

SKIN DEEP: THE POSSESSION DEVICE

An artifact-fueled possession story by JohnManTD

Chapter 2

The Exploration

I was on the clock. My own self-imposed, reality-bending, ethically dubious clock. Twenty-five minutes. Alone. In the body of my professor, Eleanor Flemming. A body that felt less like a human vessel and more like a work of art, a masterpiece of soft curves and impossible proportions that I was currently, miraculously, piloting. The answer key, my golden ticket out of academic purgatory, was safely tucked away in my own backpack, a mission accomplished with an efficiency that almost scared me. The primary objective was complete. And now... now came the extracurriculars.

The office was silent save for the low hum of the desktop computer and the frantic, thunderous pounding of Mrs. Flemming's heart, a rhythm dictated entirely by my own escalating excitement. A slow, wicked, utterly irresistible grin spread across her beautiful face, my face, for now. My gaze drifted down that impossible, breathtaking slope of her chest. The tight pink blouse, which had seemed so alluring from my student's chair, was now a prison of stretched fabric, a thin veneer of professionalism barely containing the magnificent reality beneath.

She'll never know. The thought wasn't just a whisper anymore; it was a roaring chorus in my head, drowning out the last vestiges of my conscience. The device, this incredible, terrifying artifact, had proven its ability to paper over the cracks in reality. It would create a narrative, a plausible fiction to account for the lost time. Dave had needed to pee. Ashley had zoned out. Whatever happened in this office over the next twenty-odd minutes would be smoothed over, rewritten, explained away by some strange, elegant, neurological magic. This was a free pass. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to explore the ultimate mystery, to answer the question that had plagued mankind since the dawn of time: what is it really like?

The internal battle was a laughable farce. My curiosity, stoked to a fever pitch by the sheer, overwhelming reality of this body, had already won. My hands, her hands, were trembling, not

with fear, but with a giddy, electric anticipation. I reached for the hem of the pink blouse. The cotton fabric was soft, almost silky, against my—her—delicate fingertips. I fumbled for a moment, my breath catching in my throat, a strange, choked gasp escaping her lips. Then, with a slow, deliberate movement, I pulled the top up and over my head.

The air in the office, kept cool by the central AC, felt like a thousand tiny ice crystals against my newly exposed skin. I dropped the blouse onto her desk, my eyes fixated on the reflection in the dark screen of her sleeping computer monitor. And there she was. There I was. Clad only in a black pencil skirt, sheer stockings, and a lacy, formidable piece of engineering that could only be described as a bra.

It was a delicate, black lace creation, but it was built like a suspension bridge. The straps were wide, digging slightly into my soft shoulders, bearing a load that seemed physically impossible. The cups were enormous, two deep, dark bowls of lace and satin tasked with corralling the magnificent, untamed flesh that strained against them. The cleavage on display was... epic. A deep, shadowed valley plunging down between two monumental, perfectly spherical mountains of soft flesh. I could see the upper swell of each breast, pale and smooth and impossibly round, spilling over the top of the lace, threatening to escape their confinement at any moment.

I ran a tentative finger along the edge of the bra, tracing the line where lace met skin. The flesh was warm, impossibly soft, yielding under the slightest pressure. A shiver, completely involuntary, ran down my spine. This was insane. This was my professor. And I was about to see her naked.

My fingers moved to her skirt. It had a simple zipper on the side, and it slid down with a quiet, satisfying *zzzzip*. The skirt pooled around my ankles, and I stepped out of it, kicking it aside. Now it was just the stockings, a garter belt I hadn't even realized she was wearing, a pair of simple, black lace panties, and that incredible, heroic bra. Her body, the parts that weren't her chest, was surprisingly slender. A flat, toned stomach, with the faint outline of abs. A small, neat innie belly button. Hips that flared out just enough to give her a classic hourglass shape, and long, slender legs that seemed to go on for miles, encased in the sheer black nylon of her stockings. Her ass, I noted with a quick glance over my shoulder in the monitor's reflection, was nice. Round, perky, but not overwhelmingly large. It was a perfectly proportioned, athletic body... with the most gargantuan, gravity-defying breasts imaginable

tacked onto the front. They were completely out of scale, a magnificent, beautiful, glorious anatomical anomaly.

