

Opposites Attract - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

To say Harold was nervous was an understatement. He never got in trouble, never so much as got called into the principal's office in school, let alone the security room at work. He didn't even know they had a security room for crying out loud. He was actually thankful Stella was in control because if he was at the helm they'd be a sweating, twitching mess.

Stella though, leaned back in her chair, happily humming to herself as though she didn't have a care in the world.

'Can't you take this seriously? If you screw this up we'll never have a chance to fix this!'

'Relax, it'll be fine.' She responded mentally, *'Does thinking like this work? Can you hear me or am I just thinking words to myself. Hellooooooo.'*

'Yes I hear you, God. Focus, Stella.'

'Can't we just tell them what happened? Then they will let us fix it.'

'Me fix it.' Harold reminded her, *'And no, if they find out an accident of this magnitude happened we can both kiss our jobs in science goodbye. We'll be buried under NDAs or gotten rid of and everything I've worked for will be for nothing.'*

'What's an Endeeay?'

'Fucking hell, are you actually this thick? You must be putting it on.'

'Putting what on?'

"Uh, miss?"

The security guard was giving them a puzzled look.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" Stella asked and Harold mentally facepalmed.

'Pay attention!'

"You distracted me!"

"I was just saying that Mr. Bailey has just arrived, he's in his office and he's not too pleased about being called in this late."

"Did you have to call the department head?" Harold asked in a tone much whinger than he intended before Stella stuffed him back down.

"Yes, this is a high security location, he needs to know how you got in here." The security guard responded curtly, "Especially since the story you told me doesn't really add up."

"How doesn't it add up?" Stella asked, "I told ya, Stella invited me, I came in and then she must have left without me by mistake."

"Even Stella isn't that stupid."

Harold felt a spike of indignant rage at that comment, yet Stella kept their face sweet and placid. He had no idea she had the ability to hide her emotions so well; he'd always assured she was too much of an airhead to do anything but be an open book.

With a flick of her hair, Stella began to walk, following behind the security officer as they headed for Mr. Bailey's office. Harold tried to stay nervous, but it was very hard when he could feel his butt swaying from side to side. Was Stella making it do that even more than before or was it just his imagination?

Even though he wasn't in control he could still feel everything his new body was doing and the long confident steps Stella was taking were infectious. He couldn't help but feel strangely powerful. Especially when the guard kept turning his head to look back in their direction.

He had never been the strongest of men, but even he expected to feel weaker in a small, frail woman's body. Yet, he felt the opposite; though perhaps it was just the confident air Stella was putting on. He didn't want to feel impressed by her calmness in this clusterfuck of a situation but he couldn't help it. It seemed he couldn't hide it from her either as he felt a bolt of happiness from her as she realised.

'See, I am not totally dumb!'

They stepped into Mr. Bailey's office and the security office began explaining to the man behind the desk what had happened. The words went in one ear and out the other for Harold, he was too busy trying to quash down the nerves that had suddenly resurfaced. Mr Bailey was the head of his entire department, capable of making or breaking a person's career on a whim.

He was a tall man, almost six foot and had the sort of body only a personal trainer could pay for. Not to mention the fancy clothes of a CEO. Harold could tell from the moment he met him that Bailey was a social climber, he had big dreams of being a proper CEO some day, what company didn't matter, the prestige of the title did. He got this job thanks to his business savvy, not his scientific knowledge which was likely only surface level.

A cold blue eye fixed them and Stella straightened, it seemed even she was capable of being intimidated.

"You're Stella's cousin?" Bailey raised an eyebrow before looking them up and down, "You do look a little like her."

Harold couldn't help but feel a little offended; he was in here too!

"You may go, Peters." Bailey waved the security guard off and he gave a nod before disappearing out the door.

Stella swallowed before launching into the same story as before.

"I swear it sir, I was s'posed to meet Stella and she told me the code to get in, but I guess she already left."

Bailey sat and thought for a moment before throwing back his head and laughing.

"Yeah, that sounds like something she'd do, silly girl." He smiled fondly, "Do you remember the passcode?"

"Nope." Stella popped the P as she spoke and despite himself Harold found himself impressed once more. He could sense Stella's emotions, he could tell she was lying.

Bailey it seemed had no such sense as he stood and, of all things, started pouring a drink from the fancy decanter he kept on his desk. He felt memories that were not his own swirl in his mind; the memory of what that amber liquid tasted like and what came afterwards. To his surprise, he felt no disgust in Stella, only a small amount of resignation and...excitement.

