



**DEEP**  
*Undercover*

**M W I L S**

# **Deep Undercover**

**by M. Wills**

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## *Deep Undercover*

Claire opened her eyes slowly. Her teeth ached, her tongue felt thick, her head felt stuffy, and she was staring up at a huge water stain that resembled a laughing demon. Disjointed memories of the previous night's stupor flitted through her mind, half-forgotten visions of being taunted by the demon. Rolling clumsily onto her side, Claire let her eyes travel around the room, taking in her surroundings. She was lying on a filthy mattress, on a floor covered with mildew, filth and decaying trash. A cracked mirror sat up against the grimy wall across from her, propped against a patch of damp, black mold. She'd been in plenty of rooms like this in her time undercover, but she'd never felt this bad. There was a used crack pipe and a plastic bag

holding a small quantity of brownish sludge on the floor beside her bed. She had vague memories of smoking it. But why? She didn't do crack. If only her head weren't so thick maybe she could remember what had happened and why she was...wherever she was.

Claire pushed herself up on one arm and licked her lips; they were dry and cracked. As she sat up, stringy blonde hair fell down in front of her vision and across her shoulders. Had she bleached her hair? She grabbed the unfamiliar hair and pulled. Ow! Not a wig. And, now that she was looking down at herself, her body seemed strangely wrong too. Her fingers were thinner and longer, and her body was leaner. She was practically skin and bones. A dirty pink crop top was stretched tight over heavy breasts,

breasts much bigger and more perfectly round than she remembered.

Fragments of memories were starting to come back to her but they didn't make any sense: a strange chair, a fire, an old man stretched out on the floor, and then...did she give someone a blowjob? She'd definitely been on her knees; she remembered holding the man between her lips as he gripped her hair. There had been a sense of euphoria, a certainty that his cock was the most delicious thing she'd ever held in her mouth and she was giving him the blowjob of the century. She rubbed her eyes to try to blot out the image. Not the memory she wanted right now.

Claire stood, shakily, and saw a junkie looking at her. The junkie was a

blonde woman, still on the pretty side of worn, with a gaunt face and large silicone-inflated breasts on a thin body. Claire recognized her as Ella, the junkie she'd befriended in her undercover effort. The one who'd led her to the warehouse yesterday—was it yesterday?—where the drug deal was supposed to take place.

Claire took a step forward. “Ella, what happ—” Claire began and froze.

Ella had started walking and speaking at the exact same time. She was mimicking Claire's every move. It was only then that Claire's drug-clouded brain realized she was looking into a mirror. Somehow she was in Ella's body.

Stunned, Claire brought her hands up to her face and watched in the mirror

as she ran her fingers over her unfamiliar features. Ella's face was thinner than Claire's. Before Ella's drug use had become serious, she'd been a popular stripper, a man's wet dream of woman: statuesque with big, blue eyes, inviting lips and huge breasts. After months of addiction, though, Ella looked worn out, skeletal and fragile. Claire's muscular physique was gone, as was any ability to focus.

How long she had been like this she had no idea—a day? A week? Why couldn't she remember anything? Her brain was so clouded. Maybe another hit would help?

Claire had scooped up the pipe, loaded with the dregs of whatever she'd taken last night, and was just about to spark up when she stopped, appalled at

herself. She stared down at the pipe in her unfamiliar fingers. Her body was craving it. Surely it would clear up her memory, help her focus. Just one hit. Just one.

Claire brought the pipe to her lips when BANG! Something crashed in the next room. . Claire dropped the pipe and crept to the door, peeking around the corner into the living room. BANG! Someone was slamming against the front door of the apartment.. BANG! It was a cheap door; the wood started to splinter. Another crash and the door flew open. Claire pulled her head back around the door, but not before she saw who had come in.

It was Claire's own body, her auburn hair tied up beneath her cap. The bright white letters on her

jacket—NYPD—and the drawn gun evidence she wasn't here to talk.

As her footsteps slowly approached, some instinctual sense told Claire that her own body was something to fear. Frantically, she searched the room for somewhere to hide. The only exit was a window with a long drop to the ground several stories below. Desperate, Claire tiptoed to the flimsy shelter of a half-open closet and eased herself in behind the bi-fold doors, huddling against the wall.

A second later, she heard footsteps on the filthy bedroom floor.

“Bitch, I know you're in here,” Claire's own voice called out. Hearing her own voice was disorienting, like listening to herself in a recording. “And I know

what you did last night, you little slut.” The voice had a smile in it Claire didn't like. “Zeke can't keep a god-damn secret to save his life.”

Footsteps approached the closet. There was a pause. And then the door was wrenched open and there was a gun pointed at her head.

Claire looked up into her own face, a vicious smile spread across her soft features. The impostor grabbed a fistful of Claire's stringy blonde hair and yanked her out of the closet. Claire tumbled out onto the floor with a cry of pain and found herself on her back on the hardwood floor, the barrel of the gun pressed against her temple as her own body straddled her.

“You're supposed to be dead. I'm

gonna fix that,” Claire's body said. “A shame to waste such a pretty face but I got a nice new one. So long, Ella.”

Claire closed her eyes and waited for the explosion. Instead, a familiar male voice called out, “Claire, you okay?”

Claire opened her eyes in time to see a look of pure menace flash across her former face, but Ella (clearly already at home in Claire's body) recovered quickly. She flashed a reassuring smile over her shoulder, her gun still trained on Claire, and said, “All good, Jake.”

Her partner, Jake, stepped into Claire's line of sight. His gun, too, was drawn and pointed at her, but she was still relieved to see him.

“Jake! You've got to—” she began.

“Shut the fuck up!” Ella yelled. Then, turning to Jake, she said, “Cuff her.”

Ella stepped back and Jake took over, pulling Claire swiftly around so her face was pressed into the floor. Then her arms were pinned behind her back as Jake cuffed her and helped her to her feet—firm but with care—and marched her out the door. Claire heard her own body following behind. Claire didn’t protest; she was stunned into silence, knowing how crazy it would sound, realizing she had been seconds away from getting killed by *herself*.

They led her down some derelict stairs and along a gray hallway with flickering lights. Doors stood open on either side of the hallway like gaping mouths but no curious onlookers peeked out. Claire guessed that the

only people in the building were other junkies who'd either scattered when the cops burst in or were too incapacitated to care.

Ella and Jake shoved Claire into the back of a black SUV, then strapped themselves in up front. Starting up the car, Jake turned to Ella and asked, "You sure this is the one from the warehouse?"

"Yeah. I'd know her face anywhere."

The warehouse! That's how it started.

“We're gonna be the new fucking king-pins of New York,” Ella whispered excitedly, brushing her stringy blonde hair behind an ear.

“You mean the queen-pins of New York,” Claire said, following behind as Ella led the way, threading a path around sea containers and past a dock that stretched out into empty waters. Ella was excited and breathing hard, not used to exercise. But Claire kept her body toned, her hard thighs and firm arms the result of regular training. Ella had to rest every now and then, but fortunately the wharf was practically deserted at this time of night and there was no one to challenge them.

Claire had been undercover for about three months when she met Ella, a junkie who seemed to know every dealer in the city, many of them intimately. She was becoming more gaunt every week, but still retained enough of her good looks and her false confidence—when she wasn't high—to talk herself into or out of most any situation. Ella had been a stripper—hence the enhanced, too-firm breasts—who developed a predilection for crack and had begun handing over the entirety of her paycheck to the dealers. At some point, she'd realized that, if she paid with her body rather than with cash, she could cut out the middleman.

Somehow, Ella had stumbled on a chance to be there in person when the drugs were delivered and had made the step up from junkie to dealer.

Mostly importantly, though, Ella had caught the eye of a heavy hitter named Ivan Jovovic, a dealer who—though the police had never been able to pin anything on him—was estimated to be responsible for half of the heroin in the city. Claire wondered what kind of dealer would trust Ella with a stash of drugs to sell but she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Pretending to be a junkie, she'd gained Ella's confidence and trailed her up the drug chain to within shouting distance of one of the big bosses.