I took a deep breath, my chest, her chest, rising and falling with the motion. It was time. My hands, now surprisingly steady, moved behind my back, fumbling for the clasp. Three hooks. Of course. It took a moment of awkward contorting, but then I felt the tension release. Click. Click. Click.

The bra didn't so much come off as surrender. The straps went slack, and I shrugged them off my shoulders. And then... they were free.

The feeling was indescribable. A sudden, shocking release of weight. They didn't just hang; they settled. Two enormous, heavy, pendulous orbs of flesh, swaying forward with a momentum that almost pulled me off balance. I had to take a step back, my hands flying out to brace myself on the desk.

"Holy... fuck," I whispered, her voice a breathy, stunned exhale.

I stared down at them, my mind struggling to process the sight. They were even bigger than I had imagined. Perfectly round, impossibly full, with large, pinkish-brown areolas and nipples that were currently hard and puckered from the cool air and my own rampant excitement. They weren't fake, there were no scars, they were just... naturally, impossibly, magnificently huge. The skin was pale and smooth, crisscrossed with a faint, delicate network of blue veins, a testament to the sheer volume of tissue they contained. They hung heavy on my chest, the weight a constant, palpable presence, pulling down on my slender frame.

I reached out, my hands trembling, and cupped them. One in each hand. And my hands weren't nearly big enough. They were heavy. So, so heavy. Warm, soft, yielding. I squeezed them gently, and a jolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure shot through me, a sensation so alien and so intense it made my knees weak. I lifted them, feeling their full, incredible weight, then let them fall back against my chest with a soft, fleshy slap.

I stumbled over to the full-length mirror that hung on the back of her office door, the one she probably used to check her outfit before class. And I just... stared.

The reflection was a fever dream. Her face, my face, flushed with excitement. Her long, slender neck. Her delicate shoulders. And then... the breasts. They dominated the image, two

glorious, pale orbs hanging heavy and full, their sheer size making the rest of her body look almost doll-like in comparison. I turned to the side, and the view was even more shocking. They projected out from my chest, a magnificent, pendulous shelf of flesh, swaying with even the slightest movement. I bounced on the balls of my feet, and they jiggled and swayed with a life of their own, a mesmerizing, hypnotic dance of soft, heavy flesh.

This was power. A different kind of power than the device offered. This was the raw, primal power of the female form, and I was experiencing it from the inside out.

And then, I got an idea. A brilliant, terrible, utterly perfect idea.

My camera. My old Pentax K1000 film camera. I had taken it with me to the beach this morning, hoping to get some cool shots of the early morning surf. It was still in my backpack, tucked away in its padded case.

My backpack. Which was sitting right there, by the chair.

A wicked, giddy laugh escaped my lips, Mrs. Flemming's voice ringing with a sound she had probably never made in her life. This was too good to pass up. A souvenir. A memento. Proof that this hadn't been some bizarre, elaborate dream.

I practically ran to the backpack, my new, magnificent breasts bouncing wildly with each step. I fumbled with the zipper, my hands shaking with a mixture of excitement and a strange, narcissistic thrill. I pulled out the camera. It felt heavy and solid and wonderfully familiar in my delicate new hands.

I checked the film counter. Twenty-four exposures left. More than enough.

I turned back to the mirror, the camera feeling like a strange, metallic extension of my new body. I looked at the reflection. Mrs. Flemming, my brilliant, respected, and impossibly hot professor, standing topless in her office, holding a vintage film camera. It was a scene straight out of a bizarre, high-concept porno.

I lifted the camera to my eye, the cool metal pressing against my cheek. I looked through the viewfinder, focusing on the reflection. On my own—her own—magnificent, naked chest. My finger found the shutter button.

Click-whirr.

The sound of the shutter opening and closing, of the film advancing, was deafeningly loud in the silent office. And it was the sexiest sound I had ever heard.

