

Possessed by Jealousy (Part 1)

(A Female Body Possession Erotica)

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I really want to be an amazing writer and give my readers an unforgettable, exciting experience as they dive into my stories.

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Themes in this book include: female body possession, sex, female spirithoppers, male possession, and gender transformation.

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Part 1

I felt my phone vibrate. My heart sank. I knew what I was about to get, but I was so scared to read it and find out the truth.

I opened the phone. My glossy pink phone case felt cold in my soft hands. The screen turned on. The backlighting was bright, almost blinding. Oh, how I wished it would really blind me. Maybe then I could be spared from reading the message. The dreaded message.

It was from Eric, my boyfriend.

I began to read it.

“Samantha. I love you. You’re special to me. You really are. But I just don’t think this is going to work out. You and I are just too different. We’re going different paths in life. I think it’s best if we move on and never speak to each other anymore. I wish you all the best in your life. Love, Eric.”

Well... my ex-boyfriend now.

I felt the tears wallowing up in my eyes. My hands felt weak. I dropped my cell phone onto the bed and buried my face into the pillow. I cried. I cried for what felt like forever. I felt the pain of loss. I wanted it all to end. I was destroyed.

Feeling tired and exhausted and emotionally drained, before I knew it, I fell asleep. I dreamed of Eric. I dreamed of my life. So many things happening before me.

When I awoke, I still felt empty. I went to take a morning shower. It was a Saturday morning. I didn’t really care. I felt weird. I felt like my life had no meaning. I went to take my shower, letting the warm water hit my body. As I took a few deep breaths to get my bearings, I realized something.

An interesting idea came across my head. I didn't know why, but I think I found the solution.

I remembered something. Ever since I turned 14, I knew I had this one weird power. I never told anyone about it – not even my parents or Eric. Nobody knew about it. I was scared about how they'd react.

I had the ability to turn myself into some kind of ghost, fly around invisible, and even possess people or things. I've only used it about a few times in my life. I didn't want to use it too much. I was a little scared of my own power. I wanted to live a normal life, but I had it in me. I could activate it whenever I wanted. I'd occasionally use it throughout my life, but I didn't want to be a superhero or some mutant, I wanted to be a normal girl living a normal life and just be with Eric. I always tucked it away. I wish I could get rid of it, but I couldn't. So I did the next best thing. I just never used it.

This time, however, I decided to use my power. Perhaps, I could use my power to see Eric just one more time. I wanted to see what he was up to. I wasn't going to talk to him. I knew it was over. But I wanted to see him. So, I decided to try my ghost powers one more time. Just to see him. Just to see what he was doing. I had no intention of talking to him. I just had to see him one final time.

It's been so long since I had to use my powers. It felt like forever. I wasn't sure if I could do it again, but I figured I should at least try. I concentrated hard. I focused on becoming a ghost. As this happened, I felt myself becoming very light and fuzzy. I could feel my body becoming weightless and free. I brought my hand to my face, but I could feel nothing but air. I thought I finally did it, so I opened my eyes.

But when I opened them, I saw that it didn't work. I was still my normal self. But I was sure it was working. I was absolutely sure of it. I tried again. I concentrated really hard and really focused in on what I wanted. I felt my body again becoming light and free. I could feel my skin getting all fuzzy and strange. This feeling reminded me of something. It reminded me

of when my foot falls asleep when I sit on it for too long. That's how it felt, but this time, the feeling was subtly all over my body.

I kept trying and trying until finally, I felt the fuzzy feeling fully engulf my body. I was hesitant, but I opened my eyes. To my shock, I was now a kind of ghost. I was floating above the ground now. I almost forgot how to fly, but I just leaned in the direction I wanted to go, and I flew there. I flew to my nearby mirror. To my shock, I was truly invisible. I couldn't see my own reflection. Looks like my powers really did come back after all. I didn't want to waste another moment. I flew up and out of my house and into the sky. I headed towards my ex-boyfriend's house.

I began flying in the direction of my boyfriend's house. I could feel the sky and the cold cool air up against my face. It felt really good. The cool air was flying both up against my body and into it. It was an interesting experience. I really enjoyed it. I shivered in excitement.

I flew towards his house. It took some getting used to, because I don't often fly around like this, but I was slowly getting the hang of it again.

