

First World Problems

MtF Body Switch

by M. Wills

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First World Problems

The driver held the door open and Dalton stepped out of the car. He adjusted his tailored jacket with a shrug and strolled up the short flight of steps to the clinic. His bodyguard, an imposing man named Brody with shoulders so broad he practically had to step sideways through a door, followed behind. Dalton placed his hand on the scanning pad by the double glass doors and waited for the clinic to identify him. Dalton kept his eyes straight ahead, looking through his faint reflection from the glass doors to the facility beyond as the scanner traced his hand and sampled his DNA.

Dalton's blonde hair was combed back in a glossy quiff. The steely blue eyes and solid facial structure—chiseled jaw, sharp cheekbones—were his, as he always made sure to keep the features that made him special. His current skin was younger than his natural thirty seven years, and after today's session would be younger still.

Through the reflection, he saw Brody's face behind him. His lips were tight and his eyes flicked left and right. Always business with him.

“Sure I can't get you anything, Brody?” Dalton asked. “Faster reflexes? Better lung capacity?” He paused and smiled. “Bigger dick?”

“No, thank you, sir,” Brody replied.

“God, you're no fun.”

After a few seconds a pleasant automated female voice greeted him: “Welcome to the Clinic, Mr. Dalton Cox.”

The double glass doors slid open silently and Dalton walked into the chilled air of the facility. The interior was crisp white. A slight antiseptic tang was in the air. The whole interior seemed to be lit by a faint glow that came from everywhere but was just a result of deeply inset lights and clever design. A hallway stretched down to his right, ending in a polished steel door with a black square set into the wall next to it.

The director of the clinic, Abed Mashahdi, was there to greet him. He was shorter and rounder than Dalton, with a greying beard that contrasted with his dark mocha skin and sunken brown eyes. He had a slender electronic tablet in one hand.

“Welcome, Mr. Cox.” Abed said, extending his hand.

“Abed,” Dalton nodded.

He shook Abed's hand once, briskly, then held his hand out, palm up, to Brody. Brody retrieved a small bottle from his jacket pocket and squirted some sanitizer onto Dalton's outstretched hand. Dalton rubbed his hands together as the three began moving down the hallway towards the metal security door.

Abed consulted his tablet as they walked. “I have you down for a skin rejuvenator and body toner?”

“Correct. And a sense of humor for my friend here.”

“That is not something that can be easily identified and swapped as of yet. Soon, though.”

Dalton glanced at him. “Maybe put one down for yourself.”

“Ah, yes, you were joking. I see. Ah, anyway, I note here that your last body toner was only three weeks ago. May I ask, was there a problem?”

“No problem, Abed. Just grew a little gut.” Dalton patted his stomach, which was bulging out his shirt slightly.

“Ah, Mr. Cox, even with a body toner you must still take care of yourself.”

They’d reached the security door by now and stopped. Dalton put his hand on Abed’s shoulder. “Abed, if I took care of myself I’d put you out of business.”

Dalton smiled, then removed his hand from Abed’s shoulder and held out the outstretched palm to Brody. They repeated the hand sanitizing exercise.

Abed spoke as he took out his swipe card and placed it up against the black square next to the door. “Mr. Dixon will be quite upset to get his physique back looking like this so soon. I really—”

“I really don’t give a shit. That’s what he gets paid for.” Dalton said breezily.

The door slid open and they stepped into next room. There were seven pod chairs lined up in a row. The top and sides of each curved up to form the back and arm rests, resembling an egg with a section cut out. Each chair was occupied by a man dressed in a white bathrobe – Dalton’s body options. They were all overly muscular – bulging biceps, massive chests – like professional wrestlers. Standing against a door on the far side of the room was a young orderly dressed in pale blue.

Abed tensed and then, with an effort, relaxed. “I apologize, I spoke out of turn,” Abed began slowly. “But you are going through so many donors—”

“I pay you well enough. Buy more.”

“Yes, we can, but ethically they—”

“Ethically, they all know what they’re signing up for.”

“Yes, but it’s disrespectful to take their—”

“It’s not theirs after the swap, it’s mine and I’ll do whatever the fuck I want with it. I don’t want to hear another word about this. You sound like my fiancée.” Dalton turned to the men in the chairs and clapped his hands together. “Show me my options.”

Dalton and Abed went down the line, getting each man to strip out of the robe and pose like bodybuilders in just their underwear. Dalton frowned as he examined each man’s body, imagining how their muscles would look on himself.

“They’re really very...big,” Dalton said.

“You wanted muscular.”

“Yes, but this is like, circus freak muscular. No offense, guys. I wanted movie star muscular. You know: fit, toned, solid but without being a blockhead. This is all too much.”

“I can have some more donors brought down from the residence, it will just take a few moments.”

Dalton looked around the room and his eyes fell on the young orderly. “You, come here.”

Abed looked at who Dalton was pointing to. “Oh, no, that’s my nephew, Hassan. He works here, he’s not a—”

“Shh, shh, shh,” Dalton said, approaching Hassan slowly and examining him like a piece of meat.

Hassan was gently muscular—a swimmer rather than a weightlifter—and with a smooth complexion and rich latte colored skin. He watched Dalton with wide eyes as Dalton poked and prodded him. Dalton wiggled the fingers of his left hand, the one with the ‘S’ shaped scar on the back of it from where he’d almost got it caught in that damn door three weeks ago.

“How much for this one? Complexion, age, muscles, the whole skin package.” Then he added with a laugh: “Except the brown part, obviously.”

Abed’s mouth twitched but he managed to calmly reply, “He’s not registered.”

Dalton turned to Abed long enough to shout: “Then fucking register him.” Then, calmer, he returned his attention to Hassan. “I know you must need money. What are you, twenty-one years old? Still in med school? Must have a lot of debt.”

Hassan nodded, wide eyed.

“How much do you want for your youth?”

In the end it only costs Dalton 90,000 credits. Practically nothing to him but ten years of wages to Hassan.

The doors to the two transfer chambers were located on opposite sides of the main room. Each contained a clear pod, shaped like a huge pill and filled with a viscous yellow fluid.

Brody remained outside the door of the room while Dalton disrobed and slipped naked into the pod. The fluid was warm. It always felt slightly uncomfortable getting into the pod, like stepping into a bath of warm vegetable oil. Dalton had long ago gotten used to breathing in the fluid, and he ducked his head beneath the surface and took a big breath, fighting the urge to choke and sputter as his lungs adjusted to the oxygenated fluid.

From there it was just a matter of waiting. His thoughts spun out to the whole machine he was encased in. Abed had explained it to him the first time he’d come in but Dalton had been only half listening. It was something about connecting two people’s cells using opposing quantum entanglement.

