


BODY THEFT ♦ BODY POSSESSION ♦ GENDER CHANGE ♦ AGE REGRESSION



Becoming
my
COWORKER
JIMMY ZAPPA

Becoming My Coworker: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

Bailey, Alex, Lewis, Patrick, Zach, Danny, Coleman, Greg, and Blake.

Thank you all so much for your years of support and friendship! You guys are the best!

About the Author

Jimmy Zappa is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. After working for private companies in a variety of different fields for years, he pursued his passion for writing short stories and books during the global coronavirus pandemic. His interests and hobbies eventually led him to writing full time. His desire to entertain his audiences with erotica is what drives him forward.

He currently operates Zappa & Company with a group of past coworkers and current students. His company is a small but growing small business specializing in ghostwriting, technical writing, and marketing.

For access to his mailing list, free captions, and announcements, check out his website at www.jimmyzappa.com!

Fred Schneider

It was a hot Friday afternoon when Fred was in his windowless bedroom. It was a spacious room with a queen-sized bed and a dining table. Multiple bookcases containing work binders and personal non-fiction books lined the walls around him. It felt like his own personal library that he could escape to on whatever free time he managed to salvage. As an avid reader of everything he could get his hands on, Fred always found opportunities to feed his brain with something new.

Photographs of him and his parents in wooden portraits hung from the white walls to make him feel more at home. With his closet still open, he had just changed into some freshly pressed black slacks and another grey dress shirt after sweating down in the lab for nearly five hours straight. The white lab coat was the culprit, yet his boss insisted on always wearing one in the lab for the chemicals that they used to deal with.

After finally dressing up, he sat down at his table and started reading an operating manual that he personally wrote for one of his major projects. For nearly half an hour, he read to himself quietly and ate away at a plastic container of curry beans, bread, and beef. Wiping at his mouth with a paper napkin, Fred decided that it was time to return to the lab. He finished his cold cup of black coffee and got up from his seat. His eyes felt dry, but he knew he could not nap when he was so close to finishing his project. He had time to rest later that night if all went well.

Fred made his way through the mansion and into a hallway that led to a spaciouly empty backyard. A dozen bushes of different flowers littered the stone pathway that disappeared into a seemingly empty field of grass. He followed the pathway and looked up at the troubling skies. A dark grey sky loomed over the island with a low rumble of thunder in the distance. He felt a cold drop of rain splashing against his nose.

Beyond the field was a large pond where Fred hurried towards. The pond was his favorite place about the island. Here, he could get a lot of reading done during his days off, but this weekend was an exception for him. He was working around the clock to make sure their upcoming project would actually work. It was stressful to think about, but it was also really satisfying to know that things were operating so smoothly for Fred. Normally, nothing ever worked out for him, so this was a nice change in pace.

Even when things were going well, he rarely had the time to actually enjoy his lunch or breakfast when he worked at the island. He felt like he was always on a treadmill when it came to completing work. Relaxation time was sparse throughout the two years he worked here. While the beaches and amazing takeout food constantly surrounded him, he rarely had the opportunity to do anything other than his work. The amount of work and deadlines made it impossible to actually enjoy the local city and surrounding island. He was constantly surrounded by luxury and wealth, yet neither of them seemed to be enjoying life.

Even Marina, his fellow researcher and coworker, seemed overwhelmed by the amount of work they were expected to do. They both loved the research that they did, but being on a faraway island away from family was a daunting thought. They still returned home for their own vacations, but they still reviewed work and other papers when they took time off.

“One more year,” he would tell himself. “One more year.”

He stopped just along the side of the pond. He peered into the murky waters before looking down the side to where a group of oak trees stood. Wilted leaves fell around him while a light shower began falling across the property. Fred walked closer to the trees, cautiously looking left and right, and then squeezed through the cluster of trees. Beneath his feet was a rusty manhole that led to a massive underground basement. A strong and cool breeze blew between the trees when he lowered himself down to the covering.

The rain became heavier by the second as he looked around again to make sure nobody was following him. He reached into his pocket and inserted a key directly into the covering’s keyhole. Upon hearing a click, Fred pulled the cover open and saw descending stone stairs that led into the underground laboratory. He slowly proceeded down the steps. Before going any further, he closed the manhole cover above him and locked it with the same key.

As per loss prevention practices, upon closing and locking the covering behind him, Fred began calling the underground office with his cell phone. Once he heard a long dial tone, he turned off his phone and moved onward. The air felt cold and wet around him. White fluorescent lighting that made him squint hugged at the ceiling. Small holes dotted the grey metal walls, which was where sleeping gas would supposedly shoot out if an unauthorized person attempted to enter the underground lab without calling the office. Once at the bottom of the stairway, he followed along a winding hallway that led towards the ocean.

Fred was a specialized researcher that helped research new cognitive techniques for analyzing mental health and mental illness overall. The nature of his work was secretive, which was why all of his work was done in the underground lab. It was hard and rewarding work that led to a greater interest in the human mind.

His interest led to his inevitable employment with Brian Martin. Brian was an aging billionaire who was the owner of *Martin R&D*. He was the head researcher of the entire team, and he was an intelligent man that Fred respected. He was partially the reason why Fred decided to stay for as long as he did. Constructing an elaborate laboratory beneath his mansion’s property, he personally funded much of the ongoing research alongside the government grants that the company received. Like Fred, Brian had an interest in the human mind. Together, they worked to discover undiscovered facts about the human psyche and new techniques for scholars in their field to study and analyze.

One of these new techniques, though unpublished to the scientific community, was the Mind Projection System. Brian handled everything related to the design and planning, while Fred handled the execution and implementation of the system. Brian

was a thinker, and Fred worked as his hands. He also troubleshooted a lot of the hardware issues that the system faced for Brian, and there were a lot of hardware issues in the beginning.

The Mind Projection System was an elaborate network that projected brain functions into Receiver Implants placed either through the nape of the neck or the actual brain of a person. The network projected a person's brain functions through something known as a Projection Panel, where a user sat on a chair with the Mind Projection System's core port entering the user's nape. From the Projection Panel, a person could project their own thoughts and actions directly into a person with a Receiver Implant. It was theoretically like controlling another person's body, except they could feel every little thing.

The system itself only started working around a month ago. It worked on rats, dogs, and birds rather well. Today was the day that they would actually use the Mind Projection System completely on a human being this time, and Fred was going to be the guinea pig. While it worked well on animals, there was no data on how well it would work on an intelligent human brain. If successful, they would be able to analyze a person's mental health status simply by entering their bodies. A fully trained psychologist could use it to diagnose patients if desired.

Thankfully, being the guinea pig did not intimidate Fred. He was the one who physically built the system, so he understood the risks and made sure to minimize them as best as he could. Brian also documented a lot of the theoretical problems that could arise, so it was not like Fred was charging in blindly.

"Welcome back," Brian said as Fred stepped through a blue metal door. "Marina was just speaking with her husband over the phone. He's excited to finally be able to visit her. He apparently lands at the airport today."

"You didn't say anything about the husband coming..."

"I didn't? I must have forgotten."

Normally, the spacious lab had wooden tables full of flasks, beakers, and test tubes. Since their project began, the tables had papers and graphs scattered across their surfaces. On the other end of the room was a freshly replaced fume hood that shimmered in the lighting. Wooden shelves of other chemistry supplies and equipment surrounded Fred as he closed the door behind him. Overall, the underground lab was a chemist's dream.

A wall full of screens stood behind Brian. The screens were video recordings of multiple rooms throughout the mansion. They were all live cam feeds. Fred looked at the main kitchen, washrooms, bedrooms, and the indoor pool room. There was a familiar woman with flowing brown hair and light blue eyes sitting on the edge of the pool. Her legs kicked at the water while she looked deeply into her rippling reflection. There was a smile over her face while she received texts on her phone.

Marina handled a lot of the research and analytics for side projects that Brian was also responsible for. She was a beautiful woman with a keen mind and a sharp tongue.

Dealing with her made Fred extremely anxious. She was slim woman with an athletic background in soccer and swimming. With pale, flawless skin and nimble movements, she was one of the most attractive women he had ever seen. She looked like a model straight out of a naughty magazine.

“Are you sure that it was a good idea to say yes to her request?” Fred asked worriedly. “That could complicate things. Assuming I’m able to possess her body, I don’t know how I’ll do with respect to her memories. The rats that we played with didn’t say anything about remembering anything.”

“I think it was a good call, Fred. If he asks you anything, just don’t say anything.”

“What if her husband asks me something that Marina would only know?”

Brian laughed and shrugged. “Don’t say anything to raise suspicion.”

Fred felt a little bad for Marina. A few weeks ago, they implanted a machine inside of her brain that they used to monitor her vitals and overall health. Unlike Fred, she was a guinea pig without even knowing it. With the Receiver Implant within her body, she was the key to unlocking the mysteries of the human mind. All Fred needed to do was activate their prototype.

Marina knew that Brian’s organization focused heavily on multiple areas of mental health since she handled the division for anxiety and depression, but the underground laboratory was something Brian did not share with her. There were multiple reasons behind why she was chosen for the Receiver Implant. Because she lacked the experience to spearhead the project, there was no use in having her assist Brian and Fred with anything related to it. Her female body was also fairly athletic, and a healthy body was more likely to survive the Receiver Implant procedure.

The Receiver Implant was an interesting surgical procedure. Because Brian was originally a surgeon before he began his R&D company, he had a high level of accuracy and intelligence when it came to these types of delicate procedures. Fred had watched as Brian efficiently planted the Receiver Implant at the base of her brain. It was a small metal bean with small needles that, once inserted, stretched out to various areas of the brain automatically. A mixture of wireless radio signals from the Mind Projection System would adjust the way her brain perceived the world around her. Through a lot of mental barriers and mental gymnastics, the theory was that a person would be able to control or possess her now that the implant was deep inside of her brain. Or, a person would be able to adjust hormones or emotions if necessary.

“How long has she been swimming for?” Fred asked.

“About an hour now,” Brian said. “She looks like she’s finishing up now, though. She’s probably about to go pick her husband up after eating lunch.”

“Have you reviewed anything she’s done?”

“A little,” the old man admitted. “She’s still compiling the data for now. It’ll have to wait, though, since today is the day that we actually try this thing. Are you scared?”

“No,” Fred said. “I reviewed the data and the other trial information this morning for the fifth time in a row. This entire procedure is safe. The hardest part was the Receiver Implant, but she survived that part thanks to you. You doublechecked her vitals, right?”

“Yes, I did,” Brian answered. “The implant is still sending signals to the computer. There aren’t any problems with the connection. How soon can the machine start?”

“I’ll need about four hours to get it warmed up to a safe temperature,” Fred answered. “I’ll take a look at the system’s temperature and processing power to make sure everything will go smoothly. I’ll go get the machine ready now. Are you going to keep monitoring her?”

“Yes,” Brian said. “I’ll watch her on the cameras. She might leave the property to pick her husband up, but the Receiver Implant should still reach us from across the island. Even if they go out for dinner tonight, we’ll be able to monitor everything.”

Marina Sunderland

“He probably likes you,” her husband said. “It’s a shame that you’re already taken.”

For the past week, Fred seemingly avoided her at every turn. He was always a nervous guy. Actually, most guys around her looked and sounded nervous. Fred was an extreme case who often stuttered and avoided eye contact with her over the past two years. However, this past month was the worst for them. By now, she thought she had broken him out of his shell. It looked like she had a lot more work to do in the next little while.

