

## Deeper Undercover

Ivan remained hidden in the darkness between two grey-green sea containers as Ella led Claire past him and deeper into the bowels of the warehouse. Claire was on alert, peering into every corner, eyes constantly moving as Ella kept up a continuous stream of prattle to calm her own nerves.

“And the drugs are hardly ever late. Almost never. Because Ivan would fucking flip so they make sure to get here on time so I’m positive they’re coming in right here. Any minute now, really, just through here you should be able to see them. We’re gonna be the new fucking kingpins of New York!”

“You mean the queen-pins,” Claire replied, deadpan but still wary.

Ella’s chocolate-brown hair hung limply down her face and she pushed it out of her eyes as she paused to make sure Claire was still following her. The harsh sodium lights of the warehouse docks made Ella’s sallow face even paler and turned her already dark-ringed eyes into pits of blackness. Her body was a slender line, broken only by the swell of two fake breasts, and she was twitchy and nervous from her long-time drug habit.

Claire was a sharp contrast, all lean muscle and taut curves. Her blonde ponytail swished as she walked past Ivan’s hiding spot. Ivan’s cock twitched in his pants as he stared at her incredible ass swaying in those tight jeans. A pity that, as a cop, she was on the wrong side of the law. Ivan just couldn’t see himself falling for someone who worked for the same organization that had been trying to bring him down for months. He hadn’t become the third biggest drug supplier in the city by being stupid. He comforted himself with the thought that soon he’d be able to get a taste of that body practically any time he wanted.

One of Ivan’s connections down at police headquarters—a system admin with gambling debts Ivan had helped disappear—had warned him there was an undercover cop snooping around. Ivan’s sometimes-girlfriend Ella had befriended her, pretending a deep sympathy with the law and a desire to see Ivan taken down. She’d earned Claire’s trust by helping to bust a few of Ivan’s low-level dealers, a few crumbs he’d had to throw her way in order to reel in the big fish. Now, Ella had convinced Claire that there was an imminent shipment of drugs due to be delivered here tonight and Claire had showed up, evidently expecting to get enough evidence to take Ivan down. Little did she know what Ivan had in store for her.

“Ella,” Claire whispered when she got close, “Let’s calm down and stay quiet.”

“Sure. I’m calm. I’m always calm. They used to call me Silent Ella back at the house because I never made a peep. I can be quiet. Yeah.” Ella nodded vigorously. “You ready to be rich?”

Ivan was starting to regret withholding the hit of heroin from Ella prior to her doing this job, as the withdrawal symptoms were obviously making her jumpier and more fidgety than usual. Too late for that now. He’d seen Claire sending a message on her phone before entering the maze of boxes within the warehouse, probably to her colleagues nearby who’d be on high alert and ready to burst in when she gave the signal.

As Ella led Claire towards the center of the warehouse, Ivan slipped out from his hiding space and followed them. He held his gun in front, already cocked and loaded. His impeccably tailored suit highlighted his broad muscles, and he was impressively agile for such a burly guy.

Ivan followed the women as they weaved through the darkened warehouse, watching his little mouse get closer to the trap. As they neared the center, the dim glow of the lamps began to appear, accompanied by the low hum of a diesel generator. Ivan crept closer, still hidden by the darkness, as Ella turned the final corner into a little space that had been cleared out amid the boxes and cargo.

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. Dr. Vostock, 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 Claire hung back. Ella turned and smiled at her. Even Ivan could see that was too much, Ella's face shark-like and predatory. Instinctively, Claire took a step back. Ivan pressed his gun against her lower back and grabbed her in a chokehold.

"Going somewhere?" He growled in her ear.

The sweet scent of her floral shampoo filled his nose and his cock twitched again. He shoved her into the light and she just managed to keep her feet. Dr. Vostock turned at the sound of her gasp, his face registering surprise and worry. Didn't matter. He'd only be needed for a little while longer.

"Hello, Claire," Ivan said, stepping into the circle of light.

"I got her! I got her! I got her!" Ella was practically dancing with joy. Ivan turned an icy look on her and she went silent.

"Dr. Vostok, is the machine ready?" Ivan asked.

"I, uh, well, yes, but I must register again my displ—"

"Got it." Ivan cut him off and motioned Claire towards the nearest chair. "Sit down."

With a gun pointed directly at her, Claire complied. Reluctantly, she sat down in one of the seats hooked up to the machine. Ivan had Ella tie Claire's hands to the armrests with two thick pieces of rope and then pushed her head back, jamming a gag of rags in her mouth before Dr. Vostok nervously adjusted the straps of the helmet tightly over Claire's blonde hair. When it was done she couldn't even turn her head.

Dr. Vostok whispered something to her. Sentimental old fools was probably apologizing. Then the doctor stepped back and glared at Ivan.

Ivan ignored him and turned to Ella. "Your turn."

"What? But baby, I—"

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

"No, come on, I don't do good under pressure. I can't do this."

Ivan gripped her chin harder and she stopped babbling. He looked deep into her heavysset brown eyes and recognized the weakness there.

“Fuck it. If you can’t do the damn job I will.” Ivan gave his gun to Ella and sat in the chair on the other side of the machine facing Claire. “Tie me up nice and tight.”

She did so, and then Dr. Vostock adjusted the helmet over his head, his eyes flicking to Ella’s gun.

“Don’t fucking try it,” Ivan warned. “No quick moves. She’s a little twitchy.”

The doctor nodded. He knew better than to trust his life to some doped-up junkie like Ella.

With trembling fingers, the doctor pushed a series of buttons and the hum of the machine grew louder. Pressure began building in Ivan’s head. The force pounded against his skull, grew heavier, denser, and then there was an explosion—an impact felt rather than heard—as his consciousness was ripped from his body. For a second he floated weightlessly through the air, all sensations cut off, a being of pure thought. In less than a second, he was back down to earth.

The hard metal chair was back beneath his butt, the cold wood of the armrest beneath each hand. There was a metallic taste in his mouth. The world was fuzzy and nonsensical to his confused brain, and then it snapped back into focus.

