



# EXILE OF THE MIND

*Shadow Protocol*

PART 1

MtF SWAP

# IN WILDS

# Exile of the Mind: Shadow Protocol 1

Exile of the Mind, Volume 1.1

M Wills

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EXILE OF THE MIND: SHADOW PROTOCOL 1

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Written by M Wills.

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# Shadow Protocol

## Prologue

Taron led the way around the twisted chunks of metal and thick girders rising up into the darkness to either side of the derelict road. Flickering security lights did little to dispel the gloom. Collapsed buildings wrapped in moss roughly framed the wide road that used to be the main transport artery in the early days of the Lockesburg colony. These levels had been largely forgotten as the colony rose higher and higher into Triton's atmosphere. Lower even than the lowest of the lows, these were the Depths. The only thing deeper were the Caverns where the mining operations took place. Even in the Depths, the rumble of heavy equipment in the Caverns could sometimes be felt through the soles of his shoes.

Taron paused, waiting for his friend, Milo, to catch up. He looked down at the vidscreen set in his forearm band to confirm they were heading in the right direction.

"We almost there?" Milo panted when he finally stumbled up to Taron.

Milo ran a hand through his short black hair and took another swig of the cheap liquor before passing it to Taron. They were both buzzed and full of bravado when they accepted this dare, and a steady supply of liquid courage saw them press on into the darkness. Every now and then Taron would pause and duck behind some debris, imagining he heard the buzz of a security or engineering patrol.

Milo was shorter and stockier than his friend, his face still holding onto the boyish chubbiness of his youth, his skin the color of fall straw. Taron was a pale, wiry beanstalk, heavily freckled and with a shock of red hair. Childhood friends, they'd never done anything as bold as to sneak past the security barriers into the Depths before. But now they picked their way through, following the rumors towards money and adventure.

Up ahead, a red glow flickered from around the corner, making excitement rise in Taron's throat.

"We're here!"

They turned the corner to find one of the rare intact structures. A low slung building with windows boarded up and the huge sliding front door sitting permanently ajar. Above the entrance, neon signs proclaimed this to be "Wynne's Cornerclub". The building was no longer listed on any

municipal inventories, and was powered by stolen electricity. As the two twenty-one year olds moved closer, the booming bass of dance music from inside could be felt in the ground.

Taron held out his hand and Milo passed him the bottle with the last of the alcohol. The orange liquid burned in his throat and warmed his belly, making the world fuzzy and calm. He smashed the bottle on the ground and, wiping his mouth, strode towards the entrance, faking a confidence to mask his fear. Milo scuttled quickly behind.

Stepping through the fractured doors, they found the interior dim and dark as the outside. The walls were lined with repurposed cryo-pods and biochairs patched with stolen tech. Dark shapes of people could be seen floating within some of the pods. This was one of the outposts of the Outfit, a gang who had supposedly reverse engineered mind isolation tech. Unlike the original technology, which had been intended to remove mind from body, rumor was that the Outfit used it for full consciousness exchange between individuals.

As Milo and Taron stepped in, Taron sensed the presence of heavy thugs within the dark shadows to either side. The music cut out suddenly, the click of plasma rifles being cocked loud in the sudden silence. At the center of the room were the two twins, Rav and Ali, the Outfit's ringleaders. Tall, sun-leathered men with grins too wide and eyes too dark. The Outfit's signature tattoo—a black swirl—curled around their right eyes. They were reclined in the biochairs, heavily-booted feet crossed in an air of total relaxation. They looked up at the newcomers without a hint of surprise.

“We heard you're paying for transfers,” Taron said, puffing up his chest.

“We want in,” Milo jumped in, standing tall, not to be outdone by his friend's bravado even though he was trembling.

“What do you think?” Ali asked, grinning at his twin.

“Let's take a look,” Rav said, before hopping out of the chair and coming towards them.

He peered at each of them closely as Ali slouched in his biochair, seemingly unconcerned as he lazily twirled a small, deadly-looking knife. Rav prodded Milo's chest. Squeezed Taron's shoulder. Peered into each of their eyes. Finally, he nodded.

“I reckon we could use these two bodies.”

“They look quite innocent, you know,” Ali said, a mocking tone in his voice.

“They do,” Rav grinned. “Enthusiastic but innocent. Seven days might fix that.”

Milo swallowed nervously.

“Great,” Taron said. “We want to be—”

Rav fixed him with steely grey eyes. “Thought you’d pick your bodies?” Rav barked a harsh laugh. “Nah, lads. That’s not how this works. You want to play adult games then you roll our dice.”

Taron was aware of movement behind him. The Outfit’s thugs blocking the exit. Ali slid off his biochair and gestured for the two young men to take a seat. The only way out was through. Milo seemed to sense the same thing. Instead of protesting, the two young men sat in the proffered biochairs.

Locks clamped their arms suddenly into place. There was a whir as some sort of large helmet dropped down over their eyes. Taron gritted his teeth. Milo sucked in a breath.

There was a pulse of light. A snap. A strange, buzzing hollowness.

It was like waking up, but with no sense of having fallen asleep. The helmet retracted with a whir. The arm locks snapped away.

Taron rubbed his wrist and glanced down to survey his new body, freezing in shock. His new hands were slender, the nails elegantly curved, the skin a deep caramel. Two huge breasts pressed up beneath a dark leather top.

Ali’s face appeared as he leaned in from above. “There she is. Come on up, sweetheart.”

Ali offered his hand. Taron, still reeling, took it and was helped to his feet. He noticed the shift in balance, the difference in weight distribution, the loss of height. He stared down at his new frame. It was soft in all the places his wasn’t: full hips, gigantic butt, a chest he immediately looked away from.

Across from him stood what must have been Milo, changed just as dramatically into a voluptuous, curvy black woman. A grey top with a plunging neckline revealed heavy, ripe breasts. Dark hair spilled down in a waterfall down his back. His lips were plump and full. Eyes big and brown. Face soft.

Neither of the women the young men inhabited appeared to be gang members. Their skin was unmarked and flawless. More likely they were girlfriends. Or prostitutes. Not at all the roguish thugs they wanted to

transfer into. The shame and fear of instant regret settled into the pit of their stomachs.

Ali leaned in to the two of them. “Seven days,” he said. “Live in those skins. Return on the eight day and we might just let you turn back and claim your reward. In the meantime...” Ali smacked Taron’s fat butt, making him jump. “Your original bodies will be doing some jobs for us.”

“Drake,” Rav said to one of the armed men in the shadows. “See them back to the lows.”

As Taron left he took a last look back and saw his former body standing up from the biochair and wiggling its fingers, a wicked smile on its face.

Returning home was a nightmare. Taron’s parents—embarrassed and furious—locked him in his room. Pent up in his room with nothing to do but look at his new body through his enticing, almond-shaped eyes, he grew curious. His clothes wouldn’t fit, the pants too small to stretch over his rotund ass and wide hips. The shirt looked ridiculous when he finally wiggled into it. It stretched so tight across his tits it hurt and made them stand out, the heavy weights like two mountains on his chest, the bottom of the shirt loose and dangling against his stomach from where it fell like a waterfall over his tits. And they jiggled *all the time*. As did his butt.

