

Her Body His Mind

A man and a woman are posed against a dark background. The man, on the left, is shirtless and muscular, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The woman, on the right, has long blonde hair and is wearing a black strapless tube top and a black fringed skirt. She is looking down and slightly to the side, with her hands near her chest. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their bodies.

Part
1 of 2

Amelia Stark

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Interracial/BDSM/Body Swap Erotica

Part One of Two.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

When James Conway wakes, he immediately realizes that all is not well. Firstly, he is not lying in the bed he fell asleep in. Secondly, when he throws the covers off, he discovers that his strong, fit, manly body has morphed into the body of a petite young, white woman. A young woman, with long blonde hair, large breasts and a curvaceous figure.

James is horrified when he examines his reflexion in the mirror. He/she is about to scream when a naked black man appears in the shower room doorway, cleaning his teeth. From that moment onwards, James'/Juliet's life spirals down, into a deep pit of sexual perversions and unexpected events.

He/she discovers that the body he now occupies, belongs to the high-class escort, Juliet Savage, and that he/she is in the middle of an all-night assignment with a client, the tall handsome black man, Paul Jennings.

Can she hold it together, complete the assignment and get out without going crazy? Then, can she get to the bottom of what has happened to both James and Juliet? Who is responsible for switching their minds and what was their motive?

All the answers will be provided by the end of this short, two-part mini-series. Because this book contains descriptions of sex acts and punishments, it is only suitable for mature readers over the age of 18.

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1.1 ~ Waking into a nightmare.

I hated waking with a headache. I often got them after having a few drinks, so while I cleared my head, I tried to recall if I had consumed any alcohol before going to bed. No, I stayed in, didn't drink and watched a movie with Kelly, then we went to bed early.

There was music with a heavy beat playing in another room which was odd. Kelly never put the radio on before I got up on a Saturday morning. She was always up first though. Something else was strange – I was lying awkwardly on my arm, on my front. I moved my body to roll onto my side and discovered tits!

I opened my eyes and threw the covers off my body and almost fainted. “What... what the fuck???” I gasped.

Spread out before me was a woman's naked body and it belonged to me!

Feeling dizzy, I looked around wildly but didn't recognise the room. Was I hallucinating or having a frighteningly life-like nightmare? I swung my legs around – small, short legs – and sat up on the edge of the bed, then stared at my reflexion in the wardrobe mirror.

Long blonde wavy hair tumbled around my shoulders, almost reaching my large tits. I lifted my hands and cupped them gingerly, hoping they weren't real and that I was dreaming the whole ghastly affair. Unfortunately, they were real and I was wide awake!

“What the fuck?!!” I gasped, disbelieving my own eyes. “It can't be...”

“What can’t be?”

My eyes almost left their sockets. A naked young black man had just emerged from what I assumed was the en-suite bathroom. He was holding a toothbrush in the air and pointed it in my direction. There were droplets of white foam around his mouth. My jaw dropped and I tried not to stare at his huge semi-erect penis which was lolling to one side.

“Who... who are you?” I grabbed the duvet and pulled it to me without turning around.

“Juliet, stop fucking around. Do you want to use the bathroom before I give you a good shagging?”

My shoulder-length, wavy blonde hair swirled around my neck in an annoying fashion when I shook my head. “Shag me? No, you can’t do that. I’m not who you think I am...” I stood up, dragging the duvet with me, then turned to face him. “I’ve got to leave. Where are my clothes?” I stumbled, almost in full panic mode.

He frowned and pointed his toothbrush at me. “It’s only eight o’clock. The contract is until nine. Now stop fucking about and put the duvet back on the bed.”

“Please. I’ve got to go home. I don’t feel well. Where are my clothes?” Seeing that the bedroom door was open, I took a couple of steps toward it dragging the

duvet after me.

“Where the fuck are you going?” I didn’t realize how athletic the guy was until he shot away from the doorway like a panther, toward me.

I was much nearer the door but he intercepted me before I got there. His agility and speed were frightening but the size of his body compared to mine was staggering. He grabbed the duvet with his right hand and wrenched it away, out of my weak, small hands. I tried to unentangle myself, but his swift action pulled me down onto the plush grey carpet and sent me tumbling onto my back.

“Let me get my clothes and leave,” I cried, quickly rolling onto my front.

My petite body was agile, so I was on my hands and knees in a flash. I had a moment’s respite while the black guy threw the duvet on the bed and almost got it right first time. “Get on the bed, Juliet, and stop fucking about.”

I sat back on my heels and couldn’t help noticing my firm tits thrusting obscenely. “Where are my clothes? Believe me, I don’t feel very well.”

He walked over to me until his huge cock was inches from my face. In just a matter of seconds the guy’s dick had grown and stiffened until it was at least ten inches long. The man who I used to be, would have killed for a cock like the black one the young man possessed. I was overawed by his presence and couldn’t get my head around how something so catastrophic could have happened to me.

The young man towered over me. He was possibly 6'3" tall and 18 stone of solid black muscle. His thighs were like tree trunks and his cock was like a branch of a tree and as thick as my dainty wrist.

"It's not my fucking fault you can't take your liquor." He grabbed a handful of my hair.

"Fuck, that hurts," I cried.

He threw the toothbrush on the bed and grabbed his erection. "There's only one way to deal with gobby whores. Open your fucking mouth, Juliet."

He pressed his crown against my lips, but I squeezed them tightly together. "Mmmmmmm..." I reached up and grabbed his wrist to try and stop him from thrusting his cock into my mouth. I tried to shake my head, but he tightened his grip. "Uuuuuuurrgh..." The moment I opened my mouth to complain about the pain, he forced his cock into it. "Uggggg..." I groaned, then having failed to dislodge one hand, I reached up and tried to grab the hand that held my hair.

"Juliet, I don't want to hurt you..." I still struggled even though I was sucking on three inches of the man's dick. "Put some effort in, bitch. You aced it last night after you had a snort."

The man – I didn't even know his name – had just showered, so his cock tasted like soap. However, the shock of finding myself in a frail girl's body overwhelmed me. Dizzy and disorientated, I reluctantly began to suck the end of his cock.

“That’s better, bitch. That’s what whore’s mouths are for...”

He leaned back a couple of inches and then rocked so that he could rub his knob back and forth on my tongue and lips. I knew from memories in my head what a sensational feeling it was to have my cock, lip fucked. The nightmare that was unfolding though showed me how horrible and scary the experience was for the girl.

My instinct was to try and stop him from going further so I dropped my hands back to grip the huge hand guiding his cock. I found that my small white hands were no match for his massive black fist, which I couldn’t influence in the slightest.

“Work harder, girl.” The more I kissed, sucked and rubbed his crown, the more excited he became. “Sweet bitch, this is better than last night...” He pushed his hips forward and prodded my soft palate despite me trying to hold him back.

“Ugggggggggh,” I groaned when his crown penetrated and stretched my oesophagus.

“There’s a good little bitch,” he muttered while rapidly pumping his cock back and forth in my throat.

As he picked up speed, I found myself staring, wide eyed, down the length of his shiny black cock. With each thrust of his hips, a little bit more disappeared into my gaping mouth. Somehow, I was managing to control my breathing, but I

couldn't shrug off the feeling that I was going to die, impaled on his huge black shaft.

"Urrrrrrr." A strange sound rolled up from my throat and my ears buzzed as the young man increased the power of his thrusts.

"Sweet Jesus fuuuuuuck... he muttered while pumping at least six inches of his rock-hard cock rapidly down my throat. "Yes, bitch..." He suddenly withdrew and as I stared at the one-eyed black eel pointing directly at my face, it continued spurting great globs of creamy jiz at me.

I was still holding the hand gripping his cock while he held my head motionless. However, I was powerless to stop him from aiming his jiz at every spot on my face. The first pulse of jiz came before he withdrew so I had the unwanted taste of salty semen assaulting my tastebuds while he took aim.

Gasping for air, I didn't expect him to prod my lips again. "Suck every drop out, bitch." My ordeal was nearly over, I thought, as once again I wrapped my lips around his knob and began sucking. "Atta, girl. You see, all bitches wake up with a fucking headache. You soon forget about it when your man treats you to a wakeup fuck. Go and take a shower while I fetch your clothes."

I wiped my sticky lips with the back of my hand. "Wh... where are my clothes?"

"Where you left them, all over my fucking lounge. Go shower, I'll put the kettle on." I didn't move until he had left the room, then I slowly got to my feet.

I shied away from looking in the wardrobe mirror and went straight to the bathroom where I could try and recover from my shocking ordeal.

1.2 ~ Coming back for more.

I was in the home of a wealthy man. The bathroom floor and walls were decked out in gold and white marble, while all the fittings and taps were gold plated. The walk-in shower was large enough for two men the size of my black host. The shower cubicle was about the size of the shower at the house I remembered living in, but the bathroom wasn't as plush.

James Conway – me – was well off and on his way to becoming a millionaire at 30. I was an estate agent and my business was growing. Then a fucking bizarre thing happened to me. I turned the shower on, but my mind was spinning out of control. I should be getting ready for work and then opening the Bexley branch at 9 o'clock.

We had just moved into the house I should have woken up in. I knew who I was, James Conway and I knew where I lived. I was married to Kelly, a fantastic woman I loved dearly. That's who I wanted to be with when I woke up, not a black giant whose libido skyrocketed in my presence.

I wasn't a saint. I regularly visited a prostitute – a girl I had known since I was a teenager. I used her to take care of my kinky side so that I could have a normal, loving relationship with my wife. I needed to find out what had happened to me... My mind was in a girl's body. What was happening to my old body?

I was floundering with my sanity as I stood under the hot spray, washing the sticky jiz from my face. Once it was clean, I ran my hands over my substantial, firm tits. They were larger and more upstanding than Kelly's and my nipples were quite a bit larger, almost obscenely so. I gave them a squeeze and felt them harden and tingle. Leaving my left hand on my right tit, I slid my right hand down my belly to my smooth mons, something I urged Kelly to sort out, but she never did.

I then slid my trembling fingers over my sex lips, an act I had done to my wife countless times. The ones I was feeling though were different. My lips were more prominent and firmer and the peeping clitoral flesh more substantial. I pressed on the line, pushed it into my furrow and gasped when I found my firmer nub beneath the protective hood.

I needed to wash my vaginal entrance, if the guy who I slept with had penetrated me and filled me with jiz. So, I lathered up my fingers and started rubbing back and forth. “Oh,” I gasped when a mild, thrilling sensation emanated from within the furrow of my plump lips.

I pushed a finger further and found my soft, unresisting portal. It was a total shock to be penetrating and investigating my own vagina! Soap! That was what I needed. I knew what it felt like to slip fingers into my wife’s vagina but to experience the reverse and be on the receiving end was shockingly nice!

I was discovering why being penetrated by even just a couple of fingers was such an intimate and personal experience. I moved my fingers tentatively while I washed my velvet tunnel as deep as my fingers could reach. Then I began to worry about my host returning, so I turned my attention to washing my body.

I had only been in the shower ten minutes tops when my host returned to the bathroom and tucked his toothbrush in a cup on a glass shelf. I sped up lathering my alien body to try and finish before he got any ideas. As I ran my hands over my bronzed skin, I began to appreciate my curvaceous, feminine features more.

A slim waist, large, firm tits and bulbous, solid buttocks were what every girl wanted. I had woken in Juliet’s young sexy body and was surprised she worked

as a prostitute, selling her body to wealthy black men. I knew everything about James Conway but virtually nothing about the girl whose body my mind occupied.