He was on the other side of the room staring at a chair in which was tied a burly bald man in a suit. The man looked familiar and it took a second for Ivan to realize that it was him. His former body, at least. The sudden realization was hilarious and he laughed out loud, a high-pitched, giddy laugh.

Suddenly, Ella was leaning down in front of his face, her brow furrowed. “Ivan? Are you okay?”

“Feel like a whole new person.” Ivan laughed again at the sound of his lighter contralto voice.

“Extreme giddiness and loss of equilibrium are symptoms of the swap. They’ll pass in a minute as the minds adjust,” Dr. Vostock spoke up from behind Ella.

Ella undid the straps of Ivan’s helmet and cut him loose from the chair. Ivan tried to stand but immediately lost his balance and fell onto Ella. His whole proprioception was off, the space his body occupied felt wrong, and he was surprised Ella could hold him up before realizing he was much lighter now. He pushed himself off Ella with another laugh and stood, swiping the soft blonde hair that obscured his vision out of his eyes as he staggered across the room to where Claire sat, trapped in the chair and in Ivan’s old body.

His hips moved differently and his center of gravity was all wrong. It was like balancing on a log. With every step his body bounced in new and different ways, especially his chest. He looked down at himself and was greeted with the sight of Claire’s grey shirt, her breasts pressing out the fabric, so huge from his new perspective. He grabbed them, his tiny hands covering each breast to stop them from moving.

“Thanks for the tits,” Ivan said, squeezing them. “These are definitely going to come in *handy*. Get it?”

Claire struggled in her seat but couldn’t move, even with all of Ivan’s strength. Ivan turned to Ella and grabbed her hand before pulling her close to him. She gasped and then their mouths met. Ivan slipped his tongue against Ella’s soft lips, felt their breasts press together. A spark of warmth flared to life between his legs, not as immediately insistent as when he had a cock, but still pulling his thoughts like a magnet. He gazed into Ella’s eyes.

“You taste as delicious as ever.” Ivan said, stroking her cheek.

Ivan took the gun from her hand and turned to the doctor. “Unfortunately, Doc, I’m going to have to change the terms of our deal.”

Ivan shot the doctor twice in the chest and Dr. Vostock staggered back, falling against some boxes and then to the floor just outside the circle of light. Claire muffled a groan and Ivan turned to her, saw that her eyes were clear and bright again, fully cognizant of her situation.

“Now what are we going to do with you?” Ivan wondered aloud, caressing her cheek with the barrel of the gun. “Be a pity to kill such a beautiful specimen of a man. But you gotta do what you gotta do.”

He pressed the gun against her head and she shut her eyes. Ivan held the gun there for a beat until a thought hit him.

“Let me just leave you with a little parting gift.”

Ivan set the gun on the floor and pulled off his shirt. He dropped it to the floor and pushed the silky blonde hair out of his eyes before gazing down at his new body. Two wonderful breasts disappeared beneath a simple white bra. The curves were so elegant and he stroked himself, enjoying the softness of his skin, the way his feathery touch sent little shivers of pleasure through him. He watched as he made Claire’s fingers touch herself, roaming over her bra, squeezing until his fingers dimpled her gentle flesh and his body warmed. This was his body now, his tits, his pussy, to do with as he wanted.

He reached round and unstrapped his bra with some difficulty before shrugging it to the floor. His breasts bounced free and he gathered them in his hands, squeezing them again, fingers splayed over each one. They were taut and jiggled slightly beneath his touch as he ran his hands over them, squeezing them up against himself before dropping them and gathering them up again. His fingers found his nipples as they spiked into sharp points and he pinched them, too hard at first, gasping in an airy breath before laughing and trying again, softer this time, pulling them gently away from himself and releasing them to watch them snap back into place.

“Mmm,” he moaned in Claire’s throaty voice, “I’m going to enjoy having this body more than I thought. Let’s see the rest of it, shall we?”

Claire struggled in her chair, grunting around the rags as Ivan danced for her, swishing his hips back and forth as he pushed the jeans down his long legs and stepped out of them. Then he rolled the panties down his legs and ran a hand down his chest and over his ass, turning to admire himself, giving his butt a little smack and laughing as it jiggled slightly, accompanied by another burst of heat between his legs. Claire really did have an incredible body, muscular and lithe, and now he stared down at the light tuft of blonde hair between his legs, letting his hands trace down over his hips and across his mound.

God, he wished he had his dick so he could fuck this little pussy. Just the thought sent goosebumps across his body. Instead he used his fingers to stroke the line of his entrance up and down, watching his body respond, the pussy lips growing looser and opening for him as his cheeks burned with warmth. His other hand roamed through his hair and he threw back his head, enjoying the feel of his new contours, the silky hair, the wonderful airy sound of his little gasps. Oh, he was going to enjoy getting his hands on this undercover agent’s body. Claire was staring at him, hate in her eyes and a hardon in her pants.

“Not bad,” Ella said, appraising his body.

Ivan's other hand came up to a breast and he stroked it while allowing a finger to dip into himself, felt his pussy part for himself and then he landed on his new slick folds. Delicious waves of warmth flowed through his body. His fingers found his wetness and spread it up and down his entrance. The little pussy lips clung to his finger, so delicate to stroke.

He placed a foot up on Claire's lap so he could spread himself right in front of her eyes, show her her own bare pussy as he fingered himself. She couldn't move her head and her eyes were wide as she watched him manipulate her body, her cock excited at the sight of him despite herself.

Ivan saw her looking and his lips curled into a smile. He stroked his pussy faster, little fingers finding his slick clit and making his body pulse with delight. His breathing quickened, cheeks blushing red as his fingers slipped in deeper, past his waiting entrance and into his slick folds. He felt delicious, wet and hot, each motion driving the pulsing pleasure higher until he threw back his head and moaned, still caressing his breast as an orgasm shook him.