Everything was jiggly and wiggly. Enticingly so. Taron was both embarrassed and fascinated with his new body. He experimented with how it moved. Naked and crouching on all fours on the bed he wiggled his butt cheeks, first one then the other, making them twitch before making them bounce in rhythm, the beautiful ass cheeks rippling beneath his control. The sight turned him on and he couldn’t help imagining the ripple of that weighty ass if someone else were pumping into him from behind. He tossed his hair back behind his head, let it fall in waves down his face as he continued rocking his ass, watching himself in the mirror, a pleasant heat invading his body. God, what a sight. Not that he wanted to fuck a guy, but he wouldn’t mind seeing this hot body get fucked.

On the morning of the second day in his room, even playing with his body couldn’t help Taron pass the time. He shook his butt and watched his chest bobble, but was hesitant to do much else, even as part of his mind screamed to touch himself and an unfamiliar heat filled him and made him antsy. Finally, Taron tried to escape through the bathroom window as he sometimes did but got stuck. His new big butt and thick thighs just

wouldn't fit. When he finally cried for help, his sister filmed the entire embarrassing rescue of his half-naked body and shared it with her friends.

Milo's mother cried. His younger brother laughed until he was breathless. Milo resolutely refused to tell his family the true story, though he did frame it as an act of bravery among his friends online.

As the days passed, embarrassment gave way to awkward curiosity. Milo explored his new voice. Became aware of the way strangers looked at him. At the balance shift in his limbs. The motion of his body. The depth of emotion that came with the hormonal difference.

He, too, failed to fit into his old wardrobe. His tits were even bigger than Taron's (though his ass was smaller), dangling in his way all the time and everything he tried to wear looked ridiculous on his stacked Black body.

As Milo and Taron settled in, the curiosity became tempting. They still had their male desires, now turned upon their new bodies. When Taron's parents finally let him leave the house he escaped to Milo's place and they locked themselves in Milo's room. Their parents had broken down and paid for fabricated undergarments and basic clothes to fit their new bodies.

Now the guys stripped off their clothes and stared at each other in just a bra and panties.

"Oh my god, your tits are fucking huge," Taron giggled, as he jiggled Milo's bra straps and watched Milo's tits move like a marionette. The sight was mesmerizing. Delicious. He wanted to thrust his face between those pillowy tits.

"You should talk," Milo replied. "Look at that ass."

Milo reached around to slap his friend's ass. Taron laughed and reached for him. Their warm bodies pressed close. Milo ran his hand around Taron's ass to his thigh, caressing him softly as he gazed down at his friend's enormous tits. They hung invitingly from his chest, the cups barely holding the enormous weight.

Taron slid his hand down between Milo's legs, fingers gently stroking the silky panties. Milo cooed softly and froze, his body shivering at his friend's light touch. There was a strange ache in his core, a longing in his fingers to touch, to stroke. Taron was suddenly aware of every point that Milo's body pressed against his. Something was happening between his legs. A strange tingling warmth. A liquid desire gathering there.

The guys pulled apart, blushing and awkward, avoiding each other's gazes as they hastily put their clothes back on.

"I don't want to do anything inappropriate in this body," Milo said.

"Yeah, me neither," Taron agreed. "I don't like it."

"Yeah, being a woman sucks." Milo said it without conviction.

Taron opened his mouth, maybe to correct him, then closed it again. He was too nervous, too awkward to admit his feelings to his friend. To admit to the desperate curiosity that inflamed him and made him wet.

They swore to each other they wouldn't do anything 'inappropriate' in their bodies. Or with each other.

By day five they weren't so sure.

# 1

Bolts of plasma whizzed past the rocky outcrop where the squad lay, pinned down by rifle fire on two sides. Henry Withers—code named Vireo—leaned against the volcanic rock, his head down as his visor projected the battlefield map onto his lap. Red for the enemies. Blue for the friendlies. Too many of the former and not enough of the latter.

Dice, the leader of this small Guardian squad, tried again to get help on his comms.

“I repeat, we are pinned down. Backup needed.” Dice said.

He knelt beside Henry, the smooth black metal of his Guardian armor pockmarked with dents from the small arms fire and cracked at the knee from a direct plasma rifle hit.

“That’s a negative, Dice,” Lieutenant Alero drawled in his southern accent, making Dice’s name sound like ‘Dahss’. “I got no one ta spare. Y’all just gonna have ta make do ‘til reinforcements get here.”

Dice cut comms and swore. “Fucking useless. We’ll be dead by the time reinforcements arrive.”

The other three members of the squad peered around nervously as the enemies closed in.

“What do we do?” One yelled at Dice.

Dice gritted his teeth and looked to Henry. “What do you got?”

“Neither of the enemy squads have visual on the other in this terrain. Gold team needs to slip in behind the east squad and take them out, then pretend to pin us down as they advance on the west squad.”

“Alero’s too chickenshit to move his men in.”

“Then I’ll do it for him.”

Before Dice could respond, Henry tapped some keys on his wrist controller, separating Alero’s comms onto its own frequency and blocking him from the rest of gold team. Then Henry perfectly mimicked Alero:

“Gold team, this is Alero,” Henry drawled as Dice stared at him. “Y’all are to move ta tha following coordinates and neutralize the enemy squadron there. Then red team’ll play possum while y’all move up towards the west enemy squad. Pretend to pin ‘em down ‘til you’re in position and then switch fire to west enemy on my mark.”

“Roger, sir,” the gold team leader responded.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing, Vireo?” Dice demanded.

“Do you want to win this thing or not?” Henry asked.

A few seconds later, Alero’s voice boomed over what he thought was the shared frequency.

“Gold team! Maintain your position. Ah said maintain!”

“They can’t hear you, sir,” Henry said in his normal voice. “Their comms appear to be down.”

The barrage of fire to their left disappeared suddenly as the enemy squad was taken out. It resumed seconds later, though the plasma blasts no longer whizzed so close to their position.

“Alero said—” Dice began.

“Alero’s an idiot.”

“Who said that?!” Alero raged over the comms.

“Sorry, sir, didn’t catch that,” Henry said, grimacing as he realized he’d left his comms open. “Our comms is on the blink as well.”

As Henry and the squad watched gold team’s advance on the HUD, Alero kept up a steady stream of profanity over the comms. When at last gold team was in position, Henry gave the order—once again in Alero’s voice—and they fired on the remaining enemy position as gold team maneuvered around to catch them in a pincer.

When the last of the enemy team was destroyed, the volcanic landscape morphed into green gridlines and then the blank expanse of the vast simulation chamber. The door at the far end rumbled open and Alero stormed in.

“Vireo. What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Winning, sir,” Henry replied, casually. “That was the point of this simulation right? Win by any means necessary?”

Alero’s face turned purple with rage. “With me. Now!” He growled.

Henry stood and shrugged to his fellow squadmates before following Alero out.

Less than twenty minutes later Henry had shed his armor and was in his dress blues, marching down the corridor of the UN war ship *Hamlet* behind Alero. Henry had no idea that a court martial could be convened so quickly, but apparently Alero could pull a lot of strings. And Henry had made a lot of enemies. He tried to mentally marshal his arguments as Alero led him along.

“You’ll be spending the rest of this trip doin’ hard labor on the surface,” Alero said with a satisfied smile.

“I wasn’t aware they court martialed soldiers for being successful,” Henry said, unable to help himself.

Alero stopped and turned suddenly. “Ah’ve had it up to here with you, soldier. Identification theft is no laughing matter.”

“Identification theft?” Henry asked.

“This isn’t the first time you’ve impersonated another soldier.”

