

THE BODYSNATCHER



Starring Katana Kombat

Sexually explicit!
TG erotica
FOR ADULTS
ONLY





MY FATHER WAS OLD
SCHOOL: «REAL MEN
FIGHT» SCHOOL.

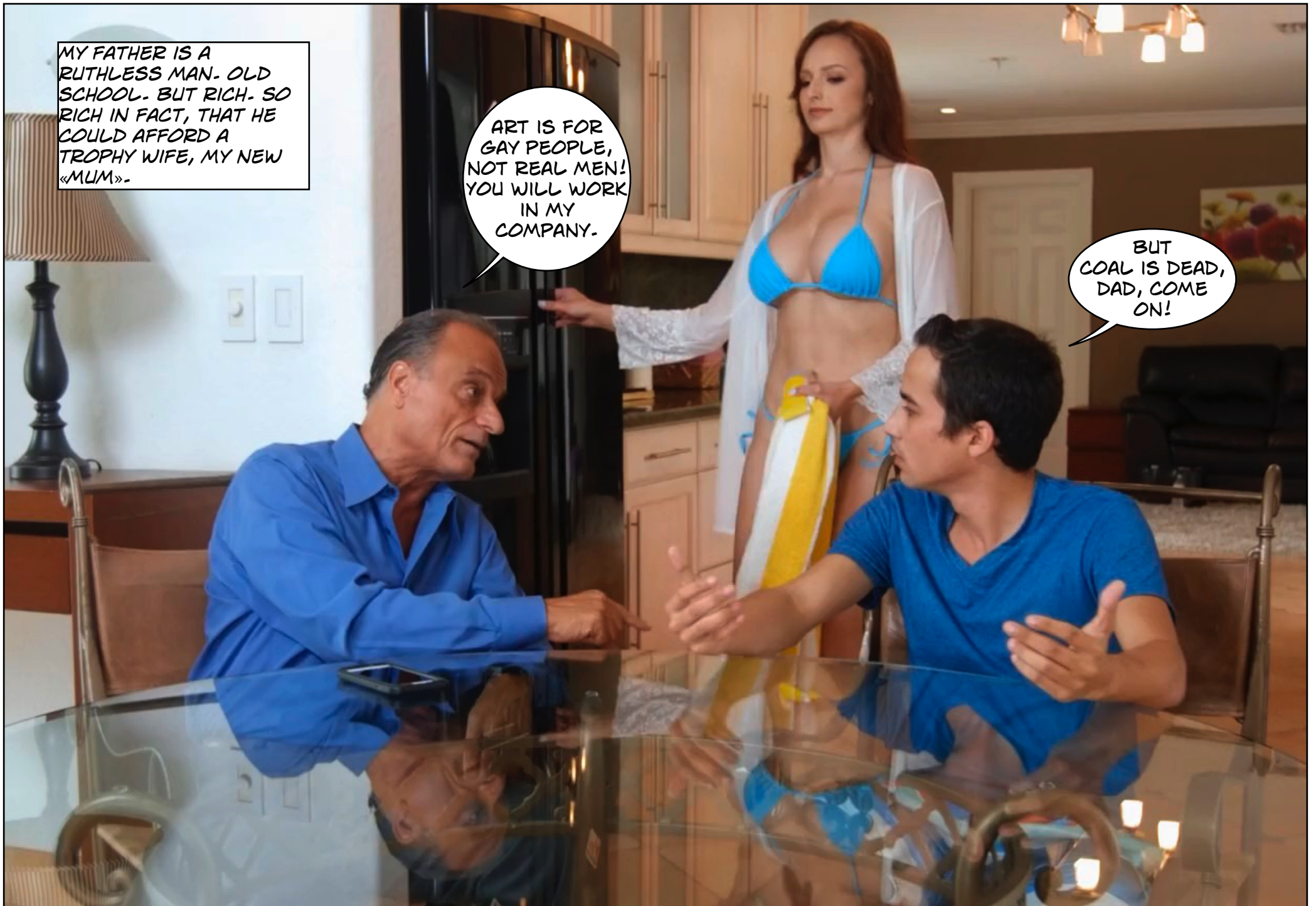
YOU HAVE TO TOUGHEN
UP SON! GIRLS LIKE REAL
MEN. YOUR MOTHER WOULD
NOT HAVE MARRIED ME IF
SHE THOUGHT I WAS A
SISSY!

SHE IS NOT MY
MOTHER, SHE IS
MY STEP MOTHER.
AND I LIKE ART. I
DO!

MY FATHER IS A
RUTHLESS MAN. OLD
SCHOOL. BUT RICH. SO
RICH IN FACT, THAT HE
COULD AFFORD A
TROPHY WIFE, MY NEW
«MUM».

ART IS FOR
GAY PEOPLE,
NOT REAL MEN!
YOU WILL WORK
IN MY
COMPANY.

BUT
COAL IS DEAD,
DAD, COME
ON!





LISTEN TO
YOUR FATHER,
ROGER. GIRLS
LIKE REAL MEN!

COME
ON! ARTISTS
GET GIRLS
TOO!

I HAD TO ADMIT: ONE
PART OF ME FEARED SHE
WAS RIGHT. GIRLS
WOULD AT LEAST NOT
GO FOR ARTISTS LIKE
ME, SHY AND
INTROVERTED.

SHE WAS NOT THE SHARPEST KNIFE IN THE DRAWER, I KNEW THAT. MY FATHER HAD CHOSEN HER FOR HER TITS AND NOT HER BRAINS. YET, I COULD NOT HELP WONDERING: MAYBE SHE WAS THE LUCKY ONE. SHE HAD NEVER BEEN WITHOUT A BOY FRIEND. I WAS STILL A VIRGIN.

I HAVE BEEN WITH ARTIST TYPES, ALL TALK AND NO ACTION.





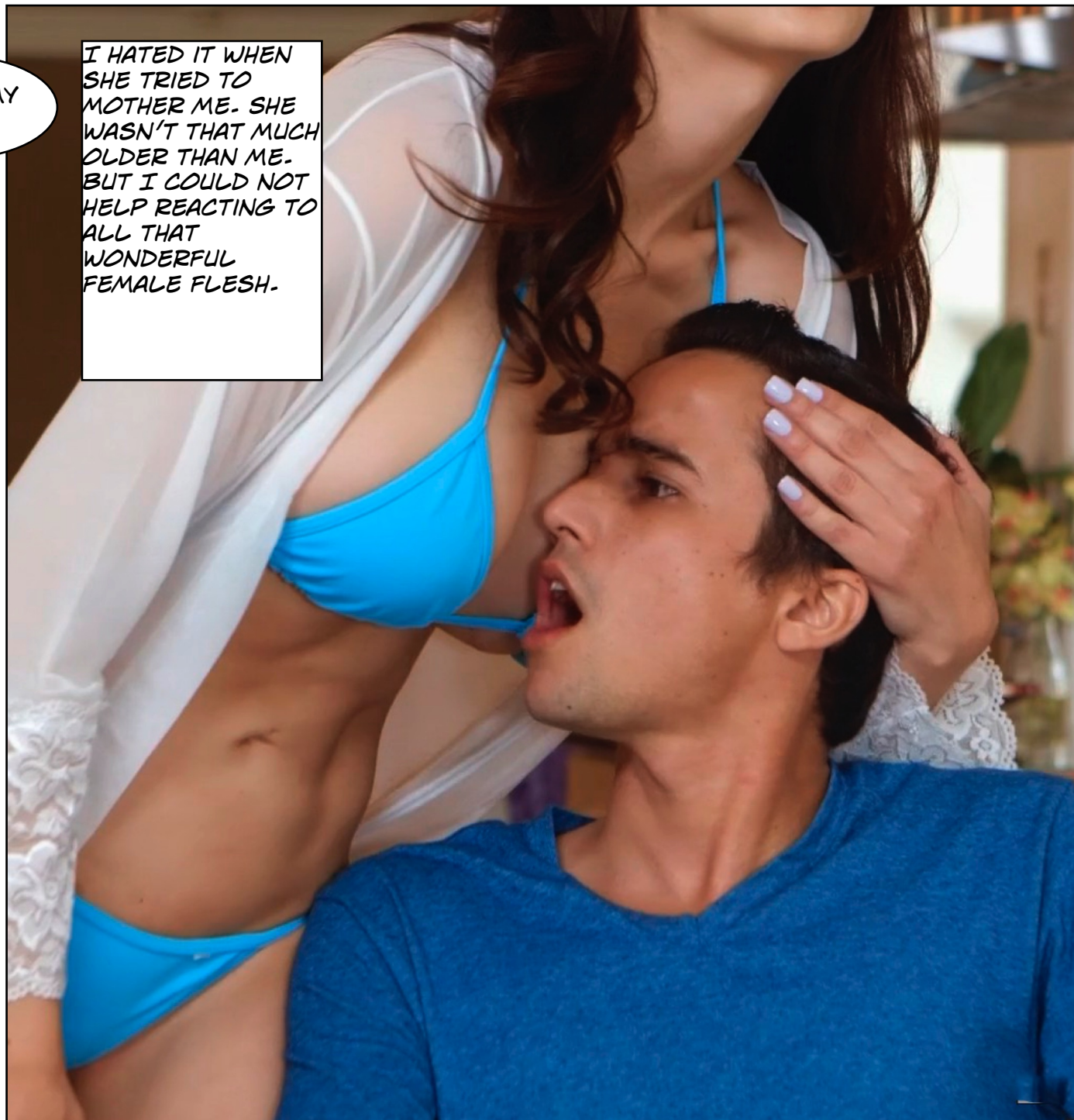
KEEP ON
TRAINING!
BUILD SOME
MUSCLE. EAT
PROTEIN!

THE SCENT OF HER
MADE ME DIZZY. SHE
WAS SO BEAUTIFUL. SO
SEXY.



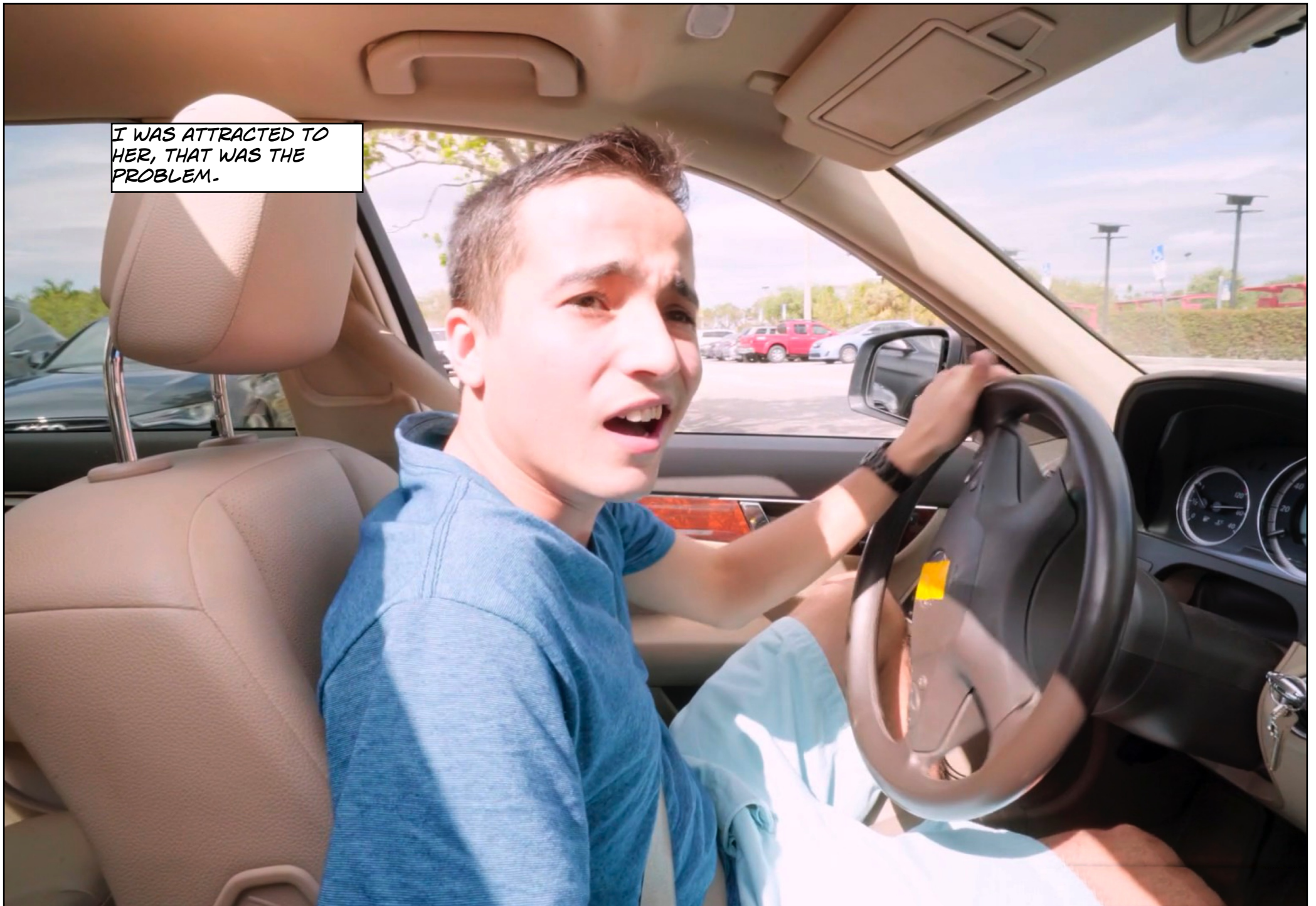
IF I HAD BEEN BORN
LIKE HER, I WOULD
NEVER HAVE BEEN
LONELY. OR SO I
THOUGHT.


OK, I WILL
DO WHAT I
CAN.



I HATED IT WHEN SHE TRIED TO MOTHER ME. SHE WASN'T THAT MUCH OLDER THAN ME. BUT I COULD NOT HELP REACTING TO ALL THAT WONDERFUL FEMALE FLESH.

I WAS ATTRACTED TO
HER, THAT WAS THE
PROBLEM.



A photograph of a young man with dark hair, wearing a blue t-shirt, driving a car. He is looking out the window to his right. The car's interior is beige. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the image. The background shows a road with trees and a guardrail.

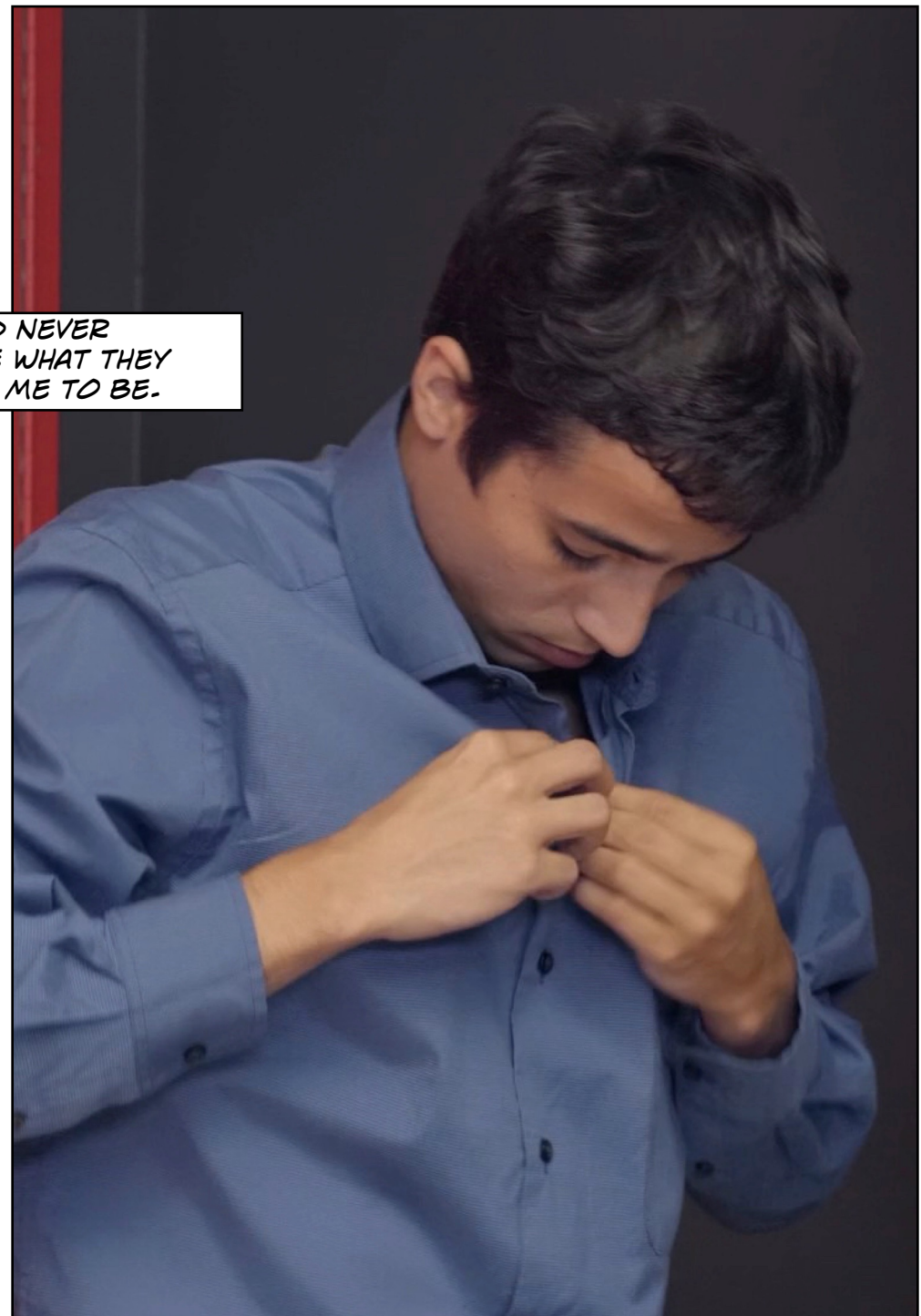
IT MUST BE GREAT
BEING HER, I THOUGHT.
YOU WERE
AUTOMATICALLY
INCLUDED IN THE IN
CROWD IF YOU WERE
SEXY.

SO I TRIED TO FIT IN
AND LIVE UP TO THE
STANDARDS SET BY MY
FATHER AND HIS SEXY
WIFE.





BUT I KNEW THAT IT
WAS ALL FUTILE.



I COULD NEVER
BECOME WHAT THEY
WANTED ME TO BE.



DUNCAN, MY ARCH
NEMESIS.

