



The Power



1. A female body possession, TG, merging, bodysuit, and shapeshifting Pick-Your-Own-Path (PYOP) or Choose-Your-Own-Adventure (CHYOA) story by Nikki L. Falcon.
2. I may change minor details here and there within the story as needed to improve the plot. There's no easy way to see what has changed or been added month to month. You'll just have to click around and find out. You can also ask me on Discord.
3. This story is exclusive to Patreon fans and DeviantArt Subscribers only. The access password will change every few months.
4. The writing and pictures are erotic and will contain nudity and sex. This story is NSFW.
5. This story is best viewed on a large screen or on the PowerPoint app. You should activate presentation mode or full screen. If you want to make any picture or words larger, just right-click on it and hit "Magnify Slide". Unlike the DeviantArt version, this version will often get more chapters/slides. One, because you are my Patrons, so you get early and exclusive access. Two, because if I make a long chapter, I will break it up into multiple slides, so it'll be easier to read at a good font size
6. Always click on the blue link in the slide. If you just click using the arrow keys on your keyboard, it'll just move you to a new slide that might not follow the order of the story that you'd like. You'll have to use your mouse and directly click on the link/choice that you want to take.
7. If you want to go back to the slide you were previously on, make sure you're in Presentation Mode, then Right-Click on the current slide, then select "Last Viewed".
8. If there aren't any options for you to choose, then you can always click "RETURN TO START" to go back to this page and reset your journey. It's often in the upper-right hand corner of each slide.
9. If you have any suggestions, let me know anytime. Thank you and enjoy!

Start

Choose the central theme.

- [Possession](#)
- [Bodysuit / Skinsuit](#)
- [Shapeshifting](#)
- [Gender Transformation / Body-swaps](#)
- [Merging / Fusion](#)
- [A New Power](#)
- [Surprise me! Give me a real adventure!](#)
 - (this may contain failure endings)



Gender Transformations

- [Great Shift](#)
- Bodyswaps
- Magical
- Science Fiction

Great Shift (Nelly) 1 / 2

"Dude, so, you really like being in that girl's body?" I asked Mark.

He smiled, checking out his short, but very busty new Asian body. His new female body. It's my roommates body.

The Great Shift happened. And it somehow made Mark and Nelly switch bodies. Nelly really enjoys being a man, so she's out living his life, and it seems that Mark enjoys his new female body as well.

We sat on the couch. He was still setting up her phone with all of his old and favorite apps. Really adjusting to his new, female life.

"Yeah, I'm having a great time living as a woman. This feels amazing! The body feels great. And I'm super busty now." He said, jiggling his new, big boobs for emphasis.

"I can't deny it, dude, it's definitely an upgrade," I said. A smirk twitched at the corner of my lips as I gestured to his new form.

"Stop making me laugh," he said, pouting as best as he could with Nelly's pretty face. His eyes twinkled, though, giving away his mirth.

"So, are you planning to go out and explore your new life?" I asked, leaning back on the couch, a beer in hand. He sat there, in a tight top that accentuated his new busty figure and a pair of jean shorts that hugged his curvy hips just right.

"Yeah," he said, grabbing one of the beers from the six-pack on the coffee table. He popped the cap off and took a swig before continuing. "I think I'll go to the mall with some of her friends tomorrow."

"Her friends?" I choked on my own beer. "You mean Nelly's friends?"

He shrugged elegantly, something that caught me off guard because it was such a feminine gesture. "Why not? Might be fun."

I just shook my head disbelievingly and let out a hearty chuckle, watching him as he continued setting up her phone with his preferred apps. It was bizarre seeing Mark like this - or Nelly? - but if he was enjoying his new life as a woman, who was I to judge?

As the night wore on and we enjoyed more beers and laughs together, the Great Shift didn't seem so crazy anymore.

With every passing hour, the world that had once been so familiar seemed to morph into something entirely different, yet oddly beautiful. Mark---or was it Nelly now?— continued to surprise me in a way that was both exciting and bewildering. I watched as her fingers, now dainty and adorned with painted nails, danced over her phone screen with an ease that suggested they were born for this purpose.

As she leaned back against the couch, her tight top strained slightly against her newly voluptuous figure, revealing the faint outline of lace from her bra beneath. An unexpected heat stirred within me as I watched her, my eyes lingering on the curve of her hip revealed by the tight denim shorts. Was it wrong to feel drawn to my friend now that he had become she?

Great Shift (Nelly) 2 /2

Mark noticed my gaze and grinned, that familiar twinkle reappearing in his eyes. "Like what you see?" she teased, setting her phone down and turning towards me. Her body language emitted feminine allure as she pulled her legs up onto the couch, tucking one beneath the other in a position I'd seen many women use but never thought much of until now.

I couldn't ignore the flush heating my cheeks. "I suppose it's new," I stammered out before taking another swig of beer to hide my discomfort. But Mark just laughed—that airy, feminine giggle that warmed me from the inside out.

Her hand found mine on the cushion between us, a delicate touch that felt like electricity shooting through my veins. Her fingers were soft as she laced them with mine, holding my gaze with a gentle confidence I hadn't seen in him before.

"We're still us," she said softly, "just different packaging." Her eyes searched mine for understanding before she leaned forward slightly closing the distance between us. Her scent was intoxicating, a mixture of vanilla and musk that sent my senses reeling.

Our lips met in a playful peck that quickly deepened into something more passionate. It was foreign yet familiar, as though an integral part of our friendship had shifted. Were we really doing this? Kissing my best friend, now a woman? At that moment, it didn't seem to matter anymore.

As our lips met, an epiphany struck me like a bolt from the blue. I recoiled abruptly, my heart pounding in a frenzy of bewilderment and dread. The comforting warmth of the moment splintered as I gazed into Mark's eyes - now Nelly's - seeking solace in their depths. "We can't do this," I blurted out, my voice choked with emotion.

Nelly's hand slipped from mine, her face a canvas of hurt and confusion. "But why? What's wrong?" she stammered, her voice quivering.

My thoughts were a whirlwind, wrestling with the conflicting emotions that raged within me. Our newfound intimacy was both electrifying and wrong; it felt like a betrayal to the friendship we had nurtured for years. Boundaries had been blurred and there I was standing at life's crossroads, unsure which route to take.

"I...I don't know," I murmured weakly, unable to meet Nelly's probing gaze. "This is all just too overwhelming, too sudden."

Disappointment shadowed Nelly's face

A heavy silence hung between us like an impenetrable fog, punctuated only by the sound of my own ragged breaths. Unspoken words and unexplored feelings thickened the air around us creating an abyss that seemed impossible to bridge.

Sitting there amidst my inner turmoil, regret began to seep in. Regret for letting things spiral out of control beyond boundaries that should have remained untouched. Regret for possibly risking a friendship that meant more than anything else to me.

The conflict simmered beneath the surface casting long shadows over what was once an evening filled with carefree joy. The Great Shift had ushered in unforeseen changes but none as tumultuous as this internal battle raging inside me.

What happens next?

- Friends come visit
- Nelly takes it slow
- It's awkward at first, but soon they are intimate
- Something else

Your body is warm and relaxed, cozy under the soft sheets. The room is dim, only a small ray of light coming in through the cracked curtains, casting long shadows on the walls.

You breath slow and steady, your chest rising and falling gently with each inhale and exhale. Your eyelids grow heavier as you surrender to the arms of Morpheus, but just as you're about to fall into a deep slumber, a alarm clock pierces the silence. It's time to wake up.

You groan and roll over, reaching out to hit the snooze button. Just five more minutes, you think to yourself. The cool morning air hits your bare skin as you stretch lazily.

Your eyes flutter open briefly as you hear the faint sound of birds chirping outside. You take in a deep breath, savoring the scent of freshly brewed coffee from downstairs. You don't want to get up yet; you want to stay here forever, cocooned in this comforting cocoon of blankets and dreams. But college awaits, like an unwelcome guest at the doorstep.

You drag yourself out of bed with a heavy heart, kicking off the tangled sheets and standing up on shaky legs. As you pad across the cold wood floor toward your closet, you reach for a fluffy robe that hangs on the back of your door. The fabric is soft against your skin as you pull it over your body.

You couldn't forget that dream you had. It was a girl. You barely remember her, just vague images of her face. It's all a blur. She was...

- Angry
- Smiling
- [You... ignore it all.](#)

Fail1

You can't even recall your dream? How are you supposed to... and then it leads to... well... never mind. Do you want to have a boring day, another boring life, with nothing exciting ever happening? You'd better restart this whole adventure.

Bodysuit / Skinsuit Stories

- Stolen from the Lab (Bodysuit Gun story)
- Human Disguises (Men In Black 1 Alien Skinsuit story)
- Worthwhile Expense (Buying a Bodysuit)
- [Package from a Friend / Trying on Female legs](#)
- Something else

Trying on Female Legs 1

A knock on the door interrupted Marty's daydreaming as he sat at his kitchen table, doodling aimlessly in a notebook. He glanced up, startled, and then let out a sigh of relief as he saw the mail carrier through the window.

"Here you are, sir," the mail carrier said with a warm smile, handing Marty a medium-sized box.

"Thanks!" Marty replied, taking the box and waving goodbye. As soon as the door closed, Marty tore into the package, curiosity piqued. It was from his friend, Andrew. He worked at a lab in the city. Andrew had always been a creative and adventurous spirit, forever sending him strange and intriguing gifts.

"Let's see what you've got for me this time, buddy," Marty muttered under his breath, ripping the tape off the box. When he finally managed to pry the flaps open, he found himself staring down at what appeared to be a pair of legs.

"Uh, what the hell?" he asked aloud, incredulous but unable to suppress a chuckle. He reached down and lifted the legs from the box, surprised by their lifelike appearance. They were a Cafe Late very light brown, slender and... feminine, with an uncanny realism that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. The skin felt warm and smooth to the touch, almost as if they belonged to a real living person.

"Andrew, you've really outdone yourself this time," Marty laughed, examining the legs more closely. It seemed they were hollow on the inside - like a skinsuit that could be worn.

"Is this some kind of prank?" he wondered, scratching his head. "Or... maybe it's meant to be a costume? Knowing Andrew, it could be anything." He couldn't resist running his fingers along the silky smooth surface of the faux skin, marveling at the level of detail. "Man, whoever made these... wow!"

Marty knew he should probably call Andrew to ask about the strange gift, but his curiosity got the better of him. He couldn't shake the need to know what it would feel like to wear such a realistic pair of legs, even if just for a moment. I'm sure that's what Andrew wanted him to do.

[Continue](#)

Trying on Female Legs 2

The air felt cool against Marty's skin as he hesitated for a moment, the weight of his decision lingering in the silence. Finally, he decided there was no turning back now. He took a deep breath and began to undress, shedding his clothes one by one until he stood completely bare in the dimly lit room.

"Alright, here goes nothing," he whispered to himself, his voice echoing faintly off the walls.

Carefully, he lifted the right leg of the skinsuit and slipped his own foot inside. The sensation that followed was unlike anything he had ever experienced: it was as if the material itself came alive, binding and shrinking around his leg with an eerie precision. Marty couldn't help but let out a small gasp.

"Okay, that's... that's weird," he muttered, struggling to find the words to describe the surreal feeling.

As the artificial skin continued to mold to his leg, Marty found himself growing more and more fascinated by its uncanny realism. Not only did it look like a real person's leg, but it also seemed to feel like one too.

"Andrew, what have you gotten me into?" he wondered aloud, his thoughts a mixture of curiosity and mild apprehension. "This is just... incredible."

Now fully committed, he continued to observe the transformation taking place before his eyes. The skinsuit seemed to defy logic, somehow perfectly conforming to every contour and muscle of his leg, leaving him with a sense of awe and disbelief.

"Is this even possible?" Marty asked himself, his heart racing with a strange mix of excitement and fear. "How can something like this exist?"
Marty's hands trembled with anticipation as he carefully guided the left half of the skinsuit over his other leg. The moment the artificial skin made contact, it began to shrink and conform to his body with the same eerie precision he'd experienced moments ago.

[Continue](#)

Trying on Female Legs 3

"Whoa," Marty breathed out as he wiggled his toes inside the suit, marveling at how they seemed to move independently from his own. "This is just... unreal."

As the transformation continued, Marty felt a tingling sensation spreading from his feet up through his legs. He watched in utter fascination as the shape of his own legs seemed to change before his very eyes, becoming more slender and feminine while still maintaining a strong and toned appearance.

"Andrew, you have some serious explaining to do when I see you next," Marty muttered under his breath, his voice laced with both amazement and a hint of concern. With both legs now encased in the skinsuit, Marty hesitated for a moment before gathering the material around his hips and pulling it up further. He could feel the suit tightening and adjusting, almost as if it were alive.

"Alright, here goes nothing," he whispered to himself, bracing for whatever might come next.

As he pulled the suit up past his waist, Marty felt an intense pressure building, accompanied by a strange warmth. In an instant, his once-flat backside seemed to inflate and reshape itself into something that could only be described as sexy and feminine.

"Whoa... what on earth?" Marty exclaimed, unable to tear his eyes away from the mirror as he admired his new curves. His mind raced with thoughts, trying to make sense of the bizarre turn of events. "Is this really happening?"

His heart pounded in his chest, caught between a feeling of exhilaration and a nagging worry about the implications of such a transformation. Marty couldn't help but wonder what other surprises awaited him as he continued to explore the limits of this enigmatic skinsuit.

Determined to push the boundaries, Marty drew in a sharp breath and continued to pull the skinsuit higher. The strange warmth and pressure returned, this time focusing on his groin. He could feel his penis slowly retracting as if it were being absorbed by the suit.

[Continue](#)

Trying on Female Legs 4

"Andrew, you madman... What have you created here?" he said, almost gasping for air at the shockingly realistic sensation.

As the process completed itself, Marty looked down to see that his penis had been replaced by a perfectly formed vagina. He blinked several times, unsure if he was dreaming or not.

"Okay, I guess I'm all in now," he murmured to himself, trying to process the new reality of his situation. His mind fluttered with a mix of curiosity and apprehension about what it would be like to experience life from an entirely different perspective.

Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, Marty hesitantly reached down and ran his hands along the silky-smooth skin of his new feminine legs. The texture felt so real, and the sensation sent shivers up his spine.

"Wow... This is... incredible," he whispered, his initial skepticism being replaced by a growing sense of excitement.

As he continued to explore his transformed body, Marty noticed his arousal building. The sensation was unlike anything he had experienced before, and he couldn't help but become more enthralled with each touch.

"God, I can't believe I'm actually getting turned on by this," he thought, feeling a mixture of fascination and guilt. As his fingers brushed against the soft folds of his new vagina, he realized just how wet he had become.

Marty was both impressed and overwhelmed by the intense sensations coursing through him. He knew he would have to confront his friend eventually, but for now, he was too captivated by the mysterious allure of the skinsuit to think about anything else.

What happens next?

- ???

Merging or Fusion Themes

Which story do you want to follow...

- [Encounter](#)
- [New and Improved](#)
- A new story

New and Improved

Nana was always seen as the plain girl, overshadowed by her beautiful and popular friends. She had small boobs and never seemed to catch a break with guys. But all that was about to change.

One day, while aimlessly scrolling through the depths of the internet, Nana stumbled upon a mysterious website promising to fulfill her wildest fantasies. Intrigued, she clicked on the link and was greeted with a page detailing a powerful spell that could completely transform her life.

The spell promised that if Nana found the right person, she would be able to Absorb them, gaining their sexy body and absorbing it into her own. This would make her not only super hot and sexy, but also give her access to their memories, talents, and abilities.

Without hesitation, Nana began researching and studying everything she could about this spell. She spent countless hours practicing and perfecting each step until she felt confident enough to try it out for real. And after months of waiting for the perfect candidate to come along, she finally found her target - Josephine.

Nana knows that Josephine often goes out for a late evening run. That was going to be the perfect time to strike.

