

TG Mini Stories – Set 1

(Female Body Possession Erotica)

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This book is dedicated to all my fans and supporters on Patreon, DeviantArt, and Tumblr. Without your support and encouragement, I could never have created this and any other of my stories. Thank you very, very much. I really appreciate your help and words of encouragement.

Final Notes from the Author...

Thank you for downloading my book!

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

Everyone is free to offer constructive feedback on my work by messaging me on DeviantArt or Tumblr. Links are below.

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This book may contain sexual scenes which are not suitable for younger audiences.

Themes in this book include: sex, female body possession, gender transformation, and pseudo-incest erotica (with step-siblings)

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Mini-Story #1: The Wrong School

Here in Japan, many students go to a cram school (called a “juku”) after their real school ends. There is a big pressure for all the students to get good grades and pass their tests, so they can move into their next stage of life.

I wanted to go to a cram school too, but as a foreigner, it was difficult for me. I don’t speak the language well and the cram schools are very expensive. I figured perhaps, there might not be any way for me to enter such a school.

On my way home one day, I almost swept a colored flier that flew along in the breeze until it hit the bottom of my leg. When I went to pick it up, I found out it was, what luck, an advertisement for a nearby, although relatively unknown, cram school. The name was Phoenix Academy.

The price for lessons was very low. Just what I needed. Just what I could afford. And it wasn’t so far away. Just a few train stops away. However, one little detail at the bottom had me worried.

They only accepted girls.

Men could try to apply, but there’d be no guarantee that they’d be accepted in. They’d have to be questioned and then go through a series of tests and challenges, but if they passed, they could enter the school.

I had to try. It might be my only hope. I really wanted to graduate from high school and move on with my life. I had to find a way to pass my tests and enter the college of my dreams. It wasn’t going to be easy, but I had to try. And a cram school was going to be my ticket in. This cram school might be exactly what I needed.

I told my parents about it. They were intrigued, but proud their son went from finally being a lazy, loser gamer to taking school seriously. They gave me the money the next night and sent me on my way.

I arrived at the cram school at around 7pm at night. The sun was starting to set. The air was humid, and I could see the orange glow in the clouds, just past the overhead tram line. There it was, The Phoenix Academy. The outside didn't look so great. It was a big, gray building. Very little signs pointing the way. It looked like any other office building around. Was this even the school? I hoped so. I wondered if this school was going to be any good or not. Maybe it was going to be terrible.

I found out how wrong I was when I opened the main doors.

While the outside was all crappy and didn't look very good, the inside was impressive.

The walls were white and freshly painted but with little streaks of pink here and there along the walls, giving it a fresh, but certainly, a more feminine vibe. The computers and office equipment all looked very modern. Nothing seemed out of place or bad here. It looked brand new. Perhaps I made the right choice after all. I was curious about the price. Perhaps I chose the wrong school. Perhaps the real Phoenix Academy was sitting nearby, and my map was off.

I looked around. I saw a very attractive woman sitting at the front desk. She had a sexy office lady type look to her. I admit, I was quite impressed by her. She was hot.

She called me over and asked me some questions. While I was answering them, a few girls came out of one of the nearby study areas and were walking out together, talking, laughing, and joking around. They were very attractive too. Everyone looked incredible. I felt so odd being there. I must've been the only guy there. But still, lots of hot girls is better than no girls.

The woman typed a few things into her computer and then led me down the hall and to a large office where I was seated on a chair and asked to wait. The room she brought me to must've been the manager's office. Quite large. The big lights above shone brightly. I saw various degrees on the wall and a large computer on the desk. The name on the plaque on the desk had the man's name on it, Mr. Yanagi.

And with such luck, in walks an overweight man, probably late 50s, wearing a short sleeve button-down shirt and black slacks and black shoes. He looked important. He introduced himself to me.

"I'm Mr. Yanagi. You can see it from my desk, I'm sure. You must be Paul." he said with a smile.

He looked old and the other's treated him with a lot of respect, but he seemed kind and friendly. I was quite impressed with his English above all.

He looked at me with a frown.

"Boys aren't allowed at the academy, I'm afraid." he said.

I looked down at the floor. I felt a little bit dejected. I wanted to go here. It would be perfect. I didn't want it all to end so quickly. All that work and effort for nothing.

"Please sir." I asked. "There has to be something that I can do to get me into this cram school. There has to be."

He looked down at his desk, then turned his chair towards the window and looked out. There wasn't much to see because of how dark it was getting outside, but he stared out at the lights and trees and the city beyond. I guess he alone had a good view from here. Lucky man.

Nearly 10 seconds went by, but it felt like forever, an eternity. My heart sank in my chest. I never felt so sad and destroyed in my whole life. All this... for nothing. But I wanted it. There had to be a way.

“Well...” he finally said, turning back around with a smile. “I think I know how I could help.”

He looked at me for a few seconds, smiling. It was a little creepy. He eyed me up, from head to toe. This look in his eyes was very unsettling, but then he looked away and down at his desk. He cleared away his files and paperwork and opened his big, gray, rusty desk. It squeaked open. Then, he reached in and pulled out a large, brown, heavy-looking book. It had a leather cover to it with a variety of symbols and shapes on the cover. It looked old. Dusty. The pages were yellow, and it had that old book kind of smell to it. The smell was so strong I could smell it even from where I was sitting.

He gave me another smile before opening the book up to a page deep within it. There were several post-it notes within the book of different colors and many things written on them. He opened it to the purple note and read it to himself, his finger tracing along the words that he must've written down.

He looked up at me and asked me something I'll never forget.

“Ever wondered what it's like to... be a girl?”

I looked at him, shocked, eyes wide. Did he just say what I thought he just said?

He smiled again, that creepy smile, with his yellowing, crooked, old teeth. His eyes stared at me, pierced me. On the surface, he looked like such a kind, old man, but I could tell there was something bad about him. He was hiding something from me, probably from everyone, as if was wearing a mask and nobody could see that mask, but I could.

He continued speaking.

“You heard me. A girl. Ever thought about it?”

“Well... I, uh... no. I don't think so. Maybe?” I told him.

Truth was, I had thought about it. It was something that crossed my mind a few times throughout my life. Hasn't everyone thought of being the other gender? I'm sure everyone has. What's so wrong about that?

He looked at me and then back down at the book and took a deep breath, before finally getting up and out of his seat.

"I've got an idea for you. I think it'll work out. I'm going to need your help with it, though."

