

AARON'S GIRLFRIEND

CHAPTER TWO: SEX AND THE CITY

By Bewci

"Really," I nervously giggled. "maybe I drew the wrong conclusions about him."

"I told you," Aaron scoffed. I spent the rest of the supper with awkward silences and one-word replies, avoiding another slip off the tongue. He didn't mind taking the lead and telling 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. Otherwise, it would strain the relationship between Britt and Aaron. 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 fell into a deep slumber.

I woke up, bathing in the morning sunlight from the window. I turned around and saw Aaron was out of bed. He was in the bathroom, taking a shower. There was no time to waste. I

jumped out of the comfortable blanket and rushed towards my wardrobe to fix the mess I had made last night. I placed the documents swiftly on their shelf in a small locker within the cabinet. I was almost done when Aaron came out with a towel wrapped around his waist. I couldn't help but gawk at him. He didn't have the ideal body type, but somehow it was putting a spell on me. Was it the thick beard? Or the chest hair? I didn't know. I gulped in anticipation, steering my eyes away to look into the wardrobe instead. "Morning, babe," he greeted me. "Morning" I responded. I shuffled through Britt's colorful collection of attires, pretending to choose one to wear. My phone buzzed on the bed. Thankfully, most people don't use passwords but fingerprints nowadays. I picked it up and unlocked it to take a look. The name spelled "Marisa" in red.

Aaron glanced at my bemused face and said, "We got the invitation to the Halloween party, remember?"

"Yeah, right!" I had no clue what he was talking about. I pressed the call button and waited. Finally, the phone rang, and she greeted, "Hey, Britt!"

"Hey!" I responded with the same energy. "It's been a while! Where have you been?!" she asked.

"Um, yeah, I just had a minor breakdown and was admitted to the hospital. But everything's fine now!" I replied.

"Oh my God! Are you okay?" she sounded genuinely worried.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm alright!" I assured.

"Okay, that's good to hear. Morgan and I will be shopping today for the party, and we hoped you would join in!" she exclaimed.

I made an excuse as I had no idea who Britt's friends were, and I didn't want to go shopping! I said, "But weekends would be crowded?"

"Really? You were the one most excited about the party! C'mon, it will be fun!" Marisa tried to cheer me up.

"Yeah, you shouldn't stay in all day. I don't want you binge-eating on my favorite cookies!" Aaron called me out. I winced and bawled, "Seriously?!"

Aaron laughed and said, "Trust me, you'll feel better spending time with Morgan and Marisa."

I was not keen to go shopping with two women. But, as much as I knew Britt, she would have said yes. So, I followed suit and agreed.

"Atta girl! We'll be waiting for you at Bramsore Square at 11:00! So don't be late!" Marisa said before hanging up.

The rest of the morning was bananas. Aaron was almost ready, and I had not prepared breakfast for him. I had no idea if Britt did, but I couldn't take that chance. I scurried to the kitchen and put a couple of bread into the toaster. I lived alone, so I had some culinary skills at hand. Thankfully, there was peanut butter and blueberry jam in the cupboard. I picked up a spoon and scooped either of them, spreading them on either toast and merging them to make the sandwich. I served it to him with a glass of orange juice.

"Oh, wow! You made me breakfast?!" he cheered. "Mmm," he swallowed a bite of the sandwich and muffled, "It's delicious! I can't wait to make us official!" My heart fluttered hearing him say that. But, unfortunately, it also dawned upon me that this meant Britt didn't make him breakfast.

Aaron was gone as soon as he guzzled down the orange juice. Left with my privacy, I returned to shower and prepared for the shopping ordeal. It had been two days, and I was wary of getting naked, but now I reeked of rotten fish. Stripping down my frock, I looked down at my well-endowed figure. I wrapped the towel around my waist, but it didn't feel right. I had this urge to conceal my modesty, even though I was alone. I was also not so confident walking with swaying udders. So, I lifted the towel to my underarms, covering my bosoms. "It's not that bad," I murmured.

