

MtF BODY SWAP

CULTURE
Shock

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by M. Wills

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Smashwords edition

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Culture Shock

Kevin climbed the stairs to Grace's apartment with a sense of impending dread. The bare brick walls and claustrophobic stairwell of the old building didn't help to put him at ease. Once he got through Grace's apartment and into her room he would be less stressed. But getting past Grace's mom, Fen, was always a harrowing experience.

He reached Grace's level and approached the door to number 24, the floorboards creaking beneath him at each step. The smell of fresh paint still hung faintly in the hallway from last week's spring spruce up. Kevin hoisted his backpack up one shoulder before rapping softly on the door of the apartment. He soon heard footsteps from inside, growing louder as they approached the door. The peephole darkened for a second as someone peered through. Then there was the click of a lock being drawn back before the door swung open.

Fen stood in the doorway, glowering up at him. She was short—Kevin found himself looking down at her—but had an oversized presence. She wore a sleeveless black top that had frilly shoulders. A wide gold necklace composed of small, interlocking bands stretched across her neck and the top of her chest, ending just at the swell of her breasts. Her long black hair was pulled back in a tight bun. She had an air of refined grace about her and would have looked quite pretty if not for the perpetual sour look on her face. Kevin got the feeling he was being constantly judged and found lacking.

“Ni hao, Ms. Yang,” Kevin began, using the only Mandarin phrase he knew. “Is Grace in?”

“You here for study?” She asked in heavily-accented English.

“Yes,” Kevin nodded. “I’m here to study with Grace, we’ve arranged to meet. This is my usual time. I’m not late am I?” He attempted to joke even as he realized he was babbling.

They went through a similar greeting ritual each time. Kevin rushed to fill the stony silence, overexplaining and probably not doing any favors for himself. Fen stared at him for a beat and Kevin feared she might just quietly shut the door in his face. But then Grace saved him by calling out from somewhere behind her:

“Is that Kevin?”

Fen turned and shouted a string of Mandarin down the hallway. Grace answered back in the same language, closer now. Then Grace slipped past her mom and opened the door all the way as they continued to converse. Kevin couldn’t follow it at all—he only knew two phrases and had already used one of them—but there was a lot of eye rolling from Grace and a lot of tightening of the lips from her mom. Finally, Fen threw up her hands and walked away down the hallway, mumbling something under her breath. From the tone, it was probably something about ungrateful daughters.

Grace turned her bright smile on Kevin. “Come on in.”

Grace looked like a younger version of her mother. She had the same slim body and well-sculpted features. Her face was long, with high cheekbones and large expressive eyes. Except, where her mother’s eyes always seemed to be set in narrow judgement, Grace’s dark eyes twinkled with delight.

“I tried out my Mandarin on your mom,” Kevin whispered as he followed Grace down the short hallway and through the kitchen.

Grace laughed. “How did that go?”

“About as well as you could expect,” he grinned.

They passed through the living room, where Fen had settled herself on the couch and was watching what seemed to be a foreign soap opera. She didn’t glance up at them but Kevin keenly felt she was watching him like a hawk nonetheless.

The overwhelming colors of the apartment were burgundy and brown with little flashes of red. It was actually cozy. The burgundy curtains behind Fen were closed, shutting out the view down to the street. Against the other wall was a small shrine where a small stick of incense was burning. It gave off a sweet, woody aroma that Kevin could smell as he passed through the room.

Kevin followed Grace into her bedroom. It was small and cramped, an unruly contrast to the austere neatness of the rest of the apartment. A field hockey bag jutted out from beneath the bed. A messy set of drawers held a collection of pictures, knickknacks and various makeups. The half-open closet door gave Kevin a glimpse of a pile of dirty laundry below neatly hung blouses.

Grace shut the bedroom door behind them and then turned and draped her arms over Kevin’s shoulders for a quick kiss. Kevin grabbed her waist and kissed her back, closing his eyes to savor her soft lips and cherry lip gloss. They pulled

away and Grace took a practiced step back to create a polite distance between them just as the bedroom door swung open.

“Door stay open,” Fen said, her hand still on the knob as she glared at Kevin.

Grace said something in Mandarin that seemed to placate Fen, because she nodded and left.

Kevin pulled out the chair in front of the small desk and set his backpack on the floor. Grace bounced onto the bed, her legs crossed beneath her. She favored Kevin with another beautiful smile.

“So, what are we studying today?” She asked.

“How about a way for us to meet somewhere that isn’t your room for a reason that isn’t studying?”

“I know,” Grace sighed. “I’m working on my mom, okay? She grew up in the countryside. They don’t change very quickly there. She thinks I need to be protected like a fragile doll. I told you she keeps trying to set me up with one of her friend’s sons, didn’t I?”

“Yeah. Is it because I’m laowai?” Kevin asked, mangling the Chinese word for ‘foreigner’.

Grace laughed. “Don’t try that in front of my mom. Here, listen...laowai,” she said, pronouncing it for him.

He repeated it after her a few times until she was satisfied. He glanced out into the hallway and then took her hand and leaned close to whisper, “I want to take you out on a date. A real one.”

Grace bit her bottom lip and scooted closer to him, twining her fingers in his. “Listen, mom’s got a hot date this Saturday. If you can take me out and have me back by eleven I’m all yours.”

Kevin smiled. “I can definitely do that.”

They spread out their physics notes across Grace’s bed. Grace’s hair was back in a long ponytail and she twirled it around her fingers as they talked and studied, but mostly talked. When one of them was feeling brave they would lean in and sneak a kiss on to the other’s cheek. Kevin made a joke about inertia he thought was clever and was rewarded with Grace’s heartfelt laugh. He was about to sneak another kiss when Grace’s mother came around the corner.

“That lot of laughing for homework,” she said in English, which meant she wanted Kevin to understand.

“Studying can be fun sometimes,” Kevin said, glibly.

Fen glared at him. “Study not fun. Study is study,” she said, emphasizing each

word by slapping the back of one hand against the palm of the other.

“Mom, there’s nothing going on. How can anything be going on with the door open?”

