

# Two of a Kind

Scott

I was half-asleep on my recliner, where in all likelihood I would have remained for the night. Crashing in an upright position, sprinkled with chip crumbs – no, make that muffin crumbs tonight – my laptop open at my knees to the usual three tabs of instagram, twitter, and pornhub, the TV playing one of the late shows just shy of muted. This was routine. The trick was not to admit to myself that the routine went on through the night, into the morning, where it became showering, brushing and another day on the job – union pipefitter, local 558 – until my whole life was one endless routine. Going nowhere in a big damn circle.

Then my phone started to buzz. And buzz. And buzz. And buzz.

This was not part of the routine. I got my share of notifications, same as the next guy. This late, it was usually a relative who didn't know I get up at 4 AM for work. This text storm was next level, though. Usually this many notifications meant somebody had mass-texted bad news and the world was reacting. Aunt so-and-so died, or something shitty like that. Heart in my throat, I sat up, brushed myself off, and swiped my phone on.

They were texts, all right. Eight of them. Nine. Ten. The number climbed even as I tried to make sense of it. They were coming from an unknown number, and the alert didn't list any other recipients. Great. Some scammer/spammer decided midnight was the perfect time to kick in my digital door. I swiped off the notifications and turned off my phone, and then back to sleep.

It wasn't until lunch the next day that I realized I'd forgotten to turn it back on. Christ Almighty! Seventy-two notifications, on top of the dozen odd I'd muted last night. Even robo-scammers ought to have more of a fucking life than that. The ones before hadn't had text in them, which I'd taken to mean they were some kind of malware or whatever you call it. The last one, the one the notification on the screen was for, was an actual text text.

*Jackie...?*

I rolled my eyes and at last opened the "conversation." To my shock, on the screen was not just that last bit, but right above it, an awkward, dimly lit nudie shot zoomed way in on a bushy pussy. Fucking hell, of all the things to send to the wrong damn number. Or more likely if I tapped it I'd download a host of viruses. Just in case it was an innocent mistake by some idiot, I typed a quick response, careful not to touch that beaver pic.

*This is Scott, not Jackie, you gotta wrong number*

I blocked the number, and went on with my day in peace.

Jackie

You know when you fall asleep in a weird place, like a sleepover at a buddy's house or a hotel room or whatever, and you wake up and it takes a second before you figure out where you are? This morning was like that, except it wasn't just *where* I was. It was also *who* I was.

I sat up, and immediately I could tell something was... off. Things didn't feel right. A thick puff of frizzy brown hair was in my peripheral vision. What the hell...? I could see some of it, big puffy brown strands. I'd kept mine short since forever. A few pats, a tug. Definitely everywhere, definitely attached.

How had it grown a foot or more overnight, and changed color?!

As concerning as it all was, the fact that I'd woken up in a strange bedroom was more alarming by far. It was dim in here, just a night light and a bit of street light filtering in through the window. A bedroom. Someone else's though, not mine. There was a lamp on the nightstand, which I switched on. Huh. This place was... girly. The walls were a sort of salmon pink, crown molding with elaborate floral patterns at the ceiling, family photos of a family I'd never seen hanging at a few points on the walls. It even smelled girly – probably one of those candles on the dresser.

Nervous, I made to stand up. My feet didn't touch the floor. The bed didn't look especially tall. Had I gotten shorter overnight, too?

Were... were my *toenails* painted? *Pink*...?

I slid down the side of the bed until my feet hit the hardwood floor. Nervously, I made my way over to the mirror mounted on the dresser. At first, it felt like a window. That wasn't me, in there. But she moved when I moved. She. Her. Female feminine girl-bodied she. I waved my hand in front of my face – fuck, my fingernails, too! – and sure enough, the girl in not-window did the same. Her face was wide-eyed in amazement.

She was pretty, in a subtle way. Young, too, much younger than me. Having just woken up, she didn't have any makeup on, and the lack of it showed. There was nothing but a long t-shirt on her, plus a pair of sexily unsexy panties that had crawled way up her – my? – crotch.

Could I...? Should I...?

There was no one else around. Why not. For the moment, at least, it was *my* body. Anxiously, I stripped off my shirt. If her eyes had been wide before, they looked positively ready to pop out of her head now. Those *tits*. Goddamn! They were huge, plump, gravity-defying tits. The body as a whole had meat on its bones, but so much of it had settled on the right places. Her hips weren't nothing either. Once I stripped her underwear off, I peered behind me to take in the ample booty, too. Fucking hell! Her pussy was untrimmed, thick. Not my preference.

Would... would I be in this body long enough to do something about it?

I played with the boobs a little, and they played right back, jiggling and bouncing enticingly. My old ones hadn't been anywhere near this size or sexiness, a pair of sad hairy man boobs. The play gave me something to do while I tried to wrap my head around this thing. It wasn't possible, obviously. I knew that. Yet it was happening nonetheless.