I walked into the bathroom and entered the shower. Getting naked again, I turned on the nozzle. Cool water sprinkled over my face and shoulders, making me gasp and shudder. The water enveloping my body turned warm as it reached my legs, absorbing my body heat. I turned off the shower, utterly wet from head to toe. I swiveled around and grabbed the body scrubber, pouring a generous layer of shower gel over it. "Don't overthink. Just go for it."

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. I couldn't help but keep rolling the loofah over my right nipple, switching sides every now and then. The wetness from last

night had not faded away. Britt's body was yearning for pleasure. Could it be that she hadn't had sex for a while, or maybe the devil in the black suit was playing tricks on me? I didn't know, but I knew I had to stop. Enjoying my friend's fiancé's body was nothing less than adultery. I couldn't betray my friend like this. I never did.

Every cell in my body screamed to get touched with passion. But I restrained the hands, keeping their intentions pure as they rubbed my entire body clean. "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, God... I can't," I moaned as my fingers retracted. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I came out of the shower. My face was red like a tomato from the guilt and embarrassment.

Finally, I veered my gaze away and focused on the task instead. While I dried my long brunette hair with a dryer, I brainstormed all the ways to identify Britt's friends. Finally, I whispered, "Facebook!" as my eyes lit up. I browsed her friends' list and looked at Morgan and Marisa's profile pictures. Both were absolutely gorgeous. Marisa had the tanned, dirty-blonde boss-girl look, while Morgan had short platinum-blonde hair and a cute smile. My hair dried off, and I tied it with a simple ponytail. I went through the wardrobe again, picking out a pair of white lingerie and the least sexy clothes I could find. I chose a pair of track pants and a full-sleeve top that covered my navel. I looked terrible because of my fashion choices but I didn't bat an eye. Britt's friends, however, were not generous to my look when I reached Bramsore Square.

“Oh my God, are you guys breaking up?!” Marisa hollered at first glance as I walked out of the uber.

“No offense, you look... primitive. You need a makeover, now!” Morgan said with a tone of disdain.

They were not wrong. While they were in their glittering dresses with manicured nails and winging eyelashes, I hadn't even put foundation on. “Is it that bad?” I asked, intimidated by their judging looks.

“Everything,” Marisa waved her hands while shaking her head and said, “is wrong about this. The Britt, I know, would never do this to herself.”

My heart pounded as their prying eyes gave a hint of suspicion. “You need to tell us,” Morgan asked.

My lips trembled, and my eyes brimmed in panic. “I-I am actually,” Marisa interrupted, “Is Aaron abusive?! I knew it! He's always so nice to everyone. I knew he was hiding something!”

“Guys, it's not Aaron! It's me!” I blabbered out.

“Omg, are you expecting?! You had your periods, right?” Marisa asked.

I blushed and whispered, “I-I don't know.”

“Oh, Marisa, stop with all the questions. You're making her scared!”

Morgan, who had been busy on her phone all this long, spoke up. “I can see that you're depressed, and it's okay if you

don't want to tell us, but we're not leaving our friend unhappy. A girl needs to be treated right."

"Yeah! Halloween shopping can wait. The first thing we need to do is change your get-up and looks!" Marisa exclaimed with wide eyes and a bright smile.

"Let's go," Morgan said, holding my hands. Despite my protests, they ushered me into the mall and took me to a salon. A girl welcomed me with her warm smile into one of the most exotic salons I had ever seen. I did not visit a men's salon as exquisite and expensive as this. The room was dazzling with lights and filled with a sweet aroma. Rows of women were getting their hair treated with various serums and creams. Some women were getting their nails trimmed while others were bombarded with water vapors on their coated faces. I was just processing everything around me when I felt a hand pull me to a chair. "Okay, honey, what have we got here?"

