

My Body's Revenge

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Like most days off, I woke up rather unceremoniously with an eye open, confused for a second at how I got there. Realizing what seemed like an entire lifetime before me was in fact just a dream, I squinted my eyes emotionless and took in a deep breath. I adjusted to my back, rolling my shoulders, gripping the ends of the bed and extended my toes beneath the sheets. I took another breath and rolled over to the side away from the wall. I reached for the phone, exhaling in relief as it slipped from my fingers, only to land again on the end table. 10:20, it was time to get up.

For the warm night, I only had two sheets over me. They hid a nude body from no one but me in my little apartment. Feeling oddly tired, I just threw the sheets haphazardly behind me and crawled out. I plopped my bare feet to the shiny wooden floor and turned to the bed to make the sheets. Just as I reached, I stopped, and stared in shock at the sight below me.

Resting in the center of my bed was a firm, seven inch, erect cock. Balls firm below the shaft. It wasn't one of my sex toys; I knew the sight too well. I'd looked at it my whole life: It was MY cock. I looked down at my nude body. My toes planted on the ground, thighs flexed, and thin chest just as I remembered. But my pelvis was entirely blank beneath my naval. It looked like I was an action figure with a blank

slate! No gore, no sign of surgery... a plane, blank slate, just like my cock was on the bed: perfectly constructed, but no longer part of me!

For a few seconds I just kept darting my eyes between the sights of my empty slate and my anatomy still on the bed. How could it just fall off like that? Did I sleep wrong? Was this still a dream? I pushed my right thumb nail against my index finger to check - and I felt a distinctive pinch, strong enough to remind me that this was the waking world.

I timidly reached forward to the erection on the bed. My hands trembled as though i wasn't sure if I was about to touch a hot stove. My fingers grazed the surface of the shaft. My fingers wrapped around - a motion I'd done at least a few times a week for the better part of several years. I did not sense the touch - only what I felt instead. As I gripped it, confused, wondering if I could somehow hold it back to myself to reattach it, I felt a sudden jolt from the member in my right hand, pushing back at my hand. I dropped it in horror.

My face only went paler as I watched, stepping back at this pulsing groin. Bumps shoved from the sides. It expanded before my eyes, growing with no matter within. I'd never seen my cock at this length, now nearly a foot and growing still. The balls seemed to expand and lengthen, separating from one another. Multiple bumps just appeared at the bottoms. The shaft itself had two gumps suddenly appear from the shaft. The head grew from the shaft, thinning and clearly

separating. The natural pink hue paled to a natural peach-colored skin tone.

Before my eyes, I had watched my own detached cock grow from its erect state... to growing into what appeared to be a mannequin. The faceless figure was at five feet or so in length, lying on its back in my bed. I watched as lumps of its hands and feet grew more detailed. Shapes of a thin set of muscles were defined in the gut. Fingers and toes suddenly separated... and wriggled. Arches of the feet firmed. A nose and mouth opened. As the mouth formed, a pink set of lips grinned and let out a gentle, very familiar groan. A brown burst of hair grew from the head, flowing down, shining to his shoulders much like mine. A pair of hazel eyes opened, rolling over to me. Eyes I'd only seen look back at me in a mirror.

I took another step back. My bare ass was now nudging my computer desk. The figure kept staring at me, grinned, and sat up. I gasped as he stood from my bed - the exact height as myself, holding my breath. I wanted to scream, but something in me felt self-conscious. After all, if someone burst into my apartment to help me, what would we do with a sight as this? Me, looking at an exact replica of myself, yet, both of us were emasculated like action figures.

He was the one who initiated this odd event, perhaps he felt it was also his place to break this silence. "Hello, Erdo," he said in a voice I'd heard evolve my whole life to this day. "Don't worry, it's not a dream at all. I know everything about you, and pretty much how you'd react to me like this. You don't have to say anything

- I've been the silent one my whole life."

Incredulously (as if there was any other emotion to feel), I stared at this talking clone of myself to ask, "And how did you get off of me? C-can you come back and be like you were?" What other way could I even ask such a thing, after all?

He snickered at the question as though I'd genuinely asked what 1+1 was. Those piercing hazel eyes stared back at me, and he spoke with such direction I don't even remember I having. "What? After I took the time to make this happen? You don't get it. I'm tired of it, Erdo. This is the start of a new life for both of us. I'm taking over."

"What are you talking about?," I asked angrily, "And What do you expect me to do, just hide here and give up on my whole life?"

"What, and live the rest of my life without a cock? Without getting to do what YOU'VE been doing with me all this time?" I blushed a bit, thinking back to certain hook ups, or wondering how many times I'd stroked myself. He continued, "Face it, Erdo, you used me enough. Now it's your turn."

