

Aaron's Girlfriend

The Halloween

By Bewci

"I don't know what has gotten into you," Aaron fumbled while his fingers traced around the contours of my breasts, "but I am not complaining." I leaned back onto him, his lips caressing my neck while his fingers moved closer toward my nipples, giving me goosebumps in the warm shower. I bit my lips and stifled a yelp as he finally grabbed them. The anticipation of getting touched had raised their sensitivity beyond my imagination. "You don't mind if I get you pregnant before the wedding, do you?" Aaron whispered in my ears, pinching my pleasure buttons.

Today was Halloween's Eve; it was almost noon, yet we had been playing two love birds in the shower. His rough hands on my squishy curves were a recipe for fervent orgasms. Aaron and I had been cuddling under the artificial drizzle for the last fifteen minutes. But, amidst that, I wondered if I was always in love with my best friend, or was this just the carnal instincts of Britt overtaking me?

"Aaron, I think we should... mmm... stop," I murmured. "I don't want to," whispered Aaron, rubbing his hard cock against my entrance. "Honey, I'm sorry, but we've got to prepare for Halloween and the party." I giggled. "Yeah? I think we should stay home instead," Aaron caressed my butt cheeks. "Babe," I panted, gritting my teeth in passion. "I'm exhausted, please."

“Alright, sorry,” Aaron pulled his hands away. I turned around and put my index finger on his lips. “No, honey, don't apologize. You did great.” I smiled slyly at his face, making his rock-hard boner jerk upwards in excitement. I walked out of the shower to break the tension between us.

“This is so unfair,” Aaron muttered under his breath. I wiped my drenched body with a towel and wore a white robe. I looked at the stained bedsheets and crumpled my face in disgust. I picked it up and put it in the washing machine. He walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. Dried and dressed, we decided to cut some pumpkins into jack-o-lanterns. I messed up once, but Aaron sliced through them like a professional. While he was busy working on them, I quickly did some online research on how to bake pumpkin pies. It took me hours to go through the soft insides of the pumpkins, picking out the seeds and turning them into a batter. Then, recalling the recipe, I baked three pumpkin pies.

“Yes, sir, I'll be there within a few minutes,” Aaron said to the caller. “Who was that?” I asked.

“My boss. Halloween's not a federal holiday, you know. Apparently, the factory can't survive one day without me.” He chuckled.

“Oh,” I felt guilty as he missed work because of me, so I served him a piece of the warm pie before he left for work. “Mmm, so much better than the last time! I'll take some for my colleagues too!” I packed a few more pieces for him. “I won't go if you won't, alright? So, come back soon!” I exclaimed.

Aaron went to his office, and I closed the door. While I was walking back to the kitchen, I glanced over Britt's smiling face in the mirror. My lit expression gradually drooped to stillness as sadness struck me. I couldn't help but feel remorse. I felt like a thief, stealing Britt's moment from her. “Bu-But she doesn't love him enough,” I whispered. My conscience screamed against me that I was wrong. I was nobody to judge their relationship, nobody to judge Britt. Dread and guilt crept into my mind, making me fall down on my knees and bawl my eyes out. There was no doubt in my head that I had committed a grave mistake by giving in to my feminine urges. Finally, I screamed, “Stop! Just stop!” I shook in tears, “Why are you toying with me?! Just end it! Or end me!”

I opened my pressed eyes as a jolt hit me. I was standing beside Aaron with a notepad in my hand while he was calling out the dimensions of the new automobile design. I looked down at my hands. They were manly and veiny. Then, I looked down at myself,

wearing a white shirt and black pants. I gasped, realizing I was back in my body!

“David? David?” Aaron's hands waved in front of my lost eyes. A bright smile spread over my face. “Are you paying attention? We have to finish this fast so we can attend the party!” Aaron said.

“Yeah, yeah,” I murmured, writing down whatever Aaron was saying. Then, I raised my pupils, grateful to God, and whispered, “Thank you.”

We were busy for the next two hours, consulting with the workers and guiding them with the parameters of the design. I contained my giddy excitement under the guise of a straight face. I was relieved that everything was back to the way it should be, even if a part of me still yearned for Aaron. “It will pass,” I assured myself.