I could see the cityscape. It looked great. There were many people all around walking and doing what they normally do. I flew above them, merely a few feet above them, but none of them noticed me.

I enjoyed using my power. I felt free. Almost like a bird. But while I looked out over the city, I felt something in my heart. I could still feel the pain of Eric. I missed him. Being a ghost made me think of him. I was going to show him my power one day. I wanted to show him what I could do. I knew he was going to accept me back into his life. I thought we were going to be together forever. I really loved and admired him. He was so tall and handsome. I love the way he laughed and smiled and joked around with everything that we did together.

I imagined him and me getting married and having children and growing old together. I wondered if our children would have the power I had. I dreamed of us keeping our power maybe a secret from him or maybe

we'd tell him. Maybe I'd tell him before I had children. I thought he'd love me forever. For ever and ever. I really loved him. My heart beat fast in my chest. Despite me being a ghost, I could still feel my whole body and all. I felt so alive and real.

I figured out what I wanted to do now. I was going to find him and tell him how I felt. I know it would be strange, but I just had to. I knew that if I had him there with me, I would certainly be able to do it. I loved him. I loved him so much. I loved him more than I could possibly bare to think about. He was my bright star. My most important. There was nobody like him. I devoted my life to him. I loved him like nobody would ever believe. He was that important to me.

I had to focus. I couldn't get caught up in how we were. I had to head to his house.

I kept flying towards his place. Passing by the busy intersections and the shops and the parks. I flew past it all. Much of it reminded me of when we were together, but I didn't let that pull me off course. I kept flying towards his place.

Eventually, I reached his house. He lived in a big, 1-story house by himself. Well... maybe it wasn't that big. But it was big to me. He lived alone and that was good. It meant some privacy. He had a big gray house with a nice little yard and a pool in the back. And he had his main car that he loved, a Honda. It was old, but he always kept it going well. And then there was another car in his driveway. Wait... another car? Impossible.

His car was a white, old Honda, but next to it, in the drive way behind his, was a bright red SUV. It looked new. Very expensive. It kind of stood out among the houses nearby. The neighborhood was nice, but not as beautiful as this sore thumb here. This was definitely not his. And I know his friends too. No way it could've been their car. It's too expensive. It looks too nice. And especially, it looks... too girly.

I flew down for a closer look. Inside was rather intriguing. Very nice, luxury seats. Very comfortable. A little messy. What I noticed especially was the make-up kit opened and left out on the passenger seat. The inside was way too girly to be any of his male friends' cars. And that make-up kit. It was obvious. This was some girl's car. But what could a girl be doing here? I didn't want to think about it. I didn't think it was possible.

I loved Eric. He was my one and only. I thought about him night and day. I'm sure he did too. But the thought still loomed over my mind. Was he... fucking some other girl?

I took a few deep breaths and calmed myself.

"It's okay" I told myself. "It's ok. He's... probably got a friend over or something. A female friend. Yeah. A female friend."

I flew away from the car and phased into the home itself. I flew into his living room. There was no sign of him there. It was empty. But... the TV was on. It was playing some movie. There was a half-eaten bowl of popcorn in there.

I flew to the kitchen. Something didn't feel right here. I knew I had only one choice left. I had to check his bedroom.

I flew over there to go and check. Was he home? Maybe. I was hoping so. I had no way of knowing or not. I had to check and try. At least... a little bit.

I phased into his room. I saw him there... sleeping in the bedroom on his bed... but... I saw a lump next to him. His room was kind of dirty. As it always was. Clothes strewn about. But I saw a bra right there on the floor by the door.

I knew it.

I didn't want to believe it. I really didn't want to. But I knew that he was hiding something from me. I knew what I was about to find out. I slowly

crept closer and closer to the bed. I saw that lump. It tossed and turned a bit before snuggling again up against him.

I felt a horrible sinking feeling in my chest as I realized the truth.

It was a girl.

She had long brown hair, cascading down around her. She looked amazing and beautiful. More beautiful than I was. I could feel the jealousy in me start to light up like fireworks. Like a raging fire. A bright fire burning. She had a thin face and a beautiful body. Stunning. Incredible. With big tits and a nice waist, perfectly smooth thighs. She was feminine, sexy, and everything I wasn't.

Suddenly, my fear became anger.

