

Head to Head

Holly and Ben's girlfriends are 'old friends' with a shared interest in body magic. What starts as a friendly ping pong game ends up having some much bigger implications than either of them were anticipating.

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Ping Pong

It started just with a game of Ping Pong. I was talking to this guy named Ben. My name is Holly. We were at a party, and there was a table on the porch. I guess we both glanced at it at the same time.

"So do you play?" said Ben, picking up a paddle. He gave me a look that, in retrospect, was probably intended flirting. I'd looked a bit past it since both he and myself had brought our girlfriends.

"Had a table growing up," I said. "And two older brothers."

"I bet you're pretty good then," he said.

"Good enough to beat some rando at a party."

"A rando, huh?" he returned with a smug huff. "Well it's on now."

I smirked back at him. The competitive side of me doesn't come out that often, but when it does, I've never had trouble getting in the zone.

"Sure," I said, picking up a paddle myself. "You can even serve."

We played a game. He was not bad. Not as good as me. But he was still very lucky – he kept trying stupid shots and changeups that barely worked out. I was still able to stay a few points ahead the whole game.

It wasn't my best game either. I was rusty to start out, and knew I just needed to get some touch back. In the second half of the game, I started to feel it again.

Near the end, we were joined by both my girlfriend Cassie, and Ben's girlfriend Anna. While Ben and I had only met that evening, they both knew one another rather well, and Cassie had not-too-subtly hinted she was a former fling of hers. And while I was focused on the game, they seemed to have a conspiratorial vibe between them. There was a lot of trading looks and giggling.

Then, I won. All was as it should be. I high-fived Cassie, and Ben and I bumped fists. I was about to head back inside when...

"You lost?" said Anna, mockingly towards Ben. "At ping pong?"

"Sure I lost *once*," said Ben defensively. "I took it easy on her."

"Easy?" I shot back, taking a pull of my beer. "Maybe I took it easy on you."

There was another look I caught between Cassie and Anna.

"Best two of three," said Ben.

"You're on," I said.

"You should put something on it," suggested Anna.

Ben and I didn't say anything but both shrugged.

"Lisa's got the head-chopper inside," said Cassie, cheerfully. "What about –"

"Head to head!" finished Anna.

I looked at Ben. He looked at me.

"Okay," said Ben, with apparent indifference.

"Wait," I said. "To make sure I understand – you're saying the loser gets their head chopped off with magic..."

"And the winner," continued Anna. "Gets to have the loser's head as a trophy."

I traded a look with Cassie. She grinned at me.

In the couple months Cassie and I had been dating, she'd introduced me to two things.

One was cute boys. I'd always favored cute girls a bit, and found that I had an easier time flirting with them. But there was absolutely some novelty to cute boys, and sometimes Cassie would bring one home for some fun. And as I'd discovered, cute boys had an additive quality.

The other thing was body magic. To tell the truth I'd always loved watching it, but never had much experience with it before meeting her. Generally this meant, on a night in together, one of us might be missing our arms and legs while the other got to have their way with them. A few times we'd gone 50-50 and both gotten split in half at the waist.

Body magic was something I was getting to enjoy more and more. And as memory served, that was also where Cassie knew Lisa. So it would follow that Anna, and also Ben were...

"You good with this?" I said, with a smirk to Cassie.

"He's cute," she said with a smile. "Why don't you win his head for me."

I started to serve.

Tied Up

"Uh oh," said Cassie, through a clenched grin.

"Ugh," I said. "He got lucky."

"If you say so," said Cassie.

I took a sip of beer.

"I like my head," I said, with a sarcastic sigh.

"Don't lose then," said Cassie. "Instead just picture you and me, with his head eating us out—"

"Shh—" I interrupted, embarrassed. "We can't just make him—"

"He'd be a trophy!"

"And that means if he won and I—"

I found myself almost reaching for my neck.

"Well, if you don't want to be his trophy then—" Cassie looked away and shrugged. "Win."

I looked back over to Ben across the table. He returned a goofy smile, then drew his thumb horizontally across his neck.

Then I lost.

