



GENDER SWAP
EROTICA

HOW TO
HOST
A
Merger

MMWS



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How to Host a Merger

Gender Swap Erotica

by M. Wills

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How to Host a Merger

For the purposes of the meeting, Theo was essentially a prop. He suspected that his CEO, Kurt, just liked having a ‘tech guy’ in the room. Ostensibly, Theo was there to answer any questions that might arise, but mostly he just had to listen to the Kurt pitch... and try not to convey exactly how bored he was. Not that the sales pitch wasn’t impressive. Host Corp’s tech was brand new and top secret. And—since it was only offered by two companies on the planet— it was also highly sought after. But he’d heard the pitch twenty-six times in the past two weeks, and feigning interest was getting increasingly difficult.

Which is why his mind was wandering, and it took him a minute to realize the client’s last question had been directed at him. “Right, yes, the transfer process?” He straightened up. “It’s a complete transfer of knowledge, memory and personality. A perfect replica of the plant—the person switching in—is dropped into the host, allowing the plant complete control over the host’s body.”

Kurt summed it up. “We drop one person into another.”

The client gave a carefully controlled shrug. He was old-school moneyed and clearly trying not to appear too eager. “Hammond Personnel are offering the same. I met with them this morning... and they’re offering it a hell of a lot cheaper.”

Kurt mirrored the shrug. “They are, but you’ll get what you pay for. Hammond’ll give you bargain basement host bodies.” He flicked a nonexistent piece of lint off his \$400 shirt. “And they have a plant rejection rate of twelve percent.”

“What’s that mean?”

“Only eighty-eight percent of their switches," Kurt replied, “actually take.”

The client’s eyes narrowed a little. “What’s your rate?”

Kurt looked suitably smug. “99.6%. My tech guys don’t cut corners, and they test every host. Extensively. Thoroughly. That’s why Host can guarantee you an instantaneous and trouble-free transfer. You won’t get the same promise from Hammond.”

“For twice the price,” the client noted.

“Sure,” Kurt conceded, “but you won't get the full user experience with Hammond: you won’t get the same kinda access.”

The client leaned forward a little. “Whatcha mean?”

Clearly smelling the prospect of a sale, Kurt smiled. “New feature we’ve got in beta testing.” He jerked a thumb at Theo. “Our programmers figured out how to keep the host’s mind accessible. You’re not just dropping into an empty body, you’ll get access to their abilities and talents too.”

“But Hammond’s lab guy said that wasn’t possible,” the client countered. “He said it was all or nothing.” He pivoted Theo’s way. “Is he wrong?”

Theo nodded. “Yes, he’s wrong.”

Those three little words sounded insignificant, but they represented the biggest competitive edge Host Corp held over Hammond Personnel. They also represented eighteen months of meticulous, brain-sapping work in the lab. For Theo personally, they represented his proudest career achievement to date.

He’d been hired by Host Corp to fulfill a specific brief: figure out how to retain a host body’s language skills with the plant in situ. Clients loved jumping into exotic hosts located across the planet but were somewhat pissed to discover that, despite looking the part, they couldn’t speak the local language and didn’t have the host’s abilities. It was all well and good to be in the body of a gymnast, but what was the point if you couldn’t actually do any of their routine?

So Theo had started digging, probing residual host attributes—memory and conditioning—until he began to get results. He’d dug a little deeper, following a hunch about tracking and modding targeted data from both the hippocampus and the cerebellum. And then, eighteen months into his two-year contract, he’d cracked it. And not just language. He cracked the whole damn thing. He’d found a way to retain the entirety of the host body’s knowledge and memories: a way to make them completely accessible to the plant.

There had been tweaks needed, of course. Encryption code to write. The hosts were paid well to hire out their bodies but, especially with the new wealth in their bank accounts, they needed their identity and finances protected. So Theo had to find ways to lock down pin numbers, personal memories and other sensitive info, and that had taken a few months of finessing. But, still, he’d

fulfilled his brief. More than fulfilled it actually; he'd over-delivered. And with a couple of months to spare on this contract... a contract that guaranteed him profit share upon successful completion of his term.

All of which made him a little more amenable to sitting through tedious client meetings. The knowledge that he'd be getting a cut of each sale went a long way towards compensating for the monotony. Quite what the total cut was going to be he still hadn't been told, but the slightly green look on the CFO's face when he'd realized Theo had been apportioned profit share gave Theo a sense that the payout was going to be good. As did the CFO's frenzied muttering about, 'Moronic startup tech companies that offered golden deals to low level coding drudges'.

At the very least, he was going to be able to upgrade his 2011 Corolla. Maybe even pay off some of his crushing student loan debt. His degrees hadn't come cheap.

But first he had to get through this meeting.

Luckily, Kurt was clearly ready to wrap things up too. Standing, he smiled at the client and asked, "You ready to see what your money will get you?"

Chairs scraped as the others stood, but Theo kept his seat. This was the point when he tagged out of the meeting, leaving Kurt to show off the facility, schmooze and go for the hard sell.

But, this time, Kurt stopped in the doorway and turned back to Theo. "Come along with us," he said, then leaned close and murmured, "We need to talk

afterwards.”

They took the client to a switch suite, a room Theo had never entered before. It resembled an upscale karaoke room: expensive leather sofas, overpriced champagne, slick-looking tech and a massive TV screen. Grabbing a tablet from the table, Kurt loaded the Host interface, and a parade of images crossed the TV screen: hosts, hundreds of them. Hot. Not. Men. Women. Every age, race, and look flitting across the screen in a catalog of diverse humanity.

Theo tried not to gawp. Inter-department security was so tight that—sequestered away in his R&D coding cubical—he’d never actually seen the Host interface. And the insane reality of what the tech could actually do hit Theo anew: there were bodies up there. Bodies for the taking... assuming, of course, you had 126k available to spend on the experience.

The client took a seat, his eyes already locked on the screen. “So, how’s this work?”

Kurt waved a hand at the photos. “Pick one, read their profile, and see what they have to offer. Tap ‘switch’. Be them.” He smiled. “Simple.”

“What happens to my body while I’m...” The client trailed off and gestured to the screen.

“A nice nap on a comfy couch.”

The client was already reaching for a pen and the contract.

They left the client in the suite (and in the body of a 22-year-old Brazilian fencing instructor) and headed to Kurt's office.

Kurt sank into his desk chair and gestured to Theo to take a seat opposite. "So, Theodore, I've been—" He frowned. "Is it Theodore?"

Theo tried not to be too insulted by the fact that his boss of nearly two years didn't know his damn name and simply said, "Theo."

"Right, Theo. Anyway, I'm not easily impressed..." Kurt paused theatrically—in a way Theo suspected he'd rehearsed—then concluded, "...but I'm impressed." He gave a magnanimous smile. "Your work on the retaining host attributes has been rock solid, and I wanted to let you know that I've taken note."

"Thanks, that's good to hear."

Kurt pulled up a file on his computer. "So you've been with us, what, two years?"

Theo nodded. "Yeah, almost."

Kurt scanned what Theo assumed was his personnel file. “A degree in computer science and then another in biomedical engineering. Interesting combo.” He looked up. “Why the change to engineering?”

“Junior year of college, I got...” He swallowed. “I got interested in pacemakers.”

Kurt shot him a quizzical look. “Why pacemakers?”

“My mom had some heart issues. I learned a little about the technology and thought... I could contribute.”

He hoped that sounded reasonable. It was certainly far more measured than the truth: he’d been a twenty-year-old college student with a single mom whose heart was rapidly failing. And, with nowhere else to channel his panic and grief, he’d mistakenly believed he could revolutionize medical tech. He was going to reinvent the treatment of heart disease.

Kurt raised a brow. “But you ended up coming to us as a programmer...”

Theo didn’t feel like sharing the truth on that one either: his passion for medical science had died about the same time as his mom. He’d been left alone, uninterested in working in the field he’d just qualified for, and drowning in debt. So he’d gone back to programming. And ended up at Host Corp.

Yeah, he wasn’t telling Kurt any of that. Instead, he shrugged. “Came back to my

first love: programming.”

Kurt grinned. “Well, it worked out for us, anyway. Like I say, I’m impressed.”

“Thanks.”

“But I think you’re ready for more.” Kurt smiled and threw his feet up on his desk. “Time for you to get outta the programming pit, you know.”

