

# AARON'S GIRLFRIEND

By Bewci

I was usually not this jittery, but this was my ride-or-die moment. My boss, Mr. Dale, was looking through my quarterly report. I have been a project manager at GM Motors for almost two years. Unfortunately, the last two quarters have been the worst. Several factors influenced it, including the post-pandemic recession and Ford's new EV launch every two months. I live in Brampton, Ontario, and I was desperate for a promotion to keep up with my demanding lifestyle. I couldn't afford to lose this job. He finally broke the silence as I stood in dreadful anticipation in front of his table.

"Hmm, David!" he said as he inspected the report. "The sales have dropped by another 10%!"

"Um, Mr. Dale, we've been working on sales, but—" Mr. Dale interjected as I spoke. "David, I admire your strategic approach, but the market is saturated with automotive industries. Everyone is running to cut each other's throats. Damn Elon, everyone wants an EV nowadays. But I don't see any investment in R&D for electric cars in this report."

"Sir, with due respect, you said not to invest in," he interrupted again, "Aaron Broughton, is that your friend who works at Ford Motors?" he asked.

"He is a childhood friend. We studied together," I muttered.

“Is that so? Hmm,” he whispered. “I would like you to talk to Mr. Broughton and convince him to share some inside information with us.”

I was taken aback by his suggestion. “Mr. Dale, that’s unethical. I won’t betray my friends like that.”

He responded, “Mr. Ashby, your continued existence in this company depends on it.”

I replied swiftly in defiance, “Then so be it.”

I stomped out of his office, packed my desk, and left. Well, he left me no choice. Compromising with Aaron was a deal-breaker under any circumstances whatsoever. Aaron was my best friend. We went to the same school, graduated from the same college, and even played hockey together. I am 5’9”, while he is 5’5”, but he was better at playing the sport than I ever did. Aaron and I played games, picked fights, pulled pranks, laughed, and lived the best moments of our lives with each other. I’ve ditched three chicks because they didn’t like him. I couldn’t care less about Mr. Dale.

It wasn’t until I pressed the keys of my car in the parking lot that shit hit the fan. “Holy shit,” I whispered while sitting in the driver’s seat with my hands on the steering wheel, “I just did that.”

Now, I had to find another job; otherwise, I would go bankrupt. While I was spending my time in the car in

solitude, my phone rang. It was Aaron. I pressed the chiming green button. "Hey!" I called with an enthusiastic tone. "Hey, Buddy, how's it going?! You busy?" he asked.

"Yeah, no. Everything's good," I muttered. "Okay, I wanted you to come to have dinner with Britt and me at the Keg tonight!" he spoke with the most lively voice I've ever heard.

I sighed. It was not the best moment for me to visit an expensive restaurant. "Bro, everything's okay, right?" he asked with slight concern. I broke the awkward silence and said, "Yeah, sure! I'll be there! What's the occasion?"

"Dude, I had mentioned it earlier! It's our first anniversary since Britt and I first met!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, how could I forget that?!" My face crumpled in embarrassment. But, alas! Life had torn apart our friendship with more severity than I could imagine! I was busy with the production schedule while he was busy with his profession and love life. Life had been unfair to me and so to him. After his parents died in an accident during our final year in college, he stoked up in his books to forget his sorrows. No wonder he became the topper of our class. But it came at a cost. Focussing on his career made him negligent towards his health. The sedentary lifestyle and booze made him

overweight. He was never the same guy who could make rounds on the hockey field like a champion. "So, you are coming, right? Don't worry, I'm paying the bills!" he snapped me back from my trail of thoughts.

"Is Britt okay with this? It sounds like something you should cherish without any third party ruining the mood." I murmured. Britt would mind. She's just one of those girls who would watch a lot of crime dramas and be suspicious of her boyfriend trying to kill her. She's too agreeable to the point that she believes life is a Disney movie. I don't hate her, but she can be too much sometimes. She loves to party and drink with her friends. I'm not that person who's too much into social gatherings. And Britt won't like me sitting across the table, spoiling the perfect romantic scene between her and her husband.

"Nah, man! She's fine! It's been a while since I met you. We're all so busy in our worlds we hardly get to sit together and talk. So you have to come," Aaron asserted.

"Uh, fine. I'll be there," I reluctantly agreed.

"That's great!" he cheered. "We'll meet at 8?"

"Yeah, alright," I said before the conversation ended.

I turned on my red Chevrolet Malibu and dashed out of the parking lot. As much as I hated the circumstances of

our visit, I needed it. So I got home, took a shower, freshened myself, and wore a casual mahogany suit for the night. I put on my Rolex and lucky shoes and walked out of my apartment. The night was young. I went back to my car and headed off towards The Keg restaurant.

It took me only ten minutes to get there. It was 19:45. I parked in front of the restaurant. Rows of cars stood alongside me. The place looked like a residential house with slanted rooftops and dull walls, except that it was one of the best-rated restaurants in Ontario. I stared at the big glowing red neon lights atop the porch roof that spelled THE KEG in bold letters. I stalled for fifteen minutes until I saw Aaron and Britt enter the restaurant.

I was mortified by the beckoning interaction with Aaron and Britt. I cringed at the thought of telling them I lost my job because my boss wanted to jeopardize his career and gather insider information. I walked out of the car and slowly approached the restaurant's entrance. I pushed the door open and was greeted with smiling faces. "Welcome, sir," a young man in a uniform greeted me with a slight bowing of his head. I nodded with a smile and walked past him.

"Woah," I murmured. The place was beautiful. The ceiling was adorned with golden lanterns and white porcelain that reflected the light emitting from the roof and the walls. The brown and yellow colors injected a soothing warmth into the atmosphere, calming my

nerves. The place was filled with people, with only a few tables vacant. Then, I saw a hand waving at me. It was Aaron. "Hah! Right on time!" he exclaimed as we clasped hands together and hugged me. Britt followed suit, standing up and hugging me with a cordial smile.

We sat together around the table on cushiony chairs. Aaron said, "I was just about to order the appetizers. Britt and I have decided. What would you like, David?" I shuffled through the menu in front of me and said, "Um, Baked Bries?" He waved at a waiter and ordered it. "So, David, it's been a while," Britt said, "we've missed you, you know?"

"Yeah, me too." I chuckled and nodded. "So, how's life?" she asked. She hit the nail right on the head. "Um, it-it's great!" I fumbled, struggling to come up with a white lie. Aaron picked up on it and said, "Bro, you can let us know if something's bothering you,"

"Nah, It's your day! We need to celebrate!" I said with fervor, excitement, and a bright smile. "Common guys, cheer up! It's nothing important!" I said, looking at Aaron's concerned look. He pressed his lips and smiled. "Yeah, okay."

Aaron had ordered Calamari, and Britt was having crispy fried cauliflowers. I couldn't help but notice that both were quite the foodies. Aaron and Britt had gained a couple of pounds. I kept my thoughts to myself, saving

the mood. "So, Aaron, you still watch NHL?" I asked. "Bro, I would never stop loving that sport. Of course, I watch every match!" I was elated. I enthusiastically leaned forward to talk about the old times when we used to play hockey. Britt called in the waiter and ordered soup. I eagerly told her how Aaron used to have these tricks up his sleeve to defeat the opposing team. Once, he maneuvered the puck alone like a champion and hit a goal! "Really?" Britt smiled at Aaron. I didn't stop singing praises of my friend until Britt interjected and asked, "Well, anything about Aaron that bothers you?"

"Um, yes, there is one thing," I said, gesturing with my index finger. Aaron curiously asked, "What? What did I do?!"

"We've been having this debate for like two years now, and he still won't budge from his proposition. He says that Nico Hischier deserves to be the captain of the New Jersey Devils and play in the NHL. But, on the other hand, I think he's overrated!" I shrugged my shoulders with a conniving smile.

"But he is! Goddamn it, I thought this discussion was over!" he guffawed.

"Oh, it was far from over! Remember, we bet a hundred dollars on him in the last match?! You owe me that money!" I laughed.



"I can't believe it! How did you win? He earned the title of captain!" Aaron said with wide, surprised eyes.

"Yeah, but have you seen his points? He hasn't even crossed 70!" I smirked.

"So what?!" he asked.

"Bruh, I thought you knew better. 82 points. That's what it takes to be a superstar?" I said with a sarcastic tone.

"Sure, I knew that. But that doesn't mean Nico doesn't have the potential. Remember when he played his first match and got the rookie award? If they have him as the captain, they see something in him that we can't. So that means I win the bet!" Aaron chuckled.

"Do you know who a real player is? Connor McDavid. He has scored 119 points! So your argument doesn't make any sense to me! See his potential? What about results?! The New Jersey Devil is one of the NHL's bottom-ranking teams! Nico doesn't even make a good leader!" I argued.

Britt rolled her eyes and took a sip of her soup. Aaron and I kept throwing jabs at each other while keeping our voices down as the skirmish was turning the eyes of strangers.

After a considerable time, I felt a hand tap me on the shoulder. I turned around and saw a tall, old man

standing beside me. He had a crooked grin over his crumpled and scarred face.

