The Swap

It happened overnight. One minute everybody was normal and the next thing they knew the whole world changed. Some people were awake when the Swap occurred but luckily for me I was asleep at the time. This Swap and the days that followed would change the course of history for the rest of human existence.

Day 1 - Saturday

The night of the Swap I had a wet dream. Pretty embarrassing for a guy who is 25 years old and should be in control of his own body. But, I woke up in the morning to find my sheets and boxer shorts covered in a fluid. Assuming it was semen, I got up and took my sheets downstairs to the washing machine. *Damn it Michael, you should be better than this*, I scolded myself. As I proceeded to take my boxers off, I knew something was different. I mean, I had felt a little different after I had gotten up but I had just attributed it to me being a little hung over from last night’s party.

I just felt a little empty down below. I looked down as I took off my boxers and noticed that there wasn’t the usual bulge that should have been there. Panicking, I ripped them off and thrust my hand down to my crotch. My dick was gone! There just wasn’t anything there. Instead, there was just a patch of hair where it should have been. I reached further and then...

My hand stopped. Just a few centimetres away from where my dick used to me, I found a new fold of skin. Slowly, my hand crept further down and I began to recognise what it was. *I’ve got a pussy!* I began to freak even more. Not only had I lost my manhood, I had completely swapped genitals. Was this a result of last night’s party? Surely not. Magic doesn’t exist, it can’t. And yet, I’m standing here with a pussy between my male legs.

I pulled my boxers back up, and walked towards the lounge. I noticed that the boxers were chafing me a little bit down below. *I hope this doesn’t mean I have to buy myself panties,* I thought to myself. *How am I going to explain the fact that a grown man is buying panties without a girlfriend or wife?* I sat down while pondering this problem and turned on the television. I flicked over to the new channel and was about to change it when something caught my eye. On the bottom of the screen was the ‘Breaking News’ banner and underneath it was the line ‘Worldwide swap at approximately 2am’. I turned up the sound.

“Yes James,” the female news reporter was saying, “it seems as if this ‘swap’ is not just localised to America. We are getting reports of this happening all over the world, including reports of the change in England and South Africa, two nations that were awake when it occurred.” The camera zoomed out a little bit and I noticed a slight, hardly visible bulge in the lady’s pencil skirt.

I began to wonder what this meant. The camera transitioned back to the studio. “Thank you Bethany,” the anchorman said. “We’ll be back in a few minutes with a statement from the White House after this short break.”

Now I knew that this genital swap may not have happened just to me. Of course, I didn’t know if it had occurred to all men and women or only a select few had swapped. I wondered what this meant for men’s and women’s fashion. Would men start wearing skirts? Would women completely avoid skirts and dresses or would they continue to wear them? I mean, it would be really difficult for them to wear miniskirts and dresses now that they (all of them? Some of them?) have a dick hanging between their legs. And what would happen to the people who had never, you know, had sex before and were saving themselves for marriage? They must feel like right idiots now. Another thought occurred to me: now that I had a pussy, was I a virgin? I was about to check when James the news guy came back on the screen.

“Welcome back to CNN. Our morning’s top story: reports from around the world are flooding in about a worldwide genital swap. If you are awake you may have already noticed that you have the genitals of the opposite sex. Do not panic. Scientists have not yet come up with an explanation for this sudden phenomenon and do not know if it is a permanent change or not. The White House released a statement on this matter in the past hour.” The image cut to a broadcast of President Obama standing on the White House lawn. He wasn’t standing behind a podium so I got a clear view of his pants. They did seem a little flatter than usual. He began to speak. “Fellow Americans and citizens of the world. This new phenomenon has already affected our daily lives in a matter of a few hours. We do not know how long this swap will last. In light of this, we will be making a few changes to make our and your lives easier. We encourage men to use what were previously the female public toilets and the women to use the men’s due to obvious reasons. All signs should be changed to indicate the new arrangements. To the men: it is obvious that we cannot wear our old underwear due to our new anatomy. For this reason, I encourage you to not be embarrassed to buy yourself panties in the female section. We are getting all clothing chains to move panties and other wear to the men’s section. Bras will remain in the women’s section and briefs and boxers will be moved there. To all of you out there, stay safe and do not panic.”

What the president said was really obvious and pertinent. All that talk about bathrooms made me need to pee. I got up and went to my bathroom. I reached into my boxers to pull out my dick but remembered that I didn’t have it anymore. Sighing, I pulled the boxers down and sat on the seat. I relaxed my muscles and felt my bladder empty. The pee felt like it sprayed everywhere; no wonder why women always wiped. Standing up I wondered what my next plan of action was going to be. I needed new underwear as the boxers were now giving me some seriously bad feelings down there. I remembered what the president said about not being ashamed to go out and buy new underwear. It was easy for him to say because he didn’t have to: he could just take Michelle’s. Well, before I could go out, I needed to shower.

