

Body Shifters

TRI

<Due to the nature of the writing, it is not advisable for anyone under the age of consent in their area to be reading this document. It contains sexual innuendos, sexual content, and things of a sexual nature. It will have graphic representations of these in the written word. By continuing you understand I am not to be blamed for anything that you may be offended by taken aback by or generally not liking. You have been warned, but if you're into this kind of thing, I'm glad that you've taken the time to actually finish reading this paragraph >

Prelude

It was one of those fine mountain day morning's the kind that you rarely see these days in the city. No pollution, no smog, just clear blue sky and clean fresh wind blowing in your face. It was the perfect day to go hiking and spending a little time looking at grand mountains. And those large piles of rock were great to look at too.

Our young male adventurer had been spying on the pair of well sized and very loose set of Flesh Mountains that his companion had been tucking away inside her flannel shirt. He was only 6 foot even with lanky brown hair and a build that was just this side of a little flabby. His clothing was disheveled, but clean, hiking boots with jeans along a loose but wrinkled shirt. His brown eyes were well hidden behind a pair of Ray-Ban mirror shades. Just giving him the perfect opportunity to catch a glimpse of the well-tanned cleavage, which was beginning to show itself as the young lady began to struggle up the side of some very steep rocks.

She was 5'10", athletically built with just enough baby fat to make her look soft and sensuous when she wore the appropriate clothing. This was not one of those times, her outfit was rather on the baggy side. A loose button up flannel shirt, a set of thick workman's leather gloves, oversized pair cargo pants nearly covering her boots. Her light brown hair held under an overly large but well-fitting weaved hat that help shade her cloud grey eyes. The clothes were good for the area and terrain they were in, as it had numerous bushes rocks and other things, that one good snag could cause a decent cut.

On the other side of this coin, one good pull with her baggy clothing, could reveal a lot more skin than she was intending. This is what her male companion had hoped for, as he chosen the path along rugged trees and high bushes. Finally, the young man gave her a hand in coming up the side of the rock. Once she found herself steady on the precipice, she pulls back and gives the young man hard knock on his

shoulder.

"Ow, Jess that hurts," as the young man, rubs his arm moving away from the young woman.

"Serves you right with half the gawking you are doing at my chest. I expect to have to smack you around a bit more," as she held up her fist again but moving away from him as she looks over the area that they climbs up. "Jesus, Michael, how did you find this path with all that down there?"

Michael slowly moves toward his well-endowed partner's side, peeking this time down the side of the rocks and dirt they'd finished climbing. "I told you that I used to play a lot up here as a kid. I just followed my memories here, Jessica. Isn't that why you wanted to come here? See my childhood? Look at the world from my view?" as he said that he leans a little too far toward Jessica for her liking. "Ow damn why the heck do you hit me like that, I'm not a piece of meat you know," rubbing the part of his arm she seems to pinpoint attacks for.

"Well the way you keep looking down my shirt, I'm starting to feel like one," giving him a rather scathing look. The young mountaineer moves away from the look his fellow traveler gave him as he sighs while sitting down on a flat piece of large stone. "Sorry Jess, I didn't mean to make you feel that way. You just have a nice body to look at and you're the one that didn't listen to me about the bear bag." Jessica slowly walks over to him and slaps him gently this time on the shoulder.

"Yeah rub it in, next time I'll pick the place to camp at." To this the young man simply raises an eyebrow at lady now fussing with the shirt she seems to not be sized for. Before he could move she suddenly sprang on to his lap, putting her thighs around his waist, facing him. "Shush, you, and thank you," she spoke more softly as she went so he could barely make the last two words out. Michael blinks a second or two as his brain was trying to take in what happens in the last few seconds in. He slowly looks up to the face now lingering over his and got a soft kiss on the forehead.

"Now I know something's up," as he looks quizzically at Jessica. "You don't do that unless you think you're in big trouble and you want to play the cute card to get out of it." As Michael gave Jessica a hard look, she starts to sigh and shake her head. "I didn't want you finding out too soon." The young man tilts his head to side, she shyly smiles at him and put a hand over his eyes. "Close them please." He droops his shoulders in resignation, "Ok closed."

Jess moves her hand away from his face and let him wonder what she was doing for a moment. She takes Michael's hands and then quickly pulls them forward,

jerking him face first into her now exposed chest. He felt the soft press of warm yielding breasts and nearly jumps out of his skin. "Ahh, Jessica, em, is this the surprise you we're hinting at?" The young lady let out a small giggle, gently putting her hand under Michael's chin, "Open your eyes silly."

The young hiker slowly opens a soft brown eye to take in the sight before him. He quickly opens both to get a better view of the sight, a large soft breast firm and untainted by gravity. He blinks again quiet rapidly, pulling his head away slowly, knowing he was leaving the feeling on his face of what he was seeing. He slowly looks between each of the more than a handful breast flesh in front of his eyes.

"You got implants..." with surprise in Michael's voice and just a hint of disappointment. Jessica tilts her head and look at Michael, "Ok, I thought you'd be happy I got them. You always look at the girls with them, and all those pictures of the large breasts bimbos..." Her eyes starts turning red. "I just thought you should only look at me like that." Michael sighs softly, putting his arms around Jess' waist, squeezing her into a firm hug. Tears fully forms from Jessica's eyes trails down her cheeks to the line of her jaw.

