



MtF MIND CLONE

BESIDE  
*Himself*

M WILLS



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**Beside Himself**

*MtF Mind Clone*

**by M. Wills**

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## **Beside Himself**

*Gary*

Honestly, I couldn't wait for my parents to leave on their next trip. For one blissful week I wouldn't have to hear any of their nagging: "Clean up your room." "Eat your dinner." "Your invention better not blow up our house."

So annoying.

I just nodded silently as mom ran through the list of emergency contacts and instructions she'd already written down: water the lawn, bring in the mail, no parties. Lauren, on the other hand, typed in additional notes on her phone.

"Just in case we lose the slip of paper," she explained.

Lauren was one of four college-aged women who were renting out the back half of our house. We'd converted the house a year ago for some extra money, dividing off the back off the house into a separate four-bedroom complete with its own kitchen and dining room. The front half of the house was left to me and my parents while the basement, where I kept my inventions, was entirely my own. Mom and dad treated the four women who lived here like family, inviting them for dinner, gushing over them, and generally entrusting them with more responsibility than they entrusted to me. I didn't really help out with the

boarders, but I did fantasize about them.

Lauren was the overachiever of the bunch and often took it upon herself to care for everyone else. Her silky auburn hair was cut in a messy pageboy haircut, and she flicked her head every now and then to toss a sharp lock out of her eyes. Like me, she had fair freckled skin, dark hair, and a narrow chin. Though puberty had been kinder to her than to me. She was slender and long-limbed, with a slight bust that I could just make out beneath the burgundy top and black vest she wore. A matching pleated skirt curved gently over her rear, falling down to her knees.

I, on the other hand, was just a long, thin stick. Formless and gawky. Even at eighteen I didn't have the muscle mass of most of my friends.

I folded my arms and continued to nod along to the droning of my parents. When my mom began to go over emergency numbers for the second time, Makayla broke in.

“We get it, Julie,” she said, rolling her eyes. “It’s not like we’ll forget the number to 9-1-1.”

Makayla was reserved and sarcastic, which some of my friends mistook for dark and mysterious. They even took it almost as a badge of honor to be insulted by her. As my mom turned to her to explain the importance of this information, Makayla sighed heavily and folded her arms across her slim chest.

Makayla wore a peach-colored cotton hoodie that set off her mocha brown skin nicely and hugged her curvy breasts and wide hips. The hoodie was half-

unzipped, revealing the purple shirt beneath. Dark purple leggings completed her outfit. As if to offset her dark, brooding nature, black cat ears stuck out from a hair bow nestled within her curly black hair.

Lauren began to type out these repeated instructions but Emily placed her hand over the phone. “Just copy and paste the stuff from before,” she huffed to Lauren, before turning to my parents with a huge smile and speaking in a voice that sounded genuinely thankful: “Thanks, Julie, for caring ever so much.”

Mom paused. As usual, it was hard to know how to take Emily. Even her compliments were barbed and she could turn from warm to cool in an instant.

Emily had a reputation around the neighborhood as an ice queen. Partly her attitude, and partly the fact that she dressed in cold blues and whites to compliment her pale skin and white-blonde hair. Today she was wearing a dark blue sweater with a large V-neck that swooped down to reveal a flash of her slight cleavage. Beneath the sweater she had on a white and lavender dress that swept down almost to the floor.

“Come on, we’re going to be late,” Dad said, placing a hand on mom’s shoulder.

“Ok. Bye. Bye. Bye. Bye,” she said to us all in turn. Then she looked around. “Where’s Alicia?”

“Alicia?” Dad shouted into the house. “Come say goodbye.”

A few seconds later I heard Alicia hurrying down the hallway. Her blonde head peaked around the corner, her ever-present phone glued to her ear.

“Bye! Have a good trip!” She waved cheerfully.

Alicia was chipper and energetic. Long blonde hair flowed down her back in waterfall of curls. She was my fantasy cheerleader. A cute, happy-go-lucky type who could melt hearts with a few bats of her sky blue eyes. Very popular. Always on the phone to a wannabe-boyfriend. Invited to every party.

Yeah, I was super jealous.

She wore a tan zip-up long-sleeve top, the zipper pushed down just below the twin peaks of her perfect breasts. Beneath the sweater was a low-cut white shirt, which gave an ample view of her bouncing cleavage. Matching tan short shorts revealed acres of beautifully golden skin.

As she pivoted to head back to her section of the house, I heard her say into the phone: “Go on...”

Probably flirting with yet another guy from her university. They flocked to her like seagulls to a carelessly tossed French fry, fighting just for the opportunity to speak to her.

Mom and dad knew that was all they were going to get from her so they cut their losses and turned to me.

“Remember, Gary, no pranks,” dad said to me, waving his finger.

“Next time he fakes his death we’ll just assume it’s real and leave his body for the crows,” Makayla said.

To be fair, I did have a habit of pranks. Despite what the people who responded to my posts on ‘Am I the Asshole?’ thought, my pranks were funny. I’d never forget the look on Emily’s face when I’d lured her downstairs in the dark pretending to be an intruder, only to jump up and scare the hell out of her. I’d never forget it because I caught her wide-eyed terror on camera. It was well worth the black eye she’d given me.

Dad gave me one last warning look before following mom into the car and driving away. We stood on the stoop waving goodbye until they were out of sight. Then the four of us went our separate ways.

I hurried down to the basement where I’d been working on my latest invention. Every last dollar of my part time job had gone into building it. I’d scrounged parts from the local junkyard and any electronics my parents were throwing out. Hours had been spent meticulously researching psychology and physiognomy and conversing with other people who were in to neuro-hacking. Where they had stopped at deep brain stimulation or magnets to improve their own brain function, I was focused on expanding consciousness to others. I was intent on inventing a telekinesis machine that would let one user share thoughts directly with someone else.

I was pretty sure it would work. Ninety percent sure, at least. There was no precedent except in some of the top labs in the country, or possibly the military.

But they weren't sharing their research so I had to do my own.