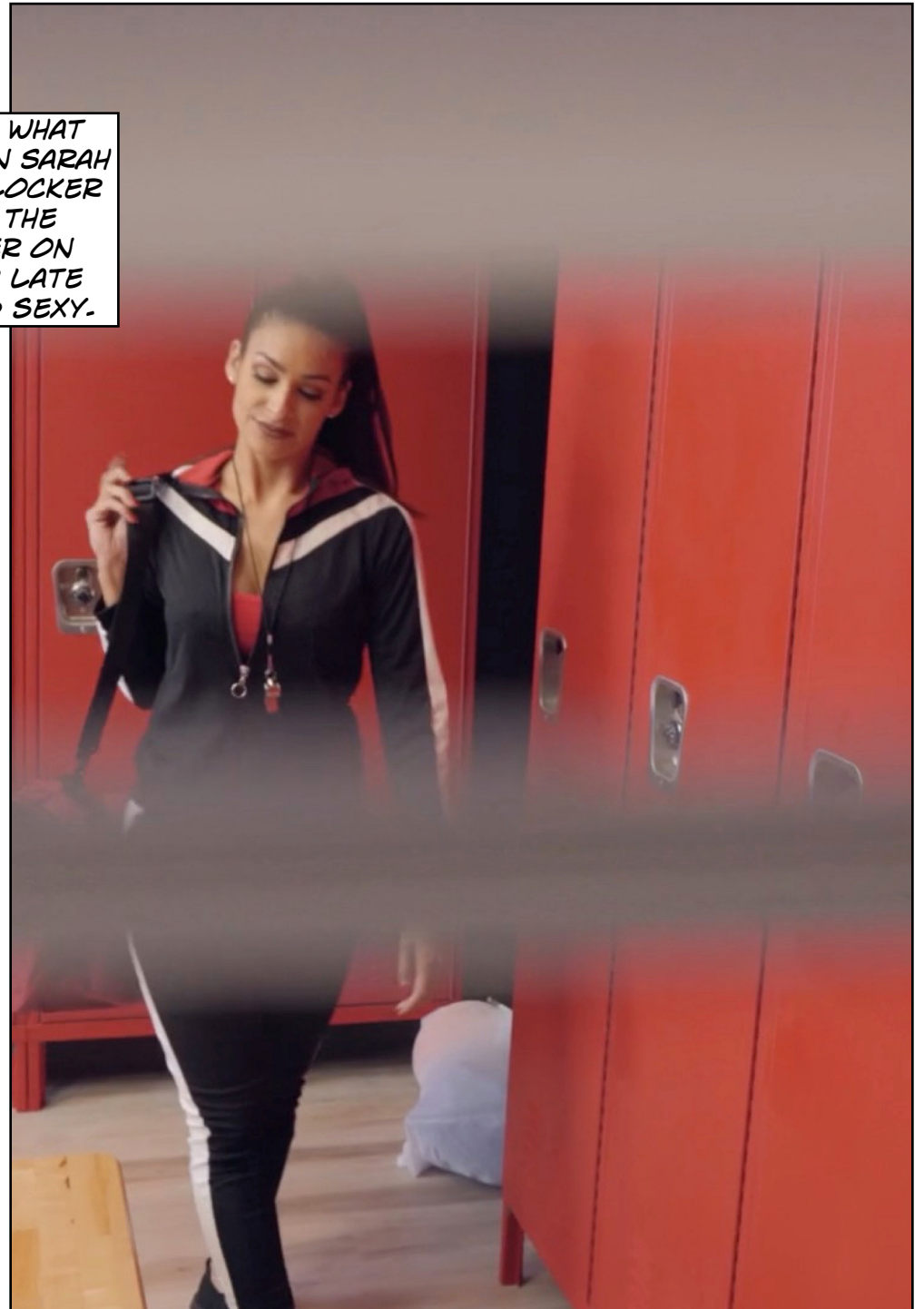


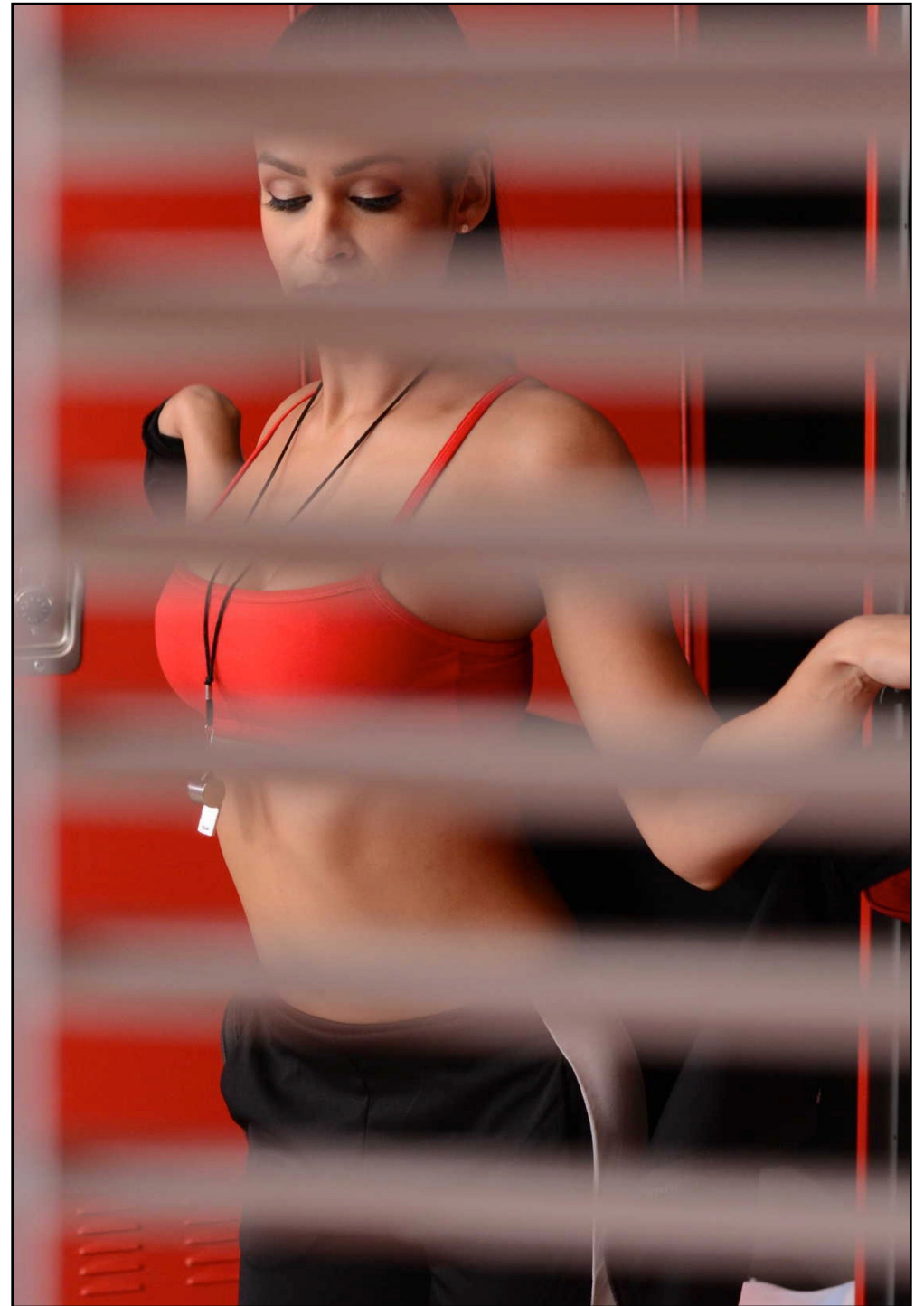
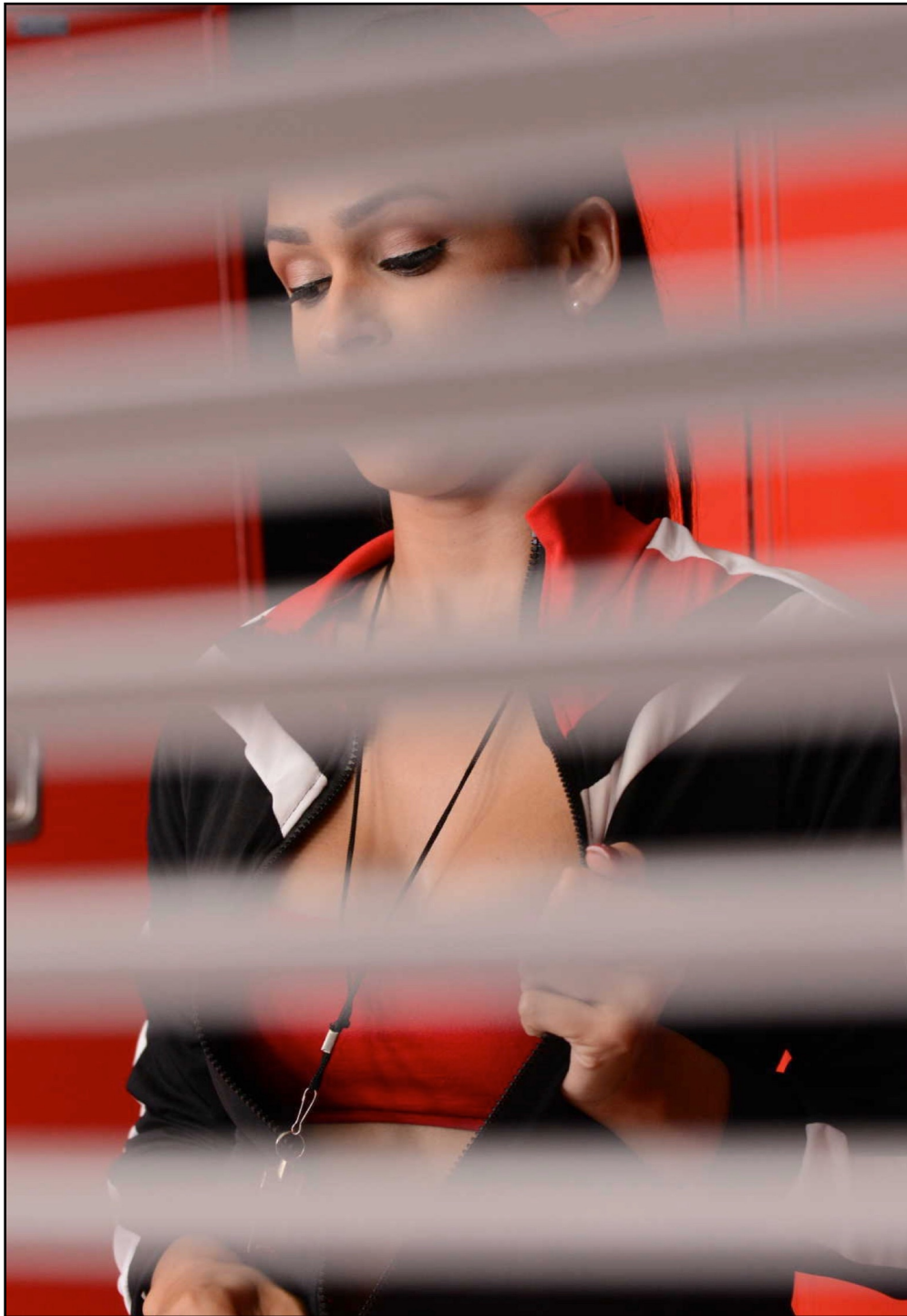




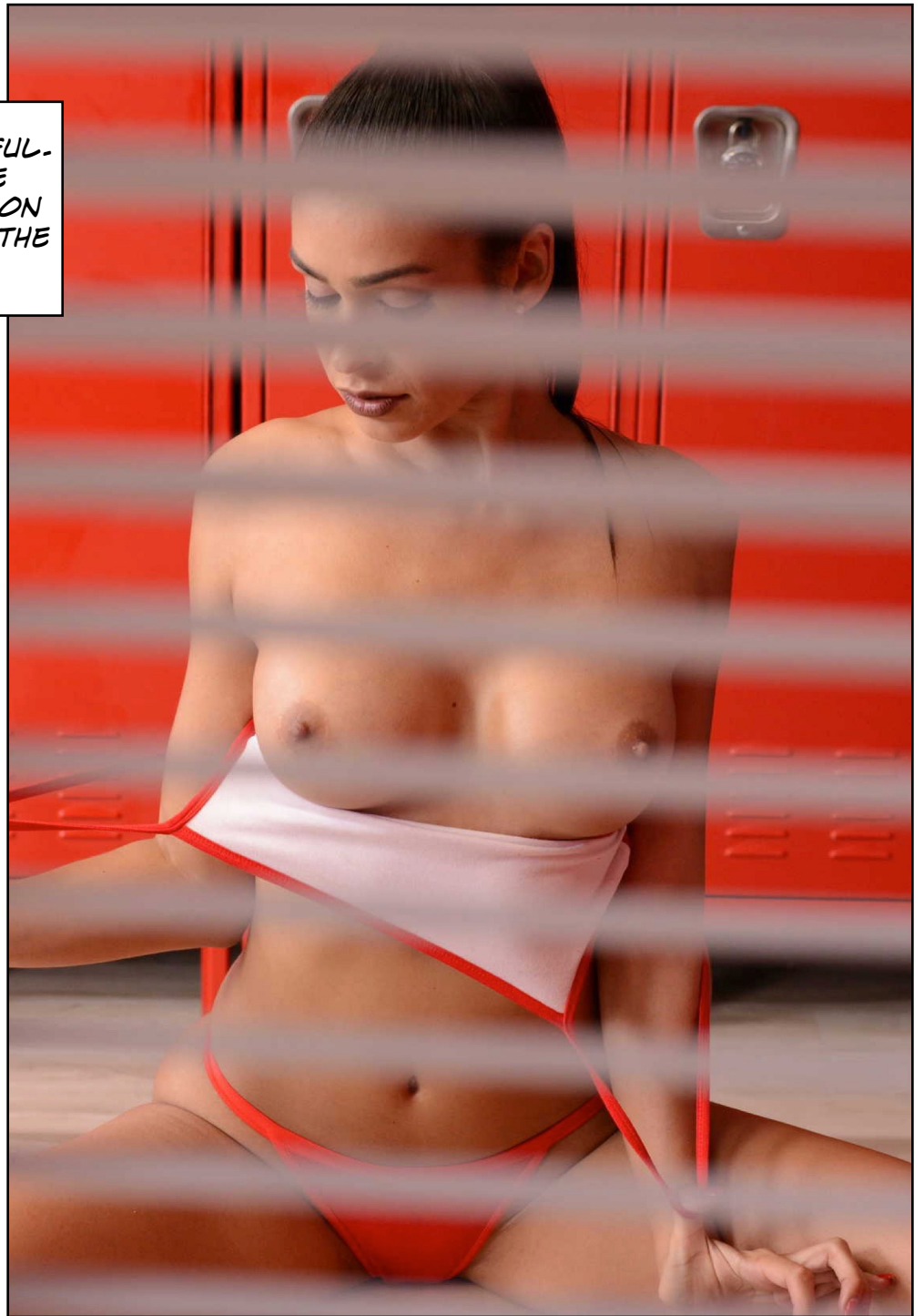


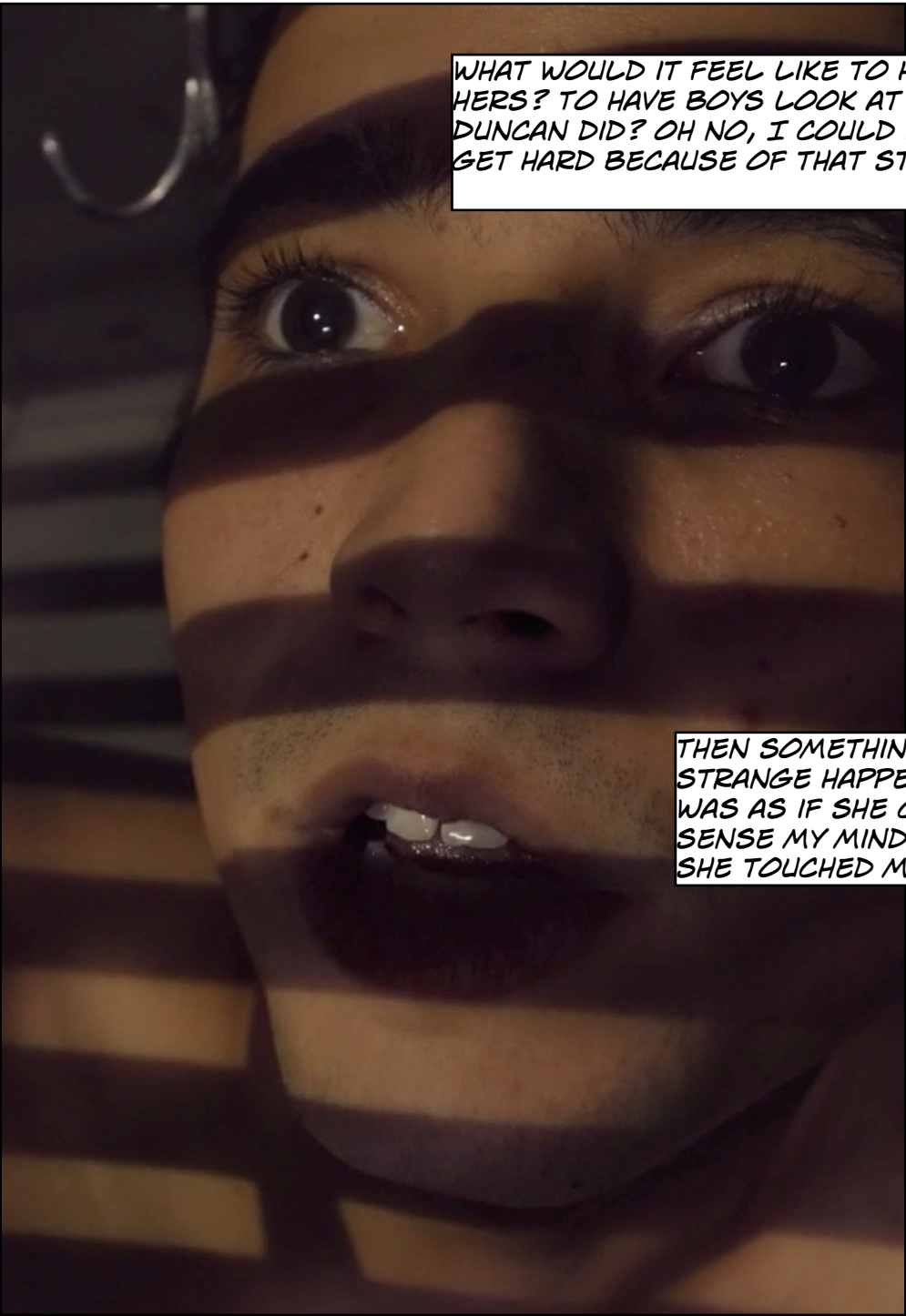
I DID NOT KNOW WHAT
TO DO. AND THEN SARAH
CAME INTO THE LOCKER
ROOM. SHE WAS THE
HOTTEST TEACHER ON
CAMPUS. IN HER LATE
20S, SMART AND SEXY.





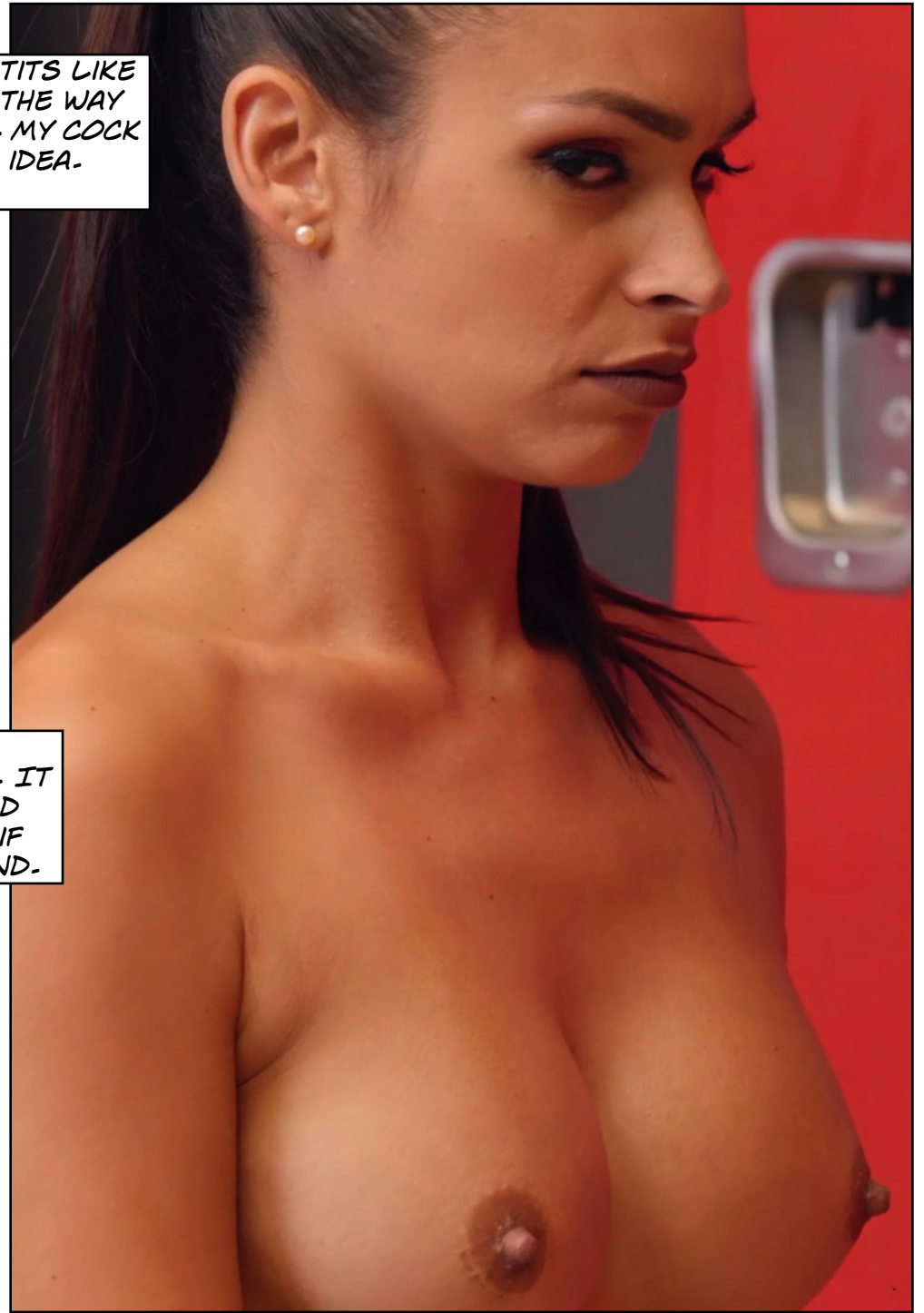
BEAUTIFUL, SELF
CONFIDENT. POWERFUL.
DESIRABLE. AND THE
THOUGHT SNOOK UP ON
ME AGAIN: SHE WAS THE
LUCKY ONE.



A close-up photograph of a woman's face. Her eyes are wide open, looking upwards. Her face is partially obscured by several thick, horizontal black shadows, likely from blinds. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth.

WHAT WOULD IT FEEL LIKE TO HAVE TITS LIKE
HERS? TO HAVE BOYS LOOK AT YOU THE WAY
DUNCAN DID? OH NO, I COULD FEEL MY COCK
GET HARD BECAUSE OF THAT STUPID IDEA.

THEN SOMETHING
STRANGE HAPPENED. IT
WAS AS IF SHE COULD
SENSE MY MIND, AS IF
SHE TOUCHED MY MIND.



MY INSTINCTS WENT INTO OVERDRIVE. THERE WAS NO WAY SHE COULD HAVE HEARD ME. I HELD MY BREATH. BUT, YES, IT FELT AS IF SHE WAS PROBING MY MIND. I TRIED TO BLOCK HER OUT. I GOT SCARED. IT FELT LIKE BEING HUNTED BY A PREDATOR.





THERE YOU
ARE. COME OUT YOU
CREEP!

A woman with long dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a red bikini, stands in a locker room. She is gesturing with her hands while talking to a man who is inside a locker. The man is shirtless and looking surprised. The locker is open, revealing a grey interior. The surrounding lockers are red.

ROGER,
IS IT? THE
RICH MAN'S
SON?





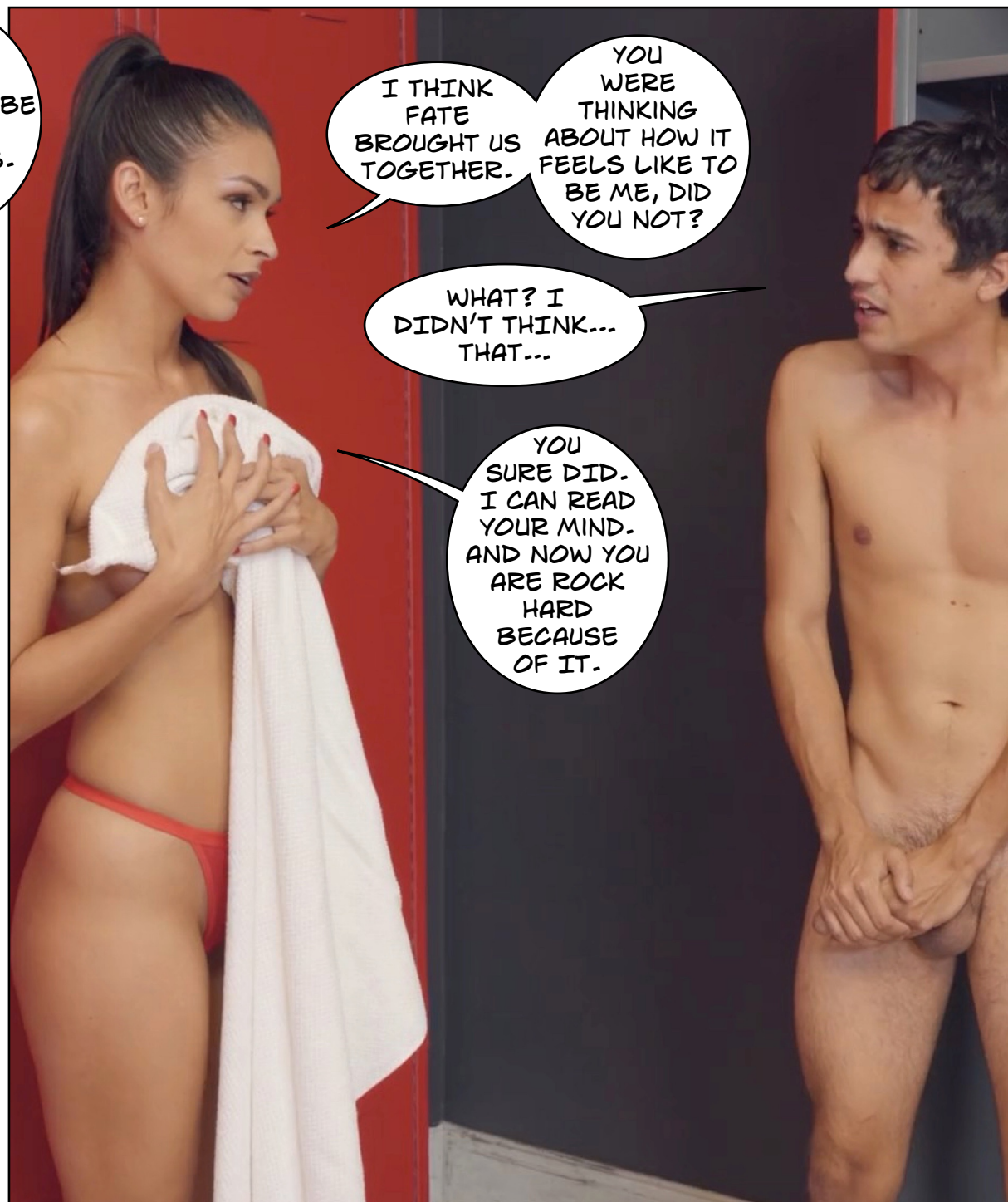
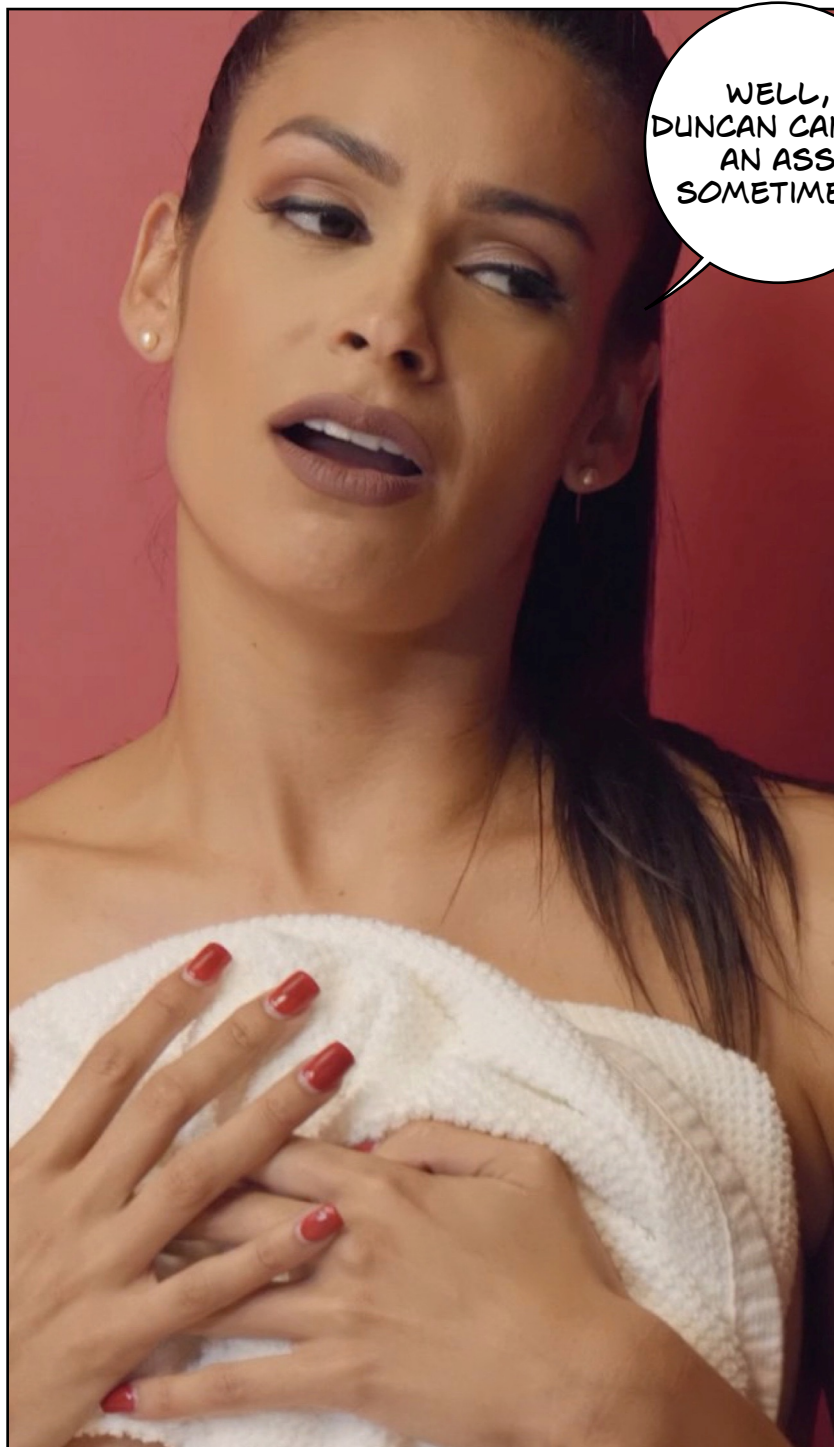
THEN I COULD FEEL HER
PENETRATING MY MIND
AGAIN.

