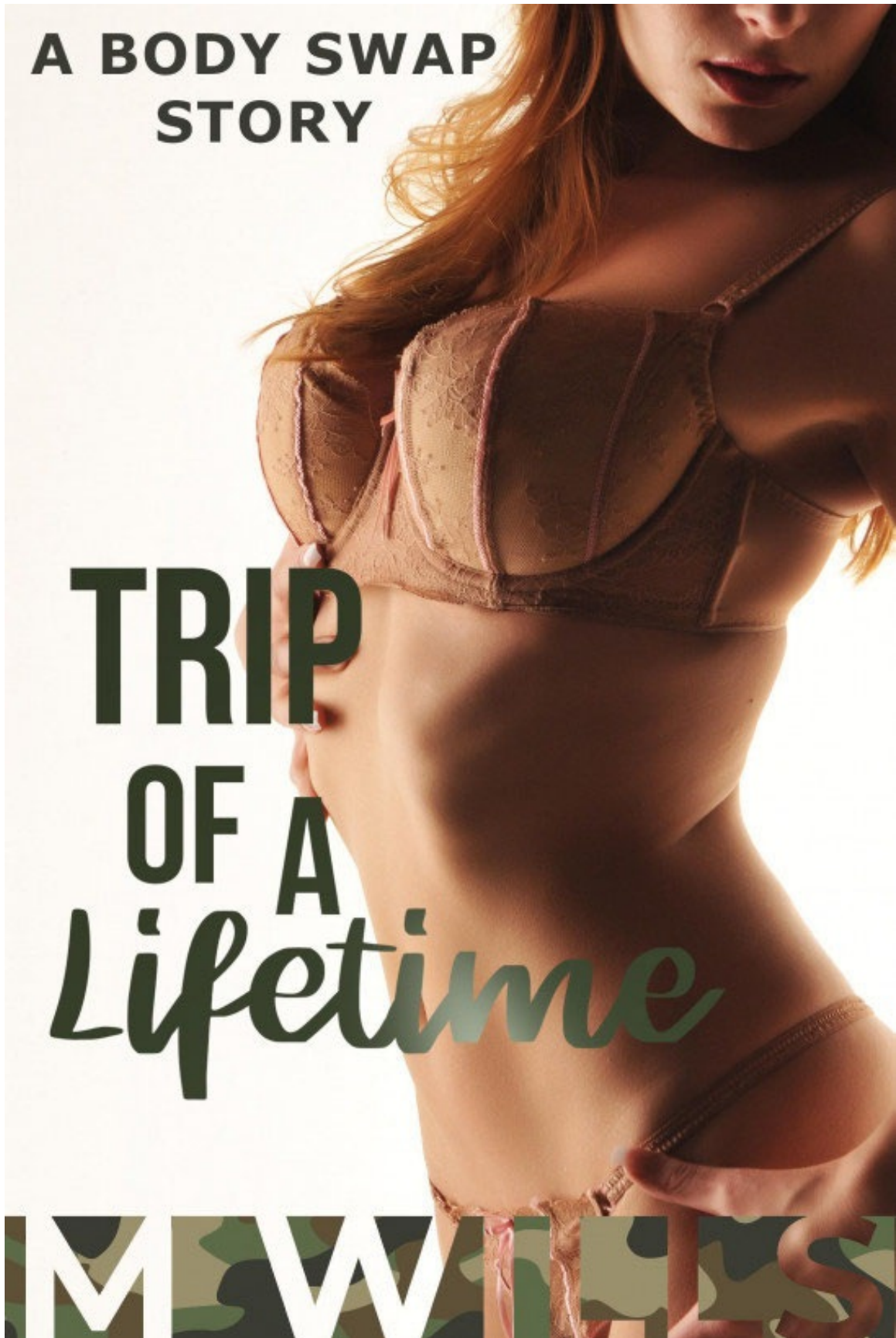


**A BODY SWAP
STORY**

**TRIP
OF A
*Lifetime***

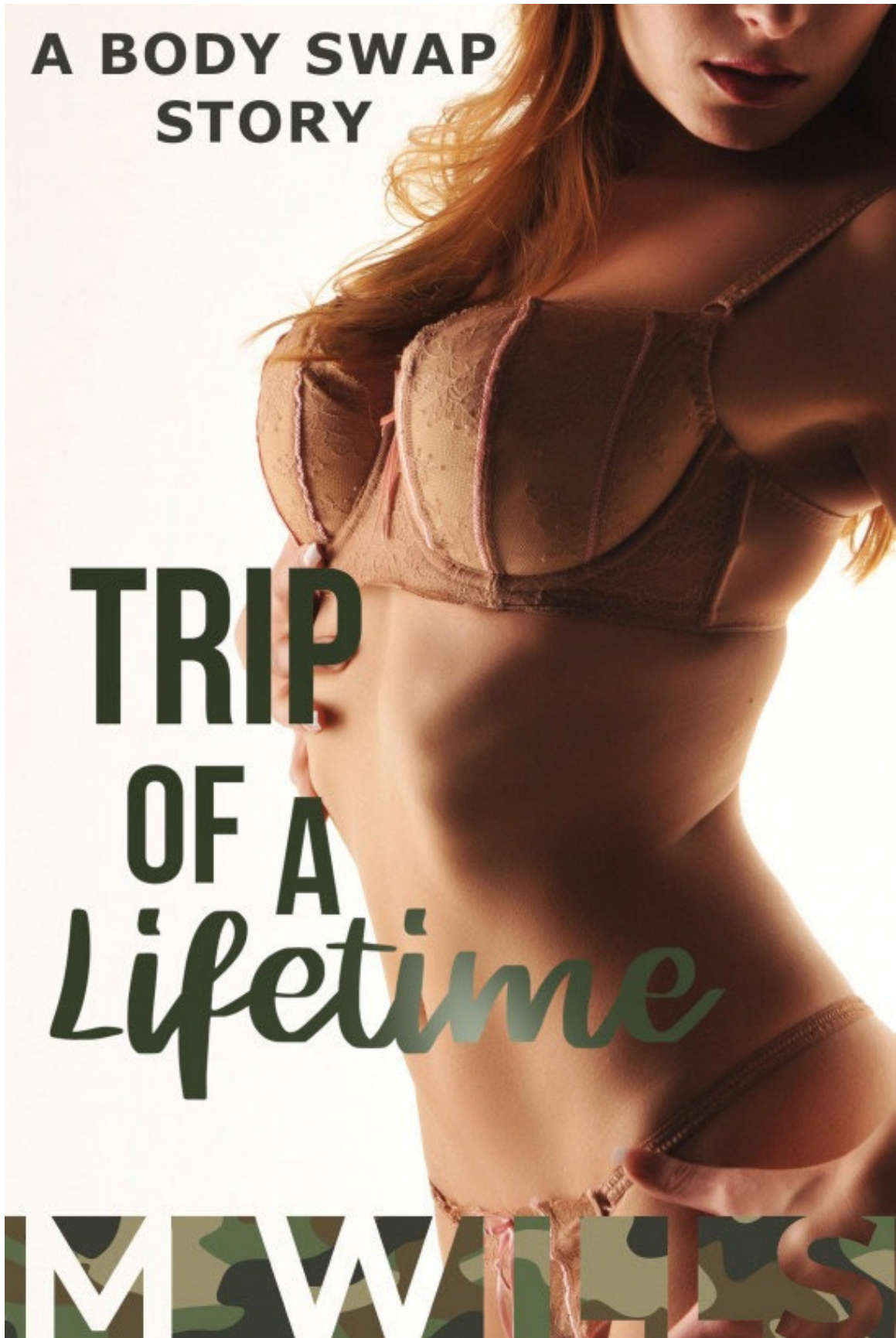
MWTS



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Trip of a Lifetime

A Body Swap Story

by M. Wills

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Trip of a Lifetime

Jamie finished typing up his notes in the patient record database and clicked the file closed. It was near the end of a long and busy day at the hospital and he was looking forward to his time off tomorrow. His friend and fellow hospital nurse, Will, leaned his long arms on the counter and drummed his fingers on the plastic laminate.

