

SKIN DEEP: THE POSSESSION DEVICE

An artifact-fueled possession story by JohnManTD

Chapter 1

The Discovery

The Pacific Ocean was a deep, impossible blue, stretching out to a horizon that felt like the edge of the world. I paddled, my arms burning with a satisfying ache, a rhythm honed over years of early morning surf sessions before the tourists and the wannabes clogged the breaks. The cool salt spray kissed my face, washing away the lingering exhaustion from a late-night coding session. This was my happy place. This was my normal.

Life, for me, Jordan, was a pretty good gig. Nineteen, sophomore year at UCLA, riding a comfortable wave of decent grades in my Computer Science degree, a part-time job at the campus gym that mostly involved me telling people where the towels were, and a casual dating life that was uncomplicated and fun. I wasn't a super-jock, not a frat-bro chugging beer from a funnel, but I wasn't a complete hermit either. I had my friends, my surfboard, and a general, easy-going optimism that things would probably work out. My roommate, Kyle, was my anchor to a more predictable world. He was the yin to my yang – quiet, introverted, and deeply, almost surgically, attached to his high school sweetheart, Emily. They were that couple, the ones who had probably picked out baby names during their junior prom. It was cute, in a slightly baffling, co-dependent kind of way. My life wasn't a beige-colored wasteland of ennui; it was a sun-drenched LA afternoon – pleasant, warm, and full of unspoken, easy-going potential. Not incredible, maybe, but definitely not bad.

I was walking across campus after my last class of the day, the sun warm on my shoulders, my backpack slung loosely, my mind already drifting towards the promise of the ocean, when I saw it. A glint of something dark and sleek on the grass near the main quad, half-hidden beneath a sprawling oak tree. People milled around, laughing, talking, lost in their own worlds, completely oblivious to the small object lying there.

Curiosity piqued, I ambled over. It looked like a tiny, impossibly thin smartphone, maybe the size of a credit card, fashioned from a smooth, matte black material that seemed to absorb

the light. There was no brand name, no logo. Just a small, circular dial on the side, a single, large, unmarked button on its face, and a tiny, dark display above it.

I picked it up. It was cool to the touch, surprisingly heavy for its size. I glanced around, holding it up slightly. "Anyone drop this?" I called out, my voice swallowed by the campus chatter. No one even glanced my way.

I looked back down at the device. The tiny display had flickered to life, showing a name in crisp white text: "Madison Clark." Below it, a timer: "0:00." I frowned. I didn't know any Madison Clark. I turned the device over in my hand, and as it faced a different direction, towards a guy tossing a frisbee, the name on the screen instantly changed: "Ethan Vance."

A weird shiver traced its way down my spine. Okay. That was... strange. Some kind of weird facial recognition thing? I slowly panned the device across the crowded quad. With each new person it faced, the name on the display shifted instantly, perfectly. It was picking up their full, legal names, as if plucking them directly from some cosmic database. This wasn't just facial recognition; this was something else. Something impossible.

My eyes landed on a familiar figure sitting on a bench, laughing with a group of friends. Ashley Peterson. A girl from my advanced algorithms group project. She was smart, a little quiet, with straight blonde hair that always seemed to catch the light. I aimed the device at her. The name on the display instantly flashed: "Ashley Peterson."

My heart did a nervous little stutter-step. This was freaky. Really freaky. This had to be some kind of advanced, probably illegal, piece of tech from some obscure campus research project. I should probably just turn it in to the lost and found.

But my fingers found the small dial on the side. I turned it. The timer on the display changed. 1:00. One minute. I rotated it further. 2:00. 5:00. 10:00. It seemed to go up indefinitely. What was this thing? A timer for what?

My gaze drifted back to Ashley. A reckless, stupid, purely scientific curiosity took hold. What would happen? What was the worst that could happen? It would probably just beep at her or something. Just a one-minute test.

I set the dial back to 1:00, aimed the device squarely at her back, took a deep breath, and pressed the big, unmarked button on its face.

The world didn't just lurch; it dissolved.

