

Skin Spin

By Paul Calhoun

Ollie's world exploded the moment he opened the apartment door, his senses flooded by Penelope's body against his. Her sheer, filmy dress would have scandalized his grandparents and even more so at the thought of her pressing against him before he could even close the door with his foot. His own clothes, evocative of a pair of harem pants and a similarly lightweight shirt would have likely been even more surprising. Ollie himself could hardly imagine a world where such vulgar and offensive things as polyester and wool clothes were commonplace. His grandparents, however, had been the last generation unable to share what had eventually – and with a great deal of geeky glee – been called grokking. When Penelope embraced him, she was doing more than sharing an intimate closeness with him. She was sharing her *self*, or at least a knowing that went far beyond sight, vocal description, or smell. As long as they were touching, they could *feel* each other. It only needed the slightest contact to get a friendly read, a sort of compact impression that told a person a lot about who they'd touched, including a hint of their surface feelings. A handshake was more than enough to foster strong trust – the reason why heavy clothes were considered impolite and *gloves* were considered obscene except in very cold weather – and the embrace he'd been pulled into had him salivating and his filmy pants bulged as he felt her intense desire at his presence.

“Okay, what do you want?” He laughed, their lips meeting and communicating a subtle hint that told Ollie that though Penelope would love nothing more than to drag him to the nearest cushioned surface and give him a thorough boink hello, she was also interested in him for more than just his body.

The compact redhead – a funny way to put a woman with such lovely curves, and even funnier since Ollie's diminutive height matched hers – brushed her fingers through his hair. “Let me show you.” Not letting go of his hand, she pulled him into their bedroom and only then allowed him his freedom so he could sit and enjoy the view as she bent over and pulled a small but lovingly carved wooden box out of the closet. It was her ‘treasure box’ where she put all the things she prized but weren't worth putting somewhere safer, like the bank deposit box she kept her work documents in. Being the PA to Madame Legate Ginger Vershorn meant handling a lot of sensitive paperwork. If she hadn't been so focused, Ollie might have reached out to grab that big, heart-shaped derriere as it swayed and bounced with her tugs to get the box out. She didn't need to touch him to see what he was thinking and waved a finger in warning.

When she opened the box and pulled out what she'd been looking for, however, Ollie had to reach out and touch Penelope to share the shiver of delighted anticipation he felt when he saw what she was holding. “Role play?” He asked hopefully.

Pen pulled the skin to her chest. “Oh, yes! I hadn't thought of that. We'll do that afterwards for sure.” She laid the shed skin of her coworker Melinda on the bed next to Ollie and followed it with another one of someone else. These were the result of the same biological process that had made empathic connections between people possible. The nerve endings that sent and received sensations between people had to be immensely sensitive – a normal layer of skin would block out all but the strongest feelings. Humans had developed the need to shed their entire dermal layer to keep their senses fresh, a process that occurred approximately once every fifty to sixty days. The hormonal flood that came with each slough had finally defeated the eternal male fear and revulsion at the menstrual cycle since they now had their own PMS – post molt syndrome – to deal with, not to mention leaving behind an enormous open-backed shell of themselves. Women, naturally, ended up synching their cycles

together and not much changed. It began at puberty, before which the empathic ability was weak and usually no more than vague impressions. The second childhood of the last generation to be unable to use emotional perception was thus complete. Ollie often felt bad for them, anachronisms in their clothes, their ideas, and even their very senses. No matter how healthy they were, they were unable to participate in a world that they'd never had.

The skins were usually only kept at milestones or for specific purposes and quickly biodegraded, dipped in bacterial baths so that they would be eaten more quickly and thus be impossible to use to steal DNA or fool a biometric lock. He touched Melinda's skin, feeling how soft and natural it seemed. Pen must have gotten it into a preservative very quickly. Naturally such things had been developed swiftly; chemicals that would leave a shed skin as supple and lifelike as if it had never been molted. Pen let him play a little with the skin, tracing its curves. There was no doubt in her mind that no matter how aroused he got looking at her coworker's naked form that he'd never stray and only be interested in seeing the skin worn by Penelope to give herself a new and exotic appearance and not in the woman she appeared to be. She and Ollie were compatible; it was nearly impossible not to be these days. Some might go for the 'challenge' of a relationship with someone who wasn't a perfect empathic match, but they were fewer than those who traded skins for fun and to pretend to be a different person. That kind of role play had become a mainstream fetish and Ollie assumed Pen had traded her own for Melinda when he turned over the other one and saw what had Pen so worked up.

"How - oh right, she gives them to you to be destroyed." Ollie grinned, dragging the soft lips of Ginger Vershorn to his crotch and sticking his hand up her neck to pretend she was giving him a blow job. Her soft, empty lips felt good resting on Ollie's pubic area, though there was nothing but his hand inside.

"No sense in wasting that idea." Penelope knelt and pulled his arm out of Ginger's empty neck, substituting her own head. Ginger's lips whisked up Ollie's cock, stopping at the very tip as Penelope's lips met Ginger's and her tongue flicked across Ollie's hole. A real mouth took him inside itself then and though it might look like Ginger Vershorn's face bobbing up and down, it felt like Pen in every way. Her tongue on his most sensitive external part had him deeper inside her head than his was in hers. He wouldn't have even known she was finished except he tasted his cum in her mouth and then she was off of him and he was returned to a single body in the throes of passion rather than being part of a combined experience. Instead of putting the rest of the skin on and going at him again, Penelope removed the skin-mask, wiped it off, and put it down. "I'd love to, hon," she said, picking up his stray thought in their residual synergy, "but I'm wearing the other one and we need to get ready."

Whatever she had in mind was something Ollie knew she thought he'd enjoy. "What's the plan?"

"This." She took one more thing out of her treasure box, a smaller plastic container filled with oddly shaped fleshy things she started filling the Ginger skin with. "I stopped by the adult store with your measurements and had these made." She continued, handing him a pair of panties with a thick squishy gusset that had the imprint of a penis and balls inside, a slit on the outside that entered a pouch terminating at the imprint, and which split in back so as not to get in the way of long term use. Another thing that had developed swiftly was the trade in equipment that let people wear opposite sex skins. Drag had become very popular with the advent of a layer that made passing much easier for those with decent acting skills. There were entire subcultures of people who went out as - and with - a different person every night. With the Ginger skin filled with silicone and Penelope making him raise his arms to have a corset slipped over his head, he knew what she was thinking. "I'm Ginger and you're Melinda. What then?" If nothing else, it would be amazingly kinky. One skin wasn't enough to block the senses of someone in decent health, but if two people were both wearing molted skins, they'd barely be able to feel each other even with nothing else over them.

