



Jailbroken

PART 1

- MTF SWAP -

IMMORALS

Jailbroken 1

Jailbroken, Volume 1

M Wills

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JAILBROKEN 1

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Written by M Wills.

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1

“The meals in here are still way better than the meals my last girlfriend made me out there,” James laughed, before resting his meaty arms on the dented metal table and drumming his fingers absently.

Michael sat across from him and gave an embarrassed smile. James had known Michael since he was a baby. Hell, he was practically a nephew. Michael’s father, Robert, and James had been best friends and business partners. Until a deal went south. Never mix money with friendship. A lesson learned too late. At least Michael still visited James and gave him something to look forward to in this boring prison.

Michael squeezed his wife’s hand beneath the table. She was Emily. A timid little thing. Jet black hair. Dazzling blue eyes. Perfect slip of a nose. Solid body even though she wore a stylish but baggy white top to try to hide it in here. James couldn’t blame her, though. Women were rare in prison and the other inmates weren’t shy about looking. What were the guards gonna do, double lock them up?

A few other prisoners were scattered around the metal tables that were bolted to the floor of the visitation room. Two guards stood imposingly against opposite walls, eyes searching for contraband. Everything was painted drab grey, like they were trying to suck the life out of everyone inside.

“So how are things going with you and...you know?” James asked, leaning back and brushing the potato chip crumbs from his orange jumpsuit.

A bonus of having visitors was they could buy you whatever you wanted from the vending machine. And a bonus of having Michael as a visitor was that he could afford it. Not that the snacks were particularly expensive, but Michael and his wife were loaded so James didn’t feel bad about asking.

“My dad?”

James nodded, not wanting to even say Robert’s name.

“Dad and I are all right. Busy. Trying to put me in a position so I can take over the firm from him.”

“Bet the fucking board loves that,” James said with a wry smile. “A twenty four year old CEO?”

“We *are* a family company,” Michael said. “We want to keep it that way. We don’t trust anyone else not to sell us out the moment some VC with millions of dollars comes sniffing around.”

James wondered whether Michael was including himself in that ‘we’. Probably just deferring to his dad again. If James had had all of Michael’s advantages he sure as hell wouldn’t have ended up in prison. Well...maybe he would have ended up in a *white collar* prison. But James’s until-recently best friend, Robert, could be overbearing and driven and, honestly, kind of a dick when he wasn’t getting his own way. Probably shouldn’t have gone into business together. Their last direct contact had ended with punches thrown.

Growing up, James had been part of a close-knit trio of friends with him, Robert and Vance. James had been the one in the friends group who fucked up and had to be bailed out. Sometimes literally. Robert was always trying to outdo the others in an attempt to prove his own worth. He always had to be right. Vance was the youngest of the trio, willing to go along with whatever the others decided. He was now aimless and coasting from job to job and marriage to marriage.

“Yeah, well, I don’t blame you,” James said. “I would have fucking sold you out!”

He laughed. Joking but not really. Michael laughed too, trying to get along. A ghost of a smile flickered across Emily’s red lips.

She really was gorgeous. Her pale skin offsetting her long, jet black hair. Tight body, James noted again. So hard not to be a lech when he hadn’t seen a woman in weeks. Since Emily’s last visit, in fact. Another reason James loved it when Michael came and brought along his wife. She rarely spoke but James didn’t need to hear her voice.

James let Michael talk about the firm, nodding along as he savored the last of the potato chips. Michael’s business was good. His house was big. His wife was hot. What more could anyone want?

“Hey,” James said, when the conversation stalled again. “Anything new about Jeb?”

Jeb was Vance’s only son. A little like his father. Much more like James. Michael shook his head. “Still in juvie.”

“Shit. So the lawyer couldn’t get him out?”

“Nope. And he turns eighteen next week so they’re going to transfer him to a real prison. Maybe to here.”

“I’ll look out for him,” James nodded. “I got friends in low places. Like the song.”

“The song?”

“You seriously never heard that?” James scoffed, singing a few beats in an exaggerated southern twang. “*Well, I got friends in loooow places where the whisky runs and the oooooasis...* Something like that. Guess I don’t really know it either. Fuck, what do you millennials even listen to these days?”

“We’re not millennials,” Michael said. “Millennials are old. Like in their *forties*.” There was his dad’s cocky, teasing smile.

James laughed. “Careful who you’re calling old, kid. So what does that make you, then?”

“I don’t know,” Michael looked to Emily.

Emily shrugged. “Born after 2000 so...Gen Z? I can look it up.” She reached for her pocket and then remembered they’d confiscated all phones. A hot flush blossomed across her pale cheeks. Fucking adorable. “Next time I guess,” she mumbled.

