

MtF
BODY
SWITCH

GODS
AND
Men 2

MWILTS

MtF
BODY
SWITCH

GODS
AND
Men 2

MWILTS

Gods and Men

Part 2

MtF Body Switch

by M. Wills

© 2022 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

Table of Contents

[Gods and Men \(Part 2\)](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

Gods and Men (Part 2)

“Something’s bothering you,” Robin said to her daughter, uncrossing her legs and sitting up straight on the elegant couch. “I can sense it.”

Faith sighed and glanced toward the bedroom, where Alastair still lay in bed even though it was past noon. “Ever since that fever broke Alastair’s been acting a little unusual.”

“Is that so?”

Faith rubbed her fingertips together, a habit she had whenever she was nervous. She looked up at Robin in silence. Robin felt her daughter probing her mind, felt the faint waves of Faith’s power of attraction seeking a crack in her defenses. Faith’s power wasn’t just useful for attracting lovers. It could also be used for getting people to tell the truth. Robin knew that if she allowed Faith to penetrate her mind she’d feel the warmth of deep friendship and a compulsion to spill her darkest secrets. Faith would have made an excellent detective against mortals. But she was still only a demi-god, while Robin, despite being trapped in her mortal form, still retained a modicum of her godly powers.

Robin pretended to be affected by her daughter’s power, letting her shoulders relax and a smile creep across her lips. “I’ve always liked Alastair,” she said. “But you’ll always be my little girl. And if he’s not right for you then you should call off the wedding.”

Abruptly Faith withdrew her mental probing. “I still love him,” she confessed.

“How do you know it even is him? If he’s changed, maybe the part of him that

you loved is no more?”

“Very philosophical, mother,” Faith replied, and Robin saw that she’d overplayed her hand. “But we will be married and joined together for eternity.”

“If that’s what you wish,” Robin nodded.

Faith opened her mouth, clearly expecting Robin to put up a fight.

“Robin?” Another voice spoke up.

Robin turned to see Alastair leaning against the frame of the bedroom door. He was weak and pale.

“Alastair, honey,” Faith stood and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He smiled wanly at her.

“Can I speak with your mother? Alone.”

“Of course,” Faith said, arching one elegant eyebrow.

Robin stood and followed Alastair back into the gloomy bedroom, closing the door behind her. She glided to the curtains and pushed them aside to light up the

room while Alastair slumped on to the bed.

“You didn’t tell me what the trial would entail.”

“I didn’t know,” Robin lied, “Each one is different to the individual.”

“Why was I a woman?” Alastair demanded, pushing himself to his feet and trying to summon his anger. “A poor drug mule in some South American shithole.”

“A god’s powers rely on combining the male and female essence. Your high-grade masculinity must be separated so that we may graft on the feminine part. The whole will be even greater than the sum of the parts.”

“So where are my powers?”

Robin turned to him and held out both hands, palm up. Two swirling mists roughly in the shape of humans sprang to life, hovering above each hand. The black one was shaped like a man, while the white was shaped like a woman. They moved as she explained it to Alastair:

“Unfortunately, the work is only half done. We have split the male and female.” One half of each figure melted away. “But now we must graft them together.” She brought her hands together, squeezing the two figures into one. It took some effort but in a few seconds there was a brilliant burst of purple light. The figure now dancing in her hand was a multicolored rainbow. She dropped her hand and

it disappeared.

“There’s another trial,” Alastair said quietly.

Robin nodded. He was a clever one. Best he be split from Faith as soon as possible. Giving a clever mortal access to too much power would lead to trouble.

“I don’t want it,” Alastair said. “I think it’s bullshit anyway. You guard your power too jealously and you were never going to give it away. Get the fuck out of my house.”

Alastair’s eyes flashed and he stood to his full height, towering over Robin.

“When you change your mind, call for me,” Robin said, nonplussed.

Robin clapped her hands and vanished in a flash of light. She’d sensed the imbalance in him and knew it was only a matter of time until he reached the tipping point.

6

Alastair had lied when he told Robin he didn't want to do it again. Ever since he'd returned from his life as a poor South American and woke to find himself in his own bed recovering from a fever, he'd noticed the changes in himself. For the first time ever he felt uncomfortable in his body. He was too big. Too strong. Too...masculine.

When he'd fully recovered his strength he returned to the office but he didn't have the same killer instinct. Nor did he have his old sex drive. In the past it had been nothing to him to visit the country club and flirt with the pretty waitresses (and they were all pretty as per unofficial club policy). Sure, there had been the residual guilt of cheating on Faith. But he was a man. He had urges that couldn't be denied and what Faith didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

But on his first visit to the club after recovering he found himself ogling the waitresses in a different way. Instead of wondering what it would be like for the obsequious young blonde who was behind the welcome desk to be bouncing on his cock, he found himself wondering what it would like to be her. To have to be subservient to the customers, usually old white men—and Alastair included himself in that description, in temperament if not in physicality—who leered at her. To be at their mercy. The thought of being her, bending over and taking it from the group of boomers in the back corner aroused him, and he had to take a seat at the bar until his erection ebbed.