Theo didn’t know. So he merely nodded.

“There’s a situation in the London office. They’re due to open their first switch suites next month and they’re behind schedule. They can’t get the new host protocols straight.” Kurt smiled again, revealing blindingly white teeth. “And, I figure, you’re the guy to sort them out.”

“Go to London?” Theo clarified. “Or work remotely?”

“I think you gotta be on the ground. Meet the programmers, personally oversee the work. Couple of weeks tops. Get ’em back on track.”

Theo tried not to look too eager. “My expenses? Travel, accommodation and…”

“No stress.” Kurt waved a hand dismissively. “We’ll put you up somewhere nice.”

He should’ve clarified before agreeing. He should’ve talked specifics: per diem and hotel locations and such. He should have locked in the details.

Because, if he’d just talked details, he wouldn’t currently be standing in a switch suite with his heart racing and his mouth dry. Had he just clarified before agreeing, he wouldn’t currently be watching his data upload into the Host Corp cloud.

The tech handling the upload—Justin according to his name tag—eyed him with an amused smile. “You look nervous, man. First time?”

Theo tried to swallow his visible nerves. “Umm, yeah.”

“Nothing to it. It’s just like we tell the clients: instant and totally safe.”

“Right.”

“Course,” Justin continued, “difference is... the clients are paying a hundred grand a pop; you’re getting it for free. Plum gig, dude.”

He made it sound like Theo was simply getting a cool perk, like a free ride on the company jet...which was considerably less weird than the current reality: he was being dropped into the body of a programmer in the London office.

It was the casual way Kurt had presented it that had tripped Theo up.

Theo had agreed to the London assignment. (Not that Kurt had really presented refusal as an option.) Agreed to travel back and forth so he could finish his work in the L.A. office and also help in London... and then Kurt had shrugged and said, “Course, no point messing with travel time and jet lag.”

And that had led Theo here. Three minutes away from being thrown across the planet into the body of a random dude in the programming department of Host London who had agreed to loan out his body every second day in exchange for a nice nap.

Theo eyed the countdown clock at the bottom of Justin’s screen. “Umm, who’s the guy? The one in London?”

The tech pulled up the profile. “Twenty-four years old, programmer, name’s—” He snorted with laughter. “They made it easy for you.”

“What?” Theo asked.

“His name’s Theo.” The tech tapped a few buttons on the console, then turned to Theo. “Good luck.”

Before Theo could respond the tech pressed a final button. Theo felt his body falling back into the cushy chair and in something slightly more than a blink he was suddenly in another transfer room, lying prone in an equally cushy chair. This room had a similar console and a similar bored-looking tech sitting at the screen.

The tech turned to him. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m o-” Theo’s voice was strangely soft. He cleared his throat and tried again. “I’m okay.”

But his voice was still soft and melodic. Looking down he realized why. His gaze landed on a navy blue top with a swooping neckline and, beneath his short, his eyes landed on his new cleavage. Two firm-looking breasts clasped in a white bra. Silky blonde hair hung down over both ears, tickling his cheeks as he moved. Theo brought his hands up, staring at the bare, slender arms and wiggling his dainty fingers. His nails were carefully manicured and shiny.

Theo’s eyes shot to the full length mirror hanging from one wall, put there for the sole purpose of plants checking out their host bodies. A willowy blonde gaped back at him. She had a delicately carved nose and an exquisite face. She looked young, too, maybe in her early twenties. The outfit she wore looked casual in an extremely expensive way, and it clung to his slight curves, hinting at the feminine figure below. Long, nicely shaped calves poked out from beneath a black blouse and his feet were tucked into black heels.

His eyes dropped back down to his chest and he brought his hands up, squeezing his new breasts. They were small but soft, with a wonderful weight and a slight give beneath his fingers. He looked up to see the tech grinning at him and dropped them, registering the slight bounce as they dropped back against his bra.

“First time as a woman? It's a shock, isn't it?”

Theo dropped his hands, ashamed that he'd been caught fondling a stranger's body. His cheeks burned with embarrassment and anger. Kurt had...well, he hadn't really lied. He'd just left out a lot of specifics.

The door opened and an irritated British voice asked, “You ready?”

Theo looked up to find the source of the voice standing in the doorway.
“Umm...”

The girl glared and leaned against the jamb. She was pocket-sized, not much over five foot but with lush curves and perfect tits that strained against her tight t-shirt. Her face, if it wasn't set in a scowl, would be angelic. “You need another minute to get used to it?”

“Yeah.” Theo suspected what he actually needed was another decade or so, but he'd settle for a minute. He sank back onto the sofa and blurted out, “I thought his... her name was Theo.” He waved an agitated hand up and down his new patently feminine frame, trying to indicate the problem.

“It is. Her full name’s Theodora.” The girl grimaced. “Actually her full name—if you can believe it—is Theodora Covington-Smythe. I mean, seriously! Toffs... they don’t do things by halves.” She jerked a thumb out into the hallway. “Come on, I’ve got to show you around.” She disappeared down the hall, calling, “I’m Emilia, by the way.”

Scrambling to his feet and heading out into the hallway, Theo realized two things in quick succession:

One, the London programmers really were struggling with retaining host skills and knowledge: he had zero memories from his host, not even a rough layout for the office or a couple of key personnel. Hell, even his accent was still American. Nor had he retained the ability to walk in high heels. He was struggling to keep pace with Emilia, his body jiggling in strange new ways as he tottered behind her through the office while she pointed out various departments that Theo instantly forgot.

And the second thing he noticed: he’d retained all of his own personality, wants and drives. That point was made very clear to him as his eyes zeroed in on Emilia’s butt. In his defense she had a seriously nice ass. In fact, he noted, she had a seriously nice everything. (Had Kurt filled the London office with nothing but hot women?) She led him down to the programmers’ bullpen, turning suddenly just as Theo’s eyes were aimed straight at her incredible bust.

“Oh my god!” she demanded as they came to a stop in a tiny office in the far corner. “Are you looking at my tits?”

Well, shit. Clearly he hadn’t mastered subtlety in this body. He dragged his eyes

up to Emilia's face. "Sorry." He took a deep breath. "I'm... well, sorry. I'm having some trouble adjusting to all this. Trying to figure out how to, umm... function. Like this."

She glared the glare of the righteously pissed. "And you thought the answer might lie in my boobs?"

"Sorry," he repeated. Again.

Begrudgingly letting it go, she waved a hand around the two-person office. "This is us." Pointing at a pristine desk with a thriving pot plant and designer stationery, she added, "That's Theo's desk. You're there."

The second desk in the cubicle was a stark contrast: cables, paper, chaos. Emilia sat down and unlocked her computer. "This is me. I'm supposed to help you if you need anything." And, with that, she put her earbuds in and turned her back on him.

Theo took another deep breath and placed his perfectly french manicured finger on the ID pad and got to work. Everything else was befuddling, but code he understood. And his first task in London was easy: review each programmer's work and start identifying issues to tackle. It was slightly distracting every time he swiped his long, blonde hair behind an ear, or scratched an itch on his nose and felt the smooth skin of his face hammering home the fact that he was in a woman's body. But mostly he was able to concentrate on the code.

Of all the bizarre things about his day, the timezone shouldn't have been the one

that broke him. But it was. He'd left L.A. at 9:14 am and arrived (instantaneously) in London at 5:14pm. He'd left one office that was getting started for the day and entered one that was winding down. And, as an employee of the L.A. office, he still technically had a full day to work.

The time change was not, in the grand scheme of things, particularly complicated, but he still felt ridiculously adrift when Emilia yanked out her headphones and announced she was leaving for the day.

She gave him a cursory briefing: "R&D and programmers are done for the day. There's a night crew of techs upstairs in switch suites. Head up at 6pm L.A. time for your switch back." She closed the door behind her without waiting for an answer.

Jesus, why was she so pissed off with him? Were all English people like this? At least he now had the office to himself.

By about midnight he'd altered the code so that plants could access host attributes and memories. It wasn't too hard. The principles were the same, but the London code was slightly different. He opened up Theodora's settings and set her code so he could access her knowledge on the next switch. He saved it and closed the program, then sat back and yawned, stretching his slender limbs in the air. He dropped them into his lap then tugged at his top, which was starting to itch. That brought his attention back down to his chest.

