

Joining Jessica

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Andrew woke groggily; his head was full of cotton wool and his mouth felt odd and swollen. He must have drunk a lot more than he realised last night. His whole body felt stiff, he couldn't even feel most of his limbs and part of him was desperate to sink back down into slumber and yet, as it often did once you woke, sleep eluded him. He sighed in annoyance...or at least he tried to. As his awareness grew and the shackles of sleep were cast off Andrew began to realise that something was wrong. His vision slowly expanded, showing only a tinted darkness. The only reason he could tell his eyes weren't closed was the light filtering through what seemed to be a blanket. That and the fact that he didn't seem to *have* any eyes. A strange sort of panic began to rise within him as he realised, he was paralysed; only able to muster a strange twitch every few seconds. Where was he? It was too dark to tell but it was hot and the air was thick with a musk he couldn't quite identify. He tried desperately to move more, managing a few more quivers before his mouth strangely, began to water.

No wait, it wasn't his mouth, the shape was all wrong. The taste wasn't that of saliva, nor the feel. It was thicker, heady and oddly familiar. His mind was suddenly filled with memories of the night before; of going home with Jessica and ploughing her into the bed. That's what this smell was, sex or more specifically, the smell of her pussy. He tried to remember exactly how it had happened; they'd stumbled home drunk after a night of dancing, he'd eaten her out, moaning about how good she tasted and then they'd fallen into bed. It had been the best sex of his life; she was so tight he'd struggled not to cum in seconds. After that...had they fallen asleep? The combination of tiredness and hangover made it all so fuzzy.

The smell was strong here, even stronger than when he'd been eating her out and it almost seemed to be filling him; he could taste it now too and feel it slowly dribbling out of the hole he'd originally thought was his mouth.

A moan and suddenly he was being moved, temporarily squashed and squeezed between two warm, soft...somethings. There was a rustle of blankets and then light as they were thrown off. He was laying on the bed, but the angle was all wrong, those warm things that had tightened around him mere moments ago were revealed to be a pair of legs and then, as he swivelled his vision up, he was met with a face.

Jessica.

She was rubbing sleep from her eyes, slightly smudging her day-old mascara. She was just as hot as last night though, despite this and he tried to say something, to let her know she was here but he had no way of doing so. He twitched again and Jessica hummed in the back of her throat, peering down at him curiously.

“Andrew?”

She knew he was there!

“It’s so weird...I know that’s you.” She mused sleepily, “But how? Hang on...”

He felt his body lurch as suddenly, they was moving. Those legs gently pressing against him as Jessica walked over to her full length mirror, he turned his vision forward and was met with her naked reflection. Fuck, she was gorgeous; her waxed pussy was pretty and pink and he felt a thrill pass through him, a strange merging of panic and pleasure as well as pride knowing that he was part of such a beautiful woman. The fact that he could find and pleasure at all in such a horrifying situation was almost scary in of itself.

“Twitch if that’s you.”

He did so, summoning what little strength he had. Jessica gasped.

“I knew it, oh, those little twitches feel nice.”

He hadn’t noticed any such feeling, then again, he was still in shock somewhat.

“Well...” Jessica bit her lip awkwardly, “I guess until we figure this out, I’d better take good care of you. Let’s go get cleaned up, I feel all sticky and gross.”

Now that she mentioned it, he could feel it too. Something gummy and sour clogging his folds and walls. The bitterness was tainting her natural juices flavour and he wished he could somehow spit it all out. He twitched a few times, trying desperately to shift the substance but found he was unable to. Jessica above him giggled.

“That tickles! Just be patient now.”

That was easy for her to say! She hadn’t been spontaneously transformed into somebody else’s body part! The sound of water hitting the bottom of the shower helped calm him somewhat though, as the stream rose, he felt moisture begin to cling to his lips and front before coalescing and dripping down; it felt oddly relaxing. Jessica seemed to agree as she sighed in relief stepping under the spray. Andrew’s vision became blurry with water as it flowed over him, running across his smooth mound

and undercarriage. It warmed him, seeping into his skin and muscles and making his tight inner walls relax as the tension began to melt away.

