

Switched at the *Altar*



Part 1

**Jezabel
Foxx**

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Switched at the Altar Part 1

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There was a loud collective gasp in the audience behind me. I struggled not to turn around and was just about to when my husband-to-be nudged me and whispered in my ear.

"What's going on?" He asked.

We were in the chapel, standing in front of the priest and getting ready to say our "I do's" when something started to happen.

I shrugged and turned to him. "I don't know. Why are people looking at us like that? Is my hair out of place?"

"Are you sure you want to go on?" The priest leaned forward and asked, a mask of concern covering his normally stoic face.

"Why wouldn't we?" I suddenly became serious. "Why, is something wrong?"

Infuriatingly, the priest just shrugged his shoulders and went back to staring at his notes.

"Honey," I asked Dave, "What's wrong?"

I coughed as my voice seemed to have somehow hitched.

He was about to answer, when my best friend, Melissa, quickly came up beside us.

"Guys," she said urgently, "what on earth is going on?"

I turned to her and saw the shocked and worried expression on her face. "What do you mean? Why is everyone staring at us like that and whispering?"

She put her hand over her mouth. "You mean you don't know? Oh my God!" She looked around the room and motioned the priest over.

"Yes?"

"The bride and groom need a few minutes to collect themselves," she explained.

"We do?" I asked, looking at my husband-to-be.

She nodded vigorously. "Yes, you do."

"Oh, very well," the curmudgeonly priest looked at his watch. "But make it quick."

The second he said that, she grabbed my arm and practically dragged me to the ladies' room.

"Oh my God," she said, locking the restroom door and splashing cold water on her face. "I can't believe you don't know what everyone else in the whole room already knows."

"What?" I said, stamping my high-heels on the marble floor. "Melissa, tell me what's going on!"

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"You're becoming a man." She said, finally.

"What?" I nearly screamed.

"I don't know how or why, but you're turning into a man." She directed my attention to the mirror. "Take a look."

"This is absurd!" I said and turned to look at myself in the mirror. I expected to see nothing more than my pretty face staring back at me.

"Is it?"

I was about to say something snarky - after all, she was ruining the best day of my life - but my mouth froze in mid word.

I quickly looked behind me to see if this was some kind of an elaborate prank - although I wasn't sure exactly how it would be pulled off. But there was no one there.

"My face!" I said, touching it with my hands. "What happened?" I asked Melissa without

taking my eyes off this...face that wasn't mine.

The eyes that stared back at me weren't mine. I was looking into the face of a man I'd never seen before. Albeit a very handsome, sexy man.

"I don't know," she said, staring lustily at my new God-like face. "But whatever happened, it turned you into a hottie!"

"Melissa!" I playfully swatted her. But she was right. I hadn't a clue what was going on, but right at this moment I was hotter than my husband-to-be.

"Well, you are!" She ran her hands along my cheek and I felt myself grow warm under her touch. "I wonder what else has changed."

I stared at her, open-mouthed, not believing what I just heard from her lips.

"What?" She said, her eyes dancing mischievously. "You can't stand there and tell me that you're not one bit curious."

I continued to stare at her, but she was right: I WAS curious.

"Well, I guess it won't hurt to check it out. It's not like it's anything you haven't seen before."

The moment those words left my lips, my good, close friend was on her knees lifting up my wedding dress.

That was awkward.

"Oh my God!" She hissed from under the fabric.

"What?" I asked, frantically pulling up my dress.

She poked her head out from under and her face was flush. "Just the biggest God damn cock I've seen outside a porn movie!"

"Get me out of this dress," I commanded. "I've got to see this." Me? A cock? This was absurd. But, then again, so was having a manly face.

It took us a couple of minutes, but in the end, I was standing before my best friend completely naked - in a man's body.

"Holy shit, you were right!" I gasped, looking down at my dangling cock. It was literally the biggest fucking thing that I'd ever seen.

"God, you're such a hunk!" Melissa eyed me up and down, causing me to shiver uncontrollably.