"What do I have to do?" I asked him.

"Well... there is... there was this one student. Her name was Saya. She used to go to this school. She was one of the smartest students we've ever taught here. She was truly magnificent; one of the best students I've ever known in all my years. I miss her." he said.

As he spoke, he walked over to a nearby glass cabinet filled with some medals, awards, and various certificates. He eyed them carefully, one by one.

He continued speaking.

"Saya was great. I'll never forget her."

"What happened?" I asked, curious.

He must be looking at pictures or reminders of her, but I couldn't make it out from where I was sitting.

"She... she passed away some time ago. She really was a great student. But, sorry... excuse me about that. Anyways, about you."

He paused, looking over at the cabinet, before starting his conversation again. The memories must've been painful for him.

"I think that I have a weird idea that may help you; that may help the both of us."

"Ok, please then."

“Saya was a great student, but when she died I was devastated by her loss. It really hit me hard. Even today, I’m still hurt by her loss. But, I know how to help her. And I know how to get you into this school. It’ll be incredible. You will never believe me, but there is a special spell which I can cast on you and it’ll... well... I don’t think you’ll understand. I shouldn’t tell you. You won’t understand. But, you will if I show you... first hand. If I show you exactly what it is, I’m sure you’ll agree.”

He mentioned a spell. A magic spell? I must’ve misheard him. There’s no such thing as spells and magic. I must’ve misheard him, clearly.

He went back to his desk and re-read the book page he was on. He studied it carefully.

He went from being very sad a few minutes ago to being filled with vigor and life. He seemed happy. Excited by this. He was hurrying along and checking his book. It was as if he had won the lottery or something. I’m glad he’s happy, but it just made me feel very, very uneasy. I didn’t want to be in his office anymore. I think I wanted to get going now. Maybe there’s another school for me to go to instead.

Then, suddenly, he looked up at me, puffed his chest out, and said in a loud and deep voice,

“Vah-Hamos, El-Hamos, Saya, Modoross!” he shouted at me and pointed at me.

It scared me half to death. I gripped the sides of my chair, expecting something terrible to happen. What was this old man shouting? Was he an idiot? It scared me, my heart started beating fast, but... nothing happened. Nothing.

I didn’t feel different or anything. I took a deep breath and relaxed. He’s just trying to mess with me. Other teachers do that to me at school too. What an asshole. What a creepy old man. What was he trying to do? Fuck this weird

place. I don't like it. It's dumb and filled with idiots. That's what you get. You get what you pay for.

I didn't want to blow my chances at this school and embarrass the old man, so I had to act nice.

"Um, excuse me, sir. What are you doing?" I asked.

He looked disappointed. His arm falling to his side and then he re-read over the book again and again. He seemed very disappointed.

"Didn't work." I thought I heard him say to himself quietly.

"Well, um, I'm sorry, sir, but I guess it's...um, getting late and I'd better get going. Is it alright if I go home now? I'm sorry to be an annoyance." I asked.

No response. He was just re-reading his book again, a bit angry.

I decided to slip away while I had the chance. Maybe I didn't need this school after all. He was just too weird. I didn't like the vibes I was getting from this place. It was creeping me out.

I left the school and walked past all the other students. It seemed like they were closing too, and the extra classes were ending. Oh well. I guess I'll find a different place.

I went home and when I got home, I thought about what really happened back there. What a strange old man.

I got some dinner out of the fridge and headed to the bathroom to brush my teeth before going to bed. I looked at myself in the mirror.

I thought about the whole ordeal. I went through all that effort... for nothing. I just couldn't believe it.

Was there something wrong with me? Why couldn't I just get into one of those schools.

But as I looked at myself in the mirror, something was off. I couldn't explain it. I didn't look so... normal. It looked as if my hair was longer. I needed a

haircut, but didn't I just get one two weeks ago. There's no way it could've grown that fast. It was very short before, but now it was down to my chin length.

Impossible.

I reached up to touch it.

Yup, it was my hair alright. Why was it so long? And so fast too?

It looked kind of strange on me. Even my face changed a little bit. Instead of it being very round, now it looked a little longer. Even my smile was different. I think it was different. I don't know why that is.

I looked away from the mirror and searched under the cabinets for a different mirror. Maybe I was wrong and there was something else that I could use to see myself.

I couldn't find it. Maybe my mother took it to her room or something. I looked back up in the mirror. Now the changes were very, very apparent. I swear, I didn't even look like myself. It was a whole new person staring back at the mirror in front of me.

I looked like... a girl.

My hair was long now. It was straight and well cut. A very girly haircut. My hair was normally a little frizzy, dry, and short, but this was so much longer and so beautiful. It even smelled strange. Maybe a nice smell. Like oranges.

I had a little lipstick on my lips and eye shadow around my eyes. I could feel my body shrinking and my waist shrinking too. My hips were wide now. I had actual curves. My chest. Something was weird. I touched it and I felt almost excited by it. When I lifted my shirt... which I realized was now a sailor uniform for a school I didn't recognize, I had two large tits on my chest. My pants were now a skirt. Very short one too. And my boxer shorts were now these white panties. My legs felt all soft and smooth. And... was my dick gone!

Oh no, fuck! My dick is gone. I opened to get a peek inside my panties. I lost my dick. Instead, what was there, was a smooth pussy. It was warm too!

I changed into a girl!

I couldn't believe it. I looked at myself up and down. Checking out my body. I really was a girl. My eyes went wide. That old man, he did something to me. What did he do? How did this happen? I had a million questions running through my head.

I had a thin, sexy body with nice curves and hips. And even my clothes changed. I was really a girl. Long hair, cute lips, the eyes, the nose, the breasts, the hands, even the nails on myself changed. My body hair was gone, and I even lost some of my muscle mass and became thin and smooth. I had a soft, beautiful body.

How could I turn into a girl like this? Was there any way to fix it? How were people at school going to react? Were these changes permanent?

I just didn't know what to do.

But then... I felt weird. Almost, happy. A wave of pleasure and happiness washed over my body. As if there was this strange calming energy around me. I felt good. I felt relaxed and nice. My shoulders eased up and so did my all my muscles. All the tension left.

Why was I suddenly feeling so good?

That's when I heard the voice.

I heard a strange voice calling out to me.

"Paul." the voice said.

I didn't know where it was coming from. I looked around, but I couldn't see anyone else around. My house was empty, nobody was outside. Who was calling me?

I heard it again.

“Paul... It’s me.”

