



EXILE OF THE MIND

Shadow Protocol
PART 2

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Exile of the Mind: Shadow Protocol 2

Exile of the Mind, Volume 4

M Wills

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EXILE OF THE MIND: SHADOW PROTOCOL 2

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Shadow Protocol 2

Henry and Darren arrived together at the great hall for breakfast. Councilor Charlotte, overseer of propaganda and civil cohesion, was already seated with a sour look on her face. Her thin lips pressed even more firmly together as they approached. She was once again in her black and blue robes. Her grey hair meticulously styled up in a fanciful bun.

Henry, in Leila's form and taking on her role as Darren's bodyguard, nodded stiffly to Charlotte and sat beside Darren. He'd been given a change of clothes, tailored to his build, from one of the particle replicators. It was a sleek black jumpsuit that clung loosely to his body but allowed for a range of movement. They'd returned his plasma knife and he kept it in a sheath about his waist. In the few short days Henry had been in Leila's body, he'd adjusted to her close quarters combat preferences. With her reach, agility and strength, she was a formidable opponent. And now Henry had that power.

Henry took his cue from Darren and the hours of footage he'd watched prior to the mission. When others were around, Darren and Leila hid their feelings. Henry maintained a professional relationship as Darren's personal bodyguard. No one would have known that Darren and Henry had spent an intimate night together just from looking at them. Though, no doubt, the rumors would have spread if someone saw Darren leaving Henry's quarters last night.

The three other members of the Stofdorp High Council—Brian Townley, Will Thomson and Isaac Holt—trickled in for breakfast. The Councilors held their meeting as they ate, Darren presiding over the others as they read off field reports and discussed the minutiae of governing. Henry absorbed as much as he could.

“Grain production is up eight percent overall this month,” Isaac—the agricultural strategist—said, reading from a handheld tablet, his arthritis-ridden fingers awkwardly tapping the screen. “If this keeps up we'll no longer need resupply on a monthly basis.”

Brian—the biogeneticist specialist—broke in, rubbing his hands nervously together, “The new strain grows fifteen percent faster and is more nutritionally dense as well.”

“Good,” Darren nodded. “I want Stofdorp to be completely independent. It’s only a matter of time before the UN discovers the drops and puts an end to them so they can starve us out.”

He turned to Charlotte. “And what have we learned from yesterday’s attempted assassin?”

Charlotte glanced quickly at Henry before speaking. It appeared she still didn’t trust him. “He’s cracking. We believe there may be others.”

“Of course there are,” Darren growled. “He didn’t get in here on his own. You’re not harming his body, are you?”

“No,” Charlotte replied with a slight smile. “Mind knifing is delicate work but sometimes leaves a mess.”

“That’s fine,” Darren said. “He was a young man. Seemed fit. When you’re done with him give his body to someone who needs it. Perhaps Isaac here would prefer it.”

“That would be most welcome,” Isaac agreed. Surgery had made his face seemed boyishly youthful, but the age spots on his skin and his wrinkled fingers belied his true age.

“Make sure the spy sees what you’ve done,” Darren said to Charlotte.

Isaac smiled cruelly. “I shall twist the final mind knife myself so he can see his death is by his own hand.”

Charlotte must have caught a micro expression from Henry because she turned to him and frowned. “You disapprove?” Henry could sense her bionic eye examining him, studying his pulse, his breathing, his heat markers. Did she have Leila’s original readings in there? Would she see a difference with Henry’s mind inside?

“It seems...needlessly cruel. And a waste of time,” Henry said levelly.

“Leila,” Darren said, looking at him. “Things have changed since you’ve been away. We must set an example of anyone who acts against us lest they cause others to question us. It is, unfortunately, a necessity in our current precarious state. When we have taken Salopia and are no longer threatened by the UN, then we can afford to relax.”

It was the first Henry had heard of Darren’s plans to take Salopia and he kept his face carefully neutral.

When they finished eating, Henry was given a small vidscreen that fastened around his forearm. With it, he had as much access to the colony’s files as Darren allowed. Will led Darren and Henry out of the Council facility for a tour of the new mines. Henry got his first real look at Stofdorp

from the steps of the council facility. The colony was in a wide valley carved out of the crust of Triton and walled with tarnished metal plating that rose up about twenty stories to the roof. A ceiling enclosed the colony and protected it from the harsh weather on the moon's surface. Inset into the ceiling was a series of lights that mimicked a sun and gave everything a harsh, slightly bluish glow. The mining facility sat at the end of a wide road that led down through the valley. From the vantage point on the steps Henry could see all the way to the other side and the entrance he'd come in through just the night before. In between were all manner of domes and towers and markets and fields, all filled with people going about their daily activities.

The trio took an aircar—the only one Henry had seen in the colony—and flew slowly over the valley. Darren pointed out a few of the sights for Henry's benefit: a heavily guarded boxy structure that stored weapons, several connected domes where agricultural or weapons research was conducted, the domes containing the animal pens, the training grounds where a few heavily armed soldiers held firing exercises.

The mine entrance Will was referring to was not the same one Henry had used to enter Stofdorp but a huge gate on the opposite side of the valley. It had been carved out of the crust, solid steel doors opening to reveal an airlock and another set of huge steel doors. As the aircar landed, the gargantuan doors squealed open and a huge six-wheeled hopper carrying a load of ore trundled out, heading towards the nearby processing facility.

Will hopped out and was eager to show off his operations. Smaller and stouter, Will had to take two steps for every one of Henry's but seemed no less energetic for it. With a hearty laugh, he bragged about the improved destructive capabilities they were able to achieve by extracting the nitrogen from the moon's crust.

"The UN won't know what hit them!" Will said, as they watched another hopper laden with ore trundle towards the processing facilities.

There was clearly some sort of plan here but thus far no one had told Henry exactly what that was. Leila was a bodyguard and Darren's lover. She didn't need to know about operations and it would have drawn suspicion if Henry started asking about the details of the plan outright.

A large mech passed them. A massive robot easily four feet bigger than Henry. Two huge legs stomped down with thudding booms. Four arms held

at its side, one of which was equipped with a massive diamond-tipped drill. Through the tiny windows, Henry caught a glimpse of two pilots: one in front and one behind, both protected from the elements and the radiation by steel alloy and insulation.