"Jessica Moyra, I love you, just the way you were," he spoke softly as he cranes his head to kiss her chin. He leans over to plant a soft kiss on the tops of the large mounds. Michael slowly looks into Jessica's eyes and softly smiles. "You didn't have to do this for me at all. I didn't want you to do this for me." He gently places his left hand on her breast bone, in the valley of enlarged hills.

The sobbing slowly stops, the tear touched chin came to rest on the top of young man's head. "I wanted to, Michael Ruiz, and only for you." Jessica slowly takes his hand and places it gently on the side of her face. "Only you." His thumb slowly strokes her cheek. "Kinda like how you said only wanted me when you proposed," as Michael quirks an eyebrow at half nude woman.

Jess slowly nods as she moves her hands down his chest. "Yeah, mine..." as she kisses his forehead with her slightly pouting lips. "Oh and this is mine too," as her hand rubs and grips his firm manhood. Michael chuckles softly as he feels the hand wrap around his lower part. "Well at least you've given me your priorities," he gently nuzzles her soft bosom. The young lady playfully smacks the back of his head. "I thought you didn't like them."

Michael licks the side of her generous cleavage. "I never said I didn't like them, I said you didn't have to do this for me. I won't deny that they look damn good, and feel more natural than any implant I've been able to touch." Jessica moves arms around his head and squeezes him to her chest. "Yep, radical experimental breast

enhancement. Stem cells I believe are the main additive. Costs a full week of my expense money."

The young man shakes his head away from the warm embrace, to rapidly blink at Jessica. "A week's work of expense money?!" His voice simply stops at that point replaced with the sound of air slowly coming out his throat. "I know I've never asked, and I didn't want to pry. But really, what do you do for a living?" The buxom brunette sighs as she leans away from him. "I really don't, I mainly live off of the interest in my bank accounts."

Again the young man went quiet, the slow gasp the only sound made for a few seconds. "I... hmmm I... ahhhggrr." He winces and leans his head back putting a hand over his eyes. "Jessica Morya, that's a got to be a joke... Morya..." He moves his hand away from his face. Michael looks at the young lady stupefied, "Moyra as in Moyra Securities? As in the multibillion company that owns most other banks, Moyra?!"

The young lady looks away and slowly sucks on that luscious lower lip. "Um Yes? Would this be a bad time to say that my father has no clue that we're planning on getting married in two weeks? And that the only reason you're not being followed by paparazzi is because I change cars three times before I get into your city." Michael simply gapes at the lady on his lap. "I didn't... I didn't know..." He sighs, gently takes Jessica's hand and interlaces his fingers with hers. "I guess I'm a big moron, I didn't realize and I'm sorry."

The young man gently kisses the back of heiress' hand. "I'm guessing the wedding is off then?" Jessica's expression hit absolute zero faster than he could blink. With a quick movement of her free hand, she slaps Michael across the face, not hard, but enough to shock the hell out of him. "YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU ARE A BIG MORON." He blinks rapidly at the shouts words and then down at their still intertwined hands, "Yep, idiot here. A fairly large one."

Jessica's frigid look softens to a simple frown, slowly she brought up their hands, squeezes as hard as she could. "Damn it Michael, don't start that," the lady brought her other hand to slowly turn his head to look directly into her eyes. "I just don't see how I can adapt to the lifestyle you're used to Jess." Michael sighs and starts to look away again, Jessica grips his jaw to stop him. She looks deeply into his warm eyes as she quickly presses her lips onto his, quickly sliding her tongue into his mouth.

Michael opens his eyes wide trying to move away from the kiss. Jessica quirks an eyebrow and gives him no quarter by matching his movements. She lets out a

small throaty laugh without breaking the kiss. The young man slowly moves his hands towards Jessica's shoulders, but the young lady deftly redirects his hands a down to her ample chest. "MMMmnnpph!" he tries to yell out, but the nubile woman didn't let his lips leave hers.

The woman, knowing full well the sensation Michael's hands felt and also caused in her, allows him to break the kiss with a seductive lick of his lips. Jess locks her hands around his wrists so his hands were held against her heavenly charms. As soon as she felt him move to rub her domes of his own will, she let go of his forearms. Jessica then gives Michael the hungriest sexually charged look she'd ever leveled at him. Her eyes half close but the irises of hazel dilate as she looks at him. Her cheeks flush a dark red, while her lips pout for a moment while a delicate pink tongue slips out to swipe her top lip from corner to corner.

In a husky soft velvet rich tone of voice, Jessica Moyra made it clear exactly what she thinks, "You... Are... Mine, Michael Ruiz. If what I am showing you right now isn't how badly I love and want you, then I'm not sure how to convince you." It was all the young man could do to slowly nod, mouth agape, trying to find any voice. After two hard swallows he finally rasps out. "I get the point Jessica, I love you." The eyes of the heated fox narrow to slits before opening halfway again. "Good," Jess breathlessly whispers into his ear, "Now I want to you to stand, but keep those hands on me at all times, do that while I undress us, and I'll give you something good."

