

Mini-Story: We Both Need Coffee (Multihead TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Lucky, lucky her. You know, maybe if Jessica could wake up a little earlier some days, then I wouldn't have to drag our ass out of bed and set the coffee pot. As it is, she keeps resting her head against mine, snoring in my ear, and whispering about wonderful sexy dreams that *I* could have been having. Ugh. It would be at least a little tolerable if she didn't occasionally use our right arm to grope our left tit, or try to feel ourselves up. Or if the body we share wasn't super turned on by *her* dream. Dammit, sometimes a girl just wants to make coffee without her passenger having sexy dreams.

It's not really Jessica's fault. Or mine. We were both junior assistants working on a science experiment revolving around genetic fusion at our local university. Both of us were ordinary women in our early twenties, our own respective intelligences in no doubt given that we'd been selected for such a remarkable project. We were excited, devoted, and working round the clock to transform the knowledge of science as we knew it.

Until one day the genetic fusion chamber required an inspection and we both fought over it. Jessica called me an uptight, overly-serious woman with 'trust issues.' She also made fun of my name, despite Billie being perfectly fine as a woman's name! I, in turn, called her a self-obsessed Barbie-type who probably slept her way into the lab instead of earning her way there. I knew that was incorrect - she was as brilliant as I was - but it felt good to take a stab at her more attractive looks and easier presentation. I had always struggled with such things.

Of course, in the heart of our argument, that's where things went wrong. Somehow, the systems in the genetic fusion chamber short-circuited, and sealed us in there! We tried to get out, to call for help, and scientists ran for our aid once we alerted them. But it was too late: the machine turned fully on, and soon we were pressed against one another, our flesh merging, our bones becoming one, our bodies becoming conjoined into something new!

By the time we emerged, we needed help just to stand on *our* own two feet. The two feet we shared. Suddenly we shared a single body with two arms and two legs. And two heads, mine and hers, though they aren't really our original heads any longer, since we have blended perfectly together. Our body has a smooth olive tone, a mix between my dark skin and her previous whiteness. Our breasts are medium size, whereas I was flat-chested and she quite busty. We inherited my fitness, though it is trimmed back and paired with her elegance. Moreover, our faces are not identical; we look like siamese identical twins sharing a body.

I can tell you, it took quite the getting used to. We're both so different that we often bickered over control of our body. We both have more dominion over 'our side' of the body, but require each other to move. Oddly, thanks to the fusion, it quickly became quite instinctive, and we could even sense when the other wanted to speak. Over time, we even stopped fighting and learned how to get along. We were, after all, sleeping in the same bed, eating broadly the same meals, and having the same days. We began to partake in each other's hobbies, and realised we had more in common than we thought. I began to enjoy letting my new 'sister' do our makeup in the morning, just as she liked letting me have control of the body while we went for a run.

And, of course, we both managed to find a few men willing to date or enjoy a one-night stand with two women sharing the same body. We make quite the choir when we orgasm together. Some blokes clearly like that.

But some problems don't go away, like the fact that it doesn't matter that we share the same body, Jessica is always a heavy sleeper, and I have to be the one to get us out of bed and sculling down a nice black coffee just to wake us both up. Ah well, it's a small problem in the face of everything. I'm just glad I decided to get a nice bob haircut so people can finally tell us apart.

The End