

Secretary Swap - Part 2

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Lilliana had no idea how to be a CEO. She often watched people in the office but she never really took it in. With Cameron running out on her all of a sudden she was left in the office, by herself, literally twiddling her thumbs behind the desk. She should probably try to look like she was working, right?

She hit the on button and opened up a blank email, typing away a fake email filled with gibberish. After a minute she paused; hey, she'd opened her emails without any issue! Well, Cameron's email but still! Normally she forgot where the little envelope symbol was but this time she'd done it without even thinking. That was nice; and now that she looked it was really obvious, how had she managed to forget which symbol was for email before now?

Poor Cameron, he was such a nice boss she didn't mean to swap bodies with him. Still she had to admit this body was quite comfortable. Her former boss didn't seem too comfortable in her body, he'd looked positively flushed when he ran out. For some reason his expression had burned into her brain and the more she sat, trying to distract herself the more prominent the memory became.

It made her shift awkwardly in her seat for a moment before she winced in pain; Lilliana wasn't used to having balls there when she pressed her thighs together. It did make her realise what was making her shift though; arousal.

That was...weird right? Being turned on by her own face? Sure she'd gotten off in front of mirrors and had sex in rooms with reflective surfaces before but she'd never felt attraction in the traditional sense to her own body. Yet here she was, experiencing a half boner for the first time in her life.

She bit down on her top lip and stood suddenly as she forced her arousal down. She needed to follow him, sitting here stewing in her own desire was getting her nowhere. She wasn't sure what she intended to happen, only that she had to do something before she burst into flames right in the middle of Mr. Jackson's office.

It wasn't hard to figure out where he was; people whispered far louder than they realised and she was a favourite among gossip subjects. Apparently Cameron had made a real scene wobbling along in her heels; for some reason it made her chuckle. Finally she reached the women's room and pushed open the door.

Lilliana felt her mouth go dry at the sight before her; Cameron, with the dress around his middle, one hand on her former tit and the other between his legs. She'd never realised just how...hot she looked. No wonder people stared at her, that dress...it really wasn't the sort of thing a secretary should be wearing to the office.

Now that it was half off she could see her creamy shin reflecting under the fluorescent lights. She saw that skin every day but never from this outside angle. Suddenly she was filled with the desire to touch it, to finally experience what it was that so many men seemed to desire about her.

Arousal swirled in her lower body and she felt her new manhood begin to stiffen. It was odd, very different from getting wet. It made a sense of dominance surge within her and made her feel powerful. Especially as Cameron noticed her and his face turned bright red. Immediately he started to try and make himself more presentable by pulling the dress back up but his fingers were too slick and the dress too tight so all he managed to do was get himself more flustered.

As she watched from the doorway Lilliana felt something new growing inside her; she was accustomed to lust and desire, but this was different. She felt the need to dominate, to own; her old body looked so sexy and helpless before her she couldn't resist stepping forward.

“Let me help you with that.”

Her voice came out deep and husky; sounding closer to an order than an offer. She watched as Cameron shivered, eyes wide with both fear and desire as she stepped into his personal space and gently gripped his hips to slip him down onto the floor once more.

With firm hands she gripped the dress and slowly began to pull, not up, but down. Cameron shivered as the dress fell around his ankles, leaving him in nothing but a soaked pair of panties and heels.

“W-why do you not wear a bra?” He asked quietly.

“I couldn't find one that fit under that tight dress.” She responded matter-of-factly, “I never heard you complaining...”

Cameron just shook his head and Lilliana found herself revisiting their past interactions. It was as if she'd finally gotten the missing pieces of the puzzle. Looking back now, it was so obvious her boss had a thing for her. She wasn't a good secretary, even in her usual dumb,

bimbo form she knew that. She had assumed, stupidly, that Cameron simply believed she could get better but now, after only a few minutes in his body she knew better.

Cameron kept her around because he wanted her; and she'd been too stupid to see his obvious lecherous affections. Affections she was now feeling herself. She couldn't even be angry with the man, now that she was looking at her body from the outside she felt inexplicably drawn to it as well.

She reached out and gently rested her fingers against the soft skin of her former breasts. Cameron quivered but didn't move, his eyes were still wide, trapped somewhere between his own lust and humiliation. Lilliana knew from personal experience exactly how to touch this body to make it go wild and the temptation was simply too strong.

