

Possessed! (TG Party Girl Possession)

By FoxFaceStories

A commission for Deiser

Max is a quiet, shy young man who has been dared by his fraternity brothers to enter a supposedly haunted house on the edge of town. Max is nervous, but feels compelled to complete this light hazing. But when he starts hearing the voice of a female ghost, Max soon realises he is being possessed by her, and that his body is undergoing some 'adjustments' to make her more comfortable.

Possessed!

It was a stupid dare. Silly, really. All I had to do was enter the haunted, half-burnt house on the edge of town, and stay there from 6pm until the last stroke of midnight. As far as fraternity hazings went, it was a pretty easy dare to complete. It didn't involve drugs, or stealing panties from a sorority, or drinking oneself half-dead and delirious. Just staying at the house that once held, according to campus legend, the hottest firecracker of a woman that ever walked the halls of our university.

"Are you up for it Max, or are you chicken?" Rob asked.

I turned to him, giving a weak smile. Rob was everything I wasn't: strong, confident, athletic and outgoing. He was the main overseer of this dare, though several of the other fraternity brothers were with him, as both encouragement and a form of peer pressure.

"Um, I guess I have to be up for it, to join the frat, right?"

He chuckled, patting me on the back a little too hard.

"Oof!" I said. "Okay, yeah. Maybe I can . . . maybe I can do this."

It was probably the most words I'd said all day. I often found it hard to speak around others, preferring to simply listen and just input one word here or there, and usually only when prompted. Rob seemed to notice, because he laughed again.

"Wow! He's becoming a regular Shakespeare, this one! We might even be able to have a full conversation soon!"

His buddies chuckled. I just gave a thin smile, and didn't reply. There wasn't much to add. Rob seemed to sense my discomfort, because he patted me more lightly again.

"Remember dude, it's just six hours. No technology, no mobile phones, but you've got your food and your water and some wet weather gear. But nothing else, okay?"

I nodded silently.

"And he's back on quiet mode again."

"I bet he pisses himself," one of the others said. His name was Croyden, and he was as stupid as his name. His Dad had practically *bought* his son's place into the fraternity. I planned to earn it, even if I felt quite weak right now. And more than a little nervous.

To his credit, Rob shot him a dirty look. "None of that now, Croy. Max is gonna prove himself, aren't you Max?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

"See? Man of few words. But maybe you'll have more to say if you come face to face with Sabrina DeWitt."

A few of the boys gave dramatic 'ooohh's and 'aahhh's.

"She's not real, is she?"

I immediately got the feeling I'd made another bad impression, judging from their faces. Clearly one didn't try to poke holes in the mythology. Rob, with his dashing good looks and natural leadership quality, rescued the scenario.

"Oh, *of course* she's real, Max Gorman. I've seen her myself. The most beautiful girl on campus even eighty years ago is still remembered. You've seen the photos, heard the stories. She had fiery red hair, pale perfect skin, and a set of big tits you could make out even in those 40's style photos."

"Perfect hourglass figure too," Harold added.

Rob threw him a look that said 'don't interrupt.' I knew his moods pretty well already. Was that a good sign?

"But of course," he continued, "she doesn't look like that now. Ever since the fire that claimed her life, she's a horrid wraith. A creature of burning flesh and hair made of living fire. She shrieks and howls, and more than a few guys have disappeared in that house, after she killed them for calling her ugly. So whatever you do, *don't do that.*"

I nodded, gulping a little. The story had to be a hoax, but to hear him tell it . . .

"Okay," he said, "are you ready?"

I checked my bag nervously one last time. "Ready," I said, my voice a little too high.