[Continue \(to New and Improved Part 2\)](#)

New and Improved2 / Evening Run

Nana saw her target, taking a little break on a picnic bench. Nana began to chant. It was guttural and ancient, sending chills down her spine. Before she knew it, Nana's words seemed to seep into her very being, and Josephine felt a strange sensation coursing through her body.

Nana charged at Josephine, her arms raised. But just as she reached her target, something strange began to happen. Instead of colliding with Josephine's body, Nana appeared to sink into it. At first, it was only her feet that disappeared, but soon her entire lower body was swallowed up by Josephine's form. Her upper torso remained sticking out of Josephine's chest.

Josephine herself seemed equally bewildered by the turn of events, frozen in shock as she watched Nana sink into and disappear into her body. The air was filled with a strange energy, crackling and pulsing like electricity as the two figures became intertwined.

Josephine's skin stretched and contorted. It was clear that there was another person inside of Josephine, as if Josephine herself was merely a rubbery skin.

Soon, that 'second person' started to disappear within Josephine, and she started to look normal again. Until... Josephine started to change!

- [- Nana takes control, making herself hotter and sexier!](#)
- - Josephine breaks free!
- [- Nana and Josephine are both in control!](#)
- - Something weird happens!

New and Improved 3 / Nana and Josephine are Both in Control

In that quiet park, Nana had all the time in the world to experience her transformation. As Josephine's form undulated and transformed. her body, her skin started to ripple like waves in the water. Nana's youth with Josephine's sexy curves. With each shift, their features fused together. First, her hair changed color to something of a dark brown. Then her face altered, becoming a somewhat half-Asian half-white appearance; as well as the rest of her skin tone.

"Wha... what's happening to me? Mmmmm." Josephine moaned, as she looked down at her changing body.

"Don't worry. It'll be over soon, although I wish it wouldn't." Nana replied in her own head, equally enjoying these changes.

Josephine was very toned, and Nana was just very skinny. That combination allowed the new Josephine to become taller and have more visible muscles, while still being thin. Her boobs grew out and so did her nice big, full, round butt; courtesy of the very sexy Josephine. Nana was always as flat as a board. She could feel her lips plump up, becoming sexy and kissable, unlike her thin, boring, unfeminine looking ones she used to have. She could smell the light fragrance of Josephine's perfume, a blend of sweet jasmine and warm vanilla, probably one she puts on every morning, but fades by the evening. Her senses were heightened now. Being able to even smell the grass and breathe the crisp air, as the wind blew around them gently. Each change was electric, making Nana go wild with excitement. This erotic, sexual, orgasmic pleasure shooting through her body. She was ashamed to admit it, but she could feel herself getting rather warm and wet down below. Her nipples got hard and sensitive; she reached up to touch one of her nipples, lowering her new body's training bra, and even a slight touch brought shivers through her whole body, she had to stop. It would be too much.

Nana looked down at herself.

"Wow! This is incredible!" she said to herself. "And now I have this body all to myself!"

Suddenly, a voice came from within her.

"Hey, I'm still here! Who is this? What have you done to me!?"

"Oh my God! Josephine! You're... you're still..."

"Yes, I'm here." She said

Then, to Nana's shock, Josephine took control of Nana's new body! She started to move Nana's arms and and even walk around.

"You can't just hijack my body!" Josephine said, her voice coming out of Nana's mouth.

"Damn it. I... I didn't know you'd still be here." Nana tried to resist Josephine, to push her down, into the void, forcing her away from the pilot's seat. But it was no use. Josephine's will was too strong. It was like trying to push a brick wall, but mentally. Impossible.

"I... think that you and I..." Nana continued. "might be together... for quite some time."

- Nana is able to fight and regain control, for now.

- Josephine is able to fight and regain control, for now.

[- They both have to work together to control their new body](#)

- A mugger finds his next target!

- Something else?

Nana takes full control

Josephine's presence was a thorn in Nana's side. She could feel Josephine's thoughts, her desires, and it made Nana sick to her stomach. But she refused to let this girl take over. With all her mental strength, Nana pushed back against Josephine's presence, determined to regain control of her own body. She could feel Josephine faltering under her powerful resistance, and a sense of satisfaction washed over Nana. This new body would be hers and hers alone, no matter what it took.

In the depths of her psyche, Josephine strained against the force that was Nana, a relentless adversary determined to suppress her. Each pulse of resistance from Nana felt like a powerful wave crashing over her, threatening to drown out Josephine's consciousness. She fought back with all her might, using every ounce of willpower to retain command over her own body.

Yet with each passing second, she could feel herself slipping away, as if she were sand being carried off by an unstoppable tide. The comforting warmth that came with the presence of this new body began to wane; its vibrant glow dimming into nothingness. Her grip on reality started to fray at the edges, the world around her blurring into an indistinct haze.

Suddenly and without warning, she was gone - swallowed whole by an unseen abyss. A wave of relief swept through Nana as she finally claimed complete control.

Nana had full control now. She could feel Josephine's presence, somewhere, deep in her mind, yet Josephine was clearly in a deep sleep. Never to awake, never to intrude upon Nana's enjoyment of her sexy new body.

This spell was incredible. Truly amazing. Nana enjoyed her new body. She was now much sexier, more beautiful, more confident... everything! Much better than her previous form. It made her excited. Overwhelmed with power. She started to fantasize. If she could take over one body, how about... one more?

[- Nana finds another girl to merge with.](#)

- Nana merges with a man.

- Her hold on this 'merged body' is weakening. She needs to find a way to stabilize herself.

Nana finds another girl

As Nana made her way out of the park, her mind buzzing with excitement and anticipation for her next host, she spotted a young woman putting some things into her car. The vibrant energy emanating from the girl was like a beacon calling to Nana, drawing her closer and closer.

With graceful strides, Nana approached the girl, her eyes locked on the pulsing aura that surrounded her.

The girl was a captivating redhead, her vibrant tresses cascading in wild curls down her back. She's about to slide into her sleek, black sports car that's as captivating as she is.

She's wearing a tight jeans and a small shirt that accentuates her curvaceous figure. Her cleavage is just hinted at, the perfect tease that leaves much to the imagination and yet promises so much.

Her legs are long, toned, and subtly muscular - runners' legs that speak of her active lifestyle.

She's hot, sexy, and... another excellent target to add to Nana's increasingly more beautiful body!

The girl looked up as Nana reached her, surprise evident in her wide eyes. Before the girl could question or react, Nana's hands were on her shoulders and she leaned in close.

"Shh," Nana whispered, her voice soothing and hypnotic. "It'll all be over soon."

The girl's lips parted in confusion, but before she could protest, Nana pressed her own lips to hers. In an instant, there was a rush of sensations as their bodies began to merge together.

The sensation of merging began as a gentle tug, drawing Nana closer to the girl's form. It was as if the girl was an empty vessel, her body hollow and begging Nana to fill it. Nana had to oblige. She felt the call to it. The boundaries between them started to blur, their skin fusing together in an increasingly intimate dance. Each inch of Nana seemed to be absorbed by the girl, like water soaking into a parched desert.

It felt akin to slipping into a second skin, one that fit snugly over every contour of her being. As though she were donning a full-body suit tailored just for her

A warmth spread through her, comforting yet exhilarating; it was like sinking into a heated bath after a long winter day. Yet this immersion carried with it an electrifying thrill that sent shivers rippling down Nana's spine.

She could feel the girl's thoughts and emotions pouring into her consciousness. It was like diving headfirst into a turbulent river; overwhelming initially but soon intoxicating as she began experiencing life by adding her form to her own.

Soon, the merging took place.

With each passing moment, it was as if Nana could physically feel the magic coursing through her body. It ignited a fire within her, causing her breasts to swell and her butt to become rounder and more shapely. Her legs elongated, becoming toned and alluring as they merged with the redhead's in a dazzling display of sensuality.

As their bodies melded together, Nana's once plain face transformed into one of stunning beauty, adorned with luscious lips and smoldering eyes. Her hair flowed with the magic, transforming from gray and wiry to cascading locks of silky golden waves. And finally, Nana's skin shimmered with an otherworldly glow, radiating both power and sexuality. Together, they were a mesmerizing sight

New and Improved 4 / Nana and Josephine have to work together

The struggle continued between Nana and Josephine, two minds fighting for control of one body. Neither were willing to give in, their thoughts merging into a jumbled mess as they both grasped for the pilot's seat.

"We can't keep going on like this," Nana grunted through gritted teeth. "We have to learn to coexist, share this body."

Josephine snarled back, refusing to back down. But as Nana's words echoed in their mind, a realization dawned on them both. They needed each other to survive in this world, as two halves of a fractured whole.

Slowly, they found a balance for themselves; and they could work with it... it wouldn't be easy, though.

Nana was the brains, always finding a way to make things work. It took time and effort, but she was determined to find a balance that would benefit them both. Even though it wouldn't be simple, Nana's intelligence and resourceful mind gave her an advantage. Josephine was the sexy, bitchy, confident, and persuasive one of the two. She knew how to chat up people and get what she wanted. Each girl had her own fashion sense, memories, knowledge, abilities, strengths, and weaknesses. It was going to be really tough for the two to come together to solve this problem, but they had to try.

But who was to take control? Be in the pilot's seat? The two minds inside Nana's head merged into a haze of confusion and chaos as they both tried to assert dominance over the body that now belonged to them both. Nana could feel her heart racing, her breathing getting heavy, her muscles straining against each other in a tug-of-war for control. She felt her legs give out and become wobbly; her body getting confused on what orders to follow.

"This isn't fair," Josephine argued angrily from within Nana's mind. "I shouldn't have to share anything with you."

"We don't have any choice," came the calm reply from Nana. "We have to learn how to coexist or we'll drive ourselves crazy."

Reluctantly acknowledging the truth in those words, Josephine relented – for now – and allowed Nana partial control of their body again. Slowly rising shakily onto wobbly legs, Nana took deep breaths to steady herself while Josephine watched warily from within.

Encounter1

[Return to Start](#)

Without warning, you leap out from behind a nearby locker and grab her wrist, spinning her around to face you. She lets out a startled squeak and gasps as her body collides with yours. Her heart races wildly against your chest, her breasts pressing against your arm as she stares into your eyes, trying to discern if this is some twisted joke or not.

You press your lips tightly together to keep from laughing - how silly she looks right now! - and watch as recognition dawns on her face. "You," she breathes, her voice shaking slightly.

"Yeah, it's me," you growl lowly, taking pleasure in the fear flickering across those beautiful features usually reserved for mockery or disdain. "Can't deal with me on your own two feet, huh?" You slam Alicia against the wall, pinning her there with one hand on either side of her head while she squirms helplessly beneath you.

You smirk darkly and lean in even closer until your breath tickles her earlobe. "Scream all you want," you rasp softly before pressing your lips gently but firmly against hers - feeling the moment they touch sends a shiver of anticipation down your spine. Your tongues dance slowly at first, tasting each other; hers is sweet like the strawberry lip gloss she always wears, and mixed with the taste of her own lips, it sends electric shocks through your body.

She whimpers softly into your mouth, her long legs wrapping around your waist as she pulls herself closer to you. You deepen the kiss, moaning into her mouth as you feel the warmth between her thighs rub against your hardening cock.

Your hands roam over her body possessively, cupping her perfect ass cheeks and squeezing them roughly before pushing them further up against your shaft. She gasps and mewls as you slide one hand under her skirt, finding that she's not wearing any panties, and rubs circles over her soaking wet pussy.

You pull away with a wicked smile and push her down onto the cold tile floor of the empty hallway. She lands with a soft thud but doesn't protest as you climb on top of her.

The scarlet fabric of her cheerleading uniform rides up, revealing her toned legs and curvy ass cheeks as you grind your hips against hers in a primal rhythm. She moans softly into the kiss, her lips parting to allow you better access, tasting eager for more.

Her fingers dig into your shoulders, nails scratching lightly as she presses herself closer to you. You break the kiss briefly to tear at your own clothes, ripping off his shirt and tossing it aside before returning your mouth to hers again. You can't help but savor this moment - having Alicia panting and whimpering beneath you like a needy slut. Your chest hair brushes against her soft skin, sending electric shocks up and down her spine.

You desire to merge with her. To become one with her. This slut. Now's your chance. Revenge.

- [Merge with her.](#)
- A problem occurs.

Encounter2

A longing stirs within you, a carnal craving that yearns to be sated. Alicia, the woman who has been a tantalizing torment in your life, stands before you. This is your moment. A delicious reckoning is at hand.

Taking a deep breath, you reach out to her, fingers quivering with anticipation and uncertainty. The moment your skin brushes against hers, something extraordinary unfurls. Time itself seems suspended; the world around you dissolves into insignificance.

A maelstrom of colors and lights consume both of you, swirling around like an otherworldly tempest. The sensation is strange yet enticing; it's akin to plummeting and levitating simultaneously. You are somehow falling into her or is she falling into you. It makes your stomach churn thinking about it, but then again, it's exciting.

As this happens, her body begins to transform. Her breasts swell up. They are supple fruits waiting to be savored - plump and ripe with desire.

Her backside curves more prominently now, each cheek firm and round like two halves of a succulent peach. You can almost feel their inviting softness through the fabric of her dress.

Her legs lengthen and tone beneath the hemline of her skirt, becoming sleek pillars of seduction that promise endless nights of passion. Each muscle tenses delicately under your touch - strong yet yielding.

Her arms become slender but robust vines winding around you in an erotic embrace. The tender strength in them hinting at hidden depths of sensuality waiting to be explored.

Her face morphs into an even more alluring visage - high cheekbones accentuated further by the ethereal glow enveloping both of you; lips full and red like cherries begging for a taste; eyes smoldering with a desire so potent it could ignite the air between you two.

And her hair...it cascades down in waves more vibrant than before – each strand shimmering like spun gold under the kaleidoscope of lights. It frames her face perfectly, enhancing her allure.

You can feel yourself melding with her - thoughts, memories, feelings all intertwining in a passionate tango. The transformation is intoxicating, an erotic dance of desire and anticipation.

Before long, it's over...

- You find a nearby bathroom and examine your new body more closely.
- She starts to fight for control
- Merging with people is an addiction. Can you control it?

Shapeshifting Theme

- [Story Route 1 \(“Bright and Early”\)](#)
- Story Route 2 (Truth)

Possession story!

How does it start?

- [You're at home](#)
- Think back to when it all started.
- [Actually, you can't possess, but you have another power.](#)
- [Actually, someone else can possess others.](#)
- [Actually, instead of a person, let's start at a special scene/event.](#)

Possession Scenes

- The Wedding
- The supermarket
- The club
- dd

You're at home

[Return to Start](#)

You're staring out the window, but you're not really watching the city below. The world outside is just a mix-up, a background for your daydreams.

Your mind wanders, like it often does, through a puzzle of what-could-be's and maybe's. This is where every thought can lead to a new story or meeting someone new. These are the times when you feel most thrilled, not held back by real life, free to think about all the things you want.

Being single is like a bright light guiding these quiet moments. You want something more than just small talk and quick glances from people that fill your days. You want to connect with someone on a deeper level; a bond that starts with liking how they look but grows into something more special.

In this calm moment, you can almost feel another person's warmth, see their smile meant only for you, hear their voice saying they understand you. It's not just one girl who catches your eye—it's all girls in general. Something about how they move smoothly, how strong they are or how mysterious they seem draws you in.

For now though, these thoughts stay yours alone—a secret garden in your mind where you take care of your wishes. But how much longer can you keep wandering alone? You can almost hear real life calling you back, telling you it's time to step out of your dreams and into reality.

The question hangs in the air—unspoken but important: What will you do next? Will these daydreams fade away like fog under morning sun or will you reach out and make fantasy become reality?

Choose your next step:

- [Close the curtains; ignoring the world... until something changes all that.](#)
- [Head out to your favorite café, where the hum of life might inspire action.](#)
- Call up a friend and talk through your thoughts, seeking advice.
- [Go to the mall.](#)
- Sign up for a new class or activity, somewhere you could meet someone new.