He tried to get Faith in on his new desires, hinting at changing things up in the bedroom. He bought a dildo for himself but couldn't bring up the courage to ask Faith to use it on him. She'd balked the first time he brought up spitting on him and calling him names. So he presented the dildo to her but lost his nerve

halfway, pretending instead it was a present for her. What followed was a lackluster roll in the bed for both of them.

He still loved Faith but she couldn't dominate him like he wanted. She treated him as an equal. As an intelligent, driven man. But as the weeks passed Alastair couldn't deny that he wanted to be owned and humiliated.

He took to hiring prostitutes to demean him, asking them to spit on him and call him names until his cock erupted in his hands at the wonderful humiliation. But soon even that wasn't enough. He didn't want his cock to erupt in his hands. He wanted a cock to erupt inside him. But not this body. His proper feminine body. He wanted a body and a life that couldn't threaten anyone, turned on by the pure, abject weakness and total loss of control. The thoughts consumed him until one night, three weeks before his wedding to Faith and the final tethering, he called out for Robin.

"What did you do to me?" Alastair demanded when she appeared in his bedroom.

"You are unbalanced. Your male and female side at war. You need to dive back into your femininity and conquer it. Only then will your true potential be unleashed."

"I want..." Alastair paused. But he had to ask. Robin had the power and his thoughts had been driving him mad. "I want to be even worse off than before," he said without looking at her. "I want to be powerless and weak and trapped and...and desperate." God, just the thought of losing everything was making him hard.

Robin smiled and took his hand. She transported the two of them back to the edge of the chasm, where they were once again joined by the swirling void in the shape of a woman. This time Alastair didn't shy away from the void as it placed its icy cold hands on him. He felt the power flowing from her. Sheer, unimaginable power. Something in him cracked, something metaphysical, like his soul had been lightened. It was accompanied with a sharp stab of pain and then the thoughts flooded in. He was weak. Disgusting. Worthless. He reveled in these feelings of self-loathing as he was cast back into the chasm and then this other reality winked out of sight.

Reality reasserted itself just as suddenly. The air was muggy and filled with the stench of sweating bodies, along with the acrid odor of piss. Opening his eyes, Alastair found himself in a prison cell packed with women. They were sleeping everywhere, splayed out shoulder to shoulder on the floor or packed into a sweaty pile on the single mattress in the corner. Through the grate high above the bed came some watery sunlight.

Unlike everyone else, there seemed to be some room next to Alastair, and looking over he discovered why. The corner next to where he lay on the floor held two buckets half full with piss and shit. He wrinkled his nose and tried to scoot over, but was unable to move the heavysset snoring older woman beside him.

He leaned away from the reeking buckets and looked around at the women filling every inch of the cell. They were of every age and body type. Most seemed to have the dark hair and appearance of South Americans again.

Alastair briefly thought he might have ended up back in Luisa's life, which would have at least given him some sense of continuity. But when he looked down at himself he saw a greyed and torn shirt that held breasts so much bigger

than Luisa's had been, and sweatpants stretched across ample thighs. Overall his body was curvier but still seemed just as young.

And suddenly he didn't want to be there. He didn't want to be worthless and trapped. The imagining was so much better than the reality. Yet there he was.

A few minutes later there was the sound of a heavy door opening, and then two guards appeared. One was an evil looking man with a drooping mustache and a permanent sneer. The other ambled along slowly after him, a dull look on his long face. They both wore uniforms that had seen better days, patched and re-sewn in numerous places. The evil-looking guard with the mustache clanged the keys across the iron bars of the cell, creating an awful din that made the women jolt and stir into wakefulness.

"Time to get up," he shouted with malicious glee.

The women in the cell yawned and stretched. There was hardly room to move until the guard unlocked the door and ordered everyone out. Alastair took his place in line, disgusted at how his body wobbled, tits flying every which way, butt wiggling, thighs rubbing together. He disgusted himself. He was by no means fat, but he was a far cry from the Brazilian supermodels he used to fuck.

Alastair was almost one of the last ones out. The vicious little guard poked and prodded each woman needlessly with his baton as they passed. When Alastair reached him the man held up his baton, blocking the way.

"Forgetting something?" He asked.

Alastair had no idea what he was talking about and paused in silence. The guard pushed him back into the cell, where he tripped over the mattress and landed on his back, legs akimbo.

When the guard finished laughing he sneered, “Bring those buckets.”

With a grimace, Alastair hoisted the two buckets by the handle and followed the guards down the hallway, trying to walk smoothly so he wouldn't jostle the disgusting effluent inside. The evil-looking guard took him down to the toilets and followed him inside, staring around with a bored look on his face at the other woman as they did their business. Alastair dumped the contents into a toilet that was almost as filthy as the buckets and then flushed it down.

He returned to the sinks and scrubbed his hands with dirty water. In the smudged mirror above the sink he saw himself for the first time. He had the brown mocha skin of a South American native, with a rounded nose and cheeks and elegant cupid's bow lips. He was slightly shorter and plumper than he had been last time, with bigger breasts and rounded hips. His black hair was long and ragged. If he'd had time to clean himself up he thought he could be, if not smoking hot, then at least presentable. Still not a supermodel. Not with those thighs.