Today was supposed to be a sunny day for her reunion with her husband, but the weather forecast had it all wrong. When Marina looked out of her floor to ceiling bedroom window, she could see dark grey clouds and rain starting to fall. The drops splattered lightly against the window while she leaned her forehead into it. Thankfully, she had already picked her husband up from the airport before the skies began weeping. She let out a sigh and moved across the room to her closet.

Marina slipped on her favorite red dress that she rarely got to wear on the island. It was her special party attire. She squirted some of her light and sweet perfume on her neck before turning to her smiling husband, who was sitting on the bed with his iPad in hand. He was scrolling down the screen until his eyes noticed Marina.

“You look beautiful,” he said. “You didn’t need to change, though. You looked just as perfect.”

“You insisted on one upping me by dressing like that,” Marina teased. “You know I can’t let that happen. Especially if we’re going to be out in public together.”

“Sorry for trying to impress you.”

“I still can’t believe I’m getting an entire weekend off,” Marina said. “I don’t usually get too big of a break. I’m actually supposed to be working every day. It’s going to be nice.”

“You’re going to love the hotel that I booked for us,” Ken said. “I checked out the reviews, and I haven’t seen a single bad one. Okay, maybe there were three, but that’s really good when you consider the three hundred other good reviews. The food there is amazing, and there’s even a massage parlor.”

“I can’t wait!”

Ken Sunderland, dressed in his tailored grey suit for their special occasion, was the handsome love of her life. When she picked him up at the airport earlier in the day, he had surprised her completely. Because of how laid back and casual Ken was, she was expecting somebody in shorts and a T-shirt. Today, he combed his chestnut hair to the side and actually shaved his face for once. His pearly white smile and strong hands gripping her hips to give her a kiss made Marina’s heart race like it was their first time together. The way he breathed and the way he spoke to her drove Marina over the edge.

“Have you really not had a chance to check out the restaurants around here?” Ken asked.

“Yeah,” Marina sighed. “I’ve been working too much. Most of the good stuff gets sent to us from couriers. Or Elena orders the food for us and picks it up. Brian orders us takeout at least once a day, but I miss being able to sit at an actual place.”

“You’ve been here for two years!”

“Yeah, well, I work a lot.”

“Well, it’s the atmosphere,” Ken said. “That’s what you definitely miss. You want the atmosphere. You want the experience. I’m glad we still think the same way.”

Over the past two years, the couple had kept in touch over their phones and webcams. It was difficult to maintain their relationship through online means, but they managed to stay together. Marina was a faithful girl and never had the time to stray from their marriage. Ken was a casual guy who never had the energy to pursue other women. In the end, they stayed together because they were the best options for each other.

“Is this gel? You never do anything with your hair.”

“Do you like it?”

“I love it,” she said. “You’re looking really sharp. You didn’t have to look good just for me, though.”

“I didn’t have to,” he admitted. “But it’s what I wanted to do for you. Are you ready to go?” Marina took her husband’s big hand and pulled at it with all her weight. She helped him across their bedroom and into the hallway.

The mansion was a massive property that could have been a resort if Brian decided to change businesses. As of one of several lead researchers at *Martin R&D*, Marina had the opportunity to enjoy a lavish lifestyle without having to spend heavily for it. She still received a hefty salary for her services to the company, but Brian handled every single one of her expenses when living on the property. Marina did not have to worry about paying for rent, food, gym memberships, and other recreational things. The mansion was like an all-inclusive resort. It had everything she ever needed.

The only downside was that she was not allowed to live there with additional people. Like all of the other researchers who had worked at the facility, she was not allowed to live with family members or significant others with on the island. For most people, this was not an issue because of the nature and importance of their research. But Marina was a happily married woman for the past three years. She and her husband both planned on having children, but a relocating assignment with Brian’s company enticed her into delaying motherhood for the past two years.

Brian’s company handled a lot of outsourced studies for other companies or research facilities. Professionally, Marina handled various areas of anxiety and depression. She used most of the clinical data sent to her by other companies for verification and analysis before personally investigating it in the field. The local city had an alarming

number of homeless men and women with varying degrees of mental illness. Brian's funding and overall resources made Marina's research very effective and thorough.

Two years of gathering data and writing led Marina into being an extremely successful academic. She did not have her official works published quite yet, but a lot of people in the academic community were interested in the work that she was producing. Years of being unemployed and being unable to use her original biology degree left her stranded and depressed. She learned so much in her first four years of university, and to be denied entry into so many companies left her distraught. So, she began her PhD in biology in an attempt to get an even higher education.

Employment prospects did not look too good for her when she was halfway done. She debated on whether or not she should drop out of the program to pursue something else. But, when one of Brian's companies offered her an internship from seemingly out of the blue, she jumped at the opportunity and eventually became one of his highest paying researchers at *Martin R&D*.

Brian was a frail man with a bald head. In his younger years, he was a stocky and handsome man with orange and grey hair that sat on his head like a mop. Despite his old age, his piercing blue eyes still had the fire of an entrepreneur. He spoke with a deep, strong voice that radiated with confidence. He was an intimidating mentor, yet Marina respected the man for his contributions to science.

She led Ken through a twisting hallway of white walls. Portraits of Brian Martin and Elena, his wife, littered the walls. She was a heavy woman with long, silvery hair who was almost as old as Brian. The woman had an energetic and youthful smile. Younger photographs of Elena were towards the bottom of the stairway, where her brown hair and energetic smile radiated beautifully over a skinny figure. Elena was also one of the lead researchers at the mansion, and she was probably the sweetest girl Marina had ever met. She cooked regularly for the entire team and always gave the best advice. The photos all happily smiled at Marina as she walked onward.

"Do they not have kids?" Ken asked. "I know they were surgeons, but I was sure that they'd have some sort of time to make some. They have all the money in the world."

"I assumed they all moved out," Marina said. "I don't really know too much about Brian's family life. Why do you ask?"

"I've only seen pictures of Brian and his wife," Ken said. "I think I took a brief look around the place to see if Fred was here. I didn't see kid rooms or anything. Most of the rooms were actually empty."

Marina knew that Ken met Fred in their high school years. The two were actually studying at the same college together before Ken finally decided to become a plumber. She had seen the photos on Ken's phone when they lived together in the United States. She never saw the two men together these days, and Fred never asked about Ken.

"I'll reintroduce you after dinner tonight," Marina said. "He should be done working around that time. He's probably out in the forest or something. Him, Brian, and Elena are working on a separate project."

“You weren’t invited?” Ken asked.

“It doesn’t bother me,” she said. “I already have a heavy workload with the project that I’m working on. It’s not like they purposely leave me out of things.”

“When will you be done with all of this?” Ken asked ominously.

“What do you mean?”

“Marina, you know what I mean.”

At the bottom of the stairway was an empty lobby that led to the front door. They stopped at the center of it while they looked at each other in silence. It was not that Marina did not want to go home. Though her job paid extremely well, she was not sure about putting things on hold. Her relationship with Ken and the fact that it had not yet imploded meant something. The problem was that she had no idea when her projects would actually end. She felt terrified of dropping and leaving everything for a new scientist to take on. Marina’s projects belonged to her – she was possessive of her work.

“Half a year more,” Marina said. “I think that’s a good time for me to stop.”

“Why not now?”

“Babe, please,” she whispered. “I can’t just drop it all.”

“Everything has been stressing you out,” Ken said. “You said so over the phone. You’re working every day. You’re thinking about work every hour. You’re looking at research while you’re supposed to be resting. You’re not having enough time to yourself.”

“I have time with you right now.” Marina said.

“But that’s because you asked,” he said. “It took nearly two years for me to be able to see you. To touch you. To feel you. I don’t want to wait another month away from you.”

Marina held her husband’s hands with a worried look over her face. “You get to stay a month,” she said. “Brian’s perfectly fine with you staying for a little while. He said so himself.”

“I don’t want his permission,” Ken said. “You’re not his wife. He doesn’t get to control you.”

“Please,” she said desperately. “You don’t control me either. Don’t ruin this. You know the money is good.”

“I don’t care about the money,” Ken said. “I care about you. Just ... just think about it during dinner. Do it for me.”

“Ken...”

“Please, just think about it.”

“Okay,” Marina said. “I’ll consider it.”

Suddenly, before the married couple could leave the room, they both heard an echoey set of hefty footsteps from behind them. Coming down the hall was a woman

wearing a baggy black dress and a black leather beret. She was a heavy lady with a warm smile over her face as she looked to Ken with a tilted head.

“Hello, Marina,” she said excitedly. “This must be Ken. It’s a pleasure to meet you. I’m Elena – I’m Brian’s wife.”

“Thank you for having me,” Ken struggled to say. He seemed to have been taken by surprise. “Marina was telling me good things about you and Mr. Martin. You two are an incredible duo. Dedicating your lives to science is really commendable.” It was weird listening to Ken talking to Elena. He spoke so formally. His hand felt hot and sweaty while he looked at the old woman. It was like he felt intimidated by her. Marina leaned her head into his shoulder to try calming him down.

“Oh, don’t call him that,” Elena laughed as she stared at Marina. “He hates being super formal. I’ll introduce you to him. Where are the two of you going?”

“There’s a hotel and restaurant that I wanted to check out with Marina,” Ken answered. “We’ll be gone all weekend.”

The smile vanished from Elena’s face. “All weekend?”

“That won’t be a problem, will it?” Marina asked worriedly. She felt her husband’s hand tightening around her hand. “It’s at a place called the Hotel Lagoon downtown. I won’t be too far if you need me called in.”

The smile returned as Elena turned away from them. “Don’t worry, dear,” she said. “I’m going out soon too. This isn’t a prison – do what you want on your off time. Enjoy your time together. If either of you need any help, just call me!”

“Will do,” Marina said happily.

They walked out of the house and entered a wide driveway made from white bricks. Marina felt her husband’s hand finally loosening while they approached a red Corvette with popup headlights. It was the vehicle that Brian lent the researchers whenever they needed to go into the city to run errands or do fieldwork. Since there were fewer researchers at the facility now, nobody really used it. Hopping into the vehicle, Marina turned the car on and felt a kiss against her neck.

“Don’t get too wild now,” Marina giggled. “Save it for later.”

“Come on...”

“You’re just relieved that we’re finally out of there,” Marina said. “Were you scared of her?”

“No shit,” he said. “She looked like a psycho.”

“She isn’t a psycho,” she snapped. “She’s just under a lot of stress, probably. She’s not usually that creepy.”

“Sorry, I just can’t believe it’s been this long since I’ve felt you. Since I’ve been able to actually have you. It’s like a dream.”

After feeling another kiss against her neck, Marina smiled and looked back at the mansion. Sure, she felt overworked with little to no work-life balance, but all of this really did feel like a dream. She had a high paying job in a career she mostly liked, and she had the opportunity to actually live a life of luxury on the island. Surrounded by empty fields of trimmed grass and hedges, the red-brick mansion spanned multiple acres around the property. It was like a royal castle that overlooked the ocean on its craggy cliffside. Bushes of red, purple, and yellow flowers lined the stone wall that surrounded the entire area.

They drove down the driveway into a winding road dotted with towering trees with wilting leaves that desperately craved for the falling rain. After multiple weeks of no rain, the trees were finally getting what they needed. Marina followed the road deeper into the forest and saw a streak of white lightning dividing the skies ahead of them. Gusts of wind pushed against the vehicle as leaves attacked their windshield.

“You know ... despite the shitty weather, this island’s really beautiful,” her husband said softly. “I can’t believe you’ve gotten the chance to live here for two years.”

“Are you changing your mind about me quitting?” Marina asked happily.

“Of course not,” he laughed. “I’m just getting a little jealous. You should be just as miserable as me.”

