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EROTIC  
STORIES

BODY SWITCH  
*Collection*

VOL. 16

M W I L S

# **Body Switch Collection**

*Volume 16*

by M. Wills

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## The Devil You Know 1

Zed let his mind wander, staring out the car window as the city flashed past. Every now and then he glanced through the front windscreen at the red SUV they were following. The one with his future inside of it. He was brought back to the present by a sudden burst of rage from the front of the car.

“Jesus H. Christ, you mean there's no TV up there at all?” Chet bellowed, hands gripping the wheel.

The car swerved slightly and Charlotte, in the passenger seat, placed a hand protectively over her swollen belly. “It's a weekend free of distractions. We're all going to get back to nature,” Charlotte replied calmly, nonplussed by his outburst.

From where Zed sat behind the driver, in the middle row of the SUV, he could see the outlines of Charlotte's profile. Wavy chestnut hair framed her adorable face and spilled down behind her shoulders. Large golden hoop earrings dangled from each ear, and a flowing dress in a multitude of blue hues fell lightly across her body. Her breasts were already heavy, her stomach round with pregnancy. She was hot, no doubt about it. Zed could sense the illicit want within the body he currently inhabited. But now was not the time to act on that impulse. And, besides, in his current state his powers were weakened. As a demon he would need worshippers to build himself strong again.

Someone elbowed Zed in his chubby stomach, and now it was his turn to place a flabby hand protectively over his tummy. Beside him, Mark was busy nibbling Marlene's ear, heedless of the intrusion into Zed's space. Mark and Marlene had been touchy feely with each other since they got in the car. She pushed him off, laughing, and leaned forward, hands on the back of each front seat.

“It's like a big, happy walk in the woods,” Marlene sang out. She was cheerful to a fault, which got on Zed's nerves. He imagined taking her down a peg or two.

“I hate walking,” Chet mumbled sullenly. “What about internet?”

“Not that, either, honey,” Charlotte said, placing a hand on Chet's thigh. “We'll be communing with nature.”

Marlene sat back and took Mark's hand. He kissed her fingers. “I brought my crystals and herbs, maybe we can conjure a spirit and let it take us.”

Zed knew from his short time with them that Mark wasn't speaking metaphorically. He was really talking about conjuring spirits to possess them. Foolish mortals had no idea that real spirits didn't wait around for an invitation to enter. They took what they wanted. At least, when they had the power. Zed had been on both ends of that, chasing and being chased by his own demon. But Mark and Marlene were open to the spirit world, which would make them all the easier for Zed to turn. Patience.

“It should be a good night for winter spirits,” Marlene agreed.

In the rearview mirror, Zed saw Chet glance up and roll his eyes at the two lovebirds in the back enjoying their May-December romance. Marlene and Charlotte had met at a yoga class several years ago and instantly bonded over their love of all things metaphysical and their hippy dippy spiritual beliefs. Zed had discovered this while in the back seat listening to an argument between

Chet and Charlotte before they'd picked up the other couple. Zed suspected Chet was the kind of guy who wouldn't have had any problem with Marlene's relationship if *she'd* been the twenty something and *Mark* had been the thirty-five-year-old.

Zed's supernatural hearing was able to pick up Chet's mumbled: "You'd think they were both teenagers by the look of it."

Charlotte gently swatted his shoulder. "You were young once, too."

"I'm only five years older than her," he protested.

"I meant *him*," Charlotte replied.

"Oh," Chet replied humorlessly.

Zed snorted and folded his arms over his roly poly stomach. Chet was thick as a brick and twice as dense. Apparently, his money had managed to hide any of his other defects long enough to woo and marry Charlotte. Zed wondered how long she would stay with him. After all, she was free spirited and fun and intelligent and he...was not.

Mark shifted again, nestling up to Marlene and accidentally nudging Zed's ass. Zed couldn't really begrudge him. There was so *much* ass to nudge. That was the way Zed preferred his hosts, padded from the harsh outside world. Everything about Zed's current body was big, except for his dick. A meager little thing hidden away in folds of flab. It had been, anyway, until Zed had made himself more comfortable by using his powers to morph his host's cock into a more respectable size. That adjustment had taken a sizeable amount of his still-meagre powers, but the reward in gratitude—and subsequent worship—from his host body more than made up for it.

"Can't believe you talked me into staying in a cabin for an entire week. We gonna have to hunt our own food and make our own clothes, too?" Chet moaned.

"Hardly," Charlotte scoffed. "They're luxury cabins. More like a private hotel. Hot tub. Pool table. It looks really nice. You know the Trasks wouldn't settle for anything less."

"Neither would I," Chet said, puffing up his flabby chest. Zed heard the seat strain beneath him.

"Of course," Charlotte patted Chet's leg.

"You all right back there, Christopher?" Chet asked.

It took a second for Zed to remember that he was currently inhabiting the body of Christopher, Chet's nephew. Zed had been distracted by Mark's intrusion and Zed's own impending reunion with the only human he'd ever loved.

"Yeah, fine," he wheezed, wiping his sweaty, fat palms on the red and white striped shirt that made him look like a candy cane.

"Do you need the air turned up higher?" Charlotte turned her beautiful gaze on him, her brow creased with worry.

"No thanks, I'm just naturally beet red and sweaty," he laughed.

Charlotte kept herself fit and was blessed with good genes. Surely she could do better than Chet?

"So this is Lisa's office," Chet said, as he turned the car into a parking lot in front of a tall, glass walled building. "Last chance to stretch before we're really on the road."

They pulled into a parking spot next to the red SUV they'd been following and killed the engine. Zed hauled his obese body out of the vehicle and stretched his lumpy limbs gratefully, his heart thumping at the mere mention of *her* name. From the red SUV in front of them, Jay Trask got out, squinting in the afternoon light, the sun glinting off his bald head. As usual, he had his cell phone up to his ear and was going on about affidavits and witness statements.

Jay's son, Jonah, went and stood under a nearby tree, staring dolefully out at the road. He pushed his thick glasses up his nose as the wind stirred his unruly mop of curly red hair. *Lisa's hair*, Zed realized with an ache. Jonah was a scrawny little thing, with a chest that was practically concave and stick legs.

Jonah's twin, Jane, remained in the car, her eyes glued to her own phone in her lap. She'd clearly gotten all the looks. She managed to make her curly auburn hair cascade down her back, framing her sweet, elvish face. Her nose was lightly freckled and she had Lisa's green eyes. A small gold cross hung from a chain on her neck, positioned just above the neck of her shirt, below which her perfect, taut breasts were clasped in a tight-fitting green shirt. She had a swimmer's body, with a powerful frame and toned arms and legs. Plus, an ass to die for.