“Excited about the battlefield tour?” Will asked.

“Hell yeah,” Jamie said. “Just wish it was more than two nights. We can really only hit a few of the sites.”

After the end of the war between Russia and Ukraine in 2024, the borders had been redrawn and Ukraine had slowly rebuilt itself. Meanwhile, Russia slipped into turmoil after Putin’s inner circle turned on him. As part of the opening up of their tourist economy, Ukraine began promoting tours of battlefield sites. The tour groups were kept small and Jamie had been one of the lucky few to win the draw to go on one. It would be a whirlwind trip around Kyiv and then up to Chernobyl. Exhausting but well worth it to chase a piece of recent history.

“Don’t step on any landmines while you’re there,” Will grinned, beating out a rhythm on the countertop.

The office chair creaked under Jamie’s weight as he leaned back and clasped his

hands behind his head. He was a burly man with a big beard and a bigger smile that endeared him to his patients. He had bronze skin, a swarthy complexion and a strong Scouse accent.

“Pssh. They cleared all those out years ago.”

“Maybe you find the one they missed and...boom!”

“Nah. The leftover radiation from Chernobyl is more likely to hurt me. Well, not me, but, you know.”

“That’s the weird part, too.” Will shook his head. “How can you—”

Dr. Stanford interrupted them and asked Will to help with a blood draw for one of the patients. They disappeared down the corridor, leaving Jamie and the Floor Nurse, Kristine, at the desk. Jamie cast his eyes across the monitors of all the patient rooms. Everything was green. It was well after dinner when most patients had settled into sleep. Hopefully it would stay quiet so Jamie could catch up on his trip briefing.

Jamie slid his phone out of his pocket and flipped back through his emails, opening the one that contained a brief bio of his host. A heavysset, light-skinned man stared moodily out from the photo in the email. He was clean-shaven, with dark rings around his eyes and close-cropped hair.

Jamie stared at the image for a few seconds. So this was the man he would

become for the trip. The guy looked a little beefier than Jamie. They'd tried to match Jamie's body type so he would adjust a little easier but there were only a limited number of people who volunteered for a long range body swap.

Climate change and the ever-present threat of a few rogue Russian separatists with anti-aircraft missiles meant that flights to Ukraine were limited and difficult. Fortunately, long range body swapping technology had come along at just the right time. At first it had been a luxury reserved for the rich and powerful and, undoubtedly, more than a few spies. But as the technology grew more stable and slightly cheaper it came to be used by more organizations.

Jamie didn't exactly relish the idea of being someone else for two days but it would definitely be a unique experience. Besides, it meant that any radiation damage wouldn't be happening to his body, but the person who had volunteered.

Jamie was about to put his phone away when another email appeared. It was from the tour guide. He tapped it open and began reading:

Dear Mr. Martin,

We regret to inform you that your swap host has pulled out due to a family emergency. We will do our best to find you another host but cannot guarantee we will be successful due to the time limitations. Therefore, we can offer you a full refund or offer you a slot in the next available trip. However, there are no available trips within the next two years. Please let us know how you wish to proceed.

Well, fuck. He'd been looking forward to this trip and had already bragged about

it in the online message boards he frequented. Now he would have to wait two years?

Jamie grunted in annoyance but had to shove it down when the head nurse asked him to check on Mrs. Baker in 315, who'd tapped the call button. He pushed himself out of the chair and slumped down the hallway, pausing at the door of 315 to plaster on a big smile. Mrs. Baker just wanted some pain killers and after sorting her out Jamie returned to the desk. Will had taken the seat in front of the monitors so it was Jamie's turn to slump across the counter. He told Will the news about his trip.

“Oh no. What are you gonna do?” Will asked.

Jamie shrugged. “Think I'm gonna need a drink after our shift.”

2

One drink had become two, then three before the pub finally kicked them out late at night. Jamie stumbled home to his cramped flat and face-planted onto his bed. Drink and disappointment sapped his will to even undress. He just pulled the covers over himself and passed out.

The sun was barely peeping through the windows when he was awoken by a jaunty tune. His head was still swimming and he groped around blindly on his bedside table for the source of the noise until he found his phone. Picking it up, he held it inches from his nose and peered at the screen with bleary eyes. The caller ID showed it was from Ukraine.

“Hello?” He croaked.

“Good morning, sorry to bother you so early,” a thick Ukrainian-accented man said..

“’s fine,” Jamie mumbled.

“My name is Kuzma, I am battlefield tour guide from Ukraine. We have found replacement host for your trip if you have interest.”

That woke him up. Jamie pushed himself into a sitting position, closing his eyes

as the world spun slightly. “Yes. Absolutely!”

“One of our part time volunteers will be host. Only...well...I will send you her details. You will need to tell us yes or no in. If you say yes arrangements will be made for appointment at long range body swap facility.”

“Awesome! Yes. Thank you! Thank you!”

It was only after Jamie hung up that his fuzzy brain picked up on Kuzma’s pronoun. Her?

It was an anxious wait for the email and when it appeared Jamie flicked it open. Instead of the dour, serious face of his original host, Jamie was faced with a photograph of a young woman.

Her copper-colored hair was tucked up in a messy bun. Long, wavy bangs fell down either side of her cute face. She had soft features and a cute, upturned nose. A light grey hoodie clung to a slender, athletic body. Her name was Larysa.

Jamie paused, staring at her for a minute, his thumb hovering above the ‘no’ button. They were going to put him in a woman’s body? His first thought was absolutely not. He didn’t have anything against women. Loved them in fact. Just ask his previous girlfriends. But being one? Well, that was different.

But refusing meant he wouldn’t go on the tour for another two years and that nob on the message boards, Jackal519, would be bragging about his trip long before

Jamie. Plus, Jamie hadn't actually had a girlfriend in about a year, ever since Aimee dumped him for that Irish bartender. And, if he was honest, a part of him actually was curious about what it would be like to be a woman.

He scratched his beard and hummed, finally clicking 'accept' before he could have second thoughts. The text message with his appointment at the swap facility came a few minutes later as he was brushing his teeth. He only had a couple hours. He looked around his cramped, messy flat, his head still swimming. He definitely needed to clean up before he had a visitor in his flat. And he really needed to kill this headache before he had a visitor in his body.