YES,
YOU ARE
TELLING THE
TRUTH.

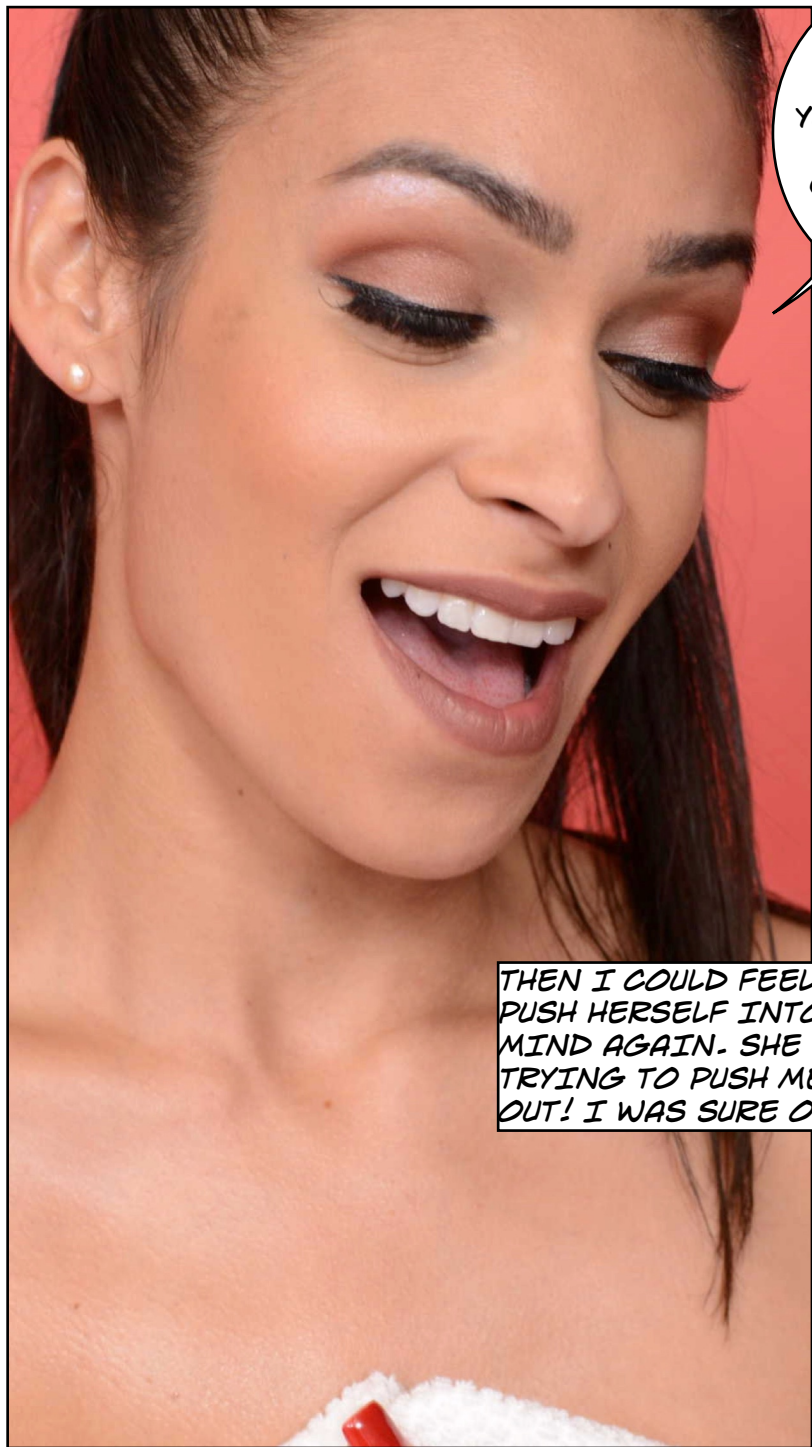
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH MY
MIND?

I AM
TRYING TO
READ IT, BUT
YOU ARE
RESISTING
ME.









I LIKE THE
SIZE OF IT.
YOU MAY BE A
GOOD
CANDIDATE
AFTER ALL.

THEN I COULD FEEL HER
PUSH HERSELF INTO MY
MIND AGAIN. SHE WAS
TRYING TO PUSH ME
OUT! I WAS SURE OF IT.











SHE ATTACKED ME
AGAIN. SHE FILLED MY
MIND WUTH IMAGES OF
ME BEING HER.



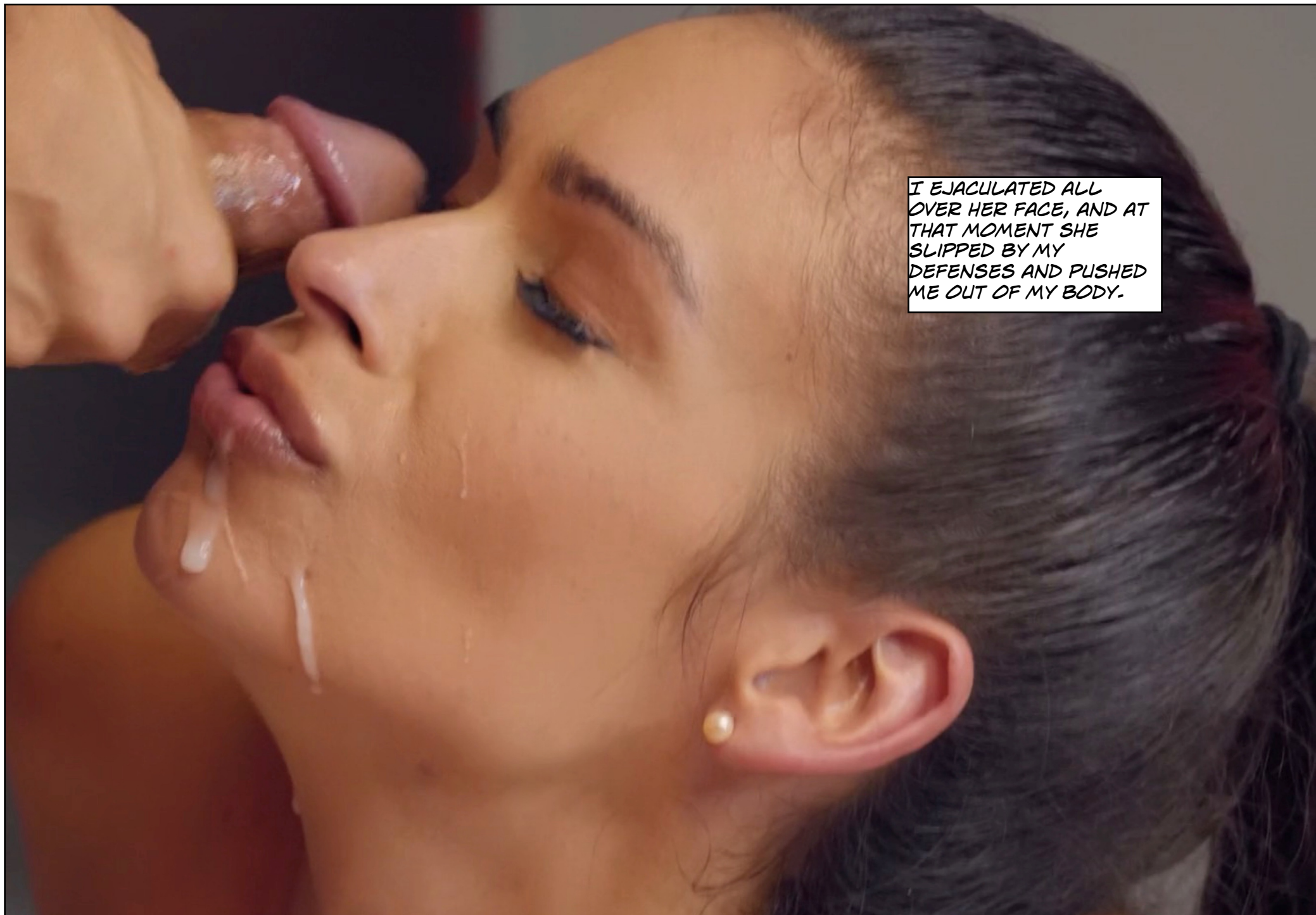
DANCING, LAUGHING.
BEING SEXY.



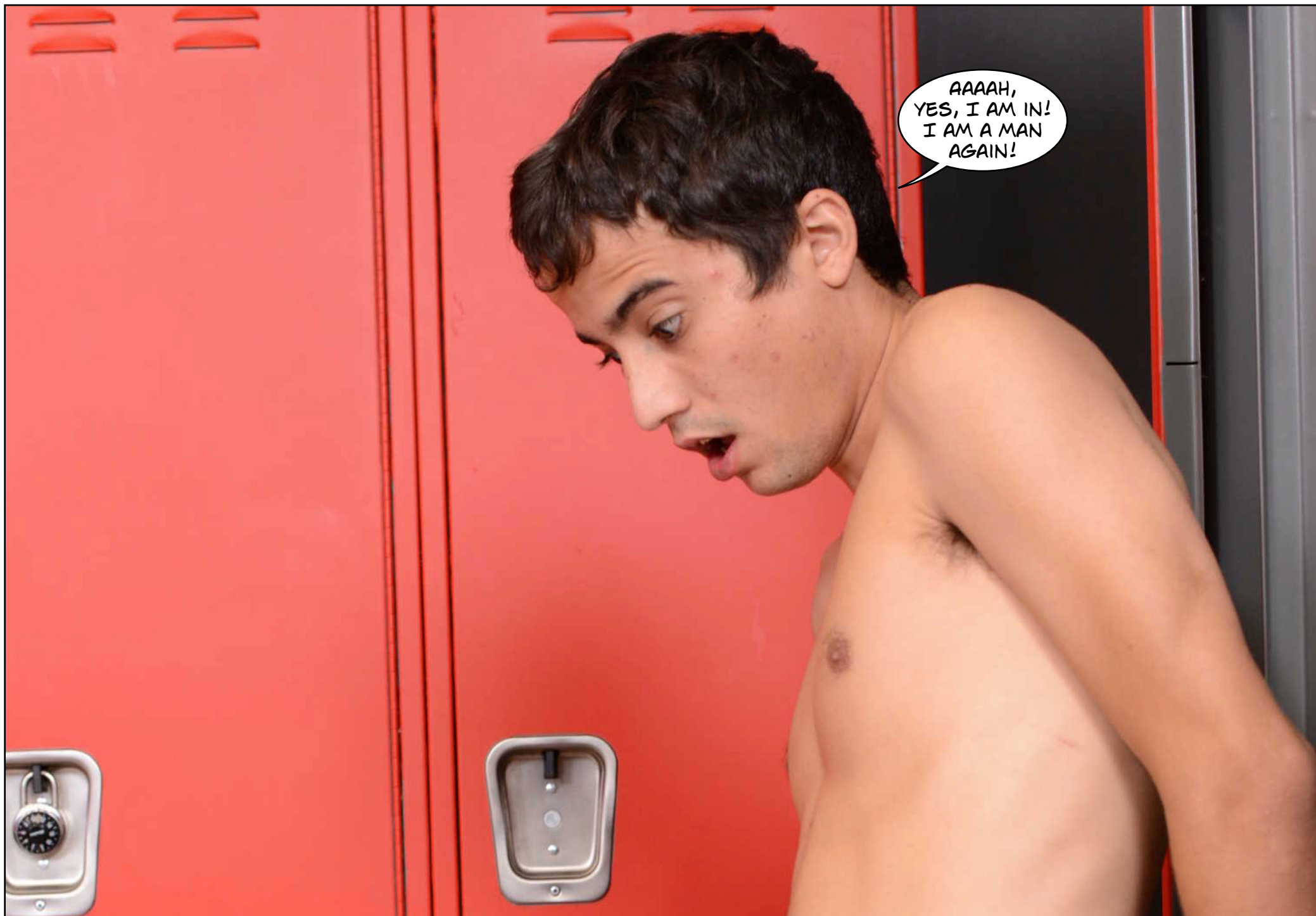
LET GO! LET
ME IN!







I EJACULATED ALL
OVER HER FACE, AND AT
THAT MOMENT SHE
SLIPPED BY MY
DEFENSES AND PUSHED
ME OUT OF MY BODY.



AAAAH,
YES, I AM IN!
I AM A MAN
AGAIN!

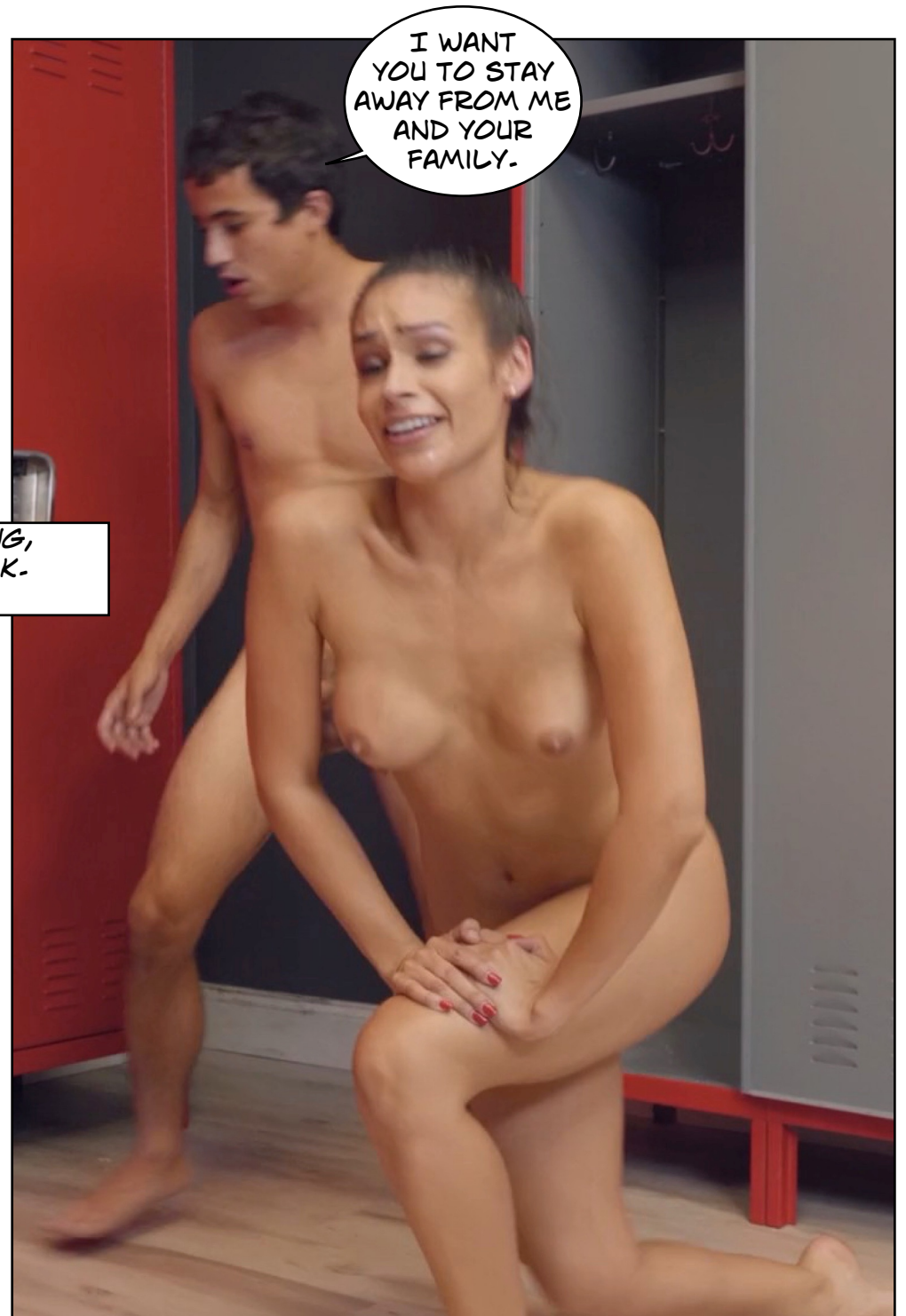


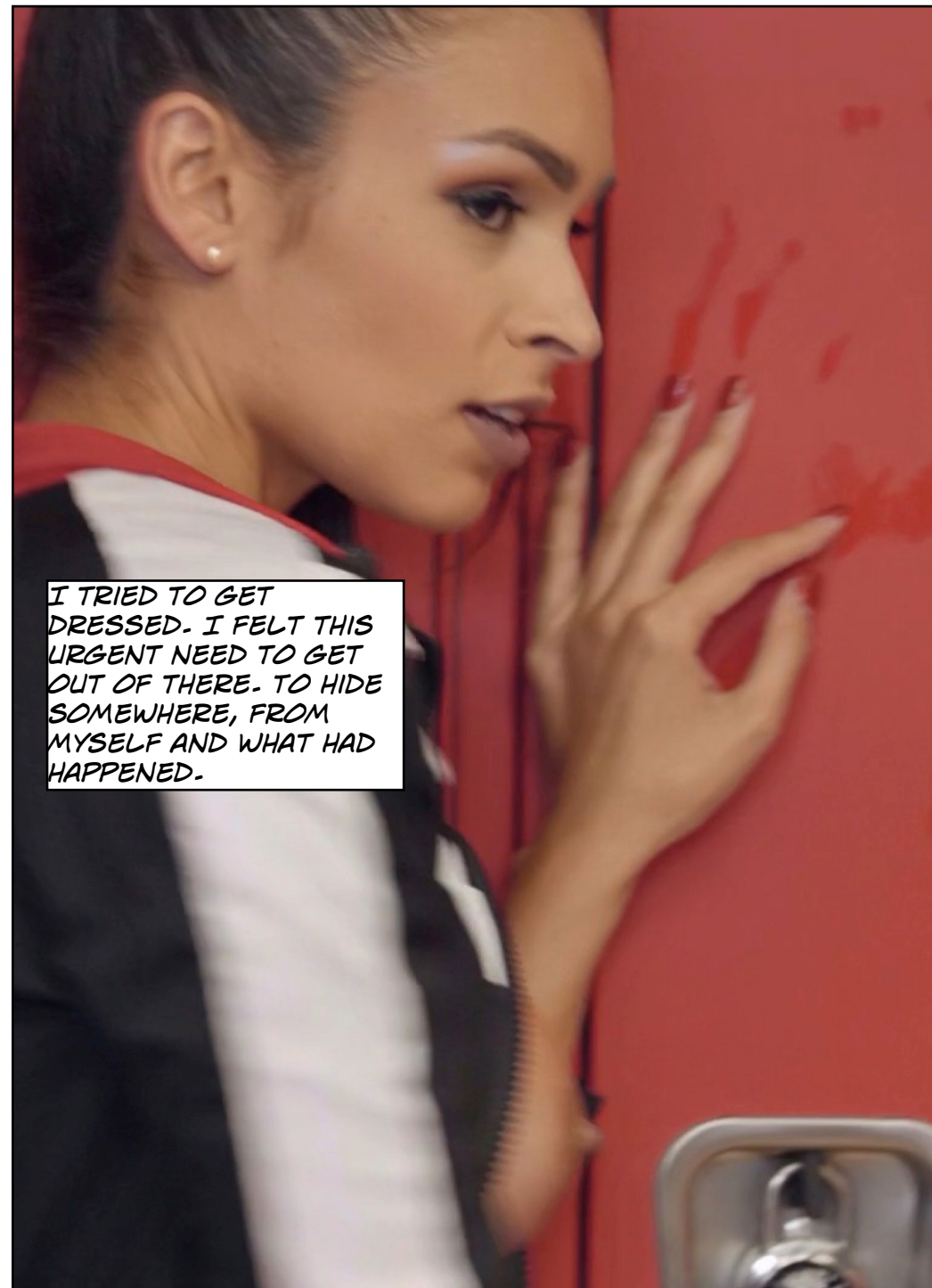
I FOUND MYSELF ON MY KNEES, FACING MY OWN COCK, CUM ALL OVER ME.

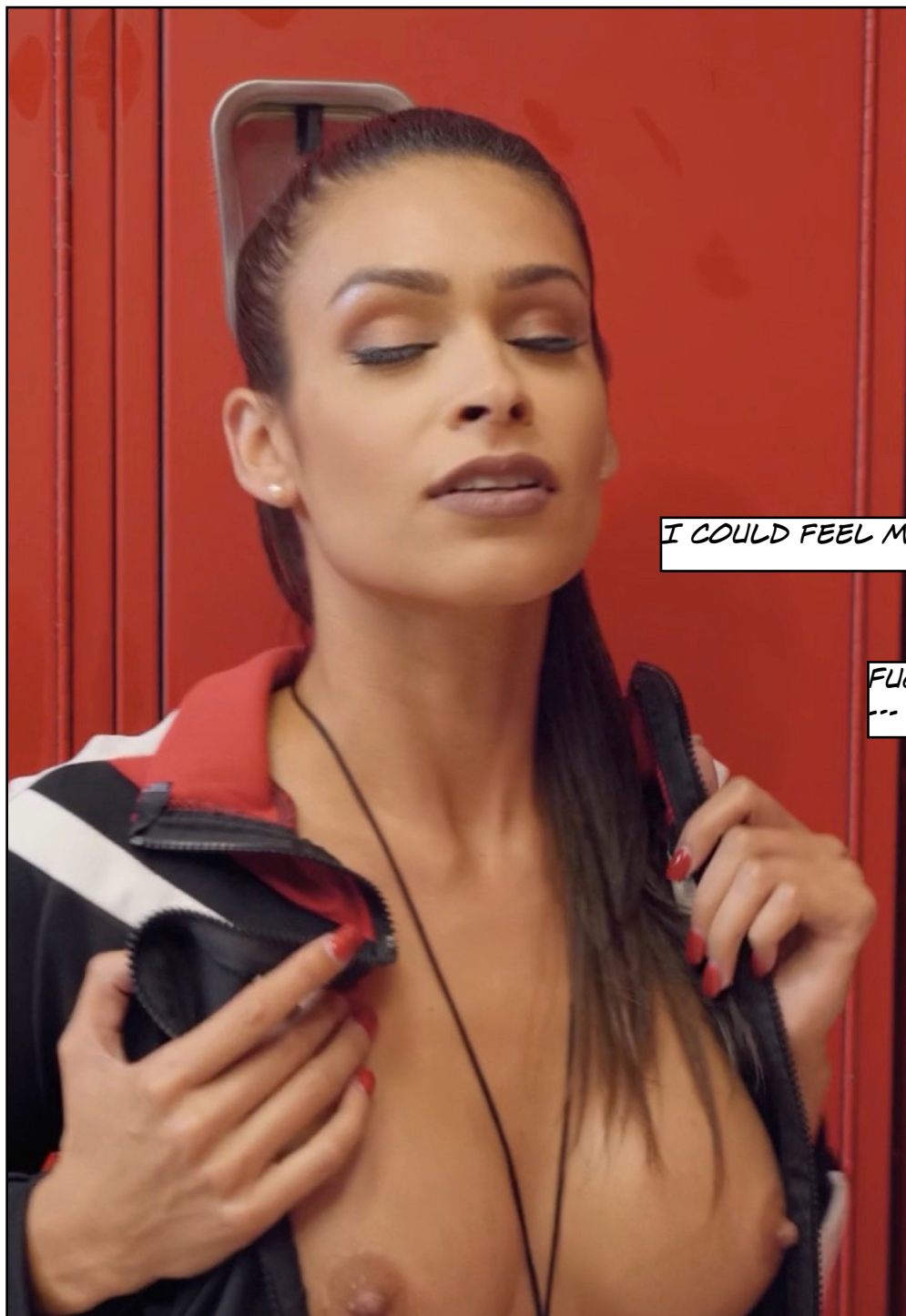
I WAS INSIDE SARAH. I
HAD BECOME HER. THIS
WAS IMPOSSIBLE. YET,
I COULD FEEL MY OWN
CUM IN MY FACE, AND
HER LONG DARK HAIR
DOWN MY BACK.