It was true. Henry got a lot of laughs from impersonating his fellow soldiers and commanding officers in the mess hall. He could perfectly ape the slouch and throaty growl of Sergeant Lokor, the haughty demeanor of Captain Tressle, the sleepy insouciance of Corporal Rimmer. Today hadn’t even been the first time he’d used his skills in a training exercise. Just the first time he’d gotten caught.

“Stealing the identity of a fellow soldier. Belittling command. Being detrimental to team morale.”

“Sir, I—”

“Save it,” Alero spat. He stopped at the doors of the administration chambers and turned to face Henry. “The court is gonna eat you alive. And then Ah’ll personally escort you down to the mines and put the shovel in your hand.”

With that, Alero turned sharply. The chamber doors slid open and the two men stepped through. But Alero stopped in his tracks so quickly that Henry almost ran into him.

“Sir!” Alero said, snapping into a salute.

Behind the intimidating table up on the dais, where the members of the three-person court would usually sit, there was only a single person: General Chelanda Carver. Overall commander of the *Hamlet* and recently appointed temporary Governor of Salopia on behalf of the United Nations. After Prime Minister Vaughn was deposed, the United Nations had given her wide power over the colony in order to reclaim order and prevent the remnants of Vaughn’s forces from reforming and taking back control.

Henry snapped into a salute half a second later. General Carver looked down at them from where she was studying a digital readout embedded in the table. Her silver hair was tied back in a severe bun and she wore her gold and white dress uniform.

“At ease, soldiers,” she said. Her silver eyes flicked to Henry and he felt the weight of her attention as she sized him up. “Second Lieutenant Henry Withers.”

“Sir,” Henry acknowledged. He wasn’t stupid enough to fuck with the general.

“Ah apologize, sir,” Alero said. “Ah was expectin’ the court.”

“I dismissed the court. I’m intervening in this case. Is that a problem, Brigadier Alero?” She arched an eyebrow.

Alero’s jaw tensed. “No, sir.”

“Good. You’re dismissed.”

Alero saluted, turned smartly and marched out the door, a smug smile on his face. He clearly thought that whatever punishment General Carver, herself, dreamed up would be far worse than any court martial. When he’d left, General Carver tapped a button on the desk and the door behind Henry slid shut, the lock clicking into place.

“Second Lieutenant. Vireo.” General Carver said, dragging Henry’s attention back to her. “Impersonating a senior officer, and on the battlefield no less, is no laughing matter. These things could have grave consequences.”

“Understood, sir. May I—”

“Show me your impression of Brigadier Alero.”

“Sir?”

“Your file,” she gestured to the digital readout in front of her, “suggests you’re an excellent mimic. I want to see for myself. Show me your impression of Brigadier Alero.”

Henry paused. Was this some sort of trick? He didn’t dare disobey a direct command but he had no idea what she was getting at. Henry puffed up his chest, holding his arms slightly out the side the way Alero did, fingers curled at the tips. He drew in his chin, cocking his head slightly to the right in Alero’s perennially perplexed way, and bellowed, “Ah was expectin’ the court. Ah apologize for any inconvenience mah appearance may have caused you.”

Henry relaxed back into his usual posture as General Carver’s lip quivered—a smile? She stood and came around the table, stepping off the dais and walking up to Henry. She was taller than he was, a little over six foot, and her steely grey eyes seemed to bore right into him.

“What do you know about the events in Salopia since we arrived?”

“Well, sir, we stepped right into the middle of some sort of internal war between former Prime Minister Geoffrey Vaughn and an opposing faction. We re-established order and you’ve been made the temporary Governor by order of the UN. Vaughn is currently in the brig of this ship preparing for trial while our forces are rotating down to the colony to assist with repairs. I’m also aware that some of the forces we’ve sent down to the colony have seen engagements with an enemy.”

“And what do you think that means?” The General prodded him.

He paused briefly, wondering if he should tell her what he’d figured out and then decided he was already in this deep. “It means some part of the old regime is still around and has enough support and firepower to be of concern. My suspicion would be on Geoffrey Vaughn’s son, Darren. Based on the publicly available intel and, uh, rumors from those who have been down to the surface, he’s consolidating power on the back of his father’s legacy.”

“It’s a shame you’ve not put your brains to better use.”

“All due respect, sir—”

“Two disciplinary hearings. Five demerits. Passed around from one squad to another. By all accounts, this would seem to be the file of a royal fuck-up.”

“Some commanders can’t tell the difference between a piece of coal and a diamond.”

The flicker of her lips again. “Am I one of those commanders, solider?”

“No, sir,” Henry replied honestly, though he had no idea where the General was going with all this. Was he to be exiled back to earth? Court-martialed? Disappeared?

“Clever *and* bold. With enough pressure we may make a diamond of you yet. Congratulations, solider, you’ve just been selected for a top secret mission.”

For the first time in a long time, Henry was speechless.

“None of this is to leave this room. Is that clear?” General Carver said seriously.

“Yes, sir,” Henry snapped back crisply, rapt with attention.

“You are correct. Darren Vaughn is consolidating power to a worrisome extent.”

General Carver had him sit and then returned to the table up on the dais. She pressed a few buttons and a holographic display bloomed to life in

between them. The view was of the huge towers of Salopia and it zoomed out and through the bubble to show it as a circular blob on the moon's surface. The moon rotated forty five degrees and a smaller, flatter bubble came into view.

She continued, "This is Stofdorp. The site of the original Triton colony. Until recently it was primarily a mining station sitting atop kilometers of underground tunnels so complex they've not been fully mapped. Now intelligence tells me it's where Darren Vaughn is located. He's used his father's mind isolation technology to give himself a new body but we don't know what it looks like. With a close team of four advisors, he has taken control of Stofdorp."

The view switched to an overhead shot of a transport shuttle taken from a security camera. It sat on a launchpad, bay doors open as people boarded.

"Two days ago, I had a specialist infiltrator making his way to Stofdorp to discover more."

On the holographic image, the shuttle suddenly exploded.

"Somehow they discovered him. So the plan has changed."

The image changed again. A seven foot tall woman loomed over Henry. She wore a spaghetti-strap top that showed off the rippling muscles of her olive-toned arms. Her shoulders were wider than Henry's. And yet a hint of breasts pressed against the top. Her face was soft. Black hair cut in a bob framed delicate features, a curvy fringe obscuring her smooth forehead. A startling contrast to the powerful body beneath. A figure both feminine and fierce. Beautiful and domineering.

"This is Leila. An elite close-quarters operative from the now defunct United Nations Hostile Infiltration and Reconnaissance Division. Codename HIRD-24. Genetically enhanced for speed and strength. She was Darren Vaughn's personal bodyguard during his father's reign. I don't know whether it was misguided loyalty or something else, but she's a traitor. And we've captured her. This is where you come in."

"Sir, I don't know anything about interrogation or infiltration."

"No. Those aren't the skillsets I need for this mission," General Carver agreed. "You're a mimic. You're not going to interrogate Leila. You're going to become her."

"I'm...?" Henry trailed off, dumbfounded.

"I don't like mind isolation tech. I've decommissioned it for the colony. But, unfortunately, this is our only choice for the greater good. We've

captured Leila. Alive. You're only the fourth person who knows that and it's critical it remain that way. We're going to use Geoffrey Vaughn's old tech to put your mind into Leila's body. You'll infiltrate Stofdorp. Identify Darren Vaughn and exfiltrate his advisors, thus destabilizing his regime and allowing us to move in to capture him alive. We don't want to create any martyrs on this mission."

