

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a white, long-sleeved, open robe. She is also wearing black lace lingerie, including a bra and matching briefs. Her right hand is placed on her left hip. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

USING HER

BODY THEFT
EROTICA

MWILLS

Using Her

by M. Wills

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Preview

I swept my wavy hair back behind an ear and peered closely at her image. I hadn't been this close to Sarah in years and I took my time staring at her adorable face. I was close enough to see the tiny freckles on her nose, the splash of green within her mostly brown eyes, every pore, every wrinkle. It was mine now.

“What do you want from me, Sarah?” I asked myself in the mirror as her voice dropped from my lips.

Her mind was asleep inside and there was no answer. I could have quizzed her but that's not what I wanted at that moment. I was angry that she never made the decision to either cut me adrift or go all the way. Pissed off at how she seemed to string me along for years, flirting then disappearing for long stretches of time. I just wanted to vent my anger on her body. I stood back and placed her hands on her hips, my eyes roaming across her deep blue top and the outline of her breasts beneath.

“Is this a game?” I asked, my eyes narrowing, “Well, who's winning now? I've got everything of yours. Everything.”

I brought a hand up to my chest, wrapped it around a meaty tit and squeezed hard. I watched in the mirror as the sharp pain made her face grimace. That's what I wanted to see. If I'd been there I'd have wanted it rough, to make up for the lost years. I was there. So I squeezed the fleshy weight between my fingers once more...

Using Her

I stared at Sarah's last text to me: *'Sometimes I get the feeling that you think you have a right to my body'*.

I couldn't believe it. She made me feel like one of those creepy guys who kept hitting on women long after the point they'd declared their lack of interest. I *did* want to be with Sarah and, yes, I wanted to have sex with her, but it was more than that. I thought it was a mutual thing, the culmination of this whole "relationship" we'd been carrying on for six years now. Her last text seemed to imply she thought I'd been playing the good guy solely to earn my way into her panties. Nothing could have been further from the truth. I couldn't let her go, couldn't get her out of my head. She was the first thought in my mind in the morning and the last when I went to bed at night.

It's not like my expectations were unfounded. Before Sarah took the job a couple hundred miles away in Oregon we used to hang out all the time. When I closed my eyes I could still feel her soft body against mine from when we cuddled, the smell of her lilac shampoo filling my nose as I pressed my face into her fine, russet-colored hair. I could still hear her moaning as I slipped my fingers inside her wetness, sating her with my touch before she did the same to me with her hand. She never wanted to go any further, refused to take me into her mouth or to let me take her in mine, and I respected her decision. Even while she was seeing her terrible douche of a boyfriend I never pressured her for anything, and yet still we found ourselves together in bed several times. I've tasted her body, run my lips along her breasts but, god, I wanted her all. Her boyfriend was so bad for her, but so good for me as she sought comfort in my caresses.

I thought that meant *something*, but apparently we couldn't even flirt with each other anymore. My last flirty message of *'hey, beautiful, just thinking of you'* was answered with a curt *'thanks'*.

Thanks? And then this accusation that I thought I had a right to her body. I ran my hand through my clipped, dark hair and tried to think of an appropriate response. Finally, I type: *'No. I thought we had a thing together. This whole thing we don't have is frustrating. I don't want to forget you but I can't be with you. It drives me crazy.'*

After a few seconds I got back: *'I know.'*

That was something, at least. Wasn't it? Did that mean she had feelings for me and she was just protecting herself because we could never be? Or

was she just saying that? Every conversation with Sarah just led to more questions.

I lay back on my bed and flipped through my phone, staring at some of the pictures Sarah had texted me. Her beautiful oval face and dark eyes stared back at me from various concerts and parks she'd visited. Not exactly flirty pictures now that I was looking at them. On the other hand, I didn't really expect her to send me any tit pics. Though that would have been nice. Was this thing we were doing a thing? Or was this thing just *my* thing? Sarah was an itch I needed to scratch. The girl that got away. What I needed to know was: was it *our* thing?

I needed to see her. There was no longer any question in my mind. And more than that, I needed to hop her. Use my powers to jump into her body and see what she was thinking, what she was feeling. It was the only way to be sure.

I started researching flights to Oregon on my phone but then I started thinking how awkward it would be if she saw me. What would I tell her? That I'd just come out to Oregon on an impromptu trip to hop into her body? Women like the truth, right? No, I had to sneak into her. And that meant sneaking into someone else.