I created the core of the machine by linking a desktop computer that I'd heavily modified to a PlayStation 5. The whole thing was connect by wires to a complicated looking metal helmet. I booted the system up and ran the diagnostics before diving in to finish my work. I could feel how close I was but it still took me most of the rest of the day before I was finally ready to test it.

When I went upstairs to check on the others, I found them back in their kitchen making dinner. At least, Lauren was bustling around the kitchen making dinner, the others were just around. Alicia was on the couch in the living room, one foot on the coffee table, painting her toenails a bright yellow while she flirted with some guy on the phone. Makayla was at the kitchen table, one hand on her chin as she played the latest game she'd become addicted to on her phone. Emily was in the kitchen, leaning against one counter, pretending to help Lauren but really just offering advice on how she could do things better.

"Nobody disturb me," I announced, "I'm going to try out my machine."

Makayla looked up from her phone. "Should we get the fire extinguisher ready?"

"Do you want us to haul your roasted corpse out onto the front lawn with the trash or just leave it in the basement for the police to find?" Emily sang out cheerfully.

I didn't bother replying, just returned to the basement and slapped the helmet on my head. I set the radius of the effect wide enough to be able to encompass all four of the women. Surely with four people to choose from I'd capture at least

one person's thoughts.

I steadied the helmet on my head and typed in the parameters, pausing with my finger hovering over the 'Enter' button.

*Here goes nothing, I thought.*

I pushed the button. The computer started calculating. The fan in the laptop grew louder and louder as the machine chugged through the program. Then the lights in the basement flickered twice and then...nothing. The computer thought for another minute but I heard no one's thoughts except my own. After waiting another few minutes just to be sure, I blew a puff of air out through my lips in despair and took off the helmet before sitting down in front of the machine to try to work out what went wrong.

## Makayla

I was in the bathroom, washing my hands when the bathroom light flickered twice.

*What did Gary do now? I thought to myself.*

I had a sudden burst of dizziness and slapped my hands down on the counter beside the sink to steady myself before I toppled over. I ended up leaning towards the mirror, my nose inches from my reflection. I blinked a few times in the mirror, then gasped and drew back suddenly. I looked down at myself and brought my hands up, flexing my fingers slowly before gaping back at the mirror.

I guess I thought that the lights flickering had done something to me, so I brought one hand up to my face and touched myself. My slender fingers grazed lightly over my cheek, my nose, my lips.

“Whoa,” I muttered to myself, stroking my soft skin. “I’m...I’m Makayla.”

I only realized after I said it that I was attempting to reassure myself that dumb Gary’s dumb invention hadn’t done anything dumb. To further reassure myself, I looked down at my body and brought my hands up to squeeze my breasts. I laughed, a tiny smile quirking my lips. This was me alright.

Hooking my finger into the neck of my shirt, I pulled it out from my chest and stared down at my breasts. My eyes flitted across the twin mounds nestled beneath the lacy purple bra.

“Nice girlie bra,” I mumbled to myself, imagining what a man would say if he saw the dainty undergarments I was wearing.

I dropped my shirt and looked in the mirror again, turning this way and that to really get a good look at myself. I even ran my hands up and down my body and over the curve of my ass, really checking myself out to make sure I was okay. I spent a lot of time on the plump curve of my ass, giving it a little smack and watching it bounce. I guess the flickering lights had really freaked me out.

It was funny that rubbing my hands up and down myself made me feel so... good. A little ember of warmth sparked to life between my legs. I didn't usually get horny but I guess a good scare did it to me.

I cracked open the bathroom door and listened. I could hear my three friends talking in the kitchen, though I couldn't make out the words. I tiptoed down the hallway away from them. Slipping in to my room, I shut the door and locked it behind me, breathing a sigh of relief.

Then I unzipped my hoodie and tossed it on the floor. I took off my shirt and threw it aside before brushing my dark bangs off my forehead. I looked down at my chest again.

“Let’s see these titties,” I said.

The few times I’d masturbated I’d never tried dirty talk before and I was curious to see how it felt. The answer was ‘delightful’. The little spark between my legs bloomed into an ember.

I reached around behind my back and fumbled with the clasp of my bra like a teenage guy who’d never worn a bra before. I guess in my excitement I forgot how to do it correctly, but eventually I managed to slip the hooks off and shrug it to the floor. My breasts bounced free and I gathered them in each hand. I stared down at them as I hefted them, like I was seeing them for the first time.

They were nicely taut and just fit in each palm. A nice size but nowhere near as big as Alicia’s. I squeezed them softly, as if testing to see how sensitive they were. My fingers lightly dimpled the mocha skin before I released them and let them bounce back down. I was enamored with my tits today for some reason. They brought me so much delight just watching as I stroked them and played with them, pushing them together into large mounds before dropping them back down to swing back into place. Now I was really turning myself on. I began to feel that little rush of anticipation that accompanied my horniness, the urge to touch myself harder and faster.

I suddenly wanted to see more of my body. I peeled off my leggings, revealing my smooth, brown legs. Then I hooked my fingers beneath my lacey purple panties and wiggled them off my hips. I stared down at my naked body, releasing a breath I hadn’t realized I’d been holding.

“Fuck, Makayla is hot,” I whispered to myself, continuing the dirty talk but this time in third person, just to pretend there was someone else in the room so I wouldn’t feel so awkward touching myself.

I dropped my tits and ran my hands up and down my body, over my stomach and then back behind the curve of my ass, between my thighs and then across my sex. My pubic hair was neatly trimmed and I let my fingers linger on the dark triangle of hair pointing down towards my entrance. The sight of my own body sent a surge of excitement through me.

I propped the pillows up on my bed and then lay back on them so I could look down and watch my body as I played with my tits some more. I squeezed them while my legs grew restless. The ember was creating a hungry flame inside me that licked up my body. One hand still on a breast, I brought the other down between my legs.

I traced the line of my slit gently, spreading my legs so I could see everything. I wasn't normally a narcissist but there was something wonderful about watching my hands touch myself, watching my fingers dip lightly inside my pussy. My fingertips landed on my rubbery folds and I trembled in anticipation.