"Whoa. Hold on, sir. I'm going to...*become* Leila?" Henry said, looking up at the hologram of Leila scowling down at him. He felt a tug of attraction for her, tinged with fear that she could rip him apart with her bare hands.

"I wouldn't be asking this if I had any other option but we've heard that Stofdorp is closing their airspace in three days once they get a final supply shipment. They're already deeply interrogating any strangers with biometrics and mental imaging. Darren Vaughn is paranoid. This is the only way."

"Do I have a choice?"

"Everyone has a choice, Henry," General Carver said, flicking a button to make the hologram recede. "You can take this mission or you can go through with the court martial. With your...*impressive* record of endangering others, it should see you thrown into the brig for the duration of our mission on this moon. Which, without this operation, is likely to be years. That, in my opinion, would be a terrible waste of your skills."

"I can't argue with that," Henry sighed. "I accept."

## 2

Major Danforth met Henry and general Carver in one of the isolation chambers on Salopia. Major Danforth was a hulking man with a scar across one eyebrow and he knew how to run the equipment. He was also one of the few people who knew that Leila was alive, though General Carver made it a point to tell Henry that the Major hadn't been let in on the plan for him to take Leila's place.

"You and I are the only people who know that," she said.

All other personnel had been cleared out and they hadn't met any other soldiers on their way to the facility.

Henry settled into one of the biochairs, the fake leather creaking comfortably beneath his weight. For such a large man, Major Danforth was surprisingly gentle as he lowered the helmet over Henry's eyes.

There was a crackling hiss. A snap. And then Henry awoke without ever realizing he'd fallen asleep.

He lay in a sleeping pod in a small room. Recessed lights dimly lit the sparsely decorated space. On the one wall he could see from within his pod there was hung an abstract painting. As Henry moved, the pod sensed he was awake and the pod walls retracted with a hiss.

Henry pushed himself up into a sitting position. Something shifted on his chest. Something else tickled his forehead and cheeks. He looked down at himself and discovered he was wearing a white tank top, like the one in Leila's hologram. From this vantage point, he found himself gazing down into soft cleavage. Possibly the only soft part of his new body. The breasts pressed out the white fabric, scraping against his nipples as he moved.

Henry looked down at his hands, flexed his long fingers. The nails were gently rounded, the fingers solid. These forearms and biceps were thicker than his own, but toned into exquisite curves. It was a strange mix of the dainty and the powerful.

He hauled himself to his feet, sudden vertigo making him reach to the wall for support. With his new arm span he was easily able to reach across the pod to lean on the wall. He took a few tentative steps. There was so much body to move. He sensed the power rippling through unfamiliar muscles even as his hips and breasts swayed. At each step he was aware of

the absence between his legs. So powerful and so undeniably feminine. Undeniably attractive.

He had to duck through the bathroom door where he found a mirror that showed his reflection. Leila's wide almond-shaped eyes stared back at him. An almost Asian face—too soft for the powerful body beneath. Wide cheeks. Black hair a mess. The outfit clung to his form, revealing her massive shoulders. Her solid arms. The top tapered down to his waist to meet the pants, which flared out over his hips. Curious, he half-turned to check out his new ass. The sleek curve was divine and he ran a hand across one butt cheek.

So, this was him now.

He bent to the sink and splashed water on his face to wake himself. His fingers dragged down the unfamiliar feminine features. His wider nose, softer lips, chubbier cheeks. Reaching for the towel, he accidentally yanked the whole rail off the wall without even trying.

“Shit,” he muttered, his voice a deep, rich contralto.

He set the rack down on the sink as the door to the room chimed. Henry returned to the bedroom, nearly knocking his head on the doorframe, and pressed the button to open the door. It slid aside and General Carver walked in. Henry now towered over her and she looked up at him fearlessly. Somehow even in his super strengthened body she still seemed to be the more powerful one.

“How do you feel?” She asked him.

“Dizzy,” Henry said, staggering back to the pod.

He rubbed his forehead, feeling the warm, smooth skin, the silky bangs. His features were unfamiliar, his strength overwhelming.

“You'll get used to it,” she assured him, crossing to the vidscreen on one wall. She tapped it and it blazed to life. Henry blinked in the sudden light but his eyes adjusted quickly. Hundreds of data points filled the vidscreen, divided into subjects: Background. Friends. Family. Political Beliefs. And so many more.

“This is all the data we have on Leila,” General Carver said, turning to him. “You need to mimic her exactly. In here you'll find videos. Information. Everything about her life that we know of. Study this. You will need to copy the way she moves. The way she speaks. How she thinks. Everything. This is all fed into the simulator for real time training.

“Also in here is your mission briefing. The four extraction targets. The extraction drop points. Signal codes. Memorize them.

“You are in the visitor room of my personal quarters. You are not to leave my quarters but you have full use of my private simulation chambers to get used to your body. You will be inserted into Stofdorp in three days. Any questions?”

“No, sir.”

“Good. Get to work.”

Henry started by flicking through the background files. Because Leila had been part of a UN squad, the background was extensive. Pictures of her family. Her life growing up. Her training. Her friends. He repeated their names to himself under his breath, reading and re-reading his new biography. When his eyes became dry from reading the screen he stood and stretched, fingertips reaching the ceiling. Walking around the room, he found himself still ungainly and unbalanced. Time to get used to this new form.

He moved to the simulation chamber and brought up one of the many videos of Leila in the course of her duties as Darren Vaughn’s bodyguard. The system extrapolated the feed into a 3D holographic model so that Henry could stand next to Leila’s image. He played the video, trying to copy the motion of her body exactly as she walked around the room of some function, speaking with mayors and other Salopia luminaries while she kept an eye on Darren. When the video reached the end, Henry replayed it, trying to match the sway of her hips, the straightness of her back, the way she swept her hair back out of her eyes, her facial expressions as she conversed. Minimal movements. No wasted energy. She was a soldier through and through. He started over, needing to get everything right, playing the loop again and again and again.

Once he was confident with her body in this scenario he added the sound. Now he tried to mimic her vocal tics, her turns of phrase, her vocabulary. Crisp. To the point but sometimes a hint of flirtatiousness depending on who she was talking to.

When Henry could copy her exactly he moved to another video, building on what he learned, finding her in other scenarios: patrolling, walking around the base, eating in the mess, training. The upper echelons of Salopia were highly surveilled thanks to Vaughn’s paranoia and videos of Leila were everywhere.

When Henry grew fatigued, he had the replicator fix him some food he'd seen Leila order several times. A Salopian delicacy of crisp Neptunian octopus. It was delicious and spicy, the heat burning his tongue and throat, making him sweat, which made him excited. Henry, himself, couldn't stand spicy food, which meant he very definitely had Leila's tastebuds. He wondered if there was anything mental of Leila left inside. General Carver hadn't said. Maybe she didn't know. After all, she'd decommissioned the tech without studying it.

For two full days Henry studied the body he now inhabited, until the sway of his hips came naturally, the swing of his leg without thinking, his fingers brushing his fringe back almost unconsciously. It was easier than he'd expected. The less conscious motions, anyway. Perhaps this body came with Leila's muscle memory.