I didn't like the way my black host stared at me while I washed my white, suntanned body. He was still naked and his cock was once again erect. My heart missed a beat when he opened the door and stepped into the shower.

"Oh, I'm nearly finished. There's no need..."

He put his hand up near my face and poked me on the nose with a finger. "Shut the fuck up, Juliet. I'll wash your back. Give me the soap." Too terrified to argue, I handed it over and turned my back to him.

He steered me out of the spray, then, holding my shoulders, pushed them forward. "Put your hands on the tiles, while I wash you. Don't move.

I tried to resist. "Please let me get out and dry myself." Slap! "Ow, that hurt!" I cried when he slapped my defenceless ass cheeks.

He leant over so that his mouth was near my ear. "I've just spoken to Terry and he aint happy with you fucking me about this morning. I've got permission to give you a thrashing if you piss me off again. Terry and I go back years. However, I've never hired pussy off him until now. I asked for the best white bitch on his books and I was happy until this morning. Now say sorry that you upset your daddy."

“I’m sorry, daddy,” I muttered. Slap! “Owwwww! What was that for?”

“I warned you, bitch. Speak up and say it like you mean it.”

“I’m sorry I upset you, daddy,” I said with a stronger voice.

“Better, now bend further forward and spread your feet.” I feared the consequences of showing him my ass, but his dominant nature and massive presence totally overwhelmed me.

He was twice my weight and about a foot taller than I was, but what really scared me was his huge muscular body and his aggressive manner. I, on the other hand, had narrow shoulders and a slim body. When he pushed me down, I lowered my hands on the tiles and stayed down.

With my back almost horizontal with the shower tray, he started by rubbing soap over my back. It wasn’t long before he was massaging it into my butt cheeks and the back of my thighs. One handed, he migrated to the inside of my left thigh, then using the other hand, lathered the inside of my right thigh, then he returned to my buttocks.

When he parted them I moved and received another reprimand. “Juliet, I don’t know what the fucks gotten into you, but I swear I’ll thrash you if you move again.”

I gritted my teeth when he ran a soapy thumb around my anal whorl, then

popped it inside. “Uhhhhh!” I gasped in surprise.

Anal wasn’t something I practiced, so the concept was new territory. He eased his thumb around, stretching the muscle, then withdrew it so he could lather a certain part of his body. I could see what he was doing through my legs and panicked.

“No, please, daddy, not now. I don’t feel well...”

I was rising, but he had anticipated my move. As soon as I had straightened my back, he swiftly reached down, gripped the back of my thighs, just above my knees, then lifted me up. As my legs folded, my back and ass slid up his granite hard cock and beyond.

“Being a bitch to the end, heh?”

“I... I don’t feel very well, daddy. Please let me go...”

His left hand wrapped around the back of my thighs, pinning me in the tucked position, with my back against his body. With his free right hand, he reached beneath me and steered his cock to my prepped pucker.

“Noooooo,” I wailed when he allowed me to drop and impale myself on his enormous cock.

I expected a lot of pain, but there was only a heavy, dull ache during the time my rectum took to devour his huge cock. He squeezed me to his body and placed his fingers on my gaping sex. “Juliet, because you look after yourself and you’ve got tight holes, I’m willing to cut you some slack. We had a good time last night and you impressed a lot of guys...” He backed up until we were under the spray. “Put your feet on the tiles and hold the handrail.”

The chrome rail was in a handy position, probably put there with sex in mind. It was the perfect height. Once I had a firm grip and my feet were on the tiles, he was able to start easing his slippery cock in and out of my back passage.

“Flex those asshole muscles, bitch,” he hissed in my ear.

It was hard to concentrate on pleasuring him once he had stuffed two fingers in my vagina and begun rubbing his thumb up and down my cleft. It was an assault on the very centre of my petite body and yet the sensations he created kept me from complaining out loud.

“Ohhhhhh,” I gasped when his long fingers started moved around inside my vagina, alongside his stout shaft burrowing and withdrawing at a steady rate of knots.

I was seriously losing the plot while hot spray splattered over my hunched body. Then a hot, sparkly sensation started to spread out from his active fingers and begin to consume more and more of my body until I was overwhelmed by the kaleidoscopic sensations.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, daddy,” I gasped and sighed. “Your cock is so hard and your

fingers... Just, there, yes..." I was hardly aware of what I was saying because the orgasm was so intense.

"That's more like it, Juliet, I like an appreciative bitch."

When he picked up speed, he jagged the fingers in my vagina more rapidly to coincide with his own climax.

"Oh, ohhhhhh," I groaned when he ejaculated while giving me a bearhug, squeezing all the air out of my lungs.

Then, mercifully, his cock slipped from my hole, whereupon he slowly released the pressure on the back of my thighs and let my feet drop to the tray. I clung onto the handrail and didn't dare turn around after the embarrassing things I had said while he shafted me.

He gently slapped my ass. "Finish up girl, I've put some of your things on the bed. Put them on and come down for a coffee. A pal of mine is coming around soon to take a look at you. Might be able to put some business Terry's way."

I didn't turn my head. "No, please, I just want to go home." I sounded pathetic to myself, talking in soft feminine tones and whining like a little girl.

When he didn't reply, I turned to find he was drying his short wiry hair with a yellow towel. "Your boss wants you to stay until nine so you can meet my buddy, Gary Frost. He's in the motor trade. Show him the goods. He's a nice

guy. You come to me though because I'm your daddy until nine o'clock."

He disappeared into the bedroom, so I stepped out of the shower, grabbed a bath towel and wrapped it around my body. I found a hand towel and attempted to dry my hair in front of the mirror. There was so much of it, but I kept rubbing until it was moderately dry.

When I emerged from the bathroom, the guy was heading for the door. He was wearing a pair of white satin shorts with black trim. I didn't know his name, so I had to keep calling him daddy! "Um, daddy, where's the hair dryer?"

He stopped and pointed. "In the bottom of the wardrobe."

I glanced at the items he had thrown on the bed. "Wait..." I took a couple of steps to see if I had missed something. All I could see was flimsy underwear. "Um, where are the rest of my clothes?"

"Your dress and jacket are downstairs. You can put them on later. I brought your bag up, so tart yourself up and get your ass downstairs toot suite!"

"But..." Too late, he had left the room.

If I understood what he was saying, he expected me to go downstairs in just my underwear to impress a friend of his. With my head so fucked up, could I act as though I was enjoying myself? I thought about it, then decided that one hour pretending to be a prostitute was doable after what I had just experienced. It was

nearly nine o'clock and at ten, I would be gone – for good!

1.3 ~ Promoting the agency.

My host had placed a black fashion bag on the small dressing table which otherwise was clear of items. I pulled the stool out and sat down to examine its contents. I emptied them out onto the surface and was amazed at the amount of junk it contained. A lot of it was makeup. There was also a pair of tiny black panties made of transparent gauze, a pad of tissues, a half empty packet of pantie liners, birth control pills, paracetamol and a Samsung cell phone.

I picked up a small bunch of keys which had a BMW fob and wondered what my car looked like. Because it was unusual for a girl my age to own a flash car like a BMW I wondered if it was the car Juliet fantasised about. There were also several tatty paper receipts, a hairbrush, some peppermint chewing gum, a small silver box and a smart brown wallet.

The silver box contained white powder which made me wonder if Juliet was a user. I prayed she wasn't and because I felt fine, I discounted the idea. I found some business cards for an escort agency in the side pocket of the bag.

The cards were headed with LBME in the same fancy script as the tattoo on the top of my right thigh. That explained the tattoo, but it didn't explain why Juliet agreed to be marked with the initials of a Mayfair escort agency. The agency's full name was, 'Lloyd Brother's Mayfair Escorts'.

I put the cards away and opened the leather wallet. After pulling out the driving licence, I checked the details. My name was Juliet Savage. I was going to be 22 on the first of August and I lived in a flat in Cromwell Road, Enfield. There was also a debit card and a couple of credit cards with my name on.

I wasn't feeling as lost and marooned as when I woke up in a strange bed and in

an even stranger body. I slowly put the tat back in the bag taking note of the various items of makeup. I left the hairbrush and lip-gloss out because it was the only makeup I was brave enough to apply on my face.

Studying my image, from a man's point of view, I wondered why I bothered with makeup. I had clear skin and a few freckles across my high cheekbones and nose, which just happened to be small and cute. I had crystal blue eyes and what looked like natural blonde, wavy hair. Quite frankly, I was more than impressed with my appearance.

I fetched the hairdryer from the empty wardrobe, plugged it in and dried my hair. It took me ages to work out how to brush it properly, but I got there in the end. My amazing appearance improved my mood, but I was anxious about getting dressed in female clothes. After removing the towel, I went to the bed to examine the items my host had brought up.

The main item was a black and purple satin corset. It was supple and not rigid like the ones my old schoolfriend wore when I used to visit Megan for paid sex. The one I was holding had metal strips and catches down the centre of the front and it was laced at the back. Worryingly it only had small, curved pieces for my tits to sit in and wouldn't cover them like a bra.

I practiced connecting the two sides a few times, then wrapped it around my body and tried to connect it in place. It was a pig. I could get half done then it would come apart. After a dozen tries, I finally managed it. I tugged it into place, under my tits, then pulled on the hold-up black stockings. They were either long or my legs were short, for they almost reached the top of my thighs.

I picked up the purple and black thong which matched the corset and instantly rejected it. I had never bought one for my wife although Megan wore them. I

didn't want to be a whore so I didn't want to wear one. I went to my bag on the dressing table and changed it for the black gauze panties. The clean pair were also tiny but after pulling them on, I felt they provided better protection.

The bikini panties had a short gusset and although it covered part of my plump pussy lips and my vaginal entrance, an inch of my pudendal cleft was visible through the gauze material at the front. My host had placed a pair of black stilettos, with what looked like three-inch heels, on the floor, at the end of the bed. My feet were tiny and I was worried that I wouldn't be able to walk in the shoes, but I decided to give it a go.

The strappy shoes fitted me perfectly, but it felt weird to be standing on my toes. About 5'2" without the shoes, they added another three inches. It wasn't much but helped and appeared to make the line of my body look sexier. That was the first time I thought about sex when I looked at my reflexion in the mirror. It wasn't going to be the last.

God, the man I used to be would have been thrilled to see a young woman like me dressed in such expensive lingerie. I paced up and down and was surprised to find my muscles remembered how to walk in the stiletto shoes. After applying lip-gloss, I made sure everything was packed away in the bag. I was anxious about my nipples being on display, but I hoped that the high-quality lingerie might draw the men's attention away from them.

My host was going to be introducing me as an escort, so I had to try and be convincing, then get the hell of the house and jump into my BMW. I couldn't wait to try and unravel what happened to me during the night. If my former self had become Juliet Savage, then it followed that Juliet had become James Conway. If that wasn't the case, then I was almost certainly trapped in a female's body for the rest of my life.

I concluded that my host was either a millionaire or he rented a millionaire's house. The modern six or seven bedroom mansion was huge. I had a quick look in the drawers to get a clue to the man's identity, but there was hardly anything in them. I assumed it was an unused spare bedroom. That was why he wasn't worried about leaving me alone.

