

Secretary Swap - Part 3

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Still in one another's bodies, Cameron and Lilliana go to their body's respective houses and have fun exploring one another's private spaces.

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Cameron sat himself down at the white wooden desk in the corner of Lilliana's room; at first just in awe that she even had a desk but then he noticed the abundance of mirrors and makeup, clearly this was a makeup table. Curiously he picked up the tubes and compacts that littered the space, opening them and running the smooth pads of his fingers across the pigments and powders. He wasn't an idiot, he knew there was more to makeup than just lipstick and mascara but he'd never realised just how extensive a collection could get.

He held up two separate items labelled 'concealer' one was a tube of peachy colour liquid that was thick to the touch, the other was a compact of pinkish powder. How could two such different items be considered the same?

He looked at his face in one of the mirrors and turned it side to side, smearing a little of the thicker liquid concealer over his cheek and spreading it out. Within moments it had melted into his skin, leaving it even smoother than before. So that's how Lilliana managed to look so airbrushed in real life some days.

His curiosity seemed to grow and he began to rummage through the drawers to see what other treasures he could come across. After a moment or two he found a bottle of milky liquid marked as makeup remover. He was going to put it down when an idea formed in his mind. He was in the unique position to make Lilliana's face look like whatever he wanted. Sure, he didn't know much about makeup but how hard could it be. It seemed this body possessed some level of muscle memory because he had no issues pouring the right amount onto a cloth and wiping away the pigments already on his face.

Once the makeup was washed away he spent a few seconds admiring Lilliana's plain face, he'd never seen her without makeup on before. He was surprised by just how attractive she was without it; not as good as a woman in makeup of course, all women needed to wear it, but still. Impressive.

Cameron hesitated at first, feeling overwhelmed by the sheer variety of cosmetics laid out before him. He started with a subtle touch, delicately applying a bit of foundation to

even out his skin, creating that soft, smooth look he loved so much. Then, he moved on to accentuating his eyes with a light coat of mascara, giving them a newfound depth and allure. He blinked his long lashes, batting his eyes the way he loved watching Lilliana do and a giggle burst through his lips.

This was surprisingly fun. He didn't even struggle to apply the eyeliner, some new instinct seemed to be taking over and he knew exactly how much pressure to apply and how to hold each stick and tube.

Slowly he gained confidence, venturing further into the realm of colour. He picked up a blush brush and gently swept it across his cheeks, transforming her complexion into a radiant glow. The soft bristles tickled his skin and sent a shiver down his spine. With each stroke of the brush, he discovered a new shade that accentuated his features in different ways. He tried eyeshadows in various hues, going from bold blue to subtle pink. The mirrors over the desk began to fog up as they got coated in loose powder.

As he explored the options a certain colour began to appear again and again, drawing his eye and tempting him more than he thought it ever could. It was a bright and vibrant pink, like a blooming flower in a summer garden. Without hesitation, he applied it to his lips, and a wide smile spread across her face. Something about this shade made her feel confident, alive, undeniably feminine and sexy.

Cameron admired his reflection in the mirror. The pink lipstick brought out his natural beauty, highlighting her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. He couldn't help but take it to the next level, applying a layer of glittery pink eye shadow and even a few of those stick on rhinestones usually reserved for clubbing.

He had intended to paint his face into one of sensuality; red lips and smokey eyes and yet he'd ended up here instead. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to feel sad about it. There was something freeing about being able to enjoy being so unabashedly feminine. No wonder Lilliana wore those skimpy dresses to the office, hiding such lovely features under boring work clothes was practically a crime. Same with her makeup, he was glad he'd settled on this bold, pink look. It made him feel...sexy.

Speaking of clothes...

His eyes slid in the mirror to the background of his reflection. A beautiful hardwood wardrobe with wide double doors was resting behind him and excitement began to build in his chest. He'd studied Lilliana's outfits extensively and she never wore the same one twice, what treasures could be waiting inside? Not to mention the clothing even she considered not appropriate for the office that must be inside there.