The slick sounds of his pleasure were so wonderfully enticing and he continued stroking himself down through the pleasure, his body never really resetting but reaching a plateau from which it was ready to rise again. He increased the pressure on his clit, fingers circling faster, and the pleasure rose instantly, faster and more urgent this time, erupting through him. He gasped as the electric pleasure filled him, jaw dropping open and a tiny moan escaping his lips as he squeezed his tit, enjoying the sight of the cop fingering herself for his own lust. The second orgasm was faster, longer than the first, and he plunged deep into his glorious heat, luxuriating in the slick press of his fingers inside his new body.

When he finally came down he pulled his fingers out of himself and sucked on them, much to Claire's disgust. Then, laughing, he removed his foot from her lap and patted her dick, then turned and got dressed. He handed the gun to Ella.

"Would you like to do the honors?" He asked.

Ella shook her head. "Nah, the bitch can burn."

She kicked one of the nearby electric lamps onto a nearby crate. There was a sharp sizzle and then a whoosh as some oily rags 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 leaving Claire still tied securely to her chair as the fire closed in.

Back at the police station, Ivan sat in front of the captain's desk, long legs crossed demurely, and relayed the tale he'd made up about fighting off the baddies and how they caused an accidental fire. After just a few hours in Claire's body he already felt confident, moving as if he'd owned it forever. Her partner, Jake, said nothing, just sat in the chair next to Ivan, nodding along.

"I tried to drag Ivan to safety but the fire was spreading too fast so in the end," Ivan shrugged, "I just had to save myself."

"Understandable," the captain said, leaning back and folding his hands over his fat stomach. "We've got forensics down there sifting through the ashes. If we find anything you'll be the first to know."

"Thank you," Ivan said, affecting the humility he assumed Claire would have.

It had all been so easy. No one questioned his version of events because there was no one *to* question them. Claire was dead and Ivan's former body gone with it. Ivan had stashed Ella in Claire's apartment, where she sat waiting for the next step in Ivan's plan. And Ivan was here in the heart of police headquarters with access to every file they had on his rivals.

When Jake and Ivan were dismissed they return to their desks.

"Are you really okay, Claire?" Jake asked. "I knew I should have stopped you. I had this feeling things were going to go wrong."

There was worry in his big brown puppy dog eyes. Even Ivan could admit Jake was a handsome man, with a chiseled jaw and dark good looks. Ivan could just about hear the sound of panties dropping whenever Jake walked into the room. Despite Jake's demeanor and his job, Ivan could sense a softer exterior, maybe even a deeper care for Claire than a traditional office relationship. Possibly even something Ivan could exploit.

"I'm okay, Jake," Ivan insisted, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind an ear. "I can handle myself."

"I know you can but you shouldn't have had to."

"It's done. Ivan's gone. I just want to move on." Ivan held Jake's eyes for a beat too long to be just a friendly glance, hoping he was hinting at something more.

"Okay." Jake finally said.

Claire's desk was next to Jake's and they were a study in contrasts. Her folders were organized neatly into piles, while his were strewn about, open to random pages. Jake sat and took up a yellow legal pad covered with his nearly illegible scrawl and began flipping through the folders on his desk.

Ivan tried to log in but the computer was password protected. Not wanting to draw any more sympathy or suspicion from Jake, Ivan ignored it for the time being and turned to the hard files on his desk. He took his time, trying to act like he knew what he was doing as he flicked through the

files, one by one. Here was all the information the cops had on his rivals in the two other syndicates. Rough sketches. Outlines of the hierarchy. Looked like the cops were still confused about who was in charge of what.

Well, Ivan could help with that.

He flipped through the folders until he found the name of one of the leaders and could plausibly bring it up to Jake.

“Hmm, this guy, Lucas Morley. His name comes up a few times. I think he’s deeper into this thing than we realize.”

“You checked him out, though. Remember?”

“Of course,” Ivan lied, “But something struck me as off about him.”

“You got a hunch?”

“Something like that.” Ivan smiled.

Within a week they’d almost decimated Morley’s operation, rolling up the small dealers, Ivan leading the way to locations and people on a series of “hunches”. Whatever he could plausibly link back to information already in the file. It was almost too easy. He just pointed the cops to a person and they’d swoop in, seizing the drugs.

Then, of course, Ivan would send Ella to fill the gaps in the street trade, plying her with heroin and a safe place to stay in order to act as the new head of his organization. People still wanted drugs and now there were fewer players. Ivan sent Ella out to make offers to the men who’d just had their leaders rolled. Join her or, well, no other option would do. Those that opposed her soon found themselves as suspects in an ever-larger police investigation.

Ella slipped into the role but it was still Ivan pulling the strings behind the scenes, warning his own people of imminent raids, shifting drugs to different warehouses as the cops closed in, staying one step ahead of his own investigation. Through it all he enjoyed waking to see Claire’s beautiful face in the mirror. It wasn’t bad looking like a hot blonde, her expressions his own, her body completely and utterly under his command. He also enjoyed taking Ella daily before work, the two of them licking and fucking each other to an orgasm or two to start the day.

Everything was going well until about a week and a half after the fire. Ivan and Jake were in the office. Ivan had convinced IT to reset his password and was trawling through the database when Jake spoke up.

“This is weird.”

“What’s that?” Ivan turned Claire’s big blue eyes to him.

“You said you left Ivan in the warehouse?”

“Yeah.”

“The investigation only found one body. They can’t identify him but what remains they could identify don’t match up with Ivan.”

Jake handed the file over. Ivan flipped through it. The body was a male. Slight build. Probably in his fifties. That had to be Dr. Vostock, which meant that Claire was still alive somehow.

“How many people did you say were there that night?” Jake asked.

“Well, uh, I only saw Ivan. But it was a big warehouse. There could have been more people hidden.”

“Huh.” Jake wondered.

Goddamnit.



Ivan returned home to Claire's apartment early and in a terrible mood. Ella was lounging on the couch, eating chocolates and watching trashy television. She was lying down, one long leg crossed over the other, a black midriff riding up and revealing a hint of her tits. She knew what Ivan liked and pleased him so he would feed her habit and not kick her back out to the streets. Despite her diet she had the heroin chic thing going on that was popular with models in the late 90s and was still popular with Ivan: dark, hollow eyes, angular face with a haunted look, slender body, big fake breasts.