I took another. And another. I posed, turning this way and that, experimenting with angles, with lighting. One shot from the side, emphasizing the incredible projection. One from below, making them look even more monumental. I leaned forward, letting them hang free, and took a picture looking straight down the dizzying cleavage. I cupped them, squeezed them, lifted them, capturing every angle, every curve, every glorious, impossible detail. I was creating a private gallery, a secret collection of forbidden art, and I was both the artist and the subject. After a dozen shots, I put the camera down, my heart pounding, my body flushed with a strange, exhilarating heat. I looked at myself in the mirror again, my chest rising and falling rapidly. And that's when I noticed it. A new sensation. A warmth. A dampness. Between my legs.

My gaze drifted down, past the flat, toned expanse of my stomach, to the simple, black lace panties that were the last remaining piece of her lingerie. The fabric was... damp. A dark patch had formed right at the center, a clear indication of a physiological response I was intellectually aware of, but had never, ever experienced firsthand.

I was wet. Seeing my own new body, exploring it, photographing it... it had aroused me. Aroused her. This body was responding to my thoughts, my actions, with an instinctual, primal desire that was completely new to me.

My hand, as if with a will of its own, drifted down. I tentatively touched the damp fabric of the panties. The heat, the moisture, was a shock. "Whoa," I breathed, her voice barely a whisper. This was... weird. So weird. I'd been with girls before. I was familiar with the mechanics, the end result. But to feel it from this side, to feel the slick, hot wetness bloom between my own legs in response to my own arousal... it was a paradigm shift.

I sat on the edge of her sturdy oak desk, spreading my legs slightly, trying to get a better look. I lifted the panties slightly. There it was. Her pussy. Neat, with a small, tidy triangle of trimmed brown hair, the lips pink and swollen and glistening with moisture. It was beautiful. An intricate, delicate piece of biological architecture that I was suddenly, desperately, curious to explore.

With a trembling finger, I reached down and touched myself beneath the panties. The flesh

was impossibly soft, sensitive. I traced the outline of her outer lips, then gently parted them. The wetness was... incredible. Slick, warm, inviting. This was so different from just looking. This was a tactile experience, a flood of new, overwhelming sensations.

I slipped a single, slender finger inside.

The feeling was... indescribable. A strange combination of pleasure and invasion. A sense of fullness, of being stretched, of a friction that was both alien and deeply, profoundly arousing. I pushed my finger in deeper, my whole body tensing, a low, guttural moan escaping my lips. God, this was turning me on. So much. The sensation was building, a tight, coiling knot of pleasure deep in my belly, a feeling I had never known, a desire I had never felt. I was completely lost in it, lost in her, lost in this sea of new, intoxicating sensations, my mind blanking, my focus narrowing to that single, incredible point of contact. I was just about to push my finger in deeper, to see where this incredible new feeling would lead, when the world lurched. Violently.

The now-familiar, sickening vertigo slammed into me, and for a split second, the universe dissolved into a chaotic swirl of color and sensation.

And then, I was back.

I was sitting in the student's chair, my own worn jeans and t-shirt clinging to my skin, my backpack heavy on the floor beside me. The device was back in my pocket, cool and inert. I blinked, my head swimming, my own, familiar male body feeling suddenly clumsy and wrong.

I looked up at Mrs. Flemming's desk.

And my blood ran cold.

She was there. But she wasn't sitting behind the desk. She was perched on top in the exact same position I had been a second ago. Topless. Her magnificent breasts were on full display, and her right hand... her right hand was buried between her legs, her fingers moving with a frantic, desperate rhythm under her panties.

Her eyes, which had been squeezed shut in a state of what looked like pure ecstasy, fluttered open. They were hazy, unfocused for a second, and then they widened in pure,

unadulterated horror as they landed on me.

“Oh my god!” she shrieked, her voice a high-pitched squeal of terror and embarrassment. She scrambled backwards, tumbling off the desk with a loud, undignified thud, disappearing from view behind it. There was a clatter of scattered papers and what sounded like a stapler hitting the floor.

