

# Stranger Inside

by M. Wills

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## About

Welcome to another erotic collection of stories of men becoming women and exploring their sensual new bodies. All the stories in this collection are commissions from readers like you. If you'd like me to write a personalized story for you, or just want to see weekly, erotic captions, head over to my site at [www.bodyswapfiction.com](http://www.bodyswapfiction.com)

Enjoy!

-M

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## Fit

My walk home from work always takes me by Fancy Pants Park, which is usually filled with a gaggle of beautiful women. The actual name is probably so-and-so Memorial Park, but I call it Fancy Pants Park because it's in an upscale neighborhood...and it's a park. The women who hang out there at this time of day always seem to be dressed a little more fashionable and, based on the lack of children with them, they seem to sit there to chat and be seen. Or maybe they're coming home to their children and nannies after a hard day at the gym or organizing their chakras or whatever it is trophy wives do. They're well-kept women and they do take care of themselves like it's their job, which it basically is. Maybe not all of them are trophy wives. At least some of them are there to scope out eligible men with the intention of *becoming* trophy wives.

I'm not looking for a wife, trophy or otherwise. I'm not into vapid women who obsess about their appearance and what Sarah's wearing now and oh, can you believe the corner store doesn't even sell lactose free cheese? I want a woman I can talk to, to be friends with as well as lovers. Though, that doesn't mean I don't like to look. All guys like to look.

I particularly like looking at the women who've just finished their jog, or are just on the way to the gym. Sometimes if they're warming up by flexing their perfectly toned bodies I'll stroll through the park and take the long way round so I can glimpse their solid legs and their trim abs. I don't want to date these women, but what I wouldn't give to ride them hard. I don't like to think of myself as this type of male chauvinist who only sees women as sex objects. But, man, when they're dressed in their skin-tight athletic gear, their solid bodies half-naked and glistening, trimmed and toned all over...it drives me wild.

And then I see her. The one. Kyla. I see her most days and she always does this to me, even when she's not dressed as provocatively as she is now. Her beautiful image is seared into my brain, penetrating my thoughts. God, I'd like to do the same to her.

She's standing right by the bench as I enter the park, stretching for her run. Her perfectly manicured fingernails trace their way down one leg, then the other. The tiny, Lycra shorts hug her slim ass and reveal her long, golden legs. She's ripped, more fit than me and anyone I know. Her abs nearly ripple with a six-pack but she's not all skin and bone. Her tight pink top hides some firm breasts and I can see the muscles coiled beneath the smooth skin of her perfect arms. Her long, blonde hair flows down over her shoulders as she changes position, stretching her calves now.

She keeps looking up towards the entrance to the park; she's got an eye out for someone but it's not me. We've only ever spoken a dozen words to each other and they were all 'hi' (Spaced out over several days of course, it would be weird if we said them all at once.). Look, I know I'm no Brad Pitt but my secret weapon is my sense of humor. It's just that I get tongue tied around this woman and I can't find a good opening to start a conversation. I only know her name because I overheard her once talking about herself in the third person. What am I going to do? Go up to her and say 'That's a really weird way to tell a story. My name's Tony?'

Her eyes light up and I surreptitiously look around to follow her gaze, which is directed at a guy who's just entered the park. It's James. He lives in one of the apartments on the floor below me, and while I don't know him personally, I know his reputation. He seems to be the neighborhood Lothario. I've personally seen a succession of women coming out of his apartment at various times, at least two of whom I've seen hanging around this very park as part of the trophy wives, or trophy wife wannabees. The neighborhood gossip is that he's fucked his way through most of the yoga moms in the park. Kyla can't seriously be trying to get this guy's attention can she? She's been around enough, she must know his reputation. I hoped she was smarter than that, but it's a very ditsy thing to do: slutting for attention.

As I approach her, her pale blue eyes glance towards me, then away, dismissing me with a tiny flicker of disdain, like I'm not good enough to even speak to her. What the hell is that about? So James is perfect but I'm some kind of scummy asshole? There's a flash of red behind my eyes as my anger boils over. Without thinking, without checking around to see if anyone's looking, I hop her.

In a nanosecond my body disintegrates into pure energy and zips towards Kyla's body. My form separates and enters her mouth, her nostrils and flows down to meet my essence flowing up from

her pussy and ass. In less than a blink I'm inside her body looking out.

I'm shorter than I was, but very fit. I can feel the raw power running through her. I brush the long hair behind my face and breathe in deeply, running my tongue along my mouth, adjusting to every tiny bit of my new body. Looking down I'm greeted by the sight of her cleavage, clasped firmly beneath her bra. I run my hands over my trim stomach, not an inch of fat to be found. The warm air blows gently across my skin. I feel nearly naked. I'd like to be completely naked but I'm in the middle of the park so I can't fully enjoy myself. Yet. Instead of exploring her physically, I sift through her mind. I find bits of Freud, titles of papers on psychological studies and most startling, memories of her interviews she carried out as part of her PhD in Sociology. She's amazingly intelligent and not at all the vapid attention seeker I thought she was, though she does have a pretty high opinion of herself, particularly her body. I can't say I blame her and, in retrospect, it's obvious that one can't keep a body as toned as she has without some sort of narcissistic tendencies.

Her feelings towards James are mixed. I continue stretching as I watch him leaning casually on the gate and chatting with the other women. He's easygoing but there's a predatory look behind his eyes. Physically, he's attractive, with his handsome profile, strong cheekbones and his muscular body. Kyla wouldn't mind riding him and, in fact, my heartbeat is picking up just watching him. But she knows what he is and she wants to punish him. She wants to tease him, string him along right up to the edge and show him who's in charge, make him beg for it, then deny him. She wants to dominate him as she has her other boyfriends. I wouldn't mind that myself.

I strut towards James, my hips swaying back and forth. He looks up at me as I approach, his eyes drinking in my body. I smile seductively and twirl a lock of my long, blonde hair around my finger, playing the ditsy blonde. He straightens slightly as I approach him, a small tell.

'Hello there,' I say in Kyla's soft voice.

'Hey, it's athletic girl with her legs of steel,' he says.

I giggle and look down, then back up at him, playing coy.

'I see you around here a lot,' I say.

'I live right over there,' he says, maintaining eye contact as he gestures to the building behind him. 'This is kind of my backyard. I've seen you here, too. I never forget a pretty face.'

I lean against the opposite side of the fence facing him. I bring my face close to his as I stretch out my toned arm and point across the park. He follows the soft curve of my arm with his eyes.

'That's my building,' I say, 'But this side of the park looks much nicer. What do you think of this particular part of the park?' I ask, running my fingers through my soft hair and leaning over to stretch my lean body from side to side, shaking my cleavage for his benefit.

'It's a great view,' he says, his eyes lingering on my breasts. 'In fact, you can see all the way to the lake from my apartment.'

'I'd love to see that. How about tonight?'

He raises his eyebrows ever so slightly. Have I been too forward? Does he like them playing hard to get? Then:

'It just so happens I've got a nice bottle of red I'd hate to see go to waste.'

So James doesn't care how easy it is to get them, as long as he gets them. Won't he be disappointed.

I arrange to meet at his apartment later that night, then excuse myself to go shower and change. I walk back across the park towards Kyla's apartment slowly, feeling his eyes on my ass. I can feel this is how Kyla likes to work, using her body to control men. She's very good at it. And now I'm using her body to do the same. Every step of her muscular legs, every sway of her hips just drives home how wonderfully fit she is, how perfect her form is. How perfect *my* form is now. My excitement rises as I get nearer and nearer her place, where I can finally explore this body.

By the time I get back to her apartment there's already a slow, pulsing warmth between my legs as I imagine what I'm going to do in Kyla's body. As soon as I shut the door I lean against the wall and my hands fly to my new breasts. I squeeze them gently, my fingers sinking into my tight, pink top, jiggling the warm flesh beneath my fingers, lifting and dropping my breasts. Her athletic gear is so tight, so confining, showing off every inch of her smooth curves. I love it. I stick out my stomach

and glide my hands down it, feeling the hard abs beneath my smooth skin, enjoying the sight of Kyla's trim body, performing at my command.

My hands slide down over the Lycra fabric around my waist, back behind my thick butt and squeeze, sending a burst of pleasure like the world's best massage through my form and I sigh happily in Kyla's voice, 'Ahh'. My hands continue their exploration, sinking between my thighs over the top of my clothes, pressing the tight fabric of my shorts deeper into myself. Kyla's body opens for her probing fingers. I can feel the lips of my pussy moistening, spreading for myself beneath the black shorts as I push deeper inside, pressing hard against the nub of her clit, held back by the form fitting spandex.

One of my hands returns to my tits, squeezing harder, trying to pinch the nipple beneath the tight top as it eludes my grasp, driving me wild. I try to force my other fingers deeper into myself. I can feel my own warmth, my own wetness and I press my hips against my hand, straining to penetrate myself further, held in place by my tight fitting athletic gear. A brief orgasm slips through me and I shudder and gasp lightly. 'Oh!' I bite my lip and redouble my effort.

