

AARON'S GIRLFRIEND

Chapter 2



By Bewci

“Ugh... huh!” I gasped as I woke up, looking up at a white ceiling. It wasn’t a dream. I was still in Britt’s body! I was lying on a bed with medical equipment attached to my chest and wrists, monitoring my pulse and heartbeat. “Hey, you’re awake!” Aaron looked at me with strained eyes, “Oh, I should call the doctor!”

I couldn’t believe this was happening. Aaron held my hand and said, “Don’t worry. The doctors said you had a nervous breakdown. Nothing too serious.” He smiled at me to lift my mood before rushing to call the doctor.

I had been asleep for the last thirteen hours. The doctor checked the monitor screen and detached the sensors connected to my body. I stared at my old body, trying to understand the whole situation. “I think this will do for now,” the doctor said, handing over a piece of paper to my friend. He turned to me and said, “Take the pills on time and get some rest. You’ll be alright.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Aaron muttered. The doctor nodded and walked out of the room. Countless questions struck my mind, making me breathless. “Hey, relax. Did you hear what the doctor said?” Aaron said, sitting beside me and taking me in his arms. “I need some water,” I whispered.

“Yeah,” Aaron poured me a glass and handed it to me. I took it and gulped it in one go.

“I have brought some fresh clothes for you. Change it while I wait outside, then we can go home,” Aaron said with an assuring smile. My heart fluttered looking at him. Then, flushing red, I averted my gaze away and nodded. I wondered what was that feeling that came over me.

Finally, alone in the room, I sighed out a deep breath. I pushed myself to the edge of the bed and set my feet on the tiled floor. I looked down at the two bumps on my chest concealed by the hospital gown, flushed at the thought of getting naked.

I saw a mirror hanging on the wall above the sink. I stood up and walked towards it. My reflection crept into the mirror in front of my eyes, sending jolts of shiver down my spine. I gulped, poking my soft cheeks with a finger. I had to admit that Britt looked beautiful even without makeup. I reluctantly unbuttoned the few buttons in the front and pulled the gown up. I struggled as my long hair stuck in one of the buttons, making me wince in pain. After a while, I was out of the gown, completely naked.

My shoulders were half my previous size, and my traps were almost gone. My rugged edges had been replaced by layers of fat, giving me feminine contours. I felt ashamed and guilty being in Britt’s body. She was Aaron’s girlfriend. Yet, the opportunity of looking at her naked without being caught was tempting and thrilling. I

could feel her every nerve. The protruding curves and the sensitive hairless body felt almost alien to me. I walked away from the mirror and picked up the bag on Aaron's seat. A pair of white lingerie and a lime frock with lilies on it waited for me.

“This is insane,” I whispered, fetching them out one by one and putting them on the bed. I raised the bra and looked down at my bosoms, contemplating their massive dimensions. I had no idea how to measure breasts, yet a thought of me having DD cups echoed in my mind. I had seen my exes wear them after our hookups, so I had some idea on how to wear them. I squirmed as I brought the soft fabric closer to my breasts and wrapped them around me. They were a perfect fit. The cups lifted my breasts as I inserted my hands into the shoulder straps. They dropped free, and slammed back to their position, jiggling intensely. “Ow!”

I blushed as my nipples puckered up from the slight discomfort and arousal. My mind kept taking me to Aaron and his cock. I had never seen him naked, except something told me I had. Maybe I had seen his bulge while we lived in the dorm or him taking a shower? We definitely compared and debated on it when we were teenagers, but it could be so much bigger now! “Oh, God! What was I thinking?!” I whispered, snapping back to reality. I pulled the cups back to their positions and struggled with the clasps in the back. Finally, after

breaking a sweat, I managed one hook out of three.

“Ah, fuck it, that’ll do.”

I grabbed the panties and hopped into them. As I pulled them up, the satin fabric brushing against my soft skin stirred me up. “Fuck, women have such sensitive skin!” I gasped. My fatty butt cheeks gobbled in the panty line while my wide hips strained the hem to its limit. A camel-toe formed in my nether. My masculine mind was sexualizing everything I was experiencing. Being in a female body felt good, there was no denying it.

“Dammit, I need to control myself.”

“Hey, babe, you done?” Aaron asked from outside the door. “Just a minute!” I responded instinctively.

I kept tugging at the fabric with my fingers, trying to loosen the panties. Still, it only dug deeper into my ass and vagina. I bit my lips and stifled my yelps several times as I accidentally kept pinching myself. “Jeez, this is only getting worse,” I muttered. Finally, I left my sore folds on their own and picked up the frock instead. “This would be easy, I guess.”

I unfurled the frock and put my head in, then the hands. The dress cascaded down my body quickly, spreading in volume as it reached my legs. “Oh, God, not these!” I exclaimed as I noticed two ribbons on either side of my waist. “Okay, I can do this.”

“Britt, let me in,” Aaron said, knocking. I unlocked the door, fed up from the ordeal of wearing Britt’s clothes. “What’s taking you so long?” he asked. “I’m sorry, it’s the migraine.” I made an excuse, “I can’t tie these waist ribbons.”