“Oh my god! Jordan!” Her voice, muffled from behind the desk, was frantic, hysterical. “I... I didn’t realize you were back! From the... the bathroom! You were in the bathroom! Don’t scare me like that!” She was babbling, frantically trying to construct a narrative, her mind clearly reeling. “Sorry! Sorry! I was just... uh... checking myself! For moles! You know, a self-exam! It’s just... common woman stuff! You have to be careful!”

I stared, my mind racing, putting the pieces together. The bathroom. She thought I’d gone to the bathroom. And while I was gone, she had... started touching herself. The device... it was a fucking genius. It hadn’t just erased the memory of the possession; it had taken the final state I’d left her in, topless, hand in her panties, on the verge of orgasm, and woven a new, plausible memory around it. A memory where she was the one who had made those choices. A memory where she, the prim and proper Professor Flemming, had been overcome with a sudden, inexplicable urge to masturbate in her office in the middle of the afternoon, and had just gotten caught.

It was incredible. And horrifying. And absolutely, unequivocally, perfect.

“Uh, sorry, Mrs. Flemming,” I managed to stammer, trying my best to sound shocked and flustered, which wasn’t difficult.

There was a frantic scrambling from behind the desk, the rustle of fabric. A moment later, her head popped up. Her hair was a mess, her face was bright red, and she was clutching her pink blouse to her chest like a shield. “I... I am so, so sorry, Jordan,” she stammered, her eyes darting around the room, refusing to meet mine. “I think... I think maybe we should just... pick this up another time. Is that... is that okay?”

“Yeah, sure,” I said quickly, grabbing my backpack. “No problem at all.”

“I’ll... I’ll email you,” she said, her voice barely a whisper. She ducked back down behind the desk, presumably to continue the frantic search for her clothes and her dignity.

I didn't need to be told twice. I bolted from the office, not daring to look back, the image of my naked, flustered professor burned into my brain. She hadn't said a word about the camera. Hadn't mentioned me going through her bag. It was as if that part had been completely erased, overwritten by the more immediate, more embarrassing reality of her being caught in the act. The device didn't just alter memories; it seemed to prioritize, to create the most logical, most emotionally resonant cover story possible.

I half-walked, half-ran back to my dorm, my own body buzzing with a potent cocktail of adrenaline, residual arousal from Mrs. Flemming's body, and the sheer, intoxicating thrill of what I had just done. The world seemed sharper, more vibrant, charged with a secret energy that only I could see, that only I could wield.

Back in the sanctuary of my room, I collapsed onto my bed, pulling the sleek black device from my pocket. It lay heavy in my palm, a simple, innocuous object that held the power to rewrite reality. I tossed it up and down, the cool, smooth surface a comforting weight.

My mind was a whirlwind of possibilities, a chaotic storm of "what ifs." What if I possessed a girl and then I break up with her boyfriend? Would her memories shift to make her believe she'd wanted to? Would she stick with the decision after I'd left her body, convinced it was her own? Or would she be confused, telling her friends she'd had a momentary lapse in judgment? What if I possessed the captain of the basketball team right before the championship game? Would I suddenly inherit his years of training, his muscle memory, his god-tier fitness? Or would I be stuck in his athletic superstar body, fumbling the ball like the uncoordinated guy I was? The potential for chaos, for experimentation, for personal gain... it was limitless.

And then I remembered. The camera.

I scrambled to my backpack, pulling out the old Pentax. It felt different now. Sacred. It held a secret. It held Mrs. Flemming, topless and beautiful and completely unaware that she had posed for a private photoshoot. I clutched it to my chest, a giddy, triumphant laugh bubbling up from my throat. I had to get this roll developed. Tomorrow. First thing.

Just as I was getting lost in the fantasy of my future darkroom session, my phone buzzed. A text from Kyle.

Kyle: Hey man, Emily just cancelled. Mom stuff. So u don't need to clear out tonight.

That was our system. Unspoken but respected. If one of us had a girl coming over, the other would make himself scarce for the evening. It was a good system, built on mutual respect and a shared understanding of the limitations of dorm room privacy. But tonight, it seemed, was off.