I headed back to the bathroom and stripped down naked. I looked at myself in the mirror for the first time that morning. Everything looked normal until my eyes went down to my crotch. Instead of my usual cock, I was greeted by the new flatness of my sex. For the first time in my whole life I could close my legs together without any pain. It was weird, and I mean really weird. I opened up my thighs a little bit and felt the lips on my pussy spread a little. I shivered. I turned and got in to the shower. I proceeded to wash my hair, face and my body. When I got to my new pussy, I had no idea what to do. I gently took one of the cloths in my shower and slowly rubbed it over my pussy. I inhaled sharply as the cloth rubbed against my clit. It was unlike anything I had ever felt before. A sharp rush of pleasure surged through my body and left a tingling feeling all over. *Wow, that was intense!* While it was highly pleasurable, it was not something I was going to try just yet. I needed to find out what the hell was going on here first.

I walked back out to the television room and suddenly something hit me. I had had a one night stand with a girl here last weekend. The thing was, she had left her panties here by accident and of course, she didn’t come back. I ran to my room and opened up one of my bottom drawers where I kept random things. I threw out the ticket stubs from last week’s football game, a broken torch, and... Finally! There it was: a pink pair of cotton panties with a little bow on front. When I first saw it I started having second thoughts. I mean, it was so feminine it was a joke. But, nobody would see them under my pants anyway I figured. I reluctantly pulled down my boxer shorts for the last time. I took the pair of panties and slowly slid them up my legs. They fit surprisingly well, stretching slightly on my waist and it felt snug on my new pussy. The fabric felt soft and warm and it was unlike anything I had felt before. It actually felt really nice. *Well, at least that’s sorted.*

My next order of business was to figure out what I was going to do for the rest of the weekend. I had planned to go out that evening, aiming for a score but that was out of the question now. And what about work on Monday? I could worry about that on Sunday evening. I decided to call up my buddy Paul. Maybe we could plan something together. I found my phone and dialled his number. He didn’t pick up. Once again I walked back into the television room where the news was still on. I was still only wearing my sleeveless top and the pair of pink panties. It was definitely a weird sight to behold. James the news guy was still on. “This just in, a video of the swap taking place on both sexes has been given to CNN. Viewer discretion is advised as there are scenes of a graphic sexual nature.”

The image cut to a badly lit room where a young woman and a man were about to have sex. The woman was lying on the bed with her legs spread open. She was moaning to her partner to get on with it. Suddenly, the woman gasped and closed her legs. Worried, the man rushed to the bed and asked her what was wrong. The woman opened her legs again and now I could see something was happening. Her slit was closing up. Within ten seconds she had a smooth patch of skin with just her clit sticking out. The couple was starting to freak out. Her clit then began to expand outwards and she began moaning again, not in pain but in pleasure. It grew and grew and a pair of balls began to push their way out underneath the growing clit. A slit opened up on the top of the clit and a mushroom head began to form. Soon, the transformation was complete. The woman now had an erect dick that must have been at least nine inches long. She grabbed her new shaft and began stroking it.

The man, now totally freaked out, had backed away but was still facing the camera. Suddenly, he grasped his dick and started shouting that he wanted to keep it. It began to shrink back into his body, the reverse of what happened to the woman. It lost the opening and shrank down to become his new clit. The balls shrank and formed the opening to his new cavity. He gasped and looked down, grasping at his new area. Obviously he was feeling very horny as he slipped two fingers into his new hole. The image cut back to James. I suddenly realised that I was feeling a little ‘wet’ downstairs. It wasn’t like being horny with a dick. This time a heat had started to build in my whole crotch area. I didn’t want to explore just yet and instead turned up the sound.

“It seems as if women that are pregnant have not swapped yet and retain their primary sex characteristics. It is unknown whether these women will swap or not when their children are born. Their partners have already swapped genitals. More on this later.”

I looked at the time and saw it was already midday and I had not yet eaten anything. I went to my kitchen and opened up the cupboard. I groaned as I realised that there was nothing that I could have to eat. I had to go out and buy stuff. I shuffled slowly back to my bedroom to change. I threw on a shirt and deliberated over what pants I should wear. I could wear skinny jeans but that would just accentuate the fact that my dick was gone. Instead, I put on a pair of baggy tracksuit pants that didn’t fit against my legs. Perfect.

As I got to the shops I noticed the lack of people there. I got out my car and walked to the Walmart. When I entered the store I saw a number of changes. Of course, the underwear for men and women were swapped around, but there were already new signs up. The signs were indicating what size underwear you should buy in relation to your size. Of course, men’s and women’s sizes are slightly different so that made sense. I guess I would have to come back later.