"How dare he do this to me!? Doesn't he know how much I care for him!? This horrible bitch! How dare they!"

I was so furious. I could hardly contain myself.

I took a deep breath. And looked at this girl.

"So... Eric... thinks he can just cheat on me and then break up with me with this slut, huh!? Well..." I said, taking another slow, deep, calming breath. "I'll show him. I'll really show him. I'll ruin him. He'll regret this. And I know exactly what to do."

I hovered myself closer to the girl while she slept. This was going to be almost too much fun. I smiled an evil smile. I was merely going to borrow her for a bit. I'll give her back. It's not her fault. It couldn't be her fault. It's Eric's. Fucking Eric. I hate him now for this. And he will pay. This will be so much fun.

I hovered myself closer to her and got myself in position. I couldn't wait to take over her sexy, little, thin body.

Even as a ghost, I could feel her presence. I could smell her scent. The smell of her sweat. Her perfume emanating in the air. I could feel her

warmth coming off her body. I was angry, but I wanted her all to myself. She was going to be mine. Just for a little bit. I was surely going to give her back. Maybe. Just maybe.

I hovered in position in above her. I could feel her presence. Then, I got myself in position and then slowly sank down into her body. It was like being in a warm bath. I could feel her warm body covering me like warm bath water covering my whole body as I plunge into the tub deeper. It surrounded me. Encapsulated me. Then, I felt darkness. A second later, I took a sharp breath. My eyes were open. I could see again. Something was tickling the side of my face. It was hair. I reached out and touched it. It was her own brown hair.

I looked down and began touching my new body. I had hers alright. It was definitely her body. I was now thin and small. I had nice sized breasts. I lay there next to Eric naked. My nipples were hard and sticking out. I could feel how sensitive they were.

I took my new, feminine hands and began to feel up the sides of my body. My curves and my features. She had a beautiful body. Smooth, soft, and very feminine. I loved the way she felt. Very sensitive.

I caressed my new body. I brought my hand down from the top of my shoulders down along the sides of my breasts, making a little circle around the nipples, before finally going down to my flat stomach. She had such a cute belly. And she was all mine now. I brought my hand down towards my pussy. She was shaven. She took good care of herself. Smooth as ever. Very soft and it felt so good.

I slowly brought my hand down and down closer to her pussy. I could feel my new pussy getting wet with excitement. Moistening and getting so happy at the thought. My middle finger soon made little circles around my pussy, going up and around and around. Many times. Until finally entering. It was warm and soft and very wet. She was already leaking her wet, warm, sticky pussy juices out onto the bed.

I began to lightly play with my new pussy. My other hand gently stroking and brushing against my nipple of my breast. I took a light breath in and closed my eyes as I enjoyed the full sensations of being in this girl's sensitive body. I read her mind. Her recent memories flashing before me.

Her name was Jennifer. She was cute, I'd give her that, but I couldn't believe Eric would choose her over me. I was a little angry. Apparently, they met four weeks ago and have been going on little dates together secretly.

I was getting a little bit angrier now. Perhaps, it even excited me even more, making me even more wet.

I played with my new body's clit which was very sensitive. The little thing was very sensitive as I took my wet, moist, soft finger and stroked it up and down, up and down, and letting myself feel the full pleasures of her body. No wonder she liked sex so much.

Eventually, I could feel the pleasure in my body rising and rising. It became more and more exciting. Too much for me to handle. I played with my sensitive clit even more and soon, I felt a shock and then a huge wave of mind-numbing pleasure washed over me and filled my body with this warmth. It was almost ticklish. My body and skin felt very sensitive. The blood rushing to my face and my cheeks, making my cheeks all bright pink. I could feel the pussy juices flowing out of my pussy and out onto my thighs.

It was incredible. It was a pulsing kind of pleasure, coming in like the waves of the ocean. In and out... in and out. It was too much. My mouth was wide open. I loved it. My eyes closed. My mind feeling almost numb. It was so much. Too good. This girl was very, very sensitive. More than I was. I wasn't used to it, but I enjoyed it. I wanted more.

Next to me was Eric. I could smell his beautiful, manly scent. I loved him so much. On our dates together, while he was taking a shower, I would smell his clothes, but just a little bit. I think. But the scent alone would make me so excited and filling me with lust and joy. Sometimes I'd close my eyes as I smelled it and touched my breasts, kneading them in my hands, pinching

the nipples in the same way he would. I desired him so much. He was my one and only. Maybe I was obsessed with him, but how could I not. He was just so perfect. And here he was again, right up next to me... or, next to Jennifer, that is.

