

Switched at the *Altar*

Part 2

**Jezabel
Foxx**

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Switched at the Altar Part 2

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Sometimes the bride is the last to know...

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The way my husband was throwing daggers in my direction, I thought for a moment that he was going to go off on me.

Finally, his sensibilities returned. "Is this some kind of fucking joke?" He glared at me.

Even though I was a guy now and could probably take him on in a fight - although I doubt I'd know what to do - I still shivered at his words. I can't say that I blame him.

"Don't worry, big boy..." Melissa purred. "We can explain everything."

"I think you need to," he demanded, folding his arms across his chest.

I had never seen my husband act so dominant before.

"Let me," I said, putting my hand up.

"I don't know who the hell you are. I want to hear it from Melissa." I could tell that he was on the verge of rage again.

She sighed heavily as I continued to pump in and out of her. To say that it was an awkward position we were in would've been the understatement of the century.

"It's like this..." For the next several minutes she explained what had happened, how she had slipped a gender-swap potion in my drink.

He listened to the whole thing impassively, but I could tell that he was seething inside.

He stared at us for several, long minutes, looking back and forth between us as if trying to determine if his chain was being pulled.

"So, you just expect me to believe your fanciful tale straight out of a Harry Potter novel?"

"You don't have to take our word for it," I interjected. "Test me."

He mulled over my words for a few minutes. "Okay, what's our inside joke?"

I whispered it into his ear and he stepped back as though he had just been hit by a two-by-four.

"How?" His jaw worked, but I could see how hard it was for him to say the words. "How on earth did you know that?" His eyes flashed back and forth between anger and incredulity. Poor guy, this was hard for him.

"Because everything Melissa said is true."

He walked around the restroom, combing his fingers through his hair as he tried to take in what we were telling him.

Finally, he stopped his pacing and turned to us. "Are you telling me that my wife's now a man?"

Melissa chuckled, but I nudged her. He was having a hard enough time comprehending this as it was.

"Well..." I licked my lips as I somehow kept up my thrusting. "Not permanently."

The relief that flooded his face was almost comical. "What do you mean? Does this...potion only last for a certain time?"

He was looking at me for the answer, but I was pretty much just as much in the dark as he was.

I shrugged and indicated toward my friend.

"Ah, well, see...it kind of IS permanent, but --" she put her hands up when she saw that he was getting alarmed, "I have the antidote - if you will."

"You make it sound like some kind of poison..." He grumbled, covering his eyes with his palms as he took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

After a long pause, he finally asked: "I just have one question: why?"

The silence in the room was palpable. I could hear Melissa audibly gulp and wondered how she was going to answer it. After all, she was the one who had been telling me that I had to tell him the truth. Now it was her turn.

"Dave," she finally squeaked out. "See, I love Melissa --"

"Oh God," he groaned.

"No, no...I really do!" She said. "I've loved her for the entire time I've known her."

I looked at her in shock. "You have?" That was the first time I'd heard of that.

She nodded, tears streaming down her face.

"So, you thought that - what? You could turn her into a man right before our wedding and steal her away from me? Looks like you succeeded."

"No, honey, that's not --"

"It looks like that's exactly what happened!" He thundered, anger returning to his voice.

"While we're out there worried sick about you, you're in here banging your best friend."

"I'm...I'm sorry." Was all I could manage. I mean, on the whole, he was right. That was exactly what we were doing.

"Look, Dave," Melissa spoke softly, "It's not just your wife I wanted."

He stared at her, dumbfounded.

"It's you."

I really had no idea how my husband was going to react to this. I mean, we'd never actually had a conversation about it before. I didn't even know if he found her attractive or not.

So when he nodded his head and said, "All right," I lost it.

"What?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Well, it doesn't look like you have any moral ground to fall back on," he pointed to what we were doing which completely deflated me. He was right, of course. I couldn't deny him the same thing I was doing.