The guard prodded him on his ass and then pointed his baton at the bucket with a grunt. Alastair picked the buckets up and returned them to the cell, the evil-looking guard following along. When he turned back the guard was right in front of him. The guard towered over Alastair and grinned, then reached up and grabbed one of Alastair's heavy breasts and grunted in appreciation.

“Ready to earn some more cigarettes?”

Before Alastair could reply, the sound of heavy footsteps came from down the hall. The guard reluctantly dropped Alastair's tit.

"Get to breakfast," he growled.

Alastair left the cell and turned in the direction the other women had gone. He passed an older man wearing a clean uniform with medals on the chest. The evil-looking guard shot a quick salute as they passed.

Beyond the toilets was the entrance to a large, poorly lit mess hall. Everything about it screamed dirty and cheap. The floors and ceilings had years of built up grime, and the plastic tables and chairs had been repaired long past their point of usefulness.

Alastair lined up with the others and grabbed a filthy bowl. A dour looking Hispanic woman behind the counter dumped some sort of lumpy slop into the bowls of the women in front of Alastair. When Alastair approached her she looked at him, scowled, and then dipped her ladle into another pot hidden beneath the counter. It came up with a scoop of deliciously golden porridge studded with raisins. Alastair took his tray to a nearby table. The women there glared at him as he sat.

"What kind of favors did you give today, Valentina?" One of them growled.

"What?" Alastair asked.

“She was probably a slut on the outside, too,” one of the other women jeered.

Alastair kept his head down and devoured the oatmeal. It was bland but he was desperately hungry, and it looked so much better than the grey slop in the other bowls. What had this woman done to deserve this?

When they’d all finished their meals, the women dumped the bowls and spoons into a container at one end of the hall and then lined up against another wall. Alastair noticed how everyone glared at him. Whoever this woman was that he’d now become, she had no friends here.

The evil-looking guard tromped down the line, pointing to women. Whoever he pointed to stepped out and joined a second line behind a tall, lanky guard in an ill-fitting uniform. Alastair was chosen for this smaller line, and he heard people mumbling “Of course” as he took his place. The longer line of women was led out of the room, while the women in Alastair’s line were made to pick up the tubs of bowls and spoons and carry them back to a grimy kitchen. There they set up an assembly line of sorts, washing and scrubbing and drying the bowls and cutlery, along with the pots that had been used to cook the whole disgusting mess.

As Alastair sweated over the hot sink, he noticed that more guards had come in and formed a little clump at the back. Occasionally the six guards would look up and point to one or more of the women. This would be followed by some conferral. Agreements and disagreements. The whole thing happened several times until they seemed to reach a consensus. The evil-looking guard slipped up behind Alastair and whispered in his ear.

“Time to earn some more rec privileges, Valentina.”

Alastair and another woman were separated from the group and followed the six guards down another hallway. The sounds of the kitchen receded in the distance as they travelled down a dimly lit service corridor. Alastair snuck a look at the other woman. She seemed to be somewhere in her thirties and she carried herself proudly, dark eyes flashing. She had a similar body type to Alastair, with rolling hips and breasts that jiggled with each step. Like someone’s mom.

Alastair was still getting used to his own body. He hadn’t had any time to come to terms with it and only now, walking down the hall in silence but for the tromp of the guards’ boots, could he really feel all the little differences. He was heavier everywhere. His hips had a more definite sway from his bigger butt. His thicker thighs swished together. The lack of a bra meant his heavy tits jostled up and down at each step. Alastair knew some guys enjoyed this body type - would have considered it pleasantly plump. But for Alastair, who’d been used to fucking stick-thin supermodels all his life, he felt like a whale. Lumpy and fat.

So why was his disgust at the shape of his body making him moist with arousal?

The guards opened a door at the far end of the hallway and Alastair found himself outside in a small courtyard surrounded on two sides by corrugated iron sheds and on the third by a huge stone wall, the top bristling with barbed wire. The guards led Alastair and the other women into one of the sheds and flicked on the light. In the middle of the bare stone floor lay a dirty blanket. Two long cylinders with bulbous ends lay atop it, and it took a second for Alastair to realize the cylinders were actually dildos.

Alastair and the other woman were made to stand on the blanket while the other guards formed a circle around them. Alastair’s heart hammered in his chest

while the guards took their time sorting out cigarettes and lighting them. Finally, they all turned to look at Alastair. The evil-looking guard smiled at them both.

“Valentina. Maria. You are the most beautiful girls in the prison.”

“And the biggest tits,” another guard chimed in to general laughter.

The evil-looking man continued in a perfunctory way. “For that you get good treatment. You will have sex with each other now and the good treatment will continue.”

“And make it look good,” another guard added.

Alastair turned to Maria, dumbfounded. She was already moving towards him and she wrapped her arms around his waist. She nuzzled against his neck as he stood, frozen in fear and embarrassment. Maria kissed her way across his jaw as she reached behind him to grab a handful of his plump ass. She nibbled on his ear and whispered urgently, her hot breath causing pleasant goosebumps to break out across his skin.

“What are you doing? Kiss me back, stupid girl, or they will beat us.”