I don’t know who this “me” was, but I wanted to find out. Nobody was here, though.

“Who’s there?” I asked, looking outside my bathroom window once more.

But instead, I felt this voice not from outside, but from inside. And not inside my house either. But... weirdly enough, from my own head.

The voice spoke. As I listened to it, it was clearly a very feminine voice. A girl’s voice. But how? I don’t think to myself in a girl’s voice.

“It’s me, Saya. Thank you so much for agreeing to the spell from that old fart of a man.” she said.

Saya was inside my head! She was inside of me!

“I’m sorry to do this, but... I don’t know. It’s weird. That old man, I... I kind of like him. He’s old and creepy and smells weird, but he’s funny and cool. When I passed away, I never was able to be with him for one last time. And I really want to. I must. I’ve been thinking about him all the time. You are very lucky. You get to help me. It’s hard to explain, but your body and your soul just have this... strong connection with magic. I don’t think you can cast it, but you are strong in it.” she said to me.

I felt her emotions. I felt how sad she was. I could tell she didn’t want to do this and I don’t think it was going to be for very long, so I relaxed a little bit. I didn’t feel so nervous about the whole thing.

She continued.

“Well, I want to be with him. He’s special to me. So, if you don’t mind, I’m going to take over now. Don’t worry. I won’t do anything bad, I promise. I’ll even let you watch.”

She continued.

“Well, I want to be with him. He’s special to me. So, if you don’t mind, I’m going to take over now. Don’t worry. I won’t do anything bad, I promise. I’ll even let you watch.”

Just then, I felt a quick feeling of numbness shoot over my body before disappearing and everything was normal again. I had that same feeling you get when your foot falls asleep sometimes. But I was ok.

Suddenly, my hand moved out in front of my face. It opened and closed, forming an open palm and then a closed fist. Opening and closing, then moving the wrist and joints around, like I was exploring myself for the first time ever. Only one problem... I wasn’t the one in control. Saya was.

Saya was checking out her new body. Well, technically, her old body, but now she had it again. I was moving, but I wasn’t willing my body to move. It was just doing it on its own.

She spoke using my mouth, but it was her voice that came out.

“Don’t mind me. I just need your body for a little bit. I promise, I’ll be good.” she said.

I wondered about what she’d do. How long would it be until I regained control?

“Don’t worry. I can hear you, y’know. I know what you’re thinking. It’ll just be tonight. More than likely, that is.”

I was about to object, but then she started taking off her clothes. She stood in front of the mirror and checked herself out.

Her hands slowly traced up and down the sides and curves of her nice, sexy body. Slowly bringing her finger tips from the bottom of her hips slowly up the sides of her waist and towards her nice tits. They were big. Huge breasts that jutted out from my chest.

Her finger, like it was dancing around and touching a piece of sensitive silk, slowly moved its way closer and closer to her breasts. She circled around her areolas before finally pinching at her nipples.

A shock of pleasure shot through my body. It was incredible. Like something I've never felt before. So intense. As a man, I've never felt something like that. It was almost too much. Like lightning through my system.

"Oh, you like that? Me too." she cooed.

She began to play with her body some more. Checking herself out.

It wasn't long before she started getting a lot more acquainted with her new self. Before I knew it, she had her finger sliding in and out of her warm, dripping wet pussy. The pleasure was so intense. I could feel my face get completely beet red with the excitement.

"Mmm... fuck... I forgot how long it's been. How good it feels." she moaned.

She stood there in the bathroom mirror playing with herself for about ten more minutes. Fingering herself, toying with her very sensitive tits, even licking some of her own pussy juices.

She came multiple times. The feeling was incredible. A huge wave of pleasure washing over my body over and over. I almost couldn't take it all. Her hips rocked back and forth with every time she came, letting her juices run down her leg.

After nearly cumming five times in a row, I could feel my legs become weak, I couldn't even stand. It just was too much. I was going to pass out. I felt weak from it all. Breathing heavily.

She relaxed.

"Oh wow, I've never felt so good before. Maybe in this combined body here the pleasures of it all are far more intense than ever before. I like that. But now I'm all horny and wet. And I know the one thing I still have to do." she said.

“What’s that?” I asked her in my mind, still feeling tired and exhausted from her little ‘exploration’ session there.

“Mr. Yanagi.” she said.

She didn’t mention anything else. She just said his name. I wonder, though, why.

What was so interesting about him? Why was she so obsessed with him and what he can do?

“I know where he lives. He probably already finished his late work and is at home now. By himself. Lonely. It’ll be perfect. Don’t you worry. You’ll have your body back in no time, I swear. Well... probably, I’m sure.” I could feel my own lips curl into a smile.

I don’t know what she had planned, but I don’t think it was going to be anything good.

She got dressed and headed out the door.

I wanted my body back. I wanted myself to be normal again. But I don’t think Saya had that plan for me. I started to get worried. What if she never gave my body back? I’d be stuck like a girl forever. Sure, the pleasure was great and so incredible, but every day, my life will be ruined. I’ll be a girl for life. I don’t want this. I just hoped everything would work out for me. I hoped she was feeling merciful with me.

It was getting late, but the buses were still running. She got on one of the buses and went straight to the other end of town. I was quite surprised that she knew everything. She knew the buses, she knew where he lived, all that.

She spoke to me.

“Well... of course I know. I can use some of your memories and my own. We’re just going to pay him a little visit. Nothing wrong with that. Just a short one, I promise.”

I wondered about that. Her panties, my panties now, were still a little bit wet. Her pussy was getting all warm and excited and was making her panties a little wet down there. It made sitting on the bus a little uncomfortable. When I looked at my reflection in the window briefly, I could see even my cheeks were still quite pink. I hope nobody is looking at me, but it didn't seem so. An old man on the bus was occasionally waking up from his slumber, looking around, checking me out with very lecherous eyes, then going back to sleep. I think Saya found it to be so hot, while I found it to be very, very embarrassing.

Then I realized, Saya had spread her legs on the bus. Sure, giving her legs some breathing room, but also exposing her panties to anyone looking from the right angle.

She smirked.

"Oh, c'mon. It's fun to be a little naughty. You'll love being a girl. Trust me." she said confidently.

I was going to protest, when our bus stop came, and we got off.

She smiled as she got off. She was waiting for this. All this time and all just to meet up with that old man. Well, I was a little bit happy. Perhaps since we were going to visit the old man again, he'd be able to fix all this. So, while I didn't like it, at least we were likely getting closer to a fix and I'd be back in my body again.