An individual’s cells were somehow identified and linked like switches, with each of the subjects traits being given opposite spins. When one switch was flipped up the other flipped down and the physical or mental traits were swapped between the two subjects in the pods. One person got fatter, the other got thinner. The markers could be linked to physical traits like skin tone and muscle tone and body shape, or even to some mental changes. The only thing Dalton knew for sure was that the traits couldn’t be created from scratch, only swapped between two people. Dalton didn’t really understand the science and as long as Abed kept up an ample supply of subjects he didn’t care.

The range of available swaps was constantly expanding. It seemed every time Dalton visited Abed had made another breakthrough. The viscous fluid that Dalton lay in was simultaneously a shock absorber and a catalyst, facilitating the rapid swapping of his body’s cells.

A gentle hum started up and warm vibrations filled him, soothing him even as they signaled the morphing of his body. Dalton felt his body morphing, swapping out his gut for Hassan’s six pack abs, his pale skin and wrinkles for Hassan’s complexion. The cells in Dalton’s body were filled with

the vitality of youth while Hassan received the slow decline of a thirty seven year old. In an hour the swap was complete, Hassan's physique and youthful energy for Dalton's.

When Dalton stepped out of the bath he was glowing. He looked at his new form and admired the smooth, wrinkle-free skin that he now owned. The scar on the back of his hand in the shape of an 'S' was gone. It was still his face, his body, but filled out, as if he were twenty one ago. No, even better. He'd never been this fit at twenty one. The underlying musculature was all Hassan's.

He showered off the viscous fluid in and re-dressed before returning to the main room. Hassan was entering from the chamber opposite. Dalton grinned at him, noticing the crow's feet around his eyes, the moles and wrinkles that hadn't been there an hour ago. Dalton nodded down at Hassan's new paunch.

"Watch the gut there, tubby," Dalton laughed.

He motioned to Brody and the two of them turned and left the way they'd came.

Dalton's DNA had been updated in real time but Dalton didn't use DNA as a security check to get into his own house. The secluded drive up to the mansion on the hill could only be accessed with a retina scan, one of the only parts of his body Dalton never changed. Dalton threw open the double doors of his house, setting them to bang against the wall. He laughed at his own strength, having not quite adjusted to his new form.

Autumn was in the downstairs library, her back to the door, papers scattered across a huge polished oak desk. Mixed in among the papers were a handful of holodisks, quietly going through their demos. 3D visuals of scale models and animations danced above the disks, swooping through old castles, or demonstrating ghostly images of idyllic countrysides.

Dalton paused and leaned in the doorway, his hands casually in his pockets and watched Autumn work. His body was humming with energy – God, had he ever been like this in his first youth? – and the sight of her perfect backside called to him. He snuck up and grabbed her hips. She jumped and spun around, smiling as she realized it was him.

“Oh, you gave me a scare,” she said.

He kissed her before she could say another word, pressing their bodies close. His hand slid around and clutched her ass. He felt her laugh into his mouth, felt her warm body press against his, her hands slide up his shoulders.

When she pulled away he kept his hands on her hips as she looked him up and down. “New look?”

“I can change it back if you don't like it.”

“No, it looks good on you. And...did you get younger?”

Dalton wiggled his eyebrows.

“Oh, Dalton, why?”

“For you,” he said, kissing her again. She tasted divine and his manhood stirred to life.

She felt it and pulled away gently. “Oooh, someone's feeling frisky.”

“You should come with me again sometime.”

“I worry you rely on it too much. If you swap too much don't you lose the ‘you-ness’ of you?”

“I don't remember this being much of an issue when you fixed your kidneys.”

“That was a one time thing.”

“Was this a one time thing?” He asked, and kissed her now-perfect nose. “Or these?” He gently stroked her heavenly breasts. “Or your...sensitivity?” He let his hand follow the curve of her body down between her legs and pressed his fingers firmly against her sex. She closed her eyes and sighed.

“Still. Doing it too much feels ...I don’t know...wrong. Unearned.”

“I’m not talking about this again.” Dalton smoothed back her fine brunette hair behind a slender ear. “How’s the wedding going? Has it been planned yet?”

Autumn gently eased herself out of Dalton’s embrace and slid a holodisk over. She pressed a few buttons and a hologram sprang into existence a few inches above the lens of the disk. It was a bird’s eye view of a castle surrounded by a lake. The image zoomed in, swooping around the turrets and through the rooms of the castle. Dalton embraced Autumn from behind, his erection pressing against the top of her taut butt as he watched the image and nibbled on her neck.

“This is a castle in Scotland. It’s got a nearby airstrip so we can fly everyone in and out.”

“If my princess wants to get married in a castle then so it shall be.”

“I’ve got the catering all set up. They can print anything you want on the spot. We’ll just need to let them know what to program in.”

“Flowers? Music? Accommodation? All that?” Dalton wasn’t interested and didn’t really care about the details. But he tried to take an interest because he knew that Autumn cared.

She escaped from his grasp and flitted around the pile of papers and electronics on the table, pulling out this and that, exclaiming about the arrangements she’d made and asking for his opinions on color schemes and seating and on and on. She had such an enthusiasm for it and he hid his boredom by studying her face and nodding at appropriate times. She had such a gorgeous face and a body to die for. Dalton would have settled for nothing less, even if he did take some swaps to make her perfect. She’d done it. And if changing yourself for someone wasn’t love then what was?

Yes, some of it had been for him, but some had been for her, too. She was no longer sick. Her kidneys were like new. And she no longer treated sex like a chore. She was almost as needy for release as he’d been at age eighteen...or as he was now. It had taken some doing to figure out how to screen for *that* particular request, and even longer to find the perfect candidate, but the Swap Clinic had come through in the end and their bedroom had rung with her orgasmic cries. Compared to that, finding her wedding present to him was easy. Second virginities were popular and plentiful.

He feigned enthusiasm for as long as he could but his eyes soon glazed over. Dalton’s recent swap had energized him and he felt like a caged tiger, powerful but constrained.

“Whatever you want is yours, Autumn,” he said, sliding up beside her and pulling her close again. “I give you the world.”

He could feel her trembling as he took her hand in his and slid his other hand around her waist. Their lips came together and they kissed gently at first, savoring each other. But the longer her floral scent was in his nose, the longer her soft skin was so near, calling for him, the more passionate he became. Her body was crying out, too, and in moments he had pushed her back up against the table.

They clung to each other, fingers clutching for purchase, moving up and down the other’s body. Dalton’s cock was rock hard and insistent. He yanked her top off over her head and unclasped her bra. When it slipped to the floor he ducked his head to feast on her perfect breasts. They were heavy and warm and so, so soft, with a weight that was comforting and perfect in his hand. They were bigger than she would have liked—by his request—but natural and wonderfully weighty. He squeezed her breasts and suckled on them, the heat of his breath making her moan.

