

SKIN DEEP: THE POSSESSION DEVICE

An artifact-fueled possession story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4

The Plan

“Are you ready?”

The question hung in the humid, iron-scented air of the UCLA gym. Kyle, my best friend and now my co-conspirator in reality-bending crime, looked pale under the harsh fluorescent lights. He was holding the sleek black device like it was a live grenade, his knuckles white.

“As I’ll ever be,” he muttered, his eyes wide. He aimed it at a colossal figure across the weight room, a guy built like a refrigerator with a head, who was currently admiring his own biceps in the mirror. Kyle took a shaky breath, thumbed the button.

A familiar, silent lurch. The space where Kyle had been standing was now empty.

My eyes snapped back across the gym. The bodybuilder was still there, but his posture had changed. He was no longer posing. He was looking down at his own hands, turning them over and over as if he’d never seen them before. He flexed his fingers, then tentatively poked one of his own granite-like pectoral muscles. A slow, incredulous grin spread across his face.

I chuckled to myself. A moment later, the mountain of a man spotted me and started jogging over, his movements surprisingly light for his size.

“DUDE!” The voice that boomed out was deep and gravelly, but the cadence, the sheer, unadulterated fanboy excitement, was pure Kyle. “Check me out! I have, like, abs on my abs!” He lifted his tank top to reveal a ridiculously sculpted midsection. “This is insane! I feel like I could punch through a wall!”

“Easy there, Hulk,” I laughed. “It’s weird, man. Hearing your style of talking come out of... that.”

“Yeah, well, it was fucking weird when it was you in my girlfriend’s mom,” he shot back, still

mesmerized by his temporary physique. He ran a hand over his own chiseled jaw, then started flexing his bicep again. “This is surreal.”

“Okay, dude, enough, you’re going to draw attention,” I said, glancing around. “We’re on the clock. You only set it for two minutes, remember? Time is of the essence. Let’s test the theory.”

Kyle seemed to snap out of his narcissistic trance. “Right. Sorry. The plan. I remember.” He gave his new muscles one last, longing look, then turned and strode purposefully back towards the two other gym bros his host body had been hanging out with.

I watched from a safe distance, pretending to stretch, but listening intently.

“Yo, Derek, you good?” one of the guys asked as Kyle-as-Derek approached.

Kyle clapped the guy on the shoulder with a hand the size of a dinner plate. “Better than good, bros. I’ve just had a moment of clarity. A revelation.” He took a deep, dramatic breath. “I have something to tell you guys. I’m gay.”

The two friends just stared, their jaws slack, dumbbells held forgotten in their hands. The silence was thick enough to be a protein shake.

“What?” the first guy finally stammered. “Like... for real, gay?”

“As a rainbow-colored unicorn, my friend,” Kyle declared with theatrical gravitas. “I’ve been living a lie. It’s time for me to live my truth.”

The friends were completely stunned, launching into a series of disbelieving questions. “But... what about Micaela? Your girlfriend? Does she know?”

Before Kyle could answer, the world did its little stutter-step. A flicker, so fast that if you weren’t looking for it, you’d miss it. And then Kyle was standing next to me again, back in his own familiar, non-Herculean body, looking slightly dizzy. The magic of the device was so subtle, so elegant, that no one else in the packed gym seemed to notice a person materializing out of thin air.

“I think they bought it,” Kyle whispered, a giddy grin on his face.

“Shhh,” I said, nodding towards the gym bros. “Let’s watch the fallout.”

We watched as the real Derek rubbed his head, looking disoriented for a second, much like Ashley had on the quad. His friends immediately descended on him.

“Man, what are you going to do about Micaela?” the first guy asked, his voice full of genuine concern. “Are you going to break up with her?”

Derek looked up, a confused frown on his face. Then, his expression cleared, and he burst out laughing. “Ahhh, I got you guys so good! Of course I’m not gay! Are you kidding me?”

His friends looked annoyed. “Dude, that’s not a cool joke, man.”

Derek just chuckled, slapping his friend on the back. “Yeah, but I definitely had you for a minute there. Payback for what you did at Frank’s party last week.” He then turned, completely unbothered, and went back to his bench press, leaving his friends grumbling behind him.

Kyle and I walked away, heading for the exit.

“Interesting,” I said, processing the new data. “So the device’s memory wipe isn’t just a simple erasure. It actively rewrites the immediate past to make the host’s actions fit their personality.”

