



MtF TRANSFORMATION

NATALIE
FOR A
Night

MWILLS



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MtF Transformation

by M. Wills

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Natalie for a Night

Michael continued dutifully taking notes at the back of the conference room as his boss, William Turner, bellowed at the executives sitting around the table.

“If the SEC blocks our takeover that means one of you didn’t do their damn job! I didn’t spend six months of my life to get cockblocked by some government bureaucrats.” His Texas drawl made his words sound even more formidable.

The other executives cowered beneath his rage. Some darted furtive looks at their colleagues. William was an imposing man, heavysset in a way that suggested muscle rather than flab. He had a trim beard and slicked back hair, both of which were black-going-grey. His displeasure made his heavily lined face take on gargoylish proportions and Michael had heard rumors that some executive in the past had once pissed their pants when faced with one of his tirades.

“You realize if this deal doesn’t go through we lose half a billion dollars? I lose half a billion dollars. And I don’t like losing money!” William slammed his beefy hand down on the table.

Michael glanced at the faces of the men and women seated around the impressively large conference table wondering if the pissing rumor was true and, if so, if it had been one of the people in this room. Michael sat behind William, next to the wall of floor-to-ceiling windows that looked down on the city below. His laptop was opened on his lap, ready to continue taking notes of anything important that may come of this meeting.

Michael was glad he wasn't the target of William's rage. He feared that if William ever yelled at him like he yelled at these executives it would be Michael peeing his pants. Michael's work ethic was based on a dedicated motivation not to be noticed or singled out and he was incredibly good at his job. He was so practiced at going unnoticed that on several occasions he was nearly locked inside stores during closing time because the employees had forgotten about him.

As William's assistant, it was Michael's job to make sure the office ran smoothly. That meant everything from ensuring the perfect coffee—two shot macchiato—was set on Willem's desk each morning just before he walked in, to keeping any unwanted visitors—of which there was a long list—out of William's inner office. Michael had been around long enough to know exactly what would set William off. He knew how to break any bad news in the blandest way possible. He knew when was a good time to make a request and when was a time to keep his head down. If he did his job perfectly, William would acknowledge him with the merest tip of his head on his way in and out of the inner-office. Michael's intense dedication to the whims of his mercurial boss was part of what left him still single even as he was nearing his late forties.

One of the executives, a balding man with piggy eyes, began to speak up: "But Mr. Turner, the law says—"

"I don't give two shits about the law. The damn law changes all the time, you just make sure it's in our favor!" William cut him off, leaning forward in his chair and staring daggers at the man. He looked around at the rest of the table. "I better hear something different by the end of the day or you all better start looking for a new company where they reward incompetence. Now get out."

The men and women filed out of the office silently, refusing to meet William's

eye. William sat back in his chair and glared at their backs until the last one had left. When it was just William and Michael, William sighed and swiveled his leather chair around to face Michael.

“You believe this shit?”

Michael shook his head in sympathy, careful to maintain a neutral look. Always better to be neutral because sticking his head up was likely to get it shot off. “No, sir,” Michael said.

William sighed. “What’s next?”

Michael opened William’s email and consulted his schedule, ticking off each item. “Ten thirty call with the board.”

“Cancel it.”

“Eleven o’clock meeting with the mayor.”

“Who called that? Us or her?”

“Her request.”

“Move it to the afternoon. Show her who’s boss.”

“Marketing wants to go over the latest national campaign this afternoon.”

“Get them down here in thirty minutes. Keep ‘em on their toes. Any word on my daughter?”

“Plane touched down an hour ago. Carl says they’re on their way.”

“Carl,” William snorted. “She’s got him wrapped around her finger. Man doesn’t know whether he’s coming or going.”

Michael had never met William’s daughter, Natalie, and the only pictures he’d seen of her were the baby pictures on her father’s desk showing a chubby girl playing by the ocean. But if she was anything like her father Michael doubted she had any man wrapped around her finger. More likely she had them ground under her boot. It was nearly impossible for Michael to imagine that anyone coming from William’s family would escape inheriting his impressive jawline and boxy figure. Maybe she was cute in the way that a baby gargoyle might be cute but Michael doubted it.

William drummed his fingers along the solid oak board table as he gazed out at the Dallas skyline. His eyes flicked over to Michael and appraised him. Michael forced himself to return his boss’s gaze, even though he felt like a bug under a microscope. Then William shook his head again and dismissed Michael.

Michael returned down the hallways, past the expensive prints and intricate sculptures that William had bought to “class up the place”. Michael’s desk was right outside William’s glass-walled office where he could see his boss and be ready to jump up at his slightest whim. It was also, critically, directly in view of the elevators at the far end of the hall so that Michael could intercept any unwanted visitors.

Michael settled into his squeaky chair and plugged his laptop back into the power. He set to work rescheduling William’s appointments. William went into his office and shut the door behind him as Michael was talking to the mayor’s assistant, apologizing for the change of plans but explaining that unfortunately something had just come up that required Mr. Turner’s attention. Michael had just finished getting an earful from the mayor’s assistant and had hung up the phone when the chime of the elevator down the hall caught his attention.

He looked up just as the doors opened and a leggy blonde stepped out. Sunglasses were perched atop her head. Her golden hair was swept down one side of her face and then spilled down in wavy waterfall over one shoulder. Black thigh-high boots clung to taut thighs, leaving a sliver of leg visible below a shimmering golden skirt. A black sleeveless top hugged her trim form and a tiny black purse was slung across one shoulder.

Michael’s eyes were drawn to her like a magnet. He couldn’t look away as she sashayed towards him, an enigmatic half-smile on her face. She seemed to draw all the light in the room and men and women alike poked their heads out from their cubicles to watch her go past. A heavily built man in a suit followed behind her. The man was Carl, so the woman must be Natalie.

Michael stepped out in front of William’s door, ready to greet her. She was coming right towards him, her wavy blonde hair bouncing gently at each step. Now Michael could make out her angelic face and her startling baby blue eyes. When her gaze landed on him his mouth went dry. He fought the urge to try to

smooth back his thinning grey hair. Michael was instantly smitten but he managed to croak out a “Hi, you must be Natalie.”