Fen responded in a string of Mandarin. Grace scooted to the edge of the bed and shot something back in the same language. And then it sounded to Kevin like they were in a full on argument, each nearly shouting back and forth and gesturing at Kevin. Kevin stood up and tried to calm them.

“Whoa, Ms. Yang. Calm down, please. I have the best intentions for your daughter.”

“You what?” Fen yelled, her face going red as she turned to Kevin. “I not calm down. You calm down. What you want do with my Grace?”

Grace stood up and put her hand on Kevin’s arm to stay him but he shrugged it off. “Your daughter can have a life, Ms. Yang. I don’t know how it was for you in China but here in America parents let their kids make their own choices.”

“Kevin!” Grace said, shocked.

“I didn’t mean it in a bad way. You said yourself she grew up in a small village I’m just—”

“You no good for my daughter,” Fen interrupted him. “She very nice girl. Need nice Chinese boy.”

“See?” Kevin said to Grace.

“Mom!” Grace said, aghast, looking back and forth between them.

“What did I do, Ms. Yang?” Kevin threw his hands up. “I just came over because I like your daughter—I like to study with your daughter,” Kevin tried to correct himself but too late.

“You like my daughter?” Fen turned to Grace. “What he do to you?”

“He didn’t do anything to me, mom. We kissed a few times.”

“You kiss?! You not even know his parents!” Fen cried.

The two once again broke into an argument in Mandarin that Kevin couldn’t follow.

“Ms. Yang, please,” Kevin tried again.

“You go now,” Fen said.

“Seriously?” Grace gasped. “I’m not a little girl, mom.”

“You live in my house you obey my rules. That American enough for you?” She asked.

“That’s fine, I’ll leave. I don’t want to cause trouble.” Kevin stuffed his papers into his backpack and hurried out of the room. “I’ll call you,” he said to Grace.

Fen followed behind him through the living room. “You cause plenty trouble,” she said to his back.

Kevin stopped by the couch and turned. “I wish you could see things my way,” Kevin said.

“I wish you see things mine!” Fen retorted.

The incense burner on the shrine sparked briefly, a bright flash that drew the attention of both of them. Then Kevin dismissed it and headed out the door. It slammed shut behind him and he could still hear the two of them arguing in Mandarin as he walked back down the hallway.

He was in a gloomy mood as he returned through the city streets to campus. Why couldn’t Grace stay on campus like everyone else? It was clear they could never have any sort of relationship with her mom around. Kevin’s thoughts

turned to Fen. She couldn't give up her old ways and now she was trying to chain her daughter with them. Stuck in the past and trying to drag both of them with her. Refusing to even try to fit in to the country she now lived in.

"Why the fuck did she even come here if she hates the culture so much?" Kevin mumbled to himself. He kicked a rock and heard it ping off some nearby steps. "No wonder her husband left."

Kevin mumbled bitterly to himself as he lashed out at Fen in his mind. When he got back to his dorm he dropped his backpack by the door before falling heavily into the bottom bunk. He stared blankly up at the thin plywood planks holding his roommate's mattress. His roommate, Isaac, leaned over the edge and peered down at him.

"Bad date?"

"Jesus," Kevin sighed. "Her fucking mom is the worst."

"It's a culture thing," Isaac agreed. "My mom is constantly dropping hints and questioning when I'm going to find a nice Jewish girl. I'm like, mom, I don't even go to synagogue anymore!"

"At least you can convert to Judaism. I'll always be the white man who wants to steal her daughter."

"I dated a Korean girl once. The best day of both our parent's lives was when we

broke up. Would a drink help?”

“No. But several drinks would.”

A few hours—and a few beers—later, Joh’s anger was spent. He returned to the room late at night before slumping under the covers without even taking off his clothes.

Kevin dreamed he was making his way through a dense bamboo forest, squeezing past thick green stalks that blotted out the sky. The dream was so visceral. He felt the rough bamboo beneath his palms as he shoved the stalks apart. His bare foot sank into the cool underbrush.

He soon came to a small clearing, a rough circle about eight feet in diameter free of any bamboo. Some spectral figures floated in the middle of the clearing. Pale, ghostly dressed in traditional Chinese robes made of flowing silk. Their faces seemed somehow familiar, though Kevin couldn’t quite place it. They spoke with a single voice made up of a medley of individual voices.

“You have wished for greater understanding. In the spirit of harmony we shall grant you this wish if that is what you still desire.”

“Of course,” Kevin replied. If a ghostly figure ever asked to grant him greater understanding it was probably a good idea to agree.

Before the figures turned away from him it occurred to Kevin that their cheekbones and elegant, narrow faces reminded him of Grace. The figures then addressed someone on the other side of the clearing. Kevin couldn't see or hear any of the exchange but a few seconds later the ghostly figures turned back to him.

"It is done," they said.

Suddenly, Kevin was flying backwards through the bamboo forest as if something was yanking on the collar of his shirt. His surprised yell was cut short as he jerked awake.

2

Kevin's eyes shot open. He stared up at a high unfamiliar ceiling. The thick beams supporting the ceiling were painted white, like an old downtown apartment. There was a faint sweet, woody scent hanging in the air.

Kevin turned his head to look at the rest of the room. An ornate chest of drawers stood against one wall with a mirror hung on the wall next to it. The mirror was pointed away from Kevin so that all he could see through it was the foot of the bed he lay on and the reflection of the window across the room. The bed was neatly made with crisp burgundy sheets.

When he turned his head soft strands of silky something brushed across his ear. He pushed himself to a sitting position and felt a weight shift on his chest. The silky something brushed across his cheek. Kevin looked down and found that he was wearing a thin white cotton robe folded across his chest and tied at the waist. The top of the robe had slipped down and Kevin stared down into a woman's cleavage. The rounded curves disappeared beneath the fabric, bulging out the top of the robe slightly.

Kevin gasped – a light, airy sound – and raised his hands to his chest but paused as his hands came into view. The hands were tiny, with slender fingers and softly rounded nails that shined with gloss. He turned them over, frantically examining each side. The knuckles and wrist were smooth, missing the dark tufts of hair Kevin usually had. These hands belonged to a woman, but they curled and uncurled at his command. He rubbed them, feeling the strange, softer skin, examining the tiny little blemishes, the little scar on the end of one thumb. There was a whole history to this body and he'd just been dumped in it.