He downed a couple of paracetamol and surveyed the chaos that was his flat. There wasn't any time to do laundry so he just dumped his old clothes into a hamper and tucked it back into his closet. Then he tidied the place as best he could within the limited time, picking up the accumulated detritus and quickly wiping down the tiny kitchen. By the time it was clean enough, Jamie's headache had dulled somewhat. He took a quick shower then pulled on some clean clothes.

It was weird going on a trip and not packing anything. Presumably Larysa had packed him some of her things on the other side. In the end, he left his flat with just the clothes on his back.

As Jamie sat on the train, crammed between a woman who kept poking him in the side with her purse and an old man who smelled like cheese, he thought how great it would be to get away from it all. He couldn't help that his bulk took up all of his seat, but the woman seemed to be going out of her way to poke him each time the train changed speed.

He was glad to finally get off and wind his way through the Manchester streets

to the long range body swap facility. It was an impressive building made of glass and concrete. The steely blue windows were completely reflective, obscuring what lay inside.

Jamie hauled himself up the wide concrete steps and into the warm heated interior of the building. A receptionist welcomed him and pointed him to a cluster of seats in the corner where some other people sat, presumably other swappers waiting to go somewhere. The handful of others were dressed in fancy tailored clothes and expensive outfits. Jamie felt very out of place in his plain tee shirt and jeans. A gorgeous brunette glanced up at him and sniffed disdainfully as he approached. These were definitely not his class of people. The only way he could afford this was because the battlefield tour operators provided a generous subsidy to get people to visit Ukraine.

When his name was called, a middle aged man in blue nurse's scrubs accompanied him to the elevators, down a short hallway, and then into a small room. A cot was inset into one wall. Various clamps, sensors and even a helmet were attached to wires that terminated beneath a large monitor above the cot. The whole room was crisp white and smelled faintly of bleach.

“Lie down there and get comfortable and I'll set you up,” the nurse said.

Jamie did as he was told and the nurse bustled around him, attaching various monitors and sensors to his body, before applying a row of sensors around his head. Jamie hummed a little tune, something he did when nervous. The last thing the nurse did was slide a visor over Jamie's eyes that completely cut out the light.

“Okay, I'm going to start it up. You may feel a little tingle. That's perfectly normal. But the whole thing will be quick.”

Jamie felt rather than heard a slight hum reverberate through him. There was the sound of buttons being tapped. Jamie's nervousness ramped up. He was really doing this. He had to stop himself from fidgeting but he couldn't stop himself from nervously asking a question.

“How quick will—” he began.

“—it be?” Someone else—a woman—finished his sentence for him. Only it wasn't someone else at all. The voice had come from his own lips.

He felt someone sliding the visor off his face and he blinked in the harsh white lights. A matronly nurse was looking down at him. He'd never seen her before but she gave him a kind smile and said something in a foreign language. When he looked confused she said something else, thought for a second, and then tried again in heavily-accented English.

“Let me taking you out of these and then we will making sure you are... working.”

He hoped that her last word was a result of the limits of her English rather than a real worry that he wouldn't be working. He held still as she unclipped him and slipped the sensors back onto their hooks. Then she placed her hand beneath Jamie's back and guided him into a sitting position.

The first thing he noticed was just how much lighter he was. Something tickled down his cheek and he reached for it, fingers sliding against smooth skin as he

brushed the loose lock of hair out of his face. He looked down at himself and found a tiny body wearing a tight pink zip-up jumper that clung gently to a slender figure. Two bumps pressed out the top, hinting at the breasts beneath. His slender legs were clad in black leggings that were tight against his skin. Altogether he felt small, much less bulky.

The nurse pulled out a pen light and shone it in one eye, then the other. She nodded, satisfied, and then wrapped a blood pressure cuff around one slender bicep. As she went through the physical checks, Jamie marveled at the little of his body he could see. His hands were the only bare skin, and he stared down at the tiny fingers he now possessed. They were much daintier than his own. The nails were carefully manicured, glossy and rounded to soft curves. He curled them slowly, watching in awe as these beautiful hands moved under his command.

As the nurse bustled around him Jamie shifted on the bed. His butt felt so much more padded and he laughed. “Whoa, it’s like I’m sitting on pillows.” He wiggled a little bit, savoring the new sensation.

“Sitting on...?” The nurse asked, trying to make sense of his English.

“Forget it,” Jamie laughed, waving away her confusion.

God, his voice was beautifully light and feminine, though still with his thick Scouse accent. As the nurse continued to take measurements, Jamie ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth. Even his teeth were different in some ineffable way. When he reached up to scratch his tiny nose he nearly poked himself in the eye. He didn’t quite have a grasp of where his body was in space yet.

When the nurse was done she told him to wait there while she left to get the tour guide. The door slid shut behind her and Jamie remained seated on the bed, his feet dangling over the edge as he gazed around the room. He tried to ignore the strangeness of his own body but as the minutes ticked by it became harder to do.

Finally, he looked down at himself, watching the rise and fall of his chest as he breathed. The jumper's zipper was lowered about to his mid chest. Beneath, he could see a plain white shirt and a little bit of his new cleavage before the breasts disappeared beneath his clothes. He was intensely curious and reached up to grab one of his tits. He could just feel the underwire of the bra holding it in place. A tiny thrill of arousal flickered through him as he realized he was making this woman touch her own breast.

The door slid open and Jamie dropped his hand quickly. A tall, skinny man came in, an electronic clipboard in one hand. His frizzy brown hair stuck out from his head and his face was gaunt but his eyes were bright with merriment.

"Jamie, welcome," he said in a thick Ukrainian accent. He grinned and extended a hand. "I am Kuzma. I will be your guide for the next few days."

Jamie shook his hand, noticing how the man's fingers dwarfed Jamie's now smaller hand. "Hi," he replied.

"I am sorry your original host could not be here but we will make do, yes?"

"Yeah. Look, mate, I'm just glad I got a spot on the trip."

“Wonderful to have you. Before we start, can we call you Larysa?”

“Sure. I think it would be weird calling this...me...Jamie.”

Kuzma laughed. “Indeed. Well, welcome to Ukraine, Larysa. We have some things you will sign, yes?” Kuzma handed him the electronic pad before launching into an explanation of the rules. “You are to be as respectful of host body as you are to host country. Please return host body in same condition as is now. Tour is much safe but do not put your body in danger.

“We also try much hard match body types. Rarely we have man in woman, like you. Remember this is being someone else’s body. Do not do actions that would make disgrace or embarrassment to host body when they return.”

“Right,” Jamie agreed, only a second later realizing exactly what Kuzma was referring to.

“Okay, we try walking around now, yes?” Kuzma clapped his hands. “Hold on,” he added, when Jamie started to push himself to a standing position. “We go slow because your balance not quite ready. Difference between this body and your body is big. So world may seem not balanced for little while. We practice walking around the room.”

Jamie noticed the railing attached to one wall and Kuzma directed him to grab onto it and lift himself to a standing position. He did so. It was strange that he realized how much lighter he was when he went to stand. The signals his body

were sending his brain were all confused. His arms and legs should be longer. His fingers should be thicker. Grabbing the rail was like grabbing a mirage. His brain at first refused to believe the rail would fit within his hand like that.