That broke the spell for Alastair. He kissed her on the cheek hesitantly. She'd washed her face, maybe preparing for this moment, and her skin smelled clean and wonderful. Their lips met and her tongue snaked into his mouth as she clutched at him. Alastair felt his body responding as he slid his own hands up

between their bodies, wandering across Maria's chest and stroking her heavy tits. They were firm beneath his hands, bobbing as he squeezed and released them.

Maria helped him take his soiled grey top off and fling it to the floor. The guards whistled approval as Alastair's bare breasts swung down into Maria's waiting hands. She cupped them gently and nuzzled each tit, her tongue sliding around his sensitive nipples. She sucked on one, then the other, covering them with her warm lips and flicking her tongue across them. Alastair's nipples spiked to attention in her mouth as pleasure flared through him.

She paused as he pulled off her shirt and admired her tits. They were flatter than his, and lined with slight stretch marks. She had a motherly body, with a slight pouch of a stomach, but soft and pleasant to grab and stroke. Her tits swung hypnotically from her chest as Alastair played with them, mesmerized by her body. It wasn't at all the type of woman he would usually fuck. And he was well aware that the plump body he was fondling resembled his current one.

The guards murmured approval as the women took each other in their arms and kissed again. Despite his shame and disgust—or maybe because of it—Alastair was getting turned on. He was aware of a desire building within him, driving him on, pushing his hands across Maria's wide expanse of tits as she groped him in return. Her hand slid between his legs and he felt her pause momentarily as she found his wetness, perhaps surprised at how turned on he was. He pressed his lips harder against her and grinded his pussy against her hand. Sliding his other hand up between them he cupped her breast, squeezing the jiggling weight.

The guards whistled approval and one yelled out "Fuck each other."

The other woman lowered Alastair to the dirty blanket. As he sat down and spread his legs the guards moved closer, leering at him. They were all hard,

some of them stroking their cocks through their pants. The other woman knelt between Alastair's legs and grabbed the long, double-ended dildo. She leaned down, her tits dangling beneath her, her plump ass in the air, and began stroking the tip of the dildo up and down Alastair's pussy. Alastair watched down his body in awe, past his heavy, dangling tits, over his slight plump of a stomach, to the wild bush between his legs.

As the dildo stroked up and down his slit he grew ever wetter. His pussy lips parted and the head of the dildo slid inside him, pausing at his entrance. He threw his head back and moaned, his body twisting with desire now. The humiliation and weakness only added fuel to his lust, and when the woman finally slid the head of the dildo in between his welcoming pussy lips he gasped, half-laughing in delight.

Maria fucked him slowly, driving the dildo in slowly. The warm rubber stretched the walls of his canal, his pussy clutching it like a glove as she slowly sunk in deeper, until he was completely full. He bit his lower lip and moaned, aware he was acting like a whore for his jailers, unable to do anything else because his body desperately needed the release. The humiliation and pleasure were all too much and he felt like he would explode.

“Climb on top,” someone ordered.

When Maria didn't respond someone pushed her. She fell heavily onto Alastair, her warm body pressed against his, the dildo trapped between them, the lower half of the black rubber cock still lodged inside Alastair. She pushed herself up onto her knees and raised one leg. Grasping the other end of the dildo, she aimed it against her pussy and sank down on it slowly. He watched it disappear inside her, feeling the pressure building within him as well. Now the two women were connected, both of them riding the rubber dildo.

The other woman undulated her lower body, grinding against the dildo as her tits swayed majestically back and forth. Alastair's body burned with desire and he grabbed the woman's tits as they bounced above him. She leaned down and he took her tits into his mouth, sucking ferociously, desiring her body, wanting to have every inch of her. He began gasping then, his voice rising in pitch as the woman drove back and forth on top of him. In a moment of need, Alastair drove his hips up, forcing the dildo deeper in until it slipped against the nub of his innermost pleasure and he came. His body quivered and he cried out, the orgasm pulsing through him. His whole body shook with desire and he clutched the tits in his hand harder.

Warm drops of liquid hit his chest and he opened his eyes to see the guards had dropped their pants and were stroking themselves above him. As he watched, one of them grunted and more drops of pearly cum splashed onto his face and his tits. It was humiliating and disgusting and degrading. And he orgasmed hard because of it, the pleasure lighting through him suddenly and without warning. As he opened his mouth and cried out more cum landed on his face, dripping into his mouth and he rubbed it over his body, spreading it across his tits and his face, soaking in it, enjoying the helplessness of it all. He continued thrusting up, aware Maria was staring down at him in disgust as he acted like a whore, rubbing cum all over his pretty face and breasts. But his body burned with pleasure and it felt too good to stop.

When they finished he lay on the floor, panting, Maria still straddling him, still connected by the rubber cock.

"Get up. Clean yourself off," the evil-looking guard commanded, nudging a bucket of water containing a sponge towards them.

Maria rolled off him and Alastair slid the dildo out of himself. They washed off with the dirty water and then got dressed.

“Lucky you, huh?” the evil-looking guard said with a grin as they marched the women back through the dimly lit hallway. “You get to avoid chores and have some fun instead.” He snorted laughter and handed Alastair some loose cigarettes.

