



MtF BODY SWAP

**BETTER
THAN
*Ever***

MWILLS



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Better Than Ever

MtF Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Better Than Ever

The brakes squealed as Cole pulled his beat up Civic into the driveway fronting Autumn and Jared's townhouse. He killed the engine before heaving himself out of the car with a groan. The townhouse loomed over him, aggressively bland with its beige and tan color scheme. Cole still couldn't believe Jared had bought it. It seemed so...grown up. And meanwhile, Cole was still sharing a one bathroom apartment with a guy who worked night shifts.

Cole paused at the foot of the short flight of stairs leading up to the entrance.

Stairs, Cole thought to himself. Why did it have to be stairs?

Cole waddled up the stairs, one ponderous foot at a time. His extra-large Polo shirt clung damply to his sweaty frame. He paused, winded, when he reached the stoop. He tried to air out his armpits and comb back his light brown hair with his fingers, but the sweat stains remained and his wild curly hair flopped back over his forehead.

Faintly from within the house he heard the sound of two people having an argument. He couldn't make out the words but the tone was unmistakable. Through the sidelight windows adjoining the door Cole saw Autumn in the hallway, half-turned around to yell at someone in the kitchen.

Autumn was a short blonde firecracker. Hard to please and easy to piss off. She

had a tiny frame and seemed so delicate at first glance, especially in her preferred outfit of tight yoga pants and sleeveless top, though she was anything but.

Cole debated not pushing the doorbell, just turning around and leaving Autumn and Jared to their fight. Maybe call them when he was far enough away and tell them he had a flat tire or something. But before he could leave, Autumn glanced his way and headed towards him. She yanked the door opened and looked up at him, attempting a pleasant smile. Her deep brown, almond-shaped eyes were steely with suppressed anger, though she made an effort to hide it when she saw Cole.

“Come in,” she said. “We’re just getting ready.”

Cole was average height but he still found himself looking down at Autumn. He met her eyes even as he noticed, in his peripheral vision, the hint of her cleavage beneath the neck of the tight shirt. He gave her one of his usual quiet stares, trying to figure out how to deal with the situation. Autumn and Jared were obviously in the middle of something that Cole wanted no part of and now Cole desperately tried to think of a way out of this awkward dinner date with the two of them.

Nothing came to mind so he stepped inside just as Jared came around the corner. He and Autumn were such an odd couple. He was solid and tall, and looked as if he could crush Autumn in one hand. Though Cole knew that it was Autumn who was the power in this relationship.

Jared nodded stoically at Cole. He wasn’t one to show emotion in front of others but Autumn had no such compunction. She turned to Jared and resumed their argument as if it hadn’t paused.

“I don’t care if it’s your house. I live here, too.”

She stalked back towards him, her long, blonde ponytail swinging furiously. If she seemed small compared to Cole she seemed even smaller compared to Jared. But what she lacked in height she made up in fury.

“You can’t just invite your work friends over without telling me,” she yelled, standing on tiptoes and jabbing him in the chest for emphasis. “And then expect me to be fine with it.”

“That’s why I asked you,” Jared said calmly and without emotion.

Cole didn’t know why Jared put up with Autumn’s outbursts. Sure, all three of them had been friends since middle school. Cole had even thought he had a crush on Autumn for a while but he couldn’t take her moods. At least Cole could leave when Autumn got ill-tempered. Jared had been dating her for ten years now and Cole didn’t see how he stayed with her. She certainly didn’t deserve him.

Over the years Cole’s crush on Autumn had changed, especially when she was around Jared. Cole found himself mentally criticizing her. Making notes on what he would do better. Around high school it hit him that he didn’t want to date Autumn, he wanted to be her. To walk around in her body. To live her life. Especially when that would mean being with Jared. Cole’s more realistic secret fantasy was that Jared would realize Autumn was no good for him, then realize he was into guys, then realize he was in love with Cole. It was, admittedly, a long shot.

“You only asked me after it was all done,” Autumn hissed.

Jared threw up his hands. “What did you want me to do? Say I had to ask my girlfriend if I could invite my friends to my house?”

“If you had any respect for me. Yes.” Autumn crossed her arms beneath her breasts.

“Baby, you know I respect you,” Jared said, reaching for her shoulder.

Autumn slapped his hand away. “Yeah, right.”

Cole clasped his hands behind his back and dug the nails of one into the soft palm of the other. He dug deep until the biting pain took his attention from the argument. The pain was soothing in its way. Beautiful and sharp. Wonderful in its simplicity.

“What do you want me to do?” Jared asked in exasperation.

Jared’s usual reserved demeanor had finally broken down. Autumn knew exactly how to do that to him. She was the only one that could get under his skin and Cole wondered if she relished that. If that was her way of exercising control over her physically imposing boyfriend.

Autumn stomped to her purse on the small table by the door and dumped her phone into it before slinging the purse over her shoulder. She turned back to Jared and angrily swiped her hair back out of her face.

“I want you to fucking man up and admit you made a mistake.”

“You’re blowing this out of proportion. You want me to say ‘sorry’? Fine. Sorry.”

“Oh, fuck off. Come on, Cole.”

She brushed past Cole and out the door. Cole looked over to Jared, who gritted his teeth and shrugged his shoulders.

“Have fun,” Jared mumbled, before disappearing back down the hallway.

Cole followed Autumn down the steps. She was already fuming by the side of his car when he reached the driver side door. They got in silently and Cole pulled out of the driveway. Autumn yanked down the sunshade and used the mirror to touch up her lipstick in a series of short, sharp movements. She zipped her purse closed and dropped it on to the floor at her feet.

“He drives me crazy,” Autumn said. “He can never admit a mistake. And then he just crumbles. How can someone be such an asshole and so spineless at the same

time?”

“I don’t see that,” Cole tried to defend Jared.

“Well, you don’t live with him. You don’t see him every day. God.”

I wish I did, Cole didn’t say. Instead, he gripped the wheel tighter as Autumn continued complaining.

“It’s been ten fucking years and he’s still the same brooding lump he was back in middle school. Maybe we’ve just been together too long.”

“You’re a different person, too.”

“I’m a better person,” Autumn said, with no trace of irony. “I was so insecure. Maybe Jared just can’t handle a confident woman.”