My shorts are sopping wet now; I'm so horny for myself. I gaze down at Kyla's form as I make her pleasure herself, watch her petite body in workout clothes wriggle in pleasure as I make her squeeze her tits harder beneath the tight, pink top, rub against her budded clit faster until the pleasure flares through me once more and I cry out, louder this time. 'Oh, yes!' and lean my head against the wall, closing my eyes and enjoying the orgasm pouring through my body, the sweet release of tension so welcome.

After a minute the wave recedes and I drift back down to Kyla's body. My shorts are dripping with my lust and the room is thick with the smell of my pussy. *My pussy*. God, I love having such a tender pussy, such an athletic body. Kyla and I are going to have some more fun, but first we've got a boy to tease.

I arrive at James's building a few hours later. Kyla's body is showered and perfumed, a light flowery fragrance of jasmine. I found a tiny red dress that fits her perfectly. It's sleeveless, short and low-cut, revealing all the best aspects of my new body. The breezy, black fabric hugs my form tightly, accentuating my curves and leaving my arms and most of my legs bare, revealing my toned body, the muscles rippling beneath my soft skin when I move in certain ways "accidentally" flexing for the benefit of others. My breasts are held loosely, the lovely valley between them on full display for myself and anyone else who cares to look. This dress is almost more revealing than seeing me naked, as it promises the delights of the body within, leaving others to fill in the blanks with their imagination, coloring me with their fantasies. But ultimately leaving Kyla in control, teasing with the promise of what may happen.

I fix myself up in the elevator as it rises to James's floor. I adjust my straight blonde hair so it perfectly frames my delicate oval face with my soft, rounded nose and full, red lips. I gaze at my body through Kyla's pale blue eyes, tugging the dress this way and that, perfecting myself before the elevator doors open.

I stride towards his apartment, my high heels click-clacking along the floor. He opens the door at my knock and smiles at me. His shirt is unbuttoned and he's dressed messily as though he just grabbed whatever he could find, though in a way that suggested he was careful in what he found.

'Hi, James,' I say, tucking my hair behind my ear and subtly thrusting out my chest.

'Come on in,' he says, standing aside and holding the door open.

I enter, my hips swaying from side to side. I can hear the door close behind me as he follows me down the hallway. No doubt his eyes are on my figure, roaming over my tight ass. I stroll towards the big window and pose casually, one hand on my hip, my weight on my other leg as I take in the view. And it is a nice view, I'll give him that. The park stretches out below us as night falls across the city.

'I thought you said you could see the lake,' I say.

Then he's close beside me. I can smell his faint sandalwood cologne as he hands me a glass of wine. Our fingers touch briefly as I take the glass. He smiles at me, his eyes glinting in mischief.

The last rays of the setting sun highlight his jaw, his cheekbones, the top of his pecs beneath his shirt. Kyla's body is warming. I need to be careful.

He leans towards me and points. 'Just there,' his deep voice rumbles softly next to my ear, 'Next to the bank towers.'

I ease towards him, pressing my side against him.

'Oh, right,' I whisper huskily.

I turn to face him. Kyla's body is shorter than he is and I have to look up at him. I can sense the desire coming off him in waves. There's a half-smile on his face as I let my lips part slightly. I tilt my face up, leaning towards him slightly. Just as he starts to bring his lips down to meet mine I turn back to the window and sip from my wine glass.

'I wouldn't call that a *view* of the lake,' I say in a conversational tone, dropping the sex kitten act suddenly, 'More like a *glimpse* of the lake. I hope you're not paying extra for that.'

He's a bit taken back but he smiles, intrigued. He thought he had me, thought I had offered myself to him. And if I hadn't come here intending to tease him he might have. He is quite handsome, quite masculine. But I'm in charge here. I can feel Kyla's body getting a charge out of teasing him, holding out her body only to withdraw it.

I slide up onto a stool in front of his immaculate clean and white kitchen island. I cross my legs, letting my dress slide up my thigh slightly and lean forward to allow the neckline of my dress to fall ever more open. I prop one hand on my chin and appraise him.

'What do you do to earn such a view?' I ask brusquely. 'Win the lottery?'

'Hardly,' he says, downing his wine and pouring another glass. I hold out mine and he fills it up. He hides it well but I sense his rising irritation with me. Time to change tact once again.

'The lottery's a sucker's game,' he continues, 'I just make good food. Ever hear of La Panniere?'

'The fancy French place downtown?'

He nods. 'You're looking at the chef.'

'Bullshit. Prove it.' I smile, needling him just a bit.

He smirks, he's been waiting to show off. He opens the fridge and holds out a plate of figs stuffed with cheese and drizzled with some sort of sauce.

'Try one.' He says.

I pluck one of the plate and take a bite. I don't have to fake how good it tastes, but I do play it up just a little.

'Oh my god, that's amaaazing,' I say, placing a hand on his arm.

I stand and pretend to lose my balance in the high heels, letting my breasts press against his arm as I steady myself.

'Whoa, that wine must have gone to my head.' I laugh. Just a ditsy blonde who needs to be fucked.

James takes my other hand and helps me to the couch. I allow myself to be led, pressing my body gently against his.

And so it goes like this for the next half hour, me playing the dumb blonde edging ever closer to sex before suddenly pulling away, he chasing me, thrown off guard at my sudden changes. I'm driving him crazy but he wants me so badly and he refuses to give up. He's cool about it, though, even as I play up Kyla's sexuality, until finally we're sitting right next to each other on the couch. My shoes are on the floor and my long legs are tucked underneath me. One of my arms rests on the couch behind his head, running through his hair. I bring my other hand up to his chest and play with his top button as I smile seductively up at him. He leans forward to kiss me and I push him back against the couch and shake my head, still smiling.

I sit up and throw one leg over him, straddling him and looking down from up high. James stares up at me, entranced. He thinks he's got it made. He leans forward to kiss my breasts and again I push him back, harder this time, my muscles tense. He smiles, thinking this is a game. I lean down and place my lips next to his ear.

'I bet you want to fuck me, don't you?' I whisper in a breathy voice.

He nods. I can feel his body beneath me practically vibrating with desire. I feel the same, this

dominance, this control in Kyla's body is making me hot.

I whisper once more, 'I never fuck on the first date.'

I stand and grab my shoes. He looks up at me and grabs my hand, his eyes pleading, a bulge rising in his pants as I loom over him.

'Come on, sweetie, you don't have to go,' he practically begs. Just like a man to whine for sex. He's so pathetic. I'm the only one who gets Kyla tonight.

'Beg me. Maybe I'll stay.'

'Please.'

'Not good enough. Get on your knees.'

He kneels on the floor and clasps his hands together, looking up at me with a face that launched a thousand ships. 'Please stay, Kyla, I'll do whatever you want.'

'Kiss my feet.'

He bends and kisses each of my feet tenderly, lovingly. He thinks this is foreplay. I step back before he can wrap his hands around my leg.

'Crawl for me. Like the dog you are.' I say, turning suddenly and sauntering down the hall. He follows behind on his hands and knees, whimpering like a little dog, begging me to reconsider.

'Please, please, please.'

I open the front door. He hesitates.

'Be a good little doggy and maybe I'll get you a pussy.' I pull up my dress, revealing my panties. He crawls forward and I lead him outside, then turn suddenly, my blonde hair whipping around, my face hard. 'I said maybe. And *maybe* I'll change my mind tomorrow.'

'Girl, you're crazy,' he says, looking up at me from his knees. 'What's wrong with you?'

'Maybe I'm crazy,' I say, running my hand through his hair as his neighbors walk by, giving us an odd look. 'Or maybe this is just foreplay.'

I turn and walk to the elevator as he sits there speechless. He wants to yell at me for being a tease, but he doesn't know if I am. He's still holding out hope that he can see me naked.

Hmph, men.

I return to Kyla's house to see her naked.

I sit on her bed with my long legs crossed, facing the full length mirror running along her closet. My body is warm and comfortable. I wouldn't want Kyla to miss this. I wake up her mind and feel her consciousness slowly come to. I wait, Kyla's hands clasped lightly in my lap as I stare into the mirror, a half smile on my beautiful face.

*Wh-what's going on? I can't move!*

'Hello, Kyla,' I say in her voice. 'I'm in charge of your body for now. It's so nice.'

I run one of her hands over the top of my dress, gently squeezing one tit at a time then letting them drop back down.

*Who are you? Why are you doing this?* She screams.

'You always seem so uptight, maybe it's all the working out. I'm going to help you relax.'

I brush my fingertips from the top of my knee, down my smooth thigh, slip under my dress and lightly caress my cotton panties. A sigh escapes my lips and a small shiver runs down my spine. I uncross my legs and spread them, revealing a glimpse of my pink panties beneath the hem of my dress. I smile, looking into my own pale blue eyes reflected in the mirror, forcing Kyla to run her own eyes up and down her body.