A middle-aged lady stared at my face, examining every bit of it. "Oh, we want her to have a complete makeover!" Marisa clapped. "I think the hair's been treated. Maybe a bit of a trim and volumizing serum will turn it perfect. She direly needs some touch-up and a manicure." The lady inspecting my face muttered. "Marisa, who's paying for all this?!" I asked. "Don't worry, babe, we got you!" Morgan assured, pulling out her credit card from her Gucci purse.

There was no escape from this. I saw the lady get a pair of scissors and start working on Britt's hair ends. I had nothing to do except gape at Britt's face in the mirror. I could spot her fine wrinkles and dark circles around her eyes, which

made me quite conscious about my looks. Morgan and Marisa were not entirely wrong. The lady grabbed something, poured its contents into her hand, and started running it down my locks. After some time, she combed it, and my hair bounced like spring! It looked as if my hair had doubled! So dense and thick, shimmering under the light falling from the ceiling; I blushed looking at my gorgeousness.

“Amazing!” Morgan cheered. “Now let’s make you pretty,” the lady whispered, opening the cabinet in the front. There were all shades of color in sliding sub-sections that boggled my mind. She picked up a bunch of brushes and spread them on the mirror shelf. She picked up a fat one and started working on me. She brushed a skin color slightly brighter than Britt’s skin tone all over my face, then worked on a bunch of darker shades, then put some red and pink on my cheeks which was very subtle. I was utterly embarrassed, seeing myself dolled up in front of many women. She put more on my eyelids and a few more around my neck. She smeared my lips and brushed my eyelashes. It felt like an eternity, but it was finally over. She moved away, revealing my face in the mirror. I was speechless.

“Oh my goodness, you’re slaying it!” Marisa gasped. “Phenomenal job, Christy!” Morgan praised the lady. “Thank you,” she responded with a slight bow. While she moved over to my manicure session, I couldn’t help but glance at the mirror, cherishing the sight of a total knockout. The makeup made me look almost ten years younger. The contouring was brilliant, giving a slimmer look to my visage. My lips were plump red, and my eyelashes fluttered every time I blinked.

Nevertheless, I was intrigued, looking forward to what she would do to my nails.

She gently clipped my nails, filed them, and then put some transparent base before painting them. The abstract hues coalescing with each other looked dreamy. I was astonished by her talent. “That is gorgeous,” Marisa complimented her. “C’mon, Britt, you’ve nothing to say?” Marisa asked. I raised my shaped eyebrows with a smile and murmured, “I’m speechless. All I can say is, Thank you.” I was proud of what she had done. I ended up splitting the bill into three instead of two, myself included.

I looked at my home screen and realized almost two hours had passed. “Guys, I think we should stop this. Thank you for the treat, but we should buy things for the Halloween party now.”

“Tell me, are you happy?” Morgan asked. “Yes, I am happy.” I sighed.

“Good, you need this. Don’t sabotage your feelings,” Morgan put her hands over my shoulders from the back and pushed me forward towards the fashion boutique while Marisa followed with giddy giggles. We entered the most extensive mall section, filled with long lines of women’s clothes. There were round spinning stands draped with tops and bottoms, lingerie placed eloquently on shelves, and designer dresses that women could only dream of. I couldn’t believe that I was getting desperate for them.

Nevertheless, I gave in to my innate desire and touched the soft floating silk in the hanger. I was putty in my friend’s

hands, who helped me try one attire after another, and suggested which ones looked good and bad. Surprisingly, my hands were learning fast how to put on female clothes properly. We spent almost an hour in the changing room, and I soon laughed and talked with the two women like we were best pals. My fickle self didn't notice I was getting bare-chested in front of them, changing tops while I chattered with them. Finally, the three of us bought \$2000 worth of dresses and heels. I walked out of the store in my knee-length maroon bodycon dress and three-inch stiletto heels, dazzling like a princess. My hips were swaying by instinct as I walked. I was brimming with confidence as my body knew what to do. Britt's muscle memory was phenomenal.