Kuzma helped him shuffle around the room. Jamie's lower center of gravity and slimmer hips affected his gait and he found he had to force himself to slow down, to take smaller steps than he was used to. After a few minutes he was able to release the railing and took some unsteady steps towards Kuzma. He made it, and clung to the taller man, giggling with excitement.

"You are getting it, yes?"

"I think so," Jamie said.

He swept his copper-colored bangs out of his eyes and stood again. Kuzma still towered over him and Jamie realized that Kuzma wasn't exceptionally tall, Jamie was just much shorter than he was used to. It took some time to get used to how his hips wanted to sway but after about twenty minutes he was able to confidently move about the room.

"Come, come, I will take you to hotel. I think you are ready now, yes?"

The streets of Kyiv were a fascinating mix of old and new. Brutal soviet architecture stood beside buildings colonnaded in a classically Greek style. Modern towers were mixed with smaller brick and glass buildings. The signs of the war in the middle of the city had been mostly cleared but everywhere there were plaques and statues commemorating the loss of this building or these people.

One bombed-out shell of a building had been turned into a memorial of sorts. The façade had been propped up but the sky could be seen behind the empty windows. Flowers were arranged around what used to be the entrance.

Jamie gazed about him as Kuzma led him through the heart of the city, rattling off facts that Jamie was too awed to retain. He usually had a mind for history but right then half his mind was still focused on moving in Larysa's body and the other half was just gawking around at the strange sights. It was a beautiful city and Kuzma was obviously proud.

The Hotel Ukraine stood behind the cultural center near the center of the city. The central part of the hotel towered over the two wings on either side, and the whole building was mostly yellow concrete with stripes of red. The hotel's name was emblazoned in blue at the top, attached to what looked like a wall made of glass but was likely some sort of viewing platform.

Jamie was overawed as he stepped past the neo-classical entranceway and into the grand foyer. People bustled up and down the marbled hallway while Kuzma steered him up to the ornate reception desk. Behind the desk sat a stern-looking young woman in a muted yellow and red uniform.

Kuzma spoke to the receptionist in Ukrainian. Jamie caught none of it except possibly the name "Larysa". The receptionist typed in something on her keyboard and a few seconds later handed Jamie a room key.

"Come," Kuzma said, leading Jamie to the bank of lifts. "Her room is waiting for you."

Jamie's room was on the eight floor. The room itself was surprisingly bland for such an ornate façade but the view was incredible. His room looked out over the heart of Ukraine and Jamie went to the window and took it all in as Kuzma stood at the door with his hands clasped behind him.

Kuzma drew his attention to the suitcase propped up beside the bed. "This is for you. Larysa has packed clothes and other items for your visit."

Jamie unzipped the suitcase and flipped it open. It felt strangely intimate to stare at someone else's neatly packed suitcase, at the girly tops and pants—some panties and bras delicately tucked to one side—and know it was for him.

"I will leave you here to get used to your room," Kuzma continued. "There are ten guests on tour. We will all meet at dinner tonight in hotel restaurant. Eight o'clock. On table here is wallet with some ID and cash. Also basic phone. Good for maps. Also business card with tour information if you need it. You have questions?"

Jamie's head was spinning already. "No. Thank you."

"Enjoy city. Walk around. Talk with people. City is wonderful!"

Kuzma left, closing the door behind him. Jamie went to the window again and looked down at the city. It was magnificent. He couldn't believe he was actually in Kyiv. He'd followed the news of the war with great interest and was excited to walk around the spots of former battles he'd only ever read about.

The ghostly image of his new body was reflected in the window, reminding him just how different everything was. There was a mirror hanging above a skinny desk on the wall across from the bed. Jamie stepped in front of it and stared at his new body for the first time.

Some of Larysa's gold-red hair had slipped out of the bun and fell across his face. He brushed it back, tucking it behind one tiny ear. God, she was adorable. Light freckles spotted the bridge of her nose. Dark eyebrows arched above wide pale green eyes. He peered at his face from different angles, using his fingers to lightly trace the lines of his rich lips, his smooth skin, his gently rounded jaw. His lips curled up in a smile as he ogled himself. His reflection copied him, but the smile on her face looked so much better. Impish. Hinting at playfulness in a flirtatious manner. The look on her face said she wanted him to check her out.

He unzipped his pink jumper with trembling fingers before draping it over the bed. The white undershirt clung to his body and he peeled it off, then did the same with her pants. Now he stood in front of the mirror in just her panties and a sports bra. The bra and panties were a matching set, each with the phrase "Much Hot" stretching across the hem. The bra held his cleavage in place, revealing a gorgeous long neckline above and his trim tummy below. There was just the faintest hint of abs and as he moved his arms he could see the muscles coiling beneath the skin.

So this was him for the next two days. Jamie couldn't tear his eyes away. He was gorgeous. And ...he was going to have to see her naked at some point, so why not now?

Jamie grasped the bottom of his sports bra and peeled it off over his head. He wiggled out of it, dropping it to the floor before tossing his hair out of his eyes and gazing down at his chest. A fabulous pair of breasts hung from his chest.

The curves were exquisite, taut twin mounds rising to light pink peaks of nipple. He released a shaky breath he didn't realize he was holding. He'd never been with a woman this hot and now he was one. It was a lot to take in.

He turned this way and that, admiring how his new body moved, how his tits jiggled when he shook his chest. He ran his hand down his body, fingers lightly tickling the incredible curve of his ass. Half turning, he looked into the mirror and shook his butt, arching his back and teasing himself with his graceful new body. What an ass! And he could check it out whenever he wanted.

Jamie turned back to the mirror and gently grabbed his breasts, spreading his fingers wide to take as much of them as he could. They were warm and with the perfect amount of give beneath his hands. They were also much less sensitive than he'd feared and he was soon squeezing them harder. He smooshed them together, watching them balloon out against his chest, before dropping them and letting them bounce back together. Fuck, it was hot watching Larysa's reflection play with her tits. Even hotter to feel those tits on his own chest, to want his body so goddamn much.

His greed for himself grew as he continued fondling his breasts, pinching and squeezing. A little sigh escaped his lips, a sound of longing that drove a sudden surge of desire through him. He enjoyed listening to her as she grew ever more aroused, and he forced himself to make little sounds, sighing softly, moaning and crying out as his hands roamed up and down his body.

"Oh!" He cried as he dug his fingers hard into his tits. Jamie had a deep desire to touch every inch of this little body. His hands continued gliding up and down his new body, over his hips, his tummy, back to his tits then down to his ass. Larysa felt so good and he wiggled beneath his own touch.

A strange feeling grew between his legs. Something like an inner tension but an outer loosening, and when he dipped his hand beneath his panties his fingers came away wet. He brought them to his nose and inhaled the musky scent of his pussy. His pussy. What a weird and wonderful thought.

He slid off his panties and stared down at himself. His thighs were toned and powerful. The little lips of his pussy were lined with dark copper pubic hair. He brought his fingers down again, landing on his wetness, dipping into his pussy for the first time. Jamie's breath hitched in his throat as a tiny shock of desire burst through him. He followed the line of his slit with delicate fingers, tracing down then up. He paused on his clit and a wonderful inner itch blossomed.

