

The Threesome

© Abe Froman

The following story is a work of fiction. It contains scenes of an adult nature; if you are under 18, stop reading now. This story contains explicit sexual language and fantasies involving the mental and physical control of others. If you are offended by such activities, do not read any further. This is purely a fantasy. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead is consensual or purely coincidental. Thanks go out to Ashley for inspiration and feedback.

Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

This story may be reposted or archived provided that the story is not altered in any way, the story contains my name and disclaimer, and you do not make money from the story.

Chapter One

JP had often pestered his girlfriend for the fantasy fulfillment of a threesome, joking about it whenever the topic came up, or citing every magazine survey in Cosmo or Maxim that hinted that lots of women liked to try it as well.

Kelly, his long-suffering girlfriend, seemed to have finally decided that it would be easier to give in than to keep on resisting. She made it clear that on their next vacation, a February trip to Mexico, she was going to make it happen for him. He didn't know what to say; his mouth had just sort of fallen open. "Really?"

"Yes, really and finally. Yes. But there's some conditions." She saw his face tighten. "No, don't worry, it will still be two girls... jerk. But I get to pick the girl, the time and the place."

JP readily agreed. After that, the days left until their trip seemed to take forever. Of course, he ended up having to work late his last day, so it was a rush to the airport after Kelly picked him up. His thanks for all her help, including packing for him, were profuse and heartfelt. He was very loving towards her lately, in no small part due to the fact that every time he saw her lovely face and curvy body, he imagined a twin joining her in a steamy daydream.

The flight was ordinary, but long. The two of them sat together, chatting idly, staring at the kind of mediocre movie you only get to see on planes, and napping on and off. JP found the drifting in and out of sleep to be more frustrating than relaxing, and he felt more tired when they landed than he had when they left, which was saying something. After the eternity of baggage check and customs and the life-endangering cab ride to their hotel JP and Kelly simply collapsed into their bed. JP planted a soft kiss on her lips before his eyes fell closed.

When he woke he felt incredibly rested, with a kind of groggy feeling that sometimes came along with his best Saturday afternoon naps. He let himself wake slowly, and his eyes were still closed.

"Hey sleepyhead," he heard Kelly's soft voice.

He started to answer, but his throat seemed very dry.

"Don't talk yet, baby, I want to tell you something. Don't open your eyes. Don't even move. Just listen to my voice."

JP nodded, groggily.

"Do you like slutty girls, baby? Do you like the kind of woman who has big breasts, but wears corsets and push-up bras anyways? The kind of tits that are so big that can only be fake? The kind of girl who loves dressing up like a whore? The kind of women every other woman hates? Tops too tight, skirts too short, heels too tall? Long bleach blond bimbo hair? Lips too pouty and full to be natural, with bright red lipstick on them like a tramp? Do you like that kind of girl, baby?"

JP nodded. He wanted to look up at her as she talked dirty to him, but he felt her fingers over his face.

"I'll help you up baby, because I found her."

'Wow, that was one hell of a night's sleep,' he thought as he had to lean on Kelly to lift himself awkwardly up from the bed with her hand still covering his eyes.

She dropped her hand and he opened his eyes, blinking at the bright light. There she was – right out of a porn movie or an issue of Playboy. She was tall, with long flowing hair. Her breasts threatened to spill out of her low cut top, showing full scoops of creamy white cleavage, as well as the trimming of her lacy bra. Her legs were long and smooth, wrapped in silk stockings. Her skirt was so short that the stocking tops were exposed, and it was so tight that the garter belts disappearing up under it showed their profiles through the material. Her full, red lips were parted in a pout that screamed out for kisses, and more.

She was right there, his dream girl, his fantasy fuck... right there, in the mirror.

He nearly fell in shock when he realized, mind racing, knowing it couldn't be real... it must be some kind of nightmare.

Kelly stood beside him, holding him up with a rather wicked look in her eyes he'd never seen before. Her words were a blur as he looked in horror at the reflection. They'd been in Mexico for two weeks already, with him kept sedated since the middle of their flight. He had been brought to a special clinic almost immediately for the work of transformation to begin. It was work that had combined hormone treatment as well as surgery.