"I've seen that naughty look in your eyes before," I smiled, knowing exactly what was going on in her mind. As a (apparently former) woman myself, when I looked down at my large, nicely curved, veiny cock I had lusty thoughts race through my own head.

"Look at it, Alice!" She knelt down and began fawning over it. "Isn't it just the most dreamy thing you've ever seen?"

I jumped when I felt her long, cool fingers gently touch and caress it.

"Melissa! What on earth are you doing? I'm a married woman!" I protested, but I had to admit that her touch felt sublime.

"Not yet, you aren't!" She smiled deviously and licked her sultry lips.

"What? Oh crap, I forgot all about the wedding." I giggled. "I can just see the look on the priest's face as he's waiting for us to return and here I am in the restroom, naked and letting you touch my cock. Ha!"

"God, you've got a hunky body!" She moaned, running her silky-smooth hands all over my stomach and chest.

Her fingers trailed down from my belly button to my super-hard cock.

"How does it feel?" She asked, licking her lips as she looked up into my eyes.

"Being a woman in a man's body?"

She nodded.

"I have to say that it's a bit scary - I mean, how did this happen? But at the same time it's extremely hot. Just look at the size of this thing!" I grabbed my dick and waved it in her face.

"I know," she purred, I haven't been this excited by a man in...well, forever!" She grabbed my cock and pulled it out of my hands.

"Mmm..." she closed her eyes and sighed. "This thing feels so heavenly. I hope you don't mind me being so forward..."

Before I could say another word, she had my massive cock half-way in her mouth.

I cried out loud when I felt the volcanic heat from her lips as they brushed against my very sensitive skin.

"Honey, are you okay?" my husband-to-be knocked on the door when he heard me moan.

"Oh fuck, he thinks something's wrong." I whispered, panic rising in my voice. "Melissa!" I leaned forward, "You have to talk to him; I can't." Oh God, I hadn't thought about this little problem. If I said something, he'd think there was a guy in here - which, technically there was, but not in the way he'd think.

"Mmph!" She answered, her mouth completely full of my cock.

"Please!" I begged my best friend.

"Okay, okay," she said, slowly pulling her lips off my cock. "Don't get your panties in a bunch."

Just as my husband started to speak again, Melissa cut him off. "Dave, Alice isn't feeling well. It has nothing to do with the pre-wedding jitters, but I think she's come down with something." She smiled and kissed the tip of my cock-head. "You're going to have to postpone the wedding."

"Oh my God," he said and we could both hear him slump against the door. "Is she going to be all right?"

Melissa looked up at me for the answer. I nodded.

"Yeah, she just needs a little personal time."

"Okay," he said with a hint of worry in his voice. "I'll let the pastor know."

The second that he was out of earshot, she turned her attention back to my throbbing cock. I had absolutely no idea that a man's cock was so sensitive. No wonder they always begged to get their dicks sucked. It felt awesome!

"Whew, that was close," I said, making sure that my new, manly voice was lowered. "But what on earth are we going to tell him? Or the pastor or --"

Melissa stood and placed a finger on my lips, shushing me.

"We'll just have to tell them the truth," she said, without a hint of concern on her face.

"The truth!"

Before I was able to finish uttering the word, her ruby-red lips were against mine. I resisted at first, but as a man I really, really wanted her to continue whatever it was that she was doing. I didn't care if she was my best friend or that we were doing it behind my husband-to-be's back.

Our voices fell silent as she pressed her lips hard against mine and the only sounds that

could be heard was that of our heavy breathing and our passionate lip-locking.

Within a heartbeat, she had completely slipped out of her clothes and was rubbing herself up against me.

Her soft moans filled the restroom and her barely audible kisses in my ear sent wicked shivers down my spine.

I was supposed to be making out with my husband right now - not my best friend.

"You may now kiss the friend of the bride..." she whispered huskily in my ear while at the same time pressing her small breasts against my rippled chest.