The other guards peeled off until it was just the two women and the evil-looking guard. The other women had been herded back into the small cell by the time Alastair and Maria returned. The guard unlocked the door and pushed them inside. The foul smell of body odor assaulted Alastair’s nose, the stench made worse by the occasional belch or fart.

There was barely room to move in the writhing mass of women, and the others gave him rude glances and little shoves and pinches as he tried to push through the crowd to a place near the wall.

“Putá,” he heard more than one murmur.

Apparently Alastair was no favorite here, the others suspecting him of whoring himself out to avoid working. Eventually he worked his way back to the wall and slid down to a seated position, squished together between two other women. The woman to his right smiled at him, revealing missing and crooked teeth. Alastair hugged his knees to his chest and ignored her.

How long would he be stuck like this? Even now his old life seemed like a dream. It was hard to believe he’d ever been so commanding, so in control so... male. The life of ease seemed nice but the thought of having a cock was off-putting. This was the body he felt at home in. Plump and soft and feminine.

Time passed slowly with nothing to do and no one who wanted to talk to him. He shifted position every now and then when his butt grew sore. Around midday the guards came and opened the cell. They led the women out into a dirt courtyard surrounded on all sides by high stone walls. Armed guards patrolled the top of the wall and the sun beat down on the bare earth. Still, Alastair was grateful to feel the warmth on his face and the fresh air.

“What did you get for your whoring?” The toothless woman asked him as she bumped him from behind.

“I don’t have a choice,” Alastair retorted, suddenly sick of being bullied.

The toothless woman and her friends crowded around him.

“Everyone has a choice,” she said. “At least keep your dignity in jail.”

“What do you expect?” Another asked. “She was a whore out there and she’s a whore in here. Only difference is in here she whores to shirk her duties while we work.”

They crowded in on him. Alastair was smaller than all of them. Why did this new body have to be so weak and helpless? Just when it looked they were going to pummel him the evil-looking guard stomped in and pushed the group apart.

“No fighting,” he yelled. “Get out of here, ugly.” He chased the others away, then turned and winked at Alastair. At least his whoring had also bought him some protection.

Alastair walked around the perimeter of the yard, stretching his muscles. Halfway through one of the circuits there was a sudden gut-wrenching cramp in his belly. He paused and gritted his teeth. It soon dulled to a deep ache but never really disappeared. Alastair leaned against one of the walls, seeking what little shade there was. Now he began to worry. Was he getting sick in here? He dreaded to think what the medical facilities would be like. Or even worse, what if he was pregnant? What had this body been doing before he ended up inside it? Had he screwed the guards?

Another cramp thrust the thoughts from his mind. By the time it passed the guards were collecting the women to herd them back into the cell. Alastair took his place at the back of the cell, near the buckets again. He gripped his stomach and breathed through each miserable cramp, worried he was dying.

Alastair sat in his own misery until dinner time. He was once again favored with a special meal that was only slightly more appetizing than the grey slop everyone else got. Then again they put him on the work crew for the kitchen, cleaning and scrubbing the pots and dishes under the supervision of several guards. Alastair felt awful. Bloated and uncomfortable. The cramps were consistent now but Alastair was afraid to speak up.

Back in his cell he tried to sleep on the hard floor, nestled between two other bodies. But sleep was impossible to find with the constant press of the dirty bodies around him, the smell of flatulence and burps. Even worse, the woman behind him started wiggling around and grunting, and Alastair soon realized she was masturbating. Alastair froze, hoping she would end soon when suddenly he felt a wetness in his pants. Had he pissed himself? He wiggled around until he could see his crotch through the moonlight creeping in through the cell. There

was a large dark spot on it. Alastair touched it and brought it to his nose. Smelled the iron tang of blood.

He sat up quickly and flailed around. “Help. Help,” he called out.

The other women stirred. The women who’d been masturbating turned to him and he stared at her. She looked at his crotch and saw the blood.

“What’s going on?” He asked in a terrified whisper.

She rolled her eyes. “It’s like you’ve never had a period before.”

It took Alastair a few seconds for that to sink in. “How do I...what do I do?”

“Rip off a bit of your shirt and tuck it between your legs. You’ll get in trouble in the morning for ruining your uniform but the alternative is me kicking your ass for bleeding on me.”

With the woman’s help Alastair ripped a stretch of material from his shirt and adjusted it as well as he could up against his pussy. He rolled over and attempted to sleep through the occasional cramps and the uncomfortable wetness between his legs. He must have dozed off because he was awoken sometime after dawn for the breakfast shift. The evil-looking guard hustled the women out of the cell and stopped when he saw Alastair. He turned to one of the others.

“I need to get her clean.” He turned back to Alastair. “Disgusting.”

Alastair looked down at himself. His shirt was filthy and torn, and his pants were dark with blood. The evil-looking guard marched him down the dimly lit hallway and back towards the shed where they’d made him have sex the day before. This time, though, instead of leading him inside the shed, the guard stopped outside the door.

“Take off your clothes.”

Alastair obeyed. When he was naked, the guard turned on a hose and aimed it at Alastair. The water was freezing and Alastair squealed as he was drenched.

“Wash yourself off, whore,” the guard laughed.

