

From Student to Master – Part 4

The sound of a door closing made the blood in Stuart's veins turn to ice. He was just stepping into a red party dress; having gotten so caught up he'd completely lost track of time. Heavy footsteps echoed through the apartment and his heart began to thump in tandem, he thought Lisa lived alone! In a panic his eyes darted about the room, clothing was everywhere even if he hid, whomever this was would know somebody had been here. When they inevitably found him, how would he explain himself?

The door to the walk in closet opened and a man walked in; he was exactly the sort of guy who tried to act all buddy-buddy with him in class. A wall of strong muscle, built from vanity rather than any sort of desire for health or fitness. He had bright green eyes that glimmered with mischief as they landed on him in this precarious position.

"Hey babe, got your message."

Babe. This had to be Lisa's boyfriend! He should have known a girl like Lisa would never be single; if anybody was going to believe his story it had to be this man, surely? He must know how insane his she was.

"I didn't send any message."

"Oh?" He sauntered toward Stuart, the lights accentuating his strong jaw and broad shoulders.

Everything about this man, from his expression to his gate oozed confidence, he felt completely in control here and suddenly Stuart remembered how small this new body was.

"No, I know this sounds crazy but I'm not Lisa." Stuart could hear the blood rushing in his ears; that predatory smile on his new companion's face made his stomach flutter, not with fear but desire.

"Who are you then?" He grinned, "I have to say, it's not every day I meet a girl as hot as my Lisa. We'd better make the best of our time together, wouldn't want her to catch us. Would we?"

He leaned down with a charming wink that simultaneously made Stuart feel repulsed and flustered. The memories of the office flooded back to him; how good it had felt to be submissive, how

pleasurable it had been. The man in front of him was the definition of 'Alpha Male', with his bulk and charm, Stuart couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to have him touch him as Lisa had.

The swap, it must have done something to his mind; he'd never been attracted to men before today, especially not macho idiots like this that thought with their dick instead of their brains. The notion made Stuart's eyes slip down for a moment before snapping back to meet the tall man's gaze. His smile widened; he'd caught Stuart looking.

"I'm...I-I'm..."

Just tell him! He had to tell him, why was it suddenly so hard to do that?

"I mean it." He swallowed, "I'm not Lisa, you must be her boyfriend, right?"

"Ah, I get it." His arms came to rest on Stuart's shoulders firmly, "You've forgotten who you are, right?"

Stuart's mouth was dry, those hands seemed to be burning into his skin. They felt so firm and strong, despite everything he could feel those butterflies in his stomach increasing in number.

"Don't worry babe, Brad's here now. I'll remind you."

He leaned in close, Stuart could feel the warmth of his breath against his own lips; he had to fight the urge to wet them with the tip of his tongue. Brad's face was looming closer; he should step backwards and clear his head, explain the situation but he didn't. He felt hypnotised, almost as if those firm hands on his shoulders were keeping him rooted to the spot. One of those hands slipped down his bare back, brushing against the waistband of his panties and he shivered, the movement pushing him closer into Brad's embrace. Their lips brushed and a small moan escaped his lips, the featherlight touching of skin sent a warm tingling down his spine and Stuart felt his control slipping more and more.

That tiny sound affirmed Brad's suspicion and he surged forward, capturing his lips with even more force than Lisa had in his old body. The kiss was hard, dominating, Stuart felt his legs turn to jelly in response. Submitting to his old body has felt *wonderful* but Brad was something else; there was a force of will about him, a sort of magnetism that drew Stuart in. He couldn't resist opening his mouth to allow him access, already he could feel pleasure pooling inside him as Brad tightened his hold.

"You're *mine*." Brad growled, "That means I can do anything I want with your body."

Stuart whimpered, feeling the wetness between his legs increase. Now that he knew how good it felt to submit to the will of another it was so much more difficult to resist. Brad's hand slipped down further, cupping his ass so tight it made him gasp. The slight pain only seemed to make the pleasure greater and his need grow.

He wanted this man.

So badly.