... until something changes all that

- Hearing a noise from your stepsister's room.
- You get a weird message on your phone.
- Your body starts to feel... tingly?
- Something else

You get a weird message on your phone.

Who is it from?

- Unknown number
- [A girl that you know](#)
- An ad for a new smartphone app

A girl that you know

You get a weird message on your phone.

Your eyes light up as you see who it's from. Rina! She's been on your mind more than you care to admit lately – her smoky eyes, plump lips, and sleek raven hair always catching your attention during lectures. Her beauty was ethereal yet accessible; confident and so mysterious.

Her name is Rina - a sexy Asian girl from your college. God, she looked so great in those tight yoga pants she always wore, showing off her thin, amazing legs. Or how she was rather stacked for an Asian girl; her boobs were quite impressive! And that smell of her hair as she walked by your desk. The way her long black hair swayed behind her when she walked. Just the absolute hottest girl out there... although at your university, there's plenty more.

As soon as you open the photo, your heart skips a beat! Rina is so hot! She poses for the camera, giving a wink. Showing off her impressive cleavage.

You continue to look at photo, your stomach somersaulting as you see it. Rina sending you a picture? The camera captures her just right: those smoky eyes looking into the lens, cheeks flushed in a playful way, body curving into something invitingly teasing. Her long raven hair falls over one shoulder, drawing your attention down to the lacy black bra that barely contained her ample breasts. And that smile—those perfect plump lips curling up at the corners in such a naughty manner. You feel heat pooling in places you didn't think possible as you take in this new image of her.

You wonder what she could want from you.

You read the text message...

- ["Dude, you'll never believe it."](#)
- "Check out this link."
- "So, this is the girl you've been crushing on?"

Dude, you'll never believe it.

Your heart races as you read the text message..

"Dude, you'll never fucking believe it," the text reads.

"What?" you reply anxiously.

"It's me, Harry! That damn spell actually worked! I'm in this girl's body now and it's freaking amazing!" Harry exclaims, barely containing his excitement.

As he explains how he stumbled upon this ability to hop into bodies with a spell, your sense of disbelief turns to shock and anger. How could he do this? And why did he have to choose the girl you've been crushing on for years? It's so weird! Is it really him? So, you being attracted to Rina, are you actually getting turned on by Harry, in some way? Or, no... that's not right. Your head felt so confused. Then anger as well. Anger boils within you as you realize that Harry has become Rina... the hot Asian girl from your class! But deep down, there's also a curiosity and envy gnawing at your insides. What would it be like to inhabit a different body, even just for a day? But then doubt creeps in. This could all just be some sick joke orchestrated by Harry and Rina. Still, you can't help but ask him to prove it...if he even can.

"I don't believe you. Show me another picture," you demand, wanting more proof before agreeing to meet with Harry.

Your mind is reeling with the information he's just sent you - Rina's hot body and how she looks in those tight yoga pants, her long black hair. You feel a mixture of emotions: anger that he would choose someone you've been crushing on for years, confusion about the whole situation, and a bit of envy at the idea of being able to inhabit someone else's body even if it's just for a day. The screen lights up again, and another image appears. This time Rina is posing in front of a mirror, while sticking her tongue out. Her hands are placed on her slim hips, accentuating their curve as she strikes a seductive pose. The camera captures every detail: the shimmer of confidence in her emerald eyes, the way her perfect breasts defy gravity within the lacy black bra, and the smirk dancing on her lips as she teases you from beyond the screen.

"Holy shit," you whisper under your breath as you take in all the details of this new photo. It does seem like Harry - or rather Rina now - is sending these messages from inside her own body!

You clench your fists tightly as you stare at the phone, trying to process this unexpected turn of events. It's not just that Harry chose Rina's body, it's that he appears to be enjoying it - reveling in it even. He's always been so cocky but this takes it to a whole new level. And yet... there's something undeniably arousing about seeing her sensual smile and feeling the heat that seems to radiate off the screen every time she poses for another picture. She looks so damn good, with her tight yoga pants hugging every curve of her body and accentuating her slim waist and round ass. You can't help but imagine what it would feel like to touch those curves, to taste them... No! This isn't right. You shake your head, trying to dismiss these thoughts as quickly as they come up. As more pictures arrive - each one more provocative than the last - your heart races faster with each successive image. Your mind keeps going back to those breasts again. Your breath hitches as the next image loads, showing Rina's hands reaching up to remove her top, revealing the black lacy bra that's barely containing her perky breasts. The images continue to come, one by one, and each one makes your blood simmer with a mixture of emotions: anger, lust, and envy.

"Are you ready to meet me now?"

Your heart rate skyrockets at this thought - would she really let you see her up close? Could it be real? All of it was tempting, perhaps too much so. This situation is too surreal. Despite your better judgment, curiosity gets the better of you. You type back "Yes," hoping against hope that this isn't some elaborate prank or nightmare. A few moments later, the phone buzzes again, and a Google Maps address appears. It's that big casino resort and hotel.

"We'll meet there. I just booked us a room." the message read. "Meet me in the lobby, and we'll take the elevator up."

Weird. Rina is, of course, rather well off. Harry, on the other hand, is broke. Harry doesn't have the money for such a hotel, but Rina does... but if this was simply a prank, I highly doubt she'd pay over \$1,000 USD for a one-night room.

Things were going to get interesting.

Hearing a noise from your stepsister's room.

As the sky paints a canvas of twilight, casting an orange-pink glow over the city, You hear a strange noise coming from your stepsister's room.

It sounds strange. Is she watching a video? No way. You move in closer, trying to make out what it is she's doing. Your heart beats faster as you place your ear against the wooden door, straining to catch any subtle movements or noises that might give away what she's doing.

The door creaks slightly as you push it open, peeking inside her room. You can see her now. She doesn't notice you. The noise is clearly coming from her computer chair, where she sits. Her soft moans escape through the cracked door and into your ear, making you pause for a moment.

You can't believe your eyes as you see your stepsister, completely naked, masturbating on her computer chair. Your heart races and your cock throbs in your pants. Her fingers dance over her soft, pink lips, teasing and pulling before slipping inside her wet, warm folds. You're captivated by her body - the way her perky tits bounce slightly with each movement, the smooth curve of her stomach leading down to her perfectly trimmed mound.

You feel like you're in a dream as she leans back, arching her spine, and circles her clit faster and faster. It's clear that she's getting close to the edge, and you can't help but yearn to be the one to push her over. You're torn between the forbidden thrill of watching her pleasure herself and the desire to join her, to make her feel even better than her own hands can.

Her moans and cries fill the room, making you shiver with excitement.

Suddenly, she gasps and her body tenses, her inner walls clenching tightly around her fingers. Her climax washes over her in waves, leaving her gasping for breath. You can't help but feel a twinge of jealousy that you couldn't be the one to give her that release.

What happens next?

- "Fuck yeah, this chick's body is so hot!" she says to herself, enjoying the afterglow of her orgasm.
- Nothing. She... collapses onto her chair, perhaps asleep or something?
- She notices you!
- Her body shifts and changes.
- Something else?

Mall

As you ponder these thoughts, you remember that it's almost 11am, and the local bus will be around soon. You grab your things and head out to the stop and soon, the bus arrives.

Pushing yourself away from the window seat, you gather your things and step off the bus at the nearest stop.

The shopping mall looms ahead of you, a sprawling complex filled with people and possibilities. A mix of scents assaults your nose as you step through the doors – food from the cafes, perfumes from makeup counters, and freshly cleaned clothes from department stores. A soft hum of chatter fills your ears, punctuated by shouts from children and laughter echoing off walls. You wander through the mall aimlessly, taking in each sight.

In one corner, a few girls gossip over ice cream cones while some boys ogle at sneakers they can't afford. In another corner, an older couple strolls hand in hand, basking in each other's presence even after years together.

And everywhere you look are beautiful girls – tall ones with long legs; short ones with curvy hips; dark-haired ones; blondes; redheads – their laughter tinkling like wind chimes on a summer breeze.

You pass by a store filled with clothes made for accentuating curves and notice how one girl's jeans hug her bottom like velvet gloves. Another struts by in heels that click-clack on the floor like a metronome.

- [Use your powers on one of the girls in the mall](#)
- Something strange happens.

Mall2

[Return to Start](#)

As you allow yourself to feel the power surge through your body, an exhilarating sensation washes over you, filling you with anticipation and excitement. Your skin tingles as if it's awakening to a new reality, the rush of adrenaline heightening your senses. Your gaze flickers from one girl to the next, taking in their unique features and attributes that make them so desirable.

A blonde with long, flowing locks moves gracefully, her soft humming filling the air around her. A petite brunette saunters by wearing a black dress that hugs every curve of her body like a second skin.

A tall Asian girl with almond-shaped eyes wears ripped jeans and a cropped hoodie showing off her toned belly button piercing—her confidence shimmering like diamonds sprinkled across her skin. Another girl catches your eye; she has short black hair, a cute East Asian chick. You could almost taste their beauty as if it were something tangible.

There's a redhead sitting down at a bench nearby. A big titted blonde girl who, you truly had to wonder, were those real at all? It'd be fun to find out... first hand! There's these two black girls chatting together, thick and sexy, eating ice cream and chatting. The shop nearby certainly had a cute girl working there. Perhaps if you got closer, you could examine her more, before making the jump!

Your internal monologue ponders which girl you'll jump into next; it's like choosing between flavors at an ice cream parlor on a hot summer day.

What shall you do next?

- Hop one of the girls
- Try to really test yourself.

Head out to the cafe

You opt for the second choice and decide to take a stroll to your favorite museum cafe. The crisp autumn air nips at your cheeks, but you welcome its refreshing touch. As you walk through the bustling city streets, you pass by a picturesque garden filled with vibrant flowers in full bloom. Their sweet fragrance tickles your nose, bringing back memories of warm summer nights and carefree days.

The sound of crunching leaves under your feet adds to the symphony of the city, but as you approach the museum, the noise fades into the background. You step inside and are immediately enveloped in a sense of calm and tranquility. Soft jazz music fills the air, filling your soul with a mellow groove that lingers long after the song ends. The gentle rustling of napkins and clinking of silverware create a soothing rhythm as people enjoy their coffee and pastries.

The familiar aroma of freshly brewed coffee leads you to the counter where you order your usual - a latte with an extra shot of espresso - and make your way to a cozy table by the window overlooking a peaceful sculpture garden. The warm sunlight seeps in through the glass, casting a golden glow on everything it touches. Water trickles softly from a nearby fountain, adding to the serene atmosphere.

As you take in your surroundings, sipping on your delicious drink, your eyes land on a girl sitting alone at another table. She is like a breath of fresh air in this tranquil setting. Her long black hair cascades down her back in soft waves, framing her delicate features. Her skin has a golden glow, as if kissed by the sun itself. And her dark, almond-shaped eyes are closed as she leans back in her chair with her head tilted up towards the skylight above.

She looks so peaceful and content, lost in her own world as she basks in the warm sunlight. A small smile tugs at the corners of her lips, giving her a serene and ethereal appearance. She is dressed in a flowy white dress, adding to her angelic aura. You can't help but feel drawn to her.

As you continue to sneak glances at her, you notice the intricate details of her features - the slight curve of her nose, the freckles lightly dusting her cheeks, and the way her eyelashes flutter gently against her skin. It's as if she has been plucked straight out of a painting, radiating beauty and grace.

You wonder who she is and what brings her here to this peaceful oasis in the midst of the bustling city. But for now, you are content with just admiring her from afar, savoring your coffee and enjoying the peaceful atmosphere of the cafe. As you finish your drink, you can't help but hope that you'll see this cute Asian girl again.

- She catches you watching her.
- She leaves before you but forgets a small plastic bag from under her seat.

Someone else can possess people.

Who is it?

- [Your angry ex-girlfriend](#)
- [Your sister](#)
- Your sister (alternate)
- [Your female best friend](#)
- [Your father](#)
- [Your bully](#)
- [Your grandfather](#)
- [Your younger brother](#)
- Your mother
- Your weird uncle
- Your teacher / principal
- [Your next door neighbor](#)
- Your best friend
- [Your girlfriend](#)
- An unknown bodyhopper / spirithopper
- [A homeless person](#)
- A criminal / gangster
- A slime creature / Flubber-type
- A demon / succubus / or devil
- A witch / warlock / wizard / spell-slinger
- An angel
- A God/Goddess
- Someone from a Possession Rental Website
- An alien
- A ghost (or our favorite trio)
- A genie
- A gay or lesbian acquaintance.
- A giantess / mini-giantess / amazon
- A parasite / hive mind creature
- A mad scientist
- A very weird, horny, perverted college student
- Your cat / dog
- Someone or something else

Your younger brother Part 1

[Return to Start](#)

I walk to the door to my bedroom, hands full of snacks and drinks, looking forward to staying in and watching a fun movie with my girlfriend on Netflix. Maybe even getting lucky. As I approach, I hear a moaning noise coming from my room.

The sound of... bones... cracking? This loud gushing and splashing noise.

I open the door and... I see these naked male legs sticking out of my bulging girlfriend's mouth! Kicking around, and swirring. Her throat and belly is bulging out nearly 10x what it should normally be, like she's stretchy or something! It could only mean one thing... Kevin, my little brother, is trying to hop my girlfriend!

She's gurgling and gasping for air, but I can see her eyes rolling back into her head.

"Kevin, no!" I shout, running over to them.

My girlfriend is lying on the bed now, her eyes in total shock, a tear forms down her cheek. She's surprised that her body can extend this far, thanks to my little brother's power, and of course, that anyone has such a power! I mean, only I know that he's a bodyhopper!

"Oh my god, what are you doing to my girlfriend?" I cry, putting my hands to my face in disbelief.

"I'm sorry, but she's just so sexy and she looks like a good fuck. I was hoping to get some action with her," he says, his voice is muffled since he already has his head in her stomach. His voice coming from inside of her.

"What the fuck, Kevin? I'm going to kill you!" I shout, trying to pry him off of her.

He's laughing and moaning, enjoying himself as now his ankles and soon, his feet, slide down her like a waterslide.

She gulps, swallowing him, unfortunately. Trapping him inside of her. Now, the fun begins.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" I cry out, putting my hand on her stomach. It's twisting and bulging out in places. I can clearly tell that Kevin is trying to get himself situated. Thanks to his powers, she's practically hollow to him. And now, he's putting her on like a suit of skin to be worn. He puts his right leg into hers, bulging it out only momentarily, before it shrinks down to her normal skinny self.

"Oh my god, I can't believe this is happening," I say, sitting back and watching.

"I'm sorry, but you have to let me have some fun with your girlfriend," Kevin says, his voice echoing from her mouth.

"No, you need to leave her alone," I cry, looking at her face.

Her eyes are glassy, her face pale.

"She's my girlfriend, you can't take her away from me," I say, crawling.

"Sorry, bro," he says, and with that, her body starts to contort and shift. Her breasts inflating, her hips widening, and her face changing a bit. He's trying to make himself at home!

"No! Stop!" I yell, but it's too late...

[Continue \(to 'Your Younger Brother Part 2'\)](#)

Your younger brother Part 2

Kevin has taken her over like she was a fucking suit.

Suddenly, my girlfriend sits up, her body rigid and all too perfect. Her eyes open, the same beautiful blue I fell in love with, but now showing a different radiance - a sinister gleam. She gets off the bed, her movements well-coordinated as though there's nothing alien about the situation.

"Hey bro," she speaks in Kevin's voice, as if parading inside of her. "Isn't this a lovely evening?"

I almost choke on my own spit, my fist clenching in rage. "You cannot do this. You need to get out of her right away," I plead.

She... he... laughs, raising an eyebrow in amusement. She saunters over to me and cups my face with her slender hands. "Don't be jealous," he coos.

"No!" I snap, flinging myself out his hold. "She's not a toy for you to play with!"

"Relax," he says coolly through her lips, a sickening grin spreading across her face that is not hers. "I'll only stick around for fun."