“There's something off about this deal,” Jake had said during his last phone call with Claire. She'd heard his hesitancy and could picture him running one hand through his thick, dark hair as he always did when he wanted to argue.

While she was undercover, Jake was her only regular contact with her old life and the only source of advice. She'd blown him off, just thought he was being too cautious and letting personal feelings get in the way of the job. Unbeknownst to the rest of the precinct, Jake and Claire were practically dating. They'd spent long nights and lazy days together and Claire missed him. And now she was eager to nab a higher target, get out of her cover and go back to Jake. And his bed.

"I'll be careful," Claire had promised him.

"You sure you want to go in alone?"

"I don't want to spook 'em and Ella isn't saying where the pick-up is. Just track my phone and be ready if there's

trouble. I can handle myself.”

Jake hadn't liked it, but Claire convinced him it was the only way. Now, wandering through the empty docks following a strung out junkie, Claire was having second thoughts.

“Lucky number 117!” Ella announced triumphantly as they approached a darkened warehouse. The numbers over the door were written in faded blue paint, barely visible under the harsh sodium streetlight playing over the warehouse facade.

“You sure?” Claire asked skeptically. It looked empty and abandoned, the wooden front wall rotted and jagged with holes.

“I know my numbers,” Ella said, pushing open the steel doors. They

squeaked loudly on their hinges, the sound echoing through the cavernous warehouse. Claire could make out the dark shapes of crates and a forklift near the door, but beyond them the interior stretched into darkness.

Ella turned back and winked at Claire. “You ready to be rich?” She strolled inside without waiting to see if Claire would follow.

Inside, the wooden crates were piled high around them and Ella began to weave between them, leading Claire through the darkness. As they neared the center of the warehouse, Claire noticed a sliver of dim light through the stacks. The light grew stronger as they approached and was soon accompanied by a low hum. Ella turned a last corner and they arrived in a cleared

space surrounded by tarp-covered crates. A giant, industrial lamp stood in front of a large metal box covered with switches and lights. Two helmets were affixed to seats on either side of the box, thick cables linking them to the machine and each other. A wild-haired man in a tweed jacket was connecting the contraption to a humming generator, his back to the women.

Ella stepped out into the pool of light but, wary, Claire hung back. Ella turned and smiled back at her, something shark-like in her grin. Instinctively, Claire took a step back. And then felt the solid barrel of a gun press against her lower back.

“Going somewhere?” a voice growled in her ear.

Then she was shoved into the light, just managing to keep her balance and stay on her feet.

“Hello, Claire,” the deep voice greeted her from behind. She turned and saw an immaculately dressed man approaching, light glinting off his bald head. Her eyes traveled over his muscular body and expensively tailored suit to the cocky sneer on his broad face. She knew Ivan Jovovic’s face well; she’d seen it in countless newspapers... usually as he strolled out of court due to a lack of evidence.

“I got her! I got her! I got her!” Ella was practically dancing with joy. Ivan shot her an icy look and she went silent.

The wild-haired man stopped fiddling and turned around, noticing the

women for the first time. His face registered surprise and...worry?

“Dr. Vostok, is the machine ready?”  
Ivan asked.

“I, uh, well, yes, but I must register again—”

“Got it.” Ivan motioned Claire towards the nearest chair. “Sit down.”

With a gun pointed directly at her belly, Claire could do little but comply. Reluctantly, she sat down. Ivan tied her hands to the armrests with two thick pieces of rope and pushed her head back, holding her in place as Dr. Vostok nervously adjusted the straps of the helmet tightly over her auburn hair. When it was done she couldn't even turn her head.

“I'm sorry about this,” Dr. Vostok whispered to her, then stood back.

Ivan turned to Ella. “Your turn.”

“What? But baby, I—”

“I know,” Ivan stepped towards her and took her chin in two fingers, caressing her, “You did good. You got our little rat. But there's one more thing you gotta do. Sit in the chair.”

His fingers tightened on her face and his eyes turned cold. There was no disobeying that voice. Ella sulked, but there was fear in her eyes. Ivan released her and she slid to the other chair. She sat facing Claire as Ivan tied her up as well and Dr. Vostok adjusted the helmet over her head.

As the doctor began fiddling with the

machine, Ivan stepped back and turned to Ella. “You're a good girl, baby, but you got a bad drug problem. And I got a bad snitch problem. I'm gonna solve both our troubles.” Ivan turned to the doctor. “Do it.”

The doctor pushed a series of buttons with trembling fingers and the hum of the machine grew louder. Pressure began building in Claire's head. The force pounded against her skull, grew heavier, denser, and then there was an explosion—an impact felt rather than heard—and then her consciousness was ripped from her body, floating weightlessly through the air. In less than a second, she was back down to earth. She could feel the weight of the chair beneath her butt, the cold wood of the armrest beneath each hand. There was a taste of metal in her

mouth and the world was blurry. She also felt...restless and giddy, like she had a million thoughts at once and wished she could slow them down. Everything seemed surreal, funny. Claire blinked several times until her vision sharpened into focus. The first thing she saw was herself, her own body, sitting in the chair across from where she now sat, still tied up with the helmet on her head.

The machine itself was silent.

“Ella?” Ivan asked, approaching Claire's body.

“Looke me!” Claire's body smiled.

“What's wrong with her?” Ivan growled.

“Extreme giddiness and loss of

equilibrium are symptoms of the swap. They'll pass in a minute as the minds adjust."

"Get her out of that thing," Ivan ordered.

Dr. Vostok stepped forward and unstrapped the helmet from Claire's body as Ivan untied her ropes. Claire watched in horror as her own body moved without her, controlled by someone else and displaying different mannerisms. Inexplicably, she laughed..

Ivan helped Ella to her feet and she braced herself against him, waving her new fingers in the air and looking at her body in amazement.

"I'm a cop!" Ella squealed. "You're all under arrest!" She dissolved into a fit

of laughter. Claire joined in, the whole situation was like a dream, a true out of body experience.

Ella looked up at her old body, at Claire. “Oh, wow, is that what I looked like?”

“How do you feel?” Dr. Vostok asked.

“I feel...amazing. Like I could take over the fucking world. Look at this shit, I feel strong as fuck.” She'd regained her feet as Claire felt her own sense of goodwill fading, replaced with a deepening terror as the initial side effects of the swap wore off.

“I knew you'd like it,” Ivan said. “You've left all your old problems with that.” He pointed at Claire. “You're clean, you're fit, and you're going to make us a ton of money.” He leaned

down and kissed her. Claire struggled against the straps as she watched her former body kiss Ivan. Dr. Vostok approached and unstrapped Claire's helmet.

“I didn't mean for any of this to happen,” he whispered, “It's my daughter, she's—”

“Get away from her, doc,” Ivan ordered. “I've got something she needs to see.”

Claire stared at her reflection in the mirror of the interrogation room. Ella's thin face stared back, dark circles under her eyes, messy blonde hair falling over her shoulders. Her skin felt like it was crawling with bugs. She wanted to swat them away but she was handcuffed to the table. She'd been deposited here by Jake, then left alone to stew in her own thoughts while the cops decided how to handle her. Claire knew the drill well, she'd just never been on the receiving end before.

Claire's thoughts were frantic, bouncing back and forth and never settling. Her head was pounding and her mouth was dry. If only she could think straight, she thought she might be able to figure out a way to escape. But

mostly, she was wishing she'd had a chance to do that last hit before Ella had found her. Her body was craving it.

The door opened and Jake entered, followed by Ella in Claire's body. She was holding a folder; her own police file no doubt. Claire wanted to wipe the goddamn smirk off her own face. Ella sat down across the table from Claire while Jake reached over and un-cuffed her.

He smiled reassuringly. "That feel any better?"

Claire sat back and rubbed her raw wrists, nodding silently. Jake was good cop. She knew how this would go down; she could handle this. If only her heart wasn't pounding and she

weren't slick with sweat. Claire recognized the early symptoms of withdrawal and knew it would only get worse if she couldn't get out of here.

“So, Ella, we want to help you,” Jake began. It took several seconds before Claire realized he was talking to her. “But you have to help us. We know you've seen some things.”

