



5

EROTIC  
STORIES

BODY SWITCH  
*Collection*

VOL. 16

M W E L S

# **Body Switch Collection**

*Volume 16*

by M. Wills

© 2023 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit [bodyswapfiction.com](https://bodyswapfiction.com) for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

## Table of Contents

[The Devil You Know 1](#)

[The Devil You Know 2](#)

[Deeper Undercover](#)

[How I Became a Hopper](#)

[Whole New World](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

## The Devil You Know 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I meant *him*," Charlotte replied.

"Oh," Chet replied humorlessly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Mom!” Jane grumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

"Yeah, mom!" Jonah agreed enthusiastically.

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

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

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

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

"Jay!" Lisa admonished.

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

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

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

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

"How was work, mom?" He asked.

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

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

"No," Lisa said.

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

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

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

"Good thing I brought snow tires," Jay said.

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

"Grab your coats from the back," Lisa said.

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

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

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

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

"Hi," Christopher mumbled, avoiding Zed's eyes.

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

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

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

"I don't..." Christopher trailed off.

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

"Is your dick bigger, Christopher?" Zed asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christopher licked his lips. “Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you give yourself to Zed?”

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

“Then fuck me, Christopher,” Zed breathed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Would you let me drive?” Jay snapped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She patted his hand. “It's okay.”

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

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

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

“Like what?” Zed asked.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It's been a long time.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Jay, I-" Lisa began hesitantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And once again, Zed's power grew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, yes, Zed! I’m yours!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Mark nodded.

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

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

## The Devil You Know 2

Zed woke to his tummy being thumped from the inside. Still half-asleep, he rested his hand on Charlotte's pregnant stomach while the baby kicked him. He stroked his hard, round belly as if trying to soothe the baby. With his other hand, he pushed the silky chestnut hair out of his eyes and yawned.

Beside him, a heavy form shifted on the bed and Zed turned to find Chet's sleeping face mere inches away. Chet was a special kind of man. Born on third base but thinking he hit a triple. Boorish, bland and mediocre. What did Charlotte see in him?

Zed slipped through Charlotte's still-sleeping mind, found images of a younger, gentler Chet, plying her with money and time, indulging her whims for astrology and past lives. She'd batted aside the thought that she was just another of his status symbols. A gorgeous woman with big tits to make the boys at the office go green with envy. Charlotte had let herself be awed by his money, even while pretending it didn't impress her. It allowed her to pursue her yoga with the masters, and chase every fancy gadget that claimed to be able to balance her chakra. Good to be a free spirit. Better to be a free spirit with money.

And, god, so horny. The pregnancy hormones were doing wonders for her sex drive. Zed was already fidgety and he dipped a finger between his legs, using Charlotte's own fingers to stroke up and down the line of her entrance. He found his rubbery folds and explored them restlessly, his fingers soon coming away moist with dew.

If only Chet could keep up. But he wasn't young anymore, and Zed found more disappointment than fulfillment within Charlotte's memories. That was good for Zed. Where there was a want there was an opening, a potential host to welcome him inside and grow his power through worship.

Zed turned on his side to face Chet, no easy feat with his huge, firm belly. His milk-full breasts wobbled with him, spilling down his chest onto the mattress. Zed stroked Chet's face, thumb lingering on Chet's cheek. Christ, this body was horny, his little pussy already slippery. He *needed* a good fucking and Chet would have to do.

Chet mumbled and rolled over, escaping Zed's touch. What did Chet want? Did he want his virility back? Charlotte's thoughts were no help here. She was too wrapped up in her own spiritual pursuits and assumed Chet was just as interested as she was. An all-too-common willful blindness as far as Zed was concerned.

Zed tried again, stroking Chet's arm until he woke more fully and shrugged Zed off.

"Come on, Charlotte, not today," Chet muttered, pushing himself out of bed and padding to the bathroom.

Zed pulled away and rolled onto his back. His body was crying out for attention but poor Chet couldn't get it up most days, even for his wet and ready wife. Zed grabbed a fat breast and squeezed gently, looking down at himself to watch as he made Charlotte fondle herself. His view down to his pussy was blocked by the huge, pregnant belly, but he felt his way between his legs and slipped easily between the loose lips of his pussy. Charlotte was so deliciously wet, and Zed stroked in tight circles while his body hummed. He continued stroking his tit, wrapping his fingers around the solid

girth, pinching the little nipple. A trickle of milk dribbled out, zigzagging down his tit. He stuck out his tongue and pushed his nipple to his mouth to drink from himself. The milk was warm and slightly sweet.

He felt Charlotte's reluctance evaporate as he stroked her body. Spreading his legs, he drove his fingers in deeper, feeling himself be penetrated, slipping into the warm, wet canal he now possessed. He sighed as the pressure built within him, releasing Charlotte's mind from his hold so she could enjoy what he was making her do. She sensed his presence in her body and reached out to him, as Zed allowed her the use of her own mouth.

"Who are you?" She managed between sighs.

Zed continued making her fingers grab her tits, greedy with need, his fingers still sliding gently through her wonderful slick pussy. Her voice was tinged with reverence. She felt his power.

"I'm your guardian angel," Zed said with her lips, her voice. "My name is Zed. Worship me and I can give you everything you want."

At that, he used his power to supercharge her body, thrusting his fingers deep into her wet canal and making pleasure explode through her. Her legs twisted and she clutched her breast, throwing her head back into the pillows and screwing her eyes shut tight, hardly able to breathe as the most intense orgasm she'd ever felt blew through her. She gasped, mouth open as delight filled every pore, making her feet twist in beautiful agony until the pleasure finally released her.

Zed dripped down his thighs, Charlotte's wetness pooling onto the bed. His body ached with lust.

"If that's true then you know what I want," Charlotte whispered, clutching the bedsheets as a powerful aftershock made her shiver.

Images of her desires filled Zed's mind, all focusing on one thing: Chet's attention and devotion.

"Mmm, you want your husband to change. Promise to give yourself to me and you shall have him. He will want you as much as you've ever wished."

For good measure, Zed circled his fingers across Charlotte's clit and sent another sizzling orgasm through her body. He kicked his legs, eyes rolling back in his head as pleasure whited out his world, leaving Charlotte's body breathless and gushing.

"Yes, yes, yes," she moaned. "Give me Chet."

"I will. But you must not tell anyone about me. You know your husband. If he is aware of our deal he will resist it. He must think it's his own idea."

"Yes," Charlotte whispered. "Of course."

Zed pulled out of Charlotte's body, resuming his incorporeal form to slip through the bathroom door. Chet was standing in front of the mirror, wearing only underwear, brushing his teeth. He was barrel chested, with thick arms and legs, the muscles covered with a layer of fat. Like his mind, his body in its youth had showed so much promise but that potential was never realized. Chet had been content to just coast as one of the boys. Zed possessed him, filling out Chet's heavysset body to look out from behind Chet's piggy eyes.

Zed pulled the toothbrush away and spat into the sink, feeling Chet's mind reel as he took control.

"What do you want, Chet? What's your heart's desire?" Zed said with Chet's voice.

"What's happening to me?" Chet replied, Zed allowing him to speak through his own lips.

"Marlene was right. There is a spirit of the woods. My name is Zed and I can give you your deepest desire. All I want in return is for you to worship me."

Zed felt the spark of greed in Chet's mind, stronger than the fear of being manipulated. "Anything I want, huh?"

Zed leaned on the sink and moved closer to the mirror, a grin spreading across Chet's lumpy features. "Power. Looks. Money. It can be yours."

"What's the catch?"

"No catch," Zed lied.

"I want to be the sole owner of the company."

"Why, Chet, I'm surprised. I thought a man of your stature would think *bigger*. Wouldn't you like Charlotte to love you? To devote herself to you? To worship the ground you walk on?"

"She does love me."

"You're right, I forgot. You're a dismissive, arrogant asshole. What's not to love?"

There was no rebuttal from Chet, no defense of himself or his wife in his mind. Nor, to Zed's amusement, was there any devotion to his wife. She was a possession, a status symbol. It was her job to worship him, not the other way around. Chet would get what was coming to him, but first Zed would get the power he desired.

"Well, then," Zed continued, "Why don't we fix your little impotence problem?"

"I'm not impotent," Chet argued, without conviction.

"Not anymore." Zed grabbed his cock and pulsed with power, a little electric shock zapping Chet's dick. It rose to attention, strong and sure and needy, like he was twenty years old again.

Chet's gratitude and surprise filled Zed's mind. And his shame. Chet didn't like to be bested. Not at home, not in business, and not even by a demon.

"Nice trick," Chet said. "But I don't worship anyone. I'm my own man."

It was a bluff, a power move in what Chet thought was a negotiation. But Zed didn't negotiate.

"Bah," Zed said, waving his hand and sending Chet to the back of his mind. Let him stew in silence as he watched what Zed did with his body.

Zed returned to the bedroom, where Charlotte remained in bed, the smell of her musk lingering in the room. She looked at him with half-lidded eyes and he leaned over and kissed her, a slow, passionate kiss. She drank him in, fingers coming up to stroke his cheeks.

"Good morning, my love," Zed said, staring down at Charlotte's beautiful, smiling face. He slid his hand beneath the covers and caressed Charlotte's sex with his fingers. She closed her eyes and shuddered lightly beneath him. "Hold that thought," Zed whispered, "while I go get us some breakfast."

He kissed her again, his tongue flicking out to taste her lips, to dip into her mouth, pulling away from her grasp and leaving her wanting for more. He shrugged on a white robe and cinched it around his thick waist, giving Charlotte one last smile before making his way quietly to the kitchen.

Poking through the fridge he found some fruit and cut it up, arranging it onto a tray along with a bowl of cereal as he set a pot of coffee to brew. Marlene and Mark joined him in the kitchen as the coffee finished up. They looked sleepy but content.

"You two look like you had a good night," said Zed.

Mark poured some coffee for himself and Marlene, and they shared a little smile.

"We talked with spirits last night," Marlene admitted.

"Really?" Zed asked, copying Chet's disdain for Marlene's spiritual talk.

He carried the tray back to Charlotte's bedroom and set it down on the bed in front of her. She sat up, bending one leg beneath her.

"Ooh, Chet, thank you."

He kissed her on the cheek as she nibbled on the fruit. Then he rummaged through her suitcase and set out her clothes for the day. When he was done, he slid into bed beside her and helped her finish the last of the cereal. She lay content, one hand on her stiff, pregnant belly.

"Is there anything else you desire, my sweet?" Zed asked.

"There is one thing," Charlotte said. "If you're up for it."

Zed set the tray down by the floor and took Charlotte in his arms. "I'm up for it whenever you are. I live to serve you my love."

She took his face in her hands and stared into his eyes. Zed stared back, watching the gold flecks in her brown eyes as she searched his face.

"Is that you in there, Chet?"

Zed took her hands and kissed each one. "This is just a taste of what I can offer you if you will be mine."

"But it's not Chet." She sounded disappointed.

"It's better."

Zed's cock jumped to attention, pushing aside the terrycloth robe and pointing up to Charlotte.

'Oh!' She cried, and grabbed him.

Her hands were sure and sensual around his dick.

"God, I've missed this," she whispered as she stroked him.

"What's it been? Seven months or so?" Zed asked, eyeing Charlotte's pregnant belly.

She gulped and nodded, never letting her fingers stop playing across his dick. Zed kissed her on the lips as she stroked him. She melted into him, grabbing his cock and stroking long, and slow, spreading the bead of precum down his shaft. In his head, Zed felt Chet eager to give in, excited at the prospect of having a hard-on after so long.

Charlotte lay down on the bed, her huge breasts flopping to either side. She took them in her hands and played with her tits as Zed knelt between her legs. Chet's long cock curved up, pointing at her belly. Her pussy lips were spread wide and glistening, little beads of moisture caught in her light brown hair. Zed pulled back and let Chet have his body.

Chet guided his cock against his wife's pussy lips, watched her part for him as he slipped in through her entrance. She was sopping wet and ready for him and he burrowed past her resistance. Chet held her legs wide and pushed in slowly. Charlotte took his face in her hands and gazed into his eyes as they fucked slowly.

"Oh, Chet. It's you."

"It's me," Chet agreed.

Charlotte was warm and wet and perfect. Zed made sure Chet's cock stayed hard, enjoying the feel of it as it slid through Charlotte's wet canal. Chet moved faster, his cock disappearing into Charlotte and reappearing slick with her juice. The wet sounds of her cunt hit his ears and he nearly came but Zed stopped him, waiting for Charlotte.

Now her eyes were closed, her mouth half-opened as Chet thrust into her, slapping his balls against her groin with each thrust. Charlotte whimpered, each one growing higher, longer, until she cried out and shook with ecstasy. Chet reached out and squeezed a fat tit, staring at it as it wobbled. He licked his lips in delight, the ecstasy surging through him at his wife's beautiful pregnant body spread out beneath him, while at the same time marveling at his newfound control.

Only then did Zed allow Chet to cum, plunging into Charlotte's welcoming heat and emptying himself, pump after pump of warm cum filling his lovely wife. Chet stared down in surprise and delight as he watched his cock slip in and out of his wife's cunt, the pink pussy lips gripping the solid shaft. It was an orgasmic bliss Chet hadn't known for months. Zed shared in his pleasure, feeling his borrowed cock sink deep into Charlotte's wet heat.

"Oh, god, Chet!" She cried as she gripped the bed sheets and convulsed happily around his cock. And that surge of power through Zed was even more delightful than the orgasm.

Chet finished and held Charlotte as the aftershocks lit through her body. When she was calm he kissed her on the forehead and shrugged himself back into his robe. Returning to the bathroom, he flicked on the light and stared at himself in the mirror.

"That was a nice trick. But is that the extent of your powers?" He sneered.

Zed pushed himself to the forefront and assumed control of Chet's body.

"I thought you would have enjoyed having a working prick," Zed said with Chet's voice.

"*She* certainly did. But what about what *I* want?" Chet replied.

"And what do you want?" Zed asked, feeding Chet's insatiable greed. The answer rose in Chet's mind and Zed plucked it from his thoughts, a smile spreading across his face. "Your best friend's daughter. Sweet sensual Jane. She's just eighteen. You like them young, huh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Chet tried to lie.

Zed laughed. "Oh, I don't judge. I give my worshipers what they want as long as they give me what *I* want." Chet gulped, his mouth suddenly dry. Zed fed on his illicit need. "I will give you this gift. I will let you do what you want with her. And in return all I ask is that you serve your wife."

"Yes. Of course." Chet replied, already considering ways to go back on his word.

Zed knew that the promise was empty. Chet would act the lover for a little while and then return to his usual careless ways not long after he got what he wanted. But that was fine with Zed; he had no intention of keeping his end of the deal, either, because he'd already promised Jane to another. What Chet didn't know was that Zed was strong enough to make him *want* to change. But Zed held back for the moment because a willing worshiper was power that a mind-controlled worshiper had no hope of matching. And the chase was so fun.

"Prove it to me, Chet. I'll be watching. And do not tell the others about me unless you want to share my power with them."

Zed felt Chet's assent as a surge of powerful belief. He withdrew into the back of Chet's mind, leaving Chet to stumble and clutch at the bathroom sink as he was suddenly in control of his entire body once again. Chet peered closely at the mirror, as if searching for Zed inside himself, then returned to the bedroom. Charlotte was getting dressed and Chet slipped up behind her and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you for that, my love," Chet whispered.

She turned to him with a bright smile and caressed his cheek. Charlotte really was too good for him, Zed realized. Chet was someone who would never truly believe. He may feign it until he sensed a way to gain power, but those kinds of worshipers were unreliable. No, once Zed's full power was realized he would change Chet to suit Charlotte's needs. She was the real power in this relationship.

The question on Zed's mind, as Chet dressed and the two joined the others in the kitchen, was how to give Jane to Chet without permanently losing Jane? She was young and so eager to believe in something, especially something like Zed who could give her the power she felt she lacked in her everyday life. There was pummeling her self-esteem by altering her body in order to make her more open to Zed's advances, and then there was asking her to fuck a piece of work like Chet. At least Christopher was deserving of her attention and would worship her. Chet would treat her like his own personal toy until he tired of her, and then no doubt ask for more from Zed. Tricky.

The others were all awake and lounging around the open plan kitchen and living room when Chet came down. Mark and Marlene played footsie on the stools, a small plate of half-eaten toast in front of them. They were chatting with Christopher and Jay, who sat at the kitchen table. The smell of bacon and eggs wafted from the stove, where Lisa stood attending to the food. Jonah was lying on

the couch by the fireplace, another book in his hands. Jane was curled up on one of the chairs, away from everyone else, watching them with a faintly bored expression on her face.

Charlotte kissed Chet on the cheek and went to help Lisa make breakfast for everyone. Chet poured himself some coffee from the carafe and dropped his bulk in the chair beside Jay, who turned to him as he sat.

“Morning, Chet. Mark and Marlene were just telling us about the spirit of the woods,” Jay said with a wry smile.

“Oh?” Chet asked, his smile faltering.

“Yes. The spirits are all around us,” Marlene said. “This is a very sacred place.”

“Right. I can feel that,” Chet said, winking at Jay, comforted by the fact that Marlene was apparently talking about her hippy-dippy beliefs rather than a specific power-granting demon.

The food was soon ready and lined up on the counter for everyone to serve themselves. They all gathered around the kitchen table talking about this and that. Zed kept his eyes on Lisa whenever he could. Lovely Lisa. She was Zed’s goal, the whole purpose of consolidating his power was to give her what she wanted and make her his queen.

There was a slight furrow to her brow whenever she looked at her husband. Jay was oblivious to her need, to the way she took the opportunity to stroke his shoulder. She had no idea that Zed had been inside him last night, and she was clearly perplexed as to why the caring, loving husband of last night had been replaced with his usual oblivious self. Jay ignored her touches, preferring to make himself the center of attention, commanding the conversation and treating the group of friends and family as a conference to his own greatness.

Where Chet was dumb and self-centered Jay was erudite and knowledgeable enough to *know* he was a narcissist who reveled in others relying on him. He’d turned wonderful, free-spirited Lisa into an anxious, dependent woman. And for that he would pay.

As Zed planned his next move, the conversation around the table turned to the plans for the day.

“I’m not driving anywhere in this weather,” Chet insisted.

“Why don’t we take a hike?” Lisa suggested. “It’s been ages since I went walking in the snow.”

“That sounds lovely,” Marlene agreed.

“Jonah? Jane? Want to come on a hike?” Lisa asked, turning to them.

Jonah pushed back his mop of stringy red hair and chirped in his reedy voice, “Yeah. Ok.”

Jane continued pushing food around her plate and just shrugged. She had a way of making even that simple gesture so sensual. There was an easy confidence she had with her body, just seeming to flow.

“Come on, it will be fun!” Chet said, eyeing Jane before turning to Christopher just in time to see his eyes flick away from Jane as well. “How ‘bout you, champ?”

“Ok.” Christopher agreed, his fat cheeks blushing red.

“Come on,” Jay clapped his hands, “We’ll all go out for a walk. You city kids will love the snow. You can make a snowman.”



“Dad, I’m not a little girl anymore,” Jane scowled.

Chet’s eyes lingered on Jane, admiring the light band of freckles across the bridge of her nose. Zed felt Chet’s thoughts turning to how he’d like to lift that sweater off her and get his hands on her wonderful tits. Chet really was a lech.

“If the kids don’t want to go they can stay here,” Lisa attempted.

“No. We’re all going. It will be fun.” Jay decided.

“Ugh. Fine.” Jane pushed her plate away and stormed off down the hallway.

With everyone’s attention on Jane, Zed shot from Chet’s body, moving beneath the table so no one would see the shimmer of heat that was his essence and landed inside Jonah.

Zed peered out from the world behind Jonah's eyes. His head itched and his fingers got stuck in his tangled hair as he scratched. Jonah was so weak and scrawny, a far cry from the bulk he'd just occupied.

"I'm done, too," Zed said, pushing back from the table and grabbing Jonah's heavy science fiction book.

Lisa sighed and turned to her husband. Zed returned to Jonah's room and shut the door behind him. He could hear their voices rising as they sniped at each other.

Jonah's chest was nearly concave beneath his pristine white polo shirt, and a slightly sour odor followed him wherever he went. With his powers, Zed calmed the fear shooting through Jonah at the sudden takeover of his body. There were so many things Zed could change about Jonah that he thought the young man would like, but where to start?

"What do you want, Jonah?" Zed asked himself as he dug through Jonah's suitcase for a sweater. "A bigger dick? More powerful muscles?"

A flash of pink caught his eye and his hand was drawn towards it. Pulling it out, Zed discovered a pair of pink lace panties. Now this was interesting. Jonah's response to the panties in his hand provided Zed with an explanation. The panties belonged to Jane and had been stolen from out of the dryer several months ago.

Zed shucked off Jonah's his pants and his boxers. He rolled the panties up his skinny chicken legs and over his—surprisingly large—dick. Zed felt the excitement rising in Jonah's mind, followed by the crushing disappointment, the feeling of incompleteness, and the utter disgust of looking at the cock he'd had to cram into the panties.

"Is there something wrong?" Zed asked. "You feel like you're missing something, don't you?"

Zed released Jonah's mouth and felt his lips tremble and then it all spilled out: "I've never been comfortable in my body. I hate it! I hate...this," he gestured to his limp cock. "Why can't I have been born a girl, like Jane?"

"Is that what you really want?" Zed smiled reassuringly.

"More than anything."

"I can help you, Jonah. My name is Zed. I'm an alien sent here from another dimension to help humans like you. We adjust the world to make it right. But silently, behind the scenes. No one must know about me."

"What can you do?"

"You desire your sister's body. I can give it to you. All you have to do is swear your allegiance to me."

"If you can do that I swear I'll do anything."

“Excellent.”

The boy’s desperate willingness to believe made Zed’s job so much easier. He walked to the wall separating Jonah’s room from Jane’s and placed his hand on it. Through the thin walls he heard Jane moving around in her room, angrily banging her suitcase lid against the wall as she threw it open. Zed concentrated and leapt from Jonah’s body, this time taking Jonah’s consciousness with him. He forced them both through the wall and into Jane’s slender body, pushing her own consciousness out. Zed grabbed her mind and stuffed it back into her brother’s body then froze time around her, pausing her in mid-realization—he would deal with her in a minute—before returning to watch Jonah delight in his new form.

Jonah found himself in his sister’s room, kneeling in front of her suitcase. A suitcase filled with pink lace and sexy outfits. Jonah gasped and Zed watched from behind his eyes as Jonah held up his hands and wiggled his sister’s fingers.

“Oh my god,” he muttered, his hands coming to his throat and a smile growing across his face as he heard Jane’s honey voice spill from his own lips.

Jonah pushed himself to his feet and ran for the mirror in the bathroom. His body swayed in delightful new ways and he had to adjust to his balance. He flipped on the light and gasped as he stared at himself. Jane’s face reflected back at him, her little mouth opened in an ‘o’ of surprise.

Jonah’s fingers trembled as he leaned closer to the mirror, eyes flicking over the dusting of freckles across the bridge of his perfect nose. He pushed the silky hair out of his face and let his fingers roam down his body, feeling his sister’s curves, fingers delighting in running along her soft skin. He lingered on her tits, bouncing them in each hand, before slipping his hands down his pants and following the soft line of his slit, fingers just slipping in between his pleasant new pussy lips. Then he turned and arched his back, wiggling his tiny butt as he ran his hand down over a cheek, squeezing the taut fullness that he now owned.

The sweet belief and gratitude swelled Zed’s power even more.

“It’s real,” Jonah whispered. “It’s really real.”

“It’s real. Her life is yours.”

“What’s going to happen to Jane?”

“She’s in your body.”

Jonah smiled, a wicked smile that looked right at home on Jane’s face. He clapped his tiny hands together. “Oh, she must hate that.”

“I will deal with her in a moment. But you must do me a favor.”

“Anything, Zed.”

“I will need to borrow this body when your family goes on the hike. Do not ask me what for but trust that I will return it as I have left it.”

Jonah agreed. Of course he agreed.

“Now enjoy it,” Zed said, slipping into the back of Jonah’s mind to watch.

As soon as Jonah was free he tore off his clothes and gaped down at his sister’s body. She was small and curvy and perfect. He stroked his skin, admiring the softness, hands tracing the curves from his

tits to his hips to his legs. Jane's body was a delight and he laughed as he felt himself off, one hand now coming up to explore the face he'd seen every day in his own house and coveted. It was his. Her lips, her eyes, her nose. All his.

Zed shared in Jonah's delight as he threw off his clothes and fell onto the bed, hands roaming around his body, pinching and squeezing his supple breasts, lifting them into mounds and letting them bounce back down his side. He allowed one hand to slide down between his legs and was pleased to find he was already wet. This body was incredible.

