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All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

**Mad Monday: A Body-Swap Tale 3**

 **by Pandora Box**

Chapter 17

“Mary,” I said firmly, grabbing her hand and moving it away from my genitalia. “I want to talk”

“Okay…” my wife replied, narrowing Belle’s eyes slightly. The lust never faded from them.

“I know what you need.”

The sight of her face lighting up made me pause. For several years now, that had been a rare occurrence.

“I know what you need,” I smiled back at her, “and I’m prepared to give it to you.”

“Oh, Andrew! Oh my god, honey, *yes*. Please! I’m so happy that you…-“

I held up my hand, and my wife fell silent.

“You need stimulation,” I said, looking into Belle’s blue eyes. “You need stimulation, and…well, after a lot of thinking, I’ve decided: I can do that for you.”

Mary clearly wanted to speak, but I didn’t allow her to interrupt.

“You know how difficult I’m finding this, but I love you. I love you, and I know that you’re finding it just as hard.”

“Andrew…-“

“I’m prepared to touch you,” I concluded. “I love you, and so even though it goes against everything I believe, I’m prepared to touch you. Down *there*.”

Mary nodded, looking at me expectantly. As the pause stretched on, she wrinkled Belle’s nose.

“That’s it?”

I raised one eyebrow.

“‘It’? Honey, that’s a *lot*.”

It still surprised me, seeing my wife’s expressions on Belle face. Her classic ‘unimpressed’ glare had appeared, and it was aimed at me with full force.

“Andrew, darling, I…I need more than that.”

I froze.

“More?”

“Yes, honey. More.”

I grimaced.

“Mary, my love, I don’t think you…-”

“No, Andrew,” my wife interrupted. “I don’t think that *you*.”

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. We’d down this path before, so many times in just the last week. I didn’t want to get in another shouting match.

Especially since they always seemed to end in me losing.

“Okay,” I said, with a deep breath. “I…what do you want?”

Belle’s eyes sparked, and Mary’s wry smile appeared on her face.

Again, she reached down and grabbed my cock through my pants.

“This.”

“You *had* that,” I said, wishing I sounded less whiny. “Last night…”

“More,” my wife said, Belle’s voice thick with lust. “Oh god, Andrew. Please. I need more.”

I silently counted to ten.

Mary was doing so much for us. For our daughter and her best friend.

For our family.

I knew she was struggling. I knew she needed me.

But…I couldn’t.

*Seven more days.*

“Okay,” I sighed. “How about…twice more?”

“Twice?”

The tone of disgust was back.

“Twice is a lot!” I said. The whine was back as well.

Mary looked up at me, and I could see Belle’s eyes were beginning to water.

“You promised once a day,” she said plaintively.

“Yes, but…-“

“I was back at school today,” she continued. “Babe. You don’t know what it’s like.”

“I know, but…-“

Now it was Mary’s turn to not let me speak.

“I didn’t wear a bra,” she whispered.

“What!? Mary, that’s…-“

“I know. I *know*. It was just so hot. God, Andrew. Kara’s best friend is *so hot*.”

I glanced down at her chest, and immediately wished that I hadn’t.

It was obvious that she was *still* not wearing a bra.

“All those teenage eyes, looking at me. Lusting after me. Wanting me.”

“Mary, we’re trying to…-“

“I know what we’re trying to, Andrew. I really do. But last night…it got me so worked up. Your cock. My mouth. *Belle’s* mouth. God, it felt…-.”

“Mary, if we…-“

“*I know*. But after Saturday, after the beach…the feeling of all those eyes on me. It’s intoxicating. Have you ever felt like an entire room of people want you?”

I was forced to shake my head.

“I’m in my forties, darling. Belle is at her peak. Look at her!”

Mary gestured to Belle’s body. My eyes instinctively followed the motion, and immediately wished that they hadn’t.

My wife was right. Belle is stunning. I would have given anything not to have known that, to have spent the rest of my years without ever noticing what a looker Belle was. She was…she was *sexy*. I hated admitting it, but it was true. Belle was sexy. It was as simple as that.

And now that it had been pointed out, now that I’d…seen her *do things*…

I was worried that I’d never be able to *un*-notice.

“I got asked out three times today,” Mary said softly. “I could be on a date right now, getting all my needs taken care of by someone who doesn’t give a fuck about our daughter’s best friend. But I’m here with *you*.”

“You don’t get points for *not* fucking a high-schooler,” I said weakly.

A huge grin slowly spread across Belle’s face.

“I know.” My wife said, and pulled my mouth to Belle’s.

I gently moved my hands to Belle’s shoulders and pushed her away.

“Honey,” I said.

She rolled her eyes and balled her fists. I’m surprised she didn’t stamp her foot. For a moment, I could see Belle as she’d been as a toddler, threatening a tantrum if she didn’t get her way.

“*What*?” she asked, gesturing around. “This is *perfect*. We’re a thousand miles from civilization…-“

“Sixty,” I corrected.

