

Student to Master – Part 6

For deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Stuart stretched out on the sunlounge, sighing in contentment as his naked body warmed under the afternoon sun. His only clothing, a large broadbrim hat and designer sunglasses, kept the glare at bay so he could fully admire both himself and the surrounding beach. It had been years since he went on holiday and when he had, it hadn't been anything like this. The resort was five star and had everything a rich girl like him could ever want. A long island ice tea made with the finest liquors sat next to him on a small table in the sand, he was laying on an imported Turkish towel and he was free to wear as much, or as little, as he pleased while by the ocean. Only a scant few resort members were taking advantage of the private beach and he'd watched with gratification from behind his dark shades as each one's eyes had found him at one point or another. Some with jealousy, others with desire. He couldn't blame them of course; his form was on full and proper display here, when the resort allows nude bathing, you have to take advantage. Naturally. After several weeks in Lisa's body, he had finally gotten over his squeamishness. He had the looks, not showing them off when given the chance was just wasted potential.

On first arriving to the beach, he'd taken quiet pleasure in applying his sunscreen in public after stripping off. He had been unable to resist putting on a little show, bending and stretching under the guise of ensuring his naked body was fully covered. A young man had been forced to excuse himself, towel wrapped around his waist to try and hide his arousal. Stuart had smiled, settling himself down knowing the man was on his way to get himself off with images of him in mind.

He pushed down the sunglasses and admired the two strapping young men playing volleyball a ways down the beach, knowing his boyfriend wouldn't mind him ogling other men. Brad was at the resort gym; they would be meeting up soon enough and his skin tingled in anticipation. Lisa's boyfriend, his boyfriend really, was truly one of a kind. When they had first arrived at the resort and men had started flirting with him at the bar, he hadn't flown into an alpha male rage as expected but instead, jumped him in the hallways on the way back to their room. Seeing his girl get hit on was apparently a massive turn on for the guy and if the end result was him getting ravaged Stuart was more than happy to indulge. Especially if it meant he got to garner even more attention.

Stuart finished up the last of the cocktail and grabbed his phone, intending to order another via the resorts app when he caught sight of his own reflection in the dark screen. He looked exquisite and a smug smile tugged at his lips.

Removing the sunglasses and hat he stretched out again, lifting the camera high and snapping a perfect picture of his fully naked body. He didn't hesitate to hit send to his old number, already he could imagine Lisa's face scrunching up in rage. She'd been furious the week before when he'd sent her a picture of his freshly shaven pussy. She'd threatened to punish him but he'd just responded with enthusiasm; this was his body now; he could do whatever he liked with it. And teasing Lisa was his new favourite hobby. Several minutes passed and no reply came, with a chuckle he sent a follow up message.

'When you're done getting yourself off to me, it would be polite to respond in kind. Of course, you don't have too much to work with, I'd recommend some photoshop before you hit send.'

He cackled; he could see her now in his mind's eye; furiously pumping her cock with his picture up. Cumming hard just as his taunt flashed across the screen. He finally ordered his cocktail, replacing the hat and closing his eyes in relaxation; taking great pleasure in the pool boy's red cheeks when he delivered the drink, trying hard not to look at Stuart's chest.

"It's okay." He cooed. "I don't mind you looking."

The young man grew flustered, lying that he'd only been looking for other empty glasses and Stuart smirked, dismissing him. No doubt he would be appearing in this young man's fantasies tonight as well. Relaxing back into his sunlounge Stuart placed his hat across his crotch to hide the wetness that was forming there.

This was the life.

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Lisa stared at her old body, so beautiful and wonton stretched out under the summer sun. The sight of it filled her with rage but also had her hard in seconds.

This had never been the plan.

She looked at the pile of exams she was now required to mark sitting atop her desk; even if she understood the damn subject, she still wouldn't do them. In her initial plans, Stuart would have been her little fuck toy by now and she'd be sitting with her feet up while he marked the essays for her while she teased him. If it was possible, she'd march right over to her old penthouse and make him do it while she enjoyed some much needed pampering in her old bathtub; Stuart's apartment didn't even have a bath, just a leaky shower with the water pressure of a limp garden hose.

Unfortunately for her, that wasn't an option. When the exam period had finished and she'd finally escaped the awful staff meeting another professor had dragged her to, she'd returned to her office ready to put Stuart in his place. He'd gotten a little taste of power back but she wasn't about to let him take the reins, or so she'd thought. Instead of her hot, blonde body waiting for her behind the desk she found a pair of panties; a pair she recognised as Brad's favourites. They were soaked with juices and cum stains and topped with a little note that informed her Stuart had absconded to the Caribbean with her body for two weeks.

