

Cool, crisp morning air whizzed past Eshe's ears. The African woman was out on her morning run, something of a ritual she partakes in everyday. Her long, black, braided dreads were tied behind her head into a tight ponytail. Her ebony skin glistened in the morning sun, sweat bouncing from her curvaceous, well-trained body. Powerful, shapely legs flex and tense with Eshe's overly quick jogging pace. Toned arms and abs displaying the woman's clear dedication to her body. Despite this, her black and orange sports bra struggled to keep her large chest contained, and her tight yoga pants were clearly losing a long war with the consistent bounce of her heavy rear.

It was clear she was a woman who prized her physical fitness, and her physical appearance. The woman's life as a professional runner, and her more recent job as a model were perfect fits for her, no question. Coming to a stop in front of her apartment complex, Eshe let out a long breath. The usual feeling of satisfaction from a good run instantly put her into a good mood. A smile affixed beautiful, sharp features as she made her way up the building to her own home. A familiar little noise cut through the air as she opened the door...

Snap!

Laid back on the comfortable leather couch of a rather sleek apartment, a bored looking young woman fiddled around with her phone. The girl was lazing around in a tight red tank top, and an old pair of jeans, bare feet kicked up in the air idly. Her lithe fingers poked and swiped at the screen as she attempted to get a satisfying reflection of her pretty, mocha face. Pulling back a braided strand of her very dark-brown hair, she attempted a slightly different angle. Her defeated sigh once again followed the snapping of her phone.

"Trying to get your good side, Shani?" Eshe's husky tones answered her frustration. Said woman's smiling face soon eclipsing Shani's view from above, long braided hair of her own framing their interaction. The two's features were similar, though the Eshe's complexion sat a few shades darker than Shani's. Her soft hands gripped the arm of the couch as she leaned forward over Shani, her sportsbra hugged her ample chest as a tight pair of yoga pants struggled against the bend of her curvy, muscular lower body. Her beautiful, dark skin still shimmered from a light sheen of sweat.

"All sides are my good side, Eshe. Stop teasing." Shani huffed, brow defiantly arched. Her hand idly slapping away the invasive strands of Eshe's deep-black dreads, as Shani sat herself up. A cheeky smile stretched across her lips as she continued, "I'm trying to go for a 'lazy sexy' look, my followers love that stuff."

Eshe, hand on her hip, responded with the muted surprise of an 'O' shaped gasp that quickly morphed back into a smile. "You're always on top of that stuff huh? Social media and whatnot." A slightly amused chuckle escaped Eshe's lips as she waved her own bright orange phone for emphasis.

Shani rolled her eyes as her cousin slid into the space next to her. "I know you do too. I see you posting your modeling pics online all the time."

“Well, I don’t really micromanage that stuff myself. But I do check up on it occasionally...” Eshe’s well-manicured hands were now fiddling with her own phone, as she sorted through various recent posts she had made, advertising her modeling shoots. “I have someone else take care of all of that. I’m usually a bit too busy...” Another disarming smile shot Shani’s way.

“Yeah yeah, I know.” Shani sighed, sinking back against the couch. “You’re busy today too, aren’t you?”

“Yeah.” Eshe quickly answered, throwing a glance toward her lowering cousin. “Big sprint is coming up in a few days, I’ll be getting ready to leave this evening. So I’m technically free until then, actually.”

“Think we can eat some dinner together beforehand?” Shani prodded with a smirk, leaning herself toward Eshe “Don’t wanna let your precious little cousin starve over the week, huh?”

Another laugh answered her as Eshe tucked away her phone, “You know how to cook Shani, you’re a grown woman!” a brief pause as Shani stuck out her tongue. “But yeah, we’ll eat dinner together. May as well spend some quality time until I leave, huh?”

A wide grin betrayed Shani’s usual bored expression, “Sounds good to me~ Lemme get back to taking that pic though, haven’t updated my page in like 3 days-”

Eshe quickly slipped the bright red phone out of Shani’s hands as a surprised ‘Hey!’ squeaks out. “Lighting in here’s never been good for photos. How about you let me help with the camera work today? Hmm?”