The house at the end of 7 Daney Road loomed on a hill like Norman Bates' hotel. It had seen better days. *Much* better. Already, I had the heebie jeebies. Still, this was my ticket to joining my frat, and it was a good one. It promised all the fun of parties and comradeship and study, without being too wild for my tastes. Well, it was a *little* wild for my tastes, but my tastes were so milquetoast you'd think I just had milk and toast for breakfast each day. No, I had to endure. I checked my watch - by the rules it had to be analog - and confirmed that it was nearly 6pm. I walked my way up the decrepit, aging stairs and opened the door of the

condemned building: the wooden bar nailed to the door had long been removed and never replaced. Clearly, I was just one in a long line of frat brothers subjected to this test.

Inside, the house was dusty and dark, and seemed to radiate a kind of lost hope. There were burn marks on some of the walls, destroyed furniture, and even holes leading up to the second story. I'd have to be careful not to fall down one of them. Everywhere, I could see evidence of Sabrina DeWitt's life, albeit covered over in crude graffiti. Some of it was obviously stolen, but there were half-burned photo frames depicting a gorgeous, Irish-looking woman with bright curly hair that hung down to her shoulders. They were all in black and white. In some, she was wearing a gorgeous green dress that matched her figure. In another, she was wearing a old-style bikini that showed off her frankly spectacular chest: the accompanying graffiti and crude writing pointed this out. I could also see that she had a number of hobbies: burned dancing trophies, academic awards, beauty contest badges, swimming medals, and so on. She had burned the candle at both ends, and burned brightly, right up until the end.

Heh, that's funny.

I jolted. For a moment, it was like my thoughts were in a woman's voice. A sort of slightly raspy, sultry tone. I shook it off. Clearly I was just thinking about her, and what she might have sounded like.

I decided to explore the house over the next hour before settling down.

I was no longer creeped out, and was now just bored. The home of Sabrina DeWitt still had a creepy aesthetic, still had the strange sounds in the walls, the half-burnt floor panels that creaked in unsettling ways. But one can only experience those jolts of fear so many times before they become annoyingly familiar. I had been in the house for two hours now, feeling the cold and loneliness, and simply wanting to get to midnight so I could get out of here. Rob had promised we would all go out nightclubbing till the early hours of the morning as celebration, and while that thought didn't exactly excite me, being the introverted person I was, at least it would have company. In the end, I had taken comfort in the living room, relaxing in one of the old, cracked sofas that felt like it was about to collapse any second.

I checked my watch for the umpteenth time and sighed.

"Just another four hours to go," I groaned.

Four hours, huh? That's a long time, suuuure. Meanwhile I've been here eight decades!

I screamed, spinning around to see who had spoken. The voice had been female: sultry and playful, with a cute tinge of a slight Irish accent.

“Who was that?” I said, my heart beating rapidly. “Who’s there?”

Who do you think, silly? You’re in my house, after all!

I turned again. The sound echoed throughout the bones of the house, seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere.

Hee hee! Poor little living man, trying to see me. Don’t you know that ghosts are invisible?

I tried to control my rapid breathing. This was impossible. No, it had to be one of Rob’s tricks. Or worse, it was Croyden, who was such a dick to me earlier. I tried to find a recording device or something that was playing it, but there was nothing.

Try under the floorboard! No, behind the chair! I’m actually just hovering over your back, admiring those cute shoulders of yours. I always liked guys with dark tan skin like yours. Dark hair too - you could be tall, dark and handsome if you were, you know, tall and handsome.

“This is crazy - I’m dreaming!”

No dream, just the first person I’ve actually been able to talk to in a while. It’s a good sign, trust me. Go look in the mirror in my bedroom and I’ll show you.

I did so, trying to figure out how this prank was being conducted. Sabrina DeWitt’s bedroom was upstairs and had a tall, person-length mirror. It had a number of stains and cobwebs over it, and I had to clear some before I got a good image of me by the light of my upturned torch. For just a moment, I was terrified that I would actually see the evil burned form of Sabrina DeWitt staring back at me. But it was just me.

I stood there, seeing just myself. My average height and too-skinny build. My bespectacled grey eyes and short dark hair. My dark tan skin - Mediterranean in origin on my father’s side - and my slightly pointed face. I looked exactly as I felt and was: a shy introspective nerd who struggled in situations like this.