Worse, it wasn't even close. I was embarrassed. Hustled. Ben kept doing stupid stuff, but this time he was nailing *everything*. Behind the back trick shots. Spin moves. Dinky double bounces. Left handed nonsense. Then he brought out a new scorching fast serve.

It wasn't even that I played badly. I was just *beaten*.

As I set down my paddle, I wasn't sure if that made it better or worse. Ben and Anna high-fived. And Cassie wrapped an arm around my shoulder.

"Well," she said. She shrugged.

"Yeah," I said. I looked across at Ben, who approached offering a handshake.

"What the fuck dude," I said, shaking his hand.

"Played for my college club team," he said with a shrug. "Guess I left that part out."

"My fault for blasting you as a rando," I said.

"We don't have to settle with the trophy thing," said Ben, apologetically, as I took his hand. "I mostly just wanted to play a game..."

"Ben," I said, pointing with my free hand. "I know we just met tonight, and that I get competitive, but I am not backing down from this. My head—"

I framed my face with a circling gesture.

"—Is now your trophy."

"Okay then," said Ben. He finalized the handshake with a solid up and down.

The Trophy

I could feel my face getting hot. Being locked in the stock of Lisa's head chopper was embarrassing enough – I was on my knees, for starters, with my hands locked to the sides of the thing. Looking upwards was uncomfortable, but I could still see other people from the party, whispering to each other as more people mingled around.

For bedroom reasons I was a bit familiar with scenarios like this. And like I mentioned, Cassie had shown me around the world of magic a bit. But in public at a party? Not as much.

I'd also never been beheaded before. In some circles that would seem to go without saying. Here it was probably more rare to find someone who hadn't. Cassie and Anna had already had an in-depth analysis of *where* to cut my head off, and how much neck to leave, a discussion I'd never contemplated could exist before (they'd settled on halfway).

My stomach was full of nerves, both for being the center of attention and trying to imagine what the rest of the night was going to be like. If Ben or Anna's inclinations

were anything like Cassie's, it probably meant giving a lot of oral pleasure. Which didn't sound that bad to me...

"Are we all ready?" I heard Cassie's voice over the noise of the party. I looked up awkwardly at her knees.

"Ben should be the one to do it," said Anna.

"Yeah, and then Lisa has the magic wand for the spell. Just one quick thing," said Cassie.

She turned and crouched down to face me, her face a couple inches from mine.

"Hey," I said, trying to blow some hair out of my face.

"Hey," said Cassie, helping me with the stray strand. She pulled the rest of my hair through the stock and tied it up for me.

"You ready?" she said.

"Sure, I guess so."

"Good. Also—"

She stopped to kiss me hard.

"—This is really, really hot for me," she finished.

"I kinda like it too to be honest," I said. "Maybe it's a little public—"

"Don't worry, most of the people here have done worse themselves," said Cassie. "And besides, now I'll be taller than you!"

Then she stood back up. Anna and Cassie both were talking above me but it was hard to follow, then they were backing off to join the other 'spectators'.

I felt a strong grip, presumably Ben's, grab my ponytail.

"Three!" came a countdown, apparently led by Anna and Cassie. So this was really happening.

"Two!" More people joined in. I instinctively was tightening up.

"One!" I waited.

It occurred to me at the moment I felt something on my neck, that this would be the first time I'd tried magic with an actual blade. Cassie always used these 'portal loops' that were ... well, less *physical*. You'd wrap them around your arm or something and they could just separate or fold up one side of the portal.

For a brief moment, I actually felt the chopper – and there's no better way to put this – *chopping*. It effortlessly slipped through my neck to my throat.

Then, I started to tip forwards. My hair tightened up as my head became suspended only by it. And I couldn't feel anything else.

My perspective swung around wildly as I heard clapping, and woos from the party. Lisa stopped briefly in front of me, tapping me on the forehead with a wand. Ben lifted me up high, and I caught glimpses of people looking at me as they returned to their own conversations.

"Hold her up for me, I need a picture," said Anna.

Then I was held up facing Anna, who snapped a photo on her phone.

"That expression is perfect," said Anna, making direct eye contact with me. "How are you doing?"