Jamie knew that feeling. It was the same thing he felt every time he began to stroke his dick. The need for more coupled with the wonderful desire of knowing where that more would lead. He spread his two fingers on either side of his pleasure button and stroked in tight circles, moving his fingers around until he found just the perfect spot. It drew a moan from his lips and made his knees weak. He sat back on the bed behind him heavily, his tits bouncing as he landed.

He threw his head back and cried out in a tiny voice as he spread his legs wide and circled over his clit. His wavy hair tickled down his back. His other hand hefted a breast, squeezing the wonderful flesh as the nipple spiked to sharp attention. The fingers in his pussy were magical, like masturbating as a guy except it just kept revving up. Every time he thought he was at the crest he just grew hornier. Now he was dripping, fingering his little pussy in tight circles as little mewls escaped his lips.

Fuck, this body wanted it. He was so wet he could hear himself with each stroke. His restless fingers grabbed for his tit as his other hand continued stroking.

His eyes clenched shut as the tension continued to grip him, winding tighter through him until at last he came. The pleasure roared through him, making his body shake and jiggle. He cried out in agonized lust as he thrust his fingers up into his pussy, enjoying the slickness of his body and the feminine need that urged him on. Larysa's orgasm was long and loud, and he moaned loudly in the empty room as he came around his fingers, body quaking with ecstasy.

It seemed ages before he cooled down again. He withdrew his fingers and lay back on the bed, one hand on his stomach as he recovered. Good goddamn that was amazing.

3

There was some time before dinner so Jamie decided to explore the area around the hotel and try to get his bearings. He dressed back in the clothes he'd been wearing—sans bra because it was too damn difficult to clasp from behind—and added one of Larysa's jackets on top. He'd felt chilly on the trip in from the body swap facility and guessed it might have had something to do with Larysa's more slender body and propensity to get cold more easily. It was the only time he could remember missing his own layer of fat!

He set off out of the hotel and into the crisp late afternoon air. He wandered down the brick paved road of Heroyiv Nebesnoyi Sotni Alley and away from the shopping mall with the aim of winding generally toward Gorodetsky House. The architecture of some of the grander public buildings, with their staid white columns flanking a central entrance, was familiar to him as government buildings back in England. Then there were the gorgeous older buildings with their own distinct Ukrainian flair, whether it was the magnificent façade of the Club of the Cabinet Ministers with its arched windows and blue and gold motif, or the old buildings along Olhynska Street with their ornately stylized facade. Then there was the simple strangeness of road signs. Not just that they were in a language he didn't understand, but even the symbols were different and incomprehensible.

Jamie was gawking. He couldn't help it. He was actually in Kyiv. The place where it all started in the war that set back Russian ambitions for a generation! For all of the importance of such a place people were acting so normal. The pavement was crowded with people hurrying here and there. Stores hawked their wares to passersby with colorful window signs. Cars crawled by through the throngs of pedestrians.

Jamie was so busy looking around that he didn't realize someone was calling for him until he was tapped on the shoulder from behind. He turned to find a young woman about his own age. She looked up at him expectantly with smiling eyes as she said something in Ukraine. He couldn't understand her but he did manage to catch the name 'Larysa'. She tried to slip her arm through his but he pulled away and she stared back at him quizzically.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said in his thick Scouse accent. His accent sounded even more incongruous in Larysa's soft feminine voice now that he was surrounded by the babble of Ukrainians. "I'm not Larysa. I'm just borrowing her body as part of the long range body swap."

The woman's brow furrowed and she tried again in Ukraine. Jamie waved his hands and then tried again, speaking slower this time and with exaggerated gestures.

"I am not Larysa. No Larysa. We trade bodies. Battlefield tour."

"You are no Larysa?" The woman replied slowly.

Jamie shook his head and the woman said something else, slowly in Ukrainian. Flustered, Jamie pulled his wallet out of the pocket of his jacket and flipped through it to see if it held anything that could help. The business card Kuzma had stuck in there had Ukrainian writing on the back of it. He handed it to the woman. She read it and her eyes widened.

"Oohhh," she nodded. She handed the card back to him. "You are visitor. Welcome Kyiv!"

“Thank you.”

The woman’s eyes narrowed. “You be good in her. Otherwise—” She made the ‘slitting throat’ gesture.

“Yes. Of course. Yes,” Jamie said, slowly backing away until he felt he was far enough that he could safely turn and head off.

He continued wandering through the narrow streets, though now he was conscious that the body he was in had a history. What if he ran into another one of her friends? What if he ran into her boyfriend? Assuming she had one of course. Maybe he would run into her girlfriend and then...he shook his head. Fun to imagine taking her life for a while and enjoying himself, but there was no way he could pass for Larysa. Not with this accent and a complete lack of understanding of the language.

On the way back to the hotel he stopped by a little café. There was some sort of dough ball that he eventually figured out—after many attempts at interpretation—was a jam pampushka. He bought one and bit pieces off slowly as he wandered back through the streets. It was doughy and sweet and delicious, and he wondered if it tasted any differently filtered through Larysa’s tastebuds rather than his own.

The sun had set by the time Jamie returned to the hotel. He thought he’d better change for dinner so he rummaged through Larysa’s suitcase for something suitable to wear. There was a simple blue and yellow dress with a high neck and sleeves. The bottom fell down below his knees. It seemed formal enough but also covered him up so he didn’t feel naked. Still, it was an odd feeling sliding

into the dress. There something sexy about the way his bare thighs swished together, the way the air could suddenly rush up and caress his legs.

Jamie combed out Larysa's hair as best as he could. He didn't have any idea how to style it so he just let fall down his shoulders and back. Larysa had left some makeup for him but, again, he had no idea what to do with it. It made him wonder whether she knew she was going to become a man for a day or whether they hadn't told her who would be piloting her body.

When he was done he went downstairs to the restaurant. Kuzma greeted him at the entrance with a smile and a hug.

"Larysa! Come! I introduce you to others."

Kuzma placed a hand on the small of Jamie's back and gently guided him towards a long table that held eight other people. This simple gesture made Jamie feel so tiny and feminine, but strangely not in a bad way. The other guests were men and women who all seemed to be older than him. Kuzma introduced Jamie before rattling off the names of those around the table. Jamie felt nervous with so many pairs of eyes on him and instantly forgot the names as soon as Kuzma said them.

Jamie took a seat between the last empty chair and a heavysset man with a wide, pockmarked face and close-cropped black hair. Though everyone around the table looked like a native Ukrainian they all spoke English with various accents. Jamie caught a few American accents along with at least one Japanese accent.

The heavysset man next to Jamie turned to him and remarked in a heavy Texas

drawl: “Where are you from, honey?”

Jamie bristled at the ‘honey’ remark but let it go. “England. Liverpool.”

“I’m from Texas, myself,” the man replied. “What brings you on the tour?”

“Oh, I’ve always been a big history buff. And this seemed like a great chance to see real recent history. What about you?”

“Hell, I couldn’t pass up the chance to see Chernobyl. The only way to do it was as someone else so here I am. Just wish I weren’t so damn big.” He shuffled uncomfortably in his chair. “How you finding that body? Does it feel as good on the inside as it looks on the outside?” He asked leeringly, leaning closer to Jamie.

