


NURSE GEMMA 2


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Story By Zajnezdal



PART 6

A woman with dark skin and hair in a high ponytail is shown from the back, wearing a gold bikini. She is looking over her shoulder with her hands clasped near her face. The setting is a room with a ceiling fan, a painting, and a dresser.

I FELT MYSELF GETTING ANXIOUS AGAIN. NOT WITH THE FEAR OF GETTING CAUGHT OR HAVING TO EXPLAIN MYSELF, BUT OF NOT CHANGING INTO SOMETHING ELSE. I FELT I WAS DOING SOMETHING WRONG BY STAYING IN ONE FORM FOR TOO LONG. I FELT I NEEDED TO CHANGE.



I PONDERED WHAT I SHOULD BE NEXT, AND AGAIN AN OFFHAND THOUGHT TRIGGERED. MY THOUGHTS CALLED BACK TO THE CHEERLEADER I HAD BECOME ON THE BUS, AND IN A MOMENT...



...I WAS ONCE AGAIN SOMEONE'S
FANTASY GIRL.




THE GOLD BATHING SUIT STILL FLATTERED THIS FIGURE WELL,
AND I FELT MYSELF WONDERING JUST WHO THIS FORM
BELONGED TO. WAS THIS FORM MERELY THAT MAN'S FANTASY
WOMAN? OR IS SHE A REAL PERSON? THE THOUGHT OF THAT
EXCITED ME FOR SOME REASON.

THE NOTION OF WEARING ANOTHER WOMAN'S FORM,
OF STEPPING INTO HER SHOES, OF BECOMING HER,
ENTICED ME IN A WAY THAT I NEVER EXPECTED. AND
AS A RESULT..





**MY FLESH FOLLOWED SUIT. MY NIPPLES BECAME
ROCK HARD, AND I FELT THE OVERWHELMING URGE
TO CUP AND MASSAGE THEM.**




THE NOTION OF PLEASURING MYSELF IN ANOTHER
WOMAN'S BODY FILLED THRILLED ME IN A WAY I
NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE. BUT YET, I STILL
WANTED MORE.

WHILE IT WAS FUN TO BE ANOTHER PERSON'S
FANTASY WOMAN, I KNEW WHAT I DESPERATELY
WANTED WAS TO BE MY OWN IDEAL. TO PUSH MY
BODY TO NEW LIMITS AND EXPERIENCES.





I WAS STARTING TO BECOME ATTUNED TO THE DIFFERENT RIPPLINGS OF THE FLESH, OF WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO EXPAND OR RETRACT. DIFFERENT SENSATIONS, DIFFERENT PLEASURES. IT WAS JUST AS EXCITING AS LOOKING AT SOMEONE NEW IN THE MIRROR EACH AND EVERY TIME I CHANGED.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a beige bikini, is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. She is in a bedroom with a window, a dresser, and a painting in the background.

HOWEVER, THIS TIME, I FELT SOMETHING DIFFERENT WHEN I LOOKED AT MY REFLECTION. I HAD TAKEN THE FORM OF A BUSTY AND CURVACEOUS ASIAN BOMBSHELL. BUT SOMETHING WAS... OFF. SOMETHING DIDN'T FEEL JUST... RIGHT. I WAS LET DOWN. ALMOST...
DISAPPOINTED.

END OF PART 6