“It’s all good,” James waved it away. “Buy me some more chips?” He held up his empty bag.

“Sure,” Emily said, slipping out of the seat and hurrying to the vending machine.

With an effort, James forced himself not to ogle her wiggling backside as she left. Let the other prisoners do that. And the guards.

“You’re gonna lose your girlish figure,” Michael teased.

“Naw, man, this shit ain’t goin’ nowhere,” James patted his flabby belly. “I gotta stay thick, ya feel me?”

Emily returned and slid the bag of chips across the table.

“Grassy-ass,” James said, popping open the bag. He had to tear the whole thing practically in half to fit his flabby hand inside it.

The conversation waned as James finished the small bag of chips. James recognized the look in Emily’s eyes. She was tired of this place. Tired of being looked at like a piece of meat. Ready to go back to her charmed life.

“Rubio!” One of the guards called out James’s last name. “Time’s up.”

“Well, that’s me.” James crumpled up his bag. “See you again in two weeks?”

“See you then,” Michael agreed.

James hefted his bulk out of the bolted-down metal seat and trudged towards the door back to the cells. He took one look back and gave a small

wave before stepping through the outer door of the drab grey prison hallway. A guard opened the inner door and then James was back in the main area of the prison, feeling like a heavy weight had settled back over his shoulders. Sighing, he shuffled towards the medical rooms to pick up his heart pills.

The doctor had told him many times he needed to lose weight, but the prison commissary was the only comforting thing in here. Michael made sure James had enough money to buy all the junk food he needed. And he needed a lot. James was short and squat and not getting any squatter with Michael's help. By the time he'd made it halfway to the doc he was already winded and had to lean against the wall for a few minutes. It didn't help that it was summer and the whole place was sticky and hot. Goddamn county wasn't bothering to fix the air conditioning.

There was a short line at the doc's and James chatted with the inmate in front of him, a tall, skinny perpetually nervous guy named Louis.

"Hey, didja hear?" Louise asked, nervously scratching his chest. "The army's doing some sort of experiment outside. Testing something on us."

"Well, they're the professionals. They probably know what they're doing," James said.

To Louis, everything was a conspiracy. There were always nefarious government agents watching him. Running tests on him. No one else could see them, of course. Best to just humor the guy. James wasn't a psychiatrist but he knew crazy.

After a few minutes, James reached the metal grating in the wall behind which the doctor sat.

"Any update on my health, doctor?"

The doctor smiled. "You're still alive and kicking."

"That's what I like to hear."

They'd grown into this easy banter in the year since James had been inside. He ticked off his name on the list and the doctor handed him a tiny paper cup with two pills in it.

James joked again. "I know, I know. Take two of these and call you in the—"

"—morning." Between the last two words, the entire world had changed.

James was suddenly sitting in the passenger seat of a moving car. Blessedly cool air blew on him from the vents. And on the last word, his

voice had sounded different. Less bass more treble. Lighter.

“What was that?” The driver said.

James looked over and saw that the driver was Michael. Had James blacked out? Been busted out of prison? It didn't make sense.

“Have I—?” James began, but stopped when the voice coming out of his mouth failed to resolve itself into his usual bass.

Something tickled his cheek and he swiped at it. A strand of long, loose hair from someone. He tried to pluck it off his face and felt a pinch on his head. As if it was connected to him. He pulled it around so that he could see what it was and found it was definitely hair. Long hair. Jet black. But even more startling were the fingers that were pinching it.

They weren't James's fingers. They were slender and soft with gently tapered nails. Hairless knuckles. Pale. A woman's fingers. And yet he could feel them. Could move them as if they were his own.

He glanced down at himself and gasped. He wore a stylish but baggy white top and his body was practically swimming in it. Gone was his heavy bulk. His gut. His flabby legs. The seatbelt across his body pressed the top down so that he could see the contours of...breasts? What the fuck?

“Have you what?” Michael asked from beside him.

Instead of answering, James reached up to the sunshade with trembling fingers—someone else's trembling fingers his flailing mind suggested—and flipped it down to reveal a mirror. Staring back at him were dazzling blue eyes above the perfect slip of a nose. Jet black hair fell down either side of his pretty face. Emily. It was Emily. *He* was Emily somehow.

Michael glanced over at him. “You okay?”

No. James was most definitely *not* okay. But he was also out of prison. The sweet green grass of a meadow raced by outside. The cool air from the car's a/c was so refreshing. He was free! He was also aware that if he told any of this to Michael he would come across as crazy. Best to just play along for now. Feel things out. Try to figure out what the hell happened and if it could be undone. Though...that would mean back to prison.