"I don't think I've ever felt this helpless," I said, with a bit of a nervous laugh.

"Hard to be more helpless than only a head," said Anna. Then to Ben, she added, "Could you do one where you're holding her by the chin under your arm?"

Ben tucked me to his chest like a football. I'd never felt so *small*.

"And let's get one together with Cassie and Holly too," said Anna.

That's when I realized it – I hadn't even considered – *there was my body*.

The rest of me. Arm in arm with Cassie. With no head. My hands were obsessively inspecting my empty neck, with what looked like a blissfully unaware body language.

"Oh my god," I said. Then I just gawked.

"That's perfect!" said Anna, snapping a photo. "She's so cute when she's like looking shocked like that."

I realized she was talking about me, as Ben, Cassie, and my body were shuffled into a side by side pose for another photo. It was like I was being ... not ignored, but ...

"Do you have the HoloHead thing?" said Cassie.

"Oh right, it's in my purse," said Anna. She got out a black disc and handed it to Cassie. It had a look similar to the portal loops that Cassie and I had experimented with before – at least it had the same black expensive plastic paneling.

I watched as Cassie fitted the thing onto my neck, like a cap over the stump. And then...

She turned it on. A light on the front of it turned green.

A ghostly hologram of my head blinked into view right above the black cap thing. It looked surprised, gawking openly as did I.

"Oh!" I heard a vaguely synthetic sounding version of my own voice. "I'm ... back?"

"Hey Holly," said Cassie, with the over the top sultry tone she used to flirt. "I'd kiss you, but you uh, don't have a head anymore."

"Yeah I know, that was so wild," said my virtual head. "I didn't think I'd like it as much, but it was just so ... peaceful."

My body seemed to look away, maybe catching a reflection in the window. Experimentally, she passed her hands through the image.

"Am I like... a hologram now?"

"It's called a HoloHead," said Anna. "Mostly like having a head, except you can't smell or taste stuff I guess. Figured we could lend it to you since, you know."

She nodded over to me.

Our eyes met. Mine with the hologram of my own. Record scratch moment in the conversation.

"Oh shit," said my HoloHead. "It's my uh— well my former head."

"What's up," I said, rather meekly.

"Here," said Ben, offering me out to ... myself. "I'm going to grab another beer."

And so I was handed off. To my own body.

"This is weird," I said.

"What is?" challenged my HoloHead.

"Uh, I'm talking to my own body?"

"Not really," said my HoloHead. "I mean, you don't actually have a body."

To demonstrate, I was tossed briefly into the air and caught again.

"Yeah, good point," I said. "But you – you were my –"

"Second of all," continued my HoloHead. "You're a trophy now, which means you belong to Ben, so ... I wouldn't even be your body if you had one."

Ever lose a debate to your own body? I have.

"Right," I said. "That uh, makes some sense."

Another thought occurred to me.

"Also that means," I said, squinting at her. "You're actually still Holly and I'm ... not."

"Yeah," said Holly, nodding her HoloHead. "You're right. I definitely still feel like Holly to me."

"And I'm ... a trophy?"

"You are," said Holly.

"I'm a trophy," I restated, more positively.

"What's it like?" asked Holly. "Give me a trophy's point of view since we, you know —"

She drew a finger across her empty neck, momentarily disrupting the image of her head.

"Well," I said. "It's absolutely the most helpless and small I've ever felt. And it's kind of dawning on me now that I'm not really a person as much as a like, sentient piece of property."

"Sounds kind of hot," said Holly. "To be honest."

"To be honest it is," I said. "What about you? What's this uh, like?"

"Well," said Holly, "At first it was like ... like when my head was ... I guess when you were chopped off, it was like suddenly no sound or light or anything. Just ... me. Here. And the feeling of touch. Just that taking up the same space as all those other senses. And honestly, it was like really relaxing and peaceful. And I was just kind of lost in that world for a while, it was hard to even notice how much time passed."

"It was maybe like a minute," I said.

"Sure, makes sense. Also," she continued. "It's weird to even say this, but you don't notice how much your head like weighs, until it's gone. Like even now my neck and shoulders just feel so – easy."