She jumped to her feet when Ivan stomped in through the door. "Baby!" She cried, throwing her arms wide and assaulting him with a barrage of kisses.

"Yeah, yeah," Ivan said, but he didn't fight her.

Ivan enjoyed how she threw herself into his arms when he came in through the door, and their soft bodies simply fit together. He slipped his arm across her bare back and pulled her close, his tongue thrusting into her mouth as she melted into him, pawing at his breasts, anticipating his mood. Claire's body warmed easily to Ella's touch, and Ivan secretly delighted in controlling this feminine body from the inside, watching the two lesbians while also enjoying their pleasure.

"We got a problem," Ivan said between kisses.

"What is it, baby?" Ella wrapped her arms around him and pressed her forehead to his.

In Claire's body they were roughly the same height. Ella stroked a breast as he told her about the discovery.

"Claire's still alive," he finished, "Running around as me."

"Ooh," Ella said, pulling back. "Is that bad?"

"If she convinces Jake the machine is real this whole thing blows up in our faces real fucking quick. We gotta find her."

"Why not just put a hit out on her and let someone else do the dirty work?"

A smile crept across Ivan's face. "Shit, baby, the fuck didn't I think of that? Maybe being a woman's made me soft."

"I like you soft."

She kissed Ivan again and he gripped her tight and pulled her close, crushing their lips together. Claire's body was desperate, and Ivan felt his little pussy growing moist, a sensation that was still wonderfully novel. He ran his hands through Ella's hair, grabbing a handful. She gasped as he yanked her head back roughly and, with his other hand, pulled up her shirt to wrap his lips around her tits. She always did like it rough, and he nibbled her breast, licking her warm skin, sucking her nipple into his mouth and nipping it with his teeth as she gasped, her own hands coming down to stroke his breasts.

Ivan still loved the sight of tits, and a surge of warmth flitted through him at Ella's tangy taste, at the feel of her nipple on his tongue. He pushed her down the hallway and they threw off each other's clothes until they were both naked in the middle of the living room. Ella grabbed Ivan's tits and kissed them. He stared down at his breasts, secretly delighted to own such wonderful tits, to be able to touch them anytime he wanted. Ella suckled on each one, fingers circling around them, squeezing and caressing, gentle yet firm.

Ivan's body pulsed with warmth and his hand slid down his pants, fingers following the line of Claire's slit until he found his entrance. He stroked himself as Ella feasted on his breasts. His pussy lips parted for his finger and he dipped inside himself, coating his finger with his juices as he slid in and out of his velvety folds.

His breath came faster and his entire body was on fire with a desperate need. He yanked down his pants and grabbed Ella before falling onto the couch, pulling her down on top of him. Her squeal was cut off as he kissed her some more, their soft lips pressed together, body on body, breast resting on breast as their hands explored each other. Ivan grabbed Ella's hair again and spread his legs, pushing her down until her face was between his legs. She knew just what to do, opening her mouth and gliding her tongue up and down the swollen lips of his pussy, tasting his salty essence while he watched her with wide eyes.

Her tongue flicked against his clit, teasing him, sending bursts of heat through him and making him moan. His hands came to his tits, groping himself as Ella feasted on his delicious cunt, tongue moving faster over his slit until she flicked inside and pressed against his clit. Ivan moaned, bucking his waist up to meet her face as she licked and suckled him, using her fingers to help, pressing up inside him, stretching out the walls of his pussy with her tongue and fingers. She stroked in and out as her tongue massaged his clit until he exploded, crying out in Claire's desperate, throaty voice as he came.

The orgasm, as always, was tremendous, making him shiver from head to toe. Ella knew just how to treat his body and he felt himself up as she continued licking him, slower through the orgasm, almost pausing, and then picking up again as his body cooled only slightly, pleasure plateauing briefly before spiking once more beneath her agile tongue and fingers.

The second orgasm was quicker and longer than the first, and he gloried in his stolen pleasure, every inch of his new body on fire with delight and awe as he came, little toes flexing, fingers digging deep into his sensitive tits, eyes wide and staring as he made Claire touch herself and give in to his desires. It was almost as pleasurable watching this stupid cop bitch do his bidding and becoming his lesbian slut as it was to feel her pleasure from the inside.

When he was finally done he pushed Ella away. "No more," he breathed.

She climbed up him and kissed him, letting him taste his delicious tangy pussy on her lips, before she curled up against him, fingers tracing each breast one at a time.

The next day Ivan sent the word out, through Ella, that he was looking for the fake Ivan. If she was killed so much the better, but he wanted her flushed out of wherever she'd managed to hide. Ivan stopped by his old haunts on the premise of investigating the crime syndicates, bringing with him a squad of armored cops to burst down the door of some of his former safehouses. The loss of a couple of thousand dollars product and the jailing of a few members of his organization was worth it on the off chance that Claire was hiding out there pretending to be him as easily as he was pretending to be her. She wouldn't have any safe spaces for much longer.

In the end, Claire apparently decided it was safer to turn herself in, because that evening Ivan got a call from Jake.

"We got him!"

"Got who?" Ivan asked.

"Ivan. He turned himself in."

"What?" Ivan gripped the phone tighter.

"Get down here. He wants to talk."

"Right," Ivan growled. "Don't go in there without me. I want to see this asshole go down."

Ivan threw on some clothes and raced down to the police station where they were holding Claire. Jake was already there and the two of them entered the interrogation room together.

Ivan's old body—with Claire inside—sat on the other side of a small table, handcuffed to the metal chair in which she sat. His former body had a black eye but otherwise looked all right. Even his clothes were presentable. So who the fuck had been helping him? Claire looked up hopefully when the door opened, but the look grew guarded when Ivan stepped in and Claire saw her former body for the first time.

Jake and Ivan took a seat across from Claire, their backs to the two-way mirror. Jake dropped Ivan's file on the table with a satisfying thunk, though both Ivan and Jake—and possible even Claire—knew that most of the papers in the file didn't amount to much and were mostly for show. Ivan sat back and folded his arms beneath his breasts as Jake took his time flicking through the papers. Finally, Jake looked up at Claire.

