

MtF TRANSFORMATION

REMOTE  
*Chance*

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**Remote Chance**

***MtF Transformation***

**by M. Wills**

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

# Table of Contents

[Remote Chance](#)

[Thank you](#)

## Remote Chance

Kai rushed around preparing the food in the kitchen as the pre-show commentators speculated about the upcoming Super Bowl on the big screen TV in the living room. He slid the buffalo wings into the oven and set the timer while one of the announcers downplayed Farve and his chances, saying that this was not going to be Green Bay's year. The commentary was occasionally punctuated by Kai's friend Zack, who sat on the worn leather couch and took every criticism of Green Bay as a personal insult.

"Whatever, dickheads!" Zack called out cheerily.

The oven had warmed up the small kitchen. Kai pushed his long sleeves up and blew out a sigh as he gazed around, mentally ticking off the food and drinks. Beers were in the fridge. Pizza in the freezer. Chips and dip on the counter. A small pile of veggies sat in a bowl where they would likely be untouched in favor of the fattier, greasier offerings.

Kai's fiancée, Shelly, had helped chop up the vegetables before disappearing into her room and diving back into Tomb Raider. She'd insisted on a healthy alternative and had then taken most of the veggies and one of the dips back with her. Shelly had no interest in football and gladly agreed to let Kai and his friends have the run of the front part of the house if it meant she could game undisturbed for a few hours. Maybe if she got it out of her system now she wouldn't stay up all night playing. She was really dedicated to it and often talked about how unfair it was that there was no Super Bowl of video games.

Kai heard a metallic clunk and poked his head out of the pass-through cut into the wall between the kitchen and living room. Zack was slumped on the couch, already one beer in. He passed one hand over his crew-cut blonde hair and shook his head at the television. Zack was a Minnesota boy, perpetually pale even into summer. He looked over at Kai.

“Dickheads don’t know what’s about to hit them. Packers are gonna stomp these guys,” Zack insisted.

Kai raised his hands in mock surrender. “No argument from me.”

“Damn straight,” Zack agreed, cordially. “Throw me another beer?”

“Yes, your majesty,” Kai cocked an imaginary hat. “Anything else? A foot rub? Hair cut?”

“Naw, I’m good,” Zack grinned.

Kai snorted and grabbed two beers from the fridge as well as the plate of chips and dip off the counter. He carried all of them into the living room and set the plate down on the coffee table before plonking himself down on the couch next to Zack. He handed one of the beers to Zack, who took it and cracked it open. Zack looked at the label and raised an eyebrow.

“Import huh? You went all out.”

Kai shrugged. “Special occasion.”

“We got about forty five minutes until kick off. You mind if I watch something else real quick? Tired of listening to these dickheads.”

“Sure you want to miss the Doritos pre-show spectacular or whatever?”

Zack picked up the clunky remote control off the coffee table and paused, hefting it in his hand and peering at it. “Is this filled with lead or something? Did you get this from a lab in the 80s?”

The remote was a boxy rectangle with big rubber buttons on it and no manufacturer name. There were tons of options on it that Kai hadn’t even begun to try to figure out. He only needed three: power, channel, volume. Hell, his ancient television couldn’t do much more than that, anyway. It wasn’t like he’d connected it up to a massive sound system or anything. The bottom half of the remote had buttons that Kai just ignored, each one with labels - like DIFF, AIR and SWAP - that didn’t mean anything to him. And the remote was heavy. Much heavier than the original remote that came with the television and which had been lost a few weeks ago.

“Hey, it works. Got it from the guy down the street when he was having a yard sale. You know, the guy who looks like George Clooney? Wife looks like Marilyn Monroe?”

“She the one with the tig ol’ bitties?”



“Sure.” Kai didn’t even know how to react when Zack got crude like that. “Hey, one of my neighbors is dropping her son off to watch the game with us so try to tone down your language.”

“Kid’s got to learn some day.”

“He’s an eighteen year old kid so I’m sure he knows. It’s just his mom’s a little religious and she’s friends with my mom and—”

“Right, right. Keep it clean. Anyone else coming?”

“Isaiah said he might stop by.”

“Sure,” snorted Zack. “If his girlfriend lets him off the leash.”

Zack flipped through several channels before settling on an old sitcom. He set the remote down on the coffee table next to his beer and they both watched for a little while. Kai’s timer went off and he returned to the kitchen to turn over the wings. Zack put his feet up on the coffee table and leaned back on the couch. As he did so, his feet shifted and knocked over the can of beer. He jumped forward to grab it but just grazed the top with his fingertips, resulting in it falling over quicker.

The beer splashed out onto the remote before Zack could right the can. He

looked around guiltily for anything to mop up the spill and left the remote sitting in the puddle while he ran into the kitchen to grab some paper towels. Kai was facing the oven, his back turned to the door and didn't see Zack grab the paper towels and hurry back to the living room.

Zack mopped up the puddle as best he could before drying off the remote. He hoped it still worked. He tested it out, trying to flip some channels. The button was sticky with beer and it didn't respond right away. He pressed the channel button harder and faster, hoping whatever residue was inside would rub off.

Finally, the channel started changing rapidly, responding to all the times he'd pressed the button. It settled on a documentary about an African tribe. A tiny electrical tremor shot through Zack's hand and pulsed quickly through his whole body. He dropped the remote in surprise and it clanged onto the coffee table. Zack looked down at his hand and froze, his jaw dropping open.

His hand was smaller and with delicate feminine fingers. His pale white skin was now a rich chocolate brown. His other hand was the same. The knuckles were hairless, the arms feminine but toned. Each wrist was adorned with small bracelets that jangled as he moved. At this angle he noticed something in the bottom of his vision and dropped his gaze to stare at his chest, where two bare breasts now hung. They were exquisite. Round and firm, with a beautiful curve that sloped up slightly at the tip to the peak of each dark brown nipple.

Tan fabric was folded around his waist like a skirt. It was decorated with tribal emblems and left his long legs bare. Like the rest of his new body, his legs were slender but toned. Graceful and powerful. A huge solid necklace rested around his neck, and smaller beaded necklaces hung down between his breasts. A twisted dreadlock rested against his nipple. He grabbed it and yanked, grimacing as he felt it pull his head down. It was definitely his hair.