“Are you expecting resistance from within the mines?” Henry asked.

“Ah,” Will said, eager to explain. “No. Some of the rarer metallic isotopes need to be carefully removed and separated to avoid contamination. These battle mechs have been modified to extract those isotopes. We have to be resourceful.”

Henry watched the mech stomp into the tunnel, thinking how easily those mining suits could be converted back into battle suits. He wondered how many other mechs the colony had and whether any of that fit into their takeover plans for Salopia.

They spent hours touring the colony, Darren and his rotating cast of High Councilors fixing issues, greeting people, and plotting their next move. Through it all, Henry kept mental notes on the location of important facilities and the names and appearance of key personnel. It was evident that the residents of Salopia saw themselves as a group of rebels on the side of righteousness, just wanting to be able to control their own destiny free of the dictates of outsiders. Darren extolled the virtues of the colony and urged them on with patriotic fervor.

He ended his meetings with the rallying cry: “For the glory of Stofdorp!” A cry which was eagerly repeated by his followers as they thumped their chest with pride.

The colony seemed completely under his control. And yet there were cracks. The failed assassination attempt couldn’t have been one man acting alone.

“Have we gathered any more intelligence from the attempted assassin?” Henry asked as they returned to the facility.

“He didn’t talk and Charlotte got a little...overzealous,” Darren growled. “But if anyone else is operating against us we must crush them before their corruption can spread.”

That night, Darren recorded another of his videos for the colony in front of a small group of handpicked supporters. He was in his element in front of the crowd, the blue and white banner of Stofdorp behind him. Even in his new willowy frame he commanded the room, his eyes blazing with zealotry as he railed against the injustice of the UN and led the colony in cheers on

the fight for independence. Charlotte's propaganda program was well run. The colonists were convinced they were a band of freedom fighters, led by a courageous hero.

When Henry had a chance to go back to his room, he discovered that his environmental suit was missing. Without it, he wouldn't be able to meet the extraction team on the surface of the moon. He thundered up to Darren's quarters and found him deep in conversation with Charlotte.

"Someone has been in my quarters. My environmental suit is missing," Henry said.

Charlotte looked at him with a hint of a smile, the red bionic eye scanning him. "I had it removed to storage for safe keeping. You won't be needing it anytime soon, will you, my dear?"

"Don't touch my things," Henry said. "You have traitors in your midst and who knows what sabotage they could be carrying out."

"She's right, Charlotte," Darren said. "We must keep our confidences close until we can find the conspirators."

Charlotte scowled at Henry. "Indeed. Well, if you are to leave the colony for any reason simply let me know and I will have your suit returned to you."

That, of course, was impossible. Henry would have to find another way out of the colony to the extraction point. He said nothing but turned on his heels and returned to his quarters. There, he waited. He wanted to go out into the colony, mingle with the residents, do some reconnaissance. But first, he had to wait for Darren.

Henry had been able to go a whole day beside the man without thinking of their bodies coming together only because he had other things on his mind. Now that he was alone with his thoughts he began to imagine their upcoming tryst. Leila's residual thoughts still haunted his mind. Her desire for Darren now very much Henry's own. His pleasure from the night before twisted through him, riling his body up into a warm anticipation. He paced back and forth across the floor, keenly aware of his powerful, feminine form and the intense desire to be touched. There had been no communication between them but Henry was certain Darren would come. He was not disappointed.

When the door chimed, Henry's heart skipped a beat. He touched the panel to slide it open, fingers trembling in desire. Darren ducked through

and let the door close behind him before taking Henry into his arms and looked up at him.

“God, I’ve missed you,” Darren said.

Henry kissed him, Darren’s soft lips meeting his own. They kissed urgently, hands dragging across each other, squeezing and groping, like lovers who’d been apart for days. Henry’s body needed this, his solid form finally able to relax, to give in to the caress of Darren’s gentle, almost feminine, touch.

Leila’s body softened under Darren’s kisses, the tension melting away temporarily as Darren’s nimble fingers unzipped the jumpsuit and pushed it off Henry’s arms. Henry’s bare breasts swung free and Darren caressed them, staring at them greedily.

“So beautiful,” Darren whispered as he gathered them in his hands and burrowed his face within Henry’s cleavage.

Henry watched as Darren enjoyed his body, an odd feeling of pride as he watched Darren touch his tits so lovingly. Only a few days in Leila’s body and Henry already thought of it as ‘his’. As Darren kissed one breast, Henry grabbed his other and squeezed.

“Harder,” Henry whispered, as his fingers dimpled his skin and beautiful pain flared through him.

Darren scraped Henry’s nipple with his teeth, flicking his tongue out to tease the sharpened tip before nipping gently. Henry’s mouth dropped open as he touched himself, fingers dancing across his breast as Darren feasted on him. Sparks flew through Henry’s body, gathering between his legs. Leila’s desire for Darren combined with Henry’s desire for his new body made him warm and wet. He fondled himself as Darren sucked on a breast, both of them enjoying Leila’s solid, feminine form.

Henry leaned down suddenly and reached for Darren’s cock. Felt it hardening beneath his robe. Darren moaned, lips still pressed against Henry’s skin so that the vibrations and the heat from his lips rocked Henry’s body. Henry caressed Darren’s hidden manhood as Darren grinded against him, their bodies singing together, beginning to match the slow rhythm of desire.

They shrugged out of their clothes and fell naked onto the bed, Darren on top this time. His body pressed down on Henry, warm skin touching all over. Leila’s soft sighs dropped from Henry’s lips, a sound deliciously low and needy. Darren’s fingers found their way between Henry’s legs and

caressed his slickening slit. Still sucking on Henry's breast, Darren gently stroked Henry up and down, spreading Leila's growing wetness across her entrance as her folds slickened and grew wild for her lover.

The itch inside Henry grew, urging him on, Leila's body a wild thing that needed to be sated. Darren's fingers worked quickly, gliding up to Leila's bud and making tight circles. His touch stoked the spark in Leila's body, the pleasure becoming a roaring flame. Henry undulated his hips, wrapping his arms around Darren's bare back and pressing him close as he moaned.