Suddenly, Brad's arms pulled him in so they were flush together, Stuart could feel the outline of his cock through his pants. The bulge rubbed against the crotchless panties he was wearing, smearing wetness across the fabric. Brad licked a stripe across Stuart's shoulder blade and tutted.

"Now look what you've done, naughty girl." He purred, "You'll have to take those off me now. Can't walk around with a stain like that can I?"

His grip loosened, hands trembling with nerves and arousal Stuart unbuckled his belt, slowly slipping his fingers below the waistband of his pants and underwear before sliding them down. Brad's cock sprung free, prominent and hard, Stuart couldn't look away. It was bigger than his former body's, thicker too and his first thought was how amazing it would feel inside him. He wanted to keep admiring it but those strong hands found his shoulders and spun him round, shoving him forwards so that he tripped and fell to the ground before the mirror.

He was face to face with himself, flushed pink, eyes blown wide with arousal. He could even see his hard nipples poking through the thin fabric of his bra. He looked so *sexy*, were he in Brad's position he doubted he could resist fucking this body either. The man in question knelt down behind him, hands sliding up his bare back before snaking underneath to cup both his breasts. His eyes rolled back at the pleasure the touch caused, Brad hadn't even touched his nipples yet and they ached for it.

"Remember yet, babe?" He whispered huskily, "Are you mine?"

"I'm not Lisa-ah!"

The word turned to a gasp as Brad ran his hands across his breasts, rubbing his nipples through the thin material and sending sparks flying through his system. He needed more. He could only moan as Brad continued to tease him, slowly pressing his fingers against the sensitive nubs. He could feel his pussy beginning to throb with need, it was fortunate those panties were crotchless or they would

already be soaked through like the last pair. He could feel his juices leaking out and into the carpet as Brad continued his ministrations.

“Say you’re mine.” He ordered, one hand tracing down his stomach till it rested just above his aching pussy, “And I will make you cum.”

“I...I...”

Was he really going to do this? Give up the very last of his dignity so this bull of a man would fuck him?

“I’m yours.”

He’d barely finished speaking when the finger parted his folds and he cried out, hip bucking desperate for more. Yet, Brad denied him. Instead, he removed his hands entirely, moving them to Stuart’s hips and pulling him backwards till his chin was on the ground and ass in the air. From this position Stuart could still see his reflection, positioned doggy style in front of the mirror with Brad kneeling behind. He watched in an almost trancelike state as Brad positioned himself, hands gripping Stuart’s hips hard enough to bruise as he spread his pussy lips with the tip of his cock.

The realisation that he was about to watch himself get fucked by this muscular man made Stuart whimper with want and trepidation; he’d seen Brad’s cock, it was so big, surely it would hurt. He decided he didn’t care, he wanted it anyway. This time, when Brad ordered him to submit, he didn’t hesitate.

“I’m yours!”

With one quick thrust Brad pushed his way in, all the way to the sheath, Stuart cried out as his inner walls stretched so quickly, the feeling was indescribably delicious.

“That’s my good girl.” Brad cooed, the praise went straight to Stuart’s head making the pleasure seem to double.

He never realised he had a praise kink before this moment, one of the many new things about himself he was learning today. He could come to terms with it later, right now his mind was otherwise occupied, flooded with endorphins and pleasure from Brad’s cock brushing against his G-spot. He pushed back against each thrust, feeling the lace of the panties stretch across his hair and skin as he did. He raised himself on his hands and knees, watching his new reflection in the mirror.

He took in the woman staring back; her eyes were glazed with pleasure, her mouth open, with each thrust she was pushed forward on the carpet slightly and her tits bounced with the force. It was pornographic; the fact that he could feel everything made it doubly so.

“Remember who you are now?” Brad punctuated each word with an even harder thrust that made him see stars. “You’re my bitch, aren’t you?”

“Yes!”

