

— Fuck... it worked... — I exhaled quietly, almost in a whisper, staring at my green hands, still lying on the hard surface of the cave.

My thin green fingers trembled slightly as I tried to calm myself down, reminding myself that this was exactly what I had been aiming for — a body swap between different planetary species — and that this was the most important moment of my life. Yes, illegal. Yes, with enormous risk both for me and for the subject, whom I hadn't even informed. And yes... with a woman, damn it, justifying it by the fact that if I was taking such a risk, I had to get maximum data.

She had immediately seemed like the perfect candidate to me. Alone, no connections, no family, no education, and also fairly harmless — even by human standards she was short. She called herself Lyra'ven when I met her in a port bar on the outskirts of the colony. Said she was scraping by with random jobs, that she'd been kicked out of some settlement over debts, that she just needed money to "start over." And that look... a mix of exhaustion and some strange submissiveness. That's what played the decisive role, because I didn't just need a body, but a subject who wouldn't ask unnecessary questions, neither "before" nor "after," and wouldn't resist, but would simply believe my story about "research to help local species" and the credits I supposedly wanted to pay her for participating.

— Easy... — I said again, louder now, and for the first time feeling and hearing how my vocal cords worked differently, pushing sounds through an unusually narrow throat, with some kind of clicking undertone at the ends of words, as if the tongue itself was adapting to a structure I had only known in theory before, and because of that even a simple word sounded like it was spoken by someone else.

I froze, listening.

"Ea...sy..." I repeated more slowly, and this time consciously noticed that the word sounded different, even though it felt familiar coming out as:

— Kha...no...

Damn.

I exhaled sharply and pushed myself up on my elbows, immediately feeling two small but firm green breasts sway heavily on my chest, squeezed by narrow strips of a worn bronze-brown top that looked more like a piece of rough fabric than clothing. The fabric dug into the skin, rubbing against sensitive spots around the nipples, which reacted completely differently from what I was used to.

— Tsha-ren... (damn), — I whispered again, as the long lekku, heavy and warm, slowly slid over my shoulders and back, as if alive, reacting not only to body movement but to the slightest tension at the base of my neck, responding with a strange, unfamiliar sensation somewhere deeper than just skin.

This wasn't like hair or simple limbs. It was something in between, some kind of additional sense, living by its own rules, like... like a cock?

Brrr! No! What the hell kind of thoughts are those, Doctor Brown?! Although... I involuntarily froze, because the sensation didn't go anywhere — on the contrary, as soon as I focused on it, the lekku shifted slightly stronger, softly sliding along my back, and at the base of my skull there was a strange, dull tension, as if for a second I tried to... "clench" something with them, even though there was nothing there. I wanted to... clench it?

— Kha'no... — I exhaled shortly, jerking my head sharply, trying to pull myself together.

The lekku twitched along with the movement, almost as if offended, and with a soft rustle slid along my back. I froze, breathing heavily, trying not to think about how exactly they felt, but still continuing the exploration. I was a scientist, after all, so I had to learn as much as possible from this situation. Luckily, I had plenty of time — before activating the device I had injected myself, in my own body, with a sleeping agent, so there was no need to worry that she would wake up, so...

I slowly lowered my gaze, seeing “myself” properly for the first time. It was strange: smooth green skin covering two Breasts, which from this angle seemed larger than they had appeared to me from the outside, smoothly transitioning into an unusually narrow waist, followed by an equally strange-looking and feeling line of hips, wrapped in a rough, partly torn loincloth, under which I could feel, as absurd as it sounded, an unfamiliar, vulnerable emptiness far too clearly.

I sharply squeezed my legs together, as if instinctively trying to protect myself from my own attention.

— Tsha-ren... — I exhaled, and my voice again came out with that strange click.

I felt that new emptiness between my thighs growing warmer, as if something inside had awakened and was demanding attention. The thought came suddenly, stupid and burning: what if I stuck one of the lekku in there? They had just reminded me of a cock, hadn't they? I immediately imagined one of them slowly sliding down, touching the wet entrance, spreading the folds...