Darren kissed his way down Leila's body, until his face was between Leila's legs. He teased his way across Leila's thighs, over her slick entrance, the hot breath filling Henry with dizzying lust as Darren's tongue flicked out to taste Leila's salty essence. Henry moaned again, reaching up to grab his tits and squeeze, wringing the pleasure out of every part of himself. Darren's tongue found Leila's clit and teased it lovingly, stroking to the rhythm of Leila's body.

The wet sounds of Leila's cunt were beautiful in Henry's ears, and he urged his soft body on, fingers following the contours of his tits, up to his face, dragging across his nose and his neck as he undulated. His toes curled as Darren's tongue flicked faster, as Darren sank two fingers gently inside Henry's dripping pussy. Henry felt his canal being spread apart, warmth gliding in and out as Darren licked and fingered him. The fire became an inferno, consuming Henry until he cried out, hips bucking up as he came. The orgasm washed through him, making him clench his eyes shut, his voice rising in pitch, breaking as he crested. Through it all, Darren remained between his legs, tongue paused on Henry's clit as it became too sensitive.

Henry came back down, breathing hard. And now Darren climbed up his body, dragged his cock across Henry's soft thighs to rest it against his warm entrance. The cockhead pressed up against Henry's pussy as their lips met again. They kissed, the taste of Leila's pussy—*Henry's* pussy—sharp in Henry's mouth and nose.

With a quick thrust Darren sank in, ushering a groan from both of them. Henry raised his hips and wrapped his long legs around Darren, urging him deeper. Darren's cock was such a welcome heat inside, fitting him perfectly. Henry sighed and scraped his fingers down Darren's back, pulling him closer as if trying to drag all of him inside. Leila's body was needy for

Darren and Darren plunged deep, moaning as their groins met and he filled Leila's aching cunt.

They rocked together in a steadily increasing rhythm, Darren stroking Henry's cheek, gazing into his eyes. Henry gazed back, memorizing his lover, all thoughts of rebellion forgotten, his mind concentrating on the pleasure of the moment, on the sheer delight of being wanted, of being filled, of rocking together in abject lust.

Henry's tits bounced on his chest as Darren moved faster, plunging again and again into Leila's sopping wet depths. Henry clutched at him, moaning, crying out, urging him on.

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me," Henry said between gritted teeth, wanting to be pounded, punished, wanting to feel the pain of desire.

Henry grabbed the sharp buds of his nipples and twisted, the bright flare of pain making his mouth drop open, his head thrust back into the pillow. He squeezed himself hard as Darren fucked him deep, driving again and again, the slap of their groins together growing louder, quicker, until with a high pitched wail Henry came.

His body convulsed, cunt tightening around Darren's cock as he clutched Darren tight. He heard Darren groan in his ear, felt the dick throb within him, felt the hot spurt of his cum fill him. White bliss filled Henry's vision as Darren emptied himself into Leila's powerful body, the two rocking together until Darren stilled and Henry was full of his lover's seed.

Darren rested atop Henry as Henry shivered in the afterglow, holding Darren inside him, needing to capture Darren's heat as long as he could, the itch finally sated but still just present. Darren pulled out and held him for a few minutes before dressing again and slipping back out of the room.

Much as Henry wanted to luxuriate in bed and let his body cool, he had a job to do.

2

Henry dressed and slipped his plasma knife back around his waist. Ducking out of his room, he silently snuck through the corridors, avoiding the patrolling sentries. He needed a better lay of the land and a more truthful encounter with the inhabitants of Stofdorp than he would get with Darren at his side.

The majority of the colonists were Treetons. Conservative and ideologically hardened. They all tended to be tall and willowy. Henry hoped that his loose-fitting jumpsuit would hide the solidity of his body.

Henry made his way through the council facility ducking into the shadows whenever a patrol passed. He headed down towards the service corridors towards a door he'd flagged earlier that day as they were returning. After several dead ends he finally found the service exit, a nondescript door set with an alarm above it.

Henry traced the simple wires back to the silver box above the door. His plasma knife, when not charged, was a simple steel blade and he used it to unscrew the box and disconnect the alarm. As Stofdorp had originally been a simple administrative facility completely staffed by employees, they seemed to have a minimal need for security. A fact that Darren's newcomers seemed to have overlooked in this instance.

The outside of the door had no handle. Cutting off a piece of his jumpsuit, Henry opened the door and wedged the suit into the latch. Using the flat edge of his charged plasma knife, he melted the synthetic fabric and glued up the latch. Now all he had to do to get back inside was slip the edge of his knife in the crack of the door and pry it open.

The entire colony seemed to operate on a standard day-night cycle and when Henry stepped outside he found that the ceiling lights had been dimmed, giving everything a dull, bluish glow as though by the light of a very full moon. The main entrance into the council facility was above him and to his right. He crept through the shadows away from it and hoisted himself up on the wall. From here, he could see the sentries on guard at the steps, facing outwards, unprepared for someone sneaking away.

Henry crouched in the darkness, motionless as he watched them for a few minutes, taking note of the way they shifted and looked around. They seemed unused to sentry duty and he could hear the murmur of their

conversation from here. So. Not well trained, then. Likely civilian volunteers rather than professional soldiers. Not surprising. Stofdorp would take what it could get and there probably weren't a whole lot of professional soldiers willing to defect. Those that did would be doing something more important than night sentry duty.

Henry dropped silently to the ground and moved towards the center of the colony. As he neared, he passed more and more unarmed colonists going about their business. Light spilled from nearby containers that had been modified into bars and eateries. It was like any colony at night, with people looking for a little relief. Up ahead a noisy bar was full of patrons.

Henry changed his posture, affecting something more casual, akin to the other colonists around him. He kept his eyes hard and determined, though his mouth twitched up in the hint of a smile. When he walked into the bar he looked like just another civilian. Many of them wore casual jumpsuits, like Henry's, and he fit right in. No one glanced his way when he ordered a drink and wandered through the crowded room, picking up any bits of conversation he could overhear.