He adjusted to her strength, only breaking a few dishes in the process. It was fun to jump higher, to run faster in the simulation, to be able to push this body farther than he'd been able to push his own. Sweat dripped down his bangs onto the floor as he leaned over on his knees, panting, having finally found the limits of his power after hours of simulated rock climbing.

He spent hours watching Leila's 3D image, mimicking her, taking breaks to read through more of her files. As Henry sunk into her fully, he noticed in the videos how her behavior subtly changed around Darren when she was off duty. Leila wasn't a woman for casual physical contact and the only person whose shoulder she even touched was Darren. The more Henry sunk into Leila, the more often he felt a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach whenever Darren appeared. Desire? There was no evidence of this. So either Henry was jumping at shadows, still not used to all the feelings of his borrowed body, or they'd hidden their affair extremely well.

Henry studied Leila so much he dreamed about her. Her solid body with her incongruously adorable face. His dreams were cluttered, nonsensical in the way of dreams but unlike any he'd had before. More evidence of the real Leila's presence within him? He didn't know. But on the second night he dreamed of Darren. Of Darren taking him into his arms. Kissing. It felt so real. His breath so hot on Henry's lips.

Henry awoke flushed with heat. He twisted restlessly in the pod. He couldn't stay still. Why not? What was happening? Absently dipping a hand between his legs to scratch himself, his fingers grazed the entrance of his

new body and came away glistening. He brought his fingers to his nose, inhaled the spicy musk of his new body.

Christ, he was horny.

Henry looked down Leila's long body, stretched out beneath him, the tips of his toes so far away. He needed to know about *every* part of his body. For the mission.

He grasped the top with Leila's slender fingers, slowly pulling it up to reveal her solid abs and then her breasts. They spilled down his side and he took one in each hand, squeezing them back into mounds atop his chest. His fingers stroked the warm skin, exploring each soft curve. His hands skated beneath each gentle tit and the sensitivity beneath them made him shiver and curl his toes. His new breasts were buoyant and soft, such a contrast to Leila's muscular arms and solid thighs.

Holding his tits, he reached up with thumb and forefinger to tweak the still-dimpled nipples. He squeezed lightly at first, then harder, grinding each nipple between his finger until electricity shot down into his core and he sighed. His nipples pebbled up beneath his touch, growing more sensitive as they grew harder and he dug into them, enjoying the pain. His body wiggled as the ache in his core grew more intense.

One hand came up to trace his face, fingers stroking the beautiful nose, the soft cheeks, exploring by touch the face he'd memorized by sight. The scent of himself still lingered on his fingers. Spicy and exotic and it made the ache inside ever more brilliant.

He dragged his hand down his neck, over his breast, across the abs and the curve of his hips. He wiggled out of his cotton sleeping pants and gazed down at his naked body, letting his hand follow over his mound until his fingers landed on his new pussy. He could feel the heat below as he traced the outside of his lips, the scratchy dark pubic hair giving way to velvety slickness as he slipped a finger inside himself.

His vulva clasped his fingers, warm and inviting. Henry skated down his entrance, finding the moisture gathered there, and dragged it back up. He stroked lightly, again and again as he grew wet and the ache blossomed into a tense anticipation. Leila's body could be feminine when and now it rose to his touch, pussy growing wetter, looser. He slipped in deeper, moaning as two fingers entered his slick canal, pressing it apart and sliding in. The feeling of being filled was perfect. Just what his body needed.

Henry watched down as he caressed Leila with her own hands, turned on by the sight of her body touching herself as much as by the sound of her soft sighs and the feel of her glorious hands. He continued stroking his tit as he rested his palm on his mound and slid two fingers in deeper, curling up through his canal as his restless hips thrust up slowly, involuntarily with need.

He sighed as he stroked himself, gliding in and out of his wet hole. Now he was dripping onto the bed, a pool of his juices slipping down his thigh as he pleased his new body. The lewd sounds of his slick sex joined his sighs. His body twisted as he fingered himself, growing hornier, the tension ratcheting up inside him. His fingers moved faster, sliding in and out, fucking himself harder. His breath came faster, breasts heaving beneath his hands as he gripped one of his delicious tits hard and fingered himself faster.

His fingers disappeared inside himself, surrounded by his slick heat, reappearing glazed with his juices. Watching Leila masturbate for him was divine. Feeling her warm insides even better. He thrust faster, driving as deep and as quick as he could, desperate to snap the tension drawing his body tight. His toes tensed, pointing straight, teeth gritting tight until suddenly he came.

The release was amazing, pleasure flooding his brain as the tension snapped. He moaned long and low, the sultry sound of Leila coming hard around her own fingers. His hips twisted as he slid in deeper, stroking himself, driving the last bursts of desire through him. His eyes clenched shut, mouth open in ecstasy as the orgasm shook him.

He came down gently, fingers still resting inside him. *Was that how Leila would have orgasmed?* He wondered with a slight smile.

### 3

The crew of the small military dropship approaching Stofdorp thought they were dropping supplies to support a military resistance against Darren Vaughn and his allies. They had no idea that Henry was tucked into one of the huge crates, Leila's long, lean body contorted to fit snugly, encased in shock-absorbing foam. He was already wearing the heavy exo-skeleton environmental suit that provided oxygen and would protect him from the sub-zero temperatures on the surface. The crate was soundproofed, and all Henry could hear was the sound of his respirator as he kept his eyes fixed on the HUD of his suit as they approached the dropzone.

When they reached the dropoff point, the crate lurched and Henry's stomach dropped as he felt it fall towards the surface, buffeted by wind and the storm of nitrogen ice crystals. The small rockets of the crate corrected itself and soon enough bumped down with a jolt onto the surface. The crate unlocked, separating itself into two halves, freeing Henry.

Henry stood and stretched, buffeted from the icy wind on the moon's surface by the depression the crate had landed within. The HUD allowed him almost perfect vision on the pitch black moon and to his left he saw that the depression slanted downwards, leading to one of the old mining tunnels. The wind pushed and pulled at him until he made his way underground.

The tunnels beneath the surface stretched for kilometers, with passages branching off this way and that. If they had ever been mapped, such a map was long lost. Rumor had it that these tunnels connected to the mining tunnels winding beneath Salopia. This entrance, at least, was partially mapped, and should lead him to one of the three known underground entrances to Stofdorp.

The tunnels were huge, bored into Triton's crust of frozen nitrogen by massive machines, winding back and forth, some down to the metal core of the planet. The whole of Salopia ran off the energy extracted from a particular nitrogen isotope found in pockets within the crust. The walls of the tunnel were rugged with divots and bits of loose rock.

The stamina of Leila's body was impressive. Henry walked for two hours without feeling the least bit tired. Even wearing the heavy environmental suit didn't slow him down. He walked with Leila's effortless

gait, which he'd picked up during his studies. She slunk along, smoothly and efficiently, her body ready to snap into action at the slightest provocation. He knew she could move quickly when she wanted, her moves almost too fast to track. After three days his body seemed much more natural to him and, once again, he wondered about the residue of Leila's mind inside. The architecture of the brain was still there. Leila's synaptic connections, established over her lifetime, still made up the pattern of the brain wherein his mind now sat. Was he simply following in her synaptic footsteps? What other echoes of her mind would he be prone to?

Eventually Henry found himself in front of massive interlocking doors that spanned the height of the tunnel. The entrance to Stofdorp. Smaller doors set to the side led to an airlock, which sealed behind Henry as he stepped in. After a minute, the readout on the walls indicated the atmosphere and temperature had been steadied enough that Henry could remove his suit. He confirmed through his suit that this was the case, not wanting to trust that the airlock had been sabotaged to prevent intruders.