This last information was supplied by Christopher's mind, currently blacked out so that Zed could control his body unimpeded. Seemed like Christopher had a little thing for Jane. And no wonder, Jane was strikingly hot in an icy cheerleader kind of way. A singer in her church choir with a beautiful voice. Zed knew exactly how to fully convert Christopher to a willing worshiper and thereby grow his power; he just needed the right opportunity.

Jane sensed him looking and glanced up, her nose wrinkling in disgust at the site of Christopher's fat piggy face staring at her. She rolled her eyes before tossing her hair behind her shoulders haughtily and returning her attention to her phone. Zed's new enlarged cock throbbed once at the sight of the sneer crossing her gorgeous face. Seemed like Christopher had a little thing for humiliation, too.

Zed walked around the car. Christopher's legs were like lead weights, unwieldy and hard to control. His stomach and the fat on his arms jumped and jiggled with each heavy, graceless step. He was waiting for Lisa Trask. They were all waiting for Lisa. She was the last person they had to pick up before they headed out to the New England cabins.

Zed had known her the longest. His fling with her was a memory he couldn't dislodge. It had haunted him through many years and many bodies, until at last he'd managed to escape his own demons and return to her. Almost. Yet, he worried that it wouldn't be the same, that they would have both changed so much. He was jerked out of these memories by Jonah perking up and waving at someone.

"Mom!" Jonah called out joyfully in his reedy voice.

Zed swung his gaze to the office building, where a lively redhead was bouncing down the steps out front. Lisa. She still had the same wonderful figure, a little more mature, a little more full bodied, with rounded hips and a wonderful swell of breasts, but still her. Zed ached with memories of the way he'd held her.

Her wonderful breasts bounced beneath the dark green blouse, her beautiful bubble butt wiggling beneath the black pants as she hopped gaily down the steps and hugged Jonah. Noticing Jay on the phone, she gritted her teeth. Opening the trunk, she rummaged through the bags until she came up with a reusable grocery bag.

“Okay,” she announced. “No phones, remember?” She walked around collecting everyone's cell phones. She had to reach in through the open window to pluck Jane's phone from her hand.

“Mom!” Jane grumbled.

“No phones,” Lisa repeated. “We're going to have a nice family and friend vacation where we all talk to each other.”

Everyone else dutifully switched off their phones and dropped them into the bag except for Jay, who was still talking. Lisa went up to him and cocked an eyebrow. He held up a finger, asking her to wait.

“Yes. No. No. The other one,” Jay said into the phone as Lisa grew impatient. “Ok. Gotta go.”

Jay hung up and dropped the phone into the bag with a heavy sigh.

“They can live without you for a week,” Lisa said, tying up the bag and placing it back in the trunk. “All right, let's get out of here!” Lisa pumped her fist in the air.

Zed trundled back to his side of the car. Even this much activity in this overweight body left him breathing hard and sweaty. He grasped the handle of the car and looked over at the red SUV, mere feet away, where Lisa was even now slipping into the passenger seat. Jane looked up at him and he locked eyes with her for a second, catching the look on her prissy face before she dismissed him with a bored glance. Zed wanted to be closer to his love, no matter the pain.

Zed released his hold on Christopher's body and sped, invisible, through the air. It used up what little power he had and even his brief time disembodied in the sun was painful, like a million needles sticking into every part of his body. It was all worth it to be near his love. Still, he was grateful when he slipped into Jane's limber body and inhaled a breath of fresh air through her little slip of a nose.

Zed blinked his new eyes lazily, smiling slightly as Christopher suddenly found himself back in his own body and disoriented, the memories of the last few hours something less than reality but more than a dream. Christopher's hands slipped over his crotch and his eyebrows shot up in surprise as he quickly explored the larger package Zed had gifted him.

“Christopher, let's git!” Chet called impatiently.

Christopher fell heavily into the car and then they were off.

The mass of Jane's auburn hair tickled Zed's cheeks as he scratched his tiny nose. Jane's smooth skin was a welcome relief from Christopher's dimpled face. Zed looked down at himself, saw the cross hanging just above the green top that hid the swell of his cleavage. Tight fitting skinny jeans clung to his legs. This new body was taut and fit and full of energy. But what did Jane *want*? How could Zed grow his power by earning her worship?

"You two excited?" Lisa said, half turning in her seat, fixing Zed with those brilliant green eyes.

"Yeah, mom!" Jonah agreed enthusiastically.

Zed swallowed and managed a "Yeah" through the thumping of his heart at the sight of his beloved after so many years. Lisa took his muted response as apathy and reached back to pat her daughter on the leg.

"It *will* be fun," she promised.

Zed was saved from having to respond by Jay hitting the brakes and honking the horn.

"Learn how to drive, asshole!" Jay shouted at the car in front of them.

"Jay!" Lisa admonished.

"Sorry," Jay said, irritably, "But this guy ahead of me is driving like a moron."

Zed crossed his arms beneath his breasts and pretended to look out the front window, but really he was taking in what little of Lisa he could actually see, a slight part of her perfect profile bathed in sun. Jonah had procured a book from somewhere—a thick science fiction novel by the look of it—and was already engrossed in it, pushing his thick glasses up his nose every once in a while. Lisa switched on the radio and found a classic rock station and they made their way out of the city. In minutes they were on the highway heading north.

Slowly the buildings thinned out, replaced with a smattering of small, country houses and the occasional shopping outlet. More trees appeared, becoming ever thicker and taller as they drove north, until the road was little more than a valley between the forest. An exit ramp here and there broke up the monotony.

Zed tried to engage Lisa in small talk, which was clearly unusual for Jane.

"How was work, mom?" He asked.

"Oh, the usual. Too much to do and not enough time to do it."

"That's life," Jay agreed. "Though if you let me get on the cell phone *now* I could just take care of a few things."

"No," Lisa said.

Jay bit his lip. Lisa ran her fingers through her wavy red hair, taking out a strand and chewing on it as she looked out the window. Zed got the feeling that this was their normal mode of interaction.

Lisa deserved better. For now though, Zed sat back in Jane's body, absently stroking the inside of his elbow with Jane's perfectly manicured fingers, sending little shivers of delight through him.

As they drove, the weather closed in on them. The scattered clouds thickening and merging, until they became a single gray mass, heavy and low. The outside temperature, already cold, dropped further. A few scattered snowflakes drifted down, melting on the windscreen as soon as they touched. Jay looked at the sky warily.

“Good thing I brought snow tires,” Jay said.