I texted back immediately.

Me: cs?

The reply was almost instantaneous.

Kyle: fuck yeah

Counter-Strike 2 it was. A night of digital carnage, cheap pizza, and mindless banter. A perfect slice of my old, normal life.

But my life wasn't normal anymore. Not even close. I looked at the device in my hand. I had to tell Kyle. He was my best friend, my roommate, my partner in crime since freshman orientation. We had to test this thing together. To figure out its limits. And, if I was being honest with myself, I needed a witness. Someone to confirm that I wasn't losing my mind.

But how do you even begin that conversation? "Hey man, so I found this magic phone that lets me possess people. Wanna try?" He'd think I was high. Or crazy. Or both.

Just as I was trying to formulate a plan, another text from Kyle buzzed through.

Kyle: ugh just found out why she cancelled. her mom is in town for the night.

Kyle: i fucking hate her mom

A slow, wicked grin spread across my face. Emily's mom. Elise. I'd only met her a few times, but Kyle's stories had painted a vivid picture. She was, in his words, a terrifyingly pristine, intimidatingly successful, passive-aggressive she-dragon who thought no one, especially not a laid-back C-student like Kyle, was good enough for her perfect daughter, Emily. He bitched about her constantly, but whenever she was actually around, he turned into a stammering, sycophantic little puppy, desperate for her approval.

This was perfect. This was the prank. A way to test the device, mess with Kyle, and maybe, just maybe, see what it was like to be a powerful, intimidating, older woman.

A plan, brilliant and terrible and hilarious, began to form in my head, the details slotting into place with a satisfying click.

I pocketed the device, a new sense of purpose surging through me, and darted for the door.

The women's dorms were a foreign country, a land of pastel colors and scented candles that always made me feel like a clumsy, oversized intruder. Thankfully, I had an 'in.' Stacy, a girl from my Psych 101 class who I'd had a casual, on-again, off-again thing with for the past year, was just leaving as I arrived.

"Jordan!" she said, her eyes lighting up. "Stalking me again?"

"You wish, Miller," I shot back with an easy grin. "Just here to see a friend. You heading out?"

"Yeah, study group," she said, rolling her eyes. She held the door for me, her keycard beeping as she swiped it. "Don't get into too much trouble without me." She gave me a playful wink and disappeared into the evening air.

It was getting late, almost six o'clock. The day had been a fucking rollercoaster. Kyle would be back at the dorm soon, probably booting up his PC, blissfully unaware of the psychological warfare I was about to wage on him. As I climbed the stairwell to the third floor, where Emily lived, I pulled out the device. I set the timer. One hour. That should be plenty of time. My mind flickered with a brief, fleeting moment of concern. What would Elise's memories be like after this? An hour was a long time. But so far, the device hadn't failed me. This couldn't be any different.

I reached Emily's door, 314. I remembered from the last time I was here that her mom usually crashed on her bed when she visited, while Emily took the floor. Her roommate, Chelsea, was super chill, a bubbly girl who'd made it abundantly clear she was interested in me, a fact that I'd politely but firmly ignored. Thank god she wasn't here tonight; Elise's visit seemed to have cleared the place out. I could hear them inside, the murmur of their voices, a mother and daughter catching up.

I was just about to knock when the door swung open, and Emily almost walked right into me.

“Jordan!” she yelped, stumbling back a step. “Oh my god, you scared me. What are you doing here?”

“Hey, Em,” I said smoothly, leaning against the doorframe. “I was just downstairs visiting Stacy, thought I’d swing by and say hi.” A perfect lie.

She giggled, her eyes sparkling. “Visiting Stacy, huh? Or were you looking for a certain someone else?” She wagged her eyebrows suggestively, a clear reference to Chelsea.

“Shhh,” I said, putting a finger to my lips. “You know I’m not interested. What’s up with you? Just heading out?”

“Yeah, Mom’s here,” she said, jerking a thumb back into the room. “I’m just running to the bathroom down the hall real quick. Be right back.” Perfect.