Especially situations like this.

See me?

I shook my head. There was no way I was talking to a real ghost. Right?

“No, I can’t see you.”

There was a cute, mischievous giggle. Just wait a moment. You’ll see my eyes.

Suddenly there was a strange tingling sensation in my own eyes. It felt like specks of dust had been thrown into them, and I had to blink and rub my eyes quickly to deal with it. When I opened them again, I gasped.

“No, that’s not possible.”

My eyes had changed from their grey-ish colour to a vibrant, emerald green. They looked incredibly striking, and totally at odds with my face.

Told you I could see you. Now you can see me - my eyes at least!

Another ghostly giggle, and I screamed. I turned and ran, horrible chills coursing down my spine as I sped for the door. I didn't care how much I wanted to join the fraternity, it wasn't worth it to deal with a real ghost!

Going so soon? But you're the first person I've had be compatible to me in all my years here! Stay and chat!

To my horror, as I raced down the stairs to the exit, the door slammed shut. I was too fast to avoid it, and I ran straight into it, dashing against the wood in a way that caused my head to spin.

Whoops! Sorry! I'm just so excited to join the land of the living!

I fell backwards, and a strange ghostly feeling settled over my body, arresting my fall. The last thing I felt before I went unconscious was that sensation of being carried - no, being *flown* - back up the stairs to Sabrina's room.

I woke with a gasp on a creaky, disused bed. I immediately got up, remembering the strange events. I must have fallen asleep. I checked my watch and saw that another hour and a half had passed - I still had two and a half hours in this infernal place! But that was when my blood ran cold, when I noticed something else.

I wasn't in my own clothes anymore.

I was in a *dress*. A green old-fashioned dress

"What the fuck? Oh Jesus, what the fuck!"

I clutched my throat in continued terror: my voice sounded unnatural, higher than it was supposed to be. I was never one for a talker, nor was I deep-voiced, but I sounded almost feminine in my delivery.

Finally! You're awake! I was getting so bored, sugar. I finally find someone compatible and then he goes and knocks his noggin. At least it gave me a good look at your cute bod. Of course, it's about to be a whole lot cuter, baby.

I paused. So it was real. An actual ghost. Oh God.

"Who - who are you?"

It's pretty obvious, isn't it? I'm the late, great, lusty and busty Sabrina DeWitt!

I had to control my breathing. Ignore the dress I was wearing, ignore the strange incident with the eyes, and my voice.

"What . . ."

I paused. It was difficult to make the words come out, I was so terrified and shy.

Geez, you really are my opposite, aren't you?

I nodded, not knowing exactly where she was in the room.

"I'm . . . shy," I said.

Yeah, not to mention pretty average in looks. No offence. Check my photo over there, you'll see the real difference.

I got to my feet, trying to ignore that I was wearing an ill-fitting green dress that clung far too tightly around my shoulders and far too loosely in front of my chest. I tried to remove it, but for some reason my hands just didn't behave. Instead, they reached out automatically as if I were possessed, and held up a photo of her in a beauty pageant from the 1940s. Sabrina was gorgeous: her impressive jugs were straining the confines of her dress, and her hourglass figure could rival movie stars.

"Wow," I breathed, admiring the firecracker expression on her face.

Wow is right. You can't see it, but I had the most amazing hair. Actually, maybe you can see it.

Another tingle, and I gasped in panic. My scalp tingled just as my eyes had, only in a more powerful fashion. I held my head, groaning in my increasingly feminised voice as my hair extended, pouring from my scalp to brush around my shoulders. It became bouncy, naturally curls forming into ringlets, and as it fell in front of my face in a shifting curtain I saw my dark hair colour shift and alter to become a glorious fiery red.

"N-no!" I shouted, but there was no stopping it. I could even feel my eyebrows alter, and a tingle between my legs informed me that the carpet was apparently set to match the drapes. "Oh God!"

