangle of hair between her legs. She smelled divinely musky. Cody stuck out Zara's tongue and licked slowly up his mom's rich wet slit, desire and excitement making him giddy. Using his sister's fingers, he spread his mom apart and gazed into her soft pink folds. So this was what a pussy looked like. So this was what a pussy felt like. So this was what a pussy tasted like.

He made his sister lick her again, tongue gliding inside her mom, inhaling her scent as she found Angela's salty desire. He made her lick faster, following his instinct, his need. In the bathroom, he drove his cock deeper into his younger sister, enjoying Kim's cries, her little whimpers at each thrust, whimpers coming from his own mouth. He was an animal in all four bodies, driving, fucking, licking, sucking as the wonderous tension rose and then exploded.

His male body came first and he jammed his cock deep into Kim's cunt, clenching her eyes as she took him, feeling the incredible throb of his cock as it spurted inside her. Each delightful burst of seed grew the heat inside her, and his orgasm made the rest spill over. Kim flexed around him, legs growing taut as he urged himself deeper. Their cries mingled until he didn't know whose were whose. Their pleasure was tied together and set off an orgasm in his mom, who thrust her hips up

against her eldest daughter's face and grabbed her own tits, squeezing as she enjoyed an orgasm magnified by the shared mind.

Cody fucked his sister as long as he could, until his cock emptied and his sister's cunt dripped with his seed, so full. So wonderfully, amazingly full of him. He remained holding her up against the tiled wall as he softened inside her, just wanting to remain here with himself inside himself and enjoy the last remnants of the beautiful heat.

In the living room, Zara was horny and yet to be satisfied. Cody made her lie back on the couch and spread her legs, then made his mom crawl down between her legs and lick her budded clit. Now that he knew what to do he made her cum quick. Tongue lapping at her pink folds, inhaling her divine scent as his older sister convulsed around her mom's face.

When it was over, all four of Cody's bodies were satisfied. Aching and full. Wonderfully warm and lazy.

He rinsed himself and his younger sister off. Dried everyone. Dressed them in their nightclothes and then put them to bed exhausted.

When he awoke the next morning he opened his eyes once. He couldn't feel the presence of his mom or his sisters. Were they still asleep? Was everything back to normal? Did any of that even happen?

Picking his phone up off the nightstand, Cody flipped to his pictures. There was the video of his mom sucking his cock, her mouth so full of his dick, her tits swaying beneath her. It was real all right.

He wondered what his mom and his sisters would say. Would they even remember what he made them do? They would be awake soon. For now, all Cody could do was lie in bed and hope that whatever magic had granted his wish, it wasn't over yet.

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Thank you!

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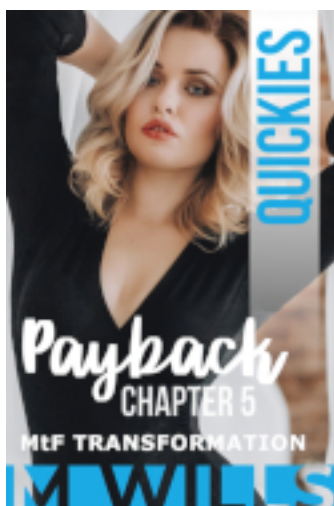
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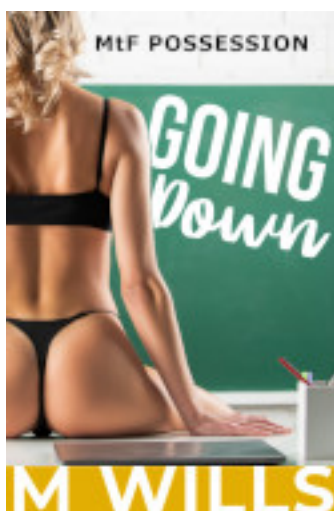
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