

CW: gender swap; transformation; bisexual; rough sex

The Girl in His Reflection

Chapter 5

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Julia had never felt anything like this.

With Ben, the sex had been... *easy*. Perfect. He had filled her in a way that felt so natural, the head of his cock pressing against those sensitive spots inside her, giving her *exactly* what she wanted when losing her virginity - which was still such a strange thing to think about.

Mack, on the other hand... Mack was a monster. A charming, handsome, sexually liberated man who seemed to have *zero* qualms about stretching her beyond belief.

Of course, Jules had watched *plenty* of porn, and knew about size queens and that porn-brained idea of 'bigger is better', but he *also* had been with enough women to know that some girls simply cannot take larger cock, and that they preferred average lengths and thicknesses, because it gave them what they wanted without any of the stretch.

Julia was discovering she was not one of those girls who couldn't take a long, thick cock. In fact, as she mounted Mack and had his cock spear into her, she felt a stretch that *should* have been uncomfortable, painful even, but that simply pulled from her a lewd moan that she'd never made before.

'OooouugghhHHH!'

Four inches of thick meat slid into her well-prepared, *hungry* slit, stretching her open as her eyes rolled back, mouth open, shock and awe and pleasure and shame all flooding through her.

She liked *Ben*. She'd fucked him *this morning*, in a way that was clearly romantic. She knew he liked her back. Emotionally, that was so complicated - he was Jules' best friend, *her* best friend. Besides Sam, he was the only person who knew about what she was going through, the only person she really trusted.

She knew that Ben hadn't asked for anything to be exclusive - if anything, he'd sent her a joke-y text telling her to 'spread her wings, or legs'. He'd given her enthusiastic permission, right?

After all, she'd set her safeword as 'wings' because that text was still on her mind.

So, did she need his permission? No.

Did she still feel guilty as she slid another inch down onto Mack's monster? Yes.

Was that feeling of guilt going to stop her? Too soon to tell. Not right now, anyway.

'Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmy GOD!' she stammered, mumbling and moaning her words as she felt two sets of hands on her body; Mack's thick hands steadied her hips as she lowered herself down, now most of the way onto him and yet still with a couple of inches left; from behind her there were softer hands, stroking her back, her butt, making her feel more comfortable.

Susie, Mack's virginal girlfriend-slash-sub, was giving her a little care as Julia sank on her boyfriend's thick cock, pausing to settle herself.

'It's okay,' Mack said, genuine care in his eyes. 'I know my size - it can take some time to... stretch.'

'*Fuck*, I'm stretching,' she moaned.

'Take your time,' Mack said, sitting up. 'You're being so good - you feel *so fucking* good.'

'Say that again,' Julia said, almost working on instinct now. As Jules, she had learned not to fight a good feeling; he'd learned about enjoying some *interesting* things purely by staying open to them. 'Say I'm good again.'

'Such a good girl,' Mack said, smiling. '*Fuck*, you're doing so well - look at you, taking my cock like that. My girlfriend's never had *any* cock inside her, and here you are, showing her how it's done.'

Julia couldn't explain it further than the realisation that she clearly had some sort of praise kink - when he told her she was a *good girl*, there was a flutter in her chest and she felt herself want to keep going - to push further, to do more for him. Anything to get more praise.

So she leaned forwards, letting her tits press into him as she lay her head on his shoulder; here, his cock wasn't *fully* inside her, but it was as deep as she was willing to go for now; the angle of her body against his meant there wasn't any chance of her sliding further than she wanted to, and it already felt *massive* inside her.

'So big,' she breathed, her breath hot on his neck. 'You're so *fucking big*.'

Mack stroked her back in a way that made her feel butterflies. He was good at this sex thing - even without the cock. Respectful, warm, and a good listener. It was hard not to respond to that.

After a moment or two, Julia felt like she was getting used to him, so she began to move - and *immediately*, what was a slightly uncomfortable stretch suddenly began to feel like pure, soaking bliss.

'Oh, *fuck*,' she moaned as she began to rock against him, saw his cock into her as she rolled her hips, slowly at first but quickly getting into a more forceful rhythm, each movement sending lightning through her veins.

Her hands dug into the bedsheets, gripping Susie's bedding as she began to fuck him, using his cock like it was a sex toy - just something there for her to act on, with Mack not moving or doing anything to push things past the point she was comfortable. He was letting her drive, and the fact that he was grunting with each of her rolls, and occasional words of praise - '*good girl*' - pushed Julia to go a little faster, to trust him a little more, and to push herself deeper, *deeper*, until she felt her hips meet his.

'*Hhooooo*,' she groaned, sitting up and falling still. She had taken all of him. 'You feel like you're in my stomach,' she said, placing a hand on her abdomen. It was hard to believe that *all* of his monstrous cock had vanished inside her body.

'No everyone can take it all,' Mack sighed, clearly enjoying himself. 'In fact, I think you're the fastest. I wasn't kidding - you are *made* for sex.'

'Yeah?' Julia asked, a smile growing on her face. The idea that no one had given him what she was giving him before was... slightly addictive. Here was an experience sex-machine, telling her that for *something*, she was the fastest he'd had. 'Do you think your girlfriend could take you like this?'

Mack's eyes lit up as Julia started to play along with their *situation*. Fuck it, she figured - in for a penny, in for a pound.

'Do you think she could take your *whole* cock, first time?' Julia asked, *slamming* herself down onto him. 'Do you think she could suck your cock the way I did? Do you think she would feel this good?'

'Oh, *fuck*,' Mack moaned. 'I think I need to fuck you now.'

Julia's heart flipped. She'd been fucking *him*, and that was starting to be fun, but... the idea of it being the other way around, of losing that control she had, it was kind of scary.

She looked him dead in the eye and nodded.

Without an inch leaving her, Mack wrapped his arms around her and rolled, until Julia was flat on her back with her legs in the air, and Mack's handsome face smiling down at her. His arms, thick and strong, were on either side of her head, his body holding hers in place. She was pinned, stuffed, and delirious with pleasure.

