

Summer Blues

Sammi's summer rodeo on a beach resort that had been on his list of places to visit for quite a long time was supposed to be a two week long vacation of fun and relaxation away from the stresses of work and responsibility. The man was eager to sit back and relax in the sun, enjoying the sights and sounds while getting a nice natural tan. And with the annual girls swimsuit competition set to take place at the very tail end of his stay there, it was sure to be an absolutely memorable summer for the hormonal paper pusher as he exits the car and immediately starts setting up base on the sands with his room already booked long before he arrived.

That was when he came across an abandoned bikini of a make that made him hesitant to even touch the thing in fear of the exorbitant costs in case a strap or something broke off in his hands just in time for the owner to return and catch him red handed, but something about the marine themed summer wear seemed familiar to him. Whether it was the cyan blue gemstone brooch or the platinum lined choker, he just couldn't fit the pieces together in his mind.

"Who the hell would go skinny dipping while leaving their stuff half buried in the sand anyway..."

But the moment he laid eyes on the sparkling stone embedded in the brooch, something within it seemed to reach out to him, probing his mind with ice cold fingers before directing his limbs forward, no longer afraid to pick the thing up before strapping it over his exposed chest, grunting in discomfort as the sand speckled bikini top begins chafing his skin and rubbing against his coarse nipples. And once the straps were tightly tied behind his back, Sammi begins to strip with seemingly no one around noticing the 30 something year old man taking off his trousers before suiting up in an uncomfortably tight thong akin to hand crushing his balls into a pulp before putting in the finishing touches with a short frilly band that hangs down over his hips and the suffocating choker from before sealing itself tightly around his neck.

By the time common sense seemed to return to Sammi, he was shocked to death and ashamed at what he'd done, struggling to cover himself up while inspecting himself in his phone camera. He looked like some shameless drag queen!

That was when he noticed a peculiar oddity occurring over the skin of his left clavicle, watching in curious horror as what looked like a neat row of moles extruded themselves from his skin. A trio of black dots adorned like a fancy tattoo just before his eyes sparkle with a visible sheen as the once dull irises take on a vibrant ocean blue hue upon the vague realization of why the bikini he was wearing seemed so familiar.

"Those m-mm~ it's been so long since I've worn this baby-what the hell did I just-so it's a guy I'm in huh? Don't worry, that'll fix itself really soon~"

Speaking in an uncharacteristically suave tone would be the least of Sammi's concerns however. With the rest of his body beginning to ripple with activity, the man would soon find himself immobilized as a cool ripple spreads over him, originating from the cyan brooch now glowing a faint blue as if something inside of it was transferring itself into his body. A body that was rapidly losing muscle and body hair as the rough tanned hide begins to ebb and flow like water, with each ripple washing away who Sammi was under a tide of change.

'What is this?! My body! Why can't I-move? Just relax dear, I promise it won't hurt~ In fact, if you wait just a little longer, it'll-no! Whoever you are, get out of my head! And stop messing with my body!'

While Sammi continues with his mental argument against the literal voice in his head, his body had already been relieved of most of its mass, leaving narrow shoulders, a compact slender frame and a reduced height that made him a perfect fit for the bikini he was wearing with some space left over in the cups to be filled, something his once burly chest was eager to do as it surges forward in warm, milky masses of creamy flesh, gaining heft and a firmness until a perky pair of C cups had filled in the top nicely. Leaving Sammi with no doubts in his mind as to what the voice had in store for him.

'You're turning me into-me! Like my chest? I'm particularly proud of em y'know? They might not be stupidly big, but their just as firm, doesn't it feel good?'

Gazing down through hazy eyes, Sammi could hardly believe the cleavage that was blocking his view of the lower half of his body, concealing the sight of his abs melting into a soupy mass before belching into a tight, toned core lined with supple flesh and gentle curves not that of a bodybuilder but a gravure model who spent months ensuring her tummy was as curvy as the rest of her body was. And that body was slowly subsuming Sammi's, reducing bulky arms into petite limbs tipped with frail, dainty fingers tipped with manicured nails painted a deep purple. Morphing beefcake legs into sculpted pillars topped with thick thighs that had a seductive gap in the middle leading down to smooth calves ending off with small dexterous feet. Leaving one last obstacle hindering the beautiful vessel from being fully realized.

'No, not that! Please-just enjoy the motions~ I promise your precious weenie will be back alright? For now, just bngb! Sit back and...enjoy!'