Ella flipped open the file and shuffled through the pages. “You've been in here before. Prostitution. Drugs. Assault.”

Jake was looking at Claire and didn't notice that Ella wasn't reading the papers, just reeling off the charges from memory.

Ella continued, “Burglary. More prostitution. How many guys did you fuck

on the street for your last hit?” That goddamn smirk again. But she was right.

Jake shot Ella a quick glance as Claire squirmed uncomfortably in her chair. How many people *had* been inside this body? How many guys had this mouth sucked off? How many hands on these tits? Claire hung her head, hiding her face behind her curtain of hair, feeling dirty and pathetic. She clutched her arms across her stomach beneath her ridiculously large boobs and scratched almost subconsciously, trying to stop the crawling feeling all over her skin as she stared down at her bulbous breasts.

“Look, Ella,” Jake jumped in. “We're not here to hurt you. We're the ones who want to protect you.” He slid a

black and white surveillance photo of Ivan across the table to her. “Have you seen this man?”

Claire's mind was racing, thoughts colliding. She kept her arms crossed, scratching herself with each hand. It felt like goddamn bugs were all over her body. This had to end, she had to try.

“This man switched our bodies. I'm *her*,” Claire said, pointing desperately at Ella. “You have to believe me!”

“Whoa, whoa, it's okay,” Jake said, holding both hands up, palms out in the universal sign for 'calm down crazy person'.

Ella laughed. “Shit, this bitch is high as fuck.”

Jake again shot her a look. Ella clearly wasn't doing such a great job impersonating Claire. On the other hand, Claire wasn't doing such a great job impersonating sanity.

“Is she right, Ella?” Jake asked. “Are you high right now?”

Claire took a deep breath and ran both hands through her scraggly hair, trying to calm herself, before shaking her head. It was hard to concentrate with her body screaming for another hit but a thought struggled through her brain. She *did* have some answers Jake wanted. “No. I— No. I was just— I know this guy. This is Ivan. I've seen him a lot.”

Ella's eyes turned hard and she sat up. “This bitch doesn't know what she's

talking about.”

“This *bitch*,” Claire grinned, “is Ivan's girlfriend. All it took was a couple of cheap implants.” Claire grabbed a tit and jiggled it as she stared hard at Ella.

“We're not getting anywhere with this,” Ella said. “Look at her, she's tweaking out.”

Claire forced herself to stop scratching, but she kept glancing down at her arms, convinced there were bugs on her. And why was the room running hot and cold? She was soaked with sweat.

Ella turned to Jake. “I think a little detox tonight in the cell would do her good.”

“No,” Claire cried anxiously, “I'll tell

you everything I know. Ivan's a drug dealer. I saw him kill someone.”

“You saw it?” Jake asked. “Who?”

“It was a...a doctor...” Claire racked her brain. “Dr. Vostok! He had a machine and he... something happened to him. I think he shot him.”

“Dr. Vostok shot someone?” Jake asked, writing the name down.

“No. Ivan did. Or something. He's dead.”

“Ivan's dead?”

“No. Dr. Vostok is dead.”

Jake turned to Ella and nodded towards the door. They both stood and went out into the hallway. Claire put her head in her hands, a tear rolling down her

cheek. It wasn't even her cheek goddamn it. Not her tear. Not anything of hers. And was Dr. Vostok dead? It was so hard to remember when all she wanted was that sweet oblivion at the bottom of a needle or even the last bit of sludge in her pipe. That would make everything feel good. She could be comfortable in Ella's much-used body if she could just get to the refuge of the drugs. Her arms were trembling and a sudden cramp hit her stomach as the withdrawal symptoms grew worse.

Ella came back into the room, a wicked smile on her face. "Your partner agrees with me. You're going to spend the night in a cell down here and get sober. Better you than me."

Claire didn't have the strength to resist as Ella awkwardly handcuffed her and

marched her through the precinct. Ella handed her over to the night guard, who un-cuffed her and led her into her own cell. Claire collapsed into a cot as fever overtook her. She spent the night alternating between boiling and freezing, tossing the thin covers off herself before puking on the floor, then curling up on her side in a ball. She was plagued by hallucinations, nightmares, and the memory of what had happened in the warehouse.

Dr. Vostok stepped back, still staring sadly at Claire. Her head was free but her arms were still tied to the chair. Claire stared over at her former body, watching herself make out with Ivan.

Ella, in Claire's body, had her eyes closed and her lips pressed eagerly against Ivan's own as his muscular arms wrapped around her waist. Claire could only watch helplessly as Ivan ran his hands across her former face, caressing her softly, letting his fingers trail down the nape of Ella's new neck. Ella shivered in delight and twined Claire's own hands around Ivan as he sucked on her tongue.

Ivan pulled back and stared into Claire's eyes, examining Ella's new

face, her tiny slope of a nose and her full cheeks. Ella stared back up at him, a look of utter delight on her face, two dimples appearing on either side of her mouth as she smiled.

“How you feeling?” Ivan asked, stroking Claire's hair. Claire, the real Claire, struggled against her ropes.

Ella glanced over at her, then back up at Ivan. “I feel fucking amazing. My head's clear for the first time in years. I'm strong as shit. This is...amazing.”

“Why don't we get a better look at that body?” Ivan asked.

He slowly unbuttoned Claire's shirt, revealing her body inch by inch: the graceful dip in her neck, the swell of her breasts, the rounded cups of her bra, her trim stomach. Ivan helped Ella

slip out of her shirt and let his hands wander down her smooth arms as he admired her body. Ella looked down at herself, at her much smaller—but much more natural—breasts, then up to Claire. Ella winked as she reached behind her back, unclasped her bra and dropped it on the ground. Claire's breasts bobbed free on her small frame, her slight curves hanging lightly from her chest.

“Damn, girl,” Ella said to Claire, “why didn't you show your body off more? I'm not gonna make that mistake.”

Ella wrapped her fingers around her new breasts and squeezed gently. “Shit, I forgot how soft real titties are.”

Ivan smiled as he, too, brought his thick fingers up to her breasts and they

both caressed Claire's body. Claire felt queasy watching the mobster and the prostitute explore her skin, grabbing and pinching her stolen body. Ivan brought his head down and wrapped his lips around one of Ella's nipples, already red as a strawberry and growing erect. Ella tossed Claire's head back and sighed as Ivan tasted her body, his other hand wandering down and around her ass, pulling her close. He moved from nipple to nipple, enjoying himself as he feasted on Claire's body. Ella's sighs grew in pitch, her eyes closed and her head rolled back as Ivan teased her stolen body into fiery ecstasy.

Ivan continued to suckle Claire's tits as his hands slid down to her pants. He unbuttoned them and pushed them down Claire's thighs, his fingers

sliding back up her legs to caress the soft mound beneath Claire's light pink panties. He pressed lightly against the fabric, stroking Claire's pussy through her panties as Ella bit her lip and moaned softly.

Then her panties were pulled down, the coarse, dark hair of her slit revealed to Claire from where she sat in her chair. She could only watch in disgust as Ivan's fingers pressed inside her former body, stretching her pussy lips wide before disappearing inside. Ella shivered again as ecstasy flooded through her.

Ivan burrowed his fingers inside Claire's cunt, pressing harder, rubbing, and then Ella's eyes shot open and she gasped, her breath hitching in her throat as pleasure sparked through

her. Ivan withdrew, his fingers wet with Claire's dew. Ella took Ivan's hand and guided his fingers into her mouth, gazing deeply into his eyes as she sucked Claire's musk off her own fingers. Ivan smiled and unbuttoned his pants, slowly turning Ella around so her back was to him and she was facing Claire.

“I've always wanted to fuck the police as much as they fuck me,” Ivan smiled.

Ella laughed, her eyes gleaming as she leaned against the machine and stared at Claire, her back arched out behind her, showing off Claire's perfect, rounded ass for Ivan's pleasure. The muscles of her legs and arms stood out in the sharp shadows thrown by the light. Ivan's cock was freed, one hand

stroking slowly as he fixed his eyes on Claire's ass. He gripped her with one hand and slowly guided himself between Claire's legs and against her pussy with the other, and with one quick thrust he impaled her on his cock as she cried out and quivered around him. Ivan wrapped his thick fingers through Ella's hair and forced her head back as he withdrew slightly before burrowing back inside her.

