

M2F BODY
THEFT

MADAM
President

IMMENSE

Madam President

M2F Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Thank you

Also by M Wills

Madam President

Moving to D.C. was, Jeremy concluded, a mistake. After two months of rejection and ramen, he was willing to admit that the decision was definitely one of his stupider ones. Not that D.C. had *really* been a conscious choice; it was just the path of least resistance after graduation. Finish a degree in public policy; move to Washington. That was the logical next step. So he'd ignored the warning signs, ignored the fact that he didn't have a job lined up, ignored the fact that he'd been rejected by all three internship programs to which he'd applied, ignored the fact that he didn't know anyone in the city.

And he'd moved. Because that's what public policy grads did. They moved and they hoped, which was the limit of Jeremy's planning.

Then, if his own experience was anything to go by, they found themselves living in a shitty apartment in a shitty part of town with terrifying student debts and \$76.45 in their checking account.

It was amazing, he reflected, how quickly after arriving that he lowered his expectations. His first month in D.C. they'd been high: he'd made it to the interview stage of an OMB job, he'd applied to dozens of congressional offices and he'd stalked the senate job placement board... and now, eight weeks later, he was staring at the 'Help Wanted' sign in the Starbucks window and preparing to apply. Because his need for rent money had finally superseded his pride.

After months watching his classmates (many with grades far worse than his own but with a drive that Jeremy lacked) wheedle their way into prestigious internships for which Jeremy was *technically* better qualified, he was now finally willing to accept something: politics was a spectacularly stupid career choice for a guy like Jeremy. A guy who liked policy but couldn't begin to care for partisan maneuvering. A guy who didn't spend his every waking hour networking and negotiating. A guy with no network and no chance of benefiting from nepotism. A guy, basically, dumb enough to move to Washington and expect a job based on merit.

Resisting the urge to sigh, he gave the 'Help Wanted' sign another glance and admitted defeat. He was heading for the counter, ready to ask for an application form, when his phone pinged with an email. Pausing, he glanced down to read: *Administrative Aide Position - Executive Office.*

Intrigued, he pulled up the email, read it, then read it again just to be sure he understood...and concluded that life was, on occasion, just seriously fucking weird.

Months earlier, he'd uploaded his resume to the Senate Placement Office resume bank and, for months, he'd heard squat. And, now, as he prepared to apply to Starbucks—*Starbucks!*—he was looking at an email regarding his paltry resume from the Executive Office of the President of the United States. To be more specific, an email from Oval Fucking Office Operations asking him to come in for an interview for an executive aide position.

In. The. White. House.

A voice cut through his shock. "Next guest."

Crashing back to earth, he stared at the woman behind the counter. "Umm, what?"

"What can I get you?"

Still fazed, he heard himself ask, "Uh... the sign in the window. I wanted to—" He cut himself off, the reality of the email hitting him suddenly. Giving himself a mental shake, he smiled and continued, "Sorry, forget it. Just a venti cap, please."

* * *

He'd expected security (after all, it was the White House) but the scale and severity of it still left him awed. He'd been whisked through metal detectors and given the most thorough and worryingly intrusive pat-down of his life. That was followed by a security screening conducted by a truly terrifying woman who quizzed him on everything from his family tree to his Netflix preferences. And then he'd been left in a nondescript office. Except for the large black leather recliner it seemed perfectly normal. It was as he was sitting there waiting that he realized he had pretty much no idea what the job he was interviewing for actually entailed. What did an executive aide do, specifically? Was it just Washington-speak for 'assistant'? Had to be, right? If he was being considered it was probably grunt work—fetching dry cleaning and handling calls—for some middle-level government official. The thought was actually kinda comforting because tedium was something Jeremy knew he could handle. Anything else was—

"Jeremy Addison?"

A man—early forties maybe, with thick black hair just starting to exhibit flecks of silver— stood in the doorway.

Jeremy jumped to feet and held out his hand. "Yes, nice to meet you."

The guy's shake was firm but efficient, his eyes were already scanning the file in his hands. "Says here... your parents are both dead."

Jeremy tried to mask his surprise. None of the copious interview prep he'd done over the years had prepared him for *that* as an opening question. He resisted the urge to stutter as he responded, "Yes. My mom when I was a baby. My dad a couple of years ago."

“And no siblings? No other family?”

“No.”

The man finally looked up from his paperwork. “That’s rough.”

“Umm,” Jeremy tried for stoic and responsible, hating himself just a little for using his parents’ death as a sales pitch, “I’ve learned to be pretty self-sufficient.”

The man closed the door and sat down behind the desk. “Take a seat, Jeremy.” He gestured to the recliner. “I’m Howard Canning, Deputy Assistant to the President for Operations and Personal Aide to the President.”

Jeremy was aware his gulp was visible. Clearly, he was dealing with the inner circle of the west wing and, whatever this job was, it involved access to the President.

Howard dropped his file on the desk and stared hard at Jeremy as he announced, “Couple of things you should know straight away. One, you take this job, it’s 24/7. I know every schmo in the district thinks their job is intense but this will *be* your life. No time off, no time social life, no girlfriend, no partying. The job comes first always. If that’s an issue you need to walk away right now.”

“Not an issue, sir. I don’t do a lot of socializing anyway.”

Howard nodded. “That’s what I hear.”

Jeremy opened his mouth to ask how (and why) the Personal Aide to the President knew about his pathetic social life but, at the last minute, he managed to slam it shut. Clearly, this job was something sensitive and they’d done some recon.

Howard continued, “You should also know that this job requires absolute discretion. You breach the nondisclosure contract—even just a hint of gossip to a trusted friend—and you will be buried in the deepest darkest hole the government can dig. You will be *praying* we release you to Guantanamo.”