"You're...you're right." Wow, Melissa really had us by the short hairs.

"See?" She said smugly. "I knew he'd fall for my womanly wiles."

"Oh and by the way," I brought up, "she's ovulating."

"All the better..." he smiled wickedly and rubbed his hands together.

I could tell right away that this was really going to be fucking odd. I mean, a husband and wife teaming up to impregnate someone.

Of course not one word of this could be uttered to anyone. This was assuming I could get my hands on that antidote.

"You think you're man enough to knock me up?" Melissa kissed my husband on the lips. A strong tinge of jealousy coursed through my blood, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

"I'm more than man enough, baby," he kissed her hotly, leaving her breathless and then quickly shimmied out of his clothes and threw them unceremoniously in a pile on the floor.

The woman inside me salivated at the sight of my husband's gorgeous, hunky body. But I fumed and pouted when I saw Melissa stretch out her arms and caress those studly muscles. My studly muscles!

Was I going to stand here and be jealous of the attention my husband was getting when I had my dick stuck all the way inside another woman's pussy and ready to fill her with my

dominant, potent man cum, which would likely impregnate her? No! There was enough of her to go around.

"What are you doing?" Dave asked suddenly when I began caressing his fantastic muscles just as Melissa was doing.

"You're still my husband..." I said in a deep, husky voice. Hell, my hormones were a confused, conflicted mess and I didn't know if I was a man or a woman or some kind of weird hybrid. Instead of fighting it, I just went with it.

He groaned and rolled his eyes. I'm pretty sure that he'd never let another man touch him this way. I had to admit, this was a very odd three-some we were pulling off.

It didn't take long of feeling up my husband's abs before I felt the urge to squirt my load inside Melissa's hot, pulsing pussy.

"Kiss me!" I said to my husband, breathlessly.

"What?" He looked at me as if I'd gone insane, his eyes widening.

"I'm ready to cum and I want to do it while kissing your lips." I knew it was a dangerous request, but this whole scenario was fucked beyond belief.

Melissa giggled and chimed in: "Personally, I think it'd be HOT to see two guys make out. Do it!"

Dave groaned and shook his head. "What I won't do for you two women..."

The moment my lips touched my husband's, I felt my cock swell inside Melissa's tight, hungry pussy. I had an overwhelming feeling rush through my body and then a sense of complete release as my cock stiffened.

"Oh God, yes!" Melissa cried out as she watched the two of us and felt my cock begin to squirt deep inside her fertile, unprotected womb.

With each forceful jet of my cum, I was acutely aware that I was spraying millions of tiny, microscopic sperm into her pussy. Never had I felt more powerful and dominant as I did then.

It felt weird, but good kissing my husband. I'm sure that kissing another man wasn't something that was on the top of his life's "to-do" list, but he was a good sport about it. I may have been in a man's body, but I still had many - if not all - of my old feminine feelings. And as much as I liked cumming deep inside my best friend's pussy, I still loved my husband. Whether I was in a woman's body or not made no difference.

At first, his kiss was stiff and awkward, but he soon relaxed and got into it, even going so far as to run his hands all over my chest. I could tell that even he was surprised that I was so strong.

"Yeah, that's what I'm talking about!" Melissa said, dipping her fingers in her pussy and licking my cum off her fingers like a bear cleaning his paws of honey. It was very hot, I had to admit.

"Holy shit!" My husband burst out when he saw how huge my cock was. "I thought mine was big. Way to make me look small." He looked at me with a serious expression on his face, but I could see that his eyes were smiling.

It had taken me awhile to get used to his brand of humor. At first I wouldn't know if he was joking about something or not, but at some point I realized that his eyes gave it away. That was when I caught on to his little games.

"Oh honey," I said, wrapping my arms around him. "You know you're not small. In fact, until today, yours is the largest I'd ever seen."

"Not fair!" Melissa said with a wide grin and a whole lot of my cum on her face. "You're all talking about his cock, but I haven't seen it. Let me be the judge on who's bigger."