“I don’t know,” Cole said. His mean streak came to the fore and he had an impulse to push Autumn’s buttons. Maybe punish her for treating Jared like that. “I mean, you always had that bitchy streak. You still do.”

“It’s under control now,” she replied, icily. “I don’t get angry for no reason.”

“Except when it comes to Jared,” Cole insisted. “You can be a real asshole to him.” Cole snorted as if his comment was a joke, a habit he did of deflecting accusations when he insulted people.

Cole turned on to the highway. The sun was setting in front of him and he flipped down the sunshade to block the glare. The trees on either side of the highway blurred as Cole picked up speed.

“Fuck off. You don’t live with him. You look at him and think he’s a real man. He’s big and muscly, but inside he’s just mush. Spineless. I guess that’s what I really can’t stand. He doesn’t have that manly confidence. Maybe I should just admit he’ll never have it and break it off. Seriously. It’s not worth the stress.”

“Great, give up after you fucking broke him,” Cole snapped. He glared at her briefly, saw her looking at him, her mouth open in shock, and then he looked back at the road. “You ride him all the fucking time for no reason. It’s like you’re constantly testing him. No wonder he crumbles. You never deserved him with how bitchy you are.”

He hadn’t meant to say all that but his desire poured out of him in a jealous rage. His vision blurred with tears and he wiped his eyes with the back of one hand.

“You don’t fucking know either of us,” Autumn said, her voice rising. “You’re so caught up in your own selfish drama you can’t even see it. Have you ever once had a real talk with him? I think you’re still stuck in middle school.”

“I see the shit you do to him. What would a real man do? Hit you? Is that what you want? What do you expect him to do when you nag at him all the fucking

time?”

“Oh, you want to hit me?”

“That’s not what I said,” Cole insisted, even though at that point he wanted to. The car swerved slightly out of the lane as his vision went briefly red with anger. A honk from the car behind him brought him back.

“That’s what it sounds like. You’re just like him, you know? Neither of you know how to treat other people. You’re locked in your own little worlds. You’re just an asshole in a different way. You don’t know what it’s like to be me and deal with him.”

“I wish I did,” Cole yelled. “I’d be a better boyfriend than you ever could.”

Autumn opened her mouth to respond when a deer jumped out of the trees by the side of the road to the right of the car.

“Watch out!” Autumn yelled.

Startled, Cole jerked the wheel to the left. Their car jarred as it scraped against the car in the next lane and Cole jerked the wheel back the other way, over-correcting. Suddenly the car was spinning out of control, wheels screeching. Someone was screaming even as the car lifted up onto two wheels, balancing precariously for a moment before the angular momentum carried it over. The sky flipped upside down and the steering wheel lurched up to Cole’s face, airbag

exploding into him.

2

Through the haze of darkness and pain surrounding Cole came snippets of sound and light. Someone leaned over him and shined a light into his eye. Pain. He was being moved, lifted on to something. Rolled away. More flashing lights. More pain. Voices, quick and urgent around him. A jab in his arm and then his brain filled with cotton wool.

Cole dreamed. Shapeless dreams in which he knew he was dreaming, punctuated by voices he was pretty sure weren't dreams. Gradually things settled into a restful darkness. Some unknown time after that he became aware of mechanical beeps. Felt something cushioning his body beneath him. A bed. He was in a bed. Aching pain called him from body parts that seemed so far away from within the drug-dull stupor.

Some unknown time later Cole cracked his eyes open. Saw a white tiled ceiling. Institutional. Blurry. There was movement to his right and someone put their hand on his, covering it entirely. Cole tilted his face and found Jared looking down at him. Jared's eyes were red-rimmed and his hair disheveled, like he hadn't slept in a few days. He was looking down at Cole strangely, almost... tenderly.

"Hey," Jared whispered. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," Cole whispered, smiling. There was something wrong with his voice and he wondered if it had to do with the accident. The pitch was all wrong, even when he whispered.

Jared smiled back, relief evident on his face. “Thank god. You’re back, baby. You’re back.”

Before Cole could process that Jared leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the forehead, his rough beard tickling Cole’s skin. Cole didn’t know how to react. Astonishment and giddiness and wonder all fought it out in his head.

Jared stood and rushed out into the hallway. Cole had a moment to look around the room. Uncomfortable looking chair. Medical diagrams on the wall. Machines and tubes stored in one corner of the room. A hospital.

Jared came back a moment later with a doctor, a mature redhead with her hair done up in a tight bun. She smiled when she saw Cole was awake and came around one side of the bed. Jared came around to the other side.

“You’re awake.,” the doctor began, pulling out a small pen light. “That’s good. How do you feel, Autumn?”

“Autumn?” Cole whispered.

Jared glanced over at the doctor, worry creasing his forehead. The doctor concentrated on Cole, performing a series of tests. She asked him to track her pen as she waved it back and forth. Checked his heartrate. Wrote some things down on her clipboard.

“Now, do you know where you are?”

“Hospital?” Cole ventured, a little louder this time. And now he knew there was definitely something wrong with his voice. The words came out higher pitched. Softer somehow.

“That’s right,” the doctor nodded. “What’s the last thing you remember?”

Cole searched his memories, distracted by the nagging thought that something just wasn’t right.

“I was driving...” he began. He raised his right arm to rub his eye and froze when it came into sight. The hand was small, the fingers delicate and slender. The knuckles and arm were hairless and the fingernails tapered to soft points. It wasn’t his hand. It was a woman’s hand. He wiggled his fingers and watched as they moved at his command.

“My hand,” Cole murmured.

The doctor glanced at his hand then back at his face. “What’s wrong with your hand, Autumn?”

“Why do you keep calling me Autumn?” Cole asked, though even as he asked it the impossible answer came to him.

The doctor frowned. “That’s your name. Do you know who this is?” She gestured to Jared.

“That’s Jared,” Cole said. “Let me get up.”

He started struggling to sit up but the doctor stopped him. “I’ll move the bed up for you. Just stay lying down a second so I can check on you. We want to make sure you don’t have any internal injuries.”

Cole stopped struggling but he already knew. He felt his body moving. Felt a weight on his chest jiggling. His body was all wrong. Too small.

The doctor held down a button on the side of the bed and it slowly raised him into a sitting position. She clicked on her pen light and used it to look into each eye.

