

Secretary Swap

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Serious and lecherous CEO Cameron finds himself in an odd position when he is body swapped with his ditzy bimbo secretary and starts to take on her personality and lack of brains.

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Lilliana was not a good secretary; in fact, she was a downright terrible one. She constantly forgot how to use the calendar app and misplaced her notebook. Most of the time if somebody called the office she would forget to write either who had called or why if not both and then spend five minutes with a finger pressed against her lips trying to remember before giving up and having somebody show her how to reverse dial them. She was chronically late and had to have everything explained to her at least twice before she even vaguely understood it. In short, she was the sort of woman who normally wouldn't last a week at a high end financial firm like Cameron's.

Her resume had been a mess when she first applied for the position of his secretary. She had no college degree and had been unable to hold down a job for more than two weeks. For reasons that were utterly apparent, he should have sent her on her way months ago but he didn't. Because while Lilliana lacked brains and wit she had other assets; my God, did she have some assets.

Namely the two major ones on her chest, which paired nicely with her shapely ass. See, for all her faults Lilliana was gorgeous. Not just beautiful in the usual sense but ten out of ten, model worthy sexy. She had great E cup breasts that were somehow perky despite their great size and weight and her long honey brown hair was cut so that the strands sat atop her cleavage, drawing the eye. Her ass was peachy and wiggled suggestively as she walked; and most importantly of all, she dressed to impress.

Today she was sitting at her desk in a pink mini dress and black heels. The sort of outfit better suited for the club rather than the office. There was a black choker with a silver pendant around her neck which she was fiddling with as she bit down on her full lips with a look of concern. Cameron knew the expression well, it meant she had misplaced a document somewhere and was trying to find where she saved it. Nine times out of ten it was in the download folder or desktop and yet somehow, it never occurred to her to check either.

Cameron watched with a smile as she called over the office manager, Margaret, for help. Margaret was a woman in her thirties who had already aged into her forties due to stress. She always wore the same pencil skirt and blouse that only added to her grumpiness. Cameron watched as she rolled her eyes and shoved Lilliana aside with a huff while the secretary apologised.

God, he loved her. She was just so perfect. He had been waiting for the right opportunity to ask her out to dinner. For so long now he'd been fantasising about having her but knew it was best to wait. He wanted to savour it, spend his time getting to know her quirks in order to woo her. He already knew she was grateful for the job, she was six months in now and it was her longer held position. The last time she had left for the day and turned back to thank him for his kindness, fingers threaded together, he had popped a boner right there under his desk.

"Uh, Mister Jackson, sir?" Lilliana pushed open the glass door that separated his office from the rest of the floor.

"Please, Lilly, call me Cameron, we're very informal here."

It was a bold faced lie. Cameron was anything but casual with his employees. He had earned this position through hard work and yes, some connections. He was a firm believer in the boss being on top and making sure everybody knew it. But with Lilliana it was different, he wanted her close.

"Okay...Cameron." She giggled, "That still feels so wrong."

"What can I do for you?" He leaned back in his chair.

"Oh!" Lilliana giggled again, having clearly forgotten why she had come in the first place, "I was uh...ummmm yes the email! I got an email about a lunch you need to go to tomorrow with...Edge Financial!"

She beamed, her perfect white smile lit up the whole room. She was clearly proud of herself for having remembered the company. Cameron smiled slyly, already knowing where this was going but happy to play the game.

"And who is the luncheon with, Lilliana?" He asked smoothly, "Edge Financial is a big company."

“Ummmm...” Her cheeks began to turn pink, the shade almost matched her dress.

God she was so hot when she was flustered.

“It was...somebody important, the chief executive something...I’m so sorry Cameron I forgot!” She wailed, “I’ll go check right away!”

She turned on her thin stiletto heel and immediately lost her balance, tumbling over and falling to her hands and knees, perfect round ass in the air.

“Oh dear, are you alright?” He asked, doing his best to sound concerned and not hot as hell.

He hopped to his feet, willing his boner away before stepping over and offering his hand.

“Oh this is so embarrassing.” Lilliana pouted, “I always make such a fool of myself.”

“Don’t you worry about it.” Cameron soothed, “If anybody gives you a hard time about it you send them straight to me. I won’t stand for bullying in my office.”

“You’re so nice Mister Cameron.” She sighed, taking his hand and getting to her feet, “You’re the nicest boss in the world.”

From the corner of his eye he spotted Margaret looking at them with disdain; he gave himself a mental reminder to call her in for a meeting about her attitude. Who the boss wished to give his favour was up to him, not her.