I had woken up in some random hot girl's body. I didn't recognize her, didn't have any guess how this had happened even if I could strain credulity to the point that I believed that body swaps were somehow possible. I hadn't drank any potions, wronged any gypsies, joined any cults, made any unusual wishes before blowing out the candles on a cake.

Yet somehow, here I was.

I inspected the room and soon found a purse, and in that, a wallet. Her wallet. The license had her photo on it. Jacquelyn Boyd, age 24. Organ donor – good lass. Doubt she thought she'd be donating all of them, so soon, like this. I recognized the address on it, too. No apartment number, but it was the same complex as me. Same building, even. Did that make all this spookier, or less spooky? Guess I could have woken up a body in Hong Kong or something.

Once I peeked out into the living room, I even recognized the layout. I'd been in and out of a fair number of the apartments around here; once word got out that the guy in 1H knew how to use a set of tools, I got the occasional knock on my door from neighbors hoping not to wait on our negligent super's convenience. It kept me in muffins, at least, and it never hurt to put a little good out there into the world.

Damn, her place looked a lot nicer. Clean living, I guess. One bedroom, same as mine. Nothing here suggested a roommate. Come to think of it, no ring, no imprint from a ring, so scratch husband as a possibility.

I pawed at my tits some more. Fuck, this chick was sexy. Had I seen her around the building? I didn't think so, but maybe she hadn't been here long. Besides, this Jackie chick was hot, but she was that low-key kind of hot where she was cute, but then I took her clothes off and she was a fucking bombshell. I could imagine forgetting her even if we'd crossed paths. Not some perfect 10 supermodel type that'd stick forever, just a pretty face packing a shockingly well-built body.

OK. So I'm suddenly in the body of a woman named Jackie Boyd. Or maybe I really was Jackie and was losing my mind?

*Hello...?*

No response. I tried again out loud. "Hello? Jackie? Anybody...?"

No answer. That was even less reassuring than it would've been had I gotten one. Pretty sure standing around your apartment calling your name to see if your brain is really home or not isn't a good sign when it came to mental health.

My folks had always raised me not to take advantage of the crazy. Not right, not smart.

But what if *I* was the crazy one?

I remembered my real life, though. My old life. That was real; this was... something else.

God. I could *feel* something in my pussy as I leered at my own boobs. Would it be so wrong to snap a few pictures, in case Jackie came back in a few minutes? I was walking around inside my own fantasy. Surreal.

Surely, this once, I could indulge myself.

Or could I indulge... *myself*?

Scott

Me and some of the guys from work frequently hit the pub after work, a little place called Gooses. It used to be a Friday thing, but bit by bit it spread to a whenever-we-felt-like-it. Some of us had wives and kids to avoid, others wives and kids to recruit. Neither for myself, actually. I wasn't what you call a lady's man. Women didn't have much use for me, and frankly, I didn't have much use for them. I liked my independence, understand. Plus, as a side effect of my disinterest, I'd let myself go. Not that I'd ever had much to begin with. I had almost as much fun with the hot submissive sluts begging for my dick in my imagination than any of these douchers did with their wives. Besides, my imagination never ran off with half my shit in a divorce, or made me raise their bratty kids.

Either way, the guys didn't care. Some of them figured I was gay, I think, but they never got shitty about it to my face. Whatever kept me on the sidelines, it was less competition for them, right?

I bought the first round, like usual, an unspoken celebration of the extra coinage my single lifestyle afforded me. It was a typical night out. Beers, darts, ragging on Scummy. Something to fill the hours until it was time to rest up for tomorrow's shift. Same old.

Then *she* walked in. Whoever she was, she was all she.

I almost didn't notice her at first. She was cute, yeah, and I'd always been a sucker for gals in overalls. A big pile of frizzy hair on her head, and glasses with a thick black frame. Sturdy glasses, nothing fancy or fashionable, the sort I'd get for myself when my vision finally faded too bad to get by without them. I glanced up from my beer, and from Ron's third telling about the deer he'd bagged last weekend, to see a cute girl, and then I looked back down.

"Ma'am, you can't come in here like that," Malcom announced. Malcom was the bartender that night. Not my fav here at Gooses, but sometimes it was good to have a guy who'd cut folks off a little early. Dozens of heads turned back to the newcomer, and only then did I notice what I'd missed at a glance.

She was *only* wearing overalls. Well, boots, but you get me. From straight on, I could see there was a little cleavage showing over the bib. Nice, but nothing worth leering at. Now that Malcom had the whole world looking harder, though, it was obvious. Those udders were pouring out on the sides, sloshing around with every step as she strode up to the bar, heedless of his prohibition.