That very second my lekku twitched, and I felt a faint wave of tingling pass through them, like when your arm falls asleep, but different, and a moment later I saw a yellow light that slightly illuminated the dimness of the cave.

— Tsha-ren kha'no?! (what the fuck?!) — I jerked, turning my head behind me only to realize that I wouldn't see the source of the light there, even though the glow continued to illuminate the cave stones.

I froze, breathing heavily, and only after a few seconds did it start to sink in that the light wasn't “somewhere there,” not in the depths of the cave, not behind me... but closer, much closer.

I slowly, almost cautiously, raised my hand and reached back, to where that strange, barely noticeable warmth and pulsing could be felt, as if something alive was responding to my every thought. My fingers touched the smooth surface of the lekku — and the next second the world... sharply narrowed.

— KHA—!..

I was literally jerked forward, like from an electric shock, my breathing hitched, and my fingers trembled convulsively as I yanked them away from those appendages, and below, under the torn loincloth, everything instantly became wet and ached with a sweet, pulling emptiness.

I breathed heavily, for the second time in this short span gathering my thoughts into something resembling sanity. My heart was pounding as if I had run a marathon. The lekku slowly slid along my back, and even without touching them I could feel them — too vividly, too deeply, as if they weren't just a part of my body, but something wired directly into my nervous system.

I swallowed.

— Kha’no... kha’no Bha’un... (easy... easy, Brown) — I exhaled in a hoarse voice, continuing to breathe heavily and waiting for this state to pass.

It was hard. Really hard. But after a few minutes I still managed to at least partially steady my breathing, force myself not to jerk at every lingering impulse in my body and, clenching my teeth, regain control over my thoughts, at least on the level of “don’t panic right now,” because the lekku... they were still glowing, damn them, with a soft, warm, pulsing yellow light that seemed to breathe along with me, growing stronger and then slightly fading, as if reacting not only to movement, but to the thoughts themselves.

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— Eee...tha (this)... kha’ham (bitch)... — I exhaled, feeling a chill run through my body again, but this time not from arousal, but from realization.

The realization that this wasn’t just the body of some random native, not just a “convenient subject” without connections, as I had arrogantly written in my report... but a body that, judging by these reactions, these impulses, this... damn built-in responsiveness — had been used. And quite often.

— Na’ha... (no) — I whispered, desperately trying to fight the urge to grab that appendage again. — na’ha, na’ha, na’ha...

Fragments began surfacing in my mind. Not memories — no. Knowledge. Not my own, but at the same time absolutely clear

I suddenly knew how to stand in a way that wouldn’t anger the owner. How to lower my gaze so as not to provoke. How to move — smoothly, slightly slowed, as if demonstrating submission, but at the same time always ready for a sharp command, for the moment when one of the guests would grab my lekku and pull — and then I shouldn’t resist, but relax. I had to allow it. I had to accept it.

— Kha’non... (God...) — I exhaled, but no longer with the relief with which I had been saying that word before, but with growing horror.

You know, when you study a culture — especially one as closed and dangerous as the culture of slave trade on the periphery — you always kind of know. Theoretically. You read reports, see numbers, analyze records, write papers. But all of that is from the outside. These are... concepts. Data. Statistics.

What was happening in my head right now — was not statistics.

It was experience and knowledge.

— Ne’sha va tha’lek! (She is a pleasure slave!) — I exhaled, no longer just surprised, but with clear understanding.

She tricked me, damn her! Although... I tricked her first. So we’re even, right?

I almost laughed at that thought, barely holding back a chuckle and hearing how it came out strained, with that same clicking ending.

— Shar-kon... (idiot...) — I exhaled quietly, staring at the stone floor where the body-swap device lay, its wires still connected to the belt on me and on my former body.

Fuck it. I need to switch back. To hell with this research, to hell with the fact that she might wake up before me and possibly rob me. I don’t care. I don’t want to stay in this cursed body for even another

second. Besides, I already figured out the main thing — my invention works, and I haven't broken a single law, because when she wakes up, she won't even understand what happened.