“Pffft~ Fine fine.” Shani smiled and rolled her eyes, more than happy for her cousin’s help. “Gimme some of your expert touch, *Shayshay*~”

“Oh stop that!” Eshe lightly jabbed her cousin’s shoulder, “You know I hate that nickname!”

A shared laugh later and the two cousins quickly began reorienting themselves around the apartment. Eshe snapped plenty of pictures of Shani as the two argued over angles and lighting. After an hour Shani was satisfied with the results and was happily counting up the likes on her newest post.

Eshe quickly made her way back into the living room. Changed out of her earlier workout attire and into a black turtleneck, and some jeans trying their best to stay in one piece.

“You already go for your usual run today?” Shani asked, noticing her cousin’s change of clothes.

“Yeah, I just got back before our little conversation earlier.” Eshe answered with a slight chuckle. “You must’ve really been focused huh?”

“You know it.”

Comfortable silence filled the air as the two went about their business. Eshe fiddling with stuff in the kitchen, Shani checking her texts. Separated only by open air and a small half wall, Shani soon spoke back up.

“Is Aunt Amani going to watch you compete this week?”

Eshe turned to fix her sharp brown eyes Shani’s way. “Mom? She usually just watches online or on TV. What prompted that?”

Shani’s phone raised over the back of the couch, wiggling around for emphasis. “Her and my mom are apparently going somewhere tomorrow. Wouldn’t tell me where.”

Eshe shook her head with a slight smile, going back to preparing the kitchen. “Those two are always running off and having their own fun... You’d think she’d at least ask me to record the race for her.”

“She probably already knows you’re going to win again, you’ve been kind of owning lately.” Shani interjected, no hint of sarcasm in her voice.

Eshe laughed, “I’m good, but you never know how things will go in a competition, right? There’s going to be a lot of skilled runners...”

“Bet. You’ll walk right through that door Friday with a smile and a brand new trophy for your shelf.” An amused grin affixed Shani’s face. Eshe hasn’t lost a race all year.

“We’ll see~”

Another couple of hours passed. Eshe had made the two dinner as they continued chatting about whatever crossed their minds. The two cousins had been living together for almost a year now, Shani moving in with Eshe in an attempt to gain some independence from her parents. They were always as close as sisters, so Eshe didn’t think twice about accepting her new roommate.

After the two had finished eating, it was already getting late. Eshe had already mostly packed and was ready to go, but spent the rest of her time making last minute preparations. Finally standing at the door she meticulously checked herself over one last time, before saying goodbye to Shani.

“I’ll be back Friday, make sure you keep the place clean!” Eshe waved, smiling as usual.

“I’m not a slob, Eshe.” Shani moved in for a quick hug, before jumping back and continuing. “But yeah, I’ll keep it pristine as usual. Good luck, cuz.”

One last wave shared between the two as Eshe closed the door behind her, her beaming smile shining through until the last moment the heavy wood fastened shut. Both of them continued on with their pleasant day, unaware they would never share these mundane moments ever again.

The few days after passed by in a flash, Shani spent the time hanging out with her friends, and keeping up with her own, much less stringent, training regiment.

She had completely forgotten to watch Eshe's race, herself. But figured she probably won anyway. "Eshe always wins." she said to herself, changing the channel away from some post-race commentary as she had gotten home.

The next day quickly came around, the day Eshe was slated to return home. Shani herself had just shambled through the apartment door.

"Ugh, it's always hard to feel motivated without Eshe around. That woman always knows how to keep you moving..." Shani groaned. Recently having plopped back onto her favorite spot that was the living room couch. She had just gotten back from her usual trip to the gym, needing to stay in relative shape in her own line of work. "What day is today anyway? Friday?"

Quickly checking her phone to confirm, Shani stretched across the couch and kicked her shoes over her head, toward the entrance. Knowing her cousin would be back home anytime, she figured she'd stick around the house rather than going out with her friends tonight.