Jamie was saved from answering by the arrival of the final member of the tour group.

“Sorry, I’m late,” the woman said as she pulled out the empty chair beside Jamie.

Kuzma stood from his chair and gestured to her. “Excellent. We are all here! Everyone, meet Nastasiya.” He then proceeded to re-introduce everyone around the table but Jamie wasn’t listening again. He was too busy drinking in Nastasiya.

She was young. Probably somewhere in her early twenties and with a figure similar to Larysa's. A waterfall of silky coffee-colored hair was delicately tucked behind each ear and spilled down her shoulders. She had the exquisite face of a model, with perfectly proportioned angular features. She gave off a cold beauty except for her sparkling blue eyes.

And then she was turning those eyes on him, a hint of a smile on her lips. Jamie was vaguely aware that Kuzma had just introduced him and he nodded shyly. He opened his mouth to say something else but Kuzma captured everyone's attention again.

"Now that we are all here, welcome! This is going to be quick but fantastic tour. You all know your host body's diets but tonight meals have been ordered for you. You will all get little taste of Ukraine. Meet, talk and enjoy the night!"

Wine was poured and they all toasted. The conversations around the table started back up again and Jamie turned to Nastasiya. She looked radiant in a black dress that clung lightly to her frame. The low cut neck led down to possibly the most incredible cleavage Jamie had seen outside of his own. She held her wine glass elegantly and turned her attention to Jamie.

"War junkie or culture slider?" She said. She had a General British accent that made it difficult to pinpoint where she was from.

"Excuse me?" Jamie was flustered, both by her beauty and the question.

She swished the wine in her glass around and eyed him critically. It felt like she was staring deep into his soul. "Are you here because you have a fetish for wars

or are you just trying to playact the Ukrainian culture?”

“I, uh, wouldn’t say I have a fetish for wars but I like history.”

She sniffed and set down her wine glass, then leaned her chin on her hand and regarded him thoughtfully. She had such graceful movements Jamie wondered whether she was actually in a stranger’s body or just pretending.

“Especially the destructive history?”

“This was just a chance to see the scars of recent history.” Jamie felt like he was defending his decision to go on this trip. As if she hadn’t chosen to do the exact same thing. “And, yes, the cultural exchange is interesting as well. So I guess I’m a junkie and a slider. What about you?”

“History bores me.”

“So it’s the culture?”

She smiled enigmatically. Then the food was brought in and everyone was distracted. The Texan next to Jamie complained about the small portions and the lack of steak. Jamie savored everything on his plate while Nastasiya picked delicately at her food.

The conversation droned on around them and Jamie got to learn about the others in the group, all introduced with their Ukrainian host body names. There was Fedir, a serious Japanese tourist with seemingly no sense of humor. The Texan was Mykola, though he insisted people call him Mike. A middle aged woman named Daryna was regaling the far end of the table with stories about New York. Jamie didn't catch much else because he kept being drawn back to Nastasiya even as Mike competed for their attention.

Even when Jamie was turned away from her he could feel Nastasiya's presence behind him, pulling his attention like a magnet. She was witty but dry, seemingly bored about the whole situation of being in someone else's body and on a rare tour. She gave off a sense of worldliness but with a curiosity that belied her attempt at acting jaded. Their conversation was constantly being interrupted by Mike, who had clearly picked them out to hit on. Jamie several times caught Nastasiya rolling her eyes at Mike's braggadocio.

When the dinner finished, Kuzma gave them a brief rundown of tomorrow's itinerary and asked them to be ready to go downstairs at eight in the morning. The dinner broke up and Mike grabbed Jamie's attention before he could turn to Nastasiya.

"What do you say we stay down here and explore some of the finer points of Ukrainian vodka?"

"Oh, no, it's an early start tomorrow and I don't do well without sleep."

"Plenty of time to sleep when you're back home. We're only like this for two nights. Two lonely nights." Mike grinned.

“No. Thank you.”

Funny how being in a woman’s body encouraged him to play the part. He was aware of the size difference between the two of them. The fact that Mike’s brute strength could overpower him and Mike’s intensity—hell, his hunger—for Jamie, colored their interactions, making Jamie more polite and demure than he otherwise would have been.

Jamie stood and turned to Nastasiya only to find that she was already disappearing out the door and back into the lobby. Jamie followed her, conscious of Mike’s eyes on his ass. The lift door was closing behind her and Jamie stuck out his hand just in time to stop it. He stepped in with a shy smile and noticed she’d pushed the button for the same floor he was on.

“Not going to stay for the vodka challenge?” Nastasiya said.

“Not my thing.”

Nastasiya snorted. “I don’t think he’s anyone’s thing.”

There was a little awkward silence as Jamie tried to think of another line of conversation. He was so curious about Nastasiya. Larysa was cute but Nastasiya was gorgeous. And who was she really?

Then the lift opened up on his floor and they both stepped out. Jamie stopped with his hand on his door handle. Should he invite her in? Would that be too

forward? Would that be wrong to do in these stranger's bodies? A door closed further down the hall and by the time he looked up she had disappeared.

Jamie entered his apartment, slipped out of his dress and hung it over the back of a chair. He peeled off his panties and turned on the shower. It was still so strange moving around in a woman's body. His breasts bounced on his chest with each step, enticing him. Actually, his entire body enticed him, and he found himself growing warm and curious just looking down at himself.

He stepped into the hot water and let it wash down his body. The hotel provided some sort of rose shower gel in a tiny bottle that he squirted on his hands before rubbing himself up and down. His slick fingers moved across each breast and down his trim tummy, dipping between his legs to tease himself. Larysa's body was delightful to touch, especially when she was so slick.

Jamie angled his head so he could watch as he squeezed his delicate breasts. His fingers glided around and around the circumference of each, tickling over and under each supple tit. As he grew more aroused his fingers grew rougher, groping his new breasts, squeezing them up against his chest and staring in awe and delight as they puffed up. His nipples spiked into diamonds at the attention and he gripped one between two of his fingers, releasing a short, sharp breath as he teased each one. They were so sensitive, each tiny touch reverberating through his body.

The pleasurable feeling gathered between his legs. He cooed softly as he continued touching himself, hands roaming all around his body. It was so arousing watching a woman's hands touch her own skin, squeeze her own tits, drag her fingers across her own pussy. Even better to feel each sensation from within, like a video he was actually in.

One hand dipped down between his legs, tickling back up along the scratchy line of pubic hair surrounding his entrance. There was that strange loosening combined with the inner tightening, a ratcheting up of tension towards a glorious release. Jamie stroked his pussy up and down, fingers beginning to slide in between his slick pussy lips as he warmed for himself. As he cupped a breast, he pushed a finger inside himself. He met the pressure of his entrance and slid inside, curving up through the inner walls of his new cunt.

He shivered as he penetrated himself, pussy grasping his finger while he slid deeper inside, as deep as he could go. So incredibly delightful feeling something inside him. Like his pussy needed to be filled. The itch grew. He needed more.