He brought his hands to his chest briefly, touched the breasts and sent them bobbing before pulling away with another gasp. He reached up and touched his face, fingers splaying out, tracing over unfamiliar cheekbones, a flat, broad nose, and smooth chin. He was trembling now.

Kevin threw the cover aside and scooted to the edge of the bed, his new breasts swaying madly as he did so. He found that he now wore light cotton pants that matched the robe-like top and hid his body. But he could feel the difference in his body shape, the way his thighs seemed slightly fuller, his butt slightly plumper. There was a pair of white cotton slippers on the floor which he casually slid his feet into before standing up. He made his way to the mirror. It was only a few steps but it was enough to reinforce the strangeness of the body he now wore. His hips swayed back and forth and his breasts jiggled lightly at each step.

Kevin reached the wardrobe and turned to face the mirror. The reflection that stared back at him was of an older Chinese woman with a long, elegant face. It was Grace's mom, Fen. The Fen in the mirror was startled, little mouth open in an 'o' of surprise.

"Oh, god. No." Kevin whispered taking a step back and watching his mirror image do the same. "No, no, no, no, no." Even his voice was different, lighter and higher pitched than his own. His hands came up to his lips and he realized it was Fen's lips he was touching, Fen's tongue in his mouth. He grimaced at the thought.

Somehow he was in Fen's body. The dream came back to him. The wish for understanding. This was what he'd agreed to and, presumably, Fen had agreed to the same. Did that mean she was in his body right now?

Kevin looked around the room and saw a cell phone sitting on top of the small antique nightstand. He picked it up and thumbed the code to unlock it. It flicked to life and he searched through for the phone app. He opened the app and went to type in his own phone number but paused. He couldn't remember it. That's when it hit him how easily he'd unlocked the phone with Fen's passcode, and that, despite all the apps being in Mandarin he could easily read them. How much of Fen's memories were with him?

He thought back to the events of yesterday and remembered everything as it happened: Fen letting him into the apartment, sneaking kisses with Grace, the big fight between her and her mother that Kevin couldn't understand. They were his memories and yet, somehow, he knew things only she could know. That was the least strange thing so far. But it meant that he couldn't contact Fen and she couldn't contact him.

Grace had Kevin's number. Kevin would just have to ask her to call Fen and... and what? Kevin's thoughts hit a wall. Was he going to tell his girlfriend that he was in her mom's body? She wouldn't believe him, but even if he could convince her then what? Grace didn't have the power to switch them back. It would just be the most awkward day ever and, even when Kevin switched back, he doubted Grace would ever forget that he'd spent a day as her mom. That would definitely be the end of Kevin's budding relationship with Grace.

No. The only way would be to muddle through the day as Fen and hope that the ghost people from the dream would return to swap them back. That meant that he'd be spending the whole day as an older Chinese mom. An elegant and well preserved older Chinese mom but still.

Kevin put his cell phone back on the nightstand and pulled the robe closed before cinching it tighter. He wasn't quite ready to look at the body he now possessed. He could still feel his breasts bobbing as he walked but at least he couldn't see them.

He left the room and went down the short hallway to the kitchen. Noises from within the bathroom meant that Grace was awake. Kevin's heart fluttered in his chest at the thought of Grace being so near. But he couldn't touch her like this. At least, not how he wanted to touch her.

He continued in to the living room and poked around. He'd never spent much time here but now he looked at the pictures on the wall of Fen's family and the large panels against the wall above the shrine that made up a single picture of pandas frolicking among bamboo. He picked up a Chinese newspaper off a side table and skimmed through it, marveling at the fact that he could now read the language that had seemed so mysterious before.

Grace came out of her room while Kevin was poking around the refrigerator for some breakfast. She dropped her backpack onto the kitchen counter and gave Kevin a quick peck on the cheek.

"Morning, mom," Grace said.

"Morning...Grace," Kevin replied in perfect Mandarin.

It was weird watching Grace from behind Fen's eyes. Kevin was now much shorter than he had been, and almost had to look up at Grace. As much as he wanted to reach out and stroke her shoulder he somehow knew Fen wouldn't do that. Kevin watched Grace open the bag of bread and put some slices into the toaster. Kevin had no idea how Fen normally acted when he wasn't around but maybe he could use this to his advantage for when he swapped back.

“I want to apologize for how I acted last night,” Kevin said in Mandarin.

Grace looked at him and her eyes widened slightly. Clearly, this was not how Fen would usually act but Kevin pressed on:

“You’re an adult and I should trust you to make wise decisions. I hope I’ve raised you well.”

“Are you okay, mom? Did someone die?”

“No one died,” Kevin said, slightly annoyed at how glib Grace was being. “It’s just that I’m worried about your future. I don’t want you to hate me just because I want the best for you. Your future is being set by your actions. That boy is temporary but neglecting your studies will affect your life.”

The toast slices popped up and Grace grabbed them and dropped them on a plate before spreading each piece with jam. Kevin was aware that his last words had gone awry somehow. He’d meant to talk himself up and offer support for Grace to date him but somehow it had made sense to argue the opposite.

“I’m not neglecting my studies,” Grace said, biting into a piece of toast. “I can study and have a social life. Lots of people do.”

“Lots of people start doing drugs and drop out, too.” Kevin replied before he

could stop himself. He tried to back peddle: “I’m not saying that boy is a drug dealer—”

“Kevin, mom. His name is Kevin.”

“Kevin,” Kevin repeated, his mouth struggling to pronounce it in the American way. “He’s not bad but he may be bad for you.”

Grace rolled her eyes and Kevin felt a quiver of anger run through him. He tightened his lips at Grace’s disrespect but refrained from replying, unsure what argument would come from his mouth.

“I’ve got to go to class,” Grace said. She still had a piece of toast in one hand as she shrugged her backpack up her shoulder with the other. “We’ll talk about this later.”