“Oh my necklace!” Lilliana gasped suddenly, hand at her bare throat.

Like the gentleman he was, Cameron bent down and picked up the choker from the floor. The little silver pendant spinning around and around as he leaned forward to place it back around Lilliana’s neck.

“Here, let me.” He offered.

Anybody with two brain cells could tell her was flirting as he pushed back Lilliana's soft hair to fasten the choker around her neck. Lilliana though, as mentioned, didn't have those brain cells though and kept up her dopey, ignorant smile as the clap clicked shut.

"Thank you!" She beamed, "I got it the other day at the markets, you know, the ones held down on 31st street? I got it from this woman who was all decked out in crystals and stuff, she said it would help me understand people. But so far it hasn't worked, people are just as confusing as ever."

She prattled on, not noticing that he was still standing with a hand on her shoulder, far closer than most people considered appropriate.

"I hope you don't find me confusing."

"Not at all! You're wonderful, Mister Cameron!"

The moment she said his name something seemed to shift. Not the mood of the room as he expected but rather reality itself. Colours seemed to grow brighter, rainbow lights refracted off every surface from the glass windows to Lilliana's beautiful skin. His vision swayed and melted like a painting and before he could open his mouth to voice his alarm-

It stopped.

He blinked; his eyelids feeling strangely heavy as he tried to orient himself. He took a few steps back as his vision cleared and did his best to keep from panicking. Was this some sort of heart attack? A brain aneurysm? He'd read a news story about a twenty year old basketballer who had dropped dead of a blood clot right in the middle of a game without warning. Was that happening to him right now?

His hand went to his throat, breathing heavily as he squeezed his eyes closed and tried to control his panic. The feel of metal centred him, something cool pressing into the skin around his neck and fingers. The panic waned and gave way to confusion as he opened his eyes and found himself looking at the floor.

He was still standing but where his expensive Armani shoes had been a few minutes ago there were skimpy black straps. His feet seemed too small and delicate, with pretty pink polish across the nails. He knew those feet, he'd sneakily taken a photo of them not too long ago.

A cold wave of dread washed over him as he looked up and came face to face with himself; looking just as confused as him.

“Mister Cameron?”

The voice was his own but the inflection was all wrong, it was far too breathy, his posh accent, one he had worked so hard to develop, was gone.

“Lilly?” He breathed.

His throat felt wrong, there was no bob of Adam’s apple, no deep vibration from his baritone. Instead his voice was high and lilting, almost musical.

“What happened?” She gasped and Cameron winced.

She was standing with her knees together, butt out. The pose always looked hot on her but in his body it just made him look comical.

“Stand straight.” He ordered, “Quickly, before anybody sees.”

She listened and obeyed, thankfully and Cameron backed up until he felt the desk dig into his now curvaceous ass. It really was enormous and without thinking he sat himself up on the desk, enjoying how comfortable it was to sit on something so soft and bouncy.

“How could this have happened?” He asked.

“Maybe it was the necklace.” Lilliana gasped, “I bet that lady who sold it to me was a witch or something!”

She said it with such conviction, as if she had just made an incredible smart point and not complete hogwash.

“There is no such thing as magic.” Cameron snapped, “Don’t be stupid.”

“But how else do you explain this?” She insisted, “Only a fool denies what is right in front of him...hey wow, that was like, really smart!”

It was actually, not the bit about magic but Lilliana was sounding a bit more put together all of a sudden. Normally she couldn't get through a single sentence without 'um' or 'uh'.

"Well nobody else can know until we've figured out how to change back." He sighed, "I have a reputation to maintain."

"Wouldn't it be easier if we asked for help though?"

"No way, it would be, like, so embarrassing."

Cameron's hand slapped over his mouth, did he seriously just add 'like' to the middle of his sentence like a damn sorority bimbo? It had rolled off his tongue before he could stop it. His long, soft tongue...he'd imagined what it would feel like in his mouth before. He had spent hours imagining how it would feel to kiss Lilliana's lips and feel her yield to him and now here he was in her body.

He found himself looking down at his new form, seeing how big her boobs looked from this angle made a strange shiver pass through him and a squire of dampness appeared between his legs.

"Are you okay?"

"Huh, what? Oh sorry I got distracted." He felt his cheeks go warm, of all the times to lose focus now really wasn't it.

"Okay we need a plan of attack." Lilliana took charge, pacing back and forth across the room.