“Where’s...Cole?” Cole asked.

Jared shook his head. “Cole didn’t make it,” he whispered in a hoarse voice.

“You remember Cole?” The doctor asked. “Do you know who the president is?”

Cole stared at her for a second, analyzing his response. There was nothing wrong with his brain. He knew who he was. Or who he used to be, anyway. Somehow,

impossibly, he was in Autumn's body. Cole needed time to process this. To think and analyze. He could buy time by feigning amnesia.

He screwed up his face. "No. I don't...no."

"Do you know what year it is?"

He shook his head again.

"But you know who this is?" She gestured again at Jared.

"Jared," Cole smiled, and he took Jared's hand. Jared wrapped both his large hands around Cole's tiny one, engulfing him. "My boyfriend."

"That's good, at least," the doctor said.

She explained he'd been in a car accident. He had some scratches. Some bruises. Apparently some selective amnesia. But, miraculously, nothing major. Cole barely heard her. Jared was stroking his hand softly, kissing his little fingers. There was such bliss in that simple moment.

His old body was dead. Good riddance. Now he had a chance to start over. To be with Jared. To be in a petite, cute body instead of a fat and bloated one. Autumn appeared to be gone, which meant Jared was Cole's alone.

Jared stayed for the duration of visiting hours as the nurses fussed over Cole, removing tubes and needles and monitors. Jared filled Cole in on what had happened in the five days since the crash. He was dispassionately clinical in his retelling of events, and Cole pushed him to see how he felt.

“Cole’s dead?” Cole asked.

Jared nodded. “Yes,” he whispered, his mouth a straight line.

That was the most Cole got out of him emotionally. As Cole sat there in his new body, gazing at his longtime love, he wondered if something like this had been what drove Autumn to be Autumn. Was she so desperate for a reaction that she settled for anger? Or was that just her natural disposition and she focused it on Jared?

When the nurses were gone and Cole was free of the machines except for a pulse monitor, he asked Jared to help him of bed to the toilet. Cole sat up and swung his feet over the edge of the bed. He looked down at his tiny feet, wiggled his dainty toes. His feet were smaller, more delicately formed. Feminine.

Jared helped him out of bed, a solid arm around his waist. Cole clung to him a little more than necessary as he took his first tentative steps in Autumn’s body. His breasts swayed lightly and his unfamiliar hips swung back and forth with each step. Jared gripped him firmly and Cole snuggled up against him, inhaling Jared’s deeply masculine scent. The dull pain throbbing through him only made the whole thing that much more wonderful.

Jared left him alone in the toilet and waited outside the door. Cole pulled up his hospital gown and gaped down at the shapely body he now possessed, the slight expanse of smooth thigh surrounding the light thatch of pubic hair. So, this was his pussy now. This was his flat tummy. His legs. His toes. All his.

He sat on the toilet and experimented with different muscles until he felt his bladder release. Peeing and wiping someone else's body felt strangely invasive. He flushed and stood, moving over to the mirror above the sink.

Cole stared at the face he now possessed. Autumn's face. Her tiny features. Cute little nose. Angular cheeks. Soft, gorgeous eyes. One of his eyes was bruised and part of his cheek had a long scratch but other than that he appeared fine. He leaned closer to the mirror until his nose was almost touching the glass. His eyes traced over his face, skimming over the tiny moles and lines that were only visible on such close, personal inspection. His blonde hair hung wild down his back and he brushed it behind an ear, marveling as he did so at the way his body moved so gracefully.

Cole ran his hands over his face, tracing the contours of his mouth, his lips, the nostrils of his slim nose. He turned this way and that, examining his new face from every angle as he touched himself. So strange that he could touch Autumn like this, that he had complete control over her body. Strange and wonderful.

He traced the bruise with two slender fingers, pushing gently as beautiful pain blossomed within him. Well, that part of him was still around. He pushed the bruise again, harder this time, sinking into the pain as it raced through him. God, it felt so bad and so good. He bucked his hips up against the sink, trying to grind on it as he sometimes did at home. But with his smooth crotch there was nothing to press against and he gave up in frustration. That would just have to wait.

Jared helped Cole back into bed, Cole again leaning on him more than was necessary, just luxuriating in feeling those strong hands around his hips. Soon, visiting hours ended but before Jared left Cole pulled him in for a quick kiss on the lips, running his hand across Jared's beard as his tongue slipped out to taste Jared. The kiss was over far too quickly, leaving Cole alone with Jared's lingering warmth on his lips.

The doctors kept Cole in the hospital for two more days for monitoring before releasing him. The aches and pains had subsided and Cole was strong enough to walk around the room. He practiced when he was alone, getting the hang of how Autumn's body moved and balanced. His whole proprioception was off and he was clumsy and stumbling at first until he adjusted. Things were bigger and farther away than he was used to.

By the time Jared drove him back home, Cole was reasonably comfortable in Autumn's body. He was healing nicely and beginning to wonder about the more intimate aspects of his body. He was glad he'd missed his own funeral. That would have been awkward.

It was strange walking into Jared and Autumn's house like he lived there. He used the amnesia excuse to wander around, getting used to where everything was. There was a framed picture over the mantelpiece. Jared and Autumn sitting by a lake, Jared's arms wrapped around her, both smiling into the camera. That was the simple life Cole had coveted, but the truth was much more multifaceted.

"Welcome home," Jared said, leaving it at that.

Had Jared always been so emotionally flat? Cole had a sudden impulse to get a rise out of him. To get some deeper emotion.

“I remember...we had a fight about this house. You were going to kick me out or something?”

“No, no, no. We...” Jared grimaced. “We don’t need to talk about it.”

“No,” Cole insisted, driving the knife deeper, his sadistic streak coming to the fore. “Tell me why you yelled at me.”

“I didn’t yell at you. Look, it was about my friends coming over, but—”

“That’s right,” Cole pretended to remember. “You didn’t respect me.”

“Let’s not start this,” Jared growled.

There it was. That spark. That anger hidden below the surface. Cole knew as well as anyone how powerful that anger mixed with desire could be.

“Right. Let’s avoid this like you avoid everything.”