It wasn't long, however, before Shani's attention was pulled toward the front door. Loud shimmying and fiddling could be heard from the other side, someone attempting to unlock it but clearly having some difficulty perhaps?

"Eshe? Is that you?" Shani asked loudly, moving toward the door to let her cousin in. "Did you forget your keys?" She continued, "Don't you usually bitch at me for forgetting mine?"

A teasing little snicker accentuated her exclamation, as she heard a muffled voice from the other side of the wooden barricade. Quickly deciding to let Eshe in, Shani twisted the nob, pulling the door open. Her eyes went wide for a moment, completely unprepared for the sight that greeted her.

Her cousin Eshe stood there, completely as expected. Thick, muscular legs erupted from her tiny workout shorts. Glistening, dark abs on display. Heavy, chocolate breasts stretched her tight orange tank top. Yet, continuing upward, there was one thing that was painfully off.

"Heya!" a high-pitched, chipper voice chirped out.

Affixed atop Eshe's shoulders was a very pale, very decidedly *un*-Eshe head. A short red bob fluttered down to the smooth, featureless seam where pale skin met dark. Bright blue-green eyes blinked as an overly friendly smile stretched toward lightly freckled cheeks.

Where once sat Eshe's distinct, beautiful African features, now sat the unfamiliar visage of a cute-redheaded stranger. Shani could merely blink in response, surprised by the strange sight.

The red-headed face quickly took on a concerned expression, "Are you ok? You look a liiittle~ freaked out..."

“Uhhh...” Another moment passes, another wide-eyed blink as Shani looks her cousin over again. “Yeah, I’m fine Eshe. Just didn’t expect you to come home... uh... under new management.” Shani’s mind readjusted slightly, finally mentally registering her cousin’s ‘new look’.

“Ooo! I know, right?” Eshe exclaimed. She bounced slightly on her heels, causing her large tits to attempt bouncing themselves free. “I honestly STILL can’t believe I won that race! I heard THE Eshe Ayele was competing so I didn’t think I stood a CHANCE, but look!”

Eshe bounced excitedly again, cute red hair bouncing too. The sound of her weighty ass-cheeks clapping in her shorts echoed down the hall and into the apartment. She gestured her dark, manicured hands down along the curves of her body, a goofy smile affixed to her pale face.

“I’M Eshe Ayele now! That’s super neat, right?!” Eshe leaned forward slightly, blue eyes sparkling with her over-excitement. “It’s INSANE I got such a great prize for winning that race!”

Shani smiled. “Yeah, you really won the lottery, huh?” Seeing her cousin just dripping with excitement over such a big win was more than infectious. “I haven’t seen you this pumped in a *while* Eshe, but uhh... Why don’t we head inside? Don’t know why we’re chatting in the hallway.”

Eshe gasped, “OH! You’re right, I’m just too excited!” With an eager grin she let herself into her apartment, wide, sparking eyes looking over her own home for the first time. “Oh my GOD, this place is so nice!”

The newly minted Eshe continued exploring the apartment, dropping her various bags and ‘travel supplies’ onto the kitchen table as she went. The eclectic contrast between dark monochrome and flowery reds and pinks stuck out to Shani.

“Yeah you always were great at decorating.” Shani replied, offhandedly. A serious itch building up in her brain. “Hey Eshe, you mind chatting about your recent race? I didn’t end up getting to watch it.”

Eshe, now snapping pictures of the apartment with her phone, turned away from some old photos of herself on the wall to meet Shani’s eyes. A light expression of shock played across her freckled face. “Oh! You missed my big race?” Eshe moved into the kitchen as Shani sat down, the two finding chairs opposite the other. “You really missed out! It was craaaazy~”

Shani scoffed lightly, looking at her cousin’s redheaded smile. “I can see that. So you beat *whoever* used to be my cousin at the race yesterday?”

“Yup! It was close too!” Eshe giggled, the palm of her dark hand resting on her pale, freckled cheek as she took on a look of concentration. “It just kind of stopped on the track right before the finish line... Only for like, a second. But obviously long enough for me to come out in first!”