"Then," she continued, "When they switched on this HoloHead thing, it all came flooding back, but ... more. This thing is kind of awesome, by the way. I think I'm like ... hooked up to Cassie's phone and it's like it's giving me all this data right into my consciousness."

Holly tapped at the cap on her neck.

"So it's like the internet inside your brain," I said. "Except... You don't have a brain."

"Nope," said Holly. "Guess you're right about that."

"Well what are you thinking with?"

Holly's HoloHead smirked at me.

"What do you think I'm thinking with," she said. "Now that my stupid head's gone, the ass and tits are in charge now."

"Hey!" I said. I was trying to think of a better comeback but I couldn't think of one.

"Oh look, it's Ben!" said Holly brightly. "And he's got a beer for me, which I'm not sure what I'll do with but— thanks!"

The two of them carried me, and their beers, over to a free space on a couch. I was set down in Holly's lap, facing upwards between her legs.

"Good game," said Ben.

"You two," said Holly.

They clinked their bottles.

"Where do I..." Holly gestured around her HoloHead.

"Uh," said Ben. "I think it has like a funnel or something? I only tried it this one time, though."

"Okay well," said Holly. "You can funnel me with beer later then, but I was going to say—"

She set down her beer on the floor, then picked me up.

"Not that you'd need my permission, since this is now your trophy, but you have my full permission – endorsement even – to make my head suck your dick."

"What?" I said.

Ben laughed. "Oh, um, thanks," he said, briefly meeting my eyes.

"And don't let the fact that I'm mostly a lesbian slow you down here," said Holly. "Like I can't promise this head's any good at blowjobs, but you can definitely like, come on my face or something."

"Is she always this crude?" Ben asked. I realized, for the first time since he'd taken me as a trophy, he was actually talking to me.

"I think her lady-bits are a bit excited by all of this," I said.

"That is ... undeniably true," said Holly.

"And since she's got no head now," I added. "There's like not a filter any more."

"That adds up," said Ben. "Well I will uh, take that into consideration."

His eyes met with mine, for a lingering moment. I could tell what he was wondering.

"For the record," I said. "I agree with Holly."

"Really," said Ben, with more of a smile. "Uh, well I knew that Anna was also pretty excited about this too."

"Same goes for her, obviously," I said. "I mean, I'm your trophy, so ... I kind of feel like it'd be the most appropriate thing."

"And," added Holly, "It's absolutely what I would have done with your head."

"Well Holly," said Ben. "I appreciate your candor."

"You know," said Holly. "Speaking of things that make me horny, where did our girlfriends get to?"

HoloHead

"There," said Cassie, "That size is perfect I think."

"I can't believe you fucking muted me," I said.

Well, I tried to say it, but I wasn't sure if she even noticed.

See, the first issue was – I was muted. Instead the words appeared hovering in the air like subtitles.

The larger issue was that my head – my *new* head – was entirely controlled by Cassie's phone. And now that we were back home and had relieved some sexual tension, she was starting to mess around with the settings.

I was naked. She was naked. And she'd also just changed my head so the projection was about the size of a tennis ball.

Which, from my point of view, hadn't changed much. I was still 'seeing' out of the camera in the cap of the SubHead (aka Substitute Head), and 'hearing' through the microphone.

But I could see in the bedroom mirror that my 'head' was now ridiculously small.

"Oh wait check this out—" said Cassie. She did something on her phone. "Try and talk now."

"*What did you do?*" I asked. This time a cartoon speech bubble, instead of a subtitle in ugly yellow text, appeared over my head.

"That's perfect!" said Cassie. "Save settings."

She set her phone down and sat up on the bed.

"You know what else is really cool about this thing," said Cassie. "Is it doesn't even need to be attached."

"*What?*" I asked, but she ignored me. Instead she reached to the cap on my neck and just ... removed it.

My point of view went with the small disc in her hands, which she set down on the bed in front of us. I was now looking back at her – and next to her, my own body. Me. Holly, a girl with no head.

"You're like almost the perfect girlfriend now," she said, stroking a finger around the stump of my neck.

"*I'm definitely under your control a bit,*" I said, though she wasn't looking at me to see what I was saying.