The general mood of the colony was optimistic. The alcohol loosened tongues and people bragged about the weapons they'd tried out and how they would overcome anything the UN had. They only had good things to say about Vaughn and there were several toasts to his leadership while, at the same time, many people complained about the iron fist of the UN.

Henry was slipping through the crowd when he suddenly came face to face with the man who'd attempted to assassinate Darren the night before. For a split second his fingers went to the knife at his side and then the man beamed at him.

"Leila! When did they let you out?"

It was Isaac Holt, Darren's agricultural strategist on the High Council. So, they'd completed the body swap then. This new body was younger, with the standard willowy build of a Treeton. Dark hair with a slight elvish appearance. He was at a table with several empty beers and his arm around what appeared to two prostitutes. No doubt eager to try out his youthful vigor.

"I come and go as I please," Henry said.

"It's just that they usually don't let us out at night," Isaac said, sloshing beer on himself. "Vaughn's High Council is too important to risk."

Especially with an assassin around.” Isaac grinned and the girls around him cooed.

“You’re not worried someone will slip a knife in your back?”

Isaac chuckled and leered at Henry. “No. Are you worried someone will slip a little something into *you*?”

Isaac was dangerous. There was no reason for Henry to be out at night and if Isaac told Darren they’d met it would instantly make him suspicious. Henry hadn’t planned to exfiltrate Isaac so soon but it was a risk he would have to take.

Henry leaned close and let his lips slip into a smile. “I think you’ll find I can take a lot. The question is, can *you* give it to me?”

Isaac laughed and downed the rest of his beer. “I always thought you were Darren’s toy but I’d love to have a go.”

“Now that you’ve got that body, what’s stopping you?” Henry smirked.

Isaac set down his beer and shooed away the two prostitutes so he could stand. Leaning on Henry, he stumbled through the bar. Henry felt a hand reach down and grab his ass, followed by a chuckle from Isaac. For a second, Henry wanted to grab that hand and break the fingers, but he forced himself to smile.

When they were outside, Henry guided the drunken Isaac down the street, away from the lights of the open bars. Ducking into an alleyway, Henry pressed Isaac against the wall and kissed him. Isaac’s kiss was sloppy and his breath reeked of beer. As they continued kissing, Henry reached down to his plasma knife. Flicking and twisting one of the engravings on the elaborate handle made a tiny hypodermic needle jut out of the base.

Henry pulled away from Isaac and Isaac looked up at him, drunken and lustful. “I’ve always wondered what your tits looked like.”

“Keep wondering,” Henry smirked, removing his plasma knife from its sheath and stabbing the needle into Isaac’s neck in a quick motion.

Isaac gasped, eyes going wide for a brief second. He collapsed into Henry’s arms as the paralytic agent took effect. Henry retracted the needle and sheathed his knife before hoisting Henry over his shoulders. A quick glance around ensured there was no one watching them. Henry snuck through the darkness towards the mines he’d visited with Will and Darren earlier that day.

There were fewer patrols out past the main strip and plenty of places for cover as Henry made his way past all the various domes to the mining facility, still carrying Isaac over his shoulders. With his environmental suit taken by Charlotte, Henry would have to improvise.

Rock hoppers and the occasional mech suit still came and went from the mines. Apparently they never stopped operating. Good. That would provide some cover.

Henry stashed Isaac's body behind an empty crate just outside the processing facility and then slipped around to a darkened vantage point to get a lay of the operations. The hoppers entered the processing facility through a huge door, trundling past a few mech suits that were plugged in to power up. In their unpowered state, the mechs knelt on the floor, the hatches in their backs open. Various personnel wandered about, all dressed in dingy miner's greys. A pair of guards on the far end kept sleepy watch. Something that may have been a security camera was fastened high overhead.

Henry waited for the next rock hopper and then slipped out of cover and ducked up next to the slow-moving hopper, jogging beside it to keep the machine between himself and the guards and the camera. When he reached the wall of mech suits he peeled off and ducked behind the nearest one. This section of wall had about ten large ports for recharging the mech suits. Most of them were empty but a few held mechs plugged in and charging.

Using the rock hoppers for cover, Henry moved from mech to mech until he found one that was almost fully charged. Unplugging it and slipping into the front seat, Henry powered it up. The hatch closed behind him with a hiss. The controls consisted of a screen that lit up and provided some options, and two joysticks adorned with buttons. Henry tapped his way through the simple options on the screen. A holographic map blinked to life in front of him, the complex cave tunnels winding down into the crust of the moon. Blinking icons identified wayfinding points, and a red destination marker glowed at one of the lower levels, possibly set by the previous mech operator.

The mech suit seemed mostly automated and powered by artificial intelligence. The benefit of such simplicity for a rogue colony like Stofdorp was that they didn't need to rely on specially trained mining experts. Any half-smart person could work these suits.

Henry made the mech rise and experimented with the joysticks. One made the mech turn from side to side and up and down. The other controlled the speed and direction. Without a copilot he couldn't man two of the four arms so they dangled uselessly at the side of the mech as Henry stomped out of the facility.

When he was just outside the entrance, he made the mech squat and opened the hatch. Scooting out, he gathered up Isaac's body and hurriedly strapped him into the back seat before resuming his own suit and stomping the mech towards the mines where he joined the line of other hoppers and mechs going to and fro.

The huge mine doors rattled open and Henry and another mech, along with an empty hopper, trundled into the airlock. The door behind them shuddered closed and the one in front opened up. Looking out the tiny window, Henry saw that the mine was pitch black. He would need to rely on the screens in front of him for navigation.

He piloted the mech through the tunnels, the other mech breaking off to head down a side branch that led lower. Henry stayed in the higher branches, winding his way around other mechs until he reached an abandoned branch that hooked back up and around to near the entrance he'd originally used to enter Stofdorpe. Following the tunnel back up to surface, he found that the place where he'd landed in his crate was completely swept clean by the howling winds. Not a trace remained.

Up here on the surface, the mech suit caught a weak communication signal. Henry's pickup point – Point Zephyr – disguised as an abandoned outpost. He piloted his mech towards it. Outside of the familiar tunnels and in the wild of the Triton atmosphere, the artificial intelligence was less help. The lights on the suit glowed bright yellow, illuminating the ground below him as Henry wound his way up the steepening slope of an icy escarpment. Sometimes the mech would get stuck or he would reach an impassible crevasse, at which point he would retrace his steps—guided by the system that automatically mapped his trail for just such an occasion—and try to find another way up. The whole time the suit was buffeted by the raging winds and Henry kept a wary eye on the mech's battery status as the charge dipped lower.