He wore a black hat and a dark velvet coat. His hands were covered in black leather gloves, holding onto a walking stick. His pants were grey with dark stripes running down in straight lines. I got the chills as I noticed the silver skull head knob of his cane staring into my soul. "Mind if I say something?" he asked.

"Please," I said.

"You two fight like a couple," he muttered in his raspy voice.

"Sorry, what?" I was taken slightly aback by his statement. "I think you'll be a good wife to him," his voice deepened.

"What the... Agh!" I yelped out a muffled scream as the world spun in front of my eyes. Then everything went black. "Ugh... what happened... my voice!" I whispered, opening my eyes. My hazy vision focused on the person sitting across the table. "What the fuck?" I whispered in Britt's voice. It was me sitting across the table. The old man was standing beside me, but his eyes were now staring toward me. Not the physical body of me that I was looking at, but me. I looked down, petrified, seeing the massive gaping cleavage. Long wavy dark brown locks trickled around my face and shoulders as I looked down. I ran my fingers through a few strands and was

surprised at how silky they were. My hands stroked my cheeks. So soft. The purple dress is what Britt was wearing. My heart pounded in my chest.

I looked back at the strange visitor. His grin had grown inhumanly wide. I struggled to breathe, looking at Aaron, suspended in time. Everything was still like somebody had pressed the pause button on the universe.

I turned back to look at the stranger and screamed in a feminine voice, "What did you do to me?!" I saw the reflection of my face in his eyes. My dreadful anticipation had come true. I was in Britt's body.

The world was set back into motion. The old man had vanished. I looked towards every corner of the restaurant, yet he was nowhere to be found. Aaron was talking about Nico Hischer, and I responded meaner, except it wasn't me.

I could hear a soothing music playing in the background, something I hadn't noticed earlier because of the argument. I panicked, looking down at the soup sitting on the table in front of me. "Woah, stop," Aaron said to my other self and turned towards me. "Britt, are you alright?!" I felt his hands on top of my shoulders. I looked at him with dilated eyes, panting like a mule. "Hey, Britt! I think we need to act fast!" I saw myself running off to the counter and calling an ambulance. I

saw Aaron's worried face and tried to speak, but I was so afraid that I could hardly make a sound. My head spun, and my vision blurred, causing me to collapse and fade to black again.

"Ugh... huh!" I woke up, looking up at a white ceiling. It wasn't a dream. I was still in Britt's body! I was lying on a bed with medical equipment attached to my chest and wrists, monitoring my pulse and heartbeat. Aaron was laid back on a seat beside me, deep in his slumber. "Hey, you're awake!" David, my other self, came in. Aaron rose from sleep and looked at me with strained eyes, "Oh, I should call the doctor!"

"I'll do it," David said as he rushed back to the door. I looked at both of them agape. I couldn't believe this was happening. Aaron held my hand and said, "Don't worry. The doctors said you had a nervous breakdown. Nothing too serious." He smiled at me to lift my mood. I nodded.

I had been asleep for the last thirteen hours. I had no idea how to find that old man and get my body back. Finally, my former self returned with the doctor, who checked the monitor screen and detached the sensors connected to my body. I stared at my old body, trying to understand the whole situation. I wondered if I was in Britt's body, then maybe she was in mine. I raised my eyebrows at her, to which she expressed bemusement. Even if she was in my body, she had no idea what had

happened to us. “I think this will do for now,” the doctor said, handing over a piece of paper to my friend. He turned to me and said, “Take rest and don’t stress yourself. I’ve prescribed some medication. Take it on time, and you’ll be alright.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Aaron muttered. The doctor nodded and walked out of the room. “David?” I asked with anticipation. He looked at me instantly and asked, “Yes?” There was no way Britt would have answered my name instinctively. I was convinced she had no recollection of her past. But why did I remember being myself if she didn’t? Countless questions struck my mind, making me breathless. “Hey, relax. Did you hear what the doctor said?” Aaron said, sitting beside me and taking me in his arms. “I need some water,” I whispered.

“Yeah.” Britt poured me a glass and handed it to me. I took it and gulped it in one go.

“I have brought some fresh clothes for you. Change it while we wait outside, then we go home,” Aaron said with an assuring smile. My heart fluttered looking at him. Then, flushing red, I averted my gaze away and nodded.

Finally, alone in the room, I sighed out a deep breath. I pushed myself to the edge of the bed and set my feet on the tiled floor. I looked down at the two bumps on

my chest concealed by the hospital gown, cringing at the thought of getting naked.

I saw a mirror hanging on the wall above the sink. I stood up and walked towards it. My reflection crept into the mirror in front of my eyes, sending jolts of shiver down my spine. I gulped, poking my chubby cheeks with a finger. I had to admit that Britt looked beautiful even without makeup. I reluctantly unbuttoned the few buttons in the front and pulled the gown up. I struggled as my long hair stuck in one of the buttons, making me wince in pain. After a while, I was out of the gown, completely naked.

My shoulders were half my previous size, and my traps were almost non-existent. My body had lost all rugged edges, replaced by fat, softening them and giving me feminine curves. I always cared for my physique by working out daily and having a good diet. Losing all my hard work instantly and feeling the hopelessness of being in a fat body almost brought me to tears. I felt ashamed and guilty about looking at Britt's naked body. She was my friend's soon-to-be wife. I walked away from the mirror and picked up the bag on Aaron's seat. A pair of white lingerie and a lime frock with lilies imprinted on it waited for me.

"This is insane," I whispered, taking them out one by one and putting them on the bed. I raised the bra to my eye level and looked down at my bosoms,

contemplating their massive dimensions. I had seen my exes wear them after our hookups, so I had some idea how to put them on. I squirmed as I brought the soft fabric closer to my breasts and wrapped them around me. They were a perfect fit. The cups lifted my breasts as I inserted my hands into the shoulder straps. They dropped free, slamming onto my torso and jiggling intensely. “Ow!”

I blushed as my nipples puckered up from the slight discomfort and arousal. Until now, I had not felt any sexual euphoria from being in a woman’s body. But now that I did, my mind kept taking me to Aaron and his cock. I had never seen him naked, except something told me I had. Maybe I had seen his bulge while we lived in the dorm or him taking a shower? We definitely compared it when we were teenagers, but it must be so much bigger now! The monitoring machine beeped, snapping me back to reality. “Oh, God! What was I thinking?!” I screamed in my thoughts in embarrassment. I pulled the cups back to their positions and struggled with the clasps in the back. Finally, after breaking a sweat for a while, I managed one hook out of three. “Ah, fuck it, that’ll do.”

I grabbed the panties and hopped into them. As I pulled them up, the satin fabric brushing against my soft hairless skin stirred me up. “Fuck, women have such sensitive skin!” I gasped. My fatty asscheeks gobbled in

the panty line while my wide hips strained the hem of my panties. A cameltoe formed in my nethers.

“Hey, babe, you’re ready?” Aaron asked from outside the door. “Just a minute!” I responded instinctively, still processing my feminine voice.

I kept tugging at the fabric with my fingers, trying to loosen the panties. Still, it only dug deeper into my ass and vagina. I bit my lips and stifled my yelps several times as I accidentally kept pinching myself. “Jeez, this is only getting worse,” I muttered. Finally, I left my sore folds on their own and picked up the frock instead. “This would be easy, I guess.”

I unfurled the frock and put my head in, then the hands. The dress cascaded down my body quickly, spreading in volume as it reached my legs. “Oh, God, not these!” I exclaimed as I noticed the waist tie ribbons on either side of my waist. “Okay, I can do this.”

“Britt, let me in,” Aaron said, knocking. I unlocked the door, fed up from the ordeal of wearing female clothes. “What’s taking you so long?” he asked. “I’m sorry, it’s the migraine,” I made an excuse, “I can’t tie these waist ribbons.”

“You must be fatigued. I’m sorry. You could’ve called me. It’s not like I haven’t seen you naked! Let me do this,” he said, taking the ribbons in his hands. He



crisscrossed them and tugged them tightly, pulling me in closer to him. I wheezed due to the pressure on my waist and pushed my chest instinctively. I heard a snap and felt a release in pressure on my breast, making me sigh. It took him a couple of twists and turns to get it right, and in no time at all, he was done. "Aaron, um," I cringed, emasculated by the situation. I turned around, revealing my unchained frock and unhooked bra. I shivered as I felt his warm hand pull hard on the two sleeves and put on the hooks, reaffirming the tension in my chest. Finally, I heard the zip slide up to my neck and get tucked in.

"Okay, let's go. The shoes are outside," Aaron said. As I walked out, I noticed the sandals. I slipped my feet into them and followed him. I looked for my former self, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I asked Aaron, "Where is David?" He replied, "Oh, he went back home. He said he lost his job. So, I've told him to freshen up and meet our manager at Fords Motors. I'll refer him."

I was baffled. If I had dared to do this last night, maybe we would've never argued, and the old man in the black suit would've never approached me. And now, it would've been me preparing for the interview! But, instead, I'm here, walking down the corridor to my friend's house as his engaged fiancé! So Britt, even though she doesn't remember, made the right decision.

