

Switching Roles

For TGStudios

By TheSpiralledEye

Alice looked down at the body she was straddling; the woman's familiar eyes were wide with shock to match her own. When she had left the adult store with nothing but a ring in hand, she was sure she had been scammed; she'd never had any backbone so when the owner has insisted she take the ring she had been too polite to decline. Paying for it in full even though she knew deep down the tales that had been spun about it granting the wearing the ability to body swap couldn't possibly be true.

At least that is what she had assumed before pressing down on the gem inlay a moment ago before finding herself in this position; her now in her husband's muscular form while his mind possessed her tiny, subdued frame. A muffled sound came from her old body's mouth but the ball gag James had put on her before they started prevented any intelligible words escaping. She swallowed nervously.

"I told you I wanted to try something different." Alice whispered, running a finger along the silk ropes tying her old body to the bed. "I wanted to feel what you feel, powerful, in control."

She paused for a moment, watching her former breasts rise and fall, pressed together by the ties.

"And I want you to see how pleasurable submission really is."

Alice ran a finger across his nipples, watching with fascination as they hardened before her eyes. James, in her old body, whimpered. It sounded just like when she did it, only now the sound sent a thrill through her, already she could feel her cock hardening.

James never let her take control in bed, he was the dominant type, always getting off on her helplessness. He'd hold her down and fuck her raw till she was nothing but a hot, writhing mess and up until recently that had been enough for her. But lately she'd been wondering how it would feel to be the one doing the holding, the one controlling the pleasure and bending him to her will. When she had bought up the idea of switching rolls James had balked, submission was a woman's role in his mind, a girl in charge just wasn't sexy to him.

The other problem had been herself; Alice just didn't know how to be assertive as a woman, submission was all she had ever known. But after years of watching James she knew exactly how to act as a dominant man; perhaps that is why she had bought the ring, deep down she wanted to believe it worked and thank God she did.

Even now though, in this muscular frame with James tied up and ready for her, she felt nervous. She moved her fingers from the ropes down the curve of James' breasts and down the smooth planes of his stomach, treasuring the way the touch made him quiver.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" She mused, "I told you switching roles would be fun."

Alice shuffled back onto James' thighs so that the tip of her new cock came to rest against his hole for just a moment, the wet heat made her whole body shiver in anticipation. She almost regretted moving further back to sit between James' spread legs but she forced herself to do so. She didn't want to rush things, she had to savour this experience. She traced a finger down his navel, resting it atop the curly hair of his pussy.

"Want me to stop?" She whispered, staring into those wide blue eyes she normally only ever saw in the mirror.

For a moment, he hesitated. Then shook his head; Alice smiled. Slowly, teasingly, she moved her finger south, parting the wet folds of her former pussy and pressing gently against the clit. James' moans were loud, despite the ball gag and Alice found herself chuckling; if that got him going, he was going to be a puddle by the time she was done. She began to stroke, circling his clit and hole with each caress. Her eyes never left James's face and she could feel her balls tighten and her length harden more as his face began to twist in pleasure. The power was intoxicating, she felt like she could watch this all night. She moved her free hand up to cup his warm tit, squeezing the soft flesh and garnering a sharp intake of air from James. With a wicked smile she began to stroke his nipple in time with his clit, eliciting even deeper moans and causing his back to arch into her touch. Watching him strain against the ropes was so sexy, his pale skin taking on a pink hue as blood rushed to the surface.

Finally, she dropped her eyes away from her old face, staring down at her spread pussy instead. It was glistening, juices dripping out and soaking into the sheets as she teased him. Experimentally she pressed down on James' new clit, enjoying the way a small spurt of wetness was produced as he quivered under her touch. Almost in a trance, she moved her fingers to the source, pressing against the hole just enough to push in to the first knuckle. James was panting, breasts heaving with deep breaths as she slowly rotated the digit inside him.

Alice knew exactly how to touch him; she was very much aware of what James was feeling right now. How wonderful that first stretch is, even when it was just a single finger. How torturous it was to only have it right at the entrance when that deep, sensitive part within his pussy would be aching for stimulation. She pushed in further, to the second knuckle, bending her finger to stroke at his inner walls; James *wailed*.