She walked down the street. The streets were dimly lit, but the a few street lights and the lights from the various windows illuminated the area enough to be able to get through.

The old man's house was down the street a little way and then up a slight hill. There sat a big apartment building, three stories tall. There seemed to be at least eight different dwellings per floor. She walked up the flight of stairs to the top floor and to the middle. There, at room 308, was Mr. Yanagi's place.

She rang the doorbell, standing just in clear sight of the viewing camera, so he could see who was waiting for him outside.

I heard someone walking around. After a few seconds, I heard the door unlock and it opened. Mr. Yanagi was there, wearing some sweatpants and a white shirt. When he looked at me, or technically Saya now, his mouth dropped.

He reached out and gave me a big, big squeeze. I could smell his body odor. The last thing I wanted was to be hugged by this stinky old guy. Saya was all happy and a little teary eyed.

He escorted me in. His room was rather interesting.

It was a small room and there wasn't a whole lot in it. His whole apartment was no bigger than my kitchen at my house. He lived alone. He had a bathroom, a toilet room, a very small kitchen, and a decent sized bedroom. The view outside was ok, but that was about it. Kind of a pathetic old man.

She enters the room. Everything seems totally fine. She enters the room, checks around a bit, before finally sitting down in his bedroom on his main chair in front of his computer.

He owned a large computer with some gaming consoles next to it. He seemed lonely. Perhaps the old man spent most of his time playing games. Nearby, however, were a few shelves which contained numerous very old books. I couldn't make out what they said on them, though. I also saw the book which he used when I was in his room. It was the biggest book and on top of all the other books nearby.

I couldn't control what I was doing. It was all Saya in control now.

Suddenly, Mr. Yanagi approached her while she was sitting in his chair, he bent down, and kissed her on the lips. I could feel it too. I could feel his lips up against hers. It was like he was kissing me. I could smell him and taste him. She blushed, and I could feel how wet and excited she got in her pussy.

They made out and soon he brought her to the bed.

There, they had sex together. I couldn't believe it. All this time, just to fuck this old man. And that's all they wanted to do together. It was so gross. And there I was, inside of her, unable to leave her.

It was horrible. They fucked for what felt like hours. Although, I had to say, the sex was rather incredible. I've never felt so good before. He's very strong and his dick was huge. He fucked her so many times that she came repeatedly. Soon, after I came for about the fifteenth time that night, Saya and I fell asleep on his bed. He cuddled up next to me.

As much as I hated this stupid, stinky old man, the rush of emotions from being in Saya was too much for me. I've never felt like this before. It was so passionate and amazing. It was like being on a light cloud and being swept away to a dreamlike land where you just never want to wake up. I couldn't help but kind of enjoy snuggling up next to him like Saya was doing.

Before I drifted off to sleep, Saya told me one last thing.

"Thank you for helping me. Your body has been quite useful. But, in case you haven't figured it out yet, sure... I brought you to his apartment and sat you down. But I'm not the one that fucked him. Once he kissed us, I stopped being in control. I let you have full control. You knew that, right? You were the one that fucked him this whole time. You were the one orgasming that many times. You were enjoying it all. You're a little girly-girl slut. Now, I'm not so sure you even want to be a boy anymore. You're enjoying being a girl so much, hey... let's make it a whole month as a girl. I'm not ready to give up your body yet. There's so many more things that we can do together. Are you ready to become a real girl?" she said to me.

Fear ran through me. My life, everything I've ever known, was finished. I was marching myself straight into hell. A very pink and fluffy hell filled with make-up and pretty dresses and dating handsome boys and getting my nails done. I was scared. I'm about to lose everything I've ever known... yet... I was... excited for this. This unknown which I've never considered, went from being a big mystery, to something kind of intriguing.

Perhaps, this wouldn't be so bad after all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mini-Story #2 – Being Together

I threw off my work clothes and tossed them into a corner.

“Enough of this stupid job.” I said as I got into my sweatpants and T-shirt.

The sweatpants were clean, but this shirt wasn’t so much. I could still smell some of the coffee I accidentally spilled on it from this morning before heading out to work. Didn’t matter. I loved it. An excellent Jurassic Park shirt. Was an excellent final Christmas gift from, well... I shouldn’t mention her name anymore. She’s gone and out of my life.

My room smelled fine, but my parents always said I need to open the windows and let some sunlight in more. I’d rather not. I’d just have to close them again when I go to play some of my games. It makes a terrible glare on the screen.

I hated my job. I was at the casinos working every day to pay my way through college. Other than free food, that restaurant job gave me little. But if I didn’t take that year and a half off to “find my passion” I would’ve been on with this already and onto something better.

I was completely exhausted by the time I got home. I couldn’t move a muscle. But I still found the strength to get on my computer for a bit.

It was getting dark out now. I was so tired. My legs felt like a ton of bricks under my body. I didn’t want to move them at all. But then, my stomach growled louder than even a lion could muster. I had forgotten to eat over the past few hours. I guess I got so caught up in my work, I forgot. Even though I didn’t want to move, I had to.

I got up and left my room. I closed the big, brown, wooden bedroom door behind me. The old, faded, white-on-red sign labeled, “Jack” swayed on its

hinge as the door shut. The old sign still sat there, 10 years after I got it. Something silly from my childhood that always made me smirk when I read it.

I headed downstairs to the family kitchen. I was living with my family. My parents were out enjoying their honeymoon. They weren't going to be back for another few more days. A week-long trip the Caribbean is exactly what I need myself, but I'd rather just relax on my computer too.

I looked over my house. It was getting dark out, so the house started to get dark too. Not much was going on. I walked over to the refrigerator and pulled out some deli meats and cheeses. Then I got some bread. There was nothing like fixing yourself up a nice sandwich. The cold, salty roast beef and the sharp American cheese in between two very soft slices of white bread and just the right amount of tangy mayonnaise really hit the spot when you're hungry.

I quickly made and scoffed the sandwich down I was so hungry. I felt like I haven't had anything to eat in almost forever.

I heard the door open and close. The sound of the bells above the door ringing. I knew who just came home. It was Becky. I heard her kick off her shoes and come in the house. She appeared, looking tired as ever, but still cheerful. I saw her smile. She looked happy.

She carried a small, plastic, black flute case in her right hand and her backpack on her back. Becky is my step-sister. 20 years old. Long, blonde hair. I'd describe her as the fun-loving, but careless version of me. A ray of sunshine coming through the cloudy skies, illuminating everything she touched, while trying as hard as she could.