“I’ve definitely enjoyed it here...”

Ken studied the rain as it loudly smacked against the car’s windshield. Even wiping at full speed, the wipers made driving difficult, so Marina chose to drive at a slower speed. It took longer than usual to reach the city again, but when she did, the journey to the hotel was a short lived one.

It took about twenty minutes for the two of them to reach the city. While Marina only ventured out into the city for work reasons, she knew the city streets quite well after living on the island for so long. Grey buildings stretched across the horizon while the trees vanished from view. Soon, a concrete world surrounded them where hundreds of cars clogged the roads and pedestrians played Russian roulette with their jaywalking. The rain and wind felt worse in the city and made driving much more exciting.

“There it is,” Ken said.

Marina turned the car into a parking lot in front of a towering building of grey bricks. Tall palm trees dotted the sides of the property. The building loomed over the city with hundreds of brightly lit windows and a red neon sign running horizontally on its side that read “HOTEL LAGOON.” It was a building Marina often saw, but she never entered it to see what it had. She never had the time to go in and pretend to be a tourist. Now that she was in its parking lot, she could see that the bottom portion of the building had a number of commercial businesses dotting its corners. There was a barber shop, a gym, and a small convenience store on their side of the building.

“The restaurant’s inside,” Ken said. “It’s just passed the reception lobby, but the place looked amazing on the pictures.”

“Are you sure there’s a restaurant? I don’t see any signs.”

Ken unbuckled his seatbelt. “It’s mostly for the hotel patrons. They don’t really advertise to the locals.”

The hotel looked like a rundown getaway for the less wealthy. It might have been the rain. It might have been the dirty walls needing some deep cleaning. Since she started living at the mansion, a lot of the things in the city seemed lower in quality. She never saw things this way before, but two years of living luxuriously really changed her standards. Sighing, she unbuckled her seatbelt and hurriedly followed Ken inside.

Arnold C. Buckley

The drive in his rented black Toyota Corolla was uncomfortable and tiring when he drove through the winding forest roads. He knew the area well from his briefings, but the actual trip from the city was something he was not prepared for. He hated being in the outskirts of town, yet the agency insisted that a more direct approach to monitoring *Martin R&D* was necessary.

Arnold Buckley was a private investigator for *Medica Corporation*, a private company specializing in data analysis and technology. They were a direct competitor to *Martin R&D*, and they were also one of the more successful ones. As a private investigator, Arnold often spied and stole plans and prototypes from other companies to help his clients create new products and services.

There was also another reason for his presence on the island. While stealing corporate information was his specialty, he was also in charge of another case from another client within the company. Reports of numerous researchers not returning to their homes had appeared throughout the past ten years since *Martin R&D* began. The island police were unable to locate any of the previous workers, and *Martin R&D* denied any involvement with the missing people in question.

Arnold parked on a white brick driveway just in front of a red mansion. A heavy shower of rain plummeted against his windshield while he looked around the area. The entire property looked old fashioned with its green hedges and pointed black rooftops. Random bushes of colorful flowers lined the walls surrounding the house from the inside. Arnold was aware that the Martin family was wealthy, but he had no idea how wealthy they were until he found the place overlooking the nearby ocean. The land alone must have been worth a few million dollars.

Before going up to the door to check and see if anybody was home, he quickly looked at a few glossy photos of the missing researchers. They were all females with long brown hair, blue eyes, and white skin. Every single person was highly educated and respected in their academic fields. According to their parents, none of them suffered from mental illness or had a history of running away. When they complained to the police about their investigation, nobody seemed to be able to pinpoint the location of these highly intelligent women. But Arnold was hopeful that he would be able to get more information for the families involved.

He got out of his car and made his way towards a set of white doors. Thankfully, part of the roof stuck outwards and provided him with protection from the rain while he rang the doorbell. After waiting nearly two minutes, he decided to ring the doorbell again. To his surprise, a sweet old lady answered the door.

The lady had a portly figure and a happy smile. Her blue eyes studied Arnold's face with intense focus. Dressed in a baggy black dress and a black beret, the elderly lady

looked like she was about to step out into the city. From the pictures that he had seen prior to visiting the mansion, he knew that it was Brian Martin's wife.

"Can I help you?" Elena Martin asked.

Arnold nodded. "My name's Arnold Bouchard," he said. "I'm a representative from the Canadian federal government. I've been assigned here to see how the research is coming along."

"Oh, really? What exactly are you looking for?"

Arnold paused for a time and studied the old woman. The same smile remained on her face. There was a lot more to her than he realized. "Everything," he struggled to finally say. "The prime minister just wants a compilation of everything that has used grant money. I'm compiling it into a full report for the upcoming new year."

The silence between the two was deafening. It was like the two of them were studying each other to see who was lying the best. Unfortunately for Arnold, he was at a knowledge disadvantage. In reality, he was not part of the Canadian government. He knew nothing about their actual areas of research, and he felt like Elena Martin knew this.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait and find out when we publish it in our report," Elena Martin said. "Unfortunately, since we haven't made a lot of progress in our research, we don't have a report ready for you."

"Is Brian Martin in?"

"No, he's not," the old woman quickly said. "But I'm more than willing to give him your card to contact you if necessary."

"That will be fine," Arnold said. "I'll return another time. I'll be sure to contact the company number prior to visiting to see if progress has been made for the government. But, I do have one more question before I leave."

"I'd be more than happy to answer it for you."

Arnold stared at her in silence before speaking again. "I understand that you have quite a reputable team. A couple of your past team members have been reported missing. Do you have any ideas as to where Kendra Barlow, Allison Reeves, and Tianna Francis may have gone off to?"

Elena Martin's face froze and looked away. A frown appeared, and for once she looked uncomfortable. She took a deep breath as a flash of lightning illuminated the yard behind Arnold. Elena Martin's wrinkled face curled into a smile. "They quit on good terms. I'm afraid I don't keep in contact with them anymore. A few people have come by asking for them, but I haven't heard anything new."

"I see," Arnold said. "Very well. I'll be leaving now. Have yourself a wonderful evening, Mrs. Martin."

"Take care," Elena Martin said softly. Thunder roared somewhere in the distance. "Please drive safely."

Fred Schneider

The sound of rain deafened the entire underground room. While the place was built securely, the ceiling let a lot of noise through somehow. A low rumbling of thunder made him think twice about using the system today, but a storm would not be able to knock the mansion's power out. They had multiple emergency power generators, so the probability of a full blackout was low, even for a few seconds. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Fred began going through an operating manual again at the computer.

Elena had her hair up in a ponytail when she came into the room with two cups of orange pekoe tea. Fred happily sipped at the cup while he studied the operating manual and other statistical data from their past experiments. While Brian watched Marina's vitals, he also scanned through past graphs. "Thanks," Fred said to her without looking her in the eye. "It's good."

"You're welcome, Fred," she said warmly. She looked to her husband. "I just spoke with a representative from the city, Brian. I let him know that you weren't in for today. He was asking about the project."

"What else did you tell him?"

"I just said that we were making some sort of progress," Elena said. "But I didn't go into a large amount of detail. It sounds like he's snooping around."

"Do you think he'll be a problem?"

"I don't believe so," she answered. "I made sure to keep all of the doors and windows locked. He seemed like a nice man, but I didn't want to take chances with him. He asked for a report, so I told him that you would be more than willing to assist him once progress was made."

"Good answer," Brian said with a sigh of relief. "I did tell the government that the report would be given directly to their central office. I don't know why they would send a representative. We'll all stay on our toes in case it's a competitor trying to steal hard data."

"Even if he gets into the house, I don't think he'll find anything," Fred said. "All of our corporate information for our important stuff is down here."

"There was just one other thing," Elena said quietly. "He was looking for a few of our past employees."

Fred noticed how Brian's face went stone cold. From what the old man had told him, a lot of past researchers who worked on the island had been unhappy with their work environment. Many of them burned out, though Brian never mentioned where they went or what they were doing now.

"We'll worry about that later," Brian finally said. Right now, the only issue is Marina. The tracker in the Receiver Implant said that she was going deeper into the city. She's currently at a hotel. She might stay overnight."

“It’s the one with a restaurant on the first floor,” Elena said. “They mentioned going there for an entire weekend.”

“The entire weekend?” Fred asked worriedly.

“Will that complicate anything?” Elena asked. “Maybe I should have stopped them when I had the chance.”

“It might,” Fred admitted. “I was hoping that I’d be able to control her while the cameras were watching. I could at least have some footage to analyze when I finish the experiment.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Brian assured him. “Assuming this really does work, you’ll be able to make some cognitive notes. Just be wary of your surroundings when you’re inside of her. Things like how you feel and the emotions that you’re experiencing.”

Hours had passed since Fred was waiting, and the Mind Projection System was finally booted up and ready. All he needed to do was sit in the Projection Panel chair. By placing his mind within the system and its surrounding network, Fred would theoretically be able to access a person’s Receiver Implant from across the world through radio frequencies. Sitting on the chair, he placed his hands on the armrests where a series of buttons and blinking lights were. The chair’s backing ended just beneath his neck where a thick needle pointed out towards his skin. He felt the prickling sensation and coldness of the needle. Fred breathed deeply and slowly while he looked across the room.

“I’ve put the password in,” Brian said while looking through Fred’s personal notes. “The computer says everything else is on all green. Are you ready?”

“Activate the transfer,” Fred answered.

Brian pressed a button on his keyboard, which caused all of the lights in his armrests to glow bright green. Fred keyed in 1000022, a series of numbers for Marina’s Receiver Implant ID, before hitting a large green button at the very tip of the armrest. A loud beep rang from the chair as he closed his eyes. What was coming next was going to be the most uncomfortable thing in the world for him.

He felt his chest thudding violently and his breathing beginning to sharpen. A piercing pain throbbed from the back of his neck when the needle seemingly twisted and turned beneath his skin. He let out an uncomfortable grunt. He gritted his teeth until the pain became too unbearable. He vainly tried to suppress it. Fred began screaming loudly as the world started to blacken. He jerked uncontrollably in his seat until he was completely surrounded by darkness.

It was a surreal experience while he seemingly floated in nothingness. He was not expecting to feel at peace. In the past experiments, he immediately found himself controlling the small test animals. Here, he floated with nowhere else to go. When he tried looking around, he saw no sources of light or anybody around him. The ground beneath his feet was nonexistent. It felt like he was falling from a great height, the air around him fluttering through his hair, yet the ground never met his body.

Suddenly, a series of images flashed before his eyes. He realized that he was already in Marina's body. His mind was just adjusting to the new location. From the images, he saw a golden retriever running across an empty gravel field, a kite flying across the sky, and a white wedding dress on a mannequin. He saw a large dome-shaped building over a mountain where students were walking back and forth, an African American man with an afro running along a riverbank, and a white seagull perched above him on a streetlight. Fred took a deep breath, the images embedding within his own mind. To his surprise, he vaguely knew what every single image meant. It was like he was learning Marina's memories in flashes, and his mind was downloading every brief detail. He did not see the full story, but he understood what a lot of the images meant.

"That's great," a familiar man's voice said in his mind. "But do you really have to relocate that far away?"

"No, that's not the right thing to do." A woman's voice scolded him.

"You're a beautiful girl – use that to your advantage." A woman with a hoarse voice said.

Suddenly, Fred's eyes opened when he felt a kiss at the side of his neck. He found himself on his back in a bedroom that he did not recognize. It was a small room with a single bed near the window. The man squeezed at Marina's chest while Fred struggled to sit up. For some reason, he was unable to move his body, but he knew that he was in Marina's body when she spoke.