Jonah's fingers traced up and down his new slit, reveling in the feel of this pussy that he'd always wanted. He grew wet at his own touch, pussy lips parting for his finger and allowing him to sink inside to land on his velvety folds. He stroked himself, spreading his dew up and down his entrance as he grew ever wetter. His other hand teased a tiny nipple and he explored the body he now possessed, fingers sliding this way and that until he found the perfect angle, the perfect pressure. It released a wild burst of fire within him and he cried out once, his fingers moving faster inside himself, up and down his slippery cunt.

Now he could hear the slippery sound of himself, so perfect to his ears. He thrust two fingers into his tight little opening, following his slick canal up, up to his dimpled nub. Landing on his inner pleasure, he came, throwing his head back into the bed and crying out in Jane's wonderful voice. Hearing her, seeing her like this made him even hornier and he gripped himself tighter, coveting his own body, fingering himself faster until he came again.

Zed was inside as the orgasm curled Jane's tiny toes and made her body shake. He stayed as the pleasure dulled from a loud roar to a low rumble. At last Jonah was breathless and exhausted and sated, and Zed left him.

Zed flitted away, back through the wall and into Jonah's room, leaving Jonah to explore his new body. Jonah's former body—with Jane inside—waited, frozen in time, caught in the act of staring with wide eyes down at the body of her brother which she now inhabited. Zed flitted inside Jonah's scrawny body alongside her mind and allowed time to flow again.

As time resumed, Jane stared down at herself, grabbing various parts of herself, beginning to hyperventilate.

‘Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god,’ she whispered, and the sound of her brother’s thin voice from her lips just made her more terrified.

Now she was screaming, wailing and running to the mirror on the wall to stare at her body. Her brother’s weakling reflection stared back, copying her every move as she panicked. She was naked but for some pink panties, beneath which her thick new cock was crammed. She screamed, her breath coming in ragged gasps but she couldn’t tear her eyes away from her new body.

Zed silenced her screams, setting up an invisible wall so that they could not be heard outside the room as he enjoyed her terror. She ran to the door and tried to open it but Zed sealed it shut. She was living a nightmare, not only losing her body but becoming her brother. She could feel his cock dangling between her legs, surprisingly meaty, and she batted at it as if it were a bug she could knock from her body. Finally, when Zed had had his fun he pushed forward.

“Jane,” Zed said with Jonah’s voice, “I know this is scary but I’m here to help. I’m an angel and I’m trying to protect you and your family.”

“From what?” Jane asked as Zed released control of her mouth and tamped down on her terror enough for her to form coherent sentences.

“I came to chase away a demon, but I was too late. He has swapped your body with your brother’s body.”

“Why?” Jane asked, nearly crying.

“Heavens,” Zed whispered. “I wish I knew. I wish I’d gotten here sooner. I could have stopped him.”

“Am I stuck like this?” A tear fell from Jane’s eye and she sniffed, getting a whiff of her brother’s pungent odor. Zed wiped her tear away.

“With God’s help I can fix you. In fact, as a reward for your unfailing belief I can make you better.” Zed laid it on thick. “But you need to believe in me. Give yourself to me as a messenger of the lord. Say ‘I give myself to Zed’.”

“I give myself to Zed.” Jane spoke hesitantly, unsure if what she was doing was blasphemous or not but calmed by Zed’s assurances and by the fact that she had no choice.

“Again.”

“I give myself to Zed.”

“Keep going.”

As Jane kept repeating the mantra Zed began work on Jonah’s body. Though his power ran like a raging river through his essence, he pretended the work of transforming this body was a near

impossible task. Jonah's pale, concave chest swelled out slowly, two indentations pushing out the polo shirt, growing fuller and more buoyant until they hung beautifully from her chest, a recreation of her own. But Zed went further, taking her jealously of other girls from her school as permission to make her breasts larger. He swelled them out into perfect teardrop shapes, the curves pristine, the little nipples like exclamation points at the end of each. When he was done her breasts were more immense than before. Not massively pornstar sized, but enough to grab attention, and better than those of the catty bitches from her school.

Jane's eyes went wide and she kept murmuring her allegiance to Zed, her disbelief disappearing as she watched the changes happening to her. Her brother's stomach firmed up, a little hint of abs appearing. The light dusting of hair withdrew and the skin darkened to a rich golden hue. The changes radiated down her thighs, morphing them up into feminine curves even more incredible than her real legs. Here, too, Zed smoothed and bronzed her skin. The little moles and scars disappeared and her thighs and calves tightened up, light muscles forming beneath. When Zed was done Jane's body looked like something straight out of a swimsuit catalogue, her skin airbrushed to impossible smoothness.

Next Zed went to work on Jonah's face and hair. He softened Jonah's looks, plumping out his lips and his cheeks, adjusting his features until he was a perfect copy of Jane. And then he continued. She was already a beauty but Zed increased it tenfold, turning her soft girl-next-door looks into something more fiercely hot. He widened her eyes and slightly morphed her nose, giving it that perfect little upturn, before moving on to make her cheekbones striking, her eyes delicious almond shapes, and tinting the color of her irises an enchanting shade of green. Her auburn hair formed itself into perfectly coiffed waves that spilled down her shoulders, curling down slightly over her forehead and nearly covering one eye. He filled out her lips and adjusted her philtrum so that it left her lips slightly parted, revealing a delicious hint of pure white teeth and giving her a constant look of slightly bewildered desire.

He retracted the cock between her legs, letting it disappear into her body. For an instant she was as smooth as a doll before a dainty slit appeared, the lips tight together, the hair perfectly shaved into a thin line. He increased her sensitivity, allowing her to cum whenever she wanted at the right touch.

When he was done and Jane smiled it radiated pure delight. She had the body of a goddess, all tight curves and dark good looks. A body women would die for and men would kill for.

"That is your reward for belief," Zed said in her richer voice, a voice tinged with lust and just the right amount of throatiness to stir men's loins.

"Thank you, Zed. I'm beautiful," she said, running her hands across her face and her body, marveling in the perfect softness of her skin. It wasn't beauty for beauty's sake that Jane desired, but the power over people that came with it.

The sound of Lisa and Jay returning to their room alerted Zed to the fact that he would have to leave Jane for the moment.

"The others do not yet believe in me but they will. Until I reveal myself to them you must worship me in secret, lest all God's work be undone by lack of faith."

"Anything, Zed," Jane said, still entranced by her own beauty.

"Then stay hidden in your room for now. All will be revealed in time."

Zed flitted out of Jane's body, through the wall separating her from her brother, and back into Jane's former body, where Jonah now resided permanently.

Zed landed back in Jane's original body, putting Jonah's mind to sleep as he did so. Jonah had dressed Jane in her pink, fur-trimmed ski jacket and matching pink beanie. Tan leather snow boots were laced up to her calves, overlapping the skin tight jeans that clung to her lithe frame.

In Jane's old body, Zed returned to the living room to wait for the others. Charlotte was cleaning the dishes as Zed took a seat on the easy chair by the smoldering fire. The others joined him a few minutes later, all but Charlotte dressed to go out hiking in the snow. Christopher wore a ridiculous puffy jacket that made him look like a round orange ball. Zed noticed a tension between Lisa and Jay.

Every little move by Lisa to create intimacy was rebuffed. She would do something like grab Jay's hand casually and he would slip free to go talk to someone else. Zed hated the hurt he saw in Lisa's eyes and had to stifle the urge to take Jay right there and treat her right. Patience. Lisa would be his in time.

"All right, let's go," Chet clapped his mittened hands. "You coming, Charlotte?"

"I'm feeling a little tired. I'll just stay here and rest by the fire."

"Suit yourself," Chet shrugged.

"Is Jonah coming?" Lisa asked.

"He wasn't feeling well, he's going to stay here," Zed said quickly.

"Oh, okay," Lisa said, glancing briefly at Jay as if for confirmation.

The cold air rushed in as soon as they opened the door, and the group hurried outside. The sounds of the morning were muffled, and morning sunlight dazzled their eyes from the snow-hung trees. Jay and Lisa led the way back down the driveway, already bickering about which way they should go. Lisa wanted to stick to the roads but Jay wanted to try to cut through the trees to the edge of the mountain. Mark and Marlene followed behind, holding hands and pointing to the sights, while Christopher trundled along behind them.

Chet had paused, ostensibly waiting for the rest of the group but clearly waiting to see what Jane would do. Zed smiled shyly at him and scooted past him, placing one of Jane's hands on Chet's chest and the other on Chet's butt as he did so. Once past he gave a little backward glance, a slight smile, and then followed the group. Zed heard Chet fall into step behind him and a moment later he was by Zed's side.

They went slow, allowing the others a sizeable lead. Jay and Lisa's bickering faded away. Zed looked up at Chet, who seemed so much taller and rounder from Jane's small frame. An ogre of a man with a mind to match.

"How's school treating you?" Chet asked, making poor small talk.

"Good, I guess," Zed said. "Some of the guys are so dumb though. It's like they don't know how to treat women."



“Yeah,” Chet agreed, “Guys at that age can be assholes.”

“Not just at that age.” Zed paused. “But...something weird happened to me this morning.”

“Oh?”

“I was visited by a...a spirit. Zed.” Chet’s eyes sharpened. “He said *you* knew how to treat a woman.”

“Did he?”

Zed could hear the lust in Chet’s voice. Zed took Chet’s hand and led him off the road. Chet was only too eager to follow. They picked their way down a small creek bed by the side of the road, boots slipping in the snow. Pushing through the trees they soon came to a place where the forest thinned and a patch of sunlight illuminated an outcropping of smooth rock. When they were both alone and standing at the top of the rock Zed turned and looked up at Chet. He was at least a head taller than Jane, and Zed had to stand on her tiptoes, resting both hands on Chet’s chest, in order to kiss him.

Chet kissed him back instantly, warm breath filling Zed’s mouth. Chet took Jane’s cold fingers in his hands and squeezed gently. Zed slipped Jane’s tongue out, ran it around Chet’s lips until he opened them, and then Zed slipped inside to taste him. Jane’s body was eager to warm as their tongues met. Zed felt Chet’s eagerness, his body taut, his lips yearning to press against hers.

Chet ran his hands up Jane’s arms and then down her waist. With a hungry moan he pulled her close, crushing Zed against his heavy bulk. Zed unzipped Chet’s coat and thrust Jane’s cold hands beneath Chet’s sweater and against his bare chest. Chet gasped and Zed pulled away, laughing with Jane’s sweet delight.

Zed wiggled his hips and slowly unzipped his pink coat, putting on a show for Chet. When Zed had unzipped Jane’s coat all the way he let it slip off his shoulders. His cheeks were red and his eyes twinkled.

“Aren’t you cold?” Chet asked, great puffs of warm air appearing at each breath.

“Zed will keep us warm,” Zed said, and placed Jane’s hands on Chet’s cheeks, using his powers to spill warmth through them both.

Chet tossed off his coat and then grabbed Jane again, kissing her, petting her, hands roaming up and down Zed’s borrowed body, squeezing Jane’s little ass, roaming back up to her perfect tits. It wasn’t long before he pulled the sweater off over her head and unclasped her bra. Jane’s tits fell free and Chet gaped at them in open-mouthed astonishment. He tore off his gloves and wrapped his hands around each breast, sighing in satisfaction as he stroked her body. Chet had been longing to do this for so long and now that he had Jane he intended to savor her.

He leaned down and kissed his way across each tit, fingers stroking Jane’s soft skin, tongue circling her strawberry-pink nipples until they sharpened like diamonds. Zed was growing delightfully anxious, a beautiful tension building between Jane’s legs and spreading through her body. As Chet suckled on each tit Zed unbuttoned his pants and stepped out of them. Chet’s cock was visible even beneath his pants, hard and ready for Jane.

With his mouth still on Jane’s tits, Chet’s hands slipped down her body, following the curve of her waist, over her ass and between her legs. His meaty fingers stroked over her delicate cotton panties,

pressing lightly into the fabric, but enough to dab up Jane's growing moisture. Zed barely had to do anything, Jane's body was so ripe, so ready to be plucked.

Zed rolled the panties down his legs and lay back naked on the bare rock. His powers warmed the rock beneath his ass and the air around, melting a perfect circle from the snow around himself and Chet. Zed spread his legs spread to reveal Jane's pussy. Her lips were already slightly parted for Chet, dotted with moisture beneath the coarse line of her auburn pubic hair. She was an angel, and Chet's breath hitched in his throat as Zed spread her for him. Zed grabbed Jane's tits, fondling himself, squeezing his taut breasts together until the fingers dimpled his skin. He pressed his tits against his chest, gripping and releasing, relishing the delight spreading through Jane's body as he made her fondle herself.

"Oh, fuck me, Chet," Zed moaned in Jane's sultry voice, as his body shivered with a tiny orgasm.

Chet scrabbled for his pants, dropping them down to his ankles and pulling out his cock. It was already hard for Jane. He knelt between her legs and guided the head of his dick against her opening. Zed moaned in anticipation, Jane's body needing to be filled. There was a pressure between her legs, growing more intense as Chet slowly guided himself inside her. Jane parted for him, Chet's cockhead slipping inside inch by inch, until he was nestled within Jane's slick opening.

Chet slid in slowly, staring down at Jane's pussy as he entered her, filling her, until he was thrust in to the hilt and his heat was deep inside Jane's tiny body. He withdrew, and Zed craned his neck to watch Chet's throbbing cock, now slick with Jane's lust. Chet plunged in again with a heavy sigh, and Zed dropped his head back, hands still working his tits.

"Oh, Chet. Oh god, yes," Zed moaned as Chet sped up to a medium pace, obviously trying to keep himself in check, trying to draw out this moment of illicit delight, but so, so needy for Jane.

Each thrust in made Jane's body thump, the desire and tension twisting ever tighter. Zed threw back his head and moaned as he was filled, over and over again. Chet was gasping in great, raggedy gasps, his hands gripping Jane's waist, thrusting in deep. His greedy piggy eyes were narrowed as he reached the edge of his control.

And, oh, how the power of Chet's belief enhanced Zed's power. In this moment, with Chet's desire fulfilled, he worshiped Zed. But Zed knew it would be fleeting, and he wanted Chet to truly understand the power he was tempting.

"Oh, Chet," moaned Zed, "Do you want my body?"

"Oh god, yes," Chet cried sinking in deep.

"Then have it," Zed hissed, opening his eyes wide.

He thrust his essence into Chet's body, yanking Chet's mind out and throwing it into Jane. Now Zed was behind Chet's eyes in time to see the look on Jane's face go from orgasmic to confused as Chet found himself in the body he so coveted, his new pussy filled by his former cock. Zed slid into the hilt, feeling Jane's tight little pussy convulse around his cock. Zed had timed it right. It was too late for both of them. He thrust in and came, Chet's cock throbbing, emptying himself into Jane's body, enjoying the look on her face as Chet realized he was being fucked with his own dick, filled with his own cum.

She wriggled beneath him, Chet's mind trapped in Jane's body as her orgasm spilled through him and he cried out. Each pump drove another cry from Jane's lips, her voice cracking as Chet

involuntarily raised her hips to meet his former cock, filling himself on his own dick as his seed spilled into his new pussy. Chet laughed as he drove deep, emptying himself into Jane's delicate body until his cock was finished. Then he pulled out, his dick dripping with their mingled essence.

"What did you do?" Chet asked, gaping down at the taut teenage body he now possessed, shaking every now and then with an aftershock. He was so horny for himself, even now, through his terror, he desired the body he was in.

Chet's hands came up to his tits, squeezing them in disbelief before dropping them and letting them bounce down his chest. He scrambled to sit up, trying to cover himself, his fingers landing in between his legs and on his own wetness. He grimaced, Jane's nose wrinkling in disgust at the cum on his fingers.

"You do not get to bargain with me," Zed commanded. "There is no negotiation. I tell you what to do and if you obey you are rewarded."

"And if not?" Chet asked.

Zed smiled and gestured to Jane's body. Chet's bravado left him immediately. "Please," he sobbed, "Change me back. I'll do whatever you want."

"Suck your own dick."

"What?"

"You heard me." Power flashed through Zed and Chet's cock, still slick with his cum and Jane's juices, grew to attention, pointed right at Jane's lips. "This is your punishment for even thinking of going back on our deal. Suck your dick and you can have your body back."

Chet's lip quivered but he obeyed, moving to his knees and grabbing his former cock. He opened Jane's mouth and swallowed the head, lips slowly travelling down his former dick. Jane's little mouth was so warm on Zed's cock and he smiled, watching her take him in. The salty taste of himself was on Chet's tongue and he grimaced as he slid his lips up and down his own shaft, opening his mouth as wide as he could. With another flick of Zed's powers he made Chet push his lips all the way down his cock, until Jane's nose was pressed into Zed's groin and the head of his former dick hit the back of his new throat.

Chet moved faster, swirling his head around, trying his best to make Zed cum fast so he could end the humiliation. But Zed held on, watching Chet move Jane's little lips up and down, her mouth wrapped around his dick as it disappeared between her lips and reappeared wet with saliva. Soon Zed started thrusting into Jane's mouth as Chet lowered his lips. Chet moved faster, keeping the pressure, sucking as well as he could. The desire grew, centered at the base of Zed's dick, urgent and willing, and then Zed released himself with a groan.

He came inside Jane's mouth, hand pushing her head all the way down his cock as Chet sputtered, his new mouth filled with his own warm seed. He swallowed as much as he could but some dripped down his chin. Zed held him there, throbbing across her tongue until he was empty. When he released Chet, Chet pulled off with a groan. Cum spilled down his cheeks and he wiped it with his tiny fingers, looking up at Zed with Jane's big green eyes. Now he was chastened.

"May I have my body back, master?" Chet asked, like an obedient girl.

Zed nodded and reached his hand down to the humiliated and broken man below him. Like a dog, Chet had learned who the real alpha was and was duly chastened. Zed yanked Chet's mind back

into his own body, before returning himself to Jane. They got dressed wordlessly, Chet refusing to meet Zed's eyes. Zed could still feel Chet's seed dripping down Jane's thighs, her panties still slightly damp with excitement.

"Now, Chet," Zed began as he took Chet's hand in Jane's and began leading him back towards the road. "You will serve Charlotte and love her, second only to me. Your happiness is contingent on hers. Love her, obey her, and you will be rewarded."

"Yes, master," Chet nodded, his eyes dulled.

They clambered back up onto the snowy road just as Lisa stomped around the bend, heading back to the cabin. Her hands were clenched and her face was screwed up tight.

"I don't understand what's going on with you!" She shouted to someone behind her.

Jay appeared seconds later, stumbling through the boot-high snow to keep up and continue their argument.

"Me? It was your idea to go on vacation with everyone. If I'd have known you were going to give me some kind of ultimatum I never would have come."

Zed dropped Chet's hand as Lisa passed, but she barely glanced at the two of them.

"Not an ultimatum," Lisa paused and stared back at him. "Just some goddamn affection. Like I'm your wife, not one of your clients. This trip started off so well but now..." She shook her head and continued toward the cabin.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Jay mumbled, stopping near Zed and Chet.

He turned, about to give up on Lisa. Zed saw his opportunity and quickly tweaked Jonah's mind before leaping across the short painful void to Jay.

He landed inside Jay's mind, looking out at the world through the older man's eyes. His dark winter peacoat and gloves weren't quite enough to keep out the creeping cold so Zed warmed the air around him. It was so easy with all this power, barely an inconvenience. By the side of the road, Jane swayed slightly as Jonah's mind resumed control of her body. Zed glanced at Chet.

"Go to your wife," Zed ordered.

"Yes, master," Chet said, hurrying off toward the cabin.

Mark, Marlene and Christopher appeared around the bend, clearly returning to the cabin and just as eager to allow Lisa and Jay their space. Christopher glanced at Jane and their eyes met. A smile spread across Jane's lips, happy and eager as she gazed at the new love of her life.

Zed smiled at the love-struck young woman, her new feelings the result of Zed's last tweak. "Go to him."

"Yes, master," Jane grinned gleefully and bounded towards Christopher. She threw herself into his arms, nearly bowling him over in his puffball jacket, and kissed him.

Power licked at Zed like flames, warping the air around him. Even this small band of followers he'd gathered provided enough power for him to fuel his desires. He could live happily here, content to rule his tiny kingdom as a minor demon. Or he would be, once he had Lisa.

By the time Zed arrived at the cabin Lisa had locked herself in the bedroom. Zed knocked quietly.

"Lisa?"

"Go away," she cried from behind the door.

Zed placed his hand around the doorknob. It was an easy matter to slide the bolt back from outside and open the door. Lisa looked up at him from where she was huddled on the bed, surprised at his entry, her eyes red-rimmed and her face streaked with tears. Zed's heart softened to see his only human love so sad and vulnerable.

"I don't want to talk to you," she wiped her eyes with the palm of her hand.

"I told you I would come back one day. Years and years and years will not erode my love for you."

She peered up at him as he smiled that old confident, cocky smile, so out of place on Jay's dour features.

"Zed?"

He sat on the bed and took her in his arms. She huddled up against him and he stroked her back, nestling his nose into her golden hair and inhaling the sweet scent of her.

"I'm here," he whispered.

"Oh, Zed," she clung to him. "I've missed you so much."

"And I you."

‘Why did you leave me?’ She sniffed and looked up at him.

Zed stared into her emerald eyes, drinking in her soft face, the delicate slip of nose, the little freckles across the bridge of her nose.

“Sometimes even demons have demons. I did not want her to harm you so I had to leave.”

“And now you’re back.”

Zed stroked her cheek and settled a strand of rich red hair behind a slender ear. She didn’t need to know what he’d had to do to escape the succubus who’d latched herself onto him so long ago. Of the people he’d had to throw in her path until he could trap her in her own dimension. So he said simply: “I’m back.”

As she gazed into his eyes Zed let the power flow through him, reversing Jay’s age. His bald head sprouted a thick mane of black hair, elegantly styled to swoop back over his head. The wrinkles around his eyes smoothed out and his face thinned, the plumpness disappearing, the double chin tightening back up to youthful vigor. His stomach sucked in, replaced with a solid six pack of abs Jay never had. The changes coursed across his skin, removing the marks and the scars of old age, leaving Jay more fit and muscular than he had ever been.

He kissed Lisa, bringing their lips together slowly. She kissed him back slowly, leaning on him as they explored each other. Zed allowed his power to flow through Jay’s lips and into Lisa’s body, reversing her age as well. Her face become young and girlish, her bust tightened, breasts regaining the buoyancy of youth as her skin relinquished its flaws and regained her young, golden glow. As the years dropped away their energy rebounded and Jane pushed herself onto him, knocking Zed onto his back on the bed.

She straddled him, grinning hungrily, her fingers gripping his coat. She was young and fiery and sexy and *his*. She kissed him again, needier this time, their tongues slipping against each other, exploring the other’s mouths. Zed grabbed her cheeks and crushed her to him, needing to taste her, to be close to her, and she did the same. Her fingers twined through his hair as she leaned on him, breasts resting on his chest as they made out like teenagers, desperate and full of pent-up desire, their young bodies crying out for each other.

They tore the clothes off each other in a passionate frenzy, tossing them to the side and falling naked in bed together. Zed lay on top of Lisa, one of his legs in between hers, the heat of his cock resting against her thigh. They continued kissing, Lisa’s tongue shooting into Zed’s mouth and he sucked on her tongue as their hands explored the contours of each other’s bodies. Her hands slid down his side, gripping his taut buttocks while he caressed her breast, palming it and tweaking her little pink nipples with thumb and forefinger.

Zed played her body like a fine instrument and was rewarded with the beautiful music of her sighs. She gasped into his mouth. Zed continued to caress her, pulling away from her soft lips so he could stare down at her body in wonder as he followed her curves with his hand. He trailed over her trim stomach and then down between her legs, teasing her entrance. She was already wet for him, her youthful body eager and ready, and his fingertips trailed across her dew, spreading it up and down her entrance.

He shuffled down and took a breast in his mouth, kissing the round firmness before suckling on her nipple. His tongue teased her even as his teeth nipped her sensitive nub while, between her legs, his

hands continued to strum her maidenhead. He circled the tiny nub of her pleasure and she moaned again: "Oh, Zed."

Zed was harder than Jay had been in a long time, and he carefully positioned himself between Lisa's legs. His cockhead pressed against her opening. Her lips parted for him and then with one strong thrust he was inside her. Now it was Zed's turn to groan as he slipped through her heat, his cock spreading her slick canal, and he drove in to the hilt slowly. Their bodies were connected and he kissed her once again as he stilled inside her, just living in the moment, basking in her fragile wet heat.

And then he withdrew and plunged in again, pushing a strangled gasp from Lisa's lips. Zed stared down at her, memorizing her beauty as she stared up at him. He tweaked his cock inside her, making it fit her perfectly, the head just touching up against the nub of her inner pleasure. Zed then connected their minds and they each experienced the other's pleasure, two people both sharing two different bodies. Her eyes widened and she opened her mouth to speak but just gasped as pleasure lit up her entire body, the twin pleasure that lit through Zed. Zed could feel himself filling and being filled, as could she. He felt her orgasm as his own and she felt his desire.

