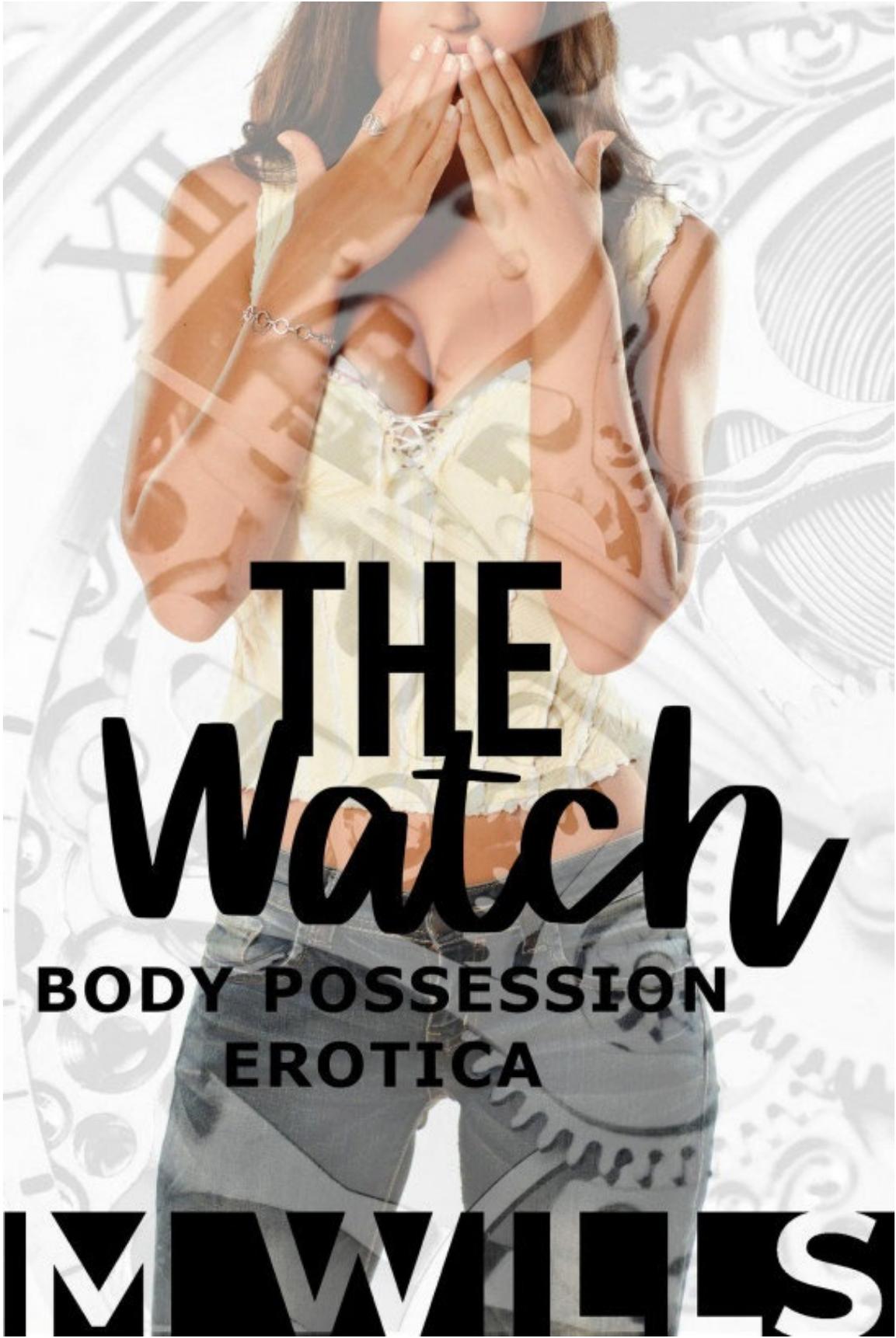


THE Watch

**BODY POSSESSION
EROTICA**

MWLS



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The Watch

Body Possession Erotica

by M. Wills

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The Watch

The bar is nearly empty when I walk in. The only occupant—besides the bartender—is a middle-aged woman crammed into a pink taffeta dress. She’s propped up against the end of the bar, a shot glass in her hand. The bartender has left a bottle of vodka next to her and as I watch she pours a liberal drink and tosses it down.

I take a seat at the other end of the bar. I take her for just another loser in Vegas, here to try to forget how much she’s lost. That’s why most people end up at a bar in the middle of the day. Myself included.

The bartender sizes me up at a glance and makes me pay before mixing my cocktail. I’m pleasantly surprised when my credit card goes through, and a few seconds later the bartender sets a whiskey sour down in front of me. I take my time, nursing the drink in case it’s my last. And it may be. I wonder how the hell I’m going to get back home and explain all this to my wife.

An ambulance passes by on the street, the siren off. Looks like the same one I passed a few minutes earlier tending to the car crash victim. Or maybe he wasn’t a victim but rather jumped in front of the car. Hard to tell in this town. Either way, it looks like he didn’t make it. The middle-aged woman sees the ambulance pass as well and lifts her glass in a somber toast

“There I go,” she laughs to herself, and downs another shot.

She looks like a bridesmaid who ditched the bride. She's a big woman; the taffeta dress can barely contain her. Her breasts nearly spill out the top. She keeps fiddling with her cleavage, yanking the fabric around and causing her breasts to wobble back and forth, threatening to burst loose. When she sees me looking at her she pauses, one hand on her cleavage, and smiles drunkenly at me. I raise my eyebrow in acknowledgement and turn away from her.

A second later a clatter from a falling barstool makes me look back in her direction. She's come around the side of the bar towards me and has knocked over one of the stools. She seems to be having a hard time balancing enough to pick it up, and she sways on her thick heels, her fat butt in the air. I stand and give her a hand, righting the stool.

She pushes her mass of curly black hair out of her face and thanks me, then takes a seat beside me. I don't really want company but I also don't have it in me for a fight. I smile politely at her and she grins back at me, eyes glassy.

"Hey, buddy," she says, plonking the vodka bottle down on the bar with a thunk. "You got the time?"

I notice she has a watch on her wrist but she ignores it. I pull out my phone and show it to her. "Shit. So little time left. Want to hear a story? I'll be dead in about forty minutes and I gotta tell someone."

I cock my head. "Okay."

Why not? It's not like I'm gonna figure a way out of my own problems. Maybe I can at least take comfort in the fact that someone else has it worse. Besides, she's piqued my interest. A long-time gambler like myself can feel when something is coming my way. Maybe luck. Maybe money. Maybe both. Whatever it is, a little voice inside tells me I should listen to this woman.

She settles onto the stool, wiggling her big butt back and forth until she's comfortable. "I ain't always been a woman."

"Oh?"

