



I Hate You!

By

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Chapter 1

It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside. Just not funny in a good way! Every time I see or hear my little brother, I instantly feel irritation and anger boil up. He's acting like such an asshole lately that I want to punch him on the nose, the moment he opens his mouth.

The thirteen-year-old brat claims that it's his duty to irritate his big sister. But during the past half year or something, things have taken a turn for the worse. Much to our mother's frustration, we can't talk like ordinary people anymore.

The thing is, we used to get along fine. We were born in the same year. Me in early January, and my brother Jake in mid-December. It was pretty awesome initially, and we always had to explain it. Mom always said that she was so fertile after I was born that she could get pregnant by just the blowing wind. But a couple of months after my brother was born, Dad bailed on us. Mom didn't want to talk about it and always went silent when we asked about him. "I'll tell you all about it one day. Just not now," was her standard reply.

Because of our small age difference and our Arabic looks, lots of people thought we were twins, and we found it funny to keep up appearances to them. And that small age gap also meant we were into mostly the same things, and we used to play together a lot. But when I started growing boobs, everything changed.

Jake started looking at me in a different light, and whenever one of his friends stayed over, they made fun of me together. Jake even stole one of my bras once, and they used it as a slingshot to shoot stuff at me. I also noticed him trying to take sneak peeks at my boobs as time progressed.

But all these practical jokes and irritations were nothing compared to the way we were communicating now. I don't know why or when it started, but Jake always seemed to feel the need to say something insulting. The central theme in his insults was me being a slut and a tease. I didn't know why he kept referring to that. I was still a virgin and never went further than some

heavy kissing on a date. Some boys tried to go further, but I never let them. Ever. I was in charge of my body, not them.

Admittedly, I liked to dress in the latest fashion, showing some skin and wearing skirts or tight jeans. But I wasn't a slut. Far from it! I was way more of a prude than a slut. But no matter how much I tried to explain it to Jake, he just wouldn't listen.

Last month, I caught him trying to look at me when I was in the shower. I gave him so much shit about it that we got to a point where we could only scream at each other. I decided not to talk to Mom about it because deep down, I actually felt a little sorry for him. I don't know why I felt that way because he didn't deserve it. But still...

This all accumulated to the point where we were screaming at each other in our living room. Today I learned that Jake had talked to his friends at school about 'all my sexual escapades' he knew about. In return, I spoke to my friends about how he still was a bedwetter when he was nine.

"ENOUGH!" Mom shouted when she came to look at what was happening.

Mom's disappointment on her face struck me hard. She'd given it several tries to stop us from fighting all the time, but when she saw us like this, she broke. And I broke a little with her.

"Upstairs with you!" she said with fire in her eyes.

"But what about the eclipse?" Jake asked, suddenly very timid.

"I don't give a fuck!" she responded.

Mom never swore in front of us, which was a clear indication to me that we had crossed a line and that I needed to lay low. We were about to watch the lunar eclipse together, and still, she sent us upstairs.

Mom studied hard when we were young. Her friends spent a lot of time with us, so Mom could graduate. She managed to land a job at the local university, where she started working as an astronomer. Because of her love for the stars above us, she wanted to show us the wonders of the universe. This eclipse was a great opportunity for her to do so. So she couldn't be more disappointed than at that moment.

“But...” Jake tried.

“Go to your rooms. Now! We’ll talk about this tomorrow,” Mom said without looking at either of us.

Jake shrugged nonchalantly and walked in front of me toward the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs, he stopped, looked at me, and said, “Happy? Now Mom is seriously pissed off!”

“Shut up and get your bedwetting ass upstairs!” I hissed.

He stopped a few times as he walked upstairs so I would bump into him. But I knew about his tricks, so I didn’t fall for that one.

Jake stood in front of his bedroom door and said, “Eat shit, Kate!”

“Fuck you, you little fuckface!”

We glared at each other for a few moments, trying to kill the other with just our eyes. I was feeling so angry at that little twerp that my hands were balled into fists, and my heart was trying to beat out of my chest. Then, as if we practiced it, we simultaneously said, “I hate you!”

As we said this, I felt a little shiver shoot through my body, but it hardly registered at the moment. Jake also seemed disturbed for a moment, but when he stuck up his middle finger at me and opened his door, I just shrugged and entered my room.

It was late enough to call it a night. So I changed into my regular sleeping outfit; Panties and a tank top. I watched some television on my bed for about an hour before I got under the covers and clicked off the light.

I thought about my little brother and how he managed to fuck everything up. Maybe I could be the bigger person here and try to make peace? But then again... he’s the one that started all this. Ah, well... maybe things will be better tomorrow. At least I didn’t have to sit through Mom’s lecture about the eclipse tonight. That was a plus. I closed my eyes and felt myself drifting off into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 2

What the hell!?! Why was it so bright in my room? And what was that weird pressure inside my panties? I opened my eyes, and it took me a couple of moments to focus.

Once I managed to see what I was looking at, I couldn't believe my eyes. I was inside that little brat's bedroom! How did he manage to move me in here without waking me? Did that asshole drug me or something? And after a few more moments, I noticed that the pervert even took off my tank top!

And what did he stick inside my panties? It felt like the handle of my hairbrush or something. It felt... weird, and I just couldn't place it. I kicked off the blankets and tried to sit up straight. But the moment the blanket hit the floor, I heard a muffled yelp in the distance. And in the corner of my eye, I noticed something strange. My boobs were missing... I was as flat as I was a few years ago.

But when I glanced further down my body, I let out a small yelp of my own. I was wearing Jake's boxers, which were tented with... a tube of something?

I immediately lifted the waistband of his boxers, and my heart almost stopped when I saw a stiff dick with a small patch of pubes above it appear. I jumped out of bed and hurried over to the mirror.

And the person looking back at me was that shitbag of a brother. How did this asswipe pull this off? As I looked myself over in the full-length mirror, I noticed for a brief moment that his body actually looked pretty impressive. He had a starting six-pack, noticeable pecs, and a pretty decent tent inside his boxers.

But I immediately pulled myself out of these thoughts. I grabbed my head to check if I maybe was wearing a VR headset or something like that. But.... nothing. I was feeling more panicked with every passing second. I pinched myself a couple of times in an attempt to wake from this awful nightmare. I frantically started looking around for clues, and I found

nothing! I was really inside my brother's room and apparently inside his body.

Thankfully, his boner had gone down by now, making walking around easier and less distracting. I needed to get my head straight, and with an aching boner stretching out my underwear, this wasn't an easy task.

So I sat down at his desk and started to think. What could I do? Where was Jake? Wait... if I was... then he... No matter how obvious, this thought struck me like a ton of bricks. I just realized that he must be in my body!

But... what if I was dead? Or in a coma, or... and Jake was... no more? That thought stung. I hated my brother, but I didn't want him to be... dead! So I quickly got to my feet and walked toward the door to check out my room. But before my hand touched the door handle, I heard a soft "Kate?" come from the other side of the door in a familiar voice. Mine!

So I opened the door, and there I was! Well... my body at least. I obviously had been crying, and my face looked like I could start again any second. I stuck my head out into the hallway and pulled myself inside. I mean... Jake! No, myself, I mean... damnit!! I pulled Jake inside and closed the door behind him.

"What the fuck, Kate!?" Jake hissed loudly. "What did you do?"

"What did I do!? What did YOU do?" I replied, feeling annoyed already.

"Fuck you! I didn't do anything," Jake said, angry and bickering as always but clearly trying to calm down.

"Shut the fuck up, asshole!" I said, feeling myself get angrier by the second and totally not in the mood for another bashing session by my little brother.

Jake looked at me, and I could see he was trying to come up with another insult. But before he could say anything, I said, "Don't even start, fuckface! I'm NOT in the mood for your shit! I woke up with this tiny peppermint roll inside my underwear, and now I want to know why. So don't give me any shit, and just help me figure this out. Or leave! Either is fine with me!"

"Tiny?" he asked, surprised as he crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“Alright. Maybe not tiny...” I said, sighing deeply and not in the mood for more fighting, “but... fuck it, Jake! I completely freaked out when I woke up!”

The hateful frown on Jake’s face started to vanish, and I saw him relax his shoulders. He also sighed deeply and said, “You’re right! We need to figure this out together. I just...”

Jake stammered, and I saw another tear in the corner of his eye. I actually felt sorry for him. The last time this happened was a very long time ago. So I decided to put our fighting in the fridge for a while. There were more urgent things that needed our attention right now.

“Let’s sit,” I said as I took a deep breath and sat on the bed as Jake took the desk chair.

Jake also sighed, softly saying, “This is so fucked up!”

I looked at Jake, and he was still dressed in panties and a tank top. I noticed how good my boobs looked in that top and how nicely the laced panties accentuated my hips.

I didn’t know what it was, but I felt that pressure in my underwear again. I looked down and realized Jake’s... I mean, my dick was growing again. But I didn’t have a clue why. So I looked at my brother, who looked wide-eyed at my crotch, and asked, “Why am I getting all these boners!?”

“I don’t know! All I know is that I’m now stuck with these,” he said and grabbed my boobs... damnit! His boobs... with both hands.

I noticed how he smiled slyly as he kneaded them. It lasted less than a second, but it couldn’t be missed.

“I guess you like what you see,” he softly said, smiling uncomfortably at me.

“I guess...” I said, feeling glad he wasn’t such a brat and trying to break the ice.

“So... what do you think happened?” Jake asked.

“Dunno. I guess maybe Mom cursed us or something,” I chuckled.

“Yeah... I noticed she took out the ouija board when we were sent upstairs last night,” he giggled.

This made me giggle too, and I realized this was actually the first time in months that we had a normal conversation. Although ‘normal’ was quite a stretch, considering the situation we were in.

We were quiet for a moment when Jake asked, “What do we do now?”

“I don’t know. Thank god it’s a Sunday, and we don’t have to go to school like this,” I said and laughed at Jake’s scrunched-up face.

“We need to find a way to turn this around,” Jake said, and that sly smile returned, “although I like how these feel.”

He grabbed his boobs again and smiled wickedly at me. I couldn’t help myself and smiled too. My boner had gone down, but watching him grab both boobs and show some cleavage as he did, caused me to feel a stir again. Was I getting hard over myself here?

“I know. But how do we do that? We need to find a way to figure it out. But... we also need to eat...” I said seriously.

Jake had his eyes on my crotch, but he didn’t seem to really be looking. And after a few moments, he softly said, “Yeah... we need to face Mom at some point today.”

“You need to be me, and I need to be you. And we need to make it sound believable too!”

“I think we can make it work. We just need to make sure we keep the time with her to a minimum,” Jake said.

I nodded and said, “And we need to pretend to still be fighting a little.”

“Or...” he said, pausing dramatically, “we tell her we talked and wanna try to stop the fighting.”

I thought about it for a little. I liked the opportunity it gave, so I said, “I like it. Maybe we can try that. Good idea, J!”

This brought a smile to his face, and he said, “But now what? We stay in our rooms? Go downstairs? Grab the ouija board?”

“We need to eat...” I repeated and smiled.

“Right...” he said insecurely, “but... uhm... what do I wear? I can’t go downstairs dressed like this.”

This made me laugh, and I said, “Damn right, you can’t! I’ll help you out. It isn’t like I haven’t seen it before...”

This caused Jake to laugh, and for the first time since I woke up, I felt a little more at ease with the situation. It was still fucked up as hell, but at least we were in this together.

Chapter 3

“So... how do we do this?” Jake asked as we entered my room.

I was still dressed in just Jake’s multi-colored boxers but didn’t feel the need to get dressed. I enjoyed the feeling of walking around topless, something I hadn’t done in a while.

“Let’s wear this,” I said as I handed him my short jeans and a shirt, “You’re used to wearing that. Well... not that short, but you know what I mean... And you need a bra. Obviously,” I said as I checked out my firm B, almost C-cup breasts that were loose inside my tank top and couldn’t be missed this way.

“I just take off the top?” Jake asked with a questioning and insecure look on his face.

I figured he’d already checked out my boobs by now. But apparently, he’d only felt and cupped them yet. I was oddly touched by this, and I didn’t feel any apprehension for my brother to see my boobs. He’d see them anyway, so why not with me around? So I said, “Yeah. Take it off. I’ll show you how to put on a bra.”

Jake hesitated momentarily, but I could see in his eyes that he didn’t want to miss this opportunity. So he grabbed the bottom of my top, pulled it over his head, and exposed my wobbly fourteen-year-old breasts. And I realized by seeing them like this that they looked pretty damned impressive. Full and firm with upward pointing, perfectly proportioned nipples. They were close to a C-cup but nowhere near sagging and still proudly defying gravity.