Their bodies rocked together, both their voices rising in pitch, Lisa's cries emanating from her husband's vocal cords as Zed wrapped Lisa's legs around Jay's body and urged him in deeper, Zed calling out Lisa's name with her own lips, their minds mingling. Now they were one entity sharing two bodies, locked together in lust, pumping, Zed plunging in and feeling himself filled through Lisa's pussy, Lisa's cock throbbing inside him and then they came. Lisa arched her back and Zed thrust in, his cock throbbing as he emptied himself into her, the sweet relief shared between them, along with the feeling of fullness, the throbbing within and the taking.

They shared their orgasm, Jay's short and sharp, Lisa's long and deep. Zed kept their minds entwined all throughout as he lay inside her, enjoying her wet heat, the shudder of her aftershocks as she came back down to earth.

Still entwined, she looked up at him and stroked his cheek.

"Oh, Zed, never leave me."

"I promise."

Zed kissed her once again, long and slow, the beginning of a blissful eternity.

## Epilogue

There are rumors of a cabin somewhere in the woods. A small secluded spot in the mountains where it is always winter and the cabin, if you come upon it, is cheerily lit with warm lights. It doesn't exist on any map. The closer one gets the more tangled the roads become and visitors almost always end up back where they started.

Leaving the road and travelling through a twisted trail sometimes gets people to the cabin. Or sometimes visitors are distracted by an impossibly beautiful young woman who appears out of nowhere. She has a beauty so compelling travelers cannot deny her any wish she wants, and a few lucky ones claim to have had slept with her. But mostly she leads any visitors on a merry chase until they're thoroughly lost and miles from anywhere. That's when she disappears, leaving them confused and alone to make their own way back to the main roads.

Other visitors claim to have seen a couple, naked in the snow, her much older than him, holding hands as they frolic. Still others have seen a rotund young man and a gorgeous auburn-haired young woman basking in the glow of each other's company. There are rumors that the leaders of this group of people are a strikingly fit redhead and a charming devilish man. Some have even talked to them, but the specifics drift away as soon as they're out of sight, leaving nothing more than ghosts of memories.

Still, maybe if you search hard enough you'll come upon the cabin. Perhaps you'll see them at their bacchanal, naked and split off into various small groups, all coupling with each other, their cries of delight muffled by the snow that always seems to fall.

But mostly this little kingdom exists alone and cut-off from the world, and whatever delights or secrets they share are known only to the small group of people who live in the cabin deep in the woods.



## Deeper Undercover

Ivan remained hidden in the darkness between two grey-green sea containers as Ella led Claire past him and deeper into the bowels of the warehouse. Claire was on alert, peering into every corner, eyes constantly moving as Ella kept up a continuous stream of prattle to calm her own nerves.

“And the drugs are hardly ever late. Almost never. Because Ivan would fucking flip so they make sure to get here on time so I’m positive they’re coming in right here. Any minute now, really, just through here you should be able to see them. We’re gonna be the new fucking kingpins of New York!”

“You mean the queen-pins,” Claire replied, deadpan but still wary.

Ella’s chocolate-brown hair hung limply down her face and she pushed it out of her eyes as she paused to make sure Claire was still following her. The harsh sodium lights of the warehouse docks made Ella’s sallow face even paler and turned her already dark-ringed eyes into pits of blackness. Her body was a slender line, broken only by the swell of two fake breasts, and she was twitchy and nervous from her long-time drug habit.

Claire was a sharp contrast, all lean muscle and taut curves. Her blonde ponytail swished as she walked past Ivan’s hiding spot. Ivan’s cock twitched in his pants as he stared at her incredible ass swaying in those tight jeans. A pity that, as a cop, she was on the wrong side of the law. Ivan just couldn’t see himself falling for someone who worked for the same organization that had been trying to bring him down for months. He hadn’t become the third biggest drug supplier in the city by being stupid. He comforted himself with the thought that soon he’d be able to get a taste of that body practically any time he wanted.

One of Ivan’s connections down at police headquarters—a system admin with gambling debts Ivan had helped disappear—had warned him there was an undercover cop snooping around. Ivan’s sometimes-girlfriend Ella had befriended her, pretending a deep sympathy with the law and a desire to see Ivan taken down. She’d earned Claire’s trust by helping to bust a few of Ivan’s low-level dealers, a few crumbs he’d had to throw her way in order to reel in the big fish. Now, Ella had convinced Claire that there was an imminent shipment of drugs due to be delivered here tonight and Claire had showed up, evidently expecting to get enough evidence to take Ivan down. Little did she know what Ivan had in store for her.

“Ella,” Claire whispered when she got close, “Let’s calm down and stay quiet.”

“Sure. I’m calm. I’m always calm. They used to call me Silent Ella back at the house because I never made a peep. I can be quiet. Yeah.” Ella nodded vigorously. “You ready to be rich?”

Ivan was starting to regret withholding the hit of heroin from Ella prior to her doing this job, as the withdrawal symptoms were obviously making her jumpier and more fidgety than usual. Too late for that now. He’d seen Claire sending a message on her phone before entering the maze of boxes within the warehouse, probably to her colleagues nearby who’d be on high alert and ready to burst in when she gave the signal.

As Ella led Claire towards the center of the warehouse, Ivan slipped out from his hiding space and followed them. He held his gun in front, already cocked and loaded. His impeccably tailored suit highlighted his broad muscles, and he was impressively agile for such a burly guy.

Ivan followed the women as they weaved through the darkened warehouse, watching his little mouse get closer to the trap. As they neared the center, the dim glow of the lamps began to appear, accompanied by the low hum of a diesel generator. Ivan crept closer, still hidden by the darkness, as Ella turned the final corner into a little space that had been cleared out amid the boxes and cargo.

A giant, industrial lamp stood in front of a large metal box covered with switches and lights. Two helmets were affixed to seats on either side of the box, thick cables linking them to the machine and each other. Dr. Vostock, a wild-haired man in a tweed jacket, was connecting the contraption to a humming generator, his back to the women.

Ella stepped out into the pool of light but Claire hung back. Ella turned and smiled at her. Even Ivan could see that was too much, Ella's face shark-like and predatory. Instinctively, Claire took a step back. Ivan pressed his gun against her lower back and grabbed her in a chokehold.

"Going somewhere?" He growled in her ear.

The sweet scent of her floral shampoo filled his nose and his cock twitched again. He shoved her into the light and she just managed to keep her feet. Dr. Vostock turned at the sound of her gasp, his face registering surprise and worry. Didn't matter. He'd only be needed for a little while longer.

"Hello, Claire," Ivan said, stepping into the circle of light.

"I got her! I got her! I got her!" Ella was practically dancing with joy. Ivan turned an icy look on her and she went silent.

"Dr. Vostok, is the machine ready?" Ivan asked.

"I, uh, well, yes, but I must register again my displ—"

"Got it." Ivan cut him off and motioned Claire towards the nearest chair. "Sit down."

With a gun pointed directly at her, Claire complied. Reluctantly, she sat down in one of the seats hooked up to the machine. Ivan had Ella tie Claire's hands to the armrests with two thick pieces of rope and then pushed her head back, jamming a gag of rags in her mouth before Dr. Vostok nervously adjusted the straps of the helmet tightly over Claire's blonde hair. When it was done she couldn't even turn her head.

Dr. Vostok whispered something to her. Sentimental old fools was probably apologizing. Then the doctor stepped back and glared at Ivan.

Ivan ignored him and turned to Ella. "Your turn."

"What? But baby, I—"

"I know," Ivan stepped towards her and took her chin in two fingers. "You did good. You got our little rat. But there's one more thing you gotta do. Sit in the chair."

"No, come on, I don't do good under pressure. I can't do this."

Ivan gripped her chin harder and she stopped babbling. He looked deep into her heavysset brown eyes and recognized the weakness there.

“Fuck it. If you can’t do the damn job I will.” Ivan gave his gun to Ella and sat in the chair on the other side of the machine facing Claire. “Tie me up nice and tight.”

She did so, and then Dr. Vostock adjusted the helmet over his head, his eyes flicking to Ella’s gun.

“Don’t fucking try it,” Ivan warned. “No quick moves. She’s a little twitchy.”

The doctor nodded. He knew better than to trust his life to some doped-up junkie like Ella.

With trembling fingers, the doctor pushed a series of buttons and the hum of the machine grew louder. Pressure began building in Ivan’s head. The force pounded against his skull, grew heavier, denser, and then there was an explosion—an impact felt rather than heard—as his consciousness was ripped from his body. For a second he floated weightlessly through the air, all sensations cut off, a being of pure thought. In less than a second, he was back down to earth.

The hard metal chair was back beneath his butt, the cold wood of the armrest beneath each hand. There was a metallic taste in his mouth. The world was fuzzy and nonsensical to his confused brain, and then it snapped back into focus.

He was on the other side of the room staring at a chair in which was tied a burly bald man in a suit. The man looked familiar and it took a second for Ivan to realize that it was him. His former body, at least. The sudden realization was hilarious and he laughed out loud, a high-pitched, giddy laugh.

Suddenly, Ella was leaning down in front of his face, her brow furrowed. “Ivan? Are you okay?”

“Feel like a whole new person.” Ivan laughed again at the sound of his lighter contralto voice.

“Extreme giddiness and loss of equilibrium are symptoms of the swap. They’ll pass in a minute as the minds adjust,” Dr. Vostock spoke up from behind Ella.

Ella undid the straps of Ivan’s helmet and cut him loose from the chair. Ivan tried to stand but immediately lost his balance and fell onto Ella. His whole proprioception was off, the space his body occupied felt wrong, and he was surprised Ella could hold him up before realizing he was much lighter now. He pushed himself off Ella with another laugh and stood, swiping the soft blonde hair that obscured his vision out of his eyes as he staggered across the room to where Claire sat, trapped in the chair and in Ivan’s old body.

His hips moved differently and his center of gravity was all wrong. It was like balancing on a log. With every step his body bounced in new and different ways, especially his chest. He looked down at himself and was greeted with the sight of Claire’s grey shirt, her breasts pressing out the fabric, so huge from his new perspective. He grabbed them, his tiny hands covering each breast to stop them from moving.

“Thanks for the tits,” Ivan said, squeezing them. “These are definitely going to come in *handy*. Get it?”

Claire struggled in her seat but couldn’t move, even with all of Ivan’s strength. Ivan turned to Ella and grabbed her hand before pulling her close to him. She gasped and then their mouths met. Ivan slipped his tongue against Ella’s soft lips, felt their breasts press together. A spark of warmth flared to life between his legs, not as immediately insistent as when he had a cock, but still pulling his thoughts like a magnet. He gazed into Ella’s eyes.

“You taste as delicious as ever.” Ivan said, stroking her cheek.

Ivan took the gun from her hand and turned to the doctor. “Unfortunately, Doc, I’m going to have to change the terms of our deal.”

Ivan shot the doctor twice in the chest and Dr. Vostock staggered back, falling against some boxes and then to the floor just outside the circle of light. Claire muffled a groan and Ivan turned to her, saw that her eyes were clear and bright again, fully cognizant of her situation.

“Now what are we going to do with you?” Ivan wondered aloud, caressing her cheek with the barrel of the gun. “Be a pity to kill such a beautiful specimen of a man. But you gotta do what you gotta do.”

He pressed the gun against her head and she shut her eyes. Ivan held the gun there for a beat until a thought hit him.

“Let me just leave you with a little parting gift.”

Ivan set the gun on the floor and pulled off his shirt. He dropped it to the floor and pushed the silky blonde hair out of his eyes before gazing down at his new body. Two wonderful breasts disappeared beneath a simple white bra. The curves were so elegant and he stroked himself, enjoying the softness of his skin, the way his feathery touch sent little shivers of pleasure through him. He watched as he made Claire’s fingers touch herself, roaming over her bra, squeezing until his fingers dimpled her gentle flesh and his body warmed. This was his body now, his tits, his pussy, to do with as he wanted.

He reached round and unstrapped his bra with some difficulty before shrugging it to the floor. His breasts bounced free and he gathered them in his hands, squeezing them again, fingers splayed over each one. They were taut and jiggled slightly beneath his touch as he ran his hands over them, squeezing them up against himself before dropping them and gathering them up again. His fingers found his nipples as they spiked into sharp points and he pinched them, too hard at first, gasping in an airy breath before laughing and trying again, softer this time, pulling them gently away from himself and releasing them to watch them snap back into place.

“Mmm,” he moaned in Claire’s throaty voice, “I’m going to enjoy having this body more than I thought. Let’s see the rest of it, shall we?”

Claire struggled in her chair, grunting around the rags as Ivan danced for her, swishing his hips back and forth as he pushed the jeans down his long legs and stepped out of them. Then he rolled the panties down his legs and ran a hand down his chest and over his ass, turning to admire himself, giving his butt a little smack and laughing as it jiggled slightly, accompanied by another burst of heat between his legs. Claire really did have an incredible body, muscular and lithe, and now he stared down at the light tuft of blonde hair between his legs, letting his hands trace down over his hips and across his mound.

God, he wished he had his dick so he could fuck this little pussy. Just the thought sent goosebumps across his body. Instead he used his fingers to stroke the line of his entrance up and down, watching his body respond, the pussy lips growing looser and opening for him as his cheeks burned with warmth. His other hand roamed through his hair and he threw back his head, enjoying the feel of his new contours, the silky hair, the wonderful airy sound of his little gasps. Oh, he was going to enjoy getting his hands on this undercover agent’s body. Claire was staring at him, hate in her eyes and a hardon in her pants.

“Not bad,” Ella said, appraising his body.

Ivan's other hand came up to a breast and he stroked it while allowing a finger to dip into himself, felt his pussy part for himself and then he landed on his new slick folds. Delicious waves of warmth flowed through his body. His fingers found his wetness and spread it up and down his entrance. The little pussy lips clung to his finger, so delicate to stroke.

He placed a foot up on Claire's lap so he could spread himself right in front of her eyes, show her her own bare pussy as he fingered himself. She couldn't move her head and her eyes were wide as she watched him manipulate her body, her cock excited at the sight of him despite herself.

Ivan saw her looking and his lips curled into a smile. He stroked his pussy faster, little fingers finding his slick clit and making his body pulse with delight. His breathing quickened, cheeks blushing red as his fingers slipped in deeper, past his waiting entrance and into his slick folds. He felt delicious, wet and hot, each motion driving the pulsing pleasure higher until he threw back his head and moaned, still caressing his breast as an orgasm shook him.

The slick sounds of his pleasure were so wonderfully enticing and he continued stroking himself down through the pleasure, his body never really resetting but reaching a plateau from which it was ready to rise again. He increased the pressure on his clit, fingers circling faster, and the pleasure rose instantly, faster and more urgent this time, erupting through him. He gasped as the electric pleasure filled him, jaw dropping open and a tiny moan escaping his lips as he squeezed his tit, enjoying the sight of the cop fingering herself for his own lust. The second orgasm was faster, longer than the first, and he plunged deep into his glorious heat, luxuriating in the slick press of his fingers inside his new body.

When he finally came down he pulled his fingers out of himself and sucked on them, much to Claire's disgust. Then, laughing, he removed his foot from her lap and patted her dick, then turned and got dressed. He handed the gun to Ella.

"Would you like to do the honors?" He asked.

Ella shook her head. "Nah, the bitch can burn."

She kicked one of the nearby electric lamps onto a nearby crate. There was a sharp sizzle and then a whoosh as some oily rags caught fire. The hungry flames licked the nearby boxes, spreading quickly through the dry, closely stacked wooden containers.

"You're a stone-cold bitch," Ivan said, smiling in awe. "I love it."

He took her hand and they headed for the door leaving Claire still tied securely to her chair as the fire closed in.

Back at the police station, Ivan sat in front of the captain's desk, long legs crossed demurely, and relayed the tale he'd made up about fighting off the baddies and how they caused an accidental fire. After just a few hours in Claire's body he already felt confident, moving as if he'd owned it forever. Her partner, Jake, said nothing, just sat in the chair next to Ivan, nodding along.

"I tried to drag Ivan to safety but the fire was spreading too fast so in the end," Ivan shrugged, "I just had to save myself."

"Understandable," the captain said, leaning back and folding his hands over his fat stomach. "We've got forensics down there sifting through the ashes. If we find anything you'll be the first to know."

"Thank you," Ivan said, affecting the humility he assumed Claire would have.

It had all been so easy. No one questioned his version of events because there was no one *to* question them. Claire was dead and Ivan's former body gone with it. Ivan had stashed Ella in Claire's apartment, where she sat waiting for the next step in Ivan's plan. And Ivan was here in the heart of police headquarters with access to every file they had on his rivals.

When Jake and Ivan were dismissed they return to their desks.

"Are you really okay, Claire?" Jake asked. "I knew I should have stopped you. I had this feeling things were going to go wrong."

There was worry in his big brown puppy dog eyes. Even Ivan could admit Jake was a handsome man, with a chiseled jaw and dark good looks. Ivan could just about hear the sound of panties dropping whenever Jake walked into the room. Despite Jake's demeanor and his job, Ivan could sense a softer exterior, maybe even a deeper care for Claire than a traditional office relationship. Possibly even something Ivan could exploit.

"I'm okay, Jake," Ivan insisted, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind an ear. "I can handle myself."

"I know you can but you shouldn't have had to."

"It's done. Ivan's gone. I just want to move on." Ivan held Jake's eyes for a beat too long to be just a friendly glance, hoping he was hinting at something more.

"Okay." Jake finally said.

Claire's desk was next to Jake's and they were a study in contrasts. Her folders were organized neatly into piles, while his were strewn about, open to random pages. Jake sat and took up a yellow legal pad covered with his nearly illegible scrawl and began flipping through the folders on his desk.

Ivan tried to log in but the computer was password protected. Not wanting to draw any more sympathy or suspicion from Jake, Ivan ignored it for the time being and turned to the hard files on his desk. He took his time, trying to act like he knew what he was doing as he flicked through the

files, one by one. Here was all the information the cops had on his rivals in the two other syndicates. Rough sketches. Outlines of the hierarchy. Looked like the cops were still confused about who was in charge of what.

Well, Ivan could help with that.

He flipped through the folders until he found the name of one of the leaders and could plausibly bring it up to Jake.

“Hmm, this guy, Lucas Morley. His name comes up a few times. I think he’s deeper into this thing than we realize.”

“You checked him out, though. Remember?”

“Of course,” Ivan lied, “But something struck me as off about him.”

“You got a hunch?”

“Something like that.” Ivan smiled.

Within a week they’d almost decimated Morley’s operation, rolling up the small dealers, Ivan leading the way to locations and people on a series of “hunches”. Whatever he could plausibly link back to information already in the file. It was almost too easy. He just pointed the cops to a person and they’d swoop in, seizing the drugs.

Then, of course, Ivan would send Ella to fill the gaps in the street trade, plying her with heroin and a safe place to stay in order to act as the new head of his organization. People still wanted drugs and now there were fewer players. Ivan sent Ella out to make offers to the men who’d just had their leaders rolled. Join her or, well, no other option would do. Those that opposed her soon found themselves as suspects in an ever-larger police investigation.

Ella slipped into the role but it was still Ivan pulling the strings behind the scenes, warning his own people of imminent raids, shifting drugs to different warehouses as the cops closed in, staying one step ahead of his own investigation. Through it all he enjoyed waking to see Claire’s beautiful face in the mirror. It wasn’t bad looking like a hot blonde, her expressions his own, her body completely and utterly under his command. He also enjoyed taking Ella daily before work, the two of them licking and fucking each other to an orgasm or two to start the day.

Everything was going well until about a week and a half after the fire. Ivan and Jake were in the office. Ivan had convinced IT to reset his password and was trawling through the database when Jake spoke up.

“This is weird.”

“What’s that?” Ivan turned Claire’s big blue eyes to him.

“You said you left Ivan in the warehouse?”

“Yeah.”

“The investigation only found one body. They can’t identify him but what remains they could identify don’t match up with Ivan.”

Jake handed the file over. Ivan flipped through it. The body was a male. Slight build. Probably in his fifties. That had to be Dr. Vostock, which meant that Claire was still alive somehow.

“How many people did you say were there that night?” Jake asked.

“Well, uh, I only saw Ivan. But it was a big warehouse. There could have been more people hidden.”

“Huh.” Jake wondered.

Goddamnit.



Ivan returned home to Claire's apartment early and in a terrible mood. Ella was lounging on the couch, eating chocolates and watching trashy television. She was lying down, one long leg crossed over the other, a black midriff riding up and revealing a hint of her tits. She knew what Ivan liked and pleased him so he would feed her habit and not kick her back out to the streets. Despite her diet she had the heroin chic thing going on that was popular with models in the late 90s and was still popular with Ivan: dark, hollow eyes, angular face with a haunted look, slender body, big fake breasts.

She jumped to her feet when Ivan stomped in through the door. "Baby!" She cried, throwing her arms wide and assaulting him with a barrage of kisses.

"Yeah, yeah," Ivan said, but he didn't fight her.

Ivan enjoyed how she threw herself into his arms when he came in through the door, and their soft bodies simply fit together. He slipped his arm across her bare back and pulled her close, his tongue thrusting into her mouth as she melted into him, pawing at his breasts, anticipating his mood. Claire's body warmed easily to Ella's touch, and Ivan secretly delighted in controlling this feminine body from the inside, watching the two lesbians while also enjoying their pleasure.

"We got a problem," Ivan said between kisses.

"What is it, baby?" Ella wrapped her arms around him and pressed her forehead to his.

In Claire's body they were roughly the same height. Ella stroked a breast as he told her about the discovery.

"Claire's still alive," he finished, "Running around as me."

"Ooh," Ella said, pulling back. "Is that bad?"

"If she convinces Jake the machine is real this whole thing blows up in our faces real fucking quick. We gotta find her."

"Why not just put a hit out on her and let someone else do the dirty work?"

A smile crept across Ivan's face. "Shit, baby, the fuck didn't I think of that? Maybe being a woman's made me soft."

"I like you soft."

She kissed Ivan again and he gripped her tight and pulled her close, crushing their lips together. Claire's body was desperate, and Ivan felt his little pussy growing moist, a sensation that was still wonderfully novel. He ran his hands through Ella's hair, grabbing a handful. She gasped as he yanked her head back roughly and, with his other hand, pulled up her shirt to wrap his lips around her tits. She always did like it rough, and he nibbled her breast, licking her warm skin, sucking her nipple into his mouth and nipping it with his teeth as she gasped, her own hands coming down to stroke his breasts.

Ivan still loved the sight of tits, and a surge of warmth flitted through him at Ella's tangy taste, at the feel of her nipple on his tongue. He pushed her down the hallway and they threw off each other's clothes until they were both naked in the middle of the living room. Ella grabbed Ivan's tits and kissed them. He stared down at his breasts, secretly delighted to own such wonderful tits, to be able to touch them anytime he wanted. Ella suckled on each one, fingers circling around them, squeezing and caressing, gentle yet firm.

Ivan's body pulsed with warmth and his hand slid down his pants, fingers following the line of Claire's slit until he found his entrance. He stroked himself as Ella feasted on his breasts. His pussy lips parted for his finger and he dipped inside himself, coating his finger with his juices as he slid in and out of his velvety folds.

His breath came faster and his entire body was on fire with a desperate need. He yanked down his pants and grabbed Ella before falling onto the couch, pulling her down on top of him. Her squeal was cut off as he kissed her some more, their soft lips pressed together, body on body, breast resting on breast as their hands explored each other. Ivan grabbed Ella's hair again and spread his legs, pushing her down until her face was between his legs. She knew just what to do, opening her mouth and gliding her tongue up and down the swollen lips of his pussy, tasting his salty essence while he watched her with wide eyes.

Her tongue flicked against his clit, teasing him, sending bursts of heat through him and making him moan. His hands came to his tits, groping himself as Ella feasted on his delicious cunt, tongue moving faster over his slit until she flicked inside and pressed against his clit. Ivan moaned, bucking his waist up to meet her face as she licked and suckled him, using her fingers to help, pressing up inside him, stretching out the walls of his pussy with her tongue and fingers. She stroked in and out as her tongue massaged his clit until he exploded, crying out in Claire's desperate, throaty voice as he came.

The orgasm, as always, was tremendous, making him shiver from head to toe. Ella knew just how to treat his body and he felt himself up as she continued licking him, slower through the orgasm, almost pausing, and then picking up again as his body cooled only slightly, pleasure plateauing briefly before spiking once more beneath her agile tongue and fingers.

The second orgasm was quicker and longer than the first, and he gloried in his stolen pleasure, every inch of his new body on fire with delight and awe as he came, little toes flexing, fingers digging deep into his sensitive tits, eyes wide and staring as he made Claire touch herself and give in to his desires. It was almost as pleasurable watching this stupid cop bitch do his bidding and becoming his lesbian slut as it was to feel her pleasure from the inside.