Michael's eyes went wide at what the predatory minx said, and quickly looks around as if being spied on. The throaty laugh again comes out of the soft lips of his partner. "We're in the middle of nowhere Michael," Jessica's lips once again are moist by a flick of her tongue. "Just remember what I promise you about those hands." The vixen kisses him firmly again, before breaking off the kiss and stood turning slowly. Michael nearly losses his touch on her skin when she does so, being distracted by the kiss.

Jessica slowly turns her head back to him, with a cat's grin on her face. Michael knew the look she shot at him and realizes that she meant to try to distract him from getting the prize she offers. He quickly stood himself, not seeing the trap until he felt it. The young lady bent forward, pressing her trim rear right into his crotch, squeezes her flanks just right for his member, that had been quiet enthusiastic about the sensations, firmly as if stroking him once. Michael again nearly lost it as he quickly grips Jess's tons hips for balance. The cat and mouse game Jessica set up was decidedly in her favor, and she likes it that way. She gave Michael a self-satisfied grin, as she decides to play another round.

She presses hard into him again, this time standing up to let the clothes in her

rear crevice press her ass together on his member while pushing it away by the end of the motion. Michael groans as his knees nearly buckle from the sudden movement. He narrows his eyes at the women playing him like fiddle, and waits for his chance to possibly even the score. He didn't have to wait long as Jessica bent over again, this time however she starts to fiddle with the boots, slipping them off. The male breathless at the moment swallows as hard as he can. Jess also loosens the belt around her waist, taking it off to slowly rise to repeat the actions she just made not seconds before. This time she realizes something was off, as she came up hard against her lovers groin as she began to rise.

Michael chuckles softly into Jessica's ear. "My my, seems a kitten has gotten wet, and would like a good rub to purr for me." Jess' head flicks down to see a hand down the front of her pants, and then she moans in pleasure as the fingers presses against a wet pussy. "Now that seems to have levels the playing field, wait no, now I'm pretty sure I'm going to win, you never did last long against my fingers." The not so gentleman, chuckles as he slips a finger between her labia and pushes deep and firm. Another moan came from the lass, her hips shuddering against the sudden burst of pleasure.

"Oh please more, I need something bad..." the gyrating brunette, whimpers softly as she starts to stroke her womanly rear against her lover. Michael smiles softly, "I truly wonder what has gotten into you Jessica. You've never been this out of control before." The young lady stops and slowly looks over her shoulder at the man who was keeping her in check with a few well-placed strokes of his fingers. Jessica spoke softly, between light moans "I.. Mmm... was warned.... that ooooh. Ooooooh, I might Mmmmph get sid-ayeeeed effects.... From the Aaaaaaah! Implants. Didn't care Rrrrrrrr... Wanted yo-OOOu! To only mmmm look at me."

The young lass shudders and shook her head back and forth as to deny something. She moans, louder and deeper as her hips finally starts to thrust against his fingers in earnest. Michael blinks slowly and moves one arm around her waist to keep Jessica on her feet, "I am sorry that I didn't know that's how you felt Jess. Here let me give you what you want to take off the hunger you seems to be enduring for me." With a quick sudden twist and quick set of strokes from his fingers in her gushing flower, the bouncy woman came quickly if not a little hard.

Jessica moans so enchantingly that Michael couldn't tell if she was singing. "Oh oh oh oh, thanks Michael. I don't know what's up but that helps clears my head for the moment," as her legs suddenly gave out. Held up by the man she cares for, Jess looks at Michael a long moment. "Oh fuck I can feel it coming back... MMMmmmmmm." She shudders as the lust washes slowly over her. "If I give you

this one, could you please just fuck me already?"

Michael blinks at the young lady, "So I win... twice? Um, yeah I'll take that." The young man quickly removes his hands from Jessica's body as she whips around fast enough to make them both fall back onto the rock they were just sitting on. Pain flashes on the lady's face as her knees ground into the hard granite, the young man frowns and quickly takes off his shirt and fumbles at her shirt. Folding the bundles tightly he gently lifts Jessica as she was frantic working on her pants buttons and then his.

Placing the clothes under his fiancée's knees, he frowns a little as she quickly pulls both his pants and underwear down past his knees in a quick motion. While that happens the young woman presses her moist labia against his quiet stiff member. Michael's breath catches in his throat as Jessica's wet insides welcome him in. "Ok, Jess, this is different and you know it..." He gasps as she simply rolls her hips into him, causing all sorts of sensations to play against his member, in a successful attempt to keep him quiet for the moment.

Jessica licks her lips in a rapid circle, bearing down on her hips while pressing her body on her lover, locking his lips with hers while she suddenly moans. Her silky grip around his member suddenly starts to pulse and squeeze harder as she suddenly floods over his manhood, making Michael grunt as his orgasm hits suddenly under all of his sex crazed lovers movements. His hips bucking out of control, the young man grips her hips hard enough to leave his knuckles white.