The doors were heavy and coated with a high gloss white finish. The walls in the bedroom were painted a soft pink, while beyond, on the landing, everything was white. The landing swept around in an arc and overlooked the open plan lounge on the ground floor. I was dazzled by so much white pain. Then, there were the chrome fittings, like the ship-like handrail on the edge of the landing which continued down the side of the stairs.

I leant against the rail and looked down, only to see my host and two well-dressed black guys looking up at me. The click-clack of my shoes on the light oak flooring had caught their attention. There was curved glass, in sections between the chrome rail supports, so they could see I was only wearing sexy underwear.

"Juliet, come down and meet Gary and Tom."

By the time I had reached the top step, all three men were on their feet to watch me descend the open, curved staircase. I took my time because I wasn't confident walking in heels, on wooden stairs.

"Hello," I said approaching the seating area after placing my bag on a separate leather chair beside a red dress and a beige suede leather jacket.

Two long brown leather sofas had been arranged facing each other while in between stood a solid wood, rectangular coffee table. Three mugs of coffee were sitting on the table along with a plate of biscuits. The pair of strangers remained standing while my host sat down and put his arm along the back of the sofa.

“Where’s your thong, Juliet?” he asked.

“I stopped and looked down at the front of the tiny panties. “They were dirty, so I put a clean pair on. These are nice don’t you think, um, daddy?”

“Juliet, my guests can’t see your ass. Take them off and put them on the table.”

The command was so unexpected, I hesitated. “Um, I’ve got to get dressed and go at ten, daddy. Can’t I keep them on?”

“No. Do as I tell you, Juliet, or I’ll spank your ass after I’ve ripped them off you.” He turned to his pals. “Juliet is a little rough around the edges, but her holes are as tight as any whore that’s spun on my pecker.”

They nodded knowingly. I was a fool to give him the opportunity to embarrass me in front of his friends. I moved closer to them and wiggled my posterior, making sure both men could see my larger than normal, bubble-like ass cheeks.

My host looked angrily at me, so I gave him a smile. “They can see my ass, Daddy. These panties are almost transparent.”

He got to his feet. “After I rip them off, Juliet, I’m going to turn your ass red!”

The brute probably would have demanded I strip, even if I had appeared in the thong. I had nowhere to run and I didn’t want to be spanked by the brute of a man. “All right...” I stepped back and pushed my thumbs in the elastic waistband.

There was absolute silence as I started to push my panties down. I was relieved to see my host slowly return to his seat. I, Juliet, had the ability to entertain and tease powerful, dangerous men, but I had no control because of the profession Juliet had chosen. My host believed he owned me and my body during the contracted time he had paid for. If that wasn’t bad enough, he was inviting his friends to fool around with me.

I was angry, so I took my time to slip the gossamer thin panties off my pert ass and then down my thighs. When I reached my shoes, I decided to slip them off to make it easier. All the time, I was trying to keep my thighs together until I had stepped out of the flimsy garment. I placed the panties on the table and was going to go to my host, but he pointed at his guests.

“Give us a spin Juliet, then go and say hello to Gary and Tom properly.”

Standing at the end of the low table, I wondered what he meant by ‘properly’ as I performed a full turn for the pair’s benefit. I approached the first man who was the older of the two and slightly shorter. Both men had almost identical skin colours to my host. I would liken their colour to treacle or dark mahogany.

“Um, you must be Gary,” I said to the older man.

He was sitting with his legs together and his feet out, “Don’t be shy, girl, come closer and give your Uncle Gary a big kiss.”

The only way I could kiss him was kneel on the sofa beside him. I climbed onto the supple leather, knelt beside him and while I supported myself with a hand on the back of the sofa, I kissed him on the lips. His response was to grab my waist and haul me sideways.

“Whaaaaaa,” I gasped

“You need to get comfortable, girl...”

“Ohhh,” I exclaimed, when to maintain my upright stance, I had to lift my knee and throw it across his legs.

He had me where he wanted – sitting astride his legs. I placed my hands on his shoulders, leant forward and kissed him again, fully aware that while he held my hips, his fingers were on my naked ass cheeks. We both looked down to check out my pussy, which had opened like a blossoming flower. My plump. smooth lips had parted, leaving my bright pink inner flesh and modest clitoral ridge standing proud.

“Nice to meet you, Sir.” I went to lift my left leg to climb off him, but he stopped me by gripping my buttocks.

“Hold your horses, girl. How old are you?”

“Twenty-one, Sir.”

“How long have you been working for the Lloyd brothers?”

“Um, a little while,” I tentatively replied.

“Paul said you’ve been working for them for a year...”

“Ever since you left college, you said yesterday,” my host called out.

“Er, that was only a little while ago,” I countered.

“How many white girls do the brothers have on their books?”

“I don’t know, Sir.”

He stroked my rounded cheeks and gave them a squeeze. “It’s nice to meet you, Juliet. We might be seeing each other again.”

Not if I could help it, I thought. He released me, then helped me to clamber sideways onto Tom's lap. He was younger and more handsome; however, I wasn't attracted to him in any way. In fact, my male brain recoiled at the idea of men like Tom mauling my body and touching me intimately.

After I kissed him, Tom copied what the older man did – have a good feel of my ass. He then let me climb off his legs and clamber off the sofa. I was relieved that both men keep their hands off my most intimate parts of my body, but I was flushed with embarrassment, and more importantly, impatient to escape from the house.

I needed to discover what had happened to me as soon as possible. Paul, my host, had hired me and my body until ten o'clock – another 40 minutes – then I would be gone!

1.4 ~ Value for money.

I skirted the table and was happy to go to Paul, but when I put my knee on the sofa, he stopped me. “Juliet, I want you on the table, on your hands and knees, so the guys can take one last look at you before they go.” He sat forward and moved the coffee cups and my panties to one end.

I was shocked by his request which I thought was one step too far. “No Paul. That’s too much and goes against the contract.”

“The fuck it does!” he said gruffly, then jumped to his feet and grabbed my arm before I could retreat out of his reach. The man really did move like a Panther.

“No, pleeeeeeeze,” I pleaded as he dragged me back to the sofa. I was unable to stop him from hauling me over his lap. Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! “Waaaaaaaaaah!” I cried as he brought his hand crashing down on my cheeks with some force. “Nooooo!, that hurts!” I cried.

He rolled me off his legs, sending me tumbling onto the thick shag pile rug. “Get on the table, on all fours, like I told you.”

I staggered to my feet while rubbing my sore cheeks. The table looked solid enough, but I was worried about what they were going to do to me once I was standing on all fours, on the surface.

I wiped the tears from my cheeks. “What are you planning to do?” I asked.

“Nothing. Tom and Paul are leaving as soon as they’ve had a good look at your body.”

Paul had made sure that the pair only touched my ass while I was on their laps, so I reluctantly decided to do as he asked. He waited until I was in position before getting to his feet. The other two followed suit and moved around me to get a better look at my rear end.

Paul stroked my hot, smarting cheeks, one after the other. “There’s something special about a white bitch’s ass after it’s been thrashed, don’t you think?”

“Sure. Do you have to pay extra?”

“Sure, but it was worth it, don’t you think?”

Both men agreed while staring at my smarting cheeks.

“I’m going to have to pay more now I’ve bruised the little bitch.”

“She’s fucking perfect,” the younger man said after hunkering down to look at my tits from the side.

“She’s almost fucking perfect,” my host corrected him. “Terry was telling me that her tits, ass and cunt lips cost a fortune.” He ran his fingers down my labia.

“They must have been thin and flat. Now she’s got a black girl’s minge.”

“They did a good job,” the older man agreed.

I stayed in position listening to the trio discussing my body and educating me at the same time. I thought my lips, tits and ass were large but assumed it was just a natural female variation thing.

Paul placed a hand on my butt. “Can you guys see yourselves out. I’ve got to give Juliet her goodbye fuck before my time’s up....”

“Saving the best till last, heh?”

“You, bet...”

He waited until the front door slammed. “You’ve been a bad girl, Juliet, but all will be forgiven by the next time I see you,”

“Oh,” I gasped when I felt the blunt tip of his cock nubbing against my succulent entrance.

I was going to move forward but he grabbed the back hem of my corset and held me firm. “Oh, daddy...Oh, my god...” I gasped as his knob forced its way into my vaginal entrance.

Moments later his stout shaft was sliding inside me, stretching my tender walls beyond my expectation. The entrance was slacker, but the interior of my vagina was much tighter than my rectum; and as I soon found out, there was a limit on the depth as well. I trembled with trepidation as his crown bludgeoned its way deeper into my young body. I wasn't deep enough to consume all 10" of the man's black cock but he nevertheless kept thrusting until his black body was tight up against my white ass.

"Hold still, baby, while I enjoy your velvet tightness one more time."

"Uhhh, okay, daddy, I think... Uhhhhh!" A dull ache followed each time his knob prodded my extremity.

He released my corset and instead gripped my waist with both hands. "Oh. Yes, I've found my range, enjoy the ride, bitch..."

One second his body was tight against my ass, the next, he had withdrawn halfway and was on his way back with a thud. "Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh," I sighed each time his bulk slammed against my pert ass.

The exciting ride his fingers provided earlier was just a taster for the real event. The man's sheer animalistic fervour took my breath away, for not only was he providing the thrust, he controlled my movement backward to meet his incoming missile-like cock.

The resultant orgasm took my breath away for I had never in my male life

experienced anything like it. “Oh, daddy, oh, my ahhhhh...” I cried.

Men enjoyed the whole fuck but the real explosion, the real thrill, at the end, was short lived. Paul was literally giving me the ride of a lifetime that just kept going and going. The surging electrical-like sensations pulsed and zinged around my system for ages until he emptied his balls for a third time in my third orifice.

After grinding to a halt and pausing for breath, he withdrew and tucked his cock away. Having the mind of a 30-year-old white guy, I could only marvel at Paul’s ability to get it up so many times in quick succession. Having the body of a 21-year-old girl, I could only be impressed by the way his cock provided such intense sensations with regard to vaginal sex.

“Juliet, if you want to use the bathroom, use the one in the hall.”

By the time I had clambered off the table, Paul had seated himself and was drinking coffee and studying his mobile phone. I picked up the panties and looked around.

“Um, the hall. Where is it?”

He shook his head. “Fucking dumb head bitch. You must have been high when you got here.”

“I’m just disorientated, sorry.”

He pointed across the room. “Through that door.”

Still trembling from the effects of the sex, I headed for the hall. I found the bathroom and used the spray to clean my pussy. Once again, I was experiencing an awkward practice that women had to put up with in all matters sexual. I had to clean Paul’s jiz from my vagina with my fingers and took the opportunity to explore my fleshy entrance. I quickly discovered that I liked what I was doing and nearly got carried away. However, I had to return to the lounge and get dressed so I stopped.

It had been two hours since I woke and they were, without doubt, the most frightening hours of my life. I was desperate to leave, but where should I go? And, what was going to happen to me next? I hoped that I would calm down once I had finished washing, but my hands were still shaking and I was becoming more anxious about the future.

Paul was on his phone when I returned to the lounge, so I went straight to the chair where he had placed the red dress, my bag and jacket. I held the flimsy frock up and sighed when I discovered it was skimpy and lightweight. It was made from a stretchy material so shouldn’t be difficult to put on.

It had thin shoulder straps, so I decided to put it on like a t-shirt. I had watched my wife dressing countless times, but I still fumbled the process. I messed my hair a little, but I finally pulled it down and into place. The stockings were long because the dress only reached to mid-thigh when I tugged it down.