Aaron and I returned to his place in his Ford Ranger, which was a nice car. He changed his clothes, sprayed some deodorant, and handed me the pills before leaving for work. So I had the whole house to myself, presumably for the rest of the day. But I had a manhunt to do. I was out in the streets within a few minutes, booking a cab to the keg restaurant. As soon as I reached there, I asked every other person, whether it was the receptionist, waiter, or bartender if they saw a black-suit old man with a skull cane. To my shock, nobody had noticed such a peculiar man. His devilish smile flashed before my eyes every time I recalled him.

“Ah, Mrs. Broughton, we are very sorry for the bad experience you had last night,” the manager said as I walked into his office.

“I’m fine now,” I said, “But I hope you don’t mind. I need your help.”

“Yes, Mrs. Broughton, it’s the least we can do to compensate,” he said.

“The doctor said I had a nervous breakdown. I think I saw something before I fell sick, something terrifying. And I wanted to confirm it. I noticed you have cameras installed everywhere in the hall. So if you can show me the recordings during those five minutes, I would be very grateful. It would bring me some peace of mind,” I muttered.

“Under normal circumstances, I would have denied it, but I will make an exception for you. Please, follow me,” the manager assured me.

He took me to a backroom with computers and gadgets that, to my shock, I couldn’t name! I’m a university graduate who studied all this stuff thoroughly, yet I had no recollection of them! In fact, I used them a few days ago in my office!

“Mrs. Broughton, what was the time stamp?” the manager asked me. He had the PC turned on with his cursor ready to drag the timeline of the saved recording to its supposed destination.

“Um, I think it was somewhere by quarter past eight,” I murmured nervously.

“Okay,” he said, dragging the timeline to that point. So there I was, having a ridiculous debate with my friend. And there was Britt, having her soup. She looked livid. I guess I didn’t notice that last night. The video continued for some time until I suddenly looked to my right. There was nobody there.

“What?” I muttered under my breath. I looked at Britt, and she suddenly glitched, followed by me frantically looking here and there. “That is odd. I’m sorry, but if this is the footage you wanted, it’s broken,” the manager said.

“It’s fine. I’ll find something else.” I said.

“I hope you find what you’re looking for, Mrs. Broughton. Let me help you out,” he said, pushing the door open like a gentleman. I walked out, accompanied by him, to the main entrance.

I returned home and crashed on the couch. “Ugh, that was a waste of time,” I groaned. My tummy rumbled. I looked for snacks in the kitchen and found a cookie jar. I opened the fridge and saw energy drinks stacked on the door shelf. I picked up one and closed it.

I munched on one cookie. As soon as I was done eating it, I grabbed another. By the time I realized what I was doing, I had already downed five. My throat was dry from eating all the cookies. I plucked the opener and drank the cold drink I got from the fridge. “Oh, this is good!” I exclaimed. I shamelessly burped once I was done with it. “I’m so fucked.” I muttered, resting my head on the couch. “I don’t know anything about Britt’s personal life, not her personal details, not even her preferences. How am I supposed to convince everyone that I’m Britt, hide my identity, and find the person who did this to me?!” I blabbered. “Whatever happens, I must keep this a secret. Otherwise, everyone will think I’ve lost my mind and send me to the asylum.”

I spent some time thinking of ways to make myself as close to Britt as possible, and the first thing that crossed

my mind was her documents. I needed to learn everything about her, even her social security number. So I searched through her bag, shelves, and wardrobe and collected everything I needed to know about her. I memorized everything I had on her. I boned up her fashion and makeup preferences through her old photos and videos. I studied her body language from what I remembered from our interaction and what I saw. Before I knew it, Aaron was back home. He smiled, looking at the TV screen playing old memories. He said, "I'm sorry for everything last night."

"You've nothing to apologize for. I ruined it," I said, pretending to be sad. "Aww, stop brooding. Did you take your pills?" Aaron asked. "Um, yes," I lied.

"You must be so tired. You barely slept yesterday. I'll make the bed for you while you freshen up," I said.

Aaron approached me, kissed me on the forehead, and said, "I love you."

I was speechless. My heart pounded in my chest while pressure built into my lower abdomen. I had this familiar feeling earlier in the hospital. I was getting aroused by my friend. But there was also this feeling of pure bliss that was much deeper than lust. It felt like butterflies on my skin, tickling all over my body. I smiled at him and rushed to the bedroom. He picked up a towel and walked into the bathroom. I saw the mess on

the bed and gasped, slightly relieved that he didn't notice it. I rushed to lift them as much as possible, shoving them into my wardrobe. By the time he came out, I barely made it. The bed looked pristine and warm.

I went to the kitchen and realized I hadn't cooked anything. I came out with a droopy face. "Don't worry, I brought some delicious food on my way home," he said, pointing towards a paper bag on the dining table. I opened it and saw some juicy pork chops, sauteed vegetables, and flatbread. I gleamed with a smile. I served the food, and we had a great time casually talking about the day. I brought up my former self and asked, "So, did David get the job?"

"Oh, yeah, absolutely nailed it. David is a seasoned project manager. Boss was quite impressed with him," Aaron said.

"So now you two friends can work under one roof, like the old times?" I said with a cheerful smile.

"He's grown on you, didn't he? You have always been quite allergic to him. Good for you!" Aaron cheered, raising his glass of red wine.

"Yikes," I thought.

"Really?" I nervously giggled. "Perhaps I drew the wrong conclusions about him."

"I told you," Aaron scoffed. I spent the rest of the supper with awkward silences and one-word replies, avoiding another slip off the tongue. He didn't mind taking the lead and telling me about his day while I nodded and munched on the flatbread and delicious pork chops. Soon, it was time to go to bed.

As I entered the bedroom, Aaron followed me in. I knew this moment was coming, one way or another. I rolled into the bed under the blanket and acted asleep within a minute. I felt his hand crawl around my waist, yet, I didn't buzz a limb. His warm breath hit the nape of my neck. We had never slept in one bed, not even during college. I was overwhelmed to touch another man so close to me, that man being my best friend. I couldn't act too cold with him. Otherwise, it would strain the relationship between Britt and Aaron. I had to stay quiet and motionless until I fell asleep. But I couldn't. My body fired up in his embrace while my mind desperately cried for help. Soon, warm, fuzzy feelings clouded my thoughts.

Aaron was fast asleep within a few minutes, but I struggled to sleep for hours. My womb stirred for attention, making my inhibitions crumble down. But my mind screamed that this was wrong. Exhausted, I finally fell into a deep slumber.

I woke up, bathing in the morning sunlight from the window. I turned around and saw Aaron was out of bed.

He was in the bathroom, taking a shower. There was no time to waste. I jumped out of the comfortable blanket and rushed towards my wardrobe to fix the mess I had made last night. I placed the documents swiftly on their shelf in a small locker within the cabinet. I was almost done when Aaron came out with a towel wrapped around his waist. I couldn't help but gawk at him. He didn't have the ideal body type, but somehow it was putting a spell on me. Was it the thick beard? Or the chest hair? I didn't know. I gulped in anticipation, steering my eyes away to look into the wardrobe instead. "Morning, babe," he greeted me. "Morning" I responded. I shuffled through Britt's colorful collection of attires, pretending to choose one to wear. My phone buzzed on the bed. Thankfully, most smartphones don't use passwords but fingerprints nowadays. I picked it up and unlocked it to take a look. The name spelled "Marisa" in red.

Aaron glanced at my bemused face and said, "We got the invitation to the Halloween party, remember?"

"Yeah, right!" I had no clue what he was talking about. I pressed the call button and waited. Finally, the phone rang, and she greeted, "Hey, Britt!"

"Hey!" I responded with the same energy. "It's been a while! Where have you been?!" she asked.



"Um, yeah, I just had a minor breakdown and was admitted to the hospital. But everything's fine now!" I replied.

"Oh my God! Are you okay?" she sounded genuinely worried.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm alright!" I assured.

"Okay, that's good to hear. Morgan and I will be shopping today for the party, and we hoped you would join in!" she exclaimed.

I made an excuse as I had no idea who Britt's friends were, and I didn't want to go shopping! I said, "But weekends would be crowded?"

"Really? You were the one most excited about the party! C'mon, it will be fun!" Marisa tried to cheer me up.

"Yeah, you shouldn't stay in all day. I don't want you binge-eating on my favorite cookies!" Aaron called me out. I winced and bawled, "Seriously?!"

Aaron laughed and said, "Trust me, you'll feel better spending time with Morgan and Marisa."

I was not keen to go shopping with two women. But, as much as I knew Britt, she would have said yes. So, I followed suit and agreed.

"Atta girl! We'll be waiting for you at Bramsore Square at eleven! So don't be late!" Marisa said before hanging up.