She was wrapping up her explanation when he finally made words leave his lips. "Why?" In another shock, he realized that even his voice had been changed.

"Because I could, love. But mostly, because you wouldn't let up that you wanted to see me with another woman, letting me know over and over that I wasn't enough woman to make you happy. Well, hopefully you are enough woman for you." She laughed out loud.

“And I own you, by the way, my pretty slut. I’m holding the only ID you’ve got – a new fake passport – as well as being the only one left with access to our money. If you ever want out of this country, you’ll be a good girl for me. I don’t think you’re quite up for earning money the only way a slut like you could around here. At least not yet.”

“I’m going to call you Ashley, by the way. I always wanted a sister named Ashley, so you’ll do. Now, since you’re dressed already, we’re going to some great clubs I’ve been scouting. I need a drink,” she paused, “and I feel like a threesome tonight. You told me I could pick the girl, and I pick you, Ashley. If you’re good, I’ll let you choose the first man who gets to fuck you.”

Chapter 2

JP was in shock, his mind racing in a mixture of horror, surprise and disbelief. He had to give over some concentration to simple physical matters, since it was a real challenge for him to stay upright on the four-inch fuck-me heels his feet had been strapped into. Everything felt so strange. He struggled to keep up with Kelly tugging his hand, and each stride sent new sensations through him. His hips wiggled, his silky thighs slide together and, most alarming, his breasts jiggled and bounced, even with the creamy flesh pushed high and tight by the revealing lingerie.

Something about the feeling of his stride struck a chord in his mind. His eyes suddenly jerked wide open as his free hand flew to his crotch. Kelly noticed and laughed out loud as he whimpered in his new falsetto voice.

“That’s right, Ashley. You are completely a woman, down to the smallest detail. They said they were quite successful with your surgery, and that your new clit should be very, very sensitive.”

He stumbled and swayed with this news hitting him like a hammer. Kelly let him stop for a moment and lean against the wall. "I don't understand. Why? How? I don't understand what this is all about or what you are going to do with me." The sound of his new voice and even the sensation of the words flowing out of his pouty, full lips added to the strangeness of his new reality.

"We can talk at the club, Ashley. Wait until then. I want a drink, and I want to show off my slutty sister. The boys are going to eat you up!" Kelly giggled as she tugged him forward once more.

Once they were out of the clinic and onto the busy city streets, they drew a great deal of attention. Kelly was a very attractive woman, and she had chosen a simple, fitted sundress that seemed to cling and flow in all the right places and with a neckline that gave a generous hint of her generous cleavage but still left you aching for more. Her hair was drawn back in a tight ponytail and seemed to gleam and glisten. Her makeup was simple so that her bright red lipstick stood out, even more since her lips seemed curled into a permanent, wicked smile.

Even with all that, all eyes were fixed on "Ashley" and JP felt the burn of each lustful stare, not to mention the humiliating catcalls and whistles. No one seemed to feel any restraint was necessary when confronted with a woman dressed so obviously like a whore. Most shaming perhaps was the girlish scream that had escaped his lips when one young man and given his ass a firm slap, finished off with a definite curling grip of his fingertips. Kelly wasn't going to share with JP just yet that his sleepy days of recovery had also been filled with the constant bombardment of his mind by hypnotizing tapes, retraining him into more and more feminine gestures, attitudes and emotional responses. The shock, humiliation and overwhelming sensations had already sent more than one tear down his heavily made-up cheek.

It was early in the summer evening, so the clubs and streets were only beginning to fill up. Kelly found them seats at a club with a sidewalk patio. It was perfect for people watching, though she intended her new sister to be the most watched. A handsome young waiter came around to greet them and Kelly smiled widely as his gaze was lost down into Ashley's top. Kelly ordered a beer and had to stifle a giggle when Ashley ordered a strawberry daiquiri. Clearly the tapes were working.