A wave of vertigo, so intense it made my vision blur into a kaleidoscope of green grass and blue sky, slammed into me. The feeling was like being violently unplugged from reality and plugged back in somewhere else, my brain still reeling from the sudden, jarring transition. One second, I was standing by the oak tree, the sun warm on my back. The next... I was sitting on a hard wooden bench, the chatter of voices around me suddenly louder, closer, the sun hitting my face from a different angle.

My head swam. What the hell? Did I just... teleport? I looked down, expecting to see the strange device in my hand. But my hand was empty. The device was gone. My backpack was gone. Everything was gone.

And then I noticed my hands... They weren't my hands.

My hands are... well, they're guy hands. Slightly calloused from my surfboard, nails kept short, a light tan from hours in the sun. These hands... they were different. Slender, smaller, with long, delicate fingers and perfectly manicured, pale pink nails. A faint, sweet scent of cherry blossom lotion seemed to emanate from them. I turned them over, staring, my mind struggling to process the impossible data my eyes were feeding it.

"What the fuck?" I tried to say, but the voice that came out wasn't mine. It was... high. Melodic. Undeniably, terrifyingly, female. I tried to clear my throat, to cough, but the sound that emerged was a delicate, bird-like chirp.

Panic, cold and sharp, began to claw its way up my throat. I looked down at myself. And my world tilted on its axis.

Strands of hair, long and straight and honey-blonde, fell into my eyes, obscuring my vision. I reached up with my new, delicate hand to brush them away, the texture silky, alien. My clothes... they weren't my worn-out jeans and faded UCLA t-shirt. I was wearing a light, floral sundress, the fabric soft against my skin, my legs bare beneath it, crossed elegantly at the ankle. And on my chest... oh god, on my chest. Two soft, definite mounds pressed against the thin fabric of the dress. Not huge, but undeniably, unmistakably, breasts. They shifted slightly as I breathed, a subtle, alien weight on my ribcage.

My hands flew to my chest, my slender fingers brushing against them through the cotton.

They were soft. Real. I squeezed one, a gasp escaping my new, high-pitched throat as a strange, tingling sensation shot through me.

I was in her body.

I was in Ashley Peterson's body.

I wasn't just seeing through her eyes; I was her. I was inhabiting her skin, her clothes, her voice. I was possessing her.

A scream, a real, full-throated, terrified scream, was building in my lungs, but I choked it back down, my mind a chaotic whirlwind of pure, unadulterated panic. My body. Where was my body?!

I scrambled to my feet, the movement feeling strange, off-balance in this new, lighter frame. The sundress swirled around my bare legs. The slight sway of my new breasts was a constant, distracting presence. I spun around, my eyes frantically scanning the spot by the oak tree where I'd been standing just a minute – a lifetime – ago.

Nothing.

No trace of me. My backpack, my laptop with all my half-finished assignments on it, my wallet, my keys... all gone. Vanished. As if I had been erased from existence.

"No, no, no, no, no," I whispered, Ashley's voice trembling with my terror. I started to run towards the spot, my new legs feeling long and graceful but utterly unfamiliar, my bare feet slapping against the warm pavement. The sensation of my breasts bouncing with each stride, of my long blonde hair flying behind me, of the sundress fluttering against my thighs... it was a symphony of alien sensations, a sensory overload that threatened to shatter my sanity.

I reached the oak tree, my chest heaving, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm. Nothing. Just grass. Empty space. It was like I had never been there.

Was this permanent? Was I stuck like this? Was I Ashley Peterson now, forever, my own life, my own body, just... deleted from reality? The panic was a physical thing now, a cold, crushing weight in my chest. My laptop... my fucking laptop! All my work was on there! Wait, priorities, Jordan! You're a fucking woman right now! A strange, hysterical giggle bubbled up in my throat.

But before I could completely lose my mind, before the scream I was holding back could finally tear itself free, the world lurched again.

One moment, I was Ashley, standing on the grass, consumed by terror. The next, the vertigo hit, a nauseating, dizzying spin, and then... I was back.

I was standing by the oak tree again, the sun warm on my back, my familiar, worn-out jeans and t-shirt clinging to my skin, my heavy backpack slung over my shoulder. And in my hand, cool and solid and impossibly real, was the strange black device.