“Understood,” Jeremy assured quickly. “I’m discreet.”

“Excellent, then I think we’re in good shape.”

Jeremy settled in, mentally marshaling his prepared interview responses and ready for the questioning to begin in earnest.

But Howard just leaned back in his chair and concluded, “K then. Job starts now if you want it.”

“Oh, ok,” Jeremy tried to look suitably calm, like he was offered jobs in the White House on a regular basis. “Great.” Then he finally succumbed to curiosity and asked, “And what *is* the job exactly?”

Howard grinned. “How’d you like to be the president, kid?”

* * *

Jeremy eyed the machine with distrust as Howard wheeled it into the room. It looked like a cross between a high-end EKG machine and an elementary school science fair experiment. A tangle of wires with electrode patches attached led back to a monitor and bulky CPU. Howard had explained exactly what the machine did in detail. Twice. But Jeremy still wasn't sure exactly how it worked. He just knew that, inexplicably, the machine was going to morph his physical form. And, as if the concept of a morphed physical form wasn't freaky enough, the machine was going to morph his physical form into an exact copy of the president. The fucking president! The first African American woman Commander in Chief. The leader of the free world: President Michelle Whitfield.

Howard started untangling the wires. "Political body doubles aren't anything new; Stalin had four of them. And there are still rumors about FDR..." He smiled and jerked a thumb at the machine. "All we're doing here is updating the concept with 21st century technology."

"Why now?" Jeremy asked. "I mean, why use it now?"

"Well, first off, the technology's brand new, only perfected last month."

Jeremy replied haltingly, "So, I'm assuming, it hasn't had much testing then? Are you sure it's safe?"

Howard looked up from his work. "We had to attach this machine to the frickin' president, son. We've tested the hell out of it." He gave a reassuring smile. "You really think I'd use the president as a guinea pig?"

"You transformed the president into someone?"

Howard barked a laugh. "Frick no. We hooked her up to register her data. But we *have* tried this out on several people and I can officially say that most of the attempts were successful."

Jeremy's mouth was suddenly very dry.

"As to why we're utilizing it now..." Howard shrugged. "Well, representation matters, kid. President Whitfield is this country's first female president. She's energetic, she's telegenic, she's popular, she's poised. She's a woman of color handling a position of ultimate power and responsibility with aplomb... And that means that, like it or not, she's a symbol; perhaps the most important ceremonial figure this country's ever had. And she needs to be visible. She needs to be out in the world, demonstrating to the doubters, the racists, the misogynists and everyone else that the days of automatically deferring to old white guys are over."

Jeremy nodded. "I get that." Faintly embarrassed, he added, "She seems pretty... incredible."

Howard laughed. "That's an understatement and a half. She's the real deal." He switched on the machine and it began whirring to life, multicolored buttons blinking rapidly. "But she's one person also facing a hostile senate, an uphill fight to overhaul health care and only 24 hours in a day. She's damn near superhuman but she can't do it all... Which is where you come in."

"And what will I be doing?" Jeremy asked.

"Meet and greets, ceremonial appearances, events we need on the media calendar but can't afford, time-wise, to have President Whitfield attend." Howard fixed him with a stare. "You up for this, Jeremy? Because, after I transform you, that's it; for the next month you'll be an exact replica of the sitting president and there's no walking away or taking a break."

Jeremy made himself stop and think. Whatever Howard said, letting himself be attached to a machine that morphed his physical form was a major fucking undertaking. And agreeing to impersonate the president—even just for meaningless PR appearances—was a lot to comprehend. But, truth be told, it was also an opportunity: a foot in the door and a chance to really experience Washington. And it sure as hell beat Starbucks.

Turning back to Howard, he said, "Just one thing... Why me?"

"What?"

"Well, I mean, there must be thousands of people better qualified for this. People with experience, people who know the president and could mimic her better. An actor maybe...or at least someone who knows how to handle ceremonial presidential appearances."

"To be honest..." For the first time, Howard looked a little uncomfortable. "The main reason we picked you...because no one's gonna notice if you disappear for a month."

Jeremy studied the floor. The knowledge that his greatest asset was his complete lack of family and friends was kind of a kick in the teeth.

Then Howard added, "But that wasn't the only factor. You've got solid grades, nothing showy but consistent. And I'll take a hard worker over someone flashy every time. You juggled college and a part time job, so I know you're responsible and dedicated. But mostly, you're discreet. No screeching on social media, no theatrics or attention-seeking in college.

"I'm..." Jeremy tried to come up with the right word, "innocuous."

"Don't make it sound pejorative." Howard smiled. "This is an assignment that requires someone willing to be seen and not heard; innocuous is an asset." He handed Jeremy a hospital gown. "Take off your clothes and put this on."

Jeremy took the gown and started undressing. Howard turned away to give him some privacy but didn't leave the room. When Jeremy was secure under the gown he folded up his clothes on a pile and left them on the desk.

"Ok," Jeremy said.

Howard sat Jeremy down on the recliner and lowered it until Jeremy was supine. He then placed some electrode patches around Jeremy's body before slipping a metal helmet over Jeremy's head. Howard returned to the main body of the machine and pushed a few buttons. The whirring grew higher in pitch.

"Here we go." Howard said.

Jeremy's entire body began vibrating lightly, and he had the prickly feeling of an immense electrical field playing over him. He closed his eyes but had no sense of his body changing. His body was almost numb with the electrical field. It was the feeling he got when his leg sometimes fell asleep, only playing out across his entire body. After a few minutes it stopped and Jeremy opened his eyes. Howard slipped the helmet off Jeremy's head, then wheeled a mirror over to the chair. Jeremy gaped in awe.