"Yup. Twenty minutes ago I was a man." She slaps the bar in a fit of laughter which turns into a coughing fit. When she recovers she murmurs, "Now I probably got asthma or some shit."

I don't know what to say to this apparent stream of consciousness, or this admission of a sex change, so I keep quiet.

"Lemme start from the beginning. 's a good place to start most things."

This is the story she tells me:

2

My name was Martin Fink and I was thirty-six years old and newly single. My girlfriend had recently broken up with me for her best friend, a guy who was smarter and better looking than I was. So I couldn't really blame her. I didn't think I was ugly. I would have considered myself a solid six out of ten. But still, it hurt. Now there I was staring down middle age alone and stuck in an office job that wasn't going anywhere.

If I had more courage I would have asked out the blonde who worked in my company's finance department. Erin looked to be about my age, with a slightly plump figure. Brash laugh. Cute face. Beautifully bouncy breasts.

I worked in an open office, and my computer screen was angled so that if I just tilted my head a little to the side I could see her across the room. My eyes were drawn to Erin every single time. I couldn't help admiring the gentle slope of her nose and the way the corner of her eyes creased into gentle diamond shapes whenever she laughed. She wasn't exactly graceful, moving with the heavy stomp of someone who played recreational sports—basketball maybe?—but, my god, the way she walked made her breasts bounce up and down so hypnotically beneath the tight black top she wore. I knew I was one wrong glance away from a conversation with HR but I couldn't help it. I wanted her body, even more so now that I was alone.

I came up with ever more ridiculous excuses to talk to her in the lunch room or as she was passing my desk. We were never friends but we were friendly, and I loved making her laugh at my jokes. It's fair to say I hardly knew her but I lusted after her.

“Martin, you’re so funny!” Erin would gush. “Wait until I tell my boyfriend that one.”

The job itself had less chance of me moving up than I had with dating Erin. I was middling at what I did and had no motivation to be much better. I outsourced a lot of my work to Stuart, the lower paid assistant, because I couldn’t be bothered and he was eager to move up. Stuart was a smug little bastard, with one of those faces you yearned to punch and an attitude to match.

I put up with it but I didn’t want to spend the rest of my life writing position papers for the insurance industry. Problem was, I didn’t think I had much of my life left to find out what I wanted to do. Turned out I had even less time than I thought. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

That’s where my life was at when I was wandering down my street one weekend and found an estate sale happening outside one of the houses. The garage door was open and the previous inhabitant’s possessions were all laid out on the small lawn: chests of drawers, tables, boxes of books and knickknacks, cookware, glasses and mugs, chintzy art, random electronic devices, clothes, handbags, shoes and jewelry.

A few passersby were perusing the items while a heavysset man looked on with his hands in his pockets. He appeared to be the one in charge, because he looked up at me and smiled shyly as I stepped up to take a closer look at the jewelry. I didn’t really wear jewelry but I had a morbid curiosity about the previous owner and wondered how much I could tell about them by what they wore. Judging by the jewelry selection, I guessed that the newly deceased had been on a downward spiral for a while. There was a lot of jewelry and at one point it would have been pretty impressive, but most of it was now in poor condition, tarnished and dented.

I picked through the offerings. Pushing aside a coil of a (probably fake) gold necklace, I found a silver watch. Unlike the rest of the jewelry the watch seemed to be of a mid-century modern design, better cared for than the rest. It had simple, sleek lines and the face was contoured into a slight arrow shape above the number twelve. I picked it up to look at closer and it was only then that I noticed what was so odd about it: there were no hands. It was also heavier than it seemed at first glance.

I pinched the little knob on the side—the crown as Stuart would have pedantically called it—and pulled it out, wanting to see what would happen if I tried to wind the watch. The smooth white face briefly flashed light red, but that was all.

“That was my grandad’s,” the heavysset man said, nodding to the watch, his hands still in his pockets.

“Doesn’t have sentimental value?” I asked.

“Naw. He was an asshole. I’ll take fifty bucks for it.”

If I’d known then what the watch could do I wouldn’t have been so cavalier about bargaining him down. It looked like a nice fashion statement, even if it was useless. In the end my life was changed for thirty bucks.

I wore the watch into the office the next day. No one noticed at first and I didn’t want to draw attention to myself. I spent most of the morning trying not to

glance over at Erin, who was sitting in her usual spot. She was wearing a sleeveless black top that showed off her toned arms. Her heavy breasts tented out the fabric. She'd already bounced by once that morning and I was waiting for her to move again. I was aware I was being a lech but I'd just been dumped and I was lonely. Besides, I never said or did anything to her that would be considered harassment. If anything, I kept my distance.

Anyway, it was sometime mid-morning and I was in the middle of another dull report that Stuart noticed my watch. He always took a break at ten o'clock, leaning back and stretching dramatically.

"Nice watch," he said, looking over at it.

"Thanks." I held my wrist up to show him. "It doesn't work but it looks cool."

"Did you try winding it or anything?"

"Yeah. Didn't seem to work."

I scooted closer to him and held up my wrist, bending it so I could demonstrate. At the time I wasn't aware that that the arrow on the watch was pointed directly at Erin. I only knew that Stuart started talking:

"I know a—"

I pinched the crown of the watch and pulled it up and the world instantly changed.

Suddenly, I was staring at an unfamiliar computer monitor. A half-finished email took up the screen, something about a budget item. There was an automatically generated signature at the bottom of the email with our company's corporate logo. And Erin's name.

I jumped slightly, felt my body shift in strange ways. Looking down at the keyboard I found two slender hands poised over the keys. The fingers were long and slim, the knuckles hairless, the nails gentle rounded curves.

My head dropped further and now I gazed down into incredible cleavage. Through the high neckline of the black shirt around my top—for it was very definitely my body now—I saw the breasts clasped together, along with a little hint of the black bra that was holding them up. It was the same top, the same breasts I'd been ogling only just that morning on Erin.

I let out a tiny gasp and looked around at the people next to me. None of my coworkers seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary. They kept typing away or talking on the phone while I tried not to scream.

The silky hair brushed against my neck and my cheek as I turned, and I swiped it behind an ear almost unconsciously. The movement was natural in a way, like I had Erin's muscle memory.

Looking across the office, it took me a second to identify myself. My male body anyway. It wasn't exactly like looking at a stranger, more like looking at an

acquaintance I barely knew. Or a colleague I only talked to sometimes. He—my former body—was in conversation with Stuart, though he glanced up at me.

I avoided his gaze and looked down at my screen, frozen, not quite sure how to act. I was inside Erin's body. Holy shit. I was Erin. When I glanced up again at my former self he was looking down at his watch as Stuart droned on beside him.