He'd managed not to think about his breasts all day as he was immersed in code. But now, with the work done and the office empty, the temptation was overwhelming. Theo knew he had a nice body beneath these clothes. And the owner wouldn't know what he'd gotten into. It would be a little bonus for Kurt's lack of information.

Theo got up and peeked out into the hallway. The night lights glowed softly but all the offices seemed dark. He closed and locked the door, then reached back to untie his top, pausing with his fingers on the lace, debating whether it was a good idea. He pulled the string, lifted the top off over his head and dropped it to the floor before he could hesitate any further.

Pushing the blonde hair back out of his eyes he looked down at himself. A plain, white bra covered his new breasts. Still, even the curves that he could see were breathtaking. Slight but tight. His waist tapered down, his body flaring out at his hips and creating an ass to die for. Reaching around with trembling fingers he unclasped his bra and slid it off his shoulders. It dropped to the floor and his breasts bounced free, bringing with it a sweet relief.

Theo gaped down at his breasts. His breasts! The skin was smooth and creamy, a tiny mole dotting the top of one. He had small strawberry-pink areolae, a dimple of a nipple in the middle of each. They were absolutely breathtaking, probably the best tits Theo had ever seen. And he could play with them to his heart's desire.

Theo took a breast in each hands and caressed them, running his fingers across the warm, supple skin. His fingers danced over and under his tits, just feeling them from every angle as he hefted them, pushing them together, pulling them apart, squashing them up against his chest, just enjoying having tits. Fuck, they were fun to play with. And seeing this gorgeous young woman squeezing her tits was making him hot and slippery.

Theo sat down in the desk chair, one hand still fondling his breasts, as the other traveled up beneath his skirt. His fingers followed his warm thigh, pulling the skirt up higher until he touched the sheer fabric of his panties. He could feel the heat of his entrance on his fingertips as he traced a line up and down his slit. His

fingers stroked faster, pushing into himself and growing damp from his moisture.

He bit his lip and wiggled his ass as a pleasant tension gripped him. His fingers continued stroking his tits, squeezing softly and pinching his nipple, while his other hand pulled the panties aside and stroked his bare pussy. He was completely shaved, not a trace of hair to be felt as he played himself, his nether lips opening for his finger. And then, god, he was inside himself for the first time, fingers dipping into his warmth. He gasped—feminine and lusty—as he slid in deeper, exploring his new wet heat. His clit ached to be touched, and when his fingers landed on it he was rewarded with a brief release of tension, a small sort of pre-orgasm flooding through him.

He stroked himself faster, fingering his delightful body with two fingers, dragging his wetness up and over his clit. He hooked his fingers and slid deeper into himself, legs wiggling back and forth as he reached for the pleasure that was just out of his grasp. God, he could feel his fingers traveling deep inside himself, could feel the wet heat of his slippery canal as he plunged into himself again and again. His body demanded more, harder, and he complied, fingering himself faster, the wet sounds of his pussy hitting his ears. He clasped his tit close to his chest until an electric pleasure shot through him and he cried out in a high pitched voice, “Oh, fuck!” hearing his delicate voice crying out, watching this woman finger himself for his pleasure made him cum again, the tension snapping, desire bursting through him as he clapped his pretty legs together, fingers trapped inside himself, still stroking, urging the orgasm through him. It burned bright, filling him from head to toe and left him only slowly.

He pulled his fingers out of himself, the scent of his sex now filling the room. God, now he really understood why someone would pay so much for that. Maybe Theo's body really was a perk.

He was dressed and put together again by quitting time, returning to his old body carrying only the memories of being Theodora and the immense pleasure he'd

given himself.

2

It was easier the second time, the physical change less jarring. He had also planned a little better. He switched just as the London office was opening, giving himself a full day with the staff onsite to iron out the coding kinks.

The biggest difference, however, was that he could feel the tweaks he'd made to the coding. Theodora's work memories were right there: a well of useful information about the office, the people and current projects. There were also some other surprises.

Emilia stuck her head in to the room to get him, the scowl still present on her otherwise cute face.

"Good morning, Emilia," Theo said, surprising them both with his posh English accent.

He stood and moved fluidly, hips swaying, a perfect sense of his own body and an excellent balance, even when walking down to the programmer's bullpen in high heels. He didn't have to concentrate, his motions seemed natural, elegant even, as though he'd been practicing his whole life. He wasn't bothered by the sleek, black work suit with white button down dress shirt, and the tight skirt that clung to his elegant form, or by the way his breasts bounced lightly with each step. Intrigued, yes. Excited, that too. But not bothered. There was less of a sense of being alien to his femininity than there had been originally. Emilia seemed to notice as well, glancing back at him once or twice, clearly wanting to ask him a question but holding back.

Kurt had done the legwork for him, scheduled a 9 a.m. meeting with all the programmers so Theo could run through the issues he was seeing and delegate work to get the fixes started. Theo arrived in the bullpen to find the programmers assembled. He took his place at the front of the room and started the meeting.

It was fine. Programming he could handle. Pulling apart code was his happy place. So, it was fine.

Until he noticed the eyes.

It was the guy on the front left, sitting backwards on a chair pulled in from the break room. Kyle, Theodora's memories informed him. And Kyle's gaze barely moved, just ran over the neckline of Theo's top and then meandered down over his hemline.

Freaked, Theo stopped right in the middle of a sentence, floundering to regain his composure. But it was a lost cause: there was a guy checking out his thighs, and composure was impossible to come by.

"Umm," he stumbled, trying to get back on track. "Right, so, Elliot I need you to clean up the naming conventions. And Max, you're on magic number patrol." Ready to escape, he concluded, "So, give me a shout if you have any questions. Thanks, guys."

And he hurried back to 'his' office as fast as his heels allowed him.

Emilia walked in a minute later and put a cup of coffee down on Theo's desk. She wore a dark navy pantsuit, conservatively cut to her figure. Her straight brunette hair was done up in a complicated bun and her eyes were softer, the scowl finally gone from her face.

"I figured... you're American, you probably like coffee rather than tea. Unless of course you've got Theodora's tastes now and you therefore only drink lapsang souchong in bone china teacups."

"Nah." Theo took a gulp. "I still like coffee."

"Good." Emilia grimaced uncomfortably. "And, look, I'm sorry about last time you were here. I was a total bitch."

"No. You—"

"I was a bitch," she reiterated. "And it's nothing to do with you. Theodora and I were having some...issues, but I shouldn't have taken them out on you. I have to get past the fact that you look and sound like her but you're not her."

Theo took another gulp of coffee. It did taste slightly more bitter on his tongue but he swallowed it down quickly. "No problem. To be honest, I was so freaked out by the switch I barely noticed anything else."

“Well then, good. I dodged a bullet there. We can start fresh.” Emilia grinned and sat on the corner of his desk, crossing her legs and peering down at him. “Is it easier this time... the switch, I mean?”

“Yeah...” He mulled it over, tapping a perfect fingernail on his cup. “Less of a shock. And it helps having a chunk more of Theodora’s knowledge; at least I know who everyone is this time.” Prodding at Theodora’s memory, he confirmed, “You’re working security, right?”

“Yep, mostly. Bit of hack-proofing, some bug-testing, and securing host data.”

“You guys must be good. Few months ago I watched some guys back in L.A.—both of them seriously good hackers—try to get access and totally choke.”

“Yeah, we were actually ahead of schedule for the London launch.”

“Were?”

“Then some wunderkind in L.A. came up with a way to mod access to host data”—she raised an eyebrow in his direction—“and it’s taking some extra work.”

“Sorry,” he said, shooting her an apologetic smile.

“S’ok, we’ll figure it out. I like a challenge. Speaking of which...” She fired up her computer. “Better crack on.” She slipped her earbuds in and started typing.

Theo watched her from across the room every now and then as they both worked, studying the perfect shape of her nose, the way she scrunched up her mouth as she hit a particular tricky patch, the way a loose lock of hair hung down across her cheek just so. She was gorgeous, no doubt about it. And he’d get to see her every other day.

Hopping into Theodora's body soon became quite routine. A day in L.A., then a day in London. A day in his own body, then a day in Theodora’s. It was bizarre, but it was working. Los Angeles was midway through the launch of the new upgrades and everything was running to spec.