She loved music and was learning several instruments as she pursued her career in music teaching.

"Hey, Jack" she said, as she put her stuff down and went into the kitchen, opening a bunch of cupboards and various other things.

She must be hungry. I looked at her as I walked over to the sink to wash off my plate and put away my other things.

“How were your classes” I asked her.

She smiled.

“It was great. Another boring day, but it was fun. We had to practice a new instrument today and today it just so happened to be the flute. I’m bringing this one home to practice with and get better. We have a test coming up soon.”

I was happy to see her. She’s such a wonderful girl. A great sister. She’s helped me numerous times before in the past. She’s 20 years old, but she still looks like she’s 18 in some ways. She very cheerful and happy all the time. I’m quite impressed with that. But it’s nice to see her.

She got her things and a few snacks and headed up stairs to her own room. She must’ve took the cookies with her because they weren’t there anymore. She had a big thing for chocolate chip cookies.

I walked on back to my room and laid on my bed. I was tired, but I was still doing ok for now. Suddenly, I felt my phone vibrate and buzz next to me.

The black phone vibrated on my nightstand while a small green flash on the light appeared off and on, off and on, every two seconds. Clearly this was another message on LINE.

I don’t use the chat messaging service that much anymore. It’s not my favorite. I’m often on Facebook, but it’s good sometimes. A few of my foreign friends use it. But there is only one person I know who uses it often, or perhaps, used to use it.

It was Katie. My ex-girlfriend.

I picked up the phone and read the message.

“I’m so sorry about last week. Please, Jack. Please can we get back together. I’ll do anything.” She wrote to me.

It was Katie. The one person I didn't want to hear from ever again.

Katie, a wonderful girl, but man did she get annoying. She just kept stalking me and watching me all the time. She'd check up on me and find out what I was doing all the time. She just never let me be alone. She couldn't let me do anything. I had to check with her about everything. She was crazy. Truly crazy. I can't even begin to tell you the stories I have about her.

One time, I received over 30 messages from her when I clearly and specifically told her that I was going to work now, and I didn't have time to message her. Apparently that one message wasn't successfully sent, so she thought I was just ignoring her. 8 hours later, I check my phone, and it's blown up with messages. She's been better since then, but not by much.

She's stopped by my house before completely announced just to check up on me. I've told Becky about her. Now Becky is on my side and will shoo her away, unless I've already told her she can come over.

I finally had enough of Katie's antics, so I had to break up with her last week. I was polite and kind to her, but I just don't think that got through to her head. She's been messaging me throughout the week. I'm often ignoring her, but that hasn't stopped her from trying.

I looked at my phone for a bit and then finally messaged her one last time.

"I'm sorry. This just isn't going to work out. Good-bye, Katie."

I typed it, hit sent, and then blocked her on my phone for good. She was already blocked on other apps, but I figured I'd leave this one app available just in case there actually was a need for her to contact me again. And, of course, bad idea. I blocked her on here too. I just couldn't do it anymore. I couldn't be with her. It was just too much for me.

I sighed and put my phone down onto the nightstand again and rolled over onto my bed. I had enough of her and her crazy attitude. Her overly possessive nature. Her always checking up on me. Her giving me a thousand little presents and things to try and bribe me into liking her.

I'm pretty sure I was the first boy she ever had in her life. The first guy to ever take interest in her. Perhaps she was a virgin before me. I don't know. Although, she tells me I am. I guess that's so.

I couldn't handle it much more. I rolled over and went to sleep. I was so tired from everything that I didn't know what to do. Sleeping just felt like the best option. I quickly closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Little did I know at the time, but my step-sister, Becky, was just snuggling into her room now. It was hot outside and Becky decided that she needed a shower before going to bed. She doesn't often take baths around this time, but I guess now was the best time for her.

Becky threw down her stuff and took a few more bites of her cookies before going to the shower room down the hall.

It was a big room with pink walls and many different little ornaments around that my parents loved. The toothbrushes were there by the sink. This bathroom here was what my step-sister and I used. My parents often used the other one on the first floor, not this one. The bathroom was kinda old, but it still was ok. Becky could smell the soap and toothpaste that was quite abundant in his room, as well as the smell of a flowery air freshener. She loved it, I wasn't a big fan.

Becky closed the door and locked it shut. She looked outside the window. It was black outside, except for a few cars driving past with their lights on. The blinds were closed, and she took off her clothes.

It's been difficult for Becky all these many years. Her mother remarried a new man and it was ok. The man was nice. His name was Bruce and he was good and kind to her, but it just wasn't the same. Then again, she barely remembered her father. He died when she was very young, so this new guy, Bruce, was better than nothing.

She took off her clothes and left them in a pile. Becky had a nice body that many girls envied. Nothing too spectacular, but she kept her weight down.

She was at a healthy weight and Becky got lots of compliments from her friends, but she was shy. She liked her DD breasts the most which many boys would check out all the time and she had a nice butt. She was very attractive, but her focus was on her studies, not on guys. At least, that's what she told herself. She was too shy to do much beyond that. Too shy to make the first move.

Her step-brother was kinda cute, but that was NEVER going to happen. They can't do that. That's immoral and wrong. But, he was cool. If she wasn't his step-sister, then she could see herself growing quite... fond... of him.

She got into the shower and turned on the warm water. Feeling it hit her head and run down her soft, gentle body. She loved it. It felt nice. Relaxing. Like the iron weight of the whole day that was on her shoulder was suddenly melting away and trickling down her body. Showers relaxed her. It was a way to forget about all the struggles of the day and of the classes... and of that poor test score she just got.

It was warm and relaxing. Her shoulders loosened up as if they were being massaged by an angel. She didn't often warm showers at night, but they were the perfect thing to help end the day.

While Becky was relaxing with a nice, warm shower, it was Katie, on the other side of town, who was making her plan to finally get me back.

Katie sat in her room looking at her phone and then at her notebook. There were pages and pages filled in. many little drawing and symbols etched in, like a madman writing in whatever shapes and colors came to her. Some dark and strong and almost scratching at the page while others are lighter and softer and barely visible. Katie had had it with me. She loved me, and she wasn't going to give me up, no matter what.

Katie knew what the problem was. It was Becky. Becky was in my life and she was ruining her plans.