He wanted her so much he thought he would burst, and he clutched her tight, exploring her by touch and taste. His fingers found the rounded curves of her ass as his tongue found her tiny nipple. She pulled him close and sighed softly as he ran his other hand up and down her body, finally slipping

back in between her legs. She clapped her legs together and moaned in his ear, her entire body quivering.

He yanked down his pants, freeing his cock, before sweeping everything off the desk. Holodisks and papers scattered over the floor. Dalton lifted Autumn up onto the desk and yanked up her dress. She spread her legs and wrapped them around him, pulling him forward. He pulled aside her silk panties and lightly skated the tip of his cock across her entrance. She bucked beneath him. He had a young man's energy, a young man's exuberance, and a young man's need. His desire raged within him and he slipped inside Autumn, felt her clutch him within, and drove deep.

He was surrounded by her wet heat, slipping deep into her as she clung to him and whimpered. He filled her, the raging desire driving him on. A desperate *need* blossomed at the base of his dick, and he quickened his pace, suddenly needing to be deep inside her.

He leaned over her and kissed her again before withdrawing and driving in deep again. She cried out then, her hips rising to greet him, her hands scrabbling for him. They moved in a quick rhythm, both of their bodies eager for release. She felt so perfect wrapped around him and he wanted to stay inside her wet heat forever. He moved fast, urgently, both of them moaning into each other's mouths. He clutched one of her bouncing breasts, his other hand gripping her waist to pull her forward so he could *thrust* into her. Her breath came quicker. Dalton felt her rising orgasm, matching his own. He held on just long enough to hear her cry out in the first throes of pleasure before he came.

Dalton emptied himself inside her, driving deep into her as he clutched her heavy breasts. He slammed in again and again as his cock throbbed, *needing* to empty himself into her. She convulsed around him, crying out in her own orgasmic pleasure as he filled her with his heat.

The peak of the orgasm passed, leaving warm embers. Dalton kept his lips on Autumn, remained connected inside her until the last of her own delight finished.

Dalton threw his head back and laughed uproariously, drawing the looks of some diners at nearby tables. His three friends around the table joined in, banging the tabletops and making the plates jump and clang.

“Jesus,” Jonathan said, wiping his eyes as he recovered. “I hope you took him for everything he had.”

“Oh, I did,” Dalton agreed. “He did not know who he was messing with. I bought the whole building and closed down his little shop.”

“I bet he whined about his family,” Patrick grinned. “They always do.”

“Probably,” Dalton shrugged. “Actually, I’d completely forgot I’d done it until my lawyer mentioned I could offer it up as a tangible asset against my last loan. And then I was like, ‘what building?’”

They all laughed again and Dalton flagged down a busboy lurking in the dark by the kitchen entrance. The busboy scurried over to the table, keeping his head down. Dalton didn’t even realize he knew the busboy until the busboy reached out for his plate and Dalton saw the ‘S’ shaped scar on his hand.

“Hey, you. What’s your name?”

Hassan looked up at him. “Hassan.”

“Right. Hassan.” Dalton’s friends looked at him like he was crazy for even acknowledging the busboy. “Hey, guys,” Dalton said to them. “This here is Hassan. He’s been a real pal. I took his skin. I took his muscles. I took the best part of him and graced him with my physique. Check this out.”

Dalton pushed back his shirt and flexed, his bicep bulging out. He patted it. “Check it out. Now do you,” he said to Hassan.

“No. No please.” Hassan shook his head but Dalton’s friends gathered around.

“Come on,” Dalton said, “Don’t make me look bad.”

Hassan rolled up his sleeve and showed off his sad arm. It was more flab than muscle now.

“Look at that,” Dalton exclaimed, “That used to be me. Can you believe it?”

“He’s lucky he has anything of yours,” Peter said.

“Exactly. And I bet he doesn’t even realize it. You want me to autograph it for you?”

They all laughed at Hassan.

“You are a bad man,” Hassan muttered.

Dalton stopped laughing suddenly. "What did you say?"

Hassan looked at him with disdain. "You are a bad man. You take and you take and you take. You think having money makes you better than everyone but God sees who you really are. God will punish you."

"I'm the closest thing to God you'll ever meet," Dalton said, leaning close. "As far as you're concerned, I *am* God. You're lucky I don't even give enough shits about you to even crush you."

Hassan banged the table. "People will rise up against evil men like you. Users. Abusers. God will make us stronger than you can ever be." The whole restaurant was silent.

Dalton shook his head. "Fuck, can't really argue with a religious nut. Only one thing to do with them."

Dalton nodded to Brody, then they all left the restaurant without another word. By the time Brody's hired men had caught Hassan out in the back alley to teach him some manners Dalton had already forgotten about the altercation. It was that insignificant.

Autumn mentioned Dalton looked a little pale. He also felt a cold coming on. So he booked a session at the Swap Clinic.

If Abed's greeting at the door was a little chillier than usual Dalton didn't notice. They walked down the hallway while Dalton questioned him on the procedure.

"You're sure you can just get rid of my illness without swapping out my lungs?"

"Yes, ah, yes," Abed nodded. "You see, we've recently created an algorithm that can precisely identify the markers to be swapped."

"What does that mean?"

"It means," Abed said, pressing his keycard up against the black metal square beside the security door. "We can swap as much or as little as you want." The door slid open silently and they walked into the room with the pod chairs while Abed continued, "We can precisely target the cells in the brain to swap specific mentalities between people."

"Mentalities?" Dalton said, as he eyed the seven candidates. They were all men in their early twenties and looked to be in peak physical condition. Dalton's newest physique had not yet begun to deteriorate but, even so, he wondered if he shouldn't just top up anyway.

"Yes, ah, yes," Abed said, starting to warm up as he talked about his passion project. "If you wanted to get rid of an obsessive compulsive disorder we could now give that to someone else and leave you worry free. A propensity for math is a little harder but probably doable."

"I don't need to know math," Dalton said dismissively. "That's why I have a gut for the deal and an accountant for the paperwork."

"You could keep your gut and build a whole new body around it. Or keep your mind and swap everything else."

But Dalton had stopped listening because he'd seen Hassan in the corner and suddenly remembered the night at the restaurant.

"Hassan!" Dalton strolled over to the orderly and clapped him on the back once. "How are you?" Dalton held out his hand and Brody squirted some sanitizer onto his palm while Dalton continued grinning at Hassan. "How's the face? Feeling better? Learn anything from the experience?"

Hassan looked at him silently and with barely suppressed rage. One eye was a bruised yellow and his nose was still set with a bandage. When Hassan said nothing, Dalton nodded genially.

"Good. I see the lesson took."

Dalton turned and looked at the seven subjects, then to Abed. "What the fuck am I looking for here, Abed? I just want to be healthy today. Choose someone healthy."

Dalton pressed the button to open the door into the receiving chamber. When it slid open he entered without a glance back.