She let her hands glide over the curves, deliberately coasting close to the nipples without ever touching them. Cameron was frozen in place but she knew her touch was slowly getting to him; his nipples were hard as diamonds. They were begging to be touched, she could tell that was part of the reason he refused to move. He was hoping she would eventually let her hands press down against them.

“S-somebody could walk in.” He shivered.

“I locked the door.” Lilliana lied, an extra thrill went through her at the thought they might be discovered. “Feels nice, doesn't it.”

“Uh huh.” He nodded, those wide eyes were taking on a glazed look now that she was getting closer and closer to his nipples.

She circled her fingers around and around, barely brushing against the areola before retreating once more causing a small whimper to escape Cameron's lips. She knew that noise, it was the one that would escape her when she was so horny it almost hurt. There was no way Cameron would deny her now. She rewarded his sound by pressing both her thumbs into his nipples, squashing down the stiff skin and causing Cameron's whole body to shake as he leaned into the touch.

“Ooooooh f-fuck.”

“Such foul words from such a pretty lady.” Lilliana cooed.

“Y-you're not lady.” Cameron bit back, trying hard not to look like he was in pure ecstasy, “The way you dress...”

“Oh, what am I?” She began to rub circled on those hard nubs, “Go on then.”

“A...Ahhhh...A whore.”

She pinched his nipples hard and Cameron cried out in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Say that again.” She hissed, stepping closer so that their bodies were now flush up against the sink.

She kept massaging his nipples again, soothing away the sting of the pain now and replacing it with pure pleasure. She could see the conflict in Cameron’s eyes, her former eyes, God it was hot. No wonder he kept her around, she was so nice to look at.

“Whore.” He whispered, daring.

Lilliana grinned and thrust her hips hard against his mound, feeling her new erection press to the softness between his legs.

“We’ll see who’s the whore.” She hissed, lowering her mouth to the shell of his ear and nibbling on it in the way she knew drove her insane.

It seemed Cameron felt the same way because he immediately began to twitch and writhe as her teeth scraped across his skin, Her deft hands slipped into the sides of his panties and lowered them over his peachy ass. Dropping them to the floor along with the dress and grabbing great handfuls of the soft skin. She had always been proud of her butt; it was smooth and pert, just the way men like it. Now that she was a man, she could finally fully appreciate it as well.

She marvelled at how easy it was to lift Cameron back up onto the sink, it barely took any effort at all. Her newfound strength added to that feeling of dominance, the power she was slowly getting drunk on. Slowly she moved her hands from Cameron’s rump to his hips then along his legs, a brush of thumb across his inner thigh was all the encouragement he needed to spread his legs for her.

Lilliana’s boner was becoming painful, trapped in her tight dress pants. She was still fully clothed, yet Cameron was in nothing but a pair of strappy heels. She had him so thoroughly undone with just a few touches; it was intoxicating.

Cameron swallowed again, chest heaving as he slowly reached for the fly on Lilliana's pants. Finally, it was her time to shiver but not with nerves or desire but anticipation.

"You want me?" She muttered, Cameron just nodded.

"I have wanted you for a really long time." He admitted, "I just never thought it would be like...this."

"I never thought of you." Lilliana teased, "But I am too far in now to back out."

Hot breath hissed through her teeth in relief as Cameron finally unzipped her and reached a soft hand into her pants to finally free her erection. His touch was feather light and yet it sent sparks shooting up the length into the tip and back down into her new balls. It was such an alien sensation, feeling her balls tighten in desire like that. She wanted to feel it more.

There would be time for that later though, right now Cameron was spread open before her and she didn't want to give him time to second guess himself. With her length finally free she pressed it to his tight hole and groaned in satisfaction as she felt him begin to part. His pretty lips parted into a perfect O as his breath became shaky.

Lilliana had always known she was a good lay but never in her life had she imagined how good it would be to be on the other side of things. Her former pussy was so tight! It seemed to hug her on all sides, drawing her further and further in until they were flush together. Her now broad, flat chest squashed against Cameron's bouncy chest. Deep inside, she could feel that tiny rough patch of skin resting against the tip of her cock; the G-spot. She knew from her own experiences just how sensitive that little patch of skin could be.

She rolled her hips, letting the tip of her cock rub against that sensitive spot and watching Cameron's face with glee as it twisted in ecstasy. She repeated the motion, over and over feeling Cameron tighten around her each time. It was glorious, she always loved it when men took the time to do that but most of the time they were too desperate and fucked her raw. Oh she planned on doing that soon enough but she wanted to make Cameron see stars first.