Feeling all turned on now. I snuggled up next to him.

But Jennifer's body needed a little tune up. She was cute, but she could use with a bit of a fix here and there. I enjoyed her body. She was just the right size and right sensitivity, but a few places could be fixed. I concentrated hard and began to work on her breasts. Her breasts were big, but they could be a big bigger. I'd describe her little C-cups as nice, but they could be improved. I concentrated on them and then I felt a light tingling sensation on them. Slowly, they started to increase in size and perkiness.

Even her nipples increased in size. They became bigger and more sensitive too. Her tits stuck out just perfectly. They felt slightly heavier now, but nothing painful. I'd say they were DD cups or perhaps a bigger by now. Very attractive. Making her into a sexy, little porn star. But not too much. I don't want her becoming slutty. I also don't want Eric becoming suspicious.

I began to work on her hips and ass next. I expanded them out just a bit to make her ass nice and round. Before, it was a bit small for my taste, but now it was fuller and rounder. Eric loved a nice ass. I was surprised he chose this girl. She wasn't all that impressive. But he would certainly like her now. Too bad he won't have her for long. I expanded her ass, so it was big and beautiful, but not fat and ugly. Just the right size. Eric would enjoy giving my new ass a firm slap.

I improved her complexion a bit here and then and got rid of any stray hairs and imperfections on her body. Just making her look a bit better. Also improving her hair shininess and color, giving it more vibrancy and a silky-smooth texture. Removing any tangles from her hair.

After prepping her up, I wanted to surprise my little "honey". He was going to enjoy this. But I wanted to do it in the best way possible. And I

knew exactly how. I was going to destroy him, but first, I needed to see his shock. I needed to get him in position first.

So, I got close to him and began to cuddle up next to his strong, muscular body. He was sleeping on his back. I began to feel up his hard, muscular body. He was a bit hairy, but not too much. My hand soon found its way down towards his big, thick dick. Even the slight touch of touching him sent shivers down my spine. Even though it was only a few days since I last saw him, just seeing and feeling and touching and smelling him again, just made me go wild with excitement. But I was finished with him. I hated him for what he did to me. And he was going to pay.

I started to stroke his big, thick dick with my soft, feminine hand. Soon, it stood up and was rock hard. His dick was always so big in my hand. I remembered getting fucked by him. His dick was huge. I could barely fit in my hand.

I closed my eyes and imagined those times we had together. I really adored him. As his dick stood up to full attention, I was ready to take it further. I heard him moan and breath deeper in his sleep. He was becoming excited and turned on by this, despite still sleeping.

I then moved him closer to him. I got on top of him and wet my lips. Then, I slowly brought my mouth down on and around his dick. I began licking his big, warm dick with my tongue. Feeling every bump of his dick along my tongue. It felt very warm in my mouth. I bobbed my head up and down and kissed the sides of it. All this was just making me even more wet and horny. I wanted him to just shut up and fuck me already. I really liked him. I wanted him so bad.

I couldn't take it any longer. I got on top of him, getting my pussy ready. I got right above him, angling his dick right towards my warm, dripping, wet sex. I played with his dick a few more times, getting it just right and warm, before I finally lowered my body down onto his dick and began

using his dick to pleasure myself. I must've done something right because at that moment, Eric woke up.

“Damn, girl. You up already.” He said, rubbing his eyes, still looking very sleepy. “Fuck, my head hurts. We must've drank a lot last night, hun. But, Damn.... Just keep it up. You feel so good.”

I winked at him. I rode his big, thick cock. He was really hard, and his dick was so hot inside of me. I shook my hips and let his dick rub the inside of my pussy. It felt so good. I rocked back and forth, back and forth, harder and harder, more and more. He took his hands to stabilize me as I rocked on his big dick. I took my hands and put them on his own, so that I'd have more support. I loved the way he felt while he fucked me. I went faster and faster, more and more. Occasionally, he'd pop his dick up and deeper into my pussy, surprising me. As I sped up faster and faster, soon, I couldn't take it anymore and I came a huge load right then and there. A huge wave of warm, relaxing pleasure washed over my body. I could feel my cheeks brighten and I felt the warm, sticky juices flow out of my pussy and out onto his thighs and onto the sheets. I was so turned on. It was incredible. I wanted to take a rest. Just wait a few minutes to get my bearings. Let the feelings subside first. I sat there on his dick, bracing myself against his warm body.