They played a few car games to pass the time, Zed surprising both Jay and Lisa with Jane's enthusiasm. After a couple of hours Jay announced they were almost there but needed to stop for gas and a stretch. It was twilight now, and the snow was starting to come down thicker. They pulled into a highway rest stop comprised of a gas station and two fast food restaurants.

“Grab your coats from the back,” Lisa said.

Zed pulled Jane's coat out of the back, a girlish pink monstrosity with faux fur trim, and put it on. He didn't really need it. He could keep Jane's body comfortably warm even with his meagre powers, but a half-dressed cheerleader in a snowstorm would draw attention to himself that he wasn't prepared for just yet. Jay and Chet began filling up their cars with gas while the rest of the group made their way through the chill wind into the warmth of the convenience store. Mark and Marlene were still attached, both holding hands as they hurried inside.

Once inside, Zed unzipped his jacket, revealing the plunging neckline of his shirt, Jane's taut breasts nestled just out of view. He fluffed out Jane's silky hair. This body was so light on its feet, and his perfect breasts bounced at each step. After being in Christopher's body it was almost like floating. He caught Christopher staring at the little top that held Jane's perky tits. Poor, fat bastard. He had a crush on Jane that would normally have had no hope of ever being returned. But what better way to get Christopher on Zed's side than giving him what he so clearly wanted?

Zed smiled at Christopher, an earnest, wide smile that made Christopher blush and look away. As the others dispersed throughout the store Zed sidled Jane's body up next to Christopher as he began to plod away..

“Hi, Christopher,” Zed said in Jane's honey voice.

“Hi,” Christopher mumbled, avoiding Zed's eyes.

“I was thinking. We're on vacation miles from anyone we know. Maybe it's time we tried new things. Just for today.”

Christopher was now blushing beet red. “Okay,” he mumbled again.

“Christopher, do you believe in demons?” Zed cooed, moving close to Christopher's ear so that the hot breath of his next words whispered across Christopher's skin. “Demons that can grant you your deepest desire?”

“I don't...” Christopher trailed off.

They were in the back hallway now and no one was around. Zed placed his hand on Christopher's recently enhanced bulge.

“Is your dick bigger, Christopher?” Zed asked.

The poor kid looked like he was going to have a heart attack. He blushed even deeper, struggling to speak. He was probably trying to figure out if this was some sort of trap, maybe wondering if Jane was leading him on only to publicly humiliate him. Finally, he nodded.

“A demon named Zed did that,” Zed whispered. Now he was so close to Christopher’s body, Jane’s breasts pressing Christopher’s arm, his fingers continuing to stroke the bulge beneath the pants. “And Zed wants me to give myself to you. Do you want to *fuck* me?”

Christopher struggled to breathe and for a second Zed thought the kid was going to back out. He froze in the hallway, then nodded again almost imperceptibly.

Now Zed moved his mouth even closer and Jane’s lips brushed Christopher’s ear as Zed filled Christopher’s head with Jane’s sweet words. “All you have to do is say ‘Zed is my master’. Can you do that for me, Christopher?”

“Z-zed is my master,” Christopher mumbled.

And, oh, that sweet shock of power. Ever so slight but then the kid didn’t *really* believe. Not yet.

Zed giggled lightly and took Christopher's sweaty, hammy hand. Christopher let himself be led down the hallway past the toilets to a storage room. It was locked, but Zed used his superhuman strength to twist the handle anyway, shattering the lock with a solid CLUNK. He pulled Christopher in and shut the door when they were both inside.

It was a tight fit. Christopher's body crowded most of the available space that wasn't already taken up with shelves full of cleaning supplies, leaving just enough room for Zed to maneuver. Zed knew he didn't have much time so he slipped out of Jane's shimmering pink coat and dropped it onto a nearby shelf, then pulled his top over his head. Sweeping his silken auburn hair out of his eyes, he found Christopher staring at his bra. Jane's perky tits were clasped tight by a simple cotton bra, the curves of her body stood out even more. The soft hourglass shape of her was startling in its beauty.

Zed turned around and lifted his hair out of the way. “Take off my bra, Christopher,” he ordered.

Zed didn't even have to use his suggestive powers. Christopher fumbled with Zed's bra for what seemed like forever. Poor kid had probably never seen one in real life. When it was unhooked Zed turned around and, holding the cups to his chest, slipped one arm out of a strap, then the other, teasing Christopher by holding the cups in place and then finally dropping the bra with a flourish and letting his wonderful breasts bounce free.

Jane's breasts were taut, round little things, curving elegantly, the skin lightly freckled. Her strawberry-pink nipples pebbled up eagerly. Christopher stared at them, his mouth open.

“Go ahead,” Zed said, shaking his chest slightly so his breasts bounced back and forth, “Touch them.”

Christopher grabbed them with his meaty paws. He squeezed softly and Zed moaned theatrically. “Mmm, what do you think of my tits, Christopher?”

“Nice,” he mumbled, still squeezing Jane's soft flesh, jiggling her breasts up and down.

“I want to hear you tell me I've got nice tits,” Zed cooed, placing his hands on Christopher's own and squeezing lightly, directing him on how to treat Jane's body.

“You've got nice tits,” Christopher said with more confidence, growing more sure this wasn't a trick.

“Do you want to kiss them, Christopher?” Zed cooed.

Christopher licked his lips. “Yes.”

“I am a gift from Zed. Tell me that Zed is your master and you can kiss my tits.”

“Zed is my master.” No hesitation this time, and the accompanying shock of power was bigger, filling Zed’s head with warm desire and his body was a charge of power.

“Oh, suck on my tits, Christopher,” Zed moaned, Jane’s voice needy with desire.

Christopher eagerly did so, leaning forward and kissing each one. Zed held Christopher's head against his chest and felt Christopher take a nipple into his mouth. Christopher sucked on it, tongue swirling around Jane's sensitive skin. Zed placed Christopher's hands on Jane's hips and guided him up and down until Christopher began stroking Jane's body on his own, his mouth still working its way across Zed’s tiny nipples.

Now Christopher grew more eager, licking Jane's breasts while his hands roamed down to her taut ass. Zed grew warmer, delighting in letting this social outcast have his way with the beautiful cheerleader. Just making the world a more harmonious place. Christopher gripped and squeezed Zed's soft body, growing ever more eager as Jane's pussy grew moist. Zed felt the lips of Jane’s pussy opening, a wonderful thrill of anticipation growing through him as Christopher suckled on his nipples, kissing his way across each one, worshiping Jane's gorgeous body.