'Fuck me,' she said. Susie was forgotten, now. It was just her and Mack - and Mack was all too eager to fulfil her wishes.

He brought his hips back, and Julia whimpered at the sensation of his thickness sliding out of her, before pushing back into her - eight thick inches filling her completely, making Mack moan in satisfaction as she stuffed her.

It quickly turned into more regular strokes, and Julia's moans became higher-pitched, pornographic even. She moaned Mack's name, scratching his back as he sped up, bit by bit, until his hands looped under her thighs, spreading her even wider, thrusting deeper, faster, his hammering into her poor stretched sex making a consistent *paf-paf-paf-paf* that filled the air, the bed shaking hard enough to creak and complaining; the fact that it was Susie's bed was far from Julia's mind, along with anything else that wasn't Mack's cock, and the fact that she was, thrust after thrust, rocketing towards orgasm like a runaway train towards a damsel tied to the tracks.

When it hit her, Julia screamed - honest-to-god *screamed* - as she felt herself clamp around Mack's thickness. He moaned, slamming himself *deep* into her, and just as Julia had the intrusive thought about Mack filling her with cum, he wisely wrenched himself from her depths. His chest was shiny and wet as he gave himself two, three strokes, before his head fell back and he erupted in a shuddering orgasm of his own.

His cum was thick, and came from him in long white lines - the first of which followed a particularly delicious whimper of his, before landing on Julia's face. A five-foot shot, painting her from eye to chest.

The second hit her chin, leaving a second long line across her tits, before being followed by four or five more that pooled across her tits and her stomach, dribbling across her and dripping from her body into the sheets.

It took her a moment to come back to reality from her own orgasm, of course - the first she'd had *purely* from penetration, with next to no contact with her clit. It had been... different, again. More of a hike up to it, and clearly not something she would have every time during sex, and yet

intense in its own way. Once she'd managed to recover a *little*, she realised that Mack looked like he'd been soaked in something.

Julia lay back, covered in cum, and laughed. 'I... did I...?'

'Squirt all over me?' Mack said. 'I think you did.' He had a smile on his face like he was thinking of something devious. 'Susie - come and clean up my cock from her juices, and lick her squirt off me. Then, clean her up.'

Julia lay back, letting her heart rate fall back to normal and her breathing get back to regular. She heard, out of sight, Susie sucking Mack's cock for a minute or so, followed by the sounds of her licking his chest and stomach. A moment later the bed creaked as she climbed up next to her.

'May I clean my boyfriend's cum from your perfect body?' Susie asked, all sweetness and innocence.

'Please do,' Julia purred, her post-orgasm glow giving her something of a high as she lay there. Half-thinking, she reached up to the collar on her neck, and felt the latch at the back - and then, she pulled her hand away, choosing to stay as Julia. For obvious reasons, of course, but still - the idea that she was given the chance to become her 'real self' again, and didn't take it, stirred something in her.

The licks started, funnily enough, on Julia's face. Susie carefully, in an almost silly way, licked the cum from her eye, and her cheek, and her lips. It was never quite a kiss, and yet Julia's mouth fell open a little, as Susie continued downwards. She licked Julia's neck clean, before licking Mack's cum off her tits in a way that was positively *lewd*. There were slurps and swallows, and Julia whimpered as she felt the tongue and lips explore her softness, devouring her, cleaning her.

Still southward she went, licking Julia's hips and navel clean, until she was at her pubic mound, and Susie paused.

'My pet wants to lick your pussy,' Mack said. 'But, I didn't cum there, now, did I? So, there would be no use to it.'

Julia sat up, and saw the pleading look in Susie's eyes. She didn't want to be indulged. She'd just watched a stranger cum on her partner's cock, and her boyfriend cum *all* over her, before being made to clean it up. She wanted the domination. To be denied.

'No use to it,' Julia said. 'And your boyfriend made me cum enough - I don't need your lips to spoil that.'

Susie went red in the face, and nodded.

'Do you need anything? Water? You can shower here.'

Julia nodded. 'Give me five minutes, and then yes - a shower would be *amazing*.'

'Pet, go get us some waters from your fridge. Bottled, chilled.'

Susie scampered away with a mumbled 'yes master,' before Mack sat on the bed next to her.

'That was... amazing.'

'I've never done anything like this before,' Julia said, hiding the real truth under an obvious one.

‘You’re a natural at it. And, of course, there’s no obligation or anything, but if you’d like to do this sort of thing again... you have my number. Or, if you’d like to go out with Susie for a drink or something, so you can rest assured everything is, you know, kosher, that has been good in the past.’

Julia nodded, still too cum-drunk to think any of this through properly. ‘Yes... yeah, okay.’ Mack smiled, and petted her head, which made Julia feel all warm inside.

#

By the time Julia was back at the flat, having showered and dried and gotten re-dressed, and kissed Mack goodbye and given Susie a hug and exchanged numbers, it was barely past midday. It was crazy to think it had scarcely been a few hours since she quit her job, and had proceeded to suck off Ben under his desk while he was on a meeting.

She was starting to think that Julia might be a bit of a slut.

She stumbled into the flat, and saw Ben in the kitchen next to the whistling kettle, making himself a coffee, and upon being *seen* for the first time since her dom-sub threesome, blushed like mad.

Ben, to his credit, beamed upon seeing her. ‘Have fun?’

‘Ben, *dude*. I can’t even tell you.’

‘Sounds like being Julia has its perks - you’re getting more action than Jules ever did.’

Julia nodded. ‘In the past few days, let’s see-’ she took off her shoes and sat on the sofa as Ben made his coffee, as casual as they ever were when she was Jules. ‘I’ve fucked a lesbian, fucked my best friend, sucked him off during a meeting, and then had a threesome with a guy with the *biggest* dick I’ve ever seen, and his virgin girlfriend who watched from the corner.’

Ben blinked. ‘Damn.’

‘Yeah,’ Julia nodded. ‘Now, look, I think I’m going to change back - how long have you got on your break?’

‘I’m on lunch,’ Ben shrugged. ‘So, like, half an hour?’

Julia hitched an eyebrow at him. ‘Wanna help?’