Dalton undressed and slid into the warm liquid, submerging his head. He waited. And waited. It seemed to be taking a little longer than usual, and Dalton was just about to go out and start making demands when the familiar vibrations started. He felt his nose and his lungs clearing up. The constant hanging exhaustion of his cold disappeared, replaced with a sharp vibrancy of mind. And a nagging sensation that something else had changed.

He stepped out of the chamber and into the shower. Then he toweled off and looked down at himself. Physically, he didn't appear any different. Strong, masculine body. Well hung (naturally!). Solid physique. He should have been so proud but his arrogance was tempered. There was nothing obviously wrong with his body, but something *felt* wrong about him. It was like he was too...much.

He dressed slowly, pondering this strange feeling. It was an introspection he'd never felt before and he thought to yell at Abed about it. But when the chamber door slid open and he saw Abed standing there waiting for him, he bottled it up. Abed was the man in charge here so he must know what he was doing. Dalton would defer to him.

The other chamber opened up and Hassan came out, escorting a young woman. She was covered head to toe in a flowing robe, complete with a face veil. She coughed once and flipped up the face veil. She could have been Hassan's cousin. She had the same warm Afghani complexion.

Dalton stared into her beautiful almond-shaped eyes. They were dark and intense and full of disdain for...him. Dalton had never been on the receiving end of that kind of look before and he looked away, avoiding her eyes as she left through another door in the back of the room.

"Come on, Brody," Dalton said quietly. "Let's go home."

Brody frowned in puzzlement but followed his boss out of the room. Dalton shook his head to try to clear it. He definitely felt off. If that damn clinic still left him with a head cold Dalton was going to have to have words with Abed. But, no, he felt fine.

Dalton didn't say a word on the walk back to the car. Brody held the door open for him and he slid into the air conditioned comfort of his limo. Brody slid in to the seat across from him.

"Where to, sir?" The driver asked.

Dalton looked up and began to reply and saw Brody there so close to him. An odd thought crossed his mind – should he be alone in a car with a man? Dalton shook it off.

"Uh, home. Please." Dalton replied.

Dalton didn't notice Brody's eyebrows rise on that word – please – because he was too distracted by the voice in his own head calling him a harlot.

When he arrived home, Autumn greeted him in the entrance hall. She wore a simple white dress that was cut to her figure, crisp and almost professional looking. She took Dalton's hands and stood up on her toes to kiss him on the lips. Dalton recoiled and she looked at him funny.

"What's wrong? Do I have bad breath?" She asked, raising an elegant eyebrow.

"N-no," Dalton stuttered. He didn't want to tell her about the revulsion that had come over him at the thought of kissing her.

"Okay," she said, and then kissed him again. With an effort, he let their lips linger together, pulling away after a second.

"Feeling better?" She asked. "What did you get done? You seem different."

Autumn looked him up and down. Dalton shook his head and tried to affect his usual cockiness.

“Just got rid of a cold. Fresh set of lungs.”

“You sure they didn’t do anything else?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know.” Autumn shrugged. “You seem more...introspective.”

“Nah, I’m fine,” Dalton brushed it off.

“Okay, well, I’ve got to go out to this board meeting for sick children or whatever.”

“I thought sick children was yesterday.”

“Oh, shit. Is this tornado orphans?”

Autumn dug her phone out of her purse and began scrolling through it.

“Maybe the ‘save the eagles’ people?”

“No, I quit that one. They wouldn’t let me be chair. Ah!” She held up her phone to show him her schedule. “The technology and freedom board.”

“Is that the one trying to get rid of the rules on the internet?”

“Yep. Fighting big European democracy one byte at a time. I’ll see you tonight.”

She disappeared out the door and a silence settled over the house. Dalton wandered into his own study upstairs and fell heavily in to the Eames chair behind his desk. He gestured for the screen in his desk to turn on and a series of numbers and graphs materialized. Dalton flipped through the financial reports but he was unsettled. The numbers usually just made sense, and the greens and reds of the stock tracers would normally excite him as he studied the charts and the analyst’s reports searching for good buys. He didn’t *need* to do this. He had people for this sort of thing and he had enough money stashed in various places that he didn’t *need* to do anything. But it was all a game to him. Except today it wasn’t fun.

He was distracted and disgusted, looking around at the scale and opulence of his surroundings: The wall to ceiling bookcases full of rare books he never read; the view through the double height windows behind him that looked out over the harbor and had become so commonplace it was unremarkable; the custom hardwood floors sourced from old growth rainforest. All the luxuries just brought him a sense of emptiness that he’d never known before.

Maybe the Swap Clinic really had done something to him?

The funny feeling stuck with him all the rest of the afternoon and through dinner. Dalton picked at his food. There were bits of bacon in the soup which Dalton took pains to separate out, suddenly unable to stomach the thought of eating it.

When Autumn returned home she flitted around him playfully. From her attitude and the way she made excuses to touch him he could tell she was in the mood. Though she did look incredible, Dalton just didn’t feel the sharp pang of desire, the need to take her that he usually did. He avoided her that night, claiming exhaustion. She looked at him quizzically but left him alone.

Over the next few days the same pattern emerged. Dalton wandered around aimlessly, uninterested in the things that usually held his attention. He paced back and forth in his study as the red and green stock numbers cascaded down. Dalton couldn’t put his finger on what was wrong but, if pressed, he would have said that his body was the wrong shape. He felt clunky and oversized. Too big. Too strong. Too masculine.

That evening he tried to please Autumn. She followed him into the bedroom and closed the door behind her before jumping into his arms. She pressed her body against his, her heavy breasts resting on his chest as she grabbed him and kissed him madly. He kissed her back, though his body was screaming to pull away, insisting that he shouldn't be with her. There was something indefinably wrong about being with a woman. But, when he interrogated himself as Autumn unzipped her dress, he found it more wrong to be with a man.

Homosexuality is a sin, his mind insisted, even though Dalton had never stepped foot into a church.

It was as if his mind was fighting with his body. His mental imperatives didn't match his physical body. And as Autumn knelt before him, for the first time in his life Dalton didn't want to *have* a woman. He wanted to *be* one.

These thoughts were interrupted as Autumn took him into her mouth. He stared down at her, her naked breasts bouncing as her head bobbed up and down on his flaccid cock. After a few minutes she pulled away and looked up at him.

"You stressed out or something?"

Dalton pulled away and sat on the bed. He ran a nervous hand through his slicked back hair. "I'm not...I don't know."

Autumn sat beside him and took his hand. "You've been different ever since you got back from the clinic. I told you that clinic was a bad idea."

Dalton nodded. "I should have listened to you. But it's out of our hands now."

Autumn's eyes widened. "'It's out of our hands?'" She repeated. "Jesus. What the fuck did they do to you? Where's the fire?"

She brushed the hair of his forehead and stared into his eyes. Her face was so close to his. Intimately close. Uncomfortably close.