Ella closed her eyes in bliss as Ivan worked himself faster, harder, pounding deeper inside Claire's body and they grew to a rhythm. The slap of Ivan's groin against Claire's ass filled the small space. Ella's whole body rocked up and down, her tits bobbing to the rhythm of Ivan's dick as he held her up by her hair. He yanked her head back hard as he pounded and

thrust deep, powerful strokes into Claire's stolen body, taking out his anger at Claire as Ella lapped up the abuse.

Her breathing sped up and she cried out in total lust, her voice rising in pitch with each thrust, making Claire sound like a pornstar in the throes of ecstasy until finally Ivan pulled back Ella's head hard and grunted, forcing her off balance and back deep onto his cock, filling her with the heat of his cum. She came, too, impaled by Ivan's dick and held upright by the hand clutching her hair. The real Claire watched her former body shiver in orgasm, watched her former legs swaying, weak with desire.

When Ivan was done he let Ella down slowly and withdrew. She leaned

against the machine, panting, as Ivan zipped up his pants.

“Get dressed,” he ordered. Intimacy was apparently over.

Ella struggled back into her clothes as Claire hung her head, ashamed at what she'd just seen her own body do. Dr. Vostok sat frozen at the edge of the circle of light..

“Thank you, Dr. Vostok.” Ivan said.

Ivan drew a gun from his jacket and shot the doctor, who fell to the ground beside Claire, writhing and gasping for air.

“Had to get rid of my little liabilities.” He grinned at Ella. “This is our little secret, right?”

“What about her?” Ella asked.

Ivan handed her the gun. “What do you want to do with the traitor?”

Ella hefted the gun in one hand and turned her attention to Claire.

Claire stared at the gun, sick with fear but, after a moment’s consideration, Ella lowered the gun and laughed, “She can burn.” She kicked the industrial lamp onto a nearby crate crammed with fabric and it instantly caught fire. The hungry flames licked the nearby boxes, spreading quickly through the dry, closely stacked wooden containers.

“You're a stone cold bitch,” Ivan said, smiling in awe. “I love it.” He took her hand and they headed for the door as Claire, still tied securely to her chair, watched the fire close in.

Claire opened her eyes slowly. Her teeth ached, her tongue felt thick, her head felt stuffy, and she was staring up at a plain, white ceiling set with fluorescent lights. The demon was gone. The craving that had dominated Ella's body was dulled and her mind was sharper than it had been since she'd found herself in this form.

She slowly pushed her way up into a sitting position. Her stomach still ached but she was sure there was nothing left in it. Everything that had been inside appeared to be all over the floor. She wrinkled her nose at the smell. Fuck, that was awful. But she was free of her addiction, for now anyway. There was a part of her that kept yearning for that sweet rush of pleasure, but

it was not so immediate, easier to ignore.

Ella appeared at the door of Claire's cell, flanked by a guard. Claire watched her own tiny nose wrinkle at the mess. "Christ, that's disgusting. Get her out of there."

The guard began unlocking the cell, complaining under his breath about the mess .

"Make the next shift clean it up," Ella snapped.

Claire made her way carefully around the puke in her bare feet. When she got close enough, Ella grabbed her hands, jerked her forward and snapped on the handcuffs. Claire stared down in surprise at her hands cuffed in front of her; Ella obviously

wasn't aware of procedures.

“Come on. We're going on a little trip.” Ella dragged Claire down the hallway and out into the main offices of the precinct. Claire kept her eyes down as she was marched past her old colleagues.

“There she is!” someone called out, to general applause. Claire looked up to see most of the precinct clapping for Ella as she waved and acted bashful. “The woman who took down the Carter family!” Mario from the drug squad called out, smiling with glee.

Claire's mind reeled. *The Carters?* They were the only dealers in the city moving more product than Ivan... and they'd evaded arrest for decades.

“Yeah, it's easy if you get your ass off

the desk once in a while,” Ella retorted to laughter from the assembled crowd. “Excuse me, some of us have work to do!”

Ella led Claire through the crowd of well wishers to the parking garage and shoved her into an unmarked black sedan. Biding her time, Claire acquiesced. Ella took a seat up front and started the car, driving them out of the station and towards downtown.

Glancing up at the rear view mirror, Claire saw her own cute face reflected back at her, smiling in delight.

“Isn't it funny?” Ella commented idly. “You do all the work and someone else gets the credit. How the fucking world always works isn't it?”

Claire kept her voice level. “So you and

Ivan took down the Carters, huh?”

“Takes a dealer to catch a dealer.”

“Let me guess,” Claire glared at Ella through the metal grill separating them, “now you're going to take over his territory, and then move on to someone else? Corner the market with the NYPD acting as your muscle?”

“You got brains *and* a body, huh? Well, just brains now, I guess.” Ella brought up one of Claire's hands and squeezed one of her stolen breasts. “ “But, you got it about right. Basically, we're going to be rich and you're going to be dead.”

By now they'd reached a section of derelict buildings. Ella cruised down a deserted alleyway and stopped the car about halfway down, leaving the

engine running.

“I should’ve shot you in that warehouse; now’s my chance to finish the job.” Ella got out of the car, and drew her gun. Gun leveled at Claire through the window, she opened the back door. “Get out of the car.”

Claire exhaled slowly. Ella wasn’t going to kill her in the vehicle; too much mess and too many questions. How far away from the car before she pulled the trigger? Ten feet? Five?

Claire got to her feet and Ella shoved her down the alley past the front of the car. “Move.”

Ella had the barrel of her gun pressed hard against Claire’s back. Rookie mistake. It told Claire exactly where the gun was.

Claire pretended to stumble and, for a split second, the gun left her back. Before Ella could react, Claire dodged to the side and slammed her hands into the gun. It went off with a sharp BANG, the bullet ricocheting off a brick wall. Still in motion, Claire drove an elbow into Ella's stomach and twisted her arm behind her back, jerking Ella's elbow up. With a gasp, Ella dropped the gun. Kicking Ella away down the alley, Claire picked up the gun and leveled it at Ella's head.

“What are you going to do?” Ella sneered. “Shoot yourself?”

Claire cocked the gun. “If I have to. I'll shoot us both. Better dead than a druggie mole.”

Fear flickered in Ella's eyes and she

stayed silent.

Claire kept her eyes locked on Ella and slowly backed down the alley towards the car. Feeling for the door handle, she opened the driver's door, jumped in and reversed quickly down the alley. Ella ran after her, shouting obscenities Claire couldn't hear in the sound-proofed interior. She squealed the car out of the alley and drove away. Somewhere. Anywhere. It would take a little while before Ella could contact anyone to tell them what happened and put out an alert. Claire had some time, now all she needed was a plan.

Claire struggled against the ropes as the fire crept closer. Her new body was wiry, her wrists thinner, but still the ropes held her tight to the chair. There was nothing sharp to rub the ropes against, the chair was bolted to the floor, and the heat from the flames was licking her face. She was going to die in someone else's body and no one would ever know.

And then Dr. Vostok was rising with effort from the floor beside her, blood seeping from the wound in his chest. He'd left a red smear on the floor as he'd crawled towards her, gripped the arm rests of her chair and hauled himself painfully up to his knees. In his hand he held a screwdriver, which he thrust into the fibers of the rope,

working it back and forth. Slowly, slowly the rope began to fray. He grunted with exertion; it was clearly taking everything he had to hold himself upright and hack at the rope. A strand came loose and he thrust harder, trying to chop with the sharp point of the screwdriver.

Claire could do nothing but watch his desperate struggles as the fire drew nearer, the air growing hot and choking.

Another strand of rope came loose. Claire gritted her teeth and pulled with all her might, struggling to snap the remaining strands. As her hand finally broke free, Dr. Vostok collapsed to the floor. Wiggling down, she grabbed the screwdriver and chopped at the other rope. The heat on her back was fierce

and closing in fast. She was sure she'd be engulfed in flames any second.

