

BODY THEFT ♦ BODY POSSESSION ♦ AGE REGRESSION



PREPARE  
*Her*  
BODY

JIMMY ZAPPA

# Prepare Her Body: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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## Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

Bailey, Alex, Lewis, Patrick, Zach, Danny, Coleman, Greg, and Blake.

Thank you all so much for your years of support and friendship! You guys are the best!

## About the Author

Jimmy Zappa is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. After working for private companies in a variety of different fields for years, he pursued his passion for writing short stories and books during the global coronavirus pandemic. His interests and hobbies eventually led him to writing full time. His desire to entertain his audiences with erotica is what drives him forward.

He currently operates Zappa & Company with a group of past coworkers and current students. His company is a small but growing small business specializing in ghostwriting, technical writing, and marketing.

For access to his mailing list, free captions, and announcements, check out his website at [www.jimmyzappa.com](http://www.jimmyzappa.com)!

## Cassie Bouchard

Since it was the middle of the afternoon, Cassie's assigned workout session was coming to an end. That bummed her out, especially since workout sessions were her favorite now that she was actually in shape. As well, she could exercise at her own pace without having to listen to a teacher droning in a classroom.

The young woman wiped at her sweaty face with a white towel after she finished her last set of dumbbell curls. Her arms pulsed painfully as she moved around through the basement gym. She felt sore yet happy with the progress she made today. She always caught herself beating another record. Taking a sip from her bottle of protein mix, she moved along a wall full of other patients using bench and leg presses. Cassie could see the determination in their eyes as well – the fiery hatred that they all shared for this place could be seen in their expressions.

On the opposite side of the gym was a series of tall mirrors where she stared from afar. Cassie stopped in her tracks and glanced at herself from multiple angles. She managed to work every muscle group in her body that day, and she could see the curves of every muscle that she had.

She tightened her ponytail and watched her brown hair bounce while she continued moving through the room. Wearing a hot pink tank top and tight black shorts, her body looked incredible from every angle. Workout sessions were one of the only opportunities for her to get out of the ugly grey jumpsuit that all patients were assigned. She had the ability to admire her progress during workout sessions.

Sighing to herself, Cassie sat down on the ground close to the exit and began doing sit ups. She let out a painful groan when she realized that her body was twitching from being pushed to the limit. Her flat tummy felt like it was on fire. She closed her eyes and

kept going. She kept pushing herself and did her best to focus on something positive. Suddenly, she was no longer thinking about the pain.

She was thinking about the Haven.

It was the only thing that she looked forward to after three months of hell at the Behavioral Rehabilitation Center. The Haven was a secretive room that Blake, her boyfriend, had discovered before they met at the facility. By sneaking through the ventilation system after ten o' clock at night, Cassie was able to sneak into a completely blocked off room hidden from view. Old furniture blocked off the main entrance into the room, so nobody could access the room without sneaking through the vents. It was an old classroom that became decommissioned when fewer patients were being admitted to the facility, so staff had no use for it until a surge of newcomers arrived.

Cassie loved the fact that this was a secret that only she and Blake knew. It had actually been her who saw Blake moving through the vents when she was dozing into a deep sleep. Neither of them knew each other until she caught him at night by accident. When she caught him, she demanded to know what he was doing. He was extremely afraid of her telling on him, so he admitted what he was doing and immediately intrigued Cassie. The more they talked, the more she realized that he was the only person who really shared her negative view of the Behavioral Rehabilitation Center.

The more they talked, the more in love they became.

So, for over a month, they journeyed to the Haven together on a nightly basis. It was such a thrill for her when she finally had some sort of control over her life. They used the room to do literally anything that they were not allowed to normally do. This included reading random articles from the staff room to eating junk food from the doctors' offices. Nobody monitored the sleeping cells beyond ten o' clock, so the two could easily sneak out without being caught.

Her favorite part was the sex. They could do anything they wanted to each other. Since Cassie and Blake underwent intense exercises, they were in their physical primes. Their hormones were naturally off the charts, and when it came to intimacy, they were able to have the wildest sex. She loved the way he squeezed her body for warmth when the heating in the room would shut off after one o' clock. He loved the feeling of her wonderful lips around the tip of his cock. They could do anything without guards breaking them apart.

After finishing her sit ups, she moved on to her last set of exercises for the day. Covered in sweat and becoming hornier by the second, she stared angrily into the ground as she finished her last set of pushups. The excitement of meeting with Blake later that night intensified until she suddenly began thinking about something else. Her excitement became drowned out by the overwhelming regret of choosing this place as a way to fix her life. She could have done anything else to set herself straight, yet she chose this place. The Behavioral Rehabilitation Center was the biggest mistake she had agreed to.

Compared to a lot of the people she hung around with, Cassie was a tame twenty-year-old with a bright future ahead of her. She was a brilliant second-year nursing student with a lot of potential. Unfortunately, between her poor temper and recent vandalism charges, she was far from being a star civilian. She knew she needed help, especially since it bothered her how everybody around her was constantly suffering from what she did.

Between teachers and school therapists, though, the young girl had nowhere to really turn to.

So, at the request of her mother, Cassie admitted herself into the Behavioral Rehabilitation Center on the edge of town where the administration accepted her with

open arms. She was excited when her mom showed the acceptance letter the next day, so Cassie immediately packed up some extra clothes and a toothbrush.

It was originally marketed as a mental health miracle center that fixed the homeless problem in town. People would come in before leaving with a one hundred percent success rate. People with mental illness came out as productive members of society. Soon, the place was open to more than just the mentally ill, and people were starting to enter it in droves. It became a massive success in the psychology field after opening ten years ago, and experts raved about it on TV all the time.

Everything else was provided for at the facility, and the best thing about it was that it was free. The government apparently subsidized the majority of the costs. Cassie could have all of her food and room paid for without having to pay a dime, and that was a huge plus for her in freely letting herself in. The only caveat was that she had to sign away her ability to release herself voluntarily, which was a line that none of the TV personalities seemed to talk about.

They forced her through rigorous physical exercises where she lifted heavy weights and raced against other patients in different classes throughout the day. Coupled with a strict diet, she noticed that she was definitely getting leaner and stronger. She was never fit and went into the facility at a significantly heavier weight, so it was a welcome change that she actually liked. Her personal self-confidence was at an all-time high.

Her overall skin health had also improved. Prior to coming to the facility, her poor diet and lack of exercise led to a lot of acne breakouts throughout her teen years. Now that she was constantly working on herself, she had clear, radiant skin that she loved to stare at during her workouts.

Unfortunately, despite the few positives in her life now, all of this torture was not what she was anticipating. There were way more negatives than she was expecting.

She imagined a lot more therapy and behavioral exercises. In the facility, they seemed more focused on physical and academic exercises. They put her through classes throughout the day that focused on puzzle solving, memory recall, vocabulary, and other activities that were supposed to aid in brain function. Cassie understood why they were important, but they continually pushed it just as much as her intense exercise. Suddenly, the classes at the facility were becoming more difficult and demanding than her nursing program.

The rehabilitation staff controlled every single second of her life, and she hated every bit of it. She never had real time alone to herself. She never had the chance to really have a conversation with her fellow patients or instructors. Everybody was there for the treatment but not the journey. Whenever anybody would try talking to her, teachers and other staff members would urge them to their next classes. It became a regular occurrence for people to become locked away for brief periods of time as punishment for socializing. She expected to be rehabilitated, but she felt like she was in a prison.

Thankfully, Cassie had Blake, and that was all she needed.

Cassie walked out of the gym now that she was finally done. It was just after six, and dinner was in less than half an hour. *I need a shower*, she decided.

As per instructions from staff, she kept to herself and avoided eye contact with the people in the hallway. Her footsteps echoed loudly beneath her while she turned the final corner that led to her cell block. The facility staff called them home units, but she knew what they really were. *They're prison cells with extra amenities*, she thought bitterly.

Her home unit was the very first room to the left of the corridor. It was a somewhat cramped room with a single stiff bed. To the left of the bed was a wooden dresser containing all of her clothes and a basket for her dirty clothes. Sadly, all of the clothes

that she came into the facility with were taken away, so she was stuck with the ugly grey jumpsuits that everybody wore.

Like the hallways, the walls were metal, cold, and dead. Patients were not allowed to have posters or personal belongings out in the open since all cells were open throughout the day, so every cell block looked the same. There was a standard camera on the ceiling that followed her as she walked deeper into her cell. She threw her towel onto the bed and set down her bottle on the dresser. She slowly began pulling off her drenched tank top and shorts to get ready for her shower.

She did not care about smelling good for dinner.

She only cared about being presentable to Blake.

## Aliya Cortez

The rehabilitation center's staff provided her with top class service. She was most impressed. From the moment Aliya arrived to the facility to when they helped her navigate the confusing hallways, they were constantly trying to give her the best customer service. *It's my money, she thought. They don't really care about anything else.*

At ninety-eight-years-old, Aliya's body throbbed painfully every single day, so it was actually nice how they were so accommodating. Her electric wheelchair got her around the retirement home on most days, but she could never do what she wanted without the negative effects of old age. She missed going on walks with her other seniors, and she missed just enjoying life in general. She was so used to being an energetic woman throughout her life, but when a stroke left her bound to a wheelchair, her life steadily became worse.

Because she lived for her career, she never had the time or sense to raise a family. She worked long hours as a nurse well into her seventies before her body finally decided that she had enough. As a result of all this, Aliya was the last member of her extremely small and socially distant family, so she rarely got visitors. She had the occasional old coworker, but the longer she remained in the retirement home, the more names she forgot. Eventually, the only face she remembered was a forgotten nephew who only kept in touch to stay on her will.

Deep down, Aliya regretted not living her life to the absolute fullest. She had done her best to do so, but there were still a lot of things that she never got to do. She never had the financial stability to go traveling around the world – most of her money went to charities and church. With the next generation adopting all sorts of tech, she wanted a

chance to see what the advanced world would be like. Sadly, with her life near its end, she knew that this would be impossible.

However, when the care coordinator at the retirement home had told her about the possibilities of extending her life for a fee, things started taking a turn for the better. A simple cheque of \$500,000 sealed the deal. Her care coordinator also received an under the table bonus of \$20,000 to help secure an application to increase her life expectancy.

A few days later, Aliya was sitting in her wheelchair in front of a great oak desk covered with papers. The retirement home had driven her out to a local rehabilitation facility on the edge of town to help secure a deal.

Certificates and awards lined the right wall while a floor to ceiling window covered the far-left wall. The window overlooked a courtyard full of men and women dressed in hideous grey clothes as they ran ceaselessly in the summer heat. When the hot sun's rays through the window became too much for the old woman, she looked back across the desk to rest her poor eyes. A painted portrait of an old female with long grey hair stood straight across from Aliya above an empty chair. The portrait's eyes stared ominously into her own.