And his tits.

Zack brought his hands to his face and felt up his smooth contours, fingers brushing over his soft features, his broad nose and his high forehead. Glancing up at the television, he saw it was playing a documentary where tribal women sat around a fire sharpening tools. One of them, he realized, was dressed exactly like him, down to the strange heavy necklace around his neck.

“What de fuck?” He whispered in a heavily Afrikaan-accented voice.

Zack reached up to squeeze the tits on his chest and dropped them again when he realized how real they were. He heard the oven door shut but was frozen in shock, staring down at the tits that seemed so massive as Kai came around the corner.

Kai stopped and jumped back when he saw the strange tribal woman. “Who are you?”

“I’m Zack!” Zack said, looking up and putting a hand on his chest where he accidentally touched his breasts. He pulled his hand away quickly and looked down at himself, to the television, then back to Kai who was slowly backing away. Zack moved towards him. “No, it true. Listen...some-ting happened.” It didn’t help that he couldn’t shake the accent. Kai kept backing away and Zack shouted at him, “Don’t be a dickhead!”

Kai stopped then and peered closer at him. “Zack?”

Now Kai moved slowly toward his friend, looking him up and down. His eyes were wide. He looked just as shocked as Zack felt.

“I...I tink it was de remote. I felt a shock and—”

Kai heard the bedroom door opening down the hall. “Kai?” Shelly called out. “Everything okay?”

Her voice was getting louder as she came closer. Kai panicked. What would Shelly think if she rounded the corner and saw him alone with a topless woman?

“Into the bathroom!” Kai hissed. He grabbed Zack’s bare shoulders and hustled him into the bathroom before closing the door and turning to Shelly with a forced smile.

“Why all the yelling?” she asked.

“It’s just, uh...Zack spilled a beer.”

Shelly glanced over at the coffee table. “Did it get on the carpet?”

“No, just the table. I got it all. No problem. Everything’s under control.”

“Okay. Love you.” She gave him a peck on the cheek and then went back down the hallway.

Kai was about to check on Zack in the bathroom when there was a knock at the door. He glanced at the bathroom door, then the coffee table, then the front door, trying to quell his mounting panic and figure out what problem he should address first. He crept to the window by the door. Peeking through, he saw the neighbor’s son, Michael, together with his mom on Kai’s front porch.

“Shit, not now.” Kai murmured to himself.

## 2

Kai hustled Zack into the bathroom. Zack shut the door and locked it. He was breathing hard, the shock of his transformation still making everything fuzzy and confused. From out in the living room he could hear voices—Kai and Shelly murmuring about something—but couldn't make out the words. Zack felt for the light switch and flipped it on. He found himself staring at the mirror hanging over the sink.

A very shocked African tribal woman stared back at him. Her shining white teeth contrasted with her lovely dark skin. She had gorgeous broad features and smiling eyes, even in her shock. Her figure was exquisite, a gentle hourglass with tight breasts, a slim waist and taut buttocks. Zack moved closer to the mirror and brought a hand to his lips, watching as his new reflection did the same. His lips were plump and warm. He ran his tongue around his teeth, exploring the new contours of his mouth. The woman in the mirror did the same and he chuckled—husky but feminine—as he made faces with his new features.

Zack's gaze was drawn to his breasts. Goddamn, they were perfect. Soft swells each rising to a dark brown nipple peak. He grasped each breast, splaying his fingers to encompass all of them beneath each hand. Clutching them experimentally, he found them pliant and warm. They were enjoyable to touch, soft and oh-so-grabbable. They jiggled beneath his fingers and he squeezed them up against his chest into heavy mounds, gripping tightly, desirous for his new skin. He soon released them only to tap them lightly from below to watch them bounce once or twice.

He craved to touch himself, suddenly aware of a dull need deep within him. His hands moved faster across his tits, gripping, kneading. His mouth dropped open

and he ran his little tongue across his dark red lips as he gazed down in open awe at the body he now controlled. It was as wonderful to watch this woman's hands stroke her tits as it was to feel each motion.

His hands roamed down his sides, following his feminine curves down to the wraparound skirt. It was fastened in some sort of fancy knot at his side. He picked at the knot with his long, thin fingers until it came undone and the skirt loosened. It dropped to the floor, revealing the entirety of Zack's new body. The dark thatch of hair between his legs beckoned to him and he slid his fingers over his new sex.

He could feel the heat coming off himself and he gently brushed his fingers through the coarse black hair between his legs, pressing harder until he landed just on the outskirts of his slit. He shivered as he touched himself for the first time, feeling so delicate and yet so strong. His other hand returned to a breast, cupping it, fingers splayed out to roll the sharpening nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Zack felt himself opening at his touch, growing warmer, moistening as his fingers continued to follow the line of his new sex up and down. The need inside him grew brighter, carrying him on. He pressed his finger harder against his pussy, felt the lips part for him and then he slid inside himself, fingertips landing on his own silky folds. He gasped as he penetrated himself for the first time, a bright bloom of heat bursting out from between his legs. Zack moved faster now, sliding his fingers up and down his slit. It was amazing to be inside himself, to enjoy his own wet heat.

He closed his eyes and sighed softly as his fingers landed on his bud. He shifted his legs apart a little further so he could more easily slide inside himself. His fingers found his dew and dragged it up over the tiny nub that promised so much pleasure. He stroked himself harder now, fingers on either side of his clit. It blossomed beneath his touch, bringing with it a deep ache that needed to be

satisfied. He bit his lip, breath coming faster now as he touched himself.

His other hand grew rougher on his breast in line with his body's need. He squeezed his tit harder, pinching the nipple and causing an exciting fire to burst through him, meeting the pleasure between his legs and urging a small moan from his lips. The sound of the woman in heat made him even wetter. Moisture dripped between his fingers. The wet sounds of his sex reached his ears and he rubbed his clit faster, no longer in control. All he could do was try to empty the desperate need that overtook him.