It wasn’t erotic or anything. I was just using my first opportunity to look at my boobs from a different angle. I’ll probably miss these the most if we never switch back.

“Like what you see?” Jake chuckled.

“Huh!?” I asked but immediately noticed the tightness in my underwear again.

I looked down, and sure enough, I had another boner! I was getting a bit annoyed about it, so I asked, “What the fuck, Jake? Why does this keep happening?”

He just shrugged and said, “Dunno. I get them all the time. I can only guess that you like what you see...”

I thought about it briefly and said, “Maybe. But... maybe it’s YOUR body that likes what it sees...”

“What do you mean?”

“I like my boobs, but not like... you know,” I smiled as I looked down, “But I can imagine that you’re more... interested?”

Jake started blushing, and after a few seconds, he simply nodded and said, “Guess so. They look awesome...”

He said that last bit very softly, and I saw him struggling. I decided not to dwell on it, but I was extremely intrigued by his reaction. A plan formed quickly. I liked looking at myself like this and wanted to see how my recently bought bra and thong combination looked on me. And I could tease Jake some more by doing so.

So I opened my drawer and reached into the back of it. I fished out my red, laced bra and thong, and held them in front of me. “Take off my... your panties too and wear this,” I said, seeing the awkwardness oozing from his face.

“But that’s a... thong! Won’t it wedge between my cheeks?” he asked, obviously trying to find a way out of this.

“Don’t be a wuss! They’re comfortable enough. Trust me!”

Jake was always a bit of a manly boy. He hated doing everything that was even remotely gay. He wasn’t a caveman but wasn’t very open-minded, either. I figured it had everything to do with not having a male role model in his life, but seeing him act all manly was a bit annoying at times. This thong clearly qualified as not masculine.

“Does Mom know you have this?” he kept trying, but then I noticed something clicked inside his head as he figured out he’d be naked.

“She doesn’t have to know everything. Does she know about your browser history?” I smiled.

This caused him to smile too, and he started taking off his panties. As he stood straight, I could see myself in all its glory. And I noticed Jake had his eyes glued to the full-length mirror and was blushing furiously. Inside my underwear, my boner was twitching and throbbing, which actually felt pretty nice.

“Don’t...” Jake started and cleared his throat, “don’t you have hairs everywhere yet?”

“I do. But I shave. I don’t like how it feels with hair around my lips. Just the small patch above it is enough for me,” I said, feeling quite proud of my appearance.

Before all this, I was insecure about my body. I always found something that wasn’t just right. But seeing myself like this shined a whole new light on that insecurity. I looked great! That much was true, and there was no denying in that!

“You look amazing, Kay!” Jake whispered.

“Thank you!” I said, surprised by his honesty, and gave him a hug.

I felt his boobs press against my chest and my boner pressed against his pubic bone. If the situation wasn’t this weird already, this hug sure would’ve done the trick.

So I quickly let go and handed him my thong. He pulled it up and looked a bit surprised when he was done.

“This isn’t as bad as I thought it would be!” he smiled, a bit surprised.

“Told ya!” I laughed and handed him my bra.

After some explanation and a few attempts, he managed to close the bra himself. And he looked absolutely smoking in the red bra and thong. I feared it would look cheap or trashy, but the opposite was true.

After he was done putting on his t-shirt and jeans, my boner had gone down almost completely, but a dark spot was visible in front of my underwear.

“Is that...” I asked tentatively.

Jake blushed and said, “Precum, yeah...”

“Oh wow...”

“Yeah... I know... You need a clean pair. Let’s go to my room,” Jake said, sounding embarrassed, and opened the door.

He didn’t seem to be too upset, which was good. I didn’t want to make too much of a fuzz about this, and Jake behaved way less like... Jake than I expected, so I followed him.

When we entered my room, he asked, “Uhm... you’re not getting like... your period any time soon, are you?”

I laughed at the awkwardness and asked, “No. Had mine last week. Why?”

“I feel a bit funny, that’s all.”

“You’ll get used to it,” I smiled, “girls feel funny all the time about everything!”

This caused him to laugh, and he opened his drawer to grab a fresh pair of boxers. He motioned for me to drop mine, which I did after positioning myself in front of his mirror. He got to see it all, so why wouldn’t I?

When the small pubic bush came into view, and more and more of his dick appeared, I realized I wanted to see my brother’s naked body. I still don’t know why, but this thought didn’t bother me at all at the time. I already established that his upper body was nicely proportioned, and his developing muscles were really easy on the eye.

The moment my boxers hit the floor, and I could look at my brother’s body in all its glory, I couldn’t help myself. He looked fabulous! More than that, actually. His dick looked to be about four inches, and his balls were visible in his loose and hairless sack. The cut glans was reddish and a bit blunt but looked big on his shaft.

It was actually the first real-life dick I ever saw in my life. Of course, I’ve seen plenty online and in porn, but seeing one for real was different. And

what was even better was that I just had to look down and see it better and from a different angle.

“Uhm... Kay? What’s the girl’s version of a boner?” Jake giggled sheepishly and with a flushed face.

I looked at him to size him up and said, “Uhm... I don’t know... it’s, uhm... sensitive nipples? Butterflies in your stomach? A bit of moist... uhh... wetness in your... you know...” I stammered and looked at his crotch, feeling awkward about the subject.

“Then I think I’ve got a boner from looking at my own naked body,” he chuckled.

I felt relieved that he thought it was funny, which made me feel a lot less stressed about it all. So I also started giggling and replied, “Feels weird, right? Being turned on by your own body?”

“Yeah... but what a fine-looking body it is...” he said with a straight face.

I looked at him to size him up, and the moment our eyes met, we burst into laughter. I liked how his penis jiggled as I moved my body, and it looked cool from this angle.

And then, a thought popped into my head as Jake held out a fresh pair of boxers for me to wear. I didn’t feel much apprehension anymore, so I asked, “I can pee standing up now! And I think I need to pee...”

“Uhm... yeah... you can,” Jake said with a puzzled face.

“I wanna try that! Can you help me?”

“Sure,” he shrugged, apparently not getting my excitement.

We headed over to the bathroom. I was still naked, but we weren’t worried about getting caught. Mom never got up here unless we were making way too much noise. She slept downstairs, and once a week, she checked if we cleaned our rooms. Thursdays was laundry and bathroom cleaning day. But other than that, she hardly came up here.

I enjoyed the feeling of the swaying dick in front of me as I opened the door. I was surprised at how easy it was to walk around in the buff. I figured

it must be because of the fact that I wasn't in my own body. Because if I was myself, I'd never even consider doing this. I loved lounging naked in my room. Alone. But now that I did it with my brother around, I had to admit that it felt awesome!

It wasn't that I was disconnected from my body or anything. It was just that it somehow didn't bother me. It didn't even feel weird when Jake was openly examining my own naked body in the mirror. It was a bit difficult to pinpoint, but it seemed like parts of us had merged into one or something. I couldn't explain it, but my swaying dick was the reason for this realization and epiphany.

"I never knew I had such a tight, round ass," Jake said with amusement in his voice as he walked behind me.

"I guess we found at least one advantage of our... situation," I giggled.

We entered the bathroom, and I stepped in front of the toilet. I pushed my hips forward a bit and asked, "And now I just let it go?"

"No. You... uhm... need to grab 'it' and aim. You don't want to miss the bowl and piss off Mom," he replied.

I was fascinated by all of this, so I grabbed 'my' dick and marveled at how good it felt in my fingers. This was actually the first time I consciously held it and wasn't freaking out as I did. It was thicker and firmer than I expected before all this. And it was also way more flexible. I could point it at just about anything.

But I didn't want to make it too awkward for Jake, and I really wanted to know how it felt to pee like this, so I relaxed my bladder and felt the liquid start flowing through my dick. A heartbeat later, the stream of piss left my dick and splattered into the toilet bowl. I was amazed by how all of it felt. The flow of liquid inside my dick, the ability to spray just about everywhere by just pointing my dick toward it, and the relief it gave me at the same time. I never knew peeing could be this different between boys and girls.

As the force of my stream died down, and only drops came out of the tip, I asked Jake, "And now what? Do I need to wipe it or something?"

"Just shake off the drops."

I started shaking my dick a couple of times, and as I squeezed it to push out the last drops, I felt it grow a little in my hand.

“Just shake it, don’t jack it!” Jake giggled beside me as he looked down.

“What do you mean?”

“Just shake it a bit. Don’t overdo it. When you pee with other guys around you, you don’t wanna bone up or make them think you’re spanking it.”

“Ah. I see. And now what?” I asked as I flushed the toilet.

“Here,” Jake said and handed me his boxers, “we need to go and eat now, okay? Otherwise, Mom could get suspicious.”

“You’re right. Let’s do this!”

I pulled up the boxers and immediately realized why men always cup their junk after that. After my dick settled inside the fabric of my boxers, I dressed in shorts and a plain white t-shirt, Jake’s favorite outfit, and we went downstairs.

Chapter 4

“Yeah. We’re sorry,” Jake said after he and Mom listened to my monologue about the situation and how we were burying the hatchet.

Mom looked at both of us to size up the situation, shrugged, and said, “I heard this promise before. Seeing is believing.”

I checked out Jake's reaction as she continued with whatever she was doing. He didn't show much emotion, so I guessed he felt the same as me about it. A good thing was at least that Mom hadn't noticed the switch we made. I was a bit scared that she'd immediately notice. Because that's what moms allegedly notice right away. Another myth busted.

We gathered our breakfast at the table, and I was immediately annoyed. Jake was stocking up on carbs, something I avoided like the plague to stay in shape. But I couldn't say anything about it with Mom around. I ate my usual fruit and protein shake, causing Jake to look funny at me.

“You really take this making-up seriously, don't you?” Mom said as she walked by and looked quizzically at us.

I mumbled a soft “Yeah,” and Jake just nodded his head. Mom rolled her eyes, sat at the table, and said, “Look. I need you two to get along. You don't have to be besties, but at least get along. Because after I'm gone, your brother or sister is all you've got. I don't have any, but I sure wish I did.”

“You're right, Mom,” Jake said, “we talked about it, and we really wanna stop fighting. It's difficult enough as it is, right?”

Damn! That really sounded like something I could say! That little twerp was a hell of an actor. I simply nodded when I saw Mom started to smile.

“Good! I really hope you make it work this time. I'm off to Darlene for the rest of the day. You two can manage today without tearing down the house?” Mom said as she stood up.

“Can I use the computer in the study today?” I asked, “I need to do some research for school.”

Mom had taken our laptops during one of our previous fights, and we'd get them back when we could behave again. So, besides my telephone, the central iMac in our study was my only access to a decent computer screen.

"Yeah. Me too," Jake added.

"Alright. You can," Mom said mischievously, "you two can work out a schedule together and show me you get along."

I glanced at Jake, and he simply shrugged. But when our eyes met, we both knew we'd have the opportunity to start searching for what had happened. So I smiled at Mom and said, "Of course! We'll work it out together, right, Sis?"

Jake didn't respond immediately, but after a few moments, he realized I was talking to him. He caught on and said, "No problem. Promise!"

Jake and I did the dishes together and made sure that Mom noticed how hard we tried to be kind to each other. I deliberately overdid it a little, so she wouldn't get suspicious.

"I'll be back at around five, okay?" Mom said as she kissed us on our cheeks.

"Say hi to Darlene for us," Jake said.

"Bye, Mom!" I said, and moments later, the door closed, and we were alone.

Jake looked at me questioningly and asked, "What assignment did I miss?"

I was tempted to make something up, but I managed to refrain from it at the very last second. Instead, I decided to keep it light and said, "You didn't. I just wanna try and figure out what happened to us. Although peeking this way is easier, I want my body back. Especially with you munching down all these carbs!"

"Oh. Right!" he said, clearly feeling stupid. And after a few moments, "What do you mean with these carbs?"

"I'll get fat eating all the shit you put in your mouth this morning!" I said and tried to smile.

“Fat? You’re not fat! Not in a long shot! You look fucking amazing. Trust me, I know now,” he chuckled.

“But...” I tried but was interrupted by Jake.

“I eat the same stuff, and I’m not fat! You need carbs for your muscles and other important parts of your body. And trust me, boys don’t like skinny girls. There need to be curves. And you’ve got them in all the right places.”

Jake blushed a little after saying that, and I knew he was serious about it. And he did have a point. His body looked almost perfect. But wasn’t there a difference between boys and girls on that part?

“But all my friends do this. And I read online about...”

“Stop it. Just because your friends do it doesn’t make it right. And there’s just as many articles online about why you should eat carbs! You just need to make sure to exercise enough. But you’ve got that covered!”

I didn’t have anything to say about that. Deep down, I knew he was right. So I looked him in the eyes and asked, “You really think I look good?” and blinked like an anime girl.