Heading into the grocery section I saw a few people there buying their supplies for the week ahead. There were a few other men, also sporting baggy pants or jeans like me, obviously trying to hide their lack of a dick. There were also a few couples and families but one caught my eye. There was a mother and her daughter walking up the aisle towards me and the little girl was complaining about something. As they got closer I heard her talking. “... it’s really annoying mom!” she cried out. “It makes my pants feel so tight! Why do I have it mom?” I realised she was complaining about her new package in her pants. A thought came to me then; what of the teenagers who had just gotten through puberty and now had to deal with more changes to their bodies? It must royally suck having just started to accept your new body and then get a whole new pair of genitals. School will be definitely very interesting on Monday for them.

The girl continued to complain and put her hand down her pants and readjusted her package. I noticed it looked quite large. It seemed as if it was the size that a 17 year old boy would have. That would mean that even though she was about 12, and hadn’t hit puberty yet, her penis had. I tried to wrap my head around this concept. Maybe little children had fully developed genitals already, even though they were not even at puberty age. This situation was becoming even more twisted every passing moment.

I went through the store and got my groceries without anymore hassle. I checked out and was heading back to my car when I passed the underwear section again. I looked at the rows of panties that were now in the men’s section. *Ah, what the hell*, I thought. *May as well get it over with*. I looked at the comparison chart and picked out a few pairs that would fit me. I chose a few that looked comfortable and were plain white. However, I was strangely drawn to this skimpy, bikini type style of panties. They were a light blue but looked so feminine. I really did not know what I was thinking when I picked them out. I walked up to the cashier, a pretty looking young woman. She seemed uncomfortable and was constantly shifting her position in her seat while she rung up my purchases. “So what do you think of all this? Quite a dilemma, isn’t it?” I asked her, surprising myself in the process.

She glanced up, also slightly surprised that I spoke. “I’m sorry, what’s a dilemma?”

“You know, the whole, um, swap thing,” I pressed.

“Oh that,” she said. “Well, it’s only been a few hours but I do feel, you know, glad that I don’t have a vagina anymore. You know, no more periods. Only problem is that I don’t know how I can handle living with something so huge between my legs.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it,” I replied. “I just don’t know how I am going to deal with periods. I mean, my parents have both passed away and I have no girlfriend to help me when the time comes.”

She looked up and smiled with understanding. “You know what, here’s my number,” she said as she reached down and scribbled on a piece of paper. “Since you and I are in the same boat, we need someone to help each other out. Plus, you’re the first person today to even dare talk about what has happened, so that’s nice. I’m Mia by the way.”

“Oh, I’m Michael,” I replied, writing my number down on another piece of paper. I took the paper with her number and my bag of panties. “Thanks Mia, I’ll definitely need some help.”

“It’s a pleasure Michael. Enjoy those panties,” she said with a wink. It wasn’t a derogatory tone, more like a kinky one. I turned and walked off to my car, smiling.

When I reached home I threw off my pants and looked at my crotch in the pink panties. I had wanted to get rid of these silly, girly panties but something was stopping me from doing so. It actually seemed like I was getting used to them, and even liking them. Shudder. I kept my pants off and dumped my purchases in the kitchen.

The rest of the day almost passed without a hitch. I sat in the television room and watched more reports come in all over the world. The news anchors rotated and the news stayed the same. There were some breaks for other news, including last night’s sport results and other random small news. I was sitting like I was used to; I was laid back on the couch with my legs spread open so that I wouldn’t squash my dick and balls. Something suddenly clicked in my head and I immediately crossed my legs. I realised that I had felt so exposed and vulnerable with my legs splayed open for everyone to see. Not that anyone was there of course but rather because in the future people may still want to “sneak a peek”, even though I was a guy. I really don’t know how or why but something clicked in my head and I thought I still needed to cross my legs, even though I wouldn’t be wearing skirts or dresses anytime soon!

When I got into bed that evening, I faced another dilemma: what do I wear? Silly question, I know, but think about it. I was used to wearing boxers to bed but that was when I had a dick. In the end, I thought to myself, *Screw it! Let’s see what it’s like to wear panties to bed.* I took of the pink panties and pulled on a clean pair, for hygiene’s sake. It wasn’t the blue bikini style pair if you were wondering. I got into bed and felt how my now exposed thighs rubbed sensuously against the sheets. It felt absolutely amazing. I then realised just how sensitive my body now was. It felt as if every nerve ending in my body had increased doubled in sensitivity. *If this is a result of the Swap, maybe it won’t be so bad after all!* After a while, I became used to the pleasurable sensations and drifted off to sleep.

Day 2 – Sunday

The next morning I went to the bathroom first thing after I woke up. As I got to the toilet I reached down to my crotch. I sighed as I felt nothing but air and remembered about the Swap. I turned and sat down, relaxing as I relieved myself. After wiping and pulling up the panties I realised something: I was completely hairless! My leg and pubic hair was completely gone, as well and my chest and arm hair. I screamed, shocked at yet another sudden change. I rubbed my arms together, hoping to feel the familiar coarse hair that was once there. But it wasn’t; all I felt was smooth skin like a baby’s bottom.