God, I couldn't believe how hot her going to town on my cum made me.

"But first..." She slid off the counter. "A lady always cleans up her mess."

Before I could even say another word, she was on her hands and knees, slurping the mixture of pussy juice and cum from my still throbbing cock. I groaned as my cock stiffened under her ministrations.

"Hey," she said, clapping her hands and stood. "Why don't you go out and see if the chapel's empty."

"Why?" I asked, wondering what devious plan she was concocting.

"Well..." she licked a stray cum strand from her lips, "You, because no one here knows your face. And because...I want to have some naughty fun with your husband somewhere besides here."

God, was she really proposing to fuck in the chapel? Not only was that sacrilegious, but extremely dangerous and naughty.

There was just one problem. "You forget that I have no male clothes. I don't think the priest would take too kindly to a cross-dressing man running around."

My husband snorted.

"Take his clothes, then. You two look about the same size."

I couldn't believe I was actually going to do this. I mean - as a woman - I didn't have a problem wearing my husband's clothes every now and then, but this was just absurd.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Just make sure that no one's going to catch us."

A pang of jealousy raced through my heart as I thought about leaving them all alone. What if this was all just a ruse to lock me out or something?

I stilled my wickedly beating heart as I tried on my soon-to-be-husband's clothes and was almost disappointed that they actually fit.

When I left, I peeked back in and saw that they hadn't wasted a second in making out.

As I awkwardly ambled my way to the main chapel, I couldn't help but wonder if there wasn't something that was going on that I wasn't privy to. Dave did accept the whole situation a bit quick. Was this all set up? Was my best friend stealing my husband away from me?

These thoughts were interrupted when I passed the priest in the hallway.

"May I help you?" He asked, startling me out my reverie. My heart leapt in my throat and I had to remind myself that he didn't know who I was - that I was virtually a stranger in his eyes.

"I...I was just looking for someone." I answered, my voice raspy and deep.

"Maybe I can help you..." He pressed.

"Well, I was looking for Dave and Alice...I just got word that they were having a wedding. I hope I'm not too late." I was sweating that he wouldn't see right through my ruse.

"I'm sorry," he shook his head. "Their wedding was called off a little while ago, apparently the bride came down with something suddenly. You'll have to talk to them about their new date." He nodded and continued walking.

I watched him for a moment and then discreetly followed him and saw that he went into his office. Then I doubled back and peeked inside the chapel. It, too, was clear.

"So far, so good..." I muttered under my breath. I hesitated before opening the door to the

restroom. What exactly was I going to find? I mean I couldn't expect my husband to not do the same thing I was doing. That wouldn't be right nor fair. If I found him sticking his dick in my best friend's pussy, I was just going to have to suck it up and deal with it. That was all there was too it.

But there was something else there. Something niggling in the back of my mind. Something that I hadn't really anticipated.

It was hard to pin down exactly what that something was, but there was really only one thing it could be: I actually found the idea of my husband banging my best friend pretty hot. Maybe it was because I was in a man's body - I don't know - but I was actually starting to look forward to watching him plow his big, fat cock deep inside her tight cunt.

I shivered at that thought.

What I saw when I walked back in shook me to my core: my husband was eating my cum out of Melissa's swollen pussy. I stood rooted to the ground as I tried to take in what I was seeing. Whose idea was that? Did she have that much sway over him that she could get him to eat another man's cum - even if that "other man" was his wife?

"Well?" Melissa asked as she squirmed under my husband's ministrations.

"It's all clear..." For some reason I just couldn't take my eyes off what my husband was doing. It was truly mesmerizing. And I found myself getting extremely hard over it.

"Great!" She said enthusiastically, pushing my husband away from her snatch and jumping up. "Let's do something REALLY naughty!" She giggled, grabbed her clothes and bounced out of the restroom.

My husband turned to me and - with my cum smeared all over his lips - just smiled dumbly and shrugged.