“I'm not finished yet.” He said with a smile.

He picked me up and took me off his dick and laid me on the bed. My back was up against the bed while he was on top of me. I could feel my pussy juices all along my thighs. I could smell my own sweat and juices. He was very excited. His dick stood straight up like a spear ready to pierce me. He got down on top of me and slowly put his dick into my pussy.

I took a huge, sharp breath, eyes looking up at the ceiling, then closing, as I felt him put his dick all the way into me. It was too much. This girl was just too sensitive. Far more than I was.

The feeling was so intense. I could feel his big, thick, warm member in every piece of my pussy. It's all I felt. It felt so big. I felt like I was going to

be split in two, it was so big. It kind of hurt, but has h slid it in and out, it started to not hurt any more. It started to feel much, much better. I could feel my body becoming all excited with his huge member deep inside of me. It was so good.

Holding me with his arms, I could feel him. His big, muscular body was too much for me. It was almost captivating. I felt entranced by him. He held me in his arms as his big, thick member slowly went in and out of me.

My pussy juices were really getting wet now. I could feel them squirt out onto my legs and I could hear the sound that I made. I was so turned on. He reached over and kissed me softly on the lips. I felt his soft lips up against my own. His big body. He really overwhelmed me. He had all the power. He was in control. I felt like I was the weak one. I was submissive to him. I enjoyed it. I understood why I loved him so much. Why I thought about him all the time.

We continued having sex. Soon, he started becoming a lot rougher and really slamming his big, thick dick, deep into my pussy. It felt almost like his dick was so big and so long, as if it was going to touch my own stomach. As if he was piercing me with a spear. It kind of hurt, but it also felt good too. The mix of pain and pleasure was so good that I kind of enjoyed the pain. It made me feel alive. I knew possessing this girl was wrong. At least a little bit wrong. And perhaps this pain reminded me of how bad I am.

When we used to have sex, he would often slap my ass. Give me a nice firm slap on my ass. When I asked him why, he said that I didn't try hard enough to please him.

It was all role play of course. I knew he loved me. But I enjoyed it. I kind of liked being the one who submits to his world. Submits to his reality. It was something I really enjoyed and took pleasure in. He was so important in my life.

He fucked me harder and harder, faster and faster. I could hear my girly moans escaping my cute little lips. He'd even massage and caress my

nipples, turning me on so much. Making me even more wet. Before I knew it, it was too much. I told him to ease up, but he didn't. And right then, as he slammed his big, dick straight into my pussy, that's when I came this huge bit. My body jerked around.

I could feel myself shaking and convulsing. My pussy juices ran down my leg and really took me off guard. Perhaps I even ruin my own clothes. It was so hot. It felt amazing. He soon came too, and came into a nearby blanket side. We laid there together. I enjoyed the afterglow of snuggling up next to him. He was that cool to make me go crazy. I couldn't believe it.

We lied there together in each other's arms. But after a while, I decided to give him the big reveal. I rolled over to him and told him how I felt.

"It's so nice to be back here with you again, my love. I've missed you." I told him, snuggling up next to him with a big, happy smile.

I felt like I was in heaven. I could feel the glow and the warmth of the sunshine on me. His body was the sun. And I was the lucky one able to be embraced by the warmth and joy of his body. I felt at peace and truly happy.

He smiled at me.

"Missed me?" He kind of laughed. "But we've been here together for the past, I don't know, about 12 hours together now. We see each other a few times a week. How could you miss me?"

He must've found my word choice rather amusing. I forgot I was in Jennifer and he wasn't really seeing the real me.

I smiled.

"Jennifer... well... she's not here right now. But don't worry. No matter where you go or who you go with, I'll always be here. You can go with whoever you want. I love you the same. I'll let you have your variety. You're a man, so I know you want that."

My anger for him, as we fucked, finally dissipated. I finally felt free and good again. I felt like I truly loved him. I forgave him of what he did. Or... I was hoping I could anyways.