“…and no one knows that we’re here. We have *zero* chance of getting caught. What excuse can you possibly have for *not* wanting to fuck me?”

My eyes widened as my wife’s words sunk in.

“Wait. What?”

“No one will ever know,” she said, slumping against the doorframe. “And…I need it. God, Andrew. I *need* it.”

“Wait wait wait wait wait wait wait…Mary. Sweetie. We never talked about…-”

“I know we never talked about it,” Mary said, a desperate look in Belle’s eyes. “But I can’t stop thinking about it.”

“We can *never* do that.”

“Why not?”

“I can’t do that to Belle. I can’t…Jesus! Mary, You can’t be serious.”

“I wish I wasn’t,” my wife said. Belle’s blue eyes were staring intently into mine. “I really, really wish I wasn’t.”

I stepped back into the cabin and sat down at my desk. My stomach was churning in a combination of hunger and horror.

“Mary, think about what you’re saying. You’re having trouble with Belle’s hormones…”

“Understatement,” Mary muttered.

“…and so you want me to *take her virginity*?”

“No!”

“Then…”

My eyes widened.

“Wait. Mary. Is…”

“No no no.” My wife used Belle’s hand to wave my concerns away. “No, Belle is a virgin. If she wasn’t, I’d know about it.”

“How?”

“Her diary, for one.”

I quickly decided that I didn’t want to hear how else my wife could possibly have known this.

“Then what do you mean?”

Belle’s eyes darted around the room, avoiding mine.

“Mary?”

“What do you know about…hymens.”

I closed my eyes.

“I don’t think I want to know.”

“Andrew, I was…exploring.”

“Okay.”

“Down there.”

“Okay. Okay.”

I tried very hard to think about anything else in the known universe.

“I couldn’t find Belle’s…hymen.”

“Right. Okay. Okay. Cool. Good.”

“I’m just saying!”

I opened my eyes. Mary was wringing Belle’s hands. Her eyes were still avoiding mine.

“She’s never had sex, but *physically*…”

I took a deep breath.

“When we switch back,” Mary continued, “she won’t remember a thing. She’ll have no idea what I did in her body. She doesn’t even know it’s me, remember?”

“Okay.”

“If we were to…I’m just saying.”

“Okay. Okay.”

“She’d have no memory of it.”

“Mary…”

“Think about it, Andrew. If we were to have sex, she wouldn’t *know*. As far as she was concerned, she’d still be a virgin.”

“Mary, *Je*-sus…”

“She’d have no memory of having sex, and she’d have no physical evidence. She wouldn’t know.”

“*I’d know*,” I hissed.

“I know! Andrew. I know. I realize how hard this is for you. But…”

I reopened my eyes. Belle’s body was standing in front of me.

“Once a day. You promised me.”

“I never promised that I would *fuck Kara’s best friend*.”

Mary looked up at me. The grin was back.

“You don’t get points for *not* fucking a high-schooler,” she said softly.

“Mary…”

“You’re not,” Mary said simply. She sat on my lap and put Belle’s arms around me. “Honey, you’re not. You’re not fucking a teenager, Kara’s best friend. It’s still me. You’d be fucking me.”

I sighed.

“You’d be fucking me,” my wife said again. “That’s all I want. Please. I just want to make love with my husband. Just once. I need it.”

She looked me in the eyes.

“Just once?” I said, not believing the words coming out of my mouth.

“Just once,” she said. “That’s all I need.”

Chapter 18

My wife’s expression on Belle’s face when I nodded was…well, I’ll never forget it.

Disbelief. Gratitude. Excitement.

Arousal.

She didn’t hesitate, not even for a moment. She pulled me onto the bed, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my erection.

I was horrified to discover I was hard. God. What was *wrong* with me?

As she pulled her new dress off, I closed my eyes. I knew I couldn’t block out the sounds, the feeling, but…I could try.

I’d seen Belle’s naked form more than I’d ever wanted. I’d be happy to never, ever see it again.

I opened one eye as I felt her mouth envelop my erection.

“Honey,” I croaked. “Please. Let’s…”

“Of course,” my wife said, in Belle’s voice. Her blue eyes looked up at me. I shut my eyes again, before her tits could come into view.

I couldn’t believe I was doing this.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Andrew,” I said through gritted teeth. “For the love of god, Mary – call me *Andrew*.”

“Of course,” Mary said. Her voice was shaking. She wrapped one of Belle’s hands around my cock – it throbbed in response.

*Ellen*, I tried to tell myself. *Ellen, Ellen, Ellen, Ellen*.

But even with my eyes closed, all I could see was Belle’s naked form.

I wondered if I’d ever be able to stop seeing it.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes,” I lied. I’d never be ready. I’d never be ready, and I’d never be the same. No part of me wanted what was going to happen.

My cock throbbed, making me a liar.

“I’m ready.”

It had been more than twenty years since I’d had sex with anyone but my wife. We’ve spent more than twenty years getting to know each other’s bodies, learning exactly how to get each other off, learning what to do to make the other cum.