The thin material hugged my slim, curvaceous body tightly, showcasing my curves, my ass, tits and pointy nipples. The dress was so light I could almost

forget I was wearing it! The scoop neckline just about covered my nipples and areolas, but the dress clearly wasn't practical for everyday use.

I sat down on the sofa to put my shoes on, whereupon the hem rode up, revealing my transparent black panties when I sat down. Paul got to his feet. "Give me a pose, girl," he said, holding his handset up.

I put my hands up to my head. "My hair is a mess," I said.

"Fuck, bitch, you look hot to me. Give me a smile."

"Wait a minute," I said, then quickly fastened my shoes, stood up and smoothed my dress out.

I stopped fussing when I realized I was behaving like my wife usually did just before we went out to see friends or to go to the theatre.

Paul made me pose five times. When he asked me to flash my panties, while sitting on the sofa, I refused, saying his time was up. It was a minor victory after so many defeats.

"Don't go, Juliet, I've got something for you." He hurried to the bottom of the stairs then climbed them two at a time.

From my male perspective, I didn't think he was a bad guy. However, I tried to look at him from a woman's point of view. He was basically a black misogynist who liked to pay to use white women's bodies. In my male life, I did the same, but I was starting to question my unfaithful actions.

I guessed Paul was a high-powered businessman who didn't have the time for relationships. That made me worse, for I had a wife who loved me. Thinking that I had lost that relationship had a crushing effect on my psyche. I had some empathy for Paul, but most women would be disgusted at the way he and my former self, James, treated them.

I was wearing my jacket and holding my bag by the time Paul descended the stairs, two at a time. "Here, this is for you." He handed me a folded wad of £20 notes.

I took the money and held it tightly to stop my hand from shaking. "I didn't think you were happy."

"Kid, I like you and I want you back." He looked down. "Your hands are shaking. Do you want a line before you go?"

"I... I... I'll be okay. I'm driving. Did I take some yesterday?"

"Don't you remember? We snorted when we returned from dinner. Boy, you were high. I've got to say though, you seem to be in control of your habit. That's good..."

“Yes, sure...Thanks Paul. I think I had a good time last night, but the jury is out on this morning.”

He shrugged. “You’re working. Don’t drink so much next time. I’ve already booked you for Thursday night. I’m having some clients over for drinks, so we won’t be going out. You’ll have more fun because you know me better now.” He held his arm out, so I went to him and gave him a kiss. It should have been just a peck, but it lingered for a few seconds. He gripped my bulbous ass, with both hands, then let me go.

He walked me through to the front door. When he opened it, I knew instantly that the black Mini parked in his drive belonged to me. I pressed the fob, then walked over to it while the orange indicators were still flashing.

It was a massive relief to sit in the driver’s seat and close the door. There was a pair of blue sneakers for driving in the footwell, so I quickly changed into them. James had driven a Mini Cooper before, so I was familiar with the push button start and controls.

After gunning the engine, I quickly glanced at Paul who was standing in the doorway, wearing just his white satin shorts. He was a fine figure of a man. It was a shame he treated women so badly.

Studying the huge modern house, it was obvious that Paul Jennings was a wealthy man. I could see other, similar houses beyond the hedges, all modern and recently built. Valuing and selling property was my business. Depending on location, a buyer wouldn’t get much change from two million pounds; while renting it would cost a tenant at least £3000 a month.

I turned the car and drove down his short drive, then followed the windy road to the gated entrance to the estate. As I approached, the tall metal gates opened smoothly, enabling me to pass through and approach the main road. A sign on my left read 'Wildwood Estate' but I hadn't got a clue where I was.

After pulling up at the main road, I switched the Satnav on. It took me a minute to bring up a route that would take me home to Flat 8, 86 Cromwell Road, Enfield. Studying the map, I discovered that the modern housing estate for millionaires was located in Epping, Hertfordshire and that I was about 30 minutes from home.

I was just about to pull away in an easterly direction when I spotted a car that had pulled off the road about 50 yards away. I might not have taken any notice of the silver Peugeot if it wasn't for the man leaning out of the window waving at me. It suddenly dawned on me that I knew the man.

That was because the man in the car used to be me and he was sitting in the car that used to be mine! My bizarre day just got rose a notch on the whacky scale and made me wonder where the craziness was going to lead...

1.5 ~ Face to Face.

To stop my hands from shaking, I gripped the steering wheel tightly. Unfortunately, that highlighted the fact that the rest of my body was trembling. My skirt had ridden up, revealing a triangle of black gauze, so I squirmed my ass and tugged the dress down. After letting the clutch out, I drove the car across the road and pulled up beside the silver Peugeot.

I/James was sitting in the passenger seat and signalled to me to lower the window. I took a deep breath and depressed the button.

“What the fuck has happened to us? What’s happened to me?” I immediately blurted out.

He put a hand up. “Julie, hold your horses and calm down.”

“Calm down?” My already high voice rose a couple of octaves.

“Yes, I’m calm. Just shut up and listen to me!” His attitude surprised me, but I wanted to hear what he had to say. “We’ve both negotiated one huge hurdle and here we are talking to each other.”

“What’s happened to us. Do you know?”

“Yes, but you’ve got to calm down and listen. I’m going to tell you.”

“Alright.” I could feel tears welling in my eyes and my body trembling with more intensity.

“We’ve got to help each other get our new lives on track.”

“New lives...?” I stared at myself, like I would in the mirror before I shaved. “What’s happened to us?” was all I could think of saying.

“Juliet, I can tell from looking at you that you need a hit. I know a restaurant nearby, where we can have breakfast and talk in relative privacy. Just follow me.”

“Do you know what happened to us?”

“Juliet, concentrate on what I’m saying. Follow me to the restaurant and I’ll answer your questions.”

He turned away and worked his way across to the driving seat. I was losing control of my nerves and sweating. It was a cool May morning, so I was anxious about the cause of my rising temperature. I had to follow him – me/James – to find out what the fuck had happened to us.

The journey took ten minutes to a fast-food restaurant. It was situated on a retail park that had only just opened, so the huge carpark was practically deserted. He

parked in a corner, far away from other cars, so I parked beside him.

The moment I stopped, he jumped out of his car and reached for the passenger door handle of my car. I unlocked the doors, enabling him to slide into the passenger seat.

He slid his hand along the dash. “I prefer my taste to yours.”

His comment showed that he wasn’t as shocked as I was about our minds being flipped. That revelation made me wary of him. I was worried about the man I used to be. How crazy was that?

He was dressed in a pair of brown cargo pants I bought in Enfield. He was wearing a beige shirt I used for work and the gold watch that Kelly gave to me for my 30th birthday. Seeing someone else wearing one of my prized possessions irked me somewhat.

“Do you know what’s happened to us?” I asked.

“Juliet, first things first. You need a hit...” He picked up my bag from the floor and after pushing the money aside, took out the silver box that contained the powder.

I shook my head slowly. “I’ve got to drive. I can’t do drugs and drive.”

“Juliet, you’re a much better driver when you’re not shaking like a leaf.”

I took my hands off the wheel and sure enough, I had a bad case of the tremors.
“I... I don’t want to take drugs.”

“Juliet, you’ll fall apart if you don’t have a quick snort. Juliet Savage – that’s you – you’re a junkie, but you’re strong enough to keep it under control. You need three hits a day, then you can function properly. This is your first. Do this now and we can move on.” He put the box on the dashboard, then pulled out a business card and a twenty-pound note from my bag. “I see Paul Jennings gave you a big tip.”

“That man is an animal...” I muttered.

Using the card, he cut a small line of white powder on the dashboard. “Look carefully and remember the amount. No more than two inches at a time. Juliet, take that amount and you’ll be able to function normally between hits. I could handle it and so will be able to.”

He handed me the rolled note. “Do... do I do it in one nostril?”

“Yes, but take it in turns.”

When I pushed myself up out of my seat to be within range of the powder. James put his hand on my ass to support me. I turned to look him in the eye. “The James I knew wouldn’t do that.”

He squeezed my cheeks. “The James you knew is history.”

More scary responses from the man who should be horrified that we had somehow switched minds with each other. “Do it in one long sniff, otherwise you’ll miss some.”

James’ hand supported my ass while I steered the tube to the end of the line. After sticking the other end up my left nostril, I drew the white granules up into my nose.

“Ahhhhhhhh...” I gasped when my mind exploded into a kaleidoscope of bright colours. “Oh, my god. Ohhhhhh,” I sighed.

In the space of a few seconds my world was turned upside down and inside out. It was total overload and while my head spun, I was just a spectator slumped in my seat.

The memories of the torrid time I had experienced in the millionaire’s house faded and were replaced with happier thoughts. Like the day I parachuted out of a light plane. My whole body was vibrating with vitality and my senses jangled with awareness.

“Juliet!” I leant my head to my left and saw myself sitting in the passenger seat. “Fuck, I wasn’t sure what effect your normal hit would have on you.”

“Where are we?” I asked.

He held a bottle of water up to my lips. “Here, drink this. It will hydrate you and you’ll be able to think more clearly.”

It took a while, but I slowly came down to earth. The water and the cool air blowing through the car helped. My senses were alive with a heightened energy, while my thoughts had almost returned to normal.

“Juliet, we’ll go and get something to eat in a minute but there something I want you to help me with first.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You woke in Paul Jennings’s bed and I’m betting that like it or not you fulfilled the contract Paul had with the Lloyd brothers.”

“If you mean being shafted three times by a muscular black man, before he let me go, then you’re on the money.”

He put his hand on my thigh and because my head was still swimming, he got away with it “Juliet, admit it. You enjoyed vaginal sex.”

I did but I didn’t want to admit it to him. “I’d rather have woken in my bed,

beside Kelly. Is that what you did? Had sex with Kelly?”

“Slow down, I was coming to that.”

My mind was crystal clear and focused. I didn’t want to slow down. “No, tell me what happened when you woke up.”

“I asked you first.”

I stared at him. “Alright, Paul fucked me, then let me go home. What happened to you?”

He shook his head. “It was a disaster. I couldn’t get an erection. Kelly woke me and put her hand on my shrivelled cock. It was embarrassing when I couldn’t get excited.”

He looked down at the hem of my dress, or more accurately, the triangle of black gauze that was visible. For some reason I wasn’t so coy about James drooling over my body. His eyes had been darting between my tits and my thighs.

“Huh, I don’t believe you.”

“I’m telling you the truth. I was apologetic, then munched her pussy. She loved that and asked me where my oral skills had been since we were married.”

I was appalled that someone else was performing oral on Kelly. It made me feel bad though I was in no position to do anything about it.

“What’s your point? How can I possibly help you?”

“Juliet, ever since I slipped into the car and clapped eyes on your body...” We both glanced down at my gossamer thin panties again, “...I’ve experienced my first erection.”

“Then you’ve up and running. When you get home...”

“No, I don’t think so. I’m getting excited, sitting here imagining I’m you...”

“You used to be,” I said dryly.

“Juliet, I want you to give me my first climax, then I’ll tell you some important stuff you need to know.” He reached down and unzipped his fly.

Before I could protest, he had his dick out – a very familiar cock. One that I had held thousands of times. I wasn’t shocked at seeing it, but I was dismayed at his line of reasoning. He gripped it and wanked it a few times. It didn’t look as rock-hard as it usually was when I was sexually excited.