*This is my body! Get out of here!*

'No, Kyla, this is our body now.'

I flip the dress off over my head and toss it to the floor. My eyes gravitate down to her chest, the luscious breasts clad in a pink bra just inches from my soft new nose. I raise her hands, force her to grope herself as her own body warms to her touch. I circle my fingers over my warm skin, across my hidden nipples as they perk out in desire. I can feel Kyla's mind being overwhelmed by the signals from her body.

*Please stop.* She whispers. *Don't do this to me.* But there's less urgency. She wants it, too.

'I'm not doing anything you don't want,' I say in her own voice.

I reach around and unclasp my bra, then let it drop to the floor. I stand and slip off my panties, then bring them to my nose. I inhale, making her smell her own faint lust. Then I toss them aside and look her body up and down, making her ogle herself.

'You've got an amazing body. But you already know that.'

I run my hands up and down my soft form, feeling every inch of my skin. My hands roam down over my flat stomach, between my thighs and press lightly against my pussy. The coarse hair feels so nice beneath my sensitive fingers. The warmth inside me begins pulsing to my heartbeat, sending warm waves of pleasure creeping through my body.

I sit back down, my legs still spread as I press a finger against the hood of my clit and rub ever so gently, teasing myself, teasing her.

*Why are you...doing this?*

Her thoughts are interrupted by a quick jolt of electricity as my finger sinks inside my moistening cunt, dipping into my growing wetness and spreading it back against my budding clit. I moan softly, my breasts rising and falling heavily as another finger joins, massaging my clit, doubling, trebling the pleasure washing through me until I'm rewarded with a small orgasm.

'Oh!' I cry out. With one hand still inside myself the other returns to my breasts, squeezing the soft flesh, pinching my nipples as the brief jolts of pain meet the pleasure, mingling inside me. My fingers are wet with Kyla's lust. I force myself to stare with half lidded eyes into the mirror as I continue making Kyla masturbate, watching myself masturbate in her body, which just increases my pleasure and I cry out as another orgasm hits.

'Oh, fuck, oh, fuck,' I cry, my fingers sinking deeper inside myself.

*Oh god, oh god, deeper.* Kyla moans and I obey.

Falling back on the bed, my legs spread in the air I thrust Kyla's slim fingers deeper inside my wet heat, feeling myself both inside and out as my pulse pounds. I work my feminine body hard, thrusting inside myself, pinching my sensitive nipples, grasping and squeezing my tits, my cries rising in pitch, higher, higher, until suddenly I release and we both moan '*Ahhh*' '*Oooooohh*' and I'm floating in pleasure. The world disappears leaving just me and Kyla sharing her wonderful body, sharing our ecstasy until the waves ebb and we float gently back down to earth.

I lie on the bed, letting my breathing slow. The smell of my sex is heavy in the room, my fingers are sticky with myself. But, God, I'm so relaxed, so at ease. And Kyla, inside me, is quiet.

It's not hard at this point to send her to sleep, where I mold her unconscious mind, setting out subliminal desires and wants, like little landmines that will lead us to explosions of pleasure. I've got plans for her, and she's going to want to be a part of them. She is *now* anyway. After my suggestions are thoroughly set inside her, deeply embedded to reveal themselves at my call, I hop out and leave her asleep on the bed.

In my own body I return to my apartment and wait to meet her again.

The next day after work I detour through Fancy Pants Park. Kyla is there, stretching one long, lean leg out in front of her. She's dressed in her tight fitting top and Lycra shorts once again. Her eyes dart around the park and stop when they fall on me, setting off one of the subliminal landmines. She stares, her lips parted in a small 'o', her fit body frozen in wonder. She's smitten.

'Hi, Kyla, right?' I smile.

She breathes out, nods, 'Y-yes.'

'I'm Tony.' I hold my hand out to shake and she grabs it and gasps. I feel the slight tremor run through her body at my touch.

'Do you want to come back to my place?' I ask.

She nods, tucking her hair behind her ears. I place my hand gently on her back, touching her bare skin, setting off another electric tingle. My hand slides down to her ass, because I can, and she snuggles close to me. I can smell her floral shampoo as we walk back to my apartment.

No sooner do we get through the door of my apartment than she's on me. Her lips press against mine, hungry for me, as her hands glide up and down my body, unbuttoning my shirt and running

against my chest. She kisses me madly, desperately and I know warmth is already shooting through her at my suggestion. I wrap my hands around her hard body, intensifying the electricity pounding through her. She moans into my mouth and helps me slip off her top. Her breasts bounce free and I grab them greedily, licking and kissing as she sighs and groans. Her breasts are small but firm, nice to grab and fondle as the thunderstorm of pleasure tears through her. She senses the hardness beneath my pants, her hands unzip me and wrap around my manhood.

She pulls me into the living room and forces me down onto the couch, still very much wanting to be the dominant one. She stands above me and slowly teases herself out of her shorts, swinging her hips and sliding the fabric down her legs, putting on a show. She smiles, knowing how much I want her, and I know how much she wants me. Finally she tosses her shorts aside and stands naked before me. The lips of her pussy are already unfolding, revealing her pink moistness. I ogle her hard body, her form so muscular yet feminine.

She pulls off my pants and straddles me but doesn't let me enter her. She teases, dancing to the very edge so I feel the coarse hair of her bush brush against the head of my cock. I'm rock hard and still she dances, now coming a little lower, her hands grasping the couch on each side of my head, her eyes gazing into mine, a smile playing on her face. She knows she's in charge. She lowers herself and the head of my cock starts to slide in, then she's back up. She's being a fucking tease and, god, I want her so bad. I reach for her but she grabs my hands and throws them back on the couch, pinning me here as she dances on the edge of me. She's got to be dripping with lust now, with all the commands I left in her mind. We stare into each other's eyes, her cute face inches from mine, desire playing across her pale blue eyes.

She sits slowly, letting me fill her inch by inch. Her eyes roll up and she closes them, sighing softly as she sinks down on me, her wet heat surrounding my cock head, then down my shaft. Her glistening lips sinking down and down until she reaches my lap and I'm all the way inside her wet heat. I can feel her dripping down my cock. She glides her pussy up and down, master of her own body, master of mine now as she controls our pleasure, gliding up and down, allowing me to sink deep, pulling out and I want her so much and then she gives in, sinking back down, speeding up, faster and faster until she's practically jumping up and down on me in a delightful rhythm, working both our bodies, milking me for her own pleasure. Her tits bounce up and down in front of my face and I lean forward, trying to suck them whenever they get close. I thrust up to meet her every time she dips down and together we fuck like this, hard, desperately, tension filling me and then I explode, and she explodes. We both cry out together as I fill her with my seed and her body shudders in a massive orgasm, crying out loud in her beautiful voice, 'Oh, Tony! Tony! Tony!'. We shudder together until I'm empty and her warm body is full. When I come back down to earth she's still on top of me, her lovely form trembling in the aftershock beneath my fingers.

Still straddling me, she lowers her head to mine, draping my face in a curtain of her blonde hair. She smiles and kisses me again, lovingly, deeply, smitten with me and all the pleasure I gave her. The next landmine is set for the following day.

The next day we meet in the park as before, minus the introduction of course, and I lead her back to my apartment. I nod to James as we pass and he looks at us, dumbfounded, and shakes his head.

This time when we arrive at my apartment she strolls in acting casual, though I can tell she's aching for me. The way she bites her lip when she looks at me, the way she brushes her hair back and stammers when she looks into my eyes. She's so powerful, so strong, but tonight I'm the dominant one, as I instructed.

We sit on the couch, our bodies so close. She laughs at my jokes, crosses and uncrosses her legs. She must be so wet, just waiting for my command. It must be making her crazy to wait, to be subordinate to me. Finally, she breaks.

'Please,' she begs in a hoarse whisper, 'Can I suck your cock?'

There's desperation in her eyes. She hates herself for asking permission instead of just taking, but at the same time it turns her on to be so weak, so needy for me.

'Yes, you may,' I say.

Before I can even finish the sentence she's scrabbling at my pants and yanks them off. I'm hard for her, of course I am, who wouldn't be? She opens her lips and swallows me, sighing softly as she slides her tongue down my shaft, occasionally pulling off to lick and kiss the swelling head of my manhood, but always returning it to her warm mouth. I grip her head in both hands and guide her up and down my cock, forcing her head down until her nose touches my groin and I hit the back of her throat. She shudders in lust as I control her. I watch her sweet face from above as I pull her lips slowly up my shaft, then back down, up and down, then down, down, forcing her hard against me and she swallows me. I'm surrounded by the wet heat of her mouth as her tongue gyrates against my shaft. And then I release her, gripping her head in my hands and dominating her whenever I think she's getting complacent, forcing her to swallow my dick at my whim. I begin to spasm and push her lips down, down and hold them there until I get myself under control. I have one last thing she needs.