"You know," I said, panting with lust, "We can only do this just this one time. Once I'm married..."

Again she put her long, slender, red-tipped finger to my lips. "Let's not talk about tomorrow. Let's just enjoy today."

I nodded, giving in to my animal lust. Truth was, as a man I wanted her more than I had words to express. Maybe it was because this was my first time. Or that she was one of the hottest, most beautiful women I had ever seen. Whatever the reason, I knew right then and there that I needed her.

She pressed her belly insistently up against my extremely hard shaft. I didn't know if I could hold back, the feelings were so intense.

"Take me," she whispered, kissing me all over my face and neck. Her hands were a blur all over my body and I found myself caressing her smooth skin. I ran my large hands through her silky hair and wanted so much to just lay her down on the cold, hard floor and ram my cock deep inside her sopping wet pussy.

But I was also acutely aware that a woman needed to be pleased first.

I lifted her up into my arms and set her down on the wide, clean counter. Without a word, she parted her long, luscious legs and leaned back, exposing her delicious womanhood for my perusal.

My cock jumped when I saw her pink petals for the first time. They were so perfect and delicate that my mouth watered just looking at them.

"Lick me," she said, breathlessly, her breasts heaving from her excitement.

I looked into her ice-blue eyes and nodded. I couldn't believe I was doing this - and to my best friend to boot!

She brought a little bit of her dew from her petals to my nose and the scent struck me like a brick falling on my head.

"Oh God that smells delicious!" I groaned as I struggled to keep my cock from shooting all over the place.

She scooted her pussy closer so that I could have an easier time accessing her cave of lust.

I took my time getting to her quim; slowly kissing her legs up and down, causing her to shiver and mewl like a kitten.

By the time I finally got to her pussy, she was already half-way to her orgasm.

"Oh fuck!" She cried out when I breathed hotly on her pulsing clit. I couldn't believe how wet she was! Cum was literally dripping down her folds, threatening to spill onto the counter. If only the pastor could see us now!

I tortured her poor, helpless pussy for several minutes before sticking out my tongue and lightly touching her petals.

The instant I did, she bucked her hips, mashing her pussy into my face as a wild orgasm ripped through her, the likes of which I'd never seen before.

"Oh my God!" She kept saying over and over as she grabbed my hair and held my head as she mashed her raw pussy into my face. She came several times doing that and by the time she was finished, my whole face was completely drenched in her woman cum. I mean drenched.

"Let me kiss that off you," she said, wrapping her legs around me and pulling me to her.

I had never seen a woman so excited over her pussy cum as she was. She licked and sucked her own hormonal juices off my face until it was spotless.

"Let me return the favor!" She said, sliding down to the floor again.

She looked up at me with her mischievous, blue eyes and my heart melted. As a man, I wasn't interested in my husband, I was attracted to my best friend.

Maintaining eye contact and still smiling, she descended upon my steel-hard, turgid cock. The sudden feeling of pleasure caused me to jerk it back out of her mouth.

"Ah ah, naughty boy!" She playfully swatted my cock. "You come back here this instant. Your best friend Melissa has something that you want."

I closed my eyes and groaned as she crawled on all fours toward me and again engulfed my throbbing beast of a cock, holding on to my hips to keep me from slipping out of her grasp.

A loud groan escaped my lips as she began working her womanly ways on my brand-new dick. I'd never felt such stimulation before! My God, how on earth did men stand it?

"You like that, stud muffin?" She asked, sliding her mouth off my cock and spanking me on the ass. "You like it when a real woman takes control of your cock?"

I gulped and nodded. The feelings coursing through my body at that moment were extraordinary. If she didn't stop soon I was going to unload my boiling cum deep down her throat.

With one hand, she deftly began to stroke my hanging balls and with the other, she worked my shaft. If she wasn't trying to make me cum, I don't know what she was doing.

The second I felt my cum getting ready to erupt from my balls, she stopped suddenly and gently slapped my cock.