Like I said, I prefer the ladies of my imagination to the real thing. Cliché as hell most of them, sexy this-job and horny that-relationship. Slutty blue-collar gal was one of my favs, the woman who knew how to get it done but sometimes needed a big hunky

fella to supply the elbow grease. Then she'd thank him in the best way, 'cause deep down she knew she was tits and ass, not a do-it-yourselfer but an object to be done to.

"There a problem, bartender?" she asked Malcom, leaning on her elbows on the bar.

Malcom wasn't about to be bullied by a set of mouth-watering titties, though. "Yeah. Some little girl just walked into my bar with no goddamn shirt on. That's a problem."

"I got sweaty," she said simply, as if it were perfectly natural to walk around in naught but your overalls if you got a little sticky. I mean, I did it sometimes if it got too muggy out, but I was a guy. Different rules. Even then, I didn't do it out in public.

"I'm sure you did, but you can't sit around my bar without—"

"My car overheated," she cut in. "I was hoping one of your fine patrons could help out a poor damsel in distress." The woman slathered the sarcasm on that term. She was no damsel, just a sexy, busty gal who forgot to top off her coolant. No makeup on her, I noticed up close. Authentic. I liked it. Nothing against a pinup gal, but it would've been wrong on this little lady.

In a rush, all the single guys and half the taken ones were talking over each other to offer assistance. She could take her pick of a ride to the gas station, professional inspection, or hell, Scummy probably would've given her his car if she let him get a peek at those things. Don't get me wrong, I'd have been glad to get in on it, at least sneak in a catcall or two about those amazing tits, but with this much competition, and her being a good decade or more young for me, I took advantage of Malcom's distracted state and refilled my mug from behind the bar.

The hullabaloo subsided by increments; I'd lost sight of her behind the mob of gallant knights, but now it was parting for her as if she were Moses himself. She made her way around the bar through a tunnel of burly dudes; even Malcom was too curious what she was about to renew his protest.

This girl walked right up next to me and leaned back against the bar with her elbows. Looked plenty clutzy about it, too, like she barely knew how to move in her own skin. With those tits bulging out the sides of her overalls not two feet from my mouth, though, I wasn't about to call her out for it. She looked at me hard, like she was waiting for some kind of reaction. What, I don't know. There was an obvious reaction a babe like this deserved, but I wasn't *that* much of a pig that I was gonna give it to her.

"Hey there."

The way she was looking at me... it was like she expected something. "Do I know you...?"

"I guess not," she answered. Her face flashed through emotions so fast they were barely there at all. Confusion? Relief? That couldn't have been lust.

“So, how about you?” she said. A murmur of confusion rippled through my colleagues and the other Gooses patrons. “You mind... taking a look for me?”

Her slight emphasis on *taking a look* gave me no choice but to glance at where her tits were trying to spill out of their confines. I covered it badly. One more reason I kept to myself around trouble like her. “I’m sure one of these fellas could help you out, miss. Try Curtis, there. He’s handy with an engine.” And he was basically pure testosterone, too. Did ninety percent of his thinking with his pecker.

Curtis’s gratitude flashed like the sun, but she never even looked in his direction. “I’m asking you. Can *you* give me a hand. Or two.”

My hands knew more restraint than my looks, but still, I gripped that mug handle to keep it steady. “Why me?”

She shrugged. A pink areola, nipple hard like she’d stuffed a handful of ice down her nonexistent bra, popped out the side. With a laugh, she tucked it back in. “Why *not* you?”

“Come on, Scotty! The lady’s asking for ya,” called Thumbs. That was all it took to set the boys to it, the lot of them egging me on. Why wouldn’t they? I’d read my share of Penthouse letters, and plenty started right like this. Well, not with an oaf like me, but with a babe like this one, you bet.

It didn’t take long for me to give in, if only to shut them up. Why not, right? Spend a minute with a pretty girl, get to feel like a 10% hero. To the sound of wholly inappropriate cheers and more than a few suggestive comments, I followed the lady out into the parking lot. She didn’t seem to mind. If anything, she smiled bigger the cruder they got.

To their credit, the guys didn’t follow. I didn’t look, but I knew full well they were packing themselves into seats by the front windows to watch what was sure to be the world’s most disappointing porno setup. She led me to a jeep, coincidentally parked right next to my van.

“You’re Scott. Did I hear right?”

“That’s me. You’re...?”

“Lacey,” she answered.

Fuck. I *love* the name Lacey. Some of my favorite pornstars were Laceys. “That’s a pretty name.”

“It’s so *girly*,” she complained. I thought. Maybe it was a brag? She wasn’t easy to read. “Makes me think of lacey underwear, you know? Slutty little see-through panties and bras and whatnot.”

I’d been in the middle of releasing the hood latch when Lacey’s comment had me stand up so fast I slammed the back of my head against the door frame.

“Oh! You poor baby!” Lacey pouted. She looked genuinely concerned. “Here, let me kiss and make better.”