Some part of him—the Autumn part? Leftover from the well-trod pathways in her brain?—wanted to pick a fight, to berate Jared just to show him who was in control. The Cole part also wanted to berate him, but only to drive Jared to force,

to encourage him to use and abuse this wonderful new body. What would such magnificent pain feel like from within Autumn? How would it feel to punish her from inside her own body? Cole felt a gentle slickness growing between his thighs as he watched Jared struggle with his anger, clenching his fist.

Jared said nothing and after a moment Cole said, "Do you want to hit me?"

"No. Of course not," Jared said, unclenching his fist. "Never."

"Pussy," Cole smiled wickedly and marched upstairs, leaving Jared to stew.

Christ, that had been so wickedly fun. Cole hurried through their bedroom to the bathroom. He locked the door and tossed off his clothes. His naked body stretched down below him. His breasts were small and firm, and they wobbled lightly as he reached out to turn on the shower. The slickness between his thighs was welcoming and curious. He stepped into the hot shower and let the water splash down over his head and sluice between his breasts.

Cole grabbed his tits and pressed them together, watching them expand as he mushed them up against his body. He could get each hand around them with room to spare but they were so fun to fondle and stroke. He dug his fingers into Autumn's perky tits, his fingers dimpling the skin, squeezing, squeezing as a wonderful dull pain throbbed through his breasts. He dropped them and let them bounce down before gathering them again. He squeezed roughly, pinching his tiny pink nipples.

"You like that you stupid bitch?" Cole whispered to himself.

He made Autumn's hands torture herself, pinching and prodding her taut breasts. God, it felt so good manhandling them. He dropped them and slapped the side of one tit lightly, watching as it jiggled back and forth. The pain was a beacon, calling to him, and he slapped his tit again harder. And again. And again. Each smack reverberated through the shower, making his skin red and his body tingle.

He half-turned and gripped his taut ass, squeezing one trim cheek and watching it jiggle. Then he slapped his butt hard, the satisfying smack accompanied by a wave of delicious pain that made him moan. He pinched and poked and prodded and smacked his body, treating himself roughly, gripping his little tummy and abusing himself.

"You dumb cunt. You selfish bitch," he said in her voice.

Every sharp stab of pain grew the ache between his legs until he was wetter than water. He slid his hand between his legs and touched his pussy for the first time, moaning as his fingers glided across his coarse pubic hair and the slickness of his velvety folds. He was already so wet, so warm, and he stroked up and down. His fingers slid inside his entrance for the first time, pussy lips clasping his fingers as he fingered Autumn's body for the first time.

He gasped and leaned against the wall, tiny butt hitting the cold tiles as the pain amplified the pleasure inside him. His pussy was so delightful to feel from the inside and he took long strokes, stretching apart the walls of his canal and tickling his clit with one hand while sliding deep, deep inside, spreading his legs so he could curl up his fingers and glid all the way in. He was panting now, making little cries of delight.

Still fingering himself with one hand, he resumed torturing his body with the other. He squeezed a tit hard enough to make his eyes water, gasping as the pain and the pleasure mingled, the aching need inside him calling out for more. He slid his sopping wet fingers in and out of his slick hole, all the while treating his body roughly and calling himself names.

“You’re a fucking whore,” he moaned.

Hearing Autumn’s voice abuse herself, feeling his fingers deep inside his pussy made him crest and cum. He cried out, throwing his head back as he rode his fingers and pinched his nipple hard. Clenching his eyes shut he thrust his waist up, Willing his fingers deeper into his aching cunt, riding the pleasure as it blasted through him. It whited out the world, leaving him a quivering, moaning mess.

The pleasure ebbed slowly, until Cole was back down to earth. He pulled his fingers out of himself and smiled. He couldn’t wait to try out Autumn’s body with someone else.

3

The shower play relaxed him and for a little while he was calm. He dried himself off and slipped into Autumn's thick white terrycloth robe. He poked through Autumn's closet and examined the little knickknacks she kept around the bedroom. His new fingerprint unlocked Autumn's computer and phone, and he trolled through her emails and messages and social media feeds.

It was even better than spying, because no one could possibly catch him. He could completely remake Autumn's life to suit himself.

He eventually joined Jared downstairs, sneaking up behind him and wrapping his arms around Jared's chest.

"I'm sorry," Cole whispered. "The accident, and the stress and all."

"It's okay," Jared said, the tension releasing from his shoulders. Cole figured that was all the acknowledgement he was going to get.

Jared cared for him over the weekend, insisting Cole rest. Cole took advantage of Jared's desire to please, first asking and then demanding various foods and drinks and medicines. While Jared was watching TV Cole lay down on the couch and put his feet in Jared's lap.

“Rub my feet,” Cole said, regally.

Jared obliged, digging his thumbs into Cole’s tiny feet in a way that made him purr.

Cole slowly nagged at Jared, trying to break through the numb façade Jared kept up. There was an undercurrent of anger there waiting to be unleashed. Cole yearned for it to be unleashed on him, for Jared to bring that delicious pain and pleasure. But Jared remained stoic, yielding to Cole’s increasingly exacting demands without complaint.

Cole didn’t initiate sex that night, hoping that Jared would break. But Jared just took it in stride, rolling over and going to sleep, leaving Cole anxiously horny.

Jared had to go back to work the next day. That morning, Cole lounged in bed watching Jared put on his shirt and tie.

“You going with that tie?” Cole asked pointedly.

Jared just gritted his teeth.

“Come on, I was just teasing,” Cole said.

Cole lay propped up on his back in bed. As he shifted, one of his tits spilled out

of the loose low-cut nightie he wore. He took it in his hand, idly fondling himself as he watched Jared. Jared finished his tie and came towards Cole, pausing as he saw Cole stroking himself.

“Why don’t you come finish me off before work?” Cole suggested, his body warming at the thought. His fingers felt so good stroking his tit and he wanted more.

“Can’t,” Jared sighed before kissing Cole’s breast. “I’ll be late.”

“If you were a real man you’d flip me over and fuck the shit out of me real quick. Just take what you want.” Cole slipped his hand between Jared’s legs, squeezing the bulge beneath the black pants and grinning wickedly up at Jared.

“Remember to call your work and give them an update,” Jared said, changing the subject as he stood and freed himself from Cole’s light grasp. “I sent you an email about your job to try to jog your memory.”