I never thought I’d be with anyone else. I’d never *wanted* to be with anyone else.

*So why did it feel so good*?

I could feel the heat as her wetness moved into position. My cock felt like it was going to burst.

I couldn’t remember ever being so hard.

Perhaps if I hadn’t seen her naked form, it would have been easier. But all I could do as she lowered herself onto my erection was picture what it must look like – her lithe body, her legs, her flushed skin…

I shuddered.

But my erection stayed strong.

I could feel my wife’s quivers of pleasure as my cock head parted the lips of Belle’s pussy. My eyes were tightly shut, my fists were clenched, and my dick felt like it was made of steel.

All of a sudden…I was inside her.

I was inside Belle.

My cock was inside Belle, the sweet baby girl we allowed into this family.

And as much as I didn’t want it to…holy. Fucking. Shit.

It felt *amazing*.

Sex with my wife has always, always been good. She knows my body as well as I know hers.

Over the last week, I’d slowly come to terms with the fact that Bella was gorgeous. Hot. She was no longer a little girl – she was now a woman.

My wife’s sexual prowess, combined with Belle’s perfect body…

It was the single most incredible feeling I’d ever had.

I wanted to throw up.

Her hands were on my chest, supporting herself as she began to rock back and forth on my cock. My wife’s words were coming out of her mouth – a mix of babble and dirty talk.

“Yes,” she moaned. “Oh god, yes, fuck me. Fuck me fuck me fuck me. Fuck me, Daddy…”

My eyes shot open at the last word, and dear god do I wish that they hadn’t.

The feeling was amazing, but the *view*…

In an instant, I knew that my days of seeing Belle as my sweet little girl were over. She was biting her lip, her eyes closed as the stream of sexual mutterings left her mouth.

Her nipples were hard, and her breasts bounced each time she rocked back and forth.

Unable to help myself, I glanced down to where my pelvis met hers.

There was no blood, thank goodness. I literally don’t think I would have been able to live with myself if there had been blood.

About half of my cock was inside her. Her pink pussy was obscenely stretched around it; it felt as though my erection was as deep as it was going to get.

When I had sex in this position with Mary, she would typically bounce up and down. I’d thrust my hips to her rhythm, and before long we’d be cumming in unison, my seed shooting inside her as she climaxed around my cock.

In Belle’s body, my wife was just rocking hypnotically back and forth. I didn’t know if the change was because of how it felt, or because it was Belle’s first time, and I didn’t much feel like asking.

“Fuck me Daddy fuck me Daddy fuck me Daddy, *fuck me Daddy*…”

“Mary,” I said warningly, but she couldn’t hear me.

“FUCK! Me! Daddy!”

“*Mary*,” I repeated loudly, but before I could finish my thought, I felt it.

Belle was cumming.

Her eyes opened wide and rolled back in her head. Her jaw went slack, her hands grabbed my chest so hard that I knew they’d leave a mark…

And her beautiful, perfect pink pussy started clenching my cock, as though trying to milk an orgasm out of me.

I wanted to.

God help me, I wanted to cum. A sexual goddess was naked on top of me, climaxing around my cock.

It wouldn’t have taken much for me to reach orgasm, to fill her cunt with my seed.

But I didn’t.

After Ben, I’d gotten a vasectomy, so there was no risk of Belle getting pregnant. But still…I couldn’t.

I *couldn’t*.

With all the strength, with all the effort I had, I closed my eyes and thought of England, so to speak.

When I could feel Belle’s orgasm subsiding, I opened my eyes.

“Honey…” I said gently, but my wife wasn’t listening.

She was staring down at me as if in a daze. As we made eye-contact again, she once more began rocking back and forth – faster this time. Almost frenzied.

For the next twenty minutes, I stared into her blue eyes as she came again and again and again. With each orgasm, more of my cock slipped inside her.

Inside Kara’s childhood friend.

Inside her cunt.

She stopped talking. She stopped babbling. She just rode me silently, her eyes alight with desire, cumming around my cock so many times I lost count.

Finally, she began to calm down. Belle is in good shape, but riding someone like that…it must take a lot. It was a workout for specific muscles, muscles that I was fairly sure Belle had never exercised.

“Honey?”

“Oh my god,” she sighed. Her eyes focused for the first time since we started, meeting mine. The crazed look was gone. “Honey, that was…”

“Amazing,” I smiled, and she threw her head back in agreement. She was still rocking Belle’s hips back and forth, but when I reached up and rested my hands on them, she stopped.

“Do you want a break?” she asked, and I nodded.

As she pulled herself off me, a groan escaped my lips. It felt so fucking good.

The cabin stank of sex, and as I stood up, I noticed that the curtains were open.

The sight of the woods brought me back to reality.

“Jesus,” I said.

“I *know*,” my wife agreed fervently.

“No, Mary – look.”

The sun was setting, and as her eyes followed my finger, a bird flew past the window.

“Beautiful.”

“Mary, *anyone* could have passed by. A park ranger, a neighbor. A cop!”