"Shall we go buy what we came for now?" I asked playfully. "Yes!" They both screamed in unison. "Oh, jeez," I flushed red as people all around us turned their heads at us. We giggled and tottered on the marble floor out of their sight.

We entered the Halloween stall, enamored by the scary masks and costumes. "I think we should be the three Salem witches! What do y'all think?!" Marisa said, holding the outfit. "Well done, girl. I like the idea," Morgan agreed. "Yeah, awesome," I said.

Having purchased the costumes and some accessories, we took our leave from the mall. We soon realized it was already past four in the afternoon, and we had to hurry back home. Straining our arms with heavy bags, we got into Morgan's car as soon as possible.

"Oh, I missed this so much!" Marisa exclaimed. "Yeah, it was a lot of fun!" Morgan chimed in. "It wasn't what I expected,

that's for sure," I murmured with a smile, "Thank you for everything today, both of you." Hugging them both together seemed like the right thing to do.

They dropped me off at my house before leaving. I almost broke my ankle on the walkway and then struggled at the front door. But I managed to get in with my bags. I crashed on the sofa, releasing a waft of warm breath. As I looked at the remote lying on the round coffee table in front of me, I noticed that the giant LED TV on the wall was beeping red light. I picked it up and pressed the ON button at the red dot, turning it green and stable. The screen lit up with streaming services to choose from. "Wow," I whispered. Britt was subscribed to Netflix, Disney Plus, Amazon Prime, and Hulu. I went by my instincts and clicked on Disney Plus. She had a bunch of recommendations and new releases, but I was interested in her downloads. Things that she really liked. My jaw dropped as I saw sixteen seasons of "Grey's Anatomy" on her list. I scrolled through the episodes, and she had watched them until episode eighteen of the sixteenth season. So I clicked on episode nineteen to check what it was about.

The episode begins with an old man named Richard entering a hotel lobby while his voice is in the background, saying, "Most people believe that who they are today is pretty much who they will still be in the future."

I was stunned by that line because of how meta and relatable that was to me. The surreal moment was followed by a beautiful black lady meeting him and exchanging a few words. She seemed like her daughter, which I later realized, she was. After that, a few more characters were introduced,

and I was hooked within a few minutes. The chemistry between Maggie and Winston irked my passion. His witty lines were putting me on a roll. I practically slid off my seat as they passionately kissed and made love on the screen. Richard and his wife had tough love, which warmed my heart. I bawled my eyes out when I saw Dr. Cormac's wife die of cancer, leaving behind two kids and her husband. Then I was hurled into a lesbian love triangle, where one of them died on 9/11. This show was ripping my heart out left, right, and center. It ended with Dr. Richard giving a presentation which suddenly turned into an anxiety rollercoaster. Turns out, he was losing memory, and his interaction with his wife was a hallucination! I was hollering, and crying ugly way past the show was over. I was so exhausted from the shopping and the drama revolving in my head that I fell asleep on the sofa.

"Uh," I woke up in the middle of the night with Aaron's hands coiled up around me. "Oh, you're awake, sweetheart," Aaron whispered in a drawled voice. "Why didn't you wake me up?" I asked.

"I tried, but you were exhausted. And I couldn't lift you up to the bed." We looked at each other and laughed. "By the way, you look lovely in that dress." He squinted his eyes and gave me a romantic smile. I knew it wasn't just a compliment, as his body language spoke to my instincts. I couldn't help but recall the passionate scene from Grey's Anatomy. I was Maggie in this scenario, and I didn't know what to do except look back and smile. "Thank you," I whispered. I leaned away from his embrace and picked up the Halloween bag. "I got you vampire fangs and a cape for the party!"

“Yeah, I went through them. Nice choice for costumes,” said Aaron. “Oh, you want to eat something?” I asked. “Nah, I am good,” he responded.

“So, I think we should move to the bed,” I said, breaking the intense silent gazing between us. “Yeah,” said Aaron.