Jake started laughing and grabbed his boobs again. He jiggled them and said, “You’re the hottest girl in class. And these make you look even better. Trust me!”

We were quiet for a few moments when I realized how honest and open we were to each other now. And there was still that one important question on my mind. And I decided to just drop it on the table. So I looked at Jake and asked, “Why do you keep calling me slut and skank and a tease? It hurts, you know?”

The look on Jake’s face changed immediately. It wasn’t anger, but close to it. It was more between disappointment and anger.

He sucked a deep breath, waited a moment, and said, “Because you sucked and fucked Brian on your first date. And you let Steve touch your boobs during homecoming. I thought you were smarter than that. I felt so angry and disappointed after hearing this. I mean... my own sister. The funny girl that I used to play with when she was younger. Talk about feeling hurt!”

This struck me like lightning! I knew a few rumors were going around, but I never realized they were about me, let alone about me being an easy tramp.

I felt tears of anger and injustice of it all well up. And as a tear rolled down my cheek, I whispered softly, "You never asked me."

"What do you mean?" Jake asked with a stunned look on his face.

"You never asked me about what happened," I kept on whispering and fighting back the tears.

"Why would I? Brian and Steve were pretty clear in the locker room about what happened!"

"You wanna know what happened? During our 'date,' Brian wouldn't take no for an answer and tried to grab one of my boobs. So I grabbed him by the balls and told him to fuck off. That was it!"

Tears were streaming down my cheeks as I told this. Jake's eyes were wide, and his face was flushed.

"I figured that would be the end, and we haven't talked since. And Steve? We went to get hot dogs together during homecoming. That was all," I said.

Jake was quiet for a few moments. His face was filled with anger, and he softly asked, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what? That Brian assaulted me? It would've only got you in trouble, and to me, it was the end of it. And tell you that I ain't a slut? You never even gave me a chance!"

"Fuck, Kate! I'm SO sorry! I never... I'm such an idiot!" Jake said and started crying himself.

He quickly wiped his tears and came over to hug me. In my ear, he whispered, "I'm gonna fuck that Brian up so hard, his ass will be on backward. I promise! We're gonna make sure everyone knows he's a liar and a molesting asshole!"

"Don't. I don't want any trouble over this. That pencil dick isn't worth it!"

We sat there hugging for a bit longer. Eventually, Jake got up, looked at me, and kissed me tenderly on my cheek. "I'm really sorry! It just never

occurred to me he'd be lying. I was too shocked about it."

"It's okay, I guess. Just talk to me next time."

"I promise. And now that I'm you, I'm going to embarrass the hell out of that jackass!" Jake said, smiling broadly, "Oh! And you're right. He IS a pencil dick!"

"I didn't feel much in his pants, so it was a wild guess. So I guessed right?"

"You sure did! He's even smaller than Danny," Jake chuckled.

Danny was in our class and skipped a grade, so he was over a year younger than Brian. The thought of this boyish dick between his legs lightened my mood considerably.

"I'm glad we had this talk," I said to Jake, "we're good now?"

"Duh! I feel so stupid for believing that piece of shit over you! Yeah. Of course! We're good!" he smiled and kissed me on my forehead, which was a bit awkward but oddly touching.

After he stood up and I checked out my ass in these short, tight jeans, feeling pleased with how I looked, I said, "Let's try to find out what happened to us, okay?"

We went into the study and browsed the internet for the next few hours.

Chapter 5

“So... Jessica has the hots for Mike but doesn’t want Michelle to know?” Jake asked with a puzzled look on his face, “And Michelle likes Joshua but doesn’t want Laura to know?”

“No, dummy! Michelle likes Joshua, and Jessica is into Zach!” I explained, not seeing the difficulty.

“But what about Michelle?”

I sighed deeply on purpose and said, “Michelle doesn’t want Annabel to know she’s interested in dating Zach!”

He paused for a second and said, “Girls are strange! How do you keep up with all this? It’s like some Mexican soap opera!”

“It isn’t THAT complicated...” I said, trying to play it down.

Our browsing session didn’t come up with any relevant results. Most of it was sci-fi stories of body snatchers and aliens. But when we thought we couldn’t find any more relevant info, we stumbled across an obscure website that showed some translated ancient Egyptian scrolls where the son and daughter of a pharaoh had switched places. The site didn’t look scientific and was more like a collection of clickbait articles, but it was the only one that seemed mildly relevant. But since our Mom had her roots in Turkey, this didn’t apply to us.

So now we were currently trying to get the other up to speed on all the social structures we had to deal with since it wasn’t likely we’d switch back anytime soon.

Jake’s part finished rather quickly. He had three close friends, and he explained who liked which girl. Which girls were considered hot and which were not. And a couple of juicy secrets I had to promise to keep to myself. But that was basically it.

But with me, I had to unravel the entire web for him, which was indeed far from easy. As I explained it to Jake, I realized he was right about the

complexity. I had to repeat everything a few times, and Jake even made a point of writing it down and drawing lines between the people.

“You almost need to be a detective trying to catch some creepy serial killer for this. We need to create a wall with pictures and strings between them!” he laughed loudly after we were confident he got the complete picture.

I started laughing too when I envisioned that wall. As we were wrapping up, we heard the door open, and I said to Jake, “Now we just have to fool Mom during dinner.”

Mom had brought Chinese takeout, which we ate at the dinner table. During dinner, I was impressed at how well Jake played his role of being me. He only switched two names of my friends once, but Mom didn’t notice. I was a bit quieter, which was a little tricky, but Jake was always a bit more on the quiet side than me.

Because of the way Mom acted during dinner, I was getting more and more confident that we could pull it off in school. I mean... if we could fool Mom, we could probably fool everyone in our class, right?

We tried to act as normal as we could, minus the bickering. We cleaned the table and watched some tv together. Mom had to work early the next day, so she went to bed a little after nine. She smiled at both of us and said, “You’re really trying to make it work. I’m glad, you two!” and she gave each of us a firm hug.

“Night, Mom,” I said as she kissed me on my cheek.

After her bedroom door closed, Jake softly said, “That went better than expected...”

“It sure did!” I whispered back, “you’re a hell of an actor, you know that, right?”

“Thanks! But being in another body helps a lot to get into your role, you know?” Jake chuckled.

“You think we can pull it off tomorrow?” I asked with a worried voice.

“Yeah. Now I do,” Jake replied confidently, “but...”

He was silent for a moment, and the suspense was killing me. So I just had to ask, “But what?”

“We need to trust each other, you know?”

“I don’t get it...”

“We can do the other a lot of harm by saying or doing something stupid or irritating.”

“Like what?” I asked, but I started to realize what he was aiming at.

“Well... if I undress in the middle of the cafeteria, for example,” Jake giggled.

“That would be bad, yeah...” I smiled but winced at the idea.

“We need to promise each other not to make the other’s life miserable. I’m convinced we’ll turn back one time or the other, and I don’t want my life to be over by then because of some stupid fight.”

“Deal!” I said immediately and extended my hand to shake on it, which Jake did right away.

“And... uhm...” Jake trailed off.

“What?” I asked, a bit scared of what he had on his mind.

“Well... I follow CarelessKid and Joutchkov on YouTube to, you know... build some muscles. And I do a little workout every evening and morning. Can you, like... keep doing that to help me?”

“Uhm... sure! If you tell me what to do, I don’t see why not,” I smiled.

“Of course! Thanks,” Jake said, seemingly relieved.

I paused momentarily and remembered how nice his body started to look. So I softly said, “It’s starting to show, you know?”

“What is?”

“Your muscles. I noticed it before in the mirror. And my friends talked about it, but I didn’t want to see it back then. But you look... you know... pretty good.”

He started blushing and smiled uncomfortably but didn't say anything. Instead, he selected a new episode of a series we followed, and we started watching it, lost in our own thoughts.

After the show was over, we decided to head upstairs. We had a big day ahead of us, so we needed to rest.

I almost went into my own room. But although Mom hardly ever came up here, we figured staying in the correct bedroom was probably best. As I entered Jake's room, I asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Take off your shirt and shorts. I always do this in my undies. And then..."

He talked me through some of the exercises. After I didn't get it right away, he also undressed and showed me how they should be done in his bra and panties. We giggled a lot over my clumsiness with some of them, and Jake forgot he wasn't himself a couple of times, which was also extremely fun to watch.

Jake stood next to me in front of my mirror to see if there was any progression, which I thought was highly unlikely after one workout session. But I'd let him have it. When I checked out my now sweaty body, I had to admit to him that the muscle definition made it look like a professional underwear model! I still wonder why I didn't see it before. And I'd never admit it publicly, but Jake was easily one of the hottest boys in my class.

After we were silent for a few minutes, Jake softly said, "I'm glad we're, like, talking again. I missed this, you know?"

I was deeply touched by his honesty. I hugged him tightly and said, "I know! I missed you too!"

We hugged for a few moments, but it never started to feel awkward. I liked the feeling of my boobs against my chest and instinctively pressed my groin against Jake's. This only caused us to hug tighter.

"We're gonna nail it tomorrow, Sis!" Jake said as we broke the hug.

I laughed and said, "Yeah! We're totally going to OWN this!"

"Night!" Jake said, smiling, and walked toward my room.

I felt tired and decided to call it a night. After I crawled under the covers and let today's events roam through my head, my hand absentmindedly ended on my dick. I didn't mean for it to happen. It just did.

But when I realized what was pressing against my palm, I felt it starting to grow. A little voice inside my head urged me on to find out what it really felt like. Up until now, I only touched it when it was more or less soft. But now... I might even...

Before I finished that thought, I lifted my butt from the mattress and pulled my boxers halfway past my upper legs. It was almost as if my now freed boner thanked me for this.

I didn't linger and wrapped my hand around it. The moment I did this, a shiver went down my spine, and I marveled at how firm and rigid it was but also soft and tender to the touch. I loved it!

"Jerk it!" that voice inside my head screamed. And it kept on shouting. "Jack off! Shoot sperm!"

I didn't need much encouragement, and I was curious as hell about how boys masturbated. I've seen pics and clips in health class and online, so I knew the basic mechanics. But the moment my fist started sliding up and down, and I felt my dickhead slide through my fingers, I knew I loved handling a cock. I knew then and there that I wasn't a lesbian.

It took me a few moments to get into the rhythm, but as I found the right grip level and speed, I realized I was on the right track and in no mood to stop. My other hand started searching for my balls, and as I started toying with them, my level of arousal grew higher by the second.

I heard myself panting, and an involuntary moan escaped my lips. Tingles started in the back of my head, slowly spreading over my body like a warm blanket. Oh boy! This was just as good, or maybe even slightly better, than fingering myself.

Before I knew it, my belly muscles tightened, and all the tingles I had felt earlier shot into my balls at once. The tingle shot into my dick moments later, and I heard myself grunt deeply. I was cumming!

But I never realized that boys' orgasms are a lot messier than girls. I had just enough sanity left to kick down the blanket. As I felt the pressure grow, I gripped my dick firmly and tried to hold back the stuff that was about to come out like I would hold back my pee, but this didn't work.

As the first glob of cum landed on my chest, just below my chin, I felt fantastic! I was shooting sperm! The next three shots didn't get that far, but they felt the same. This orgasm wasn't as stretched and fuzzy as my own, but extremely powerful and intense. I loved both!

I lay there panting and tried to feel as much as there was to feel about this orgasm. But as I noticed the cum started to slide down, I scooped up a big glob with my finger and stuck it in my mouth without any hesitation.

Its sweet and salty taste surprised me at first, but I was immediately hooked. This tasted fucking awesome! It probably had something to do with the naughtiness of it all and the fact that it was my brother's cum, but I didn't care! I scooped it all up and made sure to taste every glob the best I could.

After there was no more, the dried traces of cum on my body felt sticky, and I wanted to clean myself. So I got up, pulled up my boxers but let my dick hang over them, and went to the bathroom. I cleaned myself with a damp towel and ensured my pubes were also nice and clean.

As I left the bathroom, I heard a low grunt coming from my bedroom and smiled broadly.

"Great minds think alike," I mumbled as I closed my bedroom door and crawled into bed.

Chapter 6

“Okay. Here we go,” Jake said softly as we entered the school.

“Good luck,” I whispered and smiled nervously.

“You too,” he said, and we went our separate ways.

When I met Jake’s friends, I was cautious at first. But after a few minutes, it was clear they didn’t suspect a thing. And why would they? As I slowly mingled, I learned that boys weren’t that complicated. Jake pretty much told me everything I needed to know, and I started feeling more and more comfortable hanging with them.

The first few classes went great, and Jake and I exchanged just a few glances every now and then. We didn’t want to raise any suspicion about ourselves and act all friendly around each other all of a sudden.