It felt like she had been alone for nearly half an hour at that point. Her frail fingers fidgeted against each other while she waited for the doctor to return. To pass the time, she reached into her purse and began looking down at the four pages of paper from the confirmation letters she had received in the mail. They were all addressed to her. Surprisingly, the rehabilitation center got back to her quickly, and now she was there looking forward to learning more about extending her life. It all seemed too good to be true as her trembling hands flipped through the pages again.

Suddenly, she dropped every single page. They scattered across the floor while her face reddened painfully. She felt her arthritis along every joint beginning to flare up. She groaned quietly to herself and leaned forward in her wheelchair. Her back felt like it was on fire while she picked up as many pages as she could. Just then, the door opened, and she immediately took a sharp, deep breath to try regaining her composure. She folded the papers that she managed to grab and tucked them into her purse as a familiar figure walked past her.

The figure sat behind the desk and set a red folder down. It was the same short man with balding grey hair and thick spectacles. He peered into her eyes and smiled. "Terribly sorry for the wait," he said. "I had to get some of these files retrieved. We don't have paper copies out in the open, and the lineup at the printer took forever." He placed the folder on the desk and opened it. There was a small pile of paperwork where he pulled out a photograph. He handed it to Aliya. "How do you like her?"

The old woman took it from him and squinted at it. It was a photograph of a slim woman with a gorgeous smile. Long brown hair flowed passed her shoulders as she posed with her soft-looking hands on her hips. She was wearing a hot pink tank top too tight and revealing for any respectable woman to wear, yet Aliya was impressed nonetheless as she handed the photograph back.

"She's beautiful," the old woman croaked.

"Twenty years old with a long life ahead of her. Like mentioned in the letter, she has an excellent body. Good physical health. Her family has no history of health problems. She's an extremely good body."

"Is this all real, Doctor Strom?" Aliya asked with a shaky voice. "I've looked through the letter you sent nonstop. Now you're showing me her actual face. It all seems so ... futuristic. It feels unreal."

"All of it's real, Miss Cortez," the doctor said with a reassuring nod. "The future's here. I know it seems too good to be true. That's the same reaction most people have, though. I don't blame you or them. This is a little unorthodox."

"A little unorthodox? It sounds like something straight out of a science fiction novel."

"This facility has helped thousands of people like yourself get a second chance at life. This is the body that would give you the best possible chance of complete takeover."

"Complete takeover? You mean there's a chance that it won't work?"

"There's always a chance for that," Doctor Strom said with a nod. "Usually, if the takeover doesn't work, we try doing it again. If it still doesn't work, then we try getting you a new body. Thankfully, experience has made us better at what we do. By forcing our rehabilitation patients to undergo intense workouts, brain stimulating activities, and strict diets, we make their bodies as physically and mentally fit as possible. A less than adequate body would immediately reject you. A healthy body is more likely to go through with the transfer."

A smile crept over Aliya's face. She leaned forward. "And this girl you've shown me. She's healthy?"

"One of our healthiest bodies," he answered. "She has remarkable genetics. She's only been here three months – we've had people here for half a year who can barely compete. Also, keep in mind that we also choose bodies beyond just physical and mental attributes. We also choose them based on their life compatibility. Since you were a nurse for the majority of your adult life, this girl would be perfect for you."

"How?"

"She's a nursing student," Doctor Strom answered. "She's in her second year, so you'll have to still relive college. But taking over her life isn't going to be too difficult for

you. Obviously, you'll have to make personal adjustments to accommodate her own life, but you can make major changes after a year or so. That'll reduce suspicion. Unfortunately, because of the difficulties of finding suitable bodies, it could take over a year for us to find us a suitable replacement if you decide that her body isn't what you want."

"I don't have more than a year," the old woman said sadly. "I'm happy with the body that you've chosen. I have full faith that I'm getting my money's worth. What's the transfer like?"

"The procedure is relatively straightforward. We hook you both up to our machines and transfer you digitally. The machines are safe and are operated by myself and another doctor."

"Would she be in my body afterwards?"

The short man shook his head. "Prior to the transfer, we put an implant into the base of your future body's brainstem," he answered. "You can think of it as the doorway into her body. Once you get into that doorway, we remove the implant so that there's no way for you to accidentally leave your new body. We wall you in. She would only be in your body if we also put an implant into your current body, which we wouldn't do. It's too expensive."

"I see," Aliya said while stroking her shriveled chin. "So ... she would be living inside of me?"

"Technically not," he answered. "She won't be able to watch what you're doing. Medically speaking, we euthanize her mind. Since her body will be empty, your mind will easily fill in the void. If we didn't do that, then you'd be constantly hearing voices."

"How soon can we begin the procedure?"

"We can have your new body ready for transfer one week from today," the doctor answered. "There are a few rooms on the lower levels where we can help keep you close if there are any complications with your current body. Would you like me to book the room?"

"Excellent," Aliya whispered. "Yes, that would be splendid."

"I'll let the care home coordinator know that you'll be staying," he said. "You can stay here overnight. You're in very good hands, Miss Cortez. I promise." He rose from his seat and moved just behind Aliya. Pushing the joystick on her left armrest, she followed him into a winding hallway to her temporary home.

Soon, if all went well, she would have a new life to make her own.

## Cassie Bouchard

After having chicken and vegetables for dinner, she was forced into another vocabulary class in French. The class nearly put her to sleep, but by the time she returned to her cell for bedtime, she felt awake and ready with anticipation. *I'm going to see him*, she thought excitedly.

Cassie remained silent in her bedroom once the ten o' clock lights out alarm blared throughout the facility. Her room was a spacious room covered with grey walls that made her feel crushed and stuck. On the far end of the room was a door leading into her bathroom, which was really just a bathtub that she used as a sink. The opposite end of her bedroom was a complete glass wall that opened automatically after five in the morning. Now that it was lights out, the glass slowly descended from the ceiling and cut her off from the rest of the facility. It truly felt like a prison by the time bedtime came around.

Soon, for a few hours at least, it was not going to be her prison. The sudden sound of scraping made her start smile with glee. She immediately sat up from her bed and squinted through the darkness. When she saw a familiar light flickering through the ceiling vent, she immediately knew for certain who it was. It was Blake carrying a flashlight, and his face flashed for a split second before he turned it off. His face disappeared until the silver vent quietly popped out.

Cassie peered out the glass windows of her cell and saw no one in the winding corridors. The lights were dim in the hallway, but her cell was pitch black. She was not afraid of being seen despite the camera on her ceiling. She knew from Blake that none of the cell cameras could see in the dark, and none of them recorded audio. After

months of navigating the ventilation system and seeing the security system by himself, he learned more than any of the other patients in the facility.

Blake knew everything about this hell hole.

Taking a deep breath, she rolled out of bed and quickly shoved her pillows beneath her sheets as a precaution. In the event that somebody were to shine a flashlight through her glass wall, they would simply see her fake pillow outline beneath her sheets.

The young woman took a deep breath before standing on the bumpy bed. She hopped up and down a couple of times. The bed creaked loudly, and that was the sign for Blake to reach down with his hand. When she felt his warm, strong hand, she immediately grabbed it and felt Blake pulling her up into the dark vent. She was on her hands and knees down as he turned on a purple flashlight and closed the vent behind her.

"Hey," he whispered. Blake smiled at her with his big brown eyes.

She reached forward and brushed the dust out of his long brown hair. She leaned forward and gave his lips a quick kiss. "Took you long enough. I missed you."

"I had to stop by one of the rooms for something that I wanted to show you. It's something you're going to want to see. I knew this was happening, but I never had the proof."

"What is it?"

"I'll show you at the Haven."

They both crawled through the cramped ducts for what felt like minutes. *What could he be surprising me with?* She wondered. They made a few sharp turns and quietly slid through a slanted shaft before they finally reached the Haven's location.

Blake unscrewed the vent, popped it out, and placed it to the side before putting the flashlight away. He placed it in a brown leather bag that he always filled with snacks from the other rooms. Once he was ready, he slowly descended through the opening. He dropped, and his bare feet landed against the concrete floor with a slap before he looked up at her.

Cassie dropped right after him. She immediately began giggling when he caught her. "Nice catch," she said as he put her down.

Since the Haven used to be a classroom, the room was rather spacious. It had a short ceiling but a lot of walking space. Silver classroom chairs and desks remained bunched up at the opposite end of the room. When Blake first discovered the Haven, the place was apparently littered with furniture everywhere, so a little reorganizing went a long way for him. By the time Cassie learned about the Haven, the place was already neatly organized and cleaned up.

Blake had been at the facility for a year, but he was not alone for his entire stay. There was apparently another girl, Georgia, who he used to take to the Haven, but she was released a month before Cassie came. *And now I'm her replacement*, she thought when he pulled her close. *Now he belongs to me*.

Suddenly, the world no longer mattered. His surprised was not important. When his muscular arm wrapped around her lower back, she kissed him deeply. Cassie lightly moaned into him as he dropped his brown leather bag onto the ground.

That was one of the amazing things about their relationship. They were both sexually deprived after getting trapped in this hell hole, but at least they had each other. Facility staff could keep separating all the patients – Cassie had Blake. His warm touch and thirst for her slender and shapely figure made her squeal into him with excitement. Her crevice became wet as her chest gushed with sexual desire.

Boys never wanted her the way Blake did, although she understood why things were different now. Like Blake, she was in her physical prime, and she screamed with sexual libido because of all the vitamins and routines they forced her to do. Sexually starved with nothing to satisfy her had left her mind constantly thinking about Blake. Even in their grey one-piece jumpsuits, his wide and masculine figure made her think of all the wrong things.

That was another reason why she loved the Haven. It was a place where they could explore their bodies in private. Out in the facility, they were inmates bound by forced habits. In here, they were anything they wanted to be. Best friends, consolers, and lovers.

They had complete freedom.

Minutes went by, and the feeling of Blake's arms squeezing at her body left Cassie feeling hotter and wetter by the second. "Oh, Blake," she moaned. Every touch and squeeze sent her mind into a blissful heaven. It was like this every single day that they were together in the Haven. Their lips attacked each other while their hands did all the work. It was like their primal minds would come out at the slightest hint of privacy.

Cassie bit her lower lip when he abruptly pushed her onto one of the desks on the side of the room. Her ass glided over its surface while he unzipped his jumpsuit. She bit her lower lip and unzipped hers, and soon the two of them were naked in front of each other. Underwear was too uncomfortable to wear underneath their jumpsuits, but that just made sex easier for them.