I blinked, my head swimming. Did I imagine it? Was I having a stroke? A heat-induced hallucination? It had felt so real, every sensation, every terrifying detail etched into my brain. But here I was. Back in my own body. As if nothing had happened.

And then I looked up. Standing right in front of me, almost close enough to touch, was Ashley Peterson.

She was right where I had been standing, in her body, a moment ago. She looked... disoriented. She blinked, shaking her head slightly, as if clearing a fog. Her eyes, which were a startling shade of blue up close, seemed to focus on me for the first time.

“Oh, sorry, excuse me,” she said, her voice a little shaky as she took a half-step back, bumping into me slightly. She offered a small, apologetic smile. “Oops, sorry. Don’t know what came over me. Must have zoned out for a second.” She gave her head one last little shake, then hurried away across the quad, quickly rejoining her friends, who didn’t seem to have even noticed her brief, trance-like departure.

Zoned out.

I watched her go, my heart pounding against my ribs. Had I... had I really possessed her? For a full minute? The device in my hand felt suddenly heavier, more dangerous. I looked down at it. The display was no longer showing Ashley’s name; it had already targeted someone new walking past. But the timer... it was still set to 1:00. One minute. One minute had passed. And then I had returned.

I frantically checked my pockets. Wallet, keys, phone... all there. I shrugged off my backpack, unzipping it with trembling fingers. My laptop was nestled inside, safe and sound. It

was as if I had never left this spot. As if the last sixty seconds of terrifying, gender-bending, existential horror had happened in some alternate dimension, some pocket of reality that only I had experienced.

What in the ever-loving, interdimensional fuck did I just find?

My dorm room felt like a sanctuary, a bastion of normalcy in a world that had suddenly, terrifyingly, revealed its chaotic, reality-bending underbelly. Kyle wasn't there, thank god. His side of the room was neat, almost sterile, his textbooks stacked in precise, orderly piles, a framed picture of him and Emily, his high-school-sweetheart-turned-lifelong-anchor, perched on his nightstand. They were smiling, their faces aglow with the kind of uncomplicated, G-rated happiness that seemed to exist in a different universe from the one I had just briefly, terrifyingly, inhabited.

I threw the device onto my bed, where it landed with a soft, ominous thud on my rumpled duvet. I sank into my desk chair, my legs feeling shaky, my mind still reeling from the sensory whiplash. My hands... they were my hands again. Calloused, familiar, undeniably male. My chest was flat. My hair was short. My voice, when I cleared my throat, was my own familiar, unremarkable baritone. But the phantom sensations lingered. The feeling of long hair brushing my cheeks. The soft, alien weight of breasts on my chest. The shocking, terrifying absence between my legs.

It wasn't real. It couldn't be. My mind was playing tricks on me. Stress from my upcoming midterms, maybe? Dehydration? A particularly vivid daydream? I was gaslighting myself, trying to cram the impossible, reality-shattering experience back into a neat, logical box. It had to be a hallucination.

But then I pictured Ashley. Her disoriented expression. Her words: "Must have zoned out for a second." And her location – standing exactly where I had been, in her body, when the possession had ended. That wasn't a hallucination. That was... corroborating evidence.

Maybe it was some kind of... freaky science experiment from the university? A piece of advanced neuro-tech, maybe? Something that created a shared, hyper-realistic, virtual reality experience? It was a stretch, a massive, desperate leap of logic, but it was still more plausible than... actual magic. Right?

I was spiraling, my thoughts a chaotic mess of denial, fear, and a burgeoning, undeniable curiosity. I picked up the device again, turning it over in my hands. It felt cool, inert now. But I knew the power it held.

Then, a thought, a single, stabilizing piece of logic, cut through the panic. The timer. When the timer ran out, I had returned. Everything had reset. Ashley, the target, hadn't seemed to notice anything beyond a brief moment of disorientation. Her mind had created a plausible explanation, a cover story for the lost minute. So... as long as the timer ran out, as long as I returned... it was safe? Ish? Maybe the device, whatever it was, had some kind of built-in failsafe, a magical protocol to cover its own tracks, to prevent its victims from realizing they'd been used as a temporary meat-puppet.