Nobody seemed to suspect anything, and I had to admit that I really enjoyed looking at our class from another angle. I was amazed at how arrogant the girls I usually hung out with reacted to some of the boys. I never realized this, but they were acting like regular bitches.

I saw Jake was holding back a little, but he had to keep up appearances. If you didn’t know it, you wouldn’t notice. But I could.

When I went to the bathroom between classes, Ben, Jake’s best friend, went with me. It was a bit weird at first to pee right next to another boy. But when Ben started chatting away as if it was all perfectly normal, I figured it probably was. And there was no denying that I liked holding a dick between my fingers, even if it was for something as trivial as peeing.

As we walked into the cafeteria and chatted away about some lame-ass video game, I saw Jake standing by the counter. His eyes were focused on Brian, and they were shooting fire. He promised to keep a low profile, but I knew this would be difficult for him.

Brian walked toward the tables, and Jake waited long enough so everyone could hear him. He yelled loudly, “HEY, PINKY!!”

Brian didn't react and kept chatting away with the boy beside him.

"PINKY!" Jake shouted again, getting the attention of everyone inside the cafeteria.

Brian looked at Jake, who had a shit-eating grin on his face. Jake extended his pinky and wiggled it a bit as the girls around him started to giggle.

"See?" Jake said to one of them. She nodded and held her hand in front of her mouth to hide her huge smile.

"Still trying to get any?" Jake said with fire shooting out of his eyes, but his voice was remarkably calm with a clear hint of sarcasm.

"What? I... wait... me?" Brian stammered, looking around but quickly realizing Jake was talking to him.

"Told ya he wasn't the brightest bulb..." Jake chuckled, and so did everyone else around him.

I felt the need to step in before it spiraled out of control. But before I could say anything, Jake said with venom in his voice, "If you ever try to touch me again, I'll break your fucking legs!"

Brian looked confused, and everyone in the cafeteria was quiet. He didn't know what to do or how to act. He was cornered, and his friends stepped back, making him look even more alone.

Right at that moment, his eyes met mine, and he stepped toward me. He pointed a finger at me and said, "What the fuck did you tell her?"

I just couldn't help myself, and against my better judgment, I answered, "The truth..."

This caused everyone to giggle, and a few "OOHHs" could be heard. Brian's face went redder than I ever saw on anyone's face, and his lips were just a thin line. I never saw it coming, but the moment his fist hit my cheek, I felt a sharp sting shoot through my face.

Before I knew it, I had balled my right fist and swung at his chin. I struck him dead-center on his chin, and he started to waggle on his feet. Just a

heartbeat later, I saw another fist fly through the air, hitting him right on his nose. Blood spat out of his nostrils, and his eyes watered immediately.

“You fucking bitch! You broke my nose!” he grumbled as he grabbed his nose and saw blood dripping onto the ground and his clothes.

“Don’t you ever touch me or any girl ever again, you pencil dick!” Jake said loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Okay! Break it up!” Mr. Hoff said as he stepped between the three of us.

He assessed the situation momentarily and then said, looking at us, “To the headmaster, you two!” And when he looked at Brian, I could see a hint of a smile appear, but he quickly got himself together and said, “Go clean yourself. I’ll get to you later!”

Jake and I walked out of the cafeteria, and I saw Ben wink at me, and a couple of kids gave us a quick thumbs up. I already knew that Brian was a bit of a bully, and I got the vibe that everyone liked how we put him on the spot.

“Mom will be pissed,” Jake said as we sat on the chairs in front of the headmaster’s office.

“Yeah,” I replied and looked at him. The grin on his face was priceless, and I couldn’t hold back a giggle

“But... thank you! I know I asked you not to do this. I’m glad you did, though. You stood up for me, and... You were fucking awesome!” I whispered loudly.

“Well... I... he needed to be kicked back into a corner,” Jake said, blushing a bit. And after a few seconds, “we WERE awesome, weren’t we?”

He stuck out his fist, and we bumped them together. Right at that moment, the door to the office opened, and we needed to come inside.

Needless to say. She was pissed! She didn’t allow fighting in school, and they had a zero-tolerance policy on that. We had to go to detention for a whole week. But after she listened to our part of the story, which Jake played out perfectly by crying when he talked about it, we were down to just two days of detention.

When we got home, Mom was already waiting for us. The headmaster had called her, and Mom made sure to be home before us. She was sitting at the table with her arms crossed and a stern look on her face.

The first thing she said when we walked into the kitchen was, “You’re grounded.”

The headmaster clearly hadn’t told her the whole story, just the fact that we had to go to detention tomorrow and Wednesday. We sat down and let her rage on for a while. After she was done, Jake started crying again, which softened Mom’s frown immediately.

Jake started talking but hearing what he said between his sobs was difficult, so I took over. I explained it to her and ended with, “I couldn’t let that douchebag do that to my sister, right?”

“He really did that to you, honey?” Mom asked, looking worriedly at him, and Jake simply nodded.

“He’s a genuine a-hole, Mom,” I chipped in.

“I’m calling his mother,” she said and stood up.

“Please don’t!” Jake and I said simultaneously.

“Why not?”

“Moms don’t do that anymore. It’ll make us look stupid. And besides, he’s been made a fool in front of the entire school and will probably have to walk around with two black eyes for a while...” I said, “I mean... Kate punched him right on his nose!”

We all started to chuckle. Mom looked convinced but pointed out she didn’t want us to fight, so we had to go to detention. But she praised Jake, and with that, basically me, that she stood up for herself and had clearly drawn a line that a boy wasn’t allowed to cross. When she said she was proud of that, I felt an extreme sense of pride wash through me.

We did our homework together as Mom cooked dinner. After dinner, we watched tv together, hardly thinking anymore about the risk of being discovered by her.

After we went upstairs, we went into Jake's bedroom for another workout session. As I stood there in my boxers, looking at Jake undressing, I thought that I'd probably be okay with it if we never changed back again. But I was brutally interrupted when Jake started giggling. He threw his clothes on a pile and checked out his thong-clad ass.

"What?" I asked, feeling stupid for being caught.

"Nothing," he chuckled and glanced at my groin.

I looked down and realized I had popped another boner. I sighed and said, "This is getting annoying!"

"It is, right? It's like... I don't know, balancing a pile of dishes on your fingers. Sometimes it drops, and you're screwed. But when you pay attention, you're fine."

"That's basically it..." I grumbled.

"And you can always... you know..." he said, moving his fist in the air.

"I already did, but that didn't... oh fuck..." I said and blushed furiously when I realized what I had just confessed.

Jake looked wide-eyed at me, and then a sly smile spread across his face. I noticed how his nipples had hardened in the lace of his bra. His eyes narrowed slightly as he asked, "How was it?"

"Dunno... okay, I guess. And messy!" I said, not wanting to tell him how much I enjoyed it.

"Messy, huh?" he said and paused for a moment. "I get that. And it's true. With girls, it's way easier."

"You did it too?" I asked, trying to sound surprised but knowing perfectly well what he did last night.

Now it was Jake's turn to blush, and he stammered, "Yeah... well... I wanted..."

"Don't sweat it. I heard you moan," I chuckled, feeling sorry for how embarrassed he looked.

After a few moments of silence, he said, "I knew girls could come multiple times, but... that's pretty mind-blowing!"

"It is. But yours is way more powerful! And I instantly wasn't horny anymore after I came. That was a first for me."

"Yeah.. that's basically how it works," Jake said to no one in particular.

After another couple of moments of silence, Jake asked, "I uhh... I don't know... Do you like, need some pointers or anything?"

That caught me by surprise. I never considered asking Jake for help, but now that he offered, I immediately saw the plus side of it. I did feel a bit tense about it, though. Wasn't this... weird? But I quickly weighed the positive against the negative and excitedly said, "Sure! Do you?"

"Definitely!" he said smiling, "Your bits are a little more difficult."

"No, they're not!" I laughed and playfully hit him on the shoulder.

"Yes, they are!" he said between giggles. After a few moments, he looked at me seriously and asked, "Uhh.. how do we do this?"

"Let's get on the bed. It's more comfortable than standing up. And your bed is big enough for both of us," I smiled.

"Alright. You first?"

"Sure!"

"Good. Get naked and lie on your back," Jake said.

Again, I felt absolutely no hesitation and dropped my boxers, causing my boner to bounce up and down as I did this. I flopped down on the bed and looked at Jake.

"Show me what you did," he softly said, eyes glued to my boner.

I felt thrilled to be able to wrap my fist around that beautiful piece of hard meat again, so I wasted no time and grabbed it firmly in hand. I hesitated a second but then started moving my fist slowly up and down on it.

"Is it weird to get horny by watching yourself beat off?" Jake asked with a flushed face.

“Dunno. Why don’t you get started? Then I’ll know,” I softly said.

In record time, Jake disrobed, and I was looking at my naked body. All the while, I continued my slow jerking motion. Jake got comfortable at the other end of the bed and faced me. As he spread his legs, I could see how wet he already was.

“You need to focus on the backside of the dickhead and not so much on the shaft,” Jake said as he idly rubbed his finger over his slit.

“Like this?”

“No. A little high...” Jake sighed and looked frustrated, “Fuck! Do you mind?” He then said as he scooted over and extended his hand.

“Uhh... no. Go ahead,” I said, releasing my dick, a little surprised at the sudden change of events.

I wasn’t prepared for what happened next. The moment his fingers wrapped around my shaft, it felt like his fingers were charged with electricity or something. It tingled all around my hard-on, and it felt absolutely mind-blowing. But the moment Jake’s fingers touched, he pulled back.

“Whoa! It’s like... it’s like... I’m... it’s like I’m touching myself and another person at the same time!” Jake said, looking at his fingers and then at his crotch.

“It’s like you’re electrically charged,” I said, “weird, but not unpleasant or anything.”

I didn’t see what the fuss was about and looked questioningly at my little brother. He saw the question marks in my eyes and looked down at our naked bodies.

“Here!” he said as he laid back down on the mattress and spread his legs, “you try if it’s the same when you do it.”

I was very curious about what Jake was feeling and if it was the same with me. So I scooted over and extended my hand toward his pussy. I figured I might as well start as I always did, so I rubbed two fingers over the outer lips and my middle finger just a tiny bit between the folds.

And the moment I did this... oh boy! My fingers had that electrical tingle, just like I felt on my dick. But the weird and downright mind-boggling part was that I felt every move in my own body as if I still had my pussy instead of Jake's dick.

"Oh fuck!" I said after realizing this and immediately pulled back.

"Freaky, right?" Jake asked wide-eyed.

"This is... wow!"

"Yeah... it's like we're still connected to our own bodies there," he said thoughtfully and to no one in particular.

"I... uhh... I actually like it," I said and felt myself blush.

Jake checked me out for a moment, then smiled and whispered, "me too..."

Neither of us made a move, and I thought about it for a second. I wanted to feel the incredible sensations my pussy could give me again, and I also started to love how my dick felt when I jacked it. And I couldn't decide which orgasm I liked best. So I figured that trying both simultaneously would solve these problems.

I glanced shyly at my brother and asked, "What if we, like... do it to each other?"

"I... uhh..." Jake mumbled and was quiet for a second. Then his face lit up, and he said, "We'd feel both at the same time, I guess, right?"

I didn't want to waste too much time on this, so I got comfortable next to Jake, slid my hand over his pussy, and said, "Only one way to find out."

"Ohhh..." we moaned simultaneously as my middle finger rubbed my clit.

Jake recovered quickly and wrapped his fingers around my throbbing cock. As his fingers rubbed the back of my dickhead, we moaned again.

The stimulation I felt was almost too much. It was as if I had a pussy and a dick at the same time. Jake's actions on my cock were at the top of these feelings. But just slightly below that, I felt my own pussy being stimulated, extra accentuated by my tingly fingers.

I was panting heavily and heading toward my peek in no time. I noticed Jake's heavy panting and asked between my moans, "This is... oohhh... fucking... hmmm... great! Are you getting... aaahhh... close too?"

"Fuck... fuck... oohhh... fuck... I never... yes!"

We kept our mutual stimulation going, and I just loved how it felt being jacked by another hand. This was way better than just my own fist. And Jake obviously was more familiar with his own tool, so that probably also helped a lot.

But damn! This was so fucking hot! I never did anything close to this, but now that I did, I wish I had done it earlier!

My orgasm started building, and as I reached the point of no return, I realized two things. It wasn't orgasm but orgasms. Plural. And second, I didn't have to ask Jake if he was close because I knew exactly how close he was, as I was just as close.

"Fuck!" we simultaneously grunted when we came.