By the time we were done with our tasks, it was past 7 in the evening. I asked Aaron, “Hey, can I come with you?” I was curious about Britt and also concerned if she had put the candies and pies in place for the trick-or-treaters. I hoped she was clueless like before. If she wasn't, at least I would be there to explain.

“But don't you have a costume to wear at home?” Aaron asked. As I wondered that, memories of Britt dawned upon me, and I remembered her buying a goblin mask and claws for the party. She had put them in the locker. “Yeah, I have them in my locker.”

"So, what are you waiting for? Get them. Let's go!" Aaron said. I rushed through my new workplace, jogging my memory at every turn. As soon as I found the locker, I opened it with the keys in my pocket and got the goblin costume out. It was hideous but apt for the character.

I left my car at the office parking, and we drove Aaron's car to his home. Britt's gloomy face lit up as she saw us approaching. She was waiting for us on the porch, wearing her all-black and red witch costume. Britt had even applied impressive makeup to darken her eyes. Her expressions told me everything I needed to know. She still had no idea about the swapping that had happened between us. I was somewhat relieved about her and that she had put out a basket of candies and evenly cut pieces of the pumpkin pie. Skeletons, werewolves, and ghosts were feasting on them to their heart's content. "Babe, why did you take so long?!" Britt frowned at Aaron.

"I'm to blame," I gave my neck to Britt for my friend. "Yeah, exactly. He wasn't paying attention at work, which caused the delay," Aaron washed his hands off me. "You know what, I don't care. The party has already started!" Britt exclaimed. "Aaron, you forgot your fangs and this," Britt handed him his Dracula fangs and cape. "Oh, how could I forget that?!" Aaron exclaimed, quickly

putting it on. "How do I look?" he asked. "Really? Get in the car!" Britt exclaimed.

I get it. We're late, but I didn't like the tone of Britt's voice. The least she could do was give Aaron a compliment. "It looks great," I said. "Thanks, buddy," Aaron said as he got in the car and turned the keys. Britt got into the backseat, and we were off to the party in no time.

"Oh, God, these kids!" Britt was livid because the streets were crowded with trick-or-treaters, making the car slow. "What happened to you? They're just kids," Aaron said. "What do you mean?" Britt asked. "You were so, um, cool in the morning?" Aaron's voice fluttered. I couldn't help but chuckle at him. He looked at me disappointed, which made me guffaw loudly. "Sorry," I muffled.

Britt was awkwardly silent, looking into the void. "Hey, Britt?" I called her. "Yeah?" she looked at me, startled for a moment. Her blank expression made me question the conclusions I had come to when I first saw her. Maybe she recalled something? Or did she have trouble remembering her past? Shivers ran down my spine as I contemplated getting caught. I couldn't have Britt realize that I had sex with her future husband in her body. To break her chain of thoughts, I started small chats with her, telling her how beautiful she looked and how excited her friends would be to see her. "Wow, you

finally learned how to talk to women!" Aaron laughed. "Thank you, Aaron." I shook my head. "You're welcome."

Fortunately, Britt stayed silent for the rest of the journey until we were finally at the place. The party was hosted by Marisa and her husband, Brock. Party animals are how you would describe them the best. Zach and Morgan were also at the party. Marisa and Morgan wore identical witch attires, while Zach and Brock were zombies. I was impressed by their dedication to the role as they grunted and dragged their feet as they approached us. I almost got a panic attack seeing them. The makeup and eye lens were perfect. "Wow, you guys have come prepared!" I cheered.

"But you haven't," Zach said in a monotone voice. "Oh, come on. We did our best!" Aaron laughed. "The production schedule was too tight. We hardly had any time to get into proper costumes," I said. The two zombies groaned, "Ugh, who is this nerd?"

"Jeez, are all of Britts friends annoying like her?" I thought. "Get a life, guys. Aaron, stop working tedious jobs. Own a business like ours! Be kings!" said Zach. Their view of business being easy said a lot about how good businessmen they were. I looked at Aaron with a mocking smile, and he stifled his chuckle. "Anyways, how's it going?" asked Aaron as we walked towards the bar.

“Going what?” asked Brock.