“Huh, that’s weird. Wonder why it’d just freeze up.” Shani wondered, resting her chin in her hands. “Never seen it do that at all back when it was Eshe.”

“No idea~” Eshe answered, holding out and admiring her own toned arms. “Doesn’t really matter though, right? Since *I’m* Eshe now!” A high pitch giggle escaped her lips as she ran her palms over her arms’ smooth, dark skin.

Shani laughed as well, her cousin’s bubbly demeanor being somewhat infectious. “True that. You won your life fair and square, so the “old” Eshe doesn’t really matter at this point, right?”

“Yeah!!” Eshe bounced again, bright eyes affixing down at her own, dark chocolate-toned body. “And I look SUPER hot in it too, don’t I?” Her hands trailed possessively up her body, coming to rest under her impressive bust, before hefting them lightly in her palms.

Shani’s lips curled into a performative pout, “You look good in anything. Cute little redhead on your shoulders or not, Sis.” Shani recrossed her legs and leaned her head into her palm, sinking against the table. “Dunno if you’ve seen just how popular you are online yet, you’ve got a huge thirst following...”

“Oh I know!” Eshe gasped, “I used to follow Eshe’s Insta before winning her!” She paused slightly as her eyes scanned her conversation partner up and down, “And I can DEFINITELY tell we’re related now, you’re REALLY pretty too! *Ummm-*”

An abrupt break in the conversation, as Eshe stopped herself mid-sentence. “Y’know... I never asked your name? Embarrassing huh!” A giggle accentuated the blush on her cheeks, as she ran her dark fingers through her wavy, red hair.

“Shani.” The other woman answered, waving her hand dismissively. “It’s not a big deal, I forgot to reintroduce myself. Just feels kind of weird, not gonna lie.”

“Nice to meet you Shani!” The mismatched Redhead exclaimed with a wide smile. She stretched her hand out toward Shani in greeting, “Do you usually just call ‘me’ Eshe, or...?”

Shani rolled her eyes, and met Eshe’s hand. This may be the NEW Eshe’s first time meeting her, but she’s known her cousin almost all of her life. It felt a bit silly on her end to be saying ‘Hello’ to Eshe for the first time, even if she was fully aware another woman had taken her place.

“*Duh, girl.* Eshe’s your name!” Shani snarked, “I’ve always had a few nicknames for you *Shayshay~* You’ll have to get used to them.”

Eshe beamed, “Oh!! That’s SO cute!” A quick clap of her hands, and a wiggle of her wide hips capitalized her excitement. “I already feel right at home as Eshe!”

A small break in the conversation formed, as Eshe excitedly moved to grab the two women some cold drinks. A big grin firmly locked on her face as her eyes sparkled, pale palms of her dark hands gliding over the contents of her new fridge. Bright red locks fluttered around her freckled face as she bent over, reaching far into the back for two bright cans of soda. Her hips wiggled and ass wobbled back and forth as she finally grasped her prizes and popped herself back out with an exuberant “Tadaa~!” Rocking the cans for emphasis.

A small laugh from Shani greeted her cousin as the other woman squeezed her plush, ebony cheeks back down into the tiny kitchen seat and passed a can her way. "Whatcha giggling about?" Eshe inquired with a little giggle of her own, popping open the can and taking a sip. "I didn't do something funny did I?"

"Nah~ Just weird seeing you drink shit like soda now." Shani answered with a bemused grin, taking a long sip from her own can. "The old you was always such a health nut."

A small break in the conversation formed, broken up with exchanges of small talk, and some unimportant, prodding questions Shani had for her new cousin. Before long, however, Shani remembered something.

"Sooo~ I remember betting you'd come back home with a new trophy. And you clearly won the big race..." Shani's finger motioned up and down, clearly outlining her cousin's fit, mismatched body. "Why don't you pull it out and show it off, huh?"