"Then," Penelope said, slipping out of her diaphanous skirt, "we get dressed and go out." She removed her top and wiggled into an elastic breast binder. It had been easy for Ollie to make the original mistake that she would wear the Ginger skin since the Legate was just as curvy as his wife, while he wouldn't have needed much padding to fit Melinda's slender tomboy body. Not that Melinda herself was at all boyish. She flaunted what little she had and worked hard to make it seem like more than it was, but in the end she was a very athletically built woman and what she lacked in obvious physical charms she made up for with a fierce competence, wicked sense of humor, and graceful movements that had made her a great match to be Ginger's top political advisor. Ginger was rarely seen in public without Melinda and Penelope on either side of her and a step behind. Melinda whispering observations and Penelope ready to take care of whatever Ginger needed doing.

Ollie was transfixed watching Penelope squeeze her lovely curves into Melinda's tight little skin, the treated dermal layer hugging her and compressing her into its toned firm lines and making the curves still outside the skin seem even more impressive than before. Trouble with getting it over her backside gave him the perfect excuse to grab both asses and he felt Penelope's will fighting with her desire to turn around and take him as Melinda from the waist down. He took advantage of her moment of indecision to firmly push one tush into the other and then haul the skin upwards until her sex merged with Melinda's. The skin could only do so much to narrow Penelope's hips, but did their best and the difference in proportion made her breasts look absolutely enormous, bursting from a smaller lower half while the skin hung down as if to keep the modesty of its part of her body. His hand lingering on her Melinda thigh communicated this observation loud and clear, and she turned towards him. "We have time." She said huskily, and pressed her yielding flesh to him, his hands sinking into the objects of his regard. "You're right," she murmured. "They do look so big on her."

"I'd say we should just stay in like this," Ollie replied, pushing Penelope down onto the bed now that her lower half had been taken care of, "but I know whatever you've got planned will be even better." He pressed his lips to hers.

Penelope's arms were busy fighting their way through Melinda's trim set and Ollie felt her frustration along with her enjoyment of his acceptance. She knew that he knew that she was deliberately stringing him along to some surprise and was having fun trying to figure it out. He took her hands and then ran his down her arms, stroking and petting as he helped the skin slide over her. He pretended to try to go for her boobs again and even wiggled his finger under the skin as she stretched it over her belly and chest. He let her get up and his hands were around her Melinda waist, squeezing her Melinda belly. His nose nuzzled the darker colored skin covering her shoulders. Penelope was a typical redhead with pale skin and freckles while Melinda was darker, toned without any marks except a birthmark just above her right buttock that Ollie had never seen before. Penelope bundled her medium length red hair into a wig cap and reached for the skin hood and mask with Melinda's shoulder-length brown hair still attached. The dark brown was shot through with highlights that accentuated its thickness, a luxury that Penelope had never been able to cultivate. Ollie stepped back to give her room to tug and smooth the skin over her face and the new Melinda spent almost as long dealing with a stubborn wrinkle somewhere near the crown of her skull that seemed to be vexing her. With that gone, she shook her head to give her hair a natural fall and worked at her face with her fingers from forehead to chin to make sure everything was where it ought to be. She pinched Melinda's slightly thicker lips, made sure that her eyelids were staying in place, and then turned around. Her movements were halting and awkward as she got used to how much she'd been compacted.

"So?" She smiled, bending her left leg so the knee was across the right and turning her hips slightly with her hands out to her sides, splay-fingered. She put her hands behind her head and pouted. "Is this a good look for me?" She grabbed a double-handful of boob. "I know they're smaller than you like, but-" She lost her place in her teasing and giggled as Ollie swept her up and fell back onto

the bed with her on top of him. The skin had been fresh when she got it, so it didn't prevent her from feeling Ollie's stronger urges. "Didn't I say we'd have to save the role play for later?" She wiggled her butt over his lap, enjoying the feeling of pent up heat he exuded as he was extremely aroused by her behavior but completely trapped by the false vagina she'd put on him at the beginning. "If you can't enjoy the view without getting too excited, I'll have to put something on. Now wouldn't that be a shame?" She bent to brush Ollie's nose with hers, her hair falling to frame her face and caress his shoulders. "I could get used to not having so much hair in the way."

"Yeah, but we both like your hair long." Ollie said. He was enjoying having Melinda's face so close to his while being able to tell so easily it was Penelope from the voice and expressions.

"Maybe I should get a wig like this one, then." Penelope replied, fingering her Melinda locks. "This is nice."

Ollie rested his hands on her hips. "Don't I need to become Ginger soon? Unless you just want to enjoy the sight of me in tight lingerie." He grinned. "Another idea for later?"

"You know it is!" Penelope got up and retrieved the Ginger skin from where it had fallen when they got frisky. "Time to be a good PA for my Legate and help her get ready for one of her biggest appearances of the year." Ollie didn't have time to object to her helping him when he hadn't done much for her. She was kneeling and tugging Ginger's red nailed feet over Ollie's before he had a word out. "Don't be silly. I'm your assistant now and the less you touch yourself the quicker this will go, so I'm better off doing it." She replied to his unspoken thought.

She hiked the skin up past his knees and pressed hard between his legs to get Ginger's lower lips to lie flat against the featureless slit on the femme briefs she'd packed him into earlier. Her legs were a constant pressure against his while the squishy silicone enveloping him from upper thigh to waist felt strange and alien. As if he were being cupped by an enormous squishy jelly creature. Even the crotch had silicone padding to give him a realistic swell and feel to the female organ. While he was thinking, Penelope had the skin wrapped around his midriff and he was unconsciously holding his arms out so she could pull the arms down his and his hands into the skin's, the nails on the hands the same shade as on Ginger's feet. When he put his arms down he began to realize how heavy the padded skin was and rather than squeeze his new breasts as Penelope zipped him up, he cradled his lower back.