"Now," Kelly started, "I'll make some more of your new situation clear. First of all, as I said, I've got everything in my possession that can keep you from ending up a cheap Mexican street whore. I've put a lot of work, not to mention money, into this adventure, and I expect you to make it worthwhile. That means no matter what I ask of you or tell you to do I expect it done and without any hesitation. And, before you ask me if I still love you, and how could I do this, the answer is yes, I do love you. I'm just going to love you even more as a slutty girl. You've made it clear that you have fantasies that include more than just me, and so do I. I guess I was just the only one of us with the balls to do something about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Kelly," JP meekly replied, still ashamed of his new voice.

"Good, I'm glad we're clear. We're going to have a lot of fun tonight, and I don't want you messing it up. I'll give you a bit of leeway since it's your first night out, but not much. Here are the rules: You do whatever I say, wherever and whenever. You will answer to "Ashley" only – get used to it. If anyone complements you, in however rude or crass a fashion, you're just to thank them. You'll dance with whoever asks you. Don't be scared – when it comes to your safety, I'll take care of you – but you're only to drink what I give you. Still clear?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"No guessing, just be a good girl." The image of the former JP cringing, knowing she'd soon be thanking men (men like his former self and his friends) for comments like "nice tits" make her feel wickedly wonderful inside.

“Good. Now, finish your drink and let’s get you noticed, you slut.” Another audible giggle from Kelly brought fresh warmth to Ashley’s face and neck.

He downed the rest of his delicious cocktail, hoping for some liquid courage, and was dragged to the centre of the dance floor with his perfectly manicured hand again in Kelly’s tight grip.

The thumping beat allowed Ashley to get lost in his thoughts to a certain degree. He tried to take it all in, to think of what was going to happen to him. Could he get away from her? Without money or ID in a foreign country he certainly did have limited options. His new body was about the only one, as Kelly said, and the thoughts that were down that path were too much for him. Would she change him back? It sure didn’t sound like it, plus certain parts of “him” seemed to be gone forever. Oh god, he reeled, she’d taken his cock from him, his balls... his manhood.

His thoughts started to shift from lost manhood and back to Kelly’s womanhood. The beat was pounding through both of their bodies, and sweat was starting to glisten on her flesh. He’d always loved this sight. She danced like she was possessed, and she was in the zone tonight. He was unable to forget the changes in his own body as they danced on, however, since she pulled him towards her and he was confronted with the new experience of full breasts hitting a matching, if smaller, pair. It was a pulsing shock of pleasure to him when he felt his nipples stiffen quickly. She was the sexiest woman he’d ever know, he thought as they started to grind together. How could he have wanted more?

She’d told him his cock was gone, and his quick grope had found it missing, but that didn’t explain the powerful sensation between his legs. It seemed like a strange mix between a hard-on and having to pee. It only grew stronger as Kelly’s thigh slid between his thighs. Her first command, “Kiss me, now” was barely out of her lips before those men and women already watching them were treated to the sight of their lips mashed together and their tongues dancing passionately.

'Maybe this won't be so bad,' he thought to himself. Kelly, however, opened her eyes mid-kiss and made eye contact with a twenty-ish looking man whose shirt seemed plastered with sweat to his muscular chest. She let Ashley have this moment while she imaged the stranger's cock inside her, and how Ashley would help. This laughter was lost inside Ashley's mouth.

Chapter Three

JP sat quietly at the small table, alone for the moment, while the deep thumping of the music rattled through his new body. Everything felt strange and new and more than a little frightening. The music was too loud to think, but he could still feel. The physical memory of the deep kiss Kelly had planted on his lips was resonating through his body in ways he'd never felt before. He felt his nipples stiff and hard, but there was a new aspect to that familiar sensation – similar to how it felt when his cock was hard. 'Back when I had a cock,' he thought with a wince. That particular feeling of arousal was even stronger between his legs, in his yet-unseen new pussy. He felt warmth and a sticky wetness, making him slide his thighs together to revel in the feeling.