"You're sick!" I snarl and lunge at him, but he moves – no – she moves with an agility that she never possessed before...that Kevin always had.

He laughs, dodging out of the way.

We stand there together.

In the soft glow of the bedroom light, my girlfriend's body has become a grotesque puppet. My anger boils over, questions of morality and ethics screaming in my mind. The very sight of him within her brings bile to my throat, but I swallow it down.

"Enough, Kevin," I demand, taking a step towards her...him...them.

She turns to me, smiling with her mouth but frowning with her eyes. It's surreal – watching and hearing one person while knowing another is trapped inside.

"Oh, shut up, will ya, bro?" he says from her lips, the offhand dismissal stinging more than I'd like to admit. "You've always been such a downer."

I watch as he drags my girlfriend's hand through her hair in a way she never does – the gesture so foreign on her that it makes me shudder. She was delicate; graceful even when she was in a hurry. But now, she carries herself with an arrogance that is unmistakably Kevin's.

"Now, if you excuse me, I'm going to..."

- ["Explore my body... in private."](#)

- Jokes over. He leaves her body.

- [He hops my body!](#)

- While already in her body, he then hops into my own! (Female hops male / body change)

- [He goes dark, meaning he pushes himself into her deep subconscious mind, letting my girlfriend go 'free'... kind of.](#)

- Something else

He leaves her and then hops me 1

"Now, if you excuse me, I'm going to... ok, y'know what... fine... you win. I'll leave HER body." Kevin says.

With a sharp gasp, my girlfriend's eyes widened as Kevin emerged from her throat. His arms flailed wildly, his average-sized human body coated in a slimy residue of bile. The gurgling sound of his arrival echoed in the room, followed by the sickening splatter as she forcefully expelled him onto the floor with a wet thud.

The sensation for my girlfriend was like a violent upheaval, her insides contorting and rebelling against this unwelcome intrusion, leaving her trembling and nauseated. Despite the abrupt fall, he landed unscathed, his limbs flung out in different directions like an uncoordinated puppet. We stared in disbelief at the surreal scene before us, unsure if it was some kind of sick joke or a twisted reality.

"Damn, I never knew your girlfriend's body could be so... accommodating!" Kevin burst out, his voice dripping with crude humor as he let out a raucous laugh. "A perfect fit," he continued, a wicked smirk playing on his lips hinting at the outrageous joke he was about to crack. The room filled with his booming laughter, infusing the air with an electric energy tinged with a provocative and almost scandalous undertone in his response.

"Are you okay?" I asked, rushing over to my girlfriend who looked pale and disoriented. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words escaped her lips. Instead, her eyes rolled back into her head, and she crumpled to the ground in a faint.

"Seriously?" Kevin chuckled, brushing himself off and standing up. "She's tougher than she looks."

Why is he enjoying this? I thought, my mind racing. What kind of twisted nightmare are we in?

"Help me with her," I said, struggling to lift my girlfriend's limp body. But instead of assisting me, Kevin took a step back.

"Sorry, man. Got other priorities now," he replied with a wicked grin.

His laughter echoed in my ears, making my skin crawl. I couldn't understand how anyone could find joy in such a disturbing scene. Desperation clawed at my insides, fighting to make sense of what had just happened – and what it meant for all of us going forward.

"Your turn!" Kevin declared, his eyes alight with manic glee.

As I tried to process his words, Kevin lunged toward me, seizing my jaw with a vice-like grip. The force of his fingers prying my mouth open left me momentarily stunned. Panic surged through me as he positioned his head directly in front of my gaping maw.

"Wait, no!" I choked out, but it was too late – Kevin had already begun to force himself inside.

The sensation of his skull pushing past my teeth and into the soft flesh of my cheeks felt grotesque. His shoulders followed, scraping against the roof of my mouth as they squeezed through the narrow opening. My breath came in shallow gasps, my throat constricting with the intrusion.

"Stop, please!" I managed to wheeze, my voice muffled by the mass of his body entering mine.

"Ha! You think this is bad? Just wait until I'm fully in there!" Kevin taunted, even as his hips pressed against my lips, stretching them to their breaking point.

[Continue](#)

He leaves her and then hops me 2

Oh god, why is this happening? My mind raced with terror at the thought of him continuing to push further into me. Each inch of him that disappeared into my body was like an unbearable weight, crushing down on me from the inside.

"Kevin, you have to stop!" I pleaded, tears streaming down my face. "Please, don't do this!"

"Sorry, buddy," he replied callously, his laughter muffled by my throat. "Can't hear ya!"

With one last shove, his feet vanished between my lips, and I felt the full extent of his presence within me. I shuddered, bile rising in my throat as I struggled to breathe, my chest heaving against the unnatural pressure.

Then the room spun wildly, the walls closing in around me as Kevin's laughter echoed inside my skull. My skin felt stretched and tight, like a balloon ready to burst. I could feel him, his essence spreading through my body, replacing mine with his own. His voice rang out from between my ears, reverberating through each nerve and sinew of my frame - his boisterous, venom-filled laugh.

"Ah, so this is what it feels like to be you," Kevin remarked, his sinister drawl pouring out of my own mouth. The sound of it was jarring and unnatural. My body convulsed in an attempt to expel him – muscles straining against the foreign presence within.

My eyes flickered towards my unconscious girlfriend on the floor. "Don't worry," Kevin reassured through my lips, "she'll wake up soon enough." His gaze was distant, cold and calculating as he examined her with clinical detachment through my eyes.

I felt a strange sensation – like being submerged in water yet still being able to breathe. I could see everything happening around me; hear the idle chatter of Kevin's thoughts as they swam around in my mind but from somewhere far off, unreachable. It was as if I had become a spectator in my own body.

Kevin's arrogant smile spread across what should have been my face. "Now let's see who else we can have some fun with," he said with a predatory glint in his eye.

With a newfound energy driving him, he moved my body with ease towards the door of our shared apartment that now seemed more like a prison cell than a home.

"See you later," he said, locking eyes with the girlfriend's unconscious form one last time before exiting the apartment with a confident stride that was never mine to begin with.

Despite my vehement protest, I was forced to watch in silence as Kevin, using my body, decided to...

- ?????

Some privacy

With that, he walks to the bathroom, pulling the door closed behind him.

I stand there, numb, trying to comprehend the scene before me. She's turned into a puppet, a puppet controlled by someone else. My head is swimming in thoughts I never dreamed possible.

Suddenly, I hear a soft thump on the floor from the bathroom,

"What was that?" I whisper, moving slowly towards the sound.

"Just the water running," he says, his voice coming from the sink.

"What are you doing?" I ask, my voice shaking.

"I'm just taking a leak," he says, sighing. "Man, that feels good."

"Kevin," I say, louder, "Get out of her."

"Relax, bro, I'm just taking a break. Don't worry, I won't be here long."

"Kevin!" I yell, banging on the bathroom door.

"What are you going to do, bro, beat up your girlfriend? She's mine now," he says, laughing.

"No, please, Kevin..."

"I'm just having some fun, bro. Don't you get it? This is great."

I'm starting to give up.

"Well, just know that when you're done, I'll be waiting for you," I say, defeated.

"Sure, bro, just take a chill pill. I'll be out of her soon," he says, a tone of annoyance in his voice.

"Promise?" I ask.

"Sure, man. I give up and head to my own room again. I hear him come out of the bathroom and head to his bedroom.

The soft click of the door closing behind him.

I sit on the bed, not knowing what to do. My girlfriend's body is a puppet, her eyes are glassy, and my little brother has taken over her. What can I do to help her?

Suddenly, a thought comes to mind.

What should happen next?

- ???

Subconscious Influence 1/3

[Return to Start](#)

"Ok, I'll... leave." he says, smiling. Then, her eyes twitch, closing and opening again, and soon...Kevin is gone.

Ashley blinks, and it's just my girlfriend once more.

"Are you ok?" I ask, helping her off the bed.

"Yes, I'm fine," she says, her voice shaky, but she sounds like herself again. "I'm not sure what happened."

"It's ok," I say, taking her in my arms. "It's ok."

We stay like that for a moment, just holding each other.

Before long, the event is forgotten. I don't really know where Kevin went, but I don't really mind either. I don't really know much about his powers. Maybe he phased out like a ghost and went somewhere else.

Little did I know, but that was not the case.

Kevin was still there. Residing in her subconscious mind. She had no idea that he was there, but he was. Mostly, she was in control of herself, but Kevin could still manipulate her and influence her. Alter her in little ways. Change her emotions or her desires or her thoughts. And she'd have no idea it was him doing it. She'd think it was her own self that wanted to do those things.

Later that day, we laid on my bed. She was playing with her smartphone and I was also relaxing as well.

She was playing her favorite little smartphone game. I never really understood it, but to her, it's quite addictive and fun. Constantly getting little gems and coins, farming for more, winning the mini-games daily. She loves it. Nothing can pull her away from it.

Which is why what she did next was rather... surprising.

Ashley absentmindedly just reached over and put her hand on my pants... then moved it close to my groin. She was feeling around for something... my dick.

She gently stroked it over my pants, until I couldn't help but get hard. She was smirking and enjoying everything. She loved that just her mere touch could get me so hard. Then, she unzipped my pants, pulling out my dick, and started to actually stroke the full length of my hard dick. All the while, still playing her game. Well, playing it with one hand, with her other hand gently stroking and jerking me off.

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Subconscious Influence 2/3

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"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, her voice soft and dreamy. "I guess... there's nothing wrong with a little fun. Just don't move, I want to level up."

I looked down and saw that her hands were now wrapped around my cock, gently caressing it and playing with it with more effort.

She continued to tease and play with my cock, driving me crazy. I could feel myself getting hard in her grasp, and she seemed to enjoy that.

Her hands were so soft and warm, and they felt incredible on my cock. She was now using both hands, squeezing me and stroking me, driving me crazy.

"Does it feel good when I touch you?" she asked, this time her voice a bit lower.

"Yes," I moaned, feeling my pleasure build.

"I want to make you feel good," she said, looking me in the eye.

She was now not even paying attention to her game at all. All her attention was fixated on my dick.

Suddenly, she stopped stroking me and leaned in closer, her eyes half-closed. I felt the warmth of her breath on my skin, a tantalizing sensation.

"Hmmm? Nothing wrong with making my boyfriend a little happy." she said quietly.

She kissed the tip my dick, then took me into her mouth. I gasped at the feeling, my hands instinctively flying up to hold onto her hair. She looked up at me through her lashes and smiled around me.

"Are you okay?" She asked, her voice muffled by the physical barrier. I nodded, unable to form words. She continued on, alternating between using her hands and mouth.

I was lost in a whirlwind of pleasure, each touch and kiss sending jolts of excitement down my spine. My grip tightened on her hair as I could feel myself nearing the edge. Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, she moved away from me and laid back against the pillows.

I watched as she spread herself over the bed, her body exposed for my eyes only.

"Your turn," she said with a smirk, pulling me towards her.

I took in her body in all its beauty before leaning down to kiss her passionately.

Her lips were sweet and soft, her skin warm under my touch. I traced my fingers down the side of her face, ghosting over her full lips before dipping lower. Lower down her neck, leaving a trail of kisses, down to the valley of her breasts. She moaned softly as I took a hardened nipple into my mouth, teasing it with my teeth and tongue.

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I continued my exploration with my hands and mouth, revering every inch of her. She responded to each touch, every caress, with a gasp, a moan, or a sigh, her fingers running through my hair.

My hands slid down her torso to rest on her hips, pulling her closer to me as I lowered myself down to taste her. I heard her sharp intake of breath as I parted her legs and gently kissed the inside of her thigh. Her moans grew louder as I moved higher, making my heart race in response.

My hand reached up to cup one of her breasts, as my tongue worked its magic on her. Feeling her body tremble beneath me was too much. She clutched at the sheets, arching against my mouth as she let out a soft cry. Her nails dug into my scalp as waves of pleasure surged through me at the sound of my name falling from her lips.

"I'm close," she warned me breathlessly. But I didn't slow down. Instead, I increased the pace until she was writhing underneath me. Just when she was on the brink, I stopped all movement and raised myself over her panting form.

Her eyes were wide with surprise and need when I positioned myself between her legs. "Are you ready?" I asked in a husky voice.

She nodded eagerly, wrapping her arms around me tightly as I pushed into her slowly. Her gasp echoed in the room followed by a whimper of satisfaction.

Our bodies entwined seamlessly; our rhythm flawless, matching each other stroke for stroke.

Our climax was powerful, blinding us momentarily. I collapsed onto her, my breath hitchy against her neck. We lay there for a while, tangled in each other, letting our heartbeats return to normal.

After a while, she looked up at me with heavy-lidded eyes and a content smile. "I love you," she murmured, running her fingers through my disheveled hair.

I responded, pressing a soft kiss on her forehead.

We drifted off to sleep cradled in each other's arms - oblivious to the world outside, basking in the afterglow of our love. Little did we know that Kevin was not gone. He was still there, conceiving his next move.

- He hops out of her (through a certain wet, yucky exit)
- His personality starts to seep into her own, altering her.
- By 'going dark' like this, he has weakened himself, and now Ashley crushes him, wresting back control, and so thus... has absorbed his bodyhopping powers!

Your sister, alternate1

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You sat on your bed, making out with your girlfriend, Sarah. Things were getting hot and heavy. You had your hand on her back and one hand, feeling up her soft, smooth legs under her short skirt. Her tongue was rolling around in your mouth, moaning. Your dick was so hard, straining against your pants. She took her soft hands and started stroking your boner over your pants, driving you wild with pleasure.

You were so glad to have some quiet time away from your family and especially, your little sister Amanda. She was very annoying and always had her eye on you, but now, for the past few hours, thankfully... she's been very quiet.

You were so glad to have some alone time with your girlfriend in your bedroom.

As you laid down on your bed, your eyes locked onto your girlfriend's slender frame.

She moved closer, her soft hands finding their way under your shirt, tracing circles on your chest. You moaned loudly as she took control of the kiss, her tongue dancing with yours, sending shivers down your spine.

Your hands moved to her waist and then to her firm, round ass, squeezing it softly through the fabric. She gasped and broke the kiss, looking into your eyes with a mix of desire and surprise.

"You really like that, don't you?" She whispered seductively, running her fingers through your hair.

You nodded vigorously, unable to find your voice. She chuckled softly and pulled away slightly, revealing the lacy black bra she was wearing under her shirt. She unhooked it slowly, letting each cup fall to reveal her perfectly rounded breasts.

"They're so fucking beautiful," you murmured, reaching out to touch them. She leaned in close, allowing you to run your fingers over her soft, warm skin. You took a nipple into your mouth, sucking on it gently as you felt her body tremble with pleasure.

She moaned loudly, arching her back as you continued to tease her sensitized nipple. You couldn't believe how lucky you were to have her here with you, naked and willing.

"I want you so bad," she whispered, her breath hot against your ear. "I want you to fuck me like you mean it."

You couldn't hold back any longer.

[- Continue \(to sister alternate 2\)](#)

Your sister, alternate2

Her words sent a shiver down your spine as you positioned yourself between her legs. You couldn't believe how lucky you were to be here, with her, tonight.

You moved slowly at first, teasingly, running your fingers along her inner thighs, watching her response. She arched her back, moaning softly, guiding you towards where she wanted you most.

You licked your lips, preparing yourself for what was to come. As you pushed inside her tight, warm channel, she let out a gasp that sent a rush of pleasure through you both. You began to thrust, slowly at first, but with growing intensity.

Her breasts were heaving as she gripped the sheets with white knuckles, her nails digging into her palms. She looked up at you, her eyes full of desire and trust. You took one of her nipples into your mouth, sucking gently as you continued your rhythm.

She moaned loudly, her hips meeting yours in perfect sync. Her soft whimpers turned into gasps and cries of pleasure as she approached her climax. You could feel her tightening around you, a sign that she was close.

"Fuck, I'm close," she panted, her eyes rolling back into her head. "Don't stop."

You picked up the pace, thrusting harder and faster, feeling her walls pulse around you. She screamed your name as her body convulsed beneath you, her orgasm washing over both of you.