She squeezed past me, leaving the door ajar. Through the opening, I could see her mom, Elise, sitting on the edge of the bed, scrolling through her phone. She looked up, her expression softening into a warm smile when she saw me. “Jordan, dear, how lovely to see you.”

“Hi, Mrs. Hartwood,” I said, stepping into the room. She’d always liked me, a fact that endlessly annoyed Kyle. She’d once joked that Emily should have dated me instead, a comment that had made all three of us profoundly uncomfortable. Emily was like a sister to me. Anything else would just be... weird.

“Please, call me Elise,” she said, patting the spot on the bed next to her. She was an attractive woman, probably in her late forties, with sharp, intelligent eyes, elegantly styled blonde hair, and a body that was clearly well-maintained. She was wearing a tasteful but expensive-looking silk blouse and tailored trousers. She exuded an aura of calm, confident authority. The perfect vessel for my prank.

While she was looking back down at her phone, I slipped the device from my pocket, keeping it low. This was it.

“So, how are your classes going?” she started to ask, her eyes lifting from her screen. They widened slightly as she saw the strange black object in my hand. “Oh, what’s that you have there?”

I didn't answer. I just aimed, my thumb already on the button. And fired.

The world dissolved.

When it snapped back into focus, I was sitting on the edge of a soft bed, looking out into an empty hallway. My own body was gone. I looked down. And just like with Mrs. Flemming, my vision was immediately filled with the soft swell of cleavage, this time straining against the fine silk of an elegant blouse.

I'll never get used to this feeling. This sudden, jarring transition from man to woman. The phantom limb sensation in reverse. The sudden weight on my chest. The feeling of different clothes against my skin.

But before I could even think about a preliminary grope, about assessing my new assets, I heard footsteps in the hall. Emily was back.

"Hey, Mom," she said brightly, stepping back into the room. "All done. What do you...?" She trailed off, a slight frown creasing her forehead as she looked at me. "Mom? You okay? You're acting a little strange."

I had to say something. Act natural. "Oh! Yes, dear, sorry," I said, my new voice a smooth, cultured alto, a voice that commanded respect. I tried to replicate Elise's warm smile. "Just... lost in thought for a moment."

Emily shrugged, seemingly satisfied. "Okay. Well, I was thinking, I have to get this stupid ethics paper submitted before the deadline tonight, it's going to take me at least an hour. So... what if you went out and got a head start on dinner? We could meet at that ramen spot on Westwood at, say, seven-thirty?"

I could have kissed her. It was perfect. A plausible excuse to get me out of the dorm and on my way to my own. She probably just wanted some space from her overbearing mother. I couldn't believe my luck.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea, sweetheart," I said, standing up. The movement felt powerful, steady in this new body. No wobbly stilettos this time, just a pair of sensible but stylish flats. "You focus on your schoolwork. I'll see you at seven-thirty."

I grabbed her handbag from the bed and walked out the door, giving Emily a little wave. As

soon as I was out of sight in the stairwell, I leaned against the wall, a giddy, triumphant laugh bubbling up from Elise's throat.

Perfect. I looked at the elegant, gold watch on my new, slender wrist. 6:10 PM. I had fifty minutes until the timer ran out and I was forcibly returned to my own body. Fifty minutes to execute the perfect prank.

I couldn't resist. My hand went to my chest, cupping one of the breasts through the blouse. They were big. Not Flemming-level-monumental, but still a very impressive, very full handful. Definitely real, much more saggy, and very, very nice. I gave it a little squeeze, a jolt of pleasure shooting through me. I ran my other hand down my stomach and over my ass. She was definitely curvier than Mrs. Flemming. Softer. A mature, womanly body.

Okay, Jordan, focus. No time for a full-scale exploration right now. You're on a mission. There would be other times, other bodies, to experience being a woman. But for now... it was time to go mess with Kyle.

I walked out of the women's dorm and into the evening air, a confident, purposeful sway in my new hips. Across campus, in our dorm room, my best friend was waiting. And he had no idea his worst nightmare was about to walk through the door.