Ben swallowed. ‘Well-uh, I mean, do you think I’ll measure up? After the *biggest dick you’ve ever seen?*’

Julia scoffed. ‘You really want to let penis-envy stop me from riding your face?’

Ben paused for a second, and then shrugged. ‘You make a valid argument. My bed or yours?’

‘Yours - I like it in your room.’ Julia bounced up and began stripping and leaving her clothes strewn across the floor as she made her way past Ben towards his bedroom. ‘Don’t leave me hanging.’

Ben left his coffee on the side as he chased Julia into his room, happily slamming the door shut behind him.

#

Julia walked out of Ben's room, naked and staggering slightly, and found her way back to Jules' room, where she promptly plucked open the choker and felt her body turn back into *his* body.

Time to be Jules again for a bit. If for nothing else, then for some admin tasks.

He pulled on some pyjama bottoms and a t-shirt and decided that, with all the time he now had while unemployed, to sort some of his life out. It was strange - being Julia, and having sex that was *truly* satisfying, had unlocked something in him. Maybe it was endorphins, or maybe it was purely adrenaline, or maybe with exploring this side of himself he'd found some... inner *well* of motivation, but he started by cleaning his room.

He put in a clothes wash, hoovered the entire flat, and even set up the slow-cooker to make chilli for dinner. He made sure the windows were clean, and was rewarded with a sunny afternoon that made this Monday feel a lot more positive than most of the ones he'd had in recent memory.

Ben, having spent his morning waking up next to Julia after a night of sex, getting a morning at-work, under-desk blowjob, and then had his face ridden by the most beautiful girl he knew, was on cloud nine for the rest of the day. Even what was, from Jules' observations, a fairly shitty day of cold calling and pulling reports together couldn't dampen things for him. He worked from his sofa desk with a smile on his face as Jules flitter around him, cleaning and sprucing until what had been a bit of a dour living space felt... nice.

Fresh, light, pleasant.

It was around 2pm when Jules remembered that he wasn't just trying to clean, but sort the *other* sides of his life out; after all, he had a phone of his own he'd barely looked at since Ben was in the hospital, and it seemed like a good idea to reply to some people.

Of course, when he went to check it, there was actually only five messages in total, and three of them were from the same three people.

Elliot, Tony, and Rusty.

Elliot had, the last time Julia had seen him, planted a hand on her knee before offering to help her out with 'whatever she needed'. Jules' phone seemed to show the follow-up - three texts from Elliot across twelve hours.

1: *Dude, is your cousin single?*

2: *Sorry, that was weird*

3: *But seriously, if I tapped that, would you be mad?*

Jules scoffed at the idea of Elliot using the phrase 'tap that' out loud in real life, and wondered if the guy knew how stupid he sounded over text. He flipped over to his other two texts, the first from Rusty.

Dude, El is being annoying about Julia.

Then, the last one, from Tony.

How's Ben keeping?

The fact that Tony didn't seem to be Julia-focused is what caught his attention, so Jules decided to answer him first. The text was from last night, so he was a little late in replying, but figured he wouldn't stress about it.

Jules texted back, *He's good - working. Seems like he's doing okay.*

Next, he messaged Rusty. *I got a few texts too - we need to get him laid.*

Then, he opened Elliot in his phone, and read through the messages again. He felt a certain... anger in his gut. But it was layered, and had a few different sources from within.

Firstly, there was the crass way he was hitting on, and talking about Julia. The fact that Jules *was* Julia made him feel a bit strange, as between Siobhan, Ben and Mack - and even Susie - Julia had so far only experienced the sides of femininity that were positive. She'd seen lust and desire, sure, but pretty much only from people *she* was also attracted to. Elliot just... wasn't that.

The second part of it, however, was deeper - it was the fact that Elliot seemed to be asking Jules' permission to ask out Julia, like she was *his* to protect. Jules found himself insulted. Talked down-to.

Jules decided to cut himself out of the situation, as the apparent middle-man between Elliot and Julia.

Talk to her dude, he sent him, along with Julia's new phone number.

Within four minutes, a text popped up on Julia's phone - *Hey, it's Elliot - Jules' friend.*

There was nothing else. No route into a conversation, nothing that would pull someone into actually talking to him. Just an introduction.

Jules decided that Julia would have better things to do, and left the message unopened - if he came back to it, he'd come back to it later.

Jules took some time in the afternoon to clean the flat; he'd had enough sex (as Julia) to keep him in a fantastic mood all day, and he was *fully* unemployed, so there was little extra to do and spend his energy on, other than worry about what his friend's intentions were with Julia.

For the first time in a few days, Jules found himself as *himself* as the evening closed in. Ben finished work, and Jules had slow-cooked enough chilli to feed them for *multiple* meals, so they stayed in and spent the evening the way they had for months, years beforehand. They played video games, ate good food, and shot the shit about nothing and everything.

Ben talked about the spiking, and that he was, honestly, kind of terrified by the whole situation. They talked about Jules' experiences as a woman, and the fact that Julia was probably going to see more and more of that kind of shit going forwards, and that they should be smart about it. They spoke about the fact that they were best friends, and that neither of them would share this shit with anyone else.

Then, the conversation turned a little when Jules asked a single question.

'Do you think, if I was Julia right now, we'd be talking about being friends?'

Ben went a little quiet. His empty bowl of chilli sat on the coffee table before him, and their game of *Baldur's Gate 3* blinked on the screen. It was Ben's turn, and there was no rush.

'I... don't know,' Ben said. 'I meant what I said to her. You. Both of you.'

'No commitment?' Jules asked.

'Yeah,' Ben nodded, steeling himself a little. 'You're basically *just* starting things out, you should, you know, experience stuff. I'm not looking to put you in a situation you don't want to be in, as Jules *or* Julia. You're my best friend, man. If every now and again, you turn into a gorgeous woman and fuck my brains out, I'm not going to complain.'

'Even if that means I *also* go out and fuck *other* peoples' brains out?'

Ben snorted. 'Fuck, no. I'm not jealous like that.'