“Have a good day.”

Grace paused in the doorway and gave him a questioning glance, then turned and left. The door shut behind her and Kevin felt the tension melt from his shoulders. His mind seemed a mishmash of both his thoughts and Fen’s. Why had he been arguing against his own relationship? Hell, if he couldn’t call himself maybe he could go over to his dorm and confront Fen in person. If she was responsible for this maybe she could swap them back.

He tried to think of when his classes were and where his dorm was, but he

couldn't remember. So he took a step back and tried to think over his path through the streets to get from Grace's house back to his dorm. His memory of the immediate neighborhood was clear but beyond that it grew hazy. He could barely remember what his dorm looked like.

His memory of the immediate neighborhood was also different. He had crystal clear memories of going into some of the local shops even though he was mostly sure that he'd never actually been in any of them. Clearly, then, these were Fen's memories. Though he still had enough of his own memories to know these were Fen's memories. It was all very frustrating.

He stomped back through the house to Fen's room and sat heavily on the bed, dropping his head into his hands. His fingers slipped up against unfamiliar long hair, and his palm pressed against a cool forehead that was the wrong shape. The robe had fallen open slightly, allowing him a glimpse down into his cleavage. Most of one breast was visible and the gentle curve drew his eye. She did have a nice body. And he was all alone with nothing to do. Fen would never know and, besides, it was sort of like compensation for being put in this position.

Kevin slid a hand beneath the opening of the robe and gently cupped his breast. It was surprisingly solid and had a welcome give. He lightly squeezed it, exploring the soft weight. He ran his fingers over the circumference, gently skimming across the little nipple. Untying the robe, he slipped it off his shoulders and let it fall to the bed. He stared down at the bare breasts hanging from his chest. They were slightly flat, a tiny brown nipple capping each one. They swung when he shifted from side to side.

Now he cupped both of them, fingers spreading apart to cover them entirely. He pressed them up against his body, watched them bulge out slightly around his fingers. He did this a few times, awed by the sight of Fen's fingers stroking her own tits, by the feel of these tits. They were surprisingly nice to touch and hold. Kevin had only touched real breasts a handful of times in his life. To have a pair

in front of him - able to do whatever he liked with them - sent a little shiver of excitement through him.

He stood and untied his pants then pushed them down around his plumper butt and let them drop to the floor. His dangling breasts knocked against his arm as he bent down. When he stood up again he was naked, Fen's motherly figure stretched out beneath him. She was slender with a slight pouch of a stomach. Below the stomach was Fen's mound, and below that was a dark triangle of black hair.

Kevin stepped in front of the mirror to ogle Fen's naked body. He'd never seen a smile on Fen's face before, but his reflection was smiling now as he turned this way and that, his eyes skimming down his body, over his wider hips and butt. He could imagine that Grace had a figure like this but tauter, younger. Fen's body was slightly plumper and softer than her daughter but pleasing to look at and touch. Kevin lightly smacked his little bubble butt and watched it jiggle. He grabbed a handful of his new ass, enjoying the sight of his fingers dimpling the skin. Kevin gave Fen's ass a light smack, thoroughly enjoying punishing his girlfriend's mom.

He ran his hands down his body, sliding between his thighs and over the thatch of pubic hair. He could feel the pussy lips as he brushed his fingers across his groin. Kevin cupped a breast again, squeezing gently as his other hand slid down between his legs. There was a warmth growing within him, accompanied by a slight tension of anticipation. Fen's face lit up in a smile. She was beautiful when she smiled. It made her look fifteen years younger. The frown lines faded, the furrowed brow grew smooth.

Kevin lay down on his back on the bed, his knees in the air. He let his legs spread apart and kept a hand gently kneading his breast as he lowered the other hand back over his pussy. His fingers traced the line of his slit, felt his pussy lips growing loose. He dipped a finger inside himself, skating across his warm,

rubbery folds. He stroked himself again, slightly harder this time, and his pussy lips clasped his finger as he landed on the hood of his clit. There was a pleasure building there but it needed some work.

He followed the line of his pussy up and down, slowly growing moist and open for himself. He pushed his finger in a little further and landed on his dew. Anticipation shivered through him and he dragged his dew back up his pussy. Now the pleasure was calling to him, and he rested his palm on his mound to draw small circles over his clit. The restlessness grew within him, urging a sigh from his lips. He spread his legs and circled his clit faster, dipping down every now and then into his velvety folds to drag the ever increasing wetness across his pussy.

Now the anticipation was thrumming through him. He tensed his toes, wiggling his body as he continued working himself up towards a state of delirious excitement. Fen's body felt so good beneath his hand and he squeezed his tit harder, felt the tiny brown nipple spike to attention beneath his fingers. He gazed down at Fen's body as he made her touch herself, attracted as much to the feel of her body as to the sight of her fingering her pussy. He slid a finger inside himself, watched it disappear into his pussy, felt his slick canal clasp his digit. God, it was a beautiful thing to behold.

He stroked faster, the pleasure coming in waves now, each wave building on the one before, growing closer and closer together. He could hear himself, the slick squish of his fingers moving through him. The tension was winding tighter through him and he moaned, a deep sound desire that just made him even hornier.

Kevin stroked his clit faster, using two fingers, urging the pleasant buzzing through him. The anticipation rose in pitch, as did his voice. Fen's tiny voice filled the room, high pitched and needy and so desperately horny for release. "Oh yes, oh yes!" He continued stroking, his body throbbing, until he exploded.

He threw his head back into the bed, raising his hips up towards his fingers and sinking down into himself as he came. “Oh, fuck!” he cried in Fen’s strangled voice. The orgasm was tremendous, pounding him from head to toe, first a huge burst of pleasure and then the receding echoes.

He continued stroking himself while he came down, gently lowering himself back to earth. He lay on the bed, breathing hard and then laughed at what he’d just done. Who knew Grace’s uptight mom would feel so good inside?

3

Fen's cell phone rang while Kevin was still resting on the bed. The name on the screen – Ma Jen – seemed familiar, though he couldn't quite place why, like a word on the tip of his tongue. Another one of Fen's memories trying to burst through. Kevin understood that the call was important so he slid the button and answered it.