The switch suites were booked solid for the rest of the month and, from the gleeful look on Kurt's face, it was apparent that Host Corp was raking in the dough. London was back on track and seemingly on target to have at least a soft open before the end of the month. Even better, Theo and Emilia were becoming closer and closer; going out to lunch together, sharing cat videos, and complaining about work in the usual way. Emilia's eyes lit up whenever he walked into the room, and he found himself lingering by her desk, brushing his hair back and showing off his elegant body in whatever thousand dollar outfit Theodora had happened to be wearing that day.

The strangeness of being in Theodora's body lessened, but the delight never did. He would sometimes walk through the offices, exploring them for himself. It was one thing to have a memory of something from someone else, but another thing to see it firsthand. Plus, if he was being honest, he liked the attention. As he clicked down the row of desks through the open office on his high heels, hips swaying, a pleasant smile on his rose red lips, he glanced around nonchalantly, pretending not to notice the quick eyes on his body. The own desire he had for the petite blonde he now inhabited was reflected back in every male gaze and

made him hungry for himself. An ember sparked between his legs, which made him acutely aware of every small motion of his feminine body.

His second trip up to the fifth floor had ended near the executive suites where he found some spacious so-called “Meditation Rooms”. They were the newest trendy office idea, direct from Silicon Valley: a simple room with a pile of cushions on the floor, some sort of Buddhist statue in one alcove, and a full length mirror on one wall so execs could make sure their hair wasn't mussed before returning to work. Designed with no power outlets and with walls that could block WiFi signals, they were rooms where it was deliberately impossible to do work. Conversely, they were never used, because if an exec wasn't working then, really, it just proved how unnecessary they were.

Theo poked his head in, saw it was empty, and slipped inside. Half-turning, he closed the door behind him and found himself facing the mirror. Theodora's gorgeous image was reflected back at him. His golden hair was up in an intricate bun, one lock deliberately left to swing free down her cheek. The little smile on her face showed off a hint of her white teeth. She looked like a model, all glowing skin and perfect body.

He turned to admire himself, one hand on his hip. The simple red dress he wore was low cut, ending just above his cleavage and form fitted to his body, ending just above his knees. He reached behind him and unzipped his dress, letting it fall to the floor. He stepped out and stared at himself in the mirror, this gorgeous blonde standing on high heels, wearing only a matching red bra and panties.

Theo stepped closer to the mirror, until he could see the flecks of gold in his own eyes and the little dusting of freckles across the bridge of his nose. His tongue snaked out, licking his rich red lips as he let his hands wander across his body. He was so smooth and warm, the delicate curve of his hips and ass crying out to be stroked.

Theo reached around and unclasped his bra before dropping it to the floor. Theodora's breasts bounced free and he took them in each hand, staring in the mirror as he made the blonde bombshell squeeze her delectable tits until her tiny pink nipples stood erect. They were soft but firm, so enjoyable to squeeze and to fondle. His little lips parted and there was such an expression of longing on his face in the mirror that it lit a fire within him. His hands moved faster, greedy for his own body, wanting to touch every glorious inch, wanting to watch himself as he turned, eyes dragging up and down his soft form, arching his back and running a hand along the incredible curve of his ass. He gave his ass a little smack, a soft "oh" escaping his lips and making him instantly wet.

A damp patch formed across his panties, growing as he continued fondling his body, hands stroking every inch of his soft skin, just enjoying his own simple touch. When he could take it no more he stripped his panties off. Balling them up and bringing them to his nose, he inhaled his delicious musky scent of arousal before tossing them aside and gazing at Theodora's naked body. Jesus, it seemed impossible that there was anyone this perfect. Every inch was incredible. From the tip of her nose down to her perfectly manicured toes.

She was shaved completely bare, and his fingers followed the line of his sculpted belly down over his mound and landed on his smooth slit. His opening was already slick as he caressed himself, nether lips growing loose even as an unbearable tension gripped him from within. He slid a finger across his opening, watching in the mirror as he made Theodora dip her finger into herself. Oh, he was suddenly surrounded by her heat. Finding her slickness, he dragged it up across her opening, stroking up and down. His fingers landed on his little button, already primed for him, and he cooed softly, legs growing weak.

He sank to the ground in front of the mirror, spreading his legs so he could gaze into his gorgeous pink folds as he continued fingering himself with one hand and spreading his pussy open with the other. He bit his plump little lip as he slid

deeper inside himself, the heat and pressure building. He pushed his fingers deep into his eager wetness, leaning back and curling his fingers around to land on the dimpled nub of his inner desire. He grew faster, driven by the deep urges, the need to release the pressure that seemed to be building with no end.

Little moans escaped his lips as he fingered himself, delicate little fingers sliding into his pussy, coming out wet and sticky with himself before slipping back in, faster and faster. His tits bounced as his whole body twisted, his body charged with desire, enjoying the feeling as much as watching the incredible blonde masturbating in the mirror. With a loud moan he came, fingers sliding in deep, stroking just so as his entire body shuttered. His eyes clamped shut and he cried out in a throaty voice, fingers still pumping into his wet cunt, guiding the orgasm through him as he came hard.

When he could think again he opened his eyes, Theodora's face flushed red in the mirror in front of him, her fingers still thrust inside her opening. He pulled out and brought his fingers to his lips, opening his mouth and sucking his juices, tasting himself. Fuck, he was delightful.

Theo visited the meditation room whenever he could. If the purpose of those rooms was to get users to reach transcendence heights of oneness with themselves, Theo thought they could hardly be any more effective.

3

Theo wondered briefly—in the four minutes he had as he packed up before heading upstairs to the suite and switching back to L.A.— how Theodora was handling the routine. From her perspective, she had a normal day in the office and then a day she simply lost. Well, not so much lost as willingly gave away for what he assumed was a hefty bonus on top of her regular pay check. Which, he realized, didn't quite make sense to him. Judging from the clothes she wore every day and the designer purses, Theodora wasn't hurting for money.

His curiosity piqued, he brought it up with Emilia on day in the office.

“Hey, Emilia.” He waited until she pulled out her earbuds then asked, “Why did Theodora volunteer for this? She doesn't need the money does she?”

“Theo?” she asked incredulously. “In need of money? She's rolling in it.”

“That's what I thought. So why the—”

“She didn't really volunteer. She...” Emilia lowered her voice. “You didn't hear this from me, ok?”

Theo leaned forward a little. “Sure.”

“She didn’t really have a choice. She messed up, and Kurt said it was either this or the door.”

“What did she mess up?”

“Ok, so, she was adjusting the failsafe settings and, well, she was in over her head.” Emilia rolled her desk chair a little closer. “You’ve seen her work...”

Theo remained politely silent but gave a slight nod. He’d seen enough of her work to know she wasn’t up to the job. In fact, he was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she’d been hired for aesthetics rather than merit.

“Yeah, well,” Emilia continued, “she fully exposed a host.”

“What d’you mean?” He eyed the clock on his computer. “And give me the abridged version; I’m due in the switch suite in two minutes.”

“We were in beta testing. And, at first, it was all going to plan. The host’s consciousness gets uploaded to the cloud, the plant switches into the host. The upgrades all look good: the plant has access to a nice little chunk of the host’s memories.”

“And then Theodora’s updates kick in...” She dropped to a whisper. “And, boom, the plant gets access to everything.”

“From the host?”

“Yeah, every single nitty gritty, little detail of the host’s life. Every memory: pin numbers, bank accounts, intimate details.”

“Shit!”

“Yeah, but it gets worse. When they ran diagnostics, they realized that Theo’s program had actually stripped the knowledge from the host. The host woke up with no bloody clue who he was or—”

“Hey, guys.” A tech—a guy Theo recognized from the switch suite—poked his head around the door. “Sorry to interrupt.”

Emilia shut up fast and turned back to her computer.

Theo gave the tech a quick smile. “What’s up?”

The guy jerked a thumb upstairs. “We just heard from Los Angeles: suite’s are jammed over there, completely overbooked. We gotta reschedule your switch.”

Theo shrugged. His work stateside was actually under control; a little longer in

London wouldn't hurt. "When can you fit me in?"

"Couple of hours probably." The tech glanced up at the ceiling, visibly calculating. "Should have a window between nine and nine thirty."

"Ok, no problem."

"Cheers, mate. See you then." He headed back out the door.

Theo waited until his footsteps faded, then turned to Emilia, eager for the rest of the story. "So, what happened after that?"

She shot a nervous look at the door. "You hungry? Let's get out of here."

