

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 21

“Of course not!” I exclaimed, my face an immediate, furious red. “God, Mary, what do you think...”

I trailed off, unsure how to finish the thought.

“Some of us,” I said, as haughtily as I could manage, “have more than a modicum of self-control.”

Mary was unaffected by my attempt at moral superiority. She shot me a wicked look.

“But you were tempted, weren’t you?”

“No!” I hissed, a little too defensively. “I’m...I’m straight. You know that.”

Mary’s hand ran down my body – Belle’s body. Even through my daughter’s clothes clothes, even though I’d just brought her body to a powerful orgasm, I felt tingles run down Belle’s spine at the touch.

“You’re in the body of a straight girl, honey,” she said gently. “You might like women, but Belle likes men.”

I cursed at how easily Belle blushed, as my mind was flooded with the memory of what I’d been doing just a few minutes earlier. Of what I’d been thinking about.

“But I’m straight,” I repeated, as if it meant anything. I’d just gotten off while fantasizing about my own body, using Belle’s hands to cum while imagining being fucked by a cock.

By my own cock.

“Completely straight?” she asked, and I was so distracted that I didn’t notice the wicked tone in her voice.

“Of course,” I said quickly, desperately. I could feel how hot Belle was between her legs; her flush was not localized to her face.

“Great,” she nodded. “Then it won’t be a problem to keep Belle’s virginity intact.”

“Right.” Belle’s voice was hoarse, slightly ragged. It was too easy to imagine Morris fucking me as hard as he could, filling me to the brim. Using my daughter’s body for his pleasure, the body I’d sworn to protect.

It was too easy to imagine how good it would be feel. To be *used*. To be fucked, taken like a sex doll.

To cum around his cock, again and again and again...

“Great,” Mary smiled.

“Great,” I said in response.

Mary’s hand was still on my back; she pulled me in closer so she could whisper something in my ear, soft enough that if either of our kids came back, they wouldn’t hear it.

“So if you’re still into women, there’s nothing stopping us from having sex.”

I choked, and my eyes went wide. I had to clear my throat twice to force words out.

“W-what?”

“Nothing’s stopping us from having sex, sweetie,” Mary said again. Her hand was still on my back, and it moved slowly, suggestively down to the curve of my ass. Belle’s ass. Belle’s perfect, firm ass. “If you’re completely straight, then there’s no reason we can’t make love...”

I pulled away and faced my wife. She looked beautiful – as always – but there was a hunger in her eyes that I’d never seen before.

No, that’s not true. I’d seen it once before, when she was in the body I was in now. When she’d been the one inhabiting Belle’s body, she’d looked like this.

Hungry. Horny. *Insatiable*.

“Why the hell would we do that?” I asked, my voice a shrill shriek. Mary shushed me, putting one finger to our daughter’s plump lips.

“You know I’m bi,” she stated matter-of-factly. “I didn’t know until last year. And you know I’d never cheat on you...”

“Mary...”

“This might be my only opportunity,” she said, moving even closer. Her body was pressed against mine. Against our daughter’s. It was all too easy to imagine what this would look like, from the outside: my wife was still attractive, and Belle was a teenage goddess. Their bodies, pressed against each other. It was all too easy to imagine it going further, to imagine taking Mary up on her offer... “I can have sex with my husband, while also being with a woman. It’s perfect.”

It wasn’t perfect. It was disgusting. It was *incest*.

Belle’s body was flooding with adrenaline, and I didn’t trust myself to react without exploding.

Ben could never hear this conversation. And my daughter – in my body – could *never* hear this conversation. If she knew, if she suspected, even for a moment...

I took a deep breath and forced myself to calm down. When I was sure I wouldn't shout, I started speaking in measured tones.

"We can't do that, Mary," I said as softly as I was able.

"Why not?"

"Why not??"

Again, I forced myself to stop, to take a breath. Again, I resumed as quietly and calmly as I could.

"Because we can't, that's why not!" I hissed. "Because it would be wrong. Because it would be sick."

"More sick than what we did last year?"

Belle's fists were balled, and I could hear her heartbeat in her ears. How dare she throw that back in my face?

"I never wanted to do that, Mary!" I reminded her. "That was for Belle!"

"So is this," she said, returning her hand to my back. Belle's back. I was too focused on not losing my shit (Belle's shit?) that I didn't even try to shake it off. "I know what it's like, honey. You need release. You need to be touched...to touch..."

"No I don't!" I snapped. "Maybe you couldn't handle it, but I'm stronger than you! I'm...I'm..."

"Uh..."

We turned to see that Ben had returned, and had heard me – or, from his point of view, his sister – shouting at his mother.

"What's going on?"