“Hello?”

“Yang Fen, where are you?” The voice on the other end was insistent. “Why aren't you here?”

Kevin paused as Fen's memories flickered into place. Something about fingernails, and foot baths and the faint smell of chlorine. It snapped into place and Kevin's eyes went wide. He was late for work.

“I'm so sorry, Ma Jen.” Kevin tried to think of an excuse that Jen would accept. “My...daughter had some issues with a boy.”

“That boy that comes over to study? He's trouble!”

“I know. I know.” Kevin said, trying to placate her while simultaneously annoyed that Fen had been talking about him.

“There are plenty of nice Chinese boys for her. Look, get in here and we can talk while you work.”

“Yes. Yes, I’ll be there.”

Kevin hung up and dug through Fen’s drawers for some panties, which he slid up his legs before rummaging around for a bra. He fumbled it on, having to twist this way and that. It took a few minutes for him to figure out how to clasp it and then he had to settle his breasts into each cup, manhandling Fen’s body as if he’d done it his whole life. Then he hurried into the bathroom, half naked body jiggling and swaying in enticing new ways.

He brushed his teeth and combed out his long, coal-black hair, then started to tie it up in a bun. His fingers were nimble and sure, until he realized what he was doing and began concentrating. Then Fen’s muscle memory disappeared, replaced with Kevin’s own fumbling fingers. Kevin took a deep breath and tried to think of the next steps to Fen’s life while he let his hands move through his hair, brushing it out before tying it up into a tight bun again without his interference.

He returned to Fen’s room and grabbed some clothes out of the closet: a simple pink top, black dress pants, and black flats. When he was dressed, he made his way out of the apartment and downstairs. He tried to keep his conscious mind occupied in order to follow the instincts of his body. He turned left outside his apartment almost automatically. Déjà vu assaulted him on the path to Fen’s work - someone else’s memories of a path he’d never taken.

After a few blocks he came to a hair and nail salon, the windows peppered with

Mandarin script. The bell dinged quietly as he stepped inside. A young Asian woman behind the reception desk waved him towards the back.

“Come on, come on, get to work,” she called after him.

“Yes, Ma Jen,” Kevin replied, somehow just knowing who the woman was.

Kevin joined another woman who was already seated in front of a client. The client barely looked up from her magazine as Kevin took one of her hands and began working on the client’s fingernails with the instruments set out on the little side table. He was nervous at first, having to work through the bits of knowledge that he could access. But again he found that if he didn’t think too hard then Fen’s muscle memory would take over, allowing him to cut the woman’s cuticles before shaping and polishing the nails. It helped that the woman at the client’s feet—Chyou, Fen’s mind supplied her name—began gossiping with him.

“Is it true that Grace is having boy trouble?”

“I’m the one having boy trouble. Grace is trying to see a boy and that’s causing me trouble.”

Chyou giggled. She had wide eyes that grew even wider as Kevin gossiped about his former life. He tried to make himself sound like a good, upstanding young man. It was maddening when Chyou kept reminding him of what Fen had said to her only yesterday. It had all been about Kevin and none of it good. Chyou seemed to have a hard time believing that Fen had changed her mind, and kept reading sinister things into Kevin’s most innocuous comments until he got weary of being misunderstood and changed the subject.

The day fell into a routine of hand and foot massages, buffing and polishing nails, and scrubbing feet. Kevin moved from client to client. Some of them spoke Mandarin and would gossip with the girls. Other clients just talked between themselves, mostly in English, and looked askance at Kevin and his coworkers when they conversed among each other in Mandarin, as if they thought they were being gossiped about. Kevin knew these clients were speaking English but he could only pick out about one of every four or five words. When the English speaking clients did talk to him, it was often loudly and slowly to complain about something.

“No, I want the peach blush,” one woman said, enunciating every word and jabbing her finger at one of the bottles of nail polish behind the counter.

“Yes, yes, peach blush,” Kevin nodded obsequiously.

He was embarrassed at his lack of understanding and furious at the way they treated him like an idiot. But he had to sit on his anger and be obedient to the clients.

Half the day passed like this, with Kevin becoming more sure of his job all the time. Each time he polished someone’s nails it became easier, like his brain was treading Fen’s path. Her memories and the way she moved became absorbed by his own mind. Similarly, he found himself at ease with the other ladies in the salon and was soon gossiping and laughing with them like old friends. They had an easy comradeship from sharing a common past in a strange land. Though there was one thing Kevin discovered that gave him pause:

“You looking forward to tonight, Fen?” One of them asked as they bustled

around another client.

“What’s tonight?”

“Your date? Don’t you remember? Ma Jen’s brother-in-law, Wei.”

Kevin paused, his brush poised over a fingernail. He’d forgotten all about Fen’s date. No. No way was Kevin going to do that.

“I might not be feeling well.”

“Ooh, someone’s nervous. It’s okay. He’s a nice Chinese man. Good to his parents. And rich.”

Kevin blushed and bent to his work as the other ladies tittered but dropped the subject.

It was almost lunch time and Kevin was ready for a break. He finished with a client and saw her to the door. Jen was behind the counter and she beckoned Kevin nearer.

“You have a visitor,” Jen said.

‘Who?’

Jen pointed. Kevin turned and saw his former body seated in one of the waiting chairs. He didn’t recognize himself at first, having never seen himself from someone else’s perspective. But it only took him a moment to realize that that was his unruly mop of hair, his piercing green eyes, his body slouched in the pale yellow chair.

“Hi...Fen,” Kevin’s body said in English as it stood. His former body was so tall, towering over him. A string of other English words came from his former mouth, too fast for Kevin to follow with his now-limited English. The person piloting his body must have realized this because he repeated himself slower, but still in English. “Can I talk to you outside?”

Kevin glanced at Jen, who nodded, and then he followed his old body out to the street. They walked around the corner until they were out of sight of the other woman in the salon who all crowded around the window staring out at the American boy who’d been the focus of so much talk. When they were alone, his body stopped and ran a hand through its hair.