There weren't any flights available and I needed to take action before I changed my mind. That's how I ended up on an overnight train to Oregon. I didn't bring any luggage because I didn't plan on making the entire trip as myself. I needed some distraction because I felt guilty about what I was planning to do. Normally I had no such feelings about hopping into someone's body, but Sarah was a friend and (almost) lover and it felt different. I also needed a way to get close enough to hop Sarah without her seeing me coming. So when the train stopped near UC Berkeley along the way, I kept an eye out in the station for the perfect host.

I saw her at once. A tall, slender woman with auburn hair pulled back in a loose ponytail. Her long-sleeve light pink top clung gently to her body, cupping a small but perky looking pair of breasts. She held a small computer case and there was a look of boredom on her pretty face as she waited to board the train. She looked young, probably an undergrad going home to visit her parents.

I stood and made my way forward to the next car where she was getting on. This late at night there were very few people and the car was relatively empty. When she entered and took a seat near the back there were only a few other people scattered here and there. Fortunately, none of them were

behind her. I slid open the back door and walked quickly to her seat as she stowed her luggage and then opened her laptop on her lap. Her slender fingers paused in their typing and she looked up at me as I appeared by her shoulder, a polite but guarded smile on her pink lips.

She was even cuter close up. Her slight eyebrows arched gracefully over a pair of green eyes. She had a straight, narrow nose that looked perfect in profile and balanced the rest of her slender face.

Before she could say anything I hopped her. My body evaporated in an instant, the billion particles of me jetting towards her, flowing inside her and filling her with my own essence. A split second later I was sitting in the seat in her body, looking up at the empty air where I had just been standing.

I looked down at her computer to see what she had been typing, my breasts appearing in my peripheral vision. She'd been browsing her Facebook feed and I continued flicking through it, examining the life I now controlled. I went to her profile and read through it, placing a hand against my chin as I read about her life. My skin was so soft and smooth and I smelled a hint of her raspberry hand lotion.

I closed my eyes and slipped through her dreaming thoughts. Her name was Rachel and she was an English major visiting her family for the long weekend. She didn't have a boyfriend and thought maybe it was because she was too shy and reserved. Boys seemed to like the outgoing girls. The blondes with big tits, like her friend, Maddy. Not that she had anything against her friend. She liked her friend. In fact, I could feel hints of attraction towards women that Rachel herself had known and tried to ignore. It scared and embarrassed her, as if her sexuality was a secret shame.

I was interrupted by a slight jolt as the train pulled away from the station. The announcement about the next stop came and went. One by one the lights of the other passengers flicked off. I turned off mine as well, and sat in the dark in my new form.

I set Rachel's laptop in the seat next to mine and placed my hands in my lap. I gathered her thoughts and guided them towards the realization she had been hiding from herself, her curiosity about her sexuality. I connected her to the lust I was feeling towards her own body. In the darkness, one hand rose to my chest and lightly circled one breast. My other hand came up and slipped across my smooth chin to the back of my neck as I enjoyed my new shape. The hand on my chest went slowly back and forth, dipping down the low cut hem of my top and beneath my bra, to

the warm fleshiness of my tits. I stifled a sigh as my body relaxed and my thighs began warming.

I couldn't very well get naked on this train; I didn't want to embarrass Rachel and ruin her life. But I could do something similar. I held on to the sleeve of my top and pulled my arm in. Then I did the same to the other, so that both my sleeves were empty and my hands were beneath my top. I reached around and unclasped the bra. It was easy with Rachel's muscle memory. I shimmied the straps down each arm, all beneath my top, until I could pull off my bra and set it beside me. Having that pressure off was a relief. I gently massaged my aching breasts, running my fingers over and under their softness. I squeezed gently, enjoying Rachel's body, letting her enjoy herself as thoughts of her female form mingled with the pleasure running through me. I forced the thoughts together, combining her hidden sexuality with her desire for the female body.

My hands continued squeezing my breasts as I relaxed my thighs, letting them slip apart as the burning warmth filled me. With one hand still on my tits the other slipped down the elastic waistband of my track pants. She wore them on the train for comfort, and I was thankful for the easy access. I spread my legs and slipped her fingers down between her thighs. I felt the coarse trail of hair and followed it down until my fingers pressed against my new slit. I penetrated myself lightly with an index finger and landed on my still-hooded clit. I took my fingers out of my pants long enough to wet them in my mouth, tasting Rachel's musky scent, before returning and pressing my moistened fingers into myself. I rubbed in a slow rhythm, easing the waves of pleasure through my body as I continued working my breasts.