Not God, Goddess! Trust me kid, you're going to love this soon! I wouldn't do this to you if I weren't desperate.

"Desperate for *what!*?"

My body moved automatically to the full-length mirror in her room, and like a puppet on strings I was forced to adjust my new ginger hairdo in a dramatic, model-like fashion. I whimpered as I did so, unbelieving that now not only had her bright green eyes but her gorgeously attractive hair as well. The only problem was it was attached to *me*; a man!

What's your name, kid?

"M-Max. Max Gorman."

Cute name. Well Max, I've been trapped in this town as a ghost for some eighty years, putting up with the boys that come here for dares. I used to be pretty into Wicca when I was alive: I kept it on the down low because of how conservative this burg was. But clearly some of my spells allowed me to stay a ghost. I've tried to possess the girls and guys that come here before, get my flesh back, but I've only ever managed to freak some of them right out of town. Over time, I figured out that what I needed to do was find my opposite number. A man who was as meek as I was daring, as average as I was stunning, as quiet as I was

loud and proud. And only by remaking him into me, could I be reborn as well. So I'm sorry Max, but you've got some changes ahead of you to come!

I shivered in terror. "No! That's not what I want!"

Trust me, by the time we're through, you won't want anything else, sport. Being Sabrina DeWitt is the experience of a lifetime, and if it all goes well, I'll be right by your side at the end to help you through. So let's get started! Oh, and just to point this out - I'll have to take control of you at points, like I just did there. Just a security measure while you change - the effort takes a lot out of me.

"You don't have to d-do this!" I cried. My voice sounded so unlike me, so androgynous, even feminine. "I'm not meant to be a woman!"

Trust me, with a waist like that hun, you absolutely are!

I was briefly confused: what waist? I wasn't thickly built, but my figure was far from womanly. But then that tingle began again, and I cried out in discomfort and a strange, unwanted pleasure as my waist began to contract. It thinned, compressed, and I squirmed and groaned.

"OOHhhhhhh . . . m-my waist! Ahhh - Ah - Aahh!!!"

It squeezed in until it was not only womanly, but attractively thin, like that of a model. But like a woman in the 1940s, there was enough thickness there to still give me an attractive shape. Quite attractive, if my hips were nice and wider. Wait, why the hell was I thinking *that!*?

You're thinking that, because you're not just changing in body, slugger. You're changing in mind too! I'll talk again soon!

And with that, her presence left me.

Over the next half an hour, I tried to escape. I was terrified: not only were ghosts real, but the soul of Sabirna DeWitt was trying to turn me into her to get back into the world! It was horrifying, and I was constantly reminded of it due to my altered voice, my alluring red curls, and my emerald eyes. And, of course, the stupid dress that now cinched perfectly around my waist, even if it fit poorly everywhere else.

I attempted to run out the front door, to climb out the window, to dig beneath the floorboards, but nothing worked! Everytime I tried, I was suddenly puppeteered to another location. She didn't talk to me in that time: I got the sense she was focusing her energies on preparing another change.

And I was right.

Out of the blue, while eating some of my snacks and trying to think up a way to banish her or something, her voice whispered sensually in my ear. Despite my fear, it was a strange bit of a turn on.

Okay, I'm ready honey! How are you feeling?

"Terrible," I whined. I wasn't sure what else to say - even dead, she had a way of making me nervous when talking to a girl. Also, the terrifying aspect of being a ghost, I supposed.

I don't doubt it. A girl should not have hairy, masculine legs like that. Or shoulders that aren't petite and lovely! Let's get to it!

"Oh, please no," I whined. But even as I said it, the tingling began. At once, my shoulders began to recede, my very skeletal structure changing. I groaned, cringing as my body rearranged. The hairs on my legs pushed out, falling to the floor before evaporating. Even as they did so, my legs became strikingly longer, my thighs thickening to take on a more feminine shape. My feet, previously adorned in my shoes, became too small for them.