"I'm taking you back there tomorrow," she said, "And we're going to fix whatever the hell they broke. And then you're not going back to that place again."

Dalton nodded without complaint.

Autumn was able to get an appointment at the clinic for Dalton the next day. She stormed in, pulling a docile Dalton along behind her. Abed greeted them in the lobby, as usual, and Autumn turned her ire on him, using the full force of her white upper class privilege.

“Your clinic has done something to my husband, Dr. Mashahdi,” Autumn said icily. “You need to fix it.”

“It was just a normal procedure. What seems to be wrong with him?”

“Look at him,” Autumn said, gesturing to Dalton, who was standing next to her silently with a placid smile on his face. “I don’t know what kind of mental swap bullshit you’ve pulled but I demand you put it back. You’ve got a nice business here. I would hate to get my lawyers involved, and it would definitely be worse for you if word got out that you don’t know what you’re doing.”

“I assure you, we will get to the bottom of this. There should not have been any mental changes but we can review the log file and see if any adjustments need to be made. After you called us we brought the last person your husband swapped with back to our clinic. They’re prepped and ready in the chamber. This way, please.”

Dalton and Autumn followed Abed back through the security door and into the chamber. Autumn watched on, arms folded, as Dalton got undressed and slipped into the viscous liquid. A few seconds later the vibrations started up. His whole body hummed, down to the bones. For a second he felt a strange weightlessness, his body seemed to disappear for a blink, and then he settled back into reality. When the humming stopped the cover slid back Dalton raised his head out of the chamber.

“How are you feeling, Dalton?”

It was a man’s voice. Dalton wiped the slick liquid from his eyes and blinked up at the man standing over him.

“Hassan?” Dalton asked.

The voice that came from Dalton’s lips was all wrong. Higher pitched. Lighter. Feminine.

Dalton looked down at his body, still half-submerged, and found two bare breasts hanging from his chest and buoyed by the liquid. The nipples were dark brown against his pale latte skin. He gasped and pushed himself up, watching as his new breasts bounced with each motion. They were smaller than Autumn’s but perky with the tautness of youth.

“What did you do to me?” Dalton asked in a small voice, looking back up at Hassan.

Hassan loomed over him. One of his eyes was still discolored from the beating. He smiled. “We fixed you. Well, we fixed two problems actually.”

“Change me back. Now!” Dalton tried to growl. But the voice that came out was docile and meek, more pleading than demanding.

“No. Come on out of there.”

Dalton found himself wanting to obey. He stood and Hassan helped him out of the chamber, one hand sliding across Dalton’s waist, the other gently grabbing his hand. Dalton leaned on him as they made their way across the chamber floor to the shower.

Dalton had some trouble adjusting to the way his new body moved. His hips swayed back and forth and his slim breasts jostled at each step. He stared down at the woman he’d now become, saw he was younger, with sleek curves. Dalton’s body was much smaller. Hassan towered over him, only further emphasizing Dalton’s lack of power.

Dalton stepped into the spray and washed himself down. He held his hands up to his face and wiggled his tiny fingers. They were slender and thin. Delicate. He couldn’t help exploring his new body, running his hands over his soft curves. He gently fondled a breast, marveling at the tightness of skin. His hands brushed down his stomach, skating across the emptiness between his legs. A wild thatch of dark hair covered his entrance, but the body he gazed down on was delightful. Everything about this new body screamed docile and harmless.

Dalton wanted to explore himself more but saw Hassan staring at him and he blushed, looking away. He didn’t dare tell Hassan to stop staring. It wasn’t his place to tell a man to do something.

For the first time in days Dalton realized he felt whole. Like his mind now matched his body. He remembered that it wasn’t always this way and there was a slight nostalgia for the man he used to be. But this must have been God’s will.

After the shower he toweled off. There was a mirror in the room and Dalton stepped in front of it. The girl – his reflection – was stunning. Probably in her late teens, she was tiny, with dark features and long lashes. She looked to be of Afghani descent. His eyes traced the light curves of his body, and he saw Hassan behind him doing the same thing. He blushed, but had no way of covering himself. As he looked back up at his face he thought he looked familiar and then it hit him: this was the woman who’d come out of the chamber last time. His eyes widened and he took a step back.

“Who am I?” Dalton asked.

“Quiet,” Hassan snapped. “You’ll speak only when spoken to.”

Dalton nodded and dropped his gaze. He allowed Hassan to slip a white robe on him. The robe was soft on his skin and he cinched the sash around his tiny waist. Then Hassan led him out of the chamber. Dalton realized that he was coming out of the opposite chamber he’d entered. Abed was there, and when he saw Dalton he came towards him.

“Are you Dalton?”

Dalton nodded and brushed his hair out of his face, his fingers skating across his soft new features.

“Ha, yes, it worked,” Abed grinned. “You have all of Dalton’s memories. You’ve effectively switched bodies.”

There was a noise from across the room as the other chamber whirred open. Abed stepped in front of him, blocking Dalton’s view of the chamber and hiding him from view of whoever was coming out.

“How are you feeling?” Abed asked.

“Much better,” A man’s voice responded. “You’re lucky I don’t shut this place down for malfeasance. Come on, Autumn, let’s go.”

The voice was oddly familiar, and Dalton saw two people – a man and a woman – heading for the main entrance. He recognized the woman instantly. He knew the swell of Autumn’s curves and the way she carried herself. It took him a second longer to recognize the man. He’d never seen himself from this perspective, but the man glanced back and winked at Dalton, and Dalton recognized the man’s face as his own. Dalton fought the urge to be silent and obedient, but by the time he muscled up the nerve to disobey Hassan and call out, the door had closed. Hassan and Abed turned to him and Dalton glared up at them.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Dalton asked.

He rose, and crossed his arms, thrusting out his lower lip. He was still a head shorter than either of them and he was aware that his cute face read more as petulant than intimidating. It took all he had to defy Abed and Hassan, with his mind telling him he was going against everything he’d been taught.

“You were a very bad man,” Abed said. “Arrogant. Abusive.”

“You needed to find God but you wouldn’t have done so on your own. So my uncle gave you some help.”

“Let me go or I’ll...”

“You’ll what?” Hassan asked, shoving Dalton back into one of the seats.

Dalton fell heavily into the chair looked up at them, his lower lip trembling. He swiped at his eyes. He was *not* going to cry dammit. He wasn’t weak. He was a man. Well-connected. They would pay for this.

“My niece from Afghanistan was going to be given to a poor poppy farmer. She deserved better than that and you deserved worse. So we gave her your life,” Abed said. “You have your memories and your personality, for the most part. Unfortunately my brother’s side comes from a rather... traditional Afghani family and Farah was taught to be obedient and pious. Two traits we thought would come in handy for your new life.”

“My new life?” Dalton asked.

“You’re going back to Afghanistan, my dear,” Abed grinned. “Where you belong.”