Two weeks!

Despite herself, she'd lifted those panties to her face and sniffed, instantly getting turned on by the scent of her old body. A body she could no longer touch at all. The idea of having a whole fortnight without it in any capacity was torture. Within minutes of finding the gift her hand was around her cock, orgasm coming on quickly and leaving her wholly unsatisfied. It was a cycle that would repeat each day, sometimes multiple times over that two weeks.

The time period was only half over and it felt like an age. The panties had long since dried but she kept them in her desk, holding them to her nose and breathing in that scent. She had to jack off at least twice a day now, often with those panties in hand closing her eyes and imagining the hand gripping her cock was actually that of her old body. No other woman was truly satisfying, after half a dozen dingy ally blow jobs she'd given up. She needed her body; she needed Stuart, to be satisfied and he was hours away by plane. She could do nothing but sit behind that desk, eyes on her phone screen filled with lust and rage as she pumped her own cock while looking at that beautiful body stretched out in the sun.

Her computer pinged, yet another email from the dean. This one labelled 'Final Warning!' and she smirked, spilling seed over her hand as she had yet another unfulfilling orgasm. She'd not been doing any of Stuart's work while in his body, as a punishment for his abandoning her. Despite all she was suffering, at least she could take solace that his little gambit wouldn't pan out in the end. When he returned to see his life in ruins, he'd be begging for her to fix it.

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Stuart had never considered himself vain before; he'd always scoffed at the vapid creatures who spent hours in the mirror, fussing over the smallest details of their bodies and spending hours taking pictures to win affection on the internet. He'd always thought himself better than them, a more rounded person who was above such shallowness. It turns out he'd simply not had anything worth admiring before now.

Upon returning to the hotel suite his intention had simply been to ensure his tan was smooth across his skin but once he'd started twisting and turning to check each angle he had gotten caught up in the moment. The tropical sun had done wonders for his already stellar complexion; his blonde locks had bleached a slightly fairer shade that contrasted beautifully with the golden sheen of his now tanned skin. With a smug smile he lifted himself onto his toes, turning to the side to fully emphasize his curves; the gentle slope of his thighs that turned into the round fullness of his ass before slimming again. Between his hips and breasts, he possessed a perfect hourglass figure, the kind most people would kill to have. He'd always known Lisa was dumb but truly, she must have been one of the biggest idiots he'd ever met to willingly give this up. Before now, Stuart had considered himself fairly attractive, the constant stream of young students flirting with him had confirmed the idea but now, looking at his old body made him want to wince. It was just so...plain. It truly had nothing on this one.

As was usual when admiring his form, his loins began to stir. He watched as the folds between his legs turned a deeper shade of pink, wetness glistening at their edges and he sighed happily. It was strange, being so intensely attracted to your own body, most would probably consider it the ultimate form of narcissism. But since he'd only come to inhabit it a few weeks ago, Stuart didn't feel any guilt from it. He'd been trying to deny Lisa's attractiveness for months while she was his student, ardent on keeping his professionalism but now, he had no such barrier.

Plus, not only could he admire this body in full now he got to feel it. The intensity of the pleasure it was capable of was simply extraordinary. Brad had been teaching him so much about the female form and what could give it pleasure. Between him and the lavish life he could now afford, Stuart felt as though he were living in a dream. With skin this soft wearing clothing was almost as lovely as being naked half the time and he revelled in wearing as many fancy undergarments and silk dresses as he could. With a soft moan he cupped his breasts, watching them in the mirror as they pressed together, they were so pliable under his hands and he watched, the bliss twofold as he watched them move as he began to massage them.

It was tempting, very tempting, to sit on the floor and spread his legs. Once he'd started masturbating to his own reflection, he found it less satisfying to get off alone any other way. He loved watching his own face contort in the mirror, the way his chest out heave and watching his skin turn pink in a full body blush right before he came. It was like pornography you could feel, utterly intoxicating and addictive. Brad would be back soon though and he didn't want to cum too quickly. The more he got off in a single day, the less time it took between orgasms. But he was so turned on looking at his body Stuart wasn't sure if he could wait.