She felt drunk with power; he was putty in her hands right now; she could make him do anything for or to her so long as she kept him on the edge. Already ideas buzzed within her mind; what would it feel like to be on the receiving end of a hand job? Or to be sucked off. Fuck, the image of her former body, tied up and sucking on her length was so how it made her shudder just thinking about it. The movement pushed in the rest of the way, she could feel the rough patch above the pad of her finger, the G-spot. She knew even now, simply hovering over it was sending sparks flying through James' system, the anticipation was probably eating him alive.

Gently, far too gently, she pressed down and he keened. The high pitched whine turning to a deep moan as she began making come hither motions with her finger, the rough pad rubbing up against the G-spot with merciless precision. Her free hand moved to her own crotch and grasped her shaft. James had given her very specific instructions on how he liked to be touched so she was intimately familiar with what would feel best. She began pumping her finger and fist in tandem, eyes roaming over James' tied up body as pleasure began to pool in her lower stomach.

She never realised just how different it felt on the other side of the fence. Having a cock felt so different to a pussy, the pleasure was somehow more primal and immediate, she could see how James would get carried away getting himself off alone. It was so very tempting to increase speed but she kept in control, experimenting with different levels of firmness, squeezing and stroking her fingers up and down the shaft to see how many different sensations she could elicit. Alice's heart

was hammering inside her chest, she could feel the blood rushing in her ears; this was even better than her wildest fantasies.

James' was leaking so much she could smell it and an idea began to form. She withdrew her finger, revelling in the desperate whine that could be heard behind the gag. For a moment she left him bereft of touch, knowing just how torturous it would be before switching hands; this time plunging two fingers into his wet hole. In turn she placed her soaked finger against the tip of her shaft, mixing precum and James' wetness together before stroking it down the tip. It was her turn to groan in gratification, the warm wetness added so much to the pleasure it was unbelievable. Already she was imagining how it must feel to be fully coated in it. James began making desperate noises, trying in vain to say something behind the gag. It took a few repetitions before Alice realised what it was.

'Please.'

"You want me to fuck you?" She said huskily, gripping her cock tighter, "You want me inside you?"

James nodded rapidly; eyes pleading, their pupils blown wide with desire.

Alice groaned, even she was beginning to feel desperate, the hand on her cock kept speeding up, desperate for more friction. With a primal growl that surprised even her, Alice moved forward, positioning herself above her helpless husband, cock pressing against that wet hole. She tangled her wet fingers into James' long hair, knowing full well how hard it was going to be to wash out later, then slowly pushed her way inside.

It was glorious; that wet heat surrounding her, still so very tight despite all her teasing. The inner walls hugged her cock, the rough nerves being stimulated constantly, she could feel James clenching around her, body seeking out as much friction as possible. His hips stuttered, trying in vain to wrap around her waist but the silken ropes kept them at bay; spread eagle for her to do with what she desired. Her gratification was twofold; she knew just how much pleasure she was causing James right now but also, she had the power to deny him, should she wish. She felt drunk, almost lightheaded with lust and power. Gradually she moved her hips back, watching the trembling body beneath her before slamming them forward once more. The wind was knocked out of them both, bodies being hit with a wave of bliss as Alice began to move. Each thrust made her ecstasy grow but she refused to give into it fully, she wanted to tease the orgasm out of James for as long as possible.

She let go on James' hair with one hand, sliding it down the curve of his jaw to where the clasp of the ball gag was waiting and flicked it loose. James gasped; his moans now unimpeded as she continued to plough into him with abandon.

"Beg." Alice ordered, she wanted to hear his voice clearly.

"O-Oh God, oh please, Alice fuck..."

She chuckled, he was lost, unable to form anything coherent as his system was overwhelmed.

"You like this don't you, being a good little sub." She whispered, biting into the shell of his ear, "Tell me you like it."

"I-I I love it, don't stop please! I'm s-so close-!"

His words turned to primal sounds; Alice could feel his hips desperately trying to rise to meet hers as she plunged deep inside once more. Even she was hurtling toward the edge, she could feel her balls tightening but she refused to cum, not yet. James was right there; his breaths were coming hard and fast and she could feel the pussy rhythmically squeezing around her. She angled her hips and slammed against his G-spot, again and again until James' finally screamed out as he came. She could feel it, wetness flowing against her cock as he squirted, his body squeezing her so tight she saw white and fell over the edge as well. Cumming as a man was faster than as a woman but felt just as wonderful. She could feel her cock pumping, filling James' pussy with her seed and the concept alone made her cum again. Sweaty and spent she collapsed against him, feeling their hearts beat in tandem as a haze of post coital pleasure settled over them both.