Alastair scrubbed himself down as best he could and then the guard turned off the hose. The guard eyed him, taking in Alastair’s naked wet body. Alastair stood trembling, half in cold, half in fear. Then the guard motioned for Alastair to follow him.

They went back through the dimly lit corridor, this time opening an unmarked door. A few sad-looking shelves stood to one side of the cramped room. On it were a couple bundles of clothes - plain dirty grey shirt and pants just like Alastair wore. The guard picked some out and tossed them at Alastair. Alastair dressed, relieved to finally be covering himself again. Though he suspected part of the reason the guard wasn’t touching him was because of his period.

When the guard turned to go out the door Alastair snuck a spare shirt off a shelf and shoved it down his pants. If he didn't have tampons he would need something to soak the blood up.

They joined the others in the kitchen and the day passed much as the last one had: meals, exercise, more meals. The rest of the time was spent locked up in the cell.

Alastair didn't know what he was in for. Didn't know when he'd be released. This was a trial but was it part of the real world? Was his old body out there somewhere? Vacant? Or, even worse, filled with someone else's mind?

The days passed with agonizing slowness. With nothing to do and no one to talk to Alastair's thoughts kept chasing round in circles. Only Maria took some sort of pity on him and would at least occasionally talk to him. But he was clearly the pariah. And it got worse the more obvious it became that he was the guards' favorite.

The guards began bringing him out alone to the shed. Maybe they liked his performance better than Maria's. Maybe they just liked him. Whatever it was, he was in high demand.

The first time alone he felt awkward and self-conscious as he lay on the blanket, surrounded by guards. They stared down at himself as he touched his body. He moved tentatively at first, until they started calling him names. And then his body grew warm and ready.

As he lay on his back his fat breasts fell down each side of his chest and he

pushed them together into a huge mound. The tiny tan nipples stood erect on the end of each. His flabby tits spilled out of his hands, and he could push his breast up and bend his head to suck on his own nipple. Now he could control the pleasure, nipping himself with his teeth as he swirled his tongue around it.

He gripped his tit harder, suckling on himself as the guards gathered round and called him names. Alastair dropped one breast and slid his hand between his legs. He was wet already, and when the guards dropped their pants and began stroking themselves above him he became even wetter.

His pussy lips spread for him and he thrust his fingers inside himself, hating and loving the pudgy feminine body he now possessed. He sucked on his tits, moaning as he fingered himself until his fingers grew wet and juices trickled down his thighs. He was so deliciously helpless and he cried out as he came, his canal clenching around the two fingers as he stroked the dimpled nub of his pleasure.

And then when the drops of cum landed on him – heaven! He orgasmed again as the guards released themselves on him, throbbing drops of warm cum raining down over his face, his tits, his stomach. They treated him like an object, and Alastair treated himself like an object, and loved every second of it. His cries grew higher in pitch and he orgasmed again along with the guards, fingering himself through the climax of pleasure, slowing only when his body cooled.

And for these shows the guards favored him. They let him out for private exercise time in the courtyard, gave him better food, and shoved the other women off the one mattress in the cell so Alastair could have it.

The toilets had become a daily source of torment for Alastair. Whenever the guards weren't there to stop them a small gang of women pushed him into a

corner and beat him. They'd noticed the special treatment he received. How could they not?

“You fucking snitch!”

“Have you no shame?”

The guards saw the bruises on his body but Alastair insisted they were accidents. He'd fallen and hurt himself. The other prisoners already thought he was a snitch. How much worse would it get if the guards started punishing them instead of just favoring Alastair?

Alastair was ready for his next period, and it was also a welcome break from the near daily masturbatory shows. To get through this period, Alastair tore strips of the shirt off to create a makeshift pad, which he'd dump in the trash each morning after breakfast. He was grateful when, after a few days, the cramps eased off and he stopped bleeding. It appeared the evil-looking guard had also been counting down the days, because a few days after the end of Alastair's second period they came for him again.

They opened the cells for morning breakfast as usual. Alastair waited at the back of the line, head down. He was tired and dejected, wondering when this trial would ever end. He'd left the cell and was about to turn to follow the line of women when the evil-looking guard stepped in front of him. Alastair looked up at the man who towered over him. The ever-present sneer on his mouth was stretched into a grin.

“You haven't made a lot of friends in that cell, huh?” He asked knowingly.

“Looks like you could use some more protection. You know there’s a price for that.”

There were five other guards around him, and they hustled him back down the dimly-lit lit corridor, out the back door, and back into the shed. The dirty blanket was still on the floor, along with the sex toys. But the atmosphere was different. They didn’t demand he lie on the blanket and touch himself.

“You need to keep us all happy, little girl,” the evil-looking guard said as he flicked away his cigarette and stepped toward Alastair. “But I get the first taste.”

The guard gripped a fistful of Alastair’s long hair and pulled their lips together. The acrid cigarette smoke filled Alastair’s mouth, accompanied by the guard’s tongue as it thrust in to taste him. The guard’s other hand came up beneath Alastair’s shirt and grabbed one of his fat breasts, fingers digging into his sensitive skin. It was painful and humiliating and Alastair’s body lit with a warm fire. He felt his pussy growing moist as the guard slid his tongue around Alastair’s mouth. Alastair didn’t have the strength to resist. The guard could have his way with him. And he did.