After the initial shock, I started to marvel at how smooth I really was. It felt for sensitive and my skin felt truly alive. Suddenly, my phone rang. I looked over and saw that it was Mia’s number. I quickly walked over and answered the phone. “Hey Mia, what’s up?”

“It’s up!” she shouted. She sounded out of breath and panicky. “It just won’t go down. I don’t know what to do!”

Ah, morning wood. What I would give to have it again. I could only imagine the panic Mia was going through now. It must be like I was when I was a small boy, getting my first erection and not knowing what to do with it. “Ok, where are you now?”

“I’m at home, no one is with me,” she replied breathlessly.

I thought for a moment and said, “Alright, I want you to clench your thighs to try block off the blood flow to your penis. Either that or pinch yourself, the pain may take your mind off it.”

A few seconds passed with no reply. Finally Mia spoke: “Ok, it’s feeling a little better now. It’s slowly shrinking.”

“That’s good to hear,” I said.

“Anything wrong on your side?” she asked.

“No, nothing out of the ordinary, counting the fact that I now have a vagina is normal,” I joked.

Mia laughed. Her laugh was beautiful and it sounded like music to my ears. I hadn’t heard laughter in over a day, so it was nice to hear a little in this situation. “Well, if you have any problems, just call me, ok?”

“Alright, talk later,” I replied and hung up the phone.

I took a step forward and felt moistness in my crotch. *Ahhh, hell*. I looked down and saw a patch of darkness on my new panties. Speaking with Mia and hearing just how horny she was had made me horny! I considered ripping off the panties and just pleasuring myself right there and then but the idea that I could now stick a finger inside a vagina that I possessed still freaked me out.

Instead, I changed out of the panties and put on a new pair. I sat in front of the television and turned on the news. They were still doing coverage of the swap, but were now interviewing people about their experiences.

“...and I just woke up to this huge thing in between my legs...”

“...it was larger than any of my boyfriends’...”

“...there’s just nothing between my legs now...”

“...panty shopping was the worst...”

“...the orgasms are completely different to when I had a vagina.”

They also interviewed so-called experts to try and explain how and why it happened.

“...most likely a time-triggered DNA-altering virus was released...”

“...magic is real!”

“God is punishing us for our sins!”

Everybody had their own take on how our reality had been altered. Of course, there would be no knowing who would be correct, unless someone claimed responsibility. I stood up and made myself something to eat. As I sat down in my new hairless body, I realised that I automatically crossed my legs. There should have been a lot of pain, but of course, nothing was there anyway. My mannerisms regarding the way I walked and sat were beginning to slowly change. I actually didn’t mind one bit. It felt natural to cross my legs this way. I was happy and comfortable, so why should I feel stressed out? The swap was most likely not going to reverse so I may as well just enjoy it while it lasted.

I remained at home for the whole morning, not feeling the need to walk outside and do anything. I played some Call of Duty on my Xbox, although there weren’t many people online, thanks to the fact that most were probably scared out of their mind about the swap. Some people had microphones and were speaking to one another. Soon, they obviously got onto the topic of the swap. There was one girl in the lobby.

“... this whole situation is just weird, you know?” the girl was saying. “I mean, waking up with a dick between my legs, that’s just not right.”

“Easy for you to say,” one of the guys replied, “Men now have to deal with the baggage that comes with having a pussy... fuck, nice shot.”

“Thanks,” guy number 2 said.

“Yeah, I see your point,” the girl said. “But, is this whole swap thingy is real, maybe it’s possible that you may not get periods and the like. Then I would be jealous.... BOOM, HEADSHOT! Sorry, anyway, have you guys tried out your new equipment then?”

It was silent for a moment as the game continued, until one of the guys spoke up. “Uh, yeah, I have. I’m embarrassed to say that it was better than when I had a dick.”

“Really?” the girl replied. “I feel the same way about having a dick now, it’s so much better!”

*I should be getting really uncomfortable right now,* I thought. This was a conversation that should not have even been allowed, and yet these guys and one girl were just talking about pleasuring themselves sexually on a public server! And I was fine with it. There must have been mental changes as well, evident earlier with me crossing my legs.

Evidently the other guys in the lobby also were comfortable with the topic as they went even further. “How big are you?” one of the guys said.

The girl didn’t speak for a moment, then piped up. “I’ll be back quickly, I’m gonna measure for you guys.”

We waited for a few moments, playing backwards and forwards, killing and being killed until the girl came back to her microphone. She sounded a little breathless, most likely from giving herself an erection. “Ok, I’m proud to tell you that I am 9 inches long!”

Whoa, that was huge! It was bigger than what my dick was when I had one. I had an average size of 6 inches. I just wondered that with all the changes, maybe it affected the average size of the penises in the world (it turned out later that this girl was way below the new average...). I was lost in this train of thought for a while and the match came to an end. I was brought out of this state when one of the guys suddenly said, “Shit, this conversation is making me wet!”