And then finally she was free.

The fire had nearly surrounded them and the smoke was blinding. Claire sensed rather than saw a tiny opening in the flames on the other side of the machine but it wouldn't be open much longer. If she didn't get out quickly, she'd be trapped.

Claire knelt and grabbed hold of Dr. Vostok, dragging him towards the opening. Her body was so much weaker now, sickly and ineffective. She couldn't drag him more than a few feet before she had to stop. Sweat was pouring down her face, both from the effort and the hungry flames.

“I'm sorry,” Dr. Vostok mumbled.

“Leave me.”

“No, we can get out of here.”

Claire was choking, the suffocating smoke filling her eyes and mouth, but she grabbed Dr. Vostok's collar and dragged him a little farther.

“Let me go. Save yourself. I didn't want to give this to him...but my daughter. Please...make sure Laura is safe...”

His eyes closed. Claire fell to her knees, choking in the hot blaze. This body wasn't built to fight, to struggle. It would be so easy to give up. Just let the smoke fill her lungs and end her exhaustion.

But damn it, Claire wasn't going to let Ella destroy her reputation. She wasn't going to let the bad guy win. And there

was Dr. Vostok's daughter to protect. He'd done this to her against his will and then tried to save her. She needed to live long enough to return the favor.

She rose to her feet and crouched, stumbling away from the fire. She could hear the flames crackling behind her, destroying the warehouse... destroying the machine. There was no way back to her own body.

She threaded her way out of the warehouse, half-blind, going by instinct, just moving away from the wall of flame that seemed to be following her. She was gasping and choking. Her eyes and lungs burned, her vision was blurry as she tried to stay low to avoid the worst of the smoke. Finally, she burst through a side door and out into the crisp night air of the docks.

She never thought she'd be so happy to smell old fish.

Claire collapsed in the shadows and listened to the sirens closing in. Her body was aching with more than exhaustion; it screamed with deep, desperate desire. She needed a hit more than anything now. All she wanted was a release from this madness. As the emergency crews rushed in, Claire snuck away. She knew where she could find drugs and her body moved instinctively towards one of Ella's favorite haunts.

As Claire half staggered down the street, people gave her suspicious looks, taking care to stay well back when she passed. A couple lowlifes approached her, whispering, "How much?" But Claire kept her eyes on the

ground and ignored them, even as they yelled, “Fucking slut!” behind her back.

She paused to look at her reflection in a bar window and Ella's haunted face stared back at her. She had dark circles under her eyes, her face was drawn and her blonde hair hung in stringy tangles down her back. Her large, fake breasts were covered only by a dirty pink crop top and a lightweight jacket. She looked like a hooker. Christ, she *was* a hooker now. And she was, all of a sudden, freezing. She turned and broke into a desperate run..

When she reached the large apartment building, she hurried up the front steps. The blank windows, empty of glass and sagging with rot, gaped down on her like a vacant face, swallowing

her up as she entered the darkened hallway. She made her way upstairs. She knew Zeke would be there. Zeke was always there. It was Zeke who'd introduced her to Ella in this same place.

“Ella,” Zeke grinned, his scruffy face beaming with delight. “To what do I owe the honor?”

“I need a hit,” Claire croaked, desperation in her voice.

“Don't we all?” Zeke laughed. He never used his own stuff. Bad for business. “What do you have for me?”

Claire had no money and no pride. All she had was a shaking desire for release. And a body that was already making Zeke hard.

So, without saying a word, she dropped to her knees in front of Zeke. He didn't move as she scrabbled for his pants, pulling down his zipper to reveal his fat cock. It hung down in front of her nose, rising even as she stared at it.

“Hold on.” Zeke reached over and shoved Claire's bra down, freeing her fake tits. His fingers squeezed her sensitive nipple as she wrapped her fingers around his cock, hating herself as she lifted it to her lips. She opened her mouth and swallowed him. He tasted musky and masculine and he was growing even as she held him in her mouth. His cock soon filled her throat, throbbed against her tongue.

She took him in, forcing her lips down his shaft until his head hit the back of

her throat. Choking, she tried pulling away but his hand clamped onto the back of her head, grabbing her hair. "Keep going," he ordered, thrusting her back down his now rock hard cock.

Claire slid Ella's lips up and down, faster and faster as Zeke used her for his pleasure. The pressure on her head forced her lips down, down, until her nose was buried in his pubic hair, then he yanked her back up so that she was holding just the thick head between her lips. The salty taste of precum landed on her tongue and she swallowed it. God help her, it tasted good.

Up and down she slid in a messy blowjob, swallowing him and withdrawing until his cock was slick and saliva ran down her chin. He wasn't guiding her anymore; he didn't need

to. She was blowing him eagerly, taking him all in, holding his warmth inside her as she undulated her tongue against the underside of his shaft, then gliding her tongue up, up as he groaned above her. "Fuck. Good girl."

She looked up at him as she worked his cock. His eyes were closed, his mouth open in pleasure. Claire focused on the task at hand, trying to ignore the hunger growing in her body. She was just a cocksucking whore now. As the thought passed through her mind, Zeke grunted and came, forcing her head down his shaft once more. She tried to swallow the seed as it shot into her mouth but choked; felt the warm cum slide down her chin even as she swallowed as much as she could, his hands trapping her around his cock. She didn't have the strength to

fight him, just swallowed great gulping mouthfuls of his hot seed until he was finished and softened in her mouth.

He finally released her, tucking himself back into his pants as Claire wiped her mouth with her fingers. She felt dirty and used but it was all worth it when he threw her a small baggie filled with some sticky brown goop. Avoiding eye contact, she took it and made her way upstairs to a dirty mattress and a room with a water stain on the ceiling that looked like a laughing demon. There she washed away all her thoughts and cares.

Claire had ditched the unmarked police car in an empty downtown street and made her way to Jake's apartment building. The gun she'd stolen from Ella was tucked into the waistband of her pants. She'd zipped her jacket over it to hide it and felt the metal pressing into her scrawny hips at each step. Her handcuffed hands, too, were hidden beneath her zipped jacket.

When she reached Jake's building she buzzed his apartment, angrily, annoyingly, leaning on the buzzer for a whole minute. No answer. Good. She hadn't expected one but she had to be sure.

She buzzed another apartment at random.

“What?” a man's staticky voice replied from the intercom.

“Hey, it's me,” Claire said. “I lost my keys.”

“Who the hell is this?”

Claire hung up on him and dialed another unit. It only took her three tries until some stranger buzzed her inside.

She made her way up four flights of stairs to Jake's unit. She'd been here many times before, usually late nights or early mornings after a particularly grueling case. Co-workers with benefits, as it were. Jake was the clingy one, Claire just needed a quick release and Jake was...well, he wasn't quick in all the ways that counted.

There was no one in the hallway on his

floor and no one interrupted her as she jimmed open his lock with a screwdriver she'd stolen from the construction site next door. She paused after opening the door, but all was dark and quiet within. She slipped into the apartment and closed the door behind her.

God, the place smelled like *him*. He'd been her only contact for weeks while she was undercover. His voice on the phone reassuring her, his gentle pats during their face to face meetings. Those meetings had become rarer as Claire had dug deeper into her cover. She'd forgotten how much she missed him. No, that wasn't true. She never knew how much she'd missed him. And now, here she was, a stranger in a strange body who had just broken into his place. He would have to

understand. She'd make him.

Jake's apartment was only one bedroom; the kitchen separated from the living room only by a small island. Claire took her time, examining Jake's handwritten notes to himself—Washing powder!—and letting her hands drift along the back of his futon. What would he think of her in this oversexualized body?

Claire sat on the futon to wait for him, the gun perched in her lap. The blood red sunset peeked through the blinds and sent thin shafts of light across the floor. She closed her eyes against the glare and she must have dozed off because, when she next opened her eyes, it was dark and she was lying across the futon. Voices were coming from just outside the door. It sounded like

Jake and someone else.