My breath came faster and I spread my legs apart wider as desire burned through me. I stifled another moan as my clit revealed itself to my probing fingers. I dipped down into my growing wetness and spread my dew across my pussy. My fingers sank in deeper and I could feel my own wet warmth. I had to drop my tits to clamp my hand against my mouth to quiet my lusty cries. My arm was still not back in the sleeve of my top and my motion caused my top to slip up, revealing the bare skin of my stomach to the darkened train. I didn't care. My body was aching for release.

My fingers thrust harder and deeper inside my warm wetness, pulsing against my velvety folds. My head lolled from side to side as I bit my knuckle to quiet myself. And then suddenly I came, groaning softly as pleasure lit me up from the inside and I strained back against the seat,

orgasming quietly. My fingers kept up their rhythm through and down the orgasm, pounding the pleasure through me. I wanted to stretch out, to push deep inside but I was restrained by my position on the train seat. I needed more, I needed to forget Sarah for the moment. The thought of Sarah brought her image to the forefront of my mind. I could envision her wavy, dark hair and her come hither eyes and then Rachel's lust overpowered me and I came. I pushed my head back into the seat and squeezed my eyes shut. Electric pleasure rocked through my body as Rachel imagined herself slipping inside Sarah and tasting her, Rachel's most forbidden fantasies coming true and accompanied by a deep pleasure as I came hard.

When I came down I rested my head against the seat. I pulled my hand out of my pants and slipped both arms back through my sleeves. The beautifully musky odor of my pussy was still on my fingers and I hoped it didn't carry through the train car. But at least my thoughts were dulled and sleepy. I lay my head back and let sleep overtake me.

I was awoken several hours later by the intercom announcement as the train pulled into the station in Portland. I rubbed the sleep from eyes, jumping in surprise as I felt the unfamiliar new contours of my face. I was still half asleep and forgot I'd hopped into Rachel's body. I slipped through her thoughts and found that her parents were expecting her to be home sometime in the late morning and, in any event, they were probably at work and wouldn't get home until later. That gave me plenty of time to find Sarah.

I packed up Rachel's computer, grabbed her peach colored suitcase, and got off the train, enjoying the sway of my hips and the wonderful feel of my willowy body. I knew Sarah usually went to a yoga class in the morning and a quick search through Facebook showed she'd checked in at the Malura Health and Wellness Center on the eastern side of the City. It looked like I only had forty five minutes to get there before the class ended. I hurriedly wheeled my suitcase out to the curb and hailed a taxi.

The city flashed past outside as I considered my next move. I liked Rachel. She was sweet. I wanted to help her discover and accept who she was. I closed my mind and concentrated, dipping into her sub-conscious mind to plant a suggestion. I had to be subtle in my direction, as any command that went directly against the host's normal inclinations would be ignored as a stray thought, one of those weird ideas that seems to bubble up from nowhere, like *'Wouldn't it be funny if...?'* and quickly

dismissed as ridiculous. With a little help from the internet I found the perfect spot to enact my suggestion. I wanted her to obey so I pushed as hard as I dared and, when the time came, the rest would be up to me.

The cab pulled up to the wellness center just as a group of yoga pants-clad women were leaving. I immediately saw Sarah in the group and my heart skipped a beat. She was wearing a blue top that flowed down her body, and black yoga pants that clung to her supple ass, accentuating the full roundness of it and the sleekness of her legs.

I paid the cabbie and jumped out of the cab, hauling my suitcase and laptop bag behind me. By now Sarah had peeled away from the group and was heading across the street, probably towards the MAX rail stop. I hurried after her, my suitcase bumping and clunking behind me. She disappeared behind the solid partition leading up the ramp to the rail stop but I could see her feet beneath the small gap between the partition and the floor. I ran to the street side of the partition and was close enough to reach out and touch her feet, but instead I hopped blindly, hoping I'd aimed correctly or else I'd find myself sailing off until I got caught in the orbit of another person and sucked into a random body. But my aim was right on and my spirit jumped from one woman to the next. I continued walking up the stairs without a break in my step, leaving poor Rachel down on the street, confused as to why she had hopped out of the cab so soon. I'd make it up to her one day, but for now the only thought in my mind was *'I'm Sarah. I'm Sarah'*. Now that I had her, what would I do with her?