“Right. Fine,” Cole grumbled.

Jared went downstairs as Cole finished himself off, fondling his heavy tits and sliding a finger into his moist folds. Autumn’s body was fun to play with, tight and supple in all the right places. But still, he was slow to cum, stroking his clit in tiny circles for a long time, berating himself for not cumming until his body crested and the orgasm pulsed through him. It was a little relief. Not as amazing as the first time, but enough to clear his mind. God, he needed Jared to punish this little body. But how could he encourage Jared to be the dom Cole so desperately craved?

Cole didn't bother calling Autumn's boss. Jared made enough money to take care of the both of them. Instead, Cole spent the day planning for Jared's return that night.

As soon as Jared walked through the front door after work Cole waltzed up to him. Cole was freshly showered and wearing only his white terry cloth robe.

"Hey, babe," Cole cooed, kissing Jared's scratchy cheek before thrusting a cold beer into his hand.

"Hey," Jared said, slightly stunned. "What's all this about?"

"What do you mean?" Cole said, his hand still resting on Jared's broad chest.

"Usually when you act like this it's because you want something."

"The only thing I want is you."

Cole returned to the kitchen without waiting for a reply. Jared followed him and his jaw dropped when he found the table already set for dinner. Two steaming bowls sat in the middle, one with rice, the other with orange chicken, which Jared knew was Cole's favorite.

“You’re cooking now?” Jared asked.

“I thought you’d like having a little wifey serving your every need.”

Cole guided Jared to his seat and reached across him for the bowl, letting the neck of his robe dip down right in front of Jared’s eyes and giving him a closeup of Autumn’s fantastic breasts. He scooped the meal into Jared’s bowl and set it in front of him.

“Is there anything else you want?” Cole asked, running his hands through Jared’s beard.

“I don’t know,” Jared shrugged. “You can sit and eat, too. You’re making me nervous hovering there.”

Cole slumped into his seat and served himself. Clearly his approach with Jared was too subtle. Time to up his game.

After Jared finished dinner, Cole cleared the table while Jared changed out of his work clothes and into a tee shirt and jeans. Cole begged him to watch a movie together.

“Please!” Cole batted his eyes until Jared relented.

Cole snuggled up with him on the couch and started streaming 50 Shades of Grey.

“Really?” Jared asked.

“Watch. You might learn something,” Cole winked.

Cole leaned his head on Jared’s shoulder, one arm draped halfway across Jared’s lap. When the dom scenes started Cole whispered little comments, like “That’s hot” and “Can you imagine doing that to me?” and “I bet that feels so fucking good.”

When the movie ended, Cole turned to Jared. “What did you think?”

Jared shrugged, non-comital.

“Did you like what you saw?” Cole poked him in the chest with each word.

Jared pushed Cole’s hand away. “Ow, stop.”

Cole sat up and poked Jared’s chest some more. “What are you going to do? You going to get angry, Jared? Is this annoying?”

Jared grabbed Cole's hand and held firm enough that Cole couldn't slip out of his grasp.

"I said stop it."

"Can't take it?" Cole egged him on, sensing Jared's rising anger, which echoed Cole's rising need. "Am I being too tough on you? Come on, Jared, tell me what you're feeling. You never tell me anything except when you're yelling at me."

"I don't yell at you."

"You do. And then you give me the silent treatment like some timid child. Man the fuck up."

"Shut. Up." Jared gritted his teeth and tightened the pressure on Cole's hand. Now it was just verging on painful, his fingers nearly crushing Cole's petite hand.

"You don't have the balls to shut me up," Cole hissed, grinning wickedly, daring Jared to do something.

Cole could see Jared was angry and straining to control himself.

“You want to slap me?” Cole asked. “Slap me. Do it.”

Still, Jared hesitated. So Cole grabbed Jared’s other hand and used it to smack himself. Jared saw what Cole was doing an instant too late and pulled back, but still made light contact with Cole’s cheek.

“Yes,” Cole sighed, as a bright warmth lit between his thighs. “Do it again.”

Jared’s eyes widened in surprise and then sudden understanding. He drew his hand back and Cole let go of it. Jared smacked Cole’s face, less gentle than before but still entirely too softly, barely making a sound.

“Harder you fucking pussy,” Cole hissed.

Jared drew back and smacked his cheek harder with a satisfying thwack, turning Cole’s head to the side. Hard enough to be painful but not injure him. Cole gasped, the bright pain shooting down through his body to meet the warmth coming up from below.

“Yes,” Cole sighed. “Again.”

Smack! This time Cole gasped in painful delight, taking deep gulps of air. He needed to be punished. Needed Autumn to be punished.

“Treat me like you own me,” Cole said.

Cole saw Jared’s anger and rage and lust rise on his face, his body tense. He grabbed Cole’s cheeks in both hands and brought their lips together forcefully. Their tongues met and Jared slid into Cole’s mouth. Cole tasted him, sucking on his lover’s tongue, the pressure from Jared’s hands holding him in a tight grip. Jared’s tongue slid across the contours of Cole’s mouth. Jared’s scent filled Cole’s nose and he leaned in to it. His body was Jared’s to command.

Jared pulled away and smacked Cole on the cheek again.

“Ohh!” Cole cried, the pain so beautiful. “Yesssss.”

Before he could even recover from that Jared flipped Cole’s robe open and grabbed both his tits, squeezing them in a vice-like grip. He latched his mouth onto Cole’s neck, teeth grating Cole’s sensitive skin. He continued squeezing Cole’s breasts while he nipped his neck, teeth never quite breaking the skin.

Cole threw his head back and moaned as Jared assaulted his body. “Yes. More. More. I’m your little bitch.” Hearing Autumn degrade herself made him even hornier. He felt his pussy moistening, pussy lips loosening for Jared.

Jared grappled and squeezed him, hands splayed out over his tits as he nibbled up and down Cole’s neck. Cole’s nipples spiked to attention and his breathing grew faster as the pain melded with the pleasure. He needed to be used, to be consumed like this, to be made a pleasure object for Jared.

“Call me names,” Cole breathed in a hoarse whisper, his body whipped into a frenzy. “Make me your whore.”

Jared released one of Cole’s tits, letting it drop down his chest in order to thrust his fingers through Cole’s fine blonde hair and grab a handful. “You dirty little slut,” Jared growled in Cole’s ear, his breath hot on Cole’s skin.