“Actually...” Stella turned their smile coy, “Stella is planning on being out for a few days and she was sayin’ you’re the guy to talk to about maybe taking her place?”

“Oh really? Well, this is a very secure facility, we can’t have just anybody walking around.” Bailey smiled, taking a sip of the brandy or whiskey whatever it was.

The bastard was already undoing his tie, Harold wondered why they bothered with the subterfuge? He couldn’t enjoy his superiority for long though as he felt something warm gathering between his legs.

‘Stella...what are you doing?’

‘Quiet down and just enjoy it okay, it won’t take long.’

‘You’re not actually going to sleep with him are you!?’

‘Why not? It’ll get us out of trouble and he’ll owe us a job. It’s win-win.’

‘Not for my dignity! Have you no shame?’

‘Alright genius, talk your way out of it.’

And just like that, he was in control, standing in front of that great mahogany desk with Bailey leering at him. A cold sweat trickled down his back and soaked into his bra; which he suddenly realised for the first time he was wearing.

“I uh...” He stumbled back a step, what the hell was he supposed to do?

“Playing hard to get all of a sudden?” Bailey chuckled, handing over the glass which Harold took out of habit more than anything. “Maybe you and Stella aren’t that closely related after all.”

'Want me to take over again?'

Harold racked his brains, trying desperately to think of a way out of this that didn't involve sleeping with his boss but his mind was totally blank.

'Oh God yes. Please.'

Harold had never been more thankful to be out of his own control. Stella flicked her hair and giggled, instantly back in her comfort zone. She brought the drink to her lips and sipped deeply, letting the alcohol burn her tongue slightly before swallowing.

"I have to act a little reluctant, otherwise you might think I was some sort of slut who does this all the time?"

"You're not?" Bailey snickered, Stella gave him a teasing smile.

"You wish."

Harold wished he couldn't feel the warmth blooming between his legs. It was different to getting hard, softer, and yet it felt so much more powerful. He could feel his new clit starting to bulge and Stella and Bailey went back and forth with their banter, slowly sipping at their drinks and getting closer and closer to one another.

Stella hefted them up onto Bailey's desk and Harold could feel their plump butt pressing into the hard wood. It would have sent a shiver up his spine if he'd been able. Arousal swirled as Bailey leaned in close and Harold could feel their heart starting to race as their lips met.

Harold had only been kissed a handful of times in his life, all of them quite chaste; at least compared to this. He'd never had anybody, let alone another man tilt back his head and force his tongue inside his mouth to explore. It felt...wonderful. A moan worked its way up his throat and he wasn't sure if it was him or Stella who did it.

He really did not want to enjoy himself but he didn't have much choice. Stella's arousal was mixing with his own and making it grow tenfold and Bailey's hands were starting to stroke up and down their sides, softly pressing into their curves in a way that made their knees weak. It was a good thing they were already sitting down. When he finally pushed the lab coat off and began to fiddle with their blouse Harold felt himself start to panic.

Sure, he was just a passive observer right now but right now that only added to the allure. He was a passenger in his own body, helpless against the onslaught of sensations

and lust that were fogging his brain. He couldn't deny the taboo of sleeping with his boss was also quite intoxicating. He'd never been so...naughty before. He couldn't believe he was letting this happen.

Bailey's hands had finished undoing their blouse now and were roaming over their supple breasts. Lifting their weight and pressing into the soft skin. Harold had to stop this...in a minute. Just one more minute of these lovely feelings. He just needed a tiny bit more.

A gasp escaped their lips as Bailey tweaked their nipples and Stella leaned back to give him better access. Harold felt so out of control, part of him desperately wanted to stop this, to take control of their body and move away but...it just felt so *good*.

Especially when one of Bailey's hands moved down to rest on their thigh. The tight pencil skirt they were in suddenly felt constricting and evidently Bailey agreed because he began to push it up. Slowly revealing more smooth thigh with each second until the fabric was bunched up around their waist leaving only a plain pair of white panties covering their womanhood.

'Aw man, my red lace panties were my favourite, were you just wearing plain briefs?'

How could Stella even split her attention between what they were doing and talking now? There was so much to *feel*. He felt a shiver of intimidation move through him, soothed by Stella's own confidence as Bailey began to unzip his fly and remove his length. Harold couldn't help but feel a stab of inadequacy at the size difference between himself and the other man. Followed by curiosity; what would it feel like to have that inside him? He'd never had anything inside him before and now, with his head swimming with twice the usual human amount of lust, he wanted to know. Desperately.