“Come back to bed,” she slurred in response. “We’re not done yet…”

“Yes we *are*,” I snapped, picking up Belle’s dress and throwing it at her. “For heaven’s sake, Mary – if we screw up, I don’t just get a slap on the wrist. This will destroy our family *forever*. I’ll go to prison, and Belle…”

My heart leapt to my throat at the thought.

“Belle will *know*. She’ll know what we did. She’ll know that you used her body, and…and…”

I gestured between Belle’s legs.

“We can’t. We *can’t* risk that. Never again.”

Belle’s eyes were watering, but my wife didn’t object.

“Get dressed. We’re going home.”

Chapter 19

The drive home was quiet. It took several minutes for my wife to muster up the strength to cover Belle’s body once more. Even after we’d been on the road for a few miles, she still sporadically twitched with pleasure.

For my part, I couldn’t stop thinking about how stupid we’d been. How stupid I’d been.

Fucking Belle was bad enough. I knew that the images – the sensations – would be permanently burned into my brain. But doing it in broad daylight, with the curtains open?

*Anyone* could have seen. And it would just take one glimpse, one rumor to…

No.

God.

We were doing this for our family. We were doing this for *Belle*. I knew it was hard for my wife, but we had to be safe.

We had to be *smart*.

And that meant we couldn’t fool around. Not even so much as a kiss. If someone saw – if Belle saw…

It wasn’t worth the risk.

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When we got home, Belle (in my wife’s body) was in the kitchen. She isn’t much of a cook, but I could see that she’d made an effort. Some kind of pasta bake. It looked like she’d even attempted to include a vegetable or two.

“What’s the special occasion?” I asked, trying to force a jovial tone. Trying to think about anything besides Belle’s cunt, twitching with pleasure as she came around me again and again.

Belle sat my wife’s body down next to mine, and grabbed my hand. It felt…natural. Normal. Nice.

Had my wife switched back? Had my words gotten through to her, and she’d realized that I was right, that we *couldn’t* be doing this? Had she given in?

“And-…that’s a good question,” she said, clumsily turning ‘Andrew’ into a different word.

Nope. My wife was still Belle, and Belle was still my wife.

“Oh?” I said, re-plastering the smile onto my face.

“Yeah,” she said, and sighed.

Oh, shit.

Did she know? Had she…had she somehow seen?

I took a deep breath, and realized how stupid I was being. No, after catching her former body having sex with *her best friend’s fathe*r, I was sure that Belle’s first reaction wouldn’t have been to bake a casserole.

I felt like I was going mad.

Sitting patiently, I waited for her to muster up the courage to say whatever she was going to say.

Sitting patiently, I tried desperately not to think about my erection, so recently buried in Belle’s wet, quivering pussy.

“There’s something I want to tell you,” Belle said, closing one of Mary’s eyes. “And it’s not going to be easy.”

“Of course,” I said, my voice calm, my mind determinedly not thinking about Belle’s perfect, bouncing tits as she rode me.

“I just want to say…I’m sorry.”

I blinked twice. For a brief moment, Belle’s words had actually distracted me from remembering the warm, wet feeling of her pussy lips sliding down my cock.

“Pardon?”

“I’m sorry.”

I hadn’t actually been counting, but it felt like it had been approximately eight hundred years since I’d actually heard Belle apologize.

Of course, she thought I thought she was still my wife. I knew I had to play along.

“For what?”

“I know I can sometimes be difficult,” she said, clearly choosing her words carefully. Apologizing to her best friend’s father while pretending to be Mary. I imagined it wasn’t an easy task.

“True,” I said with a smile.

“But I know that you work hard. And I know that…”

Belle sighed, and I suddenly noticed a tear running down my wife’s cheek.

“…I know that you love me. And, y’know. I just wanted to say…I love you too.”

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. I was all choked up.

“I love you,” I eventually said, more gruffly than I’d expected.

“Come here,” she said, sniffing, and before I knew what was happening, my wife’s arms were wrapped around me as Belle pulled me into a hug.

It was a touching moment (literally), but the mood was quickly shattered.

You see, even after half an hour of being ridden by a buxom, horny teenager, I still hadn’t come. I mean, how could I?

I couldn’t.

I *couldn’t*.

But the images seemed to be permanently burned into my brain.

And so I was…I was still hard.

Just hours ago, my wife – in Belle’s body – had felt my erection buried deep inside her.

Now, Belle – in my wife’s body – had inadvertently felt it press against her as she pulled me into a hug.

I gawped at her, speechless. In that moment, the entirety of the English language escaped me. I remembered the words ‘buh’ and ‘fluh’, but decided not to bring either of those out right now. They somehow didn’t seem appropriate.

Before my vocabulary could begin to rebuild, Belle realized what she’d done.

“Uh. Uh. Uh.,” she said, I could almost hear the gears grinding. “…called. My Dad called. He said Ben is having a great time at Code Camp.”

Maybe Mary’s Dad really had called – that was a conversation I would have loved to hear. Belle pretending to be Mary, speaking to Mary’s father/Kara’s grandfather.

