

## Secretary Swap - Part 4

**For David Buckland**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Lilliana sat behind her desk in anticipation; it was almost lunch time and that meant that Cameron, still in her old body, would be here any moment. It had been several weeks since the swap; at first, she had tried to be clever about her delaying their change back. She'd made fake emails to prove she was trying to get in contact with the woman who bought the necklace from and everything but soon she realised that wasn't necessary.

Each time Cameron asked how it was going, all he needed to say was that things were 'in the works' and he smiled blissfully ignorant and thanked her for all the effort. Once or twice he tried to help but he could barely open an email now, let alone send one or track somebody he'd never met down. Once she'd introduced him to the idea of manicures he'd basically avoided using the computer whenever possible.

He'd come back from a trip to the salon grinning ear to ear, smiling dumbly at his own painted nails like they were precious jewels.

"Be careful," She warned, "If you type too hard or too fast, the paint will chip."

Well, that was all it took to make what little work he did do slow to a crawl. Now he typed one letter at a time, making sure to slowly use the pads of his delicate finger so he wouldn't risk chipping his precious nails. Lilliana simply smirked and deducted a weekly manicure from his small paycheque; a small price to pay to keep him from interfering.

Especially when that price was technically being paid by him; not that he realised that. He was too stupid to even see the obvious deduction on his payslip, there and above board. He was just happy to get his nails done on company time once a week.

As the door opened and Cameron sauntered in Lilliana smiled approvingly. He was holding her lunch, an expensive platter from a local sushi restaurant; all paid for on his personal credit card. She loved having Cameron's money, and his brains. Learning to manipulate had been a surprisingly easy affair.

"Sushi?" She cocked her head, "I thought it was pasta today?"

It was a bold faced lie, she had never mentioned pasta but of course Cameron just blushed and demurred.

“So sorry sir, I must have gotten mixed up. Again.”

His bottom lip wobbled; poor thing, he was so sensitive these days.

“Oh honey, don't pout, it's ugly when you pout.” Lilliana cooed, cupping his chin slightly, “Smile for me?”

He did so and Lilliana felt her cock stir; he obeyed so readily, there was nothing but admiration in his eyes, admiration and blind trust. He was so simple now, had she ever truly been so blind? It made her sick to think she had been so stupid and sycophantic; a word she doubted Cameron even knew anymore.

“I love sushi, I'll eat it, but we do need to figure out a punishment for these continued mix ups, otherwise people might accuse me of favouring you.”

The words were like honey to him of course, the subtle hint that maybe, just maybe he was favoured; and the pleasure that came from being number one in somebody's mind fulfilled him. So of course he nodded enthusiastically.

“Of course! I don't want people thinking badly of you!”

He paused a moment before looking away.

“I'm so sorry you have to do all this hard work pretending to be me...while I get to have fun Lil-”

“Ah ah ah, what did I say, no old names, it's Sir now.”

“Sorry sir.”

“And don't you worry your pretty little head. I can handle it.” Lilliana smiled. “Now, why don't you go eat your own lunch and stay behind after work finishes for your punishment.”

He nodded, placing the sushi down and walking back to his desk, hips swaying the whole way. He was wearing a tight, almost too short, black pencil skirt today in order to show off his

butt. It worked and Lilliana felt hunger that could not be sated by sushi alone swirling in her gut.

That would have to wait though; she preferred to leave her lust marinating a bit. So instead she sat back down and poured herself a glass of expensive white wine from Cameron's personal mini fridge and tucked into her lunch. The truth was, she had no intention of ever going back to that old life, not now that she knew the pleasure and luxuries his money could buy. Not to mention the delicious body she had access to.

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Being a woman was so much fun! Especially with Lilliana now as his boss; she constantly showered him in presents to make up for how slow she was being getting their situation fixed. He'd really underestimated her; her job was so much harder than he'd originally thought. No wonder she barely got anything done.

Honestly, it was sort of nice; yeah he didn't have much money anymore but he'd quickly learned that a smile and a laugh could buy him far more than his credit card. No he had to get on his knees once in a while to really earn a good present from the strangers he met at bars but so what? That was pretty fun too.

His life had gone from a rich businessman's to one full of fun and freedom. Women's clothing was so much more fun than men's. No more boring suits that cost too much, now for the same price he could have a dozen outfits and if he was really lucky, a gentleman would even buy them for him. Lilliana too often bought him things. Though he supposed in a way she was buying them for herself.

He did his best to always wear her gifts to the office so she could see just how much he appreciated them. Like the pencil mini skirt and blouse he was wearing today, they matched his stockings and heels perfectly and he basked in all the looks he got as he walked through the office. Some were jealous, some even scandalous and somehow that made him love them all the more.