He stared at me. His smile gone.

“I don’t really understand, Jen. You... you’re not here right now?” He asked, his brow curled up.

“It’s me again, honey. Your love, Samantha. Your special snowflake. I’m back. You don’t have to stay with Jennifer, if you don’t want to. I’m back again. You’re with me. With me for life. And I love you. I’ll always love you.”

He moved back a bit from the bed. A spot of fear hit him. Eyes wide.

“Sa... Samantha? No, impossible. You’re Jennifer. Don’t play games with me Jen. Don’t do that to me. You know what I told you about her. Please, don’t mess with me like this.” He said.

I just smirked.

“I loved you for so long, and now... you decide to go and be with other women. Well, if that’s the case, so be it. But just be warned, Eric, I’ll be around. You know I will.”

And with that, I made the effort to leave her body. I concentrated hard and soon was able to leave her body. It took a few seconds, but my body shook, and then I was free. I was then shot up and out of her body, back into my invisible self. She let back onto the bed and fell asleep.

Eric, noticed this. “Jen? Sam? Um? You ok? I... I don’t know what’s happening.” Eric said.

Slowly, Jen, although sleepy, got up and sat up from the bed. “Yeah, what... what’s wrong. She said.

Jen, is it really you. Samantha? I mean.

She was sleepy. Samantha? Your ex? You had a bad dream, Eric. Go back to bed, huh. I'm sleepy too. Try not to wake me. We still got a few more hours. Let's keep it up. I want to sleep some more.

And then, Jen, put her head back onto the pillow and went back to sleep. It was a quick and easy sleep for her. Just feel right asleep and was soon snoring peacefully.

Eric looked at her for about a minute, but soon smiled.

"Perhaps, it was nothing. No way she could've possessed her body. No way. Maybe Jen was sleepwalking. Jen does that. Anyways, I'll just go back to sleep myself too.

And soon, Eric went back to sleep.

I wasn't done yet, though. I wanted to have more fun with my love. Or, former love. I felt very confused about it. About him. I didn't know whether to love him or to hate him.

But the next phase of my plan would be flawless. I knew it.

I wanted to possess his body and then have some fun with him. It was going to be so great.

While flying above him, I felt his energy. I knew it would be perfect. I just had to enter his body. And then I was going to really mess with him. I still felt confused. Part of me didn't want to do this to him, but another part of me knew I had to. This was the man that ruined me. I wanted my revenge.

So, while he was sleeping, I decided to try a new type of possession. This one I've only done once before, but I know how to do it. It's difficult, but a lot of fun.

I then lowered myself and down and phased into his body. I could feel his warmth encapsulate me. It felt like taking a warm bath and feeling him all around me. It was astounding. I really felt good. It was relaxing.

He awoke. Feeling a slight cold brush against his skin. But, seeing as it was nothing, he went back to sleep again. His body going back to its normal temperature. Everything was fine.

I whispered in his ear. "Everything is fine. Don't worry. Everything is OK. You don't need to worry. Go to sleep. Go back to sleep. Everything will be ok. Sleep." I whispered to him. Soon, he drifted off to a deep sleep.

I was now in his body. Sure, anytime I wanted, I could just enter his body and then proceed to have all the fun that I wanted, but I wasn't going to do that. That wasn't what I wanted to do. I really wanted to do something even more exciting and fun than that. That would be too easy. Let him off too nice.

My plan; To make him think twice about hurting the feelings of a girl that he likes.

When he awoke, he later got dressed, took his shower, and drove Jen home. They chatted about nothing important. I wanted to interfere, but I wanted everything to be normal.

He asked her about last night. She said she didn't remember a thing. Eric brushed it off like it was some kind of dream. Or perhaps they both were sleeping. It didn't matter. He soon dropped her off home and, what really made me angry, was when he gave her a good-bye kiss. Just kissed her and left her. I couldn't believe it. That was something he used to do to me. He would give me a goodbye kiss. I felt a little bit angry by this.

He then drove back home and began to clean up his apartment. Now was going to be the perfect time. I didn't want to wait any longer. It was now or never.

So, using my powers, I started to make littler alterations to his body. Little ones here and there. While he picked up his clothes and cleaned his room a bit, I was changing him too.

I first started with his hair. I made his hair grow out longer. I changed it from his original color to a bright, silky, and rather playful blonde color. I made it longer and a little bit wavy.

