

# **The Mind Jumper**

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## Hidden Away

One would think in a world where children born with ESP, telekinesis, telepathy, and foresight were a somewhat common occurrence, a child born with the ability to take over minds wouldn't be much of an issue. My name is Evelyn Moore and I'm here to tell you that that is not the case.

They call us Mind Jumpers, or MJ's for short, and we are feared by all. When our powers manifest we are taken away from society so that we can't harm ourselves, or more importantly anyone else. Sadly, there hasn't been one documented case of a Mind Jumper that didn't cross the line and use their profound ability to do harm, and unfortunately, as much as I'd love to say otherwise, I'm no different. The urge to take control is simply too great to ignore, and painful if done so for too long.

Occasionally, it takes the Gatherers a while to locate and apprehend those gifted with special abilities. Sometimes, if the family is lucky and the child's gift makes itself known early enough, they might have years together before being torn apart by the Gatherers. I was one such child. My father was an Empath – his ability to understand and share the feelings of others was unmatched, or so I was told. My mother was a Telepath. Like Mind Jumpers, Telepaths were feared by most people, but it wasn't a capital crime to be a Telepath and the skilled ones even got away with it – those just read unaware of the intruder.

Where Telepathy was an often gentle intrusion into the mind of another, the same could not be said of Mind Jumping. Comparing the two would be akin to comparing the pop of a firecracker to the explosion of a nuke. Mind Jumping, if done wrong, or without care, could leave the target's brain scrambled like so much egg.

My parents knew the likelihood of me having some sort of mental powers was 100% as the gene was passed down by both parents, so they packed up everything they held dear, sold the rest, and moved out of their comfortable home in the city and into a rustic cabin in the middle of nowhere. And that is where I was born. That is where I grew up. And under the tutelage of my parents, that is where I learned to use my powers and control the urges to jump into their minds.

Like my father, I was a prodigy with my gift. By the age of five I could seamlessly take over the minds of small animals – chipmunks, squirrels, and the occasional frog when I happened to see one hopping through the yard. But at seven, when I took control of my first bird – a hawk soaring through the skies high above, I tasted a sort of freedom only a Mind Jumper can. I was that hawk. Although his mind was still there – pushed so deep down as to be irrelevant, I was in control. It was I that was soaring through the heavens. I was doing the barrel rolls and two hundred mile an hour nosedives towards the earth only to swoop up at the last second. It was a freedom and thrill ride that I would never be able to give up no matter how much my parents hounded me to try.

My parents were incredibly loving and patient with me. Despite living away from civilization I never felt alone. In our small part of the world I was a goddess with dominion over the creatures of the land, sea, and air. Or at least the pond that occupied the majority of our front lawn. And it wasn't as if I was a foreigner to the world beyond our little forest grove. While in the mind of birds I would make frequent trips to the city. Through the ears of the hawk I learned of the goings-on of the world. I saw children playing with each other in their yards and longed to

join them. I knew I was different, my powers feared, but I had learned to control them better than any adult.

A resentment towards my parents started to grow within me. With such wonderful things in the city, how could they keep me here in isolation? Sure, they explained it to me a million times, but I was nine years old and I had no friends other than animals and my overprotective parents, so I started to rebel as any reasonable child would. I refused to do any work, or to study. When that didn't seem to get their attention I started refusing to eat. I spent my time in the minds of the animals while my human body slowly wasted away. Better to live a short life of freedom, than a long life in prison. Or so I thought.

I hadn't eaten or drank anything on my own in more than a week. To keep my body alive my parents force fed me while I soared the skies and swam in the pond. My mother would search the minds all around her and I knew when she hit upon mine because it never failed to make her recoil – the barriers I had put up to keep my mind safe from another Mind Jumper was like a mental bullet to a telepath.

After nearly two weeks of brooding I finally returned to my own body and my parents agreed to take me on regular visits to the city where I could play with other children at the parks and playgrounds and hopefully make some human friends. When they saw I wasn't going to take over the minds of everyone I met, the visits increased and we started moving closer to town. In my youth I thought only of myself. It never occurred to me the sacrifices they made to keep me safe and our trips to the city were as much for them as they were for me. While I was playing with the boys and girls at the park, mom and dad were talking to the parents, making friends of their own.

Two days before my twelfth birthday we returned to Alliance on a more permanent basis. I was still homeschooled, but at least I now had friends and a real life. All I ever wanted was to live a normal life and after twelve years it seemed I was finally getting my wish. And all I had to do was keep my mind to myself.

My parents instilled in me the gravity of my *gift* on a daily basis. They pounded it into my head time and time again that it was wrong to jump into the minds of other humans, that to do so would set in motion a chain of events that would bring the whole family to harm. They told me of the Gatherers and people's fear of Mind Jumpers. They explained to me that if it was ever discovered I was an MJ I would be taken away and never seen again. And for fifteen years I lived by that fear. Not once did I jump into another human's mind. Not once did I use my ability in front of anyone save my parents.