"Umm." Theo hesitated, unsure of the protocol. Could he leave the building in Theodora's body?

"Come on, you've got hours until you need to be back and it's the company's fault you can't get home." Emilia shut down her computer. "And there's a decent pub around the corner."

Emilia's idea of a decent pub was small and cozy with low ceilings, an open fire and a smattering of Friday drinkers. She left Theo at a table in the back not

trusting him, she claimed, to know how to order a drinkable pint. While she was at the bar, he took a moment to think through everything she'd told him on the walk over: the full extent of Theodora's fuck up, the scramble to reload the host's memories from the cloud, the payouts Kurt had made to keep a few key employees quiet.

When Emilia arrived back at the table with their drinks, he asked the question that was bugging him: "Why didn't Theodora get fired?"

"You've looked in a mirror, right?" Emilia arched a brow. "Don't tell me you've spent five days in that body and not noticed that you can essentially get away with anything."

"I mean... I guess that—"

"Women that hot are a rarity. Women that hot who want to work as programmers are unheard of."

"You're hot and you're a programmer." The words emerged before he had time to stifle them. Something about hanging out—two girls, two beers, no pressure—made his tongue a little too loose.

Emilia grinned. "I'm ok, but I haven't got those legs. Or that face or that cut-glass accent that makes everything I say sound like a sex-starved Bond girl demanding attention."

Theo took a slug of beer and tested a theory that has been marinating. “You into her?”

She shook her head. “Not my type.”

“You’re not into women?” he probed.

“I’m into women,” she said with a smile. “I’m not into entitled princesses who can’t code for shit.”

Theo smirked into his beer. “You got standards.”

“Exactly,” Emilia agreed. “Don’t get me wrong, looks-wise I fancy her rotten, but love died the second I saw her code and how she treated, well, everyone who’s not an exec.”

Theo wound a lock of blonde hair around a slender finger. He was saved from responding by the arrival of their food. The dinner successfully flouted English food stereotype by actually being delicious. They both dug in, conversation slowing as they enjoyed their meal.

Warm, well-fed and pleasantly buzzed from a single beer—weighing 105 pounds took some getting used to—Theo sank back in his chair and studied Emilia as she took their empties up to the bar. He watched her chat with the barmaid and a couple of girls on bar stools, her boobs bouncing just a little as she laughed. His eyes slipped down the curve of her legs, today clasped by tight black leggings

that highlighted the gorgeous swell of her little butt. The room was pleasantly warm and fuzzy, the alcohol doing its part to drop Theo's normal barriers.

He remembered something she'd said earlier, and he was frowning as she headed back towards him. "You're more than ok."

"What?" she asked, nonplussed.

"Earlier... I said you were hot, and you said: I'm ok." He waved a hand at her. "You're a lot more than ok."

She smiled and proved again—eyes sparkling and rose pink lips parting in a grin—that 'ok' was not an accurate description. "Haven't got your figure." She ran her eyes up Theo's endless legs and he let her gaze at him, enjoying her undivided attention. "But few people do."

Theo grinned back at her and sipped his beer. "Lucky me."

Emilia's smile turned sly. "Don't tell me you haven't been enjoying it."

The truth of the accusation made it a little hard to form what he knew should be a denial. "I, umm... It's been—"

"S'ok. I get it." She shrugged. "Not sure you'd be human if you didn't enjoy

walking around in that body.”

He was saved by his ringing phone. Seeing Kurt’s name, he blinked—Kurt had never called his cell before—and then picked up. “Hello.”

“Hey.” Kurt got straight to the point. “We’ve hit a problem.”

“Ok,” Theo replied, bracing for a programming disaster and a potential overnighiter in the LA. office. “What’s up?”

“Switch suites are still jammed; scheduling department got a bit overconfident.”

“Ok...?” Theo repeated.

“Yeah, so we’re not gonna be able to bring you home tonight.”

“What!” His yelp drew a stares from the next table. He lowered his voice. “Can’t you reschedule a customer?” But, even as he asked, Theo knew Kurt wasn’t going to kick out a paying client to accommodate him.

Kurt sounded (almost) contrite. “Sorry, man. Can’t mess with the clients.”

Theo knew he sounded pissed. But, between L.A. and London, he’d been

working for 24 hours straight, and he wasn't in a mood to be conciliatory. "Fine," he replied, his tone making it abundantly clear that it wasn't fine. "When can we reschedule?"

"Tomorrow," Kurt said loftily. "Noon at the latest."

"Tomorr—?"

"Look, take the night, enjoy London. You been to Big Ben yet? Buckingham Palace?"

Theo was down to monosyllables. "No."

And Kurt was still in placation mode. "I'll talk to the London office now, get you sorted with accommodation. Thanks, Theodore."

"But—"

Kurt had already hung up.

"Mother!" Theo sucked in an angry breath. "Fucker!"

"So weird," Emilia commented, "to hear Theodora swear." She shot him a

sympathetic smile. “What happened?”

He explained as they made their way back to the office, and Emilia seemed as righteously angry as he was. It wasn't until he was standing in front of reception that Theo realized he'd done it again: he'd stupidly not locked in details and had just assumed that Kurt had sorted reasonable accommodation.

So he actually had to laugh when, instead of being given a company credit card and directions to a hotel, he was handed a set of house keys and an electronic key fob. “Umm... what's this?”

The receptionist behind the front desk barely looked up from her computer. “Theodora's keys. Kurt called; said you were staying for the night.”

Theo shook his head in disbelief. “And he figured... Theo's in her body; he may as well stay in her house too?”

The receptionist shrugged. “I guess so. He just said to give you the keys.”

Behind him, Emilia snorted. “The cash he's raking in, he couldn't spring for a hotel room?”

“Umm...” The receptionist trailed off, clearly unable to come up with another way to point out she was merely the messenger. She shot Theo an apologetic smile and said, “I emailed you the address. And your per diem has been transferred to your account.”

She turned back to her computer, dismissing him.

Unable to think of anything else to do, Theo stalked out of the lobby into the street. Pulling out his phone he read the email. Where the hell was Holland Park?

Emilia appeared next to him. “You ok?”

“I don’t...” Theo choked out a bitter laugh. “I’m not sure why I’m surprised, I just... You think Kurt takes personal pleasure in treating his employees like interchangeable pawns?”

“Probably,” Emilia replied. “No such thing as a moral billionaire.”

“He’s not a billionaire.”

“No yet,” she conceded. “But give it a year or two. You’ve seen the December sales figures, right?”

“No, I don’t really pay attention to the business side.”

“You should.” Emilia raised a pointed brow. “Especially since it’s your innovation that’s responsible for the December sales bump.”

She had a point. Theo suddenly found himself slightly bitter about what his work was doing for Kurt. “Do you have access to the company's financial info?”

“Officially? No.” She grinned conspiratorially. “But unofficially... I mean, what kinda security employee would I be if I couldn't get access to my own company's private financial data?”

Much as he wanted to continue venting about Kurt, Theo was suddenly aware he was freezing. His body, he realized, was far more sensitive to cold than he was used to. Through chattering teeth, he asked, “How do I get to Holland Park? Is it on the tube?”

Emilia stuck out a hand for a passing black cab. “Come on, we can share a cab.”

Theodora's building was an expensively crafted imposing brick building with a modernist glass and steel structure protruding from the top. Emilia out at through the window as the cab pulled up.

“Holy shit. No doubt bought with mummy and daddy's money. I wonder what it looks like on the inside.”

Theo paused, his hand on the door handle. “Come check it out.”

“Serious? Ok.”

They hopped out of the cab. Theo touched the key fob to the black rectangular scanner near the front door and it unlocked for them. They made their way to the elevators, gaping around at the wide expanse of lobby. There were no buttons in the elevator, just another black scanner. Theo again touched the key fob to the plate and the elevator began rising. Theo thought he'd have to wander through some corridors to find Theodora's place but the elevator doors opened directly into the hallway of a deluxe apartment.

Emilia and Theo wandered through the maze of rooms, marveling at the fancy electronics and décor. The whole place was decorated in white with undertones of more white. The apparent simplicity must have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds to design.

“Oh my god,” Emilia said, plopping onto the plush white couch in the living room and bouncing up and down, “I mean, I knew she had more money than sense, but I didn't know how high the bar was set.”