I slid my chair back from the desk and stood. Moving in her body for the first time was an experience. I seemed to be of two minds, literally, as I hurriedly walked across the office towards the privacy of the shower room. The Erin part of me moved naturally, feeling perfectly normal as I bounded down the hall. The me part of me was almost overwhelmed by the sensations of Erin's body: my breasts bouncing at each step, my hips swaying, my butt wiggling back and forth. The sights and the sounds and the smells all filtered through Erin's senses were familiar but not the same as I was used to.

I slipped into the shower room and locked the door behind me. The room was small and tiled in white. It was big enough for a single shower, a toilet and a sink. A mirror hung over the sink and I stepped in front of it.

Erin's face appeared in the reflection. My eyes flicked across her delicate features, the shape of her nose, the crinkle of her eyes, the tiny freckles dotting the bridge of her nose, the pale green eyes. Her face—or, rather, my face—was framed by wavy honey-colored hair. My mouth hung open, Erin's lips curving up and out to reveal the hint of her front teeth in a way that made her look so goddamn sexy, suggesting confusion and innocence.

“What the fuck?” I said. Her rich voice spilled from my lips, slightly different when heard from within her own head, but again familiar somehow.

I stared at my face in the mirror and felt that twinning of minds. To part of me it was a perfectly normal face I saw every day in the mirror, maybe I needed a little freshen up on my lipstick. To the other part it was holy fuck I was inside Erin's body!

My hand was trembling as I brought it up to my face. I stroked my skin lightly with my fingertips, following the contours of my cheeks, my chin, my nose, my lips. I ran my tongue around the inside of my mouth, tasting her from the inside.

I wondered what was happening to my real body right now, but I also desperately wanted to take advantage of this in case it never happened again.

After a moment of hesitation, I pulled my shirt off over my head and tossed it onto the bench behind me, then gathered my blonde hair and swiped it out of my face with a practiced motion. I had a feeling of disconnect, realizing it was odd to take off my top in the middle of the day for no reason. But I pushed past it as I ogled myself in the mirror. Erin stood in front of me, her huge breasts covered by an equally huge bra. She was slightly plump but not fat, with a cute stomach.

I reached around and unclasped my bra. My breasts bobbed down, heavy and buoyant. I tossed the bra aside and took hold of my tits, wrapping my fingers beneath them and hefting them in each hand. They spilled out of my fingers, too big to wrap my hand around, but I squeezed as much as I could. I giggled, my lips curling into a smile as I watched Erin grope herself in the mirror. Looking down, I admired my own breasts as I jiggled them. There were light stretch marks here and there but that just made them more naturally gorgeous. The areolae were strawberry pink, the nipples just beginning to bud out beneath my touch.

“God, you’ve got some nice fucking tits, Erin,” I said to myself just to hear my voice.

I squeezed each breast up against my chest so they swelled out beneath my fingers in huge mounds before releasing them to bounce down my chest and jiggle against each other. A gentle warmth sparked between my legs as I played with myself.

I gathered my breasts again and bobbed them back and forth in my hands, playing with them as I’d always dreamed, even as the Erin part of me felt unnatural doing this at work. Somehow I knew exactly what would turn this body on, and I wrapped my hands around my breasts again. Only now I slid my fingers up to my nipples, which were poking out into tiny pink nubs.

I took each nipple between thumb and middle finger, squeezing and releasing in a rhythm I somehow knew I needed, growing the warmth between my legs. I stroked my taut nipples with my index fingers. Goddamn, they were so sensitive now, squeezed tight as they were. The sensations shot right through me and I shifted my legs, feeling my pussy growing moist with need.

I released my breasts only long enough to unbutton my black work pants and push them down over my thick thighs. Then I did the same with the black panties, rolling them down my legs, my tits swinging into my face as I leaned over to do so. When I stood and looked into the mirror, Erin’s naked reflection gaped back at me.

She had creamy pale thighs, her little bush a strip of blonde hair lining her entrance.

“Fuuuck,” I whispered, needy for my own body.

I felt Erin’s shared confusion at why she was getting so turned on by her own body. I grabbed a tit in one hand and pinched the nipple again as my other slid down, the fingers following the coarse pubic hair down to my waiting pussy lips. They parted for my fingertip and I felt my dewy folds. They were warm and slick, and I slid my fingers around, knowing exactly how much pressure to put on the smooth hood of my clit.

Erin was shocked to be masturbating at work, but I wanted this more than anything and pressed on. I continued playing with my body, fondling my breasts, circling over my clit, dragging the moisture up and down the length of my entrance until I was slick and warm, my body crying out for more. My mouth dropped open, my eyes half-closed as I enjoyed the sights and sounds of myself. Erin was so hot as she fingered her pussy, her folds slick and warm.

I moaned briefly, before biting my plump lower lip to stifle the sound. My pussy was so wet, the heat throbbing through me in waves, each one growing bigger than the last, threatening to overtake me. My fingers moved faster, hands clenching one tit tighter until I threw back my head and gasped, eyes closed tight, dropping my tit to let it swing down my chest as I crammed my fingers into my mouth to stifle the sound of my moans while the orgasm took me away.

The tsunami of pleasure crashed through me and I staggered backwards on weak legs, sitting heavily on top of my clothes on the bench, my finger never leaving my clit as my entire body throbbed in delight. Staring down at the wide thighs beneath me, the feminine hand between my legs, seeing it and knowing it all belonged to me satisfied me in a way I was unprepared for. The waves of pleasure continued to crash through me, growing dimmer, and I stroked myself slower with them until I could think again.

When I opened my eyes the first thing I saw was my reflection in the mirror. I could only see the upper half of my body, my heavy breasts hanging beneath me, the nipple of one raw and red, slightly darker than the blush on my cheeks. Now that the initial strangeness had passed and the pleasure had relieved the pressure, I could think again, and my thoughts turned to all the questions I had: How long I would be in Erin's body? Who, or what, was in my own? How did I know what Erin was "supposed" to be feeling?

I washed my hands and dressed, smoothing my hair and making myself a little more presentable before leaving the shower room. The best course of action for now was to return to my desk and try to act "normal". Just wait and see how this played out.

I was in the hallway returning to the open office that held my desk when my former body came round the corner. I paused fractionally and he did the same. He opened his mouth to say something, closed it, then nodded and said:

"Hi, Erin."

He stared at me for maybe a beat too long, as if he was looking for something in my face.

"Hi, Martin," I nodded.

We both continued on past each other in opposite directions.

Who the hell was he? Do I confront him?

I resumed my seat at my desk and typed in Erin's password without thinking. It wasn't that I knew the password; it was again muscle memory, the habit of doing something for so long she hardly needed to think about it. That was the only kind of access to her memories I seemed to have.

Erin's half-finished email was still open onscreen, the cursor blinking at me. I didn't know what she was going to say.

Margaret, the fiftyish year-old-woman who worked at the desk next to me, turned to ask a question.

"Do you know what the code is for production planning?"

"Uh, no I can't remember." I said, not having a clue what he was talking about and hoping there would be no follow-up.