With a suffocating force tugging hard beneath his stomach, Sammi collapses to his knees with a jiggle to his smaller, curvier physique, letting loose effeminate moans and breaths as his face flushes red, faced with the building pleasure radiating out from between his legs and up through his body as his erect pecker begins to retreat, tugged back up inside his body by an invisible hand pushing gently against the leaking head, dripping precum onto the sizzling sands as a gash begins to widen directly below them, consuming his balls and forcing an elated sigh out of smaller lips at the feeling of his testicles sliding up inside a moist, sensitive

cavity leading to a warm chamber situated right in the center of his newly expanded hips that complete the hourglass figure the transformation had been working towards with his waistline already cinched inward.

'Oh god...this feels so-good right? This...is just the start-oh my god!'

Another push, and the newly formed female sex organ between Sammi's leg let's loose it's first squirt of vaginal fluids as a twitching labia parts to release a drawn out spray of slick liquid that dampens the sand between her trembling legs, throwing her head back with a sharp cry that no longer held a trace of Sammi's original baritone as her face gives in to the last of the magic radiating from the brooch with her blue eyes now glowing that same hypnotic azure in time for her gaudy head of platinum blonde hair to drape itself over her brow and down to the nape of her sensitive neck in midnight purple locks of silky hair. Squealing in happiness as her dick finishes its metamorphosis into a tiny aching clitoris twitching in its warm blanket of flesh atop a virgin pussy just as a pale string of fabric slithers up her neck before tying itself into an adorable bow atop her fringe.

Within minutes, Sammi the drag queen had been forcefully turned to fit the clothes he had unwittingly worn, leaving her as an alluring young babe probably 5 or so years younger with wrinkles no longer present anywhere on her nubile young body with most body hair stripped clean off the porcelain smooth surface with the exception of a neatly trimmed runway of pubes concealed by the tight fitting panties hugging her lower lips nicely. Struggling to grab her phone before bringing the camera up to inspect herself.

She'd come to the beach hoping to catch glimpses of gorgeous women all around in preparation for the swim suit contest. Not actually becoming one herself.

And oh Lord she was a gorgeous one to look at alright.

After an appropriate amount of time to get herself acclimated to her new body and the second presence lurking in her mind that had jumped ship into Sammi's body once his mind had become ensnared by the brooch that held the strange woman she had become. Sammi's suspicions were confirmed after hearing things straight from the source herself if the triplet moles weren't enough of an indicator. She knew her women well after all.

Priscilla, a beautiful young star in the modeling world who was supposed to participate in the very same swimsuit competition that was taking place in two weeks time. An hour before every participant was supposed to be present and accounted for, the spunky girl had gone missing with her friends and managers unsure of where she had gone. Turning into a major case in the following days after Priscilla had gone off the radar as the authorities did their best to locate the missing maiden to no avail with Sammi listening to the victim herself as she places her palm up against her chest, clenching hard as she recounts the moment of her demise to him.

"I got pulled out to sea after one stupid mistake...one moment I was walking along the shoreline and the next I found myself struggling to breathe as saltwater flooded by lungs...god, I can still feel it weighing me down..."

As weird as it was to hear the girl herself speak those words using his body, Sammi couldn't help but feel bad for the poor girl as a tear ran down his, or rather her cheek. Whatever she felt, he could feel as well. And it made for a very awkward situation indeed.

By the time she was done with her harrowing tale, Sammi was feeling just as dour as she was, letting loose a mental sigh in time to the physical one Priscilla exhales as the two minds take a moment to relax, basking in the warm afternoon sun. But Sammi still had one question on her mind regarding why it had taken the dead girl a year to finally come back to the real world and why she had picked him of all people to use as a physical vessel to take on her appearance right down to the gender inversion.

"So...why did you pick me anyway...why not the other people running around here all this time? It's been what? A year or so? God it's so weird speaking with this-haha! I'm sorry, I should've told you first...and what's up with a lady's voice hm? Never heard anything like it before? I know you're a virgin~"

After a little chiding and back and forth jokes about being not having any experience with the other side, Priscilla drops the ball on Sammi, professing that she herself didn't know why, in her words; **"it was like being pulled along after sleeping for so long, by the time I actually knew I was in you...I...felt you...you know...turning into me."**

That left Sammi a little deflated at that, starting to think her words about the whole thing being reversible was a spur of the moment.

"So I'm stuck like this? As you?"