“Yeah,” Kyle agreed, his mind clearly racing. “His friends heard him say he was gay, so his brain invented a reason why his friends would think he did. A prank. It defaulted to the most plausible explanation that keeps this reality intact.”

It opened up a Pandora’s box of new questions. What if we did something that couldn’t be explained away? What if, while possessing Derek, we’d made out with another guy, and his friends had filmed it? There’s no ‘it was a prank’ explanation for that. Would his brain shatter? Or would the device perform some deeper, more terrifying magic, and actually rewrite his sexuality to match the evidence? It was a fascinating, ethically horrifying thought experiment. But since neither of us was particularly keen on having sex with a man just to test a theory, it remained a dead end for now. At least we had our answer: as long as there’s a plausible out, the device will take it, erasing any trace of our interference.

Kyle’s thoughts had clearly moved on from the theoretical to the practical. “Okay,” he said, his eyes gleaming. “So, I helped you with your little science project. Now can I please use it for real?”

I looked at him. My best friend. My only confidante in this insane new reality. Giving him the device, giving anyone else this kind of unchecked power, was probably a colossally stupid idea. But he'd been there for me, and besides... I had a roll of film burning a hole in my pocket. A roll of film that needed my immediate and undivided attention.

I pulled the sleek black device from my pocket and tossed it to him. "Sure thing, man. Go nuts. But I need it back by five o'clock today. No exceptions."

His face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. "Dude! Yes! No problem! You won't even know I'm gone!" He gave me a quick, grateful nod and practically sprinted off, disappearing around a corner, leaving me alone with a smirk and a secret.

KYLE

I can't believe Jordan actually trusted me with it! The device felt warm in my hand, a small, dark promise of infinite possibility. I jogged back towards the dorms, my mind a chaotic whirlwind of ideas. Who should I be? What should I do? I could be the star quarterback and feel what it's like to be worshipped. I could be the dean and cancel my own midterm.

But my thoughts kept drifting back to Emily.

She was coming over tonight. Things between us had been... a little strained lately. Not bad, just... quiet. She was so buried in coursework, so stressed about her finals, that our physical relationship had taken a nosedive. I understood, I really did. I tried to be the supportive boyfriend. But weeks of celibacy were starting to wear on my nineteen-year-old libido. I was bored of my own hand.

Maybe... maybe this little device could help. A little nudge. A spark to reignite the fire. My plan formed, simple and devious. I made my way to her dorm, my heart pounding with a mixture of guilt and exhilaration.

JORDAN

The photo shop was a grimy little hole-in-the-wall place wedged between a vape store and a laundromat. It smelled like chemicals and desperation. I handed the roll of film to the bored-looking guy behind the counter.

“I need this developed,” I said, trying to sound casual. “It’s, uh... highly sensitive. And kind of urgent.”

He gave me a slow, knowing smirk, not even looking up from his phone. “Yeah, yeah, sensitive. I get it.” He’d seen it all before. “I can have it for you in an hour. It’ll cost you extra.”

“Fine,” I said, slapping the cash down on the counter. An hour. An hour to wait for the forbidden fruit.

KYLE

I knocked on her door, 314. No answer. Perfect. I crept down the hall to the common area and peeked around the corner. There she was. In the small kitchenette, stirring a pot of instant ramen, chatting with her roommate, Chelsea. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but they both seemed relaxed.

This was it. I ducked back out of sight, pulled out the device. Her name, “Emily Hartwood,” flashed onto the screen. I twisted the dial. One hour. That should be plenty of time. I took a deep breath, aimed it at the back of her head, and pressed the button.

The world dissolved.

When it snapped back, I was standing over a hot stove, holding a pot. A strand of brown hair fell into my eyes, and at the bottom of my vision, I could see the soft, familiar slope of two small breasts beneath a worn-out UCLA sweatshirt.

The sheer, disorienting shock of it made me drop the pot. It clattered loudly on the electric burner, splashing hot, brothy water onto the stovetop.

“Em? You okay?” Chelsea’s voice, from right beside me.

I was my own girlfriend. The thought was so overwhelming, so reality-shattering, that I couldn’t form words. The voice that finally came out was hers, but it was shaky, unfamiliar coming from my own throat. “Yeah! Sorry, just... I uh... I forgot something.”

Chelsea gave me a weird look. “Girl, are you alright? You seem really off all of a sudden.”

I had to get my shit together. “No, no, I’m good,” I said, forcing a casual tone, the sound of

Emily's voice in my own head a surreal echo. "Just stressed about exams, you know?"