Zed slid his hands down his own curves, enjoying the feel of Jane's soft skin, the sway of her little hips. He unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down his legs. Jane's slender swimmer's thighs and calves came into view and Christopher pawed at the panties, groping Jane eagerly now. Zed slipped out of his grasp, turned around and leaned on one of the shelves, arching his back so that his perfect ass was sticking out behind him. He rolled the panties down his legs, his thighs already damp with anticipation. He half turned and gazed at Christopher with sultry eyes.

“Do you give yourself to Zed?”

“I do! I do!” Christopher said, hand grabbing his own cock.

“Then fuck me, Christopher,” Zed breathed.

Christopher didn't need to be told twice. He scrabbled for his massive pants and let them fall to the floor, pausing only slightly to gulp at the size of the cock he now possessed. Zed glanced down at it, past Jane's beautiful curvy ass, admiring his handiwork. Christopher's cock curved out in front of him, thick and engorged. Zed spread Jane's legs and wiggled his butt. Christopher pressed his cock in between Jane's legs, unsure exactly what to do. Zed reached down, slender fingers gliding between his own thighs, and took Christopher's massive girth in his hands, guiding it up until the cockhead slipped gently just between Jane's outer lips.

He guided Christopher's cock up and down his slit, lubricating it on his juices, growing ever hornier as he teased himself. Christopher's throaty breathing sped up as Zed guided his cock back up to Jane's waiting hole and leaned back onto it. There was a growing pressure. Excitement trilled through Zed's stolen body, and then Christopher pushed inside.

Zed sighed softly as Christopher's cock entered him, slowly sliding deep. It was bordering on painful in Jane's tight little pussy as Christopher filled him, pushing inside inch by inch, the walls of Jane’s canal slowly giving way to Christopher’s huge hot cock. Zed felt each magnificent inch as he leaned back, sinking his virginal body onto the beautiful dick. Christopher gripped Zed's ass and

thrust in to the hilt, holding there deep inside, clutched tight by the walls of Jane's wet cunt. The delicate lips of Zed's pussy gripped Christopher's girth. He withdrew and slowly slipped back in. Zed brought his hand down to his chest and fondled each little breast, squeezing each nipple and drawing deep sighs from his lips.

Zed felt Christopher throb inside him and now used his demonic powers of suggestion. "Don't cum yet," he ordered, and Christopher obeyed, pausing as he gathered himself, grunting softly, probably surprised at his own control. Zed fed off of Christopher's desire, his willingness to give up anything just to fuck Jane. Power surged through him and he moaned.

Christopher slid his cock in and out, filling and retreating while Zed fondled his sensitive breasts, driving Jane's body ever higher with desire. Zed looked back over his shoulder and down his body, watching Christopher's cock disappear into his golden pussy and reappear moments later wet with Jane's juices. He let the sight of her own little body getting fucked slip into Jane's sleeping mind, felt her revulsion at the act and who it was with, which only made him wetter, stronger. He was dripping down his thighs now.

"Faster, Christopher. Fuck me faster. Please," Zed begged, playing the part of the horny schoolgirl.

Christopher picked up the pace, thrusting in harder. Now the rhythmic slap of Christopher's groin on Jane's ass filled the little store room. Zed cried out, airy little gasps as Christopher fucked him. His body was ready to explode, so close to the precipice, and he was thankful he'd had the foresight to improve Christopher's dick. It filled him now, in and out, gliding up against his center and then suddenly Zed quivered and came, feeling his little cunt flex around the dick inside him, his entire body shivering as he mewled softly, a strained, delicate sound, not at all reflective of the tumbling pleasure roiling his body. He came hard, body tensing, pleasure flooding him.

"Oh," he cried out in a tiny voice, "Cum inside me, Christopher," he ordered.

Christopher gripped Zed's ass and thrust deep, his cock throbbing and emptying itself into Jane's wet cunt. Each throb filled Zed's little pussy even more. He moaned, leaning back, taking every burst of cum into Jane's virginal pussy as pleasure flared through him. The orgasm was utter bliss, like a massive stretch throughout every inch of his body, filling his mind with a white-hot burst of pleasure. Christopher fucked him eagerly, driving deep and holding there as he came, grunting.

When he was done he collapsed onto Zed's back and, if not for Zed's superhuman strength, would have sent them both tumbling and probably brought the shelves down on top of them. Christopher pulled out and Zed felt him dripping down Jane's thighs. He turned and gathered the little bead of cum onto a finger before bringing it to his lips and sucking on it, enjoying the salty taste of their mingled essence.

"Yummy," he moaned. Goddamn, Jane's tight body needed that. And Zed knew that Jane's horror at what she'd done could be twisted to fuel her worship of him.

They got dressed, not an easy task in the cramped confines of the store room. Before Christopher opened the door Zed put a hand on his shoulder.

"If you want this to be more than a one-time thing you'll keep this secret. No can know about us or Zed until he reveals himself to everyone or you'll never get any of this..." Zed gestured to Jane's tight little body, "...again."

"It's our secret," Christopher agreed. The power flared stronger within Zed at the kid's belief.

They filed out of the store room. Zed slipped into the toilets to do his business, admiring Jane's flushed face in the mirror as he made himself presentable. Man, this little body was fun, sleek and limber. And yet still it was hard to remove the look of disdain from her face. The last thing Zed did was to excise the memory of what he'd made her do from her mind.

When he came out of the bathroom, the other members of the group were gathered around one of the tables in the fast-food restaurant next door. Christopher already had a greasy burger in his hands.

With everyone distracted, Zed slipped out to the cars and carefully retrieved the bag full of cell phones from the trunk. Looking around to make sure no one was watching, he dumped the bag into a nearby trashcan, pushing it down into the detritus until it was no longer visible. He didn't want anything to disturb this long week he had planned. This gathering of worshipers that would refuel his power.

They piled back into the cars for the final leg of their journey, Zed giving a surreptitious wink to Christopher and making him blush and fumble with the car door as they got in. The roads became smaller and narrower before they turned off the main road altogether and wound their way up through a series of switchbacks to what felt like the peak of a mountain.

The weather grew wilder as they neared the cabin, the snow sticking to the ground now, blanketing the woods in white as more dropped. Jay kept glaring up at the sky, as if that would get them there any quicker, while Lisa fretted in her seat and admonished Jay to slow down on the icy roads.

“Would you let me drive?” Jay snapped.

Lisa’s lips tightened. She folded her arms and looked out the window, her fingernails digging into her long sleeve shirt the only evidence of her continued nerves. Zed was only worried that, if the car skidded off the road, he might have to reveal himself to Lisa before he was ready in order to save them.

In the meantime, Zed amused himself by hunting through Jane's memories, turning over each one and examining it like a seashell on the beach. Here she was surrounded by admirers, talking shit about one of the nerdy girls to great amusement. There she was on the cheerleading squad, shaking her ass in an attempt to catch the attention of one of the other cheerleader's boyfriends. Here she was standing in front of the church alter and giving a sermon as the priest looked on proudly.