A few seconds pass in silence as Sammi watches the other beach goers have fun with some of them catcalling her as their eyes meet, ignoring them until Priscilla returns to take control of her mouth once more.

"I'll be honest, I don't know...but maybe this is all pre ordained nonsense? Like fate and that weird gibberish old geezers croak about!"

Putting two and two together, Sammi starts to feel a weird tinge of excitement upon realizing what Priscilla was pointing towards as their gaze falls on the stage set for the competition.

"You mean you want me-us!-to take part in that?! B-But I'm not-you don't have to do anything, we can pass control of this body over to one another so...when the time comes, just let me do the heavy lifting! I've still got the hots...and I most definitely know how to walk the walk so this'll be a cinch! C'mon! We've still got this custom made baby I made before I...y'know...so what do you say? Do we have a deal?"

Looking down at herself before sighing as she throws her hands up, Sammi concedes as she rises to her feet, stretching her weary limbs with a look of unease on her brow from how soft and jiggly her new frame was. It wasn't as if she had a choice anyway, and when Priscilla proved more proficient than she was at stealing back control over the body, she figured it was better to just let her do as she pleased until the two weeks was up.

"Alright then...I don't see myself having a choice anyway so...I guess we'll be together until the competitions end I guess...nice to be working with you Priscilla."

"Hehe! Likewise!"



From there, Sammi's first day on the beach would prove to be a highly unusual one with his metamorphosis from buff man to stunning babe, prancing around with a second passenger in her head who could simply just take the reigns whenever she pleased, indulging in things she never got to see or do before her short life came to a close just a year prior, giving Sammi front row seats to how a girl like Priscilla lived her life, sometimes forgetting she was even a backseat passenger when she got too engrossed in letting her do as she pleased. Joining strangers in their volleyball games, helping kids build sandcastles and having idle talk with the bartender by the beachfront drinking stands and swimming out in the ocean with her lithe body. It was all strangely enjoyable.

"You've been real quiet Sammi...are you starting to enjoy this? Being a young girl basking in the waters with all eyes on her? Hm~"

It took Sammi a second to realize she had rescinded control of the body back to her before she looked down at her seafoam slick body glistening in the moonlight, watching her bosom rise and fall in slight disbelief that this really was her body.

"Yeah...it's been surprisingly fun...strange but...fun..."

Whether it was because Sammi was simply getting used to being a woman or something else outside of her and Priscilla's control, she wasn't sure at all.

But over the next few days, Sammi and Priscilla would soon begin seamlessly swapping with the other, no longer realizing anything was off and only taking over to give the other some freedom to stretch their metaphorical limbs, with the only way to tell the two personalities apart being Sammi's curt manly mannerisms and Priscilla's hyper feminine body language and comfortability with being around men. Using it to her advantage by putting Sammi in compromising positions like engaging a stud in conversation only to hand control back to the original mind, taking glee in watching her fumble over her words and get flustered the moment her partner got a little too touchy with her.

'You've got to learn how to gel better with the boys Sammi, you're a beautiful girl now remember?'

'Gel better?! You do realize I was a man right? I hate it when you keep dumping me between boys like that!'

'Hob? Are you sure you hate it? Because from where I'm standing, that blush on your face whenever they corner you like that says otherwise...are you a secret sub Sammi~ Need a big strong man to handle you like the little toy you are?'

'Oh just s-shut it! Don't forget this toy is your body now too, what if I...we get...caught up in stuff? We've got a competition to win, remember?'

'Don't worry your pretty head about it~ I've got this, remember? And if anyone tries anything, I've got karate training under my belt! They'll regret laying their hands on us!'

As the days flew by and Sammi and Priscilla's presence at the resort continued to gain traction with boys talking about the stunning number frequenting the beach every day being a participant in the competition due in four days time, the duo in one would soon find themselves becoming the center of attention amongst the busy holiday crowd as people flocked to get a glimpse of her rumored beauty. Sporting a mostly blue getup all the time, the Sammi and Priscilla would earn the nickname of Summer Blue, mostly because of Sammi's continuous rejection of all the men who creeped on her, never giving them a chance to speak before brushing them off and stomping away to swim alone much to Priscilla's chagrin.

But despite Sammi's insistence on resisting the advances of these short sighted men, one of them was beginning to grow on her and Priscilla in particular, remembering him from the models past as a close friend and classmate before the two went on their separate ways. It seemed he, like Sammi, recognized her close resemblance to the late Priscilla. Never realizing it really was his friend he was talking to on the beach as he apologizes for the error before walking away sheepishly.

