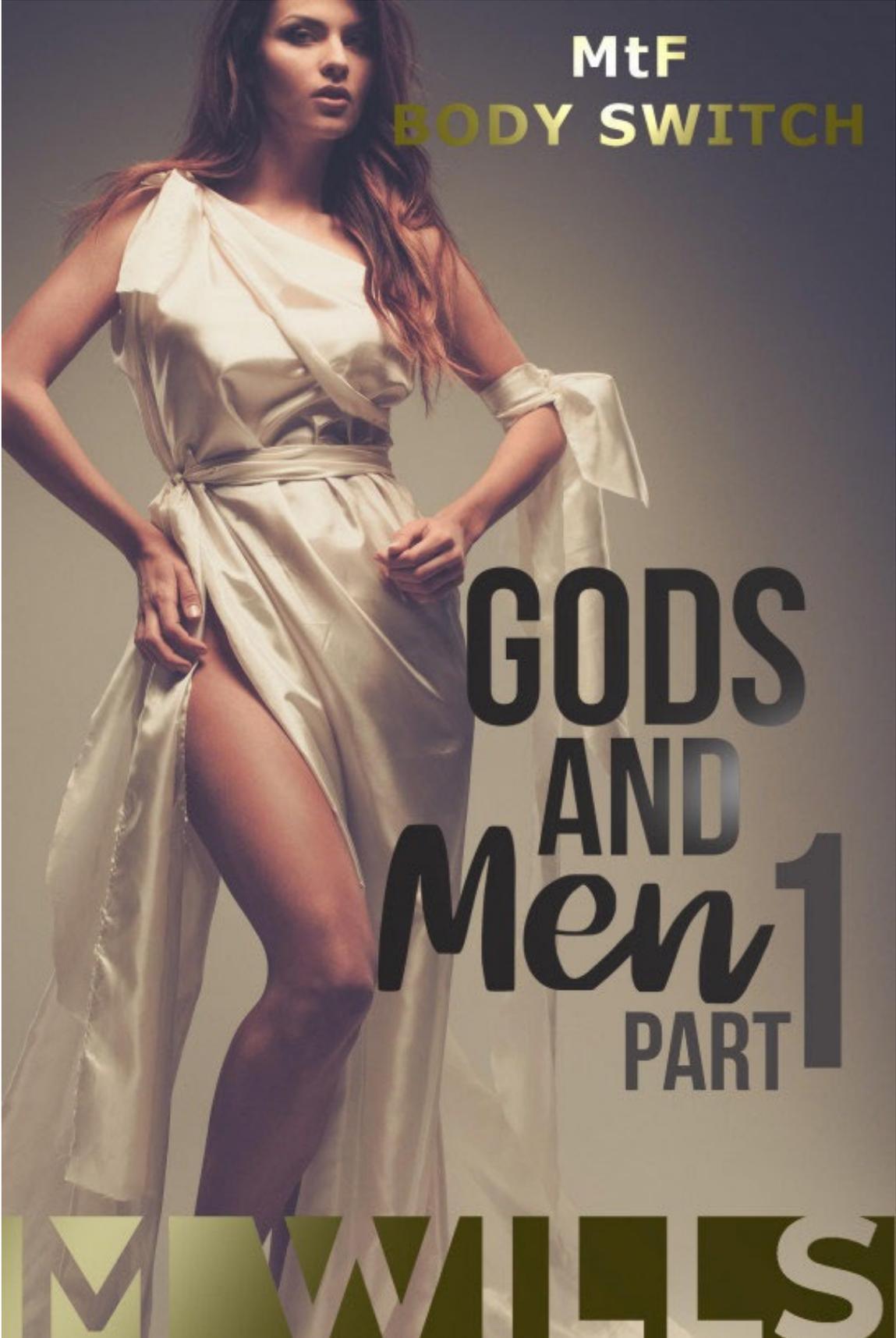


MtF
BODY SWITCH

GODS
AND
Men 1
PART 1

MWILLS



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Gods and Men

Part 1

MtF Body Switch

by M. Wills

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Prologue

Robin shifted on the divan, glancing up at the ornate ceramic clock above the fireplace. Her parents would be here soon. Her fiancée, Dale, restlessly tapped his fingers on the carved wooden arm of the Victorian easy chair in which he sat. He gazed out past Robin, through the windows at the view of the bay laid out below the mansion. He had a handsome profile – chiseled jaw, blonde hair meticulously styled – and Robin gazed at him a moment until he noticed her looking.

The servant finished plaiting Robin's long, auburn hair and quickly scurried out of the room when Robin dismissed her with a flick of her wrist. The other servants hovered just out of view, praying they wouldn't be called upon. They, too, had picked up on the nervous tension in the room and had heard rumors about Robin's parents.

Dale cleared his throat. "What do you think your parents will think of me?" He asked, picking some invisible fluff off of his Gucci button-down.

"Why, Dale, honey, don't be nervous."

Robin smoothed out her baby-blue dress and smiled reassuringly at Dale. He was charming and sweet and powerful and so clearly possessed of the highest grade soul. His family was the untarnished top tier, second only to the gods, for generations back. The golden aura of his male essence was blindingly obvious through Robin's second sight. How could her parents not like him? She reached out and touched his arm to soothe him, fingers stroking the muscles stretched taut beneath the expensive shirt.

"My mom can be a little...overbearing at times but I'm sure they'll love you."

“It’s just that I’ve never met...you know...”

“You can say it, sweetheart. It’s not vulgar.”

“I’m fighting years of training. Hours of church services where I was taught, and believed for quite a while, that there was only one. And now—”

There was a flash of light and a rumble of thunder from the center of the room. Dale jumped and clutched the arms of the chair as a man and a woman appeared in front of the fireplace, both impossibly beautiful, dark featured and with regal bearing. They were dressed exquisitely like seventeenth century European monarchs, in rich robes and thick furs. The air in the room seemed to hang heavier with time, as if their vast age warped the gravity around them.

“Who dares summon me?” The woman demanded, turning her eyes on Dale. The pupils were pitch black, but with a flickering white light dancing deep within.

The two looked more like an image of people than real flesh and blood humans. As if they were taking on shapes they only sort of remembered. Parts of their body and clothes seemed to grow blurry when not looked at directly and there was a sense that their greater essence lay in some other dimension, that these shapes were just a poor representation of their proper appearance.

Dale rose from his seat, along with Robin. Dale bowed as Robin huffed.

“Mom,” Robin said, “You don’t have to be so dramatic. And your clothes are at least four hundred years off.”

The woman turned her gaze to Robin. “Four hundred years is nothing.”

“It is to mortals, dear,” the man spoke up gently from beside her. “I told you we should have peeked beneath the veil before arriving.”

“Nonsense.” Robin’s mom looked from Dale to Robin, then flicked her wrist. Instantly her robes morphed into an elegant evening dress, while her husband’s billowy shirt and cloak changed to a sleek charcoal suit. “Better?”

Robin nodded.

“Now,” her mother began, “Enough of this nonsense. I’m sure...Dale, was it?...is a lovely mortal but you’ve had your fun and it’s time to return to the God’s realm before you are too old.”

“I thought we could have some tea first,” Robin said, calmly. “Perhaps some lunch before we began this?”

“Is this a new ceremony I wasn’t aware of?” Robin’s dad said, picking up the dainty ceramic teacup in his thick fingers and peering closely at it as if it held some secret. “No one informed me of any new rituals.”