When he was finally done he pushed Ella away. "No more," he breathed.

She climbed up him and kissed him, letting him taste his delicious tangy pussy on her lips, before she curled up against him, fingers tracing each breast one at a time.

The next day Ivan sent the word out, through Ella, that he was looking for the fake Ivan. If she was killed so much the better, but he wanted her flushed out of wherever she'd managed to hide. Ivan stopped by his old haunts on the premise of investigating the crime syndicates, bringing with him a squad of armored cops to burst down the door of some of his former safehouses. The loss of a couple of thousand dollars product and the jailing of a few members of his organization was worth it on the off chance that Claire was hiding out there pretending to be him as easily as he was pretending to be her. She wouldn't have any safe spaces for much longer.

In the end, Claire apparently decided it was safer to turn herself in, because that evening Ivan got a call from Jake.

"We got him!"

"Got who?" Ivan asked.

"Ivan. He turned himself in."

"What?" Ivan gripped the phone tighter.

"Get down here. He wants to talk."

"Right," Ivan growled. "Don't go in there without me. I want to see this asshole go down."

Ivan threw on some clothes and raced down to the police station where they were holding Claire. Jake was already there and the two of them entered the interrogation room together.

Ivan's old body—with Claire inside—sat on the other side of a small table, handcuffed to the metal chair in which she sat. His former body had a black eye but otherwise looked all right. Even his clothes were presentable. So who the fuck had been helping him? Claire looked up hopefully when the door opened, but the look grew guarded when Ivan stepped in and Claire saw her former body for the first time.

Jake and Ivan took a seat across from Claire, their backs to the two-way mirror. Jake dropped Ivan's file on the table with a satisfying thunk, though both Ivan and Jake—and possible even Claire—knew that most of the papers in the file didn't amount to much and were mostly for show. Ivan sat back and folded his arms beneath his breasts as Jake took his time flicking through the papers. Finally, Jake looked up at Claire.

"Smuggling. Money laundering. Drugs. You're a real Renaissance man, Ivan."

Claire shifted uncomfortably and glanced over at Ivan, who smirked at her.

"Can you—" Claire stopped and set her face into a scowl, changing tact, acting more like Ivan. She pointed to Ivan with her chin. "I'm not saying anything with her in the room."

"What's the matter, Ivan? You think my delicate sensibilities can't handle to hear about how you mutilated some of your enemies and gunned down their families?" Ivan asked.

"I've got plenty to tell," Claire growled, "Just not to you."

“You’ll fucking tell us or rot here until you do.” Ivan slammed the table.

Jake looked over at Ivan and then motioned with his head towards the door. They both rose and stepped out of the interrogation room, Jake closing it behind them.

“She’s really got it in for you for some reason,” Jake said.

“Seems that way. Let’s throw her in the jail now, let her think about it.”

“Hold on, I want to follow this out. Guy up as high on the organization as Ivan and he’s not asking for a lawyer? Something’s going on. He wants to talk.”

“Fuck whatever he wants to say.”

“This guy’s really gotten under your skin, huh, Claire?”

“You could say that.”

“Go sit behind the mirror and cool down. I’ll sound him out.”

“That’s a bad idea. Let me—”

“No, Claire,” Jake insisted, “If I need a bad cop I’ll call you in. I’m worried about you. You want to tell me what’s really going on here?”

Jake stared at him, his mouth a thin line. Seems ol’ Jackie boy really did have the hots for Claire.

“Fine,” Ivan finally said, “But don’t trust him.”

“Of course not.”

Jake waited until Ivan had slipped into the room behind the two-way mirror before returning to join Claire. Ivan watched from behind the glass, arms folded, gripping himself tightly. The speakers in the back room caught every word of the interrogation.

Claire looked calmer, but kept glancing over to the two-way mirror. She knew Ivan was watching her from behind it. When Jake sat down Claire leaned in close and began talking to him in a low voice. Ivan scanned the recording system for the volume knob and turned it up to try to make out what she was saying. She was talking fast, trying to get it all out:

“...unbelievable but it’s true. I am Claire. I went to the warehouse that night. It was a trap. There was a doctor. Dr. Vostock. He had a machine that could swap bodies and Ivan used it to swap with me, then he burned the place down. I got away—”

Jake sat back and rubbed his eyes. “Hold it. That’s convenient. You’re trying to tell me you’re not you?”

“No, I’m Claire!” She said, desperation in her eyes. “I can prove it. Remember that time you and I were working on the Estanova case and I...”

Ivan hurried out of the back room and swung open the door into the interrogation room before Claire could get much further. He motioned for Jake to join him and Jake pushed back his chair and came out into the hallway.

“We let him go on like this for much longer and he’s gonna have a hell of an insanity defense to fall back on,” Ivan said.

Jake ran his hands through his short black hair. “No kidding.”

“This is that feeling I had about him.”

“All right. Any ideas?”

“Let’s let him sit in a cell for a night. See if he talks any more sense in the morning.”

“Yeah. I guess. In the meantime maybe we shake up Ivan’s organization and see if anything falls out.”

“Jake,” Ivan said, touching his arm. “Thanks for talking me down back there. That asshole’s got in my head.”

“No problem. That’s what partners are for.”

“We work really well together,” Ivan said, staring into Jake’s big brown eyes and swiping Claire’s hair out of his own eyes. He bit his bottom lip, glanced down then back up, playing coquettish.

“Thanks for being such a good guy.”

Jake smiled. “Sure.”

Ivan needed Jake on his side. And if he had to use Claire’s body to do it that was a price he’d have to pay.

They arranged to have Claire stay in jail. Ivan accompanied her down to the cells, staying with her to make sure she didn’t try to convince Jake of what had happened. He made sure to point out to the guards how dangerous she was and that they were worried about her sanity, sowing the seeds of doubt so she wouldn’t have any sympathy. Jake and Ivan arranged to meet back at the cells in the late morning and see if Claire was talking any more sense.

Ivan couldn’t let her have that chance.

Ivan was at the station early the next morning. He bluffed his way back to the cells, claiming he was there to transfer Claire somewhere else. One of the guards unlocked the door to Claire's cell with a loud clank and she jumped awake, blinking blearily.

"Morning, sleepyhead, we're going for a ride," Ivan said

He forced Claire to her feet and cuffed her hands in front of her. Then he grabbed her arm and led her through the station. Some of the other officers turned to him, congratulating him on his recent string of busts.

"Yeah, it's easy if you get your ass off the desk once in a while," Ivan retorted to laughter from the assembled crowd. "Excuse me, some of us have work to do!"

He led Claire outside to his car and stuffed her in the backseat. He fell lightly into the driver's seat and started the car before turning around to face her. A metal grille blocked the front seat from the back.

"How's it feel being the bad guy?"

"Fuck you. They'll figure it out. You can't fake your way through my life."

"I already have, sweetie," Ivan said. "I've gotten real used to your life. And I've enjoyed playing with these." Ivan grabbed his tits and laughed then turned and flicked his blonde hair out of his face.

Ivan drove through the city, heading downtown.

"You can do so much with police power. I've knocked off most of my competitors. Your colleagues fucking love you for that. You're the super cop who's figure everything out. And then behind the scenes I step in to fill the holes. I'll be running this town within a month."

"How long do you think you can keep this up?" Ella sneered.

"Long enough," Ivan shrugged.

He continued winding his way down the city streets. Now they were past the shiny commercial district and heading into the seedy part of the city.

"Where are we going?" Ella asked, worried.

"Taking care of a little problem. I can't have you around telling my secrets. There's a chance the cops might actually start digging into it. So I'm going to kill you."

"You're going to kill yourself. Then you'll never get your body back."

"Don't need it anymore. Not when I'm my own hot piece of ass."

Ivan pulled into an alley and killed the car. He got out of the door and drew his gun, then came around the passenger door and opened it.

"Get out. Slowly. Can't have your blood on my car."

Claire scooted over, her face a mask of anger but not fear. Ivan took a step back as she unfolded from the backseat. She towered over him, menacing with his old muscles. He motioned with his gun for her to move down the alley and followed right behind her, the barrel of the gun hard up against her back so she couldn't run.

Claire stumbled and, for a split second, the gun left her back. Before Ivan could react, she dodged to the side and slammed her hands into the gun. It went off with a sharp BANG, the bullet ricocheting off a brick wall. Still in motion, Claire drove an elbow into Ivan's stomach and twisted her arm behind her back, jerking Ivan's elbow up. With a gasp, Ivan dropped the gun and fell to the ground, the wind knocked out of him. Claire picked up the gun and leveled it at his head.

"What are you going to do?" Ivan sneered. "Shoot yourself?"

Claire cocked the gun. "If I have to."

Claire kept her eyes locked on Ivan and slowly backed down the alley towards the car. Feeling for the door handle, she opened the driver's door, jumped in and reversed quickly down the alley.

"Fuck!" Ivan howled as she disappeared out of the alley and down the street.

He felt for his phone before realizing he'd left it in the car. Damn these pants with small pockets. With no other option, he began the long journey uptown, hurrying as fast as he could. It took an hour to get back to headquarters and by the time he arrived he was sweaty and pissed off. Ivan stomped to his desk but was intercepted by Jake, who took him by his arm and steered him into a small supply closet where they were jammed together.

"Where's Ivan? They said you transferred him but there's no log of it. The captain's pissed. What the hell happened?"

"I took him for a ride. Tried to scare him into confessing. I threatened to dump him in Chinatown and let his rivals take care of him but..." Ivan sniffed, drawing out his lie, playing on Jake's affection for Claire. "He escaped. Stole my car. Oh, God, Jake, I fucked up."

Ivan launched himself into Jake's arms, clutching his body and pressing against him. Jake rubbed his back. "It's okay. We can fix this."

Ivan pulled away and gazed into Jake's eyes. "We can't tell the captain. Not yet. Let's get Ivan back first."

"Ok. But you can't stay here, they'll ask questions. I'll drive you home."

Ivan thought of Ella waiting at Claire's apartment. "Not my home. My...sister's visiting. I can't deal with her right now. Take me to your place." The lie came so easily.

Jake hesitated, and for a moment Ivan thought he'd gone too far, but soon Jake agreed. They slipped out the back of the station without being stopped and returned to Jake's place. On the way, Ivan feigned anger at himself for being so careless. Jake was uncharacteristically quiet, glancing over at Ivan every once in a while. When they got to Jake's building, Jake let them inside his apartment and paused in the doorway.

"I'll check in on you in a little bit once I've figured out a story."

"Wait, Jake," Ivan moved closer, resting his hand on Jake's broad chest. "Stay with me," he whispered.

“I...” Jake began, but Ivan stopped him by kissing him on the lips, wrapping his arms around Jake and pulling him close until their bodies pressed together, Ivan’s breasts resting against Jake.

Jake paused only a second and then kissed him back, hard, making Ivan take two steps back until he was up against the wall. Jake’s lips crushed against his, Jake’s hands greedy for Claire’s body in a torrent of pent-up yearning. Ivan gasped into Jake’s mouth as Jake yanked open Ivan’s top and grabbed a breast.

The weight of Jake on him, the heaviness of Jake’s palm covering Ivan’s tender breast sent a flare of desire through Ivan’s body. He scrambled for Jake’s shirt, yanking the buttons apart until he could reach the chest. He pressed his hands against Jake’s warm flesh as Jake’s tongue slid into his mouth, desperate and eager.

They tossed off their clothes as they hurried down the hallway, Ivan’s top and bra landing on the couch, Jake’s pants over the kitchen table, until they tumbled into bed together naked. Ivan was on top, still kissing madly as Jake’s cock grew, pressing against Ivan’s thigh. Ivan’s breasts rested on Jake’s chest and he pushed himself up and stared down at Jake, Claire’s beautiful tits swinging beneath his nose.

Jake took one and sucked on the nipple, making Ivan gasp as the warm heat of Jake’s breath splashed across his skin. He felt the tongue on his nipple, sliding around, then Jake sucked on him. Ivan rocked back and forth, his pussy growing wet as he watched Jake suck on his tit. His whole body was on fire. And now Jake’s cock rested between his legs, their heat joining together.

Ivan felt his pussy parting, felt himself growing wet and he slid his pussy over Jake’s shaft, grinding against the underside of Jake’s cock, lubricating Jake with his juices and teasing his sensitive little clit. Every time Jake’s cockhead slipped over Ivan’s clit he shivered, each wave growing on the next. And still Jake feasted on his tits, moving back and forth, greedy for Claire’s delightful body.

Jake reached between his legs, felt Jake’s cock on one side, his own wet pussy on the other. He let his fingers explore himself first, stroking into his velvety folds. He was sopping wet, Claire’s body so needy and ready for this. Ivan had yet to experience any cock inside his new pussy, but now he grabbed Jake’s dick and aimed it for his entrance.

Ivan shifted until the cockhead pressed up against his entrance and his lips slowly parted for the dick. His back was arched, beautiful ass in the air. He could see himself in Jake’s bathroom mirror and he admired the beautiful curve of Claire’s body, horny for himself. He sank down slowly, the pressure building until Jake slipped in, ushering a gasp from Ivan’s lips. Ivan sank down gratefully on Jake’s dick, feeling it stretch out his pussy, the wonderful walls of his cunt gripping the shaft as he lowered himself down, down each incredible inch until he was full.

Ivan sat up, forcing Jake’s cock deep, and took his tits in his hand, squeezing himself, playing with his breasts as he grinded back and forth on top of Jake. Jake gripped Ivan’s hips and stared up at him, watching him play with his tits. Ivan smiled down, fingers magical on his skin, plucking his nipple, digging his fingers into his skin until it hurt before releasing his tits and letting them bounce down his chest.

He leaned back and looked down at his pretty cunt, enjoying the sight of a hard dick inside him, his velvety pink pussy lips gripping the shaft with each motion. God, Claire had a body that needed to fuck, and Ivan was so turned on watching it happen, feeling the shaft thrust into his tight little pussy. He moaned and dropped one tit so he could play with his clit, rubbing himself as pleasure exploded through him.



He came quickly, quivering around Jake's dick and moaning, his head thrust back, mouth open. The pleasure blasted through him and Jake felt it, slowing his thrusts briefly as Ivan came and recovered. Then Jake thrust up into Ivan once more, the pressure building quicker this time.

"Oh, fuck this bitch's pussy," Ivan moaned, gripping his tits and grinding harder onto Jake.

The tip of Jake's dick pounded against Ivan's inner pleasure and then throbbed inside. Ivan came again, Jake coming with him this time, thrusting up as Ivan drove down, willing the dick ever deeper, yearning to pound his tight pussy, to fill himself on the hot seed as it throbbed inside him. He could feel the hot seed filling him, each pulse bringing with it a delicious heat that drove him into a frenzy of pleasure. Jake grunted, emptying himself into Claire's body until Ivan was full.

Ivan sighed and opened his eyes. His cheeks were red, his eyes bright as he grinned down at Jake, his pussy still hot with Jake's cum. He dragged his blonde hair back out of his eyes and rolled off Jake.

"Fuck, that was amazing." Ivan laughed.

Jake watched him, a quizzical look on his face.

"What's wrong?" Ivan asked.

"Nothing." Jake shook his head and rolled off the bed. "I better wash off before I go back to work."

Jake went into the bathroom and closed the door. Ivan gazed around the room, his body still coming down. There was a desk in the corner, some papers spread out on it, along with some familiar files. Ivan heard the sound of the shower coming on, and he hurried over to the desk, flipping through the files and Jake's notes. One sheet of paper had a name circled in the middle: Dr. Vostock. Ivan narrowed his eyes and scanned it. Seemed like Jake *had* been following up on that little lead. He'd found out that Dr. Vostock had a daughter. Laura. And he had her address.

That needed to be cleaned up quickly before Jake could find out any more. Ivan gathered his clothes and got dressed before knocking on the door of the bathroom.

"Jake?" He called through the closed door. "I've got to go. I've just had an idea. I'll meet you back at the office."

Ivan thought he heard Jake calling for him to wait but he was already out of the bedroom and hurrying down the hallway. He needed to get to Laura Vostock right now.

Ivan lost precious time having to return to Claire's apartment to get Ella. She wasn't happy to be dragged out of the place when she was just about to settle down for her evening hit, but Ivan needed her. If Laura did have another machine he'd use it to steal her body and throw off Jake's investigation. If not he'd tie up a loose end.

"Fine, fine, I'm coming," she whined, shrugging off Ivan's arm as he tried to pull her towards the door.

She ran her hands through her tangled black hair in an effort to smooth it out but soon gave up. Then she stumbled sullenly down the hallway and out to the street, where Ivan hailed a cab to get them to Laura's address. The cab driver was hesitant to go to the outskirts of the city, but Ivan flashed his badge and that shut him up.

About forty-five minutes later they pulled up to a decrepit townhouse in a seedy neighborhood. A single light shone from a curtain-shrouded upstairs window. The cab drove away quickly after they stepped out. It wasn't the type of neighborhood to hang around in.

Ivan made Ella hang back while he rang the doorbell and, when that didn't make a sound, knocked loudly on the door. The upstairs curtains pulled back and Ivan took a step back to look up.

"Laura Vostok?" Ivan called up to the window. "I'm here about your father. I'm a police officer," he said, holding up his badge. "I think you might be in danger."

The curtains flicked closed. A few seconds Ivan heard footsteps approaching the door. There was a pause, and then the lock was drawn back and the door opened a crack. One dark eye of a young woman peeked out at Ivan from the shadowed doorway.

"What do you know about my father?"

"We have questions about some of his research. Can we come in and talk to you?" Ivan asked, still brandishing his badge and attempting a reassuring smile.

The young woman withdrew into the shadows and opened the door. Ivan stepped through with Ella following behind. As soon as the young woman saw Ella in the light, her eyes went wide and she backed away.

"No! What is she doing here? She's with him!"

She ran up the stairs. Ivan and Ella gave chase as Ivan called out: "Wait! I can explain!"

Laura dashed into a room and slammed the door behind her. Ivan and Ella came up and stopped just outside. Ivan looked at Ella and held up his hand for her to wait.

"Laura," Ivan said in his best calm cop voice, "This isn't the woman you think it is. This is my partner. She's a cop. Her body was stolen using your dad's machine."

Ella cocked her head and opened her mouth to say something but Ivan clamped his hand over her mouth and whispered in her ear: "Play along."

Ella nodded and Ivan released his hand.

"It's true," Ella said to the closed door. "They tried to kill me. They destroyed the machine, and now I'm stuck as...this woman forever."

"I'm sorry," Ivan said, "But you're father's been murdered and the people who did are probably on their way over here right now."

They could hear Laura's muffled sobbing from behind the door.

"I'm sorry," Ella said again.

The door swung open. Laura Vostok stood in the doorway, tears running down her cheeks. Her frizzy auburn hair was a mess and she looked like she hadn't slept in days. She eyed Ella carefully. Finally, she said: "I knew...I knew they did...but hearing it..." She choked back another sob. "But you're wrong."

"About what?" Ivan asked warily, his fingers slipping down to rest on the gun at his side.

Laura ignored him and fixed Ella with a stare. "You're wrong about being stuck. There's a prototype swapping machine downstairs. I brought it here myself."

They returned down the steps. The stairs ended at the front door, with a long hallway running down one side. It was down this hallway they followed Laura to a door near the end. Just past this doorway the hallway emptied into a kitchen. Grimy black and white tiles were barely visible from the light of the dim hallway bulb.

Ivan followed Laura into a room that held stacks of books, haphazardly arranged in piles. Amongst it all was a tangle of wires connecting two crudely fashioned helmets. The wires fed into a metal box that was studded with dials and buttons. The basic version of the more complex machine at the warehouse.

"Everything works. It sparks, but it works. My dad...he and I worked on it together so I know how it runs. He always thought if we could just show someone, then people would believe." She snorted. "I guess he was right."

Ivan examined the metal box. "How does it work?"

"Pretty simple really. You put the helmets on and push these switches..." Here she pointed to two switches on the box, "And when it lights up you push the green button. This machine didn't have any of the fail safes of the other one. Means it's easier but a little more crude."

"Seems simple enough," Ivan agreed. "Put a helmet on. You too, Ella."

"What?" Laura turned to see Ivan brandishing his gun at her. The blood drained from her face and then her eyes rolled back in her head and she slumped to the floor.

Ivan attached the helmet to Laura and looked up to see Ella staring at him. "What?" He growled. "You're getting a new body out of this. And one that's not too bad, at that," he added, prodding Laura's slim calf.

"Ivan, baby, I don't know."

Ivan approached her with his best smile and stroked her cheek. "You can be free of your addiction and we can be together." He kissed her and she closed her eyes, savoring the taste of him on her lips. When he pulled back she nodded and put the helmet on.

Laura was just beginning to stir when Ivan flicked the switches on the box. There was clunking whir and Ivan backed away as sparks flew from the machine. A grinding hiss filled the air, and then Ella's eyes went wide and she backed away until she bumped into the wall. She stared down at her hands in dismay, laughing hysterically. Her hands flew over her body, across Ella's fake breasts and into her hair, which she grabbed and yanked.

"I can't believe I trusted you!" She laughed, the temporary hysteria from the swap setting in.

Ella was starting to regain consciousness in her new body as Laura rushed towards Ivan. He pushed her away and she stumbled into a pile of books and careened into the wall before crashing, motionless, to the ground. The air smelled of smoke. Turning, Ivan saw that the sparks from the machine had set fire to some of the dusty books. But before he could even think to do anything about that the front door slammed open.

"Laura?" A male voice called out.

Ivan recognized the voice as belonging to Jake.

Laura was lying still beneath the pile of books and Ella was now standing on weak knees in Laura's body, staring down at her new self. With Jake coming down the hallway Ivan's options were limited. He fixed a smile to his face and flung himself out into the hallway, laughing hysterically. He clung on to the wall, jiggling with laughter. Turning his head, Ivan saw Jake and Claire—still in Ivan's body—coming down the hall towards him. Jake had his gun drawn.

"She stole my body!" Ivan cackled as he stumbled towards Jake.

Ivan fell into Jake's arms, clinging to his shoulders. Jake supported him, dropping his gun to his side to do so. Ivan's old body looked wary but confused, glancing from Ivan back down the hall to the door, where the light of the flames threw flickering shadows out into the hallway.

"Who's are you? Who else is here?" Claire asked.

"I'm Laura," Ivan said. "Laura Vostock. Two women burst in and took my bodyyyyy..." He let the last word descend into mad laughter.

Jake gently pushed Ivan off him and leaned him up against the wall. "Stay here. We'll get your body back."

Jake raised his gun and proceeded quickly down the hallway, Claire following after. Jake stepped around the wall, pointing his gun into the room. "Don't move!"

With Jake and Claire occupied with Laura and Ella, Ivan drew his gun and snuck up behind Claire. He swung the butt of his gun against the back of Claire's skull and she dropped to the floor with a low grunt. Jake swung back around but it was too late, Ivan had the muzzle of his gun pressed against Jake's chin.

"Drop it," He hissed.

Jake dropped the gun to the floor with a clatter. The flames had caught a few more piles of books on fire and it was growing hotter, the flames now reaching the far wall. Ella stared at Ivan.

"Put the helmet on him," Ivan said. "Hurry."

Ella grabbed one of the helmets and attached it to Jake's head. Then on Ivan's orders she strapped herself into the other one. Ivan maneuvered Jake over to the machine, the gun still to his head, and

flicked the switches. Jake ducked out of Ivan's arms and grabbed the gun but it was too late, the machine whirred to life and Jake's knees turned to jelly. He dropped to the floor, pulling Ivan down on top of him.

By the time Ivan untangled himself from Jake's arms the flames were now licking hungrily at the ceiling and thick smoke filled the air. Jake's eyes were open, his body now inhabited by Ella, and she laughed as Ivan dragged her further from the flames, using all Claire's strength to do so. The flames engulfed the metal control switch. The fire was growing on itself, feeding on the dry books and old wood.

"Grab him and get out of here," Ivan said, pointing to his former body, which was still passed out in the middle of the doorway.

Ella pushed herself to Jake's feet and stumbled to Ivan's body. She grabbed hold of his arms and began dragging him down the hallway. Meanwhile, Jake had unclipped his helmet from Laura's frizzy hair and started towards Ivan, a leering grin on Laura's face. Ivan pointed his gun at Jake and he stopped.

"Grab Laura and get her out of here," Ivan motioned to the corner, where Ella's body was beginning to stir. "Unless you want to be responsible for her death."

Jake hesitated, and for a second Ivan wondered whether he would sacrifice Laura in an attempt to save himself. But his instincts kicked in and he helped Laura to her feet and, both of them stooping beneath the thick smoke, guided her down the hallway. Ivan came last, leaving the room just as the flames licked the ceiling and began spreading through the house. The heat followed him down the hallway, billowing out into the street.