“Oh,” I said, suddenly remembering how to talk. “That’s great. That’s great, honey. Thanks for letting me know. Thanks.”

“Igottagonow,” Belle said in a single breath, and before I could muster up a reply, my wife’s body was dashing out of the room.

Fuck. *Fuck*. As if fucking my fucking daughter’s best friend wasn’t enough, now I’d…

I shuddered.

I’d pressed my erection against her. Against Kara’s childhood friend. The real one. She’d have a memory of that for the rest of her life.

As would I.

This was not my day.

And as Mary sauntered Belle’s body into the room, I somehow knew it was about to get worse.

Chapter 20

“Everything okay?” Mary said, a smile upon Belle’s face. She was dressed in a tank top and jeans.

She looked surprisingly relaxed, and I suddenly realized where she’d been for the last half-hour.

And what she’d been doing.

“Yes,” I said gruffly. I now knew what her orgasm looked like. Felt like. It was impossible not to picture it as I made eye-contact with Belle.

With my wife, in Belle’s body.

I just wanted this to go away. I wanted to look at Belle and see Kara’s best friend. Like I had done for so many years. I wanted to look at her and see a young woman, about to start her life.

I didn’t want my mind to immediately see her bouncing tits, her flushed face.

I didn’t want to remember what her lips looked like, stretched around my cock.

Her throat moving, as she urgently swallowed my cum.

I shuddered.

“I have a plan,” she began, speaking more loudly than I would have liked.

“Mary…” I said weakly, but she ignored my protest and kept talking. With a sigh, I got up and locked the door.

I didn’t know what my wife was going to say, but I was confident that neither of us wanted Belle to walk in halfway through it.

“Tomorrow, I’ll come home from school early. We’ll turn the house alarm on, and use your office. If Belle comes home early, she’ll trigger the alarm, and we’ll have plenty of warning – there’s no chance of her catching us. If she asks, you can just say that you turned it on by accident. She’ll believe that.”

She laughed. My wife’s laugh, coming out of Belle’s beautiful lips.

Those beautiful lips that I’d *cum into*. God, I hated myself.

“I mean, I’d believe it,” she finished. “What do you say?”

There was a brief silence as I stared at my wife. Belle’s eyes were brimming with hope.

“…what?”

“If you’d prefer, we can say that I turned it on, but I don’t know why we’d do that. I guess we could just say it was a bug.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The alarm.”

“No, I mean…this plan. What are you on about?”

Belle’s eyes narrowed.

“Which part of that didn’t you understand, Andrew?”

Oh, great. My wife had pulled out her stern voice.

“What are we doing?”

“We’re discussing the plan for tomorrow.”

“The plan to do what?”

She looked up at me with Belle’s big blue eyes. I shifted uncomfortably in my chair.

“To fuck.”

“What??”

“To fuck,” she said again. As the dirty word left my sweet daughter’s formerly-innocent lips, another shudder overcame me.

“What do you mean, to fuck?”

A smile flickered across her face, and she leaned forward.

She still wasn’t wearing a bra.

“What do you think I mean?” she said, her eyes glancing down at my crotch. “Have a wild guess…”

“Honey,” I said gently. “We…we can’t do that again.”

“What?”

The stern voice was back.

“We agreed, remember? Back…” I lowered my voice to a whisper. “…back at the cottage.”

“Yeah,” she said, flicking her hair over her shoulder. “We did agree.”

“Right.” I was confused. “So…”

“You promised me.”

I narrowed my eyes. Was she deliberately being obtuse?

“We agreed,” I repeated. “One time.”

My wife responded slowly, as though speaking to an imbecile.

“That’s right, honey. We agreed. One time. And I would like that one time to be tomorrow. So when I get home from school, I’ll…”

I held a hand up, and was surprised when Mary fell silent.

“No no no no no no no no no,” I said. “The one time was at the cabin.”

Mary scrunched up Belle’s nose.

“That?”

“Yes, that! And then, like I said*, we can never do it again*.”

“But…-“

“And I mean, even that was a stupid move. What if someone had caught us, honey? What if someone had walked past and seen the owner of the cabin *fucking a high school student*.”

I hissed the last few words, and then slumped back, exhausted. The past few days…the past *week* had been too much for me. I was spent.

Spent, and frustratingly turned-on.

Mary waited to make sure that I was done before she spoke.

“That,” she replied, softly but firmly, “didn’t count.”

I sat up.

“*What*?”

“That didn’t count!”

“What do you *mean* it didn’t count? Mary, are…have you been listening to anything I’ve been saying?”

“It didn’t count,” she repeated, and jutted her lip out, every inch of her the typical rebellious teenager.

The typical rebellious teenager, trying to fuck her best friend’s father.

“Okay,” I said. Now it was my turn to speak slowly. “How did it…not count?”

“I told you, I need to be fucked. I *need* it, honey.”

“Yes, but…-“

“I need to be *fucked*. And don’t get me wrong, it was great. It really was. You know I had a good time.”