The rest of the morning was bananas. Aaron was almost ready, and I had not prepared breakfast for him. I had no idea if Britt did, but I couldn't take that chance. I scurried to the kitchen and put a couple of bread into the toaster. I lived alone, so I had some culinary skills at hand. Thankfully, I didn't have to put them to the test since there was peanut butter and blueberry jam in the cupboard. I picked up a spoon and scooped either of them, spreading them on either toast and merging them to make the sandwich. I served it to him with a glass of orange juice.

"Oh, wow! You made me breakfast?!" he cheered. "Mmm," he swallowed a bite of the sandwich and muffled, "It's delicious! I can't wait to make us official!" My heart fluttered hearing him say that. But, unfortunately, it also dawned upon me that this meant Britt didn't make him breakfast.

Aaron was gone as soon as he guzzled down the orange juice. Left with my privacy, I returned to shower and prepared for the shopping ordeal. I was wary of getting naked, but I reeked of rotten fish. Stripping down my frock, I looked down at my well-endowed figure. I wrapped the towel around my waist, but it didn't feel right. I had this urge to conceal my modesty, even

though I was alone. I was also not so confident walking with swaying udders. So, I lifted the towel to my underarms, covering my bosoms. "It's not that bad," I murmured.

I walked into the bathroom and entered the shower. Getting naked again, I turned on the nozzle. Cool water sprinkled over my face and shoulders, making me gasp and shudder. The water enveloping my body turned warm as it absorbed my body heat upon reaching my legs. I turned off the shower, utterly wet from head to toe. I swiveled around and grabbed the body scrubber, pouring a generous amount of shower gel on it. "Don't overthink. Just go for it."

I started scrubbing my shoulders and neck before venturing down to my heavy breasts. Being too conscious of my actions, I felt every stroke on my skin. The scrubber's nets chafed over my nipples, sending jolts down my body. The wetness from last night had not faded away. Britt's body was yearning for pleasure. I couldn't help but keep rolling the loofah over my right nipple, switching sides every now and then. Could it be that she hadn't had sex for a while, or maybe the devil in the black suit was playing tricks on me? I didn't know, but I knew I had to stop. Enjoying my friend's girlfriend was nothing less than adultery. I couldn't betray my friend like this. But it was also my body. The morality and the lust were hammering my mind.

Every cell in my body screamed to get touched with passion. But I restrained the hands, keeping their intentions pure as they rubbed my entire body clean. “Ohh... fuck!” I groaned as my fingers dared to wash my nether, brushing against the fleshy petals. I could feel the slick fluid coating my entrance. “Oh, God... I can’t,” I moaned as my fingers retracted. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I came out of the shower. My face was red from the guilt and embarrassment.

Finally, I veered my gaze away and focused on the task instead. While I dried my long brunette hair with a dryer, I brainstormed all the ways to identify Britt’s friends. Finally, I whispered, “Facebook!” as my eyes lit up. I browsed her friends list and looked at Morgan and Marisa’s profile pictures. Both were absolutely gorgeous. Marisa had the tanned, dirty-blonde boss-girl look, while Morgan had short platinum-blonde hair and a cute smile. My hair dried off, and I tied it with a simple ponytail. I went through the wardrobe again, picking out a pair of white lingerie and the least sexy clothes I could find. I chose a pair of track pants and a full-sleeve top that covered my navel. I looked terrible because of my fashion choices but didn’t bat an eye. Britt’s friends, however, were not generous to my look when I reached Bramsore Square.

“Oh my God, are you guys breaking up?!” Marisa hollered at first glance as I walked out of the uber.

“No offense, you look... primitive. You need a makeover, now!” Morgan said with a tone of disdain.

They were not wrong. While they were in their glittering dresses with manicured nails and winging eyelashes, I hadn’t even put foundation on. “Is it that bad?” I asked, intimidated by their judging looks.

“Everything,” Marisa waved her hands while shaking her head and said, “is wrong about this. The Britt, I know, would never do this to herself.”

My heart pounded as their prying eyes gave a hint of suspicion. “You need to tell us,” Morgan asked.

My lips trembled, and my eyes brimmed in panic. “I-I-am actually,” Marisa interrupted, “Is Aaron abusive?! I knew it! He’s always so nice to everyone. I knew he was hiding something!”

“Guys, it’s not Aaron! It’s me!” I blabbered out.

“Omg, are you expecting?! You had your periods, right?” Marisa asked.

I blushed and whispered, “I-I don’t know.”

“Oh, Marisa, stop with all the questions. You’re making her scared!”

Morgan, who had been busy on her phone all this long, spoke up. “I can see that you’re depressed, and it’s okay

if you don't want to tell us, but we're not leaving our friend unhappy. A girl needs to be treated right."

"Yeah! Halloween shopping can wait. The first thing we need to do is change your get-up and looks!" Marisa exclaimed with wide eyes and a bright smile.

"Let's go," Morgan said, holding my hands. Despite my protests, they ushered me into the mall and took me to a salon. A girl welcomed me with her warm smile into one of the most exotic salons I had ever seen. I did not visit a men's salon as exquisite and expensive as this. The room was dazzling with lights and filled with a sweet aroma. Rows of women were getting their hair treated with various serums and creams. Some women were getting their nails trimmed while others were bombarded with water vapors on their coated faces. I was just processing everything around me when I felt a hand pull me to a chair. "Okay, honey, what have we got here?"

A middle-aged lady stared at my face, examining every bit of it. "Oh, we want her to have a complete makeover!" Marisa clapped. "I think the hair's been treated. Maybe a bit of a trim and volumizing serum will turn it perfect. She direly needs some touch-up and a manicure." The lady inspecting my face muttered.

“Marisa, who’s paying for all this?!” I asked. “Don’t worry, babe, we got you!” Morgan assured, pulling out her credit card from her Gucci purse.

There was no escape from this. I saw the lady get a pair of scissors and start working on Britt’s hair ends. I had nothing to do except gape at Britt’s face in the mirror. I could spot her fine wrinkles and dark circles around her eyes, which made me quite conscious about my looks. Morgan and Marisa were not entirely wrong.

The lady grabbed something, poured its contents into her hand, and started running it down my locks. After some time, she combed it, and my hair bounced like spring! It looked as if my hair had doubled! So dense and thick, shimmering under the light falling from the ceiling. I blushed, looking at my gorgeousness.

“Amazing!” Morgan cheered. “Now let’s make you pretty,” the lady whispered, opening the cabinet in the front. There were all shades of color in sliding sub-sections that boggled my mind. She picked up a bunch of brushes and spread them on the mirror shelf. She picked up a fat one and started working on me. She brushed a skin color slightly brighter than Britt’s skin tone all over my face, then worked on a bunch of darker shades, then put some red and pink on my cheeks which was very subtle. I was utterly embarrassed, seeing myself dolled up in front of many women. She put more on my eyelids and a few more around my neck. She

smear my lips and brush my eyelashes. It felt like an eternity, but it was finally over. She moved away, revealing my face in the mirror. I was speechless.

“Oh my goodness, you’re slaying it!” Marisa gasped. “Phenomenal job, Christy!” Morgan praised the lady. “Thank you,” she responded with a slight bow. While she moved over to my manicure session, I couldn’t help but glance at the mirror, cherishing the sight of a total knockout. The makeup made me look almost ten years younger. The contouring was brilliant, giving a slimmer look to my visage. My lips were plump red, and my eyelashes fluttered every time I blinked. Nevertheless, I was intrigued, looking forward to what she would do to my nails.

She gently clipped my nails, filed them, and then put some transparent base before painting them. The abstract hues coalescing with each other looked dreamy. I was astonished by her talent. “That is gorgeous,” Marisa complimented her. “C’mon, Britt, you’ve nothing to say?” Marisa asked. I raised my shaped eyebrows with a smile and murmured, “I’m speechless. All I can say is, Thank you.” I was proud of what she had done. I ended up splitting the bill into three instead of two, myself included.

I looked at my home screen and realized almost two hours had passed. “Guys, I think we should stop this.



Thank you for the treat, but we should buy things for the Halloween party now.”

“Tell me, are you happy?” Morgan asked. “Yes, I am happy.” I sighed.

“Good, you need this. Don’t sabotage your feelings,” Morgan put her hands over my shoulders from the back and pushed me forward towards the fashion boutique while Marisa followed with giddy giggles.

We entered the most extensive mall section, filled with long lines of women's clothes. There were round spinning stands draped with tops and bottoms, lingerie placed eloquently on shelves, and designer dresses that women could only dream of. I couldn’t believe that I was getting enamored by them.

Nevertheless, I gave in to my innate desire and touched the soft floating silk in the hanger. I was putty in my friend’s hands, who helped me try one attire after another, and suggested which ones looked good on me. Surprisingly, my hands were learning fast how to put on female clothes properly. We spent almost an hour in the changing room, and I soon laughed and talked with the two women like we were best pals. My fickle self didn’t notice I was getting bare-chested in front of them, changing tops while I chattered with them. Finally, the three of us bought \$2000 worth of dresses and heels. I walked out of the store in my knee-length maroon

bodycon dress and three-inch stiletto heels, dazzling like a princess. Britt's muscle memory was phenomenal. My hips were swaying by instinct as I walked. I was brimming with confidence as my body knew what to do.