"Except I can think of one thing that will make you even better," she said. She lunged for the box on the nightstand. The box with a couple dildos and ... four portal loops.

She held up one of the loops in front of my HoloHead.

"What do you think?" she said. "Ready for a bit more magic tonight?"

"Fuck yeah," said my speech bubble.

She slid the first one around my arm, all the way up to my shoulder. Then she pressed the button until the light came on blue. And then, as we'd done countless nights before, my arm just ... vanished.

The other limbs quickly followed, and the portal loops were then removed. Leaving my body as nothing but a torso propped up on the bed next to Cassie.

"God. Damn." I said, once I saw she'd glanced over to my tiny disc.

"Now this," said Cassie. *"Is a fucking girlfriend."*

She drew a single finger from my nipple down to where my left leg was missing from my hip. I shuddered. I watched myself shudder.

"And," she continued, leaning over to pick me up, *"Your head said that was the most helpless she'd ever been, but I kind of think you might be beating her right now."*

I didn't bother trying to reply, since it didn't seem like she was looking at my words anyway.

"Especially," she continued, *"Because I'm about to turn your HoloHead off."*

She leaned over and picked me up, now finally turning me to face her.

"So I want to give you a good look at yourself."

She stood up to her knees and held me up above my helpless torso. I could see my chest slowly 'breathing' and realized it didn't make a lot of sense why.

Click. Save. I had figured out how to take a screenshot. After all I was looking through a camera.

"And," she said, *"Speaking of your head, I just got this pic from Anna."*

She did something on her phone. Suddenly I could see three pictures, floating in my 'minds eye' or whatever it was.

The first was of Ben. Pants pulled down. His trophy between his legs, doing exactly what I told him to do with it.

The second was an up close shot, my head's eyes locked on the camera. A dick – and only a dick – was shoved all the way into my mouth. The thing was ... well... Ben was not attached to it.

Then there was a final shot. My face. Mouth open. Cum dripping out.

"*HOLY FUCKING SHIT*" said my tiny speech bubble.

"I know right?" said Cassie. "I didn't know Ben had a detachable dick, but that's quite interesting..."

For a brief moment, she showed me the small vibrator. The usual means of teasing one of us when they were missing their limbs.

Then, my head was turned off.

Vision. Hearing. Gone.

All I could feel was my body – what was left of it anyway – not more acutely aware than ever of the cool air from the ceiling fan on my bare tits, the cotton comforter bunched up underneath me, how I was getting a little bit too hot down there...

And with it came the overall feeling of bliss that I'd experienced right after losing my head and before the HoloHead had been linked up. A feeling of just how right this felt. A feeling of just – *of course, of course, of course* – on repeat.

Helpless. Completely. Helpless.

And also so completely *myself*.

As I felt the vibrator start, it occurred to me that Holly the Headless Girl had a nice ring to it too.

Histories are Revealed

"Oh my god Ben," said Anna, her eyes locking with mine. "This really suits you."

"You think so?" I said, grinning back at her nervously.

She nodded enthusiastically. Good, I thought. I like when my girlfriend is happy.

"How do you like it?" she asked.

"It's nice," I said. "It's ... different. I feel like ... well, kind of feminine."

"You *are* kind of feminine," said Anna, excitedly. "You've got a girl's head."

I looked back at myself in the mirror. I had Holly's black hair. Holly's hazel eyes. Even spoke with Holly's slightly squeaky voice.

"Yeah," I said with a smile. "I've got a girl's head."

"You've got a girl's head!" restated Anna.

She grabbed me and started to make out. My mouth even felt different. Tasted different.

That part made sense though. Given what we were up to maybe fifteen minutes ago.

"It's also kind of weird that I'm Ben now," I said. "Like not to me as Ben, but to me as Holly's head."

"The first time you trade heads with someone it's kind of a mindfuck," said Anna.

"Like I remember everything clearly right after this head was cut off," I said. "But before that it's sort of like a dream I had last night."

"Speaking of, what do you think of those two?"

"Holly and Cassie?"

"Yeah."