“You must be fatigued. I’m sorry. You could’ve called me. It’s not like I haven’t seen you naked! Let me do this,” Aaron said, taking the ribbons in his hands. He crisscrossed them and tugged them tightly, pulling me in closer to him. I let out a deep breath due to the pressure on my waist and pushed my chest instinctively. I heard a snap and felt a release in pressure on my breast, making me sigh. It took him a couple of twists and turns to get it right, and in no time at all, he was done. “Aaron, um,” I cringed, emasculated by the situation. I turned around, revealing my unchained frock and unhooked bra. I shivered as I felt his warm hand pull hard on the two sleeves and put on the hooks, reaffirming the tension in my chest. Finally, I heard the zip slide up to my neck and get tucked in.

“Okay, let’s go. The shoes are outside,” Aaron said. As I walked out, I noticed the sandals. I slipped my feet into them and followed him. I looked for my former self, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I asked Aaron, “Where is David?” He replied, “Oh? Who’s David?”

I was baffled. Aaron had no recollection of me, let alone my visit last night. As if we had never been friends! A chill ran down my spine, shuddering my soul. I needed to find David Moore and get my body back as soon as possible! Since I was in Britt's body, and I saw myself in her place standing beside me, I could assume she was now impersonating me. But why? Her intentions were still a mystery. Anything that had happened since last night was putting me on a spin. Was she even human? I followed Aaron's footsteps with a riddled mind.

Aaron and I returned to his place in his Ford Ranger. He changed his clothes, sprayed some deodorant, and handed me the pills before leaving for work. I had the whole house to myself, presumably for the rest of the day.

But I had a manhunt to do. I was out in the streets within a few minutes, booking a cab to my address. The front door was locked. I looked around, but no one was in sight. I didn't ask the neighbours for my whereabouts to avoid raising any suspicion and getting snitched. Maybe she learnt about my unemployment and is now looking for a job? Or is she on the run? There was no way I could search the whole city. The Keg. The restaurant had cameras installed at every corners. Maybe, it had evidence to prove what happened last night! If whatever happened could be tangibly proved, I wouldn't have to pretend to be Britt anymore!

I booked another cab and rode to the Keg restaurant. As soon as I reached there, I asked every other person, whether it was the receptionist, waiters, or bartenders if they saw anything strange happen last night. To my shock, nobody had noticed anything. Her devilish smile flashed before my eyes every time I recalled the past. Finally, I walked into the manager's office.

"Ah, Mrs. Broughton, my name is Gordon Brown. We are very sorry for the bad experience you had last night. How can I assist you?" a huge man in tuxedo said as I walked into his office. His eyes moved up and down my body. "Fucking pervert," I thought.

"I'm fine now," I said, "But I hope you don't mind. I need your help."

"Yes, Mrs. Broughton, it's the least we can do to compensate," he said.

"The doctor said I had a nervous breakdown. I think I saw something before I fell sick. And I wanted to confirm it. I noticed the cameras, so, if you can show me those five minutes, it would bring me some peace of mind," I muttered.

"Under normal circumstances, I would have denied it, but I will make an exception for you. Please, follow me," the manager assured me with a sly smile. I was wary of this guy, but I followed him anyway.

He took me to a backroom with computers and screens on wall, showing every corner of the restaurant. The room was empty and dark with no one present to monitor the screens. Left alone with him, I stayed cautious. “Mrs. Broughton, what was the time stamp?” the manager asked me. He had the cursor ready to drag the timeline of the saved recording to its supposed destination.

“Um, I think it was somewhere by quarter past eight,” I murmured nervously.

“Okay,” he said, dragging the timeline to that point. There was Aaron and Britt having the appetizers and chatting with each other. My seat was empty.

“What?” I muttered under my breath. I looked at Britt, and she suddenly glitched, followed by her frantically looking here and there. “That is odd. I’m sorry, but if this is the footage you wanted, it’s broken,” the manager said.

“It’s fine. I’ll find something else.” I spoke.

“I hope you find what you’re looking for, Mrs. Broughton. I will call you if I find anything useful. Let me help you out,” he said, pushing the door open like a gentleman. I walked out, and at that moment, I felt his hands brush against my back. I fumed in disgust but stayed quiet to avoid making a scene. He accompanied me to the main entrance, exchanging numbers on the

way. I returned home as soon as I was out of the restaurant.

I crashed on the couch. “Ugh, that was a waste of time,” I groaned. “I’m so fucked.” I muttered, resting my head on the couch. “Whatever happens, I must keep this a secret. Otherwise, everyone will think I’ve lost my mind and send me to an asylum.”

I spent some time thinking of ways to make myself as close to Britt as possible. I needed to learn everything about her. So, I searched through her bag, shelves, and wardrobe and collected everything I needed to know about her. I memorized everything I had on her. I boned up her fashion and makeup preferences through her old photos and videos. I studied her body language from what I remembered from our interaction and what I saw. Before I knew it, Aaron was back home. He smiled, looking at the TV screen playing old memories. He said, “I’m sorry for everything last night.”