Hers was, Jeremy figured, the most recognizable face in America. He must have seen it at least once a day since she'd become President and it was ubiquitous enough to be rendered almost everyday and invisible on TV. But it was an entirely different matter staring into a mirror and seeing President Michelle Whitfield staring back. It was shockingly real and immediate, her image right in front of him, achingly human and present. She looked fractionally different in real life: a little shorter and a little more lean than he expected, with features so ridiculously perfect it was hard to look away: high cheekbones, sultry eyes lined with thick lashes and just a tiny smattering of gentle laugh lines, and a mouth that curved into a smile that made her whole face light up and caused a hint of a dimple to peek out in the swell of her cheek. Her smooth ebony skin was, if anything, even more gorgeous and perfect up close. And he'd never seen her looking so surprised, her mouth open, rich red lips forming a little 'o'.

Jeremy finally dragged his eyes down from her—well, his—face and scanned his new body. It was, frankly, implausible that she was in her late forties. He remembered the frenzy of photos when she'd announced her candidacy for president and started making national news. The D.C. press became temporarily obsessed with capturing pictures of her in her workout gear or with bared arms in gowns. Jeremy was now fully cognizant of why: she was perfectly sculpted, with lines of lean muscle and pert little curves. Amid the swarm of aged, flabby men who dominated Washington, she was a serious breath of fresh air and it was really no wonder that every media outlet in the country was desperate to capture her image.

What they hadn't captured, he now realized, was the power of her. No picture quite showed the luminescent quality of her tawny brown skin or the dominance that

seemed to radiate from her. Jeremy was surprised to realize that, despite the fact that he'd just lost 9 inches in height and a whole bunch of bulk, he'd never felt more powerful. It was like his new body had hidden strength coursing through its veins.

It was distinctly possible he'd have kept staring in the mirror for a while longer but Howard had clearly decided he'd had enough. Waving a hand between Jeremy and the mirror, he said, "Ok, time to get you settled. You can admire yourself back in your room."

"My room?"

"We've set you up in a guest bedroom. It's out of the way but I think it has everything you'll need."

With that, he opened the door and began leading Jeremy through the bowels of the White House. They were clearly taking a circuitous route, winding through back stairwells, nowhere near the big ticket rooms Jeremy had seen on TV.

They ducked through another set of doors and Jeremy had to ask, "How big is this place?"

"Big," Howard answered succinctly, "Six levels, hundred plus rooms. I've worked here two years and still haven't seen it all." He opened a door at the end of a long corridor and ushered Jeremy inside. "This is your room for the next month."

Jeremy took it all in: the grandeur of the space, the priceless antiques, the view of the Kennedy Garden.

Howard jerked a thumb to an adjoining door. "That's the bathroom. Closet's over there with a wardrobe identical to the real President Whitfield." Turning to the other side of the room, he added, "Private gym is through there."

"I'm not really a gym kinda guy."

"Well, you're gonna be one now, kid. You need to remain a perfect physical replica of the president and she works out 90 minutes a day. You slack and the difference is going to get real obvious real fast."

"Right," Jeremy nodded. "What else do I need to know?"

Howard leaned back against the wall. "Look, there's a bunch to learn. The next few days are just straight prep - learning your role and making sure you know how to handle anything that comes at you." Pointing to laptop sitting on the desk, he continued, "There's files on the computer: protocols, routines, sample answers to questions, video of the president to mimic, contingency plans to get you out of situations in which your cover might be blown... But, really, there's only two things to remember."

Jeremy stood up a little straighter. "And what are they?"

“One,” Howard counted off on his fingers, “never answer a question we haven’t pre-scripted. Someone—anyone!—asks you a question that I haven’t given you full and final permission to answer, you stay silent and walk away. I don’t care if it’s a four-star general or frickin’ Oprah; if it’s not part of the script, you shut the hell up. Remember, in their eyes, you’re the President; you outrank everybody and you can walk away mid-sentence if you want to.”

Jeremy nodded. “And what’s the second thing?”

Howard tone was both a warning and a threat. “No one ever knows you’re not the president. There are exactly three people who know what you’re doing here: you, me and the president herself. That’s it. Not the VP, not the joint chiefs, not the nerds who built the morphing tech, no one.” He stared at Jeremy, unblinking. “And it’s going to stay that way.”

“Of course,” Jeremy assured him. If there was one thing he’d learned in the past hour, it was that he didn’t want to cross Howard.

“I’ve told all White House staff that the president is using this room as a private retreat. You’re not gonna be disturbed by anyone. Your job, for the next three days, is to stay in this room, learn everything I’ve laid out in the files on the computer, and be ready to go on Monday.”

“Got it.” Jeremy had no idea if he could actually do it, but it was too late to admit that now. But daunting as the assignment was, when he thought of the body he now occupied, he kinda thought he might actually be up for it.

Howard’s stance relaxed a little and he glanced down at his chiming phone. “Ok then, one last thing.” He crossed to the door and opened it.

Jeremy’s newfound confidence crumbled as he found himself face to face with the actual President of the United States.

She ran an assessing eye over him. “Looks good.” Tilting her head to one side, she added, “Is he fully briefed?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Howard answered. “He starts prep today and should be ready on schedule.”

“Good.” The president gave a curt nod and then stepped forward until she was mere inches away.

Jeremy resisted the almost overwhelming urge to take a step back. She had an aura of palpable force: raw energy and absolute power kept under tight control.

She didn’t whisper, just dropped her voice to a low steely murmur. “Everything you do while wearing this body, reflects back on me. You study, you learn, you stay on script... and we won’t have a problem.” She didn’t need to deliver the rest of the

threat; such was the power of her personality and position, she knew she would be obeyed.