He held out his hand and she took it. Her fingers were warm and graceful and he felt blessed just to be able to touch such a perfect vision. He had a sudden longing to pull her close as she shook his hand.

“You must be Michael. I’m just goin’ to see my daddy.”

She knew his name! Michael hadn’t been as instantly smitten with anyone since high school. He felt blessed just to hear her say his name and honored to lead her to William’s open door. Michael knocked on the door and William looked up from behind his magnificent oak desk.

“Natalie is here,” Michael announced.

Natalie flashed Michael a smile – all pearly white and magnificent – and headed confidently into William’s office. Carl gave Michael a quick appraisal and evidently found him lacking. In that brief look Michael sensed a jealousy in Carl that was unbecoming a bodyguard. Natalie really did have him wrapped around her finger.

“Daddy!” Natalie said, coming around the end of the desk and giving him a hug.

“Hey, pumpkin.”

Michael had never seen William hug anyone. He was notoriously prickly and would only ever shake a person's hand if they truly deserved it. And God help the person who touched a thing on his neatly organized desk. But Natalie just sat herself on the corner of his desk and absently picked up one of the pair of silver pens William had been gifted and which took pride of place at the center of his desk. William leaned back in his chair with a rueful smile but didn't admonish her as she twirled the pen about her elegant fingers.

"Have a good flight?" William asked.

"Yes, daddy. That new masseuse is divine. I had so much stress trying to get everything sorted."

Michael had arranged all the flight details, the personnel, and even her packing. He wondered what on earth had been left to be sorted.

"That's good. I'm glad you made it. You know how important this is to me and God knows your momma wouldn't help me out."

"I know, daddy." Natalie carelessly dropped the pen on to the desk and rummaged through her tiny purse. She pulled out a compact mirror, flipped it open and eyed herself in it, carefully adjusting her blonde locks so that they hung just so across her face.

"I can't show up at the gala tonight without a date and who better than my little pumpkin to make a good impression?"

Michael lingered in the doorway. He knew he should get back to his work but he couldn't miss his chance to see her. Carl stood by the window against the far wall, puffed up with importance.

Natalie sighed so wistfully Michael ached to go comfort her. But it had very little effect on William.

"I was really hoping I could just put in a quick appearance and then go meet some friends." She said, still staring at herself in the mirror. She'd stopped adjusting her hair and was now just gazing at herself from different angles. "I haven't seen them in sooo long. Please, daddy?"

"Natalie," William sat up, suddenly more serious. "The whole point of you coming out here was to go the dang dinner with me. They want to see a goddamn family man so that's what I'm going to give them. If you go running off after two seconds what are the investors gonna think?"

Natalie snapped the mirror shut and dropped it back in her purse. She turned her brightest smile on William. "They already know you're the meanest, smartest guy out there. They're scared of you. Why do you need them to love you, too?"

Carl evidently felt moved to take Natalie's side. "Sir, if I may—"

William's head snapped over to stare daggers at Carl. Carl shut his mouth with an audible click.

“Pumpkin, you know I need this.”

Natalie harrumphed and folded her arms across her chest, pouting. “It’s not fair, daddy! I haven’t seen my friends in years.”

“And they can wait one damn night!” William retorted, his willingness to bend for anyone – his daughter included – only going so far.

Natalie stood and tossed her mane of hair back. “Fine,” she snorted. “It’s like you don’t even care.”

She turned and stormed towards Michael in the doorway. He stepped aside and she breezed past him. Carl made to follow her but William called him back.

“Carl.”

Carl turned. “Yes sir?”

William leaned forward and stared at the man. “When exactly were you going to tell me about Natalie’s little incident in Spain?”

Carl gulped. “I...sir, the bullfighter will make a full recovery.”

“I don’t give a good goddamn about the bullfighter. What were you thinking letting my Natalie into that ring?”

“She asked to go,” Carl protested.

“I’ll bet she did. And the answer should have been no. N-O. Or is that outside your vocabulary when it comes to my daughter?”

“I made sure it was safe.”

“Oh, you personally know the bull, is that it? She’s got into your head, Carl. Messed with your judgement. I cain’t have that.” When he got angry his Texas twang really came out. “I’m moving you back here.”

“Who’s going to watch after Natalie?” The question was more emotional than was appropriate and everyone in the room sensed it.

William looked over to Michael, who stood motionless in the doorway, fully attuned to his boss’s moods. “Michael will.”

“Who?”

“Michael.” William motioned to Michael and Carl turned, his brows quirked in concern. “Congratulations. You’ve got a temporary promotion. Your job is to mind my daughter and make sure she gets to the dinner tonight.”

“Uh,” Michael began, hardly daring to believe he would be graced to be in Natalie’s presence for an entire day.

“What are you waiting for? Get down to the limo. Take her home. Accompany her to any...lady things...she has, and then get her back to the house by five to get ready. Go on. Git.”

Michael turned and hurried down the hallway just in time to see the elevator doors close behind Natalie. Michael stabbed frantically at the button, impatiently waiting the eon it took for another elevator car to appear and deliver him to his destiny.

2

There was a second when Michael first slid into the backseat of the limo across from Natalie, just before she realized he was a stranger, that she turned the full force of her charming smile on him. In that brief moment it felt as if nothing could possibly be wrong with the world. Then her expression turned to confusion and Michael plummeted to earth as she glanced out the still-open limo door.

“Who are you? Where’s Carl?”

She wasn’t alarmed in the slightest. The tone of her voice suggested that whatever slight hiccup had happened would soon be resolved to her satisfaction. As always.

“I’m Michael.”

She looked blanky at him.

“From upstairs. Mr. Williams’s assistant,” he continued.

“Oh, Michael,” she said. Such was her candor that whether she had actually recognized him or was just faking it was impossible to tell. “Of course,” she said, leaning forward to lightly tap his knee. “Where’s Carl?”

The driver closed the limo door with a solid 'clunk' and walked around to get into the driver's seat.

"Mr. Williams has...taken him off the job. I'm supposed to stay with you and help you get to the dinner tonight."

"I suppose Carl was too good to last." Natalie settled into a thoughtful silence, then slowly blinked at Michael. "But we can both benefit from this. I'll give you the run of this limo and as much cash as you can stuff in your wallet. In return, I go do what I want and you agree to call my daddy every now and then to tell him I'm with you." Natalie's face had turned cunning, but still with a gorgeous bright smile.