"OOhhhh," I groaned, as more body hair fell away and as my ribcage receded. "It's t-too much! I d-don't w-want this!"

Perhaps a little more sense of style would help you accept this?

Another tingle, even as the changes continued, but this one was located in my mind. It was like someone reaching into my brain and rearranging the neurons. I gasped, clutching my perfect red hair. What the hell was she doing? I looked in the mirror at my changing form and gasped. I wasn't wearing a matching set of shoes! Wait, why was I thinking about shoes? But it was true - a good looking woman should always match her shoes to her dress.

But I wasn't a woman, I was a man!

And yet I couldn't deny the dress looked lovely, especially the silken straps that fell over my upper arms loosely. Classical, yet enduring. Even the colour contrasted perfectly against my red hair while matching my eyes.

"Mmhhh," I moaned in approval. Before I knew it, I was striking a pose with my stunning legs, which had become long and supple and graceful.

That's right! Strike a pose, dollface!

I did, feeling a rush of power. Then I immediately suppressed it. I looked totally changed: my figure even scrawnier, my legs those of a woman's, my shoulders slender and feminine.

"N-no! I don't want to feel this way!"

But already, I could feel that slight temptation to feel otherwise. It had felt good to strike a pose. At that moment, I imagined people staring at me with jealousy. No longer the awkward shadow in the corner, but the bright and beautiful centre of attention.

It wasn't even a mental change. It was a desire I'd always felt but knew I could never realise. I forced the feeling back down.

I couldn't admit it. Not even to her.

It doesn't matter. I can feel it, Max. It's the last ingredient to you being compatible: on some level, you secretly wanted this.

Again her presence fled, leaving me startled, confused. And worried.

Another half-hour followed. This time I acquainted myself with Sabrina DeWitt's life. I poured over her aged, ruined books and medals and trophies. Evidently, she had scared off most of those who would steal them. I looked over her diary entries: there were some quite revealing entries about what it was like to live with such an . . . ample bust. It made me shiver in fear of growing breasts myself if she had her way.

The smallest part of me was even curious.

Other entries covered her skincare routine. Many, many more were about her sexual conquests, her lust for being taken by big strong men, for riding them in a dominant way. It made me a little excited before I realised what I was feeling and shut the book. Before I knew it, she came upon me again, as I was looking over her dressing table.

Interesting that you're looking at my makeup, because I was just thinking about your skin. That darker tone is so wonderful, but I had a beautiful porcelain look I'm just dying to see on you.

I sighed, not knowing what to say.

"I can't stop you, can I?"

Nope! Admit it, you don't even want to! I saw you getting a hard-on reading about my love life. I was castigated for being a 'loose woman' back in my day, but your present celebrates such things - and so should you!

Of course I wanted to stop her! I didn't want to be a ginger-haired beauty for the rest of my life, even if she did have a great style . . . and would attract lots of attention . . . and have lots of confidence . . .

"N-no! These are just the mental ch-changes!"

Not as many as you think, she communicated with a giggle. But I know that lust helps drive the changes, so instead of thinking about my amazing body, why don't you start thinking about the cute boys back in town?

The tingling continued over all of my skin. A pressure in my arms preceded a slimming on their part: they became lithe and female. I could feel the same changes occurring to my neck, which lost its Adam's apple completely. I watched in astonishment as

my possessed body moved to the mirror once more, allowing me to see the full changes being furnished upon me. In a strange, pleasurable rush, my skin lightened. It became a pale white, beautiful without being unnatural, and a smattering of cute freckles developed upon my cheeks, nose, and along my arms and shoulders.

“Oh God, I’m so pale!”

Porcelain, at least that’s what we said in my day. The boys just loved it, and my freckles, and I loved the way they loved it.

My mind tingled again, and suddenly I felt a strange pride in my new pigmentation and freckles. They really did look attractive, and I imagined with a cute button nose and full lips they would match me even better. I could just picture a guy stopping to look at me, entranced by my features. Slowly, my dick hardened, tenting out the green dress in a ridiculous fashion.