That all changed when I was fifteen. My best friend Renee and I were on our way to her house after a movie. We took a shortcut through an alleyway as we had a thousand times before. Only this time there was a mugger waiting for a target and what better prey than two fifteen year old girls?

It all happened so fast. He jumped out at us with a gun. Renee screamed causing him to panic. The trigger pulled and Renee went down. With the gun pointed at me I did the only thing I could think of. Survival instinct took over and I jumped. Not back out of the way, or for cover, but into his mind. The world froze as I struggled for dominance. It was then that I discovered two incredibly important things. First, the human mind was a thousand times more complex than any of the animals I'd taken control of. And two, I felt a thrill unlike anything I'd ever experienced before.

As far as humans go, his mind was weak and it didn't take me long to push him into the background while I took full control. Through his eyes I looked down at my bleeding friend.

Anger and fear took hold and I ran. His body was not as lithe and graceful as my own, but he was fast. I sprinted from the alleyway and into traffic. As the truck barreled down on us I stared at it as if a deer caught in headlights. There was no time for the driver to stop and at the last second I jumped back to my own body and started screaming for help. I didn't mean to cause him harm, I really didn't, but better him than me.

Renee survived and made a complete recovery. The would-be mugger survived as well, only to be found guilty of attempted murder and a slew of other charges and tossed in prison where he'd never see the light of day again. As for myself? I discovered the thrill of Jumping into the human mind and knew I could never go back. As the years passed I honed my talents to such a degree that I could jump into another's mind across vast distances while remaining in the safety of my home, something according to research no other MJ had ever achieved before, and which I took great advantage of.

My name is Evelyn Moore and this is my story...

## Bodiless Stroll

“Are you sure moving out's the right thing to do?” my mother asked.

“I need a place of my own, mom,” I replied. “I can't live here forever.”

“Why not?” dad asked. He was the more practical of the two and thought me living at home was more economical whereas mom only wanted me to stay so she could smother me and make sure I didn't abuse my abilities. I loved my parents dearly, but I had to go.

“I'm twenty years old and still living at home,” I sighed. “Everyone I know is either married or dating while I've never even had a boyfriend! I can't stay cooped up here forever. I've already found a place and put down a deposit.”

“And what if the Gatherers come looking for you?” mom exclaimed. “We can't protect you if you're not here.”

“If the Gatherers wanted me you couldn't protect me even if I were here,” I replied.

“Look, it's been twenty years. No one knows of my abilities except the two of you so if the Gatherers do come looking for me I won't have far to go to find who turned me in.”

“We'd never do such a thing!” dad gasped.

“I know dad. The point is I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm all grown up now and need a life of my own. I've already gotten my new place furnished so I'll be staying there tonight. I'll move my things out of here over the next few days after work.”

“I hope you know what you're doing,” mom said on the verge of tears. It was hard for her to let go of anything let alone her only child. But it wasn't as if this was goodbye forever.

“I'm only moving eight miles away, mom. You can come visit me any time you want.”

“And you're sure you can afford it?” dad asked.

“It's well within my budget. Besides, with all the money I've saved living at home I could've bought the place outright but opted to only put half down just in case of emergencies.”

“If you need anything at all don't hesitate to call, sweetie,” dad said giving me a hug. I hugged him back and then hugged mom tight and assured her this was for the best.

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There were many reasons I wanted a place of my own, but none more important than being able to entertain friends and potential lovers. At twenty years old I just might be the oldest virgin in the city. That doesn't mean I didn't know my way around a man's body though. Being able to jump into another's mind does have its benefits. Over the years I've entered into more than a dozen men and women and taken lovers, while my own body has remained untouched, pure. Suffice to say, when I finally do have a lover he or she will be quite pleased at my level of skill and willingness to experiment.

I pulled into the driveway of my new home and smiled. For the first time in my life I felt truly free. Sure, I could come and go as I pleased while living with the parents, but there was something altogether liberating about having a place all your own. It wasn't anything special – just a three bedroom brick ranch with finished basement and in-ground pool in the fenced in backyard that I couldn't wait to take a dip in. One of the rooms was my bedroom, another was a guest bedroom, and the third I converted into an office for those days I was feeling lazy and wanted to work from home.

The basement was where the magic happened, so to speak. It was where I kept my special room – the one place I could go for absolute peace and quiet while I left my body and entered another's. The previous owner of the home was a musician and the basement was completely soundproofed which made it the ideal location for me to do my thing.

I stripped out of my clothes, leaving them lying on the living room floor as I made my way to the kitchen. That was another reason for having my own place. I could walk around naked anytime I wanted and my parents couldn't bitch at me for leaving clothes all over the place. I didn't have to go naked while Mind Jumping, but I enjoyed the liberating freedom that came with being nude and so it had become habit.

My nipples were hard and my pussy moist before I even reached the basement steps. I was anxious and incredibly horny to get started on the day. I figured the more I learned about sex the better off I'd be in the long run and what better way to get firsthand experience than to do it as someone else so that my own body remained chaste? If I was experienced in one sexual act it would be sucking dick. I've never touched the real thing with my own fingers, or wrapped my lips around one, but I did buy a dildo to practice on. After nearly eight months of learning to deep throat, I learned real quick that doing it in the body of another was not the same as doing it with my own mouth and throat.