Their bodies gleamed in the fluorescent lighting. Blake looked absolutely perfect as she spread her legs around his hips. He was lean and chiseled along every inch of his body. His arms were wide, and his biceps bulged with every movement of his arms while he reached forward with his heavenly fingers. He grasped her waist and kissed

her light pink nipple. She moaned quietly and felt his hard dick rubbing against her inner thigh.

"I love you so much," she moaned. "I need you. I need you to fuck me. I need you to make me forget about this shithole."

"Don't you want to know about the surprise?" He randomly asked.

"Fuck your surprise," she hissed. "I need you to make me cum."

She let out a surprised gasp when he shoved her again and caused the desk to shift beneath her. Her legs loosened from his waist, and he winked at her before he lowered himself to his hands and knees.

Her entire body tingled with pleasure as she moaned. Blake kissed her tender inner thigh, and she immediately felt tickles all the way down her smooth leg. Kissing and lightly biting her body, he moved to the next leg before returning to the original leg. His intoxicating mouth encircled her toned thighs and calves, causing her to writhe lustfully while the pleasure intensified.

After kissing at her thighs, he went down to her ankles and began lightly gnawing her skin. Cassie smiled as he licked her perfect skin with his tongue. His brown eyes looked up at her and looked completely mesmerized by her beauty. She reached up and cupped her breasts. The malleable softness and her hardening pink nubs made her want him more.

"I missed you so much," she heard him whisper.

"I missed you more." She was startled when his lips touched her throbbing clit as he released her breasts. "Whoa!" Before he began probing her inner lips, his tongue encircled the pearl-shaped chunk of flesh above her honeypot. "Never mind, you definitely missed me more, Blake."

His tongue loudly slurped at her slit. She let out a passionate moan as she squeezed at her firm breasts again. She held onto herself for her dear life while a heat rushed to her cunt. She was overcome with lust and desire as her legs squeezed at Blake's neck and head.

"I'm going to make you scream."

She wriggled and bit her bottom lip. "Fuck," she moaned quietly.

His tongue moved faster before he planted a smooch against her inner lips. It made her shiver as she watched him slip away from her dripping slit for a moment. "I've gotten better, haven't I?"

"You have," she agreed with a sly grin. When she first met him, he refused to eat her out. The thought of his ex-girlfriend never getting a chance to feel his hot mouth made Cassie realize just how lucky she was to have him. To her, he was the best at it, so it was a wasted opportunity for Georgia.

For a moment there was nothing, but then his mouth dropped back down against her clit. Her body tingled with pleasure as she gripped the sides of the desk with excitement. Between her quivering legs, a pressure was building up. It was a sensation unlike any other that gradually spread across every inch of her nimble body.

His thick fingers were prodding the wetness of her female fruit as his quick tongue slipped in and out of her slippery hole. Then, there was a scorching hot sensation that popped through her, and her toes and fingers began to curl.

Suddenly, her entire body jerked like a rippling wave. Her eyes began to roll to the back of her head. Her face became flushed with warmth, and her head went completely blank as she screamed. The pressure became too much, and her orgasm began to rock her from head to toe while gushes of pleasure blasted through her body.

"Oh my god, Blake!" Cassie shuddered violently and would have slipped off the desk if Blake had not held her hips in place. She felt a puddle forming beneath her on the old desk while her body squirted with musky lust. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" His succulent mouth landed on her light pink nipples now that he was standing and leaning forward. As he tasted her chest, she felt his thick cock nudging her upper thigh. By the time his lips landed on her mouth, her stomach was still twitching. The only thing on her mind was feeling his dick deep inside of her inner folds. She wanted a man inside of her.

She quietly moaned into him and tried to speak, but she felt breathless. She wanted to order him to put himself inside. She wanted to tell him to conquer her honeypot. She wanted so many things as the waves of endless desire continued to flow through her.

All Cassie could do was let out a laugh when she looked down at the dirty mess she had left behind with him. She could see her glistening, parted folds pulsating with her racing heart. Her thighs and the desk beneath her glimmered in the fluorescent lighting while Blake kissed the side of her neck.

"Are you ready for me?" He asked.

"Yes," she struggled to say. Her orgasmic breathing sounded sharp still. "I ... I want ... you ... inside of me. I want ... you so badly..."

Cassie felt the size of his hard cock pressing against her tummy as he abruptly lifted her up. He repositioned her with nothing but his arms. Her legs were wider apart now as he positioned the tip just outside of her entrance. Her body was still twitching when he steered his hard tip against her inner folds. Cassie let out a loud groan as the dome slid between her welcoming legs. She sank down and finally connected with her boyfriend.

She felt every magnificent inch of him sliding into her. He thrust forward, and she felt every inch ravaging her while she moaned. There was initial pain at first, but as

seconds went by, she felt the sparks of euphoria beginning to flutter through her. He kissed her lips one more time before he leaned forward to place her back on the desk.

They remained connected. He suddenly pulled her ankles over his shoulders and kissed the side of her calf delicately. Staring at her with his fiery, confident eyes, he began to push his entire weight behind every thrust. The fullness and sexiness of having a man inside her pussy sent thrilling chills along her complete body. She felt full and whole as they made love.

This was forbidden between inmates of the facility, yet they were here enjoying their illicit love for one another. The naughtiness of doing something they were not supposed to be doing made her gush with excitement.

Suddenly, she felt the very same pressure building up within her core as she looked down at where his wonderful length vanished between her legs. With each passing second, the clenching and pulsating sensation became more intense. She reached down and fiddled with her throbbing clit and suddenly screamed so loudly that Blake had to bring a hand over her gaping mouth.

"Cassie," he said while planting a kiss against the side of her neck. "Somebody's going to hear us." Deep down, that was exactly what she wanted. She wanted people to know that they were together. She wanted to announce to the world that he belonged. She wanted to let the asshole administration know that she belonged to Blake.

Thinking about the rules they were breaking, she began to shake violently while beads of sweat ran down her carved body. The angle of his tunnelling cock was hitting her at just the right spot while she came. She screamed into his hand while he continued to plummet into her body.

Slowly but surely, her tremors slowed down. He stared longingly into her eyes while her eyebrows arched upwards. She breathed in sharply when he finally released his hand. "Does it really feel that good?"

Cassie nodded frantically. "Sorry ... it was ... incredible. I can barely breathe. I couldn't help screaming."

"I haven't seen you like that before," he said. "How many times have we fucked? Five? Ten? You've never had that big of an orgasm."

"I was constantly thinking about you all day. It's probably all that pent up desire."

He started off slow again. The sensitivity from having just had her orgasm made every movement feel better than the last. Blake grunted tiredly as her legs and arms wrapped around his powerful physique. She could see his body beautifully glistening while he kissed the side of her neck again. Tingles of desire intensified the heat in her face and crevice.

"Fuck," he groaned.

"Are you getting close?"

"I'm really close," he said. "Fuck, you're so tight still." After taking a breather for a few seconds, Blake began fucking her hard. The desk loudly quivered against the ground with every violent thrust while Cassie powerlessly looked up at him.

"Oh my god, yes!" Cassie moaned. "Yes! Yes! Yes, Blake! Fuck me!"

Her moans made his thrusts become deeper and more powerful than the last. She screamed loudly as she felt his forehead against her own. She was louder than before, but this time he did not suppress her lust. He only fucked her harder while her legs and arms held him in place. The area where her legs crossed against his lower back

tightened while she pulled his upper body closer to her. Their wet bodies clapped against each other until his face twisted and reddened.

"I'm cumming!" He roared.

"Cum inside of my mouth," she ordered.

Cassie's grip around his body broke. He took a step back as she went onto her hands and knees. She grabbed the hilt of his shaft and aimed the dome towards her mouth. Smiling, she leaned forward and swallowed him whole. Staring up at him with her dark brown eyes, she watched as her lover groaned and struggled to stay standing.

He reached for her brown ponytail and gripped it tightly. "Fuck!" He roared. Moaning directly into his length, she felt his hot seed erupting and filling her mouth between every bob of her head. She drained him of his seed and swallowed loudly until there was nothing left. "God damn, Cassie."

"Yummy," she giggled. "That was a huge load."

They sat together on another desk completely drenched in their lustful sweat. Cassie was breathless, but Blake looked incredibly exhausted. His entire body looked like it was glowing in the fluorescent lighting by the time they both managed to settle down. "Hey, Cassie?"

"Yeah?"

"Did I mention I love you?"

"You haven't," she laughed. "I've said it a couple of times. But I know you do. I feel the same way."

"It gets me thinking a lot," he said weakly. "But I'm glad that I've been here long enough to meet you. It just sucks that my delayed release wasn't because of my progress." He looked at the ground. "It's because there weren't any suitable clients."

Cassie frowned and stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"I just figured this out before I got to your cell, so don't be mad."

"I'm already mad."

Blake smiled and opened the leather bag on the ground. There were a few chocolate protein bars, two bottles of water, and two packs of noodles. Between all of those things were a few sheets of paper. He took what looked like a map. "I have a map of the ventilation system and the facility right here. I just snagged it today. I think the timing couldn't have been more perfect. Something bad was about to happen to you, but I caught it just in time." He shoved the map back into the bag and stepped closer to Cassie. "We're going to get out tomorrow. You and me. We're not signing out. We're running away."

"Like ... leave?"

"Your life's on the line."

Cassie frowned as they walked around the abandoned classroom together. The cold air felt like ice against her wet inner folds by the time they stopped beneath the air vent. "You have more explaining to do," she said. "Are people trying to kill me?"

"Haven't you noticed that some new people end up getting released faster than others? Haven't you wondered why?"

Cassie blinked and paused before responding. "I assumed it's because they quit. Or they made really good progress."

"They wish they could quit," Blake said quickly. "No, it's because there weren't any suitable clients."

"Okay, that's the second time you've used that reason," she laughed.

"They're using our bodies as vessels for people with money." He said gloomily. "This isn't a place where people get rehabilitated. This is a place where people get replaced." He pulled out a folded sheet of paper from his bag and handed it to her. "This is part of your case file. They found a suitable client. I was surprised since I've never seen this printed out before. Found it under a desk."

Cassie looked down at it, and her jaw immediately dropped. "What the fuck?" It was a letter with her patient ID, 10K1, on it. It was addressed to an individual named "Aliya Cortez." The strangest thing about it was that it referred to Cassie's patient ID over and over again. The unsettling thing was that it was a letter talking about how she was ready for a transfer.

"Her body and life are a perfect match," Cassie read aloud. "She is in a nursing program and plans on pursuing a long-term career in nursing. After getting admitted through the facility's training program, she is in her physical peak and is ready for your transfer."