I stroked lightly, clumsily. I was new to this and still trying to find out how my body worked. I'd thought I'd had it last time but evidently I'd forgotten because my fumbling fingers took some time to find their mark. I was growing warmer and wetter all the time, and when my fingers finally landed on the little nub of my hidden clit it sent a brief charge through me that made me moan softly.

"There it is," I whispered to myself.

I placed my fingers on top of the hidden nub and rubbed gently, moving faster and harder as my body warmed. The restlessness filled me, urging me on. I couldn't have stopped if I'd tried. I slid my fingers further down my entrance,

found my dew and spread it back up across my folds. My fingers returned to my clit and I trembled as I touched it again. So much more sensitive and intense than the first time.

I continued stroking my pussy, staring down at my fingers as I circled my little pleasure button. Little flashes of pink appeared beneath my fingers, contrasting so wonderfully with my darker skin. The heat poured through me in waves, each wave building on the other. I began moaning, my tiny voice rising in pitch as each wonderful crest of pleasure flitted through me. My hands grew rougher on my tits, my fingers faster inside my pussy as I approached the precipice. It felt so wonderful, looked even better, but I could sense more, a massive tsunami of pleasure just behind these next waves. I was sopping wet, nearly dripping now, as I continued stroking my pussy.

I stroked faster, harder, following the rhythm of my body, crying out now in tiny gasps, my voice rising with each pitch until my body crested and I came. I shut my eyes tight and dropped my head back into the pillow as the orgasm pulsed through me. My toes curled, my legs went taut. My hips pressed up harder against my fingers as the pleasure filled every inch of my body. It lasted for a blissful eternity.

When it finally began to ebb I pulled my fingers out of myself, released my tits and collapsed back on the bed.

“That was awesome,” I said to myself encouragingly. “I guess my invention worked. Sort of.” I snorted.

I hadn't really invented masturbation, but I just let my mind wander wherever it wanted to go in my post-climax bliss. Sometimes I just said weird shit, even when I was alone.

## Lauren

I bustled around the kitchen, ignoring Emily's barbed comments and trying my best to make a dinner that everyone would be happy to eat. Emily's contributions came only in response to my requests to "hand me that" or "move over please". So, not very helpful as usual.

I had my hand on the oven handle, just about to check the tray-baked chicken, when the kitchen lights flickered twice. I paused, and my eyes grew wide as I stared at my hand. I suddenly had the feeling there was something on my fingers so I held them up to my face and wiggled them.

"What the fuck?" I whispered, my hand coming to my throat at the sound of my voice.

My touch confirmed that I was being paranoid; there was nothing wrong with me. Still, I spread my arms and looked down at myself, eyes lingering on my breasts. I ran the fingers of one hand lightly across the slender bare arm of the other, sending little goosebumps through my body. I pushed back a lock of black hair that had fallen into my eyes, my fingers lingering in my silky hair as if feeling it for the first time.

I caught movement out of the corner of my eye and looked up in alarm. Emily was still perched on the counter, her legs crossed beneath her dress. She was also staring down at herself in alarm like I had just done. I wondered if the flickering lights—probably caused by Gary's experiment—had scared her, too. She put her hands on her chest and furrowed her brow.

“Emily? You okay?” I asked.

She looked up sharply, her hands still on her breasts. She realized what she was doing and dropped her hands to her lap. “Uh, yeah. Fine. How’s dinner?”

She didn’t sound at all like her usual arrogant self. I shrugged off her question and gave her a little smile, like I knew something she didn’t.

“Are you sure?” I asked, moving closer. “Because I feel different and, based on what you’re doing—” I nodded to her chest. “You feel different, too. Like you’re...someone else?”

She grinned. “Gary?”

I didn’t know why she was talking about him but I went along with it to ease her fear. “Yep.”

She glanced out to the living room, where Alicia was on the phone, though Alicia was strangely silent. “You think...?” Emily asked.

“Let’s go see.” I said.

We came around the corner into the living room and found Alicia on the couch, squeezing her humongous breasts, the phone forgotten on the table. For some reason the sight of her touching herself got me a little aroused.

“Are you Gary, too? Like us?” I asked. I guess I was just trying to say something absurd so she’d stopped touching herself and I would stop feeling...whatever I was feeling while watching her. I wasn’t ready to investigate that just yet.

She paused and looked up at us. “Are you kidding me? So it cloned us...me...us into the boarders?”

“Looks like it,” I agreed. Apparently Gary’s experiment had scared Alicia more than it scared me, so I just went along with it.

“Let’s tell him!” Alicia said, standing quickly and then reaching out to me as she lost her balance.

She grasped my shoulders and I held onto her. She snickered and looked up into my eyes. Her face was so close to mine I could see the little freckles on the bridge of her nose. That funny feeling between my thighs started up again. I helped her to her feet and she steadied herself before pushing her blonde curls back out of her face.

“I’m a little top heavy!” She laughed.

I loved her but did she have to brag about her figure now?

“Wait,” Emily said, a cruel smile on her face. “Let’s not tell him. Us. Whoever. Not tell the guy downstairs we’re him, I mean. God, this is confusing. It will be, like, the ultimate prank.”

I smiled, too. “So we just fuck with him all weekend? Maybe give him a little show?”

“Maybe give ourselves a little show,” Alicia chimed in. She reached out and squeezed one of my breasts. “Honk!”

I leaned in suddenly and kissed Alicia on the lips. I didn’t even think before I did it, only realizing after the fact that it was because she was going to mess with me so I would mess with her. She was surprisingly into it. What’s more, she tasted wonderful. She had some sort of cherry lip gloss on that I could taste as I slipped my tongue between her lips and traced the inside of her mouth. That little warmth between my legs sparked brighter, but I pulled away before I could let myself do anything further. Alicia smiled blissfully.

It was that moment that I smelled something burning.

“Oh shit, the dinner!” I yelled.

I ran to the kitchen and threw open the oven door, stopping only to slip on some oven mitts before pulling the tray from the oven. The top of the chicken was a little bit scorched but it was still edible. Alicia and Emily had followed me into the kitchen. As I turned, Makayla joined us. She had the usual scowl on her face.

“Hey, Alicia, smells like dinner will be ready five minutes ago.”