The chauffeur slid into the front seat. "Where to, Miss Turner?"

"Home, please!" She shouted gaily.

The limo took off so smoothly Michael could barely tell it was moving. Natalie turned her gaze back to Michael.

"Well?"

He felt beautifully trapped beneath those baby blue eyes. It took everything he had in him to disagree with her. "Then what happens to me when you don't show

up at the dinner tonight?”

“Oh, psh,” she sat back and waved his concerns away. “Daddy will get over it.”

“Maybe with you but not with me.”

“But the dinner will be so boring.” Natalie protested.

“Sorry,” Michael mumbled.

He forced himself to stare out the window as she twirled a golden lock of hair around a finger. When she snapped open her compact and started gazing at herself again Michael felt safe to glance over at her, just for a glimpse. She caught him looking and snapped the compact shut.

“I’ve got it,” she announced with a triumphant smile.

She retrieved her phone out of her purse and began typing away. She bit her lower lip in thought as she carried on a conversation over text. Occasionally she glanced up at him. She gave a little giggle and returned to her phone. Finally, she slipped her phone back in her purse and clapped her hands.

“There. This will take care of everything.”

“What’s that?” Michael asked.

She winked at Michael and he thought he might die of happiness. “You’ll see!” She sang, and patted him on the knee again.

She refused to tell him anything more, and the rest of the ride to her house was spent in idle chitchat. Michael had no idea what was said, he only knew how lovely it was to hear her saying it. Michael had never felt like this towards anyone else before. Natalie had an exciting aura about her. She was gorgeous and intoxicating and Michael couldn’t drink in enough of her. He suspected he was falling for the very same thing that had gotten Carl fired but he couldn’t fight it. He’d fallen for Natalie’s exquisite beauty.

The limo eventually reached a tall, wrought iron gate. It swung open and they drove past prairie grounds up to a sprawling Texas mansion. The chauffeur stopped and ran around to open the door. Natalie slid out and Michael followed her as she floated up the steps on her perfect legs.

A butler opened the door as the approached. The entrance hall was huge and gaudy with polished marble and inlaid gold. Two huge staircase stood on either side of the front door, curling up to the floor above. Natalie’s heels clicked over the polished marble floor and she motioned for Michael to follow her upstairs. They wound down a hallway until Natalie threw open one of the numerous doors and ushered Michael inside.

“This is my room,” Natalie announced spreading her arms wide. “You should get used to it!” She laughed.

Natalie's bedroom was bigger than Michael's whole apartment. A lavish four-poster bed took up a portion of one wall. Across was a massive walk-in closet stuffed with clothes, including a whole room just for her shoes. Through the closet was her own bathroom with floor to ceiling mirrors, a hot tub and a shower with showerheads sticking out from every conceivable angle. The whole thing was decorated in gauzy pink and white, matching Natalie's girly-girl vibe.

As Michael was wondering how to respond to her last comment, Natalie's phone buzzed and she pulled it from her purse.

"Yay, he's here!"

She pressed a button on her phone. Out the window, far away at the gatehouse, the gates swung open and a plain white Toyota began driving down the dusty path to the house.

"I'll be right back!" Natalie squealed.

She disappeared out the door, leaving Michael alone in her room. He felt awkward and nervous. What would the butler say if he caught Michael in the bedroom of William Turner's nineteen-year-old daughter? Nothing good that was for sure. Still, Natalie had invited him in and told him to wait there. So he did. A few minutes passed as Michael stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, not daring to sit down on her bed or touch anything. He was about to leave and go find her when he heard her high heels clicking back down the hallway.

When she came into the room she was clutching a white box to her chest. She lay it on the bed and peeled the top open, then pulled out the article of clothing inside and held it up for Michael to see. It was a full body suit, lightly tan and complete with hood.

“Ta da!” Natalie announced.

“What is it?”

“It’s a way for you to get what you want, and me to get what I want. Try it on, it’s already been programmed.”

She tossed it to him. The fabric was heavy and almost rubbery. The whole thing looked vaguely humanoid and supremely uncomfortable.

“What does it do?”

She moved towards him and grabbed his hand. Michael felt his pulse pounding as he stared at her face, eyes tracing the elegant slip of nose, the perfect ruby lips.

“It will turn you into an exact copy of me.”

Michael gulped. Surely she couldn’t be serious. And yet there was no hint on her

face that she was joking.

“I don’t know,” Michael began.

“Please,” Natalie begged, taking his other hand and blinking her big doe eyes. “It’s very expensive. You’re lucky to have it. Just try it on for me. If you don’t like it you can take it right off.”

How could he say no looking at her big blue eyes? He found a zipper on the top of the hood and unzipped it all the way down to the small of the back. The insides were made of shimmery black fabric that looked like it was made with thousands of crushed diamonds. Michael looked up at Natalie. She was watching him hungrily.

“Oh,” she said offhand, “You’ll need to undress first.”

“What? No- I- We-”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “You can go into the bathroom.”

Michael took the suit down to the bathroom and closed the door behind him. He undressed and folded his clothes neatly on the bathroom counter. The whole time he was thinking how crazy this was and how much trouble he would get in if he was caught and how much he just wanted to see Natalie smile again.

When Michael was naked, he spread the suit open enough to slide his right foot in and down the leg hole. The black fabric was surprisingly warm and smooth. As soon as his toes reached the end of the foot the fabric tightened around his foot, like vacuum sealing a bag. The “seal” rose up his ankle and stopped just at his thigh, where he paused still in the action of stepping in. The only reason he hadn’t panicked when the suit sealed around his toe was because he’d been transfixed with what had happened after it sealed.

Michael’s foot had physically changed. His heavy, low arched feet and hairy toes were gone, transformed into magnificent lean lines. Lean feminine lines. His foot was hairless, smooth and dainty. Each nail was polished and manicured to perfection. What’s more, he could feel the cool tile floor beneath his foot and the air in the room whispering over his skin. He wasn’t wearing a suit on his foot. His foot had completely transformed. He wiggled his toes, watched them move at his command, awed at the beautiful perfection.