He jumped to his feet, practically skipping across the room and grabbing both metal handles. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes and savouring the moment before flinging them both open. Inside was even better than he'd dreamed, hangers and shelves filled with clothes. The wardrobe was far deeper than it looked from the outside and he was momentarily overwhelmed with choices.

He picked out a simple black mini dress, he'd seen Lilliana wear this to the office, done, boring. He threw it over his shoulder and reached for the next hanger, this time revealing a matching midriff top and booty shorts. Oh, what he wouldn't have paid to have her wear these in the office. He could only imagine how sexy she would look, bent over his desk with these shorts showing off the bottom of her ass.

He couldn't resist trying them on, stripping off the dress she'd worn to work and gasping when it caught on her heels. For a moment she wobbled, standing on one foot before falling backwards. Luckily, the bed was there to catch him and Cameron descended into a fit of giggles. He wasn't sure what exactly was so funny but giggling made him feel happy so he decided not to stop himself.

Once the first was over he sat up, grinning down at his body. He'd always dreamed of seeing Lilliana's body up close and naked, now here she was, spread out before him in nothing but her black bra and panties. This was even better than he imagined though because not only could he see her body he could *feel* it.

He ran a finger down the gentle curve of his new body, feeling the supple skin of his breasts and giggling once more as he pressed in on the sensitive skin. This body was so ticklish! Or maybe it was just that he was having so much fun he couldn't help it. Cameron surprised himself again though by stopping; more than touching himself he was excited by the idea of trying on clothes.

He'd never been a big shopper before this, so as long as his clothes were smart, professional and tailor made he didn't really care for style or fashion. Here though he found himself fascinated. Next to the booty shorts and singlet was a flowing green day dress; how would that long skirt look billowing behind him in a summer's breeze? He had to know!

Full of a strange girlish optimism he grabbed the crop top and pulled it on; it was a deep plum colour, so it slightly clashed with his makeup but that didn't matter.

“Oh I can create a makeup look for every outfit! That would be totes adorbs!”

Totes adorbs? What did that even-oh, totally adorable. Obviously. Slang was so silly! Fun too, why had he never used it before. He blinked, realising he'd totally stopped what he was doing to think instead of multitasking. Now...what was he doing? Getting dressed, right!

A placid smile on his face he pulled on the shorts, wiggling his hips a little to get them to squeeze into the tight jean fabric. The cut of the cloth made his cheeks spread and he grinned in the mirror, posing with his ass out to admire. Oh yes, he would definitely have to instigate some sort of casual Friday to try and trick Lilliana into wearing this to the office. She was so dumb, it would be easy.

Suddenly, something sparkled in the corner of his eye and he lowered his gaze to find it.

“Oh! Nail polish! He gasped, picking up a stray bottle that had fallen from the desk.

He reached over, immediately over balanced and barely managed to catch himself before falling straight on his face. The bottle knocked against his shoe, rolling beneath the bed.

“Oh darn!” He stamped his foot in frustration before getting down on all fours and reaching under the bed.

It was hard to reach under the tiny gap between the mattress and the floor, especially with his boobs getting in the way. He squashed them against the floor so much it hurt and reached, he could feel the cool glass of the polish bottle against his finger tips.

“Almost got it...” He stretched, ass wiggling from side to side in a futile attempt to try and get a few inches closer. “Got it!”

Victorious he closed his hand around the bottle and managed to pull it free, revealing the sparkling silver polish in all its glory. It wasn't the glittery kind at least, more like liquid metal. He watched, oohing and aahing as the silvery substance swirled. It was mesmerising to watch. He wasn't sure how long that tiny bottle entertained him before he snapped out of it and realised there was something much more fun he could be doing with the polish.

Straightening his back he sat back down at the table and pulled the little brush from the top, slowly painting a perfect, smooth layer over his finger tip.

“Omigosh it's so cuuuute.” he cooed, “I wonder if she has any of those little stones she sometimes wears...”