“You can skip the act, Gary. You’ve been cloned into all of us.”

Makayla immediately got the joke because her face lit up. “Sweet! I didn’t think I could pull off that whole ‘wry amusement’ thing for an entire week.”

We explained how we were going to play a prank on Gary by not telling him anything. It was easy for me, because nothing really was happening. As far as I knew, we were all pretending.

Makayla readily agreed and then we all set the dining room table for dinner. While I served everything up, Makayla opened the cellar door.

“If you haven’t fried yourself and you still want dinner come on up!” She called down to Gary.

We all took our seats around the table. I was next to Emily and across from Alicia and Makayla. We’d put Gary’s plate at the head of the table. He joined us just as we were starting to eat. I looked up at him as he passed and I shared a secret smile with Alicia.

Gary’s hair was disheveled. A little streak of dust was wiped across his forehead. His lanky frame was tucked into a white shirt with some sort of science joke on

it (Never trust atoms, they make up everything). His jeans were faded and worn at the knees, with some other grease stains across his thighs.

He took a seat at the end of the table and poked at his food. He looked deep in thought. I nibbled at my food, stealing glances at the others as I did so. It was like I was waiting for Gary to recognize something weird about us, though everything was perfectly normal. I didn't realize how normal and comfortable I felt until my left hand slid beneath the table and began hiking up my skirt.

Oh, I thought, as my fingers spread across my panties and began gently pressing against my pussy. I must be feeling very calm.

My pussy was so warm, and I could feel the coarse pubic hair beneath the silky fabric. I slid my fingers up and down slowly, feeling my entrance beneath begin to spread for me. I slowly wiggled my legs wider so I could touch myself better. My chair was pulled up all the way to the table and Gary couldn't see anything from his perspective. I felt like I was getting away with something.

I paused eating to giggle, my fingers still tempting me below and sending gentle warm waves throbbing through me. Emily must have noticed something because she looked over at me, then down at my side. I guess she saw what my hand was doing between my legs because she got a sly smile on her face before slowly hiking up her own dress.

Wow, my fingers felt so good pressing into my pussy and I continued stroking myself. Soon, moisture dotted my panties and I pushed them aside to land on my coarse pubic hair and sink lightly into my warm pussy, feeling the lips grasp my finger. I put my fork down and sat back, needing to concentrate more on the fingers that were just sliding inside me.

I felt so naughty doing it at the dinner table in front of the others, but it was that naughty feeling that made it so much more arousing. I could sense Emily beside me. Her breathing sped up as she, too, fingered herself.

A clanging fork startled me, made me pause and look up. Alicia sat across me, one hand beneath the table as she bit her plump lower lip. She didn't even care that she'd dropped her fork. Beside her, Makayla looked to be fingering herself as well. I couldn't believe we all had the same idea to masturbate around the table. It was so hot. And the knowledge that Gary had no idea what was going on made it even hotter.

Gary looked up at Alicia and raised an eyebrow, his fork poised above his food. "You okay?" He asked Alicia.

"Wonderful," she breathed, gripping the edge of the table with her free hand.

"She's just enjoying my dinner," I said, drawing Gary's attention.

I stared into his eyes with a slight smile on my face as I continued fingering my tight pussy. I was so wet now and my fingers teased my slippery insides. God, it was even hotter staring into Gary's eyes, pretending nothing was happening as the desire grew brighter within me. I didn't even care that for some reason my fingers couldn't hit that particular spot that made me cry out when alone in my room. The whole situation made up for that.

Gary returned to his meal, staring back down at the plate, still deep in thought.

My palm lay flat on the table as the anticipation rose within me. My fingers felt so good sliding in and out of my wet pussy. I landed on my budded clit and bit back a moan as pleasure filled me. But I could sense more on the horizon.

Now all four of us girls were masturbating. Sitting back in our chairs, fingers deep inside ourselves. I could just hear Emily's slippery cunt as her fingers slid in and out of herself. I couldn't believe Gary had no idea. He looked up at us occasionally, maybe wondering why we were so quiet, why Alicia had her eyes clenched tight.

I stroked my clit faster and came quite suddenly. My fingers curled and I leaned forward, releasing a tiny gasp as the orgasm burned through me. I clapped my legs together, enjoying the sharp pleasure that filled my body, made even sharper when Gary looked over at me.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Wonderful," I managed to whimper as the throes of desire pulsed through me. When they subsided I was able to think again. "Just...a little hot in my throat is all," I explained lamely.

Gary nodded, satisfied.

Beside me, Emily was nearly trembling and she came soon after. Her eyes were wide, staring blankly at her plate as she shivered with orgasm. She was followed by Alicia and Makayla, all of us biting back our cries of delight. The hiding it only made it that much more delicious.

Gary finished eating and sat back, looking at the four of us as we orgasmed silently. When we were done we all glanced at each other and giggled, sharing the joke while Gary sat at the head of the table, ignorant of what he'd just witnessed.

I smoothed my dress back down and resumed my meal. Gary finished up and dropped his plate in the sink before heading back in to the basement. Probably to fix the machine.

As soon as the basement door closed we all broke, giggling like schoolgirls.

“Oh, god,” I said, wiping my eyes. “That was so awesome. Did you all cum?” I always took care of my friends and wanted to make sure they were okay. Though I didn't quite know what I'd do if they said 'no'. Watching them orgasm had been sort of pleasurable.

## Emily

Everyone had such a nice orgasm during dinner and we all agreed we wanted more. But we also wanted to prank Gary. As we cleaned up dinner we talked about the best way to fuck with him some more.

“You know he’s wanted to fuck us all for so long. How do we keep teasing him?” Lauren said, ever the organizer.

“Maybe we all call him ‘Tiny Dick’ for the rest of the night.” I suggested. It wasn’t my most clever barb but I guess it would get the job done.

“Too obvious,” Makayla said, folding her arms and leaning against the kitchen counter.

“Why don’t we watch a movie and cuddle?” Alicia suggested.

“Yeah,” Lauren agreed, running her hand through her auburn hair. “We can all lie on each other.”

“Oh! And I can lie next to Gary and tease him. You know he’s scared of me.”