Zack pressed harder inside himself, hips undulating up against his hand in a quick rhythm, fingers circling, circling until bright pleasure exploded through him. He gasped in a strangled voice, legs quivering as he came around his fingers. The intense orgasm filled his entire body, leaving him weightless for a brief eternity. He shook and dropped his breast to lean on the counter for support as pleasure surged through him. The orgasm crested inside him before slowly ebbing, leaving him warm and wet.

He remained leaning on the bathroom sink, breathing hard, legs weak as the shivers dissipated. There was a light knock on the bathroom door.

“You okay, Zack? Michael’s here...just letting you know. Can I come in?”

It was Kai. But who the hell was Michael?

“Hang on,” Zack said, lowering his voice in his best attempt to sound masculine.



He washed his hands and wrapped the skirt around his waist, tucking it inside itself like a bath towel because he couldn't figure out the intricate knot. Then he cracked open the door and Kai slipped inside, closing it quickly behind him.

### 3

“Shit, not now.” Kai murmured to himself.

There was another knock on the front door, more insistent this time. Kai glanced at the closed bathroom door. Zack would just have to wait.

Kai opened the front door. On the stoop stood Michael and his mother, Janine. Janine was a sour old woman, her lips pursed as if she were constantly sucking on a lemon. She judged everyone and everything and found it all lacking. It was no wonder her son was so docile. The old hag had probably beaten whatever spirit he’d had out of him. Kai wondered if Michael had ever spent more than a few hours away from her presence.

“I appreciate you allowing Michael over to watch the football game,” Janine said in a prim and proper manner. “He doesn’t have many friends.”

Michael stared down at the ground in silence. He was a big goofy-looking kid. Tall and gangly and with thick-rimmed glasses.

“What do you say, Michael?” Janine asked him with a nudge.

“Thank you,” he murmured.

“No problem.” Kai said quickly, hoping to get this whole exchange over with.

Janine narrowed her eyes at Kai. “I will be back in two hours.” She turned to Michael. “If you get excited during the dancing show just recite your scripture.”

Michael nodded again and Janine pushed him towards the door. Kai stood aside and Michael lumbered in. Janine gave Kai one last distrustful glance and then turned on her heel and left. Kai closed the door. Michael was standing in the middle of the living room, waiting for instruction.

“Uh, have a seat. Can I get you anything?”

Michael slunk to the couch and dropped onto it. He looked up at Kai quizzically. “Get me something?”

“Beer? Chips? Food will be out soon.”

There was a noise that might have been a moan from behind the bathroom door. Kai’s eyes darted that way then back to Michael. A bead of sweat broke out on Kai’s forehead but Michael hadn’t reacted to the noise. What the fuck was Zack doing in there?

“Do you have soda?”

“Uh, yeah.”

Kai hurried to the fridge, grabbed a soda and returned. He thrust it at Michael. “Here you go. Just hang out and watch. I’ve got to...check on something.”

Michael nodded and sat upright on the couch. Kai crossed in front of him and tapped softly on the bathroom door.

“You okay, Zack?” Kai asked, then quickly added: “Michael’s here...just letting you know. Can I come in?”

There was a pause before an obvious woman’s voice—trying to make herself sound masculine—replied: “Hang on.”

After a few seconds the door cracked open and Kai slipped inside, closing the door behind him. He stared at Zack, goggle-eyed. Zack was uncomfortable under his gaze and crossed his arms over his breasts. His skirt began slipping down and he grabbed it, letting a breast bounce free. Kai gulped.

“What...? What...?” Kai tried.

Zack shook his head, setting his thick dreadlocks knocking against each other. “I don’ know. I hed de remote in my hend and was trying to see if eet was working. Eet was a little sticky but I got eet to switch channels. It landed on dis

documentary about tribal women in Africa and next ting I know I look like de woman on screen.”

“And you sound like her.”

“Yah.”

“What the fuck do we do?”

“Where did you say you got dat remote?”

“The guy down the street who looks like George Cl—” Kai stopped as realization dawned. “You think he knows about this?”

“Judging by de way he and his wife look. I’d say yah, you dickhead. Dey know. Dey might know how to change me beck.”

“Okay. You stay here and I’ll go talk to him.”

“Hold on,” said Zack, still struggling with his skirt. “Can you help tie dis ting?”

“I’ve got a better idea,” Kai said.

He dug through the cabinet and found a box of Shelley's hairpins. He tugged the fabric around Zack's slim waist and shoved the pins in until it held. He released it slowly and stood. Zack wiggled his butt, testing the fit. When he looked up, he noticed Kai was staring at his tits again.

"You like dem? Dey nice, aren't dey?" Zack said, looking down at himself and shaking his chest to make them wiggle. "I just wish dey weren't on me."

"What's it like to have tits?" Kai blurted.

"Dey heavier dan I tought. But fun. I guess one good ting is I can play with titties whenever I want."

"Can I touch them?"

"Fuck no," Zack pulled away. "Get your own."

"Okay, sorry, I just—" Kai was interrupted but a long feminine moan of desire from outside the bathroom door. "Oh, fuck! Michael!"

He turned and threw open the door.

## 4

Michael took a small sip of his soda as Kai crossed in front of the television and knocked softly on the bathroom door.

“You okay, Zack? Michael’s here...just letting you know. Can I come in?”

A second later the door unlocked and Kai slipped inside, closing it behind him. Michael was alone on the couch and getting nervous about what two guys were doing in the bathroom together. He’d only been here two minutes and already the immoral behavior had started. Maybe his mom was right. Michael turned his attention to the television, trying to drown out any other noises he might hear. There was a documentary about African tribes playing and some of the women had bare breasts.

Michael sat up straighter and stared. He’d never seen a naked woman before. They were beautiful. Michael began to feel a little funny in his pants, what some of the guys at school had called ‘horny’ but what his mom called ‘dirty’. He glanced at the bathroom door. Still closed. But what if the guys came out and saw him staring at breasts? Would they then force him to join in any depravity? He certainly didn’t want that.

Michael picked up the boxy remote and pointed it at the television, mashing the channel button with his thumb. The buttons were a little sticky and there was a delayed response. After a second or two the channels flipped rapidly. It soon settled on a channel that Michael had never seen before.