"Feels a little strange, right?"

"It makes me really uncomfortable. Is this real?"

"All of it's real," he said sadly while he moved to the opposite end of the room where they left their jumpsuits. He pulled his clothes back on. "It sucks since Georgia had the same thing happen. I don't want it happening to you."

Cassie's heart dropped. She could see Blake's eyes reddening as he dropped the leather bag. He pulled on and zipped up his jumpsuit while she stared in silence. She had assumed Georgia got released early for a good reason. Now, if it happened to Georgia, then it could happen to Cassie. And the last thing she wanted was for Blake to relive the trauma of losing somebody he loved.

"Where did you get this again?"

"I stopped by one of the doctors' offices," he said. "It's near the room where it all happens. There are these machines in there that extract minds. I'm not sure how it actually works since that documentation isn't lying around. But that's a memo they make for clients. I couldn't find much about the person they've assigned to you, but like I said, we're getting out tomorrow. We have to – and we're going to let everybody know."

"Why don't we go tonight?"

"I honestly thought about it," Blake admitted. "It's after midnight now, though. They have patrols around the forests for overnight shifts. The best time to leave is between ten and twelve."

"Did you find a letter on yourself as well?"

Blake shook his head. "That's actually how I stumbled upon yours," he said. "I was looking for my own files until I found that copy. I wanted to see how much longer it was going to take for me to get discharged. To be honest, I was surprised when I found it. They don't normally have those files out in the open. I also didn't realize what they were really doing. I just saw the mind extraction room and thought it was a sauna or something."

"What if we get caught?" She asked worriedly. "This could easily be a test or a trap."

"We aren't going to get caught," he said. "I know we won't. We just got lucky with the information. Since I have a map, I know for a fact that they can't stop us unless they follow us into the ventilation system. For them to do that, they would have to know that we're in the vents in the first place."

"Does the ventilation system lead into the city? Are we crawling all the way back home?"

"There's a fire escape that's only accessible from the roof," he said. "The only way to the roof is going through the top floor. We won't need supplies or tools. We might need

a flashlight to fumble through the dark, but the forest is right beside us. The nearest road is less than five minutes away. We can run and tell the world about this place. The hell we've lived through. The suffering. The bodies sold like cattle."

Cassie's heart was racing. She was about to say something, but there was something loud beyond the nearby doorway. She knew that it was probably nothing, yet Blake's eyes said the same thing. *He's afraid*, she realized. *Something's not right. What's that noise?*

Suddenly, the sound of crashing echoed loudly from the nearby doorway. It sounded like furniture was being moved by multiple people. Somebody shouted at somebody, and soon the crashing began to intensify. Cassie's eyes widened as she moved just beneath the opening in the ceiling.

The air felt cold around her naked body while she pulled her jumpsuit back on. Her body still felt damp from the lovemaking when the sound of keys echoed from the doorway. *They're going to try coming inside*, she thought. *They know we're here somehow.*

They had to get out of there.

"They must've heard me," she whispered worriedly. Her eyes darted up to the ceiling. When Blake tried to pick his bag up, she immediately tugged him away. "There's no time!"

"They're going to know," he snapped. "The map and everything's inside!"

"That doesn't matter," she anxiously cried while she pulled a desk beneath the vent opening. "We have to go. We have to run, even if it means getting caught outside. It's now or never – we can't go back to our cells."

The door knob suddenly turned, and she immediately hopped on to the desk. Even with the desk, she could barely reach the ceiling – it took two to get out of the

abandoned classroom. She crouched down and watched him get on top of the desk as well.

Without a second to lose, he stepped onto her shoulders. Since he was the strongest between the two, it was always better for him to go first so he could pull her up. She boosted him up into the vent first and fearfully looked at the door. She could hear the sound of keys still jingling. Cassie looked back up at the ceiling and saw Blake's worried gaze. When he reached down to try grabbing her desperate hand, the door slammed open, and his hand immediately retreated into the vent.

Three tall men entered the room. One wore a black dress suit, while the two others wore standard black Kevlar body armor and navy-blue cargo pants. Each person was carrying a black baton.

"It's a female patient," the man wearing a full black suit said. "That's the noise you heard. I told you that it wasn't a ghost, you fucking moron. What are you doing in here?"

"Nothing," she said weakly as she looked up at the open vent. *He didn't close it...*

"That vent's open," one of the men in body armor said. "She must have gone through the vents. That's how she got in here. Jesus, I knew it was a stupid idea to block this place off in the first place."

"It was your stupid idea that she was a ghost," the man in black snapped. "You've got damn good ears, though. We wouldn't have known if she hadn't been screaming. But what were you screaming about?"

"N-Nothing," she stammered.

The other man in black Kevlar crouched down beside Blake's bag. He opened it and immediately found everything. "It looks like we finally found the thief," the man said. "These noodles have been going missing for months. What's your name?"

"Patient 10K1," Cassie cried fearfully when the suited man pulled at her hair. "Please, don't hurt me."

"It looks like we'll be discharging you," he said. "Your ID was on the list. Come with me."

Suddenly, the adrenaline finally kicked in. Cassie found herself pushing at the man. She frantically punched and kicked at him. Her scalp only hurt more, but she had to get away. She could not get discharged. Discharging meant losing her body, and she had a life that she wanted to live.

"No!" She screamed. "No, I don't want to be discharged! I know what you're doing!"

The two security guards immediately hit her in the thigh and ankle with their batons. She fell to the ground as the man in black's grip loosened around her hair. "That's enough," he said. "You can't damage her more. Christ, what were you two thinking?"

"She was going to kick your ass, Richter," one of the guards snapped. "What do you mean what were we thinking?"

"A broken nose is cheap compared to how much the old woman's paying for her body. Put her to sleep. Don't break any of her bones. We're going to need a doctor to give her a checkup. You better hope it's not Doctor Strom."

Everything was true. Her worst fears were realized. All of the exercise and training was being used to prepare her body for somebody else. Somebody other than her was going to be living her life. Cassie had done all of this work to get into peak condition, only for a complete stranger to settle into her life and body. She needed to get away. "Please, I'll do anything," she sobbed. "Just let me go!"

"Sorry, sir," the other guard said weakly. He completely ignored her. He fumbled through a small bag in his holster and pulled out a syringe. Cassie started writhing in agony as she tried to pull away. The other guard grabbed her ankle. "Hold still."

“No! Please! No!”

Before she could say anything else, she felt a pinching sensation against the side of her neck. The world began to spin as she tried to helplessly pull away. It was starting to get harder to breathe while her eyes looked all over the place. Cassie could feel drool dribbling down the left side of her mouth while the man in black slowly lowered her head to the ground.

The last thing on her mind was Blake.

## Doctor Victor Strom, MD

When Victor returned to work the next day, he was surprised when his security personnel updated him on a recent breach in the ventilation system. He sat across from Richter, the head of security, in his office. He briefed the doctor on what the night crew discovered. In their ten years of operations, patients had never used the ventilation shafts as a way to travel throughout the facility. He also never realized that somebody would use a blocked off room for personal activities.

"We've sedated Patient 10K1 for the time being," Richter continued while handing Victor a folder. "That's the formal report for the incident, if you want to see it in more detail. I still can't believe she used the ventilation system to get around. We still don't know how long she's been doing this for."

"Was Patient 10K1 not talking?"

Richter shook his head. "She became aggressive right away and tried fighting back," he said. "She had snacks with her as well."

"Snacks? Like from the staffroom?"

"That's the only possible place where she could've gotten them," Richter said. "She had information on one of your clients as well." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a folded up letter. He gave it to the doctor. "It's for one of your recent clients, actually, so it's fresh. The old lady. Do you think she gave it to Patient 10K1 on purpose?"

Victor sighed and shook his head when he gave the page a quick read. "She wouldn't have. I've made sure that neither of them has had physical contact with each other. The old woman is in the basement rooms waiting for her mind transfer. She wouldn't waste our time. She's old and wants to have a new body."

"How did Patient 10K1 get the page then? It's confidential information."

"She may have dropped it somewhere along the way," Victor answered. "She's an old woman. She's likely forgetful. That's part of a letter we give to all of our clients. It could have been anywhere." Victor began rubbing his temples. "Do you think she managed to tell any of the other patients?"

Richter shook his head and leaned into the desk. "We believe she only recently got the information," he began to say. "This includes the layout of the facility. She had a map of the entire place with her. We think she was either going to spread the information or make an escape. As well, we believe she was working with another person or with a group of patients, so we're doing a full interrogation of everybody in her cell block. There were markings along the rooftop fire escape on the map, so we think she was planning on escaping through there."

"Have some guards posted on the roof tonight," the doctor ordered. "Make sure we do more patrols during the evening." Victor looked up at the ceiling in deep thought. "After getting aggressive, is Patient 10K1 still viable?"

"She's fine. One of your lackies made sure that all of her vitals were unchanged. Doctor Elanor signed off on it. There was just ... one thing. She said that it won't lead to problems during the mind transfer. It's just something that confirms that more than one person was involved."

Victor began flipping through the folder. It was the file for Patient 10K1, and Doctor Elanor had indeed been the one who completed the report. Thankfully, all of her vitals were still okay. She did not sustain physical damage, so she was still primed for the transfer. But there was a note indicating that the female patient was sexually involved. "Was there anything that could have indicated that she shoved something inside of her?"

"There was nothing that she could have used. We believe that the person or persons working with her may have been sexually involved with her. For how long, we don't know, but they're most certainly male. There was semen in her mouth."

Victor closed the folder and placed it on his desk. "Thank you," he said weakly. "It looks like she already took precautions in preventing pregnancy. The client isn't going to know about this."

"The client isn't going to know about this," Richter repeated.

The old doctor rubbed at his temples. The fact that so much had happened overnight made him realize that there were so many problems with their security. The lack of checkups at night meant that things needed some serious overhauling. "You mentioned that Patient 10K1 is currently sedated. Is she back in her cell?"

Richter shook his head. "Doctor Elanor said that you'd want to complete the transfer for Miss Cortez right away to reduce any chances of somebody interfering with the client's new body."

"I've taught her well," the doctor said while getting out of his seat. "Could you please get Miss Cortez brought to the machines?"

The security guard nodded and left the room with Doctor Strom trailing behind him.

## Cassie Bouchard

Cassie woke up in an unfamiliar bed. She shifted her gaze and looked around. White sheets covered the area beneath her naked body as the world spun around her. White walls seemingly went up from the sides like half of an egg shell. She tried to remove tubes that were embedded in her arms and neck, but her arms felt heavier than usual. It was like somebody was sitting on her. All she could do was helplessly lie there while she stared up.