He gasped the word before he had the chance to hesitate and Brad rewarded him with a firm but oh so lovely pat on the head for it. His fingers raked through Stuart’s long blonde hair and he watched the gesture in the mirror with hunger. He could feel himself getting close, with every thrust and word of praise his inner walls tightened further. He tried to hold back, he wanted to stay like this forever, watching himself get fucked in front of this mirror. He was forced to close his eyes in the vain hope that would let him hold on just that little bit longer but it backfired; now he had nothing to distract him from the sensation of being ploughed into.

Brad’s thrusting got harder, pulling all the way out until there was nothing but the tip left and then plunging back in right to the sheath. Each time slamming straight into Stuart’s G-spot. It was too much.

He forced his eyes open as he came, the strength of it collapsing his arms and pushing him face first into the carpet. He gripped the material for dear life as wave after wave of ecstasy washed over him, moving his gaze up to the mirror to watch his glazed expression as he cried out. Brad continued fucking him, his endurance was truly impressive, not stopping for a moment. Having no choice but to submit to more pleasure Stuart came again, squeezing the cock inside him with all his might until finally the man threw back his head and came, once again Stuart found himself flooded with a different kind of wet warmth that left him strangely satisfied.

He groaned with loss as Brad pulled out sending shockwaves of residual pleasure throughout his system. He felt so relaxed he couldn’t even bring himself to feel ashamed of how he’d just acted, the pleasure had been well worth his dignity. Brad’s hands were on him again but this time they were surprisingly tender, gathering him up bridal style and carrying him to the bed where he placed him down gently. Before Stuart could say anything they were kissing again, but this time Brad yielded to him, the gesture was soft and romantic.

“That was great babe, how do you feel?” His eyes were soft and kind now; where was the alpha male meathead who’s just fucked him raw?

“Good.” Stuart blinked in surprised, unsure how to respond.

“Looks like you’re going to have a bit of carpet burn.” Brad chuckled, “I know you like the rougher stuff but don’t forget the safe word if you need it.”

“I didn’t need it.”

‘And even if I did, I don’t know it.’ He thought darkly.

“I am glad you invited me over tonight actually, I have a gift for you.”

Despite everything a bolt of excitement went through him. What sort of gift would a man like this give a girl like Lisa? Brad reached forward, stroking a strong hand over his long hair and Stuart shivered. Brad walked over to a backpack which he must have dropped on his way in, revealing a white package wrapped in a pink ribbon. Delicately, Stuart pulled, unravelling the wrapping and revealing yet another set of bra and panties for Lisa’s collection. So different from the naughty set he was currently wearing, these seemed almost innocent.

Pure white, with an intricate lace pattern of petals decorating the edges. Almost reverently, he ran his fingers across them but found none of the scratchiness he’d come to associate with the material. The lace was made from the softest silken thread and it felt like clouds beneath his fingertips. Already his mind imagined how wonderful they would feel against his bare skin, how beautiful his body would look in them.

“You were *such* a good girl, Lisa. You deserve a reward.”

The words sent a thrill through him, he liked being a good girl. Fortunately, Brad chose that moment to head back to the closet to clean up so he didn’t see the look of humiliation pass over Stuart’s face when the thought occurred.

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Lisa swaggered down the street feeling relaxed and confident. She had Stuart’s shirt half unbuttoned, sleeves rolled up to show off his strong forearms. A look she knew from personal experience women went crazy for. Watching Brad fuck her body in front of that mirror was inspiring. She would definitely be saving the video for later viewings. She’d been glued to the screen with malevolent glee watching Stuart barely resist at all, she couldn’t wait to rub it in his face tomorrow. Making him her little whore would be easier than she thought. Tempting as it was to get herself off again watching, she resisted, it was time to take this body out for a proper spin. She’d only just gotten a taste of the power a man’s body could wield over a woman and now she wanted more. She

would never find any girl as hot as her old body obviously, but she was sure she could make do with a close second.

The first thing she had to do was pick a hunting ground. With a flick of her wrist, she pulled out Stuart's phone and opened the banking app to access his virtual card. The idiot kept his passcode saved in the app and everything, it was almost too easy. Her glee turned to disgust in a matter of seconds though as she looked at the balance on screen.