"That's all right, I'll find it."

Unprompted, Margaret began talking about her weekend plans, humble-bragging about her rich boyfriend. I nodded along, both my thoughts and Erin's running in tandem about the quality of Margaret's plastic surgery and the believability of the seemingly perfect guy she was dating. I nodded along, glancing briefly at the clock in the corner of my screen. It was nearly eleven. I'd been in Erin's body almost an hour and with no hint as to how much longer I'd be here.

As if to compound my nervousness, Margaret was interrupted by the head of the department.

“The Director’s ready for the meeting now.”

He was looking at me. I stood and began following him, but he stopped and nodded to the thick folder on my desk.

“Don’t forget your presentation.”

“Oh. Right.”

I picked up the folder, my heart thumping fast. I didn’t have any idea what I was presenting. I barely understood what Erin did. The departmental head led me into a meeting room, where seven other people sat around the circular table. I took a seat near the head and someone closed the door. I knew the Director just from seeing him around the office. He was a small man with a big grey mustache.

He looked over at me and said, “Erin, this is your meeting. Why don’t you run us through where we are?”

I opened the folder, hoping something would make sense. But it was a spreadsheet of numbers and graphs, which were all meaningless to me. Everyone

was looking at me expectantly. I opened my mouth to speak, and then the world changed.

3

I was back behind my own desk, my wrist up in the air in front of Stuart's eyes, my fingers on the crown of the watch.

"--guy who fixes watches. I can get him to take a look," Stuart said.

"What?"

I looked to him, then to the watch, then glanced across the room at Erin. She looked at me guiltily and then dropped her gaze to her keyboard.

"Oh, looks like whatever you did you got it working," Stuart said.

"Uh."

I looked at the watch. A long minute hand had appeared on the face that was once blank. The thin, black hand pointed straight up at number twelve.

"Sometimes those older models just need a little bit of grease. Looks cool, though."

“Oh. Yeah.”

I looked down at myself, saw my familiar hands, the blue and white checkered shirt I'd put on that morning. The clock on my computer read only one minute after ten. From my vantage point behind my screen, I saw Erin stand and walk down the hallway, heading the same direction I went when I was in her body.

Stuart was talking to me but I tuned him out. It seemed that the answer to who was in my body was: me. I'd gone back in time, in a way, reliving the past hour I'd spent in Erin's body. I hurried out of my chair and followed her around the corner. I knew she was heading to the showers. The door was already closed when I got there. I knew what she was doing in there. Or what I was doing in there.

People would occasionally pass down the hallway, so I couldn't very well knock on the door of the women's shower room. Besides, no one had knocked on the door of the room my first time around this loop. Did that mean it was impossible?

I looked at the watch, hoping to see if there was a hint of anything there. The minute hand was still visible, but it appeared to be running backwards, having gone from the twelve to almost the ten. Of course! It was counting down the hour I'd spent in Erin's body. Now I'd be spending the hour in my body and I knew exactly how it would play out.

I returned to my desk to wait, imagining how I would confront her. Could I just go up and say, 'hi, I know you were masturbating in the shower?'. What would she think when the hour was up and she—presumably—returned to her body? I

didn't want to be the creepy guy but I should drop a hint or something.

My phone rang and I answered it. A few questions from my boss about a report I'd written for a client. By the time I got off the phone I was certain I'd missed Erin coming out of the shower but I hurried that way anyway.

I rounded the corner and nearly ran into her. I paused fractionally and she did the same. I opened my mouth to say something, closed it, thought about whether changing the loop would break the space-time continuum or something. And then the pause was too long, too awkward, especially if it wasn't really me in there, which seemed absurd given that I knew it was. In the end I just nodded and said:

"Hi, Erin."

I stared at her for a long beat, trying to read any hint of recognition on her pretty face.

"Hi, Martin," she nodded.

We both continued on past each other in opposite directions and I was left with no clearer answers. I meandered around the lunch room, eating a snack from the vending machine without really tasting it or being aware of anything except the questions and possibilities created by the watch.

It was nearly eleven and I stationed myself near the meeting room, hoping to

answer at least one question. Sure enough, a minute later I watched Erin follow the departmental head inside, clutching the report and looking pale, like she had no idea what she was about to do. I remembered that feeling.

I moved around until I could see her near the head of the table through the half-drawn blinds of the meeting room. She listened to the director, took a deep breath...and then launched into her presentation as though nothing had happened. As though I hadn't spent the last hour inside her. The transition was smooth, with no hint of confusion about the changeover that just happened.

That was it, then. I could spend an hour as anyone before reliving that hour as myself.

The rest of the day was a blur. How could I concentrate on some sort of bullshit quarterly summary when I had such possibility on my wrist? The only question was how I could leverage a temporary stay in someone's body into a permanent boon to me. I admit I was greedy; how could I not be? I'd peaked in high school and since then my life had been a boring straight-line trending downward.

All the way on the bus ride home from work I pondered how best to use this gift. If I took someone over and gave myself money would they try to get it back? A little pocket money was fleeting, though. I needed something bigger.

The bus dropped me off two blocks from my apartment complex, and I walked home lost in thought. I was snapped out of it in the elevator as the doors were closing. The two young women—one with short brunette hair and the other with wavy dark auburn locks—who lived in the apartment next to me hurried through the front gate towards the elevator and I shot out my hand to stop the doors from closing. The doors shuddered back open as the two women stepped in.

“Thanks,” said the brunette, as she stepped in.

They were both young, probably somewhere in their late teens or early twenties. I saw them around the building occasionally, and I assumed they were students at the nearby university judging by the backpacks casually slung over one shoulder. We’d traded pleasantries, but that was the entirety of our interaction. Though I’d been kept awake a few nights by their late-night parties.

They were attractive, no doubt. The auburn was icy hot, with intense dark eyes and her hair always styled in waves. She usually dressed in tight-fitting tops and short skirts that showed off her ample assets, and today was no different. The brunette had cute girl-next-door looks, a loving face with a sweet smile, a little nose stud in one nostril, and a slender frame. It had been hot today and she had short shorts and a plain white shirt. God, her legs looked incredible, the little swell of her ass. I had to have her.

I was standing behind them, and it was simple to raise my watch, point the arrow at the brunette, and pull the crown.

The elevator doors seemed to advance towards me as suddenly I was a step closer to them and in the brunette’s body. I felt so naked, my arms and legs totally bare. I half-turned and smiled at myself. I had just enough time to marvel at the fact that I had very little recognition of my old body. With her limited recognition of me my old body seemed like a stranger, which was what I basically was to the young woman. My old body seemed concerned, hurriedly pointing the watch at the auburn woman and pressing the crown in before pinching it out again.

Of course, two of them at once! Why didn't I think of that? Although, I guess I did. Or I will? Time loops were difficult.