"Smuggling. Money laundering. Drugs. You're a real Renaissance man, Ivan."

Claire shifted uncomfortably and glanced over at Ivan, who smirked at her.

"Can you—" Claire stopped and set her face into a scowl, changing tact, acting more like Ivan. She pointed to Ivan with her chin. "I'm not saying anything with her in the room."

"What's the matter, Ivan? You think my delicate sensibilities can't handle to hear about how you mutilated some of your enemies and gunned down their families?" Ivan asked.

"I've got plenty to tell," Claire growled, "Just not to you."

“You’ll fucking tell us or rot here until you do.” Ivan slammed the table.

Jake looked over at Ivan and then motioned with his head towards the door. They both rose and stepped out of the interrogation room, Jake closing it behind them.

“She’s really got it in for you for some reason,” Jake said.

“Seems that way. Let’s throw her in the jail now, let her think about it.”

“Hold on, I want to follow this out. Guy up as high on the organization as Ivan and he’s not asking for a lawyer? Something’s going on. He wants to talk.”

“Fuck whatever he wants to say.”

“This guy’s really gotten under your skin, huh, Claire?”

“You could say that.”

“Go sit behind the mirror and cool down. I’ll sound him out.”

“That’s a bad idea. Let me—”

“No, Claire,” Jake insisted, “If I need a bad cop I’ll call you in. I’m worried about you. You want to tell me what’s really going on here?”

Jake stared at him, his mouth a thin line. Seems ol’ Jackie boy really did have the hots for Claire.

“Fine,” Ivan finally said, “But don’t trust him.”

“Of course not.”

Jake waited until Ivan had slipped into the room behind the two-way mirror before returning to join Claire. Ivan watched from behind the glass, arms folded, gripping himself tightly. The speakers in the back room caught every word of the interrogation.

Claire looked calmer, but kept glancing over to the two-way mirror. She knew Ivan was watching her from behind it. When Jake sat down Claire leaned in close and began talking to him in a low voice. Ivan scanned the recording system for the volume knob and turned it up to try to make out what she was saying. She was talking fast, trying to get it all out:

“...unbelievable but it’s true. I am Claire. I went to the warehouse that night. It was a trap. There was a doctor. Dr. Vostock. He had a machine that could swap bodies and Ivan used it to swap with me, then he burned the place down. I got away—”

Jake sat back and rubbed his eyes. “Hold it. That’s convenient. You’re trying to tell me you’re not you?”

“No, I’m Claire!” She said, desperation in her eyes. “I can prove it. Remember that time you and I were working on the Estanova case and I...”

Ivan hurried out of the back room and swung open the door into the interrogation room before Claire could get much further. He motioned for Jake to join him and Jake pushed back his chair and came out into the hallway.

“We let him go on like this for much longer and he’s gonna have a hell of an insanity defense to fall back on,” Ivan said.

Jake ran his hands through his short black hair. “No kidding.”

“This is that feeling I had about him.”

“All right. Any ideas?”

“Let’s let him sit in a cell for a night. See if he talks any more sense in the morning.”

“Yeah. I guess. In the meantime maybe we shake up Ivan’s organization and see if anything falls out.”

“Jake,” Ivan said, touching his arm. “Thanks for talking me down back there. That asshole’s got in my head.”

“No problem. That’s what partners are for.”

“We work really well together,” Ivan said, staring into Jake’s big brown eyes and swiping Claire’s hair out of his own eyes. He bit his bottom lip, glanced down then back up, playing coquettish.

“Thanks for being such a good guy.”

Jake smiled. “Sure.”

Ivan needed Jake on his side. And if he had to use Claire’s body to do it that was a price he’d have to pay.

They arranged to have Claire stay in jail. Ivan accompanied her down to the cells, staying with her to make sure she didn’t try to convince Jake of what had happened. He made sure to point out to the guards how dangerous she was and that they were worried about her sanity, sowing the seeds of doubt so she wouldn’t have any sympathy. Jake and Ivan arranged to meet back at the cells in the late morning and see if Claire was talking any more sense.

Ivan couldn’t let her have that chance.

Ivan was at the station early the next morning. He bluffed his way back to the cells, claiming he was there to transfer Claire somewhere else. One of the guards unlocked the door to Claire's cell with a loud clank and she jumped awake, blinking blearily.

"Morning, sleepyhead, we're going for a ride," Ivan said

He forced Claire to her feet and cuffed her hands in front of her. Then he grabbed her arm and led her through the station. Some of the other officers turned to him, congratulating him on his recent string of busts.

"Yeah, it's easy if you get your ass off the desk once in a while," Ivan retorted to laughter from the assembled crowd. "Excuse me, some of us have work to do!"

He led Claire outside to his car and stuffed her in the backseat. He fell lightly into the driver's seat and started the car before turning around to face her. A metal grille blocked the front seat from the back.

"How's it feel being the bad guy?"

"Fuck you. They'll figure it out. You can't fake your way through my life."

"I already have, sweetie," Ivan said. "I've gotten real used to your life. And I've enjoyed playing with these." Ivan grabbed his tits and laughed then turned and flicked his blonde hair out of his face.

Ivan drove through the city, heading downtown.

"You can do so much with police power. I've knocked off most of my competitors. Your colleagues fucking love you for that. You're the super cop who's figure everything out. And then behind the scenes I step in to fill the holes. I'll be running this town within a month."

"How long do you think you can keep this up?" Ella sneered.

"Long enough," Ivan shrugged.

He continued winding his way down the city streets. Now they were past the shiny commercial district and heading into the seedy part of the city.

"Where are we going?" Ella asked, worried.

"Taking care of a little problem. I can't have you around telling my secrets. There's a chance the cops might actually start digging into it. So I'm going to kill you."

"You're going to kill yourself. Then you'll never get your body back."

"Don't need it anymore. Not when I'm my own hot piece of ass."

Ivan pulled into an alley and killed the car. He got out of the door and drew his gun, then came around the passenger door and opened it.

"Get out. Slowly. Can't have your blood on my car."