I release her head and she pulls off my cock with a 'pop'. She continues gliding one soft hand up and down my shaft as she looks up at me with her big, beautiful eyes, silently pleading.

'Take off your clothes,' I nod.

She complies, standing and throwing her clothes aside, once again revealing the hard but feminine curves of her athletic body, the toned muscles beneath the smooth skin, her nipples pricking from her chest in desire, her pussy spread wide, her lust dripping down her legs. She leans over onto the coffee table and arches her back, sticking her perfect, rounded ass up in the air. She looks over her shoulder at me.

'Please,' she says, hating herself even as the words come out but unable to stop them. She needs this. 'Fuck me in the ass.' She begs.

I stand and grab her beautiful butt. She sighs at my touch. I bring my cock up between her legs, sliding against her pussy, spreading her juices up and down my cock until it's glistening with her lust. I spread her butt, revealing her tight, puckered hole. I place the head of my cock against and push gently, slowly. She groans beneath me, pushing back as the pressure builds between us. Slowly, slowly I sink inside her, inch by inch. Her asshole is so tight. I grip her butt and sink inside her, both of us hardly daring to breath until she surrounds me and my groin is resting up against her cute butt. She moans, desire escaping her, a desperate desire to be full of me as I commanded. I stare down at her rounded ass, at the beautiful sight of my cock entering her, pulling back out and sliding in again ever so slowly, disappearing between her taut, rounded cheeks. I slowly speed up, impaling her on my cock, releasing her then impaling her again as her moans turns to cries, rising higher and higher in pitch until I'm slamming my cock deep in her ass, my balls slapping against her pussy as her breasts bounce beneath her.

'Cum for me!' she cries, a bitch in heat, and I do, exploding into her tight hole, sinking as deep as I can I fill her with my cum and she yells beneath me in orgasm, her eyes shut tight as pleasure surges through her. I dominate her, squeezing her ass tight and pulling her down and down until the last spasm fills her asshole with the last of my seed and she releases a long moan 'Ooooooohhhhh' as the final, long waves of pleasure wash through her.

When I pull out we both sink onto the couch breathing hard. We look at each other, our faces sweaty, sharing a look of love and lust.

She's all mine. And as long as my subliminal hooks are in her mind, my desires will be hers.

###

## The Right Woman

The streets of my hometown are packed with protesters but the atmosphere is one of congeniality rather than hostility. I march with a few of my friends, holding my sign high (It reads: *Your tiny hands have made a yuuuge mistake!*), chanting, snapping pictures of some of the other protest signs, and marveling at the huge crowd that has taken to the streets to both protest a government on its first day in office and celebrate women's rights.

Suddenly, in one of those random ebbs and flows of the crowds, a gap appears and I see *her*. She stands along the curb, chanting with a few other women. Her long, wavy brunette hair is gorgeously wind blown and highlighted with light streaks of blonde. Her eyebrows arch exquisitely over dark, almond shaped eyes, drawing me in even through the crowd. She wears denim on denim (Is that a thing? I think that's a thing now.), with a denim top that stops at her bellybutton over a plain white t-shirt that hugs her curves. Her tight jeans highlight the delicious curve of her butt. The moment only lasts a second before the gap in the crowd closes, but in that second I'm smitten.

I turn to my friends. 'I'll catch up with you later,' I yell.

They nod and keep marching. This isn't unusual for me; they know I like to chase beautiful women. Sometimes it leads to a one night stand, sometimes to a longer relationship, but today I have something different planned. I'm going to touch her with a magic wand. No, seriously.

I didn't believe it either when I found it in the stall at the weekend market. The stall owner was a young woman whose appearance completely slips my mind. I don't remember anything strange in the moment while talking to her, but thinking back, I can't really picture her or the stall in my mind. When I try, the memory moves out of reach, vague and slippery like a lucid dream several days old.

I was just browsing through the items strewn around her stall—which all seemed to be junk as far as I could tell—when she handed me this sparkling wand that looked like a little girl's toy. It was made out of pink plastic, with a cheap looking silver star on the end. She said it could help me be who I really wanted to be. And I knew, just knew, she was talking about my curiosity about being female. I was intensely curious, some may say obsessed, over what it would be like to become a beautiful woman for a day. She said all I had to do was take the wand and touch the star to the person whose body I wanted to possess and I would become them for 12 hours. She warned not to do it in a public place, because my current form would simply disappear. I don't know why, but I believed her. I took it in a daze and walked away without paying. A second or two later I remembered but when I turned to ask how much, she and her shop were gone. In their place was just a blank brick wall.

I've been carrying that wand around in my jacket pocket, waiting to find the perfect woman, and now I think she's nearby.

I wade through the crowd towards where I last spotted the brunette. Thankfully, she's still standing there. She stops chanting every so often to chat and laugh with a group of three other girls. It seems they all know each other and have come here together. That makes it a little trickier to get her alone; one person disappearing inside another is still uncommon enough that it causes panic. Go figure.

It's easy enough to stand to the side waving my sign without her noticing me as the crowd flows past. It's harder to figure out how the hell I'm going to possess her. All I need is a split second and a way to hide my original body from view so nobody freaks out when I disappear.

After a while the brunette and her friends begin to move on with the crowd towards the central square for the start of the speeches. I follow at a distance, occasionally losing sight of them until they bob up again, like a boat on the waves. They stake out a spot at the far end of the square; the stage is tiny from back here but big screens project close-ups of all the action.

The speeches are good. Funny, sad, angry, entertaining, and I keep reminding myself not to get sucked in. It's in a lull between two speakers when I see her turn to her friends, then they start making their way towards the library. I seem to recall the library would be open for bathroom use and follow after them.

Sure enough, when I get inside they're just turning the corner to the toilets. The men's and women's rooms are side by side, around a corner beneath the large staircase. As I get closer and

angle around I can see there's no line for the men and a surprisingly short line for the women's room; but then I guess a number of stores have opened their doors for the protesters. Luckily, the gorgeous brunette is last in line behind her blonde haired friend. The blonde is tall and willowy and has a graceful elegance about her, but she can't match the brunette in sheer weak-at-the-knees gorgeousness.

I wait some distance away, nervously hoping no one else gets in line. Just as her blonde-haired friend enters the bathroom and closes the door, another group of people comes through the main entrance and heads towards the bathrooms. I hurry forward and pull out the wand, knowing I'll only be blocked from view for a moment, but a moment is all I need.

I approach her with the wand held out in my trembling fingers. If this doesn't work I'm about to be the world's creepiest creep. She's got her head down, staring at her phone. She's facing the side wall and her beautiful silhouette is to me. As I get closer I'm taken by the taut curve of her ass, her cute upturned nose and her striking profile. I can hear the other people coming up from behind. I turn the corner, only a few steps away from her but the others are closing in fast. I hear the clunk of the bathroom latch and the women's room door just starts to creak open as I take one last, long stride to close the gap, holding out the wand and touch her arm.

The world disappears from view as I shatter into pure energy. My sight disappears but I can still "feel" the world and the people in it as condensed shapes of energy. I feel myself pouring into the shape I'm now connected to, the brunette woman, flowing like water to fill her up with my essence. The next thing I know I'm looking through her eyes at the phone in my slender hand.

My fine hair hangs down across the side of my face. My thin, feminine fingers clasp the phone, each nail perfectly manicured. I stare down at the unbuttoned denim top, my form-hugging white t-shirt clings lovingly to my chest. I slot in easily with her memories, knowing everything she knows. My name is Autumn and I'm 23 years old. I'm her and I'm me and wonderfully feminine.

All of this has happened in less than a second so when the bathroom door opens wide my blonde friend—Allison, Autumn's mind supplies her name—notices nothing unusual. Allison holds the door open for me and as I take hold of it she slips her fingers gently across mine in a way that's almost, but not quite, accidental. She shoots me a hidden smile as I step into the bathroom. It's a rather large room with a single toilet on one wall and a sink beneath a mirror on the other. I approach the mirror and my new reflection slides into view.

God, I'm cute. I've got a gentle slope of a nose, dark brown eyes and soft, clear skin that practically radiates my youth. I smile, revealing a row of white teeth and a little dimple on my cheek. I run my hands through my soft hair, lift it up over my head and turn my face this way and that, ogling my new body and making pouty faces until I giggle softly. I want to explore this body but that will have to wait.

I drop my pants, revealing my long, smooth legs, and squat over the toilet to do my business. My eyes drop down to the light brown triangle of hair between my legs. *Soon*, I promise myself.

When I'm done I wash my hands and take one last look at myself, adjusting my outfit and allowing my fingers to skate gently over my breasts. Perfectly adjusted, I go out to join my friends.

We resume our positions outside to listen to some more speakers, which gives me time to get used to my new body and put Autumn's thoughts in order. Through Autumn's eyes the day seems brighter, smells seem more vibrant and I feel more...present, somehow, than I felt as myself. I stand next to Allison and behind Autumn's other friends, Jill and Chrissy. At some point Allison's fingers slide between my own and I glance over at her. She smiles at me, her green eyes twinkle in mischief, and suddenly I "remember" kissing Allison's warm lips and lapping at her pussy with my long tongue as she writhes in ecstasy. Autumn and Allison have a secret fling going on and neither of them knows if it's temporary or permanent but they're both having a lot of fun experimenting.