"He's such a gentleman isn't he?"

"Unlike those other bores? I guess so..."

"Wanna try fucking him?"

"Absolutely not you nympho!"

But something at the back of Sammi's mind felt curious about this young man, not feeling a hint of revulsion for him like she had all the others. Even if she wanted to however, Priscilla's acquaintance had vanished into the crowd as quickly as he arrived.

And judging from the slight pang of guilt and remorse running through her from Priscilla's side of things, the man probably meant more to her than being simple old friends from school.

Before they knew it, the time for the competition had come and gone, leaving Priscilla (who had entered under Sammi's name) the undisputed winner much to no one's surprise.

'It's just one year and the standards have already fallen so low?! Cmon!'

As much as Sammi wanted to tell her to cut the other girls some slack, even she had to admit that very little effort had been put into the design of their swimsuits. If anything it seemed most of her competition had been banking more on physical looks to win than the actual swimwear itself.

And to add insult to injury, it seemed as if the board of judges hadn't recognized Priscilla or her swimsuit at all as they handed her the winning prize on stage. While the crowd cheered for her, it felt like an empty victory to the two of them as they sat alone under the beach umbrella Sammi had set up, staring out into the ocean as the sun crested below the horizon, seemingly unfazed by the time the clock struck 12 and the 2 weeks that felt like it had taken all but a few hours to get through was over, no supernatural force evicting Priscilla from Sammi's body or anything like that.

"Are you alright Priscilla? You're feeling pretty-steamed? Yeah...I guess I am..."

"I'm not interrupting anything am I?"

Relinquishing control to Sammi as a familiar voice suddenly comes calling to them from the right, the sullen maiden looks up in surprise to find Priscilla's old friend walking up to her with a surprised look on his face.

"I-Im sorry, you must've heard me talking to myself...what's...up?"

"No offense taken, miss...may I?"

Motioning to the sandy ground next to her, Sammi nods her head, acquiescing for the first time in her short lived career as Summer Blue. Feeling her breathing quicken as the man takes a seat next to her.

'Sammi! What are you doing? C-Chase him away or something!'

Ignoring Priscilla's protests and trying for the first time to resist her hold over her mind, Sammi shakes her head before turning to face her new guest, looking up into his purple eyes.

"We met earlier right? By the food stalls? My name's Sammi...what's yours?"

"Curt, I'm Curt...if you don't mind me asking miss...why'd you look so sour earlier? Didn't you win the contest?"

Sighing before looking up into the night sky, Sammi contemplates her response while fighting off Priscilla's growing influence, emboldened by something she had mentioned earlier as she exhales dramatically before leaning backwards into the sand.

"I don't mean to brag or anything but...that win just didn't feel right you know? The competition was laughable at best."

"I know right? The girls last year brought more to the table than just their looks...like she was supposed to..."

That was when things fell silent between the trio as Sammi and Curt went quiet with Priscilla's mental assault coming to a stop upon the mention of the incident.

"Like Priscilla was supposed to take part in?"

"Yeah...so you knew her too?"

"I guess you could say that...she was my...idol? I guess you could say?"

'Sammi please...'

Hearing that small whimper from her passenger at the back of her mind, Sammi turns to face Curt who had already directed his forlorn gaze over to her, locking eyes for a moment as if the man was starting to come to a startling realization before shaking his head and looking away for a moment.

"We were supposed to get married, you know? After her gig? It was the last landmark moment she wanted in her career before retiring early to live with me..."

"I see...I'm sorry...for your loss, I'm sure she must've been torn about it as well...wherever she is now."

"Heh...you're a strange one Sammi...but...thanks for that."

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Now she realized why Priscilla had put on that pompous act that seemed uncharacteristic of a model like her, why she seemed so eager to brush Curt off as nothing more than a distant fling despite the flutter in her heart she could clearly tell was a longing to be with him. In fact, it might not even be the competition that had bound her struggling soul to the Earth all this time...

And so she leapt into action, grabbing ahold of Curt's face and pulling down into her embrace, planting her lips over his before he could resist. Staring each other down with hazy looks of lust, confusion and longing for the other. Neither one knew what the other was thinking, going along with the flow as if it was a natural thing for two people who only just met each other to begin making out.

'Sammi?! What're you-trust me alright? You've been needlessly dodging him, now's your chance to fix things! Don't you see Curt's aching for you all this time?'