"Shall we go buy what we came for now?" I asked playfully. "Yes!" They both screamed in unison. "Oh, jeez," I flushed red as people all around us turned their heads at us. We giggled and tottered on the marble floor out of their sight.

We entered the Halloween stall, spooked by the scary masks and costumes. "I think we should be the three Salem witches! What do y'all think?!" Marisa said, holding the outfit. "Well done, girl. I like the idea," Morgan agreed. "Yeah, awesome," I said.

Having purchased the costumes and some accessories, we took our leave from the mall. We soon realized it was already past four in the afternoon, and we had to hurry back home. Straining our arms with heavy bags, we got into Morgan's car as soon as possible.

"Oh, I missed this so much!" Marisa exclaimed. "Yeah, it was a lot of fun!" Morgan chimed in. "It wasn't what I expected," I murmured with a smile, "Thank you for everything today, both of you." Hugging them both seemed the right thing to do.

They dropped me off at my house before leaving. I almost broke my ankle on the walkway and then

struggled at the front door. But I managed to get in with my bags. I crashed on the sofa, releasing a sigh of warm breath. As I looked at the remote lying on the round coffee table in front of me, I noticed that the giant LED TV on the wall was beeping red light. I picked it up and pressed the ON button at the red dot, turning it green and stable. The screen lit up with streaming services to choose from. “Wow,” I whispered. Britt was subscribed to Netflix, Disney Plus, Amazon Prime, and Hulu. I went by my instincts and clicked on Disney Plus. She had a bunch of recommendations and new releases, but I was interested in her downloads. Things that she really liked. My jaw dropped as I saw sixteen seasons of “Grey’s Anatomy” on her list. I scrolled through the episodes, and she had watched them until episode eighteen of the sixteenth season. So I clicked on episode nineteen to check what it was about.

The episode began with an old man named Richard entering a hotel lobby while his voice was in the background, saying, “Most people believe that who they are today is pretty much who they will still be in the future.”

I was stunned by that line because of how meta and relatable that was to me. The surreal moment was followed by a beautiful black lady meeting him and exchanging a few words. She seemed like her daughter, which I later realized, she was. After that, a few more

characters were introduced, and I was hooked within a few minutes. The chemistry between Maggie and Winston irked my passion. His witty lines were putting me on a roll. I practically slid off my seat as they passionately kissed and made love on the screen. Richard and his wife had tough love, which warmed my heart. I bawled my eyes out when I saw Dr. Cormac's wife die of cancer, leaving behind two kids and her husband. Then I was hurled into a lesbian love triangle, where one of them died on 9/11. This show was ripping my heart out left, right, and center. It ended with Dr. Richard giving a presentation which suddenly turned into an anxiety rollercoaster. He was losing memory, and his interaction with his wife was a hallucination! I was hollering and crying ugly way past the show was over. I was so exhausted from the shopping and the drama revolving in my head that I fell asleep on the sofa.

"Uh," I woke up in the middle of the night with Aaron's hands coiled up around me. "Oh, you're awake, sweetheart," Aaron whispered in a drawled voice. "Why didn't you wake me up?" I asked.

"I tried, but you were exhausted. And I couldn't lift you up to the bed." We looked at each other and laughed. "By the way, you look lovely in that dress." He squinted his eyes and gave me a romantic smile. I knew it wasn't just a compliment, as his body language spoke to my

instincts. I couldn't help but recall the passionate scene from Grey's Anatomy. I was Maggie in this scenario, and I didn't know what to do except look back and smile. "Thank you," I whispered. I leaned away from his embrace and picked up the Halloween bag. "I got you vampire fangs and a cape for the party!"

"Yeah, I went through them. Nice costumes," said Aaron. "Oh, you want to eat something?" I asked. "Nah, I am good," he responded.

"So, I think we should move to the bed," I said, breaking the intense silent gazing between us. "Yeah," said Aaron.

My heart raced as I walked into the bedroom with Aaron behind me. He was in the mood, and so was I. But I was not her girlfriend, as he thought. Instead, I was his best friend. The predicament was turning me on even more than I anticipated. The tight dress suffocated my bodacious figure as I grew restless. Finally, I murmured, "Aaron, I need to change into my nightwear."

"Sure," he said, gazing with a smile. He was not moving out.

"Okay," my lips trembled as I opened the wardrobe and shuffled through, plucking out the skimpy black nightwear from its hanger. I struggled to unzip the chain on my back as the dress restricted my movements. Morgan had helped me with that in the changing room,

but now I was stuck. "Let me help you with that," Aaron said. I felt his fingers stroke my back as he clutched the pull tab and tugged it down. I was paralyzed as my womb pulsed with hot blood. Then, I felt his rough hands on my shoulders, stripping the dress. My neck shivered as his warm breath touched me. Finally, he whispered behind my ears, "I think we should skip wearing the nightwear tonight."

I almost melted in his arms. He unhooked the bra, releasing the tension on my heaving, supple racks. I was mesmerized by his seduction, closing my eyes and letting him take control. The feminine urges took over me, and I nodded a yes.

I looked at our reflection in the mirror as he dropped the dress down to my ankles. I gasped as his fat erect cock grazed against the smooth fabric of my panties from behind. I leaned my head back onto his shoulders and gasped while his hands wrapped around my tits, giving them a gentle squeeze. The cold air and the stimulation puckered my nipples, preparing them for foreplay. "Woah, I always wished you were submissive like this!" I was taken by surprise when he said that. As he caressed my bosoms, I hissed in pleasure. "What do you mean?" I whispered. "You know, you're usually quite confident and like to have some control," he spoke, breathing heavily as his hands went down. His thumbs pressed against my abdomen as they went into

my panties and slid to the back, pulling them down. His moves brought chills down my spine. "But do you know what I like?"

"A woman who trusts her man and gives in to him," I whispered my mind. "Good girl," he kissed my neck and dipped his fingers into my nether. "Ohh," I whimpered.

My mind went numb while his digits dug deeper into Britt's slick vagina. "I'm sorry, honey, I've been so busy lately due to work. You seem desperate down there," he muttered, looking at his thickly coated fingers. "I'll take care of all your needs tonight."

His strong arms ushered me toward the bed, bending me down with my hands resting on it. His exposed cock made me gasp with tentative wide eyes. I was nervous and bewildered by my actions, but my body wanted it badly. So I decided to not look and close my eyes. I felt the bulging head of his penis part the lips of my crotch, sliding in with little effort as it probably did before numerous times. However, it got tighter as I instinctively spasmed contractions, making the penetration challenging yet ten times more pleasurable for both of us. Despite my futile resistance, he pushed harder into me, making me moan sporadically. His hard rock dick, which seemed lengthier and thicker than mine, was balls deep into my womb, throbbing in lust. "Oh... God," I fumbled as my eyes shot up into my skull.

The sensations coursing through me were out of this world. I was in heavenly bliss.

His penis made my back arch as it pulled out and shoved back in. I grasped onto the bedsheet, crinkling them as he thrust into me. “Uhh... fuck!” I yelped as the pace increased, sending ripples down my buttcheeks. I could hear his balls slapping against my thighs and my rapid heartbeat pounding in my chest. I could smell the fragrance of the serum in my hair as it cascaded over my face. I threw my head back to clear my view and looked back at Aaron, who was in the zone, fucking me like a beast. Tears rolled down my cheeks, making me bury my face in the sheets to muffle my cries of guilt. I didn’t want him to stop. I was head-over-heels, ready to get plowed by his cock for the rest of my life. I was in love.

My weary inner walls relaxed, submitting to his massive shaft. “Oh, babe, you’re doing good,” Aaron said, breathing heavily. My drooping breasts swayed in the air, brushing against the crinkled bedsheet as he pumped into me like a machine while the pleasure centers all over my body screamed under intense heat. “Ah! Yes!” I mumbled, throwing my back to his rhythm. My ass cheeks jiggled as I followed my basic instincts. I squeezed my inner walls every time he was at the deepest point inside me, making it harder for him to pull out. “Oh, babe, where did you learn that?!” he exclaimed in surprise. I was shocked that Britt didn’t



know how to do this. And I did. I wondered if she was ever a good girlfriend to him.

“Babe, turn around. I want to look into your eyes,” Aaron said as he pulled out his cock. I turned around and crawled back onto the bed, resting on the pillow. He climbed on top of me, aiming his dick at my entrance. We locked eyes with each other as he pushed it in, making me gasp with a smile. His strong arms pinned my instinctively flailing hands while his cock kept ramming into me vigorously. Our sweat-dripping bodies clashed against each other in passion.

I arched my back, shoving his face into my breasts. “Aah!” I wailed as he grabbed a nipple in his mouth. He released my hands and started massaging my boobs, squeezing them while his tongue twisted over my protruding nipples. The combined stimulation of his tongue, hands, and cock made me hug him and dig my nails into his back. My filed nails didn’t cause damage but left red marks all over his back.

His teeth, however, left prominent love bites on my neck and udders. I didn’t protest. Instead, they only caused me to flinch forward, pushing my breasts closer to his face. I felt so vulnerable but safe as he knew when to stop. The pain was part of the pleasure. And it was making me go nuts for him.