"What, already?" Penelope smiled at his discomfort. "Poor girl; you always liked looking but now you have to have a pair of your own to lug around. If that's what bothers you most, then I should have had you try drag a long time ago. I'll get you something to help in a minute. Right now we need to get the Legate pretty for the cameras." Her breasts pressed against Ollie's as she put her arms around him and took hold of the head. Ollie was plunged into claustrophobic darkness for a moment and then found his way into Ginger's nose for a relieved breath. He felt Penelope's desire for him to keep his eyes closed and he obeyed, letting her fingers work over his face and scalp. It was like a massage and he was disappointed when she found and eliminated the last wrinkle. His eyelids were now tucked into Ginger's, her lips over his. It was sort of like and inverse makeout.

Penelope's hands were quiet on his Ginger skin. Two molted layers were too thick to communicate much of anything, and the padded sections of the Ginger skin would be impermeable even to a normal touch. His eyes were still closed so the supernova in his mind was a shock so great that he didn't even open them then. He was too frozen, wrapped in a woman's discarded flesh, relaxed by a gentle massage, and now suddenly brought to full and painful awareness by the insertion of Penelope's tongue into his mouth. It was like his first pubescent touch, an embarrassing instant where he and a junior high school crush brushed in the hallway and both learned that they'd become sensitive and what they thought of each other.

Ollie and Penelope's thoughts and desires were momentarily a gestalt and he was seeing himself through her eyes, a beautiful woman naked with her eyes closed and her lips parted in surprise. Ginger in an attitude that was private, unseen in public. Vulnerable in a way that a Legate never could be. She opened her eyes, feeling much more feminine and confident in that femininity than she had a second before, seeing herself as Penelope was seeing her; perfect and unblemished by any sign that she wasn't Ginger. Penelope felt the shift in attitude and swiftly worked a tiny plastic strip under the overlap where the skin of her neck met her collarbone, then slipped one over her own true throat. "I set these up in advance," she said softly in Melinda's voice. "Do I sound like her? I can't tell too easily from the inside."

Ollie nodded Ginger's head. "Me?" She murmured, afraid to speak too loudly in case her voice was wrong and broke the vision of the voluptuous politician.

"Perfect. Oh, I promised you!" Melinda took a bra out of the box. "Straight from the Legate's lingerie drawer." She said, and helped Ginger into it. "It should help quite a bit." She added as Ginger cupped, bounced, and then twisted to get a feel for her now properly supported chest. She felt like it would take longer to get used to having bra straps digging into her and having to see past long eyelashes than it would to accustom herself to having a vagina and breasts.

"Much better." She said, a little louder now. "Too bad I can't feel them." She smiled, squeezing harder. "They're not as fun as I'd hoped."

"Real ones are better." Melinda agreed. She poked her own chest. "I wish her boobs were actually on me instead of having mine smushed inside hers. This is probably at least as bad as your cock being stuck in Ginger's vag." She giggled. "I bet you never thought you were going to have your little man so deep inside Ginger!"

Ollie's penis throbbed deep inside Ginger's vagina. "What I wish is that I could pull it out right now." She spread her legs and had the tip of her finger inside when Melinda put her hand on Ginger's arm.

"Not now!" Melinda said. She looked at the clock on their bedside table. "We need to get dressed quick." She dressed swiftly in pantyhose, a knee length sheer skirt, a light blouse and a filmy jacket in the current style. She was already putting on makeup when Ginger finally figured out which way around her panties went and was struggling with hose. "Sit down." Melinda smiled patiently. She showed Ginger how to roll up her hose - her set only went up to mid thigh - and helped her into an opaque miniskirt that ended an inch above Ginger's knee. Since Legates had so much riding on their thoughts, it was socially acceptable for her to wear cotton, wool, and other thick fabrics. The skirt over the hose was alien enough without the thick silk blouse and polyester jacket, all of which were made of materials that were strangely heavy. Ginger pinched her skirt between finger and thumb, amazed at its thickness and how it scratched her skin. The blouse had a deep neckline which was partly covered by the jacket, but Ginger was sure she was showing more leg than the real Ginger usually did. She didn't say anything, though, since she had to keep her face still for Melinda to put on makeup.

In her current outfit, she'd be expected - as a Legate was - to only shake hands of trusted people. Chance touches were unlikely to pass anything at all even if she were the real Ginger and in her current getup she knew she wouldn't transmit a thing. She knew now what she was Ginger and Penelope was Melinda. Pen might touch someone but they wouldn't know the real Melinda. Ollie would be unmistakably male, so even if it made more sense in body type for him to be Melinda, they didn't dare a chance encounter ruining whatever Penelope had planned. Of course, Ginger could use her leg - almost uncovered in sheer pantyhose - to send clandestine messages, but if this was a public appearance that wasn't expected and for the best since it wouldn't work.

She didn't realize she was smiling and rubbing her legs together until Melinda stuck her hand between Ginger's thighs. "Later, boss-lady." She said, bending over to touch her nose to Ginger's. "And try not to look down my top like that in public. Or doing this." She pulled Ginger up and her tongue was almost down Ginger's throat when their shared sense caught up. Hot images passed in quick succession, snippets of orgasmically naughty sounds mixed in. Ollie felt Penelope as she nearly come telling the Legate that her appearance that night had unfortunately had to be canceled, and her wetness at explaining the call to Melinda. Her hand working under her panties as she took the skins from her recently molted coworker and employer and her attempts to sound normal when telling the man at the preservation store why she needed them treated with the chemicals. Putting the skins and all the accessories she'd bought into her treasure box and then Ollie saw himself from the outside as she greeted him at the door and tackled him with all the pent up anticipation flooding through them. "This is going to be so much fun." They said together, moving apart at exactly the same time.

"Isn't it just?" Melinda laughed. "I've been planning this for *so* long. Ginger was planning to duck out of this one anyway so she didn't even ask why when I said it was canceled. She *hates* these sorts of things, but I know exactly how to liven things up." She pretended to tuck a fold of Ginger's blouse in, but was instead reaching down into her skirt to squeeze her crotch. "So you know what to do?"