That is all he had? That would barely cover a night of drinks and dancing at any of her favourite clubs uptown. She knew Stuart was of the lower classes but for goodness sakes, she should have withdrawn some cash funds before they made the switch. She could hardly go up to an ATM in this body and start withdrawing money; if the cameras saw her the card would be flagged as stolen in moments. With a scoff she kept walking, good mood soured somewhat, she'd have to make do with some of the local bars and her natural charm; she certainly couldn't afford to spot girls expensive drinks to lure them in.

She wandered past a couple of watering holes before finally hitting the jackpot. A line of young girls out for a hen's night, all gathered around a girl in a bright pink sash as they shuffled into a quiet but warmly lit underground bar. The bride would likely be off limits, though Lisa did have to admit the challenge was tempting, but the other women would be feeling desperate and alone; easy pickings.

With confidence gained from years of flirting she sauntered in, eyes glancing over each of the women in turn to appraise them. She decided on the blonde, closest to her old body in build with a big bust and even bigger ass to match. Her hair was a shade darker than her own but it would be easy enough to pretend it was her old body servicing her. Judging by the swift way she was downing her shots; she didn't have a strong gag reflex either. Perfect.

Lisa sidled up to the bar and ordered herself a beer, grimacing at the bitter taste and sorely wishing she could drink something that didn't taste like piss without looking like a pussy. She kept glancing over at her quarry, shooting her a charming smile when their eyes finally met only for the woman to turn away. Playing hard to get, huh? No matter. Lisa kept up the chase, ensuring she caught the woman's eye a few more times before approaching her as she went to order.

"Hey." She let her baritone drop an octave, "Seems like you've got quite the group here tonight."

"Yes." Her response was clipped, cold and closed off.

"Must be exhausting, surrounded by all that energy. Not to mention the happy bride." Lisa waved a hand to gesture over to the group, "I bet she hasn't shut up about that man of hers all night."

"Well, it's her party. She's allowed." The blonde still wasn't looking at her, that was unacceptable.

Lisa cozied up closer, leaning in and placing an arm against the bar in front of the woman so she could lean over and see her face. It was pretty, with big lips that had clearly been altered, she'd put those to good use later. She opened her mouth to let out another smooth line but her mark cut her off.

"I'm not interested."

"What?" Lisa blinked, caught off guard for a moment before quickly regaining her composure. "Come on baby, look at me. I have it on very good authority I know how to show a lady a good time."

"Yeah well, maybe if you weren't standing around leering at us like a lecherous creep somebody would take you up on the offer."

Lisa felt her jaw drop for a moment as the woman collected her drink and stormed off. How *dare* she? Granted, this body wasn't nearly as hot as her original but Stuart was popular with the girls on campus, he was no ten out of ten but he was hot in that forbidden fruit, professedly sort of way. For a moment she considered that perhaps it was her that was the problem but quickly dismissed it. She'd seduced Stuart in mere minutes, it was that bitch who had the issue. No matter, she'd find another.

At least that is what she kept telling herself. Woman after woman rejected her as the hours went on and with each failure Lisa felt her temper flaring. Her dominance achieved nothing but sneers and derision, when the bartender finally asked her to leave the indignation boiled over into full blown rage.

"You can't just kick me out!"

"Look mate, you've been bothering women here all night. Just suck it up and accept you struck out." The bar tender crossed his arms, "Now get out before I make you."

This was humiliating and utterly wrong. She *always* got what she wanted in the end; the alternative was simply not acceptable. Hands curled into fists she fumed; briefly she considered starting a fight just to feel something but grit her teeth and decided against it, stepping outside. The unfairness of the situation made her blood boil; Stuart had the audacity to complain about their switch when he was getting fucked by her boyfriend and living it up in her penthouse. She was going to have to speed up her plans somewhat, living like this simply was not on the cards.

“Rough night, hon?”

She whirled around to see an older woman, perhaps in her forties, giving her a sympathetic smile.