Claire hadn't counted on Jake having guests. She pushed herself off the couch, grabbed the gun and scampered into the bedroom just as the front door flew open. Claire quietly hid in Jake's closet, nestled against his button down shirts. From her hidden vantage point she could see the bed through the slats, but not the door.

The voices were approaching the bedroom. There were muffled noises and a dull thump as they careened into the wall. Then the light in the bedroom flicked on and Claire saw her own body wrapped around Jake, their lips pressed together as their hands flew across each other's body, ripping off clothing and tossing it to the floor.

It took all of Claire's self control to not step out shooting. That bitch had stolen her body and now she was stealing her lover. Her grip on the gun tightened as she watched.

Ella's back was to Claire, allowing Claire to see her own shapely buttocks and the graceful curves of her muscular thighs. Jake's solid frame was pressed hard against Ella, the shadows thrown by the ceiling light playing over the hard lines of abs. Jake's hand slid around and clamped onto Ella's ass, his biceps bulging as he squeezed. Ella caught a glimpse of her former rounded breasts in profile, before Jake brought his mouth to her nipple and sucked. His other hand slid between her legs and Ella moaned like a whore at his touch.

Claire felt her breath hitch. Watching her body being manipulated by a stranger was incredibly invasive...but painfully erotic. She didn't know if it was a symptom of withdrawal or just Ella's natural tendencies, but her new body was growing warm watching the scene in front of her. Claire shifted slightly in the closet and slipped her hand into her pants. Her fingers slid across the coarse hair of Ella's trimmed pubic hair, only hesitating as she reached her new sex. But Ella's moans were sinking deep inside her, triggering something primal, and Claire penetrated her new body for the first time, felt her own warmth surround her. She knew it was dangerous, ridiculous, but *God*, she needed it.

Claire's own fingers pressed lightly inside Ella's body as she watched Jake's

fingers disappear into her former body's swollen sex, watched as he moved in slow circles and Ella gasped and clamped his head to her breasts. Ella let him circle inside as his tongue licked her breast until, laughing, she pushed him back onto the bed. They were both clearly enjoying Claire's body. Jake looked up from the bed and smiled at Ella. Ella's gaze dropped to the beautiful curve of his cock. Claire couldn't tear her eyes away as Ella straddled Jake and guided him inside her, sighing as he disappeared into her wet heat. Claire sighed with her, felt Ella's strange body growing wet, and she slipped her fingers harder against her clit. Jake began slowly, rhythmically thrusting up and down as Ella rode him, growing in tempo along with Ella's rising gasps. From the

closet, Claire kept tempo with them both, biting her lip to stifle her own moans. Her fingers landed on her clit—so sensitive!—and she threw her head back as her body was racked with an orgasm for the first time. Ella's orgasms were intense, filling her entire body, before dissipating to a steady thrumming need.

Ella grabbed Jake's hands and placed them on her breasts. "Squeeze my nipples," she gasped as she rode him. Claire listened as the cries from her own body grew louder, heard her own voice demand Jake pinch her harder, harder, abusing her stolen body. Claire's fingers pulsed inside herself, harder and faster, the tension winding through her body and then Ella threw her head back and cried as she came, her body shaking with orgasm. Her

cries were joined by Jake's own groans as he raised his hips and embedded himself deep inside her, lifting her off the bed with the force of his thrust as he emptied himself into Ella's stolen body. Claire came with them from her hiding place as the tension burst and pleasure poured through her, emanating from the heat between her legs and rebounding through her as she rubbed her new pussy hard and fast, moaning between her clenched lips, her own moans covered by Ella's cries. She was wet. So wet. Her fingers dripping with her own juices as she pushed Ella's body over the edge and came in a knuckle grinding, body-paralyzing orgasm.

The tension fled from Jake's body and he fell back onto the bed. Ella rested her hands on his chest, breathing

hard. She slid her hand between her legs and raised her shiny fingers to her mouth. She giggled coquettishly and sucked their mingled essences off her finger.

Claire left her fingers still inside herself, pressed into her velvety folds, afraid to move for fear she would make a noise that would give her away. The echoes of her own pleasure slowly dissipated. *God, Claire thought, What the hell did I just do?*

Ella rolled off Jake and stood. “That was fun, but I've got to get going.”

She started hunting for her clothes as Jake propped himself up on one arm. “Really?”

“Really. I've got some...friends to meet.” She pulled on her pants and

top, then leaned down to kiss him on the lips. “That was fun. We should do it again sometime.”

She was halfway out the door when she paused and looked back. “Any lead on that Vostok guy yet?”

Jake hesitated for the barest fraction before shaking his head. “Nope.”

“Ok. Let me know if you find anything.”

Ella walked out, leaving Jake visibly confused. Claire sat in the closet, biting her lip, replaying in her mind everything she'd just seen. It had been like watching a porno starring herself. She was stunned, angry, and still very horny. Claire gathered her thoughts as she watched Jake head into the bathroom and listened to the shower

running.

Decision made, she stepped out of the closet and sat on the bed facing the bathroom door. A few minutes later the shower turned off and Claire gripped the gun in her lap a little tighter. Then the bathroom door opened and Jake stepped out wearing nothing but a towel and a look of surprise. He recovered quickly.

“Easy now,” he said, raising his hands.

Claire could see every muscle in his arms, his beautifully sculpted abs, the soulfulness of his eyes. Ella's body wanted to fuck him right there. “Don't move.”

“You're the girl we picked up yesterday. The one who escaped custody. Ella, right?”

“Stop. Don't say anything else. Just listen.”

He nodded.

Claire continued, “I'm not Ella, I'm Claire. The woman who was just here switched our bodies.”

Claire told him about Dr. Vostok's machine, about the warehouse fire, about the promise she'd made to keep Dr. Vostok's daughter safe, about Ella turning in the other drug bosses so she and Jovovic could corner the market. When she was done there was a pause as she watched Jake try to process her story.

“Look...Claire,” he said eventually, “look at it from my perspective. The whole thing sounds impossible. Do you have any evidence?”

Claire shook her head. “No. All I have is your gut. You were right about the warehouse; it was a trap. Last year, you were right about Jonah the Snitch being untrustworthy. You were right about Debbie in payroll being shady. You were right about that buffet at that Thai place on 7th Street being a bad idea.”

She watched his eyes widen as she rattled off info only she could know. “You know the truth when you see it.” Claire placed the gun on the floor and slid it towards him. Running her hand through her hair, she looked up at him. “I trust your gut.”

“Jesus. You move like Claire.” Jake picked up the gun and hefted it, staring down at Claire. “You talk like Claire.” He sat beside her on the bed,

the gun in his lap. After a moment he grabbed his pants from the floor and pulled the keys out of the pocket. Leaning over, he and released Claire's cuffs, his body pressing against her own.

He smelled so clean, so masculine. Claire felt her body warming at his closeness.

“I thought...” Jake continued, “When you came back...you were different...I thought it was just being undercover.” He stared deep into her eyes, as if trying to find the real Claire. His rugged face was so close to hers, his big brown eyes searching, intelligent. “Jesus. Claire?”

She wrapped her arms around him and wept with great hitching sobs of relief. After the briefest of pauses, he

put an arm around her and held her, patting her gently as she cried onto his naked shoulder. The horror of being trapped as someone else, and fear that Jake wouldn't believe her, released in a flood. After a few minutes, Claire got herself under control and was able to pull away and wipe her eyes.

“God, Claire...you're...you're...” Jake trailed off, looking her up and down in astonishment.

Claire smiled through the last of her tears and shrugged. She was conscious of the dirty jacket, the tight strip of fabric that held her breasts in place but left her stomach bare. The constricting pants that hugged her slim figure. She wasn't the cop next door anymore.

“I'm a stripper with fake tits now.” She

barked a quick burst of laughter. “Anyway...we need to find Dr. Vostok's daughter.”

Jake nodded. “I was looking into it and I've got a few leads on possible addresses. I was waiting to go without Claire—Ella, I mean. There was something I didn't quite trust. I guess, now I know why.”

Ella hopped up. “Let's go, then!”

Jake rose slowly, a tight smile on his face. “Maybe you should...uh...you want to shower first?”