Jeremy eventually managed a croaky, "Yes, ma'am".

But she was already out the door with Howard trailing after her.

Jeremy sat down at the desk and began going through the files on his computer. But he was quickly distracted by the sight of Michelle's slender fingers dancing across the keyboard under his control. Michelle's hair fell down and tickled the back of his neck, and as he leaned his head in one hand he felt the transformed contours of his soft face. He could even smell a faint trace of her floral perfume.

Jeremy flopped back in the chair with a heavy sigh. The action caused his breasts to bounce lightly and drew his attention to his chest. Holy shit. Not only was he the fucking president, but he had her tits just beneath the shapeless hospital gown he was still wearing. Jeremy's curiosity got the best of him. He stood and untied the gown, fingers sliding against the curve of his plump ass. He shrugged himself free of the gown and let it drop to the floor, then stared down at Michelle's body.

"Fuck me," he whispered in awe with Michelle's voice.

She had the body of a twenty five year old. Her delicious mocha skin was interspersed here and there with a mole or a scar that just made her seem more real. His legs were long and sinewy, with strong calves and delicate-looking toes. And her breasts, god, her breasts were amazing, curving gently from her body, capped with rich brown areolae. He brought his hands up to his chest and ran them over her skin, feeling her plump tits. He pulled them apart and let them swing back together, bouncing hypnotically against each other and sending shivers down his spine. This was his body. These were his breasts.

"Oh my god, I'm feeling up the president," Jeremy murmured, his voice soft and sensual.

His hands continued circling his breasts, enjoying the feel of his warm body. A pleasant vibration began between his legs as he fondled himself, and he realized he was turning himself on, getting wet just at the sight of touching Michelle's body, at gazing down at her form from his new perspective and making her own hands touch herself. The horniness was interesting, too. More inward focused rather than the obvious erection of a guy. There was a rising tension accompanied by a strange feeling of release. He could feel his pussy growing wet, his lips sliding together as he walked to the bed and sat down on it.

Jeremy spread his legs and stared at President Whitfield's gorgeous slit, surrounded by trimmed tufts of dark pubic hair. He tentatively brought a hand in between his legs and stroked himself, just getting used to his new body. He slipped a finger against the top of his pussy, pressing slowly and watching it sink inside as he felt his velvety lips

wrap around his finger. He drew a sharp breath as his finger landed on his budding clit and sent a shiver through him.

Jeremy began rubbing himself, driving the vibrations of warmth through his body. He grew wetter, his pussy opening for him as he continued to move his fingers in a circular motion, dragging them down into his dew and then spreading it back up across his pussy. He caught glimpses of her rich pink folds, gorgeously contrasting against her dark skin, and it made him groan with anticipation.

He bit his lip and sighed, two fingers now slipping inside himself, rubbing, searching for the perfect spot. He was already so wet and slippery. And then he found the perfect angle and moaned. His other hand caressed his soft breasts as he continued fingering his pussy, pleasuring his body as the tension inside him grew and grew. Soon his palm rested on his mound while his fingers circled, circled across his clit. The room was growing warmer, his body burning up, and then he threw his head back and cried out in climax as his entire body shook. The orgasm shooting through him was breathtaking in its intensity, filling every inch of his body.

He dripped down his thighs, fingers sopping wet with his juice as his pleasure plateaued, but still Michelle's body wanted more. He continued fingering himself, gripping his tits, staring down and watching himself manipulate this beautiful black body until he came again, harder this time. His legs clamped together as the pleasure raced through him and he cried out in a feminine, high pitched voice. Hearing her cum just made him cum more, Michelle's lusty cries setting off a chain reaction in his body that doubled his pleasure. He let it take him away, enjoying the feel, the sight, the sound of her form, until he finally reached the apex and gently came down.

Holy shit Jeremy thought I bet not many people have seen her do that before.

Monday afternoon, they started him off small. A photo op in the White House Kitchen Garden. Just a few newsoutlets, no questions, no interactions, and Howard standing a few feet away. Jeremy was dressed in carefully casual presidential gear: designer jeans, a crisp white t-shirt, and squeaky-clean Converse. And his job was simple: walk out to the garden, cut a few fresh herbs, smile at the photogs and say, "We're roasting chicken tonight; just need some rosemary," turn and head back inside.

It was, of course, staged as hell. The photogs had been pre-selected to capture this perfect 'candid' moment with the president. The stunt was carefully scheduled for magic hour, the time just before sunset when the soft, diffused sunlight would cast a perfect glow on the president in all her wholesome, all-American glory.

The contrast between the image created and the reality struck Jeremy as somewhat stark. Apparently, the American people wanted to believe that the president had time to engage in Norman Rockwell roast dinners and personally select

fresh herbs. In reality, the president was currently in Jeremy's room eating a low-fat, low-carb dinner made by a professional chef while simultaneously reviewing a speech for the AMA, a dozen pending bills and a radical proposal to overhaul Article II and the president's clemency powers.

As they headed for the garden Jeremy took a deep breath, reminding himself that he that he could do this. Walk, chop, smile, speak, turn, leave. He'd watched hours of footage over the past few days, he knew how the president walked, how she smiled, how she spoke. Even without the study, just being in her body gave him all the clues he needed. It was as if her body already knew it all - muscle memory dictated his walk and his intonation. Howard had been so impressed with Jeremy's impersonation when he'd tested him... so Jeremy hadn't volunteered that it had come completely naturally. Apparently, this was part of the transformation of which Howard was unaware.

Even now, it was like Jeremy could feel the president's own confidence and poise taking over. As he headed out into the garden and heard the photographers beginning to take pics, a sort of calm came over him and let himself smile the president's softest smile, the one that lit her eyes and had the dimple appearing in her cheek. He crouched down next to the herb bed and instinctively gave the photogs her best angle, glancing up briefly through her lashes in the golden sunlight.