*Blake, she remembered. What happened to Blake?*

She could hear the sound of a man and a woman arguing about something. They were unfamiliar and angry voices that sounded like nonsense. Cassie winced painfully and felt her head beginning to throb when she tried to focus. She could not remember how she got here, but something in her gut told her that she needed to get away. She twisted and turned before the sound of footsteps made her freeze fearfully.

Cassie immediately pretended to sleep. She closed her eyes, and two dark shadows emerged through her lids. They moved closer to her before pulling away. Once they walked away, she took a long and deep breath before they started talking again.

"The patient's still asleep," the woman said. "You don't have to look so stressed, Victor. I made the right call."

"Her body could have been jeopardized," the man hissed. "Do you not realize how much money this client's worth? Any signs of a defective product could lead to problems. You know that."

"I do know that. And no, the client won't know. I know that's what you're going to ask. There're surprisingly no bruising or broken bones. No sprains. They were gentle with

her. I'm just glad that the patient was loud enough for the security guards to hear. We would never have known."

"There's still the problem of finding her accomplices," the man said. "This has all been a headache. Are you sure that there aren't any chances of pregnancy? The last thing we need is putting Miss Cortez into a fetus."

Cassie's cheeks flushed with an embarrassing heat. She closed her eyes and remembered what happened. She remembered Blake's touch and his intoxicating, hot breath against her body. She remembered every single day he was with her. *They know about us, she realized. But they don't know which one he is. There's no way for them to know.* The area between her legs throbbed with desire when she suddenly heard the two people walking to her pod. She pretended to be asleep again and felt their eyes upon her.

"She's not pregnant," the woman assured him while they walked away again. "There were signs of intercourse. There were clear signs of it – I'm sure you saw that part in the folder. The transfer will not have issues. Everything will go by smoothly. Don't worry, sir."

"Then explain the heart rate. Why does it keep spiking?"

"Likely an anomaly," the woman said. "Spikes in heart rate have always been normal for the machine. You know that. You're just angry, so you're letting off steam. On me."

"I'm sorry, Elanor," Victor said weakly. "It's just a lot of money."

"I know how you are. I don't take things personally."

There was a pain worsening around her body the longer she stayed still. When she twitched and moved, the pain subsided, but she knew that she had to stay still if it meant not being interrogated. She could not risk letting them know about Blake,

especially since it was her fault that their secret place became known. If she had been a little quieter, then the guards would not have tried looking through the room.

But the sheer lust behind Blake's eyes sent her body into its frenzied state. She sighed and bit her lower lip. The pain subsided when she moved, and all that was left was the arousal that brushed between her legs. She breathed deeply as waves of temptation flowed through her naked body. She gritted her teeth and fought her desire to please her desire. *Please, Blake, come save me...*

"Miss Cortez's vitals are all clear," the woman said. "Patient 10K1 is also ready to go. May I proceed?"

"Transfer Miss Cortez into Patient 10K1."

Cassie's eyes widened. Before she could move to stop or slow down the procedure, her entire body froze from head to toe. She felt frozen in place as she desperately tried to move. Her damp crevice continued to throb with desire when she tried to scream. Within seconds, the tubes in her body began to glow, and she felt a sickening sensation in her chest when the world began to flicker.

"Vitals are still clear," the woman's voice said. "Patient 10K1's brain waves are steady enough. It looks like the serum is wearing off on her. We'll have to hurry this up."

"Ready." Victor said.

"Proceeding with extraction from Miss Cortez's body. Downloading memories and consciousness directly into the receiver within Patient 10K1's mind."

*Receiver?* Her head pounded painfully as her skin felt like it was on fire. *Is it happening?* The sound of a woman's voice echoed in her mind when her eyes abruptly shut on their own. It felt like her body was on autopilot as it breathed for her. *Blake, please come for me.*

"Integrating Miss Cortez's memories," the man said. "I've severed Patient 10K1's mind from the rest of her body. Heart rate and oxygen levels are declining to the specified minimum ... in three ... two ... one."

"Everything's fine over here."

"Patient 10K1 is ready to complete integration."

"Completely blocking all control from Patient 10K1's mind," the woman said. "Severing consciousness. Integration of Miss Cortez's memories and consciousness is complete. Providing full body control to Miss Cortez. Brain waves are still good."

*What's going on?* Images of places she did not recognize immediately emerged. It was like she was watching a slideshow of somebody else's life. "Memories are confirmed. Disrupting current neurons to assist with full takeover. Vitals are remarkably good still. No issues on my end." The man said. "Honestly, things never go this smoothly."

"It's because of her physical health," the woman remarked. "Her body's perfect."

She grunted and felt her chest jerking left and right. *No ... no ... NO! I can't move!* She wanted to scream. One final surge of pain shot through her body, and the last words that Cassie would ever hear echoed painfully in her head. Suddenly, the only thing she could remember was an eternal darkness surrounding the world around her.

"The transfer has been completed," the man said.

## Aliya Cortez

The last thing Aliya remembered was being carried into a glass pod and feeling a warm, white blanket engulfing the area around her body. She had been forced awake and was dizzily confused. She stared up at a blank white ceiling and watched the top glass half of the pod beginning to close over her. Suddenly, a white gas emerged from a nearby hole, and the world immediately faded away from view.

It was a surreal experience for the old woman. It was like she was in a dreamworld where nothing made sense. Thousands of colors flashed before her very eyes. The longer this went on, the more she realized that she was looking at a slideshow of somebody else's life. She saw places and faces that she did not recognize.

And when it was over, the world felt completely different.

Aliya sat up from the glass pod, and she could not believe her eyes. She looked down at her soft hands and felt her slender arms. Everything looked visually clearer while she admired her flawless skin. She felt at her flat, chiseled tummy and squeezed at her beautiful curves along her legs. She had the body of an athlete and sex appeal that purred. *Oh my god*, she thought when her hands landed on her firm breasts. She gave them a squeeze and savored the soft flesh beneath her fingertips. Ripples of desire flooded through her perfect body almost immediately. *I've never looked like this in my life.*

The training that her new body had taken had left her with something stunning to work with. The air felt cool around her naked body as the tubes sticking to her neck and arms popped out on their own. Light pink rings within her skin slowly faded as she took her first deep breath in her new body.

For the first time in years, Aliya was completely painless. Her joints no longer ached as she pulled herself out of the glass pod. She stumbled a bit but ended up catching herself. Her feet moved quickly, and her limbs were not shaking from weakness.

Mirrors surrounded her in all directions, and she could see the beautiful smile curling over her pink lips as she ran her fingertips along the defined ridges of her cheeks. Her hands crept up to her hair, and she softly stroked the black hairband that kept her hair up in a cute ponytail. With a little more makeup, Aliya could really bring this body's inner beauty out.

She closed her eyes as she felt her heart racing in her chest. There was a familiar tingle that pulsed from the area between her legs. It was a feeling she had not felt in decades. Her new, fit body rippled with an intensifying heat. *This is amazing*, she thought to herself while observing her slender body through the mirror again. She brushed her hard tummy and grinned. *It's been so long since I've felt this aroused. This body's incredible.*

The arousal felt overwhelming. Her clit that was throbbing so strongly. The more she tried to ignore it, the wetter she felt. There was an emptiness deep within her that throbbed with an achy warmth – she needed fulfillment. The sheer sight of her fully nude body in the mirror's reflection was sending her over the edge.

Her hesitant hands ran down the hard muscles along her upper body when the nearby door suddenly opened. Aliya's eyes widened as she tried to cover herself up. A white towel flew at her, and she caught it with ease. The fact that her reflexes were so fast now absolutely stunned her. She was used to stumbling around.

"What's your name?" Doctor Strom asked suddenly while Aliya wrapped the towel around her body. She felt her cheeks blushing. There was a wooden clipboard in his hands with a red pen at the ready.

“Aliya,” she answered. Even her new body’s voice sounded stunning. “Wow, such a sexy voice. I sound so young and cute.”

The doctor scribbled a few notes down. “Very good, the transfer was a success. How are you feeling so far? Any negative symptoms yet? Nausea? Dizziness?”

Aliya walked along the cold metal flooring. She noticed none of the symptoms Doctor Strom suggested.

She felt free.

She felt nimble.

She felt absolutely sexy.

When Aliya looked at herself in one of the mirrors again, she could not believe that this was her new body. It was unreal to her. *I look better than the photograph*, she realized. “I don’t feel any of those. I don’t feel pain in my joints. I’m not having difficulties breathing. I ... I just feel young. I feel like nothing can stop me.”

“You’ll be able to leave after a week of monitoring you,” he began to say. “Your old body will be taken care of.”

“Where is it?”

“We’ve sent it to the processing room. Are you having second thoughts about staying in your new body?”

Aliya shook her head. “No, I don’t want to ever go back. Not in my old body. I was just curious about how you guys handle it.”

“We’ll be taking care of it while we tie up some loose ends. You have a lot of wealth that requires liquidating. Since you don’t have family or a real will, it’ll be easy for us. It’s a matter of getting you to sign a cheque before we get a death certificate. By then, you’ll be living your best life.”

"I'm so excited," she whispered happily.

"I'll be providing you with a new living space on the upper levels for you to stay and get acquainted with your body. You'll be given all of her identification and information to digest. Follow me."

Aliya followed the short man to an elevator at the end of the room. To her surprise, they were not going through the winding halls of containment cells. The floor panel glowed a sickly green as the doctor selected the top floor. The elevator immediately began moving upwards. "Everything is fully stocked. Food in the fridge. Necessities in the bathroom. And a bodyguard for good measure. I'll have one up by tonight."

"Bodyguard?"

"You can't be too careful. It's also to prevent you from wandering the facility without protection. Yes, you're allowed to explore if you'd like, but only with somebody with you."

"I see," Aliya whispered.

"Oh, and your body's files aren't upstairs yet, but I'll have them sent up when you're fully relaxed and settled in. Give yourself a bath. Get some food in your system. Enjoy yourself."

"How many days did you say that I needed to be monitored?"

"Seven full days," Doctor Strom answered. "We do it to get information on how quickly you adapt to your new form. It's also to make sure your brain stem heals from the implant removal."

"When will that be?"

"Already done," he told her. That was a surprise. She began prodding the back of her neck and scalp. "You won't find any scars or stitches there, if that's what you're looking for. It's placed and removed from the roof of your mouth."

Aliya frowned and gently rubbed the roof of her new mouth with her tongue. There was a small line that felt like a small wrinkle along her fleshy soft palate. She was surprised she did not notice it earlier. "I can feel it – it kind of hurts. Is that going to be a problem?"