Just a little touching couldn't hurt. Nobody could possibly resist the temptation with this on display. With a breathy sigh he moved one hand from his tit and slipped it between his folds, pressing down on his clit while the other hand squeezed his nipple in tandem. His skin began to flush, under the tan he watched as his breasts, thighs and face took on a pink tinge. He could feel a similar sensation spreading across his ass cheeks as well. God, it was so fucking hot to watch; he moaned, drinking in the noise and doing his best to memorise how his face looked while making it.

"Getting started without me, babe?"

Stuart spun around, breasts jiggling, to see Brad leaning casually against the wall in nothing but a pair of tight work out boxers. His half hard cock already visible and straining against the fabric. Stuart's eyes roamed over the man's toned physic; every muscle was defined by the light sheen of perspiration on his skin from the workout. He looked so damn sexy. He shuddered, realising his finger was still between his folds, subconsciously touching himself while looking at the man in front of him. Stuart could only blush, bringing the finger up to chewing on the nail with a sheepish smile, embarrassed at being caught and trying not to get distracted by the taste of his juices.

"Anything in particular cause this to come on?" Brad asked, knowing smile on his face,

"Well..." Stuart demurred, "There were some very sexy men playing volleyball down on the beach while I was tanning. They seemed to like what they saw."

"Oh? And I bet you got so turned on knowing they wanted you."

Stuart loved this. The little games they played together before getting down to business. The way Brad's eyes sparkled when he teased him, how Stuart could feel the anticipation building inside till it permeated his skin and it ached to be touched. Brad crossed the room slowly, giving Stuart's eyes time to roam across him before finally being enveloped by those strong arms. He loved it, the hard meeting soft; and he truly adored being the soft. His body seemed tailor made to melt into a man's arms and doing so set every nerve alight.

"Let's do it here." Bra whispered, nipping at the shell of Stuart's ear, "In front of the mirror. I want to watch you from every angle possible."

"Oh yes." Stuart moaned; he loved nothing more than having a perfect view of his body getting fucked.

He glanced over his shoulder, back toward the mirror. He could see his thin body pressing against Brad who had a wide smile on his face. His ass was the only thing on full display and already its cheeks were tinged with that blush of arousal. Brad's eyes followed his own and a second later those strong hands were tracing down his back and grabbing great handfuls of the soft round skin, eliciting a deep moan from Stuart.

"God, I love the sounds you make."

"I'll be sure to turn up the volume."

Stuart watched as Brad's lips lowered to meet with the curve of his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin there and making him shiver. It was an awkward angle, turning his body this way but he couldn't take his eyes off himself in the mirror; arousal increasing with each little red mark that Brad left on him. He loved showing off those marks; he'd deliberately wear revealing dresses so that everybody he passed could see the hickeys displayed prominently. He found himself revelling in the reactions they got; the jealousy of men who wished it was their lips that caused them, the envy of women who wanted to be him, even the distain on older people's face that he dare not hide them away. He smirked, imaging what Lisa would do if he turned up to the office with them. She'd fuck him so hard, trying to make him forget brad. She'd probably try to mark him too but all over; his tits, his legs, fuck he was getting wetter just thinking about it.

Eventually, his spine could no longer take the strain of twisting and he was forced to turn and face the mirror fully, Brad's hands moving from his ass to his chest. Cupping the breasts and massaging them in much the same way Stuart had been doing himself only a few minutes ago. He leaned his head back into the crook of the man's shoulder, feeling the warmth of his chest sink into his back as he began to tweak his nipples; hard and then gentle just the way he liked it. His eyes became hooded, glazing over as he stared at his own reflection in the mirror. A few weeks ago, he would have felt awkward, staring at himself being pleased so unabashedly but not now. He knew Brad loved his confidence, he loved having a girlfriend who thought she was all that and to be fair,

he was. Stuart entered a familiar feedback loop, gaining pleasure watching himself be touched which in turn made those touches all the more powerful.

His eyes finally dropped from his own face to where one of Brad's hands was wandering southwards. The man knew how to build anticipation, trailing his fingers along the curve of his hip for a moment before finally slipping a finger into his waiting folds. With one hand firmly on his breast and the other between his legs Stuart almost felt dizzy. It wouldn't take him long to cum like this and Brad knew it, gently stroking back and forth across his clit almost lazily; keeping him on the edge.

"You're a tease."

"You love me."

"I will if you fuck me."