I flipped the light on and descended the stairs. Straight ahead of the steps was a small laundry room and around the corner was a larger open room that could be used for anything. It was mostly empty now save for the many boxes piled up in the far corner that I had to toss out on trash night. There was a closed door along the left wall that led to my quiet place.

I opened the door and stepped into my sanctuary. The room was lit by an overhead light that I put a low watt bulb in. It was bright enough for me to see by, but not so bright that it would distract me while in the trance-like state mind jumping left me in. I sat on the edge of the bed – the room's only piece of furniture, and swung my legs around to lay back, my head resting on a pile of pillows. I found over the years that it was easier for me to leave my own mind while my body was resting comfortably.

I breathed deep through my nose and exhaled slowly through my mouth, a calming technique I frequently put to use. I let my mind wonder. Everything looked brighter, more focused, when I left my body. Another reason I used a dull bulb in the room. I floated through the closed door and up through the floor into the living room. It was brighter up here and I had to give myself a few seconds to adjust before going further. I could've simply jumped into another's mind, but I liked taking the occasional bodiless stroll as I searched for someone interesting to take over.

One of the coolest things about strolling outside of the body was the speed at which I could do it. I really could travel at the speed of thought. In the blink of my proverbial eye I could go hundreds of miles, or I could take it slow, feel out my surroundings, and sense any interesting minds to hop into. I had a target in mind to christen my new home, but I had to take my time. His mind was a strange place even for me and if I wasn't careful I could easily get lost in it. But oh what a thrill ride once I was settled in.

Over the years I discovered that there were three stages to which I could take over someone's mind. The first, and least intrusive is what I like to call 'along for the ride'. At this level of control I'm merely an observer. I exert no control whatsoever on the mind I am intruding upon. The next is partial control. At this stage my presence is known and there's often a struggle for dominance. It is by far the riskiest of the three levels of control which is why I use it sparingly and usually on criminals I make turn themselves in. I think the look on their face as



they realize what they're doing is priceless, but by the time I leave them it's too late. They are behind bars and I'm off to another mind. The last stage of control is total. At this point I've taken over so completely that I am the dominant personality and the real mind is relegated to the very deep subconscious. They have no control whatsoever over what I may or may not do with their body. And from everything I've been able to ascertain, they retain only a vague memory of what happened. It's been likened to having a vivid dream that you forget the moment you wake. Whether or not that is true I cannot say because I can't exactly ask.

In my own body I was about as empathic as a rock, but with my mind roaming free I was able to pick up on even the slightest hint of emotion. I had to take great care not to become overwhelmed while my mind was free of a body or I risked becoming lost. I was picking up all sorts of emotions now. Two women, lovers, were passionately making love in a house to my left. I made a mental note of the address. Two houses down the road a man cursed as he burned his hand while cooking dinner, while across the street a couple argued over how to pay the bills and buy food at the same time. I made a note of that address as well.

Sure, mind jumping is seen as a crime punishable by death, but a lot of good could come of having such abilities. And in a day or two, the struggling couple at 534 Beckner Drive would receive a very generous gift from their mysterious benefactor that should set them straight until they could find work.

I zipped across the city like a bolt of lightning, drawn to one of the most powerful minds I had ever felt. As I approached the mansion sitting far off the road, I was greeted by the disembodied figure of a man. I froze, fear gripping me like a vice around the chest. In all the time I had been going on these bodiless strolls I had never seen another. For a moment I feared he was a Gatherer that had at last found me and I zipped away as quickly as possible.

I left the city behind. And then the state. I was travelling faster than ever before, but the man kept up. A gentle hand on my arm halted my escape and I looked over at my pursuer. "You have nothing to fear from me," he spoke, his voice deep and commanding. "I too am a mind jumper."

"Y-you are?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"I am. I thought I was the only one in the city. Will you stay and talk with me?"

"I'm not so sure that's a wise thing to do. Was that your home back there?"

"You mean that mansion a thousand miles that way?" he grinned, jerking his finger in the direction we fled from. "Nah, I was just scouting the place out. No one was home though."

"I think I should go. It's not safe for us to be together like this for long." I had no real proof of that other than what I've read on the internet and in books, but it sounded like a good reason to part ways. Something about him was throwing me off and I did not like it one bit. "I'm sorry, but I've got to go." In the blink of an eye I was gone, back home in my body leaving him no means of following.

I woke from my trance and stared at the ceiling. We had seen what each other really looked like and that was a dangerous thing. Unlike jumping into another's mind where I become that person, in a bodiless stroll my true appearance cannot be disguised. I've tried a million ways to Sunday, but for whatever reason it was impossible. Now that the man saw what I looked like it would be a simple matter for him to find the real me.

His mind was as powerful and cunning as my own and he was no doubt thinking the same thing. All I could do was hope he was smart enough to realize turning me in was not in either of our best interest.