By the time they pulled up to the cabins the snow was coming down thick and fast, whiting out the world with an icy wind. They could hardly see the compound, which consisted of several separate cabins joined together by one common area. Jay parked in front, Chet's car pulling up beside them. Jay turned to Lisa and opened his mouth to speak, the scowl on his face foreshadowing that his next words would be harsh or obnoxious. Without waiting to second guess himself Zed leaped, propelling his essence out of Jane’s body and across the short sharp gap to her father

Looking out from Jay's eyes he was now facing Lisa. She was facing away from him, looking out the window at the cabin.

“I'll get the bags,” Zed said in Jay's rich baritone. “You get the kids inside and get cozy.”

“You sure?” Lisa asked, turning to him.

God, how Zed missed her, that upturned nose, those rosy cheeks, the sparkling emerald eyes. Zed nodded and turned back to the kids in the backseat.

“You hear that, kids? Get inside before this storm really kicks off.”

“You think it will get worse?” Jonah asked, putting his book down.

Zed nodded. “Good thing we stocked up on food, huh?”

Lisa and the kids hurried out of the car and up to the entrance while Zed slid out and walked around to the back, passing the passengers in the other car as he did so. Jay's body was taller and heavier than Jane's, with a great pot belly that jiggled as he walked. The cold wind whipped at his bald

head, and Zed had to use some of his powers to heat up his unprotected dome. Mark and Marlene struggled past, gripping each other, followed by Charlotte and Christopher, each struggling with a suitcase.

Zed popped the trunk and began unloading the suitcases while, beside him, Chet did the same. Zed carried the bags two at a time from the car into the cabin, not wanting to use his incredible strength. When all the bags were tumbled into the main living area, Zed and Christopher closed the door behind them and unzipped their winter coats, warm from all the activity.

The main foyer opened up onto a huge wood-paneled living room. Charlotte and Marlene were trying to light a fire in a grand cobblestone fireplace. A pool table stood in front of the marble countertop island that separated the living room from the kitchen. Gleaming stainless-steel appliances lined the back wall, incongruous amid the log cabin décor of the rest of the room. Four doors, two on either side of the room, led off to separate living areas, while another door at the back led to a toilet.

“We're in here, honey” Lisa said, poking her head out from one of the doors to the left.

Zed wheeled his suitcase back into the suite. Back here, a small hallway separated the main bedroom from the two other bedrooms where the kids would sleep, as well as a separate bathroom. A small kitchenette in a hallway nook allowed this suite of rooms to be entirely self-contained.

Jane took her suitcase without a word and wheeled it into her room before shutting the door behind her. Typical moody teenager. Lisa, gorgeous Lisa, appeared and reached for the suitcase.

“I've got it, my love,” Zed replied grandly.

Lisa blinked, then shrugged and smiled, and he followed her into the master bedroom. It, too, was decorated in a log cabin motif. The only thing missing was the stuffed head of a deer. A king size bed took up most of the room.

Zed lay the suitcase on top of the low chest of drawers and joined Lisa at the window. She was peering out at the snow flurries and she jumped a little as Zed slid his arms beneath hers and clasped his hands together around her midsection. He leaned his head on her shoulder and kissed her neck.

“Sorry I've been such an ass,” Zed whispered in her ear.

She patted his hand. “It's okay.”

“No,” he insisted, “It's really not. I'm going to try to do better. You deserve better. There's a whole world of possibility out there and I want you to know you made the best choice.”

She turned her head to look at him, not quite slipping out of his grip. Her eyes were right there, her cheeks just below his lips. He could taste the floral scent of her. He wanted to take her right there but she wasn't ready.

“Are you okay? You sound like...nevermind.” Lisa said.

“Like what?” Zed asked.

“Someone I used to know. An old friend from school. It's nothing.”

Now she did wiggle out of his grasp and he let her go, holding on to just her hand, which he kissed lovingly before finally releasing. She stared at him for a beat, about to speak, then thought better of it and turned away.

“Let's go check out the rest of this place,” she enthused.

Zed plodded along behind her, his fat gut jiggling with each clumsy step. Zed could feel the years of Jay's body, from the flabby arms to the slickness of his bald head whenever he passed his meaty hand over it. He figured Jay always wore a suit or other expensive clothes to detract from his flabby physique, like the pale blue “casual” button down shirt he was wearing now.

They did a quick tour of the house. There was a hot tub on the back deck beneath a pagoda, the cover already layered with an inch of snow. The wind had died down and the snow dampened the sounds of the forest so they could hear each fat snowflake landing. Lisa stepped out onto the porch overhang, stopping just short of the line of snow, and they gazed out in silence, listening to the snow fall. Zed wrapped his arms around Lisa's waist from behind again and this time she lay back into him. Her body was warm against his. They stood in silence, enjoying the moment until Lisa shivered.

“Let's get back inside,” she whispered.

Charlotte and Marlene had finally got the fire started. Jonah was reclining on one sofa, a book propped in his hands. Mark and Marlene sat on the other couch facing the fire, holding hands and staring into the flames as they flirted with each other. Zed saw Lisa glance at them and thought he detected a hint of jealousy on her face, perhaps for the easy way that Mark and Marlene were so obviously in love. Was she thinking of the way that she used to look at Jay like that? Or was she thinking of Zed?

Charlotte was busying herself in the kitchen, pulling out pots and pans, one hand holding her pregnant belly for support each time she leaned down. An assortment of spices and vegetables was already on the counter as she prepared to cook up some sort of vegan dinner. When Lisa offered to help Charlotte put her to work slicing vegetables. The pantry was well stocked, a service the cabin company didn't normally provide, but anything could be had with enough money. Perusing it, Zed was struck with an idea to inject a little more romance into the evening. He collected some cans and some spices, along with a nice salmon that was waiting in the fridge.

“Don't worry about cooking for us tonight,” he told Charlotte, “I'd like to have a romantic evening with my wife.”

“Oh,” Charlotte giggled airily, “Sounds nice.”

“It does,” Lisa agreed, cocking an eyebrow at Zed, who just smiled.

Zed returned to the little kitchenette in their section of the cabin and proceeded to cook up Lisa's favorite dish from memory: an easy salmon with a light mustard sauce. He had a little trouble with the burner, finally realizing he had to turn the gas on from the main before it would light. He was not yet six hundred years old—a young demon, comparatively—and hadn't yet grown into mastery of the ether enough to create flame from the molecules in the air.