Finally he reached the outpost, a solid door set into the side of the mountain. An automatic query popped up onscreen and the doors grated open at his access code, allowing him to step into the airlock. Once inside

the small outpost, he set the mech down and climbed out. The air was freezing and thin. Life support was minimal so as to maintain the appearance of an abandoned outpost. It wasn't a hard disguise since it actually *was* abandoned, but largely forgotten and, therefore, a useful pickup point. Derelict screens on the walls of the outpost hung loose, dangling from wires. The place looked utterly destroyed.

With his teeth chattering, Henry used the mech's light to search the small outpost until he found the thermal sleeping bags that the extraction team had left. He struggled Isaac's body into one of the bags, his fingers going numb with cold. The bag would keep Isaac warm enough until the extraction team arrived.

Henry returned to the relative warmth of the mech and sealed the hatch before beginning the long journey back to the colony. He was mentally exhausted when he finally returned, piloting the mech back to the recharge station before slipping out and back into the Council building through the service door he'd rigged. After a quick shower he fell into bed.

3

The following day, Darren and the High Council were astir with Isaac's absence. Darren was dressed in a copper robe and his long blonde hair was done up in the Treeton manner, a pile of hair on top, with six elegant braids falling down the sides and back. Evidently, he was adjusting to his new form.

"Perhaps he's just...enjoying his new body," Will said with a hearty laugh, seemingly unconcerned. "A young man has needs, you know."

"It's not like Isaac to disappear like this," Darren mused. He turned to Henry. "Find him. You have my authority to do anything you need." Darren tapped the screen in his hand, sending his credentials to Henry's forearm vidscreen.

Henry started in the transfer chambers, using his new access to see the extent of the colony's body transfer capabilities. The chambers were small, allowing for no more than one transfer at a time. Still, the technology was impressive. In Salopia, they'd had to put both minds in storage prior to transferring them. Here, the transfer was instantaneous.

Henry questioned the scientist in charge, trying to gauge how this swapping equipment had been stolen. Apparently the work pre-dated Darren's rule, though his resources allowed the research to be supercharged in preparation for Darren's own new body.

With Henry's access, he investigated Isaac's quarters and unlocked Isaac's systems. Within, Henry could see exactly how the colony was progressing. Which materials were running low. Which were additional for trade. The whole of the economy was open to him, including the schedule of all resupplies. Henry noted this and made a mental note to add this info to the next extraction.

In his role as investigator, Henry was able to cover up his kidnapping and point the finger at the shadowy cabal that had tried to poison Darren. A cabal that may or may not have existed but was useful for Henry's purposes.

"I have reason to believe that they thought he might be compromised and so they killed him and disposed of his body," Henry reported to Darren that afternoon. "Perhaps they didn't know, or didn't believe, that his mind had been transferred out."

Darren increased the patrols and brought along more guards whenever he left the council facility. His nightly addresses to his followers turned darker.

“There are spies in our midst,” he glowered. “They want to hold us back from achieving our true glory but we will crush them.”

There was definitely an undercurrent of paranoia creeping into the colony. People seemed more on edge, the guards a little jumpier.

“Leila will root out the rebels,” Darren assured the High Council, before granting Henry ever more access to the colony.

Councilor Charlotte glowered but didn’t say anything.

The Stofdorp people seemed to love Darren, despite the creeping fear. Or perhaps because of it, as he used it to rally them around himself. He was generous with his largesse and delivered the order and safety to the colony that he’d promised.

Henry learned more and more about the colony’s offensive capabilities as he accompanied Darren on his rounds over the course of the next few days, blending into the background and scanning for threats even as the vidscreen on his forearm recorded the details of the discussions. Stofdorp was preparing for an attack, though via what means or strategy Henry didn’t know. Darren and his accomplices spoke obliquely about it whenever Henry was in earshot, and he didn’t dare question Darren about it for fear of drawing suspicion. Besides, his main mission was to exfiltrate the rest of the High Council, leaving Darren alone and isolated and vulnerable. They shouldn’t make him a martyr, but they could set him up for spectacular failure by removing his highest officers and interrogating them, possible even leading to the failure of whatever attack they were planning. Henry would tell the UN the scant details he’d learned about Stofdorp’s upcoming attack, something about hacked codes and modified transports.

Through it all, Henry’s body still cried out for Darren. He controlled himself throughout the day even in the great man’s presence, his mind focused on the mission. But when he was left alone at night, his thoughts crept to Darren. And Darren surely felt the same, for he visited Henry nightly.

A few days after Henry’s successful extraction of Isaac, Darren swept into Henry’s quarters. Henry was waiting for him, freshly bathed and wearing only a long, silky robe. Without saying a word, Henry loosened Darren’s formal robes and let them drop to the floor before sinking to his

knees in front of Darren. Like his body, Darren's new cock was long and elegant. It captivated Henry and he wrapped his long fingers around the warm shaft, bringing his face closer until the head was mere inches from his nose.

Henry stroked slowly, letting his fingers glide down Darren's warm shaft and then back up, slowly milking him. Darren sighed contentedly and gazed down at Henry. Henry was mesmerized by Darren's gorgeous shaft, the way it curved up towards his face, the gentle bulbous end, the way it lengthened and hardened in his hand. Such obvious desire made Leila's body echo with lust. Henry hungered for Darren's cock, desire building within him, bringing all sorts of warm thoughts, demands, ideas which had seemed unthinkable mere moments ago now became desperate needs. Leila was enamored with her lover and now, so was Henry.

Henry opened his mouth and kissed the head of Darren's cock before dragging it back and forth across Leila's soft lips, up across her nose and then back down, tongue flicking out to taste him. The tanginess of Darren's precum landed on Henry's lips, making fire crackle down his spine. There was an ache deep in Leila's core that demanded more. Henry kissed his way slowly down and up the shaft, staring up at Darren as he did so, a little smile on his lips. He imagined how amazing it would look from Darren's perspective, to see powerful Leila bend her knee to his mighty cock.