It occurred to him whose toes they were and his heart beat wildly in his chest. With mounting excitement he stepped into the other leg hole and the same thing happened. Now he had two delicate feet. He pulled the fabric up each leg, wiggling into it. It was stretchy enough to fit him. Soon his lower body was in and the top of the suit hung down from his waist. There was no further transformation – yet.

He slid his arms into the soft fabric and then the hood, which covered his face. He could dimly see through the fabric as he felt around for the zipper at his back. As he pulled it up his body he felt the vacuum seal tightening, clutching his body and then a peculiar sucking sensation that felt very much like the way Velcro must feel when it was pulled apart. He struggled to pull the zipper the rest of the way up, reaching around behind his back. He heard the door open and someone stepped up behind him.

“Let me help you with that,” Natalie whispered in his ear.

She pulled the zipper all the way up to the middle of his head. The pressure of the suit around him built, built and then evaporated with a suddenness that made him gasp. Suddenly, there was nothing obscuring his vision.

Something silky tickled its way down his back. He blinked his eyes and looked down at himself. He was greeted with the sight of breasts. Perfect breasts. Round and bouncy, about fist sized and which swelled to wonderful pink tips. Michael gasped again, a breathless feminine sound, and then looked quickly up into the mirror.

Staring back at him was Natalie. Two Natalies actually. The real Natalie stood behind him, meeting his eyes through the reflection in the mirror. He realized then that he'd lost some height as well as his mass, for he was now the same size as her. He was her identical twin.

“Whoa,” Michael muttered, that angelic voice spilling from his lips.

He leaned closer to the mirror, watching his new body react under his command. Natalie's face came closer until his little button nose was mere inches from the reflection. He could see the little flecks of black in her sky blue eyes. Her mouth was slightly parted in wonder and he licked his lips, watching his little tongue glide along Natalie's lips. He could feel her. He could taste her with her own tongue. It wasn't at all like wearing a suit. He had become Natalie.

He stood back up and looked down at himself again, sticking out each leg one at a time, admiring the lean curves of her body, the swell of her tits and her hips. It was all his.

“How--?” Michael asked.

“Perks of being rich.”

“But, how...how does it work?” Michael tried again.

Natalie shrugged and smiled. “Something about connecting particles in an opposite spin and linking them to a multiverse.” She said it casually, though Michael suspected she knew much more about it than she was letting on. “Shrinking to my size just released enough energy to power the country for ten years. Of course, it’s stored for you in an extra dimension because you’ll claw it all back when you take the suit off.”

Natalie pressed herself against him from behind, wrapping her arms around his waist and clasping her fingers at his stomach to hold him close. It was then that Michael realized that Natalie was naked as well. Michael’s new body stretched out beneath him, reflected back and doubled in the mirror. So much bare, bronzed skin, and the face that he’d fallen for. Her body was all lean lines and gentle curves, a body one just wanted to touch and stroke, a face that one could gaze at forever. All his.

“But why would you want to take it off?” She whispered, kissing him on the nape of his neck. “When there’s so much fun to be had right here?”

She kissed him again, sending little shivers down his body. Her hands around his waist unclasped and slid against his trim stomach, gliding around his waist and

then back up to his chest. Natalie wrapped her hands slowly around Michael's tits. She moved with a touch that was silky and firm, her hands beginning to lightly caress his tits while she continued kissing back and forth across his shoulders. Her own breasts pressed against him from behind.

"Mmm," she murmured in his ear. "I feel yummy." She giggled lightly and nipped his neck.

Michael reached back and found her ass, letting his hand glide up and down, following the enchanting curve. The whole time his eyes remained locked on the beautiful twins in the mirror as their hands roamed around each other's bodies. In the mirror, Michael's mouth—that is, Natalie's mouth—was slightly open in lust, tongue flicking around her lips as Michael tasted his new body. Her face was a picture of lust, bright blue eyes half-closed as he enjoyed the real Natalie's touch. The real Natalie rested her chin on Michael's shoulder and sighed breathily into his ear.

"We're so fucking hot aren't we?"

Michael's new nipples rose to sharp peaks beneath Natalie's wandering fingers. When she dropped his tits to follow the curve of his hips down to his legs Michael hefted his own breasts and glided his hands over his tits to pinch the tiny nub of nipple beneath each finger. Sharp shocks of arousal sped through him at each pinch before settling between his legs, growing a need that called to him.

Natalie's hands landed between his legs, following the light tuft of blonde hair down to his waiting entrance. She stroked him softly, teasing the need within him while her other hand roamed around to lightly pinch his taut ass. She teased him like this, tracing the line of his slit without entering him while his sighs came faster and he began undulating his body, desire filling him with

restlessness. His lesbian fantasy was coming true, and he was starring in it.

Suddenly, she released him and spun him around to plant their lips together. She tasted like cherries and sin as her tongue snaked into his mouth. Their tits pressed together and Michael grabbed her and drew them close. They made out, tasting each other, moaning into each other's mouths until Natalie pulled away. Her cheeks were flushed, pupils wide with lust.

She led him back to her bedroom, both of them kissing and touching each other along the way, until they tumbled into bed together, Natalie on top. She kissed her way down his body until her face was nestled between Michael's legs. He held his tits and stared in awe as she kissed up and down his pussy, her eyes closed in ecstasy. She looked up at him, lust in her eyes, then opened her mouth and slid her tongue inside him.

Michael released a soft moan as the pressing need within him released almost imperceptibly, only to build up again immediately as Natalie began licking him. She took long strokes with her tongue, sliding into his velvety folds before landing on his swelling clit. God, he could feel every inch of her tongue, could feel his own slickness and warmth. She pressed her mouth firmer against his cunt, tongue making intricate patterns across his slit, driving the need through him.

Michael wriggled his body, needing to release this enormous pressure that had built up. Staring down his delicate new body, watching her lick his pussy was almost as wonderful as feeling it. She flicked her tongue out faster, faster, following the rhythm of his body as his voice rose in pitch, cries coming quicker until he came. He arched his back and moaned, long and low as the orgasm swept through him. His whole body vibrated with pleasure and he closed his eyes to enjoy it all.