He was picking up a few of his clothes when he felt this strange tingly sensation on the back of his neck. It was kind of itchy at first, so he reached up to pull it off him. Perhaps a bug of stray hair got on his neck and bothered him. He reached up and tried to push it away, but realized, this was no stray hair, this was a long strand of hair. Lots of hair. He traced it up to his head from his shoulders and realized it was attached to his head. He grabbed a handful of it. In front of him was a large mirror. He walked over to it. To his shock, he saw his normally simple hair, very short, brown hair, was now much longer. It was longer than his shoulders. It reached all the way down to below his shoulders. This long, luscious, beautiful, feminine hair that was on his head. He tried to pull at it, thinking it was some kind of wig, but to no avail. He was shocked. How could this happen. Were his eyes playing tricks on him.? Was this all a dream? He grabbed it and smelled it, weirdly enough, the hair was real. It didn't smell fake at all. In fact... it smelled kind of nice.

It smelled like peaches. A very nice, fruity smell. As if it was freshly shampooed recently.

Suddenly, he began to feel a strange tingly sensation all along his body. It felt good. But weird. A fuzzy feeling all along his body. It lasted for only a few seconds before fading away. When he looked closer, he saw that his muscles had shrunk significantly, and any sign of body hair was completely gone. In fact, his skin looked much smoother and nicer now. It wasn't so rough and masculine like before.

“What's happening to me?” Eric said out loud.

He looked down again at his body and noticed a strange pressure building up on his chest. The pressure built up more and more until finally he couldn't stand it anymore. He put his hands on his chest, trying to relieve the

pressure, like it was pipe way that needed clearing. When he did so, the pain and pressure did subside for a little bit, but then his chest grew and grew. Soon, two large breasts sat on his chest. Big breasts, the size he'd normally love to see, but from this angle, from his own side, he wasn't so sure of it.

He reached up to touch the nipples and his new, very firm breasts. They were big and heavy on his chest. Jutting out like two large grapefruits. He touched them. They were soft, but firm. He brought his hands up to his nipples. Slowly circling around them and feeling this light sense of pleasure tingling across his body like a bright shooting star across a night sky. It felt good. He felt relaxed. He felt happy. His hands, when he noticed, he saw that they were now very small and feminine hands. In fact, his whole arm and legs were now much smaller and daintier. Thinner. He lost all his muscle mass. He was just a normal person now. No. He wasn't normal, he was a woman now. Or at least a very feminine man. He looked back at his nipples. His fingers changed. They were slim and thin fingers. With little white tips on the end. A French manicure.

He liked the feeling that he got from touching his breasts. He swept his finger along the outer part of his nipple. Making him very excited. Before he knew it, he was taking his thumb and index finger and rubbing and playing with his new nipples. Twisting and pulling on his nipple. Trying to increase the pleasure, more and more.

Then, he started to feel... rather... moist. Something was weird about it all. He felt strange. In his crotch. It felt like perhaps his underwear was wet. As if he put on a pair of boxers that were still drying from the washing machine. But not completely. Only a part of it was wet. Right by the crotch. It felt a little bit uncomfortable to feel that wet spot there. But his body felt warm and relaxed and pleased. It felt good to him. He reached down into his boxers to see what it was. What was going on.

His boxers were now too big on him. His body had shifted. Gone was all of his hair and, even down there. His hips were wide now. They were large and wide. They felt... very... feminine to the touch. He brought his

hand down past his boxers, which weren't even snug against his body anymore. He reached down into his boxers only to find that instead of a dick, he had a very warm, moist slit in his place. It was very wet and he... rather enjoyed the whole experience. It all felt really good to him.

He brought his finger down and began to gently massage and play with his new pussy. He was a part shocked, but mostly, he was just really turned on. He wanted to touch and play with himself even more.

There was something about having this pussy that really turned him on. He took his finger and began to play and caress his beautiful new pussy.

He knew it. He was all woman now. He had breasts, long hair, smooth skin, thin waist, wide hips, a pussy, and long, smooth legs too.

I laughed. That was when he heard me.

"Who's there?" he asked aloud. His voice soft and light, like a girl's. He was a girl now after all.