“I’m fine,” I insisted, backing away. What the hell was going on with this chick? I would have wondered if I were dreaming except that bonk on the noggin would have woken me up for sure. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d met a woman this flirty. Maybe Thumbs’ wife.

She didn’t press further. It took a moment for the throbbing to die down, then I came around to the front of the car. Lacey was bent over it studying her engine block, back arched just so. Holy fuck, gravity was letting her overalls droop so low that her tits were just *hanging*, ripe fruit waiting to be picked. I couldn’t have seen more of them if she’d ditched the bottoms same as her top.

Lacey glanced up while I was still too gobsmacked not to be staring. “Like what you see, Scott?”

“I... Well... I didn’t mean...”

She held her pose, brushing her frizzy brown hair over her shoulder to make sure nothing obstructed my gaze. “Come on, now. Answer my question.”

“Err...” What had she asked? Right, right, that slutty line had been a question, technically, hadn’t it. “Yeah. Yeah, I like it fine.”

“God, I’m so fucking *horny*,” she sighed. Lacey gave her lips a little lick. “How about you?”

“I, uh...”

“Can I suck your cock?”

“Can you *what*?!”

Lacey casually undid one of the straps on her overalls. After a moment, the bib fell off the side, baring her nearly to the nipple. “I want to suck your cock so bad, Scott. I know I’m being such a little fucking slut, such a horny fucking easy weak little tramp, but I want to go home with you and suck you off *soooooo* bad. Can I? Will you let me go home with you, give my thirsty, slutty throat the fucking it wants?”

Jackie

OK, so how the fuck could that *not* have worked?!

I'd done *everything* right. I was sure. The flirty tone, appeal to a big strong man to help poor widdle me with my twubbles, and let's not forget the outfit. And he hadn't even gotten to find out I hadn't been wearing panties under them. I was actually regretting it, a bit. I'd always thought pussies getting wet and leaky was something they made up for porn, but no. That thing was dripping like an old faucet.

There was no going back into the bar. For one, Malcom obviously had a chip on his shoulder about half-naked women hanging around, tarnishing the Gooses brand as if his shitty beer wasn't already doing that for him. For two, even though I was plenty horny, I wasn't looking to get gang-raped by the boys of the local 558. Or tossed out on my ass, if Scott was in there repeating the moron accusations he'd made against me to them.

What hooker went to these lengths to try to rob a guy? I get that my interest would be suspicious, but way to look your gift whore in the mouth, dummy.

Stranger still, he hadn't recognized me. I'd sent how many dozens of naked pictures to the guy? Every possible angle on this girl's sweet bubbly tits, her big round ass, her dripping wet snatch. They were from that first night, before this afternoon's bikini wax – and fuck me but did *that* ever hurt like hell – but still, where was the gratitude? Had he really not even looked at them before his stupid “wrong number bye” bullshit? Obviously not – he didn't recognize this body the same as I hadn't when I woke up in it. I'd just figured if I served him up his fantasy slut on a platter, he'd at least take a nibble before sending it back.

So now what?

No sense trying again tonight. His guard was up; if I showed up on his doorstep, he'd like as not call the cops. The thought of going to jail for being a trampy little hooker slut was hot as hell, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't stupid enough to think the fantasy would match the reality of it very well.

Back home (“home,” meaning Jacqui's place), I did some brain-storming, spent a little more time exploring my assets on hand. The overalls had been easy; unfortunately, this Jackie chick had a pretty respectable wardrobe. She actually seemed to want to *hide* these incredible jugs, the bitch. Tomorrow, after I left the hospital, I could do some shopping and see if I couldn't find something better suited to my agenda. (Just wanted to make sure this chick wasn't dripping with chlamydia or whatever before I put her through her paces.)

Tomorrow, I'd make sure he couldn't turn me away. I was our fantasy. We deserved us.

Scott

There was no missing her. It was going on seven when I parked my van in my usual spot in the apartment complex's lot. Still plenty sunny this time of year, but if you'd asked me the odds on finding some babe trying to work on her tan at that hour, I'd have given you thousand to one.

There she was, though.

I didn't recognize her as the babe from yesterday. Not at first. Why would I? I'd never had a stalker before, and if I ever got one, I would've expected some creepy old crone with half her teeth missing, not Lacey – or whatever her real name was. Thieves weren't likely to give their real names. Damn shame. I'd felt sure that was what she had to be last night at Gooses. How else did you explain her picking out some lumpy old nobody like me out of that lot, then in her first breath trying to slut her way into my home?

Only now, there she was again. Each building in our complex had a little courtyard in it; mine had a great big oak tree out in the middle, a couple picnic tables slowly losing their paint under its shade. She'd thrown a beach towel down on the narrow patch of grass still getting a little bit of sun. There wasn't enough shining on her to tan that body if she laid in it for a year.