How many times had they had to call IT because Lilliana had gotten a rhinestone stuck in her keyboard, it had to be over a dozen by now. He flipped open the drawers and squealed

with delight when he found them. She had dozens upon dozens of them! Some shapes like little stars or hearts, others rainbow coloured, how on Earth was he going to pick?

Suddenly, a genius idea popped into his brain. Not only could he style his makeup to match each outfit in her wardrobe but he could do her nails as well! With a n excited giggle he got to work, delicately placing the stones on the still wet polish one finger at a time. Oh and when he'd finished with that he could do his toes as well!

He had the whole night ahead of him and Cameron couldn't wait to try everything Lilliana's room had to offer.

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Lilliana leaned back in the plush leather of Cameron's private car. When a man had arrived in 'her' office announcing that her driver was here to pick her up she'd been so astounded she simply nodded. It seemed like the right call, nobody batted an eye at her cool demeanour. Cameron did have a sort of wall between him and most workers, her excluded. She had always thought it was because her boss had a soft spot for her, and really saw her potential. How she'd bragged to her mother when she managed to hold down this job for more than a month.

Now though, as she sipped the fine wine which had been waiting for her upon entering the car she couldn't help but feel that was terrible...naive. She replayed their interactions in her mind, even up to the switch and she couldn't believe how many obvious signals she'd missed. Of course Cameron hired her because she was hot. She'd known that she wasn't completely dense, but she had hoped he saw more than just her body.

The wine tasted sour and she pursed her lips and swallowed the last of it down. What sort of snob has wine waiting, pre-poured in his private car every day after work? It was a level of luxury she couldn't even fathom.

The luxury continued as the car pulled into a high rise apartment building and the door was opened for her. She gave him a quick word of thanks which was met with a look of shock; clearly Cameron wasn't in the habit of being grateful for the help he received. She stepped into the elevator and realised...she had no idea where Cameron lived.

Normally she would be paralysed with indecision but she took a moment to think and realised she had his briefcase. A quick search produced a keycard with the word penthouse written across it. With a quick swipe, the lift was moving and she chuckled to herself.

She already felt so different in this body compared to her old one. Thinking came so much easier now to the point that she found herself blushing; she'd always known she wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer but she was beginning to think she'd actually been a

spoon. Especially since the longer she dwelt on it, the more obvious his affections toward her became.

All of a sudden the reason the other office workers hated her became obvious; Cameron yelled at the assistant for so much as breathing wrong and there she was strutting around getting her nail's stuck in her keyboard and forgetting how to open emails. It was downright humiliating.

Then she remembered the bathroom; that humiliation had been all Cameron's. He'd been so desperate for cock he'd practically begged her for it. She'd never been in that position before, the power sent a thrill through her even now and her cock twitched against her leg just as the elevator doors opened.

Revealing the single most expensive looking room she had ever seen. Everything, from the furniture to the artwork on display looked as if it had been chosen precisely because it looked costly. There was none of those, plain black couches that secretly cost thousands despite looking no different to the bargain stuff available to everybody. Here everything was gold and platinum trim, shiny mahogany and precious stones.

For a moment she felt her eyes widen in wonder, such shiny objects once entertained her for minutes on end but after the initial shock wore off she couldn't help but feel it was all a bit...tacky. Still, she was going to spend the night in luxury and that was exciting in itself. She had promised Cameron she would contact the woman she brought the necklace from but she wanted to have a look around first.

The house was spacious, twice the size of her tiny apartment and she momentarily felt awkward. What must he think of her dinky little place compared to all this grandeur? The more she looked at it, the less tacky and more impressive it became. Not to mention the more humiliated she felt about her own apartment. It was so amateurishly decorated compared to this place. A single piece of furniture probably cost more than everything she owned.

She imagined Cameron standing there, in her body, in nothing but that choker looking perplexed as to where to even start. She had such a cute face when she was confused, she'd been told that many times but now seeing it in her mind's eye she had to agree. Those pouty lips of hers, twisted under her teeth as she bit down...