I experienced what only can be described as two orgasms at once. I felt the spurts of cum land all over my chest and belly as the deep, intense feeling of my dick and balls washed over me. A little more to the back, my pussy was contracting sharply, and the muscles in my belly tensed with every wave of my orgasm.

After my spraying had stopped and cum was just dribbling out of the tip, my pussy-based orgasm kept going. It came more to the front, and as my fingers kept going, it grew bigger and bigger. Jake's fingers rubbed over my glans and smeared out the remaining cum, which did it! My fingers just wouldn't stop, and we came again.

I had my eyes slightly open, and for a very brief moment, the view of the ceiling switched a few inches to the left. It was over before I knew it, but I did switch back into my own body for a very short time. This switchback occurred to me later because I was way too busy cumming to think straight at that time.

Jake's fist clenched around my cock, and we both moaned loudly again. This was basically my third orgasm in under a minute, and I just had to give

my body some rest. So I stopped fingering Jake and just lightly patted his pussy. Jake's movement also stopped, and as we lay there, panting heavily and trying to get our breath back, I realized an immense grin was plastered on my face.

I heard every hum, buzz, and beep in the house. My senses were on fire, and they registered everything with extreme detail. I heard Jake's breathing as if he was panting right by my ear, which he wasn't. I had never felt this marvelous before in my life, and I figured this is what doing drugs must feel like.

"Holy shit..." Jake whispered after a moment.

"Did you feel that too?" I asked, knowing the answer already.

"I felt... you... and me... and..." he paused for a second, lifted his head, and looked wide-eyed at me, "I came three times!"

I chuckled at his excitement and said, "We sure did!"

"Is it always this good as a girl?" Jake asked as he dropped back on the bed and looked at the ceiling.

"No! Absolutely not. This was freakin' amazing!"

"There's a towel under your side of the bed," Jake said without looking up and still panting.

I reached under the bed and found the towel. I wiped myself clean while checking out Jake's naked body. It was glistening with sweat, and I loved how it looked as I roamed my eyes over him. I was once again amazed at why I was so insecure about that body. The tiny, neatly trimmed patch of pubes above the slit, the firm breast with pointy nipples. The hourglass-shaped curves. I looked good; there was no more doubt about that!

I lay back down and said, "I felt both you and me when we did this. That was weird at first, but holy shit! Double the fun!"

"I know. I couldn't believe it either," Jake said excitedly, "but... uhm... did you notice how we... like, switched back for a second?"

"Yeah. I did! It was real quick, but... yeah."

“We need to figure this shit out, you know? I mean... I really, really, REALLY liked what we just did. But I just, like, miss my dick...” Jake said softly.

“Yeah. If detention is in the library, we might be able to check out some books there or something,” I replied.

Jake smiled and said, “What do you think?”

“Guess you’re right. Probably not... I mean... Ah, fuck it!” I said, feeling bummed.

“We’ll head over to the library after detention,” Jake said.

This put me a bit at ease. I looked at Jake, and said, “You’ve got a great body, but I wanna have my boobs and pussy back. Those are still a bit more fun than a dick,” I chuckled, “although the whole peeing while standing is pretty handy.”

“We’ve got plenty of time tomorrow. Mom has to pick us up and won’t be there until six. So it sounds like a plan.”

As we lay there enjoying each other’s company, we were quiet for a while. I was getting tired but enjoyed the company, so I didn’t say anything. Jake broke the silence by saying, “Gym class tomorrow,” giggling softly, “and I’m going to see a couple of naked girls if I’m lucky!”

“Right! Almost forgot,” I answered, feeling excited all of a sudden, “Is it like... a sausage fest in your locker room?”

“Some guys don’t feel any shame. But most of them are careful. But don’t worry, you’ll see plenty of dicks,” he laughed.

“And Brian?”

“He’s probably the shyest of them all! But I know why. He’s REALLY small! I still don’t know where his big mouth comes from.”

“Shy is good!” I said with venom in my voice, “And I’m guessing his big mouth has everything to do with the fact that his dad owns that big car dealer shop and thinks he’s the town’s big shot. I mean... the way Mom

talks about that guy... She always talks well about other people, but him... Go figure.”

“I know. And it probably has a lot to do with Brian’s ‘confidence,’” Jake said as he made air quotes, “But I’m sure he won’t bother us anymore. He’s got a big mouth, but he’s a scared little weasel. When he doesn’t have a group of guys surrounding him, he’s nothing. And I know for a fact that most of the guys that hung out with him dropped him like a hot potato.”

“Thank you!” I said and kissed my brother on his cheek.

Jake looked surprised and asked, “For what?”

“For standing up for me! I never thanked you for that.”

“Well... you told me not to, but I couldn’t help myself. Now I’m glad I did.”

“Me too! So thanks for doing that.”

“You deserve to be protected. You’re my sister, and it’s my job,” he said, beaming a little.

“I’m SO glad we’re on the same page again,” I said, looking warmly at him.

I suddenly felt enormous affection for my brother. I don’t know if it had anything to do with our mutual masturbation session or the fact he declared to be my protector. But I wanted him close, so I asked, “Uhm... do you mind sleeping here tonight? I mean... it’s not like Mom will check in on us, and we’re comfy the way we are now, right?”

“Uhh... I uhh...” Jake stammered.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to,” I quickly added.

“No, it’s not that. It’s just...”

Jake paused for a second, and I didn’t know what he was thinking. I might have overstepped something here and was anxious to know what it was.

“I’d love to!” he said with a warm smile, “I just don’t wanna impose myself here, you know?”

“I’m the one asking!” I replied.

“Yeah... but I was already thinking of a way to ask this. And then when you asked me, I... never mind. Let’s sleep!”

“Dimwit!” I laughed and punched him playfully on his shoulder.

We got under the covers, and neither seemed to mind that we were naked. I don’t know why, but since we switched bodies, I didn’t think about this when I was around my original body. It was as if it somehow didn’t matter, and it was perfectly natural to be naked around each other.

I cuddled up against Jake, cupped his boob, and kneaded it gently. I felt his nipple harden and whispered, “I sure miss them.”

“We’ll figure it out, Sis! Don’t worry,” Jake soothingly said.

For the first time since our bodyswap, I felt at ease with the whole situation. Jake and I were friends again, and we were battling this together. This was a very comforting idea, and I felt myself drift off to sleep quickly.

Chapter 7

As we entered our school for the second day as the other, I was even more confident than the day before. I woke up this morning with a tender rubbing over my cheek by Jake. I looked at him, and I was immediately in the mood when I saw his cocky grin. Before I knew it, our hands were working each other's crotches again, and after a couple of minutes, another mind-shattering orgasm washed over us. Not as intense as the night before, but close nevertheless.

We showered together to compensate for lost time and were off to school. Jake picked out his wardrobe himself this time, and I had to admit he did pretty well. He wore a lovely, plaid skirt and a blouse that accentuated his boobs nicely. But I had to point out that a black bra was too visible under a white blouse, so we changed that.

My clothes were nothing special, although I decided to pick an old shirt, which made my pecs, shoulders, and tight belly more pronounced. We each went our own way again, and after chatting with Jake's friends for a while, we went to the classroom.

"You two fucked Brian up big time!" Zeke said excitedly during our walk over there.

"That piece of shit deserved it. He had it coming," Rob said, acting all tough.

"My sister has a mean right fist," I chuckled, "I'm glad we don't fight anymore."

"Yeah... about that..." Zeke asked.

"Yeah. I thought she was some slut, but when she told me what had happened, I felt like a complete idiot. And after we finally talked about it, she stood up for herself."

The guys looked at me with a bit of a puzzled face. That's when I remembered boys usually don't talk about their feelings like girls do. So I quickly added, "I showed her how to throw a decent punch, you know?"

They all started to smile, and we sat down, waiting for Mr. Skinner. I didn't pay attention, but when someone shouted, "Looking good, Bri!" I turned around and saw Brian walk in.

"Fuck you, asshole!" he said and flipped him the finger as he sat down at the back of the room.

Both his eyes were black, and his nose was swollen. He had cotton balls in both his nostrils and looked miserable. The girls sitting around Jake suddenly started to giggle, and one of them showed them her pinky. Brian's face crunched up when he heard and saw this.

During the day, Brian was constantly mocked, and I actually started feeling a little sorry for him. But when I saw him checking out the ass of a girl walking by with his best friend Steve, that feeling was gone immediately.

The last class of the day was gym class. I was good at sports, so I usually looked forward to it. But now that I could see most of my male classmates in their underwear, and maybe naked, I was even more anxious.

I noticed how noisier the boys were when we entered the locker room. Before I knew it, I saw a dozen bare-chested boys working on their pants and chatting away. I tried not to stare, but that was difficult. I had to keep myself focused on changing into my gym clothes, but I also let my eyes drink in the sight.

I quickly learned that some of the nerds I usually didn't talk to had some fine-looking bodies. Jocks like Brian and Steve were bulkier, but I didn't necessarily like that. I liked the smaller bodies with more muscle definition, and some of the nerds precisely had that. And the bulges in their underwear were more... interesting in a way.

PE itself was nothing spectacular. But we all worked up a sweat, so everyone had to take a shower. I didn't mind. After all, this was the moment I had looked forward to for the entire day. In the girl's locker room, everyone was always cautious about wearing towels to hide the good bits and shower as quickly as possible. But an occasional boob, ass, or pussy flash wasn't uncommon. I wondered how this worked with the boys.

I quickly learned it was about the same. No one was fond of walking around unprotected. But when I entered the showers, I saw things were different here.

The shower stalls were broken, and judging by the stuff stored in there, they had been broken for a while. So everyone was using the showers against the back wall. I was constantly aware of not popping a boner, but this wasn't as difficult as expected. I guess Jake's body wasn't turned on by other boys.

Most of the boys were facing the wall, and I was looking at a couple of cute bare asses. They were nice to look at, but I was here for more. So I hung my towel on the hook by the entrance and chose a spot somewhere in the middle.

I quickly glanced at both sides and was treated with soft dicks in all shapes and sizes. I was amazed to see that Danny, the kid who had skipped a grade, was far from the smallest out here. He still had a boyish body, but his dick sure wasn't. He still had some growing to do, and he'd probably end up at the top regarding dick sizes.

One guy, Félix, who was originally from France, wasn't cut like the rest of us. I never saw an uncut dick before, but I knew then and there that I didn't like them that much.

If I compared my body with the rest of the guys, I was one of the best looking and with a more than above average dick. At least in my eyes, I was. I was amazed that Jake wasn't aware of this.

I was shaken from my thoughts when I heard a familiar voice say, "So... you told your sister about me?"

I looked over and saw Brian standing beside me, facing the wall. He didn't look pissed or anything, and I couldn't immediately figure out what his intentions were.

"I answered her questions," I replied blankly.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"She said she grabbed your balls but hardly felt anything. She wanted to know what the deal was."

I let my eyes go down to his crotch and was amazed at how tiny and boyish he looked down there. I smiled and continued, “She wasn’t wrong, so I didn’t lie.”

This caused Brian’s face to go red instantly, and I saw him ball his fists. I was on high alert now, ready to fight. But he backed off when Rob, Zeke, and a few other guys came and stood next to me.

“Keep looking over your shoulder, shitstain! I’ll get you someday,” he grumbled and started soaping up.

“Anytime,” I said, turned off the faucet, and walked back to the lockers.

Walking there naked and with two other naked boys beside me was terrific. When I checked them out as we walked, I noticed they had a little more pubes than me. But my dick was a bit fatter and longer, which gave me more confidence to walk around like this. Glancing around, I knew I could get used to this. But once we were back inside the locker room, everyone acted shyly again and dressed quickly.

Chapter 8

Jake and I arrived at the detention room. Mrs. Clark sat us down in opposite corners, and we had to be quiet for an hour until detention was over.

Brian arrived late and had to sit right in front of Mrs. Clark, who kept looking sternly at him. Time crept by, and about halfway through, Jake looked at me and pulled a bored face. I had to suppress a giggle, which I barely managed. I kept looking at my brother, held up my fist, and let my pinky pop out and wiggled it. This caused Jake to giggle, but he expertly turned it into a cough.

But other than that, detention was uneventful. Brian had to stay for another fifteen minutes because he was late, but we couldn't care less. We quickly headed to the library, which was a ten-minute walk from our school. Jake texted Mom to pick us up there.

We still had an hour or two left before she would pick us up, so we had plenty of time to scroll through old books or digitized documents on the computer there.

We sat down at a table in a corner, and Jake asked, "What are we looking for? Any ideas?"

"Not really. Just a couple of brain farts. That Egyptian scroll we found the other day online. And our brief switchback we, you know, get at the end?" I was whispering, but I still didn't want anyone to know what we did.