"Bad cock! Naughty, naughty!"

Oh God, I lost it at that. I couldn't hold back and my huge cock began spraying large amounts of thick, viscous cum all over the place. Some landed on her face, some on the floor and even some behind her.

"Wow!" She exclaimed. "I've never had that effect on a guy before!" Once she realized that I wasn't going to be able to hold it, she endeavored to clean up the mess she created.

She licked and sucked up every drop of cum that she could find - from my cock, her face, even her hair. It was one of the hottest things I'd ever witnessed.

"Well," she said with a super-wide grin on her cute, petite face, "I guess we're just going to have to get you all ready again."

She proceeded to kiss every single inch of my body. By the time she was done, I felt like I'd just taken a bath.

"You're really getting off on my new man form, aren't you?" I teased.

"Oh God," she said, squeezing her legs together as another orgasm wracked her body, "You have no idea how sexy you are."

She turned me to the mirror and stood behind me. "Just watch this and tell me that - as a

woman - you're not at least a little bit turned on."

She grabbed my cock from behind, slicked up her hands with her own spit and began stroking my quickly hardening shaft until it was fully erect.

"You're right," I agreed. "It's hot."

"And look at these muscles!" She cooed as she grabbed my pecks hard enough that I thought maybe she was trying to take them off.

"Flex them for me!"

I did as she bid and was amazed at how awesome they looked. Forgetting about her for a moment, I stared at myself in the mirror, trying out my new-found muscles.

"No wonder guys like to work out so much! This is fun!"

I didn't realize that by flexing all of my muscles, that I was letting the panther out of the bag - so to speak.

"Oh my God, I need to have you right now!" She practically begged, falling to her knees. "I need you inside me!" She cried as she coaxed my rod to an even greater hardness than it was before.

She looked up at me, desperation in her beautiful, blue eyes. "Take me! Right now. Don't be gentle!" She stood and kissed me passionately on my lips as she continued to manipulate my throbbing cock. "I want you to be dominant and forceful. Don't ask; take."

With that kind of invitation, I couldn't help but agree.

I picked her up as easily as one would lift a balloon and practically threw her down on the counter, nearly breaking the large, glass mirror.

"Yes, that's it!" She cried, wrapping her arms around me and pushing herself forward. "Fuck me! Dominate me!"

As I had never been a man before, I really had no idea what I was doing. But, luckily, instinct kicked in and with a little guidance from her slender fingers, my cock found its home.

I was past her petals and inside her pussy before I even realized it as she was so sopping wet.

The feeling of heat and tightness around my sensitive cock was overwhelming.

"Oh my God, yes!" She cried out a bit too loud.

Wrapped up in our weird little affair, neither of us heard my husband's footfalls.

"Honey! Is there something wrong? I sent everyone home." He paused. "There's a long-line of well-wishers here who want to see you before they leave."

Oh God, I mentally slapped my forehead. This really wasn't what I needed at the moment.

"Tell him that I'm not feeling well and that I don't want visitors right now." I whispered as I slowly drove my massive cock into her extremely small, tight - but very wet - tunnel.

She smiled and kissed me on the nose. "You're going to have to tell him sometime."

"What, that he just about married a man and now I'm fucking my best friend? Are you crazy?"

She smiled. "I don't know; I'm not the one who turned into a man at the altar and is fucking my best friend." She giggled.

"Are you two okay in there?" He pounded on the door.

I glanced toward the door and back. "Just tell him, okay?"

"Maybe..." she smirked wickedly, her blue eyes gleaming with mirth.

"Ug! Women!" I kissed her passionately on the lips as my soon-to-be-husband pounded

futilely on the door. We both ignored him.

When we pulled apart, I looked her in the eyes. "Okay, what do you want?"

"Hmm..." she put her finger under her chin and looked up, pretending to think about it.

"Maybe I don't want this to be the only time."

I looked at her, shocked. "What? What happens when I change back?"