They all nodded in agreement, but Lauren seemed to think something was missing.

“What if...” she said slowly, “We all strip down to our underwear.”

I joined in the chorus of approval at this. We all stripped out of our clothes right there in the kitchen. We giggled and ogled each other, standing there in just our bra and panties. I looked down at my chest and frowned. I was much flatter than the others, particularly Alicia. Though everyone was flat compared to her.

“Man,” I pouted, “Why do I get stuck with the tiny tits?”

“It’s okay,” Lauren assured me, sliding an arm around my ass and pulling me against her warm skin. “I’m sure you’ll feel just as good on the inside.”

I smiled and kissed her, suddenly grateful for her presence. It was just a friendly kiss of affection. Except on the mouth. And with tongue. I pressed my body against hers, growing warmer again. She was so nice and soft, tasted so sweet, smelled so lovely that I just wanted to lie against her. Makayla pushed us apart before I could explore my newfound feelings for my friend any further.

“All right, you two, save it for later. You’re starting to get me horny.” She winked.

How had I never known that my friends felt this way? How had I never known that I had felt this way until tonight? It made me sad that we’d been missing out

on so much. But there was plenty of time to make up for it.

While the others went into the living room to set up a movie, I went down into the basement to get Gary. I tiptoed down the wooden stairs in my bare feet. He was too busy typing on his computer to notice me at first. I arranged myself on the bottom step, leaning casually against the banister. I adjusted my bra around my breasts and when I was nice and presentable I cleared my throat.

“Hey, Gare Bear,” I said, making up a nickname on the spot.

Gary turned from his computer and did a double take when he saw me standing there in just my bra and panties. He blushed red and looked away, then looked back, like he could hardly believe what he was seeing. Man, he really did want to fuck me. How had I not seen it before? Gross. Well, now it was my turn to get back at him for all his pranks.

“We were going to watch a movie. Come join us.”

“I’m just going to finish up down here.”

“Oh,” I pouted and slunk towards him, my hips swaying seductively, really putting on an act for him. I reached him and ran my hands through his hair, sweeping my fingers down across his chin and gently guiding his face so that he looked up at me. “Come on. It will be so much more fun with all of us. Please?”

I leaned forward so that my small breasts hung down from my chest and he

could get a nice, closeup look at my cleavage. It was really fun teasing him. I would never in a million years have sex with him but he didn't need to know that.

He must have liked what he saw because he nodded and mumbled: "Ok."

I cheered and took him by the hand to pull him from his seat before leading him up the stairs. I was certain he was staring at my ass—how could he not?—but I didn't turn around to see.

"Come on! Come on!" I said, pulling him into the living room.

The other three girls were lounging on the three-seater couch. They were nestled together, limbs entwined, bare skin on display.

Gary looked over and gulped visibly. I pushed him on to the two-seater couch before plopping down next to him and starting the movie. Even in the dim light of the television I could see Alicia, Makayla and Lauren writhing together on the couch. Their hands were moving over each other, fingers playing against soft skin. Every now and then I heard a tiny giggle or a soft sigh.

Gary noticed, too. He kept glancing their way. He shifted his legs together on the couch and I saw he had a hard-on tenting up his jeans. The thought of geeky Gary getting aroused at the sight of us made me want to gag. But I still shifted in my own seat, laying my hand on his lap so I was just touching his bulge. I made it look like an accident, like I didn't even know where my fingers were. I figured if it made me uncomfortable it would make him really uncomfortable so it was worth it.

And it was. He didn't last ten minutes upstairs with us. I brushed my fingers against his hidden erection and drew back my hand, as if just noticing what I was touching for the first time. I scowled at him.

"Do you have a boner?" I yipped.

Gary quickly pushed himself to his feet, avoiding my eyes. "I have to go," he said, hobbling out of the living room.

When we heard the cellar door shut and knew he was downstairs we all collapsed into a fit of giggles.

"Did you see his face?" Makayla laughed.

"He's not going to come back here anytime soon," I said.

"Good," Lauren added, getting up and joining me on the smaller couch. "So we can have some fun on our own."

She spread her arms, inviting me in for a hug. I still remembered those feelings I'd had towards her in the kitchen, so I leaned in and caressed her. Her skin was so soft. She was so warm. When our lips met it was heavenly.

She stroked my cheek as I ran my hands up and down her body. She had a slightly fuller figure than me, and I took great delight in exploring her tits. They were slightly bigger and heftier than my own. Touching her body made me feel things I'd only ever felt for other guys. A beautiful need grew between my legs. I couldn't stop touching her if I'd tried.

Our hands grew faster, our lips greedier for each other. She sighed softly into my mouth, a sound of longing that echoed deep within me. I reached around behind her and fumbled with the clasp of her bra. When she let it slip off her tiny shoulders I kissed my way across her chin, down her pale, swanlike neck, until my lips were on her tits. I moaned as my tongue snaked out to trace delicate circles around each nipple. I hadn't realized how much I'd desired Lauren's tits until I was sucking on them. I was learning so much about myself tonight.

I was vaguely aware of Makayla and Alicia kissing each other on the other couch. But my attention was on Lauren and her wonderful soft, gently freckled skin as she helped me out of my bra. I was embarrassed by my small tits, but she lowered her lips to them and sucked on my nipples, teeth drawing lightly against each one. God, it felt so good.

Need blossomed between my legs, spreading through my body. I could feel myself growing wet and aroused as my friend sucked on my tits and stroked my thighs, my ass, my waist. She lay me back and gently tugged off my panties. The flickering light of the television played across my pale skin, making dark shadows of the coarse white-blonde hair between my legs. Lauren knelt between my legs. Her eyes were drawn to my pussy and she stroked it softly while I watched.

I never even knew what I wanted until she lowered her face between my thighs and her hot breath landed on my entrance. I would have thought it would be disgusting to feel my friend's tongue slide out and trace my delicate entrance. But I guess I liked it, because I released a trembling sigh and pinched my nipples

while staring down at her. The sight of her with her eyes closed, taking long licks of my pussy made me ever warmer and wetter. A lock of dark hair slipped down over one eye, giving her a mysterious, alluring look.