Claire scooted over, her face a mask of anger but not fear. Ivan took a step back as she unfolded from the backseat. She towered over him, menacing with his old muscles. He motioned with his gun for her to move down the alley and followed right behind her, the barrel of the gun hard up against her back so she couldn't run.

Claire stumbled and, for a split second, the gun left her back. Before Ivan could react, she 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 Ivan's stomach and twisted her arm behind her back, jerking Ivan's elbow up. With a gasp, Ivan dropped the gun and fell to the ground, the wind knocked out of him. Claire picked up the gun and leveled it at his head.

"What are you going to do?" Ivan sneered. "Shoot yourself?"

Claire cocked the gun. "If I have to."

Claire kept her eyes locked on Ivan 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.

"Fuck!" Ivan howled as she disappeared out of the alley and down the street.

He felt for his phone before realizing he'd left it in the car. Damn these pants with small pockets. With no other option, he began the long journey uptown, hurrying as fast as he could. It took an hour to get back to headquarters and by the time he arrived he was sweaty and pissed off. Ivan stomped to his desk but was intercepted by Jake, who took him by his arm and steered him into a small supply closet where they were jammed together.

"Where's Ivan? They said you transferred him but there's no log of it. The captain's pissed. What the hell happened?"

"I took him for a ride. Tried to scare him into confessing. I threatened to dump him in Chinatown and let his rivals take care of him but..." Ivan sniffed, drawing out his lie, playing on Jake's affection for Claire. "He escaped. Stole my car. Oh, God, Jake, I fucked up."

Ivan launched himself into Jake's arms, clutching his body and pressing against him. Jake rubbed his back. "It's okay. We can fix this."

Ivan pulled away and gazed into Jake's eyes. "We can't tell the captain. Not yet. Let's get Ivan back first."

"Ok. But you can't stay here, they'll ask questions. I'll drive you home."

Ivan thought of Ella waiting at Claire's apartment. "Not my home. My...sister's visiting. I can't deal with her right now. Take me to your place." The lie came so easily.

Jake hesitated, and for a moment Ivan thought he'd gone too far, but soon Jake agreed. They slipped out the back of the station without being stopped and returned to Jake's place. On the way, Ivan feigned anger at himself for being so careless. Jake was uncharacteristically quiet, glancing over at Ivan every once in a while. When they got to Jake's building, Jake let them inside his apartment and paused in the doorway.

"I'll check in on you in a little bit once I've figured out a story."

"Wait, Jake," Ivan moved closer, resting his hand on Jake's broad chest. "Stay with me," he whispered.

“I...” Jake began, but Ivan stopped him by kissing him on the lips, wrapping his arms around Jake and pulling him close until their bodies pressed together, Ivan’s breasts resting against Jake.

Jake paused only a second and then kissed him back, hard, making Ivan take two steps back until he was up against the wall. Jake’s lips crushed against his, Jake’s hands greedy for Claire’s body in a torrent of pent-up yearning. Ivan gasped into Jake’s mouth as Jake yanked open Ivan’s top and grabbed a breast.

The weight of Jake on him, the heaviness of Jake’s palm covering Ivan’s tender breast sent a flare of desire through Ivan’s body. He scrambled for Jake’s shirt, yanking the buttons apart until he could reach the chest. He pressed his hands against Jake’s warm flesh as Jake’s tongue slid into his mouth, desperate and eager.

They tossed off their clothes as they hurried down the hallway, Ivan’s top and bra landing on the couch, Jake’s pants over the kitchen table, until they tumbled into bed together naked. Ivan was on top, still kissing madly as Jake’s cock grew, pressing against Ivan’s thigh. Ivan’s breasts rested on Jake’s chest and he pushed himself up and stared down at Jake, Claire’s beautiful tits swinging beneath his nose.

Jake took one and sucked on the nipple, making Ivan gasp as the warm heat of Jake’s breath splashed across his skin. He felt the tongue on his nipple, sliding around, then Jake sucked on him. Ivan rocked back and forth, his pussy growing wet as he watched Jake suck on his tit. His whole body was on fire. And now Jake’s cock rested between his legs, their heat joining together.

Ivan felt his pussy parting, felt himself growing wet and he slid his pussy over Jake’s shaft, grinding against the underside of Jake’s cock, lubricating Jake with his juices and teasing his sensitive little clit. Every time Jake’s cockhead slipped over Ivan’s clit he shivered, each wave growing on the next. And still Jake feasted on his tits, moving back and forth, greedy for Claire’s delightful body.

Jake reached between his legs, felt Jake’s cock on one side, his own wet pussy on the other. He let his fingers explore himself first, stroking into his velvety folds. He was sopping wet, Claire’s body so needy and ready for this. Ivan had yet to experience any cock inside his new pussy, but now he grabbed Jake’s dick and aimed it for his entrance.

Ivan shifted until the cockhead pressed up against his entrance and his lips slowly parted for the dick. His back was arched, beautiful ass in the air. He could see himself in Jake’s bathroom mirror and he admired the beautiful curve of Claire’s body, horny for himself. He sank down slowly, the pressure building until Jake slipped in, ushering a gasp from Ivan’s lips. Ivan sank down gratefully on Jake’s dick, feeling it stretch out his pussy, the wonderful walls of his cunt gripping the shaft as he lowered himself down, down each incredible inch until he was full.

Ivan sat up, forcing Jake’s cock deep, and took his tits in his hand, squeezing himself, playing with his breasts as he grinded back and forth on top of Jake. Jake gripped Ivan’s hips and stared up at him, watching him play with his tits. Ivan smiled down, fingers magical on his skin, plucking his nipple, digging his fingers into his skin until it hurt before releasing his tits and letting them bounce down his chest.

He leaned back and looked down at his pretty cunt, enjoying the sight of a hard dick inside him, his velvety pink pussy lips gripping the shaft with each motion. God, Claire had a body that needed to fuck, and Ivan was so turned on watching it happen, feeling the shaft thrust into his tight little pussy. He moaned and dropped one tit so he could play with his clit, rubbing himself as pleasure exploded through him.