Jules sucked in a breath, and smirked a little before asking the next thing. 'So - do you jack it to trans porn regularly, or just since all *this* started?'

Ben let out a burst of a laugh, and turned beet red in an instant. 'Fuck. I was hoping we'd forget about that.'

'Impossible,' Jules laughed. 'I mean, I have to tell you, Jules doesn't judge you, and Julia was kind of complimented.'

Ben blushed harder, if that was possible. 'Is that so?'

Jules shrugged. 'I mean, what happened next kind of proves that, doesn't it?'

Ben nodded, and turned to Jules, a seriousness in his eyes. 'Okay. We should say it.'

Jules was taken a little off guard. 'S-say what?'

'We had sex,' Ben said. 'Julia is *you*, Jules. You're one person. You remember it, and I know you're her. *We* had sex.'

It was a little strange having his friend say it, but there was no arguing. It was true. Jules found himself blushing, now, and nodded. 'I... yeah. We did.'

'We fucked.'

'We *fucked*,' Jules said. 'And, to be honest, you were good.'

Ben seemed to relax at that. 'Really?'

'Yeah!'

'Okay - cause, you know, I get a little self-conscious sometimes.'

'You totally shouldn't,' Jules said. 'No, it was *good*. It was my first time, and you made it *good*, man.'

Ben seemed a little effected by that. 'It's cool that we can talk about it. I've never had a girl I was close enough to talk to about sex like that, you know?'

Jules nodded. 'I don't think I have either, man. You just... go off what you have.'

'Yeah, like - and I don't mean to come across like I'm not *confident*, because I know that I do fine, but like... people like Mack are obviously bigger, so I think I'm gonna ask the dumb question. Is bigger better?'

Jules considered it for a moment. 'I mean, I've had two - yours and his. Put it this way; you both made me cum, you both left me satisfied.'

'That's not an answer,' Ben pointed out.

Jules genuinely considered it. 'I don't think 'better' is the word, honestly. It was different, and good, don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to downplay it. And, I think *mentally* there's something about a long, thick cock that just *does something* to people, you know?'

Ben nodded. 'Yeah, I get that.'

'I *know* you do,' Jules said. 'I saw those videos you were watching - those gals were *hung*.'

Ben laughed. 'I don't know what to tell you.'

But Jules shrugged. 'It's okay to like it, Ben. Mack, for the record, knew how to use it - it wasn't just his dick. I think sex with him would have been great if he was your size, and sex with you would have been good if you were his size; but I can imagine that there are hung dude who can't fuck for the life of them.'

'And lil-dicked buddies who know how to *fuck*,' Ben nodded. 'I reckon you're right, man.' He sat for a second, a strange smile on his face. 'It's cool to talk about this, man.'

Jules nodded and patted him on the knee. 'Your dick is fine, dude, and Julia would be happy to ride you again.'

Ben looked at Jules. 'You mean *you* would?'

Jules swallowed. 'I mean - yes. I would. We live together, and we're good at it. Friends with benefits, right?'

Ben nodded. 'Fuck yeah.'

Silence came over the room for a moment, and then Ben sat forwards. 'Would you fuck Elliot?'

Jules laughed. 'Not a fucking chance.'

'See, that surprises me.'

'Why?'

'Because... well, you did it with *me*.'

Jules shrugged. 'Sure.'

'I'm a friend, Elliot's a friend. Why one and not the other?' He paused for a moment as Jules thought about it. 'To be clear, I'm not complaining - I just wanted to know what the line was.'

'For one thing, he has no game,' Jules said. 'He can't hold a conversation with Julia without staring at my tits. I don't know. There's just... he's a nice guy, but I'm *just* not interested. I think he's going to be staying on the *Jules* side of things.'

Ben nodded. 'That seems fair. And this Mack, are you seeing him again?'

'Maybe,' Jules said. 'It was a bit weird, man. His girlfriend and everything. He's a sex-machine, and it *was* pretty hot in the moment, but... I don't know if it's what I'm looking for.'

'What are you looking for?'

Jules sighed. 'I'm just working things out. I need to have another conversation with Sam, actually.' Jules paused the game and pulled out his phone, finding his conversation with Sam from the last time they'd met up.

'Ah yes - Sam. The one who started *all* of this. Is this a hook-up, or something else?'

'Not everything is sex,' Jules mumbled as he arranged a coffee meet for the next day.

'True,' Ben nodded. 'Sorry.'

'It's fine,' Jules said, smiling at him. 'You can make it up to me later.'

Ben blushed a little again, and looked back at the screen. He took his turn.

An hour or so of gameplay and more regular guys-hanging-out conversation followed, before Jules got up to go to the bathroom. While he was in there, he clicked on the choker, and Julia left the room in Jules' clothes, sat down and picked up the controller like nothing had changed.

'What?' she asked. 'I'm trying to get used to being both, and I haven't been Julia in, like, a *casual* setting for a while.'

Ben shrugged, and nodded at the screen. 'You should Divine Smite that guy.'

#

For all her talk of being 'casual', Julia ended up back in Ben's bed that night. They talked for a minute about what Julia had done in bed, and if there was anything she *wanted* to do. The list was already long enough to make her blush as she sat on Ben's bed next to him, both of them in pyjamas but both *knowing* they were going to strip them off at some point.

'Oral, on both sides,' she said. 'Hand job, tit-fuck. Positions-wise, I've done missionary - as well as that thing where you loop my legs back - uhh, cow girl. Face-riding. That's actually it.'

'You didn't do anything new with Mack?' Ben asked.

'Not really,' Julia mused. She looked over, and even while dressed it was easy to see how aroused Ben was. 'Should we try a few new ones?'

Ben looked at her, and she saw that look in his eye again - the one he'd apologised for, and the one she'd teased out of him. A look of desire, of wanting to ravish and take and *fuck*.

They began with Julia pulling her top off, revealing those gorgeous breasts Ben had spent *far* too long thinking about. She lay next to him, and Ben's hand stroked her side. She gave a soft shiver.

'I... I want to try something first. Or, for *you* to try it,' Julia said.

'Uh, yeah. Anything.'