James forced himself to rest his hands in his lap. “Yeah. Just...visiting prison kind of fucks me up. Ya feel me?”

So weird hearing Emily's voice coming from his own lips and from inside her head.

Michael chuckled. “An hour in there and you're already sounding like James.”

Shit. What did Emily sound like? It was hard to tell because she was always so quiet in the prison. Maybe meek was the way to go.

James so badly wanted to take a look at his new body but he forced himself to remain still and act like how he thought Emily might act. Speaking of Emily. Where was *she*? Was she in his body back in prison? James's palms began to sweat and he rubbed them on his jeans, a gesture that turned into a gentle but quick exploration as he felt the solid thighs beneath.

"I guess it just rubs off on me. Ya...know?" James said, concentrating on every word.

"Yeah," Michael shook his head. "I couldn't last in there."

"Me either, man. Me, either." James agreed, wondering exactly how poor Emily *was* lasting. If that was where she'd ended up.

James took stock of his new life during the drive. He was sitting on a leather seat in the fanciest car he'd ever been in. It had a computer screen for a dashboard! When he moved his legs the absence between his thighs was palpable. When he scratched his nose his fingers skated across the soft youthful skin. There was a purse on the floor and when he bent to grab it, Emily's silky hair cascaded down his face.

He set the purse in his lap and brushed the hair back behind his tiny ears. Searching through her purse, he found her phone. The latest model because of course she had the best of everything. It opened at his face and he searched for any local news about any incident at the prison. Nothing. Did this thing just happen to him?

Curious now, his finger hesitated above her messages. Should he really be poking into her life? Maybe...if he needed to fake his way through it. Just for a little while, anyway. Just to enjoy a little freedom before coming clean and giving Emily her life back. Somehow.

He scrolled through her messages to James and to her friends and family. They were quirky. Fun. But with an undertone of business about them. A two factor identification message from her bank piqued his interest and James opened her banking app. His eyes widened at the figure in her checking account. Holy fuck! They were even more loaded than James had thought.

A calendar app showed her days filled with going to the gym, beauty treatments, and meetings with friends. Seemingly no job to speak of. Not surprising. Her family was loaded so there was no real need for her to work.

She had some social media accounts. Pictures of her looking perfect and pretty in various places around the world. There she was with big sunglasses smiling into the camera with her arm around Michael. There she was drinking with other hot, rich friends. There she was on the beach in a bikini, splashing through the waves. James paused, gazing at her body. She was fucking jacked. Tight curves. Toned. Amazing tits. And...now it all belonged to James. A warm thrill rushed through him and he felt a weird shift between his legs. Sort of like getting a little chub but with different equipment. Was that what his pussy felt like when it started to get excited?

The ride back to Emily and Michael's home was about an hour and a half, during which time James was able to get a handle on his thoughts and settle in to his new body. When they pulled up to a huge two story house that stretched across part of a massive lot, James couldn't help but gape at it. All this space for just the two of them?

"Oh," Michael said as he pulled into the garage. "I forgot to tell you, the restaurant called and they had to move our reservation up so we'll meet Sandy and Dennis at six."

"Okay," James agreed mildly. No idea who Sandy and Dennis were.

"Think you've got enough time to get ready?" Michael teased.

It was only 4:30. How much time did Emily need to get ready? James just smiled shyly. Michael put his hand on James's thigh and leaned forward to kiss him. James froze for a beat as Michael's lips met his, finally pecking him chastely back, relieved when Michael pulled away.

Opening the door, James stepped out and stood for the first time in Emily's body. She was taller than he'd been. About six foot probably. He was ungainly at first as he followed behind Michael, adjusting to a different center of gravity. A sway of the hips. Things jiggling with each step. He didn't have a good sense of where this body was in space and banged his knee on the side of the car. He swore, again feeling slightly dizzy at the sound of quiet little Emily barking swear words.

The inside of the house was huge and immaculate. James tried not to gawk as he slowly sauntered through the huge rooms, at times leaning on the imposing furniture for balance when his hips went awry and he lost his balance. Everything they owned was the best. Leather furniture. More gadgets than James had ever seen. The newest technology. An entire room devoted to a piano and a couch. A small sculpture just standing in the foyer.

Up in the bedroom, a massive walk-in closet was devoted solely to Emily's clothes. The bathroom off the bedroom was bigger than some of James's studio apartments. On the wall above the twin sinks was a huge gilded mirror that James used to peer at his new reflection.