There was a rectangular pad on the wall beside a camera, and Henry unlocked his suit and extracted one of his hands to place his bare palm up against the pad and his face up against the camera. The readout scanned his hand and there was a prick of a needle in one of his long fingers as it tested his blood. His helmet tipped back with a pressurized hiss and he placed his eye up to the camera. A flash of red on his retinas signaled the camera had scanned his eyes.

There was a brief pause as the program considered the information and, for a moment, Henry thought that the plan may have failed before it even started. Maybe they'd heard Leila had been captured and banned her biometrics from the database. But then the lights flashed green and the airlock door leading into Stofdorp slid slowly open with a hiss.

When it was opened, Henry found himself outside a small lobby facing a squad of four heavily armed men. They wore some version of the Guardian's enhanced bio-armor, their bodies encased in dented and scarred military-gray metal. Their visors were up, faces visible, and he saw recognition in their eyes even as they pointed several – no doubt stolen – UN grade plasma weapons up at his imposingly tall figure.

Henry maintained his composure and glared down at them with Leila's imperial iciness. Her serene knowledge that it would be child's play to take all four of them down without suffering a single shot. And, indeed, Henry

found himself already plotting out the order in which he would take them out if it came to that. He'd practiced many combat simulations over the past few days and was confident that he could grab the first one's gun, shove an elbow into that one's face, twist the gun around to shoot the other two and then finish off the first one. What he would do with the bodies would then be the next question.

Fortunately, it didn't come to that, as one – the leader, presumably – lowered his weapon.

“Leila?” He asked, lowering his weapon.

Henry offered him a tight smile. “Yes.”

“I—We thought you were dead.”

“You thought wrong,” Henry replied.

“Lower your weapons,” the leader said to the other three, and they did as ordered, gaping up at Henry in awe.

“I have been biding my time in Salopia and have information that Vaughn needs. Take me to him,” Henry said, hoping the cover story would work.

“You two. Do as she says.”

“Yes, sir,” they replied.

They escorted him out of the lobby, one in front, one behind, clearly still not entirely trusting him. He slid his arm back into his suit but left his helmet down as the door hissed open to reveal the inside of Stofdorp proper. These caves were larger and had been modified with buildings and machinery to support a vast life support system that allowed people to walk around unencumbered by environmental suits.

The enclave was eerie. A blend of serenity and militarism. Crops grew beneath domes, beside tactical bunkers and drone silos. They'd either stolen the supplies on their way out of Salopia, or else established enough of a base of operations here to begin manufacturing their own. Either way, not a good sign.

Civilians worked the fields and diagnosed the agricultural bubbles as lightly armored patrols made the occasional rounds. The place had, until recently, been a nearly abandoned mining facility. So whatever civilians that now lived here were, presumably, supportive of Vaughn's regime. There certainly didn't seem to be any evidence that they detested the roving patrols and entrenched militarism. It could almost look like any of the

dozen new colonies on the nearby moons except for the presence of the heavily armed men.

Past the agricultural silos and bunkers was a makeshift town. Crates converted into shops and warehouses and offices and living quarters. Stacked on top of each other nearly up to the ceiling. The piping and ventilation were exposed, the tubes and wires winding messily down the side of each tower. These were put up in a hurry. Still, the amount of trade available showed that there was still a steady supply of goods entering.

Henry kept his head up, eyes straight ahead as he passed through the crowd. He was aware people were staring at him. It was impossible for him to be incongruous. At seven feet and built of muscle, he towered above everyone they passed. The crowd rippled with tension at his arrival. Some bowed. Others glared. Whispers and pointing everywhere. People stopped momentarily to stare as he walked by.

“I thought she was dead!” Someone whispered.

The crowd parted for them and they wound their way through the hastily assembled buildings up to a grander structure. Circular bubbled rooms attached to each other by tubular walkways. A massive oval core at the heart of it. All of it filling the cave from top to bottom. At one point this super structure must have been the main administrative facility back when this was just a mine. Since then, it had been converted into extensive living quarters. A palace of sorts. And apparently the headquarters of Darren Vaughn.

Walls funneled them towards the main entrance up a short flight of stairs. More guards were stationed at the entrance. These mech suits were in better condition. Newer models.

Word of Leila’s return had reached the headquarters before they arrived, because Councilor Charlotte stood in the doorway. An ally of Darren and formerly on the Salopian high council. Now she was the overseer of propaganda and civil cohesion in Stofdorp. Her willowy frame was clad in the blue and black formal garb of the council, a type of full-length coat that reached nearly to her ankles. Her gray hair was held up in a tight bun. Her face was hard, one eye obscured by the small screen of an ocular readout that was attached to her forehead and directly interfaced with her brain. She eyed Henry with suspicion.

“Leila,” she said, her voice harsh. “Our intelligence told us you were dead. Or captured.”

“Then that will make my tale of escape all the more thrilling,” Henry replied emotionlessly.

Councilor Charlotte’s lip twitched up in brief amusement. “How have you survived undetected in Salopia all this time?”

“Gather Vaughn. I only want to tell this story once.”

“Vaughn is indisposed at the moment.”

“Then allow me a place to rest. It was a long journey and I am weary.”

She stared at him, unblinking, probably trying to judge if he was now a spy. Finally, her gaze shifted to the guards flanking him. “Return to your posts.” She looked back at Henry, her face unreadable. “I will show you to some temporary quarters.”

Charlotte turned and stalked back into the facility. As Henry followed her, two of the heavily armed guards took up step behind him, unholstering their plasma rifles and holding them at the ready. Not pointing them at Henry, but the threat was there. Clearly, Charlotte had given the orders mentally through her implant, which meant she didn’t trust him. Well, that was to be expected. Part of the mission was to somehow gain the trust of Vaughn and his closest confidants. Find out their secrets. Exfiltrate the council and isolate Vaughn.

The new headquarters still showed traces of its former uses as an administrative facility. The austere walls had been hastily adorned with decorations and the stolen trappings of the Salopian high towers. Pictures of old rulers. Former status screens now showing peons to Vaughn and his cronies.

The guards behind Henry kept pace, but stayed back far enough to make it difficult for Henry to reach them should he choose to try hand to hand combat. Maybe he was quick enough that he could get to one before they could get off a shot. But within the confined walls of the corridor there wasn’t much room to maneuver. Plus, the bulky environmental suit hampered his movements and slowed him down. Henry trusted that, even if they thought he was a spy, they wouldn’t just murder him. Not without trying to find out what he knew.

As they walked, Henry memorized the layout of the place. The closed and guarded doors. The glimpses into other rooms as people passed in and out. The twists and turns of the corridor they followed.

Charlotte stopped at a door and pressed a code. It slid open, revealing an austere bedroom. She gestured him inside and Henry had to duck to get in

through the doorframe. A simple bed sat in the corner. Beyond was a small bathroom. A single desk bolted to the wall held a small vidscreen.

“Is this a bedroom or a cell?” Henry asked, letting a trace of Leila’s impatience slip out.

Charlotte focused on him, her eyes remaining narrowed. “We shall see. I will tell Vaughn you are back. Wait here.”

She tapped a button on the console outside and the doors to the corridor slid closed and locked with a light click.