My nipples were so sensitive and soon stood to attention beneath my fingers. It was wonderfully painful to pinch myself. The light pain radiated down my body to meet the heat of Lauren's tongue. She spread me apart with her fingers and licked my velvety folds. I shook and moaned, my body flexing with anxious need. Somewhere in the room I heard Alicia echoing my cries of lust.

Lauren drew her tongue faster across my clit, stroking up and down. I was dripping now, and I could hear my wet pussy, could hear Lauren licking me, sucking up my juices. Fuck, it was hot. With a sudden cry I came, body straining, hips bucking up against Lauren's warm, wet mouth. Lauren kept her tongue inside me, slowing for my orgasm so I could enjoy the heady pleasure.

When it began to dull she resumed her licking. My body was ready to go again. The second orgasm came quicker than the first. I shut my eyes and cried out in a high pitched voice as my body shook with pleasure once again. For some reason hearing myself made me even hornier. Suddenly, I loved everything about my body and my hands dragged up and down my skin, following each delicious slender curve until the orgasm released me gently.

Lauren crawled up my body and kissed me. Her lips were wet with my juices and I closed my eyes. I thought I hated the smell of my own pussy but I inhaled deeply and felt my body enjoying it. Suddenly I wanted to taste Lauren.

I pushed her back and jumped on top of her with a giggle. It was my turn to reciprocate. I buried my head between her thighs, licking her salty essence. She was already sopping wet. Her musky smell was divine and I licked her pussy

fast, enjoying the sight and sound and smell of her as she came around my head in a roaring orgasm. When that first one faded I started up again, bringing my fingers up to help slide inside her slick canal. She soon came again as I fingered her. She thrust her hips up to meet my face as she cried out in a high pitched voice.

It felt so wonderful to help my friend like she'd helped me. We should have done this a long time ago.

When she came down she crawled up my body and we cuddled together naked, while we waited for Makayla and Alicia to finish. When we were all satisfied we went upstairs to bed. There was talk of us all sleeping together but I nixed it. I loved my friends but I loved sleeping in a bed by myself more.

## Alicia

I woke up in my own bed, last night's romp a pleasant memory. I'd had so much fun with my three friends in the house I hadn't bothered returning Sean's call. Or Lisa's texts. Or anyone else's messages for that matter. It was nice to just totally pause my social life for a day.

I lay in bed for a little while, just enjoying waking up slowly. I was on my side, my breasts pressed against my right arm. I grabbed one of my tits with my left hand, hefting it and squeezing it slowly. I was totally getting turned on just by touching myself.

I threw the covers off and looked down at my body as I fondled myself. I stretched out one long, lean leg and ran my right hand up my thigh, just whispering over my pussy. God, I was sooo horny these last two days it was, like, unreal. And I couldn't stop touching my own tits. It was like I was being possessed by a guy!

Whatever it was, my body soon ached to be touched and when I slid my hand between my legs I was already wet. Still stroking my tit, I slowly slid two fingers of the other hand into myself, exploring my warm entrance. I was quicker in finding my clit this morning, and I circled it in a steady rhythm, growing faster with the need of my body.

On impulse I pulled my fingers out of my pussy and raised them to my lips. For a second I thought the musky smell of myself was disgusting, and then I opened my lips and sucked on my juices, moaning as I realized how, like, totally

delicious my pussy tasted.

My fingers now slick with saliva and the scent of myself lingering in my nose, I returned my attention to my pussy, stroking harder, faster until I came. My legs went taut. I clutched my tit hard and moaned into the pillow as I orgasmed. The pleasure was a blessed relief and a wonderful way to start the day.

When I cooled down, I sat up and stretched before padding down the hallway to the bathroom. Makayla was awake when I came out. She wore an oversized white and grey tee shirt and purple pajama pants. Of course, she'd stuck the cat ear hairband back on even though her dark curly hair was still sleep-tousled. She gave me a wry smile, not seeming to care that I was naked.

"Morning," she said, pressing herself against me and kissing me on the lips.

I slid my hand against her cheek and kissed her back. She pulled away just as I was beginning to get excited.

"Come on," she said, "We've got to come up with a plan."

My other two friends were already in my room by the time Makayla and I returned. We lounged around my room to figure out how we were going to mess with Gary some more. Emily was wearing a delicate blue and white lace nightie. Her white hair was up in a ponytail that curled down one shoulder. Lauren wore only some burgundy panties and I kept looking at her tits, comparing them to my own.

Sometimes I wished I had a smaller chest like her, or even Emily. It seemed like my tits were the only things some guys cared about. Ironic, since this morning I totally couldn't stop touching them.

“Logically,” Lauren began, “Gary is going to try the machine again at some point. There’s no telling what it might do if the cloning effect happens again. It might give us away or, even worse, pull us out of here before we’re ready.”

I nodded along with the others. I wasn't really sure what Lauren was going on about. Cloning effect? Pull us out of where? But she was always two steps ahead so I just pretended to know what she was talking about.

“So what do we do?” I asked.

“We’ll need to make sure it doesn’t work.”

“Sabotage?” Emily said with a grin.

Lauren nodded. “Nothing too big. We don’t want to be stuck like this forever. Just until our parents get home.”

For the rest of the week we took turns distracting Gary while one of us snuck down and did some quick reprogramming or rewiring. The distraction part was fun. First of all, it meant that we all picked out our skimpiest outfits to wear around the house. This meant I got to try out, like, every single one of my new swimsuits! Makayla didn't have anything skimpy so she just hung around in her

bra and panties.

Second of all, it meant that we all got to hang out together. I hadn't just hung out with my friends, distraction-free, for a while. We did things I'd never done before and thought I hated, only to find out when I started laughing and romping around that I totally loved it:

We dug a small hole in the backyard and created a mudwrestling pit, for which we got Gary to be the judge.

We tried on a bunch of my clothes and got Gary to tell us who wore it better.

We covered each other in syrup and chocolate and honey and took turns licking it off.