Stella spread their legs wide and shuffled to the edge of the desk where Bailey held their hips in a tight grip. That was it, no going back. Slowly, Harold felt his new pussy parting as the cock pushed inside; the sensation was intense and unlike anything he'd ever experienced. It was a stretching burn that somehow felt more pleasurable than painful.

Harold was glad Stella was in control; he didn't want to imagine what sort of noises would be coming out of their mouth if he was. Moving with practised ease she began to roll their hips to meet Bailey's as he started to thrust. Pressing his cock deep inside them to hit a small bundle of nerves that sent sparks flying through their entire body.

"Uh...oh yeah, you're even tighter than Stella-!"

Harold felt a sense of irritation flood through Stella before she squeezed her pussy tighter around Bailey and forced their body to shiver.

'I'm going to enjoy bringing him to his knees.'

It was a cacophony of emotions and feelings; Harold didn't know where one stopped and the next started. Stella's determination, her enjoyment of this and the power she felt knowing the man thrusting between her legs was helpless against the pleasure she gave him. It all mixed with his own apprehension and desire into a cocktail of emotion he could not make any sense of.

Their pussy began to pulse, tightening further and further as the pleasure began to rise. Harold was swept up in the pleasure and felt what was left of his higher thoughts drift away as orgasm got closer and closer. Stella was moaning, head tilted back as her eyes fluttered closed until finally she let out one final, loud cry and came.

The orgasm washed over Harold and sent his mind blank for the first time in his life. It lasted so much longer than he was used to and seemed to build in intensity before dropping off multiple times before it was over. For the first time he understood why some women loved sex so much they dressed like whores just to get men's attention. A second later Bailey came and Harold felt an odd sense of smug satisfaction knowing their orgasm was far better than his.

Bailey pulled out and the reality of what just occurred came crashing down around Harold. Yes, he hadn't really been in control just then but he'd still slept with his boss! Like a slut! He could feel the blood pounding in his ears and what was worse, Stella didn't even seem phased!

She was talking to Bailey about...something, Harold couldn't focus, he was too busy panicking about how he'd just broken so many of his own moral codes and for what? The best sex of his life? He'd had the best sex ever and it was in the body of a woman, how messed up was that?

The sharp sound of heels on hard floors reached his ears and he realised they were moving, out of the office and that there was something cool and plastic in their hand.

'We got a keycard.' Stella said happily, *'I convinced Bailey to let me take Stella's place for a few days while she's away, pretended Stella promised me. A quick kip in bed and he wasn't thinking straight enough to say no. Problem solved!'*

Hum

'Why debase yourself like that?' Harold asked quietly.

'Don't pretend you didn't enjoy it.' Stella smirked, *'I can feel what you feel, remember. And well...I'm hot, I'm not too bright and sex is fun. Why not?'*

'You're not as dumb as everybody thinks though!' Harold exclaimed, *'In your head, you're not...okay you're not super smart but you're not as dumb as I thought.'*

'Wow, thank you for that.' She rolled her eyes, *'Well, despite what you all think, I know I'm not the sharpest knife in the drawer. Mama always told me the best thing a dumb, pretty girl like me could do was to act a little dumber than I actually am. That way everybody underestimates me and I get an easy life.'*

Harold couldn't think of a reply; that was...oddly good advice. Profound in a way really. He couldn't help but feel a little guilty for all the derrision he'd thrown her way. Not that it made up for all the trouble she had caused him but still, perhaps he could have been a little less short with her when she was merely being irritating rather than actively disruptive.

A warm feeling melted into his stomach and he realised it was Stella's affection for him.

'Aw, I knew we could be friends if you just gave me a chance, Harry!'

'We're not friends.' He replied a little too quickly, *'I was just thinking about how you're not entirely annoying.'*

'You liiiiiike me. I know you do.'

'You sound like a child.'

'Oh have some fun for once.'

'I have had plenty of...fun, for a lifetime thank you.'

The conversation had carried them to the parking lot where Stella's white convertible was waiting for them.

'We are not driving that.'

'Why not? We're closer to my height than yours and besides I can't drive stick. Isn't your car a manual?'

'Yes how did you know that?'

'You were complaining about it last winter.'

'You remember that?'

'Duh.'