Theo had made his way into the kitchen, which was too immaculate to have ever seen much use. The fridge was bare but a small door to the side led into a dark wine cellar, which was packed. Theo pulled out something that looked old and expensive and returned to the kitchen.

“Wine?” He asked, holding up the bottle to Emilia.

She vaulted over the couch and took a seat at the kitchen island. “Sure!”

Theo opened a few cabinets until he found some wineglasses and a corkscrew. He poured them both a glass of the rich red wine. Handing one glass to Emilia he hefted the other by the stem with his elegant fingers.

“To Kurt. May he rot in hell, and in our hearts.”

They giggled and sipped.

“Mmm. Fuck me, that's good,” Emilia said.

Theo took a seat in the tall chair beside her and kicked off his heels. “Oh my god, these heels are killing me.”

Emilia glanced down at them. “Hell, I'd kill for them.”

“Take 'em,” Theo said, nudging them towards her.

“What?” She laughed.

“Yeah, fuck it, why not? They fit?”

“If not I'll make them. But what about Theodora?”

Theo gestured around the luxurious apartment. “I'm sure she'll buy another pair without thinking twice.”

Theo emptied his glass and picked up the bottle to refill them both but Emilia stopped him. “No, I should be going home.”

“Please stay,” Theo said, placing his hand on hers, “I feel like I'm living in a soulless tomb.”

“You mean your body or this place?” Emilia smirked.

“Come on. One more. I can also offer you...” Theo hopped down from the chair and went to sift through the freezer, coming up with a small container. “Ooh. Ice cream!”

Emilia paused, then: “All right.”

“Yay!”

Theo rustled up two spoons and carried them around to the plush couch. Emilia brought the wine and they settled in side by side, feet up on the glass coffee table as they shared ice cream straight from the carton.

“It's weird that Theodora allowed this, don't you think? I mean, me in her body, out of the office, doing...whatever in her house?”

Emilia shrugged and licked ice cream off her spoon. “She kinda dug her own grave. She made some sort of deal with Kurt to keep her job and I guess this is the price.”

“Why does she want her job so badly when she's clearly set up for life?”

“Maybe she wants to do something to prove she's not just leeching off mummy and daddy. Maybe daddy gave her an ultimatum. Maybe she's just playing dress up while trying to meet some rich playboy with an ice queen fetish. Who knows how the rich think; they're different from us.”

They finished the ice cream and the bottle of wine, their conversation ambling along pleasantly as the alcohol made Theo ever warmer and more relaxed. He pulled the pins out of his hair and let his golden waves fall down his shoulders, fluffing his hair out before rising to fetch another bottle of wine. He returned and set it on the coffee table, pausing as he saw Emilia looking up at him thoughtfully.

“What?”

She shrugged. “Nothing. I like this new Theodora.”

He noticed her gaze drifting down his body. “She's pretty isn't she?”

Emilia blushed and nodded.

“You want to see more of her?”

Emilia nodded again, a smile playing across the edge of her lips. Theo gathered up his blonde hair and held it above his neck. He turned his back to Emilia.

“Unzip me.”

He heard her stand and then felt her fingers sliding the zipper down the back of his black dress. He turned around and shimmied the dress to the floor. The black bra and panties perfectly set off his slightly pale skin, and Emilia drank him in. Theo moved closer to her, slipped his hand lovingly across her cheek and guiding their lips together.

Emilia tasted like the wine; hints of blackberry and plum. Her lips were angel soft and her breath was warm as it mingled with his. He closed his eyes, savoring her taste. Her tongue flicked against his lips and he opened his lips for her, let her slip in and explore the warm contours of his mouth. Her hands came up and caressed his body, sliding around to his back, down to the curve of his ass and then back up.

And then the passion overtook them both. The kisses grew quicker, more urgent. Theo sucked on her tongue as he helped her shuck off her clothes, both gasping, fingers blindly reaching for the buttons of Emilia's blouse, fumbling, needing to be near her. At last she was free and she tossed her top to the floor. Theo was on her in an instant, kissing his way down the nape of her neck, landing on her bra.

The vast expanse of bra clung to heavy, succulent breasts and he kissed his way across the top of them before blowing hot breath across each nipple, biting gently through the fabric, teasing her as she clung to him.

They tore each other's clothes off, tossing them aside and falling onto the couch, naked bodies pressed against each other, Emilia on top. Her dark hair tickled his collarbone as she played with his tits, sucking each nipple, nibbling gently with her teeth until they spiked up in her mouth. Theo could feel her own tits dragging across him and he reached up, taking a breast in his fingers before it moved away. Her body was so warm and supple on top of his, her comforting weight pushing down on him, covering him as her hands wandered down his tummy, landing between his legs. He stiffened as she found his entrance, a sudden quake of delight as her fingers stroked his nether lips while she continued suckling at his breasts.

She crawled down his body, kissing her way across his tummy until her mouth joined with the hand between his legs. His own hands came to his tits and he clasped his breasts, fondling himself, all the while staring down at Emilia between his legs. She stared up at him, maintaining eye contact as she stuck out her tongue and slid up and down his opening, making him ever wetter. Her eyes were full of desire, a sly smile on her face as she licked his pussy. Her hands gripped his thighs, spreading him as she flicked her tongue up against his clit. He moaned, his whole body trembling with anticipation.

Emilia ran her tongue up and down his nether lips, closing her eyes, clearly enjoying his taste, his smell, his feel. And then her tongue dipped inside him and he moaned, loud and long. She found his button, flattening her tongue and undulating slowly across him. Pleasure burst through him and he wiggled his hips, needing to drive her deeper, but she held him steady, continuing to lick in a slow rhythm, driving him wild with desire.

With her tongue still pressing down on his clit, her fingers slid inside him. He

was so wet she slipped right inside, fingers traveling through his slippery canal. His breath hitched in his throat, to be released with a breathy cry. She fingered him tenderly, filling and emptying him, each time growing the anticipation inside his body. She soon sped up, licking harder, her hot breath latched onto his clit and he came, crying out, “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” in his tiny British accent as his entire body convulsed with ecstasy. His fingers clenched his tender breasts, digging into the delightful skin as he came. And still Emilia kept her tongue on him, her fingers inside him, slowing down as he hit the precipice, but resuming her quick rhythm when he'd recovered his breath.

He came again, harder, this time, the desire exploding through him and making him squeeze his eyes tight. The orgasm curled his toes, drew his body as taut as a string before plucking him and making him sing out. Emilia's tongue and fingers inside him, he felt himself soaring, the pleasure blowing away all conscious thought as his body convulsed beneath her perfect touch.

When he'd finally recovered, Emilia looked up at him from between his legs, her cheeks and chin shiny with his juices. “My turn,” she growled.

She climbed up him and he could feel her wetness as she dragged it along his leg, his chest, across his tits, and then she was sitting on his face, his nose buried in her cunt. Her hand gripped his hair and she stared down at him, sneering with lust.

“Lick my cunt you bitch,” she snarled, grinding down onto his face.

Theo understood she was taking out her hatred of Theodora on her body, that she needed this, that she had to spite fuck her awful gorgeous coworker. And Theo wanted to please her.

He stuck out his tongue and slid into her wet folds. The salty taste of her filled his mouth, dripping down his cheeks. Her delicious acrid scent was all he could smell as she rode him, dragging her pussy back and forth across his face, holding his head down, gripping his hair hard as she had her way with him. He stroked her clit with his tongue, sucking as she bucked and moaned above him, wave after wave of orgasm cresting through her. She dripped down onto him, her lovely juices dirtying his perfect body in rivers as she cried out. Her thighs clapped around his head and all he could taste, smell and see was her. And it was heavenly.

When Emilia was done she collapsed onto the couch next to him, kissing him gently, stroking his body as they snuggled together, limbs entwined, the smell of their sex heavy in the air.

“Why do you have to go?” She whispered in his ear.

He kissed her hand and let it drop back onto his chest. Holding her like that, they fell asleep.

4

On Monday, Theo found himself with a day off. Kurt—perhaps feeling particularly magnanimous because he was heading to London for what was sure to be the launch of another highly profitable office—had given Theo a full 24 hours of freedom as compensation for the fact that he'd been stranded in Theodora overnight. Kurt had even taken it upon himself to cancel Theo's switch and had told him not to come into the L.A. office either.