It was agony waiting for the train to take me back to her home. I was acutely aware of who's body I now possessed, seeing Sarah's face in every reflected surface. Every time I looked down and saw my favorite outfit on my favorite body a little thrill ran through my spine. At the same time, I felt bad for doing this, but it was my only option to find some closure once and for all. Using her memories I made my way back to her house, my thoughts going round in circles from delight at my amazing new body, to confusion as to what she felt about me, to anger that I had to resort to this to get answers, and back to delight.

I rushed through her apartment door and slammed it behind me as I hurried towards the full length mirror in her bathroom. I flicked on the light and gazed at Sarah's beautiful face as it mirrored my every move. I swept my wavy hair back behind an ear and peered closely at her image. I hadn't been this close to Sarah in years and I took my time staring at her

adorable face. I was close enough to see the tiny freckles on her nose, the splash of green within her mostly brown eyes, every pore, every wrinkle. It was mine now.

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“Ow!” Fuck, that hurt.

I decided to give myself something to remember Sarah by, because she obviously wouldn't be giving anything to me. I pulled her phone out of her pocket and leaned it against the lamp on her nightstand, aimed at the bed. I lined up in the middle of the screen and pressed record.

“Hi, Tony,” I said to my future self in Sarah's voice, playing the role she never would. “God, I wish you were here so I could fuck you right now.”

I brought my hands to my chest and squeezed my tits, not as hard this time, but still rough enough to make me squirm.

“Since you're not here to rip this shirt off me I'll have to do it myself.”

I pulled the blue shirt off and tossed it to the floor before brushing my wavy hair back behind my head. Some thick strands still hung down in front of one eye in a sexily disheveled way. I gaped down into my newly revealed cleavage, every bit as wonderful as I remembered. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra. I threw it to the floor and grabbed Sarah's perfect tits in her own hand.

“Fuck, look at these tits. They're amazing.”

They just filled each hand, my fingers splayed over her warm skin. I squeezed her breasts together and let them go, watching them jiggle back

to the center. I lifted them and dropped them, enjoying myself as they bounced hypnotically. I gave one a little slap. They were so sensitive and pain shot through me, but that's what I wanted from Sarah right now. I wrapped my hands around each tit, extending my thumb and forefinger to wrap around my nipple and squeeze until they shot out erect and heat buzzed through me. I paused to slap them again and again. They bounced erratically, pain shooting through my body as I tortured Sarah's tits, exacting my rage on myself and her body.

I lay back on the bed and peeled Sarah's body out of her hip hugging yoga pants until I lay naked on the bed. I picked up the phone and aimed it at my face.

"I want you inside me so badly," I moaned like a whore, not playing a role anymore.

Sarah's body was burning with lust combined with the stinging pain from her tits and my anger. I tilted the phone slowly down my body until it was pointed at the dark triangle of hair between my legs. I brought my other hand down and pressed against the top of Sarah's cunt, heat blazing through me as I touched her already-swollen clit. I let my fingers sink into myself before rubbing ferociously, rough and deep, the pain meeting the pleasure and I tossed and turned, still trying to keep the camera steady as it recorded a close up of my dripping pussy, full of my own fingers.

I needed more, so I quickly placed the camera back against the lamp and squeezed one of my tits again as I thrust harder inside myself. Sarah's body wasn't quite ready for it but the pain made me cum hard once. An "Oh!" of pleasure escaped my lips as I ruthlessly played her body, penetrating myself as hard as I could, smacking and squeezing her tits, taking my anger out on my borrowed body as I tortured myself to climax once more.

And then my fingers found the spongy wall inside me and my knees clapped together and I came hard, crying out to the empty room as my slick fingers pressed ever deeper inside me and I raised my hips to sink into myself. I slapped my tits once more, hard, to send me over the edge and I tumbled through an abyss of pleasure, hearing Sarah's voice crying out her lust to the empty room.

Surrounded by my wet heat, I let my fingers continue their ministrations slowly as my body deflated until I was back down to earth and Sarah's body was sated. My nipples ached, my entire body throbbed with leftover

pleasure as I turned to the camera.

“Was it good for you?” I laughed and pushed the 'Stop' button, then lay in the bed collecting myself as a wet spot pooled beneath Sarah's ample butt.