When it passed Natalie resumed her licking, now with a more ferocious urgency. Michael's body was ready to go again and he squeezed his tits together, begging for more in a tiny voice. Natalie brought in two fingers and spread him apart. He was penetrated for the first time, her digits sliding in through his slick passage and crooking up to land on the dimpled nub of his inner pleasure while her tongue continued working his clit. The pleasure spiked back up immediately, roiling Michael's body. He cried out in tiny, gasping sounds of delight, and came again around her fingers.

Michael's body quivered with pleasure, the second orgasm even more intense than the first. He was vaguely aware of Natalie moaning into his pussy, eyes clenched with desire, orgasming with him as she feasted on her own pussy. His hands squeezed his own tits involuntarily, enjoying his new body. When the bright pleasure passed, Natalie looked up from between his legs, her chin slick with her own juices.

"Enjoy that?" She smiled.

Michael could only nod.

"Me too," she agreed. "Carl refused to switch with me so you're my new favorite."

"Switch with you?" Michael said, his mind still sluggish from the orgasm.

Natalie stood and looked down at him. Michael's eyes traced the delightful curves of her body, straying down to her perky tits. He touched his own mirror-twin tits absently.

“Yep. You be daddy’s little girl. Go to the dinner. Other duties as required. I’m going to go party without daddy’s bodyguards around.”

She disappeared back into the bathroom. Michael pushed himself to his feet and followed her awkwardly. His body was smaller and took up less space. His hips and tits swayed in strange ways that he couldn’t quite get the hang of.

“How am I supposed to be you? I don’t know anything about you.” Michael called after her.

He heard the shower turn on and by the time he reached the bathroom Natalie was already soaping herself up. She saw him stagger in and laughed.

“Oh, that’s right. You’ll need my memories so you’re not walking around like a drunk.”

As she soaped herself down she explained to Michael how to think of what he wanted to know before tilting his head just so and flick his eyes in the right direction. He tried it and his proprioception changed suddenly. His next step was graceful and smooth, just like hers. He was moving in her body like he’d had it his whole life.

More disorienting was the sudden rush of memories – Natalie’s memories. The bathroom was suddenly familiar. Boring, even. As if he’d seen it a million times before. Her memories were overlaid onto his and when he thought back he could remember what he and she had done yesterday. He remembered her plane flight

and the massage and the fun she had with the beautiful masseuse.

Oh! His eyes widened as he “remembered” how the masseuse had eased his inner tension and given him an orgasm at 40,000 feet.

Natalie shut off the water and toweled herself dry then roamed through her closets for an outfit. All the while she explained to Michael that he had the run of the house.

“You’re only obligation is to meet Hannah for lunch. What do you think of this one?” Natalie held up a flowery sundress to her naked body.

“Sure,” Michael agreed, still stunned at the speed of recent events.

Michael tilted his head and got the rush of memories about Hannah. High school friend who found religion. Powerful family that William needed to stay good with. Boring social obligations.

Natalie picked out a bra and panties before stepping into the dress. “Go ahead and buy yourself something nice. Just put it on daddy’s card. Button me up?”

She turned and held up her hair. Michael clasped the neck of the dress shut and then Natalie returned to the bathroom to touch up her makeup.

“How long are you going to be gone?”

“Relax. I’ll be back tomorrow morning, bright and early.” She said before leaning forward and tracing the pink lipstick across her plump lips. “Besides,” she paused to look at him, powder brush in hand, “You can do anything you want with that body.” She winked and finished up her makeup as Michael tried to think of something to say.

She fended off his remaining half-hearted worries as she collected her things. She stopped at the door and turned to him. “I’m going to sneak out the back so Marlon doesn’t get suspicious when there are two me’s. I’ll have fun with Yasmine and then sneak back in here tomorrow morning the same way.”

With a flick of his head Michael “remembered” that Marlon was the butler and Yasmine was Natalie’s fun friend from high school. They’d gotten into a lot of trouble together and would doubtless get into a lot more tonight. As the memory surfaced, Michael felt slightly jealous that she got to go have fun while he was stuck making boring talk.

Natalie blew him a kiss, took one last look at his naked body, and then disappeared out the door, leaving Michael alone to pretend to be a woman for a day.

3

After Natalie left, Michael skipped to her closet for something to wear. It was wonderful bending over without experiencing the ache in his back that had grown so familiar over his forty plus years. Natalie's body had a boundless energy, not to mention wonderfully buoyant tits and ass he couldn't keep his hands off of. Michael flicked through the clothes in Natalie's closet as he absently stroked himself, looking down in adoration every now and then at the body he wore.

From one of her many drawers he pulled out a white bra and panties. With a flick of his head he grabbed Natalie's memories and effortlessly slid on his bra and clasped it behind him. Then he slid the panties up his legs, nestling them against his smooth crotch. He picked out some light pink paperbag shorts and a black V-neck top.

Returning to the bathroom mirror, he combed out his blonde hair and touched up his makeup. Even with Natalie's memories it was still delightfully arousing to watch her body move in the mirror, to be able to make expressions with her own face. When he was acceptably radiant he slipped into some black sandals, grabbed a small clutch, and went out to meet Hannah.

There was a moment when Michael stepped out of the limo that he felt like an impostor. Like the people who glanced over to see the gorgeous woman emerge from the car would just know he was really a man. But the moment passed as no one shouted. No one accused him. But what they did do was watch.

Natalie's body had a fluidity of motion and a presence that Michael had never had before. He practically floated up the front steps, every man's eyes on his legs. A doorman opened the heavy wood and glass doors and Michael glided into the restaurant. The greeter jumped to attention and led Michael to a table where Hannah was already waiting. Michael could sense people watching him and he looked around casually, catching a few eyes and sharing a knowing smile just to see what they would do. There were a lot of smiles back. No one would ever forget him in this body.

Hannah was a curvy young woman with curly black hair who jumped up to hug Michael as she squealed in delight. "Natalie! Oh my gawd it's been so long!"

Michael hugged her back, taking the opportunity to access more of Natalie's memories about Hannah. When they pulled away Michael was able to confidently say:

"I love the new color of your hair!"