"We're roasting chicken tonight." He snipped a sprig for the plant and added with a grin, "Just need some rosemary." Then he stood and headed back into the house, his hips swinging just a little in a perfect imitation of the president's walk: purposeful with just a hint of sass.

As the door closed behind them, Howard turned to him smiling. "You did good."

They ramped it up from there. As they became increasingly confident in his abilities, the jobs got more involved. All still menial and ceremonial but requiring more interaction and more performance: A meet and greet with some college athletes, a brief speech to the Girl Scouts Association, a morning tea with a group of vets.

It was the same drill every time. Howard escorted the president to Jeremy's room and they did the switcheroo. The president would remain in Jeremy's room doing what she needed to do—mostly, from what Jeremy could tell, it was work and work out—and Howard would accompany Jeremy to whatever PR event was on the schedule.

What Jeremy found most surprising was how easy it was. His new body had a clear predisposition to move and speak as the president did. He just gave his body free rein and all the nuances of the president's character—the movement, the smiles, the walk, the laugh—gradually came through. His body also seemed to crave the limelight. There was a sort of charge that ran through him when the cameras hit him, a flare of excitement and anticipation. As a guy who had always shunned attention, it was a bit

of a shock to the system, but it was also oddly satisfying and left him suffused with a sense of purpose and poise.

His time away from the cameras was dominated by two things: studying the briefs Howard provided on the president's daily schedule and legislative agenda in order to improve his impersonation; and working out. At first, the workouts had been torture but, as he'd learned to listen to his new body's impulses, he'd actually discovered he craved the physicality. Michelle's body was insanely flexible and strong, able to contort and move in ways Jeremy hadn't experienced before. After a couple of weeks, he found that he actually wanted to exercise, he started to enjoy the burn of pilates and the breathless heat of the treadmill.

He'd fallen into a routine. Media event, study, work out. Actually, truth be told, the routine was more like: media event, study, work out, masturbate. He couldn't help it; alone for hours on end in his room, the need to touch his body was just too strong. After each workout, he'd shower and then walk around the suite naked, feeling the water droplets dry on his dark skin, feeling the cold air of the A/C harden his chocolate brown nipples to tight little points, feeling the damp heat flare between his cocoa butter thighs. He'd learned to torture himself, learned to slowly move through the room, letting the slight friction of movement tease at his pussy, learned to pause in front of the huge mirrors in the gym to examine his breasts rising and falling as his breath became shallow, learned to wait until he was slick and panting.

But today, he didn't get a chance to start his post-shower ritual. He was just emerging from the bathroom when a knock sounded at the door. Grabbing a robe, he covered himself and opened the door, fully expecting Howard and an impromptu assignment.

Instead, he opened the door to a stranger. Well, not quite a stranger. Damien Whitfield—First Gentleman of the United States and hot shot civil rights lawyer with perfect salt and pepper hair and a preppy D.C. pedigree that made all the Democratic donors empty their wallets—was leaning against the door frame.

He glanced up at Jeremy's stunned face and said with a grin, "So this is where you've been hiding."

Oh.

Holy.

Shit.

None of the scenarios he and Howard had rehearsed had prepared Jeremy for the president's husband showing up in his room. Improvising, he stuttered, "Yeah, hi... yeah."

“You know,” Damien commented, “it took me an hour to track you here. Your staff really are buttoned down.”

Desperate to extricate himself, Jeremy said, “Umm, I’ve got...” He scrambled for something innocuous, “The UN Office of Internal Oversight Services on the phone so I —”

Damien leaned over and stroked the backs of his fingers gently over Jeremy’s cheek. “I miss you, baby.”

“Oh, see, I...” Jeremy started without really knowing how to finish.

“I get that you’re busy, I get that it’s constant, I get that the entire planet is relying on you to solve its problems...” Damien’s tone turned raspy and fierce, “But it’s been a week and if you don’t come downstairs, get naked and let me fuck you six ways to Sunday, we’re going to have an issue.”

Jeremy was stunned into temporary silence.

Damien smiled—it was all perfect teeth and perfect jaw and perfect Kennedy-esque charm—and said softly, “Finish your call. I’ll see you downstairs.”

“Right,” Jeremy managed.

Damien turned to walk away, murmuring over his shoulder, “Just so you know I plan on making you scream the way you did in Vienna.”

Jeremy slammed and locked the door. And then a realization made him freeze in place: he was picturing Vienna. A luxurious hotel suite, the president writhing in pleasure with her husband’s head between her legs. Jeremy tried to shake away the fantasy but the details were too real and too specific. He could picture every nuance of the room, could see every moment of the tryst. And then suddenly, there was more. In a flash he knew everything about the president’s Austrian trip. He recalled the diplomacy, the room service, the flight, the minutia.

It was too distinct and idiosyncratic to be mere imaginings. For no reason that he could understand, he was getting the president’s memories.

The responsible thing to do, the only thing to do under the circumstances, was to call Howard immediately and let him know.

That he didn’t, Jeremy realized, was as selfish as it was underhand.

His musings were interrupted by another knock at the door. Before he had time to react, it opened up and President Whitfield strode inside. She shut the door quickly but quietly behind her and stormed up to Jeremy, her eyes blazing.

“What did he say to you?” She demanded.

Jeremy pulled his robe around him, uncomfortably aware that he was basically wearing her body and that he’d been extremely intimate with it. “N-nothing. He just

wanted to see you.”

“Christ. I ran into him in the hallway and had to make up some bullshit story about a shortcut out of this room. Apparently he was just in here talking to you.”