The auburn woman turned quickly and caught my old body as it slumped against the wall, his eyes shut in pain, his hands clutching his head.

“Are you okay?” I asked, my voice a beautiful contralto.

“He'll be all right,” the auburn assured me, “Let's just get him back the apartment.”

When the elevator doors opened on our floor, we slung one of his shoulders around each of us and half-carried him through the hallway to my apartment. It was obvious each step was causing him pain. I had no idea what to do but the auburn woman took charge, digging through his pockets for the key to his apartment while I held him up. It would be my second time through this loop when I became the auburn woman. She knew what was coming so I followed her lead, dropping my backpack on the floor as I helped my former body through the living room and into bed.

The auburn woman stood and took my hand.

“Come on,” she said, winking.

“You sure we should leave him?”

“I’ll be fine,” my male body spoke up from the bed, eyes still shut, “Just a migraine. You two have fun.”

The auburn woman lead me back out to the living room and shut the bedroom door behind us. Then she turned and kissed me. Her lips were so soft, opening for me. She tasted sweet and I leaned on her arm, closing my eyes to enjoy her flowery scent, her soft touch.

She pulled away and closed the door, then knelt to dig through her backpack. She came up with her phone and began fiddling with it, absently slipping a strand of loose hair back behind one dainty ear. I slipped up behind her and wrapped my arms around her, nuzzling her neck as my hands slid down her body.

She paused, sighing, leaning her head aside so I could kiss my way down it.

“Just need to set this timer. We need to get out of here before—”

I didn’t wait to find out what we needed to do. I would in time. Right then I just wanted her, even as the part of me that was the brunette found it odd to be kissing her roommate. This woman I was in wasn’t attracted to women, and I felt her amazement at the fact she was getting turned on by kissing her roommate.

My hands slid under the auburn woman’s skirt and across her panties. She finished whatever she was doing with the phone and dropped it onto the counter before turning to me and caressing my face, pulling me forward into a deep,

longing kiss.

Our bodies melted together, pressing skin against skin, hands circling and groping, exploring each other by touch as we sampled each other by taste. Our breasts pressed together. Hers were much bigger than mine but I reached up to stroke them both, moving from my body to hers, enjoying the difference and the similar softness as heat spiked through me. It was strange and wonderful touching my roommate's tits, my desires clashing with those of the body I was now inside.

She lifted my top over my head and I pushed the silky hair out of my face as she reached around to undo my bra. I shrugged it off my shoulders, freeing my perky little breasts. They had such a wonderful shape, a gentle slope capped by a petite tan nipple. She placed her mouth over one of my nipples and breathed out a long, slow pulse of hot air that lit me up from the inside. Her tongue slid across one nipple as I reached up to play with the other, looking down to watch my nubile young body, gazing at my hands as I stroked myself, and her eager face as she feasted on my breast.

She knew exactly what I wanted. This was her second time through this scenario. As she kissed a nipple, her other hand slid down the front of my shorts and landed on my sex, fingers grazing my entrance as I opened for her. I gasped as she slipped inside me, stroking my folds. Fuck, I'd grown so wet so fast, eager for the body I now possessed.

We moved through the living room, disrobing as we went, until we tumbled naked on to the couch, her on top of me, her rich teardrop breasts bobbing into my face. I took them in my hands and nuzzled my face between them, kissing the soft warm skin, surrounded by her body, inhaling her tangy scent as she rubbed herself on me, her mound skating up mine, needy for me.

Now it was my turn to suck on her nipples, squeezing her breasts as I tasted as much of her as I could, moving back and forth between her tits. I released one, let it rest on my own breasts as I slid my hand between us and found her sex. She was already slick and I pressed up against her velvety clit.

She cooed, moving her hips to grant me easier access, rocking back and forth on my fingers as I circled round and round. Her warm skin grew hot, matching the heat roiling me. She crawled down my body and knelt between my legs, licking up and down my pussy as I gasped. The sight of her licking my pussy was almost as incredible as the feel of her tongue inside me, and I moaned, shivering as the first tiny bolt of pleasure lanced through me.

My hands came up to my own breasts and I fondled myself, continuing to stare down at the auburn woman as she feasted on me. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy, her little round ass up in the air. Her tongue rested on my clit, making light patterns across the sensitive nub as the heat grew inside me. Her tongue was joined by her fingers, slipping into my wet entrance, pushing through the light resistance of my opening and curling up into my deepest warmth, ushering a gasp from my lips.

My body was restless now, yearning for release, and I stretched and lifted my hips up towards her, begging her to go deeper with my body language, knowing she would understand. And she did, thrusting into me slowly, curling her fingers around inside my canal to slip up against my innermost delight.

She continued licking my clit while she slowly flexed her fingers. The sound of my pussy was incredible, wet and ready. My gasps grew in intensity, sighs dipping and rising as she followed the rhythm of my body up, up, up. The delicious musky smell of my pussy hit my nose and I came, moaning and twisting, riding the explosion of pleasure as the orgasm whited out my mind. I was nothing but delight, crying out, gasping until I was breathless, eyes clenched tight to enjoy every single second.

She kept her tongue on my clit all the way back down, her pulses slowing. But no sooner had my body slowed than she started up again. The second orgasm was quicker, and I dug my fingers into my sensitive tits and came, a strangled cry escaping my lips as the orgasm battered me delightfully and carried my mind into delirious oblivion.

When I came down the next time she was looking up at me from between my legs, a grin across her intense face, smeared with my juices.

“My turn,” she whispered.

We switched positions, and then it was my turn to feast on her pussy. I felt the disgust of licking my roommate’s cunt even as I delighted in it. I spread her with my fingers, staring into her pink folds surrounded by her rich red pubic hair. Then I lowered my face and took long, loving licks. I wasn’t as experienced with her body as she’d been with mine, but it was enough. Soon I was licking her long and deep, the flat of my tongue up against her clit as she squeezed her little pink nipples and bit her lip. Her other hand twisted through my hair and pushed me down between her legs, where I feasted on her sex until she came, squealing, her legs twisting around my head in orgasm.

It was only when she came down, and the roaring, buzzing of pleasure left me that I realized there as an alarm going off. She realized it, too. Her eyes shot open and she sat up.

“Shit. How long has that been going off?”

I shrugged.

She stood and began pulling on her clothes. “We have to get dressed and get out of here.”

“Why?”

“Just do it!”

I joined her, yanking my clothes back on.

“Next time through you have to remember to set the phone closer to the couch so we can hear the alarm.”

“Okay,” I said, still not quite sure what was happening.

“We gotta go now! Come on.”

She threw one of the backpacks at me, slung the other over her shoulder, and yanked open the front door.

“What? Why?” I asked.

She hurried over to me and grabbed my arm, pulling me back out into the hallway without replying. The door to my apartment had just swung shut when a young man came walking around the corner. The part of me that was the brunette experienced a flicker of familiarity. He felt like someone I had seen often but only kind of knew.