"Oooo yeah, I've got it tucked away. Lemme dig it out!" Eshe quickly unzipped one of the myriad bags strewn across the table, with some effort she rummaged around inside before an "Aha!" sounded from her lips. Retracting her arms from the bag's confines, her trophy was finally freed, as she placed it down firmly on the kitchen table. A beautiful trophy that conspicuously matched her new body's complexion. "Here it is!"

The object now sitting on the Ayele cousins' table was, without a doubt, the Ex-Eshe's head. Its sharp, brown eyes blinked, adjusting to the sudden influx of light, as they darted back and forth between its redheaded replacement and its once-familial connection. A firm, unfazed smile graced the thing's pretty face as it began to speak in that familiar, husky voice.

"Hey Shani." The trophy's brow raised as it continued, an underlying levity in its voice. "Looks like I'm not Eshe anymore, huh?"

"Sure aren't." Shani replied, meeting the trophy's friendly smile with her own. "That's just what happens when you lose, right?"

The head's brow furrows slightly, a very miniscule look of annoyance flashing over its face. "Yeah... I have no idea what happened... It's almost like-"

"Wow, yeah. This thing's pretty high quality." Shani said as she hefted what was once her cousin's head, abruptly cutting it off. Her thumb exploratively rubbed over the trophy's plush lips, lightly tugging and pulling on the soft flesh as she continued examining the blinking trophy's unbothered face. Its dark braids cascaded over Shani's arms and onto the table below as it twisted and turned from the woman's examination.

"It's pretty neat!" Eshe chimed, digging her bright red phone out of her pocket. "I'm not really much for trophies, but it still feels SUPER nice bringing one home!"

“Especially one this pretty, right?” Shani added with a smile, holding the head up to her own for emphasis. Their once-related features clearly bore striking similarity when placed this close to one another.

A quick **Snap!** of Eshe’s phone sounded off. “You’re so CUTE~!” she chimed, having caught a picture of Shani squishing her trophy’s cheeks. “I’m totally posting these!”

A few more pictures later and Eshe was happily tapping away at her phone. Shani still fiddled and played with the head, almost entirely ignoring, and unbothered by, the implication of its continued sentence.

“You’re not much for trophies but you seem to be enjoying your biggest prize quite a bit, aren’t you?” The detached head cut through the momentary silence, a smirk affixed to its face. Its eyes scanned over what was once its own well-trained body, as Eshe’s hands began to happily glide over her curves.

“Yup!” Eshe quickly replied, her cute pale face breaking out into another big smile. “All of THIS,” a quick gesture toward her thick, dark-skinned body, and a peppy slap of her heavy ass punctuate her statement, “Belonging to me is like a dream come true!”

A quick, excited hop followed. Eshe’s curvy-fit body jiggled all over, as the chipper woman tried to re-contain her excitement.

The trophy smiled again, “I’m happy to hear that Eshe.” A chuckle escaped its lips, the new Eshe’s pep being wildly infectious. “Even if I’m not thrilled about... losing. You won it all fair and square, so-”

Shani’s fingers suddenly interrupted the head’s sentiment, as her digits began to invasively probe every inch of its hot, wet mouth. “Damn, girl. This thing’s kinda kinky isn’t it?” Shani pondered as she tugged on it’s thick tongue, rolling the appendage around in her fingers as a low moan echoed from the object’s throat. “I know it used to be my cousin and shit... But it’s not really a person anymore, and it sure as hell isn’t Eshe anymore either,” Her eyes darted over to Eshe’s freckled face, red hair bobbing as her cousin adjusted herself in an attempt to take a quick selfie. “Sooooo...”

She looked back at the head in her hands, its pretty lips curved into a cheeky little smile. “So?” it echoed back.

Almost instantly Shani locked her lips with the trophy in her hands. The two’s eyes closed as they began to moan into each other’s mouths, tongues dancing and intertwining. Shani’s hands ran through the trophy’s hair, before pulling its weight deeper into her own face.

Eshe’s attention was now decidedly locked onto Shani’s display. The runner’s eyes were shimmering with excitement watching her cousin go to town on her prize.