“You don’t want to go home with one of those toothpicks anyway.” She continued, “I can tell, what you need is the kind of treatment that comes with experience. I have that in spades, darling.”

Looking her up and down Lisa could tell she was one of those women who would have been gorgeous in her prime but now age was slowly taking its toll. Her make up had to be just that little bit thicker to cover the laugh lines on her forehead and her stomach had started to round to match her other curves. She was by no means ugly; in fact, she had a sort of mature allure that was undeniable, but she certainly wasn’t what she’d had in mind a few hours ago. Her frustration must still have been apparent because the woman stepped forward, tutting under her breath.

“Poor thing, I can see you’re pent up. Why don’t we go down here?”

She indicated to an alley. Despite everything, Lisa was still painfully horny and she’d be damned if she let Stuart get away with being the only one to be pleased tonight. Swallowing down the rage she gave the woman her best smile.

“Alright then, let’s see if you’re all talk or if that mouth is good for anything else.”

The woman smirked, taking her by the hand and leading her down into the alley. Once they were out of sight Lisa, desperate for control again, pushed the woman forward into the wall and lowered her mouth to her neck. The woman moaned as she began to suck hard enough that there would be a mark, something to say she was here. The woman’s moans went straight to her crotch and she revelled in the wonderful feeling of blood flow as she felt herself harden. She could feel the older woman’s hands at her belt, undoing it without even looking; years of experience indeed.

The woman pushed back on her, switching their positions with ease and leaning forward to smash their lips together. Tempting as it was to return the gesture Lisa resisted. Much as she wanted to force her tongue down this woman’s throat and make her submit, she wanted that dark red lipstick smeared across her cock more. With a grunt she placed a hand on the woman’s shoulders, pushing down to her knees; a feeling of vindication flowed through her when she didn’t resist.

Lisa felt her balls tighten in anticipation as she gripped the woman’s hair and leaned back, allowing her to zip open her fly and lower the briefs containing her manhood. It sprung free, hard and ready; Lisa couldn’t help but shiver as a drop of precum dripped from the head. The tip of the woman’s tongue lapped it up, sending a bolt of pleasure up her length. Her eyes threatened to flutter closed at the sensation but she fought the instinct, instead turning her gaze down to watch as

the woman slowly, achingly slowly, began to run the flat of her tongue along her cock. The rough texture sent waves of sensation through it, pleasure instantly pooling in her lower stomach. Her free hand gripped the woman's shoulder firmly, pulling her closer so she had no choice but to take the length in her mouth.

A groan escaped her unbidden as she was enveloped in that wet heat. It was hot and tight, not as tight as her pussy had been but it had a unique feeling all its own. The woman hollowed her cheeks and began to undulate her tongue causing Lisa to cry out. This time she couldn't resist letting her eyes close and marvelling in the sensations that were shooting through her. Her new whore hadn't even started to suck yet and she already felt weak at the knees.

The woman moaned, sending vibrations up her length and straight into her core as she began to move up and down, leaving her cock exposed to the air for such a moment before swallowing it back down. Lisa bucked her hips, moving both her hands to the woman's head as she began to fuck her mouth. She didn't care if the woman choked, this felt too incredible and she wanted to go deeper. A deep, primal sound escaped her the first time she felt the tip hit the back of the woman's throat. She did it again, desperate for more.

Her partner didn't seem to mind the rough treatment, moaning along and lifting a hand to gently squeeze her balls. It was almost like being milked; she could feel her muscles tightening in response ready to start pumping seed into her partners throat at any moment. Feeling herself fast approaching an edge Lisa forced her eyes open and down to admire her cock thrusting into that pretty mouth. She could see the lipstick smeared up her length and the sight of it tipped her over the edge. Holding firm, she bucked wildly as her cock pulsed, ensuring the woman had no choice but to swallow down every drop of cum she produced. When she was finally spent, she collapsed back against the wall and the woman stood, giving her a victorious smile. Lisa returned it, looking at her smudged make up and neck marred with red hickies. This may not have been how she envisioned her evening but at least she left her mark.