I looked around the car and was thankful it was a quiet Saturday morning. I couldn't believe I was considering blowing the man I used to be. It was true that I had enjoyed vaginal sex, so I had some sympathy for the girl who had inherited my body.

I looked down at his groin. "You seem to be doing okay..."

"No, Juliet, it's not solid enough."

"You'll tell me what you know about our minds being switched?"

"Yes, I will."

"Everything I need to know about the guys I work for?"

"Yes, everything, Juliet. That's why I suggested we have breakfast together."

I took a deep breath and reluctantly squirmed my body so I could lift my legs and turn in the seat. I then lean over and gripped his 8" shaft with my small left hand. I used my right hand to steady myself on the edge of the passenger seat beyond James' legs.

The moment I wrapped my lips around his nob, he started to stroke my hair. "It's not as large as Paul's huge black cock, is it, heh?" I began lolly-popping his

crown. “Very good, Juliet,” he said, using my full name. “Remember, I experienced the first half of the gig with Paul. He’s a well-hung guy, isn’t he?”

I ignored his question and carried on sucking his dick. I was in a hurry to finish and in a hurry to find out what he knew about our situation. His cock was hardening as I squeezed his shaft and took more into my throat. Then, I started bobbing my head faster and faster without going too far down it.

“I think, out of all the clients I’ve been with, Paul has the finest cock,” he said.

A theory suddenly popped into my head. James was focusing on Paul and not me, to maintain his erection. His thoughts were all about cocks and not cunts. Well, he was probably thinking about mine being shafted by Paul’s huge black cock! He was having heterosexual thoughts from a female’s point of view and it was working.

“Fuck, Juliet, that feel sooooo good... Ohhhhhhhh, yesssss!”

His cock began to spurt pulse after pulse of jiz down my throat. Once he was spent, it softened rapidly, enabling me to retreat and scramble back into my seat.

“That worked a treat, Juliet, and I enjoyed it. I think I’ll be all right the next time Kelly wants sex.”

I tugged my dress back into place and pulled my bag up, out of the footwell.
“Are you trying to make me angry? Kelly is special and you’d better treat her

well until we sort out what's happened to us.”

He leant over and patted my cheek. “Juliet, don't you worry about Kelly. I'll take good care of her. Come on, put your shoes on and let's get some breakfast.”

After climbing out of the car and locking it, I had to tug my dress down again, which was really annoying. Then, I was just about to sling my bag over my shoulder when I noticed that some of the money was gone.

“Hey, James...”

He turned and walked backwards. “What's the matter?”

“Did you take my tip?”

He let me catch up. “Only the half I earned.”

“Bloody cheek, he used my body.”

He tapped his head. “The mind is what experiences life. The body is just a vehicle to get us from ‘A’ to ‘B’.”

I ran my hands down the dress. “Well, this body wants to return to its owner as

soon as possible.

1.6 ~ Subterfuge and deception.

We found a booth next to the window and settled down to eat our breakfast. James didn't offer to pay for me, and I certainly wasn't paying for his food after he nicked half my tip from my bag. He left me with £40 and didn't touch the £35 I had in my purse. I was wary of him because he was thinking like a streetwise prostitute, while I was thinking like a normal guy who ran an estate agency.

While I ate, I was considering the ramifications to my business. A loose cannon managing the day to day running of five shops could be disastrous. Kelly would help him, but could she trust him? As I ate another mouthful of food, anger grey in my chest because I, the estate agent, had lost a lot more than he, the prostitute had.

He put his knife down and fished a piece of paper out of his pocket. He pushed the slip of paper across to me. "Here are four important numbers you need to memorize."

I studied the numbers while I swallowed another mouthful of food. "I've been thinking. You were confident that I had your old mind when you waved me over from the car."

"So what? Why does that matter?"

"It means, you know who did this to us."

"No, it doesn't. All I could remember this morning when I woke up. was what I was doing last night. I put two and two together and assumed we had switched

minds. You must have thought the same thing.”

“Maybe, but you came prepared with a set of important numbers. I might of thought of that, but a prostitute wouldn’t have. You also said something about getting our new lives on track. That suggests you had a plan to get a new life.”

Our eyes met and I detected a flicker of confusion. Had I outwitted him/her? He finally made up his mind to say something. “Maybe I do know more than you but knowing won’t put things back the way they were.”

“Why? If someone can do this to us once, they can switch us back.”

He stabbed a piece of sausage and popped it into his mouth. He chewed slowly while I sat and stared at him. When he swallowed, he washed it down with coffee.

“Juliet, I have no desire to return to your body. I came to meet you to help you get your finances sorted out and warn you about the danger you’re in.”

“Danger? Who from?”

“The Lloyd brothers. Are you going to listen to me?”

“Okay. Tell me why I’m in danger.” I loaded my fork and started eating. I

needed to hear what he had to say, then I would tackle him about what had happened to us.

“First things first.” He pointed at the list with his fork. “The top number is your mobile phone key. Turn it on and you’ll discover that Terry Lloyd has been messaging you.”

I got my handset out and after it had fired up, I tapped the code in. Sure enough, there were four identical messages. ‘Where the fuck are you?’. All sent in the last 20 minutes.

“Terry demands all his girls report in when they leave a john’s house. Especially when you’re going solo.”

“Solo? Do I work with other girls?”

“Yes, most of the time because Terry classifies you as a submissive. I’ll explain in a minute. You may have already worked out that you work for brothers. They are ruthless and are always making examples of girls who step out of line. You don’t normally work Sunday and Monday nights, but you do tonight. Saturdays is the most important night of the week.”

“What, another client?”

“No, he usually uses you and Wendy at the club or promoting his fucking motor racing team. You’ll get to strut around those filthy cars on the grid.”

“Who’s Wendy?”

“She’s your flat mate. You work together a lot. This morning, he’ll be sweating buckets worrying about you, being on your own and not phoning in. He’s a guy you do not want to fuck with. At the moment, you and a girl named Kelly are his favourites, but that could change overnight. You’d better phone him now and tell him that Paul Jennings was a sweetheart and you’ve stopped for breakfast.”

“Now? You want me to phone him now?”

“Yes, better not make him sweat anymore. When you’re speaking to him on the phone and in company, it’s Terry. When you’re alone with him it’s daddy.” I rolled my eyes and he nodded. “If you want to sweeten him, use it on the phone.”

“What about his brother?”

“It’s Mr Lloyd to everyone, but Henry generally keeps in the background. He’s abroad at the moment.” He picked up the phone and scrolled through the pictures. There was one with four black guys standing together. “Henry is the muscular one, next to Terry, who’s taller than the other three. That one is Joshua West and the other is Wesley Harder. Both are hard cases and will slap you around if you don’t do as you’re told. However, Josh has a soft spot for you, but he can turn mean in a split second.”

“What, literally?”

“Absolutely. They’ll treat you like a princess one minute then like a slut the next. The clients are no different...”

“Why did you put up with it? Why not run away., make a life somewhere else?”

He tapped his temple. “I was working for a guy, er, pimp, before I left school. Doing tricks for his mates in my uniform, earning pocket money. I was a dirty little bitch for a while, then I went to college for a year. I was bored and dropped out. I was always into drugs and got on the game again, then I met Terry. He spent a small fortune on me so I didn’t mind calling him daddy because I never had one. However, just recently, the violence has been getting me down and the drugs...”

“What did you do? I mean, who did this to us?”

“That is something I’ll never tell you.”

“You’ve got to fucking tell me. My god, I want my old life back.”

He started scrolling through the pictures on my phone. “I haven’t got to do anything. Look Juliet, you’re now a prostitute with a fresh outlook. You’ll deal with it better than me. I had reached my limit.”

“You’ve got no right to do this to me...”

He ignored me. Instead, he showed me a picture of a beautiful black girl.

“That’s Wendy Barker, your flat mate. She’s worked for the brothers for several years. She’s a dominatrix and when Terry isn’t ruling your life, Wendy is. Wendy is into every kink going, especially lesbian, but I never was. We fought like vipers sometimes. Terry will have told her to give you an earful when you get back to the flat.”

“She looks like a nice girl, attractive too.”

“Juliet, never judge a book by its cover, especially in your business.”

“James, I want to know who did this to us!” I was finally accepting that he was James and I was Juliet – for the time being.

“No, you need to know who’s who in your new world. This is the brother’s secretary, Ann Winter and the other girl, you work with sometimes, is Claire Keller.” After showing me the pictures of the girls, he handed back the phone. “You’d better make that phone call.”

I drank a mouthful of cool tea, then tapped on the green phone symbol and waited. He answered on the third ring.

‘Juliet! It’s been an hour since you left Paul Jennings’ house. What the fuck are

you playing at?’

“I’ve stopped for some breakfast, daddy. I was famished.”

‘Where are you? Are you with someone?’

James waved his hands and shook his head. “No, daddy, I’m on my own. I needed some food to clear my headache.”

‘Fuck your headache. You know the rules. You must ring me when you leave a gig. Got that?’

“Yes, daddy, I’ll do that next time. I’m sorry.”

‘I’ve got other clients who want you on your own, but if I can’t trust you, you’ll go back to subbing.’

“You can trust me, daddy.”

‘Alright. Go home. I’ll see you at four o’clock.’

“What are we doing at four, daddy?”

James was waving his hands about again. ‘Bitch, you’ll find out when you get here. Less of the backchat and get your ass moving. And, stop eating that fucking junk food, you’ll end up fat and spotty.’

“Yes, okay, daddy, I’m leaving now.”

The line went dead. James spread his hands. “The man is a cunt when he’s angry, but generous if you make him happy. Look, let me tell you what the other numbers relate to.” He pointed at the sheet of paper. “The second number is your laptop passcode. The third series of numbers and letters is your main bank account, electronic passcode. The next set is your secret bank account passcode...”

“Secret? Why is it secret?”

“Henry and Wendy keep tabs on your finances, which was another thing that drove me nuts. I opened a separate account so I could squirrel money away without them knowing. Listen to me. The first four-digit number is your debit card pin number for your main account and the second one is for your secret debit card. You’ll find the card beneath the tray in my, er, your jewellery box.”

“Don’t you keep all these numbers in a book?”

“Ha, I’m lucky. I have a good memory for numbers and stuff like that. I know your memory is not too hot because I found your password book.”

“In the drawer of my desk?”

“Yes. That is so insecure. Look...” He tapped the piece of paper. “You need new passwords. Do it when you get home, I’ve already done mine.”

I glared at him. “When did you plan this... this robbery?”

He took a deep breath. “Juliet, all I’ll say is that I met a guy who offered me a way of getting out of my shitty life and I took it. I’ve warned you about the brothers and their henchmen and given you access to your stuff. You helped me with my first male climax, so as far as I’m concerned, we’re square. There’s no need for us to meet again.” He got to his feet.

“No wait!” I exclaimed, then jumped up. “Don’t go...” I just managed to grab his wrist, stopping him. “Who did this to us? At least tell me his name.”

He laughed. “It only goes one way. We are stuck this way and there’s no going back. You’ll never know his name, Juliet. I might have the best side of the deal, but you’ll be okay.” He tried to tug his wrist free.

“You can’t leave me like this.”

“You’ll cope a lot better than I did. Don’t overdo the smack though.”

“James, you don’t know the first thing about the property market.”

He finally managed to wrench his wrist away from my hand. “Juliet, do you think I would have done this without doing my research?” He turned and headed for the exit.