Urged on by the twisting heat within him, Henry opened his lips and sucked on Darren's cock, dragging his mouth down the shaft slowly, savoring each inch. He opened wide, taking Darren within him, feeling his tongue pressed to the floor of his mouth as the thick head glided towards the back of his throat. Darren moaned and Henry's body shivered in echo. He swallowed as much of Darren's cock as he could, opening Leila's mouth wide to take him all in.

Henry paused, nearly full, and steadied himself to take the last few inches. He hungered for it, hungered to have Darren entirely inside him. When he collected himself, Henry slowly sunk Leila's lips down until her nose was pressed against Darren's groin. Henry was so full, felt himself on the verge of gagging and forced himself to remain calm as he undulated Leila's tongue along the underside of Darren's dick. He was rewarded with a low groan from Darren, felt his body quiver in Leila's warm mouth before he controlled himself.

Henry slowly dragged Leila's lips back up the shaft, leaving it glistening with saliva, raising Leila's lips up just until they covered the head of the cock, and then sunk back down quickly. Darren groaned again and Henry smiled to himself, savoring the taste, the sound of this man as he sucked him off in his feminine form. Darren's hand twisted through Henry's hair and Darren gently guided Henry down, down his cock, tightening his grip and hitching his breath to tell Henry to pause as he collected himself. His cock throbbed once inside Leila's mouth, bringing with it the spicy taste of Darren. When he had himself under control, Darren released him and Henry resumed sucking up and down, filling himself on Darren's manhood.

The heat roared through Leila's body. Pleasuring Darren made Henry so warm and he felt Leila's slickness gathering between her legs. He pulled Leila's lips off Darren's cock with a wet pop. One strand of saliva connected the head to her lips and he ran her tongue along his lips to lick it off, moaning as he tasted Darren once more.

"Come here," Darren said, helping Henry rise from the floor before kissing him deeply.

Darren's fingers untied the sash of Henry's robe as they made out. Henry's robe fell to the floor and Darren pulled back to ogle him. The weight of Darren's hungry eyes on Leila's body made Henry blush.

"Still so beautiful," Darren whispered.

He reached out and placed his hands on Leila's waist, leaning in for another kiss as his hands traced Leila's curves. Leila's soft tits pressed against Darren's hardened chest. Her nipples rose to stiff peaks as Darren touched her, stroking softly, working Henry's borrowed body oh-so-gently. Something about the featherlight touch contrasting with the firmness of Leila's muscles, the strength within her, made Henry ache. He felt that peculiar shiver between Leila's thighs, felt her pussy growing ever slicker.

Henry turned around in his lover's arm and reached back to stroke Darren's cock before pressing it against the taught curves of Leila's ass. Darren's hands came around and caressed Henry from behind, cupping Leila's breasts as he kissed the curve of her neck. Darren's hot breath whispered in Leila's ear as he nibbled on his earlobe, hands continuing to work Henry's new body gently up and down, cock dragging up and down the gentle crack of Leila's ass. Darren kept one hand on Leila's tits as the other dragged down his body, making its slow way towards Leila's waiting pussy. When Darren's fingers found her entrance it was like the barest

release of pressure. A low moan escaped Henry's lips as Darren's fingers circled Leila's clit gently, pressing inside her, spreading her wetness up and down Henry's new entrance.

Henry undulated Leila's solid ass against Darren's thick cock as heat radiated through him and the longing built in his core. Henry dropped his head back, closed his eyes and savored Darren's touch as it grew quicker, rougher on Leila's body.

"Faster. Harder," Henry moaned. Leila's body was done with gentle.

Darren sped up, gripping Henry's tit harder, fingers squeezing the nipple as bright pain sparked within Henry. The hand between his legs grew rougher, quicker, building the sweet ache inside. Henry reached back between them and stroked Darren's cock, feeling the warm stickiness of his precum dragging up and down his backside, coating Leila's fingers, until Henry *needed* it to end.

"Fuck me right now," Henry said, Leila's voice cracking with lust as he bent forward to lean on the bed and offer the man Leila's perfect peach of an ass.

Darren slid his cock in between Leila's thighs, lubricating himself on Leila's juices as he grabbed Leila's ass with both hands. Henry arched Leila's back, wiggling her ass, tempting Darren to just. Get. In.

A welcome pressure against his slit and then Darren thrust inside, driving another low moan from Henry's lips as he was filled. Darren's cock curved up through Leila, spreading her apart, blessedly perfect and hot. He drove in to the hilt, until they were connected together. Darren gripped Leila's ass and pulled out before gliding back in, quickly building in rhythm until his balls bounced against Leila's thighs with a fast rhythmic slap. He fucked Henry's new body fast and deep, driving in again and again as Leila's thirsty cunt clenched him like a glove. In and out. Over and over.

Leila's tits swayed back and forth and Henry gripped the bed, pushing back, desperate for Darren to drive deep, deep inside him. One hand crept between his legs and he massaged Leila's swollen clit, luxuriating in the slick velvety feel even as he was pounded. Henry's moans became cries, rising in pitch as Darren gripped his ass harder and fucked him deeply until with a strangled grunt he came. Henry threw his head back, mouth dropping open as his lover filled him with hot seed. The pressure within Leila exploded as she was filled, rushing out to be replaced with pleasure as he orgasmed, taking every thick inch of Darren's cock, every spurt of his hot

cum into Leila's lust soaked body. They rocked together, crying out in unison as their bodies met in ecstasy, as Henry took everything Darren had, felt it fill Leila's body perfectly.

When Darren finished he leaned on Henry's back, breathing hard, still connected. Henry shivered, Leila's strong body holding up his lover, holding on to the perfect hot shaft that so concentrated his desire. When Darren pulled out, Henry whimpered, empty again.

How could Darren do that to him? It didn't seem possible that it was all Henry's desire. He wondered if whatever was left of Leila inside here would become an obstacle to his mission.

4

To find the spies, Darren had seen that Henry had clearance certificates for the entire colony on his forearm vidscreen.