You groaned, feeling yourself about to explode as well. With one final thrust, you let go, your hot seed filling her up as you both collapsed onto the bed in a tangle of limbs and sweat.

You lay there for a moment, catching your breath, basking in the afterglow of the most intense and satisfying experience of your life. She looked up at you, her eyes still hazy with desire.

"I'll never forget this," she whispered, running her fingers through your hair.

You smiled, tracing a finger along her jawline. "I love you," you replied softly, kissing her forehead

- "I love you too, bro." my girlfriend says, which is kinda weird coming from her.

- She's clever; and doesn't give her true identity away yet.

- Something else happens.

Your grandfather

As I sat across from my grandfather, sipping on a cup of tea and listening to him regale me with tales of his youth, I couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and admiration for the man. His eyes gleamed with mischief as he spoke, always keeping me on the edge of my seat. But there was one story in particular that stood out among the rest.

He leaned in closer, his voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper. "You know, my dear," he began, "I have a special ability that not many people know about." My curiosity instantly piqued. "What kind of ability?" I asked eagerly.

A sly smile crept onto his face. "The ability to bodyhop," he said cryptically.

I scoffed, thinking he must be joking. But as he continued to explain, I realized he was dead serious. Apparently, my grandfather had the power to jump into other people's bodies and possess them, taking full control. It was like something out of a sci-fi movie.

But what caught my attention even more was his preference for possessing hot girls' bodies. He would wait for the perfect opportunity, then slip into their mind and take over their actions, living vicariously through their experiences.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My seemingly normal grandfather had a secret life as a bodyhopper? And he used it to fulfill his own desires? Just as I was trying to wrap my head around this revelation, my grandfather's eyes lit up at the sight of our neighbor Allie outside by her pool. She was a stunningly beautiful Asian woman, and it seemed she had caught my grandfather's eye.

Without hesitation, he stood up and made his way towards the door. I followed closely behind, unable to resist witnessing this incredible skill in action. As we approached Allie's house, I could see her lounging by the pool, enjoying the warm sun and cool water. My grandfather's steps quickened, his excitement palpable.

And then, in a blink of an eye, he was gone. I looked around frantically, wondering where he had disappeared to. But then I noticed Allie, standing up from her chair.

Allie's hands glided over her curves, tracing the outline of her ample bosom. A seductive smirk played on her lips as she caressed herself, savoring every inch of her own body. Her fingers danced across her skin, igniting a fire within her that could only be quenched by indulging in the pleasure of self-exploration. She

Your father

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Stepping into the sanctuary of your home, a surprising sight greets you.

There, in the familiar comfort of your living room, sits Emi - your typically reserved next-door neighbor. She's perched on your couch, her usual modesty discarded like an ill-fitting garment.

Her legs are splayed out invitingly on the plush cushions, one hand languidly stroking between them. The sight is both shocking and enticing, stirring within you feelings that were previously untapped.

The timid girl-next-door image has dissolved into something far more provocative and bewitching. You're caught off guard by the rush of desire coursing through you - an intoxicating blend of surprise and attraction that leaves you standing dumbstruck in the doorway.

"Mmm..." she moaned.

"I've been waiting for you to come home..."

Your heart rate accelerates as you sneak closer, taking in Emi's sensual display. She has the prettiest fucking body you've ever seen. Her full breasts jiggle enticingly with every moan that escapes her lips. You can see the quiver in her thighs as she leans back against the couch, spreading her legs wider for you to see.

"You're so beautiful," you whisper, your voice cracking under the weight of your lust.

Emi's eyes snap open, meeting yours for the first time. They widen in surprise before narrowing into a seductive glare. She smirks and beckons you closer with a crook of her finger.

You can't resist. You step closer, feeling your cock harden in your pants at the sight of her wet pussy lips glistening in anticipation. She reaches out and wraps her hand around your quickly swelling erection, stroking it firmly through your pants.

"Mmm... you like that?" she purrs, leaning in to nip at your earlobe.

- [Yes!](#)
- Um... I shouldn't

Yes!

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You groan, unable to form coherent thoughts as she continues to stroke your length.

"I-I do," you stutter, your breath hitching as she grinds her hips against you. "I want you, Emi... I mean... your body... it's just so intoxicating."

She giggles, her fingers deftly undoing your belt buckle. "Well, lucky for you, I'm all yours tonight. Your father's enjoying his little escapade, so we might as well make the most of it."

You nod eagerly, helping her pull your pants down. Your cock springs free, already rock hard and dripping with precum. Emi's eyes light up at the sight, and she licks her lips hungrily.

"Mmm, someone's excited," she coos, wrapping her fingers around your shaft again. This time, though, she doesn't stop at your pants. She pulls you closer, guiding your tip to her entrance.

"Are you ready for this?" she asks, her voice low and sultry.

You can only nod again, unable to speak as you sink into her wet heat. She feels like heaven, tight and warm and perfect. You groan as you bottom out inside of her, feeling her walls flutter around you.

"Fuck, Emi," you breathe, gripping her hips as you start to thrust. "You feel so good."

She moans, throwing her head back as she meets your pace. "Yes, yes, just like that," she encourages, digging her nails into your shoulders. "harder..."

You comply, pumping into her with abandon as she writhes beneath you. Her breasts bounce with every thrust, and you can't help but lean down to take one into your mouth. She gasps at the contact, arching her back as you swirl your tongue around her nipple.

"Oh god," she cries out, her legs shaking as she nears her climax. "I'm so close... don't stop..."

You grunt in response, feeling your own orgasm building. You can feel her walls clenching around you, pulling you deeper as she cums hard. The sensation is too much for you to handle, and with a final thrust, you follow her over the edge. You fill her up with your seed, feeling it mix with her own wetness.

As you both come down from your highs, you collapse onto the couch next to her, panting heavily. She turns to face you, a satisfied smile on her lips.

Homeless

A cacophony of laughter and chatter filled the air as students bustled around the university courtyard, oblivious to the homeless man lurking in the shadows. Larry was a filthy, unkempt vagabond whose clothes hung from his skeletal frame like tattered rags. His wild eyes scanned the scene hungrily, searching for an opportunity – any opportunity – to escape the hell that was his life.

"Hey, buddy, you lost?" a young student asked, eyeing him warily.

"Mind your own business," Larry snapped, shuffling away from the intrusive gaze. He hated how others looked at him, judging and dismissing him all at once.

As he retreated into an alleyway, Larry stumbled over a pile of discarded newspapers and empty food containers. A glint of metal caught his eye, and he paused, drawn to the gleaming object. It was a bracelet, simple and unassuming, but something about it called to him. He snatched it up, feeling a strange surge of energy course through his veins.

"Wh-what's happening to me?" he whispered, trembling as the power within the bracelet seemed to seep into his very being.

"Congratulations, Larry," a voice echoed in his mind. "You have been chosen to wield the power of possession. Use this gift wisely."

"Power? Possession?" He stared at the bracelet, realization dawning on him. With this newfound ability, he could take control of other people's bodies and live vicariously through them. The possibilities were endless.

"Time to test this out," he muttered, slinking back into the hustle and bustle of the campus. His heart pounded with anticipation, scanning the sea of faces until he spotted the entrance to the university.

"Ah, academia," Larry mused, a wicked grin spreading across his filthy face. "A place where minds are molded, and dreams are born. Perfect."

He stepped onto the university grounds, feeling out of place and conspicuous in his rags. The students looked at him with a mix of pity and disdain as he shuffled past them, searching for the perfect target.

"Alright," Larry said to himself, trying to quell his racing thoughts. "This is it. Time to see if this thing really works."

With newfound purpose, Larry ventured deeper into the heart of the university, eager to put his mysterious gift to the test. Little did he know, his life would never be the same again.

3 - 4

The sun cast long shadows across the university plaza, painting a picturesque scene of students lounging on the grass, absorbed in their books or chatting animatedly with friends. Amidst this idyllic backdrop, Larry's grime-streaked figure stood out like a sore thumb. He narrowed his eyes, surveying the area for a suitable host to inhabit.

"Ah, there he is!" Larry thought as he spotted a young man striding confidently across the quad. The man had an air of authority, and Larry could already imagine the respect he'd command once he slipped into that body. He licked his chapped lips, feeling both nervous and excited. "Alright, let's do this."

"Hey, buddy, got a minute?" Larry called out, feigning casualness.

"Uh, sure," I replied hesitantly, taking a step back from the unkempt stranger. My eyes flickered towards Liz, my classmate, who was walking beside me. She looked equally uneasy.

"Great, great!" Larry grinned, his yellowed teeth exposed as he raised the hand wearing the bracelet. "Now just hold still for a sec, would ya?"

"Wait, what are you—" I began, but it was too late. Larry's eyes rolled back into his head, and a crackling energy surged from the bracelet.

"Here goes nothing," he murmured, willing his consciousness to leap forth. Yet, at that very moment, Liz nudged me aside in a protective gesture. The energy missed its mark, and Larry found himself careening towards her instead.

"Wha—?" Larry stammered mentally, surprised by the sudden shift in trajectory. As he collided with Liz's form, he felt a disorienting sensation of merging and blending until, finally, he settled within her.

"Whoa," Larry thought, trying to process the unexpected turn of events. "I'm in the girl now? That wasn't part of the plan, but I guess it'll do for a test run." He forced himself to focus, acutely aware that he'd need to adapt quickly to his new situation.

"Okay, take it one step at a time," he coached himself, attempting to mimic Liz's usual demeanor. "Gotta play it cool... and figure out how to work this body."

5 - 6

The sun peeked through the campus trees, casting a dappled pattern of light and shadow on the sidewalk. Larry, now in Liz's body, stood with her hands on her hips, feeling a sudden surge of power.

"Wow, this is... different," he thought, his mind racing with possibilities. Slowly, he looked down at Liz's curvy figure, which was accentuated by the snug denim shorts she wore. He felt the warmth of her skin as the sunlight kissed it.

"Hey, are you okay?" I asked, noticing the strange expression on Liz's face.

"Uh, yeah. Yeah, I'm fine," Larry replied, forcing a smile onto Liz's face. He hoped that he sounded convincing enough, despite the bizarre situation.

As we continued walking, Larry couldn't help but feel captivated by the feminine sensations coursing through him. The gentle sway of Liz's hips, the softness of her long brown hair brushing against her neck—it all felt so foreign yet exhilarating.

"Man, I never knew being a girl could be this... interesting," he mused to himself. Inwardly, he began to savor every new aspect of his temporary existence.

"Hey, do you want a coffee or something?" I asked, gesturing towards a nearby café.

"Sure," Larry said, eager for an opportunity to explore more of Liz's body. As we entered the café, he discreetly reached up and gave one of her breasts a curious squeeze, marveling at its weight and fullness.

"Damn, these things are amazing!" he thought, grinning inwardly as he imagined the power they held over others. "No wonder guys can't keep their eyes off them."

"Um, Liz? Are you sure you're alright?" I asked again, my concern growing. She seemed unusually preoccupied, and I couldn't help but sense that something was amiss.

"Definitely, just... thinking about something," Larry replied with a forced chuckle. He knew he needed to be careful not to arouse too much suspicion, but the temptation to fully embrace his female experience was proving harder and harder to resist.

"Alright then," I said hesitantly, still not quite convinced. "I'll go grab our drinks."

As I walked away to place our order, Larry continued to explore Liz's body with newfound fascination. He couldn't help but feel a thrill at the prospect of inhabiting this new form, eager to see what other surprises it held in store for him.

Female best friend

Tina's dark eyes glinted with a wicked satisfaction as she slipped stealthily into Vicky's car. With a swift and practiced movement, she entered her body, taking complete control. A sly smile played on Tina's lips as she reveled in the feeling of power coursing through her veins. Now, armed with Vicky's beauty and strength, she would finally claim the man she had been relentlessly pursuing. He would be hers, completely and without question.

After what seemed like an eternity, you finally crossed paths with "Vicky", your lovely girlfriend of only a few months. The electrifying energy between the two of you was palpable, sending a jolt of anticipation through your body. As she approached, her curves swaying seductively in that tight red dress, you couldn't help but feel drawn to her magnetic aura. Yet, as she spoke and laughed, there was a strange familiarity that tugged at your memory.

Was it the way she tilted her head just so, or the twinkle in her eye that sparked recognition? Or perhaps it was the way her voice dropped low and husky when she leaned in close to whisper in your ear. As you were lost in contemplation, Vicky suddenly leaned in with a sly smile and whispered, "Do you want to know a secret?" Your heart raced with excitement and nerves as you nodded eagerly.

"Or, better yet... I'll show you." she says

Tina guided you through the bustling mall, her hips rhythmically moving in a tantalizing dance as she navigated the crowd. She was acutely aware of your gaze fixed on her, and she knew it was sending waves of anticipation coursing through you. She unlocked the door to a secluded dressing room and gestured for you to enter, closing it behind both of you with a hushed click. The room, bathed in soft light and surrounded by mirrors, amplified the palpable tension that hung between you two. "This is where we can truly discover what suits you," she murmured in her enticing voice.

Once inside, she spun around to face you, pressing herself against your frame in an unmistakable declaration of her intentions. Her hands stealthily slid under your shirt, drawing circles around your nipples. "I've always yearned to put on this show for someone," she whispered into your ear before deftly unbuttoning your shirt and easing it off your shoulders. Your torso was firm and robust, causing her heartbeat to quicken even more.

She took a step back and scanned you from head to toe, releasing a low whistle of admiration. "You really are extraordinary," she cooed while running her hands over your chest, feeling every muscle respond under her touch. Your scent was heavy - sweat mingling with cologne in just the perfect blend that made her senses whirl. Unable to hold back any longer; she leaned in for a taste of your neck, planting soft kisses while kneading one of your pecs.

Neighbor (click the video)

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Jimmy watched as the lovers (You and your girlfriend, Kana) made their way back to their place, holding hands and giggling like the young teenagers they were. The two entered her house. He envied them. He wanted that. That kind of care, love, joy, and protection by a big strong man, as he plays the part of the cute, young, feminine lover. It was a fantasy... about to be realized.

Slowly, with a longing gaze, Jimmy left his neighboring house and walked towards her window. The curtains were still slightly open from when she'd left them that morning, letting in just enough light for him to see inside. Her room was painted a soft pink, with posters of Japanese anime characters on the walls and a comforter covered in small, colorful pillows lining her bed. He couldn't help but be drawn to her; something about her called to him like a siren song.

With a deep breath and a determination he didn't quite understand himself, Jimmy raised his hand and placed it gently against the cool glass of the windowpane, pointing at her, as she sat on her bed, getting out of her clothes and into her pajamas. His fingertips tingled as they brushed against the window, and he closed his eyes tightly. There was a sudden rush of wind and then...nothing.

When he opened his eyes again, he found himself standing inside her room, staring at the same pink-painted walls and colorful pillows - but now he was inside of her body! Jimmy was stunned at first; it felt so surreal to look down and see his own nakedness replaced by her voluptuous form. He tried moving his legs experimentally and was amazed at how smooth and soft they felt against the cool sheets beneath them.

Feeling a mixture of fear and excitement, Jimmy took a deep breath and tentatively touched his new breasts. They were larger than he had imagined, round and firm with soft pink nipples that hardened in the cool air. He gasped as he ran his fingers over them, feeling the silky smooth skin under his touch. He looked down to see himself wearing a lacy black bra that barely contained the weight of these magnificent mounds, and felt the unfamiliar fabric against his fingertips.

Jimmy's heart pounded as he slipped out of the bra, letting it pool at his feet like discarded wings. Goosebumps rose on his new skin as he stood there naked, taking in every inch of his new feminine form for the first time - long slender legs, curves where there used to be none, soft stomach and round ass cheeks... everything about him was different now.

Jimmy reached between his thighs to find something else entirely unexpected - thick black pubic hair framing a delicate pink flower which blossomed into an erotic surprise when touched gently. Laying on the bed, legs apart, feeling up his new wet, warm slit. It felt wrong, but so... good! He couldn't stop himself.