Julia caught his eye. 'Suck them?'

Ben felt like he'd struck gold, and looped an arm around Julia's waist. She almost asked him what he was doing, before he pulled her over him, so she was straddling him as he lay back against his headboard. Julia was atop him, both fully dressed aside from her toplessness, but even then she could feel his hardness trapped against his thigh as she sat on him. His heat and hardness felt delightful against her crotch, but wasn't what either of them was focusing on.

Julia's breasts were full and heavy and topped with erect pink nipples, one of which brushed against Ben's lower lip. Julia sucked in a breath and let her eyes roll back as she felt Ben take the soft nub between his lips for the softest kiss.

Ben did it again, kissing Julia's sensitive nipple, drawing from her a soft whimper that drove him on. He moved his hands up and down her bare back, stroking her fair skin and making her shiver under his touch, as his kisses turned to licks.

'That feels *really* good,' Julia moaned, her hands in Ben's hair as she kept her eyes shut, focusing on the way his lips and tongue felt on her. Softly, slowly, she ground her hips down into him, feeling his hardness beneath her strain. 'Suck me - I want to feel it.'

Ben obeyed, clamping his lips around that sweet nub, and *sucking*.

'Oh!' Julia hitched, the sudden sensation unlike anything she'd had before. 'Oh *fuck* - that is... keep going.'

Ben tried not to smile as he held her there, sucking lightly on her perfect breasts as she whimpered and moaned and gyrated atop him.

'Ben - *Ben*,' Julia said, sitting back. Her nipple left his mouth with a soft *pop*, and he looked up at her. 'The other one,' she panted, turning slightly.

Ben didn't even answer, he just latched on and got back to it, slightly harder now, knowing that she liked it, teasing her, playing with her. He experimented with her, biting lightly and nibbling on her, sucking in rhythms, alternating between sucking and licking - all to see how she mewled and writhed and moaned in response.

It was only stopped when Julia sat back, her breasts shiny and her face and chest flushed. 'I think I need you inside me.'

Ben smiled. 'Good - do you want to try some positions?'

Julia smiled back. 'Abso-fuckin-lutely.'

She had something of a mental list, but the first in her mind was the one she'd done the last time she'd had sex as Jules - doggy style. Only, it would be different this time. Julia would be bent over in someone else's bed, face in the pillows and back arched as someone else lined himself up with her open sex.

Of course, she suggested they do that one before anything else.

Julia was reminded that while Mack had been *seriously* hung, Ben was no slacker - as he slid into her, hands on her hips and her face in his bedding, she let out a pleased moan that filled his bedroom. She felt herself stretch around him as he pushed into her, her wetness and his hardness betraying each other their arousal - not that it was much of a surprise.

'Fuck me,' Julia said over her shoulder. 'Take me how you want to.'

Ben didn't have to be told twice - his pace picked up as he held Julia's hips, slamming himself home inside her with a wet *slap* on each impact. Each time their bodies met, and his cock slid to its deepest point inside her, Julia let out a moan as her hands gripped the sheets, her thighs open enough for Ben to keel between them, his own moans behind her guttural and desperate. He loved this as much as she did, and it was making all of this even better.

Julia was surprised when she felt Ben's hand snake up her back, his fingers threading into her hair and making a fist that made her yelp. It was hot, though, as he pulled her up by the hair, not enough to hurt her, but enough to get her on her hands as he fucked her, her breasts swinging

beneath her with each impact and her throaty moans getting fuller and more animalistic as he rutted her. She'd never felt this inhuman - like a dog, fucking in the woods, animal and primal and fucking *free*.

He smacked her arse with a hard *CLAP*, and Julia yelped.

'Again,' she barked, and Ben grinned. In one hand, he held Julia by the mane of thick dark hair, and with his other he spanked her sweet, plump arse between thrusts, turning her cheeks pink as her moans got higher and higher, scratchier and more wordless as he went until-

'*CUMMING!*' Julia moaned as it took her, body shaking and muscles spasming.

Ben watched her twitch and shake beneath him, his cock still buried inside her, and saw something that sent him over the edge.

Her tight, pristine arsehole, winking and clenching with each ripple of her orgasm. Like a promise. *One day*, it said.

Ben lost control.

'*Fuck - FUCK!*' He came hard and deep, filling Julia's shaking body with thick cum as they shuddered on his bed, panting and recovering.

Eventually, it was Julia who spoke. 'We still have other positions to try.'

'Give me five,' Ben panted. 'Or a viagra. Fuck, Julia, you might fuck me to death.'

'Take five,' she said. 'I want to feel what prone-bone feels like, and spooning, and there's some other ones I found on this Kama Sutra app-'

'Yes, to all of it,' Ben said, slipping himself out of her. He whimpered and watched the trail of white that followed, dripping from her. 'Yes to all of it.'

Julia looked over her shoulder at him, a wry smile on her lips. 'That's what I like to hear.'

#

When morning came, Julia was still in Ben's bed. She had a sleepy smirk on her face as she looked over her best friend's naked form, half-covered by the duvet, noticing how handsome he was.

She'd never thought, as Jules, about how attractive Ben was. He had a little meat on the bones, and his smile was sweet and honest, and he had kind eyes. Everything he'd been told about 'being a man' made him think that would lead to Ben being something of a loser - but he truly wasn't. It was an unkind thought, Julia realised, to have even entertained that.

Jules was the guy taking women home for anonymous sex - which had seemed cool and everything, and there wasn't anything wrong with it. But for the first time, she felt a little jealous of the man Ben was.

He was a great friend, and he was a *great* lover. Julia felt like she should be better to him. That she should give him something.

Then, her phone pinged on Ben's nightstand. When she opened it, the app that was still open was her camera - she and Ben had taken a *few* videos last night of different positions, not

making a formal sex tape but more just... taking notes. It was a freeing thing to be able to do, really. But the ping had come from a message that sat in her notifications bar - from Sam.

Happy to answer questions, and would prefer to talk in person.

Julia looked at Ben, who was still asleep. It was barely 8 in the morning on a Tuesday, and she knew he had things to do today, but he could sleep a little longer.