The thought was strangely calming. If the target was unaware, if reality just... papered over the cracks... then where was the real harm?

I needed to know more. I needed to test it again. To prove I wasn't crazy. To understand the rules of this impossible new game.

I crept out of my room, my heart pounding a nervous rhythm. The dorm hallway was quiet, the air thick with the smell of stale pizza and cheap air freshener. My neighbor's door, room 2B, was slightly ajar. His name was Dave. That's all I knew about him. He was in my year, different major, a quiet, lanky guy I occasionally exchanged awkward nods with in the hallway. We weren't friends, not even close. But he was... convenient. A perfect, low-stakes test subject.

I knocked on his door. It swung open to reveal Dave, looking slightly startled, a pair of oversized headphones around his neck. "Uh, hey, Jordan," he said, clearly surprised to see me. "What's up?"

"Hey, Dave," I said, trying to sound casual, my voice surprisingly steady. "Sorry to bother you, man, but could you give me a hand with something real quick? My laptop's acting up again, and I know you're good with this stuff." A complete lie, of course. I knew more about laptops than he probably ever would. But it was a plausible excuse.

"Oh, uh, sure," he said, shrugging. He followed me into my room, looking around at the controlled chaos of my side, then the monastic neatness of Kyle's. "What seems to be the

problem?”

“Just... this thing,” I said vaguely, pointing at my sleeping laptop. While his back was turned, I pulled the device from my pocket. My hands were shaking, but my resolve was firm. I needed to know.

I aimed it at his back. His name, “David Chen,” flashed onto the screen. I twisted the dial. Five minutes. Long enough for a proper test.

My thumb hovered over the button. This was it. No turning back. I pressed it.

The world dissolved again, the now-familiar lurch, the dizzying sense of psychic displacement. When my vision cleared, I was standing over my own desk, looking down at my laptop. But I was taller now. The room seemed slightly smaller. I looked down at my hands. They were long, pale, with bony knuckles. Dave’s hands.

It worked. I was Dave.

My own body, Jordan’s body, was gone. Vanished again. The chair I’d just been sitting in was empty. Okay. So that was a consistent part of the mechanic. My original form gets put into... storage, somewhere, for the duration.

I took a tentative step. Dave’s body felt... gangly. All long limbs and awkward angles. I felt stronger, though, a wiry strength I didn’t possess. I cleared my throat, and a voice that was higher than mine, slightly nasal, came out. “Whoa,” I said aloud, the sound strange, alien. It’s real. This is really happening.

A surge of pure, exhilarating power shot through me. I could be anyone. Anyone.

I walked out of my room, into the hallway, moving in Dave’s skin. A couple of girls from down the hall passed me. “Hey, Dave,” one of them said with a friendly wave.

“Hey,” I replied automatically, Dave’s voice sounding surprisingly natural. They smiled and continued on their way, none the wiser. I could walk around this whole campus as Dave, and no one would ever know. I could go to his classes, talk to his friends... The possibilities were staggering. And terrifying.

I headed for the communal bathroom at the end of the hall. I needed to see. The mirror was

smudged, the lighting harsh, but the face that stared back was undeniably Dave's. Lanky brown hair, pale skin, a scattering of freckles across his nose, kind but slightly nervous brown eyes. It was his face. But my mind, my consciousness, was looking out from behind his eyes. I made him smile. I made him frown. It was the most uncanny, disorienting thing I had ever experienced. I reached up, touching his face, feeling the unfamiliar contours, the slight roughness of his five-o'clock shadow. Then, driven by a morbid curiosity, I pulled down the waistband of his sweatpants. Yep. Dave's dick. Different from mine. Uncircumcised. Interesting.

I was so engrossed in this bizarre, out-of-body experience that I almost didn't feel it. The lurch. The world dissolving again.

And then, I was back.

I was standing in my dorm room, in my own body, the device cool and solid in my hand. The chair was empty. My laptop was still sleeping. I looked at the timer on the device. 0:00. Five minutes had passed.

I waited, my heart pounding. Was Dave back in his own room? Or in the bathroom? What would he remember?