But, oddly, an extra day at home in his apartment wasn't exactly feeling like a reward. Theo found himself glaring at his dingy little studio apartment, missing London. Missing—if he was being honest—being in Theodora. And annoyed, honestly, at losing a switch.

It seemed his days of switching were coming to an end. Realistically, there was a day's work left in London to tie up the loose ends. Two maybe. If he dragged it out. And, since he was apparently now being honest, he already knew he was going to drag it out.

Matters should have improved when he got a text from Emilia with a summary of the Host Corp's financial position. A couple of calculations later, he'd figured out that his upcoming payout—the bonus he was going to receive—was just shy of 400k.

The number was absurd. He'd been imagining \$10k. \$15k maybe if he were lucky. A chance to pay off just a little of his debt. This, however, would pay it off in full with money to spare. He'd be financially solvent for the first time in his

adult life. Hell, he'd be rich.

Which made it all the more moronic that he was still in a shitty mood.

Clearly realizing from his monosyllabic response that he needed cheering up, Emilia had followed up her text with an email. There was a file attached and a message that read:

Take a look at this... if you enjoy reading shitastic code.

The file was Theodora's disastrous attempt at coding, her attempt that had blown security to shreds and wiped a host's memories.

Theo read the file and found himself alternating back and forth between smiling at the feeble work and grimacing at the unfairness. If he, or anyone else who didn't look like Theodora, had turned out work like this, they would have been fired on the spot. Because life was genuinely fucking unjust.

The genetic lottery had handed Theodora a combo get-out-of-jail-free card and golden ticket.

The genetic lottery had handed him a decent brain in a mediocre body... a mediocre body with a genetic predisposition to heart failure. It was, he repeated to himself, un-fucking-just.

Aware he was in danger of becoming pathetically morose, he gave himself a pep talk:

He was about to come into a shit ton of money.

He was killing it at work, knocking projects out of the park.

His typically hard-to-please boss was happy with him.

He'd got laid for the first time in months.

He had the day off.

He had absolutely no right to feel anything other than on top of the world.

And, yet, he was currently lying in bed at 9 a.m. on a sunny Los Angeles morning, glaring at the damp patch on the ceiling of his shitty studio and feeling nothing but discontent.

Making a decision, he hauled himself out of bed, and dragged on some clothes. Kurt had told him he could take the day off. He'd never said he had to.

Justin, Theo's usual switch suite tech, looked up in surprise when Theo arrived

outside the suite. “Hey, man. Thought your switch got canceled. Heard you got the day off.”

Theo shrugged. “I’ve got a couple of things to finish up in London.”

“Ok, you’ll have to gimme a minute. You weren’t on the daily schedule, so I didn’t get anything prepped.”

“No worries.” Theo tried to squash his impatience. “How long do you need? Should I come back in ten?”

A voice called from down the hall. “Hey, Justin. Kurt’s on the phone. Wants to know how long until you email the weekly traffic figures.”

“Fuck.” Justin grimaced and called back, “Tell him: soon.” Turning back to Theo he muttered, “The guy’s sitting on a first class flight to London right now. He couldn’t just watch a movie and enjoy the in-flight liquor?”

Theo gave a sympathetic head shake. “He once told me, ‘flight hours are billable hours.’ I don’t think he gets the concept of leisure time.”

“I hear ya.” Justin sighed. “Anyway, I’d better get the traffic stats compiled. Can you come back at eleven?” Then he shook his head and amended, “Actually, no, I gotta work the suite next door from 10:45. Maybe this afternoon, around thr—”

Theo's impatience took over. "Look, if you've got stuff to do, I can program my own switch."

Justin gave a sigh of relief. "You sure?"

"Yeah, no problem. Seen you do it enough times."

Justin grinned. "And you wrote most of the code."

"Yeah, that too." Theo headed for the suite. "See you later."

Closing the door behind him, he logged onto the computer and started calling up the presets.

Then, he paused, an idea suddenly stealing up his spine and leaving his fingers hovering over the keyboard.

It was totally unethical and unjustifiable.

He couldn't do it.

And yet he was already pulling up his email, opening the attached file, and copying Theodora's shitty code.

A few tweaks and it was loaded.

He hit 'switch' before his conscience could catch up with his coding.

5

Two minutes later, he stood in the open office doorway and smiled. “Hey, Emilia.”

She looked up from her desk. “Theodora? I thought you went home for the day?”

Emilia's voice was flat and carefully controlled, showing none of the liveliness she'd had when she knew it was Theo inside.

“She got stopped on my way out the door.”

“She?” Emilia studied him for a moment, then grinned. “Hey, Theo. Whatcha doing here?”

“Missed you.”

“Missed me, “ she questioned with a hint of a smile, “or missed Theo’s body?”

“Both,” he admitted.

“Wish I’d know you were coming...” Sulkily, Emilia sank her teeth into her plump lower lip. “I’m rostered to spend the night with the guys down in hacking.” She glared at the clock on her computer. “And it’s too late to make an excuse now; I’m due down there in two minutes.”

Theo hoped his disappointment wasn’t pathetically obvious, but the news sucked; he’d had plans. “S’ok. We’ve got Wednesday.”

“Your last day, right?” Emilia confirmed.

“Yeah.”

The corner of her mouth tilted up into the sly grin. “Maybe we could take a long lunch...? My flat’s not too far.”

Theo returned her grin. “Done deal.”

She stood and headed to the door. Then paused and, instead of heading through it, quickly closed it. Turning back around she rushed back across the office, snaked a hand into Theo’s hair and hauled him in for a kiss.

He delighted in her sweet taste, their bodies grinding together, flesh against flesh, hands stroking, gripping, wandering over and under the clothes. Theo was burning up, his panties damp and a deep ache making itself known in his center.

With a groan of disappointment, Emilia pulled away. “I gotta go.” Pulling open the door, she said breathlessly, “I missed you too.” And headed out down the hallway.

For a moment, Theo stood in the office, thwarted desire thrumming through his borrowed body. Antsy and unsatisfied, he gave free rein to the horrible idea that had been percolating since he’d programmed his own switch. And then, for the second time in an hour, he rode roughshod over his conscience and let his desire lead the way.

He was out of the office in seconds, up the stairs and heading for the front reception desk.

The receptionist looked up as he headed over. “Can I help you?”

“Has Kurt arrived yet?”

She nodded. “Got in ten minutes ago.” She pointed down a long hallway. “Executive suite at the end.”

Theo turned towards the hallway.

“But,” the receptionist yelped, “he said he didn’t want to be disturbed. He’s—”

Theo was already halfway down the hall.

When he reached the door, he paused and took a deep breath. This was a risk. A massive, potentially catastrophic, career-ending risk. For a second, his nerve failed. Then he glanced down at his body and grinned.

There were two universal truths that applied here:

One, guys like Kurt didn't get rich by turning down profitable propositions...however immoral.

Two, guys like Kurt (hell, guys period) didn't turn down propositions from women who looked like Theodora.

Smiling, he opened the door and stepped into the office.

'Office' was an understatement. It was a suite of rooms, expensive and ostentatious: it was Kurt in interior decor form.

Then Kurt himself emerged from the bathroom, wafting cologne—Armani Rose d'Arabie Eau de Parfum if Theodora's memory served—his hair damp from his post-flight shower. He stopped short when he spotted Theo, then smirked. "Hey, Theodora."

“Theo,” he corrected. The dude really needed to learn his fucking name.

Recognition dawned and the smirk faded. “Oh. I thought I gave you the day off.”

“Decided to come in anyway.”

Kurt headed for his desk, dropped into his chair and tsked expansively. “All work, no play...”

“Oh...” Theo sat down on the desk and crossed one leg over the other, allowing Theodora's skirt to just rise up. Kurt's eyes flicked down to his legs then back up to Theo's eyes. “I've been playing.”

Kurt's sangfroid flickered just a little, a whisper of awareness that something was up. “What's going on?”

“I want to stay here,” Theo announced.

“In London?”

“Yes, and in here.” Theo ran an idle fingertip over his lower lip and let it drag down his body. “Permanently.”

Kurt gave a laugh. “Enjoying yourself in there are you?” He scooted his desk chair a little closer. “Can’t say I blame you, but all good things gotta come to an end.”

“No.” Theo shook his head. “Not this time.”