Jake looked puzzled at me, but after a few seconds, he said, "Oh, that..."

"Yeah..."

"I wouldn't know what to search for with that, but there's some stuff about the ancient Egyptian civilization in here. Let's start there, okay? And keep your eyes open for other stuff that might be relevant."

We started searching for clues separately, and before we knew it, we each had collected a couple of books and articles that we thought could be interesting.

After studying them together, we weren't that much wiser. Jake had found an article about an alien abduction in South Carolina where the man and woman claimed to have switched bodies. But it didn't seem that believable, and neither of us remembered anything about being in a spaceship or something. But at least it was a lead.

Jake also found an article that described tests with psychedelic drugs where some people reported the same results. Also not really relevant since neither of us ever did drugs. But maybe we accidentally ate something with some of that stuff in it.

Two documented cases of pharaoh kids loosely described the swapping we had experienced. These were written by the pharaoh's doctors and explained how the kids acted differently all of a sudden. Since this was the only historical thing we found that was even remotely close to what was happening to us, we focused on these stories.

"But we're not in Egypt!" Jake said as I read about the other case we found.

"No. We're not. But hear me out here. There's talk about a lunar eclipse, or 'dark period during a bright night', as they call it. I assume they mean an eclipse with that. But then again, he also describes how the strange behavior was gone after they married!"

"There was an eclipse that night..."

I looked at the stunned expression on his face and said, "I know it isn't much to go on, and it probably won't apply to us. But it's literally the only mildly relevant thing we found in this entire library and online."

"Fucking hell..." he mumbled.

"Look at it this way: these Egyptian brothers and sisters frequently had to marry each other if the pharaoh wanted it. Imagine that..." I giggled.

"That would be awkward, yes," Jake replied and started smiling.

"Come on! I'm not THAT bad!" I said, acting offended.

"No! No, you're not. But still...it's a bit hard to explain these days, don't you think?"

“Yeah, it would,” I laughed softly, “But we also need to keep an open mind about the alien and psychedelic drug story. I know it isn’t believable, but still...” I said, trying to keep all our options open.

“And there’s this short article about these mushrooms...” Jake said, pointing out the least plausible option.

“True. Not likely, but still an option, and I think it’s on the psychedelic drug pile of options,” I said as my phone buzzed. “Mom’s here in fifteen minutes.”

We gathered our books and articles and quickly returned them to their original spot. The idea that we couldn’t really pinpoint our condition to anything concrete frustrated me immensely.

After dinner, we excused ourselves. Mom was obviously tired and wanted the couch for herself, which we didn’t mind at all. Our excuse for having to do homework was enough for our evening together to end.

When we entered my room, I cleared the desk and placed the document I had copied on it. We checked them again, and I could feel Jake opening up to the idea of the Egyptian Pharaoh kids.

“It says here it stopped after they got married. Did they have some specific ritual or something?” he asked.

“Dunno. Maybe. But I still don’t see the link other than the eclipse,” I said thoughtfully.

“And the... other thing...” Jake said with a wicked smile.

“Right! But no one would write about that. Would they?”

“There is something about having sex while doing shrooms. And it describes an out-of-body experience. Still far-fetched, I admit. But to be honest so is that Egyptian thing.”

“Guess you’re right. And the alien story talks about a lunar and solar eclipse. So that one is also still on the table,” I sighed.

“Damn... It’s complicated, isn’t it?” Jake said with a hopeless look on his face.

I was thinking about the options on the table when a thought struck. I wasn't sure what he'd think about it, but it was worth a shot. So I looked at my brother and asked, "Maybe we should turn it up a notch, don't you think?"

Jake's face frowned up, and he asked, "Uhm... what do you mean?"

I felt myself starting to blush, but I was determined to ask, so after clearing my throat, I said, "Well... up until now, it was just, you know... our fingers. What if we..."

"Have sex!?" Jake croaked.

"Well... uhm... maybe not sex, but more than... just fingers," I timidity said.

Jake thought for a second, then looked disgusted and said, "Hell no! I'm no cocksucker!"

"Oh, shut up!" I said, raising my voice and feeling annoyed, "stop acting like some hard-shelled caveman, and hear me out!"

He grumbled a bit but was smart enough not to go against me.

"We did... stuff... together two times, and both times we briefly switched back. I wanna know if this has something to do with it, and there's only one way to do this without actually having full-blown sex."

"Go on..." Jake said, listening intensely.

"I know you act all tough about it, but I don't mind eating out my own pussy if it ends this fucked up situation. And I'm just as fond about muff munching as you are about sucking cock."

I realized I had my arms folded in front of my chest and that I sounded like Mom when she was mad.

"I... uhh..." Jake stammered.

I felt bad about sounding so mad, so I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "I'm not mad or anything. I just want this to be over. And I think we've got to try what this does. The alien abduction thing is probably a dead-end, and since Mom and Dad are from Turkey, I'm not too sure if that

Egyptian story will help us. And the shrooms? Not sure if we should try that..."

"We don't know that," Jake said blankly.

"What?"

"If dad is from Turkey. Mom never said anything about him."

I thought for a second and had to give this to him. "You're right. We don't know that! We'll have to talk to Mom tomorrow. But for now, just get naked and lie down. I'm going to eat my first pussy," I said with a mildly disgusted face.

I didn't want to let Jake know I didn't mind this too much. I had always been a bit bi-curious, and Jenna and I even fingered ourselves side-by-side during a sleepover. It was just a strange concept that I'd be eating out my own pussy.

Jake didn't waste too much time and did what I asked. I stripped down to my boxers to be more comfortable, and as I crawled between his legs, I actually felt myself grow horny. I felt a familiar stir in my pants as I let my eyes roam over the naked body on the bed and knew I had another boner. I was starting to get used to this, which wasn't a bad thing, considering everything that was happening.

I could see Jake was excited to get going. His breathing was fast, and his slit was reddish and glistening with wetness.

"Ready?" I asked as my face approached the bald lips with a small patch of pubes above it.

Jake just nodded, and I smelled an intoxicating smell of horniness and fresh cunt juices. I never saw my pussy this close. I tried recording a short video with my phone once, but this was different. Way different!

It was the smell, the movement of the lips, the anticipation of what I was about to do, everything. And I didn't know what to expect when my tongue and mouth got to work. It was almost too much to handle with our hands, but what would happen now?

Not wanting to waste any more time, I moved my head forward and tentatively closed my mouth around the lips. Oh boy...

The tingle I felt when my fingers went to work was nothing compared to what I felt now! My lips felt like hot feathers that were constantly moving around. Between my legs, I felt an intense sensation. Way more intense than before. We both moaned loudly and as my tongue started brushing over his clit, both our bodies shuttered heavily.

“Holy fuck! What are you doing?” Jake’s surprised voice asked.

I glanced up without taking my mouth from his pussy, and just kept going. Jake’s eyes crossed, and his head fell back on the pillow as I started eating him out properly.

I knew my pussy pretty well. I fingered myself enough to know what the good spots were and what ticked my boxes. I figured it wasn’t that much different when I used my mouth. And also, feeling what I did with my mouth between my legs made it both easier and hotter.

At first, I lapped away on the outside and over his lips. But I gradually moved my tongue between the lips and brushed ever so lightly over his clitoris. When I first touched it, I almost passed out from sensory overload.

This was masturbation on an end-boss level! I felt every action my mouth and tongue did on Jake’s pussy, directly on my own body. As I lapped away and focused more and more on his clit, I was treated with gushes of cunt juices every now and then.

I was afraid I’d hate the taste and smell of it, but the exact opposite was true! It was an aphrodisiac to me, and I wanted more each time I swallowed some.

Above me, Jake was having trouble keeping his head together. He moaned uncontrollably, and the words that came out of his mouth were incoherent. His pelvis gyrated so much that I had to use my hand to steady him.

But I had to admit that I was also in a place of my own. My mouth and tongue were on fire, and the feeling between my legs was like nothing I had ever felt before. I knew I was getting close, and I had an ‘I must cum NOW!’ vibe over me.

I started focusing entirely on his clit with my tongue and started rubbing my fingers through his slit to let him know I was there. As another flow of juices filled my mouth, and the tingle started spreading all around my crotch, I pressed two fingers at his entrance.

By all the fingering I had done already, I knew this would do the trick at this point. I could handle two fingers simultaneously, especially when I was so wet, which only enhanced my feelings. So I applied the pressure, and with a tiny bit of force, I inserted my two fingers until they couldn't go any further.

But I wasn't prepared for what happened next. The moment my fingers were in, a big gush of cunt juices filled my mouth, and Jake's pussy firmly gripped my fingers. He grabbed me so firmly that it almost hurt. But the sudden rush of the orgasm was so powerful that I only heard an extremely loud and high-pitched beep in my ears, and white, stroboscopic flashes filled my eyes.

Despite this intense orgasm, I managed to keep licking Jake's clit, which felt more than extraordinary. But between the white flashes, my point of view switched. After the first flash, I was looking through Jake's eyes. After the next one, I was looking at his pussy again. This kept on switching, and it was both freaky and strangely comforting.

The frequency between the flashes slowed down, and because of that, I stayed in each body longer and longer. I even managed to look down between my legs where I saw Jake's face, his real face, that is, coated with cunt juices, looking up at me wide-eyed.

I switched back and forth three or four more times before our orgasm finally died down. I was lying between Jake's legs again, still inside my brother's body. I was a little bummed out by that, but not too much. I just had a universe-scattering orgasm and was still horny as fuck. My dick was twitching furiously, and I felt a wet spot in my boxers from all the precum I was producing.

As I pulled my fingers from Jake's pussy, I heard Jake say my name between his pants. It didn't land immediately, but when he gently pushed against my head, I saw him looking.

“Lie down,” he said hoarsely as he got off the bed.

“What?” I asked, sensing his intentions but doubting if I was correct.

“I wanna know what it’s like. Get naked...”

“Oh...” I said softly, “But I thought you...”

“If it feels even half as good as what we just did, I’ll suck your cock for the rest of my life!”

I crawled onto the bed and made myself comfortable as I was propped up on my elbows, looking down at the upcoming action between my legs. Jake didn’t waste time and started pulling down my boxers. He lifted the waistband, which caused my hard-on to flop down on my belly. A big glob of precum leaked from my piss slit and felt warm on my skin as it slowly seeped into my belly button.

I didn’t have much time to think or do something about it because Jake wasted no time after he pulled off my boxers. He gripped my dick at the base and looked into my eyes as he slowly slid his lips over the tip.

Now that I was on the receiving end of things, I felt more of the action. Maybe it was because I only had to lie down and let Jake do the work, but it immediately felt better than eating Jake out.

I heard myself moan as more and more of my dick slid into my brother’s moist and warm mouth. His lips felt like a tickling ring of fire, and when his tongue joined in on the action, I just had to clamp my eyes shut, and I dropped back on the bed.

As the level of intensity rose, so did the level and pitch of my moans. And judging by the humming I felt on my cock, Jake was also moaning quite heavily. Moments later, his free hand started cupping my balls and started toying with them, as his other hand helped out his mouth by jacking the space his lips couldn’t cover.

Sparks were flying before my eyes, and Jake started picking up the pace. There was absolutely no indication he wanted to prolong or extend this orgasm. He wanted us to come and went for it with all he had.

“Ohhhh... I’m... Jake!” I moaned as my orgasm approached.

But judging by the moans and the added effort, Jake knew exactly what was happening. And this wasn't strange either because it felt exactly the same for me a couple of minutes ago.

My hips came off the bed, and I started sliding into his mouth. He took it like a pro and didn't gag once. When the white sparks began turning into white flashes, and my balls felt like they were about to explode, I knew I was cumming. It took all the willpower I had to keep my eyes open.

When the first spurt left my cock, my vision changed, and I was looking up at Jake's body. I felt his first spurt hit the back of my throat, and I was immediately hooked on the taste of it.

As the second spurt started to come out, I changed back and looked down my body where Jake was sucking on my cock. This was all so confusing and hot as fuck at the same time that I never wanted this to end.

Eventually, seven spurts left my cock, and I switched bodies seven times. I was looking up at my brother's hot, sweaty, and slightly muscular body, his cock deep in my mouth, sucking away. We stayed like this for way longer than expected, and for a brief moment, I hoped we had finally made the switch. But when our surprised eyes met, there was another white flash, and I was back inside my brother's body.

We were panting heavily, and I noticed that the horniness we still felt after me eating Jake's pussy, was ebbing away. Jake licked his lips and crawled up the bed to lie beside me.

"We're onto something here," he panted and smiled wickedly at me.

"We sure are! Best. Cum. Ever!" I said with my best diva accent.