"Oh yeah." Ginger said. She didn't have to check the mirror; she'd seen how put together she looked through her PA-turned-advisor's eyes. Long blonde hair perfectly set in a loose bun, breasts prominent but covered, slightly too short skirt covering everything and hose turning her creamy skin a pleasant tan color. "I know exactly what I have to do." She stepped into the high heeled pumps Melinda offered and after walking around the room several times she gave up and with another long, passionate kiss, she felt how to move her hips and hold her feet. She left the house shaky but gaining confidence, too wrapped up in the pads and sexy woman's skin to have any doubt that she was beautiful, powerful, and a woman from top to bottom. Especially bottom, she thought as she sat and let Melinda drive them to the bar she was to make an appearance in. Several cars with both reporters and bodyguards were soon flanking them, so she restrained herself with great regret from distracting her luscious driver by slipping a manicured hand under her skirt. Melinda's restraint was so hard fought that she could almost feel it despite the air, clothes and two molted skins between them.

The drive gave Ginger time to settle into the skin and become aware of every part of it. Focusing on the sensation helped keep Ollie's mind off of himself and how turned on he was every glimpse he got of Ginger in the side mirror or the bouncing of her chest when Melinda went over a bump. Her feet just felt like they were in tight socks and the skin was thin enough that she could feel how wonderful the pantyhose was when she rubbed her legs together. The air was on and the little bit of breeze down them made Ollie want to shave his legs when he got out of the skin and go buy a set of these wonderful leg coverings. Once she reached her thighs, she was unfortunately only able to feel the pads on the inside of the skin. How her larger butt squished when she shifted her weight on the car seat and the restriction on her male parts inside the femme briefs. What felt strangest about that were her inner thighs, though. Instead of closing on a cock and balls, she had a little bit of squishy flesh on the outside of her vulva. She didn't want to think too hard about it because then she'd wonder how it would feel to have something inside there. Moving up swiftly and only briefly considering the restrictions of her skirt, she went to the much greater tightness around her middle. Ginger was a big girl, but not as wide around as Ollie and the waist cincher was a constant ache. Her big rack wasn't much of a consolation since though they felt pleasant enough when they moved and looked fantastic, they just weren't enough. Neither sensitive nor reactive to her touch, they were just ... squishy and bouncy. He could get himself worked up about them if he wanted to, but they were easy enough to ignore sexually if not physically. They seemed to get in the way whenever she moved her arms and even with a bra they were so heavy! She knew she'd have to be aware of them so as not to push them the wrong way or let them bump into things. Being squeezed all along her arms was almost nice in comparison to her midriff, and she kind of liked the noise her nails

made when they clicked on hard objects, though she constantly had to stop herself from biting them when they dug into her palm. As for her face ... being reverse kissed by Ginger was interesting. Like having her lips always brushing against his but never touching enough to really get him going, and never transmitting anything. Like kissing a doll. He could almost imagine how nice it would be for someone who hadn't grown up with the expectation of psychic intimacy, but for him touch wasn't enough.

"Wake up, boss-lady!" Melinda said, sounding very amused at how Ginger had fell into a half sleeping meditation. "You don't want your constituents to think you're too tired for a little photo op." Melinda bustled around the car to help Ginger out, acting as both PA and advisor for the night. "There will be some pictures first, but nobody here rates a handshake." Melinda explained quietly. It was tortuously erotically transgressive having Melinda's voice in his ear like this, her lips brushing his Ginger neck, just a little too familiar. Penelope looking, sounding, even acting like the slender backroom girl was driving Ollie wilder than it had when they'd been in private and she was still mostly Penelope. Keeping up appearances for herself had Ginger's hidden member straining and she imagined it tearing itself loose and causing her miniskirt to tent out right in the middle of a photo, only being noticed after the flash had gone and the picture was on its way to a news organization. That image in her mind only made the feeling worse and Melinda had to hiss at her not to walk so much like a man. "It's not time for that yet." She reminded Ginger, who had been unconsciously making room for the anaconda she feared might spring forth at any moment. Forcing her legs together to walk with that hip swinging gait was agony and she hoped she wouldn't be wetting her knickers this early!

The bar they were having the event in was a typical example of the 'atmospheric' type of place that was so common in the city. Hardwood floors polished by thousands of feet, a long bar with multicolored stools, a few circular tables. Most of the space was taken up with pool tables and a pinball machine in the corner. It was clean, well lit, and cozy. The sort of place friends go for decades and celebrate marriages, births, and eventually deaths until there's a single hand shakily raising a mug and then that old dear who had so many memories stops coming and only the bartender - third generation - is left to give a round on the house to the friends' children and grandchildren.

It was a great relief to be able to stop and greet the owner of the bar, who was immediately enchanted with how wide and genuine her smile was. "It's a great pleasure to be here," Ginger said softly, in a tone that meant it with every bit of herself. The owner had at first seemed merely pleased to have a Legate choose his tavern for her publicity appearance but with every word became more receptive and his own posture became natural rather than nervous at having her and the entourage there. "You've just sewn up a few votes." Melinda purred over her shoulder. "Nice work. You're doing almost as well as the real Ginger."

"Let me introduce you to a couple of our regulars." The owner was saying, and Ginger almost forgot about her maleness in the sudden onslaught of photo ops and introductions. She posed, holding a mug up while sitting on a bar stool. At first she kept her legs attractively crossed, but as the photos continued, she slowly relaxed and even flashed her underwear at least once. She tried not to let her breasts end up resting on the bar, but she knew she'd accidentally done it a couple times. Melinda was nodding encouragingly over the photographers' shoulders so she knew she was going at the right pace, especially when no one looked at Melinda and the advisor stealthily squeezed a boob or licked her lips in anticipation. Ginger sipped the beer slowly, aware that the tight skin and tighter support garments would make her feel the effects more strongly. She was extra careful not to touch anyone, making sure that if they wanted a photo with their arm over her shoulder that she didn't reciprocate. Her clothes would protect her, but if someone noticed that they weren't getting a read despite her hand being on their clothing there might be trouble.

"Yes, I'm sure you do get some good tips..." Ginger was saying to a busty waitress - judging it the right time in the night to be able to look down her top without it going against their plan - when

someone took her hand. Her heart went into her throat but then she saw it was Melinda, who she could tell was not laughing only because it would ruin their cover.

“The Legate is actually quite good at pool.” She said to the owner. “Not quite as good as me, though.” She winked and Ginger caught on that it was time to up their game.