She was absorbing all she could, though; her bikini wasn't doing a damn thing to get in the way. The flag of our fair country was losing a battle against the allied forces of the tightness of that spandex and the suction of her ass crack. Her top wasn't even tied on any more, the strings dangling out to either side of her. Those incredible tits of hers were smashed flat against her towel and squooshing out to the side, in case the overalls hadn't shown enough of her yesterday.

"You again?" I demanded, hands going to my hips. Probably sounded and looked like my nag of a mother. A useful thought. I kept the image of Ma firmly in mind to help keep lustful thoughts at bay.

Lacey turned her head toward me, tilting down her sunglasses. Makeup today, and plenty of it. Her lips were redder than the stripes on the flag being sucked down into her sweet, ample booty. "Hey there, stranger."

"Are you following me? Do you need help or something?"

"I wouldn't mind a hand with some lotion," she said brightly. "Wouldn't want my tushy wushy to get all red and sore. At least not from the mean old sun." She winked. What kind of freak actually winks?

"Well the sun's going down before long, so I don't think you have a lot to worry about."

"Cmon, pleeeeeeease?" Lacey thrust out her lower lip. "You aren't going to make me beg. Or is that what you want?"

I have to hand it to the crazy slut. It was tempting. Still, “I have no idea where you get off following me around or what you think you stand to get out of it, kid, but you’re barking up the wrong tree. Go find another mark somewhere else.”

Her jaw dropped, and some kind of real exasperation filled her eyes. Anger, maybe even. It was more than enough to confirm her little act was a damn lie, as if more proof were needed. I had no idea what her angle was, but there was an angle, no doubt about it. She tried to chase me into the building, but the need to snatch her bikini top to her chest slowed her down enough that I was able to slam and lock the door right in her pretty face.

Jackie

I was going to kill him. Me. Us. Whatever. I'd spent my whole post-pubescent life daydreaming about this. A hot young woman, big sexy tits, slutty to the bone, begging me to use her for my – his – gratification. I mean, any guy wanted to fuck a hot big-titted slut, but I knew exactly where to hit his buttons. Bubbly personality, a tried and true bimbo-slut. Shameless display of flesh, except for the shyness surrounding those last few inches. Mouth like a \$2 whore, and eyes for nobody but him. Me.

Texting myself all those nudes had been a desperation thing; if this had ended after twenty minutes, I wanted some souvenirs. Then I considered that we'd done a full swap and that fluff-brained girly girl Jackie was hanging out in my bod. I didn't password protect my phone, after all, so for all I knew she was sitting there smashing the delete button as we went. Or worse, ignoring it while she cleaned out my bank account. Unlike her, I had a lot squirreled away.

The way I 1.0 reacted at the bar though had sealed it. That was a lust reaction. He-I wanted to fuck her-me, plain and simple. No recognition at all. Now here I was, 24 hours in this insanely fuckable body, and the one man whose fuck preferences I knew better than anyone in the world wouldn't fucking fuck me!

To be sure, yeah, it was a little weird, the idea of being penetrated, stuffed, filled, used like a little whore bitch. But I'd wanted this for years. It was pretty fucking hot to be in on making it happen, even if it was in the least conventional of all ways. Most women had no use for my worn, unimpressive body, but me? I was used to it. It would be weird to fuck a *good-looking* guy. My own body? Nothing could feel more natural in this incredibly unnatural situation. It was the one male body in the universe that I felt 100% comfortable with, warts and all.

I suppose I could come clean and tell me what happened. It hadn't occurred to me at first that he wouldn't know, but why would he? I hadn't. Maybe on his end, nothing felt off. I could just knock on our door, tell him I'd been duplicated in his hot neighbor's hot slutty body. He'd balk, I'd spew things nobody but me could possibly know until he believed me, and then we could decide how best to celebrate.

Only then it wouldn't be the *fantasy*. That was what was killing me. If we were both in on it, then it was only me roleplaying with myself. A daydream with tactile input. It ate at me to think of squandering this incredible gift. This was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me – to anyone! – and I was missing it completely! Sure, the roleplay version could be hot, but nowhere near as hot as being an "actual" mind-controlled fuck toy, her whole self devoted to his endless sexual gratification. A mysterious stranger with perfect tits and a sopping wet and endlessly greedy cunt wrapped up in a bow on his doorstep.

Say, there's an idea.

Scott

“Do I have to call the cops again, you psycho skank? What on earth is the matter with you?!” I bellowed. Just like this morning when I’d left my place, this evening coming back, there Lacey was again. Or whatever her name was. She’d cleared out pretty quick after listening to me call her in, but she was back, still in that whorish little...

Well, it wasn’t an outfit. Nor was it actually ribbon. They didn’t make ribbon that broad, not that I’d seen. Not that it covered much. One bright pink band horizontally across her tits, and another that went down from that, dipped between her thick-ass thighs, then, I assumed, met back up with the first on her back. I hadn’t seen it from behind yet. A big old bow adorned her mid-section, tastefully tasteless in being pinned to the tummy, leaving her barely concealed boobs barely concealed.