He came quickly, quivering around Jake's dick and moaning, his head thrust back, mouth open. The pleasure blasted through him and Jake felt it, slowing his thrusts briefly as Ivan came and recovered. Then Jake thrust up into Ivan once more, the pressure building quicker this time.

"Oh, fuck this bitch's pussy," Ivan moaned, gripping his tits and grinding harder onto Jake.

The tip of Jake's dick pounded against Ivan's inner pleasure and then throbbed inside. Ivan came again, Jake coming with him this time, thrusting up as Ivan drove down, willing the dick ever deeper, yearning to pound his tight pussy, to fill himself on the hot seed as it throbbed inside him. He could feel the hot seed filling him, each pulse bringing with it a delicious heat that drove him into a frenzy of pleasure. Jake grunted, emptying himself into Claire's body until Ivan was full.

Ivan sighed and opened his eyes. His cheeks were red, his eyes bright as he grinned down at Jake, his pussy still hot with Jake's cum. He dragged his blonde hair back out of his eyes and rolled off Jake.

"Fuck, that was amazing." Ivan laughed.

Jake watched him, a quizzical look on his face.

"What's wrong?" Ivan asked.

"Nothing." Jake shook his head and rolled off the bed. "I better wash off before I go back to work."

Jake went into the bathroom and closed the door. Ivan gazed around the room, his body still coming down. There was a desk in the corner, some papers spread out on it, along with some familiar files. Ivan heard the sound of the shower coming on, and he hurried over to the desk, flipping through the files and Jake's notes. One sheet of paper had a name circled in the middle: Dr. Vostock. Ivan narrowed his eyes and scanned it. Seemed like Jake *had* been following up on that little lead. He'd found out that Dr. Vostock had a daughter. Laura. And he had her address.

That needed to be cleaned up quickly before Jake could find out any more. Ivan gathered his clothes and got dressed before knocking on the door of the bathroom.

"Jake?" He called through the closed door. "I've got to go. I've just had an idea. I'll meet you back at the office."

Ivan thought he heard Jake calling for him to wait but he was already out of the bedroom and hurrying down the hallway. He needed to get to Laura Vostock right now.

Ivan lost precious time having to return to Claire's apartment to get Ella. She wasn't happy to be dragged out of the place when she was just about to settle down for her evening hit, but Ivan needed her. If Laura did have another machine he'd use it to steal her body and throw off Jake's investigation. If not he'd tie up a loose end.

"Fine, fine, I'm coming," she whined, shrugging off Ivan's arm as he tried to pull her towards the door.

She ran her hands through her tangled black hair in an effort to smooth it out but soon gave up. Then she stumbled sullenly down the hallway and out to the street, where Ivan hailed cab to get them to Laura's address. The cab driver was hesitant to go to the outskirts of the city, but Ivan flashed his badge and that shut him up.

About forty-five minutes later they pulled up to a decrepit townhouse in a seedy neighborhood. A single light shone from a curtain-shrouded upstairs window. The cab drove away quickly after they stepped out. It wasn't the type of neighborhood to hang around in.

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

"Laura Vostok?" Ivan 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 Ivan heard footsteps approaching 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 Ivan from the shadowed doorway.

"What do you know about my father?"

"We have questions about some of his research. Can we come in and talk to you?" Ivan asked, still brandishing his badge and attempting a reassuring smile.

The young woman withdrew into the shadows and opened the door. Ivan stepped through with Ella following behind. As soon as the young woman saw Ella 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. Ivan and Ella gave chase as Ivan called out: "Wait! I can explain!"

Laura dashed into a room and slammed the door behind her. Ivan and Ella came up and stopped just outside. Ivan looked at Ella and held up his hand for her to wait.

"Laura," Ivan said in his best calm cop voice, "This isn't the woman you think it is. This is my partner. She's a cop. Her body was stolen using your dad's machine."

Ella cocked her head and opened her mouth to say something but Ivan clamped his hand over her mouth and whispered in her ear: "Play along."

Ella nodded and Ivan released his hand.

"It's true," Ella said to the closed door. "They tried to kill me. They destroyed the machine, and now I'm stuck as...this woman forever."

"I'm sorry," Ivan said, "But you're father's been murdered and the people who did are probably on their way over here right now."

They could hear Laura's muffled sobbing from behind the door.

"I'm sorry," Ella said again.

The door swung open. Laura Vostok stood in the doorway, tears running down her cheeks. Her frizzy auburn hair was a mess and she looked like she hadn't slept in days. She eyed Ella carefully. Finally, she said: "I knew...I knew they did...but hearing it..." She choked back another sob. "But you're wrong."

"About what?" Ivan asked warily, his fingers slipping down to rest on the gun at his side.

Laura ignored him and fixed Ella with a stare. "You're wrong about being stuck. There's a prototype swapping machine downstairs. I brought it here myself."

They returned down the steps. The stairs ended at the front door, with a long hallway running down one side. It was down this hallway they followed Laura 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.

Ivan followed Laura into a room that held stacks of books, haphazardly arranged in piles. Amongst it all was a tangle of wires connecting two crudely fashioned helmets. The wires fed into a metal box that was studded with dials and buttons. The basic version of the more complex machine at the warehouse.

"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."

Ivan examined the metal box. "How does it work?"

"Pretty simple really. You put the helmets on and push these switches..." Here she pointed to two switches on the box, "And when it lights up you push the green button. This machine didn't have any of the fail safes of the other one. Means it's easier but a little more crude."

"Seems simple enough," Ivan agreed. "Put a helmet on. You too, Ella."

"What?" Laura turned to see Ivan brandishing his gun at her. The blood drained from her face and then her eyes rolled back in her head and she slumped to the floor.

Ivan attached the helmet to Laura and looked up to see Ella staring at him. "What?" He growled. "You're getting a new body out of this. And one that's not too bad, at that," he added, prodding Laura's slim calf.

"Ivan, baby, I don't know."

Ivan approached her with his best smile and stroked her cheek. "You can be free of your addiction and we can be together." He kissed her and she closed her eyes, savoring the taste of him on her lips. When he pulled back she nodded and put the helmet on.