Breakfast at that cafe? Julia offered, and Sam replied with nothing but a thumbs-up.

She gave Ben a kiss on the forehead to half-wake him. 'Morning. I'm gonna have a shower and get changed - and *then* dressed. Thank you for last night.'

'Thank you,' Ben mumbled. 'Any time.'

Julia smiled and lifted the duvet enough to see his chest, and gave him just the *worst* nipple-twist.

Ben screamed, launching awake and rolling off the bed and onto the floor, howling. Julia burst into laughter and ran from the room, naked as the day she was born.

'FUCKER!' Ben shouted after her as she slipped into the bathroom, locking it behind it, a wide smile on her face. 'I'LL GET YOU BACK! YOU'VE GOT BIGGER NIPPLES THAN ME! LARGER TARGETS!'

Julia looked at her chest in the bathroom mirror, and shrugged. He was right, of course, but she struggled to imagine him doing anything to hurt *these* tits.

Julia shrugged and got the shower running, and after a ten-minute stint of washing followed by about five minutes of *fun*, it was Jules who stepped out of the water, choker in-hand and a towel around his waist.

When he came out into the room, he found that Ben had put the TV on to the local news, and there was the delicious smell of coffee in the air and pastries wafting out from a small cardboard box that was on the kitchen island.

'I ran down while you were in the shower,' Ben said as he kicked off his shoes, next to the pastries. 'Literally just got back. You like the cinnamon ones, right?'

Jules was a bit surprised. 'I - yeah, I do.'

'Cool. Enjoy - I don't know what your plans are, but I have some coursework to do and then a half-day at work this afternoon, so I'll be in all day except for maybe a midday gym trip.'

Jules walked over to the pastries in just his towel, and took a look. Three cinnamon rolls and some lemon squares. He grabbed a cinnamon one and took a bite.

'Fuck.'

Ben nodded as he sat in front of the TV, laptop on his little sofa desk and a hot coffee properly on his coaster. As he liked it.

'I know you're Jules right now,' Ben said. 'I'm gonna treat you basically the same way, I think, though. If I didn't, I think it would be like, denial.'

Jules listened, not arguing. 'I didn't ask,' he said, not to argue but just to say he wasn't challenging Ben's actions.

Ben shrugged. 'I know - I just want to be, you know, communicative. To tell you what I'm thinking, how I'm feeling about all of this. I want to invite a dialogue.'

'You can tell that therapy is doing you good,' Jules said, taking another bite.

'It can't hurt.' Ben looked at him, a question in his eyes. 'How are *you* feeling about all of this?'

Jules was a little surprised by the question.

'I mean, I don't know. To be honest with you, I *like* it.'

'Yeah?' Ben asked, cocking his head a little. It struck Jules that Ben seemed a little more confident this morning, and he wondered if the sex he'd been having these last few days was improving his mood a bit. 'Come on, man, we had sex all night - you can talk to me about your *feelings*.'

Jules laughed at that. 'I guess you're right. I just... being Julia is... freeing. I know I'm still me, but I can talk to people in a different way, interact differently. And, yes, sex is different and exciting and whatever, but I think I just like being her.'

Ben nodded. 'So, you're having fun?'

Jules smiled. 'I am, yes. *Lots*.'

'Do you think you'd spend more time as Julia? Just, in general.'

Jules leaned against the kitchen island and took another bite. 'I don't know. At first, I was scared to go out as her, you know? The first time I went outside, I got hit on by Mack. Then it was shopping and meeting Siobhan, and seeing Elliot Rusty and Tony. I was so scared someone would see through me, see what a fake I was. But each time I did it, I felt a little less scared. A little more *me*. I want to do it more. I want to *push* myself, as Julia. Maybe that's why I did all that stuff with Mack and his girlfriend.'

'To push yourself.'

Jules nodded. 'Yeah.'

'How far do you want to push it?'

Jules pulled a face. 'No idea. I don't want to be anything other than a normal person. A normal *girl*. The sex is novel, just like dressing up in her clothes is. That'll pass with time, I think. Sam said you kind of... settle into it. Find a rhythm.'

Ben nodded, thinking about it. 'Cool. Thank you for telling me.'

'Thanks for asking, man,' Jules said, finishing the pastry. 'Speaking of, I'm meeting Sam this morning, so I'll be out for a little bit. See you around lunch?'

'Sure,' Ben shrugged. 'You know where I'll be.'

#

When Jules arrived at the cafe, he immediately saw that Sam was already here. Female Sam. She had a latte in a glass cup and was comfortably set up next to the window, no choker on her neck as she scrolled through her phone.

Jules sat down across from her, the choker in his left pocket and gave a polite smile. 'Hey.'
'Hi, handsome,' Sam said, giving him a knowing look. 'So. How are things?'

She was as attractive as Jules remembered. Still styled in her goth-like tendencies, though a little turned down for the context - she was wearing black lipstick and cat-like eyeliner, with a black turtleneck that managed to both be conservative *and* show off her striking curves. She had on a long dark tartan skirt with fishnets underneath, and high boots that had thick soles on them and a bit of a heel.

'Good,' Jules said, settling in. 'Uh, surprisingly good.'

'You wanted to chat?' she asked, her eyebrow twitching a little. 'I'm happy to answer questions. For a price.' Her lip turned up in a slight smirk. She was a cat teasing a mouse.

'A price,' Jules echoed.

Sam shrugged. 'Answers for answers. I'm curious. You are my *sire*, after all.'

Jules laughed. 'You're a goth, not a vampire.'

'Meh. Semantics. Go on - you first.'

Jules glanced around the cafe - no one was paying attention, and it was fairly quiet anyway. After all, it was a Tuesday at 9 in the morning.

'I had a question around, uh, pregnancy.'

'Oh, *naughty girl*,' Sam whispered. 'Having some unprotected fun, are we?'

Jules blushed a little. 'I just want to know what the... *risks* are.'

Sam nodded, recognising the fact that it was a serious question. 'Speaking from experience, I don't know. But you'll get periods and things - that's when I spend most of my time as *boy* Sam, to be honest. I've never gotten pregnant. The only person I know who's done this, when *she* got pregnant, didn't want to change back anyway. So, you're not sterile.'