“No rituals, dad. It’s just how mortals are. Idle chit chat. Some welcoming drinks. And then down to business.”

“I cannot stand this realm and I don’t know how you can, either,” Robin’s mom said. “Come, it’s time to go.”

She held out her hand. Robin took a step back and linked arms with Dale. She swiped a lock of long, auburn hair behind an ear and looked defiantly back at her mother. “I’m not going. I’m staying in this mortal body. With Dale.”

Her mother’s eyes turned completely black, no white at all. Her dad put a hand on Robin’s shoulder. “My dear. Surely you know that Dale will die while you will live forever. He will not be permitted into our realm. He’s only a mortal.”

Robin twined her fingers in Dale’s and looked into his sky-blue eyes. “And when he reincarnates I will find him. Over and over. Forever.”

“I will not have my granddaughter be only a demi-god,” Robin’s mother raged. “What would Ninhursag think?”

“Dale has a high-grade soul,” Robin argued, her own eyes flashing black as she stepped towards her mother. “His status cannot be changed. He will remain forever my equal.”

“No mortal is our equal,” her mother spat. “No matter how high-grade he is still a mortal.”

“And I love him.”

“Then you are foolish,” her mother hissed. “You would give up the powers of a goddess for a love that will not outlast his lifespan.”

“We are already linked. The ritual is done, whether you approve or not.”

“And I will sever it!” Robin’s mother gritted her teeth and stamped her foot. Her body dissolved into nothingness, leaving only the pair of floating eyes for a brief second until they, too, disappeared.

Her father stood there for another second, looking sadly at them. “I apologize for her. And I didn’t expect this foolishness. But what’s done is done.”

Robin clutched Dale to her. “Could she really sever our bond?”

Her father smiled sadly. “Not without your husband’s permission. I should go after her.”

Then he, too, evaporated.

“Well,” Dale remarked after a moment of stunned silence, “That could have gone better.”

Robin pressed herself up against him and took each hand. She stood on tiptoes and kissed him, enjoying his taste, his scent. He slipped his arm around the small of her back and held her close.

“Never mind them,” she said. “I will love you forever.”

1

Alastair buttoned up his shirt as the brunette—Misty? Missy?—stretched out on the bed behind him. She was half tangled in the sheets and still eyeing him lasciviously despite, or because of, the three orgasms he'd given her.

“Mmm, come back to bed, Alastair,” she purred, twisting so that the covers slid down to reveal one perfect breast.

He had half a mind to do just that, bury his face between her legs again and listen to her squeal around him. But, glancing at his Rolex, he discovered he was already late. She—Macey? Marcy?—would just have to console herself with his memory.

“Sorry. Can't.” He tucked his shirt into his pants and leaned down on the bed. He slipped his hand beneath the covers to let it rest on her bare thigh. It was so tempting to just keep his fingers moving. “I'll see you around.”

She giggled at that, and Alastair made a mental note to speak to the manager about switching up her—Mandy's? Maisy's?—shift so he wouldn't accidentally run into her in the club room. She reached up and squeezed his bicep, her little fingers unable to wrap around the entirety of it. She tried to pull him towards her but he slipped out of her grasp. He gently took her fingers and kissed them lightly before rising and hurrying out of the bungalow.

He'd left a golf cart outside of the empty holiday bungalow in which they'd secreted themselves inside for some afternoon delight. Alastair climbed in and floored it back to the club house, passing the immaculate greens where groups of businessmen teed off while planning the fate of the world. Alastair left the cart next to the restaurant entrance and checked his reflection in the polished windows of the club. He smoothed down his dark hair and turned to eye each side of his face, making sure that what's-her-name hadn't smeared him with her lipstick.

He put on his best pleasant smile, switching from roguishly charming to boyishly handsome, and strolled into the restaurant. The maître d recognized him on sight and escorted him to a table in the middle of the room. Faith was already seated across from her parents. She jumped up when he approached.

"Alastair!" She cried, stepping up to hug him. "You're late," she whispered into his ear.

"Got caught up in some things," Alastair murmured.

They took their seats and Alastair greeted Faith's parents. "Dale. Robin. Lovely to see you again."

Dale was a distinguished older man with short-cropped gray hair and a well-lined face. Robin looked to be at least thirty years his junior. Alastair had once asked Faith about the age difference, but Faith had insisted that they were her biological parents and that they'd been married forever.

Faith was a brunette version of her auburn-haired mother. They shared the same

delicate face structure with the elegant nose and sharp cheekbones. Like Robin, Faith's pupils were nearly black and Alastair imagined he could occasionally see flashes of white in them. Both women were exceptionally—and naturally—gorgeous.

“How have you been, Alastair?” Dale asked with a genuine smile.

“Busy. You know how it is. Meetings. Phone calls. Somehow in between it all I find time to get actual work done.”

“I know that all too well,” Dale laughed.

Faith joined in, nervously. Robin allowed her lips to curl up into a slight smile. Alastair knew how to charm just about everyone but he'd never been able to crack Robin. She was unearthly. All his charm failed to break through her defenses.

He felt Faith nervously fiddling with her hands beneath the tablecloth and reached out to cover her slender fingers. She glanced over at him and smiled.

Robin sipped her red wine and turned her disconcerting gaze on Faith. “What is the occasion for this lunch and why do I sense it is not as impromptu as you've implied?”

Faith glanced shyly at Alastair, then back at her mother. “We're getting engaged!” Faith beamed, holding up her hand and flashing the huge diamond

ring that Alastair had given her.

“That’s wonderful, congratulations!” Dale exclaimed, jumping up and coming around to give Faith a hug.

Robin remained seated, twisting the ruby ring around her finger. “Congratulations,” she said, without a hint of delight.

“We’re going to get married next April in France. Last time we were there we stayed in this little villa and I simply fell in love with it.”

Faith rushed on, giddily explaining to a visibly excited Dale and an icily reserved Robin all about the plans she had for the wedding. Alastair chimed in every once in a while, but it was clear this talk was between father and daughter.

“That’s wonderful, of course,” Robin said, in a way that suggested it was not at all. “But I wonder if Alastair is aware of exactly what he is marrying into?” She arched a slender eyebrow.

“Mother,” Faith warned. “I would have thought that you, of all people, would understand.”

“I simply mean that we have some family members on our side that are a trifle... abnormal.”

“Speak for yourself,” Dale added, with a slight smile that suggested he was only half-joking.

“In time, mother,” Faith said.

“Time, yes,” Robin mused, sipping on her wine. “Time is something we have plenty of.”

“Oh, stop,” Dale said, scowling briefly at Robin.

“I love Faith,” Alastair said, attempting to take charge of the situation. “I promise you I don’t go into this lightly. My dad was married three times and I never wanted that. But your daughter is the one I want to grow old with. I can’t imagine anything better than being with her for the rest of my life.” He gave Faith’s hand a squeeze.

And Faith was incredible, there was no doubt about it. Why everyone else didn’t see that she was the most beautiful woman in any room was beyond Alastair. Kind and generous to a fault. When they were together he couldn’t imagine being with anyone else. He was impossibly satisfied when he was with her. Like a puzzle piece fitting neatly into its slot, being with Faith just felt right.

It was only when they were apart that the other voices started to intrude. The little voices that had been with him his entire life and that only proximity to Faith had quieted. The ones that compared whatever woman he had on his arm to whatever woman was across the room. All of them gorgeous, of course. He only wanted a woman until he got her and then he was no longer interested. These little indiscretions cost him a fortune in hush money to the managers of

the country club, but money was something he had more than enough of and amounted to less than a trifle.