"God, Ken, I love you so much," Marina whispered. Fred's heart sank when he looked up at the naked man. He knew that his facial features looked familiar, but the man had lost more than a hundred pounds since they were in high school. They were by no means true friends anymore, but Fred had seen Ken in the past. He had no idea that he was the man married to Marina.

But his fears came true when Ken repositioned himself behind his wife's body. Marina's body remained on her knees, and a smile crept over her face. His two hands delicately cupped her breasts from behind. Sighing quietly, Ken kissed the side of her neck while the area between her legs dampened. The magnitude of the erotic sensations took Fred by surprise. As a man, he never felt this turned on before. Even though it was Marina in control, he could still feel everything. He never knew what it was like to be groped so sensually. He never knew what it was like to be loved this deeply.

Her husband tightly squeezed her breasts, kissed her neck one final time, before allowing his left hand to explore her flat tummy and black panties. He continued squeezing a breast with his right hand as his fingered entered her delectable folds. Fred could feel the finger squirming between her legs, prodding the walls and becoming engulfed by her wetness. Marina's body let out a moan before her entire body began twitching uncontrollably.

Suddenly, Fred could feel his mind taking control of her body. He leaned back into Marina's husband while still twitching uncontrollably. He reached up and gently squeezed at the hand wrapped around his breast. Out of nowhere, the twitching became

an overwhelming shaking that nearly made him fall off the bed. Fred felt breathless, his trembling hands gripping the sheets in front of his knees when the man finally released him. It was a feeling he had never experienced before, and he loved the way it felt. It was like every muscle around his inner legs was squeezing and releasing. A satisfied and euphoric sensation gushed through Marina's body as Fred experienced his first female orgasm.

"Holy shit..." Fred whispered.

"Wow, you came so fast," Ken said. A flood of pleasure filled Fred's chest when he was facing Marina's husband. It was almost like it was out of instinct when he leaned forward to kiss Ken's sweet lips. It was a long kiss that made Fred want to stay forever. It was like her physical body still retained its love and desire for Ken, and all of that intrigued Fred while he searched for the husband's tongue. Fred could still back away and leave, but he did not want to. He wanted Ken.

And Ken clearly wanted him too. Fred let out a surprised gasp when he felt himself being carried up into the air. Marina's husband kissed at Fred's neck and chest while his strength held him in the air. A hard cock grinded along Marina's possessed folds that dripped with lustful anticipation. Ken dropped him on the bed and stood over him with his length at the ready.

"I missed this so much," Ken whispered.

Fred tried to say something to the man, but no words came out. His body only reacted to the physical beauty by making his heart race. The man's abs and chest looked perfectly chiseled, hard, and rounded. He loomed over Marina's body like a giant. Pulling at Fred's legs by his slender ankles, Ken repositioned his wife's body to be closer to his shapely, veiny cock. The tip brushed the front of his wife's crevice.

The air felt cool around his exposed nub, and he twitched when he felt the warm cock sliding along the outside of his pussy. Since Fred did not naturally like men, something in his mind was telling him to end everything. "I want you to fuck me so badly," Fred found himself saying.

Now that he was in Marina's attractive body, Fred felt empowered with attractive confidence as he stared into Ken's dark brown eyes. He wanted to feel him inside. He wanted to see what it was like to fuck as the opposite gender. All of this intrigued him. For once in his life, he wanted to fuck another person that was not a girl, and that felt weird for him since he was not a sexual person.

"Put it in me," Fred ordered while the husband stretched his legs out. "I want you to fuck me."

"Say less..." Ken whispered.

A flash of lightning filled the room while Fred watched in anticipation. When he looked down at his pulsating lips, he could see his exposed clit throbbing with desire. He felt hot, he felt thirsty, and he felt dirty about all of this. Gripping the sheets tightly with his hands, Fred watched as the entire cock disappeared within him. The skin between

his legs twitched with every push. He watched his folds seemingly swell outwards to accommodate the man's size while he entered and left his body. Fred moaned and watched the fit man make love to him. A warm heat spread through him with every delightfully wet plunge.

"Oh, fuck!"

"God, I love you," Marina's husband grunted.

The hands around Fred's waist tightened and pushed his body away. Ken pulled out of him, repositioning Fred on to his hands and knees, and then shoved his dick as far back as he could from behind. Fred felt the dome brushing against the furthest corners of his stolen pussy as Marina's husband pulled at his silky hair. The cock ravaged his tight folds and made Fred's fingers and toes curl with excitement.

"Yes," Fred heard himself scream. A slap against his left cheek made Fred let out a surprised gasp. Marina's body began instinctively bouncing back into her husband. It was like Fred was temporarily losing control. "Yes ... yes ... right there." Ken began moving faster, his piston-like cock slamming into Fred's body and making him scream even louder. Every ripple made a tense feeling start building up within him. It was a lustful pleasure that festered and wanted to be let out. "Oh my god, Ken!"

Fred gritted his teeth and felt every spark of pleasure when Ken's cock stirred his insides. He was hitting the perfect spot every single time. The husband knew Marina's body well, so Fred was getting the best possible treatment. "Yes, Ken," he moaned. Marina's throbbing nub ached sensitively with every push. The festering pressure was about to release. He felt like the slit was tearing with every fuck. "Right there!" The slapping of their skin sent shivers down Fred's spine. Marina's tight entrance seemingly swallowed at her husband's spear, the slimy sound of her juices around his tunneling body making Fred's face redden with excitement and embarrassment. "Fuck!"

Ken stopped and released his wife's hair when Fred began shivering violently. His tummy felt like it was twitching as he closed his eyes. He let out a long and deep moan. Ken kissed along Fred's soft back until he reached his neck, where his tongue and nose lingered while he gradually and deeply thrust. Every thrust felt powerful and filling. Fred felt his weakening body falling against the bed, yet Ken still continued breaching his wonderful body from behind.

"Oh, fuck," Ken whispered.

Suddenly, as Fred still shook from his orgasm, he could feel Marina's husband suddenly thrusting into him at an aggressive and quickening pace. Strong hands wrapped around Fred's hips while he forcefully bounced the wife's body back into him with every swing of his hips. Ken let out one final groan, and Fred could feel the dick inside of him beginning to swell and pulsate. Ken's warm seed filled him up until he felt the hot cum dripping down on to the sheets.

"That was amazing," Fred weakly said while Marina's husband kissed his lips.

"You were amazing."

Ken slowly pulled out of his wife and collapsed on the bed. The two of them breathed heavily as they affectionately embraced each other. Fred looked deeply into the other man's eyes and closed his eyes. There was a satisfied look over their faces. Just before they fell asleep together in their lustful entanglement, the power went out.

Arnold C. Buckley

“Where the hell is she going?” Arnold whispered to himself from behind one of the green hedges. Nightfall was slowly descending, and the rain was at its worst.

While he secretly watched Elena Martin disappearing behind the trees beside a pond, Arnold decided to take matters into his own hands. A new opportunity had presented itself. He had no idea where the old woman was going, but he knew that this was his only opportunity to get the information that he needed. After waiting several minutes, he entered the Martin family’s home by picking the locks on one of their many doors.

He navigated the massive mansion and kept focused. He listened for the slightest noise before proceeding through the maze-like hallways. He half expected a person or two to be here, yet the place seemed deserted. The layout of the mansion was something he checked out before coming to the mansion for answers. He knew what the inside roughly looked like from a bird’s eye. The only issue was knowing which room belonged to the missing researchers or the Martin couple. A lot of trial and error was going to be done.

The smell of old people lingered in the air at every turn. Every door led to an empty room with boxed furniture or a furnished room with no signs of anybody living in it. He vainly checked closets, dressers, and underneath beds. There were no signs of a small laboratory or any corporate notes yet. After the first floor was quickly searched, he decided to move on to the second floor. The photographs of Brian Martin and his wife smiled back at him while he ascended a flight of stairs.

Every photograph was taken throughout their marriage, and every step ascended to an older age. At the bottom of the stairway was a portrait in front of a blue lake. Brian Martin was a meatier man with red hair and blue eyes. Elena was a slimmer and prettier woman with straight brown hair. Every year for the couple added wrinkles, age spots, and greyer hairs. By the time Arnold had reached the top of the stairs, he could see the couple at their absolute oldest. Brian Martin was small, bald, and old. Elena was fat, grey, and old. “They didn’t age well,” Arnold reflected while lightning illuminated the nearby windows.

He stumbled from room to room until he found an open doorway and decided to investigate it. He noticed a familiar set of photographs strewn along the walls. There was a young man with bright red hair and blue eyes standing with his mother and father. The family photos smiled at him ominously. Arnold recognized the redhead from one of the many LinkedIn pages that he used to research current company staff.

It was Fred Schneider’s room. Small stacks of little notebooks and operating manuals were left on a table and beneath the man’s bed. When he looked through the handwritten notes, Arnold could not believe his eyes. He repeatedly read over the lines of text in disbelief. The dangers of their research only magnified when he realized that

the disappearances could be linked to any experimental failures. Fred and any other researchers were in grave danger if any of this was remotely real.

The heavy sound of rain filled the room as the lights went out. A thunderous roar made the dark room shake while Arnold frantically looked around. Taking a deep breath, he reached into his black trench coat and removed a black metal flashlight from his inner pockets. Even in the darkness, Arnold did his best to digest every little piece of information. As well, he took photos with his phone just in case his mind failed him.

Brian Martin's team had discovered something completely new. The Mind Projection System was something that his client would love to get their hands on. The operating manuals mentioned an underground laboratory where the majority of their tests were conducted. Fred's notes mentioned the machine working on animals with lower brain capacities, but a human brain was still theoretically possible.

That must have been where the old woman was going, he thought. Beyond that pond and behind the trees is the ocean – where else could she have gone?

Thinking about Fred and the old woman, something made his heart stop. Arnold was breathing frantically when he started looking through his phone. He found professionally photos of Fred, but he also found images of Marina Sunderland, another researcher at Martin R&D.

She was a beautiful girl with long brown hair and attractive facial features. She smiled at him in the darkness as he pieced the potential plot that was unfolding.

Fred was a man with fiery red hair and blue eyes. Brian Martin was a man with reddish hair and blue eyes in his youth. Marina Sunderland was an attractive woman with long brown hair and light blue eyes. Elena Martin had long brown hair and a slim body in her youth as well. "Oh my god," Arnold murmured. "This can't be real."

The private investigator took a deep breath and put everything back. He made sure to leave Fred's belongings where he found them. He quietly made his way through the halls and left the mansion to go pursue the old woman. The families of the missing researchers needed answers, and he intended on leaving with said answers.

Elena Martin was an old woman who he could easily overpower and interrogate. If she planned on stealing Marina Sunderland's body, then Arnold would need to act quickly before the theft were to occur. All he needed to do was find her before her husband returned home.

Arnold's heart was racing by the time he reached the pond. Rain fell everywhere as thunder roared all around him. Even in the darkness, the investigator could see the ripples in the murky waters. In the distance, streaks of lightning cut through the skies by the time he moved to a cluster of trees. Behind these trees was a rusty manhole with a keyhole. He pulled out a small bean-shaped piece of metal with a red button at its base. He stuck it through the keyhole and pressed the button.

It was a custom lockpick, courtesy of *Medica Corporation*. Within seconds, the black bean came to life, and the manhole clicked open. He pulled the manhole covering to the side on the wet grass and descended a flight of stairs.