Jake looked at me to see if I was serious, and when I started giggling, he couldn't help himself and joined me. After this post-orgasmic silliness was done, I said, "But you're right. I stayed in my own body much longer this time."

"Maybe we need to... you know..." Jake said, blushing.

"Fuck?" I asked, surprised, realizing he might be correct, but I had never even remotely considered this.

“Well... yeah... I mean...” he said, then dropped back on the pillow, whispering loudly, “Oh! I don’t know!! We need to figure this out because we can’t...”

“No. We can’t,” I said sternly, but it was already clear that a seed was planted.

“I never knew that my cock looked so good up close,” Jake said after a minute of silence.

“Me neither,” I chuckled.

“Didn’t taste like piss either,” he said, indirectly confessing he actually liked what he did.

Now it was my turn for a confession, so I softly said, “I tasted your cum when you... when I... WE came. Can’t say I didn’t like it...”

“It isn’t gay if it’s your own dick, right?” Jake asked with a coy smile as he looked at me.

“Or your own pussy,” I replied, smiling broadly.

“Can I sleep here with you again?” Jake asked as he yawned loudly.

I didn’t respond but pulled the blanket over our naked bodies and cuddled up against my brother.

Chapter 9

“But Mom...” I said when she avoided my question again.

“I don’t know, honey,” she said but was starting to open up a bit more now.

I knew this was the moment to keep pressing for more information. We needed it to find a way to make the final switchback, and Mom wasn’t as defensive as she usually was when the subject came up.

We sat at the table, eating breakfast together. Mom had to work the evening shift, but she thought it was important to eat together as a family as much as possible. Jake had managed to steer the conversation to our dad by talking about how we had an assignment in our science class. We needed to draw a family tree and the relationship we saw between DNA and social upbringing. It was a bullshit story, but Mom bought it.

“You and Dad are from Turkey. So we know we’ve got Turkish roots. But what region was Dad from? And his parents?” I asked.

“Uhm...” Mom started but looked very uncomfortable.

I glanced at Jake, and he shrugged when he saw me looking. But we needed to let Mom talk, so I kept my mouth shut.

“Well... uhm... actually... your dad isn’t from Turkey,” she said and looked very apologetic at us.

“What do you mean? You always said he was!” Jake replied.

“No, I didn’t. But I never denied it either.”

“But... why?” I asked, suddenly very curious about where this story would take us.

“You know Grandpa, right? He’s a bit... I don’t know... arrogant sometimes?”

“Arrogant?” Jake asked, surprised.

“Well, maybe not arrogant. More like... he thinks he’s important. But he considers himself rich and always wanted me to marry another rich guy. He

arranged a marriage for me, but I really hated the guy from the moment I met him. So I needed to find a way out of that. I managed to talk him into sending me to the university in Istanbul to study. The plan was that we'd marry after I finished my education there. This was highly irregular at the time, but after some convincing from your grandmother, he agreed."

She paused and took a sip from her coffee, switching her gaze between us. There were so many things I wanted to ask that I almost exploded. But I managed to keep my mouth shut and let Mom talk.

"In college, I met this amazing guy. Yusuf and I met in the cafeteria. And despite me holding him off a little and giving him the cold shoulder, he persisted and eventually sat at my table. We talked, and he made me laugh. A lot!" Mom said as a smile spread across her lips.

"And then what happened?" Jake asked, obviously just as engrossed in the story as I was.

"He didn't take no for an answer. He kept coming my way, and even when I told him about my marriage after finishing university, he kept talking to me. It didn't take long for me to realize I was falling in love with him, but I never meant for this to happen. I knew I couldn't help myself and tried hard to fight it. There were just too many issues with this, and it would make Grandpa SO mad!"

"What did you do?" Jake asked in the silence that followed.

"I tried avoiding him, but when Grandpa called me one evening and told me that I had proven my point, but that it was now time to stop this 'university nonsense' and that I had to come home, I went over to see Yusuf. He comforted me and told me everything would be alright. All I had to do was find a job to pay for the tuition myself, and my father couldn't do anything about it that way."

I saw Mom's eyes had watered, and she blew her nose. I laid my hand on top of hers and squeezed it gently. "You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to," I softly said.

"No. No, it's okay. It's just... Well... as Yusuf kept holding me in his arms to make me feel safe, I looked into his eyes. Before I knew it, we were

kissing. And that night... I... well... it's probably the night you were made," she softly said, blushing furiously as she looked at Jake.

"Oh wow!" we whispered simultaneously.

"Yeah. Obviously, I didn't know it at the moment. But Yusuf was right. I didn't need my father's approval, nor his money. I was determined to make it work and finish my education. Yusuf lived off-campus in a small apartment and asked me to move in with him. This was a huge deal back then! An unmarried couple living together. But the costs were low, and I knew Grandpa would be mad as hell when he found out. I wanted him to feel that way because he needed to let me live my own life. But we managed to make it work, even though many of my friends back then disapproved."

Mom took another sip from her coffee, and I noticed Jake and I were hanging on to every single word she said.

"When we found out I was pregnant, Yusuf was thrilled! He wanted us to get married and spend the rest of our lives together," Mom smiled warmly and with a slight blush.

"That's great! A lot of guys these days would run away in that situation," I said, trying to encourage her to keep talking.

"I know. But there were two problems. First, Grandpa would never approve of this. That was mostly his problem, but it made me sad nevertheless. But the biggest problem was that Yusuf was an Egyptian refugee. He came to Turkey with his parents when the regime got so repressive that they could hardly live their lives any longer. And Yusuf still wasn't an official Turkish citizen, so a marriage wasn't an option yet."

"Dad's from Egypt?" Jake asked and looked wide-eyed at me, to which I responded with an overly surprised face.

"Yeah. He was one of the nicest people I had ever met, and I couldn't care less about him being a refugee. After you were born," Mom said as she looked at Jake, "he was so helpful and protective! We were a small family in a tiny apartment, but we were happy. I didn't call Grandpa to tell him he had become a grandfather. After he learned I didn't want to come home and

that I didn't need his support, we lost touch. And I wasn't going to be the one to reach out first. You can say we were both very stubborn at the time," she said and smiled apologetically.

"At least now we know where you got it from," Jake said with a big grin as he looked at me.

We all laughed at that. And I had to hand it to him. It was a good one. And quick. But I wanted to hear the whole story, so I asked, "What about school?"

"They helped me out a lot. I only missed a couple of classes and actually managed to finish my third year. Barely, but I managed. But by the time I found out I was pregnant with you," and she looked at me when she said this, "Grandpa had found out what happened. He'd managed to track us down, and he contacted Yusuf."

"Oh, oh..." Jake said dramatically.

"Yeah. At first, Yusuf stood up to him. But two months after Jakeem was born..." she paused for a second.

But before she could continue, Jake caught on and asked, "Jakeem?"

"Yes. Your official name is Jakeem. And yours is Kadya," she said and paused again.

"Holy shit!" Jake said to no one in particular.

"Language!"

"But Mom!" he sputtered.

"I don't care. You don't swear in this house! I never used your real names when we moved here because that would've set you back too much," Mom said, looking at the floor, "But now that everything is out in the open, you two might as well know your real names."

"What happened after he was born?" I asked, desperately wanting to know how this ended.

"Out of the blue, he announced he'd had to leave me. I came home after class one day, and there he was. He was standing in the living room with a

big duffel bag packed with his things. He didn't say why or where he'd go. He kissed me once more, and then he was gone. I never saw him again."

"But... Why?" I asked, feeling tears in my eyes as my mother started crying.

"A couple of years later, I learned Grandpa had paid him money to leave me. Yusuf wanted to return to Egypt and be a real Egyptian instead of a refugee, and this was his way out. At first, I hated my father for doing this. But the longer I thought about it, the more I hated Yusuf for leaving us like this."

"Oh, Mom..." Jake sniffed and gave her a firm hug.

"Thanks, hon," she smiled and hugged Jake back, "The last semester was hard. Thankfully, I had made a few friends, and they helped me out a lot with you guys, so I could study, take exams and write my thesis. The day before my graduation, my doorbell rang, and there were Grandpa and Grandma. Grandpa apologized a lot and was clearly very sorry about being such an old, stubborn idiot. It took us a while to get back to some form of normal, but the fact that he took the first step meant a lot! And I don't hate him anymore," she said with a weak smile.

"That's a hell of a story, Mom! No wonder you didn't wanna talk about it," I said as I also hugged her.

"I should've told you guys way earlier. I'm so sorry!"

"Don't be!" Jake said, "We get it, right, Jakeem?"

"Oh, stop it!" Mom giggled, "The rest, you know. We moved here after Grandpa helped me find a decent job, and the rest is history."

"I'm SO proud of you, Mom!" I said, "You managed to do all this on your own and still give us a great life! You're the best!"

Jake and I hugged Mom firmly, and we had an actual family moment I'll never forget for the rest of my life. But when I glanced at the clock, we had to rush. Thankfully, Mom could drop us off at school, so we were there just in time for our first class.

We didn't manage to talk to each other until we walked over to detention. Jake was taken to a 'big emergency' with Joanne during recess in the girl's room. Apparently, her boyfriend broke up with her, and drama Queen as she is, she said she wanted to hurt herself. I later learned that Jake had a difficult time in there keeping a straight face during all this drama.

So somehow, our friends had claimed us during the day, and now we had to be quick about it.

"I assume we head over to the library again?" Jake said.

I looked at him, smiled, and said, "Duh! I mean... we're basically Egyptians! We need to check it out thoroughly!"

Jake nodded knowingly, and as we entered the detention room, Brian was again nowhere to be seen. Ah, well... not our problem.

Detention itself was uneventful, but my mind kept drifting off to what Mom told us. Dad wasn't Turkish, but Egyptian! That fact alone didn't rock my world. Okay, I was glad I knew about my roots now, but this put our body switch in a whole new perspective! There were two documented cases of something similar in Egypt. And, no matter how hard we looked, nowhere else in the world.

"Brian is so screwed!" Jake said as we left detention.

I looked at him as we left school and headed toward the library. He didn't seem bothered by the story Mom told this morning. So I said, a bit annoyed, "I don't give a shit about that asshole. I just wanna know how to get back inside my body! I miss my tits!"

"You don't have to get mad at me!" Jake said defensively.

I thought for a second and realized he was right. But I was so determined to end this that I picked up the pace as we walked. I looked at Jake as he tried to keep up and said, "You're right! I'm sorry. But now that we know about our Egyptian roots, I just have to know all about that!"

"Oh yeah... almost forgot about that!" Jake sheepishly said.

I looked at him and tried to see if he was serious. He looked serious enough, so I asked, "You forgot? I mean... wow! Are you okay with us being like

this?”

Jake blushed and said, “I’m getting used to it. Of course! I miss my dick and my friends. But honestly, it isn’t bad being you.”

This caught me slightly off guard, and I thought about what he had said. And I felt myself blush as I said, “Guess you’re right. Being you isn’t bad, either. You’ve got a nice body, cool friends, and a nice dick. But I still wanna get back inside my own body, you know?”

“I guess I do too, but it isn’t that urgent to me,” Jake smiled. And as a wicked grin spread across his face, he added, “and the ‘stuff’ we did together was awesome!”

I giggled at this and softly said, “Yeah! We’re good at that together. I never thought I’d eat out a girl. Let alone myself!”

By now, we had reached the library and headed directly to the section where our documents were stored. I grabbed them, and Jake got the book. We spread it all out on a table in the corner where we had some privacy and scrolled through everything again. But this time, we knew some, or most of it, could apply to us. I realized I was reading every word intensely, and so was Jake.

“There!” I said, putting my finger on the words on the page, “It clearly states that the ‘strange behavior’ ended after they got married. It only returned occasionally after that, but they blame that on the moon cycle.”

“So... uhh... Do we need to get married? Jake asked apprehensively.

I looked at him and thought for a second. I knew this could only mean one thing. But I needed to be absolutely sure about it. So I evaded his question and said, “Let’s get to the bus. We’ve got everything we need. I don’t think there’s more in here that can help us. And I need to think about it.”

“Sure!” Jake said, and I was glad he didn’t press any further.

While riding home on the city bus, we managed to sit alone at the back. I was lost in my thoughts when Jake timidly asked, “It isn’t the marriage that makes it go away, is it?”

“No. I don’t think so, bro. Just think about it... What do people usually do on their wedding night...” I softly said and grabbed his hand.

“Yeah... but... Oh boy...”

“I know,” I replied, and we were quiet again.

As we were getting close to our stop, I looked at Jake and said, “Mom won’t be home until ten...”

“I know,” he said, and I found it very difficult to size him up about this.

We got off and walked home in silence. I unlocked the door, and we went inside. I realized that I started to bone up when I closed the door behind me.