“This is a breach of protocol,” the young tech officer said when Henry cornered him alone in the server bay.

Henry loomed over him, using Leila’s menacing power and physique. “Direct orders from Vaughn. And if you can’t follow that perhaps I can find someone who will.” His hand trailed to the plasma knife at his side.

The young tech officer nodded and set to work. A few minutes later, Henry had universal access to the colony. Maps. Security cameras. Surveillance bots. Everything.

“It goes without saying,” Henry said, when he was satisfied everything had been transferred correctly. “That this is top secret. If you breathe a word of this to anyone I’ll know that you’re one of the spies I’m searching for. And then your body will be given to someone more worthy of carrying out Vaughn’s orders.”

The young tech officer nodded, his hands shaking. Henry turned on his heel and marched out.

He would need to move quickly on his next extractions. Darren would surely tighten security—and begin to suspect Henry—when his councilors kept disappearing.

Pretending he was carrying out a precautionary security investigation, Henry poked around the security room by the smaller entrance through which he’d originally entered the colony. As he suspected, they had three environmental suits lined up in the small bay. The suits weren’t as heavy duty or as complex as Henry’s original one—these were made for shorter jaunts—and they only held a single person each. But they would have to do. They were also chainable, able to slave one to another so it would follow dumbly along behind.

He'd just finished his inspection when he got an urgent summons from Will. No indication what it was about but when Henry approached the control room of the ore processing facility where Will wanted to meet, he had a bad feeling. Two guards were positioned outside the door, ready for trouble. Inside the room, a bank of screens lined one wall. Security

cameras of different sections of the facility. Will was staring intently at the images, his hands clasped behind his back when Henry entered.

“You wanted to see me?” Henry asked implacably.

“There’s something here I thought we should discuss,” Will said genially.

He tapped a few keys on the control and the cameras jumped to an image high above the processing facility entrance. Every now and then a hopper filled with ore would trundle past.

“Did you see it?” Will asked.

“See what?” Henry replied.

Will pressed some keys and the image rewound. He tapped a place on the screen. “Behind this second hopper. Watch.”

The image played out. The hopper trundled through and there was a brief flash of someone peeling off, heading towards the mech suits Henry knew lined the other wall. It was an image from a few nights ago. Henry sneaking into the facility to steal a mech suit. Henry took a few silent steps towards Will.

“It seems we’ve had an unauthorized visitor. Do you know anything about this?” He turned to Henry with an arched eyebrow.

Henry shook his head. “No idea.”

“Hmm. Well.” Will bent and tapped some more keys. “I thought this was interesting as well.”

The image changed to the interior of a mech suit. A camera embedded in the control panel looking right up at the operator. It was only an image of the empty headrest. And then Leila’s face swung into view. Henry slowly moved his hand to the hilt of his plasma knife, twisting the handle to make the needle pop out from the bottom.

“Now at first...” Will mused. “I didn’t know what you were doing, but then...”

He skipped forward to the point where the mech stopped and Leila exited the frame. A few seconds later there was movement behind the seat, just at the edge of the camera frame. A body being hoisted into the seat behind. The face clearly visible. It was Isaac.

Will turned to him, the geniality gone. “You’re a traitor.”

Henry lunged at him but Will ducked, his own plasma knife already out and humming as he slashed at Henry. Leila’s instincts kicked in and Henry dove to the side, lashing out to kick Will’s hand as he did. Henry hit the

floor, rolled and flipped up into a crouch in time to find Will running at him. Will's plasma knife hummed as he jabbed at Henry, who deflected it with his own knife and stepped to the side as he parried Will's knife away, half spinning him around.

Stepping in quickly, Henry grabbed Will's knife hand. Will grabbed Henry's hand and they struggled against each other. Will's fingers were thick and beefy, and they held Henry tight.

"I knew we couldn't trust you," Will grunted as they grappled.

Henry twisted his arm out of Will's grasp and spun. Will slashed at him and Henry jumped back as the plasma knife blurred through the air, opening up his jumpsuit at the belly. Henry grabbed Will's other shoulder and used the momentum to make Will spin around so Henry could plunge the needle into Will's shoulder. Will gurgled and collapsed to the floor, his knife spinning away.

Henry retrieved Will's knife and shut it down. Henry rolled Will over onto his back so he could reach Will's forearm vidscreen. He opened a voice channel to the two guards at the door and in his best imitation of Will growled:

"Go prepare my aircar and then return to the council facility."

"Yes, sir," they answered.

Henry waited a few seconds, then peeked out the door. The guards were gone. Henry hoisted Will's body over his shoulder and carried him through the facility, using his own vidscreen to black out any cameras in his way. The aircar was unattended when Henry arrived, and he dumped Will's body into the backseat before jumping into the driver's seat.

The doors closed and Henry took off in a jerky maneuver, unused to piloting this craft. With his full security access, he was able to locate the other two councilors. Charlotte was in the main facility with Darren, so she was unobtainable at the moment. Brian was in the genetics lab within the nearby biodome.

Henry headed for the biogenetics facility. Setting the aircar down outside the genetics dome, Henry locked it and strolled in to the dome, affecting an aura of nonchalance. Brian was at a screen working on an experiment, coaxing some DNA strains together. The room was full of other scientists coming and going. Brian wasn't aware of Henry's presence until Henry bent down and whispered in his ear.

"I have intel that someone is sabotaging your work."

“What?” Brian turned to him, outraged.

“Stay quiet and come with me. It could be anyone here.” Henry peered suspiciously around the room and Brian did the same.

Brian followed Henry out of the facility and back to the aircar.

“We’ll be safe in here,” Henry said, “I’ve swept for bugs.”

He pressed the latch and the door slid open. Brian began to step in and then saw Will’s prone body on the floor.

“What—?” He began, but didn’t finish the sentence before Henry had plunged the needle into his shoulder, injecting him with the paralytic agent.

Henry flew the aircar swiftly to the mine entrance where he’d entered the colony. Under the guise of a security sweep, he ordered the two officers monitoring the station out before carting Brian and Will in one at a time and placing them each into an environmental suit. Then Will stepped into the command mech suit and led the others out back up through the mines.