A few moments later, my dorm room door opened, and Dave poked his head in. He looked... normal. A little confused, maybe. "Hey, man," he said, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. "Sorry about that. Don't know what came over me. I was just about to look at your laptop, and then I suddenly had to pee. Like, really, really bad. Just ran to the bathroom. Everything okay?"

My mind reeled. He remembered having to pee. The device had retroactively implanted a plausible reason for his actions, for his five-minute absence. He didn't recall all the things I did as him, pulling those faces, exploring my reflection as him, inspecting his junk. It had covered its own tracks perfectly. "Uh, yeah, man," I said, trying to sound casual. "Everything's good. While you were gone, I actually fixed it. Just had to restart it. Classic IT solution, right?"

"Oh, cool," Dave said, clearly relieved. "Well, glad it's working. Let me know if you need anything else." He gave a little wave and disappeared, his door closing a moment later.

I collapsed onto my bed, my mind buzzing. It was real. It was repeatable. It was, as far as I could tell, safe for the target. And the power... the sheer, intoxicating power of it... was

unbelievable. I could be anyone. I could go anywhere. I could experience anything.

The possibilities began to swirl in my mind, a dizzying array of fantasies, of experiments, of... opportunities. What would happen if I possessed someone for a long time? Did something that's very out of character for them? Would it still cover my tracks? What could I even do with this power?

Before I could get too lost in my new god-complex, my phone buzzed, vibrating against the duvet. I glanced at the screen. A reminder notification. Oh, shit.

"4:30 PM - One-on-one w/ Mrs. Flemming."

I'd completely forgotten. My extra help session for 'Advanced Data Structures,' the one class that was actively trying to destroy my GPA. Mrs. Flemming, my professor, had been nice enough to offer me extra tutoring after class, and I was already late.

"Shit, shit, shit," I muttered, scrambling to my feet. The testing, the exhilarating discovery, would have to wait. I grabbed my backpack, shoving my laptop and the strange device inside, and bolted out the door.

I arrived at her office, breathless and five minutes late. Mrs. Flemming was at her desk, grading papers, a pair of stylish glasses perched on her nose.

She looked up as I entered, a warm, gentle smile erasing the slight frown of impatience.

"Jordan," she said, her voice a smooth, melodic alto that always managed to be both professional and vaguely comforting. "There you are. I was beginning to think you'd stood me up." She walked over to greet me with her warm and inviting smile.

"Sorry, Mrs. Flemming," I panted, dropping into the chair opposite her desk. "Lost track of time."

"It's alright," she said, her smile widening. "Let's just hope you're a bit more attentive with your binary search trees, hmm?"

God, she was hot. It was a thought I tried to suppress every time I was in her office, but it was unavoidable. She wasn't hot in the intimidating, high-fashion way. Mrs. Flemming was... a MILF. A bona fide, top-tier, ideal of a MILF. Maybe mid-late thirties?

Her brown hair was usually tied up in a way that was professional but hinted at a wild, untamable mane just waiting to be released. Her face was kind, with laugh lines around her eyes and a smile that felt genuinely warm. And her body... Jesus Christ, her body. She had a figure that defied both gravity and logic. A trim waist, decent hips and long legs, all wrapped up in a professional but form-fitting black pencil skirt. Sheer black stockings disappeared up under the hem, a tantalizing hint of forbidden territory. And her chest... her chest was legendary. Enormous, perfectly round, comically large for her otherwise slender frame, straining heroically against the fabric of a tight, pale pink top. They were magnificent, awe-inspiring, a wonder of the natural world.

I had always maintained a respectful, professional distance. She was my professor. A great teacher, genuinely helpful, one of the few people who could actually make complex algorithms make sense to my surfer-addled brain. And I was her student. The lines were clear.

The tutoring session began as usual. She patiently walked me through recursion, sketched out data flow diagrams on a whiteboard, her magnificent breasts pressing softly against the board as she leaned forward to write. I tried to focus, I really did. But my mind kept drifting. The stress of the class, the looming threat of the final exam, the fear of having to retake this goddamn course and torpedoing my GPA... it was all swirling in my head.

My gaze drifted to her desk. To a thick manila folder, sitting innocently beside her computer monitor. The label, written in her neat, feminine handwriting, read: "ADS - FINAL EXAM - MASTER ANSWER KEY."