Then a hand came, deft fingers with short clean nails scrapping across his skin pleasantly before parting the folds and gently stroking. That bitter fluid, his own seed, was slowly flushed from his system leaving him with only the taste of Jessica and the feel of her fingers massaging him. He resolutely refused to enjoy the sensations though, he was not about to let himself get turned on by this experience. It was humiliating, not to mention emasculating in the extreme. Still, it did feel nice to be clean. As she stepped out of the shower and gently patted him dry he twitched, trying to tell her to be more gentle but she paid him no heed. When they returned to the bed room though he found a new terror awaiting him. He watched as she stretched out the panties, slowly lifting them up her legs toward him. He didn't want to be trapped inside those! It was bad enough seeing the world from this angle but to be trapped in darkness without even that to distract him from her feel and taste, it was torture.

"Oh, stop it." She chided, "I can't have you twitching and moving all day, I have plans. We'll sort this out tonight. I can't put my life on hold because you decided to...I don't know, merge with me!"

She said it as if he had any choice in the matter! The fabric covered him, the dark red material blocking out nearly all light, the last of which was snuffed out with a pair of tight yoga pants. He was being squashed in from every angle, held perfectly in place and squashed against her legs. His sense of time was lost, her legs brushed his folds against one another subtly as she walked and it felt like an age before the muffled sounds of the world became loud enough for him to discern anything that was happening outside his dark, wet, prison.

There was music, a constant thrum of base that sent the occasional tingle up Jessica's legs and into him; voices too, and the whirl of machines. One of her legs rose up, then the other, what or earth was she doing with her legs in the air? Then, steadily they began to pump up and down, muscles straining and trembling slightly as she began to grunt with exertion; a leg press, they were at the gym!

With each push he felt his form being stretched, the skin pulled with the movement of her legs as the workout continued. Once again moisture began to form around him, this time it was slightly salty, adding an unusual flavour to the sweetness of her juices. After the leg press came the treadmill, where she ran, slowly increasing her speed over time so that with each leap forward, her legs brushed and squeezed his form that little bit harder. It was getting more difficult to ignore the sensations; those little bursts of bliss that came from having all his sensitive skin touched so intimately. He refused to give in though, trying his best to spasm in a way that would distract her, it never seemed to work though, it only spurred her on. Still, he kept it up; she would *not* forget he was down here. He refused to let her.

He would hear her panting heavily, surely, they were getting close to the end of her routine by now. He spasmed again, just to spite her but instead realised he was doing just the opposite; more of that sweet juice was forming between his folds and her heavy breathing took on a higher pitch. Finally, she began to slow, the air was thick with the smell of her sweat, it made his focus swim. When she finally stepped off the machine she walked hurriedly, for a moment Andrew

entertained the idea that his plan of distraction was working, perhaps she was heading home to try and figure out a way to fix this!

A few minutes of jogging passed and suddenly there was the sound of a door closing and then, light once more. They were indeed back home, back in front of that mirror but judging by the flushed look on Jessica's face, she was not in the mood for helping him. Her eyes were wide, pupils blown and suddenly Andrew realised all his twitching had done was pleasure her while she ran.

"I am sorry this happened." She sighed, kicking off the panties and yoga pants, "I am but...you can't keep turning me on like this."

Her voice was husky, she didn't sound upset at all. In fact, she sounded like she was getting off on his predicament! A moment later she was sitting on the floor, spreading her legs wide in front of the mirror, giving them both a perfect view of her pussy, of *him*.

"Maybe, we can learn to exist like this..." She said.

Andrew was only half listening, his eyes glued to his own wet, pussy form in the mirror; the pink skin was glistening, he could see his clit, producing and desperate to be touched and the puckered hole where the juices were currently dribbling. It was so baffling to think that was him; such a sight would have been a turn on even a day ago but now he was full of conflict. Another shape appeared in the mirror and to his horror and delight, it was a hand. Jessica's fingers were inching toward his aching folds and he was torn with the knowledge that giving in to such things was wrong, yet he wanted to be touched so much.

As her finger pressed against his clit he couldn't help but quiver; she started rubbing little circles around the sensitive nub and his resolve began to crumble into dust. It was so good; a spurt of juice escaped him; it was as close to moaning as he could manage. His vision was obscured as that finger was joined by another, now stroking down his folds, spreading the wetness across the smooth skin.

"Can you see us right now?" Her voice was teasing, "Fuck, I can't believe I've got a man between my legs all the time. At my mercy, watching me touch myself f-fuck..."

Her fingers began to speed up, the feather light touched turning firm as she picked up speed. It was hard to see past the rapidly moving fingers but he could see her in the mirror, eyes glued to her own crotch. Andrew could feel his entire form tightening, his inner walls squeezing around air desperate for friction. Jessica was moaning louder, alternating between breathy gasps and the occasional curse. Her pleasure was his, he tried not to feel it but his entire world had been reduced to Jessica; her touch, smell and taste, there was no distraction to be had.