The near rapturous look is plain on the woman's face as she feels the pulse from Michael's rod inside of her. Jess moans deeply as she cums even harder, her body seeming to try to coax even more out of the pinned man's member than what he's currently giving her. He clenches his teeth, as that new assault is plays against his trapped cock. His breathing suddenly goes ragged as his body spends itself inside Jessica's clenching tunnel. She slows her movements as she finally comes down from double climax she just had.

"Fuck, Jess... apparently those implants really did a number on you. You've never done any of that before, and I mean even the clenches inside." He slowly sits up, looking at her with surprise. "Oh, but Michael, you've never been so large feeling inside me, and it's still so hot for me." As she slowly rises from his hips and moves to lie next to him. "My whole body feels so alive, and as soon as you're ready, I want round two." As she gently takes the front of his shirt and with ever increasing strength pulls him toward her for a long impassioned kiss.

"Round two?" as the young man breaks away from the soft lips of his lover

and chuckles, "Don't you mean round four?" Jessica smiles slowly, blushing while her eyes slowly move away from him to the ground at her side "Well, more like round ten for me." Michael's eyebrows shoot up as he looks at Jessica, "Perhaps we should get you to a doctor if those side effects are doing that to you." The young man slowly reaches over to stroke the side of the lady's face. "Nuh uh... I like this feeling, for once I feel completely in control of myself, and so aliive." She turns her head just enough to lick the palm of his hand near her sensual lips.

"I want to be here for a while with you, Michael, don't you?" She smiles softly to the young man next to her. "Now you know I hate loaded questions Jess," as he turns to look at the sky over head. "You know I wanted to come out here with you, but not if you're going to be..." He motions to the air in front of himself. "Out of it." He sighs and shakes his head. "Not that having a sexy nymphomaniac fiancé in the middle of the forest, is bad per se." He chuckles and shakes his head turning to look at the young lady at his side. "I'm just worried about you, Ok?"

Jessica slowly sits up and leans over Michael, "Ok, I get it, you're worried, but for now, you're mine, and just want that for now." She smiles and gives him a quick peck on his lips. "Now for that reward, because I want it again, and I want you ready for it." And before the young man has enough time to react, the young lady whips around wrapping her thighs around his head and her lips wrapping around the soft tip of his manhood. Quickly, she flicks her tongue around the sensitive part, then pulls away to let the blood start to harden him. Not letting the chance to let him change the subject she teases his mind with her words.

"I want you in my mouth, to taste you, feel you," as she suddenly goes down again, sucking him down whole, then just as quickly pulling off, but squeezing as hard as she can muster with lips. "I am going to suck you long and hard, then I'm going to squeeze you with these." Propping herself up with her elbows she presses her large mounds to enfold his quickly firming member in soft silky breasts. "And for some reason, it's giving me so much pleasure, see?" As she her legs a part enough so Michael is shown the quivering pussy in front of him.

She quickly moans and swallows him again, this time slowly, pressing and swirling her tongue along as much of his now firm rod. Her body reacts to the movement as she does so, Michael is mesmerized as he can clearly see her nether end clenching and quivering as if she's being fucked. Suddenly she starts swallowing rapidly, and her lower lips again react. Her hips thrust gently while her womanhood pulses and starts to drip that quickly turns to stream of liquid running down her legs. Her muffled moans send shivers down the young man's spine as he is entranced by the sight of her orgasm from just giving him head.

Not able to resist the sight, Michael moves his face closer to the oozing petals in front of him. Tentatively he takes his tongue and starts to swipe downwards, the moment his tip reaches her clit, her legs snap close to lock his face there. Her moans while not soft, jump an octave and become a scream of pleasure. Her hips out of control start bucking against the firm surface of the young man's face, trying to capture more pleasure. Jessica doesn't stop trying to get him off, she quickly removes his member from her lips and wraps her ample breasts around his member and begins to stroke him with the tightest grip she can manage while still licking his rod's tip when she can spare her tongue from her screams.

"Mphft... Jessica!" as Michael's lips break from the young lady's lower half. "Damn... I can't..." breathing deeply he tries to not shove his hips down his lovers mouth. "Jessica I can't hold back..." The young lady stops only a moment to remove her lips from his tip. "I don't want you to hold back, I want you cum hard, long, and a lot over me." She goes back to sucking his tip as hard as her lungs will allow, pressing her breasts stroking him quickly. Sucking in a deep breath, the young man grips the underside of Jess' thighs and holds while he moves his lips closer to her gushing flower. "Well if you're treating me to the best, I'll try to match."

The young man gently starts to lick her very wet underside, causing tremors to quake though her body. The young lady stops her boob job to suck the rod down as far as his body sticks out as she loses control of her hips pressing into her lover's face. Suddenly the man's hips shoot up into the woman's mouth letting out a moan, and a load of semen into her mouth. She swallows twice, but then pulls off of his rod to stroke him quickly to keep him going for as long as she can. He moans as his rod pulses to the hand job vigorously being given to him, spraying a few thick drops onto the soft lips and creamy flesh on chest.