I had run out of questions and I was thoroughly deflated. I returned to my seat and stared at my half-finished meal. I was stranded in someone else’s body and the person who had stolen mine, wanted no more to do with me. My shoulders slumped and tears started rolling down my cheeks. What the fuck do I do now? I asked myself.

It was the second time that I had cried since I woke up. I never cried except during the odd tear while watching a sad film. But there I was with tears streaming down my face, crying like a baby. I was cast adrift from the comfortable life I had forged with my wife, Kelly.

Finding out that the old Juliet and a stranger planned the whole thing in advance, totally devastated me. I had the thoughts of a 30-year-old man and the emotions of a 21-year-old girl. How could that be?

The only explanation was that not everything transferred when our minds were switched by persons unknown. I wondered what else, apart from her body, remained of the old Juliet...

1.7 ~ Three's a crowd.

The satnav guided me to a cul-de-sac in an expensive district of Enfield. I parked in a space, killed the engine and had a good look around. I paused before leaving the car because I was still deeply troubled by what had happened to me, Somehow Juliet had gotten a mystery person to switch her mind with mine and cut me adrift from my old life.

James was alright, living my old life. He had a secure home and a business which wasn't difficult to run. The old me had done the difficult part, investing time and money, setting the company up. I, on the other hand, was stuck with being a junkie and a prostitute.

Then, I got to thinking. I knew all about James, his family, his friends and his work. It should be easy to find a way to put pressure on him to reverse the mind switch.

Ever since James walked out of the restaurant, I had been wracking my brains and my imagination, to try and figure out how someone could switch our minds. What sort of person could do such a thing? It might have been a doctor or professor working in neurology. There weren't many of them around.

As I sat in the Mini, mulling the idea over in my mind, one question came to the fore. How would someone like Juliet meet such a person? The answer had to be in bed. She must have been having sex with whoever was responsible for switching our minds.

After changing my shoes, I gathered my wits together and climbed out of the car. I tried to be careful but couldn't help flashing my panties. I locked the car, pulled my dress down and walked up to the entrance to number 86. I found a key on the

ring that opened the front door, enabling me to enter the plush foyer. Each of 8 flats had a door to their own storage and maintenance cupboard and there were two lifts serving four floors.

I was impressed with the lift as it glided silently up the shaft, but less enamoured with the mirror wall at the back, due to my tarty appearance. My hair needed combing and I felt uncomfortable looking at myself in the tiny red dress.

Studying my body from a man's point of view, however, would have interested the old me. I wouldn't have admitted it to anyone, but the person in the mirror, staring back at me, used to be my ideal fantasy woman. Megan, who was my old prostitute friend, dressed in a similar manner. James was attracted to young flirty girls, but I was uneasy about the clothes I was wearing.

There was a small foyer on the fourth floor. I noticed CCTV cameras were everywhere, so security was good. I unlocked the door and entered the flat. My first thought was to value it. I came up with a figure of £600k, maybe a little less.

It looked like a three-bedroom penthouse flat. Was I/Juliet paying for it with my ill-gotten gains or were the brothers letting me live here while I whored for them? I wondered. The hall carpet was tan tweed and the walls were painted magnolia. Just as I hung my jacket on the peg, I heard someone speaking. It was a male voice, but a female called me.

“Juliet! Get your ass in here!”

The voice came from one of the rooms on the left, at the end. The girl, who I

assumed was Wendy, could have only been in the last room because the only other door at the end was to the lounge and it was open. I pushed the bedroom door open and hesitated. I recognized Wendy from the picture. She lay naked on the bed, beside a young black guy, who was also naked.

They had been watching television on the wall, near the door where I was standing, but Wendy was holding the remote and must have muted it.

“Terry is right pissed off at you, girl. Stopping for breakfast? What the fuck are you playing at?”

The pair had put pillows behind their heads and were half sitting, half lying. The young man sat up and studied my body. “You never said your flatmate was white-hot, Wendy...”

“Shut up, Tom. I said you could stay until she gets home. Put your pants on and scram.”

He turned to Wendy and placed his hand on her belly, “Not so fast. You haven’t introduced me to your friend. What about a cup of coffee while we get to know each other?”

“If you stay any longer, the price doubles.”

“What? Three hundred and fifty quid for a cup of coffee?”

“If you want white sugar with your coffee, that’s what it will cost you. Terry sets the rates not me.”

He licked his lips. “What about a quickie?”

“A hundred and fifty a hole. Three for three-fifty. Juliet, show Tom why the rates are so high.”

I was in a state of shock. I hoped to get some time to myself so I could get my head around what had happened to me. “Wendy, I’ve got a headache. I think it’s low blood sugar. That’s why I stopped to get something to eat.”

Wendy sat up and looked furious. Her long black hair tumbled around her square shoulders, in a similar fashion to my own. “Girl, fucking show Tom why you’re the highest priced escort in the brother’s catalogue!”

Surely, another £350 pounds priced the guy out of the market... I glanced at the chair where he had placed his underwear. His grey pants had been hung over the back and his jacket placed on the back of the chair. I also spotted an expensive pair of black leather shoes beneath it.

I began to worry as I clasped the hem of my dress and slowly peeled it up my body, revealing my stockings, panties and corset. My tits sprung free as I almost tangled my neck in the thin straps of the dress. I shook my hair out and scrunched the dress up, then held it in front of the satin corset.

“Wendy, I’m a bit crusty so I need a shower before... um....”

“Give me your panties...” She held her hand out.

I glanced at their expectant faces and saw no way out. If I left the room, Wendy would pursue me and drag me back to the bedroom. Then the pair might do anything to me. She was more muscular than me while the guy was twice my size. They expected me to respond like a prostitute would and because I visited one from time to time when I was James, I knew how to react in certain situations.

I had to get past the new obstacle and regroup later. Tom’s eyes widened while I thumbed the panties down and stepped out of them. His long black cock, shaped like a banana, had been lying sideways but while I undressed it had straightened and become rigid.

On the way down, I saw that the gusset only had a small stain. I was hoping for a big blob of cum, but Paul must have been firing blanks when he shafted me on the coffee table.

“Give them to Tom,” Wendy said.

I had to move within touching distance of the young man to hand them over. He took them, had a sniff and passed them to Wendy, but he didn’t take his eyes off me. He gestured to me to spin my body, so I slowly turned a full 360 degrees.

“You’re clean kid,” Wendy said, having thrown the panties on the floor to join some of her clothes. “Make your mind up, Tom. White sugar or back to your wife. It’s decision time.”

“Can she do Bimbo?”

“Bimbo? That’s one of her specialities. Isn’t it, Juliet?”

I was standing with my tits hanging out and my bare ass was on display. I knew what he wanted and suspected that the Bimbo kink involving a blonde, white girl was popular among black men. “Have we got time, Wendy?” I asked.

“Sure. If Mr Wright wants to pay the extra fifty, we’ll make time. “What’s it to be, Tom?”

“Okay, I’ll go and sit in the lounge. Send the bimbo in with a cup of coffee but I’m only paying for one hole.”

Wendy slipped off the bed and signalled to me, “Come on, I’ll help you change.”

I followed her out of the room, back down the corridor and into another, smaller bedroom. She headed for the mirror robes and opened one of the doors. “Get undressed...”

I moved closer to the attractive black girl. “Why did you encourage him?” I asked.

The wardrobe interior was decked out with shelves. Wendy grabbed a pink pleated skirt from a pile of skirts, then turned to face me. Our almost identically shaped tits were just a couple of inches apart. Hers were the colour of Bournville chocolate and were higher because of her additional height. We both had large nipples, but Wendy’s were chunkier.

“What’s the matter with you, Juliet? ‘I don’t feel well’,” she said mimicking my high-pitched voice. “You know the client comes first, no matter what we fucking feel like. If Terry heard you whining like that, he’d crucify you. By the way, I noticed the bruises on your ass. He would add to them big time! Get undressed. When you’ve changed. I’ll help you with your hair and makeup.” She frowned as she studied my face. “Why aren’t you wearing any? You’ve always got plenty of slap on when you come back from a john’s house.”

“Um, Paul was going out and rushed me out of the door.”

That seemed to satisfy her. Her offer to help me with my makeup took one load off my mind, but I was annoyed at having to dress like a bimbo; and yet, I had paid for sex with a prostitute who had donned a version of the outfit I was about to dress in. As I started to wrestle with the busk fastening on the corset, I suspected that I was about to come face to face with my very own dose of Karma...

1.8 ~ Daddy's little slut.

The bimbo costume was simple but effective. White ankle socks, black strap over shoes with four-inch block heels, a white thong and a pink pleated skirt. The white crop top though was the eye-catching part of the outfit. It was sleeveless, had spaghetti straps and a large, embroidered logo that read 'Daddy's little slut'.

The items were quality merchandise, not cheap tat from a sex shop, like my old friend wore when I went to her for sex. The expensive clothes fitted me but were tight. My tits fought the stretchy material and bulged from the scoop neckline, while the strong triple catch on the skirt belt pulled my small waist in even further. The length of the pleated skirt just covered my ass but would reveal everything when I bent forward.

The gauze frilly trim on the white socks was cute while the shape of the thong was obscene. The back strap that was barely wide enough to cover my anus, was designed to pull into my labia cleft, leaving my plump lips on display. I felt like a cross-dresser as I put the items on, but my perspective changed when I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked so horny most guys would find it difficult to contain themselves.

Wendy grabbed my arm and dragged me away from the mirror. "Come on, kid, Tom will be waiting..." She steered me to the dressing table stool and started to comb my hair. "Do your foundation while I do your bunches."

I watched Kelly applying it, so I knew which jar to use. "What are the chances of me making a clean break from escort work and going to live on my own, Wendy?" I asked, in a quiet, controlled voice.

She paused and gave me the evil eye. “You’re an ungrateful little bitch. The brothers would go apeshit if they thought you were thinking of running off.” She leant over my shoulder and patted the brush against my cheek. “They paid for your pretty face and if they thought you were going to fuck them over, they would pay to make it ugly. Christ, the photos Joshua showed us was a warning. Do you want to be jumped on in a dark alley and have someone write slut across your face with a Stanley knife?”

Her cold hard stare emphasized her point and went some way to explain why the real Juliet wanted out of the body I inherited. It was clear that she feared what the brothers might do one day if she upset them.

“I was just musing, Wendy. Doesn’t so much sex get you down?”

She carried on with my hair while I smeared foundation on my face, but she kept catching my eye in the mirror. “Kid, I aint ever going to have a better life than this. They provide us with a million-pound flat...”

I lifted my hand. “Wendy, this flat would probably only fetch just over half a million,” I responded without thinking.

She frowned at me. “You sound like a fucking estate agent. Who the fuck cares? It’s a luxury flat. We’re members of an exclusive gym and some of the fanciest clubs and casinos in London. The clothes we wear and the food we eat are all paid for by the brothers. I’m not going to piss all that up the wall for a better life...” She spat the last words out with venom. “Turn so I can do your face...” She studied my efforts. “What the fuck are you playing at, Juliet?”

“Sorry, Wendy, I’ve got the shakes...” I showed her my hand which was trembling uncontrollably. “I’m not well.”

“You need a hit, kid, but you’re supposed to have something to eat first.” She grabbed some tissue from the box and wiped some of the foundation off my face, then set about applying powder, heavy pink blusher and black eyeliner. I watched carefully because I didn’t think I would get another lesson.