He was also feeling nervous, alone and on edge. Kelly had left him there under commands to stay put – except that he had to accept any offer to dance. He felt like a piece of meat on display at the table with every passing man giving barely a glance to his face before they took a long, lingering stare down the generously displayed cleavage his top allowed. Being so new, the large breasts barely felt like his, but he could feel the heat rising in his cheeks nonetheless, and he felt so aware of the visibility of his erect nipples.

'I guess this is how a hard-on will feel now,' he thought, as he watched Kelly move her body rhythmically and very tightly against the stranger she had chosen to dance with. He was young, fit and seemed like a good-looking local fellow. There were some more new sensations to deal with. First, did she find that guy attractive? (JP silently cursed, realizing that he'd thought of himself as "she", as Ashley.) Second, why was the jealousy so intense all of a sudden. He'd never been a jealous guy, always choosing trust over needless worry, and he'd had a pretty high opinion of himself anyway, so it wasn't like he had to worry too much about other men. Poor JP had no idea that the hormones and the hypnosis he'd been subjected to had heightened all of his emotional responses.

As he sipped his drink, he squirmed in the chair, wondering what he was going to do about this hot moist feeling between his thighs. He didn't want to move too much, since not only was he dealing with the frustrating jiggle of his vast cleavage, but the tiny skirt kept riding up, forcing him to reach down and try to pull at it to keep his round ass covered.

He looked up from the latest attempt to adjust the tiny outfit, only to find Kelly and her new friend arm in arm and smiling down at him. While this guy had his arm tight around her, JP couldn't help noticing he wasn't exactly looking "Ashley" in the eyes; his gaze was focused about a foot lower, lost in the expanse of cleavage.

"Ashley, sweetie, I've got to run for more drinks," Kelly giggled. "Dance with Paulo. He's a great dancer!"

JP reluctantly lifted his fine fingers up into the rough grip of the offered hand, and Kelly was gone in a flash with a kiss to the cheeks of both him and Paulo. Balance atop the high heels was still a problem, as was the incredibly strange sensation of his new breasts bouncing to the beat. Relief to that issue came soon enough, but the solution was not what JP might have hoped for. Suddenly the pounding dance beat was replaced by the soft strains of a romantic ballad.

Without hesitation, Paulo pulled her close, and he felt his full breasts squashed against man's obviously muscular chest. They were so close, and it was unleashing a flood of unwanted and unexpected feelings, sensations. That sensation between his thighs was growing stronger and he felt like his new pussy was actually oozing wetness. In his mind flashed questions like, "I wonder what Paulo's chest looks like?"

Paulo shifted even closer, tighter. JP felt his breath on his hear, and knew his own lips must be blowing heated air at him as well. Then he felt it. They were pulled so close, nuzzling tight, that JP was suddenly incredibly aware of the stiffness of Paulo's cock against his thigh. Each slow step had them grinding together, and JP was shamefully aware that he was using this motion to purposely press against the clearly enlarged member. He felt his nipples stiffen almost painfully, knowing that they too would communicate arousal. God, was he really aroused by this?

Interrupting that fearful thought was the Kelly's return with a giddy smile plastered on her lips. She handed a glistening beer to Paulo and another daiquiri to JP. The icy drink was no sooner at his lips that Kelly was pressuring them to finish.

"Come on, finish up," she urged. "I want to get out of here."

There was no complaint from their dancing partner, but JP found it hard to swallow so quickly with the ice and alcohol going straight to his head. He had no choice though, and tipped the glass back, feeling a few drops trail down the corners of her lips as she finished.

JP was tugged along, out of the throbbing enclosure of sound, between Kelly and Paulo, each holding one of his hands. With the quick pace they were keeping it was harder than ever to stay upright in the heels, and the drinks he'd had weren't helping. He had thought they were going to another club but instead they made a direct course back to their hotel. JP's thoughts were full of fresh fear, especially when he saw the looks of lust being shared by his two elevator mates.

Kelly opened the door and guided them all into the hotel. JP realized he hadn't actually been here since the first night of his arrival, which seemed simultaneously like just last night and a lifetime ago.