Emily's piercing blue eyes opened wide as they tracked down her body in the mirror. James leaned close, until his nose was just inches from the reflection and searched his face for any sign that he was inside. Emily's eyebrows were perfectly sculpted and dark to match her hair. Her skin was smooth, with the tiniest of moles dotting the bottom of her chin. He opened his mouth and watched her image do the same. Stuck out his little pink tongue. Laughed at himself, his nose scrunching up adorably. That warmth shivered through him again.

James shut and locked the bathroom door. He was alone inside Emily. It felt so wrong to take his top off like this but no one would ever know. He dropped it to the floor and reached for the bottom of the white undershirt that clung to his new body. Peeling it off, he dropped it on the floor as well and messily pushed the hair out of his face.

"Holy shit," he whispered to himself as he stared at Emily's half naked body.

The slope of her breasts disappeared beneath a glistening white bra. Her abs were just visible, evidence of hours of work at the gym and a strict diet. Her hips swelled out slightly, leading down to an ass that was curvy and taut. James wiggled out of the pants, revealing toned legs, the calves sculpted, the thighs trim. The white panties clung to him, the hint of a shadow of his dark pubic hair beneath.

"Fuck, she is jacked," James said, gawking at himself.

He turned and held his arms in the air, wiggling his ass as he stared in the mirror. Emily's body was slinky and divine. He gave his ass a little smack and wiggled it some more.

Reaching around, he unstrapped his bra with some difficulty, jerking it back and forth a few times before finally getting the snap open and letting it drop to the floor. Emily's perfect tits bounced free. Perky and inviting, the tiny pink nipples already at sharp peaks as James stared at his new body. He reached up to grab them, fingers sinking gently into the soft skin. He squeezed them, releasing a breath he hadn't known he was holding.

His fingers trailed around the circumference of each, pressing the flesh here and there, experimenting even as his body warmed at the sight of

Emily's hands on her tits, at the feel of the weight on his chest, at the sound of his own soft sighs in her voice. An urgency grew within him, calling his hands down to his legs. One hand wandered down, across his solid abs and to his panties. Pressing lightly against the fabric, he felt his fingertips press between his lips and slip slightly *inside* him. He shuddered at the wonderful yet alien experience.

Rolling the panties down his legs, he stepped out of them and gazed down at Emily's naked body. The coarse black hair between her legs was trimmed into a perfect triangle pointing to her entrance. James let his fingers follow the invitation down over his slit, stroking slowly, experimentally, dipping deeper each time. His fingertips were soon on the rubbery pussy lips. Stroking up and down as his body grew restless and hot. Before he knew it, his finger sank deeper inside and landed on his own moisture.

James shuddered again, his other hand still caressing his breast as he kept his eyes open to watch Emily touch herself in the mirror. His pussy lips grasped his finger and he stroked up and down, spreading his moisture, growing wetter and wilder. The hand on his tits became greedier, fingers squeezing the soft flesh harder.

James added another finger to his pussy, dragging both fingers up and down his moistened lips. It was strange sort of loosening on the outside even as the tension inside him wound up. His fingers found his clit and circled it slowly, feeling out the rhythm of his body. Christ, it was so good. So sensitive. The flash of her pink cunt was visible in the mirror as he circled her clit, moving faster. He needed to move and began undulating his body, driving his hips forward to press his fingers harder against his clit. He moved faster as the tension and heat wound through him, driving him on.

James's mouth dropped open and he released a soft moan of desire, the sound creating a positive feedback loop that just made him hornier hearing it. The slick sounds of his sex could now be heard with each stroke and he spread his legs for better access. He pinched his breast, throwing his head back as the first orgasm shuddered through him, a tiny squeak escaping his lips. It was only a small release of the pressure valve, quickly built back up as he resumed circling his clit, moving faster, harder. He clenched his eyes shut, voice rising in pitch in a breathy cry as he fingered his delightful body. He was so wet. Dripping down his thigh as he chased the orgasm, his body growing tighter, wetter, hotter.

He came with a strangled cry of need, body shuddering, legs buckling as he dropped his tit to lean on the sink while the fingers of the other hand worked his delicate clit all the way through the orgasm. The pleasure was immense, wracking his entire body and he stared down hungrily at his tits as they swayed on his chest, the silky hair tickling his bare skin as his fingers continued to slide across his sensitive button. The orgasm was long and deep, slow to release him but leaving him warm and wet even when it did.

He was breathing hard. Emily's face was flushed. Her body felt so damn good. He thought about all the other guys in prison who would have killed to see that. And he could see it whenever he wanted. A smile crept across Emily's pretty face.