He'd gotten used to this, talking dirty. Sometimes, Brad wanted him to be a mewling, submissive mess but to Stuart's surprise, he'd not complained when he started biting back. A little give and take was welcomed and once or twice, he'd even let him take the reins. Brad's finger pressed inside him for just a moment before slipping away and Stuart groaned. With reluctance, he turned from the mirror, placing a hand on each of Brad's hips and sliding off his shorts and boxers. That thick cock, so much larger and more satisfying than his old body's, sprung up to meet him. Brad seized his chin and lifted his face so their lips could meet; they groaned into one another's mouths. Stuart pressed himself against the man, savouring every muscle and the hardness of his cock as it came to rest against his mound. After a moment Brad pushed it forwards, letting the length slide along his folds and making Stuart quiver, his boyfriend's name on his lips in awe between kisses. Brad chuckled, breaking their kiss and taking him firmly by the shoulders, spinning him back round to face his reflection and pushing down.

"Come on babe, we both know you want to watch."

"You know me so well."

Stuart's eyes were already on his face; taking in the beautiful and wicked smile that had become so familiar. His eyes burned with desire but also defiance; he was here, on his hands and knees about to be fucked because he wished it, not because anybody could force him. Lisa may have used this body and its pleasures to overwhelm him initially but now, he was in control. No longer a slave to his baser instincts but their master. But even with all this new found control, he couldn't stop the deep, primal sound escaping his lips as Brad pushed inside him.

No matter how many times he experienced this, the sensation of being stretched and filled anyways managed to surprise him with its intensity. It was a form of gratification the male body simply wasn't capable of feeling. The warm burn of his inner walls, the personal pleasure that came from the tip of a cock brushing against his deepest part; it was something he could never tire of. His eyes found his breasts, bouncing back and forth with each thrust, pretty pink nipples hard against the open air.

More sounds began to escape; deep moans in that breathy voice that was such a turn on despite being his own voice. He watched as that pretty mouth turned into a wide O and his eyes glazed over. Again, watching his own body blush with pleasure added to it and soon he couldn't even feel the burn on his knees from being pushed into the carpet. Only the bliss of being thrust into and the tight grip of Brad's hands on his hips.

"You're such an attention whore." Brad teased, thrusting hard just the way he knew Stuart loved.

Stuart knew he was some sort of whore alright, but he couldn't bring himself to feel bad about it. He was getting close, but it wasn't until Brad leaned over him, precariously balancing while grabbing both his tits in those rough hands, that Stuart was truly lost. He came, squirting hard and drenching Brad's cock so much it almost slipped out. His boyfriend was nothing if not tenacious though and maintained his assault, fucking him through the orgasm until he too followed suit. His final thrust finally knocking the two of them off balance so that they collapsed onto the carpet before the mirror in a warm tangle of limbs.

Despite the somewhat awkward position, half crushed under Brad's weight Stuart sighed happily. The aftershocks still making his pussy clench around the softening cock still resting inside his hole. He knew from experience it would only be a few minutes before Brad was hard again and dragged him back up for another round. He couldn't wait.

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After Stepping off the plane Stuart felt like a new man, new woman? He wasn't sure which was the applicable title at this stage. After two weeks of sun, sea and sex it felt almost strange to be back in the big city, heading to campus to see Lisa again. He'd not heard from her the entire time while he was away which was odd, he'd expected at least one self-righteous call or text. After all, he was sure she was getting his photos and messages. There was no way she could resist; they shared the same obsession over this body.

As he skipped up the stairs toward his old office, enjoying the now familiar sensation of his ass bouncing with each step, he noticed something was wrong. His office door was ajar and even from a distance he could see the name plate in its centre had been removed. When he approached, he saw the space had been stripped bare, only empty furniture remained. A small stone formed in his gut he glanced around, spying a young man leaning against the wall.

"What happened to Professor Stuart?"

“Oh man, didn’t you hear? He had some sort of weird mid-life crisis or something, he got fired after he refused to mark any of the exams.”

“Fired?” Stuart’s eyes went wide; this is exactly what he’d been trying to avoid in the beginning, so why wasn’t he feeling panicked?

“Yeah, shame, I thought he was kinda a bro.” The guy shrugged before walking off. “If you want your results better talk to the head of faculty.”

Stuart felt his arms go limp as a sort of shock set in. He should be distraught; the life he’d worked so hard to build, that he’d debased himself for those first few days...it had all gone up in smoke. He’d pushed Lisa too far and now; she had taken her revenge. But he wasn’t sad, he wasn’t even angry, on the contrary he felt, free. A smile began to form on his lips, which then split into a grin. Lisa may have ruined his old life, but she now was the one who had to live it. He had everything; her wealth, her home, her sexy body, even her hunk of a boyfriend. All he had to do now, was ensure she could never switch them back.