“Look, Theo, I get—”

“Kurt.” Theo waved him off with a dismissive flick of the hand that Theodora had probably perfected in kindergarten. Then he crossed his arms, generously giving the guy a little cleavage to look at while he schooled him. “Listen, this is where you get to make a choice.”

Kurt looked genuinely startled. “Are you under the impression you can dictate to me here?”

Theo ignored him and continued, “I’m not leaving willingly. You can force me back in my body: you’ve got the money and the manpower. No one’s gonna stop you. In fact, I’m pretty sure your receptionist out there will do your bidding without question. She’ll probably chloroform me personally if you ask.”

Theo gave a gentle shrug and continued, “So yeah, you can force me back. And I’ll work out the remaining month of my contract... a deal’s a deal, after all.” Theo let Kurt enjoy a moment of feeling like he had the power and then added, “And then I’ll quit. And I’ll head straight to Hammond Personnel and give them every bit of my knowledge and expertise.”

Kurt was suddenly uncharacteristically silent.

Theo took advantage. “Alternatively, you could leave me here. In Theodora, where I’ll remain a perfectly compliant Host Corp employee for years to come, tweaking your code and earning you millions.”

Kurt was still. Theo could almost see his mental calculations. Finally, Kurt said, “But people’ll know. They’ll notice the change, notice you don’t know anything about her life.”

“Not a problem. I have her memories.”

“Her work memories, yeah,” Kurt conceded, “but you’ll never pass for her in everyday life. She’s probably got family and friends and—”

“Kurt.”

“Yeah?”

Theo leaned forward and said quietly, “I’ve got all her memories.”

“What do you mean all? Like—”

“Everything. Her fifth birthday party, the name of her first pony, the access info to her two sizable trust funds, the way she takes her tea, the name she gave her boyfriend’s dick in college. All of it.”

“How...?” Then he clearly put it together: Theodora's own messed up code. So he moved onto another issue: “What about you? Your body I mean? Back in L.A.?”

“Well, since I’ve stripped his memory, he’s gonna wake up with a serious case of permanent amnesia.” Theo ran a hand through his silky hair and sighed. “Luckily, he’s got a big ol’ bonus coming his way, so I’m sure he’ll be fine starting over. And, since he voluntarily programmed this switch himself, he’s got no grounds for a complaint. He fucked it up.”

Kurt's eyes narrowed. “I don’t want any company liability here. Any rumor of switches going wrong and—”

“Splash around a little hush money—I know you know how to do that—and then boot poor amnesiac Theo out the door.”

Kurt leaned back in his chair and stared up at the ceiling. By Theo’s estimation he gave exactly six seconds consideration to the various risks and rewards... and then shrugged. “Ok.”

For a moment, Theo didn’t breathe, just sat there, unable to process the enormity of what he’d just won.

But Kurt didn't let him enjoy his victory. Kurt wasn't a guy who let anyone else have the final word. Theo had known that walking in. He watched as Kurt's belligerence and bravado reemerged.

A hint of smile played at the corner of Kurt's mouth. "Of course, if you've got all of Theodora's memories..."

"Yes?" Theo knew where this was going and felt his pulse thump in anticipation.

"So you know Theodora agreed to two things in exchange for keeping her job. One, she let my resident tech genius borrow her body for a few days."

"Right," Theo agreed. He could feel Theodora's already-primed body beginning to hum.

"And two..." Kurt raised a brow.

Theo ran his tongue over his lower lip and shrugged. "A deal's a deal."

He sank to his knees on the plush carpet in front of Kurt's chair, running his hands over Kurt's thighs and across the crotch, already growing larger. He looked up and flashed a gorgeous smile, before unzipping Kurt's pants and pulling down the hem of his briefs. Theo reached one of Theodora's slender hands beneath, brushing against Kurt's pubic hair until his seeking fingers found

the warm member, soft but growing quickly. Theo pulled it out and Kurt's cock flopped down in front of Theo's little nose.

Theo had never stroked someone's cock before, other than his own. But Theodora had. With their combined knowledge he slid his hand slowly down Kurt's shaft, gazing at the dick in his hand in awe. It looked so big up close, felt humongous between his dainty fingers. But there was something nice about having this power between his fingers, something gorgeous about the sight of the thick cockhead right in front of him. It grew quickly as he stroked it, until the head towered over Theo from his position low on his knees. He raised himself up, mouth hovering over the cockhead, still stroking, the dick just inches from his lips. Kurt's masculine smell drifted up, lighting a fire between Theo's legs.

Theo leaned down and kissed Kurt's dick once, softly, then again. He stuck out his tongue and licked slowly from base to tip and back again, staring up into Kurt's eyes as he let his dick rest on Theo's slender nose. Kurt was staring down at him with a raw lust that made Theo feel so powerful. The next time his tongue followed the shaft up to the tip of the cockhead, he opened his lips and swallowed Kurt's cock. The hard heat filled his mouth, gliding across his tongue and towards the back of his throat as he dropped his lips down. He went halfway and pulled back up, Kurt's shaft glistening with Theo's saliva. Theo slid back down, further this time, the cock pressing deeper into his throat. He opened his mouth as wide as he could, swallowing Kurt's dick, using Theodora's memories to guide him.

His lips slid down and up, deeper each time, until at last he held Kurt fully inside him, the head of his cock almost tickling the back of his throat, Theo's nose buried in Kurt's pubic hair so that his musky aroma filled Theo's nostrils. He came up and went back down, faster, using his hand to help stroke Kurt's dick. Kurt moaned above him. The control Theo had was incredible, the cock delicious, and he gave in to the pleasure running through him, thoroughly enjoying the taste of the dick as it filled his mouth. Up and down, up and down, coming up gasping only to thrust his lips back down the shaft once more, greedy

for Kurt's dick as his own body grew hot and slippery.

He pulled off Kurt's dick with a pop, still gripping the shaft, saliva dripping down his fingers. He looked up at Kurt. "Fuck me," Theo demanded, his feminine voice sharp and commanding.

Theo turned and bent over the desk, hiking up his skirt and pulling down his panties as Kurt hurried to his feet. Theo half turned around, wiggling his ass, then looked up at Kurt and winked. God, his new body was delicious. A drop of juice trickled out of him, made its way down his thigh as he arched his back, clasping his legs together so his perfect pink pussy was aimed right at Kurt.

His skirt was yanked all the way up and two hands grabbed his ass cheeks. There was a bigger pressure between his legs as he felt Kurt's cock pressing into the slippery lips of his pussy. Kurt's cockhead seemed so impossibly big as it entered him, pushing aside his velvety lips, the pressure growing, growing, until he burrowed inside, driving deep in one smooth thrust. Theo gasped as he felt the cock slipping through the wet walls of his canal to lodge deep in his center. God, he was so full; an amazing feeling as Kurt's heat filled his emptiness.

Kurt pulled out and slid in again, quickly reaching a rhythm of animalistic passion, squeezing Theo's ass as he thrust in and out. All Theo could do was hold on to the desk, spread eagle across it, his legs wide, tits jiggling madly as Kurt fucked him hard and fast. His entire body bounced as Kurt slapped against him. Theo's body was on fire, each thrust more maddeningly incredible than the last until he came hard, pushing back against the cock, needing it deep, deep inside him. He gripped it with his cunt, needing Kurt's dick to stay there, to fill him while he came. And still Kurt kept pounding him, faster, harder. It was overwhelming and all Theo could do was hold on as wave after wave of pleasure pummeled him. He lost all control, crying out, begging for more, begging for Kurt to cum inside him. Kurt seemed to take special pleasure in not obliging, in thrusting deep and hard as Theo pleaded for release. "Cum inside me. Oh god,

please. Cum inside me!” His voice was whiny, insistent, and at last Kurt broke, grabbing Theo's tender ass cheeks and shoving his cock inside.

Theo raised his head, eyes clenched tight as Kurt's cock throbbed within him, jets of hot cum filling his aching pussy, bringing with it a last mind-bending orgasm along with a satisfying feeling of fullness. God, he could feel each pulse inside him as the hot seed spurted inside him, the incredible cock throbbing between the clenched walls of his cunt until Kurt had expended himself and he fell, exhausted onto Theo's back.

Theo lay on the desk, breathing heavily, still so wonderfully, perfectly full as cum trickled out of him and his body vibrated with aftershock.

“You've got your deal,” Kurt whispered in his ear.

Theo closed his eyes and smiled.

#

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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