We ended every night with a totally mind-blowing orgy, just the four of us. When Gary retired to his room—looking more and more confused each day—we slipped downstairs and fucked each other senseless. I was sort of surprised our cries didn't wake up Gary. Maybe they did and he, like, peeked around the corner of the stairs or something. I don't know. I was so caught up in the sheer joy of making my friends orgasm with just my tongue that I didn't bother to check. I never knew how much I loved eating pussy before that week.

I totally thought that the reprogramming the computer would be the hardest part. But when it was my turn I snuck down and scrolled through the code before deleting a random line here and typing in some other random nonsense there. It was easy. Then I snuck back upstairs and joined the others to learn how to twerk.

By the end of that week we were experts at each other's bodies. I'd been fingered and licked by all my friends, and had done the same to them. It was like we'd all just discovered how much fun sex with each other could be. I even found time to return some of the phone calls from my classmates and find out all the good goss. I actually had phone sex with Leon, one of the guys on the football team. It was so hot hearing him moan my name. It was totally unlike me but this whole week had made me much more free and easygoing about that kind of stuff.

The night before our parents were due to return, we all tromped down to the basement for the big reveal, which I still didn't quite understand. But Lauren was in charge.

Gary was bent over his laptop, looking even more frazzled than usual. As we reached the bottom he threw up his hands and grunted in despair.

“What the fuck is wrong with this thing?”

We were all wearing just our panties. Gary heard us as we reached the bottom and whipped around quickly to say something, but stopped when he saw we were all topless. He gaped at us, the color rising in his cheeks. It was totally funny, and I giggled.

“Hey, Gary,” Emily said. “We hear you can't program for shit.”

“You've been distracted all week,” Makayla said. “Is it this machine or did we

do something wrong?”

“I...uh...” His eyes darted around, landing on each one of us before skittering away. “What is going on with you all?”

I laughed. “Your machine worked. Sort of.” I actually didn’t know if it had worked or not. I just felt bad for him. “You can’t read our thoughts but your mind has been cloned in to all of our bodies.”

I surprised myself by making up such a wild tale. It would be totally gross if Gary’s mind actually was in my body. Especially after everything I’ve done to myself and with my friends this week. But, like, if that made him feel better it was a good lie.

“What?” His eyes widened in surprise.

Lauren laughed and swiped a lock of auburn hair out of her eyes. “You think we’d walk around like this and do all those other things on our own? Didn’t you think something odd was happening?”

“Yeah, but...I was concentrating on the machine and I...sort of liked what you were doing so I didn’t question it because then you might have stopped.”

“We kept sneaking down here to change the code on you. Did you think you were losing it?” I asked.

“Kind of,” he admitted, a tiny grin appearing. “I didn’t think any of you knew the first thing about coding. Wait, is this all ...for real?”

We all laughed.

“Real as anything, Gary,” Lauren said, stepping towards him. “But we need to go back tonight. We can change the code back but we thought we should have one last party.”

“What did you have in mind?” And now Gary was smiling ear to ear.

We set up our phones around my bedroom, using the camera function to record the video of the five of us. We used my room because it was the girliest of the four. I liked soft yellows and whites, lace and curtains, and just general prettiness. What can I say?

Makayla and Lauren lay beside each other on the floor. Emily stretched out across my bed, her pale legs just behind me. I sat on the edge of the bed with Gary, facing one of the cameras. I wore a cute yellow camisole that hugged my figure, emphasizing the curve of my breasts.

When everyone was ready we started recording. I thought I would be nervous or grossed out when nerdy Gary leaned in to kiss me. In fact, I was sort of revolted until our lips met and I clasped his cheeks. It was only after I’d reacted that I realized I was, like, really into it.

We kissed tenderly, his tongue slipping in to my mouth to taste me. His masculine spice filled my nostrils and I breathed him in deeply. He gripped my hips lightly, shifting closer to me as we made out.

He pulled away and stared deeply into my eyes, gently stroking a lock of blonde hair out of my face.

“God, I’ve wanted to fuck you for so long,” His whisper was brimming with lust.

I was totally shocked but I grinned. “I know,” I replied. I didn’t really know but I didn’t want to scare him off. Not when my body had just started humming with that wonderful anticipation.

We kissed some more. Now his hands slid up and over my breasts, gripping first one, then the other. He pulled down one of my camisole straps and freed a tit before leaning and kissing his way across the wide expanse of my breast. His hot breath breezed across my skin, so lovely on my sensitive nipples. I sighed as he took one of my nipples in his mouth and sucked, using his tongue to press it up against the roof of his mouth in a gentle pinch. The sight of him sucking on my breast was intoxicating. I couldn’t take my eyes off him.

He fumbled for my camisole and I helped him lift it off me. I dropped it to the floor and pushed my blonde waves out of my face as he dove back to each breast. I sighed happily as he squeezed my tits, moving back and forth between each one before burying his face in my cleavage and kissing. His eyes were closed in ecstasy. My body was giving him so much delight. I was feeling it, too. The welcome desire was building beneath my panties and I shifted restlessly, my

own hands roaming up and down his body.

I glanced over at Emily. She was spread out on the bed, her naked pale body exposed. One hand was twined through her long white hair, the other hand was between her legs. I caught the little glimpse of her pink lips as she stroked herself. Her legs flexed and swayed as the pleasure built up within her. Seeing her fingering herself made me even hornier and I reached out to stroke her thighs, my fingers wandering up almost to her pussy. She opened her eyes and smiled up at me.

From the other side of the bed I heard Makayla gasp softly. I turned and saw that Makayla was straddling Lauren's face, rocking back and forth, her tits swinging gently. Lauren had her hands on Makayla's dark thighs and the wet sounds of Makayla's cunt accompanied each moan. Lauren had her legs spread wide and Makayla had one hand on her own tits and the other between Lauren's pale legs atop her dark red thatch of hair. Makayla fingered Lauren's delicate pink pussy as she rode her face back and forth.

Gary's sighs brought my attention back to my own body. My nipples were spiked to attention and gently throbbing with a wonderful painful pleasure. God, he was, like, obsessed with my tits! As obsessed as I'd been with them all week. I mean, I did have the biggest tits of all my friends.