Cole shivered and thrust his own hand beneath his robe to land between his legs. His fingers met his wetness and stroked up and down his entrance. Jared hauled back and smacked Cole’s sensitive tits, sending them both jiggling. Cole cried out in pain and sunk his fingers deeper into his velvety folds. His pussy was sopping wet now, so wonderfully slick, and he stroked over his swollen clit while Jared abused his body.

“Again,” Cole begged when he saw Jared hesitate. “Punish me for being such a cunt.”

Jared smacked Cole’s breasts again, sending them swinging. “You dumb cunt,” Jared growled.

A red handprint blossomed across Cole’s chest as the sharp pain brought tears to his eyes. He cried out as the pain made the pleasure crest within him in a short, sharp orgasm. He shivered as the pleasure filled him briefly, leaving him wanting more. He thrust his fingers deeper inside himself, fingering his pussy hard and fast.

Jared grabbed both tits again and buried his head between them, licking and suckling. Every now and then he would suck on one of Cole’s raw pink nipples,

teeth grazing the sensitive skin. Cole's fingers were deep inside himself now, his moisture dripping across his fingers. Jared gripped Cole's hair again and jerked his head back, his other hand still squeezing Cole's breast painfully, pinching the nipple while Cole's body sang with pain.

"I'm going to fuck your titties."

Jared threw Cole onto his back on the couch. Cole's robe spread open, his dripping pussy exposed for Jared. Jared paused just long enough to drop his pants. His cock was hard and so impossibly big from Cole's new angle.

Jared straddled Cole's stomach, cock aimed between Cole's tits. Cole's arms were pinned beneath Jared's legs, Cole's hand still stroking his pussy, fingers working into the wet warmth. Jared grabbed Cole's tits again and pushed them together, squeezing them around his dick, just managing to cover it. He thrust up and Cole saw the cock disappear between his breasts, felt the warmth drive through his cleavage, and then the cockhead appeared in front of his nose.

"You like being fucked like this you bitch?" Jared growled.

"Yes, yes," Cole moaned, his own fingers working his slickness, anticipation rising within him, the crescendo of pleasure growing as he fingered himself.

Jared gripped Cole's tits in both hands and continued fucking them, hard and rough. His cockhead dotted with pre-cum that slid against Cole's skin, warm and wet, lubricating his tits. When the cockhead next appeared Cole tilted his head up and stuck his tongue out. He could just reach it and taste Jared's tangy cum.

“Suck it you dirty cocksucking whore,” Jared growled, thrusting deep into the valley of Cole’s tits.

Cole reached for Jared’s cockhead with his tongue, could just reach the tip and licked greedily. He could hear his own wetness as his fingers moved quicker inside him, deeper, deeper, curling around to bump against the tender nub of his innermost pleasure. Now Jared was squeezing his tits tight and thrusting in and out with raging desire. Jared grunted as he fucked Cole’s tits, teeth gritted in barely suppressed rage, taking out his anger on Cole’s body. The punishment made pleasure spike within Cole, cresting and roaring out of him. He quivered beneath Jared, mouth dropping open, moaning as he shook and came.

At the same time he felt Jared’s cock throb between his tits. Jared grunted and released Cole’s breasts. He grabbed his cock and stroked it, aiming at Cole’s face. spurts of hot cum exploded onto Cole’s lips, his nose, his cheeks. Cole moaned again, the orgasm burning even brighter as his body was used and degraded. He tried to raise his hips but was trapped beneath Jared’s weight, and the binding of his body made him cum harder as Jared’s cum splashed across his face. He cried out, mouth falling open as cum splashed onto his tongue and he tasted the salty essence of his lover.

Jared emptied himself and remained kneeling over Cole, breathing hard, the last drops of hot cum dripping onto Cole’s tits as Cole’s body cooled slowly. Cole opened his eyes and smiled up at Jared.

“Oh fuck, that was amazing,” Cole sighed, his body quivering with aftershock.

“Was it?” Jared asked.

He stood and gazed down at Cole. Now that the rush of desire was gone, Cole could see Jared was having second thoughts. No. Damn it. No.

Cole would just have to work harder.

They cleaned off and went to bed. Cole tried to draw Jared back into another round of dirty talk but Jared remained silent and withdrawn. Cole went to bed horny once again.

4

Cole woke up the next morning and padded into the bathroom. Autumn's sleepy face smiled back at him. Man, he loved seeing that new reflection. He pulled the neck of his billowy night shirt aside and examined the marks on his neck. Jared's teeth marks. Marks of ownership. Cole ran his fingers lightly over the bruises, smiling as he did so.

"You okay?" Jared asked from behind him.

Cole turned and draped himself on Jared's broad form, bare tits pressing against Jared's warm chest. "Wonderful," Cole sighed, pressing his nose against Jared's body, inhaling the masculine scent. When he pulled away he saw Jared looking down at him, his lips pursed in thought. "What's wrong?"

Jared shrugged. "Last night was...interesting."

"You seemed to like it as much as I did. Don't you want to shut me the fuck up sometimes?" Cole ginned and grabbed the bulge protruding beneath Jared's boxer shorts.

"It's just...you've never asked for that before. I wonder if the accident changed you."

“I don’t know, but I want more.”

“Didn’t it hurt?”

“Yes. That’s the point, dummy,” Jared said, half-teasing.

“I’m worried that I’ll injure you.”

“Don’t be. If it’s too rough I’ll give you a code word, like...pickle. Even you should be able to remember one word.”

“It’s not just you. Why do I like it?”

“’cause it shows you’re a real man. Not some wimpy pushover. You are a real man, right? It’s hard to tell sometimes because you get pushed around so much by your little wifey.” Cole thumped Jared’s chest.

Jared grabbed Cole’s wrist and held it tightly as a flash of anger washed through him. And yet Jared controlled himself. Again. He dropped Cole’s hand with a sigh and got dressed for work. Cole nagged at Jared through breakfast, hoping to break him, wanting to see that raw erotic anger explode through him. Goddamn stoic. What more did Cole need to do to convince him that this was what he craved?