“I think I’m about to cum,” he whimpered. “Cum inside me,” I replied, panting. He smiled, fucking me with all his might. His penis swelled thicker inside me in a few moments, getting as hard as steel. Then, as he stretched my inner walls further, his dick rubbed against a nub inside me, pushing me over the edge. “Oooh... Fuck!” my walls crushed onto his pulsating member, making him spurt out his warm baby batter into my sealed hole. I grabbed his face and kissed him on his lips, cherishing a crucial moment in our life. He reciprocated passionately, sliding his tongue into my mouth.

“Aaron, I love you,” I murmured. “I love you too,” he whispered and kept kissing me.

We cuddled with each other until dawn broke. It was a Sunday morning, so we did not need to worry about the office or breakfast. Tired from our love-making session, we dozed off pretty soon.

As I woke up, it was a quarter past nine in the morning. Aaron was still asleep due to all the hard work last night. I sat beside him, deep in thought. Clear-headed, I contemplated the ramifications of what I did. I knew that Britt had no idea she was in my body. It wouldn’t matter to her if she lived the rest of her life as me. The problem was with me. If I had to live as Britt, I had to kill the Britt that lived inside Aaron’s head. I had to become a better version of her so that Aaron loved me, not her.

I looked at him and the crusty blanket over his bare penis. Finally, I decided to do something Britt would never do. I pulled the blanket down and took the flaccid cock in my hands. The waft of dry semen and my vaginal lube filled my nostrils. I rubbed the tip of the cock with my thumb, making him turn his head. His cock sprung to action in a matter of seconds. His eyes shaking under his eyelids meant he was experiencing some kind of erotic dream. I knew what was about to happen soon.

“Show him how grateful you are for last night, Britt,” I whispered. I got down on all fours and wrapped my lips around the head of his cock. The spunk intoxicated my senses as I lowered my head as much as possible. I gagged on it, holding my breath. I bobbed my head up and down rapidly as I felt his cock stiffen quickly to the stimulation. “Oh! What the fuck!” Aaron screamed as he woke up, jolting his hips in instinct. His reflex shoved his cock deep into my throat, choking me, while the phallic meat unloaded a fresh batch of his seed into my stomach. “Oh my God! Babe! Are you hurt?!” he asked me with a concerned look.

I looked at him with half-closed eyes and shook my head in denial. I pulled his cock out with a pop sound and licked it while gazing at him. “Okay, who are you?” he asked with a bemusing smile.

“Let’s talk about it in the shower.” He followed me.

"I don't know what has gotten into you," Aaron fumbled while his fingers traced around the contours of my breasts, "but I am not complaining." I leaned back onto him, his lips caressing my neck while his fingers moved closer toward my nipples, giving me goosebumps in the warm shower. I bit my lips and stifled a yelp as he finally grabbed them. The anticipation of getting touched had raised their sensitivity beyond my imagination. "You don't mind if I get you pregnant before the wedding, do you?" Aaron whispered in my ears, pinching my pleasure buttons.

Today was Halloween's Eve; it was almost noon, yet we had been playing two love birds in the shower. His rough hands on my squishy curves were a recipe for fervent orgasms. Aaron and I had been cuddling under the artificial drizzle for the last fifteen minutes. But, amidst that, I wondered if I was always in love with my best friend, or was this just the carnal instincts of Britt overtaking me?

"Aaron, I think we should... mmm... stop," I murmured. "I don't want to," whispered Aaron, rubbing his hard cock against my entrance. "Honey, I'm sorry, but we've got to prepare for Halloween and the party." I giggled. "Yeah? I think we should stay home instead," Aaron caressed my butt cheeks. "Babe," I panted, gritting my teeth in passion. "I'm exhausted, please."

“Alright, sorry,” Aaron pulled his hands away. I turned around and put my index finger on his lips. “No, honey, don't apologize. You did great.” I smiled slyly at his face, making his rock-hard boner jerk upwards in excitement. I walked out of the shower to break the tension between us.

“This is so unfair,” Aaron muttered under his breath. I wiped my drenched body with a towel and wore a white robe. I looked at the stained bedsheets and crumpled my face in disgust. I picked it up and put it in the washing machine. He walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. Dried and dressed, we decided to cut some pumpkins into jack-o-lanterns. I messed up once, but Aaron sliced through them like a professional. While he was busy working on them, I quickly did some online research on how to bake pumpkin pies. It took me hours to go through the soft insides of the pumpkins, picking out the seeds and turning them into a batter. Then, recalling the recipe, I baked three pumpkin pies.

“Yes, sir, I'll be there within a few minutes,” Aaron said to the caller. “Who was that?” I asked.

“My boss. Halloween's not a federal holiday, you know. Apparently, the factory can't survive one day without me.” He chuckled.

“Oh,” I felt guilty as he missed work because of me, so I served him a piece of the warm pie before he left for work. “Mmm, so much better than the last time! I'll take some for my colleagues too!” I packed a few more pieces for him. “I won't go if you won't, alright? So, come back soon!” I exclaimed.

Aaron went to his office, and I closed the door. While I was walking back to the kitchen, I glanced over Britt's smiling face in the mirror. My lit expression gradually drooped to stillness as sadness struck me. I couldn't help but feel remorse. I felt like a thief, stealing Britt's moment from her. “Bu-But she doesn't love him enough,” I whispered. My conscience screamed against me that I was wrong. I was nobody to judge their relationship, nobody to judge Britt. Dread and guilt crept into my mind, making me fall down on my knees and bawl my eyes out. There was no doubt in my head that I had committed a grave mistake by giving in to my feminine urges. Finally, I screamed, “Stop! Just stop!” I shook in tears, “Why are you toying with me?! Just end it! Or end me!”

I opened my pressed eyes as a jolt hit me. I was standing beside Aaron with a notepad in my hand while he was calling out the dimensions of the new automobile design. I looked down at my hands. They were manly and veiny. Then, I looked down at myself,

wearing a white shirt and black pants. I gasped, realizing I was back in my body!

“David? David?” Aaron's hands waved in front of my lost eyes. A bright smile spread over my face. “Are you paying attention? We have to finish this fast so we can attend the party!” Aaron said.

“Yeah, yeah,” I murmured, writing down whatever Aaron was saying. Then, I raised my pupils, grateful to God, and whispered, “Thank you.”

We were busy for the next two hours, consulting with the workers and guiding them with the parameters of the design. I contained my giddy excitement under the guise of a straight face. I was relieved that everything was back to the way it should be, even if a part of me still yearned for Aaron. “It will pass,” I assured myself.

By the time we were done with our tasks, it was past 7 in the evening. I asked Aaron, “Hey, can I come with you?” I was curious about Britt and also concerned if she had put the candies and pies in place for the trick-or-treaters. I hoped she was clueless like before. If she wasn't, at least I would be there to explain.

“But don't you have a costume to wear at home?” Aaron asked. As I wondered that, memories of Britt dawned upon me, and I remembered her buying a goblin mask and claws for the party. She had put them in the locker. “Yeah, I have them in my locker.”

"So, what are you waiting for? Get them. Let's go!" Aaron said. I rushed through my new workplace, jogging my memory at every turn. As soon as I found the locker, I opened it with the keys in my pocket and got the goblin costume out. It was hideous but apt for the character.

I left my car at the office parking, and we drove Aaron's car to his home. Britt's gloomy face lit up as she saw us approaching. She was waiting for us on the porch, wearing her all-black and red witch costume. Britt had even applied impressive makeup to darken her eyes. Her expressions told me everything I needed to know. She still had no idea about the swapping that had happened between us. I was somewhat relieved about her and that she had put out a basket of candies and evenly cut pieces of the pumpkin pie. Skeletons, werewolves, and ghosts were feasting on them to their heart's content. "Babe, why did you take so long?!" Britt frowned at Aaron.

"I'm to blame," I gave my neck to Britt for my friend. "Yeah, exactly. He wasn't paying attention at work, which caused the delay," Aaron washed his hands off me. "You know what, I don't care. The party has already started!" Britt exclaimed. "Aaron, you forgot your fangs and this," Britt handed him his Dracula fangs and cape. "Oh, how could I forget that?!" Aaron exclaimed, quickly



putting it on. "How do I look?" he asked. "Really? Get in the car!" Britt exclaimed.

I get it. We're late, but I didn't like the tone of Britt's voice. The least she could do was give Aaron a compliment. "It looks great," I said. "Thanks, buddy," Aaron said as he got in the car and turned the keys. Britt got into the backseat, and we were off to the party in no time.

"Oh, God, these kids!" Britt was livid because the streets were crowded with trick-or-treaters, making the car slow. "What happened to you? They're just kids," Aaron said. "What do you mean?" Britt asked. "You were so, um, cool in the morning?" Aaron's voice fluttered. I couldn't help but chuckle at him. He looked at me disappointed, which made me guffaw loudly. "Sorry," I muffled.