With the occupants in the other mech suits unconscious, the suits themselves were dumb and much less sophisticated than the one he’d brought in. There would be no grappling or climbing. All they could do was walk in Henry’s path, so he had to go around obstacles and find easy ways up. It was a long and grueling task but eventually he reached the outer crust of Triton. The temperature dropped severely and the simpler environmental suits were buffeted by the winds. Will had to lower the internal temperature for fear of running out of battery. After another few hours of winding up through the nearby mountain range, his teeth chattering, they finally entered the abandoned outpost drop point. Isaac’s body had been picked up already. Henry dumped Brian and Will into the two thermal suits that had been left for them and activated the pickup signal.

Then Henry wound back down the mountain, through the mines, and back into the control room. He thawed off as he stored the environmental suits. Exhausted, he crawled back into the aircar and piloted it to the landing bay outside Will’s quarters before returning to his room, exhausted and sweating after the long ordeal. He’d just stepped out of the shower when Darren arrived for their nightly tryst.

Henry had a towel wrapped around himself and folded at his breasts. Darren smiled and gently tugged the towel loose, letting it drop to Henry’s feet so he could admire Henry’s powerful, sexy body. Henry felt so delightfully vulnerable beneath Darren’s hungry gaze, and he dropped his eyes to the floor. Darren pressed himself close and took him in the

bathroom, plunging into him from behind as Henry moaned and watched Leila's gorgeous face in the mirror, mouth open with bliss, breasts swinging with each pump of Darren's perfect cock.

Darren left soon after and Henry changed into his jumpsuit. He understood that when the other two councilors failed to show up at tomorrow morning's meeting, Darren would know that something was wrong, and likely who was behind it.

Using his direct access to the security feeds, Henry traced a path out from his quarters and up three floors to where Charlotte lived. Her door was locked but Henry's access codes quickly flicked the light from red to green and the door slid aside for him.

Charlotte's quarters were larger and grander than Henry's. He found himself in a living room of sorts. Or at least a meeting room. There was just the dimmest of blue lights from the ceiling, enough to make out the vague shapes of tables and chairs and the three doors that led off to other areas of the quarters.

Henry snuck quietly through the room. The first door was a bathroom. The second was a kitchen. As the third slide aside, some instinct within him—possibly Leila's instincts—made him dive out of the doorway as laser blasts sliced through the air. Lying on his side on the floor beside the door, his forearm vidscreen lit up with alarms and a faint klaxon could be heard from the corridors. Henry frantically tried cancelling them but they went right back up. So...Charlotte was awake and plugged right into the systems.

Her room was pitch black. She was hiding in there, where he would be perfectly framed by even the dim light of the living room. The controls for the room lighting were on the wall above Henry. After one last look around the room, memorizing the positions of the furniture, he reached up and pulled everything down to zero. Charlotte's quarters were pitch black now and when he concentrated, Henry could hear her panicked breathing between the faint alarm klaxon.

Quietly picking up one of the lightweight plastic chairs, Henry felt his way back to the wall and then the edge of the doorway. He prepared his knife, twisting the handle to pop the needle out. Then he heaved the chair through the door, aiming for the side wall, before launching himself through the doorway. The chair hit the wall and Charlotte scorched it with plasma blasts, the light from each blast giving away her location in the opposite corner. With the last of the flashes still hanging in his retinas, Henry

launched himself at Charlotte, plasma knife in his hand. He reached her in darkness, grappling blindly with the hand that held the blaster as he stabbed at her with his other hand, the needle plunging into a soft point of her body and making her stiffen instantly as the paralytic agent took effect.

Now Henry stilled the alarms outside. Though it was probably already too late it might at least give him some time. He hoisted Charlotte over his shoulder and, with her plasma gun in one hand, felt his way back through the room, slapping the living room lights on in order to make it to the front door.

The door slid open and Henry ducked out into the corridor, his gun at the ready, to make sure it was clear. He hurried down the quarter towards Will's aircar landing. As he passed a door to his right, it slid open, two armed guards staring at him, guns raised but not quite prepared to shoot. Henry blasted them both and they spun back against the wall as they fell, the acrid smell of plasma—like burned hair—filling the air.

Two more groups of guards came upon him as he moved and he shot them each in turn. He paused momentarily, tapping his forearm vidscreen to start up an alarm in another sector and draw any other guards away. He made it free and clear to Will's quarters. Using his security clearance, the door slid aside. Henry stepped in and instantly there was a gun in his face. He froze.

"You're not her," Darren said, pressing the gun hard against Henry's forehead. It wasn't a question.

Henry may have been able to get a shot off first, even with Charlotte hoisted over one shoulder. But harming Darren—*killing* Darren—was something Henry knew he couldn't do. Even now, a small part of Henry wanted to toss Charlotte aside, beg for mercy, just *be* with Darren. The Leila part. The part of her that still lived in the spaces between Henry's knowledge of who he was. He could not kill Darren.

"Is she even still alive?" Darren asked.

"She is," Henry affirmed.

The gun trembled against Henry's forehead as he gazed, unblinking, into Darren's eyes. There was a moment when Darren might have shot him right there but the hope that Leila was alive stilled his finger. He dropped his gun. Henry brushed past him through Will's quarters to the aircar.

"I will get her back," Darren called to his retreating back.

Epilogue

Inside Point Zephyr, Henry shivered. Waiting. The door shuddered. Opened. UN stealth operative Nalin had connected her evac shuttle to the docking bay airlock and she helped Henry load Charlotte into the cryo-chambers.

Henry settled into the passenger seat as Nalin took the controls. Distant lights flickered across the mountains. Darren's patrols scanning for them.

The airlock hatch closed and the ship lifted off, disappearing into the dark of the Triton sky.

Henry sat in silence, his thoughts spinning. Who was he now? If he returned to his body would he still have these feelings for Darren?

Below, Stofdorp did not mourn its losses. It began to plan its response.

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Getaway.
Just a Little Crush
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It's a Steal
Long Road Home
Body Switch Collection (Volume 16).
Swapped with a Stripper
Grinding Halt
Keep It in the Family.
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Her Best Life
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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.

I also do commissions! For more stories and my commission rates and contact info visit my website bodyswapstories.com.

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