"In ten years, we haven't had an issue," he said. "The only problem will be the pain, but that's like every surgery. We'll administer pain killers if necessary and monitor your healing. Once we clear your brain as safe, you'll be let out to your new family."

"And what exactly are they like?" Aliya asked.

"There'll be more about them in the file," he answered. "Generally speaking, your new family's very welcoming. Your body used to be the rebellious black sheep of the family. You won't have to worry about pretending to be the black sheep, obviously. Rehabilitation will be the excuse you use for becoming tame. You have a mother, a father, and two older brothers that have been told that you'll be out of the facility within the month."

The elevator opened up to an extremely spacious suite. Aliya could not believe how beautiful the top floor was. The brown hardwood floors felt cold beneath her feet as the doctor led her through a living room of black couches and a recliner by a fake fireplace. Across from them was a cramped kitchen with a stove, fridge, and microwave surrounded by countertops of black marble. The place looked like a luxurious five-star hotel suite.

There were two open doors on the other end of the room. One was a bathroom with white tile walls, and the other was a cramped bedroom with a single bed covered with white sheets. When Aliya peered in, she could smell the lavender freshness of the sheets immediately.

"And this is all paid for?" Aliya asked in shock.

"Part of the price tag," the doctor laughed. "I know. It's a really nice place. Everything's been freshly cleaned as well. The closet was stocked with some of the clothes Cassie brought, but they're too big for you now. I'll have a set of clothes for you to take yourself home in before you leave. Until then, the closet has standard pajamas, a night gown, shorts, and some T-shirts. I hope you don't mind the basic apparel."

"I'm just glad I have something to wear," Aliya said while looking down at her towel. "I wasn't looking forward to wearing the patient outfits. Those things are hideous."

Doctor Strom nodded. "I'll leave you to it, then. We'll be in frequent contact before and after you leave. Like I told you before ... you're in good hands. Your new life is going to be wonderful."

"I know it will."

A smile curled over the doctor's lips. He moved back to the elevator. "I'll have the files brought upstairs for you. I'll be seeing you later." With one final nod, the elevator doors closed, and Aliya was left to explore the suite on her own.

## Blake Rogers

Blake impatiently twisted and turned in bed. He had been pretending to sleep well after midnight, yet the patrols never ended. He was paranoid that the guards were going to be moving through the vents, but if he had not heard them through the grating, then there was a good chance that they were not sending patrols through the ceiling.

He stared up at the ceiling with the map's image burned into his mind. Since he left everything behind to escape, he had nothing to reference other than what he had in his head. Thankfully, it was still clear in his mind, but his heart ached with guilt. He needed to get Cassie before they took her body first. She was the only reason why he had not rushed out of the facility last night. He could not bear abandoning her.

It had been less than twenty-four hours since Cassie was caught, and since he did not see her in her cell or at any of their regular routines, then her time was running short. He needed to escape with her now or never.

He pulled the blanket away from his face. Blake sat up from his bed and looked out of his cell. For ten minutes straight, he watched and waited for patrolling guards. To play it safe, he knew that he needed to lay low for a while, but he was on a tight timeline.

When a flashlight shined through his cell glass window, he immediately fell back beneath his sheets. He watched and waited until the light disappeared. All of the guards were looking through every glass window for any missing patients. If they found him missing, then they would probably sound the alarm, and the facility would be on high alert. *But do they know the duct route that I want us to take?* He wondered.

Besides dealing with the extra patrols, the escape plan in his head was simple enough. After finding Cassie, all he needed to do was crawl to the very top floor of the facility. The highest point was a high-end suite that the rehabilitation center provided to

executives and their families. There was a window on that floor that he could use to scale down the side of the building. There was an emergency fire escape that led to the forest floor that he could use to get to safety. All he needed was Cassie.

Blake slowly rolled out of bed after a guard had checked his cell again and walked away. They were checking the cells every fifteen minutes. It would take longer than that to completely escape, but he realized that he had to risk everything if it meant getting out with Cassie. The longer he waited, the longer he risked her life.

His cell had a ventilation shaft connected to his bathroom. It sat just above the toilet, so he could easily crawl through it by standing on his toilet. He looked over his shoulder for one final time at the cell window that had been his life for a year and sighed. It felt wrong to leave even though he knew what would happen if he continued to stay.

But he needed to save Cassie.

He went into his bathroom, hopped onto the toilet seat, and unscrewed the vent opening. He threw the piece of metal to the side and crawled into the opening. He moved slower than usual through the ventilation system since he left the flashlight in the Haven with Cassie. Thankfully, his eyes were adjusting to the darkness, and after going through these shafts for months, he knew most of the route by heart.

He moved upwards, downwards, and upside down until he finally found the room with the machines. He never saw them used, but he knew what they were for now that the secret was known. He had assumed they were beds – he would never have thought that they were body transferring machines.

He peeked through the rusty grating and saw the two white pods. The room was empty, but there were no bodies inside. *Thank God*, he thought to himself. *I'm not too late. It hasn't happened yet.*

He always wondered how people entered this particular room. He knew what it was for now, but he could never find the physical entrance. There was a door leading out along the side of the room, but the actual entrance must have been hidden somewhere in the facility. Once him and Cassie could get out, they would need to be able to lead the authorities here. *Focus on Cassie first*, he kept thinking to himself.

His chest throbbed with guilt. Thinking about Cassie made him think about Georgia. His girlfriend of ten years had been taken away from him because he convinced her that couple rehabilitation was a good idea. He was the reason why he lost her. He was the reason why his life was on the line too now.

The regret brought him down until he finally met Cassie. Before he met her, he thought that there would be no hope, so he figured that he should enjoy whatever time he had left. He refused to even try leaving since his life was pointless outside of the facility. Now, his world had changed. He became happier. He looked forward to taking Cassie to the Haven with him. She immediately filled the void that Georgia left behind. Now, there was a void again, but he still had a chance to save her.

But the sound of a familiar moaning echoed from up an upward slanting channel. Frowning, he crawled through the duct. He moved by the staff room, which indicated that he was towards the top floor. He continued crawling upwards as the moans became stronger and more passionate. *It's Cassie. Are they hurting her?*

He peered through the grating once he reached the top of the duct. He was close to the duct's exit that led to the roof of the building. The possibility that Cassie was so close to their escape route stirred what little hope he had left. He stared through the grill of the vent, and his heart immediately dropped.

"No..." He whispered.

Gritting his teeth, he could feel his eyes reddening. He was looking directly into a steamy bathroom with a familiar woman in a tub of hot water. She squirmed and moaned with delight as she pleased herself. It was Cassie, but it was not really her. If it was her, she would have been locked or chained up. She would have looked like a prisoner. Instead, she looked like a woman living in her luxury and bliss. The sheer lust in her eyes showed how little she cared about her situation.

When he saw that relaxed and satisfied look in her eyes, he knew it was not Cassie. *They got to her, he realized. They gave her body to somebody else. I was too late.* He was so close to escaping his prison with a woman he loved. Cassie had taken him out of the darkness, and now he was back where he started. He was alone, afraid, and hopeless as he fought back his tears. He sniffled and pushed onward.

His arms and legs moved faster and faster through the duct. With Cassie and Georgia both gone, he needed to keep going. He needed to live for their sake. He was alone now, but that did not mean that he had to pause his life for them. There was still hope in getting this place shut down.

But any hope of escaping dwindled when the sound of something heavy dropped down the duct. Beams of light cut through the darkness and landed on his face. He squinted into the blinding beams of light as two men and a radio blared down the duct. Blake sat up on his knees and held his hands up into the air. The sound of people coming down the duct meant only one thing.

Any hope of freedom was impossible now.

## Epilogue

"Fuck!" Aliya cried. Everything about her new body felt wonderful as she moaned passionately. The hot water around her spilled over the sides of the tub as she gushed with excitement. She kicked her sexy, quivering legs up through the bubbles and watched her body shimmer beautifully in the bathroom lighting. She screamed in Spanish as the world spun around her euphoric body. Her mind-numbing orgasm steadily came to an end.

Her new body was unbelievably sensitive. Feeling her bald crevice and throbbing nub made her swell with pleasure as the smell of soap and lavender lingered in the steamy air around her. Her fingertips felt wrinkled from the hot water, but Aliya did not care. The only thing she cared about was enjoying her life as she moaned in ecstasy.

After being in her new body for several hours, she found every opportunity she could to pleasure herself. In the bedroom, in the living room, and in the elevator shaft. The pure and burning desire that brushed at her chest made her squeal with enthusiasm. After a few hours, her body had become so filthy in its sweat and musky juices that she just had to give herself a good rinse.

But the desire never ended for her. Her explosive orgasm had left her hornier than ever while she remained in the tub's hot waters. With her toes curling, her finger slowly rubbed at her dainty clit while she thought deeply about Connor outside her door. The sound of his radio talking about a missing patient sounded muffled and threatening, but Aliya was too lost in her bliss to care. The only thing she cared about was having the security guard make love to her.

Even though he did not respond to her flirty advances, the fantasy was enough to trigger Aliya's horny body. So many things triggered her lust. His sharp smile and dark

brown skin made him look exotic in his security outfit. She always loved a man in uniform, and now that she had this body, she felt like she could seduce most of them with ease now. *But not Connor*, she thought sadly.

She felt the hot water twirling around her as she squeezed at her new, stolen breasts. They were larger and firmer than her old ones in her youth, and the cute nubs hardened at the slightest touch. Staring at her breasts poking up through the water and bubbles, she moaned and imagined the security guard sucking at her nips. She gushed with excitement when her imagination took her even further.

She visualized his massive cock sinking into her. She desperately wanted his mouth against her neck as her body became wild with desire. In her imagination, she felt helpless while the man made love to her. He knew who she was, but he did not care. Like all of the men Aliya had known, the only thing he cared about was her perfect body.

She felt her cheeks blushing as she released her breasts. She ran her fingers down her flat, hard tummy and laughed hysterically when her fingers made her crevice tingle. Her new body reacted so quickly to everything she did, and she loved every overwhelming wave of pleasure that rippled through as her finger tunneled in and out of her stolen body.

She grazed the curves of her clit with her thumb while her index finger explored her canal. The guard in her mind kissed her lips, and she immediately felt her lower body jerk. The security guard's light blue eyes pierced her as they maintained eye contact. She could visualize his sharp smile and feel his warm breaths upon her face. She felt overcome with lust as she screamed.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered in his South American accent.

"Connor," she moaned. His cock buried itself within her. "Oh my god..."