Jessica quickly licks her lips and then sits slowly up stopping to quiver every few seconds as her lower haft trembles. "Oh god that's so OH goOod. You taste so wonderful? Been drinking juices lately?" Michael slowly licks his lover's crotch causing her back to arch. After moving away from her hips, the young man smirks shaking his head at her. "No in fact you know I haven't." The trembling woman slides a hand along her skin starting at her belly button progressing upwards to the large breasts. She cups each mound softly then smooths the drops of semen into her skin.

The young lady pants softly as she begins to rub and caress her breasts, "Oh I feel it running into me, that life, your life, into me.... ugh!" She bucks her hips hard into air as her body glistens with the sweat caused by her actions. The young man blinks softly as his lover looks at him with half closed eyes in ecstasy. She takes one of his hands to place against her flesh. Forcing his hand to cup her soft flesh, she

softly moans out "Please touch me more, fill me more, and give me more." The young man leans away but watches as Jessica pins his hand to her breast. "No squeeze them, I want to be touched," as she squeezes his hand in hers. "See I like it, they feel good like this."

Michael blinks rapidly as he gropes her, "Jessica, your breasts, their..." She laughs slightly, as her bust begins to press heavily into his hands, "Growing? I know silly, the doctors said if I take you into me, it might happen." She smiles as she spins around his body and slams her hips down onto his, rubbing her wet crotch against his hips. "And something else as well." She smiles as she forces his hand around her nipple, "Squeeze me please, I need to let it out." The young man dumbly nods as he does what she asks. "Oh more please!" As she moans loudly, her hard nipple squeezes to the point of turning a deep red, it suddenly jets a small amount of milk toward her lover.

Grasping out for something to grip, the young lady takes the back of her love's head and pulls it hard into her wet nipple, pressing his lips to it. "All These..." Jessica's voice fades to a long moan. "Side effects... never knew that it would be so GOOD!" As she quickly reaches down to slip the hard rod between her legs into her wanting slit. She quivers again as she takes him into her clenching pussy. Michael just lets the sensations overtake him for the next few minutes, but he then gently sucks on the hardened nub between his lips. The woman freezes suddenly as her body suddenly receives a jolt of pleasure so intense that she can only react by squeezing every muscle in her body hard and fast.

The young man's reaction to the sudden death grip she has on him is the sudden and violent release of his own orgasm deep within her. Jessica remembers she has to breathe and forces her lungs to take in air, but just as soon as she can get enough in the young lady screams at the highest pitch she can manage. The young man winces from the sudden loudness, and clenches his teeth around the nipple while his other hand pinches the other. The young lady stops mid sound and suddenly arches her back so hard that the sound of her back popping can be heard while her hips pound once hard enough that a crack is heard under the pair.

The young lady just as quickly falls backwards, the only reason she doesn't hit the ground is her lover's hands that move to stop her in time. "Jessica!" The young man sees the woman's eyes rolling back in her head and the twitching happening along all the muscles he can see and feel on her body. He holds her to him a moment while trying to adjust their positions. She remains unconscious as he moves them about, however she quietly moans and gasps.

Jessica's eyes slowly refocus as she shudders and grips Michael's shoulders

limply, "Oh fuck Michael, oh fuck that's fucking..." She wobbles a bit before taking a deep breath and steadies herself against him, she sits up straight and looks down at him. The same smoldering look of nymphomania runs across her face for a moment before she licks his lips of the small bit of blood on them. "I didn't know my nipples could cause that level of pleasure when you bit me," licking a finger to wipe away the blood away from her abused nub.

The young man suddenly stands up while holding her as if she's about to break, "Oh shit I'm sorry Jess, I didn't mean to. I didn't..." He's cut off by a single wet digit pressed against his lips. The now very curvy Jessica shakes her head, "No, Michael, don't apologize, no real harm, see?" She cranes her head and moves a hand to lift the now over handful of creamy flesh to show the nipple and only a light hickey's worth of marred skin. She pulls away from his grip to stand and do a pirouette, to reflect the mood she's feeling.

Michael shakes his head back and forth almost into a wobble, "I don't understand." The sexpot stops moving to look at him, "Hmmm, but I'm beginning to I think, Michael, I can't explain it, but you and that lovely bit between your legs have giving me a feeling of complete freedom. It's like I'm up in the sky right now, floating, but feeling the warmth of your skin, even though we're not touching," She swallows and closes her eyes, opening to reflect a deep ocean blue, that only have love and worship for him. "I can still taste you," She spins around slowly in place then moves around the mountain top, lyrical dancing to an unheard song.

"I feel you inside me still..." as she pauses to look at him and places her hands over her mons, "But I want more. So much more..." She moves into the flow of her dance again, now humming softly, closing her eyes. Michael watches her move, not wanting to disturb the gracefully alluring movements his fiancé was displaying for him. Now singing fully, ♪ I kind of liked it your way, how you shyly placed your eyes on me. Did you ever know, that I had mine on you? ♪

Jessica slows to a stop, as the setting sun lights her hair a light causing the brown to become a golden copper. She smiles at Michael, and begins to beckon him to join her, slowly swaying her hips, backing up slowly. Michael quickly pulls his pants to join her when he now clearly sees how close she is to the edge. He speeds up while yelling, "JESSICA, DON'T!" Her eyes closed, unable to see the look of horror on his face only giggles and hops backwards to playfully get him to chase her, but opens her eyes as she feels no solid ground under her toes.