Her wicked smile spread further across her face. "Who says you're going to change back."

I stared at my best friend uncomprehendingly for several moments before I finally understood what she was trying to say.

"Oh my God, no! You didn't!"

She was nodding and smiling as I was saying those words.

"You devil!" I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "You changed me, didn't you?"

"Of course!" She kissed me on the neck and slid forward so that my cock embedded itself deeper into her tight, hot pussy. "I couldn't stand seeing you slip from my grasp."

"You witch!" I chastised her. Secretly, though, this turned me on more than anything ever had.

"Is everything all right in there?" I heard a man's voice who wasn't my soon-to-be-husband's.

My little devil was about to say something, but I shushed her. "Don't worry about them. This is like the plot on one of them soap operas. So, what's your plan? Are you going to keep me as a man just to do your bidding?"

She lifted her legs up and wrapped them around my waist, locking me deep inside her.

"No," she said. "But I don't want to be left out in the cold again." She wrapped her arms around me and held me tight. "I have the potion that will change you back. You can have it on one condition."

"What's that?" I asked, grunting as I pushed in and out of her tight pussy, finding a pleasing rhythm that didn't bring me to orgasm too fast.

"I want to share you with Dave."

I stopped my pumping cold. "What?"

"You heard me. I want to fuck both you and your husband. I want both of your sperm to fight it out for the rights to knock me up."

I stared at her in shock for several moments as there was more banging and shouting outside the door. I didn't give a flying monkey what was going on out there.

"Otherwise you'll..."

I held a finger up to her lips. "Don't say it. I'll agree. I'll do whatever you want. If you wanted to fuck my husband, why didn't you just say so?"

She grinned and kissed me on the lips softly. "Because, my dear. It's not your husband I wanted. It was you!"

At that moment, we both looked over at the door as keys rattled and the door suddenly burst open, revealing a gaggle of onlookers who got a full glimpse of me fucking my best friend on the counter top.

"Oh my God!" An old lady in the crowd gasped and fainted. Someone dragged her off as the collective prudes shook their heads and righteously slithered off, tut-tutting every step of the way.

The only one who didn't leave, was Dave. I stared him straight in the eye and expected him

to yell at me or curse me out or something. But what he did next was even worse.

"Gah! Couldn't you two get a room?"

I started to say something, but Melissa pinched me and spoke instead.

"I'm sorry, Dave. Could you come over here?" She asked. I wondered what devious plot she had up her sleeve.

He looked around quickly and shut the door, locking it behind him.

"Where's Alice? I thought you said --"

Oh my God, he didn't recognize me! That's because - to him - I was just some hunk fucking his fiancée's best friend. In the bathroom.

"Don't be shy, big boy..." She cooed as he came closer to her clutches. It was so cute; he was doing his best to avoid looking at her gorgeous, naked body.

"What?"

The moment he said that, she grabbed him with the quickness of a snake and kissed him full on the lips.

I didn't know of very many men - married or not - who would be able to resist the temptation that Dave was facing at that moment.

She kissed him passionately and held onto him for as long as she could before he was finally able to break free of her grasp.

"What the hell? What are you doing?" He stepped back and straightened his clothes. "This is highly inappropriate. What would Alice say if she saw you do that?"

I cleared my throat. "I'd say it's perfectly fine."

"Who the hell asked you?" He growled.

"You did..."

Continued in part II

Other Stories by Jezabel Foxx:

* [From Geek to God](#)

Jake was tired of always being the scrawny, picked on one at college. For as long as he could remember, he'd always fantasized of a way to ditch his small, weak body and get the body he'd always wanted. Sure, he could work out like it was nobody's business, but that was just too much work. Ain't nobody got time for that!

One day after his chess club meeting, his one and only friend, Anita, brought him some spectacular news. Apparently, a new breakthrough has been made and she's the only one who can get her hands on it.