My husband and I gathered up our stuff and quickly followed her down the hall. She was giggling the entire way and the way her butt was jiggling, we started giggling too. This was completely absurd and I honestly have no idea how on earth I had gotten myself into this mess. I just wanted to have a nice, quiet church wedding without all the bells and whistles so that we could start our married life as soon as possible.

This was not how I envisioned things turning out.

By the time we got to the chapel, both my husband and Melissa were cold. It was nice outside, but someone had turned the AC on for the wedding and it had chilled the room down considerably. I was wearing Dave's clothes and I still shivered.

But that didn't seem to stop Melissa. She was like a Labrador in water. She was bouncing around and having the time of her life. Both my husband and I looked at each other and shrugged. Considering how weird the day had already gone, what was a little bit more.

"Uh, we could get caught in here," Dave offered.

"Yeah!" She pumped her fist in the air. "That's like the whole idea." She ran up to the podium and grabbed the mic - which, thankfully, was turned off - and began talking nonsense.

I laughed at her silliness.

A minute later, we all ducked down as someone walked by and poked their head in.

"Anyone in here?" They asked, but none of us answered as we really didn't want to get caught. Whoever it was then shut the door and we waited until their footfalls grew fainter and fainter down the hallway.

"Whew," I said emphatically, "That was close. Let's get done with whatever you want to

do." I suggested to my friend.

My husband nodded. "Yeah, knowing that little ol' grannies were sitting right here makes me a bit queasy."

For some reason that set both me and Melissa off and we cracked up.

Finally, when we were able to calm ourselves, I turned to her. "So, what exactly are we doing here?"

She kissed me and Dave on the lips and smiled. "I want your soon-to-be-husband to knock me up in here."

"Don't tell me," I said to him as Melissa bounced off to find a good spot, "That you and her set this all up."

The way he smiled I instantly knew that they had. "Have you been fooling around with her?"

"Heavens no!" He shook his head adamantly. "I'd never do anything like that to you. That's why we had to get you to act first."

"That's a bold move, are you sure that it's going to pay off?" I folded my arms across my chest. At this point I really didn't know what to believe.

"Well," one side of his lips upturned in a half-smile, "You're still here."

"Here!" Melissa called from across the room. "This is the perfect place."

We ignored her and continued our conversation. "So, if I understand this correctly, this is going to be some kind of weird open marriage?"

He shook his head. "Yes and no. It's just the three of us."

"Ah," I clapped my hands together. "That makes it so much better."

"Oh, come on, honey," Dave pleaded. "You've got to admit that it was an ingenious plan. I'll tell you...that friend of yours is..." His voice trailed off.

"Is what?" I pressed.

He took a deep breath and lowered his voice, "very cunning."

I laughed. "I can see that." I shook my head. "How on earth did we allow ourselves to get caught in her clutches?"

I looked up at him and watched him just shrug his shoulders and smile. He didn't know either.

"All right you two stud muffins!" Melissa shivered with lust. She had draped herself over the back pews. "I want both of you to stuff your big, masterful cocks deep inside me. Got it?"

We looked at each other and arched our eyebrows. Was she serious? Did she really want us to do what we were thinking she wanted us to do?

"Come on," she hissed, looking around furtively, "Before somebody catches us."

When we stepped closer, she motioned for me to get out of Dave's clothes. Gladly. I wasn't used to wearing men's clothing and I really didn't like it. It wasn't soft and silky against my skin like women's was.

"Okay," my husband said with his engorged dick hanging out and a stupid grin on his face. "Who goes where."

I felt like we were participating in some kind of carefully-scripted play where she was the only one who knew what we were supposed to be doing.

"I want you --" she pointed at my husband, "In the front and you --" she pointed at me, "In

the rear. But first..." She directed Dave to sit in the pew while she encircled his cock with her tongue, encasing it within her lips. Just watching that caused my cock to stiffen in response.