“This is so fucking weird,” his body sighed, looking Kevin up and down. Kevin returned the look. Then his body spoke in another rapid string of English Kevin didn’t understand.

“Slow down,” Kevin managed, in heavily accented English. “I no understand.”

“Did you swap our bodies?” Fen asked slowly, for it had to be Fen in his body.

“I thought you did. Did you dream about bamboo forest and ghosts?”

Her eyes widened. “Yes. You mean what they were asking...” She trailed off and rubbed her chin, then said some more sentences in English that were too quick for Kevin to grasp.

“Slow down. Again please,” Kevin pleaded.

Fen sighed. “Fuck, this is annoying. Why don’t you speak English?”

“Why not you speak Mandarin?”

Fen’s shoulders tensed and she took a deep breath to calm herself, then spoke more slowly. “I don’t like being in your body but I do like things about it. People have this respect for me. This—” here she used a word Kevin couldn’t translate “—just from me being a man. They don’t question me as much and I don’t feel so scared to be walking by myself. I even asked a complete stranger for directions to this salon!”

“I learn things about you, too,” Kevin said in halting English. “Maybe when we switch back we become friends?”

“I guess that depends on how well you do in my life.”

“I promise I will just go home and stay home. I won’t do anything bad.”

“Actually, you’ll, um, have to promise a little more. I remember I have a date tonight. An important one. You need to make a good impression.”

“I’m not going on a date with a man!”

“Look, if you want to keep seeing Grace when this is all over with, you will go on that date and you will make a good impression.”

“What if I mess up?”

“Don’t.” And here Kevin saw the flash of Fen’s old hard edge. But instead of cowering him, it made his own hackles rise to hear this young white man talking down to him.

“I do my best and you do your best. You no mess up my life. So you will come over tonight and take Grace out.” Kevin insisted in Fen’s commanding tone.

“What?” Now it was Fen’s turn to look surprised.

“Grace and I were going to go on date when you went on date. After I leave

tonight, you take her out. Be good to her.”

“Grace...?” Fen glowered and bit her lower lip.

If she was anything like Kevin, she was sharing in Kevin’s memories of his affection for Grace, possibly even remembering the times they’d kissed. Kevin forced himself to stare at her until she relented.

“Okay. We’ll be each other for tonight.”

“And then maybe we get chance to switch back in dream.”

“God, I hope so. I don’t want to be stuck dating my own daughter and looking like this.”

“Me neither,” Kevin agreed, not understanding all of her words but grasping the sentiment.

4

“Hold still, mom,” Grace said.

Grace gently took Kevin’s cheek and angled his face up to hers. She examined her mom’s face critically for a bit, then added a few strokes of blush to his cheeks. Then she dove back into the makeup kit and came up with an eyeliner pencil, which she gently used around each of Kevin’s eyes.

Grace had begged to do Kevin’s makeup and he’d eventually relented. He figured he had to make a good impression on this date and knew nothing about makeup. As Grace did him up they talked easily, mother and daughter talk, with Grace teasing him by playing the role of mother.

“Now you be home by eleven, understand?” Grace joked. “And no bringing him back to the house. You know what boys are like.”

“Thank you, Grace,” Kevin deadpanned, “Lovely to get dating advice from my teenage daughter.”

Finally, Grace finished up and turned him to face the mirror. Kevin was presented with his new image, though now his face was carefully made up and he looked radiant, like a slightly older version of Grace. She’d highlighted his elegant cheekbones making him look, well, gorgeous.

Kevin placed his hand on Grace's arm. "Thank you," he said.

Grace beamed down at him and Kevin's longing for her hit him hard. He so wanted to lean forward, take her in his arms and reveal what had happened. Wanted to kiss her, and felt a light yearning warmth make itself known within him. But he knew he couldn't. Grace would be repulsed by his affection while in her mother's body, and disbelieving of the impossible truth he wanted to tell her. And even a little bit of him felt that repulsion.

"This is nice, mom. You don't usually let me do this."

He didn't have time to reflect on that remark because Grace hurried him out of the chair and into the bedroom. She'd set out a simple black dress for him. Kevin slipped into it and she helped clasp it at the back before he slipped Fen's necklace of interlocking gold bands around his neck. The dress hugged his body, making his smaller curves seem bigger, emphasizing the swell of his breasts and the gentle curve of his hips.

There was a knock on the front door. Grace gave him a huge smile and then went to answer it as Kevin adjusted his outfit. He heard voices out in the living room and came out a few seconds later. There was a handsome Chinese man standing there. His hair was going grey and he had a mischievous twinkle in his eye. His simple button down shirt hugged his body, hinting at a handsome physique beneath.

"Ah, you must be the lovely Yang Fen that Ma Jen has told me about. A pleasure to meet you. I am Liu Wei."

He spoke in Mandarin but had the easygoing air of someone who'd grown up in America as he took her hand gently. The original Fen may have huffed at his mix of sensibilities but Kevin found it comforting. At least he didn't have to spend the evening comparing histories with someone who'd grown up in rural China. Kevin didn't want to reflect on Fen's home life and her absent father, or the hardships she faced until her brother became a Chinese official and could grease the right wheels. These were Fen's memories that Kevin discovered he now had access to and, though it helped him understand her a little more, it didn't do anything to eliminate the fear that he would be stuck in her body.

Grace gave him one last hug before he left with Wei. Kevin didn't know whether her glee was from seeing her mom happy or from the knowledge that she would actually be going out on a date with her boyfriend.

Her smile only faltered slightly when Kevin said, "You be good." It was in Fen's commanding tone and probably made Grace wonder how much she knew of the night's plans.

If it was strange for Kevin sharing Fen's memories it must be equally strange for her to share his. Did that mean she was feeling the same attraction for her daughter that Kevin had felt? Someday he'd have to compare notes with Fen to see how this night went but first he had to get through it on his own.

Wei and Kevin walked down the stairs and through the small Chinatown neighborhood where Fen lived. The talk was stilted at first in the manner of all first dates, but Wei had a calm and funny manner and Kevin soon found himself liking the man.