Once again Harold let her take the wheel, literally this time and faded to the back of their mind. Stella nattered away incessantly, talking about how she couldn't wait to show him her apartment and have some fun. He ignored her. It was probably for the best they were going to her place; none of his clothing would fit them now anyway. Plus, the idea of a woman seeing the tiny hovel he lived in was...one of the many reasons he never picked up chicks.

He wondered what sort of place Stella lived. Would it be a pink, girly nightmare? Or would she surprise him again, she'd been doing that a lot this evening. He needed to reassert himself, Stella couldn't be in charge here, especially not when it came to fixing the machine and covering up this colossal mess.

'Look, you can be in control tonight but tomorrow, you're going to let me take charge.'

'While we're at work, sure.'

If he wasn't so frazzled from what had just occurred he might have questioned that.

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Stella's home was surprisingly normal. He wasn't sure why but he had always imagined Stella was one of those people who got caught up in teen drama and boy bands long into her twenties. Instead he was greeted with a modern, if slightly tacky, apartment. Stella had a thing for photographs.

They were everywhere; photos of herself, of friends, of parties. Every surface, every wall was covered in brightly-coloured frames, each sporting some generic word like "Party!" and "Happy New Year!". There was a particularly garish one made of green and red candy canes that displayed Stella in a sexy elf costume with a little neon sign at the front saying 'Merry Christmas 2015'.

He thought of his own plain white walls, the only adornment being his old periodic table poster from college. He'd always liked the minimalist look and he found himself missing it now, even as part of his heart ached with jealousy seeing all the friends Stella had. Not that he needed friends, he had science.

'Alright.' Stella said, "Shower and bed, then tomorrow we get to work and have some fun. We can split the body control fifty fifty huh?"

'A shower?'

Harold felt as though ice cubes had been put down his back. Sex had been confronting enough but at least they had remained mostly clothed. He wasn't sure he wanted to see this body totally naked, judging by the emotions he could feel from Stella though, she did.

"Come on, aren't you curious how much is me and how much is you?" Stella giggled, walking towards the bathroom, "Where's your scientific curiosity, Harry?"

'Back with my dignity, on the floor of Bailey's office.' He replied dryly, Stella laughed but he could sense she didn't get the joke.

Stella's bathroom was something to behold; white shiny tiles from floor to ceiling with a full length mirror and the biggest shower Harold had ever seen. It needed to be big too to handle three shelves of hair products. He thought his collection of three bottles, shampoo, conditioner and body wash, was all there could be. Apparently he was very wrong.

Stella began unbuttoning the blouse once more, an easy task given how loose the buttons were now thanks to Bailey's hands. Harold wished he could look away, it felt obscene but he was stuck with the same vision Stella had and something told him undressing without looking at what she was doing was out of the question.

The shirt and bra dropped, revealing two teardrop shaped breasts. Stella pouted slightly.

"Smaller than I am used to, but I guess we can just wear my padded bras."

'They look big enough to me.' Harold said before regretting it instantly.

Their hands came up to cup them, holding them up for a moment before letting them hang back against their chest. Stella smiled and started making quick work of the skirt. It felt

unreal, looking at his own reflection and seeing a small patch of wet, dark hair with no cock. To his shock and humiliation, Stella sat herself down on the floor and spread her legs, tilting their head in curiosity and giving him a full view of their new pussy. It was dark pink and still wet from their time with Bailey. If Harold could have blushed he would have been beet red.

“Cute.” Stella nodded, as if this situation was the most normal in the world.

‘Can you look away please?’

“Why? This is your body too, so don’t feel bad about perverting.”

‘I am not perverting!’

‘Exactly!’ She smiled brightly, jumping up to her feet so that their butt and breasts jiggled with the movement. “Now, let’s get all cleaned up and get some sleep, I’m pooped.”

After one last look and wink at their reflection Stella jumped into the shower and Harold felt his mind go blank as soon as the water hit. Showers were not meant to feel this amazing. He could feel the water flowing down the curves of his body like a river, soothing his slightly sore nipples and warming his inner thighs.

It felt lovely. When Stella tilted back their head to soak their long hair he actually made the moan. It was so nice, even nicer when she started raking her fingers through the locks. After the intensity of the sex earlier, his pussy was still throbbing and the water soothed it, filling his belly with a low, constant pleasure that relaxed his muscles.

Perhaps it was the stress of the day catching up with him but the last of Harold’s inhibitions washed away with the water and when they stepped out into the steamy room he couldn’t help but turn to admire their reflection once more. He would never let anybody know, but it did feel nice to look so hot.