The guard’s fingers squeezed Alastair’s tiny nipple. The pain erupted through him and he tried to pull away but the guard held him tight. He was at the guard’s mercy as he tormented Alastair’s delicate body, the pain melding with the pleasure and doubling it.

The guard pressed himself against Alastair, the erection straining against the guard’s pants and pressing against Alastair’s soft belly. The guard released Alastair and yanked off Alastair’s top, tossing it aside. He gripped the waistband of Alastair’s sweatpants and yanked them down. The other guards whistled as they admired Alastair’s naked body. The evil-looking guard undid his belt

buckle and dropped his pants. His cock stood out, straining towards Alastair.

“Let’s see how good you are with those pretty little lips,” the guard said.

Alastair sank to his knees, his nose lined up with the head of the guard’s dick. He took hold of the shaft, his body responding to the warmth beneath his fingers by increasing his desire. He was obedient because he had no choice, which made him want it that much more.

Alastair opened his plump lips and swallowed the guard’s dick, dragging his mouth down the shaft. The cockhead slipped across his tongue. He opened his lips wide to choke on as much cock as he could, until his nose was pressed against the guard’s groin and all he could smell, all he could taste was the masculine musk. The hard-soft warmth was so welcome in his mouth and he came up the shaft moaning, swiveling his head around, finding to his surprise that he enjoyed the taste of dick.

He drove his lips down the shaft again and again, sucking the guard’s cock, using the techniques he’d learned from previous girlfriends. He held the guard deep in his mouth, undulating his tongue against the underside of the shaft, staring up into the guard’s eyes. He felt both powerless kneeling at the guard’s feet, but powerful knowing he could cause so much pleasure with just the flick of his tongue and the motion of his lips. This was where he was supposed to be, at a man’s feet with a cock in his mouth.

Alastair pulled his lips off the guard’s dick with a wet pop. A slender strand of saliva connected his lips to the head of the cock. Something caught the corner of his eye and he turned to see another dick being thrust towards his face. He grabbed this new cock with his free hand and shoved it into his mouth, sucking eagerly, his body needing this, his passion fueled by the shame and disgust he

felt at what he was doing, at what he wanted to do.

He stroked off the two cocks, lips moving back and forth between them, sucking one then the other. Now his pussy was as wet as the dicks in his mouth. The slight salty taste of pre-cum dripped onto his tongue and he swallowed it down, moaning like the whore he'd become.

The evil-looking guard pushed the other one away. Alastair was saddened by the loss of the other cock, but his sadness was temporary. The evil-looking guard lay down on the blanket and motioned for Alastair to straddle him. Alastair did as he was told, lowering himself until his pussy hovered above the guard's cock. Alastair grabbed the slick shaft and aimed it at his entrance. There was a pressure between his legs as the head of the cock pressed against him, the pressure building, building, until the dick slipped inside Alastair and he gasped with pleasure.

He sank down on the man's dick as the guard gripped his waist and thrust up into him, urging a moan from Alastair's lips. Alastair briefly had time to notice that the other guards were naked before several cocks were thrust towards his face. He took hold of two in his hands, stroking them as he swallowed a third. He moved between them, eager to taste them all, to let them use his body for their own pleasure.

When he pulled his mouth off one he was suddenly pushed over from behind and he used his hands to brace himself on each side of the evil-looking guard beneath him. Alastair's tits swung down, bouncing into each other, and the evil-guard leaned his head up to suck on one of Alastair's dark brown nipples. The hot breath across Alastair's skin was divine, even as the man's teeth nipped at him. And then someone else was gripping him from behind, something hard pressing up against Alastair's asshole. He barely had time to register what was happening before a thick cock, slick with his own saliva, shoved its way into his puckered hole. He was so tight, the pain was nearly unbearable, accompanied by a bright

blast of pleasure. He deserved this. He was worthless. Useless. Weak.

He clenched his eyes shut and opened his mouth to cry out but was muffled as someone stuffed a cock into it. He closed his lips instinctively, sucking as three men filled his every hole. He rode them like this as they used his body, plunging into him, filling him, then withdrawing briefly, barely letting him catch his breath before pushing back in again.

He was in the middle of a sweaty grunting scrum of guards, and they switched position, all of them taking a turn in each of his holes, keeping him filled. He tasted his pussy on their cocks, and the faint taste of his own ass as they switched out, screwing him. They took their time, making him slow when they were about to cum before plunging his lips back down the cock, nearly choking him. They pressed in from all sides, filling his body, stretching him out and pouring pleasure through him until he was aching and raw. Only then did they finish.

The man beneath him drove in deep, urging a strangled moan through Alastair's lips, around the cock he was sucking. Wet heat pulsed into him, accompanied by a throbbing in his ass and his mouth. Suddenly he was drinking down creamy seed just as his ass and his pussy were filled. He swallowed it down greedily, orgasming as he did so, body quivering so wonderfully around the men inside him. When those three were done they switched out and the other guards finished him off, fucking his face and his pussy until they emptied themselves inside of him and he guzzled them down as well, quivering in delight at being used like such a whore.