As they shared some noodle dishes at a restaurant run by one of Fen's friends, Wei told Kevin about his two daughters.

"My eldest is a good student. Studies hard. But my youngest...I worry about her. She's got such a willful streak about her."

"My daughter's the same," Kevin found himself agreeing. "She's a good girl but she thinks she knows better than her mother."

"Do you think they practice the eye roll and the exasperated sigh?"

"They must. She's so good at it." Kevin smiled.

"Still, there is something to be said about western ways."

"Anything good?"

Wei laughed and sat back in his chair and set down his chopsticks, appraising Kevin. "You're an interesting woman."

"You have no idea," Kevin said.

Kevin liked Wei, could even admit that he was a good-looking man. Dapper.

Slightly traditional and just formal enough for Kevin—or for Fen? Who could tell now?

The evening carried on and Kevin grew more comfortable with Wei. They finished their meal and went to a movie.

“How traditional,” Kevin remarked when Wei told him his plans.

“We could go somewhere else.”

“No. Traditional is good.”

Kevin didn't remember much of the movie. All he remembered was being aware every time Wei shifted in his seat, aware of his body so close, his laughter. Kevin kept glancing over at Wei, catching his eye with a smile before returning his attention to the movie. Fen hadn't had this much attention in a long time. She'd put up a barrier of worry that Wei had broken down and now Kevin found himself flooded with Fen's emotions. Flooded with her longing for companionship, and particularly for companionship with the handsome man beside him.

Kevin's face was flush from more than just the wine as they walked back through the streets towards Fen's apartment. He glanced at his watch. It was just after ten. He didn't want to interrupt Grace's date and equally—or more?—he didn't want to say goodbye to Wei. Fen's desire to remain chaste and traditional fought with Kevin's urge to follow the lead of his body. Fen's body wanted to be touched, stroked. It had been so long and, with Wei here and sharing the attraction, it was too much to fight.

“My daughter will still be out with her boyfriend,” Kevin said, surprising Wei by taking his hand. “She thinks I don’t know, but I don’t want to interrupt her. Why don’t you take me back to your place?”

“How very...nontraditional,” Wei arched an eyebrow and grinned.

Wei waited for Kevin to make the first move. They were on the couch, a glass of wine in hand. Wei’s arm was on the back of the couch behind Kevin. The conversation petered out and Kevin was aware of how his body was leaning against Wei, how Wei’s lips were so close to his. All he had to do was lean forward slightly and suddenly they were kissing.

Kevin felt he should have been uncomfortable kissing a man like he kissed Wei. He’d never been attracted to men the same way he was attracted to women. But it was Fen’s desire that gripped him now and the pleasure of kissing Wei was like the pleasure he’d felt when kissing Grace. His face flushed with warmth as their lips pressed together and Wei’s fingers slid up to cup Kevin’s cheek. It just felt right to be kissed like this, like their bodies were made to fit together, Fen’s soft form against Wei’s hard. Kevin lay his hand on Wei’s broad chest, felt the warmth beneath the thin cotton shirt.

Wei tasted slightly of the ginger noodles and wine they’d both shared and Kevin inhaled his scent greedily, lips opening as his tongue probed Wei’s mouth. Kevin leaned forward, pressing himself harder against Wei, squeezing his eyes shut. His breath came faster and a little sigh escaped his mouth as their lips reconnected. Their kisses grew more urgent. A spark of warmth flared to life deep within Kevin, a need to press himself against this warm mass of man.

Kevin shifted on the couch, hiking his dress up so he could throw a leg over Wei and straddle him. He paused, looking down at Wei as Wei looked up at him with a shy smile on his face. Then Kevin cupped Wei's cheeks and pulled their lips together again. Wei's hands slid around Kevin's back, exploring Kevin's body by touch, sliding gently up and down Kevin's feminine form.

Kevin's breasts pressed against Wei's chest and he dragged himself slowly back and forth across Wei's lap, feeling the stirring of Wei's manhood beneath his pants. Stirring for him. The thought made the spark of fire burn brighter through Kevin's wonderfully feminine body and need carried through him. Still kissing, Kevin scrambled for Wei's buttons, yanking open the shirt and splaying his hand against Wei's bare chest. He sighed again into Wei's mouth as his hands followed the contours of Wei's firm chest. He helped Wei slip off his shirt and Kevin took a moment to admire Wei's figure in the soft light of the room.

Wei grabbed him, one hand on his back to unclasp the dress. Kevin felt the clasp come undone and gently maneuvered out of Wei's grasp to stand in front of him. He slipped out of the black dress, let it fall to his feet in a heap before kicking it aside. Wei looked up at him in awe before grabbing his hips and kissing his stomach. Kevin looked down at his body, at the wonderful breasts clasped by the black bra, at Wei worshipping his form. He reached around and unclasped his bra, letting it slide down each arm and freeing his tits. Kevin grasped his own tits, sighing as he touched himself, squeezing lightly with both hands, fingers dimpling the delicious weight. Fen's tits felt amazing, soft but firm, a comforting weight that was so wonderful to watch, to touch, to feel dangling from him. He was in love with the sight of Fen's body, with the pleasure it was causing to pulse through him.

Wei slid his fingers beneath the hem of Kevin's white panties and rolled them down slowly. They both watched in awe as he revealed Kevin's bush inch by inch. Now Fen's body was naked for their pleasure. Kevin's brown nipples spiked out as he continued stroking his tits, pleasure at the sight of the body he possessed making him warm and moist.

Wei looked up at him, his hands on Kevin's hips. "Can I kiss you down here?"

"Yes," Kevin breathed, nearly a moan, his fingers now lightly pinching each sensitive nipple. "Kiss my pussy."

Wei leaned forward and gently pressed his face in between Kevin's legs. He kissed him, hot breath whispering across Kevin's skin and making him shiver with delight. Kevin felt his pussy spreading for Wei, growing wetter and ever more ready as Wei kissed up and down his entrance. Wei's warm tongue slid up and down Kevin's pussy lips before darting inside him. Kevin's breath hitched in his throat as Wei's expert tongue found his clit and teased it with gentle licks.