While dinner was cooking he found some candles in one of the closets, along with a tablecloth, and set the small table beneath the window in their bedroom. He left the dinner warming in the oven and went back to the main cabin to fetch Lisa. Charlotte and Lisa had the meal for everyone else

bubbling away on the stove. Jay grabbed a bottle of wine from the fridge and two glasses, then swept in to Lisa and, tucking the bottle under one arm, held out his hand.

“What's gotten into you?” She laughed uncertainly as she took his hand.

“I'm possessed...by my love for you,” he said, kissing her hand.

Charlotte playfully nudged Chet, who was attempting to sneak a taste of the soup on the stove.

“Why don't you ever say sweet things like that to me?”

“What? Come on. I don't need to *say* anything when I can just make you feel it,” he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and Charlotte laughed her airy laugh again.

Zed resisted rolling his eyes and led Lisa back to the table in the bedroom.

“Oh, Jay, you shouldn't have,” she said when Zed presented their meals.

Zed poured them each a glass of wine. “Do you remember when we used to do this? Just the two of us having a nice, quiet dinner, enjoying each other's company?”

“It's been a long time.”

Zed raised his glass. “Years and years and years will not erode my love for you.” Human love was making him awfully sentimental and slightly careless, like he wanted to be caught.

Lisa paused, her glass in the air. “Where did you hear that?” She asked softly.

Zed shrugged, staring into her eyes. It was what he used to tell her back when they were together, and true despite Zed's necessary absence in the years that followed. But how could he explain that absence was for her benefit, without explaining everything else that went along with it? That sometimes demons attract their own demons?

After a brief pause they both drank. They ate in companionable silence as the candles burned down, sharing a look every now and then, Zed just happy to see and be seen, to enjoy Lisa's company and admire her sparkling eyes, the curve of her cheek, each graceful motion of her hands. When they were done they sat back and gazed out at the snow-white forest. Without speaking Lisa reached across the table and held out her hand. Zed took it, Jay's thick fingers resting gently in Lisa's slim hand. Her thumb played across his knuckles. At some point she turned to him and the look in her eyes was so intimately familiar. Love and trust and desire.

Zed stood and gently raised Lisa to her feet. He stared down at her for a beat while she looked up at him with a half-smile. He stood, memorizing the gold sparkles in her emerald eyes, the light dusting of freckles across her nose, the way her rich red hair curled down around the side of her face. Then he kissed her.

Their lips came together softly, hesitantly, like two long lost lovers, feeling each other out. She tasted so wonderfully familiar, and their kiss grew deeper. He stroked her cheek with a palm, fingers splaying into her hair while she slid her arms around him. Her lips were soft and welcoming. She splayed her hands across his chest and he breathed her in, the heady scent of her honey lotion filling his nose.

They undressed each other, gently at first but growing wilder as their desire grew, until they'd tossed their clothes off around the room and stood naked at the foot of the bed, still kissing and caressing each other, though now their hands moved faster, groping eagerly for breasts, buttocks, the small of

the back, exploring each other by touch as Zed's erection grew. It pressed up against Lisa's belly and she reached between their bodies to stroke it.

His hands caressed her breasts and he brought his lips down to join, tongue gliding over her nipples, sucking on her warm skin as she cooed and held him close. His desire was a physical thing, a fire burning within him. How he wanted to be inside her! How he teased himself with waiting. Lisa's body was magical and Zed paused just to observe it, the tender curves, the delicate white breasts, heaving with each breath.

He sat her down on the edge of the bed and knelt between her legs, gently spreading them apart until he was gazing at her dark entrance. Delicate swirls of red pubic hair marked each side of her womanhood and Zed inhaled deeply, enjoying her light musky scent.

“Jay, I-” Lisa began hesitantly.

But Zed pressed his tongue against her opening and the words turned to a sigh as he tasted her. She was warm and velvety and slightly salty. He explored her with his tongue, licking up and down her rich pink folds. His cock throbbed beneath him, eager now, driven on by the taste of her as she surrounded him. He took long laps up her center before gently slipping in and pressing the span of his tongue against her clit, undulating slowly.

Lisa moaned and lay back on the bed, her hands coming up to her own body, stroking her breasts while Zed continued feasting on her pussy. He brought in his fingers for help, gently massaging, slipping inside as he pressed against her clit in a steady, quickening rhythm, matching her breath. She was so hot, so wet, it was all Zed could do to not take her right there. She orgasmed around his head, a tiny strangled cry, the clenching of her thighs the only sign of her ecstasy. But Zed knew. He still knew her body after all these years.

He climbed up her, kissing his way up her mound, across her tummy, over her breasts, until he was leaning above her, Jay's cock pressed against her entrance. Her bright eyes stared up at him and she grabbed his cheeks with both hands, bringing their lips together. His cock pressed against her entrance, the tip of his head pushing aside her pussy lips. With a soft sigh he entered her, luxuriating in the feel of her clenched around him, the deep perfectness of being inside her. It sated his need for an instant before desire surged within him again. He slid in to the hilt, until they were entwined as one, holding there inside her, living in that perfect moment, before withdrawing and sliding in again.

He ducked down and took her nipple in his mouth as they rocked together. She clutched him, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him close until he was so deep inside her, touching her inner pleasure. He moved faster, hands gripping her warm body, thrusting in and out in a steady rhythm as she rocked beneath him, eyes clenched shut. He stared down at her, admiring the line of her nose, the perfect curve of her cheek. He'd never wanted anyone more. Sudden desire took hold and he kissed her madly. She opened her mouth for him and he slid his tongue inside, exploring the contours of her mouth as he drove in deep below, tasting the moan as it escaped her lips.

They moved faster. His cock filled her, pausing every now and then with shorter strokes, teasing her, only to drive deep and push a gasp from her lips. Still inside her, he got to his knees and held her legs apart, spreading her, driving in and gazing down at her perfect body. Her breasts jiggled with each thrust and she stroked herself, one hand on her tit, the other coming down to rest between her legs, circling her clit. He could feel her fingertips grazing his cock and he grunted, watching her, delighting in being here with her, helping her explore her pleasure.

She came suddenly and explosively, her fingers circling inside herself. She threw her head back into the pillows and gasped, her entire body shaking. He could feel her cum around his cock and slowed for her, letting her savor her own body's pleasure. When it passed he read her body language and picked up his rhythm as she resumed hers. Faster now, eager for more. They were like twin demons, locked in ecstasy, grunting and moaning.