The Michelle part of Jeremy’s mind wanted to insist that Damien was his husband and he was entitled to speak to him, but he tamped that back. “I can’t very well stop him, can I? I mean, it’s not like I went running around telling everyone I’m here. Maybe you should put in a word to security.”

Jeremy clamped his mouth shut as he realized that he’d just told off the most powerful woman in the world. But instead of screaming at him, Michelle’s lip curled up in a half smile. “Well. You’ve got my attitude.” Her eyes drifted down Jeremy’s body, eyeing the white cotton robe that hugged Jeremy’s supple form.

Apparently, Michelle had some narcissistic tendencies that were coming in to play at the sight of her duplicated body. Jeremy knew because he could feel the same pull within himself.

“What else do you have of mine?” She asked, her fingers slipping into the opening of his robe and tugging it gently but insistently apart.

“Everything,” Jeremy whispered. He let the robe slip open, revealing his bare breasts, a droplet of water still sliding its way down his perfect mocha cleavage.

Michelle slipped her hand around Jeremy’s back and pulled him towards her. Jeremy let himself be guided by the tiny, warm hand on his back. Her simple touch was making his pussy throb with need and when their lips met Jeremy felt utter bliss. They kissed slowly, like lovers, each enjoying the taste of the other. Their tongues met, danced across each other, before Michelle slipped hers into Jeremy’s mouth and explored his new contours. He welcomed her inside him, tasting her, enjoying her every bit as much as she was enjoying him.

Her waist was supple and grabbable as he slipped his hands around her, resting his fingers just above the curve of her ass, which was still hidden beneath a navy blue business skirt. Their shared pleasure was palpable and they clutched at each other, pressing their bodies against each other as they kissed.

Jeremy felt for the catch of her blouse with his fingers and pulled it down. She pulled away from his lips and stepped out of the skirt. Jeremy shrugged off his robe and walked naked towards her, unbuttoning her blouse slowly, looking up at her and batting his eyes as she stared down at her own body in absolute lust. Her hands came up to Jeremy’s breasts, caressing them as he freed her and she dropped her blouse to the floor. She reached around, unclasped her bra, and then dropped that on the floor as well.

Without a word she led him to the bed and lay him back on it gently. She straddled him and leaned down to kiss him some more, her breasts resting on his chest. He brought his hands up and caressed her ass, following the exquisite curve of her body by touch alone. She kissed her way down his neck and across Jeremy's tits, stopping to suck on them, taking each little areolae into her mouth, her hot breath causing his nipples to spike out in pleasure as lust roiled his body. He sighed contentedly as she kissed her way under his tits, down his trim tummy, over his mound, until her lips landed on his slit.

He spread his legs and she lay between them. He watched down his new body as she kissed her way back and forth between his thighs, teeth gently nibbling, teasing with her warm tongue. She gripped Jeremy's thighs and planted a long slow, kiss across his pussy, lingering so that her hot breath seemed to fill him, bringing with it a dizzying euphoria. And then her tongue darted inside him and he clawed at the sheets and moaned as his body burned with delight.

He was so goddamn slippery already and now Michelle was plunging her face into the perfect copy of her own cunt, licking fiercely, knowing exactly where to press, how hard, how fast. She made delighted slurping noises, clearly enamored with the taste of herself as Jeremy imagined he would be as well. The musky smell of his sopping wet pussy hit his nose and he came, moaning, arching his back as reverberations of pleasure flooded through him. But Michelle didn't let up, she pushed in still deeper, adding her fingers, sliding inside Jeremy, penetrating him as he cried out in her strangled voice for more. She thrust back and forth, deep inside of him while she hummed her tongue against his clit.

He stared down at her, watching the president of the United States bury herself in his pussy. She stared back up at him, met his eyes, and he read the lust in her mind. She'd always wanted to fuck herself.

Jeremy groaned as pleasure spiked, thrusting his pelvis up towards her as she drank him down, fucking him hard now, just like he needed, pounding into him until he came hard with one final earth-shattering orgasm. He clawed at the bed and moaned as his entire body shook with delight, Michelle's fingers and tongue remaining inside him, guiding him down slowly.

And then it was his turn. They switched positions and he buried himself in her delightful musk, licking and tasting, knowing exactly what she needed. She thrust about on the bed above her as he ate her, filled her pussy with his fingers and tongue, stroked her to orgasm twice, three times, four. And then with one last convulsion, one last full body moan, she pushed him away and curled up on her side.

He crawled up the bed and curled behind her, holding her, pressing his body against hers. They lay there, Jeremy enjoying the wetness dripping down his thighs, the

taste of his pussy still on his tongue, the smell of himself still in his nose. They drifted off to sleep in utter bliss.

Jeremy had left the president napping in bed and headed into the bathroom to shower and change into his business suit, getting ready for the afternoon's photo shoot. When he emerged, she was still dozing, her luminescent skin dark and delicious against the crisp white sheets. He was contemplating stripping and rejoining her in bed when a knock sounded at the door.

The president rolled over and wedged her face more firmly into her pillow. Half-asleep, she murmured, "You deal with it."

Making sure the president wasn't visible from the doorway, he opened the door a crack and found Howard on the other side.

"You're needed." Howard barely looked up from his phone. "Looks like we're a vote down on H.R. 3962, ma'am."

The 'ma'am' was weird and it took Jeremy a second to realize that Howard assumed he was the president. He opened his mouth to contradict but Howard just kept talking.

"We think Howard's flipped. Or maybe Thompson."

The next words were out of Jeremy's mouth before he even knew what he was saying, "Oregon Thompson or Texas Thompson?" The question was near-involuntary, prompted by a fresh barrage of the president's memories. For some reason, he now remembered the president's entire history with congress and every detail of the house resolution.