"Well, Holly's head is pretty great," I said, smiling at her through the mirror again.

"Of course it is, but she doesn't have one now," said Anna, with a twisted grin.

"Yeah," I said. "Well, why do you ask?"

"Well before we started dating, and before they started dating, Cassie and I used to..."

She bit her lip and looked sideways.

"Hook up?" I finished.

"You could say hook up," said Anna. "You could also say we—"

She gestured back and forth a bit.

"Traded around a few things."

"Like what?" I said, with a mix of interest and surprise. This was news to me. News to me as both Ben and Holly.

"Well," said Anna. "At one point or another, we've tried on pretty much everything from the other, but currently—"

"Yes, what parts of you are currently Cassie's."

"My tongue," said Anna, holding up a finger.

"Your *tongue*," I said.

"Yes, you've technically been making out with a lesbian tongue all this time," said Anna. "Also our feet, but that was more because she was lending me these shoes and then we just never switched back."

"Tongue and feet," I summarized. "Is there more?"

"Uh, sort of – this ones a bit weird, but you know my drapes don't match the curtains?"

"You traded pussies," I summarized.

"No actually we traded hair color," said Anna. "Like honestly, I have tried it though, and we likely wouldn't be actually dating if I had it, because all I wanted was other girls..."

"Well," I said. "This has been educational in like ... a lot of ways."

"Are you mad at me," said Anna, with uncertainty.

"Why would I be mad," I said. "You're like ... some of my head's girlfriend too."

"Well, I just was never sure how to bring it up. You know my tits used to be Jennifer's too."

"You told me that on our first date actually," I said.

"Right, well, just want to get it all in the open I guess," said Anna. "But anyway—"

She grabbed me. Well, she grabbed my dick.

I heard a soft 'pop' from the detachable mod pulling free. Pro tip for those wondering – girls seem to love a detachable cock. If you can find a way to mention it in casual conversation, usually the curiosity outweighs the creep factor.

"You think this guy is ready for another round," said Anna. "I want to hear that new feminine moan of yours."

Redux

"So they're coming over here, and we're going to trade back? Is that the plan?"

I was on the couch in our living room. Same status as before – absolutely limbless and headless – except my HoloHead was back on my neck. I was also unmuted so I could once again 'talk'.

Cassie had not bothered to dress me, and herself was wearing only a sports bra and some baggy basketball shorts.

"That's roughly the plan," said Cassie, not looking up from her phone. "Part of it anyway."

"What's the rest of it?" I asked.

"What are you so interested in plans for?" asked Cassie.

Time to spill the cards, show the beans, and mix some other metaphors.

"Do you think they'd be okay if we ... kept on borrowing this HoloHead?" I said.

"Probably," said Cassie, with a smirk in my direction. "Your head would probably have to stay as collateral though."

"I'd be very okay with that," I said.

"Well," said Cassie. "We can ask when they get here."

"Can't you just text her? What if they come all this way and we're just like 'nah.'"

"All this way' – look they live like ten minutes from here. But also, that's not the only thing they're coming for."

"What's the other thing?"

"Would you trust me if I said you'll like it?" said Cassie.

"Can you give me a hint?"

"Well," said Cassie. "You remember all that stuff I told you about my tongue?"

Cassie stuck her tongue out at me, as a reminder.

"Oh!" I said. "Right, you have a straight-girl tongue."

"That's Anna," said Cassie, with a nod. "Although to be honest, she's not really very straight, just ... straighter than you or me. Like she'll date guys and fuck girls, and I'm like, vice versa—"

Cassie juggled the imaginary issues in her hands.

"So anyway," said Cassie. "That's the context."

"You're getting your old tongue back," I said.

"No," said Cassie, defensively. "I'm just catching you up on our history. This is my tongue now!"

She licked her lips rather theatrically.

"Okay, I guess I get it," I said. Sometimes it seemed there could be no limits to Cassie's libido. Not that I was super far behind her or anything, but damn, that girl gets horny and stays horny.

"Good," said Cassie.

"You're umm..." I figured I knew the answer, so I stopped.

"I um what?" probed Cassie.

"You're not going to put any clothes on me are you."