I decisively reached for the device, and immediately felt how from that movement my breasts swayed heavily, painfully pulling the fabric of the rough top tight, my nipples responding with a short, sharp impulse, while the lekku, still faintly pulsing with soft light, slid along my back, responding with a deep, almost intimate tension at the base of my skull

— Sha'khen... (endure...) — I hissed, literally forcing myself not to get distracted.

to ignore how the body reacted to every movement — how my Breasts swayed heavily again, how the fabric pulled unpleasantly, how the lekku, as if alive, twitched slightly and slid along my back, responding with a strange tension that was too sensitive and too intrusive.

— Kha'no... (faster...) — I muttered, pulling the device closer.

The cable tightened, slightly tugging at the belt on my waist, and without looking I yanked harder.

And at that moment I looked at my body again.

And froze again.

— ...kha?..

I didn't even immediately believe what I saw.

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My body... my former body... was lying there, on the stone, motionless, in that same dark-gray suit with blue lines that were still softly pulsing, showing that the system was alive, that the process had completed correctly, that everything was "successful"... except for the face.

The face.

I slowly, almost cautiously, squinted, as if hoping it was just a distortion of vision, a trick of the light, a side effect of the transfer that would pass any second now.

But no.

It wasn't my face.

It was HER face, just on my human body and with my human short hair.

— Na'ha... na'ha... (no... no...) — I exhaled, jerking forward sharply.

The lekku immediately slid over my shoulders, twitching from the sudden movement, and my Breasts swayed painfully, but I didn't even pay attention to it. I was already on my knees next to my body, frantically reaching out.

My fingers trembled as I grabbed its chin.

And immediately pulled back.

— KHA'TAR! (what the hell!) — I burst out, almost losing it.

This was... this was just impossible!

I reached out again, this time slower, and carefully touched the cheek. Confidently smooth, but at the same time... wrong. Without that slight angularity I knew on myself. Without the familiar contour of the cheekbones. The skin was softer, slightly more delicate, as if... as if it wasn't used to a male structure.

— Etha... etha ne kho'zhna (this... this is not possible...) — I exhaled.

And then I suddenly jerked and grabbed my own face. I don't know why — apparently the subconscious logic of a scientist kicked in: if my body had her face, then her body must have mine?

That's nonsense, right? I probably wouldn't have believed it myself if one of my colleagues had thrown such a theory at me, but still, I hurriedly began examining my new features. My fingers ran across my face: forehead, cheekbones, chin... everything smooth, fine, and then — there it was, that familiar bump on the nose, right next to it a slight dip on the bridge, and a little further a barely noticeable scar from getting hit by a ball in childhood.

— Sha... — I exhaled in confusion.

It was... my face. Perfectly copied onto her body. I knew it for sure. I didn't even need a mirror.

— Pona'hano... (not true...) — I exhaled, looking again at my old body.

But then why wasn't my face there either? Why was hers there? That wasn't part of the plan. The device was only supposed to transfer consciousness, nothing more.

— Kha'no... (easy...) — I whispered, forcing myself not to panic.

What if this was some kind of side effect? Like with the knowledge transfer? I hadn't even thought I'd get all those humiliating bits of knowledge about how to behave with an "owner" or a "guest," or how to accept... "special" touches. Maybe the face swap was also some kind of glitch? An incorrect reaction to the genetic difference between the species?

— Na... na, etha va tha'kho... (Yes... yes, that must be it,) — I exhaled, calming down slightly.

Of course, it's a glitch. Just a glitch. A strange, unforeseen reaction to the mixing of two such different genetic structures. And when I switch back, everything will return to normal. All the side effects will disappear. I'll be myself again. And she will be... well, herself again.

I returned to the device, grabbing it again with renewed determination. I just needed to start the reverse process. Enter the code, activate the return mode, and that's it. Five minutes — and this ugly exchange would be undone.

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— Ee...tha (just) — I muttered, trying to turn on the display.

The screen lit up, and immediately the familiar interface I had created myself appeared before my eyes, but it didn't feel familiar. Quite the opposite. Now the symbols, the lines, the controls suddenly became something alien, as if I was seeing them for the first time in my life, like someone had ripped out my very ability to understand written text, leaving behind only a vague feeling: I know this... but I can't read it.