And indeed she could, for in the arms of his deceased fiancée's doppelganger, Curt wasn't showing a single hint of resistance on his face. Leaning in to Sammi's kiss as she passes control back to Priscilla, patting her on the metaphorical back with a final message to 'don't screw this up.' before taking the backseat once more, leaving Priscilla to fully plant herself over Curt, straddling his gaunt hips with her shapely thighs, her face heated in a mess of embarrassment and joy.

He wanted to question Sammi on her sudden boldness and shameless invitation to sex judging from how quickly she had been to undo her bikini top before tossing it into the sands, but Curt's grieving self couldn't bring himself to question why Priscilla was suddenly with him once more as the signature smile he hadn't

seen in so long spreads across her face. It was as if that one year of loneliness had never happened at all, and that dreadful night was just a terrible dream of his. His lover was back in his arms, and that was all he wanted right now.

Despite the overjoyed look on her face however, Priscilla was beginning to have second thoughts on the matter as her lover began to unzip his pants, letting his impressive pecker come flopping out, nudging her in the belly with it.

'B-But...I should be dead right now...and you're letting me-damnit Priscilla, just do what your...our body wants right now...I don't even have a lover to call my own anyway...and well...doing it with someone like Curt...I don't m-abn!-oh god Sammi I-ohh!-Who's even speaking right neowww!'

But it wasn't as if the two women had a choice after all as Sammi's voice gets cut off midway through as Curt takes the first move, raising Priscilla up before impaling her on his member, sending the two minds reeling in unison as they had their first times taken together. Finding themselves instantly pushed down into the sands as they made out with Curt, neither one leaving the other out as they shared the experience as a single individual.



By the time the three of them had blown through their last reserves of energy, Curt had picked his lover up before fucking her silly all the way back to his room. Falling limp on the bed together with Priscilla and Sammi unable to even utter a coherent word with their aching pussy dribbling a fresh load of semen onto the fabric. Swallowed by the darkness of sleep that seemed even more deeper than it usually had been when compared to the usual moments when the pair went to sleep...

Coming to as a ray of sunshine falls down on their sweat slick face, the woman awakens to the faint scent of cum in the air mixed in with her perfume. Staring down at the powerful body of a young man lying sprawled in the bed, still fast asleep.

"Where...who...am I?"

Raising her hands up to gaze at her pristine digits, the blue haired lady thinks back to the events of the past two weeks, frowning at the conflicting memories rushing by as she struggles to focus. Seeing strange moments of working tirelessly in an office meshing with what looked like a photoshoot, posing for a variety of cameras aimed at her before coming to a realization as the image of a bikini flickers into mind, of the man that had been drawn to it and the resulting two weeks spent waiting to take part in some swimsuit competition that ended up being a lackluster farce.

"Sammi? Are you there? Or...was it Priscilla? Hello?"

But there was no second voice to answer her call, just total silence broken by Curt's occasional snore. She could recall memories from the two personalities that were supposed to inhabit her body, but now there wasn't a second voice to goad her on about her femininity or reprimand her outgoing behavior. It was just her now. A perfect fusion of Sammi and Priscilla with the latter's body.

Sighing as she palms her face in frustration, the woman falls back onto the bed, incapable and not willing to even try to understand what was going on here. From a possessed bikini to a tragic love story and now personality fusion? It was simply too much for a two week vacation at a beach resort.

Turning over to face Curt however, one thing she did realize was that Priscilla's lingering love for the man had bled over to the male persona of Sammi, feeling a combined warmth building in her chest as she slides over to the naked man, snuggling close and letting him rest his face on her bosom, instantly feeling relieved as if her troubles were lifted off her shoulders. Sammi, Priscilla, whoever she was now, that didn't quite matter now did it? She had a life to live, and if things went well with Curt, which it undoubtedly would; a lovely husband.

"Crap...I've still got work tomorrow...these two weeks have been strange as all hell...I'm Sammi...and Priscilla...nothing hard about that now I guess...m'tired..."

Retreating back to the comforts of sleep as Curt's massive arms cradle her close, Sammi falls back asleep in her lover's embrace with the blue string bikini and it's accessories left abandoned on the sands outside, finally loosening their grip on the shores as an exceptionally strong wave hits, dragging the abandoned swimwear out to sea as it finally sinks to the sea floor below with its emotional and spiritual baggage finally lifted...

THE END