Cameron watched her with renewed admiration, it was so strange to see her focused and diligent. He'd always preferred dumb girls but there was something about her stride, the way she rested her chin between her thumb and forefinger and her brow furrowed that made her look...hot.

Cameron shook his head once more. What the hell was he thinking? That was his body he was getting turned on by! His tall, muscular body...how he had dreamed of holding Lilliana's delicate frame in his arms at night but now the reverse occurred. How would it feel to be so small in those strong arms, to be crushed against all those muscles until their bodies almost melded together...

An ache began to form between his legs and he crossed one over his knee. Without thinking, he squeezed and a little burst of pleasure sparked between his legs. He swallowed...that had felt so nice. He wanted to do it again but he shouldn't, he couldn't. It was so naughty, so wrong...so hot.

Once more he squeezed his thighs, this time biting down on his lip to stop the sounds from escaping. Was that his new clit he was pleasuring? Maybe. God he wished he could touch it...

"Cameron?"

"Hm?!"

His eyes had glazed over as lust fogged his thought and when he blinked he found Lilliana standing over him with a confused expression.

"I said what are we going to do about the rest of my shift?"

"Oh uh...that's fine I'll um, be you and you be me. I don't have anything too important, just sit at my desk and look busy." He stammered, he was so turned on right now he couldn't think straight.

"Are you sure?"

"Yup! Totally, I am just...going to the bathroom!"

"In my body?" Lilliana gasped, sounding scandalised, "You can't."

"I really have to go." He groaned, hopping off the desk, "I pinky promise not to look, I really have to go."

He didn't wait for her to say no, he had to get out of here and deal with these urges before his brains completely melted. He'd never been so fogged by lust before or so quickly. Something had to be wrong with him, where was his self control? No matter, fuck it, he just needed to get somewhere private to get a hold of himself.

He stumbled out into the room, struggling to balance in the razor thin heels Lilliana somehow walked in. He could see people in the office giving him the stink eye, leaning and whispering loud enough that he could hear what as he passed.

“Look at her, I bet she’s drunk.”

“Wouldn’t surprise me, she is so shit at her job she’s probably figured out she can get away with anything so long as her tits look like they’re about to fall out of her top.”

“Doubt it, she isn’t smart enough to figure that out.”

“Man, I almost wish I was a hot bitch, then I could get Mister Jackson to give me a raise.”

He paid them no heed, drones always gossiped it was the nature of the office. Even if he did care though, he was far too distracted with all the new sensations he was having to take stock of. He could feel his ass bouncing with each step, the heels meant he had no choice but to sway his hips from side to side with each long stride. The movement caused his ass cheeks to rub together and he could feel the fabric of his tight dress stretching over each cheek as they moved back and forth.

His breasts were moving too. He felt a thrill pass through him as he realised he couldn’t feel any bra strap. How long had Lilliana been coming to work without one? How was it even possible for tits this big to be so perky without added support? If anything, this made him even hornier; somewhere in the back of his mind he hoped she was doing it for his benefit. Perhaps she had noticed him looking? Or maybe that was just wishful thinking.

After far too long and more than one wobbly stumble, he made his way to the bathroom at last and locked the door behind him. There were plenty of bathrooms on other floors for the ladies to use, he did not want to risk being disturbed.

His heart was pounding; he was alone with the object of his desire, not only could he finally see her but he could feel what she would feel. He could know every intimate part of her before ever getting her into bed and know exactly what to do to drive her wild. She would be putty in his hands.

With a moan he bit his lip, running over to the mirror to take in his new appearance. His face was flush, olive skin pink across the cheeks and that honey brown hair was ever so slightly mussed. He must have been running his fingers through it without even noticing. Cameron swallowed in anticipation before resting one perfectly manicured nail on the top of his pink, strapless dress. It really was so inappropriate to come into the workplace dressed like this; Lilliana was practically inviting his gaze with it.

Gently, he tugged the dress down, feeling it squeeze tightly against his ample blossom. The clothing was so tight it was actually a struggle to pull it down but after a

moment it finally slipped and both of his breasts were exposed for him to see. Immediately he cupped them, holding the soft skin in his hands and treasuring the heft of them. The pink nipples were pert and hard in the mirror and he couldn't resist turning from side to side to admire them from every angle.

Gently he squeezed, shuddering as pleasure emanated out from his fingertips. The flesh was so soft; there was none of the hardness telling of a boob job like he expected. These were all natural; what nature had given her and somehow that made him all the hotter.

He began to massage them, moaning quietly to himself and making sure to memorise the expression on his face for later. He couldn't wait till he was back in his own body so he could make Lilliana make that face himself.