Have fun with those thoughts, hot stuff.

There was only an hour to go, and it was unbearable. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t escape, nor could I stop thinking about cute boys with their big muscles and even bigger dicks. Her continual possession was changing me, switching my orientation, and it made me shiver in anticipation to imagine being a full woman - being *Sabrina DeWitt* - and having a handsome man like Rob fuck me senseless. But for that I’d need a pussy, and there was no way I was giving up my cock.

Even if it was feeling a little out of place. After all, I was so slender now, so petite. My face was more feminine, even if not fully there. I looked over pictures of Sabrina and had to fight the stab of *jealousy* that came with knowing she was prettier than me, despite the fact that I was *becoming her*.

And the whole time I had this continued arousal. My legs were soft, my skin sensitive, my neck slender. I idly styled my hair by her broken dresser before I realised what I was doing and stopped. I looked through her room again, and couldn’t help myself when I saw that a pair of red shoes were perfectly preserved: gorgeous heels that would match my dress perfectly.

“Just for a minute,” I said. “Maybe two.”

I put them on, and they felt *perfect*. Just stylish on my new feet. Back at the mirror I showed myself off again, and I wanted someone - no, a *man* - to sweep me off these sexy feet.

Enjoying yourself, aren’t you?

“I just - it’s the mental changes! It’s you possessing me!”

Please, you'll still be you. I don't plan on replacing you. I'm just giving you a powerful burning ember of Sabrina DeWitt that will make you more daring, confident, and willing to have some sexy fun.

"You're making me hot for guys!"

Okay, so I am changing that. But if you're going to be hot for guys, they need to be hot for you. And some nice, rounded hips and a space between your thighs will do that.

I shivered, and not just in fear. My mind drifted lustfully to the thought of having an entrance for a man to slide into me. I couldn't help myself: I'd been reading her sexy diary entries again! The tingling washed over me, and within moments I was grunting and groaning, moaning and mumblings as my hips widened. I felt my ass plump up, becoming rounded and peachy, perfectly proportioned to show off in my dress. My hips became real babymakers - that's literally how my changing mind was thinking of them - perfect curvy hips that gave me a staggering hourglass figure that would drive men positively wild.

I struck a pose in the mirror even as I changed. I felt more confident suddenly, more daring. More desirable and wonderful. An energy suffused me, a new way of moving and talking, a sexual aggression that the shy, nervous Max Gorman had never possessed.

Ironically, it took being *possessed* to possess it.

"OOhhhhhh f-fuck! These hips - they're p-perfect! I don't want them, but I also d-do!"

Oh, you will love them once you used them, darling. Trust me, having a man grip them while he thrusts into you is something else!

I drooled, imagining that very scenario. My dick stiffened, but it would prove to be the last time: with a horrid gasp, I realised it was pulling back inside my body. I tried to hold it, but my possessed arms halted, and all I could do was writhe and squirm as a strange pleasure came over me.

"N-no! Not a v-vagina! I don't - oohhhhh! It f-feels so g-good! Why does it - oohhhhh f-fuck, baby!"

It wasn't my kind of language at all, but at the same time it was so *right*. My labia and lips and tunnel formed, and my stomach churned as a new organ grew into a place: a womb. I now had a woman's uterus, and ovaries and the works.

Just a couple of changes to go, and you'll be ready. Enjoy the confidence, and the movements, you sexy broad you.

I did enjoy them. God help me, I did enjoy them. The whole situation was insane. I was being possessed, altered by a ghost inhabiting my body and speaking through my mind. I had become a woman. One with a *pussy*. A vagina. But I couldn't stop thinking about how

beautiful I was going to look. How absolutely *fuckable*. Especially now that I even walked like a woman, my hips swaying sexily from side to side. I didn't want to admit it, but I was a virgin. I'd been too shy and awkward talking to girls, but as the mental changes continued to settle over me, I felt more and more confident. I felt like I could take on the world, talk to anyone, dominate any conversation. I was itching to escape the house just so I could get out there and be the centre of attention . . . not that I truly wanted that, unless I could be a man again.