“We’ll see about that,” she said with the tone politicians take when they want to compete but need to appear good natured about it. She had been enjoying herself and noticed acutely how nice her heels sounded as she clacked across the floor to the nearest pool table. “Oh, thanks!” She chirped to one of the regulars she’d been introduced to earlier as he swiftly set things up for their game. He tried to brush her hand as he handed her a cue, but she grasped it awkwardly to stop him and smiled in professional self-deprecation. “It’s been awhile,” she said sheepishly to the press.

Melinda took the first shot, leaving Ginger to try to be discreet as she watched her girlfriend in the skin of the graceful Melinda bend over in her high heels to level herself with the surface. Soon it would be her turn. Now that she knew why Melinda had kitted her out in such a short skirt, she was eager to put it to use again. The balls smacked against each other with authority and Ginger took Melinda’s place, though when she bent over there was a very obvious patch of bright pink visible – Penelope had wanted to make sure that everyone knew when Ginger was showing off too much – and the only thing keeping her breasts from spilling out and brushing the green velvet was her tight blazer. They took several more turns as Ginger enjoyed the expanse of tight rear – smaller than she was used to seeing on Penelope, but cute – when it wasn’t her turn, and then ignoring how the *snicks* of shutters increased dramatically in frequency whenever she bent to line up a shot, acting as if they were only looking for action views and not the upskirt she gave them every time. Just to make sure they got the picture, she even started to take her time in lining up her cue, wiggling her rear and shifting back and forth to get a different view. It was hard to ignore even that backside alone – wide, round, with an invitation for a pinch that none of the onlookers dared to take. With the hot pink peeking out from between her legs, it was an irresistible sight to capture.

About ten minutes in, she was starting to line up when she rolled her shoulders. “Oh, this jacket’s *so* constricting.” She said with a hint of annoyance. Her fingers rested on the top button. “Wait! How about a friendly wager?”

Melinda knew what was coming but looked totally innocent. “What?”

“Strip billiards.”

“Ginger!” Melinda whispered loudly enough to be heard. “Think of the press.”

“Afraid you’re going to lose and end up in the newspapers instead of me for once?” Ginger grinned.

“No, I’m afraid *you’re* going to be naked in the front page tomorrow!”

“In your nightmares, Melinda.” Ginger held out a hand. “Let’s go.”

“All right, but you’ll regret it.” Melinda said in a tone that said her boss was making her humiliate her and it would be her job to fix it later.

Suddenly Ginger’s game seemed to deteriorate. She frowned prettily and bit her lip as miss after miss mounted up and soon she was shrugging out of the jacket. “Lucky!” She said impishly to Melinda, who sighed and gave the jacket to an assistant to keep for the Legate. Her boobs free, she pretended this

made all the difference and won the next game, in the process also giving the photographers something new to focus on as those breasts threatened to lift out of her blouse and her lacy bra was exposed every time the cue slid through her fingers. Melinda kicked off her shoes, making herself even less of a target than before. She wasn't bending as low or sticking her rear out as much, so now almost all eyes were on the Legate even when she wasn't playing. Melinda won by a hair the next time and Ginger acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world not to take off her shoes or even hose but instead reach under her blouse – letting the cameras get a long look at her bare back – and unhook her bra. “Now I'm sure I'll win!” She said.

Her nipples were quite visible through the sheer white blouse, and completely on show when she wasn't careful in bending – and she rarely was. “Oh bother!” She pouted when they swung out and knocked her cue with every other shot. Her loss was more decisive this time and she was soon reaching into her skirt to carefully loosen and then shimmy out of her panties. Up until then Ollie had been very careful. He knew he was hard under the skirt, lingerie, and Ginger skin and every time she approached the table with her boobs jiggling, hips swinging, and heels clicking, Ginger had held herself tightly inside and kept from climaxing. The slow gyration of her hips and seeing all those people watching her was too much, though. Her dance grew more intense and she threw back her head, hair flying out of its bun and across the right side of Ginger's face and she felt the hot juices spurt out and then flow through the channels in her femme briefs into the vake vagina and over her Ginger skin's crotch. Her panties were dry when they touched the floor but she knew that Ollie's cum was going to soak into her stockings. Her hidden member twitched to life yet again when she hooked the waistband of her discarded underwear with a heel and flicked it into her hand. “Here.” She handed it to Melinda, who didn't need communion psychically to know what Ollie had just done.

The rhythm of the game entranced her and with her sexual appetite momentarily sated she began to forget herself again, getting into actually playing rather than making a good show of it. Her concentration was broken by how silent one of her shots had become and she realized the photographers were starting to stop paying attention despite the flashes of flesh she gave them every time she bent over. She'd soon fix that! Looking like she knew how to play was important, but keeping up the slow game of making the Legate expose herself more and more was the true reason. Her next turn was a particularly difficult shot, and so she did what she might have done as Ollie. Bending low, she raised one leg and rested it on the edge of the table, finding it slightly harder than usual to balance since she was in a high heeled pump rather than Ollie's usual sneaker or work boot. However, the effect was immediate and the cameras were going at full tilt again, capturing the Leggy Legate showing off not a hint or a flash but the whole package. If this was where she stopped, it would be the picture in every tabloid in the nation, an excuse for even the most stolid journal to print a graphic – or in the cases of the truly stodgy, pixilated – image of a sexy woman's exposed genitals in the name of covering the news. Of course she couldn't stop!

She walked around the table one last time, her clicking heels and obvious sexuality torturing herself, Melinda – who was so turned on that she was behaving almost totally like Penelope now – and all those watching. With one last swing of her hips she acted as if her heel had caught on some tiny imperfection of the floor and toppled towards the table. Balls flew as it took her weight easily, but the damage to her image was complete. Ginger's skirt rode up and several buttons on her blouse came undone, leaving her looking like a picture from a mens' website: naughty girl on pool table. Her blonde trimmed Ginger vulva, glistening with Ollie's semen, spent several seconds in the limelight before Melinda pretended to spring to the rescue and pull her skirt down, showing off not only her most intimate area but also how turned on she was at playing strip billiards in public. “I guess I've had enough!” She joked as Melinda frowned hard and helped her up, straightening her clothes as best she could and almost having to force her into her blazer. Ginger waved jauntily at the cameras. “I hope you all got a few good pictures out of this.” Since she wasn't as worried about her behavior any more, she signed a napkin and pressed a lipstick kiss into it to give to the owner of the bar. “Thank you so much for letting us come here.” She beamed, knowing from his glazed expression and the bulge in his apron

that a lot of people would be coming there soon.