"Let's make something clear," said Cassie, finally setting her phone down. She got onto the couch next to me her knees, then put her hands on top of my shoulders, looming over me.

"I know what a little perv you are," she said, freely starting to fondle me. "And I know what kind of stuff you like. So let's just put this all out there."

She twisted a nipple slightly.

"You're fuck-girl status right now," she said. "You don't have any arms, or legs. And your head is—"

She raked her fingers through my face, causing it to flicker.

"Your head is fake," she continued. "Whether you even have a head is up to me to decide, as is when you get your limbs back."

"Shit this is hot," I mumbled, arching my back to press my boob into her hand.

"I mean," said Cassie. "Your head is quite literally Ben's trophy right now, making you essentially *my* trophy. And so, yes, I'm going to show you off to my friends. You're basically just property."

"Now," she continued, "When my fuck-buddy Anna gets here, we're going to catch up on things, and I think I'll probably just suggest Ben make himself at home here. I suppose you can work out with him whether you'll be getting your head back or not then."

Cassie's phone vibrated.

"Oh look," she said, picking it up. "They're outside."

She left me there, panting on the couch, while she answered the door.

"Heyyy!" I heard Anna say, as they greeted each other. For a moment both of them were talking quickly at almost the same time, and being that the couch faced away from the front door, I was having a hard time following stuff.

"She's over there," said Cassie, finally clearly. "I'll get some beers."

"What's up girl," said Anna, now finally coming around the couch. Under her arm was a cloth tote bag. I didn't see Ben and realized I also hadn't heard his voice.

She stopped short and her eyes scanned me over. Her expression grew into a lusty grin.

"Oh wow," she said. "You're really something."

"Thanks," I said, returning her smile.

She sat down next to me, unsoldering her bag. Her hands seemed to rise towards me almost beyond her control.

"Um," she said. "May I?"

"Apparently Mistress Cassie says I'm to be shared," I said, rolling my imaginary eyes.

"Mistress Cassie," said Anna sarcastically. "Don't worry I'll put that bitch in her place."

Her hands began exploring my body freely.

"We had a very nice time with your head," said Anna.

"Thanks," I said. "I was thinking you could um... we could, I mean if Ben wants to, we could still swap, unless you needed this one..."

"Well," said Anna. "That's really more a question for Ben than it is for me. Let's get him out!"

She reached into the bag she'd brought.

And she pulled him out.

My eyes met his, but this was ... well it was all different than the last time we'd seen each other.

For one, that head of his was very familiar. It was one I'd been accustomed to looking at for years in the mirror. At the same time, somehow I instantly recognized it not just as my former but, but as *the head that currently Ben's head*.

Number two, he wasn't much more than a head. He was small enough now that Anna was holding him easily by his pony tail.

"Oh hi," I said, unsure of how to begin.

"Hey," he said, with an awkward smirk.

"You two can hang out for a bit," said Anna. "Talk about ping pong or something."

She set him cheek-down on top of my boobs so he was facing me, then she got up.

Ben's eyes followed for a moment, before returning to look at me. For a moment we just kind of both gawked at each other.

"Well there's not much of you now is there?" I finally said.

"No," he said, with a laugh. "I'm just this head I won off you and..."

He looked down at the rest of him.

"And my dick," he finished.

"Well," I said. "It's quite a nice one, in my opinion."

"Thanks," said Ben with a laugh. "Thanks for letting me uh... hang out on your boobs."

Although he had started at about half-strength, he was quickly getting harder now.

"You know what," I said. "I don't say this to a lot of guys, but, you can hang out on my tits any time."

"Good," Ben laughed again. "Because I can't really go anywhere right now."

"And," I said. "I'd happily oblige you if I had hands or a mouth or something."

"Yeah," said Ben. "If I was more capable of anything myself, I'd also be happy to return the favor."

"So," I said, after another moment, "They planned this didn't they."

"I think it's pretty obvious they did," said Ben.

As if on queue, both our girlfriends started laughing about something in the other room.

"Apparently," said Ben. "Me trying on a female head made Anna nostalgic for some girl-on-girl stuff. That's what she told me on the way over here."