While he continued squeezing them I slid a hand down beneath my panties to touch myself. My fingers grazed the coarse pubic hair and I circled gently, coaxing the pleasure through me. I was growing wetter with every second and I slid deeper into myself.

Gary pulled away from tits and saw what I was doing. He smiled and lay me down on the bed beside Emily. I raised my hips to help him gently tug off my

panties. My beautiful trimmed bush appeared, already glistening with lust.

Gary unbuttoned his pants and threw them aside. His cock was rock hard and aimed right at me. I was kind of scared but I was also kind of into it. It was totally weird how I suddenly wanted to be fucked by him. I spread my legs and beckoned him closer.

He knelt over me, cock pressing gently against my entrance. Emily rolled over and put a hand on my breast. Her hand was slick with her juices and I could smell her tangy scent. It turned me on so much. She kissed me while Gary got settled between my legs. Then we both watched as he aimed his cock at my entrance and pushed against me.

My pussy lips parted for his cockhead, meeting the pressure of my inner entrance. There was a brief pressure, released as he slid inside me. He groaned as he entered me. God, I could feel each wonderful inch as it slid up through my wet hole. I watched in awe as he disappeared inside me, his dick pressing apart the walls of my cunt until our groins were connected and he was fully within me.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he whispered.

It was just a nice compliment and I smiled. Then Emily kissed me again, returning her attention to my breasts as Gary began moving in a slow rhythm, in and out of me. Each time he withdrew I felt a little pang of emptiness that was only sated when he drove back in. His dick felt incredible inside me. Thick and hot and perfect. He gripped my calves and held my legs aloft, spreading me wide so he could fuck me.

I sighed contentedly and began stroking my free breast while Emily continued kissing me. All this attention on my body made me so horny. Now I could hear the wet sounds of my cunt as Gary fucked me.

Suddenly, he pulled out, leaving me empty and aching. He moved over and grabbed Emily's legs. She squealed as he spread her legs and sunk inside her. He was already slick with my juices so he slid right into her. She moaned and I felt so fucking jealous watching him fuck her.

I rolled over onto her, straddling her so my ass was in the air, lined up with her pussy. Our tits rested together and I kissed her. Our tongues met and she moaned into my mouth. While we made out Gary moved in and out between us. Just as I'd hoped, he wasn't able to resist my tempting ass and he slid back inside my pussy. He fucked the both of us, cocking moving in and out of each of our holes, spreading our pussy juices across one another as we wriggled and moaned beneath him.

Every inch of my body was so sensitive. I was hornier than I'd ever been. Emily knew exactly how to touch me, and Gary fit me so perfectly. I wondered why I'd never fucked him before. If he could make me feel this good I'd totally offer him my pussy any time he wanted.

I vaguely heard Makayla crying out, her voice growing higher in pitch. I recognized the sound of her orgasm. Lauren was an expert with her tongue. And then Gary slid back into me and all I could do was arch my back and moan, pushing back onto his cock to fill myself deeply.

Makayla and Lauren joined us, both of them smelling wonderfully of sex. We all took turns kissing and licking and fingering each other. All of us wanted a chance with Gary so he did the rounds, filling each of us with his delightful cock

as we clamored for more. We switched positions every now and then. Gary fucked one of us on our back while someone else rode their face and made out with a third, who was also straddling the fourth person's face. It was a line of pleasure, and our cries filled the room as we orgasmed in turn. Gary saved it, though, intent on fucking all of us several times.

But I had the honor of finishing him off. I lay on my back on the bed, my legs wrapped around him, clutching him closer, urging him deeper. Emily straddled my face and I inhaled her delicious scent, my tongue doing tight circles on her clit while she howled above me.

And then it was my turn to howl. The pleasure that had been flitting through me peaked along with a final thrust from Gary. I felt him throbbing inside me and I came, my moans muffled by Emily's cunt. Each incredible spurt of Gary's cock filled my pussy. I'd never felt so wonderfully, unbelievably full and I thrust my hips up to meet his downstroke, milking him for every last drop of creamy cum.

When we finished we all lay on my bed in a heap. The cameras recorded everything, but I would never forget the pleasure I'd had.

## Gary

I couldn't blame my clones for pranking me all week. It was exactly what I would have done to myself. And, I guess I did do it to myself.

The whole thing was messing with my head.

After the last wonderful night, we tromped downstairs and spent the next few hours fixing the machine. We figured with a few tweaks we would be able to pull my clones out and back into me.

The girls all went back upstairs and got ready for bed. We had no idea how they would react. Would they remember anything? Would they think they'd been asleep?

I initiated the new sequence. The computer hummed and counted down. When it got to zero the lights flickered twice. Suddenly, I was inundated with memories, all from my friend's perspectives. I could remember everything as if it happened to me. As if I'd been all four of them.

I remembered touching myself in each body. I remembered each wonderful orgy. I remembered impaling myself with my own cock and being utterly delighted.

The next day I woke up, a little trepidatious about what to expect. When I came

down to breakfast, the four of them were already there. They all still wore their sleeping outfits and when they looked at me I didn't see anger or sadness or surprise.

I saw lust.

“Hey, Gare Bear,” Lauren said. “We just made some bacon and eggs.”

The table was set for me and the girls gathered around to join me.

“So...” I ventured, looking round at all of them. “Am I...are you still in there?”

“Is who in where?” Alicia asked, looking up from her phone from where she was texting someone.

“Nothing. Never mind.”

It looked like the reversal had worked. The only thing I needed to know was what they'd thought about the whole week. If they'd thought at all. That question was soon answered.

Emily put her hand on her chin and stared at me. “Hey, Gary. Our parents get home a little later but we were thinking. That still gives us time for one last fuck.”

They were all looking at me. “You still want to do that?” I asked.

Makayla laughed and placed her hand on my arm. “I didn’t think so until last night. Hell, all last week I’ve been horny. We even...” She blushed and pushed on. “We’ve even been having sex all week. The four of us. And now I can’t stop thinking about it.”

The others agreed. I grinned. It seemed they’d convinced themselves that everything they’d done had been their own decision. And they wanted more.

Who was I to argue?

# # #

**Thank you!**

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