That seemed to work. Chelsea's expression softened. "Ugh, tell me about it. You'll be fine once they're over, though."

"Yeah, you're right," I said, turning back to the ruined ramen. I went through the motions of finishing it, my mind a million miles away. Every movement felt strange. The lightness of her body, the way her hips felt, the complete and total absence of... well, you know.

After I'd served up the now-lukewarm noodles, I made my escape. "Hey, I'll be right back," I told Chelsea. "Just... forgot to submit something online." I rushed back to Emily's empty room, closing the door behind me and leaning against it, my new heart pounding.

Alone. Finally.

My hands, her small, delicate hands, came up to my chest. I cupped her breasts through the sweatshirt. Holy. Fucking. Shit. I have tits. I squeezed them. They were small, a perfect handful, the breasts I knew so well, the breasts I had touched and kissed a hundred times. But feeling them on my own body, feeling the soft, yielding flesh under my own fingers, was a revelation.

I stumbled over to the full-length mirror on her closet door. And there she was. Staring back at me. Emily. My Emily. But her eyes were my eyes. I made her smile. It was the smile I'd fallen in love with, but seeing it happen on command, controlled by my own mind, was the trippiest thing I had ever experienced.

I pulled the sweatshirt over my head. She was wearing a simple, light blue bralette. I stared at the reflection, at the soft swell of her breasts, the flat, toned stomach I loved to kiss, the gentle curve of her hips. Weeks of pent-up sexual energy, of frustration and longing, came crashing down on me in one, overwhelming wave.

My fingers fumbled with the clasp on her bra. It fell away. Her breasts were free. They were perfect. Small, yes, but perfectly formed, with pale pink nipples that were already hard from the cool air and my own rampant excitement. I spent minutes just looking, touching, exploring. I ran my hands down her stomach, over her hips, tracing the line of her panties. This was the body I fantasized about, and I was inside it.

The urge was undeniable. I shucked off her jeans and panties, kicking them into a pile on the floor. I stood naked in front of the mirror, a strange, intoxicating mix of my mind and her body. I looked down, between her legs. I knew what was there, of course. But seeing it from this perspective, as a part of me, was a whole different universe.

I lay down on her bed, her floral-scented duvet a cloud of alien softness. My fingers, her fingers, drifted down. I touched myself. The sensation was electric, a jolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure that was nothing like what I was used to. It was a slow burn, a building heat that started between my legs and spread through my entire body. My weeks of frustration, my desire for her, were all channeled into this one, singular act of self-discovery. I thought about myself, about Kyle, about what I wanted him to do to this body. And as the pleasure built, as Emily's body arched and trembled under my control, I screamed my own name into her pillow. The orgasm was explosive, a full-body, mind-shattering release that left me breathless and shaking, lost in a sea of sensory overload.

JORDAN

An hour later, I was back. The same guy was there. He slid a thick yellow envelope across the counter towards me, this time with a new look in his eyes. A look of grudging respect.

"Dude," he said, shaking his head slowly. "I don't know who that is, but... damn."

A hot flush of embarrassment and guilt washed over me, but it was quickly drowned out by a giddy, triumphant excitement. I snatched the envelope, mumbled a thanks, and got the hell out of there.

KYLE

I lay there for a few minutes, recovering, my borrowed body slick with sweat, Emily's scent all around me. A glance at her alarm clock told me I had ten minutes left. SHIT. Ten minutes to enact the final phase of my plan. I'd gotten way too carried away, my stupid horny male mind just couldn't resist. God, why didn't I give myself more time.

I sat up, grabbed her phone from the nightstand. My mind was clear now, my objective sharp. I opened the camera app.

I took the pictures first. Suggestive, teasing shots. A close-up of her cleavage. A shot of her

ass in the mirror. Her hand drifting down her stomach. Then, I started sending them to my own phone, which was currently in a void with my body I guess.

I typed, my thumbs flying across her screen.

I'm so fucking horny right now.

Just thinking about you is making me soaking wet.

I need you inside me tonight.

This was so far from anything Emily would ever say or do, it was almost comical. But that was the point.

I wasn't done. I needed to make sure this couldn't be explained away, like a friend playing a prank. I switched to video mode, propped the phone up against a pillow, and hit record.

"Kyle," I purred, looking straight into the lens with Emily's eyes. "I need your big, fat cock. I want to feel you stretching me open. I want to suck you until you can't think straight." I let my hand drift down between my legs, my fingers slipping inside my wet, sensitive pussy. I moaned for the camera, a performance of pure, unadulterated lust. I sent the video.