Drenched in rain and cold to the bone, Arnold found himself in a dark tunnel with metal walls all around him. Despite slowly making his way through the tunnel, his footsteps were unbelievably loud and echoey. He took a deep breath and tried going even slower, but it was no use. If the old woman was at the end of the tunnel, she would have heard him by now.

“Fuck her,” he whispered angrily. Two peoples’ lives were in danger. “I’m not afraid.”

Suddenly, the lights above him flickered and turned on. Bright white light nearly blinded him as he stopped to look around. His eyes widened when a hissing sound came from the nearby walls. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Arnold fell forward on to his hands and knees and tried to breathe. It felt like he was choking on something as the world went black.

Brian Martin

When the power went out, Brian's heart immediately sank. He walked around the underground laboratory with a flashlight that he grabbed from the desk drawer, and waited for the emergency power to kick in. Thunder roared loudly with every passing second. He wiped at his forehead as the minutes went by. Elena tightly held his free hand without saying a word. He could tell that she was just as horrified of Fred's fate. All of their hard work and mentoring had led them to yet another failure. Eventually, the generator restored power to the entire facility. The room was as brightly lit as before.

"Brian..." Elena said worriedly.

"I know, I know," he said. "Let's see how he is."

He dashed to the computer and turned it back on. *He's still alive*, he realized when he still saw brain wave activity. While he knew that the body would remain alive, Brian worried of Fred's mental status. Taking a deep sigh of relief, he sat down at the computer and logged back into the Mind Projection System. He was laughing to himself. To his surprise, the Receiver Implant still sent signals back to the computer. He could still see Marina's vital signs and brain waves. What was most peculiar to Brian was the fact that the activity still showed for the period in which the power went out.

"Is he alright, dear?" He heard his wife ask from behind him. "I made sure the other generator was on before I came down here."

"Fred's body is still alive," he answered. Elena let out a relieved sigh. "He's still controlling Marina's body, though."

"Wait, how is that possible?" Elena asked.

"I didn't know that it was," he said with a smile. "But, it looks like we've discovered something new about the Mind Projection System. I knew that wirelessly controlling and diagnosing people from afar was theoretically possible, but I can't believe we've actually created it. We can finally proceed to the end goal."

Brian realized that the possibilities were endless now for body transferring technology. It was always a theoretical possibility, but it was a reality if Fred was able to return to his body after being disconnected. When Brian checked the computer for Fred's vitals, he noticed that his original body's brain waves were practically flat and nonexistent. Marina's brain waves and vitals were completely fine compared to Fred's brain vitals.

"Are you sure that it's actually Fred? Marina's heart rate is off the charts."

"We'll know for sure when we pull him out," he said. "The generator should be good until later tonight. Knowing our power grid, the entire city's probably without power. It looks like Marina's heart rate is finally going down now." He pointed at the flattening heart rate graph. "They were probably doing something very physical."

“You’re so naughty, dear,” Elena laughed. “Do you really think Fred decided to have sex with Marina’s husband?”

“I hope he did,” Brian said. “It’ll make for an interesting story when he comes back.”

“They’ll likely stay the night at the hotel, then,” Elena said. “Should we try extracting Fred right now? Or would that be dangerous since Marina might have been able to watch him controlling her?”

“It’s a risk we’ll have to take,” Brian answered. “It won’t matter in the end. Today is the day that we finally achieve our goal. If she saw everything, she’ll only react negatively for a few minutes or a few hours before you take her body from her. I’m going to try pulling him out now.”

“I can’t wait,” Elena whispered.

Brian fumbled through the computer’s windows before finally finding the “Extract” button. However, just before he pulled Fred out of the system, he noticed something peculiar on the bottom left corner of the screen. It was a security notification that flashed red. He frowned and clicked it.

A desktop window containing surveillance footage of their exit and entrance hallway appeared. It was a few meters away from the lab’s true entrance. Brian’s eyes widened. There was a man lying down on the metal flooring. During the power outage, the man must have somehow gone through the manhole covering to explore the underground laboratory. The poisonous gas that protected the lab from intruders had suffocated the man to death.

It was an unfortunate tradeoff for excellent security. Sadly, many of his own researchers foolishly triggered the trap throughout the years. At least three researchers succumbed to the poisonous trap since the project began. Disposing of their bodies was the most difficult part, but a large property and a lot of money was able to protect the company from being shut down. It raised a lot of questions, but Elena was an excellent liar.

“That’s the man from earlier,” Elena said. “He ... I don’t understand how he even got through. He has the same black trench coat. There aren’t any spare keys.”

“I don’t think he was a government official,” Brian said. “We’ll search the body when this is over.”

“Brian, what about Fred? We have to move the body. We have to hide him.”

Brian shook his head. “We don’t have to do any of that. As he is, Fred won’t step out into the hallway.”

“What do you mean?”

“He won’t be the one who gets to find out who the man was.”

Watching his wife smiling at him, he hovered the mouse over it and left clicked it. Their overall plan was going to finally grow to fruition. The young man remained motionless while the buttons on his armrests glowed green. The lights seemingly

flickered throughout the metal ceiling when loud beeps bounced throughout the room. Elena walked up to her husband and held his cold and trembling hand tightly.

Slowly but surely, Brian heard the sound of the needle retracting back into the seat. Fred's head swayed left and right while it weakly tried to keep remaining upright. The computer began beeping when Fred's eyes jerked open. He was breathing nervously while his bloodshot eyes darted around the room. He looked into Brian's eyes with confusion and fear. The young man struggled to stand and nearly fell over, but Elena managed to catch him. She gently lowered him to the ground.

"It worked," Fred said weakly. "I was inside of Marina."

"The power went out just now," Brian told him. "We pulled you out when the generators started working again. Were you in control the entire time?"

"I was," Fred answered. "The power went off where I was too. I was at a hotel with Marina's husband. They were together, and I could move around easily. At first, I had no control, but it was like my mind was just slipping into her."

"What were you doing that got your heart rate up?" Elena asked.

"I was jogging," Fred struggled to say with a straight face.

"In the hotel?" Brian asked perceptively.

"It doesn't matter," Fred said while getting up from the ground. He rubbed at his temples and closed his eyes. "We just made a really big discovery if the power went out over here. It means the Mind Projection System still works after a power outage. How long was the power out for? I thought we had multiple generators."

"We do have multiple generators," Brian said. "It was strange. I didn't expect all of them to temporarily fail, but they thankfully turned back on after about ten minutes."

"Were you actually able to feel everything? The sweat? The heavy breathing?" Elena asked.

"It was like I was always Marina," Fred said. "It felt like I was actually wearing her over me. It was like wearing a T-shirt that fit really well."

"You felt everything?" Brian asked teasingly. "Tell me the truth. Tell me what happened."

"I had sex with her husband," Fred struggled to admit. His cheeks went red when he looked at the ground. "And it felt great. You know, there are a lot of things that we can do with this. We just need to do more tests to look for any potential problems. I think we have a solid product right now."

Brian knew that Fred was right about all of this. There was plenty of potential in what they had created together. By using the Mind Projection System, quadriplegics and amputee victims could have a second chance at mobility. The mentally ill could have their brains diagnosed and fixed more effectively. The bodies of criminals could be put to better use in the hands of decent human beings. *Martin R&D* had created a system that could potentially change the lives of millions of people around the world.

But Brian knew that this could not be the case. The world could never know the good they created. If the world had access to this type of machinery, then a lot of widespread use would occur, which reduce the overall price per person to lower amounts. No, Brian fully intended on monetizing the Mind Projection System through private means, and he had zero intentions on sharing his findings with the government.

“Fred, how soon can we have the system ready for the next projection?” Brian asked suddenly.

“It takes four hours to warm up to a safe temperature,” Fred recalled. “But it’s safe to use as many times as you want. The temperature stays the same between uses.”

Elena smiled warmly at Brian. There was a sly look in her eye while she looked at him. He knew exactly what she was thinking. “Do you plan on giving it a try yourself, dear?”

“If you don’t mind.”

Fred walked up to the computer while Brian made his way towards the chair. “Be my guest,” Fred told him. “It looks like the temperature’s just right. Just a warning, though. It’s an extremely uncomfortable feeling. The needle literally pierces your skin. I think it might cause permanent scarring if you use it for too long.”

“Then I’ll be back soon.” Brian said as he lowered himself on to the chair. The seat still felt warm while he looked back at his wife. He could feel the coldness of the needle at the base of his neck when he looked to Fred. Once Fred had entered his own password through the computer, Brian typed in 1111111 for the Receiver Implant ID.

“Are you ready, sir?” Fred asked.

“I’m ready,” Brian answered.

“I’ll see you soon, dear,” Elena said ominously.

Elena Martin

Elena was starting to get worried about the progress in their research. After years of dead ends and new researchers, it was like all of this was a waste of time. But, when she saw their prototype finally working on a human, Elena smirked. She watched Fred struggling against the desk. The sound of the keyboard falling to the ground and nearly shattering echoed across the room. Brian's screams made her ears ring violently, but she knew that this was all to be expected. Fred used every ounce of his strength to push himself up while he looked into the woman's eyes. Fred's blue eyes pierced her with fear and confusion before he finally fell to the cold metallic floor. He let out a groan and jerked violently.

"Don't worry, Fred," Elena said gently. "It will be over soon."

It was a strange sight for Elena to see. When Fred tested their machine with mice, they never struggled and fought against the Receiver Implant. She wondered if the struggle was due to Fred's magnificent brain, or perhaps the distance from the Mind Projection Panel was the cause of it. Regardless, she mentally made a note of what she saw and decided to speak with her husband about it later.

Brian had secretly implanted Fred with a Receiver Implant during his sleep. The reason Elena knew this was because she assisted her husband with the procedure. Like Brian, she was an excellent surgeon who had years of experience before helping him with his company. All she needed was proper guidance and instructions. By embedding the Receiver Implant at the base of Fred's brain, the machine did the rest of the work. All that was needed was human precision and technology. The Receiver Implant was an incredible creation that they could use for many things, and extending their lives indefinitely was one of them.

Fred was breathing heavily by the time his body finally calmed down. Getting up from the ground, he looked down at his slacks and white lab coat with a smirk over his handsome face. She rarely saw Fred smiling, so this was a nice sight to see. Elena always loved his blue eyes and fiery red hair. He was a skinny man with an awkward personality, but now she could see the confidence in his eyes. He looked so much like Brian when he was younger. He stepped forward and planted a kiss against Elena's lips before wrapping his arms around her back.

"It's me," Brian said through Fred's voice.

"I can tell."

It was another man's body with the mind of her eternal lover. With this type of technology at their disposal, the two would be able to do a wide range of things. Brian always said that their research into potential immortality would lead them to this very day. The day where they would be able to become young and start over again. The day their dreams would come true. The day they could fix their mistakes.

“You’re so steamy,” she whispered when he bit at her lip. “I’m not even in my new body yet.”

“You know how crazy you make me feel,” Brian said. Seeing him speak like that made her skin crawl with lust. She was an old woman, but her husband always made her body come to life. “Even right now, looking deeply into your eyes, I want to put myself inside of you.”

“You’re so direct,” Elena laughed.

“I’m serious,” he said. “I feel so strong. I feel like I could do anything to you without struggling at all. I don’t feel any pain. I don’t feel slow. I don’t feel sluggish. I feel ... I feel young again.”

Elena planted a kiss against his mouth and savored the hardness of his length through Fred’s pants. “We have all the money in the world. We have everything.”

The thought of starting over again was exciting to Elena. It was a fantasy that played out in her head on most days. Out of all the things that they did together, children were among the areas that she fantasized most about. Unfortunately, they waited too long and focused hard on their careers, but with younger bodies they would be able to relive what they missed out on.