OH MY GOD!



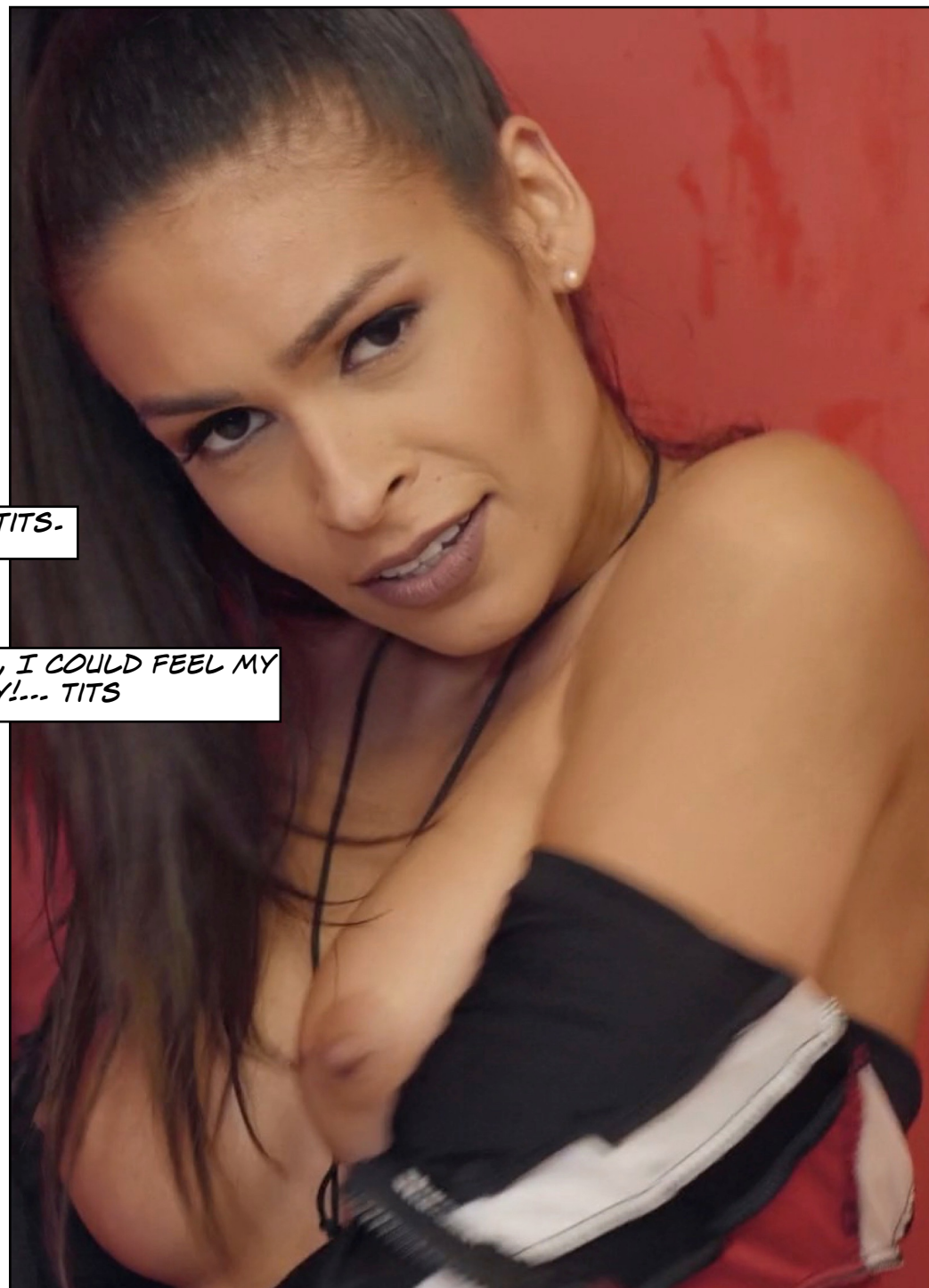


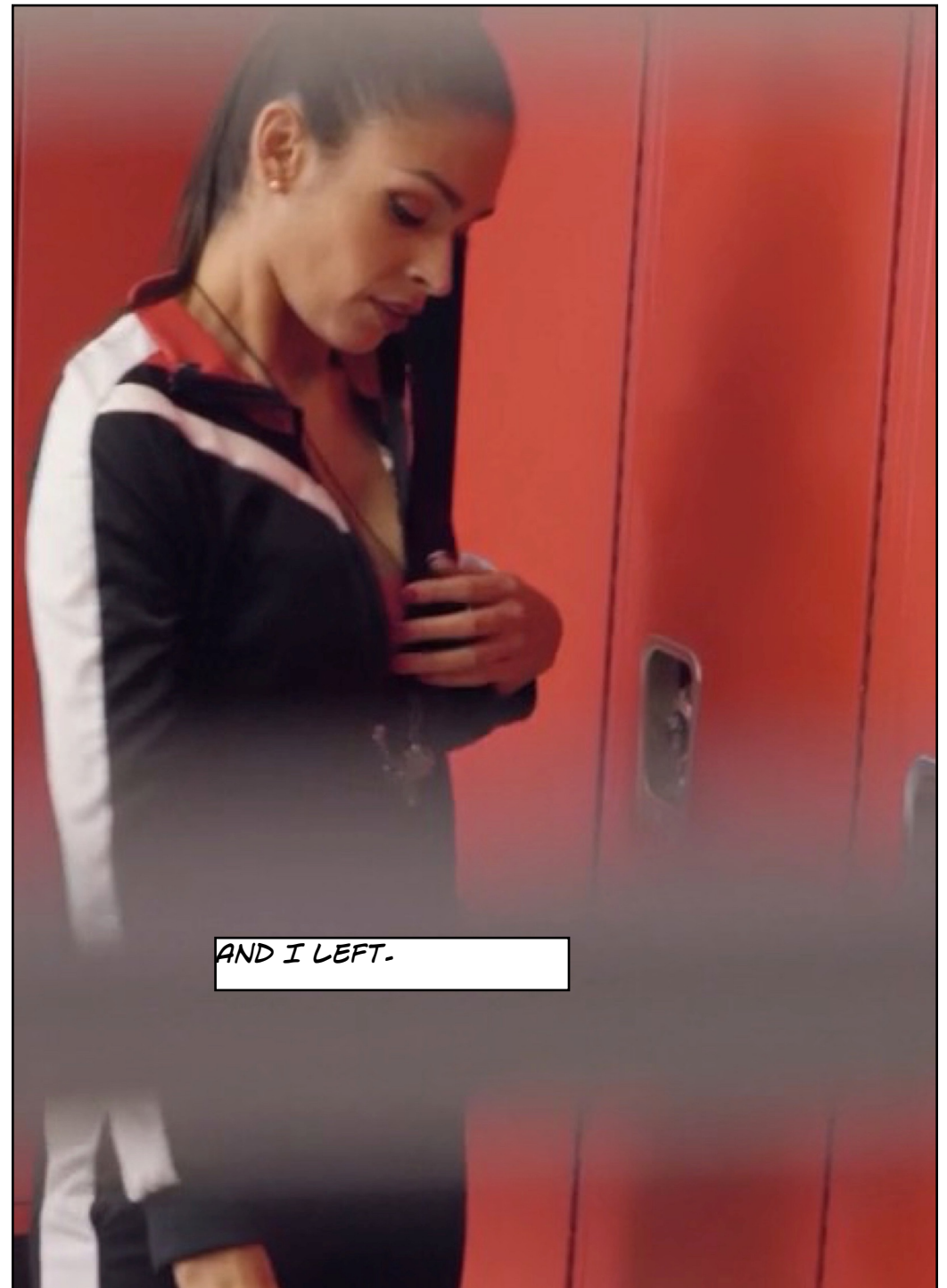
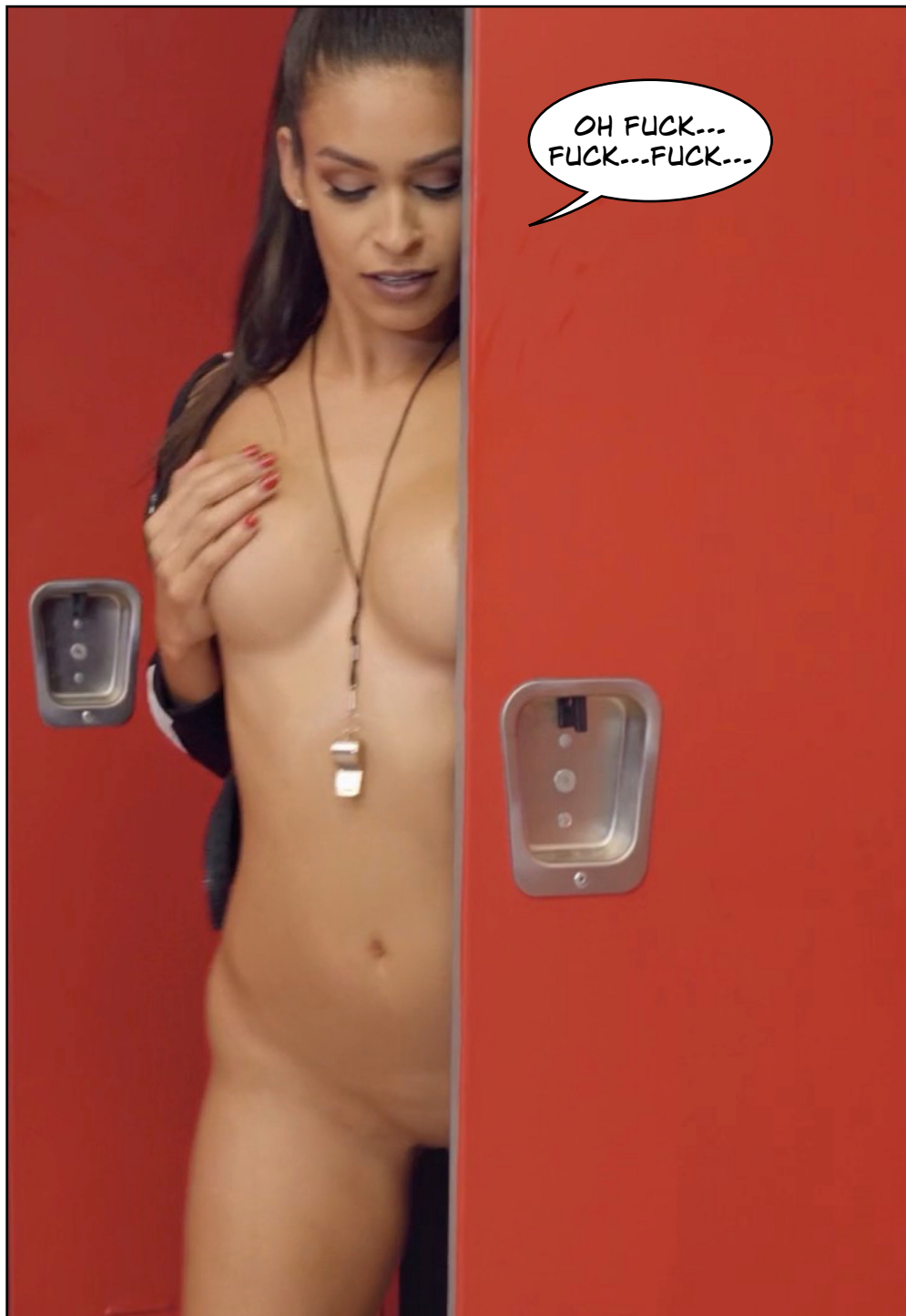




I COULD FEEL MY TITS.

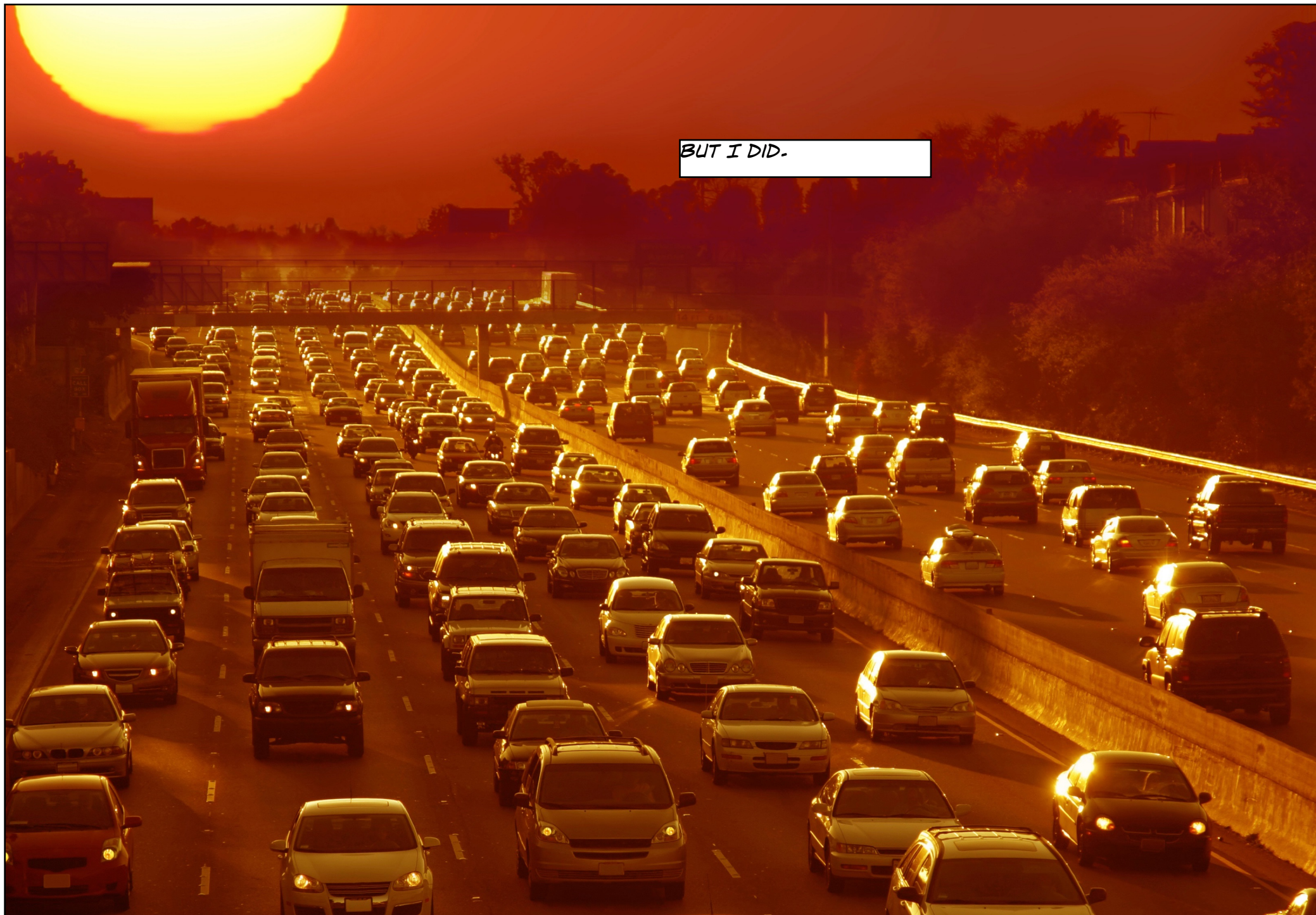
FUCK, I COULD FEEL MY
--- MY!--- TITS





FORTUNATELY I KNEW
WHAT CAR SARAH DROVE,
BUT I HAVE NO IDEA
ABOUT HOW I MANAGED
TO FIND MY WAY BACK
TO HER PLACE IN THE
KIND OF STATE I WAS
IN.





BUT I DID.

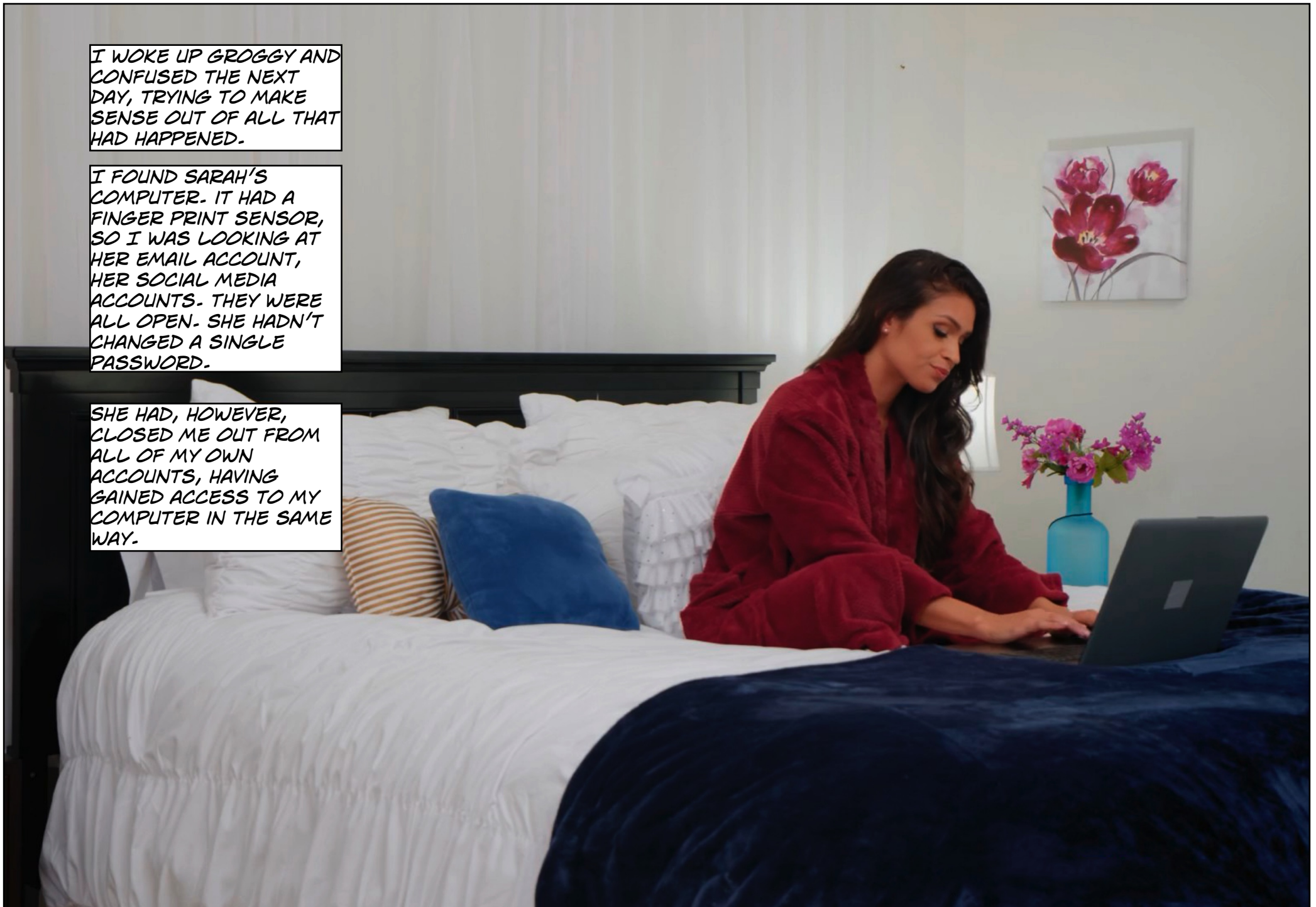


AND I MANAGED TO GET
TO HER HOME INSTEAD
OF MINE, AND WITHOUT
CRASHING.

I WOKE UP GROGGY AND
CONFUSED THE NEXT
DAY, TRYING TO MAKE
SENSE OUT OF ALL THAT
HAD HAPPENED.

I FOUND SARAH'S
COMPUTER. IT HAD A
FINGER PRINT SENSOR,
SO I WAS LOOKING AT
HER EMAIL ACCOUNT,
HER SOCIAL MEDIA
ACCOUNTS. THEY WERE
ALL OPEN. SHE HADN'T
CHANGED A SINGLE
PASSWORD.

SHE HAD, HOWEVER,
CLOSED ME OUT FROM
ALL OF MY OWN
ACCOUNTS, HAVING
GAINED ACCESS TO MY
COMPUTER IN THE SAME
WAY.



THERE WAS A BEEP AND
A MESSAGE.

Hi sweetie, do you like
being a girl?

THE MESSAGE WAS
MARKED «ROGER». SHE
HAD CLEARLY SET ME UP
AS A FRIEND THE NIGHT
BEFORE.

You need to give me my
life back right now.

That is not going to
happen. I like being a rich
spoiled kid. Have you
played with your tits yet?

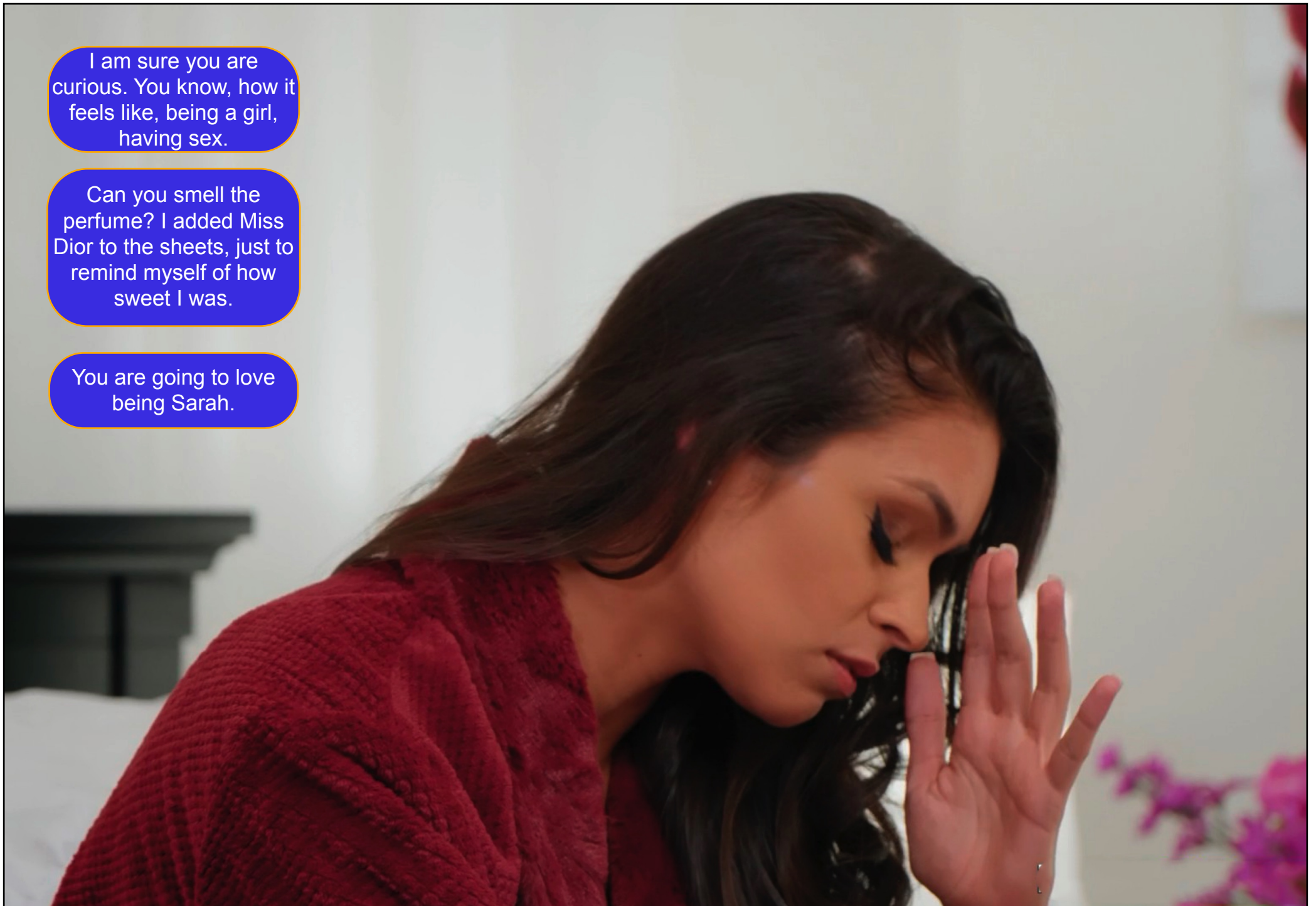
No, I don't want to
play with my tits. I want
my life back!