On screen, a busty older woman who looked like she could be someone's mom was sitting back on a metal kitchen counter. A dark blue top flowed down over her shoulders, spreading apart to reveal an ample chest. Two humongous breasts were held in place by a tiny bra that looked like it was about to burst. She had one foot up on the counter, long bluish-black high heels holding her foot even higher above the countertop. Long dark hair with auburn highlights flowed down each side of her face.

Her mouth was open, face alight with ecstasy. She had her legs spread wide, her black panties pushed aside. She held a cucumber in one hand which she was slowly sinking into her shaved pussy. Her rich red pussy lips parted for the cucumber as it slowly disappeared inside her.

Michael suddenly felt a breeze waft across his body and a strange fullness between his legs. Something soft tickled down the side of his face. But the most immediate change was the hand he held out in front of him, still holding the remote. It had changed. His way-too-long fingers were now wonderfully proportioned, feminine and hairless. His whole hand was dainty like his mom's. The nails were long and perfect, painted a dark blue to match the top that the woman on television wore.

Michael's gaze traced his arm down towards his body. He gasped – a richly, feminine sound – as he found himself staring down into heavy cleavage. Two pillowy breasts were tucked beneath a bra that was stretched to bursting. The sight of the tits beneath his nose was exciting and terrifying. They rose and fell with each deep breath. He could barely see his body past the breasts, though he could feel something foreign inside him, and saw something long and green protruding from between his legs. It was the cucumber that the woman on the television had been holding and...it was inside him!



Aside from the physical changes, Michael's entire body felt restless, like there was an itch deep inside him that needed to be scratched. He spread his legs wide and grabbed the cucumber. He began sliding it out from within him, intending to toss it away. But each tiny bump thumped wonderfully against his inner walls, and when he'd finally pulled it all the way out he felt empty. A strange need called to him, demanding that he be filled, so Michael slid the cucumber back into his pussy. He felt the pressure as it met his labial lips. It was still warm and slick from his desire and felt divine sliding inside him, parting his canal as it sunk ever deeper into his new sex.

He grabbed his tits with his other hand and forearm so he could squeeze them up towards his chest and out of the way in order to see what was happening between his legs. His pussy was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen and the desire built within him at the glorious sight. He pushed the cucumber deeper inside and the pressure built, before his luscious lips spread apart and welcomed it back inside.

He thrust as deep inside himself as he dared, until he landed on his innermost pleasure and gasped, wiggling his entire body as pleasure flitted through him. The woman on the screen was energetically thrusting the cucumber into herself, deep and fast. Michael copied her, legs spread wide, staring down as he fucked his new pussy with the cucumber, watched it disappear inside him, felt it push apart the slick walls of his canal. The pleasure it brought with it was immense, each thrust causing a wave of heat to spread within him, the waves building on each other as he picked up the pace.

He moved faster, rougher, the hands holding up his tits squeezing now, greedy for this body. He threw his head back and moaned. His knees went taut and his toes curled and then suddenly there was a burst of tension that couldn't be contained. It exploded through him and he cried out in a low, feminine moan. His eyes shut tight as he plunged the cucumber deep inside him, sating the itch and luxuriating in the physical pleasure emanating from his core. His hips drove up towards the vegetable and he orgasmed, convulsing with a pleasure he'd

never known before.

He vaguely heard the bathroom door open but was too caught up in desire to stop. He'd plateaued, his body coming down though he felt a restlessness that meant there was more to come. Michael thrust the cucumber in deep and cried out as the pleasure burst through him again. He shivered from head to toe, rolling back and forth on the couch as the sharp orgasm filled him.

When he finally recovered he was aware of hands grasping him, someone trying to haul him off the couch. He opened his eyes to find Kai and some tribal woman hauling him to his feet. The tribal woman hurried him to the bathroom and he waddled with her, the cucumber wiggling inside him. The tribal woman closed the bathroom door behind him and placed her hand on Michael's mouth, motioning for him to keep quiet.

## 5

Kai hauled the masturbating MILF into the bathroom and slammed the door shut just as Shelly came around the corner. She looked at the television.

“Ew!” She cried, covering her eyes and looking away. “Why are you watching that?”

Kai glanced at the television. The busty MILF was deep in the throes of ecstasy as she pleasured herself with the cucumber. Kai blushed bright red and picked up the remote. He pointed it at the television and paused. If the remote was the cause of the other’s transformations Kai sure as hell didn’t want to use it. He held the remote behind his back.

“Zack was...joking around,” Kai said, struggling to make up an explanation.

“Change it before Michael gets here. You know his mom will flip out.”

“Yeah, I will,” Kai agreed, nodding. He kept the remote behind his back, not making a move to change the channel.

Shelly stared at him for a beat, then turned on her heel and hurried down the hallway. Kai heard the bedroom door slam shut. The timer for the buffalo wings went off at the same time as someone pounded on the door.

“Yo, Kai, did I miss anything?” Isaiah yelled from outside.

Kai tossed the remote onto the couch and opened the door for Isaiah. He strolled in and pressed a six pack of beers against Kai’s chest.

Isaiah was a muscular guy who resembled a Black Mr. Clean. Bald head. Rippling biceps. He worked construction and looked fierce as hell but was a teddy bear inside. He flashed a bright white smile down at Kai, who had to look up to meet his gaze because of the sheer height difference.

“Let’s get this bowl started!” Isaiah pumped his fist and looked around. “Am I the only one here?”

“Uh, so far,” Kai replied.

The timer was still going off in the kitchen and Kai hurried to the oven to remove the buffalo wings. As he was pulling them out he heard Isaiah exclaim:

“Oh, shit, Kai! You watching porn!” He guffawed deeply. “I’m gonna switch it over to the game.”

Kai set the hot tray on top of the stove and tossed off the oven mitt. He sprinted out of the kitchen towards Isaiah, rounding the corner to see Isaiah standing over the coffee table, remote in hand and aimed at the television.

“No! No! No! No!” Kai yelled.