“It was a pleasure. A great pleasure, Legate,” he said dazedly. “You’re welcome here any time.”

“Any time!” The busty barmaid called. “I got so many tips from this!”

Ginger wiggled her way back to the car and collapsed in the seat. When they were on their way, she smiled a tired but satisfied smirk and looked at Melinda. “Good?”

“Wonderful.” Melinda cooed. “Role play rewards tonight for sure.”

Ginger leaned back and – deciding the press wouldn’t expect anything less – allowed herself a couple of fingers to explore her fake sex now she has something inside to lubricate it. “Won’t Ginger be really angry?”

“Probably,” Melinda shrugged. “But she’ll cool off when she realizes it’s brought her tremendous popularity. It’s a scandal, sure, but not a *political* one. Her face – or some part of her – will be in every newspaper in the world tomorrow. A dick pic over the phone is sleazy, but a beautiful woman showing herself off and appearing not to even notice the people around her, that’s something completely different. There’ll be a censure in the legislature, maybe, and campaign commercials about the wanton in office, but those will only remind people that if they elect her to another term they might be able to see a tit or some vag in the newspaper again. It’s not often the political section gets to be more graphic than page three! Every old codger whose wife throws out his naughty magazines will want her just for the potential of being able to say ‘honey, I was just reading the newspaper.’”

Ginger giggled and brushed her hair out, holding it up in one hand and pouting at Melinda. “I hope she appreciates how much work I did to make her a celebrity.”

“Ew, you’re going to have to wash your hair when we get home.” Melinda laughed. “You’re getting spunk all over it.”

Ginger flipped open the passenger mirror and groped her breasts, sliding back and forth in the car seat with the bucking of her hips. The evening of erotic activity had helped forge more of a connection with her boobs which though they were still completely inert to sensation felt a lot more like the real thing when she squeezed. She lifted one out of her blouse and sucked a nipple, looking as innocent as she could through wide, soft eyes at Melinda. Penelope’s fake Melinda skin didn’t show anything, but she shifted in the driver’s seat and gripped the steering wheel harder. Trying to get even more of a rise, Ginger wrapped her fingers around the gear shift between them and ran her hand up and down over it, still idly sucking on her big, heavy boob.

Melinda gulped. “Are you trying to cause an accident?”

Ginger didn’t lose her innocent gaze but also didn’t stop giving a hand job to the car as she let her nipple fall from her mouth. “No,” she said sweetly. “If I wanted to do that,” she licked her lips slowly, “I’d be under your skirt and getting acquainted with my girlfriend’s new pussy. I know it’ll taste the same, but I’m sure the difference in texture will make it a completely different experience.” Melinda’s eyes grew wider as Ginger explained what she planned to do, and as the Melinda act evaporated and all that was left was Penelope in a sexy, exotic disguise, Ollie’s arousal grew and consumed him. The press cars and bodyguards left them and Penelope looked almost ready to orgasm just touching Ollie’s hand when she put the car into park. She was out the door and around the car before Ollie had disentangled the seatbelt from Ginger’s deep cleavage. She wrenched the door open and Ginger could feel the hot lust through the skins’ layers when their hands met, red painted fair with purple painted olive. Ollie almost

tripped in the heels in their sprint for the door and they went down in a tangle of limbs on the hall carpet, Penelope kicking the front door closed just as their lips met. Ollie felt transcendent bliss and need through Penelope's tongue, but for once it was his lust that overwhelmed hers and for a long interval they couldn't move from the spot, too busy groping, touching, and trying to press together as hard as they could, smooth crotches grinding against each other and Ginger's big tits squishing against Melinda's smaller set. Melinda had hold of Ginger's wide, round behind and seemed set on sinking the phantom erection Ollie was experiencing inside her. The kiss grew more passionate as their frustration mounted and both felt like Ollie's penis was in two places – both inside and outside Ginger, but in neither case inside Melinda and Penelope. The pins fell from Melinda's hair and her black mixed with Ginger's blonde. Then they were up again and the bedsprings protested loudly with their impact.

Ginger's clothes were quite loose already and Ollie didn't remember how they came off, nor at what point Melinda escaped her own. The first clear moment came with Melinda straddled over him, hands on Ginger's shoulders. Ollie could tell that Penelope was having as much fun with Ollie as Ginger as he was seeing Melinda acting like her. He reached out and their bodies melted together, intimacy focused in one location just like their grandparents, though in this case it was their mouths. Despite weighing the same and *feeling* like Penelope on the inside, Melinda was so different to hold and make love to. Her body was *tight* and *small*, with curves that Ginger's fingers had to explore carefully to appreciate, like the little space made between buttock and thigh, or the wrinkle of skin on her hip. There were tantalizing hints of grokking in places where the two skins were thinnest, but not enough to do more than whet the appetite for more. Ollie didn't need a psychic link to know that Penelope was having even more of an interestingly unfamiliar experience feeling up Ginger. He imagined what it must be like to know a male body so well that way and then have the chance to touch the same person only with a big chest, wide hips, and a lusciously squishy behind – not to mention having the face of her charismatic and beautiful employer. Then their lips met again and he didn't have to imagine. He felt her hand enfolded under his Ginger butt, buried in his cleavage and stroking his matted hair. The strangeness of him having such soft lips and smooth skin. Then an image flashed and he knew they'd calmed down enough to do more than hungrily explore.

"Hey, I thought I was going to pretend my cock was a strap-on!" He said, seeing her burying one end of one inside herself and securing it with a stretchy thong.

"My boyfriend has a tight, new, fully penetratable pussy. I'm *not* missing out on that!" Melinda crowed. Sex toys had been made that could – to a limited extent – transmit like the real thing, so now there were two places that their psychic presences met, though not immediately.

"Having fun?" Ollie asked dryly, watching Penelope as Melinda swing her hips and make her pretend dick flop around.