Soon Jill, the gregarious one, gets to talking with the people around her and makes fast friends. The speakers are done and the crowd starts to break up.

'I'm going to head back home, I've got to work tonight,' Allison says. She's a waitress at a high end bar. The money's good when you look as sexy in a slinky black dress as Allison does and I can picture in Autumn's memories.

'I'll come with you,' I say. Chrissy stays with Jill—they're roommates—so Allison and I hug them and say goodbye before making our way back through the crowd.

I know that Allison wants me to come back to her place, and who am I to refuse?

An hour later we finally unlock the door to Allison's apartment and tumble inside. No sooner does the door shut than Allison's lips are on mine, her arms entwined around my delicate body, our bodies press close together.

'God, I've been waiting so long to do that,' she says, pulling back and eyeing me. Her angular face and high cheekbones fill my vision. I'm so close I can see the tiny freckles beneath her eyes. She's striking and model-pretty, which is to say thin and long-limbed with a long face and wide eyes that should be off-putting but somehow just make her more beautiful.

'Me too,' I say, thrilling at the sound of my lovely feminine voice.

Then we kiss again, our arms around each other. My nose is pressed against her cheek and I can smell her rich peach scent with a tangy undertone of sweat that makes it all the sweeter for the lust it promises. I toss off my denim top as Allison's hands roam over my body. Then she's pulling my white shirt off and we both look down at the smooth slopes of my breasts in absolute lust.

'I wish I had your tits,' she says, squeezing them playfully.

'They're all yours,' I whisper in Autumn's breathy voice as I unclasp my bra and shake it off, letting my breasts fall into Allison's waiting hands.

She caresses them gently, running her manicured nails over each breast in wonder before pinching my nipples. A small sigh escapes me as a delightful shiver of pain echoes through my body. Then her lips are on my nipples and her warm breath excites me, fills my body with a wonderful tension as I watch her suckle from Autumn's point of view. I'm aching for her; I need her.

She seems to sense my thoughts because her hand slips down into my pants and I laugh-gasp as her fingers slide under my panties to my coarse bush, trimmed into a 'V' leading down into my folds.

She unzips my jeans and pushes me onto the couch then kneels between my legs. We both gaze in wonder at Autumn's body. Allison grabs my panties and pulls them down my long legs, leaving my new body naked and vulnerable and sparking with electricity. She wets two fingers in her mouth and leans over me, her tits pressed against mine and then I can feel her fingers sliding lovingly against my sex. She slides them up and down my nether lips, warming me, loosening me up and soon I open for her and then she's inside me. I gasp lightly as her fingers circle over my clit and the warmth arcs through my body. I spread my legs, welcoming her deeper inside me as we stare into each other's eyes. Lust is written across both our faces as she works her magic inside me, easing in and out, rubbing harder, faster against my budding clit. The tension inside my body increases and just as I feel the wave begin to crest over me Allison leans down and pushes her whole hand inside me and oh god I feel so full and suddenly I cum hard in surprise, the world glowing as pleasure pulses through me and I cry out in Autumn's beautiful voice. 'Oo-oooh!'

I can feel Allison inside me, she balls her hand into a fist, working me, pounding up against my g-spot and she opens her hand and I cum even harder, my legs flexing, toes pointing out as I ride the wave of pleasure, Allison grinning down into my face as she makes me orgasm again and again, and I yell, high pitched and feminine at the pleasure I can no longer control and the world slips away and it's just me and Autumn's body floating through the ether of ecstasy. And when I return to earth; my body feels delightfully, exhaustively full.

Allison pulls her hand outside of me and I feel so used, so beautifully used. I raise one hand to my forehead, panting, my breasts rising and falling as Allison rests her head on one hand and lies on the couch against me. Her small breasts rest against my own and her warm hand rests on my chest, feeling my heartbeat, as I stare over into her emerald eyes.

'What are we doing?' she whispers.

I shrug, Autumn doesn't know where this is going either. All she knows is that they share a deep connection to each other's souls, and a deep lust for each other's bodies.

Allison sighs. 'I have to get ready for work.'

Reluctantly we rise and dress. As I get ready to leave Allison grabs my hand.

'Call me tomorrow?'

I nod and brush my wavy brunette hair behind my face before heading out into the early evening.

## II.

Traffic is terrible, as usual, on the drive back to Autumn's apartment in the foothills. Even navigating by Autumn's shortcuts it takes me an hour to get home. By the time I unlock the door to Autumn's place I'm ravenous. My stomach rumbles audibly as I throw my purse onto the counter and drape my jacket over a chair before opening the fridge.

There's some leftover stir-fry from the Chinese place around the corner that I warm up in the microwave. I roam around and admire Autumn's small apartment as I wait, enjoying the sway of my hips and the feel of my youthful, feminine body. It's one thing to "remember" what her apartment looks like and another to see it myself.

The apartment itself is small and a bit worn but Autumn keeps it neat. The decoration is minimalist and well planned on her meager budget. I flick on the light in her bedroom. The bed is nicely made and everything is tucked away into drawers or the closet. The closet has one of those awful mirrored doors stretching the width of it—probably to make the tiny room look bigger—that Autumn has covered over with a sheet attached tastefully to a curtain rod above.

The microwave beeps and I grab the food and sit at the coffee table in front of the TV. The stir-fry has fish in it, a taste I usually don't like but Autumn loves. So I love it too, now.

I turn on the TV and wander through her recorded shows. Again, I've taken on her taste, which runs towards the home redecorating shows. A few minutes into the show, just as I'm rolling my eyes at the *unbelievably* terrible furniture choices the hipster couple is making, Autumn's phone dings with a message. It's Jill asking if I want to go dancing tonight to let off some steam. The thought of whirling Autumn's body around the room excites me and I eagerly accept the invitation. We agree to meet at a club near me in a few hours.

When my show is over I think about getting showered and dressed, but it occurs to me I haven't spent any time admiring Autumn's body on my own.

I return to her bedroom and tie the curtain hiding the mirror up and out of the way, then stand back and admire Autumn's body—*my* body—in the mirror. Autumn's beautiful face smiles back at me. Her perfectly tapered eyebrows highlight her dark eyes; they're mesmerizing, sparkling with joy. I run my hands over my cheeks, luxuriating in the soft, smooth skin. I trace the small slope of my nose and trail my hand down my chin, then down my neck to my breasts. I pull my top over my head and brush the hair out of my face before removing my bra and freeing my breasts. I stare into the mirror as I make Autumn heft her breasts in each hand and run her soft fingers across the skin as the nipples perk up.

I turn to the side and take in my profile. Autumn's curves are remarkable and I feel so lovely, so feminine as I slide a hand down the side of my tits, down my side and then over my tight, bubble butt. I unbutton my pants, drop them to the floor and kick them aside with my long legs. My fingers slide under the elastic of my panties and I stretch it out gently, looking down at myself, at the peek of my pussy framed by Autumn's breasts. Then I take even that small article of clothing off and stand naked in front of the mirror. I pose, twisting my legs this way and that as I admire Autumn's body from all angles. My eyes run down my slim shoulders, to my narrow waist, down to my shapely thighs to the peach fuzz across the lips of my vagina. *My* vagina. I love that thought.

I sit on the bed and spread my shapely legs wide, watching in the mirror as I slip a few fingers down to the coarse triangle between my legs. I can feel myself growing warm and wet even before I begin pressing gently on the top of my clit. The warmth slowly spreads through my body as I continue rubbing lightly, until my beautiful nether lips open and the velvety folds reveal themselves with each caress.

I dip my finger down and into my own moistness, then spread it up onto the hood of my clit as the warmth tickles through me. I lean my head back and close my eyes, enjoying the sensations rocking my body. My hair falls down over my shoulders, tickling lightly as I concentrate on my movements inside myself. Slowly, slowly a tension builds inside my body and I press harder, more urgently. My mouth drops open, my breath quickens as do my fingers. The wet sounds of my pleasure reach my ears and drive me on further and then suddenly I'm there, at a small crest and my breath hitches—'Ah!'—as a quick orgasm shocks me, momentarily releasing that build up of tension

but the next second it's back and I need relief more urgently.

I slip two fingers inside myself, sliding deeper into my wet folds. I curl them around and up, luxuriating in the wet moistness that is myself, my desire, my body. I massage harder, sighing deeply as the wave of pleasure carries me up once more, my legs twisting and turning as I thrust faster, harder and a spark shoots through me.

Right there. More of that.

I curl my fingers back and forth across the dimpled groove of my G-spot, pushing and pulling, growing fiercer, more urgent as my body cries out for more, faster. My hand is slick with my own juices and the dank smell of my sex hits my cute nostrils and suddenly I'm there. 'Oh! Oh!' Crying out in Autumn's voice and enjoying the pleasure shooting through her lovely body.