— Kha'no... tha'ren va'kho? (What the... this is my device?) — I exhaled, and my voice again came out with that irritating click at the end.

A click at the end... a click at the end. A click at the end?

I suddenly slapped my forehead, feeling how my thin palm with unusually soft skin made a sharp clap against the smooth green forehead. The lekku twitched from the sudden movement, sliding over my shoulders and leaving behind a warm trail. The yellow floral patterns on them flared slightly brighter, as if reacting to my confusion.

— Shar-kon... (idiot...) — I whispered, almost in despair now.

Of course. Since I had received all that knowledge from her, I should have immediately realized and understood that I now speak her language... which means I think in it too, which means I read in it as well... if I can even read at all anymore. And, what might also be likely, is that I'm partially thinking through her limited perception.

Which means... That means I don't just not understand the interface. I am physically incapable of using it, because apparently all my knowledge stayed there. In my body.

— Na'ha... (no...) — I whispered, staring at the screen as if I could force the symbols to arrange themselves into something understandable, but instead they only blurred before my eyes, showing me just how alien they now felt to me.

My fingers trembled. I tried to remember at least one button — the one that triggered the reverse transfer. A vague memory of a blue frame and a long downward swipe flashed in my head, but when I looked at the screen, there was nothing like that. Only those smooth, curved symbols that now seemed like nothing more than pretty curls without any meaning. I tapped at random on what seemed the most logical to me. The screen flickered, gave a short red flash and... a second later began to screech, a piercing, sharp signal that made my temples tighten painfully.

— KHA'TAR?! (what did I do?!) — I jerked, pulling my hand away sharply, as if the display itself could bite me.

"Emerak'thi moda kativara. Pliyazh avae't zhy arryval gof yspecialists" immediately rang out in the cave in a piercing, mechanical voice in the common language, repeating over and over, echoing off the stone walls, and even though I didn't understand the words, I instantly grasped the meaning, remembering how I myself had chosen this exact track:

Emergency mode activated. Await arrival of specialists.

— SHAR-KON! THA'REK KHA'NO! (IDIOT! ABSOLUTE MORON!) — burst out of me in a loud, almost shrill scream, and at that very moment behind my back the lekku flared brightly, blazing with a blinding yellow, like two living torches.

They pulsed so strongly that I felt heat spreading from the base of my skull down my spine, making the skin between my shoulder blades burn. The lekku shuddered, lifted, and then slapped heavily against my back again, leaving behind damp, hot traces. I felt a wave of hot tingling run through them, and that tingling immediately echoed lower, between my legs, where everything was already aching from the previous impulses.

I immediately, without even thinking, jumped to my feet. My paw-like feet, with dark-green trimmed claws, scraped against the stone, my narrow shoulders swayed, and my Breasts bounced heavily under the rough top, nearly slipping out from the fabric. At that same moment, the cable that was still

connected to the belt at my waist suddenly pulled tight and snapped off from the device with a loud crack. The end of the cable lashed against my thigh, leaving a burning stripe.

— Kha'tar! Kha'tar va'tha! (What the hell! What did I do!) — I shouted, staring at the torn-off end and trying to stay on these unfamiliar legs, which immediately buckled treacherously, as if they themselves didn't understand how to hold the body's weight.

I swayed, barely avoiding collapsing back onto the stone, shifting my feet slightly left, then right, trying to catch some kind of balance. But it all felt useless, because every time the balance shifted again in a completely unpredictable direction for me. I flailed my arms, thin fingers helplessly grasping at the air, and only at the last moment managed to grab onto a rock ledge. My palm slipped on the damp stone, but I held on — barely, breathing heavily and feeling hot sweat running down my back and how tense those appendages on my head were.

They seemed to tighten on their own, lifting slightly, and flared again brighter than before, spreading a soft but intrusive yellow light across the cave.

And those lekku are glowing again. Bright as hell. Damn. On the other hand, looks like you, Brown, discovered something new again. The experience and knowledge transferred... but how to actually use all of it — no. I don't understand how to walk on these... Fuck, these appendages. It's so hard to think about anything else when they slide down my back on their own, glide over bare skin, and every time I try to focus, the tips of the lekku start pulsing as if they want me to grab them again and shove them between my legs.