“Sorry if I sounded ungrateful, Wendy...” I needed her as a friend, but it was clear that I couldn’t confide in her. She didn’t reply, but her expression softened. “It’s been a long week, hasn’t it?” I added.

The thrum of heavy meatal music started, I guessed it was coming from the lounge. I wondered if we had many complaints from the neighbours...

“Fuck, yes,” she replied. “The convention was hard work. Still, we’ve got tomorrow and Monday off. We can chill out once we get back to the flat in the morning. She handed me the bright red lip gloss, which I thought I successfully applied. “Shit, girl, you do need a fucking hit. Here, give that to me.”

“You would make a great beautician, Wendy,” I said once she had finished doing my lips.

“Maybe...” She put the bottle down. “Listen, Juliet, Tom is a new customer so impress him. He says that he’ll pay for one hole but we both know he expects all three. She touched my glossy lips. “Make sure you leave your trademark ‘O’ at the base of his dick, so he remembers the service you provided. After you’ve blown him and ridden the stud, bring him back to the bedroom where I’ll be

waiting for these lips. You comprende?”

I nodded slowly as the image of me going down on the fit black guy flitted through my thoughts. I stood up and walked over to the mirror robe. “Do you think I look like a Bimbo, Wendy?”

She came up behind me and looked over my shoulder. “Kid, you are a fucking bimbo. That outfit suits you down to the ground. I’ll cut you a line in the kitchen.”

She left me studying my reflexion in the mirror. I had it all. Big tits and a doll-like face – especially with the heavy bimbo makeup. I lifted the front of my skirt to reveal the small ‘V’ of cotton, barely large enough to cover my mons. The point of the ‘V’ disappeared into my pudendal dimple leaving my lips peeping, even with my thighs clamped together.

I dropped the skirt and hurried out of the room. I found Wendy, who was still naked, putting a cup in an espresso machine. “Girl, your smack is on the bench.”

She had cut a line on a small mirror and placed a glass tube beside it. There were more crystals than when I snorted in the car, but I was feeling so rough and unsure of myself, I foolishly picked up the tube and snorted the line in my left nostril.

“Ahhhhhhhhh,” I gasped, then gripped the edge of the countertop because my mind exploded in a kaleidoscope of flashing white lights and bright colours. “Fuuuuck, that’s toooooo much,” I gasped.

Wendy brought the cup of coffee over and slapped my ass. “Get your ass in gear and go shag the customer, then you can come and impress me. I’ll be waiting for you.”

I turned and leant my ass against the countertop, then looked down and gripped my nipple through the material. An ache turned into a thrilling tingle, then I read the message on the top. “Fuck, I am a slut. I’m a fucking slut.” I muttered, then picked up the coffee and headed for the lounge...

1.9 ~ High as a kite

Amazingly, I was able to walk steadily from the kitchen to the lounge despite the electrical energy surging throughout my nervous system. The music had been turned down a little, but I wasn't concerned with that, for my mind was playing its own kind of music.

"Fuck, bitch, look at you!" Tom exclaimed, the moment I entered the lounge.

Naked as the day he was born, he was standing, studying a line of pictures, on a shelf near the door. "Your coffee, daddy." I offered it to him, but he made no move to take it. His eyes dropped to the sign on my top.

"Put it on the coffee table, girl, then I want you to show me your moves."

I glanced sideways and noticed that the occasional table was standing under the window, leaving a small area to dance in. I walked past him and he followed. I didn't recognise the track spewing out of the speakers, but it had a good beat. As I neared the speakers, the music increased the exciting effect of the drug swirling around my system.

I had to negotiate the couch, then bend forward and placed the coffee on the low table. "Oh," I exclaimed when a huge hand grabbed my ass and gave it a squeeze.

I stood up hurriedly and turned, disengaging myself from his grasp. He was close. "Are you a cute little virgin, Juliet or a dirty little slut?"

He was studying my lips, waiting for an answer. “I’m a virgin and a dirty little slut. Daddy.” I responded.

I started to dance slowly in front of him. I hadn’t a clue what I was doing, but my body flowed with the beat. It was a pleasant sensation, so I went with the flow. He reached behind me and settled his hand on my ass.

I gazed up into his serious face, then reached up and put my hand on his shoulder. I guessed he was in his thirties. His face was rough with stubble. He had intelligent brown eyes and a square jaw line. I didn’t doubt that the man was seriously handsome and well off, but I wasn’t attracted to him in the slightest. However, his scent, a mixture of testosterone and eau-de-cologne, unexpectedly sparked my interest.

He put a finger under my chin and held it up. “Be a good little slut and hold your daddy’s cock while we dance.”

He was moving with the rhythm in a casual, manly way, A bit like I would have danced before the shocking event. I didn’t look down but I reached out and slipped my hand around his stout dick, near the top. I was reminded of two things. My hand was tiny and his dick was humongous.

“Hold on tight, girl... Tighter...”

I really wasn’t very strong. I squeezed his shiny black shaft in my small white fist and didn’t make any impression on it. However, as we moved around the

small space, he deliberately moved his hips back and forth, urging me to slowly wank his shaft.

“Good girl. Squeeze it tighter.” I tossed him for a minute or two, until he got bored. “You know what I want now, don’t you, girl?”

Still looking up into his face while we smooched around the room, I gathered my resolve. “Um, I think so, Daddy.”

“Girl, ask for permission first.”

He wanted to hear me plead like a dirty slut. “Daddy, can I suck the end of your cock, please?”

“Goldilocks, I want you to suck daddy bear’s cock and eat it all up.”

He moved his hand to my shoulder and pushed, urging me to drop to my knees. Down I went until I was facing his huge dick. I surpassed myself at Paul Jennings’s house, so I had that memory to call on. After pulling his cock down, to line it up with my mouth, I went to work with my tongue.

“That’s my girl. Take your time...”

After lip fucking his knob, I slowly took him into my mouth and eased him past

my soft palate. Using small thrusts, enabled my throat to adjust and stretch as I sank lower, inch by inch, onto his rock-hard boner.

“Very impressive, girl,” he muttered as soon as I began to bob my head faster and devour the rest of his cock.

“Uhhhhh, “I grunted softly as my nose finally made contact with his pubes.

On the longest stroke, I made an ‘O’ with my lips, then I picked up speed.

He took hold of my bunches, leading me to believe he was going to take control and force the pace until his cock exploded. However, he let me bob for a minute then slowed me to a stop.

“That will do, girl...”

I sat back on my heels once I had disengaged from his saliva coated dick. The effect of the drug made everything so much brighter and dream-like. “Your cock is so big...” I stared at the huge glistening plumb shaped crown.

“All the better to shaft you with, Goldilocks. Get up and take your skirt off. I want to see your body moving.” He took a couple of steps backwards and sat down on the sofa to watch me perform.

I climbed to my feet and released the buttons on the skirt's waist, then let it drop to the floor. Once I had thrown it on a chair, I resumed my easy style dancing. He nodded with appreciation as I turned and wiggled my ass near him. I knew what he wanted from my own desires in my former identity, but it was so weird to be the one providing the entertainment.

Tom sat on the sofa with his hands behind his head, his legs stretched out and his cock ramrod straight, pointing at the ceiling. He waited a couple of minutes then gestured to me. "Slip your thong off, girl, then come and sit your butt down here." He patted his knees.

So, when the tiny garment dropped to the carpet, I climbed onto the sofa, with first one knee, then I lifted the other over his legs. In the process I had to reveal my feminine secrets, but my embarrassment was dulled by the fuel I had snorted minutes earlier. I had an overriding desire to have him do what he was going to do, then go and see Wendy. She had planted a seed in my head and an idea was beginning to grow.

As I settled my ass down, he reached forward and lifted the crop top up and off my tits. He grabbed them both and began fondling them.

"Very nice. Terry has got a good eye, or are these full of silicone?"

"Can't you tell?" I asked cheekily.

He released my right tit and waved a finger at me. "Don't fucking reply to my question with a question." Almost instantly the man had become aggressive.

“Sorry, daddy, um yes, they’ve been enlarged.”

He squeezed them harder, hurting me. “Tell me how sorry you are and what you’d like to do to get back in my good books.”

I looked down at his giant cock waiting patiently to be buried deep in one of my holes, then his rippling six pack and finally his rugged face. “I want to kiss you, Daddy.”

“Alright, Goldilocks. You may kiss me, but don’t miss anything.”

I knew what he meant, so I leant forward and started with his balls, then up the shaft of his cock, kissing and licking, his dark, aromatic skin. I briefly sucked the blunt tip of his cock, then wet kissed his rippling muscles, his solid man breasts, then his shoulders and neck. By that time my ass was in the air, he had reached around to grasp my cheeks.

“You are a dirty little slut, Goldilocks...”

I raised my head, placed my hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the lips; whereupon he slid his hand up my back and pressed against my back to hold my tits against his body. My back was curved and my ass high. It twitched when the fingers of his left hand stroked my bulging cunt.

After a hard snog, in which he invaded my mouth and dominated my tongue with his, he slid his right hand down and encouraged me to move my knees forward so I could lower my ass and devour his cock.

“It’s time girl, get on with it.”

“Oooo yes,” I said in a sweet voice. “Let me do it for you daddy.” I reached between my thighs, grasped his cock and guided in into my juicy entrance.

I pushed my weight down and immediately felt his crown forcing my vagina open and stretching the walls in the process.

“I think it’s too big, daddy. Ooooo...”

He took hold of my tits as I sat more upright. “Nonsense. Your virgin cunt needs to be stretched to accommodate your daddy’s cock.

He was off on another fantasy. “Oooo, I think it’s too hard, daddy.”

Because his shaft was indeed hard – like a lump of mahogany wood – it bludgeoned its way up my vagina while I used my weight to push my body down. His cock had girth, so it felt as if it was drilling its own hole deep inside me. I stopped when I felt his knob pressing against the roof of my womb, then began to lift my ass. I needed to provide more lubrication, but thankfully it wasn’t long before my quim liquified, enabling his dick to piston fuck me like a well-oiled machine.

He helped me for a dozen or so thrusts by gripping my hips, but he was keen to get his hands on my tits. Once he had a grip of them, I was on my own.

“Oh, daddy, you are so masterful...” My prostitute friend, from my old life, had dozens of phrases to bolster the ego of her clients but I felt awkward saying them. Besides, the drug must have amplified my senses, for my orgasm almost immediately arrived with a vengeance and made it difficult to think of anything to say. “Oooooo, yes, daddy...”

“Girl, you tick all the boxes...”

With my hands on his muscular shoulders, I stared at the powerful black man’s stoic face. With his solid black shaft, thrusting back and forth in my vagina and his fingers twisting and crushing my nipples, the resultant sensations, totally overwhelmed me.

“Fuck, kiiiiiid,” he groaned when I finally triggered his explosive moment. I even felt the jiz squirting deep inside my petite body.

He let me flop down onto his chest for a minute before I moved forward enough to enable his flaccid cock to slip from my succulent tunnel. I found myself wondering, how many times can a girl have vaginal sex in a day before she dries up?

He took me by the shoulders. “Up girl, clean me, then fetch my coffee.”

As I clambered off him, he opened his huge black thighs so I could kneel up against the sofa and clean his dick. I glanced up at him while he watched me lavish his limp shaft with my lips and tongue.

“Next time I visit, I want you for the night. Got that?”

Still holding his black sausage and licking it, I nodded my head. “Yes, Daddy, but it’s not up to me.”