“I need you to use me, Master,” she gushed.

“Right, you said that this morning. Did you seriously hack my fucking browser history? Yeah, that’s right, I wasn’t born yesterday you know.” This possibility, in fact, had not occurred to me on my own. I’d run it by Curtis and Scummy and them at work, though, that this lying skank from the bar was following me around saying all sorts of weird shit to try to get into my place, and they’d supplied the mechanism. The amount of my time spent browsing mind control and dominance/submission porn was not small. Clever, I had to hand it to her, and she comitted all right. But still!

“Browser...?” She scowled at the suggestion. Caught red-handed – I knew it. “No! No, I just want you to use me. Don’t I please you, Master? These fat, fuckable titties? My plump, cock-sucking lips, waiting for you to stuff your hard dick between them? My—”

The door to my next door neighbor’s apartment swung open. Mrs. Sandoval glowered out at us beneath the chain lock. “You know there are children in this building? Why don’t you take that *inside* before I have to call the super?”

“I don’t know this woman,” I tried to tell her, but the door was already slamming shut.

“Maybe she’s right, Master. Maybe you should take me inside. Then take me anywhere else you desire.” The way she said it, I was pretty sure “take me anywhere else” didn’t mean a trip around town.

“Do I have to get a restraining order? What the hell do you think is in my apartment that’s so damn valuable? The TV’s nice, but it ain’t *this* nice. Not to tell you your business, whore thief, but you really ought to find yourself a more profitable business model.”

The door slammed over her pleading, vulgar protests. This time I waited until I was inside my apartment before calling the cops. This morning it had been more or less a bluff, a way to get her to piss off. Then I sat back and waited.

“Scott?” she murmured into the door. “Please, Scott. Be my Master. Own me. Own this body. Use it however you want. Punish it, if you want. Use it as a cum sponge. Fuck my ditzy little girl-brain right out of my slutty mind. But use me. I beg you, Master. Use me. Use this body. Open the door, and I’ll crawl to your feet and service you, service your big hard cock, any way you could want. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you. No limits what you could do to this body. If one of my holes bores you, choose another. Fuck my pussy. Fuck my ass. Fuck my dumb slut mouth. Fuck my huge whorish titties, Master. You own them. All of them. They belong to you. They’re literally yours. Please, oh please please *please* Master, let your whore be the slutty piece of fuck meat she was born to be, all for you and only you, forever and always.”

Yep. Like I said, definitely hacked my browser history. Fucking creep.



Jackie

I posted bail with charges pending for indecent exposure, sexual harassment, stalking, disturbing the peace, prostitution, and attempted burglary. The last one was especially ridiculous; not only had I never done any such thing, but it was also *my* stuff in that apartment. Good luck explaining that to a judge, though. “I swear to tell the whole truth, your honor, and the truth is that a copy of me woke up in this hot-ass chick’s bod and now I can’t get my original self to get me off.”

They’d tried to add trespassing, but since I lived there, that one hadn’t held up. Of course I was now also homeless, which was the real kicker. That cunt Mrs. Sandoval had gone and called our superintendent just like she’d threatened. He made a lot better time than the police did. When I got back to the complex, the locks were changed, and my stuff – most of it – was piled up in the hallway. Not that I had anywhere else to put it.

I hoped I – meaning Scott – never helped that crusty old cunt with her janky disposal ever again.

It was time to get serious. I didn’t just *want* me now. I *needed* me. I’d never figured out where this chick worked, never even tried really, and I frankly had less than no desire to try to insert myself into her boring little life. Why would I? When your options are get a job and work until you die, or actualize your fantasies of bimboslutslavedom, you go bimboslutslavedom every time. No, I was going to make my wildest fantasies come true, even if I had to beat myself into submission to get it.

Fortunately, I’d had the whole night in jail with the other prostitutes to think it over.

The easy way wound up not working. Apparently I’d made me paranoid enough to lock the windows for once, something I forgot to do more often than not. It was a decent neighborhood, at least aside from us burgle-hookers.

So instead, it was a simple matter of driving out to the work site (I/he was still working on the new CVS on Wendell and 10<sup>th</sup>), parking down the block, sneaking through a gap in the fence, using the bent-up wire coathanger I’d salvaged from the pile of Jackie’s belongings to snag Scummy’s keys from where he left them locked in car but with the damn window cracked as if it made a difference, using those to get into the van, stealing *my* keys where *I* left them all day, sneaking back out, copying the key at the hardware store on West Mooretown, coming back and putting everything back where I’d stolen it, then sneaking away, all without anybody detecting me.

No problem.