When I recovered enough to think again I called in sick to Sarah's work. I was still angry and not yet ready to confront her mind or dig into her thoughts, but I didn't want to have to go to a job.

Plus, I had an appointment to keep.

I showered off Sarah's body, taking extra care to run my fingers across the gorgeous swell of my ass and clean every inch of my breasts. When I was done I used her knowledge to make myself up. It didn't take much: a little eye shadow, some penciling around the eyes and some light blush and suddenly I was looking at a reflection of the girl next door with the sexy glint in her eye that I fell for so long ago.

It was a nice day so I put on a simple, white dress that showed off my lean calves. The fabric swished nicely against my legs as I walked around the room getting ready. I threw a matching white purse around one arm and headed out to enjoy myself...and let others enjoy me as well.

I strolled down the street a ways, stopping into clothing stores every now and then to try on a new outfit, taking a picture and sending it to my real self. I took gorgeous full bodied pictures of Sarah in a ravishing dress, or tiny shorts, or a swimsuit that left little to the imagination. No asexual head shots here.

My last stop was a cafe. I ordered and then sat with my chicken sandwich and my coffee at a table near the window. I flipped through Sarah's phone, exploring her friend's messages and getting a handle on her private life as I waited for my special appointment. It didn't seem like Sarah had a boyfriend at the moment, so why was she so standoff-ish? There was one guy, Nick, in her book club who sent her some flirty messages. I debated sending him a picture of Sarah's glistening pussy, or of telling him to fuck right off. In the end I decided against either option. My anger at Sarah was to how she acted towards me and our circumstances, but I still had a soft spot for her and had no desire to ruin her life. But that didn't mean I couldn't have fun in her body. And it looked like tonight was the perfect opportunity, as her friend, Gary, was having a house-warming party. I filed that away for later.

It was a little past one o'clock when I finally spotted Rachel, my girl from the train. It looked like my suggestion to come to this spot at this time

was still lodged in her mind. I hoped the rest of the suggestions were as well. She ordered a salad and looked around the cafe for an empty seat. Our eyes met and I smiled briefly. She smiled back and walked towards the table next to mine. She seemed to float through the room on her gorgeous, long legs and she gave off an air of cute innocence, almost naivety. "Ooh, I like your shoes," I said, as she sat down, "Where did you get them?"

"Thank you. I got them from Molly and Ivan. It's over on third street." She pointed out the window.

I smiled at her and she blushed red and tucked a loose strand of auburn hair behind one ear. It seemed my suggestion was still going strong as I could practically see the cascade of feelings struggling inside her to get out.

We ended up talking for a long time, eventually leaving the coffee shop and strolling along the tree-lined street together. She was slightly awkward in that way that someone who's never thought of themselves as pretty finds a stranger flirting with them, like she couldn't believe it and kept making excuses. Her innocence was charming and I knew, from being in her mind, that she wanted what I was offering. Still, it was a pleasant surprise when she returned to Sarah's apartment on the pretense of borrowing one of the many books we discussed.

Rachel sat on Sarah's gray couch and I surprised her by approaching, hiking up my dress and straddling her. She said nothing as I stroked her cheek with my fingers and gazed into her deep brown eyes but I could sense her eagerness. I brought Sarah's lips close and kissed her. Rachel's lips were soft and warm and she tasted of cherries. My tongue darted out and lightly prodded her lips. She opened her mouth and welcomed my tongue inside as my nose pressed against her cheek. Her hesitance dissolved and she pressed back against me, wrapping her arms around me and holding me close.

I helped her struggle out of her shirt and bra then gazed down at the firm breasts I had felt but not seen the night before. Her nipples were erect in anticipation and she blushed and looked down. I place a finger on her chin and gently guided her gaze back up to my own.

"You're so beautiful," I whispered.

I slipped out of my own clothes, then lay Rachel back on the couch and helped her out of her pants. Her long, pale body stretched out beneath me. I lay on top of her, feeling her warmth as my breasts fell across hers

and we resumed kissing. I kissed my way down her neck to her breasts. One hand gently squeezed a nipple as I wrapped Sarah's lips around the other breast, sucking and licking as Rachel moaned beneath me and the salty taste of her skin filled my mouth. I took her perfect, weighty breasts in each hand and kissed and sucked my way back and forth, enjoying the feel of her nubile young body beneath my hands.