“You’ve nothing to apologize for. I ruined it,” I said, pretending to be sad. “Aww, stop brooding. Did you take your pills?” Aaron asked. “Um, yes,” I lied.

“You must be so tired. You barely slept yesterday. I’ll make the bed for you while you freshen up,” I said.

Aaron approached me, kissed me on the forehead, and said, “I love you.”

I was speechless. My heart skipped a beat while pressure built into my lower abdomen. I had felt this arousal earlier in the hospital. But there was also a feeling of pure bliss that was much deeper than lust. It felt like butterflies on my skin, tickling all over my body. I smiled at him and rushed to the bedroom. He picked up a towel and walked into the bathroom. I saw the mess on the bed and gasped, slightly relieved that he didn't notice it. I rushed to lift them as much as possible, shoving them into my wardrobe. By the time he came out, I barely made it. The bed looked pristine and warm.

I went to the kitchen and realized I hadn't cooked anything. "Don't worry, I brought some delicious food on my way home," he said, pointing towards a paper bag on the dining table. I opened it and saw some juicy pork chops, sauteed vegetables, and flatbread. I gleamed with a smile and served the food.

I spent most of the supper with awkward silences and one-word replies, avoiding any slip off the tongue. He didn't mind taking the lead and told me about his day while I nodded and munched on the flatbread and delicious pork chops. Soon, it was time to go to bed.

As I entered the bedroom, Aaron followed me in. I knew this moment was coming, one way or another. I rolled into the bed under the blanket and acted asleep within a minute. I felt his hand crawl around my waist, yet, I

didn't buzz a limb. His warm breath hit the nape of my neck. We had never slept in one bed, not even during college. I was overwhelmed to touch another man so close to me, that man being my best friend. I couldn't act too cold with him since I didn't want to raise suspicion. I had to stay quiet and motionless until I fell asleep. But I couldn't. My body fired up in his embrace while my mind desperately cried for help. Soon, warm, fuzzy feelings clouded my thoughts.

Aaron was fast asleep within a few minutes, but I struggled to sleep for hours. My womb stirred for attention, making my inhibitions crumble down. But my mind screamed that this was wrong. Exhausted, I finally decided to slip past his hand go over to the couch. But it didn't calm down my nerves. My skin tingled within the embrace of my frock and lingerie. A slight turn sent shivers down my spine. "Uh, why am I... why is her body reacting... so receptive... mmm," I stifled my moans as much as I could. "Maybe a cold shower would help... uh," I sneaked back into the bedroom. I bit my lips and tip-toed to the bathroom door. Opening it with my nimble fingers, I entered the bathroom and closed the door.

Stripping down my frock, I looked down at my well-endowed figure. My udders swayed as I released them from the confines of my lingerie. "Ah," I gasped and whispered, "I'll be alright." I entered the shower and

turned on the nozzle. Cool water sprinkled over my face and shoulders, making me respire deeply and shudder. The water enveloping my body turned warm as it ran down my curves and reached my legs. After a while, I realized I hadn't cleaned myself in a while. I turned off the shower, utterly wet from head to toe. I swiveled around and grabbed the body scrubber, pouring a generous amount of shower gel on it. "Stay busy, David. Don't let your mind wander," I said to myself.

I started scrubbing my shoulders and neck before venturing down to my heavy breasts. Being too conscious of my actions, I felt every stroke on my skin. The scrubber's nets chafed over my nipples, sending jolts down my body. "Okay, maybe this was a bad idea." The wetness didn't fade away. Instead, it grew damper, yearning for pleasure. I couldn't help but keep rolling the loofah over my right nipple, switching sides every now and then. Could it be that she hadn't had sex for a while, or maybe she was a nymphomaniac? I didn't know, but I knew I had to stop. Enjoying my friend's girlfriend was nothing less than adultery. But it was also my body now. The morality and the lust were hammering my mind.

Every cell in my body screamed to get touched by a man. "Ohh... fuck!" I groaned as my fingers dared to wash my nether, brushing against the fleshy petals. I could feel the slick fluid coating my entrance. "Oh my," I

moaned as my fingers delved deeper. My mouth gaped open while I closed my eyes and lost myself in the radiating pleasure. "I'm sorry," I whispered as I continued to revel in the forbidden ecstasy, enjoying Britt's pleasure centers. Another hand instinctively copped a handful of her heavy racks, squeezing and massaging them. "No, stop!" a voice in my mind screamed, waking me up from my sinful slumber. My fingers stopped working me up and grabbed the shower head to wash the soap instead. My face was red from the guilt and embarrassment.

Out of nowhere, two hands wrapped around my waist from behind, making me jump out in horror. "Oh, did I scare you?! I'm sorry, babe, but I couldn't keep myself back there after waking up to those sultry moans!" Aaron spoke with passion, "Mind if I join in to your late-night session?!"

"Yikes!" I screamed in my thoughts.