Her eyes now as panicking as the young man is too far to stop her, she slams her chin into the cliff face with a sickening crack. She lands crumpling at the base only to slide and begin to roll down the very steep side of the mountain. Michael

finally gets to the edge a second too late, "JESS!" He quickly looks around to see what is happening, "JESS TUCK IN, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME TUCK IN!" As he begins to half jump half climb down the side of the cliff face.

Jessica in pain from the open wounds and what feels to her like boxers uppercut to her jawline, faintly hears Michael yelling, and instinctively does as told just in time for hard sharp rock to crash against her calves. Hearing more rocks crash and thunder, Jessica stays fetal as more rocks smash and belt against her body, after of what seems like a lifetime of the onslaught. She peaks her head out seeing the damage around and on her.

Michael slows as he approaches the site where Jessica was, taking care not to upset things further, seeing all the broken branches of a toppled pine tree. He gets over to Jessica saved by the pine trunk, and reaches out to her. "I'm here Jess, how bad does it hurt and where?" Jessica wobbles her head toward the young man, and shakes her head a little. "I'm not in any pain, just shaken, really." As she takes his hand and pulls herself up to show that she was bloody but apparently the cuts had already closed, even the number on her chin was looking only like a minor scrape.

"How the fuck?!" He looks over her dust and grimy blood body, she laughs at the look plastered on his face. She leans into hug him, but at the last moment throws him into the hole she just came out of, as a large boulder slams her into the fallen tree that is behind them. The sound of wood scrapping bone, as she screams for a moment, but falls silent. Michael shakes his head to clear the sudden stars that come from hitting your head hard. "Jess?!" as he crawls out of the hole.

"I'm right here, love. Think we may have a problem." Jessica's voice sounds faint and small, as if trying to hide. Michael looks over to her seeing her leaning against the tree. Almost instantly realizing the dripping from her side for what it is, he rushes over to try and get his brain to deny what it already knows. "Oh no nononono..." She smiles but her face ashen from the pain, the obvious broken stub of a branch now poking out just from under her ribs.

"Hey, someone had to save the prince," Jessica whispers softly as she sees the look of questioning on Michael's face. "I... I don't... I can't..." as he brings up his hands to face. "Heyyy... Shhhh. It's ok, Michael, please just look at my eyes." She weakly grips his arm, "Come on love, you need to do this." The young man takes a shuddering breath and lowers his arms looking at her impaled torso. "So I need to be blunt, I love you, but I'm about to watch you die, Jessica."

She squeezes his arm, "I forgot how good you are the numbers of things. Please tell me what you've figured, while you check your pockets for my phone." He

nods as he begins to check all of his pockets for the requested item, speaking shakily, "Time for me to get to the camp to get a tool to do cut you free, thirty minutes, and if I can get someone on the radio while there, it will take anywhere from two to four hours to get a medical transport here. About an hour and half to the nearest hospital that can handle that level of trauma, four to six hours total, if we're lucky, you don't bleed out before then."

Jessica sighs with a bit of a groan, "Damn Michael, I told you not to over analyze things." He finds the phone and holds it up, "Found it, but Jess, we're deep in the mountains, no signal will make it out here." She smiles softly taking the phone from him. "Forgetting my fortune already, you didn't think I'd be without bodyguards?" She shivers as she quickly types in the passcode for the phone and dials a number. "Ah, Rocky? I'm in trouble, I've managed to impale myself, and Michael is thinking I'm going to die." A sudden loud clear voice shouts a string curses, finishing saying, "I'm on my fucking way!"

Michael pulls off his outer shirt and gently places it around Jessica's shoulders, "You're shivering most likely due to shock or blood loss. So did you want me to try to get blankets, or your clothes from the top?" As he looks up at the hill and back to Jess with a hollow look in his eyes. The young lady shakes her head, "Stay Michael, stay. Just hold me for a while ok?" He frowns a moment then nods, putting his arms around her shoulder and waist doing his best not to move her. She in turn, places most of her weight against him. He whispers, "How bad is the pain?"

The young lady shakes her head a bit before laying it on his shoulder, "Not as much as you think. Guess it's the shock, I'm starting feel very cold. That's bad isn't it?" Michael nods once, "Yeah, it is. I don't want to watch this Jessica, it hurts too much." She wraps an arm around him and feebly squeezes him with it. "Hey no crying, we're getting married, you hear me? Rocky's always come through for me. She even helped me with the routes to your house, even if she didn't want me dating you."

"Ah an admirer of mine then, my luck." He comments softly, his face becoming a mask of worry. "So Rocky, huh? She a boxer then?" The young man trying desperately to find any other subject to talk about. Jessica laughs once then coughs, wincing as she tries to stop. "Oh don't make me laugh love, it hurts. And don't say sorry, I know why you're saying it." Michael's apology dies on his lips, as he looks at her face, the frown on his deepening. He gently rubs the side of mouth wear a flare of crimson fluid drips out.