Closing my eyes, I nodded.

“But you just…you just lay there.”

My eyebrows shot up.

“What?”

“You didn’t fuck me, honey. You just sort of just lay on the bed.”

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. After a moment of thought, I closed it again.

“You lay there while I did all the work.”

I shrugged, refusing to admit that she was right.

“So?”

“So I told you – this is harder than I thought it would be. It’s harder than either of us thought it would be. I get the urge to play with myself every twenty minutes and I picture myself wrapped around every guy I see. Whenever someone checks me out, I find myself thrusting my chest out and giving them sex eyes.”

“Belle’s chest,” I muttered. My wife was really starting to worry me.

“I *know* it’s Belle’s chest, honey. I know it is. But I’ve been in this body for a week now. It’s really starting to feel like it’s mine.”

“It’s not.”

My wife sighed, and rolled Belle’s eyes.

“Yes! I know it’s not my body. But I’m inside it, twenty-four hours a day. If Belle’s nose itches, I’m the one who has to scratch it.”

She leaned forward, and I very pointedly refused to glance down at her cleavage.

“*I’m the one who has to scratch it,* Andrew. That’s what I’m asking for help with. I need you to help me scratch her itch, or I think I’m going to go crazy.”

Mary is a woman of many, many talents, and persuasiveness has always been at the top of the list.

I shook my head nonetheless.

“It’s too risky,” I said. “Honey, you know it is. It’s too risky.”

“*You owe me*.”

“That’s not what this is about,” I said, staring her straight in the eyes. “I’m not a prostitute, my love. I’m not going to haggle. You can’t loophole your way into making me fuck you. I don’t care if I did just lay there, that’s not how this works. That’s not what it’s about.”

Belle’s eyes were beginning to water, but I pressed on.

“I know that you have needs, and I know that you need help relieving them. I’m going to do what I can to help, but…I can’t fuck you. I can’t.”

I continued, trying to ignore my voice cracking as I spoke.

“I love you. I love you more than anything. And I love Belle. But you can’t tell me that the only way you’re going to feel relief is if I fuck you, honey. If it’s really that bad, if you’re that out of control…maybe it’s time to switch back.”

A tear rolled down her cheek, but she never looked away. There was a long silence, as we maintained eye-contact.

Then, to my surprise, she nodded.

“You’re right,” she said, breathing a sigh of relief. “God, Andrew…I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I can’t explain it. It’s like a frenzy. It’s like there’s a thousand ants under my skin, trying to escape from my…”

She gestured between Belle’s legs. I didn’t glance down for a second.

“Puberty,” I said with a half-shrug. She laughed.

“Yeah. I just…I just wanted your help keeping them at bay. It’s all-consuming, my love. It really is. But you’re right. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” I said, and pulled her in for a hug. “I know it’s hard.”

Remembering the hug I’d just given, I made sure to position myself so that Mary wouldn’t feel my erection as we embraced.

I couldn’t help but jump as Belle’s hand reached down and found it anyway.

“It is hard,” she growled playfully. “Let’s see what we can do about that…”

Never before had I been so unexcited to hear my wife talking dirty.

“Mary, what did we *just* discuss?”

“I get that you can’t fuck me. I don’t necessarily agree, but I respect it. You’re right. It’s risky.”

“*Yes*,” I sighed.

“But what did you say? ‘Anything else you can do to help’?”

“Something like that,” I muttered. I didn’t like where this was going.

“So…don’t fuck me! There’s a lot of other stuff we can do instead…”

Chapter 21

It felt like the silence went on forever.

It was probably just a few minutes, but my mind was racing, and my wife was refusing to speak.

She stared at me with Belle’s beautiful face, my cock in her beautiful hand as I contemplated my options.

I couldn’t fuck Belle again. I just couldn’t. It was so wrong, on so many levels. SO many levels.

Irregardless of how amazing it had felt, sex was completely off the table. It had to be.

But…well, my wife needed me. She was doing this for Belle. She was doing so much.

The least I could do was meet her halfway.

“Okay,” I said, breaking the silence. Her face lit up.

“Okay??”

“Yeah,” I said. “Tomorrow, after school. Set the alarm, okay?”

“Okay,” my wife said back to me.

I knew that I’d do anything to make her eyes fill with that look of love. Belle – and Mary, of course – are the most important things in the world to me, and I knew I’d do anything to keep them happy and safe.

Well, almost anything.

###

When Belle’s body arrived home from school the next day, I was disappointed to notice that she again wasn’t wearing a bra.

Disappointed both that she wasn’t wearing a bra, and that it was noticeable.

“Mary…” I said, but she held up a hand and cut me off.

“Andrew,” she said, moving towards me. “We only have so much time before Belle gets home. I really don’t want to waste it with a fight.”

I dropped it. She had a point.

“What do you want to do?” I asked. A grin crossed Belle’s face.

“What’s on the table?”

“Anything,” I said reluctantly. I’d spent all night thinking about it. Mary was doing so much for us. For our family. It was only fair that I do my share.