“Hey, Lis,” the man said.

I didn’t know who he was talking to but the auburn woman stepped towards him and kissed him on the lips. When she released him he looked up at me and grinned.

“Hi to you, too, Kendra.”

I smiled, not quite sure how to react. Was this some kinky threesome? Should I kiss him? Lis understood my confusion and saved me.

“Sorry for my boyfriend’s manners,” she said, poking him playfully in the chest.

“What were you doing in that apartment?” He asked.

“Just...helping my neighbor. He had some sort of migraine and we took him

back to his place.”

“Really?”

The guy was instantly suspicious. He seemed like the jealous type. Lis didn't say anything, just went and unlocked the door to the young women's apartment. I followed them both in and was again hit with that feeling of familiarity and comfort. This apartment had the “feel” of home, with the couch and the prints and the table just as they “should” be, though I had no idea how I knew this. It was all I had of Kendra's memories.

As Lis's boyfriend excused himself to the toilet, she turned to me. “Fuck. Next time you need to be sure to set that timer right. Don't let me distract you. See if you can avoid this fight.”

“Okay,” I nodded.

Her boyfriend came out of the bathroom and glared down the hallway at us. “Hey, babe, can I talk to you a minute?”

Lis grimaced at me, then turned to him. “Sure.”

She sauntered down the hallway and they disappeared into what, I presumed, was her bedroom. I tried to make myself comfortable but I could hear the raised voices from the other room, even with the TV on. I was poking through the fridge to find something to eat when the world changed.

4

I was back in the elevator, behind Lis and Kendra, the arrow on the watch still pointed at Kendra's back. I knew I could take Lis now as well and be inside both women at once. I also knew I was about to be hit by a huge migraine. As Kendra turned to look at me I pushed the crown back in, aimed the watch at Lis and pulled the pin again.

I was immediately inside Lis's body, aware of the pull of her heavy breasts, the curve of her plump ass. But I didn't have time to enjoy that yet. I turned and grabbed for my body as it slumped against the back wall of the elevator.

"Are you okay?" Kendra asked.

"He'll be all right," I assured her, "Let's just get him back the apartment."

As we waited to go up, I noticed there were now two minute hands on the watch, one just slightly behind the other and, grabbing my old body by the wrist to sling his arm around me, I found the watch to be uncomfortably hot.

Kendra helped me lead my body back to his apartment. I fished for his keys in his pocket and unlocked the door, then we guided him in and lay him on the bed. I stood and took Kendra's tiny hand.

“Come on,” I said, winking.

“You sure we should leave him?”

“I’ll be fine,” my male body spoke up from the bed, eyes still shut, “Just a migraine. You two have fun.”

I led her back out to the living room and shut the bedroom door behind us. Then I turned and kissed her, eager to taste her gentle body from the other side. Her lips were so soft and I welcomed her tongue into my mouth. She leaned against me, her body clinging to mine.

I remembered the timer and the argument. I had to avoid the fight this time. I pulled away from Kendra, closed the door and dug through the backpack. I had some trouble finding the alarm—maybe it was an app Lis didn’t use very much so she had no innate memory of it—and eventually found it tucked in a folder on the second page. Before I could open it, Kendra wrapped herself around me from behind and nuzzled against my neck.

I paused, sighing, leaning my head aside so she could kiss her way down it. God, it felt divine. My body was calling out for hers, excited by the knowledge of who I was and what was to come. At the same time I felt Liz’s confusion as to why she was getting so worked up about her roommate kissing her.

“Just need to set this timer. We need to get out of here before—”

Her hand slid under my skirt and found the moisture already growing beneath my panties. I finished setting the alarm through half-lidded eyes, hoping I'd done it right but not caring in that moment, only wanting the sweet release that my body ached for. I dropped the phone on the counter and turned, caressing Kendra's sweet face, admiring the eyes that I'd been behind, the little slip of her nose, the tiny freckles. I pulled her forward into a deep, longing kiss.

The scene played out as before. I promised myself to listen for the alarm, to go a little bit faster as I suckled on Kendra's breasts, kissing my way down to her legs and feasting on her pussy. I almost came with her as she clutched my face with her thighs, my fingers and tongue inside her tangy wet heat. I knew what she wanted and played her expertly, then helped her play me. I slipped a hand through her hair and guided her up and down my pussy, one hand on my heavy tit until I came, gasping and writhing beneath her.

When my head cleared, the alarm was going off somewhere far away.

“Shit. How long has that been going off?”

Kendra shrugged.

I stood and began pulling on my clothes. “We have to get dressed and get out of here.”

“Why?”

“Just do it!”

She joined me, yanking her clothes back on.

“Next time through you have to remember to set the phone closer to the couch so we can hear the alarm.”

“Okay,” she said, clearly perplexed. Well, it would all be clear soon.

“We gotta go now! Come on.”

I threw one of the backpacks at her, slung the other over my shoulder, and yanked open the front door.

“What? Why?” Kendra asked.

I hurried over to her and grabbed her arm, pulling her back out into the hallway without replying. The door to my apartment had just swung shut when Lis’s boyfriend came walking around the corner. My hand was still on the knob. From that and the sound of the door it was obvious where we’d been.

I tried to short circuit the argument by kissing him, but it didn’t work. The scene played out as before, except I was the one arguing with Lis’s boyfriend, explaining why I was coming out of my neighbor’s apartment with a flushed

face and mussed hair and stinking of sex. There were accusations and tears and then, mercifully, I was back in my body on the elevator.

The mercy was short-lived, though. As soon as I appeared in the elevator a blinding pain stabbed through my head. I slumped against the wall and was only vaguely aware of Kendra and Lis talking and helping me to my apartment. The bright sun was painful, like knives in my head. It was the worst migraine I'd ever had and I was grateful when I was finally set on the bed in the dark of my room.

"Come on," Lis said.

"You sure we should leave him?" Kendra replied.

"I'll be fine," I said, eyes still shut, "Just a migraine. You two have fun."

I couldn't even think about warning them about the alarm. Not that it would have done much good. It seemed whatever happened the first loop was set in stone. There was no changing the future, just reliving it. And this time I relived everything from the dark of my room, a pulsing pounding headache my only companion. At some point my front door closed. At some point an argument started up behind the thin walls separating my room from Kendra's. At some point the migraine suddenly disappeared.

I blinked and sat up slowly, expecting a wave of nausea, but there was nothing. One moment severe pain. The next...total clarity. I looked at my watch. It was blank again. The uncomfortable warmth had dissipated. And the argument from behind the walls raged on.

The severe pain had to be associated with the watch. So it appeared I could be more than one person at a time, but it would cost me. If that headache was the pain I was in from being two people, being three people at once would probably kill me. And the other thing I learned was that I couldn't change the hour-long loop. Whatever happened the first time round kept happening no matter how I tried to change it.