There was a pang of sadness in JP's soul as he recognized the look on his girlfriend's face and in her body language. She had a healthy buzz, she was happy and she was *horny*. The part that stung was that her gaze was on Paulo, and not on him. She flowed to the minibar, fetching herself two airplane bottles of tequila and a can of beer, and her eyes never left him.

Kelly pushed Paulo back into a chair and dropped the beer into his lap. She turned now to JP and pulled him close.

"Do you like dances, Paulo? Performances?" Kelly's voice was teasing much more than it was asking. She didn't wait for an answer either, but instead manoeuvred JP in front of her, between her and Paulo, both of them facing him as she smiled wide from his seat.

Kelly pulled JP back against her by reaching around and groping her breasts, one hand on each, hugging her tight – JP felt Kelly's nipples stiff against his back. He didn't have much time to think about it since Kelly started moving her hands, firmly and slowly. She was making a torturous show out of groping all she could reach of the body she called Ashley.

JP couldn't help but respond, even as he hated exposing his arousal to Paulo. It felt too good – every nerve ending was tingling and his nipples were like lightning rods of sensation. Even when Kelly's hands moved away, he felt the tightness in them. He was squirming, rubbing his thighs together, and he tasted lipstick as he bit his lower lip for some kind of control.

Suddenly Kelly's long fingernails were flashing, and JP could only gasp as she tore away his flimsy top, ripped off the skin-tight skirt, and with the widening of Paulo's eyes, he felt instant shame, embarrassment, wanting to cover his body, his new breasts and pussy, with his hands – but Kelly's grip stopped him.

As he stood there as Ashley, stripped down to a red lace push-up bra that barely covered his nipples, black stockings and garters, a red lace thong which he could feel and now see was wet with arousal, struggling to balance on high heels, he fought internally with lust, shame, embarrassment and desire. He didn't understand any of it. Why was he feeling this way, so ashamed, so exposed – it wasn't even his body was it?

Kelly knew, however, how the work she'd had done on JP's mind would be already integrating his new body with his mind, his deepest sense of who he was – and it would only get more intense with each new experience and sensation.

He started to move his hands to cover himself after a moment of stunned hesitation but before the motion was complete, Kelly gripped him by the shoulders and turned him to her. JP wondered what she was going to do to him, how she would torture him further. She surprised him yet again but bringing her hands up to her own dress, stepping back as she pulled it up and over her head in a smooth, graceful motion. She stood less than two feet from him, tossing the garment aside and looking into his eyes and feeling the heat between them. All that she had on now was the tiniest white thong, thigh-high white stockings and high heels.

The strange sensation was back in JP's body. He felt his nipples tighten, and he felt the quiver between his legs, the pulse in his clitoris. His mind and his body knew this was arousal, and his heart was beating faster as well. The strange part was that it felt *better* than an erection. It affected his whole body, it seemed.

Kelly pulled him to her, and they kissed hungrily. There was no need to tell JP to obey – in fact it would have been difficult to get him not to embrace her. He felt his nipples shoot electricity through him as his new breasts mashed against hers. Their hands were groping each other madly, urgently, and JP simply loved the feeling of her thin fingers dragging over his rounded bottom, pressing against his new sex, and kneading the firm flesh of his breasts.

Behind JP, Paulo loved the sight of the two of them locked in their passionate embrace. He wanted to touch his own erection, to build the sensation, so he quietly stripped out of all of his clothes and idly felt the heat and firmness of his cock in his fingers, sitting right back in his prime seat.

JP was completely oblivious to anything happening around him. Once the embarrassment of being nearly naked as a woman, especially in front of this horny man, was pushed out of his mind he found his mind fighting to keep up with all the new sensations it was receiving. This was the most his new body had ever been touched. And it was skin on skin, fingernails on flesh. Kelly's hands were all over him, on his firm round breasts, sliding over his ass, between his thighs. He actually moaned into the kiss and realized his hips were grinding back, wanting more and more, wanting her hands inside his soaked panties.