“*Anything*?”?

“Not that,” I said, throwing her a glance. “Anything else.”

“Very well,” she said, sitting on the couch.

I meant it, too. Aside from *that*, I was willing to do whatever my wife requested. I wouldn’t enjoy it, but it was what Mary needed.

Well, I hoped I wouldn’t enjoy it.

I really, really hoped I wouldn’t enjoy it.

“I know what I want,” she said, after a pause.

“Oh?”

“I want you to watch me.”

I waited for the end of the sentence, but it never arrived.

“What?”

“I want you to watch me,” Mary repeated, Belle’s eyes burning into mine.

“Okay…”

“I’ve been thinking about this all day,” she said, leaning back on the couch in my office. “I’ve been thinking about it all week…”

I sat down on my office chair, confused and grateful. Confused about exactly what I was going to watch, and grateful that Mary didn’t want me to…

Well, there was a long list of what I was grateful Mary didn’t want me to do.

Watching? That I was okay with.

Her eyes never left mine, as my wife reached down and began unbuttoning Belle’s shirt.

Obviously my instinct was to look away, but that would have somewhat defeated the point. Mary wanted me to watch, and so - loathe though I was to look at Her naked form yet again - I watched.

I hated to admit it - I really, really hated to admit it - but Belle’s tits were the finest I’d ever seen. Even in her hay-day, my wife’s breasts had never stood quite so proudly on her chest.

To my annoyance, I could feel my cock starting to stiffen in my pants.

A better man would have been able to watch his daughter’s best friend undress without getting aroused, but…god, I just couldn’t help it. It wasn’t just how perfect they were, either. Seeing them reminded me of what I’d seen…what we’d done.

What we were probably going to do again.

“Do you like these, Daddy?”

I grimaced at the term.

“Mary, what are…”

“Shhh,” she said. “Honey. Please. You said anything.”

“Yes, but…”

“We only have an hour, Andrew. *Please*.”

I shut up.

Mary and I had roleplayed before, but it had never been anything particularly kinky. She’d been a stranger at the bar, or a frisky maid. She’d never shown any interest in…something like this.

“Do you like these, Daddy?” she repeated. I shifted uncomfortably on my seat.

Belle was the only person who’d ever called me Daddy. I knew it was a fairly common term of endearment, but none of my previous girlfriends had ever used it, nor had Mary.

Until now.

Hearing the word from her mouth was…well, it made me uncomfortable. But what part of the situation didn’t?

“Tell me you like my tits, Daddy…”

With a sigh, I answered.

“I like your tits, sweetie.”

“Call me your baby girl.”

“*Mary*…”

My wife shot me a glance. Even filtered through Belle’s face, I knew exactly what it meant. And so, against my better judgment, I conceded.

“I like your tits…baby girl.”

Mary groaned, and grabbed Belle’s breasts. Every instinct was telling me to turn away, but I continued watching.

It was the least I could do.

It was also pretty close to the most I could do.

“Do you want to cum on them?”

“Yes,” I replied immediately. Not because it was true, but because it seemed like a lifeline. Cumming on Belle’s tits…just the idea was morally repugnant, but it seemed a lot more palatable than many of the alternatives.

I wasn’t going to fuck her. I didn’t want to touch her. And I’d watched Belle swallow my cum once before; no part of me wanted to repeat the experience.

Cumming on her tits seemed like the lesser of about ninety-five possible evils.

“You want to cum on your little girl’s tits?”

Belle’s voice was getting strained. Despite her hands not going anywhere near her pussy, it sounded like she was on the verge of cumming.

“Yes,” I said hoarsely. “Please. I want to cum on your tits. I…I want to cum on my little girl’s tits.”

“Oh, *god*.”

My wife pinched Belle’s nipples. Hard.

A loud groan left Belle’s mouth as she came, her body twitching, her pelvis pushing back against an imaginary intruder. I could see the waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

As instructed, I sat, and I watched.

Chapter 22

As my wife slowly came down from Belle’s orgasm, she smiled at me.

“God, Andrew…”

“I know,” I smiled back at her. “I know.”

I began to stand up, and a worried look crossed her face.

“Where are you going?”

My face fell.

“I thought…I thought that…”

“You thought that was *it*?”

Belle’s voice was shrill. She began to sit up, and I returned to my seat as quickly as was humanly possible.

“Of course not,” I lied. “I just…”

Mary shut Belle’s eyes. She didn’t say anything, but I could see her lips moving - she was silently counting to ten.

When Belle’s gaze met mine again, my wife seemed calmer.

“What’s the time?” she asked.

I glanced at my watch.

“Half past four..”

“Good,” she said. “We still have a little while.”

I nodded, my heart sinking. Never before had the phrase ‘a little while’ struck such fear into anyone’s heart.

“Now,” she said, bringing Belle’s hands back up to her breasts, the fire returning to her eyes. “You were saying…”

“I want to cum on your tits,” I repeated, trying to inject passion into my voice. It had been foolish to think my wife would be done after a single orgasm - that may have been enough when this had all started, when I was making out with her under duress, but now…Belle’s hormones seemed to be feeding into my wife’s sex drive.