I took another step back - both my ass cheeks were curved at the end of the desk now. There was nowhere to just run away. "But, I'm a person, it's meant to be

me out here, and you're part of me!"

He sprung in a quick move, gripping my hips in both his hands. I couldn't wriggle away - even with the exact same strength, his determination was stronger than my panic. He spun me around, gripping his right arm over my chest, holding my back to his beating heart. I gasped as I felt a strange pinch at my ass against his pelvis. My feet tried to push his legs away, but a strange tension suddenly lifted them up from the ground.

I looked down to find he wasn't lifting me - I was being held only by a connection between my hips and his. Our bodies had merged, and my toes were trailing up his legs as my legs became stubbier. I tried to call out in horror, trying to reach forward - but when I tried to reach, I realized I couldn't hold my arms out.

I looked down to see why - my arms had connected to my sides and were sinking into each other. Their fingers, elbows, and all bits of detail were disappearing and merging with my torso. I gasped again - but didn't see the shape of my ribs or muscles in my panic. I only saw my details start to smooth over. A pulsing anatomy was growing up the center of my underside - my naval and nipples completely disappeared and smoothed over into a cylinder.

I tried to scream again, but all I could let out was a whisper of a moan. As I groaned out though, a familiar, salty, musky flavor started to fill and dribble from my

lips: It was the flavor of precum coming from my mouth like drool. "Don't worry, Erdo," the mocking voice above spoke, stroking my form - a feeling that made my entire form pulse in reaction against my will. He continued, "Now you won't have to worry about doing anything. Your life will be just fine. I know everything you do, after all, and I desire everything else you do. So there won't be any change for either of us, except for the scenery, heh."

I gasped harder as I felt my head sinking down his chest - the feel was far more strong and sensitive than anything I'd felt before. For that matter: my entire sense of touch was going absolutely haywire. I wanted to kick my legs out, but they had completely coiled under me. My skin merged and knees suddenly drooped from curled skin as two heavy testicles. They shrunk down from a foot in diameter to half their size, shrinking with every second.

He gripped his hand around my shaft body, and pointed my head up - I was unable to turn it on my own anymore. All I could do was look. As he tilted me up, another blob of oozing precum left my mouth and slid down his fingers and my body. I couldn't see, but I could feel - oh could I ever feel that feeling - my entire body except for my head had transformed into the anatomy of my own penis. And there he was looking down at me with a lustful grin.

"You're kind of lucky, Erdo," he said with that grin never leaving, "you get to have all the fun. Don't worry, you're my cock now. I wouldn't let anything happen to

you. Enjoy your new life." All I could do was squint my eyes. His fingers bunched the skin under my chin... and he stroked and rolled up. The foreskin completely covered my face. He held for just a few seconds... and then stroked his hand back down to reveal a pink cock head looking back up at him. No expression, no features of my former body. It was simply me, in place of my cock.

I only felt my form holding firm, strong in that commanding hand. I couldn't see or hear anything. I only tasted and felt. I tasted the cum seeping from my slit, and I felt that hand stroking my form. With every stroke, I felt my erotic senses pulse me harder. He gripped my entire form, and stroked harder. I kept rocking in his hand - no ability to fight back or move on my own. All of my actions were dictated by an unseen force from behind me!

I felt his left hand cup underneath my balls - gently playing and tickling the whole time. His right hand stroked faster, then slower, then harder, and softer. He stroked me for a good thirty minutes, and suddenly it hit me - an unbelievable feeling completely overtook my entire body and mind. It was a building orgasm - not one I just felt from below, but one that took my entire body!

My flesh flexed its widest. My skin flared, my balls tensed. The hand beneath me stroked sickeningly slow. I felt a RUSH of a substance fill me up. I tried to hold it in... but a pressure from below built stronger... and it ERUPTED out of me. My seed shot out of my "mouth," load after load spilling from my form. I was exhausted, I

wanted this sick pleasure to end, but instead he gripped my body and stroked faster again.

He wouldn't let me go. He kept stroking until a few more dribbles came out, just leaking from my slit and down to his fingers. Not an ounce of my seed remained in me. For a few seconds, he just held me still. The amorous and erotic force left my body, and I started to feel faint. I felt heavy, and indeed I began to droop, softening in his hand. He lowered his palm down as my erect body continued to sadly fall. The skin started to bunch under my pink head.... but bit by bit it crawled back up and covered me in its warm darkness.

He walked over to the shower - my body swinging limp back and forth with each step. I was of no use to him now. I'd not wake up until he needed me next. I felt him scrub me in the shower, cover me in the tight boxer-briefs I had, pushing me against his left thigh. Of course though, I'd wake up every time he wanted to play with himself - and for years later, a few other hands, mouths, and feet - wherever he felt like using his cock.