“Come on,” Hassan said, grabbing Dalton’s slender wrist.

Hassan’s hand was massive compared to Dalton’s tiny body. His fingers easily wrapped around Dalton’s wrist as he jerked him to his feet.

“Let go,” Dalton cried, swatting futilely at Hassan.

“Be silent, Farah!” Hassan cried.

Dalton’s teeth clacked shut. The urge to obey was instant and overwhelming. A fragment of a memory came to him then. One of Farah’s. The memory came from her perspective, her quaking as her father railed at her to cast down her eyes and preserve her modesty. The lesson was drilled into her and, by extension, into Dalton.

“Make sure she gets back to Afghanistan safely,” Abed instructed Hassan.

“I’ll take good care of her.”

Hassan dragged Dalton out of the back door and through a maze of corridors. Dalton trudged passively along behind him, caught in Hassan’s iron grip. He sniffed away tears. It was still so strange moving in this body. His thighs slid together beneath the robe, the emptiness grating on

him. He clutched the top of the robe closed with his free hand pressing against his breasts. Everything jiggled and swayed in odd ways.

There were only a few people in the hallway but they barely glanced at Dalton and Hassan. Hassan seemed to know where he was going. Finally, he came to a door and glanced around before opening it and pushing Dalton inside. It was a supply closet. Cramped and smelling of bleach.

Hassan stepped inside, turned on the light and closed the door. He looked down at Dalton greedily. Dalton's defiance melted as he stared back up at the broad young man.

"W-what are you going to do?" Dalton asked in a tiny voice.

"Nothing. But you're going to suck my dick."

Dalton gasped even as obedience compelled him to sink to his knees.

"Take off that robe," Hassan ordered.

Dalton untied the sash and let the robe slip from his shoulders. He knelt in front of Hassan, staring up at his captor with wide, innocent eyes. Farah had evidently been trained to do whatever she was told to do by another man. Dalton dreaded to think how that obedience had been seared into her, but now it was a part of him. Disobeying an order caused a memory of pain—real, physical pain that Farah had many times experienced—to spike through him.

"I would never have done this to the real Farah," Hassan said, as he unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to the floor. "But you deserve this. Stroke my dick."

Hassan's cock jumped out of his pants, already half erect. Dalton gasped at the sight. It seemed so big. Even more so when he took it between his slender fingers, his hand moving almost automatically at Hassan's command. The cock was warm, and it grew harder and longer as Dalton stroked, running his dainty fingers down the shaft.

"Mmmm," Hassan moaned, "That feels nice. Please me with your mouth and maybe I'll let you go."

Hope blossomed in Dalton's chest, and he concentrated on stroking Hassan's dick, taking long, even strokes up and down the shaft. It was warm and welcome beneath his fingers. If he could make Hassan happy he would be able to escape. Dalton strove to do his best, to please his new master.

A bead of pre-cum appeared on the tip of Hassan's dick, and Dalton opened his lips and licked it off. It was tangy and warm and Dalton wanted more. He slid his lips down Hassan's cock, welcoming it into his mouth. The shaft pressed against his tongue as it slowly filled his mouth. Hassan's musky scent came with it. Dalton dragged his lips as far down as he could, until he thought he would choke, and then pulled back up, gasping and breathless.

He stroked Hassan's cock some more, fingers spreading the slick saliva all the way down the shaft. It felt so powerful in his hand, and he held it and kissed up and down its length, worshipping Hassan's dick in a way that Dalton hoped was pleasing. Then he opened wide and sucked on Hassan once again, filling his mouth with musky cock. He began moving faster, and the sounds of his wet slurps filled the closet. His lips were only for Hassan's pleasure. He would do whatever it took to please this powerful man who loomed over him.

Dalton's tits bobbed beneath him and as he shifted on his knees he felt a trickle of juice slide down one thigh. God help him, this powerlessness and humiliation was making him wet. He slid his free hand in between his legs and landed on his dew. He moaned around the cock in his mouth, continuing to suck as his nimble fingers slid into his own wet warmth. It was a strange feeling being penetrated for the first time. His pussy lips clasped his fingers and he stroked harder, finding his

slick warm folds. He drew tight circles along his tiny button, urging pleasure through his body as he grew ever wetter.

His blowjob grew sloppier and he used his hand to stroke off Hassan into his mouth. Dalton's pussy was sopping wet now, his finger slick with his own juices as he fingered himself harder, faster. Now it was his turn to moan. The sound was muffled by the cock in his mouth. He closed his eyes, savoring the taste in his mouth, the hot burning pleasure he could sense moving towards him.

He fingered himself, finding the perfect spot, the perfect motion, and then the pleasure burst over him. He drove his lips down Hassan's hot shaft as pleasure pounded him from head to toe. In the midst of his delight he felt Hassan's cock throb in his mouth. He began to pull his head back but Hassan thrust his fingers through Dalton's thick, dark hair and pushed his tiny mouth far down the shaft. Dalton orgasmed even as he choked as Hassan pumped his face full of creamy cum. Dalton had no choice but to swallow it down, his body helpless and obedient, the desire to please bound up in the desire to be humiliated and broken. He came even as he gulped down the cum, pleasure fighting with horror at what he was doing.

Dalton's orgasm slowed. Hassan's fingers relaxed their grip in his hair. Dalton pushed himself off the cock with a gasp, sucking in air, his fingers still holding onto Hassan's cock as cum dripped down. Dalton's other fingers were still inside himself, and now he could smell the musky scent of his pussy. Shame made him blush.

Dalton looked up at Hassan. "Will you let me go now, please?" He asked, meekly.

"I can't let you go before we get you to your new life," Hassan grinned. "Now stand up. We've got a lot of travelling to do."

Hassan accompanied Dalton on the flight to Pakistan. Dalton was made to dress in a loose flowing dress that covered his arms and legs. A hijab covered his hair and wrapped gently around his neck. Hassan's sister had laughed as she helped adjust the scarf around his head.

“What's wrong, Farah? It's like you've completely forgotten how to put this on!”

Dalton glanced over at Hassan, who stood in the doorway with his arms crossed. Hassan's sister apparently was unaware of Dalton's switch. Dalton desperately wanted to tell her but Hassan was watching him closely. In the brief time they returned to Hassan's house to pick up Farah's stuff, Dalton was never left alone. Hassan's presence weighed heavily on Dalton and he kept his mouth shut as the man of the family had ordered.

Dalton didn't protest or try to escape at the airport, nor did he try to reveal Hassan's secret to anyone on the long flight. For one, he had no evidence. After all, his own body was apparently fine and living his normal life. For another, the Farah part of him felt comfortably assured that she was returning home, away from the sin and excess of capitalism. And finally, of course, was that he was doing his duty to obey his guardian.