My heart raced as I walked into the bedroom with Aaron behind me. He was in the mood, and so was I. But I was not her wife as he thought. Instead, I was his best friend. The predicament was turning me on even more than I anticipated. The tight dress suffocated my bodacious figure as I grew restless. Finally, I murmured, “Aaron, I need to change into my nightwear.”

“Sure,” he said, gazing with a smile. He was not moving out.

“Okay,” my lips trembled as I opened the wardrobe and shuffled through, plucking out the skimpy black nightwear from its hanger. I struggled to unzip the chain on my back as the dress restricted my movements. Morgan had helped me with that in the changing room, but now I was stuck. “Let me help you with that,” Aaron said. I felt his fingers stroke my back as he clutched the pull tab and tugged it down. I was paralyzed as my womb pulsated with hot blood. Then, I felt his rough hands on my shoulders, stripping the dress. My neck shivered as his warm breath touched me. Finally, he whispered behind my ears, “I think we should skip wearing the nightwear tonight.”

I almost melted in his arms. He unhooked the bra, releasing the tension on my heaving, supple racks. I was mesmerized by his seduction, closing my eyes and letting him take

control. The feminine urges took over me, and I nodded a yes.

I looked at our reflection in the mirror as he dropped the dress down to my ankles. I gasped as his fat erect cock ground against the smooth fabric of my panties from behind. I leaned my head back onto his shoulders and gasped while his hands wrapped around my tits, giving them a gentle squeeze. The cold air and the stimulation puckered my nipples, preparing them for foreplay. "Woah, you're being quite submissive today. I always wished for this!" I was taken by surprise when he said that. As he caressed my bosoms, I hissed in pleasure. "What do you mean?" I whispered. "You know, you're usually quite confident and like to have some control," he spoke, breathing heavily as his hands went down. His thumbs pressed against my abdomen as they went into my panties and slid to the back, pulling them down. His moves brought chills down my spine. "But do you know what I like?"

"A woman who trusts her man and gives in to him," I whispered my mind. "Good girl," he kissed my neck and dipped his fingers into my nether. "Ohh," I whimpered. Then, my mind went numb while his digits dug deeper into Britt's slick vagina. "I'm sorry, honey, I've been so busy lately due to work. You seem desperate down there," he muttered, looking at his thickly coated fingers. "I'll take care of you."

His strong arms ushered me toward the bed, bending me down with my hands resting on it. His exposed cock made me gasp with tentative wide eyes. I was nervous and bewildered by my actions, but my body wanted it badly. So I decided to

not look and close my eyes. I felt the bulging head of his penis part the lips of my crotch, sliding in with little effort as it probably did before numerous times. However, it got tighter as I instinctively spasmed contractions and made this challenging yet a hundred times more ecstatic for us. He pushed harder into me despite my futile resistance, making me moan involuntarily. His hard rock dick, which seemed lengthier and thicker than mine, was balls deep into my womb, throbbing in lust. "Oh... God," I fumbled as my eyes shot up into my skull. The sensations coursing through me were out of this world. I was in heavenly bliss.

His penis made my back arch as it pulled out and shoved back in. I grasped onto the bedsheet, crinkling them as he thrust into me. "Uhh... fuck!" I yelled as the pace increased, sending ripples down my buttcheeks. I could hear his balls slapping against my thighs and my rapid heartbeat pounding in my chest. I could smell the fragrance of the serum in my hair as it cascaded over my face. I threw my head back to clear my view and looked back at Aaron, who was in the zone, fucking me like a beast. Tears rolled down my cheeks, making me bury my face in the sheets to muffle my cries of guilt. I didn't want him to stop. I was head-over-heels, ready to get plowed by his cock for the rest of my life. I was in love.