It was the first shower she'd had since she'd been switched with Ella and it was wonderful. She washed and scrubbed her body with Jake's soap and a washcloth, her hands sliding across the unfamiliar curves until her

skin was pink and the bathroom was filled with steam. She stepped out, smelling like Jake and looking like Ella. She toweled herself off, running her hands down her slender legs, over the short thatch of hair leading down to her transformed sex, over her bony thighs and her stomach, her ribs sticking out beneath her pallid skin. Finally, her hands came to her fake breasts.

They were round. More round than breasts had any right to be, and very firm, the skin stretched tight across the implants. Heavy. And big. Bigger than her hands when she brought them up to push and prod. She was going to have back problems if she had to carry these around for the rest of her life.

Claire wiped away the fog from the

bathroom mirror and looked at her new face. Ella looked much prettier now she'd been cleaned up. Her aquiline face was still slightly sallow, a consequence of too many drugs and too much crap food, but she looked a little less haunted. If Ella had taken better care of herself, she'd be a knock-out. Instead, she'd turned to drugs and sex and...Claire shook her head, trying to chase away her thoughts of what this body had been through.

When she emerged from the bathroom, she found that Jake had left some clothes on the bed: a gray t-shirt, a pair of jeans and a belt. Picking up the shirt she brought it to her nose and sniffed Jake's wonderful, woody scent. It instantly reminded her of the nights spent in bed together, the days in the office and out on the streets.

Jake's clothes were huge on Claire's tiny frame. The shirt stretched tight across her breasts and billowed out over her tummy. She was able to make herself look presentable by tucking the shirt into her pants and tightening the belt all the way. Her nipples stuck out from beneath the shirt and the pants were baggy, but it was as good as she was going to get in men's clothing. Claire tied Ella's long, blonde hair in a ponytail using a rubber band from Jake's desk. She took one last look at herself in the mirror, feeling better about her body now that she'd cleaned herself up.

When she came out into the living room Jake did a double take, probably as surprised as Claire had been to find such a pretty woman hiding beneath all the hard living.

“Feeling better?” he asked, handing her a cup of coffee.

“Much,” she said, sipping gratefully. It tasted a little bitter, possibly the result of her different taste buds. She wondered how many hundreds of other things she'd find different in her new body. “So where's Dr. Vostok's daughter?”

“Hard to say. Dr. Vostok moved around a lot. Looks like he had some money problems.”

“Not surprising. Probably why he started working for Jovovic.”

“Yeah. I've got three possible addresses. I guess we just start looking.”

Jake drove the unmarked car while Claire sat in the back. She felt like a

prisoner again, but they'd both agreed it was for the best. If Jake saw anyone from the force, it would be hard to explain why one of their suspects, who'd escaped custody, was sitting in the front seat wearing one of Jake's own coats.

The first two places were busts. The neighbors hadn't seen the doctor or his daughter for months. Gossip from the next door neighbor was that they'd been kicked out for breaking their lease which, apparently, included a clause forbidding connecting directly into the power lines right outside the window and accidentally setting fire to a corner of their unit. Though not, presumably, in those specific words.

Jake kept glancing back at her in the rear view mirror as they drove to the

third address.

“What?” Claire finally asked.

“I can't believe it's you in there.”

“Me neither.” She sighed, pulling her ponytail around to inspect her hair and smiling ruefully. “I never thought I'd be a blonde.”

“Do you have her memories?”

“No. I've got all her physical urges, though. Even after the forced detox, I still have this craving for another hit.”

“Sorry you had to go through that.”

“No, it was probably the best thing that could have happened to me. It was even worse before. I can think more clearly now.”

She let the conversation lapse into silence, not wanting to bring up the *other* urges Ella's body had. The urge to wrap her legs around Jake as he filled her. To have him take her from behind. To feel his solid manhood throbbing through her. She shifted in her seat as a spark flared up between her thighs.

“Here we are,” Jake said at last, pulling up in front of a decrepit townhouse in a seedy neighborhood. There was a light on behind a curtain-shrouded upstairs window.

They got out of the car and climbed the cracked concrete steps. The freezing winter wind whipped at Claire's borrowed coat. The solid metal of her gun, tucked into her belt at her back, gave her some comfort. She hung back

while Jake rang the doorbell and, when that didn't make a sound, knocked loudly on the door. The upstairs curtains pulled back and Jake took a step back to look up.

“Laura Vostok?” Jake called up to the window. “I'm here about your father. I'm a police officer,” he said, holding up his badge. “I think you might be in danger.”

The curtains flicked closed. A few seconds later the sound of footsteps approached the door. There was a pause, and then the lock was drawn back and the door opened a crack. One dark eye of a young woman peeked out at Jake from the shadowed doorway.

“What do you know about my dad?”

“We have questions about some of his

research. Can we come in and talk to you?” Jake asked, still brandishing his badge.

The young woman withdrew into the shadows and opened the door. Jake stepped through with Claire following behind. As soon as the young woman saw Claire in the light, her eyes went wide and she backed away.

“No! What is *she* doing here? She's with him!”

She ran up the stairs. Jake and Claire gave chase, as Jake called out, “Wait! I can explain!”

The woman dashed into a room and slammed the door behind her. Jake and Claire came up and stood just outside.

“Laura,” Jake said, in his best calm cop voice, “this isn't Ella. This isn't the woman you think it is. This is Claire. She's my partner. Her body was stolen using your dad's machine.”

“It's true,” Claire said to the closed door. “Jovovic and Ella tried to kill me. They destroyed the machine, and now I'm stuck as her...forever. And they... I'm sorry...they murdered your father. He told me to save you and that's what I'm trying to do.”

They could hear muffled sobbing from behind the door.

“I'm sorry,” Claire said again.

The door swung open. Laura Vostok stood in the doorway, tears running down her cheeks. Her frizzy black hair was a mess and she looked like she

hadn't slept in days. She eyed Claire carefully. Finally, she said, "I knew...I knew they did...but hearing it..." She choked back another sob. "But you're wrong."

"No. I tried to save him but he couldn't—"

Laura waved her off. "No. You're wrong about being stuck. There's a prototype swapping machine downstairs. I brought it here myself."

As Laura led the way downstairs, Claire's heart was pounding in her chest. There was some hope after all. She could get her body back!

They turned the corner and headed down the hallway to a door near the end. Just past this doorway the hallway emptied into a kitchen, grimy black

and white tiles were barely visible from the light of the dim hallway bulb. Claire stepped into the next room and saw a tangle of wires leading between two crudely fashioned helmets. The wires fed into a metal box that was studded with two switches reading simply: “On/Off” and “Transfer”.

“Everything works. It sparks, but it works. My dad...he and I worked on it together so I know how it runs. He always thought if we could just show someone, then people would believe.” She snorted. “I guess he was right.”

“Laura, I...” Claire stepped towards her, then froze and put a finger to her lips. She drew her gun.

Jake had heard the noise of the door opening, too;he was already drawing

his gun. He pointed to Claire, then to Laura, then to the door on the other wall leading into the kitchen. Claire shook her head but Jake pointed back at Laura and nodded vigorously before slowly creeping towards the hallway door. There was a creak of a floorboard from right outside the door.

Claire didn't want to leave Jake but she had to get Laura out of there. She grabbed Laura's hand and hustled her as quietly as she could out the far door and into the darkened kitchen.

“Is there another way out of here?” she whispered.

“You have to go past the hallway door,” Laura replied. Her eyes were huge and terrified. They crept towards the hallway door, the light from the doorway

spilled into the darkened kitchen, leaving long shadows across the checkered tile floor.

There was a mirror hanging on one wall of the hallway. Claire could see her former body and Ivan—guns in hand—pressed against the wall just outside the room Jake was hiding in. Claire couldn't leave Jake alone. She guided Laura into the pantry.

“Stay down,” she whispered and grabbed a can off the shelf.

Laura ducked inside, making herself as small as possible as Claire tossed the can across the kitchen floor. It landed with a resounding thump. In the mirror, Claire watched her own body jerk and turn to the kitchen. Ella turned back to Ivan and mouthed something.