Kelly was feeling nearly the same pleasure – perhaps not quite the same newness in her own sensations, thought it was the first time she'd ever kissed a "girl." She loved the feel of tits in her hands, loved the warm wetness she felt through the silk, loved the sensation of being mashed up against a body much like her own – and knowing her lover was inside it. She laughed inside, thinking she loved him even more this way. When it came to getting some cock inside her, well, there was Paulo right there. She had never lost sight of him, and kept a watchful eye on him as he discarded his clothes, exposing a tight, firm body formed and tanned by hard outdoor work rather than gyms and tanning beds.

Kelly broke the kiss, released Ashley/JP from the tight embrace and slide towards Paulo. She moved between his knees, knelt down, and took his cock out of his hands. With a wet, slurping lick she took the well-sized shaft into her mouth. Paulo had done a good job of stroking himself to erection but she knew a few tricks to get him even stiffer and she went right to the enjoyable work.

JP hated the moment Kelly's tongue slid out of his mouth, hated that her hands had slid away from his body. He hated to be standing there, aroused to the point of vibrating and left alone. He hated even more to see his lover, his Kelly on her knees with another man's cock in her mouth. But then again, he wasn't a man any more, was he? He didn't have a cock to be sucked any more.

He shook his head, banishing the thought, at least for now. He wasn't going to lose this sexual high, no matter what gender he was. He moved his eyes to Kelly's ass, the white thong splitting her perfect cheeks, balanced above her splayed heels, as she wetly took more and more of Paulo's length into her.

In a second, JP had his hands on that ass, roaming over her hips, tracing his fingers over the line of her panties, tracing the tops of her stockings, and simply pressing his body as close to her as he could. He reached around her with both hands, cupping her breasts, squeezing them tight, and feeling her nipples stiff against his palms.

Paulo was moments from cumming, the sensation of this wonderful woman devouring him, her tongue sliding around him like a snake, was only matched by the visuals of her lips tight around him while her friend did everything she could to touch and caress her. He wanted it, he wanted release, right then – he wanted to fill her mouth up with his cum – but she stopped, she pulled away. A trail of spittle mixed with precum linked his cockhead and her tongue for a moment, and her smile was so wicked that he couldn't feel any regret. He could just see in her eyes the best was yet to come.

Kelly stood upright and turned to face JP. "It's time, Ashley," was all she said, and she firmly guided him backwards. When he felt his calves hit the bed he hesitated, balancing for a moment, but she kept pushing back, and he was on his back on the king-sized comforter in a heartbeat.

Moving around the side of the bed, Kelly's fingers were in his bra, and in seconds it was gone. JP marvelled for a moment, feeling the weight of breasts, his breasts, on his chest – and the way they kept their shape even now in that obscene, pornographically silicone way. His nipples, exposed to the air, were pinkish red and crinkled tight and stiff, poking outwards at least three-quarters of an inch.

His eyes were quickly drawn away from his own body, new and exciting as it was, by the realization that Kelly was kneeling on the bed beside him now, and that she was peeling off her white thong panties. Once down to just the stockings and heels, she lifted a leg, and repositioned herself, so that she was kneeling over JP's head, facing down the bed at Paulo, who had stood up to get a better look. On his back, gazing straight up, JP saw the sight he loved so well. He'd always enjoyed going down on Kelly, and this angle was intoxicating. His tongue was extended and ready to meet her velvet folds as she lowered herself slowly down.

JP had to arch his neck, bending his head back, to drive his tongue deeper, to taste the wonderful nectar so readily flowing, and to find her poking clit. He loved it, and he moans he could hear convinced him that she was too.

Kelly smiled down, looking at the little slut, buried between her thighs as she rode his tongue. Her eyes caught Paulo's, and she curled a finger to draw him closer, and to bring to completion her plans. She pressed down with her hips, letting JP's face take more of her weight, effectively pinning him as Paulo approached.