Curtis saw me on my second foray while he was on his way to the porto-john. Luckily, it was Curtis, and even more luckily, he didn’t see me poking around in the vehicles. He thought I was doing more “stalking,” the dickhead. I showed him my tits in exchange for his not telling anybody what he’d seen. (Using your tits as a bargaining

chip was a fucking hot novelty, I had to say. I hoped I – meaning Master – meaning Scott – made that a regular. So slutty.)

Keys in hand, I headed out. I had one last chance, now. This time, I had to make it work.

Scott

Now the fucking skank was poking her skank nose around where I worked? And that moron Curtis let her get away with it. Yeah, I know she has unbelievable boobs, numbskull. But I'd told the guys what all else she did, and the sonofabitch *still* let her skulk off unhindered. Chauvinism at its best.

To think, part of me had almost bought into her bullshit. Which it clearly was – though I'd started wondering if whatever she really had in mind for me might be worth suffering through in exchange for a taste of what she'd have to give up to do it to me. Thank goodness for the guys, though, making sure I saw her for what she was. Like a girl like *that* would have any use for a man like *me*? She'd leave me dead in a ditch and disappear forever.

I checked the van over thorough. It was a loaner from the union hall, but I took care of it like it was mine so they let me use it the same. Nothing obviously stolen. I was almost disappointed. Some of the equipment in here could fetch a decent price if you could hawk it; it would have at least have been an explanation. The lap joint cauterizer was still right there in its case, though. If that had been her angle, it would have been first to go.

To think, *that* had been living just upstairs from me. She had to be suffering some kind of psychotic break or the like. It was tempting to let my mind wander, imagine a what-if where we'd met before she'd gone off the deep end. But there was nothing there. Now, she sure seemed to be in a bad way to go this desperate. I did my best to be a decent neighbor, pitching in now and then if my tools and training could be of use, but that was as far as my neighborliness went.

Curtis picked up my tab at Gooses that night to pay me back for letting the psycho slut slip through his fingers. I wasn't one to take advantage, though. I was hardly even buzzed by the time I rolled up back home. Mercifully, Jackie – that was her real name, our super had revealed while evicting her – was nowhere to be seen. A little peace and quiet would be a pleasant change.

No bare-topped beauties at the bar. No bikini parties in the courtyard. No titty packages gift wrapped on my doorstep. I let out a sigh – of relief, almost entirely of relief – and slipped into the door. It locked behind me. I took off my boots, wriggled my toes, and made for the shower to wash off the day's filth.

I heard the water turn on.

Any other day, the presence of an intruder might have had me going for my gun safe in the bedroom, but there could be no doubt who it was. She was too cute to shoot. Too pathetic. Shaking my head, I continued toward the bathroom.

“Good evening, Master.”

I'd expected her naked. There had been no shame in her so far, not that I'd seen. Naked would have honestly been more decent than this, though. She was made up to the nine's, nothing subtle like before. Her hair was up in pigtails, a yellow ribbon binding the left side and bright purple on the right. The rest of her was in what I suppose was lingerie of some kind, a web of pale pink ribbons on paler pink skin. It didn't cover anything, really. Not her nipples, and not her pussy. It was designed precisely to draw attention to what it wasn't covering. Her snatch was bare, smooth as glass, and already glistening with what she no doubt wanted me to believe was arousal though I'd bet anything was a splash of water from the shower. It had to be, the way it was trickling down her inner thighs. There was a choker on her throat, also pink, with a clip that looked like it was made for the attachment of a collar. Two more bands on her wrists, too, with shiny chrome chains dangling from them.

Beneath the strands meeting at her crotch, I could make out in black ink – drawn, not tattooed, I thought, though it was hard to be sure. *PLEASE*, it read.

She was a bimboslutslave. She was fucking perfect.

“How in the hell did you get into my apartment?” I forced myself to say. She was almost in arm's reach. There wasn't a woman born who would wear *that* and object to my reaching out. Not yet, though.

No! I mean *not at all*. No touching. Give a slut a fondling, and she's gonna want some dick.

“I'm sorry I failed to get your permission, Master. I submit myself to your punishment. But I've been here all evening, waiting for you, touching myself and dreaming of what I hope you'll do to me. You can see I haven't taken anything. I could have, you see. But I'm only here to be your fuckable little plaything. That, and nothing more.”

Jesus.

“There's gonna be punishment all right, 'Lacey.’”

“I'm sorry I lied, Master. I thought you would like it better than Jackie. Jackie is such an ugly name. I hate it. Pick a new name for me and I'll happily change it – to Lacey, or anything you want. Maybe Stacey? Jade? Yasmin? And I mean legally. Permanently. We'll make me whoever you want me to be.”

Fuck, it was like she was in my head. Names fit only for strippers and cheerleader hoes. I suppose it didn't take much insight to pick out a slutty name, though. “Sure you want to offer to go to the courthouse with me, Jackie? How'd it work out for you last time you and I got the law involved?”