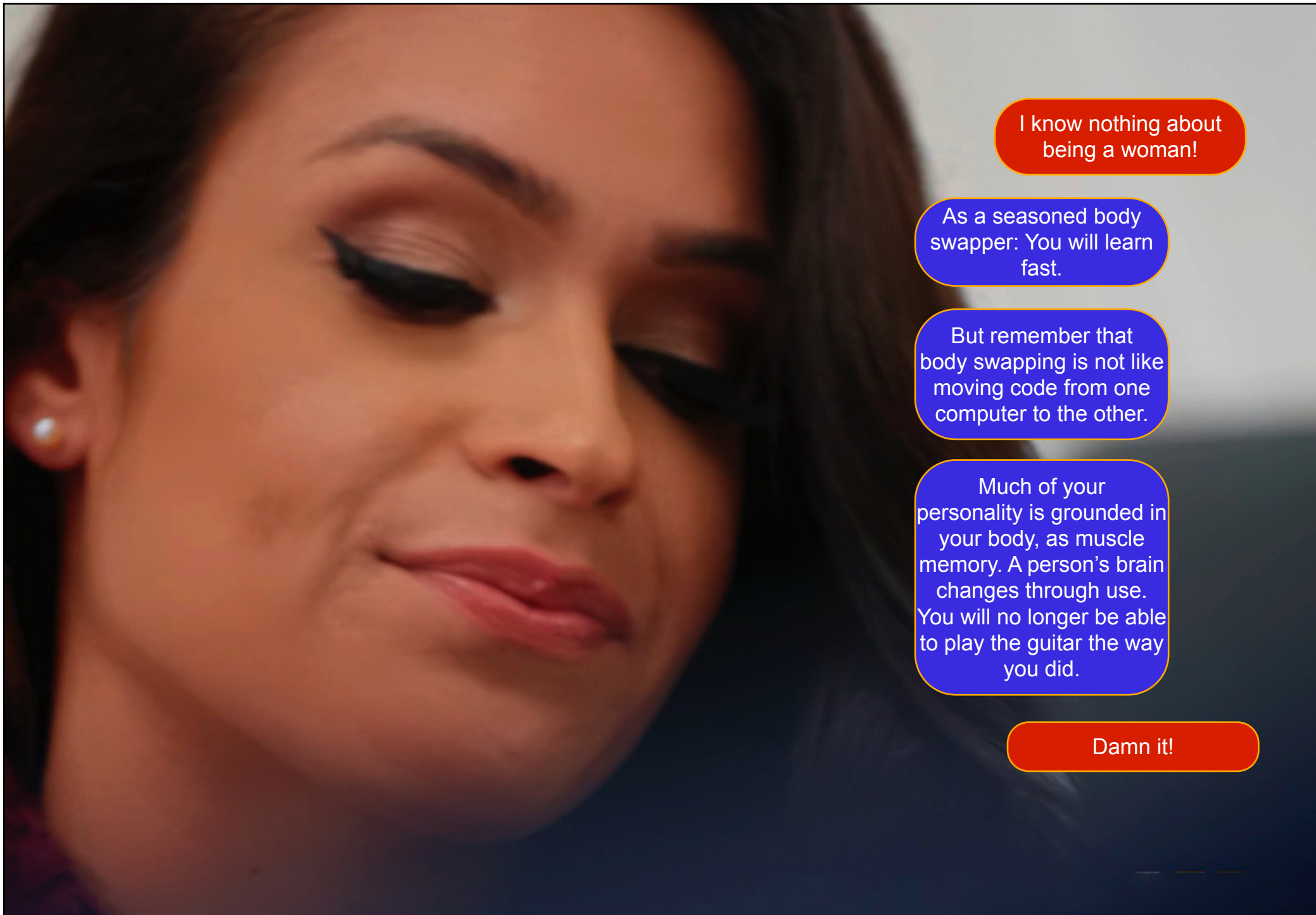


I am sure you are curious. You know, how it feels like, being a girl, having sex.

Can you smell the perfume? I added Miss Dior to the sheets, just to remind myself of how sweet I was.

You are going to love being Sarah.





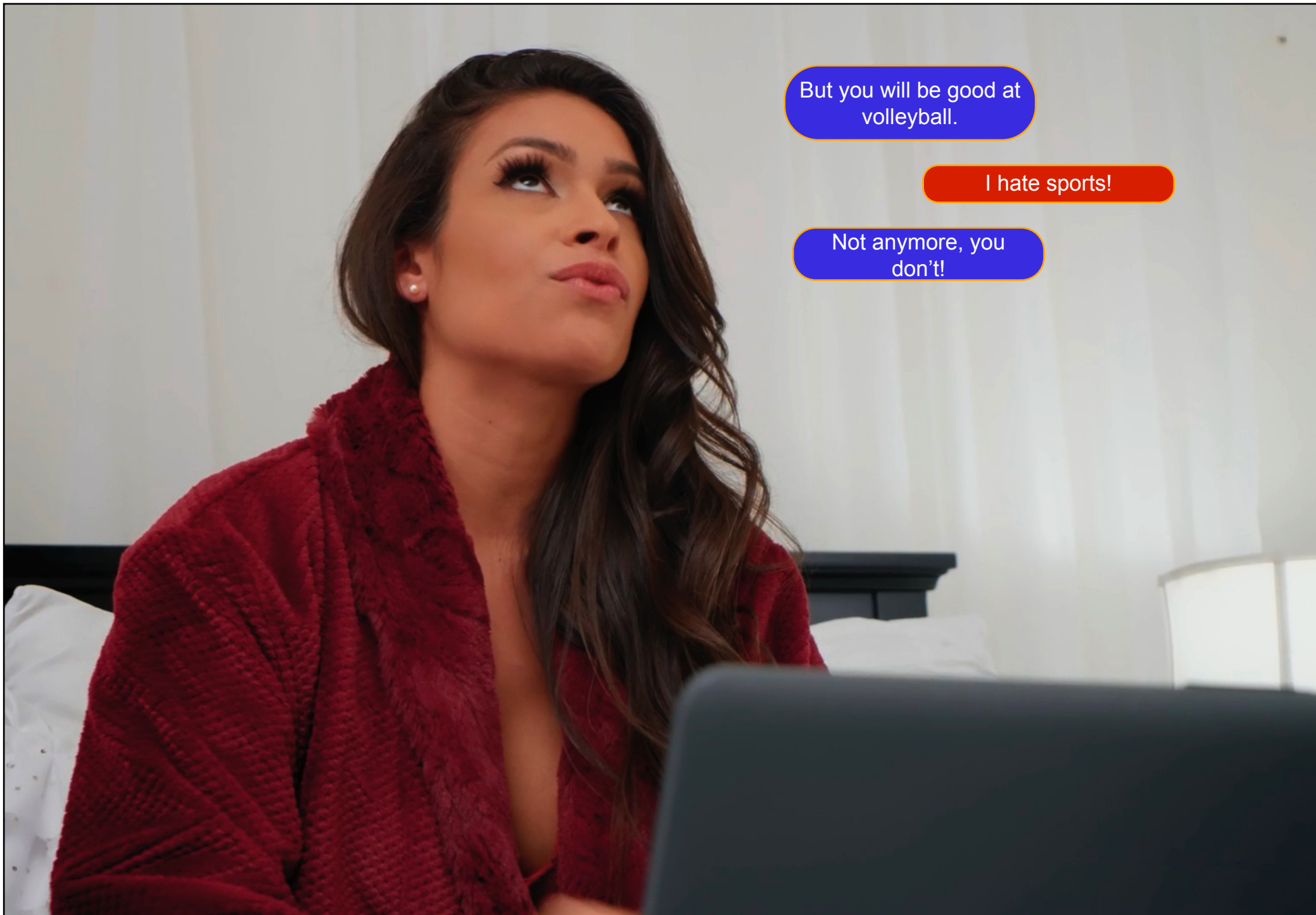
I know nothing about being a woman!

As a seasoned body swapper: You will learn fast.

But remember that body swapping is not like moving code from one computer to the other.

Much of your personality is grounded in your body, as muscle memory. A person's brain changes through use. You will no longer be able to play the guitar the way you did.

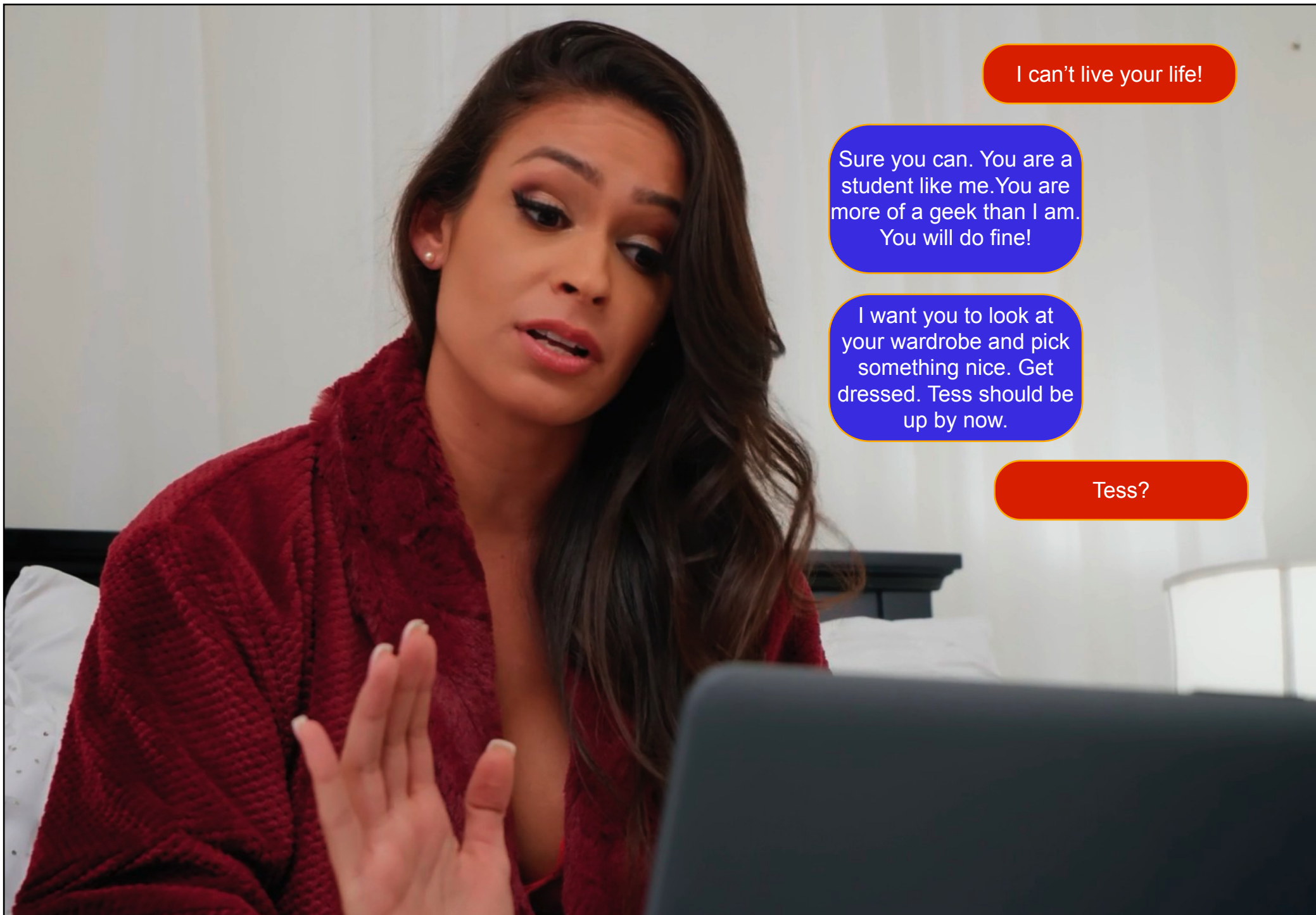
Damn it!



But you will be good at volleyball.

I hate sports!

Not anymore, you don't!

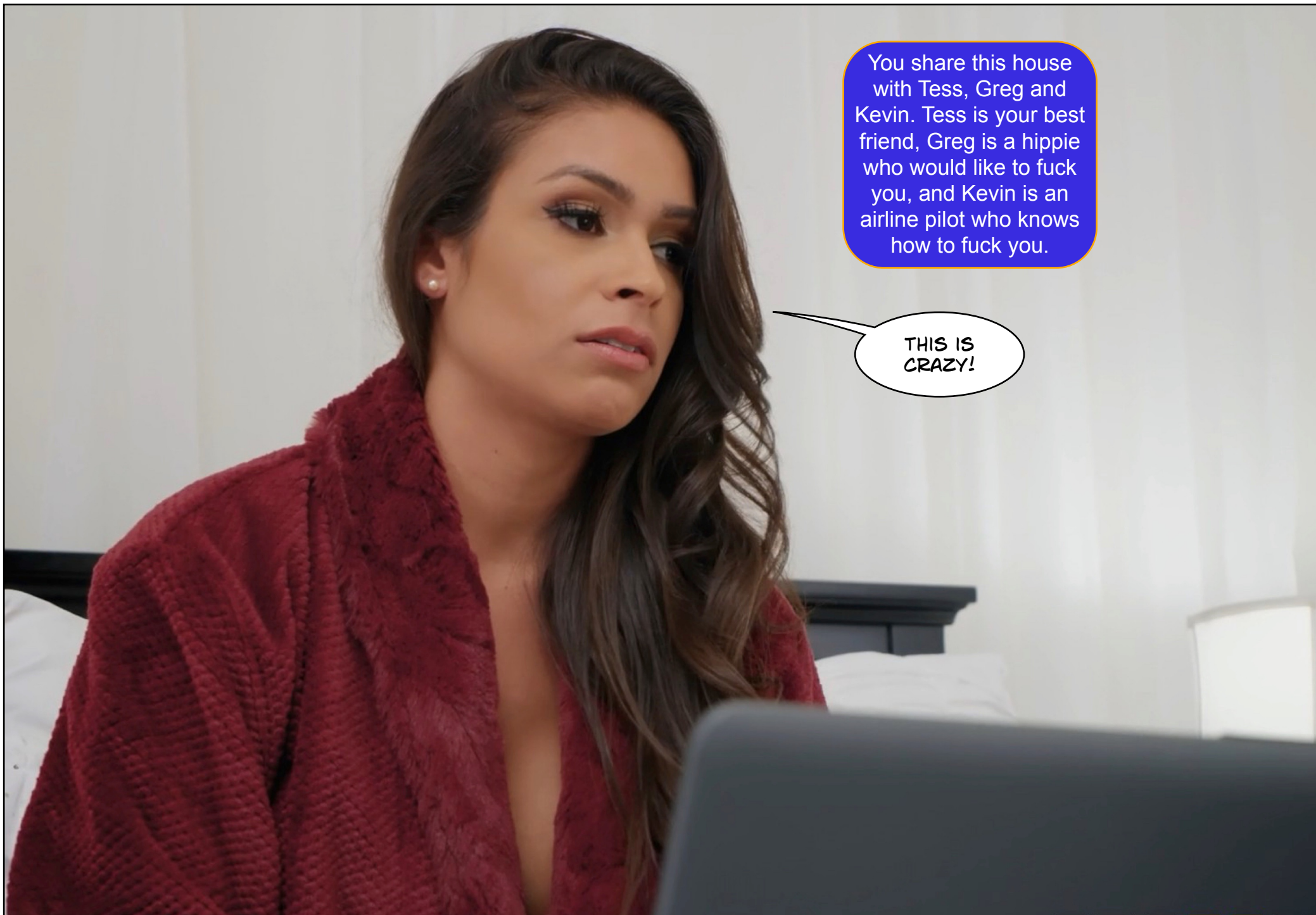


I can't live your life!

Sure you can. You are a student like me. You are more of a geek than I am. You will do fine!

I want you to look at your wardrobe and pick something nice. Get dressed. Tess should be up by now.

Tess?



You share this house with Tess, Greg and Kevin. Tess is your best friend, Greg is a hippie who would like to fuck you, and Kevin is an airline pilot who knows how to fuck you.

THIS IS CRAZY!



I AM SO
SCREWED!

Let your body do
the work, OK? Your
muscles know how to
dress and put on make-
up. Do not over-think it!
Take your time!



I
CANNOT DO
THIS. I
CANNOT!

BUT I HAD TO DO
SOMETHING.





SARAH WAS KIND OF
HOT. SHE TRULY WAS.





«I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE
A PIECE OF ASS LIKE
THAT,» MY FRIEND HANK
USED TO SAY. MAYBE
NOT IN THIS WAY.

I TRIED TO FIND
SOMETHING PRACTICAL
TO WEAR, BUT THEN I
GOT CURIOUS.



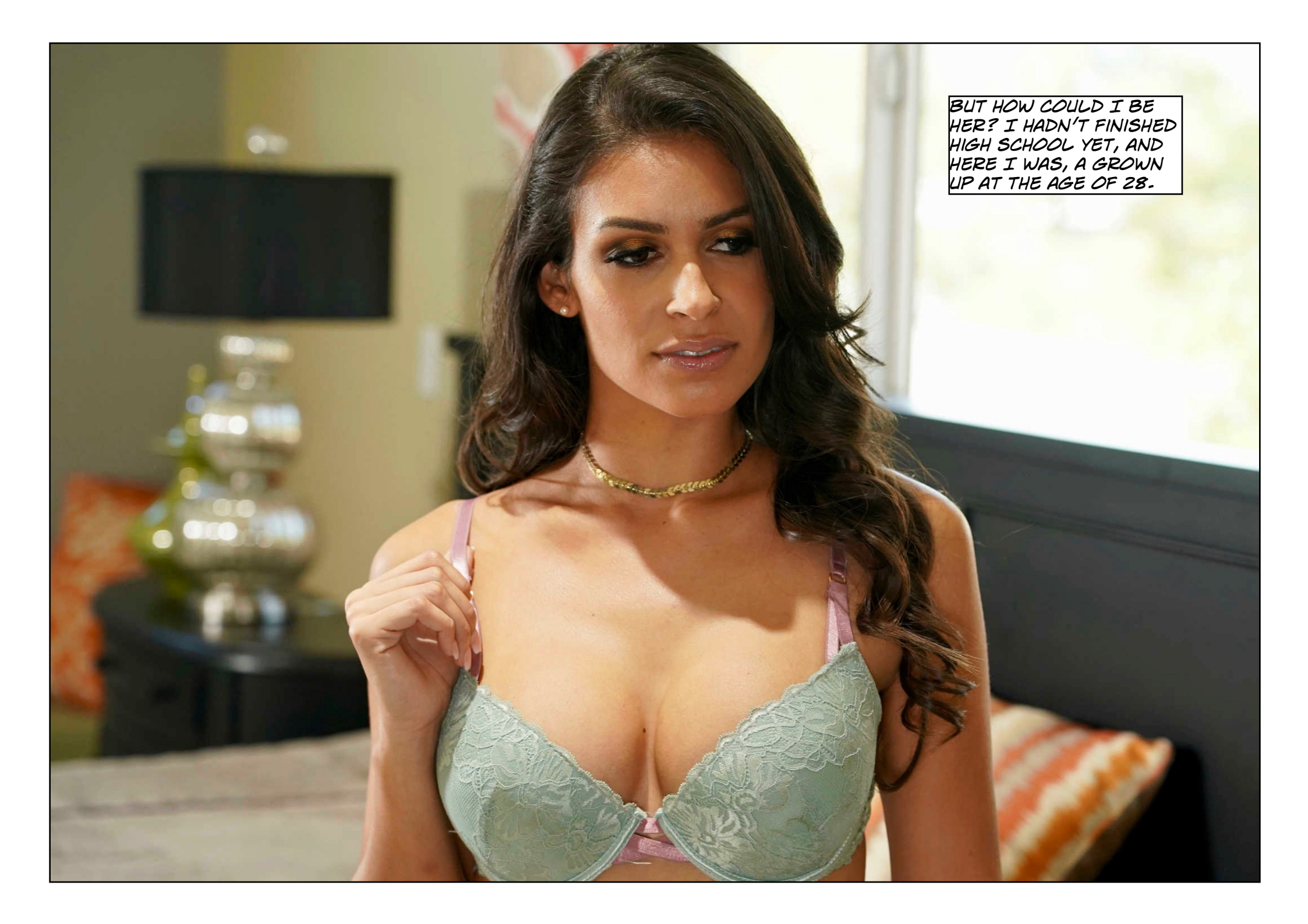
THIS WAS UNDERWEAR
MEANT TO CELEBRATE
THE BODY, NOT TO
COVER IT UP.







I WAS A YOUNG FEMALE
TEACHER NOW. I HAD TO
LOOK THE ROLE.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a light green lace bra with thin pink straps and a gold chain necklace. Her right hand is raised, touching the strap of her bra. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window on the right and a lamp on the left.

BUT HOW COULD I BE
HER? I HADN'T FINISHED
HIGH SCHOOL YET, AND
HERE I WAS, A GROWN
UP AT THE AGE OF 28.