And that's... when you walk in. What do you do?

- Get intimate with your girlfriend.
- Jimmy does something unexpected

Your girlfriend

Brittany walked down the quiet, tree-lined street, her heart pounding with excitement. She was finally going to make you very happy. She knew that you liked those cute Asian girls. You couldn't hide it. She saw it on your computer.

Brittany's heart pounded as she approached Ami's house, her mind racing with excitement and nerves. She had spent weeks researching possession magic, pouring over ancient tomes and modern blogs in search of the perfect spell. And now, she was finally going to try it out on someone real.

As she reached the front door, Brittany took a deep breath and steadied herself. She knew the risks of this kind of magic - losing control, getting trapped in someone else's body forever - but she pushed those thoughts aside. It was just one innocent Asian girl, what could go wrong?

Her hand trembled as she raised it to knock on the door. What if Ami wasn't home? What if she didn't want to let Brittany in? But then again, why wouldn't she? They were neighbors after all, and Ami seemed friendly enough when they passed each other in the hallway.

Before Brittany could talk herself out of it, she knocked firmly on the door. Her heart skipped a beat as she heard footsteps approaching from inside. The door swung open to reveal Ami's smiling face. "Hey Brittany! What brings you by?" Ami asked cheerfully.

Brittany swallowed nervously before answering. "Oh, just wanted to see how you were doing." She felt her palms getting sweaty and fought back the urge to wipe them on her jeans. "Well that's so sweet of you!" Ami exclaimed, stepping aside to let Brittany in.

As they made their way to the living room, Brittany couldn't help but feel a thrill of anticipation building inside her. She could hardly believe that this was actually happening. Once they were settled on the couch, Brittany put her plan into action. She closed her eyes and focused all of her energy on Ami, visualizing herself inside her mind and body. She chanted ancient words under her breath, feeling a tingle run through her body.

And then, with a loud *pop*, there was a moment of disorientation, and Brittany found herself looking through Ami's eyes.

Brittany couldn't help but let out a small gasp at the sensation. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. She felt connected to Ami in a way that she couldn't fully explain. She shook off the feeling of unease and got up, exploring Ami's house with newfound curiosity. She picked up trinkets on shelves, ran her hands over the furniture, and breathed in the scent of Ami's perfume. It was an exhilarating rush of sensations that left Brittany feeling giddy and invigorated.

"I can't believe this actually worked," she whispered with excitement. "I'm inside someone else's body!" There were moments when Ami's thoughts intruded upon hers - flashes of memories, emotions, and desires that weren't her own. It was unsettling and confusing, but also fascinating to experience life from someone else's perspective.

Best part was... you were going to be so excited to see your little Asian crush sitting in your bed. She couldn't wait to show off her new body to you.

- **She goes to your place**
- **Your girlfriend ditches Ami, and finds an even better target!**

Your girlfriend ditches Ami, and finds an even better target!

When Brittany looked at herself, she saw Ami's slim yet curvy body. She took a deep breath, trying to stay calm. Ami's body felt so different from her own. Brittany gently rubbed one of the tits, feeling how soft and supple they were. The nipples hardened instantly under her touch as she gave them a squeeze, causing a small moan of pleasure to escape her lips unintentionally.

She then walked over to the bedroom where Ami's mother, Mrs. Ishikawa was. There she stood, fixing up some clothes on her king-sized bed before putting them into the closet. Brittany stepped closer.

As Ami's body convulsed and contorted, Brittany could feel herself being pulled towards the surface. With each breath she took, she could feel her presence growing stronger, until finally, with a burst of energy, she was able to break free from Ami's weak grasp.

As if in a trance, she floated towards Mrs. Ishikawa's voluptuous form and merged with her effortlessly. Brittany reveled in the sensation of taking over another body, feeling every curve and crevice as if they were her own. Her senses were heightened, and she could smell the sweet perfume that lingered on Mrs. Ishikawa's skin, taste the lingering tang of lipstick on her lips, and see the lustful desire in her dark eyes.

As she fully possessed Mrs. Ishikawa's body, Brittany felt a surge of power course through her veins. This was a new experience for her, and she relished in the newfound control she had over this seductive woman. She ran her hands over Mrs. Ishikawa's smooth skin, reveling in the softness of it, and then glided them down to the curves of her hips and thighs. It was a perfect fit, like two pieces of a puzzle coming together to create one beautiful masterpiece.

And as she looked into Mrs. Ishikawa's eyes, now shining with an intensity that mirrored her own, Brittany knew that this was only the beginning of what she could do with her powers!

- Explore her new MILF body!
- Find more women!
- She goes to find you; her boyfriend

Your sister.

You sat on your bed, making out with your girlfriend, Sarah. Things were getting hot and heavy. You had your hand on her back and one hand, feeling up her soft, smooth legs under her short skirt. Her tongue was rolling around in your mouth, moaning. Your dick was so hard, straining against your pants. She took her soft hands and started stroking your boner over your pants, driving you wild with pleasure.

You were so glad to have some quiet time away from your family and especially, your little sister Amanda. She was very annoying and always had her eye on you, but now, for the past few hours, thankfully... she's been very quiet. You were so glad to have some alone time with your girlfriend in your bedroom.

As you laid down on your bed, your eyes locked onto your girlfriend's slender frame.

She moved closer, her soft hands finding their way under your shirt, tracing circles on your chest. You moaned loudly as she took control of the kiss, her tongue dancing with yours, sending shivers down your spine.

Your hands moved to her waist and then to her firm, round ass, squeezing it softly through the fabric. She gasped and broke the kiss, looking into your eyes with a mix of desire and surprise.

"You really like that, don't you?" She whispered seductively, running her fingers through your hair.

You nodded vigorously, unable to find your voice. She chuckled softly and pulled away slightly, revealing the lacy black bra she was wearing under her shirt. She unhooked it slowly, letting each cup fall to reveal her perfectly rounded breasts.

"They're so fucking beautiful," you murmured, reaching out to touch them. She leaned in close, allowing you to run your fingers over her soft, warm skin. You took a nipple into your mouth, sucking on it gently as you felt her body tremble with pleasure.

She moaned loudly, arching her back as you continued to tease her sensitized nipple. You couldn't believe how lucky you were to have her here with you, naked and willing.

"I want you so bad," she whispered, her breath hot against your ear. "I want you to fuck me like you mean it." You couldn't hold back any longer.

What happens next...

- [Continue](#)
- Something strange happens



Continue

(girlfriend-possessed-by-sister 1)

As you and your girlfriend continued their passionate make-out session, suddenly she broke the kiss and pulled away, her face flushed with desire. Her breathing was heavy and ragged, and there was a glint of mischief in her eyes that you couldn't quite place. She reached down and slowly slid your pants off, revealing your throbbing member to the cool air. Francis, who had possessed your girlfriend's body, couldn't hold back any longer; she eagerly knelt down between your legs and took your aching shaft into her mouth. She closed her eyes as she wrapped her soft, warm lips around the head of your dick, feeling it pulse against her tongue. With a gentle sucking motion, she began to bob up and down on it, taking more of you into her mouth with each movement. Her cheeks hollowed out as she deep-throated you, her moans reverberating around your cock as she pleased herself with your hard length.

With every bounce of her head on your shaft, saliva dripped from her mouth and pooled at the base of your dick, making it slick and wet. She looked up at you through hooded eyelids filled with lust as she slowly stroked herself from balls to tip, savoring the taste of pre-cum on her tongue. Her touch sent electric shocks straight to your spine; this was unlike anything you'd ever experienced before.

- [Continue](#)
- Something else happens

Continue

[Return to Start](#)

(girlfriend-possessed-by-sister 2)

Your girlfriend's hands gripped the sheets, her nails digging into them as Francis continued to worship your manhood with abandon.

Francis couldn't believe this was happening; her fantasies were coming to life as she experienced your hardness and felt it twitch in her mouth. She wanted more; she needed more. She reached between your girlfriend's legs and began fingering herself, moaning around your dick as she imagined it was her pussy being filled by your thick girth. Your moans spurred her on, and she increased her pace, determined to bring you both to the edge of ecstasy.

As the pleasure mounted, your hips bucked up involuntarily, driving your cock deeper into Francis's eager mouth. You were close, so close to cumming, but Francis wanted to savor the moment. She pulled away with a pop, leaving you both panting and glistening with her saliva. Slowly, she stood up and straddled you, grinding her wet pussy against your straining erection. She looked down at you hungrily as she reached out and guided your cock to her entrance. With a deep breath, Francis pushed down, impaling herself on your length as she moaned out in pleasure muffled by her own hand.

Slowly, she rocked her hips, taking more and more of you into her wetness, her pussy stretching to accommodate your girth. Her inner walls felt like silk, milking your shaft with each thrust. Francis's moans of pleasure grew louder, bouncing off the walls of your bedroom as she rode you harder and faster. You gripped her hips, guiding her movements as you both worked together to reach the pinnacle of pleasure.

In that moment, Francis lost all control of herself; she reveled in the sensation of being filled by you, her brother. She leaned forward, pressing her chest against yours as she moaned your name between gasps for air. The taboo thrill of it all sent shivers down her spine as she felt the familiar tightening in her core. With one final thrust, Francis arched her back and screamed out in ecstasy; her pussy clenching around your cock as she came, her warm, wet juices coating your groin.

“Fuck, that was incredible, bro.” she says.

You leaned back on the bed, exhausted. “Bro?” you laughed.

She quickly covers her mouth and laughs it off, nervously.

You two cuddle and take a nap together, but later...

- Your sister reveals herself
- Your sister finds a quiet place to hop out of your girlfriend's body
- Your sister hops out of your girlfriend... and into you!
- By having sex with you, something weird happened!
- You wake up before her, only to find... that weird possession stone nearby.



Your Bully!

You head home for the day, eager to relax and play some games. But when you come home, you see your stepsister in the living room without any real clothes on!

"Eri! What are you doing!?"

She laughs and rolls her eyes.

"Hah!" she laughs "Damn, your step-sister is so fucking hot! Can't believe a dipshit like you gets to be with a hottie like this all day. Fuck! She's incredible!"

- Teases you some more
- [Reveals who she really is](#)

She reveals who she really is.



"Man, you're such an idiot. Always was. It's me, Troy." she says. "Finally got my possession powers working. I can take over anyone I want. And for me, I'm taking over your stepsister. She's hot! And now her body is all mine."

You stand there in shock, not believing any of this.

"God, just being in her body is turning me on so much." he says.

He starts pinching his new nipples, stroking his pussy. Soon, he's wet and moaning out loud, driving himself insane with pleasure.

"Bet a faggot like you could never fuck a hot chick like this. You're too fucking chicken to do it." he laughs.

He then takes off her clothes and pushes you down onto the floor, forcing your pants off.

"I'm too fucking horny. This chick's body is just too much. Fuck..." hes says as he continues to play with his pussy, taking off all his clothes.

"You're going to fuck me, and do it right too. Otherwise, I'll make sure your stepsister is fucked by every guy on the street."

You're too scared and shocked to do anything. He approaches you, wet pussy ready, then sits on your dick, driving it deep into his new warm, wet hole. Your stepsister's pussy feels so fucking good. He expertly bounces and bobs on your dick, up and down, up and down.

It feels incredible. For his sake, you try not to cum. You try so deperately, but it just feels too good! And you can't control yourself. Finally, he can feel your dick getting ready to blow your load. Getting warmer, standing up straight, the pleasure is too much. Until... what happens?

- You cum inside your step sister
- She swallows it all

Full VIDEO: <https://redgifs.com/watch/functionalaccomplishedcowriea>

Your angry, vengeful ex-girlfriend.

You didn't know it, but your ex-girlfriend is a bodyhopper. A rare abilities that allows people to jump into other people's bodies and possess them.

Still angry that you dumped her because she was 'crazy', she's out to get her revenge.

As you're walking around one day, someone comes up to you. Who is it?

- [Cute asian girl](#)
- [Beautiful classmate](#)



Beautiful Classmate

[Return to Start](#)

The girl who walked into the economics class was stunning. Her long, shiny blonde hair swayed as she moved. She had a fit body with well-defined muscles and a slim figure that caught your attention. You admired her from afar, little did you know that she would soon be involved in a situation with your ex-girlfriend.

Walking down the hallway to economics class on a cold, dull day, you felt hungry since you hadn't eaten a good breakfast. The only highlight so far was sipping on some coffee. It wasn't the most exciting start to the day, but that's what happened when you stayed up late playing video games.

As you made your way through the hall, you recognized familiar faces of classmates who took similar courses as you. Despite seeing them before in different classes, not many made eye contact or seemed to acknowledge you; everyone appeared absorbed in their own routines.

Approaching the economics lecture room with its large gray walls leading to a sturdy brown door adorned with a silver handle, you noticed how cold it felt to touch. Anticipating another uneventful day, you pushed open the door and saw some students already settled in their seats – laptops out, pens ready, and textbooks opened. Some chatted while others scrolled through their phones.

Then entered Michelle, an incredibly attractive blonde girl who turned heads as she walked in. With her long legs, curvy figure, and captivating presence, she was hard to miss. To your surprise and delight, she chose the seat next to yours among all available options. The scent of her flowery perfume lingered around her like a sweet aura that caught your attention.

Feeling a stirring sensation in your pants at her nearness, you couldn't help but be captivated by how strikingly beautiful she was – truly remarkable!

What happens next....

- [She talks to you](#)
- Something weird happens.

She talks to you

Michelle, she is so fucking hot. Very beautiful with her long, smooth legs, and muscles. Not too big or too small. Just a hot girl who walks with confidence. Unlike my ex-girlfriend. Fuck her. She was always wearing gothic clothes and looked so weird. She just couldn't be normal. Always looking at weird websites and looking around on the web to find strange stuff. At first, I thought it was cute, but then she got more serious into it, and I was so turned off. I couldn't stand her. We had to break it up. It just was killing my entire image and her obsession with 'dark' things online just made her creepy. We fell out and soon had fights and now we're no longer together.

Fuck her. I'm glad I'm with Michelle and not with her. My options are open.

Now's my chance to try and get with Michelle.

I lean over and chat with her a bit.

She smiles, but her smile is so... weird. She's laughing at my jokes. When I tell her things about myself, it feels as if maybe she knows it already. She knew my birthday and the apartment that I live in. So, it's so weird. How did she know all of this stuff. But still, I made it into a smart guess. I mean, we are the same age and my apartment is in the same area as everyone else's, so then again... what's the big deal.

She tells me that she's free later.

Where should we go...

- [To her place, Netflix and chill.](#)
- To a restaurant, a proper dinner date.
- Nothing at all. She says I'm weird and never wants to see my ugly face again.

`To her house, netflix and chill

I was going to be in for a wild fucking ride.

I couldn't believe it, this girl, who I lusted after for so long, with her long hair, incredible looks and dazzling personality, fucking could give me the best time of my life. She actually wanted to see me at her home, her apartment.

I was so excited. We both headed out after class and walked together. It felt so... Different being with her. A wild ride, free from all worries and troubles. She was so kind and happy for me. So friendly. I was so happy. We talked about everything. We seemed to really hit it off.

Then, we got her place. She let me in with any hesitation. Her room was so nice and... Clean, but well maintained. Very fun to be in. So relaxing. I was very impressed with it. I really loved how it all came together. She was organized. We sat by her TV and started watching some streaming shows. I didn't really care. I just felt so turned on, I couldn't control myself. God, she was so fucking hot.

I remember watching her go and get a coffee for me, ice coffee. And the way she bent over, showing off her thick, and full ass to me was just so erotic. It turned me on like hell. Holy shit, was she so hot and sexy. God, what a beauty. And those tits on top of it all. My god, was she incredible. I'd do anything to fuck that tight little pussy of her.