A familiar pressure was building up between her widening legs. It was a pressure she had felt over and over again for hours. It started off slowly, but as her pleasure gradually intensified, so did her screams. She squirmed and curled in the tub as water loudly spilled onto the ground beside her. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Her legs kicked up from the water again when she tried to suppress her sexual excitement. The more she resisted her new body's pleasure, the more intense her shivering orgasm felt. She shrieked excitedly and stopped trying to hold back. The clenching and gushing lust from her cunt left her breathless while she imagined Connor's lips against her neck again.

Suddenly, the wet hairs on the back of her neck rose, and goosebumps popped up and ran along her wet arms. She let out a surprised gasp and reached over the tub to grab her towel. Something had moved in the air vent above her white toilet. With widening eyes, she stared into the blackness and sighed when she realized it was probably nothing. She stood out of the water and patted herself dry.

Aliya had so many plans with her new body. There were so many places to see and so many things to do. The sheer sight of her shapely, sexy body made her smile. *So many people to do*, she thought naughtily. The flawless skin, beautiful smile, and lack of pain made her gush with gratitude and excitement. Money bought her the perfect second chance in life.

And every single penny was worth it.

## More Erotica by Jimmy Zappa

### **Tribal Masks**

*Rachel Lee is a young and attractive college student with a broken heart and crippling self-esteem issues. An old teacher with a dark past plans on permanently swapping bodies with her. With assistance from a young man lusty for them both, the old woman prepares the girl in secrecy as her next vessel. A combination of an ancient ritual, deceit, and demonic artifacts provide the parties with the tools and the means to conduct the swap. Can Rachel break free and stop the old woman from completely succeeding, or will the old woman successfully steal her body forever?*

### **A Perfect Student**

*Amber and her best friend, Tianna, are certain that they failed Mrs. Nay's final exam. They decide to use a spell book Tianna's dying grandfather has in his study to temporarily take over Mrs. Nay's body. They plan on fixing their grades through her body. A big mistake with the spell occurs, and rather than Tianna possessing Mrs. Nay, Amber accidentally takes control of her body. As these events unfold, Tianna's grandfather takes the opportunity to try stealing Tianna's body. Will Amber make it back in time to save her best friend, or will it be too late?*

### **The Witch's House**

*Madame Cynthia is a dying old witch that wants to be young again. Alex is a transgender woman that wants to be a real female. The two decide to work together to target two new potential vessels that will serve them as their permanent bodies. The old witch begins training two young girls on the basics of magic in order to prepare their bodies for transfer. The two girls begin learning advanced forms of magic. Will the two of them realize the trap ahead of them in time, or will they succumb to this horrific body theft plot?*

### **Making Her Mine**

*Makenzy is enjoying her vacation with her friend, Katie, whose Uncle Roger is letting them stay at his island home. However, Roger is spending a lot of time uncomfortably watching Makenzy. A village mystic claims that darkness will soon consume her. The two girls also discover that Roger has been taking photos of Makenzy in secret. Along with the photos is a witch's spell book about body possession. Afraid that the man is secretly trying to steal her body, Makenzy decides*

*to try leaving the island, but a horrific body theft plot begins to take place. Can Makenzy and Katie break free from their trap in time before it's too late?*

### **Inside My Seductive Mother**

*Josephine is a young college girl who hates Adriana, her new stepmother. With the help of a witch who also does not like Adriana, she decides to possess her stepmother's body to ruin her life. Josephine does things to ruin Adriana's life forever, but there seems to be more lurking beneath the shadows as a secret affair is discovered. The longer she stays in Adriana's body, the more she wants to forever be her. As she ruins her stepmother's life, will her growing love for Adriana ruin her own life in the process?*

### **The Skin Stealer**

*Elise is an extremely competitive saleswoman that keeps flirting with her boss. The problem is that her boss is married and has a deadly secret. A witch hunter and his transgender girlfriend are also interested in his deadly secret when it's revealed that her boss wants to steal her body to wear her skin. Can the parties get together in time before a dark plan initiates, or will it be too late to save Elise?*

### **My Obsessive Ex**

*Leela, Cassandra, and Florence have just finished high school, and they're looking forward to their adult lives. Triston, a seventy-year-old body hopper, is Leela's ex-boyfriend in a stolen teenage body with a troublesome temper. After Leela told everybody about his odd sexual habits, he makes it his mission to ruin her life. Using his body possession necklace, he decides to attempt stealing Leela's body as punishment for ruining his life during a night with her friends. Once inside, he does everything he can to make the possession permanent. His ex begins to fully lose control. Will Leela be able to break through his magical spell in time?*

### **Becoming A Real Girl**

*Krystal, Zack's girlfriend, is a transwoman interested in having Gender Restructuring Robotics done to her body to help her transition into a biological female. Zack is supportive but also suspicious of the cheap operation. Doctor Biang accepts her request and performs the gender transition immediately, but Krystal soon learns that the operation is not what it seems. She is slowly losing herself in her new body. As this happens, Zack realizes that there is more lurking*

*beneath the shadows. Can Krystal's boyfriend uncover the wicked plot behind Doctor Biang's team in time?*

### **An Adulterous Student's Body**

*Knowing that she's going to die from brain cancer, Evangeline visits an old friend who has studied the paranormal to get advice on how to live the last portion of her life. Her friend provides her with a cursed necklace that has the ability to "temporarily" possess any body she wishes. Using this power, Evangeline decides to try using it on her cheating and abusive husband to ruin his life before she passes. Soon, she realizes that she has the potential to make her possession permanent. Now in the body of the woman trying to steal her husband, will she decide to ruin her husband's life or try to be his next wife?*

### **Let Her Inside Me Book 1**

*Stephanie's best friend Priya is celebrating her birthday. Instead of an ordinary present, Priya asks if Stephanie would be willing to swap bodies with her for a day with the help of a witch. Priya is a transgender woman, and she wants to see what it's like to be a real girl. Intrigued by the thought of seeing real magic and having a cock, Stephanie eagerly agrees to switch bodies with her friend. But what dark path lies beneath an honest request?*

### **Let Her Inside Me Book 2**

*Amita Rai was an old woman who stole Stephanie's young and beautiful body through magic. Months have passed, and she has slipped into her new life and made herself better in every way. Everybody loves her, and her life seems absolutely perfect. Over the months, Priya has grown jealous and decides that she made a mistake in helping Amita secure her new vessel. Stephanie's life is literally ticking away as her memory slowly fails her in Amita's body. Priya desperately enlists the help of a friendly witch and Stephanie's boyfriend to help reverse the spell that gave Amita a second chance at life. Now that she has the means to banish Amita from her stolen body, can she save her friend in time before it's too late?*

### **A Bad Girl's Permanent Lesson**

*Katarina is an incredibly mean girl with a bad attitude. Now on vacation with her boyfriend, her old Aunt Velma decides to teach her a lesson after watching her make everybody's lives miserable. She decides to swap bodies with her with the help of a village witch and runs into a problem. She likes being young a little way too much.*

### **Deep Inside My Ex**

*Ronald is a homeless man with an unfortunate past. His cheating ex-wife, Kylie, took his children and money away. A family friend lets him sleep at her home to help him get back on his feet. Suddenly, his friend uses some sort of magic to allow him to possess his ex-wife's body. Now in her body, he can hear his ex-wife's trapped voice in his mind. Ronald struggles to adapt to the life of a woman while he seeks answers from his old friend. But he soon learns that the longer he stays inside of his ex's body, the more he wants to stay.*

### **My Naughty Tutor**

*Victor is struggling to pass a difficult class. His final exam is less than 24 hours away, so he hires Tiffany to help tutor him. He is unable to grasp the material from the legendary tutor, so Tiffany suggests another tutoring service. With the help of a witch and money, Tiffany switches bodies with Victor to take the exam in his place. Everything seems to go smoothly until their bodies and hormones uncontrollably get in the way. To make things worse, a sinister plot begins within the shadows that will turn their lives upside down.*

### **Becoming My Coworker**

*At Martin R&D, Fred is a lead researcher on a mission to help study the human brain and mental illness. Alongside his elderly boss and mentor, Brian Martin, they create and implement a prototype known as the Mind Projection System, where a person can control another individual through a complex computer network. On one fateful Friday night, Fred activates the system and successfully uses it to possess another researcher at the company, Marina, whose husband is in town showing her a good time. The experiment is a success, and Fred can feel everything a real woman can feel. Brian Martin and his old wife are ecstatic for sinister reasons. There seems to be more than meets the eye at Martin R&D as the Martins begin their quest for immortality.*

### **Inside His Naughty Wife**

*Elliot and Kyra are newlywed teachers on vacation. While there, Elliot books a room in a great hotel and accidentally buys a body swapping necklace from Carlos, a bitter souvenir shopkeeper who wants a better life. When the couple arrive at the hotel, their world turns upside down as Kyra, after wearing her new necklace, finds herself in the body of an old man. Now inside the body of the young woman, Carlos does everything he can to enjoy his new life while a spiritual healer seeks to put a stop to his dark plans.*

### **Becoming The Girl Next Door**

*Maggie is a young English student struggling to get through her summer semester. Conveniently, two married English teachers move in just two doors down from her apartment and befriend her. But, there's a dark and deadly secret that the couple refuses to share. The wife's body is physically ill and decaying, and she needs a new body to continue living. Her husband is a witch with the magical means and motivation to do so. As the couple prepare Maggie's young body for the transfer, she starts uncovering secrets behind the wife's true identity. Will she be able to react to their attempts in time, or will she lose her body forever?*

### **Making His Girlfriend Mine**

*Looking to start over, Mark Ivanov is an old man with an enormous debt and an unprofitable store. When a male tourist with an incredible physique and wealth comes into his store, Mark decides to make it his mission to steal his body for himself. He sells the young man a body possession bracelet in order to do this. With the help of a witch, Mark becomes a spirit and attempts to take the tourist's body by force through the bracelet. Instead, he accidentally enters the tourist's girlfriend. Trapped in the body of Annie Corvo, Mark struggles to come to terms with his mistake as his hormones and lust for the boyfriend begin to worsen.*

### **My Tenant's Cute Daughter**

*Trisha Johnson is a massage therapist with a secret. She's a witch that uses magic to fix pain. When her magic is unable to help Alphonse's chronic pain, she offers a solution. Her tenant's boyfriend, Cory, has an incredibly healthy body. She offers to transfer Alphonse's mind into Cory to permanently fix his pain. Unfortunately, the spell messes up, and Alphonse finds himself in the body of the tenant's daughter, Ashley. Struggling to cope with his predicament, he finds himself losing his self-control to the beautiful girl's hormones. Bubbling with sexual energy, the witch's friend begins to lose himself to his lustful desires.*