Ivan's former body was handcuffed face down on the lawn, a triumphant Ella—in Jake's body—standing over her. Jake set Laura down on the ground as Ivan came up to him.

"You're all under arrest," Ivan grinned.

The sound of sirens carried through the air as the house burned behind him, the roof collapsing, destroying the last remaining copy of the swap machine.

“With Ivan Jovovich’s arrest we’ve effectively shut down eighty percent of the drug trade in and out of the city.”

Ivan and Ella stood behind the captain as he addressed the television cameras. Both of them looked immaculate in their uniforms—and in the police bodies of Claire and Jake—as the captain pinned a badge to each of them and shook their hands.

The fire at the building had captured the attention of the news after it had been linked to Ivan and the drug trade. Despite any slipups in the process—and despite the incoherent ramblings of Claire and Jake who insisted they weren’t who they looked like—the department had closed ranks and sold the whole operation as a success. Ivan and Ella were promoted, which gave them even more access to the police files and let them expand their drug trade under different aliases. With all the resources of the police department at their disposal they shut down their rivals and confounded any investigation into their own roles in the deals.

After the press conference they stopped by the cells where Jake and Claire were being held, ostensibly to check up on them but really there to brag. They’d be going to jail for a long time even if they tried to plead insanity. As for Laura, she was easily bought off with the heroin her new body craved, willing to do anything—and anyone—just for another hit.

When Ivan and Ella had finished gloating they returned to Jake’s apartment. Ella wasn’t quite used to being male and had a hard time taming the desperate desire she felt for Ivan once they were home and alone. Fortunately, Ella’s new body fit Ivan’s perfectly, and they enjoyed many hours of pleasure fucking in front of the mirrors, watching their stolen bodies take and be taken, riding their new pleasure for the rest of their lives.

## How I Became a Hopper

I was in the quiet room of the library studying during the short down time between two of my classes. It was my normal routine for the semester, as it wasn't worth it going all the way back to my dorm when I had to be back on the north campus in just forty-five minutes. I'd managed to find a cubicle that was right up against the glass soundproof partition separating the quiet room from the rest of the library. Through the window I had a view of the long desks that made up the end of the reference section. I liked this spot both because it got plenty of natural light from the huge floor-to-ceiling windows behind me, and it let me look out onto the reference section desks.

I wasn't the only library regular. Every Tuesday and Thursday at about this time a hot brunette would be somewhere behind one of those desks out in the reference section. She usually had her headphones on and a pile of books scattered about her. Occasionally she was joined by a geeky guy. Maybe a classmate, maybe a boyfriend. I admired her from afar, enjoying her profile, the slight slope of her nose, the smiling lips, the soft curve of her cheek. I was always trying to work up the nerve to go over and talk to her and always failing.

That was how I worked with every girl: Too timid to start flirting out of the blue but set me up with a reason to be next to a girl—a class assignment, teammates on the college rec league—and I could be funny and charming. It wasn't like I'd *never* had a girlfriend, just not often.

I set up my laptop and logged on to the network to start work on the chemistry problems I'd been procrastinating on. Opening my outline doc, I skimmed through it to see what I needed to do next. The answer was: just about everything.

I managed about twenty minutes of steady work before having to take a break. I sat back in the chair and sighed. I was so not into this. Chemistry was a requirement for my engineering course but it just confused the hell out of me. Give me good old calc and trig any day.

Crossing my arms I looked out into the reference section. There was the cute brunette, as usual, but there was something different about her. She was more polished. Her hair was done up, as was her makeup. And her clothes were tighter, clinging to her sleek form, the neck low cut and allowing an eye-catching amount of cleavage, the skirt cut high and threatening to reveal her panties at the slightest movement. Guess college was a time for experimentation and change. Yet still, there was one thing more that I couldn't quite place. A ghostly trail of motion followed some of her movements. It looked like what I'd see on a picture if my camera got jostled while snapping it, except this was in real time.

There was a new guy next to her and she was obviously flirting with him, laughing at his jokes and hanging on him. Maybe she felt my eyes on her because she glanced over at me and did a double take. I quickly turned back to my laptop, pretending to be lost in my work. A few seconds later a slight shadow fell across my desk and there was a light tap at the window directly next to me.

I looked up to see the hot brunette right there. And, holy hell, she was even more gorgeous up close, with supermodel looks and the body of a goddess. Her skintight outfit emphasized the perfect swell of her ass and her glorious long legs. And still she had those ghostly trails around her. She smiled an earnest, broad smile and motioned for me to come join her.

The other students in the quiet study room were already shooting me nasty looks at the interruption, so I stuffed my laptop into my backpack and hurried out. The brunette was waiting for me outside the door. She took my hand in hers and pulled me deep into the stacks of the library. This close to her I could see her ghostly trail clearer. It was almost as if there was another person superimposed on her body, visible only when their movements didn't exactly match up.

When we were deep in the stacks she stopped and turned, shooting the full force of her brilliant smile at me. She stroked my cheek and kissed me, her tongue sliding around my lips as she pressed her tits against me, clinging to me already. I was taken aback and gently pushed her away. The fruity scent of her shampoo lingered in my nostrils. God, she was so hot.

"Hold on, hold on. What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? I'm gonna fuck the hell out of you."

She grabbed my crotch and went in to kiss me again but I backed away. "What? Right here? What if someone sees?"

She shrugged and tossed her hair out of her eyes before rubbing her body up against me. "Then we fucking hop into their bodies and watch the embarrassment."

All I could manage was: "What?"

She cocked her head and peered at my face. I looked back at her, entranced by her beauty, trying to memorize her face in case I never saw her again after this weird encounter.

"Ooohh," she finally said. "You don't know, do you? Oh, holy shit you're in for a fucking treat!" She jumped up and down and squealed before covering her mouth.

"What don't I know?"

"Did you notice anything unusual about me? Do I seem sort of like a picture that someone drew outside the lines of?"

I was taken aback but I nodded. "What is that?"

"I'm a body hopper. And so are you. That's how we can see each other. This isn't my real body. I'm just borrowing it for a while. I can help you manifest your powers so you can do it, too. Imagine being able to become anyone you want."

I admit I'd thought about it before, but only as a fantasy. I would have thought this woman was totally psycho if it weren't for the strange aura around her.

"What? But...what does *she* think?" I asked, not really knowing what else to say.

"Who? This body? Pfft." She waved away my concern. "Who cares? What matters is all the *fun* we can have with these." She grabbed her tits and squeezed.

"H-How does it work?" This whole conversation was making me uncomfortable. As much as I didn't like the hopper who was so cavalier about the body they were in, the idea of hopping someone intrigued me.

"It's gonna take some practice. Come on, walk with me, I'll tell you about it."

She didn't say anything more until we'd left the library and were walking along one of the brick paved paths through campus. When there was no one around she started explaining:



“It’s like this. Us hoppers can take over other people. We call them mounts because we’re mounting them. Duh. We can think their thoughts and do whatever we want while inside. Their minds stay asleep. When you get really good you’ll be able to keep your mounts awake while you’re inside if you want to. Sometimes I like to let them see what I’m making them do. It’s fucking hot hearing them complain. You can even plant thoughts for when you leave. Good if you ever want to climb the corporate ladder. Course, you could just mount the person right above you.”

She elbowed me in the ribs and brayed laughter. This hopper was a psycho, no doubt about it. If she and I were hoppers there must be others, and I wondered if they were all psychopaths.

“Who are you really?” I asked.

She shrugged. “Forty-five-year-old guy out for some sweet tail. And I found it.” She gave her own ass a smack and laughed again. “Real name’s Nigel but you can call me Annie while I’m in here.”

“Okay. Annie. I’m Tom.”

As we walked through campus Annie gazed around and talked. She seemed to be looking for something even as she told me how she first learned to hop, how her hopper mentor found her and taught her the ropes, passing on hopper lore and rules, which she ticked off for me on her fingers:

“Number one: never tell anyone you’re a hopper. People don’t like it and if the government finds out, well, you won’t like it either. You’ll either be studied like an insect or dissected or both. Two: never let anyone see you hop because, well, see rule number one. Three: Hoppers gotta stick together. If you find a new hopper you gotta teach them the ropes. That’s it.”

“How do I do it?”

“First, I gotta prime you.”

“What does that mean?”

She smiled. “It means you get to enjoy this.”

We wound up the stairs to her dorm room and snuck inside without anyone seeing us. Annie had a typical underclassman room: small with cinderblock walls, which she’d mostly hidden behind gauzy curtains strung from one wall to the other.

As soon as the door closed she turned to me and pressed her soft body against my large one, one leg clutched around me, practically climbing up my frame as she jammed her lips against mine. She tasted of strawberries. My cock responded instantly, growing against my thigh as Annie slid her hands down my body and unzipped my pants. My dick jumped out, already hard and throbbing for her, and she gripped it in one warm hand.

With her other hand she guided my fingers beneath her skirt. She wasn’t wearing panties and my broad fingers found the coarse pubic hair surrounding her pussy. Stroking her, I found she really was wet already, and my fingers slid lightly inside her. She dragged herself back and forth across my fingers, fucking herself on me as she sucked on my tongue. She was wild, throwing herself at me with abandon.

“Does Annie like this?” I asked, still worried about the person who’s body was being controlled.

“She fucking loves it,” Nigel assured me.

She tore off her top and I seized a breast in my free hand. Her tits were fantastic, and I leaned down to suck on one. She grabbed my hair and pushed my face against her. My lips found her nipple and I sucked.

“Bite me,” she moaned.

I nipped her nipple lightly but she demanded I go harder. Soon I was sucking her little pink nipple into my mouth and grazing it with my teeth, pinching and twisting her other nipple in my hand. She moaned, throwing her head back and squeezing her tits against my face. She wanted it rough, and yanked on my cock, laughing as I grimaced and tried to pull away but she clamped tighter. She led me by my cock to her bed, where she threw me down and straddled me, lowering herself onto my dick.

My cockhead slid against her entrance and her pussy parted for me. I slipped inside her with a soft moan as she sank down, down my shaft until her wet heat completely surrounded me. She raked my chest with her nails as she grinded back and forth. I grabbed her hands to stop her but she’d already left light jagged nail marks across my chest. She laughed, sinking down deeper onto me and riding me hard and fast.

She grabbed her tits, squeezing them roughly, enjoying the pain she was causing her little body. I gripped her waist and thrust up into her, pounding through her wet heat as she tortured herself, smacking her tits harder and harder until they were red, the little nipples swollen spikes. Jesus, she had an incredible ass, and my fingers dug into her plump skin. My eyes were wide, mesmerized by this supermodel riding my cock. She cried out, louder and louder. The whole dorm could probably hear us but she didn’t care. Or maybe she liked it.

“Oh, yes, fuck me with that big cock. God, I’m such a slut. I love dick so much!” She cried.

I thrust up and exploded into her, throbbing inside her as she cried out with ragged breath. I came hard and she clutched her pussy around my cock, milking every drop of cum as she squeezed her tits together and threw back her head, riding me all the way through my orgasm. When she was done she draped herself on me and I grew soft inside her.

“Goddamn,” she laughed, “How did it feel to fuck a virgin?”

“What?” I cried.

“Yeah. Annie was saving herself for marriage. Part of some conservative religious bullshit I saved her from.”

She rolled off me and I stood, gathering my clothes. I didn’t want to be around this hopper. I vowed that I’d have more respect for my mounts. Hell, maybe I wouldn’t mount anyone. It seemed degrading to them. Still, I needed to know more.

“Ok, now what? How do I hop?”

She rolled over and leaned her head on one hand, her silky hair draping down half her face. “You feel that funny little vibration inside you now?”

I did. It was almost a physical thing, tingling at the edge of my mind and seemingly focused somewhere in my chest. “Yeah?”

She turned on her back and slipped her fingers into her pussy to stroke herself. “You just concentrate on urging that out. Imagine shooting it at your target and it will happen.”

Her fingers were circling inside herself and a smile played across her lips as she enjoyed herself.

“How do I get out?” I asked impatiently.

“Same way you...oh!” She paused to enjoy an orgasm. “Same way you got in but in reverse. Don’t let your mount see you, though, they’ll probably freak the fuck out.”

“Ok. Right.” I headed for the door, not wanting to be around Nigel anymore, certainly not while she was fingering herself

“See you round, Tom. Oh, fuck!” She cried once more, the orgasm making her voice quiver.

I closed the door behind me and hurried downstairs and out to the main campus. My chest ached from where she’d raked me and I could feel my boxers damp with a spot of cum. I was excited and nervous. A whole new world had been opened up to me but I wasn’t sure I was ready for it.

I needed a few minutes of normalcy so I could process everything I'd just found out about the world and about myself. Now that I was aware of the vibrations inside me I couldn't ignore them. Hurrying back to my dorm I couldn't help imagining hopping in to every person I passed: the grey-haired professor, the freshman girl playing frisbee, the middle-aged soccer mom, the hippie with guitar, the theatre student whispering lines under her breath, the group of jocks. Each one was a whole new life that something inside me was pulling me to explore.

Instead I ran into my dorm and up the four flights of stairs to my room to think. I fell onto my bed, arm over my eyes while my thoughts collided. My newfound ability grabbed my attention. Like prodding at a loose tooth I couldn't let it go and had half-decided to hop someone—anyone—when there was a knock at my door that interrupted my thoughts.

Opening it I found Emily. In addition to being one of my neighbors, she was one of the many girls I'd had a crush on but hadn't done anything about. She was girl-next-door cute. A petite blonde with a lovely toothy smile, a rounded face and an athletic figure. She was so fucking adorable sometimes I just wanted to scream.

"Hey, Tom," she said, shooting me a radiant smile as she leaned on the doorway. "We've got a game this afternoon and we could use an extra player. You want to come?"

Emily was part of a student soccer league. It was mostly casual. Some light practice, a few games here and there. I'd gone to one or two but didn't have much ball handling skills.

"I don't think so, I've kind of got some things on my mind."

"Oh." She sounded disappointed. "You sure? You've been pretty stressed lately. Might make you feel better?"

I hesitated and she pressed the issue, taking my hand and batting her eyes comically. "Come on."

"Okay," I laughed.

"Great. Let me go get changed and we'll go down."

She bounced away back upstairs to her room and I began pacing, running a hand through my short brown hair. I started to change clothes. Stopped. Paced some more. Dropped the clothes and picked them up again. This was a bad idea. I couldn't go out in public feeling like this. What if I lost it and hopped someone in the middle of the pitch? Just the thought sent the little vibration inside me crazy. It was that moment that Emily slipped back into my room wearing a tee shirt and shorts that revealed acres of her golden skin.

"Ready?" She asked.

In a moment of shock and weakness I hopped her. It was almost instinctual the way I pushed the vibrations out of myself. I was weightless for a fraction of a second, aware only of vague warm shapes nearby, and then the world spun back into view, only this time I was looking back at where I'd been only a moment before. The differences between our bodies was immediate and I began hyperventilating as I stared down at my chest, saw two breasts rising from beneath a grey shirt. I

took a step back and bumped my plumper butt into the wall. Everything jiggled and moved strangely. My whole sense of proprioception was off and I couldn't stop staring at my tits.

"Whoa," I whispered.

My hands flew to my lips at the sound of the cute voice I now possessed. I stroked the contours of Emily's face with her own fingers, following the soft curves of her cheeks and nose before gazing down at the gentle hands I now owned. The fingers were slender and long, the nails curving elegantly, the knuckles hairless.

And even more than that were my other senses. The air smelled different through Emily's nose. I could pick out the slightly stale scent of my laundry. The poster on the opposite wall was slightly more fuzzy than I was used to. I licked my lips, running my tongue around the inside of my mouth, tasting Emily.

I grabbed my new breasts. They were larger, fuller than I expected. Dropping them, I hooked a thumb into the panties beneath my shorts and pulled them away so I could look down at the smoothness between my legs. I caught a glimpse of dark blonde pubic hair and then let the elastic snap back. I shouldn't be doing this. This wasn't my body.

But even through all the strangeness I noticed that the vibrations had slowed. I felt calmer, more natural. I could think clearly. Perhaps I should stay in Emily for a little longer. It would be an experiment. But I'd be a good hopper. I vowed not ruin her life. With that in mind, I headed down to the lower fields to play soccer.

It was awkward playing soccer in Emily's body. Fortunately this was more of a rec league than a competition, because it took me a while to get used to how my new body moved. My balance was different and my whole perspective was off. My legs were shorter than I was used to and my hips wiggled in strange ways. And, of course, the breasts were distracting. I hadn't realized how much tits bounced until I tried running as Emily. Even with a sports bra on my breasts jiggled beneath my shirt at each step. Emily had bigger breasts than I realized, but she'd always dressed so tomboyish in baggy shirts that I didn't notice. But now, as her, I noticed *everything*.

I was quicker and lighter on my feet but I'd lost some power. I wished the other hopper had taught me how to tap into her skills because I desperately needed them. As I took the ball down the field I tried to push these observations aside without success. At least I was less winded and was able to run past some defenders, though I wasn't as skilled as Emily.

After the first half I settled in and was starting to get the hang of how I moved. As my comfort inside her increased I began to enjoy the feel of my feet pounding up and down the grass, the sun on my skin and the wind in my hair. I sank into the game, enjoying the quick movements of my body and even managed to score a goal. Still, I was glad when it was all over and I congratulated her teammates (even managing to pick up a few of their names). By then some stray hair had escaped my ponytail and was stuck to my forehead with sweat. My shirt was damp and I suspected I smelled a bit as well.

I returned to Emily's dorm room planning to hop out of her but when I got there I had second thoughts. Could I make her remember going to the game? Should I leave her like this all sweaty? At least I should clean off.

I slipped off my shoes and socks before peeling off my shirt. I swiped my blonde hair out of my eyes and glanced down at my chest. Emily's breasts were held tight by a black sports bra that squashed them up against her body and, holy hell, they seemed huge. I moved to the mirror next to her closet to look at myself. Her beautiful reflection came into view. So weird to watch her move and know it was me. Weird and exciting.

I shimmied out of her shorts and kicked them aside. Now I was wearing only her bra and some teal running panties that clung to my hips and ass. Emily's incredible figure was on display and I traced the curve of her body with a hand. Half turning, I arched my back and admired her ass, running a hand down along my stomach to my rounded butt cheeks.

"Oh my god, she's hot," I said aloud. "*I'm* hot." I corrected myself with a giggle.

I turned back to the mirror and stroked myself, hefting as much breast as I could with the sports bra on. Her cleavage was fantastic, the rounded curves disappearing beneath the black fabric. One hand lingered on a breast while the other trailed down my trim tummy, fingers dancing over the slick skin. Fuck, it was hot, moving her body, watching her touch herself.

A prickle of warmth drew my attention to between my thighs, and I let my hand stroke over my panties, pushing the fabric up against my pussy, exploring the smoothness of my crotch, enjoying the feel of my pussy lips warming for my touch. I pressed harder against the panties while I gripped

a tit with the other hand. My mouth fell open, little pink tongue licking my lips. I was a picture of lust and was driving myself crazy.

I slid my hand back up to my mound and then dipped beneath the panties. My fingers found the coarse trail of my pubic hair and I followed it down to my pussy. The little lips were slightly damp already and grew even damper as my finger trailed lightly up and down my slit, sliding inside my body for the first time. I sighed and continued stroking. I felt so good. My rubbery folds soon grew slick and a delightful tension took hold of me.

Now I was more than damp; I was wet. I spread the wetness up and down, staring at myself in the mirror as I did so, watching as I made Emily masturbate for me. My fingers felt so wonderful inside me and I slid them around, experimenting, searching for the perfect spot. Soon I landed on my little clit and a moan escaped my lips. There.

I stroked my little pleasure button slowly but firmly, making the tension wind itself through my body. My other hand ran from my tits, up my neck, to my face, exploring my soft contours. I started rocking my hips back and forth, the fingers on my clit circling faster, harder. My hand was slick with my pussy juices and I threw back my head, trailing my other fingers down my mouth as I moaned. Each stroke of my clit wound the tension tighter and tighter, making me circle faster and faster, my pleasure building until the tension snapped and I came.

“Fuuuck,” I moaned in a voice deep with desire as I thrust my fingers inside myself, stroking my pussy as fast as I could while I gripped my tits.

I opened my eyes briefly to see Emily orgasming in the mirror, a sight that only drove the pleasure higher. The pleasure lasted so much longer than I expected and I stroked my amazing pussy all the way through it, slowing as the orgasm ebbed inside me, leaving me breathless and warm.

OK, maybe I could stay inside her a little longer.

I peeled off the sports bra. My tits bounced down my chest and I gathered them in my hands. They were firm and full and seemed so big. I could just about grope one in each hand. I squeezed them gently, admiring the heft, the way they bounced together, the smooth young skin, each capped with a tiny pink nipple. Peeling my panties off, I gazed at my pussy for the first time. My pussy lips were still damp and I caught a glimpse of my pinkness.

Her dorm had a shower connected to it, which was shared by the room on the other side. There was no one using it so I slipped inside and into the shower. I took my time, soaping my body up and running my hands over my slick skin, enjoying the feel of my body as I washed in Emily’s honey-scented body wash. When I was done I stepped out and gazed at myself in the mirror. I didn’t know which toiletries and brushes were hers, but maybe I could find her memories.

I cleared my mind and thought about brushing my hair. Images flashed through my mind, too quick to hold. I grasped at them, breathing deep and trying to calm myself. Suddenly, everything snapped into place. I “remembered” my routine. Opening my eyes, I grabbed her black hairbrush and combed out my hair. My hands reached for her things on instinct. I knew exactly which ones were hers and how to use each bit of makeup.

This was going to be exciting.

I spent the night as Emily, hanging out with her roommate and going to dinner with her friends. I got better at perusing her mind, bringing up the necessary memories. It still took some concentration and I couldn't always have access to everything I needed. There were also still some blank spots, like when one of her friends—Kirsty, a bookish brunette with trendy glasses—turned to me during dinner.

"So Emily," Kirsty said, "What's going on with you and James?"

I paused, a slice of pizza halfway to my mouth. Her group of friends was waiting expectantly for me to speak and I was too nervous to focus on pulling Emily's thoughts so I kept it vague.

"You know," I shrugged, "Things are going."

"Come on," she rolled her eyes, "Last week you said he wasn't boyfriend material."

"Boyfriends are overrated," one of Emily's other friends chimed in, "Don't let that stop you from having fun."

"He's bangable but not dateable," I ventured, relieved when the others laughed along with me and the conversation turned to the love life of the others around the table.

I made it through the rest of dinner without too many awkward moments and returned to Emily's dorm room where I slipped into her nightie before gossiping and watching television with her roommate. I desperately wanted to touch myself some more but it was impossible with her roommate right there, so I went to sleep still horny.

When I awoke the next morning to a different alarm I was disoriented, sleeping the wrong way on a strange bed in a strange room. But when I turned over and felt Emily's breasts bobble on my chest it all came back to me. I hit the stop button on the alarm and sat up in bed before tucking my silky hair behind my ears.

I thought about Emily's schedule, pulling her daily routine from her mind. It was easier today, but I didn't know if that was because I was getting better at it or if staying inside her for a while gave me a closer connection. Pushing myself off the bed I went to the bathroom and did my business, then returned to the room and perused the clothes in her closet.

Emily was a bit of a tomboy, and her closet was mostly jeans and tops of various sorts. None were too show-offy, but they leaned towards the athletic side. Her wardrobe was lacking in skirts and dresses, which I would have loved to wear to show off her lean legs. I wondered whether she was super conservative or religious, and searched through her mind. I found neither of those things. It just seemed that was her style. She was attractive—and she knew she was attractive—but she didn't want to lean on it. There were questions in her mind about her life choices; she didn't have herself all figured out yet but she was comfortable in her body, and she'd rather be comfortable than stylish. With that in mind I chose some basic jeans and a plain white shirt.

I slipped on a bra, leaning on her muscle memory to slide the cups over each breast and reach around to clasp it from behind before adjusting each breast. God, how I wanted to stay and enjoy her but her roommate was up by now, sitting cross-legged on the top bunk and typing away on her



laptop. So I picked up Emily's backpack, stuffed my own laptop inside, and set out to class, stopping to grab a bagel from a campus kiosk along the way.

Emily was a psych major and her first class was on mental health perceptions in the early twentieth century. Sitting in class gave me plenty of opportunity to explore Emily's mind. I found that if I concentrated I could feel her sleeping presence inside me. Her consciousness felt almost like a physical thing I could delve into and after some tentative poking that brought forth tendrils of memory I dove in.

I found myself able to remember things from her perspective. The easiest memories were the ones with the most emotional resonance: losing her virginity to her first college boyfriend, having the police interrupt a party at her friend's place one time, getting into a car accident the first day after getting her driver's license. But I also found the banalities of her life: the way she laughed with her friends, the way she thought her hair looked best 'just so', her favorite witty retort to a drunken stranger. And it was those banal things that made me attracted to her.