We sat down together. I put my arm around her. She was small and thin, cute, but so hot. We talked, then there was this awkward silence... we... Looked at each other in the eyes. I was so mesmerized by her beautiful eyes. Her face. She looked so so real, so hot, so perfect... a model... a real stunner... and now sitting with me. Was this real. Then, she made a move, leaning in closer, but it was I who moved in more and soon... a kiss. My lips touched her. Wow. So soft. Like lightning shooting through my lips, I felt the tingle. The excitement. The hormones. Wow! Holy shit! What were we doing!? Were we about to... Actually... do it!?

Choices...

- [You two have sex](#)
- I'm ... found out!!!!

We do the deed!!

- Add in later



A cute Asian girl.

Her name was Aya. She can't speak English well and she was born and raised in Japan. She just got here a month ago to study abroad. She's usually very shy, but today she tried talking to you.

- She speaks with her cute, Japanese accent
- Surprisingly, she speaks like a... normal American girl?
- Something else happens

Other weird powers and twists!

- Mind control
- Hive Mind
- Reality Manipulation / Unaware TG
- Possessing or TF into clothing, objects, or body parts
- Inner Female alternate personality / Jeckyll and Hyde
- Reverse Possession
- Strange and Accidental Merging
- [Body-part swapping \(full or partial\)](#) / Headswaps
- Magical Mask (similar to the green Mask we all know)
- M2M Possession
- TG into Futanari
- Two heads, One shared body.
- Two people that've hopped the same body at the same time.
- Personality Swap
- [Ddd](#)

Bodypart swap stories

- [Story 1 \(Weird Tech\)](#)
- Story 2 (Sudden Switch)
- Story 3 (Pain in the Neck)
- [Story 4 \(Feminine Roommate\)](#)

Feminine Roommate 1

The steam from the bathroom billowed outward as my female roommate, Mei, emerged from her shower. I blinked in surprise, not having expected her to appear just then. Water droplets glistened on her flawless skin. She had a towel covering her whole body. She never really let me see everything... sadly.

"Oops! Didn't mean to startle you," Mei teased with a giggle. She was a hot Asian girl, with a face that was both sexy and cute, radiating feminine charm. Beautiful silky hair. Cute lips. A soft, angelic voice.

"Uh, no worries," I stammered, trying to regain my composure. *Why am I feeling so flustered? We've been roommates for months now.*

"Anyway, I was thinking about ordering some takeout for dinner tonight. What do you think?" Mei asked, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

"Sounds good to me," I replied, my gaze still lingering on her beautiful face. *How did I never notice how stunning she is?*

"Great! I'll go get dressed and we can decide what to order." Mei turned and walked back towards her room, giving me a playful wink before disappearing behind her door.

My heart raced as I reflected on our brief encounter. *Is it possible that I'm starting to develop feelings for Mei?*

 The thought both excited and terrified me. We'd always had a great roommate dynamic, and I didn't want to risk ruining that. But something about this moment, seeing her fresh out of the shower with her enchanting smile, had stirred something within me.

I shook my head, attempting to clear my thoughts. *Focus on the present. Dinner, remember?*

 As Mei returned from her room, fully dressed, we sat down together and began perusing local takeout menus. Throughout the evening, I couldn't help but steal glances at her, wondering if she could sense the change that had come over me.

Little did I know, our relationship would never be the same again.

A few days later, I was lounging in the living room when Mei emerged from the bathroom, steam billowing out behind her. She wore nothing but a small towel wrapped around her waist, leaving her upper body exposed for all to see. It was then that I noticed something completely unexpected about my gorgeous roommate.

"Hey," she said nonchalantly, as if she wasn't displaying an astonishing secret to me.

"Uh... hi," I stammered, unable to tear my eyes away from the sight before me. Her head was undeniably feminine, with long, silky hair framing her delicate features. But from the neck down, her body revealed itself as distinctly masculine - broad shoulders, chiseled chest, and arms that rippled with muscles flexed under her smooth skin.

"Is something wrong?" Mei asked, seemingly oblivious to the perplexed expression on my face.

"Mei... your body..." I trailed off, unsure of how to address the situation.

[Continue to part 2](#)

Feminine Roommate 2

She glanced down at herself and laughed lightly, "Oh, this? Yeah, I've been meaning to tell you. I'm actually... a guy. Or maybe, a bit of both. My body might be a bit surprising, but I hope it doesn't make you uncomfortable."

"So... are you Genderqueer or something?" I thought that was the word, but I had no idea really.

"My body doesn't fit neatly into the categories of male or female. But, I identify more with being female" she explained, her voice still soft and feminine.

"Wow, I had no idea," I admitted, feeling slightly embarrassed by my reaction. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable, just... surprised."

Over the next few days, we continued to live our lives as roommates, but now with a newfound understanding between us. We shared meals together, watched movies late into the night on our shared couch, and even worked out together at the gym we both frequented.

One evening after a grueling workout session, we found ourselves back in the apartment, both of us exhausted but exhilarated. As we got ready to hit the showers, an unexpected tension filled the air. Maybe it was because of our sweaty bodies pressed close together or the charged silence that hung heavily in the room. But it was then that it dawned on me – I wasn't just attracted to Mei's feminine charm or masculine physique; I was attracted to her whole being.

Suddenly, a soft knock pulled me out of my daydreaming. I turned around and found Mei standing at the bathroom door with a shy smile on her face.

"Hey," she said softly.

"Hi," I replied, my heart pounding in my chest like a wild drum.

"I was wondering if...if you would like to join me in the shower?" she asked hesitantly, her eyes flickering between mine and the floor.

For a moment I froze, caught off guard by her question. My first instinct was to decline out of respect for her privacy, but something in her eyes told me she wanted me to accept the invitation.

"Sure," I responded shakily.

A smile broke across her face as she stepped aside to allow me into the bathroom.

As she fiddled with the knobs, I looked at her body admiringly. Her back was toned and muscled; alluring in a way that I hadn't noticed before our recent revelation about her gender identity.

"Is this okay?" she asked, breaking me out of my trance.

"Yes," I replied quickly, embarrassed to have been caught staring.

A moment later I found myself stepping into the shower behind her, my own towel discarded on the bathroom floor now. The warm water hit my body soothingly as Mei handed me a bar of soap.

"It's your turn," she said with a teasing grin. "You can wash my back."

My hand trembled slightly as I began to lather up her back with soap, my fingertips tracing over the smooth planes of muscles that made up her broad shoulders and strong back.

It felt right being there with Mei; more than it had ever felt before our conversation about her identity, or even before that fateful evening when I realized my feelings for her were more than just platonic. It was as if we were discovering new aspects about each other in this intimate moment; aspects that brought us closer together in ways I never thought possible.

As we both stepped out of the shower after washing up, I knew that our relationship could never go back to what it once was. I was okay with that. More than okay – I was excited and intrigued by the possibilities that lay ahead. It felt like we were embarking on a new adventure, and I couldn't wait to see where it would lead us. After all, Mei had always had a way of making even the most mundane things feel like an exciting journey...and this was anything but mundane.

What happens next?

- ???

Troy couldn't wait to see his father again. It's been a very long time, but now that Troy was in college, with his own car, his own money, he could do the things he wanted; which included, visiting his biological father.

Troy had spent the past two years living in a small town near the city, attending a local community college and working at a local fast food chain. He was finally graduating, and he had decided that it was time to visit his father.

Troy had been excited to see his father, but now, he was nervous. He hadn't seen him since he was a kid, and he was afraid that he might not remember him.

Troy finally arrived at his father's house. He knocked on the door and waited patiently for his father to answer. After a few seconds, the door opened and Troy was met with a tall, dark haired man, who looked like he was in his mid-fifties. He had broad shoulders and clearly a muscular physique. His hips were rather wide and his legs were long.

"Troy?" his father asked, with a confused expression on his face.

"Yes, that's me!" Troy answered, as he was elated to finally have his father acknowledge his presence.

"Oh my god, Troy," his father said, with a wide smile on his face. "It's so good to see you."

"It's good to see you too, Dad," Troy said, as he hugged his father tightly.

"Come on in," his father said, as he invited Troy into his house.

The two walked in to the living room. Troy's father certainly walked weird; perhaps a bit feminine. Troy's mother did mention him having an accident a while back that really hurt him.

"I'm sorry I didn't come to see you sooner," Troy said, as he sat down on the couch. "I didn't know you moved houses."

"That's okay, Troy. I had some issues with my previous owner. Now, things are much... better."

The two got to talking and got along pretty well. Time flew by; hours felt only like minutes.

But then, his father's phone rang and he had to take the call and sort out some matters on his upstairs office computer, leaving Troy alone for a while.

Troy was going to pull out his phone and play some games while he waited, but he couldn't help but notice this bright, blinking, strange, green light coming from the basement.

Curiosity got the better of him and he slowly walked towards the stairs, quietly. He hadn't been to his father's house in a long time, so he didn't know what was down there, but he had a feeling that something was wrong.

He slowly descended the stairs and turned the corner, where he found what looked to be a large lab of sorts. There were all kinds of things scattered everywhere, and some of the things were clearly not supposed to be out in the open.

Troy was getting more and more curious about what was going on in his father's basement, and he was determined to find out what it was.

He went over to the desk and started rummaging through some papers and notes. Behind the large computer monitor, sat this strange looking black TV remote.

"This doesn't look right," Troy thought to himself, as he picked it up and pressed the power button.

Nearby where lots of diagrams and charts with large pictures showing that same remote.

It was called...

[- The Part Switcher](#)

[- Something else](#)

The Part Switcher

[Return to Start](#)

It was called... The Part Switcher.

The documentation said that it could, in theory, switch people's body parts with one another. And this was just one of the many other remotes he had in a big box nearby.

"This is fascinating," Troy thought to himself, as he was starting to get even more excited about the idea. Troy knew it was wrong to steal, but... c'mon, he had a bunch more in a box nearby, and Troy just couldn't walk away from such an invention. He doubt it'd even work, but if it did... it could be so much fun.

Suddenly, his father's voice came from upstairs.

"Troy?" he said, as he came down the stairs. "What are you doing?"

"Uhhh, just looking around," Troy said, as he put the remote in his pocket and tried to come up with an excuse.

"Well, it's getting late. Come on, let's have some dinner," his father said, as he led Troy back upstairs.

Thankfully, Troy's father was rather disorganized and scatterbrained. Always distracted by this thing or that thing. He forgot about his remote project just sitting out on his table. And certainly wouldn't notice one of those remotes missing.

As they ate dinner, Troy's father was telling him all about his new life, his new job, and his new house.

"I'm glad to hear that, Dad," Troy said, as he enjoyed listening to his father's stories.

Soon, time there had to come to an end.

Troy left and went back to his car, wondering if he would be able to come back and visit his father again.

Troy arrived home after a few hours of driving. It was tiring, but he was glad to be back in his own room again.

But what poked him, was the one thing he forgot to take out of his pockets; The Black Remote.

He hadn't been able to put it down since he had found it in his father's lab.

"What should I do with this thing?" he thought to himself, as he tossed it on his bed.

He decided to get some rest, and he could deal with the remote in the morning.

But he quickly fell asleep.

In the morning, he woke up to the sound of banging on his door.

It must be his aunt Elaine. She always came by to help out Troy's mother with her cleaning, since his mother often worked early in the mornings. His aunt came to wake him up, and take away his dirty laundry.

She was always very sexy. Big tits, thick thighs, and nice ass. She was in her late 40s, but she looked like she was still in her 30s. Mature, but hot!

"Troy! Are you sleeping in again!? It's almost 10am!"

And of course, Elaine just opened the door and barged right into the room! Surprising Troy, and he accidentally, knocked the Part switcher remote on the floor, causing it to make a loud clicking sound.

Troy saw...

[- Elaine's boobs shrink... and appeared on Troy!](#)

- Nothing happened... as far as he could tell.

- Troy's head is now on Elaine's body?

- Were Elaine's breasts... moving?

- Some other change

Elaine's boobs shrink and appeared on Troy

Troy saw Elaine rubbing her chest, like it was itchy.

The remote made a loud clicking sound, and Elaine rubbed her chest like she was feeling uncomfortable.

"What was that sound?" she asked, looking confused.

"Uhh, nothing," Troy said, as he quickly got out of bed and tried to cover up the remote.

Elaine had a big, sexy, round ass. Big tits, thick thighs, and her face was rather round. But then, she started to suddenly feel a little... squishy, and her chest seemed to be getting smaller.

"Hey, are you feeling okay?" Troy asked, as he couldn't help but stare at his aunt's shrinking breasts.

"I'm not sure. I feel a little tingly. Like, my chest is feeling kind of itchy," Elaine said, as she looked down at her breasts and rubbed them.

"Maybe you're allergic to something," Troy said.

"Hmmm... maybe... Troy could tell she looked a little weaker, but only briefly. She gathered up Troy's dirty clothes and headed off.

But then, Troy started to feel something as well in his chest.

He reached down and started rubbing his own chest, just like his aunt had done.

"I think something is happening," Troy thought to himself.

As Troy rubbed his chest, he felt a strange pressure, like there was something growing inside of him.

Suddenly, he noticed that he was feeling a little hot, and his nipples were getting harder.

"What's going on?" Troy asked himself, as he looked down.

His chest was... expanding outwards? Did he always have man-boobs? Now, this pressure, this weight, this... sensitivity... no way.

Troy felt his nipples. They were sensitive and easily stimulated. Getting hard. Making him excited... and his dick getting hard as well.

These weren't man boobs at all, they were... a woman's breasts!

Troy's body had changed. He had grown large, DD-sized breasts!

"Oh my god," Troy thought to himself, as he sat down on the bed and tried to process what was happening.

It was all so sudden, so unexpected. He had no idea that his body had changed. It must've been that remote!

His new boobs were soft and smooth, just like a girl's breasts! His nipples were hard. And these tits had some real weight to them. It surely would hurt his back to lug these things around all day.

"What the fuck!?" he said to himself, gently bouncing his new, sexy, female tits. "Holy shit... I... I think these are my aunt's boobs! These are... incredible!"

- Troy decides to swap more parts around.

- You can't just swap parts around without consequences.

- Someone else gets their hands on the remote.

Secret1

I don't expect many people to read this part, but if you do... well... congratulations. I'll use this place to post pictures or videos of hot girls or to save cool ideas for use later. Maybe you can [see more](#).



Secret2

[Click for more.](#)

[Return to Start](#)



Secret3

[More here](#)

[Return to Start](#)



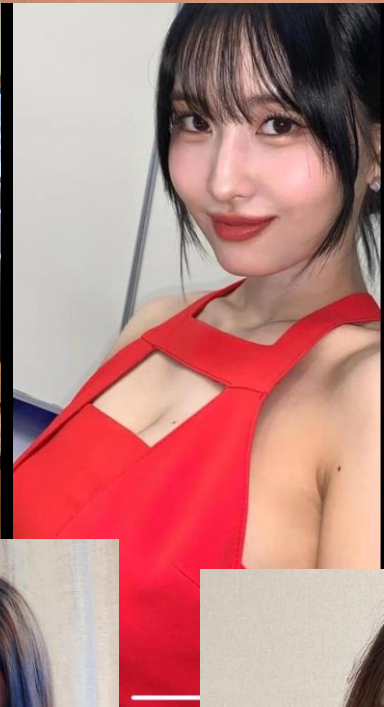
Secret4

[more](#)

[Return to Start](#)



Kitano Mina [JUFE-507]



Secret5



[Return to Start](#)



Someone is cooking

You wake up. Hearing the snap and crackle noises from coming from downstairs, the kitchen. You can smell pancakes being cooked.

You live alone.

Why was the smell coming up to your room. Was it real? Was it a dream?

You walk downstairs to the kitchen, and are surprised to see this beautiful black-haired Asian girl standing there, using your frying pans, cooking up some kind of wonderfully smelling breakfast. She's got big tits, a tight ass, and a lean, athletic physique.

"Hey, buddy!" she says "Long time, no see! Came to see you, but then got hungry and decided to make us breakfast. We got a big day ahead of us. I hope you don't mind."

She puts the eggs, pancakes, and bacon on a plate for you and sets it on the table.