I open my eyes, watch in the mirror as I make this lovely girl masturbate, her fingers deep inside herself, knowing I have complete control of her body and enjoying it for all it's worth. My feminine groans grow higher in pitch with each thrust 'Ah! Ah! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh! Fuck! Fuuck!' and I crest, an orgasm pummeling me as I close my eyes and let the pleasure carry me away. Autumn's body feels so wonderful, both inside and out, that it's only with some reluctance that I fall back onto the bed, panting heavily. The room seems to glow, though maybe that's just me.

Gradually, as I lie there, the glow dims, my breathing returns to normal but the memories remain. I pull my fingers out of my pussy. They glisten in the ceiling light and I suck on them, tasting my salty-musky desire.

I'm delicious.

God, being this girl feels wonderful.

### III.

When I finally rise from my masturbatory stupor it's time to get ready for my girl's night out. I step into the shower and soap up until my entire body is covered with suds and deliciously slippery. I almost get lost rubbing my hands over my slick breasts but soon snap out of it. I just enjoyed Autumn's body but I already want more.

I step out and towel off. Using Autumn's memories of how cute I look with my hair all wavy, I put my hair up in curlers before returning to my bedroom to get dressed. I go through Autumn's wardrobe until I find the perfect dress. It's elegant and sexy and I know my body will look killer in it.

The dress has thick, alternating straps of sparkling gold and black covering my chest, through which my tan skin peaks through. These straps transition into a long, flowing black skirt beginning above my belly button and flowing down to my knees. I forgo panties and pull the dress up over my long legs before slipping my arms through the straps and adjusting the flowing fabric. It leaves just the right amount of skin visible without seeming slutty. Though, nothing wrong with looking slutty.

The light skirt swishes against my long legs as I return to the bathroom and apply my makeup. The blush, the lipstick, the eye-shadow all come easily and I'm excited to watch my cute face in the mirror get made up to become stunning. Well, more stunning anyway.

Finally I blow dry my hair and remove the curlers, letting my long, brunette hair fall down over my shoulders in huge waves. I adjust myself in the mirror, then take a long critical look at myself with one hand on my hip. I'm gorgeous and elegant and it's amazing the confidence being a pretty, well-dressed woman instills in me. I grab a little black purse and transfer my phone and cards into it before heading out the door to meet my girlfriends, my hips swaying seductively beneath the dress.

Jill and Chrissy are already outside the club when I arrive. We have no problem getting inside—bouncers are always happy to let three pretty, single women into a club. The music's bumping and while I usually don't go to these types of clubs, I'm happy to make an exception to show off my body.

It takes a drink or two to loosen us all up but soon the three of us are in the middle of the room shaking what we've got. It's not long before others join us and we're surrounded on the dance floor by various groups, all of us moving to the thumping beats. Every now and then we have to brush off the random annoying guy who get too pushy and uncomfortably close, even for me. At some point in the night a young man dances up to us who's different from the rest; he's tall and boyishly cute with dark hair and the outline of his muscles visible through his black t-shirt. His striking, dark eyes grab my attention, promising me mischief. He's respectful but confident, dancing up to me but not on top of me. He stares into my eyes with a small grin and I can't help but grin back and welcome him closer. There's something about him that's instantly attractive.

After a few songs I lean up to his ear, taking the opportunity to rest my dainty hand on his hard pecs, and yell over the music, 'I need to take a break from dancing.'

He nods, and I take his hand in mine—it's heavy and warm against my skin—and lead him towards the bar.

When we finally get off the floor he leans down to my ear.

'You are ver-y beautiful,' he says in a lovely, formal Eastern European accent that sends a tingle down my spine. 'I would like to buy you a drink.'

'I'd like you that, too!' I grin, 'A Manhattan, please.'

After a brief struggle through the crowd to reach the bar he returns with two drinks in hand. I spy a couple leaving from a table in the corner and we grab it, beating out two other guys as we sit down in the chairs. The cold metal presses against my plump butt through the thin fabric of my dress as I cross my legs.

We talk a bit but there's a language barrier. I'm willing to overlook it because he's so damn handsome and it's hard to concentrate anyway because Autumn's body is *hungry* for him. Just the thought of him inside me is making me wet. A glance through Autumn's mind tells me she would never do anything so bold as to make a move, but I have no such reservations. I have an itch that I

desperately need to scratch.

After another of the numerous breaks in the conversation—partly due to the language barrier and partly due to the volume of the music—I put down my drink and slink around the table. He eyes me with a sexy grin. I throw one leg over his lap and straddle him, then caress his cheeks and kiss him. His breath is hot and sour from the drinks but so masculine, so delicious. I suck his tongue into my mouth and taste him fully, my nose pressing against his stubbly cheek. I feel his hands caress my back, pulling me towards him.

My heart beats to the heavy rhythmic bass of the club music as I run my fingers through his dark hair and continue kissing him deeply. A fire is burning between my legs already and by the rising bulge in his pants I can tell he feels the same. I want him inside me and I'm feeling amazingly naughty.

I release him from our kiss and I glance around. It's dark in this corner and no one's paying any attention to us love-birds at the back table.

I slide back on his lap and unzip his pants. His face briefly registers surprise but he doesn't try to stop me. I reach in through the zipper and run my fingers up and down the hardness beneath the fabric of his underwear while I stare into his eyes. My fingers find the flap of his boxers and I slide in and grasp him. I can feel the pulsing rhythm of his rock hard erection as I slide it out of his pants. So warm in my hands.

I need him.

I hike up my dress, revealing my bare pussy, already glistening for him. His eyes go wide and I laugh before shifting forward, one hand holding my dress up, the other holding his cock as I guide it into me. There's a soft pressure as his head pushes against my nether lips, and then a sigh of satisfaction escapes my lips as he pops inside me, his cock curving up to fill me with his hot hardness.

I grind my hips back and forth slowly, reveling in the sensation of fullness. His hands slip under my dress from behind and grab my ass. He pulls me down onto him, squeezing my thick butt in his large hands. My body burns as I rock back and forth harder, my dress hiked up around me, our groans and sighs covered by the loud music of the club cycling from one song to another without a pause. And then I'm riding him in a rhythm, and the music and our bodies are one and I grind harder, deeper. The hand that was around his cock is now against my clit, pressing hard so I'm full and buzzing and then suddenly a wave of pleasure shoots through me and I press down on him deeper. 'Yes!' I cry, my voice lost in the music.

I grab the back of his metal chair with both hands and pull myself onto him. He's so big, so warm and this extra pull cause his cock to slap against my G-spot and I desperately want more and I grind, my pussy so achingly wet and lovely and full and just as I'm cresting I feel him spasm inside me and we cum together. His cock spurts his seed inside me, filling my belly with his heat and I close my eyes and groan as he pushes up into me, and the room disappears, and the music disappears and it's just him and me in this blissful eternity as he empties himself into me until I'm full. Full and satisfied with the heat of his cum.

The music fades back into my consciousness as I rest my forehead on his, my wavy brown hair falling over his shoulders. We're both breathing hard and I laugh and kiss him again.

I stand up slowly. My body still wants him inside of me and is sad to feel the emptiness after so much pleasure. Well, not totally empty. I can feel a trickle of him down my legs. He stuffs his cock into his pants and shoots me that amazing grin once more.

I lead him back out onto the dance floor and we dance with my girls until the club closes. At the end of the night we trade numbers. I'll leave it up to Autumn whether she calls him but the option is open if she ever wants a quick lay. Or maybe even a longer one.

When I finally get back to Autumn's place I lie on the bed and leave her with the memories of the day before sending her to sleep and hopping out. She's a lovely girl and I'll miss being her. Of course, I could always return someday. But for now I'm sated, and happy and at peace.

###

## Lauren's Mind

My birthday wish has only ever come true once but, man, that was enough. I'd been out of college for several years and had recently been dumped by a woman after dating her for over a year. I could sense it was coming—the slow shutting down of communication, the drop in our sex life, the lack of excitement and enthusiasm—but it still hurt. Maybe I don't like being alone. Maybe it's because whenever I am, my thoughts drift back to Lauren.

Lauren was a lovely, statuesque woman with long auburn hair and dazzling green eyes. She played the cello and I was always drawn to her music, both listening to it—she was an excellent cellist—and watching her as she swayed back and forth on stage, feeling the rhythm as she played. I have to admit on more than one occasion imaging her swaying like that on top of me, moving to the rhythm of our lust. Lauren and I were close but never had a physical relationship, unfortunately for me. I loved being around her; she had a sharp wit and whenever she let loose one of her snarky comments her eyes would sparkle in mischief. But whenever I became overly flirtatious she'd become serious, pull away and gently but firmly shut me down.