I kissed my way down over Rachel's trim stomach to the coarse thatch of hair on her mound. I tossed Sarah's hair out of my eyes and buried her face between Rachel's thighs. Her beautiful musk filled my nose and I breathed her in before running my tongue across her nether lips. She bit her lip and drew in a quick breath. I could feel her tensing. She'd never had another woman, or anyone for that matter, between her legs and she was nervous. As the older woman it was my job to make her comfortable. I took long, slow licks up her pussy as my fingers gently tickled her thighs. She soon opened for me, her pussy growing moist with her lust and I slipped my tongue lightly inside, tasting her for the first time. I opened my mouth and pressed my lips against her growing wetness, my tongue up against her swelling clit as I stared up at her from between her legs. She stared back, entranced and horny and nervous.

I continued licking as she grew ever wetter, her juices running down my chin, filling my mouth and I swallowed her. She moaned and began writhing beneath me as I pulsed the pleasure through her body with Sarah's tongue. I slipped one finger inside her wet warmth, then another and her legs flexed beneath me as I guided the pleasure through her. I pushed my fingers slowly inside her, deep, before curling up and around to find her dimpled wall. She moaned as I landed on her pleasure spot and I worked her body into a rhythm with Sarah's fingers and tongue.

Rachel's cries grew louder and higher pitched "Oh. Ohh. Oohhh!" as she worked her own fingers through her hair, her body tensing with pleasure and then she lifted her hips and came. With my tongue inside her I could feel her pulsing. Her lust poured down my chin and I continued licking her virginal cunt while she orgasmed. She spread her legs wide and I pushed in deeper, nearly burying Sarah's nose inside her and I was surrounded by Rachel's delicious smell and her taste filled my mouth and she came again.

"Ohh god, oohhh god," she cried as her hands gripped the couch and her whole body rocked in ecstasy. I swallowed as much as I could, my tongue helping Rachel through her pleasure until the wave subsided.

When she was done I wiped my mouth and crawled up next to her. I held her as the aftershocks shook her body and she stared into my eyes, innocent and sexy. Rachel had to get back home soon after, and I had to get ready for Gary's housewarming party. We dressed and I saw her to the door. We traded numbers, and then a last kiss. She giggled shyly at me and walked down the hallway. I watched the sway of her tiny ass as she left, then closed the door and hurried to Sarah's closet to pick out my outfit for the night.

After trying several things on, dressing up Sarah's body in a variety of outfits and catwalking back and forth in front of the mirror in my sexy form, I settled on a sleek, black dress that stopped mid-thigh. It left my arms bare and fitted the curves of my body nicely, billowing out gently over the swell of my breasts before sitting firm against my skin. I cut an amazing profile and I took long looks at my ass whenever I could. The dress was complimented with calf-high black leather boots that fit snug against my calves and accentuated my amazing ass even more.

I picked up a bottle of red from the little store around the corner and hopped on the rail to arrive at Gary's house fashionably late. Gary greeted me at the door. He welcomed me boisterously into his new home and showed me around. It was a large, and surprisingly well-decorated apartment for a single straight guy. Gary was a guitarist and one of the three bedrooms had been converted into his music room. Several guitars mounted on stands at various places in the room along with a piano in the corner.

"Did you decorate this yourself?" I asked.

He chuckled. "No, I hired someone with all the sellout money I got from the record label."

The tour finished back in the living room. A few clumps of people stood around, eating hors d'oeuvres and talking as soft hipster rock played in the background. A man separated from one of the groups on the couch and approached me with a wide smile on his face.

His dark hair was messily styled and his clean shaven face gave him a boyish look. I recognized him as Nick, the flirty message guy. The flirty message guy who wasn't me. He was rather cute; I could see why Sarah was attracted to him.

"Sarah!" he greeted me warmly.

Gary offered to get me a drink and stepped away as Nick approached. We talked easily and the drinks flowed. Before long I was happily dulled with

alcohol. Nick sat next to me on the couch and as we talked and laughed I let my hands linger on his legs, taking every opportunity to touch him in our conversation. His eyes sparkled and his voice was lovely and deep with just a hint of a southern accent. I realized Sarah's body was warming for him and I began to imagine his touch on my skin. I shivered at the thought.

"Are you cold?" he asked with gentle concern.

"I'm okay. I think I do need the bathroom." I pushed myself off the couch. The room was on the verge of swaying. "Can you help me find it? I'm afraid I'll get lost in Gary's ginormous house."