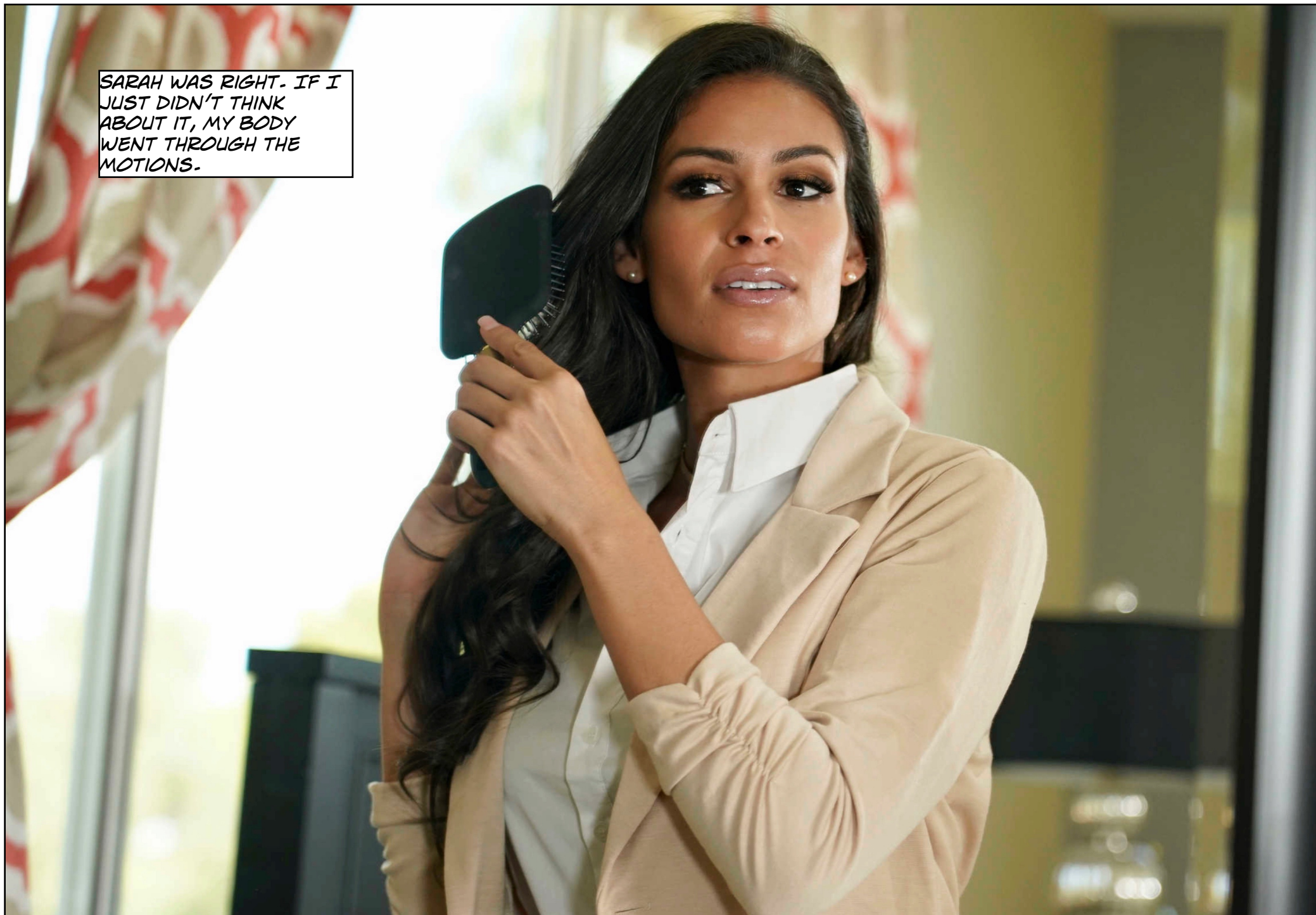




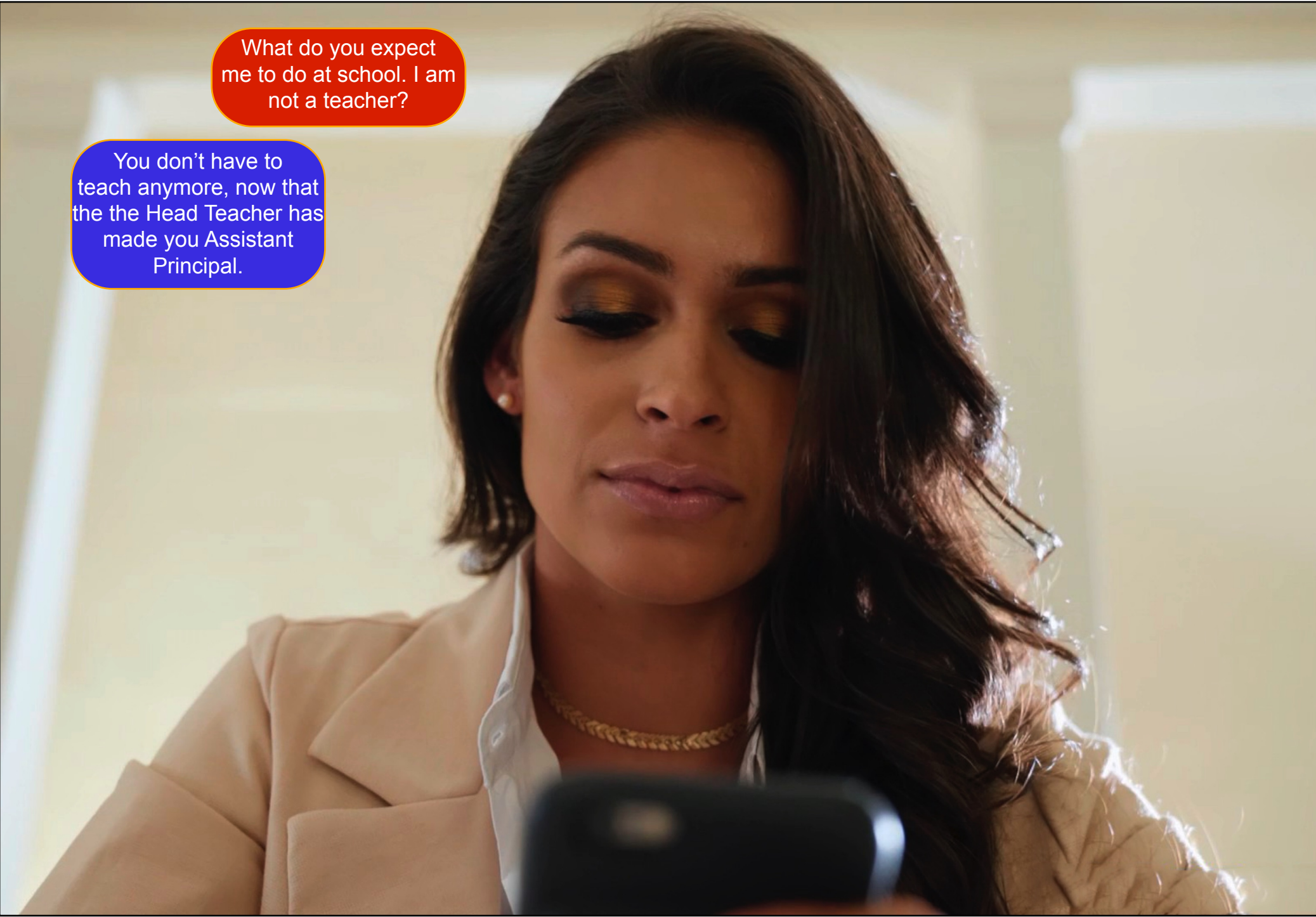




SARAH WAS RIGHT. IF I
JUST DIDN'T THINK
ABOUT IT, MY BODY
WENT THROUGH THE
MOTIONS.







What do you expect
me to do at school. I am
not a teacher?

You don't have to
teach anymore, now that
the the Head Teacher has
made you Assistant
Principal.

All you have to do is to suck his cock now and then. The salary is OK.

WHAT????





GOOD
MORNING,
SARAH!

I will never suck cock,
you bastard!

Of course you will. You
are a healthy straight
woman. You will do a lot
of things.



WAS VOLLEY
BALL PRACTICE
GOOD LAST NIGHT? I
AM SORRY I
MISSED IT.

I hate you! 🤬🍆

ARE YOU OK?





THANKS
FOR THE
COFFEE.

YOU DID
NOT FUCK
CREEPY
DUNCAN, DID
YOU?





I AM
GETTING SICK.
DON'T TELL ME
I HAVE BEEN
FUCKING THAT
CREEP.

REPEATEDLY.



A scene from a movie or TV show featuring two women in an indoor setting. On the left, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a light-colored blazer over a white collared shirt, is gesturing with her hands while speaking. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white sleeveless top with black polka dots and a black skirt, stands behind a counter. On the counter are two white disposable coffee cups, one in a brown cardboard sleeve, and a black smartphone. The background includes a white door and beige curtains. Four comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue. The first bubble is from the blonde woman, the second and third are from the dark-haired woman, and the fourth is from the blonde woman again.

IT HAPPENED TWO
YEARS AGO TOO. SARAH
CHANGED PERSONALITY
OVER NIGHT.

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM A
STUDENT. A
MAN!

A MAN? OH... I
SEE.. THAT MUST BE...
CONFUSING.



SARAH
WON'T GIVE
ME MY BODY
BACK. I AM A
GIRL NOW!

THAT
IS AMAZING!
WOOW!
DOUBLE-
WOOW!



WHO ARE YOU?

I
AM ROGER
SMITH.... THE
INVISIBLE SHY
BOY?





SORRY.
DOESN'T RING A
BELL. SO YOU'RE A
GUY. THAT IS GOING
TO GET
COMPLICATED.

YOU CAN
SAY THAT
AGAIN!





AND NOW
I AM THE
ASSISTANT
PRINCIPAL OF
MY SCHOOL!






DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. THAT IS MORE OF AN ADMINISTRATIVE POSITION. YOU ARE A KIND OF A GEEK, RIGHT?



I LIKE THE TERM NERD A BIT BETTER, BUT YEAH...



THAT MEANS YOU
ARE SMART, SO
YOU WILL FIGURE IT
OUT. THERE IS
PROBABLY A
MANUAL
SOMEWHERE.



I NEED TO TELL
YOU THIS. YOUR
SEXUAL ORIENTATION
FOLLOWS THE BODY.
THIS IS WHAT I
LEARNED FROM
SARAH THE LAST
TIME.



SO I
AM INTO
BOYS, IS THAT
WHAT YOU
MEAN?



AND THEY
ARE INTO YOU.
OFTEN
LITERALLY.

OH GOD.

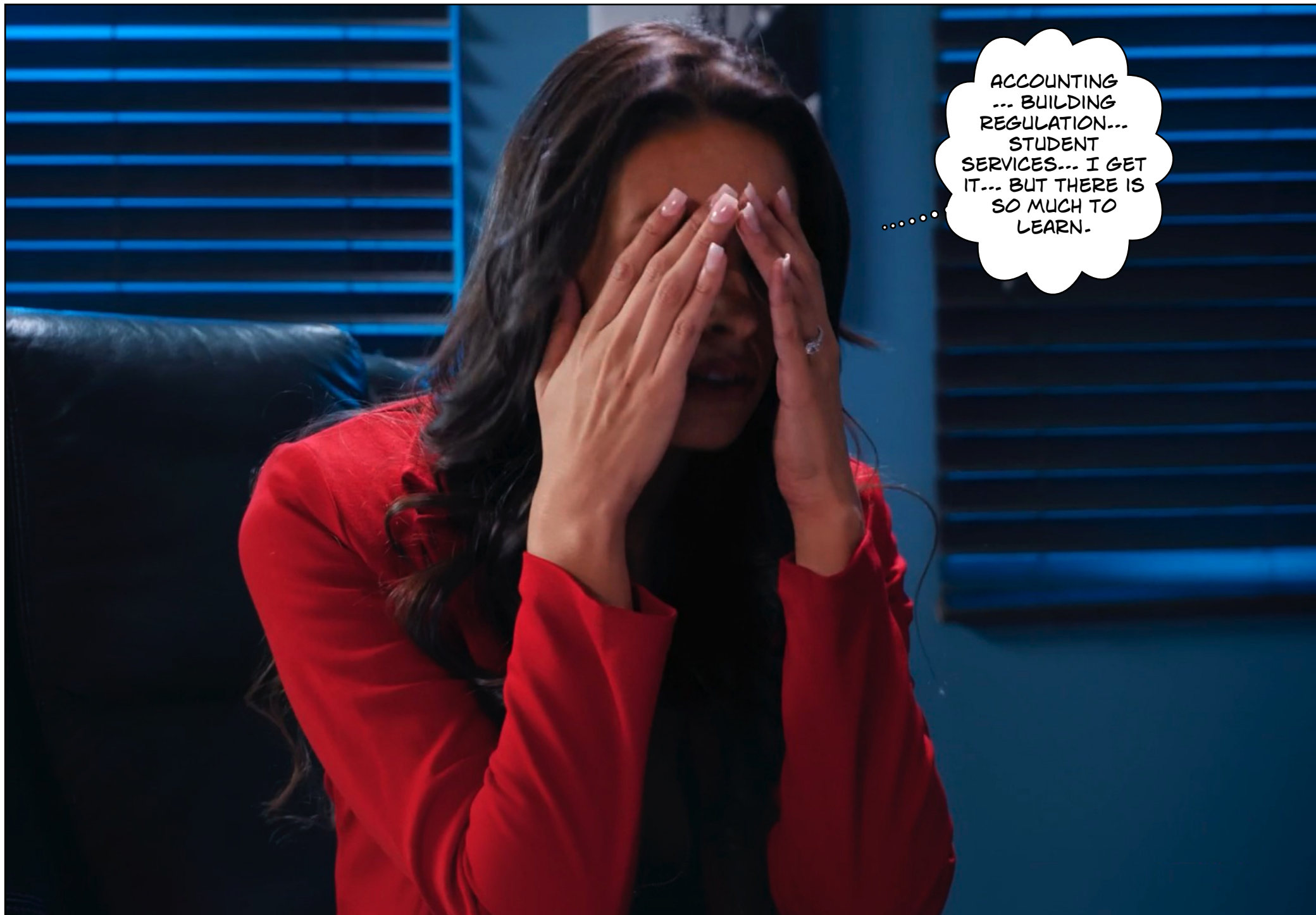


A COUPLE OF DAYS
LATER.





I HATE THIS
WORK!



ACCOUNTING
... BUILDING
REGULATION...
STUDENT
SERVICES... I GET
IT... BUT THERE IS
SO MUCH TO
LEARN.

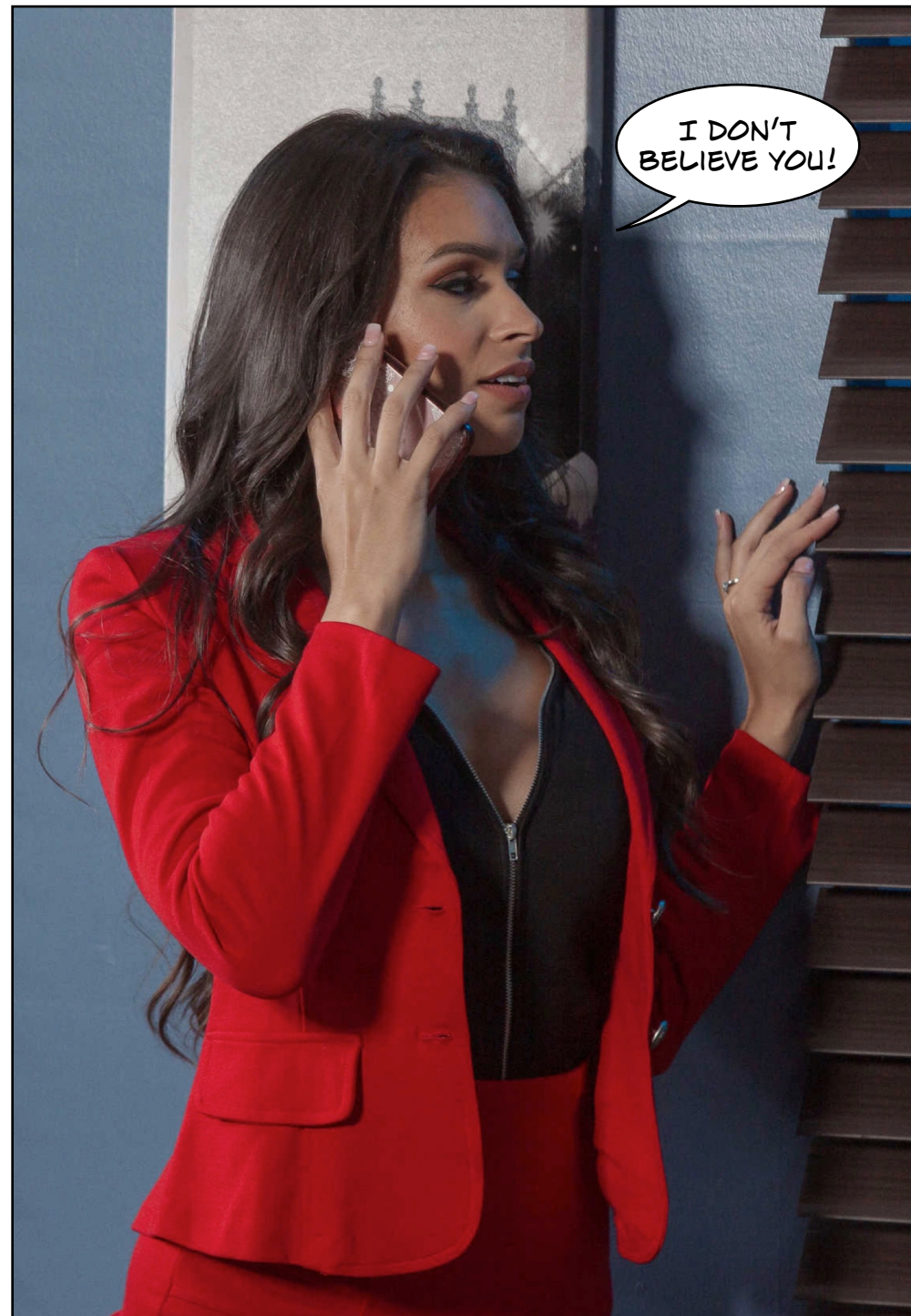


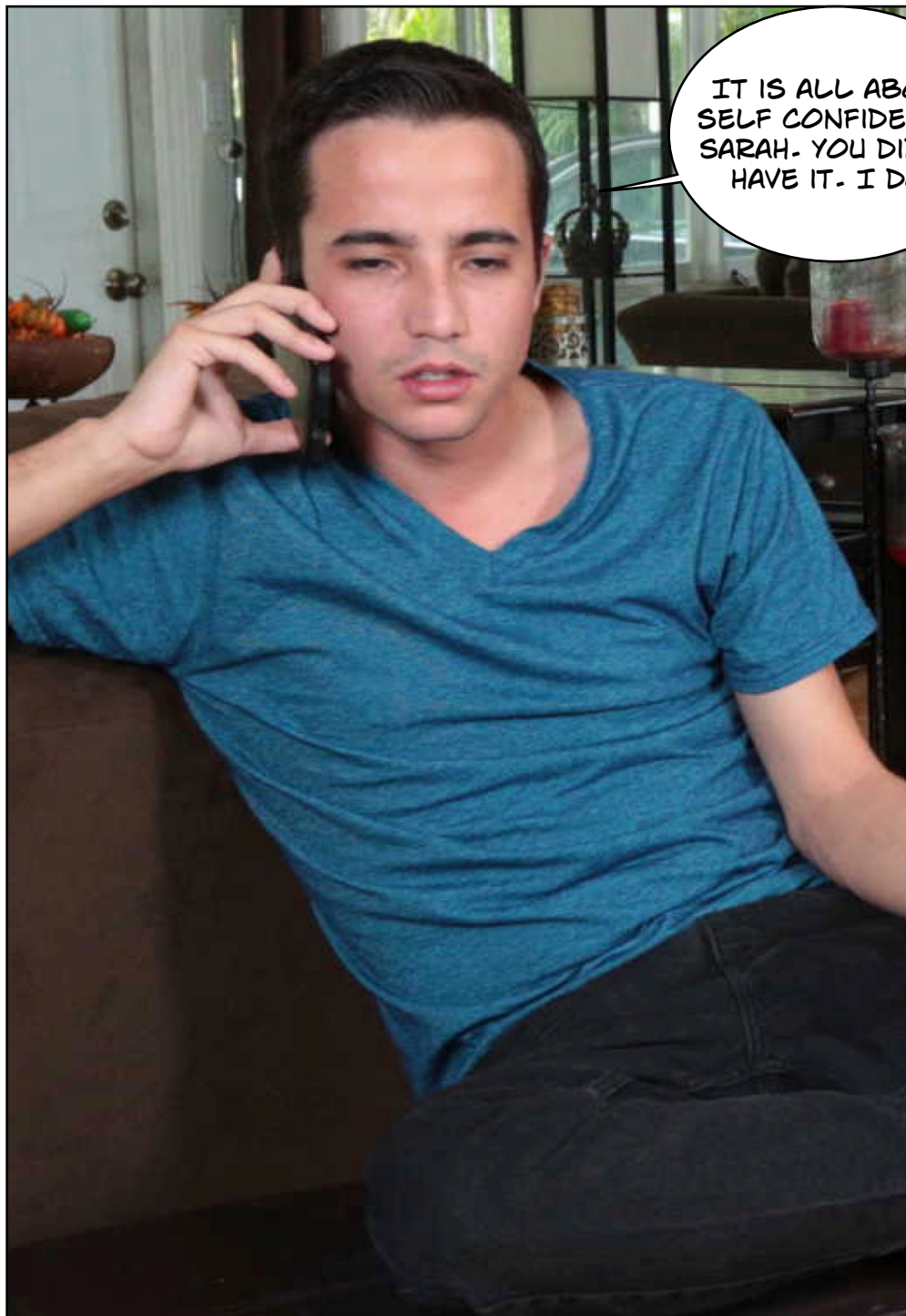
AND I AM A
WOMAN. I CANNOT
BELIEVE I AM A
WOMAN.











IT IS ALL ABOUT
SELF CONFIDENCE,
SARAH. YOU DIDN'T
HAVE IT. I DO.



YOUR STEP
MOTHER IS BORED
OUT OF HER MIND.
SOME KIND WORDS
AND A GLANCE AT
YOUR... EH, MY BIG
COCK WAS ALL IT
TOOK.

I LOVE BEING A GUY
AGAIN, MAKING WOMEN
MOAN AND PUSH
THEMSELVES UP
AGAINST ME.

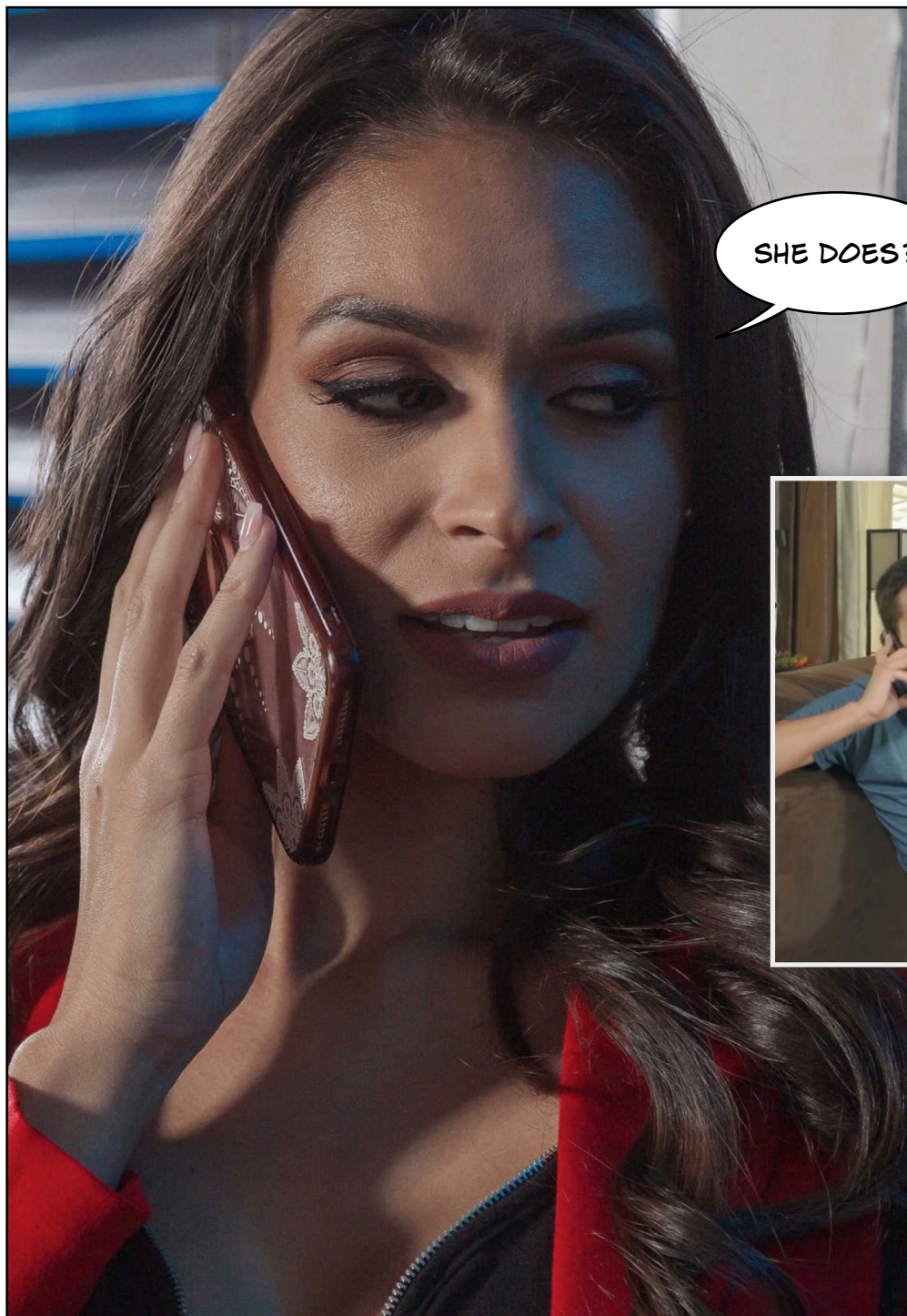


I LOVE TO SEE HER
BEND OVER AND OFFER
HER PUSSY TO ME, WET,
TIGHT, WONDERFUL.