"I figured it'd be as much," I said. "I got the fuck-girl talk just before you two arrived."

"So anyway," said Ben. "I guess what we can talk about is ... I heard you because I was in the bag just now, and I'm 100% okay with staying swapped. Only thing I'm not sure about is when Anna has to give back that HoloHead."

"This isn't hers?"

"It's from her work. I gather they're kind of expensive."

"That makes sense," I said. "But also, the main reason I was like ... cool with this wasn't because of the flashy head, it was more because ... I kind of love not having one to be honest."

"Well that'd work out," said Ben.

"And," I continued, "I honestly loved the thought of some dude getting to have it instead. And it's sort of even better that you're just ... well, using it."

"You think so?"

"Hell yeah dude," I said. "I mean, just my own opinion here, but the girlier you are, the more attractive you are to me anyway."

"Well thanks," said Ben with a grin. "I think I'm really enjoying the girly side."

"God damn I wish we could fuck or something," I said.

"You think they'll facilitate?"

"It'd be more on-brand for Cassie to jack you off on my tits and leave me horny and also sticky," I said.

"Maybe I could inch down there with my face," said Ben.

"You'll have to get through my panties," I said. "And besides, at least this way I can see you."

"Sure. Well. I guess we'll just..."

"Yep," I said. "Maybe we can trade stories about the pervy magic shit we've done."

Replay

"Well, time to swap you two," said Anna, pulling out a magic wand from her purse.

"Wait," I protested. "We don't want to—"

She tapped me on the nose, then tapped Holly on the boob.

Then...

"What the fuck," I said.

I blinked. That was weird to do again.

I looked up from Anna over to Cassie over to Ben.

"Uh, wow," said Ben.

"How did you—" I started, but then I was distracted by a new feeling altogether. One that I'd never felt, despite all the things I'd done before.

"Here's yours," said Anna, picking me up and handing me to Cassie, who grabbed me by my...

Shaft.

Then I was dangling. Upside down. By my dick.

By my dick.

See the confusing part was ... I was Holly now. I know, I know, this can be hard to follow. If it's hard to get through the story here, imagine what it was like for me.

One moment, I was a torso having a conversation with a nice boy on my tits, and then next, I was the same head and dick that that boy was... and he was in my body.

"Do you want getting him in the car?" said Cassie.

"I think he'll just barely fit," said Anna, working the cloth bag she brought over Ben's hips.

"This is so wild," said Ben, making eye contact with me. I finally noticed that the HoloHead had even adjusted to show his 'original' head, which was presumably at their house with whatever remained of his male body.

"Well um," I said. "I guess I'll see you later?"

"Yeah," said Ben, "Whenever we get out of this ... situation we need to ... properly uh... something."

"You two can fuck when we're done with you," said Cassie, stroking me all the way to full strength.

Fuck, I couldn't believe this felt so good.

Anna hoisted Ben onto her shoulder, and Cassie got the door for her.

Then, finally, it was just the two of us.

"Oh my god Cassie," I said.

"Oh my god Cassie nothing," said Cassie.

"What are you talking about? I'm just a head and a dick!"

"So?"

"So... I'm supposed to be your girlfriend."

"And you still are," said Cassie, with a smile.

Then she licked the tip. All I could do for a moment was gasp.

"Okay..." I said. "I guess this isn't so bad."

"Think of it this way," said Cassie. "It's fun having a helpless girlfriend who's basically a pillow, but you're far more ... useful with a face. And one of these."

She slowly pulled all of it into her mouth. And I mean all of it. I'd seen her do it on boys a few times – my own efforts had never been quite as successful – but oh god.

And then she began to actually suck. The feeling was just incredible. The boys she'd done this with were always mind-blown status, but I'd never understood quite why. Now I got it. *I got it.*

I probably made some noises that don't really fit into letters.

Then she pulled me back out again.

"Why'd you stop..." I basically whimpered.

"Cause you're still my fuck-girl," said Cassie, with another teasing fondle. "And that was just a taste of the reward you'll get after I'm finished with you."

"Now," she continued, pulling down her pants. "We'll get to the really fun part."