A mischievous smirk stretched across Elena’s face. She was excited now that she knew that she could have her new body so soon. Marina was one of the most beautiful women she had seen when she visited her school to scout out new talent for the company. Like the other female researchers at *Martin R&D*, she had similar brown hair and eyes – a carbon copy of Elena’s youth. When it came to Marina, she was intelligent, athletic, and sexy. Her marriage to her husband was the only problematic issue for her, but marriages could end.

“It all feels real,” Brian said through Fred’s voice. Elena could feel his hardening rod pressing harder against her body. She smiled warmly and kissed him again. “I haven’t felt this incredible in years.”

“It’s a shame that Fred had to be the sacrifice,” Elena said sadly. “He was such a good boy.”

“Better him than me. I’ll be able to enjoy it better than him.”

The old woman nodded as Brian released her from his embrace. He walked to the computer and sat at the chair to read the screen. He seemed to be analyzing Marina’s vitals. “What are you looking for, Brian?”

“Her heart rate,” he answered. “It seems stable. Her brain waves tell me that she’s awake. I don’t think she’s aware of Fred being in her body.”

Elena laughed. “So, she’s completely unaware that I’m about to take her body from her.”

Brian moved across the room back to his old body in the Mind Projection System chair. He stroked his old face with a single finger before looking back at Elena. He

smiled at her before pressing a button on the side. The sound of the needle retracting echoed throughout the room, and Brian's old body leaned forward. The body loudly collapsed to the ground, and a small dribble of blood could be seen coming out of the neck.

"I'm still here," Brian said. "I guess my old body doesn't have to be connected to the system after all."

Elena excitedly moved to her husband. "Shall we get started?"

"Take a seat, my love."

Elena lowered herself onto the seat. Brian went back to the computer to key in his password. The old woman took a deep breath and did her best to relax herself. She was too excited about all of this as she closed her eyes. The thought of becoming a young, beautiful woman all over again was a fantasy of hers. She hated how her joints and back ached with every passing second. Soon, she would not have to worry about that.

After spending years in her unhealthy and heavy state, she was finally going to have a second chance in Marina's healthy body. Elena had been jealous of Marina as she flaunted her slim curves throughout the house. Now, it was only a matter of time before Elena would be able to attract men without speaking a word again. All her husband had to do was send her mind through the system. Her heart thudded excitedly in anticipation. Brian looked deeply into Elena's eyes one final time before she keyed in 1000022. She took one final breath before the world went black.

Marina Sunderland

When Marina looked down at her phone in the darkness, she noticed that the internet was out. The strong winds blew against the windows as a flash of lightning briefly lit up the dark room. She tried turning on a nearby lamp every few minutes, though it looked like the power was definitely still out. She quietly listened to her husband's breathing and quietly groaned to herself. She wanted to get ahead with some of her work while they enjoyed the weekend, and it looked like she would not be able to do much until the power came back on.

"You sound stressed," her husband whispered before kissing her cheek.

"I'm not stressed."

"Yeah, you are,"

The world spun around her as the power finally flickered back on. The sudden change in lighting made her head dizzy. She let out a soft sigh of relief and looked up at the ceiling. Her head was throbbing now, and her body felt sore yet satisfied from the incredible sex she had just experienced. The euphoria still lingered in the air around her when she looked down between her wet legs and smirked. Her husband's seed continued dripping out of her.

She had forgotten how wild Ken was when he was with her. He knew how to type up a sexy text, but the sex was out of this world. Marina drove him absolutely insane beneath the sheets, and it showed when he aggressively made love to her. There was a sense of desperation and desire in every fuck. That was a given fact. She knew how to make him feel good, and he knew how to hit the right spots. She knew what she wanted, and her body did what it needed to do, but she felt like something was a little off about their lovemaking session. It felt like a different experience. Wiping at her forehead, she carefully moved away from the bed.

Ken watched her as she took a seat. "It isn't because I want you to leave, is it?"

"No," Marina lied. "It isn't."

"It is," he insisted. "You know I'm right in the end, right? I feel like we've had this conversation a dozen times since I've gotten here."

"You're right," Marina said quietly. "I'm just really driven. It's not something I want to give up yet."

"It's killing us, though," Ken said after a moment of silence. "I don't want to spend another year away from you."

Marina sat at the table straight across from the bed. She poured herself a glass of some red wine and sipped at it while she watched his worried face. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pill of Plan B. She swallowed the pill and looked down at her phone. She saw that the Wi-Fi had reconnected. Her lack of data forced her to use

whatever hotspots were available for her. At the mansion, she never had to deal with this issue, but being out in the city meant that she could not work wherever she wanted.

When Ken looked like he was starting to fall asleep, Marina began working. She scrolled through a few online PDFs about depression and anxiety before downloading them. She had a bad habit of reading scholarly articles and other academic findings in the middle of the night, and tonight was no exception. Her phone said it was a little while after midnight, yet her mind was alive with energy. Marina yawned quietly to herself while she tried memorizing some of the finer details. She knew she needed to stop, yet her body kept forcing her to keep going.

“What’re you doing now?” Ken asked drowsily. “Come to bed.”

“Sorry, I’m almost done,” she said. “I wanted to get ahead on something.”

“Marina,” he said seriously. “Come to bed. This is our alone time. This is our time. You’re not supposed to be working right now.”

“No.”

“I know you don’t like talking about it, but you really need to consider leaving,” Ken told her. “It’s starting to consume your life.”

Marina let out an impatient sigh. She crossed his arms and looked at her husband with a frustrated glare. She hated being told what to do. Ken wanted the best for her, but she also knew that her responsibilities for research came first.

Suddenly, she felt her hands shaking. She looked down at them worriedly and leaned her head against the table. Breathing deeply, she closed her eyes and tried to focus. A strange pain throbbed in her head as her lower body shivered. She sat up from the chair and realized that she was somehow moving on her own. She had lost control over her body. Marina tried to scream as loudly as she could, but it was no use. Her body was on autopilot.

“You have a choice,” Ken finally said. “If you don’t quit your job, I’m leaving you. I’m serious, Marina.”

Just before the world darkened forever, Marina felt her face stretch into a sly smile.

Epilogue

“I want you so badly...” Elena whispered in Marina’s voice.

The beginning of her new life as Marina was a somewhat rocky start for her, but things became better when her memories started appearing. The longer the old woman lived in her young body, the more memories that started flooding her mind. Over time, she would be able to harness her memories and completely take over her life. All she needed was time.

And time was all the couple had. Lost in their carnal entanglement, Elena and Brian planted kisses along their young bodies without a care in the world. She loved the way his blue eyes stared into her with such hunger and devotion. She mounted herself over him on his lap, his wonderfully long cock burying and nuzzling against the deepest point of her canal. A naughty smile stretched across her lips when her husband sucked on her delectable breasts. Brian gave her chest attention before he smooched at the side of her neck. He quietly moaned into her body. His warm and needy hands massaged at her delicious thighs as she moaned as well.

“Mmm, Brian,” she cooed. “I love you so much.”

“You’re so wet,” he said. “Was your old body ever like this? I thought after a few days you’d get used to all of this, but you’re still surprising me.”

Tingles of wonderful pleasure rippled across her body with every kiss. His hot tongue and lovely lips made her wetter by the second while she kept his rigidity deep within her. He was locked and under her control while she kept him pinned against the creaking bed. Suddenly, Elena leaned forward and pushed her soft hands against Brian’s chest. He fell on to his back, the wrinkled and damp sheets messily conforming to his body as Elena began riding him.

“I’ve never been like this,” she said. “This body’s physically better than my old body.” Her husband gazed up at her with a naughty smile. “Wetter than my old body.” Her husband closed his eyes and savored every movement. “Sexier than my old body. And none of it has changed since I took her over.”

Elena moaned passionately with every movement. Unlike her old body in its youth, she never felt this reactive or horny to sexual stimulation. Her youth was never this sensual. Primed for sexual satisfaction, she loved everything about her new body. Everything drove her body crazy, from the way Brian thirstily gripped her strong hips, to the way his tongue felt against her firm and tasty chest. He sucked at her skin and worshipped every inch of her when she lowered her upper body. She rested her forehead against his forehead.

The Receiver Implant was more than just a success. It was a breakthrough in science and technology. Through the overall procedure, she felt as though she had always been the owner of this body. She felt right at home – it was a perfect fit. She expected some

sort of delay in her thoughts and actions, especially since her old body was no longer connected to the Mind Projection System, yet she was thoroughly impressed with how well she wore Marina's skin.

All of a sudden, she felt Brian's strong arms wrapping around the middle of her back. She felt his cock forcefully pushing up into her, and she moaned with every breach of her folds. The sound of their wet skin loudly smacking together sent shivers across her body. He was breathing heavily now against her face and groaned loudly. The sudden change in pace took Elena by surprise as a pressure began building up within her crotch.

"Right there," Elena moaned. "Oh my god, Brian, I'm going to cum!" The pressure became so strong and overwhelming that Elena suddenly lost control. She began shivering violently when the pressure finally released itself. A wet warmth surged through her new body as both the bed and her husband became drenched in her musky juices. Brian continued swinging up into her crevice until he too began to cum. "Fuck!"

Shivering with endless desire and out of breath, Elena watched his face writhing in sweet agony and felt his dick pulsating and twitching deep within her. The tip of his dome erupted violently within her. His hot seed filled every corner as the two lovers remained locked together. His grip remained tight around her as she attacked his neck and mouth with her luscious lips.

"Elena," he said breathlessly. "Elena..."

They would have remained together if not for the sound of the front door ringing. At first, they ignored the first ring. Elena grinded against her husband's softening package and watched the cum dribbling out of her slit. "Ignore it," she whispered naughtily. Her inner folds remained around his manhood when a second ring echoed through the mansion. Elena playfully cupped her breasts in front of Brian and squeezed them. "Look at me." When the third ring echoed, she finally pulled away from him. A gush of cum dripped out of her and on to the bed as she wiped at her pussy with a nearby towel. She let out a frustrated sigh.

"We have all the time in the world," Brian said before he kissed her again. Their lips remained lock together for what felt like seconds. He did not want to leave her. The doorbell rang a fourth time. "I'll give him hell, don't worry."

"Please do."

It had only been a week since they took their new bodies, and everything continued to go smoothly up until now. They tested everything they could to make sure everything was okay. Everything about Elena's new body purred with perfection, and not a single hiccup ever arose. They expected a few glitches through their Receiver Implants, but it seemed like they were permanently in control. Hopefully, with enough time, the implants would no longer be needed for them to remain in their new bodies. They would have to do more testing, at least not with themselves. Elena knew that a group of new researchers were coming to the island. Having been interviewed and recruited by their professional connections, they would be the perfect test subjects for *Martin R&D*.

Once her husband had left the room, she eagerly went to the nearby dresser where a mirror hung from the wall. She felt like she admired her new body at least once an hour, but it was something that overwhelmed her. Mind transplants were a thing of fiction, yet she had successfully stolen a beautiful girl's body and her life. Elena had successfully cheated death.

She had a smug look on her face while her delicate fingers brushed against her bare chest. Her breasts were natural, firm, and supple. Her skin felt smooth and clear. Her previous body had work done to it over the years, yet no amount of work could ever get her what Marina had. She did not have to worry about her aching joints or deep wrinkles. She did not have to worry about gaining weight for a few more years. Running her hands through her silky brown hair, she also realized that she would not have to worry about recoloring her hair every once in a while.