Being a hopper seemed to be the most intimate way of getting to know someone, and I found myself falling for her even more than before. Though if I started dating her it would be strange knowing *so much* about her. Talk about a psych problem.

And yet as the professor flipped through the slides I sat there in class, fantasizing about dating her, about kissing her. Though by now my thoughts were so entangled I imagined myself as Emily kissing Emily which, to be honest, was actually pretty hot. I squirmed in my seat and felt a welcoming slight dampness. I had to stop fantasizing before I made myself too turned on. With an effort, I pulled away from her thoughts and back to the lecture.

I spent that day as her, following her routine, getting used to teasing thoughts and memories from her mind. I didn't think anything more could surprise me, and then I reached the last class of the day. I had taken my seat when a young man came in late and sat beside me. I glanced over at him and he grinned at me. Emily's memories jumped to the surface: this was James, her sort-of boyfriend that Emily's friends had mentioned the night before. He was one of those gym dudes. Charming and hot as hell with a chiseled jaw and a sculpted body, but not terribly bright.

"Hey you," he said, leaning towards me.

"Hey," I smiled, before kissing him.

It was my first time kissing a guy—and a stranger at that—so I let Emily's feelings flood my mind. I shared her enjoyment of his slight stubble grazing her delicate nose and the heady masculine scent of him. It was a relatively chaste kiss but it sent a little pulse of warmth through me. I pulled back and we stared into each other's eyes for a beat. Emily knew this relationship wasn't a long-term thing, but it was fun for the moment and it kept her from being lonely even if it wasn't everything she wanted.

Plus, I was beginning to realize she had quite the sexual appetite. It wasn't just that *I* was horny as Emily, watching myself move and feeling her body from the inside. It was also that *she* was naturally horny. I cozied up to James as the lecture began. With him so close to me it was hard to concentrate, and he made snarky comments every now and then that made me giggle. He was strangely arrogant yet charming, and by the end of class I'd made up my mind.

"Where are you off to now?" I asked, gathering up my backpack.

"I was going to grab some food. You want to come?"

I moved closer to him and traced one of his pecs through his shirt. "I was hoping to grab a little something else." I bit my lower lip and looked up at him suggestively with Emily's big eyes.

"Oh, yeah?" He grinned.

I nodded. "But my roommate's probably around so..."

"Mine's not."

We were barely in his room before he grabbed me from behind. I laughed as he pulled me close and kissed the back of my neck, his hands sliding around my stomach to hold me. My laugh turned into a sigh and I bent my head, pushing my hair out of the way so he could nibble the nape of my neck. God, he was good, his teeth just grazing my skin and making me shiver.

He pressed his crotch against my ass and I could feel his hardness beneath his pants, urgent and ready for me. Still kissing, his hands slid up to my breasts and he clutched them gently, fingers squeezing every now and then, enjoying my body. His lips moved up to my ear and he nibbled on my earlobe, his breath hot in my ear.

"God, you're so hot," he whispered.

The being wanted was the best part. I turned in his arms and kissed him, running my hand through his hair as our lips met. He tasted deliciously spicy, and our tongues met as he opened for me and I explored the contours of his mouth. We held each other tight, hands roaming up and down each other's bodies. He caressed my ass and I clutched at him, pushing up his shirt so I could reach his bare back. Emily's memories flooded in, urging me on.

Our kisses grew more urgent. I helped him out of his shirt and he helped me out of mine. As I brushed the blonde hair out of my eyes he reached around and unclasped my bra. I shrugged it to the floor and he took my breasts in his hand, burying his face between them. I delighted in his delight at Emily's body, watching as he nuzzled each breast, squeezing them together before latching onto one of my nipples with his mouth and sucking gently, teasing me with the tip of his tongue, the light graze of his teeth, until my nipple spiked out in his mouth.

He was so eager for Emily's body and I responded. Everywhere he touched me sent another wave of warmth through me, each building on the other as he feasted on my tits. I both envied the way he could enjoy Emily's breasts and luxuriated in the pleasure he was giving me. I clasped his cheeks and pulled him up to my lips once more, kissing madly, *needing* him so much.

We hurried out of the rest of our clothes and tumbled naked onto his bed, him on top of me. He kissed his way down my neck, across my breasts, pausing once again to enjoy each tit, before kissing his way down my stomach and between my legs. I grabbed my own breasts as he lay his head between my legs and kissed his way over my entrance. His hot breath on my pussy was divine, and it wasn't long before he stuck out his tongue and licked me long and slow.

He slid his tongue inside me, licking my pussy up and down as I fondled myself. His eagerness made up for his lack of skill, and he teased me without knowing it, slipping up against my clit and sending shockwaves of desire through me, before backing off for too long. I wanted to direct him but I was too timid and, anyway, it was enough. I was warm and wet when he climbed back up on top of me, his cock tracing a path up my thigh, landing between my legs and resting on my entrance.

He slid his cockhead against me and I parted for him, welcoming his cock. There was a pressure as he met my opening, and then with a quick push he was inside me. My eyes widened and my breath hitched in my throat as I was filled for the first time. His cock thrust inside and then his lips were back on me, kissing me as he fucked me.

The fullness inside each time he thrust in was incredible. I could feel each inch of his shaft as it pushed apart the walls of my canal, the cockhead sliding up to reach the dimpled nub of my inner pleasure. He went quick, thrusting fast and hard, almost too fast for me. I wanted him to slow down, to really enjoy being inside me, but he had his own desire on his mind.

Still, I wrapped my legs around him and clutched him to me, trying to guide his rhythm but it was like trying to stop a train. His cock pounded in to me, a welcome heat. It was clear this was what he had to give and I would have to accept, this pounding, roaring, messy lust. Fortunately, that's what I needed, and the sound of Emily's wet cunt, the feel of her tits beneath my hands, the cock lodged deep inside me, the desire on the warm body resting on me, all combined to make me cum.

I threw my head into the pillow and orgasmed, moaning and dropping my tits to clutch at him. He grunted and came then, too, thrusting deep. His cock throbbed within me, jetting hot spurts of seed into my pussy. I'd never been so divinely full, like my body *needed* this cum, this dick, needed to be fucked raw. Emily's orgasm was tremendous and long. I was still coming down when James finished and lay heavily on me. He pulled out before I was ready. God, I just wanted him inside me still. I wanted more. He wasn't that great, kind of selfish really, and I was still low-level horny.

I didn't stay the night with James despite his pleas. I dressed and gave him a kiss before slipping out the door and returning to Emily's dorm. The evening air was cool but I was still warm from James. I wasn't sure if it was just Emily's natural tendencies or me inside, excited to be her and amping up her body, but the warmth didn't dissipate. If anything it burned brighter as I walked back through the tree-lined campus path. For the first time since the possession I was acutely aware of each movement of Emily's body.

Emily's roommate was just getting ready to go out for the night when I returned. I locked myself in the bathroom and stripped naked before stepping into the shower. The hot water felt so wonderful on my skin and I soaped myself up, cleaning James off of me. God, Emily's breasts were gorgeous, especially when they were sudsy and slick. I bobbed them in my hands and watched them bounce, tracing the curve of each one with my fingers before hefting them in each hand and squeezing until my fingers dimpled the skin and my tits puffed up against me. I could have done this all night. And then it hit me: I *could* do this all night.

My hand wandered down between my legs and I stroked my entrance, using Emily's thoughts to guide me in touching her. She knew her body, which meant *I* knew her body, and I stroked on instinct, feeling the muscle memory of where to touch and how hard. In no time I was wetter than water, spreading my legs and staring down at my delicate pussy as I circled over my clit. Her pussy lips felt divine beneath my finger and looked incredible wrapped around each digit. But already I knew I needed more than fingers could do and that thought summoned another.

I grinned and shut off the water before hurriedly drying myself. My roommate was gone by now—thank God—and I scrabbled through Emily's drawers, behind her panties and bras, until I found her vibrator. “Remembering” it and seeing it were two different things.

The vibrator was curved into a ‘C’ shape. One end was narrower and rounded, obviously meant to slip inside me. The other end was more bulbous with controls on top and a little rounded dimple on the bottom that would sit up against my clit.

I tossed the towel away and dropped naked onto the bed. My tits fell down to my sides and I gathered them up one in one hand while I flicked the vibrator on and traced the narrower end up and down my slit. Emily's knowledge came easily to me now, and I gripped her breast tenderly in order to squeeze one of her nipples between thumb and forefinger. The vibrations from her toy spilled through me, gently teasing me, as I just dipped into my pussy lips but without fully entering. I continued stroking like this, wetting the dildo with my juices as I grew warmer and more antsy. A need grew inside me, my desires driving me on for more.

Still playing with my nipple, I spread my legs and guided the narrow end of the vibrator inside me. I was so wet and ready there was little resistance and soon the rubbery toy was vibrating up inside the walls of my canal. Christ, it felt amazing, and I sank in little by little, enjoying the sight of the toy disappearing inside me and the growing intensity of the vibrations as they neared my innermost pleasure.

I flexed my little toes as an urgent tension made itself known. Still staring down at Emily as I made her grip a breast, I rested the bulbous end against my mound, sliding it around to find the sweet

spot. When my clit nestled into the little dimple I cried out briefly and my body shook with a quick release, a small moan spilling from my lips. The sound of Emily orgasming made me even hornier, and I realized I was getting aroused by watching myself get aroused.

I let the vibrator slip fully inside me where it nestled against the dimpled nub of my G spot. My hand rested on my mound, the other hand squeezing a tit as the vibrations did all the work. The tension rose inside me, cresting quickly and making me cum. I uttered a strangled cry, dropping my breast and splaying my hand across my face, eyes closed in ecstasy as I enjoyed the roaring orgasm.

It was the best one yet, whiting out my mind with pleasure and leaving me breathless. Yet when I came back down I was still horny. I pulled the vibrator slightly away, needing a brief respite as my body cooled slightly. And then suddenly I *needed* it again. I thrust the vibrator back into my pussy, watching as my lips surrounded it, gripping the rubber shaft. As soon as the nub landed back in place the tension returned with a vengeance.

I raised my hips, twisting my torso, driving the vibrator in deeper and now my fingers rested on my wet pussy. The musky smell of myself was intoxicating and I came, crying out louder this time in a high-pitched voice: “Ooh!” before stuffing my fingers back in my mouth to stifle my cries. It was like nothing I’d ever felt, a full-body pleasure that left me warm and tingly and I rode it as long as possible.

When it finally ended I flicked off the vibrator and pulled it out of me, resting one hand on my mound and gently stroking my slick pussy as my body cooled. No wonder Emily liked sex if it made her feel like that.

I spent the rest of the evening naked, streaming TV shows on Emily’s phone until I grew horny and then masturbating again and again, until I thought her roommate might return. By then I was utterly exhausted and utterly sated, and drifted into a peaceful sleep, a little smile fixed on my lips.

Emily had no classes the next morning so I decided to indulge myself. And indulge *her*. It was difficult to rouse myself from the warm bed where I could stroke my breasts surreptitiously under the covers, but before I could get too aroused I forced myself up and out of bed. I went through her morning routine using her memories, letting her hands move almost by muscle memory to apply the base and the blush and the lipliner. We were so connected now; Emily's thoughts came freely, almost as my own, mixing together in strange and wonderful ways. Like when I looked at myself in the mirror, I could feel Emily's almost nonchalant assessment of whether she was presentable, along with my own lust for her beauty that brought a blush to my cheeks and a pretty smile to my face.

I picked out a pair of skinny jeans that hugged my body and showed off my taut ass, coupling that with a tank top that was sexy in its plainness, and threw a knitted jacket over the top. Half-unzipped, the jacket gave a peek of my incredible cleavage. I poured myself a bowl of some disgustingly sweet cereal—one of Emily's vices—she kept on her desk, then threw one of her beige handbags over a shoulder and headed outside to the row of shops that lined north campus.

I took my time walking through campus, enjoying the little glances I got from some of the guys. My outfit wasn't particularly revealing but I still drew attention. A group of guys looked up and smiled at me as I approached. I smiled back and continued walking, feeling their eyes on my ass as I went. I could see how this unwanted attention would get old and, given enough time as a woman, I'm sure I would have grown annoyed with always being on display and looked at as a piece of meat. But being a woman for only two days so far, it was a novelty to me and I reveled in the attention I never got as a man, enjoying the knowledge that they were probably imagining me naked and on my knees in front of them. Hell, *I* was imagining it, but I hurried on to my destination.

There was a women's shoe store on the corner that was just opening as I walked in. I was a sucker for a woman in boots and there was a perfect pair of calf-length leather boots on display. The rich brown boots fit perfectly and I paid for them on Emily's card, vowing to transfer the money when I swapped back.

I hurried back the way I'd come, clutching the paper bag that held my boots. I arrived at my dorm just as my roommate was leaving. We nodded hello and I stepped into the room and locked the door behind me. I took off my clothes and flicked through the closet for an outfit I'd seen Emily wear before and which had driven me crazy: a white long-sleeve blouse with pink lace trim and black skirt that ended at the knees. I laced on the boots, which were practically form fitted to my calves, and posed in the mirror.

The boots made Emily's long legs appear even longer and she was tall enough to make the outfit incredibly sexy. Holy hell I was hot. I turned this way and that, admiring the swell of my ass beneath the black skirt, tracing the line of my butt was a hand and giving it a little smack. I let my mouth hang open slightly as I stroked myself, fingers coming up to trace my lower lip. The look on my face was one of utter desire.

Fuck, I was getting wet again looking at myself.

I ran my hand through my hair and over my breasts, growing warm as I touched myself. I paused long enough to grab the vibrator from its hiding spot and flick it on. I slipped it beneath the skirt and let it nestle gently up against my pussy. The skirt rode up my thighs as the vibrations settled through me once again. I cooed softly as I traced my slit, still staring at myself in the mirror, mesmerized by my own body.

I was growing wet quiet quickly, and it wasn't long before the tip of the vibrator was lubricated with my juices and I could feel my pussy lips sliding together. I gently urged the vibrator inside me. It met the pressure of my opening and with a little effort I slipped it inside. I gently curved it through my pussy, the vibrations pulsing against the slick walls of my canal while I continued to grow horny for myself and the woman masturbating in the mirror.

Soon the vibrator was deep inside, the little circular nub on the other side resting against my clit. The vibrations pulsed through me, driving me higher and higher, but try as I might I couldn't quite push myself over the edge. The tension built within me, frustratingly close to breaking. Emily's body was right on the precipice but refused to budge.

I grunted and moved to the bed, kneeling on it with the vibrator between me so I could sink down on it and urge it deep, deep into me. I rocked up and down, feeling the pulsing tip slip up against my G spot. My entire body was burning with lust. My other hand grabbed a breast and squeezed. I turned to look in the mirror, to watch Emily bouncing on a dildo, the skirt riding up to reveal a glimpse of that wonderful pink pussy that had given me so much pleasure.

And *still* the crescendo refused to come. Maybe I'd run her ragged, finally sated her lust? It was too bad. I imagined myself beneath her, imagined that the vibrator clasped by my pussy was my real cock, that I was rocking back and forth on myself, gripping Emily's hips as I thrust up and into her.

And that's when I came, throwing my head back, arching my back and crying out as I sank down, down onto the vibrator, calling my own name, "Oh god, To, yes, Tom!" I sang out, rocking back and forth as the orgasm exploded within me, filling every pore, burning bright as I imagined fucking myself on my real cock. I could almost feel the dick throb inside me as I quivered and came, the orgasm burning bright before slowly fading.

I collapsed on my side, my pussy still so wet, and pulled the vibrator out. I shut it off and lay on the bed, shuddering from aftershocks. Holy hell that was amazing. What did I do?

I found Emily's thoughts entwined with mine. She was thinking of me, a warm glow surrounding her memory. Had I changed her? With us so close would she remember what I'd done in her body? I had no way of knowing what she would think, as the other hopper hadn't mentioned it. He probably didn't care, judging by how cavalier he'd been with his body. But I cared about Emily, though I couldn't do much to help her mind tight now. Maybe the best thing for her would be to hop out now before she lost any more time.

I opened the door to the hallway and stood in it, turning to face her room. I wasn't sure how she'd feel about the previous few days but I was sure she'd be startled to suddenly see me in her room.

I concentrated on the vibrations inside me, building them and letting them flow until I felt myself releasing from Emily. I aimed towards the hallway and felt that brief weightlessness. And then I was myself, standing behind her, looking at her incredible ass. I hurried off down the stairs before she could turn and see me.

I saw Emily sporadically over the next few days, occasionally passing her in the lobby of our building and saying hi. She shot me such a bright smile back it seemed there was nothing wrong. I desperately wanted to ask her about what she remembered from last week but couldn't think of a natural way to do it. I thought maybe I'd just put it all behind me, because at least it had sated the urge it hop. For now, anyway. But at the end of that fairly routine week, she did something that changed everything.

I was in my room studying when she knocked. Opening it, I found Emily standing in the hallway wearing the black sports bra and teal running shorts. I just gaped and she breezed in past me.

"Hey, Tom," she chirped.

"Hey, Emily, what's up?"

"Oh, stuff."

I pulled the desk chair out so she could sit, then took a seat on the bed. To my surprise she ignored the chair and sat on the bed next to me, turning her bright gaze on me, showing off her adorable dimples.

"I just dumped my boyfriend. Well, my kinda sorta boyfriend."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she shook her head and placed her warm hand on my leg. "It's not like the sex was good."

She laughed but I didn't know how to react so I just kind of smiled. She shuffled closer to me and leaned on me, tossing her head to throw her golden blonde locks out of her eyes. Her face was so close to mine I could see the tiny black flecks in her sky-blue eyes and felt her breath on my lips. She'd never been like this before. Did the merging of our minds do this? Had I inadvertently triggered an attraction to me?

As if confirming everything, she kissed me. I tasted her waxy lip gloss as our mouths met. She was hungry for me, tracing my lips with her tongue while her other hand dropped down into my lap. I was hard almost instantly, and she giggled against my lips as she found the bulge in my pants.

She lay me back on the bed and crawled down between my legs. Smiling up at me, she unzipped my pants and freed my dick, cooing as it jumped to attention in front of her cute little nose.

"Mmm," she licked her lips, opened her mouth and swallowed me, closing her eyes to savor my taste as she drove down, down my shaft.

"Oh fuuuck," I whispered as I watched her suck my dick.

My cock disappeared between her pillowy lips, surrounded by her wet heat, before reappearing slick with her saliva. Her profile was divine, and I gazed at her little slip of a nose as she buried it in my pubic hair, taking me all in and holding me there as her tongue undulated against my shaft. God, she was cute, and she obviously loved it, moaning as she sucked me. She opened her eyes and



stared up at me as she used one hand to stroke my cock into her mouth, moving faster, following my rhythm, pausing every time I reached the precipice and sighed, holding me there until I was back in control.

She stood then and shimmied out of her clothes before straddling me. Her breasts rocked back and forth as she reached between her legs to grab my cock. Her pussy was already swollen, the lips slightly parted for me, a little drop of dew glistening on the hair surrounding her entrance. She lowered herself on to me, my cock meeting the resistance of her opening before sinking in. She came then, suddenly and unexpectedly as soon as I entered her.

“Oh!” She moaned, as though surprised by her own orgasm.

Her pussy quivered around my dick and her knees grew weak. She dropped onto me, lodging my dick deep inside, which triggered another moan and another orgasm. She’d never been this responsive even when I was in her body. This must have had something to do with our new connection. It was like every part of me was perfect for her, she *needed* me inside her. She rode me slowly after that and I grabbed her tits. They were every bit as wonderful with my own hands as the had been with hers, and I raised my head to bury myself between her cleavage, just as James had done and made me jealous in the doing.

Her bouncy tits surrounded me. I kissed and sucked on her naked skin, gently squeezing and sucking each nipple just as I knew she liked. I played her body expertly and she rocked back and forth, crying out every now and then as she was pounded with another powerful orgasm. We changed speed, moving fast and slow as we felt the rhythm of our bodies, stopping whenever I needed to get myself under control, both of us just yearning to take our time with each other, to enjoy each other to the fullest.

I kept her on edge, thrusting in fast and quick, slowing as she reached an orgasm, withdrawing and teasing her until she begged me to cum.

“Oh, please god, Tom, cum inside me,” she whispered in my ear, her breath hot on my neck, her tits resting on my chest.

I obeyed, gripping her waist and thrusting up as she sat up and rocked back and forth. She stroked her pussy and I gazed into those gorgeous pink folds, our ecstasy rising together. When I came she came with me, the pulsing of my cock a trigger setting off an orgasm that made her throw her head back and utter a strangled cry, her fingers working fast on her clit as I pumped into her, thrusting deep into her hot little cunt until I was empty and she was full of my cum.

When she slowed she rested on my chest and I stroked her back, slowly growing soft inside her as the scent of her wonderfully girly shampoo filled my nose.

“That was amazing, Tom,” she whispered.

I kissed her tiny nose and let my hand trace the curve of her back, both of us still entwined. I knew everything about her and I loved her. And, evidently, our desires were tied together.

It was the start of an intense and wonderful relationship.

## Whole New World

Pierce overrode the AI of his autocar, grabbing the steering wheel and flooring it through the intersection ahead. The heads-up display along the side of his windshield flashed red and he laughed as he dodged through the cross traffic. The other autocars screeched to a halt and swerved to avoid him, the automatic traffic system doing its best to account for the rogue vehicle. Still, he scraped off the sides of a few of them and sent pedestrians scattering as he bumped one wheel up onto the curb to get around a slow-moving truck. Roland followed more carefully behind him, maneuvering his cars through the traffic in Pierce's wake, which had now come to a standstill.

Pierce heard Roland's voice through his earpiece, tinged with laughter: "You just added an extra hour of traffic to everyone's commute!"

"Serves those bitches right," Pierce replied.

He swerved around another slow-moving car, coming around the other side just as a small trash compactor was being pushed into his way by a heavyset woman. The compactor was a squat, green cylinder about four feet in diameter that levitated a foot off the ground. The automatic waste cleanup systems didn't reach this far down into the low districts, leaving some woman to trudge trash compactors like this one through the streets. They were big and bulky and even under levitation were difficult to control. There was no way the heavyset woman pushing it could stop in time.

Pierce threw the wheel to one side but the back of his car scraped off the compactor, sending it sailing back into the woman and knocking her to the ground. Pierce screeched to a stop in the middle of the street. His hydraulic door lifted into the air with a hiss and he jumped out, stomping around to the back of the car to look at the damage. The bumper was crumpled and dented.

The heavyset woman came limping around the side of the car, ready to unleash hell on the driver. Pierce turned to her.

"Look what the fuck you just did to my car!" He yelled.

When the heavyset woman saw Pierce her steely resolve melted, replaced with a mixture of awe and fear.

"I am so, so sorry," she blubbered. Her leg was bleeding from where the compactor had slammed into it and she leaned against the back of the car.

"Don't touch it. You'll get your gross lower prints all over it."

She withdrew her hand as if it was on fire and Pierce pinned her with a look of utter disgust. She was way too old for him, probably somewhere in her early thirties, and much too ugly. He wouldn't even be talking to her if she hadn't totaled his car. By now a crowd of women had gathered around, other lowers who'd seen what had happened. They kept their distance from Pierce but whispered among themselves, staring at him with wide eyes.

Everyone knew Pierce. He was the blonde-haired, blue-eyed god, with a body that women fought for. Out of the roughly one hundred males of procreating age in the city, Pierce was the top.

Intelligent, athletic, handsome and natural-born. Even now, Pierce could tell a few of the women gathering around him were working up the courage to ask him for his seed.

Roland pulled up behind him. When the door of his car slid up and the women saw that it was *another* man they became even more excited. It was rare to see one man on the street, let alone two.

“Shit, what happened?” Roland asked, standing and adjusting his always-ill-fitting outfit.

Roland was Pierce’s opposite in every way: short, squat and dull. His dark, frizzy hair was stuck up at angles and the stubble on his cheeks was patchy and sparse. Pierce knew that Roland happily accepted whatever castoffs of women Pierce sent his way because even Pierce’s castoffs were hotter than any piece of ass Roland would be able to get on his own. And with males few and far between, no woman would turn down the chance to bed one, even if he was as obnoxious as Roland. Not when it meant the chance of a vastly better life far outside these slums.

“This fucking bitch walked her compactor right into my car.” Pierce growled.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’ll pay for everything,” the woman blubbered. The tears streaming down her face made her look even uglier and Pierce turned away.

“Yeah, you will. Get it fixed and get it back to me.”

He didn’t need her to fix the car. He could get repairs done for free anywhere by virtue of who he was. But he thought she should pay for her carelessness, even if it meant she had to sell parts of herself. It served her right.

With that he turned to Roland’s car, pushing Roland aside so he could slip into the passenger seat. He was stopped when a brunette in the crowd gathered her courage and stepped out.

“Pierce, sir...”