Henry unclicked the environmental suit. The clamps on his arms disengaged, parting each arm down the middle so he was free. Likewise, the chest plate split open, spreading aside with a series of clicks until Henry was able to step out of it. The imposing metal suit remained standing upright, the chest open, arms outstretched.

Henry now wore only the sleek form-fitting blue and red under-suit. It covered him from neck to feet but was much more freeing than the environmental suit. He stepped into the bathroom, again ducking to get through the doorway. In the mirror, he saw his hair was a mess and tried to rake it back into some semblance of order with his fingers. It would be Vaughn’s first time seeing him in a long while and Henry wanted to make his best impression.

Thinking of Vaughn, Henry was aware that his body changed. A faint flush in his cheeks. A tingling in his belly. Had Leila and Vaughn been lovers? If so, they’d hidden it well.

There was nothing for Henry to do now but await his fate.

## 4

The screen in the little cell was tightly security controlled, with access only allowed to some of the entertainment feeds. So Henry was relieved when Councilor Charlotte finally returned to retrieve him some hours later.

“Stand here,” she said brusquely when the door slid open.

Henry came out into the hallway. As one guard trained his gun on him, the other scanned a wand up and down Henry’s body, searching for hidden weapons.

“She’s clear,” the man said.

“Come with me,” Councilor Charlotte said, turning without waiting for a reply.

Henry followed her, again with the two guards in tow. He kept on alert. Were they taking him to be interrogated?

They wound through the facility, up stairs and through a bubble of rooms until they reached a larger, open room. A long dining table sat in the middle of the area, five places set down one end. A few heavily armed guards stood against the walls on either side of the room.

A man approached him. His form was soft, slight and elegant. Martian from the look of him. Due to the gravity they tended to be more feminine in appearance. He was clad in long blue and gold ceremonial robes. His long auburn hair was plaited back in the formal style of an ambassador. He spread his arms wide, long fingers extended.

“Welcome home, Leila,” he said in a distinctive Salopian accent. “They said you were lost, but I told them you’d find your way back.”

“Darren,” Henry said, hiding his surprise at Darren’s surreal appearance.

“In someone else’s flesh,” Darren smiled, laying a gentle hand on his chest.

Darren’s new body was softer and taller than his old. He used to be gruffer. Thicker.

He embraced Henry, his head coming up only to Henry’s chest. Henry felt the guards and Charlotte stiffen beside him as he gently returned Darren’s embrace. When Darren stepped back, the guards relaxed slightly.

“Have a seat,” Darren said, gesturing to the table. “Tell me about your journey.”

Darren took a seat at the head of the table. Henry sat to his right, Councilor Charlotte to his left. They were joined moments later by the three other members of Darren's elite council:

Brian Townley, the biogenetics specialist. A slight man with a nervous disposition.

Will Thomson, logistics coordinator and UN asset gone rogue. Short and brawny, with a hearty laugh, reminding Henry of nothing so much as a dwarf from one of the old fantasy feeds.

Isaac Holt, agricultural strategist managing the off-grid colony resupply. His face surgically youthful in contrast to his spotted hands and stooped body.

Will sat on Henry's other side, and Henry noted that he kept his plasma knife holster open for ease of reach. Despite his hearty, friendly energy from Will, Henry sensed an undertone of wariness.

When they were all assembled, Darren clapped his hands and two waiters approached, feigning professional disinterest. They glided smoothly and silently across the room to fill the wine glasses, before retreating just as silently to the edges of the room.

"Darren tells us that the last time he saw you, the UN had infiltrated the capitol center."

"Yes," Henry nodded.

There had been only limited camera feeds available from that day, and General Carver had made sure to cut out and classify the few that showed Leila. The hope was that nobody knew what really happened so Henry recited his cover story for the council. He'd fought the Guardians to give Darren time to escape with a small crew. He'd taken some down but drawn back at the sheer force of numbers. After discovering the Prime Minister had been deposed, he'd disappeared into the maintenance tunnels and elevator shafts, biding his time and learning as much as he could before stealing an environmental suit and commandeering a small shuttle to reach Stofdorp.

The others nodded along with the story. Charlotte still eyed him suspiciously and Will's other hand never strayed far from the plasma knife. Darren was hard to read in his new body. Henry had spent so much time studying him on the feeds but, like Henry's own new body, there was much about the previous owner that remained ingrained and threw off Henry's assessment.

More waiters approached with bowls of soup. There was the slightest confusion between them as a younger waiter placed a bowl of soup in front of Darren just as another was about to do so. The other waiter changed direction, placing his soup in front of Henry, switching so smoothly and professionally it was almost unnoticeable. The waiters then withdrew, the younger waiter slightly out of step, the only one to glance back over his shoulder before disappearing back out the door.

The younger waiter had prickled an unease in Henry but no one else seemed to have noticed. Henry's palms were sweating, his stomach in a knot, everything screaming for some sort of action. Leila's body was telling him something but his brain couldn't figure it out. As Darren lifted a spoon of the soup to his lips it suddenly dawned on Henry.

Henry's hand shot out in a blur of motion, knocking the spoon from Darren's hand. Before it even fell to the ground, Henry had flipped the bowl of soup off the corner of the table, avoiding both Darren and Charlotte as it spilled to the floor. He vaulted over the table between Darren and Charlotte, hearing as he did so the electric buzz of Will's plasma knife coming to life behind him.

Henry hit the floor on the other side of the table and dashed towards the door the waiters had just used. The guards at the edges of the room had unholstered their guns and were aiming at him. There was the whine of their rifles priming for a shot. He was still dashing forward while calculating their firing lines and possible safe trajectories when Darren called out behind him:

"Hold your fire!"

Then Henry was out the door and through the kitchen, passing the confused waitstaff. There was the flash of a black uniform disappearing down the hallway and Henry planted his foot on the wall and jumped off in a ninety degree turn to follow. Leila's augmented body was much faster and stronger than the fleeing young waiter, and Henry tackled him before he reached the end of the hallway. Seconds later, the rest of the guards came up, guns trained on them.

"Don't move! Stay where you are!"

Henry allowed them to roughly pull him to his feet. Now Darren pushed through the troops and Henry nodded to the young waiter who was being held by one of the guards.

"Your soup was poisoned," Henry said to Darren.

“You’re a traitor who deserves death!” The young waiter hissed at Darren.

“Take him away,” Darren said to the troops holding the young waiter, his voice cold. “We’ll deal with him later.”

The young waiter was trembling as the troops led him away. Henry didn’t know what his fate would be but he knew that killing Darren was not the answer to the rebellion. Though maybe that wasn’t the only thing that made Henry feel protective towards Darren.

They returned to the dining hall, where the mess had already been cleaned and new places set. Several troops were stationed in the kitchen and Darren assured his assembled cabinet he had his most trusted men watching everything. Despite the assassination attempt, the tension around the table seemed to have eased. Will allowed his hand to rest on the table away from his knife. Charlotte even gave Henry the tightest of smiles when he sat back down.

It seemed that Henry had passed some sort of test, for Darren started expounding on their next moves, though careful of the other ears in the room. Henry stayed in character as Leila, nodding silently even as he studied the people around the table, seeing them for the first time in the flesh. These were his exfiltration targets and he needed to know everything he could.

## 5

There were fresh robes waiting on Henry's bed when he returned to his room. He wasn't locked in and guards were no longer stationed outside his door.