His soft fingers crept up to those nipples, pressing down on the hard nubs and having to hold back a cry. They were so sensitive! It was madness, how did women ever concentrate knowing they could experience such pleasure with just a simple press of their fingers to their chest?

That ache between his legs grew and Cameron was suddenly aware of something hot and slick slowly dripping down his inner thigh. He could feel the soft silk of his underwear, now soaked through, sticking against his sensitive folds. He'd gotten himself so hot and heavy that he'd soaked them through and the wetness had nowhere to go but down.

Idly he wondered what people would think if he walked through the office with that wetness on display, a single drop. Everybody would know, the smell alone would give it away. He loved it when people stared at his body; it made him so hot to know everybody wanted him. Wait, what? No, that wasn't right, he didn't get turned on being desired, he was the one meant to do the desiring.

"Ohhhhh....it don't matter." He sighed, still massaging his breasts, "Ah...yes...more..."

He felt almost lightheaded. His heart thumping in his ears as he finally let his tits go and felt them bounce against his chest. He couldn't wait any longer! Cameron finally turned his back to the mirror, hoisting himself up on the benchtop and spreading his legs. His dress was so short there was no need to hike it up at all. It was a simple thing to peel the wet fabric of his panties away from his new pussy and slip a finger inside.

Immediately, his body jolted, legs spasming as he pressed a digit to his new clit. If he thought his nipples were sensitive this was on a whole other level. He forgot about being quiet entirely and instead let his head fall back, mouth open in a perfect O shape as he started to circle it.

Rubbing softly then hard, alternating the pressure as he failed to control his own breathings. The sounds echoed around the tiled room and seemed to bounce around inside his skull as well. They were almost pornographic. He wanted to revel in them and commit them to memory but he simply didn't have the brain power. He was awash in ecstasy, unable to stop his hands even if he wanted to.

The hand he had been using to brace himself on the bench moved instead to his breast. With a shaky breath he began to tweak his nipples, timing his pulls to the presses of his clit. The combination was intoxicating; he did it again and again.

Cameron was sure he was close to cumming, every stroke felt better than the last and yet, there was something missing. That ache between his legs was still there, deep inside him. He didn't want to stop circling his clit, it felt so good, yet his hole was calling to him. It begged to be filled but he hesitated.

As a man, he'd never been penetrated and the idea was both frightening and exhilarating. He kept pressing at his clit, feeling his entrance get tighter and tighter and his pussy started to clench. He could feel his muscles coiling, orgasm only seconds away as he continued to tweak and press at his new sensitive spots while he imagined what it might feel like to touch inside.

For a moment he was on the edge and then it all came crashing down. The sound that escaped him was half moan, half cry as his muscles began to contract over and over as wave after wave of pleasure flowed over him. He didn't stop touching himself, making the orgasm last as long as possible as even more wetness squirted from his hole and down onto the benchtop.

With a gasp he finally stilled, breathing heavily and enjoying the post orgasm blankness in his brain. After a few seconds though, he realised something; he was not alone. Standing in the doorway was Lilliana, in his body, master key in hand.

Her expression was shocked but her eyes were predatory; hungry even. How long had she been standing there watching him masturbate? How had he not even noticed? He felt his face burn with embarrassment at being caught; he'd promised not to look and here he had been caught doing far more than that.

Well, it's not as if she could sue him for harassment, after all, nobody could prove it was him in her body. Besides, dressing like this had been leading him on for months! He deserved to get one good orgasm in. He opened his mouth to speak only to have it close again as his eyes drifted down.

Lilliana didn't look angry, in fact, if the bulge in her pants was anything to go by she was in a similar state to himself.

"How...how long were you watching?" He asked finally.

“Long enough.”

Her voice was rough, husky with arousal and Cameron licked his lips. The tension in the air was palpable and for the first time he wished it was the angry kind, not sexual. He couldn't let his own body feel him up or...fuck him. That would be so wrong. Yet as soon as the idea entered his head his pussy pulsed and that ache made itself known once more. He needed it, yes, he needed it so bad but he couldn't!

Feeling flustered he hopped off the benchtop and tried to pull his dress back up. His fingers kept slipping through, they were too slick and that only added to his frustration. Lilliana stood there, watching him get more and more flustered until finally she stepped across the room with two great strides and placed her warm hands at his sides.

Cameron swallowed nervously, watching as she slowly leaned down with a smile and a whisper.

“Let me help you with that.”