“Just the one?” Dale asked, draining his wine.

“I’m sorry?”

“You said you want to stay with Faith for the rest of your life. Just the one life? Sometimes I wish I’d really known the bargain I was making.”

Robin rolled her eyes and finished her wine. “You knew.”

Somewhere Alastair had lost the thread of the conversation. He steered it back to more familiar territory, complimenting the wine Robin was drinking. Robin’s muted reaction to her daughter’s engagement still nagged at him.

2

Immediately after Faith's engagement announcement Robin had caused an earthquake in California. She did it with the merest flick of her pinky and had enough hold of herself to keep it small, boiling off only a part of her rage. Her years living as a mortal had drilled their habits of decorum in to her, and she was reluctant to make it rain frogs during lunch. Instead, she waited until Faith excused herself to the toilets and then went with her.

Faith pushed open the door to the club's toilets and found herself stepping into a dark void lit only by dancing blue lights like fireflies. She turned and sighed.

"Mother."

"Get in," Robin said, nudging Faith into the void and following behind.

When they were inside, the door melted into nothingness. There was still the feeling of gravity and something hard beneath their feet, though there was no visible floor for them to stand on.

"I cannot let you throw away what little godly powers you still have," Robin hissed, her voice somehow echoing throughout the nothingness. "You still have a chance to enter the Realm of the Gods."

“I thought if anyone would understand about falling in love with a mortal it would be you.”

“I do understand and I don’t like it. You have until your thirtieth year to enjoy the mortal world. After that you must make a choice to join the Realm of the Gods or be stuck in this form forever, cut off from all other realms.”

“I’d rather give up all the powers I have than give up love.”

Robin peered at her daughter. “Does he know what you are?”

“Alastair? Not yet,” Faith admitted.

“Then how can you know he will stay with you?”

“Alastair is a high-grade male and I am a demigod. Our souls fit together perfectly and I’m prepared to bind us for all eternity.”

“And you’ll be stuck with him through all his lives. Through every reincarnation.”

“And I’m going to make the same choice you did!” Faith yelled.

“Well don’t!” Robin screamed back.

There was a silence as the two women stared at each other. Faith hesitated. “You gave everything up for Dale.”

Robin sighed. “And sometimes I wish I hadn’t. Did you know that I once dated Nehepaphesat? I could have been the Goddess of Luck.”

“I know, mother, you’ve told me.”

“Instead I’m only the Goddess of...of Dale. Marrying a mortal...tethering yourself to one is a challenge and a sacrifice. I love Dale but...he can never really understand me. And the power I’ve given up...” She trailed off in bitter silence.

“Well, Alastair understands me.”

“I’m sure,” Robin replied bitterly. “You must talk long into the night and feel he looks directly into your soul. That’s your nature bringing that out in him. You are my daughter, my dear, and you are a demigod of attraction.”

“It’s more than that,” Faith insisted, her eyes flashing. “This is true love.”

Robin opened her mouth to speak and realized then that doing so would only

make her daughter dig in more. She closed her mouth, nodded, and made the bathroom door reappear. They stepped through it and back into the restaurant without another word.

Robin paced back and forth across the bedroom floor. “She is being irresponsible and reckless.”

“Just like you at that age,” said Dale from the bed. He was leaning against the headboard, legs crossed at the ankles. The book in his hand was forgotten for the moment. “Are you having doubts about us?”

Robin crossed the room to him and took his face gently in her hands. “Of course not,” she said, kissing him softly.

It was true. Despite how he sometimes irritated her she did love him. And yet there was a secret part of her that yearned to fly with the gods. A condition of her staying on earth was that she was trapped in this body. Young forever, true. But she could no longer become an eagle soaring through the atmosphere as she’d done in her youth. Could never flit through a room weightless as sunlight and tasteless as air. She missed it. Sometimes she wondered if Dale knew the true extent of what she’d given up to be with him.

As a god trapped in mortal form she still retained some powers, and her tether to Dale kept her grounded to him. He probably thought the powers she did retain were impressive. And they were. To mortals.

Any god could teleport. Any god could shake the earth. Any god could

command nature. But by anchoring herself to Dale she'd lost her power to command the hearts of men. She could no longer create and destroy worlds. Nor could she make an army bow down in loyal servitude to her as she once had in her youth. How she'd loved seeing those strong legions captivated by her beauty, thousands following her orders in the hope she would cast her fickle gaze their way. She'd lost so much. Had it been worth what she'd gained? An eternal love? Too early to say.

Her mother still visited her from time to time, forcing her godly stature into a pinprick of mortal representation. She was still saddened about the loss of her only daughter. Robin would sometimes meet her in the shadow realm, the dark place between the mortal world and the Realm of the Gods. Robin could even bring Dale into this realm, though it took some effort and her mother was not pleased. But they could visit the crystal geysers, and follow their cool mists through to the mortal realm, where they would inspire to greatness all they touched. They could lie together in the flowery grove where love literally blossomed. And they could see the tether that bound them, the beautiful crystalline rainbow that connected them forever.

Dale took her hand, interrupting her thoughts by kissing her fingers. "I'm getting older you know. I'm not the young man I once was. And at some point I'll be a different person entirely."

"Only physically."

"Will you wait for me?"

"Of course," she caressed his cheek and gazed into his eyes, her rage softening.

“Even if I reincarnate as a woman? What if I come back as a servant in a slum somewhere? Will you still love me?” He looked up at her, worried.

Robin laughed. “You cannot. Your soul is that of a high-grade male. You will come back as a high-grade male. Those are the rules. If not for your status I couldn’t love you. We wouldn’t fit.”

“You and I both know that rules can be broken with enough power.”

Robin paused, her hand on Dale’s cheek. Was it possible? She didn’t have enough power, but she knew someone who might.

Later that night, after Dale’s steady breathing indicated that he’d fallen asleep, Robin crept out of bed and down the hall to one of the guest rooms. She took the three black candles—each containing some of her own blood—and set them up in a triangle in the middle of the floor. She lit them and knelt in the center, bowing her head to pray at the entrance to the Realm of the Gods.

“Daughter of Pthonos,” Robin murmured. “Hear me. I call on you.”

Robin repeated herself until a warm wind whipped through the room, stirring Robin’s hair but leaving the flickering flames of the candles untouched. When Robin looked up there was a dark shape sitting on the bed, a void in the shape of a regal woman.

“So...” the shape began, “My wayward daughter finally calls her mother.”

Robin sighed. “I called you last month.”

“Ah, yes, but time flows differently here. To what do I owe this honor? Would you like me to teach you another trick? I believe you know all the ones you are capable of in that body.”

“No, mother. It’s Faith. She’s engaged to a mortal.”

The dark void that was Robin’s mother threw what could be considered it’s head back and let out a long, echoing laugh. “Oh, this couldn’t get any better if I’d fated it. And you want me to break their bond.”

“He is not worthy,” Robin insisted. “Can it be done?”

“No.”

Robin dropped her head.

“Not directly, anyway,” her mother continued.

“What do you mean?”

“The bond is a careful balance, indestructible as long as it is between two equals. But weaken one of the tethers and the bond will fail.”

“The tethers? You mean Faith or Alastair.”

“Yes. It would take tremendous power. More power than you have.”

“More power than you have?”

The dark void cocked what might have been its head and eyed Robin. “I am directly linked to the Realm of the Gods. My power is limitless. But even still, it is not possible without the tether’s permission.”