"Oregon, ma'am," Howard replied, glaring at his phone. "Fucking wimpy freshman congressmen! Chief of Staff isn't getting it done; think it's gonna need you on the phone."

Jeremy glanced back over his shoulder at the bed to find the president sleepily motioning for him to go. For a moment, he hesitated; calling congressmen was way outside the scope of his role and yet, seemingly, the president was telling him to do it.

Of course, she could be just waving aimlessly, a half-asleep woman simply wanting the annoying talking to go away.

Jeremy didn't stop to ponder. Stepping out into the hallway, he pulled the door closed behind him.

Everything about the Oval Office was intimidating and yet, oddly, Jeremy felt almost entirely calm. As he headed through the outer office, the president's memories were coming thick and fast. He paused to greet his assistant.

She smiled back at him and said, "Congressman Howard on line two for you, ma'am."

“Thanks, Denise.” Jeremy headed in the Oval with Howard trailing after him and nodded to the small group of staffers who leapt to their feet as he arrived. “Howard flipped?” he asked the room. “It’s definitely him not Thompson?”

“It’s Howard, ma’am,” the Deputy CoS replied. “But here’s hoping he’ll rethink with a little presidential persuasion.”

Jeremy was surprised to realize he knew exactly what to do. What’s more, he relished it. It was a set piece; something the president had done a dozen times before. Call a flip-flopping congressperson and drag back them back behind party lines. A little flattery, a little intimidation... and lesser politicians crumbled under the force of her charisma and confidence.

Well, his charisma and confidence now.

Smiling, Jeremy picked up the phone. “Congressman, my staff tell me we’ve got an issue on H.R. 3962.”

It was heady. The thrill of dominating another person—a member of congress no less—with just a few suggestive barbs and a hint of steel. Howard’s capitulation had been an almost foregone conclusion from the moment Jeremy had picked up the phone... So he enjoyed the process, busting out some of President Whitfield’s more cutting remarks and leaning back in his chair behind the Resolute desk as he rebuffed the congressman’s feeble protests.

Screened from view by the enormous desk, Jeremy gently toed off one of his high heels and ran his stockinged foot over the wood. President Whitfield’s memories of the desk were fresh and accessible, informing him that the desk was a gift from Queen Victoria and a favorite hiding place for Caroline Kennedy. And now he, Jeremy Addison—orphan and B+ student—was sitting behind it.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught his Deputy Chief of Staff shuffling in his chair, shifting slightly closer. Off to the side of the room, his Deputy apparently had a partial view behind the desk because he was clearly watching Jeremy’s elegant foot slide up and down the polished wood. And then the memory hit him: President Whitfield bent over the desk and legs spread, turning to peer over her shoulder and demand that her DCoS pound her into the wood.

And, for the first time he truly understood the full power of this woman. He suspected that, even without the force of the presidential office behind her, she was formidable. With her presidential powers, she was unstoppable.

He also finally understood her ambition, her consuming need to rise to the top and stay there. He understood it because, for the first time in his life, he could feel pure ambition pulse through his veins.

Hanging up the phone, he gave his Deputy a hint of a sultry smile, then turned to Howard. Jerking his head ever so slightly he gave Howard their secret signal that he wanted the room cleared.

Howard swung into action, shepherding staffers out the door and leaving the two of them alone. Closing the door, he asked, "Problem?"

Jeremy reached up and ran a hand through his soft tresses, enjoying the silky slide against his hand. "Yep, the kid - Jeremy. He's gotta go."

Howard looked surprised. "I thought he'd been working out great."

"He was," he paused to pick an invisible piece of lint from his skirt, "but I just caught him extemporizing with Damien."

Howard sank down into a chair, his face registering pure shock. "Shit. Did not see that coming." He shook his head. "I mean, the whole reason I chose him was because he seemed like too much of a pussy to ever step out of line."

Jeremy gave an elegant shrug. "Power corrupts. Even the illusion of power apparently."

Howard nodded resolutely. "Right, I'll get it done immediately."

"Probably best," Jeremy agreed. "He's up in his room now and he was starting to sounding a little...confused about the reality of the situation. Almost like he was beginning to think he was actually the president."

"We'll act fast," Howard replied decisively. Clearly disappointed he added, "Pity, it seemed like such an ideal solution but perhaps the human brain just isn't built to cope with the transformation."

"Perhaps." Jeremy smiled and said with feeling, "Good thing we have the protocols in place for this."

"Absolutely." Howard let out a low whistle. "Alternative doesn't bear thinking about. And, on that note..." He stood up, his tone turned stiff and formal. "Ma'am, are you authorizing me to apply the morph on the individual currently in room 511?"

"I am."

"Could you please tell me the code word?"

Jeremy nodded firmly and uttered the phrase that only Howard and the president knew. The two words the president and Howard (both fans of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*) had agreed upon together and vowed never to tell a soul. The two words that guaranteed that someone wearing the face of the president could never take advantage of their position: "Gregor Samsa."

Jeremy was lying on his side in the White House bedroom, his head propped up on one arm, a sheer, red nightie clinging elegantly to his otherwise naked body. The door

opened and Damien entered.

“You wanted to see—?”

He stopped when he saw Jeremy staring at him with half lidded eyes. Jeremy crooked a finger and gestured for Damien to come closer. Damien obliged, a half smile forming across his broad features as he shut the door and knelt on the floor beside Jeremy so that they were eye to eye.

“I’ve considered your request,” Jeremy whispered, moving closer until Damien’s handsome face filled his vision, “And I think I can fit you in somewhere.”

“I hope so,” Damien replied, kissing Jeremy.