Slowly she began to thrust properly; drawing out small amounts at first before pushing back in. Gradually increasing the distance each time until she was leaving only the head of her new cock inside. It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. The thick manhood was sensitive but also strong. Normally sex made her feel out of control, lost in a

sea of her own desires and helpless against the onslaught from her partner. Now she was in the driver's seat and she never wanted to give it up.

She loved the way Cameron clung to her broad shoulders; she could feel his painted nails digging into her shirt and she secretly hoped the marks would stay. The little moans escaping him were music to her ears as well and she had to bite down on her lip to stop from adding to them.

She could feel her balls turning tight, readying to pump her hot seed up into that wet hole. The pressure was building and with it her pleasure. Her hips began to buck more erratically and still she didn't feel like a slave to her baser instincts. She slowed and sped up, just to see the desperation in Cameron's eyes.

Speaking of Cameron, his whole body was quivering in a distinctive way. His legs were holding around her hips and she could feel his inner walls tightening rhythmically around her; he was on the edge. She knew that edge all too well; not to mention how to tip him over it.

She began to alternate; rolling her hips and then drawing all the way out and thrusting back in hard. The soft pleasure paired with the hard thrust was enough to overwhelm his senses and she felt him clench around her with a wail that was sure to be heard across the entire office floor. The knowledge that she caused that wail sent Lilliana over the edge; and she came hard, biting down on Cameron's shoulder to hide her cry.

Her teeth left little red marks indented into the skin, deep enough that there would be a mark there for at least a few hours.

"Oh god." Cameron whined. "I can't believe we just did that. Oh fuck, what the hell was I thinking?"

"I don't think you were." She teased, pulling out and quickly zipping herself up.

Lilliana smirked, within seconds she was presentable and sexy once more but Cameron was still picking up his panties from the cold tile floor. His honey blonde hair was dishevelled, his lips swollen and red from their making out; he looked thoroughly dishevelled. It brought a smile to her face.

"We'd better get out of here quick before somebody comes to investigate that scream of yours." She snickered, watching as the blood drained from Cameron's face.

"You said you locked it!" He cried.

Lilliana made her way to the door and slipped out, looking back one final time with a wink.

“I lied.”

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Cameron’s heart was beating so loudly he could feel his ears throbbing. He could not believe he just let that happen. Lilliana’s hands had just felt so lovely gliding over his supple breasts he hadn’t been able to hold back. Those teasing strokes, so close to his nipples that had ached to be touched, by the time she finally gave him what he desired he was so hot he could barely think straight.

Frantically he pulled on the panties, shivering as the cold, damp cloth pressed against his burning hot pussy. Pulling the dress up took more time but eventually he got it in place and managed to run his fingers through his hair to neaten it just as the door opened and in walked Margret.

He froze in place, watching with bated breath as she took in his appearance. It was so obvious his clothing was out of place and his make up smudged. It would take somebody with an IQ of 1 to miss the obvious signs and indeed Margret’s eyes narrowed.

“I heard a yell. Are you okay?” Not sounding like she remotely cared at all.

“Fine.” He replied too quickly, “I just...stabbed myself in the eye trying to fix my makeup.”

A nervous giggle escaped his lips, then another. Perhaps it was the nerves but he couldn’t bring himself to stop laughing like a maniac until Margret cleared her throat awkwardly.

“I saw Mr. Jackson walking up the hall, he didn’t try anything...untoward did he?”

“No, no! Nothing unwelcome at all!” He shook his head, the last thing he needed was for any rumours about him to start up.

It was fine for Margret to think Lilliana was a whore but he couldn’t risk people getting the wrong idea about him.

“Well in that case.” She huffed and walked past, “I guess that explains why he keeps you around.”

Cameron tried to think of a witty comeback but his mind was totally blank. His mouth opened and closed like a fish before he finally managed to stick his tongue out at her and swiftly walked away. What was he, five? Who the hell sticks their tongue out in response to being insulted as an adult?

Face burning with humiliation he fled the bathroom, heels clicking on the hard floor in time with his rapid heart beat. It was only when he made it back to his office that he realised he hadn't wobbled once; perhaps he was getting the hang of these.

For the first time in his life he cursed the glass walls of his office; wanting nothing more than to feel a sense of privacy. To his surprise, Lilliana was sitting at his desk looking like she belonged there.

“Lilly, what the hell are we going to do, we can't stay like this!” He hissed.