My thinking was simple, if a little twisted. When she returned to her body she'd just have the evidence. The photos, the texts, the video, all sent from her phone. And the lingering, undeniable physical memory of a powerful orgasm. The magic would have no choice but to conclude that she had done it. Alter reality so that she had been overcome with a sudden, desperate horniness for her boyfriend. I wasn't just manipulating her memories; I was rewriting her desires.

With minutes to spare, I quickly got dressed. I walked back out to the common area. Chelsea was still there, now with a couple of other friends.

"Em! Girl, where have you been?" she asked. "Your ramen's cold."

"Oh, sorry," I said, my voice now perfectly steady. "I just had something I forgot to submit." I let out a deliberate, frustrated sigh.

Chelsea rolled her eyes. "Still stressing? Are you feeling okay?"

I gave her a sly, wicked smile. “To be honest, Chels? I’m just really, really horny.”

Chelsea, who had been mid-sip of a La Croix, did a spit-take. “Huh?”

“Yeah,” I said, loud enough for her friends to hear. “I’m just, like, really wet all of a sudden. I think I need Kyle to absolutely destroy me tonight.”

And then I felt it. The surge. The world dissolved.

I was back in my own body, peeking around the corner from the hallway. I saw Emily standing there, a confused look on her face as Chelsea stared at her, utterly bewildered. I didn’t stick around to watch.

I walked out of the dorm, pulling out my own phone. And there they were. The pictures. The texts. The video. Oh my god. This was fucking incredible.

I texted back:

Baby, I am going to rock your world tonight.

A moment later, her reply came through. A confirmation of my victory.

Good ;)

It had worked. I felt a surge of pure, intoxicating power. I couldn’t wait to tell Jordan. I couldn’t wait for tonight.

As I walked across the main quad, bathed in the late afternoon sun, I saw a familiar figure ahead of me. Mrs. Flemming, my professor, walking with a stack of books, her magnificent breasts swaying with that signature, hypnotic rhythm. I chuckled to myself. I was going to see those tits in all their glory tonight when Jordan got back with the photos. The thought of what he’d gotten away with, the sheer audacity of it, was thrilling.

And then I remembered his prank on me. The stunt with Emily’s mom. He had it coming. A little payback.

I glanced at my watch. 4:00 PM. I had told Jordan I’d be back by five. He wouldn’t be expecting me. And he definitely wouldn’t be expecting his favorite professor to pay him a visit.

I ducked behind a large oak tree, my heart hammering with a new, mischievous energy. I still had the device. I still had an hour.

I set the timer, aimed it at Mrs. Flemming's retreating back, and fired.

JORDAN

Back in the dorm, it was 4:05 PM. Kyle wouldn't be back for almost an hour. The room was quiet, the air thick with anticipation. I locked the door, sat down at my desk, and slid the USB drive the photo guy had given me into my laptop.

A folder popped up on the screen. ROLL-047. I double-clicked.

And there they were.

Oh my fucking god. They were even better than I had imagined. The cheap film camera, with its grainy, analog warmth, had captured her perfectly. It made the images feel raw, intimate, forbidden.

The first one was the one from the side. The sheer, impossible projection of her breasts, defying gravity, the skin pale and perfect. Then the one from below, making them look like twin moons, a celestial event of flesh. My favorite was the one where I—she—was leaning forward, looking down the camera lens with a seductive, knowing look, her breasts hanging heavy and full, her nipples hard. I had done that. I had posed her like that. I had created this art. I was Pygmalion, and she was my magnificent, top-heavy Galatea.

I clicked through them, one by one, my own body reacting, my breath catching in my throat. I couldn't believe I had been this woman. That this incredible, perfect body had been mine to command. The memory of her weight, her softness, the way her skin felt... it all came flooding back, amplified by the glossy, high-resolution images on my screen. This was my trophy. My proof.

I was so lost in my private gallery, so completely absorbed in the worship of my own transgression, that I almost didn't hear it.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

A sharp, impatient rap on the door.

Who the hell could that be? Kyle didn't have the key? I minimized the photo gallery, my heart suddenly pounding for a different reason. I walked over and opened the door.

And my world tilted on its axis.

Standing there, her arms crossed, her face a mask of cold fury, was Mrs. Flemming.

"Hello, Jordan," she said, her voice dangerously low. "We need to talk."

To be continued...