"But in a way she is," the wounded woman continues, "she knows more fighting styles than I have shoes. And before coming on full time to be my bodyguard,

she became one of the champions of female em em ays. Got so good that she even beat a few of the guys in a lighter division. She only gave it up because I asked her to come to collage with me, and Father offered her enough money that she went wobbly in the knees,” Jessica smiles softly, “only saw that happen in one of her fights.”

“HMMMM Rocky? Rocky... sorry, not one for sports.” Michael said, watching the lady in his arms starting to close her eyes slowly, “Hey no sleeping on me yet, so you had the wedding planned for a while haven’t you? You’ve not asked once about any wedding plans, in fact you keep avoiding the issue. It’s why I thought you wanted to call it off.” She frowns at him a bit and opens her eyes fully.

“I was going to have us fly to Vegas, booked a hotel floor for a month. Plan on enjoying our honeymoon.” Her blue eyes glitter softly, “And make you forget about work for once. Going to fuck it right out of your brain.” She smile while biting her lower lip. “Guess this kind of ruins those plans, but a month of slow sex and you doting on me doesn’t sound bad ether. Why are you starting at me like that Michael?”

“Your eyes are blue, Jessica, they’ve turned blue, and your breasts, I don’t understand it.” Michael’s eyes letting her know exactly how worried that makes him on top of the current impaled wood. “I mean I heard rumors of women changing their looks for guys, but I’m seeing something else in your eyes that bothers me, and I can’t place it.” Just as he’s about say his next thought she puts a finger gently to his lips.

“Shhhhh, I know it’s bothering you love. But I was going to show you the manual that I got about these things and the sometimes drastic side effects, but I wanted to wait until after the wedding. Besides we both know you have a thing for blue eye busty nymphos...” To which he quirks an eyebrow, “And what guy wouldn’t?” She smiles as warmly as she can, given on how pale her skin is becoming.

“And that’s why I love you, you’ve been honest with me from the start. So would it bother you more to know I still want you to fuck me hard in this state? That I want you drizzling your cum along my body so I can feel it on my skin? Yeah, I know that sounds bad, but it’s true. I think something broke in me, Michael, and I’m pretty sure I don’t want it fixed. So while I know you’re not going to want to fuck me, could you please just grope me, my tits seem to still feel things, where most of me has gone numb.”

Michael’s jaw goes slack again, the wheels trying to turn on the request and information that had just been dumped on him. Jessica noting that he can’t quiet process, simply takes one of his hands in hers and places firmly against her enlarged

mound. She massages her bosom softly with his hand, letting him feel the warmth that seems to have left the rest of her body but remained in her chest.

“I ah, Jess, erm you feel nice, but it’s just weird that you’re acting like this, like you said. But this is worst part of this, is watching it.” The young man droops his head looking away, but not removing his hand from the comfortable perch. “I don’t like waiting for...” He stops as his voice catches in his throat, and he turn himself to gently kiss the cool forehead of his love. Her soft voice stays just above a whisper, “I know I’m being selfish asking you to watch me die, sweetie, but I don’t want to be alone in the last moments.”

“Why...” his question dies on his lips as he hugs Jessica tightly as her wound would allow. “No, I know why, and I love you too, but I was asking why did it end up like this.” The young woman squeezes him back the best she can, “Because fate is a sadist bitch?” Michael begins to chuckle that quickly becomes soft sobs. “It’s not fair to not allow me to make jokes but you can.” She leans and gently kisses the parts of him she can reach. “Yeah, I know, selfish remember?”

“Yeah, I remember.” He looks up to the sky, hearing a possibility of hope. A moment later Jessica also turns her head at the sound. The soft thumps of a helicopter could be heard coming closer. “Ah see, told you Rocky had my back.” She coughs again, this time a large spatter of blood hitting his chest. Michael looks down and then winces as he takes one of his sleeves and dabs the young lady’s lips. “Slow down Jess, just relax, we’ll get to the hospital soon.”

The sleek looking helicopter spins around above the pair for a moment before sliding down the slope to find a landing spot. Just as it touches down, a bronzed skin female hops out holding a small motorized saw. Ducking low against the air pushing on her, the jet black hair cut into a page boy style flickering in her dark grey eyes. Her outfit consisting of a hot pink and black sports bra that is for modesty as opposed to being needed, windbreaker pants which cover any curves of her legs, and heavy running shoes.

The woman makes it up to them in mere seconds, and quickly look at the pair. She squints a moment as she spots the hand on the breast still, and drops the saw before taking a running leap at the young man. Jessica begins to go wide eyed at the action and screams at her bodyguard, “No Rocky! STOP!” Rocky’s shin however is already connecting to the young man’s jaw and flinging him back a few feet to the ground. The last thing Michael hears is Jessica yelling for her bodyguard to back away as his already blurred vision goes black.

Suddenly the holo projection of the mountain scene freezes then fades and

the lights of the large auditorium slowly fade back to brightness. Jessica, wearing a crimson office jacket that seems to be one size too small for her much larger chest and matching thigh skirt tight enough to tease a person to look for a panty line. Her legs covered in a lace patterned stockings with the deep red heels to match.