“I'm not mad, Master,” she said, though her eyes darkened for a moment before that bright happy whore shone back through. “You thought I was a bad girl, and bad girls should be punished by their Masters. I know I come on a little strong, but it's only

because I've finally found what I wanted. To be your fuck slave. To serve you, in every way you want, with every piece of my heart, body and soul."

I shook my head. The shower was hot; steam was already filling the room, coating her bared body in fine mist. "You know that's fucking crazy, right? Why would I ever believe you?"

"What have you got to lose? Just give me a chance to prove it to you, Master! Can't you see how badly I want you? Here!" She took my hand, the chain on her cuff slapping at my wrist, and thrust it between her legs. Holy shit, was she hot down there. Hot, and wet. I'd figured she'd splashed some water in there when she'd heard me coming to complete the illusion, but this was too thick, with just the right amount of sticky.

"You see? You see how wet I am for you? Try me out. Let me bathe you, for starters. With your washcloth if you like, or with my bare soapy hands. Or I could use... other parts, if you'd let me. I've never washed a man with my titties before, but I'd love to try."

She beamed at me, a portrait of delirious happiness to serve.

"What... what *are* you?"

She clasped her hands together earnestly. Somehow my hand was left behind in her honeypot. "I'm your sexy little fucktoy slave, Master."

I shook my head. Were we really doing this? "The pigtails are a bit much."

Jackie giggled. "Master, they're not pigtails!"

"No? What are they then?"

Her giggle intensified. "Handlebars, Master! For when you decide to fuck my slut mouth."

As I stared, bewildered, she sunk to her knees. I saw my bathroom rug had been moved, evidently in anticipation of this very moment. "May I give you a blowjob, Master? Please? I want to taste your cum so badly – though I understand if you'd rather paint my titties with it since I've been so bad."

"I, uh... I'm a little ripe," I muttered.

"I don't care. Please?" She gazed up at me in reverent adoration. "And then I can clean you up, and you can fuck my hot wet little pussy in the shower, if you want. And then you can watch your shows while I lick your cock all evening long."

Jackie – or maybe I could rename her Lacey after all...? – gently undid the fastenings on my pants and lowered them to the floor. My underwear she did separate, taking her time like she was savoring it, somehow. But they followed. I was hard already, obviously. Faced with this perfect rendition of every fantasy I'd ever had, she ought to be worried about me blasting through the back of her mouth. She opened wide, tongue extended, eyes sinking closed in apparent ecstasy.

"Stop," I commanded, my voice choking on it.

“Master?” she whimpered.

With a heavy sigh, I shook my head at her. “Sorry, sweetheart. My folks raised me not to take advantage of the crazy. Not right, not smart.”

“But... *please!*” she squealed, eyes lighting up in alarm. “Please, Master, please, just let me service you, use me, fuck me, own me, *please!* Don’t let this be for nothing, Scott, you fucking moron!”

I lifted off my shirt and dumped it on the floor with the rest of my clothes. “Get dressed, kiddo. And get help. If you’re still here when I get out of the shower, I’ll have to handle this the other way.”

“But...”

“And don’t you take anything on the way out. I promise you, I will know.”

I turned the water down to cold, and stayed in for a long, long while. That was the thing about cold water. It never ran out.

Carver

“Heya! It’s Scott, right? Been a while.”

My neighbor looked up at me in puzzlement as we walked in from the parking lot, but recognition kicked in after a moment. “Oh right, right. You’re the, ah, guy. With all the chemistry stuff, and the... yeah. Sorry, it’s...?”

“Carver,” I answered. Guy with the chemistry stuff? Better than recognizing me for a warlock, the accoutrements for which I could only assume he was referring to as *the... yeah*.

“Right, Mr. Carver. That drain giving you any more trouble?”

“No, no it sure isn’t. Can’t say how grateful I am.” If he’d realized the obstruction had been powdered pig hooves and the freshly harvested heart of a virgin, he might be less casual about it. The mixture had gone all wrong, but I’d thought mushy as the heart had gone, it would flush just fine. With the toilet backing up all over my floor, I’d figured it would be easier to eliminate a helpful neighbor than the super’s plumber if I made it a work order, so I’d knocked on his door, pleaded my case, and let this good-natured simpleton at it.

Luckily he hadn’t guessed at what he’d found. So instead of turning his blood to acid with the Hand of Xensh, I figured I’d let him test out my Soul Magnifier instead. Figured it was a 50/50 shot whether it would split him into his constituent atomic pieces, or replicate him entirely. Lucky again.

“Say, I heard you had some fun with the upstairs neighbor, eh? The brunette, with the...” I cupped imaginary breasts in front of me.

“Yeah, I guess everybody heard about that by now, huh.”

“How’d it work out? I always thought you two had a lot in common.”

“You do, huh,” he said dryly, a dim assessment of my familiarity. He managed a thin smile, though. “Well once she finishes her time in a few years, I’ll be sure to let her know our neighbor thinks we’re a perfect match.”