2

It seemed like Emily had a choice of different outfits for every day of the year. Most of them were a far cry from the baggy, shapeless outfits she wore to the prison. James flipped through the clothes on the rack until he found a black mini dress. He couldn't resist dressing Emily's body up in something he was dying to see on her.

The dress was backless and practically sideless as well. A strap wound around each shoulder to hold it up, and a cute bow tie rested just above the crack of his ass. The bottom part fell down just to mid-thigh, leaving acres of Emily's wonderful pale skin on display.

James posed for himself in the mirror. Fuck, it was hot watching Emily dressed like this. Though he felt so naked. As a heavy man, he'd always been slightly ashamed of his body. Covered it up as much as he could. But Emily deserved to be shown off. Only, now that *he* was the one showing it off, he started to have second thoughts.

Still, he tried on some sexy black heels, practicing walking back and forth trying to get his balance while coordinating the sway of his ass and the lithe movements of his new body. The heels forced him to push his chest out, highlighting his tits. Michael came into the bedroom as James was eyeing himself in the mirror.

"Ooh, I like that," Michael said, pressing his body up against James from behind.

"Yeah?" James said awkwardly, as his friend's son's hands slid down his bare skin.

"Yeah," Michael whispered, kissing James's neck.

It felt...good. Good to have someone lust after him. Good to have those hands on this tight little body. That hot breath on the nape of his neck. Still...James wasn't ready to sleep with a man, even though his body was responding as though it was.

"Ain't—Don't we have to go soon?" He asked meekly.

Michael sighed. "Fine. I'll go this dumb dinner with our dumb friends," he pretended to pout before leaving James to get dressed.

James was still slightly awkward on his high heels as they entered the restaurant. He leaned heavily on Michael's proffered arm. With each step he worried that the dress would slide too far up his legs and reveal himself to the world. He couldn't wear a bra with this dress and he'd neglected to wear panties. The illicit thrill of being in Emily's sexy body and nearly naked

made his body hum with excitement. He was aware of people—well, *men*—ogling him surreptitiously. Though none would meet his eye, he saw them glance away when he looked towards them. It was both flattering and unnerving. This body just drew the eye. Especially in this dress.

Sandy and Dennis were a young couple that seemed to be, like Emily, in their early twenties. Sandy wore a cute red dress and when she pulled Emily into a hug, their warm skin to skin contact made James blush. They sat next to each other while James failed at being a woman.

James felt like he should be talking more. He certainly got the sense from Sandy that he wasn't offering much up. To be fair, he knew very little about Emily's life and didn't have a lot to offer. He was also still trying to mask his speech patterns. Sandy did the heavy lifting in the conversation, with James nodding along.

At one point Sandy slid back her chair and stood. "I need to visit the ladies room."

There was an awkward pause as she looked expectantly at James.

"Ah. Oh. Yeah. Okay." James followed her gracelessly on his heels.

When they were secluded in the toilets, Sandy asked him with an impish smile, "Have you two already started drinking without us?"

"No. We just got here. Why?"

"Oh." She frowned, puzzled. "You're just walking a little...I don't know. New heels?"

"Yes. Still trying to get used to them," James said, grasping for any excuse.

Sandy touched up her lipstick in the mirror while James stood beside her, feeling very much like a useless lump.

Sandy glanced at him in the mirror. "Where's your purse?"

James blushed. Shrugged. He hadn't brought a purse. Had no makeup to touch up. Hell, even if he *had* makeup he would have made a complete mess of it.

He was totally failing at being a woman—and at being Emily—and it just got worse as the night went on.

"What are you gonna get?" Michael asked him when they were back at the table perusing the menu.

"The fish looks good," James said. Fresh fish was something the prison never had and he missed it.

Michael laughed as if it was a joke. “Sure does. But really, what are you looking at?”

Okay. So apparently Emily didn’t eat fish. In the end he ordered a small steak that filled him up surprisingly quickly.

Feeling awkward and isolated, James sat and sipped his wine but soon realized that Emily was a lightweight compared to him. He was midway through his second glass and the room was fuzzy and things were actually pretty good because he was slightly drunk. He could face a night in this bombshell body. And then Dennis turned to Michael.

“Do you know anything about what happened near the prison? Didn’t you know someone in there?”

James choked on his glass and Michael rubbed his back as he recovered.

“What happened near the prison?” James asked.

Sandy cut in. “It’s hard to say exactly.”

“Yeah, it doesn’t really make sense,” Dennis agreed.

Michael rested his hand on James’s bare thigh. James was uncomfortably aware of Michael’s presence as he strained to understand what Dennis and Sandy were saying.