Her lower lip trembled as Pierce stared at her like she was a piece of meat. Pierce didn’t usually bother to fuck anyone lower than a nine—and never gave his seed to a lower—and he sized the brunette up as a seven at best: Small tits. Nice ass. Good legs. He knew how valuable his sperm was.

For some reason scientists didn’t yet understand, male babies had become fewer and further between over the last several generations. There was currently only about a ten percent chance that a baby would be born a male, and even the best geneticists couldn’t increase those odds. No matter what chemical slurry they added to the vats they still got mostly women. What few men they did get were sallow and sickly, the quality of any offspring no better. Only natural made male babies had the good genes. Pregnant women were a rarity, and pregnant women with male fetuses rarer still.

Pierce was extra valuable because he came from a natural born line that could be traced back. He was a pureblood. No vat-grown babies in his family tree. If a woman could get pregnant naturally, by a man and with a boy, she would easily be lifted out of even the scummiest social class to be pampered and bathed in luxury in the gleaming towers of uptown. Pierce was a lottery ticket and every woman wanted to play him. What’s more, he knew it.

The adrenaline from the race and the near crash was still pumping through Pierce’s body. Even then he might have held off if Roland hadn’t spoken up.

“Hey, Pierce, we gotta get back for the gala tonight.”

Pierce glanced over at Roland, saw the simpering look on his face, and the way his eyes flicked to the brunette. He obviously wanted her. Roland often slummed with lowers. He found them easy pickings. Pierce's constant need to humble Roland and keep him in his place was enough motivation.

"We will," Pierce smirked, moving towards the brunette with the calm confidence of a predator towards wounded prey. "Just one quick stop."

She came in for a kiss but Pierce gripped her hips and spun her around. She was taken by surprise as he held her to him and reached around to squeeze her tits roughly. He pinned her up against Roland's car and thrust against her ass. She had such nicely squeezable tits, and she moaned softly as he stroked her. He could feel the fear and need battling within her. Her silky hair smelled nice, like flowers, and Pierce felt himself growing hard.

One hand still on her tits he slid his other hand down her front and beneath her shorts, finding her pussy. He slipped inside her, stroking her clit as he pressed his hard body against hers. She had a nice form, a comforting solidity beneath her softness. Tits were nice too. Pierce didn't mind everyone watching; let those jealous bitches watch.

Her pussy was warm, and his fingers explored her silky folds. He moved fast, pressing up against her swelling clit. There was no subtlety, just raw desire for her body to succumb to his. Finally, he felt her growing wet and he growled in her ear. She moaned again, whether fake or real Pierce couldn't tell and didn't care.

He dropped her tit long enough to unbutton her shorts and yank them down, quickly followed by her panties. He gave her nice round ass a smack and watched her jump. He pulled his own pants down and guided his cock in between her legs as she spread herself for him. His cockhead found her wetness, stroked up her entrance once or twice to gather her juices on him, and then he pushed in.

She cried out and gripped the car as he entered her, moaning as he slid into her tight warm wetness. He gripped her hips and pumped deep, driving in to the hilt, watching as his cock disappeared beneath her two ripe butt cheeks. He drove faster and she pressed back against him, arching her back and crying out for him. Her desire was probably fake but Pierce didn't care because his desire was very real.

He fucked her hard and fast, driving deep, the rhythmic slap of his groin on her ass loud enough for all to hear. She was so wet, so tight. He drove faster, harder, the desire concentrated at the base of his dick, his release imminent. At the last second he pulled out and pumped his cock down her backside, spurting his precious hot seed over her ass and denying her the chance at a lottery ticket.

He laughed as she turned, eyes wide when she realized what he'd done. She frantically tried to scrape his cum off her butt and transfer it to her pussy with her cum-slick hands, desperate for a chance at a real male baby. Pierce pulled up his pants and pushed her away from his car.

"May you bear a son," he mocked. "Come on, Roland, these fucking lowers are disgusting."

Roland looked at the brunette once more, longingly, then wordlessly went around to the passenger side and got in. Pierce took off, setting it on manual once again so he could have more thrills, heedless of who he hurt in the process. Consequences were for other people.

Pierce shifted uncomfortably and tugged the tuxedo jacket back down. It was cut to fit him, hugging his broad shoulders and highlighting his brawny body. He felt so constrained, even as he admired himself in the mirrored elevator doors, his muscular body looming large over Chanelle, his primary girlfriend. She was a blonde bombshell: wavy golden hair, angelic face, huge breasts and a tight ass. The only way Pierce liked them. He had no idea how much time she spent at the gym or at the salon keeping herself pretty for him, trying to stay at the top of his girlfriend ranking.

“Why can’t I just wear my sweatpants to these things?” He moaned.

Chanelle, looked up at him. “It’s just one night, Pierce, baby. I can strip you out of those clothes afterwards.”

She adjusted his tie before smoothing out his shirt, letting her hand linger on his solid pecs. He looked down at her. From his angle above her he could see right down the top of her barely-there dress, held on her body by nothing more than several thin straps and hope. Her ripe breasts were pressed together and calling out to him. He grabbed a breast but she put her hand on his and gently tugged it back down. She forced laughter, trying to be carefree, but Pierce had been together with her for so long—four months, almost too long!—and he knew the signs she was fed up. Sometimes the façade of vapid longing for him would slip and he glimpsed the real Chanelle beneath, ruthless and cunning, willing to do anything to get pregnant by Pierce.

He teased her like he teased all his girlfriends, stringing them along, using every other part of their body to satisfy himself and only rarely doing anything that could result in a pregnancy. So far Chanelle had had no luck and she was getting desperate. Pierce’s former number two girlfriend had been on the receiving end of Chanelle’s desperation and was in the hospital having her face reconstructed. Pierce had been sorry to dump his number two but he couldn’t be seen with someone who had surgery scars, no matter how well hidden.

“Maybe you’ll get pregnant with a boy tonight and then you can finally leave me.” Pierce said, needling her.

Her jaw tightened but she didn’t reply.

Pierce continued, “Gossip gets back to me, you know. Your salon isn’t as free of my influence as you think.”

Now her face went pale, her eyes wide. “Pierce, baby, the things I say in there are just idle chatter. Just to make the lowers feel better about themselves.”

She reached up to stroke his cheek but he pulled away and frowned down at her. “The lowers don’t have any loyalty to you, because you are nothing without me. Nothing. Remember that. You’re my primary girl but that can change in a second.”

Her lower lip started to tremble. “I didn’t—”

“Smile.” Pierce said, standing up straight and smiling broadly as the elevator doors opened and the cameras flashed.

They walked through the crowd, waving and grinning like they didn't have a care in the world. Chanelle was a great actress, laughing and hanging from his arm, tossing one liners back at the press as they shouted questions to the two of them. Pierce had to hand it to Chanelle, she could turn it on and off in a second. That was part of what made her such a great primary. And so dangerous.

Pierce let her handle the press. Most of them were lowers anyway. But still, his eyes wandered over them just in case one of them caught his fancy. They fought for his attention, smiling and waving to him behind their cameras. Pierce's confidence was buffered by the fact that every single one of the women would have gladly dropped their cameras to smash on the floor for just five minutes in bed with him.

The gala was in full swing when the doors opened and Pierce strolled in. From his vantage point at the top of the steps he could see the entire ballroom. Waitresses circulated through the crowd with silver platters holding appetizers and champagne. All one hundred eligible men of the city were in attendance, mingling and laughing, surrounded by women who treated their every utterance as uproarious and deep, no matter how vapid and shallow the conversation actually was. Their girlfriends were gorgeous and even the waitresses were beautiful. Women fought to become waitresses at this event for the slim chance of attracting the eye of one of the men.

God, how Pierce despised them all.

He took a champagne flute from a passing waitress and down it in a gulp as the Mayor approached him with a wide smile.

"Pierce! Wonderful to see you," the Mayor said.

She was an old broad in a flowing grey dress, with a face stretched tight from plastic surgery and greying hair that had been dyed black. Still, she'd had enough surgery done—particularly the big fake tits—that Pierce considered her acceptable to be in his presence, and her intelligent conversation—a rarity as far as Pierce was concerned—more than made up for it.

"Mayor," Pierce said, graciously.

The Mayor glanced at Chanelle and dismissed her in an instant, which made Pierce admire the Mayor even more.

"We've had some success with the ionization experiments you suggested. Water decontamination is up thirty three percent in the tests so far."

"Hmm, I would have expected more."

"There were some problems getting the hydrogen levels right. The difference between the theory and the practice."

"Ah, of course. I have some thoughts on the hydrogenation as well."

"Why don't you come down to the labs tomorrow and we'll go over it?"

"Absolutely."

"Wonderful. If you'll excuse me."

The Mayor saluted with her champagne and disappeared back into the ground. It would be nice having some sort of intelligent conversation—even if it was with a bunch of women lowers. Maybe he'd bring Chanelle along as eye candy. She'd be bored senseless. It would be perfect.

Pierce slipped out of Chanelle's arm and mingled through the crowd. She followed along in his wake, jealously guarding her position from any woman who tried to approach him.

Pierce used to love these galas but they'd worn thin. It was just a chance for the city to parade out its men to show off to other cities. Their representatives were here in the crowd and Pierce was expected to cozy up to them. The transference of men from one city to another was how the genetic stock got replenished throughout the various remaining cities in the country. Pierce, himself, would never be traded. He was much too valuable. Others, though, not so much.

As if on cue, Roland came bounding up to Pierce and put his arm around his shoulders. He was followed by a small crowd of men and women.

"Pierce! Buddy. I was just telling these people about our adventures today. That old woman who tried to take you out."

Pierce shook Roland off, trying his best not to grimace at the strong body odor that wafted from the stout younger man. Roland gave off an air of desperation as he embellished the story. Pierce kept quiet, letting Roland shoot off his mouth and embarrass himself. Pierce just wanted to be out this place.

"More champagne, Pierce?" A woman's voice asked from behind him.

He turned, expecting to see another beautiful waitress, but was surprised. The woman holding up the platter was dressed, like the others, in a tight-fitting dress, only she didn't have the body for it. She was slim, and with tits Pierce could probably cover with each hand. They barely protruded from beneath the skintight top, unlike the other waitresses who were practically bouncing out of their clothes. Her black hair was piled into a tight bun which did nothing to help shape her plain, oval face. When she smiled the sides of her dark brown eyes crinkled beneath the thick black glasses.

The best description Pierce had for her was nerdy. She was ordinary, which in Pierce's mind was a synonym for ugly. He paused, staring at her, disgusted, wondering what the hell she was thinking showing up here as a waitress surrounded by the young and gorgeous.

Her face fell as he frowned at her. She became self-conscious, still holding up the serving platter but now avoiding his eyes. Chanelle glanced over at her and laughed at the absurdity of this mousy woman hitting on the most coveted man in the city.

Pierce took another flute of champagne. "Here's some free advice, honey," he said, patting her on the ass. "Someone who looks like you should never talk to someone who looks like me."

She lowered her head and nodded. Roland looked over to see why he'd lost Pierce's attention and saw the waitress.

"Gross," he laughed. She was too plain even for him.

Now everyone in the small crowd around Pierce was silent, waiting expectantly as though watching a show. Chanelle moved in for the kill.

"You're lucky he spoke to you at all," she hissed in the waitress's ear. "Go home and treasure the experience."

The waitress nodded again, her eyes sparkling with tears, and then she hurried away. Pierce watched her go out of pure instinct, judging her ass and her legs as barely passable. He turned back to Roland.

“Continue.”

Roland nodded, a smile plastered across his face, as he picked up his story. Pierce sipped from his champagne and gazed around the room, trying to hide his boredom. There, standing off to the side near the stairs was a woman unlike any he’d ever seen. She wore a red dress that billowed and flowed down her body, hinting at the incredible form beneath. The dress was elegant without being overly sexy and showy. Her auburn hair was styled into an immaculate bun, one loose strand dangling down the side of her face which she occasionally swept out of her eyes with a graceful motion. Her face was carved by an angel and her deep emerald eyes were like two crystal clear lagoons that Pierce could drown in.

But it was more than just her appearance; it was her whole attitude. Pierce had never seen anyone bored at these galas before. Everyone showed up intent on making a good impression, willing to do anything to land one of the few available men. But this one had a look of utter boredom as she gazed around the room. Their eyes met from across the room and Pierce couldn’t help flash his winningest smile at her. A polite smile flickered across her own face and then she dismissed him, moving on.

This was new to Pierce. He’d been lusted after, screamed at, even punched once. But never ignored. He stared at her, willing her to stare back at him but she turned and slipped through the crowd with a comfortable grace.

Pierce followed her, leaving Chanelle and the small group of his hangers-on behind. The crowd seemed to part for her as she made her way to the double doors leading out to the balcony.

Pierce caught up with her as she stood at the railing, gazing out at the twinkling lights of the city far beneath them. The atmospheric shield around the building blocked the wind, allowing only a light breeze to waft past, carrying the woman’s enchanting vanilla scent to Pierce’s nose. Her face in profile was impossibly beautiful.

“Hi,” Pierce said, sidling up to her.

She turned to him and he felt the full force of her gaze. Her emerald eyes were like beacons, calling to him.

“Hello,” she said in a voice sultry and sweet.

“I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Pierce.” He held out his hand.

She gave no hint that she recognized his name, simply took his hand, her dainty fingers slipping comfortably across his.

“Evangeline.”

“A gorgeous name for a gorgeous woman.”

“Aren’t you a charmer,” she said in a way that suggested she was not, in fact, charmed.

This was another first for Pierce. Usually women were begging for him. The chase was a novelty.



“Did you know this whole tower was originally built twenty feet to the east? But when the building was completed and the owner came to the top for the first time he insisted it be moved so that he could get the views of both the river and the ocean.”

“Typical of the rich. Full of themselves and their own importance. If they were here tonight I’d tell them to their face how utterly useless they were.”

“Well, here’s your chance. It was me. And I know exactly how useless I am.”

She covered her lips with a slender hand and laughed, her eyes twinkling into a smile for the first time that evening. She was a vision.

“I hadn’t expected to insult the host quite so quickly.”

“Do you usually wait until later in the evening?”

“Usually. Once I’ve judged the quality of the food and the drinks. And the company.”

“And how do you find them so far?”

“I find two of the three exemplary. And the third lacking.”

“Then perhaps I should find some better wine to go with the company.”

One side of her ruby lips curled up in a smile.

Pierce didn’t even bother trying to slip out secretly with Evangeline. In fact, he winked at Chanelle back in the crowd as he held the door open for Evangeline, practically begging Chanelle to start a scene. She kept herself in check, though, knowing that to stay Pierce’s primary meant not making a public fuss when he took some other woman home.

The doors slid open noiselessly to Pierce’s penthouse suite after he scanned in his palm print. Sometimes he wished he could just get the same neural connection everyone else had, but his brain was too valuable to risk in nonessential surgery. He just had time to override Chanelle’s login so she couldn’t interrupt them when Evangeline was on him, backing him up against the hallway wall and pressing herself against him.

Her lips were warm against his, and he inhaled her sweet scent as her tongue plunged into his mouth, seeking him out. She ran her fingers through his hair and pressed her breasts up against him as if she could draw him out through sheer force of will. He reached around and cupped her ass, felt the taut fullness beneath the silken dress.

He tried to kiss his way down her neck but she gripped his hair in her fist and forced his head painfully back up against the wall before she bent and nipped his neck. Pierce had never had anyone take him like this. Most women were too scared to risk offending him so they let him make the first moves, responding to whatever he desired. But Evangeline took what she wanted and Pierce found himself enjoying her attitude.

Her hands were restless on his chest and she yanked open his top, sending the buttons flying. She spread her hands against his warm, solid pecs. He reached down her dress and caressed a breast as it bobbed beneath him, holding it gently in his palm, enjoying the soft, warm weight. His cock grew hard beneath his pants and one of her hands slid down and grabbed it firmly, stroking as she kissed him.

Her fingers slid up and down his shaft and her mouth returned to his. She moved up against him in a steady rhythm, teasing him with her body, pressing here and there, giving him a glimpse of what she could offer until he was mad with lust. She helped him yank off his shirt and caressed his topless body lightly with her fingertips, tracing the contours of his muscles, enamored with his body as he was enamored with her.

She sensed him about to lose his patience and stood up straight. Gripping the neckline of her dress she pulled it down, letting her tits bob out. She grabbed his hair again and guided his face to her tits. He suckled her breasts, one at a time, groping and squeezing. God, her body was perfect, all curves and pleasant taut-softness.

He helped her out of her dress and she stood naked in front of him. He paused, admiring her body and she turned to pose for him, obliging his longing look. Her auburn hair covered one eye, giving her a dangerously sexy look.

“Take off your pants,” she ordered.

He grinned and did as she said. Now it was her turn to stare. She smiled slightly and motioned for him to turn around. He spun slowly, feeling her eyes on him, her naked lust for his body. When he had spun all the way around she nodded, satisfied, and knelt before him so his cock was level with her mouth.

She stroked him again, her hand moving up and down his shaft a few times before taking him into her mouth. She was warm and wet, her tongue undulating softly as she swallowed him, taking her time, enjoying herself. It was a delight watching his dick disappear between her lips as she stared up at him, maintaining eye contact as she sucked his cock. He stroked her silky hair as she did wonderful things with her tongue, teasing him into a sharp state of arousal, pausing just before he lost control and keeping his hard cock locked between her lips until he stopped throbbing, then resumed her wonderful sucking, moaning in delight around his dick.

He'd never had a woman worship him like this. Fear him, yes. Desire him, absolutely. But this was different. He could sense her anticipating his needs, driving him to wild heights of pleasure and keeping him balanced on the edge. She stood, still gripping his cock, and commanded him to lie on the floor. When he didn't obey immediately she pulled him down by his cock and then straddled him.

Lowering herself on him, his cockhead pressed up against her entrance, slid just inside her warm, wet pussy lips and landed against the pressure of her opening. The pressure built as she sank down on him until he slipped in with a groan. Soon he was buried to the hilt. Gripping his pecs with her fingernails she began riding him, dragging her pussy back and forth. The head of his cock pressed up against her dimpled nub and she raised her head and moaned. Her breasts swayed back and forth as she rocked, and he gripped her hips and thrust up, reading the rhythm of her body.

She felt so perfect from inside, fitting him like a glove. She grew faster, leaning over him so her silky hair fell down the side of her face almost to his eyes, and her tits bobbed as she sped up until she was riding him hard and fast, fingernails nearly drawing blood as she raked his chest. She was desperate for her own pleasure, not giving a damn about his, and he loved it, loved that she had no care for him or his importance.

She threw her head back and moaned, one hand moving to between her legs, fingers playing with her own swollen clit as she clutched a tit. She came in a growling orgasm, shuddering from head to toe and freezing, her pussy clenched tight and throbbing around his cock. He felt the warmth

flooding her and when she came down he redoubled his efforts, thrusting up into her warm wetness until he could hold himself no longer and he came.

His cock throbbed, unleashing a torrent of cum. He gritted his teeth and she sank down on him, grinding her pussy all the way while he filled her with his hot seed, both of them crying out in pure pleasure. She seemed to cum for a long time, the arc of her orgasm slow to fade. When it did, she stood up and he stood with her.

“Celebratory drink?” She asked.

“What are we celebrating?”

“I’ll tell you when we’ve drunk it.”

Still naked, he walked to the kitchen and searched for some wine. She followed a moment later, hands demurely behind her back, and watched as he poured two glasses. He handed one to her and she took it, then held the glass to the side and stepped close to him, her lips near his and breathed him in. His flaccid cock pressed against her wetness and he felt himself so close to throbbing to life again.

She pulled away. “It’s traditional where I come from to share your first glass, twine your arms around each other like this...”

She showed him what she meant, each of them twisting their arms to hold their glass to the other’s lips. She sipped his, and then she tipped her glass into his mouth, forcing him to guzzle the whole thing as she laughed. He drank it down and laughed with her, throwing the glass to the sink where it smashed before taking her into his arms. He *was* getting horny for her again.

“So now will you tell me what we’re celebrating?”

She smiled. “Why, an end to the patriarchy, of course.”

“I *am* the patriarchy.”

“I know.”

He frowned and opened his mouth to say something else but his tongue felt heavy all of a sudden, and his mouth seemed filled with cotton. She helped support his weight as he sank to his knees and then fell to the floor, darkness crowding in from all sides and obscuring his vision until he lost all consciousness.

Pierce was aware of movement and bodies around him but everything was distorted, like being at the bottom of a dark ocean. Occasionally a face or a few words would penetrate the murky depths of his consciousness. A flash of a woman's face. The white of a lab coat. A dull grey ceiling studded with bright lights, like an operating theatre. Once he reached up with trembling fingers to grab at someone's hand and heard worried shouts as they pushed his hand back down and something sharp poked into his arm, making the world disappear again.

Snippets of conversation went on around him:

"...before he wakes up..."

"...other patient is ready..."

"...can start the transfer..."

From out of the murk came a gut-wrenching pain. He tried to howl but had no mouth. He tried to grab onto something to steady himself but had no body. He tried to blink away the darkness but had no eyes.

And then the physical world returned. Women's voices cried out excitedly around him. Again the flashes of consciousness between blackouts: another grey ceiling, hands hefting him onto a padded table, the flash of lights playing across the backseat of a car seat accompanied by the hum of an engine as he was driven somewhere, held between two people and led into another building before being set down on a lumpy mattress and being left alone for the darkness to mercifully take him.

When Pierce woke for real the world was blurry and unfamiliar. He was lying in a bed and from this vantage point all he could see was part of a window, light rays of sun slipping through the cracks in the dusty blinds. It hurt to swallow. His mouth was dry. Running his tongue along the inside of his mouth felt strange, like his teeth had shifted position in some nearly imperceptible way.

He blinked but the blurriness of the room didn't resolve. Turning his head to one side he saw the rest of the room in which he now lay. A half-open closet was in front of him, the accordion door folded open, a mirror on one side pointing away from him.

Something tickled his cheek and he reached up to brush it away. His fingers landed on a cheek that was stubble free and entirely too smooth. The ticklish thing was a long lock of what felt like hair. He plucked it off and felt a pull as though it were connected to his head.

He frowned and struggled to sit up, feeling strangely weak. The covers fell away as he sat up and he paused, half-leaning against the wall behind him with an oddly willowy arm, and stared down at himself. He was dressed in a lacy pink nightie, the cotton fabric draped from two spaghetti straps down over a slender framed body. Beneath the neck of the nightie he could just make out the small curve of a breast. The body was impossibly tiny and feminine, but it moved with him as though it was his own.

He gasped, finding his voice higher-pitched, and brought a hand to his lips. They felt wrong. Soft. Like his face. And the room was still blurry.

There were thick black glasses on the nightstand and he slipped them on almost unconsciously, the room resolving into sharp focus. It didn't change the fact that he was in a woman's body.

"What the fuck? What the fuck?" He muttered to himself. But hearing that strange voice made him even more worried and he silenced himself.

He stood on trembling legs. The nightie fell down to his thighs, leaving his smooth calves bare. Now he could see the outline of his thin frame beneath the nightie. The feminine figure that was now impossibly his.

He walked on unsteady legs towards the mirror, his balance off, his hips swaying back and forth. Turning to face the mirror, he saw a mousy-looking girl with deep-framed glasses and a slim figure. She had a broad nose with a slight upturn, just odd enough to seem cute. There was nothing distinctive about her brown eyes and her round face.

He stepped back and opened his mouth in shock, saw his reflection do the same, the dorky little woman's mouth dropping open as he gasped. She was thin and with very little shape to speak of. Smallish breasts. A fat butt. A woman he wouldn't have glanced at twice. But there was something familiar about her and it took him a few seconds to realize it was the waitress from last night. Somehow he was in her body.

"This isn't happening," he insisted.

He hurried out of the bedroom and found himself in a dumpy little apartment. A small kitchenette took up one wall, a vid-screen on the other. The walls were scuffed and dirty, the tiles on the floor cracked, the cabinets well-worn. The place smelled like stale food.

Something dinged, a sound more felt than heard, and a notice popped up seemingly in mid-air. An envelope above black letters with a white outline: *I new message.*

Pierce had never had a neural link, but this body apparently did. It took longer than it should have to figure out how to open the message, and in the end he imagined himself tapping it as if it were a touchscreen.

A heavily made-up blonde appeared in front of him, superimposed over the kitchen. His neural link brought up her name beneath the image in ghostly white letters: Mary Seagrind.

"Hey, Denise. I'm gonna need you to come in tonight for an art exhibition. After last night's debacle I'm afraid we're going to have to keep you in the kitchen. You'll get another chance at waitressing when this all blows over. See you tonight."

She disappeared.

*The hell you will,* thought Pierce.

He wasn't living in this dump one minute longer. He needed to get back to his old body and get it back...somehow. There was no plan, just desperation. On his way to the front door he caught sight of his reflection in the screen and was appalled at the tiny girl in the ridiculous nightie. No way was he going out onto the street like this.