He slid his finger in and out of his pussy a few times, enjoying the slick wet heat of himself. Then he added another finger and—oh god!—the extra thickness was wonderful. The walls of his pussy clasped his fingers. He spread his legs, resting one on the lip of the tub so that he could spread himself and finger his pussy deeper. Bending over like this made his breasts dangle. They bounced gently as he thrust his fingers inside, again and again.

His breath came faster and he sped up. He clutched a tit harder, as if trying to wring the pleasure out through himself. He rested the palm of his hand on his mound, pressing against the top of his clit while he fingered himself. He couldn't go as deep in this position but he could go faster. His pussy lips spread wide and he slid in and out faster, harder. His sighs turned to gasps turned to moans as the tension inside him increased.

His body needed release. He clutched himself, maintaining the steady rhythm that his body needed. Each thrust drove him higher, higher until with a shuddering cry he came. Jamie threw his head back and moaned in Larisa's silky voice as the orgasm pounded through him. Beautiful delights cascaded through every inch of his body and he clenched his eyes shut, enjoying the full-body pleasure that pulsed through him.

When he came back to earth he pulled his fingers out of himself and finished washing his body. Then he toweled himself off, smiling shyly in the mirror at Larysa's image. Her cute face spread into a grin and he could pretend she was a stranger who'd enjoyed the orgasm as much as he had. He brushed his teeth and then slipped beneath the thick covers of his bed. Even with the strangeness of his body and trying to find the right sleeping position he was asleep in minutes.

4

Kuzma was the only one in the lobby when Jamie arrived downstairs a little before eight the next morning.

“Sleep well? The hotel is very nice, yes?” Kuzma asked.

“Yes. Very comfortable. Am I the first one here?”

“You are eager. I like that!”

“Yeah, I just want to get out there and see everything.”

The others came down soon after. Mike’s eyes were slightly bloodshot but other than that he seemed okay. Nastasiya was the last one to arrive again. She wore tight black pants and a streamlined light coat that clung to her figure. She glanced around coolly, almost disdainfully, at the assembled group. Kuzma didn’t seem to notice, he just clapped his hands again and escorted them all out to the waiting mini-bus.

There were five rows of seats and Jamie took an empty one. Somehow Nastasiya had ended up behind him and she slid down in the seat next to him. When everyone was on board Kuzma started up the bus. It rumbled to life and they headed towards the airport.

The others were chatting and taking pictures when Nastasiya leaned over to Jamie and whispered to him.

“You’re a man, aren’t you? In real life?”

“How did you know?”

She smiled. “It’s obvious. You walk like a man used to carrying more body weight around. You haven’t quite got the hang of your hips.”

“I’m working on it,” Jamie grinned. “What about you? What are you in real life?”

“A woman never tells.”

Jamie didn’t get a chance to reply because Kuzma started talking, setting the scene for the battles they were about to visit. Everyone quieted and listened to him.

“Early February, twenty-twenty-two. Russia has been amassing troops on the border. Nobody speaks of war. This is just show of force. It must be. And yet thousands of troops and weapons are lined up along border of Ukraine. Then they begin advance, pushing quickly into country. On twenty-four February they reach the outside of Hostomel and prepare for strike on Kyiv.”

Jamie and the others—even Nastasiya—listened raptly as Kuzma explained how it felt to be in Kyiv on that day with the Russian armed forces bearing down. It seemed defeat would be swift. Many western countries predicted the invasion would be over in a matter of weeks if not days.

As they passed the Verkhovna Radna building, Kuzma slowed down and told them about the attempted saboteur attack in late February when Russian troops dressed as Ukrainian troops tried to bomb the seat of parliament.

“They were killed before they could do anything,” Kuzma said with a trace of satisfaction.

He pointed out the apartment building that had been struck by a crashing Ukrainian plane. The first building in the city to be damaged in the war. It had since been rebuilt but a small memorial stood out on the street. The group got off the bus and clustered around for some photos before resuming the tour.

As they wound through the city streets, gradually moving out from the center of town, Kuzma kept up the story. Here was where a row of shops used to stand. There was the underground station where citizens took cover during the bombing. There were more buildings destroyed by rockets, all since rebuilt. Nastasiya leaned over Jamie to look out the window and he caught a little of her glorious floral scent.

Kuzma paused in his storytelling as they drove out to Hostomel Airport, stopping occasionally to jump out and sightsee at another monument for the fallen. Hostomel Airport was where the Russians had holed up and begun firing missiles at the city. The place where many said the fighting truly began.

They got off at Hostomel to stretch their legs and prepare for the long drive up to Chernobyl. Kuzma regaled them with stories of Ukrainian bravery. Some were embellished, no doubt, but they made for good listening. As they filed into the café, Nastasiya stood behind the group, the fingers of one hand fidgeting. She saw him glance down at her fingers.

“I smoke,” she explained. “I know, terrible habit. It’ll kill me.”

“Do you still have the urge? I mean, I thought it was physically addictive and you’re physically different.”

She smiled ruefully. “It’s habit more than anything. I just need something to do with my fingers and my mouth.”

Mike overheard her last remark and guffawed loudly. Nastasiya shot him a withering look.

“Americans. Loud and obnoxious even in someone else’s body,” she said, loud enough for Mike to hear, though he didn’t seem to care.

Nastasiya sat next to Jamie and he tried to make small talk with her but she remained enigmatic. Their long silences were broken by others inquiring about Jamie, at which point Nastasiya dominated the conversation until they retreated. Jamie was grateful for her brusqueness when Mike again attempted to flirt with him but was otherwise annoyed. It was like she was deliberately chasing people away from him even as she remained by his side in silence.

He managed to trade seats with someone on the bus ride up to Chernobyl. Fedir was as big a history buff as Jamie and they traded facts and odd historical anecdotes. He tried to ignore the glares that Nastasiya shot him but there was no way he was going to sit quietly for the whole two hour trip.

When they arrived at the Chernobyl zone Kuzma herded everyone out of the bus.

“It’s perfectly safe to walk around. Just don’t drink water or eat food here. We are going to enjoy, yes?”

Chernobyl was like a scene from out of the apocalypse. The buildings were overgrown with vegetation. Small houses were falling in on themselves while larger buildings looked like they were held up only by the ivy growing up the side. The roads were littered with rusted and decayed cars and they had to step around large chunks of forest that grew up through the streets. They walked slowly in an awed silence. Even Mike was quiet as they tromped through the long-deserted streets, peering into the buildings that remained. The scattered objects of the occupants still cluttered the rooms as if they’d just stepped out.

And yet there were still animals. Jamie heard birdsong and once, through the trees, caught a glimpse of a large furry animal bouncing away. The undercurrent of danger lay all about, an eerie absence of human noise in the middle of a city which punctuated the ever-present threat of radiation.

At some point Jamie found himself alone with Nastasiya as they peered in through a deserted shop window.

“Can you imagine living here when the reactor blew?” He asked. “They just packed everyone into buses. Didn’t tell them they wouldn’t ever return. Just moved them away.”

“They had to start whole new lives,” Nastasiya said wistfully.

“Is that why you came on this trip?”