But the thought of 'man' and 'male' and 'men' made me think of Rob, and other guys at the fraternity. I was getting aroused at their muscles, their low voices, their manly cocks. It made my new pussy become wet with anticipation, an alien and awkward sensation. I was horrified at first. I wasn't meant to be feeling this way!

And yet it felt so good. So slick and ready to receive something within it. I couldn't help it: I had to slide my fingers 'down there' and relieve my new lustful desires.

"OOohhhh," I moaned as I felt my new clit. "That's goooood."

My voice had become yet more seductive. I sounded exactly like a gorgeous woman in heat, a desirous lass from the golden age of Hollywood cinema, a real Grace Kelly type. The only thing I was missing, as I continued to rub my sensitive new lower lips, were a set of big ample breasts, and a finished face.

Well, I'm willing to give them to you. I'm willing to give you all of Sabrina DeWitt, if you're willing.

She spoke in my ear, even as she inhabited me. I whimpered, my body overcome with unfamiliar pleasures. My loins grew further moist as I played with their sensitive parts, my fingers gliding my inner walls apart.

"MMMhhmmmm, f-fuck! No! I'm not - oh God, I'm not meant to be you!"

But you want it, don't you? You want to become me: mind, body, and soul. You already have my lust, my style, my confidence, even my movements. Now you just have to take that final step, and accept my personality. My fiery-headed firecracker fierceness! If not, then this all falls apart, and you go back to being you, and I get stuck here once more. Your choice, you gorgeous dame.

I had to say no. Perhaps, just an hour ago, I could have. But the desires were too strong. I was meant to be Max Gorman, but Sabrina had possessed me too entirely. Her wants were *my* wants, and her need to show off her gorgeous body had infected me too deeply. I had tasted what it was like to no longer feel the urge to be shy, and if I turned away now I'd never get to practice my newfound confidence in an actual crowd. I knew in that moment that I would be haunted by the endless question: would I have been happier as Sabrina DeWitt reborn?

“I c-can’t believe I’m doing this,” I said, still squirming as I rubbed my female crotch, “but I - oohhhhh - I want to be *you!*”

Then be me.

A tremendous pressure came over my chest as I welcomed the familiar tingling of changes. It spread up to my face, causing my features to twist and rearrange. The full and beautiful lips of Sabrina swelled into existence, as well as her cute button nose and high cheekbones. My ears shrank, becoming more demure and cute, and even my teeth rearranged, becoming perfect. I knew they would: they were in all her photos.

But these changes, though welcome, were nothing compared to the overwhelming pleasure that came from my nipples expanding, my areola widening into existence, my flesh shifting and growing to become a pair of ripe, full breasts. They rose like twin souffles, becoming heavier and heavier, more heavy than I would have believed, and increasingly sensitive. I continued to rub my crotch, savouring the wonderful feelings, moaning in passion as I grew closer and closer to orgasm. My breasts shot past ample C-cups, past large D-cups, and right up to wonderfully wobbly, perky, round and large E-cups, like perfect sensitive cantaloupes. I squealed in my womanly voice as I rubbed them with my hand, further aroused by my throbbing nipples.

“I’m so f-fucking PERFECT!!” I roared. “I’m fucking Sabrina DeWitt!”

And you always will be.

My mind snapped into place at the exact moment of orgasm. I tensed as the flood of bliss overcame me, a wave of ecstasy that crashed upon my form and did not let go. I gave into the lust, and in that moment I knew I would never want to look back. Sabrina - the real Sabrina - had possessed me mind and soul, and remade me into her. I still had all of my memories, all of my original feelings, but they were amplified by her own: her lust, her confidence, her raw sexuality, her desire to be seen, desired, and *fucked*.