Britt was awkwardly silent, looking into the void. "Hey, Britt?" I called her. "Yeah?" she looked at me, startled for a moment. Her blank expression made me question the conclusions I had come to when I first saw her. Maybe she recalled something? Or did she have trouble remembering her past? Shivers ran down my spine as I contemplated getting caught. I couldn't have Britt realize that I had sex with her future husband in her body. To break her chain of thoughts, I started small chats with her, telling her how beautiful she looked and how excited her friends would be to see her. "Wow, you

finally learned how to talk to women!" Aaron laughed. "Thank you, Aaron." I shook my head. "You're welcome."

Fortunately, Britt stayed silent for the rest of the journey until we were finally at the place. The party was hosted by Marisa and her husband, Brock. Party animals are how you would describe them the best. Zach and Morgan were also at the party. Marisa and Morgan wore identical witch attires, while Zach and Brock were zombies. I was impressed by their dedication to the role as they grunted and dragged their feet as they approached us. I almost got a panic attack seeing them. The makeup and eye lens were perfect. "Wow, you guys have come prepared!" I cheered.

"But you haven't," Zach said in a monotone voice. "Oh, come on. We did our best!" Aaron laughed. "The production schedule was too tight. We hardly had any time to get into proper costumes," I said. The two zombies groaned, "Ugh, who is this nerd?"

"Jeez, are all of Britts friends annoying like her?" I thought. "Get a life, guys. Aaron, stop working tedious jobs. Own a business like ours! Be kings!" said Zach. Their view of business being easy said a lot about how good businessmen they were. I looked at Aaron with a mocking smile, and he stifled his chuckle. "Anyways, how's it going?" asked Aaron as we walked towards the bar.

“Going what?” asked Brock.

“Your business. By the way, what business are you in?” Aaron responded.

“Oh, we're in the world of crypto, brother!” said Zach, “and we're launching our new NFT platform!”

“No way!” I exclaimed, “Isn't that where you sell digital art, but in cryptocurrency?!”

“Yes, but it's a lot more than that!” Zach continued to explain to us what non-fungible tokens were and how they would change the world and potentially stop global warming. I couldn't care less about their business model. My eyes were fixated on Aaron and Britt. Her hands holding his arms brought in the sense of envy within me. I took a sip of my champagne and averted my gaze to avoid raising suspicion.

“So, Aaron and David? You guys are childhood pals?” asked Brock. “Yeah,” said Aaron.

“C'mon, they are practically husband and wife!” said Britt, giggling, “Yes, David, you're giving me tough competition!” Everybody laughed.

“Wha-What?” I whispered, pretending to chortle with them. Aaron was rubbing his forehead in cringe.

“What're you planning, David? Now you're stalking my fiancé at his workplace?!” Britt snickered along with her friends. “Okay, stop. I think you drank too much,” Aaron

intervened. "I was just joking!" Britt exclaimed with laughter. She wasn't drunk but a bit intoxicated. "Okay, you had enough of that," Aaron took the glass from her hand and put it on the bar table. "We have an entire night to enjoy! Don't get wasted!" said Marisa. Music blasted in our ears, and Morgan screamed, "DJ is on!"

The bright lights were replaced by colorful, enchanting spotlights roaming the room. People in Halloween costumes gathered in the middle of the hall and vibed to the music. Couples walked to the dance floor while I stayed behind. "Dude, get on the floor!" Aaron proffered his hand, taking my breath away.

"No, it's fine!" I shouted over the loud music. "Your call," he muttered and walked to Britt. She shook her hips, wrapping her hands around his shoulders, and they danced together. Visions of Aaron and I together flashed in front of my eyes. The romance we had built over the last few days was unique. I stared at their bodies, clashing with each other, reminding me of the fateful night of our love. "It's wrong!" my mind screamed. I guzzled down pegs of whiskey to drown my complex emotions. "I'm a straight man. Why am I feeling like this?!" I tried to reason with myself. Then, I felt a hand brush past my back. I turned around and gasped in horror. Gloved hands, striped pants, a cane with a skull knob. It was the same old man!

“You!” I glared at him with furrowed eyes. “What are you doing here?!” I bawled.

“I’m always with you, dear. You just see me when I want you to see me,” the old man spoke nonchalantly.

“Fuck you! You did this to me!” I said, gritting my teeth in anger.

“You’ve got to admit, you liked it, didn’t you?!” he smirked. “It’s a shame you managed to escape it because of your savior in the sky. But I’m here to fix it!”

“Why?!” I blurted out as my lips trembled.

“Why did I do it? How did I do it... these questions are futile. The real question is, do you love Aaron?” His wrinkly lips spoke with conviction.

“I... I... It doesn’t matter!” I panted with my brimming eyes wide in shock. His words forced me to think, and he was right. I couldn’t deny my feelings for Aaron. I sunk down on my seat in sorrow. I rested my head on my hands and sobbed in silence. People enjoying the loud music and dance were unaware of my breakdown.

The old man put his hand over my shoulder and said, “Oh, sweet child, you deserve much better. But, instead, you’re here at the bar drowning in your pain while your one true love is dancing with his soon-to-be bride! Life is unfair. But I can grant your wishes if you want! You

just have to submit your soul to me and say what you want," he whispered, leaning down into my ear.

I was speechless. I kept my face burrowed within my hands in shame and mumbled, "But Britt deserves to be his wife, not me. Becoming her and living her life is worse than murdering her!"

"So is the fate she deserves! Look at her arrogant, petty self swerving around him like a serpent! She is a narcissist who doesn't look at his love but his wealth! You are the perfect wife Aaron deserves to be with! Submit to my will, and you'll be set to live the life your heart desires! All you have to do is take a sip," he said, flicking his finger at the glass of champagne, "leave the rest to me!"

I raised my sore gaze toward Aaron and Britt, then turned toward the old man beside me. The skull head on his cane grinned at me like his master. My muddled brain jumped from one decision to another, unable to reach a proper conclusion.

"Why don't you do it like you did the first time?" I asked.

The old man's devilish grin turned pale. "Um, I... uh, what?" he fumbled. I said, "You tricked me the first time, but I broke through the reality you set up. You don't have power over me as long as I don't will it!"

"Okay, that was not the response I was expecting," the old man muttered. "You thought you could manipulate me by my love for my friend. But you don't know that love is to sacrifice. And I'm willing to sacrifice my love for his!" I cried, "I'm not a deceiver like you who would live a lie for his desires!"

The old man glared at me, livid with murderous intent. His knuckles cracked as he pressed his hands over his cane and stood up. "Fine, as you wish!" He strode off into the crowd and vanished.

I wiped off my tears and shook my head, laughing at myself. I watched Aaron and Britt enjoying themselves on the dance floor along with other couples. The stabbing pain in my heart shuddered my core, but I persevered. I looked at the enchanted glass of champagne and smirked. I was about to dispose of it when I heard a loud shriek. "What the hell, Britt?!" Aaron shouted. The DJ lowered the music. "Fuck you! Aaron!" Britt screamed. I approached them with the glass in my hand and asked, "Whoa, guys, what happened?!"

"You ask her! She's the one acting crazy!" Aaron bawled. "You cheated on me!" Britt screamed, glaring at Aaron.

A shiver ran down my spine. "What?" I asked. "First of all, that's bullshit! Second, that doesn't give you the

right to kiss a random guy!” Aaron shouted. “What the hell?” I was shocked beyond belief.

“Oh my goodness, Britt, you’re not yourself!” Marisa said, holding Britt’s shoulders, “calm down!”

“Yes, you should talk about this privately,” Morgan chimed in.

“No! He has to answer me! Who was she?!” Britt charged at Aaron.

“What is wrong with you?! What proof do you have?!” asked Aaron.

“My instincts don’t lie! I know you cheated on me!” Britt jerked within the confines of her friend’s grip. I looked at both of them, ashamed of keeping the secret. Aaron’s face crumpled in sorrow and bemusement.

“Babe, you know I was with you last night. I don’t have any girlfriend or woman in my life,” Aaron whispered, begging with his palms closed.

“No, that wasn’t me! You cheated on me!” Britt was losing her mind. She looked like she was having a seizure. Her eyes dilated, and drops of sweat trickled down her head. Then, I saw a man's silhouette walking in the crowd. His tilted face looked at me with a maniacal smile spread from one ear to another. It was the old man in the black suit. The world felt slow as I realized what was happening. Britt had been possessed!



My gaze shifted to Britt, who pulled out the engagement ring from her finger and threw it at Aaron! She howled and cried like an insane person, writhing on the floor. Then, as we all surrounded her, trying to help her, she started fuming in her mouth. Her eyes were shot up into her skull while her body heated up. "Somebody! Call the ambulance!"

My heart pounded in my chest while my mind raced for a way out of this predicament. Morbid thoughts clouded my mind. Britt's life was on the line if I didn't act fast. I looked for the old man again, but he was nowhere to be seen. Time was slipping away. Every passing second brought me closer to the conclusion that she wouldn't survive if I wasted another second waiting for the ambulance. I looked at my hand holding the glass of champagne. The alcohol shimmered a sinister hue of red. "I'm sorry," I whispered, looking at Britt and gulped down the cursed drink.