In Pakistan they met up with relatives, and Dalton was given Farah's niqab. The full body covering left only his dark almond-shaped eyes bare. He was more comfortable in these clothes, hidden from the male gaze. Though what he'd done to Hassan still haunted him. He could remember the taste of Hassan in his mouth and the shame and excitement he'd felt at being so turned on by doing something so sinful. The longer Dalton stayed in Farah's body the more his own memories twisted up with Farah's modest sensibilities.

They stayed in a large house filled with Hassan's relatives and Dalton did his best to fake his way through Farah's life. He was surprised to find he could speak the language fluently. The other women of the family treated him cordially but without any particular friendliness. He got the impression that Farah had been a quiet woman, maybe not too bright, and with little curiosity or interest outside of starting a family. It made it easier to pretend to be her when so little was expected. Hassan kept an eye on him when he could, but gradually eased up watching him so closely as the days passed and Dalton said nothing about his situation.

Hassan kept Dalton's passport with him, making Dalton's chances of escape even less likely. Dalton's conflicting thoughts about his own body had eased and he felt comfortable in Farah's slender form, even as he missed his old life. The Dalton part of him took some enjoyment in the bathing ritual, where he would strip naked and slip into the tub. Gliding his fingers over his skin would make him warm with anticipation, and if there was ever any solace in his situation it was when he was alone in the bath, exploring Farah's body.

She was slender and elegant, the perky breasts bobbing beneath his touch. His little brown nipples spiked out as he squeezed them, moving from one to the other, enjoying his new body. He stared down at himself, watching as he made Farah's hands touch herself. He could pretend he was punishing her for stealing his body, squeezing her tits hard enough to make his eyes water, plucking the nipple up and releasing it to let his breast bounce back down, even while he enjoyed her

pleasure. Nimble fingers stroked his new pussy, making his body flex with orgasm as he came, tiny cries hidden by the splashing of water. In the moment all he felt was Farah's enjoyment, but afterwards he felt her shame.

One morning Dalton came downstairs to find Hassan in the doorway, his suitcase in hand. He was hugging the other members of the extended family goodbye when Dalton approached him.

"What's going on?" Dalton asked in a small voice.

"He's leaving, silly," one of the women said, playfully poking Dalton. "We were talking about it all day yesterday, weren't you listening?"

"What about me?" Dalton asked.

Hassan smiled at him. "You will be returning to your life in Afghanistan. Your great American adventure is over. Now you return home and grant our family many children with your future husband."

"My husband?"

The group clustered around Hassan tittered. "Yes, your husband," said Hassan. "You haven't forgotten that you were to be wed to Naadir have you?" Then to the rest of the group he said: "May I have a moment alone with my cousin?"

Hassan escorted Dalton into a side room and drew the curtained door behind him before sitting down on a large pillow. Dalton sat beside him. Hassan looked at him, a corner of his mouth curling into a grin.

"You've been such a good girl, Dalton," Hassan said. "Acting so much like her it's uncanny. This is the first time we've ever tried a full mind swap. Tell me, how does it feel?"

"I want to go back to my life," Dalton said without conviction.

Hassan laughed. "This is your life. And it appears you've gained more than just Farah's inhibitions. Abed theorized that the neural connections would necessarily limit the effectiveness of the swap."

"Abed did...what?" Dalton asked, his brow furrowing as he tried to follow what Hassan was saying.

Hassan laughed again. "Let me explain. Farah was a good woman but she wasn't bright. You were just the opposite. Intelligence is just a matter of the number of connections in the brain you can form. Your old brain was much more capable than Farah's. So, I guess now *you're* a good woman who's not too bright."

"I don't understand."

"Good," Hassan said, patting Dalton's head. "Intelligence would be wasted where you're going."

A few days after Hassan left, a car arrived outside for Dalton. The burly man driving was apparently another relative of Farah's there to take her home. Dalton was dressed in a burqa and driven across the border to Afghanistan. They snuck in on a dirt road, paying the border guards to turn a blind eye. They drove for hours over broken roads that became smaller and less road-like the further into the mountains they went. Eventually they were just following a dirt track. Somehow it was all familiar, like coming home, and Dalton was lulled to sleep by the humming of the engine. He only awoke when it stopped.

He blinked and stretched and looked around. A few clay huts sat on either side of a wide dirt road. A man led a wobbly donkey through a field in the distance. A few older men with long white beards sat in the shade of the only tree. They paused and looked over at Dalton when he got out of the car.

Now, surveying the tiny village, Farah's homesickness fought with Dalton's disgust at his surroundings.

One of the men under the tree stood and hobbled towards Dalton with a lopsided grin. His face was scarred and his mouth was missing a few teeth. Though as he got closer, Dalton saw that he was rather youthful looking in spite of his appearance. The driver came around and clasped the man heartily.

"Brother, be happy! I've brought your future wife."

Dalton was married that day. The man's name was Naadir. He was a farmer as poor and stupid as he was mean. The ceremony took place in a small mudbrick mosque. The only other people were the driver who'd brought Dalton and one broken and bent old man. Afterwards, Dalton was whisked away to his new home.

He followed his husband across a rocky field to a small hut. The inside was one large room divided in two by a tattered blue curtain. A large stone fireplace filled most of one wall. Dalton's heart sank as he surveyed his new surroundings. He should have run long ago. Maybe he could have convinced someone of the truth of what happened. Even as he thought that, Farah's counterbalancing thoughts gave him the sense that it was all futile. This was God's will. The overwhelming sense of desperation made Dalton turn to Naadir.

"I can't stay here," he say.

"Shut up," Naadir hissed, smacking Dalton across the face.

The blow was muffled by Naadir's burqa but it was still painful and it spun Dalton around. Rough hands gripped the bottom of his burqa and yanked it up around his waist before pushing him down onto the ground. Dalton fell onto the rough-hewn floor, bracing himself on his arms, his petite ass in the air. Naadir grabbed his taut butt cheeks and Dalton turned to look at him. Naadir was leering down at Dalton's ass. He'd pulled his robe up and his cock was already hard.

He gripped Dalton's butt cheeks, fingers dimpling the skin. He used his thumbs to spread apart Dalton's pussy and slip his cock between Dalton's legs. Dalton tensed up, but the warmth only skated beneath his entrance.

"Please," Dalton whimpered.

The man slapped his ass with a loud thwack. Dalton gasped as hot pain blossomed across his butt cheek. Naadir gripped Dalton's soft ass and resumed sliding his cock between Dalton's wet thighs. Fuck, he was so wet from the pain and the humiliation and the degradation. A tear slid down his cheek. He was worthless and weak...and so, so horny. The realization hit him the same time as the first light spike of pleasure. Naadir's cockhead thumped up against the top of Dalton's pussy, reverberating against his clit and sending delightful thoughts through Dalton's mind.