"Come here," she beckoned me to sit next to Dave. While his cock was being lovingly sucked to full glory, she wrapped her hand around mine and began stroking it. It felt incredibly good to feel her soft fingers encompass my engorged manhood.

Suddenly the prospect of being a man wasn't so bad. First off, I could reach my own high shelves and could also open my own jars. I chuckled to myself as I thought about my husband and I fighting for the right to open the tight jars.

I knew that I'd also likely be taken much more seriously in the workplace as a man. However, I'd also have to socialize like a man and I wasn't sure if I was ready to give up my soap operas for football.

The moment my husband began groaning, she switched - taking her lips off his throbbing cock and putting them on mine. She grabbed his cock and held it tightly, expertly bringing him back from the brink.

The second her lips touched my cock, I let out an involuntary groan. I didn't know which was hotter - her mouth or her pussy. She knew exactly how to manipulate a man's cock with both.

She worked her magic on my dick and it didn't take long before I was ready for a second round with her. I couldn't believe that my best friend knew so much about pleasuring men.

When I was getting a bit too close, she popped my cock out of her mouth and spit on mine and Dave's, slicking it up with her saliva and smearing it all over.

"Lie down," she whispered excitedly, pushing my fiancée' on his back as she straddled him. Then she leaned forward and motioned for me to take up position behind her.

My cock was throbbing and aching and I wanted so badly to push it back inside her - even if it was her ass. Which was odd as I had never entertained those thoughts before in my life.

"Now, on the count of three, I want you both to push inside me. One...two..." She smiled as she made us wait. "Three!"

The second she counted to three, both Dave and I pushed in both of her holes. I watched Dave's cock sink deeply into her already slick entrance as he closed his eyes and groaned.

I pressed my own cock slowly into her extremely tight ass. I was not prepared for the feelings that her tightness caused around my cock. I never really understood men's desire for anal. Now I did.

I'd never felt anything so sublime in my entire life. Just the feeling of her tight, puckered ass squeezing around my cock made me harder than I had ever been.

"Oh God!" Melissa cried out as she rocked her hips back and forth, working her magic on both of our cocks. "I had no idea it felt this good!"

I slowly worked my large dick deep inside her ass until I had pushed all the way to my balls. God damn did I feel like I was in Heaven!

The two of us grunted as we worked our large cocks in and out of her tight orifices. It felt really weird to be fucking another woman with my husband. But, after everything else that had happened, this was almost normal.

I was in mid-stroke when I heard it: the doors burst open.

"Oh shit!" Melissa whispered. "Alice!" She hissed, motioning urgently with her hands. "Get on the floor!"

I quickly pulled out of her glove-like hole and did as she asked.

"Who is it?" She whispered.

I waited until my breath had calmed down before daring to poke my head over the pew.

"It's the priest!" I hissed.

"Oh God!" Melissa put her hands over her mouth. She was still lying on top of Dave and he was still grunting and undulating his hips, completely oblivious to the fact that we were potentially moments away from being caught.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" He turned his head slightly to look at me. "I'm getting my rocks off."

I couldn't believe I was hearing my husband say these things. Did he have no shame?

I was about to say something, when I felt Melissa wipe my cock off and begin sucking it.

It was certainly something I wasn't expecting. I literally felt my cum surge from my balls and through my shaft.

"Cum in my mouth!" She took it out and quickly said. "I want both of you to cum in me while the priest's still in here."

Wow, this girl was nuts! I certainly hoped that most of our future liaison's were safe at home.

But with her insistence and the way her tongue danced around my cock, I knew there was no way I was going to be able to hold back.

"Oh God," Melissa closed her eyes and sighed, "What if he caught us and was watching us?"

I knew right then and there that she was an exhibitionist, that her heart quickened whenever she did something naughty somewhere that someone could catch her. I didn't share her exhibitionism, but just the thought that the priest of our wedding could catch us banging my best friend titillated me.