Against his will, the muscles that made up his new form tightened, the pleasure almost becoming pain for a moment before bliss washed over them both. His form relaxed and then pulsed, each time sending a small gush of fluid from her pussy. It was stronger than any orgasm his human body could have taken simply because it was his entire form feeling it. He was quivering, almost writhing with ecstasy as Jessica threw back her head and moan.

“Did you get off on that?” She asked, panting heavily and giving him a teasing smile in the mirror.

He couldn't answer, she knew that, he could only twitch and quiver with residual pulses of pleasure as she continued to press down on her own clit.

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It had taken him almost an hour to come down from the high of the orgasm; it left him almost mindless and blank, barely aware of his surroundings. When he finally did regain his faculties, he'd berated himself endlessly, not only for enjoying it so much, but the fact that he was already craving it again.

That night, Jessica sat down at her computer and began typing away, mumbling to herself as she tried to find answers as to how and why this had happened to them. Andrew hated being crushed down between her legs. He was squashed into the rest of her form, underwear riding up into his cleft and making him feel dry and fuzzy. He prayed she'd find answers but there was no luck. Nor the next day, or the day after that. Soon she started looking every other day, then every three or four; after several weeks had passed, he was sure Jessica had stopped entirely.

Their relationship had shifted; she had started masturbating every day, sometimes even twice. Getting herself off on his captivity and helplessness. The orgasms were like a drug to him, each time he felt himself disappear afterwards, unable to think or move at all, simply basked in pure bliss. It was addictive, he wanted to stop, but it wasn't up to him. And despite everything, when he saw himself in that mirror, knowing Jessica's fingers were only seconds away, he found himself yearning for it.

At night she would toss and turn, squeezing him tightly between her legs as she dreamed. Often, she would moan, and he'd feel his clit bulge and hole moisten. That was the worst of it, because at least when she was awake, he'd be rewarded with that sweet orgasm but when she only dreamed, he had nothing but the overwhelming taste of her and the blood rushing beneath his skin. An endless aphrodisiac with no gratification in sight. And it lasted *hours*.

Andrew didn't know how much more he could take.

By the time a month had passed he could barely twitch anymore, his limited movement slowly being sapped away. He spent more and more time in his blissed out, post orgasm haze; it took her putting on a silky G-sting for him to realise something was different. Through the thin material and short

skirt, he still had limited vision, he could tell it was night and based on the thrum of music steadily increasing he guess she was heading back to the very club where they met.

“I think it’s time we had some proper pleasure.” She said, as they walked along the abandoned alley toward the entrance, “I think we need to make sure you know your place.”

Oh Gods. She was going to hook up with another man. He was royally fucked, or at the very least, about to be. The idea filled him with dread but also arousal; he couldn’t help but wonder how much better a good dick would feel compared to just her fingers.

Inside the club the bass was so strong he could feel the vibrations in his entire form. He managed a quiver, both of anticipation and trepidation. He wasn’t sure what to hope, maybe she wouldn’t be able to pick anybody up? He dismissed that idea immediately; Jessica was way too hot to have that issue. He would have to be strong, not give in this time. No, this time he would hold back and deny her the pleasure she sought, he wouldn’t let her win, not again. Yet, this resolve was tested soon enough as she joined the dance floor. Her hips swaying, legs twisting in time to the pulsing on the bass. It was almost hypnotic, his folds being gently rubbed this way and that while the vibration of the music lulled him into a relaxed, pliable state.

He lost track of time, a slave to the music and touch of fabric against him until finally, it began to fade. There was a voice, a male one accompanying Jessica as she stepped out into the brisk night air. He did his best to snap to attention, it was show time, he had to keep his word and not give in. He could feel Jessica getting turned on; his inner walls clenching against his will forcing that sweet wetness down his inner walls and out his hole. A familiar burn began inside him, a hunger to be filled which as of yet had never been met. He tried to resist, tried not to focus on the delicious lust slowly coiling inside him but each time he did, Jessica would moan or push herself against her new beau, pressing his front into the solid build of the man. Soon he felt something else there, even through the skirt, a hardness, carrying the scent of precum into the fabric that covered him. Desire and dread began to pool in what remained of his sense. He wanted that cock so badly; he hated that he wanted it but he couldn’t deny himself. It smelled delicious.

When hands found the waistband of the G-string and pulled it and the skirt down, he didn’t know what to feel. Directly in front of him was the object of so much fear and desire; a thick, girthy cock, already hard and ready.