Where the hell could I use a fixed knowledge of one hour into the future to benefit myself?

5

I turned my phone back on when the plane touched down in Las Vegas and found a handful of messages from my boss. I shot back a quick email letting him know where he could stick his reports and invited him to partake in a round of intercourse with himself.

I arrived at the Bellagio in style, dressed in an expensive button-down shirt and pants. I'd maxed out my credit card to get a large suite on the top floor and pulled all my savings out of my bank account. My cash only amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars but the hotel didn't know this. I walked in like a high roller and they treated me the same.

I freshened up in the bathroom of my suite and then went downstairs to the casino floor, trading all my money for chips before strolling around. I was looking for a game with a high payout, and a willing body to watch it in. There were a handful of middle-aged women dutifully pulling the levers of the slot machines, looking dead-eyed and desperate. No thanks. I walked on. It was early evening and the night time crowd of tourists was starting to filter in. And then I saw her.

She looked to be in her mid-twenties, a petite Asian with coal black hair and ruby red lips. She had the air of a model, all beautiful angular lines and sculpted body poured into a loose black dress that flowed down her, giving hints of the incredible body beneath. A small black purse was tucked beneath one arm. Her legs were long and lean, the calves smooth and solid as she strode across the casino room floor, heading somewhere with purpose. She glanced at me once, bored and dismissive.

I pointed my watch at her, pulling the crown.

The world flipped. Suddenly I was the amazingly beautiful woman, mid-stride. I paused and looked around, seeing a nondescript, but well-dressed man, who seemed to be in his mid-thirties. There was zero recognition from within the woman's body. It was like looking at a total stranger and, if the man hadn't been fiddling with his watch I might never have known it was my own body.

He walked up to me and held out his hand. "Shall we play?"

I smiled and took his hand. The woman's appointment nagged at me. She was some sort of high-end escort. Well, I had a new client now.

My other self led me through the room to the roulette table. I balanced easily on the low black heels I wore, my hips swaying gracefully back and forth. I was aware of my breasts, as they jostled each other lightly at each step. I knew so much about how to physically work the bodies I was in, but I had zero knowledge of anything else. Looking down, I could admire my new cleavage from this vantage point, and enjoyed the sight of these stranger's tits tucked together beneath the low-cut dress.

"What name should I call you?" He asked. It had the feeling of a question asked out of instinct, for surely he knew the answer.

"Call me Rose." It seemed to fit me and I wondered whether I had pulled it from whatever residual memory I had in this body.

We stood side by side at the roulette table. The electronic board behind the wheel listed the last ten winning numbers, as if there was any pattern to spot.

“Remember the numbers,” my old body whispered to me.

I nodded, and just before the croupier spun the wheel my male body set down his entire pile of chips on number 27. The wheel spun. The ball bounced around. I really shouldn't have been surprised that it ended by dropping neatly into the slot for number 27, but I was.

“Yes! My lucky number!” My body pumped his fist and then kissed my cheek. “My lucky lady.”

The croupier counted out the chips and slid a large stack across the table to my old body. He took a thousand-dollar chip and handed it to me.

“Keep this safe for me,” he said, winking.

I focused on remembering the numbers while my other body played on. He played cleverly now that he had money to burn, making sure he spread his bets out over several numbers, as though he was guessing so as not to raise the suspicions of the casino security. Often he lost everything he spread on the table, but overall his pile continued to grow.

After about the first ten numbers I started losing track. He noticed, staring at the board as if trying to puzzle out what the next number would be. I ordered a drink from a passing waitress, and when she returned and set it down in front of me my male body set a large pile of chips on zero.

It hit, and as the croupier counted out the chips he leaned close to me and whispered: “I remember the number that landed when your drink arrived. Keep doing different things occasionally. It helps the memory. Easier than sitting here.”

And he was right. A few spins later I pressed my body close to him, my hand sliding down his ass. He put some chips on number three and won again, as I made myself remember the winning action and number combination.

Sometime later he paused, a massive pile of chips in front of him, looked at his watch, then over at me. “I’ll see you soon,” he said, “And next time we can reward each other.”

The world flipped. Suddenly, I was standing and staring at a ravishing woman in a black dress. I took her by the arm and led her to the roulette table, asking her name as we walked, though I already knew what she’d say.

It was almost like a play that was written as I went along. I knew in advance what would happen and, though I didn’t remember exactly everything I’d said in the first loop it didn’t matter. Whatever I said would be right.

The second loop played out just like the first, and it was my turn to play strategically while I ogled the deliciously sexy woman in the slinky dress. I

reminded her to do different things to help my memory and she obliged. By the time I felt I'd won enough chips the hour was almost up, but I wasn't done with her.

When the minute hand hit the twelve again and disappeared, Rose was still standing next to me. I pointed the watch at her and pulled the crown.

The world flipped and I was once again in Rose's body. I wanted her so badly, and now I would give her to myself. My former self looked at me with a huge grin.

“God, it was fun being inside her.”

I stood on tiptoes and kissed him, my tongue tickling his lips. Then I pulled away. “Why don't you show me just how fun?”

We cashed out my chips. A manager had to be called to ensure the stack of bills was correct. I'd never seen so much money in one place. They offered to place the money in the hotel vault and he accepted, keeping a stack of hundred-dollar bills for immediate use.

Then we returned to my suite on the top floor, him leading the way as this body was yet to have the memory of where my room was located. He opened the door and fetched me a glass of wine from the minibar as I looked around. I knew I'd been in the room less than two hours ago but it had the air of unfamiliarity.

I crossed my legs and sat back on the couch, twirling a lock of silky hair idly in my fingers. We sipped our wine wordlessly, smiling at each other.

“You know what you’re doing,” he said.

It was true. My impulse was to take control. This young escort I’d become had confidence. I set the wine glass down on the coffee table before kneeling beside him. I set one hand on my former chest and kissed him. He tasted of wine. Our tongues met, exploring each other. So strange to be kissing myself, strange but welcoming.

He caressed my body, dragging his hand down my side and over the curve of my ass. I sank into the kiss, growing hungry now. I pulled back and tossed the hair out of my eyes with a tiny giggle. He stroked my cheek, his hand sliding down my neck to pull our lips together again. His kiss was more eager this time, more urgent. His hands stroked my body, harder now. I could feel the need rising within him, echoed within my own body.

He slid the thin straps of the dress off my shoulder, one by one. I stood and shrugged my way out of the dress, letting it crumple to the floor at my feet. We both gazed down at my body, clad only in an expensive pair of bra and panties. Christ, I was gorgeous. Perfect toned body, breasts to die for, taut little ass, long, lean legs. My black hair swept down my shoulders, half over one eye as I admired myself. I realized I was getting turned on at the sight of my new body, even as a part of me insisted I’d seen it a thousand times before.