Paulo's cock was raging, watching these two women go at it, and he was finally going to get some release. He took his signal, and kneeled up on the end of the bed. JP had dug his heels into the bed to get greater leverage beneath Kelly, so his legs were already bent, knees raised in the air. He pushed those knees apart, and smiled wide, seeing the mound, obviously shaved and ready, beneath the red lace.

The red panties felt like string in his strong grip, and he tore them away as though they were nothing more than tissue paper. He edged closer on his knees and he took her ankles in his hands, unfolding her legs and lifting them, pointing her shoes towards the ceiling, placing them over his shoulders. His positioning lifted her ass right off the bed, and with one deep thrust, he was inside her tight wetness.

It took JP a moment to realize what was happening. When it dawned on him, he wanted to scream, panic, run. His screams were lost against Kelly's cunt, and his panic only made his mouth a better vibrator. Kelly felt him starting to squirm beneath her, and she just put more of her weight onto him, pinning him down, even landing her knees over his hands.

For JP, trapped underneath his lover, time seemed to have gone from racing out of control to an intense slow motion. He was being fucked! Fucked in his brand new, virgin pussy. There was a cock, a man's cock, pounding into him. It was an overwhelming sensation, obviously new, and one that he couldn't put into words or thoughts. He felt the shaft slide into him, mixed with a kind of sense-memory of his own former member and how it felt on such occasions. This was more powerful, an experience not only inside out, but ten times more intense. It was almost like jerking off with a tight fist, but with the inside of his hand as wonderfully alive with sensation as the underside of his cockhead.

Aside from the immediate pleasure of each thrust – and it was pure pleasure, no matter how much his mind rebelled – there was a slowly building sensation along with it. He couldn't quite localize it. At first it felt like he needed to pee, then it was almost pain, then it was pleasure, pure and intense. He felt his breath quickening, he felt his skin heat up, and he was panting against Kelly's wet cunt.

Above him, Kelly and Paulo leaned close to each other, allowing their tongues to meet mid thrusts in urgent kisses, while they jointly ride the slut beneath them.

JP felt like he was losing grip of reality, of his body and senses. The sensations just kept building and building. He new, if he was still a man, that he would have cum long ago, if he had been feeling sensations so intense. But now, as a woman, as Ashley, he still needed more, wanted more, even though he had no idea how he could take it. He was squirming as much as he could, his arms searching about for flesh to touch – Kelly’s, Paulo’s; it didn’t matter.

Then he felt it. It was like a tremble at first, a spasm, but not his own. It was Paulo’s cock. Paulo’s thrusts got more jerky too, and then he could feel it, inside him, inside his pussy. There was cum shooting into him, and he felt new muscles within himself, as he tightened his cunt and squeezed. He was instinctively gripping the pulsing shaft, milking it of each drop. God, he could feel the warmth of cum inside him, and he could feel the flesh slide wetly inside him, against him, like he could identify the veins dragging over his plumped clit.

His clit was on fire; it felt like electricity pumped into his body through it. He was there, on his back, being fucked, eating out his lover, and being deeply and fully fucked by his new lover, a man, a man named Paulo. It was all too much. He came, with a wall of sensation that hit his body like a wave, nearly knocking the wind out of him, and his scream was lost against Kelly’s pussy, finally driving her over the edge as well. Her wetness was the last thing he tasted before losing consciousness.

Kelly and Paulo were exhausted as well, and they pulled wetly from each other, and from the limp body beneath them. They laid themselves down on either side of the glistening beauty and luxuriated in the feeling of the breeze on their bare skin.

It was maybe twenty minutes later when Ashley woke, shook her head, and remembered it all. Looking from one side to the other, seeing the lovely bodies on either side, she smiled. She leaned up on to her side then positioned herself up on all fours.

She knew she was new to being Ashley, and she knew she had a lot to learn, and that it wouldn't be easy. She knew that it would take a lot to get used to being this way, starting with a new body first, then learning new desires and skills along the way. But she knew one thing more than any other – she would never be JP again.

With an internal smile, she bent her arms just enough to lower her face to the body beneath her, and she sucked Paulo's half-erect cock into her mouth.

THE END

© 2005, 2006 *Abe Froman*