He laughed and placed his beer on the coffee table before standing unsteadily.

"I think you take a left down the hallway and if you hit Canada you've gone too far," Nick grinned.

"Should we take the train? I just don't know if I can wait that long." I laughed, leaning on his arm as we steered each other down the hall.

We passed a half open door, through which I could see a large, made-up bed. Impulsively, I grabbed a hold of Nick's arm and steered him inside.

"I thought you needed the bathroom."

"I need something else more," I replied, before locking the door and pushing him backwards onto the bed.

He let himself flop onto his back and I hiked my dress up and straddled him. I pinned his arms down over his head, his masculine body gripped between my thighs. This close I could smell his faint cologne mingling with his intoxicating scent. With my hands still gripping his arms I kissed him, my wavy hair flopping down across my face as I pushed my lips against his. This was lust. Overpowering, surging lust. I pushed my tongue into his mouth as he eagerly opened wide for me. I wanted it rough and I forced myself against him, pressing my breasts against his chest. I could feel him growing hard beneath me, even through his pants. I arched my back and began rubbing my warming mound back and forth across his growing bulge as I circled my tongue inside his hot mouth, tasting the beer on his breath.

My hands twisted through his hair, feeling his rough stubble, gripping his head in control as I dry humped him until I was dripping and Sarah's body desperately needed more. I sat back just enough to unbutton his pants and his erection sprang up between us. I pushed his pants aside and grabbed him, wrapping my slender fingers around his cock. I held

his throbbing warmth in my hand and shifted up, pulling my own panties aside with the other hand and then guided him inside me. The head of his cock found my aching cunt and I pushed him inside my wetness with a deep moan, gasping as his hard-softness filled me, my pussy clenching around him like a glove. I lowered myself and felt him slide up inside me until I was flat against him and I was full of his cock.

Looking down I could see him disappear beneath my mini-skirt, my two leather boots to either side of him. I could feel our connection hidden beneath my clothes.

His hands came to my tits, squeezing and caressing through my dress as I rode him cowgirl style, grinding my pussy back and forth across his hard cock as my body lit up with pleasure. I leaned forward, arching my back once more to kiss him, using my leverage to slowly guide his dick gently in and out of me, pausing just on the tip of his cock, for one shallow thrust, another, and another, before finally sinking quickly back down and we moaned together. I rode him like this for a few minutes as our ecstasy grew together. When I needed more I sat up, leaning my hands on his chest and quickening my pace as the pleasure blasted through me until I was pounding down against him, my voice rising in pitch as he fucked me beneath my mini-skirt. And then I felt him throb inside me and I came as he filled me with his seed. He grunted and emptied himself inside me as I climaxed, feeling his heat spurting into Sarah's womb and I felt so full, so warm, so wanted. "Fuuuucck!" I moaned, closing my eyes and raising my head to the ceiling as pleasure racked my body and we spiraled together in our shared orgasm.

When he was done I continued sitting on him for a while longer, enjoying the perfect fullness of having him inside me. Eventually I rolled off him and adjusted my skirt back down, his seed trickling into my panties and leaving a cold, wet patch up against my pussy. He sat up and tucked himself back into his pants. I looked down at him, still sitting on the bed, and when our gazes met we laughed in disbelief at what we had just done.

"We probably shouldn't tell Gary we christened his bedroom," I said.

"Yeah," he agreed, "I don't think it's good housewarming etiquette."

I cracked the door to make sure no one was outside. When the coast was clear I motioned to Nick and we both slipped out and re-joined the party. We spent the rest of the night shooting each other knowing looks and giggling, staying late into the night until we were nearly the last to leave.

Nick gave me a ride back to Sarah's place and I gave him a warm good-night kiss before slipping out through the cold air and back into Sarah's apartment. I barely managed to get my boots off before collapsing onto the bed into a dreamless sleep.

I awoke the next morning with an aching head and it took me a few seconds to remember where I was, and who I was. Those memories were followed by the memories of last night and riding Nick. With a start I realized that Sarah wasn't using any sort of birth control. Shit. Shit shit shit. I sat up and the world slammed into me, the headache making my eyes water.