Michael and Hannah gushed over each other as they took their seats at either end of the small linen-covered table and began filling each other in on all that had happened since they'd last hung out. They gossiped about mutual friends and acquaintances. Hannah talked about going on a mission to proselytize in some piss-poor African country. It sounded absolutely awful to Michael but he smiled and encouraged her to go on before regaling her with Natalie's stories of drafty Spanish castles and the Paris nightlife scene. Michael didn't share Natalie's more outlandish stories, not wishing to upset Hannah's conservative sensibilities.

Michael tried to enjoy the setting and the food even though he found the company dull. Hannah didn't have a lot of opinions on current events or movies or really anything but Jesus and housecleaning. No wonder Natalie wanted to

skip out on the lunch.

Natalie's natural power was unnerving in some ways and awesome in others. Typically, Michael would have had to practically wave a flag to get a waiter over to his table. But now the waiters constantly buzzed around the table refilling drinks and offering suggestions on the menu. They hung on Michael's every word and when he casually thanked one for refilling his water the young man blushed bright red and stammered.

When the lunch was finally, blessedly over, Michael returned to the limo. It was still early. Plenty of time before he had to be back to get ready for the dinner. And Natalie did tell him to buy something for himself.

Michael had the limo take him to the high-end furniture stores near the downtown area. He waltzed in and tried out the furniture, bouncing down on to the couches with a laugh. Obsequious employees followed him around the store, eager to answer his questions and just be in his presence. Michael arranged to replace the entire contents of his own meagre apartment with the best furniture William's platinum credit card could buy. Then it was on to electronics at another store. Appliances, video game systems, entertainment systems, anything Michael had the least interest in he bought and arranged for delivery at a time when he would be back in his body.

It was fun being the center of attention. Of being able to flash the credit card without a care in the world. From Natalie's memories Michael knew that was exactly how she shopped, as though money was endless. Because, for her, it was.

From there it was on to the clothing stores. He knew his male sizes and ordered a whole new wardrobe, again getting delivery. All it took was a flick of his head and a sweet laugh and the employees were putty in his hands. While there, he

bought some things for Natalie as well, using her taste to pick out a few exquisite dresses. He tried them on, delighting in slipping them over his willowy body and eyeing himself in the mirror.

Michael returned to Natalie's mansion late in the day, his arms – and the arms of the chauffeur – loaded down with bags. William was there, and he came downstairs to greet Michael as he entered.

“Hi, pumpkin,” William said, clearly relieved that she had actually returned in time.

Michael paused as William came towards him. It was strange seeing his boss actually smiling. At him! His old habits of deference towards William started to creep in and he began to shy away from the man as he neared, the familiar nervousness of William staring at him beginning to gnaw at his stomach. But then he flicked his head and assumed Natalie's memories. Suddenly the world slotted in to place and it seemed right to kiss William on the cheek.

“Hi, daddy,” Michael said. He had to fight back a laugh calling William ‘daddy’.
“I told you I'd make it.”

“Where's Michael?”

“Oh, he saw me to the door and left. He was a wonderful chaperone, daddy,” Michael hurried on before William could question him. “Stayed out of the way. Did his job. But he wouldn't let me jaunt off to a quick trip to Mexico!” Michael frowned, affecting frustration though he knew William would be pleased at the lie he'd concocted.

William consulted his Rolex. “We need to arrive at seven o’clock sharp. The girls are already here to get you into hair and makeup. I need you to wear something fancy but not too much skin, you hear me?”

“Duh, daddy,” Michael rolled his eyes and patted William’s chest – again almost laughing at the ease with which he could tease his formidable boss. “I know how a fancy dinner works.”

The “girls” William mentioned were a professional team of women consisting of a makeup artist and a hairstylist. Michael “remembered” that they were often hired to do this sort of work before. They hustled him upstairs to his bedroom, where they’d set up a canvas chair in the bathroom. A wide variety of makeup products had been carefully set out on the counter. The women bustled around Michael, one of them dabbing and wiping and carefully applying makeup while the other brushed out and styled his hair. They all chatted easily, Michael dipping into Natalie’s memories to ask them about their families.

Michael was pleasantly surprised about Natalie’s depths. On first glance he’d taken her to be a vapid, stuck up beauty queen but she remembered much about the people who worked for her. As they talked, Michael kept looking up at his gorgeous face in the mirror as the two women made him even more beautiful. He had a hard time keeping his eyes off himself and he realized now why Natalie constantly had her perfect nose stuck to the mirror.

When they finished, Natalie’s blonde hair had been done up in a complicated bun. Slender blonde ringlets curled down one side of her head. Somehow they’d made Natalie even more gorgeous and Michael might have stayed all day staring into the mirror if the two women hadn’t been there to cajole him to get dressed.

They all flipped through the dresses in Natalie's closet. One of the women cooed over a light blue dress.

"You like it? Take it," Michael said magnanimously, after checking Natalie's memories and finding that she didn't remember the dress at all.

They soon all agreed on a stunning black evening dress for Michael, and the two women helped him into it before zipping it up and clasping it at the back. The dress was backless and sleeveless and cut to Natalie's figure, accentuating her already delicious curves. A cutout halfway down one thigh gave a glimpse of leg whenever he walked. Matching high heels completed the outfit.

His balance aided by Natalie's memories, Michael returned downstairs and presented himself to William, who was in the grand living room already in his tuxedo.

"Ta da! How do I look?" Michael asked, doing a little turn.

"Magnificent," William said, kissing him on the forehead. "Let's go get 'em."

4

Michael had never felt at home within a crowd. But now, in Natalie's body, it was all so easy. People just seemed to bend towards him. The crowd of black ties and fancy dresses would part when he went through and people would jump to refill his drink. They came up with the flimsiest excuses to talk to him. Part of their attraction was knowing that the way to William was through Natalie. And part of it was Natalie's innate beauty.

William had prepped Michael on the way over on who to talk to and what to say. There was a ruthless efficiency to the way that William and Natalie worked together. Michael's job was to be the charmer. Play innocent but all the while drop little hints to guide people towards the goal that William wanted. Tonight it was all about shareholder expectations and the impending buyout. Michael's job was to shore up anyone who might be wavering and could possibly vote against William at the board meeting.