Katie knew that I had a weird fondness for my step-sister. I enjoyed being with her. I smiled easier with her. I laughed more. I was happier. Yet with her, with Katie, that didn't happen. She refused to believe it was because of her stressful, over-watching tone and demeanor or the little strange things she did all the time or how she kept asking very annoying and personal questions and could never just relax and have fun like Becky could. No, it was all Becky's fault.

Katie got the smart idea. Her father was a mad scientist. Or, to Katie, he was a normal scientist.

An inventor. An artist. A man who could create something from nothing. But to me, he was clearly crazy. I would always joke and call that balding, pale-skinned, frail, 50-something year old... a mad scientist. He looked just like one. He always wore that stained lab coat and his safety glasses were more important to him than his own wallet – which he'd often lose somewhere in the house. I would poke fun at the man... if he ever came out of the basement. Katie never appreciated my jokes, but as long as I was with her, she didn't care.

Her father, Rick, was an ok guy, but he was crazy, certainly.

Katie knew of his inventions. Or, well, his attempts to create things. But one thing that very much intrigued her was this weird, green, gooey substance that was kept in an ice cold, metal container. The ice helped to maintain its substance and form, otherwise, it'd just turn to liquid and would be useless.

He didn't have a name for it, but it was labeled: TR-59.

She had his notes. He never told her about it, but now he was on a business trip. And she had it there in her room. She always kept a close eye on her father too. She enjoyed the little things he made. She didn't like secrets withheld from her. With her notes in hand, she studied and learned all about it. She knew what this jell could do if she ate it. Upon consumption, it would enable her to become a kind of goo-like creature.

Her skin could change and shift and move around. She could fit through tight spaces. She could take over the bodies of people. She could enhance them. It was astounding to her.

The goo didn't look so tasty at all. In fact, it looked cold, bland, and a little scary. What if she was wrong? If she died, she'd never get to see her love again. She'd be finished. But, if it worked, like the notes said, she could finally... be with me.

Her plan was to go to my house, transform her body into the slime, and then possess the body of my sister.

She assumed that my sister's body was what I desired and with the mind of Katie in control, it'd be perfect. She could be exactly what I wanted, and we'd live happily ever after.

I don't think she thought this one so clearly through. But, that's Katie for you. Not the smartest girl I've ever dated, but the most dedicated.

Katie saw the slime there in its container. She knew how much to take. She took one tablespoon of the slime and then dug the spoon into it. It was like Jell-O, but a lot harder to break away a piece of it with the spoon, it was just so sticky and compact together.

The green substance shimmered blue upon being touched by the metal spoon before changing back to its green color. After a bit of force, she got a piece of it off and onto the tablespoon. She looked at the strange, droopy, somewhat boring substance.

A shot of fear and anxiety ran through her body. Her heart began to race. Was this a smart idea? Should she really do this? But... she had to. She knew that she had to. This was going to work. She wanted it. She wanted it more than anything she's ever wanted in her whole life. It was tearing away at her soul. If this killed her, she'd be ok with that. If it gave her unimaginable powers, she'd be ok with that too. She had to try.

She closed her eyes and forced the spoon and contents right into her mouth. It was very cold and, despite it looking like Jell-O, it certainly didn't taste like it. It was very bitter and disgusting. She wanted to spit it out, but she swallowed anyways.

And then... nothing.

It took her a few minutes to realize she just swallowed some strange unknown substance which her father created in his weird, dark, stinky lab, but by then it was too late.

She felt a weird tingling sensation in her stomach. It was as if her whole belly felt like twinkling stars in the moonlight, shining and glistening... but this was her stomach she was thinking about.

She began to touch and press on her stomach. To see if she could make the funny feeling go away. She grabbed at a small piece of her fat, but when she grabbed at it, yes, the funny feeling went away temporarily, but when she touched it, it felt like it wasn't skin anymore. It felt like it wasn't a part of her body. It felt as if this skin that she had in between her thumb and index finger was actually... a strange clay. She pulled on it and it went further out than it should have.

By this far back of a pull, it should really hurt, but it was merely... ticklish to her.

Then the tingling sensation started up again, but not just in her stomach, but started to explode out all over her body, going up to her chest and down her arms and then up to her head. It was like she was shot by some magical spell by some mystical fairy or something. It was a tingly and exciting but a little bit worrisome to her. What was this strange feeling. Why was her skin so malleable? The tingling sensation shot down into her legs and into her feet.

And then... suddenly ... it stopped. The tingling feeling was completely gone. She didn't feel it anymore.

She walked around her room. It truly was gone. She felt fine gain. She walked to her mirror and then checked out her body. Everything seemed fine to her; nothing was off or strange or anything.

She tested her body one more time in front of the mirror. Just one more time. She pinched her belly and, just like before, her belly skin expanded and stretched as far as she wanted it to. It didn't hurt or anything. It was kind of ticklish. Maybe even a bit pleasurable. Then, she touched her arm and pulled at her skin there. There too, she could pull at it and it would stretch and stretch.

She tried other parts of her body too. More and more, everywhere, it was all the same. She could become elastic. She was now a type of rubber girl. It was hard to think of such a thing. Was it a dream? But, it wasn't. It was all real. 100% real. She wasn't dreaming at all. None of this was fake. She didn't know how long it was going to last, so she made her way to her door. The bedroom door was shut. The hallway was just beyond it. She wondered with a very interesting idea. An idea came into her head.

What if she could form her body and change it and contort it just the ways she wanted. What if, through the small, thin crack under her door, only a few millimeters in height, she could fit through it. Could she change and alter her body to go under this door? It just didn't seem possible at all, but she had to try. It was essential to her plan. If not, her only power would just be able to be relatively elastic and that wouldn't be very fun.

She concentrated hard and went up to the door. She put her hand under the door and then pushed hard under it. It wasn't easy, but soon, her fingers, then her hand, then her arm, slipped through. When her whole arm slipped underneath the door, that's when she knew it was now possible. She pushed harder and got her shoulders and head, and the rest of her body under the door. Even her large C-cup breasts had no trouble getting under the door. Although, it was kinda pleasurable when the nipples rubbed up against the bottom of the door frame. Even her clothes were malleable on her body. It

all worked perfectly. Except for her bra, of course. She wasn't much a fan of wearing them all the time when she was at home. Just a thin T-shirt.