“Your business. By the way, what business are you in?” Aaron responded.

“Oh, we're in the world of crypto, brother!” said Zach, “and we're launching our new NFT platform!”

“No way!” I exclaimed, “Isn't that where you sell digital art, but in cryptocurrency?!”

"Yes, but it's a lot more than that!" Zach continued to explain to us what non-fungible tokens were and how they would change the world and potentially stop global warming. I couldn't care less about their business model. My eyes were fixated on Aaron and Britt. Her hands holding his arms brought in the sense of envy within me. I took a sip of my champagne and averted my gaze to avoid raising suspicion.

"So, Aaron and David? You guys are childhood pals?" asked Brock. "Yeah," said Aaron.

"C'mon, they are practically husband and wife!" said Britt, giggling, "Yes, David, you're giving me tough competition!" Everybody laughed.

“Wha-What?” I whispered, pretending to chortle with them. Aaron was rubbing his forehead in cringe.

“What're you planning, David? Now you're stalking my fiancé at his workplace?!” Britt snickered along with her friends. “Okay, stop. I think you drank too much,” Aaron

intervened. "I was just joking!" Britt exclaimed with laughter. She wasn't drunk but a bit intoxicated. "Okay, you had enough of that," Aaron took the glass from her hand and put it on the bar table. "We have an entire night to enjoy! Don't get wasted!" said Marisa. Music blasted in our ears, and Morgan screamed, "DJ is on!"

The bright lights were replaced by colorful, enchanting spotlights roaming the room. People in Halloween costumes gathered in the middle of the hall and vibed to the music. Couples walked to the dance floor while I stayed behind. "Dude, get on the floor!" Aaron proffered his hand, taking my breath away.

"No, it's fine!" I shouted over the loud music. "Your call," he muttered and walked to Britt. She shook her hips, wrapping her hands around his shoulders, and they danced together. Visions of Aaron and I together flashed in front of my eyes. The romance we had built over the last few days was unique. I stared at their bodies, clashing with each other, reminding me of the fateful night of our love. "It's wrong!" my mind screamed. I guzzled down pegs of whiskey to drown my complex emotions. "I'm a straight man. Why am I feeling like this?!" I tried to reason with myself. Then, I felt a hand brush past my back. I turned around and gasped in horror. Gloved hands, striped pants, a cane with a skull knob. It was the same old man!

“You!” I glared at him with furrowed eyes. “What are you doing here?!” I bawled.

“I’m always with you, dear. You just see me when I want you to see me,” the old man spoke nonchalantly.

“Fuck you! You did this to me!” I said, gritting my teeth in anger.

“You’ve got to admit, you liked it, didn’t you?!” he smirked. “It’s a shame you managed to escape it because of your savior in the sky. But I’m here to fix it!”

“Why?!” I blurted out as my lips trembled.

“Why did I do it? How did I do it... these questions are futile. The real question is, do you love Aaron?” His wrinkly lips spoke with conviction.

“I... I... It doesn’t matter!” I panted with my brimming eyes wide in shock. His words forced me to think, and he was right. I couldn’t deny my feelings for Aaron. I sunk down on my seat in sorrow. I rested my head on my hands and sobbed in silence. People enjoying the loud music and dance were unaware of my breakdown.

The old man put his hand over my shoulder and said, “Oh, sweet child, you deserve much better. But, instead, you’re here at the bar drowning in your pain while your one true love is dancing with his soon-to-be bride! Life is unfair. But I can grant your wishes if you want! You

just have to submit your soul to me and say what you want," he whispered, leaning down into my ear.

I was speechless. I kept my face burrowed within my hands in shame and mumbled, "But Britt deserves to be his wife, not me. Becoming her and living her life is worse than murdering her!"

"So is the fate she deserves! Look at her arrogant, petty self swerving around him like a serpent! She is a narcissist who doesn't look at his love but his wealth! You are the perfect wife Aaron deserves to be with! Submit to my will, and you'll be set to live the life your heart desires! All you have to do is take a sip," he said, flicking his finger at the glass of champagne, "leave the rest to me!"

I raised my sore gaze toward Aaron and Britt, then turned toward the old man beside me. The skull head on his cane grinned at me like his master. My muddled brain jumped from one decision to another, unable to reach a proper conclusion.