I gingerly got out of bed and swallowed a couple of ibuprofen I found in Sarah's bathroom. I chased these down with two glasses of water and some dry toast to try to absorb the alcohol. Then I lay on the couch and moaned for a little while until the pain had been numbed to a dull ache. I got naked and took a gentle shower as I tried to get a handle on my thoughts. The point of hopping Sarah, aside from scratching a desperate and unfulfilled itch, was to search her thoughts and try to get some sort of closure on us. My anger had subsided, worked out by the events of yesterday and I was calm enough to get what I came here for. As I prepped her body to go out to the clinic for the morning after pill, I opened her sleeping mind and peeked in.

I "remembered" from her perspective and with her thoughts of our time together and our long term flirtation. Like me, she'd enjoyed it. At first. But over time it became evident that, with the distance then between us, we would never be together. The flirty texts and pictures became like an open cut that would never heal unless she stopped prodding at it. We were leading each other on, trying to keep alive a relationship that never had a chance, a relationship that should have been left in the past but had never really finished. Sarah had to make some closure in order to protect us both. She didn't hate me, but she understood it would never work out between us. At the same time she couldn't bring herself to tell me to stop. Call it guilt, call it society's ingrained idea to protect the male ego, whatever it was she couldn't do it.

I slipped on a dark blue top with carefully rolled up sleeves and some jeans, before making myself up in the mirror as I realized that I would have to do my part to bring closure to us. And I could do that by stepping away, letting the friendship fade over time and distance, as they sometimes did, with each still aware of the other, still marking them in the

world. I smiled sadly at myself in the mirror, Sarah's lovely face reflected back at me, her dark brown eyes so wistful and mysterious, as I understood that this would be my last day in her body, possibly my last day seeing her in the flesh ever.

I grabbed my purse and made my way to the nearest clinic to get a doctor's note for the pill. I didn't want to burden Sarah with my indiscretions in her body. The day was warm and the city was bustling as I strolled along. I was happier, lighter now that I'd made my peace with Sarah. When I finally got back to Sarah's apartment a few hours later, I strolled around to take one last look, examining the various knickknacks she kept on her shelves and luxuriating in the simple sway of Sarah's hips, the gentle bobbing of her breasts. I stood in front of the living room window and admired her slender fingers and smooth arms, staring at them intently, trying to memorize their shape, their feel.

I let my fingers wander across my face, enjoying Sarah's plump lips, her perfect nose and her smooth cheeks. I brushed one hand through my thick, wavy hair and let it fall down gently across the back of my neck. My hand slid down my neck and over my breasts as an ember began burning between my legs. I watched as I made Sarah fondle herself, working her hands across the smooth fabric of her top to squeeze the tits beneath.

One hand slid down beneath the waistband of my pants and over Sarah's mound, where I followed the trail of her hair down to her warm nether lips. I needed her one last time, right there. I lay down on the floor and slipped two fingers inside myself to land on the warm nub of my pleasure. I rubbed gently as the flames licked Sarah's body. My other hand slid back through my hair, gripping it as my body roiled in deep pleasure. My fingers urged the pleasure through me and I twisted my head, riding the urgent wave. I felt Sarah's pussy opening for my touch and pushed inside her wet warmth. I rubbed her swollen clit, surrounded by her lusty heat as a sigh escaped my lips and I came once, gently.

I continued the rhythm inside my body as I grew ever wetter. My legs twisted back and forth along with my head as the pulsing pleasure drove through me. I squeezed my eyes shut, arched my back and cried out "Ohh" as another wave of orgasm carried through me, bigger this time. Yet still I wanted more, needed more and I pushed deeper inside of Sarah's dripping pussy. My fingers curled up and around inside myself, and I groaned as they landed on the spongy wall. I pounded myself harder, my body urging me on as the fire consumed me and my lust dripped

down my thighs and Sarah's voice rose in pitch "Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh!" as I approached the crest and then came, gripping my hair in one hand, squeezing my legs together and pushing my fingers inside my throbbing cunt as I came hard, my body spasming as pleasure burned away my consciousness and I floated in the ether.

I returned to Sarah's body slowly, pulling my hand out of my pants and bringing my sticky fingers to my mouth, making Sarah taste herself. Her musky odor filled my nose, my mouth. God, she was delicious, in every way.

Soon, I stood and made my way to Sarah's front door, my legs still shaky with pleasure. I would leave her with the memories of the last two days as though she, herself, had lived them. She had her choices between Rachel and Nick, or neither, but I wouldn't be in the mix.

I hopped out of her, sending my essence through her front door to reform in the hallway. I paused, pressing my hand against her door, sensing her presence just beyond, before turning and quietly walking out of her life.

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