



BODY SWAP CHRONICLES  
***ALL BUSINESS***



TGTRINITY



THE FOLLOWING COMIC IS RATED



BODY SWAPPING

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THE FOLLOWING COMIC IS NON-CANNON. IT FEATURES  
CHARACTERS FROM MY OTHER COMICS TAKING ON NEW  
ROLLS COMPLETELY UNASSOCIATED FROM THEIR  
ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.







EXCUSE  
ME? MS.  
ADAMS?  
HELLO?

IT'S  
TYLER.

I NEED  
ACCESS TO  
THOSE  
FILES.

NO WAY.





SHE LEFT?

SHE REALLY LEFT?



SHE ASKS ME TO  
STAY LATE...

NO, SHE *DEMANDED* I STAY LATE  
TO WORK ON THE STURK FILE, AND  
NOW I CAN'T EVEN ACCESS IT.

NOW I'LL HAVE TO  
CALL HER HOME TO  
GET THE INFO...

...AND SOMEHOW, I'LL BE  
BLAMED FOR BEING HERE WITHOUT  
MANAGEMENT PRESENT.

**DAMMIT!**





MAYBE SHE LEFT THE FILES OUT SOMEWHERE?

I SHOULDN'T BE SNOOPING AROUND HER OFFICE, BUT...

...I'M NOT GOING TO GET WRITTEN UP FOR DOING WHAT I'M TOLD.

FUCK. NOTHING'S OUT.

MAYBE...





GOD, WHAT AM I DOING?

IF MS. ADAMS KNEW I WAS  
LOOKING THROUGH HER  
FILES, SHE'D KILL ME!

NO, SHE'D *FIRE* ME AND MAKE SURE  
ALL MY TIME HERE WAS FOR *NOTHING*.

NO FIRM WOULD TOUCH ME  
IF SHE BLACKBALLED ME.



A close-up, high-angle shot of a man with light brown hair, wearing a dark blue polo shirt. He is looking down with a serious, slightly frustrated expression at the hood of a dark-colored car. The background is a textured, grey wall. On the left side of the image, there are five blue rectangular boxes containing white text, representing a progression of his thoughts.

DAMN.

NOTHING.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

I'M SCREWED.

I'M *SO* SCREWED.





WHY DIDN'T I  
LISTEN TO TOM?

HELL, *EVERYONE* SAID TO  
STEER CLEAR OF MS. ADAMS.

"SHE'LL CHEW YOU UP  
AND SPIT YOU OUT..."

AND NOW I GET TO  
SEE THAT FIRSTHAND.

DAMMIT.

I HAVE TO CALL AND-



A young man with light brown hair and a dark blue polo shirt is shown from the chest up. He has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or surprise. The background is a grey, textured wall with large, golden, angular architectural elements. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to the left of his face, containing the text '\*GASP\*'.

**\*GASP\***





MS. ADAMS!?

SHIT!





MS. ADAMS!!!

DON'T BE DEAD.

DON'T BE DEAD.

DON'T BE DEAD.





WHY THE HELL IS SHE NAKED!?

MS. ADAMS!!!

I NEED TO SEE IF SHE'S BREATHING, BUT THAT MEANS...

UM, MS. ADAMS?



I NEED TO TOUCH YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT JUST SLEEPING OR... PASSED OUT.

AND I DON'T MEAN TO JUDGE IF YOU ARE PASSED OUT!

I'M JUST TRYING TO BE A GOOD PERSON AND... HELP YOU.

IT'S NOTHING... **SEXUAL,** OKAY?





I'M JUST GOING TO... PAT YOUR BACK...

DON'T BE DEAD.





A close-up photograph of a person's bare back. A hand with light skin is resting on the upper back. The hand is wearing a dark blue, long-sleeved garment. In the top left corner, there are two white speech bubbles with black text. The background is a grey, textured surface, possibly a carpet or rug. The lighting is soft and focused on the hand and back.

PLEASE  
WAKE UP, MS.  
ADAMS!

PLEASE-



WAKE  
UP! WAKE  
UP MS.-

WHAT?



WHAT.  
THE.  
FLUCK?

NO. THIS ISN'T HAPPENING.

THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING.





THESE AREN'T MS.  
ADAMS' BREASTS...





A close-up photograph of a person's back, showing the waistband of their pants. A brown feather is tucked into the waistband, positioned between the person's back and the fabric. The lighting is dim, and the background is a textured grey fabric.

OR HER... *VAGINA?*

WHAT THE FUCK!?





I'M MS.  
ADAMS!

WHY THE  
FUCK AM I MS.  
ADAMS!?

**HOW IS THIS  
HAPPENING!?**





AND  
WHERE IS MY  
BODY!?

WHY?

HOW?

WHAT THE HOLY HELL!?



I NEED TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!

THIS IS JUST... IT'S A *STRESS DREAM*.

IT'S A STRESS DREAM FROM ALL THE FUCKING ANXIETY MS. ADAMS HAS HEAPED ON ME.

THAT'S IT.

THAT'S ALL THIS IS.







I NEED TO SIT DOWN  
AND... RIDE THIS OUT.

DEEP BREATHS...

JUST NEED TO SIT DOWN...





OKAY, I'M SITTING DOWN.

I'M SITTING DOWN... IN  
MS. ADAMS' *BODY*.

FUCK. I'VE NEVER  
DREAMED OF *THIS* BEFORE.

I'VE NEVER *BEEN*  
MS. ADAMS... BUT...



...I HAVE DREAMED  
OF MS. ADAMS.

I CAN'T HELP IT.

SHE'S A NIGHTMARE  
TO WORK FOR...

...BUT SHE'S SO SEXY!

JUST LOOK AT THIS *BODY*.







AND IF THIS *IS* A DREAM, I KNOW  
WHAT *USUALLY* WAKES ME UP.

I *ALWAYS* ENDS RIGHT  
*BEFORE* IT GETS GOOD.

ALWAYS.

SO... ALL I HAVE TO DO...

AND IT'S A DREAM, SO  
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M...

OH, BOY.

TO BE CONTINUED...