I was taken aback a little bit until I realised that I was also feeling a little horny as well. There was a little patch of darkness on my white panties. I cursed and got up to go put them in the wash. Instead of putting on a new pair, I decided to go without the panties, mainly to avoid that situation again. I played a few more games until I got bored and I turned off the console.

I walked into my kitchen, marvelling at the wonderful feeling of having nothing between my legs. I bent down to open up a cupboard and felt my pussy lips exposed to the air. It wasn’t a cold day or anything but I still felt how my new hole was on display for anyone to see – if there would have been anybody there of course.

I reached back between my legs and felt my new folds. They were warm and moist, a huge contrast to my long gone penis. I felt a rush of sensations in my pussy and my knees felt weak. I moaned and spread the lips apart. I was about to probe a finger into my gaping hole when my phone rang. I groaned and straightened up to answer. I didn’t bother to look at the caller ID. “Hello, Michael speaking?”

“Oh my god, Michael!” It was Mia and she sounded scared. “Please, you have to get over to my apartment, now!”

“Hold up, calm down,” I said. “What’s the matter?”

“I can’t explain, you just need to get here!” She gave me her address and then hung up. I looked at the sheet of paper that I had written down. Her address wasn’t that far, maybe a 5 minute drive at worst. I put on a pair of plain panties and sweats and went down to the car.

About 5 minutes later I found her apartment block and rang the buzzer. I looked around as I waited. There was a woman in blue skinny jeans and a young girl next to her, presumably her daughter, walking on the opposite side of the road. What caught my eye was the absolutely massive bulge in the woman’s jeans. Her dick had to be about 6 inches long – flaccid! I was staring wide-eyed and open mouthed with a pussy that was getting wetter by the second when the gate buzzed open for me. I snapped out of my daze and quickly bounded up the stairs to Mia’s apartment.

I knocked on her door when I got there and she opened up a few seconds later. I thought there was something different about her but she grabbed me by my shirt and yanked me into the apartment. It was a quaint place that seemed to be well looked after. There were a few couches and a TV as well as an open plan kitchen. Mia almost dragged me to the couches and plopped me down on one of them.

“Ok, what is this about Mia?” I asked.

“Sorry, it’s just that something weird has been going on and...” she replied.

“Other than the fact that I have a pussy between my legs and you have a dick between yours?” I interrupted.

“Yeah, other than that. In the past half hour I’ve felt this warm, pleasurable feeling in my chest and crotch. I just don’t know what it is but it comes back every five minutes and then subsides.” I looked at her chest and saw her cute, modest tits covered by a red t-shirt. She looked to be about a B cup size that was nicely accentuated by the tight top. She wore a plain pair of sweats, similar to mine and had fluffy slippers on her feet. She was truly beautiful, even with the unflattering outfit that she was wearing. “But really, it’s what comes next that truly worries me.’

“Why’s that?” I asked lamely.

“Ok, you see these?” She grabbed her chest. “I barely fit into a B cup this morning and I’m pushing into C’s right now! And don’t even get me started on what’s going on in my pants.”

Just as she said that, she gasped out loud. “Oh my god, it’s happening again!” She doubled over and moaned in pleasure, still holding tight onto her tits. She fell back onto a couch and arched her back. She bucked her hips back and forth and I noticed how a little tent was forming in her pants. It started to get bigger and bigger, causing the waistline to come down under her hips. I was amazed at how big she was!

I tore my gaze away from her crotch to her tits. With each buck of her body she squeezed them tighter, sometimes pinching her nipples through her top. I looked more closely and noticed something stranger going on. Each time she squeezed her tits in pleasure, they seemed to spill out a little bit further. After about half a minute of moaning, Mia moved her hand from her left tit and began to move it up and down on her dick through her pants. I now had a clearer view of what was going on with her chest. It definitely was getting bigger. It looked to be about half a cup larger than when I was dragged into her apartment!

After another minute of her groping and stroking herself and me wetting my panties, she finally stopped and had a sheepish look on her face. “Sorry,” she said, “that was the most intense one yet.” She looked down at her chest and exclaimed, “Holy shit! They’re huge!”

There was no denying the fact that her tits had grown to well over C cup size. They were hanging off her chest perfectly rounded and her nipples were still visible through her top. They looked to be extremely perky and were probably the best boobs I had seen outside of porn, albeit they were still under her shirt.

Unexpectedly, Mia then stretched the front of her sweat pants forward and peered into them. Her mouth opened into a small ‘O’ shape and she gasped in surprise. “What is it?” I asked, guessing the answer already.

“Um, well...” she stuttered. “My boobs aren’t the only things that have grown...”