“The news just mentioned some incident near there. A lot of people in the area grew confused,” Sandy said.

“Apparently some of them forgot who they were?” Dennis added.

“No, it’s not that they forgot who they were,” Sandy corrected. “They said that they were actually other people. Like they’d switched bodies or something.”

“It was weird,” Dennis added. “There was this one video they showed where these two guys met and were freaking out because each thought they were the other guy...or something.”

“They think it may be some sort of gas leak or something near the prison,” Sandy finished. “I heard the army even moved in.”

James’s head swam. In a way, it was a relief to know that he wasn’t alone. He wasn’t crazy. He really was in Emily’s body and she—if Sandy and Dennis’s story was true—was in his.

“Do they know how to fix it?” James asked.

“I’m sure they’ll find the leak and cap it,” Dennis said.

“No. The body swapping thing. Can they fix that?”

An awkward pause all around before Dennis said slowly, “I think that’s just a delusion from the gas leak.”

“Oh,” James said, sitting back and worrying his bottom lip. He didn’t want to draw any more attention to himself.

“I haven’t heard anything about that,” Michael said. “I’ll call them tomorrow and check.”

Michael rubbed James’s bare thigh soothingly. The conversation moved on but Michael’s hand stayed put and James remained tense. Tomorrow the truth would come out. What would Michael say when he found that James had been inside his wife for a whole day and hadn’t said anything? What if they couldn’t put him back? What if they *could*?

James shook the thought away and tried to pull himself back to the conversation. He found himself tearing up, wiping his eyes every now and then. He couldn’t get a hold of his emotions. They were just so...*present*.

He made it through the dinner and all the way back to the house without breaking down, even though Michael got more handsy the more drunk he got. Groping his butt. Kissing his cheek.

When Michael was in the shower, James hunted through Emily’s drawers for something to wear in bed, coming up with the least sexy pair of pajama bottoms paired with an oversized shirt he could find. James slid beneath the sheets and scoured the internet on his phone for any more news of the incident at the prison but there were only vague reports. Claims of body swapping apparently confined to a very limited area. The prison was on lockdown but authorities were tight lipped as to why.

Michael joined him in bed and James hurriedly set his phone down and rolled onto his side, curling into a ball away from Michael. James’s eyes were wide, pulse quickening, expecting at any moment that Michael would try to initiate sex.

While the thought of *watching* Emily’s jacked body get railed was enticing, the thought of *feeling* it was a little unnerving. James wasn’t gay. He was still attracted to women. Though, perhaps in a very literal way it meant he *was* gay. His thoughts were confused with wine and as he kept his hands curled up close against his breasts he became aware of their gentle rise and fall with each breath. This was Emily’s body, so maybe he should play by her rules? Michael’s soft snoring soon eased James’s discomfort, and he crossed the border into sleep without ever realizing it.

3

An alarm from Michael's side of the bed woke them both the next day. Michael slapped it off and got up with a yawn. James remained tucked on his side of the bed, feigning sleep as Michael readied for work, kissing James lovingly on his cheek before slipping out the door.

When James heard Michael leave, he relaxed and reached for his phone again to see any updates on the body swapping incident. From the news, it appeared only about fifty people had come to the authorities claiming to have been swapped. There was still no known cause. Certainly nothing about a gas leak. Some people online were calling it a body swap bubble, because the area of effect seemed to be a rough circle encompassing part of the prison and the nearby strip mall and tract housing. This was based on rumors that a prisoner was claiming to be a security guard, while the security guard in question had disappeared, and various other stories from those who'd come forward. Probably more had been affected, but they weren't making themselves known. The authorities were still treating it all as some sort of mass delusion.

James set the phone back down and rubbed his face. His soft face with the strange, pleasant contours. This was most definitely *not* a delusion. And who knew how long this would last? They didn't even know how it started. For now, maybe James's best option was to pretend to be Emily as best as he could. And that meant learning how to be a woman.

After doing his business on the toilet, he poked through the bathroom. There was a bewildering array of cosmetics and beauty tools. Some sort of medieval torture device for his lashes. A complicated device he learned via internet search was for hair curling. Plus creams and tubes and pots and vials and palettes of all kinds and colors.

James started by searching the internet for beginner makeup tutorials. Even starting off simple was difficult, though made somewhat easier by the fact that the colors had already been picked out for him. Presumably somewhere in all this was Emily's normal routine.

He tried a simple blush and rouge and came out looking like a clown. He wiped it off with some makeup wipes he found under the sink and tried again. And again. And again.