She stood up, the last of her leg coming through the underside of the door. Not only did it work, it was fun and exciting. A bit ticklish, but it all felt good. She loved the feeling of being malleable, flexible, and stretchy like this. This is exactly what she needed. The plan worked. She went back into her room, using the door normally this time, to get herself ready. She put on some jeans, got her keys and purse, and set off to go meet me, Jack.

She took a taxi to a place near my house and got off. It was getting late now, but her plan was now in motion. It was going to be very, very fun now.

She approached the door to my house and put her purse and other items in a nearby bush so that they won't get stolen and she could come back for them later.

She didn't want to just greet me at the front door. No, no. that would never work. She had to find Becky first. She was the key to all of it.

She was about to peak into one of the windows when she heard something. It was the sound of water. Some splashing. It was very faint. She had to be right up against the door to hear it, but she could. No, it wasn't coming from the first floor, but from the second. She looked up and to her right. There it was. Facing away from the road, a light was on inside one of the rooms to the right of the house. The bathroom. She remembered it. She knew the smell it had. She didn't like using that one when she used to come over, but she kind of had to.

The way in was through the front door it seemed. There was no other choice.

She squeezed her way through the keyhole of the front door. A very impressive feat, she thought. It was dark out and it was a very quiet area, so nobody would see her enter the house.

She made her way up and into the house, up the stairs, and into the shut bathroom door from below.

When she entered the room, she saw the curtain closed. Becky was there taking her shower. Perfect. Just what she needed. The element of surprise.

Using her new, rubbery body, she made herself into a sort-of wet, droopy puddle on the floor and moved closer and into the shower. She went up and saw Becky there in the shower. She was facing away from her, towards the nozzle of the showerhead. She was shampooing her hair. It looks like her eyes were closed to. She had to hurry or soon Becky would finish her shower and see her there. That wouldn't end well.

Katie entered the bathtub, but then, the pull of all the water around her, she noticed, was tugging on her. The tub was angled so that the water would easily go straight under Becky where the drain was. If Katie wasn't careful, she'd soon slip in and go down the drain, ending her plans quick.

She had to fight the gravity of it all. Her body was slipping closer to Becky, yes, but also closer to the drain. She fought hard and soon when the time was right, right when she was under Becky, she jumped up and onto Becky's leg.

Her leg was warm and wet, but she was safe. She wouldn't go down the drain. Now for the second part.

These powers, while very new to her, also felt just right. She felt both as if she was a total beginner to them and that she's had these powers for her whole life. Her mind told her what she could do. She knew what she could and couldn't do with her powers. She knew, somehow, that she could phase into someone too. This weird image came her mind. Was it her imagination or could she do it? Well, she got this far, so she thought she could do even more.

She concentrated hard and moved her slimy, rubbery body up over Becky's body. She covered her whole bottom half, from her feet up to her hips. And then, she concentrated hard, and flowed into Becky's body.

She just went right into her skin and disappeared out of sight.

Becky felt this. She felt something strange on her skin. Like sunscreen that was there, wet, slimy, warm, but then it disappeared. She couldn't really see it, though. Her eyes were shut. She was still trying to get all the shampoo out of her eyes. If she opened her eyes now, even for this strange, tingly feeling, which was probably nothing anyways, she'd just get soap in her eyes and it'd sting. She hated that feeling whenever she took a shower, so she kept her eyes shut. That was her mistake, but then again, it might be too late anyways.

Katie was in. She couldn't see, but she knew what she had to do. Just by thinking of what she wanted, within seconds, her body flowed up and all-over inside Becky's body. It was a rush. Like a rollercoaster. Being moved this way and that way. Up and down. All around. It was almost dizzying. A little scary. What did she do? What was going on? She felt sick and strange. This rush of new feelings and emotions and powers and everything. It couldn't be described. Like her mind was being split in two before finally... slowly... coming back together.

Then... she felt something on her shoulder. She heard noises. Water. Trickling down and hitting the tub and shower curtain. Warm water on her face.

She opened her eyes.

She was standing up again. She was human.

Was it all a dream? Was she back in her house? Was she just daydreaming again while she took her shower? No... it couldn't be. This wasn't her house. This wasn't her shower. She looked down. She saw two impressive DD breasts on her chest. She saw her slim figure. Her thigh, but perfectly trim

thighs. Her soft, smooth skin. She was like some model. This wasn't her body. This was Becky's body. She had done it. She had possessed Becky's body.

What a rush.

Her body felt clean and perfect. The best body. Better than her own, although she didn't want to really admit that.

She turned off the shower and got out. Drying herself off with a nearby, dry, soft pink towel that was hanging in wait. She wiped off the water. Everything was different. Even the towels felt different and nice and comfortable. It was heavenly. She cursed Becky. Her life seemed so much better than her own.

She was out of the shower and drying herself off. She looked at herself in the mirror. This body was splendid. Really amazing. She was jealous. No wonder Jack was so attracted to her.

She brought her hands down and around her body. She felt herself up. Going down from the tips of her shoulders down the course of her arm, tracing every little bump and soft part she had. It all felt so good, even down to her breasts, which were very plump and large on her chest. She brought her fingertips up to her nipples and squeezed them gently with her thumb and index finger. She let out a shock. A gasp.

The pleasure was very intense. Very sharp. Filling her body with an incredible pleasure. She was more sensitive than even her old body. Very impressive. She could feel her cheeks getting red, blushing. She was a very hot girl. And now this body was hers. She brought her hand down around her thin waist and then down to her hips. She had nice wide hips. Not too wide, but just right. Very attractive. It made her ass look bigger and nicer. Very impressive body. She could be a model or something. Why did she choose to go into teaching?

Her legs were smooth and soft and gentle. They felt great to the touch. Then she brought her hand up to her pussy.

It was shaved cleanly and perfect. Already wet and dying for something to be put in it. It felt so good. She put her fingers near the lips her new vagina and started to massage herself. It felt great. The pleasure was too much for her. Her pussy was soaking wet. Very, very wet. She began to rub her pussy softly with her middle finger, up and down, up and down along the wet slit. It was so incredible. She could feel how wet she was getting. Her nipples were getting hard. Oh, how she wanted some dick right now. Something to fill her. She didn't want to orgasm, but she almost did. A small one. Her knees and legs buckled under her, it was tough for her to stand. It was just too much pleasure. Even a small orgasm was intense for her. God, this body was quite something.

She dried herself off and put on some of the nice clothes nearby. Her bedtime clothes she assumed. They were sweatpants and a T-shirt. It felt comfortable. Especially since they weren't in a bra being hampered. She felt free and relaxed. That shower was exactly what she needed. And a little self-exploration too. Perfect.