They moved around in different positions. Every time Zed came out of her all he wanted to do was be back inside. He gripped her hips from behind and drove inside of her. Her face was stuffed into the pillow, her cries of delight muffled. Her breasts swayed, the steady thumping of his groin on her ass filled the room. Zed gathered himself, living to serve her pleasure but desperately wanting a release of his own until finally, on her back again with him inside her, she cried "oh, god!" and he came with her, driving deep, pumping into her hot, wet folds, emptying himself into her with a wild grunt, gazing down at her as he came hard, the tension finally releasing through him.

When he was done he collapsed on top of her. They were both slick with sweat and he rested inside her, feeling the pulse of her aftershocks, never wanting to leave her warmth. His nose was buried in her hair and he took deep breaths of her fruity scent.

Finally, he pulled out and rolled to the side. He took her in his arms, his spent cock resting against the curve of her ass. He thought he heard her whisper "Zed" but then she was asleep.

Zed held Lisa, listening to the steady rhythm of her breathing. He wanted her to be his queen. He wanted to cease hiding, to stop pretending to be who he wasn't. But he was weak and restless. Not yet strong enough to give Lisa her heart's desire. He needed more power.

Leaving Jay's body to fall asleep beside his wife, Zed detached his essence and flitted, invisible, through the walls of the room back into the common area. The fire had died down and the room flickered in the glow of the embers. It was empty, dinner having long ago been eaten and cleaned away.

Zed passed through quickly, even with his renewed power he could only stay incorporeal for so long before he would dissolve, though it was not so painful out of the sun. Already he felt his essence flickering as he sought the two people who could feed his power the most.

Zed trailed through the walls and up the short flight of steps to the suite that held Mark and Marlene. Appearing in the bedroom, he found Mark in bed reading. He was shirtless, the crisp shadows accentuating his impressive pecs. Zed heard a noise behind the closed bathroom door and passed through it to find Marlene just finishing brushing her teeth.

She wore a white bath robe, tied at the middle, the top open enough to reveal a hint of her incredible breasts. Her blonde hair was wrapped up in a towel, forming a beehive on her head. Zed gratefully slipped into her body and immediately found himself looking out at the world through her eyes, feeling the soft terrycloth rub brush up against his body.

He paused, a toothbrush in his hand, and stared into the mirror at Marlene's doll face. Her cherry red lips were slightly parted, giving her a slight dumbfounded look. Her features were finely crafted and soft, with delicate eyebrows and perfect skin. Usually when Zed took control of a body the occupant blacked out, but with some effort he could keep them awake and aware as he drove their bodies around. He did this with Marlene, preventing her mind from receding into blackness. She could feel the things he was making her do, though she had no control.

Zed grinned into the mirror, a predatory grin that looked out of place on Marlene's innocent face.

"Hello, Marlene," he growled, her high-pitched voice strange in his ears. "I'm the spirit of the woods you've been seeking. My name is Zed, and I can fulfill your wildest fantasies."

Zed felt her alarm at the control, tinged with an intrigue and, beneath it all, a desire. She was scared but not panicking.

"I've got your body," he continued, dropping the toothbrush and pulling the robe aside to reveal her heavy teardrop shaped breasts, which he traced with one finger. "And I can do anything I want to it."

Zed enjoyed the fear now trickling through her. "Do you want to see my power?"

She did. He could feel it despite her fear. This is how he would win Marlene over.

He unwrapped her hair and tossed the towel to the floor, fluffing out her damp blonde hair and pushing it back out of his eyes. Then he turned to the window above the bathtub. He opened it,

adjusting to Marlene's delicate fingers and long fingernails. This body was curvier in some ways, slimmer in others than Jay's body. She had motherly hips and breasts, with a figure more supple than plump.

Zed pushed open the window and a shock of cold air took his breath away. He jumped lightly over the window sill and landed on the ground in the snow, his breasts bouncing, one hand struck out to catch himself on the ground as he knelt in the freezing cold. He kept Marlene's body warm just as he'd kept Jay's bald head warm earlier, adjusting the heat around himself so that the cold was painful but not dangerous. He felt Marlene marveling at this and smiled again, his plump lips curving up wickedly, before racing off into the trees.

Zed ran with superhuman speed, his tits bouncing crazily at each step until he had to clutch them to his chest, squeezing them tight, the soft roundness so maddeningly tempting. Branches ripped at Marlene's skin, scraping across her face, Zed healing the scratches as soon as they appeared but doing nothing about the pain. He liked it. Liked the feel of the sharp hidden rocks digging into Marlene's feet, cutting them and leaving a trail of bloody footprints, healing each foot before jamming it down and raising fresh injuries. Marlene's terror turned to awe, a kind of worship as she realized there was nothing she could do and that, despite the pain, she was protected.

And once again, Zed's power grew.

In a clearing Zed stopped and waited. There was silence all around. The snow had stopped falling and the light of the moon reflected off the snow, cold and blue. Marlene's hair was frozen, sparkling with ice as it brushed against Zed's neck. Zed heard movement and turned. A large wolf loped into the clearing, followed by another, and another, until Zed was surrounded. They growled menacingly but Zed held out his hand and they stopped. They crept closer until they were rubbing against his legs and he scratched their fur with Marlene's elegant nails.

He shed her robe. Marlene's body was divine, with soft mature curves that still had an enticing bounce. He sat cross legged in the snow, feeling the icy cold encase his butt and legs but making just enough warmth so as not to harm Marlene's body.

“You are only safe because I am with you, Marlene,” Zed said. “What do you think would happen if I left? Do you think you would die of the cold before the wolves could tear out your throat and feast on your remains?”

He paused, letting her consider that, feeling her fear and her awe at the extent of his powers and the utter control he had over her life. Her body was on the edge of freezing, kept alive by Zed's powers, and she knew it. Her only option was to give herself to him. In a way, it was what she always wanted. She and Mark had always playacted being possessed by spirits; now let them experience the real thing. As her desires aligned with Zed's, he felt a creeping anticipation wash through him, an excitement that rose up and called out from between his thighs. God, he wanted to try her body out.

Zed stood and released the wolves back into the forest. He sped home the way he came until he was back at the cabin, where he easily launched himself up and over the windowsill back into the bathroom. He closed the window and entered the bedroom. Mark looked up at him, took in Marlene's appearance, her cold nakedness, the ice in her hair.

“I'm being possessed,” Zed said. “A spirit called Zed, who will give us his power if we give him our worship.”

Mark thought he understood, thought it was more roleplaying, and dropped his book. Zed pounced on him, Marlene's body lighter and bouncier than Jay's had ever been. Straddling Mark, Zed gripped his hair and kissed him, his heavy breasts resting on Mark's warm chest, made even warmer with the contrast from Marlene's coldness. Mark gave in under Zed's onslaught, opening his mouth so Zed could slide his tongue in. Mark grabbed Zed's plump ass and squeezed while Zed dragged himself up and down Mark's groin, feeling him grow harder beneath Marlene's pussy.