"Why don't you do it like you did the first time?" I asked.

The old man's devilish grin turned pale. "Um, I... uh, what?" he fumbled. I said, "You tricked me the first time, but I broke through the reality you set up. You don't have power over me as long as I don't will it!"

"Okay, that was not the response I was expecting," the old man muttered. "You thought you could manipulate me by my love for my friend. But you don't know that love is to sacrifice. And I'm willing to sacrifice my love for his!" I cried, "I'm not a deceiver like you who would live a lie for his desires!"

The old man glared at me, livid with murderous intent. His knuckles cracked as he pressed his hands over his cane and stood up. "Fine, as you wish!" He strode off into the crowd and vanished.

I wiped off my tears and shook my head, laughing at myself. I watched Aaron and Britt enjoying themselves on the dance floor along with other couples. The stabbing pain in my heart shuddered my core, but I persevered. I looked at the enchanted glass of champagne and smirked. I was about to dispose of it when I heard a loud shriek. "What the hell, Britt?!" Aaron shouted. The DJ lowered the music. "Fuck you! Aaron!" Britt screamed. I approached them with the glass in my hand and asked, "Whoa, guys, what happened?!"

"You ask her! She's the one acting crazy!" Aaron bawled. "You cheated on me!" Britt screamed, glaring at Aaron.

A shiver ran down my spine. "What?" I asked. "First of all, that's bullshit! Second, that doesn't give you the

right to kiss a random guy!” Aaron shouted. “What the hell?” I was shocked beyond belief.

“Oh my goodness, Britt, you’re not yourself!” Marisa said, holding Britt’s shoulders, “calm down!”

“Yes, you should talk about this privately,” Morgan chimed in.

“No! He has to answer me! Who was she?!” Britt charged at Aaron.

“What is wrong with you?! What proof do you have?!” asked Aaron.

“My instincts don’t lie! I know you cheated on me!” Britt jerked within the confines of her friend’s grip. I looked at both of them, ashamed of keeping the secret. Aaron’s face crumpled in sorrow and bemusement.

“Babe, you know I was with you last night. I don’t have any girlfriend or woman in my life,” Aaron whispered, begging with his palms closed.

“No, that wasn’t me! You cheated on me!” Britt was losing her mind. She looked like she was having a seizure. Her eyes dilated, and drops of sweat trickled down her head. Then, I saw a man's silhouette walking in the crowd. His tilted face looked at me with a maniacal smile spread from one ear to another. It was the old man in the black suit. The world felt slow as I realized what was happening. Britt had been possessed!

My gaze shifted to Britt, who pulled out the engagement ring from her finger and threw it at Aaron! She howled and cried like an insane person, writhing on the floor. Then, as we all surrounded her, trying to help her, she started fuming in her mouth. Her eyes were shot up into her skull while her body heated up. "Somebody! Call the ambulance!"

My heart pounded in my chest while my mind raced for a way out of this predicament. Morbid thoughts clouded my mind. Britt's life was on the line if I didn't act fast. I looked for the old man again, but he was nowhere to be seen. Time was slipping away. Every passing second brought me closer to the conclusion that she wouldn't survive if I wasted another second waiting for the ambulance. I looked at my hand holding the glass of champagne. The alcohol shimmered a sinister hue of red. "I'm sorry," I whispered, looking at Britt and gulped down the cursed drink.

As soon as I finished drinking, the world swirled like a hurricane, throwing me into space among the stars like debris. I screamed in mortal dread as I traveled past them at the speed of light and eventually crashed back to earth.

As my body came to rest, I noticed that it had changed to that of Britt. "What the fuck?" I whispered, sitting on the porch, wearing a succubus costume. I blushed, looking down at the gaping cleavage and the cuts on the

outfit, exposing my thighs. "This is different. Did it work?" I muttered.

Kids and teenagers were out making fortunes on candies and chocolates. I turned my head toward my Pumpkin pie and candy basket. They were the same kids I had seen earlier. Then, finally, a car honked at me, and as I looked at it, I instinctively smiled. Aaron and David were back from work.