You look at her, trying to figure her out.

She notices you... and smiles.

- ["Glad you're finally awake." the girl says.](#)
- She says nothing. You're a little afraid.



The breakfast



You sit down at the table, still in shock while taking a bite of your breakfast. The pancakes melt in your mouth, the syrup caressing your taste buds like a long-lost lover.

The smell of bacon wafts through the air, filling your nostrils with its savory scent. You look back up at this beautiful woman, watching as she flips another pancake effortlessly. Her movements are fluid and graceful, every muscle in her toned body moving in harmony with each other.

She hums softly to herself as she works, her long black hair falling over her shoulder with each movement of her head. The way she tilts it to the side slightly and looks at you from underneath her eyelashes sends shivers down your spine - something you've never felt before.

Who could this woman be?

- [Jake, perhaps?](#)
- Someone you don't want to meet.

"It's me, Jake. In the flesh, so to speak," she says with a wink. "I thought it might be fun to surprise you like this. And I remembered how much you love my pancakes."

She sets a cup of steaming hot coffee in front of you, the aroma mingling with the other scents in the room. You take a sip, savoring the rich flavor as it coats your tongue.

"Damn, these are good," you mutter between bites.

"I know, right? You always did like my cooking" Jake grins before adding more syrup to her own stack of pancakes.

"I sent your videos about my shapeshifting abilities. Figured I'd come here and show you myself."

Her long, slender fingers seem to dance around the plate as she eats, and you find yourself unable to tear your eyes away from her lips as she licks the sticky sweetness from them.

As you eat in silence, your mind races with questions about her transformation and the nature of this sudden visit. It had been years since high school when he'd confessed his crush on you, and although nothing had ever come out of it then, these feelings seemed to be resurfacing now that he was...she was...in front of you again.

You knew he could shapeshift, but you never truly believed it... until now. He did tell you he might show up this week.

The thick, fluffy pancakes melt on your tongue. They're just as you remember them, soft yet satisfyingly chewy at the same time. The buttery syrup drips down your chin, and you reach for a nearby napkin automatically. Your fingers meet her fingers instead, and there's a brief moment of contact before she pulls away laughingly.

Playfully, she reaches over with her own napkin to dab some syrup off your chin herself.

She leans closer as she does so, her breasts pressing against your arm lightly. Your heart races as you look into her deep brown eyes that sparkle with mischief.

The scent of vanilla from her shampoo fills your nostrils while another drop of syrup falls from the corner of her mouth, landing on her perfectly plump breasts. You find yourself staring at her cleavage, unable to tear your eyes away from the tantalizing view.

"I uh... I uh..." you stutter, heat creeping into your cheeks.

Jake giggles, dabbing off the syrup with a napkin.

The air between you is thick with tension as you both sit there, enjoying the food in a charged silence punctuated only by the sounds of silverware on plates and the occasional sip of coffee. It's not until your plates are cleared away that either of you speaks up again.

- [Jake needs your help.](#)
- [Jake teases you.](#)

Jake needs your help.

[Return to Start](#)

"Listen, I... um, need your help." he says.

"I know this might sound crazy, but I kind of... got myself into some trouble with the wrong people. I need to lay low for a few days, and I was wondering if I could crash here." You look at her incredulously. "You expect me to believe that? Jake's never been in trouble a day in his life!" you exclaim.

"I know, I know," she says, holding her hands up defensively. "But things... they... they've changed since high school. And I swear, I wouldn't ask if it weren't an emergency." Jake's expression softens, her eyes welling up with unshed tears. "Please?" she begs, her lower lip trembling ever so slightly.

Your heart twists at the sight of her in distress. Jake had always been there for you, through thick and thin. How could you turn him away now? "Fine," you relent, sighing dramatically. "But you owe me. Big time."

"Thank you, thank you!" Jake hugs you tightly, her breasts pressing against your chest and her vanilla scent enveloping you once more. You're acutely aware of her softness and how different it feels compared to the familiarity of Jake's body from before. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"So," she starts once they've settled with their fresh cups of coffee and remnants of toast and jam on their plates, "a couple years back, I got tangled up with some bad people." The words tumble from her mouth in a hurried confession as if they've been weighing heavily on her for far too long. She brings the steaming cup to her lips, savoring its warmth before taking a sip and slowly licking away any lingering traces from her plump lower lip.

"I have this ability," she goes on after setting down her coffee mug. "You understand? To alter my form." She glances around nervously before lowering her voice even more. "I used it to assist them with some tasks – nothing major initially; just altering how I looked or sneaking into places we weren't supposed to be. I made good money. Then, later, on a little job, things went south. Some of their top people got arrested because of me and now, if they catch me... I don't want to know."

As she finishes speaking, you rise to clear away their breakfast dishes: empty plates smeared with egg yolk and crumbs from toast; mugs stained with coffee rings; butter knives glistening with leftover jam - all bearing witness to a meal that now seems so distant compared to the revelations shared over its remnants.

Jake takes a deep, steadying breath, sinking back into her chair as she lets out a sigh of relief. "I can clear everything up," she offers, pushing away the empty breakfast plates and reaching for the coffee pot. As she pours them both another cup, her long brown hair tumbles over her shoulder. It catches the morning light streaming through the window, casting a warm that mirrors the soft hue of her lips - lips you've found yourself drawn to since you saw her this morning. Her fingers trace the rim of her mug as she speaks, nails painted in a delicate pink.

- You spot a cargo van parked directly in front of the apartment. Are you just being paranoid?
- He admits that his powers have somehow gotten weaker as well.
- [Things get a little exciting between you two.](#)

Things get a little exciting between you two.

As you take the mug from her, your fingertips brush against her hand, and for a moment, you both are still. You can feel the warmth from her touch seeping into your skin, the electricity that's always been there between the two of you palpable now more than ever.

Her eyes meet yours, and you catch a glimpse of vulnerability in them that only makes you want to protect her more. You nod solemnly, letting her know that she can trust you with anything.

"It's okay," you say softly, taking a sip of the coffee. The bitter-sweet taste of it is like an aphrodisiac on your tongue as you savor every drop, relishing the comfort of being so close to her. "I understand."

The silence stretches between you for a moment as both of you retreat back into your thoughts; hers filled with regret and fear, yours filled with admiration for her courage in opening up to you.

You both sip your coffee slowly, the steam curling up and away from your faces like ghosts waltzing their way towards the ceiling fan above. The quiet becomes deafening, but somehow also strangely intimate.

When Jake finally speaks again, it's in a whisper: "I fell deeper into their world... doing things I never thought I would do. Things I swore I'd never do." Her voice is raspy with emotion as she continues: "It was all just so easy at first... Until it wasn't." Her eyes glisten with unshed tears, and you can see the toll it's taken on her.

"So," Jake continues after a moment, clearing her throat and sipping her coffee, visibly trying to regain composure. "That leads us to me being here, asking for your help."

As you take a step closer to Jake, your body brushes against hers. She takes a sharp intake of breath, her heart racing as their skin touches for the first time in what feels like forever. You sense the tension leaving her shoulders as you cup her cheek with your free hand and bring her face towards yours, closing the distance between you two even more.

Your lips meet hers gently at first, almost hesitant but full of passion; she responds by parting her lips slightly, inviting you in.

The softness of her mouth sends shivers down your spine as she welcomes your tongue inside.

You're enjoying it... until... no! You stop!

You pull back.

"This is... weird." you say. "You're a guy... aren't you? But in a female body?"

- [Try out a new shape](#)
- **Something else.**

New shape

[Return to Start](#)

“Thank you.” he says, and blushes.

“I know it’s strange, but do you think you could try out new shapes? I’d love to see what you look like as other girls. Being able to change yourself as needed will come in handy” you ask. He smiles, then closes his eyes.

The air around him begins to shimmer, a tangible heat radiating from his body as anticipation fills the room. His eyes close in concentration, his brow furrowing slightly as he prepares himself for the transformation.

When they flutter open again, they are no longer the soft brown they once were, but instead a vibrant emerald green that sparkles with an inner light. They are captivating and intoxicating, holding a depth of soul and sensuality that is impossible to ignore.

His hair shifts next, starting at the roots and cascading down like a waterfall of change. The previously dark strands lighten gradually, turning from chestnut to copper to fiery red. Each strand seems to come alive under the transformation, glowing with an inner fire that dances in the dim light of the room.

As it grows longer, falling around his shoulders in loose waves, it frames his face perfectly. The red hue enhances his fair complexion and makes his emerald eyes stand out even more. He grins then, a mischievous smile that promises pleasure and sin. His lips are fuller now, tinted with a natural rose color that invites kisses. The sight of them makes one’s heart race with desire.

“How about now?” He asks in a voice deeper than before. It’s sultry and seductive - velvet over gravel - wrapping around you like warm silk sheets on a cold night. As the metamorphosis unfolds, his physique evolves into an alluring spectacle. His shirt strains against the sudden expansion of his muscles, each fiber becoming more pronounced and robust. The contours of his newly formed biceps ripple beneath the fabric, their size and strength evident even from a distance.

His chest swells, forming two large mounds that push against his clothing with an irresistible allure. They are firm yet supple, like two ripe fruits ready to be savored. The shirt clings to him, tracing the outline of his pectorals and offering tantalizing glimpses of his new body.

The transformation extends down to his lower body too; his glutes tighten and expand into a muscular masterpiece that would put any athlete to shame. His once lean frame now boasts a prominent rear end that fills out his jeans in an enticing manner. Each movement he makes accentuates its size and form – it’s mesmerizing.

And with every breath he takes, you can see how each muscle contracts and relaxes beneath the material of his clothes – a rhythmic dance that is both captivating and hypnotic. This redhead vision before your eyes is no longer just stunning but also irresistibly sexy. Every inch of him screams sensuality now; from the way he tilts his head slightly when speaking to how he casually runs a hand through those fiery locks – everything about him is designed to captivate and arouse.

- [Things get hot and heavy.](#)
- [Something else.](#)

Things Get Hot and Heavy



One of your hands extends to caress her cheek, tracing the contour of her jawline and down the back of her neck, relishing in the silky feel of her skin. Her newly sculpted curves ripple beneath your touch, sending shivers coursing down your spine. The warmth radiating from her is tangible now.

The atmosphere around you hums with desire as you lean in closer, your lips ghosting along her jawline, down her neck, and to her collarbone. You inhale deeply, savoring the scent of her—an intoxicating blend of passion and unbridled need.

She emits a soft sigh as your tongue darts out to taste her, lapping at the beads of perspiration that have formed on her skin. You nip at her collarbone teasingly before retreating slightly to gaze up at her through heavy-lidded eyes. "Damn," you whisper huskily, "You're stunning."

A wicked grin spreads across her face as she revels in your reaction.

She steps forward into you, pressing herself against your stomach. Her fingers weave into your hair and tug gently, drawing you towards her so that your lips collide with a hunger mirroring hers.

The kiss is deep and fervent; tongues intertwining as if they were designed for this exact moment. Your hands roam over the newly feminine form before you: one glides down front to cup the swell of her breasts while the other traces its way to her incredible butt.

- She shifts into an even sexier form.
- [You and her have sex in the bedroom.](#)

You and her have sex in the bedroom1.

[Return to Start](#)



It's not long before you too are back up in the bedroom. Her breath hitches as you pull away slightly, your eyes locked on hers. She seems to be waiting for your approval or disapproval, but you can't hide the lust burning inside of you. With a smirk, you lean in and capture her lips once more. This time, it's even more intense – your tongues dance together in a passionate tango that leaves you both panting for air.

Her hands explore your body, tracing every line of your muscles with curious fingers. She gasps when she feels your hard cock against her stomach, and her slender fingers slide downwards to stroke it through your pants. You groan, arching your back involuntarily at the sensation.

You step back, breaking away from her lips and looking down at her body. Her breasts are pressed against your chest, her nipples hardening under your touch. You notice how she bites her lower lip, eyes roaming over your body hungrily. You growl low in your throat, grabbing her hips and lifting her up slightly so that you can feel the heat between your bodies.

With a swift movement, growling playfully as she squeals in surprise. You step back to admire her for a moment: she looks stunning, her makeup perfectly enhancing her features, hair flowing around her shoulders. Your eyes travel downwards again, lingering on her full lips, before moving to her exposed neck.

You lean in, your warm breath fanning across her skin as you gently bite down on her neck. She gasps softly, arching her back towards you in response. You continue to nip and suck at her neck, feeling her tremble beneath your touch. Your hand finds its way between them once more, rubbing against her wetness through her underwear.

- [Continue](#)
- ddd

You and her have sex in the bedroom2.

[Return to Start](#)



She moans loudly, hips bucking against your hand. You smirk, knowing that she's close to the edge. With one swift movement, you slide her panties down her legs, revealing her perfectly shaved pussy. She's wet, and ready for you. You run your tongue up to her clit, making her gasp.

You can't help but admire her beauty as she lays exposed before you. Her perfect breasts jiggle slightly with each breath, begging to be touched. Her stomach is flat and toned, leading your eyes down to the wetness between her legs. She parts her lips, inviting you in.

You lower yourself onto her, feeling her warmth envelop you. She gasps as you penetrate her tightness, her nails digging into your back. You start moving slowly, feeling her body respond to your every thrust. She meets your rhythm, her hips undulating in sync with yours.

Your hands find their way to her breasts, massaging them gently as you continue to take her. She arches her back, moaning loudly, her breathing heavy. She looks into your eyes, hers glassy with desire and lust. You pick up the pace, driving deeper inside her with each thrust.

She cries out, her body shuddering under yours. You feel her walls clench around you, and you know she's reached her peak. With one final push, you both climax together.

You collapse onto her chest, panting heavily. She runs her fingers through your hair, smiling contentedly. You look at her, feeling a mix of satisfaction and desire. You know you'll be back for more, and you plan on making sure she remembers every moment of it.

- [Chatting and relaxing in bed together.](#)
- [She receives a very strange text message.](#)

A Strange Text

As you both lay entwined in the aftermath of your passionate encounter, the room's silence is broken by the abrupt buzzing of Jake's phone. Startled, she reaches for it, her expression shifting from post-bliss serenity to a grave seriousness as she reads the message that has just come in. "No... it can't be," she whispers, her voice barely audible over the sound of your own erratic heartbeat.

Your eyes narrow with concern as you prop yourself up on one elbow. "What is it?" you ask, though part of you isn't sure you want to know. She shows you the screen — a cryptic text that reads: "They know. Meet at dawn." The world around you seems to spin as the weight of those words sinks in. Who knows? And what exactly do they know about Jake? More importantly, how did they find out?

The scent of sex still lingers heavy in the room, but it's quickly overshadowed by the scent of danger. As Jake leaps from the bed and starts rummaging through her clothes, pulling on each piece with an urgency that has sweat beading on your forehead, you realize that your time together might be cut terrifyingly short.

She turns to look at you once fully dressed, a resolve hardening her features that belies the vulnerability she showed mere moments ago. "This changes everything," she says, her hand reaching out to touch your cheek tenderly. "They're coming for me — and now, possibly for you too."

What will you do next?

1. Insist on going with her to meet whoever sent the message at dawn.
2. Advise her to stay put and argue that it's safer to confront this in a familiar environment.
3. Decide to use this moment to get away, leaving her to deal with her own problems.

Your choice will lead us down a path fraught with danger and uncertainty... but which could also be an adventure greater than any other. Choose wisely; lives may depend on it.

Chatting and Relaxing in bed together

As you catch your breath, she whispers breathlessly, "That was incredible. I can't believe how good that felt."

You smile down at her, brushing a strand of hair away from her flushed face. "I told you it would be amazing," you say with a playful grin.

She laughs softly, the sound like music to your ears. "You were right," she concedes, her eyes twinkling with satisfaction.

Leaning in closer, you murmur huskily, "But we're just getting started."

Her eyes widen with anticipation as she meets your gaze. "Oh really? What do you have in mind?" she asks, a hint of mischief in her voice.

- dddd