She then walked over to Jack's room. There it was. She knocked on the door, but nobody answered. Maybe he's asleep, she thought.

She then opened the door to find Jack there, sleeping on the bed.

His room was dark and a bit cool, but he always liked it like that. The light of his alarm clock and a few other recharging gadgets shone in the dark room, illuminating it. She walked in closer and closer.

While dark, she could still see him, laying there on his bed. He wasn't even fully under the covers. He was just sleeping there. Resting. He looked so tired.

He was wearing just his boxers. She could see his chest. He was strong, albeit with a little bit of fat. That's what she liked. Not too strong or too fat,

just the way she liked him. He was very attractive. She walked closer to him, like she was a hunter inspecting her kill. She checked him out from all angles. He looked amazing.

She just... couldn't help herself. She reached over and touched his bare leg. He had hair on his legs. She ran her fingertips up and down his leg, feeling him up. Touching him. Enjoying each part of his body. She sat down on the bed next to him, hoping not to wake him, but if she did... well... she wouldn't mind.

She began to touch his body. Moving her hand up his leg and around his waist and towards his very big, manly chest. Just looking at him was turning her on.

She saw his boxers there. And, something was moving there. Slowly, but gradually. She reached out and touched him. She touched his crotch. And yup, as she thought, it was his dick. He was getting turned on by her very touch. Even though he was fully asleep, he was just enjoying each touch of her body. She liked it. She liked making him happy like this.

She moved his dick out and pulled it out from his boxers. There it was. His massive, thick, warm dick. She had it in her fingers. She began to play with it. Like a cat playing with its new toy.

She heard him moan in his sleep and shuffle a little bit in the bed. She liked that. She liked making him happy.

Soon, she was stroking his dick harder and harder. Really trying to give him as much pleasure as possible. She loved him. She wanted him to be happy. She hoped he'd see that. But as she stroked and stroked at his dick with her new hand, soon, she could feel something happening, his dick convulsed, and he orgasmed. He shot out a load of cum out of his dick and onto her hand and onto his bed.

She smiled. Without even thinking, she giggled happily and licked some of the cum off her hand.

Slowly, Jack awoke. His eyes opening, like he was a cute sleeping baby. He had a good rest. But now it was time for their fun.

“Huh? What... I... I’m just....” He said, but then fell back to sleep.

She could tell he was tired. Exhausted from his work. What a hard worker. If only she could marry him.

But first, she needed to really, really impress him. That’ll make him see what she wanted.

He put his head back against the pillow and fell asleep again. He must not have really noticed, however, her fun wasn’t over yet.

She slowly, but carefully, trying not to really wake him, pulled off his boxers and let them fall to the floor. He came a big load and the bedding near his groin was a little wet and cold from his semen. Still, he was a heavy sleeper. Always was. And she was sure he had a lot more left in him. The best way to impress him is to really give him the best experience of his life. Then he’ll be so impressed he’ll have to be with her.

So, she slowly got onto the bed and mounted his dick.

His dick was already so hard and incredible. When he let it slide into her, it was almost too big. It filled her entire pussy up. She rode him softly, but she couldn’t help but cum quickly. Everything about him just made her so turned on, she couldn’t help it.

Soon, Jack started to wake up.

He moaned out. Feeling the pleasure from my pussy. His eyes were still mostly shut.

“Damn, this feels just so good. What... what’s going on? Is this a dream?” he asked.

He was very tired, but this wasn’t a dream. This is what she wanted. He slowly reached for the light and turned it on.

He was shocked to see me there, or rather, shocked to see Becky there, riding his naked dick.

“What! What the fuck! Becky! What are you doing!?” he shouted, but then he felt the pleasure of his dick building and building.

“Oh fuck... fuck... it feels too good. What the fuck are you doing? Oh shit! I’m going to cum.” He said as he came right there and right into her pussy.

He pushed her off and moved her to the side of the bed. He got near her.

“Oh fuck! I’m sorry. What? What are you doing!? Becky! You’re my step-sister! We can’t be doing this! And... were you fucking me while I was sleeping? Oh my god, this is wrong. We shouldn’t be doing this. And I just came. I think it went inside of you. What if you get pregnant or something? Fuck!” he shouted angrily.

She lay there on the bed. Smiling. She felt good. This weird tingly sensation all over her body. She never felt this kind of sensation in so long. This was even better sex than when she was just my normal self. Being in Becky’s body made the pleasure even better.

“Becky.” He said. “This is serious.”

Slowly, she sat up on the bed and smiled. I moved in and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. It lasted for about two seconds before he pulled away.

“Look, Becky. I... OK, I admit it... I... um... well, I like you. I really do like you too. You’re attractive and cute and fun. I like that about you. But, I mean... you’re my step-sister. We can’t do this. If Mom and Dad find out about this... we’ll be in huge trouble. Why did you do this?”

She smiled at him.

“Because... I like you. No. I think I love you.” she said bashfully.

It was fun. She liked this. It was like she was really acting like Becky here. It was fun to be a kind of actress like this. This is what she always wanted.

He moved closer to her and hugged her, stroking her hair.

They sat there together for a few minutes, not saying anything. He was gently running his hands through her hair and she just sat there, quiet, but feeling this strange feeling of both overwhelming joy... and sadness.

She was happy to finally be with him, but she was sad, because maybe he'd reject her. Her whole plan was going to fail. And then there'd be no way for them to ever to be together again for the rest of their lives. She just couldn't bear to think about such a life.

Several minutes passed. It was quiet. Dark. But, as they sat there together, she began to grow calm again. She felt relaxed. She stopped worrying about the future, but instead just enjoyed the present moment. She was back with Jack, the love of her life.

He smiled.

"Well... I don't know what we should do honestly. We shouldn't be together, but somehow, it feels ok. It feels right. Listen, I'm tired, you're tired. We both had crazy days today. Why don't you and I just... um, y'know... sleep together in the same bed. Would that make you feel better. Just sleep. That's it." He said.

She nodded and slowly they got under the covers together. It was a little awkward at first, but soon, he had his arm around her and they were fast asleep together. It looked like she made the right choice. They were finally going to be together forever.

That's what she thought was going to happen... until the next morning came.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 a review on the site where you received it. I love getting feedback. I read all of it. It helps me improve as a writer, so I can make better stories for you.

Thank you again and I hope you look forward to more from me.

Love,

Nikki