It took her a moment to realise her cock was starting to harden. She tried to feel bad about it but she had already had sex with her own body today, was it any wonder she found the idea hot now? Would he try to take the choker off again?

He imagined her body stumbling, naked, as he tried in vain to break the hold the necklace had on them. All the while getting more flustered, those sweet lips pouting in a frown and his hair getting tangled. Perhaps he'd even blow it out of his face like a brat. She

chuckled a little as she reached for the buckle of her belt. She used to do that all the time, she never realised what a turn on it could be.

Now that she had finally seen her body from the outside she could fully appreciate just how hot she was. She unzipped her fly and palmed at the bulge in her pants with a groan, flopping back on the expensive couch and spreading her legs wide. She pressed her palm harder into the bulge in her boxers remembering how cute her face looked with Cameron in control. He'd twisted her features into such beautiful shapes; and she had memorised each and every one. Something she was very grateful for now as her erection strained against the fabric of her underwear.

Gently she reached inside and pulled out her manhood, enjoying the slightly rough texture against her skin. Cameron had smooth hands, a life without hard work will do that, so it was easy to imagine her own in his place. She only wished his nails were longer, that way she could imagine her French tips digging into the shaft slightly as she dragged her hand up and down.

God he'd looked so dumbfounded, dumb really was the word too. Stupid and horny; an intoxicating combination. Lilliana had never realised she was in possession of such a potent combination of attributes. Or perhaps she was picking up on remnants of Cameron's own lust, either way; she was turned on.

She began to pump harder, twisting her hand across her new length and imagining it was her old body. Now that she'd had a taste she desperately wanted more and as vivid as her imagination was, it wasn't quite as satisfying as the real thing. She imagined appearing at her old apartment, stumbling onto Cameron furiously masturbating on her bed and plunging into him. How he'd moan, wail. He'd be desperate for her. Once again she pictured her pretty face at the moment of climax and it pushed her over the edge.

Seed spurted from the end of her new cock and onto the expensive couch; she couldn't bring herself to care. In fact, it gave her an illicit thrill; like she was making this place hers. She leaned back, basking in the afterglow for a few minutes before grabbing a tissue from a nearby box to clean herself up. Now that she noticed it, there were quite a few convenient tissue boxes around.

“Naughty boy...”

She went to the kitchen and was immediately met with a selection of red wine on a rack. She'd never been able to taste the difference between most wines but something told Lilliana she now had the intellect to do just that. With that in mind she selected the most expensive looking bottle and opened it, breathing in the scent and poured a glass.

The scent was rich, like everything else here and she smiled, leaving the wine to breathe (something she suddenly realised she had to do) and went to explore the rest of Cameron's space. It didn't take her long to find his bedroom and she smirked upon lifting the mattress and seeing a collection of porn magazines. Who even bought porn magazines in this day and age? And storing them under his mattress? What was he, fifteen?

There was also a sleek, top of the line computer sitting on a glass desk and she remembered her promise to contact the woman who sold her the necklace. After retrieving her wine she sat down and turned it on, delighted to find that navigating the desktop was a lot easier than normal. Usually she spent several minutes trying to remember if the envelope symbol was for emails or instant messengers before realising she could just click one open to check. Now she didn't even need to do that.

She swirled her wine and took a sip, sighing deeply in satisfaction as the rich earth flavour coated her tongue. Suddenly, it occurred to her that this was Steven's computer, she had no access to her own files; and since she was in his apartment, she couldn't very well hunt down the receipt for the choker. It would be a simple matter to do some online searching and find the seller's information. She knew for a fact everybody at the market where she had bought it had to be registered on their website.

But Cameron didn't know that.

She was enjoying the power of this new body and the intellect that came with it. She could justify stretching things out just a little longer surely? One sincere apology about the delay would be all it took, after all, Cameron was already eating out of the palm of her hand. Had been for some time really, she'd just never noticed it or taken advantage.

It was time to change that.