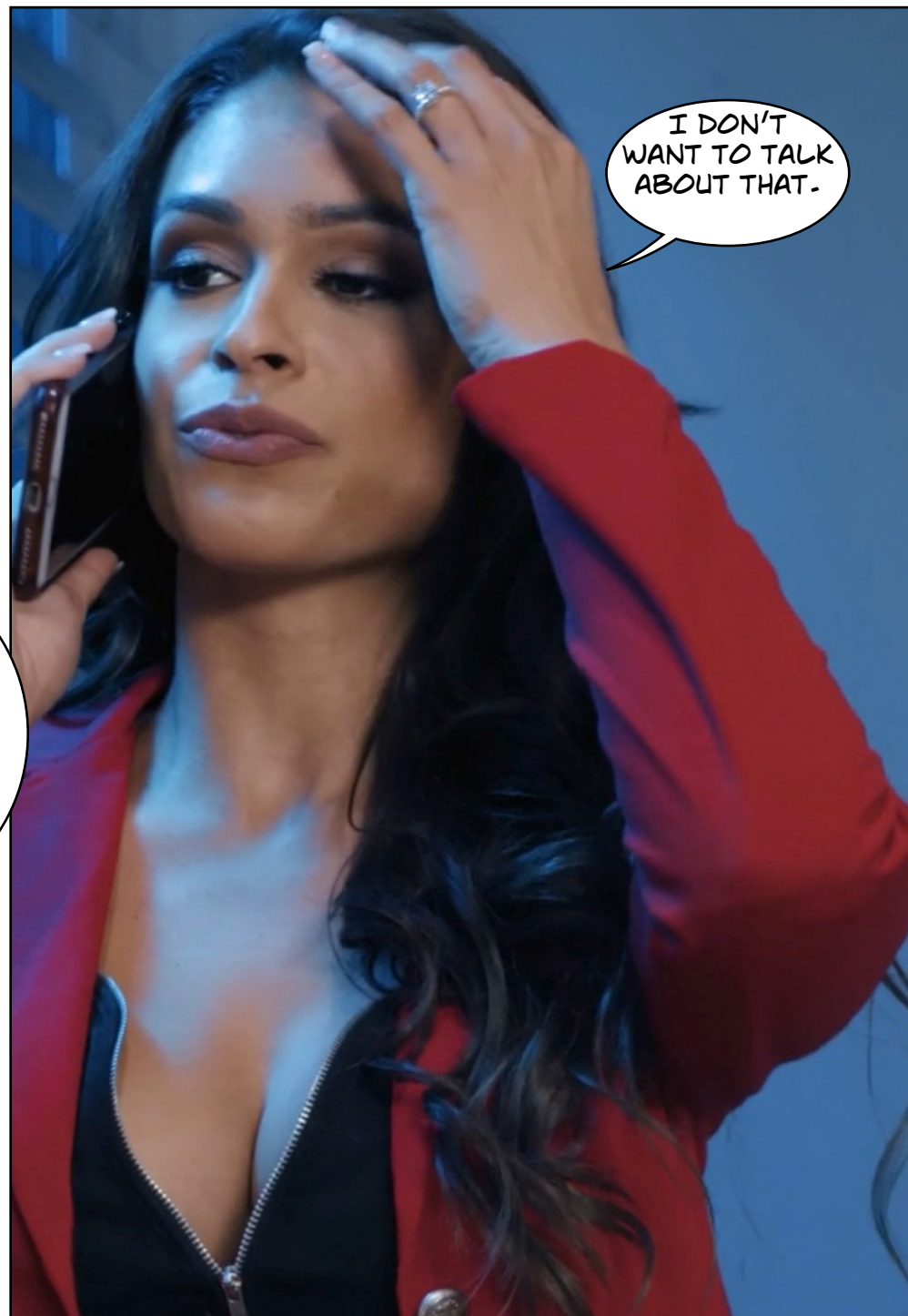
SHE DOES?



YEAH, SHE
LIKES TO
WATCH THE
EFFECT SHE HAS
ON A MAN. IT
TURNS HER
ON.



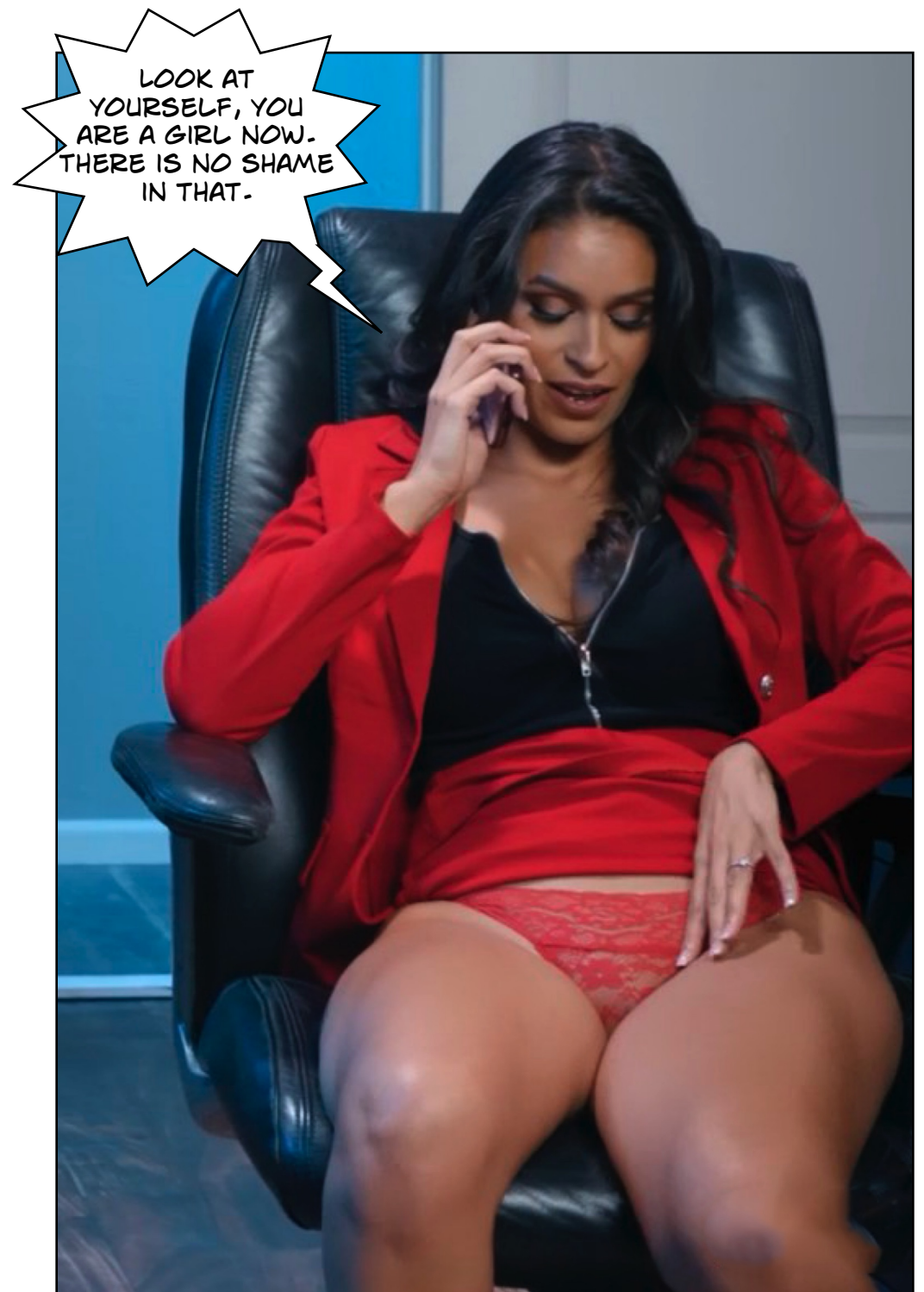
I KNOW THAT YOU
FEEL THE SAME
WAY. I KNOW THAT
YOU HAVE BEEN
DREAMING ABOUT
SPREADING YOUR
LEGS FOR A MAN.



I DON'T
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT THAT.

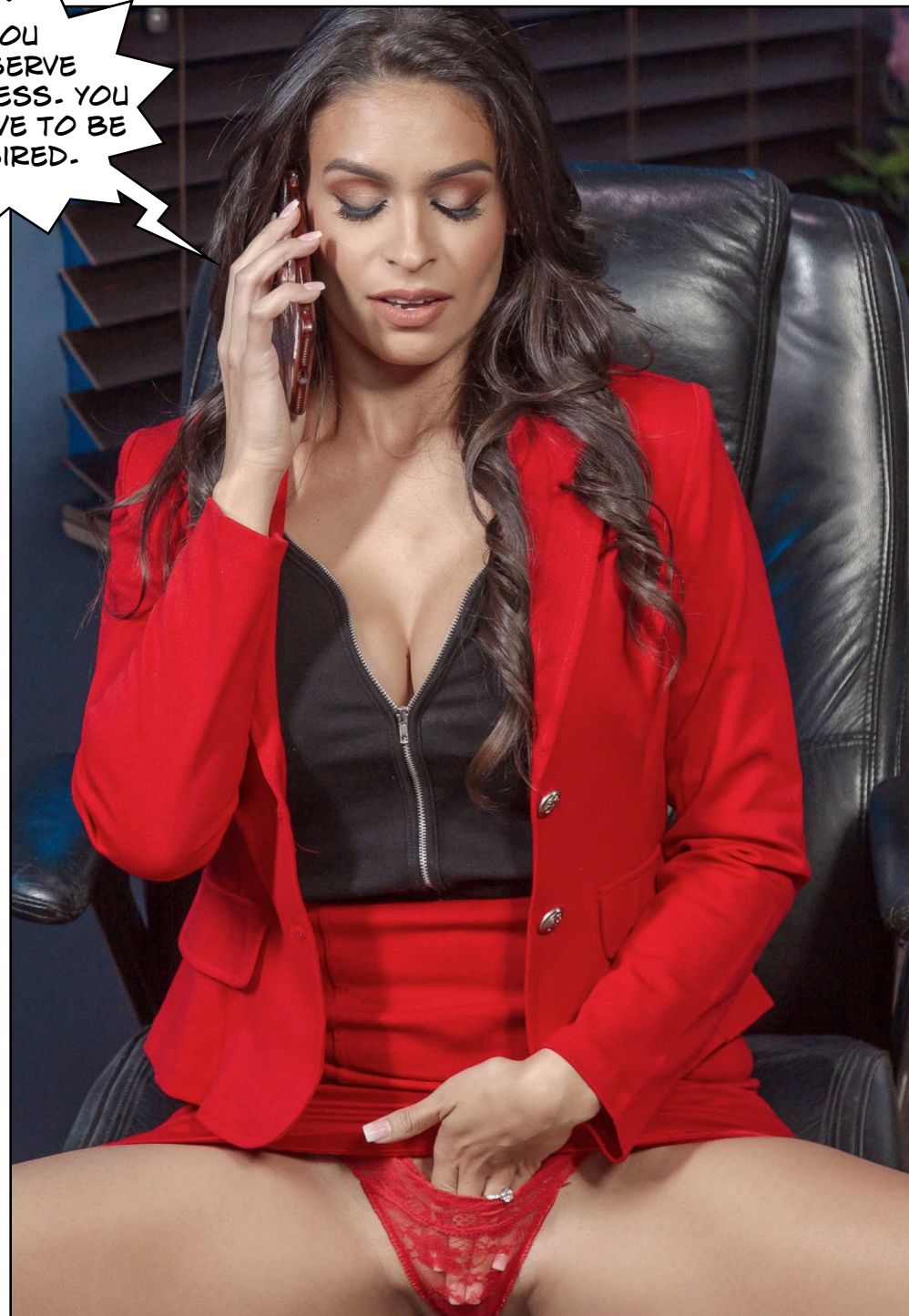
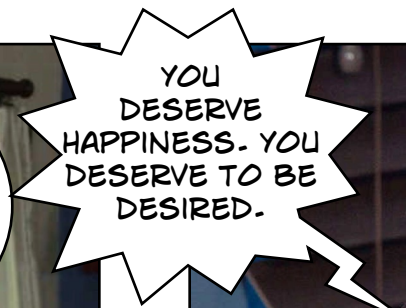
«YOUR STEP MOTHER
TRIES TO DRAG ME IN
DEEPER AND DEEPER. I
CAN FEEL HER VAGINAL
MUSCLES CONTRACT
WHEN SHE COMES, OVER
AND OVER AGAIN.»






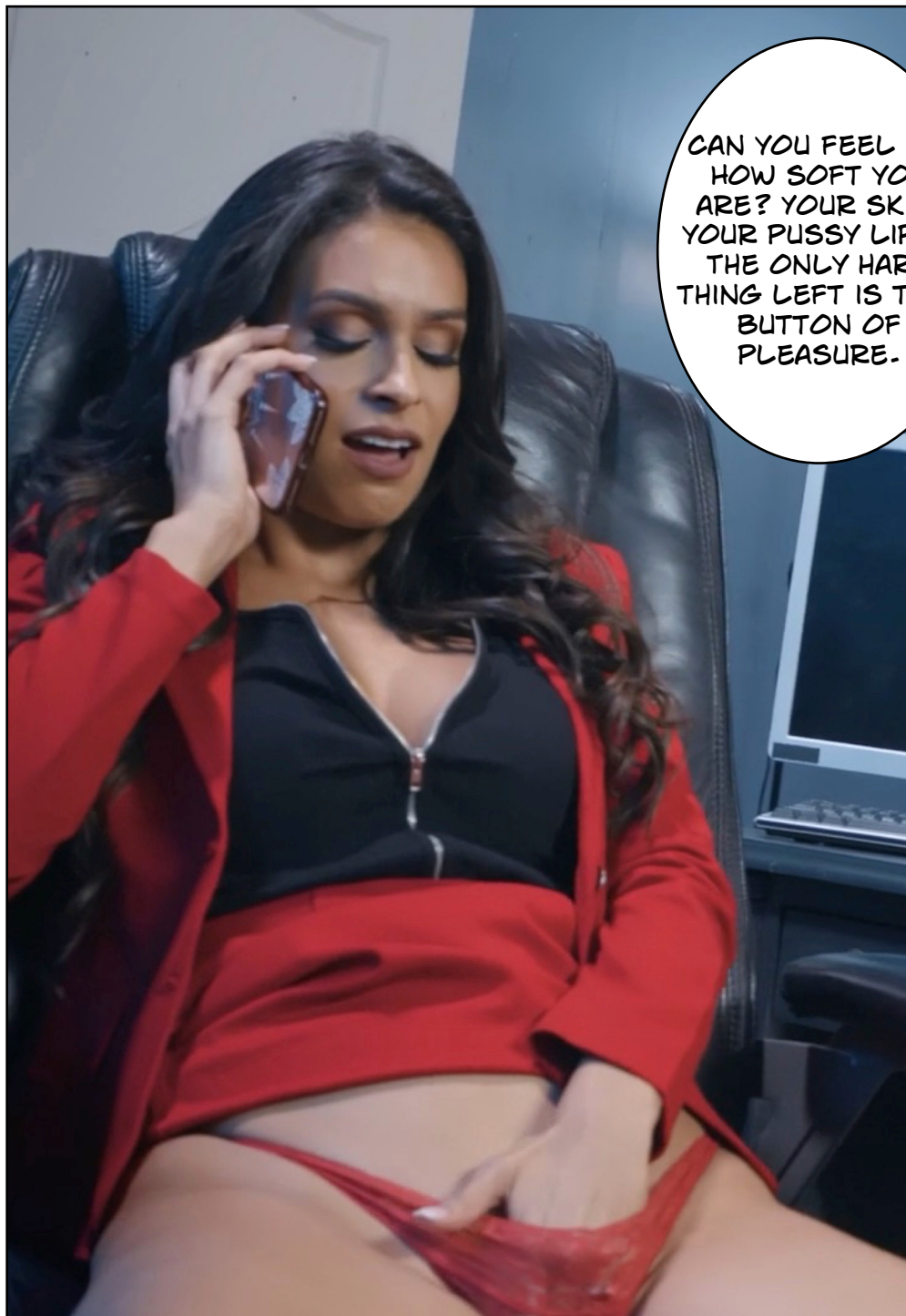


«YOU CAN FEEL WHAT
SHE IS FEELING
WHENEVER YOU WANT
TO»

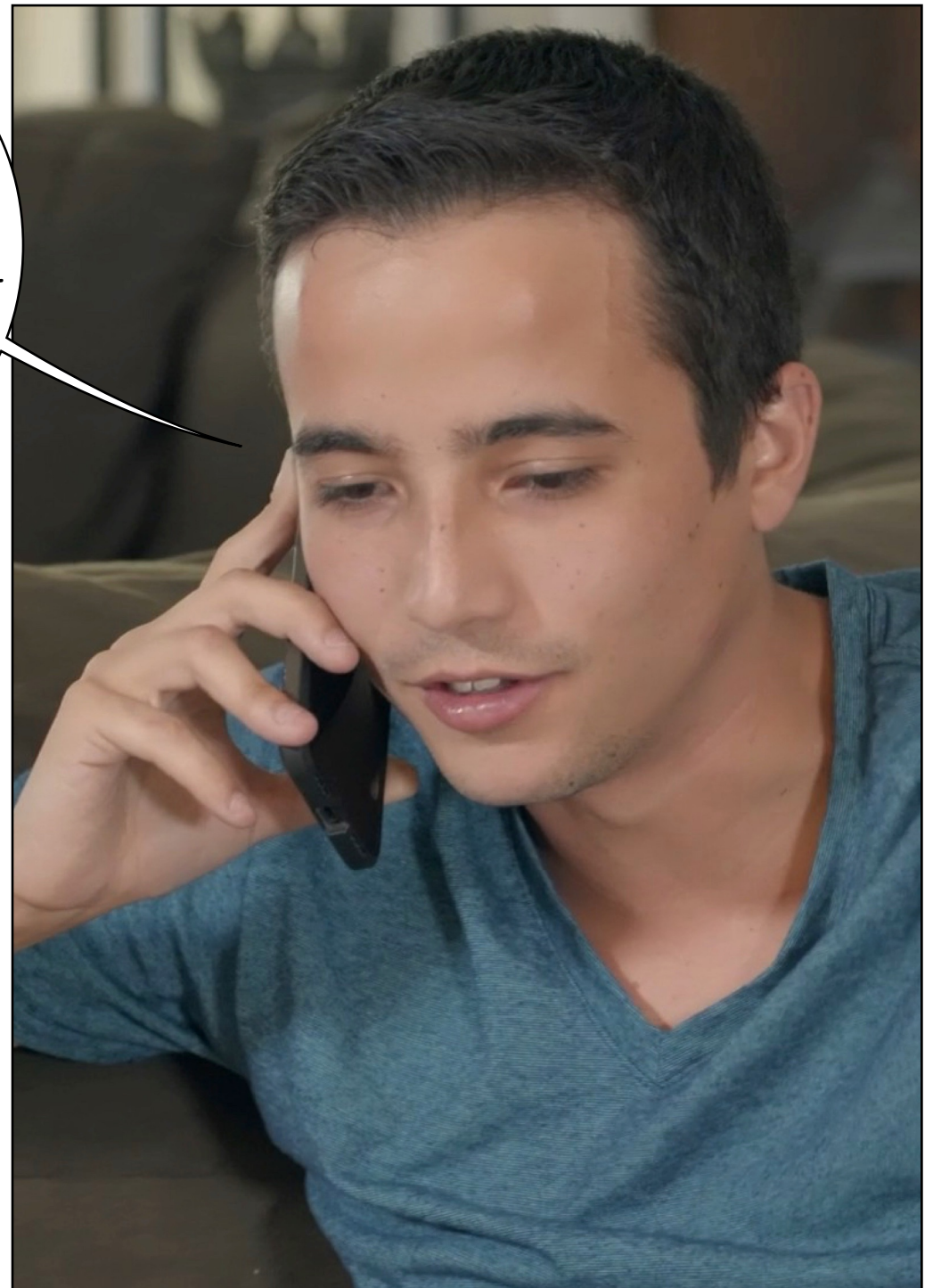




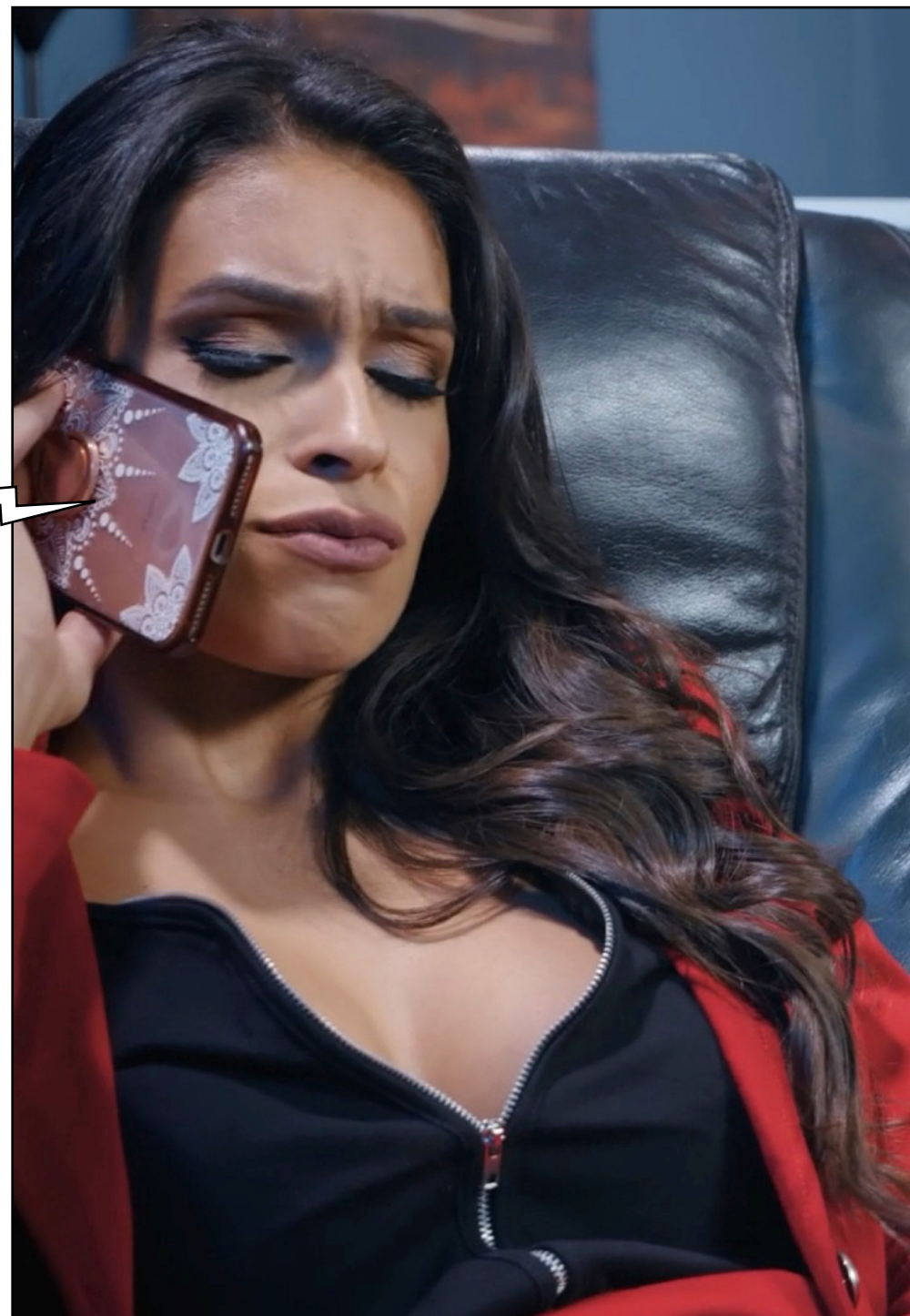
ARE YOU
GETTING WET
DOWN THERE,
SARAH? YEAH, LET
YOUR FINGERS
TOUCH THAT CLIT
OF YOURS.

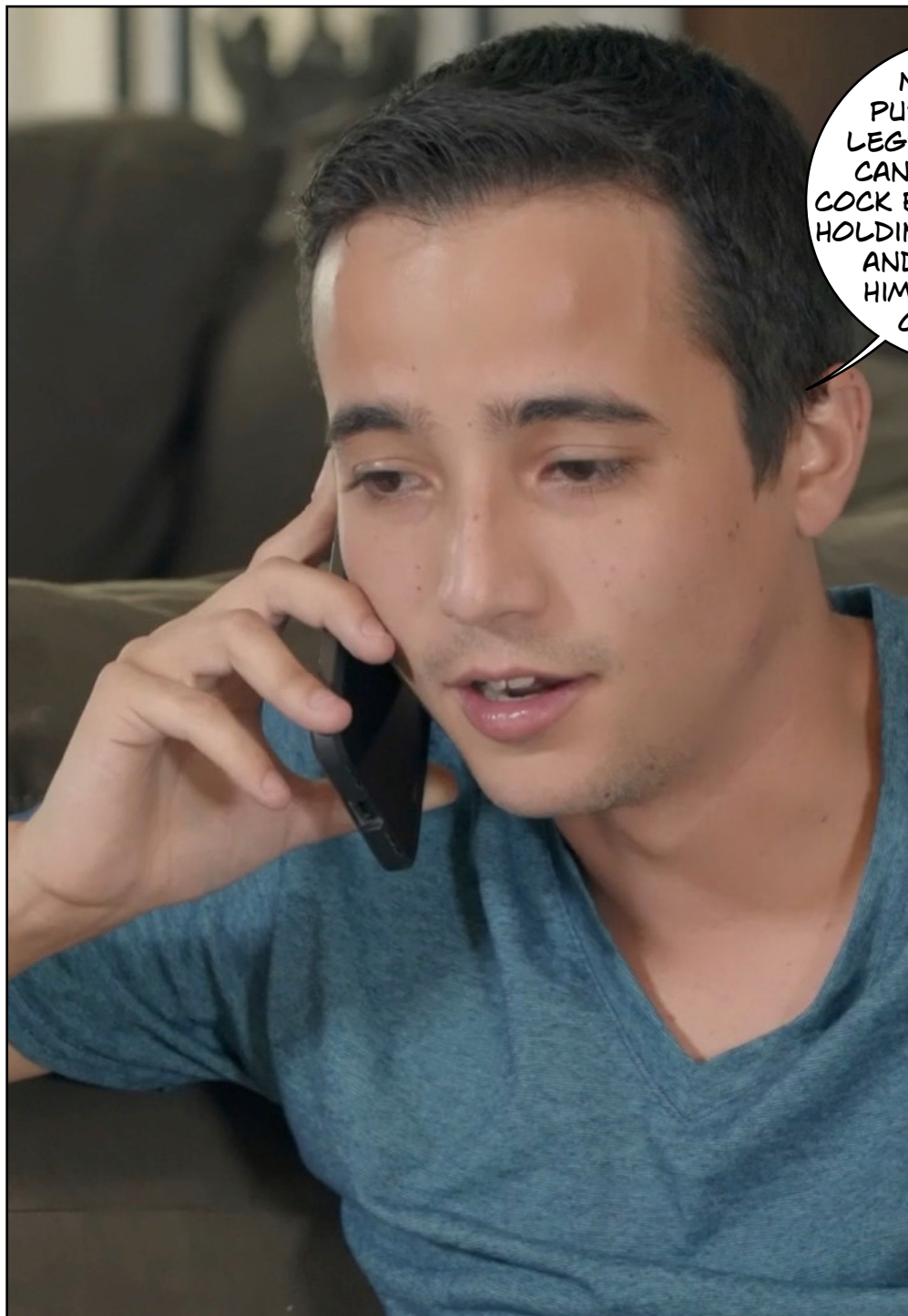


CAN YOU FEEL IT?
HOW SOFT YOU
ARE? YOUR SKIN,
YOUR PUSSY LIPS?
THE ONLY HARD
THING LEFT IS THAT
BUTTON OF
PLEASURE.