Then they were both running, Ivan into the room where Jake was hidden and Ella into the kitchen. Claire set down her gun. She knew it was foolish but she couldn't kill Ella. Not when the way back to her own body was so close.

As soon as Ella entered the kitchen Claire grabbed Ella's hands, locking her fingers around the gun and jerking Ella's hand up. In response, Ella slammed her knee into Claire's gut, knocking the wind out of her. Her grip loosened momentarily and Ella yanked the gun away.

There was a gunshot from the other room but Claire didn't have time to think about Jake. She drove her fist up against her former chin. Her new slender fist wasn't as strong as her old but it was enough to knock Ella off

balance. Ella reeled back and Claire wrapped her arms around her, struggling for the gun.

Ella fought hard, elbowing Claire in the chest and slamming into her breast. Claire howled with pain as Ella whipped around and tried to bring the gun up again but Claire kicked her hard in the shins and wrenched the gun out of her hands. Ella spilled onto the floor.

She stood slowly, laughter in her eyes.

“We've been here before. You still want to kill yourself?” Ella asked, wiping blood from the side of her mouth.

Claire fired, sending a bullet splintering into the floor at Ella's feet. “A shot in the leg is survivable.”

Ella's eyes hardened. Claire had never seen her own face twisted into such rage.

“How did you find us?” Claire asked.

Ella shrugged. “Ivan cracked a few skulls until someone gave up the doc’s address. Didn’t expect to see you here..”

“Claire?” Jake's voice came from behind her.

She maneuvered around so she could see him out of the corner of her eye. He staggered towards her, one hand holding onto the wall for support, the other still holding onto his gun.

“You okay?” she asked, not taking her eyes off Ella.

“Fine.” He choked off a giggle. “Ivan's gone nighty-night.”

She felt Jake's gun coming up behind her head without seeing it. She pushed his arm away with one hand and slipped underneath it, twisting around him as his gun went off next to her ear, deafening her. She slammed the butt of her own gun into Jake's face, felt the satisfying crunch of his nose as blood splattered across his chest and he fell to the floor. She looked down at his unconscious form. If it wasn't for the side effect of giddiness she'd never have known it was Ivan in Jake's body.

There was a gurgling from across the room. Claire looked, saw her own body holding her stomach, blood soaking the front of her shirt, spilling from the sides of her mouth. She ran to Ella and

dropped to her knee. It was too much blood. Too much. Even as Claire watched, Ella's breath stopped.

“Claire. Claire.”

A woman's voice in her ear. Shaking her.

“Claire. We've got to get out of here.”

Claire turned, stunned, still reeling. Laura was shaking her shoulder, a strange shifting light behind her. Claire's mouth felt filled with cotton. The world was spinning. She was dying. Her own body was dying right in front of her. She couldn't lose her body again. Not when she'd been so close. A sudden slap across her cheek brought her out of her trance. Her eyes focused on Laura. Now Claire could smell smoke. The shifting shadows

were from a rapidly growing fire in the other room.

“Sparks from the machine must have set the room on fire. We have to get out of here.”

“No. Not without Jake.”

Claire grabbed Jake's unconscious body, pulling him back towards the smoking room.

“Claire!”

“No, goddammit!” she screamed. “We're not leaving Jake like this. Help me!”

Laura grabbed Jake's other arm and together they dragged him back into the room with the machine. The far wall was already on fire, fed by the dry

wood and stacks of books. The heat made the room almost unbearable but they dragged Jake's body to one of the helmets and then Claire rushed to Ivan's body. His shirt was covered in blood from a bullet wound on his chest. Claire felt his pulse. Faint but still there.

With Laura's help she dragged him over and connected him to the other helmet. Smoke was filling the room, pouring from the machine itself, the rubber encasing the wires starting to smolder.

“Do it!” Claire screamed.

Laura scrambled for the switch box, choking and groping blindly. She flicked the switch. There might have been a hum, too low to be heard over

the crackling of the flame.

“Did it work?” Claire demanded. Her eyes were streaked with tears and she was half blind from the acrid smoke.

Laura didn't answer, just crawled towards Jake's body and began pulling him to the door. Claire helped and together they got him out of the room. Smoke billowed through the hallway. The fire was climbing the walls, the ceiling already starting to peel with flames. The two women pulled Jake's unconscious body down the hallway, desperately trying to outrun the fire. Claire felt so small and helpless, not for the first time wishing Ella had treated her body better. She was puffing and out of breath, her legs felt heavy and every step was like trudging through molasses. She forced herself

on, the door getting closer as the fire closed in, feeding on the dry timber of the house.

A beam fell from the ceiling and the floor began buckling. Just a few more steps to the doorway. There was a huge crash as another piece of the ceiling fell. Claire felt the cool night air on her back as they reached the threshold but Jake's shirt was caught on something, his body trapped half inside the open doorway.

Another loud crash signaled the roof coming down. The fire roared towards them. Claire and Laura gave one last, desperate pull and Jake came sliding out just as the roof collapsed. They pulled him down the steps and back to the car before finally toppling over, both breathing hard.

Claire's body was aching, exhausted. She turned to watch the house crumble in on itself and see any hope of returning to her body disappear. For good this time.

Claire was waiting on Jake's bed when he got home. A thin, black negligee clinging tight to her breasts and down her trim stomach. Her face had filled out in the few months she'd had this body; she no longer had the hollowed, haunted look and thin frame that had made her resemble a scarecrow. She could no longer count her ribs and her ass had become—in Jake's words—pleasantly plump. Her long blonde hair was luscious, falling down her shoulders in gentle waves.

“So,” Jake asked, a huge grin on his face, “did you get the job?”

Claire nodded. “And I thought we could celebrate.”

She stood, the negligee skimming her

golden thighs, and draped her arms around Jake's neck. With a smile on her face, she kissed him, thrilling in the push of his mouth against her lips and the rasp of his stubble sliding across her soft cheek. Already her body was on fire for him; Ella's desire hadn't abated with time. And it wasn't unusual for Jake to come home to find Claire pleasuring herself and begging him to join her.

His hand reached behind her back and pulled her close, her breasts pressing hard against his chest, his erection already growing in his pants. His other hand slipped under the hem of her negligee and wandered up her thighs, stroking the light hair hiding her sex. He wasn't surprised to find her already opening and wet for him. His fingers pressed gently and she sighed in his

mouth as he ran a fingertip across her budding clit.

Reaching down, she unbuckled his pants, pushing them to the floor followed by his underwear. She pushed herself into his erection, letting his manhood press hot and heavy against her belly. She was desperate for him and every touch made her body burn brighter. Their kisses grew harder, more passionate, as they stripped off the last of their clothes.

Claire lay back on the bed, her breasts bare and bobbling as Jake crawled towards her, kissing his way up from between her legs, over her tummy, his lips on her erect nipples and then back onto her mouth. His cock pressed against her warm opening and he slid inside. She gasped as he filled her, that

perfect, glorious feeling of him inside her.

He withdrew and then plunged in again, sinking deep into her center. His mouth came off her lips and he bent to bite on her nipples, thrusting inside her once again as she did so. The pain burst through her, mingling with the pleasure and she thrust her thighs up towards him as she cried out lustily. Jake continued playing her now-familiar body like this and she came once, twice, the pleasure twisting through her and always leaving her wanting more, more. Her voice rose in pitch as his thrusting intensified, pounding into her body. She took him all, deep, his hot solidness striking deep inside her and then he groaned her name “Oh god, Claire” and throbbed, filling her with his seed as

she climaxed around him, desire bursting from every pore, his warm body pressed hard against hers as they came and then slowed together.

He rested on top of her for a minute, his cheek on one of her breasts, then he rolled off and she snuggled against him. She was no longer on the force. It had been impossible with her body's history and no proof that she had actually been swapped with Ella. Instead, armed with her knowledge of the law, she'd started working on her degree and gotten a job with a legal firm. Her breasts were more of a hindrance than an asset in this field, but she was sure it wasn't anything she couldn't overcome. She'd been through worse and come out on top...Or, on this particular occasion, on the bottom; didn't really matter as long as it was with Jake.

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