And, oh god, his powerful lips were so perfect up against Jeremy’s feminine features. The scratchy feel of his stubble on the tip of Jeremy’s nose, the spicy taste of him in Jeremy’s mouth. It was all perfect.

Damien slipped a hand across Jeremy’s side, caressing him as they kissed. Jeremy unbuttoned Damien’s tie, never letting their lips part, sighing into each others’ mouths, hot breath mingling as Jeremy’s body grew warm. Jeremy pulled off Damien’s clothes, revealing a muscular torso and thick cock that grew even as Jeremy stared at it. His powerful pecs gleamed in the dim light as he straddled Jeremy, trapping him between his strong thighs.

They kissed some more as Jeremy let his soft hands roam over his husband’s body, reveling in the firmness of Damien’s skin up against Michelle’s own. Damien’s cock pressed up against Jeremy’s belly, hot and insistent. Warm vibrations spread up from between Michelle’s legs, filling Jeremy’s body, making him twist and stretch his tiny toes.

Damien slipped his hand under Jeremy’s nightie and Jeremy sighed as Damien’s thick fingers found his wetness. Damien teased him, skating around his clit, darting in and out, driving Jeremy into ecstasy until he was dripping down the bed. “Please fuck me,” Jeremy begged.

Damien smiled and pulled up Jeremy’s nightie before wrapping his fingers around his dick and guided it up against Jeremy’s pussy. There was a pressure, a growing anticipation, and then he was inside. Jeremy sighed in relief as Damien’s cock burrowed slowly into his pussy, feeling every inch as it filled him, stretching the walls of Jeremy’s cunt with its girth. Damien kissed him again and Jeremy pushed his tongue into Damien’s mouth, pulling him closer, wanting this powerful man to bury himself inside Jeremy’s feminine body.

And then Damien was inside, resting atop Jeremy, his cock filling him. It was bliss such as Jeremy had never known, an emptiness he’d never been aware of finally fulfilled. Damien pulled out and thrust in again, a little faster this time. He grunted as

he did so, a deep, needy grunt. A grunt of desire. A grunt of ownership. Jeremy's body quivered as Damien began building up a rhythm, cock slamming deep into Jeremy's center as his entire body sang with lust, breasts bobbing each time the cock slammed into him.

Damien closed his eyes and raised his head, slamming his cock hard and fast into Jeremy, needing this, needing to fuck. It was powerful, animalistic as he filled Jeremy again and again. And then suddenly he stopped and guided Jeremy into a sitting position, Michelle's perfect, cherry ripe ass facing the side of the bed. Damien stood and grabbed Jeremy's ass from behind. He spread Jeremy's dripping pussy and thrust in again, his cock curving up against Michelle's G-spot as he fucked him hard. Every thrust sent Jeremy's tits bobbing and swaying and he stared down between them to watch himself get fucked, to watch the cock pound into his pussy—his pussy, the thought alone made him moan with happiness. Each time the cock pulled out of him, glistening with his lust only to thrust back inside again. In and out, in and out. The bed shook with Damien's thrusts and he grunted and came, both of them crying out.

Jeremy came with him, the orgasm tumbling through him as the cock throbbed inside his cunt, spurting his seed as Jeremy's pussy clenched around the cock, filling him so amazingly full. Jeremy howled in pleasure as his body exploded in ecstasy, waves of delight pummeling him. He just wanted to stay here, remain frozen with Damien's cock deep, deep inside him forever.

And too soon it was over. Damien pulled out and they cuddled on the bed, Damien's strong arms around Jeremy, his slick cock pressed up against the curve of Jeremy's ass. This was bliss.

Jeremy headed to the dingy little office in the bowels of the building. Opening the door, he was greeted by the sight of his old body—handcuffed, demoralized and seemingly stunned into silence.

Howard sat opposite looking pissed. "He put up a fight. Had to cuff him to get it done."

Jeremy gave a creditably realistic sigh of sympathy. "So sad it ended up this way."

"Yeah...sad," Howard said, sounding thoroughly unsympathetic.

Taking a seat, Jeremy asked, "Can I have a minute alone with him? I'd like to at least try to thank him...and apologize."

Howard stood and headed for the door. "I'll be back in five. Tunnel's clear, so I'll take him out that way."

The click of the door closing behind Howard seemed to snap Jeremy's old body into focus. President Michelle Whitfield raised her head as a shudder wracked her new

body. She glared at Jeremy, a look of pure malice and fury. “You’ll never ever get away with this, you treasonous piece of—”

Jeremy shrugged. “I already did.”

“I’ll tell the world,” she threatened. “I’ll tell them what you’ve done.”

“Who’ll believe you?” Jeremy asked dismissively. “You’re a 21-year-old kid claiming you were transformed into the fucking president. Best case scenario, you get laughed at. Worst case, you get committed.”

The president clearly wasn’t going down without a fight. “Fine, do you know the amount of dirt I have on members of this administration? On senators? On the body you’ve stolen?”

Jeremy leaned forward and said quietly, “You are Jeremy Addison, and you signed a very comprehensive non-disclosure agreement. If you breath so much as a whisper to anyone, your ass with be in jail before you have time to so much as blink.”

Taking her silence as acquiescence, Jeremy advised, “Go home, Jeremy. Start a new life.” Standing up, he added, “I can’t stay. You know how it is, things to do: husbands to fuck, healthcare reforms to implement, Nobel Peace prizes to accept, deputies to suck off.” He grinned. “A woman’s work is never done is it?”

Thank you!

Thank you for 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. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

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When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

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When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

Tony's on vacation with his girlfriend, and the two of them are going to explore his body hopping powers with each other, and some of their friends.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up [Smashwords exclusive]

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