

To Protect and Swap

By Soul-Controller

When it came to the members of the Los Angeles police department, no one was as highly regarded as officer James Peterson. Not only was he a great media spokesperson for the force given his handsome, graying visage and solid physique, but he was also beloved by the public due to both his stance on charity work for underprivileged communities and just how great he was at his job.

So when it was announced that the police chief Kenneth Price would be retiring, everyone including James believed that he would be the perfect replacement. Given the fact that he had just done a massive drug bust that immediately debilitated one of the biggest gangs in the area and thus received tons of press coverage giving interviews about the actions of him and his team, James' hopes were further aided by the fact that his name would instantly be on the tips of everyone's tongues when it came to figuring out who the best members of the force were.



To his amusement, James hadn't even made it to his desk on Monday morning before his assumptions were proven to be true. Upon being stopped by his superior, the hunky officer was informed that Chief Price was expecting him up at his office for an important meeting to "discuss their futures". Upon making his way across the busy office floor and greeting a few of his work friends, the man finally made his way to the chief's office and knocked on the door. After hearing the gruff older voice telling him to come in, James obeyed the order and entered the room.

Upon doing so and taking a seat on one side of a desk, James' eyes found themselves observing his 78 year old police chief as he sat on the other side. Although the man clearly had respect for Chief Price, James was always relatively uncomfortable around his boss based on just how obese he was. With James being a solid 130 lbs and with a relatively muscular physique, the fact that his boss was at least triple that was a lot for his fitness-centric mind to think about. It was clear that deskwork certainly didn't help

matters as he noticed a take-out container sitting on the edge of his desk and a fresh stain in the middle of his stretched out dress shirt.

Directing his head away from the man's obese physique, James instead looked up to stare into the older man's face. Although the chief's visage looked completely normal, a closer look revealed that it was a bizarre mix of deep wrinkles and soft flab that caused his cheeks to be pudgy and a definitionless mass to be between his head and shoulders. Before he could focus more on his boss' face though, James watched the man's mouth begin to move and thus discontinued any thinking as he opted to instead listen.

"So, let's just cut to the chase alright. I'm retiring soon and I need to find a replacement before I leave. You're not stupid, I'm sure that you know that everyone around here adores you and wants you to be my successor," Chief Price began, his eyes narrowing underneath his gray and bushy eyebrows for a moment as he intensely studied James' face. "Although I know that you and my staff all think that I'm this rude hardass, I'm not going to just simply ignore all of the high praise I hear about you. In fact, based on how well you're received by both the department and the general public due to those little interviews you do, I actually share the same opinion about you."

Upon hearing this, James momentarily lost his breath as he awaited the final shoe to drop. Based on how Chief Price sat there for a moment with a devilish grin on his face, it was clear that he was purposely delaying the news. Luckily though, it didn't take too much longer until he finally spoke and dropped his bombshell. "As such, I'd like to offer you the position of chief effective immediately. Are you willing to take on the sacrifices necessary for this position?"

Instantly, James' heart began to race as the reality of the offer finally settled. Given how frantic his breathing was, it wasn't surprising that his first few words came out as a stutter. "I- I'm h-honored chief. Of course I'd love to accept, this is the job of my dreams! I'm willing to do whatever is necessary for the betterment of our department."

As James finished speaking, Chief Price's usual stoic expression shifted into a slight grin as he extended out a hand across the desk. "Now that's what I love to hear, officer. Put it 'ere and we'll begin the transition process immediately!"

With the role secured beyond a simple handshake, a wide smile emerged onto James' face as he leaned forward in his seat and extended his arm out across the table. As soon as their hands met and were wrapped into a tight grip though, the officer's smile began to suddenly falter as an intense tingle began to permeate through his palms.

Looking up in confusion only caused further alarm as Chief Price's expression had shifted from a friendly smile to a mischievous grin. Thrown off by this, James tried to pry his hand out of the handshake but found that the chief's hand was essentially a death grip. Just as he began to flail about and muster up the courage to scream for help, the officer's attempt was foiled as an intense shock suddenly permeated through his body. In an instant the pain caused his entire body to seize up, the officer suddenly grunting in response and closing his eyes as he wished for immediate relief.

As quickly as the pain began, James soon realized that his wish had been granted as the sensation had altered and shifted to a slight tingle similar to that of pins and needles across his entire body. Riding the wave of this numbness, the man waited a few minutes to make sure that no sudden pains returned. With the coast seemingly clear in that regard, the man finally peeled open his eyelids to stare across the desk. But upon doing so, the officer suddenly found himself staring into his own handsome visage rather than that of his portly police chief.

"Wha- what the hell?" James uttered, a hand instantly shooting up to his throat as the voice coming out of it was much deeper and gravelly than his normal tone. Upon doing so though, the man found that his prominent Adam's apple was now concealed by a large amount of soft flesh. Although the context clues were making his situation abundantly clear, the man still found himself looking down for evidence that he could be wrong. But as he looked down at himself and saw a huge ball gut resting on his lap along with the sight of a stain in the middle of his white dress shirt, the realization was impossible to ignore. He had somehow found himself inside the body of his boss!

"I, I, I don't understand what's going on here?" he stuttered, his mind too frazzled to really comprehend how this could have happened to him. Desperate for escape from this situation, his legs impulsively pushed away from him, ultimately meeting the inside of the chief's desk and pushing off of it enough to cause his chair to roll back and move him far away. As his chair ultimately bumped into the large bookcase displaying all of the chief's important awards and milestones over the years, the shell-shocked James looked across the desk and saw that his stolen body was up on its feet and moving around.

"Why are you acting so shocked James? This is exactly what you agreed to. You said you were willing to sacrifice anything to become chief and I made it happen for you," the faux James snickered, smiling devilishly as he made his way closer to the desk. Upon leaning forward and extending both arms against the top of the wood desktop, the body swapper gave a slight chuckle as he continued speaking. "Sure, you may only be chief for only a couple more weeks now, but beggars can't be choosers..."