Snap! Snap! drew Shani’s attention as she separated from her head-shaped toy, a long trail of saliva dripping between the two pairs of plush lips.

“Really, Eshe?” Shani sighed, throwing the head back down onto the table as she jumped for her snickering cousin’s phone. “I don’t like being *ambushed* without a little *warning!*”

“But you were being SO CUTE~!” Eshe chimed, flexing her superior height over her desperately stretching roommate. Her long, toned arms raised high above her bouncing head of red hair to keep her phone safe.

A minute later of Shani’s expletive shower, and the two had finally calmed down. Eshe grinning widely as she showed off her impromptu photography to the other woman.

“As long as you don’t post that shit anywhere, got it?” Was Shani’s only reply.

“You got it, Shani!” Eshe smiled, “Just wanted some cute little souvenir pics of my darling new cousin! ~”

“Sure sure...” A small smile of her own quickly betrayed Shani’s attempted attitude.

“You two are getting along well.” That familiar husky voice interrupted with a chuckle. “I’m really happy to see the new Eshe slotting right into her life.”

The two women look over at the talking trophy, laying idly on its cheek. A grin shared between them in silent agreement.

“Think we should go ahead and put that thing away?” Shani quickly changed the topic, pointing over toward Eshe’s haphazardly tossed trophy. “I can show you where you always put that shit if you want.”

“Oh, I’d LOVE that!” Eshe answered with a bounce on her heels. Her dark, muscular legs flexed slightly with the minute motion. “Learning little tidbits about my new life is SO exciting!”

Shani laughed at her cousin’s excitement, before quickly directing her toward her trophy rack. “Right here above the TV actually.” A long shelf of trophies stretched across the living room wall, above the large, flatscreen television. Many golden cups and medals adorned and hung from the little darkwood structure.

With her usual wide, beaming smile, Eshe happily hefted her newest addition to her extensive trophy collection. Picking out an appropriate spot, Eshe placed the beautiful head of who she used to be between the glittering golden objects she had once worked so hard to win.

She stood there for a bit, a satisfied grin dumbly painting her freckled face. Blue-green eyes shimmering like an excited child. It was fully dawning on her that she was really Eshe Ayele now, looking over all of her new-past accomplishments.

She quickly pulled out her phone, wiggling her wide hips back and forth in dripping excitement. Shani was pulled into a hug by Eshe’s strong arms, as she yelled “Smile!” with an uncontained glee.

Snap!

Eshe looked happily down at the literal life-affirming photo she'd just taken, quickly beginning to type away. Moments later she had uploaded the pic to her new social media accounts. All of them casually announcing her as "The Real Eshe Ayele"

A photo of her cute, freckled face smiling away graced her profile. Bobbed red hair ruffled up against Shani's head as the younger woman shared her smile, clearly having been caught slightly off guard as her face was squished into the contrasting cheek of her cousin. Eshe's long, pale neck wildly mismatched with the almost obsidian-dark skin of the body it's seamlessly attached too.

The runner's large tits, rippling, ebony abs, and long, muscular legs were fully on display, the two women standing proudly in front of the long row of shimmering golden prizes.

Her most recent trophy, smiling away in the back, framed directly between Eshe and Shani, almost as if she was included as a third person.

"Happy to be the new Eshe Ayele!" stretched out above the lovely picture. The simple social media post announcing to the world that Eshe Ayele had been replaced, and as the positive comments piled in, this fact was fully cemented as the new normal.

"So, you wanna get dinner?" Shani asked, as the two made their way back into the kitchen. "No idea what you like to eat, but somehow doubt you like the same shit 'old' Eshe did."

Eshe beamed, "Oh I'd LOVE to try anything! I'm always up to experience something new!"

Shani rolled her eyes, her cousin's exuberance had very quickly grown on her. "Well, guess I'M gonna be the one cooking dinner tonight." She chuckled to herself, remembering Eshe's chiding from the other day. "Hope you like East African food, Aunt Amani taught me a couple recipes."

The two cousins continued on, chatting and bonding as the reality around the new Eshe Ayele fully set in.