I bit my lip, feeling heat spreading again through my lower abdomen. My legs were still trembling, my wide hips slightly spreading on their own, and under the torn loincloth it was already wet and hot again.

I tried to focus on my legs, on how to properly distribute weight on the four-toed feet, but the thought slipped away immediately like wet fabric. Instead, something vivid, intense flashed in my mind: what it would be like if someone suddenly yanked me back by those very lekku, forcing my lower back to arch, and then shoved into that wet, already dripping slit with one powerful thrust. My body reacted instantly — my nipples tightened under the rough top, my hips spread slightly on their own, and the lekku flared even brighter, flooding the cave with thick yellow light.

— Kha'no... kha'no va'tha... — I exhaled in a trembling voice, trying to push the image away, but my fingers were already reaching back on their own. I grabbed one lekku right at the base, where it was especially sensitive, and slowly ran my palm along its entire length. The wave of pleasure hit so hard that my knees buckled again. I slid down the wall and sat directly on the cold stone with my legs spread wide apart.

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— Tsha-ren... tsha-ren kha'ham... (Fuck... fuck, it feels so good...) — I muttered, already unable to stop.

With a sharp motion I yanked the worn bronze-brown top up, freeing the firm green Breasts, about a full C-cup. I immediately grabbed one with my palm, squeezed the nipple hard between my fingers and pulled. My other hand kept furiously jerking the lekku — faster, rougher. The tingling became almost unbearable. The lekku were already glowing blindingly bright, lighting up the entire cave with yellow light, and every movement of my hand echoed with a tight, pulling wave inside.

I spread my knees wider, pushed the loincloth aside and for the first time saw my own green, arousal-soaked slit. For a moment my mind froze at the unfamiliar — no, wild to me — sight, but it lasted only a

second. The hand holding the lekku trembled and pulled it down on its own, guiding the thick, pulsing tip straight to the open, glistening slit.

— Kha'... kha'tarr... — a low, trembling moan slipped out of me with that same clicking ending as the lekku slid deeper, filling me from the inside with its warm, living flesh.

I arched, pressing my back against the cold wall of the crevice, and started moving my hand faster, driving the lekku deeper and deeper inside. My other hand kept pulling and teasing the nipple as I began to rise and fall slightly on that living flesh, which pulsed inside me, responding to every breath.

My body trembled. My four-toed feet scraped against the stone with my claws. But it wasn't enough. I wanted more. I wanted more.

I shoved my other hand down and with two fingers started rubbing my clit furiously, while the first kept thrusting the lekku inside with sharp, greedy movements. The wave built quickly, tight, unstoppable. The lekku inside me swelled even more, grew hotter, and I felt it begin to pulse in rhythm with my heart.

The orgasm hit suddenly — like an electric shock through my entire spine. I bit my lip until it bled to keep from screaming, but a loud, shrill moan still burst out:

— KHA'TAARRR!!!

My body arched into a bow, my hips trembling, and from the slit hot, abundant wetness poured out, flooding my palm and running down the inside of my thighs. The lekku inside me twitched convulsively several times, as if climaxing along with me, and the bright orange glow suddenly faded, leaving only a faint, warm shimmer. The second lekku went limp and slapped heavily onto my shoulder, damp with sweat.

I slid down the wall, exhausted, breathing heavily, legs spread wide and the lekku still protruding from inside me. My Breasts rose and fell, my nipples throbbed, and inside there was a pleasant pulsing, a sweet emptiness. For a few long seconds my head became blissfully empty.

'God, that felt good...'

— Kha-khan... (God...) — I exhaled, finally relaxing my hand and letting the lekku slowly slip out of me.

It slid out with a soft, wet sound, leaving behind warmth and a sense of complete, absolute satisfaction. My hand settled on my Breast, gently stroking it as I tried to come back to myself. But all of it lasted only a moment.

— Shar-kon... (Idiot...) — I whispered, feeling sweat run down my forehead and along with it a burning shame wash over me, one that couldn't be washed away now, nor ever in the future...