I inherited all of it, and it made me cum all the harder.

The clock struck twelve, and my alarm went off.

I was free, more free than I had ever realised.

Rob couldn’t believe his eyes when I approached them at the club. None of them did. How could they? The sexiest woman in the campus’ history - the town’s history - was stepping towards them, her hips swaying, her heels clacking upon the floor, her huge and perfect tits bouncing in her dress, threatening to escape it.

I smiled my newly gorgeous smile, and shook my head in a sensual manner, letting my red hair spill about. I could see Croyden let out a breath. In fact, I could see all of them

hardening just at the sight of me, adopting a slightly bent posture I was well familiar with in my previous life as a male: the kind that did its best to hide an absolutely *throbbing* erection. Just the knowledge of it made me horny. Made me want to take these men one by one and show them how a *real woman* took her pleasures.

Well, all of them except Croyden, of course. Sabrina had standards, and therefore so did I.

“Holy shit,” Rob said. “It - it can’t be.”

“Oh, but it is,” I said, drawing close, and posing with my hand on my hip and another behind my head, just like a pinup model. “It’s me, back from the dead, Robbie boy. You recognise me from the photo, right? This is what your dare did to me.”

He looked with astonishment, coughing a little, unsure what to say.

“Well, now see who doesn’t know how to talk.”

“No. This is a prank. No way. You can’t be Max.”

“I’m not, lover boy, at least not anymore. I’m Sabrina now: you could say she possessed me, made me into her. Gave me all her wants, her needs, her passions.”

I drew closer, moving in a way that was practically a walking advertisement for sex. I pressed my chest against him, let his hardness rub against my thigh. His eyes wandered to my spectacular tits, and he gulped, clearly struggling not to look at them.

“You - oh God, it *is* you, isn’t it?”

“Mhmm. New and improved.”

“What do you want?”

I grabbed him by his lapels, and pulled him into a deep, alluring kiss. The kind that had our tongues dancing, and his hand resting firmly and wonderfully upon my ass.

“I want to take you back to my place and fuck you silly,” I said, reaching down a hand to stroke the hard cock tenting out his pants. “And if you really, *really* impress me, I’ll even suck your cock afterwards, just like the original Sabrina always did. How about that?”

He nodded, still astonished. I led him away, and let his friends watch my ass sashay, bouncing in my tight green cocktail dress.

“Night boys! If you guys are nice too, I might even let you have some fun another night, if Robbie here isn’t too jealous.”

I pulled him along, and he followed excitedly. It was clear I was in charge though: suddenly confident, suddenly talkative, suddenly *desirable*. As I left the club, the night still young by my new standards, I saw a flash of red in the corner of my vision. Another woman who looked exactly like Sabrina, also attired in a sexy dress, though hers was red to match her hair. She gave me a brief wink, a smile, a kiss blown in my direction.

“*Thanks for bringing me back!*” she called before disappearing around the corner. I heard the voice as much in my mind as with my ears. I smirked, happy that she was finally

free and back in the flesh, before pulling Robbie into a cab. I intended to have a lot of fun with him tonight as I experimented with my new body and enjoyed Sabrina's personality. It was so much better than being shy, nerdy Max, and I planned to take full advantage of this change, and all the pleasures it would bring. I had gone from a doused flame to an absolute firecracker, and God it felt damn good, particularly with a body and set of tits like I now had.

Just half an hour later I was fucking Robbie, riding him cowgirl style as he fondled my magnificent tits. His big cock slid in and out of me, working me into utter ecstasy as I milked his dick for all it was worth. He held my perfect hips and I bounced and bucked and writhed, and together we moaned as we got closer and closer to the first of many orgasms to come.

As I finally cried out in my gorgeous voice, I couldn't help but think of seeing Sabrina - the original Sabrina. It made my new, horny mind wonder.

Would she be up for a threesome sometime?

The End