“Tell me what I need to do.”

“My daughter,” the void said admiringly, “Goddess of attraction and jealousy.”

3

Alastair hung up the phone and spun his chair around to take in the view of the city spread out beneath his office window. His role in the negotiations was simple: Pick up the phone. Call his contacts. A little idle chit chat and then hit them with a “Hey, have you thought about selling out?”. A little charm offensive and then both callers transferred the calls to their legal guys to finalize the deal.

Making money was too easy. But it wasn't the money he loved so much as the power. He toyed with the idea of celebrating his latest billion by calling for the sexy little vixen he'd hired as his latest secretary to bring in the champagne. A few drinks. A few laughs. A quick fuck with her tits pressed up against the window. He'd have to find a new secretary, of course, but that was a minor matter.

The intercom rang, interrupting his thoughts.

“I have a Mrs. Robin Nefartari here to see you. She doesn't have an appointment.”

Nefartari? Shit. That was Faith's mother. What was she doing here?

Alastair spun round and pushed the button. “Please send her in.”

If his secretary was astounded by his sudden discovery of manners she didn't say anything. Alastair buttoned up his shirt and stood to greet Robin as she swept in through the doorway. Like her daughter, she was elegant and graceful, seeming to flow rather than simply move through the room. And she was every bit as gorgeous as her daughter especially, like now, when she was smiling gaily.

"Alastair," she said, her voice practically sparkling with laughter, "I hope you don't mind the visit."

"Of course. Not at all," Alastair said, returning her smile.

Robin grabbed him and gave him an air kiss on both cheeks, leaving the delightful hint of something fruity ticking his nose. "I wanted to apologize for the way I acted the last time we saw each other. It was a lot to take in and Faith...she's my little girl still."

"Mrs. Nefartari, I promise I am not taking her away from you."

"Please, call me Robin."

"Robin. Would you like a drink?"

"No. Thank you. Though...I rather suspect you might after I tell you why I'm here."

“Oh?” Alastair drew back.

“Nothing sinister.” Her tingly laughter soothed him and he smiled at her. “But it is important.”

Alastair gestured to the gray easy chairs. She took a seat while he poured a small scotch for himself from his minibar and sat opposite her. Alastair sipped his scotch and eyed her warily. She did look so much like Faith, from her magnetic smile down to her smooth, breathtaking legs.

“I don’t know how to say it but to just say it,” Robin finally said. “You are marrying into a family of gods. I don’t mean metaphorically. I mean literal gods.”

“Uh huh,” Alastair said after a pause. Was he supposed to be taking this seriously? Faith hadn’t warned him her mother had any mental problems. “Pardon my skepticism, but you don’t look like a god.”

“I gave up a great deal of power to be tethered to this form.”

And what a form, Alastair thought. She did look like Faith. And the part of Alastair he could never quiet when Faith was away wondered whether, if he bent her over this coffee table, she would sound like Faith when she came.

“But I still have some power over the natural world,” she continued. She looked at the glass in Alastair’s hand and wiggled her fingers.

Alastair followed her gaze and was astonished to see the scotch in his drink freezing. The ice crackled as it expanded until it was a solid mass, vapor trailing off the top. Even more amazing, the outside of the glass hadn't changed temperature. He set the glass down on the table between them.

“What did you do?”

“I simply lowered the temperature inside the glass while maintaining the temperature around the outside. The hardest part was doing it in such a way that the glass didn't shatter.”

“What else can you do?” He leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees.

“Meghan?” Robin called out.

The sexy blonde secretary stepped into the room. She seemed fresh out of college, hired more for her buoyant breasts than for any particular skill at typing. Fortunately, she was also good at typing.

“Yes?” She asked.

Robin kept her eyes locked on Alastair.

“What do you think of young Alastair here? Be truthful, my love.”

“He’s a pig. Amoral and lecherous. If I didn’t need the money I’d leave.”

Alastair laughed at her honesty. She stared back at him, a vacant expression on her pretty face.

“As I thought,” Robin smiled. “Don’t worry, Alastair, the lower-caste don’t understand those with power. We don’t need morals.”

“What did you do to her?” Alastair asked.

“Her attraction to me gives me power over her. I gave her permission to speak her mind.” Robin half turned to Meghan, who stood stock still just inside the room. “Meghan, my love, do ten jumping jacks and then return to your desk and forget this all happened.”

Meghan did ten jumping jacks, balanced on her heels. Each one made her breasts bounce up and down delightfully and Alastair tried, unsuccessfully, not to stare. When Meghan finished, she turned on her heels and left. Alastair turned his attention back to Robin, who was smiling beatifically at him.

“If you are marrying into this family you will need some of this power,” Robin said, as if nothing had happened. “You will need to know how to take care of my daughter. You will need to understand her.”

“How?” Alastair said.

“You will need to go through a trial. You will be stripped of everything you know. And it will be painful. You must last two weeks in a new life without any of your wealth or power or good fortune. But when you are done you will, perhaps, be able to control people. To share in some of this power. Do you do this willingly?”

“Yes,” Alastair insisted, eager for power and the importance that came with it, consequences be damned.

She reached out and placed her hands on either side of his head. There was a bright flash and suddenly they were no longer in his office. They were standing in what appeared to be a cave filled with crystals that gave off a gentle blue glow. He staggered backwards and gaped around him.

“What did you do? Where are we?” He asked.

“We are in the realm between gods and men. This is where power flows from one realm to another. I need help giving you my family’s power.”

The air next to Robin began warping, as if a great heat was building up. A shape formed out of nothingness, the light bending to form a void roughly in the shape of a woman. The edges of the form flickered and danced when he looked away from them.

“You are the one who wants the power?” The void asked. The voice seemed to come from nowhere, appearing directly in his head.

“Yes,” Alastair answered.

“And you downgrade willingly?”

“Yes,” Alastair said again, a slight quiver in his voice as he stared at the shapeless thing in front of him.

The shape grabbed him suddenly and an icy coldness filled his chest where the things that could have been her hands touched him. The dark void reached into his chest, through his skin without breaking it and gripped his very soul. He screamed as pain shot through him. A feeling like being torn apart. And then he was weightless and falling, falling, falling.

And then there was nothing.

4

Alastair drew in a deep breath and his eyes flew open. He found himself lying on a hard mattress staring up at the thick wood rafters of a low ceiling. The bottom half of the whitewashed walls of the room had once been painted a bright yellow but the paint was now faded and pockmarked. The air was hot and humid.

He pushed himself into a sitting position with a gasp and immediately became aware that his body had changed. He stared down at himself and froze in shock. Gone were the painfully sculpted muscles and the impeccable suit. Instead, he seemed to be the owner of a small but perky pair of breasts. They were gently tucked beneath a sleeveless floral dress. The body he was now in was slender, the skin a beautiful burnt umber. Hairless and trim. He grabbed his chest, felt the bounce of strange but beautiful breasts and dropped them almost immediately. He brought his hands up in front of his eyes and wiggled the slender fingers he now owned. Women's fingers. Petite and tapered to soft ends. He turned them around and stared at the longer nails, which had been painted a bright yellow but were chipping in places. Then he gaped down at the rest of himself.

He pulled out the neck of his dress and stared down at the tits he now owned. They were perfect, and if they'd been on anyone else but him he would have done anything to touch them. They sloped down gently from his chest, ending in little tan areolae. His legs poked out the bottom of the dress: taut thighs, trim calves. He seemed young. Maybe in his teens or twenties, and with long, silky black hair that spilled down his shoulders.