“I know.” She sighed, not looking nearly as bothered as she should be, “But until we figure out how to activate the necklace again what can we do? Best we go about our lives until I can contact that lady who sold it to me.”

Cameron wanted to suggest some sort of other plan, there had to be something more proactive that he could do but just like in the bathroom his mind seemed to go blank. It was like he was thinking through molasse.

His hand went to the necklace around his throat; he'd almost forgotten about it in all the fuss. His fingers felt around the back for a moment, trying to find the clasp and gasped when he realised there was none.

“It's stuck!”

“Of course it's stuck.” Lilliana rolled her eyes, “I assumed that much, or did you really not even try taking it off?”

His face burned once more; what the fuck was wrong with his head today?

“I'll contact the woman.” Lilliana smiled warmly, standing and stepping around the desk to face him, “I'll take care of everything, just...go back to my apartment and spend the night relaxing okay?”

She patted him on the head and Cameron felt himself warm both in the cheeks and between his legs. That gesture was so...demeaning, why did it turn him on all of a sudden? Especially after two such strong orgasms, hadn't his body had enough yet?

"You can head back to my apartment." She added, "The key is in my purse in my desk."

"Wait, why can't I just go home?"

All I wanted was my Egyptian cotton sheets and a nice glass of wine from my cooler.

"Do you think that's a good look for us right now?" Lilliana said with a raised eyebrow, "You already made it obvious what we were doing in the bathroom. Just...go spend the night at my apartment, I'll go to yours."

"But I don't even know where your apartment is."

"The address is written in my phone." She waved him off, "I always forget it so I put it into maps as 'home'. You'll be fine. Now, get going. I am going to send you home early."

"But my wo-"

"I am sure I can handle it."

She fixed him with a hard look; it was a look he knew too well because he had spent years perfecting it. It was a look that meant he was not to be questioned; that this conversation was over. Knowing that, why was it still so effective on him? He found himself nodding, walking out of the office to sit at Lilliana's desk.

Her chair was too small, so Cameron's ass hung over the sides. He remembered when he bought this chair for her deliberately, just to see her fidget and watch those round cheeks through the glass. Was she doing the same now? The idea made that desire within him flare and he spent the next few minutes hurriedly searching the desk for her purse only to find it in the first drawer he checked, having somehow missed it.

He just needed to get home, well, to Lilliana's apartment. Then, with some alone time he could quell the panic inside him that was clearly making his brain run like shit. Trying his best to ignore the click of his heels he headed down to the parking garage and took a deep breath as the elevator doors closed.

“Look on the bright side.” He told himself, “You finally get to see what Lilly’s apartment looks like. And you have all the time in the world to snoop through it.”

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Cameron sucked in a breath and held it in anticipation, turning the silver key in the lock of the matching apartment door and pushing it open. He had wondered about what the inside of Lilliana's home would look like, but he never expected it to be this... girly. As he tentatively stepped through the doorway, his eyes widened in disbelief. The walls were painted a vibrant shade of pink, adorned with glittery decorations and hearts scattered across every surface. It was like stepping into a fairy tale land gone wild. The sexual den he had imagined in his mind, filled with black and red sheets and dark windows evaporated in an instant.

He stepped through the living room, careful not to disturb the trinkets and photo frames that adorned the shelves. There seemed to be a thousand photographs of Lilliana with various people; men and women alike, it seemed she had no shortage of friends. The idea that any of them could come calling filled him with dread.

Filly curtains billowed in the breeze, and he couldn't help but cringe at the sight. It was all so overwhelmingly feminine, and he wondered how anyone could live surrounded by such an excess of pink and glitter. Of course Lilliana was a feminine woman but he had expected something a little more...mature.

However, as he ventured deeper into Lilliana's domain, he found himself increasingly drawn to the intricate details and undeniable charm. He paused in front of a sparkly pink pillow, his fingers hesitating before he reached out to touch it. The softness surprised him, and he couldn't deny the craftsmanship that had gone into creating it. So many tiny sequins all painstakingly attached in an intricate pattern. As he brushed his fingers over it they changed from pink to silver and he felt his lips tug up into a smile.

The longer he looked the more homey it felt; perhaps staying here a night or two wouldn't be so bad. Maybe if he was lucky he could find her diary or private laptop and do some snooping on how to better seduce her once they got this all straightened out. He bounced on his toes, an excited giggle bursting from his lips before he could stop it. The little affectation made him blush but he dismissed it; surely it was just nervous energy and not a sign of things to come.