It was like a feedback loop, whipping her into a frenzy.

What had I gotten myself into?

“Call me baby girl,” she repeated. It was a nickname I’d always used for Belle.

It made my stomach turn, but I couldn’t argue. I couldn’t.

I knew where that battle led.

“Play with yourself,” she pleaded.

Unzipping my pants, I pulled my hard cock into view. I tried not to enjoy the look on Belle’s face when she saw it.

I tried to remind myself - this was Mary. Mary, my wife. She was the one staring, entranced, at my erection. My wife was the one who wanted me to talk dirty to her.

Not Belle.

It was my wife. It was like my wife was…wearing a costume. Dressing up as Kara’s best friend.

Mary was dressing up as Belle, calling me Daddy, and instructing me to call her ‘baby girl’.

I mean, as long as I remembered that, how weird could it get?

She moaned with pleasure as I followed her instructions, wrapping one hand around my cock, slowly pumping.

As I stroked my hand up and down my dick, Mary moved one of Belle’s hands between her legs. She lifted up her skirt, and it was immediately obvious that a bra wasn’t the only item of underwear she’d skipped that morning.

My wife had spent the day at school, in Belle’s body, not wearing a bra or panties.

God, why did *that* make me hard?

“Daddy, so many boys were looking at me today.”

I gulped. Now Mary was putting on a baby voice. What on earth had gotten into her?

“They were all looking at me, and I could tell they wanted to fuck me. All the boys at school wanted to fuck me, Daddy.”

I nodded, not sure what to say.

“They all saw my big tits, my long legs. I just wanted to unbutton my shirt and flash them, Daddy…”

“But you didn’t, did you?”

Mary shook Belle’s head, a mischievous look on her face.

“No, Daddy. I was such a good girl.”

My cock twitched at her response.

“I was such a good girl for you. I know you don’t want me to fuck any of the boys at school, Daddy. I know you don’t want me to show off my tits for them.”

Belle’s hand was moving faster and faster between her legs. I matched her pace as I continued stroking my cock.

“My tits are for you, Daddy.”

I groaned.

“I’m your good little girl. My tits belong to you. I’m your baby girl.”

I was staring at Belle’s tits as she rubbed herself, Mary’s words seeping into my brain like poison. Despite the fact that she’d cum just a few minutes ago, I could again hear her voice getting strained.

“I won’t fuck the boys at school, Daddy.”

“Good girl,” I muttered. I couldn’t help myself.

“I won’t let them cum on my titties,” Mary continued.

“Good girl…”

“I won’t let them use my hot teenage pussy…”

“Oh god, Mary…”

“*Belle*.”

“Belle,” I rasped. “Belle…you’re going to make me cum.”

Faster than I would have imagined she could move, Mary hoisted Belle’s body off the couch and kneeled in front of me. Her hand never left her wet pussy, and as she looked up at me, I could feel my orgasm approaching.

“I won’t let them fuck me, because I belong to you. I’m yours, Daddy. My body is yours.”

There’s something I haven’t mentioned. Mostly because it hasn’t been relevant, but partially because…well, I guess I find it a little embarrassing.

As Mary knows very well, I have a bit of a fetish. Nothing too wild, just a…I suppose you could call it an ‘ownership’ fetish. My wife’s body ‘belonging to me’ has always been a part of our dirty talk. We’ve never gone beyond that - I know some people are into collars, or writing on each other. For us, it’s always just been talk.

I never thought she’d use it like this.

“I’m yours,” Mary moaned, staring up at me with Belle’s blue eyes. “I belong to you. Cum onto my tits, Daddy. Mark me as your property. Show the world that I’m your baby girl, that you own me.

“You own me…”

With a grunt, I felt myself cumming - Belle’s eyes lit up as I aimed my offering at her exposed tits.

My dick pulsed three times as I came, shooting my wad onto her face and breasts. Most of my seed landed on her chest, but Mary leaned forward and caught my third shot on Belle’s face.

Breathing heavily, I leaned back and watched as my cum slowly began to slide down Belle’s huge tits. With a groan, she began to cum as well, her second orgasm of the afternoon.

Well, the second that I’d been witness to.

So far.

She collapsed backwards, laying on the floor, writhing and twitching with pleasure as she came.

When she was done, we both sat there in a comfortable silence. I could feel the guilt lurking in the corner of my mind, but I wasn’t letting it in. Not yet.

“Wow,” Mary said, propping herself up on Belle’s elbows. Her face and tits were splattered with my seed.

I wish I didn’t find that such a turn-on.

“Wow,” she repeated. “That was…”

Before she could finish her thought, we were interrupted by the loud beeping of the burglar alarm.

###

**About the Author:**

Pandora Box is an ex-librarian who got sick of skimming through books for the naughty parts, and decided to write her own. She lives in Los Angeles, where she cycles daily and watches every romantic comedy she can get her hands on.

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