'Okay. But it could happen.'

'My guess is that if you get pregnant, you're probably stuck as a girl until you, y'know. Pop.'

'Okay. Shit.'

Sam nodded. 'Not all fun and games, is it. Now - my turn.'

Jules braced himself. 'Go on.'

'Are you having fun?'

It was a fairly innocent question, and kind of took Jules off-guard. 'Fun?'

'Yeah - are you enjoying yourself? Is Julia enjoying herself, and also *Jules*.'

Jules thought it over, and considered his chat with Ben only this morning. 'Yeah, I am. Honestly, I think I kind of love it.'

Sam smiled a wide, genuine smile. 'Amazing. Your turn again.'

This next question was one he didn't know he wanted to ask until he was about to ask it. 'When will I know that it's time to pass it on?'

Sam's brow raised. 'Huh.'

'What?'

'Nothing, it's just... fast.'

'Fast?'

'I thought it would take you longer to find the right person. I know it took me some time before I found you - but when we clicked, I just *knew*.'

'Oh. Right.'

'Have you had that feeling?'

'I don't know. Maybe?'

'Don't act on it yet,' Sam said. 'Wait until you know. But when you know, don't hesitate. You don't want to miss your window.'

'There's a window?'

'How the fuck should I know?' Sam laughed. 'Now - my turn. Will you come back to mine with me? Now? For a little... *fun*.'

Jules was surprised. 'That's pretty forward of you.'

Sam shrugged. 'I offered last time, but you didn't bite. This time, I just want to lay it out there. You were the right person to hand it off to, but now that you've had some fun and learned some stuff, I want to see what you've learned.'

Jules considered it. 'Are you asking Jules, or Julia?'

'Whichever you prefer,' Sam said. 'Would you like boy-Sam, or girl-Sam?'

'Whichever you prefer,' Jules shot back, and Sam's eyes shone with approval. That was the right answer.

She reached over the table at him and just put her hand on his knee for a moment, before letting go. 'Let me finish this drink - then I'll take you home.'

'I have a better idea,' Jules said, a smile on his face as an idea came to him.

#

'Ben?' Jules called out as he opened the door to their flat. Ben was pretty much where he'd been left, on the sofa, headphones on as he squirrelled away at whatever coursework he was trying to get through. He looked up and saw Jules come in, and then had a slight pause as he saw someone else follow in behind.

'Hey - uh-' Ben started.

'Sam,' Sam said, with a small wave as she followed Jules inside. 'And you're Ben, right?'

Ben nodded, then looked at Jules. 'That's Sam.'

'Yep,' Jules nodded. 'And me and her are going to... have some fun.' He looked at Ben. 'Would you like to join us?'

Sam's smile was small, but her eyes were on Ben, sizing him up. 'So, this is the Ben that's keeping your secret?'

'Yes, he is,' Jules said as he pulled the choker out of his pocket. Ben's eyes lit up a little as Jules closed it around his neck. With the softest *click*, Jules became Julia. 'And he's due a reward, I think.'

Julia ran up to Ben in Jules' ill-fitting clothes and grabbed his hand. She pulled him up from his sofa-desk, and leaned in to whisper something in his ear.

'Let's experiment.'

Then, Ben was dragged by the hand into his own bedroom, the air still thick with the smell of sex from their last tryst, and Sam followed them in with a hunger in her eyes. Before she kicked shut the door behind her, she pulled her turtleneck up and over her hair, revealing the body of the woman Jules had fucked last to Ben. She wasn't as well-endowed as Julia was, but her tight body was attractive in an almost model-like way. She had thin hips and arms, and B or smaller C-cups that suited her shape beautifully, even clad in the deep burgundy bra she had on. Ben's eyes drank her in as they all made their way to Ben's unmade bed.

Clothes were stripped off bodies as the three of them began to explore.

Julia was, at first, mostly lost in the arousal of what they were doing - a threesome, on a Tuesday morning, like it was the most normal thing in the world. She couldn't believe that this is what her life had turned into, and couldn't help the smile that was plastered on her face.

The women took initiative, laying Ben down on his back as they pulled the shirt off him, hands snaking across his chest and stomach, kissing his neck as hands drifted downwards, finding and opening the top button of his jeans.

'*Fuck,*' Ben whispered. '*This is...*'

'*Shhhh,*' Sam whispered back, her lips on his earlobe. '*Let's get to know each other the old-fashioned way.*'

Only when Ben felt Julia sit up, slipping off him a little to pull Ben's jeans down his legs and chucking them off into the bedroom, half-lit by daylight drifting in through the curtains. He was left in only his underwear, and groaned as he felt Sam's hand close around his bulge that was *quickly* turning into a hard shaft.

Sam smiled as she kissed his cheek, and Ben turned to kiss her lips, both of them moaning as she stroked him over his underwear, feeling him grow to full mast. Julia watched for a moment, just enjoying the sight, before taking the moment to pull off the rest of Jules' clothing. Naked, she leaned down and started to undress Sam - taking her socks from her feet, then her skirt and bra. Left in only her fishnet tights, Sam had gotten Ben excited enough for his hands now to be roaming her body, feeling her breasts and stroking her back as they made out.

Julia decided to stay behind Sam, kissing her neck and back, and saw over her shoulder Ben's eyes slide open. Their eyes met and exchanged a meaningful look before Sam's head shifted, and Julia kissed her way down Sam's back, before moving to Ben's side again.

Together, they manipulated moans from Ben's mouth, kissing his chest and stroking him over his underwear, Sam's kisses swallowing the sounds he made as Julia's fingertips teased at the edge of his boxers.

'*We're going to fuck you,*' Julia whispered in his ear. '*We're going to suck your cock, and moan your name, Ben...*'

'*Hfmmm...*' Ben moaned as Julia slipped her hand into his underwear, sliding past his cock and finding his balls. She cupped them, massaging them softly - knowing *just* how much pressure would feel pleasurable - as Sam finally relented and sat up. She grabbed his boxers and, greedily, yanked them down until Ben let her pull them off him, throwing them away, and letting his cock stand up to attention.