"It's happening again," I whispered. I stood up and looked into my bag. There were Aaron's fangs and cape. I drew them out and approached him. "Oh, how could I forget that?!" Aaron exclaimed.

"You look gorgeous, darling," complimented Aaron. "Hmm," I smiled. My eyes darted at Britt in my body, who waved at me with his goblin gloves on. I waved back and said, "Hi."

Britt reciprocated, unaware of the reality. Time had rewound itself by about two hours, sealing our fates for the rest of our lives.

"How do I look?" Aaron asked. "Um, you look great," I murmured. "Get in," said David, unlocking the back door. I set myself down in the cozy backseat, and Aaron drove the car to the party.

I was getting hit with waves of Déjà vu as I met Marisa, Morgan, and their husbands. Every event happened

precisely the same, except for Britt and my perspective. I was stunned and silent, occasionally smiling at them. I avoided alcohol, seeing Britt's intolerance towards it in the recent past. "Britt," Marisa called me, proffering me a glass of cocktail. "No thanks," I denied. "Are you serious?!" she responded.

"Don't be a wuss! We're at a party, girl!" Morgan chimed in. "Okay, fine, just one drink," I reluctantly agreed to them. I took small sips from the cone-shaped glass to avoid getting hit with a strong wave of intoxication. "Ugh," I grunted as my efforts were futile. Instead of drinking and listening, I actively joined in the small talk.

As time passed, my inebriated self lost all inhibitions and guilt, easing me into my role as Aaron's girlfriend. Britt's memories flowed through me, keeping me from slipping out and letting me talk with everyone in the room as she would. Her body language and tone came like second nature to me as my real identity got lost in the surreal effects of the booze on my lithe, vulnerable form. Soon, I was on the dance floor with Aaron, moving to his rhythm. I leaned back on him while he held my hands and guided my steps. I smiled as I noticed David dancing beside us with a girl. "I guess it's not that bad," I thought, seeing Britt happy in her new life as a man.

I relaxed, melting in Aaron's embrace as his fingers traced over my exposed thighs. As I walked into the

crowd in my slutty outfit, I was flustered earlier, but now I was swaying my hips and moving gracefully to the beat. The steps came naturally to me as if I had been dancing on heels my whole life. A warm feeling brewed inside me as my new identity sunk deeper into my consciousness. I was Aaron's future wife, and this would be my new life till the end. It shuddered me to my core to realize this truth. But it also gave me solace that I was paired with my best friend, who I knew would make an excellent life partner.

"Britt, why don't you take a break? I'll go to the washroom and come back quick," said Aaron. "Yeah, okay," I said.

I walked past the crowd and sighed, taking a seat at the bar. "Hello, Mrs. Broughton!" a familiar voice called. I gaped at the old man wearing a bartender uniform and serving a glass of champagne at me. "So, you persuaded me by putting Britt's life in danger, didn't you?" I glared at him, "I just did you a favor and alleviated the burden of betrayal," he said. "Fuck you!" I snapped back at him. "Easy, girl, the night is still young, and you have a lot to do for me," he spoke with a sinister smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked in anticipation. "Don't you find it fascinating that you have a succubus costume while your friends are still posing as witches? But, in case you didn't get the memo, you're a succubus in

human form,” he declared, “Your soul is mine, David. And I have molded you to be my perfect slave!”

“What?! What do you mean?!” I gaped at him with my eyes wide open in horror. “No need to overreact. You are human, except for a craving for sex and semen every once in a while. So stay cautious because it may compel you to cheat on your husband. Or make love to him every other day. That’s my advice for a happy married life.” The devil smirked, serving himself a pint of beer.

I had never been a firm believer in God until now. My lips trembled for forgiveness for what I had done. Even if I had saved Britt’s life, I had damned myself for the rest of eternity. I was petrified, looking at my reflection on the glass panels in the wall. Britt’s scantily clad curves and her devilish apparel spoke to my growing passion inside me. My chest heaved in fear and arousal while my eyes searched for my fiancé. I looked at the old man like a puppy, begging him to stop. “I can’t, not like this, please!”

“Baby girl, it’s done. Perhaps, I would have ignored you if you had reconsidered your words about my team while debating that night. But then, what’s the fun in that?!” his sinister laugh echoed throughout the room.