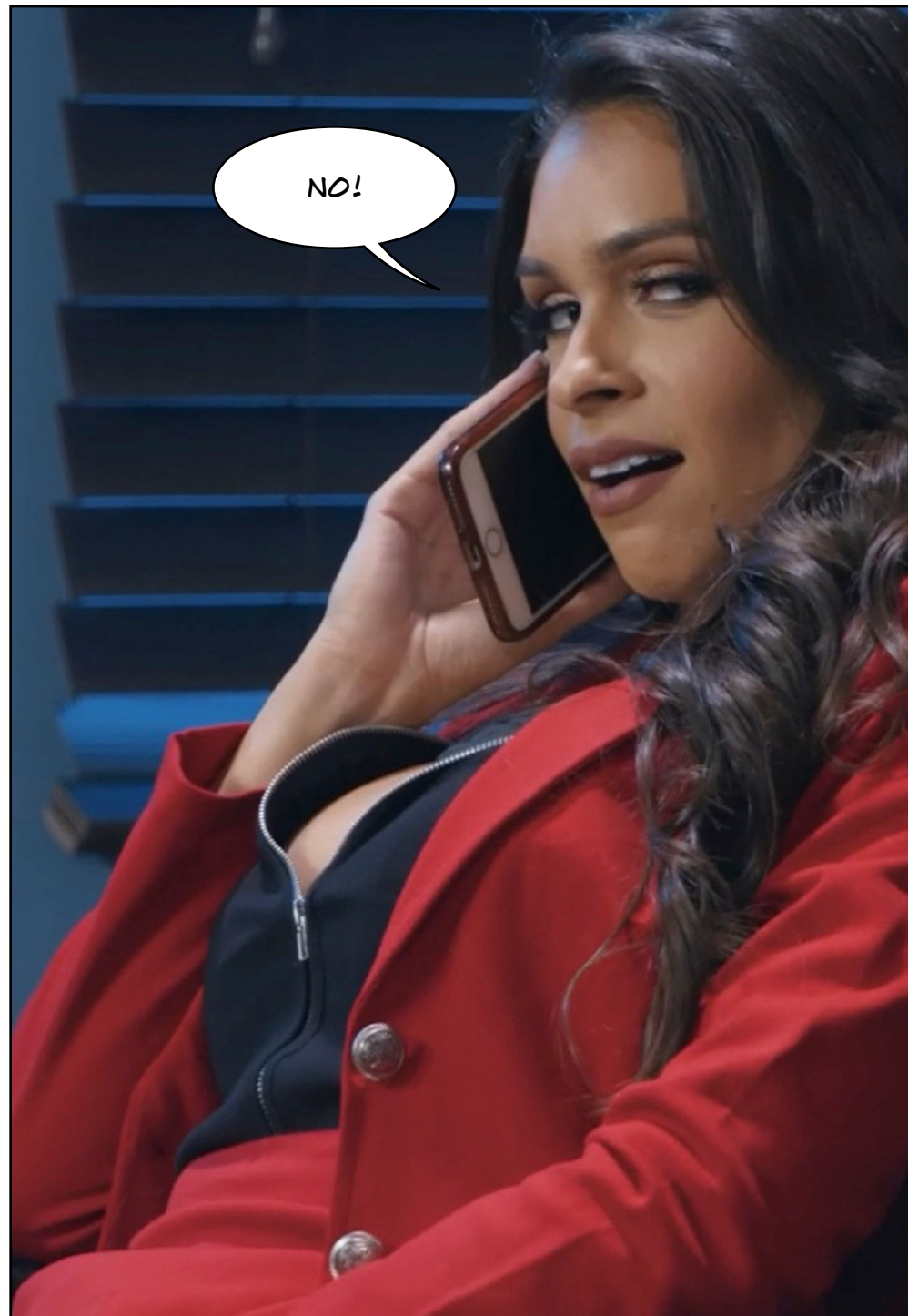


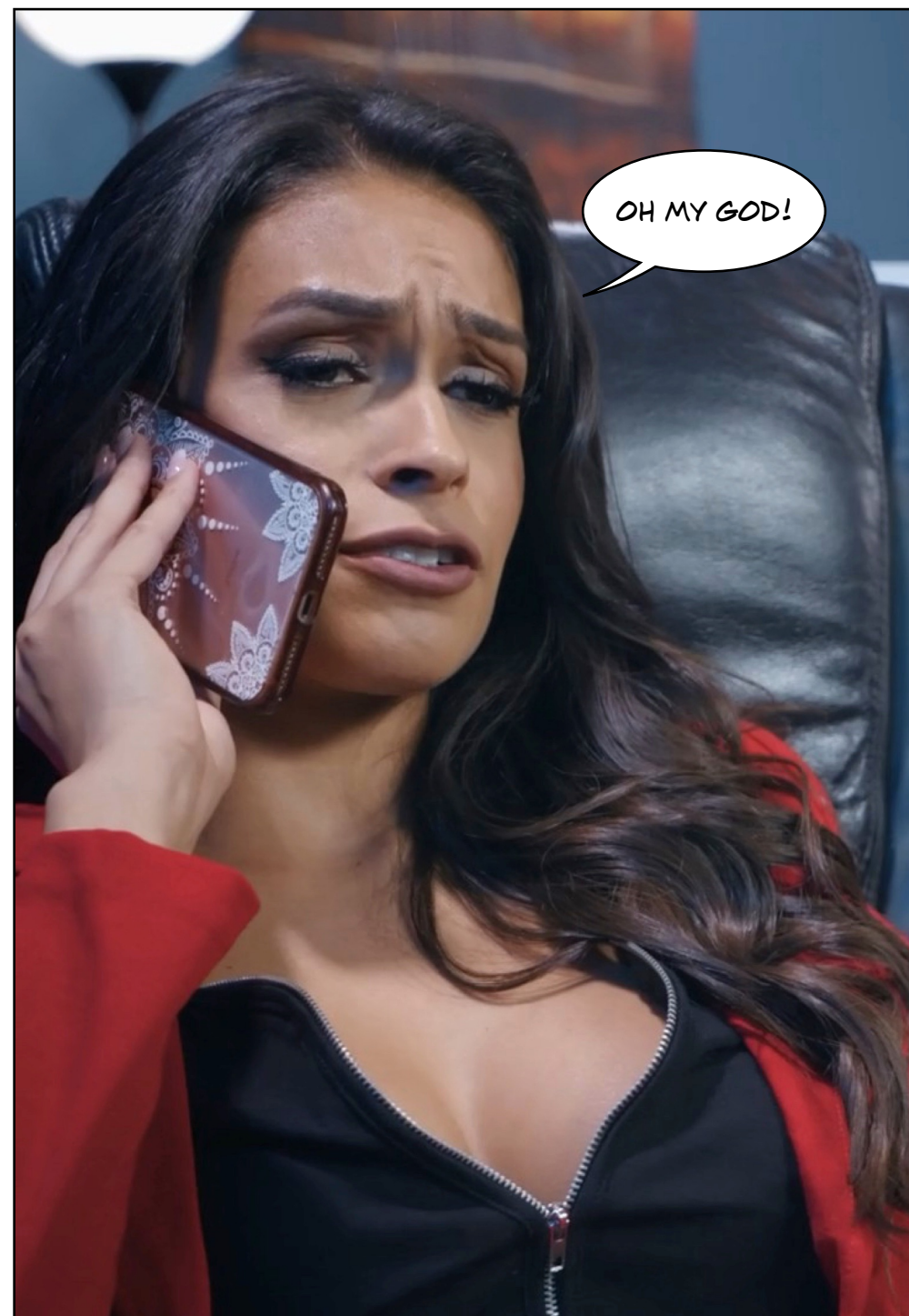
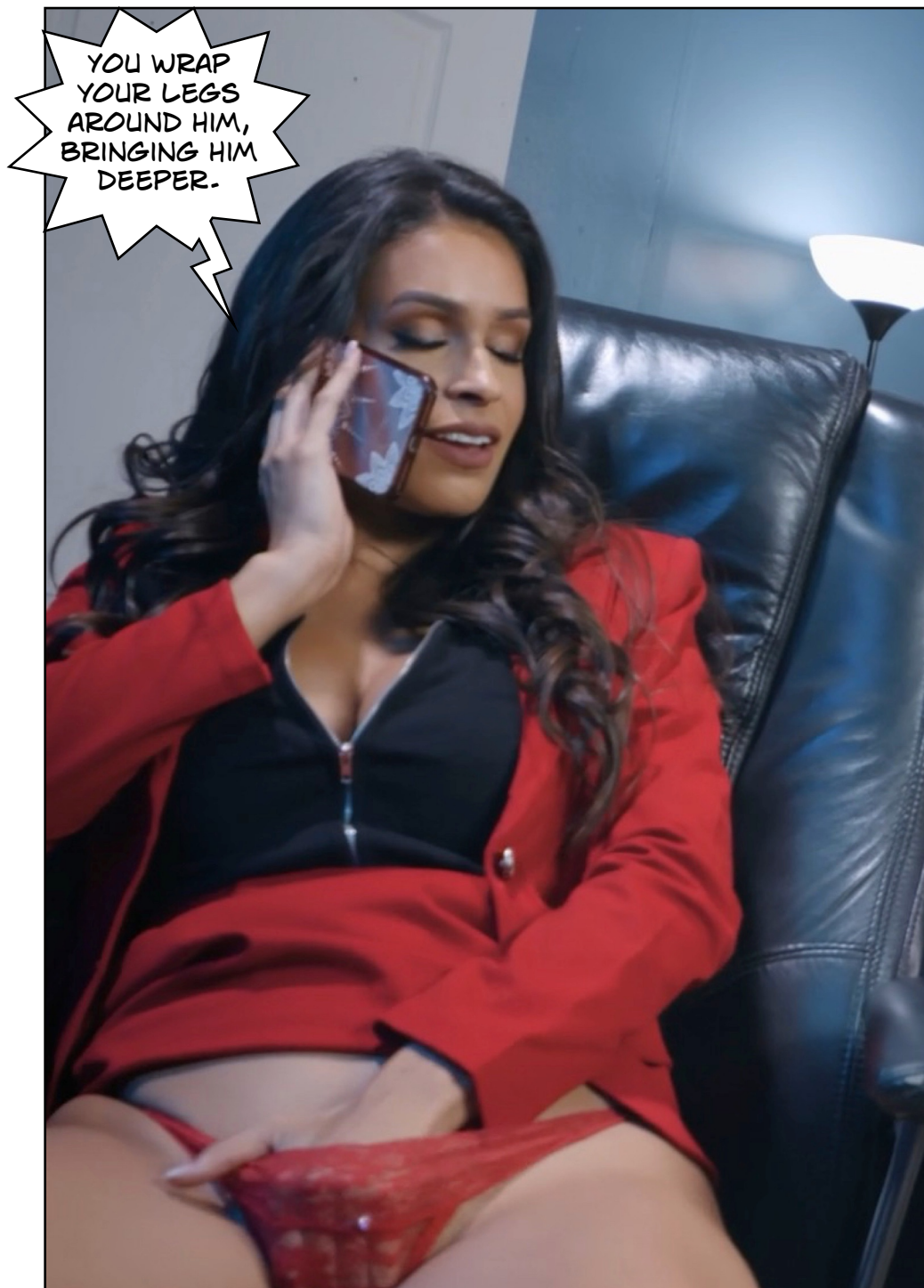


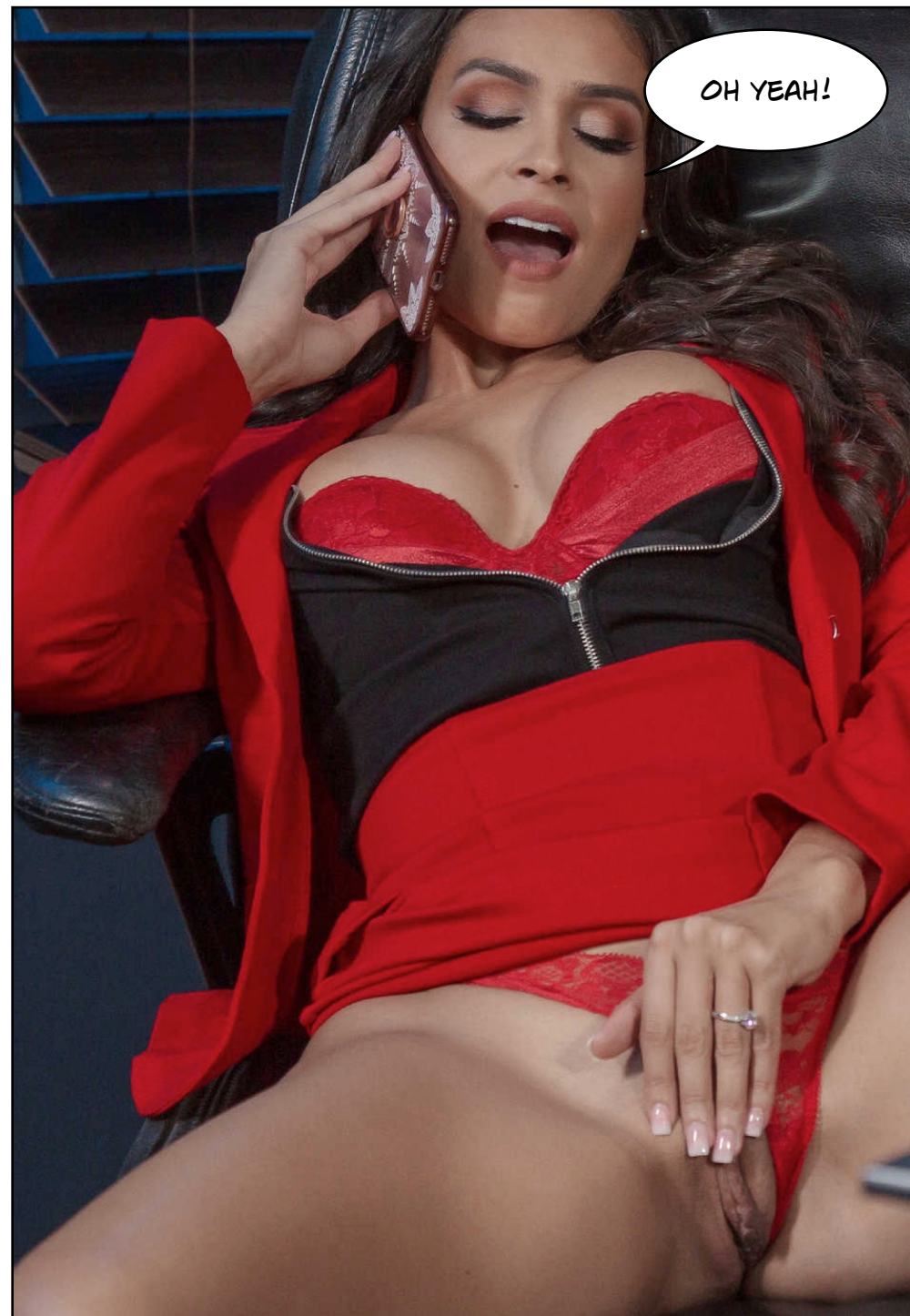
NOW HE IS
PUSHING YOUR
LEGS APART. YOU
CAN SEE HIS BIG
COCK BOBBING. HE IS
HOLDING YOUR HANDS
AND LOWERING
HIMSELF DOWN
OVER YOU.



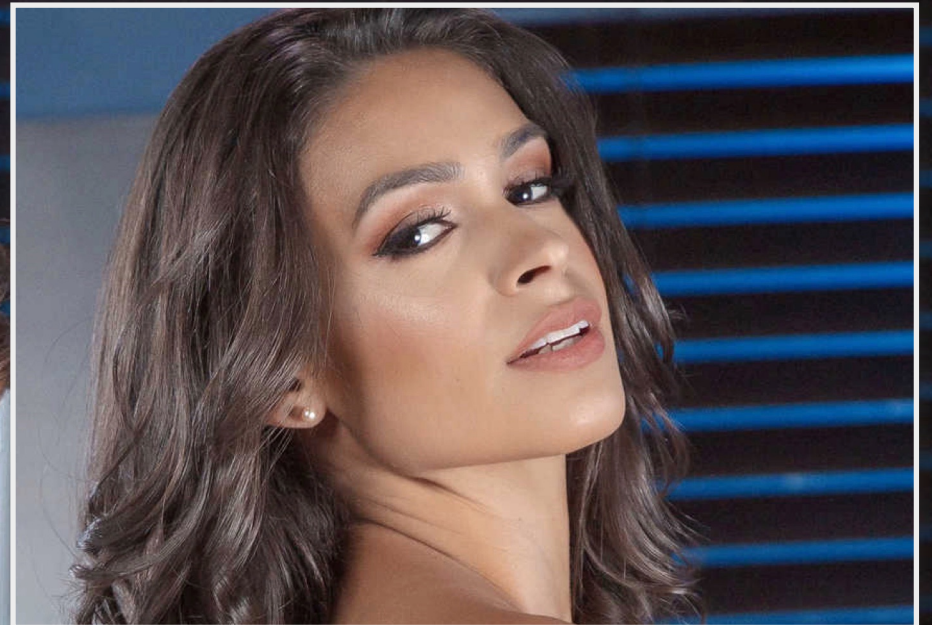
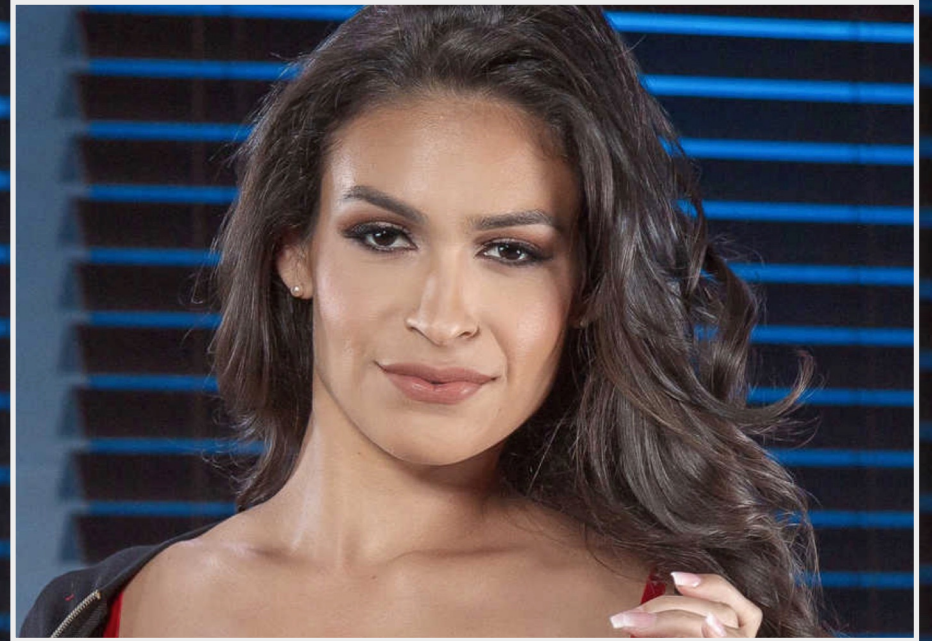






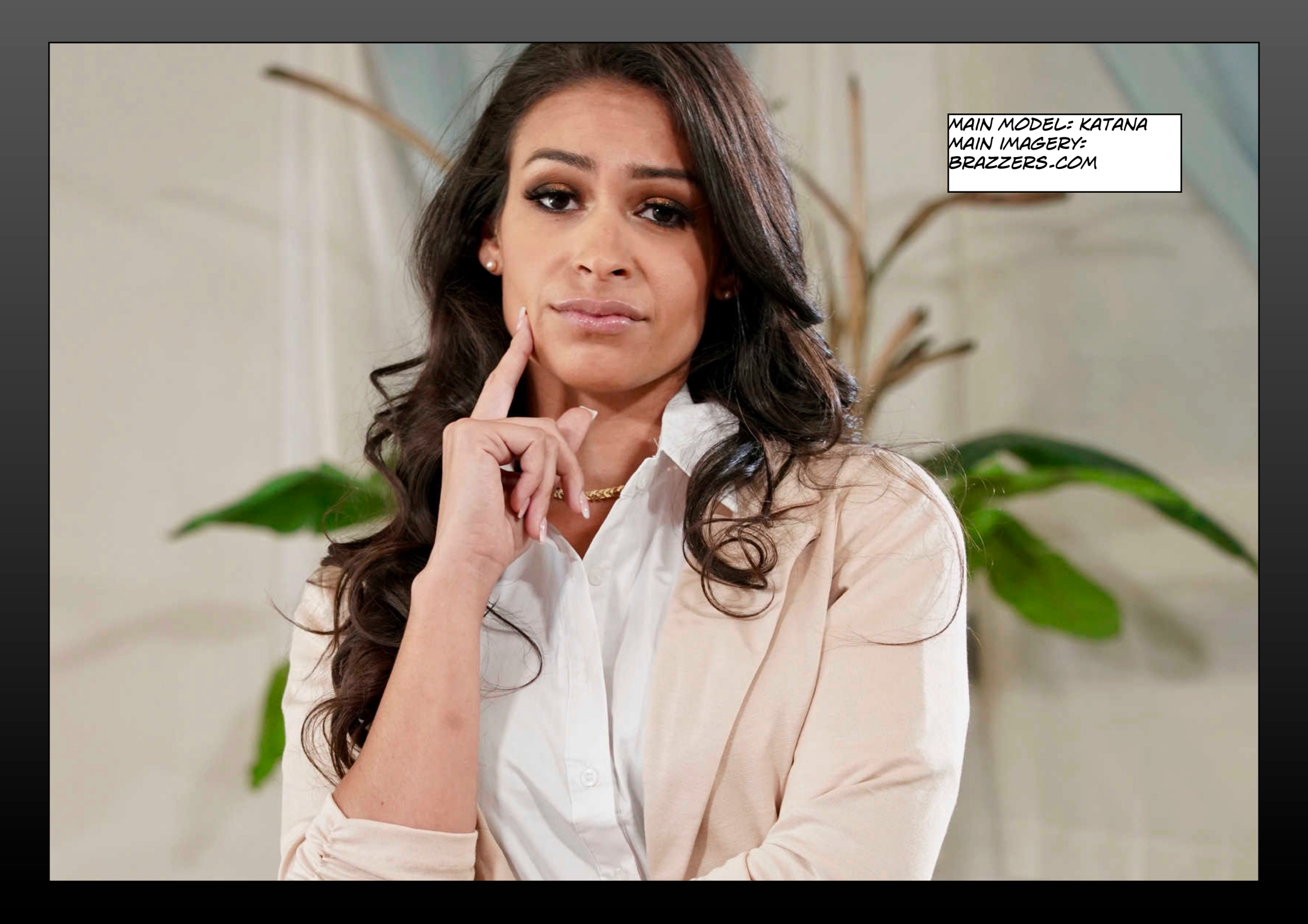








TO BE CONTINUED



MAIN MODEL: KATANA
MAIN IMAGERY:
BRAZZERS.COM



*Waking up as a beautiful woman, you wonder if it's a dream....
NO IT'S NOT !!!*

*Final & total
Feminization*

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