He made a grab for the remote in Isaiah’s hand. Isaiah shouted out a surprised “The hell?” and tried to jerk the remote back. They grappled over the remote for a second or two. Kai pressed his hand against Isaiah’s broad chest in attempt to use that leverage to wrest the remote control from his grasp. The channels changed rapidly – a music video, a fast food commercial, a wrestling match – as they briefly fought for the remote.

The pressure beneath Kai’s hand on Isaiah’s chest changed suddenly. In a flash Isaiah’s solid pec was replaced with something much softer and more pliable. Kai’s hand sank against weighty flesh, and found that his hand was now pressed against a woman’s breast. Isaiah squeaked in surprise and pain. He let go of the remote.

With no resistance, Kai toppled onto the floor and lost his grip on the remote. It went flying across the room to crack against the wall. Kai landed on his butt on the floor with an “Oof!”. He pushed himself to a sitting position and stared up at Isaiah.

The muscular black man was gone. In his place was a very surprised Asian woman. She was young and fit and well made up, with a cherubic face and black hair that flowed in a waterfall down her back. She wore only a pink nightie with white fur trim and long pink gloves. The nightie stretched across her ample breasts and stopped about mid-thigh. Long dancer’s legs peaked out from below the nightie. She balanced precariously on platform heels. She looked like one of the backup dancers from a popular music video.

She stared down at her hands, her little mouth open, eyes wide in shock. Her gaze moved lower, towards her chest. She gasped and took a step back, wobbling on her heels as she did so. She brought her hands to her tits, released a high-pitched squeak as she squeezed them, then dropped them back down. She took another step back and her butt bumped into the wall. She jumped around with another squeak, then glanced down at her ass in a rising panic. The nightie drifted over the wonderful curve of her butt. She turned back to Kai and opened her mouth to say something but squeaked again and covered her mouth with both hands as she gaped at him.

Kai sat on the floor leaning back on his hands, knees in the air. He was no longer wearing his jeans. Instead, he saw muscular but feminine legs clad in thigh high wrestling boots laced up to top. Sparkly red leggings stretched taut across his lean calves. Kai's gaze followed the red leggings up to where they ended just below his knees. Above that was bare thigh, smooth and taut. On his groin were some shorts not much bigger than panties. They were red with black trim to match his leggings. They clutched his body and Kai was keenly aware of the lack of bulge and the smoothness of his new crotch.

His trim tummy was bare. The abs were just visible beneath the hairless skin. The only top he wore was a red sports bra that matched the rest of the outfit. It held aloft two bouncy breasts, and Kai whimpered in dismay as he found himself gazing down into his exquisite new cleavage. Long hair fell down his neck, tickling him as it brushed against his bare back.

Isaiah had backed against the wall, his eyes wide with panic. His whimpering grew louder as though he were about to scream. Kai pushed himself to his feet, balancing himself in his new body. He was much taller than before and he towered over the now diminutive Isaiah in the little Asian's body. Isaiah backed against the wall and Kai rubbed his arms to comfort him.

“Shh, shh, shh.”

“What the fuck, man? What the fuck?” The tiny Asian whispered in a small, breathy voice. Her eyes shone with tears.

“I was trying to warn you,” Kai said. His voice was deep and throaty but deliciously feminine. “It was that remote. We just found out it can transform people. But we can fix this.” He tried to sound more sure of himself than he felt.

Isaiah sniffed and nodded, getting himself under control. Kai released him and went to search for the remote. His body was taut and muscular, each step strong and sure as he crossed the room. The remote was on the floor beneath the table and he crawled beneath the table to get it. Isaiah licked his lips as he watched his friend’s ass wiggle in the air. Despite Isaiah’s newly feminine appearance he still had his masculine desire. And Kai’s ass was looking hot as hell. Isaiah felt a strange pressure began to build within him, similar to when he would start to get an erection, only deeper inside.

Kai retrieved the remote and stood. There was a shard of the cover missing from where it had smashed into the wall. Some of the buttons were loose and Kai carefully pushed them back into place. He returned to Isaiah and showed him the remote.

“You think it still works?” Isaiah asked. “Change us back!”

“I don’t know how. It looks like we can only change in to people on television. Unless you have a video of yourself, maybe that would work?”

Isaiah shook his head. “Nothing but old home movies. What about like an undo button?”

They both examined the remote but couldn’t figure out some of the more esoteric abbreviations. A noise from down the hallway made him look up sharply. Fortunately, it didn’t seem like it was Shelly returning.

“Come in here,” Kai said, nodding to the bathroom. “I don’t want my girlfriend seeing us like this.”

Michael and Zack were surprised to see a female wrestler and a nightie-clad Asian joining them in the bathroom, but they understood immediately what had happened. After they’d all introduced themselves they looked to Kai, who was staring down at the remote.

“I think our only option is to go visit the neighbor I got this from. Maybe he knows how to undo it.”

“I em not going through de neighborhood like dis,” Zack said, crossing his arms.

“Well you sure as shit can’t stay here,” Kai replied. “What would Shelly do if she found you – or any of us – here looking like this?”

“Can’t you give me some clothes?”



“What do you want me to do? Knock on the bedroom door and ask Shelly? How do you think that would go?”

“He’s right,” Isaiah agreed. “I mean, this happened to me and I hardly believe it. No way Shelly will. Especially now with the remote broken.”

The other two gasped and immediately began firing questions at Kai. He tried to calm them down. “Stop. Stop. We don’t know it’s broken.”

“It looks pretty broken,” said Michael.

“Can we talk about this somewhere else before my girlfriend wonders why the hell there are four strange women crowding her bathroom?” Kai insisted.

They reluctantly agreed and Kai cracked open the bathroom door. The television was still playing to an empty room. Kai crept out and gestured for the others to follow him. They made it to the front door, where Kai peeked out at the street to make sure no one was around.

“Come on,” he whispered.

He crept quickly down the porch and around the side of the house, the other three following close behind. Isaiah still hadn’t gotten used to his body or his smaller stature and he tripped on the steps, clinging to Michael for support. Michael instinctively grabbed him by the waist. Isaiah’s soft, beautiful face was so close to Michael’s. He could smell his friend’s beautiful fruit fragrance and

felt something stir within him. He licked his lips nervously as Isaiah smiled adorably and righted himself.