"Oh, daddy doesn't tell little old me anything," Michael said to a small crowd of onlookers. "But he's not worried in the least. Something about lithium in Canada being shut down. I don't know." Michael giggled and gestured carelessly as he dropped the little nugget of information into the conversational pond and watched the ripples.

William paraded him around, introducing him to the most important guests. At these points Michael flirted and smiled and generally acted the part of arm candy. He found that the men welcomed his little gestures, the way he placed an arm on a shoulder here, or picked some invisible fluff there. They crowded in closer and Michael could practically see their desire for him.

It was wonderfully affirming to be the center of attention. For the first time in his life he commanded a crowd and all it took was a smile, a small joke, and Natalie's beauty would do the rest. So much easier than when he was a meek middle aged wallflower. He never would have walked through the room so confidently in his older male body. He would have been one of the men hanging around the tables near the back, staring at the gorgeous woman from afar but without the guts to approach. That was assuming that he'd snuck in because there was no way Michael ever would have been invited to an event like this.

Photographers roamed through the crowds, snapping photos for the next day's style columns. Political gossip floated through the air, some of it spread by Michael and William. Michael was asked for "one quick picture" two dozen times. Each time he flashed a gorgeous smile as the cameras clicked. The angelic face he now wore would be all over the internet, lusted after by people like Michael.

Hell, a lot of men in the room were lusting after him right now, probably trying to figure out how they could get him alone and slip his panties down. Natalie could have had the pick of any man in the room, and probably a few of the women. But a quick perusal of Natalie's memories showed she wasn't interested and neither was he.

Until he met Chase.

After dinner, Michael had escaped from the crushing crowd of the ballroom and out onto the large balcony. His cheeks were aching from smiling and he needed a break. He leaned on the railing, staring down at the city glittering beneath him. Natalie's breasts pressed against the black fabric of the dress, their outline so wonderfully tempting. God, Michael just wanted to strip naked and touch himself.

He heard someone approaching and prepared to fake a smile.

“God, it’s boring in there,” a man’s voice spoke up from beside him.

Michael looked over to see a young man leaning casually on the balustrade beside him. He was ruggedly handsome with a jaw chiseled from marble and piercing green eyes. His tie was unbuttoned and there was an easy carelessness to his manner as he met Michael’s eyes. Even Michael would admit the man was handsome, but when he flicked his head to access Natalie’s memories his entire body shivered and his heart thudded madly in his chest.

Desire.

His name was Chase. He was the mayor’s son. And Natalie desperately desired him. She knew he was bad for her and yet they’d had trysts before at parties just like this. Every time she’d been determined to turn him down but she couldn’t say no to those eyes, that touch. It was such a fucking cliché falling for the bad boy but, then again, Natalie wasn’t exactly pure herself.

Michael just smiled as the nervousness burned bright through him. This was the first man Michael had met that didn’t act completely head over heels around Natalie. Maybe that’s why she liked him so much, because she couldn’t control him. But he could control her. God, could he. Natalie’s memories were insistent and Michael was curious. What would sex feel like from the other side? What would it feel like to spread these perfect legs and feel something hard and warm inside him? He bit his lower lip as his face flushed crimson at the memories of how it felt. Natalie’s reaction made Michael want to experience it firsthand.

“Too bad there’s no pool to toss anyone in,” Michael grinned, dredging up Natalie’s memory of a wild party at Chase’s mansion.

“You’re never going to let me live that down, are you?” He didn’t sound ashamed at all. He leaned casually on the balustrade and glanced through the floor to ceiling glass doors at the gala inside and raised his chin. “What do you think they’re saying?”

Michael turned, taking the opportunity to step closer to Chase as he followed his gaze. Just inside the doors a tall, broad-chested man in a tuxedo was talking to an elegant older woman in a sweeping red dress.

Michael lowered his voice, trying to affect a masculine bass with Natalie’s contralto voice while he dubbed in the dialogue between the two strangers: “I’m a big important businessman. Lower taxes. More money. Blah, blah, blah.”

Chase joined in, raising the pitch of his voice and putting on a terrible ‘old lady’ accent. “Ooh, you’re so big and strong. Look at those muscles! My Gerald used to have muscles.”

“I’m only talking to you because I want something.”

“I’m laughing at your joke but as soon as you turn around I’m going to stab you in the back.”

“I make lots of money to make up for my very small penis.”

“I can tell!”

Chase and Michael fell into laughter. Michael put a hand on Chase’s chest and when they recovered he found he was looking up into Chase’s dark, mesmerizing eyes.

They escaped from the ballroom unnoticed. Chase went first and Michael followed behind a few moments later. A women’s restroom one floor down from the ballroom had a sign on the door saying it was closed for maintenance.

Michael and Chase burst through, giggling and groping each other. Michael’s mouth pressed against Chase, his hands clasping Chase’s rough, stubbled cheeks, twining through Chase’s hair while Chase’s hand came around and landed on Michael’s wonderful ass. Michael wasn’t sexually interested in men, but he drew on Natalie’s memories, sharing in her desire. He wanted to feel what it would be like to get fucked and Natalie wanted the same.

Chase’s wandering hands made Michael warm. They kissed madly, Chase pushing Michael back until Michael’s ass bumped up against the sink. He giggled and Chase nipped his lip, one hand coming up to slide through Michael’s hair. Michael was gasping now – tiny little sighs in Natalie’s soft voice – drinking in Chase’s kisses like a thirsty woman in a desert.

Michael moaned into his mouth, deep and raw. The hand on Michael’s ass squeezed tighter and Chase pulled away long enough to moan: “Fuck, your ass is amazing.”

In between desperate kisses Michael replied, “You should see my tits.”

Michael pushed one sleeve down an arm far enough for one of his tits to fall free. Chase grabbed it, his hot mouth on it in a second. The feel of Chase’s tongue on Natalie’s nipple was divine. She was so sensitive there. Where Michael had very little sensation in his own masculine nipples, it was like Natalie’s tits had a direct line to her pussy. The burst of heat from Chase’s lips traveled through Michael’s body, gathering between his legs. Michael reached up and grabbed his other tit, fondling himself. God, even as a woman he enjoyed stroking breasts.