He rose on unsteady feet. His body felt so light, so small. His whole sense of self was off and he fell back down onto the bed with a tiny 'oof'. Even his voice was soft. Dainty. Every ounce of masculinity gone.

What had he agreed to?

The bedroom Alastair found himself in was simple. There was another bed beside his and both mattresses sat on simple metal frames. A crooked poster of Jesus was tacked to the wall next to him and a high window above his bed let in the sunlight. Across from him there was a scratched red door behind which he could hear women's voices.

Alastair stood again, slowly this time, getting used to his new balance. His long dark hair tickled down his cheek and he pushed it out of his face, fingers whispering against cheeks that were much too soft. He took some hesitant steps towards the door, noting the way his hips swayed and his breasts bounced.

He pushed the bedroom door open and found a large open room. One corner was taken up by a stove and a few shelves that functioned as a kitchen. The shelves held some cookware and dishes, as well as various colorful vegetables and cans. In the center of the room was a small table with mismatched legs. Two women sat across from each other in cheap plastic chairs. One was younger—about his age—the other was a heavier, matronly woman. From their mocha skin and long dark hair he guessed they were from somewhere in South America. They turned to look at him.

“She’s awake,” the older one said.

“Thought she would sleep all morning,” the younger laughed.

“Where are we?” Alastair asked.

“And still in dreamland,” the older said, rolling her eyes.

“Same place as ever, estúpido. Vista de los Dios,” the second said.

It hit Alastair at that moment that they’d all been speaking some version of Spanish and that he not only understood them perfectly but was fluent in it. He simply nodded and ran his hand through his thick hair. There was a door beyond the table and he hurried to it, heedless of the laughter from the women behind him. Throwing open the door, he stepped out into bright sunlight.

The street he found himself on was close packed with colorful houses that seemed to be made of a hodgepodge of materials. Several had first floors that had apparently been tacked on by whoever had been around. They leaned at precarious angles and were sided with spare bits of metal.

Two children ran past him, laughing as they chased after a chicken up the cobblestone street. The street ran up to the hillside, which was studded with similar colorful but lopsided houses.

Two grizzly looking men with guns strapped to their backs strolled by and eyed him hungrily.

“Hey, chica,” one said, leering at him. “Out for a stroll?”

“We can give you some company,” the other added with a creepy laugh.

Alastair gasped, and fled back inside the house. The two women in the kitchen threw questions at his back as he fled into the bedroom he’d awoken in and slammed shut the door behind him.

He was breathing fast. Too many things had happened at once. His mother-in-law was a god? Where was he? Was this what they meant when she said he had to lose his power? He had to lose everything? Even...he grabbed his crotch at the thought, felt the impossible smoothness.

Alastair had apparently taken over someone’s life. Someone young and powerless and desperately poor and...female.

Alastair fell onto his stomach on the thin mattress, head in his hands. The feelings of helplessness and despair were overwhelming and he found himself crying. He sobbed into his hands. A part of him registered the strange soft contours of his nose and cheeks and the enticing new scent of his body. Faintly floral and sweet. He cried like a little girl, trembling, until he was empty.

When he was done he wiped his eyes with his palms and sniffed. He rolled over and sat up. Christ, when was the last time he’d cried? He was so good at tamping down his feelings but this had taken him by surprise. It felt better to get it all out.

A woman for only five minutes and already he was crying. Come on. Two weeks. He could do this. Two weeks as a young, beautiful woman in a poor

country. With his brains, how hard could it be? He considered himself, looking down at the petite body he now owned, admiring the swell of his simple curves beneath the light dress. Hell, this might even be fun.

There was a cracked mirror leaning up against one wall and Alastair stood and approached it. His reflection stepped into view and he paused to look at himself. The woman staring back from the mirror was a beautiful South American woman. Petite and with a youthful, innocent face. Long eyelashes. Slender eyebrows arching over dark, almond-shaped eyes. Plump lips, slightly parted in a way that made him look continuously dumbfounded. He resembled the kind of woman he used to fuck in the brothels while on business trips to the Philippines. Pretty but stupid.

Alastair stood and pulled the dress off over his head. Sweeping back his long hair, he stared down at himself. This body was stunning. He ran his hands down his chest, over the swell of each breast and down his trim tummy. He was so soft and warm. When he reached his hips he slowed, watching as he neared the wild tangle of hair between his legs. He slid his fingers into the dark forest of hair over his crotch, gliding gently over the two soft lips tucked together beneath.

His desire for this new body created a soft stir deep within him, a gently unfolding restlessness. He returned his hands to his breasts, cupping them softly. They seemed large from his new perspective but he could cup his hands around each of them. They had the firmness of youth and he squeezed gently, watching as his fingers dimpled the soft skin. Even within this woman's body he had a masculine fascination with breasts, and he played with himself for a while, stroking his tits, gliding his fingers over and under each one. Splaying his fingers across them, he gathered them in his hands, squeezing them up against his chest and making them balloon out. The restlessness within him grew, urging him on. As he stroked and teased his tits, his nipples grew taut, spiking into sharp diamonds.

“Mmmm,” he sighed as he touched himself. His soft voice was slightly throaty with lust, and hearing it made him hornier.

His hands grew faster, rougher across his tits. He lay down on his mattress. There was a heat between his legs now, arcing up through his body as he fondled himself. Keeping one hand on a breast, the other slid up his gorgeous neck and splayed across his face, tracing the soft shape of his nose and eyes and lips. He slid his pinky into his mouth and bit gently as heat spiked within him, making him thrust his waist up and moan ‘mmm’ into his hand.

Now the inner desire was calling to him, and he slid the hand on his face down over his body, enjoying the touch of each soft inch as it glided across his stomach, over his mound, and between his legs. He was looser now, and his fingers dipped just inside himself. His pussy lips clasped his fingers, and he felt the heat and wetness of his silken folds.

Alastair stroked himself up and down, tracing his entrance. He was so warm, so restless, and he flexed his little toes and released another soft sigh. One hand gripped a tit as the other slid deeper into his pussy. Christ, he was so deliciously slick. He’d always been proud of his cock but to feel these velvety folds, to experience the warm desire, was like nothing he’d ever imagined. He stroked himself faster, spreading the growing dew up and down his opening, enjoying the strange and wonderful experience of being penetrated, of feeling his flower bud open for himself. Now his fingers were deep within his own wet heat. Alastair had always done well with women, keen to explore and experiment in the bedroom in order to drive the pleasure from their wonderful bodies. It was a feeling of conquest, and he used his knowledge to bring this new body into sharp desire.

He found his budded clit and stroked in tight circles, following the rhythm of his body. He turned his head this way and that, biting his lower lip as anticipation built within him. The wet sounds of his sex reached his ears. He continued

stroking, circling as his body fidgeted, desire and need building up inside him. His other hand roamed across his tits, greedy for himself. The pleasure bloomed within him, light at first, pent up and demanding release.

He wiggled his little butt on the bed, groping his tits and moving his fingers around inside himself, striving for the perfect angle, the perfect pressure, until his desire burst out of him suddenly. He bit back a light cry as he came, pussy quivering around his fingers. He clapped his legs together and raised his hips, driving his fingers harder against his suddenly sensitive clit. The pleasure was explosive and all-consuming, filling him from head to toe. Every inch of his body was a delight and he kept his fingers inside his wet pussy, stoking the electric buzz until the pleasure burned itself out. He slowed his strokes as he crested and returned to earth.