But there was that one time when her military boyfriend was on one of his frequent trips and we'd both had enough Gentleman Jack for me to be less of a gentleman and more of a jack. We came so close; my hands had wandered down her lovely body and she'd stared into my eyes, so near I could count the light freckles on her tiny nose and feel her breath on my lips, my heart thumping fast as I stood on the knife edge of a decision, wanting to kiss her, to caress her, to see the shapely body I'd spent time fantasizing about.

Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on how you look at it, we pulled back and nothing happened. Later, we would occasionally bring that night up, wondering what would have happened if we'd gone through with it. Would she have left her boyfriend for me? Did she want that? Did I? I didn't want to be the one to break them up, but at the same time she was her own woman who made her own choices. It takes two to cheat, but ultimately I didn't want to be the one to cause the cheating. But still, what would have happened?

It was that wondering that lead me to make the wish. I had just spoken to my mom on the phone and was alone in the house. I'd scooped a large bowl of ice cream and had plunked a single birthday candle in it, then lit it. It looked every bit as depressing as it sounds, and an apt metaphor for my life at the moment. If I'd have known this wish would come true I would have thought about it a little more, maybe made an in-depth chart to get the best bang for my buck, so to speak. Instead, with thoughts of Lauren running through my mind I blew the candle out and made the simple wish that I could know how Lauren felt about me.

Instantly I was walking up some granite steps towards a grand building with large Doric columns out the front. My body seemed to be walking on its own, outside of my control, and as I approached the glass doors I saw who I'd become.

There was no mistaking Lauren's figure, even faintly through the glass. I had the heavy weight of her cello on my shoulder and whenever she looked down to adjust the straps I caught a glimpse of my new form. She wore a formal blue dress that perfectly clung to her tall, willowy frame, leaving her arms and most of her top bare except for two criss-crossing straps around her neck and the two straps connected to the cello backpack hanging behind her. The fabric of the dress clung gently to the small curves of her chest and I could feel the fabric whisper against my cute, bubble butt. A long slit down the side of my dress showed off one of her silky, gorgeous leg with every step. In the reflection of the front doors I saw her auburn hair was tied back from her face and flowed down her back in waves. Her delicate eyebrows arched over her green eyes and she appeared deep in thought, maybe readying herself for her performance.

I was inside her body and she apparently had no idea. I eavesdropped on her thoughts as she carried me like a secret passenger within her body.

We knocked on the side entrance, looking through our beautiful ghostly reflection in the glass until an usher opened the door for us.

'Thanks, Phil,' we said, Lauren's husky voice was a pleasure dropping from our lips.

We stepped inside and made our way to the backstage. It was no surprise that Lauren's thoughts

were entirely focused on her upcoming performance. Mild butterflies tickled our stomach in nervous anticipation as we headed down the backstairs to the dressing rooms.

We were the first performers to arrive and Lauren took the room at the far end of the hall. She turned on the light and closed the door before placing her cello case on the ground. Then she turned and placed her purse on the makeup table just below the mirror and I got my first close up view of her beautiful face from inside.

Lauren's face—*my* face—was angular and long, matching her tall, lithe figure. Her auburn hair was pinned back from her face in a swoop that went across her forehead. She'd already made up her face: her lips were ruby red, her eye-liner and blush perfectly accentuated her mesmerizing green eyes. I wanted to stare at her forever, to play with my new body and explore her sexy figure, do the things I'd never got a chance to do. I wondered if I might turn her thoughts towards pleasuring herself, in the interest of relieving some stress before the performance. Could I have that influence on her?

As she unclasped her cello case and reached in for the instrument I concentrated on pushing my for her into her own mind, trying to slip it in between the other thoughts.

*Let's try not to start out the tempo too fast, she thought, I should practice that eighth note run on the second page a few times, just to make sure I've got it down.* She pulled out her sheet music and flipped through it with her dainty, manicured hands as I pushed in with my thoughts: *(My hands are so lovely)* and heard them echoed by hers: *My hands are very pretty tonight.* She held out her fingers to admire them. *Why am I thinking about that now? Let's see, are we up first or second tonight?*

*(Look how my body moves beneath this dress.) I need to loosen up, my dress is so tight, is it too revealing?* She stood and looked at her profile in the mirror, running her hands down her blue dress and giving herself a crooked smile. *(I look gorgeous, look at my figure) No, I look good. I look really good in this dress.* She turned around and looked back at the mirror, allowing both of us to admire the fabric of the blue dress stretched tight against her bubble butt. *(My ass is amazing in this dress) I like how it makes my ass look.* She ran a hand down one of her butt cheeks and gave a squeeze. It felt so good. *(Keep going.) Gotta get back to my routine. But I'm feeling a little...no.* She turned back to her music and I pushed my thoughts harder into her mind. I felt my lust pulsing through her and her body began to warm. *(I should pleasure myself.) Is it hot in here or is it just me?* She smiled faintly and scratched her leg through the dress, the fingers continuing to brush the skin long after the itch had subsided. She looked down at herself, at the thigh visible beneath the slit of the dress and ran her hand against the warm skin. *Mmm, can't believe how horny I am. Where did that come from?* We ran our hand down our thigh and over our calf, beneath the smooth fabric of the dress, enjoying the silky smoothness of our own body. *(I need to get myself off right now.) Maybe a quickie wouldn't hurt.*

We sat back and ran our fingers up under our dress, brushing across the silk fabric of our panties. Our fingers dipped down against our sex, fighting the fabric, pressing it against our moistening nether lips as it sunk against the head of our clit. We rubbed our fingers gently in small circles as the warmth pulsed through us. Our other hand rose to the strap holding one of our breasts. We pulled the strap to one side and freed our small, firm tit. We clasped that gently in one hand, felt the fleshy firmness as we pinched and rolled the nipple between our fingers. The hand against our panties pushed harder and we felt it penetrate our warmth as our panties pressed against the length of our slit, growing moist. We slipped our fingers underneath the elastic fabric of the panties, following the coarse hair of our womanhood down until our fingers slid inside ourselves and directly onto our budding clit.

We bit our lip and glanced in the mirror, watching our beautiful reflection exploring our own body, dripping with lust in our formal dress. We placed one leg up on the makeup table and sat back in the chair, pulling our dress up higher to sink deeper into our horny body. We watched our amazing body in the mirror as our finger grew slick with our juices, glimpses of our velvety folds peeking out every now and then as we pushed inside faster and harder against our nub of pleasure, working our body until sparks shot through us and our thighs dripped with our lust. We groaned,

snapping our teeth shut to bury it so no one outside the room could hear but the electricity was too much to control. Our eyes closed as the spark burned brighter, our hands still on our tits and inside our aching body until a small orgasm flashed through us and our breath hitched in our throat.

God, that felt good, but we needed more, more.

We redoubled our efforts, faster, our entire hand soaking, as we arched two fingers deep inside our pussy and curved up to press against our G-spot and we heard the wet squelches of our fingers inside us and smelled our own musky sex filling the room and 'Uuuuhh!' we moaned, louder, people outside be damned as we chased our own pleasure higher and higher, worked our body into golden ecstasy and Lauren's moans escaped our lips 'Oh. Oohh! Ooohh!' higher pitched until the spark became a surge and the orgasm overwhelmed us with pleasure, washing out everything except our beautiful ecstasy as Lauren's thighs clenched tight around the fingers of one hand, while the fingers of the other clamped heavily around our tits, pinching hard, chasing the pleasure with pain until it was all gone and we lay back as the heady pleasure slowly evaporated, leaving us calm and clear-headed.

We put our feet on the floor and sat up on the chair, grinned shyly into the mirror at our blushing face. *I can't believe I just did that.* We stood, our soaking wet panties cold between our legs, and adjusted our hair and makeup. *At least now I'm thoroughly warmed up,* she thought wryly.

I enjoyed watching Lauren from inside as she stared at her face and body close up, evaluating and perfecting her beauty. I could see every tiny freckle, every small blemish that somehow just made her more beautiful. Her skin was as soft as ever and she'd only gained a few wrinkles but she was, in almost every respect, the Lauren I'd lusted after so long ago. Or, should I say, I was the Lauren I lusted after? Being in her body was wonderful; I'd never felt so intimate.

The other members of the string quartet arrived soon after and Lauren greeted them with all the snark I knew and loved from when we were almost together: complimenting one on the amount of gel he put in his hair, chiding another on showing up late. All her zingers were received with goodwill, which was nice as I remember she used to have a pointedness that was off-putting to some people. Either the other members of the quartet were familiar with her or she'd softened as she grew older, it was hard to tell. At any rate, the whole quartet took obvious pleasure in playing together, even as we warmed up and show time drew nearer and the butterflies began dancing through our stomach.

Lauren had been in many performances, but even so, the nervous tension of stage fright crept up on us, growing into a tight ball in the pit of our stomach until the moment we set foot on the stage and began playing, at which point it was chased away as our concentration became focused on our music.