Isaiah swiped the long hair back out of his face and followed the others around the house. The delicate nightie blew against his legs in the breeze, threatening to blow the entire outfit up in the air and reveal his body. From the way the air breezed against his skin, Isaiah could feel he was naked beneath. It was weird enough feeling the perky tits jiggling with each step but to know that there was also a pussy between his legs made him strangely excited. Each motion of his body only reinforced the womanly strangeness and served to make him more lusty for his new form. By the time he was safely hidden around the edge of the house he could already feel his panties dotted with moisture.

Zack followed last. A car drove by as he came down the steps. Zack saw the brake lights flash as the driver noticed him. He hurried around the house to the others. Once they were safely hidden behind a large shrub Kai turned to them.

“What’s the plan now?” Michael asked, tapping the cucumber against his chin absently.

“Well, uh, we walk.”

They stared at him.

“It’s only three blocks,” Kai said.

“You fucking kidding me?” Isaiah asked. “Naw, fuck that. We’re driving.”

Isaiah went instinctively for his keys, but his hands only grazed the silken nightie he wore. He looked up sheepishly at the others.

“I don’t have my keys. They must have disappeared with my clothes.”

“Same.” Zack agreed.

“I’m not allowed to drive,” Michael ventured.

“My keys are in the bedroom,” Kai added.

“Fucking dickheads,” Zack swore.

So they walked. The neighbors’ backyards were fenced in so the only route was along the street in full view of everyone. The four transformed guys clumped together and marched as quick as they could down the road. Cars slowed down and honked as young guys catcalled them from inside. A passing jogger saw them coming and slowed to a stop, his mouth dropping open as the guys passed him. They got angry looks from an older woman in a mini-van.

Zack’s skirt began to unspool and he clutched it in one fist. He held the other hand up to his chest, trying to cover his bare breasts. His forearm pressed against

one tit, fingers gripping the other. They bounced beneath his touch as he walked. He kept his head down so as not to meet anyone's eye, but that meant that he was looking down at his beautiful ebony body and Michael's bouncing bubble butt in front of him.

Zack's eyes traced Michael's black skirt, which stretched around the heavy curves. He had an urge to reach down and squeeze that pinchable ass and he imagined thrusting into her from behind. The excitement of desire flitted through him and he felt his pussy stirring to life. A different experience than the feel of his cock becoming erect. It was softer somehow, as if opening rather than hardening and he imagined he could feel the slight slickness of his growing dew. It may have just been his imagination, but after a few minutes of thinking about what could be happening to his body beneath the skirt it was definitely becoming real.

Michael was delighted at his body. So mature and, well, tits! His first experience as a woman had been in the middle of the best orgasm of his life and he was eager to go again. His mom couldn't stop him now. Not when the body he wanted to touch was his own. Hell, he might even be the same age as her so she couldn't even boss him around.

He could still smell the delicious musk of his pussy on the cucumber. The sensual smell kept him wet, as did the bob of his huge breasts at each step. A trickle of juice escaped his pussy, to be absorbed into the silken panties that were becoming ever more moist. The skirt stretched around his ass and his top billowed out over his arms.

Isaiah held on to the hem of his pink nightie so it wouldn't blow up and show the world his new equipment. It meant that his new breasts bobbed against his arms. Every now and then he had to reach back behind him to yank the nightie down over the swell of his ass. His fingers grazed his soft butt cheek, drawing his thoughts to what the rest of his body would feel like if he were to stroke it. He

was nearly naked. All he had to do was cast off his nightie and then feast his eyes on the tiny Asian body he now inhabited. It was tempting. He'd always had a thing for Asians and now, well, here one was ready and willing to do anything he desired.

Kai stomped along in his wrestling boots, leading the other four down the street. He was taller and more powerful in this woman's body than he'd ever been in his own. He could feel the strength in his limbs and in the ease with which his body moved. Sensual and sure. His breasts bounced at each step, jostling beneath the bra.

Kai glanced back and saw Isaiah gripping the hem of his nightie. Their eyes met and Kai nodded once, glancing down to Isaiah's tits. Isaiah blushed and tried to cover himself with one hand. He was so delicate while Kai was now so strong. If Kai had a mind, he could probably bend Isaiah's tiny Asian body over and force apart his legs so he could feast on Isaiah's no-doubt-delicious pussy.

None of them spoke as they hurried through the neighborhood. They stopped only to look for traffic before crossing each intersection. After what seemed like forever, they approached the house from which Kai had bought the remote. They hurried up the front porch and Kai rang the doorbell. His heart hammered in his chest as he waited. Footsteps could be heard now approaching the door. There was the click of a deadbolt sliding back and then the door opened and a young George Clooney stood in the doorway.

The man's eyes went wide for a second as he looked the guys up and down. Then a knowing look crossed his face. "You must be the guy who bought the remote from me."

"Yeah," Kai said, holding up the damaged remote. "I was hoping you could help

us. Can we come in?”

The man stepped aside and the four guys entered the house. It was an ordinary-looking middle class living room: Ikea bookshelves and coffee table, brown leather couch, large screen television art deco prints on the wall. Nothing to suggest that the owner had at one point owned a remote that could turn him into anyone in the world. And no hint as to why he'd sold it to Kai.

They stepped inside and introduced themselves. The neighbor's name was Ben and, this close up, there was no doubt that he was a clone of George Clooney. He'd definitely used the remote before.

“We accidentally transformed ourselves,” Kai said once they were all inside and had introduced themselves. “We need to change back but...” He held out the broken remote to Ben.

Ben took it and looked it over. He pursed his lips. “Hmmm. Could be fixable.” Ben looked up at the foursome. His eyes lingered on Isaiah before returning to Kai.

“Really? You think you can do it?” Kai asked hopefully.

“Maybe. But nothing's free.”

“We can pay you once we change back,” Isaiah offered.

“I don’t want money. I want you two.” He looked at Kai and Isaiah.

“Want us two to what?” Isaiah asked. The lips of Ben’s mouth curled up in a slight smile and Isaiah’s eyes went wide. “Oh, hell no.”

“You want to stay like that, be my guest.” Ben offered the remote back to Kai.