“Let’s go to my room,” Jake said without any detectable emotion in his voice.

He walked upstairs ahead of me, and my eyes were glued to his fine-looking ass. I was stiff as a board and couldn’t deny I was getting horny from the idea of losing my virginity. It was weird losing it to my own brother in so many ways, but considering what we’ve done already, it was just a small step.

We stepped into his room, and we just looked at each other. Jake’s eyes went down to my crotch, where my boner probably couldn’t be missed. Jake seemed to be extremely nervous and fragile, and I felt sorry for him. So I softly said, “If you don’t wanna do this, we’ll keep looking for another way.”

Jake looked back at me with the most loving eyes I ever saw, and he replied, “That’s really nice, K. But I want this to be over as much as you do. I’m just... nervous, you know?”

“Yeah... me too,” and in the awkward silence that followed, I said, “But hey! Look at it this way. Even if it is only half as good as the other stuff we did...”

That brought a smile to our faces, and I felt a bit of the tension wash away. But since neither of us made a move, I asked, “How do we do this?”

“I... uhh... do we, you know... get naked and on the bed?” Jake shrugged.

So we did just that. We unceremoniously undressed, lied on the bed next to each other and looked at the ceiling. My dick was throbbing between my legs, and a little precum was oozing out.

“Do we need, like, foreplay or anything?” Jake asked as he turned his head to look at me.

“Dunno,” I said and looked down between my legs, where my dick was sticking up proudly.

Jake chuckled when he also looked down. “Guess not!”

“What about you?” I asked.

“Me neither. I’m sopping wet down there. But I read online about, you know, like... the first time, and they mentioned how foreplay enhances the experience.”

“We’re not going to have sex for the same reason most people do...” I stated and was getting hornier by the minute.

“I know, but...” Jake started.

I decided to get this show on the road and moved over between Jake’s legs. I gently spread them, sat on my knees with my ass on my feet, and looked down at my brother.

“This is SO weird,” I said but grinned widely from anticipation.

“Yeah. Never thought I’d ever say this, but... Fuck me!”

We both burst out into laughter. It was both the nervousness and the idea of losing our virginites, but this took enough of the edge off for me. I scooted forward, grabbed my dick at its base, and pointed it down. By now, it was almost touching Jake’s pussy. We looked deep into each other’s eyes, and barely above a whisper, I asked, “Ready?”

Jake simply nodded, and I could see him swallow. My fingers were trembling, and as if in slow motion, I saw the tip of my dick move toward Jake’s pussy.

The moment my dickhead touched the entrance of Jake’s pussy, something magical happened. In front of me, I saw my body with Jake in it, lying on

the bed, and in a sort of second, slightly blurry image, I saw Jake's body with me in it.

In a reflex, I pulled back and looked at Jake. His eyes were wide as saucers, and I must've looked just as surprised since Jake asked, "You saw that too??"

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed.

"What are you waiting for? Stick it and fuck me!"

Jake was right. Not only did it feel amazing when my dick touched his pussy, but we were definitely on the right track here.

So I pushed my hips forward and was greeted with an overwhelming feeling on my hard cock and double vision in front of my eyes. But this time, I didn't pull back. Instead, I pushed forward and felt my dickhead slide inside the velvety wet sleeve between Jake's legs.

The sensations that were going through me were indescribable. I felt my dick was slowly engulfed by the most marvelous feeling known to men. And at the same time, I felt my pussy being penetrated by a warm, spongy, hot tube of rigid flesh. I was losing my virginity, and I was experiencing it on both ends of the spectrum.

Below me, Jake's eyes were wide, and his breathing was ragged. That's when I realized that my own breathing was just as irregular and low grunts were coming from deep within my throat.

As I looked through Jake's eyes at myself, I absolutely loved how his lean, muscular, and slightly sweaty body was hovering above me. And when I focused on what my own eyes were looking at, I was proud of how sexy my naked body looked with my full boobs and tight belly. At that moment, I couldn't tell which of these two views I liked best.

All I knew was that my hard cock was sliding into my virgin pussy. And it was by far the best feeling ever!

Ever so slowly, I inched forward. Every nerve, bump, and ripple I touched on my way inside was enhanced by a bazillion. We were both groaning and

moaning, and as Jake placed his hands on my hips and urged me forward, I felt another surge shoot through my body.

We locked eyes as the last bit of my throbbing cock slid in. The moment my pubic bone pressed against Jake's clit, we both let out a moan. My balls were touching his ass, and we couldn't be more connected to each other than at that moment. Our bodies merged, eyes locked, and feeling every feeling the other felt.

"Ohh... Fuck!" Jake exclaimed as I held still to get accustomed to the feelings we felt.

"You... aaahhh... feel what I feel?" I groaned.

"I... ohh... I feel... hmm... my dick again! And your... aahhh... at the same time!"

"Should I start... you know?" I managed to say without moaning.

"YES!" Jake said excitedly, followed by, "I mean... if you want to..."

"Oh, I... hmm... want to! Believe m- oohhh..."

I was still sitting up straight, and as I looked down at our merged crotches, Jake gently pulled me down on top of him. I felt his tits press against my chest, and at the same time, I felt his sensitive nipples as they sent tingles across my chest.

By lying down, the angle of my dick had changed, and I pressed harder against Jake's clit. Jake turned his pelvis a little, and this way, I slid in even a little deeper.

Our faces were now close together, and we never stopped looking at each other. Jake surprised me by kissing me deeply, and as his tongue touched mine a second later, I knew we'd remember this for the rest of our lives.

As Jake's cunt rippled over the length of my cock, I couldn't hold back any longer. I broke the kiss and looked at my brother. A barely noticeable nod was all it took. I slowly pulled back, and the rim of my cockhead once again caressed every nerve inside his love canal.

"Oohhh... yes! Ooohhhh... YES!" Jake groaned.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” I heard myself grunt.

By feeling both sides of our first fuck, I knew exactly when to stop pulling back. The difference in temperature on my juice-covered cock between inside and outside was surprisingly pleasant but a bit unexpected. But this didn't last long as my primal urge took over, and I slowly inched back inside.

Another grunt came from both of us as I mashed my groin against Jake's clit again. But this time, I didn't wait. I immediately pulled back and back in again. It was still at a slow pace, and I noticed Jake's eyes lost their focus.

I felt something big well up inside my body. I knew it had to be an orgasm that was building so fast because of the mutual feelings. But there was also something else. Something deeper.

As I noticed the tingles in my dick and Jake's pussy grow, I started picking up the pace. I pulled out faster and slammed back in harder. Each time I pressed against Jake's clit, a surge of pleasure shot through our bodies. And every time this happened, the walls of his pussy rippled over my shaft. And every time, it was more intense.

Our minds morphed more and more into one, and at one moment, I realized that I wasn't the one who was moving my hips. But I did manage to wrap my legs around the body above me.

Holy shit! We switched back into our own bodies! But the moment this realization hit, I was back inside my brother's body, pounding away and picking up the pace. This all wasn't as confusing as it sounds. This all happened very naturally, and we loved every second of it.

But when I felt our orgasm approach like a roaring thunderstorm, Jake grabbed my ass cheeks firmly and kissed me deeply and with such an intensity that it almost took my breath away.

The loud body-on-body slaps obscenely filled the room, and the inevitable was coming our way.

With each slam into my brother, two loud “Aahhh!’s” were added to the slapping sounds. As in a daze, I kept slamming and felt the buildup grow.

But when the white flashes in front of my eyes started, I felt my balls pull up.

I felt my dick kick inside Jake's pussy as spurt after spurt filled his love canal. And at the same time, I felt my brother's warm cum coat the inside of my pussy. Calling this orgasm universe-scattering doesn't even scratch the surface of its intensity.

My cock kept twitching and depositing my cum inside Jake's pussy. The white flashes were so intense that I couldn't see anything. There was only Jake and me and our joined genitalia that gave each other so much pleasure that I almost passed out.

When the flashes started to die down and my vision slowly returned, I knew we had done it. I was looking at Jake inside his own body, and the double vision was gone. I squeezed his tight ass and loved how it felt under my fingers. His still-kicking dick inside my pussy kept triggering my insides. Since my orgasm was dying out, this greatly added to the prolongation of my dying orgasm, and I absolutely loved how this, combined with his lean body on top of me, felt.

"Are you dead?" I chuckled as Jake lay panting on top of me.

"He lifted his head and looked wide-eyed at me. "We did it!" He whispered loudly.

"Yeah... I think so too!" I said and squeezed his ass again.

"Yep. That's my butt," he smirked.

He looked at me, and we both knew what would happen next. I hated the idea of him leaving me, but I was also excited to be myself again. And when he did pull out, and a bit of his cum seeped out, a sad form of emptiness washed over me.

He dropped onto the bed next to me and laid on his back. I turned to face him, draped my arm over his fine belly, and lay my head on his chest.

"There are worse ways to get rid of being cursed like this," I said softly.

"I still can't believe we had actual sex. And that it would feel this awesome!" Jake said and gently caressed my back.

“We should tell Mom,” I laughed, “our fights are definitely behind us. No better way to prove it than by what we just did...”

“Nah... maybe keep this between us,” Jake said all seriously, but the amusement in his voice couldn’t be missed.

“Yeah. Maybe better...”

We lay like this for a couple of minutes. Jake’s dick lay softly on his thigh, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off it. I started to fall in love with it over the last couple of days. But I didn’t want to press or keep talking about this. After all, we didn’t have sex for pleasure...

We went down and ate dinner together. We didn’t bother with clothes since Mom wouldn’t be home until late. We didn’t talk about doing this, but it just happened in a natural way.

When I asked Jake to spend the night with me, just to be sure we wouldn’t switch back, he didn’t hesitate for a second. We cuddled up and truly enjoyed each other’s company.

* * *

The following day, I woke up feeling panicked. But when I opened my eyes and saw Jake lying beside me with his morning wood sticking up, I knew we had done it!

Over the next couple of days, we still slept and showered together, but nothing sexual happened. I did catch Jake in his room during homework. He was sitting with his back toward me, and it was apparent he was jacking himself. I sneaked out, waited a couple of minutes, and went back inside. Only this time, I announced my arrival by coughing and humming a song.

Jake had cleaned himself up, and there were no traces of what had happened earlier. But inside my head, I knew I wanted more.

School was back to normal, and I actually enjoyed hanging out with my friends. But when I started hanging out with Jake’s friends, my friends looked at me with stunned expressions. But I was determined to make it work, and after a couple of days, we all hung out together. One of my friends even told me she never knew these guys were so cute and funny.

Turned out that Brian missed the last detention because I wasn't the only girl he tried to molest. But the latest girl he tried it with talked to one of her brothers about it. Apparently, she had a couple brothers who weren't forgiving or gentle. About four or five guys waited for him near his house, and when he drove up to them, they stopped him. He was nearly beaten to death and had to spend over a month in the hospital. The guys who did this were never caught, but Brian missed the rest of the year and had to repeat a grade. Needless to say, we weren't sad that he was out of the picture.

So in school, life was good. But at home, things started to get a bit weird. I didn't want to talk about it with my brother, but I wanted to have sex with him again. This time, I wanted to know how it felt to be fucked by his gorgeous cock. But I didn't dare to bring it up.

Jake also acted weirdly around me, and I didn't know why. We weren't fighting. Far from it! He was really sweet and thoughtful and helped me out whenever he could. But he started sleeping in his own room and didn't walk around naked anymore. So I also stopped doing that, even though I liked it tremendously.

One evening, when we were lounging on the couch during one of Mom's night shifts, I had to get it out of my system. And as I was thinking about a way to bring it up, Jake timidly asked, "K? Can we do it again?"

I immediately knew what he meant, and I slammed my body into his, hugged him tightly, and kissed him passionately on his lips.

"I was thinking about a way to ask you this myself!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"I wanted to do this from the moment we first did it," Jake said as he blushed furiously.

"Me too! But then... why did things get weird?"

"Dunno. I thought you didn't want to anymore. And I didn't wanna force myself, you know?"

We practically ran upstairs, and before I knew it, sparks were everywhere in front of my eyes, and Jake's magnificent cock was sliding back inside of me.

We had another mind-blowing fucking session. But when we climaxed, I opened my eyes and realized I was back inside my brother's body again.

“Holy shit! We can keep switching back and forth!” Jake excitedly said.

And that's precisely what we did for the rest of our lives. Our lives intertwined with each other, and neither our Mom nor our partners ever realized we did this.

But every time my brother and I had sex, we had the best orgasms. The body switch was a nice plus, and it was funny as hell sometimes. But being fucked by my brother never grew old, and he never failed to make me cum. Ever.

Needless to say, neither of us ever said “I hate you” to one another again!

The end.