"Lots!" Penelope grinned. She crawled up the bed towards Ollie, who spread Ginger's legs at Penelope's gentle push. Penelope nuzzled Ginger's belly and looked up at Ollie, who was craning Ginger's neck to look back at her through the valley of Ginger's breasts. "Ready?" She asked, stretching Ginger's skin out with her teeth and letting it snap back onto Ollie's corseted belly with a satisfyingly stinging slap. She inched her way up, letting her nose trail between Ginger's boobs before she stopped with her lips on Ginger's neck and her hands gripping the erect fake penis.

"Yes." Ollie breathed.

"Are you sure?" She whispered, her lips trailing over Ginger's and transmitting the barest tingle of anticipation.

"Come on, Pen!" Ollie laughed.

"I always wanted to do this to the boss-lady. Oh, and to you!" She quickly jerked her hips up and sent her strap-on all the way into the femme briefs' passage. Her face slid up and Ollie experienced her entering him as she did it. She maintained tongue to tongue contact so he could feel everything from both sides, her familiarity of being penetrated from him and his experience of doing it from her while at the same time they both felt the opposite firsthand - not that either needed it. They'd been intimate so many times that there wasn't much more to learn, though neither had ever had to do the maneuvering themselves. The scrape of the dildo over Ollie's real shaft was stimulating, and he could tell that Penelope was having fun with the other end inside her, but the real sexual thrill was coming from doing what the other always did. Ollie learning from his experience with Penelope in how to use his legs to squeeze, and Penelope handling the rhythm of being on top. Penelope's thrusts were weaker than his and couldn't go as far in, and he couldn't contract around her except by using his legs, which were soon otherwise engaged in being wrapped around Melinda's middle so Ginger could keep Melinda inside her longer. To heighten the realism, Penelope's toy squirted something into Ginger's vagina when it was done.

"Now eating you out is going to be even better." Melinda purred. "Your cum is nice, but it'll be much better mixed with raspberry syrup."

"Oh great, I have raspberry cum in my vagina." Ginger deadpanned and held her expression for a split second before they dissolved into giggles and she squirmed and rolled until they were sixty-nine and Penelope could make it up to her by cleaning out the briefs with her tongue. That left Ginger with a face full of Ginger's strap-on. Ollie didn't feel like using Ginger's hands, so instead he took the shaft in her mouth. "What are yoooouuu..." Melinda moaned. Ginger's mouth was full of rubber and raspberry spunk so she couldn't answer, only keep worrying at it with her teeth as her tongue transmitted that she knew what she was doing. Ollie got it partly out and then grabbed the elastic thong with her teeth and pulled on that until the toy was finally out and she could get at Penelope's Melinda covered sex.

Both of them took their time in exploring, Melinda licking Ginger clean on the outside before letting her tongue run along Ginger's sex as Ginger did the same to Melinda. Ginger had been right about it feeling both the same and different to taste Penelope in the droplets of cum leaking from inside her but also feel a different woman under her tongue. Every part of her was covered in a different texture, a slightly different shape, folds in different places and skin not quite the same smoothness. All of a sudden it was too much for her and she dove in, her impatience traveling through her tongue, into Penelope's vagina and deep into her to make Penelope do the same. They mingled through Ollie's mouth and her slit immediately and Ollie tasted the raspberry she was methodically sucking and lapping out of his Ginger parts. He felt her wry thanks at his thought that she tasted just as good, and then as their tongues went deeper he finally felt her on him and through him, the tip just reaching deep enough to brush across his penis, bound and hidden under a mound of female form. He had her to climax first, his male fatigue and the greater work it took for her to keep stimulating him making him the 'woman' in this for the first time. Eventually Penelope ran out of syrup to lap and before Ollie could process her thought she'd given up and with an impish smile shoved a vibrator inside him, turning it on with a flick of her wrist. The machine hum did what she couldn't and she shared his final, paralytic orgasm with him with Melinda's lips pressed to Ginger's, her thought being sent to him just as he came that she liked having Ginger's hips to hold on to.

"No, stay that way." Penelope murmured, turning him around as she felt his desire to take the skin off. She hugged him tightly. "You're so cuddly right now." She nuzzled into Ginger's shoulder grabbing a handful of boob and another of butt. "Aren't I petite and huggable?" She asked, giving him a cute Melinda pout.

"Of course you are." Ollie said, taking out the voice box. "I can tell you're being squeezed

though.” He gathered her into his arms as she took out her own voice changer and laid it down on the other nightstand.

“Yeah, but I want to be on the outside of the spoon for once.” She smiled. They were both tired and soon they drifted into a rare non-shared dream.

Ollie woke up and after trying to push away the weird pillows that seemed stuck to his chest, he opened his strangely heavy eyelids and remembered why his gut ached and everything else felt either cozily squishy or warmly bound up. Without a disguised girlfriend to distract him, he became enthralled in the fleshy bit between his legs and for a couple minutes he couldn't stop pinching the fleshy mound above her pubic bone and rolling it around in her fingers. The rest of her body, though still very arousing, was familiar from her explorations the night before and a couple squeezes of a boob, running her long nailed fingers through her hair, and then wiggling them around in her Ginger slit was enough to wake her up and get her to thinking about what was next.

Penelope kept rolling around on the bed, letting out tiny grunts of annoyance as she grabbed at the Melinda skin and pulled on it, trying to escape what in her dream was probably something that had swallowed her. In particular, she kept trying to free her well bound breasts and get relief from the constriction holding in her marvelously round butt that was usually so much more of a handful. Ollie thought about waking her up by doing the same, but a glance at a newspaper that had been delivered through their mail slot gave him an idea. The front page featured multiple pictures of Ginger in her progressively greater states of undress, with the largest being what was sure to become a famous picture of her sans underwear and lying in a pin-up pose on the pool table. Seeing her from the outside for the first time, Ollie thought he made a damn sexy Ginger all laid out ready for someone to come along and take her home. In the background he saw Melinda and he was probably the only one who'd ever see that her expression said she wanted to do just that. Just seeing himself from last night, butt up in the air and nipples just brushing the pool table as she levered herself up and arched her back had him straining against the constrictive femme briefs.