“No, no! We’ll do it.” Kai said. He took Isaiah’s arm. “Come on.”

Isaiah let himself be led up the stairs as the wrestler and the Asian dancer followed Ben to his bedroom. Ben closed the door, put the remote on the dresser, and took a seat on the bed. He grinned up at the two guys.

“Now I want to make this enjoyable for everyone. This is one of the benefits of the remote. Have you two even taken the time to enjoy your new bodies?”

“No,” Isaiah shook his head, sending his long black hair bouncing. “I just want to change back.”

“Why don’t you two kiss first and see how you feel?”

Kai looked at Isaiah, admiring his friend’s delicate face, the pouty lips, the baby-

soft cheeks. He shrugged and moved closer to the shivering Asian woman and grasped her hips. Now it was Kai, in his lean, powerful body who towered over Isaiah. Isaiah looked up at him with big round eyes, his little lip trembling.

Kai leaned down and kissed Isaiah on the tip of his tiny nose. He brought a hand up and stroked Isaiah's cheek, his slender thumb whispering across Isaiah's rounded cheek.

"Just think of yourselves as two lesbians," Ben encouraged them. "You like to watch lesbians, right?"

Slowly Kai brought their lips together. Isaiah was warm and tasted slightly of cherries. His plump lips met Kai's and their hot breath mingled. Kai kissed him once and pulled their lips away. A little tingle of anticipation shivered through him and he smiled down at his friend. Isaiah's lips were parted, his pupils wide with growing desire. Now it was Isaiah who stood up on tiptoe to kiss Kai. This second kiss was longer, deeper.

Kai gripped Isaiah's waist and pulled him closer until their breasts touched. Isaiah strung his arms behind Kai's neck, leaning on him as they made out. Isaiah could feel the power in Kai's form as they touched. Kai's body stretched taut, restless, like a wild animal waiting to be unleashed. Isaiah felt so tiny and delicate in his arms, like Kai could tear him apart if he chose. It was a delicateness of form that made Isaiah delightfully horny.

Isaiah tasted delicious and Kai moaned into his friend's mouth, his hands squeezing and roaming around the petite Asian's body. His fingers slid around to cup her plump ass, then back up her sides and across her bouncing breasts. Isaiah sighed into Kai's mouth, closing his eyes as his body warmed beneath the muscular wrestler's touch. He'd always liked strong women, but usually he was



their equal. Here, he was at Kai's mercy, trusting that Kai would be gentle. As Kai's tongue flicked across Isaiah's teeth, a gentle warmth pulsed through him, driving him on.

He pressed his lips harder against Kai and their hands grew ever more urgent. Little moans escaped each of them. Kai felt something happening beneath his panties, an odd sort of loosening as his body grew warm and wet, preparing to bud for his friend.

Someone gently took the hem of Isaiah's soft pink nightie and lifted it over his head. Isaiah raised his arms to help, and then he was naked. A warm body pressed against him from the back, something firm sliding up between the top crack of his ass. Two masculine hands reached around and covered each of his tits as warm lips kissed their way across the back of his neck. Isaiah shivered and closed his eyes, sighing as the warmth pulsing through him grew brighter.

As Ben gripped Isaiah from behind, Kai shrugged out of his sports bra. He stared down at the wrestler's body he possessed and grabbed the firm tits. They were wonderful to touch and he explored them with his fingers, stroking and patting, watching them bounce up and down as his nipples spiked to attention.

Isaiah caressed himself as his hips began swaying back and forth, the growing arousal making him restless. He loved the sight of the lean arms and sure fingers grabbing this woman's tits, loved the feel of this body as it grew warmer and wetter.

Isaiah closed his eyes, leaning his head to one side so Ben could kiss his way up the nape of his neck. Someone took his hands gently and guided them up, until they were resting against Kai's tits. Isaiah squeezed his friend's solid breasts, playing with them gently as Kai did the same to him. Then Kai's hands slid

down Isaiah's stomach, settling over his pussy, the fingers lightly tracing Isaiah's moistening slit. Isaiah shivered again, mouth opening as a gasp escaped. The cock against his buttocks moved more urgently now, thrusting up and down his backside, leaving a slight sticky trail of pre-cum. Isaiah was past caring about such things. His body craved release. It was too late to turn back. The only way was forward.

Isaiah reached around behind him and grasped Ben's cock. It was warm and firm and fit perfectly within Isaiah's delicate hand. Isaiah spread his legs slightly and guided Ben's cock down between him to nestle against his moisture. Ben drove in between the Asian's legs, skirting beneath Isaiah's pussy, dragging the juices up and down his shaft but not entering him. Not yet.

Moisture dotted Kai's panties from watching his now-petite friend gasping and horny. He slid his shorts off and kicked them aside, then took Isaiah's hand and guided him over to the bed. Ben shuffled behind, hands still gripping Isaiah, cock still sliding in and out between Isaiah's legs.

Kai lay on the bed and spread his legs. He reached forward and twined his hand through Isaiah's hair before guiding Isaiah's face down between his powerful legs. Isaiah leaned on the bed, his ass in the air. He kissed across Kai's pussy, burrowing his flatter nose into Kai's new sex and inhaling the delicious musky fragrance. His tongue darted out, tracing the line of Kai's slit up and down, adding his saliva to Kai's moisture. Kai lay back and moaned, his hands returning to his tits, squeezing them as his friend kissed his pussy.

Ben shifted his grip, grabbing Isaiah's plump ass. He dragged his cock out from between Isaiah's legs and then guided himself up against the Asian's tight entrance. Isaiah felt the pressure on his pussy, the warm firmness pressing into him, urging his body to give way. The pressure built, built, and then Isaiah's inner lips parted and Ben sank into him.

Isaiah paused, cooing as he was filled. His tongue rested on Kai's tiny bud. Kai felt his friend pause and rose his hips up to meet Isaiah's lips, needing the restless heat inside him to be released. Ben plunged deep into Isaiah, gasping as Isaiah's cunt stretched around him, claspng his cock like a glove. Isaiah moaned and resumed licking his friend, pressing the broadside of his tongue against Kai's pleasure button.