Natalie’s tits were divine. Buoyant and firm. Her nipple spiked to attention beneath his touch and made his breath come faster. Chase continued worshiping Michael’s tits, mouth and tongue and fingers eager for them. Natalie’s desire pushed Michael on. A delicious warm tension began winding up through him and with each motion he could feel the lips of his pussy sliding together. Moisture had pooled in his panties and the thought of getting Natalie wet made Michael even wetter. He was getting aroused by getting aroused, delighting in watching Natalie’s body and experiencing her lust from inside.

Michael pulled his tit from Chase’s mouth and turned to face the mirror. Jesus, Natalie was gorgeous. Some blonde tresses had escaped the intricate bun. Her face was flushed, eyes wide. Her whole body oozed with sexual tension. One perfect breast swung lazily from his chest and he cupped it, watching in the mirror as he made the blonde bombshell fondle herself.

Behind him, Michael nipped his neck and slid his hands down, down Michael’s sides, landing on his peach of an ass. Michael dropped his breast and reached around to fumble with Chase’s pants, soon getting the zipper down. Then Michael returned his attention to the mirror, his hand back to his tits while he

grinded Natalie's ass against Chase's crotch.

Slowly, still kissing, Chase pulled up Michael's dress, revealing acres of Natalie's golden leg. As more of Natalie's skin appeared in the reflection, it caused the spark of lust to burn brightly within Michael. Chase released one hip to fumble with something in front of him. A few seconds later Michael felt his panties being slipped aside and a warm, hard shaft pressing against his opening.

Michael leaned forward onto the sink and stared into Natalie's eyes. The neck of his dress hung open, his bare tits hanging free, suspended beneath him. Natalie's pupils were wide with pleasure, her mouth slightly open, pearly white teeth visible, a desperate 'fuck me' look on her pretty face. It was everything Michael had wanted to see and it caused a surge of delight through him at the same time as Chase guided his cock up against Michael's pussy. There was a tension between Michael's legs and if he wasn't so entwined with Natalie's lust he may have had second thoughts and pulled away.

Instead, his breath caught in his throat as Chase entered him. Michael could feel the head sliding in between his own slick, hot walls, bringing with it a wonderful feeling of fullness, of completion. Chase slid in slowly, enjoying every inch of Natalie's body. Michael clutched at the sink and moaned, desire burning bright through him. He kept his eyes locked on Natalie, desperate to watch this beautiful creature get fucked hard from behind.

Finally, Chase was lodged deep inside and he uttered a contented sigh, pausing for a moment before pulling out. His brief absence made Michael whimper, but then Chase thrust back in, driving a delighted cry from Michael's mouth. Chase gripped Michael's ass and yanked it towards him on each downstroke, thumping in, filling Michael's tight pussy. The head of Chase's cock touched the dimpled nub of Michael's G-spot each time. Michael's moans rose in pitch, growing to cries of lust. And still he couldn't keep his eyes off the beauty in the mirror. Watching Natalie go crazy for cock was so hot. Watching her tits swing with

each slap of her ass was incredible. Just like when he was a man the visuals were incredible, and the feel of Natalie's body completed his perfect pleasure.

Chase slammed in deep, grunting as he thumped against Natalie's solid butt. The pressure inside Michael built, built, and then exploded. He threw his head back and moaned, driving his ass back against the perfect shaft, suddenly needing to be full. He didn't care that it was a man he was fucking. His body just needed something deep inside.

He howled as he came, body shaking around the cock inside him. Natalie's face in the mirror was a picture of orgasmic lust, her brows knitted with desire, tiny pink tongue wide in her open mouth. And then Chase came inside him and – God! – it was delightful. It was all the Natalie part of him wanted and he came again. He could feel Chase's cock pumping into him and he desired it more than anything in the world. The hot seed filled him, made him wriggle and moan, shook him from head to toe and his cries echoed through the marble bathroom.

He came down slowly. Sweating and hot. Chase remained inside him as his breathing slowed. Then he kissed Michael on the back of the neck and pulled out. The emptiness ached, even as Michael felt Chase drip down his leg. Michael remained leaning on the sink, shaking with aftershock every now and then until he'd recovered enough to stand. He tucked his breasts away and Chase helped him adjust the dress.

They parted wordlessly, both of them knowing they'd be back with the other at the next party.

5

The rest of the party was a blur. Michael couldn't shake that warm feeling even as he returned to mingling through the crowd. They left after midnight, Michael in the back of the limo with William.

“Good job tonight, pumpkin,” William said, pulling Michael close. “I’m proud of you.”

Again, Michael had to try not to laugh at being the object of William’s softer side. He just smiled and said, “Thanks, daddy.”

When they arrived back at the mansion, Michael barely had the energy to disrobe before collapsing into the bed and falling asleep. He was awoken as the sun was peeking through the small crack in the curtain.

“Wake up, sleepyhead,” Natalie whispered.

Michael blinked his eyes open to find Natalie’s face inches from his.

“Have a good night?” Michael murmured as he rubbed his eyes.

“It was awesome. And you? How was Chase?”

“Uh...” Michael struggled to think of a lie and Natalie laughed.

“He’s a pretty good fuck, isn’t he? The only thing I miss about those parties. Come on. Get up before someone gets suspicious.”

Michael yawned and got to his feet. He felt around in his silky blonde hair for the nub of the zipper. Grasping it, he pulled it down and felt the suit grow loose and expand around him. He felt that peculiar ripping but in reverse, as if the molecules of himself were being put back together. As his middle aged male body appeared, Michael felt a pang of disappointment. He zipped the zipper all the way down his back and then paused, realizing he was going to be naked again. He grabbed his male clothes that had been placed neatly on a shelf and waddled into the bathroom, clutching the costume around his waist like a bath towel.

He unzipped the Natalie costume and pulled it off, watching as his dainty little feet became fake-looking rubber and then his own clumsy man-feet. When he was dressed, he returned to the bedroom and handed Natalie the costume. She took it and then instructed him on how to sneak out the back of the mansion.

“I’ve left a car for you on the back road. It’s yours to keep. Consider it a payment.”

Michael stopped in the doorway and turned to her. “You know...if you ever want to have a night to yourself again...”

Natalie smiled. "I'll call you."

It was all Michael could hope for.

#

Thank you!

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