Does Jake take his friend's offer, giving him a shortcut to the one thing he's always desired? How does Anita react when her "friend" becomes a hunky, God of a man? Will she still relegate him to the friendship zone? Or will she suddenly be panting and lusting after his body?

* [When Gender Swaps Go Wrong!](#)

Susan wants to sissify her husband, Mike. He's weak, spineless and very unmanly. But instead of becoming the woman that Susan always suspected he was, he becomes the opposite: a strong, dominant bull of a man who has no qualms taking what he's always wanted: her best friend.

* [Homewrecker!](#)

Upset that her boyfriend of five years was stolen away from her, Tina decides to take matters into her own hands. Getting her rival to agree to the change wasn't difficult at all, but what she wasn't counting on was falling in love with her new male body. Will they conspire to hide these new developments from John or will they let him in on their little secret?

* [I Knocked Up My HUSBAND!](#)

Clarissa is in for the shock of her life when her husband - out of the blue - tells her that he wants to get pregnant. And he wants HER to do it.

* [Switching Places](#)

Laura was tired of her husband constantly berating Suzy, their maid. She wanted him to learn what it was like to be treated harshly. Amazon won't let me say more, but I think you know what happens next :) Come along on a weird, wacky adventure as in one instant Laura, Stan and Suzy's household is completely...changed.

* [Maid to Change](#)

When Francine learns that her husband is having an affair with their maid, Janice, she decides to take matters into her own hands. However, as such things tend to do, everything backfires spectacularly and it's Francine who must now partake of the dish she intended to serve her maid.

* [Spirit Swap](#)

Shara and Teresa meet a spirit woman who wants to experience what it's like to be a man. Do they dare let her? Will Teresa's protection spell be enough?

Find out what happens in this fast-paced, thrilling tale of love, lust and otherworldly curiosity.

The flesh is willing, but is the SPIRIT weak?

* No actual spirits were harmed in the making of this story :)

* [Swapped by the Doc](#)

It was supposed to be just an ordinary surgery. I mean, how hard can it be to get a vasectomy?

First he was switched in the doctor's office and then he was switched in the doctor's home.

* [Boss Swap](#)

When Claire finds out that her boss is cheating on her, she does the only logical thing: She becomes the boss.

* [Supermarket Swap](#)

Jen was just stopping by the local supermarket to pick up some groceries for her girlfriend, Dixie when she realized that she had forgotten to take her medicine before leaving work. She doesn't realize it until it's too late, but her pill gets mixed up with a gender swap pill.

How will Jen's girlfriend, Dix, react to her new masculine physique?

* [Swapped, Popped & Knocked UP \(Swapped & Popped 2\)](#)

Men can't get pregnant, can they?

They can if they've been switched first.

* [Swapped & Popped](#)

What happens at the Rave, doesn't always stay at the Rave.

What was just supposed to be a fun night out with her friend, turned into something that will change Ginger's life forever.

* [Switched at his DESIRE \(Part 1\)](#)

With no job, no money and a pregnant wife to care for, Mark becomes desperate. Giving himself a five-finger discount, he nearly succeeds and gets away with it. Caught and confronted by the store owner, he is given a choice: become his personal maid or go to jail.

He doesn't realize that means switching his gender until he's backed into a corner and it's too late. Will he give in to his rich benefactor and become the woman he desires? Or will he back out and face the consequences?

* [Switched at his DESIRE \(Part 2\)](#)

Now that he's been switched into a woman by his very rich boss, Mark has to go home and face the music. How on earth can he explain to his heavily pregnant wife how he left as a man and is returning as a woman? Will she treat him differently? Will she even still love him?

One thing is for certain: Amy wants to meet the man who did this to her husband. One thing leads to another and she figures two can play at this game. Now it's Mark's turn to face the music.

* [Tending to his Woman](#)

Drowning his sorrows at the local watering hole, Dave was chatting with his best friend and bartender, Joe, about how unfair it was that women seemed to be able to pick up guys at the drop of a hat. Joe didn't just have some comforting words for his friend; he had a solution.

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