"Come on, baby," she cooed at my cock as she gently coaxed the cum from deep within my balls. While she sucked and licked my cock, she gently caressed my balls. I couldn't believe how good her mouth felt on my dick. It was like something from another world.

Just when I thought she'd done everything in her power to make me cum, she suddenly pushed her mouth all the way down my shaft.

It was at that point that I felt a sudden rush through my body and I could no longer hold back my cum. Completely forgetting all about the priest, I grunted rather loudly and shoved my cock as far down her throat as I could possibly get it.

"Huh? Who's there?" The priest bellowed, his deep voice echoing off the walls.

"Oh shit!" I said, putting my hand to my mouth. I laid there as still as I could as my cum flowed easily from my cock to her mouth and down the back of her throat. The only sounds that could be heard was our heavy breathing and her swallowing my huge, thick load.

"Cum in me!" Melissa whispered to my husband as we all heard the priest begin walking towards us. My heart sped up in my chest as I realized that he was looking for whatever had made that sound - and I had no doubt that he was going to find it.

Melissa was still drinking the last droplets of my cum when I saw Dave stiffen and knew that he was about to spray his potent seed deep into her tight, fertile womb.

I looked under the pews to see how close the priest was and to my dismay realized that he

was going to happen upon us before Dave could finish.

Dave moaned and I saw the priest's step quicken.

"Hurry up!" I hissed as I reached for my husband's clothes, but Melissa held my cock firm in her mouth as she slowly coaxed it back to life. God, she was masterful at that.

"Fuck! I'm cumming!" Dave cried as he slammed his massive cock in her pussy, embedding it as deeply as he possibly could.

"Oh, do it!" She whispered, cradling his head close to her bosom. "Knock me up! I want to feel your cum deep in my womb!"

I could tell that her words were having an effect on him - hell, they were having an effect on me and I'd already cum inside her twice.

"Oh God, I can't hold back!" He squirmed under her, wrapping his massive arms around her slender body and pulling her down onto him.

I softly stroked his balls, encouraging him to empty his dominant seed deep within her belly. It didn't register at all that I was doing this as a man.

Finally, he began pumping his hot, ropey cum inside her. No doubt if we hadn't been in the middle of a chapel with the priest just a few yards away this would've been a much louder affair. As it was, it was just soft grunts and mewls that could be heard.

Melissa brought her long, toned legs up and around his hips, locking him inside her. Then she clamped down hard on his throbbing shaft and that was all he could take.

For the next several moments, he emptied his seed directly into her unprotected, fertile womb. I wasn't sure which one of us would end up knocking her up, but we'd share in the responsibilities.

Just as the first squirt left the tip of his cock-head, the priest happened upon us and fell back, clutching his heart. He wasn't as youthful as he once was and seeing two hunky guys fucking a woman on the floor of his church must've been a real shock for him.

I was afraid he was going to hurt himself, but fortunately he crumpled rather than fell and so didn't hit his head hard.

It was a good thing, too. I didn't want anything like that shadow us.

"Come on!" I hissed, trying to get my husband to hurry. At this point, I wanted nothing more than to get back home - and into my own skin.

Several grunts later, Melissa rose, both mine and my husband's cum streaking down out of her pussy and down her legs. She dressed and acted as if nothing was wrong.

"What am I supposed to wear?" I asked as my husband put on his clothes, leaving me with nothing but my wedding dress. As a man, I sure as hell wasn't going to wear that.

"Why don't you wear what he's wearing?" Melissa pointed to the priest and broke out in giggles.

"Melissa!" I admonished as shame filled me just thinking about it.

She shrugged. "Sorry," she said, contritely but not contritely, "It's either that, the wedding dress or naked. Other than that, I got nothing." She burst out giggling again.

I chose nothing.

Other Stories by Jezabel Foxx:

* [Switched at the Altar Part I](#)

Sometimes they say the bride is the last to know...

* [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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