Laura was just beginning to stir when Ivan flicked the switches on the box. There was clunking whir and Ivan backed away as sparks flew from the machine. A grinding hiss filled the air, and then Ella's eyes went wide and she backed away until she bumped into the wall. She stared down at her hands in dismay, laughing hysterically. Her hands flew over her body, across Ella's fake breasts and into her hair, which she grabbed and yanked.

"I can't believe I trusted you!" She laughed, the temporary hysteria from the swap setting in.

Ella was starting to regain consciousness in her new body as Laura rushed towards Ivan. He pushed her away and she stumbled into a pile of books and careened into the wall before crashing, motionless, to the ground. The air smelled of smoke. Turning, Ivan saw that the sparks from the machine had set fire to some of the dusty books. But before he could even think to do anything about that the front door slammed open.

"Laura?" A male voice called out.

Ivan recognized the voice as belonging to Jake.

Laura was lying still beneath the pile of books and Ella was now standing on weak knees in Laura's body, staring down at her new self. With Jake coming down the hallway Ivan's options were limited. He fixed a smile to his face and flung himself out into the hallway, laughing hysterically. He clung on to the wall, jiggling with laughter. Turning his head, Ivan saw Jake and Claire—still in Ivan's body—coming down the hall towards him. Jake had his gun drawn.

"She stole my body!" Ivan cackled as he stumbled towards Jake.

Ivan fell into Jake's arms, clinging to his shoulders. Jake supported him, dropping his gun to his side to do so. Ivan's old body looked wary but confused, glancing from Ivan back down the hall to the door, where the light of the flames threw flickering shadows out into the hallway.

"Who's are you? Who else is here?" Claire asked.

"I'm Laura," Ivan said. "Laura Vostock. Two women burst in and took my bodyyyyyy..." He let the last word descend into mad laughter.

Jake gently pushed Ivan off him and leaned him up against the wall. "Stay here. We'll get your body back."

Jake raised his gun and proceeded quickly down the hallway, Claire following after. Jake stepped around the wall, pointing his gun into the room. "Don't move!"

With Jake and Claire occupied with Laura and Ella, Ivan drew his gun and snuck up behind Claire. He swung the butt of his gun against the back of Claire's skull and she dropped to the floor with a low grunt. Jake swung back around but it was too late, Ivan had the muzzle of his gun pressed against Jake's chin.

"Drop it," He hissed.

Jake dropped the gun to the floor with a clatter. The flames had caught a few more piles of books on fire and it was growing hotter, the flames now reaching the far wall. Ella stared at Ivan.

"Put the helmet on him," Ivan said. "Hurry."

Ella grabbed one of the helmets and attached it to Jake's head. Then on Ivan's orders she strapped herself into the other one. Ivan maneuvered Jake over to the machine, the gun still to his head, and

flicked the switches. Jake ducked out of Ivan's arms and grabbed the gun but it was too late, the machine whirred to life and Jake's knees turned to jelly. He dropped to the floor, pulling Ivan down on top of him.

By the time Ivan untangled himself from Jake's arms the flames were now licking hungrily at the ceiling and thick smoke filled the air. Jake's eyes were open, his body now inhabited by Ella, and she laughed as Ivan dragged her further from the flames, using all Claire's strength to do so. The flames engulfed the metal control switch. The fire was growing on itself, feeding on the dry books and old wood.

"Grab him and get out of here," Ivan said, pointing to his former body, which was still passed out in the middle of the doorway.

Ella pushed herself to Jake's feet and stumbled to Ivan's body. She grabbed hold of his arms and began dragging him down the hallway. Meanwhile, Jake had unclipped his helmet from Laura's frizzy hair and started towards Ivan, a leering grin on Laura's face. Ivan pointed his gun at Jake and he stopped.

"Grab Laura and get her out of here," Ivan motioned to the corner, where Ella's body was beginning to stir. "Unless you want to be responsible for her death."

Jake hesitated, and for a second Ivan wondered whether he would sacrifice Laura in an attempt to save himself. But his instincts kicked in and he helped Laura to her feet and, both of them stooping beneath the thick smoke, guided her down the hallway. Ivan came last, leaving the room just as the flames licked the ceiling and began spreading through the house. The heat followed him down the hallway, billowing out into the street.

Ivan's former body was handcuffed face down on the lawn, a triumphant Ella—in Jake's body—standing over her. Jake set Laura down on the ground as Ivan came up to him.

"You're all under arrest," Ivan grinned.

The sound of sirens carried through the air as the house burned behind him, the roof collapsing, destroying the last remaining copy of the swap machine.

“With Ivan Jovovich’s arrest we’ve effectively shut down eighty percent of the drug trade in and out of the city.”

Ivan and Ella stood behind the captain as he addressed the television cameras. Both of them looked immaculate in their uniforms—and in the police bodies of Claire and Jake—as the captain pinned a badge to each of them and shook their hands.

The fire at the building had captured the attention of the news after it had been linked to Ivan and the drug trade. Despite any slipups in the process—and despite the incoherent ramblings of Claire and Jake who insisted they weren’t who they looked like—the department had closed ranks and sold the whole operation as a success. Ivan and Ella were promoted, which gave them even more access to the police files and let them expand their drug trade under different aliases. With all the resources of the police department at their disposal they shut down their rivals and confounded any investigation into their own roles in the deals.

After the press conference they stopped by the cells where Jake and Claire were being held, ostensibly to check up on them but really there to brag. They’d be going to jail for a long time even if they tried to plead insanity. As for Laura, she was easily bought off with the heroin her new body craved, willing to do anything—and anyone—just for another hit.

When Ivan and Ella had finished gloating they returned to Jake’s apartment. Ella wasn’t quite used to being male and had a hard time taming the desperate desire she felt for Ivan once they were home and alone. Fortunately, Ella’s new body fit Ivan’s perfectly, and they enjoyed many hours of pleasure fucking in front of the mirrors, watching their stolen bodies take and be taken, riding their new pleasure for the rest of their lives.