The world seemed to slow down. The air grew thick. It was right there. The solution to all my problems. The easy way out.

If only... if only I could get a look at it. Just a quick peek. Snap a few pictures with my phone.

She saw me looking. A gentle, knowing smile touched her lips. "Ah, ah, ah, Jordan," she chided softly, wagging a finger at me. "Don't even think about it. I know it's tempting, but let's not take the easy way out. It's important to actually learn this stuff! It'll make you a better programmer in the long run."

She was right, of course. But the long run felt very far away. The short run, the one where I didn't have to pay to retake this class, where my GPA didn't take a nosedive, felt much more

pressing. The cost of college these days was no joke. A failing grade wasn't just an academic setback; it was a financial one. I didn't want to end up working at Walmart or slinging lattes for the rest of my life because I couldn't grasp the concept of a Fibonacci heap.

And then I remembered. The device. In my backpack.

The thought was instantaneous. Insidious. Perfect.

I could... I could possess her. Just for a little. Long enough to open the folder, take pictures of the answer key with my phone, and then... return. She would just "zone out" for a bit. She'd never know. It was foolproof. It was wrong, yes. Deeply, profoundly unethical. A complete violation of her trust, her privacy, her bodily autonomy.

But it was also... so easy. And she wouldn't even notice right? Would she? What would she even remember? And I couldn't use my phone to take pictures, because my phone seemed to disappear along with me when I used the device? I'd have to write the answers onto some paper and then leave the paper somewhere for me to grab when I change back? Maybe I could just take it to my dorm and leave it there?

Yes. That's it. That's the plan.

While she was turned away, erasing a diagram on the whiteboard, my hand slipped into my backpack. My fingers closed around the cool, smooth shape of the device. My heart hammered against my ribs. This was a new level of transgression. This wasn't just curiosity anymore; this was for personal gain. A cheat code for life.

I pulled it out, keeping it low, shielded by my backpack. Her name, "Eleanor Flemming," flashed onto the screen. I twisted the dial. Thirty minutes. Should be more than enough time.

She turned back towards me, still explaining something about algorithmic complexity, her magnificent chest swaying with the movement. Her back was partially to me, her attention focused on the whiteboard. It was now or never.

My thumb, trembling slightly, found the button. I took a deep breath, braced myself, and pressed it.

The world dissolved into that familiar, sickening lurch.

A moment later, my vision cleared. I was standing by the whiteboard, a dry-erase marker still clutched in my hand. My own hand? No. A slender, delicate, female hand, with pale pink, perfectly manicured nails. I looked across the desk, at the empty chair I had just been inhabiting. No trace of me. Jordan was gone again.

I looked down.

And my world became a sea of soft, pink fabric, stretched to its absolute limit over two of the most enormous, magnificent, breathtakingly large breasts I had ever seen.

I couldn't even see my stomach. My entire field of vision, looking down, was just... tit. An endless, glorious, overwhelming expanse of soft, heavy, female breast, straining against a tight pink blouse.

I tentatively, reverently, reached up with my new, delicate hands and cupped them. They were... monumental. Heavy. So incredibly heavy. Like carrying around two warm, impossibly soft watermelons on my chest. They filled my hands, spilled over them, the sheer volume almost comical.

I tried to speak, to say something, anything, but the voice that came out was a smooth, melodic, breathtakingly sexy alto that was both utterly alien and intoxicatingly familiar.

"Holy shit," Mrs. Flemming's voice whispered, my voice now. "I'm Mrs. Flemming."

I couldn't believe it. I was inside her. Inhabiting this incredible, top-heavy, MILF goddess body. The tight black pencil skirt hugged my new hips. The sheer black stockings felt like a second skin against my long legs.

My eyes darted to the folder on the desk. The answers. That was the mission.

I rushed over, or rather, attempted to rush. My first few steps in Mrs. Flemming's body were a clumsy, uncoordinated disaster. Her magnificent breasts, which had seemed so glorious from a distance, were now a very real, very present obstacle. They swayed with a heavy, pendulous momentum of their own, throwing my balance off with every hurried step. And the heels... oh god, the heels. They were needle-thin stilettos, at least four inches high, turning my ankles into treacherous, wobbly pivot points. How did she move in these things? How did she navigate the world with this incredible, top-heavy, and frankly, hazardous physique?