My tiny fingers flew across the strings with one hand as the bow sang. The lovely melody filled the hall and seemed to be effortless. Soon Lauren was swaying with the music, our body moving enticingly back and forth in precisely the way I remembered as she danced with the melody, and I danced inside her. I was playing in a hall to a large audience, Lauren's body performing perfectly at her command, countless hours of practice mastered in a single wish. And then, all too soon, it was over. The audience applause washed over us as we smiled at the other members and took our bow.

We all returned backstage and packed up our instruments and said our goodbyes. The adrenaline rush was wearing off, replaced with a deep weariness. Lauren headed home to relax. She lived alone so there would be no one to interrupt us. Which meant I was certain to enjoy Lauren's body once more.

I rode mostly silent inside Lauren as she drove home, her thoughts turning over her performance, critiquing herself as she wound down. She was a much harsher critic of herself than anyone else as she rehashed over and over the tiny mistakes she'd made. In her own head and to herself she was serious, the playfulness of her biting wit was gone, leaving only the biting for herself. I'd had no idea she felt like this on the inside; maybe her outward pithiness had a lot to do with her inner loathing. Whenever her thoughts turned especially sour, usually when musing on her personal appearance, I tried to nudge her thoughts back towards the positive. It would work for a few minutes, but the dark cloud was always there. It was hard for me to believe that a woman as pretty

as Lauren could think herself so ugly.

When we got back to her place we dropped our purse and heels on the bedroom floor then stripped out of the dress. It crumpled to the floor as we stepped out of it. Our breasts were bare and we were clad only in the black silk panties that we had already soiled with our pleasure. Thinking that, we pulled those off, too. I pushed forward in her mind and made her bring the panties to our tiny nose and sniff the deep musky scent of her lust before tossing them aside. It was easier to do than before. I was getting the hang of taking control of her body. Interesting.

Her thoughts turned to taking a shower but I side-tracked her with a trip to the kitchen for a glass of red wine (her favorite) while still completely naked (my favorite). I could practically feel the lips of my bare pussy sliding together with each step. I felt so feminine, so graceful and lovely, truly beautiful.

We sipped the wine as we returned to the bedroom, our hips gently swaying with each step. We lay on our bed and closed our eyes, occasionally sipping a little more of the wine. As the alcohol soothed us and her body relaxed her thoughts mellowed and I found them easier to steer. So I steered them towards myself, my real self. That's what I was here for after all.

Among other things, now.

I came instantly to her mind; no misty, hazy recollections here. She still remembered me, still thought about me and, incredibly, still yearned for me sometimes. Wished something had happened between us. Her image of me, whether it was made better through the years or whether it was the impression I made on her at the time, was one of a handsome, gallant man. A sort of knight in shining armor that was too good for her. Too good for her! Lauren! This smart, erudite, sophisticated, talented, gorgeous woman thought she couldn't live up to me.

*I did cheat on my boyfriend while he was overseas.*

The thought came out of nowhere, carried along with flashes of Lauren desperately groping another lover in the depths of her loneliness and self-loathing. More than once...her boyfriend came back...found out—Lauren wiped the scene from her mind. That was one mistake she didn't want to dwell on. I'd thought I was just finding information but I'd brought up memories Lauren didn't want to re-live. Much as she wanted to be, she was no princess, and she knew if she'd been with me, sooner or later she probably would have strayed and destroyed both of us.

As an apology and a way to momentarily forget, I pushed a scene into Lauren's mind. One where I came into the bedroom she was currently lying in and wrapped my arms around her and we kissed, succumbing to the desire we'd successfully fought so many years ago.

Of her own accord, our fingers found their way up to our breasts and gently caressed, as Lauren imagined me doing the same in my real body. As we tickled our fingers lightly underneath our breasts and squeezed, she imagined it was me. We sighed as goosebumps ran down our body as our fingers played with our tits, clasping the delicate nipple and squeezing gently, sending a pleasant ache of dull pain through us and causing a deep sigh as we sunk further into the bed. The tension eased out of us as we played with our small, firm tits, hefting and enjoying our wonderful body as we imagined our real bodies as close together as our minds currently were.

Lauren's body was so smooth and wonderful as she played her own pleasure, circling her areolae and pinching her delicate nipples. We bit our lip, our legs shifting this way and that as our body warmed and the beautiful tension began winding us up. One of our hands slid down our trim stomach to the coarse hair of our pussy. Our fingers pressed lightly across the top of our hooded clit, pressing down inside ourselves, sinking into our warmth as we grew wet, penetrating our yearning body. We pressed, rubbing in a circle as the tension ebbed through us and we sighed. Our fingers dipped down into our slickness, just inside our velvety folds and we spread our juices back over our clit as it grew. We rubbed the warm bump of our aching clit harder, faster, our legs clasping together as our body sang. We shut our eyes tight, imagining me kissing, suckling her tits, whispering into her ear, pressing my hard cock against her pussy and suddenly we came.

'Ah!' A small cry as the tension snapped slightly. The pause made us want more and Lauren leaned over, her glorious taut butt in the air as she opened the bottom drawer of her nightstand and pulled out her dildo. It was massive in her small hand, rubbery and with the head and ridges of a

cock.

We pressed the button and it whirred to life and, oh God we wanted it inside us, and we slipped it down, pressing the head against our pussy, pushing, pushing, the pressure building until with wet pop it slipped inside us and we were oh-so-full. One hand massaged our clit as the other pressed the dildo deeper inside and we felt even more wonderfully full as we imagined me inside her and then I was masturbating to the thought of fucking my body in Lauren's body and the dildo buzzed inside us and we came, our hips flexing up as we pushed the dildo down, filling us, hitting our G-spot as a tide of pleasure overwhelmed us and we cried out. 'Oh-oh-oh. Y-yes! God!' and we forced the dildo all the way in, deep inside and gripped the shaft tightly and pressed hard on our sopping clit with the other hand as the orgasm rocked us. The pleasure flamed out from our tight cunt and Lauren's husky voice filled the room with her cries until we were sated.

We slid the dildo out of ourselves and switched it off. I made her bring it to her lips and suck off her own, musky juices. She was surprised and delighted to find she loved the taste of herself (Thanks to a nudge on my part) and we licked her dildo clean until we could taste no more of her musky essence. We lay on the bed, breathing heavily, our thoughts pleasantly muted until we fell asleep naked on top of the covers.

I was carried along that night in Lauren's dreams, our minds tangling together so that sometime I was her and she was me but all our dreams were tinged with erotic energy. We were both male and female, enjoying each other from perspectives that would shift and swerve. One moment I was myself, naked as I slipped inside Lauren, and then just as suddenly found myself looking out from her perspective as my pussy was filled with my own engorged cock.

We woke up wet and horny. We could feel the coldness of our wet spot beneath our firm butt as we shifted, uncomfortably warm, our body crying out for relief until finally we wet two of our fingers in our mouth and slid them over our damp slit. We watched down her long lean body, our view framed by her two small breasts as our hand slipped inside our pussy lips and rested on top of our clit, which was already plump and sensitive. Little shivers of pleasure shot through our body as we gently rubbed ourselves with our two fingers while our body shifted restlessly. Our other hand curled into our hair and slid over our face as we bit our lip. The gentle contours of my small nose and my smooth cheeks were driving me wild, which, in turn, drove Lauren wild for herself. Still half asleep as her fingers roamed faster inside herself, her thoughts tumbled about as she found herself being turned on at being so turned on until a small cry escaped her. 'Ah!' And the pleasure temporarily spiked, shooting ecstasy briefly through us.

Our fingers continued, dipping deeper and deeper into our soft body. I could feel my wet warmth surrounding my dainty fingertips as I slipped deeper and and curled upwards towards my G-spot. I hit it and with another cry 'Oh!' my legs tensed, toes flexing as I rode the orgasm. We pressed harder into ourselves, sliding against the dimpled fold as our wetness dripped between our thighs, the dank smell of Lauren's lust hitting our nostrils. And just like that we came, harder than ever, an orgasm slamming us and we gasped, pushed furiously against our G-spot and doubling our pleasure. We floated, unable to think, unable to breathe in a glorious fog of ecstasy for a brief instance that stretched into eternity as time slowed and pleasure was our only thought.

And soon the world returned and we floated back to our body. Our breasts rising and falling with each deep breath as we licked our lips and gasped in wonder. Our thoughts tangled together and we were in love with our body. Knew ourselves beautiful and shapely. Our long, smooth limbs were perfect, our pussy divine.

Her body shuddered with an aftershock and I felt myself losing my grip. I tried to push forward once more into her mind and had almost made it when she shuddered in the last embers of pleasure once more, throwing me out of her body. I landed in my own form, back in my own apartment, the ice cream long since melted and with only the memories of my time as Lauren. But what memories they were.

Lauren was alluring but flawed in a way that meant we were never compatible. Maybe it would have been fun, maybe it would have been awful and changed everything, but either way, we could have never ended up together. I'd found my closure with Lauren and enjoyed myself as well. It was

time to look forward to something else.

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