The three rode each other locked in their positions. Ben thrust gently into Isaiah, whose tongue pressed against Kai's clit as Kai lay spread eagled for him. Isaiah brought in his fingers to help, spreading Kai's pussy apart before slipping into his delicious warmth. He curled his fingers and followed Kai's canal up until his fingertips landed on the dimpled walls of Kai's innermost pleasure. Isaiah stroked with his fingers and licked with his tongue, turned on by the sight and the sound and the scent of his friend as Kai roiled around him. Kai's body was bursting with heat, almost ready to explode. Kai gripped his tits harder, opening his eyes to stare down and watch Isaiah feast on his new pussy.

Ben moved faster inside Isaiah, withdrawing and pumping in deeper with each stroke. He moaned as he slid in, increasing his tempo until his balls thumped against Isaiah's thighs and the slap of his groin on Isaiah's plump ass filled the room.

Isaiah began moaning into his friend's pussy, his own pleasure cresting higher with each thrust of the cock inside him. Isaiah slid his fingers deep into Kai and pressed down on his clit with his tongue and suddenly the heat inside Kai exploded.

Kai cried out, raising his hips as the bright flash filled him. Pleasure lit him from head to toe and he cried out in a throaty voice. He gripped his tits tighter as pleasure wracked him, making him convulse delightfully around the Asian

woman's tongue and fingers.

Isaiah felt Kai shiver around his head and came with him, mewling softly into Kai's wet heat. Ben joined them, pumping hard and with a final grunt he sunk deep, deep into Isaiah. The throbbing heat filled Isaiah, wet cum pumping into him, filling his tight pussy and making his eyes roll back in his head with ecstasy. He leaned on the bed for support, driving his mouth harder against Kai's sopping wet pussy as he was fucked for the first time and filled with creamy seed. He moaned into his friend's pussy, mouth full of Kai's juices, nose filled with the delicious musky fragrance of Kai's cunt.

Their moans filled the room as they came together, pumping and thrusting, bodies wriggling as desire burst through them and out. Ben soon slowed inside Isaiah and Isaiah could think again, the pleasure finally releasing him. He raised his head, wiped his chin and looked down at Kai. Kai looked up at him with hooded eyes and ran his hand through his long hair.

"Fuck me," Kai whispered in awe.

Ben pulled out of Isaiah, his cock slick with their mingled juices. "Next time," Ben promised.

Isaiah rolled on to the bed next to Kai, utterly spent. Kai pushed himself into a seated position. "What do you mean 'next time'? You're fixing the remote, right?"

Ben pulled his pants up and picked up the remote to peer at it. "Man, even if I thought I could fix it I still don't know how it works."

“What?” Isaiah exclaimed.

“You think I wanted to stay like this?” Ben asked, turning to them. “You think my husband likes having big tits?” He paused and considered. “Well, maybe he does,” he muttered to himself. “Anyway, I didn’t really like having a dick but there’s worse things to be stuck as.”

“What are you talking about?” Kai gulped.

Ben sat on the bed. “I was a woman. My husband was a man. That was before we found that damn remote in a charity store. Oh, it was fun at first, until we wanted to change back. The remote seems to have a mind of its own. It likes to play games.

“For a few months it would only let my husband transform into animals. I had to keep him inside the house because I had no idea how to explain to my neighbors why I was keeping a pet cheetah. Of course, they probably wouldn’t have even been able to understand me because I could only speak Klingon. So when we finally got the remote to put us into normal human bodies we stopped. Didn’t want to test our luck.

“So, I’m a handsome celebrity and he’s a porn star. And you’re...whatever you are.”

Ben handed Kai the remote. Kai took it and held it in his lap. Isaiah tucked his legs up and wrapped his arms around them.

“So we can stay like this or take our chances.” Kai said, looking over at Isaiah.

“How bad could it get?” Isaiah asked Ben.

Ben shrugged. “I was a talking hamburger for a little while. If you like that sort of thing then go for it.”

The three of them got dressed and returned to the living room. Zack and Michael were stretched out on the couch and Zack grinned up at them when they returned.

“Get everything sorted out?” He laughed, knowingly.

He wasn’t laughing at all once Kai explained the situation and laid out their options. They were all silent for a little while before Michael spoke up.

“If we stay like this....what do we do? I can’t go home like this.”

“You can stay here with Marilyn and me,” Ben offered. “Of course, you’ll have to get a job. Or find some other way to earn your keep.” He arched an eyebrow suggestively.

Michael jumped at the chance to be away from his mom. The others weren't so eager. Kai wanted to at least try to explain things to his girlfriend and Ben let him dig through the closets for something a little less revealing to walk home in. All the women's clothes were much too small for Kai's muscular body so in the end he struggled into a tight, ill-fitting dress that was much too short on him. But at least it covered his body better than the wrestling outfit.

"Offer's open if you change your mind," Ben said, before Kai left.

It was difficult for Shelly to comprehend that the sexy wrestler on her doorstep was, in fact, her boyfriend. She thought it was a practical joke but he eventually convinced her he was telling the truth by talking about some of the intimate things they'd done that only Kai could have known. Of course, knowing the truth and accepting it were two different things.

Shelly wasn't attracted to women but she tried to befriend Kai. She had a hard time explaining things to her friends, and especially explaining where her boyfriend had gone.

Michael's mom was livid at his disappearance. The cops combed the neighborhood but couldn't find any trace of the four guys. It was a huge mystery that caught national attention for a few days before flaring out.

Eventually, Shelly needed to move on. Kai didn't help matters because he kept getting caught masturbating.

"Only because you won't touch me!" He yelled.

Their relationship stalled and then finally broke down. Kai went to live with Ben and the others. By then they'd adjusted to their new forms. They took turns cooking and cleaning and pleasuring each other. The house rang with the sound of moaning and the orgasmic cries of bliss. Michael became an expert in his new body and eagerly taught the others how to touch themselves. As Ben was the only man in the house, the others had to either pleasure each other or bring home other people. Sometimes both.

It was a different life, but none of them were eager to test out the remote on the chance that it would make their lives worse. There were much worse things they could become and, besides, the orgasms were pretty great.

# # #



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