After some more failures, he took a break and brought his phone down to the kitchen. Pouring himself a bowl of cereal and milk, he resumed scrolling through video after video while he ate, giving himself a crash

course in makeup. When he'd finished eating and he thought he understood, he returned to the bathroom to try making up his pretty face.

It was trial and error, and several hours of peering intently at Emily's face, bent forward sometimes so that the neck of his pajama shirt hung down and gave a glimpse of his swaying breasts. Watching her move and prettify herself was starting to make him warm again but he kept forcing himself back to the task at hand. Finally, he got a result he was satisfied with. Simple everyday makeup. Not even touching the hard stuff yet. But this would do for now. She was pretty. And he was warm and—he understood the feeling now—getting wet.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a the front door opening downstairs.

“Emily?” Michael called out.

James padded to the balcony and looked down at Michael. “You're home early.”

Michael's shoulders were slumped, a weary look across his face. “The prison called. James...James died.”

“What?” James said after a beat.

“Yeah. Heart attack apparently.”

No. What? No. No. This could not be happening. James stifled a gasp, his eyes brimming with tears. In one second his hope had been smashed. He'd been dealing with this because, deep down, he always thought he'd be returned to his body somehow. That had been his safety net to allow him to playact being a woman. But now...this body...this life...belonged to James.

James sniffed and hurried down the stairs, rushing into Michael's arms. They hugged, both of them tearful. Michael for his lost friend, James for his lost life. There was no sense in confessing now. He could imagine the look on Michael's face when he found out that his wife was not actually his wife but the jailbird friend of his father. Emily's life was all James had now.

“Oh, god, Michael I'm so sorry,” James sniffed, pressing his forehead against Michael's.

Michael caressed his cheek. “Thanks, babe,” he said solemnly.

James ran his hands through Michael's stiff greying hair and kissed him on the lips, needing some sort of comfort, needing an answering body to hold him. It was completely at odds with what he would have done as a man, but as Emily this need for comfort was overwhelming. Or maybe it was just the hormones that made everything so vivid. He was confused.

Scared. Sad. And – as he kissed Michael again and again and anxiousness twisted through him to join with the residual warmth – realized he was also very, very horny. He needed someone close. Needed a body pressed against his.

James's mind was imposed on the architecture of Emily's brain. Her synaptic connections were still there, still able to be triggered. And James was tugged towards her emotions, a surge of Emily's sudden desire welling up within him.

Michael kissed him back gently, the rough stubble tickling the tip of Emily's nose. James pressed Emily's lips harder against Michael's. The rich scent of Michael went straight to the animal desire of Emily's brain and their kisses grew deeper, longer. He clutched at Michael, desperate for the man's body, hands winding through his hair.

Michael pulled away, resting his forehead against James's.

"Are you okay?" Michael asked. "What are we doing?"

"I don't know," James whimpered, a single tear coursing down one cheek. "I just need this."

His voice broke on the last sentence. And then Michael's lips were on his, Michael's hands clasped around his new body. James gave himself into Emily's overpowering emotions. Clutched Michael's face as they kissed lovingly. Opened his mouth to meet Michael's probing tongue.

Emily's body trilled with desire and James pulled Michael close, his soft tits pressing against Michael's hard chest. Their kisses grew desperate, deeper. Emily's body throbbed with need. Her thighs ached with want. Michael's hands roamed down Emily's curves, sending warm heat spiking through James.

Michael scrambled for James's top and he helped lift it over his head, tossing Emily's silky black hair out of his eyes before resuming their desperate kiss. Michael caressed Emily's tits, his hands so huge on Emily's slender body, his touch rough. Greedy.

Emily's need pushed James on and he reached for Michael's belt, unbuckling it and then unzipping his pants so he could drop them to the floor. Reaching down, James grabbed Michael's manhood. As his fingers wrapped around the firming shaft, James had a jolt of unease at touching another man's cock. At crossing some sort of cultural taboo he'd grown up with. But as he slid Emily's hand slowly down and up the shaft and it rose

to attention, the pulsing need of Emily's desire pushed any discomfort aside.

Michael groped and squeezed him, hands moving fast everywhere, gliding down Emily's curves, around to her ass, pinching it before sliding back up to Emily's tits. James slowly jerked Michael off. Now his cock was stiff between them, the heat burning against Emily's skin. Tension pulsed within James as his body warmed, pussy growing wet and wild for the dick in his hand.

James shucked his pajama bottoms off and pressed himself against Michael, still stroking his cock, still kissing. James was so forceful, so powerful that Michael was forced to take a step back. And another. James following him each time, keeping their bodies tightly locked together until Michael's back was up against the front door.