I gripped the edge of her desk for support. Okay. Focus, Jordan. You're on the clock.

Answers.

I opened the folder. And there it was. The Holy Grail. Ten pages of neatly typed questions and detailed, handwritten answers, complete with diagrams and code snippets. The key to my academic survival.

It didn't take me long to find a spare piece of paper and a pen in one of her desk drawers. My new hands, Mrs. Flemming's hands, felt strange wrapped around the familiar plastic of a Bic pen.

The process was agonizingly slow. The breasts were a constant, distracting presence. Every time I leaned forward to write, they would press against the edge of the desk, the soft, heavy weight a constant, inescapable reminder of the body I now inhabited. The tight pink blouse, stretched to its absolute limit, felt like a second skin, the fabric brushing against my new, exquisitely sensitive nipples with every small movement, sending distracting little jolts of sensation through my chest.

The pencil skirt was even worse, constricting my hips, forcing me to sit with my knees pressed primly together in a way that felt utterly alien. I felt... contained. Trapped. And, to my profound confusion and shame, undeniably aroused.

But I stayed focused. I gritted my teeth, ignoring the distracting sway of my new chest, the uncomfortable tightness of the skirt, the confusing, burgeoning heat between my legs. I copied frantically, my cursive becoming slightly less elegant and more desperate as I went. Soon, it was done. Ten pages of perfect, exam-saving answers, scribbled onto a spare sheet of university letterhead.

My plan was simple: walk back to my dorm as Mrs. Flemming, leave the answer sheet on my desk, then... well, then figure out the next step. But as I stood up, stuffing the precious answer key into the pocket of my... her... skirt, I noticed something in the corner of the office, by the chair where I had been sitting.

My backpack. It was still there, slumped against the leg of the chair, exactly where I'd left it. My laptop, my textbooks, my own life's mundane paraphernalia, all present and accounted for.

Interesting. So, the device didn't just make my original body vanish. It only made the things

on my person disappear. My clothes, the device itself. Anything I was carrying, wearing, holding. But my backpack, which had been on the floor beside me... that remained. A tangible link to my old self, sitting right here in my professor's office.

I walked over, my hips swaying with a still-unfamiliar rhythm, and casually slung the backpack over my shoulder. It felt strange, the rough canvas straps a stark contrast to the delicate cotton of my top. A plan B was forming in my mind. No need for a risky trip across campus. I could just slip the answer sheet into my own backpack. Then, when I returned to my body, it would be right there with me. Perfect. Clean.

I slipped the folded piece of paper into the front pocket of the backpack, zipping it securely. Mission accomplished. I glanced at the clock on the wall. 4:45 PM. I'd set the possession timer for thirty minutes. Which meant I still had... twenty-five minutes left.

Twenty-five minutes.

This went much smoother than I expected, which meant I was stuck like this for now. The device, my only way back, was currently non-existent, in temporal storage along with my original body and clothes. Stuck as her, in her office, for the next twenty-five minutes.

A slow, wicked, utterly irresistible thought began to form in my mind. Twenty-five minutes. Alone. In this body.

I looked down at myself. At the magnificent, overwhelming swell of Mrs. Flemming's breasts straining against the tight pink blouse. She won't know, a treacherous little voice whispered in my head. The device, the possession... I wasn't sure how it would work, how she'd remember this, but it seemed pretty smart right? She'll never know what I... what her body... did during that time. The device covers its tracks. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. My one and only chance to experience... her.

The internal battle was brief, and frankly, not much of a battle at all. My curiosity, my long-suppressed fascination with the female form won a swift and decisive victory over my rapidly eroding sense of ethics and propriety. This was happening.

My heart pounded a frantic, exhilarating rhythm against Mrs. Flemming's ribs. My hands, her hands, were trembling as I reached for the bottom of her top. I fumbled with it for a moment, my breath catching in my throat, before I untucked it.

I am going to strip. I'm about to see and feel Mrs Flemming's tits. I can't believe this is happening. This is insane...