She moved across her bedroom and stepped out on to the patio overlooking the nearby ocean. The floor felt hot beneath her bare feet. Drops of Brian's cum dripped behind her in a trail. Elena enjoyed the salty air and cool breeze against her perfect body as she leaned against the black iron railing. She watched her breasts spilling over the hot metal while she looked down to the beach where two old people stared blankly out into the waters. A bald man, their hired caretaker, stood at their sides.

Before she could pull away from the railing, Elena felt a warm kiss against the side of her neck. A familiar hardness pressed against her lower back. "Everything okay?" Brian asked.

"Everything's okay," Elena whispered as her husband wrapped his firm arms around her waist. She felt another kiss against her neck while her husband's hands lowered themselves along her flat tummy and clit. His hot skin brushed against her twitching nub and rubbed at her. She let out a soft moan. "I was just looking at our old bodies. What do you think they're thinking?"

"Nothing," Brian answered. "They physically react, but their brains are empty. Don't feel bad. We're in our new bodies now. That's all that matters."

"Poor Cedric has to take care of our old bodies. He's such a hard worker."

Brian shrugged and tightened his grip around his wife. "He gets paid well for it. Don't worry."

Elena and Brian had worked so hard to achieve all of this. After spending a lifetime accumulating wealth and properties across the world, they had little time to raise a family or truly enjoy life. By the time that they realized they needed to actually enjoy life for once, they were already well into their fifties. They wasted their lives pursuing wealth and power, but the only thing that truly mattered was their love and potential family.

With their new bodies, they would be able to have it all. They were extremely young again with high libidos compared to their old bodies. The sex felt incredible and new to the couple. Brian had a longer cock now, and Elena's body was curvier and more natural than her previous body. Unlike their younger years, Elena and Brian actually had a substantial wealth to tap into. They still knew all of their bank pins, bank accounts, and

passwords. They could easily buy whatever they needed with a simple signature. And, with the existence of the internet, they could pretend to be their old bodies until they truly died of old age.

“What did the door ringer want?” Elena finally asked. Brian nuzzled his nose against her bare shoulder. “Stop avoiding the topic. What did the person want?”

“He was a government official who wanted an update on the mind diagnosing system. He wanted to personally speak with me, but I told him that I was preoccupied with other things.”

“He didn’t ask about the investigator?”

“No,” Brian answered. “He didn’t ask about the missing employees either, don’t worry.”

“Nothing about Ken?”

“Of course not.”

Elena sighed. She was worried that it was secretly Ken trying to win her back. The young man, while healthily attractive, would have been a thorn at her side if she kept him as a play thing. She broke up with him and insisted that they get a divorce.

When Ken refused, Elena simply said that they would stop seeing each other. “You were the one who suggested it,” were her words. She had smiled that day when he desperately begged for her to stay with him, but Elena belonged to another man.

To really seal her seriousness, she repeatedly sent Ken photos of Fred’s body making love to her. She sent videos of their lovemaking and pictures of their steamy kisses. She did this every day until he finally blocked her from social media.

“What else did you tell him?”

“I told him that we still haven’t made a lot of progress,” Brian said. “I lied and said that the prototype was a complete failure.”

“So, you’re really going to keep all of this a secret?” Elena asked. “I thought you were changing your mind about that.”

“Of course I’m keeping it a secret,” he said. “We’re the ones who put the work into this. The world doesn’t deserve to get what we have.”

Elena smiled and looked over her shoulder at her loving husband. She planted a light kiss against his lips. He leaned into her, wrapping his intoxicating arms even tighter around her waist, and attacked her mouth with his. Elena quietly moaned into him. Life was going to be wonderful for them.

More Erotica by Jimmy Zappa

Tribal Masks

Rachel Lee is a young and attractive college student with a broken heart and crippling self-esteem issues. An old teacher with a dark past plans on permanently swapping bodies with her. With assistance from a young man lusting for them both, the old woman prepares the girl in secrecy as her next vessel. A combination of an ancient ritual, deceit, and demonic artifacts provide the parties with the tools and the means to conduct the swap. Can Rachel break free and stop the old woman from completely succeeding, or will the old woman successfully steal her body forever?

A Perfect Student

Amber and her best friend, Tianna, are certain that they failed Mrs. Nay's final exam. They decide to use a spell book Tianna's dying grandfather has in his study to temporarily take over Mrs. Nay's body. They plan on fixing their grades through her body. A big mistake with the spell occurs, and rather than Tianna possessing Mrs. Nay, Amber accidentally takes control of her body. As these events unfold, Tianna's grandfather takes the opportunity to try stealing Tianna's body. Will Amber make it back in time to save her best friend, or will it be too late?

The Witch's House

Madame Cynthia is a dying old witch that wants to be young again. Alex is a transgender woman that wants to be a real female. The two decide to work together to target two new potential vessels that will serve them as their permanent bodies. The old witch begins training two young girls on the basics of magic in order to prepare their bodies for transfer. The two girls begin learning advanced forms of magic. Will the two of them realize the trap ahead of them in time, or will they succumb to this horrific body theft plot?

Making Her Mine

Makenzy is enjoying her vacation with her friend, Katie, whose Uncle Roger is letting them stay at his island home. However, Roger is spending a lot of time uncomfortably watching Makenzy. A village mystic claims that darkness will soon consume her. The two girls also discover that Roger has been taking photos of Makenzy in secret. Along with the photos is a witch's spell book about body possession. Afraid that the man is secretly trying to steal her body, Makenzy decides

to try leaving the island, but a horrific body theft plot begins to take place. Can Makenzy and Katie break free from their trap in time before it's too late?

Inside My Seductive Mother

Josephine is a young college girl who hates Adriana, her new stepmother. With the help of a witch who also does not like Adriana, she decides to possess her stepmother's body to ruin her life. Josephine does things to ruin Adriana's life forever, but there seems to be more lurking beneath the shadows as a secret affair is discovered. The longer she stays in Adriana's body, the more she wants to forever be her. As she ruins her stepmother's life, will her growing love for Adriana ruin her own life in the process?

The Skin Stealer

Elise is an extremely competitive saleswoman that keeps flirting with her boss. The problem is that her boss is married and has a deadly secret. A witch hunter and his transgender girlfriend are also interested in his deadly secret when it's revealed that her boss wants to steal her body to wear her skin. Can the parties get together in time before a dark plan initiates, or will it be too late to save Elise?

My Obsessive Ex

Leela, Cassandra, and Florence have just finished high school, and they're looking forward to their adult lives. Triston, a seventy-year-old body hopper, is Leela's ex-boyfriend in a stolen teenage body with a troublesome temper. After Leela told everybody about his odd sexual habits, he makes it his mission to ruin her life. Using his body possession necklace, he decides to attempt stealing Leela's body as punishment for ruining his life during a night with her friends. Once inside, he does everything he can to make the possession permanent. His ex begins to fully lose control. Will Leela be able to break through his magical spell in time?

Becoming A Real Girl

Krystal, Zack's girlfriend, is a transwoman interested in having Gender Restructuring Robotics done to her body to help her transition into a biological female. Zack is supportive but also suspicious of the cheap operation. Doctor Biang accepts her request and performs the gender transition immediately, but Krystal soon learns that the operation is not what it seems. She is slowly losing herself in her new body. As this happens, Zack realizes that there is more lurking

beneath the shadows. Can Krystal's boyfriend uncover the wicked plot behind Doctor Biang's team in time?

An Adulterous Student's Body

Knowing that she's going to die from brain cancer, Evangeline visits an old friend who has studied the paranormal to get advice on how to live the last portion of her life. Her friend provides her with a cursed necklace that has the ability to "temporarily" possess any body she wishes. Using this power, Evangeline decides to try using it on her cheating and abusive husband to ruin his life before she passes. Soon, she realizes that she has the potential to make her possession permanent. Now in the body of the woman trying to steal her husband, will she decide to ruin her husband's life or try to be his next wife?

Let Her Inside Me Book 1

Stephanie's best friend Priya is celebrating her birthday. Instead of an ordinary present, Priya asks if Stephanie would be willing to swap bodies with her for a day with the help of a witch. Priya is a transgender woman, and she wants to see what it's like to be a real girl. Intrigued by the thought of seeing real magic and having a cock, Stephanie eagerly agrees to switch bodies with her friend. But what dark path lies beneath an honest request?

Let Her Inside Me Book 2

Amita Rai was an old woman who stole Stephanie's young and beautiful body through magic. Months have passed, and she has slipped into her new life and made herself better in every way. Everybody loves her, and her life seems absolutely perfect. Over the months, Priya has grown jealous and decides that she made a mistake in helping Amita secure her new vessel. Stephanie's life is literally ticking away as her memory slowly fails her in Amita's body. Priya desperately enlists the help of a friendly witch and Stephanie's boyfriend to help reverse the spell that gave Amita a second chance at life. Now that she has the means to banish Amita from her stolen body, can she save her friend in time before it's too late?

A Bad Girl's Permanent Lesson

Katarina is an incredibly mean girl with a bad attitude. Now on vacation with her boyfriend, her old Aunt Velma decides to teach her a lesson after watching her make everybody's lives miserable. She decides to swap bodies with her with the help of a village witch and runs into a problem. She likes being young a little way too much.

Deep Inside My Ex

Ronald is a homeless man with an unfortunate past. His cheating ex-wife, Kylie, took his children and money away. A family friend lets him sleep at her home to help him get back on his feet. Suddenly, his friend uses some sort of magic to allow him to possess his ex-wife's body. Now in her body, he can hear his ex-wife's trapped voice in his mind. Ronald struggles to adapt to the life of a woman while he seeks answers from his old friend. But he soon learns that the longer he stays inside of his ex's body, the more he wants to stay.

My Naughty Tutor

Victor is struggling to pass a difficult class. His final exam is less than 24 hours away, so he hires Tiffany to help tutor him. He is unable to grasp the material from the legendary tutor, so Tiffany suggests another tutoring service. With the help of a witch and money, Tiffany switches bodies with Victor to take the exam in his place. Everything seems to go smoothly until their bodies and hormones uncontrollably get in the way. To make things worse, a sinister plot begins within the shadows that will turn their lives upside down.

Inside His Naughty Wife

Elliot and Kyra are newlywed teachers on vacation. While there, Elliot books a room in a great hotel and accidentally buys a body swapping necklace from Carlos, a bitter souvenir shopkeeper who wants a better life. When the couple arrive at the hotel, their world turns upside down as Kyra, after wearing her new necklace, finds herself in the body of an old man. Now inside the body of the young woman, Carlos does everything he can to enjoy his new life while a spiritual healer seeks to put a stop to his dark plans.

Becoming The Girl Next Door

Maggie is a young English student struggling to get through her summer semester. Conveniently, two married English teachers move in just two doors down from her apartment and befriend her. But, there's a dark and deadly secret that the couple refuses to share. The wife's body is physically ill and decaying, and she needs a new body to continue living. Her husband is a witch with the magical means and motivation to do so. As the couple prepare Maggie's young body for the transfer, she starts uncovering secrets behind the wife's true identity. Will she be able to react to their attempts in time, or will she lose her body forever?

Making His Girlfriend Mine

Looking to start over, Mark Ivanov is an old man with an enormous debt and an unprofitable store. When a male tourist with an incredible physique and wealth comes into his store, Mark decides to make it his mission to steal his body for himself. He sells the young man a body possession bracelet in order to do this. With the help of a witch, Mark becomes a spirit and attempts to take the tourist's body by force through the bracelet. Instead, he accidentally enters the tourist's girlfriend. Trapped in the body of Annie Corvo, Mark struggles to come to terms with his mistake as his hormones and lust for the boyfriend begin to worsen.