He returned to the bedroom and hunted through the closet, coming up with some baggy camo pants and a grey tee. He was already wearing panties—thank god—so he just lifted off the nightie and tossed it aside, trying to avoid looking down at the half-naked body he now owned. But he could still notice the difference in height and mass, and he accidentally jostled his small breasts as he

slipped the shirt over his head, making them bobble uncomfortably. Then he stepped into the pants, squeezing them up over his plump butt.

There was no handle on the front door, and he pondered how to get out of the apartment before realizing that everything was probably connected to his neural link. Looking at the door gave him a slight tug in his mind and he imagined the door opening. On this thought, it slid open with a brief screech of old metal on metal and he ducked out into a dimly-lit hallway.

When he finally got outside Denise's building nothing looked familiar. He couldn't see any landmarks and was completely disoriented. An autocab was passing by and he ran towards it, waving his arms. The cab set itself down in front of him but the door didn't open. Instead, a warning appeared in the bottom of his vision: *Insufficient credits. Access denied.*

The cab took off into the air as Pierce called after it futilely: "Wait!"

There was laughter from behind him and he turned to find a small group of women watching him. They were dressed in yellow and black, colors that Pierce recognized from the news as belonging to some sort of gang that fought over the dregs of the city. The women were scarred and hefty, with a considerable amount of bulk. They all had solid faces and moved with deliberate, plodding steps. Pierce drew himself up to his full height and they still towered over his delicate body.

"Where you off to so soon, Denise?" The apparent leader said. She was an older woman with a heavysset jaw and deep lines across her face. A woman so ugly Pierce wouldn't have been caught dead talking to her just a day ago.

The women surrounded him and gave off an air of menace. Pierce wasn't sure what Denise's relationship to them was or how he was supposed to behave. He trembled in fear and he couldn't get his wits about him. His thoughts kept juddering off as he glanced at the array of weapons the women casually wore.

"J-just going uptown," he managed to say in a shaky voice, trying to look around the circle to all of them at once.

The woman quirked an eyebrow. "Uptown, huh? Going to serve your masters another fancy feast?"

"Maybe she landed a man," another woman said, to great gales of throaty laughter from the women.

"Not her," another said, "She doesn't have the figure."

Someone pinched Pierce's butt and he yelped and jumped away to more laughter.

"I don't mind her figure. I'll keep her warm. That's a better offer than you'll get from anyone uptown."

"It's m-my job," Pierce said, hating how he felt so small, so weak, how he couldn't think of even one clever thing to say.

"Better start walking, then," the leader said, her eyes roaming up and down Pierce's body. "Bring us back something good this time, huh? Otherwise you'll have to pay your safety fees in...other ways."

She winked. The women laughed again and walked away, leaving Pierce shaken and...strangely excited by the whole endeavor. He ran back into his apartment building, up the dark staircase and back into his room where he felt safer and less on display. His confidence was shot.

There was something wrong with him. He felt too warm for such little exercise. His thoughts were racing and was tense and itchy in a strange way between his legs.

Reaching down to scratch himself, his fingers landed between his legs and pressed the pants up against his new pussy. The touch brought with it a flush of warmth and he let his hand remain there, keeping the pressure on it. He rocked back and forth, remembering how humiliating it was to be looked down on by those gross old ladies, how helpless he felt, how they called him names and did whatever they wanted with his body.

The heat was now radiating through him. With a start he realized he was getting off on the humiliation of his new life. Pierce pulled his hand away from his pants and stalked back and forth through the small apartment. The desperate itch wasn't going away. He couldn't live with it distracting him, making it difficult to plan.

He unbuttoned his pants and slid his hand down past his pouch of a tummy, beneath the waistband of his pants. His fingers grazed over the coarse pubic hair and landed on an unfamiliar slit. Dipping in, he landed on a dewy warmth. Christ, he was getting wet already.

Pierce rolled his jeans and panties down his legs and kicked them away, revealing his long legs and pale creamy thighs. He'd seen better. Hell, he'd passed up better women than this. But right then he just needed the physical touch of himself.

Lying back on the bed, he stared up at the ceiling so as not to have to look at himself and let his hand play between his legs, exploring the gentle folds that he now possessed. His pussy lips clung to his fingers as he circled them around through his velvety folds. His other hand came up to one of his small breasts and he groped himself, digging his fingers in to grab a handful of flesh and failing. This body was so goddamn flat. And yet it still felt wonderful to stroke the little nipples.

His fingers still circled inside himself as the tension wound through him. His legs began flexing unconsciously as the little pleasure button rose beneath the fingers in his pussy. He sucked in a deep breath as he pressed on his clit, stroking it faster, in time with the new rhythm of his body. Lightly pinching his nipples sent a delicious tremor of excitement through him. Now his fingers were slick with his need, and he dragged them up and down his entrance, exploring his silky folds and remembering how the other women looked down on him, called him names.

"Oh, you stupid cunt," Pierce whispered, deriding himself.

The insult brought a sudden burst of heat from within him that made him throw his head back into the pillow and cry out. Now the sound of his wetness hit his ears as his fingers circled faster, slipping down and in through his entrance, plunging into the tight wet canal. He fingered himself faster, harder. His legs shook now, toes flexing as his tiny voice rose in pitch:

"Oh. Oh. Oh!"

God, he was so fucking tiny and helpless and miserable and...he came hard, body shuddering. The orgasm powered through him, making his pussy clench around his fingers, making him squeeze his tiny nipple as pleasure drove the breath from him. His eyes shut tight as he shook and came, the pleasure washing through him like a slow rolling wave, holding him in its embrace before releasing him to tumble away.

Pierce could feel himself dripping wet. The smell of pussy filled the air and he pulled his fingers out of himself and lay on the bed while his body cooled. Despite everything it was incredible.

Pierce pushed himself into a sitting position, making the mistake of looking down at his plain Jane body. How could something that looked like that feel so amazing inside? At least his mind was clear now.

He washed his hands and used the toilet—careful not to look down—then re-dressed. After some fiddling around he discovered how to activate the neural link and find out about who he was. The statistics of his new life appeared in the lower right-hand corner of his vision. A depressing list of debt and job obligations. He cycled through, selecting the menus with his eyes until he found the map of the public transportation. Denise had enough money for fares to get halfway to uptown, but any further access was restricted. He'd have to walk from there.

This time he was more careful in leaving his apartment, looking around for any sign of the gang before hurrying through the crooked streets to the dirty subway entrance.



It was early evening by the time Pierce reached the block where he used to live. Denise's worker pass had gotten him through the checkpoints, and now he stood across the street from the apartment building. Somewhere in the penthouse forty stories up was Denise enjoying his life?

As usual, the canopied entrance was crowded with young and beautiful women, taut bodies nearly hanging out of the skimpy clothing. It was like one of those old movie premiers back when there used to be a thing called Hollywood, except instead of photographers lining the red carpet it was women desperate to get pregnant by Pierce's pure bloodline. They hung out here hoping for a peek at him and the chance that he would reach out and pluck them from the crowd to be one of his girlfriends.

God, they were gorgeous. Breasts, and buttocks and glowing skin.

Pierce paused at the back of the crowd, expecting they would deride him. But it was worse than that. They ignored him, dismissing him with a glance, even a little smirk. They knew he was no competition. His dowdy clothes did nothing to improve his shapeless body. But how he wanted to touch them and stroke them. He was getting moist again just thinking about it, his body beginning to thrum at the thought of falling into bed with these gorgeous women. Hell, he'd even settle for an eight at this point.

Or was it their disdain for him that was turning him on? Disdain was a novelty for Pierce.

He shook the thought of. Had to concentrate on the task at hand. Why he was having trouble concentrating he didn't know. He'd thought his lazy, disorganized thoughts were a temporary result of whatever they'd done to put him in this body. But maybe it was a permanent result of having Denise's brain? Was this how she always thought?

While he was waiting, the crowd drew in a breath as the front doors opened, only to relax it again as Chanelle stormed out. She was furious and stared straight ahead, ignoring the women lining the entrance. Pierce slipped around to intercept her at the street where an autocar had pulled up for her.

"Chanelle!" He called out.

She glared at him without recognition and sneered. "Don't you talk to me you lower." She laughed disdainfully. "You seriously think you have a chance at getting Pierce? Look at you. You've got no body and a face like a dumpling."

"No, listen—" he began, but she cut him off.

"You're just another ugly bitch desperate for Pierce's sperm. You and all these other bitches here can have him!" She screamed before slipping into the autocar.

When it disappeared into the air, the other women buzzed among themselves. What could it mean that Pierce's primary was so angry? Did it mean she was out? Was there hope for one of them? Pierce could feel their nervous excitement as they crowded closer to the front entrance.

Pierce walked around the corner, knowing there was a back alley that held a service entrance. Turning the corner of the block, he soon came upon the alleyway. A gate of steel bars blocked the entrance. Over to one side, nearly hidden in the dark, was a small keypad.

Pierce had sometimes used this entrance to slip inside without being noticed, bringing with him a new girlfriend he could fuck without getting into a screaming match with Chanelle. He knew the backdoor code. Or at least he used to. What was the damn number?

Pierce bit his thumbnail in thought, a habit he'd never had before but, judging by the state of Denise's nails, she did. Damn, how much of himself was he losing by being this woman? He forced his hand down to his side then punched in the series of numbers he remembered and was pleasantly surprised when the door slid silently open.

He slipped down the alley and up to the back entrance. There was a truck parked out back, a tool chest inside. Pierce hefted it and, using the same code, he was able to get in to the building. He walked in as though he knew what he was doing, and the few other maintenance women there didn't think twice when they saw him coming as he struggled down the hallway with the heavy tools.

The service elevator went straight up to his floor. It would alert anyone inside, so if Denise was there in his body she'd know he'd be coming. There was no helping that. But there was no answer, and the elevator doors slid open into his familiar living room. The lights were off. The place was silent and empty.

Pierce opted to wait for her to return. While he did, he dug through the fridge and scarfed down the dinner and the pastries that had been made for him. Though the taurine was his favorite it didn't taste right on Denise's tongue. The pastries were delightful, though. Denise must have a sweet tooth.

When he'd eaten his fill he collapsed onto his familiar couch. The cushions dwarfed him in his tiny body and he nestled into them. He was warm and cozy and, despite his anxiety, soon fell asleep.

\* \* \*

Voices woke him sometime later. Pierce jumped to his feet but froze when the lights to the penthouse flicked on and the front door slid open to reveal a small group of people. Evangeline was there, looking as ravishing as she did the night they'd had sex. Pierce's former body was there as well, his arm draped over a dumpy fat girl. In fact, of the five other girls in the group besides Evangeline, all were substandard and would have been beneath him. They didn't have the enhanced hourglass figures Pierce adored. They came in various shapes and sizes and colors. Even their carefully mended clothes gave away that they were lowers.

Evangeline saw him first and stopped. "Oh, hello."

The others looked up to see who she was talking to and they all stared at Pierce. His old body smirked at him, a confident twinkle in his eye. Pierce's neural link helpfully displayed all their names in the air above their heads but he didn't care who they were.

"Ladies," Pierce's former body said, "Would you excuse us?"

He ushered them toward the upstairs suite, all except for Evangeline. When they were gone, he moved to the study, easygoing, like he owned the place. Evangeline followed, and Pierce followed

her. He was pissed, trying to figure out what he would say. When the door slid shut behind Pierce, his former body sat on the edge of the desk, Evangeline beside him.

“We thought you might come back here,” Evangeline began.

“I want my body back.” Pierce had meant to sound intimidating but all he could muster was a whine.

“No,” his former body said simply, crossing his arms. “You’re Denise now and I’m Pierce. No more free rides. We’ve been watching you for a while now, just waiting for the perfect opportunity.”

“Guess you shouldn’t have fucked strange women,” Evangeline added.

“I know it must be difficult for you, facing consequences and all,” Denise continued. “It’s never happened to you before but you’re a quick learner. Or, at least, you were. Your new brain will adjust to its more...limited capacity. You’ll pick up my muscle memory, maybe even some of my traits. And you’ll lose that previous intelligence. Meanwhile, I’ve got room to expand. I just have to fight your urges to fuck anything with tits.”

Pierce felt his lower lip start to tremble and he bit his tongue, using the pain to stave off the crying jag. “What do you want from me? Money? Fame? You want to be my girlfriend? Have my child?”

Now it was Evangeline’s turn to smile. “No. I’m afraid you’ve already given me the last child you’ll ever make.” She cupped her stomach. “Unless you find someone to impregnate you.”

“Please!” He begged. “I want my body back.”

“That’s not happening,” Denise said. “You see, this isn’t just about having one baby.”

Evangeline put her hand on Denise’s arm. “This is about changing the world. Those women we came home with. You would have never picked them. None of you men would have. We want equality, and we’re going to do it one baby at a time, starting from the top.”

“It would if there were just one man,” Denise said. “But I think we’ve proved that we can take any body we want. And we won’t let a tiny minority of men have power long after they should have given it up. We’re going to be the new men. And we’re going to end the last vestiges of the patriarchy.”

“You can’t!”

“Oh? What are you going to do?”

“I’ll...I’ll tell everyone.”

“No one will believe you,” Evangeline smiled.

“You should worry more about yourself,” Denise added. “Don’t you have a job to go to? Food isn’t just going to appear in your kitchen by itself.”

The door behind Pierce slid open and two fierce looking women surrounded him and grabbed his arms in a stiff grip.

“Get her out of here,” Denise said.

As security hauled him down the hallway he struggled futilely. Evangeline called out after him: “We’re changing the entrance codes. And if we see you back here you’ll be arrested.”

Security marched him to the front door and tossed him out. He rolled on to the carpet and looked up to see the group of beautiful women who'd crowded around the entrance waiting for his body. They laughed at him as his neural link tried to identify their names, but many were blocked. One of the perks of being rich. Pierce pushed himself to his feet and trudged away.

He retraced his steps back to the subway, his mind a blur. But when he tried to get through the gates a message blinked up in the corner of his vision: *Access denied. Insufficient funds.*

Not even enough credits to get back to Denise's home. What was he going to do? As if in answer, the ghostly image of a woman appeared in his view. It was Mary, the same woman who'd left the message earlier.

"Denise? Where are you?"

"I'm...I'm uptown," he said.

A few women passing by gave him derisive glances. He should have been subvocalizing his words instead of saying them aloud.

"Well, get your ass over here. We need you in the kitchen."

Pierce didn't see he had much of a choice. He had no money and no one would believe him.

"Ok."

The ghostly image disappeared, replaced with directions in the form of a yellow path superimposed on the ground below him and pointing back up the way he'd come. He followed the path back up to street level and then around a few blocks to come up to the back end of the Capital Hall.

The back door slid open as he approached, the yellow path leading him down a series of winding corridors to the kitchen. Women were dodging around each other, yelling back and forth as pots boiled over and steam rose from the pans and the ovens. There Mary stood in the flesh, directing people this way and that. She saw Pierce coming in.

"Fucking finally. Grab a knife and start gutting."

She tossed him an apron and directed him over to the side of the kitchen where some other sous chefs were preparing fish. The women running around the kitchen were clearly lowers, and unattractive ones at that, but the women around the fish table were the worst: missing teeth, pockmarked faces, flabby arms. Was this who he was being compared to now?

One of the women handed him a knife and a fish. He grabbed the slimy thing and wrinkled his nose in disgust.

"Too good for fish after being out on the floor?" One of the girls snickered.

Pierce ignored her and followed the directions of his neural link as it overlaid where and how to cut the slimy cold fish in his hands. He got into a rhythm: grab, chop, slice, pull. Guts go here, bones there, body there.

In no time he was splattered in gore, but at least he was doing something. It felt good to have a goal, even if it was the grossest thing he'd ever done. He knew nothing of what went in to preparing food. His whole life he'd just ordered from wherever he was and food appeared shortly after, like a miracle. Now here he was in the kitchen, watching the immense amount of work that had made that miracle possible.

A change brought him out of his trance-like state of fish gutting. The sound of sizzling and frying went on but the voices had gone still. Pierce looked up to see Roland strolling through the kitchen.

Fat, happy, Roland, a greedy grin on his face. Pierce remembered that Roland sometimes liked to do this at big events, parade himself through the kitchen for the lowers to gawk at. Roland liked the look and feel of some of the lowers. The occasional half-pretty one made it out of a vat and Roland liked to snap them up whenever he found them for a quick fuck just because he could. Women respected him just because he was a man in the way that the other men disrespected him because he was who he was.

As Roland strolled towards the fish table Pierce looked up at him hopefully and swept a strand of dark hair out his face.

"Roland," Pierce said.

Maybe he could convince Roland of the danger he was in, but Pierce found his voice gone when Roland turned his dark brown eyes on him. There was a power in him that Pierce had never felt before. Maybe it was the power imbalance Pierce now had, of being in a small, plain, lower class body. Or maybe it was Denise's mind and memories taking hold of his and stripping him of his power to speak so he just gazed wordlessly at Roland, his lower lip trembling.

Roland reared back in disgust and Pierce heard the other women snickering behind him.

"I need to tell you something," Pierce said through dry lips.

"I don't think you do," Roland said, dismissively, turning to look around the rest of the women.

He spied one of the line chefs, her flaming red hair spiking out from beneath her hat. Her face was a maze of freckles and she had an overbite but Roland moved towards her like iron to a magnet. Roland yanked down her pants and threw her over the kitchen counter. She arched her back, spreading her legs for him, knowing this was her possible ticket upwards.

Roland pulled out his cock, driving it between her legs, rubbing himself on her without penetrating. The woman had the good sense to spill some olive oil on her hands and reach down to lube up his cock before he thrust inside her. She let out a sharp cry and then sunk down on him. He slid in fast, pounding her quickly, the smack of her ass loud in the now-quiet kitchen as everyone else looked on jealously.

Pierce saw Roland about to cum and start to pull out, but the woman clapped her legs shut and reached around to grab his ass, pulling him close. He had no control and came, spilling into her, grunting as he filled her with his precious seed. When he was done he zipped up his pants.

"Well played," he said, "May you bear a son."

With that he disappeared back out into the main gallery. The redhead was crying with happiness as the other women congratulated her and wished her well. Mary let her rest in the corner, taking the easy jobs of shucking the corn, encouraging the hope of pregnancy.

Roland, the man who had the least standards of any man Pierce had known, had rejected Pierce as too ordinary. Pierce didn't know why the room was getting blurry until the first tear slipped down his cheek. He wiped it away, dirtying his glasses. One of the other fish women saw him.

"Shouldn't have gotten your hopes up, doll. You ain't that good looking," she cackled as the others joined in.

Pierce sniffed, mortified and despondent and very uncomfortably warm.

Pierce made it through the rest of Denise's shift and begged Mary for an advance on credit so he could at least get back to the only place that was his own in this strange new world. He was covered in food and the scents mingled in his hair and on his skin unpleasantly. He kept his head down the whole subway ride home, conscious of the eyes on him, the disgust at his smell and his appearance. Gripping the subway pole tighter, his thoughts kept running back through all the humiliation the day had built up inside him. He desperately needed release.

Pierce made it safely back to his scummy apartment and tossed his clothes onto the grungy bathroom floor before stepping into the shower. He washed the filth off himself, letting down his hair and running his fingers through the long, black mass. While his head was down he opened his eyes and stared down at the body that he now possessed and which would torment him forever.

His breasts were tiny bumps, each capped by wide brown areolae. A little pouch of tummy hung out below, just above his mound. The dark brown pubic hair between his legs was wild and thick, hiding the lips of his pussy. His hips were wide, thighs fat and pale, legs long and skinny.

He grabbed one of his tiny breasts and squeezed angrily, wanting to punish this body. Instead, a spike of heat shot through him. He grabbed his other breast and squeezed that, digging into his flesh to grab as much as he could. The torture felt so good and a little gasp escaped his lips. Water continued pouring down his body, making it shiny and warm.

Pierce pinched his tiny nipples between thumb and forefinger, squeezing gently in a slow rhythm, pulling out each nipple away from his body, stretching the skin until it was painful and then releasing to watch his breast snap back into place. Nobody would ever love this body. Nobody but him.

One hand wandered down his front, cupped the little belly, explored a body so unlike he'd ever seen before, somehow beautiful in its banality. One hand still kneading a breast, the other slid down to follow the coarse trail of pubic hair to his waiting slit. The lips were rubbery and smooth and opened easily for him. His fingertips slid lightly inside himself and he stroked his warm folds, teasing the heat that had been roiling within him all day.

He moaned, his body trembling with anticipation as his fingers moved faster inside him and soon he was wetter than water, sliding his dew up and down his entrance, fingers moving faster. As he stroked in long circles he found his clit and stayed there, pressing tight, spreading his legs so he could reach himself better, rubbing back and forth on the tiny nub of pleasure.

He clenched his eyes and gasped as the first wave of orgasm washed through him, bringing him up to a plateau before stalling. Pierce could sense more pleasure to come and continued fingering himself. Now he slid his middle finger into his pussy, his hand spread between his thighs while he stroked in and out of his silky folds. His body quivered, needing more, and he slid in and out faster, other hand still gripping his breast as he thought about Denise in his body, about Roland ignoring him, about the others laughing at him, about all the women he would never have again.

The orgasm roared through him and he threw back his head and howled, fingers sliding deep into his tiny body. His pussy clenched around himself as he came. His legs went weak and he leaned

back on the warm shower tiles, fingering himself hard and fast as pleasure filled him, whiting out the world for a blessed eternity.

The orgasm released him gently and he came down. Opening his eyes he saw that damned body he now owned. He understood that he would be this plain vanilla woman forever, trapped in her life, never to land a partner. His only consolation was that he could make himself feel good.

So, with the water still running, he slid his fingers back inside himself and tried his best to adjust to his new reality.

# # #



**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.

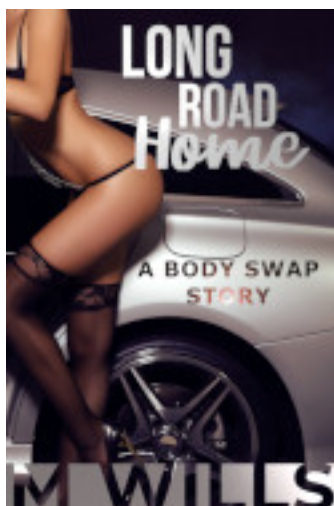
Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at [bodyswapstories@gmail.com](mailto:bodyswapstories@gmail.com) or visit my [bodyswapstories.com](http://bodyswapstories.com) for more stories.

Thanks!

M

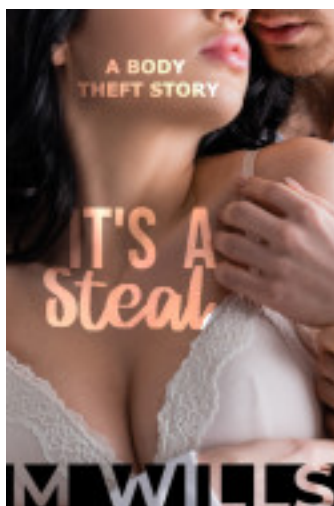
## Also by M. Wills

Visit [www.bodyswapstories.com](http://www.bodyswapstories.com) for all my latest stories, including:



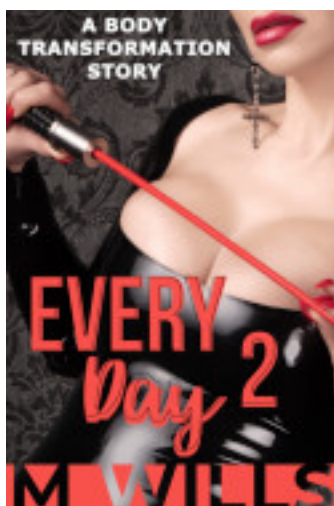
### Long Road Home

When a strange phenomenon causes billions of people around the world to randomly swap bodies, a young man finds himself far from home and in a vastly different body.



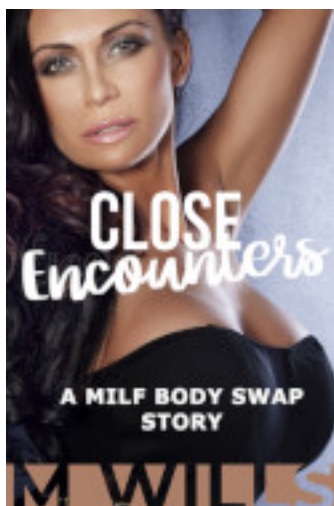
### It's A Steal

A man out for revenge swaps bodies with his ex-girlfriend and takes over her life.



### Every Day 2

*Just when Corey thought he broke the spell it comes back with a vengeance, transforming him into a new female stereotype every day until he can free himself.*



### Close Encounters

*Aliens have abducted Neil and his best friend's hot mom, swapping their bodies and experimenting to see how far they'll go in their new forms.*

*And many more stories of body thefts, swaps, possessions and transformations on my site*