My weary inner walls relaxed, submitting to his massive shaft. "Oh, babe, you're doing good," Aaron said, breathing heavily. My drooping breasts swayed in the air, brushing against the crinkled bedsheet as he pumped into me like a machine while the pleasure centers all over my body, screaming under intense tension. "Ah! Yes!" I mumbled, throwing my back to his rhythm. My ass cheeks jiggled as I

followed my basic instincts. I squeezed my inner walls every time he was at the deepest point inside me, making it harder for him to pull out. "Oh, babe, where did you learn that?!" he exclaimed in surprise. I was shocked that Britt didn't know how to do this. And I did. I wondered if she was ever a good girlfriend to him.

"Babe, turn around. I want to look into your eyes," Aaron said as he pulled out his cock. I turned around and crawled back onto the bed, resting on the pillow. He climbed on top of me, aiming his dick at my entrance. We locked eyes with each other as he pushed it in, making me gasp with a smile. His strong arms pinned my instinctively flailing hands while his cock kept ramming into me vigorously. Our sweat-dripping bodies clashed against each other in passion,

I arched my back, shoving his face into my breasts. "Aah!" I wailed as he grabbed a nipple in his mouth. He released my hands and started massaging my boobs, squeezing them while his tongue licked my protruding nipples. The combined stimulation of his tongue, hands, and cock made me hug him and dig my nails into his back. My filed nails didn't do any damage but left red lines instead.

His teeth, however, left prominent love bites on my neck and udders. His bites only caused me to flinch back, pushing my breasts closer to his face. I felt so weak, yet safe because he knew when to stop. The pain was part of the pleasure. And it was making me go nuts for him.

"I think I'm about to cum," he whimpered. "Cum inside me," I replied, panting. He smiled, fucking me with all his might. His penis swelled thicker inside me in a few moments, getting as

hard as steel. Then, as he stretched my inner walls further, his dick rubbed against a nub inside me, pushing me over the edge. "Oooh... Fuck!" my walls crushed onto his pulsating member, making him spurt out his warm baby batter into my sealed hole. I grabbed his face and kissed him on his lips, cherishing a crucial moment in our life. He reciprocated passionately, sliding his tongue into my mouth.

"Aaron, I love you," I murmured. "I love you too," he whispered and kept kissing me. We cuddled with each other until dawn broke. It was a Sunday morning, so we did not need to worry about the office or breakfast. Tired from our love-making session, we dozed off pretty soon.

As I woke up, it was a quarter past nine in the morning. Aaron was still asleep due to all the hard work last night. I sat beside him, deep in thought. Clear-headed, I contemplated the ramifications of what I did. I knew that Britt had no idea she was in my body. It wouldn't matter to her if she lived the rest of her life as me. The problem was with me. If I had to live as Britt, I had to kill the Britt that lives inside Aaron's head. I had to become a better version of her so that Aaron loved me, not her.

I looked at him and the crusty blanket over his bare penis. Finally, I decided to do something Britt would never do. I pulled the blanket down and took the flaccid cock in my hands. The waft of dry semen and my vaginal lube filled my nostrils. I rubbed the tip of the cock with my thumb, making him turn his head. His cock sprung to action in a matter of seconds. His eyes shaking under his eyelids meant he was

experiencing some kind of erotic dream. I knew what was about to happen soon.

“Show him how grateful you are for last night, Britt,” I whispered. I got down on all fours and wrapped my lips around the head of his cock. The spunk intoxicated my senses as I lowered my head as much as possible. I gagged on it, holding my breath. I bobbed my head up and down rapidly as I felt his cock stiffen quickly to the stimulation. “Oh! What the fuck!” Aaron screamed as he woke up, jolting his hips in instinct. His reflex caused his cock to slide deep into my throat, choking me, while the phallic meat unloaded a fresh batch of his seed into my stomach. “Oh my God! Babe! Are you hurt?!” he asked me with a concerned look.

I looked at him with half-closed eyes and shook my head in denial. I pulled his cock out with a pop sound and licked it while gazing at him. “Okay, who are you?” he asked with a bemusing smile.

“Let’s talk about it in the shower.”