He was still fuzzy and warm, and he continued stroking his pussy as the rhythm resumed. His body wasn't done yet. He grew slicker, wetter, his thighs soaking, his fingers coated in his juices and he came a second time. This orgasm was bigger and brighter than the first, holding him aloft in pleasure for several seconds before releasing him back down to earth.

When he could think again he lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling and breathing hard. The pleasure had been so intense and longer lasting than any orgasm he'd had as a man. He realized it was partly due to his lust for his own body, the powerlessness he felt at being so dainty. He released a light tingle of laughter.

This trial wouldn't be so hard after all.

Raised voices from out in the kitchen startled him out of his reverie. He was still stretched out naked in bed when the door opened. He hurried to yank the covers

over himself as the older woman from the kitchen stared down at him. She rolled her eyes.

“Come on, lazy bones, time to get to work.”

Alastair was hustled to his feet and threw his dress back on before being marched outside. There was an old school bus in the street. Someone had attempted to hide the rust and dents by painting it in a garish blue and yellow. Worryingly, there were iron bars across each window and three men cradling machine guns standing by the door.

The older woman nudged Alastair towards the line.

“Where are we going?” He asked her.

She looked at him sorrowfully. “Aye, Luisa, you poor simpleton.”

She shoved him towards the line with a shake of her head. The men with guns leered at him as he stepped up onto the bus. He took a seat near the back, next to another young woman. In fact, the whole bus was soon filled with women about his age. By the time everyone had crowded on they were packed three to each seat. The two men with guns clambered on and patrolled the aisle, while the third man took the driver’s seat and the bus pulled away, bumping over the broken road.

They drove out of the slums and towards what seemed like the edge of town

before pulling up in front of a huge warehouse. Beyond, Alastair could just see towering trees.

The guards got off the bus and Alastair followed the others in a single file line through the doors of the warehouse. The inside of the warehouse had been partitioned into sections. The first room, just inside the entrance, was a kind of waiting room, with tiled floors and benches lining the walls. The other women began stripping off their clothes and setting them on the benches. The guards had joined them inside the room and were leering unashamedly at the naked women. Alastair was too nervous to be turned on by the young, naked bodies around him.

A woman beside him who was already naked noticed his hesitation and she sighed.

“Come on, Luisa, take off your clothes, like this.”

She helped him out of his dress and then folded it and placed it on a bench for him. All the while Alastair wondered why everyone kept treating him like an idiot. It didn't help that he'd felt slower somehow, his mouth gaping open as he looked around.

He followed the others through a hatch on the opposite side of the wall from the entrance. This room was low-ceilinged and had the feel of a medical facility. Stainless steel racks and counters were bolted to the floors and walls. The air smelled faintly of chemicals.

When another door at the far end of the room opened the chemical smell grew stronger and Alastair could hear male voices and the hum of machinery. Two

men entered. One carried a plastic tub of white powder, while the other carried nothing and had the air of authority. He was pot-bellied with bad skin and dressed in white linen, complete with a white fedora. He eyed the women as they shuffled in.

Alastair followed the lead of the other women as they donned latex medical gloves and face masks and took up positions along the counter. Alastair was saved from trying to figure out where he should go by a gruff voice calling out to him.

“Luisa,” the pot-bellied man said, laying a thick hand on his shoulder. “You will do the packing today. Isabella will show you how. Try not to fuck it up again. Next time I may not accept your...apology.”

Another woman—Isabella, apparently—took him by the hand and led him to a place against the wall. The pot-bellied man watched him go.

“Do not get me in trouble,” Isabella hissed at him, dark eyes flashing.

“Everyone gets three chances,” Alastair attempted a weak joke, feigning a surety he didn’t have.

She glared at him. “You may have no problem laying beneath that bandito but I will not sully myself.”

Alastair looked over at the pot-bellied man. The thought of having sex with him

made Alastair's stomach turn. But then, this body had apparently already done it. Alastair was a long way from his former privileged position.

The plastic tub that was brought in had been filled with cocaine and the women formed an assembly line, cutting it with some other white powder before weighing it and packing it into tight bundles. Isabella showed Alastair how to package it in plastic, folding and tucking just so and making sure the weight was exact. It was mechanical, repetitive work, which Alastair at first thought would be easy. But there was something wrong with his brain that made him forget each simple direction. Isabella had to continually repeat her instructions and was growing ever more fed up with him. Why couldn't he retain this simple information? Had he taken over this young woman's mental capacity as well as her body?

It took a while but the repetition eventually drilled it into him. The women around him occasionally made small talk to pass the time, but there was no laughter. It occurred to Alastair, belatedly, that the reason they were all naked was so they couldn't smuggle any of the drugs out of the lab. And the reason they were all women, well, that was probably to be eye candy for the guards who strolled up and down the aisles, keeping an eye on them as they worked. The air was warm in the lab and Alastair and the others were soon slick with sweat.

Alastair could feel the guards eyeing him up, ogling his ass and his tits. They made excuses to peak over his shoulder and watch as he worked. Or maybe that was because they didn't trust him to do it right. At least they didn't distract him by touching him. Probably too scared that if they did they'd bear the brunt of the pot-bellied man's wrath.

Still, one of the guards, a large man with a scar crossing one cheek, made it his duty to keep an eye on Alastair. Alastair often felt the man's hot breath on his neck, an implicit threat and warning. To his surprise, Alastair found himself looking forward to the man's breath on his neck. Being forced to confront his

own weakness was strangely alluring and more than once Isabella had to admonish him for losing concentration and weighing something incorrectly.

Every now and then the door at the far end would open and another load of cocaine would be sent down the processing line. At appointed times there was a break where they would all be shuffled out of the room through the door at the far end. They turned the opposite way from the noise and the chemical smell, down a short hallway to an enclosed outdoor space. There a small kitchen had been set up and the women were served food and water. They were taken by small groups to grubby toilets and escorted back. There were more guards in this area and at no point were they ever left alone.

Out here the women seemed more relaxed, and Alastair did hear some sporadic laughter. He hovered near a small group of others as they ate. Their comments and stories were peppered with subtle insults directed at him.

“As blockheaded as Luisa,” one said, to general laughter.

Alastair looked up at his new name, smiling blankly. He hadn't really been able to follow the twists and turns of the story, which was odd because in his old life he'd have had no trouble reading through a fifty page contract of boring legalese. He'd become so dumb and...and...stupid and dumb. All beauty no brains. The thought should have been depressing but it was strangely exhilarating. No brains meant no pressure to succeed. He just had to be submissive and do what people told him. The thought made his body tingly and warm.

Sometime in late afternoon the last of the drugs was weighed and packaged. The women lined up to return to the main entrance where they'd left their clothes. The line out of the lab moved forward in fits and starts and when Alastair reached the front he saw why. The pot-bellied man was searching each woman,

patting them down everywhere, lifting each breast and investigating much more in-depth than was needed.

When Alastair reached the front the man grinned broadly. “Good girl, Luisa. You did well today.”

He searched Alastair thoroughly, holding up each breast, his hand lingering on Alastair’s body. When he was done there he slid his hand in between Alastair’s legs and prodded his pussy. Then he had Alastair bend over and spread his ass. Alastair did as he was told, holding his ass cheeks apart while the pot-bellied man snapped on some latex gloves. The guard with the scar was eyeing him disgustedly. Alastair looked away as the pot-bellied man’s finger inched into Alastair’s tight asshole. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing and slightly painful as the finger poked into his tight asshole. And hot as hell. Alastair felt himself getting moist as the pot-bellied man prodded at him, treating him like a piece of meat while unwanted pleasure flitted through him at this latest humiliation.