James lifted one leg, spreading his dripping pussy and aiming the warm head of Michael's shaft against Emily's entrance. Michael gripped the thigh and held his leg in the air, allowing James to jump into his arms. Michael grabbed his other thigh as James threw his arms around Michael's neck and held himself aloft while slowly lowering himself onto Michael's manhood. Spread apart like this, the welcome warmth of Michael's cock slid inside slowly, stretching Emily's canal and driving a moan through James's lips.

Michael spun around and pressed James up against the door before sinking in fully. James held Michael's cock completely inside his slick new pussy. The feel of the heat inside him relieved the tension temporarily and he moaned as he savored the sensation of being filled. It was what his cunt had been crying out for. Soon Michael was completely inside him. James continued clutching at his lover, kissing wildly as Michael reared back and then sunk back in again, his cock curving up through James's slick pussy.

James moaned into Michael's mouth, Emily's desperate desire rushing through him, the heady tension building towards a glorious release. He locked his legs around Michael as Michael thrust inside, pounding James against the door, the cock driving deep, seeming to split him apart in a way that he needed. James craved this feeling and his toes curled as Michael grunted, fucking him with wild abandon as he held him aloft.

James threw his head back and moaned as Michael buried his face in James's hair, kissing Emily's sweet neck. James's fingers dug into Michael's back and each thrust sent sharp waves of pleasure directly to James's brain, his voice rising in pitch with each cry, the sound of Emily's

lust turning him on even more. The tension ratcheted up with each reverberating thrust of Michael's cock into Emily's sex-starved body, winding higher, higher, until the tension exploded and James came, voice cracking in orgasm.

As if on cue, Michael grunted and came, thrusting deep. James felt each beautiful throb of his lover's cock, felt his pussy fill with the heat of cum. He clutched Michael as he orgasmed, Emily's body burning, desperate to take every drop of her lover's seed. Michael grunted and slammed deep into Emily, fucking wildly as he finished inside, soon slowing to a stop.

He released James's legs one at a time and James stood, leaning against Michael on shaky legs, body trembling with afterglow. Michael stroked his hair. Kissed his forehead. Only when the bright sting of desire had faded did James realize he'd crossed some sort of mental barrier. He *was* Emily now. And he was going to have to learn to live with it.

He could do it, he assured himself as they redressed. He could fool Michael. He could adjust Emily's lifestyle to fit his own needs. He just needed that time to try to find out who Emily was. To learn how to be her from the makeup to the language to the friends to the likes and dislikes. All it would take was time alone.

They were both fully dressed and making their way upstairs when the doorbell rang, followed by frantic knocking. Michael cocked an eyebrow and returned to the front door. James remained on the stairwell. When Michael opened it, they saw a woman on the stoop.

She was tall, towering over Michael, and looked to be in her forties, with a slight jowl and high cheekbones. Auburn hair fell down her shoulders in disheveled waves, and a lock of hair was plastered across her forehead. Her makeup was a mess. Her outfit didn't make sense: jogging pants that clung to powerful legs, a pink blouse with the outline of a black bra visible beneath. She was powerfully built, James could see that much, with arms almost as solid as his. He vaguely recognized her but it was only when Michael blurted out "Mom? What are you doing here?" that James realized he was looking at his (former) best friend's wife.

"Michael," she said, wiping her eyes and smearing the already terrible makeup across her cheeks. "Your father...he's...he's dead. I need to stay with you for a while."

"W-what?"

“I’m sorry,” she said, collapsing into his arms and sobbing. She had to lean down to rest her head on his shoulder.

James came slowly down the stairs. Michael’s mom blinked open her eyes and saw him.

“Oh. Hi, Emily.” She said, between sobs. “Can I stay?”

“Of...of course you can stay as long as you want,” Michael said, stuttering, in shock. “Are...are you serious that...dad’s dead?”

Michael’s mom sniffed again. “Yes,” she said, before collapsing into floods of tears.

James was stunned. He’d just been planning to get his feet underneath him and now the whole world had tilted again. His best friend was dead. Dead. So sudden. So much left unspoken. And James was still trying to juggle his new identity. Michael’s mom clearly knew Emily, but James knew nothing about her. He hadn’t talked to them in forever. Did she visit often? What was the relationship like between her and Emily?

James was just beginning to think he could have fooled Michael, but how the hell was he going to fool another woman? He’d failed miserably at the dinner and now Michael’s mom was going to live with them. Surely it wouldn’t take long for her to see that James wasn’t a real woman. And then it would only be a matter of time before Michael found out everything. The deception. The death of his wife. James’s perfect life – only recently accepted – was about to come crashing down around him before it really began.

To be continued...

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