'He's a *lovely* size,' Sam smiled, talking to Julia. 'Bigger than you are. *Easily* bigger than mine.'

Maybe it should have been an uncomfortable reminder to Ben about the gender-confusion of the two women he was in bed with, but instead Sam's words just sent electricity through his veins. Sam's hand closed around his shaft as the two women adjusted themselves, so they were both down the bed, heads at Ben's thighs, looking up at him.

'Ever had a double-blowjob?' Sam asked.

'No,' Ben said, a dumb smile on his face.

'Me neither,' Sam smiled, before taking the head of Ben's cock into her mouth. Ben moaned, as Julia went lower, massaging his balls in her hand as she began to lick the shaft. The feeling of two tongues, two *mouths* on his cock, was sending Ben to new levels of pleasure.

One thing that Ben learned about Sam *very* quickly - she knew her way around a cock. Her tongue found ways to pull sounds from him he'd never made before, whimpering as she took him into her throat before pulling up and focusing on the head with a suction and dexterous licking he'd never experienced before - all the while, Julia was exploring the base of his cock, sucking a ball into her mouth, even kissing his thighs and trailing her tongue around his sack. It was overwhelming, and he would have been quite happy to be brought to orgasm there and then, and have it been done. He could have died happy in that moment.

Instead, the two beautiful women before him had other plans.

Sam backed off him long enough for Ben's cock to stand there, rigid and shiny, as Julia dragged her tongue up his shaft. Ben looked down, eye contact locking with Julia as she smiled, tongue out, as Sam met her at the other side.

It was interesting, for Julia; a mix of pure lust in playing out what was clearly a fantasy of Ben's like this, with Sam - who, for reasons outside of a usual 'friendship' she felt particularly close to - was melding with the fact that Jules, somewhere inside her, had never had this kind of... for lack of a better word, *worship* before. She was jealous of Ben, and she wouldn't have stopped for the world.

Her lips met Sam's around Ben's cock, and Ben moaned as he watched these two beautiful women begin to make out around the head of his cock, tongues and lips soft and warm and wet, massaging him and kissing him in ways that made his hips buck. His eyes rolled, chest tight as he tried to hold off cumming for as long as possible - just to live in this a little longer. His hands went to their heads - one each - and threaded into their hair as they devoured him, revelling in the way he moaned and whimpered.

Julia recognised the signs first, of Ben's approaching orgasm, and pulled away. Sam followed suit, and Ben looked down at them, pleading with them both to relent - to let him crest over the edge.

'Fuck,' he groaned as he saw in the women's eyes they weren't about to do that. Instead, Julia leaned into Sam's ear.

'You ride him,' she said. 'I have a plan.'

Sam smiled and nodded. The next adjustments took place, as Sam sat up and straddled Ben's lap. 'Can I fuck you, Ben?' she asked.

Ben, still a little dumbstruck at his turn of luck, nodded. Then, she pulled him a little so that he was flat on the bed, instead of against the headboard.

'Thank you,' she said, shifting her hips. Julia helped, holding Ben's cock in place for Sam to slip the head into herself. '*Fuck*, that's nice,' she smiled. 'You never really get used to it, no matter how much of a whore you are.'

Julia noticed that Sam hadn't said this to her, but to Ben, and bit her lip as she let go of his cock, and turned to face him. Julia gave him a deep kiss on the lips, before sitting up and turning.

Ben was presented with Julia's rear end as she began to sit - directly onto his face. He got a glorious view of her sex, wet and pink and *perfect*, just before that wetness and heat met his face.

'*Ohhhh*,' Julia moaned as they made contact. She'd done just the same thing with him recently, and had learned just how talented his tongue was. He didn't disappoint this time, either, his hand latching around her hips as he began to lick, tasting her sweetness as she ground herself onto his face, his tongue alternating between her sensitive clit and her wet, inviting hole.

'*Fuckkkk*,' Sam swore as she lowered herself onto his length, and Julia watched him disappear into her. 'You've been hoarding this to yourself?' Sam asked, as she and Julia made glassy-eyed eye contact.

Julia just smiled, riding Ben's face until she felt that familiar threat of an orgasm looming.

'Fuck, he's good at this,' Julia whimpered. 'Fuck - oh, *fuck* - *FUCK!*'

She came on his face with shuddering hips and gasping for breath, a smile on her open lips as Sam kept riding Sam slowly, enjoying how he felt. When Julia staggered off him, shaky-legged and red in the chest, Ben's face was slick with her orgasm and had an equally dreamy smile on his face.

What he didn't expect was for Julia to sit up, reach around her neck and pull off the choker. Jules, naked and rock-hard, rounded Sam on Ben's bed, and kissed her back.

'You ready?'

'Thought you'd never get there,' Sam smiled.

'Ben - you got condoms, and some lube?'

Ben, too stunned to speak, opened his bedside table and found a small tube of lube and a pack of condoms.

'Legend,' Jules said as he grabbed one and slid it on easily, and then poured a healthy glob of lube onto himself. 'Let's do this?'

'Wha-' Ben was about to ask, before he watched Jules kneel behind Sam. The beautiful women between them blocked his view of what Jules was doing, but it wasn't hard to figure out - especially when Sam's face tightened into a ball, and a tight mewl began to ring out from her.

Ben felt her tighten as she moaned, and Jules' head fell back, moaning in pleasure as he slid into Sam's *other* hole.

'*Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck*,' Sam muttered as she was filled, both holes stretched and stuffed, before she looked down at Ben. 'Thank you,' she moaned down at him.

'I- I-' he stammered back.

Then, Jules threw something at him that landed on the pillow next to his head. 'Don't worry, he said. 'You can pick whether you want to go next or not.'

Ben felt Sam slide down on his cock, Jules starting to fuck her, the three of them now having to find a rhythm totally new to him. In the heat of it, he'd almost forgotten what Jules had thrown.

When he looked to his side, Ben saw the choker on his pillow, waiting for him.

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