Day 2 – Sunday (continued)

As she said that she unashamedly pulled down her pants. When I saw what was in her pants it was my turn to gasp in surprise. It was big. Massive. Larger than any other flaccid dick that I had seen. Her penis was at least seven inches of pure meat, and she wasn’t even at half mast yet. It was circumcised and the head was slightly darker than the rest of the shaft. Her balls were egg shaped and slightly smaller than chicken eggs. She had no pubes, not even on the wrinkly skin of her ball sack.

“Don’t worry,” she said shyly, “I’m a shower, not a grower.”

I gulped and I felt my juices start to flow again. I could not tear my eyes away from her massive dick. I felt this strange sense of attraction to her and I leaned further in my seat. “When the swap first happened,” she continued, “I was about 2 inches big when flaccid. Now look at me.”

I was looking. I forced myself to snap out of my daze and looked up to her face, my gaze meeting hers as she pulled up her pants again. “So, uh, why did you bring me here?”

“Well, mainly to show you this but, umm...” she replied.

“Um?” I prompted.

“Well, I was wondering if you wanted to go get some dinner sometime, like tonight?” she blushed; evidently she had never initiated a date before. “It’s just that I feel a connection to you that I’ve never felt before. I’m almost grateful that the swap happened because then I would never have met you. I hope you feel the same way...”

“Yeah, sure,” I replied. “I would love to. I do feel the same way about you too. There’s just something here that’s almost indescribable.”

“So I was thinking about the burger cafe down the road here at 7?”

“Sounds good,” I replied. “So, uh, see you then I guess.”

“Yeah, definitely,” Mia replied as she walked me to the door. As I got to it and turned to say goodbye, I was surprised by a quick peck on the cheek from Mia. I looked down at her beautiful face and smiled. “See you later, alligator!” I said. I walked out and she closed the door behind me. I immediately slumped against the wall opposite her apartment door and let out a huge breath. That was intense!! I mean, I saw her dick and everything.

I got back to my car and drove the short trip back to my place. I unlocked the door and immediately threw off my pants. I didn’t even bother trying to reach my room. I threw myself onto the couch and spread my legs open. I reached my left hand down to my crotch area. I felt how the soft fabric of my panties were dripping wet from my earlier experience.

I started to play with my new clit through the underwear. A rush of pleasure raced through my body. A small moan escaped my lips as I experienced the alien feelings. I moved my fingers back and forth over my clit and pussy lips, slowly increasing the pressure. I couldn’t take it anymore; I lifted my hips up and took the panties off.

I spread my legs again, feeling how my lips spread apart. I once again went at it with my fingers, feeling how the little nub gave me so much more pleasure than the head of my dick used to. I carried on, my breaths becoming more ragged and quicker. My pussy was lubricating itself in anticipation for penetration. As my middle finger moved to enter my pussy I felt a pleasurable feeling begin to surface in my nipples. *Shit! Am I growing breasts now?!* I moved my right hand up to my chest and brushed one of my nipples. That sent another shock of pleasure throughout my body. I didn’t feel any lumps under the nipples and I carried on masturbating, massaging both my pussy and my nipples.

I carried on for another few minutes until I felt my climax starting to build. I could feel it throughout my body and not just in my crotch area. It just kept on building and building to higher levels than I ever imagined possible. I rammed my finger into my pussy and felt how it grabbed the finger, wanting to pull it in even further. That sent me over the edge and an orgasm washed over me. I arched my back as it surged from my pussy to the top of my body and back down again, multiple times. I felt my pussy clamp down onto my finger even harder and my legs squeezed uncontrollably tighter. I was in seventh heaven. The orgasm lasted for about half a minute and I was exhausted from it, even though it felt like my pussy could go on for days at a time.

I was in shock. It had felt 1000 times better than when I had had a dick. Plus, now I had sensitive nipples! This was turning into a crazily good day. I looked down and saw the multitude of leaked juices on the couch leather. I hopped off and grabbed some paper towels to clean it off. As I was walking back I could feel how the juices leaked down my hairless legs. It was an unreal feeling, one that I was happy with and one that I could definitely get used to.

I cleaned up and looked at the time. It was 6pm, only one hour away from my date with Mia. I turned on the television and put the sound up high so I could hear it from my room as I got ready. The news was on and they were still covering the swap. I walked into my room and went over to my closet. I decided against the pink panties as those were probably dirty and I put them in the washing pile. I felt through my drawer and found the skimpy blue pair that I had bought on a whim yesterday. I put them on, feeling how they hugged my crotch and pulled up my butt. For some reason I absolutely loved the feeling. It made me feel sexy, something that I had never felt before. I put on a pair of skinny jeans, ones that were a dark blue in colour. I threw on a nice v-neck shirt and put a sweater on over. It was a slim fit and rubbed against my now super sensitive nipples. It wasn’t unbearable but it was a background feeling that made me feel warm inside.