As soon as I finished drinking, the world swirled like a hurricane, throwing me into space among the stars like debris. I screamed in mortal dread as I traveled past them at the speed of light and eventually crashed back to earth.

As my body came to rest, I noticed that it had changed to that of Britt. "What the fuck?" I whispered, sitting on the porch, wearing a succubus costume. I blushed, looking down at the gaping cleavage and the cuts on the

outfit, exposing my thighs. "This is different. Did it work?" I muttered.

Kids and teenagers were out making fortunes on candies and chocolates. I turned my head toward my Pumpkin pie and candy basket. They were the same kids I had seen earlier. Then, finally, a car honked at me, and as I looked at it, I instinctively smiled. Aaron and David were back from work.

"It's happening again," I whispered. I stood up and looked into my bag. There were Aaron's fangs and cape. I drew them out and approached him. "Oh, how could I forget that?!" Aaron exclaimed.

"You look gorgeous, darling," complimented Aaron. "Hmm," I smiled. My eyes darted at Britt in my body, who waved at me with his goblin gloves on. I waved back and said, "Hi."

Britt reciprocated, unaware of the reality. Time had rewind itself by about two hours, sealing our fates for the rest of our lives.

"How do I look?" Aaron asked. "Um, you look great," I murmured. "Get in," said David, unlocking the back door. I set myself down in the cozy backseat, and Aaron drove the car to the party.

I was getting hit with waves of Déjà vu as I met Marisa, Morgan, and their husbands. Every event happened

precisely the same, except for Britt and my perspective. I was stunned and silent, occasionally smiling at them. I avoided alcohol, seeing Britt's intolerance towards it in the recent past. "Britt," Marisa called me, proffering me a glass of cocktail. "No thanks," I denied. "Are you serious?!" she responded.

"Don't be a wuss! We're at a party, girl!" Morgan chimed in. "Okay, fine, just one drink," I reluctantly agreed to them. I took small sips from the cone-shaped glass to avoid getting hit with a strong wave of intoxication. "Ugh," I grunted as my efforts were futile. Instead of drinking and listening, I actively joined in the small talk.

As time passed, my inebriated self lost all inhibitions and guilt, easing me into my role as Aaron's girlfriend. Britt's memories flowed through me, keeping me from slipping out and letting me talk with everyone in the room as she would. Her body language and tone came like second nature to me as my real identity got lost in the surreal effects of the booze on my lithe, vulnerable form. Soon, I was on the dance floor with Aaron, moving to his rhythm. I leaned back on him while he held my hands and guided my steps. I smiled as I noticed David dancing beside us with a girl. "I guess it's not that bad," I thought, seeing Britt happy in her new life as a man.

I relaxed, melting in Aaron's embrace as his fingers traced over my exposed thighs. As I walked into the

crowd in my slutty outfit, I was flustered earlier, but now I was swaying my hips and moving gracefully to the beat. The steps came naturally to me as if I had been dancing on heels my whole life. A warm feeling brewed inside me as my new identity sunk deeper into my consciousness. I was Aaron's future wife, and this would be my new life till the end. It shuddered me to my core to realize this truth. But it also gave me solace that I was paired with my best friend, who I knew would make an excellent life partner.

"Britt, why don't you take a break? I'll go to the washroom and come back quick," said Aaron. "Yeah, okay," I said.

I walked past the crowd and sighed, taking a seat at the bar. "Hello, Mrs. Broughton!" a familiar voice called. I gaped at the old man wearing a bartender uniform and serving a glass of champagne at me. "So, you persuaded me by putting Britt's life in danger, didn't you?" I glared at him, "I just did you a favor and alleviated the burden of betrayal," he said. "Fuck you!" I snapped back at him. "Easy, girl, the night is still young, and you have a lot to do for me," he spoke with a sinister smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked in anticipation. "Don't you find it fascinating that you have a succubus costume while your friends are still posing as witches? But, in case you didn't get the memo, you're a succubus in

human form,” he declared, “Your soul is mine, David. And I have molded you to be my perfect slave!”

“What?! What do you mean?!” I gaped at him with my eyes wide open in horror. “No need to overreact. You are human, except for a craving for sex and semen every once in a while. So stay cautious because it may compel you to cheat on your husband. Or make love to him every other day. That’s my advice for a happy married life.” The devil smirked, serving himself a pint of beer.

I had never been a firm believer in God until now. My lips trembled for forgiveness for what I had done. Even if I had saved Britt’s life, I had damned myself for the rest of eternity. I was petrified, looking at my reflection on the glass panels in the wall. Britt’s scantily clad curves and her devilish apparel spoke to my growing passion inside me. My chest heaved in fear and arousal while my eyes searched for my fiancé. I looked at the old man like a puppy, begging him to stop. “I can’t, not like this, please!”

“Baby girl, it’s done. Perhaps, I would have ignored you if you had reconsidered your words about my team while debating that night. But then, what’s the fun in that?!” his sinister laugh echoed throughout the room.

“Hey, who are you talking to?” Aaron called as he put his hand on my shoulder. I turned at him and then

looked back at the old man, only to find him missing from the scene. “I... um... nothing,” I murmured.

Aaron and I spent some more time at the party, drinking and gossiping with our friends. I kept a poker face throughout, keeping my lips shut for the most part. Meanwhile, my nether screamed for pleasure. My ears went numb to the words coming out of the social circle as my mind drifted to the pulsating womb between my legs. I whimpered quietly on my spot, fighting the urges brewing inside my body. But the more I resisted them, the more desperate I became. My eyes kept on leading down to Aaron’s crotch while visions of us both together, relishing in our love for each other, filled my mind. The smell and taste of his cum-soaked cock today morning drove me crazy. My head swirled from the intense emotions coursing in me while my body burned hot like a fever. Finally, I grabbed Aaron’s hand and asked him to leave.

“Oh my God, Britt, you are burning!” said Aaron as he put his hand on my forehead. “Yeah, I don’t feel good. Can we go home?” I whispered. “Of course! David, let’s go!” he said. “Um, David, I’m sorry, but you have to get a lift from someone else. It’s urgent,” I muttered.

“Okay, sure,” David responded. “Don’t worry, I’ll drop him off,” said Brock. “Thanks,” I replied. “Oh my gosh, babe, take some rest,” said Marissa. “Call us when you feel better,” said Morgan. “Yes, I will,” I whispered.

“Alright, let’s go,” Aaron held my hand for support to the car, and we were soon out on the road. It was almost midnight, and the streets had gone silent. The moon was full, calling into my primal urges. Finally, I couldn’t hold back any longer. I stretched a hand to Aaron’s crotch and started rubbing it.

“Britt, what are you doing?” he asked, bemused. “Babe, I’m hot for you. Stop the car,” I said in a sultry tone.

“You really want to do this in the car?” he asked.

“Honey, don’t ask questions,” I pressed my fingers on his lips as my other hand pulled down the zipper. He quickly found a nice spot to park the car. The place was dark and secluded, with trees on both sides.

“It’s been three years since we have been together, but you’re still a mystery to me,” Aaron chuckled. I smiled at him before pulling out his cock and stuffing it in my mouth. “Mmm,” I moaned, grabbing his balls and fondling them. “Oh,” he sighed.

Hot blood flowed into his dick, bulging it in my mouth. Soon, the tip of his penis pushed against my throat. I slurped on it, wriggling my tongue against his base. His limbs jolted whenever I hit the sensitive spots. I pulled out and shoved it back into my throat, repeating my movements in a rhythm. I slurped on the lathered, thick cock, gasping for breath every once in a while. The waft of his pre-cum encouraged me to move more vigorously and drain his balls. He groaned, writhing on his seat and

shooting a thick load of baby batter into my mouth. Some sprayed out from the sides, dripping down my chin to my gaping cleavage. I guzzled down the salty, slimy fluid in my mouth and picked the rest with my fingers, licking it. "Babe, we should fuck," I whispered in a restless voice. "Uh, yeah, babe," Aaron murmured in exhaustion, "But there is not enough space in the car. Let's get home."

I nodded, being satiated by the semen for now. I grabbed Aaron's hand and slid it into my panties. His fingers brushed into my soaked pussy. "Don't make me wait too long," I murmured. His eyes lit in delight fervor. He dashed the car home, and we were soon on the bed, stripping each other off. "Oh, fuck me, baby!" I moaned loudly as he penetrated me. Our exhausted bodies humped and bumped out of passion. Soon, we were soaked in each other's sweat. The room echoed with the clapping of my buttcheeks as he thrust into me with all his might.

After a while, I let him lie back while I rode his dick like a pornstar. We panted and groaned in pleasure, rocking each other's bodies with powerful orgasms. I felt his hot load gushing deep into my pussy, making me smile with satisfaction. I leaned onto him, kissed him, then dropped beside him. We cuddled for a while until we fell asleep.



“Good morning, sweetheart,” Aaron greeted me as I opened my sleepy eyes. My heart skipped a beat. “Good morning,” I greeted him.