### **Inside Her Perfect Student**

*Amy Williams is an old college teacher who is dying. A past student and ex-lover visits her with a potential way to avoid death. Using mind transferring tiaras, she tricks her teaching assistant into giving up her young and athletic body. Amy takes over Samantha's body and struggles to maintain control. A problem during the transfer causes a wide range of issues. The young girl's strong mind begins to slowly overpower the old woman's mind. Will the young student manage to break free from the dying woman's control, or will she lose her body forever?*

### **My Husband's Secret Crush**

*Priscilla Marcus is a young bookkeeping assistant who wants a change in her career. Her boss, Katherine Bell, is a disabled bookkeeper in a wheelchair who also wants a change. Unfortunately, she and her husband have their eyes set on Priscilla. Using a mixture of meditation and magic, Katherine tricks the young girl into switching bodies with her. Now equipped with her beauty and youth, Katherine excitedly sets out to make the swap permanent by any means possible. Upon gaining knowledge of the ritual used to steal her body, Priscilla does everything in her power to reverse the swap. But will the obstacles in her way make her lose her body forever?*

### **Just In Her Head**

*Wanting to start life over again, Sabrina is a sexy and heartbroken transwoman with an impossibly large debt to pay. She goes to a longtime family therapist and asks for his help. Using his abilities as a witch, he begins preparing a new female body for her. Unfortunately, there are no willing body donors, so he gives one of his troubled patients a mood bracelet that slowly begins to erode her soul. The therapist encourages the anxious girl to keep wearing it even when she feels her body trying to fight back. On the night of a full moon, Sabrina begins the spiritual process of taking what belongs to her. Slowly but surely, the young girl begins to mentally struggle against the ensuing body theft plot.*

### **Cheating With Her Husband**

*Lindsay is a housecleaner and a tenant to a wealthy British couple. She gets paid generously and has no issues with paying for university. But Lindsay has a secret behind her financial stability that she has been hiding from her family. Using a magical stone, she frequently switches bodies with Sammy, a transgender woman. She lets the couple satisfy their sexual desires while they let her have fun with Sammy's body on a temporary basis. Unfortunately for Lindsay, Terrance and Sammy Francis do not plan on a temporary body swap on the night of their anniversary. Sammy wants a permanent body swap, and the couple will stop at nothing to get what they want.*

### **Making Him Mine**

*Sona and Ashley are office bullies that terrorize Klara, a transgender woman trying to do her job. Now that the bullies have the new HR manager under their control, the transwoman feels trapped. So, her best friend convinces her grandmother to help with Klara's vengeance by placing her soul into the body of Sona through magic. By controlling Sona, the transwoman knows that she can control Ashley. But something with the spell goes wrong, and Klara*

*accidentally finds herself in Ashley's young, sexy body alongside damning information that can ruin Sona's upcoming marriage. Klara's new female hormones begin to get the best of her as she struggles with a choice. If she waits too long, she risks getting trapped in her new body forever. She has to choose between temporarily enjoying her new body or permanently ruining her bullies' lives forever.*

### **Sexily Young Again**

*Elinor is a caregiver that takes care of Michelle with her daily needs. When a salesman sells the elderly Michelle a soul relaxant potion and a ruby that can help her possess a new body to extend her life, Elinor gets asked to help execute the transfer. She accepts the deal for cash to be paid afterwards. Unfortunately, the old woman's sweet granddaughter, Angel, is the target, and the caregiver hesitates with the mind transfer after seeing how good of a person she is with her stud of a boyfriend. The caregiver begins having second thoughts on the transfer and tries to sabotage the body theft. But when the salesman suddenly appears on the night before the soul transfer, Elinor fearfully struggles against the dark magic consuming their lives.*

### **Sharing My Girlfriend**

*Sex between Angie and Sam has gone stale, and the only thing keeping them together is their open relationship. But, after Angie ends up finding a spell book at a used bookstore, things change and spice up when she voluntarily switches bodies with her boyfriend. After making the best love together in months, they decide to live and experiment as each other with their open relationship. She gives Sam her blessing to have lunch with an old online friend, Danny, while she stays home to explore her new male physique. Unfortunately, as Sam leaves to enjoy his female body in a potential threesome, Angie finds herself struggling against the dark forces that sold her the spell book. An old African witch pays her a telepathic visit to steal her body, memories, and soul, and she desperately struggles for her life as her boyfriend becomes engulfed in his horny lust for Danny and his bisexual slut of a girlfriend.*

### **Stealing Her Youth**

*Rebecca and her boyfriend Stanley are helping a family friend pack up their belongings when they suddenly find a spell book in a foreign language. They accidentally swap bodies after reading a spell, ultimately dropping the book and losing the spell's spot. Now trapped in their opposing genders, they wake up and frantically try to reverse the swap while their hormones begin to get the better of them. Unfortunately, neither of them can find the spell that they used. Upon finding an address on the back of the book, they decide to venture out to the store that sold the accursed book for help. Little do they know, an old woman plans on more than just helping*

*them switch bodies again. She is literally dying for an upgrade, and Rebecca sounds like the perfect victim.*

### **A Feminizing Wish**

*When a mysterious salesman sells Ken a crystal that can grant him any wish, the middle-aged man jumps at the opportunity. But something goes horribly wrong with his wish, and he finds himself in the young, beautiful body of his neighbor, Alyssa, a woman who he absolutely hates. He desperately wants to reverse his wish, and the only person who can do that is the crooked salesman. However, when the temptation to test out his new body with Alyssa's hot boyfriend becomes too strong, he begins having second thoughts on regaining his masculinity.*

### **My Slut Wife**

*Kate's wealthy husband is cheating on her, and so her marriage is falling apart. To make things worse, she has started sleeping with a coworker to get back at him. Her best friend forces her to take on marriage counselling, and so she begins seeing an old woman named Audrey for advice. Unfortunately for Kate, her counselor wants to do more than save her marriage. Audrey is heavily in debt, and she is literally dying for another shot at life. Kate's beautiful body and wealthy lifestyle leave the old woman jealous and desperate as a witch offers her services to get what she wants.*

### **Make Her Naughty**

*Annie is a young witch learning magic from her neighbor, and she has become hell bent on revenge. She sets her sights on ruining her coworker's life with her newfound abilities. Urged by her loving boyfriend and magic teacher, she takes possession of the troublesome supervisor and irreparably ruins her life for good. But she realizes that the more she uses magic for evil, the more taxing it is on her body. Her soul slowly darkens with every spell, and that's exactly what her weakening teacher wants. Carlene is an aging witch whose body is falling apart, and a corrupted soul is the perfect gateway into her new body.*

### **The Witch's Mask 1**

*Kelly is an insecure girl who buys a magical transformation mask from an elderly woman. When she discovers the mask's ability to transform her into a beautiful bimbo, she finds herself using it again and again. For months, she seduces men and pleasures her transformed body. She's a skinny pale girl as Kelly, but she's a busty blonde with a body that turns heads as Lexi. Slowly*

*but surely, the demonic mask corrupts her soul, and that's all the old woman needs to steal the young girl's body for herself.*

### **A Feminized Agent**

*Edward is a sexist agent who belittles women, but a female empowerment event forces him to use the body of a beautiful woman to do his work. Using technology, he becomes what he hates the most in order to steal corporate information at an IT firm. He struggles to adapt to his feminine habits, and the longer the mission goes on, the more he feels his mind warping. He begins to enjoy the dresses, makeup, and boy talk with the other girls. Slowly but surely, Edward begins to lose his masculine side, and he fearfully realizes that he's having a little too much fun when a married man falls in love with him.*

### **Fountain of Youth**

*The Northern Springs Resort has been a popular tourist attraction for years, and Polina has cleaned its halls and rooms for decades. Equipped with healing and invigorating hot springs, they've attracted all sorts of people. Caitlin and her boyfriend, two competitive college tennis players, get the chance of a lifetime when they're given restricted pass access to their own private section of the resort. Unfortunately for little old Polina, Caitlin bullies and threatens her throughout her visit. The cleaning lady glumly watches them enjoying the many amenities and a private hot spring together during their stay. Day by day, Caitlin's body loosens and relaxes, and so too does her soul. Eventually, a middle-aged chef sets her sights on the young woman's body as her new vessel, and the only person who can save Caitlin is the cleaning lady who she hates so much.*

### **Inside Her Girlfriend**

*It's Becky's birthday, and her girlfriend, Haruka, hasn't figured out what to get her. When they come to school early to catch up on schoolwork, the wheelchair-bound girl asks Haruka for a very specific present. She asks her girlfriend if she would be willing to swap bodies for a week, and Haruka happily agrees. Becky has been in a wheelchair her entire life, and giving her a chance to walk for the first time is something Haruka would love to do. However, she is completely unaware that Becky is dying from cancer, and when the swap finally occurs, the once disabled woman wants more than just a temporary exchange. She's liking her beautiful body and mobility a little too much, and she's more than excited to make the transfer permanent with her aunt's help.*

## **My Girly Husband**

*Darren has been cheating on his wife, and she happens to be the worst person to know this. Genie is an ex-witch with magic still left in her, and when she finally discovers that her husband has been sleeping with a transgender coworker, she decides to take matters into her own hands. She uses magic to transform her husband into the very thing he loves - a beautiful woman with perfect, sexy curves. Darren initially freaks out when he wakes up as a woman, but as he tries on clothes and tests his new body, he starts getting really comfortable in his new skin. Unfortunately, sex is what will permanently trap him in his new body, and that's the one thing Darren's constantly craving.*

## **Living Inside Me**

*Two best friends use a body swap potion to temporarily switch bodies. Emily and Eun-je transfer all willingness and consent to live as each other for several days with the help and guidance of Doctor Susan Richter. After a few days of getting used to their new bodies, Emily attempts to do the unthinkable. She tries to convince Susan to make the swap permanent. Eun-je comes from a wealthy family of billionaires, while Emily works in retail and struggles to pay for her student loans. Doctor Richter agrees and decides to try helping her - but there's a catch. One of the two girls has a sexy body to die for, and this particular doctor has been waiting for this moment for a long time.*

## **Inside My Head**

*Doctor Tran is an ex-surgeon that helps socially anxious people through his Life Simulator technology. By placing patients inside of a virtual world where nobody judges them, he sees record numbers of successful treatments throughout his career. So, when Kyra gets referred to him for treatment, she's more than excited once she actually explores the simulated tropical paradise. The longer she stays, the happier she becomes. But, not everything is as it seems. Slowly but surely, her ownership over her body withers away. To make things worse, a transgender wife is extremely interested in getting Kyra's young body for herself. She wants an upgrade, and Doctor Tran is more than happy to make the transfer permanent once certain conditions are met.*