“Girl, don’t you worry about that. Me and Terry go back a long way. I expect the best pussy for my buck and seeing as you’re his number one, it’s got to be you. Go get my coffee.”

I climbed to my feet and fetched his drink. After handing it to him, he drank it slowly but never took his eyes off me. So, I/Juliet was a popular escort among the black clientele at the brother’s agency. Unless I solved the mystery of the switch, and got my old life back, I was going to be a very busy girl!

THE END of Part One

Sample of Part Two

2.1 ~ Black and white.

Tom placed the empty cup on the side table and got to his feet. He wasn't fully erect which suggested that he had reached his limit. "Better get dressed before I get kicked out," he said with a chuckle, then placed his hand on my naked ass and pushed me toward the door.

I hurried along in front of him, pulling my top down, covering my tits. I pushed open Wendy's bedroom door to find the black beauty lying across the bed, studying her phone. She immediately tossed it on the nightstand, rolled and squirmed into position, so she was lying on her back with her head on the pillows. I walked toward the bed, while Tom headed for his clothes. However, when Wendy parted her legs and raised her knees, he stopped to appreciate the view.

And, what a view it was. Her smooth, plump, black lips and slither of pink clitoral meat was ripe for munching. I'm sure that Tom and I were having similar thoughts, but I was the one climbing on the bed and getting in position. As soon as I dipped my head and pushed my mouth against her firm lips, Wendy started to squirm down the bed. I had hardly started sucking her pussy and I was on the move.

As soon as my feet and ass were hanging over the end of the bed, Wendy patted my head, then issued an invitation. "Tom, if you can see anything you like, it's on the house this time."

“Thanks, I’ll remember that...”

Moments later, he placed his huge hands on my rosy, red cheeks and gave them a squeeze. My nose was pressed against Wendy’s mons while I vigorously ploughed her furrow, so I couldn’t see what Tom was up to, but I knew what was about to happen.

The hand on my head exerted a little pressure. “That’s nice, kid, I like your enthusiasm,” Wendy muttered.

The hands gripping my cheeks, prised them apart and gave them a squeeze. “No, Wendy, this is nice. Dip your back, Goldilocks...” He released my right cheek and slapped my ass. I complied and pushed my peach back aware I was acting like the dirty slut in his imagination. “That’s better...”

He stoked my ass and played with my plump, thrusting lips, while I sucked on Wendy’s and nibbled her stubby clit.

“Uhhh,” I moaned softly when he eased his cock into my quim.

“Any idea if Goldilocks is available during next week, Wendy?” he asked casually as his huge knob burrowed deeper and deeper into my velvet tunnel.

His action inspired me to follow suit. “Mmmm,” Wendy sighed, when I plunged my tongue into the soft whirlpool of flesh, guarding her vaginal entrance. She

luxuriated in the pleasurable sensations for a minute before replying. “Maybe the week after. Her diary is full next week.”

Tom thrust his hips four times, then withdrew and slid his knob up my perinium to the one hole he hadn’t visited.

“Fuck, what about during the day?”

“Uhhhhhhh,” I groaned, when without delay, he attacked the obstinate barrier with the slimy domed head of his rejuvenated cock. “Uhhhhh.” I complained again when Tom blasted past my tight muscle and powered his way into my rectum and the bottomless cavity beyond. He continued until he was hard up against my rounded ass cheeks.

“We do promotional work, exhibitions, launches, a lot of corporate work. The big companies like afternoons...” Her words trailed off.

Tom’s powerful thrusts were causing my face to slide back and forth on Wendy’s labia, and with both of her hands pressing down on my head, she was making the most of the intense activity. She started writhing, beneath me, in time to the distant music, obviously in the throes of a powerful orgasm.

“Juliet,” she sighed. “Yessssssssss, oh yeeeeeeessssss...”

Meanwhile, Tom’s thrusts became more urgent. He then upped the tempo to such a degree, I had to lift my head off her pussy.

Wendy allowed me a respite, while Tom groaned his way through another ejaculation. He ground to a halt and left his cock buried deep inside me. "I'm guessing that you two work together at those events."

"We do usually, Tom. If you want us for a meeting, a birthday party or a barbecue and you need some entertainment, say a dom/sub combo, or two tarty sluts, Terry will arrange something for you. A word of warning. We don't come cheap." She pointed at a door. "You can shower in the en-suite."

"Oh, okay..." He slowly (Reluctantly?) withdrew his cock and headed for the bathroom.

I watched his naked muscular body retreat from the room. "Missing his black cock already?" Wendy asked.

I shook my head and became aware of Wendy's juices on my face. "Nah, I've had enough for one day."

"Tom was just the warmup act!" She drew her knees up onto her body. "You missed a hole."

I studied her dark star and glistening labia. The girl had a beautiful body. "My mouth is tired, Wendy." I started crawling forward, but she tried to stop me.

“Juliet, I said you missed a hole.”

I fought her hands and legs as she twisted her body. “I want to kiss you,” I blurted out.

She righted herself and let me crawl forward until I was leaning over her. “Alright...” She worked her butt back and climbed to her knees, then moved forward, until our tits were touching. I lifted my hands to her shoulders and gazed into her stunning brown eyes.

“Well?” she said.

I leant forward and kissed her gently on the lips. We both had full wide lips. Hers looked natural but I wasn’t sure about mine. When I exerted pressure, she responded, then gradually opened her mouth and let my tongue in. That was the start of a lengthy snog, me with my arms around her shoulders, while she held my waist. We twisted our heads in opposite directions, first one way then the other.

I heard the door open, but I was looking away, so I just continued kissing Wendy until she broke away.

“Phew,” Wendy said as we both drew our breath in.

“Don’t let me disturb you two horny creatures,” Tom said.

I looked over my shoulder to see him drop the towel and pick up his shorts – black, close hugging. The man was a show-off. With a body like his, why not?

“Let me take your top off,” Wendy suggested. “You can have a rest from being daddy’s little slut.”

I held my arms up while she lifted the garment off, before chucking it on the floor to join the rest of our clothes. She dragged me down onto the bed, then pushed me onto my side so she could lay behind me. In that position, we were able to watch Tom dress.

He started buttoning his shirt. “What else do you get up to in the board rooms?” he asked.

“What’s in our repertoire kid?” Leather, latex, schoolgirl. You name it and we’ll provide the service. It’s all show, though. Lap dancing, entertainment, but no group sex.”

He sat down to slip his shoes on. “Well, I’ll try and drop in to see you on Tuesday morning anyway.” He stood up.

I looked over my shoulder. “What does he mean?”

“Oh, he owns the Premier Gym chain. That’s how the brothers know him.”

“Yes, I’ll let the mad German know I’m popping in. Ten o’clock, wasn’t it?”

“Wendy nodded. That’s right.”

“Do I get a goodbye kiss?” Wendy started to move, so I scrambled off the bed first. “Black and white, my favourite combination.” He said, just before we both went up onto tiptoe and let him kiss each of us in turn.

Naked, apart from my ankle socks, I followed the black pair to the front door. I stood back, behind Wendy just in case someone was on the landing. I needn’t have worried because we were on the top floor and we only had one neighbour.

I waited for Wendy to close the door and turn. “Who is the mad German?”

“Haven’t you heard Karl being called that?”

I shook my head slowly as I put the pieces of the puzzle together. Wendy walked past me, so I followed. “Do you think Karl will mind Tom interrupting out fitness session?”

She shrugged. “He’s the boss. He can do what he wants.”

We entered her bedroom. “What time are we going to see Terry?” I asked.

“We’ll leave here at four. Jack’s coming up at one...” she bent over and picked up a skirt, giving me a spectacular view of her cunt. “...so, give me a hand to tidy the flat.”

I helped her collect the items. I picked up my top and a thong. “Who’s Jack?”

She rounded on me. “Are you trying to wind me up?”

“Sorry, Wendy.” I sat down on the end of the bed and decided to do some explaining. “When I came out of Paul Jennings’s house, this morning, I was feeling terrible...”

She stood with her hands on her hips. “Did you snort too much while you were there?”

I shook my head. “No, I took the usual amount. Paul might have given me something more powerful. Anyway, when I got in my car, I couldn’t remember stuff. Like, what I had planned for tomorrow or the whole week...”

“Are you shitting me?”

“No, I swear. I remember you and this place. I know what I do, but not who I’m

doing it with. I can't even remember who I was shagging yesterday."

She sat down beside me. "That's not a bad thing kid. I wish I could forget a lot of the cunts I've shagged."

"It's not funny, Wendy. My mind is blank. You've got to help me."

"Alright, Jack Winter is the guy who lives in the flat below. Ring any bells?"

I glumly shook my head. "No, sorry."

She gave me a hard stare. "If you're shitting me, I'll hogtie you and beet the crap out of you."

"I'm deadly serious. Something happened to me last night in my sleep." I was so focused she began to take me seriously. "Wendy, I'm sure if you fill in some of the blanks, stuff will start coming back to me."

She took a deep breath. "Alright. We invited Tom and his wife to our first party when we moved in about a year ago. You know, get to know the neighbours. Butter them up."

"Because we make a racket, or we have lots of men up here?"

“Both. Do you remember him? White, well-built, thirty-nine I think he said. Greying prematurely like that football manager you fancy.”

“Jose Mourinho?” It was a stab in the dark.

“That’s the one. You do remember.”

I shook my head. “No, sorry, Wendy.”

Her eyes narrowed. “There is something different about you. You’ve never munched my pussy or kissed me so passionately. Not even when we’re working.”

“I don’t think that’s connected. I think we’re entering a new stage in our relationship.”

“What like lovers?” she asked.

“Maybe?”

“Huh, you and your strap-on will never be a substitute for the real thing,” she said boldly, but I detected a softer response than I had received earlier.

“Anyway,” she continued. “Jack was married to Kim until about a couple of months ago. We didn’t see them that much. He works for the WHO. Always jetting around the world.”

“So, they came to our parties?”

“Maybe half a dozen times. He was fine. Flirty, you know. I could see that Kim didn’t enjoy herself.”

“Why. Wasn’t she a party girl?”

“She drank and danced but she was jealous of you.”

“Me? Why me and not you?”

“She caught you kissing Jack in the kitchen. She’s the blonde bimbo type, like you.” I instinctively grabbed her like a man would and pushed her down onto the bed.

She looked surprised as I leant over her as though I was about to kiss her.
“Wendy, I’m not a bimbo.”

“You are most of the time. You’re a younger version of Kim, that’s why...”

“He hit on me?”

She nodded. “The flat was full of couples dancing and snogging. She left and he followed soon after.”

I assumed from what she said that we didn’t have sex which would have been difficult in a packed flat.

She put her arm around my back. “Can’t you remember kissing him?”

I leant down and kissed her on the lips. “Like that?”

She licked her lips. “More passionate.”

I kissed her again, but with more fervour. “More like that?” She nodded. “No, sorry. Has he been up since Kim left him?” I sat up and she followed suit.

“No. I bumped into him the other day and asked him up for a cup of coffee... Mmmm, he might have invited himself, now I come to think about it. I want to keep him onside. A friendly neighbour. Maybe even a client.” She held up a handful of clothing. “Help me put this stuff in the washing machine.”

We tidied the flat, then Wendy led the way to my bedroom. We were still naked, a state I was becoming used to. However, Wendy wanted me to wear something sexy to impress our neighbour. Once again, it looked as though I was the one having to do all the heavy lifting...”

THE END of the Sample

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Thanks, Amelia.

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