My Tenant's Cute Daughter

Trisha Johnson is a massage therapist with a secret. She's a witch that uses magic to fix pain. When her magic is unable to help Alphonse's chronic pain, she offers a solution. Her tenant's boyfriend, Cory, has an incredibly healthy body. She offers to transfer Alphonse's mind into Cory to permanently fix his pain. Unfortunately, the spell messes up, and Alphonse finds himself in the body of the tenant's daughter, Ashley. Struggling to cope with his predicament, he finds himself losing his self-control to the beautiful girl's hormones. Bubbling with sexual energy, the witch's friend begins to lose himself to his lustful desires.

Inside Her Perfect Student

Amy Williams is an old college teacher who is dying. A past student and ex-lover visits her with a potential way to avoid death. Using mind transferring tiaras, she tricks her teaching assistant into giving up her young and athletic body. Amy takes over Samantha's body and struggles to maintain control. A problem during the transfer causes a wide range of issues. The young girl's strong mind begins to slowly overpower the old woman's mind. Will the young student manage to break free from the dying woman's control, or will she lose her body forever?

My Husband's Secret Crush

Priscilla Marcus is a young bookkeeping assistant who wants a change in her career. Her boss, Katherine Bell, is a disabled bookkeeper in a wheelchair who also wants a change. Unfortunately, she and her husband have their eyes set on Priscilla. Using a mixture of meditation and magic, Katherine tricks the young girl into switching bodies with her. Now equipped with her beauty and youth, Katherine excitedly sets out to make the swap permanent by any means possible. Upon gaining knowledge of the ritual used to steal her body, Priscilla does everything in her power to reverse the swap. But will the obstacles in her way make her lose her body forever?

Just In Her Head

Wanting to start life over again, Sabrina is a sexy and heartbroken transwoman with an impossibly large debt to pay. She goes to a longtime family therapist and asks for his help. Using his abilities as a witch, he begins preparing a new female body for her. Unfortunately, there are no willing body donors, so he gives one of his troubled patients a mood bracelet that slowly begins to erode her soul. The therapist encourages the anxious girl to keep wearing it even when she feels her body trying to fight back. On the night of a full moon, Sabrina begins the spiritual process of taking what belongs to her. Slowly but surely, the young girl begins to mentally struggle against the ensuing body theft plot.

Cheating With Her Husband

Lindsay is a housecleaner and a tenant to a wealthy British couple. She gets paid generously and has no issues with paying for university. But Lindsay has a secret behind her financial stability that she has been hiding from her family. Using a magical stone, she frequently switches bodies with Sammy, a transgender woman. She lets the couple satisfy their sexual desires while they let her have fun with Sammy's body on a temporary basis. Unfortunately for Lindsay, Terrance and Sammy Francis do not plan on a temporary body swap on the night of their anniversary. Sammy wants a permanent body swap, and the couple will stop at nothing to get what they want.

Making Him Mine

Sona and Ashley are office bullies that terrorize Klara, a transgender woman trying to do her job. Now that the bullies have the new HR manager under their control, the transwoman feels trapped. So, her best friend convinces her grandmother to help with Klara's vengeance by placing her soul into the body of Sona through magic. By controlling Sona, the transwoman knows that she can control Ashley. But something with the spell goes wrong, and Klara accidentally finds herself in Ashley's young, sexy body alongside damning information that can ruin Sona's upcoming marriage. Klara's new female hormones begin to get the best of her as she struggles with a choice. If she waits too long, she risks getting trapped in her new body forever. She has to choose between temporarily enjoying her new body or permanently ruining her bullies' lives forever.

Sexily Young Again

Elinor is a caregiver that takes care of Michelle with her daily needs. When a salesman sells the elderly Michelle a soul relaxant potion and a ruby that can help her possess a new body to extend her life, Elinor gets asked to help execute the transfer. She accepts the deal for cash to be paid afterwards. Unfortunately, the old woman's sweet granddaughter, Angel, is the target, and the

caregiver hesitates with the mind transfer after seeing how good of a person she is with her stud of a boyfriend. The caregiver begins having second thoughts on the transfer and tries to sabotage the body theft. But when the salesman suddenly appears on the night before the soul transfer, Elinor fearfully struggles against the dark magic consuming their lives.

Sharing My Girlfriend

Sex between Angie and Sam has gone stale, and the only thing keeping them together is their open relationship. But, after Angie ends up finding a spell book at a used bookstore, things change and spice up when she voluntarily switches bodies with her boyfriend. After making the best love together in months, they decide to live and experiment as each other with their open relationship. She gives Sam her blessing to have lunch with an old online friend, Danny, while she stays home to explore her new male physique. Unfortunately, as Sam leaves to enjoy his female body in a potential threesome, Angie finds herself struggling against the dark forces that sold her the spell book. An old African witch pays her a telepathic visit to steal her body, memories, and soul, and she desperately struggles for her life as her boyfriend becomes engulfed in his horny lust for Danny and his bisexual slut of a girlfriend.

Stealing Her Youth

Rebecca and her boyfriend Stanley are helping a family friend pack up their belongings when they suddenly find a spell book in a foreign language. They accidentally swap bodies after reading a spell, ultimately dropping the book and losing the spell's spot. Now trapped in their opposing genders, they wake up and frantically try to reverse the swap while their hormones begin to get the better of them. Unfortunately, neither of them can find the spell that they used. Upon finding an address on the back of the book, they decide to venture out to the store that sold the accursed book for help. Little do they know, an old woman plans on more than just helping them switch bodies again. She is literally dying for an upgrade, and Rebecca sounds like the perfect victim.

A Feminizing Wish

When a mysterious salesman sells Ken a crystal that can grant him any wish, the middle-aged man jumps at the opportunity. But something goes horribly wrong with his wish, and he finds himself in the young, beautiful body of his neighbor, Alyssa, a woman who he absolutely hates. He desperately wants to reverse his wish, and the only person who can do that is the crooked salesman. However, when the temptation to test out his new body with Alyssa's hot boyfriend becomes too strong, he begins having second thoughts on regaining his masculinity.

My Slut Wife

Kate's wealthy husband is cheating on her, and so her marriage is falling apart. To make things worse, she has started sleeping with a coworker to get back at him. Her best friend forces her to take on marriage counselling, and so she begins seeing an old woman named Audrey for advice. Unfortunately for Kate, her counselor wants to do more than save her marriage. Audrey is heavily in debt, and she is literally dying for another shot at life. Kate's beautiful body and wealthy lifestyle leave the old woman jealous and desperate as a witch offers her services to get what she wants.

Prepare Her Body

When Cassie stepped foot in a reputable rehabilitation facility, she wanted to become a better person. Under the constant supervision of facility staff, they trained her body and mind nonstop for three months. The place is a living hell, and she desperately wants to finish as she reaches her physical peak. Unfortunately, the facility does not care about her progress. The only person they care about is their client inside of her. The facility is a body transfer business aimed at preparing attractive bodies for their new owners, and she soon discovers that she is first on the waiting list for an old woman wanting a second life.

Make Her Naughty

Annie is a young witch learning magic from her neighbor, and she has become hell bent on revenge. She sets her sights on ruining her coworker's life with her newfound abilities. Urged by her loving boyfriend and magic teacher, she takes possession of the troublesome supervisor and irreparably ruins her life for good. But she realizes that the more she uses magic for evil, the more taxing it is on her body. Her soul slowly darkens with every spell, and that's exactly what her weakening teacher wants. Carlene is an aging witch whose body is falling apart, and a corrupted soul is the perfect gateway into her new body.

The Witch's Mask 1

Kelly is an insecure girl who buys a magical transformation mask from an elderly woman. When she discovers the mask's ability to transform her into a beautiful bimbo, she finds herself using it again and again. For months, she seduces men and pleasures her transformed body. She's a skinny pale girl as Kelly, but she's a busty blonde with a body that turns heads as Lexi. Slowly but surely, the demonic mask corrupts her soul, and that's all the old woman needs to steal the young girl's body for herself.

A Feminized Agent

Edward is a sexist agent who belittles women, but a female empowerment event forces him to use the body of a beautiful woman to do his work. Using technology, he becomes what he hates the most in order to steal corporate information at an IT firm. He struggles to adapt to his feminine habits, and the longer the mission goes on, the more he feels his mind warping. He begins to enjoy the dresses, makeup, and boy talk with the other girls. Slowly but surely, Edward begins to lose his masculine side, and he fearfully realizes that he's having a little too much fun when a married man falls in love with him.

Fountain of Youth

The Northern Springs Resort has been a popular tourist attraction for years, and Polina has cleaned its halls and rooms for decades. Equipped with healing and invigorating hot springs, they've attracted all sorts of people. Caitlin and her boyfriend, two competitive college tennis players, get the chance of a lifetime when they're given restricted pass access to their own private section of the resort. Unfortunately for little old Polina, Caitlin bullies and threatens her throughout her visit. The cleaning lady glumly watches them enjoying the many amenities and a private hot spring together during their stay. Day by day, Caitlin's body loosens and relaxes, and so too does her soul. Eventually, a middle-aged chef sets her sights on the young woman's body as her new vessel, and the only person who can save Caitlin is the cleaning lady who she hates so much.

Inside Her Girlfriend

It's Becky's birthday, and her girlfriend, Haruka, hasn't figured out what to get her. When they come to school early to catch up on schoolwork, the wheelchair-bound girl asks Haruka for a very specific present. She asks her girlfriend if she would be willing to swap bodies for a week, and Haruka happily agrees. Becky has been in a wheelchair her entire life, and giving her a chance to walk for the first time is something Haruka would love to do. However, she is completely unaware that Becky is dying from cancer, and when the swap finally occurs, the once disabled woman wants more than just a temporary exchange. She's liking her beautiful body and mobility a little too much, and she's more than excited to make the transfer permanent with her aunt's help.

My Girly Husband

Darren has been cheating on his wife, and she happens to be the worst person to know this. Genie is an ex-witch with magic still left in her, and when she finally discovers that her husband has been sleeping with a transgender coworker, she decides to take matters into her own hands. She uses magic to transform her husband into the very thing he loves - a beautiful woman with perfect, sexy curves. Darren initially freaks out when he wakes up as a woman, but as he tries on clothes and tests his new body, he starts getting really comfortable in his new skin. Unfortunately, sex is what will permanently trap him in his new body, and that's the one thing Darren's constantly craving.

Living Inside Me

Two best friends use a body swap potion to temporarily switch bodies. Emily and Eun-je transfer all willingness and consent to live as each other for several days with the help and guidance of Doctor Susan Richter. After a few days of getting used to their new bodies, Emily attempts to do the unthinkable. She tries to convince Susan to make the swap permanent. Eun-je comes from a wealthy family of billionaires, while Emily works in retail and struggles to pay for her student loans. Doctor Richter agrees and decides to try helping her - but there's a catch. One of the two girls has a sexy body to die for, and this particular doctor has been waiting for this moment for a long time.

Inside My Head

Doctor Tran is an ex-surgeon that helps socially anxious people through his Life Simulator technology. By placing patients inside of a virtual world where nobody judges them, he sees record numbers of successful treatments throughout his career. So, when Kyra gets referred to him for treatment, she's more than excited once she actually explores the simulated tropical paradise. The longer she stays, the happier she becomes. But, not everything is as it seems. Slowly but surely, her ownership over her body withers away. To make things worse, a transgender wife is extremely interested in getting Kyra's young body for herself. She wants an upgrade, and Doctor Tran is more than happy to make the transfer permanent once certain conditions are met.