Ollie slid out of the bed, growing warmer with the feeling of how much easier it was to slip through the sheets with Ginger's smooth, soft skin. He giggled at himself ostentatiously tiptoeing to the bathroom and then ruining the silence by turning on the shower. Before he got in, pressure down below told him it was time to test something he'd been avoiding since Penelope stuck him in the Ginger costume. It was more inconvenient than anything else to use the toilet; he didn't have a real woman's plumbing, so all he was doing was pushing harder to get everything through a bent cock and some plastic tubes. He was going in the shower anyway, so when the dripping was mostly done, he got up and washed off, paying close attention to getting all the love out of Ginger's luxurious blonde hair. For good measure, he used Penelope's shampoo and conditioner, and even the hair dryer to get that authentic soft mane that he loved on women but usually was too lazy to try for himself.

Penelope was still sacked out – exhausted from the night before – and though Ollie felt tired too, he was keyed up enough to go on with phase two. If Pen had woken up, she'd have gotten a clean, happy, feminine boyfriend to have breakfast with and likely a few romps before it was time to go to work. For her 'laziness' she was going to wake up to something a lot more fun, Ollie thought, working the Ginger voice box under the skin of her throat. She hummed softly to herself and suppressed giggles as she flitted around the room, letting herself jiggle all she wanted and not caring that it made her back hurt.

Ginger was about the same size as Penelope normally was, so Ollie skipped using her real clothes and got some of Penelope's professional outfit wardrobe. A set of lacy black lingerie, a knee length pencil

skirt, the absolutely lovely feeling hose, a white blouse and a charcoal jacket. He thought about taking one of her necklaces, but it might be too obvious. Penelope seemed to know her jewelry very well. Ollie found a pair of black high heels that he could get his feet into for the short time he'd be wearing them and carried everything to the front door - it wouldn't work to wear the same shoes he'd had the day before. He dressed quietly, lingering on letting the skirt whisper up his pantyhose covered legs, feeling his round rear end as he zipped up the skirt, and let his hands rest on his boobs for much longer than they had to as he put on the bra and buttoned the blouse. He thought that his legs looked wonderful in the hose and again thought about shaving and buying a set for normal wear. He didn't know how to arrange a woman's hair, so just let it stay loose. He applied as much day makeup as he dared - lipstick and mascara - and put on the shoes last. Teetering on the ill fitting high heeled pumps, Ollie went out the door, closed it, turned around, and started beating on it.

He had to go on for over two minutes before Melinda appeared, blinking blearily at Ginger and dressed in a robe sized for a much more buxom woman. "I should have guessed you'd be here!" Ollie said stridently. "Couldn't even make it home after you destroyed me?" She pushed past Melinda - almost losing her balance again when her feet tried to come out of her shoes. "Where's Penelope? I know she must have been the one there and you *sleeping* at her house makes me sure of it!"

"I - it's not - I mean, she's here but..." Penelope in Melinda's skin sputtered.

"Still asleep after betraying me like that? I'll go wake her up so I can fire you both at the same time." Ollie scooped up the paper. "Look at this! It's not like I'll need a political advisor - even one as treacherous as you - when this is on every breakfast table in the country. Who paid you? Never mind, I'll get it out of you when we've got Penelope here and you can explain yourselves together." Ollie started back towards the bedroom, fighting between the need to swing her hips and focus on not falling out of the shoes while still acting like Ginger.

"Wait!" Melinda croaked, her voice box not in but also difficult to make out as Penelope's after just waking up. She looked panicked and Ollie could guess her thought process. The last thing she wanted was for Ginger to barge in, find her copy naked on the bed and then shake 'Ginger' awake to find her talking with Ollie's voice.

"What? Are you going to make some sort of excuse for her? You're here! How can she *not* have been involved? Who else would have gotten my skin and who else would fit?" Ginger pushed her breasts up as exhibit A, wondering if that would give Penelope a clue.

"Well - I mean, she could have - what I mean is..." Penelope was at a total loss for how to explain anything and didn't seem to notice Ginger's slightly too sexual behavior. "Please! Try to calm down."

Penelope was breathing hard, eyes wide, and looking like she might cry or pee herself in fear. Ollie knew he couldn't keep it up much longer even if he could keep fooling Penelope. She just looked so vulnerable and frightened. "Calm down? After what you did, I'm going to... going to... do this!" Penelope squealed as Ginger leapt at her - and out of her shoes - but couldn't get out of the way. Ollie got his arms around Penelope and before Penelope could register that Ginger's bare hands weren't transmitting, their lips met and Ollie's tongue rammed into Penelope's mouth.

"You ... you ... *you!*" Penelope gasped when they separated. She kissed him back just as hard and tasted his mind. "I'm a bad influence on you." She giggled. "That was good! You really nailed it. I was going to do something nice, sexy, and considerate for you to pay you back for vamping it up last night as Ginger, but you can forget that now! You've been paid *in full*." She crossed her arms, which moved just a little bit wrong as if they were expecting to meet her chest before they did.

Ollie left lipstick on Penelope's nose with a short peck. "Good morning to you too, love. How I make breakfast while you get out of that? I know it must be squeezing you a lot."

"Hey, that was going to be my offer this morning! Stop doing what I was going to do."

"Were you going to pretend to be Melinda this morning and try to whisk me off to a press conference?" Ollie asked, knowing he didn't have to.

"Well of course! Imagine how much fun it would be to get you all panicked about having to speak as Ginger on camera. I was going to have you petrified and then pretend like I always had a crush on Ginger." Penelope looked down at her dark Melinda skin. "This is really tight, though. What about you?"

"I'll keep the curtains closed and if someone knocks during breakfast, I'll run and change." Ollie replied.

"Okay, but take that silly voicebox out. It's fun to pretend to have her coming on to me, but I don't want to have breakfast with her."

"Just me with her curves." Ollie said, taking the voice changer off.

"Well yeah." Penelope's hand darted out and grabbed one of Ollie's boobs. "I'm starting to enjoy squishy you."

"We'll have to do it again." Ollie said as Penelope went into their bedroom.

Penelope gave him a last, sultry smile with Melinda's face over her shoulder, her face half covered by Melinda's dark hair. "Next time you can be the advisor and I'll be the buxom boss." She promised.

"As if you aren't all the time!" Ollie shot back. He picked up the newspaper. "I wonder if Ginger will want someone to do photo shoots for her. She's going to get offers and now that I've tried it, I wouldn't mind being paid to pose for her - as her."