Over the next few days Cole kept trying. He got Jared to sit through movies like Secretary and sent him articles on BDSM. Cole alternated between being obediently subservient and irrationally critical but Jared took it all in silence. In fact, Jared refused to touch Cole, maybe afraid of what he would do. But that threat was exactly what Cole wanted.

While Jared was at work Cole tried to pleasure himself alone. He tortured Autumn's body into orgasms, pinching and prodding his fat tits, roughly fingering his pussy. But none of the orgasms were as satisfying as when Jared had him pinned to the couch, smacking him and cumming on him. Thinking of that while fingering himself sent Cole over the edge and he came, body quivering around his fingers. He needed more. He needed to break Jared.

That Friday, after Jared left for work, Cole dressed himself in the sluttiest outfit of Autumn's he could find. A white dress with pink polka dots two sizes too small that Autumn probably bought years ago and grown out of. It squeezed his bust tight, forming his cleavage into immense mountains and threatening to show off his panties if he walked wrong. It squeezed his body in all the right places, emphasizing his incredible ass and breasts.

Looking in the mirror, Cole laughed at the image of conservative Autumn dressed like such a slut. If she were still here she would hate the sight of herself. She always covered herself up with baggy clothes like she was afraid of her body, whereas Cole wanted to show it off. Let everyone have a look. He slipped on Autumn's highest heels and tottered around the room for a few minutes until he got the hang of walking.

Cole arrived at Jared's office a little before lunch. The office was in the middle floor of a large glass and steel building downtown. Cole strolled in and rode the elevator up with two attorneys that worked on another floor. He stared straight

ahead as the elevator doors closed, a half-smile on his lips, pretty sure that the two attorneys behind him were checking out his ass.

When the doors opened Cole strolled out and into the lobby of the architecture firm where Jared worked. Brightly lit décor. Playful red and yellow furniture. A large television above the receptionist's desk flashed images of the firm's past projects.

The secretary did a good job of not gawking as Cole click-clacked on his high heels towards her, his tits and ass wobbling delightfully.

"I'm here for my boyfriend. Jared Osterman."

"Have a seat, I'll see if he's available." The secretary said.

"He better be," Cole huffed, turning and taking a seat on a cozy red armchair.

He crossed his legs, causing the dress to glide up his thighs. He leaned his cheek on his hand in thought, calculating his next moves. Jared appeared a few minutes later.

"Hey, babe. This is a surprise," he said.

Cole pushed himself to his feet. "Oh, I'm sure," Cole snapped, loud enough for

the secretary to look up sharply and then back down, pretending she wasn't eavesdropping.

"What are you talking about?" Jared asked, his unruly brows furrowing in confusion.

"You're so fucking stupid, you know that?"

"Stop," Jared hissed, trying to take his arm, but Cole pulled away.

"Don't try to shut me up," Cole said. "You're always doing that. Are you scared of women? Is it because you can't satisfy them?"

Now Jared's confusion was replaced with anger. "What are you doing? Don't do this here. You're embarrassing me."

"Let's do it in your office then, asshole."

Jared hurried through the maze of cubicles to his corner office, Cole hot on his heels. The others in the office had clearly heard the fight and didn't look up as they passed.

When Cole came in Jared locked the door and drew the window shades down over the floor to ceiling windows looking out onto the cubicles.

“What is going on?” Jared asked.

“You’ve been neglecting me all week and I can’t take it anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why won’t you fuck me? Is there something wrong with your dick? Did it shrivel up and fall off?”

Jared advanced on Cole, towering over him. Cole back up until his taut butt hit the edge of Jared’s sturdy wooden desk. Jared’s fists were clenched, his face rigid with fury. And, Cole noticed, the bulge in his pants was considerable.

“Stop this. Not here.”

“Scared? Worried you can’t get it up?”

“Autumn, I’m warning you.”

“Do it. Smack me. Teach me a lesson. Or are you too much of a wimp?”

Jared cracked suddenly. He hauled his hand back and smacked Cole across the side of the face. The pain was instantaneous and wonderful. Cole grabbed his cheek and gasped in delight, then let his hand trace down his neck to his breast as he sighed with pent-up ecstasy.

“Hit me again. If you’ve got the balls—”

Jared smacked Cole’s other cheek, whipping Cole’s head back the other way. “Yes!” Cole moaned, the pain sizzling down his body, bringing that familiar warmth flooding through him.

Jared grabbed a fistful of Cole’s hair and yanked his head back. Cole’s mouth dropped open, his scalp screaming in wonderful pain as he was held like this. Jared’s other hand whipped up and grabbed one of Cole’s tits, squeezing it in his huge hand tight enough to make Cole’s eyes water.

Jared leaned close and whispered in his ear, “Is this what you want, bitch?”

Cole’s body was howling with pain-spiked pleasure and he whimpered between gasps, “Yes. More. Please.”

“You walk into my office...” Jared hissed, before biting Cole’s ear once, quickly, “...dressed like a fucking slut...” Here, Jared clapped his hand against Cole’s pussy, giving it a brief squeeze, his fingers pressing Cole’s dress and panties against his pussy. “You must need punishment.”

Cole whimpered once, still held taut by the fist in his hair. His body was roiling with pleasure, anticipation driving him on. “Yes.”

Jared jerked Cole’s head back. “Yes what?”

“Yes, sir,” Cole moaned. God, he needed Jared’s touch so bad.

“On your knees,” Jared said, throwing Cole to the floor.

Cole’s dress slid up to his tummy, revealing his pink panties as he sat up on his knees. Cole’s breasts jostled beneath his dress, his nipples already sharp peaks, chaffing so wonderfully as they slid against the fabric. Autumn’s whole body was bright with need, his pussy warm and wet, wanting Jared to control him.

Jared dropped his pants and freed his cock. Large and erect, the swollen head pointed right at Cole’s lips. Cole leaned forward and opened his lips but Jared grabbed his hair again and held him back, forcing Cole to look up into Jared’s eyes.

“Beg for it,” Jared commanded.

Cole licked his plump lips, mouth already wet at the way Jared was handling him.

“Please,” Cole whispered. “Please let me suck your dick.”

“Are you going to be my little whore?”

“Yes! I’m your little whore!” Cole agreed. Hearing Autumn begging for dick made him even wetter. The knowledge that he was in her body, controlling her, feeling her pain was divine.