“Do you have any lube?” Asked the man and Jessica had the audacity to giggle.

Her finger slide between his folds, circling his hole a bit and making him feel almost dizzy.

“No need, you’ve already made me *so wet*.”

She was telling Andrew she knew he was there. That he was feeling all of this and there was nothing he could do about it. Rubbing her dominance in his face. They fell onto the bed; if he still had a heart it would be racing. That cock was above him, hovering just an inch away from his hot skin, teasing him with its mere presence. Then it was descending, slowly spreading his lips apart and drowning him in its thick scent. It was so different to a pussy, but that manly, almost earth smell was just as intoxicating. Jessica quivered, moaning wantonly, and making it even harder for him to resist.

He could not think about the pleasure.

He would not think about how fucking good it felt to have that tip pressing against his clit.

How taste the precum was...

How utterly lovely it felt as the cock began to press against his tight hole, opening him, pressing inside, stretching his inner walls...! He was being pleased on all sides, his pussy squeezing tightly around the thick cock as it continued to spread him open, filling him right to the brim. The tip brushed against the back of him, against a little bundle of nerves that made sparks fly across his entire being. The man was fully sheathed inside him, he could taste both he and Jessica, smell them both. They were his whole world. He felt himself falling away, giving into the bliss and the moment. Desperately he fought for control, to even twitch a little to tell Jessica he was still fighting, but then...the man began to pull back. His cock scraping against his rough inner walls until only the tip was left within him; the emptiness ached, it burned at his very soul.

Then the man thrust inside him again.

Jessica and her knew partner began to move in tandem, hips rolling to meet one another and Andrew found himself filled again and again. That bundle of nerves deep inside, his G-spot, it was being pounded. Each thrust the thick hair of the man's crotch was thrust against him, tickling the delicate skin on the outside and sending a wave of his manly musk wafting over Andrew. It was better than Jessica's fingers, better than anything he'd ever felt, his every sense was being caressed and Andrew felt his final piece of defiance break.

There was nothing but pleasure and he wanted it all, he wanted to beg for more. Perhaps Jessica was aware of him breaking because she began to moan louder, hips stuttering.

“Harder, oh pound me harder!!”

Her partner acquitted, slamming hard into Andrew and fully overloading what was left of his mind. His skin was so stretched it was almost painful, yet the pain only added to the pleasure, making it

more stark, more all-consuming. Jessica knew exactly what she was doing but Andrew didn't even care anymore, all he cared about was the gentle tightening of muscle he could feel inside as they both neared orgasm.

Through no influence of his own, Jessica's whole body shuddered, pussy quivering and he felt wetness burst forth from inside him, soaking the cock that was still thrusting. He was squirting; they were squirting, he couldn't tell where he ended and Jessica started anymore; he didn't care, there was only ecstasy. His whole form was pulsing, waves upon waves continued to flow down him, turning Andrew into a quivering wet mess. Her man didn't stop though, he kept right on pounding, even harder, his thrusts were shallow down, rubbing his G-spot and making the orgasm continue.

"I bet I can make you cum again." He teased, "Come on, Jessica, let me see that pretty O face again."

No, he couldn't take another, it was too much. His mind was already so fuzzy, he was barely in the here and now at all. The only thing keeping him grounded was the gratifying stretch of being filled. It called to him even as the bliss began anew. His G-spot was being teased mercilessly; he could feel more precum leaking out to mix with his juices as the man got closer. Maybe he would cum before Jessica did again, maybe he still had a chance.

He should have known better.

A hand, it could have been Jessica's or her man's; he was too far gone to tell, it slipped between their bodies. He was lifted into the air, the man holding up Jessica's hips to keep on fucking her while that hand slipped into his folds.

No, please, he wouldn't be able to take it...

The finger pressed down on his clit and Andrew was lost. Jessica was cumming again and him with her. Pulsing, squirting, shuddering with ecstasy. Andrew felt his awareness fade; he slipped into that comfy, wonderful post coital haze that had become so welcoming as of late. He could feel the man finally pulling out, leaving both he and his host fully satisfied. He didn't even mourn the loss, he was still filled with cum, that bitter thick liquid that had been so abhorrent to him only weeks ago was now his comfort.

Jessica sighed, her and her partner settling in to fall asleep just as he had weeks ago. Idly, he wondered what that must feel like, to have a body and will of your own. He'd almost forgotten what it felt like to be a man at this point but as he throbbed with residual pleasure Andrew found he didn't even care.