I didn’t want to seem too fancy because it was just a burger joint but I wanted to look good. I looked in the mirror and marvelled at how smooth my now hairless face looked. Not wanting to shave ever again was another reason of mine for not wanting the Swap to reverse. I shifted my focus to my jeans. The hugged my crotch area and would have really accentuated the fact that I did not have a penis anymore had it not been for the fact that the fabric by my fly was always bent outwards. I considered buying new jeans just to get rid of this minor inconvenience.

I checked my watch. It was around 20 minutes past 6 and I had time to kill. I went to sit on the couch and watch the news. The anchorman was reporting on numerous cases of women around the country experiencing sudden and rapid breast growth. The image cut to a woman being interviewed. She wore a white top and was quite pretty. My focus was immediately drawn to her breasts. They were massive. Her pair of breasts was straining the top to its maximum. It was obvious that she had been a lot smaller earlier on in the day. Looking closely it looked to me like she was pushing on an F cup.

“.. I was about 3 cup sizes smaller this morning when I woke up. At around about midday I started getting these waves of pleasure, even though I wasn’t even touching myself. I soon started to realise that my boobs were growing each time. Obviously I can’t wear my old bras; I’ve gotten too big for them!”

They cut back to the anchorman and he resumed his report. “It seems that the changes are not limited to just breast growth. An increasing number of women are reporting that their genitalia are growing in size as well. It is unknown whether there is a limit to the growth size at this time.”

I carried on watching the anchorman churning out more news on the Swap. It was mostly interviews with ‘experts’ and on their theories on the Swap. Of course it was pretty silly because nobody on earth could have known anything about the cause of the swap at that time. After a while I checked my watch. It was 6:50pm and I decided to leave a little early.

I arrived at the burger joint just before 7 and yet Mia was already waiting for me there. She spotted me and waved. Mia was wearing a simple yet sophisticated shirt with a cute green jacket over it. Her newly enlarged breasts were pushing against the fabric and were extremely noticeable, not that I minded. As she stood up I saw that she was wearing a frilly skirt that matched the jacket. I gave her a quick hug, feeling her breasts squish against my chest and we sat down opposite each other in the booth.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“Much better,” Mia replied. “Nothing else happened after you left, thankfully. Anything strange been happening to you?”

“Yeah, well I did wake up without any body hair so that was weird,” I laughed. I leant over to continue the conversation in a hushed voice. “That wasn’t the only thing: I think my nipples are now as sensitive as a woman’s.”

“That’s great actually!” Mia exclaimed. “Now you get to have all the extra feelings!”

I voiced my agreement as a waitress came to our table. She was wearing a yellow uniform which consisted of a nice, collared shirt and a smart, long pencil skirt. As she was taking Mia’s order I noticed a bulge on the inside of her thigh. Shit she was huge. Obviously the waitress had stuffed her member in the inside of her stockings to prevent it from bouncing around. As she finished taking Mia’s order she noticed me staring at her bulge. Instead of reacting the way I thought women would she actually smiled mischievously at me. I blushed and quickly ordered a chocolate milkshake and a cheese burger. The waitress smiled again and walked away, her hips swaying side to side provocatively.

Of course, Mia had noticed the waitress flirting but she didn’t have anything to say about it. She just smiled and we continued our conversation. I told her about my studies overseas to become a lawyer. I was working as an intern at a large law firm and I would soon be getting a nice paycheque. Mia, on the other hand was working part time at the Walmart that we met in and was still in university. She was studying a part time commerce degree and she wanted to use that to help open up her own beauty salon one day. I joked about which gender to expect now that the Swap had happened and she laughed. It was a beautiful laugh, one that chimed like a bell and one that I wanted to hear more.

I was so entranced by Mia that I barely noticed our food arriving. I realised that I was ravenous and I wanted to devour my burger but I held back. I wanted to seem tasteful in front of Mia. I ate slowly and chewed each mouthful thoroughly. We were both done soon after that and we continued chatting until 9pm. I decided to pay the bill fully. As we got up, Mia spoke. “I had a great time tonight Mike, it was really great to get to know you better.”

“Yeah, thanks Mia,” I replied. “Listen, if you need help with, um... anything, just give me a call.”

“I’m sure I will,” Mia said with a wink. She planted a quick kiss on my cheek and turned away. I watched her ass swaying side to side and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled at me. I smiled back and went home.

Day 3 – Monday

On Monday I woke up to the sound of my alarm going off at 6 in the morning. I groaned and rolled over to hit the snooze button. I really, *really* did not want to go to work that morning. However, five minutes later I was up and getting ready for the day. I showered first, thankfully saving time due to the fact I didn’t have to shave my face anymore. I got out and slipped on a pair of clean panties and put on my normal suit. I made myself a nice bowl of muesli. I ate quickly and soon I was in my car on the way to work.