Henry peeled off his undergarments and padded, naked, into the shower. The bathroom had been stocked with towels and scented soaps. Henry stepped into the hot water and let it wash the tension away. He lolled his neck as the grime and sweat was rinsed off him.

As he ran the fruit-scented lotions down his limber arms and across his breasts, he studied himself. It seemed like forever since he'd last had Leila's body naked and to himself and with no urgent tasks. He glided his fingers down one shoulder and a solid arm. His touch felt wonderful, his hands rising to caress his breasts as Leila's feminine desire sparked to life within him.

He stepped out of the shower and dried off, dropping the towel to the floor so he could look at himself in the mirror. He studied Leila's musculature, the weight, the power of her body. His solid limbs and tight core. All set off by the gentle breasts, the swell of the hips and the softer ass. He flexed for himself, admiring his rippling bicep. He let his hand follow the curve of one hip, down to the strangely jiggly buttocks.

He flexed, posed, touched himself, indulging the curiosity he had for this body he could mimic but was still not fully accustomed to. The tall beauty in the mirror copied his every move and her eyes grew bright.

The front door slid open suddenly and Darren was there. Henry paused, one hand on a breast, and levelled his gaze on the younger Vaughn. He made no other move to cover himself, something inside *wanting* Darren to see him like this.

Darren didn't recoil. Instead he smiled, slightly embarrassed.

"Still so lovely," Darren sighed, his eyes dragging up and down Henry's body.

Even with Darren so transformed Henry felt the longing for the man. He dropped his hand and turned, leaning on the doorframe, one leg slightly crossed in front of the other. He gently tucked his hair back behind an ear.

Darren spread his arms wide. "I admit, I've barely explored my new body." He looked down at himself and sighed. "I look like a twink, don't

I?"

Henry stepped towards him, hips swaying softly. He towered over Darren but Darren looked up at him fearlessly, a slight smile on his slight lips, desire written across his face.

In a sudden burst of playfulness, Henry lifted Darren off the ground and cradled him effortlessly. Darren let out a laugh, blushing. He slid his hands around Henry's back and caressed him before kissing him. Darren's lips were soft and warm. He scraped Henry's back gently, fingers gliding up into Henry's silky hair to press their lips together tighter. Darren groaned with need, expelling welcome hot breath into Henry's mouth.

They fell into bed together, Henry on top, the weight of him pressing down Darren's light form. Darren reached for him, hands gliding over Henry's breasts, stroking the soft skin as they resumed kissing. An ache blossomed in Henry's core as they pressed their bodies close. He hadn't been aware at just how much he craved touch until Darren's fingers caressed his supple skin, following the long arc of his solid muscles.

Darren tried to take the lead and Henry felt him try to push against his new body, guiding him to the side. But Darren's form was no match for Henry's strength. Henry reared back only to strip Darren's clothes, nearly ripping them in the greed for his body. Soon Darren lay naked, his body long and willowy but undoubtedly masculine. His cock matched his body, long and proud, throbbing to attention as Henry launched himself back onto Leila's lover. Leila's longing for Darren spilled through her body, making Henry's core ache, his whole body shake with restless energy.

Henry kissed his way up and down Darren's solid form, holding him firm to the bed so he could enjoy his body, dominating Darren more from instinct than intention. His lips moved down Darren's body, kissing their way up Darren's solid shaft as it rose between them. Darren moaned, gazing down with wide eyes as Henry licked his deliciously warm cock from base to tip, savoring the masculine spiciness of his lover.

Henry wanted Darren so badly it hurt, and would do anything to please him. Leila's desires were in charge, and Henry opened his mouth to welcome Darren's cock inside. His lips parted, the head pressing against his tongue, gliding inside as he sucked. Henry dragged his lips slowly, slowly down Darren's long shaft, taking him in entirely, until his nose rested against Darren's groin and his mouth was entirely full. Henry undulated his tongue against the underside of Darren's shaft, swirling his head as he

dragged his lips up and down again, each moan from Darren growing the aching need inside Henry's sexed up body.

Henry moved with Leila's instincts. The cock was slightly different but Darren's reactions were the same, and Henry sucked his dick slowly and lovingly. Henry teased the head with his tongue, eyes closed, licking slowly, before swallowing him again in a quick gulp. He felt Darren's hips thrusting up to fill his mouth. Heard Darren hiss through his teeth. Felt Darren's body shiver with the first pangs of desire. Tasted the salty precum that lit Leila's body on fire.

Finally, Henry released him with a wet pop and gazed up into Darren's eyes with a slight smile. He straddled Darren, his pussy already glistening and hot, waiting to be filled. Dragging his cunt back and forth across Darren's shaft, Henry coated it with his juices as he bent to kiss Darren again. Wherever Darren's fingers touched Henry's body burned with desire. He moaned into Darren's ear and positioned himself over the head of Darren's cock before slowly lowering himself down.

Inch by inch, Henry filled his new body for the first time, luxuriating in the feel of Leila's canal parting for Darren's girth. He moaned, scraping Darren's chest gently with his fingers as he lowered himself fully, Darren's cock gliding up to fill Henry's pussy perfectly, until their groins nestled together and they shared their lusty heat.

Darren gripped Henry's hips as Henry sat up and tossed his hair back. He leaned his hands on Darren's slender chest and began grinding back and forth. Henry's body burned with desire. He needed Darren deep and rough. Darren's fingers were clumsy, still not used to his new body as they explored Henry's curves and the solid muscles.

Henry gritted his teeth and thrust his hips back and forth, each forward thrust driving the head of Darren's cock against the dimpled nub of Henry's inner pleasure. The anticipation twisted Henry's body tight, filling him with a beautiful tension. His tits bounced on his chest as he thrust, harder and faster against his lover, driving Darren into the mattress, driving Darren's cock deep inside Henry's needy pussy.

As Henry grinded back and forth, Darren moaned and slid his fingers between Henry's legs to caress his swollen clit. Henry moaned, throwing his head back, mouth open as his body caught fire. Darren knew just how to touch him, clearly more familiar with Leila's body even than Henry. Darren's fingers circled the swell of Henry's clit as Henry filled his pussy

again and again with Darren's length, the twin sensations making Henry's body pulse. The slick sounds of his wet cunt were music to his ears, making him hornier and hotter and wetter with each second.

He began crying out, strangely feminine cries from Leila's lips, her voice rising in pitch as he thrust harder and Darren circled faster. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Dripping with need, his cunt greedy for his lover, beautiful tension twisting through his body until suddenly it burst.

Henry exploded with orgasm, thrusting forward hard, riding Darren as he clutched his chest, desperate to sate the need exploding through him. He felt Darren twitch inside, felt the throb of heat as Darren released, joining Henry in orgasm. Henry came hard as Darren bucked beneath him, thrusting up, filling Henry's body with beautiful rich wet heat. Their bodies pulsed and pounded together, pleasure roaring through Henry as he enjoyed Leila's orgasm with a guttural growl.

The heat expanded through him, his whole body on fire with pleasure, only slowly cooling. Henry sat atop Darren, panting as Darren softened inside him.

Their intimacy had been clumsy, strange and fleeting. But the desire had been all too real. Henry knew that for his mission to be successful, he would have to fight Leila's desire for Darren. But he didn't know if he could bring himself to do it.

*To be continued...*

# Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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## About the Author

There's something alluring about body swaps, sexual and freeing at the same time. I love to explore all sides of the phenomenon: the kinky, the dirty, the loving, the degrading, the amazing. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

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