“Then suck my dick you fucking whore.”

Cole opened his lips and Jared jammed his mouth down his shaft. The cockhead slipped across Jared’s tongue, the dick so impossibly huge as it filled his mouth. Cole opened as wide as possible, until his jaw ached and his mouth was full of dick. Jared’s masculine scent filled him, the hard-softness in his mouth so perfect. Jared pushed Cole’s head down until the bulbous cockhead pressed against Cole’s throat and he choked. Jared pulled him back off his dick and Cole came up spitting, eyes watering.

Jared allowed him to get control of himself before pushing his head back down his shaft. Cole devoured each warm inch, trying to take as much in as he could. His head was driving up and down the shaft, going deeper each time, leaving a trail of saliva along the shaft as Jared used Cole like a fucktoy.

While Cole’s mouth was full of dick, one of his hands slipped beneath his panties and he began stroking his pussy. He was already slick, and he spread it across his entrance, up and down his warmth as his mouth was forced up and down Jared’s dick. He was so hungry for cock, and the pain and humiliation made him even hornier. He moaned around the dick, savoring the taste, the pain

as he choked once again on his lover's massive cock.

Just as Cole thought he couldn't take any more Jared yanked his head off his dick, holding Cole's lips there, inches from the cockhead. A strand of saliva connected Cole's lips to Jared's cock.

"Stand up and turn around," Jared ordered.

Cole did as he was told, standing and turning to face the desk. Jared pushed him down and Cole found himself leaning over the desk, his ass in the air, tits resting on the polished wood. Rough hands yanked his dress up and his panties down. Then there was a solid smack across his ass as Jared slapped him. Cole moaned in delight and gripped the edge of the desk, arching his back so his plump butt was in the air. Jared smacked him again. Cole felt his butt cheeks bounce, felt the splash of pain across his buttocks filling his body and driving the pleasure to unimaginable levels.

Jared smacked him again and again, until Cole's ass was red and raw. Each sting of Jared's hand driving the pleasure higher. As Cole shifted he felt the puddle pooling on the desk beneath him. He was sopping wet and needing more.

As if in answer to his plea, something hard and warm pressed up against his opening. Jared nudged Cole's legs even wider.

"Spread for me bitch," Jared demanded.

Cole placed one knee up on the desk, feeling his pussy growing loose and wide. There was a pressure against his entrance as Jared pressed his cock up against Cole. There was no time for second thoughts before Jared was inside him, the massive girth shoving through Cole's wet hole. He moaned as he was filled with dick for the first time. It drove through him, bringing with it a feeling of perfect fullness, as if this was what he'd been waiting for his entire life.

When Jared was all the way inside he smacked Cole's ass again, harder this time. Cole quivered with pain, his pussy squeezing the cock inside him. He closed his eyes and cried out in a strangled voice, his entire body shaking with orgasm.

Jared gripped his hair again and yanked his head up, then slid out of him, leaving Cole achingly empty for a second, before jamming his cock back inside. Jared fucked him like this, rough and raw, yanking Cole's head up. Cole raised himself on his arms, back arched as Jared plunged into his slickness. Cole was crying out in a series of strangled moans as he came, over and over around Jared's dick, loving the sound of Autumn, the feel of his body as he jiggled and swayed.

His tits bounced up and down on his chest as Jared fucked him hard. The slap of Jared's groin on Autumn's fat ass grew louder, quicker, until Jared grunted into Cole's ear and thrust deep, squeezing Cole's ass painfully. Cole came again and Jared came with him, pumping hot cum into Cole's body. All Cole could do was take it, his body held tight by the force of Jared's grip as his pussy was filled with cum and the pleasure tore through him. He cried out, blinded by desire and pain and lust.

The orgasm receded slowly, leaving Cole breathing heavily, still held aloft by the hand in his hair. Soon only the pain was left. The ache of his ass. The throbbing of his scalp. Jared released him and Cole dropped to the desk.

“Clean me up,” Jared demanded.

Cole turned and looked up at him. “What?”

“Lick me clean, whore.”

Cole dropped to his knees and took Jared’s cock in his mouth. Even flaccid it was still huge, and Cole delighted in the acrid taste of his own pussy as he licked Jared clean, drinking down every drop of their shared juices.

“Is that what you wanted?” Jared asked, stroking Cole’s cheek.

“Yes,” Cole sighed, leaning against Jared’s hand.

Jared slapped him lightly and held him by the throat. “Good. Go home. Masturbate. But don’t you dare orgasm until I get home. You’re my slut, you hear that?”

“Yes, sir.” Cole smiled.

He stood and adjusted his dress across his ample bosom and thighs. When they were both presentable, Jared opened the door and escorted Cole back to the elevator. Either Jared’s office was sound-proofed or his coworkers were doing an excellent job pretending they hadn’t just heard their boss fuck the hell out of his

girlfriend.

5

Cole went home and did as he was told. After undressing he stretched out on the bed and began playing with his tits. They were so fun to squeeze and stroke. He lifted one to his lips and sucked on himself, tasting Autumn, enjoying the body he was now in forever. As he feasted on his tit his other hand slipped down between his legs, teasing and stroking. He brought himself right to the edge and stopped as commanded. Again and again. A wet spot formed beneath his ass and he was unbelievably horny.

Jared checked in on him throughout the day via text, making sure he hadn't cum yet. When Jared came home Cole expected him to jump on him as soon as he walked in the door. But Jared kept up the torture, taking to the role of dominant husband. All his pent-up aggravation towards Autumn was taken out on Cole. All the fights. All the insults. Jared was intent on getting his revenge back for all of it.

He forbade Cole from wearing clothes and made him crawl around the house. Jared treated Cole like a dog, smacking his round butt and calling him names. Cole craved it. Autumn's body was hornier than he'd ever felt. Just Jared patting his head was enough to make Cole cum, and he stroked the side of his face against Jared's leg like an animal.

It was a blessed relief when Jared finally pinned him down on the kitchen floor, his plump ass in the air, and fucked him long and slow. Cole whimpered as Jared plunged into him, deep, long strokes while he cursed Autumn. Called her worthless. Slutty. Cole came again and again around the cock of his new master and lover. He'd finally taken ownership of his new life, and he was positive Jared was happier for it. Cole sure was.

###

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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