“All done. You’re clean,” the pot-bellied man finally said. He patted Alastair on the ass and sent him on his way.

Alastair burned with humiliation. None of the others had been checked as thoroughly. It seemed the pot-bellied man had made Alastair his special pet.

Alastair dressed and filed back on to the bus without a word. There was more chatter on the return trip but Alastair remained quiet and withdrawn. The women next to him continued whispering and glancing over at him. Finally, one leaned over to him.

“You need to be careful of the man in white. Do not tempt him. He is very dangerous.”

“I’m not tempting him,” Alastair insisted.

The woman shook her head sadly.

The bus deposited them back on the road in front of the house he’d awoken in and he followed a small group of other young women inside. They all appeared to live there in the small bedrooms off the main living area. The woman who shared Alastair’s room was squat and plain-looking. She snorted as Alastair collapsed onto the bed.

“What are you doing, lazy? There’s work to do.”

The woman yanked open the door and Alastair dutifully followed her out. The matronly woman who seemed to run the house handed him a broom and ordered him to get to work in the kitchen. As he swept, the others worked around the house, cleaning or preparing for dinner. The matronly woman barked orders and castigated Alastair for leaving dirt. But everyone was barefoot and the huge cracks beneath the door meant that sweeping all the dirt out was an impossible task. His little tongue poked out the side of his mouth as he concentrated on sweeping the floor, working in tight patterns and sweeping around the feet of other women as they worked. It was such a hard task. Back and forth, back and forth. How could anyone even do this?

At last the job was done to the matronly woman’s satisfaction. By now the sizzle of frying food had filled the house and made Alastair’s stomach rumble. The

food was set out on the counter and the eight women who apparently lived in the house crowded around and began serving the food onto cracked plates. It was a simple meal of beans and rice, but even the light seasoning tasted divine, flavored as it was by hunger. Alastair ate his fill and lay back against one wall, idly listening to the chatter of the other women until he was put back to work cleaning and putting away the dishes.

They bathed out in the small enclosed courtyard at the rear of the house. A washtub was set out and they took their turns getting in and scrubbing themselves down. Alastair was clearly at the bottom of the social hierarchy, because he was last. He scrubbed himself in the water that had been dirtied from the women ahead of them, wondering whether he was putting on more grime than he was taking off.

When he was done he retired to his bed. The noises from the neighborhood filtered in through the glass-less window in the wall above him. Alastair pulled the thin blanket over himself and curled onto his side. He was too tired even to touch himself and fell asleep quickly.

He dreamed of more humiliations. Vague shapes around him forcing him into obedience, laughing and calling him names. He awoke in the early morning to his roommate, Maria, snoring loudly. His dreams had left him warm and wet. He stroked himself, fingers sliding quickly into his moisture. The slick sounds of his fingers in his pussy seemed so loud in the quiet room, and the thought of what Maria would say if she woke and found him like this only served to drive him on quicker. He sucked the fingers of his other hand into his mouth to stifle his cries as he orgasmed, pussy clenching around the fingers that he'd shoved deep inside his wet warmth.

Again in the late morning the colorful bus pulled up to the street and again all the women tramped on to it. They went through the same pattern as yesterday at the warehouse, disrobing before filing into the lab. Alastair took his spot beside

Isabella, thinking that the work would be much easier now that he'd done it. But his clumsy fingers kept making mistakes and he found himself daydreaming, brought back to the present by Isabella's annoyed grunts. He just didn't have any concentration or an ounce of wit in this body.

He still had his keen perception though, even though he couldn't enunciate it, and had the impression that the guard with the scar was paying him more attention than usual. His suspicions were confirmed during the lunch break. Alastair joined a group of women as they were escorted to the dingy outhouse by two guards, one of whom was the guard with the scar down one cheek. Alastair did his business, hovering above a toilet that was little more than a hole in the ground while trying to take shallow breaths through his mouth to avoid the stench, and came back out as soon as he could. He started to join the group of other women but the guard with the scar stopped him.

"Stay a while," the guard said.

The other guard glanced back at the two of them. A silent look passed back and forth. Then the other guard called out, "Let's go," and the rest of the women tramped off after him back towards the lab. The guard with the scar lit a cigarette and offered it to Alastair, who took it and puffed. The smoke was harsh and acrid in his lungs, and he coughed before handing it back.

The guard with the scar led him out through a back door. Out here the jungle began to close in on the warehouse, and the guard led him in a little way until they were hidden from view in a small clearing. The ground had been stamped down, and cigarette butts and beer bottles were strewn about, suggesting this was a place well-used by the guards.

"You are Luisa." The guard placed a hand on his chest, like he was talking to a

child. "I am Arturo."

There was a pause as Arturo scanned the area. "Marco likes you."

"Marco?" Alastair asked timidly.

"The man in white."

Ah. The pot-bellied man. Alastair nodded.

"Marco is very rough with his girls. Some of them have been known to end up... in a bad way. Disappeared somewhere out here," he gestured to the jungle. "I am not so bad. Better than bad. Good in fact. I have never had complaints." He grinned broadly. "I can protect you. Marco tends to sour on girls when he is done with them. Best to not let him start. Do you want my protection?"

Alastair's heart beat wildly in his chest. He had very little choice in the matter. He knew nothing about Arturo, but definitely knew that Marco was dangerous.

"Yes. Please." Alastair finally said in a small voice.

Arturo grinned and flicked his cigarette into the jungle. "I will be gentle."

They clearly had different ideas of “gentle”. Arturo grabbed Alastair by the neck and pulled their lips together. Alastair stumbled and braced his hands on Arturo’s chest for support as they kissed. Arturo’s tongue swept out, forcing its way into Alastair’s mouth. It probed Alastair’s mouth forcefully, Arturo’s spicy masculine taste competing in Alastair’s mouth with the scent of the clove cigarette. The situation, and Arturo’s vastly superior strength, overwhelmed Alastair, making him timid and scared. And wet.

The more forcefully Arturo grabbed Alastair’s neck and invaded his mouth, the more Alastair’s body warmed. It was like his form was made to be subservient. He clutched Arturo’s chest and soon found himself sucking on Arturo’s tongue, closing his eyes in delight as he savored the brutish man.

A hand came up and clutched one of Alastair’s breasts, the fingers squeezing his sensitive skin and causing pain to blossom within him. Alastair gasped, which Arturo took as an invitation to thrust his tongue in further. The hand on Alastair’s tit squeezed and kneaded, tweaking the nipple before sliding down to grab a handful of Alastair’s taut ass. Alastair’s arms were pinned against Arturo’s chest. He couldn’t get any leverage and could only stand helplessly as Arturo had his way with him, squeezing and feeling up every inch of Alastair’s soft body while his tongue invaded Alastair’s mouth.

Crushed together as they were, Alastair felt Arturo’s erection pressing up between them beneath his clothes. As if in response, a spike of warmth burst within Alastair and he moaned again, a throaty, needy sound. He loved that he hated this so much, that he wanted to be taken like this. He was this man’s conquest. God, his pussy was so wet, the little lips moist and growing looser. Arturo’s questing hand slid between Alastair’s legs and found his moisture. The thick fingers fumbled around Alastair’s entrance, dragging the moisture up and down his pussy.