“Hey, who are you talking to?” Aaron called as he put his hand on my shoulder. I turned at him and then

looked back at the old man, only to find him missing from the scene. “I... um... nothing,” I murmured.

Aaron and I spent some more time at the party, drinking and gossiping with our friends. I kept a poker face throughout, keeping my lips shut for the most part. Meanwhile, my nether screamed for pleasure. My ears went numb to the words coming out of the social circle as my mind drifted to the pulsating womb between my legs. I whimpered quietly on my spot, fighting the urges brewing inside my body. But the more I resisted them, the more desperate I became. My eyes kept on leading down to Aaron’s crotch while visions of us both together, relishing in our love for each other, filled my mind. The smell and taste of his cum-soaked cock today morning drove me crazy. My head swirled from the intense emotions coursing in me while my body burned hot like a fever. Finally, I grabbed Aaron’s hand and asked him to leave.

“Oh my God, Britt, you are burning!” said Aaron as he put his hand on my forehead. “Yeah, I don’t feel good. Can we go home?” I whispered. “Of course! David, let’s go!” he said. “Um, David, I’m sorry, but you have to get a lift from someone else. It’s urgent,” I muttered.

“Okay, sure,” David responded. “Don’t worry, I’ll drop him off,” said Brock. “Thanks,” I replied. “Oh my gosh, babe, take some rest,” said Marissa. “Call us when you feel better,” said Morgan. “Yes, I will,” I whispered.

“Alright, let’s go,” Aaron held my hand for support to the car, and we were soon out on the road. It was almost midnight, and the streets had gone silent. The moon was full, calling into my primal urges. Finally, I couldn’t hold back any longer. I stretched a hand to Aaron’s crotch and started rubbing it.

“Britt, what are you doing?” he asked, bemused. “Babe, I’m hot for you. Stop the car,” I said in a sultry tone.

“You really want to do this in the car?” he asked.

“Honey, don’t ask questions,” I pressed my fingers on his lips as my other hand pulled down the zipper. He quickly found a nice spot to park the car. The place was dark and secluded, with trees on both sides.

“It’s been three years since we have been together, but you’re still a mystery to me,” Aaron chuckled. I smiled at him before pulling out his cock and stuffing it in my mouth. “Mmm,” I moaned, grabbing his balls and fondling them. “Oh,” he sighed.

Hot blood flowed into his dick, bulging it in my mouth. Soon, the tip of his penis pushed against my throat. I slurped on it, wriggling my tongue against his base. His limbs jolted whenever I hit the sensitive spots. I pulled out and shoved it back into my throat, repeating my movements in a rhythm. I slurped on the lathered, thick cock, gasping for breath every once in a while. The waft of his pre-cum encouraged me to move more vigorously and drain his balls. He groaned, writhing on his seat and

shooting a thick load of baby batter into my mouth. Some sprayed out from the sides, dripping down my chin to my gaping cleavage. I guzzled down the salty, slimy fluid in my mouth and picked the rest with my fingers, licking it. "Babe, we should fuck," I whispered in a restless voice. "Uh, yeah, babe," Aaron murmured in exhaustion, "But there is not enough space in the car. Let's get home."

I nodded, being satiated by the semen for now. I grabbed Aaron's hand and slid it into my panties. His fingers brushed into my soaked pussy. "Don't make me wait too long," I murmured. His eyes lit in delight fervor. He dashed the car home, and we were soon on the bed, stripping each other off. "Oh, fuck me, baby!" I moaned loudly as he penetrated me. Our exhausted bodies humped and bumped out of passion. Soon, we were soaked in each other's sweat. The room echoed with the clapping of my buttocks as he thrust into me with all his might.

After a while, I let him lie back while I rode his dick like a pornstar. We panted and groaned in pleasure, rocking each other's bodies with powerful orgasms. I felt his hot load gushing deep into my pussy, making me smile with satisfaction. I leaned onto him, kissed him, then dropped beside him. We cuddled for a while until we fell asleep.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” Aaron greeted me as I opened my sleepy eyes. My heart skipped a beat. “Good morning,” I greeted him.