Then my former self was standing in front of me, towering over me. I looked up at him and he smiled down at me. He kissed me again and I sank into him. His mouth was warm, his lips so inviting. My body echoed with want, the blood rushing through me, pulse pounding in my ears as he unstrapped my bra and I

shrugged it to the floor.

My tits bounced down into the waiting hands of my other self. He hefted them, squeezing them together as we both marveled at their sheer beauty. They fit perfectly in his hand, smooth and sensitive as he caressed me. I shivered beneath his touch, my own hands stroking my soft skin, exploring the new contours of my tummy and hips and ass.

On impulse I sank to my knees, this new body understanding what my customers wanted. I unbuttoned his pants, glancing up at him with a calculated shy smile. His cock sprang out as I gently tugged down his pants and his underwear. It looked so huge right in front of my body, and I took it in my tiny hands, stroking the shaft.

I'd never seen myself so close, and from this angle, and the woman I now inhabited had never seen it at all. I found I knew exactly what to do as the cockhead pointed at my plump lips. I stroked him a few times, enjoying the warm shaft beneath my fingers. I could feel the power pulsing through it, could feel my own body calling out for it. But first I leaned forward and opened my lips, a little unsure of myself at first. But the moment my former cock hit my tongue I knew what I was doing was right.

I dragged my lips down the shaft, letting it enter my mouth slowly. The shaft pressed against the tongue and the roof of my mouth as I opened wide. I slid it in in increments, in and out, deeper each time, lubricating my former cock with my new saliva. My other self moaned above me and I gazed up at him as I sucked his cock, locking eyes with him.

“Fuck, you’re such a good cocksucker,” he moaned as I sank my lips down until I was full of him.

The cockhead pressed against the back of my throat and I kept myself in control, swallowing him until my nose was pressed against his groin. The smell and the taste of him surrounded me, pleasantly masculine, creating a new urge within me. I moved faster now, wanting to please this client and needing to please myself. I dragged my lips up and down, undulating my tongue beneath the shaft, moving to the rhythm of his body. I slowed when he was near the peak, let him get himself under control, then continued, savoring his dick until my panties were soaking and I couldn't hold off any longer.

I stood and guided him down onto the couch before sliding my panties off. Then I straddled my former body. His cockhead pressed against my slick entrance. The pressure built as I lowered myself, growing, growing, until it was released as he slid into me. I gasped, closing my eyes as he entered me for the first time. I'd never had a cock inside me and it felt divine, perfectly fitting my canal. I continued sinking down on him, allowing him to fill me, each glorious inch sliding in between my pussy lips until I was full.

He grabbed a breast with one hand, while the other cupped my ass. We kissed again as he guided me up and down his shaft. I filled myself on his cock, dragging my wet pussy up and down, thrilling to the feel of him pressing apart my canal and plunging into my depths. We moved faster. His fingers clenched my ass tighter, his need radiating through me as I grew hotter. Heat burned through me, forcing me faster, deeper, and now I moaned into his mouth. He gripped me tighter, hand squeezing my sensitive breast as his tongue slid into my mouth. I let him take me, thrusting up into me until he exploded. The heat of his cum made me burst and I orgasmed with him, groaning as I sank down as deep as I could go.

I felt every wonderful throb as my own cum filled my new pussy. We cried out together, my voice strained with lust, his with need. He thrust up deep and emptied himself into me until I was fuller than I'd ever imagined. His wonderful

heat was all I needed.

I came down slowly, resting on top of him. He grew soft inside me as I tousled his hair and kissed his cheek. God, this woman's body was fabulous.

At last I slid off him and went to the bathroom to clean myself. I used the toilet and stared at my naked reflection in the mirror, turning this way and that to ogle my ass, my tits, my legs. When I smiled I was radiant, so fuckable. I was making myself horny just staring at my perfect reflection and I pulled myself away with an effort.

We dressed together and he handed me a wad of hundred-dollar bills. I knew on instinct it was much more than I'd ever made in a single night, and he must know that, too.

"For the rest of the night," he explained, "I want to make people jealous."

I hung on his arm as we returned downstairs. From the concierge he requested a limousine and arrangements for a table at the most expensive restaurant in the city. A handsome tip ensured we got prompt service. We spent that night and most of the next day throwing our money around, confident we could get more. We saw the most expensive shows, ate the most expensive food, drank the most expensive wine. Every hour I would hop back inside this wonderous body and enjoy it all over again.

And of course we had sex as often as my male self could. And when he was tired we hired an escort and had our fun with her. This body was a delight and I hung on to it until the afternoon of the second day. We were hungover and punch

drunk from lack of sleep, wanting to stay awake as long as possible so that we couldn't lose this body.

That may have explained what happened. I was in my original body, being between loops with my female companion. I was her well-paying client so she didn't protest as I dragged her back down the strip to my hotel. But I was careless and buzzing with drink and love, desiring her or myself in her body I didn't know. I was happy for the first time in forever.

And I wasn't paying attention. I heard the warning shouts but by the time I turned to look the car was already on me. I remember seeing a glimpse of the drunk behind the wheel, as if time was frozen. I could see his bloodshot eyes, his vacant stare.

And then the pain hit me. I was pinned beneath the car, my bottom half stuck beneath the wheels. There was choking smoke and the acrid smell of oil and screams. I was numb from the bottom down. I knew it was bad. I could barely get my limbs to work together, pointing the watch and pulling the pin at the first person I could find.

With that, the huge woman in the taffeta dress plinks down the half-empty bottle of scotch. She looks at me through watery eyes as if daring me to contradict her.

“And that’s why...” She spreads her arms, presenting her corpulent body to me. “I am who I am. Desperate times blah blah blah.”

“That’s...quite a story,” I say, draining the last of my drink. “Though I could have done without all the graphic detail.”

“The detail’s the best part!” She slaps me on the back and laughs. “Hey, what time is it?”

I show her my phone and she scowls. Then she lifts her wrist and unclasps her watch. She drops it on the table. “This isn’t gonna do me good no more. You can’t change the loop, and I’ve prolonged it long enough. I’ve gone through every single one of those onlookers. Whoo, that bridal party is gonna have some stories tomorrow!”

I pick up the watch and look at it. Just as she’s said, there are no hands on it. I turn it over and over but it seems like an ordinary watch. I look up at the woman. She’s resting her head on the bar, eyes closed.

“I just point and pull the crown?” I ask.

“What’re you talking about? Oh shit! The wedding!” She pushes away from the bar and wobbled to the door. I have the distinct feeling she’s not the same person who spent the last forty minutes telling me that incredible story.

I slide the watch onto my wrist. It feels so ordinary. Surely that whole story was made up. And yet the gambler in me feels something big has been dropped in my lap. There’s only one way to make sure.

I point at the bartender and pull the crown.

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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