Arturo pulled away. “Get on the ground.”

Alastair complied meekly, kneeling in front of Arturo, prepared to suck his cock. But Arturo had other ideas.

“Not like that,” Arturo ordered, grabbing Alastair’s shoulders and shoving him face first to the ground.

Alastair pushed himself up onto his hands and knees just as he heard the jingle of Arturo’s belt. A second later rough hands gripped his waist and something warm and firm slid up against his opening. Arturo’s hands followed the contours of Alastair’s ass. The man was marveling at him, slowly taking his time to admire Alastair’s taut body. And then he took his cock and shoved it into Alastair.

Alastair grunted, his hands gripping the soft ground as he was taken roughly, the cock sliding into his tight pussy. He’d never felt so helpless and, consequently, so wet. He arched his back and threw his head up, crying out as Arturo buried himself to the hilt inside Alastair’s body. Alastair’s pussy clutched Arturo’s cock like a glove, the head just pressing against the inner nub of Alastair’s pleasure.

The hands on Alastair’s hips grew tighter as Arturo began thrusting in and out. Alastair felt the slap of the man’s balls against his thigh, heard the smack of Arturo’s groin on his ass with each thrust. Alastair’s arms went weak with pleasure and he collapsed in the dirt, ass still in the air, while Arturo drove deep into him, fast and needy. The scent of wet dirt filled Alastair’s nostrils and he clutched his eyes tight, his body shaking with desire as he was taken. The warmth built within him, creating an unbelievable pressure that needed to be released. He couldn’t move, paralyzed with pleasure, his body needing this rough treatment.

Arturo grunted as he fucked Alastair hard and fast, his grunts growing quicker, deeper, until he shoved his cock deep into Alastair. Alastair felt him throb inside, felt the rush of hot cum, and he came too. The orgasm was tremendous, making Alastair shake and gasp. Pleasure poured through him. He was this man's plaything, his pleasure toy. Each spurt of hot cum just reminded Alastair of how weak he was, and how much he needed the cock to control him.

At last Arturo finished, thrusting deep, his satisfied moan trailing off as his cock stopped spurting. He pulled out, leaving Alastair to collapse in the dirt, his body quivering with aftershock.

"Get up. Time to get back to work," Arturo said as he stood and pulled his pants back up.

So much for cuddling. Alastair rose and brushed the dirt off his knees even as he felt a trickle of cum sliding down his thigh. He still had the sense to be wary.

"You'll protect me, right?" He asked Arturo, knowing how pathetic he sounded.

"We do this every day. I'll protect you."

Arturo escorted him back to the warehouse, letting Alastair clean himself off in the toilet block before joining the others. He caught the glances, heard the snickers at his appearance. There was no secret what he'd been up to. But Alastair knew he didn't have a choice. It was this or a worse fate. And that's what made him so wet.

Alastair soon got into a routine. Every day they would line up for the bus. During the break Arturo would take him out into the woods and fuck him. Then he would return, finish his shift, and Marco, the pot-bellied man in white, would thoroughly check to make sure he wasn't trying to steal drugs, using his check as an excuse to paw at Alastair's body. It was humiliating bending over so the man could shove his fingers up Alastair's puckered hole. Humiliating and exciting, and he stared up at Arturo, both of them sharing a silent knowing glance.

What the hell was happening to him? He'd always been the top. The leader. So why, in this tiny body, was he enjoying being taken so much?

After that, they'd return home, do chores and wash, then go to bed. The whole cycle repeated itself the next day.

And then, close to the two week mark, the Marco didn't smile at Alastair in the morning. His evening body check was, if possible, rougher than usual, and left Alastair sore. The next day, Arturo wasn't at his usual spot outside the bus. There was a new guard. Alastair had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach but was rounded up and taken to the warehouse.

He didn't see Arturo all day, and he heard whispers that Marco had discovered what Arturo had done to Alastair and had him killed for violating Marco's prize. Alastair didn't know how much to believe, until after the break when Alastair stepped out to find Marco waiting for him, flanked by two guards.

"Take her," Marco growled.

The guards gripped Alastair's arms and marched him outside into the jungle. Marco stopped and motioned to a spot in front of a tree. The guards threw Alastair to the ground and he landed in a heap, naked and terrified.

"You have been spoiled," Marco hissed. "A spoiled brat who doesn't know what she has."

"I didn't have a choice," Alastair protested, "Arturo—"

Marco slapped him suddenly. "Shut up." He turned to the two guards. "Do what you want with her. Just make sure no one finds the body."

Marco spat in Alastair's face before leaving. One of the guards slung his Ak-47 over his back and began fiddling with his belt buckle while the other kept his gun trained on Alastair.

"Shame to waste such a pretty pussy," the guard grinned.

Alastair trembled and shut his eyes as the guard advanced. There were hands on his tits. And then a giant explosion rang out through the jungle. Alastair opened his eyes to see the guard hurriedly buckling up his belt. Beyond the warehouse a huge plume of fire and smoke rose.

"Policia! Policia!" Someone cried out.

The other guard turned to look and Alastair took the opportunity to run deeper into the forest. He heard shouting behind him. Then gunfire. Bullets zinged by his shoulder, zipping into the forest around him and causing sharp shrapnel to burst out from the bark of a nearby tree. In seconds the guards were out of sight but Alastair kept running.

Someone rose up in front of him, dressed in camouflage and pointing a huge rifle at his head. Alastair skittered to a stop. Two other men rose from the bushes, also with weapons pointed at him. Alastair closed his eyes. This was the end of him. Would he come back to his real life or die forever?

But the men didn't shoot.

"Leave her," said one.

"You sure?" One of the others asked.

"Yeah. Look at her. She's nothing."

Another explosion rang out from the warehouse and the three men hurried towards it, leaving Alastair alone and naked in the jungle. He dropped to his knees, shaking with fear as the noise of gunfire rang out faintly behind him. A tear dropped from his eyes and once again he found himself crying, relieved at surviving the near death experience.

And then he felt the world melt away as his spirit was released from this

temporary body and the trial ended.

To be concluded...

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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

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A freak accident swaps a young man into the body of his best friend's girlfriend where he discovers his masochistic side.

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5 more previously published erotic body swapping stories by M Wills.

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A young man ends up in the body of a sexy MILF after a mysterious phenomenon causes most of the people in the world to swap bodies with someone else.

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A jealous young man uses a magic spell to swap bodies with his stepsister and tries to be a better version of her.

Cosplayed

A young man clones his mind into the bodies of four women at an anime convention and uses them for his own ends.

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A scrawny teenager accidentally swaps bodies with his sexy fitness instructor neighbor and gets carried away with his new life.

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A nerdy student swaps bodies with his busty teacher and does all the things he's dreamed of doing with her body.

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A man finds a watch that can clone his mind into someone else's body and uses it to satisfy his selfish desires.

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An alpha male is forcibly body swapped into a down-on-her-luck woman and

trapped in her life.

Role of a Lifetime

A college student finds an experimental device that allows him to possess his girl friends.

How I Became a Hopper

A college student discovers the ability to hop into people's bodies, and uses his new power to take over his cute crush and explore her life.

Deeper Undercover

A male criminal steals the body of a sexy female cop and uses his new life to build a drug empire.

What Happens in Vegas

A jealous brother steals his stepsister's body to go on an epic girl's trip with his mom and discovers a most intimate secret.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.