Dalton quivered and rested his cheek on the warm stone floor. Naadir released a delighted grunt as he found Dalton's wetness and thrust back and forth faster, dragging the moisture along his dock. Dalton whimpered, his body shaking with each thrust. Naadir's balls bounced against Dalton's thighs, the soft-hard heat gliding across his ever-moistening lips to thump gently against his swelling pleasure. Naadir reared back and slapped Dalton's ass again, laughing as Dalton grunted and flattened himself to the ground, trying to escape Naadir's touch. But Naadir gathered him up in hands that were stronger than Dalton's soft body, pinching Dalton's ass.

Someone began crying out in a tiny, high pitched voice and Dalton realized it was him. The unwanted pleasure was spilling out of him as Naadir tormented his body. Without warning Naadir pulled out, spread Dalton's pussy wide, and pressed his cock against Dalton's tight entrance. Dalton clawed for purchase on the stone floor, trying to escape the mounting pressure building against his

pussy. But Naadir gripped him with surprising strength and yanked him back and suddenly his dick was *inside* Dalton's body, bringing with it a deep aching pain as Dalton realized he'd just lost his virginity. Dalton felt each inch as it thrust up, pushing apart the tight walls of his canal.

Dalton's own wetness dripped down his thigh. The pain soon dulled away, replaced with a growing pleasure and he raised his head and cried out as Naadir sank deep into him, until Dalton's little body was full of cock. Finally, Naadir's cockhead rested against the dimpled nub of Dalton's inner pleasure. Naadir began pumping in and out, his balls slapping against Dalton's pussy. The wet sounds of Dalton's pleasure grew loud in his ears and he squeezed his eyes tight, hating that he loved this so much. The cock was an alien thing inside his body, thrusting in and out, filling him and retreating, leaving his traitorous body wanting more, wanting to please his new husband as he'd been taught to do his whole life.

Naadir grunted suddenly and thrust deep. His dick throbbed inside Dalton, the explosion of cum sending bursts of heat through him. Dalton felt each convulsion of the cock, felt his own pussy tighten around the shaft, responding to the pleasure burning through him. He cried out and pushed himself *back* towards Naadir, impaling himself on the brilliant cock that was suddenly his body's only goal. His tits swayed beneath the burqa and he cried out, cumming hard in a long and welcome burst of pleasure.

He was still glowing when Naadir pulled out, and Dalton crumpled to the floor, breathing hard. Naadir slapped his butt once again.

"Now go make me dinner," Naadir commanded.

There was a learning curve as Dalton adjusted to his new life. He didn't know how to cook and fumbled through with whatever was lying around, throwing it into a pot to boil. The result was a tasteless sludge which neither of them ate much of. Naadir punished him that night, spanking him until his ass was red and sore. Dalton begged for mercy, tears streaming down his face, thankful that his sopping wet thighs were hidden beneath the burqa. The pain and humiliation were what he deserved and what he craved.

Dalton talked to the other women whenever he could about how to run their meagre households. It was slow, difficult work, because he wasn't allowed out of the house without a male guardian. Usually it was Naadir, who would go off into another room to speak with the husband of whichever house they were visiting, leaving Dalton with the wife. The other women tended to like Dalton because he was quiet and obedient and pious. Or maybe they felt sorry for him because his husband was such a brutal, ugly man.

Naadir was quick to anger, and Dalton moved carefully around him. Any perceived slight would set him off. And it only got worse when Naadir found out how much Dalton liked it. The first time it had happened when Dalton burned the food and Naadir had slapped him and thrown him to the ground again.

He'd taken a switch and spanked Dalton until his ass was red and raw. When he lifted up the burqa and thrust inside Dalton he paused, a slight smile coming across his mishappen lips.

"What's going on here?" He asked.

Dalton was practically dripping onto the floor. His tears and the jerking of his body when he sobbed had masked the orgasm he'd felt when Naadir had beat him. When Naadir slid inside him Dalton raised his head and thanked his husband profusely, apologizing for being a bad girl as Naadir moved faster and Dalton's pleasure peaked. His apologies became a sharp cry as Naadir plunged into him, fast and hard, taking Dalton for his own pleasure. Dalton's reward was to be filled with his husband's seed, his body convulsing happily around the cock inside him.

His old life seemed like a dream as he moved through this new one. It was a hard life, and many times Dalton and Naadir went hungry. Dalton had worried when he'd had his first period, and had consulted the other women of the village with how to handle it. He was even more worried, though, when he didn't have his next one.

The routine he'd settled into was broken one day when an old army Jeep rolled into the village. Three strangers got out – two men and a woman. The woman was dressed in a loose black dress and a niqab that showed only her eyes, the men in army fatigues. They seemed to defer to her, though the village elders refused to talk to her except through the men. Dalton stood outside in a loose circle of other women, gossiping about the car and the visitors. When the men came out they consulted with the woman and she nodded, then came over to the cluster of women.

“Do any of you know where I can find Farah?” The woman asked. She had a voice that seemed familiar to Dalton.

Dalton stepped forward. “I'm Farah.”

“Can we speak in your house?”

Dalton nodded and she followed him to his mudbrick home. Naadir was out in the fields so they were alone. The woman looked around the room, her brows furrowed in concern. She closed the door behind her and pulled off her headscarf. It took a second for Dalton to recognize Autumn. Her hair was longer and the dust from the road had given her skin a darker color.

“Dalton? Do you know who I am?”

“Autumn?” Dalton gasped.

“What did they do to you?” Autumn asked him, sadness in her eyes. “Let me see you.”

Dalton pulled off the face covering but couldn't meet Autumn's eyes. She took his chin and gently guided it up so that he was staring at her face. He could hardly look at her. She was so strong and he was so weak.

She shook her head. “Dalton, I am so sorry.”

“My name is Farah.” She stared at him until he pulled away from her and dropped his gaze. “How did you find me?”

She sighed. “It didn't take me long to figure out Farah wasn't you. She had all of your personality but none of your memories. Unfortunately, ‘not too long’ was long enough for them to get you out of the country. It took forever to track you down but I made it. Honey, I'm here to take you home and get you back to your real life.”

“I don't know if I can. My husband—”

Autumn shook her head. “Money will fix all that. We'll have his wife—his *real* wife—back in a month and you—”

“No. I can't leave all this.”

“All what? Some knuckle dragging dirt farmer?”

“All this.” Dalton said. He pulled up his burqa until it revealed the curve of his stomach, the baby bump so prominent on his small frame.

Autumn gasped and held her hands to her lips. “I'm too late. I'm sorry, I'm too late.”

“Don't be sorry.” Dalton dropped his burqa and placed a hand on Autumn's shoulder. “Go with God.”

Autumn stared at him for a while longer. Then she looped the headscarf back around her face and neck. She turned and left closing the door behind her. Dalton heard her footsteps go, heard the car start up and the engine fade into the distance, leaving Dalton alone in his new life.

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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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