When the last one pulled out Alastair fell back onto the dirty blanket, breathing hard, disgusted at himself, at the pleasure that still echoed through his body and left him quivering with aftershocks. Cum leaked from his pussy and his ass, and the salty taste of the men remained in his mouth. His heavy tits fell down each side of his body, shaking with him as the last throes of orgasm finally burned

themselves out.

“You’re our special little secret,” the evil-looking guard laughed as he buckled up his belt.

Alastair was aware that he should have felt revulsion, he should have been longing to return to his old life and be the one fucking instead of the one fucked. But the thought of having a dick repelled him. It wasn’t natural.

As he lay prone on the ground, surrounded by leering guards, he understood that this was natural. Being humiliated. Hating himself and his life. Used as a fucktoy for the weakest of men. This was where he belonged.

The prison didn't have a visiting area for Robin to wait in. Instead, she was led into an empty cell. The door was left open and unlocked, with a guard standing by the door. None of that would have been a problem if Robin had really wanted to move about as she pleased. But she was playing the role of a visiting American journalist so she stayed her godly powers and waited patiently, her legs crossed, a notebook sitting on her lap.

A few minutes later she heard heavy footsteps coming down the hall. A second later a guard appeared, followed by a short, curvy prisoner. Robin hadn't seen the extent of Alastair's transformation before, and had to stifle a laugh as she watched the demure young woman walk into the cell—hips swaying, large breasts bouncing beneath the loose cotton shirt—and settle herself on a simple wooden chair. Alastair had a soft, innocent face. Pretty, with a wide nose and thick lips.

When Alastair realized who she was his eyes lit up.

“Hello, Alastair,” Robin said.

Alastair glanced at the remaining guard stationed near the door. He appeared to be staring off into the distance.

“Don't worry,” Robin said, following his glance, “No one can hear anything I

don't want them to hear.”

“When is the trial over? When can I go home?”

Robin opened her mind's eye and peered at Alastair's aura. The colorful, golden buzzing of a high-caste male soul had been replaced with a muddy brown cloud and soft murmur of a low-caste female. The link had been broken. Alastair had been broken, never to be restored.

Robin smiled. “You are home.”

“What?”

“You have been severed from your male essence. This is your life now. And when you die you will be reborn into another just as bad. And another. And another. For all eternity, forced to be reborn as a woman and into the lowest of the low.”

“You lied to me. You told me I would have power.” Alastair rose but, even in his anger he wasn't intimidating.

Robin made a slight gesture and Alastair's knees went weak, spilling back down into the chair. “Please. You don't even want to be a man anymore. Do you?”

“I do,” Alastair gritted his teeth.

But Robin could sense his hesitance, knew that there was no desire there. “Tell me the truth,” Robin waved two fingers in the air, invoking the spell of truth, “What would you even do with a penis?”

“Suck it,” Alastair admitted. His eyes went wide and he covered his mouth. He tried again: “Sit on it. Lick it. Ride it.” Each time he tried to lie the spell forced him to say what he really wanted, until he gave up in exasperation and put his head in his hands.

“There, there, Alastair. You have had your fill of women even while engaged to my daughter. Oh yes, I know about your little affairs. Your parade of waitresses from the club. Well, now you will get your fill as a woman. For eternity.”

Robin rose. Her job here was done. Alastair grabbed her arm.

“Please,” he begged, “You can’t leave me here. You don’t know what they do to me.”

“I can imagine.”

“Help me.”

Looking down at his little doe eyes Robin felt a pang of empathy. “I’ll help you. Take this gift and enjoy.”

She waved her hand and watched as he jolted upright. There was no apparent physical change but Alastair looked over at the guard, with longing now instead of fear. One of his hands crept up to touch his breast, while the other slid down his pants to stroke his pussy. She’d given him the gift of desire. He would still be used, only now he would seek it out instead of running from it. She was sure, in time, he’d make his way through every single guard in the prison and maybe he wouldn’t even want to leave when his term was up. He could be the special toy for all the guards here.

Robin left him in the cell, touching himself. As she released her spell of silence the guard looked past her to Alastair.

“Come here,” Alastair begged the guard, breathlessly.

The last thing Robin heard before shutting the heavy wooden door behind her was Alastair’s moan of ecstasy, as he began fulfilling his new destiny.

#

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:

[Transfer \(Part 1\)](#)

In order to save his life, a young man's mind is transferred into a mature woman's body.

[The Device Returns](#)

Two friends find a device that can transform them into anyone they want and have some fun until everything goes wrong.

[Just Relaxing](#)

A man possesses the body of his long-time crush and melds their minds together, enjoying himself for a weekend as they grow closer than ever.

[Gods and Men \(Part 1\)](#)

A goddess offers to give her power to a rich man if he can survive being switched into the body of a beautiful young woman in an impoverished country for two weeks. (Part 1 of 2)

Better Than Ever

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

Body Switch Collection: Volume 11

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

Day of the Switch

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.

Imposter Syndrome

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.

Trading Places

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

Body Switch Collection: Volume 10

5 previously published erotic body swapping stories by M Wills.

The Sub

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

The Watch

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

Whole New World

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

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