Of course the rest of the afternoon was a wash after delivering Lilliana her lunch. As soon as she mentioned punishment he started to get wet. It had been her idea to punish him for mistakes with sex, she thought the humiliation might help motivate him but the truth was he was addicted.

The sight of his old body fucking him was too good to be true and it felt wonderful, far better than any other man he'd tried so far. And he had tried plenty. Lilliana's body ached to be touched, his sex drive had never been higher and if he went more than three days without punishment he found himself practically begging strangers in bars to take him.

He couldn't concentrate on his work at all, staring into space, counting down the minutes until the day ended and people started filing out. Nobody took a second glance at him as they left; they all believed he had to work extra hours to make up for his slow speed. Little did they know the truth.

When it was finally time to return to his old office he was practically buzzing with excitement. His panties soaked through and his hole slick and ready. Lilliana was sitting with her legs up on the desk, a smug smile on his old face. God, he was so sexy; how had Lilliana resisted him for so long. He loved that look in his eyes; so hungry yet cool at the same time. Totally in control.

"I've been missing you." Lilliana purred, "I miss my old body so much..."

That was another reason she'd asked to start doing this; Cameron felt sorry for it, she really did miss her old body. Every time they fucked she spent the whole time staring at him with eyes filled with desire. She must have been so jealous that she got the short end of the stick.

"I can show it to you if you want." He said, causing Lilliana to smirk.

He was sure he was fooling her though, he was such a good actor. There was no way she could know how much he really loved this, even as he slowly slipped off the skirt and undid the blouse. She actually chuckled.

"Forget your bra today?" She teased and Cameron blushed; he had, he hadn't even realised.

"Oopsie." He giggled and Lilliana got to her feet, rounding the desk to cup his face.

"Such a ditz now."

"No I'm not..." He whimpered, her free hand was pressing against his panties now, threatening to pull them aside.

"Let me see." She murmured, running the hand up his body and over his bare breasts.

"Oh...oooohhhh."

That was so nice; she knew just how to tweak his nipples so that what little brain function he had shut off entirely. He leaned into the touch, and Lilliana smiled. His eyes fluttered closed, meaning he couldn't see the look of utter glee on her face as she slowly slipped a finger inside his panties and up into his hole.

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The little moans were like music to Lilliana's ears. She never realised just how powerful her voice had been, she should have gone into ASMR before this swap happened; she'd make a killing. She swirled a finger around Cameron's clit before slipping the digit back inside him, watching as his mouth dropped open and his moans started to get louder.

He was so stupid now he didn't even realise how obvious his want was. It was almost too easy to seduce him multiple times a week. She withdrew her finger and yanked the panties down entirely, causing Cameron to whimper at the sudden onslaught of cool air. With a predatory grin she leaned him to the desk; she didn't even have to push down on his back. He leaned over it, bracing his fingers on the other side and standing legs spread ready to be fucked.

His folds were soaked and Lilliana took her time marvelling at them. Her old pussy was so hot, especially when she could see him quivering with anticipation. How could she not have appreciated just how stunning her body was before seeing it through the male gaze? The curve of her ass was perfect, she couldn't resist running her hands along it and drinking in yet another desperate whimper from Cameron.

She almost pitied him; he was so horny he might just cum from penetration alone. Not that she would let that happen, she liked to draw things out as much as she could. She unzipped her fly loudly, enjoying the full body shiver the sound elicited and then took out her length; it was already hard, of course.

Far too slowly, she began to push herself inside; barely meeting any resistance. She loved doing this; not only did penetration slowly make Cameron squirm with desperation but it allowed her to really savour the feeling of her old pussy engulfing her.

She pushed into the hilt and began to give slow, short thrusts. The kind she knew would stimulate Cameron's G spot without ever giving him enough to go over the edge. His knuckles were white as they gripped the desk. His moans turned muffled; clearly he was biting his lip not that it helped for very long.

Without warning Lilliana pulled out to the tip before plunging back in; hard. The wail Cameron made was glorious and she immediately repeated the gesture again and again until he was nothing more than a mewling mess. His hips bucked back against her and Lilliana could feel his passage tightening around her cock. He was close; so was she.

She could never get enough of this; getting to watch her old body beneath her writhing in ecstasy. The knowledge that she had all the power and brains that she could ever need now and that Cameron was under her thumb for as long as she wished for it.

With a shudder he came, squeezing her tight; it almost pushed her over the edge but Lilliana managed to hold back. Unlike Cameron she was not a slave to her urges any longer and she intended to make him cum at least three more times before finishing. She went right on fucking him, imagining what slutty outfit she could buy to admire her former self in tomorrow before ripping it off and doing all this again.