She address the group of students in front of her with a voice that doesn't match the one just heard in the playback. It's a softer, velvet like, perfectly suited to the bed room, from seductive laughs to loud throaty moans. "And that is how Michael Ruiz started on his path to save the human race from losing itself to carnal pleasures and helping to make shifters into the third part of humanity, the Tries."

One of the ten male students, timidly raises his hand, "Um Former President Neha? Are you saying you're over 200 years old?" Neha smiles warmly to the young man and nods. "I'm the very first Tri, yes, and now that you've seen Master Ruiz's love, you can understand why I've taken on Jessica's looks for my permanent form, with a few additions." As she wiggles a finger at the large mounds, which elicits giggles from most of the class. "But on a more serious note, I keep this form out of respect for his memory, it was a sad day for all Tries when he passed on."

Another hand raised in the back of the room, as Neha looks and nods for the young lady who seems not to be able to pick a hair color as it shifts between a dark red and a light blond then back again. "I thought ma'am that all Tries lived a normal male lifespan?" A few nods and ooohs came from the rest of the class. The president raises a hand to quiet the class. "Yes, that's true, but due to an accident during the change from Shifters to Tries I was the experimental case. Scientist are still trying to this day to figure out why am aging so slowly, I'm not immortal by the way, current projections put me at living for a thousand years."

A number of gasps and a whistle or two came from the classes' lips. "Ah your teacher is showing that it's time for a break for the members of the class, so ladies if you'd be so kind unless you've been invited by a pair to give everyone else a bit of privacy if needed?" About a third of the class females nod and get up from their seats to go take a break from the room. The rest ether are sitting next to a young man, or move to join a boy and girl couple. A moment later, from the floor large thick dividers come from floor to section off parts of the auditorium hall into smaller rooms.

A moment after the dividers stop their movement, giggles and soft wet sounds waft over the tops of the cubicles. Just outside the door, one of the female students nods a head to the hall, and asks "President Neha, did Michael see this... type of thing happening?" The shifter sighs warmly, while looking out to the well trimmed grass out the window. Taking a moment to collect her thoughts before

answering softly, "In a way yes."

"You have to understand..." Neha looks at the student expectantly. "Larissa, mum," the student replies softly with a nod. "Larissa, you have to understand that Michael wasn't a god, or a hero, he was a male that as he would put it, 'lucked out.'" The young woman, looks down as she continues, "He wasn't a movie star, or police man, or politician. He simply understood that on a very base level, people have very simple drives, and if you meet those, few things matter after that."

"He knew that if men were given an option of not having to compete for a females attention and still get the sexual gratification..." The former president motions to the hall, just as the moans and grunts of couples crescendo of sex reach their peak. "They would take it, once the shifters were able to take human form, it was the death of human civilization as we knew it back then. Ah but I get ahead of myself, that's part the history I here to talk about today." President Neha, smiles as looks at her bodyguard. "Angel, would you be so kind as to make sure the car is ready in thirty minutes. I'm going to want a long lunch."

The young looking man, tips his cap once to the president and walks down the hall. Larissa, a sprite of a girl with a smattering of freckles on her face, soft blue eyes, and wave of blond hair just dark enough to be possibly brown, watches the man go. "He's rather cute, do you get to pick your bodyguards?" Neha gives a throaty laugh, "I do, and I rather agree with you about him, he's my favorite so far out of those that would protect me. Such a nice bottom as well."

The young school student blushes just a light shade of pink, "I take it he's good in the bedroom." Neha nods and gives Larissa a very light hug, "I've taught him everything I know about sex, perhaps if I weren't the jealous type I'd share him, but for now I think everyone is done with break and it's time to get back to class, young lady."

Larissa blinks and nods feeling a bit overwhelmed by the contact with someone who has seen Earth with her own eyes. The older woman winks at the student as she stride by toward the class hall, once again looking prim and official. She waits as the students take their seats, and others finish buttoning and zipping themselves back into their clothing. "Well after that refreshing break, let us begin when Michael woke up, in the helicopter just as it was about to land at the hospital." Neha raises two fingers to motion for the holograms to appear once again. The students perspectives shown as if they are inside the chopper as it circles the helipad...

To be continued.

(Hey, Thanks for reading this far if you didn't just skip to the end. If you did, well perhaps its time to start at the beginning and look for those sex scenes you were looking for. Also Thank You JS for allowing me to mess about your world with my own silliness. I didn't expect to take 9 years to finally get this started. And for those of you that remember the first Shifter stories here's to you. Below a edited clip of my first email giving me permission and it being granted. Cheers!)

On 9/12/2009 9:25 AM, j s wrote:

Hi nightbluemage

Sure no probs, just let me know when you finish the story.
JS

--- On Sat, 9/5/09, Ryan <nightbluemage@hotmail.com> wrote:

From: Ryan <nightbluemage@hotmail.com>

Subject: Body Shifters Universe

To: js9341b@yahoo.com

Date: Saturday, September 5, 2009, 1:30 AM

Hello I was going over your story universe at The overflowing bra and was wondering if I might be allowed to write a tale set in a future of it. I've had the idea thrown around in my head a few times, just would like to get permission from the guy that came up with before I try anything.