"There's a demon inside me," Zed said, kissing Mark's rough stubbled cheeks, his broad neck.

Mark took Zed's breasts in his hand and brought them to his lips. He sucked on a fat pink nipple eagerly, eyes closed, face half obscured by the size of Marlene's tit. His free hand plucked softly at Zed's other nipple, teasing it into a sharp point. Zed felt Marlene's mind respond to this ecstasy, joining with his own desire and making him wet. A gentle anticipation wound its way through his curvy body as Mark played with Zed's tits, fondling and suckling at them. Mark's cock was hard now, and Zed undulated his body, dragging his wetness across Mark's cock, angling himself so that the cockhead hit his clit on each pass.

Zed moaned, clutching one of his tits, suddenly eager for himself. He brought a breast to his own lips and made Marlene lick herself, tasting the sweet-salt skin, tongue playing across the nipple. He was soaking wet now, yet he put a hand on Mark's guide as it tried to slide inside.

"Give yourself to Zed. Tell me that you worship him and you can have me."

"Yes," Mark moaned eagerly. "I give myself to Zed."

The power surged and Zed threw back his head. From Mark's reaction Zed knew he felt that wonderful surge, but before Mark could say a word Zed grabbed his cock and guided it inside Marlene's warm body. Zed moaned softly as Mark penetrated him. Zed settled onto him, allowing Mark's thick shaft to slide through Marlene's wet heat.

Zed moved faster, desperate for release. His tits bounced back and forth and Mark gripped his ass again, thrusting up on each downthrust to drive himself deeper, harder into Marlene's center until at last Zed came with a howling cry. Marlene's orgasm was wild and free, unashamed as his voice cried out in the room and he rocked hard. Mark thrust up and came with him, throbbing, filling Zed with an immense beautiful heat, all the while nibbling on Marlene's sensitive nipple. All Zed could do was clutch Mark's hard chest and hold on as the anticipation released with a sudden rush of orgasm. Each delightful throb filled Marlene's sopping pussy, each burst of hot seed driving Zed's desire higher. He yearned for more.

Mark lay beneath him and looked up. "That was wild," he gushed.

"We're not done yet," Zed said. "Tell me Zed is your master."

"Zed is my master," Mark grinned. He didn't fully believe yet but his gratitude was enough.

Zed placed Marlene's hand on Mark's chest and flitted inside him. The world flipped, slightly disorienting as he found himself lying beneath Marlene. Her breasts bobbed down into his face, heavy and enticing. His cock was lodged inside her, slowly deflating but still surrounded by her delightful warmth. His solid arms gripped her deliciously fat thighs. Marlene started to fall and caught herself as she returned to her body.

"Oh, god, Mark, I *was* possessed, and it was wonderful," she sighed.

"I'm still here," Zed grinned, "And if you make me your master there will be more."

“Oh, yes, Zed! I’m yours!”

Zed grinned and gripped her ass, holding her down on him as he made his cock rise again inside her. Zed felt Mark's own surprise at being controlled, and his excitement at being hard again so quickly. Marlene paused as she felt him grow inside her, her eyes widening. And then Zed thrust up inside her and she drove herself down to meet him with a wild moan. She was gushing, and the slick sounds of her sex filled the air.

Zed was greedy for her, joining himself with Mark's youthful exuberance to grab her and stroke her. He flipped her around and entered her from behind, spreading apart the cheeks of her beautiful bubble butt and admiring the sight of his cock being clutched by her velvety lips. She sighed and yowled beneath him, arching her back so he could delight in her exquisite curves.

Zed made Mark's cock, thicker, longer, perfectly fitting Marlene's canal. She came hard, eyes clenched shut and Zed came with her. Sliding in deep against her beautiful ass and releasing himself inside her. She bucked and orgasmed, both of them crying out in lust filled voices.

No sooner had Mark cum than Zed made his cock jump to attention again. He flitted back into Marlene's body and straddled him again. Mark returned his attention to Marlene's bouncing breasts, now into it, realizing the power of this unlimited desire.

“How would you like this?” Zed hissed, and grew Marlene's breasts.

They expanded quickly, soon dwarfing Mark's head, ludicrously huge and ponderously heavy, but with the skin so perfectly smooth. They fell down to the bed on either side of Mark's head and they both gathered her tits in their hands, attempting to kiss them and stroke them. Zed laughed as he rode Mark hard, driving deep until he came again. His massive tits lay on the bed, bouncing up and down. It would have been impossible to walk without gathering them in his hands.

Zed flitted back into Mark's body, surrounded by Marlene's tits. He flipped her onto her back, her breasts flying crazily, and drove his cock inside her desperate body once again.

“This is my power, Marlene,” Zed hissed. “I can give...”

And now he made Mark's abs disappear, covered in a layer of fat, took the muscles from his beautiful arms and made them flabby.

“And I can take away,” Zed finished, his voice an old man's wheeze.

“Give please, please spirit. Master. Anything.” Marlene begged.

Zed smiled and returned Mark to his original form, driving in deep as Marlene bellowed and came around him, both enjoying the most tremendous orgasm of their lives. Every time he changed them their beliefs became stronger, feeding Zed's own power. Each small alteration allowing him to alter their bodies more and more. He fed their egos, morphing them past their deepest, darkest desires to the edge of impossible. Marlene's heavy tits filled the bed, each touch of her nipples sending deep ripples of pleasure through her. Mark fucked her in both holes with two cocks, pumping in one then the other, each of them refilling instantly, her beautiful ass quivering, pussy gushing cum as he fucked her nearly catatonic with pleasure. He transformed their bodies into those of sculpted gods, made sure they fit each other perfectly, and they cried out Zed's name as they were engulfed in orgasm.

Hours later, when Zed grew tired of regenerating them, he returned Marlene's breasts to their original size and the two lay, exhausted and sore, entwined on the bed. Zed's power flowed through

him in slow waves. Soon he would have them all, and once his power was secured he could reveal himself to Lisa in all his glory, making her his queen and changing those around them to suit her needs. And his own, of course.

As Mark stroked Marlene's cheek Zed grabbed his hand and gazed into his eyes. "The others will not understand what we've experienced tonight. If you love me this must remain our secret."

Mark nodded.

"Good. Now sleep," Zed said, more a suggestion than a command but such was the power he'd regained that it worked nearly instantly.

Zed detached himself from Marlene's body and floated through the wall into the bedroom next door, where he sunk into Charlotte's pregnant form and joined her in sleep.