She looked at him and he stared into her beautiful eyes. “Is that so wrong? You can’t tell me you didn’t have the same thought. There was no way I could afford this on my own and when I found out I would look like this...” She drew her finger down one breast. “It was even better. Back home I...” She trailed off and chewed on her bottom lip as she looked at him. Their faces were so close. Intimately close. Another few inches and they would be kissing. “I can’t be myself.”

Jamie licked his lips. There was a moment there that he felt if he just leaned forward she would kiss him back. He wanted it and he thought she did, too. But he hesitated, wondering if this was something he should refrain from doing while in a stranger’s body. And then Daryna spoiled the moment by appearing from around the corner.

“There you are. Come on, we’ve got to get back on the bus.”

Nastasiya was different when everyone was around. She acted distant and aloof, as if she was long used to keeping secrets from people around her. The only hint of their conversation was on the long drive back to Kyiv when she lay her head on Jamie’s shoulder and fell asleep. Her hair tickled his cheek and every now

and then he got the faintest scent of her flowery shampoo.

They arrived back at the hotel late at night and they all retired to their rooms. Kuzma was the only one who still seemed awake and upbeat and he cheerfully wished them all goodnight. A group of them were on the same floor, so Jamie didn't get a chance to have any private last words with Nastasiya.

He took a quick shower, too exhausted to even touch himself, then put on a pair of Larysa's panties before falling heavily into bed and right to sleep.

5

Jamie was awoken early in the morning by a light tapping on his door. His first thought was that he'd overslept and Kuzma had arrived to hustle him back to the long range body swap facility. But it was so early the sun wasn't even peeping through the curtains yet. The light taps came again as Jamie hurriedly rummaged through the suitcase for a tee shirt to cover his nakedness.

"Coming," he called out.

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. Sexy as hell. Larysa's large shirt hung down his body and covered his panties, making him look almost bottomless. After he dealt with his visitor he would definitely have to deal with his morning arousal.

When he opened the door Nastasiya was there, clutching a white bathrobe closed around herself. She pushed past Jamie and into his room. He closed the door behind her. She stood beside his bed, clutching her robe closed as she looked around his room.

"What do you--?" He began.

She turned to him and opened her robe to let it slide down her shoulders and crumple into a pile on the floor. She was naked. Her long, dark hair hung down her shoulders. She had an exquisite hourglass figure. Slender, with pleasing hips

and long, perfect legs that framed a perfect triangle of hair. Her breasts were larger than Jamie's, wonderful teardrop shapes that projected gracefully from her chest.

“I came here to find myself and this is who I am,” she said. She was trying to act defiant but there was something in her look that was fragile, questioning, wondering if Jamie would follow her where she desperately wanted to go.

He stepped towards her and wrapped his arms around her. She was warm but she shivered beneath his touch as one of his hands slid behind the small of her back and the other glided against her smooth cheek. He kissed her then and felt her melt into him. Her hands came up to caress him, sliding beneath his shirt to land on his bare back.

Then their passion burst out of them like a broken dam. Jamie clutched her as she clung to him, kissing desperately, their tongues intertwined, hot breath mixing. She was warm and soft and perfect and his hands wandered up and down her body, exploring each perfect curve by touch, loving how her body seemed to fit perfectly into his.

He pulled away, gasping, and she looked at him with such a look of longing he felt his pulse racing and his pussy growing slick. He buried his face between her tits, using his hands to squeeze her breasts against his soft cheeks.

She laughed and muttered, “Just like a man,” but held his head to her chest as he licked and sucked each heavy tit.

Jamie felt his own breasts dangling down as he leaned forward and feasted on

Nastasiya's body. His tits swayed as he moved, and then Nastasiya's hands were on them, fingers caressing his skin, lightly tickling each breast and growing harder and faster as their urgency grew together.

She helped yank off his shirt and then pull down his panties, her hands gliding against his pussy and making his body sing with longing. They tumbled into bed together, flesh to flesh, Jamie on top, warm feminine bodies pressed against each other. Jamie's tits fell against Nastasiya's as they continued kissing. Nastasiya made desperate moans and then Jamie felt her hand between his legs. She found his wetness and slid her fingers into him. He closed his eyes as her fingers spread him apart, feeding the desire bursting through him.

Nastasiya pushed him off her with a laugh and then pounced on top of him. She flipped around and knelt over him, so her head was between his legs and her pussy hovered over his mouth. Her pink lips were spread wide and glistening. She smelled delicious, musky and ready, and he grabbed her ass and pulled her close until his mouth met her pussy. He needed to taste her, and took a long lick of her slit. Her juices dripped into his mouth, her salty essence landing on his tongue as she moaned.

And then her face was between his legs, her warm tongue slipping inside him and it was his turn to moan. She was fantastic, using her tongue and fingers to spread him apart. She tickled his clit with the tip of her tongue, drawing light shapes across it, making him arch his back and cry out into her even as he thrust his face up towards her pussy and tried to reciprocate.

It was hard with his body screaming in pleasure, his legs tense with expectation as Nastasiya licked his juicy clit. She slid two fingers inside him, moving gently up through his canal while she kept her tongue firmly planted on him. He howled with delight, fingers gripping her squeezable ass. As the first blast of pleasure passed he resumed licking her pussy, trying to copy the movements that were giving him so much delight.

He was rewarded by her hitching cry, a high pitched squeal as her body shook and her tongue paused inside him. Jamie lapped at her pussy, driving her wild with pleasure, slowing as she orgasmed around his head before resuming her own desperate licking. She was dripping down his face, her musk filling his mouth just as her fingers and tongue filled his pussy.

The pleasure exploded through him once more. He raised his hips up to meet her face, bucking as she sucked on his clit and the orgasm pounded through him. A woman cried out, her voice filled with lust, and it took a second to realize that the voice was his. His pleasure was electric, filling him from head to toe. And then it was his turn again. Now he brought Larysa's fingers up to Nastasiya's pussy, working her with tongue and fingers as she rubbed herself on him. He felt her desperate need to release and this time they came together, moaning and gasping as she shook on top of him and the orgasm shattered them both.

Jamie's legs flexed reflexively as he moaned into Nastasiya's pussy and she moaned into his, neither of them able to move as the pleasure pounded through them. It seemed to last a blessed eternity until Nastasiya's body slackened and she fell on him, breathing heavily. Her pussy was still against his nose, and it was the most beautiful sight Jamie had ever seen. So strange and wonderful to still feel this way after sex, unlike as a man when the instant the orgasm was over so was the desire to put forth any more effort.

Nastasiya soon climbed off him and they cuddled, arms and legs entwined. She stroked his hair and kissed him.

"This was probably against all the rules," Jamie said.

“Undoubtedly. I need to get back before anyone finds us.”

She stood and Jamie grabbed her hand. “Will I see you again?”

She smiled. “Maybe. But you won’t know and neither will I. We’ll look different. We’ll be different people. What we had here is ephemeral and fleeting. Enjoy the memory.”

She shrugged her robe back on and slipped out the door. Jamie lay on the bed, basking in the afterglow of his orgasms, enjoying Larysa’s body for just a little bit longer before he had to make the short journey to switch back.

It was definitely a trip he would never forget.

#

Thank you!

If you enjoyed this story please consider donating to help the Ukrainian people currently in crisis. You can do so through the British Red Cross, which helps civilians in Ukraine with water, food and shelter.

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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