He was a little shocked at his new pitched voice. Much higher pitched. His small, dainty hand raised up to his throat to feel it, but he knew he was all woman now. He lost his masculine voice already.

I knew that he heard me. He thought he was hearing the real me. As if I was somewhere in the room with him, but I wasn't. I was a lot more... intimate than that.

"You know who it is." I told him.

I was in him now. I was going to have even more fun.

"Samantha..." he said, eyes wide.

"That's right, honey. Just like that other girl you seemed to enjoy, I possessed her body just like I'm doing now. A type of possession, I guess you can call it. It's one of my favorite kinds. I get in the body, they never know I'm there, and then I have all the fun I want."

“You... you can’t! Get out of me already! I want my body back! You’re horrible! I can’t believe you did this to me! I... I can’t go out in public looking like this! I’m not a girl, I’m a man, now I demand you change me back!” He yelled, but it was no use.

I took control of his body. I sauntered it around the room. Enjoying every bit of him. Making him into my perfect little toy. I acted like a cute, ditsy girl. I let him feel every step with my soft, smooth feet up against the carpeting. I let him see as I shook my ass in the mirror near me. Acting sexy, biting my lip, moaning like a little slut.

As much as I loved him, I wanted... I wanted to show him what power really was. I wanted to make him mine. Permanently mine. I wanted to really mess with him. So much that he’d be as devoted to me as I am to him. He’d never mess up again. He’d be with me and never leave me again. I needed to punish him. But just making him a girl wasn’t good enough. No, that wasn’t going to be good enough. I needed to really put him in his place. And I had the perfect idea.

“Public? Sounds good. Let’s do that. You could use some new clothes. The mall is open. Let’s go shopping. Girls love shopping and you will too.” I told him, taking control of his body, now speaking out of his own lips.

Using my powers, I made him wear some of his men’s clothes, but then I turned them into girl’s clothes.

He was going to wear a pair of jeans, his regular sneakers, and a white short-sleeve shirt, but using my powers, I changed it to something more fitting for him and his new body. I concentrated and made his clothes into a white flowy skirt with a beautiful pink polo shirt top. I changed his shoes into some cute high heels. With his long, flowy hair and his smooth, perfect legs, this would be a perfect outfit for him to wear. His breasts were large, which made the nice girl’s polo shirt stick out. And with a few of those buttons undone, people could easily see into his new cleavage.

“Oh god! Why are you doing this? Just please, please change me back! I promise, I’ll do whatever you ask.” He pleaded.

It was no use. I was going to punish him, and he was going to get a full taste of this medicine.

I decided to head to the mall. He needed more clothes and make-up and overall, just to have a fun shopping day. It’d be good for him to see how the other side lives. I can’t use my powers to do everything. I want it all to be slow and careful. I want him to see everything and feel it all too. I couldn’t wait.

I drove to the nearest mall. He tried to beg and plea, but it was useless. I had full control now. He was merely a passenger in his own body. He tried to resist, but soon, just gave in and cooperated. But what I was going to show him next, he was not going to like... but I certainly was going to.

We arrived at the mall. There were many people walking around. Families, women, men. They were all going about their business, but when I walked into the mall, we arrived near the food court, and a few of the single men who were eating their food looked up and saw us. They stared at my body. It made me feel very sexy, but it made him very embarrassed.

“They’re all staring at me.” He said.

“Mmmm... I know. Don’t you just love it?” I said smiling.

He didn’t reply. I knew he was very embarrassed and hating every moment of it.

We walked over to one of the shops. It was a Forever 21. Inside, were tons of clothes on racks and the bright fluorescent lighting. There were many women walking around shopping, browsing the various clothes, talking with their friends. I could smell the perfume that they sold there. It was rather thick in the air. I heard the music blaring over the in-store music player.

This was going to be the end for him. I was going to embarrass him so much that he'd never forget it. I still wondered whether or not I'd keep him like this forever.

Now, for the fun part. Making him try on all these different outfits and putting on the make up. Then I'll parade him around this mall. If I meet any handsome studs around here... well... we'll just have to see from there. The fun was only just getting started.

Thank you for reading!

If you have any comments or questions, you can always message me on my DeviantArt or Tumblr accounts.

I'd also appreciate it if you left an eBook review on the site where you received it from. I love getting feedback. I read all of it. It helps me improve as a writer, so I can make better stories for you.