Kevin continued fondling his tits as he watched Wei feast on his pussy. The warmth of Wei's breath was delightful, the feel of his tongue on Kevin's clit even more so. Wei teased him into a state of dripping ecstasy, until Kevin's body was on fire, a beautiful tension twisting inside him, ready to explode.

Suddenly Wei stood and cupped a breast, fingers splayed across Kevin's skin. Kevin dropped his tits, sliding his hand out from beneath Wei's so he could and drape his arms across Wei's shoulders. They kissed again and Kevin inhaled the musky scent of his own pussy still on Wei's lips. That beautiful taste was his. The thought brought a surge of warmth through him, made him moan, delighted at the ownership of this feminine body that was bringing him so much pleasure. Wei's erection pressed against Kevin's mound, hard and urgent for him, promising even more pleasure to come.

Kevin reached down between them and unbuttoned Wei's pants, pushing them down, and then his underwear. Wei's cock sprang up between them and Kevin

took it in his hand without a second thought. It was warm and wonderfully soft-hard. Kevin stroked it with one hand, fingers following the shaft up and down. Now it was Wei's turn to sigh into Kevin's mouth as Kevin gently manipulated his warm cock with nimble fingers.

Wei slid one hand on Kevin's ass and gently guided him onto his back on the couch, Kevin giggling in delighted surprise. Wei knelt on the couch between Kevin's legs, his cock erect and powerful. Kevin's legs were spread and he stared down Fen's body—his body—his tits resting on either side of his chest, his dark mound sparkling with dew, the delicate brown lips engorged and moist.

Kevin twisted and turned on the couch with restless desire, cupping his breasts and fondling himself. When the pressure of Wei's cockhead parted Kevin's pussy lips Kevin almost told him to stop, but before he could get the words out Wei pushed inside and – oh! – it was heavenly. Kevin's canal gripped the cock like a glove as the glorious heat slid inside him. Each heavenly inch filled him more, bringing with it a feeling of rightness. This is what his body wanted. Kevin released a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding as Wei slid deeper, until their groins were connected and Kevin was full. Wei lay down on him, nuzzling into Kevin's breasts as Wei lay enmeshed in him.

More unexpected was the aching absence when Wei withdrew. Kevin's body buzzed with need, finally fulfilled when Wei plunged back inside, moaning as he entered Kevin's wet heat, eyes closed in ecstasy. They rocked back and forth as Wei suckled one of Kevin's tits and Kevin massaged the other. Kevin wrapped his legs around Wei's solid body, urging him forward at each downstroke, trying to pull him deeper into his waiting warm wetness.

Wei moved faster, sucking on one of Kevin's oh-so-sensitive nipples. There was a woman moaning and Kevin realized it was him, his mouth agape, crying out in a voice that was rising in pitch as Wei thrust in to the hilt. Wei moaned around Kevin's nipple, growing more frenzied, thrusting faster, pumping into Kevin as

Kevin clasped him to his chest, fingernails like claws against Wei's back as the onrushing orgasm made him tense and then he threw back his head and cried out in a strangled voice.

An immense orgasm

whiting out his mind

his thoughts

he was only a body gripping another body

a sheath holding a sword

alight with pleasure

desire

release

and Wei pumped into him, adding the hot cum to Kevin's aching wetness, filling him even fuller than full as they rocked together in an ecstasy that curled Kevin's toes.

When it was over Wei collapsed on him, his heavy weight comforting. Kevin stroked his back, shuddering every now and then with aftershocks as Wei grew soft inside him. After a minute, Wei pushed himself up and kissed Kevin once again, deep and sensual. When he pulled back Kevin smiled up at him, feeling perfectly at home for the first time since he'd ended up in Fen's body.

They showered and collapsed into bed together, Wei holding Kevin from behind, his cock pressed against Kevin's plump butt. And Kevin knew what it was like for Fen to want something but hold herself back, to be discouraged and awed at the strength of her daughter's will, to throw away everything she'd been taught and give herself over to a man. He was a mix of Fen and himself, a new person now.

5

In his dream Kevin was back in the bamboo forest. Dim light filtered through the plants as he pushed and shoved himself through the undergrowth until he came to the clearing again. The spirit of Fen's ancestors were there, floating pale women. They spoke in a multitudinous voice:

"Kevin, you have learned your lesson, are you ready to return to your life?"

"Yes, I am," Kevin said.

He'd come to enjoy being Fen for the day, comforted by the small part of him that insisted it was temporary and that he should just enjoy it.

"Very well," the spirits said, and turned to face someone else.

It must have been Fen they were speaking to, asking her the same question they'd asked him. Kevin was ready to return to his body and, hopefully, Fen would be a little more forgiving about his budding relationship with Grace.

He stood there for a minute. Then another. He heard the murmur of the spirits but couldn't quite make out the words. They were questioning Fen. What was taking so long? Finally, the ghostly spirit turned back to Kevin.

“There is disagreement between the souls.”

“What? What disagreement? Change us back!”

“We cannot. Both must be ready. We will send you back.”

“Wait! No!”

But it was too late, Kevin was being pulled backwards through the bamboo forest and awoke in Wei’s bed with a jolt. He looked down, already knowing what he would find. There were Fen’s breasts hanging from his chest, her hips, her curves, the emptiness between his legs. She wasn’t ready to go back now. Would she ever be ready to go back?

“You’re awake,” Wei said, kissing him on the lips.

Kevin sighed, the anxiousness of the dream competing with the feel of Wei’s body pressed against his. He was stuck in Fen’s body. He should go back home. Demand that Grace call Fen over. Demand his body back.

Kevin was going to do it. He would have, if Wei hadn’t ducked beneath the covers, crawled down Kevin’s body, and nestled his face between Kevin’s legs. The heat of Wei’s breath, followed by the pulse of his wet tongue on Kevin’s pussy quickly brought the welcome warmth back to life within him. He spread

his legs, welcoming Wei's wandering tongue and fingers. Wei gently spread apart Kevin's pussy and brought him to glorious orgasm again and again.

There were worse ways to start a new life, and worse lives to be stuck in.

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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