Unsurprisingly there was already traffic and I arrived at the law firm five minutes late. I walked into the conference room to find everybody there being briefed by our director. “...and there will not be any extra sick or personal days allowed. We understand that this is an unusual occurrence but we will attempt to strive to be our best. Our clients need us. Furthermore, as per the President’s suggestion we will be switching the signs on our restrooms. The men will now be using the women’s restrooms and vice versa. Please note these changes. Thank you.”

Everybody began to disperse back to their desks. I reached mine and saw Graham at his desk already. Graham was an intern who arrived at the law firm at the same time as me. We had become close during the past year and helped each other out on really tough mock cases. He turned as I approached. “Bro, this is some bullshit!” he exclaimed. “No extra personal days? I mean what the fuck man, I have a fucking pussy between my legs!” (Did I mention Graham swore a lot?)

“Yeah, sure Graham, bullshit,” I half-heartedly agreed. I turned around in my chair to get to work when my mentor walked over. “Michael, how’s the Colton case going?” he asked.

“It’s coming along well Mr Richards, I should have the file on your desk by this afternoon,” I replied.

“Good, keep up the excellent work Michael, you never know where it may get you,” Mr Richards said.

“Thank you sir,” I said gratefully. I watched Mr Richards turn away and then I resumed my work. About half an hour later I looked up to see Rachel from down the hall walk past me, a little shaken. When I had started working at the firm the previous year, Melissa had helped me become acclimatised to the work area. We had become great friends and we still are. I jumped up and went over to her.

“Hey Rachel, are you ok?” I asked as I wrapped my arm around her shoulders.

Rachel looked up to me. “Yeah, I am, it’s just... I went to the bathroom now and ... oh my god, I thought urinals had partitions between them!”

I laughed. “Yeah, some do but not our ones. Wait... you didn’t look across while you were busy, did you?”

Rachel looked away sheepishly. “Well, it’s quite hard not to look when a short girl walks up to a urinal, lifts up her skirt and pulls out a massive penis!”

“Who was it?”

“You know Cathy the secretary? Yep, it was her. I swear, it was one of the biggest dicks I have seen, bigger than mine even and I know I’m huge, even after the recent growth we’ve all been having.”

I shamelessly looked down to Rachel’s skirt and saw the outline of her dick. She was right: it was huge. I looked back up to her face. “Well, now you know that you shouldn’t look next time, ok?” I said.

“Yeah,” she mumbled. “See you around Mikey.”

I went back to my desk and finished up my report on the Colton case and handed it in before the time I had estimated. Mr Richards was very impressed and told me to take it easy for the rest of the day, but that I could not go home. I ended up surfing the net at my desk, listening to Graham’s occasional fit about the swap.

I found myself on Facebook. One of my high school friends had gotten married this past weekend, despite the Swap happening. I was looking through all the photos she had posted and came across one of her and her bridesmaids. Sure, that sounds normal, but it was of them in the men’s, now women’s bathrooms. They were standing in front of the urinals with their dresses hiked up to their waist, but their asses were still covered. Their left hand was in front of them, obviously grabbing their new dicks and their torsos were turned to face the camera. They had a silly smile on their faces, not unlike the ones that mischievous children have when they are proud of doing something they should not have done.

This piqued my interest and I wondered how many people had still gone ahead with their wedding plans despite the Swap. Furthermore, how many of them had had sex already? I googled the Swap and found many new sites for self help and personal hygiene. There were sites for men on how to look after their new vaginas as well as sites for women. However, the sites for women were more geared towards how to pleasure themselves rather than hygiene.

I was scrolling through for about an hour when Graham suddenly jumped up and ran to the restrooms. He clearly wasn’t thinking straight as he almost ran into the new women’s restroom. He backtracked and burst into the men’s room. He probably needed to take a number 2 really badly.

Half an hour passed and Graham had still not returned from the restroom. I was getting slightly worried. I got up and walked over to the restroom. I pushed open the door and walked in. It immediately struck me as to how different it was by the lack of urinals. There was more space for stalls and the lined most of the walls. It was also far cleaner than the old men’s room had ever been.

I called out. “Graham? Are you in here bud?” There was no reply. I saw that the last stall was the only one that was closed. “Hey Graham, I know you’re in the last stall. What’s the matter, are you hurt?”

There was no reply yet again. I waited another minute in silence when the lock on the stall clicked open. The door swung slowly inwards and out stepped Graham. He had been crying; his eyes were red and there was still moisture on his cheeks. However, that was not the only thing. His shirt was unbuttoned and his arms were crossed, covering up his chest. Slowly, he dropped his arms. I stared. On Grahams chest were two firm, perfectly round C-cup tits!

*That’s the end of part 2 of The Swap. I hope you enjoyed it as I’ve had a blast writing it (read: writing it makes me horny) Anyway I will start working on part 3 soon. The little addition I have made to Graham came to me thanks to the user* Russian Judge.  *In fact a lot of the new story points will be from user suggestions. If you enjoyed, please rate it.*

*If you have any suggestions for any further morphs please drop an email to* jmsnowy10@gmail.com